

WANDA OSIRIS  
THE GILDED ASPARAGUS  
THE IMMACULATE CONTRAPTION

Notes for a Novelette <sup>1</sup>

Samten de Wet

The Drâa are writing this!

Carving out a monolithic block is not my (way). I would rather (offer) minute fragments, a sprinkle of glitter on a piece of black velvet, a micro-culture. A yellow balloon on a green plastic stem: a purple balloon on a blue stick. SPUR STEAK RANCHES. BROKEBACK MOUNTAIN. There is so much to see and to do...

"There have always been windows in my life," she said. "When we moved from the Inner City into the Suburbs, I was five years old. I remember the empty house that my mother and my father and myself, as a little boy, spent weeks cleaning and painting before we moved in. In the Lounge, which was at the end of a central corridor that ran straight from the front door - there was a window that looked out into the garden. There have always been windows that look out onto gardens, or at least an Arcadian landscape. The inevitability of the shadow moving across the window in that particular way. As I stood in that empty white room, with the window in front of me, and the open front door behind me at the end of the long corridor, I looked up. Exactly in the centre of the ceiling, a large glass lamp was suspended. Moving around the circular shape, were peacocks, some with the tail-feathers extended, others perched on top of a balustrade, or even higher on an ornamental vase. The colours of the background were all sepia and dull olive green - but on the peacocks themselves, a blush of metallic blue glaze shone out, a message from the ceiling, to the child staring upwards beneath.

My mother would not allow - have peacock feathers in the house. To her they were an omen of bad luck. Where that conditioning came from, I will never know. Later, I lived with three peacocks for a year. They were named Vishnu, Amitabha and Krishna. They were extremely fond of listening to music and especially Haydn's *The Creation* - and when the music was put on they always appeared out of nowhere and took up their positions on their perch outside the window. Whenever the grand climax of Haydn's *The Creation* would blare out - they would shriek in unison. Crests pushed upwards on the tops of their heads.

Photograph of Wanda Osiris, seen with St. John Climacus, Barbara von Brandenburg, Hugo de St Victor, Alfred Nutt, [far right] ceramic by Livio Senigalliesi, *In Viaggio*, No. 1. 6 December 1993, p. 58.

**THE DROSTE EFFECT & THE VANISHING POINT <sup>2</sup>**

There is a Dutch expression which, at a rough estimate, is used, in writing or speech, once a week by someone, somewhere. It is "the Droste-cocoa-tin-nurse effect", generally shortened to "the Droste cocoa tin effect", and sometimes simple to "the Droste effect".

Droste is a famous cocoa and chocolate company in Harlem. The cocoa tin in question is a prized collector's item, and has been around for 100 years now. No one knows when it first came onto the market, let alone the name of the designer.

---

<sup>1</sup> Turin, 1st October 2004

<sup>2</sup> By Nico Schepmaker. This surname may or may not mean "ship-maker" in P~ch.

In French, *mise-en-abîme*. For example, Andre Gide *The counterfeiters* " . . . about a writer writing a book about a writer writing a book." (Quite lamentable, however, is the lack of an index to guide the potential reader through the richness of its material.)

Royal Baking Powder tins show a picture of the tin, within that a picture on a tin, and so on *ad infinitum*.

"A nurse with bottles of baby milk on a tray, and on those bottles there is a nurse, etc.; and a nurse pointing at a roll of toilet paper on which she can be seen pointing at a roll of toilet paper, and so on.'

I found this fragment on the Droste effect on the back of a picture I had obviously cut out of a magazine during one of my visits to Amsterdam. But in one corner the following was found, and this will have to act as the credit for introducing me to the Droste Effect: "Supplement edited by Doff Welling Hans Citroen, Gert Jonker and Nico Scheepmaker. <sup>3</sup>

Her earrings were red cherries. Not *real* red cherries, but

Painting within Painting

But if you did a Droste Effect Morph on them, (the ear-rings that is,) there was a lot more to be seen. As is Lot's Wife, with a Pinch of Salt For instance, there were two fish eyes, smeared scarlet on emerald orbs. The Fish, as we are told by Iggy Pop, Knows Everything.

"The Books will be nothing but Pictures." Alice in Wonder Land. And the Pictures, will be Nothing, But Pictures Within Pictures, and Books within Books.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

She boiled the tea water in a chemical flask. The cups were unmatched leftovers from various Delft tea sets. The subjective camera, musical interval.

*figlio di putana* - a favourite saying often muttered under her breath.

Let me tell you about Wanda Osiris. Or let Wanda Osiris tell you about me. Perhaps, even you may be able to tell us, something, a thing or two, about Wanda Osiris, Whichever Way the Cookie Crumbles, or the Wind May blow, we shall be carried like dry leaves (biscuit dust), the breezes of this narrative. Or so we hope.

### Emotional Archaeology

"Hot Tears" - Otto.

"A network of bandages" - BM -2, Amulets.

"Fossils of lust" - William Burroughs.

This was in YEAR OF THE WATER ROOSTER. Now we are in the Year of the Fire Dog.

The dawn light over the fields of wheat He had just woken and was standing in front of a plinth of Pentalic Marble on which were the following words:

---

<sup>3</sup> Nico Scheepmaker or Schepmaker?

Every little Doubt  
Must be erased  
When the Page is  
White,  
We can work with You!

Wanda wondered who the 'we' were. The Golden chariot of Jean Renoir.

☿ ☿ ☿ ☿ ☿ ☿

Today's Mantra is 'We were.' Is "we were" in any way connected with were-wolf?" "He is a He. She is a She. It is an It"

Edif Piaf might have sung that she had no regrets, but I certainly do. In fact, if I could turn the clock back, to those Golden Opportunities that slipped me by, instead of slipping up me, I would. I would also like to be a Fly on the Wall in the Bedroom of Alexander the Great in Babylon. convergence - UNION.

"He can reel you in..." Who is 'he! - one of the Watchers, or perhaps the Umbrella Seller at Villa Borghese, that rainy day in August

They lit a joint He was hungry, so she went downstairs to the kitchen to make a snack. She put the sandwiches, with the wine on the tray. But when she got upstairs, he had fallen asleep. So she switched out the light, and sat next to him in the dark, listening to the sound of the sea brushing a salt breeze through the lace curtains. She smoked a cigarette, and quietly rising from the chair she approached the bed and removed his shirt. He whimpered in his sleep. Then she went back to the chair, and the summer night breeze and smoked another cigarette, watching his chest rise and fall in the moonlight. Then she moved the chair next to the bed - and slowly removed his trousers. Leaning forward - she smelt his body - taking in a deep breath when she reached his crotch As her face rose upwards to the bedside table, she turned to face the little statue of the Madonna in a niche and whispered "Thank you, Mother of God!" YUGANDHA (UNIFICATION).

☿ ☿ ☿ ☿ ☿ ☿

A bullet stippled cry. A wedding (shot gun). But the Bride and Bridegroom leave before the Union.. should we speak out into the barren landscape of the mind? the barren landscape of the mind, has no voice, no conscience, no soul, if such a thing as a soul exists, then let us remain silent, let us laugh at clouds rather than complain.

## ANDROGYNE.

ancient writings  
ancient glyphs  
hypotheses  
preconceptions  
tentative theories  
schools of thought  
multiplying complexities  
valuable summaries  
current opinions  
origin of species  
the gulf of scientific analysis  
birthing new synthetic generalizations

embryonic hypotheses  
fundamental cosmic principles  
dual processes of evolution  
and involution  
operating in spiral cycles.  
serial emanations  
RAYS, Numbers, Glyphs,  
geometrical ideographs.

[Berggren's translation and study of the spherical trigonometry in a late tenth-century treatise.]

ANDROGYNE. AIN SOPH - Atlas versus Maps.

The Floating Palace was gorgeously decorated with velvet hangings, thick carpets, mirrors and carved woodwork. It was lighted by over 200 gas jets and heated by steam.

### **Spiders, STONEHENGE & THE MOUSE IN THE THERMOS**

This is the story of a Journey and a Mouse. There is such delicacy in an African landscape under moonlight. As if the world had been dusted with a silver powder. Therefore you may take it for granted that this journey we are about to embark on, takes place in Africa, and She Who is The Wanderer, is Wanda Osiris.

Andries, to the outside world, was just a simple farm labourer. To the inside world, he was a Shaman of considerable power.

The Child who is afraid of spiders, and pregnant women is the Being who died - and became the mouse in The Thermos. The Key is in the Silver, in the Mercurial lining of the flask.

The Child put two smooth round stones on the red earth, where he had smoothed down the earth into a red square. He tapped the left stone with a stick, and then the right stone. And between the right stone and the left Stone a universal space opened up. The Child lifted his face to the Sun, and the Sun was the Third Stone.

The Mouse in the Thermos Story - A Novel.

Who is the Central Character?

The Child, who becomes the Mouse.

Is the Child, Wanda Osiris? In her pre-pubescent Male Form? Or did she change sex in her *bardo* transit through the Thermos? There are as many questions, as there are hairs on a baboon's bum, and as many answers as there are hairs on the bum of the baboon's wife's

Andries, the Shaman.

The drought is caused by the Death of the Child.

The Child is liberated by the opening of the flask

What about the ash Vases and Wanda? These could be sateffite Beings.

The site is in Venda - North Africa.

Which is at the edges of my experience. Remember I have never been NORTH of Makapan. And as far South as Cape Town.

Saturn and Pluto in Scorpio manifests in edges and the transition of boundaries, borders and frontiers. It is the Dweller on the Threshold inhabiting the fringes and frills of Being. The LIMBO. It is a sort of Dream Landscape - textured and shamanic. I will include the GaRamagope section too!

Strange dream of buying MICE, asking price, cleaning out a large wooden cage, with glass windows, runners, breeding boxes etc. Went to Gallery Saubada. Exquisite van Ecyk, Breughel - went up the Mole with a crowd of children. Peggy found a dried-out mouse corpse in a cupboard of the cantina.

On train, en route to Cape Town. The Mouse in the Thermos (Story). Betty must have opened the cupboard and the mouse in a panic took refuge in the thermos flask. But actually, this was a dream, and the dreamer died in his sleep, because his spirit was trapped in the thermos, where it remained until years later, I inadvertently released it.

The Mouse in the Thermos Story can be found encoded in The Dream Book. Holy Water in Aerosol Cans! Arse Hole, Sow Above. Ass Above, Sew Below". Sewn arseholes.

### THE MOUSE IN THE THERMOS

There are three people seeing this, and two are still alive. What are these three people seeing?

She shuffled down the passage in her mud-encrusted slippers, past the Venda carvings and the Royal Navy photographs on the wall. Where the Third World begins, she switched on another light, revealing the brown stone floor, with its snake-holes; the old cupboard stuffed with string, brown paper and plastic bags; the bat-shit on the towels in the bathroom, the stack of enamel basins for the animals food on the table.

EDIT: - and the mountain of empty dog-food tins and above - the silent shadow of a little nagapie moves through the trees.

And beyond, in the Fourth and deepest level, the circles of red brick dancing around two ancient frangipani trees under the moonlight

- I saw a 1940 photograph by Cecil Beaton, of Wilton House, home of Lord and Lady Pembroke, showing the view from the Library, dismantled for the duration of the World War II, which is of the garden where Sir Philip Sidney wrote "ARCADIA" in 1580.

The View from the Library Window!

In Life, *The First Decade*, 1936 - 1945, Thames and Hudson. London, 1981.

We entered Scorpio today! I wanted to ask Wanda Osiris something about the Three Degrees! so I went to visit her. She had started what she eventually called 'My Great White Mural - white on white on the walls of her bedroom. And at the same time, she was working on a story: which later became known to the Initiates as 'The Mouse in the Thermos.'

MOUSE in Animal Medicine Cards. Meaty Man. Mighty Mouse - Minnie Madonna. Mickey Marx. Night before: Hawk - left Crow - Right

Looking at Mickey Mouse comics with the Senge Dong ma painting next to me I came up with the idea that Vira will be a very cryptic interface between animation textures, insects, e.g. CER of the bees and so on. A very subtle psychic thing happening here. Dream of Masonic Initiation while reading Otto Neugebauer's study of calendrical computations in a thirteenth-century Syrian treatise which dissolved into Galina Matvievskaya's magisterial tome on quadratic irrationals.

We can date the beginning of the Great Retreat from the World, by the first references to what Wanda called her Milarepa problem. She used to weave an entire range of material on the Great Walkout Archetype - starting with The Buddha Siddhartha and his Night Flight from the Royal Palace. She then proceeded to sketch other Great Walkouts, including Lao Tsu (who fortunately left us with The *Tao te Ching*.) and so on. Children dumped by their Dads.

The Masters of the Far East. incoming transmissions, beam me up, beam me down, Sun Beam. Another transmission is:

The Goose That lays The Golden Eggs. Do I really share my innermost thoughts with my so called 'self, my sewn and coiled self. What has the Dream Plateau to say about it?

See: Nebuchadnezzar. Daniel: 4:33 and the essay on Islamic astronomy in China in which the author (Kiyosi Yabuuti) questions some of the earlier interpretations.

"Anything to eat", she asked, slumping down in the vast armchair covered in a bright sari, her make-up an archaeological ruin.

'How about a pair of edible panties and a spoon?'

"Very funny!" she snorted. The Golden One couldn't pronounce his "S's when he was learning to talk, and he used to say: PIDER, POON AND POLTRONA.

I could work out the Spider and the Spoon, but not the '*poltrona*', until later I discovered that she was sitting on one.

### **The Golden One**

Erotes harvesting apples and engaged in other playful activities (6); swamp with Erotes riding on swans... The *Imagines* of Philostrates.

Singing Swans, flying Seven Circles around a Golden Island to Celebrate the Birth of a Golden God, and Cupids picking Apples for their Great Mother Venus Aphrodite.

Venus and Apollo - and so much Gold.

I mean, Wanda smelt of a perfumed resurrection. She was an incarnation of the *Stale Pantyhose Sutra*.

Do search on SPIDER: in Total - many refs.

A huge spider - with a body like a mountain tortoise. I dream of Andries - a deep, dark cave where I find a sarcophagus, and a statue of a dog.

The mountain tortoise shell had a black spider living in the bones of the spine; thought that this species of spider has to wait hundreds of years for a dried out tortoise shell, in which to live and lay its eggs.

Are You a Holy Enlightened one, I asked the Third Watcher?  
We are All Holy Enlightened Ones - except we have forgotten.

Michael Nyman has written some utterly exquisite music, but the music for *Prospero's Books* is not amongst it.

"A volume so varied in its contents offers to any historian of science at least one item of interest, though it is surely not a volume many will read from cover to cover."

The drought was broken. From the sky a rainbow manifested in all its glory.

Phillipe, a friend of (...) has done a thesis on the divination of the Dogon from a Lacanian point of view, i.e. he is interested in Geomancy.

An important study by Lutz Richter-Bernburg of the nature and limitations of Andalusian science as reflected in the writings of the eleventh century astronomer and historian Sa'id.

This stage of her life, she described as *outré* Osirian

*outré*

"You have beautiful eyes," she said, "and a very big prick." "How do you know about my prick." "I'm psychic."

Landscape woven from moonlight, I unfold a sad, etched bliss.

A vision of a Face over a landscape of desert at night - with the Full Moon rising behind the wooded mountain - rays of silver and mists of lace. Johannes Valentine Andrae. Subito. E Vero. E Vero.

It was at that phase that the Goddess reigned supreme - constructed with great care... at these moments, the Light shone through, like Old Gold... Her screams were full of bullet holes. She found a niche out of the wind, and tried to redeem her hairstyle. That place, this place, having once ... To obtain the desired location, he is content to spend the day there - a cat finds his place....

After *Cold Cut* and *Mushroom Soup* in Amsterdam. "...summer rain. She sat in the kitchen. Alone."

She sat in the kitchen, he lay on the bed. They did not speak but listened to the rain and their thoughts. Here and there, prestigious vases of paper roses, crepe paper flowers, and gigantic dried ferns continued their dehydration in the late afternoon sun. Through the window, the village lay, steeped in a digestive torpor. Wanda was listening to Chopin, while peeling garlic for the evening pasta. "I'm so hot I'm sweating like a glass-blowers arse," said Wanda as she threw the garlic into the hot olive oil in the frying pan. "Visionary, my dear, utterly visionary", she shrieked.

## THE IMMACULATE CONTRAPTION

Foufounette Dráa says "It might be a dead gecko down there, or something."  
we're all in the same boat - at the end of the day - bite the bullet  
It was a season of sorrow... that produced 562 withered flowers and tears and 447 - beads of light.

"Already he had become a friend to the arcane, the recherché, the unconsidered and the unlabelled."  
letters garnished with lizard poo . . .  
sat in a street cafe and watched Parma pass by ... *di sotto in su*  
Psychic Dish washing liquid, soap, Omo, Handy Andy, etc.  
Nijinsky died when I was four years old. There you have it!

#### NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

1. Relax. Don't get yr knickers in a knot as they are difficult to eat.
2. Encompass and reassure ". . . with considerable fanning of the armpits." <sup>4</sup>
3. Meditate on life's vicissitudes...
4. Be more practical.. There are places which need to be protected.
5. avoid jingoism

#### URANUS IN LIBRA

"Follow the White Rabbit." in *The Matrix*.  
"I'll show you how deep the rabbit hole goes."  
"Buckle up your seat belt, Dorothy."  
". . . please fasten your seatbelts. Or as Margaret Rutherford said in the movies, "I didn't bring any seatbelts."

#### RECENT WORK

Outside Turin. Abandoned Monastery. The cloisters of red brick - the arches throwing a Magritte perspective of sunlight on the peeling whitewashed walls. And at the bottom of one colonnade, a niche with a rotting fresco. Under a rusted hook, in a cloister, the word: *suca*. Up & Down Sucker with Vibrator.

Late afternoon winter sun. Do NOT sit on the kiln!

Well, here we are back in Word. What is the - if we worry about the exploitation of fossil fuels and their eventual depletion,

the one fuel that our civilization seems in no danger of running out is dis-honesty and the lie.

#### DINER FOR TWO IN THE DUNGEON.

siliceous sifaceous  
Not that high up hi the Food Chain.  
Scarab beetles in black metal covered in rust - the balcony decoration.  
New born sheep - lambs - covered in blood and afterbirth. The farmers drink brandy to celebrate.  
The Macedonians pouring alcohol onto the stones on top of the graves in 'Before the Rain.'  
No flies buzzing around the drying blood (in Groot Schuur at Falkie's side).  
To learn a language, you have to see it, to hear it, and to write it

That will never be written. On the morrow a friend will be buried. In Spring, among the budding cherry trees. I can see them all gathered around the grave, reading their farewell messages, heavy with grief. The telephone rings but she does not answer it She pulls the drapes around the bed. The telephone rings again, this time she answers. it is Death calling. Bright as the dawn sky. Red and white roses. A beautiful spectacle was had by all. She raises the binoculars. it is all very film *noir*.

---

<sup>4</sup> Martin Amis.



Search Stonehenge. There are Three Stonehenge's in this:

- 1.) The name of the nursing home on an Island, where Wanda Osiris was born.
- 2.) A farm in Africa.
- 3.) Stonehenge in Somerset. Which in any event I have never visited Though we did ride past on the freeway.

#### **A Wanda Dream:**

We were in a house, vastly elevated on the side of a mountain, cliff, gorges, ravines - and blue plains below. Over these ravines streaks of what looked like candy floss, tree-beard, hung in waterfalls, wisps, beard-like. Wanda said it was Silicone. We descended to catch a train - there was a station. The train was then approaching the Sea and I perceived a huge wave, saying that it must have been 50ft high, as the train turned in front of it. But we passed safely - and then entered an ancient city which I knew was Katmandu, Nepal Beautiful music was heard. The city was decayed and I knew that I had been there before - but for some reason it was by the sea too and I said "This must be the Bay of Biscay." We were then in the city, someone at a cafe smiled as I invited him over. He wore a beautiful caftan. I was aware of the beautiful garments to be bought in the city. Looking at brick columns I remember the house at Stonehenge had similar ones. [Dream: 7th July. 1972.Stonehenge.]

NOTE: Silica - *silicon dioxide* occurring as quartz and principle of sandstone and other rocks.

A dream: Dahomey. Nepal. America (Three names.) see: Stonehenge dream..

The room, draped in layers of chiffon scarves from India, sewn together, stapled together, or tied with metallic threads to whatever point of reference was at hand, an empty picture frame, skew on the wall, a lampshade, a small stuffed dog, that we called Kala. Kala had died many years ago, and entered the Galaxy of her Totem Animals, along with Mouse, Serpent, Elephant and the Burning Giraffe.

0 Wanda. I wonder what we will do without you?

September.

Three Dreams on arrival at Stonehenge". The Great Snake a la Moses Kotter returned. A Union between Male & Female except the woman produces a penis-transvestite. A Marriage Feast - perhaps a baby celebration. Stonehenge: The Great Drought. A sense that the Naga Energy was missing. The Dragon Places have to/have been healed. I have to write to Rangjung Rinpoche for some Tibetan medicine - find the cleft, crack, with moisture in a dry river bed and heal it!

Oct 9th.Stonehenge. The Salt Mountains (Soutpansberg.) Its like a dry cunt, she said, as she pushed the little black pills into the cracked earth of the dry riverbed.

Here we see Wanda Osiris in her incarnation as a Cycle Slut From Hell What seems to be black leather is bat skin. In common terms, her Punk Period. On the mantelpiece, above the fireplace which never worked, was a blood-stained Polaroid of Ernesto Cardinal wearing his black beret

Stonehenge. I could start by saying that I have found another master. But by looking back on the network of events over the past few weeks, the end result of the extra-ordinary happenings that I have experienced, is silence and secrecy.

She stuck her finger up her arse, the red finger nails finding their way home to the rectal rosebud. Then she walked over to him and said: "Do you know what! think of you."

"No," he said.

"Smell this" she said, offering him her finger.

"I feel I'm on a good track..."

Wanda the Crone, and Her Golden Mouse Boy.

WIERD:

Sin Kronos City: The emergence of the word "weird" in two contexts:

She had found this old mildewed copy of *DUNE* in a box in one of the outside sheds, and was reading, curled up in her Poltrona when suddenly she said : "We will teach you our weirding ways." At the same time: "When he came back from Vietnam he was all weirded out" An American TV programme.

The Flask was wrapped within a piece of wine red velvet

Wanda Osiris

Wonderful idea - she always gets her ideas at the window - so she has Andries to build a Lectern - which becomes an Outlook, a sculpture, for writing, and eventually - the point from which she teaches The Multitude. The ancient, venerable, geriatric mango plantation, the Zimbabwe Wall, the Jacarandas, the ibis birds, and the cat digging hundreds of Little Holes - the carvings of the Lectern - the eventual laptop - and the wiring thereof.

I was a dancer in Russia in my last life. In my Maidenform Bra. She wept, and when she wept, there were stones in her tears.

See the analyses of individual treatises for the chemical composition of these petrified flowings. Here we have an contradiction, which qualifies the Weepings of Wanda Osiris.

She has to explore her own *nostalgie de la boue....*"

"Carve the edge off that one..."

I return to the memory of Wanda Osiris like climbing under a warm blanket in winter.

Wanda wanted to Dance.

There were burning our ancient Palaces, or turning them into Tobacco Factories.

Two most ancient figures - the one was Mike Dickman, in a corner, the other Zanie Stardust coming up a flight of ancient stars. Both in deep Gandalf mould, long beards, ancient textured fabrics.

Why a woman of such beauty should be shot at the Races. Perhaps it was her polka dot dress that infuriated some serial killer. With skin like a rotting Beluga whale. Not guilty, they said, straight out of Dickens's Bleak House. The textures of Old Cairo, the chaos, the sense and sensibility.

Gillette. Billy Bathgate! Power! Son of a Whore? Jewish Mob versus Italian Mob?

Always the same patterns -

Costa Gavras, *Betrayed*.

She always wakes up in a bad mood. But today it is raining and she enjoys the coolness. Birdsong and the black and yellow beetles eating the green grapes. So much to tell, so little time.

*The Hunger*, Ridley Scott very styled. . stylish. . . a body like a sack of potatoes. What a magnificent space. Perhaps a Soho loft in New York. She shivers in her furs. Nobody of any consequence. background music cloned from Moon River. Industrial slag. The scum comes to the surface. The scum comes in my mouth. Get in touch with your instinctual side. They calculate the woman's age by the quality of her teeth. Like a horse. Yes, the shark has pearly teeth, dear. The camera does not lie. But I do. Natasha is cold after lying naked on the sofa. She felt the flashlights raining down on her body. But Monika has a bigger cock to keep

her warm, and now the piano is tickling away in the background. Get in touch with your industrial self. Sunny side up.

a pinch of glitter on the black velvet

Sit with your burn in a bidet full of cold water. Very refreshing. Those addicted to extreme measures can add a few ice cubes.

"No, no, no! I don't want you here, because you're a horrible *pâte-sur- pâte* artist.. ! *Ufa!*

Each wave of darkness brings a crest of light. The dark is necessary for germination. But when one is approaching 60 the only green that is gestating. is Death! With her cyber-sickle. Suicide is always an option - if I had the courage. Cheap and sentimental.

*la terra del ritorno*  
'Le Roi du Saphir'  
Animals.

The damage we do to them, is greater than the damage they do to us! The damage we do to Nature, is greater than the Nature does to us! MINEFIELDS..

.writers are hell to live with because they're always writing."  
They entered the wisteria-decked Augustinian cloister of Toulouse... clutching their programmes printed in gold on sheets of white silk...  
The big~ juicy, fruity fruity moments.  
". .it's della Robia.blue..." A Streetcar Named Desire. "Oh for crying out aloud."  
"I was blinded by the blue of Mary's Cloak."  
"It's not what you think" "Then what do I think?"t

TARTAN ..dream word. . . the film starts with the baboon face ... a couple joined back-to-back with sci-fi things (stuff) Tidal waves.. . pattern of sun symbol. . . Soutpansberg baboons. . David Attenborough with baboons . . .chimpanzees eating monkeys . . .Durrell. . Gnostic pessimism...

Jean Dunand, geometric vase with *coquille d'oeuf*...  
Don't buy into it..  
Attraction.. .Repulsion. . .Indifference...

Suzy Slither and her Sisters, and their progeny, after Cecil & Celia the Letterbox Lizards... and now Lulu the Lizard in Muizenberg  
creative killing. . flatliner..  
muscles on roller blades..

Marrakech. The Beautiful City. A Museum. Prague. A symbol in Arabic. Noah and the Ben Ben Bird. Along came his wife with a carving knife, and cut off his meat and two veg.

Feathers and Birds. The Blue Parrot.  
Hetero-retro-rock.  
seen slowly - frozen in time! that is what makes photography so valuable.  
All-time low today! Like a freeze incapable of movement, curled up on the bed with cat and dog.  
Waning moon too!  
So beautiful. . .Brandon de Wilde — very divine - images of great beauty.

The exhilarating thrill of Romance in a Tropical Paradise. 8" Up and Down Deluxe Thruster. Thrill Upon Thrill in Vivid Colour.



*Blow Up*, Michelangelo Antonioni, 1966. Verushka. Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemming.

Themes: The Thames seen through a window. William Blake died in a room through which he could see the Thames. Old Man River. Yes, the libations of pearl. Body in the Park. Liminal spaces. Silver coat, red & yellow striped pants. guitar smashing. pimply youth. hysteria. Ricky Tick. Words are so beautiful. He is falling apart. Baroque wrought-iron. London. Mid-60's. Nothing. Its leads nowhere. Shagadelic. What is the name of the Park? What colour are his trousers. The wind in the trees. Then, he takes pictures of the mime group playing tennis. Existential crisis. Approaching Katmandu. A storm is brewing.

electronic tonalities surround SATURN WITH his RINGS. Her rings, its rings. "Try to imagine", wrote Gustav Mahler, "the whole universe beginning to ring and resound." Ring a Ring a Rosy.

Would it be possible if you could obtain, by devious means if necessary, any editions of Campanella's *La Citta della Sole*?

A vase of Peonies, lilacs and chrysanthemums on the Faux marbre table and a book, by Obadiah Sherratt

## 2. THE GILDED ASPARAGUS

Asparagus Gilt was having problems with Astrakhan carpets and unripe pomegranates He wished to be enfolded in The Peace That Passeth All Understanding, even if it came out of a bottle; The Peace that Bypasseth Misunderstanding.

Did Betty Boop have peristaltic contractions or Pentecostal constrictions? Veined Shafter. Sometimes the fragments coalesce. *The Cloud of Symbols*, from which rain issues. *The Rain of Symbols*.

The line of his forehead flows down in a creamy curve to the cheek, the chin, and the neck, interrupted only by the black eyelashes. This profile of skin is lit by the bright light of a late winter afternoon, in Amsterdam, on a tram.

A red ear is parked between skin and black hair.

### The Scream from the Crevasse

"His hilarity was like a scream from a crevasse." <sup>5</sup>

"...was aware of the pale papery taste of an eternal sentence on the tongue." p. 225

"He threw her wrists aside like seeds towards the stony floor." <sup>6</sup> Squirting Orgasmer. The Microfilm found in a pumpkin

"Selling this entire country down the river." Big John Lifesize Doll, Inflatable, Open Mouth, Open Rear + 8" Penis. My feelings for you are like a big bowl of fish hooks.



## TAMMY GIRL IN PRAGUE

I TELL YOU, SAID Tammy Girl, your fallopian tubes are going to fallope! A mega ovary drop is guaranteed!

---

<sup>5</sup> Graham Greene, *The Heart of the Matter*, p. 208. She speculated that the crevasse was on *Brokeback Mountain*.

<sup>6</sup> Graham Greene, *The Heart of the Matter*, p. 225.

Tammy Girl. Add to the Park Scene. Another man has alighted on the bench next door - this time with purple trousers, no socks and varicose veins.

[bench] cast iron garden seat festooned with little frogs, serpents, snails & birds interwoven through ivy leaves, seat of mellow, oiled teak, a cast iron garden seat [bench].

Man Holding Pathetic Penis! Flexy Throbber.

Tammy Girl slipped on a fresh pair of edible green panties and went downstairs to 'phone. Tammy Girl felt like feeding him into a mince meat machine and watching the bloody noodles exiting from the other Side. Sun - Moon. Such polarized images.

**VIBRATING VAGINA 219.** A superb stimulating device. It is fitted with a built in vibrator which causes the latex body to pulsate intensively. Vibrations are transferred to the inserted penis in a highly erotic way - leading to a very satisfying climax. \$19.95. Or try:

Vibrating Erection Improver. Jelly Feel Teaser. Probing Expander(Inflatable). Double Action Finger & Thumb. 8" Rear End Tickler. 8" Slippery Moving Foreskin. 13" Donkey Monster (3" Thick) Vibrating Butt Plug Anal Porator - Vibrating Ejaculating Dildo. Oro-Stimulator - The perfect Blow Job. Realistic Cock 8" Vibrating - Oh my god! Sin With SEBASTIAN, Shit Up (And Sleep With me.) 68- 764.

Tenebrosity. Maieutic. Adumbration. incandescent, neoteric. Neoteric images . . .Neoteric images

".. .the tectonics of cantilevered mammary-gland support devices..." Triple Ripple Butt Plug Medium - Triple pleasure.

We have to learn, as Daffy Duck says, to "Endure life's vithithitudes!" Like Donald Duck having a hysterectomy. . Holy Cow! Exactly! We also have the tendency, like Fools, to Rush in where Angels Fear to Tread.

I don't know what happened there, but something unpleasant took place. We need to say something.

The Space Beings who harvest ozone. . . the one embrace that he gets in his lonely life is the Embrace of Death. . . I was reading my Byron by candlelight. That's what he said, but we knew he was choking Kojak. They just harvest us for our sperm.

Nelken has published a case of this kind. His patient was

" . . a primary-school teacher who suffered from paranoia. He developed a theory about a Father-God with immense procreative powers. Originally he had 550 membra virilia, but in the course of time they were reduced to three. He also possessed two scrota with three testicles each. His colossal sperm production weakened him in the end, and finally he shrank to a five-ton lump and was found chained up in a ravine." <sup>7</sup>

It could be that she knew something about the child...

Bull Terrier with Bronchitis

The *Amatoria Crematoria*: -

I came out of this world.

The Gates of the Avatars

---

<sup>7</sup> Jung, *Mysterium C.* pp. 281 -282, Note 86, quote from: Nelken, "Analytische Beobachtungen über Phantasien eines Schizophrenen," pp. 538 ff.

### The Divine Manifestation

Waxing lyrical... *Le montreur d'ours*. At the moment I am being prevailed upon to do this and do that. I am the dispenser of bones! Medieval stone in Corrozet's *Hecatombgraphie*. . . grey slate, sepia photographs. Is sepia from cuttle-fish/octopus ink? Sepia ink? Gall bladder - oak gall ink? ABRAXAS in Basel recreates medieval inks and sealing waxes. Red sealing wax on Royal Documents — plus silk tassels!

"Ready or not, here I come!" Hide and Seek. Spiders, skulls, scorpions, snakes — as images of threat — Survivor South Africa.

With the sun on his shoulders. Kurt is 14 and has broken up with his first girlfriend after two dates. He plays tennis and hockey and goes to America once a year for tournaments.

Isabella did not end up as a "returned empty" but instead had been snapped up almost before she left the gangplank by...

White carnations. Very Oscar Wilde. Enormous inertia — Saturn — she left her white carnations strewn all over the carpet. You find bees in carnations, & thousands of bees in thousands of carnations . . . from the Little Denmark Flower Studio, plus: ". . . an unpleasant selection of insects, attracted by the light, rained down on the tables." Wilfred Thesiger

She's been to the Gym! Meet for a coffee . . .

And the days pass by. Oopsie. Waking each day with the same tape loop. Wanking monkey, farting monkey. Egyptian geese roosting/perched on the roof of the Wynberg Magistrates Court

friable. . .fragile...

The Drâa have written this!