

A Book of Lies :: Telescopic Eidolons for Mr. Smith



Law & Reason :: The First Lie



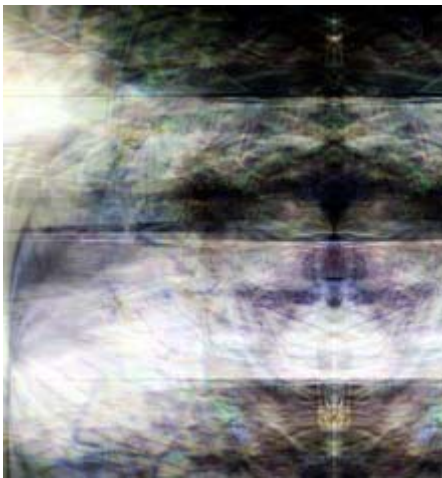
All Hail Shemhamphorash (or The 72 Tri-laterals)



Laminations



"Thus, and Only Thus, the Universe is Good"



Number Li(n)es :: The Pole Star & The Southern Cross

bially:

A Book of Lies

a week or so ago i came upon the most wonderful object i have ever owned for 69 pesos (or even more). its first use turned into the two hyperlinked pieces with the rhyming titulos (which also tells you how to pronounce "Doni")

"I was discussing oysters with a crony"

"God sent to me the angels Din and Doni"

i sent them to dr. stein with a note inquiring if he thought they should be made public.

here is what he wrote ::

cstein to h.bialy, 23.11.05

oysters:

head wing symmetries

the grim figure behind the stripes evinces dr dee

but he sits like a sufi on his floor while the verticalites rise in colors by means of which they pretend an innocence of being flames

that one should love to be so dismissively aloft vis a vis the miniature of one's own inversion – oh but I see the miniature is recto in dr dee's forehead

the head wings mind me of certain figures that incorporate garuda about the head of the yidam

din and doni:

yikes

and puts me in mind of my writerly current preoccupations with the incursions of the dead — I paste a small text I wrote for Richard the other day – not currently part of my eleusis

On The Living and The Dead Having to Find Each other

(for Richard Grossinger)

The dead still drift in mind-driven swarms, identities without possibility, longing without hope—because the thing that is most true of these beings is that they do not dream—they cannot release their fixation upon the summation of what they were so that they might continue to experience what they yet might be. The Now that flows their time is the dark parody of an eternal present: in it nothing disappears and nothing comes. There is only the continuous bleak registration of the image of themselves as exactly what they have

been, composed with a remorseless accuracy. They are divided by the rigors of identity from each other and from the windy mass to which they belong. They know vaguely where they are and that they are the Dead, but this knowledge serves only to seal the limit of their self-cognition. Each is utterly alone. Being is for them the smallness of the closure of what has been.

To find the dead is to begin to release them, for we are their inaccessible dreams. They are divided from us by the barrier of unique occasion: the unique occasion that is death itself—the absolutely unanticipated character of the manner and the moment that each one died and that each of us will die, for it is also death that provides a chink in the barrier that separates us—that is why the lore of their invasion into the living is so full of dread, for only the Dead know the Dead, and by the same remorseless logic that locks the ghost-souls into their by-gone identities, we suspect that were we to know contact with them, we would not resist the cognition of death within ourselves.

But the whole of Being exceeds the Living and the Dead—that is the rub of it. We cannot be Whole without them. For we dream that the Dead are the antitype of our own aspiration, the horrible demi-plenum that will not allow us live in the light of possibility, over grim and finished fact.

When we mistake what comes to appear before us or within us or simply as us for the unvarnished factuality of the truth, the dead themselves are attracted to the vacuum in possible Being that we have created by such misprision. When we return to the Whole of Being, the Dead are released from their longing. It is thus that we are bound to the ghost-souls beyond communication with them, because by an inversion effected by our adherence to the delusion that appearances (and these pervade everything) are as they give themselves out to be—a delusion that relegates Being to the Nothing—then we ourselves are ghost souls and the Living behave like the Dead. While the Dead in their misery continue to flutter and drift in the dream that cannot dream.

the other idolons came later

bially:

re:: "Thus, and only thus, the Universe is Good"

a single 90 degree rotation around the central axis reveals "*The Rabbi Who Plays Dice with God*"

12.26.2005 12:11pm

bially:

re: **23 Skidoo**

although it is true you can't get out the same way you got in
once you are
you can spin and spin & spin
& like a darwish whirl into eternal bliss
and partake *The Chalice of the Gods*

Stein on *The Chalice* (and para-temporally on *23 Skidoo*)

1-6-06
more lies

the word "web" is about as unavailable as the word "seed"
but how else to say
that the Web
has spun
its depth

quietly

the quiet man
with a box
in well-quetted hara
emits
[Greek word for "emanations," related to "rhei," as in "panta rhei,"
everything flows etc)*
of the impossible

*not antithesis to "epistrophy" : " proodos", another word

in pre-echoing rings
whose rungs
rang...back
upon them
selves

every initial
initializes
the initial
initial

olson says bullshit, the problem is nature
gets squashed between exaggerated Man and
too conveniently and eagerly proffered
an absolute

but the initiators (pl)
stand
where it
do stand...

a well
is not the final
water source it is a depot
where subterranean waters
gather [Kerenyi says

high above
the sacrificial slab
and far below as well
tinctured ruddy
the echoes
close
with their twins

RING! RING!
SHit.
Hello?
Is this Churl STAIN?

I am sorry.
I don't WANT
your PLATiNUM
MASTER
whatever!
I didn't say.
Go away.

Ghostly gestures
wide as Hermes Thelonious'
workably occulted
otherwise than smile

Carnegie Hall
Friday Eve. Monday November 29
1957

" ...if there was no UP to their being so Down."

Amiri Baraka
Newark, July 13, 2005

"the music, was given the wheels, the will, to be not just defiant, but,
you dig, Hip!"

...

Dastardly Hidden Medicine

...

frater karlstein

2

the bird
above
so below
the bull
no shit

3.

cups are vulvas
looking down into the monadic krater*
that is the mind
into which
the hopeful
dip
until they see
such reflections of self
love
resolved
"how it needs to seem to be"

*Corpus Hermeticum Libellus IV

(hermeticum)

also see: Lansing, Gerrit. "Graffiti Ancient and Modern," in Heavenly
Tree/ Soluble Forest. Jersey City, 1995. p. 9. And 'we ride in
everyday / or drown'. p. 175. 1.6.2006 3:36pm

bialy:

the two poems referenced above

Graffiti Ancient and Modern

Conventicle

1.7.2006 6:56pm

bialy:

The Rabbi Who Plays Dice with God Makes a First Pass*

yesterday my friend from biotechnology days who now lives in thailand, [doug youvan](#), sent me the output from a solution set to the schrodinger eqs. with the following note ::

"The latest is the wave functions for the 6th, 7th, and 8th excited states of a particle in a box, normalized for intensity and then loaded into the r,g,b channels, respectively, of a colorbar (attached). I'm very happy in pure math and images. Applied stuff and money-science continue to bother me"

i played with it a v. little and got the representation linked above that we both like.

why 6,7,8?

"Curvature increases with energy as per Erwin. So lower states don't have much change over position"

re: the color bar map

"Even Erwin would take a few minutes to see it, but when he did he would appreciate the elegance very much." (for more see [doug's website](#))

* cf. above : re.: *Thus, and only thus, the Universe is Good*"

a single 90 degree rotation around the central axis reveals "The Rabbi Who Plays Dice with God"

1.9.2006 9:27am

CStein ([mail](#)):

gzvarto sraxndwazo.

There is good evidence in disrespect of the sad fact. I could give an account of it.

If you are an Egyptian, to be is to be an image in a tomb. But the power over Being THERE lies with the agents of image-making and name-recording HERE. Efface the stone cartouche and the living dead will vanish from his sarcophagus.

Distinctions do not occur originally in texts. But once a distinction is drawn, it can be COPIED onto a textual surface. The difference between the distinction drawn NOT IN A TEXT and the distinction represented in one IS NOT that distinctions occur only in texts. A consequence of a very early utterance in G. Spencer Brown.

Before civilization and its preoccupation with writing, there was a different orientation regarding the duality: eternity/time. It used to be obvious that the answer to the question WHEN? is always NOW. Then the quasi-timelessness of the image and the inscription broke apart the seamless union of time and eternity, so that what was not in a text seemed to vanish as it arose. Ever since, humankind has lived under the sign of ANXIETY: the timeless became recessive. The repressed recessive LOOMS. The terrible END OF DAYS of the goyim; the DECLINE OF THE WEST of Spengler (invented in the late 19th century: the rise of Fascism was nothing but the manic attempt to WARD IT OFF. After the second world war, the COMMUNIST MENACE or the THREAT of NUCLEAR Holocaust. And now, AIDS and bird flu, the revenge of the small and the hidden (terrorism), the coming dearth of fossile fuel. It doesn't matter whether the threat is "REAL" or bogus. The basis of THREAT qua THREAT is the repression of the atemporal nature of NOW.

Consider the matter of timeless eternity BEFORE the advent of ancient civilization. Thucidydes contrasted the nervousness of Athena with the Hesychia--the stillness, of rural Demterian consciousness. What possessed humanity to invent time? Or shift its focus so that "the emphasized character of time" became loss of what is grabbed onto and hustle to ward off or acquire what looms?

The over-arching phenomena of diurnal and seasonal recurrence do not suggest the inexorable passage of time but the insistence of The Same as hugely taking presidence over the local transiency of things

[contra Eliade, Schelling, Altizer, Leahy.] The Same recurs not "in illo tempore" {ie "off somewhere"} but as the grander character of the hinc et nunc [here and now].

Anchoring in the immediacy of the unaltering present provides physical consciousness with an inerring acumen and accuracy of action. One does not require feats of attention to remain coordinated with phenomena concurrent in the ken. One is intimate with a radically contemporary world. There is no gap between stimulus and response. There is literally nowhere else to be, nowhere for attention to wander off to.

Myth does not lead one to experience the patina of an eternal elsewhere; it anchors immediacy in its own eternity. Hos ephat, Hermes Trismegistos. Nunc pro tunc et semper. Now for then.

And always.
fr. karlstein, scribe
an ibis
on his
shoulder
(but his head's, his own..)

2.27.2006 5:55pm

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