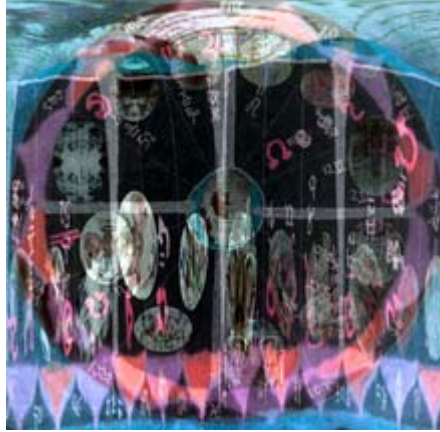


The Zaidiac :: "En Breve Espacio, Tu No Estas"

A 12 Year Cuenta of Love, Lies, Betrayal, Death and Configuration

Theme Music: "I'm 'Pretending' That I Love You" (T. Monk, 1962)



The Beginning

∇



La Inperfecta Asesina



The Most Perfect Song I Ever Made [till Now]

∇

The Long Middle



Zaida's Keepsake

∇

The End



The Devil's Doll Devil's Doll

a recursion

on an object

labia, flower,

cupped granite hands;

a yoni

filled with blood, love

and silence

or stars (no difference)

as dark as beauty

will have it.

this is not a poem.

it just looks like one.

-- Michael Harold, Shreveport, May 2007

Notes on Devil's Doll:

The Buddha's Prajna and the Awakening from which it derives and to which it leads is neither a state of mind nor an ideal model to which the sentient being successively assimilates herself. It is not a large cow. It is not illustrative, it is not an illustration. It is not the perfection of austerity or benevolence. Its compassion is freely an emanation of its nature. **

The Dark Lord is decisively under occultation. It is not his clouds of flesh that refusing bodily form, whelm within the presumptive sphere that occupies unbalanced center. Upward of the center of this square-framed image complex. Presumptive flesh. Presumptive images. Their shifting away from sight is cumbersome, remote, without...

**

The clouds of flesh, mamalian, infantile, hungry. Angry. Remote. Without...

**

The circles that rip the sphere surrender to no geometry. Decisively, the faces that scooch along the severe striations that ignore rather than contradict the sphere, without deliberation, are opaque as well to the matrix that surely, somewhere, somehow, bespeaks them, declares itself within them. The dragon that drags itself somewhat off the apex, is hungry, angry, merely. His local degeneration offers no concealment for the more essential degeneration that is his emanation. Sumptuous colors salivate.

**

Death's rattle. Pulmonary congestion. The lungs will not give up their fluids. The passage to cessation, the course to "sleek old age," the queer harmonic that aligns this course on time itself, gravity aligned on time itself, indomitable nearness that surpasses sensation, surpasses cessation. That images, presumptively images, press upward along that coursing, as if the course of pressure, oblique to time's unpressing hunger...

**

A second sphere, or spheroid, surpasses the first, hangs back of it, obscures but not entirely, the main sphere's sharp edgelike statement of itself on the flat screen. High Definition doesn't help much, where the caress of loss retains its teeth. That is, occults to

preserve the teeth. This is not the Dark Lord's occultation. His hidden luminosity is what proves offensive here. That too must be withheld for Extremity is all.

-- Charles Stein, Barrytown, May 2007

v



Adios



A Book of Lie



The Black Pearl of Deception

We frequently have but a word to go on.

But then the words must be of such a glove-like fit to the life that hides inside them, that indeed the outside (life) has changed places with the inside (speech); and words have but a life to go on.

It is not the case that deception necessarily rules the circumstance of having kicked the word upstairs to perch upon the image of its asiderial.

The question, then, would be: when and under what conditions, is manipulation deception? You'll find no answers here, though *speculation* regarding how many iterations of an inverse function (that is to say the slightly tilted mirrors) and the nature of the space that holds between and that includes them (the mirrors that is) hopefully may find *you*.

“Then all is false as false can be!” cries Pamino, the callow youth of Mozart's *Magic Flute*, because the Dark Lord (Sorastro), he thinks, has betrayed the very terms of initiation, consorting with the Queen of the Night (Hekate, Kali). But is initiation anything but the acclimation to life's hall of mirrors and the skill to reduce the iterations of the living mirror function to a manageable handful? For the nature of the space that contains, say, three sensitively angled mirrors, is Truth and Life Indeed.

We frequently have but life to go on—the product of the mirror function, even as mastered by the word that titles it.

Here the black and cleanly abyss-like background that occasions the words 'Black pearl' in this “deception” (though deceit is perhaps less abstract and far more terrible than any excuse for deception)—the black and cleanly abyss-like background remembers and retraces the itinerary of radical symmetry. It cools the black flames of anguish by a managed repetition and survives the frantic screelia of light that, also organized by symmetries, runs its frantic course before the depths of it—the cleanly

black abyss that is—and actually is responsible here for the intensity of its impression of radical purity.

And diamonds flash on the lines of light of which they are the crystalization, escaping at infinite velocity the very laws that confine and materially define them. It seems that it is light not life that is deception (and deceit) 's most incandescent medium. For however you think to fix its verity, that is, its celerity, light runs away.

Charles Stein, Barrytown, May 2007

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What Lies Behind the Lies of Genes



The Ring of Truth



May Our Ears Hear The Good, or Pain's End

The End of Pain

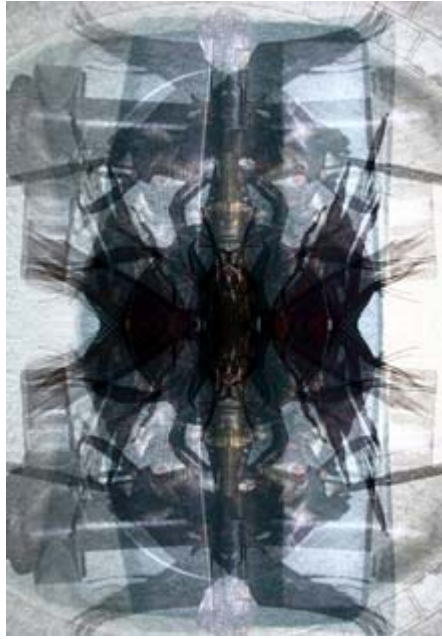
“Our cunts are ugly,” wrote Denise Levertov in one of the more bizarre moments of the early days of feminist poetics. But I do not think that it can be averred that the symbolization of the vulva by the visca pisces was contrived to suppress such aesthetic judgments. What in fact are the circles or spheres whose intersection comprises the feminine symbol? The ovaries of the goddess? The testicles of the god Set?

Deep in the vaginal sanctuary, the deity has his sanctum, or, invert the image and the goddess appears.

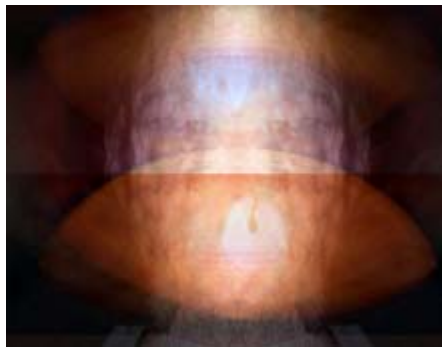
In general, when an image manifests in the viewer’s eye—that is to say—at the moment of visual thought when an image appears as the being (sentient or otherwise) it appears to be—the god has entered the asiderial. Take this as a lesson in contemporary telestics (the installation of the god in image or stone). The god knows no form but the form of its appearance—not in general—but as local incidence—the occurrence of apparency in the asiderial event.

Beauty is pain or ecstasy indifferently—according to how the inverse of Beauty is thought to be disposed. That Beauty has no unique inverse is testified to by the fact that its concept has too many opposites: ugliness, cowardice, violence, the absence of the god. Ugliness on the other hand inverts through ecstatic transmutation and affords the divine epiphany. To effect the divine in the form of an imaginal (evaginal) catastrophe in an act of instantaneous telestics is therefore (and only therefore)—whatever the exigencies of the aesthetics — to effect The End of Pain.

Charles Stein, Cuernavaca, June 2007



The Continuum



Here's Looking at You, 2

A

Closing Theme

Fade