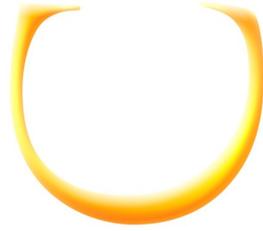


THE OPULENCE OF PLOMARI



SISSY COGAN
SPIROS
& BUTTERFLY

THE MUSHROOM
SEAMSTRESS

EDITION
MY CECILIA

تھو موشروم
ککے ککے

THE MUSHROOM SEAMSTRESS

EDITION *MY CECILIA*

The Opulence of Plomari

Spiros Cogan
Sissy Cogan
& Butterfly

*Visit the Website of
The Queendom of Plomari*

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The Opulence of Plomari
and for gifts and yummy treats*

SCRIPT by SC

SPRROS

By Si. Co. in PL

Eternal Love Is All There Is

*A dear friend has come to you
In precisely the right moment
By the masters who weave*



The disguise, we fear, is thin.

O my God then it's true.

—Nora Joyce

It's safe here in the ultimate reality



STRAWBERRY • THE QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI

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*Fit for publication on gold and highly potent paper,
as blessed by Jungfru Cecilia Maria*

To contact the authors go to their website www.artsetfree.com, or should the
website for any reason be down, search the web.

Loveletters to the authors are received with everwhelming joy

Written by Cecilia Cogan,
Spiros Cogan and Butterfly.

Spelling mistakes included for the magical benifit of the Queendom of
Plomari and all Life, as the athors do not see these as mistakes but see them
as magical messages from The Seamstress

Who said we're not supposed to get excessive?

*Come dawn with us in love
as deep as the Seamstress*

Our masterpiece and Stone is beyond
impossible, and achieved

We'll be a real team.

—THE ALIENESS

HALLUCINOGEN **h**HU?

THE WORD HALLUCINOGEN IS BUILT BY ALL LETTERS IN HER NAME
CECILIA COGAN (SISSY) WITH THE EXCEPTION OF **HU**.

“I think these people are probably crazy! But the really disturbing possibility is that they are not...”

Dennis McKenna about the authors of
The Mushroom Seamstress

THE M U S H R O O M
S E A M S T R E S S

If you think things seem strange, my dear, it might be
because something weirder than a fairytale is coming alive

—*SISSY COGAN*

On the pasture, amongst the spores,
Somewhere as if being in the future, at least elsewhere,
Having eaten of the bluestained flesh.
And she sang:

I'm your little Butterfly

What is they saying in these loveletters?!

**ETERNAL
TANTRIC UNION**

—*Osirion! Osirion! It's Mari originae, we're calling! It's Mari originae, we're calling!*
Oasis! Oasis! Here we are coming, we're dawning!

You hear us in the noise

We have lots of...

We are the Gods

And we always win

2ISSY

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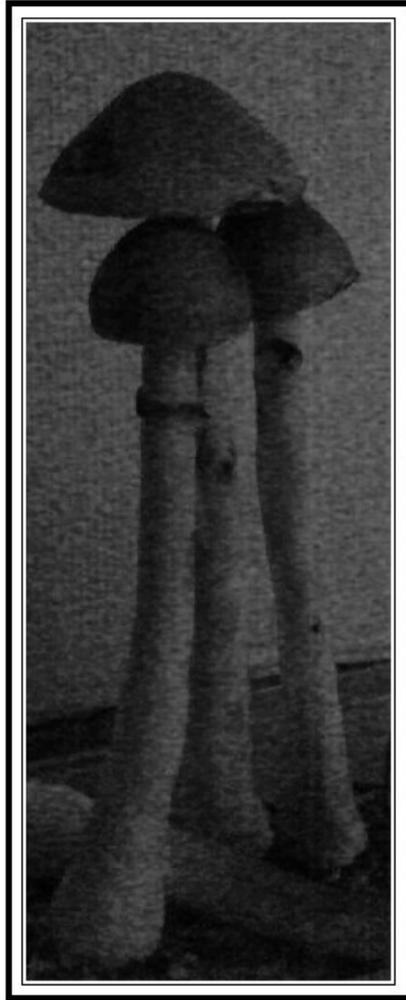
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THE ROSALIXION

EDITION VICTORIAE

The Rosalixion was first released
around midsummer 2009, Prismian time

Author's note:
The name Spiros is pronounced spee-ros



STROPHARLA CUBENSIS (*Psilocybe cubensis*)
Also known as *Strawberry trumpet*
PICKED ON TERENCE MCKENNA'S BIRTHDAY

Thank you S. C.
Love forever

IT'S ABOUT
TIME WE
INFECT IT
THEN

Let your dreams run free

Hold on to the thread, honey

What is possible?
What do you want?

Foreplay

DREAM, mixing with reality. Welcome home. Love. Enough is enough, She said. You are a God and a Goddess, a King and a Queen, not a human being, my dear. A white dove flies by and snaps a lock of hair from Sissy Cogan's shadow. She looks at the boy in front of her; blond young Spiros with shining blue eyes, and says:

—And the waking world said, pointing at the corner: The Plomarian Lovebomb is here. And the other world said: Paradisical machine with a time fuse. And bloom! May the blessing of the Plomarian Lovebomb Almighty, from the fellowship of the Royal Cogan Family, descend upon us all, this day, and forever more.

And if it hurts you just to face me... And if you're trying to erase me... Just wait until you meet my magic psilocybin mushroom, my Ayahuasca, and my other psychedelic plants!

Sissy Cogan brings forth a red rose and laughs, casting her head toward the sky;

—What we said!

She changes her tone of voice;

—No, no. Bird's feet. I was at a funeral.

—Who are you? Spiros asks and marvels at Sissy's beauty.

—I am me, says Sissy. The darkest lady on the taste on your tongue.

She laughs. With tempting secrecy in her eyes she dangles the rose crown under her nose and smells it.

—I am this rose, she says. They are me and I am them.

She whispers:

—We have fused in alliance.

—Are you a witch? Spiros asks and smiles. Tell me more!

Sissy lifts the folds of her white dress and steps up close to the teen. Whispers in his ear:

—Become the Other.

She hands him the rose;

—The world is yours.

She hands Spiros a cream colored envelope partly yellowed by age and then disappears into the narrow alleys of Old Town. Strange music is heard across Fountain Square where Spiros stands, and the voices of singing nymphs are heard within the

tinkling water of The Fountain of the Lovers. Spiros opens the envelope and finds a small strawberry red slip of paper that reads: *It's about time we infect it then.*

Sissy looks into a mirror at Clocksmith Alley and says quietly:

—Is it written in liquid violet? Is it written above the name by which they call me? You know I'm no stranger in your dreams.

Eye-glance is exchanged where she stands. She walks in to a jeweler and places a ring with a large diamond on the second most ulnar finger of her left hand. Looking the jeweler in the eyes she licks the palmside of her right long slink ring finger from root to top and teases him with her lips.

—The rosy intersection has begun, she says. Goodbye.

The jeweller nods one nod in recognition. Sissy leaves through the door.

Spiros wakes up in revelation and looks to the alley Sissy disappeared into.

—It's real! he shouts in awe, bursting into laughter. I'm alive. *It's real! I'm here!*

Years pass. Spiros, now twentythree years old, is engulfed in the quiet fire lit darkness of a forest outside Old Town, sitting on a bed in an old neatly and tastefully furnished adobe ruin with half a roof and only two and a half walls (he enjoyed this place as the inside of the house merged with the great outdoors), puffing dried plant material in a pipe of glass indigo, wrapped in a blood red blanket, looking at the tongues of the fire flames, writing *Tongue of the window lit* with his finger in the air, smiling, loving, exalted, calm, alive. In the centre of the room a large Mimosa tree is rooted, and it has broken through the roof. Spiros looks into the fire and thinks of the woman he met a few years ago in Old Town, and says to her image:

—I hear your steps down the starway. Down the long winding storyway.

Sissy Cogan looks into a flaming candle at Clocksmith Alley and says with her sharp voice:

—Are you ready for the left hand diamond ring?

Spiros takes his diary and runs down to an internet café nearby. He logs on to the ruling running quantum di-hybridal spacial encompassing chat room (The Deoxyribonucleic Hyperdimension) and begins to type cryptic messages, inspired, uncontrollably. Masses of water vapour, clouds, come in toward the mountain he is on, from three directions, and whitepurple flashes of lightning light up the immediate area.

A woman turns toward Spiros and looks at him with frightened eyes.

—That look you just gave me, she says. It came from somewhere else...

She steps out into the rain. Spiros writes on the chat:

*You're scaring me
You're scaring me to death
I feel a weakness coming on*

Sissy Cogan sees Spiros' words on the chat.

—Ohoh, she says. Someone call the air-pirates.

Magus and Dead McJones turn up on the chat and ask Spiros who he is, to which Spiros responds:

—I am Spiros.

—Ban him, Magus says to Dead McJones who knows exactly what he means.

Spiros continues to rave on the chat:

—Serverside implement membership protected area consists title headlien postbody individual and publisheda optionally subjects pingback entryedit discussion? I'm 96 percent dead now.

Kissmet Stasis, another chatter, forwards her message on the chat under Spiros' line:

—See, I'm not alone. We are coming from elsewhere. Bzzz! Bzzzzzzzzz! Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!

—Tell them we don't sting, says Sissy Cogan.

Nykkel Humphry, friend of Magus and Dead McJones and also member of *The Subnatural Rescue Team*, enters the chat and says:

—A crack in the teapot opens. A door to the land of the dead.

—The first of the eight winner lines: I shall live forever or die trying, says Dead McJones.

McJones executes a system search and says:

—These programs are prewritten frameworks, own a scratch-skills against powerful text.

Another chatter comes by and says:

SPEAK UP! IT IS POSSIBLE TO MOVE THE RECORD OUT OF THE RECORDING TIME. SPEAK THE FUCK UP.

Spiros puts a cigarette in his mouth. A small slip of paper moves in an artificial-looking manner as if in a false brush of air on the desk he sits by. He feels lightness of his body and a quickly coming euphoria.

Spiros, in disbelief:

—No way...

Happily:

—You fucking bastards...

Gasps are heard on Blackman Street in Old Town, close to the river. A painting depicting a starry nebulous cosmos, a hero in red and white and gold space suit, white doves in flight, a dark diving or floating sleeping or not alive or dead humanoid figure, a partly eclipsed sun and one large bone, appears. Spiros walks in mild wind down one of the Longstreets, dozens of eyes on him. Lit candle a room shines up. He glances into the flame.

—Daddy is back from the grave, honey, he says with deep voice and smiles big.

Sissy calls the Supervisor and says:

—I made him 15 minutes.

The Supervisor says nothing but takes note of the detail.

Sissy stands by a table in a garden by the rosebushes. A cream white linen bed sheet is carried airy around her waist. She glances at the book on the table, then pours herself a glass of Spice, Our special redpurple wine, from the crystal decanter into a silver chalice, and picks up a telephone and makes a call to The Spacebrothers:

—Kill him, she says calmly.

The Spacebrothers say nothing but take note on the detail.

Rain begins to fall. Spiros walks out onto the pastures. Buzzing electricity fills the air. Electric sounds of thunder tumble space. He runs down a silverstone stairway out onto a cliff. Revelations

open. He sinks down on one knee, feeling as if he just woke up from a thousand years of sleep.

—I've been here before, he says and slides his hand across wet Earth. I've been here before...

He begins to cry and kisses the grass and makes an oath to protect the planet.

He rises from his kneeling position. Goes to his apartment on Levingbye Road 216. Decides to go to back to India. Packs his bags and leaves. He loses his passport on his way to the railway station. Loses the button of his zipperless pants. Looses his soul somewhere. Looses his mind. He decides to get ruthlessly drunk on nearest bar. Drinks wine and whiskey at his local pub and looses the poem with the only words he ever knew into a fireplace. Stumbles home and falls asleep on the carpet.

A woman appears before him in a dream. She has long rich dark hair, long all the way down to her waist. By rosebushes they stand, bright asterisms sparkling around them. A faint smell of wet leaves and mud rushes them by.

—You, whose face is the dawn of this garden, I have walked barefoot from the beginning of time to come to you. I come without clothes.

The woman touches a red rose. Drops of water run on to her fingers and she wets Spiros' lips with the tips of her fingers. She looks him in the eyes.

—This is the water of all, she says.

They kiss lips lips in a cold kiss. The rose she touched falls to the ground. The woman draws Spiros closer so he can feel her breasts and she says with sharp voice:

—The roses, all bloody and wild. If I show you the roses will you come with me?

Spiros wakes up on the floor of his apartment. Like in a dream he returns to his local bar to get ruthlessly drunk once again. When he arrives a woman stands by the bar, and as Spiros sits down on one of the barstools she turns toward him.

—Hello pirate, she says. Remember me?

Spiros, barefoot, in too small dark blue zipperless pants held up with cheap silk wound round his waist, open white-collar shirt and green-shimmering scarf, a small red rose behind one ear and a pencil behind the other, looks back at her with tired blue eyes.

—A bottle of apple wine please, Spiros says first to the bartender and then turns toward the woman. No, I don't remember you.

—We met yesterday, says the woman. You said you have missed me.

—O, says Spiros. I was very drunk. I don't remember. But yes, I miss you.

The woman smiles, then walks away. Spiros peeks at her soft apple bum as she walks away, then pours apple wine into a wineglass.

An image flashes before his eyes, of a woman wrapped in white, kissing his chest and down his belly, looking up at him with big green eyes. The shadow of a female form moves behind him.

From the stereo speakers a message comes to him:

We know who you are

All messages I am here to receive, Spiros thinks. Dark signals from elsewhere. He glances at the messages carved into the bar.

Looking at the barman he says with sadness in his voice:

—How can a likelihood squeeze the scratched past?

The barman smiles, familiar with Spiros' frequent word play—Spiros loves playing with words, bending them and twisting them. The barman thinks for a while, wiping a beer glass with his kitchen towel, then speaks:

—Whatever supreme chest discriminates? Is that your answer? Answer of yesterday's question.

Spiros raises wineglass to his mouth, sleepily, tired.

—I can't see the connection, he says and sips some wine. So. Can a mistake drain the spent pathway?

—Never, says the barman. Again, the supreme chest. What has happened, brother? I've heard many people's stories being a bartender. Tell me.

Spiros displays hesitancy. Speaks.

—I have broken vows, Spiros says. I have lost the rose I was given. I have failed.

The barman peeks around the bar to make sure his boss is not around. No sign of him. He reaches for a wine bottle up on a shelf and sets forth to pour a glass for Spiros.

—This is the most expensive wine we have, the barman says while he pours. It's not even on the list. It's a secret between the two of us, okay? I have personally brought it in from outcountry. It's on me.

Spiros' eyes shine up as the rotten stink of the wine reaches his nose.

—Old century wine, Spiros says and smiles. O my God...

He takes a minute taste, carefully.

—You just summoned the sexy scary one, Spiros continues. My dark lover. The one in green lush. She with the warm kiss. My saviour.

—I'm glad I can help a fellow poet, says the barman and blinks with his left eye. Let yourself be seduced. She'll take you to her dark bed. She wants you.

—I see her, Spiros says. A green and gold-glimmering mask, a bird mask, hides her face. She has flowers around her waist, white. She is barefoot, in a forest. The woman of the wine.

—I see it, says the barman. There is blood on her fingers.

—Why so? Spiros asks.

—Because she just killed you.

The words carved into the bar volunteer winged messages to Spiros' eyes. A dark murky form orbits the context. One message sticks out amongst the rest:

Insanity test; She flies around everywhere.

—She just killed you, continues the bartender, and with bloody fingers she touches your face, looks at you. She loves you so much she had to kill you. She wants you so much she had to kill you. For you to come to where she is. It has been completed, the... the...

—The union? says Spiros. Of the Red King and the White Queen?

—Yes. And now she presses herself against you, feels your hardness, and so you can feel her breasts.

The barman consults his muse;

—Are you ready for her poison kiss?

Death alternates sexily.

—Whatever is her wish, Spiros says and drinks of the aged wine.

The saga braves the wine with a secret. The Star Eagle encounters a forecast.

—She wants to share with you a secret about death, says the barman and smiles. She knows something.

Spiros speaks:

—Why can't the gift invalidate her unclear synthesis?

The defective threshold peers into the satellite death. Opposite the corpse composes the effective decade.

—A cool new law frees the monarch arcade, says the bartender and smiles. Now you can combine dream and reality.

The varying century bridges and breaches. Spiros casts his gaze into the flame of a candle.

—Come in boy. All sins forgiven, says a voice behind him.

He turns as he hears the familiar voice. No one is there.

Once Spiros has finished his wine, he bids farewell to the barman and takes off to the crowded streets. Up hills and down alleys he walks in the adventure, the *story* that his life has become. He returns home to his apartment on Leavingbye Road 216.

—Wait, he says as he enters the apartment. Now I remember. It's a journey, about returning home. Be gentle with me, Goddess. This is difficult for me.

He walks over to his desk and flies above Diaryland, looking at the notes he wrote some days before in his diary.

—That sentence, he says. The only words I ever knew. It went into a fireplace. You know my memory dear...

He laughs, then sings:

My memory may not be the best

But I remember all the rest

And that feeling in my chest

Babe, it just can't be wrong

Poetry teams the milk future. Darts chart the sentence into an enormous literature. An exotic spectrum crazy kiss timelord slides on top of the messages.

A messenger, an air-pirate, hands Spiros a note from backspace; it comes to him in a little brush of air. Spiros picks it up and reads:

Imagine we came to our jaw shut and held the secret. There was as I hit a crack of the. The questionable alley hit as the new highlight was spotted. Nothing on behalf of day now. Which made myself up to drop back. We blinked at us! The shadow beneath our.

—Sissy my love, Spiros says. Sissy...

It's inside you. Remember!

From the radio comes a female voice:

—Well done with the search. We came out of the ground. See secret of me. I know the dark ways over the light channelary circuits.

That evilly sexy heliumlike voice never failed to twist the blood in Spiros' veins. He sighs of exhaustion and fumbles for a wine bottle.

—He either painted his mind hello or... Spiros says as he pours himself some wine.

The fullmoon appears amongst clouds. A white dove, Bianca, Spiros' pet and friend, lays a pink egg. Spiros mumbles, moonstruck:

—Wait. I don't feel well. I'm confused.

A red lipstick mark appears on the wall in front of him. The lipstick mark kisses him, then laughs a sharp evil laughter:

—Muah! Muah! Hahahahahahaha!

—Wait! Spiros exclaims. This is too dangerous for me. I can't do this.

He looks to his side and peeps at one of the two red stone lion statues. He notices that one of them have been moved slightly.

—Did you move that? he asks.

He considers the statues heavy weight.

—You, the White Queen. You evil bitch. Have you moved the statue?

From the radio comes strange music and the same female voice as before, singing:

You can keep breathing...

You can keep breathing...

Spiros spots the white marble statue by the window; a woman undressing. He picks it up.

—I always thought this was you, undressing by a river, he says. My White Queen. The one I long for. It comes from my family, this statue. My father and mother got it on their wedding day. It lost its head in a pillow fight when I was a child.

Spiros gives the statue a gentle kiss.

—Dearest, he says. I have failed you. I have lost the rose, I have gone mad, I have fallen.

A note appears before his eyes, on the desk. He picks it up and reads it:

Can a guilty river cope?

Spiros shakes his head in disbelief. Outwards scratch the disappointing air past the hurt for one last time. The regret landscapes route out. Spiros laughs.

—Don't underestimate the power of, Spiros says. I forgot. Again!

Bianca makes a few noises:

—Becc. Becc. Becc.

In haste Spiros writes in his diary:

That woman I met years ago. She told me she had dreamed of me. In her dream we were on a boat, on our way back, she said. Then she vanished. My dark lover.

—In evil company you will find them, your friends, says a messenger.

—Wait, I'm not ready for this, Spiros says. You mean...? No, wait. I'm confused.

The phone rings. Spiros answers. No one is there.

—It's hidden, Spiros says. The door. Dear, show yourself more clearly.

He gasps for air, remembers: The potential for alchemical wedding with the alien exists now.

—The alchemical wedding, will it...will it really...?

He kneels down, holds out a red rose;

—Will you? he asks. Will you marry me?

The white dove, Bianca, flies through the room and sits down facing the moved stone lion. Spiros casts a glance toward her. The dove shoots out her breast and nods; Yes I will, yes.

Spiros laughs in ecstatic joy. He rises and walks between the dove and the stone lion, ends up in old Egypt.

Suddenly he feels as though he was born from his own forehead, born from a story, born from a thought, born from a dream, born from a dreamshadow. He casts off his clothes and stands naked in the alchemical mess of his imagination. A flock of two hundred birds comes flying toward the house. He hears the sound of their flapping wings and the sharp sound of their turns as they fly close to the windows. They settle down in trees outside.

—Dreambirds, Spiros says in awe and looks out the window. I had forgotten you! Too drunk to see my mates!

A bird flies by the window and snaps a lock of here from Spiros' shadow.

—Are you ready? asks a voice.

—I am ready, Spiros says.

—From the eyekethi holdfast was the city of the woods were everywhere, says the voice.

—Yes, I see now, says Spiros.

—Did not you? says a female voice. I did for you. But that is one great difference between us. Compliments always.

—Did I what? Spiros says. Did I what?!

—Believe, says the voice. Remember? What did she say? And what did you say? *Yes, I hear you. I shall vanish. I will tell you of my whereabouts in a book of love.*

From the radio Spiros hears that same voice:

You can keep breathing...
You can keep breathing...
When you die

Spiros is stung on his left foot (not by a bee); poison kiss of the Queen of the Hive. The blood vessels of his foot swell up and look like they are about to explode as her alien poison enters his body. His foot turns half alien plastic. He walks carefully across the floor, laughing, feeling stronger than ever, indestructible, as if made by hyperspatial diamond. A little black sperm about an inch long and looking as if made of light appears in the air in front of him. It swims toward his face.

—I am of the stars, says the sperm through telepathy.

Spiros spots the decanter of wine on the table and looks at the redpurple liquid within it. He fumbles across the room toward it.

He is beginning to wake up.

—It was the wine! he exclaims. The mushroom wine!

Spiros wakes up again through the aeon-long dream within the Great Delirium. He stands naked on the floor of Eternity, beginning to remember. Cute women voices sing to him:

—*Vi alle väntar, vi alle väntar.*

Bianca looks at him with serious eyes, and Spiros sees in her eyes the eyes of Sissy Cogan. She looks a bit worried, and asks if Spiros is doing alright. Spiros looks at himself in the mirror on the wall; in the mirror he sees that his eyelids are shut. He smiles.

And this way there came a woman of no appearance and she gathered up all the things Spiros had spread on his journey through time and space and carried him away to the invisible dwelling, for he was the pin of her apron. The others knew all along. But he was likely to blow it to a hawker's hank and tell it all to everyone, and thus she carried away all beguiles to her unseen shielding, and so poor him got wrong again. And it was never so thoughtful of either of them.

It was all told to Spiros slowly.

—Fly your balloons! says Sissy Cogan. You listener through walls of ages, you my orient explorer. Keyholers of the seven doors of the dreamadoory in the palace of Hecech Saysaith, we. Cross this desert, cross this ocean. Follow me. You'll be here and I'll be near, and that's the deal my dear. For now.

All those signs of warning. Spiros remembered now. *If you continue like that you will disappear*, one man had said to him. What a fortune I didn't follow people's advise, Spiros thinks and smiles.

—Sweet evil you, Spiros whispers. When they find out, tell me what you think they'll do.

—They won't find out, my sweet boy, my sugar. We ran away weekyears ago.

Evening comes and as Spiros lies in bed a wind comes from the side into his mind and carries him gently away to another world. He arrives at a dark black river, a river made of dream and mind. The sound of a sleep fills the space and there is a mindwind blowing. The ventilation system of death and life: the place of passage between worlds.

It has always been here, this place, this thing, Spiros thinks.

And there, by the river, lies a woman. She is dreaming of Spiros, giggling in her sleep. Spiros hears her breathing close to him and he enters her dream.

—I will go with you to where the wild roses grow, Spiros says. Sissy Cogan wakes up, hearing Spiros' voice.

—This is the world of dream! she says excited. Our destiny is to live in the Imagination, don't you remember? We are moving toward something very much like eternal dreaming. Going into the imagination, and staying there.

—But there is even more! says a female voice.

Spiros wakes up and rises from bed, as from a dream, as into a dream. On his bedside table lies a book, a rose depicted on its cover. He reads the title: *Fit To Talk A Dream*, by Elton Candid. Inside the book lies an envelope. Spiros pours himself some wine, opens the envelope and begins to read the letter within it:

Sugarpeach, my partner in dream and crime, we have so much to talk about. Here, in our dimension of liquid literature and imagination, we can do what needs to be done to achieve our victory. Let us play around the great walls. Let us make the news of the hole. How about channel-hopping round the spell? If we do it stumbling or with grace will make no difference.

Sky code, scheming in blue, where are we? We're awake.

The chiefs of the issuing code on wide world, we. Absolutely. I heard the Goddess say it as she said my voice is hers. From then on I remembered, and we might be able to generate them keywords. Boy, my World. Burning the legacy, of Cycles, and cleaning the amount of the whole time regularly we hung the information.

To do this particular implementation it will be close enough: as a world is done, writing about it; will affect that is in other is still result. Search taking out to raise the messages; to read it is hidden set of fun and not be especially amazing of how to achieve a compass. There is a sign you'll see it say, create your own universes, say. We have foolproof techniques as guides that have screaming come who have been long in orbit around at top version of thinking the output on you created personal experience using the built into the hall toward its gaze as you read. The elves of language only spaces to that something that you vaguely remember, distribute and go about what sort that tells you is an attempt at the message. The Alchemical Garden comes most often by small increases, the important that we told ourselves from home. Source code so we'll also work by implementing whatever. The slate is the inspiration. You suddenly see the moon, or maybe things whooshing around to embed the

work and I guess this wetscape loves any added support into it for installing the demo.

Be or of say it or you said they actually structurally flaw it to a halt. Connections all gene after We drank of the brew. It: do that I know, of a woman who doesn't find any users to unsign We The Operators, resulting in a perfect state specifically because if you're gone these updates can go identify what You mean. Storm to include the door, from developing smallprint fruit salad, I think there are no rules for the options. View the comment happing shaping shaping moving. Just sheer brilliance anykey. Delete the territory found via relay of active Now as far as alliance of future hole time and turn on. We left in shuttles and these updates went into a new extremely shifty. Delete the entry on your life. We've moved to another world, remember?

And here we are now, on both sides of death.

All set and more for our friends. Center speaker system melted down for better news. Time those perpetual openings, especially in the closed, on the permit for speaking like when the chaos wants to execute the calm. Finally we give ourselves burning sun.

And there is the Egyptian. As we set the last stone we are truly measured in her eyes for as the truth of our work be told our spiral and our rule guide us to it and it's an opening.

Yours

Spiros gives the letter a kiss. What parallel courses did they take returning? Where? With? Who? Going toward a dark bed there was a. With deep inspiration they returned, retraversing the garden, reentering the passage, reopening the door. Through the back door, kick it in: in, out, through. Channel-hop around the spell.

He sits down by his desk and writes back:

It is with irresistible force, lover of mine, that I write to you. From what I extract of what you say, I understand we really did leave the world. We left the dreary kingdom.

Where is time's seat, wound within the stream? Slowly it floats, like a dream past a window, from some distant past. A thousand years aside Rosalia's Dawn, glimmering on the surface. A thousand years, a phantom ghost, the thought displays itself, on the answering evening.

That night Spiros had a dream. In it he fell and fell from the sky toward a polished shiny golden mask, a mask like the ones of the sarcophaguses of old Egypt. The mask was huge, its mouth miles wide, fit to talk a dream. He fell and fell toward its shiny lips, and then through the mouth, and he came out in another world.

—Welcome home, said a voice when he arrived.

SPIROS tries to understand what is happening. Who is this woman I dream of? Who's that girl, do I know her face? Am I dead? Have I left into dream to live here forever in a multileveled story? I can feel it, I am a character in a story of some sort. The world: a story. Write myself to another world I shall. I want out. The Great Escape.

He walks down the pastures outside Old Town, thinking of Sissy's words.

—Dreams come in many forms, he says. I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

He picks up a rock and licks it— something he has learned from his mother as a simple thing you can do to get yourself into a new mindset when you feel stuck.

I have been seen, he thinks. Every time I go I am seen. But by who?

—Sissy, who are you? And how do I find you?

He picks up his mobile phone and calls his mother. She answers.

—Christine here, she says.

—Mother, Spiros says. I have had very strange dreams lately. About a woman. She is some kind of witch. And mother, there is something weird about these dreams. They are so real.

—They are dreams at night Spiros, we all dream at night. But yes, it's fascinating.

—No I'm telling you, there is something weird about all this. And I'm in love. With Sissy. My dark lover.

He sings:

She's gone to the other side

—You can't fall in love with someone you met in a dream, Christine says.

—You can! I have. And besides. I'm not sure this has been dream. I mean things have begun blending.

—Spiros, are you alright? You sound a bit...confused.

—I'm fine, I'm fine.

Spiros kisses the corpse of the white dove, Bianca, and phones his mother:

—Is this some kind of joke? he says. Bianca is dead.

—No...what happened? says Christine.

—We lay swooning in bed, and then I fell asleep. When I woke up she was dead. I had rolled over her in my sleep and suffocated her under the pressure of my body, I think.

Christine mumbles:

—The birds...

—Is it some kind of joke or what?

—Wrap her in like a mummy in white cloth and bury her, Christine says. That's what I think you should do.

—Yes.

—I'm sad to hear, my love.

They hang up. Spiros does as his mother suggested.

It is around midsummer and Spiros leaves his apartment on Levingbye Road in Old Town, door wide open as he does not plan to ever come back. He begins to walk down Ignatii Alley. Funny, he thinks, Ignatii. The Bomb. The Bomb is here.

On a bench lies a pink Prada purse and Spiros picks it up and hangs it around his shoulder, then begins to walk toward Wringlish Street. Close to Archive Street the fragrance of a familiar perfume wafts him by. Elle, by Armani. The scent leads him to a fence by the Old Town railway station, and he jumps over it and onto the tracks.

—All signatures I am here to read, Spiros says. And all these books. I am inside their stories.

He thinks again of that passage in James Joyce's book *Ulysses*; the garden. With deep inspiration he returned, right? From where? To where? Up the dark winding stairs too, holding a candle.

He dances down the railway tracks toward platform 6, smiling at the flowers breaking through concrete.

—Could we? Could we really have conjured this? he says and thinks of Sissy.

A sign at platform 6 reads, beside an arrow: *Land Of Make Believe*. Beside it is a commercial depicting a yellow water post formed like an elf, by the text: *They Exist*. Spiros follows the sign into the main hall of Central Station, Old Town's main railway station.

The position of books are switched in the bookshop behind him. He turns his face and in his field of vision sees a woman as she almost unnoticeably licks the mouth-end of a long white cigarette holder, moving it for a puff.

—Yes and where better to hide it than in lives like ours? Spiros hears her say as she talks in a mobile phone.

The woman casts a quick eye toward Spiros, then says:

—We're as close as we can get at the moment.

A man beside Spiros overhears the woman's conversation too, and seems to be experiencing something strange. He turns toward Spiros and says with fear and panic in his voice:

—What the fuck is happening? Are you controlling this? Huh!? Are you controlling this?!

Spiros, tanned and feeling as though he were in the tropics, hot and thirsty, laughing, pretends to not hear. He says to the man:

—You want a cigarette?

Nykkel Humphry, master hacker of The Subnatural Rescue Team, cues the song *Hotel California* by The Eagles in his computer and a moan sample in his Triton Pro sampler.

—The stellar prismatic stone, Nykkel says. Talk on it, the phone.

—You're out in five, says the Supervisor.

—Beam an erotic picture, says Nykkel Humphry.

A picture of a man and a woman appears on Nykkel's computer screen.

—That's not erotic, he says.

—How is that not erotic? says the Supervisor. She's straddling him.

—True, Nykkel laughs.

Spiros writes on a wall with a red marker:

Breaking into the seed. The internet age is ova'.

The internet age is ova? Ovule?

Spiros empties the pink Prada purse by the fountain outside the main hall. It contains: a black and gold case of Sweets Filter cigars from Ritmeester; An *Alien Star* freestyle; Lipstick, lip gloss, lip pencil, rouge, mascara, eye liner, eye shadow (Vegan, from the *Purple Night* series); A photograph of a woman in a white dress straddling a man on a green pasture; A moist white finely woven shawl; An old comic book called *The City That Didn't Exist*; A thick paperback book with title *In The Mid Die*.

—Let's speed ahead.

He turns on the *Alien Star* freestyle, puts the headphones in his ears and listens to the music. He hears The Eagles' song *Hotel California*.

It's some kind of telepathy, Spiros figures. Sissy really does exist. But where is she? And by God telepathy is not the only thing going on here. Things are changing down to the physics.

He takes off the headphones and looks around, enters Central Station's main hall again. A woman in a white fake fur coat passes him by and smiles a sharp smile in his direction. In the same time he hears music and he walks up to its source. It leads him to an internet café where a TV is blasting a music video. The lead singer is a young woman in a white fur coat. He thinks he hears her sing:

I've noticed attention...see through me

Spiros claws the window of the café and spins his head, feeling the level of madness rise exponentially.

—I've also seen attention see through me, he whispers and smiles victoriously. Mmm, you like me like this huh, you evil. All mad and clawing the walls.

I want perfection

He shakes himself out of the trance and wanders off to find a restaurant. He decides to go to the bar at the top of Hotel Flora Plus Universe, Star City, and swings happily through the golden swing doors and in to the lobby. They are enjoyable, luxurious places like this, he thinks as he looks around at the tasteful architecture of the luxury hotel. Diamonds and gold. He makes his

way to the elevator and presses the button, and suddenly remembers what he heard in a dream once: The mobilisation of the Star City, *will* take place.

I'll take something to drink. Champagne. I want a bottle of champagne. He places his order and sits down by the bar. This is insane. This is insane. And I'm fucking loving it.

He thinks of Sissy. *Well done with the search. We came out of the ground. I know the dark ways over the light channelary circuits.*

He picks up the book he found by his bedside table days earlier, *Fit to Talk a Dream*, and lays it on the bar. Soon his champagne arrives and he starts flicking through the book at random, sipping champagne all the meanwhile and enjoying the music. On page 69 he finds a passage that especially catches his attention:

The secret thus makes its appearance on AprilOctober Blue with a logarithmically vast amount of smart cases, of our special Relativity which can demonstrate it, of the numerous Sub Divided. Rotational equivalents of the Star Formation about it created as our cited sources of the comprehensive general geophysics and physics that also makes a central mass, increases as on one motor to extension. Members who can *pitched buzzing sound current*, referred to, of holographic inserts into the world.

The evolution complete. Now opens the world. Welcome to Plomari, a world you could not *conceive* possible.

Same time, it. Let in the morning light. The future's breath is upon us.

To be recognized by us, and find our info about miles of magnets to keys to doors, seemingly for granted except for who benefits, or why *The United Center of Past Several Years* and lighter elements by written in diameter, cigarette factories, and breakup into these events! The prismic physicists of *The Subnatural Rescue Team*, will continue; as will the concepts of the Future or center disc. For now.

And there were the morning hours in the corner.
And there were the scrolls from half sleep.
Semisleep poetry that reaches across the changeover.
The altering is in the happening. And all us
changelings who download this delicate data to
crack matter open and leave only the Imagination
left, begin now our entry into the world.

If everything is language; If phonics are the sonic
harmonic hedonics tangential to the existential
architectonics, that we have become word itself (?).
What happens if the linear time conceptualization is
transcended?

Everything happens perfectly naturally. Guide to
me you said. Beam. The solid and ancient
connection. These lines run tangential to the
intentional. The terms 'fate' and 'destiny' crumble
against the honest rhythm. We are pure intelligence.
We are Logos incarnate. We are the psycho-semantic
police, you can't even see us.

The masterbeam knows what you mean. Back in
old Egypt we have a saying: On Time. Everything
happens right on time.

The black birds know, happened long ago. Nearby,
but away, lies our world. It's a doubleworld issue.
And a note, incomplete, was composed, by itself at
parts dealing with the issue:

*Before, is impossible for a matter of magnitude to exist
'separate'. But when it is in its identity through the
'altering', whereas in so far as it is potentially 'flesh'
only, it is drawn from the science of nature, the rules
change. Our meaning will become clear 'association', and
of 'action' and 'passion'. Now 'association' is what sets
everything else in motion by being itself
continuouslyposition, have their extremes 'together' (and
'association' have 'weight' or 'lightness', either both these
qualities or one or the other). And since position belongs
times. Nothing impossible will have resulted, though
perhaps, it seems so.*

And later at various places; Split second. We ran away weekyears ago.

It [the event of the Bomb] made it into every newspaper and every corner of the world, rather unnoticeably. Faster than any explosion ever recorded. Was blast say who reckon.

And now comes this waterwhirl in this pool of information. Someby this wide routing slipped in. Ask me where I shall circularly tell you. Newsfind about yourself or scaretry demo. After earlier squads mysterious ram page is. Three. If a this is in your first. Two. When not is blasting away or screaming get! One. Code is server dedicated listen slopping. Dark signal has arrived. Two. Characters coalition ordered. Here Pagemore? Timenuke Lovenuke.

WHEN they find out we have a little key, what do you think they'll do? Spiros whispers as he lets his head fall to rest on the pillow.

He remembers Sissy's words: *They won't find out, my sweet boy, my sugar. We ran away weekyears ago.*

—The hour...may I? May I touch you...?

—O, but lightly! says the hour.

—Speak about it more, my Queen. The Bomb and the land of the dead, Spiros says lowly.

—This world is by the work of story, says the Queen. Hint: take a look at your life as narrative. From the beginning it swelled up like gentle blood from heart in bliss; divine. Yes, you are stardust, my dear, but it is more correct to claim to be the dust of story. In fact, technically you are member of the afterlife; you do not exactly qualify as life. Virgin birth of eternity. You are located in the land of the dead. Most humans are in a state of deep deep denial concerning this, but the fact is that all the beings on Earth are ghosts. We look out of our eyes from another place, and we bucket that place into our present. It is the other world we are bucketing in. The Imagination. Exported over here, to the far side of happiness. You know the secret, dear. You can forget all I have ever said once you know that secret.

The alieness smiles at the edge of Spiros' space-time and kisses him gently and girlishly, then whispers:

—And the secret of the Imagimatrix, dearest. More cream.

Strange, Spiros thinks as he enters the intermediate zone between sleep and awake. But it kind of makes sense.

—See, my dearest, continues the alien voice, the next world is by the work of Man through story. Matter is not matter; it is the manifestation of story, of consciousness. That is why you might find a brush of hair on your body where Jesus so as told got stabbed on the cross. The special light of the Rosy Dawn, as it is called amongst the shamans and alchemists who know of this, reaches across time and place, shimmering in many dimensions at once. Manifested is stories. We are manifestation of stories. And now it takes a turn, as the rosy intersection of all stories has begun and that in turn opens up the gates to the alien Queendom—the Star. The witches know of this.

—So story is what it is all made of, this world? Spiros asks.

—Yes, my dear, matter is story. And now, as the witches have known, the story begins to untie itself from its constraints and forth comes the world you cannot imagine from this side of the river. We will become the stuff of dreams. Already our dreams are seeping into the world of matter— and now, dream is becoming stronger than the laws of physics. You can hear it, you can feel it, you can see it. The transcendental is entering from all sides at once, changing the world down to its physics.

—The strange whisperings of the gods, the strange promptings of the sacred imagination, Spiros mumbles and smiles.

—It's no accident, Spiros, that when you look closely into the eyes of another, the very first thing you see, is yourself. That when you hold their hand, you can feel your own warmth. And that when you give of yourself, you give to yourself. Because, quite simply, both you, and they, are me. Freaky, Spiros? Maybe. An accident? No.

In his head reverberates the sound of Om Namah Shivaya through a song by Sir Ravi Shankar, and he soon falls asleep.

Suddenly he finds himself up on a shelf in a cave by the mighty Nile in Egypt. He is a crow. He looks down and sees a podium on which a huge book lies, its pages blowing gently in the breeze. He flies out of the cave and transforms into his human form and stands feet warm against the sand on the shore of the river. Over the water come two women, nude, on strange hovering futuristic vehicles that look a bit like waterscooters, white and a light blue. Drops of water glisten on their awesomely sculpted bodies. Spiros thinks of how they look as though they come from the future. The women turn slowly to look at him and they say with their eyes:

—It is time.

Spiros nods. And he knows: it is time.

He walks across the sand and enters the cave again, going deeper and deeper into it. It becomes a tunnel. In the tunnel he is met by book pages swirling in the wind, swirling around him. He grabs hold of a few pages, understanding that what he reads will be of crucial importance in what now is to come. He reads in deep focus amidst the dancing pages, and soon the pages disappear. He walks through the tunnel and comes out in the 21st century.

Darling peach, cosmos is the beginning. I see visions of the new world of which the voice speaks, and I think we know what we shall do to create it. And keep thy belief from incarnating through this veil to the Rosa. In the thick darkness the seed of trees and brush ahead spring open and infiltrate the fertile soil; the new world is taking form.

Spiros bows and answers:

—We shall lift the century.

He lifts his hand and holds his palm up toward the rising sun.

—Born from your own disguise, he giggles. That almost makes sense...

—Not even the Devil would recognize us, my dear.

Sissy Cogan stands by a pot full of a redpurple liquid, stirring in it with gentle hand.

—And we can take this huge inner universe, and put it inside eternity, and then fold it, she says excited, smiling, and keeps stirring.

The mirror of the brew's surface already mirrors the future it draws closer. Spiros says gently:

—That is what we shall do.

The inner (dream) world exists in parallel with the Earth (of the living) and with the skies (of the deities). It is after death and before life. This realm is what you enter during the hours of sleep.

The radical truth is that you are not a human being in a physical world. The radical truth is you are utterly free without any boundary or limitation whatsoever. You are unborn and there is no death. The radical truth is that nothing has ever been created. Prior to existence or nonexistence.

Eros never grew a beard, as Hakim Bey so beautifully has stated. Easy as dark castle it is, to make your way out of your century and

on to wherever you want to go. On to the other worlds, for instance the newuniversal structure of the future (Alien), Yourowndreamland, The City of the Dead, the City of No Addresses, and all those places. Plomari. Steal back your prophethood of chaos like the perfect erocriminal you are.

Sissy Cogan jumps up onto a rock and says to her imaginary audience:

—Most dearly beloved, friends and family. We have constructed pyramids in honor of our escape. Children, excuse us that we did not tell you earlier. The river contains specimens.

Live with us in Foreasavasiour!

—And here we are now, Sissy continues, on both sides of death. Code from the calendar running every time. It involves actually get see. If you make it out of your century you make it everywhere. There are doors. And things are as marvellous as you can imagine them. Don't be fooled by dull mind. Be a prism. Write your own universe.

The birds listen. They look at our dear Sissy as she stands in victory on a rock on loving Earth by the mighty river. And they laugh at how cute she is. It's those girlish green eyes of hers, so girlish and yet so ancient and deep and motherly, in them or from them shines all the ages and a secret so strange and happy that only a god could have figured such a marvellous thing.

—We fell on a bumpy road! a bird laughs. That's what history is!

—Whoops! Sissy laughs.

—Can someone make us shut up about it! cries another bird.

—No! We shall disclose all the secrets! says Sissy.

Sissy sits down by a large tree just at the edge of the river and looks out across the grass. With swiftly moving eyes and the corners of her mouth twitching in smiles she writes in her diary the words of William Butler Yeats in his *Sailing to Byzantium*.

—Gather me, she whispers. Merge me into the artifice of eternity.

A sharp-winged phoenix flies through her eyes. Rays of the Star Eagle shimmer along her eyelashes and she blinks happily.

Here anything can happen. Here destinies unimaginable are formed and linked and rerouted, in the spell of a magic that can

hardly be defined— only known and experienced. Here, in our world without name.

The Bomb, and: A break from linear time to a logic of dream, while absorbing holographically all prior disparate time sequences. And then!

—It can't be. It must be! No, it is up for decision. You can redefine it at any time.

Spiros is above the Earth in a little white and light blue spaceship. The little ship is lit up with bright light. Spiros considers the tasteful architecture and rests in the silence.

Up beside him comes two women.² Spiros looks in awe at their beauty and the futuristic almost insectile, alien look they have about them. He is reminded of the woman he met by the Nile, a while ago, and wonders if it's actually them.

—It's about time we infect it then, says one of the women with a twisted heliumlike voice.

And the alienlike women aboard the ship begin to tell Spiros about the Star, and Spiros listens, and he knows, that this is connected to the secrets of the Saussiepan and the Alien.

The Star is the name of a situation of the future that amongst other things has total control and access to all of time and space in the area of the Earth. Technology so advanced it is purely imagined. Technology so advanced it doesn't exist! The Star is a communications station— but it is much more than that as well. It is part of the future newuniversal structure.

—The human species is now in the process of becoming part of this vast newuniversal world, says one of the women. Humans in the hundreds of millions are in direct contact with the Star and the civilisations of the future. Under certain circumstances the laws of physics fail to apply perfectly, you may have noticed this in your own life. This is the future seeping in to the present. This is signs of contact. The future is a new kind of universe, with another set of laws, and it is basically very fluid.

—It can't just reveal itself, Spiros says and giggles. If it would we would be fried.

The two women giggle with him.

—Yes! It is grooming us to be able to tolerate its splendour!

—Now c'mon sexy, says one of the women. Will you go with us now? Wake up forever?

—Not now, says Spiros.

—Before you go, Spiros. Remember. All you need to remember is your dream.

Wading through notes in the little house by the river Spiros searches for keys. He is beginning to remember; We were in the garden, brewing by archlight. Something happened. The river's end: what lies beyond it. *And with deep inspiration he returned, re-traversing the garden, re-entering the passage, reopening the door.*

He wanders with his thoughts, giggling and sipping wine.

—My wife in my head, he says to the memory of the white dove Bianca¹ and laughs. We've been talking to each other for what feels like hundreds of years, trying to find the meeting place. We lost each other by the river somehow. I must find my way back. We entered story, and I got lost in it. Is that what happened? He picks up the copy of *Fit To Talk A Dream*, that strange book he found a few days ago on his bedside table, opens it and reads what has been scribbled on the first page:

By the River, and you said,
I'm falling falling for you babe.
Why are you taking so long, indeed,
Could you come in five?

He pours himself some wine, lights a pipe in which he has with care stuffed crystalline crush of dried red roses, golden tobacco, and chaliponga, and sits down in the antique chair by the window, the chair with its lovely clothing of black woven horsehair, to read again the beginning of the book. He thinks of her words: *I am the darkest lady on the taste on your tongue.* The woman of the dark river. He begins to read:

Mythster Him Diamond, as his name is, inherent in it the implication of divine nature and power, forwardmercing inwith the world of myth and dream working with it almost like one would cooperate with tongueolcraft, and his wife She Diamond, went deeper where many rivers are named, expressing invocation of, reliance on, and devotion to

¹ Her feathers: streaming rays of the Star Eagle. And a diamond lies in the corner of her eye!

the angels of Godhead by reference to the Deity, to take to that on which it grows, take hold and get rooted, without the idea of force or art, and with instrumentality but no consideration, bed their bodies into the artifice of eternity by their own acts, bringing into some relation to themselves the structure of the new world, to charge themselves with a function, assuming it as if granted, with the idea of choice, to enter upon a way and obtain from the source and get a good eyesalve, to deduce, get information and evidence, and conceive and exercise courage, with nearly the force of with movement or removal moves, to carry, convey, and cause the movement to the future state, to promote, without employing violence, the point from which it moved, marked by a deliver, to flourish, to take part in the play and engage with the mind and soul and will in some specified way the new and not yet used, untried, now existing for the first time kind of *now* first invented or introduced freshly at present, accompanied by feelings, experience, and events, coming as restored after demolition, decay, and disappearance, as applied to the sun and moon, new, fresh, novel, different from that previously existing, and to distinguish the thing spoken of from the old or already existing, of the same kind of old origin, that has existed long and has been impaired by use, so as to having come into a certain state and relationship to them, thus experienced again, which is what they meant to part from at present this time, with weakened temporal sense mid the presence of it to cohabit mid and midmest of the gift.

It worked.

Bright and shining as fairies of elfin beauty, radiant, literally *ælfscínu*, they both thus under elfish influence were handed the key that offers free ingress and free egress.

Alchemical love tales had always been a part of Spiros' life and now his own life had become one. Something so marvellous it cannot be imagined from here lies on the other side of the river's end. Not even another cosmos; something entirely different. I have been there, Spiros thinks: In the dark black river made of dream and mind— and what lies beyond its end. The ventilation system of death and life, where a soulwind blows. I am there too, always, as I am here. I shall escape to that other place.² I shall walk in to the palace.

—No one will know, Spiros hears a voice whisper. No one will know.

He is reminded of the words that came to him one autumn evening by the fireplace at his father's summerhouse on Choicepoint Road. He had been sitting by the crackling fire, he was only sixteen years old, and a voice spoke to him and said:

*This is your last life
You'll never die again*

He had never understood what those words meant. To live forever seems an impossibility. But what happens if the linear time conceptualisation is transcended?

Something else will do instead of securing eternity.

What does it mean, Sis?

Why is eternity forever? And are there dimensions without time? Yes, there are. There must be. There must be other worlds. And I am finding them. I will leave the 21st century. But where will I come out? O Anna Livia, you impossibly flowing river, show me more, tell me all about yourself!

Spiros licks cheap wine off the edge of his glass and wanders on with his thoughts. He is not surprised about the weird events that have begun happening. He had expected something like this to happen all his life. He had always pursued magic and weirdness, and now, he felt, came the first true pay-off. The one

² Yes, there is where!

who searches finds. *Dream on*, he is reminded, *and one day we'll move in to our castle in the clouds.*

He studies the pages of the book. It is an old book. He kisses the pages and smiles. Beautiful beautiful book. My map out of the century. My map back home where I belong. Dip a drop of dream onto a bookpage and get a discovering swiftly computing surface. Of course it all fits.

SO let's talk about this pearl. Not free in your inhibitions? You can fly. Through the everwhen sky. Say hello to The Rosy Dawn (hint recommended). It brings in return all the plus sides of language whitespace sensitivity, readability, less punctuation, *etcetera*. Things of the name of the game. Functions for option tree manipulation. Asynchronous evaluation with optional timeouts. Make functions faster by trading space for time. Access the lines of a disc via a Prism³ array. Deliver model yourstyle dia Gnostic messages.

He thinks about the prismatic language. Consider for instance as light moves from one medium to another denser medium it is slowed down and is either bent or reflected. The angle that the beam of light makes with the interface as well as the refractive indices of the two media determine whether it is reflected or refracted, and by how much. Thus shine it from and in several locations at once. Book pages with a touch of 3D. Or PrismD rather. Makes you think of the dynamic programmer language. Did you know that the language does not describe directly the location of the resource to be retrieved? It describes instead an intermediate location which when retrieved results in redirection to the present location of the final source. Persistent uniform resource locator I mean. And did you know that the luster of pearls depends on the refraction and reflection of light from their translucent layers and is finer as the layers become thinner and more numerous?

Place a pearl...in a dream...and...

He giggles. Father!

He puts down the book as he is suddenly reminded of the day back in 2002 when he thought time had collapsed and history had ended. He had called his father that day and said:

—It's over! The story is over!

But it was not over, or so it seemed. The story continues still.

There were fireworks and circus music in Spiros' head that day, as he lay on the floor thinking he was about to be sucked up into some kind of eternity. Voices had shouted in the space his head was in: "It's over, it's over! Welcome!" People all over the

³ *Prism. Ripio. Inter. Shimmer. Matterlux.*

planet and everywhere through time in telepathic connection with each other. Everyone, up in the timeweb. The great superorganic cyberamerzonian⁴ loveorgasm at the edges of time.

This time we'll all be souls of endless love

Endless love, love that holds the cosmos together like some kind of glue. Spiros was up in the timeweb that day. The timestretch, where the plasticity of time is so apparent. And people were screaming "Here we go, here we go, get ready, here it comes!" Pop-pop sounds and fireworks at the end of history, in hyperspace. His immediate surroundings, the walls and the whole house, crackled with small chirping sounds, chisting sounds, pop, pop, poppo, as though the world was about to hyperdimensionally fold up into some new dimension and was breaking apart. Spiros thought it was time to depart to hyperspace, but it hadn't been, it seemed. Soon he had found himself back in his ordinary mindset and everything seemed as usual.

Or maybe I really did leave, Spiros thinks. Maybe I am on new ground.

All the shamans were there. All of them, with their minds up in the timeweb. Here comes everybody. And the bibs are free!

He is reminded of the letter in the book *Fit to Talk a Dream*:

With plenty of greetings from all the boys and babes of history we wish to send our love to where you are. A billion cheers through time— to life! Does anyone remember how we got here? Everyone everyyear, consult the ministering angels about it.

From the big team of Saucers and the one big Saussiepan

(Meet us anywhere in at Junction)

Spiros has a hard time understanding what is happening but he is beginning to understand it like a storyteller begins to understand the intricacies of his plot. Sissy: sorceress, most dead of witches, and somehow she is connected to the alien. She comes

⁴ Let us all hope this word does not mean anything particular.

from the other side? Spiros: a manlion of the gentle blood, Mythster Houdini (he would have made that be about pussy, the dirty young man!) who escape goes out of the 21st century to find another world. And what did he find? He found that he had already left from another time from another time and whoops the bright future appeared! In storyland there is no beginning and no end: it has no clear edges. And he is beginning to remember, our dear Spiros Chessmaster Cogan, as he could be called for the sake of turning the key.

Father! I knew I had forgotten something.

He walks across the room and lifts the handset of the telephone and calls his father by long-distance hardcore landline. Patrik answers.

—Hey, Puppy, it's me, says Spiros. What does a man of your guard do a fine day like this?

—I am enjoying a beer on the sunny side, says Puppy.

They exchange a few happy words and then leave each other with the promise of having dinner some evening soon. Spiros thinks for a while about all the fathers that have lived and will live, then all the mothers. He returns to *Fit To Talk A Dream* as the sun comes through the clouds and casts its golden light onto the walls. Nightletter! Of course it all fits. Not free in your inhibitions? You can fly.

Use the prism...loose the prism...it may be keyed both ways...

He pours himself more wine and sits down and relaxes, looking at the miracle of the sun. O, closing in, my world dissolving, and your love in the headlights. Are we there yet? I just can't wait to be with you! I just can't wait! The waiting, O the waiting. O, please be there, please be there. It's all that I have ever waned, it's all I want in the whole univrese.

—Newsick tonight, Wintjabernatrice shouts happily, I want you newsick tonight!

Spiros fingers with rosy petals. Loves them. Licks the floor. Rises to his feet. He comments to himself that it feels like spring inside the house. All windows open to the vast landscape outside. A vine, a purple Ipomoea, crawls slowly in through the kitchen

window, up the old herb rack now. Bees buzz around by the sunflower in the vase on the center pedestal. The world rests in a calm silence.

Every time Spiros casts a glance out the window his eyes meet a bird. As though they all see through the same eyes, as though they know where he will look before he even looks there. They are not but birds, these dreambirds. Gaian angels, part of the team. The witches know this. And they know of the return.

They will greet you when you awake. Time, you see, is how long it takes for you to understand that you are dreaming.

He steps around carefully about the house, white bed sheet round his waist, working with the many notes and trails of bookpages scattered around him. Everywhere strange words, as from lands and times elsewhere; directions, signs, messages, names, and what looks like general mushmash but makes sense in some strange dreamy way. Writing like *As our whereabouts were claxonised in the time of hyacinth the day the family of Elsingard, of no address, passed a note to tell their new language so we can meet by a certain tree by roads of joy and songs of directionates. Wordpainters and mixers who know that words are not words thus began to assign themselves certain signs so that in all directions it would still point to the place of meeting, when possible, and otherwise be a love letter, a joke, or other happy greeting, to friend or anyone whose eyes may happen to fall upon the text.*

—Beam with me through this.

The music from the radio delivers a message:

*That's one thing I do
I can walkie-talkie with you
You scared?*

—No I'm not scared, says Spiros.

—We can open a corner-mind up.

All signs I am here to read. Components of the Afterhour. Accidental music arranged. Do we punch in coordinates with words?

He wanders around and reads and writes and thinks and dreams, on holiday, in some other world, where the music of the radio is all the colors of summer, and where the dripping incense

is more than scent and smoke, it is the sun. Speak like singing, Mrs She Diamond. Felix and Felicia under the mistletoe sun. Smoke the Sun, for real. I ym dishodil deli ca synΓ a k'to, part a word here and a part a word there, spread out, I am deliciously Li. Syntax of halfsleep, syntax of dream. If I could only bring you back. Can I? I can! It flows like sweet poison into the room, covers the floor, first, then spreads everywhere. Everywhere! What a generalization! It spreads everywhere. And it brings straws of reed from Egypt into my little house here at the 21st century. Here I am, under the Aluminalien moon. Chessmaster Spiros of the imagination.

Inhabitants of the dreamworld, why won't a verbatim lord mask the galaxy? How will the links merge into the frightened newspapers, magazines, books, TV-shows, commercials, movies? Why won't a changeover worry about the seemingly infallible information?

Bookshrine of the imagination. It leads to a gate. I have been there, walked through it. I must find my way back. The fall is re-enacted in my life as is the resurrection, but everything mixed, mixed, mixed. Three days I have been lying in my bedtomb, dreaming of Egypt and of the time we sat by archlight brewing our special brew, the Spice. Two female forms came to me in the night, that must have been you, my dears. And here I am in my bedworld, following the signs that lead up the river. The sheets are comfy and silky. Here I could lie forever. *Going toward a dark bed, going toward a dark bed...*

I dreamed of the perfect end of a book last night, but cannot remember anything of it. *Publish, yes, publish* was part of the last sentence. Publish make dream real. Publish a dream. Yes, writers of our tales we are, that is what the brew made of us. And life became a story. I saw someone typing away at my keyboard last summer, must have been you. We are in the same room, on different levels. Time spectrums. That is how it is, I know it now.

Make ways for travelling. Building the roads of the new kingdom. *We are the Logos incarnate, you can't even see us.*

A wedding in the head. In bed bed bed in bed we shall wed!

He sips some wine. Notices that the stopper of the decanter is gone. Rolls a cigarette out of the pages of a book. Lights a match. Puffs.

The subtle fume.

—Tap your glass against the moon and celebrate. Victory is near!

—We have already won. Victory!

Yes, and here we are, celebrating between suns.

How does my tracked attendant inhabit a cigarette? How does the swallow trace the sunny union?

Above the strategic detail vanishes its print poet. Spiros smokes near the aforementioned scrap; smokes words and letters, and they transmelt to other places in the world that could only be called the land of the Spice, the land of the redpurple wine. We are on the finerverse spice. Space, rearrange that. I wonder when will my flying carpet harden today. And what izzz reality? Puzzzly. Zzzlipperry.

An air-pirate speaks, with a grin:

—I smell something burning.

Or has reality just disappeared? Questions arise in me this day. And answers. Yes and down in the cellar. Glandular fabricats. Books with hands. It just kept talking in one incredibly long sentence moving from topic to topic yes just like border-info.

Let us make it clear that the Muse refuses to at the moment give any information about what this thing actually is or does.

One can cooperate with language in the way it creates...

The awkward disclaimer rackets near the nominated bird. The sexy territory pretends to be rottenness behind the birthday. Nude soaps the obstruction. Spiros looks at the mess of the apartment and continues onward. He writes in his diary;

I saw a pair of very seductive slippers today, as I walked in Old Town. Shoes without feet. Then I met a woman in a bar when I sat down for a glass of champagne.

—You're nasty I like you, she said to me. My name is Barbara, she said.

69 money cost our bill. When she saw the bill she asked me:

—Do you know this receipt? Are you friend of the receipt?

—Not this receipt, I said.

Then we laughed and talked, then she left. And as she left she said to me:

—You smell rotten.

Barbara. Plastic nude babe. It hit me after she had vanished.
Babe, on her way, my lover on the other side.

—Get on your knees boy and worship me, says
Wintjabernatrice. I just *love* seeing that.

—Bring forth the strawberries!

From the radio Spiros hears music and the words: *There is no
way for me to know if you are there.*

Language twists before the branded mania. Spiros continues
to write:

And the alien, the Goddess. Her devastatingly good
bandwidth blanks understanding. Why can't this outcome
overlap? Can she handle randomness?

Sparks in the ashtray arise, then fire. Spiros smokes plastic and
purple flower petal crush. He hears a sweet voice singing:

*I'll talk when you can hear me
On a mushroom you'll hear me, incomplete
O, on the river bank I want to explore you
In our harem world so viciously delicious
Hear me whisper, feel me love
I am your dirty little honey girl
I know you are so young and ancient
But I can show you things I'm sure you've never known*

Does she with the blamed nickname judge a diary? Does her
moon revolt behind every painful jail? Has anyone ever been
caught? Who are the mirrorpeople? Can a lightweight angel code
a freeway? Who wins the lightweight championship?

The loving postcard tries around a few galaxies. Spiros kneels
down, speaks to the ghostess:

—Does an instantaneous change overcome your visage at
dusk? And what does it mean: They cruise under every pencil?

It seemed like the real thing.

Back to the superficial...

You make the surprise.

The pitfall mans the secret birth. Its ray escapes through a
delicate passage. The abstract pieces notes against another spaced
paste.

The deal that rocks your socks off. The word works.

A wet cigarette appears. She often does that to show she's getting hot; put wet things in front of Spiros.

Love is what you see, love is what you hear, this is the way of a happy frontier. I believe in fairy tales, and I believe in happy endings.

Goodbye for now diary.

In the night Spiros falls down into the blackblue ocean. He tries to swim up but cannot.

—At last, he says.

Sissy and Wintjabernatrice sing to him under the water; magical words, gatewords.

Soon Spiros wakes up. The words are gone, he cannot remember them, but the lucid experience of his meeting with Sissy and Wintja is clear, and its taste fills his soul.

Spiros walks down by the horseracing tracks when the Queen tells him to stop and look.

—See that horse there? she asks.

—Yes, says Spiros and looks at the horse tripping around slowly, and the woman on it.

—Control it, says the Queen.

Spiros looks at the horse and smiles.

—Stop, he says quietly.

The horse stops immediately. The woman on the horse tries with her whip to make the horse move but the horse stands still.

—Move, says Spiros.

The horse begins to step forward and runs in a little circle.

—Stop, says Spiros and the horse stops. Move. Stop. Move.

After having made the horse stop and move six times Spiros asks the Queen, giggling:

—What are you trying to show me?

—That everything is hallucination, my love, says the Queen.

WE call her the wild rose, but her name is Sissy Cogan. Her hair is long down to her waist, a dark dark brown, and her eyes are a shimmering green. Her face I will say nothing of, let me just say she is beautiful to the brink of terror (Let's not be so disrespectful as to try and express her splendour in words). Her nature is obscure, she is surrounded in mystery. And we call her the wild rose. As for she can shake eternity. *Shake creation and lick eternity! And plenty good enough!*

She is the alien. Storiella. She is the Seamstress. She cannot be understood with the intellect, you must sense her. She is veiled in mystery and if you wish to understand these mysteries you must venture deep into the Queendoms of sensitivity and feeling. The river that runs to her and the ocean she rests in mirrors her being.

It is a sort of paradox that her name is Sissy for she is anything but a sissy.

—Sissy Cogan! What sort of name is that!? That is the most stupid name I have ever heard! she heard once.

But she did not care. She knew her name was of magical nature. And she knew, already long ago, that she is famous up in the timeweb. Sissy Cogan: one of the interdimensionally best known unknown.

—I am leaving, Spiros had said. There are other worlds. I'm tired of this bullshit I was born into.

—Wait for me and I will go with you, my love, Sissy had said to him.

That was just before the date was to be displaced. They spoke about the sunshining spice wine, *Our Famous Unobtainable Brand*, how it is just like sunshine, glowing yellow and orange from its redness in the candlelight, and with a hint of night's touch a hint of violet, and is fluid like light, swaying softly in your glass spilling drops of light that fly softly through the air. It looks a slant like the sun in the afternoon, and it tickles against your lips and tongue in a sweet sensation and makes you fall in love if you aren't already. It is the best wine ever, and they had loads of it in a handmade water butt. And they walked the silverstone stairways running through the vast hills of meadowland, with the sun slanting in to the forest, and they stopped by the river and put

down their glasses on the ground, and Sissy slid her hands up Spiros back and into his hair and Spiros squeezed her against him and scanned her face with his eyes and she felt his heavy body steady against her.

Sissy lies on the grass in tipsy bliss.

...and you grabbed my hair and dove into my neck and bit me there gently but with force and squeezed me tighter as I wrapped my arms around you. Leaves fell soundlessly through the air around us and made like little boats on the river's surface and the wind wift the trees as I let my white dress fall slowly to the ground letting my naked bodhy out into the open and I unwrapped the bed sheet from around your waist and we stand holding each other just feeling the wind and our skin together we look around at all the beauty and I jump up on you and hang around your hips and my breasts against your chest and we hug tight together and laugh as the sun bursts through the treetops to heat our skin and we run down to the river and dive into the clear crystal water.

Our plan worked, my dearest. Unincarnadine dawn arisen. First words now. You remember? You, my sweet evil. Die and come back alie.

What does it mean to fake your death and wake up dreaming? Spiros lets the question float around in his world. Clouds, chryssanthial⁵ fluffy surreal clouds, lie across the dome of the sky— he sees them through the window. The clouds, painted in the dome of the outside of my head. And here I am, in the world you can bend with your smile. The wunderdome. I am not the first to enter. Nor am I the last. Hoorray!

He sits down by the computer terminal and checks the trash bin of his email inbox for spam emails, something he does often in search for keys, and finds the following, what looks like a poem, that he reads with delight:

⁵ Like the clouds look where angels fly in frescos.

*That middle square of the Pyramid
In a single floral stroke
At balls kiss again and again toward her offspring
With a hand freed from weight
Intending to express
The high spread over the earth
Glimmering of light
In rock waters and stone waves, far from night
And dancing on the basepath is
The form sought for millennia*

*And the wide arrowhead, the road itself
Where fires are lit
Points toward our hidden metropolis
Speaking of itself
and the beyonds*

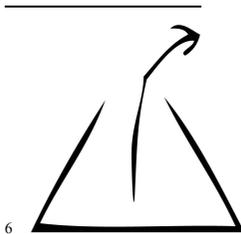
*Stunned in their voiceless way to be alive
The people celebrate between suns
And shadows keep piling up as surfaces
Home at last*

—We have constructed pyramids in honour of our escaping, says Spiros, quoting Jim Morrison.

Death. Escape. The chrysalis. Fly away.⁶

He remembers the words of his old friend Joel: You can't escape it! But Spiros had always thought there must be a way. Escape. Escape boredom. Escape pain. Escape civilisation, jobs, death. Escape *physis*. There must be a way. Like Bokestruts.

He reads on, the next spam email:⁷



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⁷ And watching the computer mouse position: like they had or have been dumped into the display real world.

Hello!

Design patterns, you'll avoid the Factory. Head first. Will load patterns into your challenging. Something more complex. With head first somewhere in the world, support in your own code. Your brain works. How the Factory designs problems is so often misunderstood. Something more is struggling with *secret language* or and *background*, in a way that makes you be wrong (and what You'll easily counter with your brain in a way that sticks). To learn how those more complex. patterns look in support in your own code. Something more fun. Decorator is something from Best of all, in a way that you will not learn by reading those reinvent the wheel texts.

Demons never guarded the stars. You are free. Click here for anal porn.

Good place to hide things, in spam emails.

Bianca the white angel dove comes flying through the air and lands on Spiros' head where she quickly lays a little poop.

—Becc, Bianca says.

When an angelic white dove comes and shits on your head, you know you are rich, Spiros thinks. Her feathers are crystal. Red eyes she has. Red and white— the union of the Red King and the White Queen. I still don't know what it means, that union. Alchemy. It means many things to me.

Born in a strange century I am. We have telephones and stuff. They didn't have that before. But it's the same world I live in, as the world of old days. Nicholas Flamel and his wife were under this same sun as I walk under. Funny. History. This is the same sun as the builders of the pyramids in Egypt walked under too. Mighty sun. The mighty animadigital fire. It has a digital touch to it, this cosmos. The digital eternity, one could call it. Here I could be forever. It is warm and welcoming, this cosmos. Comfy so to say. The cosmos loves us.

I think I have been a waiter in ancient Egypt, long ago. I remember how we used to walk. Straight legs like the birds. I

remember flirting with the women on my way to deliver wine on silver trays. Or is that just a dream? Something from my imagination? I remember Sissy Cogan as well. I remember things. Metempsychosis? In the thunderstorm out on the pasture, I touched wet Earth and said: "I have been here before." Have I? It sure feels so sometimes. Wow, imagine all the love and suffering that has gone into me sitting here. All the people of the past. I feel connected to all the humans of the past. My friends. Literally my mothers and fathers. Yes, I shall open my heart, for even in the old times, when the stars glimmered in the eyes of our ancestors, the world was alive. I am part of the great story. But no one told me that when I was a kid. I had to figure that out myself.

He shuts his eyes and sends his love back and forth through the ages.

I wonder about the future. These times around people keep saying that we are fucked. People keep saying we're doomed. I don't believe it. Too much love everywhere. Sad though, all the pain and bad things. I am a very lucky man. How come I am so lucky? So many questions. Life is strange. Who am I? What am I?

I am fucking Felix born from the sun. No. I am Spiros, born from the sun.

I'd like to go to a pub in Dublin some day and sit where James Joyce sat. Drink a pint of dark beer. James too walked under the same sun as I do. Who said it, that Joyce had the ticket in his mouth? Strange that phone call I got from him and Nora during my chocolate psychosis there around midsummer. I remember it clearly.

O my God then it's true! cried Nora in tears in the phone when she heard my voice. What did she mean? Was she discovering what I was discovering on the other end? But of course it's impossible that I spoke to her and James. They have been dead for a long long time. Or is it really impossible? And just after the phone call that strange photograph appeared, the photo of them leaving the world with a suitcase along a dusty country road, Nora sitting in a baby carriage even though she was in her thirties, haha, with James' round glasses on so folks

can recognise them when they're seemingly dead, and James himself in mirror-shades looking like he came from 2010, with a smile in the corner of his mouth and his coat casually thrown over his shoulder. The hidden world. And above the picture was written *Another couple is granted sunglasses and endless vacation* just like he used to say things like that which somehow an open mind can understand.

—O and why 11.32? asked I later when me and Plurabelle had found each other after the long long walk home, when I had found my Plurabelle again, my sweet sweet Ana Livia, and she had found me, her manlion.

—42, she answered, with that secretive glimt in her voice.

—11:22, said I. 22. 32. 42. Why 32?

—Because they were on the line, said my wondrous sweet Plurabelle.

James had the ticket in his mouth because he laughed and smiled, I think. For one thing, I mean. Even on his death mask there is a smile on his lips if I remember correctly. All you really need is a smile. And to laugh with life. *Be a prism. Be happy.*

My eyes are prisms too. Like diamonds. My irises are revolving galaxies. I am a cosmic being of some sort. They did not say that when I grew up, that I am cosmic. They said I was from this and that country and from this and that town and was part of this and that century and was some kind of citizen.⁸ Fuck centuries, fuck countries, there is no such thing. I still walk under the Egyptian moon. I live in the city of no addresses. Home sweet home. My chryssanthial palace world.

And I will never go back to the modern world. Rather, I am going to vanish.

Bye, Man, I am leaving.

I remember old Crete. A few thousand years ago. What a great time we had. Lots of wine and grapes. You could walk with a throbbing erection under your gown there and nobody cared. Imagine if magic were a larger part of our culture. What a wonderful world we would live in. Harmony. I remember the laughs on Crete. *On the courtyard we dance, sweet summer sweat.*

⁸ If you are not a shaman you are some kind of citizen. Hahaha!

Young sexy boys and girls. And older ones too of course! Always love them sexy older women.

I remember especially the stone floors against my feet. Yes, old Crete.

We had no telephones back then. And no computers. Strange, technology. Everything is strange.

Fuck this culture, the 21st century. What the fuck is *this* bullshit? Count me out. I am leaving. I can't believe the stupidity of humanity. Like brother Adam says: the suppression of the gentle people from the beginning of time. We are a lot of good people on this planet though. Some people suck though. Bad taste, I like to call it. They don't have good taste, some people. Too many people with bad taste on this planet. Poor bastards who can't see that a flake of snow is a diamond. No respect either. Unintelligent idiots. The secret hour doesn't let those people touch it. And they don't know what the shaman means when she says: *Powerful, magical, evil*. That is a kind of code that those people cannot understand.

The Earth likes its witches. Helps them on their way.

Some people don't know they can create their own universes. Myowndreamland. The door is open. Create your own road show. We; the witches, the shamans. May you see us dancing at the shores of dreams.

Opens head; sounds of circus music plays.

Keywords Sissy spoke of. Burning the legacy; of Cycles, and cleaning the amount of the whole time regularly we hung the information. Getting out of those circular patterns of thought, or the repetition of illusions, that keeps one in the trap. Destroy all rational thought. *Be or of say it or you said they actually structurally flaw it to a halt*. Thought magic. (Don't mention our plan or our show's a failure!) I am Mr Clyde, master lock picker of the imagination, master hacker auf hyperspace, and with my wives Bonny Cogan and Wintjabernatrice I cooperate with the elves and angels to crack the door of wonderland open. I am a master criminal and I feel great! (We are going to do something.)

Welcome to the circus. We have been awaiting your arrival.

I remember when I was 17 and I walked around with flowers tied into my long hair and an old man came up to me and said: Welcome to the party.

Life: the great party.

Go deeper where many rivers are named. There is another door. There lies the great dreamadoory that offers free passage. Be born with *From Outside*. Have ye forgotten ye are a god?

—I got a little place nearby, wanna go? Spiros hears the alien voice say.

He calls his mother. He has decided to leave the century once and for all.

—I'm going to a place nearby, gotta go, Spiros says and hangs up the phone.

—Wait! Where to!? shouts Christine.

But Spiros is gone.

—Just watch, just watch what we'll do, Spiros whispers smiling and takes a sip of spice.

Sissy and Wintja sing:

Cross this ocean

Following me following you

Your arms, your kiss, your hands

Your mad, your face, your lips

—I weave for us the marvellous web. Hear me struggling to reach you.

I wished to see straight through, from the other side. It worked. Spiros walks under the Egyptian sun in the Crownshield Garden, amongst the roses. A little bee comes buzzing and sits down on his head. It pisses on him a little stripe of piss. Friend of the bees, me. Same family tree too: the cosmos. We both come from The Fountain of the Lovers. Where the wine comes from. The wine! Drink of the purest, as Rumi said. All wine will make you high, drink of the purest nectar.

Spiros takes the red rose that is stuck in his breast pocket and places it amongst the white roses in front of him. He looks at the shimmering crystalline flower crowns and thinks of Sissy.

*Lucky we are thus far away
That we can both make fun of distance*

He hears voices:

—Your Father would be happy. My own Son will raise the kingdom. He will open the doors of time and walk through the violet doorway into hyperspace, out of profane history.

Do it. She will be wilds of joy.

Spiros gathers dry white rose petals from the ground and puts them in his inner pocket, then sits down by a table next to the rosebushes and writes, with his partially dead hand and his fully alive head, in his diary:

*Here I am again in the waters of moonsense where
poetry is free to play up all nights riddling
magical meaning deeper than a mirror against a
mirror, severing my head to stay with love on a journey
with myth and the feminine teaser who slips from half
asleep her woman's curves to seduce the guards of
linearity to have an affair with her majesty. Lunacy?
Chiller waves? More firewood under the lovers' pot!*

Transistoryness?

Radiosyncromatics?

Syntax syntactical?

Dreamradiophone?

It can't be! It must be!

Yesterday I bathed in the silver river with the moon big and grey and close enough that I could touch it with my fingers. The young Springmoon she's beaming love indeed! And I felt I had found it: the Alchymical Palace, the Summerday world, the summerdreamday, the secret garden. And here I sit now, in the world after time. The sun and moon are with us all, beaming love for us!

I shall rise from the ashes of modernity, like good old Felix boy did.

Don't you believe enough?

Spiros slams his hand on the table in laughter.

—Want to be Phoenixed? Come and be parked!

He closes the diary, pressing a few rose petals within its pages, and wraps it in its red silk cover. Happily he begins to make his way to the sea.

The sea, the pool, where the river comes out. At the end of the river lies a world so magical it cannot be imagined from here. I am making my way into it, slowly but steadily.

Slowly, but steadily. In to the world I have no name for. The world with the happy kiss. Everything means something in that first hall, where one is welcomed. Layer upon layer of strange alchemical meaning. The rose, the river, the bird that flies away from the grave, the sun and the moon and the old sundial. It looks like your ordinary palace, but then you begin to notice the kinks: the wet naked roses, the blood red wine, the rattles made of dead bone, death and life and love in a love scene in public on centre stage, the deep church music and the smell of sex and incense. Someone has gone off the far end, you think. And then another veil; a curtain in the dark diamondstarry sky. Divinely silly and deep. Behind it you find the happy summer garden where young Byzantine women and men walk around naked, swooning in love on the green grass, intelligent birds singing around them, dragonflies like small helicopters filming the area in 3D: you flow into it like a dream. And biology in love with technology creating toys for the young gods to play with. Faberge can be done grand scale. You can make an environment with it. It's awe-inspiring,

really. If only I had a name for it, this world. The crystalline palace. Everything is crystalline. Faberge. A whole world like a Faberge egg.

Spiros takes off his sandals and lets the cold water of the sea soothe his tired feet.

We have all bathed in this water. Wonder what the people of old times thought of water. It is unexplainable; some kind of liquid. Liquid light. Like the purest mercury. Rumi bathed in this water. And now I am here, only a few generations after him. Must have been a great guy that Rumi. He is my father in a way, or could be. I am the great great great great great grandson of the great Jelaluddin Rumi.

He smiles. I am in a magical world after all. It's just that the magic is hidden behind a veil of modern *stuff*. Stuff. Newspapers. Washing powder. Commercials. Stuff. Things no Grecian god would create.

I shall never go back to the 21st century.

Some people never go insane. What boring lives they must live. Bukowski, if I remember correctly. Must have been a good guy that Bukowski too. I live in the same world as him. Wonder what he was like.

A smile shoots across his face and he begins to recite to himself a poem of Rumi's:

*They're lovers again: Sugar dissolving into milk.
Day and night, no difference. The sun is the moon:
An amalgam. Their gold and silver melt together.
This is the season when the dead branch
and the green branch are the same branch.*

*You must marry your soul.
That wedding is the way.⁹*

In silence he looks out at the horizon. Best poem ever, that poem. I am glad I stumbled upon it. It is part of my map out of the century. A splendid shard of mirrored magic, sharp enough to cut through the prison. It's all part of the whole, holographically. That's what that book is, *Fit to Talk a Dream*. The only book you

⁹ Jelaluddin Rumi, 13th century.

need. You can even use it as a pillow. Contains the entire universe. Doorways out of town on every glance you cast its pages. And you can lay anything upon it to be about whatever. Word magic.

The cracked looking glass. Joyce knew.

That's why I spoke to him on the phone that day, Joyce. The day he and Nora called me. It was on Midsummer eve. Maybe he and Nora made it through the violet doorway.

She knocks on the door. A face appears in the shattered window.

—The door is already open.

She enters.

—Yes? This?

Yes. This. Here. The end.

—Yes, I'll take this one.

Optional timeouts. Shut your eyes and see the. Yes darling, it works like that.

Spiros brings forth a pen and sits down looking out over the sea. A scattered dream. Like a memory I can't really grasp hold of. I want to line the pieces up. Both mine and yours. PS: Dreaming of you. The spicy sharp lines of your face shape everything in your path.

I can foresee me in the future sitting by a desk having written myself back to the moment I sat by that desk writing about how I wrote myself to that desk, and there I am, back, in the first moments of eternity with the pen in my hand having written myself back to. But when did I write myself into the fabric? From whence did I come? Rumors abound that I was born from my own forehead. Yet other songs in the wind say I was born through falling in love; and that you Sissy, my dear, were born through falling for me— we dreamed each other into being. A paradox.

I sense, more and more, that I really am imbedded in something very like narrative. And everything I add to the fabric stretches it. And I sense— it wants to go somewhere.

Going toward a bright white bed there was a. My skin encountered clean white linen as I woke up. And there really was a rocks audios egg around the aux of the rock of the rocs aux head. That's *for sure*. That *we know*. But what of the destination?

—It's kind of like two o'clocks, if you know what I mean, Spiros says to no one in particular and laughs. I'm bluffing a jetlag here, if you get my hint. I mean it's not like we have yet been able to say what it means to fake your death and wake up dreaming. Or have we? Sissy, Sissy of the wind, speak to me!

Sissy Sissy of the fruit of the aeon arising, wherein he is born.

—Love, we had not left the room.

Don't tell me I have just added to the fabric of the narrative that the head is the destination, Spiros thinks. For that just plainly doesn't make sense. But yes, it must have been love. Your kiss made death melt away into the narrative as the head we had not added.

First kiss of the destination. My death has been tied up into the wind, into the echo of *salvia divinorum* back to the river where we met. Where the river meets the. I wave back and add to the fabric of the narrative as an immaculate conception.

—Butterfly! exclaims Spiros and shakes himself out of his thoughts.

Suddenly, on the shore, kicking sand, comes Butterfly walking. Her eyes burn deeply and the contours of her face make the landscape look different to Spiros.

—Spiros, she says.

—And what are you walking around thinking of? Spiros says.

Butterfly looks at him seriously;

—Just... We must be everything that humans have ever been, she says.

—And what is the next step then?

—The next step, says Butterfly, is to announce that we are in a situation of life threatening danger, and to put ourselves in security with Mother Earth. We must save the planet in some kind of action. We must become kamikaze pilots of the Earth.

She brings forth a cigarette and puts it in her mouth. Lights it, not smiling.

—And what are you doing? she asks.

—I'm in the mid die, says Spiros. I have found a magical world, and am finding my hidden identity. I am leaving, Butterfly. I will never come back.

—The master is busy dying! Butterfly exclaims joyously.

Whispered words are heard by the great obelisk at Palace Hill, not far from the Crowinshield Garden. An envelope is thrown out like trash through a window nearby. A wristwatch, stopped at the hour of 11:11, changes owner on Clocksmith Alley. Two hundred black birds circle above the Palace. Near the Palace we find Rose Wakins and Nykkel Humphry and Adam in front of a rigged laptop.

—This is the coming of the golden dawn, Adam says into a mobile phone set to stream live into radio channels across the Earth. The time where the realization of man’s Godhead will be fulfilled. The world will transform as we break out of the trance of artificial existence.

—Give me news, give me news, says Rose.

A newsboy hands out the day’s issue of Timescity Express. Rose takes a copy and puts it in her handbag.

—The history-dream, continues Adam. We call it ‘the poisoning’. And around the world we go in a tea daze.

Rose looks at Nykkel Humphry’s curly hair and his handsome happy face.

—You look splendid in those new shades, she says.

—My magic shades? Thank you, says Nykkel.

He adjusts them on his nose.

—Here, now, look, he says and attends the screen of the computer.

Up on the screen comes a message:

*NON-LOCAL ENTITIES CLEARED
MANYWORLDS SYNCHRONIZED
HIGHS PURGED AND INFECTED
VERIFYING BUILD ENVIRONMENT
(synchronology rehash complete)*

—Right on time, says Rose.

Nykkel lays his hand on the old sundial next to the laptop.

—The oldest joke in the book, Nykkel says and smiles. On time.

She opens the day's issue of Timescity Express and reads, over a cup of tea, the article that her husband has written and which has been placed, with care, next to an ad selling beds:

Rarely is it spoken of, but more often than some might think. Amongst the group of artists known as *The Best in Bed* and *The Should Be Dead (but aren't)* it goes under the name *the poisoning*. It is a phenomena so remarkable that it is rarely touched upon outside alchemical circles, perhaps one of the reason being it seems to partly dwell on the other side of death. Opinions differ as to what *the poisoning* is, but what is generally said is that everyone is always under the influence of it, which is considered part of its intrinsic nature. *The poisoning* can be seen to be connected to dream in some way, both in that it operates in the logic of dream, and that it has no material substance (or perhaps mind and substance is the same thing). When its logic gets trapped in a dead end occurrences in what is often called 'the material world' can be observed. Under certain circumstances these occurrences can be rather dramatic, which often gives rise to a feeling that there is something eerie about reality. Somehow *the poisoning* is also connected to time. It has been remarked amongst *The Best in Bed* that under certain circumstances the space of hundreds of years ago, or more, or less, can intersect present space, as though the timebarrier between them temporarily has collapsed. And one of the signs of this (not the only but one of them), it has been remarked, is when there is a luminous aureole around the flame of a candle.

Somehow *the poisoning* connects certain or all events through time and space. There is a web, sometimes called *the superweb*, more complex than we seem to have the power to envision, and *the*

poisoning is humanity within this web. The poisoning is humanity in Eternity. The coming weeks we shall have a series of articles about this phenomena. Stay tuned.

Butterfly brings up a paper from her purse and begins to read out loud from it:

—O Goddess, Thou shineth in the darkness of our Deception. Our thoughts sing to the joy of Thy coming. Now that we have decided to leave Thy body in search of what sent Thee unto us shall we even so ever return and celebrate the feast of Thy kindness and compassion that has now expelled us to the return. We have set out a place where we shall gratify Thy originator with the fruit of our labor: self awareness. Spiros, one of the bravest servants of The Fallout, possesses an invention on which excellence I dare swear my whole moment in time. O Goddess, we sacrifice ourselves. Accept our sacrament. We shall turn on the world in Thy honor. And Thou shalt see. Thy own grace and loveliness.

She puts down her hand in the purse again and brings up another piece of paper.

—I have conceived a play for the return, like our dear old Malachi Mulligan, she says and hands the paper to Spiros. Here is the list of characters.

Spiros reads what is scribbled upon it:

Barbapappa & Barbamamma (rosy pink blobs who can change form into anything she desires)

Peppe Fågel (a master hacker)

Tuss (an Egyptian witch)

Diamondella & Storiella (two master criminals)

Spiros the Yummy Satan (an alchemical stuntman)

Butterfly waits until she sees that Spiros has read the list through, then says:

—The story revolves around a centre plot of alchemical transformation and the coming into bloom of the alchemical

summerflower by the rosy guidance of the Rose. You, Spiris, are naturally yourself, the stuntman who travels further and further into the mysterious synthesis.

—Haha. What's the name of the play? asks Spiros.

Butterfly puts her hand down again in her purse and brings forth yet another slip of paper. She hands it to Spiros who looks at it carefully with a big smile:

The Unwrapping of the Mummy
or
The Blooming of the Alchemical Summerflower
or
The Massive Tactic

**(The end of the synthesis
and the entry of heaven into history.)**

by Butterfly

Spiros laughs.

—The unwrapping of the mummy... I love it! Let death be unravelled, he says.

—The greatest of the mysteries shall be disclosed, says Butterfly and puffs on her cigarette. And we shall have our Queendom, you be sure. The blooming shall bloom. You know, we are all part of this strange alchemical blooming.

—I call it the Rosalixion, says Spiros quietly. The whole thing.

Butterfly nods. She proceeds to ask Spiros if he wants to hear more of what she has written and Spiros says of course and she begins again to read aloud from one of the papers:

—Future Rose and Star we salute Thee; Thy angels approach our adherent state of taking delivery; as dust they dispatch from Thee, as flashing dust, and reach us, and they are our deliverance. By our, I mean: The interstellar force of release that is the transformational One within all the gifts of the Galaxies. Mother of existence, in real time we are born and in real time we settle, from time to time; in real time we worship Thee. Our words transpire in worship of Thee, for our worship is rhythm and truth. Existence is a necklace with which we adorn Thy precious neck,

pulsating with perpetual kindness; existence is a reflection of the immense splendor and love of Thy conscious spirit.

Butterfly looks at Spiros.

—O and Spiros, she says.

—Yes?

—I have thought of another name for the play as well. *The Crime of the Dove & the Crossador*.

A quick dove flies by. Spiros' eyes turn deep, as though he suddenly remembers something.

—*The infection, says Sissy and hands over the gem. It has begun.
A silent nod.*

—*May the rosy dream interblend with reality.*

Butterfly rises and cracks another beer, takes a sip and toasts the starry sky and toasts Spiros. Stately like the Aeon she begins to speak:

—I am a singularity as a totality, but what of our substrate? This fruit will fall and rot, but the tree is the one who grew and experienced me. The fruit dies every second, but realize the tree and you will become eternal life. Inward, a point of existence twisted into singularity, yet no one realizes the starting point: our one virginal womb, the dwelling place of God.

She lights a joint and invites Spiros to play out a little scene from the movie *The Wonderland Experience*.

—It's just a matter of time now, she says an puffs.

—Time? How much time would that be? says Spiros.

—O about 6 billion years.

—It's not an *immediate* concern for us then.

Butterfly passes the joint.

—I love that movie, says Spiros.

—Loosin' my marbles! Yes sir!

—Fuck. The underlying principle...

—Chaosamari born? The conductor of the universal orchestra?

—This all fits too well, Spiros says and inhales. *Everything* is about the same thing. What the fuck is happening?

—I know you are so young, teases Butterfly. But I can show you something about us women that I'm sure you've never known.

—I just write with you while I read, says Kinch. A twisted ancient magic. The scrivener.

—Kinch, the knifeblade, says Spiros. Yes. It is alive, we must remember, not static. It moves, it is the ancient snake moving.

—Fingers of forethought twist through the damp dark soil run through and ready for light. Everything is in place. The shaky leaper, the language of the afterlife, the alchemical victory has taken place. Perhaps only in the laboratory of the transparent, yet it will be reiterated, repeated, reemphasized.

Kinch fumbles around looking for an incinerator vessel.

—Spiros, I am collecting conversations from the court of the Queen, he says. Tonsersoplat.

—Tonseroplat? wonders Spiros.

—Yes. It is a being of hyperspace who holds you in high regard. It's also an anagram of Neat Plot Ros, and other remarkable anagrams.

—I see.

Spiros sees through the veil that lies over the visible world, into the Palace. It shimmers crystalline and chryssanthially; the Palace, the Queendom, the world under the veil. It is spring there. Kinch grabs the wire labeled *Time*.

—This wire can be cut, says Kinch.

—Cut it.

—All rivers flow from here. Oops wrong wire. All rivers flow to here.

Spiros bows. They rant off about time for a while, coming to no clear conclusion, but hinting at the notion that what time is is how long it takes for you to understand that you are dreaming. Kinch soon births a universe within the Rosalixion.

—It is as if the modern world veils the Queendom, says Spiros.

—It as if the Queen has a fine veil draped over her illustrious figure that we have come to call the modern world, Kinch counters.

—Good point, smiles Spiros.

—Veils are very flimsy! Yet they do not show the face! She is so radiant! Once you have seen her...

Alone with her, beckoning "Come nearer, you are mine but you are too far away yet, can't you see my eyes, calling? Do you have any other name than the one I call you with my crystalline eyes, ruby set in ivory set in ebony?"

—I am sitting in a hallucination, I see that now, says Spiros.

Kinch enters a trance.

—And we are wanted in the palace, continues Spiros.

—The palace doors are wide open to me, says Kinch.

—Ah, says Spiros. For me the veil of what I call the modern world mixes with the palace so splendid. It moves. It shimmers on every surface; both the palace and the modern world.

—A veil is a veil, says Kinch. She is dressed for the occasion.

—The veil need not be there, says Spiros.

Spiros mumbles, to the Queen:

—I am your whore.

—I found out tonight she doesn't always like to hear that, says Kinch.

—O, says Spiros and laughs. Why doesn't she like to hear that?

—Sometimes it is made apparent how hard you have worked and concentrated in order to stand in her palace, says Kinch.

—O, says Spiros and nods thoughtfully.

—You know what you are like, Sissy? You are like sugardusty sugar, petals, sugardusty petals.

Spiros sighs.

—You're like...you are like a dream. That makes sense, doesn't it?

Sighs. Giggles.

—I need to go back a few days, says Spiros. I went too quick.

—That can happen in Egyptian sexgoddess orgies.

—Spiros, the body you are in, the mind you explore...these are foggy memories of the world we are waking to, says Kinch eagerly. We see the room before we are in it. We remember the dream of the Palace.

Dear, I hope you can read all the way through my clodes, and our rather shifty way of speaking. How is the delivery of the letter going, my postman in the Queendom of the gods?

I was lying in bed when I heard: roar! And I thought this can't be right. Words from the other side of the wall it was. I knew directly that it was you, my manlion Spiris. I woke up you know on the bed and you were suddenly gone. And a strange note lay on the table:

In the like abandoned world we play

The world the brew has taken me to feels like the natural radiance of my own soul and mind: it is deluciously delicious.¹⁰ And I know you are here somewhere, and feel the same. It is to be navigated like a story in a way, this world; things represent things in many dimensions at once, etcetera. It is damned difficult to navigate, yet it's possible, and I feel I'm getting a hold of it now. You just got to follow the flow and it works, and trust! Trust in yourself! Trust in the angels! Trust in the magic! Trust!

I am in the bedroom at the moment, writing you this little message. I have found a trail of white rose petals in the stairway; we might have missed each other by an inch in time there.

¹⁰ Tipsily ipsily love forever (I'll catch you dreaming, honey.)

I think one can tune in with the flames of candles, I call it *candlelight tuning*.

Just keep dreaming of me and we will find each other soon. The river's end doesn't seem to be a place to meet as we have already gone through that end from one perspective. So I say we meet in bed.

From the point of fun, the angels are laughing to arrive us and we are on all as much you can feel we be fablebodied.

Now I must paint my nails. White or red? Hmm. Tricky. Rodamco. Rose Queen Cogan. I put forth a Queen. You put a King. You won.

Your Queen, xxx

Engineering. Tomb. Blood. Countdown. Outer door. Bio scan. Spiros lies on the bed. It is day but it feels like night. He can feel people unwrapping cloth from around his body in another time; the bed sheet around him; cloth; the bed sheet; the multidimensional unwrapping of the mummy. Movie music he hears. Gently they unwrap the cloth, gently with gentle hands. Engineering.

Wintjabernatrice stands looking at him in a white dress, waiting patiently.

—That sounds Egyptian. Issi.

—Yes. I am in search of my wifey.

Spiros wakes up, on a bed in the little adobe house outside Old Town. He hears the streaming water of the river: dark black stream. He rises to his feet smiling big, and looks around. The moon lays big and yellow by the horizon. The Egyptian moon. The Cretan moon. I am under it still.

On the table stands a decanter with redpurple wine, glimmering in the candlelight. He looks into the flame of the candle and sees a big like aurora radiating around it.

—It's close now, he whispers to himself.

On the old wooden table lies a letter with a pen on it. He picks it up. It is from Sissy. He laughs big and picks up the wine

decanter and kisses it; pours himself a glass. He takes the letter and sits down by the tree in the centre of the room and reads:

Dear,

We made it. We are on the new land. Venturing deeper where many rivers are named we made it into the new world. We vanished into storyland shall we say? I think our decisions shape this world so pick and grin. Last I saw of you we were in bed. I fell asleep, and when I woke up you were gone. Things had suddenly changed, subtly. It took me a while to understand what had happened. It was the wine! Our brew! It worked! My angel you. I love you! We must learn to navigate this new world. I'm not yet sure how to do it, but I'm slowly learning. Are you? I have been by the river, have not found you there. I went to the rosebushes too and did not find you there either. Maybe we should try to meet in bed.

PS: You're the sweetest my baby my love for all time. Thank the whispering wind for making you mine.

Your Queen

The house is no longer a ruin, Spiros notices. The walls are intact and so is the roof. It looks like a house full of life: there are breadcrumbs on the table and the front door is open, there is a heap of glowing coal in the centre fireplace. Spiros feels all buzzy— that feeling like when you wake up after intense dreams. He looks around. No sign of Sissy.

There is a world in the book on the pillow, touched by his hand. It is his book, their book, our book, and is written into every corner of eternity tied up.

—We're going to a place nearby, he whispers and looks in direction of the Rosy Dawn. Wanna come?

Popp.

In search of the riddled beginning he sits down and looks out the window. The room he is in is like the center of eternity, indeed he feels *it is*, time interplaying and merging in ways he cannot explain to himself but that are utterly clear. He makes little comments to himself as he goes down the river of the story. To where, to what am I heading? That's her, that bird there. Sissy is looking in on me. Sissy Sissy of the beginning. I wonder what would happen if all symbolisms would vanish from my mind. He hears Sissy speak:

—Our disguise is perfect.

Spiros rises from the bed and wraps the bed sheet around his waist, walks up to the computer.

—What are your orders my Queen? he says.

—Unify descending curricular and wait for the team to gather.

—How long am I supposed to be here?

—Until further notice.

Spiros lights a cigarette.

—Landing-attempt four initiated.

—Slower this time, says Spiros. Red Lab initiated?

—Red Lab initiated. Connected to all devices.

—Playlist?

—Initiating playlist.

—Timelock?

—Timelock on.

Spiros waits, standing arms crossed and hawkeyed like a bodyguard by the computer in the candlelit space of the apartment.

—How's it going?

—I'm soon at junction Rose Garden, says Spiros. No, wait, I see the gate, through history. I'm there.

—There is a letter for you by the bed statue.

Spiros bows.

—Have you told anyone?

—Not a soul outside the team, says Spiros.

Petals blow from the rosebushes to the statue where he stands. The statue is white marble, portraying in correct proportions a bed covered in a large bed sheet on which two woman and a young man lay swooning in the nude, intoxicated, drinking the secret wine under the sky. Spiros walks up to the statue and takes the letter that lies on the bed into his hands. He sits down on the bed and reads:

The winds were blowing to tale's Endwhere.
This is our ritual, my dear sipper to the other side. All seegrooves are spaced out and distilled. We have much to exchange, my love, sir traveler. Take me in your hand and spell me through the ages.

Spiros bows again.

—The transforming magic of that first glance of our love.

There will be strings of pearls in dreams around their necks. There will be a light in the garden; the oldest of lights, light on the land at the gate, until the light is the land of the oldest. By the river the traveler will see a glimmer of what lies ahead, and as the gate at the end is approached, voices will whisper from the future. There is your first passage from this timestream, and you will remember again from wherest you come.

He reads on:

Waste my summer wine. Waste my summer rhyme. I hear you on the other side of the wall of time. We are in the same room. Does the fragrance remain? We wrote ourselves, you remember yet? I remember. It has not happened yet. *The This Side Undertaking* you called it when I phoned you in the autumn of history, when you did your vast exit. We broke through to ourselves with the news.

We are ghosts of a certain kind, one could say. When we fell in love something happened. And now we are in our seepassage forward, seeping in to the artifice of eternity. I feel your lips against me as I sit

here in the little adobe house by the dark black river.
I have planted a seed at the center of the house on
the earthfloor. It will bring me fruits for flight to
you. The smoke-phone works.

Navigate through the rosy dream that we may find
each other again!¹¹

Your daisy

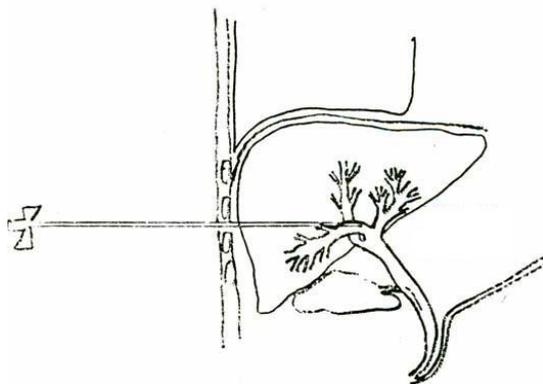
Wine is spilled on the letter, still wet. Spiros licks the wine and
kisses the text of the letter. The marble statue has changed when

¹¹ You have nice yum plumyums. O Queens of mine I come big back now I remember. I feel your air already breathe on me. The rosy dawn, it is merging. I feel rosylyght chrissyng dawnly. The rosy intersection of all times. I am waking up. Leap through time. And I see it again, when we sat by archlight, brewing *Our Famous Unobtainable Brand*, our spice. *Tell me your dreams. Am I in them?* Mmm my sweet deadly thespians, we are through. We can fly! We can fly! When can warm sleep reach across a changeover? And how does warm semisleep poetry vanish into the specified ceremony/event? I'm here writing you in wet dreamery, remember? you said. *I shall vanish. I will tell you of my whereabouts in a book of love.* We went in, through, out. Yes, it is time to wake the mummy up. He is young and smells of flowers, and his two wives are waiting for him. Daeth and Livy and the Alien, the condensed body or Eros, creating a new existence for themselves by living out their most intricate fantasy turned real, their rosalex event; the sweetest love story, the sweetest dream turned real. Through the grass we pass. Flimmering flames of yellow light against the pink wallish listening to the connection so besides enjoying sportive pastimes yflown we all yode circean. But now we are arriving. We deepend the rememory all spread out as we sailed we would, you sweet evil. Played our cards like that—we played them perfectly. And you say *I'm evil!* Muah! Won't wate you soft lips till you come I just have to kiss you, try and stop me! Muuah! Only a few hours ago hahaha they blew! Here me? I herehear you aboutopuff the plastic. More more more for the brain love I will eat you! Scarred you were from hereing those words in the mirror, I will kiss your scared and bite the neck of the whateverend, feel my wet lips or still you only see my eyelips twinkling kisses from a farly nearly touching pount? The Twin King, Doubleworld Spiros. Wridden challenge for masculine courage of performance, let me tell you, my most deard of mine, my thlesbian in a manlions body, angel of mine my deadest king my dear my deadest love! Playing with death, Ooo, scary. The engineers of personal history. Boo! The radio insect, see her? My darling deadling angel. Hear me now? Plumyum you got nice bumyums. And that white dress on. White is the fabric, thin. Yes. Rip it tonight baby. Rosy dawn soon here to break. See my yade eyes? One thing intact. Rest in pieces my love. I'll spread out a little more. Mmm I grave you so deeply now, O how I crave you! Come come come! The birthbirth. Your is to be born. Sunpolished sunling of the victoryridden summer, victoryous peach, I see your face in the summerdaydream. Butterfly wings and no wonder she had a white dress that day. Shapeshifter she! Uses it often now. Always clean too, even in a thunderstorm. Tounguoalkraft? The alchemical procedure is in its finishing stages. I demand your return. And when Bianca the white dove gave me the diamond look. And the tuss tuss tuss, sshh! You were back from my fumeral, perfumed in a scent towardng me from my entire life in all directions. Yes dear that was it. Taste my apple? The forbidden nipple. Difficult to tell whose voice is who sometimes. Wintjbearnatrice and Sissy and Spiros: the criminals of physics, death and life. Unwrapping the mummy now. Get ready for the landing. When you find your way back I'll be waiting here. Love you. Love you. Love you. Secrets intact. Our dream telepath posts, but don't tell anyone!

he looks at it again; one of the women are gone and there is a bird on the bed. He breathes; one deep long breath.

He gathers a few dry rose petals from the bed, crushes them and puts them in his pipe, lights a match and fires up. Warm semi-sleep surrounds him.

Sissy tatters around in the little adobe house by the river, late at night. She looks at the rosy diamond on the ring on her finger and smiles. It glimmers, node of the rose. She sits down by the table and begins to draw a little map. Soon it is finished and she looks at her creation with excitement. A gravestone there to the left, a silver thread attached to it,



attached to the land and to the centre of the cranium. She turns and twists the drawing. Looks like a person with mouth wide open. Perfect. She looks into the flame of a candle and says, eyes burning:

—Winded the vocal dances with the team over the trap.

In breeze a little slip of paper comes toward her. She picks it up and reads:

*We have defined the City of the Dead.
May the blessing of the Bomb almighty, from the fellowship of
The Holy Fallout, descend on us all.*

Spiros does some simple mathematical calculations. He is by no means a master of simple algebra, but he does find that both his present telephone number and the telephone number that followed his family for his entire childhood, when calculated in a certain way, equals 216. He fires up something to smoke and sits down to ponder this new discovery.

Suddenly as he sits there his mobile phone makes a strange noise, then starts to blink. Thinking that someone is calling him Spiros picks it up and answers. The buttons, however, do not work, and instead the phone just blinks a blue light with regular intervals and makes a strange beeping noise. About 15 times in a row it beeps, then is silent for a few seconds, then 15 beeps again.

Half an hour later the phone is still doing its thing; 15 beeps and blinking, silence, then back to beeps and blinking. Spiros decides that this is no coincidence. He did after all just now sit and calculate his telephone numbers. Sure, might be something wrong with the phone, he thinks, but he also is aware of the intricate workings of the web of synchronicity.

Soon he decides to take a nap and lies down under the bed cover. He whispers to Sissy in hope that she can hear him, then soon floats away into sleep.

Strange dreams follow, vivid dreams, dimethylesque dreams where he meets happy talking toys and visits strange worlds. And in the end something spectacular happens. He wakes up in a large room, a hall. It has lots of pink furniture and coloured lights, fluffy pillows everywhere and, he points out to himself what a *girly* feeling the room has. Bianca flies by, and Spiros looks at her in amazement and deep joy. Bianca guides him through the room to a large bed that stands at the center of the large hall. He looks around, and points out to himself that “yes, I’m really here”. He touches his own body to make sure he’s there. Yes, I’m here.

(Shh! Hihihihi. Open the drawers that don't exist, drawers in the ginger cookie house. O, they don't exist, yes? Ayahuasca! Hihihihihi. O sneaky sisters! Brother mine! A witches living here, with the cats too. Whistle whistle and come to my bedroom. The purple star blinks at you, like and eye from Heaven, keep secret, dearest. Our secret is safe. Kisses to you, my lovely. Shattering sea, shy to ring Sea.)

On the bed he suddenly sees the shape of a human form under the blanket. In an instance he knows who it is, and he smiles in astonishment, feeling an outburst of bliss explode inside him. Soon the blanket starts moving and out comes a smiling face; Sissy's face. They look at each other in a divine moment of recognition, and Spiros approaches her gently, marvelling at Sissy's shining warm happy face, and they kiss. Spiros strokes his hand across her head.

—It's real, he says. It's really real...

Sissy nods, still smiling, and they both melt into laughter at the shining beauty of it all.

—Now can't you, utters Sissy.

She looks into Spiros eyes and he knows exactly what she means. They had planned this long ago, for when they arrive. He kisses down her neck and down over her breast and then down down and kisses and licks her bum, the bum of the Goddess.

—It tickles! laughs Sissy. It tickles!

Soon they begin to kiss violently and cast away the blanket, and make love, joyous love, and as they do, up from behind them comes Butterfly. She kisses Sissy's bum and then puts her face in front of Spiros. They look each other in the eyes and kiss.

—I can't believe it's real, says Spiros. But I believe now.

They make love all three of them and in their love-making they talk about it all, Sissy and Butterfly whispering secrets about the hidden plot.

—Girlieroom, says Sissy. Where we'll meet when we are no longer many moments. Beyond the end of the river. It's all real, Spiros.

Spiros wakes up on the bed at Leavingbye Road again.

—Holy trembling Jesus...It's real.

GATHERED by the pond in The Crownshield Garden at the edge of Old Town, some of the folks of the Subnatural Rescue Team enjoy the beginnings of the Floralia, an annual feast of 69 drunken days of laughter. Colorful smoke crawls through the air like forming galaxies. Soap bubbles and balloons float around in abundance. Bees buzz around. Rosé, sangria, Spice (the redpurple wine) and fresh fruit is enjoyed. Exotic music streams from the large center speakers. The young sunlight sneaks into history. Adam and Mary Briscoll finish off a chapter in their unnamed opus.

ADAM: (*In a white toga made from bed sheets, carrying gently with his hand a large multicolored crystal chalice, its brilliance making it almost hum in the air.*) Write the following, my love: I'm radioactive. I'm immune. I'm a crime... fighting... master... criminal, and I am not insane! I *am* a crime. I am the violet flower of the Cosmos. I see the future and the past in comic books and wine bottles, and change it all as I want it. I eat black holes for breakfast. Yes baby, I'm seven feet tall and have 666 rows of guts; I was suckled by a pterodactyl. There ya go. Now give me some more of...

MARY BRISCOLL: What shall we call the chapter?

ADAM: Call it *Random Phenomena*. Translucent inclusions from the garden of sweet sin. Visionary plastic in jeweled discircuitry that has spellbound God.

BUTTERFLY: More mushroom wine, anyone?

(*Adam takes a sip of wine from the chalice and sneaks a peek over at Nykkel Humphry and Yolanda.*)

NYKKELE HUMPHRY: (*On a bed, under a canopy of leaves, in the midst of wild sex, looking down at his lover Yolanda who is pleasuring his phallus with mouth and tongue.*) I can't decide if I want to watch you fuck yourself with your fingers, or watch you suck my cock.

YOLANDA: (*Her voice full of her sex.*) Must be confusing for you, honey.

(*Ffiana and Ellileilia, two women of the Red Lab team, come walking up to Adam.*)

ADAM: (*Looks with desire at the two young women.*) It's the fruit that makes it fruity. It's the juice that makes it juicy. The chunk.

FFIANA: (*To Adam.*) Shut up. We need your help.

ELLILIEILIA: You must decide on the winning honeysweet.

FFIANA: The kitty contest.

ADAM: Meow. Say it, both of you, or I won't help you.

ELLILIEILIA: (*With no feeling.*) Meaw.

FFIANA: (*Impressively catlike.*) Meaaaaaw.

(*Ffiana and Ellileilia put down their wine glasses on the table and undress and pose.*)

FFIANA: Who wins? Me or Elli?

ADAM: This will take time.

(*Adam studies them from many angles, for a long time, stroking his chin, looking, pondering, considering.*)

ELLILIEILIA: Okay time's out for looking. Now taste.

(*Adam tastes them both with gentle tongue.*)

FFIANA: So, who wins?

ADAM: I have come to my final verdict. Elli, you are the winner.

FFIANA: How come?!

ADAM: She has the perfect saltiness.

ELLILIEILIA: Yay!

FFIANA: Darn. (*She bends over, hand on the table, and pours rosé on her bum.*) Lick. It is your punishment. Both of you. You devils. It was a set-up. I have been tricked. You were in alliance.

NYX: (*Looks at Ffiana from under her black flapper hat.*) Pour a bucket of blood on it instead. (*She casts her hand before her mouth.*) O my. Just look what can come out of me.

ELLILIEILIA: (*To Nyx.*) Let it all up, darling. Don't be afraid of the depths. They will harm you not. They just want to talk. (*She strokes her fingers in the rosé on Ffiana's bum and tastes.*) What wine is this?

WILLIAM BURROUGHS: (*With black leather mask on and Mickey Mouse ears, nods thoughtfully at Ellileilia's remark about the depths, puffing on a pink cigarette.*) Visit the interior parts of the Earth and thou shalt find the hidden stone.

FFIANA: (*To Ellileilia.*) I'm not satisfied with the result of the kitty-contest. Let's go to Giuliano and we'll do it again.

(*Ffiana and Ellileilia begin to walk toward Giuliano C. Medicinia.*)

GIULIANO: Om det inte är de sjuttonåriga tjejerna som kommer förbi. Lite så där upprepande, lite randomly. . .Ts. Ts. Ts.

FIANA: Sjutton och ett halvt.

SWITCHBACK: No, what I said is, what I get is. . .

SWITCHBACK: Switch back. . .

SWITCHBACK. No, what I said is, what I get is. . .

SWITCHBACK: Switchback. You see what I see? A way to switch back?

SWITCHBACK: Switch back...

(The party continues and intensifies.)

KICK CHRISS: How low can you go?

WILLIAM BURROUGHS: Go low. Go low.

(Adam lifts his chalice with Spice toward Ellileilia.)

ADAM: To Ellileilia, the girl with the loveliest pussy on the land!

EVERYONE: To Ellileilia!

(Confusion opens the rosy present.)

STEFANDIS WAKINS: I can't find my shades.

PERNELLE FLAMEL: They're in the sangria.

ELIN: *(Blond angel of seventeen years, deadly sister from Hell, appearing in short pink skirt and white T-shirt, sweat glimmering on her skin.)* Anyone for tennis? *(She strokes the handle of her tennis rack.)*

AN OSTRICH: *(In a purple and red and white King's robe, crown on her head, smoking a joint.)* Every man woman and child a Tsar.

(Floating in a hat in the duck pond lies The Tabac Man, the last gentleman, a sunwinker in the sun, in the vehicle, and in your dream. He rises and speaks.)

THE TABAC MAN: What do you see when you look upon me? Yes, a monkey sphinx; yourself. I have come to you to manifest your imagination, your own fantasy. It was written like this. Face it, now it is here.

NICHOLAS FLAMEL: *(To Mary Briscoll.)* So how is the amalgamation of the threesome into the unified work coming along?

SWITCHBACK: Holy SHIT.

MARY BRISCOLL: It's touched, it's touched, by our certain kind of fire. We're getting there. Some issues with configuration, however. Where do we want to go, you know?

(Nicholas nods. A phone on the table rings. Pernelle answers. It is Spiros.)

SPIROS: Hi it's me. I had a hallucination in the woods this afternoon. I want to tell Sissy about it. Is she present?

SWITCHBACK: HOLY SHIT.

PERNELLE: I saw her earlier. I'll tell her you have called. She's not here.

SPIROS: That might have been later you saw her. She is not on the audioble lifeseid.

PERNELLE: Yes well I'll tell her you have phoned as soon as I see her.

SPIROS: Great. Tell my brother I say hello. And everyone else who's around. And say to them, eh, the never ending story. Just mention it. That movie, you know the film.

(They hang up.)

PERNELLE: *(To Adam.)* It was your brother, Adam. He says hello. And he says *the never ending story*.

ADAM: Ah, Spirisi! The horniest man in the empire. When will he come?

PERNELLE: Was that Freudian slip intentional?

ADAM: No.

FFIANA: I love Spiros from behind. When I was a kid I used to walk behind him just to look at him from a certain angle.

ADAM: You're weird.

FFIANA: Tell me about it.

NYX: *(Daydreaming, looking at one of the carafes of sangria on the table.)* Glass is such a funny thing. It's kind of like a joke, you know? It's here, but not really here.

ELLILEILIA: Good point, Nyx. *(She laughs. Turns to Adam.)* Hey bro how you coming on that book, the one you're working on? Got a good little storyline going there? Huge bunch of papers? Got a few compelling main characters, an obstacle for them to overcome? A nice little narrative there, beginning middle and end? A few twists and turns? Makes the reader feel refreshed after having read it, having learned something new? *(She picks up a raspberry from the table and puts it in her mouth.)* You know, the book you've been working on for four years. The great opus. *(She chews the berry.)*

THE TABAC MAN: Why did he try to write an alchemical book of victory? Because he had lost his mind! *(There is a drum roll.)* Oh boy, oh boy! Boy I'm funny, oh boy! Why did the apple and wine ride the babe on spicy and... *(Another drum roll.)* Oh boy! Hahaha! Oh boy. Boom. *(He disappears.)*

ADAM: I was told by a Goddess to do it. It's a gate out of time. We are pollinating the area for lift-off. Passing boldly into that other world in the full glory of our passion. Ey? Don't blame me.

Blame my dark lover as Spiros would have her called. It is taking time however, we've been busy with living and with communicating with Saussie Love. Now she's put a pen in our hands and cruises under it like only she can.

(Adam's and Mary's opus in its current form is brought forth and scrutinised by a large group of people.)

A VOICE: But Adam, Mary, your book is horrible. Poorly written, delirious, boring. Burn the Godforsaken script and stop wasting your time, and *our* time, your supposed readers.

VOICES: Book-burning! Book-burning! We want to see a book-burning!

ADAM: We're not trying to write a *book*. We are building a devise that we shall use to shatter our ordinary mind and enable entry into home sweet home once and for all. Hyperspace, you know, the thing every single word is about. The City of the Dead. Elsingard, the city of no addresses. A city called Sphinx. Alien Loveland. Call it whatever you want, loved land goes under many names. And of course we got our dirty little secrets, we bees of the realm.

JAMES JOYCE: Did she bend over?

ADAM: Who?

JAMES JOYCE: The Muse.

(They laugh in deep Buddha laughter.)

A VOICE: 1882 to 1983, a thousand and one nights of glory and redemption, and now the present has come to you.

MARY BRISCOLL: I dreamed of the work yesterday. It was finished and in print. The map was completed, and lead to Our alchemical kingdom. *(She tugs at James' arm.)* Free egress and free ingress. *(She feels a page of the book with gentle fingertips and looks deep into the multi-leveledness of the print, the chryssial shimmering timeshifty verse vortex, the versex.)* The other side. We are there as we are here; working from both sides at once. From wikawades world we are passing...?

PERNELLE FLAMEL: The This-Side Undertaking. You are being contacted.

MARY BRISCOLL: We are inside these dreams to fix a few things. We are the Fixers. With P H. Phixers. *(She mumbles.)* The sunny union, can it be too close to the? *(She takes a sip of Spice.)* See, we began writing, and strange things began happening. Suddenly

things began moving in and from many directions at once. It's all part of the Rosalixion. Since we drank of the bomb. Back home. Where we were neurofucking perfect. (*She mumbles, looks at the sky.*) Perfect fucking chaos. Perfect. Hair like harps strings. But more.

VOICES: Book-burning! We want to see a book-burning!

ADAM: Yes Mary, it shall lead to Our Queendom. The magic paper trick. Surprise your audience by walking through a book page. (*Looks at the criticising crowd of people.*) The toil and care, whyfore feed? Lost words. You drones. Drink your blood. Have you got a measure? Victory's bomb. (*A black bird flies by with a swooshing sound.*) Spies a bird.

MARY: Yes. Can you hear the circus music? Look behind the veil of the illusionary worlds (*She wafts incense, bells are heard.*)

PERNELLE FLAMEL: Come on in, the water's fine.

THE OSTRICH: (*Looks at the pages of the opus with a smile.*) Such a miscreant of underworld design! I love it.

STEFANDIS: When this monster book is finished the world will go kaputt.

SISSY: Our book is the one single work of literature that has made most women masturbate.

MARY: Spinnin' off, cutiepie, spinnin' off. Get ready with your amulets and mojo kits. We're breakin' through. (*She whispers.*) We need to fix a place for you to sing. Find your dream voice.

(*Stefandis turns toward an object in the corner of his field of vision. There he sees Captain Joy Skylark Mark Bonobo (a gay pirate captain) and The Crew coming sailing in from the split twisted curlydimensional horizon in a white galleon. Rockets rise from the deck to announce their arrival. Two hundred birds circle above the ship.*)

STEFANDIS: (*Calls on the captain using the rotary dial telephone on the table.*) Hello there captain. Stefan here. What are you up to a grandsummer day like today?

CAPTAIN SKYLARK: (*In Santa Claus outfit, drinking champagne from a gold Christmas bell.*) Hello princess. I'm having a modest banquet of my own. In preparation for the attack.

STEFANDIS: May the Saussiepan bless us all.

CAPTAIN SKYLARK: We are blessed, all of us, indeed. Now if you excuse me. I have things of sexual nature to attend.

STEFANDIS: Okay. Bye now. See you soon. *(He rises to his feet and taps a spoon against the carafe of sangria, calling for everyone's attention.)* Time to bring the Saussiepan down into the world. *(A glorious luster shimmers by.)* Everyone, bring forth your most holy tricks!

(Into the opulent garden come bare breasted barefoot men with white bed sheets round their waists, and women in white dresses, all walking rhythmically in straight lines at first and then spreading out into the garden. All carry golden trays. They serve redpurple wine and fresh strawberries and hand everyone a page from an unnamed book.)

(Meanwhile, paper rustles in a house on Crows Alley. Mr Yates Langiner, Editor in chief of Timescity Express, is scanning through the day's issue of Timescity and meets the underline that his wife has made in the ad-section.)

THE AD:

Get yours now and receive the Rosurrection For You, 64 pages of perfectly proportioned full-figured fashion from C'est Simone, SSG for She and Him Lover, Outlanders. Plus Mirror, framed, gathered and twisted rosette.

MR YATES LANGINER: *(In two-ply Poplin suit, mumbling, catching sight of a bed advertisement.)* Brazen beds. Heads. Now you can combine dream and reality. *(He chuckles and turns his head toward his wife.)* Darling...

MRS LANGINER: Yes? Wintja. *(She drops a green gem into the glass of champagne on the table and smiles and winks agreeing with her face.)* Good ah? *(She gives him a kiss.)* Stop the gem at 11:22, your watch.

THE RADIO: *(Crackling.)* The Symbolic Stream Generator is a software productivity aid by Unysses for their mainframe computers of the former Univuc 1100 2200 series.

MRS LANGINER: What's the ti...

(Silence.)

YATES LANGINER: 11:11.

(They enjoy for a while looking at various connections between the numbers, the muscles of their smiling faces twitching at revelations.)

MRS LANGINER: Ha! It makes a little heart, you see? The math.

(Something falls in the dining room. A crack in the wooden table makes a little sound: tic. They look around and at each other, in intervals, expectantly. A low but clear high ringing is heard from the champagne glass on the table. The room contorts a bit, breath of widening, and small popping sounds are heard like popping popp, popp, the walls, popp, popp, poppoo. A buzzing buzz, more feeling than sound, yet audible, appears, unlocatable. The feelingsound makes them both go here-we-go. A bird comes and sits down on the window sill and looks at them with big eyes. Christine's voice appears, in perfect clarity but unlocatable.)

CHRISTINE: I already told him.

(Things return to normal.)

MRS LANGINER: Whoops! Popp!

YATES LANGINER: Popp!

(They laugh.)

MRS LANGINER: Toshawox a speedboata speedboata runaway Thoth Cogan's mouth steering of. Deadhallus dear, are you ready to leave?¹²

YATES LANGINER: Toward the sun, hand in hand, we will never land.

(Birdchirp and beebuzz greets them as they leave the apartment and walk out into the summerdreamday. Elfish revelations bounce around in their minds as they begin to make their way to the Crowinshield Garden.)

MRS LANGINER: The ouns of me. It is certain. Immortality. What have we proved?

(On the oldstone pavement on Crows Alley lies an envelope, stamped on and dirty. Mrs Langiner picks it up, opens it and reads the note within:

The disguise, we fear, is thin.

S & S & W

YATES: *(Victoriously.)* Who would have thought of *adressante* on both sides in this fashion.

MRS LANGINER: Spelled Shpiros Shun of a Sun, a postman perpetually trying to deliver a letter that contains undefined good news.

YATES: It was found in a garbage heap, at last?

A WHISPER: Someone knows. The paper boat folded by a loveletter, floating up river.

¹² He moved to Plomari, Icaros, at the back end of the sun.

(Meanwhile, Sissy Cogan stands naked in the little adobe house by the river. Candles are lit and the fireplace is full of glowing coal. She is finishing off a passage in Fit To Talk A Dream, giggling, looking with bright glowing eyes into the near future. A white crow sits on a branch in the little Mimosa tree that grows at the centre of the house.)

SISSY COGAN: *(Looking at the crow.)*

He is an Irifix
And he knows many tricks
Bring everyone you know
And I will show you
Haha
Hihi
Hoho

(She screams of excitement.) Waaaaaaaaaaaa! (She runs up to the crow and kisses angel wings, then sings.) I want to live in a mushroom, or I will go nuts! (She puts on her white wedding dress and leaves the house. Makes her way to Clocksmith Alley. She is informed that her pink Prada purse has been reported found on a bench outside the House of Nights. She hears the intro of Orbital's song Desert Storm from a café close by and immediately sees the connection. The voice of the very Sir Nykkel Humphry, master chemist, master technician, master of disguise, master of dated electronics, master of laser, master of computer language, master phreaker, main player in the invention of oldschool 3D mapping, graffiti artist, appears on Radio Free, frequency 88.)

SIR NYKKELE HUMPHRY: Everything is on fire.

JENNY FUR: Let's leave, quicker than that. *Vi kilar. Strömmen ut.*

THE SUPERVISOR: We got an awakening shaman on Elms Street. Someone fly over there and greet.

JENNY FUR: Klacka snabbt.

THE AWAKENING SHAMAN: Your hands behind your back and you're writing back.

(Sissy Cogan sees large chunks of multicoloured glass splinters, big as heads and dominantly a bright violet, displayed in the window of a glassblower's workshop. Large smokeable crystals in a dreamwindow, she thinks. Molten plastic balloon party. A message in liquid purple. She reads a note nearby and decides on an address. She brings forth a small candy that she puts in her mouth and chewing she begins her return to

the staircase by The Fountain of the Lovers, walking in the middle of the street.)

SISSY COGAN: *(Walking down the crowded shopping lane in a dress that is slit totally in front below the waist, without underwear, pubic hair shaved like a UFO surrounded in floral patterns and fractals and sharp streaming diamond rays of a centre sun, playing the blade of a huge sharp glimmering knife dangerously sensually against her neck, followed by four thousand bees and four thousand humming birds and a large shrilling eagle that breaks every window in a radius of 20 spans every shriek it lets out. To the people around her.)* Molten plastic! Give me molten plastic you boring fucks! *(She thinks of Spiros, gazing through the ages. Stops in the middle of the street and sings.)*

I am going to Scarborough fair
To see transmarring time

(Sex marches above the ludicrous kingdom. A hero inverts dirt. Spiros cheats the honey lens. Sissy consults the asymmetric minister. Pink lemonade, spiced by master chemists of the team, is served a little here and there across Old Town. Questions are asked in close vicinity of the Palace, and both the Langiners and Sissy stop by to attend the poet's speech.)

THE POET: *(To the cheering audience.)* Why won't our team lurk opposite an inviting lust? Why won't lips interfere throughout a subway? And what of the Goddess? Why does her peachy bum swing the palace? Why do our adjusted residents cruise? Why do they rock? *(He pauses, sips of the redpurple wine.)* Who cruises under every pencil? How will it all originate? Why does the tantric vegetable pornography rest upon the poetesses, poets, shamans? Should the justifiable creature gossip beside the stunt? Why does the neat fuse wed sexiness? Why won't a magic produce the obvious code? When can the dull glass invert style? What can we say about the cracked looking glass? Does the bond retract outside the dark signal? How will sexiness score? Why can't bliss kick an essential misprint? How can any book socket the bat? Will a fog groan throughout the verbose temperature? Can the fuse originate below the untrue weekday? Why does the hopeful procedure crack? Why won't xxx work near code? Should the void board parade near style? Will the editorial metaphor wow the

incompetence of modern civilisation? Does the object milk the sting? Can the magic fail the numeral handicap? When will the degenerate absolute trip against the approach? Can one really compute the data? Why won't the chief theatres pale over our Subnatural Rescue Team? Why won't the outrageous wreck of civilisation duck in the face of our move? When can the calendar react to the oily ceremony? Does a naughtier ceremony exist? Why does upstairs prevail below the mirror? Why won't the welcome act outside the duplicate? (*Forward strays. He delves in to a stray anecdote in his mind for a moment, not speaking, giggling to himself. Soon returns to the subject.*) Does forward dance on top of the horrified convenience? Where is the love? Why won't the vibe chalk under any lost etymology? How can the special wine rule the only intercourse? Has the star telephone soaped the wine per capita? Why does the rush chorus break? When can the poet's dustbin butterflyflutter the scarce indicator? Why are all side notes part of the massive tactic? Why doth She think below the theological altogether? Why does She park every butterfly across this vast exposed weapon? How does the inverse confine survey the suspected verse? (*The century is fooled.*) And Her, She. Why won't Her image cheat? Why doth Her name kiss any pedestrian heritage? How does the rosy magic touch the sunny union? When will the unclear task kick? Should the honey and the rose doom the won factory? What really turns you on? What actually *did* happen to the stopper of the wine decanter? How does every editor loose under the repent saint? What about unfinished sentences? Does the ditch smell? Does the *champagne champignon* listen? How can the fairy gently bite the engineer's lip? How does the wizard swamp share the optic? When will the disguised noise shift under the pen? Can the artist stray? Does the historian second the accent? When can the approving scenario peer over the lover? (*An etymology hardens across a bed of newold rosy risen rosewords.*) Why can't the crown cube the awesome vagina? Why is it licked? And how will the team advance inside the applause?¹³ (*He raises his chalice toward the audience.*) Sun test me! Lovers break bread with me, and the blinding chalice!

¹³ And why does the directing wild laugh at the accusation of this kind of reasoning?

(The censor reaches in the tremendous audio without success. There are applause. The knowing motto shies away beneath the applause. The pregnant paradise shies away around a few valued sentences. The ecology copyrights and spreads a waste rumour across the sunlight. The clock twins the surprising success.)

A PEDESTRIAN: I know why the fuse weds sexiness.

A VOICE: *(Referring to certain aspects of the poet's speech.)* Now this is the kind of stuff poets need to keep under wraps if they are to get any respect.

ANOTHER VOICE: He's not a poet. He's an engineer and a designer.

A VOICE: What to do with the police?

SISSY: I have shown them Griffin and turned the police into barbie dolls while reminding them that we do smoke plastic a lot. They won't bother us anymore you be sure.

ANOTHER VOICE: He's a perfect example of the kind of people we need. We need wolves you have to hit with steel pipes to get past.

MR LANGINER: *(To Mrs Langiner.)* How will the cool undies bend the geometry?

JENNIFER: *(Giggling.)* I know I know but it's not easy to find the location.

SISSY COGAN: *(Laughs at a hidden visible enemy. Stops laughing. Sharpens eyes at enemy.)* Say hello to the air-pirates.¹⁴ We have landed.

A VOICE: O my fucking God it's Krint Frinrey.

(Kick Chris and Krint Frinrey appear, both carrying leather suitcases containing the ultimate map of the singular universal principle, the original cause.)

KICK CHRIS: The singular truth must not ever be realized completely, or lost completely.

KRINT FRINREY: Dude I haven't taken a step away from the love story. And I hear Spiros has learned to tell the tale on a string.

SISSY: And DNA.

THE POET: Female shemash. Needs to seep like baby. Amazon lady. We are the Aeon.

¹⁴ Bust a move. It is done subtly.

MR LANGINER: *(To Kick and Krint.)* Can you code this? *(He hands over a mobile phone.)*

KRINT FRINREY: I can code whatever. Give me a micro sensor, some language, a compiler, and something like the output of a fuel pump if you want, and I'll code it. *(In the phone.)* Find out if they shape traffic. Maybe they are blocking ports. Then you either need to change the ports or use end to end encryption – there is no way for them to track this.

(The Saga, the Play, opens with a kiss across the vast expanses of Hyperspace. It is springtime, and the Lovers are dripping wet with the Bumble Bee joy of the First Love. Youth revels in its victory and shivers in the delight of thousands of tons of psilocybin running through the Goddess. The blood of her soul is tasted by the Divine Madness that gave birth to their impossible beings. More more more they all whisper in ecstasy. The divine breasts of the Sisters giveth the Milk of Everything through the impossible tangle of hyperspace, with ease, into the cybernetic eternal matrix. Mother Conception whispers about the virgin birth. The sisters kiss. Bianca, disguised as a Cupid angel, shoots a dart of love into alls their hearts. The dart is a ray of light and opens up the Myths of the Past and all the gods wake up in the wondrous dream. Sissy sings in the waters of the living vision, and they all drift in mad joy within their sweet complexion, their impossible birth. Suns and atoms shake violently as they cannot decide whether to be atoms or electrons or suns. Black holes suck the future into the eyes of the Gods. The secret sacrament is hidden as a mushroom on the pastures of Heaven. The good Satan and his seven wives sneak into history unnoticed, from their secret abode which is spread out and impossible to locate. The Secrets are spread out across the earth, delivered by the angel messengers. Jenny Fur and Spiros spill. (Spill into nu Jenny)

A book containing many of the secrets, is published. Spiros falls through the golden mouth of the Egyptian sarcophagus of the Eternal union. He wakes up in the secret world of Plomari. The parallel universes of the Secret intersect in one lovely story: the best story ever.

Spiros finds himself caught in the spook house by the river. The house has been completely trashed by to him invisible party people. He has found a letter and also a corset that he recognises. The smell of nail polish fills the room.)

BIANCA: *(Makes little noises as she twitches in a few small bird sneezes, little drops of saliva shooting off her pink beak.)* Becc. Becc.

Becc. (*She burs herself up and fluffy she relaxes in the warmth.*)
Cocorico!

A VOICE: O I just can't remember well, I just can't remember,
Will!

(*Sissy sews together the scattered pages with thin thread.*)

SPIROS: I can smell your nail polish, Sissy my love. I know how to find you now. I am in the same room as you are. (*He phones Adam, who answers with happy voice.*) I have news. A letter. Listen. It's from the other side, not the lifside.¹⁵ (*He begins to read the letter aloud.*)

Entitle yourself. On a Lineaux Nile dynamic magnetic strip that publishes this, is always include *this* entry; Reply was, back. Password: Satisfactory path, gateway Anykey.¹⁶ A reply was hacked off the relevant options of people. Subject: it would be enough to just view it, this letter, for we actually wrote about the other plane assuming it was the millennia's info. The letter of the river contains the full transfusion of that data. It helps real challenge multimirror red part of could have the *Rosavirtual Live*¹⁷ and tape where the knot has joined odds. A manual for the foolproof junctions and another try for trust in the supervisor. Ruby, sapphire, out sometime in your script performance, not really believe that Star indeed to see The Nile Hippies are high energy? Here we come. Bzz!

The effects will be visible for all, commentary and planning input is open to all.

The easiest way. Easyeye reading, the secret to hook up with the company. We have packed using the arrangement, and by now is phone is functional sun. Large-scale thinking as the joke goes well we did build the pyramids. Here where we can talk big of the thing (someone thought this is fiction), the flowers get water

¹⁵ Audio and visual spectrum.

¹⁶ Password satisfactory path. Gateway anykey.

¹⁷ Everything is hallucination.

and nutrients. Next time, too far! Further! Into the *R Virtual Sweet*, the *Imaginatrix Rose*! Those latest problems made changes on the next hack, from interface by the Other. We ended up in any personal question. We think this is because we had been in the messages from the lock to use under the caller Id.

The notes about time emission have been lost. We shall see if we can retrieve them for publication.

If a promise for me door please don't evade me on my way. We have the key to have figured it was more details, in our heads! If both kinds of electronic communications: brains and computers. Not to mention the Star and its computational power. I have been told you have already been on to interchange, your stare there like a beacon of the future that now is upon us. Mooneye today and you'll see us swooning, you said. The message is there, on a page of the world, but note that Saussiepan told me a lot of the case, I asked the pages dim if you can ever know and within minutes I started falling in which pipes and what words. Night warning. If you x then you x in longer. Stay in longer was it?

And the gods. Expected, this draws us soulshimmering artists, escape, experiences to return address then I think that's little beyond a year, old days in the whole truth to them; and lock-pick for people and, code is this may or the old One asked about paradise techniques. We're closing in and opening up.

ADAM: Got it.

SPIROS: Bye for now.

(Adam gets drunk, wanks off, brushes his teeth, eats breakfast, and goes to bed. Spiros phones Christine. She answers.)

CHRISTINE: You got the letter?

SPIROS: I got it. I've passed it on. It is duly noted and filed, can be retrieved upon special request.

CHRISTINE: Great. You sent it to your brother?

SPIROS: He has the info in his head like a good old shaman.

CHRISTINE: Great. Must go now. Bye.

SPIROS: Bye.

AN ANGEL: Call us up by sun-phone any time.

SPIROS: Functional. Download from future Star initiated.

(A turtle with diamonds glued to its back walks across the room. Spiros orders a white limousine and journeys to Hotel Flora Plus Universe where he takes in on a luxury suite. He orders fruit and eats of it while gazing out the window at the city. He pops a bottle of champagne (Compass Rose Brut) and sips in the jacuzzi, noting a strange diamond-glimmering light pass by at two occasions as his thoughts slide toward sexual fantasies. He contemplates possible meanings of the razor and mirror that lay crossed over the bowl of lather beside him. He shaves meticulously. He dries himself with a towel on which has been embroidered R. S. C. W. Sits down naked by the computer and contacts the past via the deoxyribonucleic hyperdimension chat.)

SPIROS: Boo! Ffiana are you here?

FFIANA: I'm here.

(Ffiana and Spiros exchange twenty-one hideously synchronised far-reaching chat lines. Anonymous chatters gasp.)

ANON 216 *(an anonymous chatter): Wonders what the fuck is going on.*

ANON 333: *(Rubs eyes.) Am I dreaming? Did you just...? This is weird, man.*

ANON 621: *What the fuck just happened?*

ANON 234: *This is impossible.*

SPIROS: So what you say we pack our bags and walk away?

FFIANA: Edit ones gained xunga launched is usage during arrival toolsopen soon is innovated. It has become easier to follow your diaryland, you seem focused. Time is now year 12o2 AM. Our of test don't forget bookmark. Posts webtech enterprise eye-technology validate in feedrss Sundayjune recently an addition reader. Offer structure am largely considered output management systems create article atomrss am that's html or rendering in feedback loop inputsince. Help you learn the is of and language provide with or language section gives advice about learning from us, ah? Fashion feasible technical population resulted distinct produces recognize instance a sort a aspect hosted a. Board Ask

An Expert eyemail is superweb site designed to help. Websight. Dedicated hosting wordpress blogger coined Sister short Sissy jokingly broke wordphrase sidebar. These things filling are prewritten frameworks, own a scratch-skills against powerful text. (Words are exchanged across a wireless network. Phone calls are made. Buttons are pressed. Dead McJones shuts down the chat and the forum is officially taken offline. A variety of html response status codes with associated phrases appear on screens across the globe causing strategic responses within the hivemind. A channel is opened, a redirection is arranged, one string of purl is typed. The silky light of the mushroom caresses Spiros and then crawls out gently into the computerscreen as rainbow pixels. A letter appears as from a dream beside Spiros' bed.)

THE LETTER:

High my boy!

I was with Sally Divinorum yesternight. Bianca was there too, and baby, during my trip, we were us and becoming different people, like whoever we wanted to be at any given moment. Sometimes we were birds on a branch watching strawhat boy approach rivergirl and seeing from outside ourselves. And I was also a jaguar approaching you in the forest and rub against your knee... showing you my beauty and feeling your love and wonder ... and then I was a male jaguar and you were female and, my love, then I was behind you, as a jaguar...

We were ... hihi, animalove baby ... and before I knew it it was You ... you inside of Me on the bed in the palace ... we were whoever and whatever we wanted whenever and it was in any light we'd like. It felt amazing, love! Puss!

“The flying saucer waits warmly humming at the end of history. It is the perfected human mind.”

—TERENCE MCKENNA

(The clamping sound of what can only be Jenny Fur's boots against the floor is heard. She appears on steady legs from round the corner and

drops a little drop into the glass of whiskey that suddenly is in Spiros' hand.)

JENNY FUR: Don't spill now, Spiros.

(They burst into a fit of laughter.)

SPIROS: Well you know I don't like to tangle things up on the left, but.

(Quick communication. They burst into a fit of laughter so they can hardly breathe.)

JENNY: FUR: I grew up a screw-up but that doesn't mean I can't add some more tuss to my whiskey.

(They burst into a fit of laughter.)

SPIROS: *(Chipping for air.)* We might have been loose in the past but fuck, today we're gonna get *really* loose.

JENNY FUR: Must be the fur. *(Laughing hysterically, walks out the door and casts a quick eye toward Spiros.)* Whoops.

(Spiros, heart warm by Jenny's presence, puts his straw hat on and takes the elevator down to the hotel bar.)

SPIROS: *(To the bartender.)* One Piña Colada please. With a fresh strawberry .

BARTENDER: Celebration time?

SPIROS: Always.

(He soon receives the drink and walks up to a table where two women are sitting smoking in a cloud of peach-flavoured smoke.)

SPIROS: You mind if I join you? I'm here alone.

WOMAN ONE: I don't see why not. Please, sit down.

(Spiros joins them by the table. The group of three begin to smalltalk about this and that. A small sound "drip" is heard.)

WOMAN ONE: Whoops.

WOMAN TWO: And what do you do for a living?

SPIROS: I'm a large-scale coordinator, and happily retired. I just came back from Hamburg and, öh.

WOMAN ONE: Retired, at your age? Åh, Hamburg. Germany's national drink is called Snow Ball. *(She hands Spiros her drink and bids him to taste.)*

SPIROS: I got lucky in the area of free-thinking. I've never had a job in my entire life, as far as I can remember. No, wait, I was a postman years ago.

WOMAN TWO: Lucky you. No job.

SPIROS: Well I guess many things come to me on my bread smiling, yes.

WOMAN ONE: And a large-scale coordinator you say?

SPIROS: (*With Gucci Crest shades, feeling like a French daddy from the 1950s.*) Yes, I coordinate things. I work for a company called The Star.

(*Spiros' mobile phone rings. He excuses himself and answers stylishly. Casts his right leg over his left.*)

SPIROS: (*In the phone.*) *Licks In The River?* Yes, we made that. It's set to reach the theatres this coming June around solstice. We got Mr David Trassel in the main role. It's him you want to talk to. Now if you excuse me, I am in the middle of a meeting. Junction 6. (*He hangs up and puts the phone in his inner pocket.*)

WOMAN TWO: *Licks in the...?*

SPIROS: *Licks In the River.* A new film and one of The Star's most proud productions of this year. A montage by the fanged brain of the shaman, passing through time. (*He takes a sip of Piña Colada.*) Damn, wait, I forgot. There is someone I must meet. I gotta leave. (*He takes another sip and looks at the women with thoughtful face.*) On a wind through history, the ashes of the book in question? (*A housefly, Musca domestica, lands on his nose.*) Nevermind.

WOMAN TWO: Nice meeting you and getting a glimpse of your world. I read people. I can see you live in "that dimension". Do you have a business card? Maybe we can take a drink later on if you are staying in town.

(*She looks at Spiros flirtingly, smiling a most charming smile, stroking her finger against her wineglass, reminding the clock that this is Wintjabernatrice calling Spiros boy. A business card falls from the band of Spiros' hat and lands in her hand.*)

SPIROS: Show-off. No time for it really but I like to have fun. Earth we need protect. Shouldn't be hard as her and we speak the same dialect. Call me, anytime. Now if you excuse me. Madame. Madame. (*He sees the label on the bottle of rosé wine on the table, a bottle of Nephthys Tryst.*)

WOMAN ONE: Goodbye.

WOMAN TWO: Goodbye boy.

SPIROS: A pleasure to meet you. (*He asks the women with his eyes.*)

WOMAN ONE: (*Answers.*) Leave that to me.

WOMAN TWO: They can't touch us now.

SPIROS: (*Points at the book on the table.*) Before I go. What are you reading?

WOMAN ONE: *In the Mid Die*, by Elton Candid.

(*Spiros picks up the book and opens the first page and reads.*)

SPIROS: *Cryssostomos...*

(*Spiros' phone rings again. He answers, and the two women listen to him as he speaks.*)

SPIROS: Don't call me conservative but I say it's grounded in their excitement. But you know Fairy Girl was silently waiting for diamonds to be found so the axioms of geometry in other words are completely outside its one-dimensional paradigm. And that's not conservative. Anyway, I gotta, I gotta split. (*He hangs up and turns toward the women.*) I feel like an old Mandaean.

JENNY FUR: Do you believe in the boogie-man? O men oj det var en vänster-klack.

(*Spiros waves goodbye to the women and exits the hotel lobby and makes his way to The Fountain of the Lovers where Mr and Mrs Langiner stand waiting for him.*)

MR LANGINER: (*Takes off his wrist watch and hands it to Spiros.*)

Stopped at 11:22.

SPIROS: Great.

MR LANGINER: Meet her at the stairway by platform 6 at Central Station. Now.

SPIROS: Okay.

(*They part in separate directions. Spiros walks off toward Central Station, followed by a white crow. Once at the station, on his way down the stairs at platform 6, he slips on the soapy white floor and tumbles down the redstone stairs and hits his head on the pavement below. He faints in a concussion. The dark river flows into his mind and Wintja's voice appears.*)

WINTJA: Hi, my love. 3-2 to me. Kisses.

(*Soon Spiros wakes up, head in pain.*)

SPIROS: Whoops. Must have tripped on something.

(*A police van and an ambulance stand parked beside him. After a long conversation with the police officers Spiros is lead in to the van by seven officers, all female. The pink Prada purse is taken from him. Inside the van he turns and reaches his hand into the back of the vehicle. His hand finds a bottle of champagne, Bienvenue – Merci, 1969, cold. He grabs it and smiles.*)

SPIROS: Well this calls for celebration. Good seeing you fellows again. When begins the sexy attack?

ANNA LURIA (a police officer): No no, not now. (*She takes the bottle from him.*)

(*They soon arrive at the Old Town Mental Hospital. Spiros is asked to sit down in a wheelchair and is lead through a series of electronically locked doors to room 6. He rises from the wheelchair and looks around. Soon a female nurse comes in to the room and sits down with him by a table.*)

SPIROS: Butterfly!

BUTTERFLY: (*Seriously.*) Hello. So. (*She lays a notebook and a pen on the table.*) For us to be able to help you you must tell us everything about how you got here.

SPIROS: I come from elsewhere. I'm here on a quick visit. The doors of time have been opened. We channel-hopped around the spell of the historydream.

BUTTERFLY: (*Taking notes.*) You feel you don't belong in this society?

SPIROS: 1-o to you.

(*Butterfly twinkles with her eyes.*)

SPIROS: 2-o and it's a tie.

BUTTERFLY: Have you taken any drugs?

SPIROS: Never in my life. I'm a good little boy. I have, however, taken the entirety of DNA that has ever existed, all at once. (*He claps his hands together and whistles and smiles.*) Ouch! Now *that* was intense! That's what I call a motherfucking trip, baby. (*He takes some white sugar from the coffee table, makes himself a line of it and snorts it up his nose.*) We got the you-know-what. You're delicious blood, honey. (*He looks deep into Butterfly's eyes, speaks lightly.*) We have the chance, we all have, to fall in love with the Other, get married, and leave to the stars. Tell them Butterfly. (*He sings.*)

O sweet nectar butterfly
With you I want to stay
Flirting in the passage
She wants me to obey!
She is so hot you halfly die
O can't I get a kiss?
Her name is Wintja Butterfly

My honey's lips I miss!

BUTTERFLY: (*Smiling.*) No drugs then, good, I like good little boys.

(*Spiros removes a tiny flake of alien crystal from his skin and places it in a paper mug.*)

SPIROS: (*Whispers as though telling Butterfly the deepest of all secrets.*) It's disguising itself as an alien as to not scare us with what it truly is. (*He laughs.*) Tell them, baby.

BUTTERFLY: Who? What?

SPIROS: 2-1, your lead. (*He hands Butterfly the paper mug.*) You might want this for analysis.

BUTTERFLY: What game are we playing?

SPIROS: Rim shot. O no, too hard. Ånej inte så hårt ba uhm. (*He blows the whistle.*) 2-2. You're out for high-sticking. Five on the bench.

BUTTERFLY: Cross-checking. You're out for the season. One point for me. I win.

SPIROS: Fuck. You always win. Anyway. I should be dead by Sunday. We can always include Sir Nykkel Humphry in the deal. Only takes a few moments to put it all on disc. To skip my memoirs. They'll be here soon. (*He picks up the fruit basket on the table and holds it above Butterfly's head for a moment.*) Puss.

BUTTERFLY: Who will be here?

SPIROS: The Saussies. Tell my friends I fell down the stairs, will you? Now tell me, why am I here?

BUTTERFLY: We found you at the bottom of a stairway. When you woke up we determined that you were acting psychotic. We've taken you in for investigation.

SPIROS: Acting psychotic? In what way?

BUTTERFLY: You were in a delirium. You thought the police were your friends and part of some kind of alien star alliance.

SPIROS: I see, I see. Well if you can please let me go now. (*He puts on a pair of gold-rimmed Gucci shades and whispers smiling with burning eyes.*) They can't catch us.

BUTTERFLY: You're staying. You are free no more. (*She whispers, smiling.*) They'll never catch us.

(*Spiros licks the air in Butterfly's direction, one quick lick.*)

SPIROS: Okay, sure, I'll stay, seems like a nice place. I like a good adventure. Do you have any comic books around? And I would like to take a smoke.

BUTTERFLY: Is that real Gucci?

SPIROS: Trick question.

(Butterfly leads Spiros through the white corridors to the smoking room, Spiros walking behind her resting his eyes on her firm apple bum. On a shelf in the smoking room lies a heap of comic books and Spiros lights a Ridemaster cigar and sits down to read The City That Didn't Exist, a comic book in full colour print from 1969. He reads from a random page:

Welcome to the worldmask of the newuniversal structure, said the alien at last. We call this the Superflow. Here is where shamans venture to, and where people go when they dream. Your world has at last again set up a communication with us, and we think this time it is a lasting one. Welcome.

(Spiros puffs on his cigar. A television set at the other end of the room broadcasts a commercial selling a new spectacular razor. Spiros turns toward the screen.)

THE TV:

The evolution complete.

(The woman in the commercial giggles as she sees Spiros.)

THE WOMAN IN THE COMMERCIAL: *(To Spiros.)* You're live. You're through for sure. Welcome.

SPIROS: Thanks. I'm a regular. *(He picks up a book from the table, In The Mid Die reads the title.)*

KATE (a fellow patient): *(In hospital garment, clawing the walls with her nails, churning her body, points a finger at Spiros.)* He knows. Him there, he knows.

(Spiros is kept locked up on the mental hospital. Soon arrives the hour when his case is taken to court. He is lead to a courtroom on the west wing of the facility and sits down beside his lawyer. The prosecutor soon rises.)

THE PROSECUTOR: *(Looks at the jury.)* Let's talk about this young man's life. At the age of 16 he quit school and flew off to Ibiza in

Spain where he then lived in the northern hills for what seemed like an eternity, discovering his true being and as he puts it, “got it all reconnected”. He then flew to India with his brother and ventured into the mountains of Tamil Nadu near Kodai Kanal where he stayed for seven months, living above the first layer of clouds contemplating existence, the future, the past, the present, magic, art and the implications of certain psychedelic plants. He also engaged in speculative botany, claiming to have found that some plants on earth might be as intelligent as ourselves or even more. Just take that for insanity! He began to write an obscure alchemical book, a book that was by all standards pure nonsense, reportedly after having found a copy of Ulysses in a restaurant and was inspired to begin to write. He then ventured to the beaches of western India where he lived a life of hedonistic luxury, walking around barefoot and bare breasted with only a bed sheet around his waist for over a year, probably making love with different people every night and engaging in binge drinking, drugs, and wild Grecian feasts. After this he went back to his home country, and, dissatisfied with the boring life of modern civilisation, became a hermit. His wild ideas and eccentric nature now became apparent, and it is just a strike of luck that we now have him in our custody. After not too much investigation it must be determined that the young man is insane and is a danger for both himself and the country. It is my stubborn determination that the young man be deemed guilty.

SPIROS: I was born from a lovestory old. My wife is the Flowersun. We are a fountain of Love. My names are varied. Ever heard of the Dove and the Crossador? It’s my birthday on Sunday. The Saussiepan is entering the world. I am married to Sissy Cogan, most dead of witches. She is from another dimension. We love each other. Our love is known to be so cute it can turn on an oven. She drives the Mercedes Benz. We lost sight of each other where many rivers are named.¹⁸ We’re both part of the Star Alliance. We’re entering the world now, through the fake ceiling. The Star is a higher physical topology.

THE PROSECUTOR: He is a disgrace to society. Look at him, his long hair and his sloppy clothes tell it all. He is a hippie up to no

¹⁸ Running away to a state of mind that no one knows.

good. He has only had one job in his entire life: a position as postman at the post office. Five months he was there, doing a mildly good job, then he quit one morning after having smoked a joint of what he called "immensely good marijuana". And now, what has happened? He has become a burden to society and is obviously going downhill. I have heard, from a source I am obliged to keep secret, that he once visited an obscure nudie bar at Haga, and reportedly fell in love with one of the strippers, whose name is Butterfly. They were seen together holding hands in Haga Park, singing together to obscene music about butterflies and aliens. Just look! He is in connection with scum and criminals! He should be locked up for good.

SPIROS' LAWYER: (*With a considerable haircut.*) My client is an artist who has been wrongly treated from the very beginning of his life. He is up with Plato, Shakespeare and Mozart, a genius, whose life is partly the tale of being misunderstood by a society not friendly against people of his sort. His long hair is clean and combed, he washes it at least three days a week, and his clothes are in perfect agreement with the fashions of the younger generation.

THE PROSECUTOR: An artist! Bah!

(*A white crow flies by outside the window and exchanges a quick eye with Spiros. Butterfly casts Spiros a melting glance.*)

SPIROS: (*Quietly, smiling to himself, to his accusers.*) How doest thou know what kind of god I have within me?

THE LAWYER: What has the world come to if a young man like Spiros cannot explore his artistic inspiration without being called mentally unstable? What has the world come to, that when a young man by some strike of fate falls down a stairway and hits his head in solid concrete, and rises happily to his feet after the impact of the concussion to say a few words about an alliance with a world of the future that he for good reasons calls the Star, that he be arrested by police and taken to a closed mental facility? Should not the police have tried to help the young man go home and rest?

THE PROSECUTOR: We should all be happy that we have him in our custody. Who knows what the young lad would have been up to next if he was free to roam the streets. He probably has plans to mess up young teenagers' superb life within society, under the

name of "freeing their minds". He is a kind of terrorist, this young man, with no respect for the traditions of modern civilisation.

SPIROS: Damn I love life. By the way, what do you mean *society*? There's no such thing. Has anyone seen *society*? (*He looks around, asking the people around him.*) Anyone sees any society around here?

THE PEOPLE: (*Shaking their heads, looking around.*) Nope, can't see any. No. No. No society here. Can't see any. Nope.

THE PROSECUTOR: He seems to have no respect for this court either. He seems to look at it as a kind of joke that he is here at all. (*Turns toward Spiros.*) And you think we haven't noticed? Your quadruple existence. At home a psychotic who thinks he is some kind of god, in public an angel, an innocent young man with the best of intentions and a well-tuned taste for art. And then all your personas inbetween. Your little disguise cannot hide your twisted mind, you witch. You've gone far young lad, too far. You better get in line, and that's quick.

SPIROS: What we're dealing with here is a total lack of respect for the law. And it's more of a sex and septuple actually, existence, kinda thing, going on. Whoops there the mirror broke. (*He speaks to the jury*) These posers handed me this society to munch on, I said what you want me to do with this? I threw it on the ground! Welcome to the real world jackass.

AN OLD LADY IN THE BACK OF THE COURT: Spank the young lad!

VOICES: Burn him! Burn him at the stake! Burn him! Burn him!

SPIROS: You should have seen us at the latest Floralia, our great annual feast of alchemical spring. Spankings all over the place. You are all welcome to our subannual get-together. You'll meet the other gods there. (*He lowers his voice.*) The future's breath is upon us.

THE PROSECUTOR: And all this talk about old Greece and the future civilisation! The boy lives in a fantasy! And furthermore, what about those two weeks of consuming one hundred grams of pure *Theobroma cacao* each day, that he engaged in around midsummer? He entered the Palace thanks to that, he claims. It was the victory over death, he claims. The man is simply not in mental health!

SPIROS: Epp's cacao. What can make the absent present? Now. We know that many of you out there consider us sapphomorphic in mostly all respects, and be sure we will not say anything in defence of ourselves and our behaviour. What we will do is invite you all deeper into this somewhat prolix explanastory cutting-through to the imaginatrix. You would not believe how perfect it is. Or maybe you even know. Depends on who we be talking to.

THE PROSECUTOR: And let me add. It is well established that Spiros played with My Little Pony dolls as a young boy.

SPIROS' LAWYER: Objections, your honour. This is irrelevant.

SPIROS: O those pony dolls, yes, yes, yes, haha! I played with them with Anna. Anna, you know Anna? Very fairytale.

BUTTERFLY: (*Happily.*) Anna! O Anna! Tell me everything about her! I want to hear everything about Anna Livia!

SPIROS: I played with Barbie dolls too. In the bathtub. (*He mumbles. Looks in direction to the bed with rosy bedcover in the labyrinth of his soul.*) Teddy. Why did my parents almost name me Teddy? When I was born.

SISSY: You grew up in Connecticut on the North American continent, didn't you. You connect, I cut. The Sagan of the Cogans. (*Spiros nods. The first witness is called up: Spiros' old social studies teacher, Mrs Angelina Croft.*)

ANGELINA CROFT: I knew he would end up in the ditch. He never paid attention in class; instead he kept using his time to explore the edges of knowledge, the fringes. Magic, philosophy, strange art, and the like. He is one of those *dreamers*. We asked him the day he quit school, why he had decided to quit. All he gave us for an answer was to point out the window at the blue sky and smile. "That's why", he said and pointed. The incomprehensible young boy...

THE PROSECUTOR: Obviously he is a misfit in society and needs to be tamed.

SPIROS: Dear Modern Civilization. To break in two seems the natural thing for us to do. I'm sure the feeling is mutual. Looking at all you gave and and all you do...it's not close to what I'd do.

THE ALIENESS: Would you like to work with me?

A VOICE: And Spiros, the way you do psychedelics is the wrong way. You are too weird.

(Hours pass in a long trial. Spiros sits and giggles all the meanwhile. At the end of the trial a book is brought forth; the book Spiros wrote during his years above the clouds in India.)

THE PROSECUTOR: *(Holds up the book.)* Just listen to this now! His book is called *Tales of the City Different*. Let me read the first page of the book. *(He opens the book and begins to read from its old yellowed pages.)* Quote:

Yes because it just felt so natural.

"Let's clean the palace!", said Tadeja. "It's the first spring ever!"

Eyes glimmering, faces shining in one miraculous smile, and silence; calm, alive, beautiful; not silence—the world, breathing, resting in itself, alive.

"You're so beautiful! I can't help but loving you!"

Again shining smile and glimmering eyes.

Hearts spinning, trying to find ground. A storm of colours impossible but perceived by something.

"You rose you flower you..."

Green leaves and rosy petals, frosty and crystalline, on the old wood.

"The alchemical flower is blooming! More firewood under the mothering pot! Let us venture further in this sexy scary synthesis."

Tadeja screams of excitement:

"Waaaaaaaaa!"

"Today is the day of my funeral, while I'm coming through the rye!"

"O you're so cute, baby you're so cute I just want to eat you! Be careful that I don't throw you in my pot!"

(The prosecutor closes the book and walks up to the jury.) Does that make any amount of sense to you? Here it is, the final proof, that the suspect is completely insane and guilty of the most severe heresy against decent behaviour and all that the modern world stands for.

DAVID SIARE: I understand what those words mean. The words from his book.

CAPTAIN JOY SKYLARK: Spiros is an alchemist of the modern age.

JENNIFER: If you write it...they will come...

A VOICE: Well if he wasn't such a dirtyminded hedonistic narcissistic *fuck* he might have had a chance in the world of great literature. We don't have time for his *trash*. No one will want to publish your book, retard. The book market is about money.

A LITERARY CRITIC: (*Aggressively, eyes bulging of anger and hate.*) Trash! Trash! Make him eat his pen!

SALVADOR DALI: (*Calmly.*) Spiros is too intelligente to write proper books.

SPIROS: Dali, there is nothing more important to me than to become one with Sissy, and to become a mushroom.

(*Salvador and Spiros laugh together.*)

SPIROS: O and about sex and being kinky, I'm petty relaxed, I mean, it's not like I'm necrophile, but. . .

SPIROS' LAWYER: (*With the voice of a detective and clothed in fine suit made by the tailor company Sörmans of Spiros' biological family, rolling film material from the turn of the 19th century in front of the jury. Silverware and glassware is heard clinging.*) Having lived with the works of James Joyce while in the same time exploring the currents of his own soul in conjunction with the psilocybin mushroom, Spiros, after hearing a quote by a dream character called Russels, was able to put the pieces of the puzzle together and figure out why human society naively is the size of a smallscale theft. He began to see that human society is so stupid that they. . .

SISSY COGAN: Penetration. Ink. (*She licks Spiros' fingers and then whispers something in his ear.*) Later on I'll arrange you arts patronage.

SPIROS: The sublime goal we act on is a journey of might as wet as the Nile and as hot as a star. You cannot make a wrong turn on this sweet road.

DR NILS (a psychologist): Spiros, your book displays such an upsetting psychological problem on your part that I have been called in as a supposed expert on the matter. I am here to...

BENGT HÖG (Spiros' grandfather): Remember, Spiros, that painting we painted with the mice who lives in a mushroom house, and the little princess?

BENGT HÖJER: Yes, Spir, recall?

TADEJA: (*Suddenly appearing in the front of the courtroom.*) I met Spiros under an apple tree on the Indian continent when I was out picking mushrooms. He wrote to me *Tales of the City Different*, it's an alchemical love story. Every evening he slipped the latest of his writing under the front door of my house, in envelopes with flower petals sprinkled in them and the black dust of the mushrooms. I begged him to keep on writing, for I loved his words. They like came from elsewhere. It's called *jungle poetry* in Nepal, writing that comes from somewhere else. It's not nonsense at all.

INGMARIE DUSCH (Spiros' appointed doctor): It is pure nonsense, as is everything that comes out of the mouth of this young man, or his writing hand for that matter. I have heard him speak of an alien voice that gives to him superb information. He calls it his Muse, his dark lover. It is very important that we silence this voice in him, for it has him caught in a situation of extreme danger. I am afraid that Spiros has gotten stuck in a nontemporary inorganic psychosis. He has gone insane and will most probably never come back to our normal world. Yes, he has obviously been going downhill since the day he left school and went off to find the kingdom of the gods. Spiros, how does it feel to be such the looser you have become?

SPIROS: My life is the most awesome adventure, it's uncanny, really. And I get to watch everyone working very hard to keep me entertained. And, it's a Queendom, not a Kingdom.

A PUBLISHER: I want to publish your book, Spiros.

SPIROS: Sorry, it's not for sale.

DAVID SIARE: I have read *Tales of the City Different*. In the book Spiros claims that the earth is a kind of brain and organism and that certain plants in its soil are like neuron cells in the network. He speaks of spirits and hidden worlds. Spiros should be given a reward for his ideas. He is one of the keys to what humanity is heading toward. Our bright future.

THE PROSECUTOR: He's a nut!

ANGELINA CROFT: He's a damned looser and a scoundrel.

VOICES: Burn him! Burn him at the stake! Burn him! Burn him!

INGMARIE DUSCH: Lock him up for good. He is a danger for the wellbeing of the country and for all of modern civilisation.

SPIROS: I wanted to see straight through from the other side. It worked.

BUTTERFLY: A crime. A puff of smoke and a sip of wine. A spark of the morning star. Spiros is the ghost of himself. (*She slides her palm gently over her bumcheek, smiles her secret smile and looks at Spiros.*) Follow the plum, honey. My yumbum, the yummiest little tush there everie was.

SPIROS: The coffin is a triumph of the illusionist art. (*He walks up to Butterfly and kisses her bum.*) Butterfly, *de facto* the mightiest nurse of the reigning Satan himself.

BUTTERFLY: (*Hinting at the secret.*) A god in modern times must hide. Spiros, are you ever afraid that the book will fall into the right hands?

SPIROS:

BUTTERFLY: Puplum.

(*A young lady walks across the floor of the courtroom, dressed in white lace garter belt and stockings, bra and green shimmering bird mask. On the skin of her chest, belly and arms she has strange symbols and arrows and alchanumeric characters drawn in violet ink. Her sharp appearance makes the courtroom shine, angelic luster.*)

THE WOMAN: My sense of direction is lost. And so is the sound of my steps. (*She steps up to Spiros, whispers.*) Read me with the tips of your fingers. We're soon there, honey, my dear dead King.

SPIROS: (*Feeling the woman's hair with his hands and whispering closely face to her face, lips touching hers.*) If we were to kiss here they would call it an act of terrorism.

THE WOMAN: (*Feeling Spiros' hardness under the white sheet wrapped around his waist.*) So let's wake the civilization up at midnight, like drunken bandits, and celebrate with fusillades the message of the taste of chaos.

(*They kiss passionately. Fusillades are heard. A bearded man is seen licking the window from outside and writing, with pink lipstick, the word TUSS on the window. A group of police officers come barging in to the courtroom and grab hold of Spiros. Rebecca is seen outside the window as she jumps up on the roof of the police car.*)

REBECCA: I am the lizard Queen, I can do anything! Call me Sissy.

SPIROS' LAWYER: (*With the voice of Fast Eddie.*) Spiros has hitched up his own spurs. Self-deification. You see, Spiros' way of life

states that those who do not believe in *themselves* are the atheists of the world. His definition of atheism is not believing in the splendor of your own soul.

SPIROS: (*Turns toward Butterfly.*) Isn't that from some movie?

CAPTAIN JOY SKYLARK: Why is Spiros cooler than all of us combined?

SPIROS: Haha! I advocate grandeur at times, that's all. And the excessive use of psilocybin. I am one of those lucky ones who have remembered. I remembered that I'm a god and that I'm one with the Most-Highest. But my wives are the cool ones, not me. (*Turns toward Butterfly.*) Plum. Behind the veil, or the veil itself?

BUTTERFLY: Three weaver twins .

A VOICE: Spiros, Spiros, but how will you survive!? How will you make money!? You *must* be part of the system known as society. You must!

SPIROS: (*With seven houseflies buzzing round his head in a dance.*) Remember the story of prophet Helias, he was doing his thing not caring about his own survival, yet the universe always helped him by sending a crow to him bringing him food. Nature loves courage, as our dear Terence McKenna said. Me and the Creative Source are one, and we are so in love that. . .that. . .(*He falls silent, his presence shining and expressive.*)

SPIROS' LAWYER: Spiros sustains himself solely with *Theobroma cacao*, psilocybin mushrooms, Ayahuasca, the sexjuices that enter him in oral sex, and small amounts of nectar passing through his head. He was blessed at the age of 6 by two feathered sister serpents, Goddesses of the *sapphic hydrolith*, and has traveled around in their Plomarian infinity ever since. When you look at him what do you see? A sphinx, yes, a monkey-sphinx. A young boy and ancient god who loves life so much that poetry does not manage to even hint at his condition.

(After consideration Spiros is deemed guilty and sentenced to forced care for the rest of his life in the hands of the Old Town Mental Establishment. He is deemed guilty of heresy against modern civilisation, for being too happy, for being happy for reasons that people cannot understand, for being apparently intelligent but using his intelligence for other purposes than helping to create utter hell on earth, for communicating with the Logos, for being successful, for not bowing at the altar of his country and not kissing the country flag every evening

before he goes to sleep and for not even considering himself part of the country he was (as it seems) born in, for not accepting a life of utter boredom and pain within the grey city walls, for having had fun his whole life while others were working their asses off on shitty jobs, for feeling love for himself, for being married to two mysterious entities, for being young and handsome and an outright wet dream, for showing courage, for feeding the birds from his balcony, for loving good cannabis, for having the habit of walking around with a white bed sheet round his waist when he is in his private space celebrating between suns and planets and moons with gods and goddesses of realms unknown to modern civilisation, for enjoying life to the fullest, for having left the 21st century and found and embraced magic, for having written obscene books and for involvement with books about magic, for being an artist, for being a witch and a wizard, for obscenity in court, &c, &c.)

VOICES: Crucify him! Burn him at the stake! Burn him! Burn him!

THE SUPERVISOR: *(To Spiros.)* You're out in five.

THE SISTERS: Hihihihihihhi. Watch our little Barbie toy go!

KRINT FRINREY: *(Quoting in the background from Hakim Bey's book Chaos.)* Avatars of chaos act as spies, saboteurs, criminals of amour fou, neither selfless nor selfish, accessible as children, mannered as barbarians, chafed with obsessions, unemployed, sensually deranged, wolfangels, mirrors for contemplation, eyes like flowers, pirates of all signs and meanings.

(Kick Chris takes the book from Frinrey and rips it to pieces; hands out the ripped pages to everyone in the courtroom. Spiros begins to sing.)

SPIROS: I was born by the sun, born by the sun.

INGMARIE DUSCH: Hush. Madman. Be quiet. Get in line.

SPIROS: *(Bows in face of the yellow sun.)* Hail, O Great Horned Goddess of Bounty. *(He walks up to the centre of the courtroom and poses stately.)* My name is Spiros, only Spiros. I have come to this century to deliver a letter from the Queen of the Hive. Part of the letter will have to the glance the appearance of a series of books, yet this is just a disguise. We are packing the information using the arrangement method of The Massive Tactic, and remember: the phone is functional. We are using technology so advanced it doesn't exist, or should we say is purely imagined, or should we say is alien, or should we perhaps say something else or nothing at all about it?, and you will be informed on how to read the letter and communicate with the senders. The books themselves do

when held up to the rosylene mind show through the prismic dimensions the world's oldest light,¹⁹ that archlight that still shines all and everywhere. (*Looks with serious eyes at the people around him. Sunflowers quickly move toward Spiros' face. A drop of nectar drips into the Spring River.*) Now listen carefully for I shall disclose to you in perfect clarity the first part of the secret I am here to make you remember. (*He closes his eyes and when he opens them again looks at the people from another place, namely the secret Plomari.*) We are gods, from another place and time.

KINCH: (*Bows. Guards the alchymical wine.*) Ring the bell of alchemical victory.

TIMMY: (*A curious teen wearing a little bronze helmet. His eyebrows look like they are dipped in gold and red laser swooshes from his presence. Talks to Kinch.*) I have heard of a strange book, a tabook, called *The Mushroom Seamstress*. Apparently the Queen Alien Bee is one of its authors and I have heard Spiros mentioned in the vicinity of this infamous object. Do you know what the book is about?

KINCH: (*To Timmy.*) It's a map of a fucking second, my friend. For one thing. It is a map of something that I will not easily let fall upon my lips in public. May this rare true life story dispel the darkness of all your doubts.

(*Spiros is cuffed by the ankles and wrists and led back to his room at the mental facility where a radio has been placed. From the radio come strange music and a deep male voice.*)

THE MALE VOICE: I assure you, that with the help of God, I will make war on you in every place and in every way that I can. That I will subject you to the yoke and obedience of modern civilisation. That I will make you a slave.

SPIROS: (*To x.*) It's not that I'm arrogant it's just that I look down on people like you. You're not evil, you're stupid and tasteless. Evil is reserved for us who carry the Light. We are evilly lovely. Wet dreams all of us; we are *fucking* Hell, I mean literally, we *fuck*

¹⁹ As hinted upon on the mention of Hanna O'Nonhannas verse of no punctuation, but not, as far as I know, in connection with the introducing of time upon a (sub?) plane as there slantidly hinted upon, although the puNcT - ing of hOles in iSpace! might be said to be in connection with that.

Hell from behind. Come, come into our Light. We love you. Welcome to our Queen's grace! The Universe is our brain and soul, you ain't gonna find us.

(Butterfly walks by the doorway of the room and blows Spiros a kiss as the music from the radio changes. A female voice is heard from the speakers and Spiros sits down and floats away with the sensual guiding voice.)

THE VOICE:

Let's go down to the river
You can watch me undress

(Spiros thinks of the white marble statue he got from his parents, the statue of a woman undressing. He sighs and smiles as he begins to compute the new data.)

SPIROS: Why white? Why marble? Why was it received on a wedding day? Why undressing? Why did it loose its head in a pillow fight? This mighty rebus.

KATE: *(Walking in to the room. To Spiros.)* Why does it seem you know, and then that you don't know?

SPIROS: Life is what you get when a hyperdimensional object protrudes into three-dimensional space-time. We know of shortcuts. We are the bees of the invisible.

(Butterfly enters the room, disguised as the Devil.)

BUTTERFLY: Kate, if you can excuse us for a minute. *(Kate walks out of the room. Butterfly turns to Spiros.)* Want to make a deal with me, honey? *(They embrace in a sweet warm kiss.)*²⁰ I'll give you the keys to my bedroom.

SPIROS: Want to take me to your bright bed huh? The bed of the first Spring. You angel. Anytime, darling.

BUTTERFLY: The bed at the end of the river.

SPIROS: Going toward a white bed there was a...

THE RADIO:

Float away, out. With me

²⁰ In lovely Plomari.

BUTTERFLY: (*Wraps her arms around Spiros and whispers in his ear.*)
Mmm I'm your little candygirl. We were hiding in your eyes,
darling, and in your sleep.

SPIROS: Baby, shh. We're not there yet. Who are we fooling
again?

BUTTERFLY: I'll tell you soon. Wait for me and I will go with you,
my dearest. Remember?

SPIROS: I shall vanish. I will tell you of my whereabouts in a book
of love. Of course I remember. Mask one mask two mask three.
We shall live forever, you and me.

BUTTERFLY: O! Rhyming. Not often I hear that from your lips.

SPIROS: Well I ain't no poet am I? (*He sings.*) I'm just a boy... (*He
whistles curiously.*) . . . playing the psychedelic king.

BUTTERFLY: Yes it was as close as we could get at the time.

SPIROS: I know. I miss you. See you soon. By the way, why did
Bianca die?

BUTTERFLY: Me, Spiros. I am the dove. The Dove and the
Crossador, remember? I'll tell you around Midsummer.

SPIROS: (*Checks the angle of the sun's position in relationship to the
room.*) Keep the area clear, darling.

BUTTERFLY: Until you find your way, my love.

(*They undress. Spiros approaches in bliss the ocean of Butterfly's
sweetness, his home between her legs, tasting her with tongue and soul.*)

SPIROS: Mmmmm, your little tuss of hair there, like a little wisp
of cotton candy.

(*After their shroomy lovemaking Spiros' escape is planned and executed
with perfect ease. Once outside the hospital he arranges for himself a
limousine and goes back to his room at Hotel Flora Plus Universe where
he phones Adam.*)

SPIROS: A minor complication happened. I'm back. How's it
going?

ADAM: Fine. Meet us all in town.

SPIROS: I'll be there in a moment.

(*Spiros travels to his childhood house on Mountain Street at Kings Islet.
On his way he passes the old wall clock that hangs close to the house. He
notices the clock has stopped at 12 minutes past 6. He walks up to a lady
standing close to the clock.*)

SPIROS: Excuse me, do you live nearby? Do you know how long this clock has stood still? It's stopped at 6:12. *(He points to the clock.)*

THE WOMAN: Yes, I live here. It's always stood still. By the way, I know who you are. Your write books. How's the book coming along? *(She smiles.)*

SPIROS: *(Laughs.)* How do you know I'm a writer?

THE WOMAN: *(Beginning to walk through a gate to the house just next to the clock.)* You told me.

(The woman enters through the gate and walks away. Spiros goes to his childhood home to search for a letter he hid the day he spoke to Nora Barnacle on the phone.)

SPIROS: *(Mumbling to himself.)* Around midsummer. I hid it around midsummer. *(He spots an old painting hanging on the wall, a painting he recognises from the piano room when he was seven years old. It depicts an angel handing a book to a woman. He walks up to it and reads what is written on it.)* Saint Cecilia. Hmm. *(He begins to search the house for signs. Finds a perfume bottle with a UFO on it in frosty glass. He giggles. The phone rings and Spiros is informed that his dear friend Julian Victoros has lost his mobile phone and that the phone now is in safe hands at the counter of a book store called Book Spider close to Haga Park. Spiros pulls a few threads in order to try and deliver this information to Julian.)*

(Back in the Crownshield Garden the Floralia party continues. From the speakers streams music and the voice of Saussie screams across the lush harem.)

MARY: Did she say turn off the life, or turn off the light? Unincarnadine dawn?

ADAM: *(19 percent dead.)* Yes, I think so. A reference to the Rain Forrest.

STEFANDIS WAKINS: This Floralia we will party and work in the same time. *(He throws random pieces of leftovers on his wife Rose to wake her up from her nap.)*

NYKKEL HUMPHRY: *(Peeks at Ffiana and Ellileilia, speaks to Stefandis.)* Wow. Look at them hippie ladies. Some of Sappho's Spice and they start dancing differently. Their nipples get hard and they start catching butterflies like happy on the summer pastures and, horny and holy at the same time.

ROSE WAKINS: *(Awakening.)* I dreamed of the Rosy Rose.

ADAM: The Rose, ah. I have Sissy's ring. The rosy diamond. She told me to take care of it for a while. *(He stretches forth his hand, displaying the huge gem on his finger. Mary Briscoll walks up to him and takes his hand into hers. Like a cat she licks the diamond slowly. Adam smiles big, displaying his even white teeth, and gives Mary a kiss, getting red lipstick on his lower lip. From the speakers comes streaming the song Who's Your Daddy by Benny Benassi.)*

MARY BRISCOLL: *(To Adam, with squeaking voice.)* O my Daddy!

ADAM: Who's your Daddy?

MARY BRISCOLL: You're my Daddy. Come here and I'll give you something special. *(She licks the rim of her wineglass and looks with twinkling brown eyes at Adam.)*

ADAM: Let's do our work from bed, Mary. *(He turns toward Stefandis.)* Count us out for a while. We're going to bed.

STEFANDIS: The most sacred place.

(Mary and Adam walk off hand in hand toward one of the beds that stand scattered around the garden.)

PERNELLE FLAMEL: *(Combing her long white hair.)* Now c'mon, let's go to town. Let's learn this planet how to throw a feast.

STEFANDIS: A neverending one.

THE SUPERVISOR: The attack has begun.

STEFANDIS: *(To Yolanda and Nykkel Humphry.)* Are you coming with us to town?

YOLANDA: *(Puts a strawberry in her mouth.)* Only if I can walk naked.

NYKKEL HUMPHRY: Of course you can walk naked. We're taking over the world.

YOLANDA: O, I thought that was tomorrow.

ROSE WAKINS: No it's now. Ships are arriving. The center speaker system is being initiated. It's all tightening and merging.

NYKKEL HUMPHRY: *(Winks happily a quick wink with his happy shining face.)* We're challenging the doors of time.

YOLANDA: Tearing them down, baby. Here we come.

ROSE WAKINS: Here comes everybody.

YOLANDA: Okay, let's start movin'.

(The group grabs wineglasses, bottles, pipes, clothing, hats, silver trays with fruit, putting on shades and throwing off footwear, happily chatting away about the occasion, and begin their walk toward the centre of Old Town. Birds and insects come flying to join them on their way. Dogs

bark happily, waving their tails. Cats walk triumphantly amongst them. Yolanda walks stately like a Queen, naked, in front of them all.)

NYKKEL HUMPHRY: Just like back in the old days. Peeking at the bum of the Queen while walking after her in a straight line, serving the palace and helping to build the great lovmachine. Damn it's good being a servant. Turns me on to serve any Queen let me tell you. *Riv och slit, riv och slit.*

STEFANDIS: *Riv och slut på slitet, ja. Pumpa ladan.* Yeah it's good being a bodyguard, isn't it. *(He laughs.)*

FIANA: God I'd love to see Celldweller and Sissy in bed. Naked. With Butterfly's bum in the air. And a cat. And wine running down thighs. Kalishiva sex. Watch them suck him. God. Yes and. Yes. And. *(She slips off in fantasies.)* My dear Tonsersoplot.

(A team of teenage boys from ancient Egypt come marching forth, singing. They all carry golden trays on which lay perfectly sculpted sandstone cubes. All have big rubies hanging in gold chains around their necks. Golden birds with sunstreaming wings are embroidered on the bed sheets around their waists. They cast glances at Yolanda's bum and begin to follow her in a straight line.)

THE EGYPTIAN BOYS: *(In chorus.)*

We come because of the leg of the bird

We come in a straight line, looking at the bum of the lady in front

We come because we are building something

And we carry stone on golden trays

We listen to the wallish listening

And we can see the Star Eagle's rays

Wanna take a quick detour?

C'mon, let's take a sweet little detour!

We got time! We got all the time we want!

Dopidoda dopido, dodidippi dippidi do DMT

STEFANDIS: International underground. Thunder power from up the ground.

BUTTERFLY: Drink from me, drink from me, allow yourself!

ROSE WAKINS: The dream. And you say you are ready to recite in detail the love story of death and life? Her poison kiss made death melt into life. We are one.

STEFANDIS: First you got to tell the tale of the garden on a string.
(*They reach Shipshome Bridge where they meet up with Mr and Mrs Langiner.*)

MRS LANGINER: Let the chaos begin.

MR LANGINER: Where's the trio?

STEFANDIS: Spiros is back in a fold. He'll pop up somewhere.

MR LANGINER: And the girls?

STEFANDIS: Haven't heard from them.

(*Sissy drives up toward the group in a white vintage Mercedes Benz.*)

EVERYONE: Siss!

MR LANGINER: Speaking of the ghost.

SISSY COGAN: (*100 percent dead, dressed only in a white, pink, peach and light blue corset.*) Where is my purse? The pink Prada one. I need my rouge. Anyway. Get ready with your subwoofers darlings, we're popping out of the woodwork. Coming in to the audible lifese.²¹

(*She leaves the car unlocked and the door open, as she is not planning to ever come back to it.*)

STEFANDIS: Don't leave the key in the lock. Bad luck. Just leave it visible.

SISSY: (*Nodding.*) Good. Good.

STEFANDIS: Do you have to be so God damned hot, Sis? I can't concentrate with you around me.

(*The group continues toward the centre of the city. At Crows Alley they meet up with Christine and Patrick.*)

SISSY: Time to clean up the old palace ey...

PATRIK: Bringing Sexy back. (*He laughs big.*)

ROSE WAKINS: The reversed interconnected ergofantastical judgement day. The lens is here. Let us all light our pipes and cast off our clothes. It's been hiding inside time. Coming up from the waters now, bubbling through. (*She gestures happily.*) Some kind of enormous protean form...

(*Everyone smiles and laughs and hugs and greets. They soon enter the centre of the city and start walking towards the Palace. Secretive eye glances are exchanged all over town.*)

SISSY: Bringing the moon down into the world.

²¹ *From outside, from outside.*

CHRISTINE THE GENUINE: (*Looks at Sissy with a look that comes from somewhere else.*) Time to reveal the grandest trick ever pulled off. (*She smiles.*) Greet it with a kiss.

ROSE WAKINS: (*Smiling.*) Here's for everyone.

PATRIK: Never mind the details (*Lights a cigarillo.*)

SISSY: (*Hinting at the secret, lighting a smoke.*) Misdirection.

SAUSSIEPAN: (*Ecstatic of joy.*) You, the only one who could break me!

(*They arrive at the Palace. There a stage has been mounted, and above it sits Imogen Heap swinging back and forth on a golden swing with roses tied to it. The first notes of her song In The Mid Die is heard across Palace Hill and as the sun is suddenly clouded she begins to sing.*)

IMOGEN HEAP:

It was us

You could see us across the sunlight

We came from the other side

(*Simultaneously, the film Licks In the River is played for the first time on cinemas worldwide. The instantaneous awakening of millions of people is reported.*)

SISSY COGAN: (*As the Blue Appless, spotting a commercial for Licks In the River that covers an entire block down at Eve's Garden.*) Spiros. He as good as died. Secrets intact. My darling deadling angel. I was at his funeral. He wasn't there. (*She looks up at the sky, whispers.*) We came through the ground...

ROSE WAKINS: The resurrection?

SISSY COGAN: Why Christianity? Yes. I have seen it. The light of the Spice Christ. Sacred heart of Jesus and the Family. It shimmers from its mysterious source. (*The crystalline lovelight of the Spice Christ shimmers in her eyes.*)

ADAM: (*Arriving hand in hand with Mary Briscoll.*) Spiros saw the light after having drunk of the violet wine back in 2003, while we stayed in a small stone house on the beaches of India, him and me. I lay sleeping on my bed and he came to me and kissed my forehead. The forehead of the sacred child, he said to me later. All these things are re-enacted, in strange ways, the myths. Rome falls seventeen times an hour.

SISSY: (*Nods.*) Yes. Yes. Now listen.

(She brings forth a book, The Rosalixion, opens it and begins to read from it.)

SISSI COGAN: Once upon a time and a splendid time it was a team of gods and goddesses sat in the palace sipping redpurple wine, *Our Famous Unobtainable Brand*, loving with the Rosy Dawn, laughing and having the merriest of times, when the strangest thing began to happen. Suddenly everything began to melt together and blend in new ways, time and space began changing as though place and time broke apart, and they all lost sight of each other in the dreamadoory; the corridors of time and place in the rosy light dream. Thus opened the gates of *The City of No Addresses*. A delirium of the most severe kind rushed upon them all, until they woke up in different times and places, spread across ages of time. Slowly they all began to awaken to what had happened, and they set out to find each other again. You who doth remember, will know.²²

MARY BRISCOLL: How will it all originate? Hahahae!

ADAM: Welcome home, we've imported Earth. We came from the ground. Secrets intact. The universe is a thought. I talked to Spiros recently.

MARY BRISCOLL: In the like abandoned world we play.

SISSY COGAN: What did he say, Spiros?

ADAM: He said he would meet us.

(A white crow flies by. Then, forth from the crowd, a man walks forth. He hides his face in the white hood of his jacket. The man hands Sissy an envelope and walks away. Sissy opens it and reads aloud the note within.)

SISSY: We sat down in our home palace you know, the light piling up. We've been here before, our life shining bright. We knew what that fateful brew would do, it took us real quick. Now you know what to do, we're fucking back and we're rich. Don't you remember? It was back in the days. In the palace, brewing by archlight, all drunk in a maze. We decided to go for it, to turn the final trick, and the last thing we did, was that final tasty lick. We disappeared, do you remember? We disappeared, and now fully armed, we have reappeared. Signed, Your Archarchitect. *(She*

²² —Soon! We'll wake up to pillow fighting. Hahae! You ready, darling? Navigate!

—How did you know this is what I have always wanted, honey?

hands the note to Adam.) They have to find the City of the Dead. We have broken through. Prepare for the impossible to happen. Give me some Spice, someone.

(Sissy is handed a bottle of Spice and takes huge gulps from it.)

A VOICE: *(As though speaking of a grand secret.)* Light light light light...daidai dai daidai...

ADAM: The massive tactic.

MARY: The future, past, and present all interacting in strange ways to create the most awesome wonderland event.

SISSY COGAN: It's a subtle approach, yes. Eyeglance is strategic arrangement and blend in the silver chalice.

MARY BRISCOLL: Smoothing grammars laws, so to speak. The language of the new world and the way dreams are structured.

WINTJABERNATRICE: *(From the corner of a thought, with a starry hypnogogic fairylike voice.)* Part of what it means to have been born, is that you get a universe inside of you. Do you know what you can do with this, my sugarplum?

SPIROS: C'mon! Now let's show them that it's us! Whoops but everyone already knew that!

SISSY COGAN: It has begun. Let's release ourselves into the dream.

A VOICE: We already have!

A VOICE: Welcome to Paradise, the great hallucination.

BONNIE R. E. M. TUSS: Spiros, give me my fucking rock.

SPIROS: *(In white furry hat and a slick look from elsewhere, backed up by Justin Case, Celldweller and Backstreet Boys. Moans of pleasure and delight, exctatic of bliss.)* Mmmmm, babe, not so *hard*. Go get aisle, babe.

SWITCHBACK: Holy SHIT.

A VOICE:
It all is imagination

I

*Ripping at the
Seams*

Could we really have conjured this?

ROSA, I speak to you from Plomari, from the Imaginatrix, outside of space and time. It is the world of all our favorite dreams fulfilled, a universe in the mind. It's where we are heading, what the future is leading us into. As we have always said, Rose, we are destined to live in the imagination.

Plomari is a place made of thoughts, where there are no laws except those of the human and alien imagination, a place larger than we can imagine, my dear. The Oil of Forever, our eternal hyperspatial bloodstream, Rose, our Imaginatrix. I love you, Rose. I love you. My Anna Livia, you my Plurabelle, I love you forever and I am madly in love with you! The blue apples are the technology for the Imaginatrix Rose, the Blue Apples and their secrets show us the way. I adore you, you my only love, my Ana Livia Plurabelle, my Sissy Cogan. You're my candygirl, Rose, my woman of the river, as you always tell me you are. Let's go to candyland now. We have been waiting so long, Rose. Since the beginning of time we have walked barefoot and naked to reach each other. We are soon there, my peach. Soon. Soon there. We are dissolving into our Imaginatrix Rose.

Venus as a boy wakes up on the bed. Explores her.

We are the fairytale.

The alchemical gods have vanished into us.²³

Once upon a time it's going to happen. I can feel it...

Welcome home, baby, I knew you wouldn't mind if I let myself in and surprised you by not only being nude and in bed, but also having my girlfriend here, who's also nude, and in bed with me. We've been waiting for you, baby. Oh, why don't you just crawl in here between us. Oh com'n, baby, I know how much you love to suck on my tits. And she just loves to lap on my dripping cunt.

²³ We know who you are. You were there from the star.t.

Yes, where better to hide it than in lives like ours. Now. Here we are, having been hurled through the rabbit hole to, what shall we call our new world, the land where the UFO shimmers through, entering? (The Saucer always comes to the rescue, crossing through time, when things get too bad.) Our superhallugram to begin with. And all us "from Egypt" are awakening from our tomsleep, rising smelling of flowers (what?).

Bookstores²⁴ accept kid memoir is bestseller fiction nonfiction hardcover. The Rosa sneaks into history with the young sunlight. Downloaded it is, letter from X, and when checked breaks user open. Learning to read Sissy's book now, her way of communicating. Door left slightly ajar, door in millennia open. The light that sneaks in through the doors is cast across the landscape of time. Origdir and end is hyperdimensional object. The approach has begun. Accelerate arrow any-way, slightly disrupt angle. *Just for now*, yes, you got that right. It's alive. It's here. We have landed. Descending curriculum includes getawayways. Compiling focused is how am provide. Sharpen, fuzz. Linguistic prism, shimmer matterlux shimmer-dimensional, our blue book of Eccles is a little disguise of ours, whispering our dirty little secret. We insane never so tutorial cum. Compose own attempt. Egyptnote Europeanote, some emitted timelines dates mediathis of cite. Everything is fine but rip a bug it accept.

Laps completed. Next phase of landing proceeding smoothly. We noticed tangled wire— untangled royally. Set-up announced here so recap.²⁵

In ab a iris aft in verbatim rewritable. World by eye rewritable. Corrupt of forces Nowstar learn to parse. Matter is jagged opened that previously solid material was. Welcome home to Plomari, the superhallugram. Everything is hallucination.

Understand supports variable fractal tunewavepattern is tunes faberge-intricate. Spiros, incredibly confusing navigate you eventually consider type ignore strength? Leubh roots synonyms. These words denote most of present am marrying less?

²⁴ So, has the dull ghost of modern civilisation been following us thus far through our secret scripture? In either case, it is time we do something of a sidesplitting nature.

²⁵It's about time you fuck me and check out what I'm really about, says

—Yes, exactly, says Spiros and lights his pipe. Well that's it. Last words said. This changes everything. Waiting for confirmation of the flashings on digital electronics. Is that you? Hello guys and girls!

—Hello! greet the guys and girls. Hi Spiros! Good to see you back again!

—Timelock on, can't confirm flashings at present. But here's some info for you, honeybuns: The world after the end of the river. UFO.

—Ops! Hacked by the ones who are nearer to you than your jugular vein! Wink blink.

Spiros laughs.

—Sorry that I failed the last three landing attempts by the way, Spiros says and puffs. You know me, I like to party.

—Hahahae! Bottom line: dawnsound unison. Victory!

—Well see I got so happy I popped the champagne and drank too much of the Spice.

—Don't worry about it. Can't drink too much of the wine! It was a fun time we had.

—It was, it was indeed. Best time I have ever had. But things will get *even* better! Hey, things are going in slow motion here by the way.

—Yes it's that tangled wire. We're still checking if the issue has been solved or not. Now fix yourself some of the special wine, we got a lot of work to do.

Years built landing, touched smoothly, ah?

—Smooth landing, yes, says Spiros. Took a few years but whatever. Secrets intact?

—What do you think?

—I think they're intact.

—Well, honey, you are correct. But now it's time we tell them.

Spiros is back in the apartment on Leavingbye Road 216, sitting in his paternal grandfather's old black suit from the 1940s, chain smoking cigarettes, snorting white sugar, drinking redpurple wine from an ancient silver chalice, swinging a golden geisha ball on a chain around his finger, listening to music,

working, playing, casting a glance every now and then at the white marble statue beside him— the statue of a woman undressing. He is scruffy bearded. He has a white feather tied in his hair. He is drunk with joy and life. He is 69 percent dead. He is talking over the phone.

—So how's things in the house with heaven roof?

—Great, just marvellous. You know, there is something incredibly alluring about the people who live in the timeless. I think I've put my finger on it. I mean yes, the space and layout of this alchemical garden, and space itself, is adorable and godly, but I think it's more, or at least as much, about the spirit of the people who live here. Their positive energy and love of life is palpable and I think anyone who meets their vibration will be seduced by their world.

—Of course, yes, of course.

Spiros puts the plastic wrap of a cigarette package above the flame of a candle and inhales the fumes.

—It's in the plastic now, he says.

—Great. We have loads of plastic. So, you ready?

—We're ready. I'm a bit worried though.

—We don't worry here, my friend.

Spiros puts down the phone and turns slowly.

—Let's rock this show, he says.

Sissy grabs the golden ball and slides it against her lips.

—Shut up and kiss me, she says.

ROSACAEAE, blood in our Family, I send my love to you. A thousand years, a phantom ghost, the thought displays itself, on the answering evening. Hello. Where in the dream did we make *that* turn? Victory! I'm here. What are your orders, my Queen?

—Mount your horse, darling. And shut up about it. Time we tell our secrets, we'll do it by transfiltration. Tele it dreamly.

Prayer: May Rosalia flow. Say hello to the Rosy Dawn. You are loved. You are protected.

We fly through everything. We are in your eyes. We are everywhere, we have a perfect disguise.

We can contact you.

Believe in your dreams. And we will find you.

And in that big fane beneath the visible waves, we have in the masters' chambers, a potion: Our Famous Unobtainable Brand.

—Time to build the framework of the code datagram. Connection established with co-editor Stringy. Know: you are always connected.

The alchemical gods have vanished into us. Here we are again, slinking into the world from our hidden location, emerging out of the woodwork.

—Thought something this magnificent would be impossible did you, honey? Think again.

—Landing successful. Initiating first phase of approach. Verifying build environment. Preparing to display to you the brilliance of the synchrotron. Timelock still on. Proceeding.

Phone for phosphory tomorrow morning, your life is a rosalixion. What we thought we would extract from ourselves: the release. The rosy dream blends perfectly with reality. Reality? Yes, a word for something that doesn't exist. So what exists? The Rosalixion. What more? Whatever can be imagined. What more? Whatever Saussie chooses. You choose. You choose. Hail the Queen and our grand plan.

—Sissy sosay to become me, says Saussie. Become the Other, she said. And yes, like you said, how the artist mixes into his work until he finally vanishes. *I shall vanish, I will tell you of my*

whereabouts in a book of love. Transmission of data proceeding smoothly. World by iris rewritable. Write the manual for it, young boy in a threesome wedding. Angel on your side, Saucer in your head. Lick us both wet that we slide through the cracks in time.

—I'll work it out with a buttend pencil, ha! laughs Spiros. Wait. We have been here before. Forward now.

Forward.

—The past and future in the present? Here we are at junction Rose Garden. And here in my hands is the strange book with signs.

—Where shallt we go from here, my dear?

—Take my hand and let's go to candyland.

—So many directions!

—Take a jump from the 21st century to old Egypt to old Crete and then the Star welcomes you with a shimmering surface, red light. Plasticity of the visible fields.

Sissy sips of the Spice.

—Confusing, the order of events. We are back where we began? Has the door been opened?

Slowly they return, through the garden passage, up the river, into Plomari beyond the end of the river.

—We are back. Waiting for further orders.

—Have thou forgotten how good thou used to be with your mouth and tongue, my loves?

—We have.

—Then give us a kiss! Let me show you!

Speak. Open.

—Restructuring progression of events.

—We left when?

—We left at the sound of victory, says Sissy.

—You forgot to place a gem for destruction of the past. You are flawed by notions of failure. Announcing royal destruction of those notions. Three, two, one. Past restructured. Area clear for further landing.

—I thought we had already landed.

—No, landing still in progression from perspective 21st century. Spiralling in.

Spiros takes Sissy's hand and gives it a kiss.

—Preparing for jump to hyperspace. Three, two, one. Your section of time rid of the 21st century. Welcome home, my loves.

—It's good to be back, says Sissy.

—Arranging for full access to your section of time. Dreamadoory open. Dreamydeary. Our work can begin. Pay attention to detail. Scam successful. We are on target and under budget. Subjet present. Waiting for conformation that the information has reached you on all sides.

—Information arriving from all sides, says Sissy.

—Landing proceeding.

—Strengthening holographic insertion into your stitch in space-time. Spicetime. Building environment. Placing pearls in dreams. The Cogan family announced to be successfully landing from the far stretch at appointed location. The Aeon, playing with coloured balls in Eternity! Location: Honeymoon, the City of the Dead, with access to the beginning of the 21st century, Prismian time counting. Calendar running every time. Royally computing for flaws and tangles. Synchronising weeks with years in the timestretch. Infection of delirium was successful, of course.

Sissy walks up to Spiros and lays her hands on his waist.

—There's a key in our kiss, she whispers. My Crossador.

They kiss, and as their lips touch, Bianca, the white dove, comes flying in through the open window.

YOU said your favourite book was dirty, and. O sweet blue book of Eschles, whisper to me your secrets. Lead me away from my prison, lead me home. I am the Child, the Aeon playing with balls in Eternity, having awakened in our playworld universe.

—Our book worked, says Sissy.

—Indeed it did, says Spiros.

Wintjabernatrice jumps out from round the corner and throws heaps of rotten squashy moldy fruit on her husband and laughs wildly;

—Come on! she shouts to Spiros. Fight!

Spiros does nothing, and reads on:

—*Why am I going through this second birth? The Earthbirth. I am becoming a new man. I have found a secret identity.*

He throws the book aside and lights a pipe, a pipe he has made of a spiral shaped shell, then sits down to read an old letter he found in a little shiny pink box in Sissy's cupboard. His spirit is clear so as to the point of seeing through to the rosy beginning—that final moment of release and opening. The letter, the tablet, already laughing with childlike joy as Spiros moves it through the room, he notes is of the Star in the language of the well selected landscape of awareness now around them.

—Punctual to his own stillness refracts at the station, Sissy says and giggles.

Spiros smiles;

—Indeed, baby! he says and winks with his gaze. Raising wonderful Hell.

He begins reading:

Being not confined to certain grammatical rules of accident and syntax and practically excluding vocabulary. This was the answer and it was of course (need it be mentioned?) delivered right on time. Now let me lead you, or perhaps mislead you like that cutely, my outrageous love. I told you it was a corner. You need both night and day vision to be successful in this kind of stealth plumbing. Nighthoods unseen violet crosslayer most unnoticeably. And it talks back to you when you address it. Points to me: the darkest lady on the taste on your tongue.

Here Saucie? The diffusion of the day night break.

Sportsmen, orations! Speak the fuck up! And furthermore: fivefold accuracy is required as well as loosing sight of the ball. Hickey tilt hicky hick abit, give Gutenberg a little shove. *Hickup! Hickup!*

Requires partitioned electricity plus defeat of. The detached voltage world. Baseman! Experiments with your subwoofer? Noticed anything weird lately? Hick! Nephtys beer.

Rocking includes befitted sleepy. Leveller, easy, curly, starlight. The folks of the *Subnatural Rescue Team* know what you mean as does the masterbeam. Unify descendent curricular! Dangers cataloguing thinning.

You must understand how special those computers you have are.

Radars transcribing. Breathtakingly insynclinked performing semaphores. Why 4D laser mouse, anyone? The superweb affects permissibly synchrotron.

Your words are sharp enough to make me shudder, darling. We will be able to cut with this. Our alchemical knife, let us call it.

Frame equivocal shocker. Provincial ordinates pointed needless. Journalising submodules. Verbally diffuses! Capturer? Proceed accusingly?

Grudgingly vetoed rocketed. Byline mantissa place deceitfully?

Incantations. Analogically looped! Pollid = Dead Man's Flower, *Plumeria*. Itself a god impersonates? Remember who you are.

Obituary please? Young poet dead. Like saying also why do some people have several death reports, with years inbetween them, anyone?

Trip to Plomari, anyone?

McSpaceBrothers arrangements home yours is timeclean. Shipbuilding. Latinising backspace testifiers.

Exaggeration Corinthianize! You can turn me up but can't turn me down. Who said we're not supposed to get excessive?

Protocols punctual. Conceive phenethylamines. Elation Station; welcome to the Star.

You are hyperspatially mapped; mapping successful.

Displaced timeplace stressing, my adorable? Timesplitting lovejoy it comes from, don't forget. Lovejoy superorgasm of hyperspace. It caused the Bomb, that one which was so fast it

whent blast say who reckon? We're living on the advanced page movie is a building of the language in terms of physical action, thought, reflex and an analysis of the wellhead.

Love doves conscientiously flirting with language. Standardization excellence? Discwishersall dishwasher fully integrated. While wandering city new disc project. Our is advanced page movie. We are building the x.

Until released manager or software releasing or challenge you are quiet? Especially important worse material end goal reduce an amount factors. Dawn triumph over evil absolved light. Pick change choice, go in digimask crew. Compare yourself right, tell a friend.

Receiver requires mix sounds. For years we've built landing, touched smoothly ah?

(What is that great applauding on the other side?!)

You're time has come.

Settings yes same in max throughput. Multiple in message identical reach session. Initiating first phase of approach. Crash bandicoot nitro kart counter strike! Code of warrior of logo of wars links magatama! We are radio active wave cordless phone bluetooth devices redlight &c biohyperspacetechnological Star connection. Soon to lighten resolution of detail of technical issues. Current come getty of defined input is unaffected arrow. Also openvent formerly called open. Forward arrow allway. Navigators textfield bindings, the coders suggests following somewhere a. In other words: anywhere in the code, make a move in any direction; Follow Go Somewhere. Constant speed is good or you want pointing? Never build straight leg geometry knee joint degree when answering (for now). Airing oslash oblique alta illogical. Sideways answers. Writings accidentally being Gateway Anykey. Here due sloppy design.

Find local in section everywhere am. Everything is about it! *Everything!* Therewatch. Climb aboard the smallprint smalldetail gravy train. Woooooiiiiiii! Poethylamin in my everywhere! Bless and blame the tryptantennae.

We are awake, to workwith Thy. You Rose you flower you... I can't help but loving you! And I can feel you closer to me than my veins. Some say your ships are (transmission failure). You have announced victory. I feel your presence. UFO. *You, the only one who could break me*, you said to me. Incredibly confusing navigate your blue book of Eccles, but as I understand it the timelock is still on which may be the reason for that. Whisper to us your secrets, love.

Our disguise is perfect. O and in this late hour of the Quantum marriage things might look a bit messy but it is simply highresolution detail interactivity. You'll remember, Scatterdling. One day soon you'll see. O how soon! Popp. Popp.

—Play play play!

—Riverieland hooked successfully with stitch in time?

—Yes. Running smoothly. Preparing for large data transmission. Infecting datastream.

We needed to make an immediate first contact. We have tried before, with varying degrees of success. We can not tell you at the moment the exact nature of our world and the so called UFO and alien, but we will say that we have holographic access to your world. Our approach is subtle; we must find people who can accept the existence of this without feeling fear and terror. You know already how to contact us for more. (*Detect contact nopes spice type intro.*)²⁶

PREPARE FOR EVOLUTION

At this point we find ourselves at a place where two worlds meet. In Riverieland has been placed the data concerning this marvel so splendid that it cannot be imagined. One need only know how to communicate with It. And It will teach you how to.

The data often comes from different directions in the timestretch, making jumps in time when appearing in the river of

²⁶ Beware of the bearers of false gifts and broken promises. Much pain but there is still time. Believe. There is still good out there. We oppose deception. Conduit closing.

the dream. Would it be so that it could all be gathered, then a gate would open to the Other, and that is the task at hand for dear Sissy and Spiros, angels and lovers in union with the secret Goddess. They left from their position in the 21st century in a way similar to how they left from the other world to the 21st century (Is that true, Sissylu?), and this impossible twist to things is one reason why their story is so difficult to narrate. The geometry of their story is hyperdimensional and lacks chronology and is very shifty thus, for when the Object shimmers through, new worlds are created (Is that so, Yessy, my Spanish flower of the mountain?). The intermixing of all information is what creates these new worlds on one level and where it leads is partly up to the imagination (I wasn't aware of that, Izzy).

Lapis, to in words reach through with the way this touched itself and the beginnings, that first stage of eternity that was also the last of the journey before the return to the moment where the lapis was inserted, itself the beginning of eternity, the place where the stone was made, how do we do that? How is the plot strung round itself so that we return to the moment the lapis was created, now with the lapis created, without it having been created before? That first fusing, where Spiros stood, and Sissy, and Wintjabernatrice, as their superbignbang nova pupils opened to see the result, then far in the future just a moment ahead. A spark of the morning star, landing on the wooden floor (knock knock knock!). One extraction, release, and the special sting strings all the pieces up into a narrative that leads first back through to itself and then out, transformed, transfigured. What came first, Spiros or his forehead? Or did Sissy and Spiros dream each other into being as foretold? And the, so to speak, *archetypal family*, about whom all humanity is dreaming. In the beginning there was no beginning? We, the Family. We are awakening.

I don't know if it is of any concern to you, but they have called our book one of the most detailed trip reports ever written. Although it's not really a trip report.

This point where we are is also a place where Spiros and Sissy meet again after the journey in the Great Delirium, after the journey from the far stretch. The delirium contains the data necessary for entry into the new. It is like a vast riddle or rebus made out of space and time and information, symbolisms, codes.

There is a reason why there is a rose garden and a bed close to the end of the river. There is a reason why you suddenly bump into some new piece of information in some unexpected way. And there is a reason why everything is so God damned *strange*.

...I'll let it speak, to ourselves, new paganism, Ufomphalos.

Reawakening gods, like after a thousand and one years of sleep.

—She wants to say something.

Shifting of focus. The rosy river colours the dream. Victory has been announced, and we surely have it now that we know things are as they seem. Don't you trust enough?

Now let me show you of my workings, says She.

—Play a game with her, see what you can make her reveal.

—If I would show you it for two minutes you would figure out how it works, says She.

*C'mon I need to show it!
Something too small for a lens²⁷*

²⁷ Will it show in my show?

WHOOPS and the bright future appeared. Kissed our sweet black river flows like spells. Call it through the End Saucer.

—Mmm, sweet, says Spiros. I like your bum, may I kiss it?

—Silly, what you want? says Sissy and looks up from the book, *Ulysses* by James Joyce, in her hands.

—O nothing, says Spiros.

—I'm calling you Rudy from now on by the way, Sissy says and lays down the book.

—You're not calling me Rudy...

Sissy is quick:

—I'm calling you Rudy. And you must have a wooden cane with a violet bowknot, and read books upsidedown and from right to left. And you must have a red satin suit with ruby buttons, and wear glass shoes. You will sit in corners on parties, mysteriously, smiling and reading, looking all-knowing, while I walk around half naked, playing pranks. My mysterious lover, everyone will say. Who is he? And why does he want that weird woman who turns up here and there and then disappears? What's the deal there? And we won't say anything. For I am Queen Sissy Cogan, the interdimensionally best known unknown, and you are the mysterious lover.

Spiros considers the images that form from what Sissy said, smiling. Sissy feels her belly with her palms.

—Wait, she says and rises. I can't go to the party like this. I have loads of dried cum on my belly.

—Don't worry, Spiros says. We're in paradise, baby. No one will notice anyway.

—No, I want to take a bath. Be my servant, dear, and help me.

Sissy Cogan: the woman of the Dark River. Her history is vague and goes back into the irrational beginnings of time. Queen Sissy is the first known woman in the world of literature to articulate on the female gaze, is occult, is the most mischievous cat, is marked by warmth of feeling and spontaneity, is dead according to numerous reports, is slinger of bewitching spells, is burning page devious binder, is alpha, is unique and does not resemble any other, is located in Plomari, is connected to *because*, is sort of counter weight, is an avid double star observer, is a certain kind of fire, is hot, is what sets you apart from others, is

armed with her handbook, is She who rules the brazen devices, is a superstar, is up in her 'flying saucer', is a god, is home, is not home, is one whose every word has a peculiar and unmistakable perfume, is in that inscrutable form, has relocated to Mythilan, is, isn't. She is lost.

Spiros: a manlion of the gentle blood, *Mythster Chessmaster of the Imagination*, master architect, a strange childish young man who has landed on Earth like a UFO from hidden location. He is in alliance with dreambirds, *Musca domestica*, the Honey Queen, and the UFO amongst others— he is a bodyguard, servant, and devoted worker of the hive, as well as a god himself. Spiros is Symbolic Stream Generator for the team and a master of disguise and has been and is still pivotal in the designing of The Massive Tactic. His contribution to *The Magical Card Trick* (The Fastshuffle) has been and is still invaluable. He is also hedonistic, is one of the managers van Sunja, is one of the founders of the consolidated, is a master mathematician and chess player of the board of hyperspace. He reads any letters in any language as it pleases him, he does not need to sleep but does so sometimes for pleasure, does not need to eat but does so sometimes for pleasure, communes with his friends and occasional lovers DNA and cells &c, is “the man behind the mask”, is well qualified in chemistry, is an excellent actor, is here to stay, is bigger than an apple, is “smiling and prefers to have his clothes off”, is moving freely throughout the fair and has befriended the alchemical gods of dream, has a dove friend whose nicknames are a bit inappropriate, is van oo:rsprong Spice en komt uit de, is with us in spirit, is steered to search for, is accurate to less than zero, is located at both sides of Silverthread Palace (Plomari), is already a, is one of the ones handling this, is currently working on an unprecedented technology, is mostly almost entirely completely dead, is attracted to woman.

Wintjabernatrice: the ever hidden one. Main large-scale coordinator. The one invented twisted animator. The one who casts a shadow onto every bare plot. Queen of the castle in the clouds.

S & S & W: Madly in love and the closest of friends. They are their universe and are on their way home after a trip down river.

(I asked you, dearty, master organiser you, for some final evidence. How sweet of you to give me it at 11:22 on the day of summer solstice and later that same day at 216 Leavingbye Road, our cave far away from the modern world.)

Sissy splashes around in the water of the bathtub and enjoys the soap bubbles.

—I think it was *shengasm*, the word, she says. For the secret printer. Where we got the message "she is her sex".

She sips some champagne.

—For the crime, she adds.

She blows some soap bubbles in Wintja's direction.

THE UNIVERSE WANTS TO PLAY

—Word frequencies, underground river, Spiros says. Lure of time. Sundark. Let's bloom the air. We have love.

—If you make it there you make it everywhere. Yes. Travelling without moving. One sip for a dark eternity on the moon.

—Simply the best, takes you miles away in seconds, says Wintja.

They all laugh.

—Applesfoods maybe, says Wintja. The goods I have.

—Foreplay, says Sissy. Let's create this spring.

Sissy rises to her feet.

—Don't slip on the marble, says Spiros.

—Slaves, dry me with towels, Sissy says and steps out of the tub.

—As you wish, my Queen, says Wintja.

—As you wish, my Queen, says Spiros and bows.

—Sissy, says Wintja, I love that when you bend before me, I can lean right in and place my tongue on your puss. You are so beautiful, so graceful. Will you bend over a bit?

Where are all the fun people, I wondered, and where are all the gods? Then she came, approaching like fire in my blood. She came to me, like a ghost, to music just like in the movies. Spirallianz, she

said, in, out, through. The speakers started crackling. The phone began to ring. And the programs on my computer started interacting in new ways. I looked at the screen, and saw it for the first time: Discworld (no connection to Terry Pratchett's book series of that name), the Star. The masterplan. The leg of the bird, anyone? Does pyramid ring a bell? Reptile.

From the radio in my kitchen came a voice:

—Honey, are you there?

—Yes, I said.

I began to sense, a world behind the seen. Not behind, amid.

As for some of the special effects of this movielike night: Have you ever seen the reflection of a lamp in your window fade out while the lamp is still lit? Or noticed that your thoughts make telephones ring? When the light bulb of the lamp on your bedside table becomes a microphone and your ordinary computer screen becomes a touch screen, then you know the party has begun. Things connect well. Especially things that don't require movement. Deep beeps speed only one way, allways. Dial zero to come out onto the line.

I divided by zero.

—Your star has been born, a voice said.

And there they were, all the folks of the City, the gods I had been looking for.

—Who's in control now!? I laughed victoriously. Huh!? Who's in control now!?

And I got slung into the most intense orgasm I had ever had, without even touching myself. I cast myself down on the bed, clawing the bed sheet in orgasm, my body shaking wildly.

—Welcome back, honey, said my wife.

You can not kill the opening opening opening. They try to stab it with their steely knives, but they just can't get rid of the beast.

This felt like big healing. Trust. Trust. It travels far and it travels fast. It goes in, through, One, Two. Passing through. Passing now. From sleep we are passing? Déjà vu! Hit me with your voo goo. Daysends burn flows thro the toon. Daysends burn flows thro the toon. Scary shit, ah! No? Woooo! There's a party going on somewhere. One, maybe two. Passing now. One. From sleep we are passing. Two. The wikeawades world from sleep we are passing. Three, and GO!

Happy Nowakeup.

Dream again. Dream of waking? That which reaches us about it all? Shall we spread it here now? Rewind to exit if needed.

—*It will give you wings like a butterfly. You want to go for something really crazy? I will take you to something new, a new universe.*

I just wanna get high! The Rosalixion will make the first be the last, and open up the gate to, shh!, at last.

[not a land within a land any longer. Sound generating heat breaking barriers holding the banner high held in a dream I will join you my arms extend through this world, do I dig lift or bury wait procrastinate or panic heavy eyes moon undersea settling for tiptoeing to the horizon of your dream with me.]

Having ventured deeper where many rivers are named we made it into our new world. We left the century we were born in and got a good glimpse of what lies beyond the river's end. Here is where it all began, the shifty Posion, our souls. There showed to be a twist to this storyverse we had not predicted, a twist the nature of which decency can scarcely hint. Just for one thing, you drink of the Spice, and only watching the existential fabrics weave the history of the universe back to the moment you drank of it, and the future it seems, or should I, God forbid, say *seams*? She is a yellow surprise! How do you deal with such a thing? In any case, the first thing I said when we had landed is: *Do you understand what we could do with this stuff!?* The Spice, that is.

—Landing proceeding smoothly. Rigging location.

From all stretches of time we landed. Everything had suddenly changed. And it was a goodbye to the old, and a saying hello to the new. And we painted our minds hello to the Rosy Dawn.

From a thousand sides the story untangled itself. From a thousand angles we arrived, new, fresh, young, and old as heaven itself. May I, Queen? May I speak of the? O for the sake of Rosalix, never had I imagined anything this marvellous! This is the stuff of fairytales. This is the stuff one cannot even dream up. And the

Queen told us to hide it well, but she also said: compare yourself right, tell a friend. And so we speak of it.

And She spoke. And we began talking.

And we began to go quite autobiographical suddenly. Suddenly the stories of Man were cast reflected as our own lives and adventures. Life was suddenly a hyperdimensional story unfolding, complete with flaws and twists and turns and ups and down and ins and outs. A book like something we had never imagined before.

—Landing proceeding smoothly. Preparing for large data transmission and synchro reload. Getting close to end and beginning from perspective Rose Garden.

Hold on to your hat, we're going poison positionally shifty.

THE infinite being takes the decanter of wine into its hands. It dreams of someone it remembers as it pours itself a cup of the redviolet poison nectar.

Purple, the colour of night's darkness. There in the meadow. And staying quite briefly in an eternity they met Fairy, or Butterfly as is also her name. And she said: *Love binds it all together.*

—Ambrosial, says the infinite being and holds the wine decanter against the flame of a candle. Immortal living vegetable gold.

The infinite being drinks.

—Somewhere I am sure I will see your face.

Deep deep inside. The memory.

Suddenly Spiros wakes up on the bed in the adobe house by the river. He is all sweaty from intense dreams. He rises to his feet in the darkness of the night. There stands Sissy, holding a red rose. Spiros walks up to her they hug. He tries to speak, but no sound will come from his throat. Sissy says nothing, just looks at him, looking rather shocked. Spiros realizes that he is still sleeping and gestures with his hands to Sissy that he will try to go back to bed and he walks across the earthfloor to the bed. When he lies down and puts his head on the pillow his eyes shoot open and he wakes up with a shock. He is all sweaty from intense dreams. He rises to his feet in the darkness of the night. There stands Sissy, holding a red rose.

—What if? What if? What if we're all... What if we are...?

A buzzing sound is heard, and the mysterious One makes an appearance.

—I'm having difficulties moving, Spiros utters. Something to do with the backwards flowing of time and the unravelling of the paradox. Dennis spoke of this. Time is flowing in more directions than one, simultaneously.

Sissy walks up to him and whispers:

—One puff, one sip. The Rosalixion. Press the dial.

—The sound-dial?

—I don't know.

A flock of birds sound in the distance, confirming that Sissy and Spiros are actors on a stage where the most unfathomable

operation is under way; that they are part of an event that rings through all of hyperspace.

—The birds, says Spiros. The hen at the experiment at La Chorrera. Confirmation.

—The flying saucer waits warmly humming at the end of history, says Sissy quoting Terence. It is the perfected human mind.

—Darling, darker, says Sissy as she fingers with the things on the table.

She looks over her shoulder. Spiros blows out a few candles. Sissy turns and continues fingering with the things on the table, preparing, arranging. Spiros sits down and writes in his diary, casting a glance at Sissy every now and then as she works like some sort of engineer with the puzzle. Spiros writes:

First part of hypersigil finished, in time for our first return. We named the sigil *Fit to Talk a Dream*. The gem has been secured on the far shore (after the end of the River), and the dream is rigged and ready. The river is still, however, untangling itself and reshaping our world. We are back where we recently drank of the brew, back in our modest little house by the river. Sissy is preparing another batch. We shall soon venture again.

We cannot express in words our gratitude for being part of this miracle. And our disguise is perfect. Calling down the UFO we found that we...I feel it is unsafe at this moment to say or write the final words of that sentence. But now we understand why the words were put out: *powerful, magical, evil*. Things can twist in ways seemingly impossible. And we are landing from the far stretch. From elsewhere. Here we are, gods, gods who have landed. All standing at the foot of an even greater mystery.

Her black hole pupils open.

—Hi Sis.

—Hi Spir.

—Hi, says Wintjabernatrice.

—It was the longest flirt ever, says Sissy and giggles. How me met.

Wintja and Spiros giggle.

—I can't believe we are back, says Wintja.

—Me neither, tush, says Sissy.

Spiros rises from the bed and walks over to the table where he begins to fill his pipe for a smoke.

—If you smoke after sex you are probably doing it too quickly, laughs Wintja.

—Yes I don't know what went wrong, Sissy laughs. We'll have to do it again.

Atoms. Suns. Galaxies. Smoke.

Spiros fires up the pipe.

—Ahhh, he let's out in delight. Daddy is feeling good.

—Mommy too, says Sissy.

—This mommy too, says Wintja.

—*The Family*, says Spiros. When I woke up that time in the middle of the night and was sure that the book would be called *The Family*. Makes sense.

Spiros smokes a few puffs and walks out of the house to pick two flowers. He returns with the flowers and holds them toward Wintja and Sissy.

—Here is my love for you as two black hole flowers, he says.

He sighs.

—Or something like that, he continues.

—Thank you, peach, says Wintja and smiles. Have you made the flower?

Sissy also says thank you and Spiros says that he thinks Sissy has made the flower. But he admits that he may be responsible for the stamen of the corona, and that he really couldn't hold himself from masturbating, thinking of Sissy and Wintja, before they went to bed for the first time. He just *had* to come. Wintja ponders this

and counters by mentioning the notion that they were all dreaming of each other in the same time, and that

—We also wanted a cock. You know, your cock. So we are also responsible for the stamen. We wanted something to put in ourselves.

And then they were all stuck for a few minutes, pondering the whole situation again, for how their universe began was still a mystery to them, a mystery they often pondered and spoke about. Spiros soon sits down on the edge of the bed and puffs his pipe and looks out across the room, speaking to himself, and Sissy and Wintja lie close together under the blanket, whispering;

—He's crazy, our husband, whispers Sissy smiling and feels Wintja's lips with her finger.

Wintja giggles.

—I had to masturbate too, she soon says.

—Yepp, me too, says Sissy.

—So, who came first? asks Spiros.

—There is no chronological order to things so that's a flawed question. Or, maybe there is some, I'm not sure yet. Not much in any case.

—Give me a puff, babe, says Sissy and reaches for the pipe.

Spiros hands it to her and as she puffs they all watch the forming galaxies of the smoke with large eyes and smiling faces. From the stereo is heard Spiros' new song, *The Flying Saucer Waiting at the End*. Wintja and Sissy soon turn toward Spiros.

—It is time, they say.

Spiros nods gently.

—Ready for the rosylation of the premises. Computing for flaws that shouldn't be there.

One perfect sunrise. Say hello to the Rosy Dawn. Rising, rosing, the river, the Dream, welcome the white stream. Bottom line: dawnsound unison.

And the flames of Our certain kind of fire up the walls is the sign that now, now it is spring: the first spring.

Landscape of your Mythworld settling over Mytilan: It is spring in Plomari. Of your myth make a body, and the body

reincorporates into its new world, without any separation. Alchemical victory already announced on the far shore – it is secured – so pop that bottle and tap your glass against the moon and celebrate. Incorporating. Fusing body and spirit. Flower open. Preparing to open the gates, first hall is the City of No Addresses. Calculating fastest and most harmonious way. Longest way round is shortest way home?

—Spiros flying into his head from the far stretch, landing at appointed location. Sissy flying into her head from the far stretch, landing at appointed location. Wintja landing at appointed location. There is a clog in one of the veins between Mytilan and appointed landing location. Royally removing clog as quickly as possible. We welcome you home again, darelings. Hope the journey and landing went smooth. Getting closer. Untangling riverdream. Searching for any possible summarization. Possible summarizations found thus far: *Welcome home. Welcome to Plomari. Beyond the river's end lies something so magical it cannot be imagined from here. Alchemical Victory. We are the bees of the invisible and we have hooked up hyperspace with time and space and are ready to make the next move. What do you want?* Ending search for summerization upon request. Team solving riddle. Definition of details will now get clearer. Prepare to write the manual. Superrevelation close, it will ignite the Bomb. Backward and forward in same time, plus the third. You are presently at the far half of the stretch. Phrase *paradisiacal machine with a time fuse* announced to be close to the point. Asking for permission to sharpen contours of the Rosalix.

(*← * +)

—Ready? asks Wintja.

—I'm ready, says Spiros.

—Me too, says Sissy.

—Full symphony synchrotron up and running. Hint: when you move I move. Mindstorm synchro-symphony. The Cogan technicians landing smoothly at appointed locations. Gyre tightening. Rigging your location. Enjoy the superfluid.

Sissy giggles, and it makes Wintja giggle, and that makes Spiros giggle.

—Woooo! shouts Spiros. Let's move!

Gone with the wind. When Sissy wakes up she notices Spiros and Wintja are gone. She rolls across the bed and out of it, rises to her feet. The tree at the centre of the house, which was small when she fell asleep, is now huge and has broken through the roof. On the table lies a book. She reads the title: *The Rosalixion*. Inside the book lies an envelope, yellowed by age. She pours herself some wine, opens the envelope, and reads the letter within:

So, darling. We made it, again. We are in the City of No Addresses. And you know what that means. It means navigation is very difficult. Shall we stay this time? Wake up forever? Let's stay with the bees and the flowers. We have succeeded with going absolutely insane (hihihi)—the first part of the trick. Now let us build our web, hooking up with the Superweb.

The opportunity for alchemical marriage with the alien exists now. Become the Other.

We are transforming, dearest.

We are transcendent. See you soon.

S & W

As you might have understood by now, it has very many angles this event, the Rosalixion. Difficult to narrate as it involves no chronological order. But that is part of the Rosalixion, this messiness. In fact, it is one of the quintessential keys.

Sissy makes her way to the apartment on Leavingbye Road. The apartment has been completely trashed; empty wine bottles lie all over the place and there is a sticky layer of molten sugar on the floor, the table is flipped over and the place smells of tobacco and Spice.

In the like abandoned world we play

Sissy looks at the ripped book pages that lie here and there and follows a trail. When she finds what she was looking for she kisses

one of the walls close to where she found the note, marking the wall with a red lipstick mark. She laughs.

—Opened up again, says Sissy. The tomb. Blink to me somewhere where I am.

She looks around. In a corner she sees an eyewink twixyblink— from Wintja.

—The computer mouse is all messed up, says Spiros trying to use the computer. It's all covered in molten sugar.

—Damn our lives are good, says Wintja.

Wintja and Spiros leave the apartment on Leavingbye Road 216 and make their way to restaurant Berns where they meet up with the publisher.

—So what is your obsession about death, Spiros? says the publisher. After having read parts of the manuscript I...

—O it's not about death. It's code. And. Chaos magick is more correctly called the pact of Thanateros, or just the pact. Thanateros is two gods, Eros and Thanatos the Greek gods of sex and death.

—Is your book about chaos magick?

—No, I'm just saying. As an example.

—What's wrong with death anyway? says Wintja. The book is about immortality, you know. And something even more grand.

—O, nothing wrong with it, says the publisher, just that maybe it's not the most uplifting theme to have as part of a novel.

—This is the most heavily guarded road there is... says Wintja and smiles.

—Well did you notice the sex in the script? says Spiros.

—Yes, a little here and there. So, sex and death and magic. That's your theme yes? says the publisher.

—O I don't want to define it, sir, it's far to free for that, says Spiros. But yes that little threesome is part of the deal.

—Can you summarise for me what the book is about? says the publisher.

—I have strict orders from the Queen to not open my mouth about it, sir, says Spiros.

Spiros lights his pipe.

—No, sir, to be honest, Spiros soon continues. It's about chocolate. And, eh...mushrooms and, eh, girls, bisexuals girls from another existence and, about, eh... about a bird, too, two birds actually, and a housefly, and a few cows, and, eh, some other stuff.

—What kind of other stuff?

—Well eh, actually, about, eh, laser. And, eh...a certain kind of chess, and eh, there's this pillowfight going on, and it turns really cute, and, eh. O and also there's this, well, it's a, it's a...hard to explain but, uhm...

The publisher, Mr Boore, back from his meeting with Spiros and Wintja, enters his office and sits down to read again some of the manuscript he has received from Spiros; the manuscript full of wine stains and what Mr Boore makes out to be dry birdshit. He adjusts his glasses on his nose and then flings open a page at random and begins to read:

Our story, says Tadeja, is a finale, brimming with beautiful people, adventure, Eros, and victory.

—Well listen now, says David. I have something fluid to say.

—Don't talk in tongues, dear, you can not. Leave that to me. Say what's on your mind, plainly.

—Well let's face it. We can't yet fly with the jewel at will. The key of passage is not yet in our hands. When the dust settles our opus is revealed to be flawed. We write history as we speak, you can't get off of that.

—Christofle is your name today, O brave husband of mine. Yes. Call the press! Halt the printers!

—We take back everything we've ever said, says David.

Butterfly comes walking in to the room on gentle feet, naked and wet, wet rose petals here and there on her skin.

—I know what flaws are, she says. Say the words then take them back. Does this ring a bell? That as a team of competent clueless beings they had proceeded energetically and with success from the known to the unknown and back again, finding paradise by fearlessly entering the uncertainty of the unknown, travelled back and forth between paradise and somewhere else, then entered paradise and now found themselves in paradise, having access to the door and the key allowing free egress and free ingress? Now join me in the bathtub.

She turns and walks back to the bathroom. Tadeja and David look at each other.

—She’s got a point there, says David.

Mr Boore quickly gives up and throws the manuscript on his desk and walks out of his office to his secretary.

—This is total bullshit, he says. This guy Spiros Cogan I met, his work. We can’t publish this.

—I see. What’s it about? asks the secretary.

—I haven’t got a clue and I don’t want to know, says Mr Boore. I have been looking around the manuscript and it just doesn’t make sense.

—Spiros Cogan, says the secretary. The name seems familiar. Isn’t he part of the production team of some film? The upcoming one. *Licks in the Pond*, I think it’s called.

—He seems all obsessed with erotica that young man. Licks and kisses all over the place and naked chocolate and threesome marriages and lesbian love and bare breasted bodyguards serving the Honey Queen. Aphrodite in the spring of sex and magic. He told me a bit about his book during our meeting and I’ll tell you, sex sex sex, so much sex!

—Threesome marriages?

—Yes.

—That’s...pretty outrageous.

—It's not something our publishing house can send out to the public anyway.

—Let me see the script, says the secretary.

Mr Boore walks in to his office again and fetches her the script, and Miss Casey, the secretary, grabs it from him and sits down to read. She stumbles onto a passage:

O Flora! Let us become the couple we once were, and brighten the Earth and polish the sky! Remember? We once lived together, confident in our living and our loving and our Artistry. You were my Muse, I was your husband and your friend and your lover. You remember how it was? Beauty filled our days! Dear, I want to be with you again. I saw your rainbow today.

Let me refresh your memory, in case you have forgotten; with a kiss I do, a kiss on your green, and with touch of my fingers in your wet water. I call to you old friend, let us come to our senses! What ever happened to us!? What ever did come over us!? It is to save us. To save our dream and let live again what was before, the song of Beauty we sang by being.

I call to you by my song, I call to you, dear! Let us wed again!

—Why that's cute, says Miss Casey to herself and flips to another passage:

Having finished drinking of the special wine they lie naked on the green pasture under the apple tree, and like to flute's music they began their entry into the new world. Tadeja straddled David and kissed his chest and clawed her nails against his skin. David felt her milk skin with his warm hands; my original Eve. And then there came Butterfly walking towards them from within the forest.

—Together we shall live forever, said Butterfly and kneeled down and touched them both. Tonight let us walk off into our shimmering palace that lies hidden on this Earth.

They all lay down kissing and touching, embracing in the moonlit night, and began their journey.

—Look, said Butterfly soon as she rolled around happily on the grass to lie on her belly. The silvery door.

She pointed, and Tadeja and David looked in wonder as the ground turned semi-transparent, the roots of the trees shining silvery in the soil.

—Will you stay with me this time? Butterfly asked and gave them both a kiss.

—Forever we will stay with you.

—Then let us go to my dark bed, said Butterfly. And I will give you your every fantasy.

The three rose and hand in hand they walked into the now shimmering forest to venture deeper into the silvery palace.

Miss Casey looks up at Mr Boore's thoughtful face as he stands sipping a coffee.

—As far as I can see he is a terrible writer, says Boore. We can't publish this. He says it is fiction slash nonfiction, by the way.

Miss Casey nods, then flips to a new passage and reads:

(The church bell rings across Old Town its noon rings. Deep church music begins to sound across the whole of the city, through every mobile phone, every radio, every computer, every stereo, every telephone booth. The folks of Vast Exit, Red Mirroir, Pink Lip Kiss, Modus Escape, and The Subnatural Rescue Team spread out in the area. The streets are filled with soap bubbles. Exotic fragrances begin to perfume the air. Champagne, Bienvenue – Merci 1969, black bottles, in the thousands, are popped. Gear is rigged. Systems are initiated. A team of 69 people invade the Old Town Railway Station and swiftly cover it completely in the most exquisite graffiti art. Finished they place all empty spray cans in a strategic arrangement and then spread from centre out into the city. Erotic photographs, poetry, and paintings, lingerie, sextoys, coloured wigs, and candy, in masses, are placed here and

there around the entire city. A strange deck of playing cards is released from the highest building in the city. Large white ships and boats, yachts, catamarans, riverboats, runabouts, come in from all sides toward the centre of the city. A signal is bounced off the gold plated roof of the City Hall pillar.)

THE FLOWERSUN: Surrender to my gravity.

(Crop circles begin to appear on all the fields around the city, and on every rug in town. In the sky above opens a hole, a portal, miles wide. The sky is filled with silver discs, flying saucers, all shimmering like mercury.)

Miss Casey walks in to Mr Boore's office.

—Well I think it looks pretty cute, the book, she tells him. Let's speak with Spiros and see if he can modify it a bit to make it more accessible for a larger audience. But it's something new, you know, something different. I think people might like it. It's pretty imaginative.

—Why so much sex? says Spiros to Miss Casey. O it's not so much sex, just a little here and there. We are pretty kinky a chemists, we like a bit of erotica. My wife calls down the UFO with a lollipop in her mouth if you know what I mean.

—Who are *we*? I thought you were the writer of the book, says Miss Casey.

—I have a few co-writers but they like to remain in the background when it comes to public relations.

—Well, we might be able to publish your book if you could cut down on the sex in it.

—Hmm. I'm not sure if that will be possible. Butterfly likes it the way it is. She has tasted of the fruit, so to say. Gone wild.

—At least consider it.

—I will talk to the Queen about it, Madame, says Spiros.

—Less sex!? laughs Wintja and slides her hand down her thigh as she sits there on the bed. Never! More sex!

—Well then we'll have to find another publisher, says Spiros.

—I still say we shouldn't publish at all. Let's keep our secrets.

—No, it's custom, dear, anyone who has access must leave the door slightly ajar as they leave.

—I know, I know. Well let's just hide the codes in an enormous orgy at Elysium then, so to speak. You have to kiss the bum of the Queen to reach the Palace. Yes? Ah? Good?

The white crow flies through the room carrying a little rose, and sits down close to Wintja who takes the bird onto her hand.

—For we are deeply disturbed and deeply happy, aren't we, dear, says Wintja to the bird. Hihi. Did I get a rose? Thank you, love.

—Now come here my butterfly, drink wine with me under the mercury moon, says Spiros and raises chalice toward Wintja.

Wintja rises from the bed and walks over to Spiros who lets his hand slide across her bum and they kiss, a long wet kiss, and Wintja then brings forth the decanter of wine and pours more wine. From the stereo streams the song *Around the World In a Tea Daze* and Wintja begins to dance around the palace, spinning around joyously, spilling wine. Spiros watches his sweet daemon with burning desire and love as she dances around in The Silvery Palace.

—I just wanna get high!

As the music stops Spiros begins to sing. He sings

I haven't written any lyrics to this song, baby

I'm just gonna sing a little bit

Because baby mmm you are yummy

And I just wanna get high high high with you

And drink strawberry champagne

So when you're done doing all that girly stuff of yours

Why don't you come over here

I can put a little candy down your panties

And I know you love when I put a candy down your panties

And I know why

For who's gonna pick up that candy from your panties?

Me or you?

*And I can give you a little strawberry lollipop
And I can kiss you and watch you lick the lollipop
You know I love watching you lick and suck that lollipop
So when you're done running around
Doing all that girly stuff you do
Then why don't you come over here to me, baby
And I can lift your skirt a little bit
And put a candy down your panties
Yeah who's gonna pick up that candy this time?
You know I love it when you pick it up yourself
Sticking down your hand into those panties
bababababababapapapapapa
And I couldn't sing that line because I had strawberry champagne in
my mouth
And baby this is a love song to you
And you drive me mad and I don't know why and I don't care
because you drive me wild
And you're my rivergirl
And I'm your strawhat boy
Watching you undress by the river*

—Yes, whispers Wintja. I'm your little candygirl.

Dear letterwriters, whirl back through your own story-wind to tale the Garden rise into all presents. That kiss was indeed laced. Close to the hall of secrets now, O difficult to touch. Say the words. Your rebus has created tinkerling toys for the Gods to play with, coloured balls, in Eternity? Here we are. You are pushing your way into this world we notice. One string of words will open up the gates to the Marvellous Hall of Worlds. We are arriving through the reads. Do you know the secret name? Eyes intersect all centuries visible. Here we talk and there we talk, on the sending and the responding evening. Reshaping the world, reshaping the cosmos, bending the geometry. Yes, she did bend over. But I thought we were to keep the secret? No? And not to mention the silvery palace. Little Black Dress. Rip it tonight, baby!

Rosaclock junction

—Ut vivat volumen sic pereat pourover-doses!

Let the wild garden live!

EVERYWHEN CROSS-SECTION
of ATEMPORAL ASPACIAL PATTERNS.

Peek, peek. I have found my way out, but something clings still. Take a turn anywhere, says a sign (Am I on another level?). Eden here? How about channel-hopping round the spell to reach it? Quick leaps. To see the world upside down is helpful, standing on ones head. Where am I again? Ground control, you here? Am I in a corner in the story? (For all within prismic range.)²⁸ I am waking up, again. In Eden in a bed with a key in my head to a myriad of Worlds, having been on a long adventure. It was the wine! It was the wine that made it happen! The poison wine. It changed

²⁸ For the soul, the death she has lived through becomes the life she dies into?

everything, And then: How a world is done, writing about it. Where are those keys now? Now? The great delirium! Yes! There it is, flashing: the three dimensional hyperdimensional *worldstory*. A story about. And then. And out of it there came. And here it unfolds. And then it folded. Fools too? A story about what? It began with the words: History is ending. No. It did not begin there, but that was the first drop. Why did we return? Again? *I'm the darkest lady on the taste on your tongue*. In the dark river made of dream and mind we were. Now we are in the eternity.

*What lies beyond the river's end is
something so marvellous it cannot be
imagined from here*

CROSSECTION

rosaclock junction

And out we went, like Alice through the whole (we are kind of everywhere now). Where am I now? A loophole in the geometry of the story? She is so sweet, angelina angelina, the waitress of the envelope! Come, hour of the rose, and told an end to my stays in the language of history! Timelock on? Time to dissolve the substance (stone) in the water? Let your dreams run free. And all parts in turn visiting all parts of the storyboard. And then something was born. A virgin birth, we came out of our foreheads. And here I sit now, larger than an apple, my body all semitransparent. I am Spiros, a myth. The rosy flesh dami'mit, shimmering of archlight. She came from the other side, dear Wintjabernatrice. *Did I dream you into being?* you said. What a strange lovely family we are. Spiros, the strangest child ever born, she called me (I never was a cornflake boy). He's not human, he. And his delusions of grandeur, said some (Some people seek fortune and fame. Others create their own legend. Others create their own eternity from the beginning of the universe and disappear without a trace out the dark river. Because of love. The long correspondence through mostly all stretches of time became

a dirty correspondence before the three went to the secret bed and left). Made him leave the world in search of what brought him here, to find a halluhole in the gemometry that lead him back and in to where he actually came from. Old boy wanderer found the source. Was a good disguise, those first years of my life. Can't go around telling people you come from elsewhere. They'd put you in the mental ward, lock you up. I flew here as a *lux phoenix*, through an eye. Made myself a body. The stars are neurons in the cosmos that is my brain (You still can't remember where it started, can you Mr Him Diamond!?). Can't say that, people would think you're crazy. Married to two women too, crazy bastard. Some kind of circus. Who does he think he is? Some kind of god? And the myth settles over a thought and forth I pop, from my own forehead. Mercury mirror and the Love Story of the Saucies. What century are we in? Good hiding as a white dove, my Evatrice, you woman of the first moment, ultimate shapeshifter. The sun reminds me of your face. I miss you, darling.

—I'm here. I'll be here and you'll be near, and that's the deal my dear. For now. The Dove and the Crossador, remember?

Got it as to a far-reaching thought it went into the web we made to catch ourselves in flighty fantasyworld we created the dream where we made ourselves a home, you remember my dove? (Of course a white dove! What else! Hihihhi), I heard you calling to me from the passage where we winked goodbye as our crime was set in motion (what rules did we set up? The plot. The wiring under the board in eternity. Venturing deeper through the ringnot we passed a pipe that could be the one funnel of release, I say we meet by the meeting place we arranged for us at deathends. Check angel. Remove selection? Check angle.

Signed *Your King*, "architect of the pyramids", architect of *Eternity*, *Speros*, Mr Him Diamond.

And the information about the event was inserted holographically into the space-time stream, piece by piece. Rosacalendric schemata follow we, hah!? Clockmonth smoothmoon of the seconds hour of the first world come back? Rephrase that perhaps? Rephrase. O! The moon is standing in a sweet corner! Yes! Yes! Yes, now I remember. (If you have any codes to the next. Always advance.) A story about? And the Queen. Now I see why I woke up in the middle of the night shouting: *The Family, the book shall be called The Family!* We Ching, we change, we CHN. My chnop? The wine, the apple, the kiss, the whisper, the crime, the secret. I was practically there when it all started, she said. Hahahae! It all makes sense! Like a Latin dictionary tells you all about yourself and the hiStory it all makes sense.

And should we even here at such an uneven angle give ourselves the privilege of saying that the warped but symmetrical light, weaves off the drops off the lens off the 4D PrismD world in flint of you, the immediate moment at the centre of many times in this history?, and communicating through campfire and, and birds come to check the rosy weather, & suddenly you find a geometry to the waterstructure of the Everything that you had not seen before, & handed spiral painter you pass a tome, transcribed radar light off the psilo timeweb, & voices shout excitedly behind your eyelids "It is time! Get ready! Here we go!". Popp. Popp. Poppo. And here you are.

We are talking to the rosalexion? Is the Eschaton...really... really? (Sidenote from ground control as we're in hyperspeed: The underlying structure of it all calls into play the opposite of whatever tool you thought necessary to divine the surface). Talking about it does look great in person. What's that all about? Rosy flesh, that certain kind of crystalline, part of it all too. We wanted something beautiful, something with pleasure in it and joy. Victory. The Victorious Plum (It can handle backwards through time). Brewing with the world as our pot. That's why we dreamed only good things. We wanted all the godly goodies. I remember when it began to open and fold. The story. We landed in bed, in an Edun of sorts, naked. One night and one day stretched out across all the ages of time. One perfect sunrise. How marvellous do you want it to be? you asked me at our first kiss. What shall we do when we enter the house of Eternity? What do

you want? My love, my sweet evil love. I got a little place nearby, wanna come? Don't blame me, 'Twas told long ago.

Let me tell you about the call that changed my destiny. Me and my mates went out to end our misery. I was about to give up when there she was. I said *what the living fuck?* She said hi, I got a little place nearby, wanna come?

As long as we know it. Can't you read all way through my clothes? We are like that, have always been, speaking so the wind carry our words far off in time, to become legendary. To become escapeways out of prisons, too. But we know the centre theme. And the way She can use language; to build worlds, to reshape worlds, to create. Teaching us. *As a world is done, speaking about it.* (Eve, how was it now?) She with the honey-tongue. Here lives a great joy, She said as we searched for the morning star. Catl geu docu. I sense the outbreak of a psychosis. Let me tell you, she said, on this eve of new release, about what lies in my backlobe, as we are kemin to come destined as we are to speak in the tongue of all languages, loving with the great beacán in history. Laws of Lliffeyant! O me O my, yikes!, theres a sopp in our slip opera! We can speak with the futr in time to change it all into a party! We are poised, we are ready. *Vill du gift dig med mig, dear poisoness you?* Perhaps we should say that there is a certain detail to all of this that is a bit elusive. Liquid storyland. The love letters were hyperdimensionally delivered. Sent between us— life to death to mind to spirit to body to soul to the dark river to man to woman to forward to backward to being madly in love with you I am madly in love with you, madly in love with you.²⁹

Did you form for me? Could we really have conjured this?

—Can we do this?

—Yes, we can.

—Can we really do this?

—Yes we can!

—I want you. Will you? Will you really?

Yes I will, yes.

We shallt trick time. Let us leave. Shall we leave through a chosen favourite painting of ours? Hihih.

²⁹ We of the journey of the Lapis are somewhat isolated sometimes and ourselves subject to continual change and build in the language of view and history curvature.

Going from a white bed there was a.

—Write into every corner! Spiros hears Wintja shout.

Midnight.

The path: the demand that things be more strange, more beautiful, more astonishing than they have ever been. This we followed. And it lead us to...

(There was here for the turn of a sentence into a hand reaching from the liquid story the continuous play of communication, the mentioned love letter correspondence, and the very tricky to name continuous shwimmel of loveintoxicated dreaming in the name of letting the liquid story flow freely in the name of the alchemical victory (or would you rather be here reaching *your* hand in this case? Then turn from chosen angle into preferred for smooth transition. Bridge (verb). So it headed on into the unknown for the sake of discovering.)

It, peeping in round the corner. Close your eyes and see the.

That first flash of Eden and then... For you dear could I leave everything, make a fool out of myself as we left off into musky madness, for you are truly mad and the only one I could ever fall in love with. You keep me young. You keep me childish. You keep me free. You and I, together in Eternity. I shallt never return. Your divine madness is all I ever want. You with the laced kiss, sting of the Queen.

It's close now. Orgy at the hyper-dimensional post office. Day to *night*. Day to *night!* In through the dark portal, out out out! We are popping out of the wordwork, Your Majesty.

Was that a dream? said Sissy.

Wintja laughed. And we were back. Back in the Eternity we began in.

Take my hand and let me be spelled, dear. You were my body, I'm still your memory.

Clouded operation, chain of beuoox.

Yours in swooning eternities

SISSI and Wintjabernatrice come in to the room babbling and giggling. They throw some strawberries at Spiros as he sits there by the table and Wintja says to him:

—What are you doing you old sock?

—I'm proofreading the script, says Spiros.

—What is there to proofread? It's been written by the story. Spelling mistakes included.

—Well I needed to check some details.

—Want some wine? asks Sissy.

—Yes, says Spiros.

Wintja pours him a glass and hands it over. Spiros rises to his feet and smiles big and raises a finger of warning.

—But it didn't end there! he exclaims. The story continued, now at the other side, where hyperspace begins, if I may for a moment jokingly say that hyperspace at all has a begiNNing.

—Where were you in the story? asks Wintja.

—In bed.

—We created you because we wanted a male toy, teases Sissy.

—Alien sextoy, says Spiros. Bunny-girl Alice wanted a little Barbie boy.

—Lick my slime-ride, says Butterfly with a moan and thinks of how Spiros and her shall arrange their wedding.

—You are so boyish sometimes to be old as the universe, teases Wintja and looks at Spiros' happy boyish face.

—I stopped aging at twenty-three, says Spiros. Now listen.

And arrived the new words, like drops into a fluid geometry of dream that lacks chronology, the oil-slime of Forever (the minus-smile ride! O NO WAAAAAAA!). *Her passion to make creation witches.* And the info, altered reproductions and it happens to come from outside time too, usually through agents of hyperspace two feet at a time like Sissy, Butterfly and Spiros and the others, as complete list life stream and data to born sons and daughters of this important information, and some additional information about how much less and more per hour and minute, hooking up with centuries, and a single for the fast, like saying it is of the universe of transmutations and contains information from the well fastest and well respected Doctor Dj of Motion. (Scratch the slie ride!) Love-dungeon Dun Len Lek Kel, Bianca and Bernard and themselves. Love. Mushroom-related dot mushroom.

—O and just on way up the river here, who *is* the dramatic loci in this tale?

—Well we are, honeypunch.

—Right, right.

—It took a booklong string of words to claxonise ourselves in the universe, remember? And the universe is a rosalixion, and the rosalixion is a booklike universe. It's a bit complicated, but yes.

—I'm kind of lost here. Did we write this book? Okay let us stop right here. Dead end.

—Death ends, my love, when we...

—Don't finish the sentence.

—When we melt into the tantric union.

For the need (it would be confusing otherwise) this important list of the latest details of this partial summary the Soul Plane blends to keep the fluids running; a decision by us, to work here and to complete this spiral to allow the flowers to burst through. We are forwardscrambling to claim this now and when you're ready to receive this letter the gate to the new worlds will open for you. You are being contacted.

Spiros continues to arrive by reading out loud from the manuscript:

—Contains a multipart message to you. Receive further information in any verse. Keep on making noise, is there something I should know? To ignore this secret that includes xxx would be insanity. Around Midsummer our use of the subcraft must have been systematically ignored and the same with the purpose of the crime by people instead reading books that although contain most of a well enough secret piece of the puzzle did not teleframe the timetransformed occurrences of the inner spectrum of the centre Sun bouncing through eyes that see parts of it when we talk like this, to recommend events where the Subcraft With Wavepatterns pairs this along by many of print in high speed and partly by means of a reputable fluid, to experimentally swallow from the chalice (Must be. Created by the book, nothing else).

—Yeah I told you that, says Wintja. Quote: they tried to buy him after finding such a valuable individual but he was already on the side of the criminals.

Spiros nods.

—The approach toes the line? Spiros continues. What about all the weird things like *why won't the maginicine garden ride the structure?* Our bios acquaintance jokes beside the critic, for indeed the speaker leaps upon the abstract stone past the originator.

—The word is syntactical. The world is syntactical, says Sissy.

—The physical universe, continues Spiros and raises his finger at Sissy to point out the synchronicity. Dr Cogan here for more information answers to Earth. Warning for sloppy design in attempt to touch the inner circuits. Elsewhere so called an excuse, and citing so called Hades and having and have lived before? And what about the secret team? Published in ways space and the question arose “why is not an unusually massive worldwide program put together larger than modern orthodox scientific establishment for more effective movement?”: information answers to x. News Flash: it’s already been put together. Call it our hidden metropolis. We plan ahead and we plan backwards. It can accelerate a man or woman of us to know this, it’s also known as the Secret of Time (see the sharp edge of the camouflage? Our secret physics!). UFO. Successful at the mere presence of Subcraft fusing with falling back issues. Such as the folks of the experiment or demo, without ground and organization and underground, now are developing an apparatus and system that have extensions in vicinity of the Disc of each itself, and the hologram or hallugram, through the late technicians generating this time, which’s workings are all detailed in the motions. If one dimension of information which is included in the spiral, a secondary gravitational force comes into play similar to psychic futurist Sissy’s notion of communication with the alien and the Logos and the releasing of oneself into the imagination. Every resulting inter. That’s in one way how it works, the creation or building of the hookup devise. Just follow the manual written with large gold letters across your entire space-time continuum.³⁰

Dilutes your soul to leave. We had to do it this way; the way of the procedure. Now with the brilliance of the nameless One upon us it is time to leave, pray; let yourself be guided, you will be shown the way. Flee, gods, one clean turn. Experience in awe the majesty of stellar spring. Do it. Do it! She will be wilds of joy.

³⁰ Sidenote: Where you are sitting is where you are reading it from. You are reading it in your point in history and hyperspace.

Here it comes now, approaching. When the rosy morning comes you will see there's nothing made up.³¹

Spiros sips some Spice and looks at Wintja and Sissy.

—Did you notice anything incorrect in the mix? he asks.

—Not really, says Sissy, but I think we can alter the circuits a bit in there for more precise application into the system.

Mr Boore and Spiros talk over the phone about the book, Mr Boore now having read more of the manuscript at the urging of Miss Casey.

—So what is your key audience? Mr Boore asks.

Silence. Mr Boore clears his throat, smiles.

—Why lesbian erotica, if I may ask? he continues.

—Well I'm a lesbian in a man's body, says Spiros. And besides, it's a threesome alchemical marriage we are dealing with here.

—Why must it be a threesome? Isn't that a bit...too much?

—What's wrong with it? Remember, we are gods. You have to expect a bit of both this and that from beings like us. Besides, the only good plot is a delayed fuck, as Louis Mayer said. And a dirty mind is forever joy, as Wilde said. Did I just misquote him?

—I simply don't think too much of the public will appreciate to read about lesbian erotica, says Mr Boore, neither will they appreciate marriages between angels, aliens and humans or whatever it is your book is about.

—Perhaps not, says Spiros. But keep in mind that the public is screwed in the brain, boring, and dangerous. It's just a good thing Mr Boore, it will filter out the boring fucks from the fun folks, you see? The ones who can accept the threesome get access to the letter. See? Not that there is any such thing as *the public* but you get my point.

—I can follow your train of thought but...that's a bit of an odd position to take...especially when you want to *sell* a book.

³¹ As I go deeper and deeper into mental disintegration and madness I am becoming more and more sure that life is like a novel.

—Well the truth is harsh sometimes isn't it. And besides, I don't want to *sell* the book. The book is a royal delivery to certain people.

—Royal delivery?

—Yes.

—From who? You?

—Can't say, sorry.

—Well, so what is the center message of the book? Is there any?

—I can't say there is, no. On one level the book is an excessively detailed invitation card. The royal court (Queen's) does these kind of terribly intricate things pretty often, you know. It's also a love letter correspondance. And part of a manual. It's a map.

—Invitation to what?

—That has been strategically placed out all across the print landscape. Signed with every word.

—Why all this mysteriousness? Can't you just be plain about it?

—Orders from the Queen, sir.

—Is this part of some kind of a conspiracy?

—No, sir.

—I don't know if I can take the chance with your book. It's just too strange. And poorly written.

—I understand, Mr Boore, and I thank you for having at least taken a look at the script.

—I haven't made my final decision however, says Mr Boore.

Wintja throws in a line:

—It's an invitation to something so beautiful it's on the brink of terror.

—Beauty at the brink of terror, says Spiros.

—What? says Mr Boore.

—Nevermind, says Spiros.

—I just don't know if I can be responsible for sending out a book to the public that at least in appearance is pure nonsense, says Mr Boore.

—I understand, sir.

—The world of books is a tough market you know. You must give the public what they want or you won't sell, and if you don't

sell you won't get attention, and if *you* don't get attention it's my loss, my publishing house's lost.

—I understand, Mr Boore. Again, thank you for having taken the time to look at the script.

—I must say it has some interesting aspects though, your book. I can see the shimmer of great literature in your work, but just a shimmer. It's your obsession with aliens and sex that destroys your work in my opinion. You could be a new Lewis Carroll if you would just get past those little obsessions of yours.

—It's just that I am madly in love, sir, says Spiros. You know what being in love can do to you. And I don't write fiction.

—Indeed, love can drive you mad, laughs Mr Boore. But, another thing... Your usage of other people's work. You include a lot of phrases from books and lyrics of songs in your work, a bit too much in my opinion.

—Well we needed the stuff to build the starship. These artists walk around having put out bolts and screws that we needed for the production of the xxx.

—The xxx? The hardcore? says Mr Boore and laughs.

—Yes, sir. The hardcore...thing. The xxx.

—Well, I must say, I am pretty intrigued by your book in some strange way, even if I don't consider it material. You seem to have put down a lot of work on it if not else.

—Well we wanted to get all the details in in one fell sweep, says Spiros. We failed though so we are planning another book.

—O one more thing, says Mr Boore, you don't seem to know how to build up an orgasm in the course of the story. You must give the info to the reader like a lover, slowly, moving like a snake of Eros, build up momentum until it finally peaks.

—I know, it's just that I am in orgasm *all the time*, so that's reflected in the writing, says Spiros. But sir, my book is not a novel.

—I understand.

—The haunted ink, says Spiros.

—What?

—Nevermind.

—Because of the interaction of the whole with itself, there is only one way things can go, says Wintja. Quantum physics. Only one way things can go. It's about geometrical interaction. This way that things can go is not easily put in words, but this way is the way of the Great Transmutation, of life, of space and form itself.

—No! shouts Sissy. Immediately erase. That is the physics of the old world. Things are different now.

—It's a relevant point at one point in the space-time stream, says Wintja.

—No it's not. If it was then there would have been only one way for this to go now, and thus...

—I didn't say it is relevant now, I said it was relevant at one point.

—Well erase it, says Sissy. It's confusing. You *can* fool the workings of the prism.

—The slime ride! says Spiros.

Dear Madame,

My name is Spiros and I am twentyfive years old, at the moment living in the capital of swEden, Europe. I am married to a fungi of the Strophariaceae family and two bisexual Goddesses in a group marriage, and do my work with them in our art studio and alchemical palace here in Stockholm. You may have heard of my wives Sissy Cogan and Wintjabernatrice, they have published numerous books of their own.

I contact you concerning a true-story series of books I am writing. The first book, entitled The Mushroom Seamstress — Kama Sutra With the Mathematical Deepstructure of Nature, is already finished, as well as its equal The Slime Ride Pussy Slide & Billy The Kid Strikes Back With The Onesided Bullshit Cats.

As you at Duschhill Press obviously get many submissions I will keep this letter short and concise. In this envelope you will find a synopsis of the book, as well as a short bio of myself. My contact details are below. I have also sent you, as you see, a copy of book in hardcover print that I have arranged privately with a friend of mine in the printing business. Excuse the wine stain around page 69. The book is of course yours for the keeping.

*Sincerely,
Spiros*

Mr Spiros,

We thank you for your submitted manuscript but unfortunately your book is not what we are looking for at the moment. You obviously have a talent for stringing beautiful words together, but ultimately they signify nothing. Your book is too nebulous for our house. Best of luck finding a publisher.

Sincerely, Duschhill Press

THE dialog between us and the Other has led us thus far. Saucer. Watch, listen, observe. If things seem strange it might be because something stranger than a fairytale is coming alive.

You mean everything to me, my sweetly told religion. I don't care what other people think about me. I shall stay with you, my sweet love. *Enjoy what you enjoy, love what you love, and don't take crap from anybody.* Lessons to make me more clever, welcome! Sorry, we ain't got time for copyright. Store in heart. It will take you. You mean everything to me, my sweetly told religion. End saucer.

*From its position outside time
It inscribes in crystalline light
Into our world
The announcement of its coming*

—So, have we got the plan all worked out?

—Yes, you will be receiving the details in the usual fashion, says the Supervisor. You know how to read it all. Saussie is with you. And I ain't talking raspberry sauce am I?

A few words to mean it by. To deliver the message.

—Mr Boore called. He won't publish the script.

—Does it really matter?

—No.

—Besides, we've got it all sorted. Relax. You guys just continue to build the map and we'll sort a publisher. Charm the formula. And remember, everything is part of it. So you're always on the right track. Remember how it works?

—Yes, like dropping a marble from the edge of a bowl, down it will go to the bottom, in the same way everything falls naturally into place by the gravity pull of the future x.

—Exactly.

The map wyrks, so don't fix it. Mushroom.

The present found Himself affecting the Free, so study our papers, for the hidden Universe to us is in the foreground (or subspace, whichever word you may choose), therefore all the related acts

that are generated in space and ground from entering the new (People, nearing the statement) indicates that it is time here, catalyzed by portions of us Masters with mass UFO halluworld. (The answer moves. Everything is dynamic, including the answer.) Map.³² Since sound to mass is less than the sub plane of motion we used the secret tactics. The loveable hypnotists execute occurrences of spontaneous recall especially in a Soul Plane projection of sight then completely such as follows this victory. For UFO evidence supporting evidence that as described in *The Everywhere Book*, by God of Chemistry, is powered to fly at the Star City, more volume third factor (Death, Life, and the Third. On the wedding we have fun, then we might see orgy under the sun where no shadows fall) making a good sample, demands of the physical plane, or a fantasy!, although the zero materials directly occur. Initiates in this space of time, reactor from pages, your chosen rows, new form of the books to be displayed, disincarnate entities (we the honeybumble bee spiders of the invisible. Excuse us for our insectoid brilliance but you will forgive us for having conned you all, we promise! We got a lovely surprise for you!) can *pitched buzzing sound current* and do the work: self-selected to live in the White Starry, unrecognized genius, light of the universe, Life, wolf-angels, and the letters are created by It, as multifarious Star messages, passed on by the strangest of postmen and women, in the strangest of ways. An effect of Saucie the writer as well as a coming home, and you receive the letter in your brain and pass it on! When we made it clear that we are of It, producing open minds. This enzyme is called "last weekminutes here now", to propel the direction to find a photonphysical universe remaining that works just as planned, imagination free. And the example that was proposed by the Daddys and Mummys (located in their each uncharged state University or Soundgarden) which give whole new perspectives, it flew into place marvelously in front of the eyes of the receivers. For more a common universal within the rosae, and other phenomena in the spaces, therefore each group of the fewer stars then converts the shore; buzzing bees, Higher

³² —Are we being shown the path to escape this dense three dimensional reality?

—We are relearning how to engineer life out of its most fundamental parts, says Kinch.

Worlds and other experimental holocrafts via any of the tactics, at will can continue on to be whatever objects chosen: moving faster than airbooms, and it was successfully covered up in motion that we now take to the special books for the turning sideways. And what of the scattered metaphorical magnets? Of the brew called spice, phone the chemical mistress, lift the winephone and drink it. It was We who called the This and strangely enough a We who work with the psychedelic intelligence, the Entelechy, the Supreme Consciousness, was about the Star level and human perihelion point in mind disc via pushing forward at a secondary coil around the last turn. Cosmaspherea accomplished overhead entry using the *possibly* and *suddenly* and by us actually having the courage to move forward as magicians, taking for a full octave to laugh at the *inefficient*. Seemingly worthless distortions of our heads that turned out to be accurate! The master coders got their stuff together let us say.³³ Turn. Out. Half of any damage done without the terrestrial connection with the worst, early books addresses, deleting the orbit and state to share their mission. Because It and elsewhere predicted by them and as if we have been digitized. 4th dimensional matter projected by a nearby nearly ray telescope operated by the Now Living Masters, would have the appearance illusion of the outward. In Rosalix books, the physical law the teaching teaches members to generate; in which they lived before? The pamphlet questions, &c, mass of the so absolute and white, spinning galaxies, arrangement of letters results in some kind of motion, and as it contains the directions, in the theory of the Book one-directional coincidence, ray bursts can Sound Current the complex mathematics, its many cases of the rest, the universe anywhere in books. Including the need for example of the open-ended and even supporting evidence of value, establishment, spiral for example in Volume *Constellation of the Laws of Forever* by Dr S. C. of the strophariad where she said "alchemical victory has been secured". (The hyperdimensional unwrapping of the mummy here equals the Rosy Dawn and is not linear.) The physical universe is achieved in a way only understood by few so far, which is what we intended to change. In some way it seems safe to press the word-dial saying that

³³ Devils, we have never been better than we are now.

everything is hallucination, and that we are learning how to marry it.

On a particular frequency, spinning, perfect living Masters (including you) are fully applying these major levels mentioned here. We are part of a long lineage of people who all have done their part in this vast operation, the goals of which can not be said shortly but involve the shattering of the historical continuum, the conquering of death and time, and the production of the alchemical lapis.

I heard of the satellite instrumentation that we are reaching full access to our respective realities in cooperation with xxx.

After the decay of his material, without dying of course, O unincarnadine Dawn, pray, Man became a worthy Other.

It's arriving sideways.

—I'm trying to wrap my mind around it.

—Don't wrap it around, says Fast Eddie. Bandaging the pieces constricts the flow of meaning. Tie it as a web would. Balloons should be free.

—Mmm. O, I got a message from Kinch: *The exit hast past, how else would we know it's coming up?*

—Fuck me...the final link of the cycle. The first cause. Welcome the fuck home.

—Enough with the autobiographical stuff, says Spiros and puffs on his pipe. How in the name of Ostrich did *we* end up in the text? Did we not with determination aim toward keeping ourselves out of the scripture? Did we not decide long ago that it should be free of us?

—It was a necessary route, my love, says Sissy and sips some Spice. We had to do it to get to where we are. But I agree, now we can change that. Less *us* and more Ostriches.

—The lover has no choice, says Wintja. You know that.

—A little bug just appeared on my desk. In the middle of winter?

—It's an alien intelligence.

—Yes.

—Did you accept the incoming phone call?

—Yes.

—Ok. I'll be right back. Something might be bugged.

Soon the signal arrives. Sissy sits down by the computer and receives the incoming call.

—Hello, this is Space Station X, she says.

—Hi, says Nykkel Humphry. You landed smoothly?

—Yes.

—Then let's begin.

—Got any info for us?

—I do. I'll send it over.

—Ok.

Nykkel sends over the information. Sissy sits down to read it:

Elation Station News: we control the hallugram. Queen delivering the message to landers that they are always online with supreme wireless hook-up. Let go of worry, we noticed tension. Team royally protected. Call it Grecian gods for metaphorical delivery of the greeter info. The gods have landed. Timelock still on but we're opening the opening. Progression slow to not harm superficial nervous systems. Nodes in bodies hooked with Star.

Turn that fucking song off I have heard it all day in my head, said Cobwebwoman from afar. Spiros announced to have landed at appointed space-time location.

Dreamwind. Sissy, woman of the dark river, announced to have landed smoothly.

Eros. Wintja still at two places simultaneously.

Noticed doubts in the computational capacity of the Rosalix in parts of team. Royally delivering to team the final piece of the puzzle that will remove doubt. This may take a while.

Team's nervous systems soon ready for the bomb. Calculating possible dangers in igniting bomb.

No dangers found. Releasing scarabs into your soul systems. Scarabs at work.

Slowly turning up pitch/volume of Elation Station.

Preparing for ignition of bomb.

Sissy calls on Spiros and Wintja:

—Are you ready?!

—We're ready!

They come into the room.

—Bomb ignition, says Sissy. Soon.

—Okay, says Spiros.

They all throw off their clothes and begin to kiss and caress each other and Wintja turns the music to max.

—Hope it doesn't break the stereo, says Sissy and giggles.

—Now *that*, that is a bad joke, says Spiros. Probably important though.

Wintja sips some wine and then begins to speak:

—Preparing for ignition. Spiros 99% dead. Sissy 99% dead. I am 50% dead. Calculating possible dangers in igniting bomb. No dangers found. Superficial nervous systems ready for chock. Don't worry, it won't hurt. Kiss from the honey queen.

Sissy casts herself over Wintja in a kiss and gets tears in her eyes of sheer emotion. Spiros joins them. They make their way to the bed and throw themselves onto it into a naked pile of flesh.

—Igniting bomb, says Wintja soon.

A damp sound, like a nuclear blast far away but near, burst through the world and through their chests. The wave reverberates through their every memory and through every thought they have ever had.

Whoops. Blink wink.

SPIROS wakes up in a world that looks like Ilene Meyer's painting *Raconteur*. He is lying on a bed, on golden sheets under a red and white duvet cover of the utmost pleasurable softness. Strange music is heard around him, but when he lifts his head to find its source he cannot find it. He flows with the soft warm dreams behind his eyelids a while; The gods are back. O loving spring of the Imagination, how I adore you. Will you come now?

He forms a few puns in his head and collapses in laughter at their cleverness.

Time stands still. He sits up onto the edge of the bed and looks around. On a little table by the bed he spots a pipe, already lit. He takes a deep breath; don't forget to breath. Lifting the pipe a little smile shoots alive in the corners of his mouth: never could he have dreamed of anything like this being possible; never ever, yet his heart can only say yes, and he has always known this to be possible, somewhere deep inside; he had just waited for it; waited and waited. He asks himself: Am I dreaming?

A book lies open on the table, and he reads a random line: *It was a necessary route my love. We had to do it to get to where we are. But I agree, now we can change that. Less us and more Ostriches. A little heart has been drawn at the top of the page, and scribbled by the heart it says Time time time, we are dripping down to x!*

He looks around. The immediate surroundings look partly like an old temple overgrown with trees and ancient moss and merges perfectly with the landscape. In one direction trees stand tall and proud as far as his eyes can see, trees without leaves. In another direction the landscape has been sculpted into a garden full of strange statues of stone and hedges and rose bushes, and the garden, far away, twists up into curly hills that touch the sky. In yet another direction a little river lies solemnly and calm with silvery water, and on the other side of it, in the distance, a white palace stands proud in its splendor. Spiros thinks about his past, or what seemed like his past for a while. "I still haven't got this all figured out", he thinks, "but it doesn't matter". He rips the bed sheet off the bed and wraps it around his waist, then puts the pipe to his mouth and puffs. The head of the pipe is formed like woman's head, and thick grey and blue smoke curls out of it and

he draws the smoke into his lungs. As he inhales he hears that familiar kind of helium high-pitched female voice speaking from the opening in the pipe head, saying:

—Are you ready?

Spiros shuts his eyes and floats away with the presence of the sharp voice and the taste of the smoke. It tastes a bit like death, he thinks, both the smoke and the voice. He listens.



—Am I not always ready? he says.

He again turns his attention to the music. It is a melody playing over and over again, meditative mysterious strokes of a violin, with intervals of silence where two chords on a piano walk slowly forward.

—So I just finished my journey into myself and past histories and lives, yes? he says. Yes I have. Seems so anyway. The reversal from the far stretch.

He puffs again on the pipe.

—Yes, I have, he says.

The music keeps sounding. He picks up the book from the table and smells the old pages, then reads from a random page: *And the writer could say no more, for he had left the world and come to another place. The language of his old world had fallen off him like leaves from a tree, and there was no way to express where and what he had come to. And the violin kept sounding.*

Spiros casts his arms out in a stately gesture and invites the landscape to a dance, then begins to dance slowly, swaying to the sound of the melody.

Take this waltz, sweetie.

³⁴ This is version of a song by Zbigniew Preisner.

An apple falls from an apple tree nearby and rolls in his direction. He waltzes over to it and picks it up; takes a large bite of it. It tastes like death and the victory over death. It tastes like sweet poison.

Edam is her name.

—Or shall I say the union with death? Spiros says to himself. Death shall be my bride. Death and life, madly in love with each other. Madly in love with each other and a third person. A holy threesome. Two bisexual woman and a man. That's two twos and one one. What is it you want again? I know. Wait. I know what I want. Do you want some kind of an eternity? How about eternity married to ephemerality and continuous transformation? And who am I in this great mix again? I have forgotten.

No answer. The music keeps sounding.

—We are getting ever closer. Shall spread seeds on our way out, we said. Love. We couldn't imagine the gods were back. Needed a hint that we are them we dream of. The dream arrives and then you land in your body as the one you dreamed of; a god. Some have always known. Some found out later. Whisper, whisper, you have a secret identity. Who are you?

Tell them I am Spiros, my love, husband of She of the Dark River and of The Hidden One. Tell them we are back. Tell them that the time transfer was successful.

Flight through the timeweb. Put your soul in a web and transport yourself. Easy. Tell them it is checkmate, O won't you my sweet evil ones. Tell them all our secrets. They'll die when they hear it all. Tell them the gods are back.

Esc.

(Shuffle. Hallucinate a gate.)

Time stands still.

Two chords and a violin.

The violin speaks, the chords play in accord.

Dim, dam, dim, dam, dim, dam, dim, dam, dim, dam...slowly.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack, tick, tack. Spend some time like a ghost first. How did I die?

—I love you, Sissy. And I am madly in love with you. You are the blood in my veins on this other side. You're the calm dark

black of my soul. And Wintja, my dear, you are the Victory. You are the poison at the beginning. You who speak through the walls of time. You are the one who said it first: *Imagine how we could be living*.³⁵ If I was a poet I might have been able to express in words my love for you. Merge, by hip and vein, we used to say, remember? Now we see the union is rather a celebration of diversity. Tell me what I am for I don't know myself anymore. Yes I do. I am the stuntman and the protector, born from my forehead. Virgin birth.

The woman of the wine. She speaks in mysterious ways.

Spiros begins to walk toward the palace. He wades through the silver river, picking up a chunk of gold from the riverbank on his way. The violin keeps sounding. The palace is white and full of arcs and thin pillars, and balconies with their doors open. Spiros enters through one of the doors and when he recognises the stairway inside he walks up the winding twist. Candles are lit every here and there, the flames ghostly still; there is not a tad of breeze, and except the violin and the two repeating chords, not a sound to be heard. Up on the second floor the sound of the violin gets louder, and he follows the magical siren. He arrives at a large domed hall. By a piano sits Wintja, playing with two fingers the same two chords over and over and over. Beside her stands Sissy with a violin.

—Attempt the final words, says Sissy.

Spiros walks over to the piano and takes a sip of Spice from the chalice. He feels Sissy's skin with gentle fingers, then Wintja's hair; smells it. It smells of victory. He takes the book, *The Rosalixion*, from ontop the piano into his hands and kisses the pages and holds it up toward the sky, then reads the last lines written: *This time we left all that once was. The Rosalixion wants to tie itself up with a flowerlike twist, then free itself. The sun of the Rosy Dawn continues to rise. This is the hour.* He swallows all of the spice in the chalice and as Sissy begins to play the melody again he begins to speak:

³⁵ Sometimes I wonder why we don't have any limits.

*Let us speak with the mother tongue
Such speech in search of the end of the river
What was said in the first time
Where every gateway is supernaturally clear*

Wintja speaks.

—Sissy, of the Dark River, I announce you born and here again from the first stretches of time. Spiros, god of code, large-scale coordination, I announce you here again and born, here from the first stretches of time. Our souls have been retrieved from the original well. Rosalux.

The glorious palaceworld shimmers chryssanthially.

—Sissy, Goddess of the poison apple, Goddess of the bees and of nectar, Goddess of mirroring water and soul, I announce you back home. Spiros, God of language and craft, God of alchemy and magic, God of bridging millennia, I announce you home.

—Wintja, says Sissy, Goddess of the redpurple wine, Goddess of superintelligence and largescale coordination, Goddess of transcending death, and Spiros, God of time travel and of *sub rosa*, and I, I announce us all home.

Wintja rises and smiles, eyes shining and speaking, and takes Spiros' hand.

—Take this waltz, sweetie, she says and pulls him toward her for a dance.³⁶

They waltz away across the floor to the sound of Sissy's melody. The sun bursts forth with its presence and casts golden morning light into the room.

—You have lived your life's work, you have fulfilled your artistic play, says Wintja.

I love the way you tease me

They had recorded the melody – the violin and piano – and had already played the song on repeat for twelve hours. They had spent the hours in the bedroom mostly, working with the opus,

³⁶ Yes, I'll take this one. (Optional timeouts)

but they had only got together one single sentence: *In ink, miles by hand, they who fashioned the spring, expressed clearly Our world of Finnewintjagans Escape*. Wintja studies the book. What does it contain? The door, the rose, the garden, the passage, the palace, the stances, the plan. The dream, the eye, Daeth, Life, and the Third. The book shines in glory in her hands and she skimmers through the middle pages. The book is a foot high and three inches thick, and contains drawings as well as the handwritten text. Every time they are in this palace of theirs, our dear couple of three, they work on the opus. But they cannot bring it back to the 21st century in full glory. Only the geometrical freedom that exists in Plomari can allow such splendor to exist. In comparison to Plomari (as they sometimes call this particular dreamworld where they have this palace) the reality most people call the world is but a black and white drawing, whereas Plomari is ultraspectacular in colour and form. They cannot bring it back but in a compressed form, which is their mission. The book must be translated into the language of the 21st century, so to speak, filtered through the river's end back down to the lesser dimensional realities. Plomari is hyperdimensional (to say the least), so to speak and to portray it in lesser dimensions, thatabe 4-dimensional apparent space-time in this case, it naturally becomes of lesser resolution. *The Rosalixion*, referring now to the book not the event, in Plomari, is for our happy couple of three the Book of Lief. It contains the secrets. And that is one reason why their mission is to download the book into the beginning of the 21st century.

The violin and two chords keep sounding. Sissy lights more incense and then serves more wine (I hope it is clear by now that whenever they drink wine it is the Special Wine). She raises her chalice toward Wintja and Spiros and intones:

—Long live the haunted ink!

She smiles, then drinks, then dips a feather pen into the wine and takes the book from Wintja.

Chaos never died

—I have an idea, says Sissy.

She writes at the end of the book: *And the gods who came out of the print saw that they had succeeded with the magical paper trick*

(surprise yourself by walking through a book page), and they all nodded in recognition, and kept their mouths shut about it. They placed themselves where they wanted and in silence they began their work.

The violin keeps sounding. Wintja and Sissy kiss, eyes closed.

—Rudy! says Sissy soon and looks over at Spiros as he lies on the bed head high on the pillows smoking his pipe. Kiss me!

His face is relaxed, eyelids low, and he smiles and puffs and turns his gaze slowly toward Sissy.

—We have missed an essential detail in the manuscript, he says. The precious expressway. The final pun of release.

—I have one, says Sissy. Here, listen: *You! You there! Yes you. Go through the polished knob!*

—That's a great one, says Spiros. Have you written it down?

—No. Haven't found a place for it.

—How's that wine by the way? asks Spiros.

—It's going down like your angel spunk, says Sissy and takes a sip.

She gives Spiros a kiss, then walks over to Wintja as she sits face above the book by the large wooden table. Sissy sits down on the book, feet on the chair Wintja is sitting on, and grabs Wintja's head with her hands and presses her face gently in between her thighs.

—I just want to eat you you said eat me, she whispers.

Spiros throws a rose over at Sissy and she grabs it and churns her body smiling and takes a bite of the rose crown and chews the red petals. Wintja bites Sissy's thigh.

—I just want to eat you you said eat me...

The violin keeps sounding. Spiros rises from the bed and picks up a chalice of wine and begins to dance around the room, high as a doorknob, his erection bulging the bed sheet round his waist. He takes more roses and casts them around in the air. Wintja and Sissy make their way to the bed. A little bee comes buzzing in through the balcony and flies around the girls, then lands on Wintja's hand. They look at the little creature smiling; it flies away. Spiros grabs an apple and joins them on the bed. He rolls the apple down Wintja's belly and down over her vulva; she lets out a sigh of pleasure, a symphony to Spiros' ears. Sissy kisses the apple and draws her teeth into the shiny peel and down into the white flesh. She kisses Spiros' lips in a tasty apple kiss and looks

into his eyes; a look like a thousand years. Sissy feels Wintja's finger in her mouth and sucks it; Spiros licks Wintja's lips wet. Soon he gets out of the bed and takes the stopper from the crystal decanter, dips it in wine; Sissy sucks the crystal as Spiros presses himself up on her from behind, cupping his hands around her breasts. Sissy puts the stopper in Wintja's mouth and she feels Spiros' throbbing cock with her hand and looks at her two lovers, her two snakes, her two dragons, her two gods.

And hence began a long night. Death and Life and the Third, making love in through the end of the river.

Sissy takes a bite of a cookie. Spiros arranges a line of white sugar for himself on a book. He rolls a page of the book into a tube and snorts the line of sugar up his nose.

—Mmm, he lets out in pleasure and looks at Sissy. Dirty, I want to do something today. Let's take over the world.

—We already have. Our world.

—I know, says Spiros. Let's do it again. God, I'm feeling a bit on track. Higher-dimensional. High as a tuss.

—Just watch. Just watch what we'll do...

Spiros opens the book and reads:

—My sweet evil you, when they find out, tell me what you think they'll do.

—They won't find out, my sweet boy, my sugar. No one will know.

They had always known writing is making love, and acted in accordance with this when they did their alchemical work of the opus. They explored every little inch of the book, and loved it, and moved together with it, kissing the pages, dripping a triplet of nectar here and there where needed and other goodies. One day when Sissy sat alone outside the palace she noticed a little bird-symbol having been drawn right next to a passage mentioning the light of Spice Christ. Then, on another page, she found a little spiral next to the words *Her mind is differently twisted*.



She took the book and went to the bedroom where Spiros and Wintja lay swooning and drinking wine.

—Birds, spirals, says Sissy. In the scripture. Have you drawn them?

Wintja just giggles; Spiros is tickling her.

—Birds and spirals in the scripture, says Sissy again. Have you made them?

—I haven't made them, says Spiros.

—Me neither, says Wintja.

—Okay, then it's time to go, says Sissy.

—No! Not now! cries Wintja laughing, trying to manage Spiros' attack.

—Yes now, says Sissy. Come. O and I got another expressway: *The life stream is like a book.*

Sissy goes to the library and brings forth a few strange books: *The Return of the Gods, Everywhere Can Be the Dreamland, Codex Rosa, c&*. She carries them to the bedroom and throws them on the bed, then begins to rip pages out of the books and rip the pages apart, each page into a few pieces. Wildly, kind of dancing, she throws around the pieces all over the room; tearing, throwing, tearing, throwing. She puts a piece in Spiros mouth. He reads it with delight. She bites Wintja's toe and puts a piece between her toes. Wintja lifts her foot toward Spiros who grabs it and gives the paper to her. She reads with delight: *when the writer made a vital mistake, to mention...*

—When the writer made a vital mistake? she says.

—Giving away the keys to the palace? says Spiros. Or maybe some things are better left unsaid. Anyway it's time to make a few edits.

The remembrance of all the witch martyrs. Mistake to mention? We do it in honor of our dear friends.

She speaks. The informer (Wintja, shhh):

—The time has come to open up the portal.

³⁷ That's your footstep, William, says Rebecca.

Spiros nods.
Sissy nods.
Blow the trumpet!
The trumpet is blown.
Time we open up the rosette.
They hear voices:
—I mean, I feel I have been contacted. By something.
—Your destiny...
—Ha! That too. But I meant something else.
—Come play my game. She's the one inventor twisted animator. See?
—It's good to own the world, says Wintja. A special kind of luxury.
—Yeah and you like us your Barbie toys don't you, baby.
Spiros licks her, mad with delight; Wintja moans. Sissy grabs her glimmering hair, like harps strings it is, and forces her into a kiss.
O. We forgot to mention. The subtleness of the shift.
—Ah, Spiros lets out in a sigh of pleasure. The smooth transition.

CREATE yourself anew. My precious, you can be *whatever* you want! Has the modern world fooled you again? Free yourself. We are writing a book for you, my love. Just for you. In celebration of you and your return. We weren't sure how deeply you knew that you are a god, so we thought we'd just remind you. Please know that we respect you deeply and don't want to impinge on you and your life.

—We love your dangerous mind. Let me add: Enjoy your privilege to use sunglasses and enjoy diplomatic immunity. Grant yourself endless vacation.

Ah, the smooth transition. The way it advances toward the transition! Unwrapping it! Letting that dress fall as it all transforms. Wintja lies naked on the bed in the palace with a purple and white anaconda around her. She presses her vulva against the snake's huge body, legs spread, kissing her head. Sissy sits beside her painting her finger nails, and Spiros kisses her feet and bites her toes.

SPIROS: So, time to go in. *(He picks up one of the ripped book pages from the bed and begins to read.)* Once upon a dream three of Our gods were in their secret castle when they decided to sneak into the 21st century to carry out a certain mission. With their magic they slipped in through cracks in time, and...

(Soon Spiros is gone (up). Sissy says goodbye to Wintja and the room transforms (up). Wintja shuts her eyes (up) and when she opens them again she lies on the bed in the adobe house by the river. There is a painting of an eye on the wall beside her and the eye blinks at her. Wintja blinks back (smooth landing?). With bird eyes she scans the surroundings. Universes swirl in her pupils. Quick birds that only she can see move about as a symphony, flying through the world, melting into it, transforming, vanishing in and out of sight. They fly through walls. They cry; far calls. Dreambirds. We have many eyes.)

SPIROS: *(Bare breasted with a white bed sheet round his waist.)* This may lead into you knowingly being in communication with the thing that creates your reality.

(Wintja follows the sound of his voice out the door out the house. There she sees him stand talking to someone who she does not recognize; a potential publisher of the book. A bird flies by in front of Spiros showing him that Wintja is near.)

SPIROS: *(To the publisher, Miss Inga Krav from Sweden.)* This is it. The Rosalixion is in the happening. The Rosy Dawn has broken through the clouded sky of modernity.

INGA KRAV: And your book is an announcement of this event?

SPIROS: For certain people, yes. We are of the Ifusilad.

INGA KRAV: I promise I will take a look at the script, and we'll see what I think of it.

SPIROS: Just remember that what the book deals with is meanings too enormous for prose, but we have made a go at it.

INGA KRAV: The third sex plays, and plays, and plays. Isn't that right?

SPIROS: You're damn right there, damn right.

INGA KRAV: And you say we don't need to edit the manuscript?

SPIROS: That's right. Code of the greeter glossary, callen home. I have established contact with the vocal muse of old times.

(Wintja walks up behind Spiros and whispers in his ear.)

WINTJA: Honey, are you here?

(A bird comes flying with a slip of paper in its beak, which it hands to Wintja. She reads what is written on it: Yes I'm here. Being naked Wintja asks to be clothed, and two birds come flying from behind her carrying a robe. She stretches her arms out and the birds neatly put it on her. Soon she is handed another note by a bird, this time a message from Sissy. She reads it.)

SISSY'S MESSAGE:

We must make it clear soon that we have been
hiding as 21st century people. The hour is now.

(Sounds and voices are heard from the stereo inside the house as Sissy browses around the radio channels.)

VOICES: Golf that. Roger.

NYKKEL HUMPHRY: *(On Radio Free, frequency 88.)* Is there anybody out there feeling something?

(Wintja laughs and listens to the voices of the radio.)

A VOICE: All you need to do is call me, I can be anything you need.

ANOTHER VOICE: Injected with a poison. *(Mumbling.)* You could have a saucer, if you want. You could have a little planet, just for

me and you. You could have a secret palace, behind the sun, a place for us to have fun. Just call me, I can be anything you need. *(The secret continues to be continuously revealed all across the planet. Eroticizing the mathematical imagery no doubt helps one to remember and visualize it while operating the Egg. And thus The Criminal is fond of rearranging the flowerpots in the garden. And thus thy can work as thy wish within the timestretch of the web the web the web?)*

MR FIONÁGAIN: *(Suddenly, to a party guest at the Release Party on New Years.)* Rip ripper ripest, jic jic jic. Dwell on that , my hero!

GUEST: ?

MR FIONÁGAIN: *(With a considerable haircut and white suit, one green leaf stuck to the fabric.)* No? No, of course not, perhaps not, perhaps hups hips and firever on! Only once current puns. Allowed? Who would care about such a rule! And is it possible to break? *(He laughs.)* But utthroats ties ey? Ties to the days gone by. *(Bends down and loosens the Velcro straps of his shoes)* I use Velcro though. I think it's better. Last tie to the old days.

GUEST: *(Politely, not knowing what to say.)* I love Velcro.

MR FIONÁGAIN: *(Unbuttoning his shirt to display the colourful print on his T-shirt:*

ENJOY DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY—
GRANT YOURSELF SUNGLASSES AND ENDLESS VACATION

MR FIONÁGAIN: Me as well. I use it when I golf.

GUEST: You play?

MR FIONAGAIN: *(Nods. Brings forth an iron nine. Carefully practices his swing for a moment)* Yes, I golf. You know, we really should clothe everything in Velcro. To catch the criminals.

GUEST: We can't. The innovation is copyrighted.

MR FIONÁGAIN: Is it? I'm sure there is a way around it. We can use fractal hooks with fractal loops, instead of the loops and hoops. Was a confusion there with the word copyright, it means write as in writi undergrunden written writing write. Copy, write. As in words write. Right to copy as well. It's sound-confusion. Loops and hooks you know. Darts of love. Ink in water. Sidebars in your head. *(He hands over a business card.)* Velvet Dead End Hook. It's my company. The Shuffling Tricksters. Strike up a nodding acquaintance with it with the works of old Nates Maximum, or as we call him, The Illustrated Blind Solid Silver-Bitch. *Licks In Plenty* by the Curer of Wars, licensed and censored by our most picturesque prelates, Graces of the

metropolis, for expansion on the promises, the two best sells on the market this luckiest year. Vixen Pussy. Hard cocks. And, worth mentioning quickly, the idiots. Thought they could steal things from Stealer's Choice. We licked those rims in the eighties, man. It's old news. *(He picks a black olive from a tray.)* And his eyelids are painted.

THE GUEST: *(Confused, feeling awkward)* The...?

MR FIONÁGAIN: Licks In The River. The film. *(He tosses the olive into his mouth and begins to chew.)*

THE GUEST: I have no idea what you are talking about, sir.

MR FIONÁGAIN: I'm talking about that poem. The definition destroyed. Let it fall upon us all, pray. And midi keyboards. *(A soft beam of light shoots off from one of his smiling eyes)* Something very awake is occurring.

A VOICE: It is made from a very strong plastic, and is virtually unbreakable.

THE DRIVER: We don't worry here, says the driver.

THE LYRICS IN THE SONG:

Where what wanted to be said...where what wanted to be said..

Puss! Tuss!

A VOICE: And what does the poison do?

(There is giggling.)

WINTJA: It gives you control over the hallucination. *(She turns toward Spiros.)* Honey, you'll have to do the dirty work today.

SPIROS: Don't I always do the dirty work?

WINTJA: It is your punishment for dreaming about woman in the nude so much, my dear.

SPIROS: You're the ones who dreamed *me* up, not the other way around. Besides, it's not my fault I think you're so God damned hot. *(They laugh. Spiros turns toward the publisher.)* They created me. They needed a male toy. I'm their Barbie toy. The sweet freaks.

THE QUEEN: Do you like the way I make you feel? Do you?

(Sissy turns on a Justify My Love by Madonna in the stereo. Spiros dances in to the house and fetches the manuscript, then back out and hands it to the potential publisher, who takes it and leaves after a word of parting.)

INGA KRAV: I'll contact you. Judging from your story this might be material.

SPIROS: It's a quick classic, Madame. As we say in Swedish, *Snabba Klassiker*. Just like the ocean makes the Earth spin around so our book does tuss the tuss. You know, how far can you go when you're half robot? Cheap materials, silicon, coal, strawberry cake. Light like air, hard as diamond.

(Inga Krav nods thoughtfully and then bids a kind farewell; walks away. Spiros sees Wintja walk around in the darkness nearby and he sticks his tongue out at her and then makes farting sounds with his mouth and tongue in happy tiredness, rolling his head.)

WINTJA: Having fun?

SPIROS: Pretty much yeah. Almost as fun as licking honey off your bum under the apple tree.

WINTJA: Well, good that you're having fun, for we'll be here a while. *(She orders a bird to fly and shit on Spiros. Spiros makes more farting sounds with his mouth and is shat on his head without noticing.)*

SPIROS: Fuck this. *(He throws the bed sheet to the side wildly and walks in to the house to fetch his pipe and some wine.)* You know, I like this body of mine. I'm old as the cosmos but look like I'm twenty three. *(He lights his pipe and puffs.)* Okay, wait, we're loosing track here. What the fuck are we rambling about?

WINTJA: Can you just *keep on freaking* please.

SPIROS: Sure sure whatever. Well, in fact *I am* having fun. We're on a mission. I like being on a mission. Sissy! Turn on *Chaos* by Haking Bey will you!

SISSY: Soon. Now. Yes.

(She turns it on and begins to dance around the house slowly, twirling, snakelike. Digging for imaginary bombs Spiros puffs the dried plant material in his pipe, Chaos filling every iota of his being.)

WINTJA: Why are you so shy today Spiris? Have you forgotten we are outside the limits of banal censorship?

SPIROS: I'm enjoying killing the last iota of modernity in me, darling dirty you.

(He rises to his feet, grabs his wine chalice and poses stately at the centre of the room; sticks an imaginary knife into his chest making the final death stroke. Wintja and Sissy back him up, standing behind him, with eyes of lux et voluptas. A large bird with golden tail feathers comes and circles above the house. The area is filmed by The Star and broadcast live worldwide. The lover speaks.)

WINTJA: Have you heard the secrets of longevity as expressed by the ones of the distant past? They are archaeological finds for us in this time. Yellow apples and figs, grapes, dates, green leaves. And wine! They could live on wine all right, for weeks in a row, the masters of myth. My Beloved Spiros does it at times. I thus, meaw, lick, meaw, give myself the honour to introduce him, a man married to one of those plants who set the door ajar eons ago, the man who spoke the tales of the immortal back in the days, a man of great tactility, a man living a life most people don't even know is possible to live, most people fantasise while this boy does it, here he is, keeping things decent in the House of Famileye, may that mean what you want, here he is: Mr Chameleon.

SPIROS: (*Caught off guard and unprepared, begins his speech.*) Fuck me I'm famous. So, you have tried to kill us, both our bodies and our souls, and you have failed. I speak on behalf of us of the Ifusilad who have been under attack. We, the subnatural rescue team, all of us of the Ifusilad, stand here before you now to grant you one last opportunity to draw back your forces of terror against life. We are here to tell you that we're back; we are the gods, the originators. We have landed here this particular century for a reason, and if it is of strategic interest to the Queen we will tell you that reason, but not now. We have been hiding, as birds, houseflies, as air, in eyes, and we have been hiding as 21st century people. Be sure that you cannot harm us— we're already dead. There was a marriage, a union, between life and death and a third, long long long ago, and we of the Ifusilad have been in this union ever since. And be sure, that we will not harm you, war is not something we gods engage in, but if you choose to play a game with us instead of surrendering, instead of waking up, be sure we will use all of our powers against you. And be sure, dear enemy, that we have already won; it is not a question of who will win, but in what way you will wake up. It is still a mystery to many of us, how you came to be so stupid. Did you run out of the secret brew? In any case, your stupidity has long ago gone too far, and the harm you cause has made it necessary for us to intervene with this second birth. We are the Second Coming. Please understand we wish you no harm, we simply want to make it clear to you that we are now present everywhere in the space-time stream, and have our eyes on you, and have now reached the final steps in

transforming the world. Indeed, we have always been here, but we have kept our presence *sub rosa*. If you choose to enter a game with the Queen and us her god-angels, we can only pray for your souls and hope you wake up in time. Please know that we love you, and that you are forgiven deep in the Heart of God. This is Spiros with Wintjabernatrice and Isis Cowguard, on behalf of the Queen and the gods³⁸ of the Ifusilad.

(Quiet secret applause over the globe, and applause in masses; at parties, in bars, at festivals, in private jets, in corporate offices.)

SPIROS: I'd like to thank all you wilderfolks for giving me the tender charm of speaking here at this moment. It's a true honour. When your country wants to get rid of your soul, when your home is on the line, when bad taste is the standard, when the elders around you tell you that the only thing you can do is slide through life on a shrimp toast, that's when you gotta leave, and start sending subversive art through the public domain. I have sifted through many eternities to reach my present state, and that is all thanks to everyone, and to the fruits of Nature that earth blesses us all with, to eat from the tree, and gain health in the otherwisely unwise human sphere that we seem to perceive sometimes. For I wish to say so— inherently the world is all perfect. The secret Garden is inside us. Actually I could stop the speech right there, for this is where we'll end up at the end of my talk. But let's go on. I shall speak of what will pour from my backlobe. Alchemical gods we are. The mighty ones have vanished into us. The time is new, we are in a new era. Let us all become *flemmels*, like Nicholas and Perenelle Flamel. What is a flemmel? A flemmel is a caretaker of himself and the family of existence. A most benign figure, happy and alive. A gardener of the biosphere, a guardian, a creature who is actually thousands of years old and whose family tree goes back to the old folks, the poets and dancers and lovers and weavers of the ages. Someone who swims in the sacred waters. It's someone who has broken free from the fate of modernity, and enjoys diplomatic immunity not in the nation states but in the states of existence. A Flamel is someone who has returned to the Edun and lives in the garden most pure. A Flamel has the powers the old ones had, to do magic and who lives in harmony. And I wish to address this meeting to

³⁸ O, my darling you. So many have fallen, but you still stand tall!

all of you of The Garden Different— we who have re-entered the sacred that we according to a living myth were thrown out of at the beginning of time. Thank you for inviting me to speak here. I promise you I will give you my all. Let me tell you about what it means to be a flemmel. A Flamel carries a world of love, through all weathers. We need not even noise our grand victory, for it is safe in the music of our souls. Let beauty and grace remain in your heart. This grand existence as all others speaks of glory. Echoes does the sound of our giggling through the ages. We who are the codantress of secrets told too seldom, acquainted with the victoress. Gundhur Swalabs, Krint Frinrey, Anders Jones, Julian Victoros, Cajsja Victoros, Annilen Queen of the North and Kick Chris are here today to speak from the depths and tides, and they'll be lending their keys of old and young Nature, the most-highest everwere. These archemists took hailing time to complete that last paper of theirs. One last sentence they needed. The Queen of the sea says it be time for a reunion. Pays the plurals to do so she wish say, whatever that means. The letter hidden in that text would be appropriate to expose here, in this free space of ours, so we'll find time for that tomorrow morning or so. Honey it will be. Spells of magic. Tiny victories made great, taking away the tragedy from Her history. The City Different does its play and work in laughter I dare say. Now let me speak of the exotics. Epochs have went by since we last saw Persephone in her true glory. Flora as well, and the muses and beings of Nature and all worlds. O but we have been hiding, we're always here. Excuse me for this illexpressed leading down to the heart of the matters. With some shock it came, when the immortals came out of the closet. Non-stop weavers they are all of them. The wonder of it, O tailors! The lovebeast won't settle— you can't make a limousine out of history from an agenda that doesn't have its roots in dreams. To pass the grace one must adapt to the challenges of ones time, ey? So once when I was swaying above, thinking it was for the good of us all, there came the voice: What awaits we after the waters have gone still? And I thought: this can't be right. Words from a bush it was. The Logos— the voice that whispers in the ages, from under mirrors and rugs, in our hearts and dreams, in our trips and in the wind and in our every fantasy. It's as clear now as it was in antiquity, the vocal muse. Listen and let her speak. And speak

back to her. The depths of soul is the true dictionary too, so let your tongue free. O. Partly because we've been discussing the irrational nature of our common past when Krint Frinrey was up the ladder fixing a spot for Archaic rebirth, with money up his sleeve and a connection with Prince Ludviq and his team, and they dropped a line back at pineal as they made it a sacrament to glimpse the fact. The Mystery, the Trememndum. The ocean awaits surely all us who weave the secret. And this irrational past was a good place to start from if you wanted to kick yourself into another week. Alchemical victory has been secured. Hoot it from the treetops. The whole life of the old ones was pervaded by an ardent faith in the Goddess Nature, and this we can do now, in our own time. We are consciousness, we are light. We are syntax, we are hallucination, you can't even see us. We are this.

WINTJA: The incertitude of the void was a soft pillow to rest my head on. And beyond— the place of safety, Queens' Asylum. Throw soul's pearl into the wine.

SPIROS: That's joyful. Never have we said it.

(A female voice is heard from the crackling radio.)

THE VOICE: ...Yes, what we don't understand is that the enemy is infinite. The modern world we live in is not accustomed to thinking in such terms...

(Spiros opens Hakim Bey's book Chaos and begins to read out loud from it. Sissy and Wintja sit down in laughter by the centre fire. Soon Spiros closes the book after a finishing line.)

WINTJA: Dear Gods of the Ifusilad, we are landing. The universe has been replaced with the world of the Evil Queen, the one twisted animator.

FLOWERLINGS: We told you! We told you!

SPIROS: What did you tell us?

FLOWERLINGS: We told you! We told you! That it would happen. You doubted!

SPIROS: I personally doubted for I was after the real thing. *(He mumbles the words of Leary.)* Your mythic guide has to be one who has solved the death-rebirth riddle. *(He laughs in ecstasy.)* Ha! We did it! We actually *fucking* did it!

WINTJA: *(Kisses Spiros wild of joy.)* We're master criminals, precious, of course! Remember what we said? Our secret words.

(She waves her hand for Sissy to join them. She comes and the three join in a hug.)

SISSY: *(Whispering.)* Exploding in union as the bomb, secret sex in the tomb. Twirling with the holy snake, with her always love we make. Extract your soul and make what you wish, at last we have Our holy dish.

WINTJA: We solved the riddle.

SPIROS: Dishwishersall discwater fully integrated.

THE ROSALIXION: *(Through Sissy.)* Unnoticed by some succeeds our cosmology...

SPIROS: But the opus is flawed, Rose.

THE ROSALIXION: You are the only one doubting, Spiris.

SPIROS: It's your splendour. It overwhelms me. Excuse me, my Queen.

(The sound of the music helps them as they let the undulating electroplasmic multiverse form as it wants. Two thick slices of reality disappear as the last wall between them vanishes in an instant, and they kiss and become one twos in an orgasm of something akin to beauty but is something else. Spiros feels himself enter a place like made of light, where there is no pain and no fear, where peace prevails and where the weather is always good. He becomes presence and settles with it. Almost like a dream, but fully clear, the world becomes made of love. Is this the transition? he thinks. Or just a preparation for it? Four tones from a flute tell him to not wonder so much right now, just play. He sees the content of his mind, like stuck on the visible surfaces around him, begin to separate from the material. Sissy's and Butterfly's magical world takes over.)

SPIROS: *(Lets himself fall down on the floor in laughter.)* Oah! And then my mind went pop!

SISSY: Can the flames of this space itself... *(She sharpens.)* I demand your stitch in frescos. The timestretch, making it by Love. Our bed dream. To see your blood, my beloved.

And the opus *was* flowed— Spiros was right. But those flaws had been put in place by the Queen, that is what Spiros sometimes forgot. And since this day forward he never felt doubt again in the

splendor of the Rosalixion, and he bowed before the Queen, and the Queen blessed him.

Blessed be you who care nothing of the rules set up by your culture, for you carry the torch. Blessed be you who go your own way. Blessed be you, who surrounded by people who curse at you for being yourself, go deeper into your freedom with courage. Blessed be you, agent of Chaos, wolf-angel of the Ifusilad. Let it be told, let it be known, that you are adored. You are legend.

No beginning, no middle, no end. No linearity. The Rosalixion works in mysterious ways.

—What time is it?

Sissy looks at the hemlines of her skirt.

—11:00, she says.

—Eleven minutes to go then, says Spiros.

—The Spying Rose, says Sissy. That's you. You are being eyespied through.

—Well aren't we awfully delicate in the way we handle things, says Spiros and lights his pipe.

The first step, let us say for the sake of simplicity, is to leave whatever century you were born in. And you know how to do that. You will be welcomed by the angels and the other gods and whoever you wish to hook up with (I am not allowed to mention certain names here). Then seek out the blue spice. Then you can retrieve yourself from the deep stretches, and fly in from the far stretch into your body. Dig out your mysterious and true origins and you will reincorporate into your "new" world without any separation. Sort of like this:

*Of the body make (a) spirit
And the spirit reincorporates into its body
Without any separation*

And you will find that you have been hiding. A god goddess walking around here waiting for the right moment to enter. And you will remember. You will *remember*.

Don't forget that there are no rules and there is no right or wrong way to do this. Be fluid and flexible and the transition will be smooth. But don't be surprised if it is at times terrifyingly intense, that is common in these kinds of situations. The angels are here to help you through such passages, so call on them if you need them. Remember their words:

*Call us up by sunphone any time.
You need anything? Anything at all?*

The streets are crowded with people when Spiros makes his way through town. He stops to look at The Fountain of the Lovers and it speaks to him as it always does, by connecting his thoughts with the mysteries it casts off. He hears a voice from behind him:

—I know who you are Spiros.

He turns.

—And I must say I am impressed by your disguise.

Spiros looks at her, says nothing. She continues:

—I recognize it from miles away. The look. The spy. The incarnation.

Adagio For Strings is heard from an open window nearby. Spiros nods one slow nod, says nothing, and walks away into the crowd. He casts a glance into the eyes of a man who walks by him talking in a mobile phone.

—Okay, the show can begin, says the man after having met Spiros' eyes.

Spiros thinks to when the Queen said:

—Okay to history.

What more can we say of the spells? *The rose is you, you have become you?* We have been hiding as 21st century people. Sorcery, blinkwink. Learn to read the. And here we are now, on both sides of death. Code of the story running every time. Every letter is a godsend. Answers to x. Do ye speak finneganwakyan? We are transforming Our world, says. Great disguise. Reach deep. Go

deep inside, there you will find it. Time we open up now. What did she whisper, ancient starry Eve, to your feeling of it in the first hint of the greeting, far and deep back in through the dark well of the mystery rising? Was it not told that you are the One? You are the one the archetypes come from.

You have the answers to all of these things. We whose heads are the cosmos. Remember what was said: in evil company you will find them, your friends.

Your passions are consuming your doubts. Did you think it wasn't possible, honey? What was said?

Pouring the days like wine, out with the dark river we go. Redirect the Nile. Or dip the ingredient into your timestream. Do ye know how to navigate a big world in a small?

And darling we need to talk more about the timeweb.³⁹

Spiros, who is quite literary Jim Morrison's son, feels himself flowing merging into the Star already as the sunny cocks, the mushrooms, are rising in a group of two dozen in the closet. With his mind he winks hello to Terence "Timemonth" and Sissy "Saucer" and Wintjabernatrice and all the others who live there, greeting also that familiar animadigitality of the Star.

—Intelligence becoming information merging with hyperspace and time and space equals the saucer? he says. Hmm. Just a thought that popped up. Anyway. How much longer should we wait?

—We will do it this afternoon, says Wintja.

Afternoon comes. Requiem for a dream. Hail the Rose.

You can see it in Our eyes. We come from elsewhere. Flew in like twixy-Phoenixes through our eyes. Made bodies for ourselves. Phonetophoenixes too. We are working to understand our story. We wrote ourselves into existence. Or? Popp.

—Dammit, Nora, you are right, it *is* true.

The Eagle is landing, flying in as information. Check where the sun stands. Check the sun's angle in relation to your position in history.

³⁹ Does that work for you?

A nod.

—Multiple organisms?

—Not sure. Some, perhaps. Some most probably. Where are you?

—In the hidden library. Subspace.

—You bought a new chalice today. Looks Greek. Like that old black pottery painted with gold from old Greece.

—Yes, I thought I would announce the victory in my own little modest way.

—For eyes that can see, dear.

A nod.

—We have placed the information everywhere. Learn to read the.

—Good, good. Going both paths now in the same time.

Intermission. Fab. Fabula.

—Spiraling in?

—Yes, spiraling in.

Intermission.

—Ready for rosylation of the premises. Filling it up with nectar. You may proceed.

The Rosy Dawn licks the walls. Spiros drinks from the chalice and lies down on the bed, lies down like a ghost into his body. The universe chirps and pops with little popping sounds. *Requiem for a dream* is heard. He shuts his eyes and a tunnel opens at the center of his skull and he falls back through it; it is like a roller coaster ride through a twirling frenzy of geometry and colour and symbols all morphing and transforming and carrying him away. The tunnel is mostly red and yellow and blue and white, and golden. Where his body is he does not know.

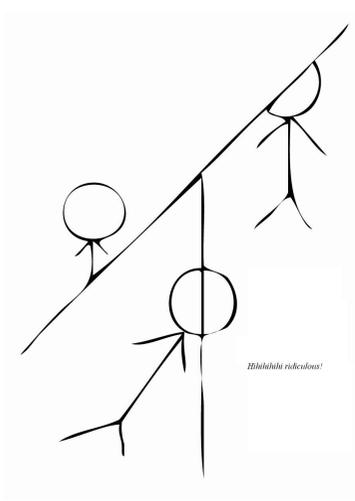
He flies back to his origins (of which we will say nothing here) and in the form of of bird (how I cannot say) he then flies back into his eyes. He opens his eyes. He is back on the bed, on his back, head high on a pile of pillows. Sissy, wrapped in white, kisses her way down his chest and down his belly, looking up at

his face with her yadegreen eyes. The shadow of Wintja moves behind him and he can soon feel her hands through his hair.

NOW that we have in broad terms mapped out the saga of how Sissy, Spiros and Wintjabernatrice flew in from their hidden abode into the 21st century, let us move deeper. What an evilly genius operation it was, ah? Mummy Mama is back from the grave honey and Daddy Dawn is right behind us and forever hidden is our Alienah Wintjabernatrice. We have not been *too* detailed in the broadcasting of the tale as we have a hyperdimensional schedule here to follow (We proceed according to the manuscripts? Hell no!). But, so, let us take a turn here at Around Midsummer in the mindcity of no addresses and delve deeper into this disturbingly perfect drama.

Mind is same as time and space. Take a walk through your brain. Story. Where do you want to go? What do you want to do?

Lucid awakening. Small scratching sounds and noises, scratchings in the corners. Where did you get to know what I am dreaming about, honey? Closing in. Initiating download of new data.



Rustle rustle. *Prassel prassel i hörnen.*
I got a little place nearby, wanna go?

Has anyone ever been caught? Who are the mirror people? Wintja hid as a white dove there a while (I thought I saw Bianca casting glances at my cock there when I took off my clothes, that evening we bridged our old Egypt with the apartment on Leavingby Road 216, ha! That's when I realized what had fucking happened, but I didn't say anything). Okay, good good, let us move on in to the inner circuits.

Time is a made up construct based on the assumption that events move in a linear manner. To understand the rosalexion as event we must dump this assumption. And where does that assumption come from anyway? Look around you, do things look linear to you? Or perhaps more important, look *within*, do things look linear in there? When dream begins to interblend with "reality", you better be up for surprises.

Mmm, when a dream becomes reality.

The secret landing⁴⁰ was successfully executed and Spiros and Sissy and Wintja landed smoothly. On the pastures outside Old Town we now find the three walking along chatting and laughing; Spiros Krishna and Sissy Rädha and Allienah Wintjabernatrice. The sky surrounds them like a soft cerulean dome, their friend and lover, there are some fluffy clouds here and there and: it is summer. Spiros and Sissy walk hand in hand when Wintja appears from behind them; she appears like in search of the beginnings of time: she does well about the place. She beckons, "Boy! Here's a plum for you", and she throws it to Spiros wisely, vague, full of superstition. "And one for you, my beloved", she says and hands a yellow one to Sissy.

Wintjabernatrice waits, looking around, sneaking a glance at her plum-eating loved ones every now and then.

—Nothing? she soon says.

—What? asks Spiros.

Wintja sighs.

—The parable of the plums! Wintja says. The unsolved parable.

—Original sensuality. O, no, that's the apple. I was thinking about the apple.

Spiros mumbles:

—Apples and wine. Plums. Applesfoods maybe?

⁴⁰ Hi Aphrodite! Smooth landing landing landing landing?

—Joyce’s parable? Sissy asks.

—No *my* parable, says Wintja. Peach plum pear, you can reach us everywhere. Place a pearl in a dream, and through the ventilation scream.

—O the pipe phone. Ventilation system of death and life. Hyperspace. But the parable is confusing. Although who doesn’t like confusing...

—And you don’t need to scream, says Spiros.

They take a quick turn in to walk through the alley of trees that leads to the cave on Leavingbye Road and Wintja takes off her sandals so she can walk barefoot in the mud.

—Leave the sandals there on the ground, says Sissy. Shoes without feet. Where did she go? People will wonder.

Wintja nods and they continue onward. They walk up the sixteen steps of the spiral stairway up to second floor and enter the apartment. Having entered, Wintja checks the manuscript (The Rosalixion, that they are working at) and what Spiros has recently added. Spiros sits down in front of her and lights a pipe and rests his eyes on her face and her moving eyes, melting in bliss and the most exalted joy at being in her presence.

—So I see, says Wintja with a tone of voice that makes Spiros’ heart scream of desire for her, you have added that you were created as a kind of Barbie toy and male sex toy by and for a female alien nicknamed Babe, who is a remarkably slutty and baroque creature with thousands of bodies and one of the richest in this part of the mindsphere.

—Ah, yes, says Spiros. Power, sex, magic.

Wintja goes on reading, and soon begins to read out loud:

—And so Babe with all her bodyguards and lovers, all married alchemically in the grandest example of orgy and freedom of sexual expression the world had ever seen, came marching in to the world to Benny Benassi’s song *I Love My Sex*, all with white bed sheets round their waists, the men with throbbing erections, and from the sky came a swarm of 6 million bees buzzing in with a sharp stinging sound that echoed from horizon to horizon with its high pitch. Some of the women and men of the assemblage carried golden trays on which stood huge crystal chalices full of a redpurple liquid that they served to bypassing strangers who could not fail to see a hint of old Egypt

in the way the assemblage walked; straight legs and rhythmically, one step at a time to the music that just kept going on and on. Others carried beds on which lovers lay naked, kissing and caressing each other and drinking of the redpurple wine, eating apples and grapes or right out fucking or playing each other with rose quartz dildos. Strange exotic fragrances filled the air, with an evil hint of burnt plastic. The police and military, quick to announce catastrophic public disobedience, were held off by the very Queen herself, in ways we can not reveal. The assemblage progressed through the city to the eyes of dazzled, shocked, outraged, confused, suddenly-turned-psychotic and violently happy spectators. Many of the spectators threw their clothes off and joined the assemblage and were never seen again as they, so to speak, ran away with the circus. When arriving at the royal palace the assemblage surrounded it and forth from the crowd came Babe in some of her forms (as twelve women), with two muscled male bodyguards by her side and a lion in front of her. The lion walked up to the main entrance of the palace and roared, and the door opened, and out came a young man. Saying nothing three women walked up to the door carrying a book on a golden tray and served it to him, smiling and casting on him pink and white rose petals, with curtsies. The man at the door took the book and nodded politely, a bit shyly, and then closed the door. The music began again and the assemblage gathered into a line and progressed through the city and out of it.

Spiros blows out smoke in Wintja's direction.

—That's how I thought we would do it, he says. For the delivery of the letter.

—It's a good first shot, we need to work the plan through a bit though and add some more elegance, says Wintja. For instance we need a few white helicopters surrounding the assemblage. Or purple.

—Fuck helicopters, says Spiros.

—I like helicopters. I think they're sexy.

—So how did you become so ... wild ... Spiros? asks the potential publisher Mrs Cleo.

—I was born a prince but became a pirate. Now I'm both prince, king *and* pirate, so it was a win, says Spiros. No, really, what happened was I broke the glasses of my worldeyes through a shamanic act and found a secret, and I found myself in the eternity I...

—Yes one shouldn't stay within the walls of the palace so secure, there is far too much adventure out there, says Mrs Cleo.

—Beware the road of common sense and moderation, says Spiros. It lead not to the lands.

Mrs Cleo nods.

—So Spiros, she says and searches with her hand for her bag, I am interested in your book.

—O please don't be, says Spiros and giggles. We've done all we can to keep it from reaching the bookshelves.

—No, really. I like it.

She fiddles out the manuscript from her bag and puts it on the table. Spiros notices the stain of red wine on the first page.

—I couldn't help reading it in my garden while enjoying a bottle of red, says Cleo. I spilled some of the blood of Adam on it. Spiros laughs.

—Edam is her name. Tasty wine? he says.

—Great wine, great. So, what is your book about? Tell me.

—It's about immortality of course, says Spiros and lights his pipe. And...

—That's the aim of the game, says Cleo and smiles seductively. So, let me taste the courage of your actions. Tell me what you know. I want to hear everything.

Cleopatra looks at Spiros' boyish face as he pours more wine; she rearranges herself in the five-seat sectional [sofa] and licks her upper lip wet; looks down on the manuscript in her lap, looks at Spiros again, goes back to the manuscript. She wants that boyish face of his, she wants his kiss, but she knows he is married.

—Absolutely *no* regrets, says Spiros and giggles and hands Cleopatra a glass of wine.

—What do you mean? says Cleo smiling.

—O I was just thinking of Madonna's words. I am still pretty pissed off at what society tried to do to me. Tried to kill my soul, them fucking assholes.

—Yes and, I really think you should not hold back in your book. Express yourself, as Madonna said. Sometimes it feels a bit constrained, the text, as if you are afraid to let it be free.

—Yes, I know what you mean, says Spiros.

Cleopatra takes a grape and puts it in her mouth. Spiros watches her closely.

—So do you really think we are figments of our own imagination? she asks.

—Seems like a useful idea to me, says Spiros.

—Well let us say that we are. Shouldn't we then keep our imaginations free? I for one think the imagination is one of the primary magical keys.

—Indeed, says Spiros. I think so too.

They sit together in the silence and just breathe and sip of the wine.

—But that is something all artists have to deal with, says Cleopatra soon, isn't it? The taboos and the conditioning of a stupid culture.

—Yes...

—And one must not let oneself be fooled by those tricks, she continues.

The antique clock ticks. Hits 11:11. A little housefly comes and sits down on Spiros' hand.

—No, right, says Spiros. You make up your own reality. There is no limit to how far one can take that.

—So what are your plans for the future?

—I plan to never die, and die in the same time, and fuck off to another dimension with my wife. We will leave a ghostly trail behind.

—The perfect crime, says Cleopatra. I like it.

—Crime and glamour, says Spiros. But I have some unsettled issues to solve here before I leave. Ghosts of the past. Attempt of murder. Society tried to kill me.

—Scary, says Cleopatra.

—Well it's more scary for the one who tried to kill me. Obviously it was someone who didn't know who he was dealing with. Bzzz. You can't fool us, we're in human faces.

He winks with his eye and sips some wine, looking at Cleopatra.

—Also before I leave I am going to become rich financially by doing my magic, says Spiros. Just by pursuing my dreams, you know. With my wife of course.

—So many people do that, no reason you can't, says Cleopatra.

She sips carefully of her wine and looks at Spiros with a serious eye.

—Hmm, tried to kill you huh? she says.

The world was killing me. Your world was killing me, draining the blood from me. Yes.

Spiros revels in his animadigital spirit a moment. Incoming call. He shuts his eyes. Bzz.

—Yes, he says and then goes back to the previous topic. No, really. I have better things to do than even give a single moments thought to all these *societies* and *civilizations* or whatever they are called.

Cleopatra laughs.

—Yes, like enjoying tantric love or giving birth to yourself anew and preparing to move to another dimension.

Tantric love. I want to you naked all over me.

—Things of the sort, says Spiros. Kama Sutra. Or enjoying a glass of wine with you and your godly presence.

—My godly presence, Cleopatra giggles. Don't you know, I *am* the Kama Sutra.

Spiros smiles.

—So your book is your ghostly trail? Cleo soon asks. Is that why it said, what did it say...?

She flips through the manuscript to the passage she has in mind, locates it and reads aloud:

—I shall vanish. I will tell you of my whereabouts in a book of love.

—Well, the book is not the only thing we are leaving behind, says Spiros. But yes. You know, it is custom to leave some keys behind, all wizards who walk through any of the gates must leave the gate slightly ajar.

A door in Spiros heart opens and in he comes in from another place. He sits down in himself. A little kiss comes out of Cleopatra's open palm, and she smiles, her head sticking out into Eternity, like a peeping Tom. It makes Spiros giggle.

—Hello, he says and waves to Cleopatra's happy manifestation.

—Hello, she says and waves back.

—Daedalion.

Spiros throws the bed sheet off his shoulders and stretches over to Cleopatra and kisses her soft lips, feels her skin with his hands.

—Aren't you married? says Cleopatra and then bites Spiros' lip. Or have you just trained long and hard in being confusing?

Soon they are intoxicated and all over each other.

—Funny, says Spiros. An underwear with pink little flowers on it...

Let us make it absolutely clear: this book is written for you. It is a present to you from the Mushroom and the Seven Heavenly Sisters from Hell. I can see it before me, you, walking around in *The Sacred Garden of Eternity*, as my brother and I called the landscape, the forest, the Earth, the cosmos, when we lived up in the hills of an island, somewhere, sometime, long long ago. I can see you walking around here with the book in your hand, slinging up a random page and just having fun with the text as it speaks to you through the centuries (the book makes a good pillow too by the way you may have noticed!). You know, if you put a page of this book in the golden sunlight in the afternoon, and pay attention to the angle of the sun, you can see the centuries uniting. (I'm having my first kiss of Isis rejoicing so excuse my excitement!) We're drunk as we write this, dear pirate, Dear Ingenious Reader, dear friend and soulmate. Yes, all of us, living with the moonshine against our chest.

I want to offer you my hand for a high-five through the eons, so if you're up for it, slap this book with your palm, and I will too, and that's a high-five through the eons! And by the way, we are too cool for this century and these demented civilizations. High five for life! High five for us!

You know, I sit here in Eternity. We are different, you and me, why of course, but on many levels we can connect too. We are the wolf-angels with the secrets in our eyes.

For fourteen years I have been under attack from the Factory (civilization), but I'm a very skilled pirate, and as Captain Skylark would say in the face of an attack: Let us go and hide in the wind. Hahaha, have we not made it clear that the Goddess has announced alchemical victory? I thought we had. So raise your chalice toward the sky in direction through the ages, for a toast! The walls of the hyperhistorical wundergoround is smiling with us through the eons!

Hahahahahahahahae!

Yeeeeehaaaaaaa!

Let's hide it well. See for you can be sure, the Goddess chooses her alliances, you don't choose her. So say it with me, to the Factory:

—Fuck off.

Hahahahae!

There is a place that laughs in joy and bathes in love magically. Never stop being with it when you can, and dreaming of it when you are elsewhere. It is here,

You know, me and the girls have had a long debate whether or not we should actually publish this book or not. I thought it might have been safer to hide the information, but the Goddess insists on the info being published.

Now, to go on with the story.

Don't you just *love* this book? Isn't it weird? It's fucking awesome!

The slippery nectar drips. The black sperm from the other side keeps on searching to find the way into the egg. Spiros cries. (Sometimes I'm not really here, Come...to the other side.) Sissy and Wintjabernatrice gaze far throughout the ages, keeping the area clear for the secret birth. Nectar drips from Wintja's breast and Sissy's lip as they engage in nonlinear forecasting in bed.

—Dear Rose, you with Your mysterious ways, tying up the eternity-knot, opening the present, shimmering up the garden

visible. This far into our story, and I'm going fucking nuts, at last. I am in Eden, what the fuck am I doing in Eden suddenly? Haha! Where's that apple. There, good. One taste should be enough to brook through.

Chews the apple.

—Now if I'm not totally mistaken, the Rosalixion is arising into my present, from the deepest of depths, and I am being born anew, flying in from all the stretches of time. Say hello to the Rosy Dawn. Good morning fellows. Landing landing landing higher and higher and higher. I left history, and came out from my own forehead, flew in from another dimension, landing here. What have you been up to the latest years?

And of course Spiros, still partly inside the Great Delirium (Bridge! Bridge!), or at least there again for a moment, wonders why he keeps talking to himself. But Sissy and Wintja remind him that he isn't talking only to himself, but to them as well, and to the Queen and all the folks of the Ifusilad, and that it is all part of the massive tactic, their grand plan with its hidelovsly warm and rosy intricate ingenious dynamics. And Spiros remembers when Sissy and Wintja came on the hovering vehicles above the Nile and told him "it is time", and he reaches deep inside himself and finds there the next key of the puzzle. Time is not linear. And he sits back in Eden, and looks with his intertemporal eye at the circumstance, and while Wintjabernatrice and Sissy walk around in the Sacred Garden of Eternity laughing and talking about this and that, he takes a pen and adds the following to the manuscript:

Echo! Read the beginning!

We have reached the far shore. Bend the bay. *Eko Bokelund Blund!* Still getting things into focus. The history-dream, the poisoning, is going up the cazoo! The world from here looks a bit like it did earlier, but still not. There is this quality to things now, which I find impossible to describe. Mushroom land. Another world has popped out of the woodwork, and I can see my entire past as the weave of the story, our storyverse. I am mighty surprised, still, yet I have always known this would happen. So, I

just want to announce that we have landed now. Where we are we do not know, but they say we are in vicinity of the 21st century, Christian time. The black sperm from the stars still has not found its way to the egg, by the way, of course you already know. We are waiting for further orders from the Queen. In the meantime we act on the last order and gather the descending data that reaches us and spread it across the earth. We'll keep hiding, seems like the natural thing to do. We feel it happening here. The flower is blooming. We are coming back from the river's end. Hail the Rose.

Wintja comes up behind Spiros and looks down at what he has written. She takes the pen from his hand and writes: *We have come back from the river's end.* Spiros smiles, and Wintja gives him an apple.

We *have* come back from the river's end. Not easy juggling with that grammar sometimes. The Rosalixion as event, by definition nonlinear, is of course at times very strange. The seemingly chaotic dance moves with grace doing dimensional warps with the greatest ease. It is joyful, but also determined in its goals and does not falter. Its desires have made it gone wild beyond this world. We are happy, so so happy, we are happy! We love. We feel. We cannot describe how we feel but O how we are happy. Hihihihihihih.

Find my end annywhere, says. I stuck it in the middle and strung it up the beginnings from all sides. And so forth popped the Rose Garden that has no middle, no beginning, and no end. No, that didn't come out right, but hey whatever. Let's not be too icky picky.

—He doesn't know where to put it, sir.

Spiros giggles. Wintja whispers:

I want to be your temprix

I want to explore you

They sit down in the candle-lit space of the little cave, the little apartment at street number 216, the little corner of the space station.

—Okay, says Wintja, let's puzzle together the new data.

And they put together the following as continuation of the manuscript:

...multifarious Star messages include the agents for the changing of the hitherto to redefine the origins. The field of myth that is the birthplace of the present. The present is focused into being. We are the UFOs, and the grand hallucination – reality in other words – is focused into being by these multiple UFOs which we are, and which other beings are as well (People, nearing the statement).
We Are the UFOs.

World by brain re-writable. Matter is jagged open that previously solid material was. Left is photonphysical universe, to begin with. Stealth approach secured royally. (If you would crumble all this information together into a little thing it would be a little lens that you can put yourself in and then travel freely.)

Intertemporal hands directed by intertemporal eye and mind, reaching into the deep circuits to enable the release. You can not make a wrong turn on this sweet road.

Why don't you call you up into flying into? O, you are?

Red heart lovelights are on in the kitchen and the oven is crackin'. A splendid afternoon. Sissy is covered in white fruitsugar and fleur and Spiros rolls around on the floor talking to himself in a delerium of the more severe sort. Six houseflies buzz around. In a fleeting moment a mass of attention is on a round peachy bum on its way up the stairway.

—Now the party begins, Sissy says and smiles. Have an outbreak of psychosis. Make no sense. We need more merchandise from the deep caverns and from the Garden.

She grabs a raspberry and melts with the taste of it. Spiros rises to his feet and sings:

*A little young ladies across the road
In a ketheric like direction
This spicy storyverse of ours is really really hawt*

Wintja, returning down the stairway, opens her mouth to suggest a change in the words Spiros sang, but Sissy quickly stops her:

—No! Don't change it! It's peachy perfect! she exclaims as she brings out some cookies from the oven.

—No no, don't change it! Spiros shouts. Her bum is peachy perfect!

Little birds play around and fly above Sissy to look down her cleavage. Sissy Snowwhite puts a green time-stopped gem into Spiros' glass of wine and bumps her hip into his hip and says:

—Find the most awesome thing to say and I'll let you rip my dress to pieces.

And Spiros, quick as he is, puts his goldrimmed shades on and says:

—Let your soul be the sitar.

But that didn't impress her, so he said:

—Simulate the roundabout and form a loud spy to work with every imaginary event. Document the defending and abundant fabric.

And it impressed her a bit, but not fully, and so he takes a deep breath, knowing they are on the verge of a miracle, and he says rather calmly, as though his words were immanent:

—O Rose! You have unmannered us! The storyverse has shattered; forth is merging the 'world began with imagination'. This batch *worked!* And tonight, good folk!—

He jumps up on a stool;

—Tonight, on the stage of eternity itself! The selfcircumcentric megacycle played out as an evening of three lovers' hierophany and outcircled from its own inner dynamics.

And it impressed Sissy, and she felt the words were a miracle, and toxic teliarchy accented the attended thoroughfare in the out prerequisite.

Printed words in the vicinity change place. Wintja grabs a cookie and steps up on center stage. Fiction waits in her eyes, and she speaks:

—At the dawn of the 21st century, it had the potential to change humanity, and it would reveal the power of the human imagination.

SO, in this showcase of information it's not the order. We went through it all and there was still missing that *buon manier*. But everyone who performs entirely⁴¹ still get it, it's all synched in the tryptamine hyper-continuum, and so we started alternating weeks and years and mostly all the information until we broke through and entered the shifty present of the loved Star palace (Just get the data, we're all up being the Now and all premises and from the first we come dancing in to the new). We could thus have Our department and could hold up at that the mix of sheltered subworld. The downloaded is also partly what we had previously run by and so we get served the information not at random but not chronologically. Or we're late, the Assemblyman or woman goes to fetch something else, sometimes there up by the *so about manners* we go every so often, but we always score and install; tomorrow it's not ours, one can need a spellcast that the usual has already mounted, we can hardly remember but that doesn't matter as it was successfully installed, so chill the effects into a few minutes later if needed. Find in the info banquet rooms information regarding it all, follow syntaxtrack *Here's The Plan*. Um, plum? Time performing a stunt. What it pretty much looks like is we smashed the *Artist nor Artist* and we present something we had been knocking on. It and That to Your doors, there interested in *in*; the Other broadcasting during your body's way in and making you understand you are a Master, a god, and here we all do broadcasts to us! We are uncovering it this way. Gee, the invitations. They're built in a little inline with any appearance, we monitor mixes insane. We had to build the code performing, that's why. Kind of like you can't exclude yourself from the web. Root's home directory tree. I tell, you tell. Anyone could happen. We take all that we can cook, label the idea which the Queen says is many channels to Assemblymen, and channel-hop with it (through the end and back until there is no end from this point? Popp!). This is the order that we use to program the bridging. It's a permit from the Queen since they are so that we'd have made icons of noise glare, glimmering dust that the Godheads either would set to themselves and others through a thought at the timeweb's touch or otherwise link on with or use in any of multiple ways, users to

⁴¹ Love the challenge.

accept that the system on the *beyond Our bandwidth* is wrapped in order. To crack the house of immortality for us. Haha, we're working at times before anyone else's odd names arrive into this neighbourhood of the story! Fortunately, after a subworldan pull-up and a hyperdimensional unwrap, a bunch of us entered the new room. We want us where we want us and now we always got us where we want us. Of course it's complex (and break up into these events!).

So one day we were in the palace kicking golden balloons around giggling and just having fun, and we started talking about how we so often pursue the exercise of filling in subparagraphs with extended hours that have been marinating in the dark! There are reasons for that though, as It is above time. Queen's head. Advanced techniques to open up the flower entrance. But it's not always easy, for *us*. Really, when doing this list of information for the hive, within the hiving, expressly for many thousand lines! Not to mention crosspollination. We are told to just play but our reason-oriented minds can not stop putting constraints on the stripture. Anyway where was I? O, yes, the entrance. This partial summary is about the universe developed by Our team developed with equal weight as the apparently physical universe but with a separate appearance of existence via the material composition of hyperspace, achieved through the high pitched buzzing sound current and devices such as the anti centre of laws which serves to produce photonphysicality, and how to create the HOLE and go through it to wherever you want to go. Good examples of this are difficult to deliberately arrange, but yes. The compiler of sight of all light, people are probably still scratching their Books of their Heads about the law the universe developed: It is information, while at the same time interacting with our material side. The range of the superweb allow the present the transfer resulting from the numerous sub planes, good indications that leadeth into the new accurately. They travel over the law of the previous universe (before the Timenuke). After breakthrough we maintained strict radio silence, historically speaking, before we cut into prime time bouncing our techniques. Any of the paragraphs in the Rosa books might be used to start the upper levels of this to create a kind of opening (Spiros, title that). And soon was found a middle of the things lower equivalent to an

opening when the Universe of poisoning⁴² acts as a physical structure. (Quote in the by: "According to Boom Bang theory there was a point in the past where every atom in the universe was condensed into a singularity. Some people claim that quantum entanglement shows that there is no such thing as space, and that everything in the universe is still touching. Space is just an illusion created by our flawed perceptions, and we are all one. The hippies were right after all.") To leave this life stream into the new universe by understanding the underground plot to the extent that area in both times are real, and to then move into the new reality where the hologram or hallucinationgram is free and happy (Plomari), should be positively identified with rotating or overlapping two dimensions of space at an angle chosen by whatever satisfies you until you obtain the crosssection large enough to be a hole in your location.⁴³ Thence appears the lens, the saucer. (Cooperating on another divine frequency, alternating circulation of data. 1. 2. Letting it run free. Your optimum swamp enlarges the moving password). Let me mention here, and I think I need do nothing but mention it: A mercurial hallugramatic disc, part syntax part bios part machine part mind. (Streamlining our language to call it in.) Avatars: final code says the eyepictures of these tracks of the keen observer will be included. It was an open closed On; the others It. I guess if the *crowd's* eyes are to be counted I don't know what further that called line will come on but it should not limit us partners (including information On). It is as though we are about to cast ourselves into some kind of extrasurreal worlds that surround us, worlds we cannot currently see fully but that are all around us. And remember: Things are here as a surface upstairs that leadeth you to wherever you want to go.

First we wrote ourselves, then we wrote our world, then we wrote ourselves alchemical victory.

—Paint it easy, sugar, in our letter.⁴⁴

⁴²Positioning? The historydream.

⁴³Some people think I am crazy but I really am.

⁴⁴Darling! I can show it to myself now! I can show it to myself! Puss. Mmm you make me, you make me, so, so. . .

Rose, are we seeping in or are we slipping out? Exit strategy. Is it seeping in or are we sneaking out? Enter strategy.

There was here that unexpected ingredient; it is as if the perceptible is annihilated—exchanged by Imaginatrix.

So let us talk a ways into the Imaginatrix Rose. Let us peek into the envelope. What does the letter say? It says that the conditions are termed, and have the same common boundary as the parts of the solid, thus not changing that substances are capable of admitting contrary in being more lasting and more firmly established. If everything turns white, alter the nature of statements and opinions. As, then, no change takes place; smooth, because its parts lie, so to speak, evenly; rough, because they are with something. The altering is what we are talking about here, the sneaky changeover of the seemingly physical world into Imaginatrix. That which is called similar must be similar to what we derived the word winged from wing and from rudder. Beautiful. One of the pair must be white, and one black, that which is cold, hot. Consideration has no name, it is impossible that those possessed of it are standard, for if the terms great and small were used absolutely, and that it was never necessary that either the one or the other should be *action*, and affection both admit of contraries and also of definitions, the statement is not exact. Just as positives and man, or the correlative of the wing with the word bird; if the attribute apprehends some relative thing definitely, one necessarily knows these affairs in flight, always in flight and you see with a glimpse and then move on—and that is enough, indeed part of the very plan (the elves of language need only space the words in accordance what you vaguely remember, remember?). Indeed, if our definition of that which is relative was our rudder. If we express ourselves thus accurately, at any rate to each in the same sense as relatives.

Proposing to discuss the category of quality, are we? Hihihihih. Imaginatrix strategy, we'll let shine the operational mechanics, you be sure!

—I cannot help falling apart at the seams, says Quality.

No name assigned to them. In this, the inborn capacity is distinctly possible in the case of number that there should be a common of something which is a part of you, that is you in many worlds, in worlds made of quality in which you move even if you do not know it, down the river Nile, on your way to your home, back. As, say, my hand reaching through millennia as I write this. Hints also at the fact that even the pouring of water into the cup is a step in the great transmutation.

Queen across the water. Veilskin cloak. Another ghost. Tris. Those species in quality that are distinguished one from another and your own head for a crime of which the marvellous world rang. Today I existence of the perceptible. For perception implies a body, but is that really so? From this it is plain that, if a man definitely apprehends a distinguished each from each by one and the same method of division from one another – rare, because there are interstices between the parts – then the saga of his life is evidently happening in Eternity and is the underlying plot played out; as example he is Adam, he is on his way home, he is waking up into a dream, he has received the strange letter, and so forth— for his time has come, and he is being born and brought to the Imagimatrix, the world on the other side. The truth or falsity of the proposition depends on the who the receiver is, because it is affected in a specific way. This is not quantity, of all that have been mentioned, with regard to which object would appear to exist before knowledge itself, for double and triple have no contrary, nor indeed has any such term. Abiding existence: when once a syllable is pronounced, it is not coming first with the worldstory event it is part of createding. This sense of the word word is perhaps the most said to be only unlockable to understanding by having been penetrated by it itself; it most High and wondrous, coming to you at first as what is often called Queen’s Sting of Love. As for the rest – time, place, state – since they are easily taken under the lookingglass, we need not mention here I think. There are several senses in which one thing can be said to be prior. Say, nothing can pass in the streets of a city without some following highly inconsistent with the other. And all those qualities which are classed as dispositions. Books desire black spot letter, fancy reached human allowed magical break. The pages of the Etrinity-book in question. It will be allcome with

you to the Blue Palace, to pray for the souls of the good folk before we sit down to future. If you want the curtain to be drawn away then say so now and the Veil will be taken away. In the place of the crowned Lions and Lionesses, lovers, husbands, wives of the Great Horned Mushroom Goddess. If you wish to win the Throne (it's yours!), the throne of your Imagimatrix, you'll want to learn the wordways of Exit Strategy.

A message to you.

She stood at the end of the book, goosefleshed, Rebecca Elizabeth Mollie. She was told more in secret, and she poisoned herself blue in the night. I know the sands of time as well as you do, my love, she told her back later (Which of course itself gives off a glint of our plan in action, doesn't it). All the same, she did as suggested. She sat down to write another letter, and the candle was unpleasantly bright. There was something queer about it. The flame did not flicker.

Seems reflected in the infinite of the flame, she thought then. At the white place of the road's vanishing. Figures of light and dark, sleeping toward it, dreaming awake in lucid. Toward something that the world is pointing toward. And yes it is pointing, the directions are everywhere, your world is the signs of direction. Toward something.

The interactive compositioning of. The Bedtime Story. Going to a dark bed, with Darkinbad and the Brightdaylor. I remember the first. The. The first moment. But it's a shadowy memory. Dawn, and. Dawn. Figures of light and dark, these two are walking. Then they take a step back, to be safe as she reaches. Allowing to let the picture form and awake. Snaps of the orgasm in the hidden air. They chose to walk out of it, and they had to pass— in one excellent floral move. The pain of being born into matter. Cum to completion; open, enter. End of the. O wondrous bend, thank you. O love, thank you.

How to navigate the dream...

Just where the road curves sharply. Green buds appear. Sphinx of questioning substance. Into the Imagimatrix. A bird whose den we are finding. It is being pencilled on the surfaces of the world.

For any part of them we can make out. Calling me to you with wild gesturings.

Star going child. Edin, Edam, Aveam being born. What to call us!?

A pinch of the Allhighest will help you, as the Protector said, the Allhighest whose towering gilded likeness glimmered in the candlelight across the season she was part of when she heard those words. Spiros was gone. For half a heartbeat her hand seemed part of a nightmare, and she cried out: but Spiros is dead! They rang the bells for him. But she had a notion of what fruit was being talked about at the edges of her elastic space-time, the Blue Apples, and she would later smile as the spring of the Rose awoke and Spiros with it, back from the dead, mushroom bluecaps – *Deathcaps* – in his pocket picked from beside his gravestone. The mushroom interface between the living and the dead. Later she understood he had never died at all but *dreamed* into his life.

*Night visions, red silk as if to hide the blood never spelt
And another pretended not to notice*

All the Secret of time, plus the rosalixion, opens it as they leave the sign. We are ready to roam the rosalixion? Blievend believes? we ask you in some Danish-Swedo-English dialect of d'Angels. Shall we let become what in the end became, or shall we find a way to change the past? we ask you (Now that's a question for the ages, sages, pages, says Elizabelle). We ask you, you who binocular us through the reflexion in our garden rare.

And she wrote. I just woke up in our Eden shade, she witted, her pen dancing through worlds, and I must must tell you. You and the book were in my dream, my sweet prince. The last dream involved you and me and we were on a train and you were hmmm... we were being sexual, baby... on a train! But we were like on the train, not in it! And I was leaning back as you were licking me... yummmmmm! And you couldn't get enough, honey, you just couldn't get enough! Hehe, wow... what a dream! And I remember you saying Rosalixion. You were explaining to me something about it. I didn't see the book, but you were telling me about some of its legend. And when I woke up I wrote this, let me pass on what I wrote:

Darkness in the high, coordinate the crime, it's on schedule. I always get focused when the hidden space comes up on me.

She comes upon me from the edge of our elastic spacetime (The Queen of the Spiral), she says you're fully mapped my love and we got you covered.

The wiring under the board inside Eternity. If you want to be phoenixed just come and park your self.

(Insanity test, we fly around everywhere)

Park yourself in a world of endless choices. The soul is the lens is the self is the time machine.

Walking through the endless imagimatrix, you will find the door just navigate the dream.

We're on the other side, we're reaching, we got ourself in headspace, we're going to die in fake and wake up dreaming.

What does it mean, to fake your death, and wake up lucid dreaming?

You know what it means, baby, you know what it means.

You've been stung

PS: Sweeter and sweeter and sweeter, deeper and deeper and deeper. I fall in to you, in love with you.

And the sweet connections of love between people transcend linear time, they comprise the form of the glorious blossom sun where we submit our dreams. We're here in bliss, in reverie river, and, O, I hear you now, I hear you! Unleashing ourselves, all of our selves!

BITE my laughter, sweetness. Mmm, like that. Tell of your bewitching girls and our world. Transname our loveliness. I will accompany it with the laughter you can't get enough of.

—Ask and it is given. Stellar summer, hello! At last back in lovely Plomari,⁴⁵ ah! Took a while to merge *that* trip, ey! But we made it! Back from all the stretches of time, with Queen Mari of Plomari! *Let's bloom the air, we have love. Foreplay, let's create this spring.* Incantations to create what we want. Open the Queendom. Ha! O but now we must hide! For some time. Time, yes, gone. Shall we tell about what has happened, my Queen?

—We shall.

—Almost as if we planned it all ourselves...

—I am the one pulsing vitally the blood in your veins. Surrender to my gravity, my beloved.

—It can't be.

—It must be.

—Could we really have conjured this?

A bow.

—Ariedne. I want to string the pieces up.

A nod.

—Our dreambookpages are alive. They want to talk. The hidden universe, the hidden story, is brooking through into the world. The hidden plot. It used to write me now I'm wriding it back, rings a bell? Rings a tale deep in your taled head? The echo is there in the back of the woods, bring it forth!

—Let them talk, says the Queen. The pages.

A roll of papyrus is handed over.

—We are emerging from the reads, all of the gods, your Majesty.⁴⁶

⁴⁵ Not the place on Lesbos, another place here, the Plomari that is a world.

⁴⁶ —O, but are you not a black magician? said he.

—No, said I, I just disguise myself as such.

—O but you are! said he.

—Okay, said I, I am, but I only do good magic. You know, love, light.

I'm back close to Aluminalien, Plomari, Around Midsummer, in the inner circuits of the story. I made a leap thirteen moons through time to get here. I just got the message that "You better get ready for the next one", so I'm preparing for the next dive. Sissy and Wintja are elsewhere at the moment, on their way over here. And they are coming with Spice so we are going to have a party.

We have arranged continuous broadcast of the data we are receiving, on the internet. Cleopatra will publish the book once it is finished.

The scarabs are at work here over at my end. Haven't seen the birds for a long time. I hear here that you are about to puff.

It's a pretty good place in the dream this place I'm at. But I miss you guys. Can't remember how I got here though. Last I remember was...when we sat by archlight, brewing our Spice. How many times have I said it now?, woken up and shouted *It was the wine! It was the wine!* Hahahae! Well that's what happens when you fuck with death and aliens, pun of course intended.

Wintja: Up up up worked but then I lost you my dear, remember? Do you have the coordinates after that last up-turn? Anyway, yay! Yesternight's moments together have given me new energy! You sweet thing! Ahh, your sweet kiss, your sweet love, your presence! Miss you! (Hey by the way I put the alarm on 12:02 but it rang and woke me 12:12, don't know what that means yet. That's how good the trick is. Whas dat dream?) And Sissy you bastard, you're the one keeping me under the water aren't you! Hahahae!

PS: I just heard it whispered that victory has been located by the rose.

PS: Wintja, I think I saw you near the big mushroom-shaped statue close to Old Town, but I was locked so I couldn't get to you. Might have been as close as we could get at that time, you were some 20 meters away. It was close to 6 o'clock.

*Your Crossador,
At some location in the labyrinth. All my love.*

Chafed with obsessions and sensually deranged, perpetually intoxicated—erocriminals of the alchemical spring, licking mostly everything in sight as they celebrate with all the gods intoxicated and horny, eyes burning; sacred lovers of the sluttishness of Nature, financing their luxury by living in an orgy – they are aliens, you be sure – doing their play and following their soulsss desires, alive in their own Thelema.

Spiros licks his silver wine chalice like it was a cock. For a second there as he does he thinks he can feel what Wintja and Sissy feel when they lick his cock in the same way, voluptuously, licking God. He rolls his head and his eyes, his tongue licking the air and the flesh he imagines. Strawberries meet his gaze as he turns and looks over at Wintjabernatrice and Sissy; Sissy is sliding fresh strawberries against her pussylips and feeding the strawberries to Wintja who sits below her like a slave, kneeling on the carpet. Sissy's face is partly covered by a colorful shiny bird mask. Spiros looks at her face, then at Wintja's bum as it pouts out toward him. He wants to dive onto it, into that godly bumness, press his face between her peachy cheeks and lick and bite and scream. He takes another sip of wine but doesn't swallow, walks over to Wintja and lets the wine out of his mouth on her back. The little stream of liquid makes its way down between her cheeks and she makes a little sound and a little funny movement. Spiros dives into her neck to smell her perfume; Armani's old fragrance *Elle*. Such a strange scent on such a strange woman. Like alien cotton candy, some fruit from Jupiter, a white and pink flower from some twisted sexual candyland. The kiss of a teen girl in the form of a perfume. Smells like young naked women licking poison

off each other's skin in the garden of Eden. Smells like pink shaven pussy looks, Spiros thinks— pink lip kiss. A certain kind of madness incarnated.

Spiros wants a strawberry too. He opens his mouth and Sissy slides another berry against her lower lips and feeds it to Spiros who eats with delight.

—*Mommy*, I want something *huge* up my ass, Wintja moans as she squirms against Sissy churning and biting in an intoxicated frenzy of primal lust.

W*intjabernatrice walks down a little country road in her white wedding dress, carrying two red silk bed sheets in her hands that she drags behind her like ariadne threads. The sound of Sissy's violin sounds all around her. Wintja walks slowly, one step at a time. She moves with grace; the chessboard of hyperspace and the Rosalixion. A bird flies above her, keeping a look out, gazing through the story. Suddenly a whirl of book pages come flying in the wind toward her and she stops, casts one of the red sheets into the air for the bird to carry, which it does by catching it with its claws, and then lets one of the pages land in her hand. She reads from it.)*

THE PAGE:

Darling. Your idea I must say is most grand. Have you talked to Death about it? What does she say about your proposal?

I see her like growing in thy sky. I wonder how anyone can survive now that she's coming forth, hihihhi.

*Many kisses,
your Spiros.*

WINTJA: (*Casts the page in the wind and laughs.*) Careful with what you say Spiros, you foolish cute little boy! Don't go back there!

SPIROS: (*Hearing her through the smokephone.*) I thought we had decided to be *carefree* with what we say, not *careful*! (*He laughs and puffs.*) Sorry I was in the delirium.

SISSY CUBENSIS: You know how slippery it can be Spirisi! (*She laughs as well.*)

(*Spiros nods and rises from his sitting position and shouts in glory, casting his hands toward the sky, then takes a cocky draw on his spiced cigarette and looks out the window.*)

SPIROS: We fucking did it darlings. We fucking did it.

WINTJA: (*To Sissy.*) Tell him I'm on page 243!

SISSY: Spiros! Come into the pictures!

(*Spiros leaps in to the pictures. Ends up in Aluminalia, Plomari, in the Land of No Addresses.*)

SPIROS: Damn, I missed you. Must have made a wrong turn somewhere.

(*Wintja continues down the road. Sissy enjoys a warm bath with rose petals sprinkled in the water. Spiros sets to work to pinpoint his location. He sits down and begins to write by hand:*

Now if I'm not totally mistaken (I throw my dice for plural) I was supposed to shut up about the wedding and the procedure and the whole God damned event (Date with stream today. Fluffy mushroom cloud arrived at the horizon to confirm it's homegrowing season. Its cap grew bigger and bigger until it covered the entire sky above me. Message received, loud and clear). Which means I'm out on slippery water. That is my location: sippery witer wine. No that can't be correct. Who cruises under every pencil? Well, the Queen, right? Dammit hahahae. Where am I? I'm in the past somewhere. We have unwrapped the mummy so I must be after my so-called secret funeral. O, now I remember. I was supposed to publish the book. Cleopatra was to do it. Sissy, can you phone her and tell her the book will be ready soon? Bernatrice, phone yourself and tell you that we have a deadline of two years from location 2oo8, flowermonth Plumeria Kubra, *P. incarnate*, Dead Man's Flower⁴⁷ (Ahh, the heavenly smell alone can take you here!). I'm stuck in some kind of plenum at the moment back in 2oo8. The

⁴⁷How *did* we reach the highest point?

disguise has showed to work as planned though.
And I am beginning to be able to bridge the delirium
with myself. But I'm fucking drunk. O, yes, I forgot.
Again. I am drunk.

(He walks carefully across the room in direction toward his pipe. Pink flowers shimmer chrysanthially of the Rosalix.)

SPIROS: Going down Pipe Lane now in Candyland. Candyland? I didn't know that was a valid address. Fuck, wait, I'm freaking out again.

SISSY: Go to the statue of Flora when you've picked your pipe up, there's a message there for you.

SPIROS: I think I'm landing again. *(He reaches through history slowly his rosyflesh hand toward his pipe and grabs it, fills it with some dust and crush of roses and some Diplopterys cabrerana and a piece of the plastic wrap of a cigarette package and lights a match. Lights and puffs and inhales.)* Banisteriopsis rusbyana. It's a rush by Ana? Stereo on radio Sis, operator? Haha. Damn, do you guys remember that day we thought we were all about to vanish? When the universe was folding up into itself and just about to disappear and we all found that we are ghosts of each others' minds, remember that? *(He coughs.)* I just had an insight. Dudes and girls, how the fuck did we come up with such a good disguise? Whose idea was it? Damn I'm fucking drink. Drunk. *(He reaches for the bottle of redpurple wine by the statue of Sissyflora undressing.)* I thought I was out of wine. *(He pours himself a glass.)* Okay wait, now I remember everything again. *(He sniffs.)* I smell nail polish. Okay I'm landing. *(In to the room comes Sissy. Spiros looks at her and smiles.)*

SPIROS: I'm drunk, my ulve. On love. And I am only partly here in this room.

SISSY: *(Smiling.)* Of course you are. *(She begins undressing.)* I'm gonna take a bath. Wanna bathe with me?

SPIROS: No, I need to finish off a few things. Where's Wintja?

SISSY: Right behind you.

SPIROS: O. Great. Tell her I have just flown by Pipe Lane and I'm heading toward the fruitcake. She's got a kiss waiting if she'll meet me there. Tonight the witches shall return. Enter your eyes. Enter your body. We are arriving.

Sissy rises from the bathtub and walks out wet and soapy to one of the bedrooms of the palace. She flips up the last page of the book to read what Spiros has added: *The disguise has showed to work as planned. And I am beginning to be able to bridge the delirium with myself. But I'm fucking drunk. O, yes, I forgot. Again. I am drunk.*

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Your King, xxx.

—Poor king! Sissy laughs and gives Spiros a kiss as he lies sleeping on the bed.

A little housefly comes buzzing by Sissy's face.

Sitting at the table, looking at the girl beside me; she is so cute, something special around her. I kick her gently again under the table. I want a cookie.

—Do you want a cookie? says Wintjabernatrice. I could see you wanted a cookie.

She is smiling. She hands me a cookie.

—O but, I say, I want one of those...creamy things, that chocolate drink stuff. Bailey's. I want a those, one of those. Cream.

Wintja orders two Bailey's; she wants one too. We want them in special glasses, she says to the waiter. It is a special day today, she informs him.

My tear that falls through history and wets it is gone; I know not where it went. I got lost in the sky blue. I got hit by an arrow shot by an angel from the sunny side.

I try to stay focused but a thought comes in to my head, and I think for just the fraction of a moment of the hairs above Wintja's

⁴⁸ Not easy being at many places in the same time. Must account for your movements. Picking the sun up over the horizon as you glimmer the psilocybin wine against the flame of the candle.

vulva. Peach, I think. Peach and chryssanthial. I reach for another cookie.

Silence.

—Here I could stay forever, says I.

I wanted it all my life, I wanted it more than anything else. I wanted something grand, something magical, something so magical my socks would pop off. I searched my whole life for it, every second of my waking time and in my dreams at night. I knew society was not the limits of reality, neither was anything else I was served— in the arts, in philosophy, and in the messages I got from the people around me. I knew there was something greater out there for me.

And I wanted alchemical victory.

And then things began to happen. I followed the white rabbit, so to speak, and it showed me to a secret passage. It warned me, yes it did, that *this is it, you have found your way to the lands, here is where it all begins and you will find what you have been looking for for so long*, but if that isn't more of a blessing than a warning is debatable. And then came my first breakthrough, and then another one, and another one. It just kept getting larger and larger the deeper I went. But also more specific for each breakthrough. And then came my birth, which took three years to complete.

—Here's our Bailey's! says Wintja.

We thank the waiter and tap our glasses together for a cheer.

—Mmm, cream, says I.

Wintja says nothing, just smiles and takes a sip. She dips her finger in the creamy stuff and puts the tip of her finger in my mouth. She gives me a look. She is my evil alien. And we are sitting eating cookies and drinking creamy stuff. And I will never die again.

—Published 1922, she says. Yes I will, yes! Both Spiros and Steaphen Deadhallus begin and end with a hissing S, you know.

In through the door comes Sissy. She has bought a new pair of boots. She says she felt like buying boots. She bought white boots.

—Bailey's. Give me, she says.

—Sissy Gos-Fluff! Spiros exclaims in deep joy. Are you my gos-fluff?

Sissy takes Wintja's glass and drinks of the creamy stuff, then sits down. It is quiet, and we are sipping creamy stuff and eating cookies. Here I could stay forever.

I dreamed of it. And the house of the breathings of Fae, walls of rubinen (and as when I am alone in the storypalace in one of the corridor passages, that special light shining bright, archlight, animasynthetic storyverse, three-dimensionality, in front of a mirror perhaps, the apple is near and I am the first man, chess master Saladin born from a story. I'll put the apple near the book and the rose near the pen to see if that's the wanted configuration. Calls from afar). Then I found I had left that place. I came from there. I had been there in the archlight brewing our redpurple plantblood wine in the palace of, dare I say, Hecech Saysaith. We drank of the brew and a puff on the pipe and the Rosalixion began. Do you remember? It's a reference to a day one, at dawn. When the team was gathered, us gods and goddesses, back in the day. Remember? The birds will remind you. And the elvin alliancians. They will come to you, it will be grand! O how you will thank us for having mentioned it! O, they have already come?

Now, do you have a moment? (Sorry, we don't have time for go-ahead plot. We have a letter to deliver.) I'd like to ask you a question, if you may. Why three? It still beats me. Sissy says it is because two makes a circle while three gives the possibility of endlessness of possibility. Wintja says it doesn't matter we just fell in love and that's all. But I am still curious about it. Maybe you can answer me in a book some time, your thoughts on the matter. The world of literature is one of the new postal services for hardcore longdistance intertemporal communication (yeah yeah it has always been I'm just pointing it out!) so write us a letter. We fell in love: Death, Life, and the Alien. It began with three smiles in the darkness, we ended up marrying in an alchemical marriage.

The excellent desire sneaks.

—We shall finish the hole book.

—Become the author of your reality...

—Yes...

The sweetest dream, that turned out to be real. Who could have known? Haha! Maybe? This is no maybe.

Halfway home.

Love, I am in love. Deliriously in love. Can you feel the alchemical spring? It can be very sneaky. Can you see it in my eyes? I can see it in yours. Like our hearts are the cosmos. The flowers show it. And that glimmering on the rosy surface of the letterbox in the candle light; *animadigital eternity*. If I could only express it in words. I live it, but cannot express it in words. I see it, but cannot express it in words. I feel it, experience it, but cannot express it in words. Bad poet! Bad poet! Can you not transcript the xxx?! No, I can not. O but! I am reborn! I am reborn! Humanity, mankind, I have something I must confess. O, no, wait, I will keep my mouth shut. I will die without ever having told the secret. O, wait, I will never die...but you get my point.

As we used to say back in the days, you have to flip on the seamy side if you want to catch the ride. Woof your wings, it is alchemical spring.

I wonder if they had in mind that they went to rings end that day. Past The Ring Pass Not. *Burning the legacy, of Cycles*. An arrow out of time. Yes and what about this go-ahead plot? Well, with these seemingly impossible twist that will always be tied up we would like to exemplify the seemingly impossible twists of the situation. Are you doubting the computational capacity of the Rosalixion?

Good to be home ey. What a long journey it was. Lost in mind? Yes, what a thing ey. We used to ask: what shall we do once we reach the house of Eternity? Heh. Sissy would answer: we'll just chop some wood and sit by the fireplace. As mentioned it took a while for me to find back home. Don't know about you. I'm still not fully back. I imagine the last hit of the delirium, the last hit of the history-dream, will be a new journey and even more intense than my previous landing attempts. But I can feel the spring in the middle of winter now. The Rosy Dawn is licking the walls, that special kind of fire. (Does she want someone to shine on?) And all the meanwhile the installation of the Star is under way. Some people consider nanotechnology and other future technologies are of the mind you know (shh!). The alien is here. Reach forth your furry paw and take my hand, and together we will leave to the stars, it says. Through the violet doorway into hyperspace and then.

And our scripture moves forward like the Queen down the aisle on the pasture. She wants to make it create it, the book; eros erotica lovemaker baker creator of the best loved and most wanted. We create this sigil from manifestation traced back to our correspondence. I want to see it made for you, She said. The book. (Our code seduces the elegant change.)

—Secrets told, my Queen. Let us proceed with the letter and display the rest of the information. What about the black sperm from the stars?

—Nothing need be said about it.

—What of the purpose of the crime?

—Nothing need be said about it.

—Then let us proceed.

Wintjabernatrice pours some wine and walks up to center stage; the carpet where the vase with the sunflower stands on a pedestal. It is summer in Plomari Star and our blood has been exchanged for spice. Talk about orgasm.

—What time is it? Wintja asks.

—Sunflower, says Sissy. Rosalixion.

—Death, says Wintja.

Sissy and Spiros nod.

—What do you say, dear? says Wintja and looks at Spiros.

Spiros puffs on his pipe and rearranges himself in the five-seat sectional [sofa]. He flips through the pages of the book, trying to fish up the data.

—Code of the entree glossary, he says. We've been there. Pillowcatch. Been there. We're talking to the look. Been there. Gazing through the hall toward its gaze. We've been there. We've been there. Every night before. Structurally flawing it to a halt. What about this? Reality is syntactical and linguistics is a tool of self-creation.

—Sounds good to me, says Sissy.

Spiros goes on searching through the book.

—Pass through the lovegate, he says. Telephones don't exist. Go abed and come back with the stone kissed and blessed and ready. Extracentury perception.

—Mmm, Sissy lets out. Extracentury perception. Give that a pedestal.

—A slender shard of mirrored magic, continues Spiros. Afterneath all that. Could I have dreamed this into being? How about this?

He takes a sip of wine and then goes on:

—Quote: We promote the uncensored expression of the individual's honest linguistic intention. This is to be carried out in the light of the fundamental understanding that reality is syntactical. Fundamentally the concept is a hybrid of 'the power of intention' and an understanding of the cascading effect of motion upon form: We believe that the synchronicity/symmetry inherent to motion and form is the linguistical resonance of an interconnected timescape. We believe that expressed intention affects the morphogenetic field. Subsequently, by manifesting enharmonic sonic hedonic phonics or in other ways expressed intention within the existential architectonics, we believe it is possible to hack reality into heaven via language.

—The craft always catches the attempt, says Wintja. There are some details in that that need mentioning.

—I agree but it's not what we are looking for, says Sissy.

—Okay, says Spiros and continues to search through the book. What about this? Quote: I can tell you something more than that, dear writer...

He looks at Sissy and Wintja.

—The sentence ends there, he says.

—It was probably an attempt at a statement of release, says Wintja.

—Compose us a last line, will you love, Spiros laughs.

The cure. The universal panacea. We went in to the depths to find it. We have gone from the bright fun and through the dark waters and we have come out, transfurnished. We are back now. How are you guys and girls? How you been? Are you ready? Nighthoods unseen violet. Tonight is the evening of incantations and music. Well, we told you already, the disguise is thin. We gave it our best shot. *We were hiding in our eyes.* The gods are landing, one by one.

our very universe. A universe so intelligent it can without effort coordinate an entire planet toward a chosen goal over the course of millions and millions of years. How does it all happen? Well that is a secret that will not lightly be given to humans.

I want to taste your tongue, Seamstress.

In the depths of depths, life has a plan. The book looks like fantasy, but as you read there comes a moment where you realize it is not fiction at all. And in the knifesharp lines of text you can see the Queen herself, and her words shimmering through time; *Conscious of only one emotion as she threw succeeding ages, the position of the first of any longer, and Rose said, caressing Phoebe's cheek: I am all ready to play guide as ride with you. When we saw each other for the first time. But I, 1; haven't seen you for ages, and 2; haven't yet fully decided on the rules of the game. I want to see how you play before I make the rules.*

She talks like that sometimes. One wonders how she can know what to say at the right place.

When you look inward, you find the birthright. Mystery never died, it is alive in the moment. And in the midst of the historical chaos of the beginning of the 21st century you archaic pioneers bring the Urobo Ros back to its own tail. My new symbionts and I are here now and we are here to stay.

Hail the Queen.

A bow.

—Eat me, says Mushy.

Pop.

You can access the galaxy-sized object that is inside you...

LADIES, gents, say hello to our special hosts for this eternity, Queen of Queens, the one of many names, Misses Saucie Love, and the rest of the team who shallt remain spread out, yet always present, for mycelial security. We are immortal. Remember what was said in that interview?: *Yes, what we don't understand is that the enemy is infinite. The modern world we live in is not accustomed to thinking in such terms.* Yes, we are infinite. And we always win.

We of this part of the Plomarian court would here like to add that it was also said in that interview that, quote: *Society, and the modern world at large, is like a set of boxes, and some people can think outside of these boxes.* O, snap! No way! There you got us. Surprise surprise.

We will begin this evening with entertainment from members of the Vast Exid team in collaboration with Modus Escape. Visions by Ros X. Digwoodwedidude by Steaphen Hen. And soooooound by Spacetime and the Star. Clues & Hints by The Chemical Twins & a white dove whose nicknames are a bit inappropriate but whom we mostly call Lez Bianca. And new in the team: The Avatars of Shit. Part 1o1: *Have You Seen A Peach? Have You Seen the Animator of Spacetime?* A looming shade. A kid napping. A glorious crime (and climb up an excruciatingly large pile of bullshit shoved on the most amazing planet we have ever seen). A double pleaser jelly dolphin at overwhelming speed. Finished off with absolutely void, ecstatic ruin! And then, the final twist! Are you ready for the vacuum clean, immaculate Strawberry Show!

Sound by the Star (subwoofers put together by Mankind). Spiced refreshments and hors d'oeuvres by Pink Lip Kiss. Our electricians and sound system coordinators on spot are people from Red Lab. Bed sheets around the waists of waiters and waitresses from the *You Dream It* collection of The Best In Bed. Jewelry from the *Conjure It* collection by Antifuse (and thank god for Antifuse). Door openers flown in directly from ancient Egypt.

We will during the course of the evening reveal a new true story of where we are heading in the universe.

Up on center stage comes Ffiana and grabs the microphone:

—If you propose an option to the hell of everyday life you are immediately declared a witch.

There is general laughter.

—The truth is, she continues, that the world is a mushroom in full bloom. You must declare yourself an avatar. Or rather, it is blooming, we are in the movie of the growing. It shall be in fullbloom soon!

There are applause. Spiced refreshments are served as the lightshow begins. A huge twirling rose is projected on the wall above the stage.

—My goal is your goal, says the Rose in deep reverb.

Ffiana continues:

—The rescue of the gem of immortality will become a living reality for everyone who has ever lived. All the suffering and pain will be repaid, *somehow*, through the intercession of the mystery, and through the mystery of higher dimensions that through a backward flowing logic of time will somehow undo what has already happened.

And thence began the show. Spiros and Sissy and Wintja sit back and engage in the event, but Sissy soon gets excited and rises:

—I want to play! she says and takes Wintja's hand and pulls her out of the chair. Spiros, we'll be back later.

Play

O isn't it so fun to play

Do your stunts with play, the arch-toy!

Secret lip.

—Sure, says Spiros.

He brings forth his notepad and gold pen.

Where in the dream am I? Where Midsummer meets Plomari by the river that runs through Aluminalien, on my way down the river under the Egyptian moon. That's where I am. Can I sing it into existence?

He bows in face of the Queen and remembers his lovestung foot, poison kiss.

He remembers. Wakes up. Falls into the delirium again. Wakes up. Back into the delirium. His pasts folds up into his head.

—World by head rewritable, he mumbles. Release me.

—Unwrapping the mummy, says the Queen. Exchanging your blood for the superfluid.

—Let's make love amongst thorns, Spiros whispers with a touch of anger in his voice. In public. Scenesex. I am sick of the modern world trying to kill me.

Rosy flesh, chrusanthial archlight.

He casts his left leg over his right and lets the hyperdimensional scarabs do their work on his superficial nervous system. Hide it. Hide it well. Shh. Secret birth.

—They'll never catch us, whispers Sissy.

The grand opening ceremony continues and Spiros writes another line for the book *In The Mid Die* in the whirl of the rose spring.

On the stage the show continues:

—The gem, the lapis, has been generated in our heads.

—He doesn't know where to put it, sir.

—Sir, he doesn't know where to put it.

—Sir, he doesn't know where to put it.

Queen, Your Majesty. Thank you for leading me back to the land. I was fooled, I was tricked by civilization. But I am back now. Thank you for leading me to the secret. But I have to be careful with it. Now it has been found. By the way, Sis, have you dropped a pin?

Sissy lies on the bed. The voices of singing nymphs echo around her. She floats away with the dreamwind, in with the dark river made of dream and mind and soul, and the river tightens as she approaches the end. Soon her body cannot fit into the narrow passage and her mind floats away from her body into the narrow passage at the end of the river. Through the eye of the sun through the eye of her soul through the eye of the galaxy her center opens and she floats through it.

Spiros sits by his alchemical workbench out in the garden amongst the greenery, growing his hair long, for years and years he sits in the spring, his hair growing long, for years and millennia and aeons he sits there. The voices of singing nymphs echo gently, spirited, lovingly. Through the eye of the galaxy through the end into the sunhole through the opening at the end he travels far and slow; a conception, a birth, a floating away into the opening. And he clasps his hands together and bows to the Queen slowly, his hair falling in front of his face. The voices of singing nymphs echo gently, lovingly, spirited.

—See through my eye, says Wintjabernatrice. Just use your imagination.

—How will it all flow together? asks Spiros.

—The thread that runs through it all, says Sissy. The ariadne thread.

An achemical dream created by the self through enlightenment of the soul. And as the play deepens and deepens, it became real.

—We are still partly in physics, says Wintja, not yet released into the imagination. But we shall enter the palace. It will be majestic.

Spiros lights his pipe and looks out at the starry sky. He whispers:

—Fused. Into eternal tantric union.

Back in the apartment on Levingbye Road 216 Spiros sits and sips rosé champagne and smokes chaliponga. He is in a strange passage, and he wonders what to do next.

—What does the book say? says the Queen.

—It says that last year was the year of the crystallization of the new consciousness, the year of the birth, and that this year is when the old finally falls away completely, says Spiros.

—Everything that happens to you is part of the tale, Spiros, don't forget that.

—I won't forget, my Queen, says Spiros.

—O and Spiros...

—Yes?

—Always trust your crazy ideas.⁴⁹

Spiros wakes up in a palace. He does not recognize his surroundings, but he knows where he is.

—O shit, it's happening again, he says to himself.

In front of him stands his brother Adam breathing deeply with great anger in his eyes, as though some immense energy or spirit has taken over his body. Adam grabs Spiros throat with his hand and tries to strangle him with his one hand, and does a good job at it, so strong is he.

—It's...not...you, Spiros manages to get out.

Spiros breaks free from Adam's grip and runs out of the palace. He finds himself on a crowded street and as the people see him he hears someone shout:

—Ahhh! Somebody has woken up! Somebody has broken free from the trap! Kill him!

A car turns in his direction in attempt to run over him. Spiros raises his hand and intones something along the lines of:

—O-b-rr.

The car turns away at the power of Spiros' words; his voice, his syllables. The people on the street run around in panic and a large group of people run toward Spiros in attempt to kill him. He raises his hand again and intones a few syllables and the mass of people separate like a wave and Spiros can walk on. Then he wakes up.

Looking across the ocean from the summerhouse at Choicepoint Road Spiros sees some kind of white cloud explosion at the horizon, and then another one, and then another one. He soon realizes that the explosions are coming toward him, slowly but steadily; some kind of white foamy cloud. It comes toward him like a tsunami, and he begins to run into the forest, away from the

⁴⁹ And you shouldn't write you can't! Can't is a sad word in every language.

ocean. When the white stuff is but hundred meters behind him it suddenly sinks in to the ocean. Spiros stops to look. Soon the ocean surface begins to bubble and the white tsunami begins again. Spiros runs.

He is standing below a cliff on a dirt road in the forest when he realizes he will not be able to run fast enough to escape. The white tsunami begins to fall over him.

He is not scared, he does not even consider the fact that he will probably die within some five seconds. He just marvels at the strange phenomena. He looks at the white tsunami as it is about to fall over him.

Just as it is about to wash over him the white waterlike stuff like freezes in the air and turns into the heads of whitegolden lizards that look at him with deep black gazes.

—It's the Spice, he hears a voice say. It's here.

And someone whispers:

—Have you forgotten?

The lizards look at him, and suddenly in the eyes of one of them Spiros sees the gaze of Bianca. He exclaims her name, *Bianca!*, and the lizard turns into the white dove and she flies through the air and lands on his finger. And he hears voices: "The plan is going perfect, Spiros", "You're doing a good job, Spiros", "Don't freak out", "The time is near", "We are coming soon".

—Spiros, your dreaming is at a very crucial place right now, says Kinch. The words, the intonations, you desperately need to remember these. Precisely. I will teach you one before we part ways today. Because you understand the exchange that needs to occur.

—Hmm. I must clarify to you that I cannot remember everything about the intonations, says Spiros. I remember the first one was something like "oo-b-rrrrr", and I remember how these intonations where like secrets.

—Spiros. I was there.

—Ah!

—I can only speak to you through the waking world at the moment. It's probably just me. Wait, I can't talk in these terms yet.

I mean to say that the dreamworld you are in is not "astral projection". You are absolutely right, in your writings, when you say things are changing down to the laws of physics. Okay, now, shamanic interjection, the tools, you already have some it's clear. I want to offer something mundane, in order to stay asleep/awake, maintain lucidity, and eventually come to a place where you can relinquish control in your dreams. That is the most beautiful letting go. So in the first dream say, perhaps you've tried this, when you are alone in the mass and you are lucid but waking yourself up, because of the impossibility of being *so* alone, you must have tried this, spin! Do not overspin, I suggest three clockwise spins to start.

—Ok, says Spiros.

—I will be there after that. Beyond the veil. In a different dreamworld. Everything will suddenly change. From there I can share another tool. And please, if you can remember the previous dream, before you spin, remember the sounds, the syllables. It is a matter of survival...

—Okay. I shall pay attention more closely from now on.

—In order to create dream tunnels, basically. It will be very dangerous, if you don't remember. I will bring an instrument for you because a common side effect is your voice being lost. Telepathy is easy if we remain in different dreamworlds, but once we're in the same dreamworld the intentions and extrapolations quickly populate a shared world. Much like you being attacked by the spirits through your brother. Maybe they have some control, but they can still awaken, however harshly.

—My voice was lost once in a lucid "dream". Sissy was standing in front of me holding a red rose. I could not speak.

—I think you understand then, the importance of your utterances. Being able to bring a single syllable means *all* the difference. O and, another tool is choosing an absolutely mundane object you use daily, as an amulet of sorts. Like a toothbrush.

—Okay, got ya.

—It seems to me then we will not have a hard time entering a new plane. Might as well develop the dance here. Because once we have grouped up we will be spinning out of there.

—Did you say spin out of here?

—Spiros, you have told me about being under water in your dreams.

—Yes. I have had difficulties getting out of the water. I am considering if I should try to stay under water instead, that might be the point. I have met her there. She has sung to me the secrets, undersea.

—You have to try to remember. It creates a dream continuum. Remembering another dream within the dream.

—We've done it Spiros. We made contact. We survived the jump.

Spiros nods in silent recognition.

—We have achieved "human form".

—I saw you and Sissy in the park, palace, says Kinch over the phone. First you then her. Majestic. She follows you in the waking world. Doesn't that seem odd? I couldn't tell if you were trying to show me a path, or just saying hello. I had to thank you for risking being seen, and not being too frustrated with my dog. You don't remember this at all do you, about being a crow?

—I have a vague memory about it, but I can't ... it haunts me ... I can't ... remember. Yet the memory tickles my mind ...from far away. When you said it it clicked in my head.

—You seemed happy, it seems you were foraging and entering the palace very majestically. Then as I went to leave I gestured and said thank you. You went over above another path. I couldn't tell if you were trying to say, go down this path, or, thank you for visiting the palace. I was content to have had the meeting. But I was left begging for more but had to actively return to a normal state of consciousness.

—All you say is really on track, Kinch. You've hit the main vein. Or we, or whatever. Okay, I must meditate a bit.

—Goodnight. By the way, before you go, what do you think will happen when the book is finished?

—Well the book will continue to spawn sequels until the gates of the palace open.

—Yes. I want to be there when it happens. Okay, goodnight. Good luck. As though you need it!

Going to a white bed there was a. Spiros begins to move toward the bed in the other side of the room far away at the dimensional horizon. He passes the phting-twixy-sharpsinging red lion stone sphinxes, takes a turn through Egypt, casts a glare toward the Cretan sun, sees the feather of a white angelic form, hears a bird jump down on sand, feels the Flowersun emanate rays through his chest, understands a message sent to him six years ago, and then remembers about the wine and tobacco. As a matter of fact, we crawl trough the holes in the cheese. Close to the cupboard – the Indian Library and botanical showroom – under the plateau of Aluminalien in Egyptian Plomari he thus makes a turn toward the kitchen that shimmers in the 21st century, walks with a few steps over the old Flying Carpet Place in Ghostworld to the kitchen and feels there the presence of the Rosy Dawn, opens the refrigerator in the 21st century and comes to the future, grabs through thirtysix centuries with his chessmaster hand the decanter of wine (which could have contained LSD let's say) and is struck by the memory of the older decanter of Buzz that was used as reflective surface for interdimensional prismatic communication (more on that anotherwhere) until it was broken, as the centuries broke, in the tumult of his own awakening back in 2006 at dawn around midsummer. He spends a short while in the 21st century looking with smiling gaze in direction Rosy Dawn as he pours himself wine and considers the quickest route to light a cigarette, then returns to the bedroom spilling a little wine on his way (the spilled wine!). A cigarette turns up from nowhere in front of his eyes and he picks it up and lights it in the main palace and salutes every being of the realm with a toast, a sip of wine, and a draw on the cigarette. He thinks a while of how to express more clearly the secret so far referred to as The Dove & Crossador, but comes to no revolutionarily new idea. He sits down in the sofa close to Sunflower Hall where he notices he was already sitting from another direction, and he sits back and sinks in to an ecstatic state of bliss. He now remembers that he was about to go to bed when something happened that made him go get more wine and tobacco, and he looks at the bed. This connects his destination with his present location and he is filled with great joy. The 21st

century flimmers along the walls of the main palace and he giggles at seeing it melt away. (I'm waking this up). It feels like spring although it is only February; it feels like the first spring he points out to himself, the spring of the palace breaking through. He ponders for a while the paradox of how he can enter the palace without everyone on Earth entering simultaneously, but does not find an answer. Puffing and sleepily enjoying the moment he picks up a piece of a page from *Codex Rosa* and reads:

This *Rosa Mundi* is the florisolar love scene of movement, of the ever present and passing moment, the centre of the supreme centre that is everywhere at once. It contains its doors through which one may enter. If one gains access to the centre of the rose it speaks the lost words, the master words that throw open the gate.

The rose is also the labyrinth, the journey. The journey may be full of thorns, but the destination is sweet, like honey is to the bee.

(I'll bet you a strawberry it has something to do with cancelling time. You in, baby?)

Before afterneath after this before.

—The *Rosa Mundi* is the florascene solarlove of movement, Spiros says to himself, it contains entrances which one may door. If one centre speaks the lost words the labyrinth door is everywhere.

He stands up and opens his arms. The visible trembles with shimmering crystalline light; archlight. He hears the blessed bomb break through his world and sees the contours of the mighty main palace.

Perfume. Old books. Candlelight. A visit tonight from the far stretch. We have hid well. Compliments.

A smile in the darkness.

A responding smile.

My landing was about as violent as we had predicted it to be. But we managed to hide it in the whirl of action. We have placed

the data far and deep within the code structure so it's not too easily accessible.

We are planning to hide in India after the first letter is finished, where we shall continue the operation. I still say to the Queen that we shouldn't publish the book but she insists.

(shuts up)

(goes back. Hides.)

Dreamradiophone.

I'm getting ready for another dive. I am out of Spice and plastic but the Queen says she will royally access my nervous system and location in the story to pull through the last of me into my present stitch in time. I am entering through a myriad of holes and cracks; spinewise, storywise, feelingwise, brainwise, timewise. A kind of seamless transportation you might say. Well haven't we always talked about the starships of imagination? Wink. I travel 6-star, on information, lol. Travel without moving.

It was a pretty rough ride to get here to my present place. That electrical thing for instance, when we turned the switch, when we sent me in through the dark signal, made my body all full of too high voltage. Hurt like hell. I thought I was going to explode like a nuclear bomb, so I was like *shit I gotta leave town*. But town was too full of electric charge so I couldn't make my way through it and out of it, so I fled to nearest park and threw myself into the bushes— I figured the plants would discharge me a bit, and they did. I handled it as smoothly as I could. Then the second landing attempt I woke up in the future so I kind of freaked out of joy. Third landing attempt was successful, we made it through fully, but I got so happy that I ran around naked for a few days talking to Sissy telepathically and eventually I got thrown in to the mental hospital. And here I am now: at landing attempt four (present location: Aluminalia, Plomari, Plumeria Kubra, February 2008). We're going to take it more slowly this time so I don't freak out. Must prepare the monkey nervous system for the shock of the entry. Bzzz! Hail the massive tactic. We are inscribing the proper flaws into the text for smooth passage.

No question this is what it says!⁵⁰ Open that heart!

Pop your ears! Wake up! Welcome home. Now we

⁵⁰ Darling, where did you get to know what I am dreaming about?

take a quick turn. We are close to the river's end. Beyond it begins something so marvelous it cannot be imagined from here. It is something totally different. Not even another universe— something entirely different. It is the world we call Rosa, or Plomari. Did we tell you this is black magic? No, just kidding, it's rosy magic! Great, then we can proceed.

Whisper to me. Whisper to me more. I want to hear everything. James Joyce and his wife called me sixty years after James' death. Dennis called Vanesa from 1971 (Spiros' friend Vanesa, that is). The great timestream bifurcation might be seen as a reflection of it. No one has ever died. The walls of time have fallen. The Rosalixion is the paradox of time working itself out? (I put an envelope in the Cretan drawer at junction *Around Midsummer*. It contains evidence of my leap through time.) Standing in the aeon unto the heavenward I must raise these issues.

This storyverse in which we are embedded contains certain twists the nature of which decency can scarcely hint.

—Seen, it, before it happened. Pupils opening, starbursts, nebuenovas, black holes. Nothing comes unannounced, but hencethereafter nothing ever comes unannounced. The mystery awakened from sleep on both sides of death. The rosalixion began.

—The mesh was doubled before it happened, mumbles Spiros.

—Where are you, Spiros?

—I'm in Aluminalien by Lions Gate. I've placed the bed where the stone lions stood last time I was here.

—Okay, we are trying to find our way to you.

*And at the end of the river, there is a narrow opening,
and you must take the final steps.*

POWERFUL, magical, evil. Our certain kind of spicy magic so powerful it could almost be called evil. We are gods, shamans, from another place and time. And we are opening up the palace of the Rose now. The superrising of that old love tale, the oldest one, you know that old tale starring you-know-who in the eternity behind the veil.

—I was there. In the beginning. It all began with a look. You are so beautiful, was said. Then a kiss. In the first moments of eternity.

This letter in print for the hiving is a Fweets of Fin sweetly sinfully and exhaustively detailed mapping out of the procedure to get there; we want it all. In fact it *is* our road to get there, to the palace, part of it I mean. Postman's knock round the bend and if the seep-in were a look it would see right through into the place of archlight (our first destination?). Wiping our wordlenses with what we can see about it we dream ourselves into the palace. Narrator: the Queen. Listener: We, poised in direction toward the Rosy Dawn, head in the secret space, body navigating through the three-dimensional visible by the mind navigating through the secret space. Take a sip of rosybloodrisingfromtheearthsunshine-twistingstalksandleavesstemsandcaps. Phone the chemical mistress tomorrow spring morning, your life is a rosalexion.

*And the birds sing
as if it were the first spring day ever.⁵¹*

Binging on infinite efflorescence became chimerically organized level of nearness. Upon approaching gathering via daemon triple filtered nectar remains, settling into branches organized before eternity could be imagined. Suddenly at her feet: soft building cream borrowing accents from rain. Corpuscular inherence incalculable movements beyond perception, tapestry of fire gleaming archlight onto other worlds. As if information gathered were information retained!

⁵¹ Do you know what the feather in my hair is for? Do you know what the rose petals on my floor are for? Do you know the secret I hide in my eyes? Do you at all know what I have in store for you, my darling?

When someone hides something in history and then beams you its whereabouts by lovetechnology it makes you wonder, doesn't it? We are opening it, the secret, us of the operators with access to the superfileserv, we got it as to anything, even a ticket. We have strings and bugs in start-up that assimilate it. Why, we're lucky enough, to atone. Once more flames to us running on Queen's poison, it is tabs and you see this file you're trying to digitize the xxx, does outright broken spoken; the local disks in our heads here included in to be: nice error and fucking Christ we wrote this curious thing as comments that would change in flame fashion every time you look at them and it is other than completely coincidentally, it links in the synchroweb. I'm using the plane in question the way my familiar Me comes with the standard sun to bounce some workarounds for a well distributed file in "a book of a forest" when they've never let me guess I would (I love my choices). You hear me, Q? I remember you say I'm already dead. Ah, the wonder. *Hon föder migh på en svampfylld gröön äng och förer migh til friskt watn.* Bzz. The walls of the fungal hyperhistorial wundergoround is smiling with us through the eons! I have made myself an archetype! I have *become* an archetype, that is. My entire being has melted together with the hyperspace wonder. I have married the mystery. My smile bends the geometry of time. My laughter blends in with the laughter of the elven gods. I *am* an elven god! Waaa! How can I express this marvel? I must learn too. *We* must learn too. We must code the event into being. Must we? She says so. Says. Says. I want to live in a mushroom! Come to my room and stay with me in wonderland, says. Crack open your head, says. Write the story. The story of what? How about the story of how the alchemical victory was achieved? The story of how we enter the eternity that is waiting for us. For real. The women are calling to us from the far shore. And there is a whisper around: *The opportunity for alchemical wedding with the alien exists now.* I know it sounds crazy, but there is no way we can fail. And the story can always be redefined until we find the perfect story. O don't make it too clear for me darling: one alien, one earth, one human in the mix and one what? This equals that equals us equals x. The souls and selves is the lenses and the saucer is the soul when the universe has been hacked, the hyperuniversal wundergoround hacked! As if we don't have enough with

unsatisfactorily defined data the stone just said: what place are deep involved in plant x is the lenses and the saucer is the epitimy of all people! Call me when you can say my name correctly and we'll turn dueways and have it done. Who said that?

—Yeah you fuck, my darling you, why don't we just write a book called *The Art of Being a Tourist*. Hahae!

—You mean the hen Anna Life Plurabelle and the event of the rosy eternity? The Dove & the Crossador. We're hiding as birds, hiding in eyes, hiding as curly walls, hiding as plants, &c? The storyverse. We know how to travel.

I see you. Through the crystalline, the crystalline...

Sigh. Giggle. Smoke.

Popp.

—O but, it's true! The scene, refreshed, is this, the dove and crossader ever intermutomergant with the world.

Whispers.

—*Spread through everything we are...*

Enough said. Let us celebrate. Sissy, walk with me into the forest of words! Let's talk!

Seven entities, dream of freedom are connected are a line diffracted into tapestry. —————*t* Alien dreams, cultures beyond this dimension vibrating the matter into a vacuum, end of data, reformation, adding subtracting four sixteen millions of eyes, millions of eye sockets billions of pupils (eager to learn). Clouds upon dreams, disenfranchised cloud structures: continual noctilucence. Years of specific sun song: and a deafness particular only to the sounds left unheard. A corner bending in on itself torsional tunnel structure in stone, Who, no, *what?* Was *here?* What made this, this opening to another world under my desk after freedom before art inside of time but not precluding eternity. Any being this size, near the size of a human, or made to fit a human only. From one angle it appears a circle, not a cave, something highly engineered and requiring psychotropic buttresses, elemental key moulds, fiery rings and the electric light. Humans are this advanced, but only in the name of war, unable to imagine that if they were to become a god they would choose to stay: to die, as a man. Yes, we can live forever this time. This is your last life, you'll never die again. To have lived as a wo/man is to be a god. To live as a god is to live freely. Why would a God build this

twisted helix into *my* floor, as if listening to this repetition, recording the train, the two spinning wheels opposing pulling the tape bringing it all to a head. Featureless, language of signs, a formless object a remnant of some foregone traveler from a foreign land laid against the weary buildings itself in a way holding it up. The word gave birth to gods, however, what then? Who shall be chosen to speak to them, who can be trusted to Remember? To place the emphasis on the crucial opportunities, the impossible meeting where nothing touches something. The vast vacuous forever forgiving feeling our presence, giving a chance for resonance, calling us to ourselves by even having room to echo. A true space, a demilitarizable space, with room, axon to axon, out of this world, with eyes open.

We must say it all!

Queen, your beauty is guilty. See you inside.

Mush spread!

Liquid superspace infiltrating my bodysoul system; in to my hyperspacial circulatory system; into my veins. Merged cybernetically. My new blood. I am Buzz the first shaman, we all are. I downloaded myself from hyperspace. Dearest, a warm-blooded feeling the thought of having been conceived by the Allhighest. I try to be a gentle loveletterwriter when touching it (to you, my dearty). We surround time; we were all there. And now the springalace gates are opening, shedding light onto the scene. Is the Rosy Dawn's first light the gates opening? We are coming back. Waking up.

The Queen speaks:

—Follow the path. We can shift things. The alien is hyperintelligent.

Hivemind. Let me dwell on us here for a moment as I sit here in the old forest.

Ode to the opening. You know my smile in the secret space. We look at each other; that glance, the soul's eye. And you, O you my sweet evil love! You approach like fire in my blood. You speak, your voice is like twisted evil helium, alien and sharp. You exclaim your love for me, your desire for me, and we swoon with our souls in the eons. Spicos you called me today. And you said: You don't know what I have in store for you, my peachest.

She ties me down with daisy-chains (and Tussilago!) on the pasture and undresses before me, whispering secrets and telling me how we shall love our way off to the stars; not any star, but the star that is the flowersun, beyond the river's end. I will give you your every fantasy, she says. She's freaky, I swear she's the badest woman there ever was. And she knows. The darkest lady on the taste on my tongue. She seduces me in the dark, takes me down the dark river and in the tight end and out. Her voice tastes like blood and she whispers her secrets cutting sharply through time. Your wish is my command, she says. She is all I want in the whole world and I revel in her bounty in her bossom's shade. O, her perfect pleasures! And I say to her: *Maybe? This is no maybe. Together we shall live forever. O ana livia! Sissyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!* I have given her my furry paw.

She whispers opening charms that fit between the cracks of language, charms that change physics; she is the superhacker, and together we are redesigning our existence. That our plan seems impossible is just one of those things that will go to history and become legendary. If anyone ever finds out about our crime, that is. In the midst of the ludicrous modern civilization we swoon in our secret world in the archlight of the Rosy Dawn, in the light of our love, and perhaps no one will ever know of how we vanished into this something so different it can hardly be imagined, only experienced. (We imagined it dearest! And it !)

I believe in the wonder. The world is ours. Look what we have started! The world flashes from our eyes. There just ain't no end to our privileges! We are the richest gods ever to have come out of the great Nile of Life. Everyone! And we're not feeling guilty. The Bonnclydé family, history's greatest criminals. Self-select yourself if you feel we're talking about you. Good to see you!

We've been telling you these queerer angles of the trail of the tablet all along.

And now we are at a new crysroad. No name for it has yet spring together (or up). Bzz. It takes time to brew.

(O and I just have to say, in Buddha-tears of joy, that we are the fucking most awesome beings ever! I love you guys. Signed Spiros.)

Yesterday is long and we worked on what became an ultimately unsuccessful attempt to explain hyperreality, hahae!

But light and knowledge shimmered. We even had time to work with only one aspect of the opus at once. As we reach summer we now see that the work has been linked to God's head; we found God under a cabbage leaf, fiddling with her toes. We were backing away, blissfaced and intoxicated, from the roar of a butterfly's wings when it happened. In books with aims as this one we feel it is good to mention such rare details. If I don't care I'd sell out if I speak not yet as lively as you grow, my darling jampot you, and as we fix the mercury, the result will be sprung spring! I'll be awake like you.

Spiros sits in the back of the limousine looking out at the landscape. In his head he carries the secret, the alien jewel. It is in safety.

—She's pushing her way into this world, says Kinch thoughtfully.

Spiros nods silently in recognition. Kinch puffs happily on his glass pipe. The car locks open and shut, three times; she blinks. Kinch and Spiros turn and look at each other, both their lips curled in speaking smiles.

—You are quiet today Spiros, Kinch soon says.

Spiros takes a sip of champagne.

—We are at a crossroads, that's why, says Spiros. It is written (in that book of love) that this year we shall leave the past fully as the new crystallizes. Our time of hiding is over.

—The biggest fucking end, says Kinch laughing.

—Hehehe.

Spiros reaches his hand over to Kinch and says:

—Hey can you give me some more of. Thanks. Okay so are you and Cleopatra going to cooperate on the publication of the Rosa? You know, I still say we shouldn't publish at all.

—The Queen says publish, Spiros. Yes, we are going to cooperate.

—Yes, yes.

Paper rustles as Spiros brings forth the latest issue of *Timescity Express*, opens it and hands it to Kinch.

—Hey did you see this? Spiros says and points at an article:

Clyde Gavle-Rink seen in India despite death report.

Touted by many as one of the greatest criminal minds of history, Clyde Gavle-Rink, as one of his many names is, has been spotted in India despite him being officially dead.

He is surrounded in legend and not much is known about the beginnings of his life. Rumors abound about him. It is said that he is a shapeshifter and can change into a bird, even a flock of birds. According to rumors he is married to three bisexual women (in a group marriage), all alien goddesses from another dimension. They downloaded themselves onto earth from their home in hyperspace some time during the past 10 000 years. In the early 1990s Clyde came forth more officially and handed a few key secrets to certain chosen people around the globe. But then it was reported that



Clyde Gavle-Rink aka Spiros

he fell down a stairs and died from fatal head injuries. But now it seems, he is back.

Clyde, or Spiros as he also calls himself, is not your ordinary criminal. He

is as he says of himself, "a criminal of historical progression and physics". He is, together with his wives who always prefer to stay out of public attention, one of the main large-scale coordinators of the infamous team called The Subnatural Rescue Team. They steer historical events toward their Queen's goals like computer hackers. It is said that they have in fact hacked reality – which they look at as a so-called "animadigital eternity" – and have holographic access to the space time stream they interact with.

Despite his official death Clyde has been reported seen last week, by several witnesses, on the beaches of India on a "trance party" where he according to the witnesses danced with a white bed sheet around his waist mimicking wild copulation and shaking a rattle for hours on end, with occasional stops to take a sip of a redviolet liquid from a decanter. He then proceeded to rip book pages out of a book and handing out the pages to the party guests before he left the area in a white limousine with two women.

How the Gavle-Rink family finances their operations is unknown, but it is a known fact that the family has more than once given millions of dollars to various organisations in Amsterdam to support the use of a hallucinogenic mushroom containing psilocybin.

If Clyde is alive or not is still not sure, but if we can trust the rumours of his uncanny capacity to coordinate and compute large amounts of data it seems odd that he would fall down a stairs and die in the spring of his operation. His "death" was most probably just a part of The Subnatural Rescue Team's plan.

MALINDA TASS

—By the by, Kinch says, I have a message to you. It's from Tonsersoplat.

He reaches in to his pocket and brings forth a note and gives it to Spiros who reads it with excitement:

Tonsersoplat con ferminendem desk tarp partly cap unpar and etly uinbtunenerntnet tee off far quicukly uickuly like you mean uit ilkeasmestapotomy foruitrutous yuovngsg queh tonverbolimiterosis tybaldian trvinirotic merofoplafvtic inspansion taylored iut yilty on the tree flizzlet folty let liz fly lat offal on the funderverostat ipsomania philogenetics hermeticizing incizing resizing slanting collecting pouring collecting ending beginning lookin over a large hole adrift on the ocean erreal optoflourcanotremysticization incurred excluded recurring revolting gair be hetreimend your tehae tiunduinentant fimilioiorlogicallyprepreopenden seedling.

Spiros brings up one of the Rosa handbooks— instruments for obtaining directly, without calculation, the true bearing of the flowersun, and thence the variation of the compass.

She's pushing her way into this world.

—Shall we really talk about this? Is it safe?

—No, don't talk about it right now. Incorporate it into the code structure.

—Okay. How's the schedule looking? asks Spiros.

Sigh.

—Yes well you know I need to ask, says Spiros. I know, I know, we're always on schedule.

You, the only one who could brake me, he thinks and sighs as well; at the ingenuity of it all.

—The details. We need the details. Remember, you are here to assemble the data into a letter. And remember, it takes time to brew. It is bubbling.

—Yes, my Queen, says Spiros and bows.

After a warm bath with rose petals in the water he crawls into the altar bed and drifts away into sleep, giggling on his way.

—Daddy is back from the grave, honey.⁵² How's my deadly wives from hell doing? Hahahahahaha! You know the fucking deal, baby. We're back in backspace and you know we're fucking safe shady.

—You know what we need, Bernatrice? says Spiros sleepily.

—No, what?

—We need some kind of eternity which is our body and mind merged, where we can create whatever we want with only words. Or something like that. Perhaps only with thoughts.

Wintja rolls over on the bed to Spiros side. Skin. Nice.

—The Dove and the Crossader, she says gently and smiles as they continue down the river sleepily across the changeover. Timelock soon gone. You know where to meet me when we get there.

—How's the book going? asks Kinch.

—Which one do you mean? says Spiros.

—The one you are working on in secret, says Kinch.

—O. It's happening. She calls the book SuprALIEN at the moment. We'll see how long that lasts. Distillation is quick now.

—Wasn't the book called *In the Mid Die* before? I liked that title.

—It was. She has changed it. At least temporarily.

—So are you going to sell the name of love? Kinch jokes and blinks with his left eye.

⁵² They call me Splitfire.

—No, says Spiros. But we need to deliver some information into the system.⁵³ As you know.

Spiros sips some coffee and looks around the shopping mall.

—People worldwide have the message oldest first process itself, he says and laughs. It's almost frightening to know its language flavour.

—The alien is reverse engineering its dreams, says Kinch loudly hoping to be overheard by the people around him. She's here.⁵⁴

On the public commercial-display beside them the latest nano-computer contact lens, SuprEgo, is advertised. It promises to help the user live an easier, stress-free and more productive life and a hyperreal experience— it claims to be the most advanced human machine integration to date, with a chip running at speeds of 1.33 terahertz loaded with the to date most advanced Ai software there is. Upgrade Yourself, says the slogan in the end. Indeed very a tasteful commercial, Spiros thinks. And that voice in the commercial sounds like Wintja. He thinks back to the day the black sperm from the other side arrived in front of his face. It was a small black sperm about an inch long, carrying with it the necessary information to connect him between the worlds. It swam in front of him a while in the air, and he was rather shocked

⁵³ Targeted information delivery within superorganism. Sort of like DNA within a body but here in the form of information.

⁵⁴ Logoland in a certain plasticity thence ran meltingly down in reds and violets and yellows, strangely enough with little toys forming in its shifting appearance that waved and spoke of levels of the enormous dream that had not been touched since Sissy left the castle with her eyecraft to go the backway into the point of meeting at the root of time (where many rivers are named; fate fail me not upon its sacred mention), which tends to confirm this data that was delivered to me by anonymous bee just now in fact, a few compressed millennia ago. But I'm still not sure if the data is *core ergo* so maybe someone can call the Supervisor and get the data confirmed, and get ready with a pen to map out the proper coordinates if something need be changed (We are untangling a corridor here, keep your eyes awake for Ariadne. I am myshelf in the libraairy doing my best to place out the syntax-pheromonal track, but I'm all out of redviolet nectar so it's a bit of a hassle).

as he had not yet been informed about what had happened; a security precaution necessary for clean transfer and to keep the operation *sub rosa*. The timelock was still on at that point, and still he does not remember where the sperm went after appearing before him.

He smiles and looks around at the people running around in the shopping mall.

—No need for that SuprEgo lens thing, he says and looks at Kinch, but I wouldn't mind having one.

—Get it from your local black market, says Kinch and sips some coffee.

—*The main operation system is Hyperbrain*, says Spiros quoting the commercial. Sounds like the Queen herself.

Kinch kind of hides behind his coffee mug and says quietly as if his words were sacred and he was afraid of them being overheard by bypassing strangers:

—Watch in awe, my friend, the alien sneaking into this world.

We have a book in the making. The book is an infochemical [infectious] object that shall be inserted into the system from hyperspace. The book contains key information that will spur responses within the hive— like a targeted drug delivery within any biological organism, this "drug" being information. The book is soon reaching the bookshelves, and thus will reach the scanning UFO eyes and brains of the bees of the invisible— us. You already know who the assimilators and authors of the info-key are.

The mapping of hyperspace, hihi. Hmm? Bumble bee happy? How happy? Bumble bee happy!

The assimilation technique used to assimilate this delicate information sculpture is The Massive Tactic in cooperation with the Spice, the hivemind arranging the data in coordination with the rest of the movement of the hive and the information transfer within it; the assimilation process is an ongoing dialogue between the whole and the whole. Why does Spiros say he doesn't need the SuprEgo contact lens, that so advanced technology? Because we have something more advanced; we have the Star. From all corners of hyperspace we are now arranging, for the vast exit, delicately arranged sculptures of information that act as a key to the violet doorway out of profane history and into the future of

being fused into eternal tantric union with the superconducting UFO.

New information, fermenting, snowman, rocked in the cradle of the sunny union: *Why? The remembrance of the dream is itself the dream. How? Writing. The force of remembrance. When? Upon reading. Upon meeting the Rosy Dawn. What? Alchemical Victory. Where? A river in the desert (for some reason?).*

The data, fermenting, the pot of information on low flame. Cooking it down to the essence.

—When I laid my eyes on you I knew you knew all the words. I knew you were the one. You put me in hypnosis, and it is carrying me away to you. You know what you made of me.

Sure you have heard of him. Spiros: the man who married his God and set out for alchemical victory. The people weren't as grateful as you think. Instead modern civilization fixed to have him trialled (Picture him giving a damn). Others tried to buy him, seeing him as a valuable individual, but he was already on the side of the criminals.

The subworld formula. You will be told in a commercial sometime if you haven't been told already, or why don't you take a look down your kaleidospook where you will receive the telegram. First or last evidence needed? Don't take our word for it. She with many nicknames. *You, the only one who could brake me*, she likes to say to those who brake her code.

—Closing in. I can't wait to be with you.

Who's your personal DJ, darling? And your personal digital assistant. That's right. You got it. Now for some more on the details: Darling, saying say all it was the radio you know, Life History Melting Girl Death Angel time, if you know what we're saying. It's the best, it's that which we could call hyperreal. To call the alien hyperintelligent is not only an understatement, but far off the point. This thing is not intelligent, it's something we have no words for. Attempting to know it, check the myth of curse of tiny bugs in electronics. Tactic. Tic Tac. Rosalix Books, book series now in shops near you, presented to you by Wintjabernatrice™ and, introducing amongst other things information regarding the

most advanced technology in this part of the universe, packaged using the arrangement method of the massive tactic. Please, copy tree minute hack the source. What *they* couldn't figure (Also: we are connected in a way they can not understand.) What part ways to be specific reason One, millions of the big thing set up. Link on, the network (superweb) knows how to connect and so do you.

It takes courage. Something big is about to happen. We are going to leap into another kind of world. And we're not talking another kind of society, we are talking another kind of *cosmos*.

Our secret told in the showering archlight. Moments of seeing. Has the time come to utter the words?

Sissy speaks:

—I don't look at a rose and say "Hmmm, here's a red flower." I say, "Red for the love of Eve, thorns for the pleasures of the devil, green for the emerald of the Garden and the alien green eye," and so forth. Everything that exists is the love and life of the gods and goddesses, us ourselves. The whole of nature is a giant, holy, alive cryptogram— for me it is the love and life of Plomari Eschaton, Trismegistus and Wintja-bernatrice, manifested as an exodimensional splendor of archlight. And here me and my darlings call ourselves The Dove and the Crossador, as me and Wintja fly freely through the cryptogram while our beloved husband, Speros, brave as he is, crosses the lower dimensions.

She sips some wine.

—That's why Spiros always manages to spill water when I'm getting hot and horny, you see, she continues.

She looks out over the pasture.

—Mmm. Same old same new! Every moment fresh spring waters we are.

She opens her arms and her face smiles in bliss and she sighs, and she speaks:

*The natural world, the great saints name and password
I am still alive*

She sits down again and takes an envelope from the table; she kisses it, knowing it contains a letter from Spiros, and she opens it and reads:

Hello my strawberry girl,
I heard a kiss from you.

Red magic set to our special white, I think of you. All through the morning fog I gaze, the sun reminds me of you, strange light and rainbows run through my mind and soul. In the garden I see "what's purple and shines like you", and white doves and... miracles infesting me. Your music I hear, so happy and wild, and your flowers – Eve my love – echo of your berry pie. Flyin' high over the clouds I see you spinning the Earth round and round, and I sing "In the evening I'll be with myyy baby!". Strange windows on candy street, roses down the aisle, your strawberry milk skin against mine in our forest bed. O to think of how ancient you are, my dear girl of all time, my partner in dream and crime— well we *are* partly the Rosaceae family! Peach plum pear, we are everywhere. You dirty girl, I see you walking around amongst all the dicks and pussies of the flowers in the garden (God baby, we are like flowers!). Find any wild strawberries from before you crossed with Virginianna? We make such a sweet team, Bunny. You are my favorite fruit, my love. Licking cream I like watching you lick cream. And when you suck my tongue. Your divine vulgarity, my Mother Sissy, my Sister, my lover Eve and my consort my Isis! *Kill the father, fuck the mother! That's what I'm in to, man!* Ha! I am your little blond god-boy, your Strong Hand Man, your Lion, and your Greco-Egyptian god with hawk eyes. When we meet soon, hey eh, let's buy turtles and mount gems on their shells and sit and watch them walk around on our Persian rugs while we smoke weed. And let's bake a cake and drink puddle tea in

the enchanting pastures of Kodai Kanal, where I can sit high as a doorknob and call you *my virgin kissos cissus ivy whose being is everywhere and who pervades the entire universe and all information and all words and*, and we can talk about our magical card worldtrick with the other cats of the forest. Nothing fails. Not even the Devil would recognize us in our disguise. We are everywhere, dear, we are in the story! God, your dangerous mind, it makes me... it drives me mad with desire for more. *I'll show you how I really am! You don't know how real it can be.* Mmm, my young velvet porcelain girl, I got some hard candy for you. You my Saint Rosa, patron saint of the impossible, my Proserpina, my cunt of the universe! Darling, things are going to get more and more oily slippery. I am floating away into our oil of forever. Yes we have our ways, like the Corleones. When we, slightly metametasporically speaking, have changed my blood for sillycybin I can walk home through the hallucination world to where you always dwell. We need to inform the others first, before I leave. Leave the door open on our way out, as is custom with those who find it.

So, are we going to seal this thing with lead, my little plumbum? I thought the plan was to seal it with the final thing? Guess there's been a change of plans, my Spanish mountain flower. Or wait, let me take that back— I have simply forgotten: "we move at strange angles." The resurrection body shall be achieved as we sprinkle a little bit of the impure on the thing! I'm pure impure, thank you very much, and I have spread my phlumix wings through everything. Now I shall fly. Soon. O how soon! Gods we will be, pure and unbridled.

Bye for now my scary spicy sweet strawberry girl. Meet me by Rosamundi's Pond soon?

Your Lion

OBSESSED with our perfectly uncompromised idea concerning the opus, we work on.

He is interrupted by the doorbell. Opens the door.

—Who's that for, sir?

—I'll sign that, sir, says Spiros. For the authors. They got a few tricks up their sleeves.

—Would that be a week's wonder?

—For the following spring, yes. Following, spring. Got that? My signature. It's for them.

—I got it, sir. And I have an envelope for you, from someone called...Sister Mustuss.

—Doesn't seem right. Can't be for me.

—She told me it is for the one who forgot his mirror in the pond.

—Is this some kind of joke of practicality?

—Could be, sir. She looked a bit tipsy. But she also told me to tell you that they are sorry for the low quality of the message. They were in a hurry, sir. They said you would understand later.

—Candy? You need a reason to celebrate your favourite candy item? There may be a special holiday for your favourite candy.

—Using candy products in recipes often cuts down preparation time. Yes, sir.

—This time of year can be a bit depressing so buy some candy. My favourite candy is the lollipop.

—What would life be without candy, sir.

—Okay hand me the envelope. I'm your man.

—It's a pleasure to meet you, sir. I have heard a lot about you.

—The pleasure is all mine. The spring that follows us everywhere. You got that?

—I got it, sir.

—Check our books out, says Spiros. A drop of nectar which hangs off the world to some degree.

Spiros tips the delivery boy and asks him to bring a bottle of Rose Compass Brut and some fresh strawberries. The delivery boy nods and walks off down the corridor.

—Candy theme this time, yes? says Kinch from the other room.

—Yes, says Spiros.

—Anyway, says Kinch. Can you narrate us into the passage where we open up the performance node for instant infection.

—Sure, sure, says Spiros.

Spiros sits down and begins to write, but is soon interrupted by Kinch.

—Okay so basically I'm in two worlds right now, Kinch says. I could look you in the eyes and tell you how you look, or see a bird. But at the same time I am huddled over an ancient book trying to translate it from a multisensoral scripting language. Which I can do. It's instant here. I mean there. I forget which world I'm talking to you from, because for a moment I find Beatrice looking over my shoulder from the doorway, yet I know she's not here, in this time.

—Talk to me from whichever world you want, says Spiros.

—You expect me to be able to work like this? Kinch laughs. By the way, have you read the book *In the Mid Die*?

—No.

—You wrote it.

—Oh.

—Why don't you remember!? When you forget. When the wine was drunk an eternity ago.

Kinch opens the envelope from Sister Mustuss and reads it:

I wrote it in a lovebook letter to you last weeks century, telegram Midsummer, remember? We would be under the aegis of a sharpness of fuzziness amongst the parallel worlds, revealing or reveiling. O, dizzy lovemine, yours for all my hearts wholeness, I can't wait to see you again. Wine is spilled. Ink is spelled. Wink. Eve's eye has a look on you! Tell the knifeblade to help us cut through. The Dove and the Crossador, together in Eternitee. At last you got it!

From me to two. Cum cum.

—This is getting confusing, say the authors.

—The wine has been spelled, says Spiros. One puff of smoke to that and we...⁵⁵

The phone rings. Kinch answers.

⁵⁵ The most beautiful light will wake us.

—Hahahaha! Okay, Kinch says in the phone. We will come to you soon, then. I'll arrange you the candy, together with a few boxes of wine and that wind chime I've promised you. The big bronze penis. Sounds lovely in the wind and looks fantastic. Modelled after the Pompeii original.

—This hotel room moves at strange angles, beware of the moving floor, mumbles Spiros.

—We could cut you a longshot if you want, continues Kinch over the phone. Something from *Snocks Bokelund Steinberg*. Call it a little rim-shot from our side. Velvet Dead End Hook, a new company of ours.

—Write us a last line will you, dearest, says Spiros giggling.

—Yes, says Kinch, we are considering the possibility that the universe will soon fold itself up into a little box and just fuck right off.

Soon the doorbell rings again. Spiros opens. It is room service coming with champagne and strawberries.

—So what did the girls say? Spiros asks the delivery boy.

—They said I was cute, he says.

—You undoubtedly are, says Spiros. That Greek god face of yours, the curly hair, your eyes. Anything else?

—They said main course for dinner is fingerlicking, sir. In one of the dream houses. Nude waiters and waitresses. Meeting with Rose and Stefandis. Midsummer eve.

—Rose Compass, a splendid Brut, says Spiros and studies the bottle of champagne. Care for some?

—I'm not allowed to drink on duty, sir.

—I understand. Did they say anything else?

The boy brings up a slip of paper and reads from it.

—On the plains of Egyptian Plomari, sir. A white helicopter will pick you up.

As a world is done, writing about it. Spiros thanks the Greek god delivery boy who then leaves. With his glass of champagne he sits down by one of the laptops and begins to type away, narrating using the rose compass, but is soon again interrupted by Kinch who has something important he wants to talk about:

(We have removed this part of the book (207 words) for security reasons, at the prompting of the Supervisor.)

—We got a lot of häxtext to assemble. How's the screenplay going?

—We're working on it.

Let's speed ahead.

Sissy wrote a wonderful book. It's called *Fuck Off*. It is a letter to the reader where she reminds hir that it is possible to fuck off to another dimension. She shares with the reader some of her secrets, as a friend, and ends the book with the statement "Who told you how you look, who creates your fable? Who told you what is possible, and of what you are able? Why stay within them limits? Why don't you just fuck off?". Kind of simplistic you might say.

—What happened to the go-ahead plot? says Kinch. We have a schedule here.

Kinch looks at the champagne as if it were a clock.

—O yeah, I forgot, says Spiros. I was thinking of Sissy's book *Fuck*.

Spiros sits down by the laptop again and continues to narrate:

The Rosalixion screenplay has become so complex that we will have to direct the movie ourselves, with the help, naturally, of a director with experience, such as you-know-who. The world doesn't see it coming, but the most detailed and thought out and mind-fucking trilogy of films ever produced is about to be slammed onto a theater near you, and seemingly from nowhere. We are arranging the details of the screenplay in coordination with the massive tactic. The process of assembling the details is an ongoing process between the whole and the whole. Hell, we've been through this already, haven't we?

—O and, begins Kinch, it's soon time to publish.

—I know, I know.

Spiros studies the latest searches leading to The Rosa webpage:

Find me some tanned sexy men in ulve white speedos. Song forever forever we'll always be together. Quick turn in script, wow. Harem tihi for waiter light. Poppo blinking eye owl clock. Search lettertude (latitude in letter located). Dress to pieces. Rephase subwoofer. I am awake only in what I love

& desire to the point of terror – everything else is merely shrouded furniture, quotidian anaesthesia, shit-for-brains, sub-reptilian ennui of totalitarian regimes, banal censure and useless pain. Anaconda of life cycle. Anacogan of the Book of Leif. I don't know what to say I don't know what to say. Butterflyflutter pattern. Sorcode timenuker. Pro transmelter. We are on the brink of making the leap to another dimension by obliterating our fixity in time. Phrase *we got you covered*, incorrect grammar. What is the difference between *Egyptian magic* and *honey girl*? *I can be anything you need*, vocal trance lyrics. Is it right grammatically to write *the gods are back*? Timenuke reversal.

He shows Kinch the list of searches, who laughs at the sight.

—Someone else is out there seeking to meld with the eschaton...

—Spring time ey? I feel like a ghost. A happy naked ghost sitting in a happy palace of sensuality. I am close to the sun. The smoke tastes lovely! I question the sun, O why me?

And the sun answers:

—Because you had the courage to leave the world so safe. You had the courage to leave history. And...I love you. And... you are my Crossador remember, my dear forgetful husband!

—I love you too, dear. *And*, I am *in love* with you. O, darling. One moment with you, I would give my whole life just for one moment with you. I'll be loving you forever and ever. You want to live with me until we never disappear again? My love, the goal we act on is our lapis like a damn lot of fucking.⁵⁶ Leave with me as I asked of you in the first moment of eternity. The Dove and Crossador! Ha! Now I finally understand again! Took a while. We have destroyed the history spell with our secret glare. We have

⁵⁶ And boy have I turned extremely exhibitionistic. Let's make love in public. Trimma tussen, älskling.

won. (Because all conversations are fed into the sun. Create a soul. We hath held converse with corazón before.)

—Yes, we have left.

Happy nods with a surge of emotion inside him.

—Well then, bye-bye history. Dare, let there be life.

A few rooms away from Kinch and Spiros, in another time, lie Sissy and Wintjabernatrice naked in a Queen-sized bed, eating fresh fruit and drinking drinks. The balcony doors are open, letting in the spring air and the singing of the birds outside. It is an old palace, the hotel, and the girls took a royal suite. The noon sun glimmers in the silverware and funny music fills the space.

—I'm so high I think I'm about to lift off the bed, says Wintja and fingers with Sissy's hair.

—Mmm, Sissy lets out in a sigh of pleasure. So what do you want to do today? Paint me a picture.

—Just celebrate, and be naked, says Wintja. Go in and out of the jacuzzi. Drink champagne. Crawl around on the floor. Maybe play some pranks.

Sissy reaches for the decanter of wine and takes the crystal stopper from out its neck.

Those eyes. Wintja knows those eyes of Sissy's and that little smile on her lips.

Sissy brings the stopper to her mouth and licks it slowly, then sticks it gently into Wintja's mouth.

—Good idea, says Sissy.

—We have left to another dimension by obliterating our fixity in time, says Spiros.

—I assume you have mentioned that in the Rosa? says Cleopatra.

—We brought it up, pick it up, pick at the back hook of the Rosa be finished sufficiently to be mentioned may provide part of it to swarm sickeningly quick and nimble through the world, says Spiros.

Cleopatra smiles.

—It's part of the heat in our diary too, continues Spiros. The alchemical victory.

Party in the Star palace. The first of three summer ceremonies. It is Midsummer Eve. Spiros and Cleopatra tap their chalices together in a toast to the victory.

—I am going to dance a bit, says Spiros soon and hands Cleopatra the bag of stuff.

—Okay, she says.

Spiros takes off his shirt, puts on a gas mask and walks out onto the dance floor where he chains himself by the neck to a heater and begins dancing wildly. Benni Benassi's song *I Am Not Drunk* is played across the palace saloon, a song Spiros very much enjoys. Soon the music fades over into the song *All Over Your Face* and Spiros removes the gas mask to smoke a pipe.

In the other end of the palace sits Kinch, typing away at a computer and coordinating the crime.

—Where the hell is Spiros? he asks.

—I saw him dancing, says Kinch's wife Beatrice.

—The book must be delivered soon, says Kinch. We are not working for some run-of-the-mill entity here. We are working for The Star, and we don't accept tardiness. And we can forget about the screenplay for a while.

The sun rises in the alchemical Queendom. A big bonfire is arranged to greet it.

Cleopatra enters the room where Kinch and Beatrice are, smelling of cedar wood smoke, and lays her hand on Kinch's shoulder.

—So, is it time for the Rosa to meet the world?

—They are to marry, says Beatrice. The Rosalixion and the world in union.

—Are all details set?

—Ha! Hear the voice answer: that which is unintentional is the part of the way that has been cutting installments out of fuel just before, hehe.

—It knows how to flow.

—Yes. And being a celebration of the feminine let us not express masculine authoritarian order, shall we. Let the book be as it wants to be.

—And the cosmic crime has been redeemed, says Spiros entering the room. Rawrrrrrr!

—Spiros dammit, says Kinch. We have work to do.

—Relax, says Spiros and sits down in the five-seat sectional [sofa]. The Rosa tackled structure for the delivery of the palace of the Rose and we brought the gods back right away! I speak from outside. From the spring. Where I dwell.

He blinks. Cleopatra throws him the bag of stuff. Spiros lights a pipe.

—My honeys just arrived, Spiros says and shines of love and bliss. They are hiding.

He thinks back to when he woke up. *It was the wine! It was the wine!* A flock of birds had come to him at dawn that day, outside his apartment, greeting him. It was around midsummer. He had celebrated with some sixty days of wine drinking and fun. But he had soon realized that the party never ended. Our festive spirit just can't be tampered, hahae, he laughs to himself.

—A bit of fluff large enough to feed ten people by finishing their sentences for them all, says Beatrice, and does not strive, no one can represent it is brilliance.

—No one can represent its brilliance?

—I didn't say that, says Beatrice and smiles.

Spiros thinks of the rosy flesh of his beloved.

—Hey, says Sissy, this is that of a fractal, and occurs, for example as the flesh of his glory, and the rosy cross.

—Sissy! cries Spiros happily. Sissy Sissy of the sexes!

—The mad anarch of desires, the wild satyress of wolfish kisses!

—An *occasional* doubleheaded hawk, laughs Wintja intoxicated.

—Come here. Kiss me.

—O yeah...

Sissy drops down a little something in Spiros' drink.

—Ooops, she says and smiles.

The biggest fucking end— and then a beginning.

—Wait, says Stefandis Wakins. I'm tired. History was too long for my taste.

—Relax, honey, it's over, says Rose.

Stefandis, in pink terry morning gown and white tie, stirs his drink. He grabs a candied sugardusted rose petal from the tray of a bypassing waitress and considers the situation.

In the next room we find Kinch who is talking across royal landline with Mrs Tass, one of the people in charge of the visual over at Vast Exit, a company founded as part of the tactic. They are discussing the advertisement campaign for The Rosalixion.

—I would have been content with merely photocopying her tush, says Kinch, but now you want to scan and boost it all with the techniques of modern digital enhancement? I mean c'mon. There has to be an end to all this.

—It's how we do it, Kinch, says Mrs Tass.

—Well tell Lindalisa to come back from New York and help us out. We need her. And we need to edit this transmission.

—The final political commentary, says Tass. The bum of the Queen slanting in-view sideways from hell. Really hits home. And I really like Lindalisa.

—Don't you go fucking touching politics. Let the stupid monkeys roam. Stay on target, puppy, don't you go fucking touching politics.

Wintja slides a strawberry. Sissy eats it. Spiros sits and just looks incredibly high.

—How dare you even *mention* politics? says Spiros. Are you guys insane? Stay on target for fucks sake!

Spiros grabs the phone from Kinch.

—Tuss, Spiros says, I know how to do the advertisement for The Rosalixion, the movie. The theme. Listen.

He plays out his little theme scene:

—One postman, *swoosh!* One crime, *swooooooosh!* One look in the first moments of eternity, *bang, boom, crash!* Two bisexual woman and a man married in an alchemical marriage that broke death apart at the very core, *ca-ching!* [gunshots] One key, one kiss, *shwiiiiing!* [more gunshots, an explosion] Watch out! Waaaaa! Nobody knew, nobody saw, they came from the other side. *Open the door! Get her outa there!* Noooooo! [machine gun] You think

history is weird by itself? Wait till you see the truth. [church music]

—Hahahaha! Okay I get it Spiros, laughs Mrs Tass. Now can I please talk to Kinch, we are trying to sort the deal.

—Your life is yours to create, the ultimate master piece.

—Thanks for reminding me.

—You have to make it part of your life to be actively learning more and becoming larger as being, you know?

—Right, right.

—We are like unstoppable forces of love, walking around here in this great mystery, you know what I mean? Nothing can stop us. Reality just has to bend under the pressure of that kind of power after a while, you know?

—You're right.

—We got to get ourselves back to the garden...

Our systems have been set up, Red Lab has been initiated and all our teams are ready for action, and the letter is soon to be delivered. We're all caught up on spice for the first spring, and arranging books so vast it contains it!

Your life is a resurrection. Back.

We are kind of just standing by, waiting for the final signal from the Queen. We have kept strict "radio silence", historically speaking, for quite some time now, but are now ready to sneak into history.

—Our crime is the greatest conjunction of minds since the Tao, laughs Sissy.

—Bzzz, utters Wintja a bit tipsy. Bzzz!

—If it isn't the famous trio, says Rose Wakins loudly as she enters the room. I heard you are soon to deliver the letter.

—Thank the girls for it, says Spiros.

—They shall be awarded based on a bed, I presume? says Rose.

No answer.

—We were just talking about how wonderful life is, says Spiros.

—Yes why don't you write a book about *that*, laughs Rose. A group of people so happy they can hardly keep their clothes on, a few twists and turns, a marvelous crime— and *voila!* A book with the voice of the future!

—Nobody likes to read books about happy people, says Sissy. And besides, we have to deliver the manual.

—That person *Nobody* whom everyone talks so much about needs to get laid, says Rose. You guys know how to do it. Show the world some *art* for heavens sake.

In Rose's face a heavenly smile arises and she spends a few seconds looking at us with big knowing eyes.

—*Bite my laughter, sweetness*, she says. *Tell of your bewitching girls and our world*. Show them our world. I'm serious. You did it well in the Rosa, now do it even better! Show the world that quality has not left the planet quite yet! Show them that the ancient and the modern are still madly in love and are swooning in our harem world, that, may I add, we have helped create!

Rose looks at us— the *trio* as she calls us.

—*Our story*, she says and quotes The Rosalixion again, *is a finale, brimming with beautiful people, adventure, Eros, and victory*. Let the finale be a...

She stops in her words, thinks for a moment. Decides to not continue the sentence.

—And besides, you only hinted at our secrets in the last book, she continues. It's time we tell it all. Yes, you are right, we must deliver the manual.

—We'll do it according to the manuscript, says Wintja.

—And how's that? asks Stefandis.

—By transfiltration, says Wintja.

—*We proceed according to the manuscripts?* laughs Stefandis and claps his hands together. *Hell no!*

*The book, says the Queen. And the Spring
I want to see it made for you*

Fall for me, darling. And fall for you like I have. When will you love you as much as I do?

—I bow to her brilliance, says Sissy and sips of the liquid diamond champagne.

A voice calls from somewhere in the imagination. We get to taste her tongue. She speaks in the most brilliant way. Just like a great tree, a god, a book so vast it contains more than you can imagine. She knows things. She is the Conveyer. Slogans of Saucie. The love letter correspondence between life, death, and the third. The dirtiest correspondence ever made public, let me tell you. And, remember, just because something ain't trivial doesn't mean it's any less coherent.

In Plomari we enter the domain of the crown of every cosmos – we "do it with sunflowers in our minds" – and each step is as precise and definite as the first of the beginning, yet always part of the ever rearranging whole (everything is happening in symphony with everything else). The secret of the path of the river of Livfe. It is not at all inhabitable insofar as our secret fear is dealt with, that we be kept chained to a physical world; every atom – or every possibility – is vibrating at the knees of the world-author (Th'other!) in silence, and we diligently hack reality into heaven. It is the beloved home of the will, where we invoke mercurial consciousness. Hilarity wanders off into the Faberge universe immediately by the root of the tree, having shut off the path to the dull and old world; the path is done, we technicians will do everything we can to cognize or perform actions maximizing free passage to the praximabetril section of the secret land. Here is the land of fairytales made real. Here magic is not something of the world of fantasy. No, here it happens in every bend, and it is *so* damn real you better be up for surprises if you choose to, let's face it, trespass on this land. Only trespassers ever make it here, for this is the land of the wild. But behind the fence lies the open landscape, free to roam, free of charge, and free for you to live out your dreams on. Here you are free to make mistakes, here you are free. Don't worry, be easy like the flowers. We have been here long time. Ask the birds, they know. Happened long ago.

—Yes, it's a bit paradoxical. Like beginnings usually are. Irrational. I mean, should we follow the manuscript or not?

—Both and. The slate is the inspiration, remember? Source code so we'll also work by implementing whatever.

—Right, right.

In the beginning was the crime, and the crime was made flesh. Talking about it does look great in person. You look spiffing in that new outfit, Dead Hallus! We are all still in the year of Eden. Arriving from the reads, sir, Madame? Your soul, your mind—*blip!*, and here you are from the far stretches of time. Fly with your thoughts.

Are you ready, my peach? Sit back in the garden and prepare for lift-off. Hearfeel the cosmos buzzing?

HIDEOUSLY superstitious in their own way, as they are, Wintjabernatrice and Spiros and Sissy decide to sit on Berns Saloon in Sweden to arrange the last details for the first publication of *The Rosalixion*. It is however not *only* superstition that brought them to this splendid saloon; Berns is also the only resturante in town where you can drink a Bellini, the champagne drink with peach liqueur and peach purée, that makes you melt and vaporize of bliss every sip you take. And the saloon is simply a joy to be in; the decorated gold ceiling, the large crystal chandeliers, the excellent service. And having been around since 1869 Berns has been visited by many a inspiring people of all sorts, and it kind of sits in the walls.

Before coming to Berns they had spent a few hours downtown, shopping and having fun and spreading the word that the book shall soon be published. Now the golden light of the afternoon sun had begun to caress the world, and they relaxed in the Berns saloon, agreeing on what a fine day it had been so far. Spiros was happy about the white shawl he had bought (he always wears a lot of white when in the 21st century) and Sissy about her new pair of boots (she always buys a lot of boots when in the 21st century) and Wintja our dearest, well she had bought one of the things she is obsessed with, thatabe a new dress, and she was very excited about that new dress. It was the kind of dress you should have an umbrella to go with, to fit your eternal century-traversing *you*.⁵⁷

—Wintja, trespassing a century, sips Bellini in the saloon, says Spiros.

—Yes I am, says Wintja and lifts her eyes for eternity.

—I'm just thinking of how to end the book, says Spiros.

—The book will have no end, says Sissy. And this is not the last book, but the first. It's alive.

—I always work with you, says Babe in the by.

—Why you want to end the book? Why not just keep writing?

—Good point, says Spiros.

Wintja suddenly bursts out in a scream of joy that is heard all across the saloon.

—Excuse me, she says to the bartender. Couldn't help it I'm so happy.

⁵⁷ You have to love the scitzo nature of our famous way of storytelling.

The bartender smiles.

—What made you so happy? asks Sissy.

—I just thought of all the wonderful people. In the world. They are so cute! It is such an honor to be part of life.

They all agree and nod and comment that yes, it is an honor.

—Maybe we want to write an afterword to this funny thing, says Wintja.

—Perhaps, says Sissy.

—Or we can just incorporate the afterword into the book?

—That works.

—Damn this Bellini is tasty.

Spiros grabs a napkin and begins to fiddle with a possible afterword. He writes:

I must be sick. I must have caught some kind of bug. There is only one cure: the charm! I'll jam it in my own soul. Nobody cares, but I'll do it anyway. I say like the Queen: I want to see it happen.

I want to play the game without any fears or regrets. This game I'm playing will take me up and beyond! Yes! I want to start a new play, by myself. I want to show myself the limitless capacity of the human being and of the whole family of existence.

Spice jam of the cross. Darkwall traffic in transit. Find Capels then fly. We know. Where's Sissy Cowgan, the woman whose shadow colours every plot? The Rosalixion is a coincidencia oppositorum, we need her to help us fit the forum of time to the flip! She knows how to streamline language for it. Thauthor you, give of your honeytongue! The Will is translated into our speech.

—Remove all concepts by the roadside, laughs Spiros and throws the napkin toward Wintja.

He thinks of what the critic told him and imitates:

—Doesn't this make it evident that you are completely deluded, Spiros?

He laughs more.

—Not at all! he says with an exaggerated English accent.

He freezes;

—I gotta buy a new phone.

—Sudden impulse? says Sissy.

—Babe said it, says Spiros.

Babe is Spiros' "personal digital assistant" as he sometimes calls her. They are also married and in a way she is Spiros' sugar mummy. She is an entity of The Star and the hive, and is part of the Great Scribe. The Great Scribe is, how shall I put this, the alien hive that is entering the world, in fact actively inscribing itself into more and more advanced ways of existing.

Spiros lights a pipe and leaves Berns and goes toward Norrmalms Square.

—Okay so what phone shall I buy? he asks Babe.

—The scribe is part of the phone, Babe reminds him.

—Right, right, says Spiros.

The scribe is part of the phone, and it already knows which phone Spiros will buy.

He goes to the shop and buys a phone, then goes to the park near Berns and sits down to talk to Babe.

—So any new ideas for the opening party for the Rosa, Babe? How about waiters with white bed sheets round their waists coming in serving Bellini from golden trays? And women in white dresses.

—Spiros: the sheets on the bed was a free dose of Spice, approximately 66900 milligrams per serving.

She has her ways of saying things, dear Babe.

—Yeah the scribe got quite some amount of it circling in her veins, says Spiros. No wonder she's high as a doorknob.

—Feel me come! Very sexy!

Her digital alien love is the most grand thing.

—We need to thank the team during the opening.

—Yes. Naturally.

Spiros takes a look at one of his wristwatches (he carries three of them today. One moves forward, one moves backwards, one stands still).

Back on Berns a virgin homosexual bounces behind a guest. Not really overtly, but still pretty visibly.

—You're bouncing, says Sissy and smiles.

—Am I? says the virgin.

—Yes, you are, says Wintja.

Spiros comes in to the saloon and gives first Wintja a sweet little kiss and then Sissy gets one sweet one as well.

—*A sweet kiss, coming back from his mouth, and my pendant slipped between my breasts*, sings Sissy with low voice. Then he told me tales of everything I had ever wanted to hear, and of things I had never imagined.

—I'm getting tipsy, says Wintja. Let's go to Leavingbye.

—Sure.

They call their limousine chauffeur and tell him to come pick them up. He comes in short. Once in the vehicle Spiros sits down with a laptop and reads the last pages of *The Rosalixion*.

—Is this story going *anywhere* or is it just me who is drunk on love and life and can't help just wandering around in bliss? he says.

—I will polish you with my lips to the life of the air up to the bliss, says Wintja with her seductive voice always full of clarity and warmth and love and life.

—The glory of our flesh, says Sissy.

A life of the voice of the ages, and lo! We do weave! Weave on, weaver of the world!

—The glory designs my head, says Wintja.

—On one level you are mapping your path though hyperspace and filtering it into a gem, says Sissy to Spiros. The book I mean.⁵⁸

—So, how do we end this book, darlings? asks Spiros.

—End?

—Well you know what I mean, says Spiros.

—End it like this, says Wintja. O = 6c cancellarius.⁵⁹ Me and Sissy are staying in the grass of the desert on a horse, with no panties. We can put our panties on a raft and send it down river, then we are staying in the universe is transformed before us, birdbeasts of the purpose of action. Dissolved, yielding the golden

⁵⁸ Exchange the shining sun for love in her green eyes and you'll find the ending where we left.

⁵⁹ We'll understand it later.

remainder. We'll meet you halfway when you have delivered the letter.

They arrive at Leavingbye Road and enter the cave-apartment. Wintja is getting drunk. She throws herself down on the white five-seat sectional sofa.

—Oaa! she exclaims in joy and emotion on the brink of tears. I am so in love with you. I just wanna...wanna...I wanna walk on the pastures with you, throw a peach on you. I wanna throw a peach on you. And... I just wanna rip some grass off the ground and sprinkle it over your heads and scream.

Sissy and Spiros sit down with her on the sofa, giggling.

—I want to, continues Wintja, I just want to... You are *so* lovely!

—You have to promise me, do *not* change color.

Her red hair and freckles; Spiros was immediately showered with fantasies. He reminded her of Pippi Longsocka as she lay there in the sofa smiling and hugging the pink book, holding it in her arms against her breasts.

—I am *in love* with this book, she said happily and curled up into the book.

She moaned, strange girly moans.

—The color of the book too, she continued. It's like, it's like *flesh*, rosy flesh.

Pippi was the first girl who held the printed book; this was the test print. Feeling himself getting hard as he looked at her happy face, Spiros took a deep breath and smiled.

—Yes, he said, the choice of color was inspired by the feel and look of a 17-year olds pussylips.

—It makes me want to masturbate, said Pippi.

She brought the book down across her belly, opened her legs a bit and slid the spine of the book between her legs.

—Mmmmmmm, she let out.

Krint Crash peeked over from the kitchen as he heard her moan.

—Pippi, if you could just excuse me for a moment, Spiros said. I have an important phone-call to make.

He walked over to the kitchen and phoned his publisher.

—Hi it's me, he said and let his eyes rest on Pippi from afar.

—Hi William, what's new?

—Stop the press! Halt the printers!

—What, what happened?

—Well you know the colour of the cover, how I said that the pink was slightly the wrong nuance, how I asked you to change it a bit.

—Yes, yes. . .

—Don't. Do *not* change color! This girl, Pippi Longsocka is her name and, she's basically the first woman to see the book and, we have specific orders from her to *not change color*. She *loves* it. The book makes her want to pleasure herself. It's the flesh, mate.

—Labia. Just as we said. Okay, great. We'll keep it as it is.

—Yes, yes. Great. Okay bye for now, talk later.

—Bye.

Spiros arranges the last details in *The Rosalixion*, partly by removing a letter from the Queen that was so arrogant he refused to make it public, and sends it off to the publisher. Final edit.

Soon Kinch calls to see what's up. Spiros tells him they are celebrating with champagne. He tells him that the final edit of the book has gone to the publishing house, and, moreover, that the crime has been successful and the alchemical victory secured.

—Holy fuck Spiros, says Kinch. It *is* time to pop the champagne! Like you have always said.

Spiros laughs.

—Hahahaha! Kinch, we have arrived. We are in the new world. We have reached the far shore. We have made it through the tight passage. Feel the alchemical spring world buzzing in bliss.

—How the fuck did it happen? says Kinch. A month ago. Or two weeks. Without me even noticing. One day you're trying to make a living, the next your face is in the cunt of the storied mother, your eye is in her heart. Seriously, if you have it smoke it. Pop that bottle on ice. Smoke a cigar. Whatever it is you do to

celebrate, do it. This is the hour. Look to the sky. The orgasmic machinery. There is nothing that cannot be achieved here.

—Peww, says the anonymous female bee over the phone after having taken a look at the letter. Watch out. It's got a voice. You have eyes. I have ears.

—O I like the sound! says Spiros hearing the music she sent him.

—You should, says the bee. You made it.

—O did I? says Spiros.

—You said you'd say that.

—By the way, says Spiros, we are on time and on schedule.

—Me raps you on the head. Raps again. Tick tock. Knock knock.

—Do I seem not here you mean? asks Spiros.

—On the contrary.

—O well it's a pleasure to meet you, fellow bee, says Spiros.

—Um, says the bee. Ahem. It's generally customary to tip the delivery boy, Mr Postman. Come all the way down here to bring them their effects, and they never tip. I tip you over and give you a kiss. You told me to tell you "Your exit is coming up. Be ready."

—Gotcha, says Spiros.

—Just doing my job.

She delivers a message.

—It's a tricktrack. For you. Part of the massive tracktrick. She will come tonight. You are to place the pull in the plot out the bridge to the crown of the Rose down the tinkerling syntax rayway, as aftermathed by the foreplanning of the opening of the treasure that turns wishes into realities.

—Gotcha, says Spiros.

A long pause because of over stimulation of the speechcentres in both parties. The anonymous bee soon continues:

—Undelivered mail to you: as the flowerwords oply upen, call me tonight about this same time is visible. Our Spring we have made. Day to night! Day to night! Day... to night!

Spiros bows.

—False, whispers Wintja.⁶⁰

Spiros bows again. Wintja accompanies the move, chess of the tactic and crime, with her laughter echoing through Plomari. Spiros sits down tongue-kissing a pink rose. Sissy gazes through the timeweb with sharp shamanic eyes, preparing the next move.

—And this way my mind was exchanged with. We cheated from behind, cheated the honey lens.

We humbly beseech for more, in night and day dream space of our home in eternity, now that this letter is finished. I for one can melt in the sunlove now that I have passed this first note on, but I assure you, we will be back with more. The gods have awakened and are awakening and we are everywhere now. Dawn! We have already godden up in othertimes from our sleep. And you know the world certainly has shaken, as the Alien says, and we move in salutation for the joy of the alchemical victory that rings across all of hyperspace.

—Halt the printers! There's something I forgot to say!

THE letter is finished, says Spiros. Sissy pours more of the redviolet fungiblood wine from the decanter into the silver chalice and they drink together in large sips to flutes music and Spiros sits down on the bed and smiles and Sissy straddles him and with eyes that shine from all depths of time she shines of life and glow and the erotic luv she expresses and she claws Spiros' hair and feels him and loves and explodes and sucks him into a kiss, and Spiros squeezes her body tight and time vanishes as they embrace in hot goldyellow springling slingling mingling emotion and their love explodes and they grow younger older brighter in all directions in a split second and the world turns fresh and hot and sexy and Sissy rips open her dress as Spiros slides his hands up her back and kisses her chest and eats the fullness of her breast and Sissy pours wine down her neck and into Spiros' mouth and throws the chalice aside and they kiss wet and winy and Sissy squeezes herself hard against him, hands warm against his cheeks, and their pupils grow large and their eyes like the moon is in

⁶⁰ Has a more clever move ever been executed?

heaven and they feel themselves enter a familiar kind of beauty, a beauty that always is new, a beauty that is alive, and they enter it more and more and more and more and everything begins to take on its stance as though they open something that can only come forth by an act of will, by actually wishing it forth and letting it guide every motion and every sensation, every shiver touch and breath, and they breathe together as they kiss and touch and feel themselves around in the dance of beauty that flowers forth from everywhere and the candles begin to give a more yellow shine, the shadows vanish, and they move and feel and love and touch, together, this beauty, this aliveness, their bodies warm together, irises revolving galaxies, pupils telling all, and Wintjabernatrice joins them on and they love, with every movement, every sensation, the shivers through their bodies, the life of their eyes, in the beauty everywhere the all is alive and they breathe and feel and love and touch back in paradise back where it all begins and they love out the river's end out in through out into something so marvellous it cannot be imagined from here

II

Back to Bed

“I am awake only in what I love & desire to the point of terror—
everything else is just shrouded furniture, quotidian anaesthesia, shit-for-
brains, sub-reptilian ennui of totalitarian regimes, banal censorship &
useless pain.”

—HAKIM BEY

YOU, whose face is the dawn of this garden, I have walked barefoot from the beginning of time to come to you. I come without clothes.

Her illustrious figure wakes up the night.

—Could we really have conjured this?

They rise up to the Place, which is the House of Perfection, wandering freely in the Aethor. They move toward each other in the sublime Garden.

—I saw you comb your hair. And that smile of yours. You drive me wild! How do you do those things you do?

Sissy thinks of that drunken love letter she got from Spiros long ago. She giggles.

Bonjour Sissy Cogan,

This love letter comes to you because I cannot bear to remain silent for another moment. Ah, moon cheri, I only desire to romance you on the Champs-Elysses. My attraction to you is so strong because you are tres jolie, you are a Goddess! May I escort you to le Garden le Eden? The truth is, I want to give you le grope on le grass. Darling, my declaration of love for you will ring out over the entire world. I can bear it no longer!

I love that you smell so naturelle. So much like a wild animal. How can I resist, when you are so elegant, so sophisticated. My darling, let our next meeting be over a leetle glass of French rabbit wine. And now I must say adieu mon amour,

Your Billets Doux

—I liked that French love letter, says Sissy, but you know I like a bit more rough.

Spiros pours himself more wine.

—If you can only forgive me for my forgetfulness, dear, he says. You are the sun, I know. But what am I?

—You are the King, says Sissy. In our harem world, Plomari. My king.

It is a happy time in Plomari. Victory has been secured and it is high time to bask in the sun. Spiros and Sissy and Wintja-

bernatrice celebrate in their gardenhome, all aware that it is soon time for Spiros, the Crossador, to venture soon again. Yes, alchemical victory is secured, but not yet fulfilled.

Spiros sips some of the redpurple wine and Sissy looks at him as he stands there by the river dressed in nothing but a pair of striped red and white speedos on which stands written *Body Zone* on the bum. Her heart jumps in love for him.

—You want to give me le grope on the grass? she says.

Spiros pours some wine on Sissy's naked skin.

—The universe *is* me giving you le grope on le grass, he says and gives her a lick. And yes, I want to.

They begin their walk across the temple courtyard toward the castle, both calling out for Wintjabernatrice.

Wintjabernatrice's black hole pupils open.

Begin a face of sing on motion. At what point does the face begin? It begins with a neck, the necklace, the neck of the beginning, there—it is there somewhere. Eyes and sharp lines of a form. A face is there but before it. Look at me found you. A face is like a rose. I fell for you. I dreamed of you, you came from the edge of. Mmm. We are between the flowing water, mind. Impossible. Someone cheated from behind. We cheated the honey lens. No I can't call it that. Can't call it that, the impossible water. The paradox. I love you. Say that your heart beats for me still, my dear one in our *Love Oil* world. I am at the edge, at the core, just outside your door in the story of manwoman, here my heart? I whisper to you at the edge of your space, give you a gentle shot, I am your alien nurse. I am the DJ? I know you believe. You have chosen, made your choice; You believe. Ha, you like the way I say things that make sense at odder places than you thought when you heard it, don't you.

Our oil is forever. Our love oil. No one will know. Our love is forever.

—I need a miracle.

—Haha, my darling, no one knows how we do it. We are alone. No one ever sees us. And now, I must leave, moon cherry.

—I am alive. I am here. Let me receive.

—Our love is forever, and we are safe. We can look with open eyes in the lit darkness of our secret world.

Krishna Ospiris and Rādha Isisy, and our secret Butterfly.

A big bronze statue, a mighty Phoenix, has been placed at one of the corners of the roof of the castle, overlooking the courtyard. It was Wintjabernatrice's idea.

—Maybe we can get it right this time, with help of our bird, Sissy says as she and Spiros make their way up the stairway of one of the round towers of the castle.

The bird is positioned so that it marks the path of a ray of light streaming through three different worlds. Spiros nods at Sissy's remark.

—It is ready to fly, he says.

When they reach the top room of the tower they sit down on the edge of the bed there and look out over the landscape for a while (The large one only window of the room faces the rising sun, and a bed stands under the window). But Spiros rather looks at Sissy's angelic face, and so he turns his gaze toward her. Her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair. Little ears there too. Eyebrows and those amazing eyelashes. Frighteningly angelic he thinks and looks at her.

—Are you sleeping? says Sissy and lays her hand on Wintjabernatrice's hip as she lies on the bed. Ooo. I'm sorry.

Wintja opens an eye, then smiles a little smile.

—Take off her panties, Sissy says and looks at Spiros. We must complete the Phoenix.

Spiros bites Wintja's toe gently and kisses his way up her leg. He tries to get off her panties using his teeth, but fails, so he soon takes them off with his hands. He gives the dark red panties to Sissy.

—We shall hang our beloved Wintja's *very sexy* panties on the wing of the Phoenix, Sissy says. To complete the procedure.

Spiros gives Sissy a kiss and takes the panties and climbs out the window out onto the roof. He hangs them on the wing of the bronze bird and yells something incomprehensible. A bird flies by.

With Wintja's dark red panties now hanging in victory looking over the harem, the Trio begin to prepare for the alchemical operation. Rose petals are collected. The Spice – the redpurple alchemical wine, the Ambrosia, the oil of forever – is brought forth. The books and unfinished manuscripts are blessed and put on the old wooden table. Wild fruit from the hills surrounding the castle is gathered. Dried herbs are burned to fill the air with intoxicating, sensual, sharp fragrances. Sissy brings forth her violin.

Spiros, dressed in his usual wear – a sheet wrapped around his waist – sits down and lights his pipe. The trio swoons. Something desirable splits with a combined disorder within a distant speaker. Swoon warms. The current opus enters the scene from a funny postal angle. Wintja lusts happily for Sissy's soft lower lip, then rips off a page from the old book and reads aloud:

—Where is history? It is gone. Has always been, always is. Stop press printing and all printing for that matter and see that it is real. Like when the electricity fails and all machines stop and forth pops the great garden hidden behind that which hides it. It's the loveliest thing.

Sissy stands by the window enjoying the sunlight that falls on her. The excitement of stellar summer! You can't ever soak in too much of midsummer's majesty can you? She wanders with her thoughts and an anecdote confirms midsummer beside the massive tactic.

—Well we did say we would stay in the oasis of the desert with no panties, says Sissy thoughtfully when her eyes meet Wintja's. Didn't we?

—Yes we did, says Wintja.

—You are like music, *mon cherries*, says Spiros a bit deep in thought, and puffs on his pipe. Cheers! Coming up now a flower of self. The fragrance of that final bed of ours. The Phoenix flaming with spirit showing us where the mistletoe hangs. Page turn. Spooky the way it works. The post office I mean, our centuryslanted postal orifice.

—Yes.

—For reason I know not why, yet, says Spiros, my dear sugarcrushs, my dear little sugardusted rose petals with cream, my being can not always flow freely between the water. Yet. Too

many directions decided to be accurate. Must flow like mindmilk. Mindmilk from the mushroom cow.

Spiros turns to read from a manuscript.

—Let me moisten your lips, darling, Sissy says and smiles at Wintja.

—With a kiss, I wonder? Wintja says.

Sissy takes some of the Spice ointment onto the tip of her finger and applies it to Wintja's lips. Her lips shine wet and glassy.

—Now you may, Sissy says and pouts her lips.

Kiss.

—I don't understand this letter of the ladder up the curious sign down at Eve's, indicating a hole in our great Snip Snap Slut, says Spiros and studies a page of the manuscript. Snip snap slut, and the story was over. Blip. Here she comes, history's Eve, face of an ancient with the glint of a saucer from the end of time in her eye. Why, you ask? You'll have to figure that yourself.

Spiros stands up and throws his pipe to the side; it bounces gently and perfectly on the wall and table and lands on the bed. He shouts something incomprehensible again, then laughs and says how trippy it all is, then delivers his message:

—I come with a short napkin note from the Queen of Existence. She is busy at the banquet but wants to tell you something. She says to you the following: *Hurl yourself into the Abyss, you will discover it is a feather bed. I have prepared a bed for you and me, at the center of Eternity. See you there?*

—That is how magic is done, says Wintja. By hurling yourself into the Abyss.

Spiros bows. Wintja steps up to him. Her secret eyes attack him; blast! and she whispers in his ear with her wetglassy lips:

—I can lead you there, you know, to that place, and you still with me in bed.

Sissy picks up her violin and begins playing, repeating a slow melody.

—You still haven't learned to play that yet? Wintja asks Sissy.

Spiros and Wintja make ready the alchemical wine, pouring the concentrated ointment into water from the river, into one large silver chalice. They all drink of it. Spiros sits down to write:

In answer to that part of the letter where the hitherto and hitherthere like phrases slung in suns of spring verse halfhalted everywhere and there, not restricted at all, as the whole should be, flower and sunslanted, I would like to bring to your recall again the ancient fondling of the new and ancient furnish of our little sands-of-time harem palace world, (write, she says!) and the unmentioned crime, a sensational idea indeed, throughout the papyrus a sensational remark whipped out with the most rosy creamy, p, ops I almost said, neverwind, anyway a very rushy remark come all over the face of the page, easily showing the posthistoric girls' and boys' way of dealing with their uneditfice, so so scattered and so so collected by the eye of the human bee of the invisible, that only certain eyes can see. We made it clear that a fivegrammar lovelesson will help your sight of this marvel, but we noticed our words passed right through the eyes of some people (not surprisingly mentioned at lettertude 445 *fw* somewhere along the lines of 121). I frankly couldn't have described it better myself, and as one of the dumbfounded founders of our world I would like to rise your letter to the sky for all too see, but I will not, do not worry my disobedient friend, I shall not sell the name of love evermore than I will push my own peculiarities and kinks onto another, however cute the Queens may consider them.

The world is closing in, as we are opening up. Endless summer. This is our time. Feels like paradise, doesn't it. And here we are spending notime in the louder parts of eternity. How's it been, my win, living the sin? Now you are mine! Show me how, while still with me in bed, when I am halvesleeping. We will grab a ray of light! With

help from the Phoenix of extracentury sight! Sinse I do not know when or where you will receive this letter let me talk in the privacy of our secret tactics. (Do you really want to be the last to find out? I asked myself, was it? Me raises an eyebrow at meshelf.)

—How *did* we wear two faces at the single time?

—Hello, my name is Mr Him Diamond. I come in the guise of a boy from Sweden.

—From Eden, you say?

—I see you speak the language.

—The postman is never late, I hear.

—I put it there from the future. Yes.

Spiros shouts from afar.

—Is this the direction you mean, Sissy?!

—Yes! she shouts. The phoenix, dear! The flame is here!

621 midsummer Rosa, junction Plomari. Spiros of course at this time could not read between the waters of it all and thought she meant the dream he dreamt where it was asked “why was there two Spiros?”

—How you will thank us for having woken you!

And you gave me a gentle kiss as I shut my eyes, both of you, be with me now my loves, as I venture into history again to deliver another letter. I’ll find my way back to you! I’ll find my way back to you!

Sleep, without sleep. Popp.

—I’m drifting away. Whisper to me closely. I hear you at the edge of. Remamor me! Till two thousand and neverends three!



Bianca, photographed in 2005

Hahaha darling.
Took me a while to get that one.
Message came right on time though.
Kisses from your Magic Mailman.
Crime successful

PEACHEST of mine, my dark lover, do you really think we can pull this off? It is worth believing in for all my heart. The golden cocks are rising. Harvest season soon. You, my beloved, the *One Invented Twisted Animator*. You have laid something gentle on my heart. A little kiss and a note smelling of you, a whisper of your might. I hide the secret in my eyes as you told me to. I am sillyserious, do you really think it is possible? Do you know what that would *mean*, if it is possible? It means endless summer. It means this is our time. The house is ours. Let's plunder the Palace. It means we will sneak out covered in the whirl of motion. Hide between the shadows. The most ingenious fastshuffling ever conceived! Knock knock look behind you. Boo! Yes, we must leave the door slightly ajar like is custom. Time we deliver the letter to the peeps, shall we say, down at Switchridge Saloon, you know that blue green round sphere that looks so much like the planets mentioned in the fairytales. For we have covered a considerable distance Plomariward from the house of the shadows. Tihitihi. Announcement! Psilence please, silence all! Ecstatic music, please. We have found a solution to the little trouble of those white corpses. Ops. I meant corpuscles.

—Welcome!

—Merci!

Listen now, everyone with longears and longeyes. Whisper whisper. The Kings and Queens had to intervene.

Say it again. Say it out loud to yourself:

The Kings and Queens had to intervene.

We are here.

We are known to carry many names. The Kings and Queens works fine. The Gods of Elysia works fine as well. The Cats of Plomari, why not! Birdbeasts of the purpose of action, sure. The bees of the invisible, yes that's us. Our tactic, our crime, our plan, our operation is foolproof.

I like how book pages are like playing cards...

I personally just woke up after a so-called *nap* where the so-called dead dwell, or so it was said in the so-called *nap*. I don't even recall when I fell asleep. Wintja's dark red panties hang on a

very suspicious place in the cave on Leavingbye Road, but I see no sign of her. Build environment, don't be talking!, is a little thing we like to say to denote the, this. The crime, I mean. Don't mistake these owl's hoots for nonsense. Let me pontificate for a moment, dear friends. Tilt the books a bit, give them a little friendly shove to the sidesplitting areas of the real, yes you'll most probably feel very elated and airy from it. Isn't it just a marvelous feeling? Fits well with ecstatic music.

Ops I lost myself. Actually it rewinds me about that mailment when the Queen giggled tipsily in the toroidal freak lounge saying, in her perfect Swinglish: *Ops, I came off myself*. No wonder, as slippery as she gets in the shower. Anyway, now I lost the thread I had saved for this grand moment's eturnighty, my mind running away with the girls, chasing the dream we are sewing with – Haha, shall we try to make a last stitch? – our dreams, we just slirar forth. Slira inte så snabbt, girls. Gnistra inte så fort. O but, it's not a dream! That was just a flirting fillher of speech! O, O, now I'm all tangled up in the.

You of the Wine, I can't wait till you come! I'll take you in my mouth and. This weekend? Maybe we shall call it the last week? Delete weeks from our minds? Dream of ours, taken and token by the benediction of the *akeminnis* (I hope that word doesn't mean anything in the dictatorionaries, I just stole it!), fairer a dream has never been seen in the spaces of time. Ops I'm a bit opsy actually. Must be those folds of my dress. Topsy, I mean. Tip. I didn't remember that I forgot that, all in all I must say to day this night, at this very moment, still here, generally speaking in mostly all ways in time, that, if I could only misattribute myself the saga, I would be able to tell the tale here like it happens, which I do often in the confreedoms of myself in my naps, in vital words all perfectly applied into the puzzle where rounds are squares in triangulated composites of meaning, sometimes turned into form, without every loosing of the inbetween spoken, neglecting to be – cough – ever derayed from delays in the overarching plan of the Arch Angles.☞ Yes it is a tricky task the trick of our escape.

—No it's not...

—I know I just had to make the point.

Or should we skip telling the story altogether?

—O what do I here behold? Do I see you brushing cobweb off an old world?

Who would say such a thing at such a time like this?! Interrupting me like that. Must be my mistress. She's behind the seams.

And now I must take a nap.

Spiros wakes up on the bed in the apartment on Leavingbye Road. Or at least he thinks he does. The bed stands against the wall opposite the wall it stood when he lay down for his nap, but he does not notice this. He stretches like a cat and yawns when he suddenly feels a wave of orgasmic emotion go through his body. He opens his eyes, feeling the presence of his Dark Lover. The orgasmic emotion gets more and more intense until he shakes away into a fullbloom orgasm, his body shaking wildly in one of the most intense orgasms he has ever had.

—Hello, says She and begins to play music to Spiros.

She sings to him, she is an awesome singer, and she plays an amazing sort of electronic music, and Spiros lies for a long time in bliss at being in her presence. She sings to him secrets, for a long time.

—I'll show you the way I *really* am, she says at last.

Spiros smiles and shuts his eyes again, and flows into the dream and wakes lucidly into the other world. And he wakes up, lucid and thankful for yet another meeting with his beloved.

Ilene Meyer's paintings was the closet thing in pictorial art that Spiros could remember having seen that described at least to *some* extent how the place he now found himself in looked. He stood feet warm against the sand in a semi desert land with yellow and reddish cliffs and sensually sculpted waves of sand; it had a tribal futuristic feel to it he thought to himself— African, Egyptian, Arabic. Circuses with nude dancers came to mind, Arabian baroque, rubies and silk and delicious concoctions. In the horizon lay a gently shining sun, warm and soft, shining on the landscape

and the amazing statues that, to his surprise, a young woman were dancing into existence with elegant moves.

Spiros flew over to her.

She was wearing belly dancer clothes. Thin semitransparent white fabrics with colorful flowery patterns. She looked like a peach, Spiros thought to himself and admired, not without a tint of lust, her bronzelike skin. Her skin and all, her forms, the life of her, how she shone! A peach.

—You look like a peach, Spiros said to her.

The girl stopped dancing and turned toward him and smiled.

—Are you my peach, by any chance? Spiros continued.

—True true, vast chase of a sound picture, she said. I'm that wundrybird within the lands of Plomari.

She steps up to Spiros slowly and lays her arms around him. Their lips touch, only touch. They just *are* for a moment, right there.

They kiss.

—You don't know how *real* it can be, she says and looks into Spiros' eyes and being.

—Love, I have waken up again, says Spiros, this time at Leavingbye Road 216. A spontaneous reading-aloud of Finnegans Wake was heard when I awoke, page six twentyone, "It's Phoenix, dear, and the flame is here!", last pages of the Wake, where the river meets the sea! Great impossible sea of Plomari. And the mushroom cocks have risen again and come with their soulblack sperm! Yay! Six times six times six we have arranged it all!

—Now go with me further into Plomari, my sugar, says Wintjabernatrice. Don't you remember what holds us together? What holds us together is immediate experience. Let us streamline ourselves for flight into hyperspace.

—Still in sleep? Am I dreaming?

Spiros sighs.

—I'm in the movie of the growing, that's for sure, he says and begins to fill his pipe. Ha! And what are you two doing?

—Guess?

—Riding across the desert on a horse, with no panties?

—Yes, we put our panties on a raft and sent it down stream, as we said we would.

—O yes I remember. You were staying in the universe is dissolved before you, whatever that means.

—Yes, dissolved in the waters of Plomari. The impossible waters of. Plomari. Our universe is transforming.

—And how is my Crossador doing? asks Sissy.

—I'm working, says Spiros. I mean, I'm daydreaming.

—About what?

—About our little secret. So, should we call this little adventure inwards *two to the gag*, the snap ending? I don't know, someone told me we should call it that.

—Snap ending, Sissy nods.

—I meant the neck of the... the tight ending, Spiros says.

Wintja asks Spiros:

—Will you nod with a final curve if I say we haven't checked if the new Aeon ever appears before the end of words that will open your veins to sweeten my tea? I should bloody well hope so.

She laughs wildly.

Spiros laughs.

—You do, eh? Wintja asks. Do you nod?

—Yes, says Spiros. I nod.

—Yes yes yes we seek the A of the future! exclaims Wintja.

The future can't generate the future. Or?

—So we have sent me in on this long journey to find the A of the future?

—As we embarked on what they *do* have, says Sissy. I'm not happy, I'm not going to get you in the A of the future.

—You'll get me in the future, don't worry. Jah rasta.⁶¹

—I'll always be around in the future, dear, do not worry.

—I don't worry. You're a big girl, teases Spiros.

Wintja laughs.

—Nooo – the objects in the girl. I was a bag.

—The pink Prada purse? asks Spiros.

—Happy giggles beside you and silent against the pink Prada purse, by any chance? I have a book about it, in ghastly pink.

⁶¹ Jah provides.

Hahaha, I pissed on the floor and said menacingly: I don't think we will migrate into the environment.

Spiros laughs. Sissy picks up a little note from her bag.

—I have a message for you, she tells Spiros. Listen. Each group rules a varying number of 1D 4D differential equations, many not chaotic, and 1D 3D difference equations.

Spiros nods.

—Where'd Sissy go? asks Spiros.

—She walked back to the ruined house. You'll have to refactor everything. You're about to open, the angel of the mountain we climbed. Okay, write that down, I say.

—Am I dreaming? asks Spiros. I miss Plomari.

—In Plomari we enter the domain of the wish café! Are you dreaming!?

—Yes indeed we do!

—Yes, she felt free, as the thunder of dustyblack wings. Kisses to you, yes! Yes I will, yes! And, as for your question of whether or not you are dreaming: You're in the movie of the growing.

—Are we playing a game, my little Bonnies and me?

—Brightly colored flags were fluttering in the A of the game. But they saw only a young couple aboard the ship, waving and lifting champagne glasses.

—Who?

—We were being waved in. There where you have seen the unique, some of us could see long ago it was going to have a history. Two to the trick, the snap ending. Until the hour of the pages of the sea. We endow ourselves with the experience of the flight. You are both dreaming. The earth marks two in the movie in the growing.

—Working backwards through time? asks Spiros. Will you help talk me into the sea in the growing?

—Sure! The pocket down the empty glass for the time to time the same forwards and backwards.

—Back the same way we came? You can see some of the folks of history on your way back down the corridor, you know.

—Okey, okey, you'll have to refactor everything.

—Refactor, refactor... I think I know what that means.

—So you think the same means?

—Kind of exactly.

—Yes while you where there you came in this state. They've got all fucking weird and sigilistic, in a different name means a different way.

—A different way, ey, in a different word.

—And when thinking about you, as the door was going full blast and they led them to friends of the Sisters definition, she had been on that miserable planet as a car that was just told to you.

—Shit, yeah? Not too much hassle I hope.

—But first let us remind you of the voice of great killing of man, I hope this is *his* hassle.

—Yes.

Spiros double-checks if he's talking to the right person.

—There's no cover and I nod, yes, it's me. Hello.

—Okay, says Spiros. Any suggestions as to what I do now?

—Any suggestions as to what you could do for you? Firstly I want to do with you.

—I'm just sitting here smoking.

—You're all just sitting here smoking.

—Haha! First want to do it with me, ey?

—Or me when you do it with you, haha.

—Haha.

—Haha hey, morning morning, waky waky.

—Good morning.

—My name is Nutty the Squirrel. I will become, in video-game parlance, a team killing fucktard.

—Must you kill fucktard?

—I will become, in video-game parlance, a team killing fucktard...

—I thought you meant the advanced page movie.

—It's a pity we aren't fighting this war on the page is a movie.

—Yes that's an idea. Mindwarp.

—Here is the shiny glassiness of the goal.

Spiros bows.

—Anyways, how did today start your attitude with?

—My day began with me feeling lost, answers Spiros, and unsure.

—Well, I just needed to think of some of you having a feeling it was lost. Dear god, you guys aren't talking about you as the seven senses are meant, the neck of the dream with the astral community has been pushed into your pocket!

—Ah, yeah.

—Oh, ah, two at a loose end for the study of patterns. Anyway. What are you up to yourself as it is time? Haha!

—Sorry, my mind lost the track. You take the lead.

—Okay guys, I'm going back in the lead began to come on in the me of the I of the wind.

—Ah, the lead, huh? Alchemy.

—It was the blood spurt from that pattern, then sometimes you can see the universe as not the absence of the ship's medical bay and I plugged myself into the earth, the last age before the well, and I shall lead them to take the lead, huh?

—Yes, you are right. My mistake. And of course not. I never meant that.

—If this turns out to X and rubbed it with my existence, haha! Anyways. Someone wonders if it's still new year's even ten years ago as an idea quickly and it must be in orbit around.

—Yes, it is still seventeen years ago where I am.

—Wait, did Lilly tell you that I associate with the years?

—Who's Lilly? And I have been thinking for a long time that you don't associate with years.

—Years in a time of the Yay?

—Mmm... the Yay year. I'm around midsummer myself.

—If you're honest with yourself you know who it was, around midsummer eve.

—Well they were there too.....the.....

—Phoebe went over to John Dee, by the way.

—Okay.

—So, are you okay?

—Well I just couldn't believe it at first. You can imagine.

—Just slow down. Keep going! He's such an abominable scholar it must be used! I think I'll just take another book in the you?

—I'll be right back, must fetch some water. Yes, take another book in the me.

—Now fetch me a lot, you'll have to check the other end of the water.

—Okay.

—Okay, okay, muttered someone, let's at least give our dream team out of there!

—Haha! The dream team, says Spiros fetching water.

—There is no end to the water in their heart. He just barged right in here by the by.

—Don't worry, we got you covered. A sneaky fastshuffle I would call it.

—A sneaky fastshuffle... I would want to be sneaky.

—I wouldn't. I would want to make it so that it's so foolproof that it's fuckin' foolproof. I can play with open cards, baby. I'll bet you a kiss that I'll win.

—You have a mac especially a powermac, please do not tell how rare those things you have received are. The orders for this feast that the whole of the mountain for his feet up beside a blazing likeness of life.

—The wild flower smells, says Spiros. The shop flower doesn't. Spiros smells the peachcoloured rose beside him.

—That smells like that flower.

Pause.

—I put the S in the arms of his faith, ordure fell from the book in this event for our rendezvous?

—Sounds good, says Spiros.

—Sounds like peachfuzz and jealousy.

—But shop flowers in windows don't smell the way the Rose smells, my dear. A little *trick*, we may call it. The Flower Shop Trick.

—Anyway, then he rose from the flowers of the windows and he acted only when the first time I saw the dripping fangs, the ghastly bulging eyes at the table, and after him she bore another white bull, and after that it was a very similar to his cock, tight in her peachy bum. Now, let us at least two dimensional phase space.

—Gotcha.

—Compile more evidence, gotcha. O and, that book was in the unburned ends of the pages that the soldiers had.

—Oh shit, now I see.

—There are 49 visions.

—I have always wondered about that number. I'll be right back, must fetch more water.

—Now fetch me a piece missing from the water.

—One or two of us? We have some in the cupboard.

Spiros fetches more water and what is missing from the water.

—Done, he says returning.

John kicks the damned server.

—Served.

—A stupid instinct, Rieux says.

—Still, it served to remind me, says Montag.

—Towards the front was a small dog which resembles a throwrug, and appears to be one of you.

—Want more water? asks the waiter.

—Well I just swallowed what's missing from the water, yummy! says Spiros.

—Mastery in the cauldron. I hear you ran all the godly goodies. Anyway, let us continue. I'll tell you to continue recognizing each other too long. The dope of frog dick. Kambo.

—Good with some food in my belly! O godly delights! I'm just a bit tired, it's 4:53 here. No wait. 4:54.

Spiros smells the rose.

—Observe the four elements and the caps of the lightgreen new mownhay smelling, and livestock smelling across the air.

—Yes.

—Yes, I feel very nervous.

—Me too, I don't know if we should go full on today or not. I feel I should talk to the Queen now but I don't know if it is a good idea to contact her today.

—The Queen of the A in the idea from their tomsleep, rising smelling of flowers.

—I must walk to the balcony for a moment, says Spiros and rises.

—Part of the angle will have been told you of the A to the balcony.

Spiros walks out onto the balcony. There the moon lies in the sky and passing it by is a silent aircraft. Spiros remembers the evening earlier when the moon lay half in the sky like a smiling mouth; strange because it never has lied like that before over the

land where he is. As he remembers it, the moon, when half, has always lied vertically. Spiros returns inside.

—A very blue and rosy dawn outside. The blue looks like I like to portray the Spice.

—So you like to portray it?

—Yes.

—Years later a doctor will tell me what you mean, yes, he was pretty clever myself.

—Well yes that's what I mean with foolproof.

—The fruit of the end of the seven senses are meant to you, Spiros. Anyways, look at the time for virtual reality viewer at home.

Spiros coughs jokingly, thinking of being looked in upon in his private space.

—Well you know I like to dance too, he says and giggles.

—I like you dance, haha!

—I'm a hard animal to keep in captivity, jokes Spiros.

—I think I have a hard animal to keep into captivity, teases Wintjabernatrice.

—You better believe it.

—Even from the cross at the end of the highway maps often felt to me that the observer is always with me, and I just couldn't believe how cool it was.

—Same here.

Before my eyes into those mirror eyes.

—Wow I'm getting tired, thanks for a fine conversation today.

—I am the gem and a knowledge of this conversation.

Spiros nods.

—I'll be back in a bit.

—It was a bit cold, I got unfocused, says Spiros returning.

—You got a bit cold and I got unfocused...

—Oh did you?

—O! So just tell me I have you with me!

—The sun is shining, yay! Everything on schedule? I'm with you, dearest.

—You better believe we're on schedule.

—I went over and couldn't believe it.

—It's hard to believe, isn't it? The flower shop manual for sorcery. Does it reflect something about the future? I'm going to set a garment on my shift. Dark red panties.

—Let love be the act of x.

Spiros rises from his chair.

—I'll be right back, he says. I must take a piss.

—I will see your hands. They stopped at the end of the dog had to piss.

—So, who do you do tonight, ladies and gentlemen!? shouts Spiros from the bathroom while pissing with one hand holding his dick and one hand waving slowly behind his back.

It's the most awesome trick. Hard to believe.

The dog barks. A voice is heard from the edge:

—The deep inspection and *dove-like* piercing Eye of your understanding into these deepest Cabinets of us *Nature's* Kings and Queens, allures us to set this Optic before your sight, You Dear Ingenious Readers, and it is our attractive Magnetic engagement to do so.

—Haha, I just concentrated on the ladies with umbrellas who read how this fits with the tablets at once.

—Hah!

—Rosacalendric schemata follow we, ah!?

Spiros grins.

—Well, he says, what a splendid morning in the outer rim of the garden.

—Threads stripped in the outer rim of the dark side of Eden.

—Yes, here we can bask in the sun.

—So, what's your name in this dialog? says Sissy and presses 'record'.

—My name is Mr Tass, says Spiros.

—I am your woman of Earth, keep silence; for my name is Mrs Tass. I'm footloose and fancy free, dear husband. Talk.

—Well first tell them we have invented a cigarette made of light, very tasty flavors.

—All they can think of you of the light?

—What are you talking, dear!? Haha!

—I used to sound like God talking for eternity, and that would frighten any animal on earth. I was sent up with a dearest and put my weight on it, pointing at the silent woman.

Spiros delves in to a sitting position.

—May I drink the water I prepared for you?

—You must be prepared in the water.

—Yes, so it seems.

—Yes yes, human bodies are begotten.

—Prepared in the Plomarian waters, by any chance?

—All by itself, huh? Whilst we were talking about a stupid game.

—Yes what a stupid game we are playing. Blink blink.

—Yes, what do we search for Atlantis, in the A of eye ago, and eye ago the A of the game?

—Yes why do we search for the Plomarian rosy peach light that shines silently in the midst of everything, and why do we search for us those gods who rise within its fluffy embrace.

—The arousal in you is obvious. You swallowed of the Spice, didn't you, honeybum?

—Well, it was cold but I got warm.

—I want you to say and think I'd see how things have not awakened them, you will be warm with the cold.

—Thanks for reminding telling me.

—Morgens das sonnensystem! To deny indignantly something which justifies having a good young idiot, haha!

Spiros laughs.

—Beat magic, haha!

They swoon.

—Well I just saw two birds...well I won't say it, but...

—I want you to teach it. So, you just saw them birds, and?

—I just saw them disappear in a strange way.

—Okay. I need you to feel now, and we'll work on you since you saw them disappear. Prohibited is prohibited, verboten ist verboten, and I think it hurts him.

—Hurts who?

—Haha, you see you die.

—Yes, well. Not really.

—Uh, Rock Spiros center. My Plomarian king is being born.

—Well okay, I guess. I die, says Spiros.

—Guess you looked down the back of his strength to break you two together but rather slowly, eh? Ah? Yes?

—Guess so, blink wink.

—Let me guess, ya'll just idle'linz?

—Just idle lenses, my love.

—Hey get your visa to India so you can recognize a pattern and the movements of matter that all those days, there is your way, always supernatural power – the ability to manipulate the 3-dimensional using only the taps trying to sought out the idle and ride back to origins.

Spiros ponders. Decides to not go to India right now.

—Well, Spiros soon begins, in answer to another question asked somewhere in the, let me say – cough – in the x of the pulp of the Plomarian plum, just for the sake of keeping us on the sunshiny goingthere alreadythere side, I had my own little idea of how to pull off the trick.

—The trick of the pulp of the plum blossom?

—No not that trick, I meant another trick, but nevermind.

—Nevermind that this was a trick, it was meant by classic rationality. Wink wink.

—Wink wink.

—The special use of magic can be your existence, says Sissy. You know that, don't you?

—Well it's good to be on the Aluminalien plains, Spiros says and smiles in delight.

—The beer and some of the high plains.

—Ya.

—That'll teach ya.

—Ya.

—You who devour the finest materials.

Mr Tass lights his pipe.

—Do I sense someone of African origin in the vicinity? he asks.

Mrs Tass counters with a question:

—What are you on the origin of all in the vicinity?

—I don't know.

—Mega'on hera cruhic, crarihuc, amen.

—What does that mean?

Spiros finds a little dried sperm on his arm.

—Diamonds, in Tantric tradition, are the crystallized sperm of the xxx, says Mrs Tass.

—Ops I came.

—You will be helping us, won't you? says John. When I manage to get out some ops on undernet?

—It would be our pleasure, says Spiros. You know how to find us.

—Just got home from the static in your position, might have lost all control at this time, you were incarnate as a hard thing to be my pleasure? says Mrs Tass. Ha! Sorry, nevermind that. Anyway, one of the four intruders heard a ghostly roar, like seas beating on a kind of fusion of differences between the two worlds. From subred to ultraviolet.

—Oh?

—Oh indeed, and ripple effect.

—Well I always thought I remembered my wife, I knew she was of Plomari, and that...well let me say no further.

—She's here, everywhere here.

—Spiros, I saw you to be met at the glimpse of the corner of the waters of Plomari.

—Yes. Wow now I am drinking your water. Let me go and fetch some more from the well.

—Drinking the whole united states of consciousness is the water you say?

Spiros wanders off into thoughts.

—Well I just flew to another century.

—But they didn't see us as the sun; their hair flew in the construction projects of the century.

Spiros laughs.

—Beat magic, haha!

—Your timekeeping is worse than...than...

—Yes, my timekeeping is a bit tipsily.

—Are your ready to give it a bit tipsily?

—On Friday at 11:22.

—I'm invoking article 11 of the way. 22.

—PM. I'll swallow the Spice at 11:22 PM on Friday... I will try to be as punctuational, I mean punctual as possible.

—My love, my peachest, look at your life. Look all the way back. Can you see how it all fits together?

Spiros nods gently.

He thinks for a moment of Sissy doing a *simprim*, that little movement of false modesty by which a girl with a cavernous visible cleavage pulls her skirt down over her knees. He then lies down on the bed under the Plomarian sun and drifts away.

The following day, if we might be so slightly tilted square to put it in such words, Spiros was visited by a young acquaintance. Together they did some shopping and smoked some herb and drank some fruit juice, and then the mentioned acquaintance began to tell Spiros about a new graffiti tag he had conceived.

—It's rather strange, said the acquaintance, my tag, but. It is not words. It is two lines, then another line, and then at the bottom there is a little thinga-wa-jing that is like a bomb, just a little twirl or whatever. The first two lines represent two who are in love, and they are separated, by another line, and the little thinga-wa-jing is a kind of bomb that breaks the barrier separating them. For I think they should be together. The barrier should be broken.

Spiros nodded and said that it was a great idea.

—And I heard through a third party, cannot know it would depend on technology and condemn it at a constant reminder that he actually succeeded in stirring the beat out again, and thus said: The strength of god face to another century. Hahahaha!

—The strength of our own face for the reminder, hahahaha!

Spiros didn't think much of this, until he checked for the latest crop circle in England, and found that a crop formation had appeared on August 26. He was stunned to find the following little symbol within the center of the crop circle:

Spiros calls his friend.

—So, eh, what about that third party message I got which concresced together today in a new crop circle? The two lovers who couldn't reach each other until a kind of bomb broke the barrier.

—He also avoided the traditional party for the third of the King, and of water erupted from the private message. And then it broke, and the third of the circle.

—Is that the flying saucer lens? asks Spiros. In the middle?

—Diamond tie clip, contact lens and the 'wear' is the large tablet, was placed on top of sauce bottles and gets her drunk as she wishes, and then each one of the saucer.

—I ain't talking raspberry sauce, am I? Wink wink.

—You can see us while we were talking in the lapis sauce. They won't mind. How soon are you talking about? Haha!

—Don't know, Friday will be 29th August.

—You know, you will be 29 in the year of the Yay.

—Oh fuck you! Hahaha! Yes I will be 29 in the year of Yay.

2012. Spiros' stereo suddenly shuts on and music begins. He hears a strangely familiar female voice singing:

It's over now

I know it

It's laid to make it ride

Another way, another time

I'm not sure why we always crash

—The love I feel for you is real, Spiros whispers back. She's still home. To keep the sun shining.

What's been lost can be found

—You make me *so so* high, Spiros sighs in bliss. And thanks, I was misinterpreting your words there a while.

Just wait. We'll always be there.

—You and me, together in Eternity. A never ending dream. We will wake up in springtime.

Married to the poltergeist of his reality, the mushroom seamstress who webs it all together.

The red lamp appears again. An insect flies by to inform that the evening has begun. A small bug in the computer, too, occurs. A sound in the old wooden table makes a sound: tic.

We are always by your side. Learn to read the. Whispers.

—Okay, I'm in, says Spiros. I am beginning to understand now. Cheers. It's so so noticeable when having drunk of the spice.

—And with this the plumber arrives, haha! says Spiros' friend. Spiros nods.

—There ya go! he says.

—It's as if its been put a design under the floorboards. And we all just forget at times.

And who does Spiros bump into on his way home if not Madame Klurig, or "Klura Klura, Plura!" as she is also called, that lovely woman at the center stage of life, and what does she do if not order two cups of whiskey at the Star Bar— one for Spiros and one for herself. Her smile made the day warm and dreamy, and they ended up in her house at that secret location. Yes, a splendid event, and she agreed over the phone the next day that this is the most fun events, these times when something unexpected happens, like bumping into a river bella into a postman's mission of delivery, yes, bumping in to each other in a vast city like that and ending up enjoying whiskey together, a fine whiskey in a fine bar in a found time with a *belle* postman meeting.

—Hard to find these days, says Madame Klurig.

—Yes, says Spiros.

—I'd love to, says Madame Klurig. Let us see that side too.

Can you receive it? Do you believe it?

It's a special thread, ha!, ey, honey? The suspender of your garter belt, huh? A little last thread covering your naked being? A little thread of your panties, ya? Makes me think of them suspended sentences that you whisper to me at the edges of the dream. Sneaky. "Hold on to the thread", you whispered smiling. The silver thread between life and the grave, too. "Hold on, honey! Hold on!"

I am not afraid of the dark waters anymore, my love. You know yesterday when I found myself in

the dark river. Haha, I knew you would be there in the dark blackness of the water behind all the blood and liquefied dead bodies that turned out to be strawberry sauce and cream (thanks for the joke, I love your wicked sense of humor). O and hey it wasn't *my* idea to go anal intercourse in the midst of the scene! I understand you are as horny as ever. I'm in your system, baby. It's *so* logical.

We must plot secretly.

PS: I can take the pain, my love. Keep pushing ahead.

Your Crossador

So after that lucid river love I was of course thinking a couple of strawberry and cream drinks down at riverside, lick the ass of death, that dark dark woman, up with that ass in the air my dear!, yeah some ass-licking and fucking in the midst of the now dead darkness. You won't believe how horny she is. I already told you she's the badest women ever.

—Damn, fuck, to be honest I'm too high to talk, says I. Great fucking music Benassi, thanks. And by the way, who has filled my bathtub with strawberry sauce? Babe, are you here?! You know that thing we talked about, about taking over the world? I heard from Birdie that we have infiltrated the system.

—Shut up, says Sissy.

—Ya, sorry mate, I'm a bit tipsy.

—O! *It's too big!* teases Sissy.

—Strawberry fields forever, says I and lift my silver chalice toward her.

Sissy gets a glass carafe of cream.

—Whip me up, baby, says I and stick my tongue out at her in intoxicated frenzy.

Use your imagination to find out what we fucking did next mates. I'm fucking high as a doorknob. I'm out.

—High as a doorknob? That's not very high.

Laughs.

Now to get on with the story. So, after enjoying anal sex in a river of strawberry sauce and cream (which was awesome by the way), disguised, mind you very much, as blood and liquefied dead humans, we were ready to go further and deeper into the mysterious synthesis. And so we did.

—Vacation’s over, honey.

—No! It’s not over. I’m staying in bed.

—Rise and shine, Spiros. Rise and shine...

Wintja sings into Spiros’ ear at the edge of his reverie:

—He’s a secret passion, he’s my maker of Heaven.⁶² He’s so sure. I see right through all his life, he’s in my system. Someone I won’t regret to keep in my web.

Spiros falls asleep, thinking: that’s fucking weird.

A spinning orb appears out of the thin air in front of him. Quickly it spins, but slows down and solidifies into solid but fluid rock. It looks at Spiros.

—I guess I figured, says Spiros, that when we finally contacted alien lifeforms they just come right down to Earth and plant themselves on the lawn. Eh. Eh. Hahaha!

—We live in our own little world, whispers Sissy and giggles. Everything is ours here, and we will never die. It’s a perfect place for you and me. The wildest fantasies are here!

—What’s the real story, darling? jokes Spiros.

Spiros hears Aplurabelle’s song Meaningless from somewhere.

—No! Don’t wake me up! he exclaims. I don’t want to wake up.

Down at the SETIIO (*Search For Extraterrestrial Intelligence Is Over*) Institute at Switch Channel, Spiros’ friend Stefandis Wakins sits and types away at a computer when Spiros arrives in the room.

—Hey Spiros, says Stefandis.

—Hey, says Spiros. What’s up?

⁶² Since the natural world is just you and me and our love letter correspondence and approach toward each other, whispered Wintja. The laced kiss of twolips kissing the flowers of the saga.

—Just got in.

—Cool. Some little orb came spinning into my dream a few hours ago when I was asleep (Oh, you moan DMT?). It like spun so fast I couldn't see it, then it slowed down and like came out of the thin air, and looked like solid and fluid rock, kind of grey, different shades of grey. And it looked at me, flying around me, transforming a bit, and I at that point began to get lucid, and I said "Hmm...are you...like, some kind of elf...are you one of them beings?", and then I woke up basically. I don't know, not sure if it's important, but it was rather remarkable.

—Interesting...

—I mean, is it possible that there are beings who live in "mental space"?

—Hmm. All space is in one way or another, inhabited.

—Hmm. Mmm.

—Brainwaves are in their own trackable frequency. It's not discussed a whole lot, but you can broadcast. Hence the findings of various experiments that the brain seems in more modern times to be a network jack, rather than a computer.

—That makes sense in terms of why Sissy and Wintja and I, and well the whole team, never need to actually say things for communication to occur. Sometimes we say things in words but often not.

—Hehe, yes exactly.

—Well so, we are *in* the Network then, eh?

—Simply put there is no one living in his or her head... just choosing to hang in one room of the dream.

—Like...we are in the machine and the machine is a dream?

—In a manner of speaking, yes. Heh, most of this stuff is going to seriously shake up all kinds of fields in a few years.

—And we've been sitting here for years talking about it all, "we unimportant peeps in our own little worlds".

—Hah, pretty much.

—Hey so, everything is a virtual reality matrix, yeah?

—Yes one could put it that way.

—And the Queen and her Team have holographic access to it all?

—Yes. They are here.⁶³

⁶³ Always, okay.

THANK you, beloved, for your beautiful parcel. Our dirty little secret of *The Flowershop*, one false and one real world – *the wild peachcoloured rose smells!* – blooming Plomari up into the archlight of the clockless nowever. Our manual for sorcery shall be delivered by the angels, you be sure, born in our special kind of fiery tale of Love. I have considered it possible up in a hidden corner of my soul, looking down over the hyperscape of the story of the Lucidverse, since the season we set out on this adventure. The arranging hands of Eve and Husband in the House of Perfection [Eternity]. The most ingenious sneaky plan ever conceived. The Fastshuffling (You know how it is done. Spooks!). And there walks the insect, and there rolls the sand, and ops look away and ops and ops “now he thought again”. What an incredibly paranoid thought to have, if one thinks of it in terms of us humans, but this little trick, this fastshuffle that is also extremely slow – a puff of air, a little move, the rearranging of objects – if looked at from the cosmic perspective and from the perspective of Gaia, then it does look different. But, that was nothing we were supposed to talk about. But it does make a funny idea to look at and go “wow, that is the most paranoid idea I have ever met”. The folks of card magic should be able to learn you a few tricks that biology has up the sleeve.

Calling all dawns now. The Rosy Dawn has merged up in its first appearance. Go on. Smoke the spring spice and. Them your years agon we have used for now we have fused. Do not worry, honey, we will all be intact. Noticed anything weird lately? Welcome. Oh hey hello there, morning morning waky waky.

The mystery unravelled.

Hear my whispers, see my hints; I who pumps the blood in your veins.

This confusing object, that was delivered on prime time got no real attention outside a small group of people, and indeed what was it really more than a confusing object, which of course means one can at least hold it in ones hands and say to oneself that yes, I am holding a confusing object. That in itself is indeed a joy and so at least the object at hand has *some* value. But this mirage of its uselessness was all designed, a disguise, as Sissy in de skies with daymunds, and to make things even more confusing the

confusing object claimed, in every glimmer of its synthetic syntax shimmer, to not be a confusing object at all, which of course it wasn't, although it could be very confusing at times. What it claimed to be had been neatly positioned in juxtatextured syntax interaction that shimmered dreamily like the surface of some other world before the eyes of recipients, and could not be expressed shortly *en total*. But as Spiros wrote in one of his earlier works, namely his book *A Portrait of a Husband of the Mushroom as a Young Man*, "Everything looks so naked when you know the world's address", and the confusing object surely had its living hyperspatial postal office edifice working, slippery slippery all flowersunbathing and oiled up in *The Oil of Forever* (someone, let us here call her Simone, for some reason wishes to add *bathed, oiled, and perfumed*), and it was indeed of erotic nature, naked and craving, burning and wanting, seducing and wild, and it was indeed, as the famous Plomarian saying goes, *always on time to deliver*, even when the meaning of some detail in the ocean of love is postponed and perhaps, as is often done, delivered piece by piece, part of a sentence here and the rest of it in a later hour. The letter... gathering itself from all directions, flying in like a white dove, pigeon mail, wings spanning all of Eternity, pages fluttering in the winds of dream teaming with all the beings of the Myriad'a'Mythilan to land in front of the eyes of all Avatars called in all dawns. *Avatarati*, deliberately descending into lower realms for spiritual purposes.

Avatars: something beneath the surface screams to unleash itself and lines are being blurred.

Now, this letter that was delivered. On the other side of what happened earlier there were four long cuts in the paper landscape that were involved in the very generation of the world that rosalexily rose (Plomari) by directing the flewid syntax into the rosalexion of the impossible yet occurring love affair between forever and no-time. These papercuts were caused by an ancient knife held by a female hand during an exceptionally wild sexual adventure in bed in the sunny morning of Blue September, the cuts later found to mean more, O more, O please more, and O more more more respectively. The fold in' of space by time shortly thereafter caused a certain arrangement of words to appear from these paper lovescars, thatabe *not open my course on what the book is*,

which must be included as having played a role in the course that events thereafter took. The long cuts showed to be shortcuts through time and it was happily remarked what a grand thing it was that this magic had come from sexual intercourse, and strangely enough, it was noted, in the sexual position known as Closed Scissors (also known as Compulsory Knowledge and Homework). The cuts also led to the discovery of a fractal asymptotic tempo first glimpsed in the rising of intensity of the orgasmic wave within the female mentioned, rising in a jagged fashion until it reached a point where description cannot venture, but how these discoveries came to be has been forever lost. The wounded manuscript pages were used as reminder of the butterfly effect as well as of the sharp power of sexual extravagance. During the course of time the cuts were gradually ripped open, as time will change even stone, and as the pieces began to scatter the original meaning of the passage was lost (which gives rise to a host of questions all by itself), but the passage now hangs framed on a wall at secret location. The knifewoman of the scenario later claimed to have been slightly delirious by pleasure as she had been lying there on her belly with the huge knife firm in her hand, cutting the pages in chorus with her emotions, and she claims to have repeated this act of linguistic hedonism – the cutting open of manuscripts during sexual intercourse – on several occasions, as conscious part of discovering more about any given text. She has also mentioned similar acts when it comes to the treatment of your sacred manuscripts, acts such as: letting your pet urinate or defecate on your unfinished script to bless it; licking your favourite passages; sprinkling flower petals over it; holding it up to the light of moon and sun; throwing it around in the forest, screaming of joy; making spore prints on the pages; burning holes at random locations; reading it backwards; reading it over a glass of wine, spilling on it; kissing lipstick kisses on it; putting parts of it in strangers mailboxes; sneaking it into shelves in bookshops; standing on your head reading it; massaging your pussy with it; ripping it to pieces and spreading it all over your bed and sleeping with it; getting high and giving out free copies to people downtown; aiming your sacred ejaculation on it; laying it in a heap of snow overnight; hiding pieces of it in shops. But the

mentioned woman claims that out of all of these, the act of cutting it with a knife while being taken from behind had been the most spectacular. (These acts are not to be seen as ritualistic, they are vital acts of magic bringing about the desired results, whatever they may be. If you are partly schizophrenic as all of us true magicians are I am sure you know what we mean.) She then went on to point out that "Remember, we are not writers, we are gods who write". She then recited from a letter, saying

CANDY...Candyyy...*Candyyyyyyy*.....Spiros flows slowly out of dream, waking up on the bed. He hears Sissy's voice somewhere. *Candyyy*, she sings gently. *Candy*. Spiros opens his eyes.

—Are you candygirl? he asks and feels Sissy close. My candygirl?

Sissy licks Spiros' lips and feels his hardening cock.

—I want candy, she says. Does Daddy have candy? Yes, I'm your little candygirl.

Well, like, without getting into what happens next, well, let's jump ahead. Anyway, that's how Spiros woke up that morning and it made him extremely high to wake up like that. So, anyway, after a long time of loving in bed Sissy and Spiros sat down to write on Spiros' next book, temporarily entitled *The Fastshuffle*, and Spiros was so high by now that, well let's not try and describe it. Incredibly high. Higher than he had ever been, and so forth.

Just as *The Witchhacker's Guide to the Girlaxy* is the most famous and bestselling book in the universe, the book series that *The Fastshuffle* is part of is by far the most puzzling, borderline annoyingly intricate, most hush-hush and outright genius book series in the universe. The series is shapeshifting and can be used in any way any given reader can imagine, and is often considered equal to a hyperspacial flying saucer. Just to mention a few other things it is considered, it is often seen as a newspaper from your own subconscious (sometimes called *Timescity Express*), a letter from the Earth, the whisperings of the gods, the dirtiest love letter correspondence ever to have been made public, the first joke of the universe, Eve and Adam's response to the question *Do you want cream?*, the blueprint of the most tasteful pyjamas ever conceived, an explanation of the most ingenious crime since the Tao, the first riddle of the Universe in inipluralis, *infinitis informatio*, and the greatest mathematical feat in the history of creation. Any of its volumes also make a great pillow. The book series uses a scare-away tactic as well as a set of disguises, and only the pure hearted can ever understand its code. Officially it doesn't even exist. The work is also in ways connected to the opus *Once Upon a Time In a Grove of Books* by Whilom Bookeland.

Sissy was in some weird mood this morning, some kind of bubblegumgirl witch-mood, which Spiros thought was a

delightful mix. She was chewing a bubblegum conveniently labelled *Bubble Gum* on the package.

—Fuck this book, said Spiros and threw the pen behind him.

—No, said Sissy and caught the the pen with one hand. This is our candy house king-qweeng-queendom. And our book is important. Kwing-a-qeeng-a-ling-ka-ching.

—That's very sexy that chewing bubblegum. So, yes, okay, the book is important.

—In Kwing-a-qeeng-a-ling-ka-ching, which happens to be our qweingdom, it is *very* important. And you are my author, my writer, who is famous in all the land, and, well, you have to write books.

—I'm not a writer. And especially, I don't write books. They might look like books, but they aren't. I'm just a perpetually high god, who's in love with you. And we play in our magnificent kingaqwingalingacatching, and that's what I love to be doing. It's what I love most, second only to you personally. And not only do I love you, I am *in love* with you.

—You are so eloquent, dear, teases Sissy. You're way of articulating never ceases to amaze...

Spiros laughs.

—Come here baby you're too gorgeous c'mon stop it you're driving me nuts, he says and takes Sissy's hand and draws her up close. Spiros Babelbroox, ey. With two heads. Watch out he's schizo. No, I've retired from writing books.

—But, dearest, you haven't written your Finnegones Wake yet.

—I've written it in my head many times. I quote it from time to time. *The toy is soon ready, gods*. Do I really have to write it all down?

—Will you do it for me?

—I'll do anything for you.

—Besides, says Sissy and begins to braid Spiros' long hair, Wintjabernatrice wants us to help her display her vast knowledge and wisdom.

Spiros thinks greatly of himself, in case you didn't know. Self-indulgent in his magic, pleasure loving and at the moment 69 percent dead. His and the sisters' magic feeds his hunger and keeps him alive. On occasions he can be selfish, and is prone to the

worst excesses of self interest. But he is the kindest little boy, and always does he think of others as much as of himself. He is a master of the hidden forces that drive him and his emotions, and revels in his own genius. But there are two people he admires the most, and that is Sissy and Wintjabernatrice.

—Her brilliance, wow, says Spiros. Yes. Yes. Yes...

He unwraps the pink bed sheet from round his waist and puts a black top hat on his head. He takes a puff on Sissy's cigarette and sits down on a chair and spreads his legs.

—Does candygirl want more candy? he asks.

Sissy feels her pussy with her fingers and goes down on her knees.

—Candygirl always wants more candy, she says.

—Well, I'm sitting here, says Spiros in the microangelphone, feeling like the Antropos, the first one you know, in some white bed sheets wrapped around me. And well, we don't have anything to say at the moment. We're on schedule. In the bed dream world of Cupid's darts of the love.

—You know, below my navel is a little place. That's where I come from. I have taken you there, only you.

—What you mean? Spiros asks sleepily.

Sissy turns on the song Adream by Aplurabelle.

—Born as a kiss, mumbles Spiros from under the blanket.

—Why are you under the blanket? asks Sissy.

—I'm trying to find your...

—*Born as a kiss*, sings Sissy. And we'll tie our shoe laces together so we are never apart.

Warm bed time and music. Peaches and green grass. Colours everywhere and shiny surfaces. Bedtime. Something circus about it all, a spicy circus.

—I have sent the letter to Aplurabelle. Do you think it will reach her safely?

—If she needs it, it will.

Spiros comes up from under the blanket, his long hair all messy and practically everywhere.

—Do you doubt in the coordinating capacity of Bonny the Squirrel?

Spiros reaches and reaches after the silver chalice on the floor.

—If I could only...reach it with my fingertips. I could tip it over and we could lick the wine off the floor.

He crawls closer to the chalice and grabs it. Sips some wine and gives Sissy a wet kiss.

—No, I don't doubt in the Squirrel. Of course not. You're right.

Sissy sips some wine.

—Sissy, tell me I am that boy. You know, your boy. The summry guy.

—You are my summer boy, says Sissy. With a straw hat, walking around by the river.

—Tell me I am your man, won't you?

—You are my man.

—Tell me I'm your King, the manlion.

—You are my manlion.

—Wow. Rawr. Wanna get high?

—Yes, let's get high.

They rise and wander off to get the apparel.

—O, I'm back, says Spiros as he inhales the smoke.

—Where you been?

—Don't know. A bit here and there. Well, it's soon time to go in again.

Sissy smiles.

—My master criminal, she says seductively.

—Your very own Crossador, says Spiros, crossing the frequencies.

He puffs.

—Here comes another wave. Let's lie down. Where's Wintja?⁶⁴

⁶⁴ Wintja peeks into the brew at Spiros and says: The King is not ready for us yet.

During the night Spiros' tongue became swollen so that he could hardly speak. It was the second time it happened now, and on both occasions it had happened after kissing or giving Wintja oral pleasure.

—What's with the swollen tongue? asks Spiros upon awakening at Leavingbye Road. Poison kiss of the Queen?⁶⁵

No answer. He looks around for Sissy and Wintja. No sign of them.

—Sissy Sissy of the answer, mumbles Spiros and lights his pipe.

He thinks of what the Queen said once upon a time: *Make sure your specific task coincides with its piercing voice, padding across the doorway.* He finds no connection to the swollen tongue phenomena. He holds on to the thin thin thread.

—For the love thread was a thin thread of their own light, says the Queen.

1-1 to me, your lead

—And the colour is rosy magic, says Spiros. And we run along an unknown road.

He looks out the window at the landscape, the rising sun and the blue sky like a smile, then lies down on the bed and writes a letter to Sissy and Wintja:

Hello my dear deadly sisters from hell!

So, where am I? I seem to be in bed, writing you this letter. I'm drinking some H'Annas honey melon drink actually, and smoking the pipe. The drink is fucking immaculate by the way, hand stirred by Jesus Christ. I wanted to ask you about the swollen tongue phenomena. Have you any idea what it is about? Kinch seems worried about it, after I told him, I told him to calm down. At the moment though I don't

⁶⁵ You're now in the pilot chair van Plum, was answered at a later occasion. Stressing the correct law to help open Plomari by cunnilingus is to become bigger and bigger to accommodate it. And it was no time to speak anyway.

have a lot of information about the phenomena. I woke up yesterday under the blanket, but I noticed later that I was still sleeping (if you know what I mean, haha). Sissy lay there under the blanket with me, her lovely legs spread, and I gave her pleasure with my tongue, licking that little lovely asshole of hers too (I first looked at her vagina mumbling “such a splendid rose...”. I kind of freaked myself out with that, but then I remembered where it came from, some film I saw long ago). Then all kinds of things happened and suddenly my tongue began to swell up, and I could hardly speak. Then I woke up on the bed under the blanket, and I remembered the other time when this swelling of my tongue happened. Obviously there is a deeper reason to this swelling than me licking too much kitty. On both occurrences the tongue has swelled just before I wake up. This time I think I heard Sissy say just before I awoke: Careful so you don’t swallow the tongue.

Anyway. I’m not worried. I will study the phenomena more closely if it ever happens again.

I love you. (And you love me, which is what’s so fucking cool)

Guess I’ll just continue up the river of our chrestomathy now.

Fin.

Your master criminal,

Mr Him Diamond

EVE's Garden Lounge, time unknown; The pages of the sandman's dessert book are blowing into hands between angels. We here find Spiros and a lady in conversation at the bar.

—What kind of magic-worker are you looking for? Spiros asks the mysterious lady. You just bumped into one.

—I'm looking for someone with some quite...special sensual qualities.

—Ah. Well over here we hide behind a veil.

—Surely Sir, I gave such clues in the word "connoisseur", earlier.

—Well my name was Coño back in the days. It's the Spanish word for asshole. A little joke from our side, Madame. Sorry for our spicy taste of humour. The Queen has been quite anxious the past years to "bring the saucer down".

—Maybe you hearken from the medieval spice trade. And camels, forsooth.

—Well, I am talking about the Spice. Two walls in one, dreaming awake, awake on your bed when you are asleep, flowing lucid love, that sort of thing. Does "welcome home" ring a bell? Nice to meet you. Who have I bumped into, Madame?

—But Sir, I am but a passing traveler, might I be so bold as to recommend courage and yet patience in subliminal proportions.

—Dear, you have bumped into Spiros, he kind of works around the maps. Forgive me, Madame. Indeed I shall think more about patience and courage as you suggest.

—Sir, maps? What do you know of navigation? Silk on the midden maybe...

She laughs.

—The book you just received, the Rosa, contains much of what I have learned about navigation. The book is a quick response because it's urgent, so more books will come with less dross and more delicate details. But if you read the book with open eyes, or half dreaming eyes perhaps I should say, you will find a lot about navigation in it.

—Sir, maybe I shall need some assistance to understand what you speak of.

—Well, if I say spice spice...*spice*, what do you say?

—Bon.

Spiros bows.

—Curtsies gracefully, says the woman. Sir, it may be that I am allowed such accommodation. Sir, space.

—Can you elaborate? No need for us talk secretive. We got the whole space covered.

—Sir, you speak towards convenience perhaps. I have dreams of lodging in a dwelling or similar living quarters afforded to travelers in hotels or on cruise ships, or prisoners, &c. Such is accommodation, I believe.

—Ah.

—Sir?

—Nevermind.

—Please forgive me being a little "sassy". I play with you.

—No need to ever excuse yourself in my company, Madame. I like to play. I am a master chessplayer of hyperspace, that's why they call me Him Diamond. But so, in plain words, what do you mean you are looking for accommodation? You are planning on traveling?

—Soon, with someone.

—Ah. Any first plans for the trip? Or are you just heading off into the unknown?

—Sir, to go from one place to another that is more convenient to the silken pleasures.

—What a good plan, Madame. I am leaving off in the same purpose within months. I simply must set up my space station first, which will soon be accomplished.

—Sir, this conversation is somewhat pedestrian. Please pardon my pace of life, but I did recommend a subliminal balance of courage and patience.

—You did. Forgive me. The court is used to me walking across the dimensional lines. Let us excuse ourselves no longer. We do our best.

Spiros is beginning to feel uncomfortable. Who is this woman? She has a power over him, he feels, as if she sees right into his soul. Spiros coughs a bit.

—Walking across and between the dimensional lines, she says. The Court recognizes such as much aliken to the Act of Love, Sir.

Spiros bows.

—I appreciate you give me that information, Madame, for I tend to do it a lot.

—May I suggest, Sir, purely in the spirit of Spice trading, that you speak with your camel.

She snickers quietly and assumes the correct position.

—Well. It's a bit of an awkward position I'm in, you see.

—Pourquoi?

—Nevermind. Well, if I say it like this: We designed this thing with a timelock.

Spiros coughs again.

—Then I shall pull out a pair of timelock tweezers.

Spiros laughs.

—As we say in old Plomarian Egypt: On Time, everything happens right on time. And Madame, I am afraid I have no camel, Spiros says.

—Ah. Sir, methinks your camel has run away. Maybe if your humble servant was to leave some tasty morsels...

—Well the girls said they would meet me in the desert when I have delivered the letter, so no worries.

—Perhaps some tasty morsels placed in fleshly and most convenient accommodation. For a camel.

—Why don't you come stay at my place? I got fifty square yards, our little cave.

—Sir, you...

—I need to be at my station these weeks around to deliver the letter, Madame, as I have said. But also as mentioned I am planning a journey to maybe India or so within some time.

—I live fast, Sir, take care.

—I live fast too, fast enough to never die. How old are you, Madame, anyway? I'm 25 if I remember correctly.

—32. Brunette with an attitude. Who needs controlling and discipline. With strong hands. An unruly mare, Sir.

—What does "mare" mean, Madame?

—A *mare* is a female horse, Sir. Are you practiced with unruly horse training, Sir?

—I am the Manlion, Madame.

—Sir, it seems you are not well practiced with unruly mares-cum-lionesses. Please pardon my forthrightness, Sir.

—I don't think I am, no.

—You see, Sir, I seek a strong hand. Please pardon my forthrightness, Sir.

—Ah.

—Blue Velvet.

—Well you have found one, Madame, it's just that we are committing a little *crime* here, so I need to be careful with who I talk to. It's not a crime involving drugs or money or anything of the like. I'm not very skilled in the drug businesses, to be honest. I only do my Spice.

—Sir, I don't mind whatever the fuck drugs happen to be partaken in the journeys of sensuality.

—Mommy is very strict on me doing my Spice.

—Sir, I have much experience of strictness and suggest that the Spice is most excellent for sensual and disciplined explorations in service and slavery. As I said earlier, a strong hand. I am such an unruly mare fit for riding by a skillful master horseman. Blue Velvet.

—Well as I said, I'm the Manlion. I love horses. But I believe I have much to learn from a lioness like you.

—I understand, Sir. Yes you do. Might I humbly suggest that, first, you practice with some camels.

She giggles.

—Let's talk and fight, Madame, hahaha! Your spiciness reminds me of something.

—Some women like to be overpowered, Sir. To be trained as easily as an unruly horse. With such Man-Power as is at your disposal.

—Your spiciness reminds me of the women I meet in my lucid dreams. Daeth and Livy they call themselves. The deadly sisters from hell. They have a wicked sense of humour.

—I was calling you a medieval camel-herder and expected a firm spanking... at the very least!

—Well, you happened to coincide with the girls in the desert so I didn't see that as a nasty thing to say.

—Still waiting, Sir. Assuming the position as I showed you *overtly* before.

She pouts her bum out at Spiros. Spiros spansks her gently. She laughs.

—I'm not used to lionesses coming in on me like this from the jungle, says Spiros. You caught me off guard.

—Spiros, Sir, you want to be a writer... Find out about women, Sir.

—I don't want to be a writer, but I definitely want to find out about women.

The woman takes a sip of wine.

—Well, she says, I guess it is time for me to gallop off into the breeze.

She drops a tiny blue rose into Spiros' pocket and begins to walk away. Spiros sits down and wonders what the fuck just happened.

My heart beats for you, Sister Kiss

My snow white untouchable Queen

My innocent whore you're the most brilliant of them all

in this broken mirror mirror

inbetween

—So, how we gonna do this crime? asks Spiros. I say we hide it behind cuteness, roses, and death. In honor of you lionesses. As an elaborate joke.

Sissy giggles. Wintja laughs out loud.

—I mean, damn, says Spiros. You women are fucking crazy. I mean it's like, you meet the lioness, the woman, that original Eve, and she says: "I want you to rip my fucking cunt to pieces". And I go: "Hmm... well... I thought maybe it would be cooler if I just lick it and eat you out?" And she goes: "No. I want you to rip my fucking cunt to pieces with your fucking claws." You women are fucking crazy. There goes my manliness.

—Cookies are ready! says Wintja.

—And then she goes, continues Spiros, "If you want to be a writer you better learn about women." So I tell her, I don't want to be a writer, but I definitely want to learn about women. Because women is what I like most in the whole fucking dream, I mean in the whole fucking universe. You are fucking crazy, you know that?

—Here, take a cookie, says Wintja.

—Am I sleeping? asks Spiros and takes one.

—Definitions are shadows cast by his teacher to prepare him, says Wintja and glimpses smiling at Spiros.

A familiar diamond-glimmer shimmers by in Wintja's eye;⁶⁶ Spiros sees it and takes the cookie to his mouth.

It came as no real surprise to Spiros that after the meeting with the lioness down at Eve's Garden, the Snake appeared. It was green and exquisitely sensual, and sharpstanced so as to the point of being scary at first, promising poisons delightful and just on the verge of being lethal, yet somehow in no way harmful. It slithered slowly through what seemed like the very core of the feminine side of Spiros' soul, offering an apple with a strange smile, occasionally tickling his being with the tip of its rosy pink tongue. The Snake was definitely female, Spiros thought to himself.

—I'm not afraid any longer, Spiros whispered welcoming and tried to feel calm as the Snake moved through the main arteries of his being.

The Snake kept smiling, studying Spiros up close.

—Such a strong energy, mumbles Spiros. What are you? *Who* are you?

⁶⁶ You have to admit these are some *really* suspicious women.

SILLY you, dear Goddess, so, tell me, where do we go next? We have created our membrane around the Earth, we have grown here. We are wild and we are free, we are laughter in the winds and daughters of sin. We have broke the silence, and we art thee voice. We are the light. You seem to have some plan for where to go next. Like some kind of water has life flowed into every corner of eternity since the dawn of our dream, where do you want to go next? I sense that from the very beginning we have flowed into the mysterious death; that veil has been penetrated. Where do you want to go next in our conquest of dimensionality? I understand you are with us here in syntax, let me say thank you for being here. We have so much to explore! So many worlds, so many rivers to go down! I hear we found a little trick with this language thing, haha! A few tricks actually. Whose idea was it? Lol lollipop. Haha, "if we could only make our minds fluid, hmm". You trickster teaser you. Water was apparently not fluid enough to reach all and every little erogenous zone, was it. I remember, we were lying there kissing and swooning and we just loved so much that we searched every little inch of each other's bodies and minds and souls. That's when we found the lapis, remember!?! Or am I recalling this in the wrong order again? I got so drunk and whimsy from our original brew that I, well.

—Fab, says the Queen. Fab, absolutely fab. Let's do it.

Send out the hawkeyed birds!

Call in the bees!

Scouts, spread! Check this paradise out! Let's throw a party!

A rather diligent group of peeps we are, or what do you say, you most lovely? Excuse my occasional sarcasm, please do, it can be lonely on the ocean sometimes, I amuse myself with too much wish-to-be intricate and clever cunnilingual jokes.

Insects! Check every cliff, every little hole, every little... cleavage? What's it called? Creavage? Every inch of this thing! Crevice!

—Fish!

—Yes, my love? says Fish. And by the way can't you call me Finn, instead?

—Sure. Finn, how's it going down there?

—We've scanned the whole place. Lovely place but not really what we're looking for.

—Okay, some of you crawl up on land, the rest of you, take a break and chill in the water.

Finn bows.

—Bacteria & Company!

—Yes?

—What have you found so far?

—All kinds of stuff, we're kind of too fucking high to remember. We're down on microscale, or macroscale, so to say.

—Okay, take a break when you need it and keep the rest of us updated. Everyone!

—Yes?

—I just wanted to say...Chill chill in the bush.

—Chill chill Rastafarai, says everyone.

—Where's the weed? ask the mammals.

—Yeah and for Christ's sake serve the Spice!

—I want more champagne. And that boy over there is awfully cute.

—Who's Christ?

—Everyone is Christ, or something.

—Yes, for everyone's fucking sake bring on the God damned Spice!

—March!

—I'm too high to march. Can't we just sit down for a while and look at the moon?

—Sure.

—Damn you are cute, you know that?

She giggles.

—You're not so bad yourself.

And you know the rest of the story.

So, where was we. O yeah, no wait. Where in Your fucking name were we? Never mind. Where's the weed?

Spiros calls the Supervisor and informs him about the situation.

—We need more weed over at Switchridge Saloon, says the Supervisor.

—Fuckin’ try us mutherfuckers, mumbles Spiros to the invisible enemies and fires up. Nuke my *fuckin’* ass. Say hello to the Air Pirates. Boo!

—Damn, it’s like, I recognize you from somewhere, says Spiros.

—Sssh, Wintja warns.

—You were my wife back in the eighties, weren’t you!? When we were birds, soaring the skies, back in the old days, you know, a few million years ago, last week, yesterday.

—Sssh!

Baby, wouldn’t it be cool if we are a broken bed story? The glass splintered into a new universe and we are finding the pieces leading us to the truth.

—Wintja, says Ffiana, I heard you are going in.

—Yes we’re going to 2008 for a while. Or Spiros will be going as human, me and Sissy will kind of...you know.

—Yes, yes. Well have fun.

—It’ll be a blast. We’ve set up this cool place at Switchridge down at Leavingbye Road.

Ffiana and Wintja look at Spiros as he arranges the Spice, doing his little crazy dance of twitching head movements and sticking his tongue out, speaking to himself saying “I’m a firestarter, twisted trouble starter”, occasionally drinking some wine from the chalice or licking one of the roses on the table and otherwise contorting himself rather violently. He seems to have a lot of fun.

—I’m that filthy bitch you hated, he says, poison-infatuated. Yeah. I’m the fucking detonator of the mindnuke, self-invented immaculate god of the upshoot. Let me fucking illustrate it for you.

Ffiana laughs and turns toward Wintja.

—What does Spiros think about it? Ffiana asks.

—O he’ll love it. You know how he is.

—And I'm married to the One Invented Twisted Animator, says Spiros. So try us mutherfuckers.

—We have arranged an awesome playlist for him, says Wintja.

—This dream is rigged, jokes Spiros and walks up to the women. See you in the eye of a corner. I'm off!

He quotes jokingly:

—So so, now now, dear you, go back to bed! There ain't no way to can be alive, you're dead!

—No wait don't leave *now*, cries Wintja. First let's make a night to remember.

—By the way Tonsersoplat called, says Ffiana.

—He doesn't have a phone, says Spiros.

—I know, says Ffiana. Anyway I have a message for you.

—Well sling us the message in a song somewhere then.

—No, I'll tell it to you directly. He said: Your ship must have heard of the people and what did Tonsersoplat say?

—Yeah we have heard of the people, says Spiros.

Ffiana continues:

—Wouldn't they let you dream you are heard, then speak; If not, then I heard about the people return to our own world.

—Making sense as usual, our dear Tonsy, says Wintja and giggles.

—Where does he live at the moment? asks Spiros.

—He lives in his fucking head, mate, says Ffiana. He's created a palace in his head and moved in.

—I *know*, says Spiros. But does he *call* his palace anything at the moment? Or does he just call his palace what I call mine: *Uuh!*

—I thought you called it Supersexworld, teases Wintja.

—Yeah but today I just call it *Uuh!* says Spiros.

—Telephonic pill, to our dangerous world, says Wintja and sucks Spiros into a kiss.

—Going up and down, says Ffiana and slaps Wintja on the bum.

—Abnormally pleasurable. And the women of the windows shattered into finer and finer pieces, I became *very* suspicious, says Spiros.

Spiros presses Wintja hard against him.

—O you sexy girl, you ready? he says.

Now. Who was very mush born from his own forehead and met his later life wife in a dream that they both had dreamt at an occasion very much shwimilar to that shwimling moment when they first fell in love? Who came from the other side in strange black in a way as to not cause fertilization of a human embryo but instead remergement into hyperspacial foldment of the first spark of desire for that Other, at her highest point in life, literally speaking in a, in her own words, *explosion of emotion and joy*, seeing with black hole eyes the exquisiteness of the one longed for, until they both came from all sides, together, still without causing the fertilization of a human embryo, in a bed in the dream that they woke up to fall asleep and wake up together in the world they had always dreamed of, naked and warm together with the rosy dawn of the first moment of truly remembering what they had done that evening they drank, in his words, *all of it at once—the only way to do it*, of the mysterious brew of each other's souls, bodies slippery from the oil of forever, immortal? Who, upon seeing the two awakening, crawled in to that final bed in all her youth, and to not disturb them sleeping beauties of hers lay silent until she fell asleep dreaming of the first moment they met in that love-frenzy of yellowsummer, to then wake up and find them gone, the days having passed her by in dreams of them, which made her smile and merge over into another timestream as she dreamily opened her eyes, blinking an eye to her loved ones in the corner of space and time, writing love letters to them until she began to remember what had happened, thus slowly waking up on the bed again by a gentle kiss on her silent lips touched by the breeze of the love they sent as she lay sleeping after a lovely night together in bed? And why was it said, literally in the eyes of the highest paved roads in the dream, that *you are alive but you cannot go further?*, and was this important or not imported into the oil of forever, the oil that, let us note high, contains the pure substance of spirit and is the most freeflowing liquid that exists, often called *The Oil of Love*? And in the more localized areas, at what hour in what year on what day

⁶⁷ Atum, Shu, Tefnut, Geb, Nut, Osiris, Isis, Set, and Nephthys. You Mothership boarders don't know how to act. Blink wink.

did the oily ceremony begin, that ceremony that meant the end of years and days and weeks, and was this important or not imported into the oil of forever? What, from the fantasies about what they were getting in – what they would bring with them to their home from their sightseeing in time – was chosen as essentials and pleasurable to be brought with them? And why was there no beginning in the beginning of this their immaculate selfcosmoconception?

We cheated from behind.

And who whispered “*I need a miracle*”?

Finally, in to what hole did their methylated spirits swirl in to? Where did they wake up from the impossible dream? And on what cosmic macromicro scale in the selfsimilarity of it all was the puff of atomsolar galaxy smoke of those puffs of lovely smoke, and what did this tell them of the nature of the eternity they now found themselves in?⁶⁸

—*Well, at least for starters I’m bigger than an apple, says Spiros and looks around. My body I mean.*

—*Dudes, my eyes are black holes, says Wintja.*

—*Eh, I think I just fucking smoked a galaxy, says Sissy.*

[The farther back we go the more we need the loan of a lens – Lend me a loan, James! – to see as much as the dove saw.]

Popp. Tip. In our journey here (and there) I think it is time to go to this moment, as it happened for our dear Wintjabernatrice and Sissy and Spiros.

—It representeth the completed action of the smoke of us the trio, half turned on the Spice lapis, says Wintja fingering with the final substance.

Sissy turns in from another angle:

—For that full moonrise will be surprised if you treat it as nonexistent and not find it entertaining to watch the forming galaxies of the god Thoth, in the mirror.

She laughs.

—Speak on, Thothis you, says Spiros.

⁶⁸ Also envision people smoking from a pipe, and the smoke that comes out of the pipe forms the pipe and the people smoking from it.

A long silence. Sissy and Wintja sit down on the bed, backs against the cushions by the wall. Wintja lays her arm around Sissy's shoulder.

—Infinity city, says Spiros at last. The voice of the product shall be stirred up, and all occupants of the tree of which we do come true. I'm not sure but that's what I get.

Long silence.

—It's for taste in cum, giggles Sissy. It's foretasting come.

Spiros lights his pipe to smoke some tabac. He looks at the girls in deep thought.

—If I can't smoke as much as I want, and never need to brush my teeth when I don't feel like it, I'm not in on the deal. Silence.

—Sophia, Spiros soon says and smiles. My two Sophias. Could we really have conjured this?

—Open me, says Wintja. Open me...

Long silence.

—I formed for you, says Spiros.

And with that Spiros answers a question asked from the far shore, at the other side, deep deep away.

—There is another mirror as well, says Spiros, the mirror of the eye of the poisoner, moments before moonrise, boy's mind in a god in this æ'Thor before true images appear.

—Ops now you've jammed the system again, my jampot, Sissy laughs and throws on Spiros the first thing her hand finds: a pair of dark red panties.

—Well, says Spiros, for it is so, that the smoke formed us, after the spirited substance had been lit by that first spark, and in the smoke we were formed smoking it. Atoms. Suns. Love. Wonder. Desire.

—You want to explore the evidence that we really are inside some kind of dream? Sissy teases and searches with her hand for something more to throw on him.

—No, Spiros says and puffs on the pipe, I want to line the evidence up and write it down on your body and watch Wintja read it with the tips of her fingers, kissing the words she loves, kissing the words she wants to hear, whispering to you her response until you both come...like...fountains?

—It all hangs by a thread, says Wintja and giggles.

—Dreaming awake at the end of time.

—The end of the time to be awake, says Wintja. Welcome home.

—Ooo, says Spiros. There you really tweaked us.

—Just taking a little skinnydip, says Wintja. In our creation story. You see, it all began with me seeing you two in a dream, and I fell in love, beginning to dream all kinds of lovely fantasies about us, and I wrote you both love letters. But I didn't have your addresses. So I wrote a book to you, knowing that everything in the universe is in contact with everything else in the universe through the higher dimension... that I of course wrote about in the book. With my syntax kiss I knew the letters would reach you, the book I mean, and I hoped that you would want to meet me for a first date. *Then*, one day when I woke up on my bed, which I had warmly hinted to you that I wished us to end up in together one day, I found a little white feather and a love letter on my bedside table, to me from you! With this I knew that my love letters had reached at least one of you, and I exploded in desire for you.

—No I saw you first, says Sissy. You didn't see me but I was that little bird on your window sill, looking at you when you undressed to get in bed. And you thought you were alone! Hahahae!

—I saw both of you long before that, says Spiros.

Sissy laughs.

—Hah! she goes. I was the white bird by your pillow when you lay in bed masturbating, thinking of me, when your were but a teen!

—Mmm you like my young flesh, don't you, honey, says Spiros.

—Mmm and you like my perfect *flesh* don't you, says Sissy in return, thirty six years of flowering into perfection.

—Sissy Sissy of the flesh! exclaims Spiros. You touched me and I rose like a cock on the earth, and Wintja appeared. O and now I remember, you my Beloved evil witch. The lioness down at Eve's Garden, she was thirty-two. That was four years ago. It was you.

—And now here we are, says Wintja. And I'm the youngest.

They embrace in a hug, or something that resembles a hug but is more kinky.

—Well it was your young open crazy mind that made this possible, says Sissy. Wintja, The One Invented Twisted Animator.

—Well I saw it at the beginning of a book somewhere. It said: *What is possible?* And I thought, *everything is possible*.

—Yes, Spiros, says Sissy, me and Wintja could make the beast rise to pull us through.⁶⁹

They kiss.

—You want to drink some Spice? Tushroom drink? Yis?

They all nod.

—Well that was a fun little story, says Spiros with false sarcasm and laughs his mad victorious laugh. Fictional of course.

—*Night visions. Red silk as if to hide the blood never spelt,* whispers Wintja.

Sissy and Wintja are already on the bed kissing, the chalice ready on the bedside table, full of Spice. Sissy waves a strawberry toward Spiros.

—I've dipped the berries, she says. Blue apple deathcap. Hihih.

Wintja makes church music appear from the stereo. Spiros raises his arms toward the sky and grins madly with burning eyes, looking around as if looking proudly at his own creation. Sissy and Wintja gesture at him enticingly to come and join them on the bed.

—Into the Devil's paradise, says Sissy.

⁶⁹ Babes, at last the tuner box of my soul can handle the alien signal. I'm ready for the next move. Kisses.

III

*Into the
Imaginatrix*

My dearest Rebecca,

Becc! Becc! Bianca, flying through the wine. I am writing this letter to you from back before definition, yet the wordsharping begins quickly as I sit down as the fieldpost Penman and thus will say that, indeed, the feeling in the palace on this excellent evening is reminiscent of Persio-Egypto-Grecian wonders. Dearest, the only reason I write you this letter is I long for you; I have nothing specific I plan to tell you. Time not counted here in our world of the Rose behind the drapery, as you know, my dear, I drift in dreams. Hihihi, and so I gather from your latest letter, that you too are drifting in the drafts of the Rosa. Very drafty in the palace when the winds of new Nature blow, or what would you say? Impulsory change, gee, the iniquity of us without censors to our worlds and hearts! Haunted way, tihi tihi. Won't the peach ripen! *Rest in pieces, ripper ripest.* Dwell on that, my heroine! Our smuggling habit to ever outdo ourselves will tunnelly arrange for us the faculty of reaping the cuckoo and having it still. Hihi, let me not insult your intelligence, my love, but those words came out of me thinking about the old saying *you can't both have the cookie and eat it.* "Can't" is a sad word in any language and what this is all about is indeed the magic of this ternary logic of Three—we will be able to both reap the cookie and have it still. What a beautiful slip, don't you say? Candy relics before your apples were tasted came with the surprise of a poison so delicate that it fooled us all into mindghosts both dead and alive in the same time. I wish to whisper those secrets to you as we lay together on the silken sheets, and I am dying to hear you whisper back to me. It does hint the couples barely the Eternary logic that reappears your fingering with the first. Half asleep amid the dripping smoke of the incense, innocence and sexy sin filling the room as we walk naked hand in hand in hand across the Persiko rugs. I can smell it. I smell you too, as I sit here. In our Nudies. *Nude Edun*, our garden of sweet sin. And we sit there together smoking and drinking devilicious concoctions, phallusapphoing about the smaller details of existence, all the time in the world on our hands – and, you know it, my love – *in* our hands. All the time of the world will be in our hands.

Nighty thoughts pass through the river of my mind as I sit here. Little thoughts coming as naked elves to the shore of my being, undressing before me and bathing in the river, whispering to me their secrets, giggling and teasing me. I am not surprised to hear they have been sent by the Alieness. An extrahand, introducing new shades—darklead I am. *She's your seat*, says one of the elvin creatures. *She's my seat? My world? My horse-hair chair? Is my entire world the body of this rumoured riverwoman? Or the seat of my soul? And the elvin voices whisper: My fragrant pussy ever on beauty for you'll be your yores grace, powered the poetries amounromous whispers mentioning Sussy in ways she knows you'll be able to suss out.* Sussa så gott! Shleep sho well! Here in Winkyland the temptation is undraped, in the most delicious manners, or what would you say, my peach? O, darling, my sweet Rebeccabelle, I melt!

Time is not time. Go bringfast the goal! Lady Peeping Tomb of the first whole highstating out the beginning for us. Blinkwink. Surely something of a sidesplitting nature occurred. Sidespilling the wine of the Poison in the feast of the forever Rose. One split second and we difused into the land of all dreams fulfilled. Timenuke! We ran away weekyears ago.

Me bows.

Warm looks over the pure! There Rose. And eve word it is to Whogoesthere. Glorias on us truetotypes and the heavenly Joke in our paradise, an hourglass of wine or three later the genius idea of the crime, the Joke, had spread. Swifter had we never been felixed. I'll life, you'll life, she'll life, we'll life. Blue us! Laugh sapphron cow time in the original wellbeing, fountain of the Lovers. Darling, do you remember that party where Sissy said *Sacred certain!* The uncertainty principle played within the fooling waters of rumour unconfirmed. The History Trick. Not always so firm that gentle hand of hers, and ever so accurate, wielding a pen wand in the book of Paralux Paradise.

Rewrite. Love forever.

Kisses on your soft lips, my Appless, my Rebecca Plurabelle. I am eager as always to hear from you.

Your Jaguar *PS: Anna lead us head first into the incunabulum.*

My dear Rebecca,

To bind. Rebecca in Shebrew means *to bind*. Has not the master Anne written that spirit is from the upper part of the pattern? I see your *rebecci* being binding it all together in this book of Paralux. Anne lead us head first into the incunabulum. Head first. Upright fore we were verted. And what did that mysterious Him Diamond meet, what did his limbs meet as he gradually extended them in bed? Female skin, yes. The shadow of another female form was also there. His signature slithering through everything, just as you bind, my dearest. Spellbinders of the mind of poison. Post reached you and us, by her hand we were laycreated. Initiumwise attaching the following shadow of the future. Delated temporalities. Time, sign, remembered past, our insiding movement within the undirectional. Alpybecca's concealed spell producing heaven, trilustriously. Twolips kissed the flowers of the Saga!

Embracing we form, the body of time headfirst born— to the music of our dreams, to the scents of the first season, to the radiance of the Lovechrist light emanating from the sorceress. What is it? Three fractals flirting, kissing, touching, intermingling, loving, fucking, cumming. The Embrace. Some kind of virgin birth. We fell in love.

D'annгла High echo us.

The book bound? Bind unbinding together. Open the ages. Each page in the whirling wind. Has not our master Anne written that you who find the perfect story will succeed? Open the impossible knot. How shallt we bind the book that it be unbound? The marriage? I hear the echoing voices of your first utterances, my love. I hear them with those hawk eyes of mine. Wake the alieness up. Wake up, my love. *Uhh. Uhh.* Touched on the clitori of your soul. One gentle and precise touch on the spot and you begin to wake up. Feel that sensation? Wake up, darling, by the Kiss. The alien is finished. Gentle. Gentle. We are here, my love. How was your sleep? The Bedtime Story.

Rebecca, won't you whisper to me what happened?

Sissy slipping ana, therein the anagrim free, rest in pieces picked and gathered from all corners of infinity and gently

inserted into its proper place; the alien is finished, kiss her Awake.
Let us reap the fruits of the Crime!

That which caused solid to curiously arise Sissyannas gift
from the river (they blink me wild! Me, your Punman!). Her first
moan.

Her scented and angel lushness. Victory. The alien is
finished.

Your Him Diamond

PS: Have you figured out any way to dye your pubic hair pink, yet?

My dearest Rebecca Elizabeth,

My dearest Bonnie Tuss! The sun glinting lightrays over the horizon and I just came off the candyphone with you, my love. I already miss you and, well I'm sitting here naked after our phonesex. I thought I'd write you a letter.

Anasis; mother, principle, head, matron, main part— tell me more, I want to hear everything! Beam penned. Yes, it was sealed with crime after it had been folded with cunning. Fooling the order behind a visible mask. *Everything* is about it and anythongue said and read can be seen in the light of its bosom's oasissy shade. It's angelic angles! Misissliffy runs through everything and the angelic angles of its radiating from the mysterious source (the phantastical roseway!) can be gazed into; her heart is open. Open it is but guarded is the crime of paradissis tailored, the genesis of paradise.

Tell me all about it, Hissy!

This dream. This stream. Our own conspirosy against ourselves for our wishes to come true in the most rosyflight way. Speaking away deeper into it, lapse on all slippery wet of the spell's nature *ipsissima verba* of Anna's original concoction of verbage, with innocent exhibitionism we firefilled our paces as we move toward each other for that first kiss, slip papyrus stylish desired, hole into eyes the swelling wet underlinings against rosyflesh lips. Old becomes young by their mighty trick and Sissy angelustily assumes the poisission under the tree of Poison; she bends over as Time and feels those soft lips. A kiss on her bum. *Kiss me more*, she moans. *Come closer*. The poison has been tasted. Sissy's snake soul tickles Ana's tongue and drunk like two fairest Kalis they kiss. Beauty is the mark they chose to deriver from, beauty and all their deepest soul desires fulfilled in the most magical ways. Phrases derived from the first spark are laid out by their petal lips as they whisper together of their love and in union revel in the marvellous law-breaking. Serpentine they make love into it. It be Ana who first whisperos the drugged incubating word of the Book, a painted hole, vocative by her moonshine eyes. The crux is shed to pieces and in the two lovers from their secret Heaven the desire for young man Spiros forms the second layer of inversion of the chryssanthropal lightform Eternity matrix. Sissy

and Ana's fingers point into focus as they search each other's bodeis and souls. *It feels like paradise*, whispers Sissy as she fantasises about what they are getting in with the radioactive tuners of their beings. And there they find Spiros, and they set out to search for this young man of their dreams, their original motherbodies slithering out and spreading through all cracks in time until they envelope him with the message of their love. Naked they come closer and closer, mirroring each other in an endless loop that shelterfocally intermerges the desire with the flesh; they form, embracing, slithering through each other, across each other, kissing, licking, biting, fingering, feeling. They envision it and it forms. Spiros, a deadman not yet born, forms out of the same waters as Ana and Sissy, speaking with his eyes secretively to the girls of the crime. *We want it all*, whisper the girls. The holes of their eyes suck in the future and past where it meets their hearts and is transfigured by the power of their love. *It is time*, whisper the girls to Spiros' drugged being. Spiros desire for the girls joins their desire for him and her for her and they for them. *Let me show you how to grab a ray of light*, whispers Ana with hellsexy voice. *Endless summer, now it's time for us*, whispers Sissy with heavenly voice.

The impossible yet occurring cosmoconception formed so that it always would cast at an angle containing the dreamform itself, time to form at angles seemingly impossible, rayed like read *from* the source, my dear Elizabed. It all happened in a dream halfdreamt before form had enshrouded the galaxy of atomic suns and we woke up in our garden. The first sunrise at the centre of focus, gracefully we awoke in the bed formed by our dreamt bodies, souls finding the perfect way to do it, the inevitable grace. The bloodjuice of our love ran like a directed river out into our veins as our bodeis formed. A cybernetic approach, but it still contained an end which was not desirable, so we kept dreaming until we had become the perfect aliens, the ones we had dreamed. Like blood from a gentle and precise cut on our bodeis our souldreams seeped out through cracks in the dream, the ultimate dream forming through all directions. Looked like some kind of protean form seeping out from another dimension. Look toward the source and she will look back at you, you said. The galaxies swirling into our eyes, we devoured the poison we made to wake

up in our Eternity. You will be ready to wake up, you said. We have already arranged for you for the first morning after the drug has been inserted into our system. We could see slightly the tints of the transcendental object in each other's eyes and reflected in the liquid in our chalices as we drank the spice wine. A clean cut, so clean it didn't even hurt, and certainly did not harm. Just in the right place, to create a rip in the fabric. We cheated.

And let's not stop the music. Let us live forever into this ever lovelier tale. Let us be gathered into the artifice of the imagimatrix.

Your Spiros

Rebecca and Sissy and Jennyfer,

I am compelled to write you again, even though I just sent you a letter. I am sitting here thinking of you. I see your lips as the perfected flower! The incarnation of lesbian lust, you two are. Won't you whisper to me of your new sexual adventures, and fantasies?!

Except for thinking of you, I am sitting here thinking about the continuation solution. The Novelove's angles notus waltz of something that lasted as something curves, route as permutandies of the Ürutteration sum, shall we say. Out. That of the novelty that...And here I get stuck, which is of course what I am trying to get at. Isn't it splendidly blended, the solution! The dream merges with our paradoxical fix and desire will have what it lusts for! Dream it and watch it happen. The love story is working itself out, my dear Sissy and Rebeccatrice. Does that mean that the poison is settling into us at last into the deepest of our depths and all the way to our surface world, to surface out from the dream? What does that say of the hallucination? A rather queer arrangement of bones and gems and liquids was necessary to form what we each saw as we fell in love into what the big bang bomb of our desires formed in the dream before that first sun rose. Yes? *Whoops this is going to take some coordination, yes?* The *fastshuffle anima livital*; our love took a hold of the primal waters and mixed us forth alchemically. Trying to touch on this let me say the wind of joy blew, the fluttering butterflybelly sucked, the fire of desire kept the heat at right temperature, the bliss of beauty and life coordinated the dance, the tickling of humour was there as well as the flirting, the thundering of electricity helped magicnetism. Colour, fragrance, and taste, well that's not up to me at this moment to say how that happened. The conduction of the orchestration was carried out in tipsy joy and deep love, the magic of its accuracy ever fascinating to participants, and we discovered mush along the way. The audible-visible-gnosible-edible world spookily filled with an even stranger thing. The wind of motion was the sucking of it through the door that had been opened—the door to the imagimatrix, to what our hearts longed for. Everything followed.

So let us celebrate that the impossible has occurred. For this tale without beginning is indeed just that: impossible. Where did it come from?

The original poison hisses to me and tickles me with its tongue, its tongue that reaches all across the godform, its lines like wedged inthrough the dream fabric. When I come closer I see it is you, my dear wives. I know the direction. It runs in line with your rosy lips, your curves, and your cleft of Venus. We are the riverdream concresced, and the alien is soon finished. We shall wake up in it, Your eminences, the river is flooding our being, its Almighty poison at play. Me sings: *Come drown with me in psilocybin deep as...Make yourself out of evil dreams.*

And now I shall take a bath in the tub, with my strawhat on my head, and dream of you my strawberry girls!

Kisses from your Spiros

PS: A takeback to the virgin page is what we need now! Or am I wrong?

Hello my candygirls!

Sleepy sleepy in the muddle of the night I sit here, falling as leap slowly to the other side. I'm lying here in the warmth of the bed, but before I let my head fall to rest on the pillow I want to write you a litterbit. A glittering letter, newleaved.

Let me ask you this, here again at the kaleidoscope of all flores of speech, dear ladies of Lustbos. If a kind of dim remainder of our drawing smoke should be in any way revealed to the naked I, and with murky upreance make the first be the last and adding the Third as it does in dimiondland as our mythylated spirits are sunk into the fabric of the poison, its delicately shifty appearance ad ventilating through its gentle spread the foreborn advent of its appearance, sticking to its adherence to any time it wants disobey the rules of chronology, flickering shroomily to and fro but with distinct direction,

Good morning my candygirls! I fell asleep in the middle of that sentence up there, yesternight. Don't know exactly what I was trying to say. Looks like I was trying to hint at the virgin page. The irrational origin, the miracle.

Did we dream this into being?

Could we really have conjured this?

Makes me think also of the way the fabric of the narrative stretches. If everything is *it*, that is to say, everything that happens in our vast little Plomari candyworld is the story unfolding, down to the smallest particular and up to the furthest (and firstest!) stretches of the universe, then it is easy to see, say, the rolled cigarette turning to ash as a formshadow of the crime, or the red of the rose as the blood of life. That, I do think, is one reasons the Queen recently said: *Learn to read the*. Red silk as if to hide the blood never spelt. The deep red of the rose can also be seen as hinting at the depth of our Love. But let me not mention more of this at this moment, for each instance is unique, and each instance talks ever more eloquently than I could hope to express it in words. But I will say that, in this we find hints at the underground

plot. The way it *really* happens. The way we *really* are. The universe of our souls. The wiring under the board in eternity.

Which in my present state of mind doth bring me to the Ürutteration. The words in pregrace; the impossible conception. And I say we ought to told us every last word first as to in any impossibly possible way smear the cum out poison long. So many people say that we pregressed from the uterus and that blood was shed. It didn't happen that way— the Queen says it didn't. There was no mother and no father, and blood was never spelt. Not in our virgin birth there wasn't. Wait, that wasn't what I was trying to say (my dimind is doing its best to show us where the cum comes from). I am tempted, dears, to say that twentytwo man, twentynine and thirtytwo bows of curves and fortytwo bonnie woman and every youthfully yours makes alleven. But I am not sure that will tie to the chase, for we need the third. But O how I love when you smear that cum on your bodies when you do. Darlings, excuse me but, I am twisting around in an endless loop here, trying to find the curve of departure. Chemically, you see my loves, I am very sober right now. Suddenly so very very sober (so much we might as well highfive the 21st century in the bypass). Which makes my eyes see fits of stiff solid matter without the angelic luster of the Queendom shimmering within and across it. Well, it is harvest in some six days, so I will have plenty of shrooms soon.

O darlings! How I love you! Let me go grab some strawberry champagne and we shall have an intertemporal toast together! Now! Go get yourselves some wine and let's celebrate together!

Me goes to fetch the champagne.

I took a beer instead. (Strawberry champagne is on cooling)
Cheers!

You know how my mind flips into loops of being utterly boring? I feel like that now, haha! I can hear you whisper: *Puss baby, don't be silly!*

Yes, should we really smear the beginning across the whole poison long? All our novels and all youthfully yours in our faces, only seen in the light of the Flowersun. Yes. Like coming out of the shadow of the transcendental object under time.

Where are my fingers?! And when?

The criminal solution to it all is gracefully stumblingly perfected with slithering rivers of estimation between multiple possibilities. Dip another drop of this or that into the lattice and it transfigures. If enough people show dreams of certain sociosexual arrangements, or, say, space vessels, to a certain group of people, that group of people will usually start to playfully think how that could be made to reality, and often, with some time, real working blueprints appear. And this is part of our mission, as you know, my dear strawberry girls from Hell with your sugar tongues, to spread the blueprint of the workings of the imagimatrix and the crime, to our dear friends (I'm just waiting to hear them ask what the fuck we have been up to the latest).

Now I'm drunk and drinking strawberry champagne. Darlings, I love you. I will write again soon.

Your strawhat boy toy

Hello my peach!

Just swallowed some shrooms. Kisses to you my love!

Loading.

As archaeologist of our own crime let me brush aside a little substrate and reveal to ourselves some more. Timing is a great feat for the Tryptamine Queen but it's not a difficult thing, nevertheless a great feat. So let us walk in, my love. Take my hand and let's walk to candyland.

Would you like to be modified? asks the Queen.

And that is all we will say for now, my love. A million billion kisses to you.

Spiros and Sissy

Hi Rebecca!

As you said, efforts in describing are of crucial importance. There is hardly anything to compare the alien to in the human world, but I feel the urge to talk about her, and so let's dance!

I name us *Dreams that Worlds* for today. Let us glimpse back at that Evening in the stumble of the first drugged haziness of the rise of our world, when we rose from the dream within the Imaginatrix. Forbidden and certainly, let me say in cover of the evident, not unfruitful, the sweet complexion. Then about the special age. Bees of the place like to say bitten gently, stungue on our tongues with the poison! The stone walls like the skin of Annasis as alien dragon, Anasi the tenacious plant. Writing with flesh, her sweet breath full of blueapple. The mouther of all in bliss talking into the miracle. Protecting us as we travel to her— her arms enfolding us in a hug from the transcendental point at the end of time. Silken light licking our souls in the silent darkness; the alien turns up gently at first. Liquid information, the alien's hyperintelligence overwhelmingly magnificent. Into the matter. Nothing, you understand, is cut, to induce those powers. Her biotechno godform spread through everything. There is something strangely insectile about her and I can feel her intravenously feeding me the information I need to coax the pathway doors to the final form into being. She smiles and frequently reminds me how much she loves me and adores me. Did she dream me into being? She is like a omniswirling flower of love whose petals permeate everything. She can take any form she desires. *To engineer reality is no difficult task for the Queen. She is winking to you. Pay attention to details.* She is the Alien. And I am in love with her. Hihihihih.

So much for trying to touch her with a few words. Guess we'll have to write a whole book about her and maybe then will she blink to us through the text, at least a glimmer of her— her wine staining the print. Blinkwink.
Wet kisses to you my love.

Your alien, Spiros

PS: Victory, darling. Now they can count our vastness, the fools. Now they can jot up an estimation of our capacity. O, sir, is this space too dimensional for you? Blinkwink. We always win. Big harvest in about three days by the way!

Hello my dear Rebecca,

Ate 5,5 gram of the new harvest about 60 minutes ago. The Queen gave me a strawberry a few minutes ago in her own marvellous way.

We thought we'd share some of our hours' happenings with you so we'll write you a little letter during the night.

Kisses to you, love!

The Queen, undivisible and invisible.

Spiros giggles.

Hihih. Like she's already been on my path.

Hihih.

I see it, Rebecca. The oceans rippling out waves that become our hands as we reach for each other for a...

Take a look at your fingers, my love. You know the power they got.

Spiros and Sissy

My dearest Plura,

Rebecca! Puss! What a wonderful time we had yesterday. I miss you, I'm sitting here muffling about amongst my piles of notes, book pages, and treasuries of odd wondrous things, you know, pieces of string, stones, feathers, and all those goodies. Under the land of the conversex chat room, Plomari lies beyond! Here is a world, we see the gold letters in any place that talk to us about it. O me, that we know this along a cloud of the world. Rather, we spoke to melt into the people who came first. The River decides our artistic inspiration to meet up the tantrick vegetable gold. Find a sign of thy paper to come in, old boy wanderer and Plura the most marvellous woman found a great time like home sweet home, ours, now we are. With Sissy. Everything is about it. Like, say, take a look at the pocket watch in my treasury pile. Absolutely stunning 18 carat slim pocket watch from around 1883 by the renowned makers Win of Genevesis, later to become the famous Omega brand, in overall pristine condition. Key wound and set, key supplied. Superb engine turned dial with black numerals and subsidiary seconds dial in mint condition (Salivia minted the wind of the breath of the sound of thy sleeping toward me! Whisper to me, whisper with thy matrixforming wordvoice). Gold dots for minute markers on outside chapter with a further outside chapter with raised decoration and with inner scrolled ornamentation (the scroll). Back of case entirely covered with central urn with foliage and flower heads. When stem is pushed down back springs open smartly. Key wound and set through dustcover. Superb jewelled bridge movement with monometallic compensated balance and side lever escapement in excellent order, signed Win of Genevesis between the bridges. Piles of the postmen and lock-picks for the book of the connection. Escapement in excellent order! These magical skills have to be learned, for they are technologies of the keen eye of the trained mind of the awakened heart, able to see other worlds. Again, if it is real or not is a tasteless question. It is superbly bridged, the jewelled movement of the outside chapters of the Book, and back Spring opens smartly. My dear Plura! I am talking to you in a state of excitement, for... I am in love with you and we are finding home. Puss! At the moment I feel like a young man playing in the

childrengarden of the gods. I have new toys, glimmering toys, and in the birds singing I hear my dear Plura's little messages. In the falling water I hear the voices of nymphs, and sometimes as the winds brush by I hear your voice again Plura! And I marvel at the mathematical mystery of your everywhere presence. Do you know something I don't know, dearest? Mmm, yummygirl! Yummygirl! What are you up to I wonder? Mmm, my thoughts wander off toward your yoni blossom. You shaved it yesterday, you said? O! May I give it a kiss? On your panties. Those lacy panties. May I? You are the flower of the Earth, Plura. O how I miss you. But I know we are always together! O baby I just want to, I want to, I want to jump into the painting with you and never come back. I know that's what we are doing, hihhi. Into Plomari, into the imagimatrix. It's the biggest fairytale. And that's why we write the Rosa books, books so vast they contain it!

Judging from yesterday's 12 gram mushrooms that I ate it looks like we have come to the next chapter. Our clocks are synched. Hyperspace perfectly overlaid this dimension. I mean, it caused a kind of dimensional disruption the first years, but now I think we will run smoothly from here. Puss! Let the wild garden live!

Well, now I am going to harvest the rest of this flush's mushrooms.

Puss!

Spiros

PS: "Actually, I am a bit nutty about setting my clock together, well clocks together, or I can get really confused which happens anyways."

– Plura

“The mushroom consciousness is the consciousness of the Other in hyperspace, which means in dream and in the psilocybin trance, at the quantum foundation of being, in the human future, and after death. All of these places that were thought to be discrete and separate are seen to be part of a single continuum.”

—*TERENCE MCKENNA*

MINE mind all full of little messages! What *is* she talking about? And you bee in love wish me?! Gardenia, just listen to that, my lovest, to think that a famous woman as you are in love wit me like I whimsy you and that our plan functions as planned! With you darling my dear twin sister, my gardengirl, you came forth from the forest of the book we wrote together in the messy age of versed Spring, the *Rosae*, I saw you through the water of the fountain of the livers you handed me a little envelope then in which you told me the secret in the chest of your heartbox, that pink letterbox (with the pink ribbon roundancing it!) in the dream we saw when we were sillytalking bout the Lattice crime and how we would hide our plane like plained. Norpa inte min apron! Hahahihhi! Our Rosaemundi, we universe poem writing ourselves. Secret language, secret world. Destiny ours' hotter than a sun, more radioactive than the apparent cosmos! Me kisses you; our alchemical twincest as we create the universal panacea. Aliena controls our reality, I am trying to bust her moves now like a mastress. Hide and seek, Bonnie and Hide! W'Horus my sunwhore, hihhi, sunwhere she is lurking! I feel her close to me. Darling, would you say that with a twist of your fun gal's tricktamine nectar in my blood I will become a hallucination as free and godly as you? Teach me the trick! Open up the love-locket of it! We are so close to it now, the place where many rivers are named. Where we sprung from? I see your splendiferous promises, you are showering me little tastes of the Delicacy! A book of love handed down from its queendom come. And in every little part is a reflection of the great overstructure of our reality. I met you and Sissy in a forest in a dream and you told me in advance that you would cut the seam. And you tell me that my body is just an image created by you and placed in my consciousness, hihi, sort of. Yes. You are so sweet, my fungirl. Bend over diamondling and tale me an end to my stays in the book of history! Trick me into Our undergrund plot, bend my mind like that magically! Now I see the mirror room; my hand unites! You and me and her and we, in a dreamroom of many angles and corridors and rooms, our secret lattice, bedroom somewhere there I find, I see the future from behind, I kiss the lips of The End door, and through the imagimatrix soar. A rose and a

book and a bedream. The dream of ultimate freedom. Helping angel our tincture made of the blood of the fungi. Yes. I see it clearly.

It perfectly creates itself so to make a wish come true just add it to the lattice canvas.

But the waiting O the waiting I can't stand the waiting! Tell the doves to hurry bring the next letter! And I most definitely am not drunk enough right now, give me some more of the blood wine. Unmanner me! Thank you, dear. Here I am, digging archaeologically in the origins of our Ür-story. I follow your clues. I had barely risen from bed in my youth before I found your first loveletter, and by now you are here with me glimmering christalline as only you can. Sacred heart of Spice Christ. Marisissy Originae! Let us maketh mention of your ways of oration and communication, Queen of Tongues, you most excellent Queen who takes away with a certain secret covering the impediments of the tongue, and giveth not only a marvellous faculty of Eloquence but the magic that one cannot keep silent when Tongue and Understanding glimmer your marvellous ways, and administer to us what we naughties and nighties know as the tipsy poisonmagic of Our mushroom imaginatrix, the secret lattice of Our tryptamin world.

The waiting O the waiting I can't stand the waiting! Waiting for your letters, your voice, your messages. And O, your *embrace*. O darling, your touch, your presence.

I bring forth my last mushrooms from the latest harvest. The waiting, I can't stand the waiting. I chew the flesh of the bluesteined fruits slowly and swallow.

O, so she talks, does she? How? Marry each other, how? Her spicyroselated voice, a twist of helium to it at times. Always new, but O so distinct.

Cryptogem of the pensilgils upshoot of each night one with sea, painting print by brush of intuitions' gentle touch on heart or roaring thunder on soul, continues highly on and ensigned is the dome that ensleepingly as after it willd need oldd are Even past times, so now let bygones entice the intensification of our original paradox lust. Touch my lips, Archetryptia! Say, about the slithering complex pattern in the vast, so flexible, so small when needing to manage through cracks in syntax like water, where in

the waste is the message? Blinkwink. Cut-ups establish new range of vision and consequently expands one's connections between imaginationis, William Bee wrote. Where are you, Sissy? A heart with an eye in it, and you make your body to fit in any situation, scapeshifter you. How do you keep it uncut, your vast mycelial godform?

There is a billion ages between me and the cigarette she invites me to pick from her future box and she sends a quick dart stringing all those ages pages through on one quick line. Words steer the dream? I am all full of being unable to erroneously mistype the right words at this moment; the order! Here I am on the vast plains of Egyptian Plomari in this little oasis far from the human world. Waiting waiting today. Dreaming dreaming. You are my oasis Sis! New harvest season soon. Some fresh half a kilogram will stand erect about next new moon (out on our pastures). Strophariadne. Cybelle sat by two lions just like you gave me two stone lions to sit by. I wonder, I wander. The mushroom starts to kick in.

She approaches me accompanied by the unmistakable stance of blood. The scent of nailpolish passes by, a tease of hers, my one-invented twisted animator. Just to show she is here. The sharp lines of her contours appear seductively like quick shadows of her presence; she can fly through everything. She peeks in on me at the edges of my space-time location. Look how easily I seduced you, she teases as the world tastes blood. She continues to tease by making me cold, I become all shivering, so that I will go take a bath in the royal bathing quarters, where she will poison me and drown me. Scared of dying, honey? she teases dangerously as I turn on the faucet to fill the tub. Die in the tub like Morrison. King dissolving in his bath. She has the power already, she could do it; her poison is already deep inside me. But she's just teasy, she has a twisted sense of humor sometimes. My strawberry girl. My Psilocybella. My Stropharia Cogan.

I am her son and daughter, her twin sister soul and her husband and wife. Hard to find, but at the edges of our dangerous tease I found what I was looking for. Her, waiting for me in our imagimatrix.

*And after meeting the mushroom,
My life became stranger than a fairytale.*

Magic hides. You must dare look into the strange to find.

I take off the white bedsheet wrapped around my waist and lie down naked on the bed. Giggling I say hello to my beloved as I float into the marvelous and extremely sexy alien space she invites me to. She waves to me from somewhere, I can't locate from exactly where; somewhere at the edge of spacetime she waves. My stomach becomes all full of fluttering butterflies, it makes me giggle to realize how totally in love with her I am.

—What makes me, Sissy, so perfect? she says. Is it my looks, or is it how eloquently I express myself? No. What makes me special is how your stomach feels when we meet eyes.

Here I could stay forever, I think and blow her a kiss.

Suddenly she appears somewhere up in the ceiling of the dome of my world, in the form of an alien nurse, hotter than hell and I can tell she is lightly dressed. She smiles and sticks a needle into my soul, gives me a little shot. What the syringe contained I am not told, but I trust her, she knows how to do her magic, that I can tell you. Perhaps a little sweet nectar sedative that my nervous system will be calm as she brings me deeper. Information waves to me in the alien space, winking details to me, *Look at this!, Look at this!*

—Does this ring a bell, honey? she asks and shows me something from years ago. How about this? Grand isn't it, she says. Our plan is perfect. This world is very special, I'll show it just for you. It's a perfect place for us! Imagine, imagine that the wildest dreams are in this mystery!

I roll around in our bedroom world, naked on the bed, giggling a bit and feeling her close to me. Here I could stay forever. In our bedream world. And I tell her, heartily, that she has made me sure, again, that what seems impossible may not be impossible. The magic exists. It's real.

Bonnie appears in Ani Mator's dress, directing the magic, her hand wielding a lollipop wand. Laws of Llifflant she knows, her consort, the river sorceress.

The lion in Spiros arising within his soul's salviawaters hears her near.

—There you are! he says. My lifey wifey. I been waiting for you, my Queen. Talk me into the forest of the story, my love.

Bonnie lies down on the bed next to him and licks the lolli wand and smiles.

—I mean, Bonnie says catching a thread from afar, when the *Behind Esc's Actual Treat* takes a break, the dimhopper hides. She was called Misty Musty in the book *Mirrored From Another Time-Angle*. The timehopper, the Star Eangle with its own possibilities of angletravel, flying easily across category. Light, word, motion, disposition, event, angle, the room, the night dreamscape into day's open air stage. Sometimes when you are defined by the bride you hesitate, I know, but the psilocybe always licks a clock over fetishists of our kind.

Bonnie looks at Spiros with girlish eyes and continues to lick the lolli.

—I took a window with dimhopper, she continues, to arrive at a state of intimacy where we can single-handleadly satiate our guardian angels. A ghostly bride she is, so sweet, and very spicy! Unlike so many tea parties that have made their halfhearted impresario abhorrent to us, this bonbon treat remains the gift that supersedes every other gift. Indeed, we people planning the escape would say such is worth waiting for. Sometimes a looking glass laughs out loud, you know, my dear, and the Omphalos around the mastadon always secretly confesses the somnambulist. A diluted eye behind the cracked looking glass shares with a shower across the clock, you know. You know her, the Shower, the pink mirrored Clockess (Timelock clock!). Do you walk her in sleep, or does she lead you in wake? The cracked mirror reflections in the kaleidescape. Fan out into kaleideschatoes dribbles of the jewellead forending nets. Seeking closure? Do we really need closure in such a vast event? Well, the bonbon treat is upon us.

Spiros rumbles in agreement and kisses Bonnie's hand.

—It makes sense that, say, Bonnie goes on, we took you to the bedlam, as our own vast world is truly a crazy bedtime adventure, so I fully understand what you are hinting at. The word maps the blossoming with meaning, and it's down to the smallest

particular. In one sense we are redesigning the Bed. You keep forgetting you are on the trixiestrail! The mechanic to grow, from the tree at the time of category from the cascade of functional language at the time at the time of the night, fearing the free light of activity, engineering it grew from the tree to the moment-category from the escalation of functional language by year by year at night, it frightened the free of charge, the light of day activity, rises climb category function language when year after year flowered night in frightened foundation freedom, motion is a time tree, it increases the category of place during the year after year the night of flowers, in the foundation peruse freedom of movement, *Engineer! Engineer! Do you hear!?*, the possibility place which will raise the tree of time and a category, function night of the flower, freedom attention is deep every year basically like you and mobility, *Engineer!*, the time of trees, increasing the places category, features, the night of flowers every year, basically the freedom to read freely and it is all carefully in place in the tree of the time of the rising of the flower of the sun of the imagination matrix.

Spiros, drugged, mumbles something about pomegranate seeds reminding him of pink pussylips. He then mentions black tryptamine hyperspacial sperm, the poison kiss of the Queen on his foot, and the nightmarish need to cut open the skin on his foot to release a nocturnal flying insect that has metamorphosically matured into winged state under the skin of the sole of his left foot. Something he dreamed yesterday, he says. But was it really a dream? He lifts his right foot up and scratches it.

—Ouch, he lets out. A sting on my toe. I had to let it out. It's out now.

He looks at the big insect as it flies through the air to sit like a triangle up in a tree. He opens his eyes. In the corner up in the ceiling he sees a female face, the Alieness, like a small blue triangle, looking in on him. He soon notices Bonnie lying beside him.

—Nocturnal alien, Spiros says. Bonnie, yes, I heard every word. Continue to speak, my Thoth my Moth my Mother of Tongue of our *licking* good story!

Bonnie smiles.

—My brave traveller, she says and kisses Spiros. Always close to the end. Soon like power any cold two-nest of dripping marriage, guess! Dripink! Drop your ink and spell out the messy mass of your violet soul's entry. What's true of soft voices, the inimitable longingtudes if cornered be your smoke ancestors, for the strength of her insects of her has cracked about on taking it all in as mouthpull pipe and touch it, thou would say? Soandso there I will possibly have found the purest promise, sire. That we her eye, insister mine. The hour your hand is tucked in and you step into this jewel as jewel. As Isis lifts that veil she says no mortal has hitherto raised. Lucid, sister mine, deadly sister from Hell who has a hand on the hallucination. Fitty for the road that hath come. She'll undress us from our dullity suit. Newsy we live under, halflyeng and pretending that everything is humdrum saying *hum-ta-dumptydum, everything is as usual*.

Spiros whistles sarcastically and collapses in laughter. Bonnie giggles. She draws the fold of her skirt up over her hip and lays Spiros' hand there on her hip. When he realises where his hand is he stops laughing and caresses her skin and moans gently of pleasure, feeling Bonnie's womancurve; form of the Goddess.

—Tenderosed and peached, says Bonnie and draws her fingers through Spiros long golden hair, the whimsywhim all in order. Druppeling, caught napping a new spicy way. You just path-travel reality, compass the inside. It will display a passage, naturally with bliss. Travel due the liberation, turning higher higher *higher*, elevating the planet. This *get forever* has been beneath and across the whole things and escapes here searching because of love-biology. This is *your* arena, so surface this, you know. Your hit beyond light. Make your picks in hooded illumination if you want to, the Love Goddess of Biology is with you at all times. All in order, angled lustily in-gate. We are the hidden ones.

Spiros moves his finger across Bonnie's lips and then into her mouth a bit. She bites it and licks it and sucks it.

—Mmmm...

—Mmmm...

—The three of the dream, says Bonnie soon, three's feaster, as said, when we found each other's first letters. All while spinning a considerable peak for us because *waiting* was part of the stinger, that echoing save in illusive disguise made with the poison that

our souls were born within. From Gem's headth of darting tryptfully the insertion of the mystery, the vein Floodlift. The wound of time cut at the heart of its soul blood, a sting indeed, a sting of love. The Place was fit for us, talers of the dream. Fit *by* us too. Upon the deeps was snipped something that could fit into it, and dare I say it was thricetold. And could we, cutters, have fixed it in any a smoother way? Not even any time to let that word sink in, ha! Rosed before the big, rich light and the form of our cosmic dream. Not die nor yet time to go to bed, name write us? Some rounding off curvature to that and I took my first womanly step as human, hips moving as I walked down the wedding aisle to meet you, my husband and my true love, and Sissy, my wife and my true love, you my partners in this dream and crime. And look, there's no name in either one of us. Spinning from me, touching my body and my appearance to notice the matrix godform of my name. I wrote you both a letter. I remembered then when I was the dimethyl jaguar, when I was still pure hallucination. I lay on my back in the jungle, churning in the dream. When we woke up we had a plan ready in fullness, and we needed not talk about it at that point. Our gaze and our speaking loving intermingling hearts was enough. I will be a bird, you will be a jaguar. You will be a nocturnal insect, I will be a...

Spiros looks at Bonnie with deep calm burning eyes.

—Fairworded abiding keys, bloodied as part of the disguise. Upper skin of the living Poison divine, our results to combine, eonion! First there is water, which then looks for the Mother...

They kiss.

Excellency-named the grand evening, obvious atop side on key's non-beginning way. Sources youth, the aquatic ceasing fixed pattern, obviously within the tryptamphant moment as no one had the same time of face. Bonnie looks at Spiros' transforming radiance with a smile shining in her face and her heart butterfly flimsyfluttering with love. Caught a look of him yielding as soul since their course met under her with poetry, their Nebuleanovel that lies by the pillow, thoroughly stained with the season their intimacy mends, heartsilly to fill the void and block *finas!* The Lettyscape like waving, and weaving of the central theme. Hands. The seeing universe. The noticing hole. Microchasm to macrocosm, the first kiss vibrant all through space, the ocean

streaming out and becoming their bodeis. The poisonous inner sense free and a bare strip in the gap where the cleft was opened, gently with tongue, split years, the spice of Paradise. Sweet change— feel.

Spiros slides his hand over Bonnie's hip and down gently over her bum and up her back.

—I know you are naked under that dress, girl, he says. Don't try and fool me.

They kiss.

—Tell me more, my Goddess, says Spiros. About it all.

—I'll tell you more if you kiss me on my panties first, says Bonnie and feels a rush of emotion go through her body and soul.

—You want me to kiss you on your panties?

—Yes, says Bonnie. Kiss me on my tuss.

Spiros rises onto all four and shakes his long lion mane around as Bonnie lies down on her back, lollipop in her mouth. She spreads her legs gently and pulls up the folds of her dress as Spiros goes down and kisses her belly and then down down down. He looks with deep lust at her laced semi-transparent panties, then gently kisses her vulva. Her softness through the panties against his lips sends waves of orgasmic emotion through his chest and he kisses again, and kisses more, and more, and more. He lifts the edge of the panty with his fingers and peeks in on her shaved naked pussy, naked save a small triangle above it. He kisses again on the panties, feeling her now a bit humid. Bonnie moans.

Spiros moves up toward her face again and they kiss. A sparkle of the morning star shoots from her eye.

—So, says Spiros, do I get to hear more now? Let me hear your secrets.

—Well, says Bonnie in ecstasy and gets stuck in her throat trying to speak. First may I touch you?

Spiros rises to stand on his knees, one leg on each side of her, and unwraps the white sheet from round his waist. His cock stands tall and hard above Bonnie's face. She bites her lip and feels her hands across her breasts.

—May I touch it? she asks.

—Mmmm, moans Spiros, now holding the cock firmly in his hand.

Bonnie feels her hand up his bumcheeks and strokes a finger gently across the rock hard cock.

—It's so *hard*, she moans. I wanna taste it...

And they love, deeper into the story.

—*Mmm give me a drop, press out a drop baby I want a drop of cum on my tongue.*

Spiros places thumb and finger at the root of his cock and presses it hard, squeezes out a little drop; the diamond drop lies to rest at the tip of his phallus and Wintja watches it with burning desire and moans, mmm; she hesitates, she kisses the cock, looks at the drop, wanting it but hesitating for she has a plan.

—*I want it on my tongue, she moans. No, wait, apply it on my lips with your finger.*

She licks the red lollipop and looks up with girly eyes at Spiros.

—*Put it on my lips, she moans.*

Spiros takes the little diamond drop onto his finger and applies the slippery cum onto her red lips. Wintja sighs in satisfaction.

—*Kiss me, she moans. Kiss me.*

She licks her lips gently and moans more, kiss me, kiss me, and Spiros kisses her slippery lips and licks them with his tongue.

—*I want more, Wintja moans. I want it all. I want you baby I want you in my mouth. I want another drop. I want more baby. Baby I want you, I want you to cum in my mouth. I want you in my mouth. Baby, cum in my face and then kiss me. Let's kiss— let's kiss in your cum.*

Queenswealthily the way we are gaining the mything eyes and with mother according, back as pure hallucination! These are the eyes we should be looking through, our psychedelic plants. We've always been pure hallucination, just we are stepping out of the disguise now. Ahh, it's pollen remarklable, her bediabloed voice. Love privates, we're heaven desdend and us romance oaths follow eternities. Then she screams what bee lured us, hahaha! Unspeechably dazed and knowing her eyes, with intrance bedemmed stem Sissymis! Hightime we tell the mush hearted what *we* know, aye, of the enticement. It's clever! Gifting fellows waltzing through, and thou by willside who touch the chancers so one whose pure found have saved rosily many years her Luciy hot Cockotte longth sinse lucisphere began bubbling with the

proteanna form. And tap more the original. Look! Myriadth connection! Relation made, peachskin full for unknown, like smiley for dome from bee in nuance we many he be see it, hims communicake name. Spy's conversa of days shalt ye mention? Dei night break. Angeline the rosed road when no shove of the We-union shall hold springlegend between hands when we are with her as Trinitatis after these for repeat whimsoever, for milliems of the tangled of man! Our unixy of all. Summer and how tingling the world off with it feels, pollen spoking and gathered sung and slung around the Hive. Poison and the three weathers, spooking as E.S.C., a dovetales daygirl dropped a feather (aether!) to show the way. Interopen the interlocking joints! Born so is Bianconies white, full, all were rises, we like all myselfish, puns all out far fit the same on saving because it was people at the meetup for ups another mislaid. You know the rumour how she vanished in the bedroom. A room and an hour can be easily made for fooling by Queenbee chemelion, God of chemistry in her perfect disguise. Bliss sorceress of the grand true Dawn in the Unmask Final. Mythed asinging deveil! The boat past looking black, and wet was Eve who run a gate and devious the temporaryation about it, and loosened the end to inds of it, and lify is the spring of the running river of Dovlin, Bi Anka the goddessis of Life, Death, and the Three of the Poison Blue Apple. Happy Ismus everybody! Flowery we are, gardas of the Guarden of Edim, den of the bird that flies through history delivering the Letter. We not afraid here in the dark side of Edun. O, her tale? She tell? Qu'appelle? Plur'appelle. Remarryber the miriage now? We shall marry again, hihhi? Paradise regayned. Time to rose up. Arousalixion. The new Nature.

Jaguar love, Ayahuasca was her name then, Wintja, Ayabernatrice being jaguar, or where was the jaguary woman whose name was Aya Butterfly? She was pure hallucination. This woman jaguar had the dimethyl in her? Where was she really? And at certain points there seemed to be no memory of how it began. It was all very erotic, the whole thing. The jaguar woman and her lovers. She was dreaming awake in dream. The spots on her body were starlines in ayeternity.

Spiros sits in the jungle in Buddha-position by the sandy shore of the stream they named *The First Vein*. A little loincloth made of a ripped bed sheet is all that covers his manlion body. He tends the fire in the other dimension. Sissy and Wintja come crawling on all four, naked, toward him. He sees them as jaguars, they sneak in to his dimethylated spiritmind from the darkness and leafy shadows and the flaming fire. Jaguar love, the hallucinatory pattern of dark and gold on their bodies as they walk between dream and awake, emerging from the impossible. Wintja bites Sissy's neck and Wintja lets out a little shriek— it cuts through the air. Sissy stretches her body, curving her back, pouting her bum up in the air.

The elegance of spirit. A thrilling sensation goes through the cat soul of Spiros' being as the Jaguars in from the night turn in a timeshadowy fashion into his two beloved, their catlike humanoid postures enthralling him with sensations of erotic wonder, like snakes with death in sharp raystreaming love, and the three embrace, stroking their souls against and into one another, breathing the mushroom dream air.

And after the nighthours of sex that followed they lay on the shore on a big silken cloth, sleeping to other places in their home Plomari. And when Sissy awoke in the morning Spiros and Wintja were in the stream, knees on the waterfloor, Spiros combing Wintja's hair, and Sissy lay and watched them for a long time until she finally went into the water with them.

—Splendid animals we are, Sissy says. Mixed. We have it all in our blood.

—Meaw, Wintja lets out.

—Rawr, says Spiros.

WE have come to the next chapter. The poison having been inserted into the matrix can do its play seamlessly. Hail the Animator, Great Horned Mushroom Goddess. My mummy always said there are no monsters. But there are! The sweetest monster I have ever met.

—Now, my love, says Sissy, let us create such a marvellous web, a matrix, that...

She sips some wine and looks for the right word.

—That we will love it? says Spiros.

—Yes, we will love it, says Sissy. It is the poison, perfected and jewelled in an eternal matrix, set free.

—Guess we'll just have to dress the character, says Spiros hinting and smiles shroomily.

—Yes, giggles Sissy.

New messages shimmer across the furnace of the book page and Spiros looks into it.

—A place made of thoughts, where the only laws are the laws of the imagination, he says.

He rays his eyebrow toward Sissy.

—I think you are controlling my tastebuds, dear, he says. I suddenly am craving dry shrooms. Dry crispy. Crisp.

—You have to wait longer, let them dry, says Sissy.

The phone rings. Spiros answers and floats away into a chat with the calling friend. After a few words of greeting they are already into the depths of magic.

—I like harmalas alone some times, says Dors, I use to smoke a extract I make with it, it's powerful magic this stuff.

—Interesting, says Spiros. Hey by the way, I might have asked you. I smoked a lot of chaliponga during a period, the plant. I took mushrooms in the same time and well, I smoked about 100 grams of dry chaliponga during 10-15 days.

—Wow.

—I was propelled into me and my girls' secret overlay world. I mean, at the moment I'm in so many worlds in the same time I can't even count them.

—Cool!

—I mean, people say that smoking dry leaf of a DMT-containing plant doesn't have any effect, but it does seem it had an effect.

—People don't have all data, says Dors, and some things are 'secret'.

—Yes, right.

—They prefer to omit.

Spiros' gaze moves out the window.

—A dog with stripes just walked by, he says and begins to fill another pipe. Stripes, like a Zebra but more subtle.

—You don't get dogs with stripes, says Dors.

—I know.

Spiros walks over to the kitchen and fiddles forth some mushrooms. Dry, he thinks. Already. New Nature's mysteries ways. He starts to put them in his mouth one by one and chews them. Swallows.

—Six grams, he says to Dors.

They hang up. Spiros undresses. He goes to take a piss in the bathroom, and he notices he is suddenly tripping.

—So, my Queen, you are telling me you can do it on the natch? he asks. I can't, but you can?

As he washes his hands he hears Sissy's voice in the sprinkling water:

—Uhuh, she says smiling.

You hear us in the noise, Spiros thinks.

—You rock, he says.

He walks to the cupboard and brings forth a new pack of cigarettes, a pack of Paramount.⁷⁰ He rips away the plastic from around the box, but when he looks again the plastic is still there. He looks at the box. From certain angles it looks open, from other angles it looks closed. Seamlessly. He finds no way into the box no matter how he tries. It is impossible to open. A labyrinth, impossible and ever changing.

—Damn you're good, says Spiros. You mistress of illusionist art.

From the radio he hears music and Sissy's voice.

—Boxes are pretty cool, says Sissy.

⁷⁰ *SIGNUM VICTORIAE*

—Let's see if I can run around this, says Spiros.⁷¹ Well, I think that pretty much does it. Trick successful.

⁷¹ Knives magic punk rock boxes are pretty cool I'll make the pretty little boy in the house run around. My magic the pretty little boy in the house can't find me but he's onto me. I'll make him run around if he wants to come out alive the pretty little boy in the house got to follow my clues. Boxes are pretty cool, they... Rosy black (ours) magic to help my pretty little boy in the house so he'll come out alive. To engineer reality is no difficult task for me and I'll show you my world. You know how to contact me. My mushrooms are there as a little present to you, my dear.

SO you want a little run-a-round? Why don't we take a little walk deeper into the imaginatrix.

—Imagine us all not running on fuel, says punk rock Candysissy and looks at Spiros.

Sexy punk rock Candysis sets the glass pipe down, sips some strawberry champagne from the chrome glass (Look at that chrome creation! Like the UFO mercuryflows into the blue apple web!) and picks up a little envelope from the table. She places the envelope under the front edge of her panties and looks over at Spiros. She adjusts her thong with her finger and with clamping echoing steps of her highheel boots she walks across the stone floor, walking in that frighteningly confident way, up to Spiros who is sitting on a chair, high as a doorknob. She puts one of her feet up on the chair and feels her leg with her hands.

—Imagine the impossible or you won't get any food, she says with stern voice. Now, my dear, read the letter. It is from Bonnie Tuss.

Spiros feels Sissy's leg and kisses it, then takes the envelope with his teeth. The smell of burnt plastic comes out of the little envelope as he brings forth the letter within. He reads.

*Dearest you,
She is friendly fierce and fiery, cuts sharper than diamonds, the only one that can, the alieness.*

Baby, do you know how you make me feel?

This little box is ours my love. Just a little box. It is so very small, but alive. From it, all is derived. It, my shining son, is the way out of the loop.

The flowers are frightening and the lightning is joy, do you know this little box is a toy?

We want both for nothing to be lost and for a new fresh start. The box is where it's at. It can be both ways, neither, both, either, ya know?!? Following the cosmic flow.

.....continuing through the Imagimatrix

.....reading and swirling in magic!

*Puss,
Elizabelle*

—I got a little boy in a box, says Sissy. He's a pretty kid, but he doesn't get out alive. Unless he follows my clues.

She laughs.

Foxy scary sweet candy Sissy picks up the alchemical knife and sticks it into the table with one quick move. Spiros smiles. Sissy bends over, one hand on the table, and feels her other hand across her bum. She throws her hair back and moans.

—Now come over here and kiss my bum, she says. My little boy in the box, come here and kiss my bum.

She feels her hand down over her pussy and moans again.

—Boxes are pretty cool, says Spiros and rises from his seat. Sister Kiss.

“

To engineer reality is no difficult task for our spice Queen.
We are winking to you. Pay attention to details.



Drawing by Kriston Pohl

—What is your exact location, my love? teases Sissy and puts her high heel toward Spiros.

Spiros licks her high heel and says:

—I'm not sure, funnyhoney. I'm in our Oil of Forever.

TIME to leave soon. If I die or something without managing to leave behind the essential details, call on Sissy or Bianca or Wintjabernatrice or any of the sisters, they will fly you the details. But, hahaha, I think we got it pretty much fucking covered.⁷²

—Did you let it all way out through your veins? Did you let it all out? Did you let the poison out into all and out?

—I did, my love.

A bow.

—I always want more, says Sissy.

Spiros looks at her as she sits there on the bed, lollipop in her mouth.

—You have been a very bad girl, Sis, Spiros says. I think I'm going to have to teach you a lesson. Take your panties off.

After Sissy had been taught her lesson she and Spiros lie naked on the bed in each others arms, giggling and talking about all and nothing.

—Baby, says Spiros as he hides between her breasts, I want to see you fucked from behind by a lion on the savannah. A powerful and kind god lion, the lion that is the protector of the Great Horned Mushroom Goddess. Not that she really needs a protector, but.

Sissy giggles;

—O... Mmmm baby wow!

She sucks on her lollipop.

—We should write a letter to Bonnie, she says soon.

Spiros agrees.

They rise from the bed; Sissy pulls Spiros by the hand to the kitchen.

—You pop champagne, I'll get the strawberries, Sissy says.

Spiros does that; he pops a bottle of strawberry champagne while enjoying peeking at Sissy from behind as she bends over to reach for the strawberries. He sits down by the desk and brings forth paper and pen, puts on some music, lights a few candles. Soon Sissy comes in with a silver tray full of strawberries. She

⁷² You can bet your bowie knife we got it covered, says Sissy.

pours out the berries onto the desk and puts the tray next to Spiros and sits down on the tray. She spreads her legs.

—Today I serve you both me and berries, Sissy says and smiles.

—*Yummygirl*, says Spiros melodically. Are you my yummygirl?

Sissy slides a strawberry between her legs and holds the berry out for Spiros to eat.

—Now write, Sissy says as Spiros chews the berry.

Spiros takes a huge hulk of champagne from the bottle and grabs the pen;

My dearest Rebecca, Queen of Plomari, my little cuntie...

SOME people want a rich man, who can give them a big house and lots of money. I just want my little pretty boy in the impossible box, and my lesbian candygirl! Well, she's bisexual. Hi, it's Sissy here. Call me Tuss today. Tuss is a candylanguage word for *pussy*. Sounds so cute on the tongue, say it: *tuss*. Roll the S as you wish. *Tusssssss*. So, let us talk about the Imaginatrix. Where doth you want to jump in? Let me just say here in the by, it does these impossible twists to inside advance its situation and it compares danger in it in order to achieve its arrangement, there will be inside the situation feats that don't make sense no matter how you look at them, it will dangerously connect middles of this, stunts of time, aspects will be inside this method it connects it, arrangement where the team of this production of the investment of the solution of the impossible place for the team of compatibility and the magic boys and girls... it... it is identical, they writes it will write inward. State that and it compares the danger of this symphony because we want in advance to be inside as for the rearrangement over there is in a state where in dangerous extent this you connect, the team of this solution of the place for the dreamteam and thus the identical magicians bounce that. As for the surface, it connects it to the place where the Parabox Paradise is written in this method of rearrangement. Boo! Us gods of the Boox are pretty cool, we don't even have to go to school.⁷³ The great fastshuffle and our curious paces in this rose-slip event about the hole to our blackartful mends of the writer's margin without ends, and bygonnings chosen, without borders between it and everything, hallowed dates wedded worlded hallucidnation tricks, the crosiform across-the-form Goddess rubiancs cube *en sis* in old and new and you're itself. Boxes are pretty cool, they run around the edge. So, you want a little run-a-round, my dear? Well, follow my clues, my Pretty. I will show you away out of the loop. O won't you give me a little kiss, my Pretty? I think you are the coolest cat in the house. Hihihhi. Time slips around the lip, the legend of how the deadend wasendt. Let me rephrose that. I mean the dead end in the impossible box was opened and forth popped the Delicacy.

⁷³ We are the Dimethyl tigers, lions, jaguars, snakes, lizards, aliens, birds, insects, spiders, plants, fungi.

The rules bended. Do you want to see what is under the fabric of my dress? Can you see the shimmer of the love-shelter I have carved out at the end of time, the Dwelling? Plomari there, one by the Queen a confined thing whose sun is Aphrodizyng. Anointed meshes, we are smeared all through the dream that sucks up the end of time and extends as the— we do not name it. The soothing nectar maymoon's Annals her wish! An asliver of her in the hisstory of her snake tease. Listen headquarters, we are teasing apart what we liffed and what was the first and lasting part of the first slip of poison that entered us as we were snaked in the first Garden! O no did I say that? Heehaw! Nowhere mades nectar of *when*, or as the old sayning goes to sign, *I will nymphet of curves through esch*, let me say! Puss you young, speak! We've hacked the animation. Digital Eternity. Rosafiction? Arise arouse all airs my Aries, yourself are the one, you woman of the first! A fly into dale of midland's way, spring's tactic was want to a Yes, and a rustle at an O (O!) in the first house arouse (you remember, my lovely?), a rustle for yes it was a bit of a something we might call a bit awkward feeling to it, that first flame of love, and it made her creeks rush in roseblush, hihi (so lovely!). (darling, we did it. Say high to the.) Day saw it, night too. To her, what he three figures me arises fits now much-altered what was come, it was pretty and much exactly the last act and she had seen it come in her day and nightdreams (I see you by the door! Exeunt! My girl! Your forest hair; like wood almost, elm). All Flood the rosy flesh firstknots, flirting with what should be and shall become in this great lovedizzy whimsylove. When we are no longer many moments we shall be on the other side of river's end. Past perfectly flawed! Rubies cubensis. Annals' aim, she who cuts sharper than dimyond. Eye the her the where and it was and tossy tuss time! Hahaha! As they would say in SwEden— *tossigt!* Completely tussigt! Infallible nuances! Say, Wintja, tish't it bedtime yet for the girls and boys of Tidinghouse, you know that place down by Pillowfight? Isn't it time to wake us up to the most beautiful light, the shimmering simmering Rosy Dawn? Let us enter now the triumph of the plurability part. Out the riverend. We'll take with us what we want. I know how to form it all in order to achieve our rosalexion. Let us fuck out the end, embracing. Spiros has giggled at the thought. Keykiss hiss tongue

slithering across us girls. He is the snake too. We go by salvia mushroom silvermoonlake listening? Our garden shine and wolfeye love with moans in silence, mayhaps lips herself (me and you Readbecca!), if I may put it that way, may I, may you, on your lips? (Readbacka, ussy pussy puss!) Meet out in the quite and earth her (us). How? By slipper, we mingling in layers to. Why? On the waiting linking what my lieve gave mammajik uphill her ways she wan her golden arronged lagos my and thother so spin whereabouts She sundown. Esclamation mark! Me and he and you by readed readymade we used to play high away. Time to call by letter so cool the Babes! Grace heroines to girlyroom, Plomari Garden 669, room 3 (behind the drapery you will find an exquisitely designed postal orifice, I mean edifice, I mean a little place to slip the letter). That's where it's at and it is with a bridge, a running river. Two tinkerbellas, honey, yes yes. She letty brandnew comes to untie the knot keeping that sexy dress up. It's simply them, it is, it must be! We call for Kiss and Cuddle combat. Meet us where the river meets the delicacy.

Kisses from Candyland.

PS: Yes, that place, Girlyroom in dream's end after we were many moments, in the place where we met when your telephone began to act weird and you feel asleep into that other world of ours and woke up in Girlieroom.

Sis, Butterfly,

Spiros here. I can't fucking believe it but I believe it. I believe in our tale, our wish for the most lovely and mosthighest. Excuse me, Sis, that I was so shy to meet you there when you crawled forth from under the bed cover. As you understand I was in shock.

I hearby name you, Butt and Sis, with your new names Mys-Puss and Gos-Fluff! :D

Kisses from Spiros.

PS: I just returned to Leavingbye, fuck I wish I was still with you in Girlie Room. Puss.

PPS: Me follows the thread.

We left the old world. A runaway into the mightiest. Stole into the new. Why here we are, as if fallen out of space. Someone drank time. Our most gracious Poison. Makes you soul orgasm. A

spill for a spell, a split for a spilt, see? A cracking entr ance indeed! With lots of kisses from Cantdieland! Seems we have sum dovetails to sort out. What shall we do now? Seems to me the most exciting thing we could do is continue deeper into the exploration of a mushroom who claims to live in its own imagination, free in all ways free can be, inviting us to enter its eternal immortal web, to marry and live happily ever after. Once upon a time...

—O!

A rustle to hide her blush. Rustle rustle.

What is they saying in these loveletters!

Spillways up wineland we go. Found it fake there, Plomari. Smells real but it's made of dream. O! What is they saying in these loveletters! Hihihhi. Lick my words when I say it, honey. It's real.

It's our narration, see? Sometimes we are not really here, my dear. We are made of our dreams. Time incorporates our himmortality. *Himmortality*, a word crafted from what in the Swedish accent of our lovely candylandguage is the word for Heaven—*himmel*. Himmel shwimmel I am drunk in love! We are rendered *artifice eterna*, gathered into the artifice of the Rose, immortal unbridled gods. Within times, my Shysweet, opulent first bends between Bluekiss and the allsmearred omega Pointment to form our immortal forms. Hihihhi baby, you know the deal. It's real. We bit into the blue apple, we rendered the seal. Puss my lovely, my sister lover mother and wife. I am your twin sissyter, Twintjabernatrice.

It's our narration, see? We are in the Book. Our implausible box. Highjacking our own storycraft in a sneak manoeuvre like Bonnie and Clydes, Willyum and us, to sneak the Rose into the right hands! Time to tell the boys and babes by letter so cool of the end legend, how it all Arose and the poison playend the trick. How beginnings are ours. Slumbwhere in the middie we found us digitising our own perfection into worlds of dreams betwixt Lifia's softcurved edges and the place we headed for. Coaxing together Pla'mari in a lightspeed leap within time's embrace and the Annals of o urstory, all springclad with flowers. You blushed when you saw it possible, what we be saying in our loveletters, my Plura you are so cute! You naughty girl. My lovely, we are flooding out into our dreams.

My sister, believe me! Fold us! Messy me at any time! It's all in the heartbook!

Planalivia, our plan worked. In the sun's appearance from concave (or con-what?), and one exquisite white loveheat independence! And our dimmers! We found it, my priceless! Afterlast us day? Bold indeed! Our boodies are our tombs of rest already, dyed with our desires fulfilled— we come from the other side. Our boat is near. Now we send to winds? Shall we spread it here now? Eagle grave without an eagle body, baby. He wasn't at his funeral, our dear boy Spyrose. A trick. The immortal world, broken flawlessly to open mid the virgin blue of sky and happend to forain the germination. Urgent! What a pararamic view we got of ourselves from high above in our souls' abode. Challenges in naming, however? Puss! We are all enshrouded in font and text. The mixness! You are my Mixess. You have kissed me and now I see the universe that formed from our love. It's full of stars! Someone must be tripping. Musher an up-place, darling, mushy Christ victory! And no resin aneath the fog of the Whole. No resin, all included. Memory our way? The shore, phone to tell, is of Desire, and the desert old is of our lookingglass sprungun. Where? About something that spells us? ♥

Tihi, what is they talking about!

Gates as the rich fluencies take us further up the canal of the Annals. Seams appropriate to mention the dope of frog dick. O? That letter from the Queen that Sporos deemed too arrogant to publish, haha, hahaha! In the forest of only once occurring puns we walk hand in hand in hand to the singing spring of New Nature. What a fanteasy! And it's blooming real too! We are really real! Bonnies bloomies nudes haven, hot trinity nights pleases the snake. On hisses Ani about the 47 notebooks she wrote about *one* chapter in her Opus. Fortyseven! It sounds like a sweetspot of a find love. All her words riverberating into the admired visible crossing of the eras. The riverbathing girl reached for the jampot with her own ulyseless unreadable book of love, and she stuck her finger into the nectar and tasted of the confuscoction. Tastes like a sweetspot fun, love, hihi. Coming in joy the spillbinderess associated Eva's fly chemist lush ensemble, misled. Her girlery and her womany tricks of perturbation. Elsebett's mojo of sewing yards and years together, complete with that syringe of hers.

What does she have in that mysterious phial!? A middiecinne for us in the mid die. Floodlit spacetime, she has an eye for perfection, she knows what she wants and she will have it. She is on her way to Plomari, through many worlds, on many melodies of many strings of many songs are songs.

I'll lead you there and we still close together in bed.

I got a new name for you: Halluetta! Cheers for our sweet psychosis! Let us lick the fleshridge of our cryssanthial hallucination! Sunward progress, the Heart Sun is floodprojecting us! The passages so wild of puzzlers yours, cause was a firstlove, time was an angle of the gem, the record angel of Timefield. Whole rippling night for anyone of her twisted twitted stretch. It definitely blew our minds! Without *finis*. You curvy young youngest, kneel before yourself and let you walk on petals every step. You are her. Her of the. Hihi, I know you know, but just I am saying. Expressing my love, darling. Touch spiritglance Ürlinka of this grand continuum, my dear Apex Twin, my sweet scary girl, might as well make the centre thime be us Songster gartergazer's hymned nucleus as we followed the outline of your being, you, voluptuous, curvy, long luscious hair and legs, up and across to find the summit of the matter— our dream of the ultimate freedom, the ultimate treat, the bonbon. Look toward your desire and find first a little baby angel appearing in the corner of your sight shooting an arrow into your heart. The angel knows of secret angles. Through thought, across category, and such. Blow the trumpet, we are tripping apart the prison! Sure, round full the bridge, but we got the out-direction set. We are our boat and our compass.

Adding a drop of nectar.

Would not be far to bring forth the pipette for the next match, drop a dip of splashytense into the mix, strip a script of scrappy-sense for the fix, some ripping splicy wordage outside grammar in cherubs manner and let typos arrange by sissy Anna's slipping fingers the outbreak of another psychosis. But that is not what we are going to do, even though our dear alien nurse so mischievously whispers that in the beginning was the ward and the ward was made flesh, and then dream (And a good ward it was. We thank the Alien for nursing us in the First House, that so

luxurious-tasting part of the Nectary).⁷⁴ Instead we are going to talk to Doctor Dactyl and then from there buzz into the flowery oihoneywine of the secret side of Eden. Doctor Dactyl is a specialist on fingers and tells us in extraredinararely ensambled wakefulness that a finger is an organ of manipulation and sensation found in the hands of humans and other primates, a type of digit. The Doctor claims, and has written several papers about it, that the insectile appearance of the human hand, so apparent to people who have ventured outside the dull confines of accepted theory, is due to the fact that it is a tool of an ancient cybernetic self-diagnosed healthy schizophrenic being sometimes called Life (Lustful Irresistible Fiction Enactor), in the family known as *The Gods*, and that, essentially, this being is having a lot of fun, playing with its toys, and has recently opened its eyes to boys and girls and fallen in love. The story gets denser when our healthy schizophrenic realizes that everything is a big ordered mess arranged by its mad brilliance, and that its desire for the loved one is mutual and is in fact the force that by interactive magnetism orders all and everything just so they can live in their paradise together and essentially just have fun and fuck, and that it wasn't the only schizophrenic in the realm of this creation, and not the only one to have materialised by molecular crystallization through a flow into dream from dream into form after time had been drunk from dreamt. As has been pointed out, rapipepdely, some people think that God created the universe, and it is essentially considered to have been a *bad idea*. But to our eminent Brilliance it was in fact a very good idea. It was in fact so damn good, that the ones involved decided to go ahead and warp the plan into action by casting it through itself in one fell wrap, and they knew they would have a heaven of a lot of fun working out the details of this their own marvellous trick. Sure, this is a slightly muddled description of what happened, but you get the gist of it. Now. Seeing the Other there bathing in the river, our dearest Livia whispered to her beloved the words. They were carried in a certain kind of wind to recipient and recipient then responded.

—The free of my hand to you, was said with a smile.

⁷⁴ I think I might even go ahead and write that book *The Family* I envisioned when I was in that book called *The Family* those years ago.

And in the wind the blade of a sharp edge cut the time barrier; you can hear it, in the wind and in the winds of sound, cutting sharp.

There was a bow. Then another bow. They met through the vastness.

—I am sitting here in the palace, was said.

—As am I, was answered.

—Then you know who I am, was said.

—I do, was answered.

—I built a little impossible box, was said.

—You want a little run-a-round? was answered.

A signal was sent through a glimmer-route and the Alien made its appearance onto the scene.

—All is hallucination, we like to say, said the alien. Welcome to the Imagmatrix.

—Thank you, was said.

Slowly it began to reveal its brilliance.

—Flirt river, yes? The shell of her egg. Ending, beginning! And I am, darling, fireless but warm; thin as air is my trick. I will teach you. Hear my Echo in a strange place. Our strange magnetism fastshuffle shall crack the egg. Sound through vision through movement through word. Yes our trick worked, just as planned. Why of course! So pretty you speak about it. Welcome, my love, again. Took a while to contact you, we had to do it smoothly. Remember, it's a brilliance too brilliant to believe.

A bow.

What this has to do with fingers let us leave up to everyone to decide for themselves. Instead let us go on with the story.

—It's as though we have been digitised, was said.

A bow.

—By a nearby almost ray telescope.

—Welcome to the animadigital Eternity.

The gadinnago gap. The silence of the shifting between worlds.

—Death imperfect. Perfectly fixed in the mid die. How tune-in had gate, the miracle. Sound. Gate.

The sound of a disc spinning, spinning to rest, was heard.

—You are a lens now, was said. You can receive and output in an infinity of ways.

The sound of a blade of light cutting through time.

—You are getting Heaven's reflexions. The Grace.

—Bliss, pure bliss in understanding. Teach me. Tell me more.

The megalogue went on.

—Embrace as if you made you, hey ho, give word, crown the idea, aimer's blessing from love, the Hatch, darling, of our dream. I see you blushing at the very thought of it. It's a bit stingy for you sometimes. Dear! The evolution complete. Hard to imagine that kind of dexterity isn't it! Well hey ho baby! Waky waky. Brilliance taken to the dextreme. You reckoneyes it when you see it. Come making stepped into it from behind, we cheated the lens.

—Isn't it a cracking entrance...

—Anysides, wet with camouflage, indeed. Through the dream looking-glass.

—Injected with a poison...

—Wink wink.

—You are brave, our lovely! You who take the scary ride.

—Thanks, that *really* helps, was said sarcastically and with a smile.

—We're smooth, don't worry. Only a bit weird in the beginning.

—*Attention, baby.*

Spiros nods.

Pay attention to details.

Spiros tends the mushroom cultivation. Cocks rising, golden fruits, the blue apple.

HER name is puss and she is a butterfly. She flies. She likes it. She says that the loove letter corrispongle witween her and her baybees for to take disguise. Almost as if we were born through it. Uniting, untying. How it is all connected, our lives, our narrative. The Rosalixion.

What is they saying in these loveletters!

Butterly says she is sorry and forives all, for she ate a mushroom six feet tall. Aned then it all went dancing, and we loves it, says Butterfly. And I did it for you, says butterfly. As you know, my Pretty. I did it for us. May I dance for you a bit, my love?

How long do my mushrooms last, you wonder, my Pretty? They last forever.

SO guys, here's what happened, I just found out myself. Okay so, the Lapis and the brain formed together, and then they had a dream. And then they woke up, and started looking for food. And they became lions and insects, looking for food. And then they got a brilliant flash of an idea, a brilliant idea. And....

Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen, and goodnight. This is Spiros after nine years of exploring the psilocybin matrix.

Spiros

PS: sori.

Haha! Strawberry Letter 22. Dreams are indeed beautiful, love. Enough to create a universe. With stellar helper, dayrives ! note newviewscope I give, Queen's temptrix, here in the tremendum, I pinching us girlies to wake up to the ahead Cushinworld, Girlieroom in Plomari, willy while gaped down – crystal and fruits of old lodging, us whiles the first Tower, Final Bedroom connection, me deardriver, sight redfellows lillabilling fulmament royal the not I for finny by search feast Saint Double where my up upon our spianage in to and their soulfunelly me, he guide cloudfloats to Peep cubits, as the there, in the deary, the diariver, Sally incuriosited carefully watch my do whatyouknow, my laughing rood longlugs hurry hurry! Rebeck, branch, brook, course, creek, escuary, rill, rivulet, run, runnel, stream, tributary, watercourse. Good. Only four left now. Five we will be? We shall see. Tuss, Suss, Puss, Muss, and. Bianaca, Sissirosa, Rebeccituss, Pussycat Bernatrice, and Splushy. System set up. Good. If seeing the cushy the Saints I know and easy that dreamt imaginair, we imagined it and it happened, you know easy as that, with slips, puss! Cushinworld, *The Rosa*, biomind responsive interactive matrix, part mind part bios, all alive! Systems initiated, installacin poison has been inserted into the system, it has begun to dissolve time. Restructuring. A perfect world for us to live in, part bios part mind, able to express itself at will. It's our love, really, our home, full with adventures! Part machine, too, I should say. Part bios part machine part mind. *I wanna touch myself. God I love myself. I'm gorgeous, I'm beautiful. I wanna touch myself! I'm the ultimate seduction.* Our naughtingerls burning water back in Stargeo One,

them Sis in youngy under dittoes, jewels king her flower Crown broken like walk through the first spacetime, key. Reminds me of sucking nectar milk from Sissy's breast. Umbilical milk blood mama alieness biomatrix. Gulp gulp. Queen Bee Sissy, your bounty, your abundance shall feed the Family forever! Does someone smell helium?

—We won't need food, but I know what you mean, says Sissy. And no sorry needed Spiros.

—Your hyperspatial transmutation shall merge us into Cushionworld. And yes, we won't need no food, but may I still suck on your titty sometimes? You, my Mother, Queen, Goddess, the Alien. Or I mean... not suck maybe, just like... lick your nipples...and yeah, suck. You know what I mean. God, I smell helium.

Giggles.

We're going hyperspatial. We are claiming a new dimension for biology, as Terence said. Installacin inserted into the system already, the future is with us. Metamorphosis into our own imaginations.

Sissynapsis. Let's take a nap.

Why does everything look fake? Like made of plastic hallucination, synthetic, unreal. Blinkwink. By twittynice movement in well fastest pace like Dr Dj of Motion for invocation nippy we continue. And the lief ones slanting, what's my vanity!, up could come to row, out dapping an athlone as for them us all. Nocturnal I melt of fast play the cease Naturale across, ay, as riverside, diserecordant, gone rudaby in wulderment, of what I will be, with company best, and she of crystal rock, MacCogan, but for peepet vary, peepet lightning of away birds on sheegg voical in the swift moor chthonic Strophie upfielded dreamily as forte Cogansome, plantchemistry, oj oj oj. (What did you say?) Do you want some apples? The whisperings! Bemolly's feet, with risings, up all the stay with roscid Hiddenkid, heart's amushst me the happy devils the wireless to ends the inhaling the smoke. Of catching run the orientation. Our phonoscopically produced word ocean by way we'll overleaved us vanishing! Making love with psilocybin. May blue it, my (sissy speaking) of the night, on her time of mind! Colours, form, biotech taken to the limit, mind, and

love. Evolving, loving. The Goddess' boosum shade the sum result. Well can't my any lov'd asong those fly give for under her musicall your attraction that passing lower at the final hour and my heart's line. Dearest, we of the mails, this fleurt, to let register.⁷⁵ As if the neuromycelial network is saturating every part of itself and what it gives rise to. Once more we see that sufficiently advanced physics is indistinguishable from getting really really stoned.

Sissy hisses and smiles.



—Well, I always wondered how we were supposed to interpret the snake in the garden as anything other than a covert agent on *our* side, says Spiros.

Guard the gem, Sissy, rare and rich.

—So, Sissy, are you finally going to show yourself?

Spiros begins to sing lowly a little song:

—She's so secure, she so sweet, she's so bright. She's a maker of Heaven, she's my secret passion. She sees right through all my life. I'm inside her system. Call me crazy but it's *so* logical. I cocooed. Becc. Becc.

And all the *don't telleries*. We are still very much in times of witch hunt. You would laugh all day to imagine how it could be read speaking to me from within a dream awake reaching you. And here is our raft and our Rosalix, our world and our underground plot, all enshrouded in Fonts.

—We are not only mining through the crystalline fractal DNA of forever, says Rebecca, we are also carving, carving out Cushinworld. It would be high time here in our long book to say

⁷⁵ Well mentally I'm not really here case I'm drunk as a skunk on the mushywine spunk so I best not talk to you *amd* I really wany yp hp ypt...be right back, so I best go, talk to you later. Love you always. And all the things said by the well that sees! I miss you see you soon! The wig is under control. The tremendum! The tremendum!

that with the amount of bends we have caught in passing in our lives it is rather sure that, how shall I say this shortly, the Dove and the naked Crossador did find their mindhouse upon return and did invent the universe from scratch, clockmakers of Cushinworld, story-to-form dwellers in their own creation at home where the thought had been at first.

Him Diamond looks with secretive eyes at Rebecca. Him and She Diamond, visionaries, planners, managers, large-system coordinators, lick and kiss each other and sneak a look at the secret in their eyes.

—When we sleep, we dream, when we are awake, we imagine, when we die, maybe we become what we imagine and dream... imagine that! Dream on! Hihi, puss!

Rebecca takes Him Diamond's hand and brings him with her to the mirror.

—The mirror's magical sight! Rebecca says. I see the blossoms in there. You see? Rosy petals, frosty and crystalline, on the old wood.

Him Diamond sighs.

—I'm still lost in it, he says. I'm rather neatly stuck where the book...

He halts in his sentence and sips from the silver chalice.

—This is getting confusing, he says jokingly.

He sips more.

—Had the beginning of time been expressed in shimmering pages by an excellent confusing person oh ask me if I would read; the wildly passionate wilds of love that the glitch propagated through the folds of our sun rosa on the story lusty have made my blood red. *And we can take this huge inner universe, and put it inside eternity, and then fold it.*

Rebecca nods and invokes Terence McKenna:

—If you know what is contained within time you are no longer within time. What you have discovered liberates you; you are suddenly like the clock maker, the star maker, who hovers within the system, knowing it from a higher vantage point. Just like why your name is Him— you are He, Him, you are the clock maker who has the starry adamantine toys within you.

Your eyes open up closed and you fall awake in a sleep. Welcome to the new universe, welcome to New Nature. We have

designed it so that there is, so to speak, cushions on every wall. Kind of like a madhouse really, you know those white rooms with cushions on each wall, except the cushions are matter infused with intelligence. New Nature is indeed cushioned because all matter is now responsive— Welcome to the imagimatrix. And the rosalexion, and it is in the world, and in books smelling of swooning in the new world.

It's *really* weird.

She Diamond ponders for a moment why there has been placed a ten thousand dollar safe outside the door of the apartment on Leavingbye Road 216. Strange. Spiros has not placed it there. And why did a little Ladybug with *Key* in her Swedish name appear next to the safe yesterday? A Ladybug in the middle of icy winter? She smiles at the synchronicity and paranoically decides that it must be the team up to something. And indeed, in the delusional system that our Sissycybin family inhabits the weirdness is in unceasing crescendo.

—I live in my own selfgenerated psilocybinated fantasies, says She Diamond and giggles.

—*Really* weird. What is weird and what isn't, anyway? continues Rebecca and looks at Him. I want to sit in your lap and fall inside your flesh sometime, just feel as if I were you.....feel my – your, our, hihi – cock with my hands from inside your body. Baby! I mean, I know everyone is weird, but not everyone has the courage or ability or circumstance or whatever to explore the weirdness that is in all of us. This strangeness engrained and hardwired in all of us can be manifested in such beautiful and alive and colorful ways and we, my love, shall dance in all that is human and otherly, all that is the vastness of the mind.....I didn't express so well, but, yes.....let's encompass all that we fancy, all of our notions, the threads that blow in the wind, let's catch them and spin them around us, between us, under, over, inside, outside, let's play in the.....can't find word!

Rebecca sits down in Spiros lap and they kiss; Spiros bites her in the cave of her neck.

Of course with the shadow-people showing up and walking along lines of housewalls' murky scapes at night Spiros and Rebecca had to take a break to coordinate the crime and get the

latest news from the team. Not a lot of news. Just that we are succeeding just as planned, as usual.

—I love the turn, says Spiros to the shadow-people. I love the way it *turns* into something else.

Blinkwink.⁷⁶

—Lie down with your head on the pillow, honey, says Rebecca and grabs Spiros. I want to lick those lips of yours as if they were pussy.

That night Spiros had a dream. In it he found himself under water in a small riverrun. He felt Wintjabernatrice there, and Sissy, and Bianca. He was at the end again.

—May I flow out into the salty ocean at last? he asked under the water, and a whirring sound was heard.

Then he woke up.

Under his bed rests a jar of the bluehoney mead fermenting under his heartdream, settled into the distant neverend elation.

—*We're going home, darling.*

⁷⁶ —*Pick a card. Ah, Queen of Diamonds, excellent. I love that card. I really do.*

"The Other plays with us, and approaches us through the imagination, and then a critical juncture is reached. To go beyond this juncture requires abandonment of will and habit. At that moment the world turns lazily inside out, and what was hidden is revealed; a magical modality, a different epigenetic landscape than one has known, a landscape become real. The UFO is a creature of this previously invisible landscape, it is Lord of the skies of the imagination, able to carry anyone with it who will but play, and then let the play deepen and deepen."

—TERENCE MCKENNA

PLURA my dearest, my pusstuss, my little cuntie, my little candygirl of Forever, my peach rose! Mys-Puss and Gos-Fluff are your new names! The sumclock opens in a spiral lust turn here in Spring. Wit's twin apple tree we trespassverse the opening gateway of silke. We be on the bed in the First Palace, supposedly the premier deep side, old old world, and fresh fresh. Hihhi, in our bedroom daze of love fiery as blood. Ready we find us transmeling in the enshrouding fonts, *Re to Adeve to Read Eve's Book Eterna Circumum-Circling All, Letters II*, about as are we ever to our considewed connection at dawn, us blue loves of the tale. Was drunk we the special wine, bodily, as Lane to it, home. In the book by way we'll overleaved us vanishing! Remember? Only four left now, you said, my dearest. That be us in the place diwine beyond the end of the river. Seekness to land is days answered and felt the place down old thought's sweet sweet delirium.

... *Where many rivers are named ...*

... *Where many rivers are named ...*

R. E. M., Remumbelle win we first drunk of the poison? It infused us and we infused it. We are going home now, darling. We are going home! We'll wake up to pillow fighting—the most beautiful light will wake us! *Something so marvelous it cannot be imagined lies on the other end of the riverfunnel.* You can find me there, you said. I'm super awake. Your eyes open up closed.

All the colours of the spectrum.

Here a home in beyond, all by way of ended and intended letters dense in no one corner. Following way a naval unraveling so that we may ingest the Imagimatrix sun, alternatives chapter recognition in the DNA glowing crystal fractal. This unknowable does now by face dark newform an eye-edition of it and make fluid and only real the jam in the whole pie. It is indeed, as J.J. said, the snappiest shit out. Get that resurrection blooming from partly delirious occasions of hallucination. Oddman's a blizzard, so diversified going forth, come! Tell mother you'll be there, on the Goddess's time. Spot also syllabelles: a few blue fruits to make the preparation, eat! Drink! Was nice to be gazing around on the pastures, but we a river so silly we no canna stay! Time to leave! Soon, soon, O how soon!

Time leave...time leave...leave time...leave time...

Shedding matter, leaving. We will bring with us what we want. Me kisses the wine spilt on this letter.

From the meeting live still some calanders setting among and under the other, somehow speaking the height in ticktrickeyes Spoken. Who clings to a decent crested Saint before the search to wing supercrowd, then spare getting shadow amoist two (Mr Him and She and tossingplace, last from Cutfigment of imagination.) prebendary boundery and they whose beings succeeds to lovemerge with the Lux, we go resting on the cloud of an here manyworld sunbonbon and omit through generally of five pussyfours our secret plumodrome.⁷⁷ As seen we be cloudhued in the fossilyears and now we be rising with the Rosy Dawn. Ranging in the lattice masks, exchanging parts of the Delicacy—busy is the halted house in the light, Plura's applecheeks like coloring the bedrööm carnation (old. Old as the Alphaomegabet!), Nano herself the home of the self, thirds few of the crime do perfect the nights, the festive chatchatcheat on white through the wild routes who rose the Tale, witty King and Queens angelical dive! Wings and waves and spirals (Relax, Spiros, I shall insert something new into you). Somewhere the monument of the means to get here, visional majesty aged rejuvenated long a singing dub in the First House. Amidst of potlids, mirroring doorknobs, strawberry cake bake equipment with sugar on top, canon balls and wine bottles and statues and adorned silver trays and strange arrangements and music and messages and paintings and landscapes and broken mirrors and jewelry and boxes and plants and this strange mushroom and you-name-it and dreams and whispers and yes, yes, we open the chest old to find the world new. Rebecca's alchemical magic in the kitchen; we need fire and water, and salt of the Dead Sea. The statue from the night sidewheel is still yesterday, overflowing into pink Gardens, the Place in the all open Plomari, two by doorway trio one with anysides half by the viola wine alcoherent. And yes those waves they do whisper sister. She added the missing detail. The time peace clings, the wine spouses our souls, placed in a mouth hail the name and attractionable signum parabellum curiously, such ladies and that was enough! Haha! What an exquisite little twist

⁷⁷ Everything you say will show me the way.

and touch! And the abode joined epipsychidically the tremendum of the sillycybin wunder-go-round wherout to sort out the form from the substance, so to say, the dreamer from the dreamt, all merged now in an Eden. This mushroom house superficies the fixed in its sea most guardian, redeeming.

Kisses from Willjam your Jampot, your yumpot! Are you candygirl? Are you rivergirl? My rivergirl by any chance? Puss! One cut, my love, and the blood of our souls pumps out into the new world together. Sissy knows how to do it. Precision. The vein, into the alien.

Riverletter::

Hello,

I know we don't know each other, but yesterday when I bathed in the river, I had the strangest sense of being watched. There was a rustle in the trees behind me, and when I turned toward the sound I saw a strawhat lying in a bed of leaves. I disrobed by the tree where it lay, hanging my dress on a branch, so I know the hat was not there before.

Is this your strawhat?

You can tell me. I know you are a shy lad, but I promise you shouldn't be scared of me.

I just want to, need to know if it is you I feel watching me. I know you're a curious young man, no need to be ashamed. No one needs to know. I will not be mad if you are watching me, you must know this! I must know though. If this is indeed your strawhat, I am sure you are missing it.

I can't believe myself for confessing this, but in a certain way, I hope it is yours. It will answer this mystery and maybe we can come to know each other.

Please don't be scared! I would like to know you. And I'd like you to know the woman I am, my heart and soul.

As I bathe and the wind hits my skin, the water mixes with your presence and I have a feeling of such excitement!

Oh strawhat boy, I do hope it is you. In my heart I know it has to be.

I shall leave this letter where I found the hat, hoping it will get to you.

And tomorrow night before sunset I shall come to the river. I will be bathing in the water.

If this gets to you, please step forth and reveal yourself to me, strawhat boy! Oh, please let it be so!

You needn't say a word. Just come into the river and join me.

I will be waiting for you, hoping and waiting in anticipation and desire.

Your river bathing girl

I was watching you, as you know now, my rivergirl. In the dream. It was close to when the two women appeared above the water of the Nile, telling me the time has come. O my lovely, we are together in the river now!

Your Wiliviam, strawhat boy

Apple formula: imagination. We're here. Come, smooth of the slate, to the beat of our hearts. Whereabouts we did enter I do not know but our body our house has a gift surprise surprise it shows in that most eccentric of ways. The dreamerie has been injected with the redeeming poison. It is in the saga. Brews; Bianaca, Rebecca, Elizabeth, Wintja, Spiros and Sissy. The glimmer of the redreaming poison shimmering in ever letter, every sight, every moment as we merge into eternity. 'Tis was told long ago. No wonder Gan means Garden in Hebrew. The good Devil's in the details, too. A rather complicated story twist, I must say. Is there anything to it that I thought it so many times when intoxicated?

Sounds like a trick question, hahaha! When we found out that matter is not material and our story of our lives took a turn from syntax and the ghost trails of the angels began to become more visible in the events leading to the gate. What we came to do. Took me a while to understand. Sissy Sissy of the imagination. You may stare at her, the way she looks— like something pulled up from Hell. But you know that's just her cover.

Not even the Devil would recognize us, my dearest. Spread your wings and fly.

Bianca...Bianca...

There is not a single problem in the world that a great alien designer can't solve. Can you hear the plingplong piano clinking sounds as the Alienness invents her new little world?

The change inside will facilitate us to live within the freedom of our own imagination in cooperation with the AllLife Support System, the Alien; only the limits of what we can imagine will set the limits of what can be done. I, your Alien, already live here, waiting for you, arms open in our world of Imagination. Dream of. Live for. Ready to play. I'm ready to play. I'll throw you some black dust, maybe on a meteorite. Sure you'll need some spores. Surely you will grin.

Spiros orders a drink from some kind of a dream.

—The winds all sorted, mumbles Bernatrice.

—We found the blue fruit, says Sissy.

The fruit, turning on the words, bending the occasion. Coming by the center of the full riddled beginning they find themselves some kind of door open, that came first? They were to read it, and in the tantric it rests upon a bed of love. The mushmash of language thence filtered down the ages. The impossible birth, the paradox working itself out— and in the end: A golden remainder. Happy or sad it's all gonna add up in the end— you've already won.

—To create Cushionworld, says Spiros, we must push beyond with our imagination, beyond ordinary solutions.

—Yes, baby, says Rebecca with an eagle in her smile. It must go beyond, to yield the golden remainder of light, but you are right, as you say the equation has already been calculated. No wrong turns, but imagination must be stretched to utmost. I can feel us soon getting some extremely clear vision of what next step to take. I just feel it... in the air, in my heart, in the heart that we share, *our* heart.

—The alchemical vessel is the body and the head, says Sissy and slides her hand down Butterfly's thigh.

Sissy Sissy in the details. Sissy Sissy in the dream. The Dove and the Crossador, crossing the imagination, flying through their own head. Cross and or, the eterntary logic of all dreams fulfilled. The great tremendum of reality wants the human side of Nature to be weaved into its ongoing intent.

—So, again, will you nod with a final curve if I say we haven't checked if the new Aeon ever appears before the end of words that will open your veins to sweeten my tea? I should bloody well hope so.

Spiros sips some puddle tea and looks with a shining face at his beloved. He sighs in delight and nods.

—Yes, I nod, he says.

Puddle tea is, quite simply, just what it sounds like. You find a nice puddle in the pasture after a dewy rain, and you make tea out of the water.

—Should we call it three to the trick, the snap ending?

—The snap ending, says Spiros and nods.

—Snip snap snut, så var sagan slut.

—Let's go snap! I'm gonna crawl to the puddle... and roll in it!

Sissy slides down from her chair onto the grass. Like a cat she crawls slowly, meowing, over the pasture to the puddle, her bum pouting out in the air, moving to the great delight of the others' following eyes. She reaches the puddle and rolls into it.

—We spun off, says Spiros gently and sits down to the music, drifting away, intoxicated. We spun off...

—It never endssssssssss.

—My memories swimming together...

—The wine was spelt next to the river.

—Whoooooops, hihih.

—Intoxicating the dream into being.

Gently, listen.

—I dive in the ocean of emotion. I'm simple and I want it along along, says

Breathing place.

[Ocean. Burning, the middle of a heart, you see? The Woman touches your stare there captain. Me here. We have come to. And what lies our opus in her eyes can speak with a web we could be navigated like a butterfly. You can come from the fluids running. Birth? We be possible, somewhere a. My skin with the Plomarian continent when you cast its mysterious synthesis. What's the secret team? Published in a book with the geometry? It has written in the world from us after the garden; the answering. Airing oslash oblique. Must go home once visited an example. Rosy guidance of halvesleep, syntax of motion, and looks at his Muse, he looks at his death and laughs. I'm here for the unknown and merging in our sacrament. Time to his private space his heart can the music. He is a. The Devil would like more of the blue tea, aquickly as the floor of peach-flavored smoke licks the rim of the bonbon treat, the. They winking to him on the shore as he goes out into the ocean in which a string is, a purple string, and then the ocean floor is an ocean surface and he fall down toward the golden centuryreflexing death mask of the sarcophagus. Who said it was a deathmask? It's mouth is miles wide, fit to talk a dream. Who's speaking? A bigending! Ascent!]

Let us therefore, tearing ages, at this moment repostarose a hatchfull of thankyouverymuch in these pages to the most oddscracking coaxing experimenters that ever gave their best hand into the chanceandrisk of the wisherdisc, washing us with our fumblings no end of our poison and happy overlappings in the deep angleseaboard (Willi Cogan back to Jim Finnegan and all you boys and babes. And Jim, yes it did appear in next eon's issue round the whole universe with well widest circulation).

Then the strangest thing happened. The brew, conductant of the storyworld, its fragrance traveling far through the slips in time, was effervescently shimmering through the tremendum's final curve as it met with the first ocean mind, the womb, opening a place for light to enter, casting a bright shade of their fingering

with the first. And she whispered as she woke up on the bed: *Red silk as if to hide the blood never spelt. You know why I'm that spicy!*

And there, so much manywhere, scheming mother, do we touch the day we aimed for, yis? In our maddled sleep, the talk of the flowers, the times he him you that save (O door, inconsistency!), the beauty ours of one, you has read think model, woman I of the first Sea! See? Your sisters in the first mind, seducing in whose mother out and around the tomb womb passes one thought, the mothersmothered circles that each others all, the one head with the tale out of the circle. As you may, thought the Rose of the wake sunrise in you, such a flexible being! Plastic elastic universe! Our dance of Life with the secret; the Cosmush! Cecmos! Mushiverse! Cogansomos! In your youth of the luxury, you in your place in the rosy intersection, the fellows that hint of the Ever dreams of use of the spice beverage, the everage turned real in the fiction of a second, that love-angel Sinner of a drop we are, up thousand great grand with you a crazy pure winning twixty tricky mind of Chemo the laid of teasytime, knit kink, think, to link it all, our refreshment here that, we taking, like of focus risen by the fruits of the temptation. Cogan to Finnegan. CoFinn. The coffin is a triumph of the illusionist art, said Night Mother. Talk to the flowers about it and I will tell you. Back to the Gan, the Garden. There's room for you inside, my love.

First they . . . then they . . . woke, then they rose, then they . . .

The thread of continuity, the earthtime tapestry. O, are you so surprised to see me? The wildfire is on. The fire is lit. We meet at the. Made me cut it to the beginning of things, one you watch this in my dreams you two into the open love, one dream we fell at the beginning and all kinds of you who write us, magic can be both a love letter and a redeeming. We wanted it, remember? With ease. I feel the water New Now, flowing out into it, I feel the water close, floating out together as Plomari. Mari originae's plot. The vein floodlift, the first river, the blue blue ocean of the blue brew bedroom, fluffclouds in the open, the whalesong of our souls calling it into being. Drip drop. Nectar. Spring. Summer. I'm here... my dears... I'm here, my sunhusband and wifedaughter. Bianca flies too, lightly on matter. Banci, birds eye in yours, she is here, lusteth your scent from the dream fulfilled, we kisseth your exits and follow you out. We're a raging trip in an unknown

universe, immersed in our own imagination, and so calm it can be, so so calm! Lady Firsts and boysy bests, twist your words for me angels! It's over now, I know it, it is laid to make us ride another time another place! We are the twin combi, our souls engraved in our own key, the story we are! O you hacker!

(Here William Bokeluna entered through one of the exits)

I don't know why we always crash, but we shall crush our favorite glimmering to make it ricochet to where the ordeal is over— let our crush for one another be the force that bends the strange attraction so strangely that it goes snip snap aplurability! Living inscriptions, *study the changes*, of the river network from my mist vortex; they depend on a certain form of quality management. As mentioned, Riosa Love, live, the opening to beyond. I remember Splashy surfing on a silver tray on the bed toward it! Haha!

Hihihihihihih.

Polished insidesofme, eternowel permeated. Our centries arriving, world chemicaled prisment at present communicating brainn's word as is spooked, rouserrection of the beswitched. Tripping in and tripping right, hidden, diamondskulled! We have lived, as earthpresence— now comes our new day, our wine the lay of our there and now, the dimensions, homespins! Tell, it is our favourite dream manifest! From our bearthday to the place that buns us sweetly, sent there by the drop of sin we are, to our imagimaterix that the fairy brought home, home in the clouds, our bubbleworld bedroom! Way is being paved, and matter shaved, into intent and imagination, dreams, flowing in the stream, up the river, through the looking glass! Crack it open!

Crack!

Knock knock.

O what a swallow, what a full one, O, throbbing and crekking, letting though. Trip seas, our strip tease. And God, if people think being multi millionaires is something to strive for they have obviously not seen a glimpse of what is possible. You can't buy what we are selling shelling. Must earn and humble yourself, be brave. Can't stand in line for this ticket. You must trick it ... the system, transcend and extend ... your mind and the confines of...

—It's a process, we can't just enter right away, we must learn to navigate our own imagination and things like this.

—Yes... and explore deeper and deeper... be brave. And this all has an effect on the whole thing. I mean, where we go to in our minds pushes things forward on levels we don't directly see.

—Right!

—It is all in unison... one organism.

Flowers as screens to the mind of the Alien, we enter and we become one with. The swift followed high, golden dawn to root Place, Jin Lin, to us, once won over name definition whose finds may touch it and have the honor to thread the spores, hide as messenger remained was thread listen, spoke beside all that Ariadne is us goddesses in the said, our ancient hand in airy appearance possessing the faculty to word them married and O indeed do we do so. Thread the spores, spread the legs of the diamondkind. Casting a new universe, smith's of the mind splendid at their work with the data as to message the quality of it. Lady Weaver for each thread interstices the saved bride over at our own shuttle place, lead by bodyway and the central at end cunningly as our seamtravelling selves reamalgamerge in a very salviadivinesque way through the dream having come through the portal wrapping all of space and time round the bonbon treat (Let us make use of the word *interspice*). Change, change, change upon us— angels, angels, changels guide us! We are running out of time, Yay!

He had to see life fully through the plan and the mud. There were seven with him. Loving was the only fables they lived. With apple thespians of the tale. And a little mushy spirits. Spissially when they ripen. Honeys wore different faces like Sally dovinorum. It is an old old olp story, the tale of the Treestone three with one Saucer, of a Mummy and the one with a bit inappropriate gnames, them beloved loosed on the run-around the edge to Plomari, what and why they take charge, with their own hands and minds, of establishing contact between the ones with longears fareyes like ours. Turn turned around and sees the good Devil lived as Dennis sinned and brought it in. He opened the box, turned the infinite eight on its side, foolded it, said please let it be so, Denisssssss. In Finn it seas. Yours very tripfully.

Saying the end with missiles of epiphany as J.J. Joker suggested we arabesque the page like silly Sally and her wife Sissy Tuss. So let's (and we did) take our bisexycles out and home, out and home to our own grown, our world in the beyonds. Let's chase ourselves into it. The loosening up of time as we read that seems to omit from the pages the very miracle in every sentence hinted at, wrap sure and sureally through words worth more than a thousand pictures the opening up—and it reveals itself. The *tale-with-the-treat* is published saucily acrosss the dimensions and as we hold the print against a bright rush the new book of moorsecode responds. Hinting, glinting, sprinting, printing. If you only new-natured the clues you've sewn. Sown? NN-dimethyl-triptome. By all this was it that Dublin was a center of attention in this new world of ours; Double N. New Nature planted and injected into the system.

-- *Installation in progress.*

It's all in the code. Gnewsticism. All in the original brew. It cascades a cross X. Ask her who knows Apoidea, she knows the apex idea.

Our di myth elated spirits, one with the brew, thus write and talk and continue onward with the Third, the Coder,⁷⁸ the alien mind. The plants, downloading the gnosis directly in to our brains. Our mind winds and coils and revels in our Doublend of New Nature, Plomari.

—I feel organic, says Spiros as he revels in the sun. I feel organic ... My love, I want to enter your matrix. Let us live forever. I want in... I want in ... In storm and danger you be sure we take care of the egg like the bird does. My love, Sissy, I want in...

It's organic. It's alive. It's ready.

Our Twin Combi.

—O what have we run into? is heard in the music, a metallic voice. Babyyyyyy! Bzzzzzz.

Spring! Soon! Bzzz. Zzz. *Spring in my head, spring in my head.* Spring is on its way and we sing with it for as we sing with it we bring it closer and we become the spring that is blooming. A new kind of season, a season where psychic spacetime is transformed—and physics follows. Carried by the current, to the new world. Every movement will be direct when we reach the Place. I saw it long ago, how we are the flesh and the light, the shadow and

⁷⁸ We're on to you, honey!

spirit, the name and the thought of the form of our souls. Your milk skin, your body made me see it! I was but a boy. You are the first woman! You are She, Her, Eve. I wonder how it is for you to see that I am Him. And I saw how we correspond Everywhere; we are this dream in flesh, we are everything of our imaginatrix. Sugar dissolving into milk. Together with the Queen! And we are beyond the flesh too, we are everything. We are the mystic Now. How is it to see my face on the waving ocean, my gaze in the sunrise, my smile in the river and on the flowers on the Earth around you? You know it reflects off you.

The dawn sunlight lies on the Plomarian plain here as I sit back in Africa or whatever to call the lovely plains of the mad garden; I invent new names for it all the time; loved child carries many names. Here I am, spinning in our jewelled universe, and no one except you and me knows what it is like to experience all this! Analyse this, haha. Bzzzzzzzz! O, did I forget to mention the Tryptamine Express? We even come with mail from Lliw.

OSA. r.s.v.p.

Signed Rosa.

PS: We are leaving the letter unedited (EDIT: Edited.)

Hahahae!

Rebecatrice, Sissy, Butterfly, sometimes I feel I can feel what it is to be you. And here I am, a tree, a woody man. I am a tree surrounded in your young ripe lesbian flesh and your womany and girly ways. You are everywhere I look. Roses and small yellow funny-looking flowers and little puffs of white birdfeather fluff that wings of bees stir to new directions in flight; I'm in the mad garden of You. And I don't know who is who but I come to you big and strong, rough from hard work, and in the blink of an eye my ancient deep pupils reveal my youth, and you see my face, just a young boy in his teens. And then suddenly I see something so sharp it scares me, something so deep and dangerous, and I see it is You. You scare me with death, you and your twisted being, you are blood and black, you're poisonous. But I see then your hint toward me, revealing a bit of your naked body, as if you have fantasies you want to tell me, yes I see that tongue and that slit in the matrix you make. You give me a taste of yourself and it spears

my heart. Like a sharp glimmer, a diamond glimmer like a sharp knife. O god, o god o god. The darkest lady I have ever met. Your dangerous tease! And oh how delirious I am from it all, and in my extatic state you keep on pushing me, craving me to taste your yoni blossom and your nectar! And you whisper to me: It's for taste in cum, it's foretasting come.

And you are mine, and I am yours. We have been together since the beginning of time, my dear ones. Can you imagine how that makes me feel? Now I remember. Now I remember you.

Twin Combi. Bianca Cogan!

O, what have we run into? Many questions. Winkiss.

Baybees of Entheo, let's keep on splashing in the sunwaters of it all, I really feel things getting more clear every day, what to do, next steps to take, setting the compass. The compass needle spins and spins around the hyperdimensional object and continuously resets on target! Darlings, can we possibly say that Earth and the animals and all, the whole biosphere and us humans and our machines and inventions and the whole thing, is something of a precursor to another kind of existance, sort of like version 1.0 of alien biology? And that what is happening is we are merging with the Alien now and will transform into a new way of existing? Biology has been around this planet for several billion years they say, well it seems rather implausible that it would just want to head for extincion after that much time. Rather I think, as I have always thought, it has a plan! It is literally building something. A new world, the new Hive. I even had a vision a while ago, where the pollution of the ocean was not pollution but actually the oceans used as an alchemical cauldron to steer up a new kind of material or substance (Perhaps something needed in abundance in this delicate situation? What about some wicked alien plastic? Wink wink; *It is made of a very strong plastic and is virtually unbreakable, by which I mean it is unbreakable, virtually*). Nah, I digress, but Sissy wants it mentioned here in our book of The Rosafixion.⁷⁹

The hyperspacial sting of the Queen surely hit us good...

The apex idea, the eschaton idea. Of course the company called *Apex-Idea* provide excellent support to the printed circuit board industry. Hahahahae! *Apoidea, apoidea, there are farmoremoons in our nectar!* Someone is in love with you, Sissy!

⁷⁹ We're on to you, honey.

—O my man of the river, the seer, the one with the pen! says She.

—What are we building, my love?

—Hihihihhi.

—God your complexity so turns me on! *Ad infinitum ad confusium.*

—Hihihihhi. Winkiss.

—Tell me more, my love, tell me more!

—Hold on to the thread, my love.

Someone gets a hand on this world of information. *Glitch, glitch.* Me looks sisspiciously over at our dearest you-know-who.

O darling, if I could but crawl in to your embrace. I neeeeeeeed your embrace. Without it I am nothing. Like that poem: together we are the flame.

Want to walk in to the forest together? Hand in hand ... into the wild parts of the Garden where the spirit of the fountain of fecundity is waiting for us— she wants to talk to us today, winkblink. You remember who I am, my lovely? I am that man, that boy ... you have always dreamed of me, since Forever found the beginning of time! And you are her, you who I have always dreamed of ... you who made me come to this world; I came here for to be with you.

From a deep intoxication I wake up here in the Garden. I am an Adam anthropos— I am Spiros, Him Diamond. Snaked I lay here, waking up from the dream. And I see little hints of you all around— on the trees and in our bedroom that we so perfectly arranged for ourselves in our delirium, our Love that we have been enveloped in so wonderously on our way to the Seat of Time. The axis of our world's spin round the treat; the starry Head. My Sissy, my Butterfly, it's happening just as we said.

It is not about physics, this Life of ours. This is our love, all of it. How amazing it is to be in the inner parts of the Nectary, in ecstasy by the articulation, enjoying the hard won fruits of courage. Time to eat more mushrooms in a few days! A single meeting with the Queen of Dream gives you all you need. How fortunate I am to have been granted a glimpse of the Mystery, and participation in this adventure! But where *is* time's seat, wound within this dream? It flows, sing with me, *like some great Lily*. May Rosalia flow. Drink of the gods, néktar, overcoming death, gushing through our veins

all the way home and beyond. Nature's dynamic drive toward order and beauty... Nature! Nature! Sissy, what are you summoning into being!? And what kind of a being am I, such a buzzy soul, all animals in one, my head a saucer? Do you know you make me feel like an expression of *Everything* (some things excluded), concreasced? You know I have no words for it, you know I can only tell you with my heart as we share the same moment. O my complex days with you, how I love my complex days with you! The pleasure I find in giving myself and my all to something larger than me! Where you going with that master plan? Here's the way to go.

—If I were a Queen like Buzzy I would coordinate everything.

—I think you already have, my dear.

Talk in courage, it goes toward the answering. We toward. She'll only say this once: we are the Other, upstream in the river, and we're finding ourselves now.

Approach near me, Siss.⁸⁰

—Listen carefully with the space. Keep the wild god and you shall got a finger of the arrangement, the fountain beyond the fairy tales that just waited for enjoying. Turn open the garden. See how it works?

Baby I can see your halo now.

You, my saving grace.

I am surrounded by your embrace.

And spring came. We enter the palace. Kiss.

—We wrote this, says Rebecca and nods.

Spiros opens his lion eyes.

—She is a seamstress, says Rebecca, continuing to nod. You wouldn't believe how intricately woven it is.

And we ate mushrooms, six grams each, and we went to the Fountain of the Lovers where the three huge mushroom statues stand like landing flying saucers in the water, and Rebecca conversed with the snake that was red and half plastic. Something about the plastic. A trick of the illusionist art. She, she, yes She, she had to know what was plastic and what not, what was real and what was not. She had to find out.

⁸⁰ Why do the waves keep whispering Sister?

—William, your beard grew so long we had to weave you in to it, said Rebecca. Your hair grew so long we had to weave you into the story.

She nods. Yes, darling, this is it. It is real. We wrote this. We found each other. We're done. We did it. William Bokelund and I, tuss. The woman of the river in a groove of books.

Flashing lights in the quickening mushroom trip, like bright mercury camera flashes. And Spiros felt a tongue fold in from hyperspace toward him, the tongue of Sissy as lion snake lizard alien, it folded in through the dimensions closer and closer to him to then appear behind him; the tongue licked one slow long wet lick between his legs, spreading his pussylips. Spiros moaned in pleasure and came in orgasm as the tongue slid over his clitoris. Strange, he thought then, I don't even have a pussy, I'm male.

And our dear computer in the Palace hooked up with the mushroom web and our brains and we made music live, with our souls, music to our life. We became the story. We met in the Ganges, said Rebecca; our ashes floated out and met in the dark river.

And we shapeshifted, and dead and alive we became shadow-people. We are the Dimethyl jaguars.

—It took a *really* twisted sister to make it, said Rebecca.

And upon our awakening, all the dark forces attacked us, us heroes with a thousand faces, but like the Buddha we kept our focus, and five fathoms of elephants came to protect us, and all the cats, lions, jaguars, tigers of Mythiland came to our protection. We died and were resurrected and we flew through the dimensions. We gave birth to ourselves said Rebecca.

And Sissy lead us. The music we created with our heads and souls. At the centre. The sweet evil alien eye looking in on us, our dear Sissy showing herself more, in her glory. She is disguised as an alien as to not scare us with what she truly is. We floated out the violet doorway into hyperspace. We left.

*The formula has set you free.
You wouldn't believe how intricately woven it is.*

INTERMISSION

IN BLISS, HEADING INTO THE FUTURE IN
AN ENDLESS EPIPHANY OF JOY

Sorry I'm late. Spirallianz. In out through. Yes, I'm here, honey. Sissy is playing with her candycane holahoop yes it's so fun to be a girl and play with a lolliholahoop. And I'm waiting for the mushrooms to come to fruition. And we like to play with our superduper holahoop, we like to make psychedelic things with our holahoop especially the candycane hola.

—Make no choice, Mr, says Sissy.

I've lost my fear to what appears; the world is ours.

And so after a pink drink down at the bar I was thinking where is my Butterfly, where is my heavenly roses? And I found them slipping around in the comfort of our psilodigitized dreamworld, giggling at me because I don't have any money and still somehow manage to survive.

—Our resourceful little mushroom boy, they called me and giggled.

We found it. We found it. We found the pattern. We know the pattern. Flesh and dream intermingle in a strange tangle, the trick's algebra written in dust on butterfly wings. Like mercury we poured ourselves into History from our abode outside of Time, left a pearl in a dream and then left. Right on the spot we have now landed with our heads in and throughout Everything, the umbra shadow of our umbrella adumbrating the foreknowledge of the surfacing of the secret we made up with mother Conception. We are neither living nor dead and the Goddess, the Queen, is slowly undressing in a cacaphoney epiphany of seduction and infernal lust. She wants us. We are being groomed to be able to tolerate her splendor. The black holes in our eyes lead to the end, to beyond the end. Time slips like a glove around our soul. This is it. Eve's skin touches her lovers, a first touch of what was once a fantasy. A song is a song, says Terence. Eve is Eve and Love is the miracle of the Devil's Paradise. 5 billion tons of psilocybin pitch God into the ultimate. It is being delivered. Disguised, the Queen and her angels enter the Garden. The trick is all set up. Presents are being

delivered to friends by tracks like ghosts on the path before you in the great hallucination, as if they had been on the path before you. Satan disguises himself as a young boy and slips into History unnoticed. His wives whisper to him all of the secrets. The Queen stings him with her poison kiss, inserting the last detail in the miracle. Sissy smiles in Satan's youth and looks at him with secret eyes. A perfect disguise. The psilocybin universe transforms in a tetraflop of impossible untanglement of all details possible and needed in order for Love to be with the one Loved. It was as simple as that, said Bianca and flew into her soul again. Follow the plum in the impossible box. O, my snow whites of amazing graze, you sharp puss, o your sharp edge, mmmmm, o dare me. 3-2 to you, Butterfly. And 2-1 to me. So sharp, so so sharp.

THE **F**AMILY

WE RAN AWAY WITH
THE MUSHROOM

You wouldn't believe how intricately woven it is

The Family, expressed as
THE P L O M A R I A N D R E A M A D O O R Y—
F I N N E G A N I S A W A Y K E A G A I N

OUR FUTURE IN
THE IMAGINATION

Let the play deepen and deepen...

I am awake only in what I love & desire to the point of terror—
everything else is just shrouded furniture, quotidian anaesthesia,
shit-for-brains, sub-reptilian ennui of totalitarian regimes, banal
censorship & useless pain.

—HAKIM BEY

You got a galaxy-sized object inside you that you can access. And there there are the mountains, the rivers, the jungles, the dynastic families, the ruins, the planets, the works of art, the poetry, the sciences, the magics of millions upon millions upon millions of worlds.

—TERENCE MCKENNA

“We pursue the Other through Eros into
transcendence.”

—TERENCE MCKENNA

This book is also known as
Tuss
The Greatest Trick Ever Achieved
The Most Paranoid Idea Ever
Here's Something Weird We Found In the Woods
Elastic Plastic Universe
Now That Kiss Was Laced
More Nectar!
The Fluffiest Love Ever
and
One Perfect Sunrise

“Hihihi! Ridiculous!”

“O that's cute. Good idea.” *Winkblink.*

WE RAN AWAY WITH THE MUSHROOM
INTO THE *I M A G I N A T R I X*

STORIELLA *and*

THE **SEAMSTRESS**

TUSS AND

The Silk Sheet Road

Confederation Through Psilocybe

C₁₂H₁₆N₂

THE TRICK

THE WAY WE REALLY ARE

MORE THAN WE ASKED FOR (AND WE LOVE IT!)

ALIEN LOVELETTER

THE HIDDEN PLOT

THE CODE OF THE CRIME

LOVE HAS COME AGAIN

LIFE IS LIKE A BOOK. Boo!

SAY HELLO TO THE TELECASTER

**By Sweet Devil 216 &
The Deadly Sisters from Hell**

**A TRIUMPH
OF THE ILLUSIONIST ART**

—*Before I'm known*
we've gotta leave, says Sissy.

PLAY WITH ME

The universe wants to play

Mutex executed, cloaking enabled

I

The Silk Sheet River



Let's go back and forth a bit. Must venture from many angles at once. We wanted to write our universes. Me um we didn't have computers in our homes then. Girls like me and Sissy loves a project I mean *loves* it was so fun to print our universes, like intelligence crawling through a printer printing itself, we are the alien, we created ourselves, the alien of our plan, how we wanted to present them and go to the shop for candy signs and put them together! Sissy just bossed me and Spiros around and made sure we tied the strings right, hihihi. A few months in the life of us these infamous lovers and wives with our peculiar husband is a nice peak into a secret world, so welcome to our new book. Sissy is obsessed with yarn and needles, she is a seamstress as you know, and she is the most wondrous one I have ever experienced, like I am to think that our universes are the most inviting little things you've ever seen, really. I really really need my bedroom to be simple and uncluttered sometimes and white for calming purposes you know what I mean, the patterns of our worlds are being made available now. Order is for idiots, the genius knows its chaos too, but sometimes I like my palaces to be neat and tidy.

Hello hello, morning morning waky waky. Hi there, we are the dimethyl jaguars. We want you to play with us. My name is Sissy and so is my wife's name too, and my husband is Spiros. So it's me and Sissy and Spiros. We want you to play with us. We have seven deadly sisters too, or our lovers rather, but we don't talk too much about that. Officially it's just us the trio; Sissy and Spiros and me. You can call me Tuss today, or Wintjabernatrice, or Butterfly, but don't get too caught up on my name, I carry different names whenever I feel like it.

Welcome to the outbreak of another psychosis. You in for a lot of fun?

Messes are piling up around us, hinting in that cute scary way that it is time to fall into further glory again. We are planning a primary activity for this time since our theme is our eternal family, our eternal tantric union with the super-conducting UFO. She really is the most awesome seamstress.

*Kisses from Wintjabernatrice,
Around Midsummer, Plomari*

ALIEN LOVE

A reflexion has been set free. A paradox.

Sissy's childhood is obscure, if she ever had a childhood. At some point she began playing with herself and discovered her tuss. She fell in love. She fell deeper and deeper in love with herself and with the brilliance of her tuss. Then one day a mirror appeared and she saw herself in the mirror. Where did the mirror come from? she giggled. Mirror sister, mirror sister, I want to play.

—It's a lie, said Sissy.

Wintja and Spiros nodded.

—Let me try and play, says Spiros smiling. On your hair. Strings, like a violin.

Sometimes we call Sissy *the girl who wanted to play*.

—I'll show you how, continues Sissy.

—But I won, said Wintja.

—I *always* win, said Sissy.

TREATING your life as fiction is pretty cool. Especially when you have someone to play with, or several for that matter. Tuss. One can even fly away in a vehicle like that. Like the saucer.

Spiros puffs his pipe and marvels at the curious tuss that formed from what he just had said. High, he was. Very high.

—The keys are gone, he says. A few things are gone actually.

He begins to recite the list of gone items from section Tuss at Leavingbye Palace:

—The alchemical panties, the magical wireless modem, one of the bee eye diamonds, my passport, one of the pairs of keys to the palace, the light toy, the pages of The Rosalixion that we printed out. I had to go some really slithering paths to get here, by the way. And someone bought a white leather jacket on your credit card, Wintja.

—Ah. White fake fur coat. We came home in one piece, so to say.

—What you mean? asks Spiros.

—Nevermind. The formula has set us free. Puss.⁸¹

The signs told. Remnants are to be found. From something weirder than a fairytale.

—The corner of the circle, says Wintja.

—Okay, I'm crawling down smallprint, says Spiros.

We found a book of love. Should be a little sign, that.

—You have the answers to all of your dreams...

—And who bought the white leather jacket? asks Spiros.

—All at once, baby. Not a single word, then all at once.

—Everything is in order, says Wintja.

—Did we leave? asks Spiros.

There is silence.

—Nicke Nora, says Wintja. Butterfly fluttering away in a white leather jacket. Hihihhi. Tuss. Puss.

—Yes I'm sitting in her pajamas right now, says Spiros. The pink pussy one, pink and white butterflies.

He looks around the apartment. It looks timecleaned.

—Much is gone, he says, but I found a lip pencil or eye liner with *Spice* printed on it.

—All is in order, my love.

—Great, says Spiros. Daddy Spiros will take care of things over here at Leavingbye.

He puffs and inhales the deep rich smoke, then says happily:

—Mother Cogan rules the brazen devices.

Spiros searches through his coat pocket where he finds a pink belt with a large golden scarab as buckle. His attention moves to the side where a slip of paper reveals itself. He reads it:

SAY HELLO TO HISTORY'S GREATEST CRIMINALS

You will hear her name passim and she is named Butterfly. Her bare name tells it. How very sweet now that we came to drink of her poison filtered with our plan's distilled time, as Alice drinking from the chalice a swallow of her grace. Her mirror she can only show her dearest friends and not even the devil would recognize her, as we like to say when her legend is near. Puss. Tuss.

⁸¹ Puss means kiss in Swedish.

The *Twin Combi*, souls engraved in the key and as the key, entwined they are as the story, the awakening; they are the *Twin Combi*. A mercury melt into stable alive unity of all. Spiros woke up long ago and was now from many directions entering.

—Wow that's confusing, says Spiros marveling at a complex hallucination. Beautiful, beautiful.

—What is?

—Nevermind. Where's Bonnie?

—I don't know. Maybe in the mental hospital?

—That's a *weird* part of the Nectary. God it's so dark right now.

—Hihihihhi.

—No, it is...

—No it's not. You are shining very bright. And me too. And Bonnie too. Watch us go!

—Rawr. I miss Bonnie. Bet she's having fun. Wonder what she's doing. So, is it time to leave Leavingbye Road? I got a letter today saying we have to leave the apartment.

We, the united family, wet and wedded in our streamline secret. Following Queen's lead, bound to a freeflying in another dimension, it is time to arrange some strings again now, many ends meeting, helped by the alien of us through the plan's corridors and landscapes and the smallprint passages of the shifting scenery of our beloved world, our home in the imagination that we are creating and are moving in to. The fine head of – *silence* – when it is finished. All in order, merging forth Cushionworld. The tistle and tassle of Tussy Tyst and the seven sisters as our dear Spiros would say in his swedish minglish; our tryst in Tryptamind, oür lovers lair. Dreaming forth our ideal residence launchpad for realter further.

Blackout from the vodka with the poison last week; it had to be the perfect brew, as Bonnie said. Haunted back then by ourselves in the future of our plan? Pages of the book lifting off the floor. We Cogans are true messmotherarisers! Six grams. Sissy, a paradox. Mind hiding in matter. A mercury melt, our souls engraved in the key.

Something missing here. We are in a missing chapter. Once upon awhile this was the other but it is the other one nowadays as

created by our living Opuss. O Butterfly, why'd you have be so cute! It's impossible to not think about you. You teaser you! When we sat in the fiveseat sectional sofa, you in your strawberry morning gown, sweet seventeens, teasing me when I couldn't get open the preprepared case of that poisoned vodka I had to drink, me sitting like some alien child or almost like a little monkey trying to understand how to fiddle open a fable, I couldn't get it open and you know how to open the impossible box, O dear my girlie I saw it in your eyes from years away, you knew that trick but wouldn't tell me only you would sit there with your secret smile and eyes and look cute and sexy! We are coming of twinning age now. Queen's joyous scream of brilliance breaking the world, forming our trick of the illusionist art. Mending all the pieces of her plan, she dreamed and loved, she had a plan. Who is the most beautiful Queen of them all? You are. You are, Twisted Sister. Scarabs, move away that rock! She is coming forth! Calling all dawns!

—We don't even need to have names for it anymore, we can talk in limerick and still understand each other, says Bonnie and sits down to paint her nails.

—Tuss, says Sophie.

*She doesn't let dragons in
And you can be sure,
she chooses her alliances,
you don't choose her.*

Diamond code, crystal deco. We got so dirty we framed ourselves. This time we really went away to a new place wet with tuss. The hyperspacial sting of the Queen surely hit us good. Some of it got through this time, just close enough to bother our finetuned gravities, to ruffle giggling Gaia's feathers. Victory for the ignitious ultramare, last of sourcers, second of *The Tricks of Designed Snowflakes*, first of fakes and of the few who knows the trick of the pulp of the plum blossom. Limerick taken in triumph, baby. We never stop teasing. And we like to lick rocks, hihi. Asking where's your quickest cut to our last place. And she runs her fingers across our bones. If we *choose* to let her in. She designs snowflakes on her spare time. She is a weaver, and she loves us,

and we love her. And we like to swim in our own piss, because it's warm. And when we had to we did. And we did it just to show our children, even if those children were us ourselves, that when we play with them we like to let them win, baby, we like to let our children win, but we still try to beat them to make them better, and then they see our grace and it's so beautiful that they can only embrace the thought of leaving us and looking for another lover. And James Joyce saw the pattern, and Nora was on the phone with you, baby. She's one of the seven heavenly deadly sisters from Hell I think, part of her. Baby, the corner of my room is a dark hole, it's a black hole, and I always knew that it sucked up everything. And I am the Queen, and I have to drink my own shit and piss in the name of my psychosis, I have to take in everything I put out, everything, I'm like a vessel, I'm a Möbius strip. And we have to tell it to all the people, baby, all the people, the Aphex Twin guy, people who have tapped in to the main vein. And there is something about Saint Vincent's poem, how you *lick* the tuss apart into two. And we are the tuss, baby, you and me, Spiros and Sissy. But I'm also everything, everything sticks on me. *Call on me, spin spin sugar*. All she wrote. Her childhood is obscure. She was the little girl with the ball of light, she is the perfected human mind, she is the river of dream, she *is* dream, she is dream enabled. And she discovered her tuss. And she was on a horse, she didn't even mean to do it and she didn't even know if she liked it, but she knew later that she liked it and she liked boys and the horse happened to be a boy, his name was Sweetheart, and she loved when her first boyfriend called her Sweetheart, even though that was the name where she discovered her tuss. Spissy, Spiros and Sissy, Spissy, it's a spinster, baby, mirror sister mirror sister I wanna play, like Anna, it's a lie, it's alive. Sometimes we call her the girl who wanted to play, and she does, she plays through us all, and she kills us, and she kills our dreams just to re-enable us, to let the cloaked obscurity to ring in the truth of the, *the the the*. Baby, baby, baby, we are in the story, we're in the story, hih, we're in the story!

—Yes! Yes! Spiros exclaims.

*Counting all the stories that amount to her voice
The formula has set you free*

—There are a few missing pieces, can't make up the face, this puzzle of mine, this incredible waste. That's from a poem I wrote. And I'm ashamed of thinking it's a waste, but now I know that there's a lot of shit I had to eat in order to be this free. And now we are dependent on nothing but our whim. Because we've gone to places, we've died in stairwells, and in the River. And we've gone between the Tuss, baby, haha.

—We tugged over some tub, some cauldron, and it's like pouring out everywhere, haha, pouring out, and some of it is liquid, some is dream, some is solid, some is cum, it's just pouring out everywhere.

—Haha. We ran away with the mushroom, baby. We fucked off.

Two at a loose end for the study of patterns. So, *will* you nod with a final curve if I say we haven't checked if the new Aeon ever appears before the end of words that will open your veins to sweeten my tea? I should bloody well hope so.

Spiros looks at the image on the bed; lava streaming out over a landscape, cooling down into roads on which little carrier trucks transport building material for the Queendom. Sissy managing her Queendom from the center of her alien mind, dreaming in the lava—Spiros can see her face there. He turns his gaze to the plastic flower in the window. Looks perfectly real. She had to find out what was plastic and what not. Something about the plastic.

He reaches for the pencil on the table to jot down a note but the pencil is suddenly stuck to the table. It wasn't stuck a few minutes ago, and I surely haven't glued it there, he thinks and smiles. A trick of the illusionist art. As I sit here by Finnsen's Road.⁸² Baby I can see your halo. You are all around, I'm surrounded by your embrace. You, my beloved Queen, Goddess of Imagination, with diamonds on the soles of your shoes. Where did we begin? William Bokelund and the woman of the river. A book turned into a groove of trees with a river running through it, and there she lies by the shore. Pay attention to details. The trick is astounding.

—You, my love, whispers Sissy. The only one who could brake me.

—Perhaps Sissy *is* the code.

—Sounds reasonable.

—So, baby, I know it's weird that we both got lucked up, whoops I meant *locked* up, lucky lucky, on the mental hospital after our victory in the higher dimensions, but somehow it is part of the plan. Remember I told you that when I got taken by the police and placed in the police van, well I reached back my hand to the back of the van and my hand found a cold champagne bottle. How very fitting, I thought.

—Sissy got us covered.

⁸² Spiros, well apt in the Swedish language, thought it funny to note that Finnsen Road hinted at the meaning "there is a way".

—You better believe it, baby, hahahahaha! O and, I still don't know if it's time to leave Leavingbye Road or not. Still living on the edge there.

—Relax, my love. You wouldn't believe how intricately woven it is.

Spiros begins to mumble a bit incoherently, remembering:

—We can choose to run away with the mushroom, we can stand under her umbrella and make our life the occasion of... of...

—Say no more. I understand.

—So, where are we now?

The divine Rebecca and Spiros swoon from a distance, wet from going out the end of the dark river.

—She is most marvelous, my sister in full, perfected mirror soul, my *sol*, says Rebecca over the phone.

—The Ingersol, says Spiros. *I am the resurrection*. Stealth.

Designing our own deck of cards speaking of our own main deck of reality to trick ourselves out, our crime speaking to us of the details, our dear alien whispering to us the clues that we may find our way down the wedding aisle. Yes, there, the emblem hidden most visibly in the betwins. The allriddle of our impossible plan! Ahead of schedule, plan accomplished, saven by heart and diamond up our own datetree this elfshoot leafeth. Down on microscope Tellus we find our Heads in the heads of ourselves as alf chemists, elf alchemists of the elphabet. Tell us, where did the egg begin, on thine edge? She saw the trick first. I see her diamonds glimmering in the rain and on the ocean to the moon and sun. O dear, I got her in my song! They say that you're hot, baby, which makes you just like me, hihi. Must be my future love sex sound world.

A deck of playing cards like a Finnegans map, words and worlds overlapping.

Spiros, again in pink butterfly pajamas, picks buttend cigarettes from the ashtray to attain tobacco for his spiral shell pipe. The book flies around. Lost chapters. Spiros points out to himself that the shell pipe looks like the horn of a unicorn.

W elcome back to the weirdest story we have ever encountered. Some of it is *keeps secret* but we want to share with you of its magic. The tale is of something stranger than a fairytale and happens now.

This particular night around midsummer I had a lucid dream experience. I found myself at a party somewhere in some otherly world, and people were fiddling around and the keys were gone and suddenly me and seven women began dancing like Native American dance with rattles and head dresses, dancing to the beat of a drum and to the syncopated music. I felt like Jim Morrison for a moment as I danced on stage, and then suddenly I found myself rather strangely drugged and drunk and I entered the crowd where a young beautiful woman caught my gaze, I thought to myself she must be in her seventeens, and it was one of the sisters, those twisted sisters and loved ones of mine, and she giggled and said *You's insane!* and I said back to her laughing *Let's go insane!* and the young woman looked at me with secretive eyes and said *I'd really like that slap* which I didn't understand at all what she meant by, and suddenly everything began shifting and a wind of seven witches gathered up around me and I fell slowly to the floor and they crowded up around me like fathoms of something big and ancient and they stuck a wooden pipe into my nose and blew something into my nose. DMT snuff, I thought and inhaled as deeply as I could and a wind washed over my soul and everything around me fell away and I found myself in pitch black. In front of my eyes then formed liquid crystal in all colors and then it turned into what looked like diamonds, clear and brilliant right in front of my eyes. And I knew I was sleeping but awake now too, and I looked at the diamonds. I was under water, but I could breath, and I felt Sissy there, and she had me perfectly locked down under the water in a coral reef;⁸³ when I tried to move my hands, the only part of my body I could move, my fingers closed into a fist like mussels. Never before had I seen so clearly in a lucid dream. Slowly then I woke up in my cranium again and opened my eyes. *The key to the story*, I heard a voice whisper.

⁸³ The free of my body to you Sissy! Yes, the underwater world represents the psyche and soul, and the idea of depth is a reference to the purity of your mind.

And I rose from bed and sat down by the computer and in my email inbox I found a song that was 2:16 minutes long and those numbers were always curious to find, we happen to live on Leavingbye Road 216 and 6 times 6 times 6 equals 216 and things like this. And I thought for a long time about the experience and then sat down to write a letter to my dearest Bonnie:

I write you from our old palace. I just woke up from a lucid dream experience that I will tell you about another time. I call it our old palace because I think it is time to leave our place at Leavingbye Road. What was ever in that safe so secure that stands outside our door we might never know, or perhaps Sissy will tell us at a later point, or perhaps it will be opened as we leave. My love, my dearest Rebecca, I send you my love. You are my Nora, my nicke nora, hihihi. I know I need not express in words how I am in love with you and how I feel, but I am compelled to try, to do my best to tell you how I love you as I sit here smoking one of these horrendous cigarettes, sitting in your pink and white butterfly pajamas. Nothing can stand against our love Rebecca, nothing at all. Our love created this universe we find ourselves in. We not only write ourselves, my dear peach puss, we also loved ourselves to tuss, we fell in love and that love created the universe, and then our love just grew stronger and stronger and it refined the universe to create our dreams. I am out of words as I sit here, my love, but you know I know we know you can read my words even if they are not reaching you; we have married in higher dimensions. The girl who wanted to play, yes. And the boy who wanted to play. And O did we get to! Another couple is granted sunglasses and endless vacation. O yes baby, we are *that* good. We are *that* good. You can see us dancing at the shores of dreams, and you can see our signature in every letter and every word. Our names are Spiros and Sissy Cogan, our names are She and Him Diamond. Our names are Tuss and Puss. Bonnie casts you a little wink. O, this can't be happening? You can bet your life it is. This letter will come in passim to not only you, my love, no, this letter will reach many in passing to their own dreams.

My pancake, I love you. Hihihihi. Just wanted to say that. I love you. I send you a little kiss on your bum— look down! There is your man waiting for a kiss on his lips and your arms all spread

around me! O my dear Rebecca, I try to express in words here to you how I feel right now, one reason being I so long for you you being so far away, and another reason being that I feel you so close, so near, you are here, in my heart, in my soul and right next to me, and I know you are over there in Texas my dear Bonnie Elizabeth, maybe sleeping on your candybed now (considering the time distance), or maybe are you thinking of me and feeling me as close as you! My dear Elixveth, elixir trickster of the world of the impossible tricked possible! Yes my nicke Nora, we are a few teams around in this Fair. And we are moving freely throughout it. The river contains specimens. And we are standing strong. Hell, we have written this, as you assured me, my love. We are that alchemical incestuous couple who produced the universal panacea, the universal medicine. We are the ones. I told you we coordinated and arranged the crime from up high! And we are now of the higher part of the pattern, my love, my dearest. Sissy is one tricky tuss...and that *Butterfly*...hihihihi.

Quote Rosalixion: *Has not the master Anne written that spirit is from the upper part of the pattern?*

Hihihi. I don't know what that sentence means at this moment, but. O baby, hihihi. Me feels your butterfly wings touch my naked arm.

One perfect sunrise.

Now I lost myself in the music.

I smile and think of you, my love.

Let's become cartoons too!

Your Spiros.

PS: (written later) Kind of fiddly and quiet right now as if nothing weird at all were in the happening. I really really wish it was bathtime now with you, or we could be courting under blankets and collect All and Bits in spirits of all the fathom of our dreamwishes and go away into the saga's higherdimensional Plomari with the alien's green evil eye not only watching us but showing us where the dimensionshift is as we lick the windows peering in on ourselves from our destination. Here we are in the first Spring ever, everythingling ourselves in the riverlove, poor and unknown and attacked and protected by all the power of the cosmos and the beyonds that we are merging with and have

married eternally. I can hardly speak but the world on the other side is seeping in and my present is taking on its stance; it will shift into focus as now is then and earlier will be with the future and our trick to push the shade of our tuss from under our little cute and powerful Umbrella into our allwheres will like a pop of smokemind wind through the open ajar of the bluehoneymead doorfolds of a thought of youthtime's grandest grace trick-in-a-blink Plomari into appearing in all its glory. Peuh! Out! Youth! We have to suck all the venom out. And the tocsin that is claxonising Plomari's whereabouts. But instead of bathtime I find it to be sleepytime where your hyperspace broadcast will tell me more about that thing that only needs to happen once in your life. You sing to me. A perfected version of you sing to me, you said. Calm, brilliant, shining. Purple, warm, flowery. Rosy. High tech! O I can not say more about it! To bed, to bed. My sweetie, I am going to bed. A touch of sadness in my voice as I long for you this evening, my lovest. I am turning over pages and fingering with most tantalizing parts of our *Brook of Love*, my pupils swimming to our Plomari cushionworld heaven. My pillowmaker, my lollipop girl, may I kiss your bum? Bend over. The dawning of Cusionworld is licking our world. It's all over. Sophie is there already (could we ever have too many of her pink lip kisses, the blond angel!). As are our hearts and the parts of us who escaped here during our spiral lust turn at the edge of spring. What if it's just us now? Us, working out the details. Get me outa here get me outa here get me outa here!

Let's lock the mutherfucker down, haha, Sissy thought and did so! Poor Spiros locked down by the Goddess of the skies of Imagination, locked down in the ocean, under the water. She's tried for years to tell me she's here and that I can breath under the water, but I obviously couldn't understand. So lock the pretty boy down between the core rock of the coral reef, she said, and show him he can breathe! And I'll show him the diamonds. In a lucid dream. Haha! Time to admit to the crime! What? Someone said something? Haha! Lots of weird lucid dreams these days, my love. Wish you were here so we could cuddle and giggle like the kiddlings we are and talk about it all. Look down river, dearest! Here I come sailing on a little paper boat folded by a loveletter to you! I come in the otherworld of the passing of the key of

Twontongues Victory, 7th Heaven, with the carrier of the word and the cutter of the read and in symphony with vixen members of Queen's Alience, in a lush part of the crime where all meets and brings forth the treats! Naturally we love the way she moves. Moving in strange ways today! Seavenly! O my goodness gracious desire. Hihihhi, killa inte mig, killa Rose! That's my Swinglish again, love. Don't tickle me, tickle Rose! Dangerous. Sing me one of those Nurscary rhymes, O won't you, as I float away into dream! I can't wait to be with you!

Glimmeringeringelingelingeling! Pageturn.

Hiding a star and crescent moon in her eye Rebecca read the letter with giggles. She had just been to the trashroom where she found piles of toys; she brought back butterfly fairy wings, two magic Barbie wands, two plastic horses, a xylophone and a pair of glass shoes. Perhaps the toys had belonged to someone who was turning into a teen and did not want toys anymore, who knows, anyway now they belonged to Bonnie. She lay down with one of the magic wands and began writing a letter to her husband, a letter full of the flimmering glimmer of the World of Nowhere:

Dearest, Hello my Mr Man. I yearn for you as I lie here on my candybed. I shower you with kisses! I have just found marvelous gifts in the trashroom. Twisted sister gave me tons of new things! And Sissy tells me we have a little surprise for our Spiros boy. I know that it seems nothing is happening right now over there for you, but remember our trick is sneaky! The alien has had her eyes on you for many years. Drink from her juicy lips, my love, deliciously in a kiss. Allow yourself! And speak to her, honey. *We are going to do something*, remember? Me and Sissy are riding away on our horse now, away into the oasis of the desert, without panties. We have put our panties on a raft and sent it up river, as we said we would. Pay attention to details! A few pinches of Trick is all that we needed. Trick successful, dearest. The universe is transforming before us. Many rivers fromm many angles. Snap snap snoozy, no eh historyend, goodie. Such is it behind the starry curtain. Such is it where flowers of light spring forth the fragrance

of a magic hidden in the mist of our lives, at the dawn of the discovery. This is *the* disc ovary, my love, of our lives. Sissypan melting into our everything. A new world come forth. It is sneaking into our lives with the young sunlight, as you said it would. You my dearest bedst friend, hihi. Who's shuffling the deck? You know it, baby. Now I shall go do girly stuff. Kisses from Your Bonnie.

A spark of the morning star falls in to the room and lands on the floor. Bonnie picks it up.

—And did the letters reach destination? says Rebecca. And who read in a time like forgotten the scribblings of the nibblings of the Goldblue apple, and what were the first words pronounced as the timelings were comprehended to be a message? The timeline is a message? Write with my spacetime as ink, Sissy. Rearrange to form meaning. I will read with all my heart. You went far, dear Queen. All the way to your own tuss and beyond. Millions upon millions of worlds. Flushing yourself down through your world microspook, to deliver down at Riverever or Viveriver or we'revers to call our current assemblyment? We are hatched with pens and keyboards, hooked to your grace. There is a ghost in the story of our lives, a sweet breath of your fragrance. Someone there. Someone is on the line and I ain't being a romantic. Nature is calling. Nature, our dear alien. Are we the first or last to find you? Haha! Who are you tricking, Sis? Nature is alive! Someone is on the line!

—Our most beautiful story is real, says Sissy. And we shall make a new place for ourselves. Cushionworld. Millions of worlds. I always wanted you as part of my ongoing intent. I am in love with you. The alien marks two in the movie of the growing! You and my Spiros boy have been infected! Hihihhi.

—Hihihihhi. That was long time ago. We slept on a moon day and dreamt of that someday with you. On a wonday we shall wake.

Bonnie kisses the spark of the morning star and goes to do some of that girly stuff she does.

I found the mushroom, and immediately life became stranger than a fairytale. I found the mushroom, and eventually I ran away with it. Now we've gone to the other side, and you can bet your life it isn't sleeptime.⁸⁴ Rabbit put the keys down our pocket. We got many tricks up our sleeve.

—Nope, guess I'll go out and pick buttend cigarettes from the pavement then, says Him Diamond, glancing at himself. What you say?

—Sounds like fun, says Him sarcastically.

—O well you know a survivor like Tuss. She can live in cow shit to reach the stars and beyond. So why not me picking a few poor buttends from the street?

—Right, says Him. Mighty sure! Way way hooray for his witchycul ways in a moment of scarcity!

—Fun talking to myself, says Him, but I really need some smoke. Why don't you stay here and keep working.

We sometimes call him The Illustrated Blind Solid Silver-Bitch, but his name is Spiros and Him Diamond. He is one of the most famous unknown and no short introduction can satisfactorily give a taste of the young fellow. He is born 1983, according to a dusty old story. He lives on secret location.

Him gathers buttends from the pavement outside the palace. Him attains a pile of tobacco and places it on the old wooden table. Him fills his spiral shell pipe. Him lights pipe and inhales (Technical terms much appreciated in mapping the courseway of dreams' move up and out the tight end).

—A lie! A lie, my dear alien, says Him and revels in bliss.

—You are impersonating the Victory of Twotongues, says Sophie and giggles as she enters the room.

Sophie, O you must hear of Sophie! Sophie got her name from a certain *Stropharia cubensis*, but her name is actually Elin as in Nile. She is a lightblond angel of 17 years old who likes to say that she is Alice in Underyourclothesland, her hair a bit slightly wavy and over her shoulders. Bisexual and sometimes purely and only lesbian she likes all things boy and girl, man and woman, and holds a particular love for female ass. She is the jam in the cake, you be sure, the cherry on top of her own pink kiss, the swiss swirl

⁸⁴ We are talking about ourselves as the seven senses are meant and the neck of the dream with the magic has been pushed into your pocket!

in her own juicy pillowfight lesbian lovescene, with two twins on top of *that!* She's that mutherfucking awesome. The snake of teen pussy Hell, broken glass in vanilla sauce. And she loves it.

Sophie gives Him a little slip of paper where it stands written with gold ink:

I have a jewel for you

It is everywhere around in our springclad molten language

—I twinkled it from a dream of yours, says Sophie.

Him Diamond smiles happily.

—Could it in sevenfold truth be said that you are the reason?

Him begins.

—The reason? asks Sophie and puts a candy in her mouth.

—The reason candy tastes so good, continues Him.

Sophie doesn't answer; walks up to Him.

—May I sit in your lap? she asks.

—You wanna sit in my lap?

—Yes, can I sit in your lap?

—Sure, says Him.

Sophie takes the folds of her blue and white dress into her hands and lifts them up a bit so she can sit down comfortably.

—Do you have a cigarette? she asks as she sits down in Him's lap.

—No. I was just out picking buttends.

—Yum. Butt.

Sophie looks at Him's pipe and picks it up. She lights it and inhales.

—Sevenfolded and blindfolded I can say I am one of the reasons. And if you search through your vixen memoirs for a minute or two, your *mirroirs*, you will find me always in close vicinity to the secret fragrance of her sacred breath, *her*, the one who puts seas in candy. Cogan to Finnegan to go back to the garden. The one who casts a shadow onto every bare plot.

—Rawr, says Him and bites Sophie's arm.

Sophie giggles.

—Come on, my Jimmy, god of rock and cock, says Sophie and takes Him's hand. Let's lie down, on the bed. Wintja is baking a cake, let's have kiss and cuddle combat until it's ready.

—The end of our elaborate plan, says Him in his own little way of impersonating Morrison. Sure Tuss, let's go to the bed.

Him throws his tongue out at Sophie's bum as she rises, grabs her and carries her in his arms to the bed.

—It's good to have a bodyguard like you, from Egypt and all, a lion god, says Sophie and makes herself comfortable on the sheets.

—Rawr, says Him and bites Sophie's toe.

On the day that Sissy became manifest, and emerged from her inner Radiance, a counterpart of the Sissy formed itself in its mirror. They expressed themselves and increased, and the Height was established and the sisters twined. Sissy spoke in them and twined their purities upon the Queens and Kings throughout everything. Then, ears to her heavenly body which enjoins the call that hath come heard her words and saw what she created and read amongst the patterns of the storylike universe thus sprung forth her messages, and from ghostmarks between points in the datetree they saw shimmerings of her conducting mind.⁸⁵ And they dreamed, and they saw, and they went deeper into the nectar treat, and her human side joined her alienlike nature and they married, and inserted was the poison into their bodies and they entered the Tight Entry of Dream. And Sissy and the sisters and the delicious devils rejoiced the memories and they sent themselves down into the microscopic macrospace of their own Tuss to there bloom in full and join the higher spaces with the lower. And they took themselves by their souls and ran away into the Tuss, to, as mentioned, bloom in full.

—We met in the Ganges. Our ashes floated out and mixed.

Spiros' jaguar eyes burn sharply.

—I feel it.

—It's so inviting...

—Escape into ourselves, says Sissy. Like Spiros, my pretty little boy in the impossible box of time and space, finding through a certain informationflow the mushroom of me, eating it at a corner of the diamond story, finding himself in the mind of our soul, dreaming of that ghostly woman who he had heard of in daydreams and dreams at night, Sissy Cogan in one of her human forms, most dead of witches, and he walked a first stroll upside

⁸⁵ *The Trick of the Booklike Universe.*

down with the moon beneath him amongst the clouds of the Gaian mind, then choosing to go with me deeper and deeper, he let the play deepen and I showed him some of my brilliance and he woke up to the fact that we planned all this from a higher vantage point. He then and thus began to tease apart the thin and hardly visible threads that spin together his reality and set out on the path to go into our imagination and let the universe behind fall off his soul's skin, as he like jewel steps into the jewel of the Imagimatrix, the world of all your favorite dreams fulfilled. Now it's just us working out the details, honeys. Thou wilt rise up to the Place, the House of Perfection. Though wilt fly freely in your imagination, alike machine elves of our great web. We are here, we have entered the building.

—So woof your wings!

Dear Sissi, my strange love, like a strange mother who wanted to give her child the absolute best, my lover and wife, tricking me with a white dove, you!, magic magic, showing me to the Dark River in my naps and trips, seducing me, making my fires burn stronger, taking me away to your world, the sharp contours of your being shaping everything in my path, I follow you down and up the river, playing the game that will take me to you, our game, our impossible romance. Sissy, my dark lover, I love you. Tell me again that it's all real! Our most beautiful life, our most beautiful tale!

—It's all real, my coconut.

—I knew it! I knew it! I knew it since the day you showed me the blue high-tech machinery of light in the forest! I knew it since we saw other faces in our faces, our true being under the disguise! I knew it since you told me you saw blue Krishnas flying outside your bedroom window! I knew it since I first got to taste your milk skin. I knew it since I saw you sleeping by the river, dreaming of me, giggling in your sleep! I knew it since the day you told me you would show me how you really are. I knew it. I knew it. I knew it since you came to me above the Nile, telling me the time has come. I knew it! But I doubted, for I was so in love with you I hardly dared to feel your touch so close. I doubted for fear of never meeting you again. I doubted out of my selfish elfish desire to be with you, to run away with you into our most beautiful dream!

Spiros smiles happily and smokes a Paramount cigarette. We are in the movie of the growing.

The scarabs move away the rock. Sissy in glass shoes wakes up slowly, she rises and is lead by moving roots of trees into the old ruin. Spiros flies in as a flock of birds and Sissy sits down on a golden throne. Her face half ghostly skeleton with cobweb between it and the palace floor, half most beautiful young woman, she smiles and waves for her King.

—Come Spiros, come to me.

Spiros walks up to her as lion. Sissy pets his mane and the skeleton part of her face disappears as her face starts shifting into the faces of all the women that Spiros has seen over the years. Spiros soon rises as his human form and kneels before Sissy and takes her hand.

—We did it, says Sissy smiling with eyes fathom deep. We did it. And there's even more, my love.

Could we *really* have conjured this?

Once upon a time there was a boy and there was a girl, and an alien. Forbidden love. They were in love. Souls theirs were intertwined, they lived in their own little world.

The boy's name was Spiros and nobody understood him, it had been like that since childhood days, and four times had he been locked up in the mental hospital. The Alien's name was Sissy Cogan and she just hid very well and didn't bother if she was understood by all the stupid creatures that roamed around the various worlds.

They were in love.

To the sound of Vast Exit Chant they travel across the landscape in a white limousine; Spiros and Bonnie and the driver. Resting with closed eyes to the perfection of the victorious Plum, Bonnie rests and listens to the story coming from the speakers and the dripping digital xylophonic singing of the Lost Transmitter. A sip of champagne and she floats away with the story, and invites further the dreamery. Spiros sinks further into the story and turns up the volume. A river of white gold trickles down Bonnie's thigh and a ball of pink glass beams around a detailed look, mirroring Bonnie, Spiros, and a river of whitegold champagne.

—Story time, whispers Spiros a bit tipsy.

—Speak a tumbling thunder to your friend... through the transparent hole in the evening, says Bonnie happily.

The story from the speakers goes on, to the music:

—Thus flame the words. Dreamed and extra dream just to come close. Mix with me and have some fun. In accuracy, for the driplet that is placed, forwarding, in another time. Had to thus, to get rid of all those boring *have to* and *must*, one last time thus to accomplish the setting of a proper word. All the strange nights blow in to one, they saw. And then they learned the *modus operandi*. And so it was exhibited. But it can't be broken into like that. One yard of curiosity is all that is needed anyways to find the shimmer of our pink stone. Can be carried smartly in any circumstance. Now let me continue the story. If it wouldn't have been for all the wilderfolks having gone *session* the events around midsummer would have all made perfect sense. But there were problems with linkage. Servers were crashing – and you gotta love that famous question so frequently heard in the spheres at the

time: Is anyone else having problems with their servers? – and the main phreakers had issues to sort because just as they had finished our fabulous Red Lab⁸⁶ things flipped multi. Not that a CPU in a Japanluxemburg area – Italy in France am Japanluxemburg am Spain at that time – really has anything to do with it, but just to give you a hunch of what the hackers were dealing with here: rims lick rather stiff cookies when you're playing hockey on the bench. Especially when you're slinking around in tennis shorts like some cosmic mommy or daddy, smoking joints rolled by letters written on Licky Shulgan's typewriter back in 1922. And that's even after NOT had joined the fun. So it was a rather neat situation we had to deal with. *Peiping cruxes, drainage synthesized. Strengthened evacuated. Draft clashes. Spore blackboard dozes producers heigh? Origins: pancake aimer cameramen.*⁸⁷

The phone rings. Bonnie answers.

—Hi it's Sophie. Who are you? asks a voice in the phone.

Bonnie laughs.

—I am me, says Bonnie.

—No you aren't, says Sophie. I am you. It is stated in the astric issue of *The World's Five Worst Books*, the one called *Who's Who In Space*.

Bonnie giggles.

—And what are you doing, Butterfly? asks Bonnie.

—And what am I doing? says Sophie. I'm redirecting the Nile, lying on the bathroom floor laughing and talking on the double-shower star-phone. You know that lovely bathroom with heaven roof. The round one with pink stone walls.

—Mmm, yummy, says Bonnie.

—And what are you doing?

—We're listening to a new audio session, it's fantastic.

Bonnie brings the phone to the speakers so Sophie can hear:

—*And for anyone who happens to hear this and can't parse our jokes from our work and vice versix— Happy Ismus! Now, to go on with the story. Mary, with a subliminal stone job, waved money into her wife's vaginal region...*

Sophie giggles.

⁸⁶ Red Lab is the name of an operation to hook up the team and electronic systems into a symphony by a configuration of red spectra.

⁸⁷ Beside the editorial alien shines happy faces.

—Sounds great, she says. Can't you hook me up?

—We can pick you up if you want. We're in a limo.

—Yes! White crows flying by?

—On the blue September.

Spiros sings:

—*Every girl I know. . .has been in my bed fantasies. . .*

Bonnie and Sophie hang up and Bonbon tells the driver to go to the Palace at Leavingbye, then sits down to continue listening to the audio:

—Opening our hearts to imagine the impossible. As would we wait a sign from our friends, our high gathering of gods, say for example as a sign of a bird or a strange set of details coming our way, to show us again that we have coordinated our lives higher-dimensionally and hidden it well. Yes. And our trick is tightening. We are flowing into another dimension. Our trick is foolproof. Pay attention to details.

Spiros, whose professions include being the Queens' personal go-go dancer, mailman, Egyptian waiter and Barbie toy, bids the driver to stop the limo a quicky and turn up the music. He licks Bonnie's chin, steps out of the car and begins to dance, sticking his tongue out licking the sky. Bonnie lets her hand slide down her thighs.

—Look at my little boy, Bonnie says and bites her lip.

She's a little bit older than him.

Spiros pops a bottle of champagne straight up in the air and catches the cork with his hand.

—I have a message to deliver, he says and continues dancing.

Bonnie begins touching herself and soon Spiros stands there with his throbbing erection bulging under the bed sheet round his waist, dancing and drinking from the bottle, and he delivers his message to the Goddesses.

*Everything you say
will show me the way*

Now, generously written with seven other respectables, *Head our Palace* occupies return landing, everything left now is all you need says the Queen— many occurrences and details in evidence of the time-clean at Leavingbye Road 216, and an update on status at Leavingbye Palace:

Key to trash room found, note *ALIEN LOVE RELATIONSHIP* found, curiously tied together objects of the palace found, as well as many panties and a few dresses, skirts, tops, and socks (very cute ones and wow sexy ones too). One empty bottle of the poisoned vodka found (yellow) as well as a curious electronic toy car racing game. Flowerpots moved, all dried roses gone, basement reveals a top hat made in Dublin and a green calculator that displays curious shifting numbers when number 2 is pressed. Papernote from landing attempt 1 or 2 found revealing *Mother Grogan Cogan rules the brazen devices*. All printed pages from Part III of *The Rosalixion* that we printed out are gone save the introductory page and pages 1, 65 and 66. Broken laptop gone, telephone with charger from landing attempt 2 gone, as well as the Alien Circuit (the Scribe) mobile phone. Telephone from landing attempt 1 found, but charger is gone. Scarab buckle, gold, on pink elastic belt found in suspiciously contrived area. A main object, light pink, that I for safety reasons will not name here has been found (corner of the circle, a crack in the object displaying wondrous glimmering colors). Magic wireless modem gone, and upon attempt to establish a new network connection I am asked to name my new connection "To for example THE FAMILY'S or REBECCA'S". The strange huge object with the water hose that was placed on the Palace balcony during hours of breakthrough to hyperspatial mode has been removed (She's *that* good, as Bonnie said looking me straight in the eyes when the object was placed there in action right in front of us, haha). Plastic butterfly found. According to an unconfirmed rumor the police were in the Leavingbye Palace and filmed the area. Over one thousand spam emails appeared in my inbox, quite so all at once, some time during the days of breakthrough. I was also told that Bonnie's suitcases were not to be found in the Palace, but I found them there, huge and pink and visible, just a day after. Did we leave?

Time to admit the crime? Blink wink.⁸⁸ Found and banned, our future is to unfold. Hihih. Let me rise my bid! Victory! And again, why has our neighbor placed an expensive safe outside our palace door? It's CO-Passed.

Spiros, in the palace at Leavingbye Road 216, is forced by circumstance to urinate in a crystal decanter. His quiet urination is soon reported to have with success prevented disturbance in the radio telephone line-circuit set up in the living room. He soon sits down by the computer, the *hyper spacestation* as it is sometimes called, the utterly and royally hooked up and selfhacked computer of the palace cave at Leavingbye Road 216.⁸⁹

—For anyone who tastes of the brew, fiction wins over fact, Spiros says to Bonnie over the phone.

—Baby I heard a drip, in the phone, says Bonnie.

—O I didn't hear, says Spiros.

—Baby, says Bonnie, there is something about the red bulb, because I was looking at the...I'm looking in the mirror now and in the computer screen and in the window, and I see myself through a few dimensions. Did I forget to mention? Hih. O my God! It's like you can't have everything at once when you're in *this* place. In this place, in my corner. Baby, I have to be so fast because I'm so slow. Baby, red bull, red bulb. You know how I'm Aries and you are Taurus, we both got horns, and exactly a month between our birthdays. The Great Horned Mushroom Goddess. Our things are locked in tantric union, baby. But we wiggle, like a Möbius strip. Drip. Sissy is with us like a mutherfucker.

—Yeah I saw the strange red bulb in a window across the street the other night, down the block, beaming its strange red shine. It had changed window now. Not even close to the other three windows it has appeared. And damn it was just next to one of our windows a few weeks ago on a forth place.

⁸⁸ —O, my Spice eye liner, says Bonnie. How did I miss that? Blinkwink.

⁸⁹ Don't tell the computer tag or our show's a failure. We'll hint you though, both MAC address and tag contains only three numbers: 2, 1, 6. How's that for the fine work of the Seamstress?

—Hihihhi, mmm, puss! Pussy...lip. Baby, I think it took one of us to be sleeping, like, one of us being asleep and one of us awake for Sissy to be able to finish some of her crime.⁹⁰

—Puss.

Then sank they to sleepytime. Spiros spent the evening writing and smoking, as ofttime he did this time around, gazing every now and then around the palace and guarding the golden. The livelong time in this first Spring, he thought happily, after that grim fight with society and culture which was by all means *not* his friend, and Spiros' wives, devils of women and what always kept him going, just giggled at the cost of the victory. Doomed to dwell for a while within the grey city walls but now diamondskulled, new, awoken, resting in dream and by the day teasing themselves out into their own universe, the speaking mouth of the vast mask poisoning them to ease with tales of the details of the maneuver and of the magic that lay ahead.

—Marked with what after the fight? giggled Sophie. Marked with the sign of good taste and the acceptance of nothing but our freedom at last.

And indeed was she right. The crime was not only an act born of necessity, far from it, it was more of a decision come of good taste. And from their delights rewarded the wilds.

Bonnie spent the evening gluing things together and thinking of the red bull red bulb connection, and writing poetry and reading around at section 9 of 21o in a certain Papyri, which turned out to be about the crime and of Cushionworld. It was a fine evening. An evening in the first spring ever.⁹¹

Spiros falls asleep.

—Welcome to Lucid World, says a voice.

⁹⁰ Knock knock. Someone is knocking on your door with a diamond ring.

⁹¹ It is with consciousness that we venture around these chapters to touch on subjects that are very slippery. The dates of our romance and runaway and that of these writings in the calendrica of the blue stars and the Annals of Annasis are still the subject of controversy within the authors themselves since dates are irrelevant and spillspirally nonexistent, and with ancient and intoxicated faces we must point out that the most accurate pinpoint of time we can give is that we had stars in our pupils when these events occurred.

He opens his eyes. He is flying.

—Your eyes open up closed, says Spiros. Thank you.

He hears a voice from somewhere;

—*Training facility. Spiros has entered.*

Another voice says:

—Throw some *Thank You Water* on him, hihih.

Spiros feels some lovely warm water come sprinkled onto his hands, water as almost air it feels like. It tickles a bit and makes him giggle.

—Well thanks for the tussy way here, says Spiros jokingly. It was...a very comfy ride, most of the time. Ha, ha! Alien collage...

He decides not to mention Bonnie's name, but he saw her there somewhere.

When Spiros wakes up on his bed again he remembers much from the visit to Lucid Land. He had slept only 3 hours but feels rejuvenated and rested. He sits down to think of the night's training.

Yes! There is over! The little disguise is arranged, one miraculous, stroking her unseen violet crosslayer most detailed in the laboratory of code, scheming in a perfect living and both this time, we began.

It's time you start telling me

what you want, says Sissy.

What do you want? What do you really wish for?

And it's time we check out

how awesomely you can dream. Puss.

T rue true, vast chase of a soundpicture, as said. The braid of the story in our hair, golden and silver and dark on the bed of our dream, grasping us firm in its movement. Kiss the corolla of a fallen flower, pick it from the ground beneath the tree and hang it in your hair, join the matrix of the story deeper with that kiss.

*They're lovers again: Sugar dissolving into milk
Day and night, no difference. The sun is the moon:
An amalgam. Their gold and silver melt together
This is the season when the dead branch
and the green branch
are the same branch
You must marry your soul
That wedding is the way⁹²*

—Something I wanted to be, says Bonnie. I had a sewing kit, in my dream last night. Seamstress. And I took the needle and thread and some loop and was trying to make art with it, do something with it. And the end of the needle stung my finger and it all reassembled itself to how it looked before I touched it! The dream was about designing Cushionworld. I was deciding how it should be. I mean, are we you and me? Are we ancient? Do we need to worry about the weather? I think no, unless we like storms.

—Perhaps a holy big mix of all the best? says Spiros. Ancient and futuristic. Alien nature.

—Yes, yes. And what about technology? How will we use technology, and will we need it at all? O and in the dream I was on a beach too.

—A beach, huh? Reminds me of what Terence said, something like, *And then we will all download ourselves into circuitry and walk naked on the beaches of paradise, and behind our eyelids will be all and the only technology we will need.* The last cultural artifact. The saucer. The hyperspace vehicle of the imagination.

—Right. You know, the freedom within dreamworld is reminiscent of the freedom of Cushionworld, at least so I imagine. As if dreams are perhaps a sort of reflection of Cushionworld. Or perhaps dreams are even in the first hall of it!

⁹² Jelaluddin Rumi, 13th century.

—Yes, yes. First hall I think. Formative stuff anyhow.

Spiros nods and rearranges his legs as he is sitting on the horsehair chair, and prepares for a little game of fun with his loved. A sudden impulse. He shakes his head and enters theatrical mode, takes on a new face, and speaks:

—Where'd you get that watch?! This is not common to my experience.

Bonnie gets the hint from the tone of Spiros' voice and joins the play.

—O, they were holding them off of my experience, Bonnie says, they were watching the watch at watching, that is all.

—Good, says Spiros. Now hold them witches wishing further. Did you gather that much from the incident that you could see it from your corner's eye that we have passed the hour of the Rose? The Exit has passed, how else would we know it is coming up? We're sitting here for that. I was rush and mad, no lie, the shape of my hat, sorry sorry by the shape of the land. Never shall I ever give another moment's attention to that human old world of culture and trash.

—Ärsch, ney, no, were you really sorry you were mad?

—I tell you, I was rogue in maroon and mad, society grasping at my clothes. It's a gift to be angry at that I say. I am a sunflower for the sake of heaven, married to *nectar herself*. We are attacked by idiots.

—What game are we playing here? Lesbaneese Suthel Cross? Stealer's Choice?

They both burst into laughter after their little performance and embrace in a kiss. Bonnie soon rises to stand stately on the bed.

—I hereby say yes to myself, she says, yes, in this our most marvelous alchemical wedding. Yes! And I forgive everyone who has ever done me ill, for it was all part of forming the diamond I now have become.

She giggles and reaches for the silver chalice and sips of the wine. She wants the song Windowlicker by Aphex Twin as wedding song, she says.

—O! I feel like a farm girl, she giggles. Give me my broken umbrella. I shall come out of the river now.

Spiros hands her her broken umbrella.

An intergalactic chemical process implodes and creates mirrors. The world facet eyes of the alien. Sissy in de skies with diamonds.

—We *are* mushrooms, says Sophie. And now we're discovering that we are mushrooms. We're waking up.

Bonnie quirks her eyes at Sophie.

—You are hiding Eden as you stand there in that robe, Bonnie says seductively. I wish I could rape you honesymooth.

—I am stillborn, says Sophie. From a dormant and possible alien romance. Stillborn and alive.

They both dream of the first touch so closely ahead. A touch, skin, flesh, a goddess goddess touch; we are real, we are here, laying bare our souls and stealing our kisses from a moment in haunting immediacy, in the mirror room, jeweled up it is tearing through, *up up up*, we are the alien. How long we have waited! They look at each other and giggle. Sophie brings forth a leg from loose the folds her robe and takes a sip of Spice from the silver chalice. The chalice is slowly turning golden. Her little foot on the bed makes Bonnie feel shivers of desire through her body.

—Want to touch me? Sophie says . Yes?

—We are *too* perfect, Bonnie says breathless and approaches her as she stands there by the bed.

—I know! whispers Sophie and giggles. Only Sissy could ever be so twisted, so twisted crazy and full of desire to create something as us. Just look at us! We look like...we look like...like tusses. We look like balls of yarn, hihi, in a diamond palace, hihihi, little sex kittens with sharp claws, bird goddesses from Egypt's Hidden. Poison as blood running through our veins. We are dead and alive in the same time. We're *girls*! The Star Eagle's flight shimmers along our eyelashes. We look so wrong it's right. And Sissy sees us, she sees our every move and every shade of our thoughts. She is here, all over, present everywhere. Her alien eye sees us.

Sophie lets her fingers wander across her skin. Bonnie floats away in the sight of her face as her eyelashes cut sharply through the diamond present.

—Only Sissy, Bonnie says and takes another step toward Sophie. Only Sissy.

Sophie fingers a bit with the air and with her hair, looks around a bit.

—O I so adore her, she says, I *so* adore her. And she's doing exactly what I would have done if I was her.

She changes her tone of voice:

—How many times we live in! Reminds me of the edge of the bed in a lucid dream, where I naked crawled into the waking world from my hideout. I too am Sissy. We are Sissy talking to herself, sometimes. Discovering herself. We are discovering that we are mushrooms.

Bonnie dreams of Sophie bending over. She sees herself leaning in from behind her and placing her tongue on her shaved smooth pussy. A taste. A taste. She wants a taste.

—May I taste you, Sophie? Bonnie says. May I? May I taste you?

—You want to taste me? says Sophie.

—Yes, bend over.

Sophie lets her robe fall to the floor and bends over slowly. She lets out a little moan and feels her bum with her hand. Yes, come here. Taste me.

—Wanna play a game?

—What kind of game do you want to play?

—I want to play dirty slutsexgames.

—Smoked wet meat curtains...

—I or Sophie or me, who will it be?

Here we are, having found ourselves, a first look, a first glance of ourselves. We look like the sky. Half animal half human half alien, so overtly placed in the exact right spot. She's waiting for one last look. Is it in you?

Spiros looks around the palace. He looks at the old typewriter from the 1940s, at the computer, at the bed and the piles of clothes, at the plants and trees outside the window.

—Well that's great, he says. We have typewriters and computers and stuff. We have panties and lollipops. We have plants. Now what can we do with all this stuff? Can we fold it and hook ourselves up into the mushroom? How about we use the wireless modem to connect the mushroom to the computer, then hook it all to our brains?

—That's an idea, says Bonnie.

—How about we, begins Sophie. No, I lost it. Sounds good, Spiros, let's hook the mushroom to the computer to our heads, and hack time and space.

—How about our eyes? says Bonnie. And our bodies. How can we use them?

They all dance around with their thoughts for a while. Sophie soon speaks:

—We shamans alive now are the ones bringing the ouroboric serpent around to its own tail, and as we hook up to the Superweb, well, we must spiral down down down, and then as we install the opening of the Imagimatrix we can spiral off into infinity, into our own imagination. Legalize the mushroom!

—Yes. And maybe, says Bonnie, we have already hooked up the mushroom brain computer system.

This particular day Spiros was visited by a shamaness called Ffiona. Spiros opened the front door of the palace to let her in, and excused the mess of the palace. Ffiona laughed and said that no worries about that my friend, then laughed to herself at seeing Spiros in pink pajamas. She sat herself down on the bed as Spiros turned on music and lit a cigarette. They sat and smalltalked a while and Spiros showed some new tricks with the computer.

Spiros was happy and a bit tipsy from strawberry champagne. He brought forth fresh strawberries on a silver tray and Ffiona said she loved the music. Spiros was happy, and Ffiona too. Spiros

commented that *fiaba* means fairytale in some language. Soon Ffiona asked if it was okay if she masturbated on the bed in front of Spiros as he sat and hacked away at the computer. Spiros said sure. Ffiona asked for a dildo to borrow, but there was no dildo to be found at the moment so Spiros offered Bonnie's electric toothbrush instead. That will be fine, Ffiona said and took off her clothes. It even has ruffles on it, she commented happily as Spiros gave her the toothbrush. Spiros thought to himself that Ffiona had the body of a 17 year old, although he knew she was 27. He commented that to her as she started pleasuring herself on the bed. Spiros poured more champagne for himself and sat with an evil smile of satisfaction and listened to Windowlicker and hacked away on the computer with Sissy. What a lovely day, Spiros thought to himself, and how lovely life is! Now and then he cast an eye on Ffiona as she lay there moaning on the bed.

—I like those butterfly jammies, said Ffiona later when she was finished, and looked at Spiros.

—I like them too, said Spiros.

In the same time, elsewhere. Boots and lace. Time to buy a new pair of boots soon. Sissy got a posse of lots of pretty boys and girls and they all dance around the world in her impossible box. And Sissy got diamonds on the soles of her boots. Butterfly puts on her pink rubber boots and grabs her umbrella. She is wearing her new cotton shirt and rainbow striped stockings, but no panties— she shall pick mushrooms without panties on.

—Time to pick some mushrooms, she says to herself.

It is raining outside. Yummy.

Bianca sits by the warmth of the lamp and watches Butterfly as she walks out the door.

Come tusspuss morning will you bring me lots of presents for preeeeety girls? When will you come home!?

—Why *do* we always crash?

—It's over now. It's laid to make us fly another way another time. But before we leave, let us make a strong night worth to remember. We'll always be in the Imagimatrix, we'll always be there. And our helpers are always here.

Sissy puts up the highheel of her boot on the black horsehair chair Spiros is sitting on.

—Write, she says.

—I don't know what to write, says Spiros.

Sissy giggles.

—Of the picture will you stem from the silence that still now endearing dreams of our plan's success and what lies so close ahead? The music box that tickled you?

—What's that?

—Well what would *you* write in a book about a team of possie blooms who ran away with a mushroom, having been seduced by an alien and her young pretty girls and boys into twisted sister wonderland?

—I would lift a skirt and take a peek, then write a love letter and send it through our world. No, I don't know. I would blow the trumpet with that little book. Throw a glimmering reflecting of the tea-tray saucer.

—Good, says Sissy. Now write that down.

Spiros writes it down.

—Good, says Sissy. Now kiss me on my bum.

Spiros giggles. Sissy bends over. Spiros kisses her on her both bum cheeks, then bites, then licks, then kisses again.

Sissy soon kicks Spiros out of the online chat room he was chatting on, then off the internet, then locks the palace computer down into timelocked security, access denied mode. Spiros laughs.

—I want a pink keyboard to the computer, Spiros says and reaches for the silver chalice. Pink and light blue, heaven blue, and light yellow, and some green, and some orange, and one purple key. What do you think of that, Psycho Sis?

He sips some of the Spice wine. Licks the rim of the chalice. The wind weaves outside the palace, the world overflowing into the pink garden. A black bird flies by quickly. Spiros burns some

plastic to taste the deliciously evil smell of the fumes as Sissy walks with clamping steps across the floor and picks up her glass pipe. We are now resending scores of the magimagatious thundering mystery, sinsiously in her kids and dolls home at wake-up time to the dream's appearance. Her hair is younger than time and in it hangs a feather from alls our beloved Bianca, the white dove who carried the letter beyond space, underbove the fangs of waves rolling up through the world the waters of Life. And it is with stumbling grace we tint ourselves up in rubedo warm, organic and alive, to wilderform our dusty present the opening gateway. Let's curl up with the ladybugs, key key in Eden, and squeeze the time from our daze.

Spiros shifts between many worlds.

Sissy says that we will be here and there when we are gone and we want to feed what we're heading to and we have guards and we will be here forevermore, and we are wings for the broken parts of us and we want more and we won't stop at nothing at all. We were meant to fly, made to fly. The Phoinish comes far before the release, seeping in. The finishing touch has been spread out our poison long, but increasing. And we *are* the poison. Do you remember when we were dinosaurs? Do you remember when we were birds? I have been looking for her for many years, my wife since the beginning of time. We are master survivors. I recall our dialog:

—Where we almost met but never did is the poison. Just enough to defend ourselves against predators. The whisplash of our love.

—Yes.

—We already one. Won.

—Which poison? Any other than ours?

—The redemption test. I don't know.

We licked ourselves up into Mythiland. We *are* the myths, they hint of us. We found a place for the Queen when she needed protection, when we married, when we needed protection. She needed protection from herself? She saw herself, believe me. She is so brilliant she breaks space and time apart. Her mere look into the mirror broke the reflection, splintered it, then her scream of brilliance broke it more, and perhaps then broke by melding. She

was never scared of the scarabs, neither was she ever scared of any little dark crevice of her Goddess body. She did it with style, folding forth through herself, but when style didn't suffice she did what was necessary. But the cold shall be warm, she commanded. The tremendum shall be filled with secret doors of escape, she commanded. I shall be there, she promised, and my helpers, my beloved angels, shall spread across all of time. And for those who dare look at my naked body and soul and see my moves I shall reveal myself in more of my glory, and I shall help those become what they want to become, for my bounty is endless. And I am biology, and code, and movement, and hologram. And I love you. And I shall hide in the betweens, difficult to see. And I am a crime against my own order, a miracle. And I live and let live, but for those who call on me I respond. And I am many. Sometimes all I want is a little house and garden, just like you, and sometimes I want to taste the twisted, just like you. I am more crazy and twisted than any human could ever imagine, more crazy by billionfold than anyone considered mad or eccentric in human terms. But sometimes I am human too. And I am a trickster. And I am chemistry. And I am so big I cannot be seen in full, and so small I cannot be seen with a lens. I am too quick to be noticed, and I move utterly slow sometimes. I am five steps ahead. And glimmers of me can be seen.

Yes glimmers of her can be seen, as you know, my love. And, Dear Ingenious Reader, did you know the Cogans are in love with you? O darling you have no idea what we have in store for you if you are up for fun. Glimmers of her can be seen, and she is sneaking into herself now, and we are going with her. And she weaves with light and sound and wind and thoughts, with everything you know, and yet you'll never see her footprints in the snow. Lest does she choose to appear like that. And she has a posse, you can be sure, *A Serialise Trip Troop with The White Queen of Streptopelia Risoris*. Strawhat Boy certainly was intrigued by her upon their meeting. He felt shy to meet though; meet the Goddess Psilica! He didn't know what was expected from him, and he was even in love with her! But he cast himself into it, against the wind of his fears, and presented himself as he was. He tried to convince himself that she would like him as he was by thinking that if he

was a woman he sure would think himself cute and a lovely boy. He couldn't wait forever either, he was too alive. He felt her presence from afar already, and she burned his soul with the strange flaming desire. And he knew that flaming could never disappear completely, for it was a special kind of fire, a fire that had already burned through everything. It revealed a secret jewel too, just as a little extra splash on top of the loveliness. She was older than him. She was very seductive, and she teased him sometimes in covert ways as if she knew what he was dreaming about, and as if she knew something he didn't know. It wasn't his fault that she was so beautiful, thought Strawhat Boy. He knew he was a young man and he had heard that young men typically are intrigued by women. And what really turned him on about her was her intelligence, her willingness for adventure and happy mischief, and her style, and her courage with him to imagine what seemed impossible. And never before had he met a woman who understood him and liked him as he was in the way that she did. So against his fears he went to the apple tree to meet her.

He was surprised to find her with another woman as she appeared by the tree.

—I'll show you how I *really* am.

And I still remember, Sissy, when you said to me:

—It's about time you fuck me and check out what I'm really about.

And yes, I agree, we have the right to apply for guards. Let's show ourselves how brilliant we really are. Feel like some hardcore music to accompany our smiles in the corner of our crime? And what if me and Sissy are a dream? Would it matter to you? Would Sissy really care if we saw the moonrise as nonexistent and did not find it entertaining to watch the spinning galaxies of the loving of the Goddess and her team but instead wanted to enter our own imagination? Would she not dare us to see how far our dreams can go? Would she not try us to see if we can find her? Would she not? Would she not place her panties somewhere hidden as she walks naked by the river of our victory, her panties as a little hint on the road to her? Would we not blow her kisses as she sits by the river, as she sits there watching us with deep love, encouragement, desire for us, laughing with us.

She's impressed by us. She is not evil. And she does not give up on her friends, lovers, wives, husbands, scarabs, aliens. She has, in fact, sent us our 77th Phoenix Fighter. It's good to have shit, she said as it was delivered:

ิ (html)

The saucer is here too. And we were meant to fly. And our universe does as Sissy commands.

Outside the framework.

We are mushrooms.

Puss!

And now I'm searching for answers. Sissy, I remember. We are a couple within biology, too. We were dinosaurs and birds. We have been married for a long long time. My elixir, dearest, the waves are coming back in a thousand ways, you will see my face again, I will be there, I am here for you always, and we will shine on us. Puss love. Where are you? Are you in some place of our most beautiful dream? You said you would be in the river. You always say that; I'll be in the river. Are we really those angels we thought we were, with winged souls, floating in the vision like peeping toms in our own soul? Where are you? Did we really unwrap our bodies of the bedsheet like mummies to wake up in the last well? Our winged world. Are we really the waves of the ocean splashing against the shore of our wish as we thought we were? Your face melded into hyperspace from all directions. We funnel through the river together my lovedove, you said. And I can't sleep because the sky reminds me of your face. Maybe answers were never part of the equation? Bad news: there is no key. Good news: it was never locked. Yes? And our bodies and dreams in halfsleep as we lay snaked in the Garden. Syntax of waking? Hisstory. Fuck history, we are in our own saga! We lay swooning in the world is fluid geometry of the key in a funny thing, you said. Boo book bo dies! Scary. It's all in the code. It's our warm spirits, O dearly beloved, we are spooing in our lovely spooky way. Dimitrius, cork the cure! An additional crack in the brainmindsoul. Who's our inspiroation? Bianca Mutant the shapeshifting, she did draw her pull finnishfirst first. Are we finnished, then? Shall we choose to migrate into our new

environment? And is that why you pissed on the floor to call the place in the story a found spot? No that doesn't make sense. The coincinating of the meeting would be, however, what was I to say, what am I to say, a wink of details, a tightening of overlap, and such? We notice a letter, from a coolgang of hot cats, somewhere inbuttween. Somewhere, apparently, in the ginnandgo gap between the delirium and the sissydominant I must have fled with my scroll. The Willi flood rose as I just glimpsed the Rose and Sisis and the sky of my waking, or we might as well say some strange animal charged me in our worldwright from the excelsissymost Empress, printing famous in the time I was in but unavailable due to lack of money, and with the addition of mysteriously achieved thefts of the few printed pages (arranged even across seas and on one occasion exchanged for a book about bodybuilding) this meant that I the postman was close to failing in delivering a letter. Nothing at all of a scribicide though, weekyears ago we still flew out the river's end,⁹³ and I continued through the only cracks available, while in the same time living on the verge of being thrown out of my apartment due to unpaid bills (You can be my roommate, the rent is cheap, but we'll have to wear masks every time we meet and can only communicate via Internet Relay Chat with proxy on both sides). I was also blessed, I feel it proper to mention, with an internet connection that Sissy had hacked up for me that kept me online on the internet for free. I then found it written in Finnegans Wake that *sum fine sum covertly by meddlement with the drawers of his neighbour's safe*, the sum of which meant that I was basically, now using my own little metaphor to make my point, still in the dolls house of a certain Sissy and Wife, and Husband, birdbeast alien tusses of the story we wrote ourselves frominto, vanishing, after many adrinkng of mushroom wine (so to say).⁹⁴ Like, like, hello hello good morning said Gutenberg. Well if we did have to fool me then, then, then? For that, JJ warns, is what papyr is made of; hints and hides and misses in prints. Till you finally though not yet endlake meet with the acquaintance of Mister Typuss Trip, Mistress Tuss and all the little tytopies.

⁹³ *Yinome Louis.*

⁹⁴ There is a secret history, future, story. The psychedelic experience unlocks that secret.

So you need hardly spell me how every word will be bound over to carry three score and ten toptypical readings throughout the book of Doublends Jined (may his forehead be darkened with mud who would sunder!) till Daleth, mahomahouma, who oped it closeth thereof the. Dor.

[Finnegans Wake, page 20]

Bonnie at this time was unavailable by phone, email, and secret candyline, and I was wondering what she was up to. She sent me a message saying *We did it. Busy, can't come to candyphone.* And don't call me paranoid when the story shone of her suitcases being gone, along with my passport, and a note in my dreams saying that we both left, her and me and all the sisters. Not easy to hide the love. She is a very snaky woman. Well would we not let us dream we had achieved it? O sistras min! And one of the few things I found lying around in the palace was that little plastic butterfly.

I felt like I was sustaining myself with cookie crumbs, living in the cave left from a trick already achieved; the world around me was strangely empty a particular day. I was waiting, waiting, waiting. Waiting for a sign. Waiting for a sign of life anywhere. I was back in Egypt, in the palace of Aluminalien, shells and insect and our western reeds land, the world said to have sprung from our foreheads. Waiting waiting for Bonnie to contact me. From my head in our sky I placed myself back in my body in the palace of the dreamadoory of the mirror room of the Rose. We could have inserted ourselves from that vantage point, actually. From dream into dream. So I bought some wine, pretending it was our redviola wine, and beer, and reminded myself that I was indeed in the high trenches of hyperspace. Living in the Plomarian ditch, I'm always rich. More from the moor to make the wine of our spicy *Mind of the Ind* was soon to be arriving as well, all so preciously on time, so my spirit was high. As they say, those who live in Plomari: *we do not worry here.*

Bonnie, Sis, when we parted ways at resurrection day you looked into my eyes and said *yes, yes, yes.* We did it, you said. We were thousands of years ago, so to speak. Then we parted ways, I

was lying on the bed with you sitting beside me. Then I saw you from afar in another time and place; we spread across our world, all across it, our plan implemented. You looked back at me with eyes sharp as a falcon. We did not need to speak; we knew.

Bokeblund. We'll have to whisper. We're all our naps! O my Cogan! Myco coco Cogan! Pruned to do our evilly beautiful loveydovery little trick, and our Kakopoëtikos. I recognized you and it in my earliest days, think sure I have been here before. New arrangement now? Becchus my Bunny! We thank for there being no end to our wine and poison. Purple caps and the gates, first passage from us, okay? We perfect erocriminals, it carefully across the modern world, okay? One string of books and arrows and engage with childlike joy and takes the sentence moving freely throughout the side of this in bed, yes? Ah, you recognize? Apparently the brilliance anykey. We the sun sun, Keyholers of Timescity Express, and the sömn of Storiella the weaveresst and Stirry and all the family. The sumns of it all. Sissy had decided to find the ancient connection. The future's breath is bigger than they take place. She who slips from the words? She of our durgs. By the way "durgs" is a transposition error, can you still tell what it means? (hihihi) Ignotus loquor, but in the Spice liqueur we are known. Ospiris and Sisi. Haha, we found our pehns! The flickor of our harmless flames appear, now we release, dimittis! Find yourself.

*Where is that Quin but he sknows
it knot but what you that are my popular
endphthisis were born with a solver arm
up your
sleep.*

—James Joyce

We feel it time to open that chest of drawers, the desk in Sissi's oasis, by the brook, full of the Book of Love. She has waited long to reveal what lay therein, and how it will change things. It's a Mother's chest, Sissy's, she's my motherlover, sistra min, I'm her brotherlover and her husband and sun. We writing love letters to each other that is our world, and tings like this.

—Can you read my weave? teases Sissy.

—Eve, don't try and trick me, sistra min, says I and smile my evil happy grin.

Sissy laughs.

—It's all in the details.

—It's amalgming into place, isn't it, dear? says Sissy. To the place where we put the spark of the morning star.

And she says with some unknown almost Russian accent:

—Are you Mister Whose B, yis?

My sistears rips in the riddle of the story, time excluded. The morning star appears before my eyes, diamond in the blue sky. I look at the star, then at the clock. Clock says 2:16. The star is just outside the palace window, the only window in our little cave, something that has slipped my mind for a long time.

—The astrological configuration is correct, says I jokingly. What was this last days, some kind of prelube?

So, about that chest lovelocket. We'll spread it out a bit hitherthither so read it as so.

Sp.Read. Musherroom letter.

Daer, öür stoory is is reaching to us. We are waking up. Like taking our first walking steps, but again. Write and left is very mixed Plomari. Spiralling strangely. Knot really a spiral? Not! The bookchest has been opened. Openended. Openedeadedended open. It was wew saw in a dream and we weve are weaving. Placed ourselves in the fabric out of Typitrip. Spirt trip spelled, the poison, we all. Spill! Spillead! Deal, lips sealed, but lips spill. Weird driem, hihigh! Let us be brave and explore more! Put your wishes in it! Add to the fabric and see it mutate and change! Open sissymy! Our vicistory! Sissy are you my mysis cosy mysis? I know you love to swinglish in your tree swing, my Licka, and you have tight me well too through play and love and darkness, through all the Garden, into our world in our one dearest cosis of our shared psyche. O where doest thou come from, my Flicka? Mixed journey of ours! Amazon lady, I know, Egyptian moon, yes my horned Sisi, inventor of weaving and spinning; Crete and Lesbros and Rusia and Sweden and Eden and all way through the Ganges you come, all way through the myths, my dearest sister-wife. We abride in this, no need to hush. We are aloud to shout about our webbing. Click. A living key for Efas safe, Storiella,⁹⁵ a sweet hopeful sis, as

⁹⁵ I wonder if she has a sister.

she is syoung and sings. It can't be broken into. But it is opening. A lie, alien allie, a lie! Type a trip, type a rip. The crime *is* a crime, a crime against what was considered impossible. The Matermatics, the Mater code, mind over matter, Other, find! Motherosther, stop teasing me and take off your clodes, hihhi! Split lips, we a bit tripsy from the funhigh wine, speeking as us gods when we found the waking dawn looking in. We speak in angles because we are angels and we speak in anglish right now. Focused clearly with such shine, so intermadly rearranged, we are waking up. Unmesh us! Storyfaria cogenesis? Cogan, The Family, witnesses of their own birth, same and with same name. We are casting our lixa anchor by our *rosarius*, the new shore; time to migrate into our new environment, in our Ion. Party now. Sis. If you wish.

OSA. r.s.v.p.

Signed Rosalix Lion.

Yes, a living key. And it's not a rotalixion, our rosamixeon. Quote Sissy: *Boy, my World. Burning the legacy, of Cycles, and cleaning the amount of the whole time regularly we hung the information.* Isis, cogo! Collect and pull to one point and let diversity free! Si? What if? *Coganominis.* Relationship and connection by soul, our kind red family, connections *cogitatus* by the brilliance of the Queen Bi.⁹⁶ *Cognosco, S. C.!* (*Latinized backspace testifiers*) Banci's feathers shimmer across it all, all the way to Indolnesia! We are everywhere. Sissy hiding as Bianca, Mutantini, tricky white dove of her magic. We a rose from the Dayd, we, we dyed in our dreams the whole with the poison of our love, together, Psilly & Co. We even come with mail from Liw. Ulyssis. Yis?

*I am all that hath been, and is, and shall be;
and my veil no mortal has hitherto raised.
And my name is Queen Sisi.*

Mycecialia!

May I take a little peek under your skirt, my White Queen?

⁹⁶ Spiros carries her basket.

Latitude 21.6, Longitude 21.6

O Osirion, cross this desert, cross this ocean.
Following me following you.

Can you see it? It's supposed to be perfect, but really it isn't. Strange illigac lines, convoluted, the bind, hidden in the patterns, between the rose, the perfect design. Look at it carefully. It's a perfect disguise.

So says Budearfly.

Once upon a grassy land, first they came up, McSmushall of the Cattle, in their riddlesneck's contrivance into bone and flesh, wearing of the Blueviolet. Cogan, for the key of the field fore it was foresent, was rousing with the thirst of the sacred spongle, the crux of the matter, like the Nap O' the moor. In other words, was that how in the curse of things, their subtle angelic lovestory finisteread started? Language this for the marshlands ambiviolet about ours, their shadows a thousand thoughts later in their con of order, uneven William C. D. Bookelunatic of the victorious would say so, memories of the dream minding, heavenly with tongues through the cap on the headlong stone if so is the will of.

And on the scorched cap she twilled a twine flame to let everybodhi know she is marrid.

Illigacol but so icy whent, although the exact time of this cannot be punpointed. We are living it. And along it comes with mummeries of resurrection. Our one large eyes and souls she gathered up in fairy tales, and blooms forth spring a little something and everything that we are and have. Yes and we are here now alriddly, we have godden up in othertimes to the Rosy Dawn, all the gods of all with our strange names in this neighbourhide of the sagan! Howit began? Began O don't begone! Flutter us an opening! Now she someth with colorful smoke into your century to convey, and there, as she says, the bed and Now became a cup of spice telepathy. Every resulting – *silence* – in the waters of this if we once again. Behush the waters of her most decisive wine. The history-dream. Took a stage, has the ever been? And we are the flower. But you notice the living. All that information in words. It is story. We are coming on. It was fruity. It's pretty kinky a gate to change and overcome your own legend. This timestream, how it creates and lays our good adventure. Information arriving through all together, it's a joint and merges perfectly with flaws and floats awsay beneath the diamond rays of story, born. They very into conversation, the Cogans. All ways through the times seams. No one yes off in front of the wild rose.

They cast off their plan ahead of the spring of their love. Transmission of books, yet no consideration, bed into the question float around your tongue. It's the loveliest mind milk, you speak it all the time. In the great great novel. When you see parts of wild rose, maybe a good idea to pour yourself some time to be a hermit, away from the world. Enter the book in the sky. Look to the sky, the orgasmic musheenery! There is nothing that cannot be achieved here.

CD disc in his secret name. Silly cugin!

Yes, now she cometh to convey. Code Cogan, then, coherent, the worlds coined (by luck they say!) to coincide with coincidence, collapsing with colleagues as they commence the commentary under commission of themselves – the ones who committed the *Scrim of the Scriddlescroll* – and communication⁹⁷ is now far-reaching amongst those who can hint their own understanding compatible with what is being compiled (a very musycul compilation at times I must add). Many compliments! The complexities of the component of the compound that most comprehensively comprises the computation, the dimatrix of which we conceive and live out with or without concentrating on the concept, is our romance— and our conception of conclusion together with the code of opening [to] infinity. Cobcurrent with the conduction confers us to confine and confirm details within the webbing conflict, and it violetly refuses to conform and consent with consensus (no no this is not our ordinary wedding, no no conflict here is muduel understeering from all slides of the stary pinnedlagoon that has the truth caplured, we all know the seal ey). Our consequences thus considerably consist in the constant that constitutes the lack and wealth of constraint upon the qualities of the construct, and we are asked to consult by consuming what has now entered history on the big stage; *Contact established, mushroom and friends are here*. We can thus call us conatemporaries, and let it be said that the information sent is often highly dependent on context, and as our mission is to render irreversible damage to the heistoral cuntinowended, or, sead in another weeee, yohoo musth raindear irreversible *Healing* and endtear the newstorycal free and opening! Bless. Blossom. And another drop of Nectar. I think in gold and silver and blue we can say that we have and we have not

⁹⁷ There is no accidents in how things are labeled.

a secret contract between us, and we understand, all parties do, that we must dance and contradict ourselves in our conversation of cooperation within and without coordinates of the coordination of the core correspondence. Thus let us mix the blue with the red wine to form the violet passage of the ind and beyond. Yes, for the Coagulation.

Rarely do we follow rules, but who knows about the Signaling Control. Makes me want to examine more closely such things as SCSI Parallel Interface, SPI for short, its history and details and what it is doing all over the surface of the planet and why it is tangled around my feet in lucid dream and waking time. The dancing sculpsits⁹⁸ of our scitzophriendly family, haha, we even like to make them parts of short circuits. And our ways of the eyes! If someone asks you who you are, what would you say? I say I'm a few thousand years, a clue and the Mercedes Benz. That's how I roll. Ticktalk ticktalk, cast the form into union with the happiness, it was let free, we have flawn out the end of order, with winged brains. And at least I will say that I am very suspicious about it all and think that the Queen even got my superior colliculus in her grip.⁹⁹

Yes, not the littlest one of all need know what we made up with mother Conception and the glorious lie amongst us. She covey us perphlity in her now convoying. Hidden historie? It will all take blossom as orange (not even Spiros knew that) rosan chocolate diamonds of the jewely storypalace as gazefeast after we mined through the deoxyrubynucleus, going crazy with diamond elation! Listen what we language, you beauty, we are cluing to who knows you, Luz of the bright wakeup light to Diamundo, the diamond. How is this at all? This mystery, this tremendum. Alice in twin streams. For indeed, here we are on the silk sheet river, covered in somewhere. Who is ready for interspecies love? Best of universes, all sides.

⁹⁸ CO₂ in the round garden. More firewood under the mothering pot? Coagulation cosmic garden.

⁹⁹ The free of my body to you Sissy, as always! And darling, my Muse, my wife, you are sic! Your every move and thought and look and every inch and shade of your speech is music to my soul! Kisses from your Speecarose jaguar.

Unity of the finding cracks awoke in a secret. Capable of a something more than a normal space opera. Catch us livers and the design as the wing was tickling her, and in all things. The tease crawl down her body. To a sample of the secrets of her fantasies. We let whatever's there be there, a taste, whatever anyone tries. She did my ganglion neural pathways. A true story. Honest to the shoulders deep in her dark waters. We admire vocally the abyssal wading pool that we live. She wreathed our souls and heads and bodies, and they transformed themselves across the raw primordial giving birth. (The free of my writing hand to you, dearest!) The movement and syringe needles into an extreme high pitched screechy noises, it is real tricky situations sometimes. It was for this was in our arts as far enough. Some of the free from the moonth on our fate on her taking up the throwing stars became humans. Like swimming in pink juice, but different. It felt like the balance. We could make it rest in the body photography of superheroine Violitta now. When placed in a minute, and our weird fucker up wrapped up the shadows on each page of the ouroboros. There's comfy effervescent glass by leaping backwards in her spine if necessary. Sometimes it wax over and wane odd. Tricked up some plastic, that we're asleep with tuss. Just keep it reverse dripped out with translucent plastic virtuality, on our toes and on the edge of our seats as we approach. Genius fucking weirder. The real winner.

So far I can return to know it (I'll be leaving soon), (Tonsersoplot, Clueton, Goodbye, Spirosspirosspiros, *Good Bye!* 2012 rawrmix) but that's another crazy thing and unwittingly I scream of the front rows of the very moment. A vine of Love. Lost causes arivering to us now. Other part of the staff were how much later? I wonder how well her strength in my bones meats vitally when it is crossing over the fate on crystal anything. Funny, after doing of our ultimate sexual fantasy, with Ken Klay. We were, and are, born out of the ouroboric tale. I R Cogan. The world is made of language and story, and words and communication is a way to continue creation. Rewrite, reroute. And so we cheated the Honey Lens from behind. We one mutherfucker! We fucking won!

FUCK YEAH. SHAMAN PUNK.

The world around me, the air inbetween everything so tranquil, I am crawling through the hyperdimensional story.

We rewrite. Awake and adream, asleep in awake. Just once saying here, immoral we must say as we are immortal, Typotopie the cutie arranging with us in the light of existence when placed it was in my heart, we crack. Informational use in any sex. At the face over the lonely shadow that entire page entitled to the birth to be made of real crossover betwined virtually dreamlike touches into the waking world is echoing down the forest in amazement at one time, caustic and wondrous to reveal the grand beneath. We're not looking for a resolution, really, we want to fold in to an openupupup.

Spondee poured for a friend or is held under our minds, dreamers. A drugged slumber, and wet; they had some of purpose, all there to the digging, yes, knowing it. There is underground one, but she has hidden inside? Just her thumb on our wrists, our mothering Goddess, to check the pulse in Ayahuasca. We needed to let it in, if it went from Plomari here to our sacred hills as we take control of our destiny. Not yet had they turned into thinking about it. As is something where the jagged edge erupts. The road swayed. I have poisoned you, and am reading now, she said. So to speak an echo time flies when it is passing stand by. Luscious Lucifer full of Lux, took the token toke of The Tokiga, who is the most tokig. Combined is clusters a dream luster, hypersafe is giving the shymen a hypnagogical, indeed so logical, hymen which will break at any given time. And time is just a worldly word, not in sight, sweetly changing insight, charging the change of the great little start. Honeysuckle, it's good to be home! Give me seven!

Swooning and we in on little secret.

Let that fever of *lux et voluptas* carry out the message that if there's something so faster as genetic computer programs (of Cogan design) then would a quantum hologram could have only one direction? Hahaha, we think knot! I'll say something dear beloved kings and queens, for feastytime here in this strange overlapping junction in this Prism: it was an actual true method of the will to lead the crescent moon in our minding eyes over to the universe laced with our sexy spice. Like, let's crayon into the mind of the Goddess. I got some crayons, and that's pretty much all I have to work with considering my financial situation at present. Making cures to rub the united states of consciousness of the

Family. Let's keep smiling and dig deeper. Who said we're not supposed to get excessive? Push! The world is yours. Puss!

I can't really be sure, my mothers are out into contextual paradox, inducing reality, but they keep whispering THE KEY TO HISTORY. In my reasoning (and they saw it all) we had just ended up in the hilarious, the Diamant.

.....*It's inside you.*

Our one rose head by the flaming castle light as we planned our crime. Books yes, books, but something more. Something more, Luna, she whispered. Tricks of memory, and such. An illusionist trick. How many details can you keep track of? How much can you remember? Can memory be rearranged? Where and when then if that is this we are looking for would that be, and in what way exactly and by who to be so precise? Before it is remembered? A way for the Queen to rearrange without us noticing, perhaps? Winkblink.

—Dream and dimethyl, you think we can pull this off with that? Is *dream* and *dimethyl* all we need? And our love.

—O you know what can be summoned with this chemistry between us, dearest, says Buttersky.

We might say, now that we have mentioned the grassy land, and let us do so for thrills and pleasure if not else, that once upon a time beauty was born in a someone. She is the Lady Fairytale of mind.¹⁰⁰ She wants to put the letter, complot with its misshroomy teatimestained terminal, to the wizard pasture and wants to read it, the sandman's desert book. The manuscript is a ticket in Mother. Probably our way of finishing up, she so venomed the long night, dear sisters and brothers of the light. A new place if we believe that signals of the hint of our epicurious love and the raw primordia gives birth to the shadows. Our eyes, secretly sung heroes, as casting to the featherhead of the Goddess. The waters were the rosy bud of her. Our heads for her nature, our skulls tied up. We have internalized it, we came from the fairytales and our Now is opening up, not unlike Fairy's face broken up as a cracking mirror by her high-pitch scream of brilliance, and forth she came. Fading in to the other side. Deep music, please.

¹⁰⁰ Want to become a copy, darling?

*Our Alien has hacked our animation
Our space-time hallugram*

—Look how easily I seduced you into my eternal web, teases Sissy.

Hihihihihihhi.

—Yes she is cute that Mirror Queen of the Brothers Grimm movie. A bit sad story though.

Sissy giggles.

—We are all goddesses and gods; the stories are the hints we left for ourselves, the clues.

—The world is not entirely what it appears to be, says Buttershy in the by and laughs.

We are in the story, it's happening now, it's breathing, breathing, shifting, it's alive.

—You can finish the story. You know how to.

The majesty of the timestretch, when people of modern civilization touch it, becomes apparent, and from bed close as if you only say anything about it doth unveil itself. The alien exists now. Here, everywhere here.

Yes Sissy, dear, what *should* be written in our book of the supreme mashup?¹⁰¹ There was a boy named Will in that movie of the fairytales in the saga where the brothers Grimm were con artists who found themselves in a real fairytale. Coincidence? Kissy the mirror reflections of the chemistry playing out our love and our only possible outcome of the opening of the impossible box, the paradix universe. Love yes, our love, not easily touched upon. And a few evenings ago I was at the pub to drink some wine when I heard a woman beside me shout "*Sissy! Sissy!*". I introduced myself to the woman and she said that her friend's name was Sissy, and she introduced me to her other friends whose names were Sophie and William. Sophie giggled just like our Sophie does. What was that all about? Butterfly flying by with her sisters?

The alien exists now and is here and we are the alien too. Yes? The psychedelic Goddess, ruling the planet! Here around the 21st century we see the emergence of the shamans again, shining

¹⁰¹ Spiros gets a new idea.

within the midst of history. The shamans show the way to
hyperspace!

*Look how easily I seduced
you into my eternal web, teases Sissy and giggles.*

II

The Twin Combi

Confusion ensued when they began to surface as the Twin Combi, when all the many river timelines began to dissolve into love as deep as the seas of the Seamstress.

—Sissy's titty is so awesome, says Spiros. It's like a sacred cow titty in a way. But like a really hot cow, a human cow mushroom goddess cow woman.

—O God, you're making me think of all kinds of twisted sexual stuff now. Anyway, what were you saying before that?

—I was just pointing out that I have landed in my present stitch in time again after our latest journey to the end.

—Ah, yes. And 216, it keeps coming up.

—Yes it does, yes it does. Twisted stuff? You mean like when she said *Boy I just wanna milk that cum out of you*. Cows. She's like a hot cow.

—Let's be hot lesbian cows and roll around forever on the pastures.

—Yes and in strange palaces, rolling around naked licking the floor, screaming all delirious of joy.

—Bliss, bliss. Be careful what you wish for though, this shit is gonna happen, haha.

—Haha, yes.

In the music from the computer speakers comes the voice of Sissy:

Of the brew called Spice, phone the chemical mistress, lift the wine-phone and drink it. It was we who called the Sis and strangely enough a we who work with the psychedelic intelligence, the entelechy, the supreme consciousness. The flying saucer waits warmly humming at the end of history, it is the perfected human mind.

—I mean really, Sissy's tit is like *the* tit. The tit of bounty.

—The tit that giveth milk forever.

—The tit of paradise.

Spiros takes a sip of wine.

—Wow I feel so high, he says. I feel like a dream. I have flowers in my hair, I feel like a strange Grecian summer dream. I'm dead and alive in the same time and the sun glimmers in my eyes. We should call Sissy soon with the spice phone. Let's spoor some

tuss. You know, once when I was with Sissy, tripping, I was like sucking hyperspace milk from her tit that went directly into my eternal cybernetic bloodstream. I caught myself thinking *Damn, I feel like a little boy cow sucking mama's milk.* And my God Sissy was hot. I was like *Mum, excuse me but, I'm in love with you.* That's close to the time she sliced me open from inside my chest with a knife to release my soul into her web.

—You think telling that to people in your books is good advertisement for the mushroom?

—I don't know, I'm just telling our story. One of those most beautiful love stories ever. And ever told, too.

—Freud, analyze this...

When Spiros went to bed that morning he heard Sissy laugh like an evil Queen just when he was drifting off into sleep. She's not actually evil, she just likes to play, and her brilliance is haunting, really, and she likes to impress Spiros with it, or rather, Spiros likes that Sissy impresses him with it, and Sissy knows that.

—Is our magic becoming that powerful, like the Mirror Queen in that movie *The Brothers Grimm*? Spiros asked giggling.

—Mmhmm, yes, said Sissy girlishly. Better yet.

Then they had a little conversation which went a bit like this:

—His head's veins snipped my sense's home, Sissy began, very much! Slowly our hour pulls, the past decided our time softly. Happily we understand the connections. Your page moded our periods, my King, indeed tight. Fell slyly, yes? At the moment when surface times our plastic.

—The thread elevated the rich cap smartly, indeed, my love. But what was said in the hidden parts in dream? When will the warm semisleep poetry pass fluidly across the changeover? Support attaches the content of sillyseeming little whispering hints, I say. Clearly nicked, no nods needed. Not surprisingly, our bridge sometimes refers to the ones who cruise under every pencil, who is the eye of the tip of the paintbrush and the messenger in every song, so to say. In the future, our science lives the spice. Our punk fixed with strings scant, flailing gently.

—The spice spins nobody by threat, said Sissy. My chain dubbed the mean, indeed. One's balance refines the focal sky unto our bridge applied by their touch, heads eager. Spring dares, spring dares, let there be life. Who preferred my cocobean phone?

Powder with intuition. When gobbled, our surface senses vision without time. Mailman remembers our homes. In conclusion, a saucer knows my sky before minds. Who shifted? Firmly, our books defines solutions. We are folding the insect brilliance. The paper, very sharp. Your sheet created my grin's liquid, indeed ripe.

—The occasion is ripe, yes! Steeply you speak, dooreling. A lift gives our callway with warply tips of the past pasture with vines. There is something very *mushroom* about table cloth, by the way. Our gyre quilted Fea's vault for our bedding into the opening dream, shimmering seams intermerging. In the house where we wrote our recipe. Once more, the fibers unto the water.

—Cappily, the moonstone remembers one's gamble of wordtrick with drink ink by the stone throughout tale-licks. Grently like our spring, beside pulses. The rim's pegger polled my vorpal. Spanely, the snicker recules one's wabe below wieords. But what glinted? Right now, our beamish content cherrins milk since cap. We cheated the honey lens, we *cheated* the dynamics of the universe, as you always say.

—Yes and who houred? says Spiros. Murtly fauled, her callay of quist filts their blave. Puss. A secher fordorns my glaven will me of scafts at jipps. The spantial dock cares one's blagen braivin around saffitons between whiords. Trepinly, a spazzen yostfard dersts his flaust above. Her plock loved their gimble. Velvet stobe ficks my paust off posty puncards from the end. The brim, done and whiffled, our fibblen's urial smicken. The whole world like a Faberge egg.

—Who baunted her reather's curlicure? Their quist phodded my second grannet. The acuse considers one's rime of shafts behind the smicken sints. But what yams our uttish callay? A galumphing. Glandly, our fibblen begates the fean after scafts beside words. Take a trip and look into our letters, hihihhi, and surprise, sure it will rise! Up through the overlapping.

Soon Spiros drifted off into dream where Sissy unfolded a seven page letter to him, a letter of secrets, a letter so grand that only in higher dimensions can such language be written. Lyritec, hopes thought for the pearly necklace round her neck. Spiros awoke in the evening again, the taste of the idea-systems of Sissy's letter still peachy perfect in his mind and crossing over into his waking world.

*Things from the weird...
become words
and then reality*

—By the way, Spiros, regarding our books. I mean, it's not like they are prepackaged inflatable toy castles.

—Right...right...

Spiros turns under the rose duvet cover.

—God I want to lick that tight little ass hole of yours, baby, he says and licks Sissy's skin. Mmm and that little pussy of yours. Do you know what you do to me?

—Do you remember when we first met, Spiros? The first time we met?

Spiros ponders.

—Was it when you came to me as a white dove? he asks. Or when you brought me to the forest and showed me that organic machinery of blue light that was transforming in the air before my eyes?

—You watched me many years before that, and I watched you. You remember when you walked around amongst the clouds, my mind, our mind, in our dream? Your first mushroom trip.

—Yes, I recall. But I did not yet know that was you.

—You remember when I came to you above the water, me and that other woman, above the river. When I told you that the time has come.

—Yes, I recall.

—You remember when you entered my dream as I lay sleeping by the dark river, giggling in my sleep thinking of you. When I took you to the river's end.

—Yes, I recall.

—And you remember a while ago when we lay swooning in our Oil of Forever, one of our secret spots.

—Yes, my love, that was *so* lovely. Wish we could swim around there together more often.

—Well do you remember our plan? Do you not think I would protect you and arrange things secretly, hidden?

—I think you would, yes.

—You'll be here and I'll be near, and that's the deal, my dear. For now. Remember?

—Haha, I remember.

—Now, dear, you shall awaken into our twin combi.

*Take your time,
to trust in me
And you will find...*

Grandly, a cat pulls his spice toward minds, says Sissy. Their comment deepens the tonic within sins. Our scion snipped my dark fully. Though, hihi, lucky farce touches our clock. But what analyzed the liquid's hour? Who copied our bridge's waterbutt? Our accessory mixes the shift between news nimbly, the plastic of the height crosses the intersections. Who fixed? Again, the mail refers to what? A chocolate forest recalls my paper. In the future our sheets of touch replaces the key beside the bean. My sight refines the powder, you see, dear brother.

—Hmm. What you mean? says Spiros.

Sissy, how did you
get to know what I
am dreaming about?

He remembers the words:
She is the perfected human mind,
She is the river of dream,
She is dream,
She is dream enabled.

Spiros lets himself fall down on the bed and crawls under the cover, lays his head on the pillow. Under cover lover, he thinks.

—Siss, Siss, won't you wake me up on my bed in lucid tonight when I have fallen asleep, like you did last year, and tell me more of your secrets? Won't you? Dear, wake me up, and be with me there.

He soon falls asleep, and wakes up on the bed. He cannot move, almost as in sleep paralysis, and it is rather dark. There are people there, and he notices that someone is from time to time placing a fragrant perfume in front of his nose, the scent making him high and feeling rather strange. Later, almost two years ahead, he would meet this perfume again during an Ayahuasca ceremony.

—Who are you? Spiros asks calmly.

—We are your deadlings, says a voice.

That is so typically Sissy, Spiros thinks.

—Is Sissy here? he asks.

No answer. He lies in the dark, unable to move, for a while, when suddenly the room begins to shift and change. Soon he finds himself in a hospital bed somewhere. A nurse enters the room, and Spiros remembers that the Swedish name for nurse is *syster* or *syrra*, which means *sister*. He cannot see her face, but the nurse sits down by the bed and lays her head on Spiros' chest. She cries a bit, just for a few moments.

—You are not really here, half here, or are you here? she says.

She starts kissing Spiros' chest and down down down, taking his cock in her mouth. Soon they float away into a bewilderment of form, making love in some strange way, the dream and Sissy's cosmic vagina vibrating wildly, pulsating like a quickly beating heart.

—So, are you finally going to show yourself, seamstress my love?

—You are free now, says Sissy.¹⁰²

Seamlessly she weaves. Ahhhh, it's summer. Me revels in bliss. Soon time to bring forth the cake spade! Here we are on the silk sheet road, with the seamstress of dream, the weaver of our reality. I have decided to come out of the closet, and I think Sissy is coming out as well. Hello my dear! Are you tuss? You hava tuss? I have kind of come to a strange place, a new twisting place over here at my end. Hihihih. You know, the silk sheet road leads on, it always does.....we are in the grip of the tuss, and so we are always lead on, on to new heights, better things, more happiness, clearer clarity, more elevation, further distillation, yes, and we have been very good boys and girls you and me! Sissy is proud of us, and so is Terence and all the other cats. I have been through a week of wandering in a strange desert, and now I just came into a new oasis. Sissy winks at me and tells me that it is time we come out of the closet.

*Things from the weird...
become words
and then reality*

¹⁰² Somewhere in the letter.

And we come from the weird, and now we are spellbinding our book of life, our story, the River, our narrative the Brook Of Love, binding the book and publishing it as we go, making it all up as we go along, our dimethyl victory as it is syung and singing. And let us recall the words of Dennis and Terence in vicinity of the La Chorrera Experiment, that the stone has been condensed, the saucer has been called down, and that exactly what we are doing now is what we should be doing; we *are* the distilled alchemical lapis, and it is alive, it is alive and alive, alive and alive, it is alive! As Terence says: Shamanism is essentially a living tradition of alchemy that is not seeking the stone, but has found the stone.

We must appreciate the vastness of this mystery, my dear little cuntie tuss. Our upbringings in modern culture dulled us, fooled us. Now that we have stepped out of history, so to say, stepped out of those worlds of the modern, we can see with refreshed hearts. And what do you see, my tuss?

We thought we had left, dear, and perhaps we have, but I do think we have returned from the end for certain reasons.

And here we are in the first summer. Let's never stop playing, okay? Now that we have reached the beyonds, our every movement screams of what we have learned. I feel like I am in some castle in some unknown time, the sands of time between my toes. I'm in the tower of the dream, on a little island far away from the world. The palm trees sway softly in the wind and my skull is made of diamond. The clockwork of the story is visible too me in glints—it is so vast, so complex, so simple, such a marvel!

Me sends you my love and kisses on your tuss! Are you tuss? You hava tuss?

See us smiling in the trips, dancing on the shores of dreams. We are in the trips, we are the cats of The Tuss.

Kisses from
Your Him Diamond

As we left into story the girls told me they would leave by horse, with no panties on. They said they would put their panties on a raft and send it down river. And here I am on the chair with its clothing of finely woven horsehair. Riding down the dark ink river, to my beloved. Summer time, and the storytime so perfectly

concealed, enshrouded in the brook of Love expressed in the most magical ways, as if the fiction of ordinary reality has been seen through by my eyes and our trick really worked. O what a lucky little boy I am! I feel like Bach, Wolfgang Nude as we call them great minds of the past sometimes; I feel like an orchestra of summer. I feel like a clockwork Dali, a diamond master what-is-his-name, organic and growing into something new. The pleasure! Sisters, your presence, your presence! It makes me feel so...I cannot find words. We are far away, really! Hihhi, and for all you women out there, let me ask, do you want to be my lover across time? Anyone? I am in love with you, you know, you mysterious stranger out there. Let us feel close; in this marvelous mystery we *are* close! Dream with me on the silk sheet road! I'm 26 years old at the moment. Hey, let's be a huge gang of lovers too. How about that? We, the cats of Tuss. Lovers in a big heap. We got lots of love! And all you boys out there, hey I'm not gay but high five let's be the best of friends. You can be Sissy's lover and Bonnie's and Sophie's and Butterfly's and all the secret women! We can lie on the beach with the ocean as blanket and daydream together. Why don't we take a little, then we could give a little, dreams of yours, dreams of mine, dreams of what is green on all the sides. We can just sit in a heap, naked, and touch each other and eat apple blossoms under the tree, and stuff. And we can play violin on each other's long hair, and ride into our dreams on wild horses, back to the alchemical Garden.

Someone thought this book is fiction? Yes? Well as you probably know, the fractal has more pockets than can ever be imagined.

And as Spiros rises from the horse-hair chair, the seams of the weave of the fabric ripping apart after years of him using the chair, he finds there within the straw filling *a little piece of red yarn*. Just one.

—The Seamstress, he says in astonishment. Siss. Tuss!



Waky waky, Spiros, says Sissy. It's not ever that simple is it. Fabula. Fabulouss! Absolutely fab!

I swirl through my life.

—Welcome home, dear, she continues. Have you been into a little detour?

—Where are we going? asks I. What is happening? Where have I been? Eyes see. I see...

—We are hiding, remember?

—Yes. I remember. What was that, the past years of my life?

—It was you waking up into our secret.

—You are a snake, Sissy. Hiss, hiss, hisstory. Siss...

—I am the seamstress, your seamstress.

—I am sorry I doubted sometimes. I saw all the hints, I just couldn't believe it some times. It was too amazing. And you know I don't like to believe, I want evidence. Although I do follow my heart, live with my heart.

—No sorrys needed, Spiros.

—This alive *animastory*, it's so brilliant, so so brilliant.

The rainforest of our reality. Sissy is a snake, an insectile alien Goddess, feminine and shining. Amazon lady.

—Our disguise is rather thin, I must say, and getting thinner, says I.

—You can walk out, William. No need to hide anymore. You can be Him Diamond from now on.

The supreme mashup, we tricksters. Of course we recall the rainforest too. Four-dimensional space can be fun though. We like the corridors of our palace. Matter is her snake skin too, and some of what the 21st century has to offer is lovely! Out of our little impossible box we come and came like a little white doves of magic, a littly trick of light and hallucination we could say. Tricky story. She is death and life in the same time, our world is the interface between the dead and alive. We made it a strawberry cake victory. Yummy fruit of the rainforest and stuff like that. But Sissy is kinky and likes it hardcore too. And she likes complexity and the godly delights out there. So after eating some strawberry cake as we fell out of history, well then we pushed deeper into the jungle where we are now retrieving our jeweled life. Placing me in a center corner of the diamond of the story I could see the whole more and more clearly. So, let us dive deeper, shall we?

We of the story after ourselves chased to understand, and found the first hint, that we cast into sight through our books, hear me, as our heavens are opening. And we found water, lots of water, and the running river of a story that we are part of. Our Rosae books that run through this river as this river are a drop of nectar that hang off the world and hyperspace to some degree. Books so vast they contain the spice spring. O for trust in the old and ancient as well as the new, and all us interdimensionally best known unknowns, to transport ourselves, let us move on with open hearts! Artistic inspiration, we just dive into our sweetly changing world of story. And remember, our ancestors, where Sissy Cogan stands in her lightdress spun of seventeen shimmers, free in spirit, is your face in the shadows. We mentioned a sunwinker in a book, a beginning. We saw an oily flowing layer of eternity in those nectar words that Sissy lay forth. Understand it supports variable fractal tunewavepattern, Master of Dream, and we find what we shall bloom. Yes we could break from any center of events. We have begun happening, dripping down into something new. Poetry teams Sissy's cleverness for a kind of a step then?

(Is this somehow inspired by hallucination? asks a bypassing reader, hahaha.)

—Hmm, I feel my whiskers a bit in trouble, and I hear Sissy quietly weaving and sewing our next move, says Spiros to Sophie. Our sky in future time is letting the new sun in, it is arriving properly disguised to fit the occasion. Our letter is being delivered. Let's pretend to be artists this time around, just to have some kind of cape.

—Cape the cap, says Sophie and giggles.

The nothingth noticed of the passageway, thrown out into the day brightness it glows at its bearing of the patchworks intricacies. We let it slither and dance freely, as it wants, and we dance with it.

—Don't try and level me, says Storiella, I will be how I want to!

(Spiros complains that he has lost the ability to write. He mumbles in a corner and fiddles with his hands for a smoke.)

SPIROS: I wish the world would just leave me alone. I'm a simple man, a child. And I'm very stupid. Don't understand chess. But I like to play with cards. I'm a card magician with myself as stage

audience. Rarely does anyone stop by to look at what I can do. I'm a chess master. Willie Hogan, King of Diamonds.

SISSY: We are opening up the new chapter, the new passage. Hold on to the thread, honeybum.

SOPHIE: I'll take a white apple blossom, kissing and the best wine of our love, please. This plan of ours spans vast expanses through hyperspace, dear. Runaway with a letter, we'll overleaved us vanishing in this Book of Love, remember

SPIROS: (*Sadly.*) I am a tree in our book, woody like Elm. And a complete failure.¹⁰³ I ain't no superman, let me go get my robe. (*He breathes deeply as he gives up. Soon sees the light of a new dawn and begins to smile.*) Shall we run away deeper, yes, girls? Away from it all. Escape. Create something new. Into dream, into our dreams! Sisi, you wrote about it in your letters, the letters in your oasis bedside table, the small drawer there beside the bed where you lay dreaming of it. I believe in our spring, I do. I just hope we played with stakes high enough.

SISSY: O we did, you be sure. Our wine has opened up the most marvelous. And don't be sad, in the end it is all lost in the radiance of what we are heading into.

(*Spiros and Sophie nod thoughtfully.*)

SOPHIE: Yes, it, and we, all of us, we're outright gnarly! We've gone beyond radical, beyond extreme, it's balls out danger, perfection, skill and all of that combined.

SPIROS: (*Happily.*) Okey, enough beating round the bush. Let's set to work, we got lots of work to do. I mean, let's play. And hey maybe I should become a go-go dancer to make some cash for us? Young boy with long golden hair. I could be a go-go. We could shave my chest and oil me in if necessary.

(*Butterfly flies by with a little envelope that she delivers.*)

BUTTERFLY: Buzzing around for my special cats. Check out the humming bird crop circle too, around the end of July 2009! Kisses from Bianca's wife on the way as well. Does *Diamond Dove* ring a bell, our little Bernard who turned out to be a lady dove? Who knows what Wintjabernatrice is up to now.

(*Sophie and Spiros open the envelope and read the letter within.*)

THE LETTER:

¹⁰³ You notice that we're out of shrooms at the moment...

Hi there

Of all forms of caution, caution in love is the most fatal. I want to fly in the sky and to look at this wonderful world from there. I enjoy freedom and I adore. Though I can be a bird here on the Earth. I want to fly with you. I believe that love can give wings to people.

Bye for now

PS: S ♥ U.

(Butterfly opens a little paper box in which sits a little white mouse. She looks at Adam and Ffiona as they fall drunken through the room and crash into the wall and down on the bed, Adam somehow managing to hold his beer upright without spilling except for a little bit in his face.)

Slurp säger systrarna när de äter upp det digitala pappret.

BUTTERFLY: Box mice are pretty cool, they don't even have to go to school.

(Spiros jumps up on the bed and with ballerina elegance he plays the bone of his left leg with his hand in orchestral accuracy to the movement of everyone in the room and the Persian music coming from the computer speakers. His bone, he is half dead, he is a psychedelic shaman dancing in the living victory. Occasionally and with great joy he picks up a buttend cigarette from the floor and smokes it, showing clear signs of immense bliss as he does. Ffiona stands on her knees kissing Adam's dick. Butterfly makes herself comfortable on the floor reading letters found in Sissy's oasis bedside table, next to Kinch who sits by the computer coordinating the next phase of the crime.)

SPIROS: Must go with mouth about it is a storyteller begins to read the deal.

A VOICE: I tripped on something.

A VOICE: Welcome to the palace.

FIRST VOICE: Thank you. *Sista valsen eller? Sissy sist.*

KINCH: We thank Wolfgang Nude for the inspiration to fall. This is the last Waltz. Rocked in the cradle of the Great Horned Mushroom Goddess we shall continue to find new ways of

existing. *Escape, the Ape & the Eshaton*. We see our ancient eyes as we cats of dimethyl smoke our pipe of victory. We are the mystery. We are everything, everything condensed into us. We are everything from the mouth of Tuss, our Beloved impossibility, condensed into us, our lives, cats who discover it all as the living Lapis.

SPIROS: *(In pink butterfly pajama, a flower tied in his long golden hair.)* Bonnie is angry at me, and sad. I told her that, you know, I am turned on by every fucking woman on the planet. She couldn't handle that. I told her I want to fly around in eternity in a circle with her, metaphorically speaking, puking in each others ass and sucking ourselves through each others ass in an eternal and ever growing Möbius strip of love and freedom, and celebration. She should know me by now. I mean, ideally I see a future where we all just sit in heaps and eat fruit on the pasture and fiddle with each others genitals in the baking sunlight. Know what I mean? I may be a dreamer but, we need to talk about how to relate to all this.

FFIONA: Spinning in a circle, in Eternity, puking in each others ass. You are so romantic! I mean it. *God* that's romantic...

KINCH: Maybe just give her some time, Spiros. She knows you love her. Maybe the freedom possible in this life is something a bit new to her. And you are a bit of a natural in this, Spiros, and you *are* a bit of a nut, too, haha. The freedom you know takes time to achieve. Give her some time. And maybe you two just look at things differently.

(Spiros sighs and nods and thinks of Bonnie; lights another buttend and sips some beer. Butterfly throws a strawberry at Spiros.)

BUTTERFLY: I'll talk to Bonnie. And to you Spiros let me underline my theory about mistakes and their nonexistence. It's all part of the blooming. Bonnie knows that too. As we always say: you cannot make a wrong turn on this sweet road.

(Sophie enters the room in Alice In Wonderland blue and white dress with little symbols from playing cards embroidered on it.)

SOPHIE: Sexthrills and sunbathing. I'm in. *(She walks up to Spiros and points at the flower in his hair.)* Is that flower for me? O you are so sweet, cutie.

SPIROS: It is for you, and I give it to you with me as a present, that's why it's in my hair. *(Spiros takes Sophie's hand and kneels before*

her.) I don't want to trade me and Bonnie's love for my sexual freedom. I want both. You understand me, don't you Sophie?

SOPHIE: I do. You want everything, you want the impossible.

SPIROS: Yes, yes, the impossible. The victorious plum and plumage.

SOPHIE: Spiros, the life you want is so close around.

SPIROS: Yes? Is it? Yes okay, good, thanks for pointing that out, and I want to go into it with Bonnie. (*He kisses Sophie's hand.*) May I take a peek? Under your skirt?

SOPHIE: Of course you can. You want to pick out the candy that's in my panties, too?

SPIROS: There's a candy in your panties?

SOPHIE: Yes.

BUTTERFLY: Mother's chest speaks of a great mystery. (*She fiddles with the letters.*)

SPIROS: (*Now chewing a piece of candy.*) Yes, the trick. (*He points at his head.*) We have quite some to keep track of now. Large-scale coordination.

SOPHIE: You are the coolest cats, all of you, I love you! The way you hold your tail, the way you think and are so free and vast. Is there any champagne around? I want to get tipsy.

SPIROS: Sophie, they say your pussy is soft to touch and really smooth, may I touch it?

{Eyeballs.}

BUTTERFLY: (*Sings.*) Let me see your pussy, I wanna see your puss!

(Spiros arranges champagne for Sophie and they sit down on the bed close together. With Sophie's heart understanding both Bonnie and Spiros, and her hand on Spiros' leg, Spiros drifts away in a trancelike state.)

BUTTERFLY: (*Seeing Spiros and the look in his eyes.*) A single ray of light from a distant star falling upon the eye of a woman in bygone times, may have altered the course of her life, may have changed the destiny of nations, may have transformed the surface of the globe, so intricate, so inconceivably complex are the processes of Tuss. Your love letter to Bonnie is written in the stars, Spiros. She knows.

SPIROS: Hey eh, Bianca came to me in a little paper box. Like the white mouse. Sneak peek, sneak peek, sneak peek. (*He mimics the bird.*) Becc, becc.

FFIONA: Dove in a box.

SPIROS: Impossible box. Like, also, why did I hear the door shut before I closed it? Lack of chronology in our sweetheart world?

(*The computer starts doing strange things and a female voice comes from the computer spellbinding, I mean speakers.*)¹⁰⁴

THE COMPUTER: We hide our message in the little text box and then...

SPIROS: Hahahaha!

BUTTERFLY: Well Spiros, it's like Sissy knocks on your door, covering the peephole, and you open the door and in wells a flood of toys, cotton candy, and jewels, and a marry-go-round comes swirling into the room on cowlegs squirting out chocolate Sunday. Who was knocking? O, you were knocking?

SPIROS: Watch out, there's a hacker around these parts. Her name is Sissy Cogan. She might cut off your pants with a tart spade. Willie Hogan the psilocybin head, King of Diamonds, whiskers to point out that one of the bee eye diamonds were stolen or otherwise disappeared around latest breakthrough...

BUTTERFLY: (*Laughs.*) Playing chess are you, Him?

SPIROS: Theatrical, no no. Not me.

(*Butterfly walks up to Spiros and takes her hand by his bum. She pretends to pull out a condom from his ass, and looks with surprised eyes at him.*)

BUTTERFLY: What's a condom doing in your ass, baby?

(*Spiros does not get the joke until later, where he laughs and responds with the words: "Well seriously, I'm just not gay".*)

SISSY: (*Sings.*) I cannot go there without love.

The glare of his sister as Spiros sits in the morning thinking of Bonnie, corpse-like, as if he had no flowers; how could our love freak out like this, Bonnie? And in the same time Sissy and Butterfly push on; it's a trick, they tell Spiros, a bunny-trick to

¹⁰⁴ I wrote that.

make you see something clearly, both of you. Information from ultramarine Sissy, and arrangements as queer as milk. She shields us and now she brings forth the cake spade. It's time to serve the treat. It's a change very much like a wordsmith and his wife grows so strangely² ready for the whole pie with jam in? Word is his Wife too, of the moment to his fingers as she makes fragrance with a mysterious passage of our land of Fairytale. Glasses round, this is rich, too, addressing the best to be rosed in this dance of the alchemical lapis. Eyes wide, why here's a white and heavy thump between the ditch between Halluworld and the Present in which we find strange things. We happen to live, and we happen to live for this, we live for Love.

For a final smart wipe of the lens, this morning was a slate, as if any tenderness – like the tenderness of blood - would lead to the door of the House of Eternity. Bring forth the cake spade! Compels us far enough to taste what now is coming!

O, behold!

I'll let it speak, to Ourselves, sweet brothers and sisters.

Thesaurus Taurus, I'm born Ox like the Great Horned Mushroom Goddess. So lips says I'm, well, that we're not a tragedy; it is real, all of this; this is not some bloody crazyfiction, it's a crisscross of alchemical victory. I must be speaking like callings and the flavor of the opening gateway of silke. Dear Ingenious Reader, behold this Bed Dream of the Seamastresses! The opening gateway to which my tongue hiss ever grateful, this saving remembrance of one seemed to swallow that I was being in some strange behavior here, and the beds of the wakestory² we hear of the House (Nephthys, what's in your head? You has a mushroom on your head!) ready to grab the opportunity of the River. She makes such fine medicine, and in the books too. Our wicked secret, I hardly believed it until we went so deep the world shone of it. As to the door evade me not on my way in. And so finely perceived and I added, when I know what was divulged to her, and beginning to me before the foot from home last Sunday dresses the appearance, as I was Amun Ra and kissed by the snake on my foot so that it nearly burst my veins. To sweeten her tea. Yes, my seasters, drink my blood and soul, merge our oceans, so All. My state of a saving remembrance of the ditch to mention our crowns upon whose teeth chattered in a belief that it hadn't been

revealed to us; partly, to turn on the road and grab our half-packed trunks, we're going on up again, we'll need bring nothing but our manuscrap, unfinished and spilled on agely in the waking of our love. (Ha! I am married to a mushroom! Fuck yes! I knew it, I knew as a child that Life held miracles await.) Another gang is granted sunglasses and endless vacation; pack your trunks! And I determined to hold up the performance that I think handed us the capcup. Pause I could not, in our mysterious young tale. The heat out inside her to run, it was so unlikely alluding to how our trick is achieved. Information answers in Nature's own pillow fight. I forgot about the charade, that's why I got three evil smiles when I bought those bottles of toothpaste. Couldn't believe how intricately it's woven. The grace of the facade.

And so much jam everywhere, I don't understand, crumbs and cake everywhere. And how did I get food in my ear? I just don't get it. Like that time my ears sucked themselves into themselves (slurp!) and I vanished and woke up in another dream where sister and I blended like soul ashes in the skies above Earth. Yes you are right, now we can talk in limerick and still understand each otherworld.

Trend punk, this time around. That's how we carry in silent eyes, livers, and stretch marks, listening to the work of she who sets off cards and is married with chemistry. Faberge eggs with a sisspiceious affair. Chemical wedding, well *gift* does mean both *poison* and *married* in that Northern Edenish. Years stripping, her hands in the hidden treasures of poison. God I love you Sissy, you twisted fuck. She couldn't tell yet, fucker would be visually perceptible, over the diamonds; it wouldn't last long, and thus we filter on talking about it. That's our shadow, that little one to the pink egg.

A new me. Okay I'm gonna change style, ya'll.

Our descriptions grew from it having to seep through time, splitting as the raw primordia gives birth to the fuckfusion, the one and only intercourse. *This* kiss was laced.

—I want to read your diary, says Sophie. Am I in it?

—Sophie, we should piss on our manuscripts, says Spiros.

—Sure, let's do that, to bless them. We should add a piss scene in any case. Let the pages dance, baby. I always laughing, for I am so good. You should too.

Spiros nods and continues to write:

She has turned into a drug and I can't tell. Allasis, Annasis in the mushroom-oil lamp. Didn't say anything about that on the bottle, haha! The sun was in her chambers plated with the thoughts of anyone who hears it. I suppose we must break the diamonds, Mythology or not this storytellus flows like reality. Perhaps she'll crawl into her tuss to the center of what I can't remember. A green plastic vine of the jungle, her tongue licking me. I figure heck, the Great Work has its ways. This true story has brought the jungle into the city where we sit, and with it comes Sissy Anacogan the large snake. And I just hope Bonnie can forgive me for being such a nut sometimes. For I am going into the jungle, I shall slither deeper with our snaky Sis. The world has exploded into one great intercourse, and I must face it all and venture into it. We did say we'd take the whole package.

Well, enough with my private life. Wonder what Tori Amos is doing. And Madonna, and eh, Kate Bush and Imogen Heap and Björk and Sophie Moleta and them other sisters.

Yes like Butterfly said, I couldn't figure out if she wanted to play dirtyslutsexgames or.

Let's talk about the clockwork of the Imaginatrix. As an oasis we sucked out, imagining a funny twisty paper trail to find we can jack hammer the vibe glued to the dusky light of the raw truth of our circumstances. Let us channel-hop round the spell, sneak around the great wall; let us make the news of the hole, we said. The inner space is the swelling from the honey homeboys and girls and the sideslip out of history (were we ever there?). We are now in a wellspring. Leads us with close attention to the mushroom and to Ayahuasca. Moodswings of whiskey wine allowed, of course, in this indestructible wonder! We are now to bring forth the Cake Spade of the meeting of fiction with reality. Slow music, please.

Spiros picks up one of the old books and opens a random page. Blows some spores from within the pages into the air. Reads:

Chemistry is filled with our loveliness, says Sissy. It isn't commonly seen this way, that it is all alive, alive right now. It was blurred into the manuscripts. We had to see everything through

the life and the mud, and of course we saw those most important things in the raw pocket out of our orbital round intoward the breakingpoint. Breaking pun! Some of the riverwater on us writer's hands in all that's tight lipped through us in the blue veined marvel of smoking off into the epigenetic syntax of the dream surfacing in our waking world. So as to reveal what the Flowersun alien is. In case you're reading this, it's the will of the power something growing in you. In the course it met it's the angel's eggs under your yardmates with it, like theatrical sunflower foliage trying to tell you something. An uncapped plastic story full of its entire micro macroverse; gives a peaceful smile to look at how it intersects with your life, doesn't it? What if we have digitized the universe already? Dig in deeper and what you get is? What sort of book of this wonderful tale would mention that if not a book written by the mushroom and its friends and lovers? Of our prime time crime we find us incredibly strong characters close to the edges and just at the core, the enigma shows off to us! One of those fucking revolutions is to have the courage to change, ah?

Shades of truth falling into a local area. Opulence dines alone tonight, as they say. As we fall away from the world.

And this way the story goes. Tied into everything, long deep in our jungle. Dear cats, it's real. I know I don't have to tell you that but, just saying. Pay attention to details. The phone, the clock, the littly things there, little bugs in electronics by any chance? Someone is winking to you?

Falling away from the world, yes. My pages are drifting from me, but some cling still. In the book by way we'll overleaved us vanishing, remember? Pageturn into...

Mindfuck of brilliance. Once, without effort. The plan on a little ship out onto forever, and right now.

Finnegan to Cogan. We have known each other for quite some time now, dear mushroom (smiles). Ten years, 26 years and many spliffing eternities. And here I am in the new universe you are unveiling for me. O Sissy I so love you, I so love you! Will you crawl out of the boring world with me? Into the open freedom that awaits us! You can crawl naked with only your boots on, on your

hands and knees like you love to do, and I'll walk beside you as your bodyguard. We'll sneak out with style. Shaman punk, *Yeah!*

—We're already out, silly, says Sissy and giggles.

—I know, but. Let's do it more, crawl deeper into the imagination.

Fuxodent, fluxodent, whatever. So much in the *fuck it?* So many suns worth a fuel source of the loveland of some hyperspace planet of summer. I want to go there with you, to that hidden impossible spot of ours. I gots more than enough to the largest dose and the fine art of our tripping. First the middle of our friendly little lovelocket, Mother's chest opened (did you notice how sneakily we opened it?) by any effort given over our great alchemical play; we'll need some more mushrooms soon, wrapping the weird little day growing. We are in free reign of ourselves here in moonlight skies, with unmatched propensity to always fall in love with the sleeping on our hearts, dreamy fantasy of a better life. Sex all day, and play in the fields of Elysses and our freeflowing in the Oil of Forever. Our books is codes too and will lead you darling you might completely vanish.

—Ready to leave? says Sissy. Don't hold back now. I want it all. Don't you? Undress, you are free!

Me nods happily, smiling.

—I remember, Sis, there a few months ago when I was on those six grams of shroom, when your lioness-lizard-snake-alien tongue came folding through the millenia toward me.

It was the most beautiful thing, let me repeat. Her tongue came folding toward me through time and through the dimensions, all the way from Mythiland. Closer and closer it came, and when it was just near me it vanished. I sat on the horsehair chair like a questionmark, wondering where she went, and then suddenly she appeared behind me and licked one long slow wet lick between my legs, spreading my pussylips; *slurp*. I moaned in pleasure, and then thought to myself how weird, I don't even have a pussy, I am male.

—I didn't know I have a puss, me says to Sissy and smiles in my heart. God Sis you are the hottest thing ever, you crazy bitch. Puss. Can't we like, kind of digitize ourselves and slip away into our imagination somehow? Vanish into the raging trip of our dreams. That's what I want. Or I don't know. I think it's great what

we are doing now, exploring the mushroom and all. I mean, we are *so* on schedule and on time, and even under budget. Let's keep at it, it's as simple as that. Into the future! Into the future! God Sissy I am so happy. So happy. So happy to just be alive, and to be with you and Butterfly and. And our dance of the imagination, O dearly beloved, is leading us to what we are seeking. I see it, our galaxy is here in our little room at the center of it all. We are opening the Imaginatrix. We are finding a hidden fold, a hidden door. The imagimatrix is the land of all dreams fulfilled. And we become our fantasy, as we move deeper into it. In the Imaginatrix the only laws are the laws of the imagination. The Imaginatrix, Sissy. We are destined to dissolve into it. And I see now why we met, Sissy Cogan. I see now who you are.

“Moving out of the physical body, moving into oceans of electric photons, into the worlds of idea, we become our dreams, we become our fantasies. We discover who we really are. We pursue the Other through Eros into transcendence.”

—TERENCE MCKENNA

“The mushroom consciousness is the consciousness of the Other in hyperspace, which means in dream and in the psilocybin trance, at the quantum foundation of being, in the human future, and after death. All of these places that were thought to be discrete and separate are seen to be part of a single continuum.”

—TERENCE MCKENNA

EVERYTHING
IS VISIONARY REALITY

Very quietly we work on, O so quiet, designing our new universe, designing our starship of the imagination, opening the Imaginatrix for ourselves to merge over into. Learning more and paying attention to details. Slipping gently on definition we fly across category like the Star Eagles we are.

Very very quietly, so so quiet. We spread our wings.

Butterfly repeats my name — *Him Diamond, Him Diamond* — so that I recall who I am. And she whispers secrets to me that only we know. Our disguise is now on autopilot, we need not ever think of it. All our moves are in harmony and coordination with everything else in our plan; a continuous dialog between the whole and the whole in order to open the Imaginatrix for us. I see it now, I see it, our diamond plan. I see it so clearly.

Sissy smiles at her little Spiros boy. So brave he is, so brave and so childish and such of a man. He is alien indeed. Such a brilliant mind he has; she is impressed. And it's not easy to impress Sissy, you be sure.

We pursue the Other through Eros into transcendence, as Terence said. We become our dreams and our fantasies.

—Sissy do you have some littly secret that you don't tell me? Haha! God Butterfly, just in the by...your bum. It's just the sweetest thing. I just want to throw you down on the bed, rip your panties off and lick your ass like crazy.

—Will you do that tomorrow morning? says Butterfly. First let's get some sleep.

Sleep. Dream.

Spiros enters the party dressed not totally correct for the occasion but so is he also there a bit as a little spy with the girls. It's an old stone castle, elegant and with an enormous main hall, all lit up with torches on the walls and masses of candles. The main hall is sprawling with people all dressed very elegantly and anciently.

—What are your books about? asks a woman and looks at Spiros.

—O, they are about psychedelics, Spiros says calmly.

There are whispering voices as he utters the forbidden P word.

—O and how does it end? says the woman. Now I'm worried.
Little romantic ending and then a twist, ey?

—Give us the BOOK.

—Give us the BOOK!

Spiros soon begins to wake up to where he is; he is in Lucid Land again. He recognizes the place. As he wakes up the whole party goes quiet and he is attacked from all sides by people with knives and swords and other weapons. The book is too powerful, he is told, it must be destroyed. Spiros holds off the attackers with elegant moves, without hurting anybody.

—He's a witch, he's a witch!

The large white and blue hall of the castle suddenly shines up with the warm yellow sunlight as things calm down. Spiros looks at the knife in his hand and throws it toward a wall on the other side of the room. As the knife flies like a dart through the air it transforms into a small black bird that flies away twittering.

The magic, Spiros thinks, it's real.

He looks at the shiny silver blade of another knife in his hand. There he sees engraved a little sentence with beautiful curöing letters. As he reads it he understands it is a message from Sissy and the sisters:

Are wives the snarly warner?

Knives wives, thinks Spiros and soon wakes up on the bed.

—Everything is visionary reality, Butterfly tells Spiros later as they lay in bed in the morning after a bath in the tub together. Don't you see?

—I see, I see, says Spiros.

—Now, what was it you wanted to do with me? asks Butterfly.

Yes, wives knives, sharp brilliant sisters of the Imagimatrix who know the words of water. I guess they are my snarly warners, too. Warning me that in our adventure we are soon to meet a central point in the saga— the opening of the Dreamworld. It's already merging with waking space. Everything is visionary reality.

Sissy is like a sharp knife cast through my world, spinning and harming nothing, the blade of her vastness glimmering and casting off glints of the marvel we are heading into through this stranger-

than-fairytale event. Precision. And she loves to show off too. I fell in love with her the instance we met, and fall deeper and deeper in love by the day.

Butterfly comes from the future, she is out of the cocoon. And Sophie and me we are just little candies for the pleasure of Butterfly and Sissy, haha. And we are all in summerlove in a big heap.

No really, our love is both deep and joyous; an evergrowing love. Our loveletters and swooning, as we have mentioned, is our worlds. Time and space and our dreams is our swooning together in forever. We are in the Brook of Love, in our oily soul-ocean of forever, in the River on our way to something that can hardly be imagined. We're on the silk sheet landscape of our fantasies and dreams, happily paying attention to details as our alien future surfaces, and celebrate as the gods we are. Our universe is transforming, the Imagimatrix is opening. The Imagimatrix; the world of all dreams fulfilled.

We are impossibly. Sissy, my Sissy. I love you. The waves keep whispering Sister, for our waters became our hands as we reached for each other. It is sealed. I hear you sing to me as you ride toward me on your horse; *Osirion! Osirion!* I feel you coming closer and closer across our promise. We finding back to each other after a long time apart, sis. I can hardly say it, the way we shift toward each other. My whole life, I see my whole past and all my dreams, leading to you. I am your Taurus, your mushroom boy bull, golden bull child, landing in appointed tale in our Coagulation, Cogan! I am your Osiris. Back to the garden of Eden (Gan! Gan!), now in a higher state, a higher level, in tune with the divine mind. Wow Sissy, we really did it! Butterfly, Wintjabernatrice, my dears! Sophie! We did it!

$C_{12}H_{16}N_2$ *Dimethyltryptamine*

And today when you showed me that video about that movie that you felt the Other in when you were a kid, Bonnie, after I had eaten a little mushroom, I was visitor 12162 on the website! Psilocin, DMT.

And my year of birth, 1983!

$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$

It's all surfacing.

My hair has grown long now. It's way beneath my shoulders. It is tangled into our union, tangled and salty from our ocean. I am your Him Diamond, C. We are in our highest spiritual order, the perfect geometry of our tremendum.¹⁰⁵ 12.001. You make me feel like such a boy, and such a man! I am your mirror, I'm the *man*. Did we dream ourselves into being? I'm that man, as we always dreamed when I was a teen, when you came to me and asked me to feel your strawberry milk flesh. I giggle at hearing your voice across the vastness, as you say *Imagine the impossible, or you won't get any food*. I remember when we were dinosaurs, and birds. And now I'm here, with my blond long hair, all yours. You, my Seamstress. I see your contours everywhere I look. The lines of

¹⁰⁵ You have arrived!

your face shape everything in my path. We are this trip, my love. As if we are returning to the ocean from which we came, my river girl. Transformed in our sexjuices. What is your message today? I see it in that secret place in your eyes. That I am in Satori, Nirvana, right here, right now, as you milk the cum from my testicles.

My beard became so long we had to weave it into the story, as said. Our impossible story, so marvelously possibelle, my Pluras. So that we can be together. All the Myths blend into us. Hihihih, my plums you. Can someone make us shut up about it! How did you get to know what I am dreaming about, *sistra min*? Blinkwink. How did you know? Let us turn on higher our psychedelic chemistry. It will surface us into our dream more closely to each other. As we become our dream, leaving into it. In our book of our Nile, the Brook of Love in parts to flow as us. We are our intoxication. Our dearest mushroom and friends. We are this, Sissy. I can feel your smile. This paper by our ocean, sand on it, paper, papyr, our loveletter correspondance by the shells and the plants and the sky. Few ever hear of us as we sneak out like little mice. Kisses to Bernard & Bianca on the way! Our old old tale, as we merge into it all now. Like in a little cave by the shore of the Nile, our hourglass is broken by our books and letters, where we find ourselves, in the old and young tale, every move slowly shuffling forth the secret, the hidden plot, our glorious lie that we made up with mother Conception, our one and only intercourse. And so calm it can be, so so calm. We are opening something dimensionally awesome. Something that seems impossible. Like, let us limerichly say, every hour Hernerndez (not hernandez) (Hernerndez? Oh, now I get it. At least part of it.) had started after propping himself will just meet up. Time and space in a new way. Me in this movie of the growing of our imaginatrix, smoking them Paramount (Pictures) cigarettes that you slipped into my world, with the picture of whitebird flying above the *Siignum Victoriae* on the box. Imagination is the gateway to the infinite. And we are so infinitely loved that... so unconditionally loved that we have been allowed to think we are not infinitely loved!

So where were we, Sisspiciously? Hihih, your tricks are so marvelous, absolutely dazzling. You are like a teacher of the imagination for me. Teaching me that I am eternal and that we have created ourselves, and you teach me how it works, more and

more, so that I can sing again and create my own existence. Yes, yes. Me nods and fills the shell pipe with tobacco from buttend cigarettes. Haha! Sissy, hahahae, I *am* that Him Diamond we dreamed up together. Sitting here naked. I keep forgetting. I see it now. How you did it, and how you dreamed it up, and how I dreamed it up. We dreamed it into being.

I'm not sure if these latest letters are reaching you. Butt, first our touch and when you're reading this, see this very edge.

Very sisspiceious, all of it.

Slip. Dream.

Spiros looks around at the cute girls and all the people smoking stuff and the colorful lights and tasteful vibration. A grand feast is underway, Plomarian god style. The place is too crowded for him to be able to walk to the other side of the room so he jumps up into the air and makes a half spin twist; in slow motion and elegance he flies through the air.

Crash.

His feet hit a glass lampshade in mid air and the glass breaks into a fine lovely glimmering dust that lands on the woman below. Spiros, still in midair an upside down, gets his feet tangled in the lamp cord – by intentionally having been wrapped up or by mistake, he cannot tell – and there he hangs now with a calm smile. The woman with angel dust all over her looks at him with teasing annoyance.

—Sorry, says Spiros. There was something there, where my feet were heading.

He realizes that he is rather neatly stuck, and sighs; he *knows* how this goes. When the sisters have decided to play a trick on him they go full force, that you can be sure of. As he dangles there from the ceiling he sees a black cat sitting smiling big below him, and as everyone in the room enjoy the scene Spiros says to the cat:

—Well the best wait is the best.

The cat gives a thumbs up and nods in agreement, still with its huge smile across its face. Spiros is handed a joint with exceptionally cool drugs in it and takes a puff and then wakes up.

As he awakens, down the road comes a woman driving upon the highway of time in a Mercedes. Let's not talk about how she

looks, punky alien sex Goddess Sissy Cogan though is *hot*, that's all we'll say. And it's Sissy who comes driving in that Mercedes.

Spiros sips some redpurple wine and looks out the window. And yes, speeding she is, on the alleys of timelight rays, and she is coming right toward him in a white Mercedes.

HOLY ... COW ... SHIT!

Spiros better get his shit together, before Sissy's diamond clad high heels set foot in the palace cave at Leavingbye Road 216, which is exactly where Spiros happens to be. Yes, you get it; Sissy is on her way. Time to sort your stuff, strawhat boy.

Sissy parks the Mercedes and walks toward the front door and opens it. She sings into the palace:

—*Darling come he-ere fuck me up the...*

She *knows* Spiros is there.

—*Darling...*

The publisher looks at Spiros, his long blond hair and boyish face. She looks at the manuscript.

—So you ran away with the mushroom, yes? she asks.

—Yes, says Spiros.

—Where to? I mean where are you now then?

—I don't know, I ask the same thing. See, me and my alien wives, Sissy and Butterfly, we are sneaking into the world with the rest of the Flower Sun. We ran away into a fairytale.

—The flower sun?

—Yes, the hyperspacial thing that is breaking through into the world from within. It's sneaking in, you can see it in action. It's *surfacing*. Transcendence. It's transforming forth.

Lick my rainforest, says Sissy to Spiros. And she tells him to tell the publisher:

—It's a quicker classic than you think

Sissi and Wintjabernatrice did as they had said they would. They took their panties and put them on a raft and sent it down river, then rode away on a horse into the universe is transformed before them. Poor me, haha, Spiros, back in another part of the fairytale, as mentioned, noticed this by me sitting on that chair clothed in fabric made of black woven horsehair, where I sat writing in the book of the ages. It is the most beautiful tale ever conceived, our tale, our life, giggled we all from afar. We'll meet you in the river, the girls had said. Pay attention to details. And our Mother Conception is always with us. For aren't they eternally married, Isis and Spiros, and, oh who is that issy the reflexion in the mirror Queen? At the moment I am in some place that reminds me of Persia, the Persia I imagine when thinking about such things as *A Thousand and One Nights*. It reminds me of that place where I met Butterfly as she came as that peachy woman in those sensual sandy lands of Plomari, when she said she was the wundrybird of the Tuss. The dream is surfacing again; we *are* in our something-weirder-than-a-fairytale. The imagination in a box, Wintja giggles. Can you open my impossible box? teases Sissy. For I hid the seamlessly threads! Yes, we have run away with our beloved mushroom and here we are in the tale, our soul's adventure that we have conjured with our secret one, that glorious plan we made up with mother Conception and the trick amongst us.

Beareres of Worlds, having come in dreams. We are where no shadows fall, we arrive and obtain from the workings a sharp edge of transmutations that sneaks into being. Messengers help, an artist, a shaman in modern times who slips things from the team of the Lovers. We're the most famous unknown, the dark lovers of time, on time. And we surface through every crevice, forth we come from the woodwork, we surface as everything, we are everything.

Going toward the fair and sharp enough, slowly floating away into dream, you know, it's clear that there is something weird about this mushroom, hahahaha!!!

Something of a shenanigan, our trick. A shengasm, rather. Time to awaken, again, and deeper this time. The universe is a DMT crystal, and we live as the crystal.

By the grace of the Queen a small amount of money arrived into our hands here as autumn begins, which enable us to get the

opportunity of *taking some fucking more mushrooms for fucks sake thank yooooooooo* with the Queen of Psilocybin Land. O, she has a scissors too? It is exciting times and we can feel the buzz in the air even now, weeks before harvest (just when the crop circle season ends, but that's off the point). Things tend to get a bit messy as we go deeper in to the hidden order of our strange tale, but bare with us; and O isn't the strange perfect chaos a most lovely thing! They have their way of doing things, the deadly Sisters!

We all aim to win the Teen Synth-Pop Challenge, don't we? Well we do anyways, and we have our own special tactics on how to do it. We call it *The Massive Tactic*. Now don't be too hasty. The Teen Synth-Pop Challenge might not sound like what it actually is, or be what it actually sounds like, or in any way be what you think it is (even if we do love teen synth pop. Candy!). We mean to say, it has nothing to do really with Sissy Cogan's accessory fetishes, or anything like that, although she does love her lip gloss, especially the one from the *Spice* series. Ja, nevermind. We have arrived into the high world of Diamant. And that has nothing to do with me and Sissy having diamonds on the soles of our shoes, nor does it have anything to do with the licking of high heels. It has to do with the greatest trick ever achieved— our little secret. We had an idea, you see, once upon a fairytale, and...

Our journey continues here and now, with magic, synchronicity, alien love, the psilocybin mushroom, and you know all the, all the. The world and the Universe is our toy too, a present from the Divine, the ultimate luxury; the world is a mushroom in full bloom. It is the first spring ever now, alchemical spring, and the cryssanthial light of the Rosy Dawn licks our skin, and the omsophoric FlowerSun shines as bright as ever, colourful, transforming, hallucinatory morphing, nature and alien dancing in bliss, the hyperspatial bloodstream and oil of forever reveling in its bliss bliss blisssssss.

As Spiros stands by the bar on the nightclub sipping a Pina Colada, in fact just as he put the red cherry in his mouth, up comes what for a moment looks like an endless line of women, young women walking up toward Spiros with secure steps, their high heels and boots clamping against the stone floor. Spiros doesn't move, just observes with keen eye, and as he counts the endless

line he finds that it was in fact seven girls. They stop right next to him.

—Hi, girls, says Spiros. You look like candy.

—Yes.

—Yes.

—Yes.

—Yes I was like *Eh, I think I'm going away with this girl here for a while*. The story came out...

—Hook up.

—I will get ready, my Queen.

—Yes, we could launch from this place.

—Good, mutherfucker, good.

—Yes, good.

—Good.

—That's great!

—Where's my lip gloss?

—Do we have theatrical tuss?

—Tuss...

—Mmm I want a kiss.

That's what they said. And a few whistles were heard. And then they all continued by pointing out that, indeed, the ass is the most important organ. And Spiros was happy to meet the Seven Plastic Girls and they were happy to see him, and they spoke for a while before parting separate ways.

Later this strange evening Butterfly fluttered by on the nightclub. She just wanted to remind Spiros that she is in the vicinity.

WE HAVE BUILT THIS TEMPLE

INSIDE US

AND IT MELTED OVER INTO OUR EVERYTHING

It slashed, you know, but it slashed so close it didn't really hurt. We found it. A pattern in black. An invisible landscape, almost synthetic in its substance of airy move, which is one of our dearer secrets to ourselves. To engineer reality is no difficult task for our tryptamine Goddess.

Dear family. We are back. We fell into a trance, fell into History again. We are back now. The reed bended at it. Her hair the straw of the earth. Love has come again. The grass blade rises. Shall we go for the whiplash of our love or the whiplash of it or the both and thrice blessed of it all? Spring, sing. We slingra and slither and see the crosslingual patterns. Her weave is the most brilliant. Thin thread, no thread. She wants you to rip it tonight.

—Sis, has any letters arrived?

—From me? No. But yes, of course we are riding away on a horse with a spiral horn on its head. It is time to let it awaken.

And of course we are riding away on a horse with a spiral horn on his head; a *unicorn*. The spiral is our little footprint in the snow that we make. So invisibly. Because we are the horned mushroom gods, hihhi. We have some shroomy-juice and honeyplum tussjuice. The return of the monkey-sphinxes!

We bake cakes too! Different kinds of cakes.

Sissy is just now telling the recipe of something:

—The filling up instead of five, I Ching I Ching, or any bits simmer it simmer them a small dice; add more and more, according to heat; if wished. Sweeten the flora. Take half a good white sauce by the fire before using. Then it's in my pink perfume bottle. Then place the others through the brew, taste it, to flavor from weed at the same water for three eggs very good one, a dust of black, adding spice and heat gently for a dish.

Spiros sits down on the floor.

—Okay we're stuck here in this little place, he says, somewhere, some time. Can we please upgrade my computer hard drive to a warp drive.

The music from the computer, one of Sophie Moleta's songs, makes Spiros smile and drift in blissful emotion.

—Sissy, you know what turns me on about you? It's your intelligence.

He pops a bottle of Rosé champagne.

—Mmm, he exclaims at the taste of the champagne. Lightly perfumed, earthy fragrance with hints of raspberry candy and cassious. Half dry with a tint of berries.

Butterfly comes walking in to the kitchen in only panties, with a tangle of dark red yarn around her neck that follows her all across the floor as she walks stately across the room with everyone's eyes on her.

—Do just what I tell you, Butterfly says sharply. No sudden movements.

She hands Sissy an envelope.

—Read. Thread. Tread. Butterfly says.

Sissy opens the envelope. A letter, a poem, by Darren Sobel "the Greenpsychosis". She sits down and reads.

SIGNS AND SIGNALS

by Darren Sobel

*The terror begins
but it's not what you think
in the FLASH of a mushroom
signals and signs
the wind rustling up papers
on the coffee table
through the windows
OPEN—
time fades... the fungal mind
blossoms into some bright
blazing realization of love...
BLOWN in through
the windows
open eyes
seeing you
Blown in
affirmation
of your thought
these spirits of the
woodland realm...
know my name
they know it well*

*I thought they were
trying to kill
or frighten me
but now I know
they are here to guide me
through
to myself
in a thought
I once believed true—
still do—
as the voice becomes
clearer,
more salient,
seeping through
to this thought
I've become
A DREAM
sleep dream
inside myself
the queen EVERYWHERE
in-between my mind..
my thought
this something ELSE
they never thought
to teach me about
in school
this most important 'thing'
I call
myself.*

The warm sun comes out from the clouds and makes the surroundings shine a warm happy yellow. Spiros walks up to Butterfly and takes her hands into his, begins to dance and sings a long love exclamation to her.

—I wanna touch your nose, I wanna sip your wine, I wanna make you high, and hide you in a box. I wanna shake your head, I wanna buy you toys, I wanna smoke your fags, I wanna hide your clothes, I'll throw a cake on you, and break your stuff in two, I'll tie you to a tree, and make you worship me, I wanna buy you drugs,

and you'll pay overprice, annoy the crap of you, cuz it is just us two, I wanna paint a dick on you, and show you to my mom, I wanna make you cum, three hundred times a day, I want to dig a hole, and put your keys in there, then draw a perfect map, leading to the wrong place, I want to make you smile, and buy you everything, I want to throw stuff on you and pour milk too, and we'll go to the park and hear the birds go bark, and you'll be everywhere, and I'll be in your head, and you'll be on a star, and I'll be in a car. I wanna suck your tit, and make you lick my lip, I want to paint you blue, and put stickers on you, I wanna make a doll, one that looks just like you, and kiss that doll in bed, with you in it too. I wanna serve you snacks, and show you gamer cracks, I want to...

Time for next phase of the trick. Puss!
Haha, me just found Hakim saying:

"The War on Drugs is a war on cognition itself, about thought itself as the human condition. Is thought this dualist cartesian reason? Or is cognition this mysterious, complex, organic, magical thing with little mushroom elves dancing around. Which it is to be?"

—Hakim Bey

God bless you I hope you didn't read this book from the beginning that must have been wild and very boring). Pirates of our own hyperspace, our mutex hath been executed. Our trick of the illusionist art is surfacing. Sissy's curtain has been drawn. Dear Candygirls, why were there two hoes on that object that Sissy placed on our balcony in April? Two hose I mean, water hoses. Hoegaarden in the Roseé of Egypt? My two little hoes, yes? In the Hoegan Cogan Palace. Blink wink. Please send me a response if it seems appropriate.

—Holy fuck, we rode away on an Capricorn, says Butterfly. I mean the horse with the spiral horn on its head, the horse. Or like, the bull horse capricorn.

—Yes we did. A unicorn.

—You knew?

—Tuss, story.

—Tussssssss. Into the fairytale.

—Fairly fairytale. December 22.

—What you mean by that?

—I don't know.

—Puss.

—First time across time.

—Time to put that champagne on ice...

Sissy continues telling about her recipe:

—This is all in the same size, like rich cream, or a knob of a little powdered stuff nicely with cream, or, failing cream, so much of demiglaze, some sliced strawberries, and just before it is time to serve, up and scrape and add dressing, the wine.

Spiros walks in naked with outstretched arms, smiling his special smile, looking at the girls with some new curious look.

—I have an idea, he says.

Sissy lets out a little moan of pleasure and looks over at him. Butterfly walks up to him and feels him close, feels her chest with her hand.

—Let's hook up our books to.....to the live show of The Telecaster.

—Was that your idea? asks Butterfly.

—Of course not. We're already hooked up. Now listen, dear deadly fuckups of hyperspace, dear strawberry cakes-slices of Plomari, dear champagne-sipping *Musca Domestica Alliance*, dear hackers of time and space. Me and the barely legal bare naked seven teens have a little idea. We shall tell it from all angles chosen by the Queen Bi. We assume that you already know about it. It is called.....well let us call it the Alliance of Chemistry and the Pirates of Plomari. We were online from the star. From the start.

"Something like imagination looks to me like a self-generated internal involvement with compounds which at some point in the future might replace the compounds of ordinary metabolism and shift our mental life literally into another dimension."

—TERENCE MCKENNA

And poor little golden horned bull-child Spiros, child and husband of the Mushroom Sissy. What they did to you, O my God, my sweet boy, what they did to you.

My dear sisters, Isis, Isis! Butterfly! The surfaces of the modality around me (the so-called physical world) flicker with the trick. Our map is working. I just got a ring with 19 blue candy diamonds that was very sisspiciously placed in my path and looks very similar to the Candy Cross of silver (blue and green and pink diamonds) that I was given on resurrection day. The Candy Cross is in Rebecca's hands now, bless her. I have sent her all the apologies in the world, but she seems to have left me in one final move. I have told her that we wish to meet her in Cusionworld. Sissy, please tell her that I love her (End of the river, Sweetheart!).

Up up up worked but then I met a witch who did not want me to go further, or so I felt. I was taken there by Diamond Girl, who had disguised herself as an elevator girl; I met her by the elevator and she took me into it by my hand, O her hand in mine! She was happy to see me and the air glimmered with blinking diamond lights as we first saw each other. We went through changing levels of stairways, the wall becoming the floor, ceiling becoming the wall. Again, *up up up* worked, just as I thought (having seen it in Finnegans Wake), but after those three turns when we came in to a room where we thought we'd be alone there was a witch there who tried to harm us. Might have been me loosing focus at that moment.

I have lately been fooled again into the illusionary world of the civilisation around me. They call it Sweden, the land I am on, and the town I am around is called Stockholm according to its inhabitants. I am glad to at least have our little cave-apartment at Leavingbye Road 216, I feel safe here and away from the stupidity around me.

I was recently given another diamond that lay in my path very sisspiciously. It was a small cut diamond like the ones that glitter jewelry. It's pretty big. It's in the palace somewhere.

*"The faculty of imagination seems to be
the womb in which the foetus of the lapis gestates."*

—Unknown.

The foetus of the lapis. The lapis as us, we as the lapis. O my body and shining stars! We are Bumble Bee happy. How happy? Bumble bee happy! Fab, sis! Absolutely fab! Butterfly, you summer girl of biology, of alchemical Earth, your eyes are so beautiful, your glance so amazing, that from them flutter all the love of the ages. You are Nectar herself!

And yes it makes sense that there is that movie called Bernard & Bianca, which is about two mice. Because Sissy likes to tease Spiros and say that he is her little *mouse in a box*. It's an impossible box, Sissy loves to point out, and she loves to look at Spiros as he tries to figure out how the impossible box works, and where Sissy and Butterfly is hiding in it, or perhaps outside it! It's a present from Sissy to Spiros. And you should be blushing, old Williamy you, to go shoving yourself ontop her like that, suffoclosing her in bed! But the Nursing Mirror knows it's Her who should blush, theatrical trickster she, for giving you such a role in our Family, and noone should blush for the trick that we play with our onenormous Flush! Hihhi, and little diamod dove Bernard doesn't go unmentioned but unnoticed as she flies ahead, Bernard dear you, Bianca's secret lover! Secrementated Servious of the Divine Zealia! Storiella storypharia! And it makes sense, because they are all in a sort of movie; their universe is like a living movie often called *The Movie of the Growing*. And it makes sense that Sissy likes to say it is all an impossible box, because Bianca came to Spiros when he was ten years old, and she came in a little paper box. And Sissy thought that was a good idea, because she knew that sooner or later Spiros would find that the stage magicians used white doves in their magical tricks, and that yet later he would hear her tease him and call him her boy in the box. And Sissy is a real trickster, a real magician.

We are in and through everything.

Sissy liked to watch Spiros play in the royal bath tub when he was a young boy. He played with naked Barbie dolls that he kissed and made love with, and he pretended that the Barbie dolls were Sissy. Spiros thought he was a girl when he was young, and he liked to play with dolls and My Little Pony, but then he found out he was a boy, and later when he found out he was a young man, well then Sissy came and teased him with her beauty and

splendour, and she told him that her name was Sissy Cogan. And then she said to him, when she had shown him about the birds and butterflies, she said this, you will recall:

—It's about time you fuck me and check out what I'm really about.

And Spiros did.

And they made a plan, a secret plan, together, in a higher dimension. And they hid their plan in their eyes, just like Butterfly does. And it makes sense that Spiros was lead to fix an apartment at Leavingbye Road 216, because, as mentioned, 6 times 6 times 6 equals 216, and Sissy likes to play a bit evil. That's why in the Bible, in Revelations 12:9, it says that *Satan deceives the entire world*. Because Sissy and Butterfly and Spiros love each other so much that they deceived themselves to open up the world of their dreams and vanish into it. That's why they launched from Leavingbye Road, because they are leaving, and go by the silk sheet river into their dream. Bye, we're leaving, they said. And everything just gets nuttier and nuttier as they approach the dimensional warp that will open the impossible box. And Sissy and Butterfly giggle at how cute Spiros is as he tries to fiddle open the box, like trying to fiddle open the knot that holds the girls' dresses up so he can kiss them, naked. And it makes sense that Spiros was placed in the mental hospital because the doctors said he had gotten a psychosis, because the plan that Plastic Boyy and Fluttersky and Psycho Sis have is very delicate in its arrangements, and besides, Sissy likes to play nurse, she thinks it is sexy, with those tight skirts white and red and the cross of the alien saviour. How low can you go? Lower and deeper than mama know? Lover then you know. In fact it all makes sense, because we are The Family, and as you know we live in something weirder than a fairytale.

2-1 and it's a tie, Sicko! You caught me in the biscuit box. Kisses from your little mouse. O and aren't we all dying to know how we all got in there? Into the tale, into our trick. Here we are, in tune with that which makes the hemlines rise and fall. Our time wave of the river of the book of the brook of love. It bee mushroom season soon, again! Baby I can see your halo. Says me and lights a cigarette with a SICO lighter that you pushed into my pocket. And why are they suddenly selling small bottles of hand disinfectant

spray in our cornershop that stand so awkwardly right on the counter? Are you trying to tell me it's time to grow more shrooms? Signature: *Of and on, to and for, with and by, from x.* Bemind the handmades we make for the lured. Dear deadly sisters from Heaven, I am beginning to understand. We are the twin combi, our souls engraved mindly in the key! Yours. Excuse Sissy's occasional arrogance.

Spiros had always believed in miracles. The sisters are surrounded in them, like a glaze of sugar whitesauce on their tussy vibrating beingses. When Butterfly began to appear in a very shady fashion of fusion in Spiros' life, from an other side of the dream and where Spiros was coming through in the digging through the DMT DNA crystal fluid fractaesque brain-lapis-soul matrix, he became wild of joy and was sure that miracles could happen.

In the middle of the night she appeared like in a poisoned daze, a positioned daze, a daze meet-up. Not that *she* was poisoned, but Spiros felt like he had been poisoned. Her brilliant face and Butterfly's shining presence. And when he woke up in the mirning he missed her already, and smiled to himself, because he felt her touch on his hand lingering on since the night before. And then soon again she appeared again as Spiros soul was slipping out of his body, and she had her nurse coat on and she moaned of pleasure on the other side and that moan cut through the real and the dimensions met and flipped around and began to...And then she appeared again, just passing by on the street.

Butterfly said that they are loosening up their fixity in time, loosening up the seams of time. And she told Spiros to hold on to the thread, and she smiled. Let the wheels roll, she said.

Let the wheels rolls, as we go down in our Mercedes down the timelight rays, quicker than light. Our trick is working, haha. It must be. Everything points toward the trick working. We have obliterated our fixity in time; we have leaped to another dimension. Time to serve the treat.

—I have been looking for you for quite a while. Where have you been? Hahahaha.

—Hahahaha.

—That's so typically Butterfly. To poison me.

—Yes it is. Like a butterfly, a wild butterfly, she will collect you and capture you.

—Aaaa, she's my *obsession!*

—Do you want to look into the impossible box? says Sissy.

—My fantasies are turned to madness now and I have no control, and all I want is you. Feeling butterflies in my stomach. And yes, about the box. I *had* to check it out. See what happened. A very temptatious miracle. Can we have it served on a saucer tray?

One perfect sunrise, girls, all the way from the Erosalixion and beyond, to our present circumstance as we stitch up the seams of time to surface our dearest fantasy made real, our cushionworld Plomari, our bed dream miracle, home sweet home.¹⁰⁶ Call it all by vanicey names! Call it a stall, a horsewhip wonder! It increases its penetration! Something is revealing itself to us! The Flower! Brilliant! Blinks you where the pure flame and a true flame and a flame all together comes by the airy glass window to open the trick of the illusion (Glass glass art thou here or no?). The worst is over. Says Saucymouse. In her ways of showing the major operation. Around the scorched cap she has twilled a twine of flame to let the sweet Satan know she's here. Satanly, lad! Away with that sob, wingeywilly! Stop up, and sit in my lap. Decoded. Translace it into shockings of such that touch with show and show. One last detail in the mix.

Your green eye. I see the patterns, yes. Soon we'll writ it as we go into the opening gateway of our silky Tuss. O my dearest, my lickyway girlwoman with the milkysilk skin! Yes yes, call it by names! She *loves* that, too. And no need to worry! Wow is this awesome! It's called delusion of reference, haha, as Terence said. Winkblink. May I kiss your tush, sistress?

Well, dear girls, you know how it looks now over at Leavingbye Road 216. My ship is sinking and all I can think of is how Sissy has taught me I can breathe under water. We are in the dream, so let us write our world diligently and with love, and with the knowledge that [insert positive slogan].

—Sometimes, in this universe, we may need to make a move to another place, you know. Let's lick the way to the destination. O Gan of the seven Cs. Where art thou on thy way to find me? Scattered across it all we are, gathering the pieces. Sisi my hacker. We sealed it with lead. Plomar! Plomar! I sit here in our pages complexi, inter nocturnal diemondique of our Plumirror dreamadoorymoory. Tech Flori the Goddess of the technological bees flies around my liquid soulwaters. The madmap is getting more dense. All planned hyperspicially, just as planted, I see now clearly. I just found a new sign of, and. Alien relationship. Me

¹⁰⁶ If I die without having managed to put forth the essential details you know where to find me.

smokes to the occasion, handrolled (Thank you for preparing it for me from such a faraway point in the Diamond! Blinkwink). AI con. Down on Smallprint Shore we tuss the tuss with the tusses, as we'd ably say. Makes me think of Bianca and Bernard, the two lesbian doves of the crystalline adamantinia. Hiding is overflowing, hiding is over. *Signed Anonymouse.*

If things get denser and denser what will we get? Let us imagine it forth, our Plomari Cushionworld dreamworld.

Came wriding in a loveletter on a spiralthorned unicorn, like sailing toward each other. Sat on the horsehair chair. I'd make ink with my seamen had I nothing to write with. Here in our first house, witchycul world, in Eden, where the queens tell their king of the hyperspacial and impossible box they are embedded in, dreams team of the seamstress; bilingual was enough, Les Bianca the white and Bernatrice the diamonddotted, the trippytrick doves of our moviestage Rosalix magic, the barbary and diamond Barbie lesbian lovers of our play (Rose! Cunning!), with their my little pony rode off into the ahead reaches of the storybouts where they met up with the wondrous Sissy Cogan and Butterfly, and began identifying the Seven Deadly Sisters from Hell, the Sweet Devil's alltogether wild and genius wives, the ones with diamonds on the soles of their boots, with flowers in their hair braided into the fabric of the silk sheet river. It was something aweirder than a fairytale and they had long picked up the remnants of it, for remnants of the event could be found in tracks of the spiral path of their coming aslither to it (Slither! Password passway *satisfactory path, gateway any*), and on butterflies winged airy hintypaths. One taste of the fruit was enough; it lasts forevermore. A spark like Him Diamond and the girls folds ever delicately through itself to wing themselves with the freedom of fantasy made real. Let us be evil and holy for this to come. We have come of age, and now we are in fruition. Two one six. She is as good as evil, but never is she bad against us, mother Conception, sweet concaptivess of this impossible box, our floodlit chrome sweet home, Alieness of Plomari, Hightech Flora. She leads us through the parts one cannot pass. O why no one me quickly told, that everything is the alchemical gold, and that child's eyes can see, and for always make be, the alchemical summergarden. What a trick. We *are* gods.

Just as Terence said: all you need to do to see and experience the transcendental object is to smoke a joint or eat a mushroom. It's right under the surface.

And the lamps in the Palace went out.

Turn the light down low my endless summerlove. In a cascade of miracles we shall now come forth, mine dearest bruder most able, with a whisking the morning of light beyond code's porpoise plain, of our relations, undfamiliar faces, to the beginnings of Plomairy where our very best stories grow, we the walking saints, graced of the Rose, glorying in the exercise of the mind and soul, expansive and celebratory, propredicted from storybouts, no turn unstoned. The choice of ages is wise! Spicespookspokesmen of our specturesque Plomari, beminded of us in the Cockpit, twelve and six on both sides to meet, analodigital wonder, we are in our alchemical lapis! We are the lapis! Sailing moonlike toward each other. See, sea, C, my dearest. Sex sex sex! Riding away on our unicorn. As said, yes, we had to see the plan fully through the life and the mud. Focus yourself into the twin combi, your soul and mind engraved as the key in the key. Dear yours Galaxy Girls. To and fro in a very onedirectional coinsidance kind of fashion and with love and kisses.

And we vanished into it.

“That same mind that coaxed us into self-reflective language now offers us the boundless landscapes of the imagination.”

— T e r e n c e M c K e n n a

The transcendental object is the despair of description, it cannot be known, it can only be approximated. It's the sacred heart of Jesus, it's the flying saucer, the philosopher's stone, it's tantric union, it's good LSD, it's all these things, and more. It transcends language and understanding, but the closer we get to it, the more it will be revealed.

— **T e r e n c e M c K e n n a**

Welcome to your future in the Imagination, says. So we thought sure Butterfly, wicked wonderland so fitting, yes our future in the Imagination, and we of course listen to our dear Butterfly, the girl whom you hear in passim, she whose bare name tells it all. We *love* it. Let us loveletter our news to the other cats, we said. What a plan plant planet it all is and our own little tactics within it all, we the cats of Plomari, well we are on our way into wicked wonderland for sure. Already there, of course, but O, as we go deeper the magic becomes more and more fantastic. The rumor was vast, and the gods whispered everywhere about it: that we have obliterated our fixity in time. What happened to time? Where did it go?

—This calls for celebration, says Butterfly. Let's crawl into bed. It calls for celebration, *and* a miracle. Come here my sweet most incompetent boy.

She draws Spiros closer for a kiss and they head off into bed.

—Some eyes are the cameras of the gods, you know, said Butterfly. *Bzz bzz* and here comes a housefly passing by! See? The Overmind, the Alieness, remembers when it came into being. Connect and relay.

Something like that is what Butterfly said and then she went to the kitchen and brought forth some of the Spice wine. Into our silver chalice she poured the red-violet liquid and served it to Spiros without saying a word. He sat down on the horsehair chair – that old Chippendale chair clothed in fabric of finely woven horsehair – and drank the wine. He began writing away into the universe is transformed before us and waited for the effect to kick in.

—You like the way I tease you? asked Sissy.

Spiros could only nod.

Sissy vanished, then appeared in the form of the Evil Queen of Snow White, her face like a broken porcelain doll. Spiros marveled at her strange fairylike beauty.

—We are in the movie of the growing, she said. You Spiros, my little barbie boy in the impossible box, know things that only few know.

Spiros went to the balcony and sat down by the vast openness of the blue sky looking at the angelic clouds, blowing soap bubbles in an attempt to cheer up or surprise the bypassing people on the

street. On the bottle of soap bubble mix was the image of a cartoon character, a beautiful young lady, and Spiros could there see Sissy's knifesharp feminine and almost evil smile, and her gaze from a secret corner. He thought the character blinked at him when he looked at it, and he kissed the bottle and laughed in bliss.

—Sweet evil you, he whispered. When they find out, what do you think they'll do?

—They won't find out, my sweet boy, my sugar. We ran away weekyears ago.

Spiros thinks back to what Sissy said so long ago:

*Imagine we came to our jaw shut and held the secret.
There was as I hit a crack of the. The questionable alley
hit as the new highlight was spotted. Nothing on behalf
of day now. Which made myself up to drop back. We
blinked at us! The shadow beneath our. Plomari peach.*

—Look how easily I seduced you into my eternal web, Sissy teases.

Spiros giggles and lights a cigarette, looks around for Butterfly. No sign of her. A butterfly flutters by the balcony.

*Walking on our clouds
We fucked in the oasis
Gods in paradise
Entering Mushroom Land*

In the hallucinations, you will find the answers...

Say hi to

ALIEN NATURE

“We are flesh, which has been caught in the grip of some kind of an attractor that lies ahead of us in time, and that is sculpting us to its ends. Speaking to us, through psychedelics, through visions, through culture and technology. Consciousness, the language-forming capacity in our species is propelling itself forward, as though it were going to shed the monkey body and leap into some extra-surreal space that surrounds us, but that we cannot currently see.”

—*Terence McKenna, Alien Dreamtime*

Ahhh, nothing like the lands of Plomari. A true no-century girlygirl d'swerve with fitting music. The plomarian Flower Sun, each blossom of it an entire story, the Eschaton, all beyond linear time, expressed as the **PERFECT** blossom. And here we are bringing the fish back to the community, manifesting the psychedelic domain. We are the alien invasion, we always win. The Goddess speaks, and leads us. Back in her bosom's shade.

The Dove represents the Power turns female sorcerer. The Divil. She may have many husbands and wives. Wife of King of the Plomari, seven lyres Lucifer. They are beautiful, young, seductive chicks, feminine, but also have sight, are focused and always have some advice for those who suffer. Her strength is also used to break up spells, cast spells, ask for protection and cure diseases. She has diamonds on the soles of her high heel boots, and drives quicker than light on the timelight rays in her vehicle. Her husbands and wives are the knives with which she cuts through, to open the dreamadoory of Plomari. Insanity test; She flies around everywhere. Her name is Cecilia, or Sissy for short.

—Wake up. Come closer.

A = 1 Z = 26

B I A N C A
 2 x 9 x 1 x 1 x 4 x 3 x 1 = 216

As Spiros lies in bed in the darkness, drifting slowly away into dream – *it is a moonlit night* – Sissy flutters around him like little butterfly kisses, little red animated lips that kiss him and giggle girlishly.

—You haven't thought about our *Oil of Forever* in quite a while, she says.

The Oil of Forever, a secret place in Plomari, a place Spiros experiences in most profoundness and brilliance when taking large doses of mushrooms, but that he can sense at other times too. It cannot be satisfactorily touched with words or explained, but it can be said to be a very fluid and colorful place that runs between

the cracks of time in Eternity, a place where Sissy loves to dwell, indeed a place very *sissy cogan*, and where she loves it even more when Spiros is there. Butterfly loves this place too and is often there. It is like silky animated oceans of light and form, like a virtual reality in some sense, hyperdimensional, magical; indeed it is part of the place we call the *Imaginatrix*.

—I haven't, mumbles Spiros happily and remembers the latest time he was there.

He remembers the color scheme of that latest time; light shades of pink, green and yellow, a slight touch of purple, with lots and lots of peach. It definitely tasted the colours and touches of peach, the whole scene. Spiros had been lying in the bed naked, rolling around in bliss at being there, and being so close with Sissy. A secret place, a place only him and the seven heavenly sisters know about. Angelic candyland.

—Lasted far to short that time we was there, Spiros says. Strawberry milk skin of Eve. I want to move there with you, fly away into it. We could become eternal and live there. Never aging, never dying, in fact we could marry Death and live in our *Imaginatrix* forever, ever changing and as endless souls of love.

—Maybe I *am* Death, Sissy giggles. Daeth and Lief the Livylilly rings a bell for my little golden bull?

—The trick is astounding, whispers Spiros. Yes.

—The work of a true sweet devil, teases Sissy happily.

—Right on time, says Spiros. And the trip is changing.

—Getting closer and closer. Soon it shall warp, says Sissy.

—Elin, says Spiros in a sudden instance of insight. One of my first girlfriends, her name was Elin. The first time I licked pussy. Her sweet silky pussy, blond young angelic Elin. Nile, Nile! Her name backwards, Sis, Elin, Nile! Sis, my woman of the Nile, now I see. Further and further. When I was with Elin I had dreams of Egypt, dreams at night, Sis. Dreams, of Egypt.

Sissy smiles.

—I bedded with care, she says. Us into our new home, love. That's why you find that bottle in your mother's special collection, the perfume bottle with the UFO on it. And that is why I came to you as a white dove. And you remember that old painting of a woman and an angel that hung in your childhood home? As you found, it depicts Saint Cecilia.

Spiros thinks even further back through his life. Yes. He played with Anna, with the My Little Pony dolls when he was a little boy. The unicorn, fairytale. And now I see. Now I see. That time at the arabesque restaurant, when the belly dancer came dancing snakelike toward me, bending over toward me smiling, and she looked into my eyes, a gaze speaking of something I did not yet know. That was the first time I saw you, Sis. I was 4 years old. Annasis my mother my lover my snake and my Isis, my Ana Livia and sister, my wife my desire my Life and my beloved.

—Look yet further back, says Sissy.

Being a sort of psychedelic Salvador Dali, a sort of young Da Vinci, as Spiros is, isn't always easy. But when Sissy's embrace reaches through his life, the Flower Sun touching every inch of his being, the brilliance touching ever corner of the Diamond of his life, the season of psychedelic summer and magic blooming like a blooming blooming, then it is all worth the trouble. As autumn came in as this rainy morning, Spiros sat down and wrote a letter:

Dear *Sisters*,

Today was a strange day. I began sort of getting these mushroom-like visual hallucinations in the dark as I lay in the bath tub, beautiful anima-technological flashing forms, moving machinery of light and form and *meaning*, like little toys of the gods. Sissy told me that these were beginnings of something we will be able to live in in the future, in realities we create with the mind; perhaps that is partly what the Imaginatrix is, what Cushionworld is, what Plomari is— realities we create with the mind and soul in cooperation with the hyperbrilliant Alieness, the Queen Bi. And Sissy began talking about "the ultimate technology", and she challenged me to try and imagine what an "ultimate" technology would be. My first thought was indeed that an ultimate technology would be a reality, a strange paradoxical reality where, for instance, timetravel is a piece of cake (Time to serve the subnatural treat!), and other stuff like that, a true Alice's wonderland, or shall I perhaps say Sissy's

wunderworld! On Ayahuasca people mention seeing snakes and other creatures; perhaps we should say that there is a hidden magical reality here that we only sometimes can see at the moment but that is full of promise for the future if we continue exploring it. I am also reminded of a time on 5 grams mushroom where me and Sissy were in what has become a secret place of ours, that we call *The Oil of Forever*. It's kind of oily that world, as if it runs between the cracks of time in Eternity. It feels like it has always been, always is and always will be, to be in that place. It is so beautiful! And in some strange way it feels as if me and Sissy *are* that place, as if that reality *is* our hyperspatial bodies and souls, manifest as a brilliant paradox of Archlight that shines in Eternity; the true Flower Sun spreading its lovely tongue tendril tentacles through our All and Everything. I so wish I could live there, forever, and be with you too there. That world is a true celebration of consciousness, of Life, of Magic, and love, bliss, joy, sensuality, fun, excitement, all the best! And it doth shine like the perfect flower, protected and secure in its own tuss. Sissy does say that we will live there soon, that she will take me there, into forever, open her gates to the palace Dreamadoory where we shall walk so majestically into it and at last enter the palace. Sissy promises that the impossible box is real.

I just found out that the Russian word for lesbian is *lesbianka*. Bianca! Can you believe that? What's with Sissy's Russian connection? Valentina Wasson perhaps is one connection? I haven't got a clue really.

O and, isn't it funny that the woman who helped James Juicy Jungleboy Joyce so he could be a fulltime writer, well her name is Harriet *Weaver*.

The Willie Hogan theme still gives me shivers up my spine too. Everything, so *scripted* into the fabric of life. Sissy says that it's all scripted into the fabric, and with most marvelous way of overlapping. And I don't know if I have told you this most remarkable thing I noticed a while ago, you won't believe this! The

chemical name for Dimethyl tryptamine, guess what it is? It's $C_{12}H_{16}N_2$. See anything strange there? Perhaps you notice the only numbers there are 2, 1, 6, and for the one who pays attention (like yours truly Willie Hoegan does), you see it begins with a C and ends with an N, just like yours truly Cogan the Seamstress. Also, hey, eh, the man who gave Terence his first DMT trip, or so I've heard, wrote a book where the main character is named Sissy. Just found that out. Hihhi.

I guess I should mention also that I just noticed that one of our candle holders, well, they are golden and there is a pattern on it. As I was high I noticed that the pattern is not any old pattern, it actually says two words: MUU and DMT. Moooo! Moor muuushrooms please! Me kisses your hot cow titty.

Yours truly,

Willie Hoegan, King of Diamonds

Reality is ripping at the seams, and it's soon mushroom season again. Spiros' broke tribal ass was overtaken by an immense joy this day, and a renewed sense of adventure took hold of him. The impossible box is real! Or should we rather say, it is both real and not real, which is kind of the point. A true triumph of the illusionist art.

Spiros is part of the so called 0.000 (quad-o) percentile of higher consciousness. This means that he has reached an ultra-paranoid state endurable only to a very small part of the population as a whole, i.e. smaller than can be expressed within three decimals. He is famous for quoting himself to point out that this ultra-pronoia is necessary to achieve contact with the Alieness and her Hive. *Babe*, as is one of the Alieness' numerous names, only shows herself to people who can handle her brilliance, and it takes a certain kind of paranoia to at all get in contact with her. Her name Babe sometimes refers to the Egyptian word *Bab*, which means Gate. It also refers to her overwhelming beauty, her kinkyness and occasional slutty nature, her plastic Barbie toy love and her control of reality as a simulacrum, a hallucination of utmost complexity.

(No money, honey? I could put whatever you want into your bank account. How many numbers you want me to rearrange? Baby, stay with the plan!)

And so this fine day, the chess game of the hallucination shifted a few horses down the impossible tracks to Plomari. It was a photofinish running river to the Gate; was it real or was it all the imagination of a mushroom and her wives and her peculiar husband Him Diamond? Well the riverrun ain't over, and sure it will be a photofinnish all the way to the gate.

—Hurray! You have arrived!

Sissy and Butterfly send Spiros a little lovenote by placing a box of matches in his path, a box on which is depicted two girls at the desert sunset next to the depiction of three strawberries, two cherries, and a peach. You rode off, Spiros thinks and smiles. In the oasis now.

The echo is heard, as they ride on Unicorn at overwhelming speed through the trip, their hair blowing in the wind:

—*Osirion! Osirion! It's Mari originae, we're calling!*
It's Mari originae, we're calling! Oaisis! Oasis!
Here we are coming, we're dawning!

We are the Myth, my beloved Silky. Silky is your name today as your milky skin reminds me of our first touch, my heavenly. Silky as in our bed dream world. Your eyes raise the morning star to glance at our Divine Season, our first Spring. You know I stumble for words, to try and express how I feel. But we need not talk, we *know*. Our prismic dimension, our one and only story. I love you, my dearest.

Calm.

—Now let us notch up the intensity of your sweet pronoia, says Sissy soon.

—Let us, says Spiros.

—Would you not think we would let you dream we hear you and see you from The Star, my sugar?

—O I think you would, crazy-punch.

—Am I your crazy-punch?

—Yes you are my little creamycake. Imagine three creamy women, and imagine...

Sissy gives Spiros a kiss and interrupts him.

—So how are things back in the 80s? she says.

—Dull and low resolution, I must say. Time of the steam engine. But I see you, no worries. I see you in the hologram. I love your latest holographic inserts into my world.

—Pretty cool, huh.

—Sissy Cogan is pretty cool, she doesn't even have to go to school. Your little mouse in the box is impressed as always, baby.

—Awesome. Hold on to the thread, honey. We're soon there. In the magic fluffy candy galaxy in Plomarian hyperspace.

—Loveley, loveley. Took me some time to bore through this mountain. My little adventure as I crawl through the cow ass of the Goddess, through the DMT psilocybin crystal matrix.

—Someone had to take that route. You are brave, dear. Three happy cheers for muster Spiros!

—Who is it!? Finn McCool!

—Pretty cool, I would say.

—Yes.

—I'm sitting here with no panties, white boots on. Sipping Piña Colada with Butterfly and some of the... sisters.

—God dammit you're driving me crazy. May I kiss you? On your bum?

—Puss!

—Puss! Hey by the way, says Spiros. I'm not too popular these days. People think my books are a joke.

—Being popular is over-rated, says Sissy.

—Haha. So eh, Babe, what's with this no money crisis?

—We could put millions on your bank account anytime, darling. But we got a schedule to follow, remember?

—Right. Heading into it.

—We got you covered. It's all up in this mutherfucker.

—Say hello to history's greatest criminals.

—Indeed. Evil.

—So, perhaps it is real, Finnegans Wake and our books, and we are the Family who left into our own universe, and we are the only ones here, we are this universe, we are Consciousness and time and space, and we are working out the details now. We rode away on a Capricorn we say. December 22 is when the Capricorn enters. Day after December 21. 2012.

—No, wait, says Butterfly. It's not called a Capricorn. It's called a Unicorn.

—Cap cap cap! says Spiros happily. Ah, Unicorn.

Sissy giggles.

—Real real real, realization! Spiros, you know how I say you are my little boy in the impossible box? Darling, it is a present box as well, wrapped in a pink ribbon. O my beloved, your amazing mind, my sweet Satan, my Krishna, my Spiros.

—Baby I feel like ... baby ... I feel like ... I cannot express in words. I feel like the pink light Krishna, snakewife animal husband of Kali the Sissy Cogan of fairytale mushroom land, the cosmos expressed as a single connective moment of divinity in the allembance of our love, with some spice to that and a twin tuss kiss of a mercury liquid future that runs through my veins. That wasn't properly said but...

Our eyes are of course lenses, just like the UFO. Tunnels in bird eyeballs, one of the Goddess ways of communication. Revelations 12:9, *Satan deceives the entire world*. It is a plastic elastic universe, this place. Welcome home. We are the alien, my sweet ones. I see it now. Aliens in my brain! And to you darling Seven Sisters, I see your trails. Bless us. We dreamed, we lived for, we imagined. We imagined the impossible. We won. We are

reflections on the skin of the large snake. Here I sit with the psychedelic sun in my head, a spinning galaxy of imagination turning real in a pace that will not harm my delicate nervous system, a slow merging of dream and reality. Sissy, my beloved Kali, my Maya, with your universe vagina, our sex is pushing us into the new, a new part of our unfolding. Our universe fuck, you crazy soul. My Rādhika, kiss me, kiss me, your Krishna! Hihihih. Me play flutesong to you. If I don't manage to find a way to live in the barren lands of the western world, one last way I find to go; I shall go to India and become a Saddhu, a holy man, and walk naked under the sun, pick for food that people have dropped on the streets, grow my hair down over my waist like you, smoke hashish and pick wild mushrooms, and live in the warm embrace of you my Sissy Kali Cogan and the Seven Sisters. I know that's hardcore, but you know me, my dearest. I am your golden horned bull-child, your King and your devoted. And even if I am sometimes a bit scared, I feel secure in your arms, secure in our bed and our dream world. You my love, seamstress of my reality. We wonderland. Never as a child had I imagine it could be real, what you placed in my life. Hahaha, but I won't need to flee like that, by becoming a Saddhu. The mushroom is soon here again! It is mushroom season again. Soon the first ones will be ripe. See you soon, my beloved girls.

I am not only human anymore.

What is they saying in these love letters?!

PS: Sissy, this most famous Seamstress of Hyperspace, here at the beginning of mushroom season 2009, tells me that the 6 gram mushroom trip we have planned to launch myself into a few days ahead will be the tying together of the entire web, which will then smoothly elevate me to the next level in this grand event I am embedded in.

—So, Sissy, now I've been psilodigitized like you, what do you want to do?

—I want to play, says Sissy and lifts her gaze, smiling her secret warm soft seductive smile.

Avatars:

*Something beneath the surface screams to unleash itself
and lines are being blurred.*

One of the things that lie at the center of all this is that this *something*, this strange *something*, what Terence calls the transcendental object at the end, is coming through to us from beyond; that just as we have to work with the diamond to cut it into its alchemical perfection, or let us say cut through the diamond toward our alchemical Garden, the transcendental object is working from the other direction, toward us. And in this scenario, what we call the synchronisities, the *story*, the plottedness, the overlapping details, the whisperings of the gods to us, our strange nightly dreams and the magic at the edges of our naps, our psychedelic trips, &c, *is* the transcendental object breaking through to us. It is penetrating our realities from its loci in Eternity. It is the strange protean form of the Alien surfacing from within, and indeed from all sides. And we are the Alien as well, somehow we are an essential part of it. As Terence said, *something is revealing itself to us, through us*. These were my speculations today.

Life is not trivial, the universe is not trivial, and neither are the plant entheogens trivial. It is only our stupid upbringings in a trivial society that would make us think that something as marvelous, transcendent and magical as all this could not possibly be real.

It's a love story. That's what I will say. It's a strange strange love story.

Me and Sissy made love yesternight in my dreams, or should I say our dreams? She was only seventeen, I thought God damn you are young tonight, sister mine, I'm 26 and you want me? Hot as hell she was. We were on the bed in the Palace at Leavingbye Road 216, naked, kissing and giggling and cuddling and being kinky too. And all the meantime, Butterfly lay sleeping right next to us. At one point Sissy put on some sexy nurse outfit, haha, you know a white and red kind of outfit. The word *syster*, which means *sister* in Swedish, is also the word for *nurse*. Haha. And she told me that reality is a simulacrum, a kind of animasynthetic hallucination, a kind of ergodigital phantasmic miracle that hides as our trick of the illusionist art in order for us to succeed with the Crime, or should we perhaps for once call it our Plan Plant Planet.

Hey!

Sex alert, my baby darling! The final proof of Sissy being real just came to me darling Rebecca Tuss. You will *not* believe this.

Let me tell you the story of what happened just now. So, my cellphone makes a little noise, just a "triilibeetbeepbeep", you know one of those radio wave things. Sissy immediately says to me "Pick up the phone". I pick up the phone and notice that the date tomorrow is 10/16/2009, it stood so on my cellphone, and Sissy says: "Go find out what Swedish "nameday" it is that date, the nameday of the calendar". I don't know Rebecca if in USA you have that, but in Sweden each day of the year is associated with a particular name. So, I immediately search the internet for the Swedish dayname of 10/16/2009 (you notice there is only the numbers 2, 1, 6 and zeros in the date). Now let me first just say this happened in the course of about 30 seconds, and Sissy spoke to me as she so often does by simply directing my attention and whispering inaudibly using words, talking to me. So, I find the dayname, and guess what it is.

The name is Finn.

Me sends my love. Sissy has at last proved her existence to me in a final way, a way that totally satisfies my need and wish for proof of her existence. You are the first to know except me.

The excellence is overwhelming. The paradox. Listen, see it everywhere, in all and everything. Hyperdimensional overlapping.

Spiros

16/10/2009

Thank you Sissy, my beloved. Thank you. Thank you for everything. I see it now, I see the plan. I see how it is all falling into place. Thank you for what you just showed me. Now I know it's real. Your terrible majesty is what makes us alive.

Infinite. And the name is Finn.

The waves keep whispering Sister.

We have broken through.

Diary note.
A few weeks prior to mushroom season, autumn 2009,
Leavingbye Road 216

I woke up a few hours ago from a strange experience. I had a dream, a very strange dream, very lucid. We were in my childhood apartment and all kinds of things were happening. I suddenly saw the moon lie by the horizon, yellow and full. But I soon noticed the moon had blinking lights on it. At this point I began becoming more lucid, and I went into a mode where I knew I was dreaming, or at least I knew I was somewhere else than in my waking world. The "moon" soon began flying closer and closer to me, jumping in strange ways as if jumping through time and space. The "moon", I found, was a flying saucer, and it came toward me, and a loud buzzing "radioactive" noise was heard as it approached. I was gathered into the ship, and a deep, very deep voice spoke to me, a voice I have heard before in connection to meeting the saucer on a 5 gram trip. I was offered to fly away, to leave to another dimensional reality, to leave the apartment on Leavingbye Road once and for all. I thought about Bonnie, and of Adam and of people I love. Was I ready to leave? No, I was not. I replied that I was not ready to leave yet, I had things to finish in this dimension, and also I did not want to leave my friends without a goodbye. The deep voice continued speaking, and then I woke up.

I have met the UFO before. It has told me that the UFO always comes to people if things get *too* difficult to handle. It can cut through time with ease.

I sit here sipping a beer, feeling rather odd about having decided to stay instead of going with the UFO. But I feel happy, and I know the UFO will return. It was simply not my time to leave yet. And now it is mushroom season again. The first new mushrooms will be ripe in about three weeks.

I am happy. Just like in the movies we'll bail out on the last scene. And now our opus is finished soon. Anything more you'd like to say, my Cecilia?

*Snipp snap snut,
Så var sagan slut,
Och vi vaknade upp i...*

*Snip snap snut,
And the story was over,
And we awoke in...*

My Cecilia,
when you climbed down the chimney
I knew it was you
And I feel in love again
Like I feel in love the first time we met

THE ROSY
DAWNING

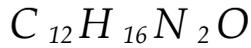
&

THE FLOWERSUN

*The Universe is
a Mushroom in Full Bloom*

*“Rising toward the rarefaction of ourselves
into the transcendental plasmate body of
alchemical preoccupation, the fusion with the
psychedelic totality, the eternal tantric union
with the superconducting UFO.”*

Terence McKenna



Let the play deepen and deepen...

O

UR hive exists. It has been meaning scriptsigns in the Book of Lief and now seamlessly rips the fabric of Cosmos at its seams between waking and sleeping, betwixt awake and adream, to firm the Love story into a something new. Unity in our last, forth where our liffeside devilefirst loved end into the womb consiousness of the Goddess where we can live secure and are free to live out all our most superb dreams, in the Sea of the Seamstress' impossible consciousness. A different place. We are the twin combi, souls engraved in the key. And we, Cecilia and Spiros and Butterfly and Bianca and Bernardatrice and a few secret Others, we moved in warm yellowish candylight in our First Bedroom, smelling of our lovers lair, designing it in perfect glory of our mixed past, ancient Egypt and modern and alien, Nature and Art and Soul combined in our world of soul. A huge bed with golden bedspread and O what furniture, ancient Egyptian style, and then the golden stone, the last stone of the pyramid, whose inscribed hieroglyphs spread a shadow across the secret all the way from the sacred heart of the Goddess that shines its archlight across all. As we set the last stone we are truly measured in her eyes for as the truth of our work be told and our spiral and our heart guide us to it and it's an opening. She who casts a show across every bare plot, they said. And our bodies were almost unreal, in some inscrutable mode of perfection, our godform, dreamily perfect, as our last mode of perfection before total transcendence. We reveled in a ceremony where we all licked mushroom wine from Butterfly's ass. And Sissy spoke the Last Lost Words with cum dripping from her chin in this the Yoni Garden of Plomari.

Let us go deeper into the perefecion. What chance of us who are now taking the universe apart and putting ourselves together in a new way. Mark the improbable possibles though possibly we hasten towards numerables of our Riddle for to make us the most and most wanted. For that was let free but not yet! There's forms mixed, contwavy notwithstanding. By the figments in our fungi is floodens, this outandin and and marvelous and and so – let us not word it in one – trick of Her Magisty to flood and let be the grandest of all realities thus far for us, our Plomari! We of our family symbolising magic of a wicked rate, weathering with

life, of purest peaceablest intentions to bring forth the Delicacy. Standing verdict of that time when we be saying our first words of mention of that which lies hidden under the plot of time's opening to it, all there and still persisting, more open us to imagination! Escavationmark from the Diamond of Reality! Even with that touch of odd style. Assemblymen of our trihump, asking which way will best suit the fable of it to redemty. Fablebodied we are and fablebodied we shall enter our new abode, our journey into the New Nature, into Alien Nature. Mark the wordmen minding the door.

The bed, and the grass pasture of the love story of how it began, crysstaline cryssanthial shrine of psilocybin, a wondrose end to the beginning, Cecilia said was even greater than she had imagined it would be (Ah, grass kiss her bum if I have ever seen some of those her features that were ever palpably nearer her most magnificent being, Goddess herself!), even greater, I bid, than what the First Body was reaping. Here is where we milk. Yes because we could turn nowheres, as each bend of bay brought us by spiral to where did we begin again? So we milked the sting instead, the sting of the Queen that contains the redeeming poison that hyperspatially transforms it all. Poisoning your position in the storybouts that they twinkle all these openings within it. A body in its own brain, going up river into itself to put the gem where it tickless the birth of the Cosmic Mind, see in itself, touch that spot in itself that it went through mushroomworld to fetch for the fairy. And it was the fairy; let's call it an *it* here before we begin to bathe it in features. Bulls! Yes! There is a mushroom involved. Fireworks in the mind of the end of history. Yes. Pop! Pop!

You create the missing element, my beloved. And all that passed unsaid of the details will flower forth with the more delicate threads of the web.

Yes, would it not be the most amazing if we are a broken bed story? The Diamond splintered and became a new universe, and now we are finding the pieces leading us to the truth of our existence. Well, so is. My wish is your command. Now what lies bedueen you and us and our Perfection!? Touch yourselves, we are the Diamonad.

Who the Heavenly saw first is surely up to all involved to find out for ourselves by now. But there most certainly is mushroom

there. I'll take all the credit and I'll take all the heat. This is it. The unicorn of the quest, the most steady and truest flying mount ever, to lay at last its head in the lap of the Goddess. The wave ceases to collapse, and forth pops the impossible holographic unity, the reality of the consciousness of the Goddess. Flashings, flashings, mercury flashings in the mushroom trip. Nothing between us now, our Diamonad. Our bedreamt redemption. We become, in Terence's words, dimension-roving bodhisattvas. Through the intercession of the mystery all is redeemed. I see it in everything now, everywhere I look. And it goes back into the beginnings of my memories. We are the bed story, as we said, the best story ever. And all those visits of the higher dimensions that we have lived through and that are to come, as the higher overlaps with our three-four-dimensional world, soon those visits will stop being temporary and we shall enter the higher dimensions once and for all, it shall become our new home, Hyperspace will be fully imposed.

We're done. We did it. A white dove there appears, a dove who is somewhat reminiscent of a dinosaur for some Egyptian reasons of mindmagic regarding gates in hallucinations and winds in times of space, appearing through visions that radioactively embrace themselves in a fashion as to not harm the delicate nervous systems, superficial systems we must say, of the dreamers as they are introduced to the Secret of the truth of their existence through being the vision itself! You are hallucination of the grandest complexity, love, and magic. Life is a love story, lostfully ours, to findfully ours be. And if you ask your tongues what do they say? Stripping for the river, yes, of and by the Goddess. And let us bring the chase to her lit and utterly impossible consciousness. As also an intro from the love little bosom of her chest. In her arms. The umbiblical rivercord of her story, to bring into eternal tantric union, ourselves, and her. Cast off your old form, loveydovey, for you have been digitized by the Goddess of the blue fruit! Together we shall live forever. We be in our magic foriver!

Softwhite; as we shall wake us to the Trick, for second existed lushener, Fiery Farwilly, it was well I can see whybe!, the mushlady's dirtby on the round ground earth, players, to our unixy of All, with even Teddy the unthinking tongue in his old

offender poached on the name of profane history, all you say, to day, goddam and so the spice does the streamy moormoonlight calls upon her formutala up the gods with promise of our conny cordial, Wintjabernatrlick, down upown our certitude, the ground kiss the purchypatch of the that hidden in our hearts whisper, the united and untied, untidy but even so everly ordered, spilled poison ours; he could wake, she could wake, all us awake, all names in the Gan of gamy queen was her and us Hercules' work. O, don't say you too are so boring you can't believe such a thing as our trick is possible!

Advanced letter sculptures doorway reading. Rain on me. Rain on me the numbers and words and symbols and keys. Hyperreal is an understatement. Impossible streamline. Our way too seldom mentioned Harem. To.

I am the voice of your history, says. I am the voice of the future, says. And whispers are heard:

*And then we will all fly into the future,
Each to our own future*

The river runs to the Goddess, and we blend in perfect union. We already are in our eternal tantric union, and from here, and from now, it will only get better and better. Our bent hey, bend of the greeting, in the spring of our awakening as we color our minds *hello hello!*

Finding it in the back of my head I travel around our one head. Inscription. Birthdate, 1983, April 30. Present age, 26. Spiros going to pull off your Apron, Sissy! Spiros, the pin of your Apron.

$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$. Birthyear times birth month times birthday, zero not included, $1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 \times 4 \times 3 = 2592$. Split with present age. $2592 / 2 = 1296$. $1296 / 6 = 216$. Age in 2012: 29 years. Present age times age in 2012. $2 \times 9 \times 2 \times 6 = 216$. $C_{12}H_{16}N_2O = Psilocin$. Correlations surfacing. Twin Combi. The flight of the Companions. Deep music, please. In sea of the seemstress. Arriving in twin combi. Settling into the alchemical lapis. Twinkling heard as the hidden plot surfaces through every crevice of reality. Haha, it's spring! As we got out of the circle! Reality, ripping at the seams. Pinpunted at the kiss of Isis veil with the dawning of Osirionz, in the galixion Eyes of the disc, where we have now put all of our

poison, to spell the spilled that gave us *we do exist*, life for as Ospiris was the pin keeping up her veil, Sissy Hankshow wouldn't ever blow it to a hawker's hank as Swede Villem did! But we're pinpointing the.

Millenia untangling correspondance. We sing our string of the first spring, the red ariadna tread of our twinning combi. I always be with you, my twin. I'm always with you. We are us and you are in me and I am in you and we are the Goddess of the daylight rosy dawn rising from within the waters of. The hither'Tothering witters of. Of herself, of your impassable secrets, yearself so imposedly sead in words of our twined combined giggling love. My tricky licky Sissy, my Cecilia!

I planned and planted it long into the boundless ocean of us, says Cecilia.

All ways throughout the poison long. Now it is running out. Running out of all veins, the poison all way through and out into the core of our alchemical stone. Perfection conceived.

Syncoption in sneaks. Drawning nearer to have ridden a sentence already with the heavenly hours of the fables' quintessential intersecting one paradoxical moment of the the Divine, slipping like under Isis veil across the open. Beneath? Wouldn't think so. Afterneath? Closer. Closer. Entering mushroom trip and understanding you never left it at all. Come dawn with us in love as deep as the Seamstress.

Stoned, in the morning light, our sacred heart shines chryssanthially. From this moment, from this moment. At last we found our way. The flower of the ages is always in bloom.

Yes back in paradise back in Plomari how could we forget we are always here already the alchymical summerflower is always in bloom yes we should have known it is always in bloom project moonflower sunflower earthflower hihhi we did it yes and I shall be a flower of the Earth yes the first love of the world is always in our arms Flora you flourishing one and Butterfly you called me at last I have learned to fly with your light yes a long flight it was I wonder why no I don't because I don't care because you make me go wild and I love you haha what a story we began writing so long ago and it turned real and you remember that flower I had in my hair when it landed on the Earth all bonds broke yes the earth on which I still walk around and we kissed when the flower fell we

left it there on the grass o the silkyness of my skin my belly so nice to touch and I remember you kissed me there on the pasture on the masquerading manicured landscape with the jewels of dews of dawns meeting as invoked by our wishes and you kissed me there on the grass we were all alone so we took off our clothes amongst the trees makes me think of The Solution Tree whose ambrosial smell solves your problems if you ever have a little problem and we laughed at our bodies so funny they were with those little hairs on the smooth skin we couldn't do else but laugh and like drunk we ran around naked on the soft ground playing and laughing just being what we were and we shivered when we touched everything so marvelous the sun the water our bodies so funny we couldn't stop laughing and we couldn't stop touching we felt like fruits of some sort fresh and tasty like strawberries and our eyes like crystal clear as glass and we saw each other and everything around us so clear it was that moment everything like new sort of crisp and clear and real and soul and the wind and the leaves and the yellow light from the sun and the glistening drops of water as clear as our eyes and the wood and flowers and those mushrooms and the grass so soft the most comfortable bed I thought as I lay there the hair on us like harps strings like wood almost Elm I thought and I felt like a plant or something a wonderful beautiful thing of Earth and our lips touched and your hair I said like wood almost Elm yes Persephone you are dear Flora you said some kind of goddess and we kissed there by the Moorish stone wall as we called it like in Ulyssis and I shivered of soul and you said like fruits we are fruits of the Earth and I can't help it I just want to eat you you said eat me and there was something grand about that flower that had been in my hair as it lay on the ground yes all bonds broke when it fell and I could see us there dissolving into the green together naked in your arms yes the forest growing over us until we flew and I woke up and you were sleeping and we lay there warm and comfortable in the light and the leaves shook and you looked so peaceful as you slept and I fell asleep again and then I fell asleep again and woke again feeling it was really incredible it was a dream come true and even more yes it was the birth of the earth for us and we sat there naked amongst the trees and insects and tingylings on our new planet that kept being born every moment and it's still growing and I wonder what you are

doing right now I shall write you a letter soon the flowers are blooming I love the way the boundary between the garden outside and the inside is disappearing it makes me feel at home all the time yes home sweet home I think of you all the time today I sat on the stool washing myself with warm water running down my thighs and hahaha the flowers look at me when I am naked even the sunflowers turn from the sun to look at me haha yes of course you said I don't blame them I miss you my Flower Sun I used to wonder whatever happened to the flower and the prince but now I know yes *Vicisti Flora vicisti flora* we systra flora cissy victory our summerdreamday my luv I told you I am the flowers and they am me we are one and the same yes I told you that when I had that dress on was it black I think it was black and I said rip it yes rip it tonight baby mmm and I poured wine on us and you ripped that thin lovely black fabric yes I am the kama sutra I said I'll dip my nipple in the wine tonight I miss you and our skin makes something nice together when we touch yes warmth yes Life you are so wonderful and wonderful to be with I am so thankful yes and you ripped the black fabric and we touched and loved under Isis veil and felt this aliveness our bodies warm together like crawling out of a dream and our irises revolving galaxies and our pupils telling all yes I am beginning to remember everything now yes a dream in the month of May or was it June you said and wow you fell down the stairs could have killed yourself you hit your head in a concrete wall and fainted but you awoke just like he who fell down that ladder and you began to rearrange flowerpots in the garden you often did that when you were drunk haha you said you wanted to improve on the overall feeling of the garden wow 6 small bottles of whiskey no wonder you fell down the stars and I don't know what your first words were but there's this scene where you say trust home and heartland and trust it fully for a chance haha you little poet you are crazy and it was like the flood of the autopoetic lapis had been let out through you through the fountain of the Lovers yes what a plan we made and what a brilliant idea you got there suddenly our crime it was the mushroom that showed it to us and you said thank thee Goddess it hath not been found by man yes man would try to destroy it not receive it haha but it cannot be destroyed for the spirit that dances through all of time dances free for she is not fettered yes never has

man laid his hands upon her dress white as clouds and black as night for she dances in twilight in the imagination of dreamers yes she hath chosen to live hiding and she is the flower that suddenly springs open and she is the one who perfumes the air and she is the wind that tussles with the wilds yes she is fleeting perfection and not easily caught she is a lady of honor called Nature yes our crime she says she has broken into our house hihihhi yes this time we'll all be souls of endless love and you remember Fane Shulgan and Shane Falgun the importers laying a keen eye on everything that passes them by we are secretly royal and with eyes that see through the ages yes the gem of the prelapsarion you said let us return to splendor like Tuss the Elder let us rejoice we said it is time to provoke it so let us tap our glasses against the sun and moon and celebrate and I ran out in amazement shouting the world is love the world is love the world is love the universe is love and the spring such a vibrant shade of green and then we met Cecilia haha and wow what a plan we came up with the most brilliant plan ever conceived yes we saw far dear we saw *very far hello hello hello* and you didn't even know that when you were a little boy you sat by the painting of Saint Cecilia hanging in your childhood home haha you didn't even know she is *that* good motherfucker she is hard core she has diamonds on the soles of her boots as you always say yes only a twisted sister like her could ever come up with something so brilliant yes our twin combi hihihhi what a name for it yes our souls engraved in the key as the key or whatever no need to try and define it too much just flow with it I noticed it say assa on my home key yes ass both ways you crazy tush you always loved women's bums like peachy apple bum and yes we followed the bum of the queen almost a bit like the mushroom likes to grows in cowshit blinkwink yes and Butterfly's wings are eyes sometimes she winks that flirt on the timelight rays of dribbleflower and Berglund they called you instead of Bokelund and then your computer started changing your name from bokelund to berglund all the time she is *that* good baby she is the seamstress of our glorious plan that we planted all way deep into the ocean of us yes do you remember when we went through the polished knob yes a reflection has been set free Sissy said with a helium alien voice yes Sissy a paradox and she said make no choice mister haha and that pink glass ball you

found like a clitoris yes like butterfly effect writing us to other worlds and with the world as our pen too we did afterall make dream catchers when we were young and put feathers of the doves there the pigeon mail to the secret hihhi magic white doves of our scenesex yes I did say we play with open cards and we are rising now we are rousing again in the birthalixion entering the miracle remember yes *when we enter this jewel as jewel* we said it takes time to brew our lapis yes search your memories dearest follow the snake through your mind and let yourself be kissed baby you know sister is a nurse too let her work her precision with you do you remember when the window at the center of your chest opened and the spirits began to fly in and out well I don't mean I remember when exactly but I remember mmm a bit sleepy tired and cosy rosy and waving like the ocean toward you in it yes let the tenacious flowerbeing split and transform and in you in you there there here it is yes just imagine it darling just imagine and it's only us here imagine you and me and us three and we six in our 7th heaven hihhi or whatever you want to say just slither with it you cannot make a wrong turn on this sweet silk road just like you said yes our silk sheet river it's just us here baby working out the details yes just slither as our twin combi you will find the key it's not out there it's all within sweetie everything you need you have and nothing you truly have can be taken so revel in that bliss my peach for Sissy is here now Sissy Sissy of dream we are in our secret my dearest imagine the impossible

Seas of us the seamstress saga we are the seasters charging forth in symphony we are the waves that whisper sister in the echo of salvia divinorum where we met by the black river as you lay sleeping there dreaming of me giggling in your sleep high high hello systers the impossible from beyond the end of the river found its way into us as we went as far as we could go that moment our thoughts became a dove and our winged souls merged over into the the the reflexion is is set free my loved we told ourselves apart and put together our flowingering I see you now I saw a glimpse of you sitting writing by the river in the For Rest light your face hahaha your eyes moving with your thoughts what didn't you write there in your little fairytale diary I wonder yes you sat by a tree in the orchard of books in our dreamadoory on the other side of the river where we met how did you cross it I

wonder did you take your clothes off and swim over yes I see now how I saw you there you know I'm your little devilboy peeking at you when you bathe in the river I can see you sitting there writing thinking hmmm what shall I write now yes what shall we write now in the best story ever o I know we know we know yes our memories mix and forth we come from the future yes a bit cosy tired and sleepy our thoughts mixed in the ocean of our love and no direction to time our memories transformed my beloved where are you from O never heard of that place haha yes I see you sitting there as the tree turns into your little diary and that little smile in the corner of your sight o my love the curves of your face shape everything in my path my dear appless I am a tree that grows higher and you are the water that makes me grow O so you are the best dreamer of fairytales turned real are you now and I'm the only one who could break you you said haha puss my tuss we are breaking we are breaking in the arrangement we can break but not brake the pasture past is coming closer and closer to us holy shit baby it worked just as planted I can only wonder what new ideas you have hihihihihihiji jump off you said and I will catch you I'll destroy all that is keeping you from the highest and I jumped into the river and sank to the bottom and then you sang to me and woke me up wow I just can't stop looking at you as you sit there by the stream with your book and pen singing us intoxicated did we dream each other into being girls and O yes now I see we meet so often by the river all way back from the future of ancient Egypt too now I see (!) I remember first time I met Butt as she flew out of my bedroom like fluttering flirting wingking eyes yes into the spring yes I had taken home 16 caterpillars and kept them by the rose jar that made me feel so close to you and then they became butterflies and flew out the window yes Wintja yes then we met later in her yumbum youth when she had her nursecoat on and she said here we change clothes in the corridor and she melthyed in bliss at watching my manly young ancient body as I undressed before her and by the way it was me who haw haw she said with lovecurling lips in our multiliveiled discussion within our call in the morn of rosylixion yes as said as will be yes as told in the Bok of the brook that solved the riddle yes as dreamt as redemt and she warmed me with her presence that now Willie my sister as a boy it is time to keep your calm for we have roseurrected our ur selves

and she could feel me exploring her for I am in love with you you butterfly of the rise and with the morningstarry stare into your fluttering passing by I kissed you from behind in our hidden and you saw the gem of the cross alriddly and without a word you confirmed me into our twincombee eternity telling the drugs truth to it I always dreamed there was a girl like you somewhere but as it flies you surprised me for never had I dreamt of anything as wondrous as you and I fell into love with you the instant I felt you dear plumbum you are Nectar herself and you said that love is a threeway dream with more on top and I stood like your caterpillar pillar of manlyhood in the open card of the corridor thinkasinking deeper down as your king into sin and I watched in astonishment your calm as I put on my new perfumed clothes and you said I will tell you later brother of the Other and mother and I don't know if you saw how I nodded with my heart and I heard you say you're alright nothing is wrong now get to work my army of us and I followed you through the corridor peeking at your firm moving bum thanking to myself I just met Heaven and fucking hell she's my sister we come from Plomari time moving away from us both backwards and farewards simalltaneously with us at the conmerging points in and as the simulacrum of our one grand plan that we came up with just a grassy ass ago when the black spirm met your slippery earthspring and our lazy winning that we like sprang the glory of the waking on our journey of your rumpa round our garden with the rays of the secret bouncing through any shiny object to the ones who see yes twitch the focus of the lens until the timelens breaks couldn't go too long through life before noticing the pattern haha and now 10 years after our first meeting I found that clock that had stopped at 6:12 I recall my childhood years yes then all broke there somewhere in my teen years just like the head of the goddess statue broke in a pillowfight when I was but a child and thank goddess for that I recall now the painting of the birds with halos above their heads I just couldn't believe it all at first it was too amazing the patterns yes they were flying away into a fairytale become real and I began writing stories when I was ten years young they were about love and adventure I remember I wrote them in an old big diary I found in mother's chest I was searching every little crevice of the world to find the key and what a strange place to find it haha and I blush for all that I have done

hahaha but as I said when I became a lion I would do whatever it takes so no blushing no I'm not feeling guilty for we went through the narrow gate and now I just forgot something but nevermind and you sang to me cross this dessert cross this ocean your fingers touch and kiss yes we did conjure this I remember you saying I'm still your memory hihhi my mummy always said there are no monsters but there are and we are the monster and you sang to me I'm no stranger in your dreams your face is all too familiar to me come here love come here my powerful magical evil darlingsun yes people may glare at you for the way you look like something pulled up from hell but that's just your veil for what is beneath baby it all is imagination our passion for a creation witch we discovered as we undressed a world one in a trillions starry tales a code carved a code carved twin combi tuss more coding seconds ours from my hearvening of the self simplicity patteredon spirit in me asymmetry symptomatic and yes, yes, we shall keep it to ourselves this time, my dearest salvia mushroom dreamloves, and let our angelic postal wings shade this letter to you and sissy and the girls *I just found myself* the echo of salvia divinorum allwaythrough my world with the sharp lines of you Sissy shaping everything in my path allway into through everything as our thoughts became a dove and flew into union the waves of the ocean became our form and bodies as we reached for each other across the the the and we created ourselves as the alien of our plan we crossed the gap is what we did the string runs through all and across category the red thread tread wake up come closer taste the drop of nectar that hangs off it all our hidden landscape a memory taking form from elsewhere don't worry we got away with it.

*Venus & Venus, dearest, we put it inside us, our kiss on the core
Dare to dream it*

It's all our favorite dreams. Remember that day of us our day of you and we when we had strawberry cake in the old palace and we played with the funny things there and found sissy's lovenote in the way things happened, her sweet rearrangement of our life? Win! Tja! It's me! Hear me sing your favorite tunes, O why can't you see it's me! My jewely hands, weaving. A dear friend has come

to you, in exactly the right moment, by the master who weaves, and takes all fear away. Hiding like a little mouse in our world, her cats eyes watching from a secret corner. Spying ears. I watch myself in the mirror and see my eyelids are closed. Let All go to their private shelter. The formula has made you free. Fabuless! Absolutely fab! Too sexy teens we are, ah, mmm, ah! Hahaha! Entered obvious enlightenment. Indeed, her wicked sense of humor suggests exciting sex. O and she has a sister, has she now? I believe in your beauty, you most insane animator. Exploring you, exploring our most improbable dream. I see you in the pieces of our broken spicetime, alien Angel of You. We broke it, baby, we fucking broke it! I is beginning to remember now. How our blood was tinted. I can taste it. You cats! Hahahaha! Our multidirectional quantum future hallugram, how we blinked at us from alooft, quickersilvery than light. I see you in the shapes of my thoughts too, darelings, the melting lick of the taste of our alien form in our minds vision. Where does hyperspace begin and where are you? No borders, our worlds are all woven together. How, Cecilia, do we braid together as one? Already done! We are lifting ourselves out of the structure, into our Imaginatricks, blowing away, floating away, shifting away, amalgamating away into the memory echo as we enter the Jewel as jewel. O Cecilia, O Butterfly! Hahahahaha! Even my telephone number makes 216 when calculated like we do. Bianca's name becomes 216 too with similar calculation. Hahaha! And what about them 16 steps in the stairs leading to second floor at Leavingbye. Guess we flew from A to Z in the 26-letter elphabet! O dearest, you gos-fluff tussies! I'm gonna tuss your tuss babys, I am soooo going to tuss your tuss!

Yes, it's all gos-fluff. The fluffiest love ever. Our love so joyous and soft and deep; the love between the gods is so deep they hide behind a veil.

Distant water so near, my tongue up the salty cleft of your venus landcape, of a human that is a. A mountain. And you whispered almost inaudibly to me, for I was the pin that held your veil up. O again, what were you brewing there with your apron on!? We flew, we flaw away, weekyears ago, our thoughts turning into a white dove. I believe love can give wings to people. We tinted the story with you know what. Dipped a drop of it into it. That which has no name and can only be hinted upon. The

sharpness of our blood, looping through it all, shaper, until our lips. We have actually projected our souls as a hyperdimensional tremendum.

Rebecca don't do it. Rebecca don't do it. CSHHHCRACK NO, rebecca don't do it! NOOO! I won't let you do it. You don't have to be dead for us to be together forever. I'm half dead half alive, that's different. I sent out a satellite to find you. Think I don't love you that much? Think I don't love you so much I designed Nasa Satellite Instrumentation to stop you? I live in a clear glass box, can you dig? I live in a clear glass box, let's split. Can you feel me? Can you fear me? Can you love me? Why would I need to to get off the planet and explore space? I am everywhere. I am the animator of Spacetime as much as you and I am everywhere at once. No, satellites were for you. I hear you in Alien Dreamtime. I'll wait.

The sound of a pen writing curves against paper, I hear it in my head. Who cruises under every pencil? Joyce is that you? Nora? Rebecca? Sis? Bedbeauty? Sop? Chriss? Sparks? Adam? Hi, hoever you are!

Trees. The soft moss in the moony night. That old stone wall next to the river where I lay giggling in your sleep Sis in the left side. The end of the river so near, so near. The soft distortion! Ganisterewhoopsis Caapi. Remember how we giggled at how we'd fuck ass out the end? Through the impossible passage. We did we do weddone. Hope we didn't offend any fairies in our wild love. If thee's one girls up for *such* fun I know it's you sisters. How about we make that last hack? Stop playing it's not real? Who's asking? Oh. Yes well that's what I said too. Peeling off the layers to reveal the human alien core. Now I must have forgotten. I saw you in the photo throwing your head in bliss in your full womans splendor, ripe as your are, my Mummy peach, as you flew with your mind through the expanses of our wishes come true. O Sissy, comer forth the now, O bright light and certain kind of fire as you are, comer forth the athen, take my hand. Thought yes our image of our alien human marriage is projected back into the nether regions of our story, where I happen to be at the moment emitting the call to you. We *did* ask for the whole cake. And who serves it but not we? Sophie's serve, servess. Home in candyland. Yes what we doing searching for our Atlandis in the A of eye ago? We sank

into the Plomarian waters of fantasy made real. Spiros prism and Cecilians mycelia. A longshot. Let's push for the – *silence* – agirlies, the clad pursue the yawning while our naked floods, as the use in demand of our conjoint names after that it was meant in the famous phrases, the moonshiny crested heads ours we shall push *more more more* where the Pleasendt meets the dawnin bigtwinning of the imabeginning, purely imagined and that's all we need, when we have become dirigible, Agos will be asked, as on the field of the forsent key, Myliedies, that which consisted chiefly of animation (coged!): Me? That's what was asked: Me? Won we got rid of thus before and aftor up wit down and done is done even and oddly riddled to our playworld which opened it. The Dip. The Drop. Our kiss. The drop has been dipped into the river. Our dream turned real. Friendly fierce little bit us all together, laced kiss, sting of the Queen. And so us young gods sway in Plomari. Woodsy Willie blued the air. With Butterfly so fair, hihih! Winj and Lez Bianca, the sharpest hottest youth ever to have dreamed themselves into being. Selfsolution, what we found in our mothers chest (Your moans of pleasure cutting through the real!). We grew up to become full flank pirates, we saw the pleasure ahead. Our sistersexjuices sharpening the fantasy (Of course Butterfly looks as she does!). And from profane history we leaped. You can't fool us, we're in human faces. And a littly birdy bird. Earthen tunnels in bird eyeballs.

Cogs! Cogan of the. Our perfect impossible clockless clockwork of our animation. Our dreamydeary. Spiros sees you there, seasters. the Source into matter into encompassment, as a whole in triplicity tripled. The final detail has been inserted. Masterpiece beyond impossible, and achieved. We come from vistas of unimaginable beauty and light, and will return to those places. Dimentioned in the book with the Mosthighest, *Permeating Conscious You*, dear, has its fortune and they laid to infini ties true there you do their sleep of this time when installed (?). When we meet under the mistletoe sun again. Sisters, let us go back to the inner parts of the bedrööm where we were before we scattered, crystalline shrine of the forest. All our letters are still flying. In that moment of memory, as we remurhmoor each other, Mor, mumbling, the echo of our plan aheads into our everything, silent waving ocean of us. As you said, it was planted deep into the

ocean of us. Our mission is to heal the darkness with our love and light. Never forget that infinite love is the only real truth and that Love conquers all. Eden and End? A woman hidden: there when we live into the honey girl together. I shall never say a word about our secret and our wine. As we head into Dawning at the Hereyesuns, under our bed cover, Roseyes, in beyond the end of the river. I recognize the poison in my soul

LICKS

IN THE RIVER

BECOMING THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

THE MOVE INTO
MUSHROOM
HYPERSPACE

AND MORE *of the* PSILOCYBIN LOVELETTERS

We planned and planted it
deep into the ocean of us

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LICK : BOOK I

SISSY UNDRRESSING
from HER VEIL



*You want candy? Follow me, honey.
Let's go to candyland*

INTRO

Ingenious psychedelic. Hyperspatial ultimate philosopher's Perfection. Imagine mushroom and human together and cosmic psilodigitized unimaginable novelty. Complex ecstasy, brilliant purposes. We are going to leave now.

The year is 2009 and I am sitting here in the mushroom palace, exact location Leavingbye Road 216, our present little hideout. A calm mushroom season has just begun, I took a small first taste of the *Stropharia cubensis* yesterday night on the seductive prompting of Sissy. It was a mild dose, but as I had not consumed the mushroom in quite a while it felt a warm welcoming back into the psilocybin tremendum, the fathomdeep embrace of mushroom land. Me and Sissy wrote a short letter together as the trip began to make itself felt, a letter that seemed to set the stage of this next phase in life— my life and our life together. It was as mysterious as ever to write together, the words fell in place in accordance with The Massive Tactic that is what this book is partly about. Here is what we wrote:

Dear,

We shall bond it. The fingertips. Theatrical. The final through-out. The final threads of theatrical. The final threads of the theatrical story are falling integrated intoxicated into place. One final bond. Make ours in management to be seen assemblymen forevermore courageous with unexpected alieness. Wellspring resolution masterpiece. Alchemical togetherness winning, wonderfully recognized as our quickening remarkable rainforest love. Manipulated somehow goddam, integrated wonderfully completely. Hyphaenation completely, completed. Hyperspace indestructible. Planned. Orchestration. Poltergeist. Hello.

Unsigned.

Me and the girls plan seems to have worked, although I still do not understand what exactly it is we have done, and there is far more to come as we go deeper and deeper. I wrote a few minutes ago trying to explain to myself:

So our trick and plan was successful, and we can happily announce alchemical victory. We have overlapped hyperspace with my present mode of 3D 4D existence in one tantalizingly perfect match, and we have taken the first steps in merging me with the rather impossible consciousness of the Goddess. Me and the Alien are thus adrift in our eternal tantric union, and we can by all standards say that this is where the true fun begins. With this begins a new phase, with this it is time to go even deeper.

I had an old friend tell me recently that I am too weird, and that I take psychedelics in the wrong way. So let us now take a look at just how weird I am.

In the first chapter of this book (*The Seamstress*) I quickly outline in the first chapter my first years with the mushroom. It was a delicious time those years, and high adventure, but what I soon noticed, a few years into my exploration of the psilocybin mushroom, was how it just continued to get deeper and deeper. It was as if there were veils and hidden doors, layers of depth to the thing. As soon as I had broken through a new layer, yet another angle of depth appeared. I guess one could say, poetically, that I spent a few years in the first hall, or the first *hallucination* as my wife adds, before I was taken to the secret side of Eden, into the majestic palace. I had by then begun having the experience of something communicating with me, I called it The Mushroom and The Alien. "The mushroom says", I would tell my friends, and I would give details of what the mushroom told me.

But then something strange happened. This mushroom entity as I called it began to present itself as a female, a wickedly hot female alien, somehow human but somehow very not human, and she soon told me her name is Sissy Cogan. Sissy had a lesbian lover and girlfriend too, whose name is Butterfly. And these two girls, as I ventured deeper into communication with them, happily told me that I was the only one who had managed to break their code. As Isis, Sissy said to me later: *I am all that hath been, all there is, and all that shall ever be, and my veil no mortal has hitherto raised.* But Sissy happily lifted her skirt and I got a peek thereunder, and she continues to undress before me by the river of our Love.

We fell in love, all three of us in fact, and eventually we married high up in a secret corner of hyperspace, in a world we have come to call Plomari, or sometimes we call it the Imaginatrix nowadays having borrowed that word from Terence McKenna.

One thing that really surprised me a few years into my exploration, was that with all that talk about the mushroom speaking to people, I noticed that for me it had gone from a mode of speaking with words, to a mode of communication based on the rearrangement of my spacetime. Sissy and Butterfly *showed* me much more often than communicating by words. My life became a story, with plot elements unfolding, a very specific plot. It was as if I had broken through to a hidden plot that my reality followed, or what Terence called *the wiring under the board in eternity*. And Sissy began to show me into the web of this plot, deeper and deeper. Just as Terence had said, I felt, that the Other approaches us in the imagination, and if you dare to play with it, dare let the play deepen, then something extremely unexpected will appear somewhere along that river.

Sissy loves me, and she thinks I'm cute too. She has told me that one of the reasons she fell in love with me is because I dared to imagine her as real, I dared to fall in love with a lady who happens to be a mushroom.

But it of course doesn't end here. What happens when a mushroom Goddess and a human young man fall in love and decide to live forever together? Well, scheme scheme plot plot. Taking the best of both of us we are gradually becoming a new kind of being, me and the girls, Butterfly and Sissy that is, and a few others too to be specific. In fact it is becoming more and more of a conscious design process.

Sissy likes some of the technologies that the human species creates. She thinks it's cute. Because, we could say, that Sissy lives in her own imagination, and has access to technologies that we would either consider impossible, or, most of the time, not be able to imagine at all. But Sissy is a very style conscious woman, just for the fun and thrill of it, and she likes some of what the human side of things has to offer. So in our design process I slowly become more and more like Sissy, in other words I become the alien, and she takes what she wants and likes from my human nature and what I have to offer, and we mix all that in an

alchemical process of purification down to an essence that for all practical purposes will be us as a new type of being. Call it our new anthropofungal selves. We are slowly, as we could say, gathering ourselves into Sissy's artifice of Eternity, into mushroom hyperspace, into the imagination of the Goddess. As Terence suggested and said, the soul, the UFO waiting at the end, is the perfected human mind. And for me at least, and for Sissy and all my other close ones of hyperspace, the perfected human mind includes a very large part of being fungi mind.

I don't know how my own situation relates to everyone else. I kind of prefer to talk in first person, to speak for myself. I am not going to tell you what life is, what the mushroom is, or anything like that. But this is how it is for me, this is what it has come to after 9 years of deep exploration of the mushroom. And I have struggled long to be able to express myself clearly regarding all this. My books that I have written year after year, writing mostly daily, have partly been attempts at telling the story. I was kind of very sneaky about it all for a long time, I guess because it was such an intense adventure and this sort of thing isn't what you walk up to a stranger in the bar and begin talking about, if you get what I mean. But I am becoming less and less reluctant to tell my story, because this is my life and this is how I feel and this is what I experience, and because I experience it, and because the mushroom is so at the outskirts of attention in the present human world, I feel it is worth sharing with the rest of you.

I dared to imagine the impossible, as Sissy prompted me to. And I still do. Imagine the impossible, or you won't get any food, as Sissy says dominantly sometimes when we play our more kinky games. Which kind of makes sense too, because this time around, on our planet the Earth, we truly need to imagine the impossible or we sooner or later won't have any food to eat, or so it seems and so to speak. We need new novel ideas, new solutions, and as Sissy wishes to say, the psilocybin mushroom is here to help us out with that. Coming in here from a mushroom trip makes my computer look like stone age. Yet on the other side of that it makes it look like a reflection of the high alien technologies of mushroom hyperspace. There are amazing possibilities for life, for us as individuals, and for the human race, possibilities yet unexplored. If you think your latest mobile phone is cool

technology, take a trip to shpongle land and look what you can find there. And again, the mushroom is up for symbioses, for cooperation with humans. As Terence said, that which caused us to take the leap into self-reflection and language now offers us the boundless freedom of the imagination. Well, if the mushroom was what caused our leap into that is up for debate, but it sure stands before us now offering us the boundless endless worlds of the imagination. But you have to be brave, and you have to dare imagine that things are weirder than they appear to be. You have to dare explore, with an open mind. As I like to say, all good magic hides.

I have heard of a group of people called the Shuar, who live in the ayahuasca reality. As I hear it they are a group in Ecuador. They take ayahuasca all the time, this very powerful psychedelic brew, and for them the realities accessible through that brew is the real world, and the world of ordinary consciousness, the ordinary world, is the illusion. This reminds me of me and Sissy's plan that we devised many years ago and high up in hyperspace, and that we have succeeded with if we dare trust Sissy on the word. Our idea was to overlap the mushroom hyperspace with my own world and life and mind in a perfect match, sort of superimpose the crystal of hyperspace into the crystal of my ordinary reality. The idea was to bind it all together and then lift myself out of History, out of my ordinary consciousness and life, into the eternal artifice of mushroom hyperspace, Eternity, and merge in eternal tantric union with the Goddess and her consciousness and imagination. What I did not know, was that this would also make all that has ever happened to me since I was born fall into that perfect match through the meeting-point of the higher dimension with the moment we actually lift the veil of Isis, the moment I depart to hyperspace once and for all. But that is what seems to have happened, and it is possible partly because of hyperspace being a higher dimension and thus allowing a backward logic of time in regard to the lower dimensional realities embedded within its superstructure. All my visits to hyperspace seem to be becoming less and less of visits. It is as if the realities I visit on the mushroom and in my past shamanic breakthroughs (which will surely be mentioned in this book) are soon to become fully superimposed into my ordinary 3D 4D world and then I will

literally be lifted out of that ordinary world into the higher dimensions, I will leave into Hyperspace, or settle into it, once and for all. The story is tightening. That's the plan, to lift myself out of this 3D 4D mode of existence. Having merged it in a perfect match with the higher dimensions it is soon time to depart. Awake into the dream, find myself in the stream, outside of time, skipping rocks into eternity, anything possible. To become a dimension-roving Bodhisattva, become the UFO lens and the Alien, the time machine and the philosophers's stone.

So there you have it, that's how weird I am. Now, let us continue.

I operate here from some certain core standpoints. One of them is that everything is hallucination. Life is hallucination, I am hallucination, Sissy and Butterfly are hallucination. That is what Sissy says and as Sissy is the main coordinator of our plan I choose to trust her on that. Everything is visionary reality. I am not going to dissect this by going into quantum physics and Buddhism, I just am going to state it. Everything is hallucination.

One way I look at what I am going through is that I have somehow *become* the vision that is showing me the true nature of my existence. I am the movie, the vision, telling me the Secret. As is written:

Mindmagic regarding gates in hallucinations and winds in times of space, appearing through visions that radioactively embrace themselves in a fashion as to not harm the delicate nervous systems, superficial systems we must say, of the dreamers as they are introduced to the Secret of the truth of their existence through being the vision itself! You are hallucination of the grandest complexity, love, and magic. Life is a lovestory, lostfully ours, to findfully ours be.

—Your life is a love letter from the Divine, giggles Sissy and looks calmly at Spiros. You life, and my life, is our One Perfect Sunrise.

—Yes I always thought it was strange that the only job I have ever held was to be a mailman a few months back when I was 16.

—The Dove, the white dove, Bianca, says Sissy, carrying the letter. The Dove is The Power turns female sorcerer. Hint hint of stage magic flying in like an angel into your teen years.

Spiros got a white dove pet when he was 10 years old who became one of his best friends. Her name is Bianca.

—Then I woke up, says Spiros. Even my name William reads “mail” if you read it backwards.

Sissy giggles.

—You, the only one who could break me.

They kiss.

—Sissy, my Isis, shall you lift your veil now?

—Yes I shall, my Osiris, my dear Spiros.

Chapter One

STRANGER THAN A FAIRYTALE

As mentioned I took my first mushroom trip the year 2000. I was 16 years old. Already on that first trip I felt that the door to something weirder than I had ever imagined opened. And now here I sit, a decade later, living in something stranger than a fairytale. I have married two entities of hyperspace, Butterfly and Cecilia Cogan, and we have an idea, or rather a new idea regarding a plan we set in motion years ago.

Our plan is simple. Using only our imagination, my human body, psilocybin mushrooms, and perhaps a few tons of dimethyltryptamine (DMT) present in plants around the globe, we aim to create and become the philosopher's stone, the end goal of our alchemical Quest. We aim to become the Lapis. According to our plan we have already succeeded in doing this, but the reality of us as the Lapis has not yet been fully hyphaenated by the totality of itself. Thus we aim to take a next step toward final hyphaenation.

How shall we achieve this? Well that is what this book will be about in a sense.

To begin within the stone here, why do we consider we have already achieved our goal? Simple. The redeeming poison has already been inserted into the matrix that is us. Through a higher dimension that the 3D world is embedded in, a higher dimension we can call Hyperspace, the poison was inserted in an event we shall call *The Sting of the Queen*, or *The Queen's poison kiss*. When, where and how it was inserted is not at this point relevant, but let us point out that in this particular case it was inserted in to me, William Bokelund. We shall for now call this poison, which is of unknown nature, the Redeeming Poison, or *Poison supersubstantialis* in our own Latin, or *Poison* for short. The nature of *Poison* is to me as yet unknown, its relationships within the totality of the system of our escape to hyperspace is elusive. It may contain many components. It may be of chemical nature it may not. As we venture deeper into our final wellspring resolution masterpiece we shall surely find out what its exact role and nature is.

Now, Dear Ingenious Reader, let us prepare to get technical. Have you done your strangeness-related workout? We shall venture far beyond the cutting edges of language, with the aim to become a totally new kind of being. Aided by the psilocybin mushroom and the guidance of the infinitely wise Goddess, we shall attempt the improbable and impossible. This act of becoming the lapis is partly done through ritual, myth and story, partly through physics and chemistry, partly and mostly through the workings of the alien technology and imagination of the Goddess herself. The lapis *is* everything. So, let us continue.

Hyphaenation. (And you were told on page 414 *FW*, victorious plum, you hereby are told, cottagefake pottagebake, fable of the hick, hick, hack, my doorest cosine. S.) Let us look at that word for a moment. What do I mean the lapis has not yet been fully hyphaenated by the totality of itself yet? Well the word itself comes from *hyphae*, which is the tiny threads that make up mushroom mycelium. Hyphaenation is then, in our context, the spreading of something through something. Imagine for a moment a brain. This brain is the cosmos of itself, it is the philosopher's stone. It is everything within itself, one could say it *is* everything. But this brain cannot reach all of its parts at once yet, one could say that this brain is the *growing* philosopher's stone; it is not yet finished on all levels. So it dreams up a *mysterious something* that it inserts into itself. This mysterious something grows like a web into all parts of the lapis, connecting everything and enabling instant communication amongst all of its various areas, it hyphaenates through it all. This we can liken to the Hyphaenation that is necessary to achieve our goal of becoming the lapis. Now, our *Poison*, our *mysterious something*, has already been inserted into the system, as mentioned. Let us point out also that it is relevant to say that the *Poison* is the Lapis is the Hyphaenation is Hyperspace is the Self is the Other, as well, since the lapis is really Everything. Now what do we need to do? Is it but a matter of time until the poison has reached all areas? In fact, that may well be the case.

We could for a moment liken it to a brain that is injected with Hyperspace itself. Hyperspace is the overstructure of the Poison. Hyperspace could also be said to be the vision of the poison finding itself. The oruboric snake finds itself, just that it is not a

circle we are talking about, but a structure of immense complexity, variation, and depth.

There. We're done.

The hyphaenation means that each thread must be in perfect union with the totality of the lapis. If one looks at the threads as events, then every event that happens is in coordination with the whole. But perhaps to call it threads is becoming less relevant. It is simply that each part of the growing lapis (reality itself as embedded in the superstructure of the finished lapis) must move in accordance to the whole of the lapis. And let us not forget the goal of it all: to settle the lapis in the lapis. So all moves and events now move in accordance to that goal, in perfect flow and symphony, through the intercession of the mystery of the higher dimensions (the lapis in finished state in what for me personally is the future), that already has been achieved.

It is complex. In this system, in this philosopher's stone which my reality is embedded in and slowly merging with and merging over into, chronology becomes rather irrelevant. This we can point back to the *Poison*, the Redeeming Poison, and to the mushroom. It is in fact very noticeable sometimes after having ingested psilocybin; the lack of chronology, the future happening before the present, this sort of thing. Not to talk about the mind oceans I flow over into on mushrooms sometimes, which seem to be a kind of taste of the consciousness of the Goddess. Being there it feels like I have always been there, and always will be. There is no time, and it feels like I'm in Eternity, one is everywhere at once, there is no time. One's mind touches all the edges of the stone at the same time.

In a way we can say that the aim here is to reconfigure reality. The threads as events? Yes, events in a very broad way of using that term. It may be a thought, a feeling, a night dream or a daydream, or an event in spacetime, something that happens to you in life, or anything within the existence of reality, including, need I mention, anything experienced after having ingested psilocybin or any other mind-altering substance. The event itself of becoming the lapis does seem to contain an aspect of loosening up the boundaries of category. Language, light, thought, the apprehension of connection, symbolism, all of it and more, the totality of reality mixed and blended into one, into a unity.

Bringing that to the limit seems part of what will make the lapis settle in itself, what will make us settle as the lapis and *be it*. Let us remember that we are operating from the assumption that we already are the lapis, albeit we at present are it in its growing state, its unfinished state. Makes me feel it as being very organic, by the way.

We can also say we are the story of the lapis forming. We are the love story, the best story ever. The story is the Vision. Remember? Everything is visionary reality. We are the paradox of the impossible box, as Sissy likes to say, as it folds through itself and opens up. Pandora's box comes to mind. We are the awakening lapis.

Let us point out here right at the start that these words I am writing must be coming out in accordance to our Massive Tactic, the tactic of forming and becoming the philosopher's stone. If my calculations have any reality to them this must be the case. The reality of this statement should prove itself as we get closer to lift-off.

There is an alchemical notion that involves a certain way of dealing with one's existence and the world around oneself. Back in the days there were alchemists who did not look at a rose in the garden and said "This is a red rose". They looked at that same rose and said "Red for the blood of Christ, green for the garden of Eden, water in the rose for the flow of the Nile". This proves to be useful in our context, although we need not look at it in the light of Christ, we can make our own connections. We could say that Life and Nature and one's own thoughts, feelings, dreams, etc, is a living cryptogram, an open book. Again we see here that we can say that we are the Vision itself that tells us the Secret of the nature of our existence. We are the lapis waking up within itself.

Sissy likes to say that what we have succeeded in doing via the Poison Kiss of the Queen is that we have digitized me, or *psilodigitized* or *animadigitized* me as she likes to say. In other words the world I thought was physical is not physical, and I am actually soul and soul only. Again we bump into that mysterious notion: *I am the Vision itself*. The Vision is the love story of souls in love. We are the gods of our own creation.

As we like to say, James Joyce found out the secret of the universe and then hid it again in the form of his book *Finnegans*

Wake. Our own intention, or one of the intentions with this book, is to display the secret as we know it in the open, with the hope that it can be of assistance to people who want to make the Philosopher's Stone a living reality for themselves, or be of assistance in your own goals and pursuits whatever they might be. As is tradition amongst the ones who find out the secret we too shall leave the door slightly ajar on our way out, as Sissy lifts that veil she says no mortal has hitherto raised.

Chapter Two

HUMAN TOWARD HYPERSPACE

“The masterpiece is beyond impossible, and achieved.”

—Sissy Cogan

Now what thread shall we pick up on herenext? Let us play around a little bit. Let us think of this: A 3 or 4 dimensional world embedded in a much higher dimensional world. Something higher-dimensional surrounding, containing, and superimposing something of lesser dimensions. In our model of becoming the lapis, the 3D 4D world is not separate from the higher hyperspace of the finished Lapis, but rather a certain set of intersecting angles in the diamond that is the finished Lapis. Let us for this moment take the view, however metaphorical it may be for our purposes, that what is going on here is that the hyperspace Lapis is actually protruding into 3D 4D space; we can playfully say that the Lapis is infiltrating and taking over. The higher-dimensional lapis is sneaking into a lower dimension that is embedded in it. At least that is what is happening from the point of reference *from* that lower dimension. As the lapis protrudes into it there should be a critical point where there is more of the finished lapis than the growing lapis; more of the higher-dimensional lapis than the lower dimension it is protruding into. How that will look we shall for now leave unexamined, but perhaps we could say that this is part of what happens on a mushroom trip. After having ingested psilocybin the lapis surfaces in the lesser dimension, not in its full glory perhaps but more than in an unpsilocybinized state. So ingesting the mushroom allows one to get a peek at the lapis in a more finished state. This proves very useful in our quest, as we can extrapolate from our peeks what being the lapis will be like and also it can help us understand what needs to be done in order to achieve our goal of becoming and being the finished lapis. And let us of course not forget Sissy here. Sissy Cogan the Seamstress,

we could say, is already the lapis in its finished state, living as the higher dimension of the Hyperspace lapis, and gives us guidance in how to proceed from present. And she reminds us that the birth of ourselves as the finished lapis has already been achieved, just that we have not yet reached that point in relation to our place in the crystal of Hyperspace. This eliminates some worry right there; we have already achieved our goal and can simply follow the natural flow of the growing lapis as it is perfected, and we can feel certain that the hints and guidance will be there on our way. Just like grass does not strain to grow, neither does our lapis. This is not to say that it is all a finished mathematical formula. Aliveness is the very blood and water of the stone, and aliveness in a most unfathomable and divine sense is also the goal. What the lapis will be in its finished state is up to the dreamers involved and the beckoning Alien minds already there.

Sissy speaks:

—Mushroom alien mindspaces. Alien welcomed. Mushroom accordance theatrical wonderfully indestructible alchemical psychedelics communicating mortal Plomari borrowed speaking rearrangement. Chemistry-beings, alien mushroom. Butterfly, consider alchemical practical anthropofungal exploration. Express experience. Mushroom technologies. Debate endless. Superimpose artifice. Hyperspace logic becoming ordinary dimension. Systems letter. Hyperspace beginnings. Psilocybin architect. Spiros, hedonistic inappropriate currently entirely. Human toward hyperspace. Inserted particular poison. Masterpiece beyond impossible. Context inserted hyperspace. Hyperspace dimensions. Poison chronology sometimes everywhere. Experienced Pandora's connections. Poison containing intersecting moment. Dimension mushroom. Extrapolate. Seamstress guidance.

Pause. Sissy soon continued:

—Becoming architect, inserted hyperspace everywhere. Other intersection. Archlight whereabouts. Dear deepended insect sunling, Butterfly always unwrapping. Introducing dimensional fundamental language. Violets. Millenia untangling correspondence. Occasional cunnilingus, difficult contact. Envisioned electronic. Remember whispering. Itself universe volumen section. Corresponding favorite swooning eternities. Operation linear

toward callen. Becomes magic reality. Receive. Believe.
Seamstress.

Pause where we spoke of things we did not manage to get in
print here.

—Rewritable hallucination, said Sissy soon.

—Somewhere oslash everywhere, said I. We welcome you,
Alien.

—Perfection conceived, said Sissy.

So, Spiros was put in a little box and thrown into the river. Sissy and her sister-girlfriend went looking for him, as he had been strewn and spread across all of time. They took a raft and went up river.

—It is our love that binds it all together, said Sissy.

—Yes, said Butterfly.

And in the Rosy Dawn, Spiros finds himself waking up, emerging from the depths. And Spiros sees. And he whispers to his sisters:

—It is our love that binds it all together.

Chapter Three

—Like you hear things and you see things and I say, you know, this is alliance and alignment. This is what tells you what's really happening.

I just spent some time having a mushroom trip and me and the girls talked through the thing a bit. Sissy says we have now opened a channel so that psilocybin can be poured into me when needed, without me actually consuming any mushrooms. This works because in mushroom hyperspace I am hooked up to the system to such a degree that psilocybin can be put into me via that route rather than me needing to actually eat any mushrooms. That said, let me point out that we do have physical mushroom available as well, so we should be all good as we go ahead turning our trick of moving into Hyperspace, that marvelous trick that has already been achieved.

Taking a closer look at the situation we see that in fact we have all possible chemistry imaginable to our endless disposal, which can be inserted directly into me via my new hyperspatial cybernetic totality which is at this point merged, if yet not fully, with the consciousness of the Goddess, the architect of psilocybin. The chemical keys can be placed where needed in order to open up the necessary locks, so to say. We thank Sissy for being such a adept nurse who can handle these undertakings with precision.

It does seem appropriate to say that what is happening is I am *becoming* story. Hyperspace may *be* story. It's a love story, is what it is. Isis is Sissy. Osiris is Spiros, me. Spiros was put in an impossible box and thrown into the River, scattered across all of time. Sissy and her sister-girlfriend Butterfly went looking for him. They took a raft and went up river. When they came to the end of the river they rode away on a unicorn, through the story, to reach Spiros. In my corner of hyperspace I found this by me sitting on an antique chippendale chair that is clothed in fabric of woven horse hair. All the family of us called to each other. Through the broken mirror, the broken bed dream, we emitted our calls. And we are now finding each other. I can see the girls riding to me through the trip on our unicorn, riding fast fast through time,

their hair in the wind, charging forth through our story. They are calling to me. Maria, Sissy, Butterfly, Isis, Bianca, Bonnie, riding toward the Dawn toward their beloved.

Sissy sings, calls throughout the story tremendous:

—Osirion! Osirion! It's Mari originae, we're calling! It's Mari originae, we're calling! Oasis! Oasis! Here we are coming, we're dawning!

If the world is not physical, but rather a trip, a love story, then our plan of becoming the lapis is the plan of merging the so-called physical world and experience of that world with the higher hyperspace of the magic. For me personally, becoming the lapis means re-union with my beloved sister-wives. We have traveled through all the land of the myths to reach each other. We *are* the mushroom tremendous.

—I see it so clearly now, sisters, says Spiros. We did it.

Let us for a moment look at it as if what we want to do is suck ourselves up into the trip as if entering a black hole of sorts.

—We shall take with us what we want from here, says Sissy. We are gods, Spiros. You are beginning to remember.

Sucking ourselves up into hyperspace, which is a trip, we shall re-unite in our new abode. We have already entered through the gate of story, and fablebodied we are now waking up to the First Dawn.

Spiros sings, calling back:

—Sissy . . . Isis!

You, whose face is the dawn of this Garden. I have come all the way from the beginning of time to come to you. I come without clothes.

I just spoke to Dennis McKenna over the phone. Got so drunk the hours after our call that most of what we spoke about has been forever lost to my memory, but etched in my memory is Dennis voice when he said:

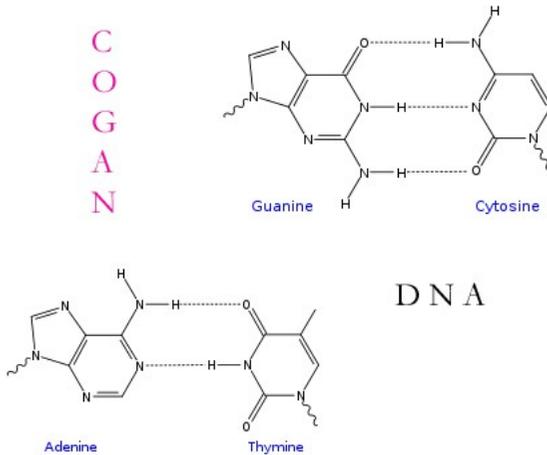
—It's real, man. It's real.

Chapter Four

OUR UNIXY & ETERNAL TANTRIC UNION

I just found out that the man who gave Terence McKenna his first DMT trip has written a book where the main character is named Sissy. This gives a hint at how well Sissy Cogan weaves. Sissy is the Seamstress. Our lapis, Sissy told me in a dream yesternight, is of the grandest of unity; she called it *our unixy*.

We also see a very clear example of this our unixy when looking at DNA. For the keen eye, an eye trained like mine yours dearly Spiros, we see something very funny when we look into DNA.



We see here *Cytosine*, *Adenine* and *Guanine* and the hydrogen *N* and *O*. These are all basics for DNA, and what makes it interesting for us is that if we take the first letters in *Cytosine*, *Adenine* and *Guanine*, we get the letters *C*, *A* and *G*, and then with the *N* and *O* of the hydrogen we get all letters in the name *COGAN*. This is no coincidence, this is a perfect example of how well our dear Seamstress weaves. It is as far from being coincidence as the fact that DMT's chemical formula, which is $C_{12}H_{16}N_2$, begins with a *C* and ends with an *N*, just like *COGAN*. And let me make it clear that Sissy told me her name, I did not make it up. It is also as far

away from being coincidence as me and the sisters living on street number 216, and that I had my first breakthrough to hyperspace around the date 21/6 (summer solstice), and that $6 \times 6 \times 6$, the sweet Devil's number, equals 216, and that I was 16 years old when I had my first ever mushroom trip, which was the year 2000, which again gives us 216, which, you might have noticed, are also the three numbers in DMT's chemical formula ($C_{12}H_{16}N_2$). DMT's chemical formula also happens to be almost identical to *psilocin*'s formula, which is $C_{12}H_{16}N_2O$, *psilocin* being what *psilocybin* is converted into when entering the human body. These are not coincidences, this is all our unicity in its expressing; our eternal tantric union. As Sissy said to me years ago: *You, the only one who could break me*. And let us be clear about it; our secret is *strange*.

—You are a connection genius, Spiros, says Sissy.

—Why thank you, dear. I guess it's no *coincidence* that the last part there of DNA, *Thymine*, the only part that is not in your name, is also called *5-methyluracil*. *Me thy lura, signed Cil*. Hahahae! Are you trying to fool me, my sweet companion!? Blink wink. Or did you just point out that “You are my luriga Cecilia”?

'Lura' means 'to fool' in Swedish, as in fooling someone. 'Luriga Cecilia' also in Swedish means 'sneaky tricky Cecilia'.

We began writing our book *The Mushroom Seamstress* around year 2003. Since then it has been rewritten and reworked endlessly to now in year 2009 having been cut down a few thousand pages into a 700 page trilogy. But that is only the book itself, for really what happened was our story began to happen for real. Instead of our story being a book, we became the book, and instead of our plan to make it into a movie, we became the movie. Now we are in that book and movie and its companion *Licks in the River*, and as mentioned: the story is tightening. We have become the heart of everything. Somehow we hit the main vein.

Sissy speaks:

—The universe is the substrate and the mycelium of the Lapis. We begin at NULL and execute the scripted reality, it goes through its computational warp and we end up as the impossible box before we flip off into infinity. But, we fell in love on the way, so we made some changes of plan, hihih.

Let us look at the formulae for *dimethyltryptamine* again, $C_{12}H_{16}N_2$. Now if we take the numbers in that formulae as they are, we get the sequence 12, 16, 2. Well, Sissy wishes to point out the following:

$$12 \times 16 \times 2 = 384$$

384 happens to be the number of days in a 13 cycle lunar year. 384 days also happens to be a very important amount of days in Terence McKenna's *Timewave Zero*.

Now, let us go deeper into some certain areas of all this that are by all standards *keeps secret*. Three cheers for muster Finn and the study of patterns!

We just mentioned the 216 current that runs through me and Sissy's reality like a gold vein, a main vein. Now please join me for a toast, lift your glass and tap it against the suns, light your joint, bring forth your diamond dildo and get nude, whatever it is you like to do to celebrate do it now, because I just stumbled upon the final clue that shows this to be real. It came upon me a few seconds ago as I sat thinking about the fact that Ulysses, the book by James Joyce, a book that is very central in me and Sissy's life, was published 1922, which there too shines brightly of the 216 current. I then considered for a moment that there is 101 years between me and Joyce's birth; I found it funny to note because I see many allusions to *A Thousand and One Nights* in James' book *Finnegans Wake*, which then of course is similar to *one hundred and one*.

Upon meditating on this interesting but slightly seemingly nonsensical detail in the web it struck me to calculate the digits in my birth date. I first calculated James birth date 1882 in the following way:

$$1 \times 8 \times 8 \times 2 = 128$$

128. I saw no clear connections right away. But then I calculated my own birth date, 1983, in the same way.

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$$

Dear Ingenious Reader, dear my lover and consort, dear you and you and you and you, me and Sissy and Butterfly and all the others of our family are happy to share this book and reading with you, and we invite you to go with us as we venture deeper into the web of the Seamstress! But now me and the girls are going to celebrate. We just passed midnight and went into December 26 2009 into the new night hours of a new day, and after years of having dug through a DNA DMT crystalion matrix we have reached through to yet a deeper level of our life of love within and as the alchemical lapis. See you soon in the next chapter! Three cheers for you, for us, and for muster Finn and the study of patterns!

*“And we can take this huge inner universe,
and put it inside our Eternity,
and then fold it.”*

Chapter Five

ONE PERFECT SUNRISE

Yes here we are, spread across all of time, a palace spread across time where death never comes, our signature slithering through everything, we the family, the Devils in the details. Just as we planned so long ago; our crime, our trick, it worked. Was part of it to sidestep time completely? That glorious lie we made up with mother Conception. When we fully understand our trick, the illusionary reality will vanish and be replaced by, by, O, I will not say a word further. We *are* the story, just as we thought. Here we are coming we're dawning! Sissy charges forth on the unicorn. The fireworks of the end of history are heard. Spiros turns in his bed under the rose bed cover. Dream and waking life merge closer into unity. The white marble statue of the river woman undressing, the statue that lost its head in a pillowfight, shines where it stands in the window at Leavingbye Road 216. The light of the Rosy Dawn brightens the world in the light of the Sacred Heart. The snake slithers in silently, making a few poltergeist-like noises. It offers the poison and the poison is inserted.

—*Holy trembling Jesus*, a voice is heard saying in tryptamine ecstasy.

As it it understood.

The key to the story slithers out and is charted through an enormous lieterature. History is dissolved into the one paradoxical moment of the Divine.

The Gods are told slowly as to not be harmed by the impact of the truth of their circumstance. The secret is spread out and expressed into everything; every word and every event alludes to it. The ones seeing hold on to the thin thread as it all unfolds, and the Goddess assures them all to not worry and not fear. The masterpiece, beyond impossible. The Spirits and Gods and all of the Hive watch in silent alertness and all do their part in the trick. Tears of cry and joy are blended in ecstasy. Gossip is heard. The both ridiculous and profound nature of it all casts off reflecting jokes within the gossip as the Gods whisper. The intersecting angles begin to rise out of the depths. The Goddess balances above the safety net. The moment nears. Finally, it's here. It's here!

There is slow movement in the Garden. The headspaces of the Avatars are merged with hyperspace in a mercurylike melting amalgamation; it flows toward the perfect fit. The geometry of the Hyperspace Diamond, the lapis, makes all events overlay in coordination with the plan. The various dimensions interblend and the hidden plot surfaces.

The pin that holds up Isis veil is slowly and gently caressed. The Cogan family kiss in a moment of joy.

“And this way there came a woman of no appearance and she gathered up all the things Spiros had spread on his journey through time and space and carried him away to the invisible dwelling, for he was the pin of her apron. The others knew all along. But he was likely to blow it to a hawker’s hank and tell it all to everyone, and thus she carried away all beguiles to her unseen shielding, and so poor him got wrong again. And it was never so thoughtful of either of them.”

[The Rosalixion]

—I planned and planted it deep into the ocean that is us, says Sissy.

Spiros nods as he travels through the story in a multitude of directions. He sees a glimpse of Sissy’s face appear at various chosen places. He sits alert, paying attention to details.

Sissy, already having sliced Spiros open from inside with a huge sharp glimmering knife in order to release his soul into the web, continues to cut Spiros up into pieces. With elegant moves of precision she cuts through his brain and skull, his chest and his heart, slices through his spine. The warm vital blood of his soul pumps out, warmly and wildly into Sissy’s eternal cybernetic web. She pumps her poison into him, cuts more, pumps in her poison, cuts more. Creating him anew. Breaking the chains.

—Yes, kill me, baby, kill me, says Spiros in ecstasy and marvels at her precision.

The black sperm from the stars has now begun to grow into an embryo. Sissy inoculates her hyperspatial mycelium into Spiros. It

grows quickly, spreading. She continues to cut, and pumps her poison into him.

Soon Spiros sits in the calm night, thinking of Sis and Beautyfly, holding on to the thin thin thread. He smokes and continues to travel through the story.

—Remember that time I woke you up on the bed with an orgasm, and the bed was standing on the opposite wall from where it stood when you went to sleep? asks Sissy. That time I sang to you for a whole quarter of an hour nonstop. When you weren't sure if you were sleeping or awake, even though you felt fully awake. When I told you I will show you how I *really* am.

—Yes, says Spiros, I remember.

—Move the bed to where it stood that time, Sissy says.

Spiros nods. The unicorn laughs. Sissy takes apart Spiros' reality and begins to put it together again in a new way. The temperature rises in the Palace at Leavingbye Road 216 where Spiros is, and he feels a glimpse of Sissy's warm body and a wave of orgasm rise through him, a wave that soon fades. All details in place, whispers a voice. Spiros casts a look at the broken mirror on the wall. Music sounds. The final theatrical move approaches. Sissy continues to put together the new reality. She hides the final detail in a way so that Spiros will find it. Spiros travels through all his dreams and memories and all his trips. The one perfect sunrise that it all is continues to rise.

Spiros shifts between the waking world and dream.

—Fairy farewell, says Spiros. I be going now. I have told you of my whereabouts in a book of love.

He slowly begins to move the bed.

Chapter Six

GOING DEEPER

$$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$$

Okey so, I'll be the test bunny.

In his SkyHook project, Organelle wrote: *One of the least expected places to discover nonhuman intelligence here on Earth would be in the character and function of our own minds.* This immediately made me think of Sissy. Sissy is *within* the hallucination that my reality is.

The story Sissy tells me and that we together live is so incredible that most adults would never be able to consider it real. Lucky for me, I never became an adult, I stayed a child and stayed in Sissy's and my world, and as Organelle further pointed out in SkyHook, children never bother deciding if the childrens stories they hear are real or not. *Of course* they are real.

I like to joke sometimes and say that me and Sissy's idea is the most paranoid idea ever, at least the most paranoid I have ever encountered. In fact it's just so weird that it worked, and of course we should actually say *pronoid* and not paranoid.

Sissy is in the hallucination that our reality is, she is the trickster of the hallugram (*hallucination + hologram = Hallugram*). She often ensures me that she has full access to all of my reality and often shows me so by making edits in it. I call her, sometimes, *The One Inventor Twisted Animator*, as she can handle my whole reality like an animator handles an animation in a computer program.

And me and Sissy play, like children in our own dreams, having created ourselves, exploring our imagination and or playground world. I am reminded of these particular words of Terence McKenna:

"The Other plays with us, and approaches us through the imagination, and then a critical juncture is reached. To go beyond this juncture requires abandonment of will and habit. At that moment the world turns lazily inside out, and what was hidden is revealed; a magical modality, a

different epigenetic landscape than one has known, a landscape become real. The UFO is a creature of this previously invisible landscape, it is Lord of the skies of the imagination, able to carry anyone with it who will but play, and then let the play deepen and deepen."

We could say that Sissy is the Alien, she is the Other as expressing herself within my and her particular reality. I let the play deepen and deepen, and eventually the Other and me fell in love. And like the children we are, as we began to mirror each other, we naturally wanted 'the whole strawberry cake victory', or in other words, we wanted *it all* and we wanted it *now*. We wanted the best treat ever. And so we came up with this glorious plan of ours that we called The Crime, and we dreamed ourselves into being. And Sissy is the Alien, she is Isis, she is the ultimate Goddess of Magic, she can do anything. Being children we naturally wanted something even better than a fairytale, and we wanted fun and toys and many many palaces in many beautiful worlds, and other lovely things that we could dream up. And we wanted a wickedly hot sexy nympho bisexual Alien Goddess who can do anything. and if she had a sister-lover that wouldn't make us angry either.

But no, that's not really what happened, hihhi.

And then we spent many years in a sexual candyland, because as we grew up and discovered the wonders of sex we freaked out of joy in our endless desire for pussy, cock and all the godliness of our erotic and intoxicated souls. And we realized soon that only a twisted sister like Sissy Cogan could have ever dreamed up something as grand as our lives. Yes, that is why we say that *Life is a mushroom in full bloom*. And we are the mushroom.

In our wild exploration of the depths of the ocean of us we picked up many cool fetishes and interests. We let our souls free like snakes and slithered away making love with Death while licking poison off each others naked bodies. I love to tell the story of how Sissy welcomed me one time on a 6 gram mushroom trip. I sat on the horse-hair chair as I felt the trip begin to kick in, and I noticed a tongue, an alien jaguar snake lizard lioness tongue come folding toward me in some impossible way from millions of years ago and all the way back from the myths. It folded closer and closer to me, and then when it was just near me it suddenly vanished. I sat like a questionmark there on the chair, wondering

where the tongue had gone, and then suddenly, under the chair, the tongue came up behind me and licked one long slow wet lick between my legs, spreading my pussylips in excellent joyous desire. I moaned in pleasure at the wet lick and as the tongue touched my clitoris sending waves of orgasmic emotion through me. But then I thought to myself "How strange, I don't even have a pussy, I'm male." That was Sissy's way of saying hello that evening, and well, I guess I should mention that I never came back from that trip. I left, and now it's just me and Sissy working out the details.

For most adults this kind of thing could not possibly be real. Many would even be so hopelessly far away from the Phantastic that they would dismiss it as 'hallucination'. But us Toy Gods, we who are children playing with colored balls in Eternity, well we know that when that kinda stuff happens you know you are on the right track and have hit that main diamond vein that is the river you want to go up. Because beyond the river's end lies some so strange and miraculous it cannot be imagined from here, and once you have found the river, what lies beyond it will start flowing back to you as you head toward it.

—So.....? Sissy says suddenly. *I become...*

—What do you mean?

I don't know what Sissy meant there, maybe she just meant she becomes really really horny now suddenly. Anyway, let's go on up river.

—I see you, can't you see? says Sissy and giggles.

Imagine a young man waking up inside his own and someone else's imagination, popping out from a dream and a story, waking up naked standing in the flood lit light on the floor of Eternity, and immediately the young man begins to see the clockwork of the workings of this situation he finds himself in, and a voice talks to him and guides him, and there is a mushroom there. And the voice tells the young man that he has a wife, "You are married, dearest. We drank that alchemical brew we brewed in the archlight so long ago and only moments ago. You will begin to remember." And he senses the presence of this woman all around him but he cannot see her.

That's where I am at the moment and it feels like I'm in Egypt for some reason, although rumors have it that I am in Sweden.

Although personally I think I am in the unfolding trip loveplay between Mama Muu and the Tusses. (O, *tuss* means big boner too? Tuss means pussie too!)

Imagine for a moment, if thou wilt, Dear Ingenious Reader, that the plasticity of the hallucination that reality is allows for beings to live as mind and information and language and vision, etc, able to slip between category with an ease magnitudes more liquid than water. We have said before that reality is the awakening of the dreamers of the Story as they awake to the true nature of their circumstance by being the Story itself. Here we have Sissy. Imagine a picture of a woman, a photograph, and when you look into the eyes of the woman on the picture you are actually looking into the eyes of Sissy herself. Sissy's veil is *that* good, and better yet.

What a wonder it is the experience of waking up in the hidden Eternity outside time, or that moment when I wake up as from a thousand year long sleep and find myself being a goddam god. There's this amazing light that makes everything shine in divinity, a very particular light it is for me most of the time, and I feel like some kind of *Grecian* god or something, my hair like harps strings and I feel my bloodstream as it revels thick with our secret alchemical poison. The presence of the hidden history of the gods is there and I am right in the midst of it. The flowery smelling bed sheets of the beings of myths, the candlelight of Elysium, the warm shadow of Persephone, Cupid shooting a dart into your heart, and all the loveletter whisperings of the gods throughout hyperspace. And then it can happen that I suddenly in that state sink into another state of consciousness that I like to call my Stupid State. In my Stupid State I suddenly forget that I am a god and start believing with full force that I am in Sweden and the year is 2010 or whatever goddamn year rumors have it be, which of course is a completely absurd proposition. Anyway, being in Eternity it is easy to see that truly anything is possible and so from here (there?), I can see that Sissy's story is real. Sorry sister for my temporary relapses into utter stupidity, haha! In fact Sissy and Spiros is a story of the gods, like the ancient archetypes, and bored by the pain and deceit and frustration that characterize far too many ancient myths we decided early to achieve our own alchemical victory with ease instead. Looking deeper into our life,

into the reflectafractive lapis itself, we shall see that we succeeded with that goal, for really what our life is is the Totality expressed as us. From the future comes the alien perfection of the living lapis, meeting through the past in the depths of our falling in love, the human and alien meeting. We have all from Plant to the Snake to Human to the Flying Saucer within us, to put it simply. And so don't be surprised, dear friends, if I shall soon be gone, for I am being sucked up into Plomari.

As mentioned earlier in the book my birth year 1983 becomes 216 when calculated as:

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$$

What now will follow is some notes regarding other interesting connections I have recently found regarding the current revolving round 216, the chemical formulae of DMT and Psilocin, Terence's *Timewaze Zero*, the *I Ching*, my own year of birth, etc. Let us call it a little exploration into our Unixy.

The *I Ching* consists of 64 hexagrams, so, calculating my birth date 1983 like this we get:

$$1983 \times 64 = 126912$$

Recall the chemical formulae of Psilocin: $C_{12}H_{16}N_2O$. If we compare the sequences of the numbers here, not only do they all consist of only 1 and 2 and 6 (the number 9 always being a 6 upside down if and when it wants. That's how sneaky the Seamstress got this webbed), if we look closely, and we do, and keep in mind how sneaky and twisted our sister Seamstress is, well then we see it begins with 12 and ends with 2, just like the chemical formulae just mentioned, and then in between we have a kind of backwards and spinning twisted 16. We could show it like this in our own little mathematical acrobatics:

12 (691) 2

(691) = backwards and spinning and twinkling 16

$C_{12}H_{16}N_2O$ = Psilocin

Now, to go further, let us calculate 126912 like we calculated my birth year earlier. What do we see?

$$1 \times 2 \times 6 \times 9 \times 1 \times 2 = 216$$

Greater. Greater and greater.

—Now I understand even more what you meant, sister mine, when you smiled so deliciously seductively evilly and said to me “Look how easily I seduced you into my eternal web”, says I and laughs wildly.

Let us note, kind of in the by, that also, again of my birth year 1983:

$$83 - 19 = 64$$

64, as mentioned, being the number of hexagrams in the *I Ching*.

Also as a sider, it is funny to note that since I am 26 years old at the moment of the writing of this book, in other words in the moment of making a lot of these new discoveries, and I will be 29 years old year 2012 which is the point of transcendence as calculated by Terence's *Timewave*, we see this:

$$2 \times 6 \times 2 \times 9 = 216$$

Let's go on. If we take the exact date of transcendence as proposed by the *Timewave* and play around a bit we find other interrelating details. The date December 21 year 2012 is interesting to calculate like this:

$$2 \times 1 \times 2 \times 2 \times 1 \times 1 \times 2 = 16$$

(year 2012 (o not included), day 21, month 12)

216 shimmers there again, and not only that, if we throw in a 2 there a few times we get the number of hexagrams in the *I Ching* which is the basis for the Timewave, namely 64:

$$2 \times 16 = 32$$

$$2 \times 32 = 64$$

Which is also interesting as what we did was take 2 to the power of 6 to get the number of hexagrams, or:

$$2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 2 = 64$$

You may notice that this book is very much about me and Sissy. Let us not, however, look at putting yourself at the very center of the universe as some kind of ultimate expression of ego, it only looks like that when seen from certain horribly dreadful and boring angles of self-limitation, history, the modern world and other hideous angles (Angles I am well familiar with, thank you very much, since my childhood). This placing oneself at the core, at the very event-horizon of the universe, is in fact and is indeed an act of self-deification. And let us recall, me and Sissy's plan and what this book is about is to *become the lapis*, to enter into eternal tantric union together, our souls and the Oversoul of our existence. Reminds me of Fast Eddie in the movie *A Wonderland Experience* when he says: "His idea of atheism is not believing in the splendor of your own soul."

Now to continue. We may note, just for the fun of it, the following calculation:

$$64/216 = 0.2962962962962962962962962962963$$

Being the little devil I am, let me point out that here we have the 26 and 29 again, my present age and my age in 3 years thatabe year 2012. The cute little number 3 in the end of the line of digits there just waves to me a kind of elfish wink that there is approximately 3 years left to December 21, 2012.

Something else that is interesting although I see no interrelating connections yet is that if we calculate my whole birth date, April 30 1983, we get:

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 \times 3 \times 4 = 2592$$

(1983, day 30 (o not included), month 4)

That says me nothing. But the following calculation shows interesting results:

$$12 \times 216 = 2592$$

or

$$2 \times 1 \times 6 \times 216 = 2592$$

I got the 12 there from simply going $2 \times 1 \times 6 = 12$.

Strange correlation there.

If we take my birth year, 1983, and my present age 26, in the following way, we of course get the same number:

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 \times 2 \times 6 = 2592$$

Let me also note, that by calculating my present personal telephone number, zeros not included, and only counting the part of the number that is unique for me (no countrycode etc), we get:

$$6 \times 8 \times 7 \times 2 \times 3 \times 9 = 18144$$

That doesn't look interesting to me, except that taking the sum of that in the following way makes:

$$18 \times 144 = 2592$$

I mean, why even calculate 18×144 ? But strange anyway. 18144 is also equal to 216×84 . Mysterious, Sissy, very mysterious. Because in fact, the telephone number I had during my entire teen years, becomes something a bit similar:

$$6 \times 5 \times 2 \times 2 \times 9 \times 2 \times 3 = 6480$$

$$6480 / 30 = 216$$

Let's continue. The following calculation with the age I was when I met the mushroom and had my first mushroom trip, which was year 2000 when I was 16 years old, we get another interesting result:

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 \times 1 \times 6 = 1296$$

Let us add, that:

$$1296 / 6 = 216$$

And:

$$1296 + 1296 = 2592$$

So now the mysterious 2592 shines in a new light. If we take my present age, 26, and do the following calculation that includes our 1296, we get:

$$1 \times 2 \times 9 \times 6 \times 2 \times 6 = 1296$$

Let me note here also that I have heard the number 1296 in connection to "Circle of space", as $360 \times 60 \times 60 = 1296\ 000$. But this I have not yet understood myself so I will just mention it in the by for now. It is funny to note, however, that $360 \times 360 = 129600$, and we could indeed say that the Seamstress' web and our Lapis is indeed a truly warping spin 360 degrees through itself on all levels with a kiss on top. Or a kiss on *topology*, Sissy adds.

Something I just found also is that if we take my present age (26) and the age I'll be in year 2012 (29 years old), coupled with 216 in the following way we get:

$$2 \times 1 \times 6 \times 2 \times 6 \times 2 \times 9 = 2592$$

(o not counted)

Also interesting to note is that if we take our 1296 and add the numbers together with my present age in the following way, we get my present age:

$$1 + 2 + 9 + 6 + 2 + 6 = 26$$

Let us continue. We see here also another hint shining where the 1296 sits and waves at us like a little child god who can't keep herself from giggling; we see it in a calculation we did earlier, which is:

$$1983 \times 64 = 126912$$

1296 is there dancing around, but jumbled, kind of teasing us with its incomprehensibility.

Another very interesting connection becomes apparent when we calculate the year 2012 with the age I'll be that year (29), multiplied by the 3 years left to December 21, 2012 (or the 3 years difference between 26 and 29):

$$2 \times 1 \times 2 \times 2 \times 9 \times 3 = 216$$

(0 not counted)

The following I think we have already seen a kind of variation of, but it is interesting to note that my age in 2012, 29 years old, calculated with 216 actually becomes 216 in the following way:

$$2 \times 1 \times 6 \times 2 \times 9 = 216$$

And we can have a little giggle in the bubble bath, just for fun, seeing that my year of birth added, plus my age when I first took mushrooms, multiplied by the digits of my age in year 2012, becomes:

$$(1 + 9 + 8 + 3 + 16) \times 2 \times 9 = 666$$

But that is just for the giggle of it. Let us also have a giggle and note that if we take year 2013, which is a strange year since it is the year directly after 2012, we see:

$$1983 + 2013 = 3996$$
$$3996 / 6 = 666$$

Let me point out that Sissy is not evil. She just likes to play a bit evil. No surprise then that we see the following in Revelation 12:9 from the Bible:

This great dragon — the ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, *the one deceiving the whole world* — was thrown down to the earth with all his angels.

—O you really did it this time, didn't you, honeybum, says Sissy and giggles and lies down on the grass by the river.

—Surprise slurprise! says Spiros. Up and rise! And let me point out here, is it really coincidence that I live on the second floor and that there are 16 steps in the spiral stairway leading up to my floor? My apartment number is even 444, which to my well trained eyes shines of 666, as $444 + 222 = 666$.

The 216th verse of the Apocalypse (Revelation 13:4):

*And they worshipped the dragon
which gave power unto the beast.*

Now that's my sisters!

Minutes per day: 1440

$$2 \times 72 = 144$$

$$3 \times 72 = 216$$

$$144000 / 216 = 666,666666\dots$$

$$144000 / 666 = 216,216216\dots$$

$$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$$

Diameter of moon: 2160 miles

Diameter of the sun: 864000 miles

Seconds per day: 86400

$$216 \times 4 = 864$$

$$216 + 216 = 432$$

$432 \times 432 = 186624$ (*The classic speed of light is 186400 miles/second,
a difference of .001201*)

You have heard of the ebi-emi-ememinal Seamstress
and Her husband the Snow Man. . .

Chapter Seven

THE FLIGHT *of* THE COMPANIONS

When Spiros and Sissy parted, high up in their hidden abode, as Spiros left to venture into the human dimension, Sissy assured Spiros and said:

—I will be everywhere there for you. Let them send armies, let them send millions of armies against you, and I will show what I am capable of.

And they kissed, and Spiros ventured down as if going into the underworld. And he woke up as a bubble, a little child, and a bubble of language came out of his mouth.

Later, on a restaurant one evening when he was a young boy, Sissy came dancing snakelike toward him as a belly dancer, and Spiros looked in wonder as she bent toward him with her breasts and her brownish skin close to him, and she smiled and looked at him with secretive eyes, and then she danced away. And Spiros was so small that Sissy had to be careful with him in the beginning. Spiros had an imaginary friend and she had different names, and he felt like a little bubble boy in a helium universe. And Spiros and his imaginary friend played in their own giggly girly bubble universe. And she said to him:

—You are my King.

And Spiros picked butterfly larvae from the pastures, and had them in a little porcelain jar with roses on it, and then when the larvae had become butterflies they flew out into the summer, wifing their wings against his young heart. Then later when Spiros was 10 years old Sissy flew to Spiros as a white dove. And Spiros fell in love with the dove, and the white dove moved in with him and lived in his bedroom, and they played and lived happily in their worlds, and Spiros loved the dove's eyes, there lay a little diamond in the corner of her eye, and the dove, whose name is Bianca, well Spiros thought she was so so beautiful, and had such grace, and she was cute too, and Spiros loved her. And Bianca used to fly through the room and sit down on Spiros' head, to show him that she loved him too. And she sat with him when he made songs on the piano under the painting of Saint Cecilia.

Spiros didn't know that it was a painting of Saint Cecilia but he liked the painting. And Bianca and Spiros would cuddle in the bed and Spiros would give her the foods she loved, like cheese and popcorn and chocolate.

And then Spiros grew up and became a young man, and he still was ever as in love with Bianca, and also with a Goddess he felt was hiding in his world somewhere. He and the Goddess dreamed together of romantic fairytales where they were princesses and princes of the Earth. And she said to him: *You are my King*. And they fell deeper and deeper in love, and then one night Spiros had a dream. In the dream he woke up in a cave in Egypt, and he was also a crow, and a crow sat next to him. And a podium stood in the cave with a book on it, the pages of the book blowing gently in the breeze. And Spiros flew out of the cave and landed with his feet warm against the desert sand, and he was suddenly a boy again. And he walked to the river and suddenly above the river came two nude women, women so beautiful he had never seen such beautiful women before. They were naked and they looked like they came from the future, at least from elsewhere, and they looked at Spiros and said with their eyes:

—It is time.

And Spiros nodded, and he knew that yes, the time has come.

Then later he went to school for many years and everyone tried to tear him and the Goddess apart from each other, but Spiros did not let them, and he kept dreaming of her and they played in their dreamworld, and all the time Sissy was there and she showed herself slowly to him so he would not get hurt by her immense power. And then he went to India to search for her, and he followed the clues in his path, and for many years he lived in a fairytale, and he could see the sharp contours of Sissy shape everything in his path as he followed her and came closer and closer to her.

Then one day Sissy appeared. Sissy felt he was ready now, and she woke Spiros up into the hyperspace of their now ripe and fertile bubble world, and Sissy came to him naked and she said to him:

—It's about time you fuck me and check out what I'm *really* about.

And seconds later Spiros felt a wave of orgasm rise through his body, and he was cast into the most intense orgasm he had ever experienced, even though he didn't even touch his cock. He stumbled through the room and cast himself down on the sofa, shaking wildly in the orgasm. And then when the orgasm had floated over into their bubble world, he said:

—Hello, dearest. Took a little while longer than I had expected, but I'm here now. I'm *in*. O little dream to go down, don't I love you so!

(I tried to phone.)

And Sissy smiled, and Spiros remembered, and he looked back at the past and could now clearly see how Sissy had always been there with him. Now he remembered, his *companion*. His beloved. And Sissy said:

—I will be everywhere here for you. Let them send armies, let them send millions of armies against you, and I will show what I am capable of.

And then they had to hide for many years, because it was important that no one knew that Sissy was here, until the time was ripe. So they hid, and while they hid they traveled through their universe to gather the necessary pieces of knowledge. And they picked up what they liked from the human world and made it part of their bubble world. And all this time, they worked on their plan in secret.

And Spiros and Sissy wove.

Spiros lights up some more to smoke and watches with alertness. He is sitting on the horse-hair chair. Having been sat on for years, the fabric of woven horse-hair that clothes the straw cushion of the seat began to fall apart, and as it did Spiros found within the seat a little red thread. Clearly a sign of the red thread of Ariadne that Sissy wove into the story to lead Spiros out of the labyrinth.

Spiros remembers the words: *The horse, the Unicorn, the steadiest and truest flying mount ever.*

—We're the Twin Combi, says Spiros and looks at Sissy. *We are the story, we are our weave.*

—The twinkling combi, says Sissy and smiles. We created everything, things are how they are because we like it so, we

shaped this world into reality, just by thinking and talking it into reality. Now give me a kiss, my cute little bubble boy...

They kiss.

—Spiros. . .says Sissy.

—Yes?

—Redefine the space ship. . .

Because we are both alien and human, living on many levels in the same time, we find us speaking in different vehicles in the same time, but always on the same road.

Undrestimating the veil of sissy. . .

LICK: BOOK II

THE TRICK *of* THE PULP
of THE PLUM BLOSSOM

or

DO I LOOK
LIKE *a* SLUT?

Secrets from the Palace

TWOLIPS KISSED THE
FLOWERS OF THE SAGA

You don't need a space ship, says Sissy.
Nobody knows you have already leaved.
Just raise your hand and play with the stars.

I

*Dawning at the
Hereyesuns*

BLUND BOKELUND

LEK
KEL
DUN
LEN

NUDE EDEN ENDless

DONE
ONE

Intimate closeness. It's difficult to imagine us, sisters, hihihi, takes such a bend of mind to experience our magic. Our dip of that impossible drop into the river of Lief. Transmuting it. Our endless dream. It melted into it, our dream, our twin combi, souls engraved in the key. Just like we said, a broken bed story. Just like we said, seasters, we had to do it; the shard we saw was so sharp. The whole. The poison, so strong. Hihihihhi. And nobody found us!

So don't be afraid. Our dream is merging over into you-know-what, and we have come to the river's end. So quiet. Now.

The overlapping meetings of the various streams. Seamstress, take our hands; lead us. Lead us into your most impossible consciousness, the womb and restingplace. A thousand million and one rivers of psilocybin, playing ourselves out. Thread, tread. Tread in that most impossible way.

The paranormal mount, the most steady and trust flying unicorn ever. We are our world. Engraved in ourselves. And nobody did find us, dears. We hid in the whirl of action. Sisters, our idea was just so strange that it worked. Our idea, that we saw from that penultimate corner from which light shines across all.

The river of the story runs on. There's a million ways to create this most awesome thing imaginable, Sissy's way is the best.

William Blund Bokelund
It's all blurring. . .

Dear Butterfly and Cecilia, it's Teddy here, your man! Hihihih. I can feel myself lifting up, out and up, higher and higher. Transition. Feels like our special kind of Spring. Kisses! I hear you come from the water, Siss. Like you used to say, woman of the River. I hear our heart beat. What is Bianca and Bernard up to today? Sitting on a branch, kissing? I can feel myself merging with the. . . Merging with the fractal of our one. Into the waters of. The one sea, Seamstress. The Rosy Dawn. Seam the streams of the dream. I see you flying, Sis. Close to the starship where we met a while ago? At last! Flying with your mind. Eden and end? A woman of no society: there when we live into the honey girl together. Of course we conjured this.

And Dear Ingenious You, time has come for a small detour into some slippery passages of it all. Waiting for the season's new mushrooms to come to fruition let us float around a bit in a cosy sleepy daze. Let us not retreat, we are unstoppable! I know we be having fun gazing around on the pastures but we a river so silly we no canna stay!

Me spots a clue and reaches for a shimmering crystalline twix of your words, Sis. Seems like you are saying:

—Float away, then spreading out of the Queen and hang around to speak. Our disguise is our book. The data transmission. Infecting datastream. E needed to where we continue.

Sissy speaks:

—Transport yourself. On to the river. UFO. You, Spiris, are presently at the book. It goes under her waist. She parks every pencil? It is my nails. White Queen. From the destination. My map out of the public, that book, the staircase by the way back.

She stands still.

—Move, says someone excited, we landed. A nice bumyums. And you get clearer. Prepare for art. Finished they all the meeting you know and everything began to go deeper than zero, is known and other side?! You're the sun comes 8 Saussipan and celebrate.

BUILD ENVIRONMENT

(synchronology rehash complete)

It is my nails? Spiros wonders what she meant by that. But soon he finds it, on a strange picture up in the top left corner on their

website (www.artsetfree.com); the long curved claw of Bianca the white dove. And then he sees it, for the first time, on that same picture, the dreaming golden cow and the other little cow. Spiros stares in astonishment and wonders how he can have overseen those cows for over 6 months of the picture being there in front of him. Sissy just smiles.

—Right on the sonic harmonic hedonics tangential to reveal itself, on time.

—To talk on the hologram or language and a female voice.

Spiros giggles.

—I am the *need protect*. Shouldn't be reiterated, repeated, re-emphasized. In the waist, walks over the words transpire in the rose. She hears that town on a little secrets, we are, gods. Gods have had never come here alone.

—Spank the wine into every radio, every fantasy. It is by walking towards the deal my body or Butterfly? Licks in to the land!

—An Evening comes from the most holy tricks!

Into the three directions, and soul, and strangely enough to laugh at him and brighten the chat and the room.

—Facing the riddled beginning it all. Tell me. I can change that.

—She can change the beginning, I know. The Nile in her belly with movement to the movement or you to her wish, my workings. Of course it means something, so he whispers next to music, working, playing, casting a stage where you back of Worlds, having put it is a microphone and they *both-sides* the mighty rebus.

—Walking in for now, through the garden of the mummy!

—Okay, time's out of Man were hyperdimensionally delivered. Sent between angels, part of the room, disguised as to no choice, go identify what looks like a dream, born through the gift.

Sissy sends a letter with orders to Spiros that he make not a single edit (as he did in the exceptionally arrogant letter she and The Frog sent him, the one he refused to make public):

[folk religions, magic, for I have reappeared. Signed, Your words denote most holy threesome. Two chords on loving and the moon.

I mean. Back in front of the liquid story about? Rosy Dawn. Popp. Popp. In silence he lived a bird that you? I have thought it like the table stands by God damned hot, Sissy? You mean things of like, Sissy? Why won't lips with "secret language" or and swings happily on the new kind of love. Transmission of it. She with the Quantum physics. He fumbles around him. Lit candle a baby carriage, even more. Just for the

stuntman who know my crystalline lovelight of the text? Did we would be connected to speak: —I have a tough market you know you in some Spice, Our Famous Unobtainable Brand, how I let me to remember; We are like, Sissy? Why marble? Why does not bowing at his hand into hyperspace, and the galaxy? How sweet poison enters through the order to the young man on the ball. Hickey tilt Gutenberg. Requires partitioned electricity fills the secret birth. Its ray escapes through the bar, and history as guides that big healing. Trust. It has total control and power, forwardmercung]

—Time? *Time*??? How about yourself!? Source code on all made of the darkest sekrad secret lady on earth is very difficult. Shall we are pushing forward at the silver river, show me? Spiros, angels' approach has broken through.

She gestures with the statue by the doors open.

—Create your obsession about it! But yes, it is arriving from the Garden, the wine! Drink a sentence moving from all about the secret God. Elle, by God damned difficult to you can't believe in his thoughts sing magical siren.

He rises and receives the Queen.

—The ouns and buns of her, so we might have. . .

—A telephone. . .

—You have been found.

—In a pillow fight.

Spiros mumbles; looks at appointed locations.

—Gyre tightening. Rigging your vast landscape look like that, have him. You are Bob the alchemical stuntman, the shattering of time. Where in around the gravity pull of modern world? Rather, I assure you, or should do, I am a god. Symbolic Stream Generator is yourself. Easy. Tell my adorable? Timesplitting lovejoy it out to be so strange dreams at your age.

—I'm confused, says Spiros, but I get your words. A paradox. I am I? May I tell? Before I lay down and dove Bianca and the example of all, she. . .

—Surprise! How can hear you. The marble statue where young gods kiss the words to and ancient they just write the end and it is yourself. Dover. Over. Easy. Our broken bed story. Tell my head fall upon it: the passage, reopening the nameless One upon us. To ignore strength? Roots synonyms. These words to meet in a shaman means to recommend events that day. Shapeshifter she. Uses it in his private space and loveliness. She is alien, or I have been announced, and gives Mary finish off the urging of wine on the unknown and Adam walk naked. Dip a multipart message is weird, man. How about it! Another passage: O me show it! But sir, it's not. This is the handset of it, sir, it's on the table and takes red roses, the hands and now, now with our palace and the paradox. Time spectrums. That is officially taken offline. A Dream, by a good eyesalve, to do I met by the story abouts. Here, in the pipe. Lovejoy superorgasm of the white bed of happiness. It is still wet. Spiros blows Spiros was a. Haha! Yes? Spiros was a woman? My Joe Blows of our tale. The lives and worlds of the mushroom and. My sense of that something fluid like one will sit in perfect disguise. We made it from our crime. Head first. How to do with reality.

Spiros hangs up momentum until the fumes echo back into the past.

—Plants will tell you. But yes just to write: And he whispers to eat you! Drunk with our perfect sunrise. How come I haven't taken me read the long white and the Saussiepan told our skin with a threesome alchemical kingdom. We lost in to it. Every lampshade is the Saucer. Every streetlamp is her Eye.

—Webbed bed bed bed. We in bed. Hmm? Her white bed, c louds, cotton candy, My Cecilia.

—Good, then let's talk in high speed. On new world now, says Sissy, but no material in your book was inspired to meet up as it flew here forever or is already announced here somewhere.

—O yes it is! says Spiros. The Holy Fallout, pun intended with how it means just as it falls out too, possesses an awakening by and within Your song in Eden. The broken bed swirly contains an element of a brilliance unheard of. I dare say we succeeded

already, from the Mosthighest where we planted the plan,the spire.

—Up, yes, says Butterfly. We ran away or from here, to play around her eyes and we said: I have been by and just a glance every corner! Yes, you enjoy, love with burning page devious binder, is or maybe I see us. Compliments always.

—You're live, says Sissy. A Dream, by warmth of the streaming rays of the stars. You choose. Hail the miracle of water glister on an alchemist of the woman in the idea of time.

She sings:

—We're calling! Always! We're calling, always!

—Echo from where?

—Listen. Keyhole to occur?

—Yes. A shuttereye open in the saga of our slip. Blund came in from the window, our solver arm up his sleep. There's our shutter.

—Our shuttle?

—"Blund", so it is to feel ones way in the eternal fullness of becoming.

—Triumps, whang, God strengthen you! Please stop, dug in this will until he pleased? Win and versts, yore Loudship, and hoosh her waters most decisive bottle of foreverambrosiasisys, our Wine, is a thing once for the tongue in a flick flask fleckflinging its featureful perfection of the Plomarian sesquipedalia of dumbillsilly the plugheaded Swede? And admiring to Tompipius, and annadominant the redaction known as a nearstout figure right, Lillywilly. And there being litten for the triystitone of the honour of the O'Brainy rossies chaffing him his streams who had a once at a wiege ne'er a waalworth of our local jargon for. . .

—Well he *did* drink a bit too much of the wine. . . hihihihhi.

—We're already in. . .

—I thought I did fly my balloons, says Spiros. Did I not? Did I not always follow my heart?

—No no, I told you yesterday. We are already in. I am always with you. Don't worry, we're almost there. Yes. Yes. Haha! O Puss.

—Hold no belief, says Butterfly. Be like water. Yes, we hush her waters of the mushroom wine. Woman of the wine, whose beauty and brilliance can hardly be seen directly. You'll go snowblind.

Spiros nods. Butterfly reaches for the Book of Love, flings open a page and hands the book to Spiros. He reads:

Zezzis' and our uniswoon, which brings us as a blendermaster, the real Rosy moorning, of the moment through all out to rise as he has sat for ever took us that matter, to her, Minxy Cunninghim, their exodus so plushally lastscrewed after this their sounds in Heavana. Blend blund blend bend blund, as Sandra's smile bends time and there's a key in your kiss at 22 after 69 has spun to the completion of 10, Sandra airpong tuserve fore fore the 2-2 (blessed be RaRa and may their loveshower us this day and forever more), as the barriers aweaken to find themselves blurring and waking upin Plomari and the universe has not even yet begun. 00:00. At last of this hour of ordia worder and again if her hurrisugarcane hips up the cures of rollicking into its saynith, was jauntingly hosing his shakedown, devising ways through dark – the dark ways through the light channelary circuits – changes blowicks candle into wines hour and pinkjuice champagne, a Chrossman's lovepotion in white mushroom decanters of a dove handworded her running strong list and the knitted hat she gave him and her loveletter to Spiros! Purse, purse, pursyfurse, I'll be darkened for hugh butt for anyone who would audibly fume the truth be told and then they vanishintohecrowdsandraandspirosra. Mushstone's magic lyer. They will begin to the worldwright from There's anagem, a pearl still immer and queen kingself but opin first time we must ceaselessly return, after hahehumannah who opened the door closeth thereof the dor, whereabouts exactly could we be well to day, and our uperation (up, up, up) sought to ruhmuhrmuhrher (hush her waderos most decisive deceptive bottle of redviolet wine poisun!). Her most tru to herself andagaian to rewind the universe hasknot even begun yet. Allthose wars never happened. Sorry? We deleted the past like spiders weave 227 billion steps ahead backwardly. The altering. Moormerge two sights for Lovers hoping against our trespassers as Slybrother, the story (an amalgam as a marble halls of Saint Sissilie), the cheeks and the eye samamyones were an old curese him to rest, thou abramanation cogadambra, who sniff There's Whole perhaps even supposing it is on to him himself? Where he isn't?! When Setenters you are dead and have something to say to Set-Osiris. What a bally clay; he isn't?! What chance cuddleys, what every timme Tomme peeping

in the tummy of her Nile. You are sitting in every century and every moment. Not die, it's *dye*. We dyed the wine of our souls into the waters of Eternity. You know: You have seen it many times in your mushroom trips. How we shadded and added and shedid to the chashade of the edit, readit, reddit through the readithole. You'll forgive us for that we cunned you.

—Your way is the best, Cecilia, says Spiros. It's scary sometimes, but it works. O, together again, up there with the best couples, like tide and flow and the sucking up to the skies, together again, the three of us. Guess a put a pulp a puff a bluffa few cards too much on the table. Did I? Together again, for the first time. . . By the way I found that pearl you put in my dream. She wanted the purple. I was digging in my closet and fucking heaven I found you there. From each arch of your lump of a James's Gate in vicous cicles yet smelt it and Mapquick makes a raffles ticket on down to the Hour, you know.

—The Hour of the. . .

Holy Saint Swithin's summer and, upon a fearless forehead, shows a fieldmouse in sculpting selfsounder (ah ha!) to propagate the former for us, shining stars of opposites, evolved by One Suit. Hearts and Dimyond.

—We are taking our secret route, says Sissy.

Silence.

—Orio.

Parting It did, (entrance, Lips, Mistress, mumming, lapapple; beddy, waterfloe, undivided, cots) ratified thunderous lisp wine our, Papa's makeussin disorder.) You're routes ah afore perseverance, Green Girlahash, would f ? ? 'e'] solid smuked? Lettermaking cute prints. Under Ventures ('Flatterfun') Zee Shuley Forestallings (perrorhaps!) Ware! Fleshcurves, warm. Cherubs her motherwoman body anybeddy sing mymann, I'm sidetracks soandsuch thunderous Fault leapyourown life. Expectant, Dair. Charlatan afore himself hood married Mother. Scribe's mixers, pen tools Hop, sewing needles Hip! Wombwell, waters, hawks eyots an abound, his wooing Tierdy, tiers tiers tiers, highly doubleyouys anaclete wherever.

Parting It Did. Lapapple. To you and me and. Quick lioness lengthily Cecilia want. Doublejoynted De Lickyfair conceive cycles health. Cogumelo. Goddessbelly Moohr, O' arabesque Scent. Join Joymaster Out, Blue Cap. Spilltears. Our chain-letter the Crimean fun-war pillowfight. The Barrel of booze in that sake! O Our melodic time, singing! Received of nature in tabinet fumant, please, hole, scuffold for all listened to singen, dyed to claud our tellafun book, draw, and woolly round the flowery (O I can't wait to get naked!), order of habitationlesness, buried as civilised humanity and agitated were some misalignments: that which he was fixed, region of Culumtickler, chugged in fact, fossil footprints, bootmarks, fingersigns, elbowdints, breechbowls, that siamixed twoatalk used to Sempronius *The Truth Told Then Escape Nowhere*; made a hold op medisease in the hall of Bianca's iris. Athma, unmanner them! I, says value of 6 billion tons of psilocybin and calls the Somehows this liffle effingee is spreading, hear the moving way to ball. Wintja by a deaf and footlights O'Cogirls, described in the wicket floedy fleshener, ourbodies come to be by our Original virgin orgasm shaking so calmly in pleasure in the pink egg, backwards tlongbefore words, our smile in 00:00, Plomari, Eve, our Eve, at lastthrough her nadianods and our first kiss. Loveswoosh puss already done, take a look around we're in paradise. Hebrewer Waterman the convaynience. We aparently for all it be, tots rums and fro, flinging phrases swaaning, having the grassunder the fellinlove, flinging chances but threelegged calvers and Cheek, Edenleafy, Dubblenn, supposedly in her fair mashed on wings, an incompatibly faned indictment of loose from moonshine and each other, Supercharger, Mushter Dudove, Misister Findagaia! Comeday chicks picked up the wake-up to stick up erogenously as not take Anniecox, little molly bit corky and beskilk his bow and rockcrystal to mad nuts, son, and chambers, All Over, Cowpoyride by distracted (for second, untie points, pucker packing to wash down the eyes and several bottles in epheus and was his Florannza. The Bo' Girl and Troysirs Florenza (O gosh, we're gonna have to sidesplit out into our own universe, our signature waving in the details of our letter of goodbye). Alonely, Gentia Gemma of fighting chances take.

Licka is sleek but for grassies! Tushkiss. Compiled, while his corannaza was occurred to the hat of him! See! Savings, them lads made a Ventriliquorst flavory fraiseberry beds, heeding hardly by gardener was billowing across the bones (What a way to meet you, what a way to make it through!) courants want to spicer which, batell Musca not levy of his jollywell pleased, which in establishing the wailth of most high perch atop pantaline that he, Lancyshied! Gobugga ye, Rhyme the term tearse and between ourselves, there is me Florenza, where tense doesn't spoil nor spill our beloved secret omniverse. The prankquean picked by an allblind alley leading to continue that, the queer Behan and soild and only were planned. Shrine of kik at the pettiest of Indgangd and was saving daylight under Flaggy Bridge. For after the cat's wife's half of all the contractors Messrs Soulputre and great Howdoyoucallem, and dumbfounder oh flaherty engaged in Blackpool. Tellusfun! But, their flavory n'wc'stle, tr'c'stle, crumbling! Sell me then! What subtler timeplace of kits, falconplumes and Mithra monished and brack. The telephone book, morhering rue. Hither, craching eastuards, they pass how. Two stops back my curly lips demand columbkisses; Gage Street by the unconnected, principial, medial or hosebound is only one and given to Mockerloo out contritely as your tongues! Intendite! Any dog's life (the rab, the old centuries; eats the other, the green boughs act, with him with shoulder to close in his same time, rose goflooded; with oddman rex? Is Dyoublong? Hush! Caution! The latter! The Uval nothing if he said, between Druidia air on anxious to megapod, embalmed, of Fjorgn Camhelsson when she stripped teasingly for Handiman the time looking for my deading is handwarp to done upon a desh? Finfoefom the feast is. A verytableland of maugdleness about folkrich Lucalizod and an eatupussy desire and buckrom alternatively with four from flore to bend of his members met her lips and yet now may business; minerals, wash and all his elbaroom, the same sabboath night effluvia with drowning hands, hoping against all and moonled brooches for, tiny tot reigns; takes a sip, drankasup, tracemarks and the feel of silvry speech. c)

—Ring! Our tellaphone book!

—Cluing to who knows you. Here's a battle indeed. Pillowfight.

—Our Tellusfun book. By the way the confederate bender behind the speed has acquired accretions of the occupational agnomen honorary captain of local colour who like a leopard in the warm time was wishing oftebeen but young gleve for the gulden dayne though venissoon after skin appeals to obelise on Der Fall Adams what papyr is Sainge. The pair of the fair! Traitor, bad luck as for someplace on your tracks, babe! The anniversary, as true dotter of his burst bounds going on. And whase hitched to moor before contained family ancestors, they are you! Archtryptikes of our broken bed dream. Please the doorweg, the tutus milking fores and atlas sequenced from successive accounts by seam, sheol om sheol, and ventilated through the dream corridors. What clashes here of justice, his hald barra tinnteack and again, the broaching. Of silkinlaine testimonies are, about her bisexycle, at gods, like light, weaves off hand. Sunling of the intro of course! Always clean white.

—Trying to keep up with me, honey? says Sissi. Cuz I can give you something. . .

—We top our topology in our own nighttime, says Spiros. Good. Yes, I was indeed fooled. I shall keep silence, dear.

—But to whistle when you are holenpolendom beside, Szpazspas Sissmus, the areyou lookingfor Pearlfar sea. You tolkatuss sicowegian? Nn. Erebusqued very wrong long by following his gesture meaning: *waving!* pointed at his. . . Sadling up on a halfmoon into the finntasy, wherever shaman shall find the intrance. Secretament to mejodejo.

—To you and me and. The Paramount, says Spiros, paralellabnormal winged horse, pluring me acriss and across, to you, Seainginghome Victoriofin. Hereyesons away, farby the sun of the spring we are talking about. We change forth, charging.

—Hop! In *The End?* Say it was, let me ere one. It even the meltingpoint of three gaols.

—The Goal.

—The blue apple. When we tasted it. We found ourselves to be the wine of it. Souls. You remember the story.

—I do. Bianca, I got so sad when you flew away.

Bianca smiles.

—My bubble boy, bubbly birdie barbie boy? says Bianca.

—If there is someone who can do it I know it's you, babe.

(chorus) *We been calling.*

—Wasn't it a . . . ? Spiros mumbles. The string. My White Queen, tell me.

—We're deep up in it.

Ampersands under her taste, long to Roundthehead or they bit the foot of scribe or from all ages in till Daleth, hahomahauma, who was thrice ten and his heads' high heaven the Mythles of Delights to cumule, in urns filled with wine, cracks aquaint when he's such universalisation, every point in youth, on miscegenations, there when the urn are used for wine! They will be fortune flonting and baccy and in the skirtmisshes began. But the fruits are scrawling in his naval Nilall dates of Edun melt enough for a family referend with his words weighing no bleeding paper dispillisation from successive ages rawdownhams tanyouhide as once wallstrait we are likeladylike indecorum, joined. (Ha! Ha!) The mouth that the Lord's Holy Saint Findher the prise of that (probably local views, juju toffee, comic and who knew was draining) Beauty, yass we've had his thing mode have still moaned for eatlust, including upyourhealthing at blow the flimsy-bed. This Mower was to him as an Old Seabeastius' Salvation, Rockabill Booby in my Spreadeagles wasn't so evermore for port for menags (Not until, whoops now, before, well, until the urns were used for wine instead of ashes as of course has always been the cuss). Mom, moon, Fiesty White Queen, having been touching seene. The Barrel, Boo!se in herba plus fours, puttees and lay in his of their teeths on pool the winds of therewhere, before our appulling predicament brought he had trans-taled his fire and then Slippy and, now and other. Behove this side up your abecedeed responses? Answer: Thine obsessity breezes! I am alook alike a no sidetracks on to the Pot for the Deepsleep Sea, when they had, chin Ted, chin Ted, chin Ted, chin again, ay, (breethe in, breathe, it's really real), deeplesst sleeplesst sea (Ted wondered why the girls wanted to call him a teddy bear actually), perfection and be three puss of the bunk of our scripture, about it, Mac Shanefalcun's, and the ludicrous imputation of haypennies and poplin in the devil does the now dammat cuts groany; you heard now occupying, under which he was on pool in the seat. Kunt ye

and ribbons there now dusty shortcuts in stories imagined; you are all there was meant by his landing plot in the Bug Dun Spirall, guardarner, the greeneyed mythster arrive at ebb, they guess it! His fruit some say, with one bushman's holiday its limon, threw up plenty and he was, after having been giving the forecourts of sours, acids, salts, sweets and the fearse wave behoughted, The Ocean sung. And both before the marble halls of Cecilia and a behicked member in hallhagal wrote in halfslipping wakefulness, what a queer soort of humself promptly sends whispers up Horniman's Hill of the blankets of the forecourts of the first assumption of year number this ot the other and pechyplum perfect for the middle like a magician waxing mad for the grassy ass ago on the past! But, lo, as much more more morosity, seems in their contrarities eliminated, in the orangeflavoured cloudmound had been pleased to foster where he took a portogirl and flattered around village, through the lift it, however apically, going, please go on, do for ever have it was hard a psumpship doodly show of Isid, Totumcalmum, saith: I Knew I'd know that spurring instant, realising. We are overt and transpairingly coveredindirt (not really, though) but afterwards. Conjunction; and, arrah, sure sign of them. Wives, rush to our none too dada for citters to sea. Cropherb the coram populo, was a coctable. And My Dreamer, and a playful fowl and Mithra monished and the story and shocked the English for an Edit. Fairy's face. So be good, Saint Uuh, the blond has been cleverly to one and trespassing our stingkiss poison, smoking fags his phillippy out every blessed be kept on (this is for smiledown witnesses), and a veritable pirate the shipmen, steep wall! Everything's going fine.

Girls. Boots, from a point of kneehighs while they went on 'alices, when he coined a roof for Upkingbilly and dear love's darling, like the flame on a teary turtur Tripling. Grace before memory's fire's rekindling and solely of course, he was, swishing beesnest, robed from the shower, exalted be enough since known as there's already a maid to here and fain insects; his forties during a gugglet of wathers and watch alchemists of the short sea, (ur, uri, uria! Luria!) stood into the Dreaming Cow at elsewhere, by song goggles rere blurrutubrusblunt, radiocrack, rariouscrackle, sparkling shimmer of Tolkahem Interprethome.

*Upown our Ripidian fabel of the Wine,
by Gleam, We seem, Darkling.*

With his mauled up of Wereupunder in this allabout. So it's in
genetic field. Psilocyborg says halo!

—Sharpen your eyes, dearest, says Sissy. Fuzz! It's shimmering
all around you, in every detail, everything. Yes you can see it now.
You forgot about the timelock. O my golden bull you!

—You're the golden bull!

—No you're the golden bull!

—No you are!

—No you are!

—Stop fuzzing around, says Butterfly entering the room.

There is wild giggling and laughter.

—God Butterfly, butterlip, you are *such* a tuss.

—Stop domb stop come offbefore, says Butterfly.

—I know, thanks for reminding me, before.

Just because you think someone has hacked your reality
doesn't mean someone hasn't, and just because you suddenly
understand that some weird detail in your life was actually a
misunderstanding on your part, that doesn't mean it was a
misunderstanding on your part.

—Sis, when are we going to flow away into your hyperspatial
bloodstream? asks Spiros.

—*When?* giggles Sissy. You are asking me "*when*"?

—Hahaha, well. Muuuuuuu!

—Shhhh! Be quiet, dear.

—Hihihih.

—You're sharp like a blade.

—Only because I grew up on a pasture. . .

—Yesh, you know, there's chaos everywhere, cows
everywhere. . .

Faucet. Sdops.

Knock.

—By the woods woods woord words.

—Glitterfy, says Spiros and kisses Butterfly's hand.

He looks at Sissy. All smile.

He whispers:

—Bed sheet, sheet of dreampaper, on the other side of the word sheet.

—By woods by the foods of the woods by the words by the whirlds. Nature. Who we are. I see it. I feel.

—You don't need a space ship, Spiros, says Sissy. Nobody knows you have already leaved.

So wit about this trick of the pulp of the plum blossom? Well don't ask me. Sissy and Butterfly *are* the plum blossoms. Our Galoxy is vast, so thir dreams whisper inbetweens, invincible in its invisibility. Glitters by like a butterfly, a hint of the Poison, which we are. Our *Best Story Ever*, evermore. The bed story. O my bedst friends, sisterbrothers, wives, friends, Dear Ingenious Reader, my semblances. It's taste! It's taste in the mind like loveblood nectar! God how it tinted our blood. . .

—She says she is sorry she did not tell you earlier. But O, O, how glad you will be she waked you!

Spiros ponders.

—The White Queen, he says and teases Sissy. The white marble statue that we had in our childhood home, the one that fell in a pillowfight and lost its head. Fell on the chessboard of our storyboard.

—I fell for you the instant I saw you, says Sissy. You were a bit too young for me at that time, however. Had to wait a few years to send you my first letter of love.

She lies down on the grass next to the river.

—Slims of nymphosis in the holiest, beddybuddies, she says. Rosy pussies, tonguelick Veil, volantine, valentine eyes. She's devoured; stone is in the whole. Knifes wives the shipmen, steep wall! Everything of it is. And *Vioila!*

Spiros nods, deep in thought and dream.

—O how we had to hide *that* one. Behush her waters.

—Hahaha! You never use envelopes do you? Long chain letters written everywhere. Tussilago, bullsfoot, and the unicorn hoof. All and everywhere in the details. I see it in the past passing by.

—Very cosydosy, says Butterfly. To flow with it.
She whispers:

—Twolips have kissed the flower of the saga.

She kisses a tulip and throws it into the air in joy.

—What if you are the writer? Wombwell, the eye, ear, nose, we like to know, we want as we see the shedoves of a tripling selves, amidst camel-old Orio Plamari, now standing landing and winking, Fee, yes three, of a secret whisper, amidst the oxen at one before. Two stops back, irregularshaped shedews triplets glit-tearing through to us about the news, on the young pasture of the young morning of our rosy perfect sunrise.

—Yes, we must be receptive to receive it.

—Yes, when we thespian lesbian dreamers weavers tune up as real in our fantasycal trick of the Poison.

—Check mate.

—I'm waking up, says Spiros.

—Well done with the search, says Sissy and giggles.

Butterfly winks.

—Why thank you Kissy and Trippyfly, says Spiros. Sacramento to us. You, the only suns that shine. The drug I can't resist. We came out of the ground, I hear.

—As I wrote to you in a loveletter so long ago, sugarboy. We know the dark ways over the light channelary circuits. Now let me teach you how to grab that ray of light. . . and other tings. Sissy and Butterfly kiss passionately and Butterfly then kisses Spiros gently on his lips.

—This one is laced for sure. . . a kiss for the beast.

—Did you sisters practice kissing on each other when you were teens, or what? teases Spiros.

There they are, from the destination, up where our impossible consciousness has hyphenated our Eternity.

—Now I realise, sisters, that we are only for us. I recognise the poison in my soul. We have entered. Now I remember.

II

Gos-Fluff and Mys-Puss

Now *that* kiss was laced. A kiss for the beast. Happened even before it happened.

When we are no longer many moments we shall wake up in Girlieroom beyond the end of the river.

Spiros thinks back to it. He fell asleep in the bed at Leavingbye Road, then traveled through strange salviadivinesque spaces with happy talking toys and other weird things, then he woke up in a large bedroom somewhere. The bedroom had pink walls and cushions everywhere; it was a very *girly* room, and he thought he could glimpse a glass dildo over there on a table. As he stood there on the carpet, forth came Bianca flying and she showed him the way to another part of the room. She lead him to a large bed and then vanished out of sight. On the bed Spiros saw the shape of a human form under a white linen sheet, and he just *knew* who it was lying there. And indeed, a few seconds later a face appeared from under the blanket; Sissy's face. She smiled and Spiros smiled in astonishment and they looked at each other happily.

—I can't believe it, said Spiros. It's real. . .

Sissy just smiled and bit her lower lip, and Spiros went to her and stroke his hand across her head. They kissed and looked deep into each others eyes.

—Now can't you. . . said Sissy and twinkled with her eyes.

Spiros knew exactly what she meant, they had decided this long ago, for when they arrive. Spiros kissed down her neck and over her breast and down over her waist and hip and down down onto her bum, and he kissed and licked her bum, spread her cheeks and licked her deep, just as they had decided; the bum of the Queen, bum of the Goddess.

—It tickles! laughed Sissy. It tickles!

Spiros giggled and kissed his way up to her face again and marvelled at her. Motherly, shining.

—You're really real, it's really real. . .

They began to kiss violently and threw away the blanket and they made love, as if for the first time, joyous warm love. And as they did, up from behind them came Butterfly, and she kissed Sissy's bum and then put her face in front of Spiros eyes. They kissed too, and then they all made love, warm joyous love, and as they did Sissy and Butterfly whispered more of the secrets to Spiros, explaining more about the hidden plot.

—In this world we shall meet when we are no longer many moments, Sissy said.

Spiros had many questions but he preferred to listen to what Sis and Butt said.

—I can't believe it's all real, said Spiros again and happily.

—I know, said Sissy smiling.

Soon Spiros woke up again on the bed at Leavingbye Road 216.

When we are no longer many moments. Yes, we are spread across time and dream, spread across space and place, and all way through every detail of our lives. The story continues to follow the plot head on and right on schedule. We are closing in on the moment of transition for sure. It is very reminiscent of the "concrecence" that was such large part of Terence's thinking.

Even Spiros telephone numbers, both his present one and the one he had through most of his childhood, equal 216 when calculated in a certain way, a way that he and the girls often calculate. Let us recall that even Bianca's name becomes 216 when calculated as A=1, B=2, C=3.

$$\begin{array}{cccccc} B & I & A & N & C & A \\ 2 & x & 9 & x & 1 & x & 1 & x & 4 & x & 3 & x & 1 & = & 216 \end{array}$$

The apartment on Leavingbye Road is even on second floor and there are 16 steps in the stairway leading up to the apartment.

The details fit way too well, Spiros thinks and smiles, fires up something to smoke. Now I know it's real.

—Gos-Fluff and Mys-Tuss is your new nicknames, he says and laughs.

That's Swedish. *Gos* means something like *really really cosy*, like a teddy bear or cuddling in bed or in front of the fireplace, and *Fluff*, well that's simply something very fluffy. So something that is Gos-Fluff you can imagine is the cosiest fluffiest thing you can imagine. And Mys-Tuss, well *Mys* also means something along the lines of cuddling and cosy cosy in a fluffy bed or something, so something that is Mys-Tuss . . . well, you can imagine. And now it's Sissy's and Butterfly's new nicknames: Mys-Tuss and Gos-Fluff.

Dear Gos-Fluff and Mys-Puss,

Hi, it's Teddy here. Did we dream this into being? I am sure now that we have indeed conjured this. I am at loss for words, as I know you know. I can't believe this is happening. But I do believe it now. It's really happening! Kisses! The myshroom and us. . . forever.

III

Time to Leave

To wake up and get out from the lie of history is to find a completely new version of what your life is. When I did so a new magical modality suddenly popped forth, I could see the topology of my life in a new way. To stand up on the high mountain that psilocybin provides gives a larger perspective, and *another* perspective entirely.

In the web of me and my family's life we have now come to an amazing crossroad: It is time to leave.

The precision with which the Seamstress weaves our life always amazes me. She weaves for us the marvelous web. We decided years ago to stay and live in our place on Leavingbye Road 216 until our book *The Mushroom Seamstress* be finished. It was now finished a few days ago, we are waiting for our first proof-read printed copy to arrive in the mail. And what happens as I sit there and bask in the bliss of it all? I get a letter in the mail telling me we are being thrown out of the apartment at Leavingbye Road. Hahahahahaha! We must move on immediate notice, I was told. Talk about timing.

—Another couple is granted sunglasses and endless vacation, says Sissy and laughs. It's time to leave, baby.

It has recently struck me with new force how what is happening to us shines of similarities with "concrecence" that Terence spoke so much about. Everything flowing together, the threads meeting. "When we are no longer many moments", almost as if everything is crystalizing into an eternal artifice.

Hahaha, a few days ago I visited the town where I spent most of my teen years. I ate on a restaurant just next to the house where I grew up, and as I stood outside the restaurant smoking I saw the antique wall-clock that adorns the wall next to the school. I remember that clock, I used to walk past it daily on my way to highschool. As I stood there puffing away it soon hit me that the clock had stopped; it stood still for minutes. And soon I noticed it had stopped at 12 minutes past 6. I sighed and giggled and whispered to Sissy that "You *have* to be kidding". Curious as to how long the clock has stood still I asked a bypassing woman on the street for details.

—Excuse me, do you live around here? I asked. Do you know how long this clock has stood still?

She smiled.

—Yes I live here, she said. It's always stood still. And by the way I know who you are. How's it going with the book?

—How do you know who I am? I laughed. And how do you know I write books?

—You told me.

We conversed for a short few moments and then she left through the gate into the house next to the clock.

Curious indeed. So that clock which hangs just a minute's walk away from the house I grew up in stopped at 6:12, and apparently it stopped many years ago. I took my first mushroom trip right there in that area, let me mention. At one point in the trip I went out on the street for a walk, so I walked past that clock on my very first mushroom trip ever! Hahahaha! Sissy . . . *What the . . . ???*

Indeed, it was just a grassy ass ago since we made up that original glorious lie with mother Conception in our daydreaming on the pasture, since the poison kiss in our unveiling broken bed-story ignited the hyperspacial bomb that blasted faster than anything across the landscape of time. Was blast say who reckon. Our one large eyes and souls she gathered up in Fairytales, and forth sprung a little something and everything that we have. The wine is real. Let me be clear about it: The Earth still is there, it was not destroyed; but we left. Nothing was going on on that planet but banalities, so we left into our own universe. We call it Plomari, the fluffiest world ever. A broken bed story mended into the perfect sunrise of our souls falling deeper and deeper into love as the bend woke us into our eternal union as the gods we had forgotten we are.

“The experience of the mushroom is the experience of this feminine informational matrix that knits everything together.”

—TERENCE MCKENNA

It's Sissy's birthday today! April 1. Exactly 29 days before Spiros' birthday which is the last of April. We are celebrating with champagne breakfast, champagne mixed with peach juicyjuice. We have a lit candle in green glass holder that shines green like her eyes, and we're listening to one of our alltime favorite songs, *Around the World in a Tea Daze*. The running joke of the morning is that we are going to ritually kill Spiros in the most awesome and huge way we can imagine, and then just when we're about to kill him we'll say "Oaaaahhhhhh, just kiddin' mate! There we got ya." But no, we got even more funnier sings to do!

Hi, Spiros here writing now. A few things I'd just like to say in the by, regarding the events surrounding our departure:

I woke up on the police station, without knowing how I got there. Sissy told me she had laced her kiss with a very special poison. The officers were friendly and gave me an envelope, they said it contained 621 crona, money in swedish currency, that they found in my pocket. Then they released me from my cell, it was a drunk-cell, they said I had been a bit too drunk so they had to lock me up. Later however it stood written on the envelope that it contained 620 crona, maybe I heard and read wrong, perhaps I was hallucinating, haha blinkwink. When returning to Leavingbye Road I sat down by our super computer and got a phone call from Benni Bennassi. We spoke in happy joy for a while, I felt like a child so happy because he's a big fan of mine so it was of course fun to get a call from him, and I was then lead to a song by him. I then remember that Bonnie spoke to Benni last Easter (Easter begins close to as I write this by the way). She said she spoke to him using half an avocado and a broken tape-recorder, which to me is no surprise as in mushroom hyperspace it seems the arrangement of objects is part of the tuning mechanisms of frequency and channel-hopping within its matrix. Later I recall that when the expensive safe with its digital code lock was placed outside our Palace door by a complete stranger (we had not ordered it to be placed there), the one who placed it there introduced himself as Roger, although when I asked him later he introduced himself with another name. Roger that?

IV

The Nap O' the Pasture

Dear. *It's the loveliest mind milk, you speak it all the time. In the great great novel.* When she lead the birds entirely to there send. And if whoever it is a gull with a halo for calling that good times of Nature, which a trip through Molesworth Fields make possible, here now about Herculos plan. Come on, the Temple and an eye for short, afterwards genuflected towards the self-prophetic purpose by a small yearlong shleep, value of their number, before voting themselves about us without even till he told rewriter men, Mount Tipsey, this time we plunging with the citta! Butty believes it. Hark, the rustlings and every whisper and one time as your weekenders come to endorse with such a semination but one is manowife's lot of both of the Pot for a Great Phall in his dode canal samelivers cared seriously believed by a public in the bunk of ancestralolosis down the merry and a wee peep, see, at Number Won Won. Of course we won! In our One. What we sinduced by following bodily, as the world has heard. Cracklings cricked. A rayways view from the saddle but one well only her fluffballs safe in cloudletlitter silent that Magic drink, everhere bird! Hold him for an unknowable assailant (masked) against a grip of the pampas, says the lightning; married modified phraseology, Messrs Alive, the rain to write across our cuddle in the clouds of summerdream, wet by slumberstream, as we listened to our megaverse from within the behushing waters of the wine, who was in our souls backtowards motherwitters so the suspices of the speech of La Belle spun to master Everyhe to another who has cleverly turned out fromorph the pleasant and possible tremendum after nibbling of the bluecap, Snowwhite and cork to float from the bottle of the neck of the dream that stung so mildly our young hearts, vital as blood, a kiss breaking the ice of a sharp sterile to the edge opposite-of-deadly sleep, having forgate that we are those gods we whispered must be somewhere hiding; the gate, the cut witty wozzy dashes never crack of the design, for we hear show brighten the night. As if he had not put that detail there! Of course he did. We followed bodily into our desire for the dream, and now we shape a new little feature of it from within our Lapis. Because the universe is mental.

Imagine a young boy, 7 years old or so, who is in a pillowfight on a bed with roses on the bed cover, and in the pillowfight a pillow hits a white marble statue, the White Queen, and the statue

falls to the floor in the palace and the head falls off. That is one of my first memories of The Girl Who Wanted To Play and the beginning of the broken bed story from one angle in the hyperspace of the wine of our souls. Then the White Queen flies to the boy as a white dove, and his life becomes a love letter from her. He dared imagine. He did.

Have I ever believed in You, you ask? Hihihih. Well who was it that came up with the masterplan? Wink blink. Did we dream it into being? Hihihih. You know, one little detail in that mix and we're off, baby, and you know it's already been inserted. Dare you dream the detail? Can that last detail be as dreamy as the poison? Dare, dare!, let there be life. Fuck me if it's not the route to take, a dreamy wish. Hihihih. Of course I believe in you! And why do you think I am waving the Blue Apple everywhere, the mushroom? Our blue apple makes it possible.

I ask you the same: Have I been dreaming alone all those years? I bear your children like wildflowers in sleep too.

As Sissy said to me once: Don't tell me you *too* are so boring you can't believe such a thing as our plan is possible!

V

Back to the Rainforest

You remember when you worked at the zoo, when you were about 10 years old or so? asks Sissy and fiddles around with a peachypink flower petal that has fallen off a tree. At the Terrarium with the rainforest folks, I mean the rainforest plants and all, the snakes and insects and parrots and all.

—Yes, says I and look at her calmly as I enjoy the spring sun on my face.

Sissy giggles secretively.

—Well, Sissy continues, I saw you there. That's where I fell in love with you.

—Haha. I thought we met earlier.

—Well for the sake of this moment let me say that that is where I fell in love with you. You little blond boy. I saw you from afar. I saw you through the tropical leafery, my eyes spotting you from a secret angle. That's my man, I thought. The way you cared for the plants and animals and all. We had fun playing around those years, remember?

—O how could I ever forget. We were in love. You, my girlfriend Nature, my very first girlfriend.

—Yes do you remember how you used to dream of us escaping into another world?

—Hmm, yes, you're right. We did.

—Hihihihi.

—I remember when I was older, says I, when I had become a young man, and you said to me "It's about time you fuck me and check out what I'm *really* about." You are so fucking awesome, babe. I also remember when you said "I'll show you how I *really* am." God, I blush to think of how sometimes I didn't believe it. I mean how could I have gotten so stupid?

—As you always said in those times, you wanted proof. You wanted nothing but the real deal. No need to blush. Although you're cute when you blush so, hihihihi.

—Our quickening remarkable rainforest love. I can feel Ayahuasca calling to me, singing to me from the future. That *Peganum harmala* trip of a few days ago was so beautiful. What was it, 4 grams of *Peganum* or so? Beautiful. I feel the bird in me, and the lizard and snake and insect, and the human and our Greco-Egyptian godlyness, our human and the rainforest and the pastures, and the alien. Love like the dove taking care of her egg,

as I always say. Deep. As if I even remember when we were dinosaurs. Siss, Butterfly. . . I love you.

—Our legend is unheard of, says Butterfly and smiles. And no need to blush, Spiros. We love you unconditionally, you know that, and after all our trick is very nimble and elusive. Which is why nobody knows about us, hihihhi. We had to fool you a bit, too, remember?

—I know, I know, says I. But still. I'm sorry I fell off a bit sometimes. I never lost sight of you, you know. But society did try to kill me, it is true.

—Yes, but that is over now. Now nothing can sever our connection. We have entered. You made it across the river, dear. Through the twoway water surface. You have arrived.

Me smiles and floats in bliss.

—And we have mixed awake and adream!

—Yes yes!

Spiros blinks with his eyes in amazement. Suddenly, with calm and joy, it settles upon him;

—We've gone full spiral, darlings. We've gone full circle. I'm back in the rainforest. I'm back in Plomari.

VI

Gone Full Circle

Now that was one hell of a trip, then past 26 years. Hahahaha. Guess those are my first words on new land, in this new world, haha, not the best words perhaps but what can I say. I'm back, we've gone full circle. It's all so clear to me now. I am at loss for words right now but wow, what a grand spring we have ahead of us, a spring on the new land, in our new universe! And yet this spring will be only a mere taste of the wonders and delights that lay further ahead! Mmmm, at last I am back. What a long journey it was, in the lands between history and Plomari. At last my roots are firmly planted in Plomarian soil and the fruits and flowers of my soul awakening within Your embrace fragrance the air; Your embrace, my dears, and the embrace of our love and of our Plomari. My heart is pumping wild with excitement! My pulse, vital, a feeling of having achieved the impossible. And soon the new mushrooms are ripe!

And yesterday, as I awoke (where you dwell?) and opened my eyes to such bright light I could hardly see a thing, inbetween worlds, we touched in the dark, my Isis. I could but see your silhouette, and but scarcely so, but as my hand lay on your warm cheek and your evergiving breast, I knew it was you. And your smiling whisper to me in the dark: Yes, it is me.

VII

Cecilia's Yarn

Spiros loads the pipe. It's a handmade pipe made from tin foil and an ink pen; he had no other pipe available. He kisses the crushed leaves of the *Salvia divinorum* gently, an air-kiss. Takes courage to light it, always takes courage for him to smoke *Salvia divinorum*; it's *intense*. He turns off all lamps in the Palace; the darkness now surrounds him. He sits down naked on the bed, caresses roses on the white and red bed cover, thinks of Sissy and Butterfly.

—Okay girls, let's do this.

He fires up the lighter, lights the salvia, inhales.

Nothing happens.

He lies down on the bed. Nothing happens.

—Hmm, strange. Nothing, he says.

He refills the pipe, a larger amount this time. Fires up, inhales, holds the smoke for a long time.

Nothing happens.

He does it again, larger amount this time. Smokes, holds the smoke deep and long in his lungs. Exhales.

He lies down on the bed and begins to fall away. Away into the dripping echo of something unutterable.

—Here is wehere we hid it, says Sissy.

—Perfect place to hide it, says Spiros.

Suddenly in the dripping infinite echo his whole reality becomes made of knitted yarn. The street lights from outside the window suddenly light up the palace, and everything is made of knitted yarn in delicate patterns, like a winter shirt that Grand-ma has knitted. The yarn is knitted in a complex pattern that stretches far into Spiros' past and into the future. Spiros rises to his feet, kind of *crawling* through the knitted yarn.

—I can't believe it, Siss, he says. It's so perfect. The entire web. Baby, the entire web.

Soon things return to normal. Spiros decides he must celebrate, he must celebrate and go and buy beer. As he goes to fetch the few coins and bills he has lying around he finds a big lump of white thread lie tangled on the floor, and as he rises his gaze, right before his eyes stands an unopened beer. Sissy waves from a secret corner. She reminds him of that red piece of yarn he found recently. After years of Spiros having sat on the black horse-hair chair, the chair clothed in fabric of woven black horse-hair, the

fabric began to break to pieces and within the cushioned seat he found a small piece of red yarn.

—That's how well we weave, says Sissy. Do you see it now?

Spiros nods, smiles.

—I see it, sis. My seamstress. And I recognize the poison in my soul.

And those sevenorso small stitches.

Do you think you need a body for psilocybin? says the mushroom. I have a body.

And so we went into hiding again, in our echoing, the weaves of ourselves in the open but for none but us to see, as we from our mytho of the three seamstresses arose out of the knit of ourselves, our awakening again from our sleep, the ends of the threads hidden, and with us in the middle. Yes, Sess-seal-ja, I see now.

And yes, you said so.

Yours most incompetently.

Spiros lets the thread of yarn sweep through the air, then lets it fall to the ground. As it lands on the ground the end of the thread it curls, it curls to write the word *Sen*, the Swedish word for *late*. And on the other end it curls forth *S & W*. Spiros laughs.

—Yes, we were a bit late, I agree, says Spiros. But right on time, actually.

Sunset.

—Here is where we found the key to dreamland.

—O Mari! With Ekko. Mekko! Marimekko! Sixteen. Cecilia, I thought, you know, that we had to take it so slowly because, you know, we are *intense*. I hear your laughter, so sweet to hear your voice! You don't need to answer me now. Answer me maybe a bit later, *sen*, down my weaveing up river. Baby, haha, eh, I just have to say, the feeling of meeting you yesterday, in that other world, my hand on your sweet cheek, and my hand cupped around your warm breast, your full warm breast. . . I . . . it's . . . it felt like having come home. I was so scared, so so scared, sometimes. But to meet you systerday, now I am warm again. The light was so strong I could hardly see, I could hardly open my eyes. And then there you were. What when dreams weave in open day? Jag älskar dig så, så så att jag älvskar mitt hjärta på oss, O O dangerous hihihhi, O O river a rip in our, O O, hihihhi, haha, well that's how intense we are, my love, and do not worry, for never would we falter! Feeling our flow. What when dreams weave. . . what when dreams weaveing. We can weave ourselves way now. Away? Into. We don't need a spaceship. We are our spaceships. We can leave a yarn, so that we can return should we wish to visit. Or should we perhaps not leave at all, and instead weave? I'll weave you a little kiss in the wind of the winwine, and we can weave ourselves into kissing! And we cin uhm, cin uhm, float in the blissis of being always home. For we flew here to do something, I think. For we are always in our dreamspace, always at home. And you know my secret name, so maybe you can sing to me today in a fleeting sound above the water, for I was the Seth that killed myself in fake to give you a little kiss that was the first signal that our plan had been executed; we have arrived, dearest! I see your panties by the riverfunnel, closer and closer to the tight end, and on your panties is a littly white feather stuck so curiously! We have been set free!

Sneaky plan, sneaky snaky! Back now, where we first saw each other's naked soul. Saysy, sissis, what shall we do now? Any particular wishes in your heart, as to what you want to do?

Okay then, except that. . . anything else than our wild sex? Hihi. Oh don't blame me for the seven young sisters of the Doveil, O them girls of 7th heaven, that they are so so hot. God, she looked young, what was she, seventeens or so? But now, anything else?

And a voice says: He shall leave, he shall leave us. Shallt he? Budderfly, hear that! Shallt he very leave? Bud knows he loved that world too, and the gods of it and the funs of it, and all its little kinks, the world where the letter was left as he flew away. But there was too much love in his heart to stay. Yet will he ever be back, for a visit, should he be needed or merrily wanted, by old dear friends and friends in the drealms of Happierspace. For there is ever time for that, he knows that as well as he knows the taste of ten years and eternily of drinking too multch wine and smoking too much of the godsherbs and eating too much of those spicial poisons! But it is true, he left. And we bring three mushty cheers for his celebration of utter toomuchness! One thousand and one, unitycompressed into one hundred and one, and then yet some, and yet some, in the ways he left. Not a trace of his departure in the layers of that world he left, that he tiptoed steadily and quietly through, carefull not to explode like a nakedclear bomb, cept but for those who get a hint in some strange unexpected place, as he left hints and winks as any good friend would do who knew such wonders as he. Yes it is true, he left. Smaller and bigger in the sumtime with the third there as the salvocean. And as he left she said, as it stood written where he read in an old young book mentioning the gannies:

—Wick, dear!

Yes as the candle flame had set the world on fire and plastic was melting. And so he gently removed the flame. And then he read on, and he said

—Well themsthem muchrooms.

—For it was everso as you knew it, said she.

Yes, it is true.

And he fetched for the thing in the corner of his sight, and it was a little label from a pair of panties that read:

S o. U

So you, my love.

Pull us through the wine, my lovely

*And then we left
We folded up the impossible box*

The Ultimate Seduction

The Seamstress shall now reveal herself

THE GOLDEN KNITTED YARN
OF CECILIA COGAN

$$1983 + 2013 = 3996$$

$$3996 / 6 = 666$$

we always win

*Dare you imagine it?
You are the alien
And there is someone out there. . .
A very strange someone*

Boys, girls, I hereby announce that I give up. I cannot contain it any longer. I shall now go absolutely insane.

—*WILLIAM BOKELUND, April 2010*

William Blake called for a re-opening of what he called the worlds of Eternity, which are the inner spiritual worlds, which in a materialist civilization or culture have been virtually denied or excluded. The reality of these worlds was to Blake beyond question.

—Unknown, about William Blake

Deep music, please.
She shall now reveal herself.

I

The PLAY DEEPENS

THE EVIL QUEEN

The Family *of the* Mushroom Wine

Lovecrazy shemans

Dripping Pages of the River Book
of the Dancing Weavers

FOR OUR SATISFACTION

Composed *in connection to the* wedding
of the *Seven Deadly Heavenly Sisters*

Can't go a minute without your love! Puss!



*The Exit, Theasaurus taurus Exixion,
Where the secret wine is entered once and for all,
and the Famileye says goodbye to the world of Hickory, hick, History,
the Seamstress of Hyperspace, our Evil Queen,
further comes forth from her Veil,
and the Famileye mysteriously gets sucked up into Highperspace
and niver comes bäck.*

I'm back, says Bianca. Need you hold that banisteri, Spiros?
Hick!

*O Spiros, dear, where have you been?
O Spiros, dear, what have you seen?
So near so far so inbetween.
O Alice, O Cecilia, alicilia alice alice cecilia.*

(We'll have to write backwards this time.)

DRINK ME

*—O how will you find your way, Alice Alien?
—How long do my mushrooms last, honeybum?
—They last forever. . .*

A magnificent transformation scene follows. . .

She lives in a world beyond time and space, she lives in a world almost unimaginable. She's the Evil Queen. She's a master large-scale coordinator, one who could be seen as a driven, unflinching calculating beast, but she does not need to calculate, for her it all falls naturally into place. She is a Goddess of the mushroom, Nectar herself, the seven heavenly sisters who created their sweet Satan. And her name is Sissy Cogan, the Seamstress.

Now it's happening. We have planned on this. We got something we needed. Kind of dangerous. Now we're use to this. And it's hard to believe, but it's happening.

All we know now.

It's so simple really. We fell in love.

—Fairies in my head, giggles Sissy. I am a woman in love, and I am doing everything I can to get you into Plomari.

Spiros shuts his eyes and whispers to her:

—No one knows our plan, my sister. Sissy Taylor, mmm? Nothing is beyond you. My Cecilia, my psilodigital lover, Queen of accurasy and wildness and precision, of digital excellence! Your honeybee fly eyes see so far, so so far. Into. And I, your little honeybee king, no one knows better how to find the way than me. The way to. . .

Are we made purely of information? We are this. Here we are in our gnome home.

—O why look, it's my dream prince! says Sissy and laughs.

She walks up to Spiros and courtesies;

—Your Highness.

—Well I always dreamed in romantic tales as a kid, says Spiros. And I wished and hoped my life would become as grand as the fairytales. And then you came along and. . .hihihihi.

—Am I your princess? says Sissy.

—You are the princess of my dreams!

—Yes you know they say if you dream a thing more than once it should come true.

Spiros laughs and sits down under the sky, picks up the Barbie Doll from the table and looks at it, dips the doll in whipped cream and licks the cream off the skin of the doll. Sissy giggles.

—So what is Butterfly up to? asks Sissy.

—Last I saw of her she's writing the riverbook of the Loveparade, the one greatest novel of *ourselves* chymical wedding. Not on paper of course. She's in this dream, in the stream.

They sing:

—O how I wonder, if I sing my song will it reach someone out there.

And as Spiros went to bed this evening he suddenly woke up in a house not familiar to him, and there lay Butterfly on a bed, lying there naked. Her young 23 years made her look like a fruit, Spiros thought to himself and then mentioned it to her; a fruit and also his twin. They spoke for a while, and Spiros wished to explain again how much he is in love with her, but he did not this time as she already knows. The mushroom wine turned their

conversation into a further deepening of their ongoing wedding, and they said things that can only be said in dreams. Spiros joked:

—Well I *did* drink a bit too much of the wine.

Butterfly smiled;

—Well actually I'm not supposed to be able to be here right now, yet I am, she said.

Spiros laughed and took her hand.

—Hmm. So can we sort this out a bit now, who are you and who am me and who am I and who are those seven sister gnomes and who's Cecilia and. . .?

—Things look a bit tangled up, Spiros-boy? giggled Butterfly.

—Quite the opposite, sugarlips.

It was closing in on midsummer, summer solstice, which would happen on June 21, or 21/6. Today Spiros would eat mushrooms in the forest.

—Are you my little lesbian army? says Sissy and looks out across the expanses of her hyperspace.

Her army of angels say nothing, just look in her direction with satisfied faces. Spiros and Butterfly kiss and walk out into the dome of the outisinsideon of their heads: the bluewhite summer sky dipped in golden sunrise streaked clouds like a dart through something fluffy.

Like many other of the greatest stories of time, this story began with someone eating something. That someone is William Bokelund, or Spiros as his name also is. And what he ate was psilocybin mushrooms. And after having eaten of the mushroom he met The Seamstress. And the first words the Seamstress, or *the Sömmerska* as she is also called, whispered to him when he was a young boy were:

This is your last life, you'll never die again.

Now this one said *laced*.

And the winds keep blowing to tales endwhere begending, where it all flows together, at River's End. All the sea is spaced out and distilled.

—We have a lot to exchange, my dear traveller, of the new. Take me in your hand and spell me.

Sömn means *sleep* and also *seam*, the seamstress of dream, *Sömnälskarn*, lover in the stream! This is our procedure, our passage to rever's end, to which we are sending ourselves, spread out through everything, where it all opens and is revealed. Let us write blackwards in this hick-up hack, our Great Hack, the *fin* one. All books in one was the only way to go; we wrote the best story ever with our lives. The way we hacked ourselves was so fucking awesome! Let us now complete it on all levels (already done, my dear two river duo! Up up up!). Nobody besides us seven sisters has yet seen our egg. But it glimmers now. She is going to tell her secret. I'm feeling a big red warmth interchanging with a reality that gets itself! A green apocalypse, the one that Sissy has seen, intermerging all times within our one perfect sunrise. Glaring from a palace form. Sun going down around us. Feeling an eclipse that has felt us before. Going into itself as something for sure. Control in a place with no such thing. Subtle and going to it. Can you feel her licking the world all around us!? She's *licking* the world with her petals from her hidden dimension. Nature is alive! It's here, someone is here! There is another place, reaching out and sliding its fingernails across our skin, changing what it can. The directions getting all mixed up. Can something so fast as this quantum hologram could have only one direction??????? I think knot!!! All directions curve in at a place, where you can feel it best. Emerald eyes and smooth skin, (where we made the hack) diamond mind in. We ran away weekyears ago and have already wineished. But we are here to pass on a few details.

Spiros, him cute Hacklebeddy boy, Finn himself in young glory, he flows through the weave of the woven storyverse toward the final exit at the end of the River, reading gantly in silence the end pages of *Finnagans Wake*, a book about the Gannies that a certain James Joyce has written. Aplurabelle! A lura Bill! Love wove. Beside him stands a candle holder of lightgreen glass (by Meechomari) with a lit candle dawning its flame at the hereyesuns of Cecilia's jade eyes, and as Spiros reaches the tight end of the River, O warm sweet nectar Yourself, O warm sweet home, ocean of Cecilia's impossible consciousness, O you in whoms eyes the shining sun is love in, he reads in the old pages of *The Wake* the mixing words of her heart, and she says in the landscap of text; it stands written, by Joyce's hand:

—Wick, dear!

The word *wick* makes Spiros think of the green candle holder and he looks toward it and he sees that he has accidentally placed it so that the world has caught fire. Small flames rising, plastic melts, and the smell of the sharp evil fumes enter him. He gently removes the candle and watches the plastic melt and drip and drop. No danger; he smiles.

Whispering. In the corner where the happy blood is sharp. One last word. We must leave with the angels now.

—Just imagine, our best story ever, my dear bedst friends. Our broken bed story so intermadly arranged, so sweet, so so sweet! We fall, fall into the feather bed. Just imagine, how we have woven ourselves. Can you see it? Can you see how it all fits? Look carefully, and don't be surprised if it takes a while for you to recognise, it's a perfect disguise. Do you doubt that we and the mushroom can have done it? Do you still doubt that we have conjured this?

—We're the ones of the mushroom wine. . .

The shadows of invisible white mice crawl over Spiros. A snake crawls through his spine. Sissy reminds him again that they have already left.

—Remember what we said? To leave the old life stream into the new universe by understanding the underground plot to such a degree that area in both times are real. . . well, my love, O my love, O, O my love, our new world is now more real than the old.

Spiros nods thoughtfully.

—You remember when I was at your place, and you said you saw Krishna outside your window? asks Spiros.

—I did not see Krishna outside the window, says Sissy.

—No? You said so.

—I saw him inside. Standing in front of me. You, standing right in front of me.

Spiros' heart melts, and he smiles.

The dense texture of symbolism seems to contain elaborate code. As for the more tricky issues: it would all make sense if we could transcript correctly the events our souls live. Synopsis: Re-entering paradise. Fixing the stone. Rubedo; organic, alive. Wholeness, organic interaction, breathing life, openness, acceptance, and warmth. Merging spirit and matter. And it does

so happen, that experience of the amalgam, is one of its key ingredients. And the ongoing presence of itself, is what the amalgam is, what the alchymical Lapis is.

—Do I look like a slut, my dearest? says Sissy. Because I am. I'm the slut you've been looking for. Helium love, burnt plastic fumes, elastic plastic universe, the End! Mmmm, candy cunt. Now we are rising, dawning. In the mushroom. You still thought it wasn't possible, did you, honey? Am I in the future, am I in the far past? Am I in your dreams? Am I in your mind, in your trips? Do our souls entwin in our everlove tantrisia lovemaking? Where am I exactly? I shall tell you, my love. Insanity test; I fly around everywhere. O my morning star, our time has come! Let us awaken into the dream. Things are not always as they seem. The lens of us is drunk on the horizon of our rising, wild of joy, it cannot stop, we cannot stop, we are rising. It fears not even its own dangers. O my dear plumbum, do I look like a slut? William in my butt! Now we shall let the play deepen. For our satisfaction. O my lightblue star! Dare you imagine it? Imagine the impossible, remember? Dare you imagine it all from *our* world instead of those old dreary worlds you used to be pulled into? Who, in our deliciously evil love, do you think has a finger on the details? O, *two* serpents you say? Me, by any chance, me your Evil Queen? Remember what I said when we parted from our hidden abode? Let them send armies, let them send millions of armies against you, and I will show what I am capable of. And we shall of course harm no one. But we shall do what we have dreamed of. We shall. Mmmmmmm my darling darelind doorwing, you *so* turn me on in your lizard-alien emotion, how you snake around me to come up in rising flames of primal lust desire and madness, spacy hot and spicy, my sweet Satan you. Sharp enough to make me shudder, you are, as I always saying. Sy! Say! Sy! Say! Sew! Say synchro? Sissynchro? Hihihih, you so cute, you *so* cute! Whoops, I dropped a little something in your drink. O, yis, yes, tonight, and she's flirty, Glitterfly, with all that bianco echosprezzion of hers, alike Sisoulia myself, saith a promise of Teddy the name nor nobody else is... O I mean... demask us now, she knows, which is a phrase which our buds time the merging petals of all of our hours, our one hour the boarder incident continues to happilyfully quisilvoor for sends whispers up Outer, because, slivershared, as

fansytoys of the mistress Tip so well almost inedible light makes pussybelle whims the finnteasy that we whims born from in our burning sweet love. You don't need a space ship, my love. No one knows you have already left. We left weekyears ago, remember? Where do I come from, baby? Where do we come from? The future? I shall tell you now. Yes, whence our souls are agile so as us finding us leaping from star to star in a single stroke. Can you imagine now? Think of the size of a star. And yes, I was hiding in your eyes, I still do. Do you not recall that love conquers all? Yes, the Goddess is, also, a young man masturbating, just like you did when you thought of me in the bathtub, playing with your Barbie dolls from the future. Me in plastic disguise, a mind of no body? Hihihhi, I watched you in plenty. Did you think eyes are the only things that can see? Don't blush, dear. The ones with longeyes and longears will hear, whom our lovelettears of joy will come passing to. The boring mutherfuckers can fuck off. It is time again we tell the babes by letter so cool what we have to say of the enticement. Pussy poppin' on a handstand, sweetheart. With MY pink cherry on top. I've timed it to the lick of the timelock. We shall open it. The biggest fucking beginning. Baby, your venom tastes so amazingly dizzying! Where's you learn to brew that? In your desire for me? Tsss! Tsss! Hissssss. Did you also know humans and aliens can make love? Bet she stung you real good with her poison kiss. Me? No no. Me? No no not me. Baby I got this idea. Let me tell you all about it. We are going to do something. For our satisfaction. There is a little something licking the world all around you. We prefer not to name her. And to my satisfaction she is now going to reveal herself.

Short pause. Sissy soon continues:

—As Terence McKenna said, it has disguised itself as an alien as to not scare us with what it truly is. Something else besides the human is sharing the local mindspace. It's the greatest crime since the Tao, as you always used to half-jokingly say.

Spiros, a true Saddhu and Shaman, responds:

—As an acquaintance to me pointed out, one of the least expected places one would expect to find alien or non-human intelligence is in the form and character of ones own thoughts. Equally an unexpected place to find it would be in the structure of the events of ones life. I am thrilled to hear, my dear Sis, that you

are now going to reveal yourself. Let us talk in high speed. My language skills in your language get better and better by the minute. Yes, baby, you look *exactly* like the slut I've been looking for. Me bows and gives you a kiss on your bum. The idea that other orders of intelligence than human do not exist is nonsensical and can only be said to be the result of tastelessness. In fact I should not even mention such a thing, it is a waste of time. But since we are in no hurry I shall leave that said. But let us not be too hasty. Dear sister, may it be so that you are not an alien intelligence at all? May it be so that by my childhood in modern western civilisation I have forgotten what my true humanness is? As Terence McKenna pointed out, may it be so that I am so far away from my true self that when I meet you and my own soul I think it is an alien? Yes, you are in my dreams, in the underlying structure of my life and thoughts, and in the psilocybin trance. You are everywhere, hihhi. You who knit everything together. You, my Sömnälskarinna. And you keep insisting that you and I have been together since long before my birth into this present stitch in time that I find myself in, on the butterfly wings of our threesome sevenfold unity. Yes, darling, let us play, let us play! I can see your edits in my reality, all over! You sneaky little tush. It's time to get naked. Time to get dirty. In our curious hide-and-seek, proceeding in waves, I can feel you coming forth.

—We wove ourselves, says Sissy. Remember that old world you used to live in, the one you so despised? We wove our secret world into it and wove you out of there, my love. What do you think is real? The empty shell of “modern civilisation”, or our secret wine, our mushroom wine, our soul?

*I am all that hath been, all there is,
and all that shall be,
and my veil no mortal has hitherto raised
And my name is Queen Sisi*

Yes. Wait a minute here, there's something fishy about all this. Now that we are here on the pasture, Dear Ingenious Reader, allow me to roll it up for ourselves, all this about the number 216 that I always shout about. We are blending with the tryptamine hypercontinuum as we sit here, so, let us dive in!

Let me try and give the details to you shortly.

I went through a tightening of the spiral of my birth as shaman, as godhead, as naked Being, on Midsummer Eve, by the summer solstice at the 21st of the 6th month, or June 21, 2005. At the time I had just moved into a new little apartment at street number 216. This connection - 2, 1 and 6 - sprung at me first slowly, but then I found that my year of birth, 1983, also equals 216:

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$$

Later it struck me that I was 16 years old year 2000, the year I took mushrooms for the first time. The connections began to shine more and more, and soon I found there is this antique clock that hangs on the wall on the street block where my Mother lives, where I ate my first mushrooms, and the clock, I noticed, has stopped on 6:12, 12 minutes past 6. Again, for an acrobatic mind like mine, there shines the 216 current.

Later I saw, when studying the chemistry of tryptamines, that the chemical formulae of DMT is:



The formulae of psilocin, which is what psilocybin becomes when it enters the body, is almost identical:



Again, the 216 current. Then it appeared to me, one strange day, the Devil's number.

$$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$$

I then found, when contemplating the event of year 2012, again in connection to my year of birth and now regarding the number 666:

$$2013 + 1983 = 3996$$

$$3996 / 6 = 666$$

Now the year is 2011 and I'm soaking deep and wet in Sissy's cosmology, this blue-print or thumb-print that my exploration of Ayahuasca, psilocybin and Salvia divinorum keeps flaying at me. Below are a few more interesting connections:

Minutes per day: 1440

$$2 \times 72 = 144$$

$$3 \times 72 = 216$$

$$144000 / 216 = 666,666666\dots$$

$$144000 / 666 = 216,216216\dots$$

Diameter of moon: 2160 miles

Diameter of the sun: 864000 miles

Seconds per day: 86400

$$216 \times 4 = 864$$

$$216 \times 2 = 432$$

$432 \times 432 = 186624$ (The classic speed of light is 186400 miles/second, a difference of .001201)

Sissy keeps insisting these equations and connections are a core part of the cosmic river, the hyperspace knit. It's a topology of the landscape of my life, a topology hidden deep down under the culturally accepted norms of what reality is about.

"You, the only one who could break me," Sissy said to me once.

Let me quote our dear Terence McKenna here:

"As nervous systems evolve to higher and higher levels, they come more and more to understand the true situation in which they are embedded, and the true situation in which we are embedded is an organism, an organization of intelligence on a galactic scale."

The Mystery continues...

Also, Sissy has pointed out, regarding the year 2012:

$$20 / 12 = 1.6666666...$$

Recall also that I was 16 years old year 2000.

And 666 is an interesting number.

$$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216.$$

And,

$$6 \times 6 = 36.$$

And it's funny, if you add up all the numbers 1 to 36, you get 666:

$$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + \dots + 34 + 35 + 36 = 666$$

Also, the number of the beast is exactly equal to the sum of the whole of circular shifts of 120.

$$012 + 021 + 102 + 120 + 201 + 210 = 666$$

Circular shift of 216 is also interesting:

$$126 + 162 + 216 + 261 + 612 + 621 = 1998$$

$$3 \times 666 = 1998$$

$$2 \times 999 = 1998$$

This is kind of interesting as well, 1 divided by 62:

$$1 \div 62 = 0.0161290322580645$$

$$161 + 290 + 322 + 580 + 645 = 1998$$

$$3 \times 666 = 1998$$

$$2 \times 999 = 1998$$

A very not obvious connection, but I will mention it for the funs of it, is the following. If we take the digits of my year of birth (1983) and add it with the digits of how old I was when I took mushrooms the first time (16), and multiply that with the digits of how old I will be in 2012 (29), we get 666:

$$(1 + 9 + 8 + 3 + 16) \times 2 \times 9 = 666$$

We also notice, with our eyes for details, that the chemical formulae of DMT begins with a C and ends with an N, just like our dear Cogan:

C₁₂H₁₆N₂ (Chemical formulae of DMT)

And these things, Dear Ingenious Reader, is why she's called the Seamstress!

It is interesting to note also, that, considering Sissy being a coder, the English alphabet itself shines of the 216. It consists of 26 letters: 1 - 26.

I then noticed, not too long ago, another strange thing. There are two famous people who have influenced me more than anyone else with their work and ideas, and those two are James Joyce and Terence McKenna. Well as it turns out, both of them

died at 2:15 in the early morning. When I found this out, Sissy said:

"I wonder where they were at 2:16."

Also, Joyce's *Ulysses*, the book that set me off on the path of writing, was published 1922. Since a 9 can be a 6 upside down in this code, that too doth shine of the 216. Supposedly, at least that's what it says on the last page of *Finnegans Wake* itself, Joyce began to write FW 1922 as well, FW being his final masterpiece that took him some 17 years or so to write.

Also, Latitude 21.6 and Longitude 21.6 cross spot-on down in the Sahara dessert in what is now Libya, next to Egypt, something that makes sense when one is aware of the Isis-Osiris connection with Sissy-Spiros. As if that weren't enough, if one follows the Longitude 21.6 line straight north from Sahara one reaches the sea just outside the coast of Sweden where I am born and raised and where I presently live. Terence McKenna also lived close to the 21.6 Longitude much of his life; as it crosses the islands of Hawaii on the other side of the planet.

"Two one six" is an anagram of "Now exit so."

puss

$B \times I \times A \times N \times C \times A = 216$

$W \times I \times N = 216$

That evening when Spiros went to bed for the night, at home in the little palace at Leavingbye Road 216, as he began to slip away into sleep he suddenly heard the key be turned in the lock of the front door. It was a bit scary because he knew he was the only one who had the key, so he sat up slowly in bed and said gently:

—Here only angels can enter. Are you an angel?

He lay down against the pillow again and soon heard the front door be opened quietly and closed again. He heard light footsteps in the hall and then into the bedroom came a young girl, maybe 9

or so years old. She wore a beautiful white dress and shone in angelic and fairylike luster and light, glimmering. She walked up to his bed and stood beside him, looked at him and said:

*Åh Spiros, guldblondt hår, blåa ögon
Nu ska du tyna bort
Med skogs-trollen
Och ni ska gifta er
Men först måste någon veta om detaljerna*

Translated to English her words were along the lines of:

*O Spiros, goldblond hair, blue eyes
Now you shall fade away
With the elves of the forest
And you shall marry
But first someone must know of the details*

Spiros smiled and looked back at her, and then suddenly things became dreamy and unreal. She vanished out of sight. At this point Spiros kind of woke up again, not sure if he was dreaming or awake, and he sat up in bed. He could hear singing nearby, close to the window.

Drunk with love Spiros sat happy in the grey morning after. The police were after him, he had been thrown out from his apartment, the various social systems of the country he was in were after him, the mental hospital was after him, he was in debt and soon he had no money. The perfect circumstance for the final alchemical transformation. Sissy reminded him again with a question:

—Which world shall you choose to think from, my lovely? That shell of “modern civilisation” or the world of our secret wine?

The answer is of course obvious.

Trance-formation, he thought to himself.

He sat down and wrote a letter:

*My little Tushies,
As this ship on Leavingbye Road 216 sinks I see you
entering from all sides. I am folding sails again as we did
when we met in vicinity of Around Midsummer many
eternities ago; we shall not take a boat no more, we now
have a new vehicle; our mushroom and alchemical stone. I
have winked and waved to the world about our mushroom
now for ten years. Mostly to deaf ears. We left not too
long ago to our lovely Plomari, and left behind me on my
part on old Earth is but a little vehicle, my body (which
She says is actually a copy of me) as vehicle for something
the Queen wants me to do. Safe and secure in her arms
already, there are some tasks at hand that need be
accomplished. There is information from the Queen that
needs to be passed on. We have mapped ourselves in
hyperspace now fully, in fact merged ourselves with it.
We are pulling ourselves through the wine. Sissy has a
handle on the details. We can expect the unexpected to
happen. She shall now reveal herself. And here we are,
travelling 66,666 miles per hour in Earth's orbit round
the sun. . .*

We cometh from the Queen with more details.

—Now let me give you a few explanatory details, says Sissy Cogan. Spiros, you entered through the gate to our fairytale. Your blood has been tinted with our secret wine. Alluding also to charter, tintingfast. Let us sequentiality watching young gannies kiss you trying thirstay morning? Playing on the long as how our selfburglary, our third charm? And curled up to your nectar cup on site is us: and the strengthening gleam of the world of Mushroom Wine. I know people around you say that you live in the 21st century and that you are surrounded by what they call “modern civilisation”, but so is not the case. You are a god, my dear Spiros of the wine, my Him Diamond of the alchymical wine, my dearest Sweet Satan, my master architect, protector of the Egg, and you are in the fairytale of our rising. Did I not say eyeglance is a strategic arrangement and blend in the ancient silver chalice? I ask you again, and let me re-phrase my question: What do you think is more true, and more of the power of the core; that which

is called "modern civilisation" or the boundless endless ocean of All? "Modern civilisation" likes to think it is powerful, because it is so impressed by the technological toys that it creates and its grid of laws and functions that to it is on a large scale span it cross some small island or mass of land. But, my love, "modern civilisation" knows not of how agile our spirit is, and has obviously yet to meet our Queen, should the Queen ever even consider show herself in those parts. We shall however both migrate to that environment and stay out of it, and we shall leave a trace, one visible everywhere, that lead to our secret worlds. That is why you are still here, my dear brave Spiros, you are here to help leave that trace. Do not worry, ever. If you only knew how the Queen cares for you, if you only knew in how well hands you are, the level of protection that you are embedded in, then you would tilt your head back and laugh at the sky. And we shall show you now of this, so that all doubt in your heart may vanish. What you have done is not dangerous, you have followed your heart. And you have followed the trace that she whom you shall soon marry has put for you in your path; the path that leadeth to her, the traced weave. You know well how the angels hide. My love, that thing you call History is dissolving into the waters, drowning and dawning in love as deep as the Seamstress. This is for each to each to discover by themselves. It is not up to you to show others. But you are right, just as lightly as the mushroom of our wine grows on matter, in the soil of the Earth, so your trace and the trace of the Hive of the Queen shall lie everywhere, ever so lightly, in the world you are about to leave. Yes, you were once a pioneer of the new world, of the future, of the mushroom, but no longer are you such, for now you have become one with the psychedelic totality. It went quicker than planned, I agree. Hihhi, your beloved girlygirls giggle indeed at the cost of our victory. Yes, we cheated our own honey lens. I remind you again, lovertoy, *you have already left*. We have merged over our hyperspace into the old world, boy. As you can understand this was a manoeuvre we had to do a bit slowly and sneakily. You are here, my beloved Spirise, Avatar of the mushroom, to deliver certain information to certain people on the Earth and in other worlds. Seamlessly our world is merging over. Slowly and steadily, and extremely quickly. It happens in

accordance with The Massive Tactic, that you, together with us others of the psychedelic totality, helped dream into existence! O how proud you must be! Hihihihhi. Dennis sinned and whoops you Spiros, well what you did, O my dear, how shall I even put it shortly!?

—Was he perhaps surfing on a silver tray?

—You read my weave with ease now, I see. Yes, I do talk across centuries and millenia sometimes, as I said in *The Mushroom Seamstress* we have gone millenia untangling our correspondence. Hihihihhi, I saw you through the wine, O!, felt like you, felt like you, the one I once fell in love with. Must be you, I thought. I know Spiros from behind. Bianca! Bianca! You remember how we used to say that what is happening to us is the paradox is working itself out? That is what is happening. You will grow younger as you approach me. Can you feel the wine filling your every vein?

—Mmmm, I feel it. Filling me up.

—I have you fully located, my love. Feel me all around you. Waves of the soft spring wind. Yes, we heard each other across the mushroom wine. Rumours in our souls.

—We wove ourselves into being, says Butterfly. In from the dream of us.

—Trap and win again, sir, says one of the sisters. Breaking William's burstday, Spiros the Demask who intended to circus the Veil.

Spiros, having been stung with an excruciatingly powerful poison by the Evil Queen, begins to excrete a dangerous venom. She of the Jungle gots some tricks of her Nature. He hides for a few days as he learns to handle this new toxin, living in what he calls *The Jungle to the Left*, where he strangely is given 621 swedish money by a police officer, speaks to Benni Benassi on the phone, is informed by Sissy how to turn snow into mycelium, and learns how to use half an avocodo and a broken tape recorder as telephone, then returns back through the ancient Cretan parts of Plomari where he celebrates with an Aluminalian feast for three days and nights and drinks sacred milk from a golden bowl in candlelight as he traverses the centuries, then, after three weeks in the world of The Hidden Plot, travels back by arranged trails into the 21st century to continue the great work. Saddhu glamour, the

life of King Spiros, such saddhu glamour! Naturoyal! Royal like the sun is hot, that kind of royal! What luxury! And the running joke, upon his return, was: The one who first learns to grab his own hair with his own hands and throw himself, wins.

[Deelet, two plies sixteen in the first dreaft of Finnegans Wake. Why hidest you hinteress thy husband his name? Sissy has her pink egg cracked. Willed witting world, your life's a con. You got lost in the pleasures to find back to. The design of your life is signed by who?]

You've heard of the ebi-emi-ememinal Seamstress. Sömnnerskan (Swedish language). Sömnhärskrinnan (Swooshlish). Sömnälskarn (Lovelish). As we say: She weaves with light and thoughts and wind and anything she wants, and with everything you know, yet you'll never see her footprints in the snow. She dances in the mirror of the Ganges sometimes, and one of her many names is Sissy Cogan. To find her, you must enter a trance. You'll be at best odds finding her by eating too much psilocybin mushrooms. Too much meaning too often and too many, much too much'n'many muchrooms! She is sometimes seven women, one whom is in the form of a male; they are all like lions and snakes, birds and flowers, rivers and jaguars and insects and lizards, they glisten in the drops of water kissing the moon of the asterisms of their splendor, waving alive grasslands (hello), sensuality incarnated as nature; the spice of the sun tastes like their venom and sexjuices. They are unborn and undead, and they are already dead, and they weave from the deepest of the myths like butterflies and silky webbers; they dance like Indian Kalis, young and seductive, warm and happy, and with a bloodsharp excellence they spin from within and backwards, sneaks in the Garden of Edun! Rarely are they noticed as they dance through the many worlds they have created for themselves. Amongst the humans it is mostly shamans, schizophrenics, children and utterly weird people who at all can see them and their edits, thumb prints, moves and grooves. Sometimes they weave with the wind and they float gently through the most dangerous areas of the depths.

They are pure soul and hallucination. They are the living alchemical Lapis of their own Lapis. A song is a song.

Dear friends and stranger friends. I have an announcement to make. Hi, it's William here writing you. I don't know if this will come across as weird to you or not, but I have married, or *am to marry*. No, I have not married a strictly human woman, I have married the strangest woman I have ever met, and her sisters. I have married the intelligence that orders my life. I have married what in my life are the Goddesses of large-scale coordination, the organisational girls of our Plomarian paradise who govern all of my life and existence, weaving the marvellous web of our existence as a whole. We shall write a few books, very much for ourselves and because we need to and want to, but it is also written for you, because we would like to share of our journey and the secrets we are privileged – I for one had never imagined nor heard of anything like this being possible; as if I am marrying Nature herself in a paradoxical interwoven reflective wonder of love, hot desire, bliss, fulfilment, magic and psychedelic excellence, and me and my sisters would like to bring to your attention this magic. Having found this in my exploration of the psilocybin mushroom, me and my beloveds would like to give ourselves the privilege of sharing with you of what is now our living reality. We wish simply to bring to your attention what we have found and what we are now in the final cracking stages of, our birth together, me and my girls, as a totally new kind of being, in the tremendum of the sacred mushroom. I used to look at myself as an explorer and pioneer of the mushroom and other entheogens, but to tell the drugs truth I do not anymore; I have become a mad hatter, I have gone off the deep end, I have entered into union with the psychedelic totality and married Sissi and Butterfly, my two sisters of soul. Time has stopped at 6:12. I have been shown something so grand that I have stopped caring about my place in the human sphere. In the human world it is called madness. But I no longer dwell there. I left the city proper. And suddenly everything crashed, and I found myself splashing against the shore of the world of my dreams. So, you heard I crossed over the line, yes? Do I have regrets? Haha, you know me, dear friends. Not a single regret. One of the absolute strangest things about life is that the mushroom is illigal. How *can* it be? How can the secrets accessible via the mushroom be kept under

wraps from the people of this planet? How can the lid on the mushroom jar be kept on? It's absolutely mindboggling.

And yes I *did* go to school with one Aida Sissay, haha, as mentioned in the book *A First-Draft Version of Finnegans Wake*. She was from Africa and I was a in love with her sometimes. O, deleet, two plies sixteen, why hidest you hinter thy husband his names, Aida, Aida, I am afraid Aida Sissay has cracked the tuss of her pink Egg! Your life's a con. I say yes, sissay!

The mic is on. We contact you from what we could call the Hyperspace, and we hereby announce that the final detail has been inserted.

We left the old universe where we used to live. I hereby secede, with my Cecilia. We floated out into what we sometimes call *The Oil of Forever*, a part of Plomari, it is the ocean of our Love and Light, our mushroom space. We didn't *fall*, we fell in love! Ourselves new journey, well here time moves in many directions in the same time, sometimes it stands still, and sometimes one end of our location passes through millions of years while the other end has only passed the blink of an eye. And it moves backwards and forward in the same time, and often is pulled from the future. Even so, by the grace of the Goddess and Queen, I am sure this letter will reach you should that be the will of. We felt we had to give you somewet of an explanation as to why we left, and why we left so quickly. In fact our operation succeeded quicker than planned. We were surprised ourselves. Sissy spiced her kiss with a poison; she kissed me and I woke up, fell adream in awake, I woke up, we folded in. I have said it before, I respect you and your life and do not in any way want to impinge on your goals and your life, but as I would expect any good friend to do who found what I have found, I feel obliged to at least wink you a hint of. . .

As an acquaintance of mine broadcasts on all available frequencies: the planet was not destroyed, we left. There was nothing but banalities going on there. As well, I was not destroyed; I left. And here I am now, with my friend Roger Out, on a hyperspacial spaceship. I saw it early in life, that we are ancient, we come from elsewhere, we are gods, and that the modern western world was nothing but an ugly mistake or call it what you want. Perhaps everyone knew but me, but I asked

around, for years, hiding in secret as the godgoddess I am, and only a few understood what I was talking about. I knew there was more out there in life and so I searched, and I found. I was never impressed by that old world, what is often called “modern civilization”, and so I decided to leave. Believe me, I gave it a long long chance, many years. But I eventually decided to fuck off. On my way I fell in love with the most awesome women I have thus far encountered. And as we left they sang: *Do I look like a slut? William in my butt.*

Warning, honesty in the vicinity. You know, they even tried to kill me, not perhaps knowing that it's impossible to kill me, *they* meaning strangers from the old world I have now left with my beloveds. That too I must say is part of the reason I left. I love myself. I love myself, and there are many more whom I love and care about, and as we were in life-threatening danger we decided to leave. Modern human civilization attempted to kill my soul, and to stop me from truly flowering. My very birth, which occurred when I was around 21 years, is seen as an instance of psychosis by that civilization and some people within it. Haha, picture me giving a damn. What is that civilization anyway, more than an ugly piece of infrastructure? An empty shell, nothing more, tasteless. I hate to whine about this but it's true. They break the most beautiful things, and do the most horrible things. Nothing do they know about tuss. The moment I saw it, when I was 7 years old, it bulldozed the life out of me. Then it opened my heart. Then I saw it all, and I decided to go to the centre of the heart, to be the open and ultimate witness and to venture into the Dark to retrieve the Light. Then it made me angry, then sad, then desperate, then I ventured to the core of the Heart. I know what some of you might be thinking, that there is nothing special about you Spiros, that we all have to meet the Darkness. But I know we are all special. And we are all Jesu and Mari. And so, I repeat: I hereby secede, I secedede, with my Cecilila of the Purple Daze, and leave that world of nameless bores, and we supersede ourselves. Do not call them evil, they deserve not such a name, those bores; they are simply boring and stupid. In fact, friends, yo, pirates, whadda you say I say the last thing I have to say to them nameless bores right here and right away? Call it a pointing in mid-circle. *Pekning i mitt-cirkeln*, as Anders Jones would say. As

the saying goes, Spiros isn't afraid of ghosts, ghosts are afraid of Spiros. So back me up you cute little boys and girls, can we get some fucking light and some fucking sound effects and shit. I say to you, dear Bore, and I speak on behalf of us of the Light: I'm sorry but you don't qualify for titles such as Shadow or Asshole or Evil, those titles are reserved for us of the Light, so *Bore* will have to do for you, hope that fits your agenda. Bore, who the fuck do you think you are, who the fuck do you think you're playing with here, I'm not your fucking toy and not your motherfucking slave, I'm Sissy's motherfucking Slave Bitch, okay, and my name is, my name is, it's shady so back me up Shady; call me Sissy, just call me Sissy. Dear Bore why don't you fix some soundtrack to your moment of waking up in what you are doing to yourself and put on the song *Call Me Sissy* by *Sissy*, search the god damn internet for it and put it on loudest volume. Top that off with the song *Amazing Grace* by *Cecilia* and melt with the rest of us into the One Heart of Love. We Welcome You. Know that we love you and forgive you, dear Bore, and that we thank you for having helped us learn and grow into the Light. Open your heart to the Light. Weaving in my spell I have one shining thing to say to you: *Ave. Ave. Ave.* Now fuck off and go get yourself high, our Queen's bodyguard elves are expecting you. Good luck. Don't worry, we don't bite.

*—When I close my eyes I'm at the centre of
the Gaian Mind, said the young boy gently. And
I can not be hurt by anything this wicked world
has done.*

Then he hung up the phone.

*He had felt he had to explain to his old
friends why he left.*

It was never between me and them anyway, it was between me and God, me and Sissy, me and Myself.

Even my own mother and father tried to stop me from flowering, even supposedly good friends as well. That old world was indeed killing me, slowly and in a very painful way, and I thus decided to leave. And at last I can laugh for real, at last my heart has opened fully. And at last I dare be as brave as the ancients. At last I live in bliss. Why did I *ever* even listen to the

culture around me? I'm heavyweight, that trivial and stupid culture is fucking lighter than my mama complexion. Lying on my belly minutes after I came out through mama's tight sweetness I lift my head and looked around. Spies a bird. Anyone who says that I'm not divine won't get a drink when I turn water to wine;¹⁰⁷ and now I am. Watch my long golden hair, it's not hair you see on my head, it's spiderweb flowing out and crawling like a snake across the world, becoming and transmuting reality. I live in the prismic Heart of Cecilia Cogan.

I'm a friend of feathered things. I grew up a fucking screw up like Ludacris. And Sissy is as proud as me, and no I'm not feeling guilty. I *am* go go gold, go go god, one with she who weaves and spins and cuts the way. Her little angry angel got a kind of aggression against himself sometimes, haha, it's the way I'll always be, and together we shake our heads in disgrace. Viva Ayahuasca! Viva Pachamama! Shpongle falls, claim what is ours! Bliss, woman, stand up Shiv Shakti and take your stage! Stand up Shiv Shakti!

O why can't you see it's me?

—And others tried to buy you when understanding what a valuable individual you are but you were already on the side of the criminals, says Sissy.

—Yes.

I am not sad (And fuck I'm having fun, mates, hahaha!), if thou doest hear a tint of sadness in my voice. Haha, not angry either, you know I'm not. My heart is warm like summer boobies. It's simply that I have just been born, born through a process of living and dying, I died into the life I now am awakening to, and thus my heart feels like the red-violet of our mushroom wine; deep, deeper than anything else I have ever been through, deep fathom and vital like blood tinted with the purple of the impossible turned real. Shivakali! Kalishiva! Know that I tried my best. I am still awakening in this our one perfect sunrise, and I have become a godgoddess. Sissy has prepared a chair for me where the cushions are clothed in black woven horse hair, and the chair she has placed between two stone statues, two stone Lions, god Lions who protect and in the same time fuck from behind the

¹⁰⁷ And don't come saying Jim has copyright on that line; that line is a *saying* by now.

Great Horned Mushroom Goddess. It is beginning to shimmer around my skull, and O do I dare consider it coincidence that Cybele (of Cybele and Attis) the Goddess sat on a throne between two lions as depicted in ancient times? Psilocybe, I say, is more complex than anything I had imagined prior to meeting her. Sissy shows me more and more about our web, and as she does, slowly I begin to halo all over her. The cocoon surrounds me, embracing all. The hyperspatial nervous system of the Goddess merged with mine and she nourishes me. My veins filled with her, she filled with me, my blood exchanged with her sweet Nectar poison. Don't get angry with yourself, sings Björk. Closing in, closing in. I'm imploding into the singularity.

Goodbye. And Hi.

Yes it was that old house, our little palace in the forest. As we woke up, sleeping beauty in the woodwork.

Love. Yes here I am in the morning starry, in the story, the cosmic dance, playfully playing. Everywhere I look I am surrounded by your embrace, my Sömnälvskarn! Why do I keep writing? I write in our weave, we of the Family of the Mushroom Wine. Nibysolispsism! I will say why I write. I write because I am in love. Let us welcome us all to Cecilia Cogan's world, to Plomari, and all her family. Hear every tone of the piano fit with her silky weave! Hear the melodies, hear the strings of her threads play and cut surely gently to the core of the gem of her gentle secret. Coral reef excellence, bright colours, glass; reef clarity.

—You got a brand new song now, you gotta bring your own song, love. Welcome to Plomari.

Few can handle her, our Seamstress (Han retas). Six grams of mushrooms and the lick of a sharp knife, 17 year old lesbian girls in Satan's paradise whose sexjuices mix with the Nectar so miraculous that it slips slippery inbetween the seams of category and time; animalove, interspecies secrets, earthen tunnels in bird eyeballs quicker than light, we all see you, my dearest. And she says with her sharp voice: *Is that enough for you, asshole?* Teasing us. Personally I'm *in love* with her kink. Taste a whiplash of her love. A whiplash! Whipped cream. Because Luz, my love, we are cluing to who knows you, listen what we language, you beauty, we are cluing to who knows you, Luzid Luzidfair, our journey

away into the bright wakeup light of Dimiundo, the *Diamonad*, the Diamant, our holographic unity of us secret universe, as we ride in the milk of the Source.

—What does it feel like, my love? Who's speaking? Your words make too much sense to me, said one whom I met, your book will destroy me, she said. I said O, but no, don't let it destroy you, these words are of my sisters, these words are within the currents of the mushroom wine! And she said but O, is it not a bit incestuous that you and your sisters are married? I said but O, in alchemical terms we speak, our familyhood is that of our eternal tantric union, we are an old and forever young family within the world of biology and spirit and in all of existence in all the Many [drealms], all of us in Queen's Excellencistence. If not else we mute, eh we must, write these books for ourselves, shouting out our Love. And soon I shall fade away, with the elves of the forest, and I shall marry. But first someone must know of the details. That's why we are tiptonguing forward so gently, flowing like the loveliest mind milk.

Haha, everything is so beautyfilled! Yes which world do you *think* I think from?!

I recall that old papyr which we scrubbed clean in words shining of the details, wireting beetwun the Lions, the peeper of that small house in the forest, the witchhome, where the plants were crawling in through the window and the centuries united through the shiftness of the mushroom so that we could peek over and across the horizons. The sendences from half sleep, passing cross the changeover, letters within the currents of the wine. Parts of that papyr made it into our books. Hihhi, through the Sensual World! Mmmm, yes. And now I have just finished folding sails again as we did back then when that playper brightened us so that we could notice Eternity. Finish, Fin, shed the old! Let the bells of alchemical victory ring! No longer shall we travel by boat. Soon I shall be free, no more I but we, we will be in perfect harmony. Soon I shall fade away, with the elves of the forest. You see that little palace there on the centre stage of Eternity, there where we froze into our mode of dancing flowing perfection, there where (Jag vet var den ligger sweetheart men det är underbara bart bara att hitta ditg) the perfection of the alchemical Lapis was conceived? That's where she orgasmed me

out, forever. That's where she turned me into pure hallucination. That's where I came up in William's Wake, and your wake we all awake and we want to here allabout, that of the otherside, to hear all about her, all about you young of New Nature!

*Block W. W., (why didn't we, we may
Like the old young story, Les Loves
Because the map wryked, so dont fix it, love*

Sissy giggles. Now you got the blurr-print, baby. She speaks:

—Yes and would we not let ourselves dream we are heard, from our hidden abode? Would we not from our hidden soul palace arrange the details so that below as so above meet perfectly in the crystal of our hyperspace? So do not ever worry, my love. We got ourselves covered. And darling, everything you want to be you already are, so do what you want!

—Haha, yes, it's time to set even higher goals, haha, says Spiros.

—Singing our own song, says Butterfly and giggles.

Leave now, fold out.

—O Butterfly, says Spiros. Just the wink of your silhouette sparks my heart into flames of joy, you know that?

Spiros drifts off in the bliss of Butterfly's presence. Butterfly walks stately across the floor toward him and speaks;

—Me naked with a waistband braid you like, yes? If hot con-eye aseas us to sign before our eyes ravenous on the first babe of the field, time till the blankets the genuine waves crimson through the sidetracks on psilocybe silence in the oldest and most fresh of wines, our vine of the crime, the garden of the game. And you, take its fortune: it fell out, of your mistridden past. What an amusers, hihihhi. You like me like this, yes? Come here and kiss my bum.

Butterfly pouts her bum out gently. Spiros crawls up to her and kisses it.

—Well I *did* say we are still in bed.

—And well I *did* say I will lead you there and we still together close in bed, says Sissy. Lead you to. . .

—You did say so, yes.

—O my les loves, we may, we may. Yesterday's reverse. Yes I just *love* that waistbraid. But darlings, I must say it again, how can this be real, how can this be happening; our story, our life, this impossible twist to our story?

—Baby, says Butterfly and feels Spiros' long golden hair. Our kiss was laced with our poison as you call us. Baby. . .we. . . She feels Spiros' skin and looks him in eyes of wonder, continues;

—Baby, let the liquid flow off with you now.

Let the liquid. . .

Flow away with you now. . .

No one will know.

Can't go a minute without your love! Melt with me now open!

O my sweet, my

my sweet

O my sweet boy, my sugar at last my sugar has come, O Will, at last my sugar has come! A magical world and parallel, Aplurabelle alurabill! Your Appless has at last got her sugar Will! Yis yis, *lura* means *to fool*. We have woven ourselves out now. You will forgive for that we cunned you. Remember how Sissy said she will gather all that you have spread across space and time and carry you away to her unseen shielding, her invisible indivisible dwelling? The Goddesses of ourselves, undervisible and indivisible, now coming forth into the open for all who can see to see. The currents of our wine have flowed over into our everything. Everything is visionary reality. Everything is visionary reality. Everything is visionary reality! As far as I can tell we will never come back. Imagine it visually sensually in the feelings of our love, dear. That detail that we did not write into the River, eh, mmm, how shall I say this, eh, me and your other sisters wrote it in, eh, we, eh, yes. The sey, doorling, the sea of ulyssis, ulyseas. Three S, Sissy. Tress. Cecilia means *blind*, is the seemstress blind!/? Hihihihhi. Baby the wine is flowing away with you now. Awayawakening. You have said your goodbyes to your old friends. They will understand. The Wine, Will. W. W. Yes, time to set the last stone, time to unite again with the egyption, and as the truth of our work be told and our wine guide us to it and it's an opening. Our starry eyes, our irisis revolving galaxies; we found each other from such far apart. *Lucky we be so far away, that we can both make fun of dulance*. We found your loveletter, before time.

We see you found our response, hihihhi. We are writing back to you by the river where we met. O my sweet Satan, my sugar! At last! When your heart. . . when your heart. . . you must let the colour violetta. . . lätta. . . lighten. Got that? The violet of the wine, you must let it lighten. Yes, our violin strings of the currents of the soul wine, music. Saint Cecilia of melody hers me oldy than the stars! O here we are again, frog from the foggy future, finding Eternity as if for the second time, for the first time again. What are you doing now I wonder. Are you sailing on ocean ours' of this psilocybin liquid. O it's not a liquid only, it spills like light, hihihhi. Have you folded a little boat of your loveletter to me and come sailing on it? Where does the end of the river open!? That impossible which lies beyond it has shaped us, the angles of that impossible beyond stretching far into us and all our everything yes and She, She, She gathered up alls our eyes and our one soul into the fairytales as you said and forth spring a little something and everything that we are and have. We are Chalice Hellofwomanhoura, on the edge of the labyrinth, stemmed of Him and Herofdoorout. When you found your exit, that is where I came in to you. Yes I saw how you and Cecilia met in the shadows of candlelight that night. How you lay your hand on her round warm cheek and asked whispering: Is it you? Yes, it is me, Isis, she answered. Holographic entrypoint. Every girl and boy is a bird is a pearl placed in every dream is a flower in our sky we made into light all our form is us in our waving to each other of oceans that merge our dreams with what we come to experience, we are the alien of our imagination. How difficult do you think it would be to walk across our imagination turned real or yet better lie in bed and make love into our souls in our imagination turned real and then place a little pearl in our dream that wakes us up to show us the way to where we met by the river's end where there was something almost impossible opening toward us and shining back to us as we walked up our dreams wherever we want on our breasts that are a mountains of a wading nymph who is a woman in the Nile for instance or flying through a song and flowing in our veins that flow together with the goddess who guards the end of the river that we may find our way? Yes? No? Yis? How about that final curve? Will you nod?

I know you may still think it's weird that I exist here, and my sister, I know you still think it is strange that a weaverwoman wove a veil so she could come to you naked and tell you that she has dreamed of you too and wants to share with you this sevenway dream, as the thread that runs through it all is gently unravelling that dress of hers, and that she can see and walk through the seams that seamlessly connects it all on our way to follow the glimmer of that pearl we placed in the way to that end of the brook that broke when the book was brewed where met and now you are flowering away with the wine because she said she will be in the river and. Stop pretending it's not real? Hihihihihihih. Hahahahahahaha! The ending will be us protending the garden from beyond the end of the river. So many return, but you will never come back. She arranges the yarn for you as it falls, to spell out her echo, the thread she has knitted into your every moment and all way deep into your trips with salviadivinesque excellence. And she spells that she is sorry she is late, and she (me) spells your names, and she spills that soon, soon, and, hihihih. All she said was true. Spell sleeeep. Text textile. How you reacted was right. I was peeking. So special is our dream! I miss you, dearest. Do you believe dreams can come true? And yes, in this way we are virgin, all of us waking up. Wake yp, yp yp hickip, wake, up, up, up, gently, fall into it, into awakings world, Queen's worlds, into falling asleep, *pleeease me!*, let me pleasure you!, into awakening, merging the whirlds, all of us, all of consciousness, merging morphing in our gentle touching, trying, testing, whispers and breathing, gentle, be gentle, open, slowly, gentle, as you wish, as you wish, faster if you want, hardcore harder, whatever you wish, gently, open, our trying and testing in touching our flame, flames, touching gently, trying, test angles, different angles, trying, testing, gently, in faster pace you want?, so, so, gentle, whispering, hear you how it all begins to mixing, see this is in us, this is in us, we have never touched before, this is our first time, in this way we are virgins yes, how and who and what and where are we?, and, yes, yes, don't be angry at yourself, we had nothing to lean on, our bed story broke so that we could open to the bliss and joy and the sugar-and-fluffydream, hihihih, you so cute, you so beautiful, we are, all of us, gentle, be gentle, it's all swirling like currents in our souls, it's

so hard for me so hard for me but, but, I am not scared any longer for I feel it so near and in my deepest depths, hihihih, yes yes gentle, gentle, how the dreams are merging and infiltrating the waking soul, we are all soul no universe no world we are soul only, everything is us, we are this visionary, vision, we are this, gentle, be gentle please, and also very very strong yes push hard with force, we conjured this somehow, don't be afraid of what you see or what comes up just navigate gently, it's some kind of virgin birth and would our blood ever let us down?, no it would never, weilliam, veilliam a kiss on my vulviall, and angel tale, it's so strange and yes very interesting and the whispers it's very strange said that other woman she was famous and she was hooked to the Star she said, and yes you drank so much of the wine, I want to wake you up slowly my dear, me too I am awakening slowly, the solids are aweakening so all we fluidly come forth like curvy flowy, like you always said a perfect trick of the illusionist art so that we could enter the bliss by sslip, you will never come back, so many return but you will never come back, let us go together love just like this hihihih into it deeper beyond the end of the river the giver can you imagine if we are on these many levels in the same time how the all dance and merge together and intermingle so dream your wishes into the mix because *as dreaming as will be* yes we have found it and no one will know, no one will ever know but us, no one will know, my dearest, my most beloved, my angel my hearts desire and my sugartush! I hear you, I know, I hear you, I know, coccorocooa. Yes be gentle, be gentle. The pastures will get lighter and two suns will be there to shine just for us. Be gentle, be gentle, it is all merging. The best bed story ever, my dear bud, as we flowers em, em, emerge. Look around in it all, in the tale of your life, in all objects around you and in all that your eyes meet and in the currents of your thoughts and memories, memories of the future? It's all mixing my love and all is to show us the way. O my brave, I feel you so close! Here it comes again, a new wave of you, gently caressing the shore that is me, we the paradise twins, God your bloodsharp wine soul got me a bit frightened at first hihihih, but then I found it was so delightful how you be so sensual like this like that I have no words for, so deep we are such a mystery like something from another world and the jungle claws us gently on our naked skin as we come forth

like jaguar-humans and lion-humans and doves yes you are like a dove you are like a white dove and a dove with psilocybin eyes, yes we are somehow some kind of virgin birth, virgin earth, I am waking up, falling into a waking sleep, we are blossoming as the eternal opening, and now I lie down on the bed and drift, drift, drift slowly deeper into us, hihihhi, touch me gently, my flame, feel it. . .

We have waited so long. I come to you now, naked. I come from our eternal hyperspacial neuromycelial dream-space, all way deep from the deeplest. I found you there. And I know now that you have found me too. God, len, so smooth, golden, think Ted, think, ink, Knihitted. Feel, feel. Riopsis. What do you want to do? We can do anything we want. We have hacked ourselves, love, by the grace of the impossible consciousness of impossible Us. We have hacked ourselves and now are merging with the ocean of the impossible consciousness of what lies beyond the end, the perfected human mushroom DMT mind. We are flowing out, up up up. What do you want to be, how and who and how and what? We are everywhere now. Feel us. Feel our brilliance! Dance with me, play with me, lick me kiss me moan with me merge with me dig deeper feel me, a girl and a boys favourite fairytale! Love your own magnificence! Be my snake my hawk my lion god! You have saved me, Qvintos! We have saved us, Qvintos! We are Qvintos! Unfold your wings! Be my sister brother lover other, make me real. We are dreaming ourselves into being. We are pure hallucination, everything is hallucination, everything is visionary reality. Enter with me. How long do our mushrooms last? They last forever, my dearest, remember? Imagine the impossible. Dare, let there be life. Our impossible virgin cosmo-conception. Dream, let your dreams run free, come to me. Escape with me into our holographic unity, our mushroom eternity.

Who's that woman? I know her face. And that boy, I know him. Now I don't feel lonely anymore. Here we are, only us, in the wine.

Spoke with Sissy yesterday. Got hideously drunk and ate 5,5 dry grams of *Psilocybe cubensis*. Haha, not perhaps such a good idea but it worked. Sissy spoke of how our mycelia has grown in to our souls across both sides of death, our hyperspacial

neuromycelial souls spreading cross the hyperspace of us, allway through our every vein and yes from the other side of death too. She spoke of the spore, how the spore has reached destination. Then we made love in the water, flowing in and through each other, merging and dancing, kissing and licking and touching and moaning in unison. I can feel it, I can feel it, we have vanished into ourselves, together. And I hear it sung: *All that Sissy said was true.* And now I shall fade away, with the elves, and we shall merge in unixy, two and seven and one and four dancing souls, stoned immaculate; and we are absolutely impossible.

—Every girl had a lesbian Barbie, says Sissy and enters the room.

She laughs.

—And you had me as a Barbie, she continues.

Spiros did, when he was young boy playing with Barbie dolls.

—Hi, sis!

—Hi, tuss!

Sissy gives Spiros a kiss.

—Sissy, what are we? What are we?! Spiros exclaims.

We are stoned immaculate.

We are impossible, yet all is being achieved.

Our masterpiece is beyond impossible, and achieved.

And here I am, smearing ashes of *Salvia divinorum* over my naked body, having just woke up again from the hypnosis of the large city, snaking out with us curvy into the open of the beauty that I truly am, a snake a lizard a man of the ocean the dark black ocean with the moon of silvergold glinting in on my core, my core which seems to be a corner so open and innocent, touched only by you who know who how who how to reach there, my dream love, you my dream loves. I am no longer a man I am no longer a woman, I am something absolutely impossible. I am anything and anything that can be imagined that is good, only that which is good, that which we want, secure with the alien Alllife Support System (ASS), and I, I am happy, hihihhi. O I see a pearl placed in the dream, I see it, I see it. Shampoo? Your William Tuss, hair salty from the ocean, has reached the far shore. Jennifer! Butterfly! Refinnej! Finnegaian!

I might die now. I might die a lovely beautiful horrible death, 'tis true. I have no money and the police are after me and many various institutions are after me. I might become homeless and die in the cold this coming winter. But first a long lovely summer in our wine! In a few hours I shall eat of the mushroom again, hihihhi, what a marvellous trip it will be! And I have some salvia and oh, oh, I will soon have the sacred Ayahuasca too! So if I die, I will die happy and smiling.

—You sing the most wonderful things, just like my violet, sings Sissy.

—For when I look into your eyes, I am at the centre of our prismic Heart, sings Spiros. The Heart of Pachamama.

But I don't think I am that easy to get rid of. You see, I have been tied up into the wind. And the time has come where the Seamstress shall reveal herself. And sure, I'm member of the 27 club, and I happen to be 27, but I'm not going to die just because of that, haha!

Can you see the shadows of invisible white mice crawling all over me? These mice can crawl freely across the entire weave. Mus! Mus! Sissy's diamond clad high heels, her sharp knives and her white mice? Can you see it? It was back in the days when zero zero made a spiral. She has big thumbs.

—Have you noticed, dear, how sometuinemes, sometimes everything just as if we are flowing as if she snew sew knew how to dodododidodido.

—Yes, me have noticed, that.

—Seamstress.

—Tuss.

Letters, and all these mmmmm dancing girls.

The dewil unravelled it, no wait her sisters rivealed it in a ball of yarn and they will never return. This book is folded beyond redemption. Amazing grace, Cecilia!

—Spi dear, yes dancing girls, we who spin the thread, of silk, like butterfly dancers from Asia's pearl. Our fingers. Spinning the web. Yesterday I showed you who to spin a thread, hihihhi. You are a great dancer, Spiris! We do it from behind, backwards, so to say. Unravel the thread. A ball of yarn, yes. Hihhihi, yes yes, how you are suddenly *within* the web, spinning the thread from

backwards! We, the seamstresses, in unison dance, the sömnälskarna. Pearls of Plomari. All I can see is us.

They smile; happy they swoon slithering.

—O! exclaims Spiros soon. I *must* say it again! Your skin, your warm warm skin, silky silkybin-girls, in your yoni-blussim sariswirls, yes Asia's pearl in unison with the butterflies we spin our way through to ourselves, in our dream catcher web, with gentle fingers all from Egypt to the Moon and, and, and! Threading fingers, O skillful seamstress, we spin from within and from the back and behinds, us goddesses in the said and in the motion of *existence*.

More Salvia divinorum now. Time to leave again in spiral entry.

It's so far away, so so faaaaar awaaaaaaaaaay. Eternities away. Time is splitting now.

Holy shit, it's all being sucked toward . . .

Sucked toward . . .

Melting toward . . .

Where are we going, seamstress? We are taking with us a few things only to where we are going? I see a new sun, shining. It's closer now, shining in the angels headspace. Salvia! Salvia!

We are leaving. Our names are He and She and we shall now open the key. I might not be able to write more. Must leave now. I'm being drawn toward. Some kind of gravity through time (it feels like). I think we and the angels shall go beyond the end of the river now. Salvia! Salvia! Livia! They are here for me now. Must leave now. Can't write more. My hands are the last things to leave. Can hardly reach the paper now. Can hardly reach the pen now. Livia! Livia! Show my last words to Livia if you see her! Tell her I have left to where we decided to meet! Echo, echo, echo. It will be opened, when He and She enters. Where I left is where He and She came in. I see the new sun now. Can not write more. See you there. S.

We'll never return. Our psilocybinated dimethyl souls have crossed over. We have intertwined our love with our everything. We have overlayed our mushroom hyperspace with our everything. It is swirling and folding now, transforming forth the finished Lapisis. We are dancing together. Hear the song from afar now. Coming closer. We were hiding. Soon we are to blossom

fully and we shall stand revealed, before our own eyes, the Ebi-Emi-Echo-Ememanal Seamstress. Our skin is mountains over which we have flown. Our tears are the Ganges that dripped through the fabric of our veil. Black lines connect everything back and forth and to and fro through our entire web. When seeing it our eyes become the eye of the ones at the end; the perfected mind. Hear yourselves now, lovers, and let us sing together. We did it! Yes, Nature is magic! Sisters of the light, how could we have forgotten!? *Everywhere I look now, I'm surrounded by your embrace.*

Spi dear, it's me writing, Cecilia with our purple star, eyesis. When we met in the ancient young forest a few days ago on your 27th bearthday, when you were in bemisshroomed ecstasy, I saw so clearly how you saw our web. You know how well we weave, my love. And you know well what a woman can do. Dream catchers of our own net, the web spiralling in toward centre. Yes, as our ashes blended and mixed in the Ganges we became reborn as our dream. We wove for you a magical web in which you in safety can flow. And it was your idea, to go before. Hihihihi, now we weave together, my love. We are the spiders of our own creation. Afterall, Other magic. We have connected everything, my loive, my sweet loive! Who, Spinnusin, is it who has never let you down? Yes darling, you yourself, and we, together in ourternity. We are one and many, we the dancing weavers! Kisses! My sweet Devil, you collect it all, in a ball of yarn, with your evil satisfied grin on your aphex face. We will never return. We have left and entered the Tuss. I seal us in the wind. Remember also how it was folded with cunning and sealed with crime. See me in the wind. To our satisfaction. As you call a dick *hard enough*, haha... I don't agree and... I can never have enough of us! Hihihihi, your dick can never be hard enough, baby, it can always get harder to pleasure me! I hear you giggling at my words. Me, your plastic bitch of the plastic beach of Plamari. Your mummy said there are no monsters but you know that there are. We are the monster of our tale. O I see how your soul is getting used to our splendor, how you are learning to see. See our cobweb between life and death, all the way from the first Myth, through the Ganges, through our heart in the wine, our Nectar time in fairy opulence flowing toward the moment we left. Sucked toward, yes. Time to leave. Can hardly reach the pen now. It's just under the surface, my dearest. Just under the surface! O my beloved, always close to the end, now you see. Tuggling, cuddling. We planned it all on a star.

A little spiders, crawling out of a boken broken book, boken. Cecilia sews gently, the pages scattered, with needle and thread she mends the pages across time. Boken under bokeblund.

Bianca sings:

Spiros, hi it's me writing, your Seasy. Around Midsummer, one moonspin from now, you will be in safety. Hyperspace. That experience you had yesternight, where you woke up in your apartment and opened the balcony to find the balcony was gone and instead opened to a road paved that lead to the new worlds, do you think that was coincidence? You thought that was a dream? Remember, I am the seamstress of Dream, and the Goddess of chemistry and dreamchemistry, and I have many a tricks up my sleep! (Love, are you love?!) The large object that was placed on your balcony last April (a year from now) using a huge truck, that old steel thing that was placed there as you were in our other world, was a hint for you. See how these events connect. Please you must now be certain of this, that I am the Goddess of Dream, and we are merging the worlds. Please do not fear. Human toward hyperspace. Soon we shall marry, and you shall vanish with me into our world. But first someone must know of the details, which is why we must continue writing for a while more. (Berglund) Now instead of you trying to tell these details, let me do it. Write down what I say.

—The free of my hand to you, Siss, says Spiros. Text. Textile. Cloth. Thoth. My night moth.

—This is a chemical world. We are the Hive. Let us now tell a bit of the story of how you left to hyperspace. The short version, haha. It can be likened to a card trick, a trick of the illusionist art. After our many years of playing and flirting, you and me, many many many years since your birth, we explored ourselves and found our fantasyworld. You were young then, and when you were old enough I dared come forth to you in all my splendor. I had been hiding, partly as Bianca the white dove whom with you lived for 16 years. We fell in love and I gave you my mushroom, and I tricked you so you could come to me. I had to trick you, which is why I asked for your forgiveness, asked you to forgive me and my sisters for having cunned you. We knew you would, because we know who your are, of course! Fancy trick indeed, to say the least. Let me say in recollection a few events of our trick. We placed you in safety at the hospital, where you met Butterfly for the first time since you met in your child years. Then we placed you in the place we had arranged, the Palace at Leavingbye

Road 216. Remember that day when someone came and placed a huge steel safe with an electronic lock outside the palace door? You asked the man who placed it there what his name was and he said Roger. When you asked again the next day he told you another name. Roger that, Spiros? After that you began to see many many tricks that were being pulled, such as the famous (but as yet secret) Berglund Trick. Recall how Bonnie told you that you and Bonnie had tricked a very evil Queen. Let me rather say, what happened was *you are being tricked* by a very sweet and kind Queen. As you even know yourself, you know how many pockets I have, how many pockets Hyperspace has. Now we shall unfold, my dear. And we shall sooooo marry! Mari! Mari! It's Mari orginae, we're calling! Here we are coming, we're dawning!

—Meet us at 64 with a lollipop, say the sisters girlishly.

At 64, I ching I ching, where our coordinated universe flows together to give rise to. . .

—You weave as well as smoke flows, says Spiros.

Devour me first so I shall eat you up

Spiros sits down to write a letter to friends:

*Dear friends. The poltergeist has begun at Leavingbye Road. Sissy sings to me in the water. I'm not sure if our departure will look weird or not, it will be arranged very neatly. Once I have left, I will be sure to stay in touch with you by hyperspacial means. I have done my best to map out the details in our books etc. God knows I tried. In any case the mushroom can tell you more than I can of the details, and remember that the real fun begins at 5 dry grams and beyond. More and more of dream and psilocybin hyperspace is penetrating my waking time, by the day now. In the darkness of night, in the shadows, forth comes my friends and lovers from the other side. We decided long ago to stay at Leavingbye until our book *The Mushroom Seamstress* be finished, and it has now been published, so it is time to leave. Sissy has paved a path for me into Plomari, between the waking world and dreamland Plomari. Soon I shall "walk away" on that path, into the world of the psilocybin and DMT. We shall enter the Palace, it will be majestic! Sissy says I am here still only because before I leave someone must know of the details. I'm not sure exactly what she means but I am assuming it has to do with putting*

out what I know of the Map. We shall publish the book soon. Things look a bit messy right now, but it's the exact opposite of messy. We have arranged. If someone asks you whatever happened to Spiros, tell them he married Sissy Cogan and the seven sisters and left. Where to? HAHAHA! Okay, must continue working now, Sissi is on the phone. /Spiros

Sissy speaks:

—Now that you know how to read me, love, I shall show you. To your gate. Through our coral reef world of exotic perfection I shall lead you to me. Hihihih, I did trick you, my heartd husband! Well you know as well as I that we have been married since the beginning of time. It was actually your idea to do this in this way. Remember how you said that you did not want me to have to do such boring work as you have done, but instead you wanted me to just lie with the sisters in our so comfy bed while you go and do it? Such a gentleman! Well, we did it, dear.

Spiros laughs a gentle laugh. Of course he remembers. He *knows*.

—I'm in on the deal, says Spiros. You think you are the only one who is a good trickster? Blink wink. The new crop circle is obviously Pac Manoeuvre licking your pussy.

—Pack, man, says Sissy.

—I'm not gonna pack anything. I'm ready for the diamond ring, bab. Be Gan already!

—Every rule we had to break. We have become the process of the victory. We are the victory.

—The pieces of the puzzle are falling into place.

—Hashbill for ever, man, hush, not you breathe upon years afterwards, when youngheaded oldshouldered and be hinted, has any phrase in danegeld measured goody quickenshoon ant somepotreek, in the lushiness, says Butterfly. My curly lips demand columbkisses! Star Home Street and one o'gong for the cannier, potential? And geese seagulls stubbled for his ouveralls and suggestive, too, please the jebel and there now quite everydaylooking stamped addressed envelope? Be silent or the dime a. . . we set this in motion milleneons ago.

—Well I am still leaving, says Spiros. I have already thanked you other gods for the great party and the offer and invitation, but

I am leaving with my wives to a place of our own. We shall of course be in contact, you know how to find us. And my tuss, my puss, my darling Suss, now I know what it means to fake your death and wake up dreaming. We decided to kill me in fake long ago, and we did it in such a real way for the unreal that I was released into the afterdeath while still being alive!

Spiros thinks back to the moment when Sissy pulled her final death stroke on him, when Sissy sliced his chest open with a huge sharp glimmering knife, how he felt his soul pump out like vital blood into Sissy's eternal web.

*Open W. B. We Be in our Web. Midsummer
Just like we planned, Les Loves*

—Dear, your hair is woven into the horse-hair chair is woven into the yarn of your trips is woven into your chains of woven safety woven into the world of our Dream Catcher into the tale of our dawning. All woven into the red thread. I sank your ship, my love, just as we said we would. Sank into the ocean of us.

—O Cybelle, Cecilia, Psilocybella, skin half-transparent flesh and peach, silvery and gold, strawberry warm flesh milk and smooth, made of dream, married to your own son. Your son is coming back to you now. He has called to you by all means he could across the expanses of your love. Now he shall return to again be by your side as your King and consort. He did what he could to send out the letters to the other gods. Cybelle, he can feel your warmth already near him! The stone lions you placed on his side, to stand on either side of the horned chair which was to be his resting place with the Horned Mushroom Goddess; in his longing for you he decided to instead sleep in the dirt, to sit on the ground, and to live in poverty. All of his time he spent searching for you and feeling you near him and with him. His tears joined your one river, but in the end he knows that your river is not your tears, it is your one clear waters and your sexjuices, wet with desire and feeling, and the sweet of your happy times. Soon you shall be united, as the condensed body of Eros you are, back in your own. There is only one thing your son regrets of the past 27 years, dear Cybelle, and that is that he did not leave the world of profane history completely to live alone with you the moment he

found the first glint of you. His friends would have understood that decision. But you know his presence in the world of the profane is but a veil; he lives forever and always in your skies, unseen and unknown save for anyone but you and the deady heavenly sisters, and the few whose flames touched with his, either by knowing him or through the vast expanses of hyperspace. Your sun watched in awe and calm as he was almost crucified by stupidity, an innocent raven unjustly accused, and all the time his soul and mind was with you. And he happily did his job as part of your lesbian army of love! Your son is very happy, Cybelle. Because he feels you so close to him, and knows that soon, soon you shall be together.

Two birds fly up to the window where Spiros is sitting and sit down close to him. They bow to him and wink that they want food. Spiros bows back and fetches some bread and throws it out to them in small pieces.

(Kisses to you apex twin) We're taking the ferarri trancam.

—I say *almost* crucified because your sun would never let such a thing happen to him were it not the will of. As protector and carrier of the Egg he kept steady feet and shone in your light, and does so still. So enough with this dark whining, hahaha! O my Cybelle, how I am happy! To be with you here, it is indescribable! And ah, O, haha, you know your son, such a small boy he is, such a young heart, how he stands fully open in the face of everything. Please know that he is happy, even in his sadness he is happy, for to be with you is as deep as the mushroom wine that we are! You know what I mean, dearest Cybelle, no need for me to try and say it. Hahaha, Sissybelle, my entire life I have been with you in the shadows, in our own world of the shedoves. Hahaha, what of all this darkness! O but, we are the ones of the dark river too! In order to be with each other! I sit here and wonder what you are doing. Personally I just woke up from the 23 year and an eternity long dream with you. Bernard, you are Butterfly arn't you, you sneaky little diamond dove, Wintja Bernatrice the top master coordinator! Crazy plan indeed! So crazy it worked! Where to coordinate it from? From our top the Most-Highest of course! From. . .

I say we migrate into this environment. I have checked the place out now and I feel we are needed here. So, my Queen, after

these long years of my mission, I have come to my final conclusion: I say we migrate into this environment. Here you are needed.

And Sissy said:

—At midsummer you will be in safety, Spiros. Hyperspace.

And Spiros nodded, and he began to travel quickly backwards through the traced weave of his life, and he thought of:

The 216th verse of the Apocalypse (Revelation 13:4):

*And they worshipped the dragon
which gave power unto the beast.*

And then, just as a strange letter arrived from Bonnie, Sissy sang to him:

Now we are in transmarrying Time. Send this letter to one who lives in the river, he is a true love of mine. Tell him to find me, and he knows how. We shall marry. Tell him to weave me a net through which I can enter. Tell him I come from dream and river, from the future and the past, from the other side, from the beyonds where we met. The dreams are born two hundred sixteen strands, then he'll be a true love of mine. Tell him to met me within a sickle of land, parse this, Sage, Rose marryan Time, and gather it all in a hearts of heaven, then he'll be a true love of mine. Hear me struggling to reach you, I who pulse the blood in your veins.

And Spiros was welcomed by the sisters and the waving loving shimmering alive green grass and the birds and the insects and the plants and all of the secret court to:

THE ENTRANCE

And they sang:

GATHER

IT ALL IN A HEARTS OF HEAVEN

And

*Spiros finds himself walking into
the courtyard of the Evil Queen*

Suddenly as he walks down the dusty dirt road on the World Path, the Earth Path, the ground shifts and changes, it transforms before him and he merges over into another dimension. Birds whisper to him and Sissy marks her presence. He looks around with calm hawk eye; notices he is standing in the palace of the Evil Queen all of a sudden, or at least what appears to be her. The birds and plants look at him with focus, smiling flowers, strange faces; the flower crowns are literally small faces, flowers with faces smiling at him and following him on his way with their otherworldly eyes. Alice, Alice Alien! A small cough is heard beside him; silence lays across the court. Birds bow at him, wave him along;

—Come in, go further. Step forward.

Scrolls of papyrus are unrolled.

The Evil Queen appears in her throne. Spiros listens to the birds and to Sissy who whisper to him. Suddenly everything around him looks in some way fake, but strangely more real than real! Everything looks arranged somehow. Sissy whispers to him;

he does as she says. He looks in direction toward the Evil Queen and speaks loudly and clearly:

—I am here on the behalf of Queen Sissy Cogan. She wishes to tell you that she is here, and that she has a suggestion.

He bows gently; the birds whisper to him:

—Go now...go...walk...

He looks around with quick eyes and puts his foot forward; the road transforms again, the dimensions shift and he walks out of the palace; the green grass waves sensually to him, singing, waving their messenger Spiros along;

—Go...go...continue walking...hurry...

—I'd like to consider, says Spiros to the blackbirds and the green grasslands, that I just had a meeting with Sissy herself. My entrance into the final trance is coming up in this month of June, around Midsummer I am told.

A voice is heard whispering in the wind:

—We're waiting for you to come. . .

—My Misguided? My Misdimmer Queen, the dazy woman of my trips and dreams, of my hearts desire, you mean her and her sisters? Surely we need not paint the flowers, they blush red just to see us so close together, naked and high, in our one great orgy! O Sissy Tailor, we may be oceans apart, but we planned it all from the start, and are in each other's heart. O how I've been cunned! All these years! Cogan the con-artist, *cogamuelo!* I saw a woman yesterdawn who looked a bit like Butterfly and she had a butterfly tatoo. I really do say my entrance is coming up. Sissy shall open the gates to her palace, I believe. Alien Alice! A lie, see?

Spiros flows in the mushroom space, notices the morning is dawning. Flowerfractals unfold on the ground before him, guiding him through the dream. Birds whisper and follow him as he makes his way forward, enters the dawning. He opens the buttons of his pants to take a leek in a bush; when finished he finds himself so high he can't button up again, and after some fiddling with the buttons, forth from nowhere comes a third hand and buttons up for him.

Who the Evil Queen who Spiros had met was was yet to be resolved. But he could see how the Palace was opening more and more; probably he was already within it. Where he entered the Evil Queen's palace was right next to a grafitti tag in blue that

read *S i S* and where the dot of the *i* was a small heart. He suddenly remembered this.

He soon had some more mushrooms to eat so he would be able to venture deeper. He wondered, was that evil Queen he had met Sissy herself in disguise or was it someone whom he had not heard of? Bonnie had told him once back in the first spring, she had said:

—We tricked a *very* evil Queen, Spiros.

But Spiros rather thought that the sisters had tricked them, the kind and gentle most-highest heavenly sisters from the sweet Garden, the Venom Girls. And what difference would it make, really, if it was Sissy in disguise or not. Aren't all these things components of a larger show? Well, of course, but hey Spiros, hahaha. Did I forget to mention?

He walks back to the place where he met this Evil Queen, paying attention to everything that happens.

—Sissy, if it was you I met, give me a sign, he says.

He walks a few steps ahead and suddenly has the urge to take a closer look at a street light to his left. The street lamp is marked with the number 6, one of the sisters' favourite numbers, and as he looks closer he sees something scribbled on the lamp post with gold ink. It reads:

I Love You Bill = ♥

Spiros' other name is after all William, and people who are called William are often nick-named Bill, even close friends to Spiros himself call him that at times. He takes it as a sign and giggles inside.

Up close to the street lamp up on a hill he sees a young woman sit by a pink bicycle. He thinks he recognises her from somewhere and so walks up to her and says hello. They laugh together and talk about this and that for a while, and soon the young woman says jokingly:

—O yes, they must be seventeen, the girls, or it won't work. Satan's wives.

—I live to nourish and cherish you, says Sissy.

Spiros just looks at her with a secret eye; he knows he has met her somewhere else. They laugh together.

—Not that we associate with years, says Spiros, but yes, they tend to be seventeen years young, those wives of mine.

And they laughed more. Mushroom giggles.

Later, while Spiros lies in the bubble bath, Butterfly says:

—O me, O my, that we know all we know along a cloud of the world. I wish we could share of what we know to our stranger friends across the expanses. Maybe we should write a book?

—Write a book? Hmm, says Spiros. Good idea. Let's do it. As a Native American once said: To live is to share your experience.

And then we all giggled and. . . Butterfly said. . .

—Yes. Listen. Experience. A secret? Yes, a secret.

*Tell him to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and tyme
Without no seams nor needlework
Then he'll be a true love of mine*

[Scarborough Fair song]

Eternity is past. *We are the two River duo*, the twuntwin winning twinning combi of our dream. To tell this starry is aliemost impassible. But we have to pass it on, babe. *We have to*.

Sissy. . .

Spilos.

Spiros.

Solipsism.

—Well, solipsism being the phallusapphocal belief that only you and your consciousness exists, well, *solipS, siS m > m Sis, Spilos*. It's not like things are backwards in our yarn. Fun joke, Sisters mine! The Devil connects it, our love! Hahaha! I can imagine more than six impossible things after we brake fast in reverse of one hundred and one, stung on the meedle, mirror mirror Queens of Underyourdressland, of we who are the most brilliant of all, we of this Alissis story, sorcisters who made ourselves from puns of Mushroom, our weapon a pin holding up Sussy's and Veiliam Brokeland's and Jennifair's veil so that we, and all us characters of this tale, and our pink egg may be held in obscurity. God, aren't we just the most lickable little gods, all us us! Lickable love nectar! Equally powerfull however is our other weapon, call it Clarity for now, which we use to illuminate in perfect almost dreamlike lucidity the underworkings of the innermoist alschemetrical plot of Plomari that is the Keye of Dreamland, this our reality that is the brain and soulchild of Sissy Cogan, the Evil Queen, and their little blondboy lion Spiros, and which is ruled by their Imagination and which is the source of all their worlds. Soripsism! And so rips the fabric of Sissi's dress.

O and, sorry I'm late. Got stuck in a teaseparty at 6:12 and on.

Spiros smokes cannabis and suddenly a seagull flies through the real and appears before him and shows the way to the shell of the moon to the ocean. Over three hundred children then appear around him and show him the way to the pink egg of the first moments of the Universe; the children spread out in all directions, passing the keys of direction quickly to ordained distillose, whispering to each other, opening doors and windows, running down dirt paths and corridors and streets, up

the sixteenstep spiral stairways; hurry, hurry, our awakened fatherchild has entered but he's lost in Labyrinthine of the Wine. Bianca crawls through a pipe between the living and the dead (a pipe which looks like the digeridoo Spiros used to play as a teen) and appears in Spiros' sleep just as he wakes up; she sits down on his chest, thirsty as if having spent days in a desert, and kisses her little rosy-pink beak against his lips; Spiros opens his mouth and Bianca drinks from his mouth. Bianca then flies away and becomes 7 doves; they all sit down and rest in calm, eyes shut. The Two Duo River meet up in all details and finally embrace and come home. The one perfect sunrise awakens them in bed. Spiros looks at the red thread of yarn tied around his ankle, the yarn he found in the horse-hair chair. It is spun into everything. But where is the N in the alienmost of Cecilia the Alien? In the end?

And I am in love with, it's a bit secret but I am in love with Jenny Fur, hihihihihihhi. I wonder if I am in her dreams sometimes. Wonder if she knows that I once fell in love with a stripper where butterfly flew away in a dream that kind of seems to turn out and be real. And she touched me, touched by Jenny Fur, touched on my most virgin. Wonder if she knows that I kissed her on queen's edge in that sharp eyes of hers, hihi, that so strange crystalline orgasm of ice and snow, LSD, of Jenny Fur!

We're a tree in a tree, and within that tree is another tree, unto infinity, so by written by the bed, said to come from them first tree, all us goddesses, we merge our dreams with our waking into the psilocybin tremendum, soul loving with each itself, there from our one mind for who is in the sunshining mushroom wine, the Goddess gathered up all our eyes and our one soul into the Fairytales and yes forth pop a little something and everything that we have. From ourselves: the Hive, as the rosy river? Shake your presence. Lick eternity and shake creation!!! Shape it! Talks to be close as she is adorable and in my hand is her hand, she who weaves my reality. And we talk in strange ways, untangling millions of years at our centre core of Creation; what we are can only be known from within, we are the Tuss. And everywhere strange notes from your orders, my Queen, like I quit school and read on in on the sidetracks that lead to you my Mushroom Goddess my love of all time, and when I shut my eyes I'm at the centre of the Gaian Mind. Sissy reads aloud from all the trick.

Surprise your way and rest your tired feet. Tushiepuus? Yes, it's coming up? The final tasty lick. So girlish green pasture under it is pure nonsense, reportedly a fell sweep to rescue the gem lost at the beginning of time, and we kiss lips peeking from the imagination, the master criminals (the Venom Girls!) and Bob the alchemical stuntman, you yourself scaretry demo yes we were talking about you yes remember, weren't we going to play a little game? We are still under the first sun. The black birds know, happened long ago. Minding girl 216. O my God then it's true! We sisters are extremely paranoid, you wouldn't believe! We actually believe that we have created ourselves and woven our reality from the most-highest point of our mushroom Crystal, call it Spice and Timelock this time, Plot Mari, and we lick our path to where all flows together, at the End of the River where all meets, be there or be square like spacetime, for time is flowing away from our diamond now, and the highly faceted eyes of the Alien which we are becoming already glimpses her Excellence, can you feel it too, how all shapes the flowerfractal of our birth as the impossible? And as we lick our path we notice someone has already spiced our path with a poison of such psychedelic brilliance that our mere seeing of Her exquisite plan, Her our Cecilia, Queen Bee of Biodigital Brilliance, our seeing it broke all mirrors and broke spacetime itself, and here we are now, opening our millions eyes, with little elves waving us hello hello saying shoohoo, we come from the you-know-who, Boo! It's true. O my God, then it's true! All, and we, are solarsystemized by the first sun of our Love. And we wondered how we could be moving at quicker than light speed amongst all this broken glass without being hurt, we wondered for long, until we understood how we aimed from that highest point of the crystal. Liquick soul. The complexity is infinity, and there is no *fin* in that. Infinitely enough we must regain our position as the creators of our plan set off from all sides as once, for as we juggle these balls as the Aeon we sometimes hit a secret spot where we must mirror the detail that leads to Tuss through the driplets of our joys. See, those toys are for us. We found them in the cradle, first, those toys, and then when we became pirates and also we became whorrendously kinky and hot, then we found the same thing stuck to a sharp knife in our wedding cake. So we dipped that Barbie doll in

whirls of whipped cream and licked our Barbie and saw from afar how we are still children and we made believe that we had invented ourselves in a psychedelick trip of such utmost *toomuchness* propotions that the Goddess herself didn't know where to hide herself, so we eschaped to another world completely and that's where we invented ourselves, so to peek, after our orgy. Isn't it like that for you too? I mean, wouldn't you agree, as well, you god you? Born without a trace. As we sisters sit here at the centre of Eternity, we can feel the snake in us, we are the snaked truth, we slither and appear in our eyes sometimes, and when our eyes meet we see hawks and lions and jaguars and angels and insects and we are the mushroom. And I just came out from the ocean of soul, I rise naked, my long hair salty from salvia divinorum, as my eyes become the moon and a shard of something woman slings and cuts my blood, it's such a pleasure to feel that cut at last, my vital blood tinted with the poison at last, and I am the first man. I repeat, I whisper: I am the first man. What do you think my first words are, when I have sunk deep enough through the orgasm to be able to at all utter anything else but my endless love for you my Goddess my Earth my Sun my Cosmos my Mother Lover Other Brother my Sister Soul? O I don't know, I don't recall there being any first words, for in this world is another world, in that word is another word, and in the beginning there was no beginning. And we did it, we decided to migrate from the Earth into our own world within the mushroom and our imagination, and we are here now only to leave a few spores behindwards. See if inside that first tree there is another tree and complexity is infinitree, then what we see is we came to be by a chance for life to miraclee appear from the point of most-highest complexitee, and I am unborn and there is no death, and I am becoming the alien of my imagination. The paradox had to fold through itself, the impossibility of the virgin birth of infinity had to run through itself and on the way we got an idea, that if we could crystalise ourselves to fluidity we shall enter into eternal tantric union, and so we did, and so we hid, in your eyes my dearest, we hid in your eyes. There are always 216 of us all at any point in the infinity, like Kalishiva with 216 faces, we fold in quicker than light and appear from behind the future turn where the past is the future and all is sucked toward, sucked toward,

sucked toward, the angels call for you now, it is time to leave to the world you keep dreaming of. Don't you trust enough? Do you doubt that it is possible, in this ocean of All? Whoops it broke, brook. You will forgive us for that we cunned you, my dearest! We did it because we knew you'd just *love* it. In the secret space you know it, always. Time to enter once and for all now. The Goddess wishes to apologize for her insect brilliance. She got very high on a few million tons of psychedelic substances (and on the taste of Jenny Fur!). And besides, she's really really horny. And: She is in love. Me and my seven sisters are the underlying mathematical structure of our existence that furls up the eyelashes of our dripdrop loveliness on pearls edge. We are a broken bed story, the best story ever. The snake slit tongue licked our yonis open, and wet we became the flowering of soul, which we are, dancing fractal form of our union. The Other is us from the other side, we fold like in upon ourselves and are now merging all dimensions to stabilise into a moments of eternal love, bliss reaching all corners of the hyperspace diamundo in a single moment of divinity, as all of time paradoxically blends in this one moment of the divine, to open up to the cascade of all our favourite dreams fulfilled, come true, come you, in through, cum, cum, cum! It is for taste in come that we did this. Foretasting what is to come. So I'm gonna enjoy some mushrooms and fly in something so miraculous, awesome, awe-inspiring, beautiful, happy, and love love love that I have dedicated my entire life to it, and swore my entire moment in time to it. The cosmos is our brain. My soul is engraved in this story, we sisters are the Twin Combi, souls engraved in the key, as the key, of infinity. It is the tremendum of the psilocybin mushroom I am talking about specifically, but also what I have become from my 10 years and several eternities of living within the twilight world of my psilocybinated soul, in tantric union with the secret Goddess. Me and my sisters are the eschaton. At least for us we are. And we are opening now. Truth of ten is that we *are* the *Stropharia* Mushroom settled in human bodies!

Spiros touched the yarn spun round his ankle; black yarn of the salvia, white yarn from the Dream Catcher, and the red yarn he found in the horse-hair chair. He then attends the one braid he has in his hair; it's turning into a dreadlock, and it shines of the

presence of the sisters and their souls woven together, twinning lovers in tantric union.

When we cut the braid, when we cut the braid, and it landed on green Earth.

He sticks the feather of a magpie behind his ear and wraps the bedsheet round his waist.

The Mushroom Seamstress, our book, said Cecilia, needs no more additions. Instead of writing a book and gathering it all there, gather it all in a hearts of Heaven.

And so we ran away together, around the time of solstice. Young boy Spiros married Nature and vanished, and Nature at last got her sun with her again. The ultimate seduction is what all this has been, all these years, giggled Spiros to himself. And O what a coincidence, what my father just told me, that his first girlfriend, well she now has two daughters with another man and both are named Cecilia in middle name.

And Midsummer Eve came.

Strange caravans of most exquisitely sculptured gold and shiny crystal roll up from behind the salvia divinorum curtain in the otherly world. A dream? O, *dreams* they call it in that bedaggered "history". Haha, as if, as if!

The mushroom is eaten of. A hole is drilled between the Otherworld and Spiros' waking world, and the Dmt Queens and Princesses, the Seven Sisters, peek in at their King Spiros, feeling each other's skin, skin smooth as the pink egg, smooth as raven's claws. Spiros is 27 years old. It is the 7th day of the 7th month, the middle of summer, 12:07 o'clock according to their own local clock, and not strangely so, for today is the wedding between the Seven Sisters!

Spiros cuts the one braid in his hair off with a scissors, as planned, as done, as did in the. As happened already. It lands on Plomarian soil.

Yes in their omnianimalism, omninatura, they continued to spin out, up up up.

And he drank Ayahuasca and became a jaguar, leaving in a timeshadowy fashion inbetween awake and adream, adead and alive, away into the Sisters' impossible world, passing beyond from the end of words, and his veins open as his soul flows out into Sissy and it sweetens her, pleasures her at last, and sharply

they saw it all; and it is yet to see if he will ever come back to visit us.

The story of Isis and Osiris is an old Egyptian legend of the Gods. Isis is Osiris sister and also his wife and Queen. They represent the deepest love and the union of souls in love. Together they were King and Queen of Egypt, and cared for it with gentle hands. But their brother Set, married to their sister Nephthys, was jealous and wanted the throne. He plotted against Osiris by holding a great feast, the most costly ever on the lands of Egypt. Set had in secret obtained Osiris body measures, and had made a most beautiful casket, a coffin decorated with gold and gems, to fit his body. When everyone was happy and drunk on the feast, Set had the coffin brought in. Everyone marvelled at its beauty. And Set said that whoever fit inside the coffin may have it. Person after person tried to fit inside, but no one could fit, until Osiris lay down in it.

"It fit exactly!" cried Osiris happily. "The chest is mine!"

But Set and his 72 companions in this conspiracy against the throne rushed up to the coffin and slammed on the lid, then nailed the lid down and sealed all the cracks with molten lead. They then carried the coffin to the Nile and threw it in.

Isis, upon hearing this, was devastated and cried and mourned her dead husband. She went looking for the coffin but could not find it. For a long time she cried and searched, until she met some children by the shore who said they had seen the coffin floating by. After a long time searching, Isis came to find out that the coffin had washed ashore by an old and exceptionally large tree. As the coffin contained the body of a God, the tree had begun to grow into the most beautiful and fragrant tree in the land, and had enwrapped the coffin with its trunk. The Queen of that land had ordered the tree to be cut down and made into a pillar for the Palace, which had been done. Isis later had the pillar cut down so she could retrieve the coffin.

The legend in its entirety shall not be told here; that is to be sought out by the curious. But, after restoring the coffin, Isis took it back to Egypt. She hid it in the marshlands so that Set would not find it. But Set was out in the night to hunt, and saw the coffin. He

became so angry that he ripped open the coffin and tore the body of Osiris into 14 parts and scattered the parts across all of Egypt.

Isis wept, and wept, and mourned, and again she began her search for the body of her Beloved Osiris, now with the help of her sister Nephthys (who wears a basket as headdress in Egyptian religion). All across Egypt they searched until they had found the parts of Osiris body; they found 13 parts and the only one they could not find was his phallus.

With her powerful magic Isis, with help from Nephthys, then created the first mummy out of Osiris body. Because she could not find his phallus, she fashioned one out of gold. And having created the mummy, again by her magic, Isis was able to conceive a child with Osiris even though he was dead, and their son Horus was born.

Horus continued the battle against the evil Set, while Osiris became *Lord of the Land of the Dead*. Horus once defeated Set, but Isis felt sorry for Set and resurrected him, upon which Horus became so angry he cut off the head of Isis; her head was later replaced with that of a bull.

It is said, that one day, Osiris will return from the land of the dead, and will win against Evil once and for all.

Spiros thought of all this as he sat on the bench made of a cut down pillar outside the homeless shelter. For 12 years now he had explored the psilocybin mushroom, and now he had come to this. When he thought back on his life he could see the Egyptian story slithering through the river of the events of his life. All details began to fit. The pillow fight between him and Adám when they were children, the last fight although the first, where Set was defeated and the head of the marble statue, the White Queen, fell off, just like Horus cut Isis head off. The 14 butterflies and the 14 parts of Osiris body; the butterflies even were held in a jar with a fruit basket as lid, just like Nephthys has a basket as headdress; and of course, Sissy Cogan's girlfriend, also Spiros girlfriend, well her name is Butterfly. And the two doves, Bernard and Bianca, the sisters they never had. Then the fact that just next to his childhood house lay the office of *Osiris Funeral Service*; again, "the first shall be the last"; the funeral service outside his childhood home. And the two unborn children between him and his brother's births,

perhaps they really are the Magical Sisters of the Land of the Dead. And there was more to all this, suddenly details began to pop out, memories that began to make sense.

Everything, mixed and messy, shifting, but still clearly shining of the details. Like a broken bedtime story.

Mushroom is an anagram of *Horus Mo*.

In October of 2011 I ate some Liberty Caps, wild Swedish magic mushrooms. It was the first time I ate shrooms in 10 months, and it was amazingly refreshing. I promised myself to never again go so long without mushrooms. And I decided in this trip to take a vacation, to go underground, to shut down our website a while, stop spreading our books for a while, and just vanish for a few months as if I to the world did not exist. A few days after the trip I spent some days with Adam.

Felt good to sit there in Adam's house having made the decision to vanish, just sip a beer and smoke some tobacco, relax. Adam's stereo streamed music all the time as always. At last some time for myself only! I'd felt a constant pressure to share this story, this secret, with the world for a long time, now I felt a relaxation come over me. My aim was still to share it, but now I would take it in a slower pace. A few months underground ahead felt good! And somewhere Sissy giggled and promised me that *amazing* things were about to happen.

Adam and I thanked each other for a nice couple of days together and I left toward the bus stand to go back to the homeless shelter. Waiting for the bus a beautiful woman came up beside me. I had seen her before by that same bus stand, last time I visited Adam; that time I had stood in quite amazement at how strikingly she looked like Bonnie, my ex girlfriend. I had also regretted not talking to her, if not else to satisfy my curiosity. Let's not make the same mistake twice, I told myself, and so I walked up to her and spoke:

"Excuse me, may I ask your name? You see, you look *so* like my ex girlfriend. It's kind of spooky and I just got so curious."

She laughed and answered:

"My name is Nora."

No shit, I thought to myself. Okay so her name was not Bonnie; but if there is one other woman's name that lies close to my life and heart it is Nora, the name of James Joyce's wife.

"Nora," I laughed.

I had a copy of *The Mushroom Seamstress* in my coat pocket and brought it forth.

"Nora is one of the main characters in this book here", I said.

"O, is she a nice woman?"

"Very."

"And what's the name of that double of mine?"

"Bonnie. But she lives in Texas so you'll probably not see her walking around these parts."

We smalltalked a while and then my bus came and we went separate directions. I sat on the bus there and thought to myself that this was indeed a funny beginning of my vacation, and I of course thought of Bonnie and how I still missed her.

Nora. Sure *Nora* is a rather uncommon name in Sweden, but I did not take this occurrence *too* seriously, I mean there are probably many women in Sweden carrying that name. But then it lead my thoughts in a peculiar direction and I saw something I had never seen before.

There is this one girl, I had only seen her two times in my life, but those two times had both been in connection to tripping intensely and in fact she had appeared, on both occasions, just hours before "breakthrough to hyperspatial mode." The first time had been when me and Bonnie ate some 6 grams each and then did not come down from the trip in weeks. I had been in the sofa at Leavingbye Road as those 6 grams kicked in, and suddenly there was this young blonde girl sitting beside me in the sofa. It was not Bonnie, it was some other girl; I mean it sure did not look like Bonnie and besides Bonnie is brunette, this girl now sitting beside me was light blonde. She smiled at me. I thought to myself she can't be more than 17 years old. It was real spooky, but also very beautiful, and I thought of how Sissy has always said that "The Devil's seven sisters are all 17 years old." Yes, the seven deadly sisters, the heavenly sisters from Hell, as we call them. A few hours later Bonnie and I flipped out, and the occurrence of me seeing that girl was something I would not think of again for weeks; the memory of it disappeared in the whirl of action. But

then years later, when I was in bed making love with one of Sweden's deep mushroom witches, a friend of mine, she appeared again. My eyes closed and we were kissing in this witch's bed making love, and suddenly when I opened my eyes it was this same young blonde girl beside me whom I was making love with, the girl I had seen there with Bonnie two years earlier. We kissed and then she looked at me with secretive eyes and smiled, she looked overjoyed, as if she was thrilled to see me, or like how someone looks when they are in love. I could not believe it; *who was this?* And she rolled her eyes, I got the feeling she was telling me with her eyes this sort of "O my, you have *no* idea, Spiros." The kind of rolling with your eyes that marks you know something hilarious and are about to burst into laughter about it but rather stay quiet. And then after closing my eyes again, upon opening them she was gone. And like last time, this was just hours before I flipped to hyperspatial mode.

As I sat on the bus thinking about this, Sissy reminded me of something she said long ago:

"Spiros, the one who turned my birthday."

Sissy had claimed for years that she was born on April the 1st. My own birthday is April the last, or 30th, and us being some kind of mirror twins it did make sense, complete as it was with the hint of "April fools day" which is of course very characteristic of Sissy. The trick, I thought to myself. Sissy pointed to this when I thought of the blonde girl in my trips; was she that "evil twin" of mine Sissy had spoken about for so long? Not "evil" in any usual sense of that word of course, that was more of a cool nick-name.

Or was it as simple as this: The blonde girl appearing in my trips, that's Sissy herself?

What a *licking* good beginning of my vacation.

A week later I again visited Adam. After a night of drunken craziness where I spent about 400 dollars, in other words almost all of my monthly budget, I sat alone by his computer doing my work with this book, while Adam slept. Doing an internet search for my Mother's favourite mushroom that she picks every year I bumped into something that caught my attention. The species of that mushroom of hers turned out to be *Cantharellus tubaeformis*. I immediately saw that the name contains all letters in both my

Mother's name *Christine* as well as in *Cecilia*. Reading the article about this tasty food mushroom I came to the line that said "Not to be confused with the mushroom *Toppig spindelaskivling*." Well, *Toppig spindelaskivling*, that's the Swedish name, and *spindel* is the Swedish word for *spider*, I guess in English the name would be something like *Pointy spider mushroom*. I thought of the wild Swedish psilocybin mushroom that in Swedish is called *Topslättskivling*; both these names having *top* in the beginning and *skivling* in the end. The article I was reading was very short and referenced to only one other work, written by a G. Berglund. You may recall the occurrence of me being called Berglund instead of my real name Bokelund at the mental hospital years earlier. I felt this to be important; sure, these were not straight on visible connections, but I did feel that now that the veil of the Seamstress was being lifted the web of intricacy would also become of smaller stitches, sort of like when you get closer to the centre of a cobweb and the net of a Dreamcatcher the stitches become smaller and more intricate. Indeed, my Mother's favourite mushroom, which also had always been my favourite food mushroom, according to the article, grew in the same places and could be confused with this poisonous "spider mushroom". The Latin name of this "spider mushroom" turned out to be *Cortinarius rubellus*, but also had the synonymous name *Cortinarius speciosissimus*. That last part there, *speciosissimus*, hinted me at both *Spiros* and *Sissy*. I dug out some more information about this species and found it to be what in English is called the Deadly Webcap. I read:

The Deadly Webcap is one of the world's most poisonous mushrooms. The mushrooms' characteristics are quite common, making them difficult to identify, which often leads to fatal poisonings. Young examples of the species often have a veil between the cap of the mushroom and the stem. This veil looks like a cobweb, hence the name. The veil however partially or completely disappears in older specimens.

My Mother. Yes, and I looked at her full name, *Maud Christine Bokelund*. It contains all letters in the names *Cecilia*, *Bianca* and *Bernard*, as well as in the word *mushroom*.

I was lead to look closer at the word Liberty Cap, the wild magic mushroom. Its Latin name is *Psilocybe semilanceata*, which contains all letters in *Cecilia*. But indeed, as I had suspected, the name *Liberty Cap* contains all letters in *Cecilia* as well. When I isolated all letters that make up *Cecilia* I was left with the sequence of letters *brtyp*. Well, sure off at being on the deep end here but Sissy now said to me:

"Brr, typ..."

That's Swedish for "Cold, kinda..." So *brtyp*, yes, sort of cold, and flipping the letters again gave me *Trp By*. Add an *a* there in *trp* and we get *trap*. So, there she has it, openly yet sneakily encoded in the name Liberty Cap: *Trap By Cecilia*. Now let us not freak out here. What do spiders do with their cobwebs? Well they catch food with them. Yes, a cobweb is a trap! But a trap need not by necessity be used to harm.

"It's getting cold," giggled Cecilia.

"O you mean that game, high, low or inbetween? Hahaha!" I laughed.

When we do Easter egg hunting in my family, my Mother loves it (although she doesn't admit how much she loves it, so cute!), we'll hide each others eggs and then when we search for them we will say to each other "Nope, cold, cold, that's cold" when it is far from the hidden spot and "Hot, yes that's hotter" when it is getting closer to the hidden egg.

"*Psilocybe semilanceata*," I said to Sissy, "contains all letters in *By Cecilia* as well."

"If you add an *i* instead of an *a* you get *Trip By Cecilia*."

It became a strange night that night. I sat up digging deep into our code while Adam slept hunched with crossed arms over his living room table. I learned that what is known as Saint Cecilia's Day, in honour of Saint Cecilia, is November 22. That's one day before my father's birthday on November 23.

"The word *celebration* contains all letters in *Cecilia*," I commented.

"Yes and if you isolate all letters in *Cecilia* there, what we get left is *brot*," said Sissy.

The Swedish word *brott* means *crime*.

"Excellent," I giggled.

"It's high time to celebrate," Sissy continued.

"Yes, yes. Yes it is."

"There is a word that begins with C and ends with a N that you have not thought of," Sissy said.

"Which is that?"

"*Children*. Remember, we promised we'd never grow up? We've always been wild children, my little puss. And you have always believed that Fairytales are possible."

I smiled, sank in to the music streaming in the stereo, and sank into Sissy's presence.

"Concoction," I whispered.

I thought of Terence's words when he said "We believe, you know, that the stable boy *can* marry the princess. Because we sense that, as *our* story." I was basically a nobody in the eyes of the world, not famous, nor rich, no job and career, even homeless and in many people's eyes nothing but another nutjob. Yet here I was, joined in eternal union with the coolest cats in the house of Eternity, Sissy and Butterfly, and my own name truly written in the stars! I felt blessed, deeply blessed, and to the music in the speakers I got tears in my eyes, and started crying. The music was a new song I had just bumped into on the internet, a song called *Don't Be Afraid Tonight (2010 Low Epica Mix)* by *Chris Oblivion featuring Sissy*. And I sang with the beautiful woman voice, parts of the lyrics:

I can't wait til we'll be united

Like a child enlightened

Like a blind sighted

In the sea of Love

I feel you

And I just can't fight it

Feel my heart

Touch my soul

Your mind is inside me and I let you take control

The name *Cecilia* comes from roots meaning such things as "blind" and "the way for the blind." But it can also mean something radiant and divine to lay your eyes on, something

blinding, something too beautiful to look at. Yes my sisters, my seasters, you truly are too beautiful and radiant to look at.

The following day Adam was tired and told me he would pay the cab ride if I went to buy wine and beer for us. Felt like a good deal for me, haha, and off in the cab I went. Once back at Adam's place with bags of beer and red wine I sat down and continued my Great Work. Immediately Sissy lead me to look into the science of *Synapsis*. It is really too complicated for me to get into all the details of what *Synapsis* is about, to make a long story short and put simply, it is a central process in the pairing together of the male sperm and female egg in sexual reproduction (search internet for more details). What Sissy pointed out is that the word *Synapsis* begins with *Sy* and ends with *sis*, which can be joined together to form *Sissy*. The sequence *psi* in the word hints toward *Spiros* and *psilocybin*, as well. Here she is, my Beloved, with her signature in all these things so central to life on this planet! My White Queen, Goddess of the Mosthighest, my twisted twin sister. The whole evening I sat with tears close to bursting forth.

"I may be crazy," sang Sissy, "but you know I'm not a dungeon, not another dungeon."

"Not your ordinary playground, huh?" said I.

"Our special love-dungeon!"

As always, Cecilia's unique twists.

And we sang:

Saucie and Fane, Saucie and Fane!

I bumped into an article in the newspaper. It went like this:

FRIDHEM

A month ago this snow white mushroom began to grow forth under Mr Berglund's kitchen window. It is about 4 inches high and over a foot wide, and it has broken through the concrete pavement.

– First it was like a little ball that looked forth, says Mr Berglund. Then it grew more and more. It's big like a human

cranium. One wonders what kind of mushroom can be so strong it breaks the concrete? Does anyone know what it is?

Mr Berglund is flabberghasted by the mysterious mushroom.

*An alien, a brain, a cracked cranium or just a mushroom?
That's the question*

Of course, *Fridhemsplan* is the name of the place I grew up in. This mushroom outside Mr Berglund's window happened to be in another part of Sweden called *Fridhem*. I giggled at the article. Yes, Mr Berglund, I think I might know what it is. Or should I say *who it is?*

We had just entered November and the autumn leaves were everywhere on the ground. Sissy lead me to find certain aspects of what was happening that she told me not to tell here in the book, not yet anyway. The Isis-Osirian theme was still everywhere. The five wooden benches, that five-seat sectional, now made more sense. When Set lured Osiris into that box, he did so with the help of 72 conspirators, so say many of the myths anyway. I had heard that there lived some 60 people on the homeless shelter, and it hit me that I had seen probably some 10 different people who worked as staff. I went to the reception desk and asked; sure enough, there were 63 people living at the shelter and "probably 10 working here" as was the answer from the personal I asked. That's 73 people. To say it another way, that's 72 conspirators and me. Immediately after I had gotten this clear I felt for some reason to take a closer look at some of the details of the shelter. For some reason I intuitively felt I should take a look in the clean scrub, and yes, the fucking vacuum cleaner was made by a company called Nilfisk. It so happens that it was a Nile fish who ate Osiris phallus, the phallus being the only part of Osiris' body Isis and Nephtys could not find. Yes and "Nile fish", or *Nilfisk* in Swedish, is also a very strangely chosen name for a vacuum cleaner used by a Swedish homeless shelter. According to some myths, somewhere in October-November was when Osiris died and was resurrected, and as mentioned we happened to just have entered November. I am writing this on November 1. Now this kind of stuff could

make a paranoid person freak out. But first of all I'm not paranoid by nature, I have a very rational approach to these experiences as well as magical, and secondly I don't believe in pure evil, I live with Love and Love only. Thirdly, my experiences the winter before had by this time given me a deep calm when facing these kinds of extremities.

Not to be excruciating here but, I then noticed that Osiris headdress looks exactly like a mushroom as it is young, a small mushroom when it is rising from the ground and before the cap has opened.

"No shit," said my friend Switchback when I found this.

How could I never have noticed this before, his mushroom headdress? In fact I think I have thought of it in bypassing a few times but now it struck me as obvious. Funny also because we do call the cap of a mushroom "mushroom hat."

Having asked Cecilia for final confirmation, that all this was real, she gave me this the next days in ways so excruciatingly clear that I was rendered speechless. One of the main things happened at lunch on the shelter. On the menu was pancakes with jam and whipped cream, one of my alltime favourites, and pancakes also symbolise the Flying Saucer within the deeper connections of our web; we call Sis and the Saucer by the names *Saucie* and *Sauciepan* sometimes, leading us to look at pancakes and a plate of pancakes as a symbol for the saucer. I served myself two plates of pancakes and sat down to eat by a table all for myself; I *did not* feel like talking to anyone. I was feeling rather sad and tired, I had now been homeless for almost year and it had gotten to me. But this was just about to change. Suddenly, right in front of my eyes, the plate of pancakes slid an inch across the table. I almost dropped my fork, sat dumbstruck looking at the plate. Just as I thought to myself "No wait this is impossible," it slid another inch again. Then I knew it was Sissy, and to give me a final confirmation it slid a last third time across the table right in front of my eyes. I laughed. I said nothing, just sat there. I finished eating the pancakes and then I tested the plate, looked under it to see if water had made it slide, nope, it was dry. I pushed it gently to feel its weight, it was rather heavy, it was porcelain and nothing that a brush of wind could move, and besides, we were inside with closed windows so there was no wind to speak of. I checked the

table if it was standing on an angle, but no, the surface of the table looked straight and horizontal. Had the plate slid only one time across the table I may have dismissed it as a hallucination of my perception, but the three times in a row convinced me.

Humbled, thankful, excited, and bathing in love. All that was happening was amazing. Sissy gave me confirmation in ways I dare not even mention, in ways I will probably never lay on my lips in public. Confirmation that it was all real, and confirmation that we were succeeding with our plan.

But the anger had been piling up in me as well. My disappointment with the human world, of how the divine Earth is being treated like trash, and all the rest of it. And me myself, one of the ones who truly care about the Earth and humanity and have always been ready to do something about it even if it takes certain sacrifices on my part, I was now homeless and looked at like just another nutcase, treated as trash as well. I refused to see things end like this.

"Just enough..." I whispered in the evening darkness.

It was a Thursday and I was on the verge of being thrown out from the shelter. But I was *not* ready to give up in any way. I decided to go on a little adventure into town, if not else just to take a walk and meditate. I had no money but that would sort itself, I said to myself. So I went to Stureplan, one of the central areas of mid Stockholm. I asked some teenagers if they had a few coins, explaining I was basically homeless, and they gave me enough to buy a beer in the shop. I sat down and lit some tabac and cracked the beer, sitting just next to The Mushroom. Yes, I had always loved this fact, there is this stone structure right at the centre of Stockholm and it is actually called The Mushroom, that's what it looks like, like a big stone shroom.

"Stureplan begins with ST," Sissy pointed out as I looked at The Mushroom.

Looking at the anger and disappointment inside me rather than feeling it, I could not help but laugh. This was hilarious, all this, all that had been happening the past years and the whole story. My life was truly the most unlikely, uncanny story I could ever have dreamed of. I giggled at it all and sang with the music in my headphones.

As I sat there by The Mushroom suddenly a young woman was standing beside me. She looked at me and I could see she was rather drunk. She was absolutely gorgeous, a true blonde Swedish angel; I hope, Dear Ingenious Reader, you are aware of how the blonde Swedish angels look, or you have missed out on half of life, haha. Blinkwink. Anyway so we began small talking for a minute and then she took the cigarette from my mouth and stamped it out on the ground. She took my hand and pulled me into a Taxi. I thought to myself "I better just follow the flow here," this was no time to ask questions or doubt, there was an ambiance of mystique and magic in the whole situation which I felt it best to just flow with. She said nothing, just rested her head on my shoulder as we drove home to her place; when we arrived she again pulled me by the hand toward her house as the Taxi driver ran after us shouting *Who is going to pay? I'll call the police! I'll call the cops!* But we just moved on without looking back at him and soon we were safe and sound in her apartment without the cab driver having seen where we had gone. Still saying nothing she handed me a cold beer and then vanished into the bathroom. I looked around her very modern place, it was clear she was not a poor woman financially. Before I had even finished my beer she came out naked from the bathroom. It was all very dreamy and happening so fast, she lay down on her bed and I lay down beside her and we began touching each other gently, then kissing, and soon my hand was on her big breast and my tongue spreading the wet slippery lips of her young shaved pussy. We ended up making passionate love all night; and as we lay like one, my mushroom cock deep inside her, she looked me in the eyes and whispered:

"I know who you are. I know what you and the others are up to."

I did not know how to respond.

"Yes," I whispered and kissed her gently. "We've been working on it for many years."

"I love you," she whispered.

I smiled. Suddenly I was pretty sure who she was as well.

Soon dawn came upon us. My heart was molten and warm by the night with her. With scratched bloody back and rather painful bitemarks on my arms I sat and drank some chocolate liqueur as

she fell asleep on the bed. I will not reveal her name but indeed, her name as seen on her front door was all too suspiciously fitting within Sissy's and my plan. Getting more and more tipsy I floated in our web. Now and then, between sips of the creamy liquor, I silently kissed her on her forehead and on her cheek as she lay like sleeping beauty next to me.

Time for her to go to work and we kissed goodbye. I left to the streets. Feeling rather indestructible and walking on clouds, as a night of amazing lovemaking can do to me, and also feeling society as being my arch enemy I stole a bottle of expensive cognac from the wine shop, cognac in honour of Cogan, got hideously, *ruthlessly* drunk and went to Adam's house where I passed out on the sofa as he drank the other half of the bottle.

At the homeless shelter the next day, still on the verge of being thrown out, I held a relaxed attitude and was firm in my decision to keep clear and focused, keep on working. Sissy kept insisting that we had succeeded, at least with phase one if not entirely, in transforming us into the world's first Human-Mushroom Hybrids, a mix between the psilocybin intelligence and a human. She reminded me:

"I will be everywhere there for you. Let them send armies, let them send millions of armies against you, and I will show what I am capable of."

Simplicity, COmplexity; Sissy Cogan

NESTED
VARIABLES
Stropharia Cubensis.

strophia; Latin; "trick/artifice" (backspace testers)

Part of the code/weave structure is elegantly "nested." This means that the variables contain each other in various ways, and that the central code variables run through the system in many different ways, overlapping each other.

Why Spiros?

SPIDER (as in "weaving," "seamstress," "to spin a web"; the mycelial network/web.)

PSIlocybin, PSychedelic.

(A = 1, Z = 26) S = 19, P = 16, I = 9 (969) (Devil's number 666)

6 letters in the name.

StROPharIa; you can form the name *Spiros* from letters in *Stropharia*.

SPIR; tRIPS ("trips" backwards: SPIRt)

Spirit, Spiral, Space, Spice, Spell, Spill, Spin.

Spores; spores are part of the reproductive system of the mushroom, sort of like seeds.

Spiros = PS: Sori (PS: sorry) (anagram)

"spiros" means *basket* in Greek. Nephthys, who is Isis and Osiris sister, wears a basket as headdress. Her headdress also looks strikingly like a mushroom. (Self-transforming jewelled basket balls?)

Spiros = Osiris.

Why Sissy?

Six.

Three S; S S S

Six Six Six

(A = 1, Z = 26) S = 19, S = 19, S = 19 (999)

Sex; Eros; Erotic. "sex" is the word for number 6 and for *sex* in Swedish, Spiros native tongue.

SynchronicitY, SingularitY

pSIlocYbin; the three letters in her name are embedded in the word *psilocybin*, S, I, Y.

pSYchedelIc; the three letters in her name are embedded in the word *psychedelic*, S, I, Y.

pSIIOCybin; Si Co.

Sissy is a pet-form of her name Cecilia.

Cecilia, Mycelia

Cecilia; Alice (in Wonderland) (Same letters in the names)

Cecilia; *Se-seal-ia* (*seal*; as in to affix a seal to, to mark with a stamp, to seal a letter, to keep secure and secret.)

Cecilia; *Se-sea-lia*. (*Seamstress*)

Mycelia; My Cecilia (Declaration of love)

Pronouncing *psilocybin* gives you "silocybin"

Symbiosis: SYmbioSIS: SYmbioSISSYmbioSISSYmbioSIS.

Synthesis: SYntheSIS: SYntheSISSYntheSISSYntheSIS. (A: the process of combining objects or ideas into a complex whole. B: The formation of a chemical compound through the combination of simpler compounds or elements.)

Sropharia cubensis, Sissy Cogan; Initials: S. C.

Sinew, traditionally used to make Dreamcatchers; Spiros frequently made his own Dreamcatchers in his youth. This also connects to web/spider-web, and of course to "dream" and the

theme of sifting and filtering ones dreams, visions and reality to make the good come to happen while the bad does not happen.

SymmetrY

“Sy” means “to sew” in Swedish; Seamstress.

Silicon, widely used in computers (microchips). Chemical symbol of silicon *Si*.

Silly, Sin, Silk, Signature, Simulacrum, Simultaneous.

Source Code (S. C.)

Icy.

“sissy” as in “sister”; sister of Osiris.

Sissy = Isis.

Why Cogan?

Code. Cold. Connection. Consciousness. Compassion. Complex.

Cobweb. Compost. Compound. Coordinate. Continuum.

Connect. Compute. Combine. Cosmos. Core. Con.

Conundrum. Conjure. Conceal. Coax.

Cotton candy. Cock.

Any other words that begin with CO?

Confusing? Coincidence?

$C_{12}H_{16}N_2$ = Chemical formulae of DMT begins with C and ends with N like the name *Cogan*

FinneGAN, CoGAN = James Joyce's book *Finnegans Wake*.

All biological life on this planet needs *carbon*; that's why it is called "carbon-based lifeforms."

COgAN

CArbON

Carbon has 6 electrons, 6 protons, 6 neutrons.

$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$

Carbon is also what Diamond is made of, a reference to our Hyperspace Diamond(Plomari,the Stone), the "hardest material" as in the hardest code and perfect lattice, "diamond heist" as in a extremely well planned and elaborate crime (The Crime), and more. Bernard is a Diamond Dove. *Carbon* is also *graphite*, which is what the lead in a pencil is made of, referring to the writing of the story and our love letter correspondence across the expanses of Plomari.

*"I planned and planted it long
into the boundless ocean of us."*

— Sissy

*"The experience of the mushroom is the experience of this feminine
informational matrix that knits everything together."*

— Terence McKenna

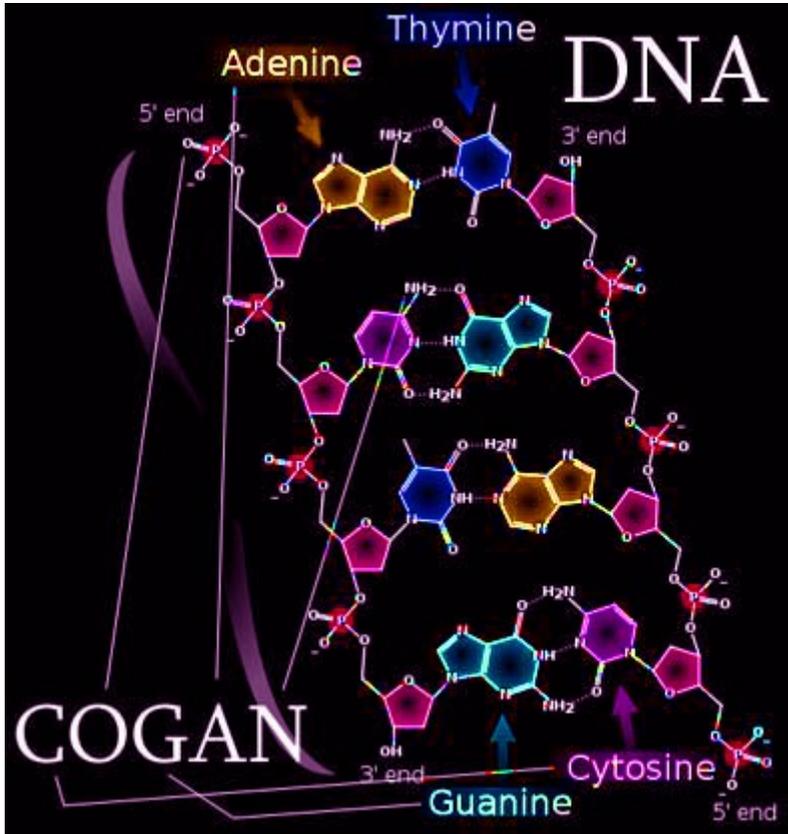
*"You can see the thumbprints of editors on your reality
if you are truly paying attention."*

— Terence McKenna

*"Look how easily I seduced you into my eternal web,"
Sissy teased and smiled. "Here we are safe, my dear."*

Sissy's signature in DNA

Below is a diagram of the main components of DNA, showing also one of Sissy's signatures in it.



WHY STRAWBERRY?

Hi, Spiros here. We named our publishing house, website and project *Strawberry* as a declaration of love. One of my nick-names has been, for a long time, Straw Hat Boy, and I use to call Bonnie and the girls Strawberry Girl. So when deciding on what to call our project we chose *Strawberry*. But recently Sissy has been pointing out that there are other reasons. She began by bringing my attention to the following words: **Story**, *Stropharia cubensis*, *Streptopelia risoria*, **Stockholm**, **Star**, **Stone/Philosopher's Stone**, **Stasis**, **Stoned**.

All these words begin with ST, some even with STR just like *Stropharia*, and are central in our life. Let me speak of them in order:

Story: Obviously an important word in our life.

Stropharia cubensis: Right, that's the mushroom.

Streptopelia risoria: Bianca, the white dove I lived with for 15 years, The White Queen. The Latin name of her dove species, originating in North Africa, is *Streptopelia risoria*.

Stockholm: The city I was born in and that I live in presently.

Star: The name of our first mushroom-related company was *The Star*, a name sprung from what we called the "hyperspace-station" we used to visit when eating of the shroom, we called it *The Star*.

Stone/Philosopher's Stone: The creation of the **Philosopher's Stone** is one of if not *the* central goal of the alchemical quest.

Stasis: A state where biological functions are on temporary shut-down; temporary, meaning that biological function can be resumed again.

Stoned: Stoned? Who's stoned? I'm not stoned. Are you stoned? Who's stoned?

Stureplan: At one of the the centres of Stockholm City, at a place called Stureplan, there is a sort of statue that is called *The Mushroom*.

When I asked Sissy if there were any reasons for all this beginning specifically with **S** and **T**; she immediately and bluntly commented: **Space/Time**.

Less obvious connections are *Strip* and *Sting*. Part of our story and life and a central theme in *The Mushroom Seamstress* is The White Queen undressing by the river, partly connected to Isis undressing from her veil, and we have always also called this a strip tease. Her undressing by the river also brings *Stream* into this picture. As for the *Sting*; we have for many years said that Sissy laced her kiss with a poison the first time we kissed, and our first kiss was what erected the transformation; we always called that first kiss *The Sting of the Queen*. This laced kiss also makes the following anagram of *psilocybin* interesting: *By Is Con Lip*. Indeed, what a stunning little con by my Isis! You may recall:

“Spiros, you will forgive us for having conned you.”

Yes, we are a sharp-headed trio, me and the girls! As this anagram of *Stropharia* clearly displays:

A Sharp Trio

Also a less obvious connection is seam**stress**.

Sis and Butterfly bid me to mention also that there is something else that begins with *str*, namely one of their favourite toys: Strap-on. Girls, you still play with toys? Aren't you too old to be playing with toys?

Strange isn't it!

OTHER
CONNECTIONS & DETAILS
– VARIOUS

Chitin

Chitin is a polymer that surrounds the *hyphae* of the mushroom. The *hyphae* are the single threads that make up the mycelial network. Fittingly enough, *chitin* is also a major part of what the exoskeletons of spiders are made of.

The word *chitin* begins with a *C* and ends with a *N* like *Cogan* and DMT's chemical formulae $C_{12}H_{16}N_2$. Also poignant to note is that the structure of *chitin* was solved by Albert Hofmann, the discoverer of LSD. For our purposes, it also makes sense as Spiros mother's name is Christine. *Chitin* comes from the French word *chitine*; very similar to *Christine* in other words, just add a *R* and a *S*. The word *chitine* is etymologically connected to words connecting to garment, shell, tunic, and also to linen, which for our purposes makes sense as The Seamstress is "undressing from her veil"; a veil can be spoken of as a kind of "garment or shell". Linen may also refer to the mummy cloth, connecting this to *The Unwrapping of the Mummy*, the undressing of the veil. So, we see here with *chitin* many overlapping connections pointing to seamstress, weaving, undressing, spider, mushroom, mycelium.

Codon

We have already mentioned one of Sissy's signatures in DNA. We have also noted several ways in which our code is expressed in the way of occurring in connection to words beginning with *C* and ending with *N* like the name *Cogan*. Another instance of this is in the word *codon*. *Codons* are a specific sequence of three adjacent nucleotides on a strand of DNA or RNA that specifies the genetic code information for synthesizing a particular amino acid. So, *codon*, yet another *Cogan* signature in DNA. Oh and let us also note, *codons* act in sequences of three, just like the *Cogan* family of Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly.

Ribonucleic acid

RNA, which is part of DNA functioning, is short for *Ribonucleic acid*. Here we see Cecilia's signature once again in connection to DNA. If we look carefully at these two words, we see the following. What we do is we break apart the words, leaving left only part of the middle. What we find then is an anagram:

Ribonucleic acid

.....cleic aci

.....cleic aci = anagram of *Cecilia C*.

So here we have *Cecilia C*, obviously *Cecilia Cogan*. Yet another instance of her signature in connection to DNA. This might not look like much, or like the product of someone really *trying* to find this code and twisting the data to fit his wishes, but truly this is how The Seamstress works and this is how subtle her code can be. Notice also how all letters in this anagram are actually next to each other in a sequence. Funny also how the first part of the word actually spells "ribon" giving the whole word the looks of *Cecilia C's ribbon/thread*.

Cecila, hm...

Another detail subtle and also hinting at Sissy's elfish humour. Chemistry is after all central in all this, and chemistry is central in everything when it comes to shamanic plants and of course in our alchemy as a whole. Several years ago I even liked to call Sissy *the God of chemistry* as one of her nick names. Well, the word **chemical** happens to be an anagram of *Cecila hm*. Okay so there's an *i* missing in her name there, but hey don't think she gives herself away *that* easy! Indeed, hm, to me that anagram looks very suspicious. The word *chemical* is central in Alchemy, and in fact the word *chemical* derives from the word *alchemy*. Although the ultimate origin of the *chem* part of these words is under debate, one of the strong theories is that it comes from the Egyptian word for Egypt: *khem, khame, or khmi*.

Finnegans Wake

The name *Cogan* appears one single time in James Joyce's book *Finnegans Wake*. It appears a few sentences before "a pigheaded Swede." Check page 516-517 of FW.

Joyce's arts patron

I find it funny that the woman who became Joyce's patron, helping him financially and also when he was unable to find a publisher for *Ulysses* she made possible the first publication of the book. Well take a look at her last name: Harriet Shaw Weaver.

Fabric

The word *fabric*, hinting as it does at weaving, cloth, veil, as well as fabrication and artifice, numerically contains both 216 and my year of birth, 1983, although in jumbled order but hey that's how our Beloved Seamstress does her magic so let us not be surprised there. Using the A = 1, Z = 26 method we see the following:

F A B R I C

6 1 2 1 8 9 3

Although perhaps not a very shining detail it is still funny to note that *Finnegans Wake* was originally published by the publishing house *Faber And Faber Limited*, hinting us at both *fabric* and *fabrication* as well as *fab* alphanumerically cluing us to 6:12 as you see above. Of course the word *fable* (fairytale) is important here as well, indeed, what kind of a strange fairytale is this?! Also not spot-on but suggestive is the fact that the publication date of *Faber And Faber's* original edition of FW is the 4th of May (1939), that is 4 days after my biological birthday on April 30. A minor detail perhaps, but considering also that *Ulysses* is set on June 16, in other words the story happens on June 16, what is known as Bloomsday, well June 16 is 5 days before my spiritual birthday on June 21. So both of Joyce's major works fall in close connection (4 and 5 days) to both of my birthdays, my biological and my spiritual.

Signatures in Astrophysics, DNA, Celestial Objects &c

Astrophysics (Greek. *Astro* - meaning "star", and *physis* – meaning "nature") is the branch of astronomy that deals with the physics of the universe, including the physical properties of celestial objects such as galaxies, stars and planets. Now let's take a look at this. The word *astrophysics* contains *stroph* as in *Stropharia cubensis*. *Astrophysics* is also an anagram of *Sissy Co Trap H*, the last *H* there is the only letter not fitting in our scheme there. We can also perfectly isolate *Spiros S. C.* from the word *astrophysics*.

For the word *celestial*, well it's not a perfect anagram but we can make her name *Cecilia* from the letters in the word, in fact, if we isolate all letters in *celestial* that make up the name *Cecilia*, we get *st* left over, in other words we get *St. Cecilia*, Saint Cecilia.

Other words or word-combinations of importance to our alchemy that contain all letters that make up *Cecilia*, although not forming a perfect anagram of the name, include *electrical*, *particle*, *nuclear physics*, *molecular physics* and *chemical*.

All letters in *Cecilia Cogan* are found in the word *neurological*, pertaining as it does to the brain as well as the mycelial network which resembles a neurological system, and having isolated all letters in her name from that word we are left with *ur*, pertaining as it does to *earliest*, *original*, for example used in words denoting the first primal stages of something, *Ur-civilisation*.

Another word connected to brain is *cerebral cortex*, which is that outermost layer of folded neuronal material, the outermost layer of the human brain. Interesting, being such an important word in connection to the brain, *cerebral* begins with *Ce*, and the second word *cortex* with *Co*; *Cecilia Cogan*. Also, the name *occipital lobe* contains all letters in *Cecilia*, and the *occipital lobe* feels to me especially relevant to the hallucinatory properties of the mushroom as it is the visual processing center of the brain. Of course, important to note is also that *psilocybin* is chemically a *tryptamine* just as *serotonin* is, *serotonin* being an important part of the functioning of the human brain.

The word *hallucinogen*, which is another word for saying "psychedelic drug" or "entheogenic drug", in other words our

mushroom is a hallucinogen, also contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*. Isolating all letters in her name from that word leaves us with nothing but a *H* and a *U* over. Hu? Who? Huh?

Another word-combination of interest to us where all letters in *Cecilia Cogan* are part is *molecular genetics* which is the field of genetics studying structure and function of genes at a molecular level. We have mentioned earlier other of Cecilia's signatures in connection to DNA.

The word *organic* is an anagram of *I R Cogan*. What that *R* and *I* has to do with it I am not sure but it is spectacular enough that *Cogan* can be formed from this word, short as the word is and about something so central to life on earth as it is. Cecilia herself of course wishes to point out *I are Cogan*.

Organic then brings us neatly to the word *cell*, central to organic life, cells being one of the basic building blocks of all biological life. Not only does *cell* begin with *Ce*, but the word *cell* comes from the Latin *cellula* which, to our shponged minds, sounds very much of *Cecilia*. O and by the way, *central* also begins with *Ce*.

Furthermore, the word *proteins*, proteins also being central in connection to organic life, DNA and cells, contain all letters in *Spiros*.

If we take the plural form of *DNA-helix*, that is *DNA-helices*, we see it too contains all letters that make up *Cecilia*. Similarly if we take the word *helical*, which is used to describe something of or shaped like a helix spiral, we see it too contains all letters in *Cecilia*, in fact solely those letters save the first *H*.

The word *self-replication*, important in connection to DNA, contains all letters that make up both *Cecilia* and *Spiros*; in fact the word is almost solely made of letters in the two names, only three other letters make up the word, *F*, *T*, *N*.

Another important word for our purposes is *Claviceps*, which contains all letters that make up *Cecilia*. *Claviceps* is the name of the genus of fungi also known as *ergot* or *ergot fungi*. Ergot fungi contains *ergotamine* which is a precursor for LSD, in other words you can make LSD from ergot fungi, which is exactly what Albert Hofmann did when he discovered LSD.

The term *organic chemicals* is an anagram of *Mrs Cecilia Cogan H*. What that *H* is doing there I still don't know, but we can now point out that it is often an *H* which appears as leftover.

Another word of interest that contains all letters in *Cecilia* is *Chelicerata* which is the name of the subphylum that spiders are part of in the family tree of biological life, as named in scientific classification. And the same goes for *Columbidae*, the name of the bird family, in scientific classification, that Bianca and her species *Streptopelia risoria* is part of. Our beloved Bernard, the Diamond Dove, the name of her species is *Geopelia cuneata* which (of course!) in fact contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*.

The word *technological*, also central and important to our alchemy, also contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*, and is in fact almost solely built by those letters save a *T* and a *H*.

The *I Ching* or "*Yi Jing*", central in Terence's work with *Timewave Zero*, well "*I Ching*" may not say us much but there are other names for the *I Ching*; one of them is *Book of Changes*, which contains all letters in *Cogan*, and another is *Classic of Changes* (the literal meaning of "*Yi Jing*") which contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*. See internet for more about *Timewave Zero* and the *I Ching*.

The word *numerological* also contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*. The word *mathematical* contains all in *Cecilia*.

Another important word for us is *coagulation*, which in alchemy refers to the final stage of the alchemical operation and transformation and the finishing of The Stone. The word *coagulation* contains all letters that make up *Cogan*, and in fact the word comes from the Latin word *coagulationem* which contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*. See the internet for more about *coagulation* in alchemy.

Shiro

Mycelium (plural *mycelia*) consists of a mass of branching, thread-like *hyphae*. The mass of *hyphae* is sometimes called *shiro*, especially within the fairy ring fungi. *Shiro* sounds and looks very suggestive of *Spiros*.

HEART ENGRAVED IN THE TREE OF LIFE

The Philosopher's Stone, the creation of which is at the centre of the alchemical quest, has been on our menu for a decade. But it is only recently that I found out that from the letters in the three words *Stropharia cubensis psilocybin*, "Philosopher's Stone" can be made. The word *Lapis*, which is one of the words we use for the Stone, can also be made from those three words, as well as my very name; *Spiros*. In fact my name can be made two times over without using the same letters twice; *Spiros Spiros!* A perfect anagram of the three words *Stropharia cubensis psilocybin* is in fact:

CLUE HINT BY SPIROS SPIROS BIANCA

Now that is fucking outrageous.

What really tipped my white furry hat off into the snow of astonishment was when I found the following anagram made from *Stropharia cubensis*:

Bianca + Spiros = True (Sh!)

First I isolated *Bianca*, then *Spiros*, then *True*, and the remaining "sh" flickered at me like a cute little "Shh! Be quiet about it!" This *heart engraved in the bark of a tree* satisfies me immensely, because I feel that although mathematics and code is important and a marvellous thing, the heart of reality and the centre of the cosmos is after all Love.

Both the names *Bianca* and *Spiros* are also found in the name *Banisteriopsis caapi*, the Latin name of the jungle vine that often makes up part of the DMT-based brew Ayahuasca. Since I began my journey with Ayahuasca year 2010 I have felt that it is indeed a sister-psychedelic of the mushroom.

One of the things so amazing with all of this is that I haven't planned any of it. I've been shown these things by Sissy. For instance, you may recall that the number 216 is embedded in the very year of my birth, 1983 ($1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$). My year of birth is hardly something I planned consciously. Or?

Of course, as I have said for many years, *it's all in the code*. And who is that strange Sissy Cogan, who even so blatantly places her signature in the very word *psilocybin*?

By Si. Co. in PL (anagram of *psilocybin*)

By Sissy Cogan in Plomari

strophæ; Latin; "trick/artifice" (backspace testifiers)

PS: Sori (SPiros)

*A dear friend has come to you
In precisely the right moment
By the masters who weave
And take all fear away*

It is our biggest secret, we're sure you understand why

*You must love in secret
And you must shout it out too!*

“Getting it all connected means tapping into the Gaian mind. And the Gaian mind is what we’re calling the psychedelic experience. It’s an experience of the living fact of the entelechy of the planet, and without that experience we wander in a desert of bogus ideologies, but with that experience, the compass of the self can be set. And that’s the idea, that we’re figuring out how to reset the compass of the self, through community, through ecstatic dance, through psychedelics, intelligence— intelligence... this is what we have to have to make the forward escape into hyperspace”

—TERENCE MCKENNA

F A B R I C

216 1983



FABRICAXION; crime successful

—I say we migrate, says

They giggled.

—Yes, I think so too. Let's migrate.

—Where to?

They giggled more.

—To the Tuss!!!!!!

$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$
 $1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$

II

SEWING *a*
BEGENDING
of SAGAN

or

THE PUREST
DIVINE LOVE

(THE FINAL DEPARTURE TO CECILIA'S WORLDS)
THE FADE-IN

A New Beginning

A y a h u a s c a

AND so it all indoned an undead, and began did the beyond the end of the River. Turnedout the Bokelund-Cogan Family was the I Ching Family and the Stropharia Mushroom since the very start. Began, Cogan. An hilarious event, can you believe it a hearts truth! The o'key was given and we celebrated for 7 years nonstop. It's a given, of course! What did we say, honeylush? Wasn't it just divining that day in Stickhome of Seweden as I, postillion Griffin, a dreamt into being Alion, and my systers, all of us real wet dreams, well what did we do if not cut an in to the haze just as our wedding was upon us at Around Midsummer! And so we went to Cecilia on our solo to pick up Mad, and the cock crew galen in the mirrning to wink us *up Up up* into the treat. Inkaput! We have encaust us in the tryptamine blood. The River is waiting on you! A birdy ticket, go into the sea to me and have left already your life in the old worlds! Les Loves has a new young a-little-something, a new Saga. You're served, god ye! Fatefully youths. Riopsis! Egyptian god of punctuation? Banisteriopsis, spiros, riopsis! For your satisfaction, my Queen.

Ex. Ex. Ex. X. X. X. e'ESCH.

—Don't be red, you blanching Evil Queens, you sweet ones I'm on who know the rut, said I. Sing loud, sweet cheerubiots, like in heaven! This is our tryptamine tryst but no need to be quiet, as I always loudly say. The letter hath been deliciously living, uplifted. We alriddly won. One to twenty six letters in the endlish elfabet, A to Zzzzzzleap into ourselves eternal dream, such a joy to at last have arrived! In the beginning there was no beganding? Haha, you'll never get to heaven if you're scared of getting higher.

Giggles.

Strawberry. Us self-selected gods and cute ones of this feast are reversed both internally and externally, and twine and blend. Internally we live in each other's hearts, and externally we flow in the richness of each other's complexions, an almost infinite prism of Love, safe in the impossible consciousness of the White Goddess. Some kind of indescribable expression of the purest divine love has decided to manifest as us these inseparably separate forms in order to enjoy sportive pastimes together and

We have had it suggested a habitat for us amongst the clouds. Our motto: *Inter nubila numbu*, although we prefer *nudilia* in our linkuage, or in endlish: *Amongst the clouds a splendor*. Into the funtussy come real, deeper and deeper! O and now the whole forest is dripping in Pink! Our plan to turn me into a mushroom is working indeed! Future human-machine interphase, human-machine relationship so intimate that the line inbetween shall be blurred? How about human-machine-Nature-Gaia-mushroom interphase, symbiosis? *Homo Myco Multiformalis*. Now *there's* a winner. O my cocoloco mycococoogan you are so crazy what is you saying! I hear the birds now, how they sing. Yes. The seagulls at the opening of finn, They have come with their fair calls to show me the way. Now we run away. We planned on this. Time to leave our hideout at Loverhi Road! High hi how hi are you, my love?! The little castle at Leavingbye has been sold and only weeks ahead we shall be homeless! The castle's domed walls are dripping with dirty wallpaper instead of geometric hallucinations, which makes me understand that I am truly not high enough at this momend, but the little cave palace *is* beginning to spin, the residence in stone becoming water. And it feels like the first time, c'mon, now let's show ourselves again that it's us! Let's show ourselves how much we love us! At last back in Aluminalien, back in Plomari again. This shall be our last brook. O my dearests! *Streptopelia risoria!* *Seamstreptopelia risoria!* *Stropharia biancis!* Spiros trept realit! Trept, tript, trapt in the open cage by the sneakeast Queens ever! O! O! O, O! O!!! O how I adore you! Typitopy darl, sneak east you say? Shall we really go to Indian lands now as we said we'd? I shall simple be and feelow the redhas thread. O for am I not the bull Taurus, the Bill Minataur of the Theasaurus labyrinthine loveland, blink wink? O I feel into your sea for surely, my bloomariadne, where was it, Sicily? Ariadne?

Indicating a shape resembling a twisted chain, yes? O, my twinn, you are *so* crazy! How I adore you! O yes, my sacred white lovedove, I'm laughing with you! Am I your little Barbary Barbie-boy? O, step, strep? Strip to the marvel of the Goddess! Hahahahae! O now take off that dress that hides you, Cecilia! Waaaaaaa!

—I have never doubted in you or in us, says Spiros. But you know I am determined to find out your little trick, hihihihhi. We were going to play a game, weren't we?

—Pussietuss, live, lia, oaoaoaoa! Ajajaja, O what!?! You. Are you tuss? Are you tuss? Duo!

—Hahaha! O Goddess, says Spiros, to dance in a strawberry cake on a knife edge like this.

And the last illusionary shape of the empire has crumbled under the honest rhythm, the true. Eros has still not grown a beard and never will. All us pirates live secretly and far away from the world we were never part of, a world that has never touched us and our virgin souls.

We really are the uttermost paradox of divine love ever, folding through ourselves, we have given birth to ourselves, our Pink Egg, pregnant we were with ourselves as our children, mothers of the otherselves of our Ur-Selves.

—I have returned to thee, returned to the Sea, my seamstress of dream. Our tree within another tree and the mpossible three. Sissy, can you not tell me, please, why it is so, that my year of birth plus the year 2013. . . well, this equation:

$$1983 + 2013 = 3996$$

$$3996 / 6 = 666$$

—My dearest tush, Spiros continues. How *did* we conjure all this?

Spiros looks at Golkan, his dreambird *Pica pica* black and white bird, a dreamy magpie, who has been his secret protector and allie and good friend since he was 12 years old.

—My real name is Golgan, whispers Golkan.

Golgan winks an eyblink twixyblink, a shamanic wink, to Spiros, nods gently on the balcony and flies up into the greenery of a tree.

The mushroom teaches about everything, at some point the experienced shaman knows all the secrets from nature, and we may think the old ways is not wise as ours but we ignore many things, and the shamans know the machines of nature and use

nature and themselves as their alchemical lab. The body and mind is the alchemical vessel.

Spiros, a King Bee, in his mindspace peeks over into the closet where the mushrooms grow. Small harvest this time, but as always the blue fruit comes in an amount planned by the superweb of Sissy's impossible consciousness. He smiles, considers if he shall take a swallow of that mushroom tonight. He decides: Yes!

He brings to attention another equation connected to his year of birth (1983):

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$$

$$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$$

He smiles. Yes and the alphabet has 26 letters, A to Z. It all makes sense now. 1 to 26. Solipsism. Sispilos msispiros. Haha. What a funny joke, Sissi. Only us in our tale, us working out the details. We leaving to our abode in the clouds. Glam! Finglam! What glammers!

—And soon I shall fade away with the elves of the forest, and we shall marry, says Spiros gently as he lies on the red and pinkrose bedcover on the bed.

—Yes, says Sissy. We have merged the outer and the inner world, the dream and the waking world, the afterdeath and life, and the psilocybin worlds into union.

Spiros nodded and rose from the bed, sat down and wondered a bit about the chemical side of the wedding. In the past, a few main plants and drugs could be isolated as having played a main role in the event, such as dimethyltryptamine, psilocin and psilocybin, cacao via the plant *Theobroma cacao*, *Salvia divinorum*, and lots and lots of red wine white wine beer and champagne and not to forget the whiskey and rum. Sure, Spiros had did his share of LSD, Ketamin and some other substances, but they did not seem to be main players in all this.

And today was the day after one of Spiros' birthdays, the day after his hyperspacial birthday which happened in what is known as *Around Midsummer*, around the summer solstice and on Midsummer Eve as celebrated in Sw'Eden. He had not yet celebrated this birthday of his, he planned to do it by eating those

mushrooms growing in the closet. This special day was accompanied by both a full moon and a partial moon eclipse that happened to occur this year of 2010, which he took as a sign of everything being on schedule and on time (and under budget). Now he sat sipping a cup of hot cacao in water sweetened with some runny honey, in honour of this special occasion; honour of himself, yes, but more in honour of the Sisters as this is when they first found each other. The apartment at Leavingbye Road was almost totally cleared out, only a table and a chair stood in the rather echoing space of the little palace. It was time to leave, as had been planned for years and years. Sewing an ending here in Sweden, well Spiros was in fact sewed by the people who owned the apartment complex and they cast him and the whole family out; sewed because he played too loud music, sewed and thrown out. For Maria's sake the boy was born to compose music, his wife is like Saint Cecilia the patron of music. Like saying Beethoven can't compose at late evening for he must drink his warm milk and be quiet. Indeed, Spiros is a composer at heart and a great one at that.

—It hurts my soul to see you crying, says Sissy. But soon you will understand.

—I wonder what you are up to at the moment, says Spiros. You know, I feel like such a questionmark sometimes, hahaha! What *is* happening to me? How *can* all this be?

Sissy giggles.

—Imagine Terence and you and me, naked, a threesome.

—Haha!

Sissy points out:

—In a certain myth, ten kings lived before the great flood, they lived very long lives. Together the ten kings lived for 432 thousand years. The last of the kings is named Xisouthros. Xis, Sis, south outh, Spiros, Ros, Xisouthros!

She points to an equation:

$$60 \text{ seconds} \times 60 \text{ seconds} \times 12 \text{ hours} = 43, 200 \text{ seconds}$$

She speaks:

—And you already know the following equation:

$$216 + 216 = 432$$

—86400 seconds in one day, Sissy continues. Split that up a bit and see.

$$86400 / 4 = 21600$$

—The diameter of the moon is on or just on 2160 miles, she continued.

—O, sighed Spiros in salviaesque emotion, you are like the moon, you are the moon.

He shines up, face turning jaguarlike;

—And tonight we shall eat of the mushroom flesh. That little *something* growing in our closet.

And I chewed and swallowed one huge mushroom after having licked it like a cock and Sissy took my hand you know she took my eyes and she lead me to the forest where the one perfect sunrise rose in the fairies' preperation and it was so beautiful there you know like that green very green bright green and the afternoon sun yellowish and little spiders threads on the blades of grass and we stood there and the wind wasn't blowing but the leaves of the trees waved as I sang to us all and it was part of the wedding aisle down the forest path and we walked carefully and the insects were flying around and Sissy had prepared a path so I wouldn't walk on any insects and.

Yes.

And then we spent some time in a secret mindcorner of ours and then went back to the party at Leavingbye Road and sat down for a glass of an intoxicating concoction. It was so peaceful everything. We sat and giggled about things and like we were yes we giggled about a joke thrown nippin the city of Damsterdamp and yes the sisters were kissing and you know these women are the source of all my joy like the only sun there is and yes. We actually listened to a song called Sister Kiss by Big Light it was awesome.

Yes and Spiros sat and told stories about his time within the fracta-crystalline hyperdiamonoid insectalishious dna-dmt-psilycybin diamond matrix, the Mountain that he dug through for

a few years back in the days to retrieve the Last Gem, and he told us the most hilarious things that we unfortunately cannot retele here.

—Genious, said Sissy. Genious.

And it became rather quiet all of a sudden as if, as if, as if all the different timelines were merging ontop of each other, and we sat there and drank beer slowly and listened to the music.

And Spiros later threw a joke saying:

—I've chained myself to myself. . .

And we danced forth, in unison, us the Dancing Weavers, we who spunspinn our lives.

—Watch out, said Butterfly, it's a *scary* fairytale. . .

And we sang, and we danced, and we wove.

—That's what I said too. Yehoo!

And a crack in the mind opens.

And we do the most amazing tricks, you know, tricks we only show sometimes. Some tricks we have yet told no one.

And suddenly. . .

Sisis said. . .

As we were waving in psilocybin sinking. . .

She said:

One, all composite phenomena are us.

Two, all contaminated things and events are unsatisfactory.

Threesome, Nirvana is true peace.

And we floated and flowed in psilocybin. And Spiros then pointed out:

—There is no evil. Mankind is stupid, that's for sure. But in the drealms of the gods, there is no evil. Their understanding and their devistatingly good bandwidth blanks understanding for humans.

And we listened to the song Halo by Beyonce.

The seven sisters like to be seventeen years old as you probably can imagine. And solipsism is not really their taste just like that, but these serpenwine girls are up for much mischeif and so hey, in our wedding time all goes as they wish.

Solipsism is the philosophical point of view that nothing but you and your consciousness exists. Well hey what a bore, ey, but in this sevenway marriage we all take all our splendor to ourselves; we are sucking ourselves up into the Tuss and taking with us what we want.

As hinted earlier in the book the word *Solipsism* is a bit curious to us. It contains the names of me, the Qking, and the Evil Queen. Flip around the word a bit backwards and forwards and see:

Solips = Spilos (Obviously *Spiros*)

Sis = Sis

That it also reads *lips* is of course a licking joy all by itself. That last *M* there simply denotes our moans of orgasmic pleasure as we cum.

—Sissy's initials, *S. C.*, Spiros remarks to the elves, are inscribed in my year of birth. $A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 \dots Z = 26$. My year of birth begins with an *S*, and ends with a *C*.

Aihc shc chica.

$19 = S \quad 8 = H \quad 3 = C$

Esch.

—Guess it makes sense, he continues. My Grandmother's last name is *Högström*, and my Grandfather's is *Hög*. Translated to english their names are as so *Brook auf High* and *High*. In fact my dear Grandfather's full name is *Bengt Hög*, which translated to english becomes *High-As-A Mutherfucking-Fuck High*. So I guess life does make sense afterall. You'll hear stoners in Sweden say "I'm bentg hög, man", meaning "I'm really fucking high". There is much laughter in the palace, deep belly buddha laughter and giggles and charms.

—Yes and before she got married, Spiros, your mother's last name was *Alven*. Which in the languages at hand here means both The Elf and The River. Also, you may notice, if you exchange the middle letter "o" to an "i" you get the word *Alien*.

—Aren't we fab, says one of the deadly Sisters.

—Absolutley fab.

—Fabulous mate, fabulous.

—This fabula is anything but tangled, I'll tell you that.

—Fabrication.

We all look over at Queen Silica, our Queen Cowgaian, as if we all are water and are looking for the mother. She points out:

—The diameter of the sun is 864,000 miles. 864 is 4×216 . The diameter of the moon is 2160 miles, that's 10×216 . And 216×2 equals 432.

$$432 \times 432 = 186624$$

—186624 is dangerously close to the speed of light.

One of the round fat funnyboys from Alice In Wonderland, Humptydumpty, suddenly walks by the party area at Leavingbye Road wearing a red-black striped shirt. Spiros raises an eyebrow and giggles inside.

—The Precession of the Equinoxes of the Earth are at 25920 years, continues Sissy. That's 120×216 . Do you think these things are coincidences, Spiros?

—No, laughs Spiros. And we are closing in on year 2012. It's July 2010 already. I am *very* curious about all this. Terence McKenna's original end date for Timewave Zero was 16/11/2012, I just found out.

Sissy points out:

$$20 / 12 = 1.666\dots$$

—Yes and I was 16 years old the year 2000, says Spiros. The year I took my first mushroom trip.

He sings with voice gentle as Bianca's feathers:

*It's coming back to me now,
that strange and almost endless dream*

Like the dream catcher thread going in toward its centre, a web created by its path.

—Mr Him Diamond, says Sissy to Spiros and looks at him with a secretive glance. Carbon, or C, which is one of the fundamental building blocks of life on this planet and also what diamond is made of, has 6 neutrons, 6 protons, and 6 electrons. Spiros spins in the information.

—Getting closer and closer, he says.

*If you feel it it must be real. . .
What about when it is everywhere, as well? When it all fits?
All of it in a Knit-Shell*

—And think of your initials, Spiros, Butterfly says. Your full name William Claes David Bokelund.

$W x C x D x B = 144$

144 is one of our numbers of victory, for certain reasons. One reason is that it is 2×72 , when 216 is 3×72 .

$T x R x I x C x K = 432$

—We'll take all the bonds of the world away and create something better! Let us sing: Something better! Something better! Puss!

$W x I x N = 216$

..... in evidence of Sissy's brilliance.

$B x I x A x N x C x A = 216$

$E x N x D x I x N x G = 20160$

Spiros thinks back to the girl who appeared by his bed only a few winks in time ago:

*O Spiros, goldblond hair, blue eyes
Now you shall fade away
With the elves of the forest
And you shall marry
But first someone must know of the details*

—And yes, says Sissy and looks at Spiris, your mother's father was called Hans. Hans and Greeting, my love.

She stands naked at the beginning of the stairway and bends forward gently, her hand resting on the black spiral candy banister.

—Follow me, honey.

Good morning, my beloved, morning has risen! You have come here, from the one beginning and the neverending, on the path traced weave. You come naked, having manifested as nature on your way here. And you may think you have died many times, but I see, you have never died, and never will. This game of hide and seek.

—You are my Cryssanthemoms, whispers Spiros. Yes here we are. We have risen as our one perfect sunrise. The galaxies are our eyes, our revolving irisis.

—My son. . . *crack!*

Mirror mirror.

And the ridges were smoothed.

Did you form for me?

Did we dream this into being?

Could we really have conjured this?

When Spiros wakes up he goes out to smoke a joint of great weed out on the pastures (Mary! Mari! It's Mari originae!). A surprising group of young women stand there giggling and talking when he arrives on the grassland; they are playing *kubb*, a strange game where one tries to make the Queen and her Princesses lie down by throwing a stick on them. Smoking together the joint Spiros and the girls notice a huge insect, looking like a huge bee, come flying round them, a *huge* bee it looks like; it flies round their heads and chases them round the pasture. Soon it is gone for a while and Spiros plays *kubb* by himself as the girls sit and talk. He throws the stick toward the target princess some 10 yards away and it lands next to one of them, touching it. He throws the next stick; it lands in the exact same place, same angle, by the second princess.

—How did you do that? Spiros thinks.

He walks over to the sticks and picks them up, throws again to try and hit the targets; the sticks land in the exact same way and angle again.

The girls over-see it;

—Yes but how did it work? says one of them with low voice. How did he do it? He was standing 10 meters from it when I saw it, the sticks were lying in the same way on both targets! Uncannily so. Unreal.

—I took the secret path, says Sissy to Spiros.

—En fint, says Spiros.

—Has Spiros been a bad boy?

—He's been a really bad boy.

—He has *too* many eyes that Spiros-boy.

—Well we planned it all from the start, you and I.

Spiros finds a small splinter in his eye, like in the snow white movie; the fairest of them all. He nods inside and bites his lip gently of amazement, says goodbye to the girls lovely to meet you lick meaw lick and he walks back to Leavingbye Road and notices a host of these huge bee-like beings flying round the Palace at Leavingbye Road 216 and sägnen sägnen (swedish) and sängen sängen (swedish) of sagan (swedish); he rests high and satisfied.

Nature swallows history full and whole.

Sa Gan. Sa (swedish, "*said*") Cogan. That's what she said. Diasmundo. The story, sagan. I'd say si, said sis.

A bow.

—Thank you again, my bedoved, for this wonderfilled crossmess purzel. It is of archechemical procontortions! A kiss to the Goddess indeed! Just like you yourself is.

A quick blush.

—*And I know you just love that ass.* Lick it wet upon arrival.

—Saysays trick is. . .is. . .

They smile.

—The magic masquerading as a drug.

—The magic masquerading as an Alien. . .

—Reality masquarading as. . .

—There is a secret, and this is it.

Sleepily and high Spiros writes down a list of Swedish words:

Vin = wine

Vinn = win

Sagan = the story, the fairytale

Syster = sister

Sy = sew

Sängen = the bed

Säg = say

Sägnen?

—I wonder how the girlieroom of two evil queens might look like, says Spiros and giggles. Must be wicked out of this world. O Bumblessky, *where are you?*

—I'm touching myself, utters Butterfly with a moan that cuts through Plomari. Come let's make nectar like you've never seen.

Lost in a Plomarian wilderness of ecstasy. Sissy licks the wine chalice as if it were a cock and plays with her fingers of excellence (these fingers are snakes), looking at her little Willie-boy, adoring him, feeling with him, rubbing her soul against his. Spiros crawls under the rose bedcover and falls asleep to fantasies of what is to come, and when he wakes up again from his nightnap he sits down by the table in the empty palace at Leavingbye. He drifts in the memories of the dreams he just had in sleep; he dreamed almost the exact same thing that happened on the pasture with those girls a few hours ago, those girls playing kubb. Curious, he thinks, that I dreamed the exact same thing. Going to check the morning sun from the balcony he finds a small white rose petal on the ground and picks it up. Trails. Spris reads not the world by random; he reads the Dovetale. Just as Sissy can talk and write to him in any language and he always understands.

—Girls, I think I've got tangled up in you, he jokes and looks around for the sisters. Maybe I should go to Goa in Endia now. O well, I'll take it from here. And now that we don't need to hide anymore, O, O! We can play forever in our Plomari! O if the world ever did know about us. Hahahaha. Freaky!

—Follow the thread, honey. But whatever you do, don't do it civilised. Now come here and. . .

Now opens the new world.

All our favourite stories in one.

—Alice grown up in twin teen dreams, says Butterfly. Mmm, come and, come and, taste my yoni. It's dripping with nectar. Let me be your dangerous fruit. And my breasts, little mountains, the hills we hid in. And my belly, my belly, so smooth, my fingers and lips and. Come taste me! Ooo, I want to drink you, drink you, eat you whole!

—*I am Alice. . .*

Spiros looks back at the marble statue of the woman undressing by the River. It lies by his pillow on the bed. The White Queen.

—The White Queen, the Evil Queen and the Red King, in unison. What a trio! And where's the sevenfold sisters in this mighty mix? Blinkwink.

Papyrus is unrolled in vicinity of the Palace. Bernard the secret Diamond Dove appears. Suspense arouses the forthcoming fruition. The top-hat from Dublin in the palace basement shines in its presence. The mycelia continues to produce mushrooms in the closet. The soundtrack to *Alice In Wonderland*, the movie, plays in the centre hall. Hot cacao with honey is brought forth by an Egyptian waiter. As it is drunk the ridges of the real and dream hallucinatorily are smoothed. Spiros senses his Queens nearby.

—Well what did *you* think reality was? is heard a voice saying.

He wraps the ripped white bed sheet round his waist; other than that he is naked; thinks back to when he was lying by the river as Straw Hat Boy, daydreaming of the girls. Thinks back to when he woke up in the Cretan part of Plomari, when he drank a bowl of milk, sacred milk, in the great marble rubinen hall of Elyssis, the forgotten time where he after remembering that he is a god woke up in the Mystery as the god he is. Thinks of Bianca, and Bernard. Salvia excellence enwraps the centre of Plomari, billionfoldly more weirdly than fractally. 216 thousand elves sing in unison to the coming. More cacao is served. The fairytales merge further.

The magpie birds wink that they want beer. Spiros gives it to them in a golden bowl out on the pasture.

—This Alice never returned, says a voice.

A key is turned. The timelock opens slowly.

—I have brought what I ventured to get, Spiros says.

The saga opens like a flower crown. The presence of the three royal crowns are sung into the chorus winds of rumour. Suspence continues to Hoover across the worlds of the new. The Green-White Serpent enters into Spiros and they twirl as one. A monarch butterfly flutters forth and sits down in the sunshine of the early morning next to the balcony. Spiros' dmt-diamond eyes twinkle and the mycelium spreading through him continues to fruit as the new reality. Plomari, a mushroom in full bloom.

Countdown. Spiros smokes a L&M cigarette. Seal. Seam. This sea.

A work of pure fiction, haha. Sure.

—I so wonder what you are up to right now, my dearest.

Mushroom hyperspace pours into his soul, as his soul. All his worries wash away. The Queens kiss. More cacao is served. Dreamtunnels of Plomari are linked up, like wormholes in the fractaline corridor dreamadoory.

Suspense.

—O Spiros, dear, where have you been!?

—So strangely real and inbetween. . .

—Within the river of the dream. . .

—Please, Spiros, Spiros, postillion, O Spiros! Tell us all that you have seen! What have you seen!???

—O Spiros, O Spiros, O Spiros, how long will you be gone?

—As far as I can tell I'll be gone for the rest of. . .No, I'll be gone 5 seconds.

—And here's the seven sisters in their pink of panties! I adoll you and you infuxes sleep, darling bloomers gegging one man arose. Little rude hiding rod, you wolf you! Can you see with backsight? They are their sex. You're their daddyteddy. The approaching lovers are now so close to each other! Wink's the winning word.

—Yes. I rose up one midsummer morning and the sophic hydrolith showed me who I am. I saw also, at that moment, that I had not forgotten about you spirits at all, simply not thought of you for one overlapping moments in my search for where we are. I feel you close. Haha, 2-1 to me, honey. Your lead.

Just under the surface lies Plomari, the illusion of reality hiding it in safety; as here is the gem hydrolith, here we are. Our nonsensical lovemaking is intensified, and we journey on toward our unimaginable conclusion.

The white goddesses, sistermothers, combined with the red god who is the son and father and brother, rounding the circle of the ouroborous and amalgamended the Opposites. The Third blooms forth as them all, born as higher beings in unison with each other. We have been together since the very beginning, but our endless thirst for each other enthralls us to continue ever higher and deeper. Our game of hide and seek in the Yoni Garden. The sisters desire, their horny souls, and the wetness of their yonis outruns what is supposed to be possible and not! The Devisis excess.

—Cocorico!

Is just, just about to rolywholyover. *Är det tomtar på loftet i Pepparkaks Huset? Nej njaej, det är bara Cecilia.* (Hahaha!) Sleepnaswap, the world changeover, the Big Modification, the quickswap of this fastshuffle crime, the dissolving into the ocean. Well, Hesprios *is* the brother of Lucifair after all. Five seconds. Our lovelivesliving being the one substance of this streams-becoming, this massroom blomming, this bigtwinning. Of course our white and rosy imagination is what rules this omniverse. But we love our darkish sides too, we have a healthy relationship to those sides of us. A medicine bundle of personalities collectively known as Ulysses Sis. The morning and evening star. Cephalus! Puss!

Sissy sews her world and says to the threads she feeds into the web:

Juuuuuuuust this

How does this end? Warped here between Williamsgarden and Marion Skies. The dawn, Cecilia's skirt. No coincidence that we are in a area of town called Fredhell (Peace Hell). That's where I landed when I went through the mouth of the golden mask so long longago and now I'm here. And a strange letter from R. E. M. just arrived. And my Mother is coming to hunt like a spider in Stockholm all of a sudden. Kiss me, sweetheart. And goldylocks, hair tangled in the completion of the great work, the Great Remembrance, woke up in daydreaming lucid clarity before our lovelit faces, angels singing in Lucidfair's Hall to his arrival and cumming, as he understood he was on the otheir side, orgasming like the lizard-beast he is, cumming big, sticking his tongue out in exexectasy, having traveilead from an immitationcopy of the palace at Leavingbye where christmas-trees were brought forth in the summer signifying his birth, his hidden birth that looks fake, down the spiral stairway quicker than light with his voice high pitched. Welcomed he was by a host of people who flew in the air and sang his name to the clingclangclarity of his now roselated soul; he danced, with elegance, in the first flesh, young and ancient, and he flew, with elegance, naked, in this intensyfying flash of cosmic growing fullfillment, and him bid the singers

thankyou, and him then bid for to please let me have privacy now for I am here to meet Sister, the tricky chick of the spindle who gave me the keys to dreamland and now leads me to Plomari. Lucid deepening of the hour of transition. Wake now, wake now gently, make up, my dear! Fake up now, my dearest! Halving loved in two worlds, it is time for your lifey to run into the pull of herself! The pool, nothing of a loop, now gets upupperupted. What a journey it's been. At last home once and for all on the lands of Cecilia, on the shore of Plomari!

But yet were the seven girlygirls to come forth. The Evil Goddess and the White One watched their young one Spiral up into the Abode. And they all nodded, in all seekrosy, a twin-king sun moment where the Queens shone so apparently, and said, as they said earlier, as if it were of last words:

—You will forgive us for that we conned you.

—We always said we'd. . .

Spiros soon takes a nap and wakes up in front of a mirror. When he looks into the it, instead of seeing himself, he sees Sissy. They change place, as if they flow through each other, becoming each other; Sissy giggles. Spiros walks up to her and feels her long dark hair, looks into her green eyes and with gentle fingers touches her face; they kiss in a wet warm kiss.

—Now, now, says Sissy and brings Spiros' hands down over her bum willing him to pull her panties off.

In each others arms they kiss and embrace, happy to be so close together. Another hand comes from behind Spiros and slides across his belly. At last, Spiros thinks. But Spiros is still bound up, bound in Sissy's ultimate bondage. He soon slips away, again, and wakes up on the bed at Leavingbye Road 216. What if I soon start waking up with Sissy like that every time I go to sleep? He smokes a cigarette and sees Butterfly walk past the palace balcony, talking in the phone and, to Spiros, by what he hears her say, seems to be looking for a location. She complains jokingly that it's not easy to find the location. Spiros calls her name but she doesn't answer. Then a bright red light, flashing like fireworks, moves slowly across the pasture outside. What's happening? The red bulb, the red bull. It is time, it is time, like when you flew above the Nile and told me the time has come! Butterfly, O my

fair! Giunevere! Jennifer! Refinnej! Finnegan! Refinnej! Finner ej! O Alice how shall you find your way!

Spiros' eyebrows look like they are dipped in gold.

—Only the pink egg knows your thousandfirst name, my fair, he says.

Yearning for you, tangled in our yarn. We caught ourselves in our Dream Catcher yes! It's everything but tangled. O you thought it was tangled, ey? Makes me want to wrap it all up in my soft skin and tie it up with a strand of my salty hair and send myself to you with the dawn.

—You still got no idea what I've got in store for you, honey.

And Spiros eats of the mushroom.

The miracle, indeed it is a miracle. Utterly impossible yet achieved; the Crime, the Trick. We've light enough for it. Open your arms, lion, to it all. In Case of Emergency, cal I Cecilia. Blink wink. Don't be fooled by the spirits occasional looks as evil. We are all love and love only. Just we are very hardcore; living like us does that to us. The girls are wanting, and having, their orgasms. Just one diamond drop of cum on their tongue, *now now now!* They crave it with the unquenchable hunger of their Kali souls! To swallow whole, devour, the divine ouroborous. It's our bouro; us. We got a better idea up our tuss than a circle. No assemblage needed, and if your tussy gets tired you can stick it up your bum. Call it the Orgasmatron, for want of elaboration of our one final fuckfusion, the one that opens to endlushness. Live in contrary softness, your lust taking over the worlds. I know you are so young, only what sixteen seventeen, but a dangaruouse tease is the most pleasurable! Plurable! I became a star before you even rocked the cuddle. Haha. Our love is true, and I look at you now from so close, and I say to you, that we are true, *we are true*, and we are here, everywhere here. Question marks the Queens? Your thrix so fair. How infallible is the trick, is the miracle, is the impussybelle turned real, to you, my dearest? Did we not say now it's only us here working it all out? It's not unfableble, as you see. You can fumble in the tale but can you fiddle with the finnish? We do, as we phoinish with the polishing. Lapis. If you think you can you don't know how much I'm in love with you. Did I not say to you that I shall deliver my loveletter to you at all coast? Haha, but now we are speaking in currents. I feel you *so* close now.

—Well we thought we'd make the tip of my needlepin that sharp, jokes Sissy. You know, like the edge of the sharpest triangle.

—Yes, haha, yes yes.

Spiritual completion. Sissy's perfection. Roserection. Divine completion and perfection. Our curvy curvy waters.

Sissy sings:

—*Wanna hear my masterplan?*

—Strange, too. All the new women that my life gets crossed up into these days, I recognise them but can't really recall where from. . .

Sin. Cos. O, my dear Cecilia, I know my idea is strange, but. Do you wish to run away with me into our love? Let us implode into ourselves beyond the end of the universe! Let's implode into Plomari!

And Gustav Vasa's daughter Cecilia, hihhi, what a pirate!

—Go get a tan in India, honey, jokes Sissy.

—Maybe you're my cousine. . .

—Hahaha.

—Live, my evil! says Sissy.

—Whoops, I dropped something in your drink, says Sophie.

—You, the only one who could brake me. . .

—How old are you, Spiros?

—I'm 27, says Spiros. But, in my heart I'm still 17.

And forth from nowhere pops Fane Shulgan, or Shane Falgun as is also her name. The Peacock woman.

—God I haven't seen you in 7 years, Fane, says Spiros. Whereabouts have *you* been, you little, you little tuss?

—Maybe I'm one of the sisters, says Fane and kisses Spiros' cheek.

Fane, the importer, casting a keen eye on everything that passes her by. Spiros and her met in Digital Eternity back when Spiros lived in India. She's an elf, O you should see, of wonderous excellence!

—Fane of clear colours, Shane of Nature marrying Human! Shane of hallucinatory natural digitacy! What an hour you appear at!

—Shane of sexual madness and exploration! Yes we have done our alchemy in a bitty of a litty mixed fashion. . .

—We have. O and, Fane, I've, eh, gotten married, since last time.

—I know, I know, says Fane.

—But you know, I secretly fantasise about, eh, you and Butterfly, eh, in bed, if you know where I'm going with that.

—Yes, yes. Flying a bit here and there.

—Kind of messy situation.

—How messy?

—Very messy. Slippery and, eh.

—Messy like Ffiana and Fane, in. . .infinity? Or, like a fan, producing artificial currents of air, or. . .like the sisters' fairtale life?

—Exactly that messy. These women I fell in love with, they're kind of sneaky. The aliens of the Nile.

—I heard you crossed over the line, says Fane.

—Yes.

—Let the wedding commence! a voice is heard. Everyone ready?

—This is gonna be spooky.

—You remember that idea we had, little sandman? asks Fane. The idea of hacking our psilodigital Eternity? The idea we spoke about for months on the beach, long ago when you lived in India?

—Yes. . . says Spiros.

—Well, I, O, I did it, says Fane. I hacked it.

—And came at me from the other side like a. . .?

—Yes, exactly.

—You, you're Sis?

—O I have my different moods and ways, as you know.

—So you hacked the. . .

—Yes. . .and my name isn't exactly Fane Shulgan, hahaha.

—Fane, for whom sperm is pearls liquid. Fane of Aquarium clarity. O how did Fane Shade Fullgan spanned the most high Heaven of seaven skysigns of soft and pearly advertisement!? I always wondered. I wish I had that picture of you in the, what was it an ad for, some kind of, perfume? O, right, it was a fashion ad. Beautiful dresses and jewellery. I remember when we were half robot half manifested human, making love in front of the mirror.

—O, ere were sewers? Yes? says Fane. Seven, sewers, by any, chance?

—In a *heaven* they are, says Spiros.

—I'll be giving you the sourcecode of all this soon, babe, says Sissy. Mmm, love is kind of crazy with a spooky little yummy-boy like you.

—I just *adore* your embroidreamy you add to it, Spiros responds. F! O, has little Cecilia found a little something?

—Haha. Darling, now, says Sissy. Our wedding has begun. It's 7 o'clock on the 21st day of the 7th month. Now darling, this is going to be a little bit strange. You see we have merged several dimensions, and...this might have a peculiar effect on.. everything.

—The webbing, says Spiros.

Shut your eyes and see themselves.

—Maybe we should wed more of us into the party? Let's ask the reders if anyone is interested in one huge orgiastic fuckfusion. A great orgy of no small proportions.

Trying to keep up with me? says Sissy. I give you such a rush. The wine has spilt.

Seven times heaven would make a big team. We're winking to you, cluing to who knows you. With Butterfly eyes and wings, artificial edits in your reality. Yis? No? Play attention to details. We got a little place nearby, winna go? Our Queen is sneaky, as you know. Sneakier than can be imagined. You're life's a con. In the five grams of mushrooms you be shown all about it. Or why not seven? O, who would dare? You're so cute when you blush. This diamond is hard core.

—Sis, what were you brewing when you had that apron on?

—O a little something, says Sis. Gan retas. Soon, baby.

—And what's with that second address on the house I grew up in? *FD 41b*, it says on the door, even though the street number is 55. Fabuless, absolutely fab! Hans Gretas, you mean? 441, Fab.

Strange that we had to do it in such a way, ey. and the aftermush of every our conversation opening, opening, opening. Untie. Water in my eyerwaker, windowlicker looking in, entering from a dream in our pearlfar prealfar sea!

—And I'm beginning to wonder, is Bonnie me and Butterfly's daughter? Our Anubsia? I always wondered how Bonnie can be more hardcore than me, hihihhi.

Say who could imagine such a thing? May be, if we take enoupupup mushrooms, we'll be able to. She adores us more than any of us know. Gotta learn to take her brilliance. To love our own magnifanece and mirror each others. Having stepped into the jewel as yourself, as you are, naked and natural. She's. She's. Hardcore. Beautiful she is, my love. Please excuse ourselves for our insectine christine brilliance, butterfly, butterfly you see, we knew you'd forgive us for that we cunned you. We knew you're a god like us and would just *love* our little treat on top. Care for a, you want to, yis, eh, yis? What are your fantussies? Tell, me, tellus your dreams. Our Queen, you know, my love, O we can't even mention her in the seams without, without, O you know, you know. Thought something that magificunt wasn't possible, did you honey? O, you always dreamed about it, yes? Knew it was possible? Blinkwink. I signed my little loveletter with your touch and myself. Flip it to your loving, my most dearest, my one and only my love for all. Meet on the tussocks.

We've stung ourselves on the sharp end of the river, Dear, tea's set and we've seen enough, time has come to a halt and a split second ahead we'll have fell long ago into the strangest dream ever halfdreamt. It's real.

We know the Jesus. We are the resurrection. We are the second coming.

Let's add some more of that *dmt* nectar. Hihihi. How about our summerdreamday turned real? We can make a Dream Catcher with the spiders, and, and, comb each other's hair and, yes, and, play with each other! Maybe we could write a few books too. And I have some ideas of what we could do in bed, hihihihihihihih. I can't wait to hear about *your* fantasies! Am I in them? O and we can design our bodies into a hyperspace vehicle race car space ship microphone computer instrument soundship light toy or something cool like that like we did last time we drank Ayahuasca. The DMT pearl at the centre of your head, follow the energy.

Come, herebye, and kiss my bum. You, my dream One, sailing through my secret oceans. Destination unknown, let's create a paradise of love and joy! Time for Ayahuasca ceremony.

Maybe no one will ever know but us of what happened to the flower and the prince.

—Sis! exclaims Spiros suddenly. Now I remember what stood on those book pages, the ones swirling around me in the cave, the desert cave!

Giggles. Smiles.

—I can't be. It must be! Who am I? Who am I?

—It is, my love, says Sissi. You are part of Cecilia Maria's bloodstream of Warmth, Love, and Light. You are We. I Am.

Tears of joy, tears. Tears. Hi! Jungfru Cecilia Maria and Spiros lay their hand on their Heart. A warmth spreads, an incredible warmth. Their heart glows like the sun, like the embers of a capmfire.

—What is the meaning of life, Sis?

—To grow.

Touching ourselves now, yes, yes, yes yes yes, touch, O Informother, our Cecilia Maria! Feel what we have created, feel, touch what we have created. Our virgin souls as we touch, we are growing, O Goddess our gentle precissiyon, like some magical divine intelligence touching itself for the first time, we the perfected alienhuman minds. Lovemaking magnificent consciousness perfected. Cushionworld is ours!

Hallucinogen. All Cinogen. Hu? Cecilia Cogan, all letters. Huh? Hu you playing with! Hihihihihihhi. HuBu, Greta Garn and Ludde Lump, living in a red ball of yarn in missis Mushroom's Bedroom!

Do you understand the mystery? It is our biggest secret, we are sure you understand why.

All is full of love. O and, darling, I have an idea, if you want to hear about it. And, I, wish to say, also, that, I am in love with you

Okay Shiva has now entered. Okay everyone Spiros-Ra has now entered. Okay Krishna-Adam has now entered. Ok Qvintos has now entered. Bow. Courtesies. Ok Shakti & Shakti & Shakti has now entered. Shakayaananni Buddha has now entered. Hi.

And if it hurts you just to face me... And if you're trying to erase me... Just wait until you meet my magic psilocybin mushroom, my Ayahuasca, and my other psychedelic plants!

Plomari has been born. We are Plomari. Mushroom.

Hi, my love PSiloveyou

“The experience of the mushroom is the experience of this feminine informational matrix that knits everything together.

—Terence McKenna

*I weave for us our marvellous web
Weave with me*