

HOW STARS ARE FORMED AND GHOSTS MADE

by Diamond Eye Institute

Eight Line Poem

The tactful cactus by your window
Surveys the prairie of your room
The mobile spins to its collision
Clara puts her head between her paws
They've opened shops down West side
Will all the cacti find a home
But the key to the city
Is in the sun that pins
the branches to the sky -Bowie

INTRODUCTION

At the crossroads did the shadow appear, apparition, spectre, djinn, ghost. It was like a dream I could not recall in waking hours. So I imagined and imagined, over and over again, what the ghost wanted of me.

How stars are formed and ghosts made? Are they dead but dreaming? How long will I search for the will of this being?

He appeared as David Bowie but somehow I could see his name was Iliaster. Hyle and Astrum words were vibrating across the fields. You could almost see the words, even sense them by some kind of supernatural fashion.

It was written with stardust. Hyle the shell and Astrum the ghost. How ghosts are really made. But memory of it

disappeared, and left me with amnesia about the most important information I ever possessed.

Astral is not a superstitious construct, nor some super out of the reach reality. Everyone is more or less immersed in astral worlds.

Star is a symbol of astral light, of inner human ghost. And we are all stars.

SPACE STATIONS

It was a city so beautiful, so perfect, that its ghost was preserved in memory-djinn-bottle for all eternity, as one of the sacred nodes.

The guardian of this bottle is the one who is writing this text you are reading now. The gallery of dreams is my final resting place. The place I wish to remain in and be buried in, within dreams that will never stop unfolding.

Like infinite net of Arachne or Indra.

And the old man stands before this venture. With spider limbs growing out of his skull. And a torch that sets all the nodes alight.

Space stations I believe they were named by Bowie, the old man, the astronaut, the hermit, the ghost, here the writer.

UNDERTHING

I tried to imagine the entrance to my subconscious. It looks more like a downward spiraling stairway. And sometimes it cracks beneath. It was really my childhood phobia, I was afraid that stairway in my building could once collapse in my passing.

Its symbol is fish, stars, Dagon. Also related to my childhood, when I imagined that the sea is hiding unimaginable things. And also I imagined a city existing below my city, where beings like Dagon dwell.

Consciousness is the visible-aware part of the world. And subconscious or this underthing I imagine, is just below it, not being played out, sometimes piling-in the unwelcomed ideas, or everything that needs to be confronted with to realize that reality is just a layer of many realities.

Subconscious is also relative to the world you are facing. All these things here are hidden, a subworld to the world I interact with everyday people. And there are also things hidden even from me, on god knows what level, that also have unconscious impact on my life. But all these worlds are true in their own level.

The guardian of the layers is called Choronzon. He is fractured down for every layer (eaten like Ziggy Stardust), a piece of him is taken apart and placed to stop you from being exposed to what you are not ready for yet.

Only if you know the key to the layer, he allows you to pass. And keys are discovered through self-analysis. They are a complex set of programs or coping skills; in spiritual, mental, emotional and everyday reality. That was all that Choronzon allowed me to know for now.

SAND PATTERNS

Will the hand plays dice the chance. Being not in control sounds terrifying. And the most terrifying is giving up the little control you have, your life.

Magnetic Stellar dice is cast. Hypnos, Morpheus and Phobetor will make you learn and pass. Stardust, lord and lady stardust, Iliaster equals stardust.

The city where magic was strong. Diamonds, pearls, the jewels of the mind, keeping its unseen fabric together. Magic carpets and wands. And also worlds that make the mountains move and turn, open and collapse.

Worlds of soft composure. Like an unfinished painting it waits for some other time.

SEARCHING THE WORLD WIDE WEBS

In Bowie's visionary performance, civilization was going to collapse and the 'Infinities' would arrive. Ziggy Stardust (a sort of a Golem, "your face, your race, the way that you talk / I kiss you, you're beautiful, I want you to walk") was to announce the coming of these 'starmen' bringing hope. Ziggy is their prophet, the messiah who takes himself to incredible spiritual heights, and is kept alive by the devotion of his disciples. When the Starmen finally arrive, they take bits and pieces of Ziggy so they can manifest themselves as real physical beings. Eventually they tear him to pieces on stage during the performance of the song 'Rock'n'Roll Suicide'. At the moment of Ziggy's death, the Starmen take on his essence, and become

visible. [Peter-R. Koenig: Craig Copetas: "Beat Godfather Meets Glitter Mainman. William Burroughs, say hello to David Bowie", in 'Rolling Stone Magazine', February 28th, 1974.]

BLACKSTAR

Something happened on the day he died
Spirit rose a metre and stepped aside
Somebody else took his place, and bravely cried:
(I'm a blackstar, I'm a star star)

I want eagles in my daydreams, diamonds in my eyes