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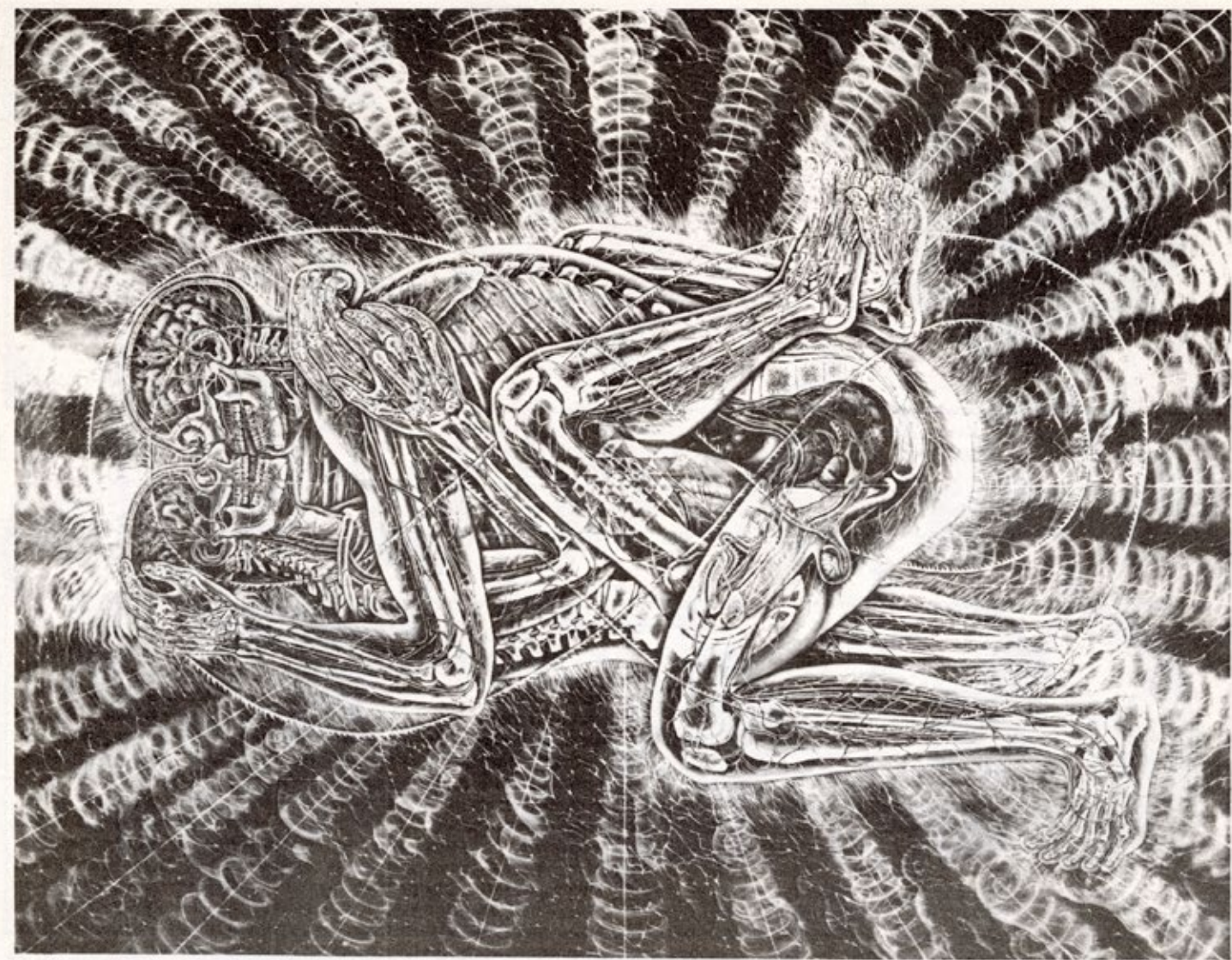
NUMBER FOUR
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TEN DOLLARS
ADULTS ONLY



地下空の獄獣

豪華
回送

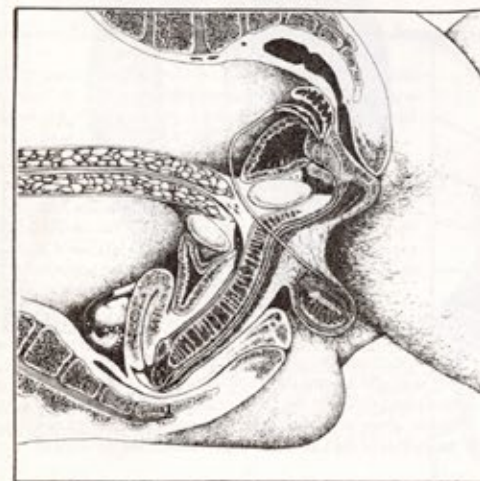
ビル・ベネット
影村英生訳
画・桐丘裕詩



METEMPSYCHOSIS:
Gestation and Soul Events
by Alex Grey

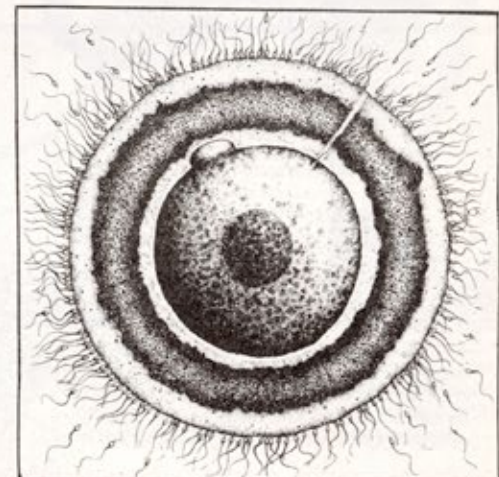


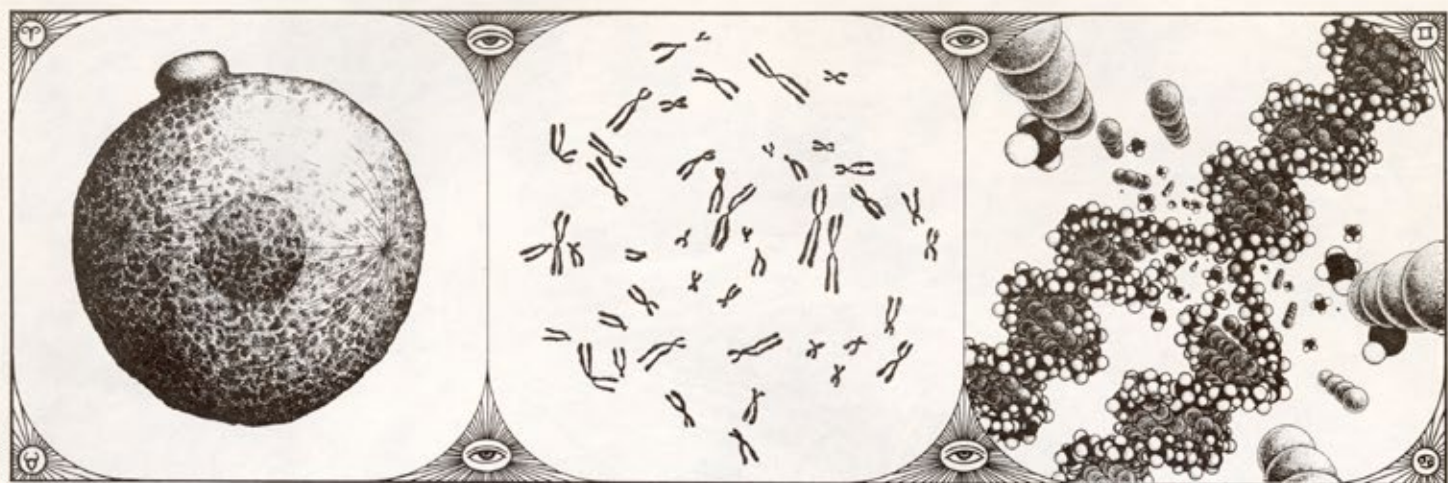
In the beginning was the beginningless knot of soul light. The Monad I am. Then was my flesh of the seeded egg; a DNA hologram of infinite love fractally enfolded like the mighty philosopher's stone, evolving the same and different, through infinite lifetimes in infinite places by the process of polar unity, the interplay of spirit and matter, male and female, life and death.



Now here, now now, I have been watching my parents to be, and was attracted by the etheric vortices they radiate during copulation. This is my original face. Dad's dangling clumsy penis and Mom's voracious vagina. Succulent portals of the divine ooze, channeling streams of the ecstatic potential essence of my bodily selfhood. Ménage à trois.

Some wonder whether the father's special sperm "breaks through" the ovum, or the mother's egg "allows him in." I tell you: the network of consciousness that I am does the choosing. I enter my father's top chakra while he is making love to my mother. I move down through his psychic energy spinal column and catalyze the group soul of the sperm. Then comes the hormone harmony which fires ejaculate into mom's socket. The orgone energy streams of cosmic superimposition osmotically release the great gift seedfish which begin their intrepid six hour journey, crawling and wiggling through the cervix and the dark canyons and folds of the uterine walls. Like a battalion of soldiers we are split up by the magnetism of the ovaries - one corps goes down a dead-end fallopian, the other team fights its way to the Queen, newly hatched from her ovarian womb, tender and pink. I am

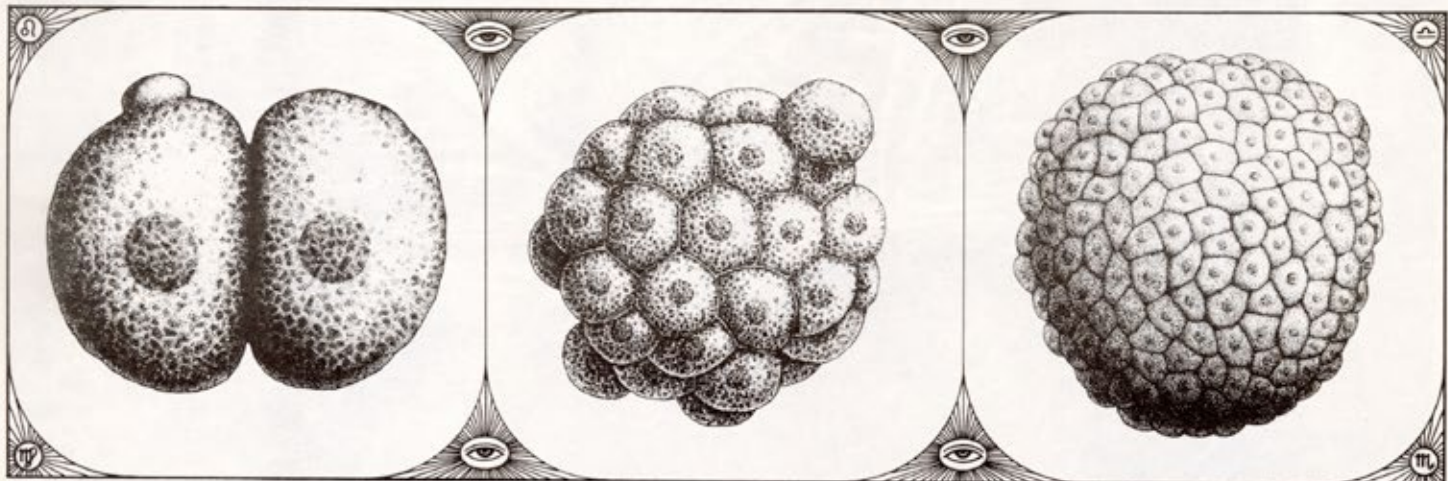




her (23xx). I am him (23xx). I am (46xx). I survive the war of becoming, surrounded by millions of dead brothers. As a spirit atom, I now begin the alchemy of embryology. I insert my prima materia blastocyst into the

uterine alembic. The ovum is in the oven. Mom is the first soul furnace. I am the first meal she cooks for me. I grow by subdivision, the same as suburbia. New cells, jails of my being with molecular bars. Each portion pulsating, subdividing, expanding into the

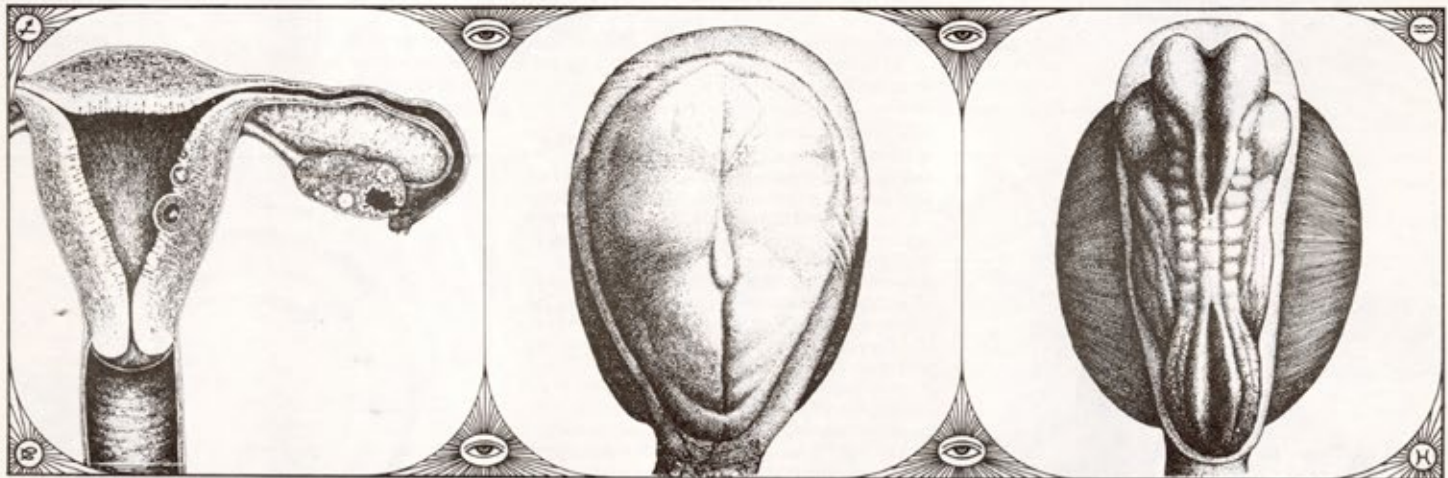
blastocystic ball parasite on the wall of the uterus, already sucking blood through my roots twenty-four hours a day. And now for my biggest trick, requiring precision timing and the leap of faith. I shall enfold myself, a



topological wunderkind. Gastrulation is perfect this time around. God is at the wheel steering through the Deva's eyes, driving my cell clusters around my morphogenetic field. Those aren't gill slits, those are my ears! My genomes are humming. There is a veri-

table Niagara of blood coursing through my umbilicus. The sound is a deafening roar inside the industrial meat pump of the body. I hear all the digestion, the stomach grumbles, the farts, and the strange familiar echoes of outside life. Muffled underwater sounds

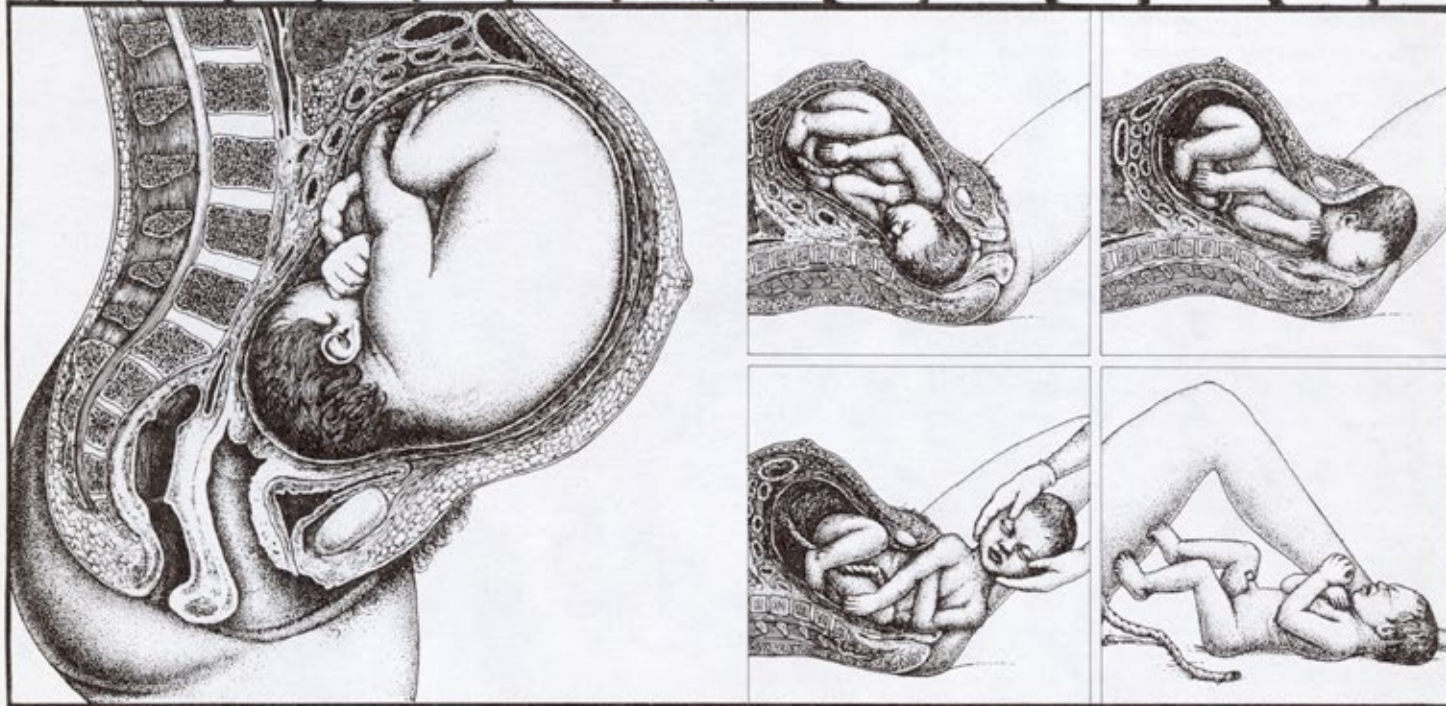
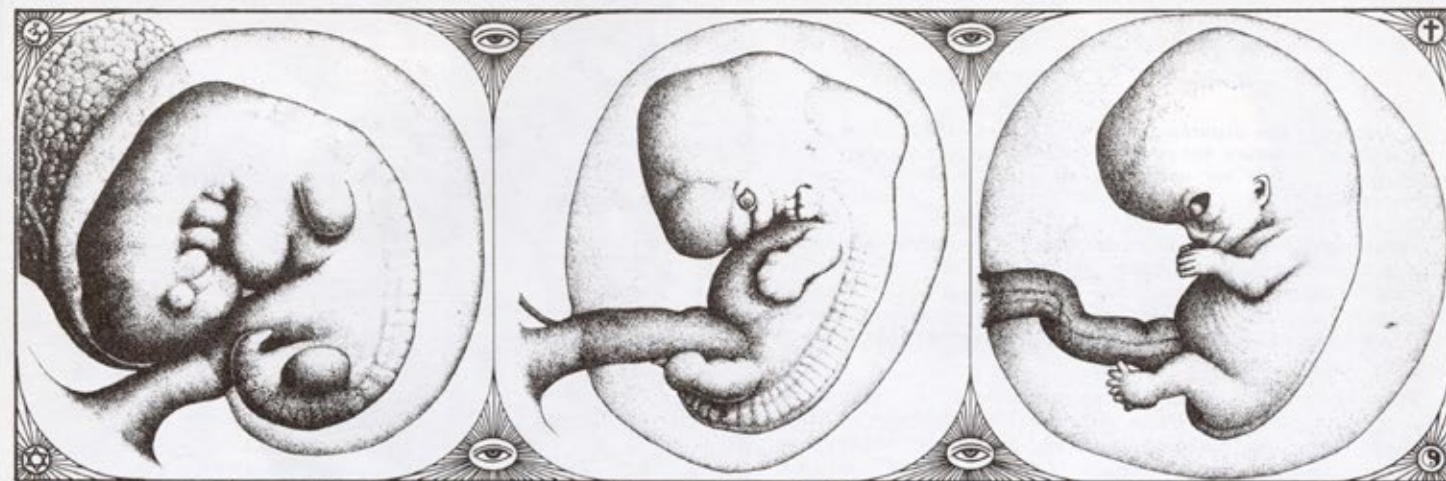
through the cushion of the amniotic fluid. I witness the magical loom of my cellular body being stitched together from the inside. I am the soul. Come again. I have a purpose. A mission. Instructions are written in genetic code. My life means something to



those who care for me. I have been called here by love and destiny. Atman, the cosmic puppeteer, operates the dense matter of the body. Atmic consciousness extends through my body's materialization. The divine spirit atom is my center, the radiant fuel of my organic jewel.

Bulges become limb buds, buds extend into limbs, refining the details in increments of time and scale - fingernails, fingerprints. Cartilage becomes bone. No longer a transparent fish, I become a monkey. Ontogeny recapitulates Phylogeny in the Sacrogeny.

Witness consciousness is radiating triadically toward my spirit guides and the Devic construction crews, who unzip and replicate the DNA with grace. Multiple mind levels co-exist. I shuttle in between experiences and memories of the Universal Mind Lattice, the network of



all beings and all things from whence I came - the astral realms, full of thought forms good and evil - and my new pulsating skin blanket, wrapped around my eternal spirit battery.

I have chosen to incarnate, again. A Bodhisattva. Although I have dwelt in the realms of bliss, pure clear light, and voidness, I will bear the yoke of being human and dedicate my actions to relieving the suffering of all beings. Yes, I am one of many seedlings; we come from the Universal Mind Lattice to bring love energy to earth through acts of healing, teaching, and good will.

Over the months, my millions of cells have grown so attached to the warm peace ocean inside my mother that I don't want to come out, even though I have outgrown my amniotic flask. But now my savage God, acting through the stars, the planets, my soul atom and the beings around me, initiates my great passage training.



Suddenly, all that was soothing becomes unbearably painful. The contractions begin to crush my body. Life is suffering, the first noble truth. I cannot escape this Birth/Death prison. Why is she doing this to me? Why am I doing this to myself? Attachment is the cause of suffering, the second noble truth. Only pain. But wait, there is a chance, if I rip this flesh bag open and squeeze through the bloody jaws of the killer cunt. Kamikazee Shit Piss Blood. Death release Birth. Crushing walls volcanically vomit my bones from the dark toward the light. To end attachment will end my suffering, the third noble truth. Ow! I am reborn. In time, to follow the Noble Path which ends attachment and suffering, right view, right thought, right speech, right behavior, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness and right concentration: this is the fourth noble truth. Illuminated and liberated. Unlimited good fortune. I will soon forget all of this. But perhaps, someday, I will remember.