

ONT vol 4

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i. short review: **The Eyes of Tammy Faye**

the true church is hidden and tricky.

could be wealthy, mostly White & reviled.

w/ pay-to-stay pews in a gated Southern exurb.

i am urban, from the North. came of age far from southern Jesus.

mainly knew the lurid sign of 80s excess: a meme they ran on SNL, on CBS; on **People** Magazine & in the 'People' section of **Time**: a porno doll's melting face.

where i'm from, Falwell & the Bakkers were the same southern sleaze, the selfsame foe of D.C. punk.

the Equator is **warm**, reads **south**, of late.

the latitudes skew, the centre of power is North.

her make-up is fake: that is why it's melting off,
perhaps.

her face is true, insists on bleeding thru.

Falwell hated gays with AIDS, with "a passion". his hatred inverts, is salacious.

Tammy Faye *loves* gays with AIDS! and Falwell she forgave.

his final years he softened - and who can say how far along that rainbow name he would've gone? from L & G, to B to T to something long as Hallelujah.

Ru Paul narrates, for the Gay Hall of Fame: Tammy Faye's induction reel.¹

¹ **The Eyes of Tammy Faye** [Fenton Bailey & Randy Barbato: U.S.A., 2000]

the American Church would thank Ms. Faye for her pleasant reminiscings. signed off with a Yours in Praise, In God's Own Service. heard in-head in a low & tremulous tenor.

: this letter is a **Southern business template.**

did the Bakkers oversell?

these are the facts on Heritage USA.

: rooms were sold, three nights per annum, to tens of thousands of donors

: tens of thousands: let's say six. that would mean they promised **180,000** stay-nights per annum.

w/ 500 rooms, the Bakkers could offer **187,500**.

and fairly presume that thousands would seldom redeem, or never. and three or four thousand would die, per year.

ii. v_R is efficient R

in a multiverse ecology ² - where universes compete - a useful adaptation would be **virtuality**: a conservative ontology.

² see, e.g. James Gardner's **Biocosm: The New Scientific Theory of Evolution: Intelligent Life is the Architect of the Universe** [2003].

vR is efficient R: would render only local / to the quale. quantum events, unexplored space, could exist in abeyance. only show in macro / local effects.

when cosmos renders to the perceiver, cosmos simply *is* the vast continuity - the implied consistency - of all our perceptions.

would render only local, to the quale

iii. all thru asia robes for monks

from three long cloths of salvage grade, dyed & wrung: all thru asia robes for monks are barely tailored.

a khalsa dastar is sari-long, a muslin wound thick around the temples.

a skein on top, often starched into translucence, so: turban is a tonsure made of cloth.

structural reverse of the Nineties' / Noughts' dominant cut - the thick on top, short on the sides of urban princelings.

a skein on top, starched into translucence

The background of the image is a smooth, vertical color gradient. It starts with a pale, almost white light blue at the top, which gradually transitions through shades of teal and green to a vibrant yellow and orange in the middle. The bottom portion of the image is dominated by deep, rich reds and dark, almost black tones, creating a dramatic contrast with the lighter colors above.

iv. same of God, and of the one God sent

Whoever speaks on their own does so to gain personal glory, but he who seeks the glory of the one who sent him is a man of truth; there is nothing false about him.

[New Intl Version]

He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory: but he that seeketh his glory that sent him, the same is true, and no unrighteousness is in him.

[KJV]

pls compare

is a man of truth [NIV]

with

the same is true [KJV]

the KJV says: he who seeks the glory of god thereby seeks his *own*, and *rightly*. **the same is true** of self- & god-glorifier.

but **same is true** only of the one God sent: of the Incarnation - for only he and God are one, thus are their glory.

not for general use, it's not a maxim. it justifies a godman's self-promotion.

the thousand-year reign of Christ sounds awesome
of late: for less invasive ads in the cityscape. for little
need of billboards but to celebrate.

v. i thought of the Messiah / muse would be

the lights were changing when a kid whistled by on his longboard, easy thru the four-way stasis - and we all were miffed, drivers & bikers united.

then the truth passed among us and we smiled wide,
a smile that stayed thru my morning.

the truth passed among us: that kid had right-of-way
- though *barely*. & stopping for an orange is unsafe,
without a seat.

that kid was *fast* - and i thought of the Messiah, of the one we're sure is wrong until he's gone. he comes thru fast, so while he's here, by relative speed, we're frozen in our unbelief.

the muse would be the girl in high school not quite pretty, who goes around in hand-printed Ts.

the muse is a girl **wearing art**.

museum is a run of walls, music is the airwaves **wearing art**.

vi. conscience is strong

conscience is strong, a voice i submit to.
conscience is a **Type Two Entity**.

autonomous fragments of psychic energy that have temporarily escaped from the controlling power of the ego.³

conscience is an angel glaring down, & i am vain: i can't abide being thought of, by my angel, as a coward, or as boring.

conscience isn't me, it's my critic.

³ Terence McKenna, in 'Entities'. **Chaos, Creativity and Cosmic Consciousness** with Rupert Sheldrake & Ralph Abraham [Park Street Press, 1992/2001] p 94

vii. a monk's exalted end

i will not fight, i'll bow into the onslaught of my death-bringer.

i seek a perfect peace. i live within my palace of
abstractions. i climb its empty towers.

thinking what's true, i avoid contradiction. this is how
my palace maintains.

'i'm not a fighter' - a style of fight.

avoids, at least, defeat. confirms my incompetence
down among the bodies; so affirms my vantage
from beyond.