



THE TRANSFIGURATION RE-IMAGINED ISSUE

Really Big News here at Queen City HeArt Chakra Central is the construction phase of our Museo/Creativity Center Re-Imagined has begun! By Way of Re-Ringing the Changes on the Centrality of the Imagination, in my recent borderline-eclectic reading I came across the notion that the Philosopher's Stone is in fact the Creative Power of the Unfettered Imagination. In other words, it's entirely conceivable that when what's going on behind the curtain in the Sherman Gallery is completed, we'll find ourselves in H. Hesse's 'Magic Theatre,' with Lord Sabaoth as Master of the Phantasmagoric Revels. For, Verily, what is this Cosmogonic Stage/Theatre of the UniVerse if not the Mind, illumined by the Active Imagination?

During my recent readerly delvings I also encountered the Paradigm-Shifting InSight that at the highest level of consciousness we sense that Everything is Connected/Subtly Entangled. According to J. GoDolphin Bennett in his autobiography "Witness" (Omen Press, Tucson, AZ, 1974), we are unable to remember ourselves because we are so attached to all the things that keep us asleep. So how do we contrive to break out of this carapace? How do we go about making our dreams objective? There's perhaps an intimation in these visionary lines from the Irish Bard/Seer Amairgin, which are thought to be possibly the earliest scribed in the British Archipelago, to Wit :: "I Am a wind upon the sea, / I Am a wave upon the ocean . . . / I Am a hawk upon a cliff, / I Am a teardrop in the Sun . . . / I Am the One who creates a fire in the head."

In such eXalted company one could do worse than invoke Jalaluddin Rumi(1207-1273 CE) :: "The Real Work is Permanent Astonishment: / Blazing in Blind Ecstasy, Drowned in God, & Drunk on Love!" (from 'Can Any☉ne Describe{?},' as trans. by Andrew Harvey; which poem is included in "The Rumi Collection;" ed. by Kabir Helminski; Shambhala, Boston & London, 2000). Welcome to the Tavern of Ruin, where one's "appointed job is dancing by day in the Light / like m☉tes of dust; / by Night, like stars, circumambulating the Beloved." (From Rumi's 'Proper Vocation,' as trans. by Peter Lam{re}born Wilson in his "Sacred Drift," pub. by City Lights, San Francisco, 1993). Here's more Rumi for your delectation :: 'There is a time for tearing down, & a time for renewal. Sometimes this energy takes the form of buildings, sometimes we turn it into pots & rugs . . . Let us continue our seeking until Mercy {wo}manifests itself unVeiled.' (Rumi, as trans. by K. Helminski, with a little help from his friends). "Many a way station has to left behind before a traveller reaches his or her destination." (Rumi again).

According to the great Philosopher/Seer Jacob Boehme(1575-1624 CE), "Will, Desire, & Pain are not obstacles to spiritual realization, but rather the raw materials out of which something yet more wondrous will be recreated." Which observation is remarkably akin in Spirit to Peter Trofinov's ponder-worthy statement in Chekov's "Cherry Orchard" :: "Patience is the Mother of Will. If you have not a Mother, how can you be {re}born?" What is clearly of central importance in this ongoing journey is that we cultivate those states wherein the eARTh seems 'apparrelled in celestial light,' to echo Wm. Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." May the Force be with Us!