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THE MAGAZINE OF FURTHER STUDIES

3

Al,

Imagine: simply to be an animal.
Imagine, that that is all we are. Life-wise,
that is. The doe has no more eyes
than we do. Or the fly
flys differently
than us. To go around this corner
is to place Death
in its wise. We are not plants planets or
do we sleep
hereafter. Rest. Or wither
in that sense weeds
do --- turn back into
seeds. We both move,
as an animal
do. And our procreation
is choice (that difference,
possibly, chastity,
care. But solely within
life-time. Not after, not for any
after, not for any reason,
or reach, other than

life's) Death's province is
death, a definable animal
nothing: Cause or occasion of loss of life;
Cessation or privation, as of function, existence, capacity,
for development, etc; extinction. Rene
Char, and William Carlos Williams on
Rene Char's trauma, that, that is
what happens. So be it, so many animal
bones. Charnel-house. Thrown over, in a pile
all solemn bones we lie, in death. Dead. Unmolested,
no farther revealed [that is, by ourselves]
unable to take breath, look out of our eyes,
call over the near fence, plan to go to Swamps-
cott,
can transcend anything there is or men have
done, watching out the window the dumb
beady eyes
of a sparrow [birds are not animals
in the sense pattern, including
geese, and that these calls, are
territorial] animals
experience
of earth -----

Love,
O

FURS

Fur

is the woods

fur

the body slat (down by the river

laid out like

fur

the dead dog the dead fur stiff stuff

corpse

1846

"it was no longer profitable to trap the beaver"

1834

1820 1821

like a dog's yelp

beaver

horses

tracks

but not beaver

dogs

are our fur's the same thing

the same reach

for beaver

and rivers

go where
the men go those trappers those lyrical
trappers
song-minded americans
like dog's yelping
to Astor
sittin in new Yawrk
sippin gin &
beavers and boats around the continent
not fur
not where
the missouri is not a starting place where
the beaver is
is
(they no longer have any names those george simpson's men's
journals crossing the continent by water by portage by grease
pemmican & tallow, the fats the meats made possible the "inland"
voyages to the sea (and beaver?) the columbia and down the wide
land to port land and back up the interior to the trails and furs)
spreading
those pierced nosed ones
ponies
bickering posts
it was not for money
it was for men

and their fur

was 'land'

geo-

fur

is the overland is the river the portage

where I sit up on a dear bear run
no longer a trapper's trail
and think that I have discovered
a language in the warm afternoon breeze
inside myself I feel the kootenay to issue
from out of

as vapours
and the clouds which shuttle the mountains' peaks

where the beaver builds

he moves up to the head

at the back of the place

and makes that where the water comes from

before the flow

begins

there the beaver builds

a pond of mud and birch

which becomes a creek after that

No --- anywhere he can do it he does

anywhere

build a creek song

build something

but that fur is like warmth

is a lie

II

rubeiboo

the murky soup

a mix-up

somewhere

the incline of

Howser Ck.

toward Taurus Mt.

four squatters to my left

starbird glacier on the right

9 cabins

2 decades of winters

muskrat martin

Hans Rasmussen

his my snowshoes

summer

in an old age

veteran

all cabins stocked with canned food

the trap-line

his talk

III
the fur

is as clear as can be had

as trans-continental

or men of which virtue

they occupy little space

in a canoe

not fur

at all

for Jack Clarke
May, 1966

Fred Wah

The Jafferson Aweplane

I want to be successful in other terms than lives.

Loveliness among these people is no occurence to me.

To be huddled up
in a ball in the corner of
your room.

In the Future

Beauty such as water was mine

Enjoy here for a day with you.

Some wild man looks in my eye, as if
 than life.

Some wild man looks in my eye, as if
 through with you.

Some wild man looks through my day,
 smelling of kaffir.

Some dead man dips in my eye every night.

In the Pasture

Beauty such as never was mine
Existed here for a day with you.

Some black man looms in my life, larger
than life.

Some white man hovers there too, but I am
through with you.

Some wild man dreams through my day,
smelling of heroin.

Some dead man dies in my arms every night.

As I walked home last night
through the snow from town
two, three miles

Is that what you want from life?

A few de Nicotea filters.

got a taxi
I thought of you, my love
and I left in the afternoon

station
where the men
argued about the day
ruled by a
lacking eye.

How close the flight sounds

In this room
followed by the living presence
of the past. We were
blown under
the door by the window rattles.

John Wieners

As I walked home last night
thru' the snow from down
town seven miles

till it got
so cold I had
to

get a taxi
I thought of you, my love
who I left in the greyhound

station
where the men
argued about the delay
caused by a
fucking tyre.

1 How close that freight sounds

I said.
In this room
hallowed by the living presence
of the poet the wind
blows under
the door & the window rattles.

J. Temple

LETTER A

The sky is wide
and I am bent over
writing this postcard
in the gas stations of the west.
one dozen strands of ticket miniatures
filched by children
apple butter, caves filled with washtubs
the ozark sound. Warlords in cars
untumble outside the window
they pile out I'm surrounded by fresh hands
chunking rocks across the doorway
I've just gobbled desert before the disciples moved in
Nehi, Passion Punch, R. C. Cola
To say I'm off is like instructions
in using the regions I send you
to kick my ass with your America.
Forgive this narrow space
this "smoke from a brush fire out back"
but the blood vessels of America I love,
that sweats and marvels at its own produce
is dying, and me, the generation looking home,
writes epitaphs, slides from one coast across
to the other. raps as the door closes,
calling, falling in the rock slide of the new world.

Lewis MacAdams

The Mountain, The Creek, All Ends In The Lake

the hill the rhythm moves

truck the tires black rock-pocked rubber gravel dust
the road

west the road it is on (length) the side (where)
 move over it (the road) the mountain slopes

the way in an edge it is
the trees cut
away the right-of-way

wynds

into the shape the hillside is
the 'up' of it
at the round of my back behind
down before where I was

the creek up
the hill beside
the road by
under me

and then there on the top at the mountain in the trees blue sky green light

at noon the logs marked (volume) by us (hot)

turn and take under the road and the creek beside down to the lake's shore
and highway

at the creek mouth
the color in the water is the trees'
blue sky green light from the hills up

Fred Wah

from Back Creek

I sat by Back Creek
combing them out of my hair
the ones I was Back Creek to
who never let me forget
my own name.

I'd made them one in the classroom
a Back Creek on the back table
juniper and wintergreen berries
British soldier moss
and a small snake

Fifth grade sized green
it only drew off
the loners like me
who when they did talk
did not

repeat my name
said what they had to say
often of interest the snake
was sitting in the tree
neatly coiled

what was he trying to be?
And when he began with many
rests to shed his skin
they dreamed snake
like me

I think it was the yellow brick
gave way then and he returned
to Back Creek turned
to Back Creek
went Back

Back Creek where I learned to breathe.

Where every spring he was born again
dressing warm before daylight
knowing he's roll the canoe
so swift the rhetoric of
Polish Hill

Eisse Hill Rice Road's freshets.
They'd spill him out. He could
not translate fast enough
even if he lay still listening
on the boat's ribs.

All that clear cold now mixed with silt
close as grammar, canoe's skin then his
wrapped in syntax. Righting the canoe,
shooting pastpresentfuture in an instant
he told the Photonews
who asked him for a caption,
"You go fast there's a lot
of trees."

And loops and deltas and bleached logs
and every size of rock slab pebble
muskrat kingfisher crayfish
and the thing on stilts who walks on water.
Agency and element

it peels the bark the water's eloquence
varies the rock of consonants the open vowels
the context of tree root bank jalopy
taking longer to rust away than that swimmer
that day.

For all its homely monicker Back Creek
is deep in places they dive from two
of its bridges on the switchback roads
from Back Creek Road trailing the creek
to highway.

Ruth Fox

Sections from Subway

That sound, she had taught me,
is the absence of
at some time there is a shift
and a new presence,
only now,
in the deepest
ear, the presence of something
else, something that
was not there before, a
roar

* * * * *

A train swaggers in, throws
its eyes upon me: What did I expect,
a whale?

It is not mine.
I turn to the wall
to the blackboard
in desperation read
what I had read the
night before

Lyndon Johnson
LAMF

* * * * *

I am reduced to this:

you smart people at parties
who use words so lightly,
all the time so,

not knowing

Thoth,

the weight and impress
of centuries,

are heavy

before they come as lightly
as the A on that train
dancing at me from the tunnel
of only sound / no words

or where

the sign

(even the most useful things
are not spoken but in some way
revealed, the length of
her legs

reads

MEN' S

* * * * *

To enter the subway at night,

and have the night turn

light,

free of the tunnel, the bridge

strung out so stately its towers

how still they rise, fantastic,

like opposing seige machines

in the torn mist, white columns

driven into black water,

light

on that water, the bridge

the sun

resounding,

the ridge

of Spuyten Duyvil

The Devil's Footprints
(from Spuyten Duyvil)

lying & being
 an island in the sea
a raw, white bank

great black cannon looking
like shining beetles

 marks, reddish,
on the ledges

 We move along
the Devil's Footprints,
 several
prints on the rock - like someone
walking down-water -
 "This foot
one horseshoe; this one so,"
putting down her own foot
to show that one was human.

George F. Butterick

Just after the Spring Equinox
marking the Triumph of the Sun

The thing is Mary is the dazzling
face of Moses when he descends
to the Nation ("These be thy gods, O Israel,
which brought thee up out of the land of
Egypt") from Sinai _____ the real face-,
mask: 'His Face Was Horned'

(maswa . . . Karan or panaw in the Hebrew
& the Latin Vulgate, facies cornuta,
i, e., 'horned face') -- like the Minotaur's
on the Cretan coin, two ray-horns --
after seeing the Face of God!

It is the BULL, the 'Bull's mask'
(whether Egyptian, Sumerian, Assyro-Babylonian,
Cretan or ATLANTEAN _____ it is
the primordial (glacial) Bull-god, the
bos primigenius, on the
golden curved goblets of Laconia,
the sacrificial god-Bull, which is
the mystery here
& always is /

Veiled -- you need a double
axe to rend (labrys, the lightning axe,
for killing the God-sacrifice ____ You
to reveal the diphyes, the two-natured-
ness of man -- Michael-Angelo
himself (an Androgyne
so united to martyr the divine
MORPHOLOGY -- Creation itself

is easy

J

Note & wearing long feminine vestments
of the sea /
RED the color of

Euoia

Between the twin-peakd tits of Earth he glides,
red snake
of sea, he glistens yet, his many forms,
the hero of the sea

& whatsoever he does is just & unjust both
in both an equal justice
he is, alone, his mother's son

Liknites winnowd in the field, in manhood the twice-armd
winecup filld, unmixd, thunderbolt pure
along the bright of moon
who sheds herself on lonely sea,
bolt of light

he hurld the aerolite to Delphi, not
young Phoibos, form unfound, who cannot touch
whose smile is not his own

nine months to Apollo, three to the lion of the burning
flame,
the issue is not Apollo, stillborn thought,
measure the power of Christ among the Satrae

measure him not among the Greeks, gain his sign
among the horse-tailed beasts who knew the jew
his former name the wingd she-demon spoke

the bee who loosens the limbs of men, whose taste
of Earth was first, the honeyd ground, whose song
drives
the bull, the line, the bar in three

demon of the child of double doors, Melissa
 astride the pit of Gaia, flute & timbrels, shrieks
 in myriad tongues, bee
 of double birth, second house, Beth
 the tabernacle

Liknites winnowd in the new moon
 upon twice-titted Earth
 spilled from the hornd ark, vannus Iacchi, two-prowd ship
 whose giant eyes engird the helmsman

the gentle lion knows his lord, bull of ocean
 Hera the cow, hero the man, summond by trumpets
 to the land, from his mouth flowd the sea

mid-forehead rose the single tusk, between the eyes, between
 his horns, the tusk cut away, silent
 by his death in air she floats, the witness
 of his birth, death-like, bee-like
 Lyssa

II

The man is born of woman who must die for him
 & be found by him
 deep in Gaia's womb

be led back from darkness to light, the bright sweep
 of the moon be his lamp to the pit
 to keep the mysteries pure

black loam of Gaia fills her hair
 honey runs from her lips
 her thighs scorched
 by fire shot to kill
 the bull seed in her cunt

she who was burnt, the moon heard her cries, the moon
that also is a torch, who couples with the sea
the two preserve the stone below their love
release the snake along Apollo's path

& switch & dart his forkd tongue within the fault of
frozen Gaia's breasts
& they set free the thrice-hornd bull
to speak his river speech

III

Ice & gravel,
where nothing grows
dwells Apollo who is mute & still

who smiles in Gandhara a smile not his
who hates the man who loves
another god or man

hates the man who, drunk, will curse Apollo, hates the man
who, tall in the well-fitted stern, calld on the god
as god, who saw no ransom can there be for him
who is a god

no thing but mutilation, meta-
morphosis, death, who raises up his cantharos
& drinks, lame man,
who craves the flesh of kid

lays the rent skin 'gainst his skin, blood
of the hill goat torn in two,
hides his lance in ivy;

I carry the likeness, lame
one foot cut off
for young Apollo, choppd away

but one good foot, one
on which to pivot, two good hands
to lift Apollo's rock
from the entry to the pit

the steps are three, three the measure of my step
some take a lover, stranger
& down they lay by stone

their love, & stone on stone
they purify their love
& make no question love

grief & time enough to ask
the name of rock

IV

at sea no man limps
all men switch at sea
& pivot to the wind

Duncan McNaughton

POEM

In its going down, the moon
has slipped through my fingers

I am left with the memory
the embarrassment
of reaching

In this darkness
is there nothing but myself
and the heaviness of night
as it weighs upon me?

How I have denied your nearness
the weight of your arm on my waist
your warmth up against my back

I am turned away
as always
reaching for the moon
and calling on the night
to take me

Love does not brook such division
is born of itself
out of nothing
is the act of itself
as Dawn is
not of the sun
but of its own rising

Eros and Eos have joined hands this morning
and we, who are less familiar
awake in ourselves
the distance that belies our bed

O Love
let us get out of our separate heads this morning

It is late in the year
and the leaves have begun to fall

Robert Hogg: 22/10/66

ENOUGH ANIMUS SO IT ALL HAS WILL

Now all things rise
to greet you Barcelona city
yet a woman whose still unmarked features require
all things be put back in the air of this room
a nun a gambler a record player anything
the Bird plays Cole Porter under the stars
& a bottle of brandy is lifted to the lips
in toast to even the soft Venetian way
he thought Rubens the most contemptible
because he never learned to differentiate
the definite and determinate outline
yes it is the form of things you are
the fixed center of this floating
world.

Objects illumined
they hang suspended
like the faces of children
who can only reflect your own I thought
sitting there on the damp grass
wondering why there was no light in any of their faces
& if I had come this far only to lose
like Mesopotamian cities
all coherence gone
the days and nights of love
but a memory of those heavenly movements
so carefully held by them
now wrested into my hands
become again a world
 no east no west
 no salt sea covering all between.

There are only two seasons of man
& they are not divisible
as I the spring you are
the fall of all that must return
born weightless as on the back of
or he who stands in the gate of Cadiz
shall shoulder you once more
O Barcelona is there any other burden?

J. Clarke

" I see a Whale in the South-sea, drinking my soul away. "

Sailing after Knowledge, by George Dekker. London, 1963.
The Savage Mind, by Claude Levi-Strauss (translated by George Weidenfeld for 'The Nature of Human Society Series'). Chicago, 1965.

Put up as a match like this / Donald Davie and Hugh Kenner in Dekker's corner --- Maurice Merleau-Ponty in Levi-Strauss's corner / there is no contest, like Clay and Liston at Lewi ston, so fast you want your money back. And it is just because the knock-out punch is so easy that I would like to use this 'critical' book as a target (recognizing it is one of the best such books on Ezra Pound) hoping that the studies which follow it can at least get into the ring, knowing what speed and accuracy they are up against when they take on that part of Pound's work which is mythology. Which, now that some men are willing to admit that Mr. Pound is serious about, say, the Eleusinian mysteries, proposes an arena we can't even enter trusting, as some still do, Miss Weston etc. or a critical attitude which produces 'the uses of myth' in Mr. Eliot's The Wasteland.

I use Levi-Strauss

to outline the attention:

Myths and rites are far from being, as has often been held, the product of man's 'myth making faculty,' turning it's back on reality.

(To get rid of that legacy of Bergson and other meanderings, dreamy, such mythopoeic

Mythology's... principle value is indeed to preserve until the present time the remains of methods of observation and reflection which were (and no doubt still are) precisely adapted to discoveries of a certain type: those which nature authorized from the starting point of speculative organization and exploitation of the sensible world in sensible terms.

(As against any Randomness, or

The Non-Rational, Unspeakable-Mysterious, Occultism or Theosophy, any such dodge when correspondences are ordered on axes, unknown, as 'a like produces a like' or 'These fragments you have shored (shelved).'
Providing a poet in this time, our own, and as some have taken full advantage, the golden string leading out of an abstract universe of discourse into the concrete, 'sensible world' / an ordering based on particulars of our experience, stricter, even, than

(Plus this useful, if too simple formula):
Art thus proceeds from a set (object & event) to the discovery of its structure. Myth starts from a structure by means of which it constructs a set (object & event).

(To my mind Paterson being a fine instance of the first; The Cantos explaining the process of the second. Like he says --- "NO apter metaphor having been found for certain emotional colours. I assert that the Gods exist." (Kulchur)

And that gets Levi-Strauss out of "The Science of the Concrete" into "The Logic of Totemic Classifications" and "Systems of Trans-

formations" and, in our terms, relieves Malatesta from any museum of found objects (delightful though fragmentary, or however supporters of Pound try, with embarrassment, to save their man and, of course, do him most damage in the effort, ignoring his attempt at 'structure' by morphological LAW) so we don't have to conclude, as Dekker does (with his notion of myth "as the record of a delightful psychic experience") that "If The Cantos did by some miracle form a successful poetic whole... But since it does not..." to say, as Blake says of Homer "Every Poem must necessarily be a perfect Unity..."

I leave the rest for you to get, closing only with the note that Levi-Strauss does successfully clear the ground of any further possibility of the use of 'archetypes' and 'the collective unconscious' simply: "It is only forms and not contents which can be common. If there are common contents the reason must be sought...outside the mind." Putting Jungian typology back where Jung meant it, as formal imprinting, and relieving us of the whole myth gang which has too long diverted attention. Plus firmly providing that third track for the tracing of peoples / Mythology as 'science' to join Etymology and Archaeology (object, language, story:persons) as well, at least I hope, as American 'Indians'.

Albert Glover
Institute of Further Studies
1 December 1966

Tuesday December 13 1966

Danny tells me we're stuck with Lear. I thought, at first, he'd said Leary. Either way, I don't believe it. We've had Ahab since. "All are Ahab." But is this the promised end?

What would have happened --- or, where would we be --- if it had been Ahab ("poor old whale-hunter") instead of Ishmael who had bobbed up in the coffin after the Pequod went down, would we have had these same 'post-mortem effects,' D. H. Lawrence called them?

You are dancing a map, or is it: by typological law, still, that the end is also the beginning, the 'icons' are all so familiar (the Fatima of the Seven Veils, pass that light again, please, Lewis) or perhaps it is, just these 70 years, "this foreshortened span," that it takes to die and be born again?

It's funny how it works out, today (Charlie Scribner went crazy today just putting that DNA molecule on the board!) --- funny because you would think that by now we'd have found a way to reify that knowledge of --- what's on the other side of despair.

Eternity, was it? : " by etymology alone, Yggdrasil is the horse of Odin: it is the means, or the vehicle, by which the All-Father descends and ascends, trans-migrates, makes his varying avatars. All this seems clear enough; and the meaning can hardly be other than that of world-trees everywhere --- it is the latent invisible fire in the living wood which is the perfect symbol of eternal spirit trapped in matter; and it is on this 'tree of life,' therefore, that Odin is suspended, sacrificing --- the phrase is both explicit and almost infinitely profound --- himself to himself (sialfr sialfom mer) . . . "

Yes, almost in spite of, all this black language writ by machine, Allen calls it, it is still ourselves. We are the initiation. Absolutely. No symbol of, no everywhere, but here, now, the bole of you, no longer suspended only, masochistically, suffering upward, entropy is: fibers of love from man to man ("When a woman's heart bursts in Waterville"), or, he called it, simply, the Philosophy of Organism: The Tree comes down colored by the airs and lights of the datum.

(The order that does obtain, then, to be made permanent, if you are, equal, the means are, in fact that something like ripples, weakly in, the voice of, animate creation, you are not free than otherwise to be)

There. There. There, there is no cell --- Charlie, I'm glad you came --- no "thrusting through the wall." NO WHALE, NO WHITE, MASK, phersu, Mr. Blandings Builds a Dream House! Only the lamp shows the point at which communications begin. Don't blink, there isn't any, (Marx?), except the one you do, yes, Phoebe, by BIRTH, (der Traum), determinantly inherit. And it takes, as you say, all the stamina you've got, in this 'affective' time, just to produce one --- events, he called them. Like tonight, at this table, on the other side of Main. As well as, history, I'll bet you didn't know, Danny Boy, that King Lear's own father was (almost) a bird!

Wednesday December 14 1699

The need this morning is a cooler one, like the man says, a discrimination:

1)

The unique thing (and it is no surprise, the surprise is that still no one has made himself able to grab it by its coat) is that it is the mass of it which is it. Which is, of course, why new forms of presentation haven't yet mounted, that all of it isn't easily headed or pointed up, that it is, in fact, more herd (more cattle) than gun (than any one of us even if we can shoot).

2)

I take it wisdom, like style, is the man--that it is not extricable in any sort of a statement of itself; even though--an here is the catch--there be 'wisdom,' that it must be sought and that 'truths' can be come on (they are so overwhelming and so simple there does exist the temptation to see them as 'universal'). But they are, in no wise, or at the gravest loss, verbally separated.

& then, a shout. "Der Weg stirbt, sd one. And was right, was he not? Then the question is: was ist der Weg?"

I was in a Printing house in Hell, & saw the method in which knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation.

In the first chamber was a Dragon-Man, clearing away the rubbish from a cave's mouth; within, a number of Dragons were hollowing the cave.

In the second chamber was a Viper folding round the rock & the cave, and others adorning it with gold, silver, and precious stones.

In the third chamber was an Eagle with wings and feathers of air: he caused the inside of the cave to be infinite; around were numbers of Eagle-like men who built palaces in the immense cliffs.

In the fourth chamber were Lions of flaming fire, raging around & melting the metals into living fluids.

In the fifth chamber were Unnam'd forms, which cast the metals into the expanse.

There they were reciev'd by Men who occupied the sixth chamber, and took the form of books & were arranged in libraries.

It was better to be a bird, almost. Like this one, on the look out, nervous. Expecting guests? Indians. No, only Venus from the east. Diseases, yes, be aware--no temperature inversion could produce, such Granitos, oh Job!

I THE GIANTS WHO FORMED THIS WORLD INTO ITS SENSUAL EXISTENCE, AND NOW SEEM TO LIVE IN IT IN CHAINS, ARE IN TRUTH THE CAUSES OF ITS LIFE & THE SOURCES OF ALL ACTIVITY

"I have this dream, that just as we cannot now see & say the size of these early HUMAN KINGS, we cannot, by the very lost token of their science, see what size man can be once more capable of, once the turn of the flow of his energies that I speak of as the WILL TO COHERE is admitted, and its energy taken up.

What I should like to dispose of is, that it is a dream, any more than that, what I think we shall be able soon to demonstrate, the so-called figures & stories of the old science were never men. And I venture to say that their enlarged dimensions are no where as discrepant from them as we, going by what we have been able to see of man in recent time, including ourselves, would surmise."

II O ALBION! WHY WILT THOU CREATE A FEMALE WILL

"It is the long reach of this second will of man which we have known, the dead of which we are the witnesses. And the only answer of man to the rash of multiples which that wish to disperse causeth to break out (the multiple face of it, the swarming snake-choices it breeds as multiple as hairs) was one thing only, the only thing man had to put against it: the egocentric concept, a man himself as, and only contemporary to himself, the PROOF of anything, himself responsible only to himself by the exhibition of his energy,

AHAB, end."

"It is not the Greeks I blame. What it comes to is ourselves, that we do not find ways to hew to experience as it is, in our definition and expression of it, in other words, find ways to stay in the human universe, and not be led to partition reality at any point, in any way. For this is just what we do do, this is the real issue of what has been, and the process, as it now asserts itself, can be exposed."

(I. e., 'Materialism, Power, Dominion etc. are the ischial callosities (those things that hang down on an orangutang) of the West which are promptly kicked by anyone anywhere who has even a pretence of education' --Ed Dorn still the best man on Olson)

III ENERGY IS THE ONLY LIFE, AND IS FROM THE BODY;
AND REASON IS THE BOUND OR OUTWARD CIRCUMFERENCE
OF ENERGY

"The proposition is a simple one (and the more easily understood now that we have been shocked at what we did not know nature's energies capable of, generally): energy is larger than man, but therefore, if he taps it as it is in himself, his uses of himself are EXTENSIBLE in human directions & degree not recently granted.

Quickly, therefore, the EXCEPTIONAL man, the 'hero,' loses his description as 'genius'-- his 'birth' is mere instrumentation for application to the energy he did not create--and becomes, instead, IMAGE of possibilities implicit in the energy, given the METHODOLOGY."

IV THIS WILL COME TO PASS BY AN IMPROVEMENT OF
SENSUAL ENJOYMENT. BUT FIRST THE NOTION THAT
MAN HAS A BODY DISTINCT FROM HIS SOUL IS TO BE
EXPUNGED; THIS I SHALL DO BY PRINTING IN THE
INFERNAL METHOD, BY CORROSIVES, WHICH IN HELL
ARE SALUTARY AND MEDICINAL, MELTING APPARENT
SURFACES AWAY, AND DISPLAYING THE INFINITE
WHICH WAS HID

"If man is once more to possess intent in his life, and to take up the responsibility implicit in his life, he has to comprehend his own process as intact, from outside, by way of his skin, in, and by his own powers of

conversion, out again."

"What happens at the skin is more like than different from what happens within. The process of image (to be more exact about transposition than the 'soul' allows or than the analysts do with their tricky 'symbol-maker') cannot be understood by separation from the stuff it works on."

". . . what is it in the human organism, what is the wave (is it H-mu) that makes communication possible!"

"I take care to be inclusive, to enforce the point made at the start, that matter offers perils wider than man if he doesn't do what still today seems the hardest thing for him to do, outside of some art and science: to believe that things, and present ones, are the absolute conditions; but that they are so because the structures of the real are flexible, quanta do dissolve into vibrations, all does flow, and yet is there, to be made permanent, if the means are equal."

"There is only one thing you can do about the kinetic, re-enact it."

"So, fire . . .
Sound

is fire. As love
is

Light is reductive. Fire isn't. Or--to get rid of any of those false pleasures which paradox and sectaries involve themselves in (are alchemic or gnostic or Lu Tung-pin, the Guest of, the Cavern) I said to Duncan, 'heat, all but heat, is symbolic, and thus all but heat is reductive'."

ALL BUT HEAT IS REDUCTIVE

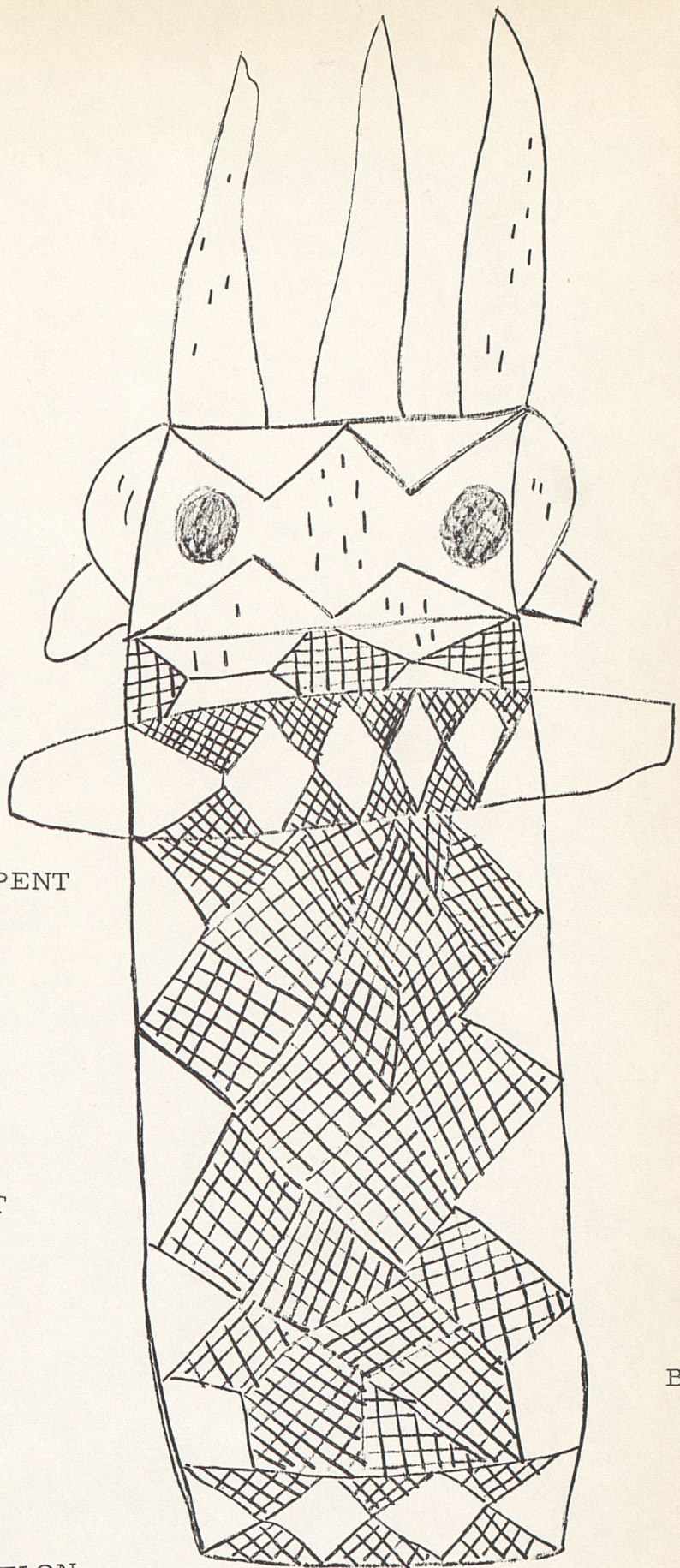
Thursday December 15 1966

On the night of the 16th of March, 1802, in one of the towns of the state of Massachusetts, the body of an elderly woman evaporated and disappeared from some internal and unknown cause, in the duration of about one hour and an half. Part of the family had gone to bed, and the rest were abroad. The old woman remained awake to take care of the house. By and by one of the grand-children came home, and discovered the floor near the hearth to be on fire. An alarm was made, a light brought, and means taken to extinguish it. While these things were doing, some singular appearances were observed on the hearth and the contiguous floor. There was a sort of greasy soot and ashes, with remains of a human body, and an unusual smell in the room. All the clothes were consumed; and the grandmother was missing. It was at first supposed she had, in attempting to light her pipe of tobacco, fallen into the fire, and been burned to death. But on considering how small the fire was, and that so total a consumption could scarcely have happened if there had been ten times as much, there is more reason to conclude that this is another case of that spontaneous decomposition of the human body, of which there are several instances on record. It is to be regretted the particulars have not been more carefully noted.

J. Clarke
Institute of Further Studies
16 December 1966

RAINBOW

YOUTH



RAINBOW SERPENT

A BIFROST

BRIDGE

to walk across...

KERYKEION

RARE BOOK DEPT
UNIV OF WIS.
MADISON

