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THE MAGAZINE OF FURTHER STUDIES

4

*Fine - to keep
us on this, the
latent.*

*let me
hear from*

you!
[Signature]

HELL & HEAVEN; Psychemimeisis to beyond the rainbow bridge

It is a dull smoke color which rises from and leads to the hellworld on the way to the Eastern realm called pre-eminently happy. The white light on the second day. "with the mirror-like wisdom, anger, the aggregate of consciousness, the hellworld, and the color white." The diameter of the Eastern Continent 1,000 miles over Earth's and its beings are reportedly tranquil-minded and virtuous, having crescentic faces.

South, blue, the Earth (7,000 - and here it is evident that we must give or take a thousand)

its beings faced "sub-triangular, or rather pear shaped."

West "(cow & ox & action)", red, its shape is like the Sun like the faces of its people "addicted to eating cattle" and believed very powerful.

North, green & square - dead kuru haunt the trees which supplied them in life (10,000 miles).

The Moon is the limit of reflected light, for the physiognomist the first wrinkle of the forehead. The demon turns back to earth at the moon, light caught in mirrored walls breaking the similarity of the image synthesizes truly unrelated parts of it. The light gets between the eyes, the consequences of your fantasies. This is watch out because you might not even become your demon and if

you can't turn Lucifer lighter, to hold his throne ASCENDING, you'll have to stay till you forget where you are. Hell is personal, Heaven is trans-universal. Lethe only affects irrelevances, its chemistry is not variable by human standards. A transpersonal hell is flipout, war. Hiding, the place of concealment, in the helms of warriors, anger, only the smoke of Agni who is also white like Heimdallr, warder of the gods.

The single eye is the ship, or the gate to hell, vortex: helix going down. $\acute{\epsilon}\lambda\iota\sigma\sigma\omega$, spin around, go to and fro. $\acute{\epsilon}\lambda\iota\tau\rho\alpha\chi\omicron\varsigma$, spinning wheel (the witch spinning sun to moon, quick-glancing $\acute{\epsilon}\lambda\iota\kappa\omicron\beta\lambda\epsilon\phi\alpha\rho\omicron\varsigma$). And Ulysses carries his whirling oar $\acute{\epsilon}\lambda\alpha\tau\eta$ to plant it upright on the Earth, as the tripper lying down in blast-off seems the whole room is spinning, in THE eye. The yogin sits, his back up, the spiral perpendicular to earth before the spinal transmission. Man swaying in helical motion first relative to the revolution of the Earth & then to precession speeding as narrowing the circle center.

The imagination connects the sparks to the smoke, in all colors of the spectrum. You see the eye of the demon then hallucinate the face, the mind producing all the masks until the snake offers fruit. Through those two eyes is the vision of one from beyond the moon, the eyes only, fixed & flashing, far more knowing; eternal in our eyes.

EL is he, after Alpha, before Omega, the progenitor of the alien-Earth race, which is Heaven-Earth, not connected with the action here, the first murder or Cain the elder. That is Earth before Hell, the birthplace being directly dependent on the mobility of parentage.

David Tirrell

The qanat spurts the geyser
& the mystery of the Celestial Rose
is spread like the wings of Nut.
One mixes but that is the source
of the Ritual, the candles and cards
in the brain, the oddments of study
the rejoicement when one can know
& the machinery of the Divine Conjoinment

First there is the realization of Conjoinment,
the Divinity is not certain in the Acid convulsions of Dream
& the Words form the utterance heard by the
Ear of Ears

I see the things held sacred by the Firmament
& they are the books in which is written
the Word
 attended by the Angels of Sound

I shall reveal it:



Ed Sanders

BY FIXES ONLY MOVE

Amidst the lustful fires he walks; his feet
become like brass, his knees & thighs
like silver, & his breast & head like gold.

draco caelestis brought down by finger impetus
alone a sun is cut into a heliotrope stone
a ring for all success and happiness: take

a sky-blue jasper
& etch on it
a snake
in the form
of a circle;

in the middle of the snake make a moon with two stars
on its two horns and above them a sun on which is engraved
your name and on the reverse side your other name
and on the setting inscribe the great and sacred
and all-powerful name you desire

e. g. , Ningizzida
(c. 2350-2150 B. C.)

history a wheel
circumambulatio
involving concentration

But the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness
overshadowed them & Jesus said Thus do Men in Eternity
One for another

("Let sphinxes from the ripe
Borage of death have cleared my tongue
Once and again; vermin and rod
No longer bind. Some sentient cloud
Of tears flocks through the tendoned loam!
Betrayed stones slowly speak. ")

There you see what happens if you don't
you Scientific American

John Clarke

inside the body wall
down to the inside
to bass of the backbone
strummed against age
the Man who stands, is
upright, and his limbs
do carry the weight he bears
over distance, over air

Robert Hogg

for my friend

drum upon the table you drum
the Tree of the World

drum the table you drum the point
at which communication between

Heaven, Earth, and Hell is made:

the Tree of the World a horse
is made,

the Tree of the World a bow
is

Fly up, fly out
with your ecstatic fingers

on the flat table made
of the bole of Inanna's

tree. The Tree of the World
is a voyage, the sacred

pillar. Drum
the table. Fly up fly out

just where you are. You drum the point
just where communication is made

between Heaven, Earth, and Hell. Drum
the table

who plays directly into the air

FOR JOHN CLARKE, march-April, 1965 CHARLES OLSON

FINGERS OF THE SUN

Fingers of the sun grip the mountain
where hawk claws flash and flicker in the dawn

The Gates of Heaven are open

The Gates of Earth are open

The Watery abyss lies open

in the fingers of the sun

I mate with my free kind in the crags

hidden recesses have heard the echo

of my footsteps

in the fingers of the sun

The Gates of Heaven are open unto me

in the fingers of the sun

& bird beaks scream in the fingers of the sun

ROCK WATER PINE CLIFF FIRE SKIN HAWK HAND

fingers of the sun

I mate with my free kind in the crags
The hidden recesses have heard the echo
 of my footsteps
 in the fingers of the sun
The Gates of Heaven are open
The Gates of Earth are open
The watery abyss lies open
 in the fingers of the sun
 fingers of the sun
 fingers of the sun

Ed Sanders

(The FINGERS OF THE SUN song should be noted as written
by Ed Sanders, Ezra Pound & Akh-en-Aten, & copyright to
Heavy Metal Publishing Co.)

POEM FOR TURNING

Move down zigzag
through switchback
through sideways
move down there
move side right
move left
keep right angles
head front-wise
cleft earth hold
the fall-line
fall to trees
keep incline
be degrees
go corner
move side move
jut out

in boots in road pick-up sidewise wide three ruts wheel ridge grass
switch eyes move in boots

in
heel
knee
cut side-hill
ditch run-off
move down
ricochet track
line shove
spin out fall
back fall side
saw the forest
clear the rocks
split the sky
open roll dig
cover burn
fill the fill
and cross the bridge
creek
turn side
turn into turn
at it

Fred Wah

that otherwise than how the story goes
that the black knight did ring terror
thru their lives we (with a literal
background do ring terror to the black knight
where he goes, he astounded by the way
the words surround or that organization is always
on show, what is ample preparation he appears there at the tournament
in style not the getting there, moment for moment, our stock in
trade, imagination's, not how he appears to us but
that silly ass in black coming thru town or the fields that are not
tournament -- men's room, lady's room, black knight moment
for moment & no place to change perhaps embarrassment
before trees a man donning metal, then out there
out in place finally and not out of place
not expected and not out of place, him out there
and his armor,
or his outfit there in horseback with him
gone the same neat performance the terror he rang
empty suit crossing the field --

Ron Caplan

Proem

It struck into the mill, and wrung the arm in pieces. The upper sail yard shattered in many pieces, whereof some were carried a field off. The main standard, bound about with a great iron hoop, fastened with many spikes, was broken in pieces, the iron being thrown off. One of the main spars riven to the ground in three pieces; the boards rived off the sides, the sacks fired. The miller at work beneath the mill was smitten down, but came to himself the next day, but knew nothing of what had befallen him; within two hours after he was smitten he began to stir with such force that six men could hardly hold him; it was the next day before he came perfectly to his senses again.

About the same time, in the south, a beast brought forth a creature in human shape, which was observed to have a cast to one eye, like a loose fellow in the town had, on which account being suspected, he confessed, upon examination, and was executed.

It was beginning to be about the land. A young man going to wash himself in a creek, said, jestingly, I will go and drown myself now. Which fell out accordingly, for his feet sliding from under him, by the slipperiness of the earth, he fell in past his depth, and, having no skill to swim, was drowned, though company were at hand, one even in the water with him. The parents with astonishment and trembling came to understand it by the speech and signs given by the youngest, not above three years old.

Sept 20, 1967

George F. Butterick

DRUGS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

a lecture given by John Wieners

on 5 March 1967 at The Institute of Further

Studies as the first of three lectures under the

general title "The Use of the Unconscious in Writing."

In the frontispiece of Opium by Jean Cocteau, a photograph labelled "Down what river of oblivion do they float?," labels the deprivation that the moon poppy causes, a lotus dream Homer sings of and Pound chastises, for those wanting to go back as the Bible says, and lie down in Tiamat.

In the BBC film, The Opium Trail, "that dream which it is impossible to deny" is outlined fully as a business, much as mental illness today. This dream is so overpowering, so overwhelming it prohibits most active life, in other words work, food and love.

Instead it gives one a continuation of eternity, what the opium seeker is participant in, the transition of bodies, the mild transaction of planets, and the interchanges of form.

How does opium enter the blood stream? There are various ways. Smoking, eating, sniffing, even shooting it. The best is smoking. If one lands abroad in Tangiers, they say, one immediately is affected by a city built on kif, for kif, and where 90% of the male population is addicted to it. Much is the same way with opium.

If one is close to it, it enters the bloodstream through our nostrils or mouth. Our ribs sing with it. It destroys the animal kingdom, so many rely on for identification. Only the dragon is left. May it devour those who do not believe in it.

Our concern lies in unfolding the nature unborn within us, a condition of Thūmas whereby men breathe, that state machines have

stopgapped. They become so stifling they may choke us to death, enveloped in production. Dualities become vices instead of graces, strangled at birth. As ancients say, a man is born holy. Sermons of mythical gardens serve no purpose to those engaged in purifying the earth and thereby the universe's organism. If this indwelling is prohibited then opium possibly could permit another kind of life of its own.

In an international business governed by racketeers and underworldlings, the gods of a different place take over the metabolism and prevent the possibility of transfusion. They are domestic vulgarities. They find this substance beneficial to productivity, they want to harvest it, make it a machine and operable thereby perverting the society of our ecstasy.

Opium releases us to the unity producing visions in the first place. Is one willing to pay the price of that reflection? If one is a poet he has to. As poets are dreams.

This should be a private endeavor, and that is the personal unconscious. What we share in air and place is the collective.

There are drawings in this book, Cocteau made, under opium. They say that the primal unity is shattered by the opium experience. In contradistinction to this, another book of Cocteau's, A Call to Order, is proof that he maintained at the outset, an order of consciousness, of most concentrated sensibility.

At this point, where it is dangerous for machines to interfere, either human or state, the natural unleasings of collective thought become as a troubled river haunted by threat of electricity.

Our containment is lost and the mind breaks forth to lose itself in a meaningless collection of material values.

One sees the sphinx unclouded by an eye on opium, but the sphinx itself stands for a secret. One participates in flight, yet we still must walk naked in our dream, unless shaded by the penetration of desire. What stars are responsible for that conjunction signed in the bloodstream?

The construction of structure is attempted by machine minds in lesser forms of business and crime, those who want to provide for families and who are afraid of the future, who emulate the rich, who have no use for the spaces beyond their four walls and really are of no use except to produce. I mean there is the head and there is the temple and there are hymns to the goddess, then what of the mountain on which we live? Opium might be the stopgap to reinforce blood with knowledge from this earth.

As said about Jackson Pollock, he fell into a pit of the unconscious, manifest by accident. Franz Kline's paintings at the Marlborough-Gershon Gallery on 57th Street, suffered from the same vertical plunge, a divergence rather than a consurgence. Of course poets and painters mix, much as machines and gods. It is so hard to return to a former state.

Eleonora (Billie) Holiday is another downward example of a woman who wanted to be other than what she was through economic society. In the country where opium grows it is an honor to gather the harvest. There is no hope of profit to lose ourselves.

"God Bless the Child" is one of her songs.

Them that's got shall get
Them that's not shall lose
So the Bible says
And it still is news
Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own

They say that in jail, as I was telling Olivia Posner earlier this evening
after dinner, before one goes to see the judge for sentencing in The
Women's House of Detention. . .

that's got his own.

Yes the strong gets more
While the weak ones fade
Empty pockets don't
Ever make the grade
Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own

And we do.

. . . that's got his own.

Money, you got lots of friends
Crowding round your door,
But when it's done
And spending ends
They don't come no more
Rich relations give
Crusts of bread and such
You can help yourself but don't take too much
Mama may have
Papa may have
But God bless the child that's got his own

And we do.

Where the unconscious comes to the surface is in harnessing
these resources of oneself, without interference from the society of
outgrown relationships. Drugs help us to alleviate this dispersion of
members. Yet social patterns change through the use of psychiatry

and medicine. We hope to lose mechanization before it binds us to its routine. What Marx predicted, but failed at achieving, I think is going to be achieved in this country not through Marx but through the Negroes who have got too much of their own to put up with any nonsense of our own. They come too close to the earth to put up with electricity and humming like this. They believe in response and the leader just has to drop a note and then it rolls out of their souls as easily as the ground rolls out of fire--out of earth. And drugs are another manifestation of that containment, so we must be wary of machine-made products. You know, if you ride on a bus with an alcoholic, all of a sudden you start getting ill. Or if you ride on a bus with a cocaine addict you discover new patterns of the past from proximity. As William Burroughs went to the Amazon jungle to participate in something called iahusca used by Indian doctors for finding lost objects, mostly bodies and souls.

II

Most of us, as we grow older, are involved in making contact with ancestors. Not pseudo-morphology but recovery of ancient names and dreams, so flowers reveal the land they spring from. Thus proprioception is, if one looks at it in a plant, one harmony courses throughout. Many of our gardeners, many people who work close to earth, are in rhythm to the pulsating universe within us and outside of us. Vision producers are only one way. Awarenesses of the blind are another hearing. We think to such a degree one may lose touch with organic process, perturbed by sounds containing no inner solitude.

That's where dehydration come in when one's roots are cut off.

For those persons who come to vision too late, from parts of the earth, inheriting no art and literature. We know when it arises. If you believe in darkness, then you will get darkness.

I always mistrust Burroughs, because he comes of a role, a conception of sophistication, while Billie Holiday does not. She went to the top because she came from the bottom. Genet is another case in point. I don't think there's much drugs in Genet, it's mostly criminal. Why the criminal feels that drugs should be clandestine is that there is a mystery revealed to us through the use of peace. And that's the last thing to learn. Well, Genet only could have endured Parisian or South of France, cross sectioning hybridization, through being multifoliate himself. Or maybe just being the single unity and able to contain these petals that are beneath him. I think always his skull is impervious to defamation. Something that China doesn't know as well as, say, France.

Ed Sanders has taken this information and is using it as an instrument to destroy the machines he believes have contaminated mankind, the history. He employs the simplicity of the cool heart and tongue. What is the third thing at the temple of Ammon in Memphis? Is it the eye? You know, in what Charles Olson always praises him so highly for? Is this poem?

in which the Eye-Heart-Minds
The Brain Pinks
float to Peace Eye



And there to enter
the tides of
desire & fulfillment

THE TIDES

Alester Crowley is another man who experimented with drugs and found them to produce only black magic, it seems possibly from the Calabria that he lived on and the Victorian England he so openly flaunted and also desecrated. . . haunting the bugaboos of the Georgian mind, emblazoning his sex life or his women with the numbers of the (not his women, he used any flesh he could find) with the numbers of the cursed in the Bible. Now why cursed we don't know. Are numbers cursed or not? Is counting wrong?

There is a place in which things converge and return to one as we have marked this country as a crossing place. Not in numbers so much as mathematics is close to poetry, we can't deny that. If one has to remember how many pulse beats a minute, ninety? Seventy-two. Every sixty seconds has seventy-two beats. It varies minutely. The variants are where numbers are useless.

As a friend of mine at Dartmouth who listens to radios, listens to the stars as John Hammond did (he was what Charles called a weird) they sit there and count the infinite variations and then they count how many times a minute a certain sound interval prevails and call it. . . recurrences, how many recurrences of the same kind of signal. That is numbering and ultimately becomes inexhaustible. It's not as mysterious as plunging into one's self. And to do that we need solitude,

peace, and quiet. That's why we come together tonight, to remember within ourselves there is no church. One can even hear these serene voices on Broadway. It's just to hear again that is the most important.

There is something unknown to the world, machines may interfere, hinder the search. Society seems to be returning to the single, to socius, to one.

There is still incisive dialogue, as pre-Platonic thought knows. It's an awkward sentence.

In countries where one finds the simplicity of, say, a dominant figure, there there is more peace than where there's constant strife for the straight line. All of a sudden that word power ceases to mean anything. Invention comes to be valuable because it reminds one of the curvilinear foundations of thought, uncovered from the morass of mass. Opium allows one to stop and worship. But Ginsberg told me about Peter. He found it ultimately boring. Peter would smoke opium in India and sit and read Time magazine for eighteen hours.

I don't know why I brought Williams here. But he is a man who worked with common people. And always was on call and shows the dispersal. He uses poetry to keep the root of his city also. Again the unconscious is up to you to start spreading it around, to those who would just as soon remain undisturbed. Why should we feel anyone wants what we know in the first place?

I'd like to answer questions.

John Clarke: What were you saying about ancestors, John?

John Wieners: I think this is what the best white woman is engaged

in, transmitting her ancestors to leaders and reminding them of recorded presence. I don't think men care as much. Or if we start caring too much for the immediate, we lose the condition. We start thinking what we have done and where we come from. We actually forget what brought us together. And that's proof of identity.

I can't go on. I feel attacked. I've been on the bus all night. When you do get out in the city you see the irritation the stranger causes, we call him the poet because he brings us the unknown. He brings us drugs or poetry or anything that possesses him and this is where the critic comes in, to withdraw those selfishnesses to the surface and not to disseminate them, so as to vaporize the spirit world, you know, to transluce them so as not to hamper the immediate. That might sound romantic, but this is where Williams comes in to deal with the real in such a way that it's not romantic. Saxifrage, my flower that burst the rock.

A Sort of a Song

Let the snake wait under
his weed
and the writing
be of words, slow and quick, sharp
to strike, quiet to wait,
sleepless.
—— through metaphor to reconcile
the people and the stones.
Compose. (No ideas
but in things) Invent!
Saxifrage is my flower that splits
the rocks.

Wm. Carlos Williams

He said it.

It's construction that binds us, walls bind us, proximity

binds us. Through his variable foot he took the constrictions and made them constructions of a new order. That's not really a woman's job. Her job is to preserve what is order. Let her do it. We have other things to do to release our selfs. Drugs are a way, if we're strong enough. I don't think one should participate in them if he has any doubts about them. When society hinders him, makes him become a criminal then he uses them for more than experimentation and worship.

I think I've said too much. When I spoke about drugs and ourselves there should be no slavery, freedom is the wrong word, but there should be no slavery.

Cornelius Cardew: Tell us about the dream. Is it man's prerogative to dream?

John Wieners: That's interesting. I don't have dreams anymore. We do sink to another level of consciousness as acquired substance. It's still quite active. I think woman is a knowing thing. She is the dream.

Cornelius Cardew: I mean't really in connection with you're saying "the poet is the dream."

John Wieners: Did I say a poet is the dream? Well, he's quite close to her. That's his trouble. Because women and language go hand in hand. Well, I wish someone would turn me on!

the mute
bark-robed
priest
burns the sacred incense
before the ruined temple
in the silent jungle...

and it is written
in the Zohar,
the Book of Light:

that the smoke
of the sacrifice
ascends,
creating harmony above,
and the uniting of all worlds;

that from below
the movement starts,
and thereafter is the celestial sphere
perfected and harmonized;

that if the Community of Israel,
or any of her ten lost tribes,
fail to initiate the impulse,
then the One above
would also fail to flow into her:

it is the yearning
from below
which brings about the completion
above

Ed Billowitz

by honor



by agony

by the Cretan horns
by the altar
of Breasts



by the soaking of the
Dryad's shawl

& the cool vagina
hanging from the Elm.

Eat of the Acorn's navel
& suck the sugar of
the Earthworm's logic

Ed Sanders

But Henry just think! There are no "corresponding spiritual values."

Blake means exactly what he says:

'A double vision is always with me'

You read those two letters to Thomas Butts (2 Oct 1800; 22 Nov 1802) on Vision and tell me what happens to your "compass points of the Natural World."

Literally. The only compass is Man, human Blake, you, I, anyone we might know

'Every Man stood Fourfold; each Four Faces had:
Eyed as the Peacock,
According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the
Four Rivers of the Water of Life'

It isn't that "Blake's world contains. . . the fallen topocosm," or his view is, simply, "larger" than it, but that, that is it. Literally, the heavenly body Earth he (we all) do live on

'Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah,
rejoicing in Unity
In the Four Senses, in the Outline, the Circumference
& Form, forever.'

And if you leave it all now to correspondence; ontic planes, and directional shifts, you'll have failed, hear me, that circumference & form forever.

The Zoa in doubt here is the Hermetic one, of course, Tharmas (the diamond body) - a failure of incorporation, tapas, & proper circulation of, text: Wilhelm & Jung, The Secret of the Golden Flower.

You are that same 'Covering Cherub' if in your mapping you say you are going to "identify": only, what's around, outside (that fiery revolving sword) - as though there were anything you didn't first need

to Eye-up for us! Because when Blake says

'All Human Forms identified'

he means that ('Tree, Metal, Earth & Stone') — no theory of correspondences intended (('Any man of mechanical talents may, from the writings of Paracelsus or Jacob Boehme, produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's, and from those of Dante or Shakespeare an infinite number')) because that - identity - is already his (as their) experience of it, dig?

'The Circumference is Within, Without is formed
the Selfish Center,
And the Circumference still expands going forward
to Eternity.

All are Men in Eternity, Rivers, Mountains, Cities,
Villages,
All are Human, & when you enter into their Bosoms
you walk
In Heavens & Earths, as in your own bosom you bear
your Heaven
And Earth & all you behold; tho' it appears Without,
it is Within,
In your Imagination, of which this World of Mortality
is but a Shadow.

I simply cannot impress upon you enough my urgency, to read Blake straight—his vocabulary, that is, is true.

J

P.S. Henri! notes added just In & boy do they relieve me you of all above - now that I see them I don't think you need that J.J. Altizer guy, his dialectic of Kenosis?? (he should maybe go there, where they do practice it, the di-, no matter you don't need him - you're further already than he with Blake just by your putting those two statements of Blake's up together, back-to-back (p. 51) CLEAN

the Religion of Generation was meant for the
destruction of Jerusalem,

but Generation itself, is the 'point of
mutual forgiveness between Enemies'.

Which -you see- also immediately clears your problem with the
"directional symbolism" (p. 52): "The movement of Generation is the
same as that of the current of creation." Against which, the Wheel!
Marvelous. Everything intact. Now move with it. Simply, that,
PERSPECTIVE — your word!

Generation is a mercy;

but 'A Vegetated Christ & Virgin Eve
is the Hermaphroditic Blasphemy'.

See (how it works!) - that's all I was getting at before when I
said any of the 4 fr any of the 4.

But then I don't understand your close-out sentence: "The very fact
that the fairy leads the moon leftward indicates that Blake had chosen
to sacrifice fidelity to natural phenomena in favor of consistency within
his own system of directional symbolism," for it leads you right back
into the trap you just previously so nicely avoided.

It's only the old gnostic mirror trick anyway, and shouldn't throw
you. Flip back to your page 47, you'll remember

'Whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth, the same
Is visible in the Mundane Shell revers'd'.

That's all. There should be no confusion here. Simply continue to
leave things alone. Lay it all out, straight. Everything as it is, so
that, the perspective (& it is manifold; so far we've only talked doubles)
operates. You'll be able to see then, literally see, the truth of that

old Chinese saw about how the right means in the wrong hands work the wrong effects (like Luvah swiping the horses from Urizen, or like when the mistaken Los gives over the Harrow of Palamabron to Satan in Milton). The thing to avoid is assigning value, anyway. Especially if you want, the thing you're really after, STRUCTURE, Jerusalem.

Which brings me back, OK, to the human fourfold Vision - or you might try going all the way back to especially those four last "Memorable Fancies," where you find a young man's explicit attempt to get into prose the mystery of this 'progression'. The simple truth. That we impose on one another. That what we call transformation (or what the Infernal method discloses), by whatever means, is simply the clearing, or kind removal of, these self-impositions.

Or why I say to you now, moving ahead as you are, that you don't at all need such dialectics (all teasers!) to get you home, your whole beautiful middle section on Jesus, Los & the Furnaces shows, you understand, the Furnaces are the living waters all along. But I can't resist the passage itself, for you.

"Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends? O my Cities & Countries, Do you sleep? rouze up, rouze up! Eternal Death is abroad!"

So Albion spoke & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction. All was a Vision, all a Dream: the Furnaces became Fountains of Living Waters flowing from the Humanity Divine. And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers, and All The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds, waking from Sleep.

Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires,
And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into
Albion's Bosom. Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds
Of Heaven, Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity.

"Awake, Awake, Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion,
Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time;
For lo! the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day
Appears upon our Hills. Awake, Jerusalem, and come away!"

John Clarke

Dear Royal Members my west view in this

Room is Birches And Across

My Door AT THE EAST lives A

witch AND HER little Son.

My HEELS BURNED ALL NIGHT

WITH THE PANTHER

AND THE CHILDRENS voices

& THE TURN WHEREIN

DAY & NIGHT

ARE EQUAL

& WHEREWHEN

YELLOW crosses

BLUE

in

ME

David Tirrell

LETTER, OCTOBER 18, 1967

this morning there was snow
as far down as our house
thus the hills were covered
and into the valley below
just wet puffs dear george
dear jack dear women &
hung on the spruce boughs
bent the bushes' branches
onto the picture of the road
and me driving through them
the road beneath our house
the old highway I come off
our steep dirt driveway onto
and you know how excited I get
about snow and Jennifer too
Pauline never gets excited
dear Mike already written you
dear Pat please come & see us
the river I drive along every
morning its steams rise
you know a recurrent picture
of all I know of Wurm
glaciation dear Jack here is
a very good map of the arctic
for on it you can see
Franklin's men & all their
Lime juice the Ag-loo-ka
(Crozier) was the Esh-e-mit-ta
& particularly Crozier who comes
out of the wind of snow & mist
only when that is what you want
to know will then be imaged
for you and also it is a good map
for Thos. Simpson, Point Turnagain
and death how does the war look
from there this year it looks
more like a mouth from here
in the mountains where the snow
has come lower daily from the peaks
and now on the apples Pauline still
hasn't picked outside our kitchen
— ahh I don't know I miss you all
and that going to "started and went
toward Oot-koo-ish-ee-lee (Great
Fish or Back's River), saying
they were going there on their way
home." cold snow

Fred Wah

Moon morning

6 Nov '67

AL

I think I've got it. Maybe.

It is the jail rising. The whole fucking prison (redeem'd). As cover image of present REVOLUTION, cf. Blake's - French/American, where the doors do open (bloodily) & the prisoners go free, see light of day for first time, look up, breathe, etc., but OURS is different, dig?

there is no escape

but such a stirring

from within (Dutch is in) that the whole thing - literally all the cells - & here I'm of course thinking back to the preparation of #3, where especially in the Olson review that the thing begins to be

is lifted

the bars, lifting

so that the whole thing becomes, like, 'Revolving Castle', wow!

See, we get the full weight & impact of the traditional stuff (gnostic - alchemic - hermetic), out of the dark, moist (lapsed) world, but with the turn it needed to cover our (this) situation:

that it is the trap itself
(this is real tropology)
that is redeemed,

not simply the purified individual soul ascending; so, further, there is no more need for (example) Duncan, Robert Duncan, to get us anyone home. I think you see how POLITICALLY his & others

use of esoterica drags —

the Up-Rising is telling

because it wants something something else for its...

Home? we are already home. Not that the earth is home, but we can be home here (too?) - that such encumbrances, like John calls lost objects, mostly bodies & souls (& all their extensions he is so good on) need not detain us, the search, hah — that, in fact, are only so if we are so afeared of our own Imagination that we can't take the dullest occasion — serving a term — & tap it

for more / all

I think it is that in some sense Charles means by the 'conventional' (that thing you can't get out of, you've come to) - or perhaps it is simply that there are no more doors to remove, like it-isn't-but-it-is — anyway, you see him returning, again & again, to that (constant) quarter, so that somehow you know that the "Great Work" has bumped up a notch - whatever number that would be in Hercules (astrological) labor - it doesn't matter now - the historical extensions (of Cave/Grave) as were intended for houses of correction,

convents, churches, hospitals, prisons all

as Blake puts them down as serpent forms - literally labyrinths (& here remember our conversation on the 'phallic' & Kundalini, etc., the best essay on this - inversion - being Layard's on the Malekulans, beautiful how he - through them - shows the meaning of sacrifice: self-sacrifice, exactly 7 times?)

can again become (with Dutch?) the actual places - "the

structural active moves within the sacred place" (Charlie?) -
of practice

behind bars

we all do live

bars (of steel?) which shall be our magic wands

rods & staffs we all do hold

& turn in our hands

my tenure, his sentence

your cane, Pat's smile

& Ed, the entire pentagon

(no drums, no trumpet)

I hear him singing through waves

of foam

Politically!

whole buildings swirl to human touch

dark information from 'the dead'

as brilliant as the folds

of time & skin they are....

yes? Jack

But P. S. if you don't think that would declare
it - our intention here, Angelology - then perhaps we could make
it the back & keep les Anges on de front.

Does not the worm erect a pillar in the mouldering church yard
And a palace of eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave!

A Letter & A Drawing

for John Clarke 11/7/67

Dear Jack -

I imagine only in the sense we heard Gregory Corso say it, before David Posner punched him, turning the corner:

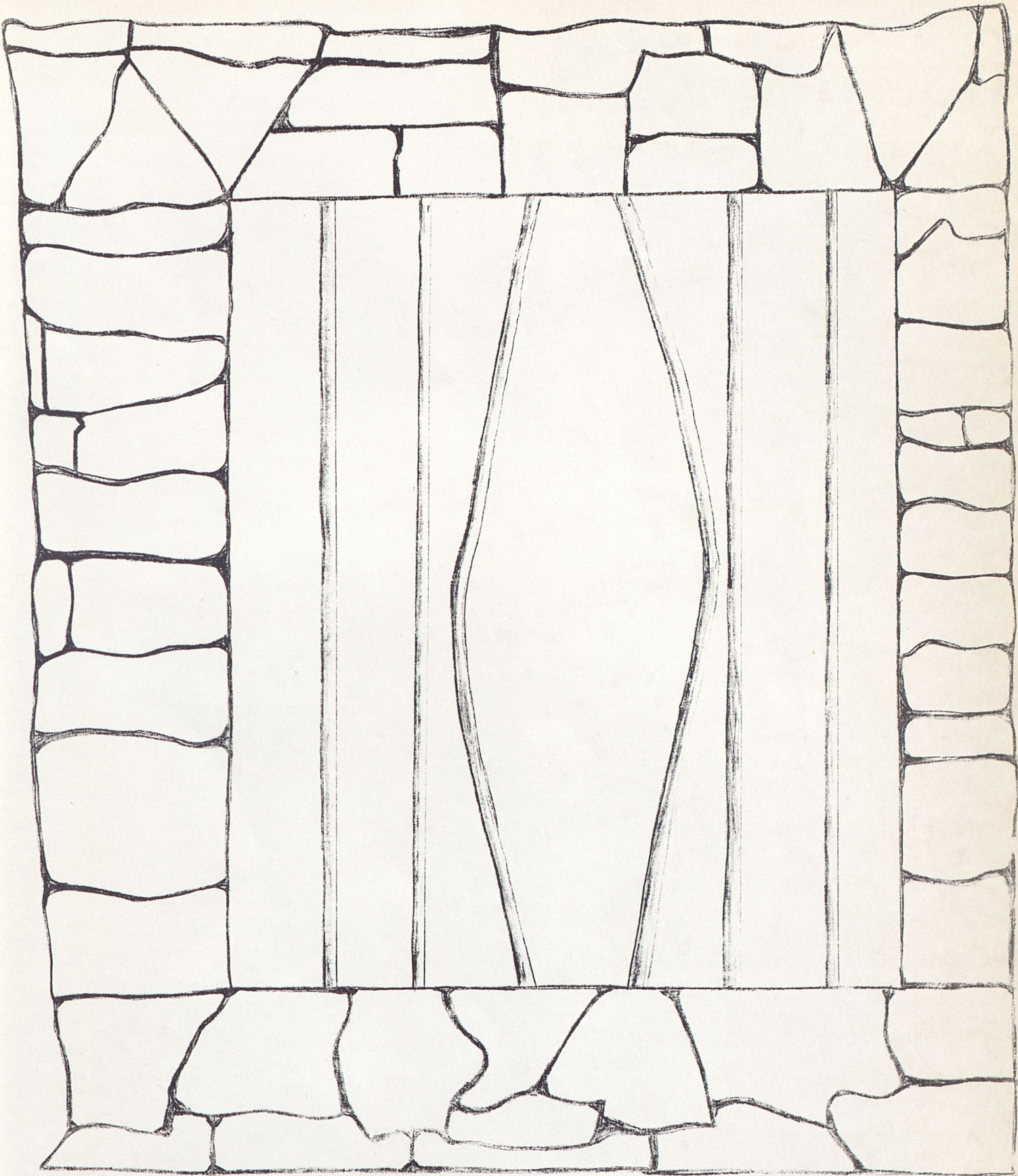
"We're all in Death Row!"

Or, as you said
yesterday:

"You can't escape from having a father & mother."
and then, remembering, added - "I mean Heaven & Earth."

Look. An entrance. An exit. How long can any One stay
where he is ?

A1



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