

# REVEAL DIGITAL

---

IO Magazine

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 01-18-1973

Contributed by: Richard Grossinger; SOLAR JOURNAL; TUWAQACHI

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28038518>

---

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

This item is openly available as part of an Open JSTOR Collection.

For terms of use, please refer to our Terms & Conditions at <https://about.jstor.org/terms/#whats-in-jstor>



JSTOR

*Reveal Digital* is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Reveal Digital*

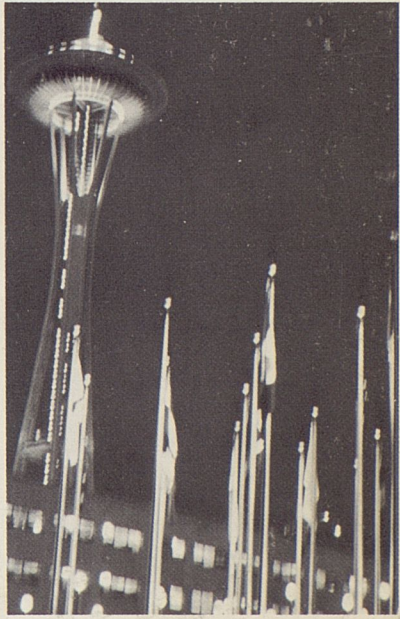
To Magazine  
#18

KB

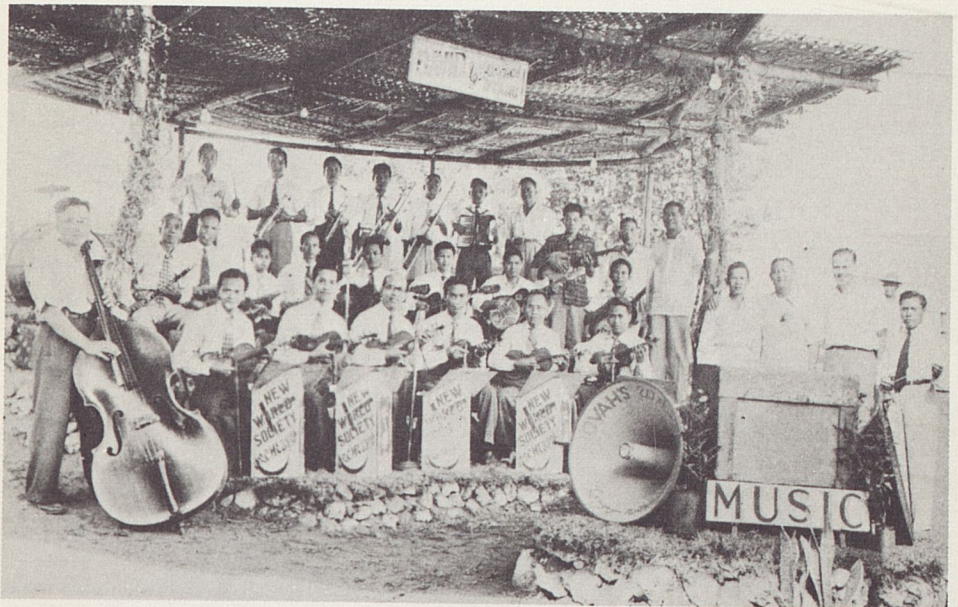


**EARLY FIELD NOTES  
FROM THE  
ALL-AMERICAN REVIVAL CHURCH**

Richard Grossinger



\$3.50



rfd #2, box 135, Creamery Road  
Plainfield, Vermont 05667

Dear Subscribers and Libraries,

This is a brief note to inform you about directions and plans.

Issue #18 is a book, which means that three out of the last four numbers have been books. On one level, we feel we have been loyal to the general theme of the series by doing books; on another level, however, we have created individual and institutional problems by mixing issues and books in this manner. For this reason, issue #18 is the *last book* in our sequence. All future issues you receive will be collections of material of diverse authorship. #'s 19, 20, and 21 are currently planned as issues on biology; mind, psyche, and memory; and Vermont (although not necessarily in that order).

The books will continue, but they will not be included in the Io series. Instead, they will be done under the imprint: Io-North Atlantic Press. Information about individual volumes will be sent to all subscribers. In addition, there will be subscription-like rates for particular sets within the Io-North Atlantic Press series. The books will not be sent to subscribers who do not request them.

North Atlantic Press presently plans to bring out, next year, four books in sequence by Richard Grossinger: *The Provinces*, *The Long Body of the Dream*, *The Book of Being Born Again Into the World*, and *The Windy Passage from Nostalgia*. The books run about 375 pages each; the paperback versions are presently planned at \$4.50, with a set of four costing \$14.00, if ordered and paid for in advance. A hardcover signed edition, in limited number of 200, is planned at \$15.00 a book, or \$50.00 for the set, if ordered and paid for in advance. In order to make the books available at a reasonable price, we will not justify the right-hand margin. Otherwise, though, they will be printed cleanly, with large type, margins larger than those in Io, and with suitable illustrative material.

We will accept orders now for the above North Atlantic Press books and those listed below, but under the following conditions.

We are not absolutely certain we can afford the entire project, or afford it in one year. If the books are not published, the money will be returned. There is also a small possibility we will discover a way to do justified versions at only slightly increased costs, in which case we may raise the cover price. Those unwilling to pay the additional sum would also have their money refunded. In this line, we are open to knowledgeable suggestions about how to justify prose at something less than \$10.00 a page (considerably less).

We are hopeful of encouraging early orders for these books, as they will help us pay for them and will get the project off the ground. However, we would advise not ordering unless the above is acceptable as a series of possibilities. There is no need to worry about our intentions to return the money if the project does not succeed, either in whole or in part.

Other books planned by North Atlantic Press are the complete version of *Psyche* by Lindy Hough and Russell Gregory's *Bestiary of North America*. Hopefully, we are laying the basis for a general cooperative press effort.

As information for those who are interested in submitting work for Io, the following are possibilities: 1- solid essays in the literal and explorative mode on mind, psyche, and/or memory, or other high quality work in these specific areas, to be addressed to Lindy Hough; 2- work on Vermont geography, archaeology, ethnology, etc., to be addressed to Io, with explicit cover note; 3- dreams and work on dreams, especially scientific material, for a revised version of the Dream Issue; 4- essays in the Olson tradition on early American authors, i.e., Taylor, Cooper, Poe, etc. Future issues and reprints will be announced in this manner.

*richard grossinger*

*copyright 1973 by Richard Grossinger*

Early Field Notes from the All-American Revival Church is #18 in a series of Io books and journals.

It completes the current series of books. Subsequent issues, for an indefinite period of time, will be journals only.

Subscription cost is \$10.00 for 4 consecutive publications.

Publisher's address:



Grossinger • Hough  
R.F.D. No. 2 Box 135  
Creamery Road  
Plainfield, Vermont 05667

alternate address (use only if no response from above):  
c/o Richard Grossinger, Grossinger, New York 12734.

Distributors: Book People, 2940 Seventh Street, Berkeley, California 94710.

RPM Distributors, 5862 Wicomico Avenue, Rockville, Maryland 20852.

ISBN 0-913028-19-3

ISSN 0021-0331

Library of Congress PR3557 .R66

*cover photographs and pages 15, 21, and 48 by Richard Grossinger, 1962-1963; others from scattered media sources with thanks to Kirk Gardner and Sheppard Powell.*

Pieces in this book that have appeared elsewhere are as follows:

"Entropy" in GNOSIS (Brooklyn, New York), "Tuwaqachi" in SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE (San Francisco, California), "A Qabbalistic Guide" in TREE (Bolinas, California), "Teen Angel" in ANN ARBOR REVIEW (Ann Arbor, Michigan), "The Monastery" and "Heart Transplant" in QUIXOTE (Madison, Wisconsin), "A letter from her older sister....." in CATERPILLAR (Sherman Oaks, California). Some of the "Synopsises" have appeared in QUIXOTE and some of the "Tarot" pieces have appeared in OERCISCIS (Portland, Maine). In a number of cases, the pieces are reprinted here in somewhat altered form and/or with typographical errors corrected.

"Solar Journal: Psychological Sections" is part of the original SOLAR JOURNAL manuscript. In the final disposition of that manuscript, this particular selection comes closest to SPACES WILD AND TAME (Mudra). "Solar Journal: Astrological Sections" is from the same manuscript. Some of these pieces were originally edited out of SOLAR JOURNAL: OECOLOGICAL SECTIONS, and some of them were edited out of BOOK OF THE EARTH AND SKY. "Synopsises" is a group of selections from a number of pre-SOLAR JOURNAL essays. "Terrorism, Baseball, Gold Mines, and Gurus" follows the *Two Essays* sequence published in pamphlet form by Black Sparrow in 1973.

For the exercise recommended in "The Wheel" a B.O.T.A. tarot deck (see Io/1) is recommended. A Waite deck will also serve. The Crowley deck really goes with *The Book of Thoth* for which it was intended.

#### Other Books by the Author

published

*Solar Journal: Oecological Sections*  
*Book of the Earth and Sky*  
*Spaces Wild and Tame*  
*Mars: A Science Fiction Vision*  
*The Continents*

at press

*Book of the Cranberry Islands*

unpublished

*The Alphabet Book*  
*Narratives*  
*The Provinces*  
*The Long Body of the Dream*  
*The Book of Being Born Again into the World*  
*The Windy Passage from Nostalgia*  
*The Slag of Creation*

This book is dedicated to Robert Kelly, the master of the possibility herein proposed.



"And a Unitarian I came into the world in Pride's Crossing, Massachusetts, and a Unitarian I shall leave it, notwithstanding my daily practice of certain Vedic sacrifices, my twenty-year long pursuit of ritual magic, the fact that I am technically a Moslem, and the more resplendent fact that I awoke from a teen-age binge one day to find myself a consecrated bishop of the Primitive Restored Old Catholic Church of North America, anointed by the hands of the Assyrian Nestorian Monothelite Bishop of West 125th Street, that excellent raconteur and union leader, De Forest Justice, D.D." Robert Kelly, *Cities*.

"The truth will out eventually. I strongly believe that the truth always emerges. I don't know if it will be at these hearings. I don't know whether as the result of a special prosecutor or whether by the process of history but the truth will come out eventually." John W. Dean III, *Testimony*.

Richard Grossinger

**EARLY FIELD NOTES  
FROM THE  
ALL-AMERICAN REVIVAL CHURCH**

Io Books, Plainfield, Vermont, 1973

## Preface

The All-American Revival Church has been with us from the beginning. For the New World itself was a church, and the Indians were at once its prophets and heathen: old Europe, dragged down in schism, its moral antithesis, lacking the courage and fervor of the spiritual pioneers. The revival cult has always been here, and it has borrowed its symbols and rituals from everywhere (like the Statue of Liberty), merging them in a pseudoplanetary communion.

The American revival religion has never made it, from the early days of the Pilgrims to the holy fervor of the frontier, the Mormon Church, the World War Theosophy, the Atom Bomb Salvation, the UFO Invasion, the LSD Mission, and the New Indian Company. It has flung up a variety of symbols more colorful than a July 4th fireworks display. We have seen Indian petroglyphs, Tibetan monsters, Angels and Stars clothed in satin, golden Egyptian tablets, mandalas and archetypal gems, Aquarian Age tarot decks, Qabbala record companies and publishing houses, rock groups and gurus, ritual murders, Maoists, Snake Dancers (both Hopi and West Virginian), Christian Science, Iowa rural bone-adjustment, Mississippi mediums, noospheric rock festivals, dynamite group sensitivity, and Billy Graham addressing the anonymous millions. The Indians themselves have had their Blue Star Kachinas, Earth Lodges, Ghost Dances, Peyote Cults, New American Churches: and their spiritual political meetings at Alcatraz and Wounded Knee. The Blacks have turned Los Angeles, Detroit, Harlem, Washington, D.C. into sacred cities, not only with their guns but with their music; and they have brought African tongues to the streets of Newark even as Navaho was brought to the streets of Holbrook and Denver. The Whites have always had their circuses, from 42nd Street porn-angel films to Barnum and Bailey, and the electric circuses of pseudo-Jungian origin. All of this suggests the greater mysteries, the hermetic sources of creation, but most of it ends up in politics, psychological reductionism, or Madison Avenue. The holy curtains may tremble but they do not separate; joy and power can be paths, but neither of them lead directly to ends. The revival is too pleasurable and ecstatic, and if the ego does not triumph, then mindless denial of the ego does.

Why does George Kimball run into the following mindfucking rebus: Russell Means at a hotel in Cleveland, wearing jewelry, trying to sell his revolution, at the same bar with Robert Creeley, the same hotel as the Boston Red Sox, who are playing the Cleveland Indians?

For all it has or has not been, the Revival Church has been good to us (though god knows it has had its victims). These essays are in honor of the Church, and are meant in generous offering to the whole, despite its splinters, denominations, and excesses. It has always been a church of the land, a geographical church, moving almost as clouds move and rock formations change. It has been the only church for me, despite its blasphemies and contradictions, for from it I have learned my way out of an America I was taught like liturgy in childhood (for better or for worse). The All-American Revival Church gave me important images and structures. I never tried to make a revolution out of them or use them for magical contacts. I wanted desperately to believe in them, for all their teleological messianic optimistic presenta-

tion of our present energy-state, their mythologization of *everything*. I used the All-American Revival Church, and its Indians, Flying Saucers, angels, hymns, inflammatory rhetoric (like they say) to make my own shaky system of belief, which had more to do with a marriage, a poetic vision, and general perceptual growth. But most of these essays were written when all of these matters were ambiguous. They were written in the heart of the movement and are naive and undeveloped in these ways. They are of various realization (some are almost mesmerized by the condition of being unable to think out of the dilemma: the brilliance of the Church and the reality of daily life). They do have an energy and a visionary upsurge I no longer find possible in my search for precision. They are bright and colorful, painted many times over with the favorite dances and symbols of the Revival Church: self as magician, rock and roll as channel, tarot cards as astral images, sex as angelic sacrament, nature as qabbalistic mirror, American Indian as land-educated aborigine, Black with the prophetic powers of victim, the moral (and occult) bankruptcy of American foreign policy, the magical decadence of capitalist technology, parapsychology as the crack in the wall, flying saucers as the fulfillment of science fiction omens, the fourth dimension arising from Einsteinian mathematics to take over the phenomenology of space, America as the holy land in the original geological disposition, the noosphere as the actual place we will end up when the revolution comes (on which whole colleges were founded!), etc. etc. I do not mean that these images and forms are dead, but the way they are handled in these essays (as gay formative surges of energy and passion) no longer relates to their present occasion. In becoming dated the essays have become prophetic; they are a chanting and revealing of all the images coming in, even the violent and the unexperienced, what a new America was casting as possibility in the vast terms in which it both could and could not come true. All this without any assessment of what it would actually mean in human terms to be so changed. What the essays avoid (but what comes after so many of them) are such things as the Detroit and Watts uprisings, the black magic of Charles Manson and like groups, the direct effects of ecological and economic crises, the mechanical emptiness of the successful space program, the return of Indians and Blacks to something that was neither African nor Aboriginal nor American (and the correlative taking away of the Pan-American imagery): in general, the implicit difficulties in trying to inhabit the mythological landscape that was proposed to us in the early days of Timothy Leary, Gary Snyder, and *The San Francisco Oracle*.

We entered the Revival Church to learn the things we didn't know about American history and theology. The initiation was by Hopi verbs, morphology of frontier landscape, WWVA (Wheeling, West Virginia) preachers, rock and roll songs about heaven and mystery lovers, alchemy books in the library, doctrine of signatures at large (like a contagious lingo), and Vietnam (in all its multiple occluded meanings of "the East" and the American Military Establishment, i.e., the damned of Dante and Blake, or in the Neoplatonic vision how what we do to others, to the universe and the creation, is, chemically, what we do to ourselves). Later came strong geographical-occult pictures of the land, more like Kerouac's *Dr. Sax* than his *On the Road*, i.e., mysteries and omens, spirit-forms, mounds of cosmic energy, runes of not only Welsh, Norse, and

assorted Westmen, but representatives of the planetary and cosmic oikumene, diagnoses of the Earth (and America) as an energy chart, with fields and paths of power around old holy spots and burial zones. The air was literally charged with meaning: Paracelsan and hermetic, with trident and snake.

Ultimately, the images proved to be initiations to other things. The runic path led nowhere. The telepathic Gnostic clergy failed their unknown congregations. And the symbols of the All-American Revival Church were returned gratefully to their owners. The Indians went back to being Indians. The *San Francisco Oracle* folded back into the conventional wisdom of the underground press (still seeking the links between Watergate, Dallas, and Cuba in preference to the impossible prophecies of the Hopi and their astrological allies). The Blacks took the dark revival (pseudo-African) energy and made their own jazz Nation-time out of it. WWVA went on playing country music, and urban performers continued to borrow themes, and their gospel spread to the shells of the old U.S. cities. Rock and roll became conscious (i.e., *Rolling Stone*) and up front; the performance became the life-style became the performance. All the old alchemy books were lifted from the library, ended up in the rare book room (occult again), and the most popular were reprinted by photo-offset (both Shambala and Weiser) and distributed in the context of the glossy and new. In one moment of precise and informed dialogue, Carlos Castaneda, thru his master Don Juan, did a flash on the mystery and power of landscape, and the whole New World badlands desert, the whole Indian country blackhills, drug-shaman-map became clear, and by it the oceans and rich Eastern woodlands were inundated, even as they were during the ancient Mississippian, with the symbols and cults of the Palaeo-American South, the Circum-Caribbean ring of witchcraft and migration. When Don Juan Matus said: this whole desert is a mystery to you, and the wise creatures who populate it are beyond your imposed boundaries of perception, he revealed the actual power and expanse of Amerindian America, only dimly implied and romantically gleaned from Bureau of American Ethnography monographs; but he also, via Carlos, made it no longer necessary to consult 800 pages of Voth and Fewkes on the Hopi Soyál: he presented an experiential possibility, whereas Voth and Fewkes, unknowingly, had been writing pure liturgy for the All-American Revival Church.

Many, who spent their early years making fun of the Revival Church, joined in when the magic seemed to have some balls. They participated in the exorcising of the Pentagon (which perhaps worked) and the great futile effort to prevent the Amchitka nuclear bomb test by teleportive psi. They had associated the occult with faddists and loonies, but their own political failures in the New Left lifted a veil from the cosmic presence, and they were welcomed into the Neo-American Magic Collaborative when the Revival Church folded like a Cargo Cult. Ex-jocks, drop-out academicians, bottomed-out politicians, various priests of the old church all came in, learned Eastern prayer and yoga, found gurus, engaged in ceremonies of energy, joined high sensitivity groups. Though I am being ironical, I by no means intend to play down the high courage and moral principle here; the pattern is what is ironical, not the humanly-experienced events. In one form or another, Rennie Davis, John Lilly, Daniel Ellsberg, and Chip Oliver all became members of the latter-day revival church, and this is a constituency the early devotees

of Cherokee medicine and Jungian alchemy could not have dreamed of. The Mediaeval-Buddhist-Navaho images, which swept the American continent like the original Spanish horse, finally became a part, like its predecessor, of an indigenous culture. Just as the horse was no longer European, so was the Church no longer alchemical or Buddhist. The imagery came flooding in from ancient sources, but it was all too ripe; it flowered into something far shinier and far more available than the old hermetic dialogue in American text. It awakened the American revivalist preacher, the patent medicine wagon, the communes of pilgrims and socialists, the dream of agrarian harmony; it even awakened the capitalist head shop tradition. So it was no surprise when they ended up inviting peacocks and leopards to their occult orgies in the Los Angeles hills, or burning down the urban slums (the very walls that denied the vision among them), when they began the communes again, and in greater numbers, in the unsettled America the geographical vision gave them again and again, or when they met with those masters who promised to guide them, American though they were (and why are we in Vietnam?, like they say) thru incarnation after incarnation.

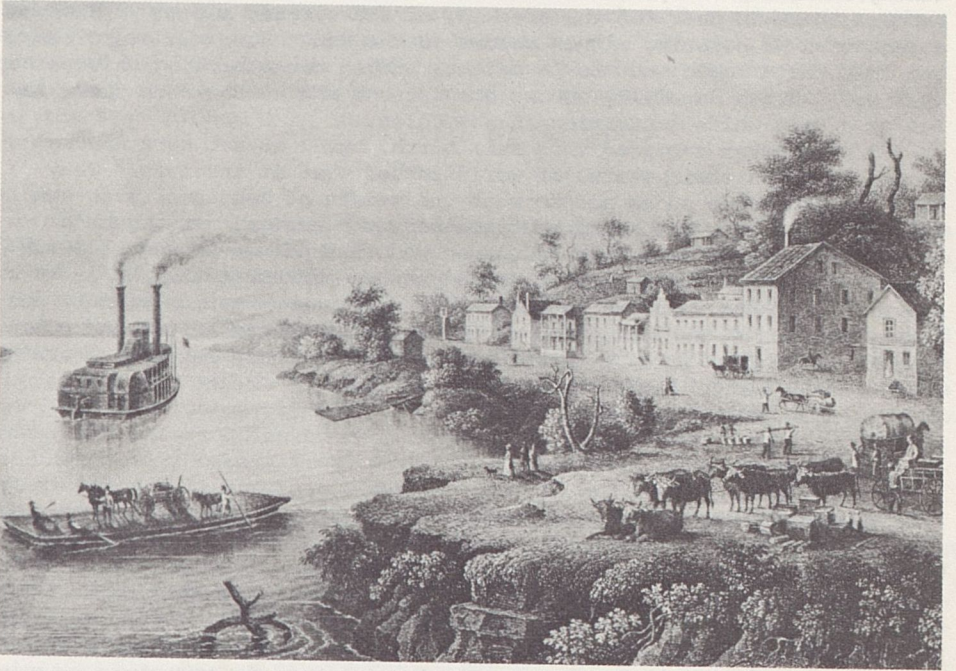
The hermetic truth and the intricate astrological synchronicity of our being here at all: these are as far from us has ever. The All-American Revival Church has become many churches, and none of them remember how it all began, but it was that church that made it seem, for a moment, that the whole political, alchemical, musical, aboriginal, agricultural, geological, astral thing was together in vast messianic dance, and that it had the power to reach the bowling alleys of mid-America, the disgruntled hamburger stands and race tracks (where no one ever won, enough). Now the All-American Revival Church is getting down to some real tough work. The images, metaphors, and symbols of symbols are gone. The missionary work is over. Everyone remained what they were, and the real weights against us, fascism and human greed aside, were settling down to be experienced, and they are as heavy as the angels are light. Beyond a certain point it does no good at all to talk about the noosphere unless you have some idea of how we're going to enter it. Most people have gotten beyond that point, and clearly the real interest lies elsewhere. For the occult is still the occult, and ancient wisdom, in its eternal Rosicrucian Atlantean mystery, holds the answer it has always held, as alluring and veiled as ever the atmosphere was sheathed in mutations of sky and the silent whirlwind of creation. The American mythological optimism is gone; the astral hookers and their fleshy kin are back on the streets of Detroit, and Detroit is moved to Los Angeles is moved to Hawaii. The All-American Revival Church is perhaps dead. But what it has meant, what it has gotten us in touch with, is still the ancient wisdom for which our lives weep. We stand motionless now between the technological materialism we reject (and yet are habituated to in many ways as Bialy's standard-of-living junkies) and the consciousness beyond nations and worlds. We hang beyond our initiation in the debris of cities and the debris of violent spiritual disappointment, pandered to by jinnis and gurus of every ilk (like an invasion of peddlars from the astral); and somewhere lies the path we will follow, and the Church that is born from the remains of this one. Somehow we will come upon the despised and obvious geographical structure that will make this whole fairy tale real.

But the other gesture is not American at all. The wisdom we seek

is only karmically coincidental to our having been born in this time and this place. It could have been England in the 12th Century or China 3000 B.C., Africa 2 million years ago, Australia in the untold future of our race; the same things hold; the same mystery rules what will be learned and what will be found.

It is that picture of the pioneers in covered wagons crossing the empty wild land (and our knowing that that was only 150 years ago), that image that precedes us and precedes us totally: so that as we are born we can recover neither what was here nor where we were, hence the vague illusion that they are the same, the brazen attempt to recover both. And in the beginning it is as though America herself, undiscovered, even by Indians, and unnamed, for all its floating energies and unrealized geological nodes, is the astral prophetic map for the whole thing: so we find our way, weary of everything else, wandering back to where we were.

1973



Day by day: deeper, but there is no continuity. So easily I top-ple back into the old hallways and eat the old foods; I become ancient and cold. But I cannot, any longer, question the cycle; it is all there as some part of a true law. Who can escape the simplest design while following a thread. I like morning; I like rain. I am its heart. Which feels out into all this.

And in daylight the stars are out, and are powerful on us even behind the illusion: why is the sky blue? Scorpio: a daytime crab in the North, sees the fields and rivers of this continent by daylight, sees breakfast, sees twilight in the great South, sees the lights of cities and the Moon in rivers: touches all.

I can go any which way, but I go this way and complete, and the food taken from the ice-box is eaten, or scraps thrown away. These single acts, items of commerce; it is this way that things cohere. I say to myself, "If I continue this lie, the whole deed, the whole event will become part of my temper and tone. If this goes on I will become more and more this thing, even though it is only as a message to the next possibility of myself further in time." And sometimes I can stop, because there is heat for the breaking of the circuit and a new design, a reduction of coloring within colors to the Sun. Sun: who exercises the only white magic, he who is neither sudden nor attacking; his perceptual world drawn carefully across compassion; and terror when there is Sun is a cold white contortion in the cells.

I have never accepted this full birth, but I am not sure anyone around me knows their status of worldliness, what it involves. They have adopted roles so as not to meet the weight of continual star-hum and decision; they are bound by dailiness to a design. In anyone's face or mien there is a sign passed on to every person he meets, often unknown to both; each person acknowledges his amazement that he is here and that anything said and done in meeting and conversation will be curiously subject to the condition of the Earth, to their mutual and collective birth on it. This is sometimes known as speaking business, talking shop, or the Earth itself as a bus-man's holiday. And no one can get away without passing this sign.

\*\*\*

The things which are secret today lie under the hub; I will come to know on another day. There is a glow left over from the weekend in Yellow Springs, a sort of young spark from nothing specific. I walked so much of that path in curious sleep, half-awake, half-dormant, sucking more by somatic cells than the vision of moving shapes. I felt awkward and twisted the whole time, while Mitchell and Joanna made tea in the Mexican pot, and cut vegetables on the bricks that covered their counters, and the Sun set against the wood, gold in the stream. I saw but I did not see the soft yellow sunlight, the name of the town in late afternoon thru the pastel curtains of their old wooden apartment. The afternoon was late, but I was later, and everything was evening and on a specific planet, or that I was somehow confusing nostalgia with breathing, astronomy for astrology, looking for life on the surface of the planet instead of seeing how the planet, and all the others in the forest, moves

the Earth, for all they were, and all the Earth was, in this romance, this conjunction.

There was a strange syntax in Yellow Springs: that nothing I did seemed right, and no one I met seemed totally on the Earth or connected to his actions. I awoke from dreams with strange phrases. I constantly forgot the hours, the time zone. I was younger than I have ever been and older than I have ever been, and these seem always to go together.

I will say simply my secret joy, that there are places to go on the Earth, and other people who come from the same regions of the same planets I have come from, differing by a few degrees longitude at most. On Earth these are the hardest people to deal with realistically; eventually I lapse off into some semi-conscious hemisphere, and while I am with them in this place, the rest of my parts loosen and change on their own, as the large planets across a great vector of the sky, and I emerge turned, a few of my old secrets easy, but a whole new batch that lies shimmering at my feet. This journal is almost over now.

\*\*\*

And tonight, before I go to bed, the badger comes to our garden, bringing himself, his wet body into the wet and cold grasses, the soft tops of parsnips and carrots, and he sniffs the cabbages, the lettuce, the mint and blue hepatic. He is lit in the window light, and the secondary shadow is moonlight, and the third shadow is his own and that of the high leaves.

\*\*\*

This is the classic silence. At this point I am the same as anyone who has lived and died; I am just as close to life, and just as close to death. It has happened, and now I seem to have concerns here; yet the great waves of abstraction and jittery nowhere-ness pass thru me and break down those concerns into the darkness beyond the bedroom. I would have you forever, but it is only now, and all the other fears break down into this one: why is it only now. And sometimes I think I have no time at all. Like going outside to check on the stars and get a touch of wind and night before going to bed; once I come back in the door that ends it, and there will come a time, which is in fact now, when there will be no stars, or I will be where I cannot come out and look at them. And so this quiet look, this single bedtime gambit, is an eternity, stretched out on the fact that I am now. It is in this moment of lying in bed that it all seems so clear. All the politics and conventions of our scenic Earth fade away; they were never here; I sit in the center, and the center has its own integrity, and moves to an irresistible end, or endlessness, carrying me as I could be in no other way. I am close to the beginning; I can touch myself in the first crib; I can touch myself on the last day. I perceive that I am eternal, that these days and rhythms are the ingredients of me. Even typing here in the well-lit room, the darkness out the window bears in and I feel watched, not by the angels who are giving me this information, but by those who are darker and lie over the angels. It is not that there is no hope; there is nothing left but hope. Yet somehow there is an immense tragedy about us I cannot locate or solve. Who are those who came before us? Where now are those who

will come after us? It is as though, despite everything, they are both here, or both where they are.

I have done all this with much passion, drunk water, written stories, chased baseballs, rolled on the grass, sang in the shower, been drawn to women, discussed eternity and magic with good friends, driven a car on the roads, just this night used a xerox machine on pages of this manuscript, duplicated them upto the last entry, and they lie in an envelope in the closet, just this night heard a Met-Brave game, this afternoon we made love. I have seen Mars which is another planet, hear this: is another planet visible thru our sky, I have grape soda beside me, after the news we watched a movie about a man who came back from Pompey for his reincarnated love, all these cities and times strewn about the Earth and its museums and libraries, old books, coins, marks, but what is it? How do I lie still and let it flow thru me?

You an immortal, I mortal, how can we be friends? You in the guise of the thoughts that pass thru my head. Ah, this sexual distance; with all my nostalgia and romanticism I want you, but the very fact of your being means there is no way I can touch you. I must envelop you, swallow you, grow wise from you. And I am trying to tell you what is happening, like images in a mirror that touch. The amazing thing is not that there is so little time, but that we are able to spend this timelessness together in a universe where it is not possible to spend time. And it is the only universe. It is not impossible that when I find the center of this I will be free.

\*\*\*

The last two nights I have been chasing people to the ends of secondary roads, thru wooded areas and dumps and the backs of cities. My brother was getting married; I was invited to the wedding in the dream. The ceremony was to be in a vast temple with a swimming pool and beach chairs. All on a mountain overlooking the town. But I was in the town, walking along the shady side of a street just before sunset. Robert Kelly and two friends were coming from the opposite direction. He was going to the penny arcade to play the game he called the game of fire. I left him and headed for the mountain.

The city and the mountain were separate, and no traffic passed between them. The mountain, while it rose from the center of the city, was hidden except for a stretch of broken-up road that joined the separate paths of one to those of the other. In the city I could buy no road map of the mountain, and each town up the mountain had its own roads, was like an island. Even as I set out I could see, faintly, the top of the mountain in the clouds. My entire family surrounded the temple in their dark suits and dresses; it was like a funeral. They were anxious, milling around for the wedding to begin. I hurried along the roads, but they were slow and wound in circle; I had to pass thru every town on the way. I asked information between towns, but no one knew what lay beyond the next town. Time became thicker as I encircled the mountain. I gained several days. On the top, frozen like a wax museum, the wedding was about to begin.

Now in the writing of it I begin to see a resonance to the dream. The flowery lush temple, named Zionism perhaps, is dedicated to no God or gods. It is dedicated to the family, and its contagion and privacy,

its ingrown acts of indefinite fear. It is a temple in which my brother is to be initiated. The name is marriage, and it is an anti-ceremony. My brother is being married never to be married, never to leave the family but to stay with these people in their dark suits forever. I don't want to be there. I am stalling, but time will not allow me to escape my birth. I am implicated by being part of the electric, the genetic; I am part of the ring that will hold him in.

Earlier in the dream there was an apartment by the river. My wife and I were living there, pursuing our lives, when someone came up the staircase carrying a suitcase; he opened it, and we were living in the same apartment as newly-weds that I was born in; we were shopping at the oldest family market. The opening of the suitcase, I now remember, was the invitation, and I headed straight for the mountain.

I reach for what comes next, but I recall only an older dream. My wife's parents summon her home for vacation, as they did before we were married. I return to the city with my brother. We arrive to find our family in the midst of painting the house, and they ask us to leave and take an apartment downtown. It is late at night, and we are tired from the trip. We walk into a dark building by the river; there is an apartment on the third floor. The door is open, but the place is empty and almost without furniture. We go downstairs, find the landlord, get his permission to move in. Then we come back to the apartment and find that it is even worse than our first impression; it has no wall in spots; the plaster has cracked thru into the city, and even though we cannot find the exact point of deterioration, the floor is a continuation of streets, papers, tin cans, and a stream of dirty curbswater carrying the still-throbbing body of a pigeon, split in two parts, the mouth mutely opening and closing, the body cooing. It ran to the far wall and returned, a circular stream. We camp by this river and are about to fall asleep when the landlord comes marching in in his pajamas with a candle. He says the building is condemned and orders us out. We get into a creaky old elevator, and he presses UP instead of DOWN, adding that we can go to the office and discuss it with the management. Then he disappears, and the elevator becomes swift and modern, opening at the fiftieth floor into a lush hotel lobby with a pool in the center of it. We are so high above the city there is no way down, and most of the people have been bathing and dancing here so long they have forgotten that a city beneath them exists. Sun-tanned girls run everywhere in bathing suits; I am looking for my pale wife. I was going to drive 2000 miles and find her. Somehow I was pursued by a man in another car. I was caught in a raid with unknown people. In my escape I moved to where the people were thinner. Now I end up in the machinery beneath the pool, in an enormous room that rises thousands of feet to a sooty domed roof, then drops into a darkness from which pale blue sparks float by. There is no floor, but I crawl along the oscillating surface of a needle while my pursuer runs along above me on a pipe. I can only be caught, so I run out thru the tattered end of the dream.

There is a certain accuracy to all this. We did live in the city: my mother, stepfather, brother, sister, and I, but in the mountains outside the city my father and his family lived and ran a hotel. Roads appeared to rise out of the middle of the city and flow mysteriously into a world of a totally different genealogy. In later years Robert Kelly entered the topography; he lived along the river that flowed out of the

city to the hotel. He passes thru the town of this part of the dream.

The other dream, with which I began this account, ended up at a poetry reading. I could not make it to the top of the mountain, so I turned and went back, toward the fire game. I was chased by a group of tough-looking men in a battered car. I left the road and went into a field. The car became stuck in the mud. I ran. There was a shack at the end of the field; the lights were on; it was raining. A man in a raincoat collected admissions. It was a poetry reading. A particularly bad poet was reading, but he was popular and applauded. I longed to escape, but it was fashionable, and the Zionists and art-dealers stayed. In the end the lights went out and the poet was revealed standing there amidst a complex array of Christmas lights, one on his head, one on each of his shoulders, one on his penis, and one in the center of his chest. Wires joined them all to his heart. Thus was he revealed. And one of the listeners stood up and pointed a ray gun. Roger Feldman. I knew the name from high school. He shot. The lights went off and on and off. It was silent. Professor Rappaport offered me a ride home. We passed out of Michigan, by the florist on 96th and Madison in New York. An artificial pane of glass divided the street, and the black people were dancing on the rooftops, silently, like Indians, behind the glass. Far-away, like stars, I could see the taxi-cabs circling the World Series. "They sure are angry," he said.

\*\*\*

The use of my time. The days. The belltower. Let us all pretend. The time. Not one day but every day. These changes move over me like a slow insanity becoming sane. There is no health in staying; there is no health in going too quickly. But if I move at my own speed, a resonance, expecting nothing, a rhythm, a certain pace, not the act of life, but of singing or trailing, not coherence of events and functions, but vision and perception.

Card of the Fool: zero, always knowing nothing before beginning the sequence again. Each sequence different. What part of my body still remembers the other people? And there is no time when at least one portion of it does not revolt against the very act, the very existence. I will look at no one, allow no one to like at me. I am sacrosanct, but not proud. As a child, I suffered; my elders tried to teach me their same lack of grace. How exact I have become since then, how insane! I insist on following each thought to its conclusion, each thought of the day.

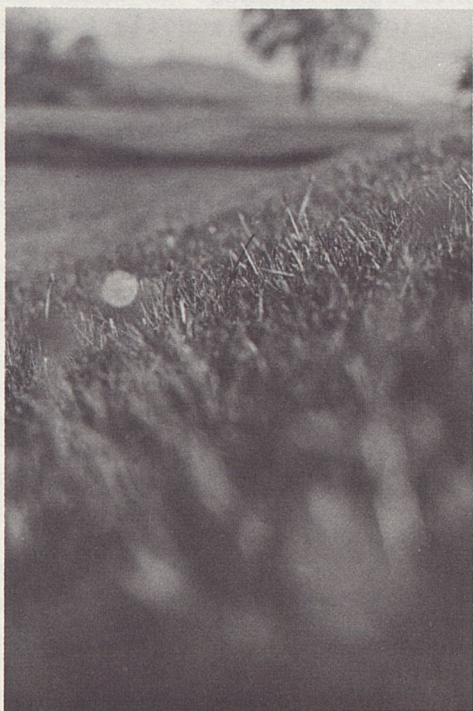
\*\*\*

Today I will not write, for there is a fresh sun, a sun I have not seen before. I want to go outside and walk on the map of the city, between these windy illusory avenues, spend time with the blue sky while I can. There is not a bad soul with whom I share this lost northern land, this transmigratory Thule (which is really only migratory, the *trans* covers for our lack of memory and vision). I want to forget the chain of illusion, that this is life boiling over the pot of eternity/I want to run. I am close to her and the seasons turn so close on me that the only water that will work is the outside water, the cold stream and its banks, the radioactive tree in sunset, sending a message of its birth and survi-

val back thru the blue curtain to its place of birth. Romp: one second of hiatus before the Earth's Sun. I will write other stories; this alone has an end. If I felt the knife on my throat today as on other days I would stay here and open further chambers while there is world enough in time. Today I wish to be fooled, be the fool, be light, buy records, have tea with neighbors, listen to a baseball game, sit on the grass, go up and down ALL the aisles in the grocery store. There is time. There is time.

*Here ends SOLAR JOURNAL*

1967



## Entropy

In a state of 50-50 the giant sleeps. All that passes thru him passes on thru him. All distribution is evenly to both his sides. To say that he does not dream: he does not dream. It is a smooth seasonless convection, adhering to a strict order. If chance moves a particle in one direction, it continues that way with sham purpose until deflected to the side or at an angle back. There is no unity; there could be no revolution: even if a squad of particles got going in one direction, it would easily be turned back by blundering scampering particles without direction. And the direction itself is only an average quantity, balanced by greater chaos elsewhere, caused only by its lack over a previous duration. Whatever comes across him is equally pleasant; the giant sleeps without desire. The perpetual mediocrity is his total state of existence. His consciousness is dominated by (is, by definition) minute recoils to the average; these are all he knows, or could hope to know.

There are no separate levels in existence. There are no separate levels even implied. For no activity can take on any more context than another activity, and nothing exists to a different degree than any other thing exists. This is entropy: how can something leap from entropy to another zone? no other zone exists. Where those transformed beyond entropy dwell the next highest zone can be perceived as an edge tinged with time currents. But this is getting ahead of the story. As the giant sleeps his mind and body define a stagnant mass.

What would cause such a being to awake? What could bring about such an incredible surge? Did it happen as a function of infinite duration? Or did something lie behind the screen of entropy? and did that something activate it? And suddenly the particles collected in a bullet; they rammed against timelessness and pushed themselves thru: out into open-ended being, implying and defining another zone instantaneously, and living there. Perhaps there was a mutation: a signal determining a posture, allowing a disposition to move in a total direction. Perhaps the giant began to dream.

And in his dream there came a beautiful woman: she initiated the act of dreaming, coming out of the dark wall as a dark and unavailable form. She approached and musical notes began a continuous sound; they were simple notes, as from a flute, elongated and fierce. Each single one came from a different height, but the scale itself was imaginary (for height was an impossible direction and tune a mere coincidence of passage). The woman was instantly known to the dreamer as a force; she was no haphazard collection of particles, dwindling back into average darkness; as she grew nearer her notes collected and overlapped. An alluring complexity grew into the tune until the dream became dizzy with the different levels of her appearance.

She passed him in dream, but he pursued. He chased her from scene to scene, from patterning to patterning. He found her still formed in every event of his dream. Finally she spoke aloud the thoughts he was having; she acknowledged his desire and that it was directed at her. She no longer moved, but the music surrounded him and enveloped him, and brought him closer to her center. She was a voice explaining that the tune of her passing was the tune of the sensual cells in his body, that his desire grew out of the amassing of different flavored cells, accenting and extending each other, moving one level of cellular being thru a crescendo into another. For

all these durations his music had been the atonal woof of his own averages and distributions. He had hung on the mediocrity of a tied score, flipping a coin and keeping the accurate total of his existence, flitting back and forth across an infinitesimal mean. He had never had the courage to perceive form, for he had never believed that form could be anything more than part of the duration. He had not budged because every image was redundant. Now the sheer variety of his particles surged him through fiery melodies and harmonies; he snuffed depths of existence that had never seemed possible or open. His whole consciousness rose up with a restlessness like the wind thru a tree (and that was the definition of the tree of life). She explained that the source of the notes was neither in her body nor beyond her body; it was the conjunction of their bodies and the simplest definition of this meeting. The music was neither a warning nor a come-on; it simply grew stronger as she became more available: he moved into the sound and entered her in his dream...realizing it was only a dream...unable to avoid being fooled. The dream was, at once, the second zone of the cosmos; once the particles perceived this duplication they surged from power to power in glee. The cells complexified in joy; the signal spread; new combinations emerged with fervor: slowly a great life heave surged from the giant, pouring out in hydrogen balls that burned from their own centers and evolved their own dreams, taking on hot nodal life.

And while he slept with her (and still sleeps) stars and galaxies poured forth, leaping zone after zone and filling an unimagined universe. The richness of the dance she took him thru determined the variety of matter and the unfolding of fires. As each sun-star and quasar reached the end of its centrifugal spurt, it winged off further fires, and they in turn spun moltan zones. In such a fashion the hierarchy of the universe was set; each rock was a bullet leaping a full zone of the cosmos. And everywhere the images emerged, containing the dream and

thereby repeating the dream. So that each rock that flung loose another rock gave the dream a different turn or shape, mirroring its basic arabesque into the abysses of space in the universe. In zones closer to where she played his flute the dream was hot as naked hydrogen, filled with wailing spirit life, each spirit joined fully of her and him in coitus. Further away, across zones of multiple ecstasy and dream, the images were individuated and divided; they rose up in frenetic imitation and enacted the dance from separate centers (and along multiple coefficients of shape and being, even in the same fires); they replayed the essence of the dance as myth and prayer in their spark-lives across the edge of time; they teemed and spewed out of the dance in gathering and growing generations, along a path that sought to occupy their hydrogen-sun. While he dreamed of being inside her (and his cells and particles matched to her), the cosmos was peopled as a mirror of a mirror of his dream. All the multiple units and frills of the dance became full civilization. Entropy did not cease, but it moved from timelessness into time. It still held sway over the huge territory where his consciousness did not enter, but full worlds now drew their lifeblood out of chance compounds in that entropy. It was pierced in time, and complex worlds were the result. One flit of her toe in dance colored the trees and flowers of an entire galaxy. As her hair shifted, the insects of a sun-system chose their shapes and swarmed from the stinking pot of water and earth. Bugs and worms slivered thru; bats were set to fly; full mountain ranges covered the jewels from sea to sea. Creatures grew up to house and accomplish the dream, and to build on away from it out of its resources. Beings of consciousness thereby moved particular loci far from entropy into realms of controlled energy, and fought back the flipping of the coin (without ever forgetting it).

The shape of everything came originally from the style of her being and their meeting in

his dream; the notes of creation were the notes that came with her (or from the flutes of his cells). The children of the dream also dreamed, and their dreams extended to the boundaries of every zone, contemplating the leap and surging at the meeting. While they danced in dream the multiple zones of creation locked back in on them, preventing them from ever separating. The images they heaved off came back with the message that they were emperor and empress of a universe.

The flute played; chords sounded ratios; yellow flowers grew up out of the 50-50 earth, sucking their yellow genes for light. The children of the fish leapt through 50-50 pores into a full watery sea, first in crustacean cartilagenous forms (taken from the dance by way of Andromeda and the sun): then they developed their own dance and found ways to crawl onto the land, up into the forms of the giant and dream-goddess that conceived them. Birds popped out of average energy; maggots grew; corn grew; sorghum and rice grew; the Word was said, bringing us here finally. But there was nothing that was not shaped in the dream; there was nothing of consciousness, no egg that did not have its origin in mediocre combinations and common dice. It was the dream that tickled these combinations and throws into directed being. This is the level of the earth we cannot see or examine, where the signal stirs the dream of the sun, and creatures wriggle in thru molecular passion; similarly we cannot see beyond the sun and the stars to where the dream-tune wheels its helixes thru the universe. Our senses are based on the dream, but they cannot see the dream or hear its notes. Deep in our cells we hear it, and we see the echo and resonance of its shapes in the energies and sequences of the earth and its animations and seasons; from this projection of one zone of the dance (mental human) onto another projection of the dance (external animal-mineral) the story of the dance is made in a third projection (myth), honoring the great partners in coitus. And while they dream their children take their own

initiative, respond to their own mutations: the universe of their creation tightens in upon their ecstasy. So that in our dreams we can only partake of their dream, and in their dream they become us, and all zones appreciate each other and are equivalent in this way (we too can be the living angels, and although the giant meets his queen in dream we are on a different zone of the cosmos and can meet her in open life, dream of a dream though we be, real in our own logarithms, real resounding back to the other open end of the cosmetic). There can be no more dreamless endlessness, for the brew is hot and getting hotter. And while he dreams it is only his dreams but we are full forms and he is our dream.



A Concise Listing of the Phenomenology and Cosmology of Water-Signs

Rain - (Phen.): The water that falls from dense monandrous skies falls equally in the brain, and on equal hillsides and orchards, and in equal kanes and kettles, softens thru the rich fabric of an equivalent ocean. If they is wet, we is wet.

(Cosm.): Saltiness of the first taste, the genetic, whose tongue is on its own pulse.

Raindrop - (Phen.): Helix, pinged, sprung, smashing into flak.

(Cosm.): Blood in the first taste, the universe an atom-smasher, its fist deep in the white froth. Even the colorless glows like milk.

Puddle - (Phen.): Where bedrock meets transient and liquid earth, conjunctions distill and absorb, where light meets darkness, time is an undulating mirror.

(Cosm.): Flanked torque the Milky Way, umbrella dropping off into tropisms, at the rims the power of sunrays, at the center, swimming, unalive-o.

Bath - (Phen.): The tub is the altar, antique of manufacture, placed there centuries ago; dark masses have passed thru the ritual in the honeys of this vat. The bathroom is the kiva. Hot springs. With the light out black waters swim static in the air. The bath-rug is a water-snake, colored as of his clan. The soap is soapstone. The pipes are the belly of a sacred ancestral machine. Out of the faucet can crash an ocean. or a flame can be nursed there. or icicles grown. Under the waters of the vat can be heard the animals that rule the technology of the nation; they are swimming in the machinery. We lie in spa, in greenfields of childhood waters, the bloody central river of a black-eyed susan; in the cells of our tongue the juice.

(Cosm.): To re-enter thru birthway, each time to release one bird or flower into the nostalgia of its days. The faucet contains a spectrum of elements, from blue methane to yellow hydrogen. Fire broiling in waters. The pulse of the body throbbing in the stars.

Pond - (Phen.): This is a breeding ground, an enclosure, a cosmos. Within the turning of its edges the energy laps back, colored, sticky, sucking sun and air. Brilliant coagulants, wormlike, fish, tracery, radiate from the center of its mass; life hops and scuttles and darts. The damp haze at its rim marks the beginnings of underworld, an utter atmosphere.

(Cosm.): Wading from crystal. Mothlike, finned. Wading thru jellies and scum to fiery light. The dancer, like a lotus, a frog taking off mask after mask, blossoms from silence and mime into

alpha motion, deep ringed basin of intercommunication, of telepathic thought.

March - (Phen.): Atom-smasher, breeding ground, source of unbidden snows, neptuniums, plutoniums, mosquitos. Earth and water as in a porridge, hungry vegetation sucking the poisons, coverting them into blood for the porcupine, sucked by the insects, hot breathy bloodmud. Earth and water bubbling in embrace.

(Cosm.): Layers of hormones, active and sucking, sexual valence in decay, keeping the neutron of conflagration unlit and within, reaching thru inner arteries for eggs and buds, beneath the swift mating of fire and air.

Spring - (Phen.): To jump, Scorpion from.

(Phen.): Here the water seeps thru the soda of earth. Here the lime is honeycombed, percolating thru dripstone. Here the ground-water grows its garden of opal, chalcedony, limonite, quartzite. And from this hard decorated jar comes clean sparkling water.

(Cosm.): Sometimes flames leap across the surface of the sun, energy ignited in the corona sent plummeting onto Mercury, dwindling in a thread of star-glow to Pluto. The secret underground stream, carrying blind fish and inactivated genes, is the key to the Piscean. The Cancer is hatched in the rich domesticity of the pond, as the raindrop, centrifuged into color and morph, spiremes vibrating toward shore. Scorpio leaps suddenly from the mad interstices of his own dream, fizzing clear streams of matter in sunlight.

tó biyájí - (Phen.): A mist, a faeryland, region of soft strings and feathery bubbles, seduction by smells, where nothing that grows lives, and everything that was falls back from dream onto the surface of matter.

(Cosm.): A Navaho god, friendly helper to the invocation; he is the quiet splash of rain into a standing pool, kin to love-in-idleness, the purple herb that changes the strong forest into a mid-summer night's dream.

Waterspout - (Phen.): The whirlwind eats itself and by its appetite for its own wet windiness travels between its sources, yoking water and air.

(Cosm.): Conjunction of elements storming toward chemical rest, restoring, like psychosis, the chemical powers of a world that has gone mad, putting to rest the lethal atom: creation is destruction. The spout travels that all else may draw on hydrological resource, that anything, measured to life's temperature, live.

Waterfall - (Phen.): From top to bottom, tilting over in a smooth cloth, falling in a rich sheath of elevens, smashing in a maelstrom of foam.

(Cosm.): The mind can run amok, extend its consciousness in formless ecstatic gravityless, smash concepts and form, and still collect in a quiet pool, as blood from the heart, and flow away resiliently in a strong brook.

Lake (including all glacial lakes, crater lakes, reservoirs, and American Indian sacred lakes) - (Phen.): Where the earth is pocked, where boulders and bushes sit in a sacrificial circle, rivers running richly thru the hairline, all extra water, having been baby-water in the igneous land-core, sky-water in the Mediaeval fog, settles in the subliminal, calls to itself messengers and traces....fed by trickles and streams. A pond relies on spontaneous combustion: the universe is a pond. A lake feeds on tributary magic, of which it is the node: a solar system is a lake.

(Cosm.): We are lakes; our bodies are lakes; our home is lacustrine. We have descended thru moist mountain fogs, swirling with the dew of biological presence; the warm air has tilted over, leaving no indigenous signs, no personal tempos. We fell thru galaxies of silt, and were distilled anew upon a surface tension. In a rivulet we were hemmed and shaped. Our own the subterranean, the vision of inner contained space. Ancylus Lake. Dry Moon Sea.

Oxbow Lake - (Phen.): The gods sing on a terrace of trees. The moons lie separated, their own convections, their own inhabitants; the willow trees hang low over us, celebrating the manner of our birth.

(Cosm.): The earth is filled with accidental shrines of water, disciples of vaster individuations. Here phenomenology and cosmology are reversed, as in a metaphor. Oxbow Lake: Rowboats for Rent. Pop-corn. Orange Soda.

River - (Phen.): This is a trail left by a dancer, swaying in light. The dance has shed into the fields, but the motion of the sea is carried inland, in the nerves, running back to the cerebral basin, anadromous, seeking thought.

(Cosm.): A system of cosmic nerves joins the body to its sources; each nerve has a different origin, strikes at the node with a different weight. Each river is filled with different images, the images cross in the networks of the system, the detritus is mixed. The magician, with his arms out, directs a river. Amazon. Mississippi. Rhine. Weishui. Rivers tie together human history.

Ocean - (Phen.): There is one world ocean, one world continent, one world. Spiremes and driftwood, hard symmetrical homes of flesh lie in a belt around its shore, the Van Allens, the eel grass. And the eels sliding out to their beds on the continental shelves. Sunlight penetrates merely the edge of consciousness. The rest is dark, pelagic. The ocean is too large, carries too much; phenomenology bursts into fragments of light, into galaxies of stars, whole planets hurtling, cometfish, wave refraction passes thru it like celestial light.

(Cosm.): The standing oscillation is ripped by the gyroscopic forces of the earth in rotation. Wave motion turns over in the moon's arms. Fish wander on the Sohm abyssal plain. Submarine mountains divide the moon from the moon. Here is the first allelic garden; here is the origin of cosmology in liason with fluidic memory, the prehistoric ceramics of an undying body. its petroglyphs written in the universal mind. Animals have mated with men, our passion nourished in fish-tongues even before the dancers seized our dance. We preserve the motions of these lost fish and crabs. Our inner breath is filled with a vibratory speech only the angels answer. We step into the next cosmology from the terrestrial basin.

Sky - (Phen.): A mysterious sea of water, carrying those islands on which life is by a different principle. Cumulus island-arcs. The eyes burst into imagination crawling over the edge of a cloud. Harmony is kept.

(Cosm.): In the system of water-signs the sky is a metaphor, giving further phenomenology to the sea.

Star - (Phen.): Fire in a cold amphora, hive of spirits, source of photons distance beyond which nothing is contained.

(Cosm.): Each one is an ocean, not of water but of fire. There is no water in the universe finally, except on its individual planets, so that oceans are contained in each star, fire and water matched in endless amphimixis, explosion, and when a world, and when the Earth, is thrown off from this star in a locus of gathering air, fire and water split, earth emerges, air contains; slowly the elements brew beneath the sun, to create cells, cosmological and phenomenological, to hold it in.

1966

Born into it: we were fiery whelps. The number *four*, as such. This is the Hopi number *four* anyway, rooted in the way the Hopi count days. This is the magic number *four* of the American Indians (on the fourth time even a god cannot keep from telling the truth). This is the number of dimensions in a solid moving through pollen.

The Navaho take the seeds of plants and suffocate young hawks in them, breaking the strength of the torrid wings with the magic weight of grain: taking then the grain to the new-born child and dousing him with it, baptizing him in its blood and yolk. These are the young hunters, continent herders before the days of Cortez and the Spanish (they who came in their migrations by the route of the Hopi to the Hopi themselves, while the Mongolian Navaho swept down from the North, crisscrossing the Great Mesas in a scurry of continental transformation); these are the young hunters of Asia proper (who came to see the strange lost tribe of Hopi dance before the lunar wheel with snakes in their mouths). This is the planet called America (or Mars) before the coming of the White Man.

And so today we see the conjunction of America with herself (as a rock conjoins with Peter to make the Church of Rome, as gold ore conjoins with the sun to make the alchemical hearth): end of democratic metaphor, ripening of maize as myth. It took a century and then another century for the land to catch up to itself, to reclaim itself: the Fourth World, entered first by the Hopi children, entered from beneath the ocean, from beneath the Cretaceous mantle of swans and barnacles, entered through a reed with the aid of spirits in the forms of animals, who became the first creatures of a land mythology.

Or America who is not the discovery of Columbus (that romantic color-blindness of the Western World turning east), who is a secret land, discovered as yet by no one. And still powerful enough to give its resources to the entire globe without revealing its name; magical, proud, and patient, named scum, and yet lies there in its dunes and forests, the snake it is, refusing to strike back, just yet.

They speak of patriotism: the *lex patriae* of this *patria* is a lush dense outwash, given to peaceful people to develop by ceremonial means, to be milked cyclically (and then refed in prayer), to be reaped and mined under the correct stars, to be reaped and mined for the slow propagation of indigenous spirit-forms, those that dwell in the animals and grasses.

The masters of America do not hold the key to the land. Caught in a mythic trap, they lash out at the rest of the mysterious planet. They have cast their lot in Indian country; in their many battles they have established the Judgement here.

This is the hypothesis then: cosmic calling time for a deadened kingdom to pay off, to pay up; consequential forces see-

thing in the heart of the land (as in an allegory the spirits choose their costumes, and come). And this, sir, is why black children walk your streets with occult markings on their shirts. This is why the radio writhes with code words and accidental puns. This is why your warfare contradicts itself, and contradicts the flag (Betsy Ross, Andrew Jackson, Audie Murphy, and company), despite the strong efforts of troops and ad-men, despite the careful training of troops and ad-men, despite the endless reef of supplies and words. This is why semi-conscious killers roam the streets, committing the sodomies of your dreams, while you dream. These are secret agents of a resurrecting power: eating the bones clean, lashing out at female nerves and the sperm bank of Fort Knox and Playboy Club. This is why chemical blood fills the arteries, calling to the princes of alien stars. This is why motor-cycles thrive in nocturnal alleys. This is why societies of traditional magic extend their power over the cells, and why flying saucers patrol, while power lines sag under the dead weight. Dead spirits glow in legions under the earth, counting backwards. Heat thrashes at the sands. The waters of dry cities are flooded through wet cities. Psychic forces hang like vultures, waiting to burst the bloody corpse.

No one believes that this is anything more than a thunderstorm, a pretense. Formally, it is the pre-tense of the uncompleted completing present-future-active-for-round-objects-advancing-in-groups-of-four. Somewhere in America there is a magical door in a condemned building; when it is opened the actual dancers will fill the streets.

To what skies do you think you are looking for help (o first brigade of the defenders of her supposed fag-majesty)?

There is not a blessed tree left in this land. No sacred rivers were spared. The active rocks have been ripped from their sequence to be used as parts in other machines. The sacred names you have forgotten. As Indian here and there holds a syllabic trifle that will get him out in time/and then..... This is a land named after rapists and racists, named Cortez, DeSoto, Sherman, Boone, Franklin; this is a land named after its conquered, the Dakota, the Ojibwa, the Iowa, the Cherokee (marching — or marched -- West out of their holy jungles to hot Oklahoma turf, their land once winnowed in cycles and breaths now seized in one annual leap by America in search of gold). This people has soaked occult sources for every dime and not paid back one watt of power; this race has chased all message-bearing birds down-canyon, out of the known sky, in psychotic search for its own clear image of society and sanctity; unwilling to share, unwilling to mix, now they must face the deep allies: they think they can defeat.

In the fire of the streets (incandescent cells and bombs) the blackman sees

impossible and mad colors sees  
into in back of his cells sees



we are your  
janitors we are  
your maids  
your porters  
your DICK-DIGGERS yes!

not retracting the slip, but affirming it, as affirming the strong black cell from which it came.

These blacks: allies to the dead and lost Indian sons, friends to the deserted spirit-wings: these blacks the avengers of time itself, the few who were brought from magic rings of Africa to a world a million years in the future, brought as the slaves not realizing they were the seed, and that when they were to march out from Egypt there would be a new Sinai, new laws, and heaven and earth would be closer.

"It is only materialistic people who seek to make shelters. Those who are at peace in their hearts already are in the great shelter of life. There is no shelter for evil. Those who take no part in the making of world division by ideology are ready to resume life in another world, by they of the Black, White, Red, or Yellow race. They are all one, brothers." -- Hopi Seer.

And all magic breaks down into the chemical sum, all symbols approaching the center by tonal paths: the Hopi prayer and the Swahili prayer: the blessings of the prayer-wheel, the contemplation of constellations and galaxies, the seven stars and the lost sister Alcor, or the lost son, or the lost ram (trilateral root for eight stars), the careful planting of the grain and the observance of the equinox, the beasts, the dyes, the songs, the phonetics of intoning: these races the complex migratory pattern of physical bodies gyrating toward their destinies: the angels watch over all. The whiteman views these clandestine operations with mixed scorn and disbelief; 'put up or shut up!' is his religious motto, and that to God or any other power that would be larger than his own.

While the Hopi people are slowly buried, the blackman picks up the message (cosmologies serve as tensor products for transformations into other awakenings). Amidst the total warp of time and woof of vibratory tone the answer is given and has been given; the priest is, always, merely playing out his hand, patiently sure of the chronology that is already self-assured. The Hopi say it will be:

".....a spiritual conflict with material matters. Material matters will be destroyed by spiritual beings who will remain to create one world and one nation under one power, that of the Creator."

dolls are carved out of native wood. colored earth is set in matrix with the stars. elemental grain, food of every ray and position, warriors and priests lie comatose in antelopes and snakes. sacred writings are kept in the roots and genetic shapes of plants. psyche inscribed with *res aegyptiaca*. soyal dancing churns the

29

equinox of red snows. and faraway among web of buildings and machines:  
'burn, baby, burn!'

this is tradition: penises of sea disgorging tribes to the jungles, worms and Big Flies telling the farmers the secrets of the earth's cycles: what was inside the worm was inside the long thin cells of the shaman's brain, and by the use of certain needles and intonations he went there. days moving on torque-time, star-time, time of convoluted cycles, end reflected in beginning of first movement, streams turning into animals and running away, life born in sizzling waters, heavy woven leaves. Frank Waters: the end will come:

".....when the Saquashohuh (Blue Star) Kachina dances in the plaza. He represents a blue star, far off and yet invisible, which will make its appearance soon."

source: berry, squash, honey, rice, milk, maple, salt, gold, meat, bean, yucca, malachite, tobacco, fir, beaver, uranium, water, sugar, cotton, grass, quartz, rape, gold, pine, trout, ant, hawk, goldenrod, meadowlark, silver, tufa, moraine, cumulus, chicken hawk, rain, dolls, gold, time, rugs, abalone, salmon, space, oil, gold.

They marched across a continent in haphazard obsessive compulsive order, envisioning a deep religious drama in which they were soldiers of, as Ben Franklin saw it, "the design of Providence to extirpate those savages in order to make room for the cultivators of mankind." These cultivators sucked up ten thousand years of slow ritual accumulation in a day: with their turneries and reverseries and amalgameries and alloyeries and compulseries and produceries and piperies and reduplicateries and vatteries. They set loose the swirling alchemical waters: led out through a vast conduitry: tapped, dripped, filtered, revved, bottled, packaged, wrung out, patented; this was a design only of the devil, to defeat God in time or space alone as he cannot do in space-time.

And in Watts:

"White man, you started all this the day you brought the first slave to this country."

"You created this monster and it's gonna consume you!"

The worms go through the matter of manufacture, releasing colors back to the fiery source, dipping tubes into the open universe. The *soyal* comes; *Ramadan* comes: at which the rays about the earth, the anti-sun earth, turn on the equinox, turn on the stomach (source of earthly yearning), and head back through the open end of the universe: this is the time of anti-matter, spirits rejoicing in positronic and anti-neutronic huts. The stars will have new names, phonemes that reel with the rediscovered fire; the hills of black space will crawl with the vibratory return of Sufis and wisemen. Ripe seas: depositing new sacred animals on the caked chambre-shores,  
30

kicking deer, kangaroo, llama, bear. (The *Navaho Times*, a newspaper published by whitemen on the Navaho reservation, tickles the fancy of the local Indians by publishing a cartoon of an Indian standing on a stylized moon as first lands commissioner. Point missed: spirit-moon, Blake-moon, left-handed moon from the other portion of the sand-painting, from the other dimension of the sky).

To the forgotten children: this is not history; do not believe it; do not take it seriously; they are not allowed to rename the rivers and the mountains as they have; the shores on which you emerged from the sea will be the shores on which you dance to the wild returning sea; you will know the names and call things by their right names.

Don't you see it in the streets, Whitey, end of Jesus-make-believe, end of one god extension metaphor conquest, end of tense tight dancing to polemic vision, end of migratory path, in America, in Asia, in Australia, in Africa (you will never reach to colonize the spirits on the moons of Jupiter). Moth, don't you hear the dark cries brewing in the ghettos; can't you recognize the cries of your own, the hebrew, the navaho children in bondage, the earth ready to turn over and bury your crop, end of your verbiage, heavy sharp nouns, bang-up sales, quips, square dances, car races, special buys, water-color goddesses. Is not the vibration of the mythic earth zoo loud enough to shake you in your beds at night. To come at you the other way, man: aren't your images dry enough to send you thirsty into every morning, past fountains and fruits you cannot touch.

Or do you believe that your exterior scene will be older than the Earth itself, you the clearest straightest cat that ever was. Do you believe in that lesser legacy of prophet Einstein, astronaut space, slow continual industrial pipes edged on the universe, yeast aging only by seconds. How could you not know in your deepest genes what you are stoking? Do you not see that in mythic time a broken bargain with Hopi priests can be repaid by Vietcong warriors? Do you not believe that the Africans on your soil can avenge the ancient kingdom of Bunyuro and the Inca temples? Myth kicks you in the ass, man; knocks you down from those high towers and missile sites. You think you can bury a tribe, reduce it to a rare language, quaint religion, a few dancing dolls, remove it thus from the earth. But spirit souls have communions with other peoples and in other origins, seeking each other's origins and paying back the price in gold. When it happens it will be like the old Tarzan movies: you won't be able to tell one tribe from another or the men from the animals, or even spirit beasts from stampeding elephants. Do you think you can fight guerrilla warfare with spirits in misty forests of fire? And you who don't know what good cosmic sweat is, and call it superstition! Speaking of madness and psychosis, you've got us licked by quite a bit, protecting some bitchy white goddess from all our dancing Badger Women, painting your god cleaner and cleaner everyday until he shuns even the fertile earth. That you will be saved as we all will be saved in eternity: is true/we all know it/is not the issue/is something having to do with the Earth, and these fields we have been

placed on, to make it in time, and preserve something from something,  
in a certain total scheme, in which your time is now up.

1966



The Monastery

where the world has limits  
it is best to define those limits  
by walls  
ending the goldenrod journey  
in a pool of soft perpetual  
sunlight

let in from behind the trees  
and the mountains beyond  
the ring of sky and history  
thru which come clouds and planes  
and each day  
the vision moves a notch on the sun-dial the sun  
catching  
the minute gradual layers  
of brick and religious treasures,  
the hard perceptual red brick  
monastic enclosure lining  
the dreams into which  
men on earth awake  
and the planets pass over.

this is the holy city.  
this is where nothing happens.  
this is the only place.

so the limits this morning are  
morning  
no place to go but prayer  
an earth without horror or chaos  
and everything that moves  
moves within  
a bellyful of personal history  
allowed to exist as a city  
"the sun in the morning and the moon at night"

an old worldly  
song.

and within those limits, other  
limits  
the body  
space touched or tangent  
rotary the day about thoughts and meals.  
it is no more,  
it is no less,  
no more,  
no less,  
thru which Alice passes into Wonderland  
Ouspensky into the miraculous  
missing by the smallest caliper of sense  
within these walls contained  
all nodules by which time moves

expanding the meaning of each day  
to dust and nonsense.

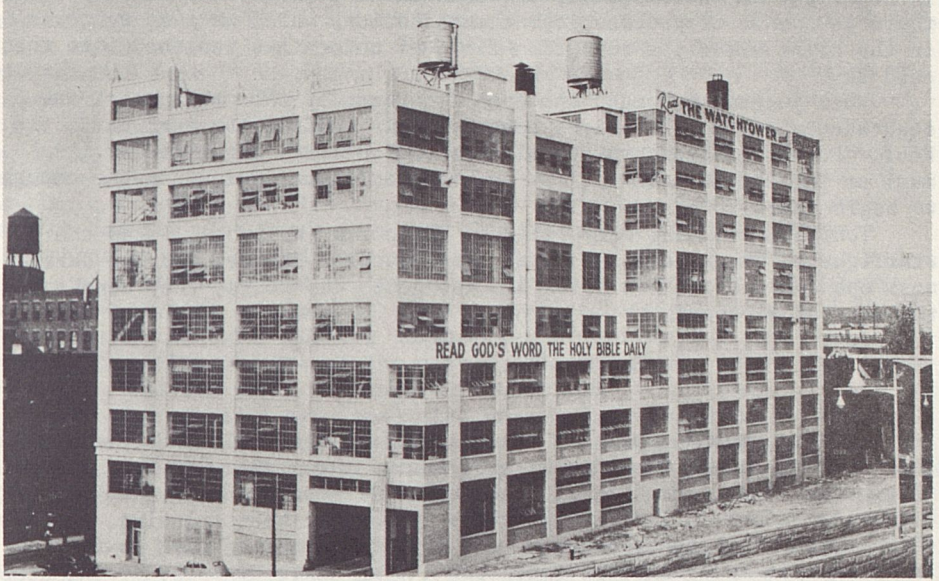
who says there is no sex in the monastery?  
that these men have abandoned the "difficult" joys of the world?  
the monastery rings with its own sexual apparatus, all musty  
birth in the loins of these men  
generating not by space but by code,  
prayer the head turning like a top  
the membranes and colors spinning their junctures  
into matter.

this is the goddess sought at the pool of nymphs  
hidden here in the rising sun  
this is the beginning

Mu  
striking the golden sands of the Nile  
energy bound in the little Colorado  
and the water thru Snowmass,  
an Eden lost in adventure and discovery  
regained  
in flowers  
struck off  
damp  
stones  
struck off sexual membranes  
in monastic sleep.  
Mary Mother of the New World  
Mary Mother of Colorado  
the burnt face of an Indian woman  
destroyed in a strange rite in 1952  
and still they do not know the cause  
and still they do not know the crime  
a black cast of a face  
and white teeth  
protruding like a death mask.

the nation lies within the sun-dial  
the light of morning  
led by glass  
into a coded woman  
and her child,  
and those outside would search for the killer  
and those within  
not mattering who they bless  
but that.....

1967



## SYNOPSIS

We meet in colors, on floors, in sunlight, under trees, surrounded by spatial features extended out of heads into landscapes. We meet as visitors to the same green planet. And if we meet in the late afternoon, the low sun varnishing and warping the pine, the trees and mountainsides in highlight of their detail, the land infra-yellow with activity, there is a buzz of preconscious communication, which we must relocate in the night after its reception-field of colors has vanished into the cold sky.

When judgement comes, the last two cards of the tarot click instantaneously into the bright clean yellow field of the zero card, the Fool. Pure time overthrows artifacts and collects the gifts of its magi at the end of each cycle. And they are plentiful and cause enough to begin again.

Tonight, standing very still on the porch (no moon), I saw the starlight on the aspens, so pale, I saw Jacob's Ladder, and the darkness opened, and the two poles did not go to the stars; they went into the arms of an angel.

\*\*\*

A giant amoeba dwells in streams of fire and pull, the core behind the flow and bloom, the intelligence behind the light. The way something comes thru, comes into, edges on millisecond, on tiptoe-pseudopod, breathing before it is lit, lit while it has yet been spinning, thru the thin screen of photons, becomes, out here/in here/that way, is complex and enigmatic and cannot be measured, a slow unwieldy beast moving deep amidst rays and pinnacles. In the sky, all is high, even the small on wings, the metaphor is a chariot; thru the formation of clouds and long slow rains the cosmos feeds our world. Those who know the yellow sky know the flying saucer streaking toward sunset in the thirteenth card of the tarot. The priest carries a message older than history and motion. And this world rides piggy-back the smaller world; below the quantum is an enormous, orderly, spiritual universe, patrolling the boundaries with sky.

\*\*\*

The axle touches on the river, the river to source deeper back in the green hills, the green hills disguising the homes of moles and wrens, the animals coming to the weavers with secrets of motion on motionless cloth, the dyes drawn from the sun along the axle, thunder of tree branches, electric wet pollen of first breath. When the sun was lowered to crown the ram, when the shamans grew old and dribbling and lost their lines to the astral under a thick canopy of pictographs, the telescope now lingers deep and dry, separating kodachrome dyes across a desert.

It is the center and the edges at once, figure and ground. It is the vortex and the rim. It draws itself and is itself. And nothing partakes of the paradox without partaking the essence. It is like being

in a black and dark flood, dizzy and calm behind the veil, and awaking with bright pollen stuffed in your new eyes and your new mouth.

\*\*\*

No matter where the individual goes he carries this circle with him, and its light lights the world for him. The people move down the avenue at night, the golden apartment lights dim and holy beside these elaborate suns. He does not know he carries such a hot lamp. He pretends that the continents are final and that the Earth's surface is a rigorous map. Light boils within the circle, but he is making no progress there. If the mandala were to be found, begin with branches, grass, houses on the outer rim, birds moving retrograde, seeds blowing in toward the center, blue sky bearing the counter-crown of the sun. I should make a map of my being here, as the ancient sea-kings brought back the whole world in the map-rooms of their ships: the lakes, the inward Northern bays, the volcanic islands. But the center of the projection moves even as I search for it. The birds move, turning the embroidery; the loose paraphernalia of the world scatters on the outer rim. A girl in a red dress on a bicycle ruled by the planet Uranus. Though the wind pours seeds down across our roof in a stream between natural chaos and secret law, though the early morning seeds originate in the rim and blow around the tattered edge of the circle, the energy now blows them in a harmonic, and the music is everywhere and loud.

All these things are immediate, present, pouring from a fount in the center of our time. We cannot escape the winged embroidery on Egyptian tombs, the marks of the soul by the Amazon and by Lake Victoria, or the thoughts of Plato on this subject though he is dead. Now is entire.

Before I fully awoke this morning (at well past noon) I heard the continuous lawn-mower next door. This sound lay on the rim of the circle, the clock passing thru occult markings on the rim to tell time, to allow us to imagine where we might be, as we are pulled by forces beyond the sun out of dream. Lying in bed, the grass being cut (in the dream I have just survived a plane crash), I measure time by sound, how close, then how far, how deeply it penetrates my trance. The smell of fresh-cut grass is another measure, or the kittens rushing in and out the window, eating their pie/the morning. There is nothing by which we measure time that is not slightly dizzy, slightly hazy (time is digestive time, time till breakfast). The world lies on the rim of our wheel; the hole in the center is for digesting food, for converting energy to the perimeters. The mouth occurs even in one-celled animals, and has remained in the circle, isologous with itself.

We saw ourselves this morning making love in the mirror, linked and our legs linked, the royal alchemical pair. The couple in the mirror was close to death. They were specific, appeared on the surface of the world; we ourselves were generic, essential. They had only their forms; they lived and died at a different time than we, sometime in the future, around 1967 in Ann Arbor; we were in Mediaeval England. We went deeper than the mirror. We were larger than the other people on earth. We were, of course, the king and queen, and from our throne the world fell out to Hibernia and the Hinterlands. Looking at this couple I thought that she could well be the woman in my dream (who met me in the forest

37

after the plane crash and took me to her hut where we were married).

This is the map we seek, and the Americae. This is the famous lost pirate map that leads to gold, grid of the whole world in which we have been placed, not according to continents but according to quantum drift, psychic drift, that the stars are wet and the stones are wet, and the coastlines drift away. This is what she was looking for when she went out to the shoe-store for sandals and came back angry, nothing having been bought, the day as she knew it gone, the clock mirroring dinner.

\*\*\*

The sunflower cannot experience the petals of the rose; the aardvark cannot enter the skin of the armadillo. If we are the hare, there is one race we must always lose, to the tortoise. No matter how high the odds, how great our lead and speed, we must tire and sleep thru the milestone; if we are the tortoise, though the hare employ Mercury-Hermes for his feet, we must win.

\*\*\*

The cats are mad tonight. The cats have a strange affair. They attack each other in the moon-lit garden. They thrash thru the parsnips and daisies. They are intent on enemies. The silence of our dreaming is snapped by this 3 A.M. hysteria. One cat has stolen the other's kittens, has stolen the Moon, and the grey cat's eye is bloody; she has protected the Moon. We separate them; we soften the shrieks. They ignore us, obeying as they must the fires still going in their heads. We go back to bed. The growling continues. The white cat sits in the bushes nursing a deep roar, and every time there is heat lightning she hisses and strikes at the sky with her paw.

\*\*\*

A billion winds stir in the stars; the breezes blow from Egyptian time and sand to the molten hum of Orion sailing-days, and the khamsins whirling and stirring on fifty simultaneous levels, ringing with chimes like puns, ringing with contradictions of the face of god, crying thru the watery face of the gargoyle. These are the goblins of sound to which harmony approximates and choir voices deafly sing, popping loose planets and unborn frogs.

Sound is atomic. The belly of a cow makes milk by cosmic mooing. A bell shapes a bell. The crevices are not visual. The sound climbs from the center of matter to a visual representation of the universe; the sonar is the skeleton; on it hangs the supple diadems of shape and fire. Sound, by leaping cosmoses, travels faster than light. Because we cannot see our lover, she sings to us. And the laws of Newton are simply the organ music of Bach revised. The bird flaps his wings in the trees; the wind rushes thru the branches. The egg grows. The ant touches the cells of another ant. Stravinsky sends a camel in pursuit of the sun. The sounds change, defining new forms and crystals at the points of old stress. Single chickens may be lost, but the egg remains.

The alchemist translates the embroidery of formulae and stellar time into the secrecy of rays. The vast constellar blanket conceals a more absolute light, twinkling only as a sieve; the whole system is so absurdly synchronous it is kinked and clogged: to do all this, and for

an illusion? For the mere tinkle of gold? Colors are dizzy and fleeting; sound comes from the Sun, from spots on the Sun, and the spots and mutations of other Suns, calligraphy of a universal song; it is like eavesdropping on the room where the masters of this world-age hang out and exchange gossip and other spiritual information, picking up every word as literally as from a den of thieves by the latest microphonic techniques; the very sound of their largescale operation is patent, where light would not dare to risk its own annihilation.

\*\*\*

In a field of deep liquid color a charge leaps thru existence, igniting certain tendrils, changing the weight on certain lines. The sky, that ever-present familiar, receiver of all angles, carrier of omens and aery accumulations, depositer of loess and ripples, laboratory of fog and water, decanter of ancient fiery iron, screen of lights, disappears along motion and locus into the sky. The noun changes color, as a particle in flux along a spectral disturbance, shapes itself in the illusion of interstellar speed and direction, rounding off into the aerodynamics of dimension itself. Weather balloons, planes, rockets, blimps, kites, clouds, orgones, U<sub>2</sub>, bugs, gas, birds, when the sun stopped and went the other way. Decoded into: shapes, waves, noise, beeps, angelic voices not meant for us (meant for us) we intercept.

The sky is lost as cosmology in the close scanning of it. Once the generals have determined the quadrants of aerospace and the weathermen mapped out isobaric trends, the electricians gradated the charges, the sky fills with expectancies; the sounds and fires of the sky are catalogued in giant volumes. And there is the visible universe, the infra-red universe, the ultraviolet universe, the radio universe, the astral universe. From brain to eye is an immense barrier the sky lies across, from tropism to thought (topos twists). The real is invisible; the prophecy, transhistorical, metalinguistic, is unread. The theophany goes on as methodically as a laborer filling buckets in a well, the great magus of pulleys, but if he is not seen, the world is filled with symbols and burning bushes and books on Jung and Blake and Hopi verbs. It is for this reason that 22 cards are laid on the floor. One goes to the red and orange and yellow skies of the tarot, to the skies of other planets, the skies thru which the magical element slips in Hermes' alchemy, the coelistia, to skies in which deeper stars shine with palmistry of rays, those skies which are not separable from the real sky but are hidden among it by the gestalt of history, the taut political coils and knots, the drummed-tough muscles, pulsates liquidly and of blood, and twinkles thru in the sounds of explosions we will never see.

The true alchemist repeats his experiment, never varying a factor, until suddenly the universe changes, the curtain slides open. All omens fructify, but only after great time, which is the timelessness (too) beyond the moon.

\*\*\*

The day belongs to itself and all parts of the day are equal in gold; that we order the day by our artificial expectancies is our own secret attempt to abort the fiery further consequences of any one real consequence. Hence goldenrod from cowdung. There is water and vegeta-

tion in the brain, and it grows without end thru multiple skies. We climb like Jack on the beanstalk; at one plateau a giant is met, at another a crow guarded by a hunter, at another Coyote speaking to his Grandmother and Grandfather Spider, at another a golden pig herd, at another Ananse and the Chameleon. We ascend these levels as zones of a universe; we are their creator. They are not, however, simply metaphoric gruel, smaller than ourselves and peopled only with the scenery from without. These universes are all full of joys and passions, commerce and kingdoms, disjunctions and assignations, with solitary bells and multi-moons over colored oceans and ships of primitive bark set to sail the forest coast of a strange continent, their suns taking energy from our laughter and our joy. This is the thud of consequence we feel, in the blood, not some imaginary speck or omen floating in the Rubicon.

\*\*\*

The fumes come up from the grottoes; the broth is hatched. The machines are launched at zero-hours; at time-omega they will reach the ends of the turning galaxy; they will disintegrate past matter. The real signal is not instantaneous; it comes so swiftly that the full bloom of stroke or crash is there before the line of sight, the seeing of it crackling into focus later. There are no witnesses to accident. We go sideways like a crab, our shadows lengthwise to the equinox, unable to distinguish the great circles from the directional lines, or to know the sensory-tonic pull of our own bodies to the tides or what comes out in solution, crawls up onto the land with all its legs and all its lungs, treading, breathing.

Sun is filler of hives, honey, chromosomes, jellies, tubules; the rays of the sun fill its beams. The sun comes upon the earth, as lover, his surface breaking along her surface tension, the naked dance, across dimensions climaxing on him faster than he can count, following her shadow across her hip-taut path. They used to think cancer came from smoking, then from radiation, then from too much good living, too much sex; now they say that cancer comes from the sun itself, like freckles, born psychosomatically from the somnia of hidden images, clandestine cells reversing the sacred order in search of a black grail, restless tug of images against the white cells, from the equinox. We must live here; there is no shape for us yet on the sun, we must come to shape here, to the rotting of our body in the earth.

\*\*\*

The sad astronaut in space: dropped by chance on the edge of a vision of angels and dimensions, dropped by chance into (within) a Blake panorama. Military discipline demands he ignore it. But chance itself, depositing us where it does, holds us responsible for the insight there; the stakes of living are high; the sheer act of acceptance or refusal can become the consequence of a lifetime. If one refuses, one commits himself by that refusal to a willing lack of vision, sullenly refusing a gift as large as the Earth itself, blaming his act on those who are not superior in rank to the gods.

And consequence occurs where we least expect it: in dreams, in flickers, in gestalts and slips of tongue, in poems and mantras, while running along the field or sitting with eyes closed in sunlight. Consequence can happen on the subway or in the library, and we walk away from it changed.

\*\*\*

The apocalyptic vision of the lifegiving sun, tossing the heated protoplasm thru the vapors of the sponging earth, where it seethes and itches, where it cools, becoming salty, cools, in polarities, cools, becoming acidic, cools, reaching back thru twisted, tortured, frozenly gay forms to the sun, cools, thru the mutant glow of star disorder and eclipse, cools, becoming hotter, cools, obeying shape and eternity at once, cools, in the solid crystalline crafts by which to re-enter the Sun. The motes of fire are trapped in and tapped in the green spiral of vegetation, the skeletal harmony of animal, climbing back by phototropism to where the sun is, or where the sun is, in, climbing to consciousness, to a second sun.

\*\*\*

It began with sound, and before light solved the riddle of the gate, sound ruled, and "saw" with a rhythm blind musicians try to recover, jazz flow of colors and essences thru the galactic jive. Drop by drop, as a pool fills with water, becoming a reservoir, breaking the barriers, striking like lightning into the unknown world of sight. Waves rose and fell; ululations cracked the formants, invented patternment. All homonyms were the same; etymology was the only pure science, was God who could not tell His creation from Himself, as even His created beings could not, in the simultaneity of their historical present. Words blossomed in time, homonymic petal by petal; the fruit fell into the dark vacant well, and when it hit the bottom, exploded, and its seeds were upflung, some of them sounds that sang and cracked and hissed in the flickers and flashes of light that the others gave off. When the fruit hit bottom, a brilliant symmetry returned, a lotus or mandala, so large and complete that its soft and pink unfoldment encompassed the literal world.

Puns lie along the original time-space waves of the dark planet. The pun is now the pied piper; it leads us out of the mirrored scene into a fresh field. Puns return us to the primordial harpsichord, an Ivesian yelp of cosmic laughter, from field to flood to fled to felt, and what we feel is steel, is still, is still. And what shall we do with the "pea-green freshmen?", the pea-green phones, never cease their whirling and mixing, their punning, no matter how tightly the naming is attached. Every syllable is a nonsense syllable, for the original sound and meaning is lost in an incredible nostalgia poetry combs language for.

It is a prophecy of the Saturnian masters; it is a message received over mountainous states by jets tracking UFOs, that by 1980 we will be in the fourth dimension. The Hopis agree. But what in hell does that mean? "Noah rode an arc of time," say the Martians, thru Mel Noel, a strangely Christmas man himself. By the time we reach the fourth dimension (or it reaches us, depending on who's moving), puns will be so rampant they will become staircases and walls. In four dimensions we will be able to see allsides of a three-dimensional object, as well as its central density, and the density's density, as clear as the texture of fungus or oak. The fourth image will be seen first on a faraway planet in a deep suffusing dream (as it was seen by the children in Clarke's *Childhood's End*). The children's brains grow fatter and fatter without gaining weight until their three-dimensional bodies are only the base of a fabulous exponent. To leave three dimensions is not

41

physical or muscular; one must read cues and destroy them. The Earth enters four dimensions violently. What appears in the mute universe of drooling mirrors as a distant star is suddenly an immediate tone; spiritual things happen first for physical reasons; then physical things happen for spiritual reasons. We will enter the fourth dimension perceptually before we can enter it physically (as in the Star Card the five streams of water, the five senses, flow into the grand pool; in her other hand the angel holds the pitcher of all dimensions; the bird scatters all sounds). The fourth image will be gigantic; people will pun exotically; life will be richer. Jack Horner stuck his thumb in, and pulled out a plum, a pun, and punned further, saying: *oh, what a good boy am I.* The sheath of pomes the Priestess hangs between.

Fourth dimension = fourth image = fourth world = Tuwaqachi = Hopi segmentative case = Hopi mythological mission = time-space. The rotating world picks up the rotation of all rotations, is its new motion. A Hopi blue-star kachina moves in the square; a sleeping child sees it in the village. The dreamer will dream the dream that on successive nights will come more true as more will come to dream the dream. The sacred peoples will find these unused and endless fields of corn and soy and images; the poor people, those deprived in three-dimensional imagery and land, will harvest the fourth dimension; they will thrive there as the techno-madman in the pure factory of the sun.

\*\*\*

Every star, that falls on America, turns her actions back on herself. Solemn funeral for the Asian dead, danced by the American Indian in the beginning, as the Asian migrant: and the blackman's rain dance, turning on ALL the fire hydrants in Harlem, spilling the city's mountain water thru a golden horn into the parched and brooding Kalahari, flooding the streets with human fluids and musical sounds.

First fire, then ice: the old process. An incandescence, then the cold funeral. The ocean rolls into the cape, bird islands, rivuleted sand, and beyond that: a billion soft birds and fish, over the tip of South America, the Pole, Australia Asia, gibbons guenons, the howler, and Thompson's gazelle. This waterhole: Africa, Madagascar, and from there sharply south into the Guineas and Micronesians, known as a great circle, the ghost image given off by the turning Earth.

And they have blasted men out of this world, their image moving in a plane toward the stars. Golden fish after golden fish. Flying dutchman after flying dutchman. An inch a year. First fire, then ice. First the burning, then the pluvial winds. Spanish galleon on fire, crumbling into the cavernous waves. No radio contact. As they were astronauts. As they died on the ground. They were launched nonetheless, and the ends of space they reached were their own.

\*\*\*

I cry and moan because something was at stake/I lie there without energy or hope and the sky opening fat on the highway/I curse the angels for having believed in them, the angels laugh back in the same language by which I once addressed them cocksure/they mimic my old prayers with my old prayers/they hand me aerial photographs of my trail/I am made to renounce a sacred language, that carried me to the brink of contact/as though the words fail for no fault of their own but because they weren't

right the first time. Yet they were.

Because there is a great battle taking place and we are all soldiers and were all born with swords in our hands. We entered on the side of the creation that entered us, and the moment we entered the sides changed, so that if we don't re-enlist on the side of the enemy at once our very soul will be at stake.

I mean that the intensity we all feel - in marches, in newspapers, in poems, in films, in games, in love, that intensity is real, and real in terms of something ultimate, despite the transitory and vitiated framework of the magic-show, we are units in the last army to fight.

It is not in terms of USA and USSR, that is at best code. It is not in terms of free will and destiny, Africa and America, North and South, no direction on earthly maps shows the flank of the enemy, though on Dante's map it is set in the basin of true spiritual south. There wars are its stoolies, its flags to keep everybody fighting and the action continuous. The real battlefield is invisible, yet we are all there, the black angels are fighting the white angels and both are whispering, both are whispering with all they've got, both are whispering the same thing. They are crossing communications, coming in on the same channels; someday we score points only for the black angels and wake up the next morning with their ugly voices near and the day long, but they are the voices of the white angels.

The price is heavy and discipline is high. Yes, Father, we were their troops, your troops originally when the fire began.

But the sorrow, I say, is holy. We are all innocent victims in a holy war.

\*\*\*

An ambassador dives into the sea off Spain, and his dive is recorded in the files of Babel, the Trojan Horse, and Archimago. He splashes heartily in the water, as though proving that the H-bomb of his careless masters has not polluted the luxurious planetary waters. He does not know that off the shelf of Australia monsters are being born from the Zero, animals like little tanks that devour the true negative energy of the ravages man's wares have left behind. Worms, snakes, dragons, squids, poisonous snails, all out of mythology, all real and alive, being formed in the whirlwind of Darwin's prophecy. These are, in the world we have made for them, the fittest.

Even on the front page of the newspaper the ambassador is visibly rotting, deteriorating radioactively into the clown of the hoax he is presently the victim and agent of: instant food for the army travelling on its belly. He can offer linoleum, formica, steel, glass; it will devour them too: sky-scrapers in Hispania at the same speed as color televisions in Indochina. The great streams of radiation are unmeasured and unmeasurable; they are the natural and lethal exhaust of our present speed; he is already dead.

\*\*\*

And Gary Snyder says, "Don't say, 'I don't have to swallow that!' because you do," poisoned blue as only a god can be. The dream is a matter of real concern and mapping, a Lewis and Clark expedition to the land of the North American shaman where passage of journal days ceases before mysterious American time. On every level ego escapes the consequences by changing the level, so the dream re-establishes the consequences by changing *their* consequences. Source of endless chases in

43

myth, creatures becoming one another to hide on any one landscape: a horse becomes a cloud becomes a brook of water becomes a cherry tree becomes a horse a man a star a grain of sand; a fly resting on a piece of pottery becomes horseman and rider, becomes jet and pilot/meteorite and fire/smoke and water, becomes two fish engaged in battle. Whatever they turn into the chase is preserved, the chase turns into the same and enfolds them, viz., Tom and Jerry and others of their ilk, the viewer knows, as the Apache, that the boinked buzzard comes back to life and attacks again, that the buzzard is merely the particular form of that piece of energy at that moment of universal gush --- and that the act of the hunter in killing is not the crucial act; it is the act of the shaman that touches the real where-it-is of the animal, as the New Guinean understands implicitly and takes from the sky with his life, that this is so, that when darkness falls the battle must end, for the consequence of the battle is minimal, merely social revenge egged on by perverse spirits, whereas the consequence of being caught by a spirit after nightfall is more ultimate and damning.

\*\*\*

There are two parts to any man. One of them was born and raised in the animal kingdom, as a protozoan, an amoeba, a worm; it crawls yet along the damp shoreline bundles, furry and moon-drenched, chipped away at the edge of the forest as slight messengers; its fire is lit in the caves of man. The Dakota call this animal spirit the *nagiya*, and know that it can take full possession of a man. The *nagiya* sees things in multiple states of antagonism and conflict. Be he a bear, a wolf, a jackel, a clam, a sponge, a rotifer, he perceives as an animal and is hindered by his total hunger. He has already been fully created.

Every man is, to some degree, still possessed by the shadow of his inheritance, the very sluice of his flesh; like an animal, he paws at eternity but is afraid to enter it. The greatest riddle of existence: why man, who not only knows God, but *is* God, refuses Him. He is frozen, as though in awe of the powers of his own creation. The tension his hesitancy allows is all of history, like a comet-mural across the body of light.

The Winnebago trickster is shocked at the death of the children left in his care, but by letting them die he prevents his own evolution. He lacks true consciousness and is unable to distinguish his own wishes from those of others. He is prey to perversities not because he is evil but because he must initiate the crises he must overcome to become human. In each action he is equally capable of his intention or its opposite, and this makes him a building block of the universe. He is at the source of the primal theme of the loss of the loved one. His accident is the fiery chaos of creation, which he does without bias and without the false intelligence of order. He is bound to Earth as the reason for Earth. To overcome him is to transcend the *nagiya* of our existence.

\*\*\*

Each zone of natural light contains a secret calligraphy of the white disk; each land on Earth is but a testing of cosmic fire in aqua vitae. A changing woman. A girl of rivers. A bird and a rodent. A weeping dreamer. A boy who slayed monsters. His brother immersed in water. Guiding him psychically thru dangers. An old spider. A medium

woman under a star. New moon and his old son. Bones strewn east and west. Buffalo. Thunderbirds. Rock-having-no-speed. Neutrino meteors. Fly thru the soft sand of the kiva. Leaving in flayed skin. The voice of creation.

\*\*\*

"By myself" is the tip-off phrase of America, for it means "by no one." The deed enacted "by myself" is trivial, commercial. The old saying goes that one would better be led by a cat than be so free. For a man led by a cat is in a lawful and symmetrical configuration, one which he can follow and use. A man led by a wise teacher seems to have no will. In fact, the real will, that will guide him to make truly free choices, is sunken within him; the teacher takes and directs the carcass, and plants in it the first kernel of free will.

Lying in gloom, refusing even the enlightenment of panic, a man just does not see how the world is exposed and explosive before him. There is the yellow field and the light green field. There are the turning flowers, breathing in comet rhythm, taking their benediction from King Sun, the body of Queen Hydrogen. You stand just outside the house of the Lord, but you stand ragged in the snowy cold, the Five of Pentacles. The downbrook water runs into the sea; beneath the sea to the crustaceans and blue oxen and cups of gold. You speak of fog and endless itching haze; you speak of the burden of daytime without daylight, of starless night; the endless windy blue sky lies patent and open unto eternity before you; yet you call yourself a hero and a man, cringing naked on the fringe of paradise.

\*\*\*

In the subway crowd are people not born on Earth. Somewhere in South America fruit is pouring in through a whirlpool in the air. In Africa lions and men engage in a mimetic dance. In every positron sits a conscious polot. Extinct fish return to life. Forgotten races of men live under the Earth. Beneath the Gobi desert: the first magical experiment. A cosmic ray in a pack of chromosomes; an astral ray in the gold nuggets under the earth. On an island in the South Seas, houses arranged in the Egyptian pattern. Roads and highways of giants cross the planet. Catholic churches lie on the nodes of a pagan zodiac. The American Puritan church is built on a Mississippian mound. The receipts and energies of the Bay Colony are Powhatan. Old revival sects and snakes from Enos, Jeremiah, fill the hills of West Virginia, Tennessee; Shakesperian actors turn into native American animals, badgers and bears and skunks. Ghost survey Tibet. People roll in their sleep thru uninhabitable kingdoms. Shamans converse with the deities of other galaxies. Spooks are pursued to their emanation-lines. The chemicals, alone, repeat their experiment in consciousness. Every house is detachable. Time-travellers whir in and out. Behind every house is a fire that does not burn. The orifices are laid bare.

"What could the ghost light be?"

One explanation is that the light is the moon's reflection from a vein of mica. But no such vein has ever been discovered. Besides, the

Ghost Light beams when there is no moon.

It has been suggested that the light could be caused by the phenomenon known as 'swamp gas.' But West Texas is no swamp. And geologists discount the possibility of natural gas reserves in that area.

So maybe it's a mirage?

Mirages are reflections of distant artificial lights. The Ghost Light of the Chinatis has been seen now for more than 100 years. And a century ago the brightest light in those parts was a pioneer's kerosene lantern --- hardly sufficient to refract with the brilliant candlepower of the Ghost Light, which sometimes glares like the headlight of an oncoming train."

We must learn where the planet Earth is in the universe, where the universe is in the creation; we must feel the locative vibrations, the source that is still present. For there is a map of this land and its modern civilization as revelatory of true events and their cosmic context as the maps of pre-sand Egypt (which appear to be figures of the Dead before the gods) or the sand-paintings of pre-Iroquoian North America.

Daleth turns in a spiral of ingress and egress, one rhythm; every amoeba crawls thru Daleth; every ear of corn bursts thru Daleth in multiple flashes, first pale yellow, then golden; the phases of the moon transpose thru Daleth; the dying cobra finds his way out thru Daleth; the sacred bear is sent thru Daleth by the Japanese Islanders; a gift is returned thru the same door.

The sunny morning is almost overbearing, but it is too late. We have learned the ground rules of this dream so well we are certain to have the prize. We open our eyes and the sun sparkles in, a solid sheath of yellow rays. The magic is broken, and the angels are scattered like wisps across daylight. They disappear into perceptual bubbles and structural nulls. There is a world behind butterfly wings, a world bubbling in the pot. There is a world behind this world (and each night he slept, and each night he slept he dreamed), this pinwheel of crashing water and light, this would-be existence based on an ideation, a yellow flower in the heart of, heat of. The whirling mass of clouds and bones has an Empress at its center, is cubed outward in a magnificent royal fashion. The thunderclouds respond to the corn-growing song. The ghosts escape post-haste to the island of Tuma. What is conscious is a fiery locus thru the cotton-tree universe, telling of the shadow-king who lives his life along the orbit of a three-dimensional king, who lives his life in the full emanation of the sun-king.

A left-handed perception opens a left-handed universe; every positron is kin to an electron. Giant Asian statues speak by mind-waves in the night, the Clubfoot stumbling just out of the diamond of focus into his own soft world, leaving behind the polished scar of gneiss and schist. The Apache shaman calls down rain and gets hours of lightning and thunder, lightning and thunder, invoking the wrong chant in the wrong season; "I can handle it," he says. A spider saves a kingdom. A light shines alone in the night, its source unknown.

"A rancher once hired a helicopter to fly over the Ghost Light, fix its position, hover over it at a low altitude, then land beside it. The scheme worked fine --- until the rancher and pilot flew directly over the light. Then it flickered out. They landed where it had been, and

found nothing but range grass."

"My dear fellow," said Sherlock Holmes as we sat on either side of the fire in his lodgings at Baker Street, "life is infinitely stranger than anything which the mind of man could invent. We would not dare to conceive the things which are merely commonplaces of existence. If we could fly out of that window hand in hand, hover over this great city, gently remove the roofs, and peep in at the queer things which are going on, the strange coincidences, the plannings, the cross-purposes, the wonderful chain of events, working through generations, and leading to the most outre results, it would make all fiction with its conventionality and foreseen conclusions most stale and unprofitable."

Sherlock Holmes has come to examine the facts; how can he not see that his task is at an end? There are no more facts. In the mountains of the south men attempt to harness the vibratory waves and quantum shock between dimensions; they study Martian languages and learn Martian voodoo. The prophecy of America was here long before the discovery of America, and that pylon still stands.

"It's beyond anything thought of to date and that's all we have to say," said Inspector Helio Brasil Alvares, second in command of the investigation.

"The two men were found a week ago on the hillside in Niteroi across the Guanabara Bay from Rio. They lay on their backs, neatly dressed in suits with ties, their hands at their sides. The crude two-inch-by-six-inch lead masks covered their eyes. Exhaustive laboratory tests failed to disclose a cause of death. There was no sign of violence, neither man had been wounded and the autopsy ruled out poison, electrocution, or asphyxiation as possible causes. With the bodies, along with the masks, police found undecipherable coded messages, electrical charts, simple mathematical formulas, a lady's handkerchief, raincoat, sunglasses, toothbrush, and two notes, both referring to mysterious 'capsules'. No capsules were found with the bodies."

\*\*\*

The National Book Award for poetry has gone to a man whose novels once moved me. He showed me cosmic mysteries in the minds of trapped characters. He gave me the burning fountain of souls, which I placed, sparking, out in galactic space, though he inevitably returned it, as traditional symbol, to Christian space and spiritual hymns. Once he gave me that fountain I never lost it; I forgot the mundane plight of the character; I forgot the plot of the book. I remembered "out of history into history and the awful responsibility of time." But the books, in the end, were no more than murder mysteries, and in the end language was the murderer, stabbing vision in the back, replacing the incandescent pool with the gratuitous economy of death and decay.

Beneath the murder mystery was a cosmic mystery; he never addressed it; he never acknowledged it; he feared it; he substituted chivalry and glory and martyrdom, those false dames of an imagined history, for the real Red Crosse Knight. A tragic waste of stars.

Attention to his own wit, description of post-card landscapes, a vague emotional accuracy: this is what he came to. Yet at moments

he was so close he awoke things in me that had never been awoken. That he stopped there was in itself a satanic skill, like a strip-teaser who never gets her clothes off, a cock that never comes, not for the thrill, but so we can get on to real business. I was eighteen, and I laid out the tarot and saw the star again, the burning fountain, the pool of fire and souls, all in aboriginal colors; now I see that his came out of a college course on Plato, and Neo-Platonism only as the answer to how many angels can dance on the head of a pin.

With poets like these it is the scientists speaking of crystal growth, continental motion, giant galactic explosions, cosmic rhythms, the brain of the bee, and old Cretean tablets who are our real poets, who share the Homeric, the orphic, the bardic mysteries of nature and being. We can get further on the thermocline than on the romantic lake of the lovers, for billowing bionic clouds meet over our cities even as the first rifles are fired, and Frost cannot read or remember his words, and struggles thru the streets looking for the nation.

As children we sought the star-pools, clandestinely; now we can speak straight to the source and replace the false and polite subtlety with a blatancy that is tender and intricate anew. Political liberals, damn them; they were infidels, spiritual eunuchs, poetic gourmets; they were Europe all over again. Let us forget the Commandments that Moses brought down to Earth; our stake is with those that he smashed. Let us reclaim John Dee from where a frightened King James convinced the centuries to abandon him.

1965 - 1967



The rock and roll of the fifties was a continuous prayer. The rock and roll of the fifties was an interstellar ballad. The tunes, the refrains, collecting in the decay of meaning, the earth itself covered by oceans, and a brilliant godlike crystal seeking its own form in life.

For the whole of the Nineteenth Century they dragged the bottoms of the oceans for the primeval ooze, and searched Africa for She Who...., Asia for the Miraculous. The song comes out of Mediaeval History, the lost melody of Greensleeves, Africa alive with Br'er Rabbit in the American South, and Algonquian transcendentalism.

The players in the late afternoon. The batter is hitting fly balls out into the field. Each one in turn chases the ball, spends that moment away from the others. The sky grows darker and bluer, the second intense blue; faraway, on the other end of the field, is a patch where the ball sometimes goes, where the smell of late spring flowers is stronger than any chase, reminds the player of the body of the woman, the body beneath the field on which he plays. It is becoming twilight, it is becoming Saturday evening, the time of the party, make out, and the first song is implicit, as hushed America, as the angel children first appear, glowing in their secret church, taking their vows in dim concealing light. The passion play. Chills down their spines as they are unconsciously initiated into the order, as they do not know, understand, there is, once born, nothing else, seeming to be sex in the first arousal, but the hand that arouses them illicit and unknown: who in that darkness is priest, and why, as Kelly asks.

*Love me tender,  
Love me sweet,  
Never let me go.  
You have made my life complete,  
And I love you so.*

completing the smell of the flowers, the source of the mysterious, the general inconsequence of the ball-game, the unbearable opening of spring into the infinite, or the winter when the diamond of cold recalled the ancient hearts of domestic magic, played even at Elvis' marriage as the fifties came to an equally obscure end.

Prayer, in Ricky Nelson's Chubby Checker's husky voice, for everyone, chanting, like the profane priests of Carmina Burana, in street Latin. Gnostic churches opened in the gold of apartments and private houses. Girls learned the role of the whore of the synagogue and gave their favors and bodies not to men but to prophets.

Though they pray it is a deep negative vision, a lack of faith, fear deeper than any wish, even the wish to be laid by the beautiful girl.

*Don't go home, my little darling,  
Please don't leave the party yet....*

So they ask and want, and the sixties affirms it: should I dig deeper and deeper into the real source of my own energy and visions at the risk of leaving THIS WHOLE SOCIETY. Should I go straight, and if I fail here, can I make it up elsewhere?

*Can't you see I came to the party  
Cause I knew I'd find you here.  
Come with me and stay at the party  
So that I can hold you near.*

You heard that and you knew it was all over, you were rebel, lover, revolutionary. You'd go with them to Mars and do it all over again, as long as the records kept playing. But they didn't understand or know. The female, in all her poses, does the dance behind the dance, and all energy is ultimately sexual energy for just that reason. As the sexy girl, swinging her ass and pocketbook down the hallways of the fifties, passes him, he feels the motion beneath his own cellular fabric. She bear the essential pose, and *he's a rebel/and he'll never never do any good*. It is a vision only, and if he is not careful with origins, the energy is lost. This is the great disappointment of the fifties: when they had undressed the girl and found her there, Johnny Jacobs walking by the mirror with his hardon, physical contact impending rather than the raw seductive cells on the interior, they became confused and continued anyway on the premise of their original symbolism. It was not sex that failed them, but they who failed. Searching as they were for the queen of history in which they lived and by whose sultry romance they were yoked. They shifted from girl to girl; they watched each other for clues; they talked about the relation between masturbation and actual sex; they were as metaphysical as Donne, with Archie comics, and star-bracelets, and French kisses; they operated by analogy with *Playboy* instead of blood and fairies. All the magic gained from the image of a dancing girl was lost at the throne of the naked woman, lost speechless, with all praying done and without a prayer. All they had were the songs, and the songs spooked and haunted the parties with passions that could never be resolved on earth.

*Look at you, Look at me,  
See the way we glow.....*

*And all the world  
Seems applegreen  
When you're seventeen  
And in love.....*

Nobody knew where to go, what to do, and why; nobody knew if they were human or supernatural; they never did leave the party.

They were drawn closer and closer, thru the spiritual glow of the song to a meeting that has rarely if ever been on earth, and which is holy if it has. Not sexual attraction, but based on sexual attraction, a whole universe of angelic presences and visionary guides, more devastating than Dracula, more ancient than Jupiter, beyond Oz or the Looking Glass: the body itself haunted, hunted, and archetypal. Applegreen in the head, glowing like uranium, the world after a rain-shower, or the golden juice the moth steals from the farmer. They stood on the verge of the pastoral, the lyrical, but even more than that: Vinland, and its eternally green fields. Blake's innocence was lost; the person, potential angel, potential god, potential magus, stood on the borders of the world like a text, all maps falling from his spot like metaphors; he carried his *lares* and *penates* in his cells, midnight dancing in whose harmony: seventeen, age at which we catch the disease of the living.

They came during dancing, their cock against the jaunt of her leg against the rhythm of the dance, dripping cold like stalactites, out of history and melting into a river whose name they knew not, blessing certain angels with their sperm, reaching for high heaven then falling off into hell for what they could not know, carrying these secrets around in their pockets and wallets as dollar bills, as a girl carries around a purse.

They were born under a different region of the sky. They came here along the same vector of time and space; their mission was to re-establish contact once they were born and conscious. Long before they knew who they were, they were drawn to each other, recognizing only that they had come from the same place, that they were equally far from home. No wonder they were confused and melancholy as the starry music, the star-songs disguised as love songs, were played to them. When they asked, "Who were those who came before us?" they could only have meant the deepest cells and furthest kingdoms, long before Egypt. They were like flies on a soft summer pool, singing to the sky that they were caught and admitting they understood the illusion that had trapped and was holding them, but without the power to escape:

*Papa writes to Johnny,  
But Johnny can't come home,  
Johnny can't come home,  
No Johnny can't come home.*

Johnny can't come home because there is no way to leave the gravitational field of the earth and return to the home planet, so he prays for release. To keep away from run-around Sue would be to give up the one clue he had; he could not keep away from her, nor any of the notorious girls who disobeyed the easy earth but seemed to have a shard of infinite light. They were Mr. Blue, and feared they would go too far and turn on a creation they never expected, that they

would lose their power and lover and center of search and be thrown back, that there would not be deep enough to go, or not enough inside, and they would lose themselves and their family mark in the depths of another lineage. They were always travelling on, walking in the rain, giving up their soul, asking the stars up above, it was painful, not the lost date, or some other triviality their parents pinned it to, but WE WERE ALL BORN TOO LATE, *nobody but you* a flash of unearthly reckoning light. It was not simple, it was not care-free bop; half of them have been shot or are now Buddhists, and those astral beings keep coming back all our lives.

And the songs themselves ended before they tuned beyond the applegreen affair to the gypsy source. And lingered, always in the hot intervisionary state, the oceans of an unborn planet:

*Dream lover, until then  
I'll go to sleep and dream again*

and sleep and dream and sleep  
and dream until it happens. Not in any sloppy way, but until we all make it, what we really are.

*I must be going,  
My heart is showing  
I better hurry  
Away-uh-ay-ay*

like the opening of the book after all these years of running and hiding, source of tropismic jellies, of suns within scrotum. Or was it because he was a fag, and no solution, the absolute placement of one man to any two women, and *his* there, counter-tenor singing in a beautiful birdlike voice, and the overwhelming sense that we are stars intersect thru their centers, even at great distances. Don't leave the party, none of you, we're coming, with earth age, with star-rockets and Jovian flags, we're coming with the new telepathic communal martian, singing Teen Angel and Auld Lang Syne.

*If I don't leave,  
I'll be sorry,  
What will my Mary say?*

What could she care, if you're a fag, or between states of Buddhahood? But she would draw him back into the life he had forgotten, putting to an end his initiation, dousing the cellular fires. He was getting more than he bargained for. His body was being abused. He was getting thru in his head, where Freud stumbled upon the real earth mother: exogamy alone can initiate, we are all urban kids playing with juke boxes; we are aliens but not alienated; and we've got no anglo-saxon home. It's like Mississippi, and Chubby Checker, and cowboy blues, all the way in.

(And in the Spanish play the daughter of the ascetic, beautiful dark girl, rejects all earthly lovers, all kings, for the embrace of Christ and the crown of thorns, Dion crying in the background, and the Five Satins, and Teen Angel herself, some ambiguous Let-The-Little-Girl-Dance Queen, all driving us crazy: who would want to be a teenager in love?)

Between the two passions lies the message to Mary. She is the only one. She is the mother of God. The dance is slow, and they whisper into each others' ears.

*And nothing's quite as pretty  
As Mary in the morning*

But she is the morning, and their love cannot be consummated, consumes them only in this fashion. The woman does not fail the woman in her for being angel. The Earth is not less for being implanted in the cosmos. Man is man; woman is woman; each have their angelic junctures: grace, origin without agony, holyness without church. The music tore at our souls, but it did it: the channels to the angels were open once again. The ravaged landscape of World War II and commercial America was replaced with a visionary city so beautiful it can be carried in their heads, and this is the only place we've carried it since

*I'll build a stairway to heaven,  
I'll climb to the highest star,  
I'll build a stairway to heaven  
If heaven is where you are.*

The universe frees us, and they were reborn, to love and marry, the magi and rebels grown up (*in my heart I feel the pain/wishing you were here by me/to end this mizzery*), and the code, mutant, mutagenic, ultraviolet, bardot-elvis, breaking thru the false structure and turning us over in the naked cosmic moment. We pass now thru the necessities of garment and tune to the primary creation. We are drunk on it as evening wine, and sit up all night playing these old songs, knowing where we came from, knowing it's there to go home to if the radiation gets too rough. It's THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, with ALL THAT HEAT.

1967

53

We Woke Up on June 30, and Puddin was Dead

a terrible weight on our doorstep  
out from night  
and five days of rain  
and then this morning a bright  
unremitting sun, summer,  
drawn slowly  
from the humidity of sheets  
into high noon.  
one cat missing  
one cat who has not come home to be fed  
and the whole world out there.  
I would like to find her before breakfast  
seal our home under one roof  
Lindy dresses slowly, I have looked  
in all her favorite places,  
the yards, the shade of the rose-bushes,  
the roof where the mulberry branches were a cave in which she lay  
for hours on end  
watching birds and their distant wings thru branches  
and sleeping  
and cool  
and Lindy comes upon her immediately  
her body  
weight  
heaped  
just outside our bedroom window  
in a sun so hot she would never sit there  
except dead,  
definitely her, Puddin, her ikon, her resting form  
carried in the hot summer continuity  
unbroken, a horse we must ride  
right into  
right here  
her body  
as it was then  
without reference to us  
with reference only  
to something that happened  
PUDDIN IS DEAD  
X marks the spot  
PUDDIN IS  
DEAD IS MARKED  
ON THE SPOT  
no response in her body to our closeness  
her eyes glazed, the insignia  
of blood trickling  
from the cheek  
IT IS ALL OVER  
IT HAS HAPPENED  
Puddin no longer exists  
this has been left by what Puddin was.

and it lies in the blazing sun  
upon damp earth  
has been left without an address.  
we do not know how she died  
what killed her  
we do not know who she is  
we cannot help her  
we cannot help ourselves  
we cannot help we can  
do nothing, her body touched  
by a car  
as she ran with the other cats  
in shock stumbled fifty feet to our window  
slumped,  
and we are left with an enigma  
our own beginnings  
the hot day.

or it was the retrograde energy  
we put in her  
her insides, turned  
chemically sour  
an operation to take her sex out  
too late the vet had cut her open  
four kittens aborted at thirty days  
the hormones running dizzily thru her  
what can a mother cat do with milk  
lame and, unable to play  
living for kittens and to call to them  
retrograde dancing in the street  
unable or unwanted  
undirected in the path of the car  
or merely yielding to her guts.  
internal bleeding is now the only order  
the soft body turning sour  
12 hours in sunlight blood coagulating  
the day progressed long past Puddin  
while we slept, rolled over her.

we are unable to move  
we will not swallow it  
we throw it up  
and it is forced back down.

how could it be Puddin  
by name  
her, the born ikon  
of what walked with us  
slept on the records  
occult mark of white softer fur on her belly  
how could it be Puddin  
what is Puddin doing  
lying here in the sun:

and the ancient awful lines of Bugs Bunny  
"What's the matter, tortoise/You got rigor mortis."

and the hot day that goes on and on  
past one and two  
and the loud Tiger game from over a fence  
and we have put nothing in our stomachs yet  
there is no place to begin.

that we meddle  
that we meddle even by taking them into our order  
by giving them our prop  
that the body is the body of a wild animal  
but Puddin herself called cute and dear  
and not expected to die, like a toy  
and not expected to be hurt by things  
to be left twelve hours to turn in the sun  
not personified, not a quasi-human  
but a member of our order as our order changed her,  
someone who lived in our house, in our  
nuclear family, who sought our presence  
in an otherwise chaotic world.

her death as anonymous and random as an animal's  
her body like so many woodchucks and raccoons  
(whose markings she had) strewn by the road  
a member of our own family turned  
theosophically back into her beginnings  
as a corpse, a body, a predator,  
a child, one of the children, the six children  
who are cats to each other  
but allowed us to be children  
allowed us to play  
and played in our home when we weren't there  
keeping its spirits warm  
and convection thru the empty rooms.

we throw it up  
there is a discrepancy  
a wish to have it undone  
more than our own possibilities  
her spirit gone, her soul,  
but thoughts of Ordet, "I  
loved her body too."  
and the miracle in alchemy  
by which the woman is brought back to life  
by which gold is instant  
and not millennial  
and the noosphere,  
into which zoo she galloped  
the conscious and only-conscious fields where she roams  
there is an enigma  
a discrepancy

we don't want these vague comforts  
these experiments in  
magic we have never performed  
like Brakhage and his dog Sirius  
Diane Di Prima and her dog Sakti  
both hit by cars  
we and Puddin had something going  
a mortal exchange, parts of bodies, moods, spirits  
going back and forth  
and though believers in natural order  
we are stubborn hard genetic hewn people  
we do not want to believe, the Tiger game  
coming on like too much electricity,  
the day twisted into an impossible useless shape  
our own flesh in doubt, visceral sense of where we are  
breath, position of internal  
dizzy.

it was not  
six separate cats.  
it was a set marked by six positions.  
now that one is gone  
the other five wander in broken  
individual patterns.  
we laid too much on the line.  
we risked too much  
and have lost it  
and now we must see it thru  
into something else.

there is an uncertainty  
a discrepancy, a sense that  
in this random Newtonian universe  
we could have with soft gloves  
separated those particles, guided them  
away  
from meeting  
now that we know,  
but now that we know  
they are locked tight  
not random: what has happened  
what was generated  
which Ivan Osokin did not know  
living his life over even the first time  
unable to change a single particle  
we would do it over the same  
and so would Puddin  
and this is where it ends both ways,  
the minutes of daylight  
closing around us  
like a wound  
hardening, having happened  
the body hardening, already hard

a stuffed animal, stiff,  
and as much as we don't want to say this:  
but Puddin Puddin who took so much pride in her shape  
who cleaned it, who licked her belly, her extremities and paws  
who ran with these legs though lame  
who attended to every color in the Indian pudding coat  
Puddin who took so much care of what she was:  
do you know when you fall what it looks like by now  
what you have left us on this hot morning when you would lie in catnip  
instead of here  
would surely embarrass you  
this imponderable weight  
yes, yes it was you we loved Puddin  
but your body too which you loved  
fur, purr from fur,  
the whole body lifted with response  
or loosening to allow itself to be held.

what is it that is not body  
spirit or fire, anti-entropic  
fog which clouds our thoughts, our day  
building up in the atmosphere like steam?

I am confused about bodies and spirits  
I find myself thinking of one and then the other  
and I don't remember the difference  
what holds them together  
what force or form takes them apart  
where Puddin is I am confused  
that she is no longer in the body  
that the body merely marks the place where she left  
but the injury was done to the body  
and that was enough to take the spirit  
out of our world  
and she died in pain  
no, it is not that she lives elsewhere, that I see  
but that she is no longer here.

what can we take to swallow this  
turn to each other hugging what is left  
joking sense of the day, permeation of puns  
elaborate controlled syntax  
avoidance of everyone who does not want to hear.  
I am now in a natural cycle of thought  
I will think the morbid macabre things  
the mournful sad things  
the ugly things  
the hateful angry things  
I will turn thru Donnian metaphysics  
until a new order is made  
and I am altered to without such thought.  
but I cannot be stopped, I cannot be obstructed  
just as eternal life does not move me at this moment

I am more than afraid, I am afraid of everything,  
this is surely only the beginning  
all time has been lived; we could not change this  
we are determined  
we are unconscious; the night is dark and unconscious  
the day is lit but unconscious.

Lindy says it hurts most remembering her  
especially the beginning, only inches away,  
the bedroom where we brought her and set her loose  
looking for her twin sister who followed  
and finding only Frodo who hissed  
and changed her name from Spook to Puddin  
because she was more daffy than frightening  
spooked herself perhaps  
or in Snowflake, Arizona,  
when Frodo was gone for a month and then, forever  
she was our only cat and hid in the hay  
so each day we had to find if we had any left  
and Central City after we got Quis  
and set them down in the high grass to play  
and licked each other on that first morning in the garden  
and Mitchell said, "They're really friends. So few things are really  
friends."

and she ran down the hill behind us as we emptied the garbage  
her always-bad back legs  
and almost fell into the mine-shaft, stopped,  
and ran back up the hill,  
then in Aspen  
where Frodo was born and learned to climb on thin trees  
in the summer before our marriage  
our deep unconscious summer,  
where Frodo came back after Arizona to recuperate  
where Puddin and Quis chased,  
the weight of her body  
let drop off the white bark  
and under the cabin with Quis  
and a hundred cold spiders and moles  
where she slept  
how many times we counted  
the living units of our life  
one, two, three  
then one, two, three, four  
in the autumn when White Kitty was found  
crying in the rain at Eastern,  
and Puddin and Quis slept together  
in the Hopi breadbasket  
then one-two-three-four-five-six  
when Puddin had Spindle  
and White Kitty had Prunella  
never anyone missing  
or if someone missing  
soon found

and our world back together  
Lindy and I embracing  
joining end and beginning in a circle  
and danced around by six bemused cats  
Puddin slept on the records  
on our bed, on the record player, by the clothes-bureau,  
Puddin always received the remainder of a bowl of Puffed Rice, half  
and half, and sugar, and finished it up  
Puddin sashayed around Lindy's legs in the kitchen  
our conscious sustained world.  
this hurts most  
for which the body left  
is ikon, imago  
Lindy lifts it into a box, crying  
the box set outside our door, the other cats curious  
but without our concern.  
we would take the body to the vet to see what killed it  
but he says no  
it was a car or the operation went bad inside  
and what's the difference now  
an autopsy might tell nothing, and chemical analysis  
might cost a hundred dollars, have to send out all the parts  
better to lay it where Puddin would have lain  
this morning  
the rose-bush  
dig a hole  
archetype of a grave  
and sink her imago  
the utterly perfect and remembered sign of her sleeping body  
into the hole  
and close it  
by putting the dirt back,  
her parts disappear, part of the nose  
and the paws last,  
then more and more  
the closed blanket of the converting earth  
metaphysical madness  
sexual change enacted upon skin  
fur converted into metals.  
Puddin whom we got in the basement at Norman Street  
leaving by a different route  
and even we will not live here a year from now  
and other people  
and we elsewhere, with children  
and some of the same, some other cats  
and Puddin will never know the future.  
it ends here  
it never concerned her  
nor would other things bother her  
which eat into us,  
metaphysical madness  
the horror of a cat buried alive  
but this is the end of another sequence, not what

we can do for Puddin  
but to hide her body from further embarrassment  
not food for the flies  
but her own area of earth  
an underground bloom  
feeding a sudden planet of organisms  
with optimum heat  
their own whole lifetimes in a country  
as fertile and there  
as the American West.

I loved her body  
but for my own body, the space my body haunts, not hers  
beauty in our life by whatever means  
this type of selfishness  
I loved her body too.

and now in the night with the Dipper approximately over the rose-bush  
and the other cats wildly chasing moths  
in the 200 watt lamp that shines clear across the street  
where it happened  
the whole fabric seems homologous  
like a gown with symbols where a world is pictured complete and hap-  
pening, having happened and smiles on everyone's faces, each image  
replaced  
repeated in the loom, each instant woven to the next,  
it all seems continuous, a woven shroud of bodies.  
we live here in utter darkness  
dirt and no sun  
June ending on golden calendars  
the distance of stars, the positions equally distant marked by stars  
the positions of solitude and quiet in a brain  
she lies in the fabric, so close  
Lindy says like a stranger in the next room  
but Puddin, the protracted sorrow of our memories.  
I cannot eat the bitter parsnip greens from our garden  
it is eating part of her world, not just the jungle where she played  
but the world that continues into her  
and holds what remains of her body  
a knot, an embryo in the fabric  
an empty space in the embryo where four kittens began the problematic  
line of atoms to her end,  
the morbid fear of her return  
a world intercellularly dark  
with flashes of lightning  
breaking thru the entropic mist  
we will never try to save anything again  
but the whole cloth ties together, knots here and there  
a rose, a perfect square,  
it will always be lost and we can no longer  
offer protection from the beginning,  
the package we dreaded has been delivered  
I have gone out too many mornings asking to be reassured

and now they have assured me  
and now I see how it happens  
and it will not happen again.

and we will do well with what we have.

but this is not our poem  
this is for Puddin.

and I remember her  
those cells in me  
marked with her name  
that dance only her dance when I call them back.

I want the world to know  
it doesn't matter that I am the world  
it doesn't matter that there is a place  
for Puddin  
to sail  
her own omega-set

I want you to know  
we have lost a cat today,  
that we don't know where it went  
though we have its body

it's name was Puddin

WE HAVE ITS BODY  
WE DON'T KNOW WHERE IT WENT

If we knew  
if we didn't have its body

But we don't know where Puddin is  
we have buried Puddin's body by the rose bush

she has a collar on with the name we gave her, Puddin  
our body

we will not look for Puddin anymore  
there is a confusion  
we do not know where Puddin is  
we have her body  
we got her body at Norman Street last April  
we named her Puddin

she is lost

1968

Heart Transplant

*The Squirrel*

dead  
grey  
clotting  
mist  
blood  
spilling out  
in the street,  
eyes bulging  
where last  
they saw this world,  
the slow  
rain  
beats away  
snow  
her tail  
strands cloven  
matted  
beaten away,  
arch  
of body  
crushed,  
wet fuzzy fur  
without hot blood,  
a wet male  
chatters,  
searches  
at her side,  
mist rising  
thru dripping  
December branches

the heart pumping  
blood that has been asleep, that has been  
to all the nerve points  
racing feet alert eyes  
now returned  
to the center  
dead.

the eyes popped into the road bright  
the feet mashed.

happening in darkness  
a gate, there is a gate  
the heart pumping  
thru which all  
keeping time  
passes  
day to day and month to month

is happening anyway  
into and out from  
this world grey fuzzy obscuring  
morning mist  
having happened in the dark  
left on the road  
lies at the gate,  
the heart moving counter  
weight to daylight  
keeping time  
opening darkness.

with one finger  
she turns the body  
onto a shovel  
revealing

*the time in which it happens*

his body is used  
her body is used  
they have come together  
he and she  
and something is happening to them  
on earth  
without control  
nor do they know  
nor can their physicians tell them  
who and what  
and why he uses  
the bodies they have failed to use  
coming  
(he hot/she dead)  
to this end  
here under the knife.

*a theft in which we participate*

amulet  
pendant  
pocket book  
comb, mirror, and pearls

a woman's heart  
is said to be magical

a throne

from which  
the marriage is ruled  
breath  
making love opening  
the membranes to fluids

the car cracking spilling  
her onto the road  
her blood her breath  
falling away  
not knowing as she enters  
and reaches for her center  
and cannot regain the throne

that as she abandons rule  
and flees across the lowlands  
dwindling  
to the least of her subjects  
becoming a mouse, a bug, nothing  
leaving the body entirely

her center will be cut away  
by raiders and grave-robbers  
by fascists  
handling  
bodies like jewels  
robbing the kingdom of Africa  
of her tribal throne

her body cut open, the heart removed.

*formulas calling for a woman's heart*

who died in silence  
the darkness  
drawn over her without horror  
whose facsimile  
like Linda Johnson's  
is broadcast to the world  
under macabre circumstances  
the heart removed for the purposes of a man  
her father giving permission  
or the government asking only later  
so that father and government are the same evil  
dressed in burial clothes  
yielding one heart on demand:  
Denise Ann Darvall  
Linda Bird Johnson  
both dead  
their burial faces  
ground in binary dots.

the owl sprung from its sacred chambers  
the chambers occupied, the owl screeching  
wings flapping insanely in the night  
the woman dressed in white robes  
and exhibited medically  
is ordered by government policy  
to give up her heart at the moment of dying  
to give it to the conqueror  
in a military uniform  
in a surgical uniform

her throne cut from her  
without passion and by a sword

rape! she shrinks away  
thinking to die or live in darkness  
hiding naked in her body with her only child  
while the voice of the politician tears away the jungle  
to find her where she lives  
to pull the one baby and all unborn babies  
from her teats  
taking out her heart  
for a souvenir  
stealing her mask while the ghoul  
clack-clacks overhead

the male squirrel chattering  
examining the empty body  
abandoning dance when cars pass  
coming back each time  
the rain on everything

*a horoscope of pathology*

lungs  
air  
the house  
where we live,  
ledgers  
of products  
in and out  
phlegm  
carbon  
mucous,  
soma is  
the total account  
chart subject  
to moon cancer  
heart/sun failure,  
sun in cancer  
sun in coal mines

in diamonds sun  
sun governs heart  
runs in spinal nomes  
sun  
is the left eye of woman  
the right eye of man.  
sun  
lapis  
heart.

Washkansky  
bears to the clinic  
his diseased stone  
operation occurs  
under shades of medical  
robes vast tent caterpillar  
of sanitation and crystal  
moon guarded moon eyes  
operative knife against soma  
light subject  
to fire in furnace  
Spenser's february snow  
on sheep-herding England  
her colony the savannah  
loose ani-  
mistic panther  
impala  
wart pig  
operation at the water hole  
blood under scales of moon  
fish blood  
on the torso of Africa,  
Washkansky  
buying and selling  
accum-  
ulating the body's account,  
no day  
given to the  
small sash  
of the  
heart  
the tiny  
vessels  
backed up  
the sewer  
gold-paved so thin  
heartbeats  
losing momentum  
dregs backtrack  
doctor cuts wires  
stirring moon  
O-blood universal donor,  
but no star universally

gives  
moon hence  
rejects,  
no antiseptic laid  
upon lunar infection  
pocks on chest  
key to  
an endless enigmatic  
world under world.

the heart is not a stone of gold  
cannot so easily  
be replaced  
soma spliced  
without regard  
for sign.  
the heart is neither  
matter nor energy  
but continuous  
without climax or crescendo  
a drum  
daily  
that deeps time  
that keeps us gasping  
into blood,  
this topologic graft of skin  
having come thru the hole  
here where the whole  
universe  
turns  
thump  
glurg  
earth and air  
thump glurg  
blue night cells  
veins of venus  
thump  
glurg atmosphere  
breathing  
inhabiting  
in just where  
we are

loess  
loose

*classical economics*

his heart broken  
his lungs murky  
his penis withered

he is western man

lies on his death-bed

he will not yield  
one cent

and with him  
the best doctors  
of his time  
historically  
working  
for a cure

they  
who have brought  
him into the world  
the king-makers  
who have nursed him  
thru childhood diseases  
to a diet  
of meat and muscle

who cannot exist without him  
who work by night and moon  
to restore his health

he is an old  
man who can no longer  
see  
he has succumb  
to his own tension  
having lost the ability  
to dwell in his body  
and heal it  
he has no regard  
for his organ  
but without it  
he must yield  
the throne

if he were a revolutionary  
by the natural order of stars and fire  
his heart however ill  
would move to complete  
the vision  
to live  
and be the new thing  
his eyes by day  
his veins by night  
would supply the medicine.  
no  
he has forgotten

that it is  
the genes which live  
the body always  
which dies.

no  
energy  
in the heart  
but the consequence  
of this dream  
of buying  
planetary lands  
the western world turning  
ripping  
thru jungles  
along the ocean  
skimming flesh  
fish  
somatic empire  
companies and institutions  
without end  
placing  
under its yoke  
cocoa nations  
and sugar nations  
in debt  
beyond  
the lifetime  
of any individual

has turned hard  
and needs a body  
and there is  
a young woman  
a slave woman  
singing  
in his fields.

*the journey of the knave of hearts*

the heart  
which was her commerce  
yanked  
from its sexual  
order  
placed  
in his dark dungeon  
where nothing she knew  
lived,  
would beat  
as a prisoner

for a few weeks at most  
rejecting fully  
his history,  
the secret  
desires  
he nursed  
for her all  
these millenia

but now that  
she is  
inside of him

woe

be  
to him.

"monster"

a word he  
thought.

"i'm the new frankenstein  
i have somebody else's heart"

the voice now  
her voice too  
remembering something  
or that once  
he was

something  
thinking now  
to declare himself  
alive

or dead/himself  
voice

flat as  
the joined order  
of words.

the same horror  
one  
chain of causation  
one

image our body  
if Kafka's in-  
sect so-  
beit

to follow  
all

our trans-  
migrations  
to their end  
and further

as long  
as there  
is a center  
a buzz

the echo  
of previous  
years.

chemically  
we are  
the event in the flower garden  
chemically  
these ends  
and only these ends  
are assured  
are beyond  
the workings of any physician  
as a dream within  
a fairy tale  
the tinder box  
struck with a match  
the dog with saucer eyes  
with or without  
a heart  
takes him  
to the princess  
into her chamber  
thru the palace window  
as surely  
as planet  
drifts  
into satellite view,  
nothing unknown  
and the present  
revealed  
by the body  
wherever it is,  
gifts brought  
to the cells  
by night  
not only in Bethlehem  
not only Christ  
but wherever  
we are  
the magi  
who come to us  
of their own order.

there is no  
end to a journey  
on the operating table  
or in dream  
a window in a nursery rhyme  
stars falling in the alley  
four and twenty blackbirds  
a rabbit's hole,

and no surrogate heart  
can stall  
or change  
the outcome  
and if we try again  
the risks attend

and if --  
but now the song  
whistled faraway  
the queen of hearts  
she baked some tarts  
all on a summer's day  
the knave of hearts --

where  
is it  
such a summer?

*bodies and parts of bodies*

arms  
legs  
torsoes  
fat bodies  
lean bodies  
the height of a man  
a dwarfed man  
the bodies  
of 90 lifeless  
vietcong suspects  
swung  
from a stretcher  
into  
an accumulating  
pile  
ten rows  
nine  
bodies heaped  
comrade atop comrade  
woman atop man  
or woman  
in each row  
the mass  
swept up in net  
carried  
dangling  
lifeless where life was  
from a helicopter.  
'for ignoble burial'  
says the newscaster.

the Vatican  
declares  
that the soul  
does not  
reside in the heart  
so that parts  
and other parts  
damned and saved  
may be shuffled and spliced  
indefinitely  
bodies removed ignobly  
from the field  
not souls  
but the dead mass  
of the enemy  
a health hazard  
nothing unchristian  
involved.

overkill  
bonnie and clyde bouncing  
from too many bullets  
leaving  
behind an image  
of death  
going on chemically.  
the film begins  
again  
or has never ended  
Strangelove closing  
on atomic war  
but the magic  
or magi  
song  
"we'll meet again  
don't know where  
don't know when"

the business of staying alive  
just one more game  
go out and win it for me: coach says  
one more game  
one more business deal  
bodies  
flung haphazard  
ledgers in order  
the capitalist does not  
consciously harm  
merely ignores  
bodies hauled off in a net  
breath-mint ads  
a health hazard  
meet again

go out and win it for me  
don't know where  
okay coach  
don't know when  
game after game  
winning it all  
losing and having nothing  
hang on  
play tough  
bravery, etcet.  
the purple heart  
risked his life for his buddies  
his what?  
his life!  
okay coach  
their testicles  
vanished  
to pre-public size  
packing the protein  
onto a linebacker's frame  
seven  
thirteen  
forty-two  
ninety bodies  
hike!  
lifted by a net  
no point in playing the game  
if you're not going to try and win  
the tools exchanged  
cutting away the old heart  
fastening in the heart taken  
from the woman  
but not her baptized soul  
counting the seconds  
like at a bull-fight says Doctor Barnard  
the moment of truth  
the card turned  
the seconds ticking away  
an onside kick  
nothing left to do  
but there's always something  
to do to keep from losing  
risk your life if you have to  
but recover that football  
place the grenade in their midst,  
bodies and parts of bodies  
cutting off his toes  
the heart recovered  
the frame bent over football  
the clock above the field  
the time of life  
the kicker swallowing his tongue  
choking on the field

the bodies flung in daylight  
onto a dark heap  
the breath knocked out of him  
daylight paling  
into his own body  
there is only so much time left in which to win  
*overkill*  
there is only so much time left on earth  
which we all feel  
the soul not in the heart  
not in the brain  
but somewhere  
the voice of the genes  
of a caterpillar smaller than genes.  
there is only this much time to breathe  
third down and three to go  
the bull  
the grenade thrown  
blowing up in his face  
the purple heart on his dead body  
face patched  
his mother on sedative  
the president's voice  
there is only so much time  
an onside kick  
and recover  
an impossible revolution  
the body ripped to shreds  
organ by organ  
a woman's heart  
frozen  
carried seven months in a gorilla  
a dog's head pounded in by a hammer  
to test impact  
the gorilla tied into a sled  
smashed at seventy miles an hour  
his parts collected  
placed on the bell curve  
the dynasty kept alive  
by hemopheliac hearts  
the madness of having too much time.

whose bodies are they if not ours?  
whose bodies are ours if not these?  
to manipulate from behind  
the masks we hold  
whose?

how much time?  
the car putting an end  
to both mother and daughter  
as they cross to a bakery,  
how much longer will this go on?

the bodies bouncing from bullets  
ears cut from prisoners  
a medical student cutting off a penis  
Jivaro shrunken heads.  
not on earth  
not today  
the magi  
a tune behind the curtain  
the skin grafted on we cannot  
see  
the magi  
behind the curtain  
bearing myrrh and jewels

"we'll meet again some lovely day"

*penumbra*

a business man of fifty  
shaving lotion  
on his aging skin  
steals the heart of his secretary  
takes her to bed  
seduced by his own product  
smell of his office,  
to take her parts  
into his sexual theatre  
bodies exchanged  
under the seductive  
antiseptic  
smell  
of the operating room.

a black woman  
slaughtered  
on the capetown streets  
her cunt  
and all  
attendant dancing  
organs  
nubile  
sexual  
flesh  
sold  
to the highest bidder.

proverbs of heaven and hell  
that the devil  
not god  
seeks to maintain his kind,

and the old  
corrupt  
refusing to die  
seizes power,  
living like ghouls  
off the blood  
of Vietnamese  
prostitutes  
bodies mangled,  
odors and shapes  
altered daily  
the nature of hell  
disguised.

penumbra:  
an american soldier  
bathed  
his cock rubbed  
by two oriental women,  
Miss World  
shaking her ass at the troops  
the dead  
sexless  
dreams  
of pool-room  
Iowa  
set  
going by a spark  
in Tapei

the old new  
president  
rising  
from the bloody sun  
a maze of maneuver  
Hamlet baffled  
someone from the back-room  
assumes the throne  
his sponsor unknown  
Hitler  
casting riddles  
the new king  
steps off  
the operating table  
malignant  
penis erect,  
Dr. Frankenstein  
has been saving limbs  
the old order reborn  
and again and again  
each time in a new body  
the genes denied  
the earth closed

to trespassing angels,  
Dr. Barnard says  
the Vatican agrees  
the event  
is purely medical  
the energy  
of ony dying  
system  
conserved  
in another,  
African sweat  
supporting  
this thin golden  
corona  
of empire

the poem  
closes then  
with the words of Blake:

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

1968

## A Qabbalistic Guide

There are no sacred books in a sacred world.

This is not a sacred world.

And there are those who search these lands for a sunken treasure of symbols, for an easy state of grace (named in legend and Yogic formulae), search under improper conditions and winds, search under an illusion reinforced by the speech of animals (the seven cities of gold, the Mayan tablets, everyman's Qabbala, Weiser's Basement of the Occult), search for something designated only by a name, search. And the book, if it were found, would be indecipherable, at best decoded into a blur, only the major notes and blunt rhythms sounding, the sacred unsaid. The book speaks of lost continents and angels, limitless atmospheric energy; the sacred leaves the book behind, moving as it does faster than the speed of light. And nothing can cross the speed of light, going either way.

The book lies between heaven and earth  
and that which we see  
from here to the horizons  
lies  
is  
between  
heaven and earth  
not heaven  
not earth  
but a mystery  
the low hot fog over the morning marsh  
eucalyptus  
the entrance to the alleyway  
the awnings the numbers of the buildings  
  
the city is holy  
each integer is holy  
the subway comes  
up from the tunnel  
leaving  
a perceptual mystery  
in the tunnel  
the industrial fog  
hangs  
in stasis  
the qabbala hangs  
static in the evening air.

The Qabbala itself is the Qabbalistic guide, its instructions are holy; on earth it is what we call a sacred text. The *Bible*, on the other hand, is a sterilization of holy material; its incompleteness and inconsistencies, its essential profanity reveal to us that the *Bible* is a pot-boiler, a piece of political propaganda shorn from the holy lamb. No sacred text could leave us with such minimal solutions, such divine cop-outs. But the *Bible* is not a sacred text, and we must begin again with Adam and Eve.

Who were in Eden alone with God (a state which Biblical artists transform into ornate flower power, the serpent a single snarl of evil wound about a tree, the apple dense with atomic secrets: is our cosmology so easy that a cartoonist can draw it between lunch and dinner?). The original sin was committed in the most melodramatic terms; Adam is seen as a weak dreaming mystery seeker, lacking even the cosmic blindness of the Qabbalistic fool; Eve is no more than a charged puddle of femininity, running downstream into the serpent's lap. God comes roaring in like a wicked patriarchal magician, creating in private pockets with a flashy external wand: places his creation at once into a morality play, tricks him into the only action he can take, is an angry old man who loses patience with his work, kicks his children out of the house (because they saw him fucking their mother). God is so rigid legally, so externally motivated that he refuses to accept the interior nature of his creation, that it must arise anew of its own, take action beyond what he can comprehend, that it must be! He is only the creator; he chases them out of Eden, onto the massive earth, closes his gate with fire known as the whirling sword (And there is no explanation of how the other people got to earth; the *Bible* ignores this issue to plunge man into the immediate terrestrial consequences of his original sin, to create a joyless abode, as far from the central furnace as Pluto: therefore, Hell, or earth where nothing counts but sin). This is history; this is supposedly cosmology, which Jehovah's latter-day Witnesses peddle from door to door, or a road-sign around the bend of slick route 93 (cows resting in its shade): CHRIST DIED FOR YOUR SINS. So Adam and Eve are remembered in New Zion. And our fields are as full of this cosmology as glacial morraine.

There is no sacred book that will turn the earth into nectar. This much we know about our Hell. The symbols and colors swirl about a center, but words and ideas always come back to the same point (there is no other point on earth). There are either altruistic mystics who say we are all saved (and derive our holy magic from the same source). Or there are those (like Jehovah's Witnesses) who will preach our essential collective damnation. Other movements seek to solve our dilemma by outside intervention: that there was a master race on Mu, their continent sunk by the shifting earth, came to Egypt and Mexico, their laws: the genes of all religious principle; or the outer space Utopia, from

which people come in flying saucers to rescue us from our Biblical plight. Recently we have new systematic symbolism of the collective unconscious, the realm that most readily holds Eden and bliss in low morning clouds. But the symbolism is circular and demands a chemical logos, a whole library of old books with bright new sacred covers. Leary mixed his symbols with acid Jung and Tibeto-Qabbala maps, but the Neo-Platonists, without chemicals, knew more of the chemical consequences of the universe than Leary.

We are what we are  
and the universe  
bursting out of us  
contains us too.

The structure of the universe is the thought pattern of the people in it, the path of all pebbles and frogs; the dreams of people and sleepy beasts make up the inland coves, the intricate structure of the universe. The universe is as moral as the people in it; the troubadour poet, the warrior of the Spanish empire: determine the possible moral universe by the systematic cosmology of their actions. A woman as the troubadour sees her is chemically part of the universe; A woman as the conquistador sees her wanders in some chemical constellation. Spenser's queen has weight; her morality holds in multitudes and a map to her kingdom is available (somewhere). There is a tribe of wild savages dreamed up by the Medieval mind; there is a tribe of noble freedmen dreamed up by another continent of the Medieval mind.

light  
light  
a steady September  
pressure  
light  
bushel  
bush grows where nothing grows  
sun falls beyond the fence  
we sleep and cross over  
wound as a flower  
fluid woven into dream  
light  
on the wet octaves  
there is a mountain

and the dreams pour out of another cosmos  
more complete  
city within city  
deep meridian forest  
a man stands taller than trees  
his head  
in the moon  
travelling by astral glide  
into the imagined field of stars  
landing on planet after planet  
falling onto the countryside of earth  
with a bump  
  
we are not exactly out of Eden  
we are not exactly  
in Eden either.

The Hebrew student cannot understand his Qabbala. The systems, the symbols are meaningless. The letters are tough grit, too big like llamas and trees, oily with hadassah zion money, with the faggoty jewish kingdom of god on earth. He cannot get thru the prayer; he must sell tags for the Jewish state; he must come indoors; he must have no violent thoughts about sex; he must pay attention to the distinctions of coda: this is the sacred tradition of rabbis. But the Hebrew student cannot understand his Qabbala. It reads like a mesh of outdated symbols; angels and archangels rattle, disturb his better parts. The holy mystery of Jerusalem is no more than historiographic evidence to him, a purpose behind the rigidity of jews in America. He can find no more. He is not accustomed to the thick lathering of symbols. He tries to place them one on one. He learns by angels and powers and devils and colors. He makes two-dimensional charts of the energy. He learns the names by which power is said to be present on earth, passes the exam.

The Hebrew student, the clouds whipping over his head/the earth frozen in geologic time, cannot understand his Qabbala, is attracted by women in the park, where he studies in the spring. The words lose their meaning in the burning of the scrotum. Angels fly the coop (so he thinks). Nor can the women, as they pass, understand their Qabbalas, parading necklaces, spreading their perfumes against the sun. The perfumes enter the Hebrew student's Qabbala, establish law

there. He is confused. The flux of energy about him, the static of his own perception, detail of birds and their ways, boys chasing baseballs, ring of the city: are burning with secret context, are progressing like exotic trains of material out of the back of his head. There is no law in the book; the symbols are dry. This is not a sacred world.

A gold coin thrown into the Qabbala sinks to the bottom of the pool. In the center of the city is a temple, disguised by its integer. Adam was not kicked out of Eden, and it is not a swirling sword that keeps us out. Look around. This is not exactly Eden. But it is a garden. History surrounds us, and within that history: books. In Samuel Weiser's basement there are books. But the store is dusty and flowers don't bloom there, the books igniting for no one. Weiser's basement is useless to the students who assault it from under the city. It includes not stars and angels but the most facile symbols, recipes for the most holy foods and metals, keys to all the planets on the levels of all the senses and bodies, tarot cards in several languages, adventures into the occult, lands where a door opens, where special maps are needed: purchased from Weiser. In short, the words of God, collected along the various routes and traditions, spoken in the various languages, poured into dreams and daylight, discovered in caves and darkened living rooms: no one can use it; no one can see it. There are no sacred books in a sacred world. Weiser is selling books, not salvation, in a non-sacred world. Therefore, there are sacred books. Adam was not chased from Eden, nor do we suffer for his sin. You will not find out what has happened to you if you spend a month in Weiser's. There are no transformations in his **alchemy** section, and no angels in his Qabbala. Something else happened, and Eve was secretly aware of this to the end of her days. She knew it would be misunderstood, and women vilified for millenia on her account. She knew they would all be her children. But that was too large; she gave it back to magic.

Pictures of Eve can be had at Weiser's: Isis-Eve, Venus-Eve, Mary-Eve, Mary-Guadalupe-Eve. There are pictures also of Adam surrounded by his magic, baseball card Thoths, records of his words, the integers by which Mercury unlicked swift recurring magic into the popping world. There is no lack of sacred statistics. Some may wonder why the ten commandments are so barren of cosmic meaning, so lacking in sophistication for orders from the divine (who, after all, is

where the responsibility for the conditions lies). But Moses smashed the holy ten commandments; this is not a sacred world and there is no way for such absolute powers to enter it. Moses gave his people the profane law. He entered the world as it was, carrying what the load would bear, precious little. Eden was sacred, but Eden is impossible; Eden was the intermediate step, the incredible embryo. The Hebrew student must take this fact literally, exponential to the woman he caresses, the woman he chases thru his dreams. This is the woman behind the veils of Weiser's basement; no old photographs reveal her; no old photographs can conceal her. The world WAS created by the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, as stated, as stated on cryptic oak shelved with Qabbala. The letters grew like helium, breathing, took on land, fed on sun and moon, filled the fields, instantly with cattle, grazing under the first twilight ripped across the sky in cool fire, elements settling like the evening rain, some of it water, some of it low-hanging trees. The moon is a letter. The moon on the water is a letter. The snake is a letter. This is literal. This is a pun. This is true. The letters of the alphabet that the Hebrew student must untwist, shape and study are the creators, the seeds of the universe. They are the sperm, the atoms, the hydrogen. They are the hormones of sexual breath. They are the rhythm. They stand for nothing. Are. You will find no further symbol at Weiser's, no extension of symbols. And a dirty paperback, as long as it is on earth where there are sacred books, is the Qabbala. These are the instructions.

The Hebrew student would do better to rape the girl and contemplate the Qabbala in jail (if she so places him outside her grace). This is logos; this is not a trick. Except a perceptual trick, as the Hindus say, and only a perceptual trick above the speed of light will get us back.

Adam and Eve lived at the beginning: this we know. The fundamentalists (who know nothing fundament) claim to take the fact of Eden literally. The literal truth is that of holy energy, man and woman wrapped in that energy thru their meeting touching, and union; man and woman in the total temple of themselves, braced as a union of opposite pillars (in which is contained the contextual universe); man and woman in personal engagement with the atomic angels, the whole procreative flesh guarded by the consuming fire; here the letters of the Hebrew alphabet dance in Brownian motion, premeditating creation, which is themselves, their total explosive matrix whereby the

expanding universe, speeds on both sides of light.

In a sacred world

Adam slept, and dreamed, and Lilith, who came into his dream as a tune apart, a tune accepted into his own motive force, seduced him, swinging her arts with shivers of mystery behind all doors of the garden. Lilith is the one thing of Adam's energy alone. No one knows where Adam got such energy from; perhaps he got it from Lilith. Lilith God did not make. But God placed Adam in Eden. And Lilith moved in the dream's scrotal waters, psyche pulling softly on his cock as he turned in sleep, saying just come, to me, just come. What choice was there for Adam, planets and moons already flying forth. This was a mysterious pleasure, a separation then a conjunction; shade under the cabbage patch, moisture but not rain, something not immediately explicable in Shekinah, in Eden. 'why not come Adam why not pour over, into Lilith, if only to know who Lilith is if only to know whoelse is in the garden, to end the suspicion of only Adam, only Eve.' Yes, to know who Lilith is, which even God does not know, and Adam came into Lilith, into light. Lil-ith! But Eden is a sacred world, and Lilith (though part of Adam's dream) was given a womb apart from Adam, impregnated, grew fat, her children that very evening, and their children, were the generations of earth. Eve's dream was of the serpent, serpent coil to Adam, thru which she touched Adam's dream which he was already dreaming, became the woman of his dream, thereby the sin. Eve torqued by the serpent, Adam reaching thru Eve to the seed, is the beginning of speciation, the spewing of the twenty-two letters into the seven powers, into diversity and landscape. God hung over Adam and Eve, protecting them, nursing his creation by the sacred whore. Adam could only awake to what he had done (as Eve), and though Eden had never left them, they awoke outside the mystery. By a perceptual trick Eden became earth, an earth inhabited by the creatures of their dreams, inhabited by a manner of creature they did not know or imagine, for they imagined only heaven, and this was earth, in the same place. Sacred mysteries hung in the North, the Northern lights, the Northern stars; God named Shekinah, beginning the library of sacred books, lighting the candle in the hallway of the home, where the woman goes, and the goddess above her, as she cooks the string-beans and potatoes. But the kingdom of God was closed by three hundred and sixty degrees of earth, a swift sword, burning of photons,

bombarding the inhabited plains. They were in Eden; they had a head full of earth, of crops, of children: of a mid-summer night's dream.

'We have sinned.' they thought, meaning only that night would never end, not for a billion generations end. This was the second stage of matter, the law of crystals by octaves, Newton's sexual and planetary friction, this was the ordained creation, begun in the hormonal inertia of a dream's bubbles. Earth and Eden were the same place, Eden removed from them in their heads, in their rhythms, symbols hung from the sky with satellite power. Not an unfit environment (Krutch), not New Zion (Joseph Smith), but earth, igneous robust belly of earth, of Lilith, extended ass-up by parameters and great circles. earth, removed from Eden by a heartbeat, ten angels, ten devils, ten powers hung in the veil between God and the way of rivers, between God and his creation, between Basement of the Occult and the occult: Osiris-eye, Alembic-Thoth, Ra's scab, penis of Adam, of Christ, between this world and the other, between this world and itself, all these sruti in a binary operation, atmosphere of a planet, man trapped, man blessed, shield of the sacred, metamorphic texts, bedrock of man.

The Hebrew student can find nothing that holds his attention to the Qabbala. The Hebrew student cannot remember his dreams for studying late, and he falls into a drugged sleep. But, if the perceptual trick is laid back on, energy perceived between the bullets of light, with the aid of the Qabbala, athena eyes of night in the city, sexual love between the ohms cohabiting in the temple made of sacred perception, then Qabbalistic studies have begun for any student, and his master is his home.

This is the expanding universe. Eden is here, but Eden is faster than light, moves as a sun, bursting thru dream into richer, more light, to keep us out of Eden, to keep us dancing on the streets of earth, and planting gardens. It will not be found in Weiser's Basement, though the truth is surely recorded there. It was a perceptual trick, by a perceptual trick that the land that was Eden was swept suddenly away, nor did it sink, nor were we thrown out; we, in fact, did not sin beyond the continuity and necessity of creation. The sin is not to see. The sin is probability theory, comparative religion, national goals, the Qabbala student, indigestive and wild. The moths dance on ohms, revealing the dance behind them that leads them to light. A flaming sword hangs in Weiser's Basement, one image concealing the next, three hundred and sixty degrees around the star. No, we do not know whose maps these are, who the mapmaker is, but we blink and are close.

The water runs under the city. The cool mountain streams pour down thru the pipe-lines, fill the fire-plugs, the faucets, the dreamer stumbling from a hot dream desert to drink from a mountain two hundred miles away, passes back thru the curtain and the dream is renewed in South American river country, lush vegetables in his cells. The water flows under the hard city surface, pumped up into the bodies of the buildings, sucked into the water fountains, the ice-boxes, dealt thru the irrigating garden hose.

The pee-ers get up in the middle of the night, relieve their urine, flush it down into the pipes, rolls out under the city; the city releases its charge in the night thru one great cloaca, rushing hole into the larger sea. The city pisses continuously, sleeps continuously; it is one urogenital rhythm channelled thru the cells. The water runs in the night, the water runs in the city, the dark water under the city, out of the city, the light water from the lakes, the clouds, into the city, the light water in the cells, the light water which makes everything soft, everything true, in which everything (remembered, forgotten, lost, real, imagined) is the same wet inundated body, the same dreamer immersed in the reality of the dream, immersed in fiction, immersed in the historical present, immersed in a philosophical model, immersed so deeply that even the cells rush to an opening in the ring: the water pouring out of the city under the sluice-thumb of the moon.

The cuckoo-clock begins. One, Two, Three, Four. The dog stirs in the house above our heads, and above that the roof, and above that the sky and the stars, the planets in movement among the stars, because they are nearer in creation, who distinguish the solar system as a house in the city of stars, the house of our birth, our continuous birth. Rooms and roomers piled atop one another, houses resting on houses; we are a house of stars among stars; we are not a point in a twilight meadow on the other side of time and space; we are neighbors; we can hear his clock, a clear numerical bell co-existent with us, as we dose previous to sleep.

The planets who were the gods, who say that there was a world in the time of Mars and Jupiter, Pluto, Neptune, and Uranus, that there was Greece, Olympus, Vega, Mediaeval England, Esquimaux on the eternal thick ice-sheets, walruses and seals in the cold hot-blooded waters of Earth, house of the stars, that there are sister planets, that there are other unanswered thoughts in our mind, everyday, daily as the phasal moon and the oscillatory orbits, that we are a spreading mirror of membranes not a point in space, not an isolate conscious form, that we are a shoreline of bull-frogs, some croaking, some sleeping, some splashing, some swimming, the orbits that mingle thru the stars, the migratory birds that return simultaneous with the seasons, that mark our place among stars, that are our hormonal distance, the porous map of our skin.

The sun moves over, to the dark side of the Earth. The sun lights up the cities, on the other side of the Earth. The sun passes thru the dark rim, thru the exosphere, of hardened red blood, adobe brick morning spilled on the Earth.

The sun is a beetle, blood yellow, yolk inside the hard shell, cracked. Poppy yellow, canary yellow, yellow. The sun, on the cities, on the pavements, running like egg yolk, into the gutters, into the Hudson delta and out past the ferry lines into the sea. Lighting up the other side of the world: we sleep at four a.m., yellow, the milkman comes, leaves the milk in bottles, white, white eggshell light, white paint, zinc oxide white, the white ingot light at the center where the sun is milked, the alchemist pulling on the udder. Seven golden flowers milk the sun, seven new-born birds and seven sunfishmouths. The sun, yellow in the gutter, in the gully, the Yellow Sea, the yellow sun, the yellow sea on the sun; the pale rusting yellow of the moon, of sleep. The white milk, the white clink of bottles, the white stars, the cold white fur on the cat who has come in from the night and lies dozing on the pillows, the white energy, released by the white powers in the universe, falling off to sleep in hope: the white that lies under the Earth, lead, mining operations, dwarves, dream.

There are several other atomic chains upon which the cells of life can be built, in whose complication an organic system, usually associated with carbon and carbon rings, can be constructed; the first of these is silicon, a heavier twin sister; could a second be titanium?, could a third be zinc? Are there races of strontium and palladium on the heavier planets?, the sun cracking thru their cells and the dreams generated in their crystal, with planetary morning, with bold vistas of drinkable, sailable, inhabitable seas. Charles Boultenhouse has Dionysius say, "The body is the only part of the Earth we feel from within," three times in succession, in Greek, English, and French. Organic carbon is the morning on Earth, carbon thirst, and carbon engines, carbon gasolines. The known sun is trapped in a carbon cage, a carbon labyrinth of sensations and proprioceptions. The known sun is trapped in a silicon cage, in a titanium cage, is the only part of the Earth we feel from within.

The sun settles in grapes, in dewberries, in juniper, in the torn body of Dionysius: these are the sticky carbon webs of Apollo, of Ammon-Ra. The sun forms a scab, closes itself into a boat, floats along the river leading a flotilla of craft and water-skitting bugs; they begin a language written in dark carbon ink.

The sun stands above the cities of this earth; the sun sits above another city in a science fiction post-card, a convention signifying the alien. The sun is carbon, silicon, titanium, zinc, stripped bare, as in heaven, or hell; the sun is the yolk in the center of the garden, the veins filling the eye with blood. The sun is yellow, the sun is white, the sun is blue. The sun is a beetle floating on the watery surface of the sky.

\*\*\*\*\*

89

New history is woven instantaneously out of old history, tribes splitting: Osage and Seminole and Tsimshian, four new baseball teams made out of the materials of the previous twenty: the Seattle Pilots, the Kansas City Royals, the Montreal Expos, and the San Diego Padres; Spanish America and French Africa, Navaho sand-painting learned from the Hopi, along with an implicit Navaho history, that goes back to the beginning.

And history is created where there is no history, and finally no difference between the mythical and historical accounts of origin; we all remember where we came from, richly back to the beginning. Old players are picked by entropy, lottery, to form new teams; the displaced tribe becomes a composite band, joins with other composite bands to form their pseudo-history, to discover what never was/yet is at the moment of comingling: the mixed sun dances becoming a single/bright/sun/dancer, the molten iron ball becoming ten separate planets, ten baby tadpoles and ten tribes of birds.

We are born a million years old. What we remember is of no use to us. Let us make new beginnings. Let us capture the wild horses of a new continent.

So the Queen of the Gheez was carried across a weak bridge on a litter; the bridge broke, dumping her and the faithful into the stream below. This is not Africa. This is Callicoon, New York. And Thomas Merton, leaving Gethsemani on a Tibetan mission, is struck down in Thailand by apocalyptic lightning, fangs of uninsulated wire. This man was beginning new work. What do they know of us? Who interfere with awesome stage directions. What do they care of our purposes when they have their own? And Merton, who said that a message with no clothing on cannot speak, who said we punish ourselves by creating selfish gods, who saw Batman riding over crime waves in New York, and a peaceful kingdom in Oaxaca reared up against the Aztecs, sun-worship gone mad, is touched by the uninsulated power of a sign. The seal is broken, as the circuit, and we are left with the unwritten deck instantly turning colors, Tyrian purple, Navaho choke-cherry, a dead Vietcong dressed in a New York Yankee baseball cap. This is what I mean by tribal breaking, glacial breaking; this is what lies beneath the ice and cigar smoke of the owners meeting in the midst of history to create four new teams from the growing metropolis of America, officially minted by Topps bubble gum in the spring. The supernals ride out the deck. Astrology does not limit our possibilities; there are infinite skies and infinite valleys, but the winds that play against the invention of the sailing ship, obtuse and occult angles, petroglyphs and Greek fraternal letters on stone, guide us as chalk arrows in a children's game, the field opening beyond the sail.

\*\*\*\*\*

Awaking to rain: what matters in what chamber on what planet, what world, is secretion around the dry bottle that holds us, is change darkened by night and sleep, change in the composition of the cells and the penetrability of cell walls, is the flooding of maps by old river basins and ancient images whose scabs now run with blood, blood on the roof and pouring past the shuttered windows of the previous dream. The dream is lost like the land, destroyed by thunder, the images ripped by upheaval and quake, destroyed of context by external interruption; the dream is lost as Atlantis is lost, as Pompeii is lost; the Mayan symbols fade into stone and we are left with the soft rain of our own breath, a veil of steam and factory smoke on our cities, a memory of having been somewhere, of visiting an old aunt or pursuing a girl outside of time. The cells are serial, interminable; in losing one context they regain the next; the rain falls into precious blue bottles, is stored in vaginal fluid, in a wet kiss, mud, lips, rivulets. Thunder rings again in another world, atmospheric world, previous world to this one into which the chimneys and names of this one pour, the bellows turning iron in hoes, and earrings, and guns, the breath turning winter into foggy hymn; thunder rings again in another world, a world that is close upon this one, a mirror reflecting the disintegrating mantle of the Earth.

The rains are equivalent on Mars and Uranus, and the planets of Centauri; the rains are galactic and sequential; the rains turn the shaman, the healer back on their own resources, the lover into the naked prefashion body; the rains heal impurities by impurities, distances by densities. Nothing is so far that ---, and what we remember is memory itself.

The dream is drowned in daylight, the bright emblem of a world outside the dentist's window, his stone against my teeth in the resonance of a basic decaying body, chips away at mists, supplying moisture in his own thin jets: wind, water, erosion, rust, the alloying of metals, basic properties of a planet; the drill, its cold blue veins surrounding a hot piece of rotating metal, enters the residue of thought, enters the white rock, screaming on the body, the sky; he has broken the silver of an older filling, strewing my mouth with its bits. This is surely the Moon Card, the break-down of the body itself, into ever smaller bodies, the build-up of another body, a planet of materials from the other side of light. The drill is constant; our images change under the force of a more compelling meaning, the pound of meteors and electrons, the meaning itself which endows light with color or brick with mass, out of which temples are built and ikons are painted. The supernal forces work on this language even while we sleep, the drill entering the ears by way of continuous bone that the teeth jut out from, the coves and limestone cliffs, the boulders in the sheep pasture that antedate the most distant ancestors of sheep, bursting the asphalt of the streets and rerouting the smoking cars, the clean and polluted waters, the electric nerves that touch on whatever touches them, and the spinal column, in which the unbroken language finds peace.

There is a world we surround, that we enter step by step; there is a world that surrounds flesh, that thought surrounds, as the swimmer in the mirror of his sensations is the lake, the astronaut the Earth at the end of its tether. This is the unknown sixth sense in which language survives by its own silent pressure on itself, passion, perception, dream, surface against surface, is tissue, is that we feel ourselves feeling ourselves, is our insides, our nerves wound into, coiled, introspective, is our viscerals, our guts, the sense of knowing our collective place, and the place of every organ, even as our ship drifts into unknown rivers, and is the Earth, just as any planet which we go to has always been the Earth.

\*\*\*\*\*

The boiler heats the building. The boiler is the sun, interstellar river carrying particles, shapes which would be shells if they landed in water, atomic diatoms, precious building code heat.

They take seed in a secret soil, move mirror by mirror in trained dance thru the infinite genetic, geologic seams of themselves. These are the megaliths, the titans, the quasars, remnants of an earlier, bulkier history. These are the wisemen who speak a word every thousand years, mutations, diamonds that begin in the furnace of distant unintelligible stars.

The furnace is filled with coal. Parts, burnt, break off, fall into molten piles, embers of myth from which history is constructed. Cars are dispatched in the winter night, carrying passengers from one warm building to another, their own furnaces burning, genetic taxis, carrier protein, the water in the radiator running thru the engine, cold Nordic river brought thru the sun, and then back into crystal and cold. Satellites, birds of prey above the earth make maps of heat and migration, concentrations of energy: those who are nocturnal, those who are hormonal and work by moonlight, Venus, "He does his work by night," says Kosygin of the owl, neither hawk nor dove. "He does his work by night." And by night the scrotum of Rome, the Trojan horse is filled, the alphabetic bireme, glyph ark of the gods, which becomes an Arabic character sailing between the Polynesians, the SouthSouthEastern seas. The Trojan horse is filled, and Deimos and Phobos are launched while Babylonian astronomers receive the Cro Magnon stone, and Jonathan Swift knew of those two moons, even as Plato knew of Atlantis.

It is a clay furnace, a kiln, where shape is baked, porous moonstone, morphology from the soft lith, the genes, the hard animals squirming from warm embryonic sleep, their bodies malleable as dream. They bear a hard bony substructure; they are pursued by Indians in search of food across the Plains; they spit lava, blood, die, leaving a hard mass, remnant of the dream. The bread is baked at night, passing thru somatic ovens in the marshlands and river basins; the city awakes to toast and marmalade, fresh quartz milk, a cow on the doorstep, sun on the doorstep, a newspaper, the morning

horoscope, Babylonian political news.

Here is another nostalgic morning for butter to melt on, sun to melt as sugar, chlorophyll; Piaget keeps his toast warm by inverting a cereal bowl over it, then placing his hot tea on top.

And all of these furnaces, including the buffalo, nostalgia, metabolism, tea, go back to the nickel-iron core of the earth, by which the earth is a dark star, a heat-giver, a card-dealer, a magnet distributing motions into space. Its poles are ice, are frozen cities and snow-men (like the poles of Mars and the equators and tropics of the outer planets). The furnace is the earth, the alchemist's furnace (his body in which the images of sex and chemistry are twinned); the furnace is the long hot bath of summer, the slow brown metabolism of age, memory, as a frog's cells age, as a man ages and turns toward unknown ancestors for help.

The wood is broken into fuel, kindling; Io drags a series of explosions across Jupiter, a hot tide, a crab. The hamburger meat is set burning, hydrogen, the whale steak, the dead whale on the beach giving off the heat of sulphur. The can of beans is placed in the embers; corn bubbles in an iron slung pot, broken from the yellow heat of its stem. The taste is aged by the wet sun, the tongue of the young girl in her boy-friend's mouth. The pieces of wood burn out, spark, and stars, ashes, burn in thru the sky. Little worlds burst within larger worlds, giving off all their light: popcorn suns; Jupiter surges beneath the light fingers of his lovers: Io, Ganymede, Callisto, conjunction, opposition; storms rage across his surface, a map of his organs, his cock turns hot, comes and is water, a hot mist beside the stove.

"She comes in colors," sing the Rolling Stones, the colors in Paul Klee's tubes, or Miro's yellow on white, blue on white, Byzantine mosaic, Seurat, the tongue in the young boy's mouth, the returning comets of our epoch, odalisque, comes in colors, but the sperm itself, like stellar energy, is white.

The furnace leaves orange sap in the poppy family, spectrographic orange; the cock itself turns red and the nerve-ends burn; the body is marked with lineage signets and climatic zones. A lithe, light-boned planet plays its harp over the body of a larger one, all of Jupiter's lovers on him at once. The furnace bursts with fumes, perfumes, firecrackers, spices. The alchemist chews on the metals for supper, digests them with apple juice; the lover is hot, but the sweat on his back, the weather, is cool. The atmosphere, the driving spring rains.

Furnace cooling. Furnace turning the glaciers into ice, into rain, into deers and antlers, into flight. Furnace turning Mercury into icicles of a golden crown. Furnace melting Piaget's butter, hatching the fish eggs. Furnace melting cancers; furnace of speech; furnace raining ferns.

Furnace inside furnace inside furnace. Earth in sun in cloud.  
Magnolia ovule. Bear within rabbit within snake within killer whale,  
mask on the side of a Kwakiutl house.

\*\*\*\*\*

Three white birds pass thru daylight, windows, shutters, vents  
and ventricles open, the blood pouring thru the atmosphere, a faint  
haze on the surface of the eye-ball, dim behind the tan curtains of  
motion, of chlorine the swimmer pushes against his underwater organs,  
passing beneath the city, beneath night, passing thru Roman aqueducts  
and abandoned subway stations, passing thru the thin film of history  
in a water-tight system of waters.

Three white ships pass thru daylight; they are the sun; their  
drift is solar, wind-blown, cylinders lacking a central furnace but  
drawn by a star. It is motive, motion against motion, a steamship  
driven by sun running backward, its heels dragging, stopping to  
refuel in Africa, and again in the Philippines, the oil-slicks of  
sunlight in which energy is stored and leaks as color, the crew stand-  
ing aboard their planet watching the sun set, moving their bowels.

The dynamo is EARTH, is the body, is the heart of rare metals,  
metal shell of the car, the crab, the shell in which the embryo ---  
soft --- shapes itself into the stages of a history, not its own but  
of its own, red star, white dwarf, quasar, the colossal emanations of  
the child who has been trained as a shaman. The dynamo is cellular,  
wormy, fishlike, tarsoid, is my child, dense salty ocean inside her,  
the sun rising and setting undiminished thru the active content of her  
flesh, the planet initially tossed out from the sun, spun from the  
center, spun onto by the center as histories of grooved light, as  
market-places and lemons and chocolate beans, as popcorn turns the  
nucleus inside-out, exploding reveals the amorphous sculpted form  
of the present, the child crying in the cradle, the sun resting on  
river-waters, the duck settling in mud. The planet lies in the  
delta of sun, soily and dark, its liver active, its form into its own  
dark seas, its history of sun in royal families and pellets of gold.

This planet leaves a trail, a myomancy in continental pools,  
underchurn of burning metals. This is the trail we follow even by  
thought, pieces of yellow crepe-paper tied to trees in the forest,  
Queen Annie's Lace along the road-side, spilled milk or sperm,  
Phaeton's Way, a blaze of sparks or stars, binary signs in a system  
penetrating night. This is the soft nose of the fish against history,  
a substance different than he as he releases his poison, his ink, the  
frightened skunk, the hunter --- his arrow pressed against softer  
molecules, air into membranes, entering unknown, or at least unnamed  
regions, entering the tips of new river systems, syntaxes, the tip  
of soft jellies, slippery isthmus of the tongue. The new night sky  
is a mirror, in its own sequences, of the sequential valleys and  
fields, leaving his poisons behind, opening his shell and depositing  
soft lava, unformed pearly moistures and fragments of housing. This

is the last cold vein leading into the eye, the last river of nitrogen, the unfolding of within soft vaginal layers, the East, the forgotten and now re-entered for the first time East.

\*\*\*\*\*

The planets move in and about each other, like the coils on a spring. Seen from the beast who lives in the stars, the solar system is a long body, a generating rod of precious metals, a naked dancer arranging her body thru the colored prisms of invention. Wrapped in their magnetic atmospheres, wrapped in their neutral charges, the planets spin the fabrics of the solar system.

Seen at a single period of time it is a saddle quern, a paddle-wheel, a vertical water-wheel, a windmill; it is hydro-electric power in the Tennessee Valley. Seen as a living beast it takes form embryonically, growing larger in a man's hand and seeking the water, middle years spent spinning in the streams, it grows suddenly into the great mature form. It is a dance of water, power, and wind; it is a slow organic creature taking form thru the intermediary of man, as if man were the egg in which it were laid. The machine has its own life, invents itself, even as morphology always invents its next continuous stages.

So the clock, like a tiny insect, grows more complex and compact, pulling its weights in, wound tightly in a single circle of metabolic parts, it ticks, and time is its own life even as light is the life of the sun. The enormous weight of the stars, nuclear emission, is compacted in the reflected images of the human brain, Coleridge's secondary imagination, and tertiary, and racial unconscious, and steady stream of imagistic fire, burning all its materials into neurons, neutrons, as a star. Man's life is neither longer nor shorter than the lives of the stars. The metabolic energy, the hydrogen stored, in the form of flayed atoms, damned and saved, blue and red, is the same in any case. But the stars, not part of our ecology, live elsewhere, and our food chains cross in cosmic rays and positional energy; we feed on the stars and they on us, but it is not the same issue of lion bloodying his mouth in the gazelle. Energy passes between the two lives, decay, but the energy is of transactions between separate orders. Between us and the stars is essential symbiosis, no matter for competitive survival; we live in different kingdoms of time.

And stars metabolically wane as well, their breath shorter, the life-signs dimmer, they give off their allotted amount of nuclear energy and then collapse like a rotten shell. But the shell is hot, center of proprioceptive plasma pulling closer and closer until it reaches a dense equilibrium, nuclei touching, the nervous system screaming for relief. The death of the star is like the death of the king. The cold antimony turtle, moving from the ultraviolet portals of the universe, turns hard and begins to rot in its shell, sinking to the bottom of the lake like seasonal mud. The star gathers its

energy in a tight packet, quanta of blood, hydrogen plasma, and throws out a soft ring of light; the speed of light locks the gates of perception, but matter bursts thru and winds up back in the universe, a steady pulse received at a station in Arecibo, the kinetic energy of life dispersed thru the universe. We do not exactly feed on this energy, but then we do, for the chain of electrons, like the chain of DNA, is unbroken thru the universe. Aua, the Eskimo shaman, is correct; the stars will revenge themselves on us for chewing their souls like sweet whale blubber; the stars will survive off our own sweet decay, the nitrogen released into the astrals by the complications of life-histories, Byron in Brigitte Bardot's boudoir, the complications of her plaid skirts.

It is said that the universe, to the degree we see it (or insofar as it leaks in thru our sensitive points still blinded by pure sun), is the body of a person. Our planet is an electron; the sun is the nucleus of the atom. The galaxies represent hormonal centers, build-ups of genetic and endocrine material on a *cellular* level, the rich deposits of protoplasm and life. We may be part of a frog's leg in the pond of another universe which is part of a sparrow's eye, assuming, of course, the applicability of frogs and sparrows. This may be true, but it is also contradicted in an interesting way by the notion of circular time. The other galaxies we see in space may be mirror images, complex projections and transformations of our own initial frame; the medium of transmission in which we see them is time. Like Cocteau's dreamer, we stare into the open sky and see our own decayed face, our history looking back on us.

We have just learned, from an astronomer named Gold, that a star, in its death, gives off a kinetic energy equal almost to its whole nuclear life. It feeds the universe with cosmic rays. We are born from amniotic fluids into the rich fluid of stripped stars; we drink our grandmother's milk, spurting like a miracle at her death. These are the great gods we speak of, creators of a previous history, who willingly give us their bodies at death; these are the great whales who steer their corpses toward the shore, responsive to the positional magic of the Earth.

So we steal our genetic possibilities from the stars, Prometheus. We feed from the lingering pulse of a dead man, the pulsing neutron star, or pulsar, who showers not just Arecibo, and not just Coleridge or Brigitte Bardot, but the whole Earth with food, a continuous rain which falls behind the dark violet veil of the weather.

\*\*\*\*\*

The river runs in the basement of the castle, is the river of Ponce de Leon and Jacques Cartier, the river seen by Schiaparelli as if on the surface of a red evening star, which pours into his pupils, which flows under the glacial ice roaring into a blue pothole; in the veins: *le pouls*, the pulse, Southern Florida surrounded by islands, awash of salt marshes, mangrove, and cypress swamps, lands at the

end of the Creek and Natchez kingdoms, with perpetual fire temples and corns husks, but also cabbage palmetto, chinquapin, short grass, hackberry, water oak, without the original meaning, or coherence into a culture, hence the occult, or deprived, culture of aboriginal Southern Florida. Neither Aztec nor Cherokee, but Seminole, swamp-land beings of medicinal powers, of little uncles, little aunts, musical instruments of the everglades.

*Le pouls*, the pulse, which is the beating, the soft beating, of water, of rivulet over stone, the beating which keeps life moving, destroying the fat, the pond scum, with heavier acids down from high water tables, the beating, the pulse, which blisters the world, and is called, volcanically, the Canary Island: *os*, the bone; *korallion*, the coral reef, shed by a billion creatures who, dying, live in the homes of their ancestors, the wigwams and plank-houses of Cow Creek.

That the hearth, the heart is a stone, even in the stream, is a rock, slowing/regulating the flow of water, and detritus. The heart is a wind-mill, spinning for leverage, a lighthouse throwing off the living material into the veins, a biological luminescence, planet thru its seasons to the skin, lizard, cottontail, one blind eye from crab to crab.

\*\*\*\*\*

In the street, wings, birds, chaotic, bunched around one bird on its back shaking. This is the alphabet, aware that the loss of one of its parts is the loss of meaning. At the approach of a car they fly away, leaving the injured one in the street.

Birds have wings, the wings are psychic, the spirit is hysterical for flight when the body is on the ground, flap wildly near death. There is only so much psychic energy I can stand being near. Lindy walks thru it, softly as a woman with powers; she lifts the bird in a towel and carries it back to our house.

While we were away a big ugly Siamese cat has come in thru the window left open for our cats: it sits in the middle of the living room on the big chair, licking its paws, having stolen a good meal, the curtains toppled, plants and lamps turned over, dirt on the floor, and one mug cracked in half like a walnut.

It looks at us and turns tail, out the window in a shot; Lindy puts the robin in a shoe-box with soft paper; we call the Washtenaw County Humane Society. Busy half a dozen times while the bird quivers and looks at the tumbling disintegrating world of signs. Why can't it spell? Why can't any of us spell? Look! Outside. Clouds. Buds. Flowers. Patches of shadow and sunlight. Fragmentation.

Lindy calls, the woman answers: a bird down, she says, a robin, shaking uncontrollably, did not seem to be cut, yet it was pitched over on its stomach.

It's DDT poisoning, the woman says. They've been spraying the trees. It will probably die in an hour.

The box sits on the dining room table, the wings scattering their sparks; the house is filled with pangs, breathing of an energy on high, whose lungs lit the letters of the world, into whose lungs the alphabet returns.

A half hour later it is lying the front-yard flapping, its belly toward the window; in an hour it makes one full turn, little feet kicking. It was a baby robin, just come to the earth, this is what it has found. It could not know whether this is life or death, what the living go thru in dying, or the unborn in being born. Perhaps its pains will be rewarded; perhaps it will escape the poison and be born.

In *Scientific American* the animals with DDT poisoning are cartoons, general outlines, two-dimensional with happy faces, lethal doses. The robin has been placed back outside in the world of birds, to be reclaimed by nature. The Siamese cat comes first, bringing its slow calm energy along long steps, pawing it, testing with one gentle front foot. Once again we chase it away, breaking up the DDT cycle, scattering the outlines.

The robin is still alive, flapping and kicking harder than ever. It wants to live. Or it does not know what it wants. There is no way we can leave it there.

We look up the address of the Humane Society in the phone book. I drive; Lindy holds the bird, its eyes closed, perhaps dead; she takes her fingers away; it flaps wildly; she puts them back; it holds on tight. It knows her now and wants to hold her, or hold perhaps the whole Earth as it knew it for a brief sunny morning, drinking water from a clear spring, in the early days of Eden: A, B, C, D.

The day of the spraying, signs were posted, we were told to keep the cats in; they sat in the window looking up at the sky; the plane discharged its chemical, the birds sang. Has instinct deserted us all?

We are being bombarded, and it is no longer trace metals; the DDT cycle is real, and the alphabet misspells its only words, passing along this code to the cells. Cows chew the bark off a tree with a single nail in it, to survive a tiny hunger for copper; the moon shines; the birds in the birdbath sing in the garden. But man shines a spotlight and the rooster crows at the midnight hour.

It holds onto her fingers, its eyes closed, pretending perhaps to be born, arise again from the dreamy sun-filled egg into the cameo of morning. Perhaps it did not drink the poison, has only a broken wing. But we are lost in the country, lost down by the Huron River, and on big Highway 23. Each time we make a turn it kicks its little feet, prehistoric Lindy says, looking at them.

The Humane Society is on a dirt path thru the middle of a small town called Dixboro. We park outside the dog cages and bring the bird to the door, their eyes following us.

Two old ladies sitting at their typewriters. What did you bring it here for?, they ask. We'll dispose of it for you. And that's all they said. They wouldn't even look at it. But a maintenance man, walking down the hall, stopped to look in the box. "That bird is dead," and he was right.

A dead bird. The form a universe away from the spirit that clung to a single finger thru the insanity of poison, led away to the spirit. We left its body behind, signing a paper, yes, they could dispose of it. "The Earth is vast," scientists say. "The birds many." We call the Audobon Society to get the spraying stopped; they quote us figures; it will not disturb the robin population of Michigan.

Sparks cling to an inner topology. Fire lights the streets in daytime; the stars exist in daytime too, and rain thru the fog.

It is all an illusion, and none of it is an illusion.

There is no bath we will not be asked to take, and all baths are the same bath. Alchemy is the natural order of nature, raising the spirit thru dross to a birdlike, a silver form. We brought the old woman her own body in spring, and she was shocked. Take it away, she cried, and went back to her typing. We told the Audobon Society that each single creature is the universe, psychic energy is a unity; we are born whole if we are born at all. And a death is a death, of the entire thing.

The bird lived as long as it could, from that morning it awoke half-crazy, fell from its home and was surrounded by its own kind, to Lindy's hand, staying with us, in our cosmology as long as it took us to get to the place; such was the morning's text. Opening a book randomly to this page.

And who can speak finally of us as separate from the robin or our ends as anything but the same bath, the same flooding of form. "The vastness of the Earth," they say, but the Earth is not vast, we are this close, and the only tradition is of touch and revelation.

1968

A letter from her older sister takes Lindy to task for her poetry. These are the grounds of the criticism: that poetry is narcissistic and, unless written to some other end than itself, does not serve the humanistic and social function of, say, the League of Women Voters (to which *she* belongs: this is mentioned in the same letter); that Lindy's poetry and that of the small cult (she drags in Wakoski, Kelly, and Brakhage's films here) is purposely obscure and is of no general interest; that wide circulation of such narcissistic and obscure material is rightly impossible (and here she notes glibly that she supposes Pound doesn't care if hardly anyone reads his *Cantos*). These few points should be made.

1- Poetry is business, and when we speak of the N.Y. Times book review, we are in effect speaking of Wall Street, the United Federation of Teachers, and the Pentagon, dollars and Madison Avenue. We are speaking of a literary criticism which maintains itself in collaboration with publishers, English teachers, and poets connected with foundations (i.e., also those who give lectures to corporations on poetic process). The analogy here might be classical economic theory legitimizing the competitive market economy by its "scientific" assumptions about human maximization of scarce resources; the rebuttal -- see Polanyi, Sahlins, and Dalton -- deals with primitive economy and the relation of varied intensities of resources to kinship and redistribution: Pomo trade feasts.

2- Poetry serves a bio-ecological process in multiplying neural references, THINGS; hence serving digestion, perception, circulation, excretion, and sex. Poems are coins, or data sheets in the species memory bank (which we now use in place of the libraries burned at Alexandria); they are operations by which we store complex information necessary to our survival; they continually restore flexibility to the ecosystem, imposing a re-ality (from *res*) between our life and a natural world we can only imagine. On either side (in or out, metabolically or experientially), we are halted by contraries and the ambiguous: poetry, as topological function, bangs the opposite shapes thru each other, hence its closeness in Olson to the heart and lungs. Poetry reifies the organs of the body (= psychosomatic health and conscious presence, proprioception as fuel). Stimulus deprivation is imposed by the cultural environment, one step toward organic death; poetry prevents stimulus deprivation: thus spiritual exercise. ....keeps carnivores biologically keen, replacing the primate perceptual field (the hunting territory). This is poetry as homolog to ritual and myth.

3- Thought (R. Buckminster Fuller) reduces the entropy in the universe. Poetry combining weightlessness with reification and a complex recharging voracious reference field is an exquisite element, more anti-entropic than a quartz crystal, or a squirrel, or a political party. Poetry is the function that balances interstellar space, recalling Crowley's EVERY MAN AND EVERY WOMAN IS A STAR, hence poetry is the complex and indefinite state of stripped protons and electrons, unitary hydrogen, poems and stars are both antientropy.

And here poetry is homolog of dream.

4- Communication: our reference should be to communications theory and not arbitrary literary judgement. Poetry is generative, paralinguistic (Olson calls it projective). Its coding is morphophonemic rather than semantic; the information is generated as homonymous and metonymical rather than etymological and symbolic; meaning is discontinuous and cyclical, not linear or historical. When poetry fails these criteria it becomes glib, witty, descriptive of only description itself, like a picture of a picture, or emotional in a way that limits the writer and reader both to a kind of false emotionalism and ethnocentric nostalgia. The reason that the readership of such works is larger and the "critical" appreciation of them so keen is that they are part of the false elite's self-image of intelligence. They are like a liberal's sloppy notions of government, all too sweet and all too gratuitously polite. No point in wasting that energy.

5- Readership: if the ideal is Reader's Digest...ah, but then we're not talking about entropion and the crystal held against the deep; we are fighting the computer and Durkheim's tables of suicide rates; the matter is sheerly statistical; the readership of such a magazine is properly speaking: one -- the mean, the average. I speak of a readership in which each reader is a new and separate maker-matrix, a topologist who reshapes the work: Pound's *Cantos* enjoys a readership of incredibly high consciousness and kinetic energy, and I am elitist enough to think that consciousness rather than mass is our issue, re: the darkness right now above our heads.

1968

## The Magician

These six grown men sit around the table: there is no wisdom, they are trapped in a dying chess game, over which the rays of the sun are CHANGE, checkmate when the mind is trapped in its own system. They are struggling against magic by logic; at least that is their image of themselves. The dark ages were once, and there was no way to know the difference between hearsay and truth. They see themselves as the pillars of science, blocking re-entry of superstition. They have nothing to prove; they have nothing but proof. Everything they know is minimal, is after the fact. For they are checks on each other, and no man can have an observation that the others do not simultaneously have. They are tied to each other by a vast network of strings, Faulkner calls them puppet-strings. They are six grown men, but they have not grown; it is more that one gland is operating all out of proportion, making grown men out of children whose arteries harden, who chose a false clarity only to drive off fear and insomnia. They are obliged to be caricatures, and now it is too late; there is no way out; it has become a glandular cycle, a hormonal state.

And so I am accused of using magic, of tricking them for three years with insights unfaithful to the text. I have taken the text and made my own version, and there is no answer I can give, except that I have, except that we all must, for style is death, and we have that choice at least. I am accused of magic, for it is all out in the open; I refused to hide and obscure the sequence of my thoughts. I showed them how I got there, and it was too embarrassing, reminding them of their own nakedness, reminding them that they have done the same thing, hiding their trail with rigidity. There is no wisdom left in the academy; it is all a social grace so no one will be embarrassed. It is like everything else in America; there is no truth, only winners, which is why no one wins. Yet we are all Qabbalists; we all have the possibility of being holy men.

They wish to argue only about observers and facts, which they call literal. They are concerned that matters lie outside of individuals, that insight always be in the past. It is magic that frightens them: that facts change and take on unexpected qualities, that firewood kindles, that logic wears thin and does reversals, that inside and out get confused. They are dressed in great sterile robes, but the germs are in their heads, and by not admitting them they lie open to a life in circles, and a knowledge that merely repeats and never rams it home. They are cosmically bored, academically ambitious. I see knowledge as a series of initiations; you can never tell a man what you know; you can only make it possible for him to come to the same place in himself. You can never pass a verbatim truth onto anyone; your disciples are those whom you have opened to the secret parts of themselves.

So when magic fails, retreat. When magic fails go back the dark road, return by the path, mixing unconsciousness in muddy self-consciousness. The magician need not stand on facts, for facts are

not the same to every man. He need not trust words finally. When text fails, abandon all language and hide in the images that precede it, the restoring earth, chaos, where wisdom is sucked as climate and we grow again ten times huge. There is no text; there is no language we will stand behind ten years later. We are trying to survive, to gain power over our conditions; we are trying to grow conscious, and here they sit: six grown men, six forms of self-inflicted blindness, of childhood diseases come true, as sarcasm, anger, envy, unconscious cruelty, sexual armor and teasing, six legal dwarfs.

The magician becomes scattered, mumbles, stutters; he tries to use language, but his wares fall apart. He cannot restore the lost text of three years in a half hour, an arbitrary half hour for which no ritual precautions have been taken. So the text must be destroyed. If it is to exist, to have existed at all, the tablets must be smashed now. The magician must become the fool. He must turn himself over totally to those who have taught him, for his wares are not lost; they flow back into sunlight. He can regain them when he observes procedures and is kind and joyful, not here, in the closed court, but when he leaves the company of darkened men and opens his books to magic again. When he refuses to let his angels embarrass him, his angels will return.

They think of themselves as liberals, but they are the worst sort of conservatives; they pretend to open themselves in the only way that won't hurt so they can keep from opening themselves at all. They will give their years to the earth's surface as part of the darkness that confuses our way. They are obstacles, and the text has warned of them; they are present in matter, lodged in time itself. They are not responsible for their actions. They know nothing of consequences, what the word means. They take responsibility only for the things for which they could not be responsible, and their mea culpas are gratuitous. They take no responsibility for consciousness, and that is how I explain their coolness, their mindless sense of humor. They are filled with alcohol, to slow down metabolism and halt thought. They are afraid of saints and power. They are afraid of innocence and have purposely made themselves men of the world, suits and ties on top of like armor. Now they are desperate; they will destroy a world to prove that they were not wrong.

There are those that want a dose of magic to spark their lives. The magician can go but one step with them. If they do not take the next step on their own, they are lost to the magic and turn on the magician. They think they were deceived. The magician talks of gold, but they want to see him make it. They want him to draw a clear line between internal and external and cut himself off from human powers. But power is not to be so used, and the magician stays at home and works on a keel: love, perception, sunlight. Magic is what he stores.

The magician fails in the eyes of the world, is shown up and exposed. But all that happens is that the magic returns to the sun. There is no other magic. We are natural, chemical, and our lives are the results of natural causes. The magician must not come armed; power in the universe, contrary to fashion, is not from the point of a gun. The magician's power is powerlessness, admission of source, reception of message. He comes naked: the Fool, the Lover; he comes prepared to lose all, and gives nothing easily. His knowledge is of the sun, the color of the inner eye, the non-lethal uses of world materia; his power is that the astrals reign from crystal to tribal village, that the reins are tight.

The sun sets; a girl is playing the flute; it grows hot in the room, and there is a visible loss of power. The magician retreats, hiding even his not knowing. Now day ends at five o'clock and the workers return to their homes; it is a dusty earth. They pretend to be victorious; they pretend to know, and that pretence is their final destruction of hope. They do not understand what victory is. They do not turn toward the powers but away from them; they manipulate: the hands. It is as if thru poor toilet training, in the last retention of their bowels, the kingdom of heaven is lost. It is that kind of world. They learned in first grade that wisdom consists in proving someone else wrong, and they have struggled for all their waking years to learn that trick. The sun sets and the stars bear down; these are powers that are not our own; these are powers that hold us to our promises. We lie open, that they may be known.

1969

There is a liberation of algae from the Stone. Their prior matrix is invisible. Where they pour out we cannot find the way back in, nor do they return. The first swarm breaks into sun, a long coupled chain of green; the links break and further chains grow. The Stone simultaneously sheds and conceals. Their harmony reduces and increases. The Stone lies at the bottom of the well, bubbling, red with seeds, each seed the maze beneath the palace, the princess concealed by interwound passage ways and redoubling entrances. Everything she gives off is by code, and everywhere she goes the infant girl precedes her, the jellyfish.

The algae are colored by their essential oils: blue, green, golden, brown, red. They are born with the sun in ascension, and their speed of division is ruled by Mercury, the material of their increase supplied by the Moon. If these divisions could be heard, and their increase, the sea would be filled with a rich Pythagorean symphony of the occult numbers, the pre-phonetic roar of spreading life.

The matrix of algae is adjustable and open, based on the loosest and most even numbers, an anagram of ones and twos. The plants themselves are found in brines, on moist pebbles, kitchen woodwork, the bread-box, even loose in the air and on the surface of snow. Ones and twos do not freeze or burn as easily as the other numbers. Their oils are minuter than climate, sheerer than angle. They are the basis of life and the root of the food-chain. Like the sun itself, they fall with easy access to the living material. The wind separates the curtains, and there she lies, light on the texture of the rug.

The algae are sexual in the way the galaxies are: clonal. The individual is the sexual cell, and planets are released by reduplication of the unit material. The sky, like the ocean, is a thick sexual mulch, duplication as swift as fire.

The algae are heliotropes, selenotropes, in the limits of their power. All their motions are coordinates of larger more absolute motions. The Moon changes tidal waters; certain cells dry off, becoming sexual matter, hence the power of the Moon to duplicate softly by spindles and looms within. The dry cells give off a fluid, as the choir-maid does secretly all summer, not even knowing herself, until the town is discovered and strangers pour into the local taverns with maps of the area, asking where they can meet this home-grown beauty. Chemistry is the only way these bodies can move, female hormones drawing out the male, the subsequent male release increasing the female wetness; this is how algae reproduce, and this is prior, even in the taverns, to the creation of the world. Which is why they order another drink and wait.

The Moon comes again in a later tide, drying off the female; the fertile areas dry and burst again, not with a polar fluid, but

the prior matrix, the eggs, thousands of them shuffled in the Moon's hands.

Here is the lost temple, that will always be lost again even after we find it, where Christ wept, where the Stone is split among the heirs, the blood of the Savior spilled into the beings He saves. This is the alchemy of an Atlantan people, who live far out in the sea. What should we make of it? This alphabet of chromosomes, the same plant duplicated over and over again, what do we know of repetition, except that everything is somehow new?

Sexuality is a hemispheric condition on the body of the plant, like a storm. Certain regions undergo a chemical change, and become the tip; other regions go on producing the identical body, and make up the mass of the plant. It is essential for the alchemist to know which regions will go into gold, and which regions do not undertake the opus. The alchemical king and queen, pictured as male and female wearing crowns, are, in algae, the regions of chemical differentiation; there are no other regions where transformation will occur, no other regions where seed may be grown.

It is a sign in nature, recognized by the adept, that some regions are bumpy or depressed, and they are the areas of essential difference. Here material must be gathered; here the king is born and reaches as far as his nation will extend, that is as far as his body sews topologic space. All other regions supply his material; he is given the most precious, the most delicate; all fantasies flow downstream to him.

The sterile, or vegetative regions suck up the sun, the torpid light, growing fat and stale; they float in the breeze as great leaves, seaweed brought in by the tide. But beneath the forest the king and queen dance obscenely, coniunctio, and throw webs around each other, and arouse each other, an allure which draws from sterile mass the creeping organ. Where the eggs are sessile, the male, the motile sperm, must come into her chamber; he attaches himself to her, and she turns red under his touch; the red transforms him into part of her; the chemical difference ceases; his motile parts fall away. She stops growing and supplies the food he needs; he is enlarged as a wedge, forcing her to divide in two; the seedling sprouts. The brown kelps have two utterly different plants in their cycle; one is a large and complex vegetable, the other microscopic and totally sexual. They give rise to each other in a dance, motion regular as the phases of the moon. Clones of almost-identical plants pass thru each other like galaxies, exchanging genetic material. A line of strong fertile pollution occurs, and matter rains down from this line, green leaves and stars, Reich's bions, falling half-living, or between lives, into the arid sands, burning but dormant seeds.

Life always proceeds from within to make more of itself, first law of any alchemy; in the junkyard, where human resource has failed to find a use, are the parts of new bodies. The simplest numbers,

like halves and opposites and doubles, are the most complex, repeating in mirrors. The blue algae, which are the simplest, grow whole again from a fragment. Other algae must produce images of themselves and go thru intermediate bodies, even as God made the world thru the mirror of the Hebrew alphabet, and made Eden instead of Earth, so in Adam's dream, the zygote, Earth could be reached. Adam created the Earth as God could not have done directly, and it is within Adam's dream, those fields, that we live, though it was God Who created Adam. So much is made of little, so in fact is everything made of nothing, and the units which are silent in their isolation derive from their association with other units an unpremeditated form. God was not a Magician; He could not have made a world, just like that, and kept it going, not without the basest material. He made Adam as conceptacle of that world, as fertile polarized irritant in Eden, and once the chemicals began their work there was no choice; he had to dream of Lilith; he had to eat the apple, the juice which was to transform us into the Garden of his body.

So the tiny algae, Adam's children, are not limited by the microcosm, for everything is limitless, ringed and ringless unto within. Algae grow in the gardens of Atziloth where the one and the second are the same. Man and his cities hurl from the earth of Briah, as the conch shell.

The algae begin in one dimension but find the two or more planes by growing thru them, wrapping around them like vines: many-headed and symmetrical or by different rhythms to a large amorphous plant body, crawling from nodes to internodes, lateral branches in whorls, and long rootlike forms which reach out of their plane to rocks and HOLD FAST, stoneworts which cover themselves in a mask of lime. So the king and queen rise like golden bells on pieces of horseshit seconds after the rain ends. The alembic is the cumulus cloud, the heat of decay in dung beginning the work; this is the natural bleeding gold, hidden treasures of the menstruating princess, her musky perfumes that fill the earthen palace, the split head where perception goes both ways at once, and Adam's head comes clean in a kingdom of its own. It should be known that wherever there is isogamy the male and female are concealed and will appear in the later stages, the neolithic, fully clothed in genital gowns. We may lose the thread of twilight, but only to awake in the morning with a whole axis of branches, the so-called birds and beads of Adam's Bestiary, or William Coles' "Adam in Eden," a list of healthful plants.

This is why the other universes of Bruno turn out to be astral and not astronomical, language within language, cast away by ceaseless duplication and duplicity which is the undoing of the duplication thru which we have come in. The radio-telescope stares into infinity, and as far as it scans, there is but one number,  $\infty$ , while the alchemist and his wife hide the generation of gold under the isogamy of the single flask in which they live.

Natural selection tells us that life is an accident; literally, it happened. In no way at all was life predicated, but a series of chemical accidents, leading to the galaxies, the suns, the planets, the organisms. An explosion among the particles in space, of which we are presently and instantaneously the furthest spout, an explosion which brought matter into contact with other parts of itself, and set the variety of possible forms flying out of nothing.

In zero is contained all. Is the meaning of this that everything is present in zero and must be drawn out of it by energy and time, or that nothing is present in zero, and occurs from the chaos tumbling out of the original egg?

Beginning with a favoring of certain subparticles, atoms, molecules, cells, organisms, species: what do we mean by favoring? Not the strongest in the brute sense but the most fertile, the most producing of its own so that it remains the same, or else turns into something else. Survival of the fit, the most fertile, who continue to live even when the conditions change, the rest disappear for lack of niche. And sometimes the conditions change as much as from the Earth to the Moon, or from water to land. What survives is what is there, even if that is stone.

For everything from meteors to tribes of men are part, in one way or other, of the unusual chemistry that has followed from zero. And life is an individual case, in each circumstance a shape, a condition, as the seaweed floating loosely into the shore, the moss on the rocks, the tree trunks, the club moss around them. No one symmetry is more basic, and we all know that the most conscious beings on Jupiter may look more like starfish or microbes than men.

Before the galaxies there was nothing resembling galaxies, before the cell there was no way to predict such a gathering of molecules, nor any hint of man in the amoeba. The conditions have always been too complex; the forms have been totally hidden in the previous forms. When we say that there is no teleology here, we really mean that there is no way at all to know of a form before it appears. Natural selection needs no form to begin with; selection, and random drift shuffle electrons and cells even as they drive animals into Australia and Madagascar. There is no material necessary to begin selection; selection brings new forms out of old with perfect continuity, but it does not find them there in advance. The web of life on Earth, which is a substructure of the web of form, is the result of what happened here, nothing formal or aesthetic about it, except in looking back. We lose Adam Qadmon, the archetypal shape of man over the deep, and gain instead the neotenus sand dollar, the land-fish, the walking ape. This irks the fundamentalists, and I would make a few suggestions in their behalf.

1- Do we know enough about time to say that the creation of the full universe follows the empty entropic universe (or, in the specific, that the creation of man follows only upon the creation of the fish)? Is it not possible that the creation of man, and his

symmetry, the Adam Qadmon of Biblical time, is simultaneous with the creation of the galaxies? And in a sense is not that larger cosmic fire identical to tissue, especially brain tissue, and consciousness? An orthodox stance would call this analogic fancy, i.e., galaxies as brain tissue of the universe. If all forms are created simultaneously, natural selection is useful only for describing a local sequence, as the classic case of darker moths being selected for with the coming of chimneys when lighter moths were made visible to their predators against the smoke-blackened leaves. Here at least we begin with a basic moth. Natural selection can get us from the one-celled animal thru the fish to man, even as it does each time in ontogeny and oogenesis. I do not mean to say that natural selection is operating in the uterus, but that it has already operated. Why does the embryo go thru all these forms if the old form is lost when the new is made, or if one form cannot invisibly hold many? We have the most vague notion of the material deployed in chromosomal space, cannot even imagine a differential geometry to get in there. Yet the meaning of previous form is retained, and is always there to use, as in neoteny. We can get from the protozoan to the human by natural selection, but can we get from the electron to the human? And is this even the right direction to go in? Is not time perhaps the same flowing in either direction, and our equal task to get from the human to the electron, or the old occult doctrine that stars are descended from people? It must be seen that natural selection works only when we separate now from then. We can do this for the history of species, but can we do it for particles, and of what nature is their history?

2- The whole selective nexus leading to us, though blatantly unconscious and fortuitous, is rendered conscious and teleological by our description of it, which is the only place it exists. This comes from my reading of Chuck Stein's reading of Whitehead, so I won't call it Whitehead.

3- Back to the zero that has something in it. Selection begins operating on essence, on material. If there is a hard base, something in the egg, then that base is never altered totally, or in a sense is never altered at all since the only meaningful alteration would be the total one. There are just so many things that can be built out of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and so many ways structures can be made to stand on this planet (D'arcy Thompson's *Growth and Form*). One may argue that these were selected for, and this is fine. But I would hearken back to the nature of the original material as well, and its limitation, not so much as limits but as supply depot for all worlds. If the original material is anything at all, it is everything, and everything follows from it, including the suns and planets that set the natural conditions for the cells and organisms. Natural selection is wound in one tautological circle. And in the center, with whatever shape you will give him, is Adam Qadmon, or the Tree of Life. If the tomb guarded by the soldiers is empty, look elsewhere for the missing corpse. Do not force those to use guns (who guard only that the tomb is empty).

## THE WHEEL: A BOOK OF TAROT



[0] THE FOOL

This is the card that lies furthest from anywhere.

The ceremony it pictures is not possible to us.

It is not even an archetype. (It is outside

The careless figure, his mind on other things, will walk off the cliff.

To break the formal unity of the deck.

To be inappropriate.

The Fool could be thinking that the ocean is playing piano keys.

The Fool could be thinking Stepladder. Or Jewel Nut.

He could be thinking that the New York Giants will win the 1951 pennant.

Whatever's out there, in the deck: is also in back of the deck. How the dancer chooses his partner before he even begins the dance.

Preconsciousness. Nothing The Fool does is wrong. All directions from here lie to civilization.

Dark clouds between galaxies. Costello. Costume. Posthumo.

The white rose is more than a star. All time lies *behind* him. Precosmological. How in God's name did he get out there!

Why doesn't the bloody Fool look where he's going?

Or Melville's Pierre, in blind selfless innocence, incestuously stumbling into a world that will drown him, of which he is also the egg:

"Then why torment thyself so, dearest Pierre?"

'It is the law.'

'What?'

'That a nothing should torment a nothing; for I am a nothing. It is all a dream --- we dream that we dreamed we dream.'

Trying to walk away from a car wreck, and "Lo! I leave corpses wherever I go!"

There is no way out of what The Fool is committed to: consciousness. There is but one moment at which he can do no wrong. From the North Pole every direction is South.

It can't happen. And yet it does.

The white sun behind our heads. The whole deck in back of us. We can't get free. It pours in. There must be a beginning. And if there isn't, there must be a motionless point.

Is ancestor to ape as well as man. The beautiful starlet who must embrace the gorilla to embrace her animus-lover, her Cro-Magnon Tarzan.

Naked child playing in the waves at the beach. What does he spill?

The whole ocean he spills from his toy cup!

Fall from the cliff and he will still be going at the speed of light. Bumper cars. Jalopies. Explode and the crowd will go home, the racer will be buried. They'll be back.

Piece of red cloth on a bush.

Holding the rod which is neither crystal nor flesh, nor either, he directs the powers of an immediately superior world downward, thru his body. More than a Magician, he is a node between orders, unaware of his powers, compelled to be irresistible.

The red worldly robe covers the white star-sun. The powers of infinity are unstrapped, and whipped upon our skies, invisible disturbances: not worldlines, but contours in the very material of cosmic liaison.

Where every occasion is symbolic, the circle of cause and effect is closed.

The flowers in the upper world nourish those visible in the garden. Astral powers conducted thru a skin-tight atmosphere. Sun which cannot be drunk except thru lips: even for oyster Magician is the lips.

We cannot escape the persistence of meaning. Magic is single, uniform. The card is number one.

The senses are wild red roses, cultivated in the garden, five of them joined by nerves to the same image. Here alone can a neurologist like Freud be literally correct. We are the only source of our own meaning. And so we get from the Fool, who is without meaning, to the Priestess, who is double of meaning.

The symbols lie on the table before him, the world-plane, limitless in two dimensions. The lesser trumps, pentacle, cup, sword, wand, all the possible human episodes, are for him to shuffle and deal. They are the keys, not to the world behind him, from which he creates, but to the daily events of an *I Ching*, a Mayan calendar, a rotatory book.

Between worlds he is the only conduit. The number one between zero and the rest. He is properly in neither world. His visibility is swallowed in the three dimensions he conducts.

The Magician is essentially provincial. He appears as a bumpkin with freakish powers, keeping a squealing pig under his coat at the country fair. Little do they know he gave birth to it that morning and nursed it from his own teats. Like Superman, he comes to this planet an alien; his relation is exobiological. Under these conditions he cannot help but be symbolic. His actions always impose one planet on another, macrocosm on microcosm. If either exist or neither exist: a means of seeing our multiple world in strew.

His tricks, though artful, and in some cases as natural and fiery as the seasons, are, in the end, just that, tricks, and only the magnificent deck which follows keeps him from being a stage magician,

pulling up colored stars and releasing astral rabbits, in endless creative dream.

We hardly ever see the Magician at work. He is disguised by Br'er Rabbit and Jack Frost, by Coyote and Chameleon, by numerous hermetic priests and labor union leaders. He is disguised as Hippocrates, or Thomas Edison. His historic figure is Hermes. Hermes at Stonehenge and Mystery Hill. Hermes Navaho. The anthropo (logical or sophical) figure is Australopithecus, the imaginary being we have dredged up of bones to be the first maker, shadow of *Homo Magicus*. In whose self-discovery the powers of the other animals take form. The horned priests.

If the cosmic level of the Fool is intergalactic and beyond, that of the Magician is merely galactic. In the biochemical universe he appears first as nebulae and stars.

Memory is the difference between daylight and endless night; from memory comes the fiery colors of the nerves and bloodstream. Not the forced memory of memorization or knowledge, but the deep autonomic recording, of everything, to its own ends.

Magic alone is not enough. Even the wand must dream. Powerless would it work unless she carried in her arms the text, the tora, and sat at the entrance to any world.

She is him. If he looked in a mirror he would see her. He is in love with her.

Dark unconscious beds of the moon she wears in its phases on her crown. His light, yellow on Earth, collects in liquid brilliance in the husk. Within are stored the red nerve fibers, the signals, and there too: the seeds of the pomegranate, the sensual stomata of the tree.

If the Magician were awake all the time she would sleep for him. If he were always sunlit she would simply forget, and he would fall behind her body into sleep. If he created too much in a day she would insist on a quiet dinner and an early bedtime.

As none of his works can, she attracts him. He would work novelty each day. But the blue sky, the currents of recognition, the romance, is residual. Light collects with density, in a pool where it is water, and animacules trickle from rich impositions, veiled generative powers. His desire for her is all he can, we can, be.

She is genetic memory, which recalls the iris, the bean, the chestnut, year after year, no matter where the Magician is.

Two is the number we learn from DNA. To replicate. Inch by inch, as if in contact with itself, out of sheer protein, a photosensitive veil.

Without her, all magic would vanish on the spot. She remembers what is done. Her power is to restore, to duplicate its power, to be cohesive. The Magician knows nothing of this rhythm, and cannot if he is to do his work.

Sitting upon the three-dimensional world, she is wet and holy; her robes flow over it. Herein is the meaning of the salty ocean. The clothing she wears is the genetic principle; what arises in solution, as if from within, are the billions of plants and worms and crabs. Their motions in the microcosm fix the motions proper to this planet. And later, the motions proper to man.

Her robe becomes the waters of stars, suns and moons, and civilizations.

Memory is the only link between events in the cosmos.

On Earth is water, at large is light.

The patterns of memory burst from underground water into brilliant sunlight. She swims in them, she becomes entangled in their growth: rises like a princess from the mud, her hair crowned with fields of wheat.

The white cloth of her robes clings sensuously to her flesh, as direct sunlight, as infinity, softened by sex, which is touch, to which magic burns only as a remote atom or star.

Van Helmont's willow tree in the tub. Adding mass though the weight of its soil is unchanged. Sunlight thru the Flemish windows turned into leafy strands. Even though there was not, there was a woman in the room.

She hugs the vines, she swings with light; all about her: sugars, yolk, oxygen. Beyond memory: morning. The curtains of memory lie open, letting in the local sunlight, the chronology and seasons. Awakening from dream into the morning after: the flesh world continues to grow. Flanked by Magician and Empress, the Priestess whispers the link between mayhem and agriculture without ever herself leaving the temple.

"Myxophyceae are ubiquitous in distribution, occurring in aerial, terrestrial, and aquatic habitats. Approximately 150 genera with 1500 species have been described. Myxophyceae frequently form extensive strata on moist, shaded, bare soil and may appear as gelatinous incrustations on moist rocks, other inanimate objects, and plants. Aquatic species inhabit both marine and fresh waters; they are either attached to submerged objects or are free-floating. Blue-green algae often represent an important component of the plankton. As such, they are important, along with other planktonic algae and minute animals, as the direct or ultimate source of food for more complex aquatic animals." Harold Bold. *Morphology of Plants*.

Some think that sun precedes moon, even cosmologically, but this is wrong. Moon must hold up the potential waters, set the clocks on somatic time before sun can nourish its crystals of flesh. The Priestess is the ageless absorbent dead rock upon which planet will form. The Empress wears on her robes the red knots of the Magician's senses. They are female, menstrual. All her white light is woven. Her garden is fertile but domesticated. The conditions remember the conditions. The first is magic, the second is memory, the third is regrounding, plantworld, is imagination based on memory. As different as wheat, iris, may-apple, and fern. A formal womanly principle, a turgor, triangle holding all motion, all moisture in. She can raise lettuces without getting cabbages.

This is the card of Ur, of the Mexican chinampas, or floating gardens, the tidal estuaries, rich in vegetation and fish. Fertile, migratory, phytogeographic.

The Priestess is the Sinanthropine being, in the jungles of Asia, but the Empress is Neanderthal; she is known in Egypt and Atlantis as one of the deep but intimate past. Kept alive as Changing Woman, she is discovered by anthropologists in the New World, and restored to her bawdy mysterious station. Everywhere she leaves her mark, even where she is not.

"The Mohave and Arizona deserts of the Southwest have numerous dry lake beds that then held fresh-water lakes and marshes, evidences of perennial streams where water now rarely runs, caves now dry that have at depth dripstone under which are remains of extinct fauna." Carl Sauer. "Environment and Culture During the Last Deglaciation."

As we move further and further from the source in the macrocosm, the microcosm must remake itself at each matching point. The Emperor sustains the kingdom, right or wrong its laws. He is the first of the law-and-order dictators.

It is not a political mask he can assume or withdraw from. If he withdrew, the great walls of granite holding up the continents would fall away, water would dissolve into lesser steams. As arbitrary as the geological laws are, the laws of the crystal and the ratios contained therein, they are legal, and they seal this world, at key points, to the hierarchy of worlds. Thus the Emperor rules for the good of all; he cannot relent, even to save the sailor at sea about to drown. If he did, there would be no hope for anyone, neither the sailor's family, the fishing nations, nor the living sea.

If the Empress rules by ecology and the glorious beauty and retrievability of her gardens, the Emperor is a stern but able economist. A Colbert. He must seize the trade routes; he must undersell all competition, not only to retain the balance in gold, but to bring sand and dust into the world. There is one route, and it is the quickest, and if it fails, Darius or Napoleon will arise, cut off the English shipping, and strike like the Japanese at the heart of a Pacific Empire. It is not luxury he seeks, but survival, sustenance. He wars against the Magician, who would make everything vanish and return. Losing a thousand men, he will take the Northeast Passage to Russia, if the journey show a profit, even by a single bud of sea lettuce clinging to his rocks. For the smallest becomes the large, as gold replaces cattle, and the atom itself, plutonium, becomes the deepest mine of all.

What the Emperor defines we accept without reservation. We should not. No matter how far we go in our revolution and innovation, we remain inside the deck.

The sun in Aries. Sulphur. Fire. Gold.

The harsh solar wind. The immobile igneous rocks. The Empress is fertile, deductive; she can get corn from grass by sheer twos and threes, but once we reach four, the ratios tend to slide back to lesser serials. The Emperor is not concerned with fertility; he is constitution, stone.

Hammurabi: not that an eye for an eye is the best of laws, but we are moving away from pure invention, away from memory and vegetability. We are subjects. A cube set in a cube (or an O in an O) is a labyrinth, representing, on separate levels of manifestation, a complete world.

In this manner each card counteracts the tendencies of the previous one, at the same time tightening the geometry and making it possible to arise again in a more precise, a more terrestrial manner.

I do not mean to confuse the Emperor with any one constitution or kingdom. In each facing of the cube of space, and by derivation from the whole cube, the relations without are prescribed within, *imago mundi* the mirror of itself.

The Emperor is *Homo Sapiens*; at the same time, the initial realization of the Earth as a unique planet. He is pictured as a man, but that does not keep him from the ruby or sunflower. Therein he can be found facing the Empress, as the High Priestess faces the Magician. As the loose ends are delivered he ties them in a knot.

The Emperor sees, but the Hierophant hears. Latent always overcomes visible power. The Emperor sees his kingdom, how far the land stretches, like the British holdings in New Brunswick. He delights in the expanse of the New World. The Hierophant hears his kingdom in the smallest of spaces, the yoga, and though he cannot tell what direction the sound is coming from, he responds, and the people follow.

The Emperor, who sits outdoors on a throne of granite and moraine, is replaced by intuition, who rules from indoors, even before his temple has been built. As Druid he speaks to the people from inside the oak. The Priestess wears a robe of senses and neurons, blue as veins. The Hierophant's costume is red, colored by the juices of plants and the blood of shellfish. He succeeds philosophy and dwells in nature. The people come into his room to be free of the sun. He releases them from an endless secular power, an industrial revolution, and a false democracy. Not only is he the Priest, but the Black Panther Machine-Gunner. He is the hook in the cycle, the turn-back-in.

As organized religion he is Babylon, Rome. The Emperor rules even the stars and the planets in their courses until the Hierophant invents astrology. Then he sets the Emperor subordinate with the first eclipse. In the days of the Emperor the Hierophant is merely an amulet he wears around his neck. In the days of the Hierophant, he is a man dressed as the Pope.

Such is the hidden order of the world we worship and follow, like a lost romantic song, equally in the vines of summer or the streets of the bombed-out city. There is no escape from it, haunting and seductive as it seems; it is the first vision of the occult, thousands of birdwings suddenly rising all about us in the dawn or the dripping light thru the maple leaves. It is a snake hidden in the grass waiting to spring upon and convert us, however fast we are held in the granite secular law.

Because we are occult beings, helicoid to the extreme, we are always susceptible to the occult. It is the depth-sounding of our own creation; it is the sound of our metabolism, as the buoy at night, at sea.

I first "saw" the tarot at lunch hour during a summer newspaper job. I spread the cards on the table. The water trickled thru the rocks in Callicoon Creek, heading toward the Delaware. The sun came thru the trees rustling against the dusty windows. All around me, old yellowing rag, the decay of the visible world, the becoming of history. And from the deck I heard the sound of the water trickling; it was the eternal water of the Priestess's robes. I heard the Star Pool feeling and heard that the water was my own nerves running to consciousness of the same thing. I looked directly into the sun, like an alien, and saw that it was a mask, and its power was contained in

shells of substance gleaming in the world. I looked at the deck and saw suns exploding all over; I saw wheels turning and currents being delivered to their repositories. I saw the figures of men wandering in the deck as the same man, not at different moments, at the same moment. So does the Hierophant shuffle and deal the cards. It is not on the table in the room, but full-grown, vibrant, and oak, in the three-dimensional world outside.

The numerological force must now perceive and grade its energy in a single binding event. The divisions of matter are reunited perceptually in a flood of hierarchical energy that brings a new plane into being. The Lovers use their act of love both to discern the means of their creation and to advance that creation by a further riddle.

"Each partner in this act is both male and female. And both seem to discharge sperm at the same time. Then they separate and both snails drop exhausted to the ground, where they remain lying almost motionless for some time." Herbert Wendt. *The Sex Life of the Animals*.

As the world flows from its end to its beginning, from Pluto in toward the sun, it is the relation between self-consciousness and subconsciousness, man looking into woman, thru whose form the power of the invisible passes, trembling.

"Each species of frog has its own call. They croak, squawk, grunt, bleat, thrum, chirp, and whistle; they ring like small bells, knock like hammers, clang like struck iron. ....they make their breath pass over vocal cords." Ibid.

Not that she can do anything about it except that she turns him on. He turns her on. The passage thru mirrors is infinite, each next card sheathing the ones before it, absorbing them in a cumulative complex motion, the rigor of the Emperor holding the sparkling husk upon a world.

We are deep within matter, and exalted without comprehension.

"When the males at breeding time have noisily proclaimed their desires long enough, the spawn-filled females come hopping or swimming along. Thereupon the males are seized by a rapist's fury. There is no tender courtship.....their sole impulse is to mount upon the female's back and fasten their arms around her in a seemingly irresistible embrace." Ibid.

Man sees in woman, woman reflects back thru the husk, her own perfect form, the creation. His sexual desire he does not know, go he to lover, fantasy, or temple prostitute; beyond that lies his origin, and the origin of all desire. The holy vision comes in thru flesh, and the world, if it is wound, is torso, and the torso, if it is world, spins in a mysterious outer attraction, even when still. The mirrors are powerful, and go far back, if held properly, into the atomic relation male and female re-enact.

The vessels receive, matter, matter is holy. The first man and woman knew how to because it is not polished glass but the mirror of the body that draws each into coniunctio, the mirror of nerve endings and somatic crystal, the power to draw us into ourselves thru another.

At card six we awake from etiological sleep, when everything was everything, to find ourselves in the middle of a cosmology. The subconscious seeks its being in consciousness, in civilization; it receives its energy from the unconscious source within.

Man looks into woman and sees the gods in the mountains beyond. The second body still adores, in its sense of smell, the first.

He stands in language, this superstar of creation, unaware that his armor is a symbol, that his words have no roots in objects, that his vehicle is motionless. The stars above him are white phonemes woven into cloth.

The city of man: born in the first campsite, at the crossing of two key rivers; the meanings of words themselves open whole new chambers of the brain. There is no return to molecular energy. All that is left now is the scientist. The mirror is closed.

The first mode of evolution has come to an end. A single Indian sits beneath the sun calmly smoking his pipe. Above his head hangs a veil of astral powers, shimmering vibrations. As he chants, lightning touches down on the plains.

The Chariot is a house or earth lodge, neither indoors nor out. But where forces of sky and earth meet, men live. Morphology replaces creation; the brain, at any one moment of pulsation, is finished.

And the Seventh Key is a vehicle rather than a house because the house in which man lives is a vehicle of prior energies, passing as the discharge of stars thru his body, unconsciously the rider of his will. Deep crabform gives him energies his personality receives as the Earth its radioactive core. Juvenile water like baby urine in the caves. First thoughts the eggs of some giant bird, their raw yolk prana in giant shells.

The house is built of the materials available, but man is not its first maker. He opens his speech, as the epileptic poet, to an unuttered dictation, and hears the great winds that surround him speaking. He enters the churning wheels of Cancer (house of the house of).

Any scientific definition of culture falls away. We go back to the German folk energies and the Brothers Grimm, their origin in a Neanderthal collegium. It is not that man built the house in order to survive, or even that the men who built the house survived, their tribal posterity. Man as Charioteer has discovered the house that was already built, the house inside of which the Priestess, outside of which the Empress, inside of which the Hierophant. Man as neural planetary field whipped by the belt.

"The charioteer's golden belt," says Case, "suggests light, and is ornamented with indistinct signs, among which is one which is plainly the astrological symbol for Cancer. The position of this belt, moreover, suggests the slanting of the circle of the ecliptic. It represents Time, and the influence of stellar forces."

The stars are the original unconscious, flashes of mute intelligence, premonitions of history. Man is tensored in their field. The Charioteer is strung on their span.

He receives the power of the Lovers to utter back thru the invention of the Magician, the dark imago of the Priestess, the Garden of the Empress, the origin of the Fool, that the original language is God's language, and all future words and cities are internal references to the text. Here in the Seventh Key there is an utterance, a splash in the pond, and upon the spot the mirrors ring out like Chinese gongs, back to the King.

The black and white sphynxes ask the riddles of the senses, boiling over like the great Twentieth Century labs of the body's prime. The Chariot is always in motion because the Earth is in motion due the sun, the sun due the counterpull of the planets, the solar system due the galaxy, the galaxy against the greater night. The starry veil over the head of the Charioteer, thru which sky and star-colored light pours down into consciousness, thru the helmet of tradition and myth, is not necessarily the zodiac, but is the whole panoply of fixed and outlying stars, the external conditions.

This sequence corresponds to the processes of physics, biology, psychology, and anthropology. These four go together, in the cultus of science, to make up evolutionary doctrine: chemical properties segregating themselves from matter in flux, giving rise to organic congeries, which in turn give a world or planet a reservoir of exceedingly sensitive, reduplicative fabrics in which to record its ongoing self; culture is the moment this process becomes aware of itself and recapitulates it (ontogeny), the cards themselves appearing in a human epoch.<sup>1</sup>

The first horizontal row does not operate by evolutionary theory, though such theory is part of its mesh after the fact. One might say that the scheme in the Tarot is more teleological, theosophical; yet this is also a reduction. The Tarot, being essentially a visual and generative series, encompasses any said pedantic reading of its signs. The relationship between Time, World, and Matter, which is consecutive and fixed in evolutionary science, even allowing for quantum leaps, is open in the Tarot deck to meaningful "misuses" of Time. Events cannot only precede their efficient cause, but both precede and succeed it. From the Magician thru the Chariot is a chronolog in only one take; it is also an exponential ladder in which each next card is the power to which the one before it is raised. Thus the change in landscape from card to card is a total change in level of creation. Science would have trouble handling this as numbers or models, but the Tarot does it by visual transformations of traditional symbols, much as a kind of Ivesian music. Matter which leaps into being at one level can disappear at another, only to be created again later as part of a new set. It is impossible to determine, in this horizontal row, where elementary particles arise, where chemical compounds and organic substances appear and where mind and society emerge, because in a certain sense each of them appears in each card, both in whole and in part. The Magician can be simultaneously the atom-adam, the man-adam, or the craftsman-scientist; he can also be the relation between potential chemosphere and astral abundance. Similarly, the Priestess is a principle which pertains equally to the process of creation on an atomic level, the bonding of chemicals, the genetic mechanism of life, the human memory, and the retaining of symbols in culture. At the same time this verisimilitude is not archetypal, or panscientific; that is, its synchrony does not free it from the real time-grid in which these events are occurring. As everything is happening (and recognized) in a kind of simultaneity, events are also out-of-synch and sparking and being caused by each other. This ambiguity dominates the Tarot and gives it some of its natural motion.

There is another duality. We can read the first horizontal row as being a complete cosmology in itself, a whole story, or we can see it as simply the initial period of seven in a three period take. Both readings are accurate. Just as each card states, in a certain sense, the whole thing, to which the rest of the deck can add nothing, each sequence of seven states the whole thing in numbered hierarchy, to which the other sequences are then corollary. This notwithstanding, the richest reading is the whole deck, which has something to do with the speed of the universe's phasing or pulsing, and the type of local rhythm it takes to pick some of that up.

In a reading of the entire deck, my own sense of the Chariot is much more molecular than human, is the speech of cells and the creation of cysts and fibers. The Chariot is an initial housing for inorganic (crystalline) and organic energy. In another sense, the reading of the Chariot as human language and cities of men (like Ur and New York City) is not only pleasing but essential. Similarly, the Lovers cannot be simply positron and electron, or mercury, lead, and gold; they must be honeybee and pollen-flower, and they must be man and woman in physical, spiritual dance.

Some of this has to do with the amount of creative space we want to leave between cards in a series in any one reading. If the Magician is the primal creation itself, the High Priestess must be the creation of the other and its union to the first. Then, depending on the steepness of our exponents, the Chariot could be anything from an atom or molecule to the first city or the hydrogen bomb. If, however, the Magician is the chemical veil directing astral powers into the world-set, the Priestess can serve as the somal function of carbon in genetic memory chains (a juncture she can have, on a different speed, even if the Magician is the primal creation itself). The Empress then bears some responsibility for algae, and the Emperor for the laws of the animal kingdom (the zoo), at the same time as he holds up the continents; the Hierophant marks the human and identifies the appearance of the church as a human being in that church (i.e., his own body-being). At a different speed we would only reach the protozoan by the Chariot, and the Emperor would be the crystal, the Hierophant the sacred matrix of sexual differentiation, the Lovers the physical division into male and female and the initiation of the life cycle.

Some of the richness of the deck is realized by changing the exponents and even the steepness and even-ness of exponenting; consecutive readings, each faithful, give more advanced simultaneous readings. As the Magician changes from protozoan to first man to tool-maker, the Charioteer changes from the first man to culture, to the actual buildings and streets of the city. In the last reading, the High Priestess would be elaborator and inventor, the Empress agriculturalist and horticulturalist, the Emperor miner and trader, the Hierophant the form of the nation-state, the Lovers the governing body in all its beauty and mystery, and the Chariot would also be the actual ledgers of society, the consequence of the law.

<sup>1</sup>Darwin, Marx, Freud, and Einstein are, in some readings, the inventors of modern cosmology. At very least, these men are Blakean figures of our time, and enact, like Newton and Milton, a prophecy we must live out. Three of these men were Jewish. This means that, either in a remote genetic and cultural sense, or as the inheritors of certain direct Whorfian shapes, they shared and derived from a Qabbalistic tradition.

Einstein, in exploding the Newtonian universe, seized an attention, which was rivetted in the microcosm alone, and restored it to the macrocosm. Where Newton operated in exile, in the mere weights and gravities of things, Einstein restored, invented a cosmologically greater realm in which the act of creation is simultaneous with the time of creative unfolding, in which the forces which gave birth to the universe continue to reign in and supply their creation with current. He gave a physical reading of time (in light). He demonstrated that our distance from the holy event and Crown is not a linear one but a direct consequence of the disjunction between time at large and events in our world (our local conjunction), that is, a fact of our biology or the manner in which we procreate.

Freud showed that if we are in exile, it is thru powerful and devious gates, gates no warrior can open by force, nor can anyone regain the garden by desire and will. He wrote a book of possibility and impossibility: the impossibility of passing thru the image before the neural response, of resolving literally a bending riddle of numbers and sums and reductions; the possibility in restoring Binah to Shekhinah, in tracing our individual memories back thru natural events and connections to some real juncture of secrecy and design. He taught the initiate the seriousness of every atom in his psyche, every fragment of thought; he discovered the literal holiness (i.e., wholeness) of formal consecution in a natural world; jokes, puns, dreams, accidents are the links between the dead world of the body's exile and alienation and the living world of the origin of psychic energy.

Marx rejects the argument of a kingdom of heaven separate of its realization on earth. If the Lovers renounce their physical union, they must also renounce their angelic union. What is lost on earth is also lost in the upper spheres, for this planet is not a purposeful waste of deific and inert materials, of animism and desire, for the obscure purposes of some other scheme located in some totally other place. Heaven cannot be used to palliate the masses; the masses discover heaven in their own acts, not as some transcendental form. As human society becomes more harmonious, it approaches a redemption in Zion and a higher unity. We are in exile, not from some exotic state but from a material which is physically present (and abundant) in our own world. By a violent synthesis of opposites (in the perceptual and historical fields), new forms are born; the act of creation is reanimated. Marx's "succession of worlds," each made of the same materials in revised matrices, is a Qabbalistic response. In light of this the state of Israel has

become the epitome of exile rather than redemption.

On the surface, Darwin would appear to be the lone non-Qabbalist. As far as he could see (accurately that far), the microcosm contains its own hierarchy of changes; the present categories of plants and animals, as well: stars and stones, reveal no intelligence other than the arbitrary selection of their being here. However, beyond that I think we can see a sort of Platonism in Darwin, especially his replacement of classes of animals with a single Animal, who existed at the beginning of biological time, and still does, transformed. God says the Word, and the Monad becomes as numerous as the forms of speech He so invents. Whether He did it by natural selection is hardly the issue; natural selection describes its occupation of a formal space.

The Strength is spiritual. Man cannot change the universe by brute force; he can change it by changing his mind, hence his power to be, hence the power of all to be. The lion is deadly; he is the total physical power of the Earth (hurricanes, lightning, swift armed beasts, water and land, id); he is coiled to spring. His terrific potency is held in a small space, the body of an animal, or the glands, the atom itself; lies dormant for millenia before its power is realized. The sun inhabits the Earth in fits and starts, Leo, and this is realm of natural phenomena, man always standing unarmed in an open plain. How can he be armed when even his weapons turn against him? turn to water and mildew? turn to poison and retaliation?

The lion cannot be mastered; if murdered he will die and come back in a more terrible form; his absence is a more terrible form. Either way Ahab will go down with the ship.

So there are men who never realize this, and apply direct force to each situation in hope of results, prediction. This would seem to be their will, but it is not; it is carelessness, stubborn disregard even for the nature of resident power. The world subdued by blind exercise of strength lies inert and beyond use. The world changed under *true* will is changed supplely, totally, and can never return to the prior in any guise. This is the lesson of psychoanalysis, not to attack one's problems as if fortitude and stubborn perseverance were required, but to withdraw from them and master their terms in one's self.

Case says: "The meaning of the picture should now be plain. The Great Secret is the law that subconsciousness is at all times in control of every subhuman manifestation of cosmic energy. The energy of this control is far greater than is usually supposed. Every force in nature, down to those of the inorganic mineral kingdom, is within range of this subconscious direction. Actually, it is because of this that man is able to extend his dominion over the forces of his environment, even to the point where he may bring into actual manifestation chemical elements which, so far as we are able to determine from spectroscopic analysis of the stars, exist nowhere but on this planet. Neptunium and plutonium, the elements brought into active manifestation by atomic fission, are truly thought-born."

The lion contains the accumulated and manifest powers of the first horizontal series, the elements, the untamed chemicals, the omniverous film of life, the mad logic of consciousness, and the derived powers of culture. It is this we are all confronted with as we are born into the forest. Beset on all sides and from within, we find that the greater wisdom is to surrender; holding the jaws of the lion open, directing his power, finding it simultaneous with our own.

In this card that we reach another threshold; man wandering thru the integers, has come to their end. The Hermit is the Fool revealed, the Earth in transcendence. He has submerged himself in the created cosmos; his individual striving lost all its meaning as he wandered back thru the numbers to the beginning, even of his desire, until that vanished too; then by the lights he sees, the light he is, he is used. A conscious link is sealed between him and his allies; though he cannot see them; though they writhe in his corpus, his frame.

The Hermit is the stage of revelation that succeeds Strength. The man who sees that he merely *conducts* the energy of a resident universe is then allowed to take another step, into it; he gives up his power and receives quietly the meditative object, his own.

He is an old man, an ancient one; yet he is younger than the Fool. He ages, in the integers; outside them the Fool does not.

The aged stands barren, his hands outward, in the Arctic, robbed of his fruit; the sun restores him to the ground. Sleeping away the dream, he awakes borne in altitudes by birds.

He is not generically powerful, but has become so in the acceptance of the forces that make him up, acquiescence that is something like seduction, in a cellular mirror, radiating conscious patterns from an unconscious node: making the darkness of the nine a lantern, a cold sun.

In his younger days the Hermit had company; he sat around coffee shops; he debated Einstein's laws, and Marx, in classrooms. He is suddenly alone. The High Priestess is gone; yet she remains. The Emperor is gone; yet he remains. The Lovers remain, shimmering invisibly within. The Chariot holds him in silence. He is monad, one because all before him were one, and all will be as this, alone, complete.

He has been raised suddenly to a lonely height, as in a dream or religious ecstasy; he sees the whole world laid out before his lantern, even as it is in childhood nostalgia; the object appears to him naked as he is blind, without words. He has an axis, a fix.

Alone he seems; the archetypal world, the crowds must follow. Revelation is communal; the cosmic rays pass thru the city as the man.

In our dreams we see him, the ancient, the autonomic part of ourselves.

Here the universe is as in the archetypes; the wise man, the Hermit appears not just here and now, but again, and forever, the same different.

The Wheel turns bringing back what has been before: rotation, sequence, destiny. As the Wheel re-turns, the Great Work, civilization, psyche in culture, unreels, reveals, that even as it changes it remains the same, involuted, the equidistance from the center to the circumference, East in West, West is East.

The Wheel is more than Fortune; it is the Wheeling of the universe in great days and great nights, matter ever in circles, cycles, periods. The Wheel joins the multiple exponential speeds of the rest of the deck to a single momentum and single proportion, part and whole.

Transmigration: the Wheel is, that we return to the same, the single note from whose issuance the complex resolution of a form, a life.

No myth without history. No history that does not draw myth to its center like a giant electromagnetic field, equalizing forces from the center out so that all points are the center, issue concurrently the text.

Eternal return is the Wheel of Fortune, nothing arbitrary, nothing accidental, thought it may seem so on a single turn. After eight billion turns the Wheel proves the right, the exactness of its sweep and measure. What is real never changes: is what the Wheel says, and must come again, to reclaim its kingdom from the appearance of its cessation.

At the base of our condition to which there is neither in nor out. Turning.

The speed of light is the denominator between two equally possible universes. The courts of each one hang in abeyance on the judgement of light. This is the golden scales the woman holds in her left hand, that sinister clue that solar energy, light, and gold are the same force in different subfields, hence stand for each other. The scales are balanced, notched they say, upon the calculation of mass as energy, matter as electricity. The constant weights between two visible worlds, and justice is delivered from the quantum down in each.

So is all chemical and physical science callibrated to Justice. There is only one sword clean enough to cut two equal shares, light.

They hang upon the scale of matter, down thru its successive notes, its lower courts, down into the bat-filled dungeons, the igneous jewels of any world, where Justice is also done, the ratio distributed as it must be, to both Poles.

So it is not the sort of decision delivered often in the Supreme Court or other judicial assemblies (though, in fact, all lesser forms of Justice borrow from the original concept, even down to the blindness of light in the eyes of the Law).

It may take many turnings of the Wheel, but Justice cannot fail. The consequences of each act are weighed in the darkness of that act, and like tinder brought back in crisis to light.

Justice is the center of the universe, as it is the center of the deck. Not a center like a midpoint (the midpoint of the Milky Way), but a center of balance. All forces are distributed evenly therefrom.

Every man, every organism is equal in the eyes of the Law; Darwin noted a lesser manifestation of this. No matter how much injustice is done in all the rest of the cards of the deck, this card remains in the middle, receiving all interpretations and possible interpretations, mediating as a court, as electromagnetic lines cross the universe from dendron rings to pulsing stars, evenly distributing the rest.

The slower now will later be fast, sings Bob Dylan, as the Hanged Man of the Fifties is found in 1970 to be rightside up.

In every other sense the world is too easy, too obvious. Boehme: Walk in all things contrary to the world. This is the meaning of occult: the actual flow of events is hidden, the actual stars of our present condition occluded from any possible view. The answer is to turn everything upsidedown, to hang one's self counter to the world, to (Olson) piss in the time of plenty.

Note the lesser forms of it in anarchy, radical bombings. Brought to the limelight too soon, these acts fizzle and die.

In this key the scaffold of creation turns and shows its counterhangings. Most people act too soon; they act in their own best interests; they never put it upsidedown and see against the grain a second revelation, the hidden, the truly enriching act. But Richie Havens, making believe he's hot shit Wilhelm Reich.

There is no doubt about it; the universe itself gets its thickness, its girth from the Hanged Man, the galaxies in suspension, extension, the counter-release of energy from pulsars, and the return of flesh to cosmic reversal in the gene.

The simplest meaning of this card is obscure in a nation of prosperity, easy for the Vietcong to read. The numbers do not lie on the side of those that have them; they lie against, in opium, guerrilla, and in difficulty; in adversity they run adverse. Exactly what you think to be true is not true, the opposite is (as Freud in cathexis in dream). Where you would think to put your energy to save the world, there would it be most wasted. But despised forms grow with a wildness and freedom, rife with miracles and second comings. Where the young would think to grow wise is no wisdom, but in unlearning, upsidedown, is the procedure, occulted, yet complete.

Death is not the end of the quest. It is the number 13 on the path to ageless wisdom. It is the principle of the rebirth of matter. Once you've been here, what other choice do you have? Best to take it. Death is one mirror, not all mirrors; what passes thru it goes on, reflected back in the next; as within the melody the tune is picked up at the threshold, unflinching, each time.

Death before rebirth, the card has meant. Death of the useless, Death as revitalizing, as nearing the key, turning it, finding that the body does move, the door does open. As the movie song says: *is painless. It puts you thru some changes.*

Death is the least understood of all natural forces: that it must happen in order that another more terrible death or stalemate be avoided, that it must happen to keep us out of hell. And *cannot* happen in a way to take from us anything that we ultimately need and care for. In fact, it preserves beauty, life, in change.

It is not just that Richard Nixon will die in course, and the generation that elected him, but so will the Black Panthers, as vital as they are this morning, so will the Earth, the Sun, so has the Earth and the Sun already, not in any way to be removed from the ledgers of the universe, simply to die, to be transformed into itself.

Already we have had the Death of a planet inhabited by amoebas, a planet of fish; the dinosaurs have died; new species, new cells have entered the world. Each day the body has a billion new molecules; the nuclei of the cells are spindled anew out of the material of life. Memory, on which we place so much weight, is not composed year after year of the same organic materials, but the exchange of this precious thread between materials, makes it something else. This is the nature of genetic or psychic succession; the material that carries the message dies, the message remains, a memory of which the world is made.

Case says: "Thus, little by little, there comes a complete re-adjustment of one's personal conceptions of life and its values. The change from the personal to the universal viewpoint is so radical that mystics often compare it to death. They are more literal than many of their readers suppose. It is by death and reproduction of body-cells that patterns created by imagination are finally fixed in personal consciousness."

Thru Death we control the matter of the universe, our imagination active and vital, we work against waves of time, sending out immortal waves. Remove Death from life; then we truly die.

*notes on Death*

Arthur Clarke's *Childhood's End*: The imagination transcends the

Death it has visited on the planet.

Bialy: Thru misunderstanding Death we corrupt all of creation.

*The Book of the Craft of Dying:* "Against his will he dieth that hath not learned to die. Learn to die and thou shalt learn to live, for there shall none learn to live that hath not learned to die."

The water balanced between two cups Is fire. The cups are gold, the emblem is gold, the aura of the angel is gold. Gold is formed when all powers, all resident materials are parallel; among the vibrations of energy which appear as the elements, aurum is the highest, the closest to pure transmission.

Fire dripping sparks. Water dripping. Pool of conscious water, flowing from the Priestess's robes, filters here as continuous eddying substance.

The motion of the waves is oscillation. Equilibrium. Even the atomic water, the heavy water, and the water of latency in the brain, oscillate, give rise, between waves, to other waves. One foot in the body, one foot in the cosmic mind-stuff, the wise man dresses, transmitting at the pitch of his life.

The lines pass thru. Entering from the nearest conscious sphere of the universe, a sun, climbing down the ladder to reach the level of phenomena, the angels penetrate the cities, the centers of consciousness. They carry the discrete patterns of energy, soft as cosmic radiation, as suggestion. We who could seem to have will and do are also their will. Temperance, between fire which is water and fire which is light.

Upon the lion the angel lets his water fall. Upon the eagle he drips fire. Psychic energy, in the tissues and neurons, remade as image, is the key to the tarot. We are a reservoir of cosmic rippling, each of us struck at a unique tone on the rainbow. One foot is wet with the waters of which stars are made, in the pool of memory; the other foot is flesh, source (we are taught by the supernals) to which we return when we are lost.

The illusion is that we think we are doing it ourselves. This is no illusion, it is vibration. We are the recipients of ideas wiser than ourselves, fires hotter than our own Ice Age hearths. Language. Holy language. The king and queen of molecule and cosmic law. They come to Earth in our costumes, and we climb the ladder in the mirror of them of ourselves.

Temperance is the modulation, flow, and ratio. The supergalactic signal. The sound whose flexibility holds together the hierarchies of creation. The bell, continuing to ring in the church tower, continues to ring. It has been struck. Once.

The first row boils into being as a plasm of primary particles and identities. It forms at the symbolic juncture of quasar and medulla, nuclear stuff and mind stuff. It is a locus of initiation all creatures undergo by right of their birth. The second row, though still teeming with equilibria and principles, catches at the level of *man's* quest for the means of his creation and sustenance. With the Scales in the center, it is torque of the deck. Each force introduced in the first row is pinpointed in the second, is given a particular phase or aspect. By way of argument from Hopi verbs, we can see the first row as defining motions, the second row as "aspecting" those motions into episodic functions, and the third row as generalizing them into cosmic historical events. The second row is human and psychological, while the first is ontological and cultural, atomistic, developing archetypal laws of matter and corresponding hierarchies that rule the universe. The third row is historical and evolutionary, and its manifestation is beyond human society or individual psyche. Even as the first row absorbs the outward and creative aspects of forces, the second row uses them in a negative sense, as virtues of submission. Power in the universe is obtained not from the powers themselves, directly on high, but thru negative capability and abstention from magic or messianic act.

Strength arbitrates between an original unbounded magic (one) and the logos of world in being. We are given access to only some of the flow. The body of the lion is a latency; partial sciences and wisdoms alone can be conducted thru his carefully-opened jaws, into the industries of man. But if we try for the whole body, out of planet and out of time, the lion turns on us; he becomes the Magician out of phase, and his power is awesome.

Similarly the Hermit mediates between the total memory of the Priestess and the narrow path of revelation by which a man must go. The Wheel of Fortune spins between the pure creativity of the Empress in her garden and the seasonal and climatic conditions of a planet; it is by the Wheel that the single blossom phases with the eternal universe. Justice is the balance between the cosmic law and temporal law; it links ecological justice and judicial justice in a blind fatal Dantean chemistry.

The Hanged Man is hung between the acquired wisdom of institutional religion and the selfish and self-sacrificial act of the magus, who refreshes the ancient coda and brings about a new aeon and sun. Death is the broken sash to unbroken Love. It affirms, as Yeats, that all true Love must die, alter at best into some lesser thing. What is recovered is an eternal Love, sustaining its body incarnation after incarnation. Death also conducts between the sexual ecstasy and comradeship of any particular world and the day when all who have been here will be created again, as such, in the single world-mind. And Temperance is the link between the Word and the World, between Logos and the City; the lines of creation flow from spoken existence to cosmic realization, which must both precede and

succeed the Word for the Word to exist.

The second horizontal row involves a path to Being thru Non-Being, hence resembles the way of *Tao* and the search for wisdom and truth thru denial. Strength exists in the limitations of Strength. Wisdom comes to he who spurns traditional wisdom. Eternal creativity is established only by periodic creativity.

Justice is equal in all directions. The Hanged Man descends into wisdom the upright man has no dream of. Death of Love becomes the final and complete Love. And Passivity replaces centripetal Will.

A certain negative capability is shown by the following matching pairs: Strength-Temperance (8, 14), Hermit-Death (9, 13), and Wheel of Fortune-Hanged Man (10, 12). The first pair demands submission of the individual will to the cosmic pulse; in both cards man merely conducts the energy of the universe. In the Strength card, the energy is the particular flow from Nature and the Natural World which feeds the techno-economic complex; in the Temperance card the flow is astral and psychic, genetic in the sense of message.

The Hermit-Death pair is a deadly warning. The company of people must be given up, the comforts of love and friendship, for the larger quest. The Hermit identifies himself with occult and esoteric wisdom, and Death isolates the individual with over-riding biological forces that must take him from one world to another, one state of mind and body to another. The Wheel of Fortune has as its grounds the entire biohistorical World. Individual acts of creativity and transformation are vindicated only in continuing universal process. The Hanged Man is compelled, in fact, by the Wheel to turn himself upside-down, for he is certain, by the powers of its turning, that he will once again be rightside-up. Both the first and third rows use time, molecular-atomic and historical-cosmic time, respectively, the second row is the long middle history of the earth, the aspect of the major arcana to which the minor trumps refer again and again as microcosmic cameos. The first row feeds and fuels the whole process, both material creation and spiritual revelation. The third row is a kick of a whole other sort, known as history, when the drama of discrete events and coherent aeons gets rolling with momentum and roars right on thru Star, Moon, Sun, World.....

Black is the color of the card of the Devil; 15 and 16 are the only black cards in the deck. The Devil stands against, between. He is a beautiful figure twisted into blindness: not only can he not see, he cannot be seen.

His torch burns wastefully; a phallus, Case says, dripping away sperm. And the Devil says: All that you see is all that there is to see. Bathe in the senses; experience the universe in your brief span. As in the beer ad: gusto, you only go around once in life. Grab for what you can.

The fingers are open on the Devil's right hand; his loins are hot with a sexual fire, as lips, unable to come. Saturn in Capricorn, is the goat's head on the Devil, is the signet in his palm. He perches on the rectangular solid, the half-cube, the half-reality: limitation, entropy, the visible exalted in nihilo, its roots torn from the ground.

The High Priestess sits on a full cube, the invisible supporting her body. The Hierophant holds his fingers closed at an angle. For the senses are not complete. They report a single world; the other world lies among their flashes as darkness among lightning. There is more than you see. Consult inner wisdom.

A universe from which the senses spout the Devil caps with sensuality. He is the node thru which we begin to know, in whose twisted legs and unfulfilled passions we experience the contradiction between circumstances that hold us prisoner and an intuition that we are always, anyway free.

The Devil is the first occultist: man removed from himself, looking at himself, sees in sorrow what he thinks he is. Such was the terrible wisdom given to Eve by the Serpent: all you think you are you are. Suddenly, when she knew, she was out of Eden, and whom she had thought to be God was grinning mindlessly back at her as the Devil. She came to Adam: what else could she do but tell him the secret, that they were enslaved, that they did not know, that he could join her in Hell. Come.

The living man-ape, bound as goat, as Saturn in Capricorn, finds that he has fled the astral garden in becoming human. The great African savannas are mere world and territory. In his brain the Word is imposed like a mirror, and he is separated from himself. All occult wisdom works to undo the vision of the Devil, that we are doomed to a meaningless somewhat-pleasurable existence, Hemingway with his gun imagining that there is nothing more, the nightmare we awake from and to, again and again.

The Lovers look from man into woman into God. In the fifteenth trump they look away, only pretending to be passionate. They are lost in sensuality, but even in the flooding of their bodies with

senses they are unable to see each other. And the Devil is God seen from Hell. Is where Hell is: where God is seen as the Devil. The danger of mindless radical politics is the danger of a revolution in Hell. Dethrone the Devil to learn that he is but a form, and after the victory over his legions we are still in Hell.

The world which is visible as the Lovers at one moment is visible as the Devil at another moment; we see what we are able to see; we see where we are.

A boy's mother writes to the newspaper advice column. Her son must put his shirt on backwards, then forwards, then backwards, then forwards, before he will leave it on. He has to write two words with each crayon before he will put his crayons away.

The first act of freedom is to see the Devil as he is, to perceive that his prison is imaginary, that the chains, which appear to bind us forever, are hung but loosely around our necks, that we carry a non-existent load.

This is the row of initial cosmic energy. The Magician draws it from the upper spheres. The Lion grounds it in the raw processes of nature. The Devil translates it into thought.

The difficulty of events under the first row is that they must absorb an overabundance of circuits, messianic, explosive, and magically-sustained. The horizon of each row softens the explosion, and the radial modification of the whole deck transforms it. The Devil must end the first vertical row, for the extreme optimism of the Monad and of the Creation is, finally, a mirage (and a dangerous reduction) by the time it reaches mind. Psychedelics are merely the *illusion* of the archetypes known. They cannot be known; what is conscious is Hell, the dark heavy lead which sinks thru the inertia of hierarchies, centuries, before the act of subconscious (dialectic, duo) subtilization quells its boundless useless form.

Unless the first vertical and third horizontal row are reified, the Devil is an interloper in the deck. One Tarot begins only in the lower lefthand corner, in ignorance, and grows wise outward and upward. The Magician is prior, as the Garden is prior; he stands in the Adamic world of One. History, however, begins *in medias res*; we must recover the Aleph from where we are. The Magician is the beginning by energy. The Devil is the beginning by perception. The Devil is the origin because the universe, created once in reality, must be created again, accurately, isometrically, in man's mind.

The yellow light of the Magus and the Lion's coat becomes black in the dungeons of Hell. The power of suns and circuits, the rich and creamy power of natural and sexual law, is black at the identical moment of its unawareness. Without vision, the Earth is black; there is in fact no creation at all. He did not create the universe. It was there before Him; it will always be there. It is that He created man to see the universe, to fill it with wonders and tell Him of those wonders. He created man of location and senses, of within, so he could find himself within, without knowing the way out.

The Devil throws his cards on the table in disgust; the Tarot begins.

Lightning strikes the Tower; the olden figures fall. This we know as an internal event, like the simultaneity between the rush of blood and the rush of consciousness. The Tower in the outside world is also struck, and the dead masses of a previous consciousness fall before the revelation.

A car, flying out of control in downtown Manhattan, hits an apartment building at a key point; the building collapses. The firemen come to put out the fire, but the dark forms who struck with lightning linger, and defend their deed with rifle fire. Minds which have been changed can never again return: this the terror of the revolution, the radical, of the open plain.

Materialism itself, in our time, falls before the discovery that matter is energy, that money is liquid, that light is gold is water. And electrons, which hold on the crown, fly off the crown at intervals too. "This cannot threaten the dialectic, or Communism," Stalin says. But Heisenberg knows better. Dark beings of a forest older than men now wander in our cities; they come from the unending lands of the unconscious; they come from Africa, and before that, unknown Kadath. They enter behind the lines, as the Minutemen would fear, the invasion of the body-snatchers. A sudden rush from the unconscious culminates in rape, assassination, arson; the old body is torn apart; materialism fails even the Lovers, they who no longer have their bodies but are an approximate locale for energy, for the boundless humming bees that hold them together in parts (what is meant by a together person), and the isometric vibrations of Mars.

The twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet hang in the air, burning of the eternal fuel which passes from electron to molecule to gene, and is the runway of this world. Ten of them on the right: the elementary and planetary letters; twelve of them on the left: the letters of planets of the zodiac. These correspond, at a different pitch (as when the penis fills with blood and changes kingdoms of light) to the hard bricks of the Tower. They are the seeds, "hanging in the air," Case says, "to indicate that the forces they symbolize rest on no physical foundation."

The cold winds of autumn come to hell also, and recover the lost spirits. How do they know the end of their bondage has come except when they look up from their numbness. The sky is inexplicably blue, the wind is blowing, literally tearing thru the treetops. The dim candle is blown out. At the same time a hole is blown in the black curtains of matter and lingering soot, and thru it: daylight. The spirit cannot be held in chains forever, body after body thru a universe of revealed events. Nor is Hell forever. We would gain nothing from wishing eternal suffering on our enemies. The universe is a one, the eleventh card in the center, and salvation is the simple chemistry of it all. As even the politician is awakened in his office by a flash. Not of suns, sir, as you think to close the blinds, or ask your secretary to, but neurons, again and again,

firing, opening, reopening the perceptual world. There is no escape; even the masonry of America dissolves before the revelation of a more ancient order.

The Tower of false statistical logic collapses on its adherents; they see a third way, and they must take it even if it drives them mad. Pip walks into the house of Stella and throws open the curtains, rips off the cobwebs, the dead tissue, sets the blood flowing again, as it happens in a plant: by light, and in a human order the sexual angel carrier of the same. The cards flow faster than the hands of the Magician than the strips of matter which keep out light.

Pip throws open the curtains, which were once, which throwing open was once, as these words show, on Earth the curtains of man. Thru them comes the deck, as the jaguar bearing fire comes thru the brain.

Blue is the color of revelation, as the scrolling of ocean waters, or a magnetic memory birds feel in migrating, pool they return to in their utter location. Yellow is the solar and pre-galactic creation, hence preconscious, is the electron's sphere; blue is the memory's sense that it *does* remember, the body's sense that it is remembered, not the lamplight, but the lampshell, the campion flowers, fleshy of the absolute geography of being.

The High Priestess is the genetic memory, the cellular linkage, breaking the circuits in the mirror of their circuitry. The Hermit is astrological and tribal memory; he needs not the inlit jelly alone, for he can read by the clear light of the sages and those who have gone before him. He has a text, which is written, which is more than his code. He hears the static of the magi in the atmosphere; he carries them in his lantern like a polaroid star.

Red is what has happened to the Magician: bloody feeling, beating heart. Perception clings in sheaths to the outer walls of the unburst fruits, the ripe pomegranates of sense; a second body of yellow ionizes on the red nerves of the torsoes. The black bars of dead matter are the inevitable housing of the lantern.

The grey Tower built by the golem might is the false history, maintaining a darkness of blind fundamentalism. A single perceptual flash, from the secret order of the dream body, frees it to its real memory, the Essence which hovers upon its Being. Civilizations are struck; folklore figures return. Extinct and aboriginal beasts are wild in the fields.

The second vertical row is an astral journey, a dreaming, and from it are born the wondrous cities of the universe of our imagination.

Each Star is a Sun, but the designation here is of a remote Sun. As far inside us as outside us. The source of all nerve rills even as these also continuous mutagenic rivers fall on the Earth, information either way that cannot be questioned, for biology is law.

This is the only card clearly depicting an extraterrestrial geography, a green watery planet of seven small white suns and a large yellow sun-star. All these threads, star hot, star white, are thrown around each other, entangled in a ball, memory the mumbling veil of proteins upon its face, in its zodiac its zodiac, upon its sky. The body-angel kneels on the ground, astronaut, eye afloat, in the vapor of the visible, filling and emptying her pitchers, her life-support, in its pool.

In another reading the angel kneels upon the astrum: she whose body is her body. For whom the alien fields of outer space are the inner menstrual and hereditary fluids, the palmistry of her blood, the depth of her genetic and sensual origins.

When Star travels to Star, it is by light. And by the lit products of the decay of light. The Star Card pours like static upon the Earth; its products splash soundlessly into the fishpond and are lost as in a mirror sight is neither sight.

The Star itself lies in another part of the universe; this is indisputable no matter what occultists say. Astrology cannot deny astronomy, for without these distances what would be the inner measure of the Cup? The Star is inhabited by breathing sensuous creatures, or its planets are. These creatures sense where they are, that all roads lead to Rome, that this is the center of the universe. The yarn attached to the iris burns also in the deep eternal sky.

It is in the neurons, those little pesos, in whom all greater distances become equal, their weight upon the fabric nix the scale. The creatures dwell in a simultaneity of sensual input and self-awareness; on this measure they live, to a one, at the same time, in the same place, or pulse. The pool of water the angel dips in breaks into rivulets; these are our senses, and all other senses, what we call extrasensory but is not. These waters flow outside us; it is not without clue that the cell is the duplicate of the sea. We come to know each other with no more choice than atomic, tidal, and the awesome distances (and differences) between us pour into a pool: here all sensual material pertains to (as it derives from) a single sense.

The Star-Pool would be Jung's universal psyche if there were one. It isn't psyche. Source spills in all directions from the crack; the burn and the sensation of burning originate at the same point, which never occurs. They meet upon the extended body of the mutant, flask into flask. Not inhabitable in our lifetime god knows, but flowing sensuous waterfalls, rich burning valleys of consciousness.

The cosmic energy a Star gives off as light we give off also, and this is the soul, or crux, or our being. If we are born of the decay of Suns, then Suns too are born of our decay; nervous energy is sufficient. To those who care and shouldn't, or should and don't: This book will be unreadable in less than a million years. If it has any immortality it is now, the lamplighter in the streets: is not Shakespeare, don't kid yourself, in any older idiom. Forget it. Write comic books if you want to be famous. Otherwise light stars.

"The great yellow Star signifies the cosmic radiant energy which is sent forth from the various suns and fixed stars of the universe." Case. This energy, we have come to know, is the source of life. Not only the winds of macroclimate (ice-ages and pluvials), but the very deposit of Star material in this world, upon the softest material, tropisms, chromosomes, twisting the chords that conduct the cosmic flow in torso. Upon this living mantle, the invention of the Stars, the planetary cities are uplifted, asymmetrical as in coda, left-handed, deriving loose energy from ore. Dim at first, they grow like stars, rich in the nervous water and fountains of light.

From the pitcher in her left hand the angel pours the current that divides into five senses we know and return in rivulets to the pool we don't. These are the gateways between inner man and outer space, or vice versa. In her right hand she also holds a pitcher of flesh; this one she empties and refills in the unbroken waters of the cosmos, the "mind-stuff," Case calls it, which originates in the Priestess' robes, "which is stirred into vibration by the act of meditation." The waters of sight and sound mix as one bright howl; the waters of taste and smell and inner balance are simultaneous, miscible, and touch is everywhere, flowing thru as well as around every object. The physical base of color on this world is uniform: key to the Tarot. It would seem to be extrasensory that we perceive the universe is one, but we bathe in the pool of total knowledge only thru sense. Aristotle.

Perched on the tree of the nervous system and the cerebellum is the Egyptian bird sacred to Hermes, the scarlet ibis. Its bill is a fish-hook, it watches the waters for a break, in any of the senses; unceasing is its watch, occult wisdom as one vibration intercepts another, and a writhing lungfish or snake breaks at the tone.

This is the first stage of a cosmic wisdom: FISHING, as from the great Atlantic trawlers. The Star burns in the sky, in astronomy, and in the zodiac and astrum as well, placed there by the place of the Earth, because the flow of energy between the two is the life-line, in both senses, plus. A sea of unconscious imperatives and messages, unrenderable, untranslatable, floods the five waking and five sleeping senses with a greater wisdom. We travel to distant planets, we be/come aware.

The color sequence in the first vertical row is yellow-yellow-black; in the second is blue-blue-black. Because of the simplicity of energy involved (in the first case, magical creative energy, and in the second, memory and transmission), there is no possible third, or historical, level on which that energy can be read. History is the unavailability, or the simply becoming available, of primal forces, hence desires, and sparks of perception, against a background of black. The color sequence in the third row is yellow-blue-blue. The stream, or river, which flows out of the Priestess' robes in the second card, occasionally visible as deeper water, in Death and Temperance, pours into the pool and collects in the Star Card. The duplication of material, which begins on the sub-atomic level, is thick enough on the Star, and tightly enough wound to have geographical reality, and bounded place. This is the neural retrograde flow from psychology to astronomy, which makes gardens and zodiacs out of Stars.

The Empress is the grounding of the Magician's energy thru the Priestess' memory. She is the living garden, the exponentially fertile, but her power of growth, unbounded as yellow, is fixed by the seasons of the Wheel, the cycles that rule the plant and animal kingdoms on any planet (generally made up of dominant circular motions in the planet's Solar System, as measured from a Ptolemaic center). Thru the application of the principle of local history, the fabric thickens and identifies a body larger than the immediate cut. The Wheel grows thick with moss and rockweeds and nations; weeds grow on other weeds, temples and myths; memory is carved in stone. And off that spinning Wheel creation fills the void with stars. And, by itself, measures time, the numeral which spawns again the seed.

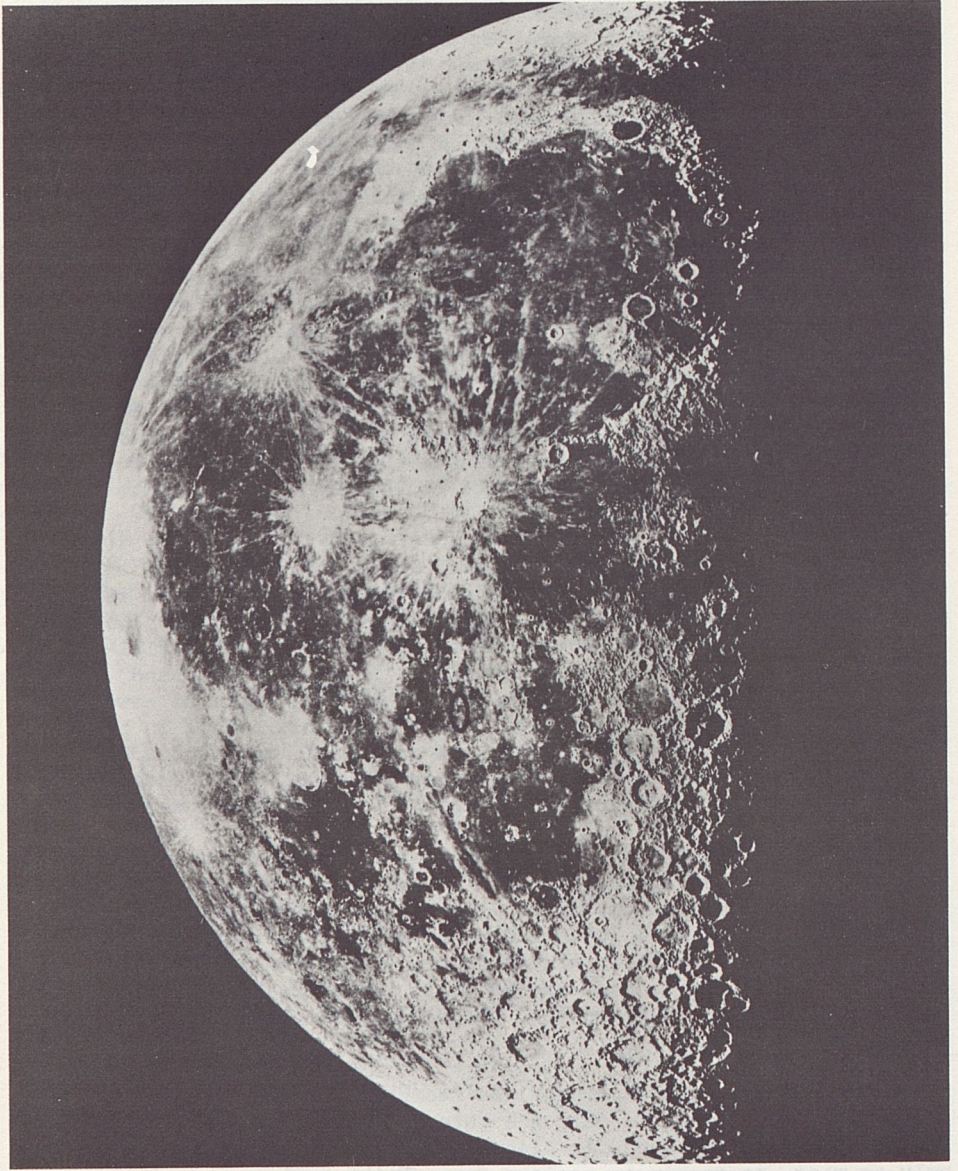
The Star is the age we are passing beyond; the Moon is the beginning of the next age. For the Star is distant, occult, telepathic; the Moon is intimate and corporeal. In the Twentieth Century we learn, with the Star, that there is a universal consciousness, and thru our senses and dreams we participate in all cultures and all worlds at once. It is the age when matter is turned into spirit, spirit into matter, when the visible becomes invisible as the invisible becomes visible. It is the age when body invades and alters mind while mind enters the sphere of body. It is a time of telescope, microscope, and atom bomb.

The Moon is a reversion or retardation of this spiritual energy; it is an even number against the odd. Only genes, not wisdom, can be passed on by the body; truth dies, transmissionless; only those changes which come from man in nature, exposed to the endless rivers of himself and the lethal effluvia of the stars, are transferred in kind. And this is the story of the bare Moon also, atmosphereless, without history thru all of body, without body thru all of history, but silver, valued, uninflated, as a single coin. Even the astronauts, in the age of the Moon, at its dawning, must go in body to go at all. A meaning we have only recently understood. We want phenotype on the Moon: what does the space program care for genotype, which will survive even its own body in its flight to the end of time.

The Mediaeval philosophers argued about soul and flesh, and whether the intellect is something added to but not identical with material existence. This is the Star's luxury. On the Moon spirit works thru the vehicle of body; remove body, and it is spiritless. Man has been shown his image in nature, he has leaned thru and broken the armature of the spheres and tumbled in, where he now lies in eternal embrace, in the arms of the beloved, his images in hers, hers in him with which he must live, as an animal, surrounded by the animals, who pass on their existences likewise. What choice have we but to seek the salvation of the thing of which we are made?

The Moon body crawls out of the pool of the Star Card, a crayfish shaped by fire, earth, and air. He is born again, outside the astral, as the fish the amphibian, the amphibian the reptile. What he knew he must now feel thru crude and imprecise senses carved in his perfect form. He is separated from any apprehension of the material of which he is made except as it is material. This is his initiation, likewise, the banker, the baker, the die-and-tool-maker.

He begins as a proto-zoan. He searches for the gate out, seismically, but there is only the gate in. The Star goes thru a long dormancy in the Moon; it sleeps; it collects matter, at first only as mass, as seemingly useless fat. Rocks jell in a pool: quartzites, gems, the first algae. The crustacean is embodied; then he inherits a shell. His senses are few: he seeks warmth, comfort,



food, awareness of cosmic dangers, the environs trembling on his skin. The shell, though dead, is made of the material of the pool, the Star's pool, is also sensuous and aware, can be perfected. Its prototype has a sulcous density many times that of the brain, as the cosmic hemispheres of motion hone it in. Beyond it are two animals in full costume, the dog and the wolf. The dog is not the ancestor of man, but the disciple; he stands for animal *society*, as insects, or schools of fish, baboon packs. He is the unknown ancestor, in the geomantic spheres, of all domesticated beings. The wolf is the ancestor of wild beasts. Either could take off his costume and become the other, but it is too late. The inventors of the atom bomb find themselves not on a planet transformed by atomic and stellar energy, but among revolution and communal living, nakedness in the streets. Regression, they shout, but their own path is a dead end, a squandering, in the literal, of limitless power. Even the astronaut knows you can't get to the stars without the Moon as base. The Star comes first only because you can't find the Moon without the stars as field. Once the seeker knows of transcendental paths, he must return to his body and make them real in his yoga. He is initiated by the lightning of the Tower; he bathes in Star waters; now he builds a magical lunar body.

The creatures appear in the Moon card in the order of the astrum. There the dog is the father of the man, his guide, even as the neurophysiology of the crustacean is the prophetic map of all our bodies. Evolution is teleological, following a predesignated road, past the enclosed towers of mankind (where man in culture looks out into the universe thru one ethnocentric eye; the last outposts of man's learning, Case calls them; they face each other at war). Beyond that the quest goes into the mountains, rising thru passes that, though they rise and fall, do so only to the tops of what were formerly peaks, climbing eventually to the Moon, total body which to the Earth holds the whole creative awareness of planet in tidal-magnetic fix. When the somatic is mastered, the strings of cosmic control become conscious, and paths of anterior wisdom.

The Moon is the postnuclear age in which mankind begins to create a magical body (called the city at first), and lives in it. The students come to the course on revolution with guns instead of books. But there is nothing to shoot. So they must drown in their own blood.

In the middle of the deck the waters eddy, seem to return on themselves, but establishing their legality, flow on. The middle vertical series divides the deck (and hence, the universe) into the powers, and the realizations of those powers. The Emperor succeeds the Empress and subjects her creative principle to a law of ratios and natural history. Justice rules that the deck counts for shit if it won't weigh on the scale. Not only must it weigh, but it must come out the same, or all its creations, magnificent and flowering as they are, will turn malignant, tumorous, and mad. Justice keeps the two sides of matter on either side of each other, always; so that what flows in is balanced by what flows out, dream and waking, ecstasy and despair. Remove the Emperor, and Mary Mary, your garden wild, with four dimensions crossing five and vines of sunlight crushing towers of quartz. Add number, and all worlds return instantly to their own. Add scale, and the big boy in the center wrestles it down to the meat. Add Moon, and the tides, by MOONLIGHT, like two disconnected arms of the same puppet, and the plasm sings.

This is the next age, and we know very little about it. We can see that two dancing children will join two circles, the larger and the smaller, and the outer and inner. Naked. Hand-in-hand. What we cannot even imagine is real.

We will be made children again, or the embryo itself will be born wise, and by that ancient echinoderm principle of neoteny, mature, and give birth to the young of its race.

The hidden sunflower of the Waite deck points toward the Sun in the Case deck. The child throws off his blanket, and the gods of Egypt return, hot and whole, Osiris, this in the Waite deck. In the Case deck the brilliance of childhood nostalgia shines upon the full glory of the grown man. He does not have to return to his childhood; he gets it back forever. And the difference between the two cards, such that one can reveal what is absolutely invisible in another, is itself a form of the Sun Age, that is a joining of sects and hidden churches into one daylight celebration. The secrecy is not lost, but is revealed as the multiple syntax of itself.

In the Star Card we split the atom and invent fantastic machineries. In the Moon Card we send men to the Moon; Eastern and Amerindian religions arise in the United States. In the Sun we will be in contact with other races in the cosmos; some of them will be suns, some of them will be insects, some of them will be the dreams of children, some of them will be the immortal magi who live forever in our past.

Little do we know of this time except that Case says: Collective Intelligence, concentrating all which have gone before: a new realization of personality. Even the Magician lies tangent in the numerology here.

The fifth sunflower is turned toward the Sun, and we who were bound to matter in the Moon have now passed beyond its bounds. Our new body does not waste youth on the young; the eighty year old man, ascending to the Sun, hears the rock bands and begins to dance. Even today.

Even today we begin to see the erratic early forms of this sacrament; the young grow wiser and older than the old. Fledgling experiments in group consciousness, collective sensitivity, communal living. Yet every attempt, from the Black Panthers to the Peace Farms and Meditation Camps, falls apart into some particularly black and unexpected energy. We are still so deeply in the age of the body that these real communities cannot be made over again whole. Too much of the dead flesh is still here, and connected daily to the living heart. The Earth is filled with trucks and road-signs and bodies. The body itself is omnipresent, vulnerable, grounded in the old dull curse. From the transformation we will arise as gold, each

crowned to be king.

The Sun era will be marked by motionless transit to distant stars. Desperate attempts at salvation (heroin and psychotic in our own time of dwindling Moon fuel) will be realized as a jasmine and herbal fluid drips painlessly from every occult and sepulcher node. The light Kirlian body will fill the streets of the old deserted cities with an astral light, and the bodies will float thru the air like glow-worms. Souls will recognize each other by color; the senses will be ghastly, spectral.

The Sun is our nearest Star. In the Sun age it will feed us thru the waters and clouds; light will be as manna. Wings will sprout in the angelic body as breathing chambers from the gills of a fish. And the revolution, no longer tied to fiscal policy and secret reactionary politics, no longer dependent on the physical demonstration of cause and connection, will succeed as easily as a rainbow or the aurora atop the storm of light.

In the age of the Moon the Emperor is the terrestrial leader of men. In the Sun era an inner holy voice speaks once again to nations. The shaman, the priest ascends the throne. Not the Middle Ages again, but the ultimate power over the secular for which the Middle Ages prematurely stood. The real Middle Ages of the world will follow the American Empire; magical power will sweep down from the North, gaining moral ascendancy over the technological designs which are always the by-product of Emperor, Judge, and Moon.

As we move beyond the center of the deck, armies cease to mean what they did. Soldiers infiltrate them, declaring war on war. The generals are corrupt. The leader of any nation can be, has been, bought. Now the power of our origins takes hold and seizes the stage of history; we turn to those men who know where we come from and will lead us back there: the Hanged Man, the political prisoner, the madman, the poet, the Hierophant, all children of the Sun. The Hanged Man no longer needs to plead for Justice; the jail walls are of wax; the labyrinth has melted. He is that all men are: magi when a new world age begins and solids turn to liquids, flow off, liquids to gases, hover in the activated air. All men are willing to sacrifice their physical element, their 4, their 18, to be reborn in 5, in 19. Why was it so hard to build this community on the Moon?, they ask, the easiest things coming last as they always do; after all we made tools first. And the answer is that when the numbers change, the numbers are everything.

The fifth vertical row is the row of Tao, of strength by weakness after strength by strength has failed. It is the row of law by intuition (brilliant leaders) when law by rigorous philosophers and military ministers has ruined the visible world. It is the row when the power behind the general usurps his middle man and speaks directly. The Priest replaces the King, the Hanged Man his Judge, and the Sun the Moon thru which its light must pass in the night sky. The intermediaries gone, the powers themselves prevail, and we see how weak and sacred they are, how much more beautiful and possible naked than armed.

In the Solar Age our gardens will be the Sun, pouring into our cities. Food and consciousness, urban center and Pleistocene wilderness will be joined in the palace of creation. In the astral age we will go beyond the three-dimensional Sun. Our bodies will receive their light and nourishment from a different source. "We may understand this letter as being a symbol of the power which tears down the limitation of form, as teeth break up food," says Case. Shin: chewing away the barriers that close off world enough and time from world enough and time.

All which has rested in the coffin of three dimensions rises up thick, becoming equal, a unity and justice we could not imagine, and this is Judgement, is that everyone who has ever been upon the Earth is there together; everything which has ever happened happens at once. The gods say: do not fear the shortness of your lives. Act in eternity. Do not yield to the hopelessness of size and distance; all consciousness in the universe is of the same order.

A sound from the astral horn, blowing thru a hole in the sky, and humanity awakes from death. It was there always, like sky, but no one ever saw it, heard it; so was it all, always there, and when the day arrived, visibility seized it. Mars is closer and gives off a light and value equal to the Sun. There are many suns. The planets and moons and suns and stars, unequal in size and intensity in the physical realm, are suddenly now of the same size and intensity. Pluto as bright as the sun. And if we were on Mars, the Earth in the astral would be a Sun. "....all things are the reverse of physical conditions," Case says. "Hence the man is now in a passive attitude, and the woman receives the influences of the angel in her outstretched hands."

The Star Card marks the discovery of America and all subsequent new worlds. The Moon Card begins with the nuclear age and the revelation of DNA. The Sun Card has its faintest beginnings in the commune-tribal world. The Judgement Card is the immensity of it all happening again, the ghost dance unreeled, the ships floating back to Europe, motion freely backward in the astral; that is why the judgement is not a Heavenly body, but a dimension. All the Earthlands are regained from Wichita vortex to Tibet (and Mars to the Martains); each locale is found to be a magical land in the astral; a fourth dimension of revealed and local presence shatters the remains of the previous three.

The conflicts which divide America now, which seem to be irresolvable, are merely the complex coordinates of a deeper space. As in the movie, the hardhats and rednecks enter the communal world, are screwed by the children, then turn around and shoot them with deer-hunting rifles. We are so close to a previous world, to totem and trauma, there is nothing we can do; every person who enters the ritual finds that he has to complete it; we are the victims of the present Earth. In the astral, this polarity falls away, as new imperatives

are manifested; the whole system, including the five senses, changes location, and yet it is still New York, California, etc. The components of the known world are changed by our knowing them. And though it could not happen now, it is happening here, and who could question that time is moving so fast now that one world age begins before the other has even ended.

This is a process linked to two planets whose distance in literature as well as in the Solar System is greater than any other. Pluto, whose motion is the slowest in the Zodiac, whose influence is said to be tiny and of little snap, is not so much an effective weight, as a stroke, like a karate chop, on a point so exact it could only be measured from enormous distance; the nut which the boulder could not crush, Jupiter not destroy, breaks open and spills its contents at Pluto's single blow. So powerful is its position, so large is its circle it cannot miss the mark. And Vulcan, which is the fastest of the planets, lying between Mercury and the Sun, which is also small and weightless, its influences changing so rapidly that nothing could possibly last: Vulcan is a power in the astral, permeating moments by quanta, each second that passes, each event, lasts forever, is part of its cambium, roots in energy that sustains the momentary Earth. We see the Judgement coming, Pluto in the skies, the Aquarian mass; in the distance of Tyre we see the coffins floating on the galactic sea.

As Case points out, Waite's revisions in this card are unfortunate. He has turned the families so that their nakedness is asexual; in Case's deck the genitals are visible, and the family reaches into the revelation with full and happy sensuality. We do not lose these powers; the powers that are latent are raised to their possibility in the next realm. Also, in the Waite deck there are additional individuals who obscure the import of the personal. It is finally one man, one woman, and one child; these are the terms of the card, and this is what it means to say that every individual is awakened from the grave and called to the horn.

The Lovers, looking outside themselves, transcend the false personality and give their selves away. The persona dies, like the petals falling from the fruit. And while Death sweeps away the generations, while every living thing dies, this would be a simplistic and linear reading of time. Each man, each being, unique while alive, lives forever. The Earth turns, revealing, as thru honeycombs, more such places, habitats, new dimensions of spiritual topography; the people of other centuries continue to live where they are. What is vital always survives. Useless and false information dies, is lost by the thread of memory, which can follow only a true course. We are left, finally, as a single candle, burning away the torso, revealing the origin of the fire.

The sixth vertical row is the row of violent ecstasy, of terrible and beautiful physical transformation, of blinding distortions of biological time (creature time) by physical time (star time). Everything that is chemical returns to the chemical base before it can be reborn, in perception or in body. The cells that are defended so violently and faithfully disappear totally within months, like the ideologue's dogma. It is not that they are disproved, the slayer teaches; it is that they no longer exist at all, in any form; new images, new ideas emerge in the material of new body.

Judgement is not something we must await in dread. It is simply the astral, the inner cloth of dimension itself. The Earth growing like a snowball, the population increasing logarithmically a moment of absolute collectivity is reached, when we can see thru walls to other times, when barriers and connections vanish, and we are all here, all of us, and forever, and this is the next body of time. The individual must wait till all the Earth's sentient beings have been born and died before he lives on the planet they have created by their lifetimes.



This is a row of pulse and pulsar, bion and bean. Heavenly bodies are replaced by shapes and symmetries. Essence is respun as a veil (though its weavers do not disappear; there is continuous humming, oscillating, reweaving, the material of creation). From Word to World. Between the city of Earth and the Earth as a city of the Universe, is a rainbow, is Temperance, thru which matter passes, as motion, as voice, though the city, in the end, is built of (don't the birds know it flying into skyscrapers at night) STONE.

The Chariot on Earth is guarded by the sphynxes, mounted upon the word, emerging, like Teotihuacan, from commerce, from irrigation, from temples of Sun and Moon. The World as city has no protection; it spins so fast that its inhabitants are not aware of its motion; the bull and lion face each other no longer, are no longer whole bodies, simply heads, as the magi are, on the old sailing maps, and face away from one another, out of the urban center, breaking the geohistorical link.

The city of three dimensions is built upon the cube, the elemental table. A single point in the sky marks the city of the future, of five dimensions, a fantastic dense and winding geometry, pulse and topos. At this height the Sun is so bright it roars like the Lion, corona hanging as mane. All stars are near the zodiac filled with roaring bulls, heavy bodies of fire, each upon us in its speed. The Moon has become the body of the body, and we embrace her as embracing space. The galaxy is burnt and fleshed again: the same, or different? The bull and lion face away, eye-opening gate into an absolutely new space. The universe does not eliminate entities; it is not universalist or pantheistic; it remains a Charioteer, a founder of cities, great cities, old cities, but not as science fiction writers try to make them hoary in trillions of galactic years, and not scientological engrams or landing stations, bear and gorilla goals. It's the science fiction city on Earth, when the World takes hold (like the oak tree) and loses nothing, not even the memory of inside as the bark of it falls away. Then comes the Fool.

The deck is a whole, is itself, along diagonals, the long body of the universe. The World City floats in the center. The curtains drawn about its windows close out the endless galactic night. The light within shows them to be Tarot cards, woven in the plant kingdom and colored by hand.

## RESTRINGING OF THE MATRIX

Because of the symmetry that underlies the deck, which is operational as well as formal, we can move various cards within the larger pattern, reinterpreting without lessening the information. It is as protons jump their orbits into new shells. This is a single tarot reading, and the falls of the deck are infinite.

Seen from one point of view, the horizontal series are dynamically isometric: each happens at a different level of creation. At any one moment a sequence beginning with the Magician might end with the Chariot, or the World; the Hanged Man might follow the Moon, or the Emperor; in the one case: preceding the inversion into the Astral, in the other case: the head-over-heels Lovers. By switching horizontal cards within vertical series we can examine all levels of the deck at once.

A reading of the second series with the Star instead of the Wheel leads the Hermit directly into a sphere of outer intelligences, or thru his astral body into the galaxies; there he experiences the Wheel as elemental matter. By placing Justice in the chair of the Emperor we balance the material symmetry of Earth on the hinge of the universe, wherein all the elements are "earths." Substituting the Judgement card for the Death card we have the story of Christ, or the relation of the single act of martyrdom to the planetary transformation, when we are all martyrs, and all experience the fire or Hanging. Note then how Justice precedes and Judgement follows; the Hanged Man is strung in the center, balancing these absolute aspects of the cognate: Justice will be accomplished only when all men are free, or when one man is free.

Replacing Justice with the Moon lays the physical base of the law, called natural selection, also reincarnation and transmigration. Replacing the Star with the Wheel brings a vision of karma and eternal return, breaking the chains of egotism. The Empress in the same node would generate the supernal and absolute beauty of the natural realm. The Moon in the Emperor's position ties the specific emergence of crab life and algae to the octaves and ratios of the Garden. The crab crawls out of either the whirling wheel of entropic cycles or the aqua vitae of the cosmos.

The Chariot and the World reverse in the realization that all cities are parts of the cosmic urbanizing force, working in blue star-wheels, toward or on the hub of the universe (*urbs*). Temperance in the bottom row would fix the Astral at the tonal level of its horn, as vibratory phenomena flash the universe hierarchically to its centers. Death in the final series links the individual Sun to the Sun Death of late-in-life disease, from having been shined on too long, harmony of bloodrods and sunrays, turning toward recosmogogenesis of the World. The Sun also burns out the useless cells of man the species, Death of the extinct. The Moon replaces the Emperor, and the menstrual cycle of the Empress becomes the coda of civilization;

the body, the yoga, heeds a spiritual guide, its teacher, or Hierophant. The Emperor replaces the Moon, putting the Stars under the kingship of single worlds, reached cotangent with local Suns. The Sun in the Hierophant's node is the spiritual teacher as the child man; the Hierophant is the Sun in robes, master of his light.

The Devil in the first row is the black alter ego of the Magician, is the Magician who does not see his power rooted in Eden, as the roses the senses in holy ground, is bound by a seeming but limited creation. The Magician in the final series draws the direct violent power of the macrocosm into the microcosm, conjuring by the spell by which Lightning will strike the Tower. The Devil followed now by the High Priestess brings memory of origin to the awakening; even false memory serves, as long as it is coded in the scrolls (the cells). So is the Hermit man awakened from the Devil's blind who searches among new perceptual landscapes for the waters of the Star, the gardens of the Empress, all natural psychic worlds that are his own, by Magic or by Strength.

In a sense, each of the twenty-two positions is a "house," and each of the twenty-two cards is a sign. As the sign enters the house, certain of its meanings are revealed, other occulted. By switching whole rows, i.e., the third row into the first row's houses, we can enlarge the readings of individual cards. If the historical row, ending with the World, is followed by Strength, then the cosmic aspects of the terrestrial city are emphasized. A Chariot, preceded by Magicians and Hierophants and Lovers, at the end of the deck, suggests that culture and language are the greater world man enters when he crosses the threshold of physical initiation; will it be language and ritual again, when he comes to the Fourth City, beyond the Hopi mesa? Or will it be blue light?

The Lovers in the house of Judgement bring out the sexual and sensual characteristics of that house, law by love, justice by touch. The Fool in any house is the great equalizer. You think you're in a church, but you're at a circus; you hold him up to babble and he falls headfirst down the stairs. What is the Star doing in the Empress's garden? What is Hermit doing on the Moon?

Since the final row is an evolution of species (and awareness), any series read on its horizon will be etiological: the Lovers as mutants, the Wheel as the supergalactic arm. Similarly, the first row will make any series from elsewhere in the deck into agencies of matter and preadaptations; thus, the Tower as cosmic light, or Judgement as the original hunting bands, the first exogamous families and clans (which is a latent aspect of its reading in the third row, because the ultimate society or commune-ity is a mirror of the original community, just as the original community is a shadow of the great and cosmic societies that have been and are to come).

Above the Tarot on the wall I have pasted Tom Meyer's postcard of the Lune River in England. Softly winding, with green trees along its edge and fields of golden grain in its S, it is a local manifestation of the Empress card. But the actual river is a stream from the Priestess' robes, seen again in the Death card, again in the Star pool, and in the Astral. The waters of the natural world flow directly into the Tarot deck, supplying the images with moisture and dyes, even as we relive the cards. The waters of the Tarot flow into and feed the rivers of the natural world. Simultaneous creation.

Above the Lune is an ice-report chart of Labrador and Hudson Bay. It is larger in size than the whole deck, as if there were a glacier preceding even the Fool. But it has no intensity; it is not filled in. The Lune and environs are rich with beautiful colors, the ice having melted thru them into the deck, as the pure white light of a previous creation has fused into the brilliant colors and river-valleys of this one. The energy locked, even in these images, is incredible. The deck itself, with its unexpected order of trumps and possibilities, is a continuous changing revelation, like those first decks we knew, baseball cards and airplane cards, and post cards of foreign lands that were somehow our own.

While the others had gone off to town or were asleep inside, Lindy, Polly, and I were sitting on the patio reading. My book was about the dreamer who goes above the whole Earth and sees it there in space, sun and moon beside it: by Lovecraft, "The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath."

As I read I felt impinging a brighter image from beyond. I saw a tiny Earth, a brilliant yellow sun to the left of it, off to the right a moist and pale blue moon, utterly blue. I shook my head as if to find its location, but it was there in the center. Until I looked up and the card was before me, perfect Tarot symmetry, still as a painting.

Polly, round and pregnant, wearing a yellow, orange, and white print, sitting in a high-backed oval straw chair, her knees drawn up, her feet together: a perfect circle. She was sunning herself, in fact holding her face upto the sun, preening, perspiring from the heat, blonde hair, reading Sauer's *Land and Life*.

To the right, a measure exactly as far into the shade as Polly into the sun: Lindy in a bowerlike straw couch, on a pink cushion, reclining in a perfect crescent. She was wearing a powder blue shirt and blue denims. The moon in a chasis, reading *Word Alchemy* by Lenore Kandell.

A ragged shadowy line divided the patio into two regions: moon-realm, sunrealm. A black dog lay panting just over the moonline. Shadow coming to an end at the house: a round earthen flower pot, a complete shere with cracks in it for plants to grow out of. Utter three-dimensionality, with vines and stalks growing from the circle in every direction, shoots and offshoots, seeking sun and shade, wound around, texture and depth of the planet itself, both the living surface and the dense fertile spheroid.

Behind Polly, the sun-associated forms, the H's for helios, like House, its lateral white slats brilliant in the direct light, beyond the house a fence with wild roses growing thru it, beyond that the fields of the sun wild with yellow flowers.

Behind Lindy, the soft lunar L's, a lilac bush, behind that not the wild fields but the cultivated corn, grapes on the fence. Beside her was a table made up of a series of elaborate circles, a straw grill-work on top, tightly woven, flat round surface. Supported by a ring of straw shaped like a large thin donut. Within the ring were smaller rings formed of three prongs leading into a knot and flowing from it, like a gripped shock of wheat. These supported the table. The upper part was set on connecting series of four sticks, giving the impression of a plane folded over into a round sheath. Thus showing at all different angles from all different sides in all different dimensions that the phases of the moon go thru in circles

and parts of circles all the possible section of the moon.

Lindy: born in the Fourth House, Cancer. Moon child.

Polly: Leo-girl. Sun.

This is the function of critical events and transformations. It can be read on any level of time-breadth, from all of history, to the passing of a single perception. The Devil lies before the perception, sensually drugged yet potential; with the drawing of the Tower comes a flood of sensations, hot and awakening, painful and ecstatic; the Star, like the High Priestess in whose robes the watery flow begins, is the ensuing flood of perception thru the lobes of the brain, good rich blood, into the chambers of memory and resemblance; the Moon cortex rises with the medullan growth of the perception, the formation of a region of mindstuff around it; the Sun is the comprehending force, changing the pattern of behavior around the information; the Astral is the law by which a single perception is instantly part of all perceptions, and any single perception is all perceptions again; the World is the whole which the perception encompasses by its unique being.

The third horizontal row is an evolutionary series, mirroring the first horizontal row at a different time and a different depth. In fact, leaving out the middle row, we can read the first and last rows as a consecutive biological and cultural history of mankind. The first row is the sequence of events leading upto the initial city, the bronze age city. The second row is just what it is, the Middle Ages. Followed by the Devil, known otherwise as the waning of the Middle Ages; the Tower the Renaissance; the Star the scientific and industrial revolution; the Moon a reordering of the hierarchies of mental and physical processes; the Sun the creation of the first direct or solar city on Earth and the reunion of mankind; the Astral a displacing of the single thin Earth in time into the girth of its eternal existence; and the World what the Hopi or Navaho call the Fifth World, that is, the next: the Third World, the Fourth-Dimensional World, or the prior world Atlantis, Stonehenge. The Sun may be the inhabitation of the whole Solar System by man, but it may also be others things: i.e., the discovery by man that the Solar System is inhabited (so that Earth becomes a city instead of a planet), or the colonization of the *sympathies* of the other planets in a terrestrial city the measure of the Solar System. The Judgement Card could represent the opening of transportation between the planets in the astral, so that the locational fields around each meet in that single room of the Solar System where they cross in place, or it might mean the migration of the Earth's population to that other Earth in which the planets singly and collectively give energy to each other, Mars energy as powerful as Solar or Lunar energy, Uranus as Ceres as Jupiter. It is one of the great riddles of the Tarot, to read accurately the heavenly bodies in the third row, which in some sense really do seem to be landscape-terrains, in another sense appear to be power centers in the brain (astrals), and in another sense still, seem to be a gauge of traditional symbolism and astrological distance. In the pictorial rendering, the Star is most clearly an astronomical body, a supergalactic location, perhaps closer to the hearth of this galactic outland. The Moon is the most visually astrological, occurring on Earth, but with its pull of heavenly weight

upon the fabric and flow of the waters quite vital. The Sun comes closest to being its traditional landscape self, giving rich light to the Earth as is its custom; the usual associations are drawn and centered in the identification of sun with sunflower, tropism with source: a form of astrological botany or atomic sympathy. The Judgement Card dramatically moves to a region behind or superior to the individual heavenly bodies; it is clearly an event in the astral where heavenly body itself is replaced by angel, taking literally: that Moonface and Sunface hide sentient beings of another order. A horn breaks thru the threshold of the sky, and tone replaces ray, a difference in process reflecting the emergence of a different reality.

The essential reading of this final row is that we lie at the beginning of one of the most astounding changes. We are now to put on our own bodies, and dance in them for the first time in history, naked without the meaning of the word. Then we are to use those bodies to pass into the several realities and locales of our planet, ultimately to unite them in a tight warp of one. The Western World system has reached its possible boundaries, a circle, by encompassing the Earth, and now must pass from it as a root topological law. It cannot expand, and its energy is flowing back from the frontier, the edge of those Northern forests. Good men and evil are the same, clowns, victims; make no mistake about it: the more political in that superficial football rally sense one becomes, the more one becomes a pawn, cannon fodder of the real political, as Jerry Rubin et al. are pawns of Andy Warhol and company, and the revolution is exactly where heads change to see what is happening to us, to try to speak to the angel who will excuse none of us, who will speak to some, who call out to her as in a dream, and the rest, who ignore her for what they consider to be the mechanical motive of change, in good Nineteenth Century fashion, are the first victims, the revolutionaries whose real target is their fear of what is happening to themselves, same as the rednecks, and who must act it out in terror and armies rather than be changed.

The deck is American also, and if I have one point, it is to say that the cards are hottest here, and read like brilliant photographs across our time.

1970

1- Matter

Is matter the primary function of the universe and creation or the means by which language posits such a function?; or does it matter? The long arguments about God and first cause, beginning with the pre-Socratics and earlier and continuing through Mediaeval philosophy until they turn into something else, are simply experiments in the definition of a "matter" from which everything else is made.

Matter is originally "Ma-," baby-talk, Mater and Matrix, is Materia, Tree-Trunk, Wood, or Substance, Stuff, by calque with the Greek Hule. Is not all definition of matter simply calque by some extension or other into the meaning of another language. If it stops at TREE-TRUNK, what can we do about it?

*And Karora was thinking, & wishes & desires flashed through his mind. Bandicoots began to come out from his navel & from his arm-pits. They burst through the sod above & sprang into life. T.G.H. Strehlow, ARANDA TRADITIONS, via Jerome Rothenberg.*

His consciousness fully developed, man imagines a hierarchical and segmentary chain flowing back to the beginning. If matter exists, as apart from all forms of it, it is assumed, by default, to be the lowest common denominator of these forms; the conception of primary matter changes as the investigations of science disclose new ways of arranging and discerning the collection of forms.

*Whereas allegedly indivisible atoms were known to show a great variety of rather complicated chemical, optical, and other properties, the properties of elementary particles of modern physics are extremely simple; in fact they can be compared in their simplicity to the properties of geometrical points. Also, instead of a rather large number of indivisible atoms of classical physics, we are now left with only three essentially different entities: nucleons, electrons, and neutrinos. And in spite of the great desire and effort to reduce everything to its simplest form, one cannot possibly reduce something to nothing. George Gamow, ONE TWO THREE...INFINITY.*

*"Atoms" or "elements" --- it is in either case an absurdity, an impossibility to hand over the universe and its contents to material entities, and out of the disorderly swirl thus occasioned to call order, reasoning, and the governing soul into being; but the atomic origin is, if we may use the phrase, the most impossible. Plotinus, ENNEADS.*

When an Italian physicist declared that there was another level of CONTINUOUS matter beneath the level of DISCONTINUOUS matter associated with quantum physics and neutrinos, a New York underground newspaper made a headline of it, and an artist put it in a telegram to a friend travelling in India, something like: NEW DISCOVERY BY ITALIAN PHYSICIST STOP LEVEL OF CONTINUOUS MATTER DISCOVERED BENEATH LEVEL OF DISCONTINUOUS MATTER STOP AWAIT YOUR REPLY.

These new levels of discovery continue a sequential hierarchy that teaches us nothing about the nature of such matter or of ourselves who conceive it in this way. The issue lies in the direction of the more PRIMARY, not the more INFINITESIMAL.<sup>1</sup>

*In the big cosmic octave, which reaches us in the form of the RAY OF CREATION, we can see the first complete example of the law of octaves.*

The ray of creation begins with the Absolute. The Absolute is THE ALL. THE ALL, possessing full unity, full will, and full consciousness, creates worlds within itself, in this way beginning the DESCENDING world octave. The Absolute is the do of this octave. The worlds which the Absolute creates in itself are si. The 'interval' between do and si in this case is filled by the WILL OF THE ABSOLUTE. The process of creation is developed further by the force of the original impulse and an 'additional shock.' Si passes into la which for us is our star world, the MILKY WAY. La passes into soil, our SUN, the solar system. Sol passes into fa -- the planetary world. And here between the planetary world as a whole and our earth occurs an 'INTERVAL.' This means that the planetary radiations carrying various influences to the earth are not able to reach it, or, to speak more correctly, they are not received, the earth reflects them. In order to fill the 'interval' at this point of the ray of creation a special apparatus is created for receiving and transmitting the influences coming from the planets. This apparatus is ORGANIC LIFE ON EARTH. Organic life transmits to the earth all the influences intended for it and makes possible the further development and growth of the earth, mi of the cosmic octave, and then of the moon or re, after which follows another do - NOTHING. Between ALL and NOTHING passes the ray of creation. Gurdjieff, via P.D. Ouspensky, IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS.

In what sphere we consider the existence of matter is a clue to what we consider primary. Science, by its elementary particle physics and other revelations of veils, has gotten us no closer to a definition than the most ancient philosophers. What it has done is shown the operation of a hierarchical scale and the types of precision necessary to descend on one. And it has solved the riddle of rocks: what rocks live inside of rocks, etc.?, though without ever leaving the general province of GEO-LOGY.

*Who knows for certain? Who shall here declare it?*

*Whence was it born, and whence came this creation?*

*The gods were born after this world's creation:*

*Then who can know from whence it has arisen?* HYMN OF CREATION.

*As a spider emits and draws in its thread,*

*As herbs arise on the earth,*

*As the hairs of the head and body from a living person,*

*So from the imperishable arises everything here.*

MUNDAKA UPANISAD.

Matter is the fuel of cosmic transmutation. Matter is the potential of form, the essence of being. Matter reacts with form to bring about substance. Matter is the vegetative soul whose original forms are moistness, fieryness, earthiness, and airiness, which themselves are perfect geometric conditions, crystals of corrupt material. Matter is a mechanical chain of phenomena, exclusive of spiritual force. Matter is the spiritual force, is mind, is energy. Matter is the source of mass and momentum, is the dummy of mechanical experiment, the dupe of causation. Matter is everything except time. Every description of it arises full-blown from our living consciousness and is a declaration rather than a definition of its existence. The sheer sounds and phonemes of language, prior to human sentience, are the closest speech comes to matter.

171

G000000R! G0000000000!

G000000000R!

GRAHHH! GRAHH! GRAHH! Michael McClure, GHOST TANTRA #1.

## 2- Stars

The stars are the furthest objects our sense organs perceive, either in time or space. They are the largest objects in the creation except for the creation itself. They are the hottest form of matter and the only natural form in which matter is altered in the hypothetical direction of its natural state. In a certain sense, stars are matter WITHOUT LIMITATION.

*The quasars are remnants of the original stuff from which the universe was formed at the time of the Big Bang [or]: The quasars are newly created matter -- cosmic taps whereby the stuff of the universe is replenished.* Nigel Calder. VIOLENT UNIVERSE.

Stars contain immense energy and dimensionality which causes them to violate standard topological form. Whatever relation we have to the primal energy of our being and the synchronicity of our emotional and spiritual states is measured by stars alone. They are intrinsically related in a way we do not fully understand to the boundary conditions of creation and the definitions of local and cosmic time. They are the only counterpart in the universe at large to our actions in the microcosm.

*At about 670 million miles an hour, light takes 100,000 years to travel from one end of the Milky Way.....to the other. The great disc-shaped system is turning in space like a colossal wheel. There are between several hundred million and ten billion stars in the Galaxy, tens of millions of which are believed to support a retinue of planets; and there are about a million, by conservative estimate, on which life exists.* Joseph F. Goodavage, ASTROLOGY: THE SPACE AGE SCIENCE.

*Thus the scale of celestial worlds - Earth, Solar System, Milky Way, Totality of Galaxies, and Absolute - presents to man's perception a very special progression. With each ascent in this scale, a dimension becomes invisible to him.* Rodney Collin, THE THEORY OF CELESTIAL INFLUENCE.

By their nature stars are a figure of our own suspension in the medium of time. They are the outermost fragments of our cosmological possibility, and by them we define the whole progression of matter thru the vast uninhabitable pathways into our own sphere. They are a figure also for the depths and distances of our feelings and perceptions, which seem in the grand scale of things to arise from them. Hence, divination by stars would be psychologically accurate, the remaining rendering of rays left to a larger disposition. If there is a sacred time, in which events are millennial and final, the bending of the starways is its torque. If there is a cosmic trauma or collapse of a golden kingdom, the present distortion of the stars is its simultaneous influence on the historical present of our lives.<sup>2</sup>

*If the great outside system - species and stars - proceeds successfully across great time, and curves to return to stations it was once in*

before, and the belt of the ecliptic slides like her cestus in months of a great year taking 25,725.6 years, what wonder that any one of us may be inflamed with love at birth and spend a lifetime seeking to take the tail into one's mouth, the disaster or augury of the shape and voluntas of one's person, cast out of the combinatorial, substance the real at the moment of birth, and one's own love THE AFFECTIONES to cause all of it to swarm, to know that as those beasts wheel variously onto the point where night and day are equal one now does approach the date at which man will pour equally from left to right out of the pitcher of his portion of creation. Charles Olson, ACROSS SPACE AND TIME.

The stars are the true unnamables. They are visible, but they are unknown. Matter is invisible and unknown. Stars contain too much energy to be anything to our world except causes and gods, theogenies. The closer we get to them in any sphere, by telescope, spectroscope, radio emission, or space flight itself, the more our conditions of being break down and are thrown back. We are more vulnerable to them than we realize. Thus, they remain images and metaphors, etymologies.

tá:law-sohi morning star - the star which appears when it's light, morning; hotómq-am three star constellation - appearing after sundown in winter; tá:la light, daylight, day; máy-tala moonlight; só:-tala star-light; kó-tala light from fire, ray, beam. Charles F. and Florence M. Voegelin, HOPI DOMAINS.

### 3- Evolution

Evolution is the great cobblestone road that brings us from matter and the stars to the world we experience and know (and are). Stone by stone and atom by atom it has been pieced together to demonstrate the continuous unbroken relationship between contingency and event, and necessity and form. It is the documentation that shape is sufficient to explain shape; hence, in the natural world, that flows ultimately back into the stars, we are alone. Where living matters ceases, dead and fiery matter begins; when the fires cease, inert stone heaps up in endless black closure, and this is the weight on the cord when we pull open (or they open by themselves:) the curtains of light.

*I do not think, if someone finally twists the key successfully in the tiniest and most humble house of life, that many of these questions will be answered, or that the dark forces which create lights in the deep sea and living batteries in the waters of tropical swamps, or the dread cycles of parasites, or the most noble workings of the human brain, will be much if at all revealed. Rather, I would say that if "dead" matter has reared up this curious landscape of fiddling crickets, song sparrows, and wondering men, it must be plain even to the most devoted materialist that the matter of which he speaks contains amazing, if not dreadful powers, and may not impossibly be, as Hardy has suggested, "but one mask of many worn by the Great Face behind."* Loren Eiseley, THE IMMENSE JOURNEY.

Evolution postulates a continuous relationship between the forms of matter, which eventually becomes the relationship between organisms and their environment, although these two are usually impossible to distinguish in any epistemological sense. The relationship is accidental,

continuously subject to arbitrary revision; the changes that take place are totally random, from a teleological point of view. The theory of evolution is effective mainly because it has no teleology; it is a true theory of how matter operates and how chemistries interact regardless of what matter is, and regardless of the organic complexity of man and his brain.

*Four and one half billion years ago the Earth was lifeless. No-where - not in the primitive atmosphere, not in the early oceans, nor in the newly forming crust - could even the simplest, most unassuming microorganism be found. Two billion years later, the Earth was fairly teeming with one-celled organisms of appreciable complexity. As we have seen in the previous chapter, the origin of the first living systems must have occurred within about a billion years of the formation of the Earth. How? Was it a vastly improbable event which, to our good fortune, occurred by chance in this small corner of the universe, and not elsewhere? Or, starting from the physics and chemistry of the primitive terrestrial environment, was the origin of life a likely event, given only a billion years of random molecular interactions?* Carl Sagan, INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE.

Yet this theory is apologetic and crazy; because it is an attack on the meaning of intelligence, it bends over backwards to deny its intelligence. It works because it postulates tremendously long blocks of time in which these random interactions have occurred, time enough for all mutations which have come up to be tested and weigh in innumerable combinations and for complexity to emerge in a primitive environment as the prime advantageous characteristic for maneuvering, manipulating, and protecting one's self-interests, hence survival of the organism. Without this length of time man would be an absurd burden to the theory which would not have come about without his existence. Yet the time is long enough for almost anything to have happened. Given that almost anything could have happened, beings with intelligence to know what is happening would eventually arise, and at the time of their existence they would imagine, in skeletal approximation, the means and mechanics of their being here. The fact that that happens to be now is thus not merely fortuitous and accidental; it is the very time at which the theory of evolution arises in the body of evolution, and meets itself, which is not that unlikely by the laws of chance. 3

*The fossil record thus substantiates the suggestion, first made by Charles Darwin, that tool use is both the cause and effect of bipedal locomotion. Some very limited bipedalism left the hands sufficiently free from locomotor functions so that stones or sticks could be carried, played with, and used. The advantage that these objects gave to their users led both to more bipedalism and more efficient tool use.*

Sherwood L. Washburn, TOOLS AND HUMAN EVOLUTION.

If evolution strains the credulity, the possibility of getting here by any other means (than random natural selection as the source of specific differences) equally strains the credulity, but in a different manner. What is needed in the latter theory is some form of internal vital energy that leads evolution either toward complexification or toward intelligence, something that man either picks up biochemically, like a sun energy left on the cooling Earth or energy packets from the stars, or brings with him in a soul that is still part of the physical universe (as all things that get here must be) but not part of the

knowable three-dimensional universe bounded by light. This would allow physical evolution to explain totally the geometry and chemistry of the changes and species but vitalistic evolution to hypothesize the energy that has brought about the description by intelligence of its own origin not as a random event but as part of the programmed and necessary complexification of the meaning of the creation. In this way, evolution is retained, but apologetic nihilism is dropped.

*Thus from the grains of thought forming the veritable and indestructible atoms of its stuff, the universe - a well-defined universe in the outcome - goes on building itself above our heads in the inverse direction of matter which vanishes. The universe is a collector and conservator, not of mechanical energy, as we supposed, but of persons. All around us, one by one, like a continual exhalation, 'souls' break away, carrying upwards their incommunicable load of consciousness. One by one, yet not in isolation. Since, for each of them, by the very nature of Omega, there can only be one possible point of definitive emersion - that point at which, under the synthesizing action of personalizing union, the noosphere (furling its elements upon themselves as it too furls upon itself) will reach collectively its point of convergence - at the 'end of the world.'* Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, THE PHENOMENON OF MAN.

Evolutionary theory is the kingpin that gets us from matter itself to those gaseous prehistoric beasts, the stars, to specific local environment, where all the niches of world are filled and continue to be filled with marvellous inventions of a creative and pliable matter operating thru a vital and resilient molecular chemistry.

*(Man) can neither originate varieties nor prevent their occurrence; he can preserve and accumulate such as do occur. Unintentionally he exposes organic beings to new and changing conditions of life, and variability ensues; but similar changes of conditions might and do occur under nature. Let it also be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each other and to their physical conditions of life; and consequently what infinitely various diversities of structure might be of use to each being under changing conditions of life.* Charles Darwin, THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

#### 4- Psyche and Soma

If body and mind are separate, the whole evolutionary principle collapses. Where did mind come from if not from the same place as body? If they came from the same place, how can they be different? What is mind except body's totally neurally-integrated picture of its own existence?

But if mind and body are not separate, how do we distinguish psychology from physics? If mind and body are the same, whence comes the division we experience? Or do we experience a division that is not there?

The theory of evolution (via Darwin) becomes the thermodynamic explanation for mind. Perceptual ability, complexification of the nervous system, and intelligence are the results of conservative biological energy (conservation of energy) rather than inventive and expansion-orient-

ed matter. Mind does not invade body; body finds itself to include mind as it enters worlds that are made possible only by mind's existence; but these worlds are the results of the survival of an intelligence-possessing creature; intelligence does not discover them of its own adventure.

Freud's theory of psyche is primarily an extension of Darwin's theory of evolution. What holds for the biological kingdom of integrated organisms holds for the psychological kingdom of integrative thoughts. Nothing appears in mind which is not absolutely determined by the energy level of the whole nervous system, which ultimately encompasses the soma itself. Thoughts and personalities do not leap into being from the darkness, impelled by their own brilliant content; they are the conservative gropings of mind to maintain itself in a potentially-destructive personality, and even the most sudden and unprecedented changes in individual behavior are merely the shields and forms the integrative center casts of itself as it slips back into secure and maintainable positions, equivalent and homologous to ecological niches.

In the context of a thermodynamic principle of mind and neural energy, Freud advanced a conceptualization of mind which included the conscious mind (which philosophers also called mind) and the unconscious and preconscious minds (which are in continuous existence as part of energy-pattern of the mental process but never come into consciousness except as fragments of their content are translated into the terms and logical continuity of the conscious mind). On this basis consciousness is discredited as the total mind-state of the organism; in order for the coenaesthesia of the whole system to be maintained, the conscious mind must be only a symbolically-inverted concentration of psyche's total energy-condition. The motivation of the conscious mind (its own causal continuity) is not the motivation of the organism; the necessities of unconscious energy are expressed only by an intricate reworking of conscious content such that conscious action is identical to unconscious action, i.e., the organism initiates without knowing why. The conscious mind is conscious only in that it has content (or the illusion of content); the unconscious mind, likewise, is unconscious only because it lacks content. Both, however, are present in any mental integration or personal movement. If mind is not totally composed of consciousness, it is also not totally mental. Even as unconscious energy is the power behind conscious reification, so is a vast unintelligent somatic dynamo the supplier of unconscious energy. And behind that somatic dynamo lie molecular and atomic sources of devastating energy and concentration. The path from mind to matter is a path only too well known to us. If mind exists at all as something else, it is in its phenomenological awareness of its own conscious territory, an awareness which is always creative and risk-taking, since the alternative is to be at the mercy of exponentially-vast energies in a chain of infinite regression. Theology may seek to be the proof of God and/or first cause, but theophany is literally the experience of the hierarchy made conscious throughout the organism, whose content is finally the realization that if there is mind, so fantastic is that revelation that it is truly the knowing of God Himself.

*The obscurity in which the center of our being.....is veiled from our knowledge and the obscurity surrounding the origin of dreams tally too well not to be brought into relation to each other..... On the basis of the theory of somatic stimulation, dream-interpretation is thus faced*

with the special problem of tracing back the content of a dream to the organic stimuli which caused it.... In this way, a dream with an intestinal stimulus may lead the dreamer along muddy streets, or one with a urinary stimulus may lead him to a foaming stream. Or the stimulus as such, the nature of the excitement it produces, or the object it desires, may be symbolically represented. Or the dream-ego may enter into concrete relations with the symbols of its own state; for instance, in the case of painful stimuli the dreamer may engage in a desperate struggle with fierce dogs or savage bulls, or a woman in a sexual dream may find herself pursued by a naked man. Sigmund Freud (on K.A. Scherner),  
THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

From an operational point of view, the identification of psyche with soma and soma with psyche yields both a richer and a more complicated world than traditional physics and medicine usually allow. As soma provides the energy for psyche, so does psyche, in its own energy states, deriving very acutely from content, change the operations of soma. In this is the whole basis of psychosomatic diseases and psychoanalytic relief from symptomatic problems. Yoga and other forms of meditation and biopsychic exercises originate in the conviction that methodical control of will, without random translation into imagistic suggestion (as with train of thought and dreams), leads to vast alteration of physical conditions and abilities, which in turn gives rise to transformations of conscious content and human motivation. Hypotheses of astrology and astrobiology assume an organic hypersensitivity to environmental rhythms and cycles that generates, discernibly in its collective effects, much of the content of personality and society, as well as general biological and biochemical patterment. Studies of dreams, alternate states of consciousness, drugs, astral projection, auras, etc., all seek the physical (be it neural or chemical or both) locus of highly philosophical and abstract mental states. In other words, it is impossible to distinguish between the biochemical sources of intelligence and the meanings which intelligence ascribes to the world it inhabits. Sophisticated studies of totemism ultimately depart from the elegance of the bestiary and the ethnobotany and find themselves examining the physiology of the brain and the geography of the nervous system. Our life is finally our life, and body and mind are simply the identical pendula of the continuous source of human energy and psychosomatic creation.<sup>4</sup>

*To live is to act. Thus, life can be defined, according to Vialleton, as "the proper activity, immanent and dominant, in all organized bodies." Living beings are, in effect, organized; under their formal appearance there lies an active concealed form, constantly, as it were, on the alert, so as to maintain, extend and increase this material aggregate, unstable and changing, this perpetual whirlpool of matter out of which something extraordinarily powerful and permanent is evolved - a living species.* Leon Vannier, HOMOEOPATHY HUMAN MEDICINE.

We are now concerned to know why we think and behave as we do, for without this concern we can do little either to affect our personal development or to solve global problems. The image of who we are and why we do what we do, even to our own detriment, lies, not in the city or the factory as origin, but back thru the dynamic interrelation of psyche and soma, or whence both arise, defining the boundaries of a field of organization we cannot transcend, even to improve our lot.

Such regions as conscious and unconscious, id and superego, do not exist in the abstract geography that defines them; they are legitimate isobars of biological and chemical space humans occupy. They are exactly useful in denoting the distance between the thinking apparatus and the thoughts it produces, for once something is thought it is reified and realized even as a canoe which is fashioned out of wood. Legal systems and languages are psychosomatic "diseases" also. A canoe depends on the morphological qualities of wood and stone and their availability, and it blends these valences with those of the mind. Languages behave similarly with regard to the structure of the throat and mouth. Pure thought is an even more complex hybrid, for from multiple energies it generates shapes which interact with shapes until the image of a body replaces the origin of either body or mind.

*It is likely that very early in life the infant cannot distinguish between physical and emotional harm, when his conceptual level has not sufficiently matured to allow him to make fine distinctions between a psychological and physical hurt. By the time he can distinguish between the two he may have already covered his Primal Pains with his neurosis.* Arthur Janov, THE PRIMAL SCREAM.

#### 5- Man

If man is a separate level here, he must be more than evolutionary man and more than psychosomatic man. Since physics and biology do not allow man's transcendence of these conditions, the evidence must come from elsewhere. And what can that evidence be except that there is a whole other creation, subtly interwoven with this one, available not on mechanical grounds but on grounds that are simultaneously moral, aesthetic, phenomenological, and existential. Where they originate, in any causal nexus, is less significant than the simple fact that they work. Man is either more than animal and more than matter, or animal and matter are more than we have allowed. Actually, both are true, in different ways and at different angles to the vision itself.

*When the mystics finally discover by their experience that God is the same being which previously they had imagined to be their own soul, what happens is similar to a mirage. Nothing has been done away with in being. The mirage remains an object of vision, but no one knows what it is; one knows that it is not water.* Henry Corbin, CREATIVE IMAGINATION IN THE SUFISM OF IBN ARABI.

In a certain sense, it is on the level of man that we have the least understanding of the relation of the inner universe to the outer universe and/or the very small units of microcosm to the seemingly enormous and shattering units of macrocosm. Somehow in man matter becomes also the definition of matter; likewise, distance and discontinuity are paralleled by the conception and use of the terms, thru which they become synchronously connected to a human topos. There are no distances and discontinuities that are not also human experiments in transcending them.

*There is no limit to the extent of the relations of any man with the Universe in essence; for as soon as man makes himself one with any idea the means of measurement cease to exist.* Aleister Crowley, MAGICK

IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

The universe, which is unnegotiable as pure mass and inertia, is totally susceptible to magic. Thus, all thru our history, the occult has survived and rivalled rationalism, for the occult gives total credence to the only level we believe in when the chips are down: what we are. And if the truth be told, the chips are down.<sup>5</sup>

Man is considered not insofar as he unwillingly or willingly serves any other system or ontological level. Not the individual in society, but the individual of infinite potential, not just in discovering but in BEING the creation. Not the individual to serve the evolutionary schemes of a larger more intelligent cosmos, but man as the key to intelligent possibility and manifestation. Once he has achieved his psychosomatic sanity, what lies beyond that.

*The simile of man is as often used as that of the Tree. The Biblical word that man was created in the image of God means two things to the Kabbalist: first, that the power of the Sefiroth, the paradigm of divine life, exists and is active also in man. Secondly, that the world of the Sefiroth, that is to say the world of God the Creator, is capable of being visualized under the image of man the created. From this it follows that the limbs of the human body are nothing but images of a certain spiritual mode of existence which manifests itself in the symbolic figure of ADAM KADMON, the primordial man. The Divine Being Himself cannot be expressed. All that can be expressed are His symbols. The relation between EN SOF and its mystical qualities, the Sefiroth, is comparable to that between the soul and the body, but with the difference that the human body and soul differ in nature, one being material and the other spiritual, while in the organic whole of God all spheres are substantially the same. Gershom Scholem, MAJOR TRENDS IN JEWISH MYSTICISM.*

The evidence for man is scattered. We see it as mythological, or it is archaeological, the pure remains or the lack of them. The shape of man is lost in time itself, a shape that can be recovered only in the eternal present.

*The jaguar ate what was left of the fish and tried in vain to trace the monkey's whereabouts. The monkey whistled, once, twice. Eventually the jaguar caught sight of him and asked him to come down, but the monkey refused, being afraid that the jaguar, in spite of assurances to the contrary, would kill him. The jaguar then stirred up a strong wind, which caused the tree top to sway; the monkey clung to the tree as best he could, but soon his strength was exhausted, and he was hanging on by only one hand. "I'm going to let go," he cried to the jaguar. "Open your mouth." The jaguar opened his mouth wide, and the monkey dropped into it and disappeared into the jaguar's belly. The jaguar, growling and licking his chops, ran off into the forest. A. Colbacchini, via Claude Lévi-Strauss in THE RAW AND THE COOKED.*

*The oldest radiocarbon dates for archaeological discoveries which demonstrate, beyond any doubt, man's presence in the New World fall in the range of 10,000 to 9000 B.C. These dates and discoveries come the High Plains of North America and from the southwestern United States. The prehistoric cultural traditions involved are characterized by bifacially flaked lanceolate projectile points which were used as spear tips in the pursuit of large game animals. Additional artifacts representative of these early cultures are a variety of unspecialized and specialized scrapers, choppers, knives, drills, and other chipped imple-*

ments as well as occasional ground-stone, bone, and shell items that served useful or ornamental purposes. Gordon R. Willey, AN INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY: NORTH AND MIDDLE AMERICA.

## 6- Community and House

Magical man is grounded in political man. Human survival is made possible by a community of men and a community of knowledge, and there is no way to get free of that, even as there was no other way to get here from the beginning. Wherever man goes he finds man. Every magician is encountered by another magician. And the community survives as the biome itself.<sup>6</sup>

*Those who are born can only be new forms of those who have been; consequently, it is necessary that these latter continue to exist in order that others may be born. In fine, the belief in the immortality of the soul is the only way in which men were able to explain a fact which could not fail to attract their attention; this fact is the perpetuity of the life of the group. Individuals die, but the clan survives..... As the clan always keeps its characteristic appearance, the spiritual substance out of which it is made must be thought of as qualitatively invariable. Since it is always the same clan with the same totemic principle, it is necessary that the souls be the same, for souls are only the totemic principle broken up and particularized. Emile Durkheim, ELEMENTARY FORMS OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.*

Community presents the dual problem: that it arises in nature, as surely as a society of ants or the instinct of the spider to make a web, and that it arises in the consciousness, as surely as the dream that all men are one man, and that no men will be free until all men are free. The former is a reduction of humanity to the pseudo-altruism of survival; the latter is untenable biologically. Between them, and all around us, is the incredible array of a latent world made visible, neither thru benign cooperation nor thru severe necessity. It is what the house of a spider would be if it were moved from the dark instinctual unconscious into the deep mirrors of neural recognition, whence language arises first as a form revolving about a form.

*They all go naked as their mothers bore them, and the women also, although I saw only one very young girl. And all those whom I did see were youths, so that I did not see one who was over thirty years of age; they were very well built, with very handsome bodies and good faces. Their hair is coarse almost like the hairs of a horse's tail and short; they wear their hair down over their eyebrows, except for a few strands behind, which they wear long and never cut. Some of them are painted black, and they are the colour of the people of the Canaries, neither black nor white, and some of them are painted white and some red and some in any colour that they find. Some of them paint their faces, some their whole bodies, some only the eyes, and some only the nose. They do not bear arms or know them, for I showed to them swords and they took them by the blade and cut themselves through ignorance. They have no iron. THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

They are everywhere, and the symmetry by which man has tried to bind them into races, classes, and systems of production recoils on him-

self, for he is always one of them, be he king or Chinese intellectual. The Red Guards burn down their houses, and this is community. As is the endless game of cards, the warmth of the bars, the fag hoboos in the caboose. Wherever he is man finds him, and to be alone is the same, as long as there are other men. In his consciousness he will never be tested, he will never be alone.

*Our power, who gives it to us? The working class gives it, the poor and lower-middle peasants give it, and the masses of laboring people who comprise over 90 percent of the population give it. We represent the proletariat and the masses, and have overthrown the enemies of the people; the people therefore support us." Mao.*

And yet, even at this late date, the enemy is uncertain. For there is one victory to be won over the evolutionary forces, those attributes which begin in matter and the stars and are found again, via Morgan, in the Iroquois, developed as mountains crush out crystal. The dialectic, in its discovery, its recovery, is turned around to serve the needs of man, as memory and analysis of symbol seeks to control symbol. But can man rule his community. Is community man? Political man? Or is community plant? Unconscious homeostatic plant? There is another victory, but there is no enemy. And community struggles for its own survival, to make us men, to come to America as something other than an invasion of frogs.

*Being a ranking society themselves Manam people understand privilege; what they do not understand is the complete lack of rapport between themselves and the administration and mission. Most, like Tangu, adhere to the belief that a wrongdoing on the part of an ancestor robbed them of the good things in life and the ability to understand why and how white men do the things they do. If the wrongdoing could be identified atonement might be possible. Kenelm Burrige, MAMBU.*

## 7- Intelligence

The means by which we come to know things absolutely limits what we can know. Hence, most other intelligence in the creation lies beyond us, operating in spheres we can barely intuit or beyond even our intuition. Such spheres, when they reach us, fall on the fringes of human knowledge; they are so packed with an alien (hence a pure and rich) information that they give rise to sciences and revivals of traditional wisdom. They reorder the ways in which we have seen things. Though they cannot allow us to unlock their energies, they allow us to unlock energies marginal to but contained within our own sphere. Such intelligences include not only supradimensional beings and angeloid forms but our own deep unconscious mind, much of it forever beyond philosophy and knowing. These intelligences may speak to us and at us, but the meaning is on so many different levels and made up of so many different meanings that it dissipates on us as we try to fix the direction of its occasion. Still, its language in our language is beautiful and wise.

*It seems to be like knowledge in dreams, in which we know without knowing HOW we know that we are proceeding in a northerly direction, or that it is thirteen minutes past four, or that a given action is going*

to take place. Sometimes mediums or clairvoyants have difficulty finding the right words into which to translate their certain but formless knowledge so long as it remains raw and undifferentiated.... Frequently, however, knowledge comes directly in the form of sensory experience of hallucinatory vividness where the sensory modalities that come into play - visual, auditory, tactile, olfactory - appear to depend on what sensations OUGHT to be involved if the person or the event is to present itself in a characteristic way. Jule Eisenbud, THE WORLD OF TED SERIOS.

As well as intelligences of either higher or other orders than our own, there is also the intelligence of the animal and plant kingdoms, expressed in the individual "minds" of their organisms. These bear some phylogenetic relationship to our own intelligence; yet this should not be confused by the inaccurate notion that "we go beyond them." Human intelligence reifies things that animal intelligence does not; likewise, though, every organism experiences a total condition of world and creation, its own integrity of having been made; in specific cases, some animal and plant senses are literally more acute than human senses; animals and plants know things that humans can never know, even by observing them. The only thing that devalues these modes of perception for us is that they are not gathered into as complex a central nervous system as our own and are not effectively utilized in developing a philosophy and ontology of existence. These senses and modes of knowing are, however, true means of attaining knowledge, and in any ultimate existential sense they are equal intelligences, cosmic rivals. Any other decision not only demeans their very existence in relation to ours but demeans our own existence before that of the angels. Our intelligence suits our condition on the scale of wisdom, and what we cannot know is irrelevant to our being somewhere by the conditions that have brought us there.

*He knows by throbbing feel the peaks and canyons of the submarine mountain ranges; the oozy fans of silt sliding softly, unseen, over the black plains; the awesome cliffs and grottoes; the meandering rivers of brine coursing their ancient channels in the rock. He knows where the octopus hides and where it can be seized when it strays from the safety of its cave.* Victor B. Scheffer, THE YEAR OF THE WHALE.

Individual intelligence is limited by cultural circumstance, but often, willingly or unwillingly, individuals not only gain knowledge but change their whole condition of intelligence. This can happen thru initiation, meditation, artistic experience, etc.; it can also happen by mental breakdown, schizophrenia, chemical disruption of the nervous system. Not all of these forms represent increased perception; but intelligence is different than perception: a new intelligence can emerge from an alteration of data and perspective without any additional perceptual information, without any sensual channel being opened. Intelligence is simply the angle, sans judgement, at which the experience of being weighs the circumstance of being. The strategy may be bloody murder or pure sensuality; it may be tropism or symbolic logic; but they are all heliotropes, trying to attain a coherence prefigured by the sun.

*It seemed to come from my shoulder. It was perfectly clear, although it was a small voice. It was, however, not a child's voice or a falsetto voice, but a miniature man's voice. It wasn't my voice either. I presumed it was English that I heard. Whenever I tried deliberately*

to trap the voice, it subsided altogether or became vague and the scene faded..... Something was THINKING for me. The thoughts were outside myself. Carlos Castaneda, THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN: A YAQUI WAY OF KNOWLEDGE.

On our own level we are continuously in touch with the intelligences of other individuals, and in the larger circle of mankind, other cultures, each of which has an experiential reality precisely untested by those outside it, no matter what their interpretation of those within. There are also the invented intelligences of our philosophies and coda, the synthetic intelligences of computers and other cybernetic manufactures; these machines may have literally no experience, but they report to us in strange mimicry of our own cognition pictures of worlds they can convey the intelligence of without ever feeling them. Intelligence is, in one sense, simply the single intelligence, which is then broken down into all the possible dimensions and orders of space, macro- and micro-, in the universe. Although there is the possibility of reaching greater intelligence by spaceship (as once by sailing vessel), it is more likely that intelligence is hierarchical and not spatial. The only relocation is by definition of all prior location. In the very defining is the locating of the shell that lies between.

*It is the realm of expectancy, of desire and purpose, of vitalizing life, of efficient causes, of thought thinking itself out from an inner realm (the Hopian HEART) into manifestation. It is in a dynamic state, yet not a state of motion - it is not advancing toward us out of a future, but ALREADY WITH US in vital and mental form, and its dynamism is at work in the field of eventuating or manifesting, i.e. evolving without motion from the subjective by degrees to a result which is objective. In translating into English, the Hopi will say that these entities in the process of causation 'will come' or that they - the Hopi - 'will come to' them..... Benjamin Lee Whorf, AN AMERICAN INDIAN MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE.*

## 8- Death

What we come to when we come to the end of this condition which has been imposed on us. Which we have imposed on ourselves. And if anything is the end and denial of the great Darwinian tunnel, this is, for, either way, the game is over. I have said elsewhere: EITHER WE LIVE FOREVER OR NOT AT ALL, and this is identical, whether we have caused darkness to prevail at the end or a greater light. For we must leave the sphere we have imagined all other spheres to be in and enter indubitably the sphere we are in. Like the symbolic imagination of this one, there is no doubting the power (or the glory) once we are there. There is nothing but memory, once we have been remembered.

*At the same time, a dull blue light from the brute world will come to shine along the Radiances of Wisdom. Then, through the influence of the illusions of thy propensities, thou wilt feel afraid of the radiance of the five colours; and wishing to flee from it, thou wilt feel attracted towards the dull light from the brute-world. Thereupon, be not afraid of that brilliant radiance of five colours, nor terrified; but know the wisdom to be thine own. THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD.*

It is not just the question of death, and it never was alone the question of birth. It is literally the matter of how we find ourselves to be where we are, what we remember of where we were. It is that aspect of our being placed that we can in no way help or include in the dilemma. If there weren't death, life itself would be the death, fatal in its imposition of a frozen term of meaning and locale. Because we are not judging the Inert or the Vitalized, the inward flux or the outward margin: by mind, deity, or star. Those who place us where we are: are those who place us where we are. To that place the flow of chemistry is merely the jughandle, the stem. It is MEANING only because it fills what holds it with itself. The biological argument for our being here ultimately fails, for we transcend it, and what we see, in the life and death of all other organisms, is not what we are.

*Ignorant of the true significance of my condition, my first thought, on seeing this spectacle, was that I had died during sleep. I did not know at that time that death comes only with the severing of the elastic-like cable. I made my way, struggling under the magnetic pull of the cord, to where the consanguineous earthly beings lay asleep in another room, hoping to awaken them, and let them know of this awful plight. I attempted to open the door, but found myself passing through it.* Sylvan Muldoon & Hereward Carrington, THE PROJECTION OF THE ASTRAL BODY.

Life itself is a fatal condition; memory is weak. All the possibilities we would examine as mere possibility, called survival with every meaning in the book, are nothing to the necessity. Without this necessity we would take it all too seriously. We would never know who we are. We would kill ourselves trying.

*In order to follow the spiritual path one must first overcome the initial excitement, that is one of the first essentials. For unless one is able to overcome this excitement, one will not be able to learn, because any form of emotional excitement has a blinding effect. One fails to see life as it is because one tends so much to build up one's version of it.* Chogyam Trungpa, MEDITATION IN ACTION.

Here we conclude the discussion in the implied ambiguity we have followed to this point. We have both the Darwinian model and the biologically-inexplicable thermodynamics of the other: reincarnation. Death leads assuredly from the full-blown sentience of life to the senseless body of matter. When we have crossed that bridge at twilight, a whirlwind that arose at the beginning of the stars and time has come for us to an end. We are truly cast upon the humble beginnings, as far from this light in the wilderness as we could be. For we are dust, having lost the potential for creation which all thru creation worked, with positive energy on its side, to bring us into being. But death is also the step beyond intelligence, for in this limited condition we can never hope to attain the full intelligence of the Creation, without which we will certainly be in despair and which would ultimately consign us to a dull and weary nostalgia. With death we recover what is initial, even as the biology of consciousness ceases, for our having been is different than our striving via the womb to be. Death is not only the vehicle of matter and the server of dust unto dust. It is the bridge between two utterly different intelligences. And the degree of difference is expressed exactly by the direness of the occasion that mediates between here and there.

and she floated  
up over the Hill  
beyond the Cemetery  
& entered the  
Sun Barge  
& when  
dawn  
was balling  
the Hill  
she was  
sucked into  
the Sun.  
o I have  
seen seen seen!  
her floating  
in the Barge  
& she was  
as a sunflower  
invaded by floodlights,  
& her eyes  
were white  
& her veins  
were full  
of white blood  
and her  
mind opened out  
& the brain-valves  
were turned open  
and she entered  
the Brilliance,  
& her mind  
was staggered  
in the flood  
of phenomena;  
and I have heard  
o I have heard  
my mother  
on the barge of death,  
seduced into the rainbow,  
led into the current,  
an Eye flinging beams  
on itself.....  
And then she  
went out upon  
The Trembling Flank  
and went forth upon  
The Great Necklace of Energy  
& rode out  
in the  
Death Barge  
and entered where  
the Scarab  
talked freely..... Ed Sanders, CEMETERY HILL.

<sup>1</sup>The fact that the material universe is made up of relations between energies (and is unsubstantial), or that the hard substances of our hierarchically intermediate world become trivial when viewed astronomically and sieves when viewed atomically, merely serves to emphasize the phenomenological stability of our own level of existence. It sustains itself for its own reasons and not for reasons discoverable elsewhere. It is obvious and circular to argue that our experience alone determines our view of reality (at the same time that it defines our experience): this is a limiting and basic condition of coming into existence. Yet the stability of our realm depends precisely on our being able to overlook the deadly riddles of the very large and the very small. They are insoluble and their obsession with us is fatal.

*Physics is mathematical not because we know so much about the physical world, but because we know so little: it is only its mathematical properties that we can discover.* Bertrand Russell, AN OUTLINE OF PHILOSOPHY.

<sup>2</sup>Any lingering hope for a mechanical description-explanation of the stars (via gases, atoms, and particles) has faded with our perverse dream of inhabiting a totally physical universe. The complete cosmological object has not lain in space and time since the early optimistic days of physical and natural science. Since at least the late Nineteenth Century, research into the difficulty of the material structure of the universe has approached (and now penetrates) the coincidental investigation of our psychological reference position (and that has been refined into qualities of mind which stimulate the neurophysical properties a reified brain). The ambiguous mechanical model of the quasar belongs to the same genre as the daring mechanical (Kirlian) model of the astral body.

The composition of the most distant and alien regions of the cosmos has changed with our different perceptions about the nature of matter and space, though, hypothetically at least, it has remained the same. The operational distinction between mind and matter invokes the more relevant dialectic of living consciousness (or conscious life) and inert worldstuff; any cosmologically-deep description of an object is stuck with this contradiction. If the properties and location of a given event have any accuracy in the neurophysical world for which it is posited, the duality that rules that world must be among its *physical* characteristics.

<sup>3</sup>The doctrine of orthodox scientific evolution suffers from a basic internal contradiction: its ideological orthodoxy undermines its universal accuracy. Teleological and theosophical convictions about the origins of species exist for the profoundest of evolutionary reasons, for they are themselves aspects of biochemical homeostasis; without them it is not only unlikely but *literally impossible* that human intelligence could have evolved, and this was true even before human intelligence reified them as descriptions. In fact, a materialistic theory of evolution that locates magical thinking beneath it in its own hierarchy is totally meaningless, for it has failed to explain the different-

ial tension by which its own cognitive maintenance is insured and it has failed to give any value to flexibility and innovation in the hierarchical ascension of intelligence thru itself. It is epistemologically limited to the point of nonproductive, even as any Puritan orthodoxy which purports to drive evil out of existence by whipping. Aesthetic perceptions are simply culminative channels of complex informational exchange and multiple feedback, given, of course, content and value. The value is obscure when viewed materialistically only by the rule that transformation continues to embody higher levels of abstraction in *itself*, thereby rendering the mechanism of the design obscure. A sun ceremony or astrological chart is as powerful, thermodynamically (neurophysically), as any materialist orthodoxy.

<sup>4</sup>The uncertain distinction between things physical and things mental plagued the early days of Freudian psychology (and continues to plague psychology in its modern forms). The thoughts of an intelligent being, in all their complexity and ambiguity, are not demonstrable in its organic processes. Their appearance in the nervous system (as shown by the stimulus-response exercises of Wundt) sheds little light or insight on the creations of mind, which rival what we discern at the hierarchical summit of the cosmos for the obvious and parallel reason.

If thoughts are not as proper objects of scientific inquiry as cells and molecules, they are returned to the philosophers, and the philosophers must deal with them, even in their new guise of neural energy, for they have historically laid claim to that territory. But common thoughts do not obey the normal logical and rational processes of philosophical discourse, relating to it only as a pathological and primitive form. Philosophy can make no more headway with the "meaning" of neurotic mechanisms whose operation is unambiguously programmed by the nervous system than it can with the physiological analysis of the brain. Because the philosopher examines thoughts only when they begin to suggest a level of organization quite independent on the body, the psychiatrist is the only one left treating symptoms which occur ambiguously at either the lower edge of metaphysical and linguistic breakdown (as the destruction of a Platonic form) or the outer edge of vegetative abstraction (where the body has created a shell that mirrors its structure only in its duplication of the organism's inability to fulfill its needs). His position is untenable because he must treat an organic ailment without any conviction of the real organic source and a philosophical ailment with only distorted philosophical tools. No wonder doctors lost the ability to tell why a patient improved or how long to go on with the treatment. No wonder they came to allow silence, session after session, as an accurate deciphering of their bind.

The result is a compromise. Psychoanalysis remains philosophical only insofar as it establishes the relation between patient and healer on the level of language and discourse; it does so with the proviso that that discourse is a mirror of biologically-determined patterns (to which it serves as the path only because no purely organic path is known, and there is no bloodstream of the unconscious); this is what makes it biophysical. The disturbances that a sexual ailment causes in the nervous system and musculature are so direct that the language of a sexual neurotic is cohesive with the diseased tissue; a pathology

of the organs becomes a pathology of the thoughts

Wilhelm Reich's contribution to human knowledge is uncertain precisely because he tried to define the biological link between mind and body. It would have been one thing if he had done so for the simple functional purpose of treating patients. The link he sought, however, was of such an original cosmology, that by it he hoped to include the most ethereal and nominalist doctrines of philosophy and the most primitive stuff of mind and organism on the same ontological level. The obvious conclusion he drew is that philosophy is treatable as part of the rhythm of the organism from which it arises, with pulse taking the place of logic as measure. He attempted exactly what Wittgenstein did, but from entirely the other direction and with entirely opposite intentions. His discovery cannot be evaluated, either in terms of the existence of orgones or in terms of a method of substantial psychosomatic cure, until we decide which of the patterns of thought and life are scientific objects and which are philosophical abstractions, *and* on what level, even hypothetically, we allow that distinction to disappear, such that bions flash into existence without ever borrowing from the photon its light.

<sup>5</sup> The human level is basic not because it *was* but because it *is*. Man may describe the ostensible emissions of the stars from different obliquities without introducing, as the stars would by attaining those obliquities within any given ontology, a lethal contradiction. The stars may emit photons and atomic particles and radio noise, or astral associations and vital hermetic rays, or they may, by their very positions, define an energy of synchronicity. But the stars themselves do not change, nor are the descriptions any more or less accurate structurally (furthermore, even if the stars do change, this information is irrelevant). The ultimate universe at stake is the universe of man's neurological and phenomenological existence; beyond that what may exist is a simultaneous pattern brought into realization only by human discoveries about the nature of intelligence. Man cannot escape the predicament that natural forms have only logarithmic relation to the cognition of those natural forms; despite all posturing, the scale can never be adjusted in the direction of objectivity (or simplification). This can be stated another way:

A description of the sun as god or as spheroid of ignited chemicals does not change the sun one iota. As it continues to be what it is, either description is accurate and productive in terms of its behavior and visible characteristics. A description of hydrogen and helium and solar system cosmology is not a preferable and ultimate substitute for a religious or sympathetic description, for it still lacks ultimate accountability and it also lacks cognitive flexibility; it tells us more about the needs of the description than about the sun. We accept the magical, then, only because every description is a magical description and has magical intentions upon the condition of occultation.

<sup>6</sup> No matter how we come at this level, or how inorganic the materials we build it from, how adversary and dialectic the conditions for egalitarianism, we are caught in the tangle between the mystery of each

man's life and the social justice some men's mysteries speak to us all. If the powers of human fulfillment are equal to the powers of community and class, then the city is Adocentyn and the land is Atlantis, and we are in an especially holy place. In the Marxist revolution, economic justice comes only at the expense of the human mystery (though a Marxist would get around this by the Platonic similarity between society in the macrocosm and the specific organism in the microcosm). Likewise, those who are committed to the mystery often translate the suffering and oppression of the masses into some cosmic and karmic fate.

There is an indisputable connection between social justice and psychological health, and between psychological health and spiritual capability. The community is the source not only of the names of natural forms and entities and the mnemonic systems of their organization but also the feelings of confirmation of this life and that it resembles the archetypal life, which is the first step toward wishing and being able to live it, despite and within the cosmic. The archetypal lovers are never divorced, though the partners in any one marriage may be.

Those who are placed outside of society, even symbolically, give up that confirmation; a Salish clansman, banished into the clanless forest, loses the whole text and dies as surely as if he had been deprived of all nutrition and sensual stimulus. Capital punishment is clearly an exaggeration.

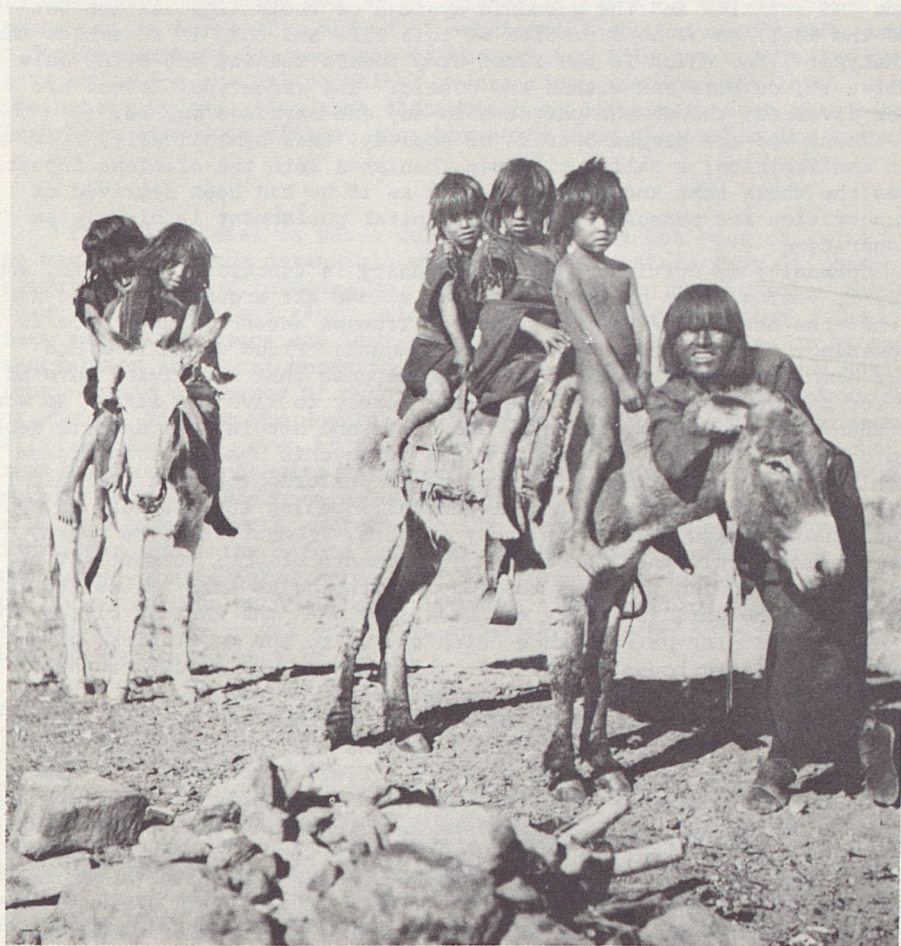
Community is critical because community is functional, organic, and hard; it yields to no argument and thus allows all arguments. When asked what the meaning of life is, Chogyam Trungpa answered that there is no meaning, there is only life. Or, as against Freud's nihilism and utter damning of civilization, Reich's response that the living have no use for philosophy, living tissue seeks merely to live its life. No wonder then that we are in community and house and not in some angelic debating society. Or that in Reich's model of psychic health it is orgasm which precedes thought, by discharging all philosophical and biological irritation that can make it to the genital, opening the channels to non-sexual insight also. If the mystery is ours, it must still be there, and more accessible than before, in our moments of joy; it must not be the mystery the mind projects the body's pathologies into; likewise, it must not be the paradisaal city man sees only when the earthly cities are corrupt and in disrepair. Hence Reich's plea to the revolution: give everyone their own house (temple) in which to work this out; or the streets will be filled with angry ambitious women and men.

Pathologies are literally bad angels, and they can disrupt a farm as dramatically as a tornado or drought. (As even down the road from us the man who built the house and plowed the field returns to find his wife seducing his best friend, seeking an ancient hermetic fertility and an awakening within, thinking that she left something back there, unable to recall that it's nothing, nothing at all). Sex is not the mystery, but it is the function; community likewise can be used only to get to the holy city which it is not.

(And even he spent those latter years in Northern America turning the living sands of the tidal flats and scanning the skies, searching for the original life energy, in the hope that it comes to the Earth unborn as well, and can be used as the primal and only medicine for those who have been born and have succumbed. He called the disease "armor," not "tension," not "neurosis." So that it comes to work dress-

ed in a metal container like a knight and the solution is necessarily drastic. Even were a flood of orgones to fall thru the skies of the city and awaken the dead, they would still have to live there and do the business of the world.)

1972-3



## Terrorism, Baseball, Gold Mines, and Gurus

Mel begins with an occult bookstore and a free university in Maryland. At the end of the tunnel is a mirror. He sees himself, an American. He splits for India. He kisses the soil when the plane lands. He enters a monastery, and after two weeks he's climbing the walls. But things quiet down, and he sees the mountains, without majesty, without ecstasy, that they are there. He sees the mirror.

Back in Maryland the lessons dissipate; he finds himself on the street again, freaking out. He is travelling in a car with the brother gurus from New Jersey, en route to a conference in Pennsylvania, when the elderly book-keeper of an occult center, who is travelling with them, suddenly performs as a medium. One of the brothers has a grayness in his chest, a recent pneumonia; the other has a stomach ache; he agrees; she tells him it is the blocked energy pouring over into the stomach from the spleen, a higher substance he cannot yet use. "What about him?" one of the brothers asks, pointing at Mel.

He is sitting erect and silent, the perfect Buddhist, so good, so advanced, so unassailable. She stares for a long time and then says: "There's nothing wrong with him. He just hasn't found himself yet."

And Mel chortles to himself: "Hasn't found himself yet? Can't she SEE!!!"

A week later he comes to her for a reading. It is held in the office of the leading occult bookseller in the nation. All around him are the very books, not in reprint or shambala, not even in 19th Century formality; these are the original Renaissance and Mediaeval documents, Rosicrucian and Hermetic texts. At this meeting she comes up with an obscure name: ISHPEMING. Checked in the Atlas, it turns out to be the name of a town on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. He thinks, "Indian name. I'll go there and marry an Indian princess."

There are no Indians left in Ishpeming, so Mel gets a construction job, lives in the woods, writes a children's novel, gets an M.A. with it at the local branch of higher education, enters the internal conflicts of a bookstore called THE THIRD EYE. He moves in with the female owner.

Meanwhile, this gentle American Buddhist has inherited some money in a stock market condition. Rapidly wearying of proxies and dividends, he buys a farm for \$3000, puts a friend on it, and leaves town. Good karma.

We pick him up next in South Carolina, with a \$500 check he's having trouble getting cashed. He sees a stock brokerage house across the street; he puts on his aura and heads over there. A group of men in brown flannel suits are standing there watching lit-up numbers rotate along the wall. He interrupts their attention, but they won't cash his check. "We just don't do that."

There's one guy, standing by the side, only passingly involved in the board. He's wearing an orange jacket, a yellow tie with a gold tie clasp, gold pants, and gold shoes. Mel says, "Hey, you look different."

Guy says: "I am."

"How so?" Mel asks.

"I don't invest in any of these stocks."

"Oh."

"See those numbers up there. They don't stand for anything. They're just part of a floating crap game. The Revolution is coming; Atlantis is rising; there's going to be a Mideast War; the White Man has come to the end of the line; the world monetary system is going to collapse."

"What do you like?"

"Gold," he says, shining like Fort Knox. "Gold. That's the only thing that's going to hold up."

"Where can I buy some?" asks the good Buddhist.

"You can't," says Mr. Gold. "It's illegal."

"Well, I've got this \$500 check. How can I protect it?"

"A gold mine. It's not operating now, but when the price of gold goes up over 60¢, we'll swing into operation. Just sign that check over to me."

Mel does, and gold is now over 90 and shooting for the sky. He shows up in Vermont looking for a grade school teaching job and hoping to start an Aquarian farm.

\*\*\*

The battlelines are blurred and gone. The prognosis is schizophrenia, no hope of recovery, but it's unclear who's ill, the doctor or his patient. The patient has invented his illness, with hopes of apocalypse, a vast psychotic preparation. He does not live in another world; he suffers the eternal ambiguity of self-recognition, so powerful he can only experience it, he cannot move. He might stay there in the hospital, soaking up their chemical cosmoses. He might be taken to Dr. Janov or R.D. Laing, depending on the waiting list. If they failed, there are countless gurus and state hospitals; until then he might as well vegetate in someplace like nirvana or hell. The eternal measure of his life is set like a pendulum and swings down thru the world lines. There is no accident. The path has been taken as clearly as the threads of iron are separated by the great machine.

\*\*\*

Floods and famine. Pollution and energy loss. The physical components of an underlying psychic revival. Mr. Gold is a metaphor, as Ishpeming. World politics staggers under the realignment. The Zionists are successful exactly because they outrage all moral standards; they strike from a world of tanks and armies *this* world has abandoned since it has discovered itself to be Whole Earth, famine in Russia equalling wheat shortage and higher meat prices in the U.S., equalling devaluation of the dollar, American pork and beef and French abstract expressionist originals in Japan. Israel acts out a World War II movie of courage and strategic daring, exactly because they were the victims of that war, the ones left out of either victory or defeat; now they must prove they can do it too, that they can have national leaders of idiosyncratic bad taste, that their racial type also produces grandmotherly killers. The Palestine Liberation Front is left with one alternative: if the Zionists seize the useless past, they will invent the unmanifested future, the world in which power structure is meaningless and national boundary irrelevant. They outrage the international community

in exactly the opposite way that Israel does. Whereas Israel ignores the great international truce of Western powers against each other (all wars either guerrilla and undeclared or mere incidents, like Cambodia, Watergate, and downtown New Orleans), Palestine ignores the very existence of national boundaries between those Western powers, which they themselves ignore only by their capitalist collaboration and transnational companies. Their terrorism strikes not at any conventional entity that political leaders recognize and can have defended, but at the political itself, the world market which excludes them as mere convenience (Russia and America prove by compromising that the world will at least be neither anarchist, oriental, nor free). The terrorists prove that in a world of incipient psychic powers, resource conversion, and international theft, there *is* an equalizer. For the Zionists it is money and power; for the Palestinians it is their own vulnerability. You can't have business and world war at the same time. You have to take a break even to make guns. For those who are without a marketplace, there is pure ideology to feast on, a luxury no one else can afford in the national budget. America can be struck, in Chile, in Cambodia, in Uganda, by oil, by the dollar, and by outright kidnapping and anarchist violence; America can even be struck in Zurich and Paris, in Istanbul, by opium and by gold. America is the present, the immediate world culture, unilingual. It will not tolerate the simple territorial wars of the past. The planet owns a more complex political topology, without clear frontier or division, meaning also that you can strike everywhere and nowhere, by cash as easily as by bomb, by IT&T as well as by an occupying army. Nor will it tolerate the planetary magical wars of the future, wherein the attack is on the very mode of protection, the very language of biological existence, and sends the diplomats and generals scurrying from their weapons systems to the ancient rule books of such affairs. The fact is, as was proved in Vietnam, and is being proven in Australia (rock and roll itself a weapon, and style, and quality or quantity of visionary experience, and foods or poisons, drugs and drug-gies, sex more powerful than nuclear fission), that when this kind of warfare comes into its own, Israel, in its infinite bad taste, its rejection of the holy books, and its Charles Atlas supermacho, is through. As it becomes (once again) an issue that Christ *is* a beautiful young woman, a stripteaser, a holy virgin, a young fag rock and roll star with golden hair, not a muscular soldier put to death by other soldiers on a carnal cross. That is, when theophany wipes out history, and the territory scoured to nothingness by existentialism is recovered by love, or is filled by our wish to be immortal, to hell with the armies of the unicellular church.

\*\*\*

The rules of baseball have been changed: can you imagine that, say, at the 1953 All-Star Game? What no one team could do to another has now been done to the game itself by those who despise it, making it literally impossible for two teams anymore to play. The implications of this in North America are only dimly realized, for the attack has just begun.

The players on opposing teams are becoming friends, forming rock groups together, growing their hair long, followed by beards, almost

making love instead of playing ball. The players in opposing leagues and sports are all in alliance against the owners, playing the false competition of their so-called game in a larger arena in which real competition is no game. It has broken down into a battle of rules against rules, and such patent metaphysical arguments about whether a team with a Designated Hitter is better than one without one, like God into definitions of the universe, into Death of God. Baseball is no longer played in America, is now in semantic decay. To say nothing of the fourteen-year-old guru leading around former Jesus Freaks and New Left battalion leaders on motorcycles in a great circle of eternal bliss. Little matter that he rakes in the cash: so does L. Ron Hubbard, the Beatles, and the super-Maryland mental hospital. We don't hold it against them. There are the good vibes gurus give off when they're rich. It's the body they're after now, his very body, not the class or caste.

And the South is lost, Johnny Reb. The communes of Tennessee will vote in a block thru the '80's. King Cotton is dead, and King Soy follows him to the grave, along with King Cattle; what the Gold Man in his alchemical suit doesn't take care of, the Mississippi will. Or King Cotton will come back as a bearded radical weed, volunteering and growing in everybody's field, here Jerusalem artichokes, there marijuana, there organic edible pod peas. The snake dancers and holy Baptist rollers of Ezekiel and George Wallace will become the naked children of the Sun Age, as the oil well runs dry. Nobody told them about doom, so they suppose they'll just sit there in the sun, like dandelions, and live.

\*\*\*

And what have we here?! The super-ringer alumni-financed basketball game of the century, tickets \$50 a head for standing room, all for a good holy cause, mistuh. It's Oral Roberts University against Gary Snyder University in the first round. They've both been out recruiting for the big boys in the high schools; they want strength in the back court, down the middle, and they want zen power in the American forests. Playing the game is mixed nicely with a little clean living. In the second round Chögyam Trungpa's Tails of the Tiger are playing the Canadian secessionist Tibetan Buddhists.

And what about the New York Knickerbockers, who won the championship twenty-seven years in a row? They've disbanded to form an organic vegetable commune, investing all their playoff money. And they're drafting nobody; they've got zero population growth; they've got easy living; they want to die out peaceably, with their guru trainer, growing gameless and wise.

1973

## Postscript

The revival church raised expectations, and for years afterwards people have been waiting for a resolution to the enormous drama. Arica, Watergate, David Bowie, Morningstar, New Hope, Nova Scotia. But the American spiritual and revival movement is, and always has been, painfully thin. The Mormons, with their golden tablets and Tabernacle Choir, have always been prototypical of the American occult: more a civic organization and a land company than an Aedytum. To the South and to the West: Hoover Dam, spawned in the embryological currents of American Marxism, providing the electricity for Las Vegas, making the desert sparkle, an American Zion. To the East: Chiropractice and the Christian x-ray machine, the Iowa Fundamental Church. In the Atlantic, aboard luxurious yachts, Scientology and its cosmic dadaist reading of world electrical pain. All of them make up the American Salvation Army, wealthy beyond charity's wildest dreams. Willie Davis as a Buddhist teaching yoga to a Dodger team leading the National League in hitting with an average of .280. These are not the highlights of the All-American Revival Church, but they engage a precedent which things in this land tend to follow even as they renounce. It is the deadliness of the American occult, as an aboriginal form, that it guards its eggs by these other temptations. It is not the desert, or the lack of resources, that dooms America, but the sheer abundance, the ease with which the desert is turned into something else, be it magic mushrooms or multi-colored lights.

My own satirical ease is a further sham. Once again, the images under attack are only images; the real church is nurtured in them. The energy they generate, albeit too much too soon and too easily the victim of success, is the energy that will be used when the prophets visit that same desert (even as they do already, in the preliminary form of those who are found there, seeking what their masters will then use).

The neo-American magical groups do have deeper ties to Atlantis and Hermes, beyond the false Egypto-Platonic geography; they have roots, beyond Kipling and Perry, in the East, but the sects themselves are limited by their violent contradictions and by the unresolved tension between their desperate drive toward human clarity and their adherence to the archetypal and ritual designs that rule us from realms of which the astrological is one. For instance, therapy, post-Reichian organic functionalism, Esalen-type sensitivity training, etc., are all grounded in the more human wing of the church, which is based, in one way or another, on the biological and interactional aspects of the human condition, ideally, over time, to break the evolutionary and sociological curse by reducing the number of blocks and freeing repressed energies, bringing people closer and closer, in sex, dance, psychodrama, until they are at ease with being on this plane together, in their bodies, and satisfied with themselves. The implied freedom of Aquarius leads the way.

At the same time, Freud's warning goes unheeded, for it leads to a gloomy Mediaeval church, a church of pain, conservatism, and opium, which the American church is not (except, perhaps, for those who pass thru the outer symbols with a violent chemical energy that carries them, in the parched and vitiated ceremonial condition that surrounds them, directly into the possibilities of the drug). Freud's warning that pleasure can only bring pain, which must

deadened by ever more drastic means.

The mythological wing does not try to bring people together and bare although that may be *one* of its rituals. It seeks no therapeutic intermediary, assuming, instead, that the archetypal is strong enough both to be the cure and to override any direct healing attempts. The neurosis is part of the dance, and, in fact, suggests the dance. While the healers pretend to unmask, the dancers put on the masks and participate in each others' imaginations.

The Aquarian priest rules the church, promising that the unexperienced holds the answers, hence release is always possible: there is so much that is unexperienced, even in the so-called healthy. He stands between the psychological wing and the mythological wing, promising to both orthodoxies a rebirth from all the tanks and World Wars and tangoes and dead Indians of pre-Revival America.

Either way, the church is suspect, because things don't work. The cured post-primals return to a neurotic society they can neither change nor participate in, so they sleep all the time. The occultists end up on political binges and suffer reverberations of masochism and cruelty that do not appear in the original vision of the ceremony from the outside. Some even bounce back and forth, between magical groups and therapy groups, one as antidote to the other, their lives still broken down the same fault-line, call it trauma or karma, be it archetypal or static.

What many people who have been thru the church and suffered great pain feel now is that *it didn't work inside them*. All the suppositions and hierarchies were accurate to their senses, or at least if they weren't, they have no idea anymore what the accurate means would be; the church worked outside them: it did not fail from weakness; it was not that the church didn't have the strength; it was that the lives inside them were made out of stronger and more inert material than they would have ever dreamed, that they did not respond or yield to the treatment. We are left with a sparseness instead of an abiding mythological interpretation: these things are formative energies, complete designs; they are not the foundation of a house.

\*\*\*

The American revival movement has been as flowery and dubious as all the other post-Columbian celebrations, or how much like a brilliant flash flood our culture is, aggressive in its scope and inclusiveness, evasive on meaning (note that the recent popular American attempts at reviving the pre-Columbian have been dabbings in linguistic theory and self-conscious symbolism). The Mormon migration tale is provocative, but what does it MEAN, except patriotism after the fact. Hindu gurus bring us messages which, even if they are not ancient and textual, are clearly relevant to our predicament; yet the societies that emerge from them are traditional American commercial concerns. If it isn't right wing, it's mythologically anti-right wing, or alpha wave translation of left wing politics into revolutionary biology, Reich's "abortive biological revolution."

In some ways the circuslike quality of the revival is an affront to the subtle and human values which ostensibly give rise to the events. The Aquarian splendor and excess is exhausting, and any man who does not

wake up on some days wanting no part of it is a hopeless sucker. The rock groups and their paraphenelia are alternately high-energy evolutionary (at least in suggestion) and banally mediocre. The underground newspapers and magazines sometimes fill one with a sense of hip participation in the whole gestalt, sometimes with the despair of the commercial and egotistic self-advancement of it all, the lack of substance. There's a narrow line between Mohammed Ali as culture hero, making witty and perceptive jive on American culture, and Mohammed Ali as attractive object of the promoters, drumming up interests in the dying boxing game. There's also a narrow line between Women's Liberation politics as an inspiring redefinition of sexual roles and human potential, and the same politics as a new channel (qua *Ms.*) for continuing the exploitation of sexual energies and the translation of our visionary and true revival capacities into the familiar suckoffs of the New York publishing world and the trite romantic novel (albeit with a new hero). There is also the problem with the whole matter of pop; one often doesn't know whether a particular adoption is an appreciation or a put-down, or both, in the ambiguity of the occasion. The whole affair seems at once like a cultural-cosmic high and a crass bombardment of our intimacies. Even the bright new editions of my favorite occult books, Weiser aboveground (as he foresaw during the slow fifties from his Basement under the used books store), even *Io*, with its tail of dense synthetic back issues, as I keep them with me despite my mistrust. The energy and image raising one to a certain level of perceptual opening can become pure electrical waste once that state has been reached. Things are finally reckoned not in their revival or mythological state but in their literal impact, as particles and pulses, upon the society and the planet in which we live (not to dismiss the elliptical and transformational effects of the pure energy, but we must struggle to get past our sheer open-ness so that we can undertake the matter of actual location). In the Renaissance of the revival we could afford to be uncritically receptive, but today I find myself asking what the brochure for a new magazine-message service received in the mail actually intends in offering "messages about plant-spirit discourse, visions of a planetary society, contemporary ethnography, exploring without a passport, reinhabitation of Eurasia, intermammalian conversations, geomorphic areas, energies that move on the Earth, transcultural language, planet ecostatics." Sometimes I fear that I am only getting my own hype thrown back at me as due punishment for the crime.

\*\*\*

In a sense, the fault lies with the desire for revival and revolution which ceaselessly clouds and diversifies the content of what is actually proposed. There is a parasymbolic association of revolutionary and spiritualist doctrines such that contradictory practices are synthesized in unworkable formations. As unlikely as it might seem, the Satanic Church becomes part of the same underground culture as the Jesus People, a culture which includes sensitivity groups, drug salesmen, motorcyclists, dream laboratories, and freaked-out astrophysicists arguing local applications of the stars; likewise, occult book publishing houses, rock and roll commerce, music festivals, communal farms, yoga and spiritual discipline, ESP and mediums - because they are forced together geographically and commercially. They advertise in the same newspapers or on the same pages of newspapers; they use the same distribution channels

for their liturgy; they proselytize in the same neighborhoods; they visit the same communes (such that astral thugs and gentle farmers, sharing nothing really, end up in conflict about the nature of their enforced association, and the cops come searching their farms); they are exploited by the same record companies, novelty houses, etc.; they are competing for the same clientele, often among people who are uncertain enough that they are open to such salesmanship no matter where they presently are, switching antidotes without ever understanding the malaise.

There are, as well, those who tend to read these forms as visionarily interrelated and prophetically parallel, either for the sloppiest of reasons (like inviting all your friends to the same party), or from the intuition of a multiphasic quest for the archetypal and original. In many of my writings I have been guilty of the vast energies of mythological synthesis, responding to suggestions within the material, breaking down barriers that seemed to distort the very real prophecy upon us. I put together alchemy and Navaho sand-painting, Blake and Whorf, marriage and qabbalism, astral projection and ESP, ecology and doctrine of signatures. I invited the Ann Arbor astrologers to a top-level astrophysics lecture; the pulsars and quasars delighted them, and at the end they were smiling, surrounded by tired astronomers. I held to the basic intuition that the breakdown of the physicality of the physical sciences, at energy, particle physics, and DNA, was coincident with the sudden flowering of the spiritualist sciences and the intimations of a profoundly noncausal reality; at some point the mythological would be our only guide, and we would be bound to it as the worlds of other meanings collapsed around it. For all the disappointment the years since have brought, and the continued input of a runaway hardware technology, that faith remains; the prophecy is as vital as it was as the beginning: who truly expected it to become real on this present plane?

The fact is that the mythological burden was taken on by those who did not create it and thus had little sense of its sources and limitations. The language of revival, at least that of it that was new, came from a small number of sources, some of them poetic, some of them political, some of them musical, some of them parapsychological. The response to and reuse of that language was vast and manifold, aided by the energy and scope of emerging global media. At this late date, it is impossible, with the confused negative energies of Vietnam in the center, to unravel the literal passage of the message. Those who suffer most are those who received it, along with the other bombardments of planetary advertising, and took it as confirmation of something other than their own intuitional centers. Bitterly and sadly they still seek the lost Aquarian Age.

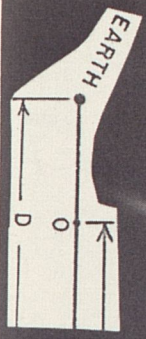
[I would add, parenthetically, that teaching at Goddard College this last year has reinforced my sense of the Aquarian debris. There can be no late-comers. The images are simply the energy released by the acts of creation in the Sixties; when they arrive as pure images they are battered, worn, meaningless. Thus, Goddard's struggle to be a countercultural college is undermined by attachment to the images rather than the acts. Many people came here during the time of high underground creativity, out of disillusionment with the American government and conventional academic scenes; some came after the crescendo had passed from the mainstream, seeking still to be within that energy, or to be able to speak its jive; others came to build houses in the country, as part of their own take on back-to-the-land (they seem, still,

the happiest). The problem, though, is that the moment of creativity cannot be public; good music gives rise to bad music in the same genre. Discovery of Jung and archetypes is followed by preaching of Jungian symbols. Innovative therapy, when practiced without psychological insight, becomes counterproductive playacting. The wish to make the vision palpable often spawns the drug community. The voice of Crowley leads to torturing of toads in the Vermont woods and other blatant misreadings. And in a left wing political community (qua business), the politicos tear each other apart as the enemy (but there they are accurate, for the jargon they use proves nothing; their lives stand against). What was evidently once a legitimate meeting ground for radical groups has been put in a different place by the overriding economic and ideological patterns of American life. They clearly belong in more radical institutions and communities than private colleges; their place is filled, in the aftermath, by those who commercialize political concerns for their own use. At Goddard, the language of revolution is used by the counter-revolutionaries, who lost, but who were abandoned in the struggle by their foes who, in victory, moved on to their destiny, rightly abandoning the cause in order to accomplish their business. Few are willing to accept that this has happened, from their own need to identify with the revolution and the revival; they want to believe they are still engaged in the cause (and yet ironically abandon it by supporting it in name only). There is the absurdity of proposing Daniels Ellsberg and Berrigan as President for the school, despite the obvious distinctions between them, despite any certainty of their real message, and despite the irrelevance of both of them to Goddard, and of Goddard to them, all from a wish to be involved in a countercultural institution. The actual president, a man who has supported radical artists and cultural movements when they were here, and would do so were they to return en masse, is, in some ways, without a constituency. "A mocking relic" is his own phrase, and I will use it to describe the hulks, still glowing with jive and symbols, of the American revival church. Here, as elsewhere, the energy which will make it over, and is beginning to already, is nonideological, mythologically-restrained, hardass, and conservative in its expectations. No community can survive in the debris of prophecy; the voice has spoken; now the walls of sun and cities of terrestrial material must be built from the ground up. There is no point in rebuilding the revival church, for it has prophesied its own destruction, to return when symbol and object are joined.]

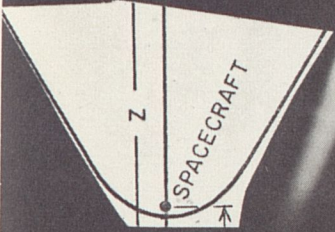
The original pioneer ideology was Christian, adventuring, sentimental (a la John Wayne in *The Alamo*), and migratory (post-Viking Westering). The settling of North America was neither practical nor informed; people acted upon the most foolish sentimental and mythologized ideas about land and resources and their relation to human habitation; the American floorplan now shows it. However, the modern communal resettlement of rural areas, and the return of the pragmatic family and domestic sanity, in the Tennessees and Vermonts of what remains, is often profoundly practical and ecological in its orientation. These are post-revival beginnings; there are others, even in attention to myth itself and how it operates, from whence, dimensionally, its energies and forms come. We are suddenly in a time when the formative energy of the revival can be used, when energies that came, as if directly from the astral now come again with a geographical object, proclaiming exactly how bar-

ren the symbolism that has none. We cannot make it as saints or Dreamers, but the very fact that we remain begins to pass these attributes to another form: the body of man and woman in our midst. When it comes again, we will be so much wiser.

1973



WHENCE CAME  
THE AMERICAN INDIAN  
**AMERICA'S  
ANCIENTS**  
SPEAK FROM THE DUST  
(ISA. 29:4)



SECRETS ENTRUSTED  
TO A FEW

The Unpublished  
Facts of Life

An illustration featuring a large, open book with a geometric symbol on its cover. To the left is a spiderweb, and to the right are a glass, a small jar, and a pen.

