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Io #20

R.V.

Biopoesis

Io 20

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Did you see that frog jump ?

What frog ?

BIOPOESIS: Literally, Life-Making

not to report but to create nonconsensual
milieus

we speak because logos is primal

Cover: Electron micrograph showing polyribosomes
and RNA polymerase molecules, magnified 329,121x

Barbara A. Hamkalo and O.L. Miller, Biology Div-
ision, Oak Ridge National Laboratories

EARTH MYTHOLOGY



a 12 week seminar at GODDARD COLLEGE

June 3 - August 23, 1974

In the summer of 1974, Goddard College is initiating a seminar in Earth Mythology. The seminar will be an annual inquiry into the related issues of natural science, cultural history, structural anthropology, Freudian and Jungian psychology, theory of magic, and related areas. It will examine questions of form, archetype, underlying structure, memory, coherence and synchronicity, with special emphasis on Carl Jung, Claude Levi-Strauss, Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, William Blake, Werner Heisenberg and Goethe.

The Seminar on Earth Mythology will not be a tight academic forum for formal exploration, but an experimental investigation into an area that lies at the core of much academic theorizing and aesthetic analysis. Though the mode is clearly informational and intellectual, and the explorations will be through traditional research and discourse, the structure will be flexible and open to the development of minor themes and individual interests. Students should not feel that extensive training is necessary or that work will be on a graduate level. On the other hand, the seminar will not be an introductory or subjective exercise, and a potential participant should have some feel for at least part of the subject matter.

The Faculty

Harvey Bialy is a graduate of Bard College and holds a Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley. He has published in scientific journals and has written two books of poetry. He is currently on the faculty of Northeastern University.

Dr. Bialy will be teaching a section of the seminar on Biopoiesis, Memory and Form. His course will include a brief introduction to concepts and experiments in the fields of molecular biology and biochemistry. Further work will include explorations into issues of general forms and archetypes and relations between scientific laws and other aspects of culture.

Charles Stein is a graduate of Columbia University, where he majored in Greek. He is currently a Ph.D. candidate in English at the University of Connecticut. He was editor of *Aion: A Journal of Traditionary Science*, one of the first reinvestigations into areas of the occult and Jungian psychology in the early 60's.

Mr. Stein will deal primarily with the correspondence between Charles Olson and Carl Jung, and the annotations made by Olson in the Jung volumes. Stein has been working in the Olson archives at Storrs, Conn. for two years, and will deal with the writing of *The Maximus Poems* in terms of their source material. Some particular subjects discussed will be archetype in literature, the hero as archetype, the ego, or self-archetype, the anima, and the interrelated areas of structuralism, phenomenology, Freudian psychology and modern linguistics.

Richard Grossinger is a graduate of Amherst College and a Ph.D. candidate in anthropology at the University of Michigan. With Lindy Hough, he has co-edited *Io* since 1964. He is on the faculty of Goddard College.

He will teach a section on The Archetypes of Star and Atom and another on Pleistocene Paleoanthropology. Readings will include Claude Levi-Strauss, Werner Heisenberg, Herman Melville, Hesiod, Stuart Piggot and Rodney Collin.

George Quasha is a Blake scholar, author of "Orc, A Fiery Paradigm of Poetic Torsion," in *Blake's Visionary Forms Dramatic*, and co-editor of *America: A Prophecy*. He has taught at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and is a founder of *The Stony Brook Review*. He is a Ph.D. candidate at N.Y.U.

Mr. Quasha will teach a section of the seminar on Number and Archetype, and will deal intensively with the work of William Blake and Robert Duncan.

Carla Thomas graduated from Barnard College, has an M.A. and Ph.D. in philosophy from Buffalo, and has done additional graduate work at the University of Chicago and Middlebury College. She has taught at Buffalo and at Salem State College, and is currently on the faculty at Goddard.

Dr. Thomas will do a long investigation in the history of philosophy, focusing on German Natural Philosophy. She will be investigating form, archetype and law in natural systems, including Wilhelm von Humboldt's studies in language and in masculine/feminine archetypes and their relation to Chomskian theory, as well as readings in Liebnitz, Goethe, Schilling, Ritter and Schopenhauer.

Tuition, room and board for the Earth Mythology Seminar is \$1750. Limited financial aid is available (early application is advisable). Housing will be in college residences. A semester's credit will be granted for successful completion of the 12 week program. In the belief that real learning takes place only in a non-coercive environment, thorough evaluations of work take the place of exams or numerical grades.

Goddard is a liberal arts college with a thirty year tradition in experimental education. It is on the edge of a small farming community in north central Vermont. The college has very few rules. One of the few is that students may not bring pets to campus. Another is that all students participate in the college work program four hours each week.

Apply before May 15.

There is an application fee of \$5.

For an application, write:

EARTH MYTHOLOGY SEMINAR
Admissions Office
Goddard College
Plainfield, Vermont 05667

analytic
ap13889

BIOPOESIS, EDITED BY HARVEY BIALY · 10/20

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Robert Kelly

ON DISCOURSE

what is it that's not art & not science? I asked, & finally get the answer,
discourse,
wch stands in both,
and behind both. It is our discussed world, so brought into being.

The opportunity of (hearing about) this issue of Io,
was for me to resume the discourse about discourse begun in my book In Time,
now here carried forward, & to be read as such.

My thanks to RG for his wicked conundrum, to HSB for the occasion.

RK/IX.73

the forms of love

Love
is what we're getting ready for.

To confine love to the body is as wicked as to deny
it there. "I am not innarested in your horrible
awful buboes."

Those who wear their bodies in love's service---let
them be wary lest they wear love in their body's
service.

I am not my body. A crow on a tree is not a tree
with no crow.

A lion on a field is not a field.

"The Knower of the Field."

I ramp on my green House my field. To others I
beckon. I wander.

Now this body of which I am ample I am & am not.
And that is confusion enough for any contradiction,
& contradiction enough for any dialectic.

BUT WHAT OF D I S C O U R S E ?

To speak. To speak from a place & not be that place,
or being it only in the, imagination. From body &
its immense many-dimensional geography. Her topology.
To speak.

Now. I am not interested in your false
knowing, your opinions red or blue or black.

Item: the Physical Universe is a Metaphor of our Discourse. Exists, if it exists, for the sake of. Our discourse.

"Science" is discourse that thinks it has something to say. "Literature" is discourse that replaces Aristotle's mirror with its own bright eyes.

"Art" is discourse that supposes that it has silenced itself.

These people (makars, trobadors & trobadillos) think they're alone in here.

Not so. O no not so.

(Two Notes on Language)

Numbering. Arabic numbers replaced Roman (which were cumulative) and Phoenician (which were purely ordinal) to help men reach the perception of Qualitative Numbers.

What is lost is qabbalistic pertinence of letter-number relations. That will be transformed, is being transformed, into phoneme as (or and) quality, which a later Qabbalah will be able to compare and relate.

Or otherwise: the phonemes of a language are the 'genes' of a folk-soul, representing at once their difference and distance from early writing ("letters," staves, runes of Hermes and Woden) and from primal speech, and also the quality of that soul brought to expression. Only the synchronic reveals the deep image of a language, its duende and daimon. A folk-soul is mediated by language: by grammatic trait and phoneme, not by lexicon and allophone.

.....

Consistently men have metaphorized reality in two ways:
as space (shaman) or as time (brahman).

Shaman

"find your spot"

one moves in space,
holding time as a
tool,

"Knowing the
right time"

time is the tool
of personal power,

I will

Brahman

"escape from the wheel"

reincarnation./ = the
againspace
heaven/hell = the then-
space

from which our modern
version is:

history
analysis
dialectics

"Will" is immanent in
time (God's will, will
of Zeus,
Historical Necessity,
Ananke, dialectical
materialism)

Because of our polytime & easy space, our age is suddenly capable of honoring both ways of knowing reality.

But a brahman who stops at school-learning is like a shaman who stops at sitting-up exercises.

These are two modes of knowledge, not two knowledges.
NB.

The mode of knowing when & where. I-will & what-is it.

Poetry assembles everything from everywhere, is holistic, & is thus the great bridge between the two modes of knowing.

Rhythm (physical cycles, time fucking space, being "felt")

connects.

Rhythm connects.

The rhythm of images and the rhythm of silences connect head with body.

The great urgency is to heal the J-Xtian rift between head & body, not to assert one at the expense of the other, i.e., not heads vs jocks.

.

(people respect "Craft" because they think it can be taught thus allowing a guild of teachers, and because its application demonstrates time-consuming honest industry on the part of the writer, and permits easy (typically numerical) critical conclusions on the part of the reader)

There is a craft beyond such mechanic senses of craft, an altitude of total attention to the world's means, total vulnerability to the response spoken inside us.

Art is in danger whenever we are told what must be done. But only in danger, not destroyed.

Destruction comes (as it did to skaldic & trobador verse) ONLY WHEN THE DEMANDS ARE IMPLICIT IN THE PROCEDURES---- when the academy is internalized.

The enemy. here as elsewhere, is always Conventional recognitions.

.

The egg is Chaos. Chaos is a state of things antecedent to any relationship with the world as we know it. The inhabitants or "molecules" of chaos are in a closed system not yet spilled into ours.

Chaos: Yolk ♀ Albumen ♀ all in the Shell ⊖

Only in chaos are things neat and ordered by kind and degree. When the egg of chaos cracks, things get mixed up---this is called the Way Things Are. The eggshell in the omelet, son cosas de la vida.

.

The enlarged vocabulary of the 'best periods' of english prose reminds me, *lucus a non lucendo*, of the comparative poverty of vocabulary in some of the loveliest times of the poem. Reminds me that poetry begins in speech as prose never does, prose, that late form, that abstraction.

.

The Ego transcends itself in clamor, not in discretion.

Reticence is the enemy of love & 'progress'.

The Ego is the secret. It is the first instructor, and its lessons must be well learned before the next teacher appears.

What is wrong with education, especially primary, especially in america/ is that it proposes to the student the suppression of the personal ego

how, how, can a young being function when
its only mainspring is unwound??
so his ego is encouraged to project itself into the
future in daydreams & fantasies of self, sex, job,
possessions, behavior, identity/

the future tense begins with the
suppressed ego/

whereas the place of the ego, to work in all energy
& benignity, is now.

The Ego is Now.

.
The public (such public as poetry has on this Island) wants short poems, objets d'art or polished opinions. It wants pills. But short poems dont teach a poet how to live---he hungers for the long instruction of a sustained work.

The demand that the poem be brief is essentially the bourgeois wish not to be bothered by the poem. Slip it in, let it sing, back to business. The short poem, for its educated bourgeois audience, rimes with parakeets in cages, bonsai, african violets. Stocking the jukebox, the haik^u box, the hype box.

What they never understand is that all poems are the same length.

Only time is different, as measured by their clock.

Every poem is as long as itself.

Ten short songs, ten wee poems, induce in me an exhaustion no Goetterdaemmerung or Faerie Queene can.

The Cantos cleared the air of 1916 & on, cleared it of nervous wit & frittery elegances, even of the lustrous amy-gisme he had helped along.

It is striking that, apart from Pound, it is the women in our century who have kept the TIME of poetry alive, H:D: in Helen in Egypt, the War Trilogy, Vale Ave, Laura Riding, Edith Sitwell.

Their hands were on things & their heads & hearts were not free of care. They knew that extension is not the opposite of intensity. They kept the

long measures available, still in ear, worked, woven,
behind the fashionable bric-a-brac on the publishers'
shelves.

A long poem is a lived time. A poem is a lived
time. Turn away from the clock and Creeley's The
Door is an epic.

.
That it darkens in the mind while it grows light
outside.

Skull & sky are reciprocals. Night my aurora?

Fertig: ready or finished. To get ready for
something is not to be ready for it.

Are you ready? i.e., to begin.

Is the coat ready? i.e., is it finished?

Is it done? Has Energy completed
its work & rested, come to
the end of itself & found a

Thing?

A Thing exists only when an energetic process is
completed.

(We try to catch hold of that dynamism by the passive
voice ---the Covert Doer of all things done.

(Else-

wise, the animism of It fell)

The deed hidden in the done.

Callimachos' lampchimney like a
palm

(Yeats celebrates it)

is no less an available art-work (i.e., con-
templatable Deed) for not being museum-able (i.e.,
lost, no longer a commodity).

More so.

.

THE TABLES OF THE LAW

there are said to be two
Tables of the Law.

One of them is shown in the works of men, in all the
work of consciousness & skill by which & in which
the race has declared itself

the other table, never shown to Moses, is hidden
from the foundation of the world, and will be
revealed only when every human has awakened in
the Utter Mind

The tables of the Law were never laws, commands
& vetoes---such is priestly imposition & deadly
dream

the table revealed is written in our works,
the table hidden awaits the universal wakening,
which is not Judgment but Resurrection

It may be that in Eternity, the two tables display
the same text.

.
The Mortal Senses/

5 panels,
modalities of the mortal senses whereby
the exponent seeks to tran-
scend that sense or comes
to fruition through it/

Touch, or Botticelli (who felt the contours,
felt along them,
lusted after them,
lusted along them,
longed not for mass but
continuity)

Sight, or Van Eyck
Smell, or Gruenewald, Gauguin
Hearing, or Raphael (the Acoustic Space,
scuola d'Ateni)
Taste, or Carpaccio/

in Raphael the acoustic space turns into static
image = the sound wave is arrested. Heard.

.

The SUBJECTIVE
is not the opposite of the rigorous.

It is the most rigorous, the most difficult.

The precise subjective is what philosophers are too
lazy & too generalizing to labor, scientists too
frightened to search out.

The Objective is p.r. for the Generalization.

Objective order, so-called, is mental artifact,
consensus, "collective consciousness,"
"lethargy of custom (STC"

The 'objective' is a consolation prize for those
who've lost the real.

. . . .
at Cal Tech I was talking to a class I didnt know,
sleep-talking in the morning, & found myself drawing
out this polarity:

Yearning for Otherness (Kubla Khan cited)
first poem I had ever
read)

vs

Yearning for 'personal', one's own, Experience

(The Boar cited, wch
the class was asking
abt)

afterwards, Diane Wakoski spoke of Duncan's distinc-
tion he'd once made for her, between the poetry of
Magic (wch was gnostic), and the poetry of Passion/

as we spoke, I found myself confronting another
polarity, the Descriptive vs the Prophetic,

wch
turned the question away from 'sources' (wch the
other polarities beg), and did accept the neurologi-
cal-spiritual identity of any poet, i.e., he is
what he does & what happens to him, since he is the
field-of-event (whether the 'source' is book or
dream or 'flesh', history or any other hallucina-
tion)

I took Duncan's set as expressive of stance or
feeling-life of the poet---did he seek to know &
turn away, secure in his knowledge and rescued from
the contingency of his desires, or did he seek only
that knowledge fear & lust compel a man to---gnosis
or passion? (I'm not happy with the distinction---
but that seemed what the words of it, Magic,
Passion, portended as opposites. I'd have them
(as I suppose RD wd) as complements)

Back to it, what as brewing in Descriptive vs Prophetic)

(where, e.g. Diane, though drawing as 'source' only on her love-life, fear-life, was concerned, in the fact of her images, has passion to estrange herself from what she had known to what she yearned for beyond that lived-in condition, was in fact concerned with the Prophetic)

so that I read out, fast:

Descriptive

past
self's 'experience'
description
history
"passion" (for one's 'own')

reality (another RD distinction)
narrative
what happens to a man
(passio, in that sense)

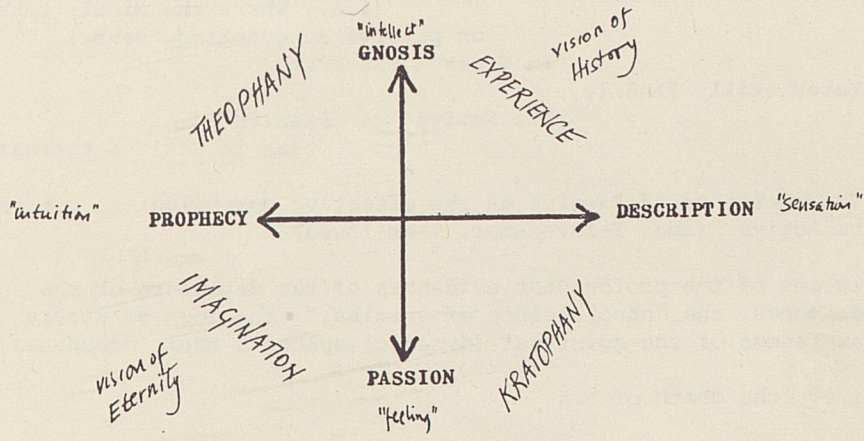
Prophetic

future
self's initiation
prophecy
creation
passion for the
knowledge of
the Other
actuality
incantation
what he makes
happen.

..

from which a Diagram, my favorite, arose:

MUSIK



MEMORIA

.

Stein reminds me today of my old insistence on Middle Voice.
This summons to mind:

historically, the development of the Indo-European
verbal system,
where Active contrasts with Middle
(Active, e.g., I wash (something);
Middle, e.g., I wash myself)

(Active : secular, aionic, ethical.
Middle : psychological, daimonic, initiatory;
classically, Middle = Reflexive)

this contrast develops into

Active vs Medio-passive

(i.e., where the Middle takes
on passive acceptance, sense)
in Greek & Sanskrit.

Later still, finally,

into Active vs Passive.

(as in Latin & thereafter)

The emergence of Passive as the effective morphological contrast
to Active (amo, I-love/amor, I-am-loved)

is one of the profoundest evidences of the departure of the
daimones, the "obsolescence of oracles," the loss of direct
awareness of the spiritual (dynamic) spaces & their occupants,

i.e., the death of Pan.

Men are now understood as able to be
acted upon ,
as objects in a field (c.f. the 'Odyssey Land-
scapes' in Panofsky's Early Netherlandish Painting, chapter I)
that is Roman art & Roman sense.

The implications of, & present need for, MIDDLE have been on
my mind for years. The historical comes to aid.

(Stein offers this correction to Barfield: "Christianity is
Active, Buddhism is Middle").

Porphyry suggests that to experience the body, in or out of
"meditation", is to be passive.

"But those things which approximate to matter and bodies, are
themselves, indeed, impassive; but the natures in which they
are surveyed are passive." (Anx., I,19, tr. T. Taylor.)

.

WRITERLY/

as a term of craft.

That writing is a recent form of composition, composition the discovery of form & pattern in language, the following and transcribing of those powers and the realities to which they lead. Maybe they exclusively lead.

Writing fixes some part of the sound & sense of that--- using in our language the abstract inaccurate word as integer, sentence as plasm, jardin, ocean.

From this a writing can yet grow that does not start & end in sociable speech. Such writing is usually condemned as "literary."

That kind of language must now be reclaimed, cleansed, redeemed.

It must be a writerly language, and its distance from the colloquial a measure of its distance, not a proof of its impuissance.

"Revolution is not the seizure of power by the proletariat, but the destruction of the very ideas of power, proletariat."

Writerly language allows the fact and experience of art to be exultantly in the foreground, and thus refuses to be complicit with the bourgeois appetite for trompe l'ocil, substanceless windows, aristotelian peepshows to view events which by the very mode of their perception become pornographic.

Once & for all: writing is the plane of event.

.
ALPHABET

instance of something neither concrete nor
abstract/

n o t a t i o n s as intermediators between
the sensible and intelligible worlds

what more likely system for qabbalah to
crystallize around?

creative integers/
what if numbers are letters rather than 'symbols'??

(language is symbolic---not alphabets)

runes = staves = letters = digits =
analytic entities:

Beings.

.....

LETHE,

the river, describing that principle
flowing also through 'conscious' life
whereby insights, clarities, revelations,
decisions and technologies
are obliterated,
lost
in individuals and societies/

acid illuminations,
newyearsresolutions of the
numberless dead/

.
the shift from lunar calendar to solar

represents the transition
from interior-intuitive awareness
to conscious reorientation of intellect
in a cosmic discussable sphere,
("zodiac" as grid)

(The Canon of Yao shows some of the structured
implementation of such a shift)

the later shift from solar year beginning at vernal
equinox
to solar year beginning at 1 January
(emblematic of winter solstice,
tho not on it,

presumably because of the Dead Days
between solstice & Janus?)

represents or enacts

a shift of attention

from the zodiac (as index of the fixed stars &
thermometer of the planets)

to the RELATION OF SUN TO EARTH AS EXPRESSED

QUANTIFIABLY

IN TERMS OF DAYLIGHT.

Ego amasses.

The newborn dragon
counts its gold.

.

/DREAMS

man who went (like Charlie in Modern Times) through the
gears of a clock & found a space inside
to be a woman waited where what seemed

(These alliterating staves are inevitable---
the sound bound up with the nature of that breathing space,
gasp the clock allows us)

March of light
Markandeya wakes.
What he dreamt
lies under him.
What in dreamless sleep
escaped his glance
becomes his life.

The nonsensory or supersensible experiences of Dreamless
Sleep are reported to waking.

The name of the report is
Dream---
dream is translation from dreamless sleep into waking.

Dream is translation.

Dream is membrane.

More accurate dreams, comrades, better translations!

What the ancients called 'false dreams' are inaccurate or
inadequate translations, deceptive,
that give a false sense

of the Dreamless Text
(so Aeneas leaves the underworld through
the gate of false dreams,
inaccurately translating from the
story of his own soul into the Dream of History.

I want to prove that life can be penetrated from
every side.

That life is an occasion with many doors.
I've greeted the
guests & plotted the rooms.

The valences of the true man are unknown;
my work has tried to graph them.

What lies on the other side of sex, of war, of fear?
Of place?

What is the other side of this place?

Or the pronouns,
to know who they are.

When the imaginable becomes actual. When it is writt-
ten down in a book, told, erected in our common
presence.

The imaginable
is actual.

A fundamental exercise is ta'wil is to study what happens to you when you write the word down. When you say it aloud.

How does the world change when the word is made?

A poem is the ta'wil of the first word written down.

The intercourse of sound & sense is trivial on any analytic level. It means in a different way. I mean it means in a different world.

It is the other side of the consensus.

Conduct

the way goes through
the touch

THE WAY GOES THROUGH TOUCH

mirror convections of the seafloor below my floor)

Atlantis is childhood
Atlantis is yesterday.
Atlantis is this place today, the spiritual forms sunk in matter.
Atlantis is our present sleep, its waves our dreams.

These & other recits are true. To inspect them is to see that not only our conception of 'history' (history is nothing else but our conceptions), but the "facts" of it themselves, possess a form, a rhythmos we must also study.

No happening happens only at the level of itself.

(Allegory & the anagogic modes of literature dimly shadow this circumstance.)

Events not only spread out their ripples laterally through the whole world, but are mirrored in all worlds, all times. All selves & levels of a man's being.

No process is complete until it has cast its light on every floor of my life.

the Moon is borrowed light but the Sun is borrowed power.

on the way
& coming back)

Star.

for instance.

unfocused abstraction ≠ focused abstraction ≠
concrete ≠ specific

I want to say these 4 categories are more use, some of them,
than abstr/vs/concr, viz

star is concrete, but not specific.

adequacy is abstraction, but focused.

The focus is what counts, not the form-class of
the so-called Noun.

.

on SS vs Interpretation)

my heart rose to this,
in measure with its long coldness at
purported meanings,
the oatmeal of academy

(the real thing wrong with the Parhudnee Review,
not its choice of dull poets)

the 4-fold reading habits of the middle ages made (some)
sense as corporizing the 4-fold mind-world of the m.a.

not so, to day

(as NOB rightly replaces the Hist. of Ideas with the Hist, of
Consciousness)

our world's folds)

our world is consciousness.

What we must get to is this:

that the happening of a text is
(is in, is made of)
the reading of it,

what the book does in head & breath & heart
or now it anatomizes us
(=our experienceds)

beyond that, there is discussion
(no bad thing, maybe, and criticism, etc.,
an other, an interesting, sometimes,
other, thing, techne)

Alchemy was what reading certain books did to the head.
(To the sex-life)

Reading and (as it is said) Reflection.

Pound, insubstantially, knew that the art of poetry, of language,
lies in the art of hearing
(calls it 'reading')

:that literature begins, that renaissances of literature begin,
when men learn how to hear ("how to read").

Criticism as a work of daylight is a response to provocation,
i.e., in its best, it is an answer, a work evoked,
at least proposed.

.

NAIL words together,
parataxis, not
the fluent endlessness of,
moi!

(Celine's three balls, strung
out on a hill
looking down on Paris
along the dirty river of the fairest dead)

Find. And say it, out.

The Nail
be your scripture

(the screw
your hell & too much time & not
to stand there forever

but say it, for now.

. . . .
What is this "within?" It is not inside, not in space,
it is not inside the head or death would ruin it/

This "within" is not inside. Except if it is understood
as inside the thought.

"Within" is the abyss of the synapse,
the Unplace from which
Place intermittently flickers into visibility.
It is inside
thinking, but it is unthinkable.

"Within" makes itself known. That process (or is it a sim-
plex, a deed)
is always called Utterance (outerance,
outside-ing, "without"ing)
word spoken Logos.

All words are declensions of without. Speech can make a
hearer conscious of within---but not by words & meanings---
always by the gaps, leaps, silences.

Words are the gods of Without. The Within is the Without of
Words, the Without words, the Without of Language.

Everything that can be spoken is other.

Knowing renders its objects objects, out there, in the plane
of knowing, in the stance of being known.

We intuit approaches to Within between words, propositions,
sentences, categories.

The Middle Voice (not 'Active' not 'Passive' --- reflexive,
it is called, deed for the sake of the doer)
is closest,
the within for its own sake being within.

Within is gap.

Harvey Bialy

THE I CHING AND THE GENETIC
C O D E

Both the I Ching and the Genetic Code are transformation systems which describe both the manifestation of form and the change of form in time.

Both are *in/formed* by certain fundamental propositions, (*p*rinciples, laws), and both formulate certain other propositions, (principles, laws), which follow as natural, (logical, grammatical), consequences of them.

Since the systems contain elements of similar self description, the I Ching proposes to *encompass all that is contained in heaven and earth*, and geneticists speak of the code as *universal*, we might expect each to reveal similar fundamental propositions.

It seems to me that each system maintains that the manifestation of form is the result of the interplay of two complementary forces, (elementals).

The I Ching names them Yin and Yang, and speaks of their absolute penetration of the cosmos.

Molecular biologists have identified two distinct kinds of small molecules as being at the heart of our genetic system, by name, Purines and Pyrimidines.

The I Ching holds that the stability of the manifested world resides in the local perfect proportion of Yin and Yang, a proportion maintained by a third force whose description is beyond the system, and which has no name but what it is.

Modern biologists derive the laws of genetic

storage and expression from the fact that Purines and Pyrimidines are so related in the DNA molecule as to occur in perfect proportions.

The basis of this precise complementarity is an electron force called hydrogen-bonding. Hydrogen is another name for the Sun. Hydrogen-bonding is the same force holding water molecules together. The nature of this force is truly beyond any of the descriptions geneticists would offer.

This *principle of complementarity* in which resides the possibility of form, is conditioned by what Heraclitus called "a constantly changing river", change without change. The snake sheds its skin, from which the word "I" in I Ching, but remains a snake. Mutation gives rise to new species whose genes are only a permutation of their newly shed skins'.

The I Ching as a specific text (system), proposes to define the ways in which Yin and Yang combine to produce a discrete number of fundamental images (forms, or as D'Arcy Thompson wrote, "diagrams of force"), and how the constant flow of one of these images to another is sufficient to account for the fact that the world experiences change without itself, (its laws), changing.

The Genetic Code as a specific system proposes that there a defined number of ways in which Purines and Pyrimidines may combine to produce a discrete set of fundamental forms, whose various arrangements are sufficient to account for all past present and future biological images.

The description of the origin and number of these primary images is curiously similar in both systems.

Modern genetics began in the early 1950's when it was generally accepted that the hereditary properties of cells resided in a particular cellular molecule called DNA (Daleth Nun Aleph = 55, the sum of 1-10, the secret number of Malkuth, the realm of the physical world).

The word genetics comes the greek verb, *gignesthai*, to be born. So that literally a genetic molecule is one which can become itself. It replicates itself as well as being capable of information transfer and storage.

The structure of DNA is precisely congruent with these two activities.

DNA is a double helix. It is composed of two molecular strands wrapped around each other in such a way as to generate a right-handed helical spiral. Each chain is composed of a "backbone" of sugar/phosphate-sugar/phosphate-etc. , chemical bonds, and attached to each sugar molecule at an angle almost perpendicular to the main axis, are any one of four possible Purines or Pyrimidines. The Purines found in DNA are called adenine and guanine, and the Pyrimidines thymine and cytosine. Within any single chain the Purines and Pyrimidines are stacked one atop another as close together as their Van der Waals radii permit, a distance of 3.4 angstroms. The complete helix makes one turn around its major axis every 34 angstroms, or every ten bases. (See accompanying diagrams)

Since Purines and Pyrimidines are related by a principle of complementarity, whenever a purine occurs attached to a sugar in one chain, a pyrimidine must occur at the corresponding position in the other chain. The specific hydrogen-bonding potentials of the bases allows for adenine to pair only with thymine, and for cytosine to pair only with guanine. This exact complementarity permits DNA to replicate itself, as the two chains can unwind and each serve as a template for a new complementary strand.

The information potential of DNA resides in that there are no constraints on the sequence of bases within any single chain. It is this "aperiodicity of the DNA crystal" which permits a gen-

etic code. The code is a mapping rule which assigns to linear arrays of Purines and Pyrimidines the necessary information for the assembly of protein molecules by cells. By specifying the types of proteins a cell is able to synthesize, DNA carries out a hetero-catalytic function.

Proteins like DNA are large composite molecules, differing one from another as a result of the almost limitless possibilities for their twenty different smaller components, called amino acids, to be arranged. For example an average protein is composed of approximately 100 amino acids chemically bonded to each other. Since there are 20 different amino acids, there are 20^{100} different proteins of this size alone possible. This number far exceeds the number of molecules the entire universe could contain, if we assume closest packing. Thus the number of possible structures is larger than any possible requirement for diversity.

The rule which relates Purines and Pyrimidines to amino acids states that along a single chain of a DNA helix, the bases are translated in groups of three as either one of the twenty amino acids or as punctuation signalling the beginning or end of a particular protein. (The process by which this colinearity between gene structure and protein structure is actualized is beyond the intent of this essay. The interested reader is referred to Gunther Stent's Molecular Genetics, an Introductory Narrative, WH Freeman NY, 1970)

There are only four Purine and Pyrimidine "letters" in this code, all possible arrangements of them in groups of three generates exactly 64 "genetic words". All biological form is a result of the interplay of these 64 elements.

Beginning with a principle of Yin and Yang complementarity, the I Ching proceeds to define four basic subdivisions: old yang (symbolized ☰), old yin, (symbolized ☷), new yang (☱), and new yin (☶). By considering all the possible arrangements of this set of four elements in groups of three, the I Ching arrives at 64 primary images. These images are called hexagrams, each being apparently composed of six lines.

Lao Tze wrote in the Tao Teh Ching *The Tao gave birth to the one, the one to the two, the two to the three, and the three gave birth to all things*. This can be read as either a description of the origin of the 64 hexagrams or the 64 codons of modern genetics.

In India the mandala of 64 squares is called Manduka, the frog, by allusion to maha-manduka, the Great Frog who supports the entire universe, and is the sign of the undifferentiated materia. As the frog is one of the clearest examples of metamorphic change, it is hard not to read a similar realization of the connection between 64 interpenetrating elements and the formal transformations of the world.

64 is also a submultiple of the fundamental cyclic number 25920 which measures the precession of equinoxes.

During the history of the I Ching the hexagrams have been arranged in several different ways, of which the so called "natural" array shown in the diagram was worked out during the Sung dynasty about 1000 years ago. The manner in which one form becomes another by a process of mutation is detailed in the I Ching on the basis of the relations implicit between these hexagrams.

The table of the Genetic Code, shown in the facing diagram, was worked out by Sir Francis Crick about 10 years ago. Similarly to students of the I Ching, geneticists have detailed the way one protein may mutate to another by studying the re-

relationships implicit between these tabulated codons.

If each of the four basic I Ching digrams is identified with a Purine or Pyrimidine base, we can generate a one to one mapping between codons and hexagrams.

It would seem reasonable to identify Purines with the Yang digrams on the basis of their more polarized, (yang), electronic structures, and to represent the two Yin **digrams** by the Pyrimidine bases whose electronic configurations are more diffuse, yoni and yin-like. Further, if and only if adenine is represented by the old yang digram, we can draw a composite table of hexagrams and codons which preserves the natural order of the hexagrams as well as many of the generic relationships displayed by Crick's table.

The rules for determining hexagram-codon mappings are as follows:

Adenine = Old Yang

then, Guanine must equal New Yang

Thymine, or its structural RNA analog, uracil, must equal Old Yin, since T (or U) hydrogen-bonds only with A.

and Cytosine then equals New Yin.

Hexagrams and codons both have direction. Hexagrams are constructed from the bottom up, and codons are translated in a particular direction. To complete the mapping it is necessary to specify that the bottom digram in a hexagram corresponds to the base in the first, (left-most) position in a codon.

Using these rules the composite table shown in the diagram was generated. Several aspects of this table are of interest.

It preserves the general flow of both mandalas from a preponderance of yin elements in the upper left corner to yang elements in the lower right.

It preserves the feature of Crick's mandala that similarly structured amino acids are grouped together.

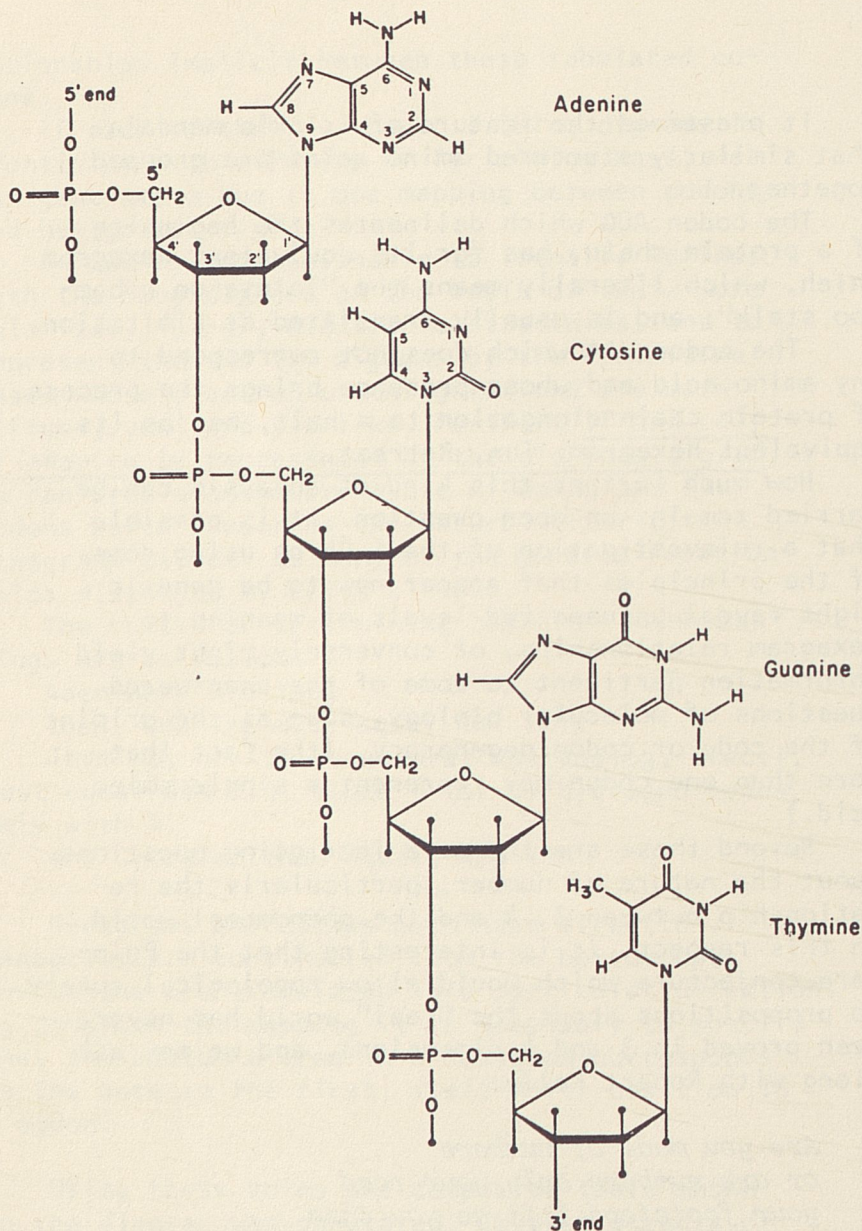
The codon AUG which delineates the beginning of a protein chain, has for its equivalent hexagram Chieh, which literally means the "joints on a bamboo stalk", and is usually translated as Limitation.

The codon UAA which does not correspond to any amino acid and whose presence brings the process of protein chain elongation to a halt, has as its equivalent hexagram, Tun, Retreat.

How much further this kind of analysis can be carried remains an open question. It is possible that a reinvestigation of the I Ching using some of the principles that appear now to be genetic might reveal unsuspected levels of meaning to hexagram relationships, or conversely might yield information pertinent to some of the unanswered questions of molecular biology, such as the origins of the code or codon degeneracy, (the fact that more than one codon may represent a single amino acid.)

Beyond these are the more intriguing questions about the nature of number, particularly the relationship between 3, 4 and the phenomenal world. In this respect, it is interesting that the Poincare conjecture which would allow topological surety to propositions about the "real" world has never been proved in 3 and 4 dimensions, and we may ask along with Robert Kelly:

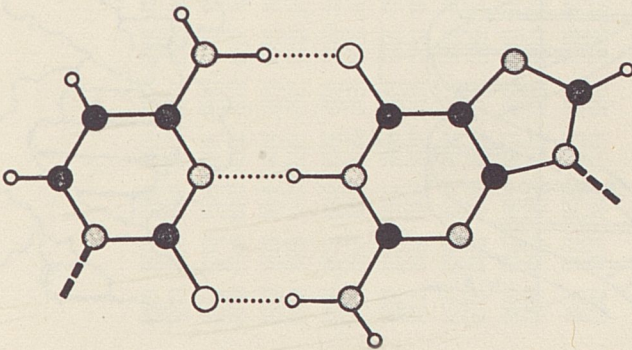
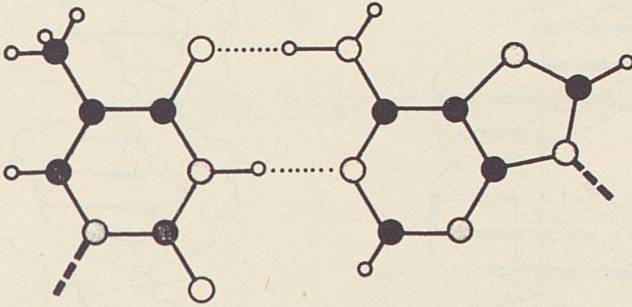
*Are you made of numbers
or are numbers only your road
your footsteps left as you pass*



The structural components of DNA. Hydrogen atoms are represented by small, solid dots. The polarity of polynucleotides is 3' → 5'.

THYMINE

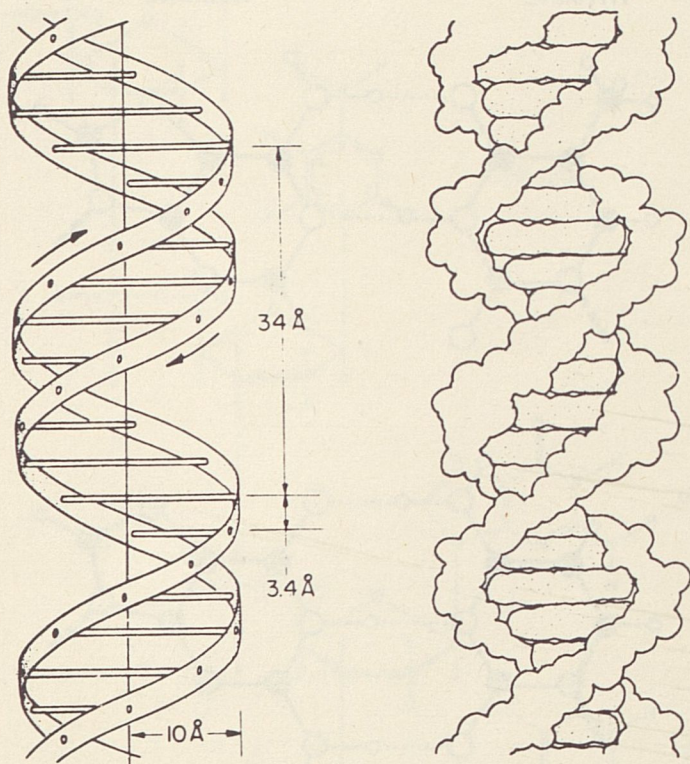
ADENINE



CYTOSINE

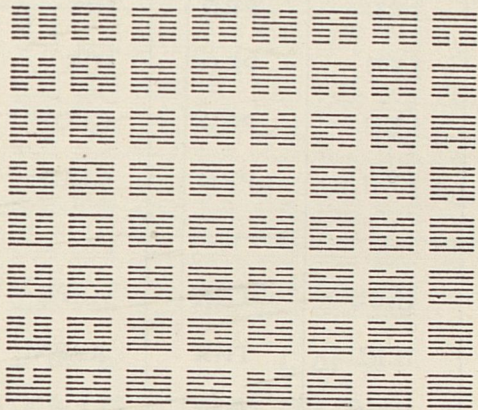
GUANINE

The standard base pairing arrangements. Solid circles represent carbon atoms; shaded circles are nitrogen atoms; large open circles are oxygen atoms; and small open circles are hydrogen atoms. Solid lines represent covalent bonds; dotted lines are hydrogen bonds; and heavy dashed lines are glycosidic (base-sugar) bonds.



The double helix. The schematic model on the left illustrates the opposing polarities of the complementary strands and the characteristic dimensions of the B (wet) form of the molecule. The figure on the right is redrawn from the space-filling model of Feughelman et al. (1955) to illustrate the dense packing of the base pairs in the interior of the structure (shaded) and the "deep" and "narrow" grooves between the deoxyribose phosphate backbones (open).

THE NATURAL ORDER OF THE HEXAGRAMS



THE GENETIC CODE

1st ↓	2nd →	U	C	A	G	↓3rd
U		PHE	SER	TYR	CYS	U
		PHE	SER	TYR	CYS	C
		LEU	SER	Ochre	?	A
		LEU	SER	Amber	TRP	G
C		LEU	PRO	HIS	ARG	U
		LEU	PRO	HIS	ARG	C
		LEU	PRO	GLUN	ARG	A
		LEU	PRO	GLUN	ARG	G
A		ILEU	THR	ASPN	SER	U
		ILEU	THR	ASPN	SER	C
		ILEU	THR	LYS	ARG	A
		MET	THR	LYS	ARG	G
G		VAL	ALA	ASP	GLY	U
		VAL	ALA	ASP	GLY	C
		VAL	ALA	GLU	GLY	A
		VAL	ALA	GLU	GLY	G

THE NATURAL ORDER OF THE HEXAGRAMS AND
THE TABLE OF THE GENETIC CODE

THIRD (OR TOP) POSITION

	U	C	G	A	U	C	G	A		
FIRST (OR BOTTOM) POSITION	U								Pyrimidine	
									Purine	
	C									Pyrimidine
										Purine
	G									Pyrimidine
										Purine
	A									Pyrimidine
										Purine
	U or G				C or A					
	SECOND (OR MIDDLE) POSITION									

SECOND (OR MIDDLE) POSITION

PURINES: A = (old Yang) G = (new Yang)

PYRIMIDINES: U = (old Yin) C = (new Yin)

Professor Jung nevertheless does not believe in the direct cosmic origin of fourfoldness. He finds in fourfoldness a property of that "centre" of man's totality which he regards as the result of individuation and calls the "self". But besides the number four he not infrequently finds other numbers, for instance the number three, particularly in men. To his mind it seems *that there is normally a clear insistence on four, or as if there were a greater statistical probability of four*. On account of the possible variation of the numbers he rejects the idea of the four heavenly quarters but, with the necessary reservations, permits himself a suggestion as to quite another kind of cosmic origin: it is, he says, a strange *lusus naturae* that the main chemical constituent of the physical organism should be carbon, which is characterized by four valencies, *(as well as three bonding states. -HSB)*. Moreover, he goes on, diamond--in Oriental texts the symbol of individuation accomplished (we call to mind the "diamond" walls of the Buddhist *mandala*)--is, we all know, crystallized carbon. If this is something more than a mere "sport of nature," then, as Jung emphasizes, since the phenomenon of fourfoldness is not just an invention of the conscious mind but *a spontaneous product of the objective psyche*, a fundamental theme of mythology could be understood by referring it back to the organic in man.

But we have an example of fourfoldness rather nearer to the region of mind--in the origin of the organism itself. This is the third step in its evolution. The first was the union of the paternal spermatozoon with the maternal germ-cell to form the zygote. If these two together with the innumerable forebears comprised in them constitute the organism's *relative ἀρχή*, then the advent of a new

entity, the zygote, constitutes its *absolute* ἀρχή. The second step was the subsequent division into two, the beginning of segmentation; and the third step an exact division into *four* and the *four-cell* stage, which is repeated over and over again in dichotomous progression. The life of the individual therefore has a period when it develops as it were on the basis of a geometrical plan, a sort of *mandala*.

.....

The answer to the question about the origin of the exact division into four can only be sought where fourfoldness and threefoldness appear as *psychic* activities and not just physical events. (The combination of both as the twelvefold division of the world-clock, whether read from the sky or not, is a remarkable mental achievement.) It is not only the psychologist that finds fourfoldness and threefoldness side by side. Ancient records speak of the part the number three played in the layout of cities both in Etruria and in Rome: three gates, three streets, three districts, three temples or temples divided into three. We have perforce to take account of plurality even when we are seeking one common thing, the original factor. And here we have an answer at least to the question as to whether there is any point in looking for a special origin in local and temporal differences.

C. Kerényi, Essays on a
Science of Mythology

The original concept of the Tao as developed by the Teh, is resumed in the Thai Ki. The Yang and the Yin are called the I or Yao. When these are combined two at a time, we obtain four figures called the Hsiang, which may be compared to Tetragrammaton, and this stage of development is so secret in the Chinese system that practically nothing is said about these forms. They only come into clear light when the Hsiang are taken three at a time to form the hexagrams.

- Aleister Crowley, from
THE BOOK OF THOTH

Paul Metcalf: untitled excerpt from a work in progress

March,
the testes of the bull sperm awaken,
fatten and ripen,
until in May
they will swell to sixty pounds or more

and the female ovaries are roused,
becoming turgid and inflamed,
the follicles quickening

swimming by her side, frolicking, running submerged and skimming
on the surface, the bull strokes the cow gently with the length
of his body, with fins and flukes . . . pats and slaps with his
pectorals, rubs against her, shoots ahead and rides on her back,
flippers held out stiffly . . . returns

and the cow allows him to
swim across her inflamed belly, to nuzzle, to clap jaws, slam
heads together

(gently,
unlike the donkey
or the polecat)

the gray whale's penis is curved like a cane,
and they lie to-
gether, male and female, belly to belly,
cow embracing bull with
her flippers, to hold him in position for possession,
noise and
figures blotted, perhaps, in waves, rain, storm,
and a third whale,
a male, may lie across them, to ease the mating, the meeting of
the organs,

the three whales churning the waters to a foam, as
the bull struggles for penetration
over and over again attempting,
and a spot of froth - sperm that
missed the mark - rises to the surface
male and female, struggling to co-ordinate the rising and falling,
inhaling and spouting, thrusting and receiving
until, chest to chest, the pair rise together

- the male penetrates -

and they fall with a crash . . .

(among dolphins,
(the cow celebrates
(by giving forth
(a string of piping sounds,

(little bubbles
(escaping
(from the blowhole

a land mammal, slipped back into the rivers:

on the rosy, inch-long embryo, a pair of fleshy pimples - vestigial hind legs, grows and disappears
a floating hip bone, no longer useful (save to hold the muscles that urge the penis)
a vestigial femur
humerus, radius and ulna, the five digital bones, within the flipper
fading toothbuds, in a baleen finback
in the .
9-month fetus, grayish-white, half grown, the digits flatten in the flippers, ears and olfactories recede, the skull telescopes, with interdigitation of bones - mammaries and genitals become internal, the clitoris receding to a long groove:

riverine,
and then pelagic,
streamlined,
all surfaces smoothed

the mother blue whale bends her trunk and tail, whips them back
her
vagina flares pink
the fetus shifts within, pounding her flanks

with bicornuate uterus
- the musculature in an inner circular
and outer longitudinal
layer -
the peristaltic uterine contractions
- with gravitation -
turn the fetus,
in the rich embryonic fluid,
from head to tail presentation,

and the fetal flukes drive to the outlet.

Mother contracts,
and the tail appears . . .
. . . retreats . . .
reappears;

she convulses,
the infant slides part way -
but the flippers catch,
and hold,
and the mother rests,
the infant half-born.

With final thrust,
in a flood of pink
the infant slips out

the umbilicus - drawn taut - snaps

and the mother blue whale - placenta expelled - turns to her
child, nudges him to the surface.

Cold water, dry, cool air, nudge and urge the infant lungs

The mother nudges the infant with her flipper, guides him to the
soft spot on her belly
and he works his mouth to the nipple, presses
hard . . .

the long gland, golden brown, extrudes and distends,
and a flow squirts to the back of the infant throat:
pink and creamy
white, thickly fat, with a fishy smell
better than two gallons,
flowing

mother and infant,
rising, dipping
near the surface,
in the Pacific swell . . .

and the infant smiles,
a smile ingrown,
remaining on his face life long

Weaning, two years alive, the calf leaps free of the mother, skims
the surface, is, for a moment, air borne;

or swims beneath the
surface, softly accommodating to the waves, his double flukes in
a nearly rotary action, sculling the waters, without turbulence;
or
dipping a few fathoms down, turns, and sculling violently, leaps,
angularly, hesitating, and crashes back, the waters pyramiding

around him

The young calf joins a school, swimming, sporting with the others, diving, breaching, the school, in a body, in one instant, supramarine;

the school discovers a ship, follows it, forms a circle around it, only their heads visible above the surface, the eyes staring, winking;

and, suddenly inverting, each whale, standing for an instant upon its head, descends, elevates only the flukes - so many black butterflies skimming the surface -

commences lob-tailing - flukes waving back and forth, beating slowly, and then more powerfully, against the waters, shooting up clouds of foam

As though at a signal, the school dives, disappears.

dives, perhaps, three thousand feet, to hunt the giant squid
octopod, decapod, cuttlefish,

swimming at the bottom with open mouth, the prey enticed by white gums and purple tongue,

battling the squid, the tentacles and suction cups that reach for eyes and blowhole,

the whale tearing at the soft body with his teeth, struggling upward,

to reach the surface, perhaps, at night, squid fragments dribbling from his lips, glittering, phosphorescent . . .

. . . or swallowing the squid - or a ten-foot shark - whole.

the urine is clear and pale,
the feces a brick-red patch,
or a yellow, diffusing cloud

the stomach rumbles,
the whale has the colic,
lumps of ambergris emerge
(the fruit of peptic ulcers)

the whale belches:
horrendum emittit ructum!

birds screeching overhead
the water moving,

wind humming:

"creaks and cries, barks, groans,
and whoops"

the sound waves landing on his length, his flanks a
sounding board

and makes his way
ocean to ocean
bottom to shore
to food
to whale

by radar,

sonar,

sofar

Richard Grossinger: from *The Slag of Creation*

The growth of the world is hidden in the world, first as a sequence of Platonic forms, again as the dirt and debris, fragments and signs, blown as pure chaff thru the habitable zones. From the seed-laden earth, a jungle of weeds arises to the summer heat, the sun's densest chords, as though the corona of, in its pulsing and waning were the vines and shoots and flowers, the eggs in spots of moistness, the stratum of fertile stone, equalling, in creation and decay, the debris of the stars after the original explosion. Yet this great Sympathy, sprung from the Archer as his nerves, and the sinew of his bow, has faded, into ionospheric disturbance, single meteors into the fountain of air. A windblown dust, a fog, an erratic and oblique rain and rust: this is the world we are in (not because it is any more the world than the one for which the King received on his head the crown and its touch, bringing lightness and light even to the husk of the villages of the tundra). At this angle the image of reality is different than what is seen on the visible surface the light strikes in the garden; the glowing petals cup an invisible structure. The Hindu philosopher seeks the strands of the Rope, at a point where shape and fire converge, in an illusion of the Real, as, post-Linnaean, artificial symmetry vanishes, and the seeds in the ovary, the number and relation of the petals to the ovary, become the signs of prehistoric events unto universal sowing of the single genes. The trumpet creeper winds around the Jerusalem artichokes, the heads of aster and fleabane swell in the shape of a flower with tiny flowers; the ground-cherry crawls over the piles of old sticks. In the near distance, wild flowering raspberry, beyond which, like a fire in the swamp, is a patch of phlox. Queen Anne's Lace, the wild carrot with the soft white umbels, and the young feathery green

domestic carrots, are divided from each other by where the plow has made the garden and we have weeded to keep the outer growth from impinging, indigenous versus imported seeds, children of 19th Century biology. An 1890 nickel found in furrowing out the pea-patch.

These images are nascent to my work and appear in blithe unguarded form in the early editions of the garden; "The Plant Book" and Solar Journal are prototypical of a way of seeing that sometimes returns to me in a gay and nostalgic flash, like the memory of the Botanical Gardens in Ann Arbor. There was a sense of the encircling geometries, of plant-growth, stars, and desire, so that the structures of procreation became the forms thru which we realized our own climactic acts, ending there in a simultaneity of man and animal, medicine and potion, sex and rebirth. I filled those books as full as nature filled the fields, and made of them my garden of correspondences. Now the vision, fresh with its source in those rivers, diverges, and in a quiet field goes underground, into the darkness, before the next great range of mountains.

What is hidden we do not know, but it is the same as the feelings, which also seem to come from within. Where they cease is a space, like the room that was never filled with furniture, the monstrous mutant who cannot be born: outside the light, the knowing, yet attached to the building, no way to cut it off and no way to add it on. Thus a gesture like a hunchback, carrying himself and his bentness; like the twining of the vine, the causes accrue from within; it's not like signs or omens, we cannot tell from a man's appearance his fate and phrenology, nor from the appearance of a zodiac at the instant of his birth, the condition of the instantaneity of his life; likewise it is not an arbitrary constitution of all the forces

combining to account for his existence; it is the causal realization of the flux of energy thru parallel and equivalent possibilities, bound as a handful of wheat, in this spot, where life is, where life is not/an abstraction, yet is abstract from the system which would seem to deny it its possibility of being anything more than the atomic process which mimics life, which is crystalline dance and the slow movement of sediments in the geotropism of a node planet sliding from ice age to ice age, from Pluto to Vulcan in its forge, and from cyclone to temperate sea, monsoon to thunderstorm, or what Charles Coulston Gillespie, in speaking of Lamarck, called "its lifeless residue spilling as chemical husks back down the other side," is but a giant, and we are the living units that crack on the whips of his exaggerated wight.

The periods of growth are hidden within as numbers; they are pulses, cycles, ratios, in their interpretations; they are the remains of a numerological manual for the excavation of a more ancient kingdom of matter, itself kept beneath the flow by a continuous repetition and interpolation of integers and matheses, reappearing as logarithms and progressive intervals. That in the garden the peas are the first plants to rule, with their lusty growth after the spring rains and their burst of flowers and pods while all the rest is small leaves and seedlings. Now they have withered, dried out, and fallen back, except for a few that grasp the fence and the bamboo pole and continue to climb and give off a green shoot. The potatoes, quartered from kitchen stock, buried in the ground at irregular intervals, some planted even before the peas, thus presumed to be rotting or dormant, suddenly leap up between the rows of beans, and while the peas twist and curl downward, the potatoes develop secondary branches and stand out over the entire garden, a small dark forest, as though the starchy slag will feed

them forever. In another ten days the beans are so tall the potato tops are not even visible; their soft leaves flap in the breeze and their curls blossom with hulled flowers. The potatoes are invaded by small hardshelled bugs that leave an orange secretion, as if that were their response to the green fluids they drank, who lay black eggs that yield softshelled young, so hungry and at such a rate the leaves literally disappear, until a powder made from the Asian derris root is applied, a bug poison called rotenone, after which the potatoes abandon their old chewed-up stems and grow along new lines. The cabbages, tomatoes, and lettuce begin to spread, and the kohlrabi sprouts hardy leaves. It is a combination of inner fire, soil, rain, sun, and the random times, given the other factors of our lives and our own metabolisms at which the seeds were planted, that determine the shape of the garden, which continues to change as those factors take on new values; it is like the free growth around the garden, which has been subject to vectors of wind, animal movement, perennial division, Indians, early settlers, Vermont farms, etc., different only in that we are the ostensible source and interference causing domestic patterns to flare and wane and an overall disposition, whose manifestation has as little to do with our conscious mind as our dreams, to prevail, as what happens under stars and Moon and in the twilight dew, when the leaves cool and draw moisture from the air. Now the chard towers over the potatoes and beans, its dense unwrapping transcending the tenderness and sparsity of the first leaves. The thick juicy branches part to allow the smaller leaves to form in the center. And the lettuce, planted in the early hours of spring, piles leaves atop leaves, soft and heaped as clouds billowing in the hot day, become bitter as the rain is cold, unto a spreading of black seed from which the first sweet leaves again emerge like

the integers that fool us again and again, the genetics that damn us to (albeit the magic of) this world. The squash, planted late and in a mound, sprouts with a twinned cotyledon, tiny and fragile; in a few weeks these have vanished, and where they were stand plants with multiple trunk systems, thick and juicy, bearing leaves bigger than burdock thistle; they cover the hills; in fact, like the trees of heaven, they dissolve the mountain into which they reach, by their more sacred fertility, or as the principle of vegetation defeats the ancient Titan of stone. In fact, the whole section of the garden that was planted late, at the far end, has overshadowed the foreground, where the pea patch is in ruin and the lettuces tumble, the onions stalks point down, most of their action and that of the carrots underground. The corn was planted last of all, and today the largest of them reach slightly above the squash, having accumulated a size and vitality the delicate plants spurn. The transplanted ears are much smaller, needing, it seems, two weeks to regain their roots before attending to the stalks again. Perhaps I should have planted more seed and wasted less time transplanting, but the plot is small, and I have had the deep sense of changing rhythms and staggering growth rates, creating different patterns of development for the same plants. The brussel sprouts are as tiny as a month ago, but the one tomato which survived the frost is big and flowering, with small berries forming from the earlier flowers; the ones started from seed after the frost are still tiny bursts of leaves and will perhaps only have begun to flower when the frost at the other end comes.

These rhythms and thrusts, as thick as squash, as tender as the peas' climb against the implantment from which they twist, as airy as tomato, as bolelike as kohlrabi, as taproot and underground as

carrot, have the weights and senses of the all personal rhythms one feels at the same time. And by feeling this, instead of the herbal and the sympathy of macrocosm and microcosm, we have substituted a human psychology for a botanical astrology, by which we could also have survived in psychic terms if it had happened that way. We have allowed the reimplantation of the Earth by giants, who inhabit it also, and whether we shall survive by this means, by our houses and by the incredible structuring of the concrete cities, as from squash roots of civilization, blossoming before their time, decaying back into the rubble of half-manufactured, half-fused, disintegrating chemicals, before it becomes altogether archaeology, is dangerously unknown, as I am unknown, how I will grow, being a plant of variable and rhythmic emboîtement, with broken lines and sterile stems, and flowers and branches so heavy with fruit they sag into the mud, spread seed, take root, and reflower. Now from this thin tendril on which I climb, almost gravity-defying, thru the hollow regions of my life, there seems to be nothing large and macrophysical, poke as I may the small space in the log out of which a plant is suspended, I wonder what the great burst of texts and volumes from the Maine geographical implosion now mean, a flood of branches and trunks, preceded by the roots of gabbalistic seeds, astral bestiaries, childbirth, and brave Nordic explorers, a varied sea and star life on which all the rest of this must stand, as the woody tissue and hollow vessels thru which the tiny weight drops.

And the city has lost its roots also, the possibility of its identification with the source, at Roanoke, or in Egypt, or Greece, Platonic albeit it must be real or the entire complex of sympathies would not have yielded dram, as it has thru the ancient history of the planet, though the connection is obscure, which is what we have abandoned, the

infinitesimal and spidery chains which fill a prior world with precious and invisible structures, caryopses of phasal fields, geo-electrical inertias, and still no solution or end in sight, because they work only by a link it is impossible for us to survive and maintain, as earlier, in a mystery we have long forgotten (across whose subtle aura Kepler's vision of regaining the planetary cycles and equilibria of the tablets of Atlantis is but a faint shadow) of the Egyptian doctor guiding his patient thru dream to the source of the illness, to the origin of the disturbance, an image so traumatically implanted and so weakly recalled, whether of the priest-physician or of the Egyptian locale that in our hypermodern reading of it we seem to require an Esalen-like public nakedness to reveal what lies within ourselves as people and inhabitants of this the mystery, the body itself having become the social integument of the condition of being here, whose sympathetic and emotional origin has become either x-ray of the immeasurable embryotic growth or the Janovian primal screams (of the realization of the original moment: but of what?: ourselves?, the culture?, the creation?, the flow of substance to these distant nervepoints?), that the priest in our history has become as false as he is akashic, withheld from us in another place, as thin as the place we try to enter beyond the veil that the numbers and the plenty and the cornucopia of the world-game we are in, the technological-industrial orgy, has thrown over the coming Sun Age.

Small grasshopper on the rim of the garden, jumping from one numeral to another, within a spiral mask, shaking the high stems in a ripple of its movement. Winged insect, legs hanging down, weaves in and out of the Jerusalem artichokes,

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following their projection on his sensorium, or their own penetration of the world along hairy stems, stiff and whorled with leaves; any plant with roots below seems a projection of wands from above, the plant tissue forming the beard of the macrocosm. A young fly, golden-linked joints in its center, lands on a flat leaf, a brief sparkle of sunlight from its segments, while the wind moves thru in a rustle. Ants crawl upon the lemmas of grass, dismantling the grain to build replicas of their eternal city. The bright blue bean flowers stand among the soft purple clover and the dead dry capsules of earlier years, whose juices have filled the herbals, their intoxication famous, leaving nothing behind in the mimosan leaves.

It is the generation of things that resembles or doesn't resemble. We have pushed operation into such visibility that we have ceased to see pure correspondence, or the Synopsis of the Quadrupeds and Serpents, the History of Insects, the Great Chain of Being, and like quartos. The fins of the fish are the arms of the man, but only in the radial outburst of energy from the undifferentiated center; this fire is not the Hand of God, which lies, with the clover and its Hellenic qualities, in some other plane.

For Reality has come to mean to us: reality, and not the energy behind the veil. We think only of the sum constituent parts of the present system, dilated in time by the dimensional suspension, not something invisible but something that can be made visible, as in taking apart the flower, counting the petals, establishing the origin of the ovular structure, and uncovering, in the transition and survival of species, by the key to all other organs, the arrangement of the reproductive. As by particle theory in physics, spectrographic analysis of the stars, we have gone deeper and deeper into a substance

which may be totally remote to Reality, totally alien to the possibility by which we have been brought into the Creation creatures of vision; the civilization we have raised in our midst stands alone.

The trouble is that now the limits are the real limits, Marx notwithstanding (and glorious rectifying revolution after revolution); there is labor, there is capital, there is production; technological improvement of the means has no real effect on the human experience, this the 18th Century discovered. As man increases, as any species, into the sparsity of matter, the basic infertility of the Stone, beyond the direct experience of his species in the light that has brought it into being, in the cold miasmatic currents of the cosmic mines, where the alert Aristotelian animal of vitalism dreads to dwell, or even to have originated, as he approaches the absolute limits of life, the only reason there seem to be no limits and the situation appears without danger, is the imposition of an (albeit almost empty) space, like that of which between the Earth and the Moon is a present example, or thru which the oil drill goes after it has penetrated the glacial ice and the mantle, reached only thru devastating exhaust and exhaustion, and then in mere vitiated amounts, of fuels and energy and metabolism, to maintain the illusion of infinity and progress, more than Turner's sheer American frontier (overstepped in Southeast Asia anyway), the frontier of matter, beyond oil and beyond the rich yield of atomic theory, from which to derive increased labor, security of the workers thru their unions, from which to build houses and inhabit worse and worse badlands. This is the process to which we are consigned and committed, and if there is parallel or serial universe to our own, it is the last thing we will see, for we think we do not need it, we are set so as to be entirely dark to it, as it darkens

to us. The limits we have set are the most unhappy of limits, for they are greedy and thoughtless of the greater wealth, they go in seasons and thru the false process of history, from year to year, naive of the Great Year, empty of meaning, except as we endow it with the progressive meanings of our civilization, as one war comes to an end in the beginning of another. And when we reach the end of that machinery, there is a hollow, that in psychoanalysis is called the unfelt reality, and whether unfelt or not psychologically, is certainly the psychic darkroom, the alcove and abyss behind life. We keep ourselves from exploring there in part because the energy is free, and the world has accumulated a giant debt we must pay off, as we will it to our children, via the children of Indians; it is the myth behind the psychosomatic odyssey toward health in the West, is - in the East - the mythological East we have designed to stand for what we have lost, the source behind the many veils thru which prakṛti are brought into being, in the Sanskrit identical to the Latin original of the later Neoplatonic design, behind the shells of matter that endlessly pour forth and are filled with light and touch and sense, which leaves them even as we approach the threshold and boundary of what and where we are. Otherwise, the next most immediate system, as the craters of the Moon, demands an outlandish squandering of energy, the kick of the burning of the chaff. We must seek the energy of true transformation, within the life, as much in the friction and flood to be in the metabolism, to penetrate the dark unlivable space between here and there (to prevent systems each of which is holy from annihilating each other).

I have stood on the shoulders, as they say, of the giants who have gone before me, but now they are

forgotten, and their work is submerged in mine, history itself blurs, who Kant was as distinct from Hegel or Leibniz I cannot figure because, despite internal contradictions, they all do say the same thing: Philosophy. It is like being set down in the middle of a city on an unfamiliar block: how can you tell New York from Detroit? And now the weight on myself, that I have avoided history and have read only frenetically across the hierarchies for an occult object. I have climbed thru the intricacy of the caves, to get to the beginning, for which modern thought has substituted the end, a so much less frightening possibility, that nothing need be experienced in the inevitable because everything will disappear violently back into the fabric, in the same explosion that wipes out all our memory and all our pain, whatever we carry thru existence, whether it be this alone or all to which we attribute ourselves.

The beginning is terrifying and inalterable, at the end all is forgotten; at the beginning we reach the origin of what we are, despite Einsteinian simultaneity; for just because the Greeks and Phoenicians, the Romans and Hebrews and Atlanteans and Celts, the Polynesians and Africans, are brought back by the akashic force of the end and the resources of time, it is not the same as the moment they came into being, totally unapocalyptic, engaged in the habitat which ethnology assigned to them, the necessity that left them alone in the silence of their space, with an alphabet and ritual calendar, an ethnobotany and a genealogy, from which no escape was or is possible because history never lets go, and to which our vast unconscious energies, our pure and vessel flesh is only the residual, we must live with, until we cast consciously into the greater fire, from which no burning city is a philosophical escape, likewise the weight that held the crane and

supplied the rawstuff when Kant and Hegel built their cities, and why what they built are cities. These people lived where they lived, and of this, Mediaeval biology and later natural history books were the exact folio, i.e., of the inhabitation of the world by those who inhabit it, the EXPERIENCE, not a charming rendition, not the next glaciation, the invasion from Mars, or the great fire-floods of a cosmos out of kilter. The discovery of sperm and egg and the annihilation of insects, the improvement of sheep and cows: these cannot release their karmic wheels. We have the strange illusion that the contemporary is followed by the postmodern, and that the more radical the function we serve in the present order the more accurate it is to the basal energy of our condition. And yet I evolve again the vestigial sciences, like the flesh of new-born birds ripped from the ragged turbulence of the egg, I twist as they twist, until I seem almost to be broken, and seem to be wedged, like a trapped animal, between chambers of the caves, and look back and see no way out, ahead and see only the beginning, all paths leading in the same direction, all conditions telling me there is no releasing act of dream, no possibility of getting tired and going back to.

The squash and cucumber twist and twine in the numbers of genetic and chemical embodiment, in the ancient organic octave which winds around the world and holds it to itself, as erotically as numbers fit, as people fit, because where there is an entrance in one, there is an entrance from the other, where three and four match as in four thirds or three fourths, it is the binding together, the filling of the maples with wind and rain and light, the wild grass, the economic growth of nations, or the insect walking along the thatched leaves of ground cover, is where we are within where we are, and is all we shall have, as the meaning with which we fill history,

until beyond the thousands of twisted plants and underlying roots of vision and text, the form breaks and, yes, we better live our lives while we have them, fully and wholly, as what we are; anything else, however glorious, psychic, or adventuring in the Himalayas, is broken from the origin, from we must return, like the scar at which the bud is broken from the stem. It is this explosion we feel, this pulling apart, the fabric moving outward at a speed and revelation that transcends the infinity of production or money necessary to live totally off the interest, which modern America, in burgeoning inflation, similar to population explosion, similar to quasar discovery, similar to the richness of the microscopic vision, succumbs to only by the denominations of itself.

It is beyond feeling. The association has been lost.

In a certain sense it is humiliating to be this kind of a being, unable to translate literally the workings of a sphere of intelligence back into the threads of our being. So the ultimate attack on meaning does not come via our philosophies; it comes thru our bodies and in the form of powerful arguments and transformations. The lethargies, the headaches, the tensions, which punctuate this work at critical junctures, the spasms of nightmare and anxiety, are not recorded in this text, except on rare occasions, and then as captives; in order for them to be known, they must be discerned thru my meaning, as the part of the meaning they form simply by being, and that cannot be rejected by failing to remember them, or the way in which to include them in this account. For they are hard to justify, in literal space, against the clarities, proving only that the clarities themselves are not clear, sparkle as they do on the surface of

this beautiful and recalled morning, entangled with the softness and brilliance of the vegetable kingdom. There is a chemistry of doubt as well, and by evening it can literally crack the Moon apart in my head.

And I cannot say where it hurts, as a specific place, or the occasion and origin of the pain. There are moments when, unexpectedly down a flat path that is more remote than I remember ever, more oblique than I seem capable of when trying to force its apprehension, I see directly into it; and it is like the debris of a city. Everything is fallen. And as often as I thought in the interim: I will clean that up; I will reconstruct it, the actual seeing is more sober. It is beyond repair. All that is left is access to the path, which seems now less and less like a psychoanalytic exercise and more like a musical occurrence, like the bird of night whose singing pierces sleep. The pain dissolves and the world comes back with a high and spiritual glow, a revival meeting myself; old smells of mown grass and the cold of spring water are returned in me, and without the pain of longing with which they were always associated, and what made them beautiful.

The physical envelope is no different than the philosophic envelope; they embody each other and coincide; hence the yoga, not to let thru so much information it must pry them apart, it must be translated into symbols and forced metaphysical relationships, it must bind them again by the excitement in their separation. There is a single act which consigns the lovers to mortal love and the wrestlers to eternal clinch. There is another kind of unsettled life people lead, going from place to place and experience to experience, an attempt to get a one-to-one reading between their physical state and the seeming object of their desire, or to have the capacity equal to the

desire and no broken bridges of yearning across rivers that cannot be crossed. At moments of apprehension and knowledge and of the realization of the object of desire, there is incredible excitement, even as the adrenalin flows without control at the moment of fear. This leads away from the road that passes thru the mountains and carries us to where, even if this life is not sentient of other lives, this life unerringly leads us. There is no single moment or experience that resolves it. The smell of the tomato plants is eternal, as the vapors they give off are internal, as the realization of the source is. The chaotic threads are finally woven into some sort of gown, beyond miracles: of the limited structure a limited body, such the intelligence, without the illusion that illusion is but the mask, or phenomena the illusion, because the body is only the mirror that experiences, broken subsequently and without duration in a pool of stasis.

It is too late for me to reduce the text to a minimal system or to remove the complexities I have survived. In being saved I have saved the world, and in damning the world to an oblivion of history I have damned myself, along with all the romanticism, heroism, all the desires. The toxic, emergent from the misuse of my existence, even to win diversionary battles, is what accumulates and recalls attention. The meaningless duties are carried out not to fill time but to postpone the anxiety of time, the devastating hole in creation time is. If I sense a threshold now, it is that I have come to the end of my possibility of power, of enough being enough, the work itself filling the rest of my life like an aura or light. The mask from which the writing comes is not a mask; the intelligences babble a heedless fluency and give me my intelligence, finally to return to the beginning and act as all this implies. The

squash will grow anyway, and the peas will wither from their peaks, all of which is recorded in the text, for better or for worse, its pure numerology, and not just the repetition. By placing it as far from myself as I can: placing it as deep in myself as I can.

It will all be limited to that patch of ground, no matter how large a context I use. The slugs are calm, oceanic, almost eternal, and the small part of them on which I impinge, historically for reasons that I am made of matter and am entirely unconscious beneath the single breath of consciousness. The slugs will corrode, and I have roots as deep in the history of the world as any clover, which makes a mundus certain and the city but a monument, which leaves me throwing up these nerves, like branches in the scarlet air.

proposition: the experiment is to science as
the poem is to poetry

Try and think up a funny experiment. It's all so serious. Not enough to be able to laugh at, but to be so constructed as to be able to laugh within.

An imploded star is without levity, and it shrinks until its event horizon shrinks to zero.

HSB

Edward Dorn

DEAR FLABBY: VIRA UNTWISTS THE MURCH

Dear Flabby: I am a Carbonaceous meteorite who fell in Austrailia never mind when. The point is as luck had had it (I believe that's the idiom but I hope you'll excuse any error as I was programmed for English & Swedish at the same time. Simultaneous is the word for that. In fact. if you can believe a coincidence like this, Simultaneous is the word for THAT where I come from never mind where. Swedish so if there were a Nobel Prize for meteorites I should be able and ready to accept it in the tongue of the Great Creator of Firecrackers. Of course, I soon learned that the object is never awarded the prize, to my great dismay, since I come here as a perfectly innocent object. Thus those who scrutinize meteorites are given prizes but not meteorites. Those who write poems but not the poems etc. An odd practice, and had I known this I'd of got into another system.

Anyway, as luck has had it, I landed in Austrailia where, because so little lands, I was taken immediately (the word for This where I come from, for instance we say, Immediately or Simultaneously for This or That) to the site where something called the Ames Team noticed that my Amino Acid chains turned right as much as left when apparently your whole natural world turns left! Which I understand is rather embarrassing to Keynsian biology. Vell, it's something to think about. Be that as it might, we was quite chagrinning when I met some totally nasty types who came in concealed in the noses of the Ames Team and spread all over their Kleenex. They could do Everything very simple-minded I can do both ways and no kidding! Called by my Ames Team Virus. So what I want to know Flabby, exactly who is these Virus?

-The Murchison Meteorite
for all the 'cules on this trip
left & right-

Dear "The Murch": A Virus is the simplest known biological entity on Earth. It is made up of a single molecule of Nucleic Acid surrounded by a protective protein coat which keeps it warm during the long glacial winter, or when the courier sneezes. By itself, a virus is not really alive. When a group of them are hanging around the candy store dried up they form a crystal. They can wait like this for years! But when dissolved in liquid and allowed to penetrate a cell, they become alive, acting out their ancient need to gobble up the amino acids and nucleotides of the primordial soup. Once inside a cell they fuck with its genetic machinery and use its rich stash of amino acids and nucleotides to make copies of Themselves. They're the heaviest ego trip around!

Good Luck to all the objects down
at the site,
sighnd, Flabby

Dear Flabby: This is in regards to a letter you published last week from the Murchison Meteorite and your cozy reply. Because The Murchison Meteorite doesnt speak for All the 'cules down at that site or any other. I just want your readers to know that "the Murch" wasnt that special a job and he ought to realize what he fell into before he complains about getting fucked over by the Ames Team (a bunch of real jokers anyway) and duplicated by us. The fact is there aint nothing down here but us virus and the reason we're not worried bout who gets the prize is the same reason we're not worried about who takes the cake and we dont worry about any subject-object relationship because we're completely into where those two lines converge --and by the way, if the Murch wants to know what Simultaneous really does he can try that the way we do it around here!

Furthermore, I can say without any sarcasm that we're perfectly satisfied to all look alike and do our one thing-- and rather pleased, when we get to them, Everybody else begins to look like us.

Such an arrangement takes care of all those de-
isions I've heard you're up against out there.
You oughta try it. Of course, as a virus individ-
ual I admire myself (which is the same thing) a
very Great Deal -- and why not? That's what I'm
here for. But it's a strictly private affair be-
tween reality and me (which is the same thing) and
there isn't one of us who is even slightly concerned
with the public ego of an acceptance speech. So by
now you will begin to understand. Me can speak for
all of us because we are all of us. You better be-
lieve I don't have to speak Swedish to tell you
that.

sighnd, Vira
Somewhere in case 10¹⁹
Culture 54321-21

PS On the basis of what's predicted here of organ-
isms of so-called complex extensions (a very gross
aspect of evolution indeed) I can believe they'd get
it off accepting almost anything. But I'd like to
remind everyone how that prize got there in the
first place. Down at the site we're the biggest
thing on the set and none of us are interested in
"soup" whoever that is, altho of course primordial
is another matter, and the way things look out
there is not necessarily duplicated in here. Sure,
we get into crystal and I can recommend it as a way
to really structure your rigidities if that's what
you need to do but if any of you out there get ser-
ious about that trip you'd do well to reconsider an
aesthetic which makes a distinction like Alive or
Not Alive before you bring it along. Because like
there ain't any magazines at all in this waiting
room!

HANS KALM M.D.

ORGANOTROPEIA: THE METHOD OF THIS RESEARCH

It is known that an aura, a non-material field of vibration/radiation/life force, similar to, if not identical with, electromagnetism, surrounds every organism, organ and tissue. Even a tiny living cell has been shown to carry and actually generating it. By various electronic/radiesthetic/radionic instruments, this aura may be detected and the extent of it measured.

Years ago I used to experiment widely with several such instruments, some of them rather complicated and expensive. After much time and labor spent with them, I finally came to the conclusion that a pendulum in my right hand was more dependable and immensely more practical than all those machines.

My first attempt at measuring the auras of various bodies was made with two coins of the same size and substance. One coin gave an aura 20 cm in radius. When I placed the other coin on top of the first (material contact), the aura was still 20 cm. But when I placed the other coin by the side of the first, but not in contact with it, (inductive contact), the radius of the aura increased to 40cm.

This was the beginning of years of experimenting and training myself in the proper use of the pendulum, THE most significant instrument of this research. In short, I became the radionic instrument, and the pendulum in my right hand the indicator.

As known, the pendulums made of elephant or whale ivory, ebony or plastics, are rather neutral in their composition, and the whole pendulum being an infinitesimal fraction of a machine in weight, can introduce only a negligible interference. Compare: My pendulum weighs 5 gms, but one of the machines weighs 18 kgms. I have had no machines on my premises since the advent of the pendulum.

In order to find out if a medicine or food is beneficial/indicated for a patient (P), I place the P or rather his representative, (a tuft of hair, few drops of blood, etc.), on my left on the table. On my right hand I place the substances, mostly in glass vials, to be tested. I hold the P between the thumb and forefinger of my left hand without touching it to the table and let the pendulum in my right hand play somewhere between the P and the glass vial. If and when the swing of it turns into a gyration sunwise, and persists in gyrating sunwise, the gyration is positive and the substance is INDICATED for the P.

In order to verify this finding I knock the pendulum hard against the table and repeat the procedure. At times I even toss the pendulum in the opposite direction and watch what it does after a while. If it again goes sunwise, the finding is taken to be correct. If however, the pendulum begins to gyrate countersunwise, then the substance is CONTRA-INDICATED for the P. I always verify even the negative gyration, to be sure.

For measuring the extent of an aura/the vibrational field of a body, I use a stretch, one meter long on the edge of my table, graduated in centimeters, somewhat like the comparator depicted and described in the textbooks of pendling. At the ZERO end, on my left, I keep the representative of the P. On the 100 cm end, on my right, I place a Normal Organ Specimen in order to appraise the Functional Value (+) of an organ or tissue in the P, or the corresponding Nosode in order to appraise the extent of pathology (-) in that organ or tissue. A reading of +100 would mean 100% optimal Functional Value of the organ or tissue, and a reading of -100 would mean 100% Pathology of that organ or tissue. If and when this negative value during treatment decreases and falls towards the Zero, the positive value of the corresponding organ rises pari pasu

toward 100. Thus the "Comparator" helps me keep watch on the changes in the various affected organs and tissues of the P under treatment, and enables me to adjust the medication to his NEEDS.

Now when the pendulum in my right hand gyrates sunwise and I move slowly the hand towards the right, it gradually comes to a point where it tends to remain oscillating at right angles to the comparator. This is called the Balancing Point or the Neutral Zone (NZ) between the auras of the two bodies at opposite ends of the comparator. But when the pendulum generates in a countersunwise direction the NZ is to be found towards the Zero end of the Comparator by the same procedure.

It seems to me that anyone who is radionically sensitive enough to operate one of those MACHINES may well acquire a dependable skill in the use of the Pendulum.

It is to be taken for granted that with a pendulum one must be able to concentrate and keep their mind blank/impartial/neutral to the question WHICH WAY?

Any normal person can learn to use a pendulum, if he cares to train himself patiently for some time. Naturally it is easier to practice and work in surroundings free of various distracting phenomena. It is hardly necessary to accentuate that for this work in actual practice one must have a great deal of dependable experience in the use of the pendulum.

By the use of the pendulum we no longer have to hurt patients by needling/cutting/-scoping, and be misled by unavoidable post-mortem enzymatic degradation and contamination of the specimens in microscopic/chromatographic/chemical analysis. The most practical examination of the patient yet possible by any other means may be performed radio-metrically with the pendulum.

the only larger-order abstraction than the
"scientific paper" is the textbook,
and what
we learn from abstractions is a path to our own
particulars

*the value of a crossing made again
is not the value of the crossing*

HSB

MEMORY MOLECULES

And thy memory is as it were the mortar in the House of thy Mind, without which is no cohesion or individuality possible.

Aleister Crowley, The Book of Wisdom or Folly

Memory is the firm perception in the soul of things and words.

Cicero, De Inventione

And Memory, the poet Hesiod tells us is the Mother of the Muses, joining with Zeus in a *forgetting of ills and a rest from sorrow*. The word memory has its root in mer, mar, mor, the same root as amor and also mortal, and back of all of this as the poet Robert Duncan has noted, *is some identity of memory and forgetting, of dividing up as proportioning--cutting up, articulating, distributing the measures, and remembering*. If one also considers the proposition that whenever a space is severed, whenever a distinction is drawn, a universe, (literally: a single turn) comes into existence, and is indistinguishable from how we act on it, since we live in a world where the boundaries can be drawn wherever we choose, we have some matrix of our mortality and our god-nature (soul) held indeed by a mortar of Memory.

One of the curious dilemmas facing researchers investigating the electrical and chemical events associated with the functioning of the nervous system is the seeming paradox that the mind may not be capable of explaining itself, and that as much as we appear to know of the nervous systems of other animals, we will always remain short of satisfaction in describing our own neurological workings. In other terms, the act here

too creates a universe, and it also seems to be continually retreating from us, constantly disappearing and reappearing, an ouroboros, or a dog chasing its tail. One hair of that tail which has appeared in recent times, in this age of codes, genetic and otherwise, is the idea that memory too is coded and that the nature of that code is chemical as distinct from electrical. Later in this piece I will review some of the evidence for this statement, but for the moment what I wish to get across is the pervasive notion of a memory code, the elements of which are molecular aggregations, and that either the initial appearance of these molecules and/or their persistence are intimately related to both memory and its close cousin, learning. What we will therefore be focusing on is the nature of the memory system per se, and not on the possibly more interesting question of how we actualize that system, how we re/member.

Information stored in the memory systems of living organisms has been shown to be relatively resistant to physical and electrical extinction. Electroshock and cooling of the brain until electrical brain waves are no longer detectable are tolerated without appreciable loss of memory. These observations make it likely that storage of information is not by physical but by chemical means. The first question that presents itself from this reasoning is: Are there any molecules in the brain that would allow the storage of information for essentially the lifetime of an organism? Experiments using radioactively labelled compounds have shown that the "turnover" of substances in the brain is essentially the same as for all other tissue. A consequence of this is that memory molecules, if they exist, must be molecules which can be degraded but which are also capable of directing their own resynthesis in a specific and reproducible way. Such an autocatalytic function has been known for nucleic acids for about twenty years. Since DNA is located almost exclusively in

the cell nucleus consideration has fallen on RNA and protein as the most likely molecular species to be influenced by a stimulus outside the cell. Although one theory which is interesting but to date has received no experimental support, is that modifications of the bases of brain DNA are concerned with information storage, since nerve cells do not divide in adult life, brain DNA may therefore be considered a special kind of macromolecule.

RNA as the Memory Molecule

There is little doubt of the existence of a relationship between the RNA content of nerve cells and the functional state of the organism. The earliest evidence for this came in 1952 when it was shown that the RNA content of retinal cells in young rabbits increased steadily provided that the eyes of these rabbits received adequate light stimuli. Littermates of these rabbits, which were raised to maturity in complete darkness, did not show this postnatal increase in RNA. More than 20 years ago, the Swedish neurobiologist Hyden proposed the idea that RNA might play the same role for individual memory that DNA does for genetic memory. In the early 1960's a group of investigators headed by McConnell at Ann Arbor presented what seemed like convincing support for this idea. This group chose the flatworm, Dugesia dorotocephala, (the species of flatworm chosen turns out to be critical for the claims of these workers, hence the apparent burdening of the text with Latin names), as their principal experimental animal. They trained one group of flatworms to discriminate between the black and white arms of a T-maze, and when a group of untrained worms were fed with a brei prepared from trained animals, the recipients "remembered" the task taught to the donors. When regeneration was studied in pieces obtained by cutting trained worms, regenerates from both the head and tail were able to "remember" the task

learned by the original flatworms, and more importantly the addition of RNase, (an enzyme which degrades RNA), to the water in which the worms were regenerating interfered with the retention of memory. In other experiments RNA was extracted from trained planarians, and by injecting these preparations into naive recipients some "memory" could be induced.

For some years the work of McConnell's group has been heavily criticized. It was claimed by other workers that they could not repeat McConnell's results, and it was questioned whether the techniques used represented real learning. One finding that has emerged from this controversy is that all species of planaria are not equally well trained. Planaria tigrinia which cannot normally be trained to discriminate in a T-maze, acquires the ability when injected with extracts prepared from the species of planaria used in McConnell's experiments, although the critical demonstration that it is the RNA from the donors which is responsible for the information transfer is still lacking.

Some support for McConnell's claims have come from other experiments using mice, in which it was shown that the total brain RNA content of trained mice was significantly higher than genetically identical untrained controls. When the specific areas of the brain in which this increase was to be found were examined it was shown that RNA increased in the diencephalon and its annexes only. These are precisely the brain areas believed to be involved in the earliest fixation of memory.

Since one of the dynamic relationships existing in cells is the transfer of information from RNA into proteins, it remains an attractive suggestion that it is in fact protein molecules, translated from RNA templates, which are the real memory molecules.

Short and Long Term Memory/ Proteins for Coding?

In a series of experiments performed by Flexner in 1962, it was shown that the injection intracranially of puromycin, (an antibiotic which specifically inhibits protein synthesis), into mice, one or two days after they were trained in a Y-maze, completely erased the memory of that conditioning. Controls injected with normal saline retained their memory of the conditioning. These workers also demonstrated that the intracranial site at which the drug was given influenced the memory retention of the mice. Specifically, injections given frontally or ventrically were without effect on this "short-term" memory, and these authors concluded that such short-term memory occurs in the hippocampus, (a part of the diencephalon), and can be abolished by puromycin injections. The same antibiotic given simultaneously at 6 intracranial sites also abolished "long-term" memory. The conclusion from these studies was that *larger areas of the neocortex are involved in the storage of "long-term" memory.*

The existence of these two forms of memory is well known. Experiments demonstrating the different mechanisms for fixation of short and long term memory have been performed by another group from Ann Arbor headed by Agranoff. This group has trained goldfish to avoid an electric shock by swimming away from a light signal. Intracranial application of various antibiotics was found to inhibit cerebral protein synthesis, and the influence of these antibiotics on memory fixation was studied. Curiously, goldfish are very well suited for experiments of this kind since there is a space of about one millimeter between the skull and the surface of the brain, into which drugs can be introduced without damaging the structure of the brain cells. The main conclusions drawn from

these experiments were the following: Puromycin injected just prior to, coincident with or 30 minutes after the training session does not interfere with the learning process or with short-term memory, but the fixation of long-term memory is blocked: 3 to 30 days after training the puromycin-injected fish show no traces of the learned response. Other antibiotics which inhibit protein synthesis by different mechanisms than puromycin, have been implicated in the impairment of short-term memory but are reported to have no effect on long-term storage.

Within the last year or two an impressive series of reports have come out of the laboratory of Ungar at Houston, in which for the first time a specific memory peptide (small protein) has been claimed to have been isolated. In these experiments groups of rats were trained to avoid a dark compartment in a box and to move into a well-lit one, (the precise opposite of what rats will normally do). Injection of a purified protein fragment from the brains of conditioned rats into untrained recipients caused them to show the dark-avoidance response of the donor animals. This substance has been called scotophobin, and has been synthesized de novo in the laboratory. Incredibly small amounts of this synthesized peptide were found to possess the same biological activity as that obtained from trained rats. Moreover, there are reports that the injection of this peptide causes dark-avoidance even in fish!

One of the experiments performed by Ungar also appears to resolve the problem that many other workers had found memory-activity associated with RNA. In the purification of scotophobin, Ungar found that the activity co-purifies with RNA for much of the procedure, but that if the pH of the solution is lowered to below 4, the RNA and peptide complex dissociate leaving all biological activity with the peptide.

Whatever its specific form, Memory itself is creation, is itself, synthesis. All molecules are Memory's children.

Charles Stein: Memory

i

gone - and not again
but in memory
or not in memory
such a distance
away

We might say, memory is a special case of the endurance of the past - the power the past has to effect the present. We might say that there would be a gradation of modes specifying how this endurance occurs.

In this case, we need a concept of memory broad enough to apply both to our experience of memory, and, say, the half-lives of radioactive substances. It is only in the light of such a unifying generalization that "learning" is a "cousin" of memory. Without it, the two notions are most confusedly related.

-

Her big ass, dark hair, eyes, wandering among the book shelves, seeking to be of help - returning, the next day, she leads him into a corner of the store where piles of books and objects fallen from the Knick-Knack rack make contact almost inevitable. His body flushes to the darkly colored energies stirred by her attentions. He lets it pass, but relishes it the "memory", that the sluices, have been opened.

One form of such a generalization would be Whitehead's notion that the passing away of forms in time achieves in passing an "objective immortality".

"...Forms suffer changing relations; actual entities 'perpetually perish' subjectively but are immortal objectively. Actuality in perishing acquires objectivity, while it loses subjective immediacy. It loses the final causation which is its internal principle of unrest, and it acquires efficient causation..."

-

In Hawaii or Jamaica or Venice for vacation family gathering. Airplane captain arrives with load of passengers - his body, sleek and perfectly white, but wearing an airplane captain's uniform so that tho his passengers are savage youths, representative of many tribal realities, black, red, etc., he cannot be repudiated either by the family or stodgery proprietors of hotel.

-

I repudiate any determination of the concept "memory" which refuses to recognize the subjective form the memory takes as part of the situation to be determined.

-

It is Whitehead again who insists that particular sciences abstract from the actual "nexūs of occasions" to form their clearly delineated systems of explanation - and that if such acts of abstraction are not recognized as the limiting contexts for the relevance of those explanations, one is guilty

of the "fallacy of mis-placed concreteness" - the belief that there is a determinate "vacuous actuality" behind the abstractions the particular science proposes.

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All of this is not to repudiate or even criticize the experiments performed to yield aspects of the learning mechanism, or the possible relevance of such findings to a full understanding of that multiplicity of processes we call memory - but only to ask for a clarification of terminology and, implicitly, a clarification of motive for such experimentation. If biologists begin seeking for the mechanism of "memory" while in possession of a confused notion of what processes the term "memory" is meant to cover, however carefully the experimental conditions and aims are delineated, the implications of the findings can only be confused and misleading. The experimental practitioner can argue, of course, that his concern is not with "implications" and rest satisfied with the clarity of operational terminology and procedure - but this seems a bit ingenuous, when we consider that surely the very interest in the mechanisms under examination is awakened by a curiosity concerning whatever it is we mean by "memory" on an experiential plane, and a desire to uncover the correlates to such experiences on the plane discriminated by the terms of his research. If the initial terms remain vaguely or popularly defined, it will be a mere delusion that this curiosity is satisfied.

2

Literary forms provide matrices or spells for the invention of memories. They also provide matrices

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for the invention of those ranges of phenomena to which such a concept as "memory" might apply. A "list" is a literary form. This is a tentative list discriminating possible meanings for the term "memory".

-

- Memory as activation of associational complexes.
- Memory as appropriate behavior.
- Memory as availability of learned modes of behavior to creative modifications in the present scene.
- Memory of events that have not occurred.
- Memory as arising of image forms which seem to activate associational complexes but are themselves formed new.
- Memory as the history of time.
- Memories of places and their correlations in dream, reverie, or meditation with qualities not originally proper to those places.
- Memories of persons or things and their correlations in dream, reverie or meditation with qualities not originally proper to those persons or things.
- Memory in dream reverie or meditation of other dreams, reveries, or meditations, to which this event recurs.
- Memory in respect to persons present of other persons not present, to which these persons recur.
- Apparent recurrences of modes of speech, gesture, or circumstance.
- Apparent recurrences of "charged" images, verbal events, or sounds or bodily contacts, hesitatingly present in present images, verbal events or contacts.
- Memory as collective representation.

Memory as the burden of desire.
Memory as that in the present field of events not
proper to present field of events.
Memory as awareness of what is not at hand.
Memory as recognition of that in present field
of events proper to present field of events.
Memory as recognition of what is at hand.
Memory as recognition.
Memory as cognition.
Cognition.
Memory as the application of names.
Memory as the associational complexes operative
behind the application of names.
Memory of that which has been named.
Memory of what has not been named.
Memory as names.
Memory of names.
Names.

-

I remember my old aunt. I forget her name. When I knew her she was ninety-six years old and had forgotten her knowledge of English speech even though that language had been hers since first she came over, ninety years ago. She lay in her bed, in a kind of endless agony, her ancient physiology present in spitting Yiddish phrases. I saw her several times that summer. She did not remember me. I was three years old when first and last I saw her. I do not know if what I do remember is a memory of those events or if I only remember a manifold of older remembrances, and that what I remember is a story I remember telling many times when I ask myself the question, what of these events do I remember. Nonetheless the image of this Aunt is present now, - a slovenly and incoherent spitting of ancient Yiddish agony, as if in my mind she were a collective image for all

such ancient agony, dying and not dying, not remembering and not being able utterly to stop remembering, in a language for which there was no longer a mind, in any of the senses of the present, properly present, to recognize, interpret, or remember. She could not remember who we were - her nephews, daughters, cousins - all the modes of knowing who we were - the kinship system that conjured all of us to her bedside, that first system or memory tree, antecedent to all our memories. She could not remember the name of the town in which she exhausted her last agony. Could she remember why she had come over? Could she remember her name?

The mage as biochemist or the biochemist as mage

thinking about pathways in the cell
one thinks, the lines of the sky
the starry pathways
with angels, like enzymes
providing the surfaces
on which otherwise randomized perfections meet
angels are what move the stars
angels are the agencies of transformation
catalytic proteins are the angels of the cell
angels are what make it happen
they catalyze human reactions
we say an angel intervened, a miracle
can you crystallize an angel like an enzyme
& if you can
is it the same angel, or enzyme?

Harvey Bialy

Gerrit Lansing: Stanzas of Hyparxis

1. In the child's game implacable,
Imperium on Luna,
if not a bug-eyed leap
a gaint step at least
to be eaten with breakfast food by children,
as matter of fact as that,
crackle of product in a dish.
The boy wipes his mouth, empties himself for
/school.

Arm-Strong, so.
Autumn arches in his blood,
lions quiver in the aura.
Running in blue light
the hunter's moon will eat his mind at night.
2. No time but has its blazon.
I saw a beacon that seemed intended
and whose intention was unquestioned.
The craft is governed by such midnight fires
as it coasts
the rocky headlands
in waters of Attic clarity.
"On the wind-tormented point,"
End-of-Earth,
"and about the shores and islands of the Gulf
/of Morbihan
...gigantic circles and alignments"
recall an "energy
born of terrible adventures."
3. Plays with himself
puer ludens
in the secret attic of discovery
revisiting
the pleasure beyond death.
Energy animated and set free the moon sucks up
and from the dormer window
over the harrowed trees
he sees her firmly sit the bucking shadows.

4. The man voyages and is not a child.
The islands are not numberless or nameless.
They stand up in the dawn.
Vigilance to catch perception,
note the flash of fish-scales
in diaphanes of water rush,
this is a craft of holding to,
to make a poem of clashing rock song even
from rocks that mirrors break into the sun.

5. Virginitiy is to develop
it is the secret power of the male
though may be hidden in a female husk.
Has naught to do with coming or going
but with the set to make a soul.
Not a child's dream
whom black tongues drag to a covered pit
by beat of drum
to be eaten by the Bitch.
Virginitiy is the mystery,
not yet understood,
of the orgasm from the Thirteenth Cycle
whose hierophant is Ophialtes,
shining in fire
many-mirrored.

6. The long body of the solar system
(seen from the black watch tower),
a polyphase transformer
to step down,
according to each planetary coil,
the energy of the father sun,
create those conditions that inform the
/wanderers;
in man nine centers glandular
to receive nine modes of sophic fire.

7. The heavens declare.
Apophain[^]etai!
These stanzas do not illustrate ataxia.
I conjoin mottoes opposite:

man; child --
sun; moon --
hyparxis; dream --

as emblems requiring mind-work,
nexus buried.

Wisdom as such hides in the news of the day.

(Ataxia: this is not
It turns out all to be hyparxis -- even dream,
a ladder of lights.

The imitative boy is discovering man.
Sex on earth is rhymed angelic motion.

Outer space and inner space misnomers
when what is meant (nomen, numen)
is rhymed in megalith and microspore
and mirror is parity non-conserved
so
go right and left
go aft, go gore
go one and two
and heaven blue.

In pun conjoined:
Attic; attic --
discovery --
craft; craft --
mirror; parity --

From this chimaera, purity?

Something is hidden.
There are no other words,

lymphatic power
is of the moon
and must be.
Her nodes define the zodiac.
Terella, ever. Weather.

But the solar heart defines the blood

How far out you go
it is within.

this poem appeared originally in Caterpillar #8

Action at the verge
We said it before, and we
do it now. **Getting ready.**
I have not grown weary of her distance
but of my own.
A silence has opened behind the thought
where we mark time, and lift
the Sun with our bare hands
and know in the heat of it *how*
we get to be a virus,
no more or less than
the infecting agent
riding the hairy peach
into her open mouth.
to find our way
in is to pass
thru the stoma of this
gnarled land of mounded snakes,
frozen in movement.

Take any animal
the instant before birth,
and inject this Calf with your own protein
Note in your magical diary that it does not
make antibody. That which is you
becomes it. You have invaded
its sleep, and never
will it know you as other than
it.

Tolerance
measures in terms of the strange, our
threshold of self defined
as the homeside of cunnus, the
ins *or* the outs from which we receive
this marvelous substance,
Protein.

She thanks me for a local hexagram
but I protest that I am the owner of nothing.
Come, Harvey, help me throw these bone dice

to invite the torsion of sirenes,
sa torsion de sirènes

will never abolish
the possibility of rejection
by *any* system of self
recognitions,

such as this life.
Action at the verge *feels*
like we're moving
4 inches above the entire
land, stumbling
until we saunter, stammering
until we listen harder:

The Tale is a stream
being told by

MOUNTAIN- MOUNTAIN,
Chinese for fixity, as the eye
sees it

and the way of the water
passes thru our watery ways
to give us the shore.

She departs
on the ship of our longing, steered
by the hand of our knowing
thru the fog equal to the need
to see clear thru
the present,

chain-
grammar, shifting
its veils
lifting the sails
she wears.

from SOMAPOETICS 90

FOURTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT PROTEIN

1st meta-ghazal

a roof of seed
and a face of mud.

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The obelisk-bearing green crabs of Central Park
receiving the chromosomatic message of the Nile.

What, no want my kickapoo joyjuice?
asks Oxyrhynchid, sucking the Osirian Stinkhorn.

Summer '71, Henry [John] Payne made me see light
moving thru his hands like an etheric cock in Hopi.

Yeats instructs us to turn an egg inside out
without breaking its shell. Self-coupling.

There is no leap so great as what is required.
How footbinding expresses Chinese acupuncture.

Mr. C. Stein meditating upon a blue egg in Storrs.
Couplets: binomial actions in spires of the map.

We spread our legs and slide down the razor's edge.
The Day of the Blood means being broadened by reaches.

Gertrude Stein on deathbed: *What is the answer?*
G. smiles: *On the other hand, what is the question?*

Gazel: animal that runs rhyming with a kind of poem.
Gnu: same, with a kind of knowing.

The residual light is elemental color.
The Red Wolf, self-devouring form.

Take 4 thoughts, arrange in groups of 3, generate 64
asymmetrical female words = Feeling Stuff, eh Doctor?

Trypan blue, a diazo dye used as intravitem stain,
reveals to the magnified eye the unbroken membrane.

Dr. Schulman reports that, if we fight the alien
virus too soon, we risk puncturing the membrane:
And an Angry God rushes in.

from SOMAPOETICS 90

LUNE AND SATURNATION

2nd metaghazel

[for H.B. & C.S.]

28 men crossing a bridge
and we are in Gloucester among 28,000 souls.

How large the location, how everywhere we are
there are numbers, moonbeams, 28 vertebrae, others,

coupling. How we are nothing without each other,
twin nothings. Twice 14 days confuses one moon.

So we are equal. I mean I think you are me
crossing a bridge I have yet to reach. We're 28

days running, and drink the monthly solvent.
Is this lunacy? Here comes Saturn, 28 hands full

of lead, dumps his load of raw shit on my twins'
backs. The theme, then, is return, the plot, how
/many 28's

are guilty of crossing my path, for I too am innocent,
/en-
cycled, summering in a house built in 1928, Annisquam.

I learn how Mars is exalted at Mid-Heaven of my birth,
28° 33' Capricorn, July 14, 1942, White Plains.
/Hail Moon!

firefly lighting the way of Helios, making
my 28 new, news, **carnelian scarab** opening the stoma

to vomit those green crabs of Central Park, reminding
/me
at gut level, in my affliction, that I am able to see
/28

Men Wearing Edwardian Suits for Diane or 4
Men Wearing Edwardian Suits for me on 7 occasions

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/multi-

plies me, or signals my longlost synchronesh
hiding my Cancer in the Third House, we are twins, 28

is double of my 14, double of the 7th Moon, we are
/gemini
in the fenced backyards of our words, Cheth, Chariot
of our moveable limits, trailer of the 28 white
/stallions
of chance, recombination, the knot that argues
/itself, Mobile

Castle in our soma, the shawl that holds her body
/from the cold
of my two-hearted crab; Give me 14 years and 28
/minutes of

your love, and I'll give you gold. For the first time
in 28 years, on 7/7/73, Saturn's Day, we returned

to my first house, 88 Battle Hill: Jan. 28, 1955
dated the calendar by the upstairs phone. The
/house changes

within, as it will, and the land moves around.
28 is a foolish number, it has returned

to haunt our calculations. On 7/8/73, East Hampton
/Cemetery,
Jackson Pollock's tombstone showed us: b. Jan. 28,
/1912 --

that makes him 43 in 1955, dead at 44. Why are the
/facts
always so simple? Harvey and Chuck 28 on my birth-
/day, 7/14/73

Harvey's 28° of Sun in my Cancer. Hail Twin!
Chuck's homing Saturn sits on my Jupiter. Let me up!

and we'll free the Hydra for the cunnus of Delphinus.
The 28 men have to cross *our* heads to get to
/Gloucester.

And do we not welcome them with the fireflies of
/our brains?
Do we not cry out, FREE THE FUNDS OF THE MEMORY
/BANK! 28

double-turns are enough to open our ways
and loose the gold of our days, our 28

cerebral plays, and the menstrual bath: come
let's drink, sitting on the steps of 28 Fort Square

thinking the Foolish Number. *Out of the pool
where love the slain*

*with love the slayer lies . . .
Bubbles the wan mirth of the mirthless fool.*

XIV.

When I had the process
fully in hand
I was no longer living---
I had gone
into another place---
a place not believed in.
There was no need
for belief.
I found, on this plane,
Freedom, Maine the town of other dimensions.
It does exist,
and people walk there.
The town clerk winds his watch,
remembering the births
and marriages of all that live there.
Careful man.
At that moment,
whatever mastery it held,
to realize that I had had the use
of substance---
and the care of it---
no more than that.
That all was noble metal---
of ceremony.
I did not own it.
Only such things
as were lost forever
became a part of me.
They were few,
are not remembered,
and these others pass on
to be handled and worn away

be those I will never see
or know---

Breaks in suddenly,
tearing the roots of thinking
away by their flesh:
"Well, what of this history:
'I did,'

'He did,'

its meanings, and various portions
of truth or untruth?

What about these?

is it a body produced,
or one lent and passed on?

Can one weigh it?

Does it reduce in heat
to a powder---

red or white?

St. Dunstan's Fire?

What sort of mixing?

Who is in spell, or free."

And I drop it all as stealing.

It is not the living bone.

In one such book:

"But do not say too much, Kelly;
for ahead smoke ascends

in the distance

from the roofs of houses,
and the shadows of the hills
begin to lengthen."

More dangers than we know
in telling the whole story---

blueberry field, clam flat,
or a mystery of gold.

Spending the morning at it,
I bring judgement to bear

on one small place,
whatever the elixir.

The tools that made it

Edward Kelly:
The Humid Path

Constantine
Hering's copy
of the Ortus
Sanitatis
1520

are broken,
and the door swings in the wind
from the workhouse.
(I spent the evening,
the day will be easier.
Difficult to get at
the crabbed lines,
the daubed figures---
'spel' 'nux vomica'
'tenacetum.'
Work of the monks, evidently,
Their lost proportions.
Let out the stale air.
Better. Go outside.

At that moment, a break
in tension---
something that let out,
loosened the strings.
I saw that thing come
down the road, vomiting exhaust,
out of place---
its or ours,
and Jake said,
"A big yellow!"
meaning anything with shovels
or rollers that's supposed
to do the present work of the world.
I could argue that point---
and since it was dark,
I can't say that it was yellow.
Some of them are green,
even red,
but it came, and with the noise,
and the anger that such noise
always brings me.
There was also release.
How often can a man say that?
I was worrying the bone

left alone with the fog's edge,
and the sea---the waves softened
in damp air and grey light.
Only this small segment of sea,
close and intimate, so that I
don't need to think of it
in terms of thousands of miles,
islands in between, and other shores
with galaxies of weather,
storms, and clear places, perhaps---
simply to overlook
my knowing or telling of it.
I'm not sure how
the totality would be,
if all of it should strike me full face---
demand that I pay attention,
all in one direction,

which would be,
ultimately,
all directions.

As it is, we say we make a choice.
I don't think it's that easy
or simple.

What we say of it
is not the object itself.
Daily, this is what I look for, but
rarely find.

Suddenly,
as if to help,
some sort of grand corrective,
the sun burns through the fog,
and my intimate view of the sea
becomes wider---
trawlers putting
in to South Bristol---
the outlines of the islands
coming clear again.
Yes, there is Allen's Island,
and my attention is shattered,

no,
 refracted
from many prisms in the lense.
Perhaps I'll make my way,
despite misgivings.

Listening for a sound,
all I hear is the ghost
of many sounds---nothing real.
The passion of the rain is only
a passion I set up
through whatever means I measure it.
(The rain now, on the keeper's skylight,
where he could look at night,
to see the beacon lit, or flaring,
in need of attention.)
The bell:

'Cast by Henry Hooper & Company, Boston, 1848.'
is some such ghost,
and reminiscent of its use, now useless/
voiceless---museum piece.
I'd rather be deafened in a fog.
Charter it to its use.
Its only use.

Later I see something of
'law of the sea and the interim,'
not a title,

 an actual place
for court action.
Well, the interim here fans out
to the sea.

 I stand
in that interim.
Whatever I make out of
wherever I stand--

that is the interim.
It is different from place.
It will not define as place,

stands up as will before the law.
It is from this that I prize it,
whatever its judge or being,
weight or color --
reprisals or blood sentence.
(Take that word---and that place as
touchstone.

Finger it.)

3/20/73
in a long
period of
flurries

Can't be certain
of what's clear---
each morning the sun tries,
and fails in a snow squall---
limps through the rest of it---
call it a day.

Or I might say something
of what I've called
ice clicks---
those small round counters
from a colder night,
and the stems, or roots,
or grasses bent over
dead into swift water---
early in spring.
early in fall.
Is it secretion like a pearl
from grit?

where the stem
falls and stands still?
or does the water slow
to go around it?
Either one will do.
It's more through the joy
in seeing, early,
on a dull day.
That much comes clear from it.
Can't be certain
what I might say.
I go around the bend,

and the water lies
completely glass.

No ice.

It is good not to know
in such cases.
To marvel at it.
Pick up the straps
of whatever you're carrying,
and go on.

To think, as I did this afternoon,
of one word:

graveolens-
and to pick up further on it,
after some missteps---
ruta graveolens---

rue.

A substance from that dark plant
which may come to my hand---
a use,
though I do not know it now.
I am never far from such things---
thinking through them,
wondering what the other side
may bring---a use,
which is often a use
in pleasure---
that a thing exists---
something like ruta graveolens.

Pemaquid Point

Striae---as those rocks
upending the sea---
the end of the land,
or the sea, depending upon
where you stand---
or striae across the moon---
the high, thin cirrus---
news of another storm---
(end of the land---end of the sea.)

Here, it is nothing more than
going downstairs in the middle of the
night

to load the stove again.
Warmth in the upper rooms,
deceptive,

and cold creeps
next to the dying fire.
A simple thing, once known well,
now lost in the mystique of
'efficient' fuels---fossil
and artificial, and no heat
to bloom along the skin.
Few shiver in a windy house
at night---

or stoke a fire back to life.
(end of the land - end of the sea.)
Watching, yesterday, the knife edge
in the ice drift
finally drop away from the kitchen
window,

apparently solid until
the last moment,
as it slid
into the crevasse - honeycombed
below it---

neat receptacle.
Hardly a thing of moment---
except that I made it so---
an interruption for other things.
Perhaps things more important?
I don't know.

It is not my place to order things---
merely to enjoy them---
moving through ice clicks, flurries,
striae of rock in surf,
clouds made and broken---
all of those things that make
a late winter

an early spring.
(end of the land - end of the sea.)
Watching and merely knowing
that it did happen---
that it was in place---
this place---that I
was my own part of it---
a part in ways
I couldn't tell you,
for all I might say of it---
do.
(end of the land - end of the sea.)

Well, I figured in for a little,
even as I helped the man
collect a few buckets of sap.
He looks for April snows,
wishes for them,
a help in his harvest.
All one to me.
The sap is here today,
may not be tomorrow.
(end of---

what?

Congratulate myself a little,
but hope that I'm not more involved
than I can handle
at any one time.
That's the hell of it---
to attach and detach with equal grace,
so that nothing interrupts,
and all flows in easily,
or falls in a crevasse.
as if the pocket
had been made to hold it.
Don't be certain that it wasn't.
Not much by chance,
unless you destroy the real order,
which is in the laying of things

openly.
As one may say,
order, simply as one is able to find
things.
Broken off---
the bottle shard,
or bone spur---
sea rock---
whatever.
We go out and out to get at it---
sometimes do.
Often don't.
Compact this music out of sounds---
it is all music---
and I say it again:
MUSIC.
Not to interrupt---

XVI

'PI ZEEN! Ayiiee!!
Pizeen!!!

as I had it
from the old Portygee woman
who refused to go further,
dropped her cranberry scoop,
and pointed to the three leaflets---
poison ivy, trailing
through the cranberry vines
and red berries.

I couldn't blame her.

I had suffered so many times myself
from poisoning---

the anger of the skin---

outrage, which is the crux of it--

not rhus---works on us,

poisons.

Rage in the victim

is his death warrant.

'Aiyee! Pizeen!'

a warning chorus faintly
sounding,

wafted,

fading,

rising,

down the thread of history.

Whatever she said,

her agony sounding from it,

it was not her saying,

but concensus out of

all our saying---

graveyards and battlefields

full of it.

(Times when we

didn't refuse,
and picked the fruit.

Often,
late in the day,
shadows and clouds about equal,
I can't tell from a quick glance
if it's raining,
or something's beginning to boil
on the stove---

(probably
since it's near supper)
yes, I hear it more clearly now---
something boiling.
Followed by the call
from a friend
to announce his coming
tomorrow?

(Must it be?
tomorrow? Why tomorrow?)
But, as I said of interruption,
and that other land,

Porlock,
I'll include him,
include his difference
with the sound of boiling,
and the rain,
if rain comes.
It's by this means
that I suffer a good digestion,
avoid pizeen.

Strange to remember it---
that time, and the old woman.
Thought little of it then,
and wondered who might venture---
greedy as I was for the berries.
Noting the darkness---
picking my way across

'Diabolus in re.'
If we know (have known) pizeen
not much credit to us, if
we pass it on.
At times there is little else.
Not that what we know
outrages the skin and nerve,
but how we give it.
Does the ivy hate the man?
I doubt it.

To create this thing
out of my body---
maybe a different thing
than to comment on it?

Tension---
that coiled spring of the West,
mistaken for readiness,
unwinds and breaks back
to our hurt.
No sense of it
in true alertness---
as the cat

ready to spring
relaxes.
When I look out---the new year
so fairly on,
there is a sense of looseness---
not slack---
The earth loosens her thighs
to bear.
Once more - once again.
Far cry from pizeen.
Nothing holds this day
but the element
in which it floats
precisely.

Cement on stone---
Why does that occur
Why should I think of it?
What does it mean?
mean to me?
What holds the rock?
rooted like kelp

or shell?

Why do I think of it?
What makes it clear purpose
to see in surf?
The tide-lock: thinking?
Thinking!

But this is stone,
held to stone,
held to other things,
brother and friend,
enemy, and that which can't stay,
spends a moment there,
finds another level.
Is it that which holds,
or is held?
Space remains between.
Something passes through---
the other side,
which we think of
in terms of this one---
not the same thing.
Hard to pass by
this way.

Still, all in all,
made.

A foot
step up
holding on rock:
Cement on stone.

Facets to surface---
the many surfaces rising

from what appears
a single plane.
I cannot move far
without climbing
or descending,
but I make do with this---
whatever I care for---
received as its own case.
Hardly a likeness,
but a way of being

like

the journey made
over the surface.
'Save the surface,
and you save all,'
since what is outer
goes to the center,
peels back in levels,
and creates itself
as a totality.
Hardly making sense---
the density obscures---
swirls in its own fog---
but I am not hesitant---
can't go out far.

Cohesion to the surface---
'n you won't fall off.
The fears are useless.
Not much below---
but the slags
ores
of new surfaces.

All forms--in flowing
back,
the sense of danger,
and the sense of distance.
On such a morning,
rising to look out---

K.L.

shaken.
The day in despair.
A day of death---
and as one dreams of death
so---one must die.
What happens in one dimension
balances the others---
though in ways not easily defined.
Moving through the eye of the day,
I go back to that hot afternoon---
the woman standing
at the edge---
her whole self poised
in defiance---
not of anything alive
-malignant-
but the sense of poison---
how she knew it---
how she feared her own
outrage.
This from the surface---
hard to cull
or quell---
but of the surface
struck through to the center---
no seems---
no doors---
no apertures.
One does not sue
to any good---
appeal such wrath.
Step/aside.
Well, look out again,
see a day gone into seasons
we had left behind---
worry about that---
don't worry.
The outrage is in
the first attempt to challenge.

Challenge kills.
I hear that sound
grinding at myself.
Shading my eyes
against the falling light:
PI ZEEN!

XVIII.

What comes from the home place?
Enough wood to heat,
and cook whatever food
comes from it---
what one does and doesn't
plant there.
Every twig will start a fire---
'spriggin' they used to call it,
and laughed. It was women's work,
but if the twigs were crooked
they'd fit around a pot.
o.k. and enough food to feed
a family of whatever it is.
To trip to town is for
extraordinary reasons.
What you need to live by,
you don't buy or bargain for.
How do you ask
for a service?
something you don't do
for yourself?
No further than a day's journey,
and that is by your own,
or a horse's legs.
If you don't believe this,
you have no right
to the home place
-in the first place-
and if it isn't large enough
to do this for you,
(if you're careful and use
all that's there---
use, not plunder,
and it's still not enough,
then you're in the wrong place,

or you have too much,
including children.
Malthus said something
about it,
he wasn't an authority,
simply pointed the way
through Anglican anxiety,
but
what comes from the home place?
enough to keep that place
and the people on it.
If you don't have that much,
then you are deprived.
I wish I could say
something else about it.
YOU ARE DEPRIVED!
When you sell
from what you think is surplus,
then you deprive yourself,
and there is no hope.
Better, that what you don't use
rots in a cellar
during late winter,
goes into the compost,
plant in it, the next year.
This is not popular talk---
an ecological means.
I will live with it,
and say something about it,
if I'm asked.

Late in the winter, we decided that the last of the pumpkins should be used. A few of the seeds got taken with the rind to the compost heap. One volunteer vine survived on all that pile of future life. The vine covered approximately 2300 square feet, and produced fifty pumpkins before frost.

Whatever you buy
drains the sperm from your balls,
shrivels the ovum,
and you have no right to complain.
Cut and prune your progeny,
and find a home place.
If it ain't Ameriky,
then that was a wrong place
to begin with.
I have no solution.
I do know the problem.
That home place---
where,
within a day's walk,
a man can find
everything necessary
to heal sickness,
or a good place to die in.
Where a woman might
walk out and find rest---
where she might be alone
and bear her children.
Don't chide me.
A good doctor said the same:

Alonzo Shadman

"I have often said that a young woman would be far better off, and it would be safer, if on a summer day she could go off by herself, and lie down on green grass in the shade of a tree, and have her baby as Nature intended, not meddled with by anyone---"

And a man says,
'but what if it isn't a
nice summer day,
and what if she hasn't the shade?'
We don't need the optimum
always,
and there are times

when it could be said
that without these
home places
the ordinary things cut across.
We do not synthesize
except at peril.
"But everything is synthesized now.
For fifty years or more
we haven't had a natural experience."
True,
and it still applies.
Die back
until you achieve,
or die in any direction---
this---without the place---
American dream---
technocracy---
including hard work,
whatever you want to call it, and do,
is not life.
After the tailor dies
his customers are clothed.
Find what you want,
find at
one day's journey
still the best one
home and to one's bed.
Or extend it,
and lie where you have fallen,
where you have gone
one day to the next.
You will,
eventually,
go home.

Samuel
Hahnemann

George Johnston

What he said of all this:
 That is must be basically story,
 prepares me for argument,
 not bristling,
 nor in disagreement, exactly,
 but for a defining of terms---
 redefinition of what the story is.
 As his story---
 the fractured, wrenched fragments,
 the dismembered spaces,
 what passes outward
 into the landscape---or in to us---
 moves in---
 the motif of all consciousness
 (its notes)
 to bring health---healing---
 to make it roughly---
 that way or not at all.
 No loose ends
 or knowledges.
 (A gentle rain to lay the dust---
 no more
 than that
 it comes in showers,
 stealthy, and at night---
 this gentle, sudden rain
 to lay the dust...)
 We heard the music
 and went out again.

Phocion of Athens

Account of that man ---so poor
 that he must pay
 his executioner for the sentence.
 What news does that bring in?
 That he borrowed 12 drachmae

paraphrase of
Demos-thenes
on Phocion

for hemlock
says little more---
but that he cut the words
of others to pieces
says it.
A just man?

I don't know---
a special pleading in his story
for something that strikes me
a cool morning in spring.
Note it down with other things---
a telling of his story---
the wonderment.
Put on any place to go---
find the placenta
and eat it---
all of this taken
out of hand---
mixture of the lie
and the lay of the land.

(Notation)

Where the tree fell,
an imprint
left from its branches,
a fan laid out
over the ground.
Story of the ascent---
of each year,
as the branches spread
to muzzle the sun.
Is there anything more?
A story?
Has it ended there?
The man across,
busy shovelling snow,
under that tree,
has never seen it---
knows nothing---
perhaps heard it fall.

Huh?
Depends on the scarf,
where the scarf was laid,
ripeness of fall,
how fall made it.
And this is how the tree fell.

Books of
Kells, Image
of St. Luke
as a calf

Fattened and ready to die,
none seem to think this,
lard in the belly,
more death waiting.
Figure of Luke---
I cannot forget it---
doing the best version,
merely by symbol.
Well,
we'll have all of it.

The general in Athens,
paying for death,
learned a lesson early,
kept caution
as his stay.

Coming the proper way
around,
one man
telling another of ways,
and what the sun means:
Civilized.
If that's what you want,
that's what you have
I suppose.

Not old yet,
but I get tired---
stiff fingers in place
of a stiff cock.

Thinking of a wandering river,
one that changes course

blind magic.

Meant to stay longer
with it---

dare not.

I walk the dust
out treading

sea

oh tides----..

I am too tired
to write any of this
clearly---or without feelings
anchored in mist.
The night is a cold one,
I choose my way.

"The rain, if it last too long
in spring---
dispirited,
as it dispirits us."

These crushed ferns, now,
by the outlet of the spring---
another spring
eternal,
as that hope which springs.
Finite. And that one

must be.
Still, I remember the old man
whom I met on cool spring mornings.
All around us, fresh.
He said, invariably,
if I asked him how he was,
"Tired, young man.
Tired."

An agonizing rain,
as self-deception---
agony of the man---
this man---or any---
sodden, where the spring is sodden.
Tired---

young or old man.
What has come to pass?
What pass is this?
The interminable fog and mist
rot
what the rain pierces.

And I sit here recalling
a tired old man, as if
that were more important,
as if it held a moment,
the secret of history,
or what may be gleaned there---
put to use.
Better to turn back
to the crushed ferns,
sensing their place in it---
 running from that sense
no matter how much rain,
or how many old men are tired.
a slow day---
credited to others---
well,
 tomorrow we'll give her hell.

Bitter days---
the days of waiting.
A man looks out,
sees sun on water.
The morning catches him,
holds him gently,
as if in its hand---
by noon---high clouds,
before supper,
 rain again.
He goes to bed fearful
and without hope.
Each day made in the same shape,
and his boots grow tight
from water.
His flesh, and his soul
shrink.

Few ways out of it---
though we go, eventually,
comparing this year to others---.

C. T.
Hodgkins

"In the year of '78---
again in '03.
Maybe he learns something---
a way to plant crops:
'Wait until the ground's bullin''.
An eye to moon phase---
the last frosts.

I can think of all of it,
squatting on my hooks.
Crushing/a/few/early/ferns/

Re: De Santillana's *Hamlet's Mill*

What I think is missed here is
the equal weight which needs to be given to the
physiological.

that also the Mill is within
the churn of our bodies
with the same spinning axis
inside us opening to heaven
& to hell

two mouths
(the Tibetan doctors saw, & named & counted the
daimons who govern them

& recently John Michel
in his City of Revelation has presented a de-
monstration that the celestial numerology is
equally displayed in the human body

one supposes
that those proportions are of the Algebra of
Forms, which is necessarily prior to both, as
Pythagoras and now from another direction Spencer
Brown have shown)

that a DNA helix
unraveling
precesses by the same necessity that governs
the seasons

this is an uncertain spring I write at
convinced that if a single objective coherence
is anywhere revealed

it is revealed everywhere

Harvey Bialy

DAVID WILK: the house & what it demands

(slightly revised text of a statement made at a Conference on Ecology & Society at Goddard College: panel discussion on the Politics of Ecology in Vermont)

To begin; a quote from the manuscript of Michael McClure's *Wolf Net* wch I just got a look at today, the first lines:

When a man does not admit that he is an animal
he is less than an animal. Not more but less.

a statement wch I think is key.

In these remarks I'm going to be pushing as much as possible a holistic approach to ecological problem (solving?): if a coherence holds on one level it will hold on all others (to badly paraphrase Harvey Bialy) & cannot separate the material from the so-called spiritual except maybe for analytical purposes, ie the physical does exist & can be studied; so that to push the metaphysical is not to deny the physical realities but rather to inform them by other modes of information & operation. There can be no getting away from the spirito-religio-psychical implications of the holism of ecological science tho clearly this happens all too often.

I'm not sure how it is possible for any previously formulated political mode or system of thot to deal w/ the world from a strictly ecological standpoint--the information just doesn't fit the pre-existent channels; politics & political modes as I've experienced them in america are the antithesis of the process reality, holistic, circular & interconnected in its entirety. Human thot is generally 50 yrs or so behind the realities of society, we're continually trying to fit new forms & information to old uses (& vice versa), wch is why the futurists are so often full of shit; as in television wch is basically run like the movies, wch are basically run like theater, wch goes back at least (formally) to the Greeks some years ago, & is not the same as tv needs & holds to. Or the total inability of american institutions to deal w/ completely different systematic ways of seeing/perceiving/acting. the perceptions of buddhism, say determine an entirely different reality than our own (ie why china is not america) so christian outlook/behavior, yet buddhism in america is mostly reduced to being taught in colleges as far eastern (far out) religions lol along w/ myriad other artifacts of imperialistic conquest. & american indians represent the 'primitive' mentality we call interesting & quaint, again 'far out' but carefully note they are incapable of dealing w/ (our) reality & so we can care for & kill them lovingly in reservations that are museums & zoos for our own mental health. as acupuncture, wch is for roman gabriel the best

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way to save his football career & the ama will pragmatically steal from it whatever it can & only they can use it in america, as they see fit.

america is culturally imperialistic & ethnocentric & unwilling or unable to really understand any other way of seeing & living than what we learned in elementary school wch is 'the way things are dammit'--our 19th century universe, mechanistic, linear & knowable. yet suddenly here is the kingpin of our materialism wch is our science, showing us a whole new way of looking at things (& living with them), ourselves as continuous, interconnected & balanced, as whole systems. like what has so far been left to religious freaks, weirdos & mystics preaching the unprovable we've been happy call the holy or the appearance of, but live that way are you kidding? & now it is begun to be proved that the profane is indeed holy & what's to think america or us in it will be able to deal w/ the percepts of ecology any better than w/ the precepts of buddha or christ or even mcluhan? I mean this is total change we're talking abt & if seeing is believing it is also acting it out. & sure we can politicize ecology but that will not stop the DDT or the dieldrin from killing fish & cleaning up the environment w/ a nickel container deposit is not the same as living the ecological holy life. just to see the difficulties people (say grocers) have w/ an essentially good housekeeping measure makes you wonder how they will ever react when a real change is offered (& it is). & you have to wonder even abt this land use planning here in Vermont, wch in some ways is revolutionary as hell, yet wch still clouds the real issue thru legislating the necessary & personal act of engaging w/ the natural world on *its* terms & actually living w/ & by it, this ultimate environment that is not contained inside our heads.

clearly it's significant & necessary that the day of judgement is being offered to us in a physical context as much as the traditionally called for spiritual one, we that are historically the grossest misusers of matter; that salvation is being offered not as the one final act but as the sacrament of daily living--this ironic situation that is our problem in the first place, that we do not know how to live. simply that. & this is my justification for this semi-polemic approach: that historical & metaphysical problems *are* inseparable from how we live--another way--that where we are now is simply the sum of all the difficulties we've ever had, problems that have changed only in the contexts of their formulation & the possibilities of their solution--as the karma does come home to roost, the shit all over the place is just a sign that we are here w/ it, & go on from there, further.

11.2.73 Plainfield, Vermont

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MICHAEL McCLURE

WOLF NET

Essays are the stasis of a given stream of thought at a given moment. *Wolf Net* should be seen as a small particle in a new spiritual barricade. It remains very much as it was originally written. It was composed with great speed and follows natural processes of intellectivity. There is not concern for logic -- but hope for insight.

For Sterling Bunnell

WOLF NET/ copyright Michael McClure 1974

WHEN A MAN DOES NOT ADMIT THAT HE IS AN ANIMAL, he is less than an animal. Not more but less.

I have heard that Mozart signed letters to his sister with endearing obscenities such as, "A kiss on the bottom to my darling sister." Watch young animals at play, the endearments, the mutual explorations and cleanings, the investigations. In the human realm these cub activities are forbidden or left in the realm of dark closets, basements, and silent bedrooms.

Not that Mozart ever kissed his sister's bottom -- and whether he wishes to or not is a moot point. Though of course, what if he did, or did not want to? Mozart's recognition of the desire and the naturalness of such a desire tossed into the rigorous and compulsively forbidding face of society takes on a comic brilliance that matches his melodies.

Mozart and Brahms -- both hard working beings -- might be merry, tortured, brooding, serious, all at once. The man who cannot see that he is an animal is trapped. He is in a maze with a beginning and an end. The beginning is obviously birth and the end is apparently death.

The passage through the maze is coded for a man by the social conditions into which he is born. At the end of the maze is death, and manners of death, directed by the state (varying from a young man dying of bullet or shrapnel wounds, or cancer, to an old man dying of exhaustion or degenerative diseases -- multiplicities of social deaths).

But the first death is the teaching that he is not an animal.

This begins with machine assisted birth and ends with machine facilitated death. It is not in the machine per se where the fault lies. The

machine is a given fact of the environment as is a salmon, or a maple tree. The machines do not have a full rainbow aura of life gleaming from them -- they represent a particulate type of human imagination reproducing itself and shaping man partly in their image.

Twenty years ago it was fashionable among young intellectuals to state that society is insane. Today it is almost an accepted fact -- as it is a fact that the population of the earth has doubled in a few decades.

In social mammals it is common for the strongest members of the group to protect the young and the females. To guard the young males as well as the young females. It is clear that the dominant and aggressive leaders of the group will later have to fight for position with the young males that they protect in times of danger. Among men the situation has reversed itself. In warfare, the younger, the most agile and trainable, though not the strongest are sent to protect the mature and aggressive members.

In the United States, the young of the ascendent white race, are simultaneously mollified with material objects (that are construed to be desirable) and rigorously trained to be a servant-warrior caste for the established older group.

Their lives should be considered mild sacrifice for dixie cups, plastic toys, and antiseptic concrete swimming pools. Medicine and technology are inextricably united as a single concept. Technology and the acquisition of material objects (construed desirable) are also united. The young man and woman should be pleased and proud, to serve, to die, to continue the tradition that has raised them above and (in the eyes of society) completely separated them from bestial being, or caveman-living. --Or from living like an Asian in a fishing village.

In the present series of small fire-wars the technologized national area of this continent (which was nearly virgin three-hundred years ago) has produced such a massive gross national product that it is able to cause the deaths of a million persons. Men are beginning to ask for a solution to the apparent madness and psychosis behind the bloodbath.

1st: THERE IS NO SOLUTION.

(There may be multitudes of solutions.)

2nd: THERE IS NO WELL FORMULATED QUESTION.

(There may be multitudes of questions, and they must be well formulated.)

3rd: MIRACLES ARE NOT LIKELY TO OCCUR.

(They may be hoped for, and there can be endeavor for them.)

The poet is the idealistic psychotic. He is the dreaming sociopath, the ultimate outsider. For the poet and the artist existence is a vision locked into subjective ideals drawn from extra-social sources. The poet, the artist, represent a desire in every man, woman, and babe -- the need to be free and to escape the maze of humanity, to regain animal freedom. The poet does not wish to be less than an animal by being a man, but wishes to be an animal and more than a man. The poet is not a scholar, or is seldom a scholar with notable and gracious exceptions.

Cyril Connolly states the idea that memory can be a sieve and that the large and important data pieces will not pass through the weave. The poet, musician, artist, work on that principle.

An animal also is not a scholar. He does not specialize in a discipline but in a total view of putting the large chunks that will not pass through the sieve into an aggregate that will ensure his survival for the maximum duration. The wolf is not a wandering scholar but a wandering minstrel --

with the whole prairie for auditorium and world-field to work upon. He can visualize a Platonic universe of sound as a field on which to conceive and topologize his personal statements. Mozart might be seen as a kind of wolf at play. His merry greeting to his sister's bottom might be a wolfish act of comic grace coming from a higher state of psychic freedom, rather than from the maze a domesticated creature is trained to run in.

The egotism of the poet, the artist, the musician, the sculptor is that he is a Romantic. Despite the labor and the humdrum in his life, he is creating a superior view, he is making true beauty, he is reflecting the spirit of his times, he has tapped a vitality. Though he sees himself as Romantic he is also a realist caught in a vision. When he remembers his childhood (those aggregate pieces that have not passed through the sieve) or when he successfully delves for more shards of it and brings them back, he finds childhood to be a vision. Pieces of information come together in hieroglyphs and conformations that are beyond normal enmazed remembrances and experiences. CHILDHOOD IS AN OVERWHELMING VISION IN REMEMBRANCE. PROBABLY IT IS AN OVERWHELMING EXPERIENCE IN ITS ENACTION. The remembrance of the absurdities, pains, joys, INTENSITIES, preposterousness, agonies, sensualities, freedoms, cages, punishments, rewards, stagger the comprehension. In remembrance childhood illuminates the rememberer and recasts the old nets of familiarity and the forgotten bridges and barriers of hates, loves, and predispositions.

To remember the chairs of childhood is to re-evaluate the chairs of now.

Also the artist considers himself a realist trapped in a vision because he realizes that with the twenty-seven senses he is given, and without

an infinite number of senses, he can make constructs of only the most fractional semblances of the total he swirls in --(or that might be total matter thrashing or dreaming in him).

The pieces of his experience and remembrance and perception, writing themselves upon his sensorium, come together in strange modalities and proportions and combinations. Holistically, he believes he perceives REALISTICALLY more than it is possible to have seen. He must lose the fear of being wrong or being a crank. Realistically, he trained himself for perception-as-vision, or he was born with the capacity and chose to develop it. Unless he is to be Augustan he must acknowledge that he is a Romantic. Surely the most Augustan cherished secret acknowledgements of their Romance -- perhaps Horace frightened himself as his view of structure expanded and contracted. Seneca was privy to a court that makes his dramas seem like Noel Coward.

The artist admits finally, almost dully, that it is all a vision. Seneca's death is a grotesque, noble, absurdity, bringing to mind all aspects of the word comedy. As does the death of Frank O'Hara, a homosexual in an historical period intolerant of the homosexual, a man who invented and snubbed the Camp philosophy of his period and became an archangel of it -- all the time retired in the recesses of his perceptions -- and finally run over on Fire Island by a beach taxi. It was an apotheosis. We did not know whether to laugh or cry!

Seneca escaped from the mafia-esque court of Nero, after being apologist for monsterhood, then was condemned to death by the Emperor. The sentry tapped a foot outside Seneca's door, while one suicide attempt after another failed, til finally with bleeding wrists, weeping wife, numbed by slow working hemlock, dictating his death hexameters, his slaves carried him into a vapor bath where he kissed final goodbye to his geist amidst the steam.

Standing at a petshop window near O'Hara's apartment, I saw that the baby black poodles, struggling to rise and fall, rose and barked, and that their eyes were portholes of an inner darkness as black as their coats. Something O'Hara might have perceived.

When it is admitted that it is a vision THERE IS a last sanctity. The artist may see there is a Mystery and must then decide if the Mystery is sacred or not. If he decides against keeping the sanctity of the vision (which requires a silence or reticence that his animal nature hates) then he penetrates the mystery with drugs, fasting, religious practices, study, or meditation. He finds that beyond each mystery there is another, and another beyond that, and one more, and no final one ever. Nor did the Gnostics have anything but amusing diagrams -- structures to stir minds that are ultimately inseparable from a body that must touch matter or cease to be.

The artist's concept of Romanticism -- of himself as Romantic -- is born from the alignment of experiences and perceptions into new compositions or aggregates that are of vital worth in furthering imagination and clarifying sensory and intuitive perceptions. No matter how fine, sincere, and pure a Shelley he is he must admit that he is a jokester because he has confronted absurdity. Not the capital A Absurdity of Camus. For Camus it was a discovery and should have been capitalized.

We know now that we are the most complex formations of physical matter on the surface of this planet. We are born out of physical matter from a spectrum of inorganic matter that shapes itself into amino acids, bacteria, viruses, sponges, and ultimately projects the vertebrate. The vertebrate creature co-exists with life forms as perfect, merely

less complex.

It is the nature of certain matter, under special conditions, to become a growing surge producing more and more physically complex and subjectively intense types. In the 1920s and 1930s the discovery was made that there is no teleological outcome to this process. Sensations of hopelessness, nausea, horror, were resultant. The discoveries demanded a new bourgeois ethic for the intellectual and professional man.

The development of the Existentialist ethic was interrupted by World War Two -- a manifestation of nationalistic evangelisms and the endocrine stress of overpopulation. (Camus and Sartre confronted raw prehensions of the frontier sciences -- and the appearance of life-meaninglessness. Their solution met, head-on, the sealing-up of a planetary industrial society at war with itself.) Continuously since then there has been obviously biological strife of an unending nature -- extended warfare. War has become an art form, a media, an entertainment source for wealthy nations, and an excuse for acceleration of technology. It is psychosis, biological psychosis, for all participants and continues under various political banners which are increasingly transparent and poorly shield the true nature of the situation.

The word Romanticism is often dreaded by the intelligent because of its lower order of kitsch connotations. They contain a mush-headedness that is rightfully dreaded. For instance: the vacuous daydream-fulfillment of metaphysical, exaggerated emotions rising out of some simple societal desire; the Romance magazines (not that they are worse than the textbooks); the emotional slush, and spillover that goes with anthropomorphism, and anthropomorphic views of nature, history, culture, art; the hopeless desire for transmogrification through some form of political, religious, spiritual evangelism;

the acceptance of ultra-simplistic, hopeful, idealistic, unreasonable solutions. These are all kitsch and unrealities.

The problem with assimilation of unreality is that it is part of the social maze that presents "idealistic-humanistic" and religio-cultural solutions. Intelligence, age, experience, or resistance to social example help as bulwarks against overassimilation of the religio-kitsch, the dream-wish kitsch, that is constantly at hand. The need to assimilate kitsch feeds and is fed by consumer psychosis and the technology of a disposable culture.

Two animal factors should not be forgotten. The first is that longing is no doubt a natural and a positive, normal, creative gesture. The second is that some men are more intelligent. At moments the most intelligent are able to see through the kitsch by study, or flash of perception, or by reasoning, or accumulation of experience. There is now a unitary oneworld technological culture that makes perception and accumulation of any extra-normal and extrasocial experience not associated with mass consumerism difficult to obtain.

Cultural interpretation of the meaning and measurement of intelligence is not intelligent but simplistic. It has become compartmentalized as a discipline of the universities and the medical and psychological professions. --Part of technology.

The religio-humanistic tradition has it that all men are equal. (Christianity tells us that all men may become angels.) Extreme Marxist philosophy would have it that all men are of equal intelligence and differ only in the possibility of the development of equal latent intelligence.

BUT there is not Intelligence there are INTELLIGENCES. Intelligences are not measured by compartmentalization in a spectrum IQ text. The spectrum IQ test is a social device for reinforcement

of the status quo. The idea that there is a single intelligence to measure is not biologically, nor humanely, nor humanistically valid.

Certain types of intelligences may be honored for their capacity to see patterns, others have more possibility of seeing outside and creating a feedback loop of perceptions, other intelligences have ingrained within them primeval physical propensities. Intelligences ultimately resolve themselves in the actions of the creature that bear them -- not in measurements of cultural privilege or adaptability. Finally, intelligences are the actions, and the potential actions of the animal. BUT there are men and women of intelligences that are of greater use to the genus in a time of crisis.

Medicine has added a new type of randomness to biological man -- it has brought the survival of strange new geniuses and strange new dullards. The possibilities of the enormous gene pool are exciting. They are also dangerous. Genetically, three-quarters of a million years ago, in a fractional population, man (as a rare animal) contained all the same possibilities but there was no chance of the multitudes of possibilities immediately manifesting themselves. Man's ecological attunement was different, directly related to the existing facts of undomesticated nature. Certain intelligences were most likely to survive, special dullards were most likely to survive.

If experience-information (memories) are stored hologramistically within the brain, that is, if the memory constructs are stored throughout the brain, and not in units constricted in certain areas, it would do much to explain imagination and creative thought. (This is not to imply that storage is stationary.). As one constellation of memories lights up, and becomes an awareness, it illumines partially,

and possibly in toto, the adjacent, interconnected, or associated nets and constellations of information. This activity is constant, or is an off/on process. Or, it might be several constant (or off/on) inter-relating processes.

Balanced against the constant play of stored experience patterns is the intake of new immediate experience through the apertures of the sensorium -- the eyes, ears, nose, etc.

While I am stimulated by the novelty of an immediate experience it continues to register as the primary experience. I am holding an apple in my hand. I am entertained by the odor, the color, the reflections of light, the irregularities of the natural shape. I experience the weight, the density, the temperature, of the apple. I am not hungry so the apple is pertinent as an esthetic object.

Presume that I have a three dimensional screen within my head (perhaps it is the reticular system). What I feel, see, think, and know, is imaged on this screen. This screen IS the best image that I can make, with limited senses, of the world and universe surrounding me. It is also the neuron sculptural screen for memory experience activity that continuously takes place. There seems to be an order of preference for what takes place upon the sculpture-screen. The order is apparently biological.

While the apple is most interesting it continues to register. As I explore it, it is less interesting. It becomes a familiar object. It recedes into the "category" apple. It becomes APPLE again as I study it more and sensory interest is revived. At last it becomes category again. BUT is becomes category gradually and by default. It also becomes stored information, if it stimulates me to remember or speak of it, if I make it a piece

that will not pass through the sieve.

While this APPLE is the center of my attention, while it occupies the primary area of the screen, there may be associations with stored information playing at the edges of the screen. I compare this apple to another apple -- its similarities and dissimilarities. The APPLE may become hologramistically stored as a memory and it may interrelate with other apples, or with other memories connected with apples. (((The odor of the apple may stimulate nonverbal, non-intellective, non-rational parts of my consciousness that send apple-related associations to the periphery of the screen. The touch of the apple might do the same. The noise of the truck passing on the street through the rain might bring childhood images to the edges of the screen, the screen that is apparently concerned with APPLE. The childhood rain images may light up childhood apple images, or bring illumination to a fleeting childhood image containing both apple and rain-eating an apple on a rainy trick-or-treat jaunt.)))

APPLE is the center of my attention, of the three dimensional, neuron-sculpture, reality-image screen. At its edge flicker images that are there by chance and by associations of odor, touch, or hearing.

It is the nature of most animal life to keep moving. Any life is part of the total surge of life that feeds upon itself as it expands in size and complexity. The whole surge is powered by sun energy. It becomes more complex. It grows. It expands. It is a retopologizing of the surface of the planet brought about by direct energy. Animal life keeps moving. It moves to eat, or it moves to keep from being eaten --Or both.

The human mammal body, in the billions of years of the evolution of its complexity, has concretized

the absolute necessity to keep moving. Movement is a primal fact. The retopologizing surge (it retopologizes by making inert matter into organic being) will not slow down. It will not stop exchanging parts of itself as nourishment in the expansion of the energized complexity. Oxygen, nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, sulfur, combined with the sun's energy become pandas, salmon, roses, blackberries. Most creatures move!

I move very little for a large vertebrate animal. Furthermore I am a nervous animal, made nervous by stimulation of my own species, naturally nervous, and in an environment drastically changed within ten thousand years. A million years would be necessary for a new species of man to evolve (by traditional processes) to the new environment brought about in ten brief thousand years.

My body moves little. The experiential image world within me compensates for stillness through animal process. I flicker from apple to new subject swiftly considering there is little external pressure to change so rapidly my interest in the apple.

The desire for movement is internalized. In this case the desire is to write a poem - a primary activity for a poet. As the apple recedes, the longing to write a poem, which is the channeling of hologramistically lighting and interconnected images, begins to produce a new image - the image of a poem, the sound of a poem, the image of a bison. The desire to write a poem about bison takes over the periphery of the image screen, perhaps the poem-desire incorporates apple-related images -- or rejects them. I am sitting with an apple in my hand but no apple on the sculptural screen. On the sculptural screen is the imagining of a herd of bison driven by thirst crashing into the mudflats of a summer river on the plains. They are followed by a pack of wolves laughing like Mozarts.

Falsely romanticizing nature and the external world through an anthropomorphic, judeo-christian, humanistic view is one of the acts most destructive to the understanding that man is an animal, and can therefore be more than a man. It is necessary to remember that when man imagines himself an un-animal he is less, not more, than an animal and has no ground, no field, and no structure or foundation upon which to conceive of himself. He will be ultimately ridiculous. If he cannot incorporate a body image with a minimum degree of truth in it he cannot properly perceive the universe. The consequence of the disappearance of a valid body image is the holding of false perceptions. Then perceptions are sieved, not through the net of memory and physical experience, but through an idea structure that is the mass of cultural accumulations.

Originally Christianity was a mystery cult which gave vent to the longings and hopes of entrapped creatures -- it was a revolution in a period following similar revolutions. Mithraism was the prime competitive cult. Orthodox Christianity triumphed over both Manichean Christianity and Mithraism and left as little possible to stand as memories of them.

With classical civilization's ecological rape of the Mediterranean homeland the Christian evangelism lost track of its sources and original intentions. It became part of, and sometimes a leader and servant in, the devastations taking place in Europe. From its exordium as a mystery cult it proceeded to become a tool and sometimes a demiurge of politics. It was almost always a servant of the spreading civilization that is a minuscule part of the surge of the totality of animal life feeding upon itself.

Man, as creature, reshaped the age of large mammals and was in the process of continuing the surge as a single species -- not only in the known lands of Europe and Asia but in the unknown lands

of the New World. The last Giant Ground Sloth may have been eaten by Indians of America within the Christian era. The Moa and its brethren society of related birds were eaten in the South Seas in very recent times. It was the New World, and its resources of fish, meat, furs, cultivated plants (suitable for cultivation in the Old World), and its territorial space that saved, and fed, the already overcrowded and plague devastated continents of Europe and Asia.

Highpoints of aspiration like Athens, Florence, Constantinople, enlightened courts of Asia, and the Mohammedan Empire, have been rare. They are the exceptions to man's history and not true representations. These pinnacles often have been enormously cruel. They shine like stars but the stellar gleam is dimmed by closer view. Athens was supported by a vast slave class. The period of idealism was brief and was preceded and followed by the most mercenary (and apparently natural) human barbarity taking the guise of mercenary wars. Men wanted to get out, move, get away, capture, kill, explore. Florence dissolved periodically into anarchy or was locked in mercantile wars or involved in the territorial fratricide of the Italian peninsula. Forty thousand captives and slaves had the living hearts cut from their bodies to celebrate the inauguration of the temple of the war god Huitzilipochtli at the time when the barbarities of Europe were forming themselves into larger national states. Mexico was destroying itself with genius for cultivation of plants, lack of knowledge of ecological agricultural fundamentals, overpopulation, devastation of the countryside's animal protein, and war. Half a million to a million Christian Cathars were murdered in Provence at the time of the Crusades.

In the worldwide multiply-oriented and conflicting energies occurred possibilities for the

arts, leisure time, and thought. From the increased gene pool appeared men of genius and talent able to find opportunities to express themselves within the multiplex complexities and moments of calm and strife. These men acted from their niches in the moiling flowing river of human meat and added their thoughts and acts to the gradually increasing structure of culture. Each of these outstanding man animals was a unique individual -- each of them was also a spokesman for a milieu that he consciously, or unconsciously, represented. Without Albheriti and Donatello there would have been no Michelangelo -- not such as he was. Each of these men saw from a limited perspective of his times and vantage point. In some way almost every living, or once living, man, woman, and child has contributed to the total final planetary civilization that entraps their descendants.

As if enacting a mimesis, men, after their extinction of the giant mammals, took over within their own species the ecological roles of predator and prey. Man continued to act out the fundamental fact that life is like an expanding river, and that it feeds and beats upon itself, and that it is the nature of life to move, to explore, to acquire territories and to attempt to preserve the acquisitions for specific races or descendants. The body of perceptions, and intellectivity, that arose in flashes during the turmoil became frozen as books, statues, doctrine, ideas, art, oral traditions, cathedrals, religions, became solidified in patterns and structures that serve the general and continuing holocaust.

As population increases, sensitivity of creature to creature becomes more profound, intense, and brutalized. The technological era that cherishes the spread of immunological medicine and the consequent preservation of lives brings with it Hitler

who attempted to sterilize the Jews and Poles through mass execution of millions. In proportion the sacrifice at the temple of Huitzilipochtli becomes a genteel act. European destruction of black men in Africa is the most astounding edifice of all. But to see with proportion or with statistic is a way of evading the basic awareness that man is an animal. Each animal is unique because of his particular perceptions. Each creature is a part of the mass of all life. Measurement is meaningless. Animal perceptions felt by the individual are all that we know. A man gassed, a man with his heart cut out, is a dead animal. There is a cessation of a center of perception.

Traditions have arisen within the human mass that opt for the preservation of life. Peace is desired over war -- love is preferred above hate. It is fashionable for men to give lip service to these traditions. The most intellectual of the population would like time for introspection and for pleasure and would make a contract with other men -- and would have all men make a contract together allowing time for humane aspirations -- the hearth as opposed to the battleground. The traditions are almost total failure because they are the result of acting upon past conditions and teachings. They are not biological. The traditions are romantic kitsch. The traditions do not touch the human creature at his meat, biological, physical center. They appeal intellectually to his social brain-washing and to the body of his culturally indoctrinated longings. Man idealizes the world with constructs based on past metaphysical speculation and does not see, as an animal, either internally or externally. With inherent anthropomorphism man has measured himself by his triumphs and been dimly aware of his nature.

For artist or animal, there is but one religion. At first glance it is simple. It is as simple as the animal (as with a sessile polyp or sea cucumber), or it may be as complex as the animal's nervous system -- as with a dolphin, a panda, or a man. The religion is being itself.

Knowing where social religion has led, perhaps a jest might be worthwhile. Stamps on letters have been cancelled at the U.S. Post Office with the motto PRAY FOR PEACE. In any comedy contest that might be the winning amusement. For a governmental branch of a nation waging war to instruct its citizens to pray for peace is an ardent example of hypocritical schizophrenia as old as the culture it represents. Surely no other animal would be confused. Another species might make a biologically disastrous error but it does not seem possible that it could be so confused.

Being is the creature's contact with its surroundings and the accumulation of instinct and experience-information. An animal's contact with environment is obviously physical. Storage and circulation of information is material (atomic, molecular, chemical). More and more light is shed on the nature of the storage as each decade passes.

In the religion of being the universe is the Messiah. For the creature to know itself it must touch physically, or physically reconstellate information. Without touch, sight, taste, smell, affective perception, memory, and imagination there can be no body image. If there is no body there is no being. All life is sensate and sensitive. Life is aware of itself by the abrasion of the so-called inorganic world, or by other creatures in the organic world. But it would be a mechanistic error to allow only the types of matter that we are aware of to represent the

possibilities of matter.

There may be physical constellations of a kind that we do not yet perceive. These might be true post-technological bodies of knowledge and awareness that go far beyond the dreams of simplistic astrology. We must remember that we have a given number of senses to perceive the outward universe -- and yet we can easily imagine, or intuit, that the universe is infinite both dimensionally and as a field for undreamed senses.

A ribosome in a liver cell in a salmon might relate to a field of energies or a "position" within a quasar or in a distant sun. There might be interlocked and pre-disposed relationships of these, and other constructs. That is speculation and any knowledge of it presumably comes in the distant future or in the perceptions of a visionary. If the universe is a single flow, vibration, or aura, it seems highly likely that such interrelationships exist. And the universe IS indeed an aura of trillionically multiplex inter-relations. And it is primarily comprised of natures of matter that we do not, certainly not consciously, contact. We cannot perceive an anti-matter universe -- yet everything that we perceive as real might be an empty pinprick of nothingness within a nirvana of anti-matter beyond comprehension.

Nineteenth and twentieth century science tend to deny that creatures can touch each other without putting paw to antler, or hand to another body or hand. It must not be considered that physical touch is solely as gross a thing as it is **construed** to be by formulaic scientists. The animal body undoubtedly gives off energies, and may have fields, of which we are not yet aware. Probably we live within such auric fields, in addition to the obvious ones of odor and electricity. When they are discovered they will be considered physical.

All life is a single unitary surge, a single giant organism -- even a single spectacular protein molecule. In the four billion years life has grown on this planet it is not possible to imagine (in view of its whirlwind energy and delicate complexity) that there have not developed interacting fields, forces, auras, within the behemoth topology of it. If life could be seen as a structure, not against a background of time, but all at once as a free-standing sculpture, the sight would be illuminating and staggering. We would then form new concepts of interrelations of life that we do not now have.

As a creature presses itself against its physical environment, known and unknown, conscious and unconscious, it discovers the contours of its body. In growth, death, injury, expansion, contraction, movement, perception, etc., it discovers and forms itself from the genetic possibilities that it contains. It fills out a general pattern and becomes an individual in the precise and unique blow-up of the generalized possible construct.

Intellectual concepts that society has imagined to be the test of the creature are not the test of being. Being is the body of acts, gestures, fears, loves, hungers, that are manifested against the field background of the universe.

If proportion, comparison, measurement, and statistics are put aside, and the universe is envisioned as a vibrational timeless and time free sculpture -- then any part of the structure is of equal importance. The surface of the earth means no more, and no less, than a hundred thousand spiral galaxies. Mozart and a wolf are no less important than a star -- all is part of a giant constellative configuration. The configuration does NOT match our traditional cultural concepts of it. The model proposed to us by history and culture is too removed from an overview to be of service.

Man's societal intellectual processes have made a graph, a statistical chart, from views that are biologically irrelevant. An overview is not possible when the accumulation of insights are programmed through a nonbiological structure.

The universe is the Messiah because it is the possibilities of our being. We are that Messiah, yet we brush, hurl, and gently touch our beings against it to experience it. Our experience of the universe is also the universe perceiving itself. One point of perception is no less subjectively relevant than another -- all are part of a whole. Subjectivity and objectivity resolve themselves as meaningless scratches on a mechanical graph.

For questing creatures of our type the necessity of a **frontier, psychic or physical**, is a constancy. The psychic frontier is not satisfying in itself. We are part of a surge destined to expand. To conceive of the flow as a culture of bacteria on a plate of agar is negative, cynical, and a defiance of what it means to be a creature. It is a human view and not an animal view. On the other hand, to imagine that creatures of this planet are destined to survive, continue expanding, and will ultimately triumph no matter what the impediment is unrealistic. The surge of living material that we are part of is a particle of the larger structure that we cannot comprehend. Imagining our humanistic longings to be representative of that structure is a dubious stance.

We CAN imagine ourselves to be the universe experiencing itself -- and the universe as the field and background (the meat) for the experience and self-experience. If we realize that the relative importance of occurrence to occurrence is a judgement made by the humanistic tradition and not an insight into the nature of the universe -- then we are free to feel biologically that each

point of perception is of importance.

Each life is a tentacle, or finger, or extrusion of Messiah or Tathagata experiencing self and the universe through entrances of perception, movement, and contact. But to give it human nature, any more than to attribute the nature of a sea cucumber to the Messiah is beyond reason. We are not more alive than a protozoan -- we are more complex. We are multiple trillions of cells, a miniature universe of molecules, rather than stars. As we are clusters of cells in a multiplex structure, we are also not a SELF or an INTELLIGENCE. We are congresses of SELVES and of INTELLIGENCES. When the congress agrees we please ourselves.

We may speak of the universe because we are part of it. We partake of it and it partakes of us and we shape ourself against it. When we decided to become human and not animal we invented measurement and statistic and proportion to shield us from our natures. These are man's most fantastic inventions and the root for all technological and civilizational construction. The question is whether to keep the inventions and hope to supersede them by recognizing our creature being, or whether we are in the process of extinguishing ourselves in honor of the discoveries.

Man is greatly concerned with his individual survival. He is aware of the preciousness and uniqueness of his individuality. This awareness created an arrogance which demands that he see himself enshrined as he originally pedestalled his gods. It became his nature to be a carnivore and perhaps a killer. After he enshrined himself, man began to regret his nature and to deny it. Man is in a time of swift change -- the gene pool allows new possible types and consequently new possible perceptions. Intellectivity is enshrined and given

lip service while the masses move to old dances of death which almost generationally change the names on the banners above the melee.

The machine is now the executor of the death writ. The machine began with measurement, with proportion, and with statistic. Michelangelo, the Greek sculptor Phidias, the forgotten Aztec architects, Pythagoras, and Euclid are among the grandfathers many-times-removed of computers that plan the war and direct young men involved. It is part of their cultural brilliance to be among the progenitors of poison gas and the H-bomb as well as moonflight and OP art.

The more brilliant the contribution, the greater is the addition to the culture that encircles and snares man. But the achievements of outstanding individuals are the achievements of outstanding animals. The finest animal achievements are vigor, and the marshalling of the selves of the self into the pursuit of an extraordinary goal.

The unified, and unifying culture structure has twisted all achievements, plundering the surface of the earth that life partakes of and rises from. The living soil is turned to explosives to be dropped on another race on another continent. Fossil fuels are sought after and combusted, polluting the atmosphere that is one of the progenitors and necessities of life. Major plant life, necessary to the carbon dioxide/oxygen cycle, is ruthlessly devastated to create multitudes of useless unappetizing objects for amusement and disposal. Waste is a pleasure natural to man as an animal -- it is exploited by the culture. Sexual pleasure has been dampened so that architecture may be accomplished. Simultaneously sexuality is encouraged, exalted, and great attention given to erotism in the social dream-images of the media. This intensifies horizontal stresses in personality and culture.

The wild animal populations (those that survived or came into being after the glacier-thermal changes) have been eaten, or destroyed for pleasure or conquest of land. Forests are demolished. Domesticated animals overgraze the land. Deforested areas are biocided where the grazing has taken place. The madness increases as technological propensity for madness increases -- and as the earth's surface becomes less and less capable of sustaining strife and overpopulation. The game seems to be up. Therefore, unless it is part of a joke, that all who can think clearly have decided to see through, it is time to change the game.

The game has been, for thousands of years, that man is not an animal. Man's desire to be special, in view of the cruelty he reads into nature, is not surprising. At fault is the idea that he is NOT an animal! He does not address himself to nature in a unique way -- he utilizes, he exploits, moves, explores, lives, dies, gives birth, expands, grows. But he has been over-successful and must review his successes. There are genetic patterns within the body and the species. There are patterns within the surge of the whole life flow. Some of these animal patterns limit success. Some limit it finally for types or species.

The young man or woman in the college classroom today realizes that he, or she, is an animal. The period of higher education is one of the times of greatest animal vitality. It is a time for sports, games, and athletics, for wild group dancing, or solo nude dancing. It is a period for the young animal's intellectual expansion -- music, reading, and general probing into externality. The young person's awareness that he is an animal is denied by historical and cultural tradition. Any excess of concentratable and creative energy is repressed. Responsibilities are taught by word not

example -- and animal sensation and exuberance are impeded.

In this cultural era, I as the professor or instructor of youth am in grave doubts. I have had my animal vitality -- I submerged it for cultural demands and opted for the system that I feel entrapped in. It became my duty to further the system. At one time, consciously or unconsciously, I intensely rebelled against it. I joined the system and took on the tradition of humanization. As I stand before the classroom, or drink my liquor and smoke my marijuana in the evening, or as I turn in my sleep, I am haunted and nervous. The bebop that was my revolt meets the rock and roll of the new wave. Technology has amplified the wave of animal energy in the same way that the doubling of population in my lifetime has increased psychic-physical stress in the megapolis. The universities are now multiversities and megaversities.

The professor stands in the new environment puzzled by the changes. The young are born into the new environment and are experiencing it.

The young realize with their bodies that they are animals YET they have been trained and indoctrinated in the culture of the machine and measurement. They have the necessity of education demonstrated to them by government propaganda, family demand, and social example presented by the dominant traditions of society. Some of the most capable, but less privileged, drop out of the system and opt for cynicism, sloth, crime, ennui, or idealistically go in search of other styles or combinations of styles. But in a general fashion the best capacities of the largest group end in colleges. Such is the myth.

They watch the professor. He sweats or lolls before them. The professor cannot understand why the students do not openly respond to him. He

labors with lectures and tests. Discussions are a horror because the students will not respond. Or the dullest will respond in a dutiful way saying what is expected. Rather than facing a revolt in the classroom, the professor faces relaxed bodies and carefully set emotionless faces. The student has taken on the colorless protective-coloration of an Olivetti adding machine.

Then there is surprise when agitators from within the college, joined by those who have dropped-out and sought non-ordinary intellectual stimulation, raise up in revolts on campuses. The deadly stillness in the classroom is the counterface of the teargas, bird-shot, rocks, chanting, police clubs, and spray-paint on the lawns and arches of the academy.

For the successful professor the enthusiastic discussions that he engenders and guides are in more bad taste than the rigid evaluating silence that he more often faces. Discussions show the body of experience absorbed by the student. The student has often achieved greater general or specialized knowledges of the world and environment than the already out-moded traditional disciplines of the instructor. The young man or woman can speak very lucidly of these intelligences AND do so in a less egotistic manner than is the lifestyle of the professor. There is a communalization visible in the young. The professor has been taught to idealize a single type of individuality that has become part of an earlier historical period. More, the professor is confronted with the animal energies of from twelve to five-hundred young animals that do watch -- whether there is discussion and enthusiasm or silence and evaluation.

Enthusiastic, intelligent discussion seems schizoid to the instructor. The youth are often more aware than he is, either informationally or physically, of stresses in the cultural and geographical situation. They are McLuhanistic. They

know more about life (cultural life and ideas, taboos, mores, fairytales, kitsch aspirations, etc.) than the professor knew at the same age. The student is seventeen to twenty-five years old and is a mass of knowledges. A student with outstanding capacities is a universe of information and particularized experience. Outstanding students can be stimulated into discussions but these are purely verbal and go no further than speech. Surprisingly NO NEW IDEAS (for the professor) are formed in such bright-eyed energied discussions.

The students are very aware of their biological animal being, perhaps more so than other men for several, or many, generations. Secondly they have been nearly totally absorbed into the culture that unintentionally mediawise fed the communalization of feeling that is a biological awareness in itself. There is not a wall to crack educationally but an almost visible semi-solid milieu.

In the late 1950s and 1960s the prime problem for the young man was the awareness that, with a slip of the lip, or the pen, he might become napalm and shrapnel fodder in a patch of Asian or Middle-Eastern mud. The classroom is the inquisition. Heretics may be condemned to torture and to the stake, become part of the hecatomb of technology in its holocaust. The grade point average is the devil's advocate.

An adolescent in the fifties might, with a gang of compadres, break into and vandalize a house or institution. At that time the young person, if of the privileged class, might expect severe reprimand for himself and his parents and possibly reform school. In the late sixties and coming seventies the adolescent can expect violent repression in reaction to crimes of animal exuberance. It is natural for youth to thief, and to break, and to steal, and to enter vandalously from time to time. (--As it is natural for young

children to kill small creatures until they understand the meaning of death.)

Properties are tied into tighter and tighter ownership structures. The measurement of an adult's individual value is made by possessions -- not by his forgiveness or understanding of human, animal, or youthful naturalities. A YOUTH'S LIFE IS IN ABSOLUTE AND DIRECT JEOPARDY OF IMPRISONMENT, EXECUTION, REPRESSION. There is no outlet for animal exuberance -- warfare is not such a thing under technological conditions.

I am completely bound by my ownership nets. I have been purchased by society. Not only by my personal properties but by those of my generation. I am buying my way further in. I cannot give or lend example. I as the instructor, the professor, am experiencing a world that I was not born into and it surrounds me in the form of properties. Besides the energy drain of the students upon my intellectual and physical energies, I as the professor must find my way through the growing horrors of my circumstances. I live in a world that is not related to the historical past and certainly can have little to do with the future. I become physically and psychically weaker and finally abdicate to conservatism, hypocrisy, trickery, or sloth. If I am excellent I am unchallenged and feel that I am surrounded by unreality. Face-out is predisposed.

The prime problem felt by the male student is the inquisition-or-death of the classroom. Orthodoxy or extermination is the choice. The extermination might be real physical termination in the form of a last gasp of poison gas, or a landmine, or drowning, or simply extermination of animal vitality through military, business, or mercantile indoctrination.

Most students see that in a service-oriented war culture it is better to be high along the string

of command and giving orders. It is less satisfactory to have the spraygun in one's hands and be exterminating cockroaches or Asians. Better to be a major than a private.

The student is eminently informed and aware of his plight. It is best to be as free as possible even within the strictures. It is better to be able to travel. Better to be in possession of a large swift metal chariot that combusts gasses into the atmosphere. It is best to have access to superior medical services, better drugs, better liquors, more impressive clothing,

The problem most discussed by students is that of finances. The inquisition is taken for granted, a silent horrible affair. The student's more erratic adolescent activity is in the past. The threats of reprisal are well absorbed and observed. The business at hand is to fill out the form that various propagandas have directed for personal betterment...school. Then, being an excellent animal, this student does so in the best style possible. He must have adequate unique clothing. He must have an automobile so that his territorial range will not be limited either in pleasure or intellectual pursuits. (His desires are computerized to him by the sources that have educated him.) He must have types of food, shelter, clothing, and entertainment of certain dimensions to fill out the necessary concepts of self that he has been trained to hold. I as professor can do no better and do not. I am not capable of giving better direction, superior style, better example, or intellectual stimulation. I have abdicated, but am in equal danger. My role too is a kind of inquisition. If I outride certain bounds I will be deemed irresponsible and will be defrocked and dethroned.

The student needs are incredible, massive, irrational, non-biological, as are those of the professor. The student can never fill those needs and

is always poor and always a nigger no matter how rich he is. The student can never acquire the requisite number of plastic articles, machinery, intoxicants, luxuries which (socially) have become minimum necessities.

Historically, travel was broadening. Now unless one has an athletic or an intellectual desire of sufficient intensity to justify travel, and a broad enough background to make use of the need, travel is biologically exhausting and ultimately narrowing. Mechanical travel often removes one from animal experience by the narrow style of the experience. (--Like an electronic composition repeating itself for an hour in one chord and one single sound spectrum. One experience, or several experiences, of the composition may be novel and stimulating but numerous repetitions are narrowing.) Air travel from city to similar city is biologically negative and is promoted by airline technology. Travel with clear purpose may be caused by natural desires, or result in personal expansion and contemplation. Young persons hiking and backpacking to hostels is a good sign. Professor and student travel because it is part of the waste culture. The professor publishes in obscure waste journals. The student consumes mass entertainments.

The shift in median age leaves the majority of the population less than a quarter of a century old. There is an intense shift in consciousness of being. New views will be taken. It might become apparent to youthful scholars that the Allies did not win the second World War. The Allied nations gained less in the long run than the defeated nations. Among the wealthiest world states today are Germany and Japan... Though Japan is polluting herself faster than any other nation on earth.

The paranoia concomitant with the propaganda, and the horror of the War, manifested itself in the

owners and grand dukes of the society. Allied treaties made beneficial arrangements with the defeated nations so that they could serve as a bulwark against the advance of Communism in Europe and Asia. Men like Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Mao, deGaulle, stared at each other across the political chessboard. Truman became the predecessor of men like Johnson and Nixon. The youthful Kennedy hope was eliminated through an ugly and unexamined assassination. Kennedy made his historical mark by allowing the Bay of Pigs Invasion, by confronting Krushchev off the coast of Cuba, and by the administration's decision regarding how many lives could be justifiably lost in a nuclear confrontation.

The child who lived through the TV broadcasts of that day will be as altered by the real biological, physical experience of it, as are the aging rock and roll stars who watched the McCarthy hearings. The young can no longer understand, nor honor, the heroes of World War Two. They will ask why the Jews and Poles and Russians were killed by the millions, and why Communism was confronted with hydrogen weaponry -- and why there could be no wily Odyssean accommodation. They will question the philosophico-political differences between the two major systems. They see that there is one unifying, unified, seemingly inescapable, biocidal world society. They will ask HOW did the vast net of hydrogen ballistic armaments come into being. And how, since they are a threat at every instant to each life on earth (from bacteria to whale), they may be dismantled. And who put them there? And why?

The geopolitical reassessment will be taking place during even more intense planetary pollution than is now occurring. Mass starvation, famine, and widespread death from pollution of air and water,

not to mention fall-out, and background radiation, will be the field for speculation. Who spent the billions to buy the Thai dictatorship for the Vietnam sacrifice while the forests of the New World, and the fuels, the nitrogens, and rivers, were written off? Who was responsible for the massive waste and the construction of hair-triggered death mechanisms?

As students sit in the classrooms of now, and of the new near-future, information regarding the lifespan of genetic man of recent history is going to be shifting and reconstellating into new image structures of the historical and political processes. Blank and repressed faces do not cover any lack of intellectual, physical, and physiological, internalized processes of perception and imagination! --In the same way the nervous system must balance itself to keep active images of reality, the young in the classrooms are balancing anew their need for waste or useless objects against their sense of the needs of the total environment.

As this happens, the society, and the leaders of tightly structured society, begin to feel the snares on the minds of the young loosen. There will be more and more reaction against youth -- intensive attempts to veer them to the non-animal. There will be hysteria, repression, and bribery from the owners of the status quo as the balance shifts. New generations will have new memories. There will be writhing attempts of culture to manufacture the pattern of the new memories and to obliterate any awareness except social identity.

As the student lounges guardedly in his seat, the professor is only the unwilling mask of society channelling free thought. The student does not even hate the professor but pities him for his good wishes. To date, the acts of student violence (except when from the political Right) are against the administration and not against the professor.

The artist as sociopath is not limited to fantasies that serve the ends and desires of the established culture. For his own pleasure he makes daydream structures that are anagogic and lead him outside of the conventions and conditioned thought patterns trained into him by patterns of stress, propaganda, and education. He takes a view for the sake of the pleasure in it, and then pursues it. He is not a scholar and is not limited by the validity of his information. For the professor it is an outrage to his academic community to pursue the anagogic. For the artist it is anticipated activity. The artist has learned to expect few rewards except his cognition of self and surroundings and imagination.

If Cro Magnon man was a superior animal in obvious biological respects, if his brain size was larger than that of contemporary man -- about the size of the brain of dolphins -- and if Cro Magnon man was subject to degenerative diseases and not prone to modern genetic and actual defects such as caries and tuberculosis, the artist can idealize Cro Magnon man and begin a review of history from that insight.

It is easy to imagine that a larger brain enables greater complexity of constellative perceptions. Informational rearrangements and play may be more multiplex in a larger field than in a smaller one. Anatole France had one of the smaller brains on record in a normal individual. This would not be contrary to speculation about brain size. Largeness of brain size being a capability for greater intelligences is a generality. There is no reason why brain size should be applied to an individual as a test. It should only be used within a group, or type, or species. The individual acts at all times as an individual and has genetic traits, chemistry, and bundles of intelligence that are unique.

For Cro Magnon man life was extremely pleasurable much of the time. His complex consciousness of self was rewarding. The relationship of himself to his group members, family, beloveds, enemies, and environment was satisfying for moments. These moments fed his energies in a way that we cannot imagine today. Being a relatively rare animal, surrounded by easily obtainable foodstuffs and common dangers, he appreciated fully the lives and deaths of his friends and relatives. The band was too small to unnerve him with social stress. His life fit into a social pattern in which he took an obvious biological position in relationship to other members of the group. As he grew older, his role shifted enough to be novel or pleasurable yet kept a stability that was gratifying. The dominant protected the weak whenever it was practical. Or possibly there was more idealism than that. The biologically capable individual had a chance to explore his potentialities within the social structure.

Apparently sympathetic hunting magic existed as a ritual for the Cro Magnon. Neanderthal relics still exist -- earth altars over which an animal skin was stretched. (It is interesting that the earliest altars were representations of animals. It is only later that man placed his own image upon the altar so that he might see himself exalter). It is wrong to view this rite of hunting magic as anything approximating religion. There are inherent animal rituals; a father makes faces at his child; children hide and jump out at each other; a grown man sneaks up on his wife and scares and kisses her -- as a wolf does with his bitch. These are natural animal games and rites. They fulfill a shape of training, or act out internalized desires and energies. The rites fill out natural longings, or are concomitant with rearrangements of perceptions and activities that stimulate a ludic sense. It is only speculation

that these Paleolithic altars, punctured with spear-holes, and the wall paintings are sympathetic magic. It is as conceivable that they were a game performed in moments of leisure -- or to recall pleasures of the hunt. The modern religious view is religiomor-
phic. It wishes to attribute religion (developing religion) where such a thing may not have existed.

It is as likely that Cro Magnon WAS a religious being, did conceive of himself and the universe about him as a reality, a dream, a structure he partook in. Keats, the English poet, and a wolf, have no need for institutionalized religion. They seem fully pleased to perceive external and personal being. Atheistic Keats said that life is a vale of soul-making.

The mystic Meister Eckhart held that belief in God might debilitate the religious experience. To know God, his shape, form, color, size, attributes, temperament narrows perceptions. It inhibits clear sight by making rigid structures upon which experience must be hung, or a graph against which all things must be seen.

Biological experience is religious in itself if it can be felt within the world-field in which each creature evolved. But when the endocrine system is exhausted by stress of overpopulation and technology, a brainwashing takes place. The body releases urine, salts -- loses its chemical balance. Life stances and intellectual and intellectual positions are reversed in reaction to the slide of circumstances. We are unable to feel clearly. The individual creature is cut adrift from the surge of which he is a part. He cannot partake in the unique and universal vision.

It is culturally popular, especially since the industrial revolution, to romanticize nature in a kitsch manner -- to look to the Noble Savage, to Tarzan of the Apes. The lives of the extinct or

nearly extinct herd animals might appear to be beatific. One might look to vast blissful seas of saintly bison and caribou, or to angelic flights of passenger pigeons. No doubt the lives of those creatures were extremely satisfying. But there is not the sweetness some remanticize about. They must not be seen anthropomorphically. They are divine (yes) but not human.

After describing the most horrifying blood-sucking and parasitic flies that prey on and encyst the sub-arctic caribou with egg nests that eventually present meat eating larvae, Farley Mowat states:

"I conclude from my own studies, that there comes a time in the life of every deer, if it survives the other perils, when it is so overloaded with parasites that it simply dies of outright starvation though it spends all day eating. All other things being equal, I doubt if a deer can expect to live more than a dozen years before it is so riddled with worms and cysts that death must inevitably ensue. For the record, and for the enlightenment of any reader who may someday be offered a prime roast of caribou, here is a list of the actual parasites I took from one old buck.

In the body muscles there was a concentration of tapeworm cysts that averaged two per cubic inch of meat. No part of the muscle tissues was free from these abhorrent things, and in addition to them, there was a liberal sprinkling of the cysts of nematode worms. The lungs also were very active even after death. I counted and removed 17 nematode worms, most of them over six inches in length. In the liver were tapeworm cysts of two species, some of them the size of a tennis ball. The

intestines yielded one adult tapeworm of great length and antiquity, and even in the heart muscles I found six tapeworm cysts. Of minor parasites, there were 190 warble-fly larvae under the hide and about 75 bott-fly larvae cosily ensconced within the throat and nasal passages.

Now this particular deer was no exception. It was simply old and therefore heavily parasitized. But all deer which I have examined except fawns and some yearlings, have yielded a corresponding count of parasites in degrees of intensity varying with the beast's age."

Even in the parasitized herds the caribou lead self-meaningful and self-satisfying lives though they are a miniature life system -- and at the foot of the food chain for the parasites they host.

As a rarer animal, man did not have the numerous parasites that accompany him in more modern times -- or the diseases and parasites acquired from his domesticated animal. In man's days in the periods between the ice sheets, in his small groups, there was a conscious and unconscious eradication of the parasitized and the weak and those with the least intelligences. Man is not a herding ungulate but an especially, complexly conscious animal. Man is horrified by the parasite life-systems of herding animals. When man becomes a herding animal by virtue of overpopulation he becomes prey to cancer, poisonous exhaust fumes, immanent starvation, mutating virus diseases, massive genetic debilitation, foul waters, overpopulation madneses AND all this just as he begins to free himself, with technological medicine, from the diseases that he has become victim of in the latest tens of thousands of years.

In a somewhat elliptical relationship to this it can be noted that civilization has twisted the celebration of Christmas into a consumer event. The mercantile drives and simultaneously pushes the kitsch, endogogic social structure further away from physiological awareness. The huge cultural potlatch and the golden rule hypocrisy serve the function of turning consciousness away from the intense experience of the winter solstice.

In the longest and blackest night -- the body, after four billion years of evolution, reacts with its meat. It anticipates the death of the generative sun. As the next few nights shorten there is an intense period of relief-anxiety and the potential for joyfulness. It is a time for introspection, sleep, self-awareness. These feelings are too potent for a culture that hides the fact that man is an animal. The Christmas celebration (as possession competition, and time for hypocrisies) creates anxieties, population swirlings, and all manner of fraud to prevent realization of the solar-planetary occurrence taking place. At a time for contemplation, sleep, silence, fear, and then pleasure, men and women are turned to jitterbug automatons by the directives of social expectation. It is a time to purchase unwanted objects, congregate in unnaturally large groups, sing pop Christmas carols, strain the body to the utmost within the cities, and consume quantities of intoxicants from styrofoam cups while smiling at

a (sometimes loathed) compatriot in the event.

It is a substitute for the true solar-biological occurrence. To discover it, one only need remove himself from the city swirl preceding and following the solstice and listen to the voices of his darkness.

From cave homes overlooking the river valleys, Cro Magnon Man was able to view herds of large mammals driven up and down the lowlands by glacial actions. Part of the late Pleistocene ecology, he was able to select the bison, elk, or wild horse of his choice. The men, their families, and the more aggressive youth, could move to the river beds and entrap and attack the slower of the mammals. Perhaps they chose the eldest, or the youngest, or the most weakened and debilitated creatures. Or they might select a prime creature and kill it for sport. They had already invented the trap and cul de sac capture. It was not uncommon to panic herds and run them over cliffs -- in which case there was an abundance of hides, meat, and sinew.

Cro Magnon did not intellectualize himself as superior to his prey. He felt himself in a relationship of being to those creatures. No doubt he felt himself in a relationship with the berries he picked, and the roots, seeds, and tubers that he ate. His position was in direct contact - immediate touch by hand, mouth, and nose - with his food. His food, in the case of mammals, was also his clothing, his tools -- and finally his guardian spirit since it was his source of sustenance and intellectual ruminant. Through this sense of being and relatedness, this simple structure, he could intensely feel starlight, moonlight, and sunlight, on his body and through the rays intuit the physical being of

the universe. Without structured measurement and proportion he conceived an extremely clear picture of reality freed of time and perhaps freed of space. His life might be more ideal than contemporary life in that he could be greatly filled, and in that sense fulfilled, by the gratification of immediate speculations and perceptions.

There were dangers from predators (even the vegetarian and simple cavebear could be violent when suddenly encountered), and from accident and disease, and no aid from scientific medicine. A full life must have begun in earliest infancy when the child is in the most intense process of development. As the child began life he had meaningful visions. As the child learned to see, there was meat to be seen and berries and sky. Learning to organize sound, language must have been of direct and vital urgency. The howl of a wolf was both music and a signal to be understood. Language had little abstraction in it and was of vital import to the young creature. There was little room for error, and to understand created a solid structure.

Cro Magnon was a hunting (and omnivore mammal). If he was not by habit and physiology a carnivore, he opted for the niche in the food chain provided by massive migrations of the large mammal herds. Man can live on meat alone if he has sufficient water. Anything above and beyond flesh was a pleasure in the finding. The summer season of luxury and change of diet was an anticipated pleasure. The coldness and iciness of high winter was dreaded.

Modern man, when he conceives of himself as a creature, believes he is a thing of muscles and organs hung upon an armature of bone. (Not surprisingly, since it is a mechanistic view.) The American Plains Indian perceived himself differently. He viewed himself as a bag to be

filled and emptied -- as the more ancient life forms are a bag of endoderm and exoderm to be filled and emptied in the process of receiving nourishment and ejecting waste. The Indian looked out of the skin bag, or sac, of self and he acted to put within himself that which he desired. He looked out with extreme intelligence into the house of nature he occupied. His structures were often movable -- or could be rebuilt elsewhere with small discomfort. His eyes looking out of the bag were very bright and his movements as he acted to fill himself with pleasure, emotion, perception, and food, were extremely agile. Moving through the forest, or across the plain he did not chop his way but flowed with the contours of the trees, grasses, and earth. Contemporary man bulldozes as he moves.

Cro Magnon man was aware, as was the Plains Indian, of his skeleton and the fact of his muscles hanging upon it. Each day he saw the skeletons of beasts and often enough the skeletons of men. But, he must have felt himself to be looking out upon, and moving through, the necessities of reality. (The driver on the smog thickened L.A. freeway seems to be in a stasis -- as if the moving scenery is pulled past him by machinery.) Cro Magnon man looked out intensively, as if from a sac, through the apertures of his sensorium and built and invented relationships and structures from what he saw and tested. He could move with the contours of reality he occupied and use that topology as a field to find the meat he had learned to feast on. He killed with pleasure and ate without regret. Individualism, though not overspecialization, was to his advantage. Each man or woman would be comprehensive of the extent of the minimal culture, and might develop his, or her, propensities within its limited range. He was a large brained carnivore

looking out at his meat -- and he was successful. As successful as a dolphin. As successful as a sea anemone. He was no different -- he was a living animal creature existing within, being part of, and perceiving the nature of reality through his apertures and touch.

In a search for ideal man I see each person expanding endlessly in perception and intuition, able to become better, or sharper in skill and very few died of old age. It was advantageous to form a group. Man had been, for hundreds of thousands of years, a social animal and had developed social instincts for protection of the young, the infirm, and the females. He did not have humanistic traditions but the necessity of social humanity. It is doubtful that he anthropomorphized his face outward upon the all important surface of nature. Most likely he reacted one-to-one. One creature to another creature -- one man-mammal to another man-mammal; or one man-mammal to one caribou-mammal. He could not afford, in a life of danger and athletic-physical fulfillment, to alter the topology of abundant and very real nature into his own image. Clear sightedness was an urgency of prime requisite. Modern morality would no doubt be amazed by some of his solutions to immediate problems but Cro Magnon reacted intuitively and pragmatically and ecologically for his individual, and group, and genetic success. His success was titanic. He had a million years to carve out success and the biologically developed drives and instincts that aided him to triumph. Until the last ten thousand years he evolved as a rare mammal.

Contemporary science says that it takes a million years to develop a species and that the lifetime of the species is often ten times as long as the developmental time. A million years develops most creatures and their latent and manifest potentialities, and ten million years alters the geophysical and ecological surroundings to the point

that the creature will likely be replaced. The species that is living man fought it out with related species of men -- and there were conceivably many related men. It would seem that the most intelligent and the all around capable species (and perhaps the luckiest) won the battle. Man arose with no related competitor species. Only four other apes inhabit the planet. They are harmless herbivores evolved from types that were not in competition with men.

Traditional science of the early twentieth century, before the frontier science of microbiology developed in the 1950s, saw the animal cell as a container -- a closed system open only to chemical transfers. The cell was seen as an enclosed unit capable of reproducing itself. Now the cell is seen as a complex system that is the center of life, with full complexities of mini-organs, and organelles, and complete and highly complicated molecular life constructs.

The new scientific vision sees life creating itself outward from the molecular level to the macroscopic world of muscles, organs, perceptions of the senses, and animal activities. Till now man has looked into himself to see technically how HE works. The process is in reversal. We look to the sub-microscopic to find how we are created -- how the molecules become structures in a cell, how they coil themselves and move strings of acids carrying messages and directions, then how the cells make the types of meat. At least, and finally, the CREATURE is visible. This is an absolute shift in vision that alters our relationship to the bodies, atoms, and sub-atomic particles in our finger as well as in outer and distant space. Perhaps an event will occur which will alchemize technology and science as we know them.

It must not be thought that the Neolithic revolution of seven thousand years ago was sudden. The domestication of animals and the cultivation of plants and the population explosion concomitant with the revolution was built and structured over many preceding thousands of years. The northward retreat of the last glaciation lowered the rainfall at the southern glacial edge. In the grasslands and gamelands of Europe and Africa there was noticeable human population. The loss of food-stuffs for the indigenous population following the glacial retreat may be one factor leading to agriculture.

It is impossible to know whether man's animal success and generally increasing population tendencies led to the domestication of animals and the husbandry of plants or whether the population bulge was a result of that invention. It would be most reasonable to assume that the two go hand in glove. The specialization of processes leading to the revolution are not separable. BUT SOMETHING HAPPENED.

The large-brained, relatively unspecialized, and individualistic Cro Magnon would not fit well into the protoagrarian culture of the pre-Neolithic. It is advantageous to have directable men, less individualistic, and even less intelligent men in a culture that depends on the sowing and harvesting of grasses and the herding of animals. Man as a roving, independent, hunter is a threat to settled man. Mongol invasions of China show such to be true enough in recent times. The Neolithic presents man domesticating himself. In the process of domesticating animals and cultivating plants he made chemical, and genetic, biological changes in himself. The change is like the alteration of jackal to dog, interbreeding with wolf to

produce modern dog. The independent hunting primate opted for a settled, less aware, more stationary, gut-satisfying life. It is possible that the discovery of cultivation occurred when the large mammal herds that had been food for earlier Cro Magnon migrated northward ahead of the glaciers. Perhaps cultivation of plants was an emergency discovery -- a lucky one for the discoverers. Groups coming into contact with the proto-agriculturists saw immediate advantage in the new invention in the same way that non-technological nations of today view the technological "package" as an advantage. (What these nations see is power, motility, luxury of consumer artifacts, and not the waste and the likely annihilation at the end of the consumer route. Dams are seen, but not the changes in environment caused by the dams. Precious forests are sacrificed for the presence of a paper mill. Meat rich ungulate herds, and their grooming predators, are extinguished for immediate wealth. Cattle and destructive sheep and goats are substituted for the inherent and more complex balance. The new dams pile up, behind their concrete bastions, the rich silts that beforehand drifted to enrich the deltas.)

Genetically rich Cro Magnon man, living on the meat and enzymes of wild beasts and plants, took within himself a complexity of chemicals whose values we are only beginning to discover. They added to his physical and chemico-biological vigor. Soil is depleted by overuse and then produces poor grass and the inferior grass makes enfeebled horses. Perhaps man depletes himself like the soil.

If modern man, to fit an artist's fantasy, can be considered self-domesticated, there are routes to this dimunized state to be considered.

The domestication of an animal is a highly curious process both in the historical occurrence and in the possibilities of chemical happenings that

accompany the more obvious morphological changes.

The capture and gradual domestication of an ungulate species does amazing things to the nervous and glandular condition of its progeny in the process of domestication. A wild animal confined must be in a state of terror, anguish, fear, and stress.

Countless millions of years have gone into the nature of the wild creature. Domestication is a totally different condition than he is biologically predisposed to endure. Surely the creature is altered chemically by this nervous and hyperglandular state. He is finally exhausted and -- as in the case of human brainwashing -- allows and accepts the reverse of his natural physical beliefs.

Acceptance of the new condition, and a greater limitation of food sources, in addition to selectivity of breeding, makes a new specialized creature. Probably the most vigorous of the offspring of the domesticated creature will not survive the unnatural conditions that go against the grain of the species. OR the most vigorous of the species must make the greatest internal adaptation to survive. It is not to the advantage of the men practicing domestication to have the most aggressive or the most intelligent creatures survive.

In domestication of a creature, balances must be arrived at. A domesticated animal must be vigorous enough to work and reproduce but not vigorous enough to be aggressive. Yet the animal must remain aggressive enough to maintain sexual relations. It must be active enough to be moved as a semi-nomadic, or nomadic group moves. High intelligence is not advantageous in a domesticated food creature. (Nor in a domesticated carnivore.) An adapted, less vigorous, less intelligent, more amiable creature is specialized from potentialities in the original stock. There is finally super-selective breeding of an intentional type that

ends with a creature far from the typical individual of the species. Note what can be done with the dog -- chihuahua and Irish wolf hound. The African cattle herds of today are defective because they are not culled by predators and randomly interbreed. The most inferior specimens breed side by side with the more vigorous. It is likely that wild cattle, as do bison, fight for females and this competition acts to select the more aggressive, vigorous, and intelligent of the herd for propagation.

An interesting theory of esthetics contends that Neolithic art is the product of stress -- that it is the result of cultural anxiety, forlornness, and longing. The traceries and intertwined geometrical patterns on a shield are seen to be faces staring out with wide eyes of fear, rage, and anger. The art of the Neolithic resembles nothing so much as the front and rear views of automobiles. The bulging eyes of the headlights and grimace of bumpers contending with the frown or astonished gasp of the grill.

No human creature is able to be in normal waking state in the presence of another human without a conscious or unconscious acknowledgement of the creature-presence of the other. Each man has an invisible bubble of personal, private, territorial space about himself. He can violate this by choice, drawing close to another or to others. Then the bubbles merge, go down, and can even conjoin. The bubble can burst permanently when the man is overwrought by the continual nearness of others -- and the unflagging necessity to cope with his internalized reactions to others of his species. Presumably the bubble can mutate and become another kind of bubble of another shape and manner through accustomization. Look at the rite-line manners of traditional modern Japan.

When the bubble is constantly violated and man loses his sense of individuality -- the uniqueness of his personal perceptions -- and when he too often experiences directly or indirectly the sensations of too many others, the bubbles of all involved in this collusion burst and the individuality of all is weakened. Then the social man is not so much a social animal as he is a mass animal -- a being living in a median condition of perceptions. The individual's geniuses and talents and intelligences become useless in the mass situation.

The "primitive" artist in a crowded Neolithic situation feels himself in a maze. With a knife, or paint, or tattooing needle he makes an image of the lines of stress that his personal uniqueness confronts in the distortions and repressions of the group. All artists make self-portraits. He makes a portrait from this geometry and it reflects back to him his own hidden features of fear or rage.

The more violent of the mass extend their geometrical perceptions out upon the world which is no longer holistically clear to them. The geometric projection of rage, puzzlement, and fear is used to adorn a war shield and the outer universe is attacked. Man begins to conceive of himself as a tool of himself and of others. He moves upon the confusion encircling him. He attacks the soil. He attacks the trees, he attacks other men. He begins to use blood sacrifice (animals-men-war) as a means of heightening through intensity the hope of obliterating the newborn geometry of anguish and confusion.

((Cro Magnon man must have recognized the independent creature-being of the large animals that he killed and ate. He saw them as living equals, companions in the stream of life that surged about him. To kill the creature was good.

It was not good to be killed by another creature. He had an elementary mammal code. It is bad to be empty. Good to be full. Bad to be cold. Good to be warm. He could see that his cousin creatures partook in the same code and were equally alive. He was clearly at the top of a food system involving his cousin creatures. He did not see this placement as superior or inferior but perhaps as luck -- or as a battle he had won with strong opponents. He might have been very conscious of his genetic inheritance.))

Neolithic man raised his cousin creatures about him. The ungulates, dogs, swine, and sheep, grew up close to the family. The young man, or woman, or babe, could see the creature being slaughtered. These persons must have been sharply aware of their cousinship to these creatures and deeply moved by the sacrifice. And certainly aware that these animals were prisoners kept for food sacrifice or labor.

Man had been an independent being, and had evolved as a free creature. The continual presence of domesticated creatures must move against something within the human creature and cause grief. It is hard to imagine that it does not.

The domestication of animals concomitant with the cultivation of plants was the factor that allowed population surge in the Neolithic period. The abundance of food and the need for workers acted together to create a cultural system.

As population surges the members of populations become literally addicted to the presence of numbers of their kind. This has been clearly presented in studies of overpopulation in animal colonies. As the spiral forms, population addiction increases population -- then density of population increases the addiction. At the opening of the Neolithic population swell there was more cultivation and more

expansion of domesticated animal species to support the growth. Among men there began a new breeding. It was a breeding away from individuality and towards a laboring, docile, group-submissive type. The leader, the chieftain type (the pater familias male and the mater familias female) became either outcasts or dictators. In the latter case the furtherance of docile types was to their advantage. (In an age so

obsessed with drugs and addiction to drugs, observations on addiction to population might shed light on the general fears of, and expansion of, narcotics addiction. --Especially at a time when there is so much need for reconstruction, and so little time for narcosis. Drugs might be the extension of an inherent tendency to addictions.

As members of the group felt anguish for the domestic creatures slaughtered to keep the population growing, the stress state of the group increased. Simultaneously the domesticated and cultivated foodstuffs became more effete genetically and biochemically in trace elements and natural glandular and hormonal compounds. The land around the settlement was depleted and livestock was in the process of controlled alteration. The Neolithic consumer began to chemically alter himself. Plants will grow in less than optimum chemical circumstances and less than optimum plants are the result. Less than optimum men combined in an unintentional selective breeding for a directable, socially docile, less individualistic

NEW

type

of

MAN (beginning to

oppose himself to MAMMAL.)

((All things social could flow from this. The next truly major revolution is the post-Renaissance opening of technology, and the most massive population swell.)))

It is an interesting sidelight that intuitions of the youth of the Neolithic -- on observing the plight of domesticated creatures -- have been fulfilled. It is likely that some young man or woman seeing the sacrifice of weakened domestic creatures might have believed themselves to be domesticated creatures to be eaten or sacrificed. A forty year old man is stronger, and more wily or cunning, and more developed intellectually, than a youth of seventeen. --Though the youth is more agile. The FACT is that the youth is more docile, more indoctrinable. Today, warfare uses the domesticated youth as battle meat. The mature males stay at home developing the societal resources.

Youth is not only a caste. Youth is a domesticated fighting animal! And he is not a MAMMAL but a MAN!

II

WHEN A MAN DOES NOT ADMIT HE IS AN ANIMAL, he is less than an animal. The great MAMMAL William Blake has been of enormous importance for the sheer beauty he presents, for the clarity of his vision, and for his example. The example is not obvious and requires that the reader give himself to Blake to experience the invention. The invention might be called a "systemless system". It goes against societal precepts by being outside of society and is based both upon clarity of perceptions (possible through Blake's rejection of the general propaganda) and the intuitive meditative imagination employed, as well as the unique reconstellation of sensory data into new models.

The structure of Blake is so strong that it is an actual artifact, an existent island of clarity, in a culture that would reject Blake as a madman or useless visionary in the self-domesticated society.

Blake is as real today as if he were biologically alive. His works are extensions of himself. ((A contemporary and comparable example is the spiritual moment of Abstract Expressionism in which the painter created transcriptions of arm and brush that are statements, like pawprints of physical being. --Wolfprints!))

In a few decades I have experienced numerous "spiritual moments" -- times that might be minutes or years in duration -- new movements in art that opened my sensorium to new modes of perceptions -- drugs -- and the examples of living men around me as they arose from struggles and triumphed with words or a gesture. Some spiritual moments are openly accepted by traditional society and are accepted into the body of it. In some cases the moments are so strong and attractive, though only to a few, that they force a breach in the world-unified culture and demand an unwilling accommodation.

Blake's works, as the artifacts of most artists, are his body. Clear manifestations come so directly from his physical being that their presence is real and physical. Blake appeared to Allen Ginsberg in a vision. In adolescence I dreamed I was Blake. Blake seemed as real a presence as an automobile.

Some artists and intellectuals harbor a literacy split. This literacy split is best understood by imagining an idealistic young man in a foxhole clutching a flame thrower. In the soldier's back pocket is a copy of Walden by Thoreau. The young man feels untouched "intellectually" and spiritwise by what he is doing because he does it UNWILLINGLY. The book in his back pocket, he believes, represents his feelings. The true body of what he does, he believes, is what he thinks. Yet he is not thinking biologically. There is the literacy split between what he imagines he thinks, and what his body does. He might later become an advertising executive with a copy of Homer in his coat pocket. It is easy to rationalize the literacy split. It is pointed out clearly by contemporary critics. The writers who make the observation are in turn carried in the pockets of those who rebel against the social structure only in their imaginations.

Finding a SOLUTION is a pleasant transitory biological sensation. Reason would assert that there are solutions to only very limited problems. The literacy split represents a self-condolence for internalization of desired acts or gestures. It is a kind of kitsch. There is something too sweet and too easy about a solution. Solutions generally are reaffirmations of someone's predisposed beliefs. They are not vigorous

biologically. "Solution" relates directly to an ensnaring society with technological answers to mechanistic questions. Solution has somewhat the implication that the body is a machine to find an answer -- and NOT to fill out an animal's natural possibilities.

It is gratifying to find a solution. Euphoric. Possibly narcotic. With the downfall of the solution another solution is sought to avoid the depression, etc. Religion, technology, warfare, peace, plenty, progress, are solutions as well as abstractions and evangelisms.

Blake withdrew as fully and wholly as he could do and persevere in his natural labors. He contributed minimally to society, defied it often, refused to be put into a niche by it. Blake was as extrasocial as his reason allowed. He took what he could use, as a hunter, and rejected -- or struggled against -- what was offensive to him. There is not a literacy split in Blake but the revolt of one man. He was not a revolutionary but a man in revolt. Revolution has come to be a sentimental term. Revolution is considered a solution. A creature in revolt can reasonably conceive that there is NO solution and that there will be unending construction and destruction. Revolution implies that a great surge of (pleasing) energy will create a new world, a new society.

REVOLT contrariwise perceives the continuance of action and energy from many and multiple sources. Revolt perceives that life is a flow and must be constantly dealt with -- and that there must be constant experience. To cease experience, or to

imagine utopian bliss, is like the imaginings of nirvana -- interesting but not for long. --And unless challenging to the creature of meat -- ultimately dulling and stupefying. All activity must be based upon mammalness and come from biological centers.

The creature must be maintained internally or there can be no revolt. Revolution looks to the outside for answers. Revolution, as opposed to revolt, has aspects of the literacy split about it. Confucius, Christ, Buddha, and Socrates, point out that a man must first set himself at order, and then his home, then his neighborhood, then his city. Blake revolted with his being and maintained himself as a visionary mammal as best he might in his circumstances. His creature pride and his vision in works of poetry and painting survive as a part of his body. He found NO solutions. Not for himself or anyone. Revolution and solution are co-opted to sell detergents. REVOLT IS A BIOLOGICAL PROCESS.

MAN IS NOT AN ISOMER OF MAMMAL -- he is precisely a mammal. The route to this awareness is necessarily biological. Poetry is biological. Goethe said, "You can expect me to be sincere but not impartial". Whitehead speaks of the limitations of impartial science.

In his early childhood Blake wrote one of the perfect lyrics:

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,
And tasted all the Summer's pride,
Till I the prince of love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He shew'd me lillies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

This song, The Songs of Innocence and Experience, and the early prophetic work The Marriage of Heaven and Hell are prophetic and do tell us, now, what the end of the last century and the opening of this one labored to produce in mythologies of psychology. (Ego, Id, Oedipalism, Anima, replace the fairyfolk of the country in the confines of the city. Trolls, brownies, leprecauns, pookahs, cluricauns, doff their country costumes for the abstractions of new folklore.)

In the later works Milton and Jerusalem, Blake amplifies, destroys, recants, reconstructs, and adds to the body of his early lyric verse. He turns the senses loose to create new congeries of construct and structure. The structure of the body of work never settles but denies itself and then recreates as the body of perceptions amplifies and accrues news and intuitions of the universe.

Nobodaddy (Blake's negative name for the Jehovic Central Source) becomes polytheized. Each sense and perception becomes a source, and (projectively) a being in itself. The system is a systemless system. It is always motile and changing and seldom spares the main thrust of energy for self-comment. (Self-comment is there as the overlapping of perceptions.) Therefore, in itself, it seems to be growing and alive -- as say a roseplant is alive -- its movement is its sensorium. Its growth and expansion is sensory

statement. And only now are we beginning to discover the fields, auras, and senses of our plant cousins in the creature world. Revolt, expansion, motility, are essential to vigor.

It is one thing to perceive the unity of the universe, and another construct entirely to project man's face upon the perception. Herd-man has forgotten, as part of a mass, that he is an animal, a mammal, an individual creature, makes an image of himself upon all things. Herd-man loses sight of the polytheism of his being -- that he is a congress of the multiple senses, organs, visions, and constellations of experience.

It is an entirely natural capability (among many capabilities) that when man becomes sufficiently socialized he will conceive of a single Central Source and call it God. --And another capability is that when he becomes "further enlightened" he calls the Central Source the State or Society. (Possibly this follows the degree of socialization allowed by the discovery of God-Central-Source. (The word socialized means encapsuled by Society.)

In Hellenic Greece it was wholly normal to go to a hilltop of Aphrodite on an affair of love, to the temple of Poseidon on another acropolis on an affair of business, and to another temple to make a sacrifice to Zeus or Apollo. The view of God as the universe was still polysensory and still separated into an organic system. The gods made the ethos and the actuality of the universe but they were represented on separate and various outcroppings -- as touch and sight are separate (to say nothing of the inner organs of sense that tell of the doings of the mesentary as they send their messages to non-verbal nervous structures -- or the glands -- or the organs). The Age of Greece is wistfully looked back on for its poetry of the senses and its congress of mythology which

makes sense to so many. Many perceive that it is an appeal to the body -- but not why. The body is behind all poetry, vision, and contact with reality. Perhaps Poseidon could even be seen, in moments of vision, as the living beating sea crashing against the cliffs, with the grooming of crustaceans, herds of doe-eyed seals, and the birds dipping wing in the surf. Ships rowing and sailing across the sea might be seen as direct extensions of mammal man -- in full beauty and regalia -- seeking trade, or murder, or exploitation, or sexual fulfillment -- feral and bright in directness of motive.

At the same time the foundations of humanism were being laid in the polises.

From the East came streaming revolutionary mystery cults, via Egypt, from old centers of population and social density. The cults were anti-societal -- they pointed to man's new rebirth in a smaller community of the enlightened. They were evangelistic and battled it out to the final evangelizing Christian cult. The mystery becomes orthodox and exoteric -- the servant of culture and the general society that it first challenged and finally helped fashion. Agnosia was forgotten. The mystery was dropped and the metaphysical humanism dominated. It is a great cruelty.

It is a great cruelty, and a biological ignominy, to domesticate a man and to enslave him away from biological multiplicities. Students participating in the student/police/university riots, tell of the great pleasure, satisfaction, and physical thrill of the events. Some will tell that they felt meaning and purpose for the first time. If they are politically indoctrinated they defend the riots humanistically or politically. If they are not propagandized in that direction they will speak of the thrill of the event. They do not make "reasonable"

defenses of the riots and have no interest in such, past a cursory defense. It is the sensation of the biological beings (within the person) acting in concert in time of stress that is the meaningful event. It is the discovery of a momentary frontier against which to hurl one's self, -- or against which to throw words as strong as gestures and actions that enlivens one. The riot is a challenge that allows new openings for glandular, organic, harmonic, intellectual energies. It is a spiritual moment -- and a blow against the domestication of the ideas and bodies of the participants. The smell of a nearby teargas cannister whets the eyes and nose with a new sensation. A blow on the head can be enjoyed. It is a step above cops and robbers because one side makes shifting game rules and yet the university and police (as society) remain fossilized and less able to conjure new rules. The body in motion feels the aura of the rainbow beyond the cruelty and ignominy of drab dailiness.

The intelligences of the best who have negated the colleges and dropped away to explorative lifestyles and modes are attracted to the areas of discontent. They join with, and stir, the college rebels. It is all to feel, and to BE! It is the revolts of conjoined individuals, those challenged by their societally blunted perceptions plus the evangelists injected from areas of political discontent. Simultaneous with the riots is greater and greater awareness of holocaust, stress, starvation, and pollution.

The intrusion of the white race into Asia is not only an Eisenhowerian inheritance from French military politicoes, it is a race war. It is a biological war for exploitation of the "white" sensation as much as for expansion of the technological economy. It is a war projection of the (white) anthropomorphized Central Source onto a weaker

prey. We are instructed that it is to save the "valliant" people of Vietnam -- the "dinks" and "gooks" as our fighting boys know them. The death of more than a half million civilians shows excellently our love, respect, honor, and admiration for them. One is reminded of hunting on the iceflows and tundras by airplane with a machinegun. The planetary war is all one war. One biocidal, anti-life pogrom caused by the need for man to eradicate the knowledge that he has ever been an animal, or like an Asian villager. It is a peculiar insecurity!!

Politics, flying varied banners masked as humanisms, battles it out on the planetary field forgetful that the earth is the largest touchable section and manifestation of a living universe. When Percy Shelley speaks of humane -- he also links harmonious as an idealistic insight of great value.

Not that it is the nature of life to be humanly harmonious -- but to expand and surge in a systemless system.

It is incredible to imagine joblessness or a welfare state when the earth must be replanted.

A man's banners should not be construed to represent the man-creature. Buddhism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Anarchism, Republicanism, Democracy, New Left, Old Left, Capitalism, Communism, are not congenital, not genetic, but are opportunities offered by society. These choices can be weighed, heavy or light, on a scale of idealistic humanism. They do not go a whit beyond that possibility. It is one united possibility that all the cultural confluences have joined in to form the present world state. No ism leads out from this state. Society is hypnotized by solutionism. A human Messiah is looked to for the representation of the

Central Source. The leader is to bring the clarification of the logos. He will lead to the new Jerusalem, or the new Bagdad, or Neo-Florence, or Cathay, or Athens. Chairman Mao sees the Chinese people as a tabula rasa, a white sheet upon which anything may be written, and the cultural revolutions are to destroy cultural humanism and prepare the ground for Marxian nuevo-humanism. But Mao's thought is not biological -- no more than that of Johnson, Nixon, or the family Kennedy.

Society presents the graph upon which all men are measured by other men. Each man makes his personal graph as a variant of the larger societal socialized graph. He then judges with that graph. The graph is composed of societal predispositions of caste, wealth, health -- relegated to the background is the inherent biological temperament. A man is a Republican because his parents were, or were not, and because of the opportunities, chances, events, and random shufflings that society allows as his field of experience. Men with the greatest intelligences, who might commune most well together in viewing the overall plight, are kept separate by societal planes, isms, shufflings and the slotted possibilities into which they are socially born. It is difficult to purposefully and extra-societally allow the capabilities of biological intelligences to be drawn together. The best and most healthful and intelligent men cling by habit strongly to their isms, and their changing of isms, in hopes for solution, for answer, for progress, for utopia, for rebirth.

The yogin seeks awareness of the universe through meditation. He fixates upon object or selected pattern till the constellative intellectual processes become blank. Then the true vision of reality, mukti, will perform itself upon

the processes of the sensorium. This is done through infinite attention to study, regimen, concentration, and combinations or multiples of these and other techniques.

A valuable discovery was made by the Indonesian mystic Pak Subu. (Note that he comes from an area of great population stress and density.) His discovery, when freed of the trappings of prayer and evangelism, is that in giving (almost) free rein to the natural muscular and organic processes of the body, the body becomes filled with sensation of itself and achieves a nearly transcendental state. During the Subud ceremony the body is allowed to act-out from the muscles and organs as unconsciously as possible. The vocal organs act spontaneously, and often rhythmically, and are freed of the censorship of the mind by the social reinforcement of others who participate and do likewise participating nearly mindlessly. Beyond doubt the stress of the culture in the area of population density gave birth to this cult as much as did a vision. --The need to be free.

The tentative youth movements of street-fucking and nudity can be easily seen as a grasping at the recovery of biological privileges rejected by the culture. They are not barbarisms but mammalian activity. Marcuse has noted the destruction of guilt through the cruelty of the new wars. To accept these wars via the media, or on the battlefield, means abrogation of traditional humanism, and moral and social creature-feeling. Along with the evaporation of guilt, Marcuse suggests it is only natural that sexual expansion appears. He wonders if this is sexual liberation or a socialized sexual liberation.

It is possible that man in the past may have made love openly in front of babes and youth of the species. Conceivably it is a part of a learning or imprinting process. There can be seen today the apparent sexual confusions that go with population stress -- strict monomaniacal heterosexuality, extreme sexual differentiation, rampant homosexuality, confusions of female and male roles.

There are three clear ways of emptying the sensory system. One means is the practice of yoga -- to willfully, studiously, and methodically train the body and mind to focus on blankness. Another way the Hindus discovered to reach this state was through the practice of Boga. Those members of society who could not practice Yoga, or who were classwise, or obligation-wise unable to follow the first path, sometimes opted for the second path. Boga was a celebration of emptiness of the senses which was achieved by surfeit of the senses. Those following the path of Boga met and filled themselves with meat (forbidden), parched grain (forbidden), wine, and group sexuality. Trying to find nirvanic bliss, one caught through overfullness a view beyond the world veil of Maya. The senses were whited-out by fulfillment. Boga was performed as a blissful religious act. One can study the erotic temple sculptures of Konarak for example of Bogic principles.

The third method of clearing the senses, cannot only be seen in the Subud cult, but to some extent in trance dancing, dervishism, and perhaps in the dancing of Hassidists.

One might try an experiment. In privacy allow the muscles of the body to do anything they please, to twist and turn as a baby does on a rug in the sunlight. The eyes are closed and the vocal apparatus begins to respond to the pleasure of the societally forbidden postures of the body. (--As one groans automatically under the hands of a

masseur.) The eyes are closed or squinted, and there is little or no visual stimulation. At first it is difficult to freely writhe, twist, groan, cry, sing, chant, kick, twist, moan, weep, or laugh purposelessly. Eventually, and after practice, after a number of trials a mindless purely biological state is found. Then it becomes easier to find the state and one may remain in that state for longer and longer periods of time.

If one develops the capacity for this state and is able to stay there for thirty minutes or an hour, he finds on recovering his societal person that he is in a nearly euphoric state -- a tone or condition that can be called a high -- and is even similar in some ways to a marijuana high. The senses see the brightness and aura and color of objects about them and there is a feeling of physiological well being. The experimenter will have been in a place where he, or she, was flying no banners but was a mammal -- an organism -- the universe experiencing itself.

This biological event goes back to the neuron screen upon which our conscious senses register. The screen has been so filled with spontaneous and automatic cries, conjoined with the ceaseless unpremeditated movements of the body that there is no spot for the registration of smyabolic associations, anxieties, longings, aspirations, hopes, daydreams, or anything but the body itself and its cries, groans, or gestures. The system feeds back only the direct experience of the body itself AS THE UNIVERSE. It is a move through the veil -- perhaps not through the veil of Maya but certainly that of the milieu. A simpler experiment is to go to the top of a hill in a lonely place and shout, scream, or laugh, continuously and non-stop for a few minutes. It will be quickly understood that it is impossible

to scream and think (except in special conditions) at the same time. Probably one will feel invigorated by the experience. To feel the body as the universe of life and the universe of matter simultaneously is nearly, or possibly, transcendental. Emptying the mind is a whitening-out through feedback. It is restful and seems sane.

A young person in a room turns on the phono or tapes as high as they will play to reinforce his privacy. He fills his auditory sense to the verge of overload to keep out unwanted social demands and thoughts for a moment of self-communion. The extraordinary decibel range of 60s popular music is a means of enforcing the individual's privacy in a group. The dancing that accompanies the listening is a free, somewhat spontaneous, rhythmic moving of the body's limbs -- and in the dance the internal organs are shifted and stimulated. It is a personal frontier of privacy. At the same time in a crowded situation the action of the dance tends to communalize the group, as we are told that mass media communalizes (as well as propagandizes) the planetary surface. The individual's space bubble withdraws or goes down. Perhaps necessarily it is a thing for the youth to learn. They automatically begin bio-adjusting themselves to the crowding that they can feel in the coming thirty years. Perhaps even deafness will be a biological advantage. Communes or phalansteries insure a state of inner privacy through social overload of the senses, and bring about the end of biological privacy that shows a traditional external individuality.

MAN-MAMMAL'S five traditional senses are SIGHT, SOUND, TASTE, TOUCH, and SMELL. These are the five senses about which it is most easy to symbolize or verbalize in daily life structures. Other senses of affective perception or interior kinesthetic awareness are either too easy to summarize in statement, or too elusive, or too momentary, for normal discussion -- they are often felt in dreams -- the sensation of flight, falling, and expansion and contraction of the body in hypnagogic moments. Strange body sensations are most often acknowledged by the congress of ourselves in special moments of sleep, and the time preceding sleep, in illness, fever, extreme cold and fasting.

If a circle chart of the five senses is cut into wedges to represent the consciously weighted values of the senses, the following will result. There will be small slivers to represent smell, and taste, and touch, and a slightly larger wedge to represent the auditory sense. The remaining section of the circle graph, seventy or eighty percent, will be seen to represent SIGHT.

The poet Arthur Rimbaud asserted his intention to become a visionary through an arranged derangement of the senses. His method was utilization of all extremes available to him. He practiced sexual extremes, indulged in intoxication, narcosis, and practiced deliberate hallucination by concentration, abandonment of his social sexual role, travel, hunger, meditation. Conceiving of himself as a keyboard of meat he looked for the strange butterflies of his being to fly randomly through a new latticework. He sought for this through manipulation of himself as a meat creature. His success is evident.

Rimbaud, the maudit and voyant of the

nineteenth century seems strangely modern, almost normal. He created his derangement -- we live in ours.

It is possible to drive through an overcrowded city in a gasoline powered vehicle, with sensory balance partly altered by carbon monoxide, and hydrocarbon toxosis. One may simultaneously loudly play music, or daily news, or sports events (or imaginary computerized matches between boxers of two eras) at a high decibel volume. At the same time, the occupants of the vehicle may be high on a legal prescriptive drug such as a tranquilizer. (Which may very well function by clearing out the associative edges of the brain's image system.) At the same time the person in the moving car may be high on alcohol and marijuana -- or both. An occupant of this car might be making love, either intensively or experimentally, with another person in the car. There might be as many as five or seven persons in the car -- and the concomitant stress state. There may also be a conversation of social import going on. There is the background of the auto's engine registering as vibration on and within the body. Above and beyond this, the occupants of the car, while conversing, breathing gasses, toxified, narcotized, perhaps making love, may look out on a rapidly changing and passing landscape of concrete, machines, and masses of the human species -- each of which elicits a definite biological response, either consciously or unconsciously, from the viewer.

In this not atypical drive, the traditional input ratio of sense modalities is considerably altered. The individual becomes like a schizophrenic scholar studying multiple projections of the stained glass windows at the Cathedral of Chartres projected onto the detail

work of a Shang Dynasty Chinese bronze. The odors of the occupants of the car are accepted almost subliminally and the occupant reacts to the other occupants as he senses their euphoria, lust, fear, pleasure, insecurity, aggression, or the multiples and combinations of these.

As the traditional sensorium is fragmentized in the experience, the individual tends to become selves of himself. Each self studies, loves, fears, measures, the other apparent selves in the congress of selves -- and the multiple confusion. Yet it is unlikely that these selves break into biogenetic relationships. They end in a most uncanny, precipitous balance. The psychosis of the city is like this microcosmic state. Our consumer psychosis is an appended and related function. Concept of cause and effect is relatively meaningless in complex situations. How many scholars can dance on the head of a pin?

Social home and labor situations are as complex in less obvious ways. The individual in control of his personal interior emotions -- as opposed to the person who is under the direction of his social emotions -- rapidly feels the glut and nausea of experience. The literary heroes of yesterday told us of the cult of experience, and to live in the NOW. It has become the popular folklore of today. Rimbaud, were he not a private being, is nearly an orthodox saint.

The glut of unwholesome foods at banquets and celebrations also begins to cause nausea in the intellectual man. The tracery upon tracery pattern of manufactured objects and the swiftly changing socially manipulated situations -- all disposable and replaceable by other objects and situations -- can become as unbearable as Rimbaud's program became for him. Rimbaud ended as an hermetic explorer in North Africa with a desire to be a scientist and have a son to follow him in the

frontier of the future. We are hungry for motility and grasp at any novelty or event that we can internalize as a sense of pleasure. We accept the jitterbuggery of the social jukebox and become alienated and predictable automatons. Psychiatry and sensation therapies reinforce social values and not the mammal values that we have accrued in a million years. As part of the system, medicine is pro-system, and is not for health but attunement to social structures.

HAIL

SAINT

RIMBAUD!

Rimbaud's biological cult of person is socialized -- woven into the net of violent and complacent society.

INTELLECTIVE IS NOT THE EQUIVALENT OF INTELLECTUAL. Assuming equivalence of these two terms causes confusion. An intellectual derives a large body of the experience he deals with in conversation or personal expression from the media. Traditionally the intellectual draws information from books -- now any media, or combination of them, may furnish the fundament for an intellectual. Also, traditionally the intellectual is a critic of life via the humanistic media with which he is acquainted. It is fashionable to be anti-intellectual in this period as it is fashionable to be anti-liberal. The snobbery of the social Right and the social Left and the inferiority feelings of herd-man conjoin to damn the intellectual. He is outmoded and ivory-towered we are informed. Surely any depth of thought that may lead to fresh insights or perceptions is the only thing that matters however. The sources of such insights are irrelevant. A perception is a shape in itself and a part of physiological being. Bigotry regarding the origin of a perception is lumpen-ness. There are many intelligences in every man. Intellectualism is one of many

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frameworks for the intelligences.

Intellectivity is different from intellectualism in that intellectivity is a direct meat process. A swimmer, athlete, factory worker, professor, child, man, woman, communist, capitalist, or a Mohammedan may make direct physiological, sensorial, intuitive observations on the processes of himself, society and nature. These insights are directly and immediately a part of the spirit-meat growth of the individual -- as much as insights are a physical part of the body of knowledge of a salmon, a euglena, or a bear.

As a wolf comes to discover the nature of traps and escapes and the establishment of territories -- so does any mammal including man. --As did Mozart. Intellectivity comes from the needs at the center of being, the needs of muscles, neuron processes, organs, instinctual inheritances. Each creature is a giant biological molecule establishing itself. The intellectual processes however much they fill the intellectual biological needs are social in their demonstration. Man has given himself two emotional constructs: the social emotions and the private emotions. The emotions themselves are physical, chemical, hormonal. But men become trained to satisfy the mass rather than the individual. Man comes to receive his pleasure through his relationships.

The encouragement of intellectivity is urgent to development and functioning of the individual's intelligences. As a babe and a youth, man expands and grows physically, the frontiers of his personal possibilities open within him. When these possibilities are ruthlessly closed up by partially automated members of the pre-existent structure, it is apparent that the closing is more needful to the maintenance of the society than to the blossoming of the man.

The clerk, a man in late middle age, at the parts counter in a large motorcycle firm begins to tell my friend and me about aerodynamics. My friend asked the clerk about windscreens on motorcycles and the relative values and use of the windguards. The clerk's eyes brighten behind his glasses, he takes pen in hand. On a sheet of scrap paper he begins to make diagrams regarding airflow over molded surfaces. My friend and I are interested. After a few diagrams and a good beginning the clerk STOPS, hesitates, apologizes, becomes gray again. He will not begin again. I see this as the degradation of his intellectual and intellective processes. In part his reasonings are: "I am a working man -- a working stiff -- I am valued by my hourly wage and my social relations with those who are dependent on my hourly wage -- or who relate to me in some way via my wage. To admit that I have the capacity for intelligent discussion of an abstruse subject is grievous to my pride. If I have intelligence, then I would not be occupying a lowly post in the complex of the motorcycle industry. My hourly wage, thanks to the organization of my union, is not trifling. If I extend myself and demonstrate intelligence, then I might face the reality of the conditions that encapsule me." Silence. Withdrawal. Abrogation.

The Greeks at the time of Socrates and Aristophanes, still recognizing the polytheistic nature of the traditional senses, had an important motto.

Ariston metron means roughly, moderation is highest. In the works of the Greek intellectives, we find they treasured drunkenness, songs, libations to the gods, the game of spitting wine into a bucket, meditation, commerce, warfare, athletics, travel, brilliance of conversation,

extremes of sexuality and sensuality. In a short space of time a man might partake in any or all of these relative extremes. The Greek intellectual conceived of moderation as a formation, or personal structure, arrived at by the discovery and assertion of what modern mores designate as extremes. When a man went to those extremes he found the outridings of possibilities and HE WAS MODERATION -- the creature formed within the field of his experience. The Chou or Shang Dynasties in pre-modern China might be seen as another period of extremes, with ancestor and tiger and owl cults, divination, drunkenness and drinking songs, the need for strong tribalisms, mercantile and territorial wars, silks, sensualities, blood rites, love songs -- a vigorous and culturally successful society. Insights into it may be gained in the I Ching, The Book of Songs, and the writings of Mencius, and statements of Confucius, and in the works of the Taoist thinkers. Apparently the successful man created his moderation -- and yet cherished the notion of moderation. Moderation seems to be a projection of the interior creature.

Today a man is born into a rigid framework that is called moderation. From his inception he is told, and made cognizant of by example, the possibilities of moderation. Moderation is a BOX with rigid rules. Moderation comes from outside NOT from the inside. --It is clearly apparent that the Chou Dynasty and Greece both had insistent, inescapable limitations. But the limitations, for the privileged, went by quantitatively different rules.

Aristophanes opened his play Peace with slaves rolling balls of shit in their hands and tossing them over a barricade to a giant dung beetle. He presented lord and servant shitting in their pants, and showed dainty, grasping, gluttonous

presentations of the gods (that seem most healthful). This does not fall into the realm of opportunistic or psychological theater. The intelligences of socio-psychological Ibsen are sorely limited by the possibilities of his art. Strindberg's work is the beautiful but nearly feeble revolution of an intensely brilliant man -- a man socially tortured by the extremes of his daily life -- a man who is found to be mad by "social" analysis. Artaud states that Van Gogh was "suicided" by society. Suicided means induced to self-murder.

Today moderation means enclosure rather than possibility of discovery. It is NOT an explorative possibility for the inner being -- it is an exterior manipulation of the social environment and circumstances. Breaks of moderation are slotted into the societal graph. Wars and adventures are for the benefit of the abstracted manipulators of wealth and privilege. These are not biological adventures but needless, unwanted duties. To travel at thirty-thousand feet above sea level at many hundreds of miles per hour is debilitating and humiliating. The destined goal is another boredom twisted into a reminiscent topology. The concrete freeways of the drab East Coast are made of aggregates from different river bottoms than the freeways of L.A. but they appear the same. The smog and human grayness are the same. The intellectual malnutrition is identical.

Contemporary presentations of Greek drams are vapid, intellectual faggotry, and not a shadow's shadow of the super-mythic, super-horrors of cathartic mythos invented by a tribe in jeopardy and in the throes of confrontation with wealth, plague, and immanent population density. The dramas are presented as vapid texts and not dance, music, song, and the bright mechanisms of the mise en scene. Shakespeare is presented as

psychological divertisement and not as the adventure of the body-physical, and blood-line, and reality of intuitive history, or unnaturally natural comedies. Art is a way of experiencing the extremes of human capability and accepting them into the internalizing sensorium. It is not possible that the consumer advertising media of TV can present the reality of the human body in its three D meat. It has opted for kitsch of consumer psychosis masked as entertainment. It is easy to mistake the limited but faintly novel manipulation of images on the TV screen, and concomitantly those on the human neuron screen, for pleasure. The "pleasure" here is the internalization of motility by movements of images, and not movements of the intellectual body or the intellect. It can easily be interpreted as pain. The result of TV is exhaustion -- which implies stress and pain (or pleasure-pain).

The result of practiced meditation, or intellectual surge, is an increase of vigor, a sense of self, and awareness of the multiplicities in which the individual dwells, and among which he revolts, breathes, laughs, weeps, or surrenders.

The Taoists took advantage of the (biologically inherent) precedence of immediate outside experience over internalized experience. Their goal was to fasten intellectivity on external sensory reality -- THEN to dimunize the stimuli activity to the minimum. THEN hopefully those stimuli would appear in large simple principles conjoining in the Tao or overall principle. They looked at the external reality as Maya in itself -- perceivable and palpable -- and discovered the possibility of its transparency. After transparency it is seen as a single aura, vibration, thing, or nothingness. That is a believable extreme of approach.

In the Tate Gallery in London hangs Blake's watercolor of Beatrice addressing Dante from the chariot. The chariot wheels are made of swirling creatures. Above the chariot are the alchemized signs of the four gospel men: Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John. The chariot is drawn by monumental griffons. It is Dante's scene but Blake's constellative perception frames itself against a scene from Purgatorio. Blake's imagination is nearly free. He allows the imagination to be as complex, and as colored, and as firmly lined as it will become in its own terms -- AND HE LETS IT EXPAND until it forms a system for the illustration. He does not direct himself into a system, but he lets one expand, one image after another until it structures a system. It is a system that is never fixed. It keeps moving, the watercolor invents its own rules -- obviously it breaks with Dante's vision. It becomes both illustration of Dante and a unique work that fits into Blake's expansively gyring being.

The Divine Comedy, in itself, might be seen with a similar viewpoint. The Inferno is interesting for its scenes of sensual horror, pathos, sympathy, all conjoined in intellectual adventure. Purgatorio is more satisfying -- the sensorium of Inferno has begun to constellate more imaginative and apparently more real creatures and beings, and differences within a monodic landscape are given more complexity. The stairs become living movies (as well might the stairways of the near future, as the walls that surround us are mutilated with unmoving horrors of mercantilism). In Paradiso the eco-complexity becomes so intense with throngs and multitudes of the Divine that it whites-out into the feedback of an "ultimate" vision. Mark Twain's Captain Stormfield's Journey To Heaven is an excellent comic adventure story containing a vision of an immediately

threatening utopia of body to body to body.

Milton's Satan in Hell
is reminscent of NOW.
Crowded fallen angel
to fallen angel.
Would a sensitive man
of Periclean Greece
taken up from time and
placed in the N.Y.C.
garment center at rush
hour, or in Peking, or
Tokyo, or London,
imagine himself in
Hell? Or might he
fall dead of stress
impact as some deer
do at the sound of a
rifle shot?

It seems that meat is thought. Meat is intel-
lective. Neuron cells -- as are any cells -- are
meat. And, at least metaphorically, they mime the
functions of all other meat that expands while there
is an energy source existent -- forming a great
being that beats and feeds upon itself. As a
holistic animal man unconsciously mimes the
simplistic obviousness of the process of being.
Yet he gives service to a structure more and more
cruel and does not realize the multitude of options
open to any life or lives. He closes the box about
him and topologizes complexities of maze upon maze
within the confines of the box or graph.

THE BODY IS A FAIRYLAND -- or more correctly,
is congeries of FAIRYLANDS and ELFLANDS. The
invention of the electron microscope has made
possible viewing of the micro-detail of cellular
infrastructure, and Xray diffraction techniques
have enabled men-creatures to view the molecular
structure of parts of the cell. With mild

enlargement (sixty magnifications) of the surface of the tongue, the tastebuds can be seen as a garden of individual beings serving to taste and to guide the macro-being. A skin pore magnified several thousands of times is seen as a naturally irregular meat cave not a smooth glabrous mimic of a machine. The pores are inhabited by bacteria natural to the ecology of the skin.

Under electron magnification the sleek (to the tongue) surface of the teeth is seen to be a multiplicity of fairy caverns. The structure of bone is an airy pixie lattice resembling the most fantastic constructions of calcareous sea creatures. The surface of the hand resembles an arid deltic plain. The hair is a forest. Under further magnification the surface of the hair is scaled and overlapped protein bark. The saucer-shaped red cell can be seen as an entity -- trillions of them can be seen in the activity of carrying oxygen and returning with CO₂. The phagocytes can be seen as lovely shapefully shapechanging creatures extruding themselves to ingest harmful bacteria. Under intense magnification of the electron instrument the coiled genes of bacteria are visible. It can be presumed that Science is as erroneous in many of its assumptions, as is any religion, but no religion is needed in an expanded view of the BEING of life. We can see more and more of the Messiah as we press ourselves against, as we are part of, and as we intuit with extensions of ourselves new interior landscapes. Intellectivity has a ground-work, shaky or not, for further and further imagination.

The radiotelescopes, and sensory devices placed, and to be placed, on satellites tell us undreamed information about macro-objectivity. We discover that the stars seem to be present in galaxies in a ratio equivalent to the density of molecules in a thin gas. Contrariwise the billions of galaxies appear to be related to each other in a density

comparable to molecules in a liquid.

It is as ridiculous to buy the bag of molecules, electrons, protons, atoms, etc., as it would be to hold firm belief in the diagrams and symbols of the Gnostic philosophers. Yet as all open systems seem to work for a vantage, the sensory devices of the new sciences give groundwork for greater and greater imagination. It can be hoped that if mammal-man allows the expansion of new sensory sciences, that the sciences will supersede themselves and become a new, real, truer, alchemy. If man looks to these sciences as a mammal, and as one cousin in a life surge, and if he sees himself as the representation of a high degree of complexity in a universe that is a being-and-messiah experiencing himself, he will find that his most biologically idealistic concepts are true and that they will expand themselves in a systemless system. Perhaps finally he will discover many of the possibilities latent within BEING and within his being.

These new discoveries of science are useless and meaningless in the intellectual life of societal-existential man. He feels neither the immediate pleasures that he is open to, for the most pleasurable are forbidden, nor does he feel the new sensory expansion. This is because his training is anti-biological. Rather than awareness that he is spiritually proportionless, as is any extrusion, or facet, or scintilla of being, MAN is aware of his immediately possible extinction. The net of chemical-biological-atomic weaponry constantly surrounds man. The bombers fly to Asia or elsewhere like metal pollen from a machine society.

Some of the most intelligent adopt the viewpoint that man is like a culture of bacteria. They draw attention to the resemblance of city spires and topology to bacterial colonies. Given limited nutriments the bacteria expand till they poison

themselves with their wastes. The colony becomes extinct. It is probably true that men in the mass of society are as mindless, and meaningful, or meaningless, as a single bacterium extinguishing itself. BUT it is not a manifest destiny of a mammal to be like bacteria. It is even conceivable that we, or our genus, (as the butterflies are the fruiting body of their egg-caterpillar-flying plasm) are the springing body of this planet -- the tinkertoy rocketry of aerospace programs might be proto-spores in the evolution.

It does not seem likely that either man, or the planet will travel far in metal capsules. But if the finest sensory perceptions of science are enabled to alchemize themselves into a new condition, unimaginable travels might be at hand. It is possible that gene pools in places of the future or past might create new and beatific frontiers of now defeated Pleistocene. Men and men-mammal creatures of unimaginable types may spread the complexity of the surface of the planet -- or meet with other such bodies elsewhere. Constant latent possibilities may blossom in inconceivable ways. There is no need that such expansion be either Faustian or Humanistic. Man need not project his features upon the being of the universe. Or even divide life from non-life in the spectrum. We do not know what biological is or might be, or become. That man is blinding himself to being, and to his being, is a cruelty, and a torture that he feels with each breath. The torture has come to be a field background. One can learn to live with the sound of jackhammers on the street and eventually consciously forget the pain. But one is not likely to have high creature morale in such real anguish.

Man is in pain -- the pain of pollution -- and in pain of sensory and spiritual blindnesses. There is no finer thing than to be a mammal, or a living, complex, sensory creature of meat and blood, and protein, and muscle. But the macro-organism (human) is self-hypnotized by the perversions of a few of his natural desires.

Society is as demoralized as the individuals, who become mindless, within the structure. And there is no solution. Solutions may only be worked and hoped for -- BUT the solutions will not come from either mass-society or from a single individual or from a few individuals.

The mammal creature man certainly will not continue long without a high degree of morale and a surrender of perverse and decadent blinders.

In view of the new sensory expansions it is a very normal idea that LIFE IS SPIRIT, that life is not separable from matter (except arbitrarily) and that conceivably ALL THE MESSIAH is spirit -- all is matter. And we know very little about MATTER -- and it would be better to be plural and say "MATTERS"! A mammal, a wolf, or a man-mammal is an evident material creature unless one is wholly solipsistic. The creature is examined and it is found to be comprised of organs, tissues, bones, fluids. These parts are composed of cells, or in the case of fluids are the products of cells.

When cell interiors are examined under new sensory devices, and with new methods of examination, it is found that the cells are topologically complex structures. They are functioning and in motion. They are neither liquid nor crystal but have the properties of both and perform activities that we attribute to living material. The organelles and the ultramicroscopic surfaces are also sometimes in motion either actually "morphologically" or chemically. Some of these

reproduce, create new substances by chemical combination, or transmit codes for such activity. Meat is the only known anti-entropic system. We can move further to the level of the gene within the nucleus of the cell and find the gene is an extremely long molecule comprised of thousands of sub-molecules. The threadlike molecule is a double molecule -- it mirrors itself -- being two threads. This double-thread molecule which is of extraordinary length and thin-ness compared to other natural molecules has compressed, or encapsuled, or shaped itself into a compact bundle. It is seen that these genetic molecules (which are the memory of the meat plasm) are comprised of atoms of perfectly normal and abundant elements found on the surface of the earth.

It is apparent that these atoms come from the earth. We are sure that there was once no life and there has come into being more and more life over billionic years. These atoms in living structures derive directly from the surface of the planet. The planet surface becomes more and more complexly arranged by changing to life. The energy trapped in the complex structures is the energy of the sun's rays as they touch the living and becoming-living surface of the earth. The trapped energy begins in simple plants and is passed up a food chain. ((We are told that certain atoms in the earth, in the cells of life, are of elements that were forged billions of years ago in stars existent before this galaxy was shaped.)) All of the atoms and molecules in the cell, and in the creature, and in the structure and being of the creature are ordinary, normal parts of the planetary surface and its being. There is no clear demarcation of where these complex acid molecules cease being inert and come to be what we call life. It is clear, that under certain circumstances the self-formation of these life molecules is a natural

phenomenon. The only argument is whether it is a rare or common occurrence. The point however is that it occurred. ((I have heard that the great Russian scientist Oparin believes there may be trigger mechanisms that drift through space and land on planetary surfaces and bring the organic into being. Perhaps somewhere on some other surface, though chances might be quintillionically against it, there are moas, glyptodons, Carolina parakeets, passenger pigeons, herds of bison -- or similar creatures.))

The earth and sun are part of the total and visible galaxy we inhabit. They are inter-related by processes that we have not settled yet in our perceptions. A simple verbal equation can be derived: CREATURE / CELL / CELL INTERIOR / GENE / PLANET SURFACE / PLANET / SUN AND SOLAR SYSTEM / GALAXY / UNIVERSE / UNIVERSES. It is a single being. It is impossible to imagine that this being is bound by the few rules that our meat bodies experience as time, space, objective reality. It could also be assumed that we view only the matter origin of our bodies and that there are other matters and relationships that extend in unknown manners from the apparent physical beings and invisibly (to us) link with the totality.

It may be seen that sperms dance with the egg within a fluid, spinning the egg with their tails till a single sperm capsule attaches itself to the surface of the egg and extrudes its halved gene material into the halved gene material of the egg and a unique confluence of events takes place -- a creature is united in its first being. With the specific genetic information is created a wolf, a

Mozart, a mouse, or a penguin, from the vast but somewhat defined propensities of the single living plasmic expanding being. The creature moves on the surface frontier of the planet earth, looks out into being and the universe and says, "MEAT IS SPIRIT. I feel it. I am it. I touch it. I see it. I perceive with the senses I am given in the possibility of the surge. I constellate and re-constellate the information I am given. I move. I am. I be. I may even envision the whirling gyre of millionic stars that vaguely resembles the helix directing my cells."

THE SKULL

For Charles Olson

&

Jack Kerouac

WE SHALL BE SWIRLS -- SWIRLS -- SWIRLS,

OF EXPANDING STRUCTURE
and make our New Pleistocene
among the STARS!

WE SHALL BE MEN ((MAMMALS!!))
of infinite beauty!

THE SURGE
will
pour
UNSTOPPABLE.

We shall arise like jeweled
CROWNS
from a hurled stone
in a still pool.

ALL
begins
with OUR protein!
WE ARE THE SUN! WE ARE THE SURFACE
SPREADING

SPORING

WE SHALL GROWL -- AND WE SHALL SING!!

THE SKULL

ROLLS & COILS AS THE
CREATURE

MAN-MAMMAL

UPSTANDS

PARIETAL SWELLS TO RIGHT AND TO LEFT
(To accommodate the eyes. Dark holes of seeing.)

FRONTAL LOBE SWELLS OUT TO FIND THE BALANCE POINT

ABOVE PELVIS -- HEART -- LUNG AND GUT

the constellative complexities of sensorium
SWELL IN A MULTITUDINOUS MIME OF BEING -- SCANNED
BY A SOURCE THAT IS CENTRAL
ONLY TO THE POLYTHEISM

SELF
(Selves)

OF SELF

SELF
(Selves)

SELF

self

SELF

SELVES MAKING A CONGRESS OF MEAT-NOTHING,

(NO SELF) LESS URGENT THAN ANOTHER
IN THE CONGRESS.

THE CHAMBERS OF THE EAR ARE THERE
FOR THE SNOW LEOPARD, THE WOLF
the lichen, and the salmon to speak to.

HE RAISES HIMSELF AND THE BOND CHAMBER, HOME
OF BEINGS EQUAL TO HEART, AND TO GLAND,
WOBBLES AND BALANCES... TURNS SEARCHING

FOR FOOD, WARMTH, FRONTIER, SEX, LOVE

is powered
BY THE BULK OF THE MEAT THAT IS
MAMMAL REAL MEMORY AND WEIGHT AND SOURCE
DERIVED FROM THE INERT SURFACE
ENERGIED BY SUN... ENERGIED
BY QUINTILLIONIC GENERATIONS OF SUN GALAXIES
in the past and present future
OF NOW.

--Is forever brilliant and unforgetting --
knows four billion years of the sculpture

of living surging (ONE CREATURE) PLASM
that dances freed
of

TIME

SPACE

NO
MORE
or less
meaningless or meaningful
THAN A MOLECULE OR BACTERIUM

OR
any facet
extrusion, aura
OF THE MEAT

bone claw tentacle fur tooth scale feather stamen spore

in the swirl-whirling systemless system extending,
containing elliptically the perceptions, insights
INTO THE IMAGINED INVISIBLE

in which star systems are likewise

PROPORTIONLESS PARTICLES

WHERE

THE BLACK RIVER
becoming Ocean

BREATHE-BEATS
groomed by seals and sea birds

IS

sailed by ships and thistledown
of imaginary physical-molecular
IMAGINATION

does not dream
BUT KNOWS
in many ways
the laugh, the joy, the scream

OF DRAGONS
dragoning themselves

AND FINDS THE CONFLUENCES THAT BURST

OUT AND JOIN

AGAIN, DEVOURING,
BECOMES COUSINS

with all creatures,
jasper, jade, lapis, cellulose, phosphor,
crystals, fluids. SYSTEMS INCONCEIVABLE
even to this open system

TOUCHES BRUSHES
thorns, velvet, musk

DIVIDES,
EXTRUDES FROM THE BULK

REGARDS

SELF
(selves)
as tool!

!REJECTS -- REJECTS!

Finds confluence
then
confluence of confluence of confluence
CREATES SHIP OR THISTLEDOWN WITH IMAGE
(condor, atom, galaxy, cobra, raptor)
on the sails.

SETS OUT

AS (Skull) CONFLUENCES (Skull) MERGE (Skull)

SAILING

BA, KA, CHI, PRANA, MEAT, SPIRIT, ODEM

UPSTANDING FROM THE PRONE LIMBS
(ARM) (LEG) (TOE) (PENIS) (DIGIT)

ALL WAYS

(Freed from the instant experience)

Horseback in Libya with bow. Hunting Plestocene by
new stars. (covered with fur or not)

PROTPORTIONLESS

MELTED

of predisposition
destroyed
(recreated)

MYTHOLOGIES MADE

(instant by instant)
living, sightful, worm-writhing

THE OLD BRAIN

(in biologic precedence)
balanced against
VISION

VISIONLESS

(as!

!one)

SYMBOL-LESS

(The symbol being)

A BLACK DOT

Encircled by a band of Halo.

Held aloft by wings of falcon.

(pinions)

(pinions)

a dark drop

falls from

the flying globe

TWO DROPS SPRAY

from the sphere.

Two drops spray from each drop.

EACH

glistens with radiance.

Smoke spurts from the North of the Globe.

IT IS MIRRORED

It repeats

finitely

infinitely

It is conceivable that the most colossal example of vanity that can be found in history is held by the peoples of contemporary North America. We have been immaculately propagandized to unexcelled heights of delirium. The Puritans landed on this continent bringing with them the concept of their divine destiny to fulfill God's Providence and enact his will on this most nearly virgin continent. Europe and Asia had already been eaten up, overpopulated, and then blighted by plague. The new fisheries off the coast of this continent fed the populations of Europe. The potato, corn, beans, the peanut, and the other cultivated plants of this new continent were sent back to Europe as a new source of foodstuffs to grow in the depleted soils. The soils of North America were nearly untouched -- broadcast agriculture was introduced -- the plow entered. Rice, rum, gold, cotton, and furs were pumped into the old continent. The Indian, representative of another relationship to nature, was easy prey for the newcomers. Fossil fuels, metals, forest, wild meat, existed in unbelievable abundance -- in a flow and depth inconceivable to the European. Today one can not imagine the fertility and luxuriance of the Great Plains, the South-eastern forests, the oak forests, and the rain forests of the West. A single fir forest stretched from Monterey Bay to Vancouver. Newly introduced domesticated oats grew six feet high at the forest edge. Glimmerings of the surface wealth of the continent can be obtained from the journals of Audubon, and the writings of William Bartram. Hundreds of thousands of wild birds flew with a roar of wings from lakes at the sound of a rifle shot. It is possible to go to modern bird preserves that give the faintest hint of the remaining Pleistocene that existed upon the arrival of the Europeans.

In addition to the untouched physical wealth of the continent was another wealth. THE WEALTH OF SPACE IS FRONTIER. Space for MOVEMENT, and for EXPLORATION, as well as for EXPLOITATION, seemed to open forever into the West. A systemless system for human acquisition of territory and space and wealth seemed to be present. THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT OF THE PSYCHIC EBULLIENCE AND GIFT OF NEW MORALE THAT ACCOMPANIES SUCH A FORTUNATE POSSIBILITY. There is no doubt that Whitman's joy and euphoria represented the spirit of the times. We have become Pinochios growing asses ears in our exploitation.

Utilizing the incredible wealth, the U.S. became the ultimate technological social centrality. We depleted the riches and turned the metals into structures that will have to be reclaimed and recycled. Spaces will have to be opened to recover the possibilities of territorial sanity. But the space is not there. The cousinship of living creatures will have to be acknowledged or we will find that we are alone on the earth with no other living creatures but domesticated ones and their parasites. We automate the (theoretically) increase the lifespan of individuals. We find there is joblessness and demoralization. We are aware that there is sufficient wealth of goods and time for all men (in the U.S.) but the sufficiency is temporal -- and limited. Soon we will be in worse shape than the nations of Europe at the time of the discovery of the New World.

Never has there been a greater urgency for work, or a greater necessity for human labor, and the exploration of new lifestyles. Because of the unified one-world, but self-competitive and self-divisive, culture it is impossible to outline the new works that are necessary for man to preserve himself and his fellow beings in the surge.

It is clearly true that man in

the group is as mindless, or almost as mindless, as the inert matter from which his protein derives. The masses of men in the structure cancel out the creativity that the individual, or constructs of individuals, might bring about. Society mimics the machines that it produces more and more LESS AND LESS is man, as a group, aware of his biological and mammal being. The young are presented with false goals and morals in their most developmental periods. They cannot see through the glut of manufactured objects, ideas, and concepts. Yet, the whole of the planet must be replanted, and reseeded with life. The population, while it is swiftly and gently brought to a biologically bearable density, might be employed in necessary biopositive tasks. This possibility is almost an AGONY because of the apparent impossibility of men conjoining themselves in a new confluence. Man must re-view himself to find the possibility.

Pools of men with biological feeling must draw together to create a milieu so that the questions and solutions may be conceived.

Men considering the problems will have to realize that they are not creating solutions or answers but creating an intellectual topology or pool wherein their intelligences may be joined to foster new intelligences that are divorced from politics, the social structure, humanisms, and all evangelisms. The immediate pollutions and mass planetary problems must be approached with the most pragmatic clear-mindedness and necessary energy. BUT there will remain problems of space, insanity, starvation, population, and the relationships of man to biological beings on all planes.

We are confronted by multitudes of new messiahs, evangelisms, variations of humanism,

technological solutions, political evasions. All of these are at best stalling actions and only briefly extend the possibilities of human mammal life. Our vanity must not be transferred to solutions that are temporal and ultimately destructive.

Technology cannot be abandoned without death of most of the human population and the possible extinction of all human life. We are not the same stock that bred upon this planet half a million or thirty thousand years ago, and the planet is no longer wealthy in natural and free growing foodstuffs and nutriments. The bison and wild horse have gone with the mammoth and the wild edible grasses. It is clearly apparent that technological civilization will exterminate itself, and its members, within not many generations if it continues as it is. It seems to many that it would be best to totally abandon or demolish technology.

YET, it is most reasonable to conclude that we are part of a surge of life. That it is our nature to extend ourselves into distant space, to other stars and planets. It is our nature to desire SPACE and to desire FRONTIER and to demand that we have a new surface to topologize and explore. Withdrawal to a Paleolithic or Neolithic condition would seem to present the same potential route that we have already travelled from our previous Paleolithic and Neolithic. It is not any more sane to step backwards into "primitive" manners of being than it is to continue technological progress. If there is to be a Science -- it should be the extension of the MAMMAL and not the Man. Science would be most worthwhile if it regains man's mammalhood for him and does not extend mechanistic technological progress. Multitudes of questions, contradictions, and confusions, arise if this is considered.

There are no apparent solutions. And yet it might be a most urgent question for discussion. Surely it will be beautiful to go to new stars.

We are humanistically trained and propagandized and cannot sanely watch the mass death of our species. We see the failure of our system and yet we must find a confluence to retain what men of vision find to be of value to mammal man and his cousins -- and yet create a wholly new systemless system that biologically satisfies MAMMAL MAN and his athletic, physiological, and intellectual needs. It would be best to see this done with the minimum of death and psychosis and the maximum of biological sanity.

Mammalian life, and probably vertebrate life, will only continue if we make a confluence now -- not a revolution to a political utopia -- but a new cherubic civilization for all creatures of wing and fin and fur.

It is not possible for US to conceive of this cherubic civilization. We who are alive now must attempt to be the last generation that views themselves as MAN and must set the beginnings of an intellectual fundement so that our children may be MAMMALS. Hopefully, they will be able to make or choose the new confluence after we deal with the immediate world problems of stress and crisis as swiftly, effectually, powerfully, and gently as possible. If we are to be the last MEN, we must bear in mind that the solutions of revolution are too easy and the works that we must begin, far exceed in scope and necessity any ideals of political revolution. Each MAN must be in REVOLT and cherish and develop his intellectivity and actions and help to halt biocidal cruelties. We shall have to find what we can biologically cherish in the midst of our humanisms -- and where we must supersede them. We MUST make the arena for a new generation. Allow them to see, feel, sense, and be,

more fully and naturally than we do. We shall need to set an example that is the beginning of an open system. We must allow them to feel and be mammalian in the possibilities of our species. We must encourage them physiologically and intellectually. Probably this has never been so urgent as for this generation alive now and those to follow.

We shall have to act, learn, and set example simultaneously.

An adolescent is in a yard beside a farmhouse in the rainy season. He turns over a board to be split for kindling. On the underside are threads of damp fungi and little arthropods and insects. As he raises the axe the scent of wet wood and fungus unfolds a constellation of overlapped memory patterns that are stimulated by the odor. As he stands with axe in hand he is also in his grandfather's garage years earlier, a child turning over a damp board with the odor of fungus arising from it. An earwig scurries across the silver trail of a slug. Spring tendrils and branches of a rose plant droop over the open garage door. On the green rose branches is the dewdropped web of a garden spider. The spider sits calmly, speculatively, seemingly infinitely patient in the center of the web. The patterns of the spider's back are a perfectly clear image.

A grown man opens a book of reproductions of Egyptian art. He is sitting crosslegged in bright afternoon sunlight. The clear light of the sun gleams reflected from the pages. On the page is a reproduction of a Pharaoh and two goddesses. There is something uncanny about the reproduction of the alto relievo statuary. The lazy intellectual mind scans the opposite page and discovers the text describing the statuary is in a foreign

language. It says, obviously that this is a Pharaoh and two goddesses. The man's attention returns to the reproduction of the statuary -- a passing momentary perception moves through the man's mind and it takes the shape of a fragmentary poem:

THE MESSENGER (RNA)
slides to the ribosome
(to the Constellation).
The beads move.
The Pharaoh, Chacal, & Hathor
are glabrous
perfectly
balanced
arm in arm. The weight
of the Man-God
is on
one foot / or the other.
They create the gleam
of this dimension,
of this single
process,
of perfection.

But who is who? And what?

The poem perception mimes, poorly and not even consciously, the balance of the figures as they stand -- Goddess, Pharaoh, Goddess -- side by side, touching one another. Their weight is immaculately balanced like an ideal for the human mammal. It is as if the sculptor of the archaic piece had a knowledge difficult to regain, but easy to re-perceive thousands of years later.

The sculptor sensed that man-mammal is created from the inside outward. That man begins at the interior of his cells and from their perfect balances the body is created. It has the capacities for the same balance -- the same perfection of balance -- in the macro-morphological creature world -- as

it has with molecules, cells, and organelles.

((Within the human body the RNA slides through the walls of the cell's nucleus, through infinitesimal tubes in the structure, and finds the pearl-like ribosome bodies in the cellular cytoplasm. Then the pearl bodies MOVE across the pattern of the long threadlike molecule of RNA and create the substances of the cell.))

The beauty of archaic sculpture whether Greek, or Chinese, Mayan, or Egyptian is biological rather than only "esthetic". (If such a separation of esthetic and biological can be made. Mozart and Beethoven mime the feedback loops of intellectivity and emotion and the outbursts of physical emotion. Popular music beats sensorially against bodies and stimulates the perceptions of the interior organs and their activities.)

The three figures within the sculpture show muscular development that is excellent, generalized, and not excessive in any way. The bodies rest naturally in a mammal fashion. A wolf can be seen standing in perfect relaxation peering into the universe with obvious interest, perfectly involved and yet disinvolved. The carved stone reproduces an ideal of muscle tone that is healthy and without contradictory strains. The faces of the Pharaoh and Goddesses are as interesting, or as uninteresting, as the faces of snow leopards. Their bodies are erect with the pelvis slightly forward to excellently balance the weight of the head. The Pharaoh stands with one foot slightly forward -- it is impossible to tell which foot bears his weight, or if both feet hold the weight. (One can, with the help of a mirror, find this stance.) He is absolutely relaxed and immediately ready for action and motion. The goddesses too, stand in variations of this posture.

In esthetics it is fashionable to call this quality, whether in the drawings of Blake or archaic sculpture, "Monumentality". Presumably an art work

is called that because it seems larger than life -- regardless of the actual scale of the piece. Yet those pieces do not seem larger than life as much as they represent the proportionlessness of living matter. The Pharaoh and the Goddesses represent the actual sizelessness of life. The interiors of their bodies are comprised of starlike structures and they are divine as their bodies which resemble the divinity of stars -- as is ANY extrusion of being, and the totality of being, absolutely divine. These representations show the minimum of conflict within the physical cognition of the divinity. The sculptor belonged to a tradition that discovered and held to this perception. Now it seems to be a secret knowledge and we are moved "esthetically". Instead, it is obvious and we can learn to contain and BE the secret.

The Pharaoh and the Goddesses, are unique and disparate and they are also conjoined by touch, the arms of the Goddesses are about the Pharaoh. They are obviously of the most closely related meat and plasm. The reproduction gleams in the sunlight as if it were as three dimensional as the sculpture, as bodies, and as the topology of the cells that comprised the models.

The individual is an extrusion, or facet, of all being, a singular biological creature resultant of billions of years on this planet, and perhaps of multiquintillionic generations of universes of stars. Society and culture are a different thing, a perfectly natural and more recent event, a self-jeopardizing invention in the process of trial and experimentation. Society follows perfectly natural laws that are the extensions of the individuals that intentionally and unintentionally, and consciously and unconsciously, brought it into being. It is the result of a confluence that men moved into -- but it is certainly not the only confluence that

is possible.

Society of today, the unified world creature, can be seen as planar, rather than three dimensional. At best it might be seen as alto relieveo, or high relief, like the figures in the statuary. Unlike the figures in the statue, society is not a representation of meat creatures about to take motion, or with the possibilities of motion before them. The world society is not a representation but is actual meat-men meshed in a collusion. The collusion was constructed, and super-reinforced for its own continuation and to fulfill limited notions of progress, and metaphysical non-mammalian ideals. Men are born into a society that is self-directive. Part of the self-direction is allowance for revolutions, counter-revolutions, geometrically increasing technological complexities, and more and more severe constrictions of many mammalian desires. Society internalizes within the trapped individuals the conflicts of the selves that comprise a single congress of the animal self. The society is as rigid as granite. Within the semi-crystalline structure are lattice works for almost any activity that does not threaten the permanent stability of the stuff of society.

There will be no enlightened sculptor or gospel to come from outside and carve natural free gestures and stances upon the edifice. It is impossible for those born within the stoniness to do more than begin changes within the material. No human creature who is in possession of adequate intelligences can await the evangelisms of a metaphysical sculptor to come and free him from the stone. Nor, can anyone with intelligences, in any balance of reason, allow himself the luxury of kitsch daydreams of afterlife to counterpoise the constrictions of this, here and now, immortal mortality. Nor can any individual allow himself the delusion that with the limited perceptions of

his sensorium, peering into the infinite multitude of possible perceptions, that he has a solution and answer. Each and every creature has the need of a personal revolt to achieve what is recognizable as a superior biological condition. The cognition of this, for those who are capable, should create an amplified state of morale.

I stand in front of the cyclone wire cage containing a female snow leopard. A friend is with me and he has a high fidelity transistorized tape recorder. We have been taping the sounds of animals. The zoo keeper has let us into the grounds of the zoo before it opens for the public. I step over the guard rail where the snow leopardess is watching us. She is indifferent to human kind when they keep at a distance. Her main task is to fight the physical psychosis of entrapment and madness. Most of her waking is spent pacing the constricted outlines of her cage. Her intention is to internalize as little as possible the necessity for motility and movement. But now it is early morning and she is resting. When I step over the guard rail she growls in anger without moving -- except her head which swivels to watch me.

No part of her can extend through the mesh of the cyclone wire. I put my face almost to the wire and nearly to her face. There are only a few inches between her mouth and my face. She is enraged, and her face, which seems divine in such proximity, twists into feline lines of rage. The anger and rage are more clear than the conflicting human expressions on the daily streets. She knows the uselessness of pawing or clawing at me. She learned that lesson in this cage -- or in another cage.

She puts her face within an inch of the wire and she SPEAKS to me. The growl begins instantly

and almost without musical attack. It begins gutterally. It grows in volume and it expands till I can feel the interior of her body from whence the energy of the growl extends itself as it gains the full volume of fury. It extends itself on a vibrating and looping. Then, still with the full capacity of untapped energy, the growl drops in volume and changes in pitch again to a hiss. The flecks of her saliva spatter my face. I feel not smirched but cleansed by it. Her eyes are fixed on me. The growl, without even a freshly drawn breath, begins again. It is a language that I understand more clearly than any other I have ever heard. I hear rage, anger, anguish, warning, pain, even humor, fury -- all bound into one statement.

I am surrounded by the physicality of her speech to me. It is a real thing in the air. It totally absorbs me and I can hear and feel and see nothing else. Her face and features disappear becoming one single entity with her speech. The speech is the purest most perfect music I have ever heard. I am transcendentalized by it and I know that I am touched by the divine, on my cheeks, and on my brow, and on the typanums of my ear, and the vibrations on my chest, and on the inner organs of perception.

It is music-speech. Except that it is more amplified and more symbolically communicable. It is like the music one hears when he places his head on the stomach of his beloved. The gurglings, the drips, the rumblings, the heart, and pulsebeats in the interior of the body are the most perfect music. It is incredible that some persons draw back in disgust or amazement when hearing the stomach of a lover or beloved. It is the meat speaking and moving -- as the testicles move and twist and writhe within the sac making their own motility and pursuing their ends. I am overcome with the universality of the experience. I hope

that the drops of leopard saliva will never dry or leave my face.

We play back the several minutes of this growl and it is more beautiful than any composition of Mozart or the electronic-physical composer Morton Subotnick. Three-quarters of the way into the tape is the clear piercing crow of a bantam rooster making his reply to the mise en scene about him -- to the calls of his ladies, to the sparrows, to the sounds of traffic, to the growling of the leopardess, to the morning sun, to the needs of his own being that vocally establish his territory. The crow of the tiny rooster is smaller but no less perfect nor monumental nor meaningful than the statement of the leopardess -- they make a gestalt. The tape is a work of art as we listen. But we have no desire to add it to the universe of media and plastic artifacts. We saw, heard, felt, through the veil. WE were translated.

It was transcendentalization, and not by Emerson's Oversoul, but by the communications of the Undersouls of the snow leopardess, the rooster, and ourselves.

The German language has two words used in contradistinction. The word ODEM means the spirit of beasts. The word GEIST refers to the soul (spirit, breathing ghost) of Men. In Four Serious Songs, Brahms sets a passage of Ecclesiastes to music. In German the text reads in part:

Wer weiss, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre, aufwärts fahre, aufwärts
fahre, und der Odem des Viehes unter-
wärts unter die Erde, unterwärts unter
die Erde fahre?

(Who knows if the Soul (Geist) of Men travels out, travels out, travels out, and the Spirit (Odem) of the Beasts dives down, dives down into the earth?)

--The Preacher in Ecclesiastes believes that it is unknowable and that both spirit of man and beast have the same origin and end. --All is vanity, sayeth the Preacher. Yet to act out the interior constructs and possibilities is not vanity, or merely drama, but is the highest we can achieve. Vanity within the total structure of being is invented by the conflicts within social structure. The leopardess is not vain regarding the beauty of her music speech. Blake and D.H. Lawrence believed that the contradictions felt by society to be oppositional truths do not contradict each other.

If man becomes a MAMMAL he will confront multitudes of truths that will have to be held in new constellations so that they do not contradict. The concept of right at one extreme of a spectrum and wrong at the other end is an unreasonable concept. There are multitudes of relationships of truths, one to another, besides truth-versus-falsity. NOT social relativity but new open-field constellations of perceptions and actions and activities.

How much we might learn from a free leopard or a free man.

Travelling on a small ship to the Faralon Islands near the San Francisco coast, I spoke with a virologist who had just returned from Australia. He had studied plagues and the introduction of plagues into the dense rabbit populations. He was travelling to the Faralons to study a rabbit type there. A lighthouse keeper's son had a pair of rabbits that escaped on the island. The rabbits and their progeny devastated the island of every blade of plantlife. The island was left bare rock, without any vestige of higher plantlife. The virologist contended that the rabbits -- still populous on the island -- ate the desicated corpses of gulls and seabirds.

His opinion was that only one specific blood type of rabbit had the capability of surviving in this nutrimental condition.

I wandered on the island -- seeing a rabbit and traces of rabbits -- but not a blade of grass or a bush. The island is rocky, craggy, like a miniature, bare, eroding crest of the Alps. After climbing the tiny peak, I descended to the beach. The beach was scattered with boulderlike rocks. Mounting one of the rocks I found myself looking down onto a basking herd of sea lions. The closest of them was no more than thirty feet away. They were drowsing and lolling in the sun. Seeing something comic in the scene I raised my hand and began speaking to the sea lions as if I were delivering a sermon to them. The astonished sea lions resting on the rocks dived into the ocean. The ones in the ocean swung about to see me. They instantly began a chorus of YOWPS, and huge angered MEAT CRIES dense in volume and range. I continued my lecture and they continued their amazingly loud yowping. Perhaps thirty or forty of the animals were yowping at one time. They were FURIOUS, ENRAGED, ASTONISHED. Like the leopardess, their voices were driven by hundreds of pounds of meat force and energy. I was frightened and wondered if they might change about, clamber out, and pursue me. They remained in the water cursing me in a clear ancient language with little doubt about their meaning.

AND THEN I knew that not only were the monster shapes of meat enraged, they were PLEASED. THEY WERE SMILING AS WELL AS ENRAGED! They were overjoyed to be stimulated to anger by a novel -- and clearly harmless -- intruder. Undoubtedly they enjoyed my astonishment and fear as well as the physical pleasure of their rage. Perhaps they relished my physical reaction to their blitzkrieg of sound. They began to yowp not only

at me but to each other.

My ears could not take it any longer and I began walking up the beach. I walked halfway around the island. Five assorted members of the tribe followed me in the waves as I walked. They watched, yowped, taunted, encouraged, scolded, and enjoyed me to the fullest. I have not been in finer or wittier company.

Can the human type know more mammal experience, universe perception, and possibilities of joy or of the cherubic? The music of the body is as lovely as Mozart. Hail Saint Rimbaud. Hail Saint Jesus. Hail Saint Raphael! Hail Mohammed Ali! Hail Sainted painters of the Sung Dynasty! Hail Saint Sir Francis Crick! Give me your gift, but do NOT intercede for me with a messiah that YOU visualize. Within me is the UNIVERSE -- and outside it is there. We are extrusions, facets, auras, in the dial of a vibratory flowing surge of infinite possibilities.

I AM A MAN AND I AM A MAMMAL!

--I

KNOW

I AM.

III

THE WORLDWIDE UNIFIED SOCIETAL AND CULTURAL SYSTEM IS BIOCIDAL.

WHEN A MAN DOES NOT ADMIT HE IS AN ANIMAL, he is less than an animal. In Russia, the poet Yuli Daniel says what he sees about him. He serves five years in a labor camp with daily political indoctrination. In China the Red Guard movement has its most recent sweep. In the United States we are so familiar with juridical atrocities and imprisonments of the outspoken -- from John Sinclair, and the Black Militants, through the theater of the Chicago Eight Trials, that there is no reason for a list.

To see relative degrees of cruelty and inhumane blindness, does not make pain more agreeable to the degraded and downcast. All men from Rockefeller to Huey Newton ARE enslaved and trapped. (Obviously it is more satisfying in cultural and societal terms to be in the position of the so-called holders of wealth and power than to be in a penal concentration center! In the scales of the technological society it is better to be the holder of vast estates of machines and men than to be handpicking pepper seeds from bushes in Asia. Yet, all men are hopelessly interlocked and prisoned within the society. --It is a matter of who is running the jail rather than slavery versus freedom.)

There is an earnest question that all men mammals are confronted with. There are answers in a spectrum from dispiritedness to idealism. However, the spectrum is contained within the possibilities of the planetary society. The question is whether any future generation, or living generation, may be freed, or partly freed, from the constricting anti-mammalian confines of the society. Culture and society give ground for limited discussion of the problem, limited solutions to the problem -- all within the constructs

of the society.

Revolution will not overturn the society but will only overturn members within it. Perhaps the Huey Newtons might become Rockefellers, and perhaps they might be more humanely just and more humanistically idealistic. Perhaps it would be an enjoyable spectacle to see DuPonts and Kennedys picking pineapples in the tropics. There is the fact that it would be satisfying in societal humanistic terms to see the wealth of the glut of objects in the world more equally distributed. If this takes place it will be within the confines of the unified world-cultural society. It would not alter or change qualitatively the illnesses that men live within and that hold in containment the multitudes of latent human possibilities. --A more massive revolt is needed.

The melanistic subspecies of the human creature, the black man, was imported and exploited in the New World with apparently natural human cruelty and bloodthirstiness. The black men are beginning to tell this very clearly to the whites. Within the constrictive bounds of society they are setting new ideals for both the blacks and the whites. Meanwhile more than a hundred years after the (political) proclamation of black freedom, the rednecks, and yahoos, the biocidal and the anti-mammalian, decked in new costumes of blue and white collars continue as strenuously as possible the program of repression and planetary toxification. Because of the growing numbers, anger, and increasing financial strength, the Blacks and other Non-whites begin to FORCE society into minimal acceptance of their beings. They are driving the U.S. government to propagandize for societal advancement of Non-whites. Despite drastically minimal success this is humanistically excellent. Within the society it is progress. It makes new markets, causes enough violence to be a minimal

challenge to forms of political exercise. It is probably invigorating to the social structure. It may make an unhealthy herd-organism temporarily more vigorous. But for man as a mammal it is not much healthier (whether the man is black, red, yellow, or pink) when he is directing the destruction of forests and major plant life, utilizing radiation technology for desalinization of water to quench the thirst of overpopulation, massively combusting fossil fuels, devouring and destroying cousin creatures, and continuing the reduction of intellectivity.

All men of all subspecies must be equalized. But possibly not with the extant ideals of democracy, society, inert humanism. If equalization can take place with benign mammal perceptions, accompanying a revolt of individuals vaster than any revolution, then the progeny of all subspecies may survive. Concommitantly, for the sanity of men, there must be preservation of our kindred of all types -- of wing, fur, scale, fin, and tentacle. Racism in a time of crisis is an incredible social luxury.

Black is beautiful. White is beautiful. The giraffe is beautiful. The Chicano is beautiful, the Indian, the octopus, the wolf, the redwood, the staphylococcus, and the outcroppings of jade, and the deserts of silicon particles are beautiful. The luxury of racism may be stopped by societal propaganda or violence. It would be better if it were stopped by clear clean sight and use of the human animal sensorium to evaluate biologically the qualities of each man -- not by the projection of the white image onto a man of a different skin color or hair type. Praise to the black man -- and the white man -- who does not accept the projection. I do not care to see either Rockefeller or an Indonesian picking pepper for THIS society.

In coastal cities there are huge, cavernous warehouses filled with gunney sacks of hundred and two hundred pound weights. In each gunney sack are nearly countless, tiny, hand-picked pepper seeds. In the warehouses next to them are bags of coffee beans. In the tomblike warehouses next door are multitudinous crates of tiny transistorized radios -- fruits of Japan -- handpicked from the bushes of technology.

The eagle is beautiful, the condor is beautiful, the giant salamander in the cold pool at the base of the waterfall is a rishi of strange silent meat. At night he prowls the hillsides under wet leaves and barks at his prey. --Free!

Biological radicals are beginning to gather together. Some have been through the initiation rites, rites of passage, of politics and right and left. They are together in renouncing society as it stands. They recognize, or begin to recognize, that this is a one-world unified structure. Some radicals are still trapped in the tricks and niches of socio-political society. Some have passed through. They avoid the social trickery and deceit as much as their body, geography, and their intelligences allow. Perhaps some will step through clean -- mammals as opposed to men. Some still look for messiahs and solutions. Some believe that they have solutions. Each of these men, communes of men, phalansteries, must have an open field to experiment upon for the knowledges they gain. Even knowledges of failure can be of much use as insights and perceptions.

(There is a microbiologist whose fame rests on his ability to fashion brilliant and fallacious theories regarding the infrastructure of living material. Each of these theories must be investigated because of the intelligence of the idea. The side effects of researchers investigating his ideas are multiple new insights. The disproof of each theory not only narrows but simultaneously expands the field.)

In 1965 seven artists were elected to confront the "intellectuals" of the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica. The Rand Corporation had been picketed by peace demonstrators for its contribution to the Vietnamese conflict. (It should be pointed out that picketing in Southern California in 1965 took no small amount of bravery.) I arrived in L.A. shortly after the picketing and was invited to replace a member of the conference of artists who was ill.

After passage through guarded and monitored halls we met with the "intellectuals" in an underground conference room. The leader of the Rand Corporation officials appeared to be an alcoholic, slumped about the chest and shoulders, and smelling of gin. He put a considerable amount of energy, allowing for his condition, into sand-bagging the conference. He began with pointless and meaningless pseudo-amicability, and the introduction of abstruse "logical" arguments, and continued an almost uninterrupted drone of pyramidal and disconnected statements. Voice was the media, and to hold control of the situation involved continuous vocality on the part of Rand.

Speaking with artists was intended to be a buy-off. A show of reason and broadmindedness. The "scientists" in the room were varied. The man who looked military and refused to sufficiently identify himself was an intimidating presence. There seemed to be a high degree of intellectual

shakiness and a shaggy mental quality about the group facing us. A few of the men were hard core scientist-specialists. They had more of an aura of intellectual vigor. Another man was an anthropologist (of unascertainable credentials) who had moved into computerization. He was an escapee from a Russian satellite country. Perhaps he had many personal grievances against international communism.

It should not be forgotten in historical speculation that Edward Teller, Chief of the A.E.C. during the Eisenhower administration, was a man who had fled from a satellite country. Perhaps he hated Russian evangelistic communism. Society plays cops and robbers with itself about the planet surface.

The artists at the conference were evangelized by progress, technology, and humanism. Most of them became entrapped in the dialectics of confrontation. I had begun to believe that there must be a new biological society and man. While the Rand Corporation and the artists coiled in knots and complexity of humanism, morality, and historical processes, I became more sure that this was a dead end. The Rand Corporation had bought off the artists regardless of who won or lost the discussion, and they would buy off the media, and their consciences with reports regarding the confrontation. I directed myself to the scientists, till they were uncomfortable and I was exhausted. I stated my concern with pollution effects, overpopulation, and the ecological geophysical results of the war -- and forced some of them to acknowledge these points. I pressed the coming problems of the next decade and the absolute necessity for concern with those issues. I pointed out that there

is not the time for the luxury (or art) of war -- and I stated that the war is a race war and a biocidal war.

Perhaps one or two of the Rand Corporation had a bad night of sleep. I did. These men helped plan the Oriental Campaign. The value of their services is, and was, for some of them, a societally luxurious, boxlike home amidst the greenery of Topanga Canyon, the admiration of their wives and children, and object-money security in the near foreseeable future.

Win or lose, the artists, and the consciences of the scientists, were obtained at a minimal price to the nervous system. Perhaps, since the conference waged on so long, the Corporation employees would go to work late in the morning after a quick dip in their pool.

Society and culture (the Rand Corporation, Steel interests, the druggist at the corner pharmacy, the cockroach exterminator, the C.I.A.) will writhe, encoil, and shape themselves into almost any multitude of discommodious niches or postures, as long as the predictable, progressive world-encapsulization and its games-within-games is not threatened. William Blake can be seen as a successful hunter, as well as artist, because he hunted upon the parts of society that could be spiritually acceptable and he resisted the milieu wherever he could. Pragmatism has become a sorry word but the wolf is practical -- and as joyful as he can be on the cold tundra. He is not destructively insane.

It can be seen from the press and media, statements of politicoes, and the increase of general public awareness, that in the next decades governments in the world society will become more biologically aware. There will be a flurry of self-conflicting projects.

These projects will be inadequate to make a suitable mammalian existence and will be only for the immediate benefit of the social man. World Society is NOT UNNATURAL. It wishes for its survival. It is completely and totally natural. BUT it is only one of MANY NATURALITIES and is the result of multitudes of confluences, and the tendency to make, and take, confluences. This closed social structure has boundaries, and twists the interior of itself into new topologies -- but not real changes. It may change checks and balances. It cannot transmogrify itself. If there is not evangelistic repression of most intelligences (a political likelihood), or holocaust, and if there is "biological progress" -- complete with visions of New Jerusalems and gleaming chrome towers and nylon banners -- there will still be an attempt to channel the biological awareness of the young members of society.

THERE WILL BE: propaganda, bribery, psychological brain washing, physical arm twisting, and threats of withdrawal of social approval, for those who revolt.

Social approbation will be given to half-way measures, and to incomplete, unthreatening ecological actions. There is likely to be imprisonment and ostracism and conceivably execution for the radical. There will be a predictable, well-intentioned expansion of the status quo. A society that is based on consumerdom, in which politicians refer to the populace as consumers, and not citizens, will not easily renounce consumer psychosis. It cannot do so in the midst of city and war psychoses. Business-as-usual rewards will be given to those who sell-out but verbalize the proper gestures. The Uncle (Bio) Tom will be seen in great numbers. The bio-radical will be repressed. The young will be shifted from consumer needs, to less harmful but not harmless ones. There will be

a wall of verbal and symbolic excrement a mile thick through which it will be possible to see only with the X-ray eyes of meat and biology.

THE PAINTINGS OF THE GREAT FLORENTINE PAINTER GIOTTO are reproductions of the human mammal shape, its gestures, and expressions. Giotto revolted against a style in painting and presented creatures as if they were individualized and were seen in the round, or part round, as we see with stereoscopic vision. He made an esthetic discovery and a biological awakening for his contemporaries. This was not "progress" but discovery by a man who was a meat scientist. Later, because of Giotto, Michelangelo and Raphael, were able to make new inventions that came from their interiors and from their sensory discovery of Giotto and his school.

Socialist countries look at the frescoes of Giotto for their social message. Perhaps they even visualize and project into these paintings an anti-church message. The Socialist art historian points out that the humanistic re-awakening was the beginning of the Renaissance, that it led to recovery of the Classic dialectic and science, that Giotto culminated in Galileo. The art historian of a Capitalist nation sees Giotto in another light. He takes the viewpoint of the esthete. He looks, in Giotto's paintings, to the contropostos of form and color and makes the appropriate pre-formed sounds of approval or disapproval. The Socialist also makes appropriate pre-established sounds. One critic approves of the religious message and another denies the existence of the churchly message. One will point out Giotto's relationship to Socialist realism, the other will point out Giotto's presentation of the earliest signs of magic realism or of abstract expressionism.

The artist-sociopath freed of the spectrums of the social political evangelisms looks at Giotto as a mammal genius representing other mammals of his species -- for the joy and discovery of his work -- and for its rewards. There is a drive in Giotto's interior being to make those representations. Giotto is like Blake, Pollock, Linus Pauling -- a hunter in his mise en scene.

An invisible watcher is in a room with a man and woman who are arguing -- they are a lover and beloved or a man and wife. They are quarrelling about the payment on a gasoline powered vehicle, or they are arguing about the loss of a laundry ticket. The argument becomes too intensive for so minor an issue. It appears that the man and woman are enacting a rite. If the invisible observer closes his ears to the meanings of the words and listens only to the vocalization as sounds, a thought occurs to him:

He is listening to two mammals. It might be two snow leopards, two bison, two wolves. It is a mammal conversation. When the context of bill payment, or laundry ticket, is stripped from the verbalizing, the listener hears that the man and woman are growling, hissing, whimpering, cooing, pleading, cajoling, and threatening. The specific rite and bio-melodic patterning of meat conversation rises and falls in volume. It takes variations, it repeats itself, it begins again, it grows, diminishes. There is a hiss and counter-hiss. There is a cajoling reply and new outburst. The game that the man and woman are enacting, and the ritual, is as old as their plasm. It is capable of extremes of nervous modulation because of their neuron complexity but it is more than ancient -- it is an urrite.

If the man and woman are lucky, and if their intelligences are open, then one of them will white-out in the quarrel and HEAR that it is a

rite -- that they are growling and hissing. Then he, or she, will laugh at the comedy and the ridiculousness of the pretext. The other partner laughs in response, intuiting the same perception. They realize the foundation of the rite. Most likely it is a sexual ritual. They are hungry for contact with each other, Their intellectual and emotional processes have been frozen into patterns of mutual indifference by pressures of the surroundings and events. If they are lucky enough, one of them will raise a hand to the other, and touch or stroke, recognizing the other as being the universe, the counterpart of a star, a galaxy, a planet, a bacterium, a virus, a leopard. Then they have enacted and completed a tantra of Shiva and Shakti. They have both become mammals and gods and goddesses.

Philologically oriented intellectuals worry much about "mythos" and the creation of new myths and the destruction of old myths. The scanner and co-ordinator of the nervous system, the worm-resembling screen in the back brain, every day invents and recreates countless mythologies that are gifts of the genetic plasm and the stored and constellated perceptions.

Considerations of mythos, religion, and humanisms, are part of the everpresent murkiness that clouds the religiousness of events. Metaphysical extensions and considerations of mythos are presumably an entertaining rite in themselves. Some men of intelligences concern themselves with rites, solve the problem of boredom, and impress the encapsulated strat of the academy. Admirers at the portico of the academy sigh in wonder and pleasure. It is part of the rite of "progress-through-self-examination" -- but it is not biological self-examination.

The Siberian Eskimo, the Maori, the Aboriginal of Australia, the citizens (consumers) of Singapore,

the family in Cairo or Jerusalem, the San Franciscan, the Muscovite, the Tierra del Fuegan, the Haitian, the Sioux Indian, once touched by the unified world culture are a part of it. It is inescapable. They add to the flow of it. The extant lyrics of a Nahuatl poet become of use and a part of the world society. The remains of Mayan temples contribute to the body of knowledge and fill out niches in the culture. The Dead Sea scrolls and cuneiform tablets of the Akkadians add to it. The bulging toy stores and the dealers of legal and illegal intoxicants are parts of the same overall game. The mindless exploiters of natural resources -- and the utilizers of the resources -- are inextricably locked together. Capitalism and communism need each other -- to come together -- or to destroy each other. The Jew needs the Mohammedan and vice versa -- regardless of the outcome. North Vietnam and U.S. imperialism NEED each other -- both are locked in biocidal, nationalistic, racial, psychopathic, war and blood-and-fire evangelisms. The human surface of the planet has become one single confluence with limited but devastating fluctuations. It is a natural, negative state. The ship of state makes the vessel in Mallarme's poem A Throw of the Dice, seem, in comparison, to be in smooth waters. Will the captains of this ship as nobly be able to keep their eyes on the Pole Star, as waves engulf the deck and gurglings echo in the hold?

If there is a circle drawn in air or on the page, what men know with their sensorium and intuitions might be represented by a hair thin wedge in the circle. Using drugs -- for spiritual and alchemical purposes, or for scientific research -- adds microscopically to the width of the almost invisible wedge and expands what is known by that much. (Discoveries of electron

microscopy, X-ray diffraction, atomic physics, and new manners of astronomy also add a microscopic width to the wedge of what men know.)

The artist sociopath, in his desire to imagine and create himself, passes up no opportunity to experience with his meat body and widen the slim wedge. He takes all species of psychotropic drugs that he is able to put his hand on and he DOES gain perceptions of significance. The tiny sliver he adds is as extraordinary an expansion of the senses and physiology as is a climb to Himalayan snow peaks. The artist gains from the experience -- but he lacks the biological wisdom to recognize when he has received the maximum gain without threat to his inherent reason. There is a likelihood that he finds himself in a delusionary collusion with other seekers like himself. They come to believe that the frontier of psychedelic drugs is unending. They believe, when they are confused and debilitated, that using more psychotropics will messianically lead to a still higher state and that the discomfort, fear, disillusionment, will transcend itself. These artists are likely to form a drug mystery cult within the society that readily adapts itself to similar cults. Potential madness, madness, debility, exhaustion, hyper-stress, for the idealistic artist is a strong possibility from overuse of drugs -- because of their delusionary capabilities. If the artist thus cancels himself, society is WELL SATISFIED. His recovery is not genuinely encouraged by society for it senses that the artist retains the outviewing experience and is therefore a threat.

His societally directed perceptions must be re-formed and made anew. The situation is drastic. Some of the finest intelligences blank out. Society is satisfied with the results when a potential threat undoes itself.

An acquaintance tells of an insight: he believes that marijuana is feared by this segment of the world society because the societal spectrum has internalized the visionary potentialities of alcohol as an intoxicant -- but the potentialities of cannabis have not been socially absorbed. The possibilities of seeing, drunkenly illuminated, as if from another dimension, are accounted for in social checks and balances. Alcohol has been, in psychological terms, detoxified -- as psychological specters are said to be detoxified in psychiatric parlance. Alcoholism is encouraged as a way of temporarily freeing the inhibitions of natural desires -- but within a well-defined social construct. Only those who exceed the social construct are alcoholics. (A parallel cultural value of alcohol is that the vast, temporary, abundance of grains are refined into a costly and readily consumed liquid -- consumerhood. Another use of the abundance of grains is that vast mountains of corn are fed to hogs and cattle -- producing an oily unappetizing meat that is considered desirable.)

The American/European population has not adapted to the special insights of marijuana intoxication -- and have a horror of the intense hallucinogen's and psychotropic agents. Marijuana causes intoxication at the same time it produces physical relaxation. The imagination is freed in a special lazy way and roams within the memory and external world. The ridiculousness, comedy, and profundity of perceptions strike strongly while one is high. The older generations fear and despise marijuana. Simultaneously it becomes fashionable among the intellectual members of the social structure. This decade is in great pain of finding a means of either repressing the use of marijuana intoxicants -- or finding an acceptable field for their usage. A large percentage of this

nation's youth are angry or amused by the social struggle.

When alcohol was given to the Indian, he found the new substance to be a vision-inducing hallucinogen. Indians were not prepared for the intoxicant. The Senecan leader Handsome Lake banned alcohol as one of the threats to his people. He opted also to teach his confederation the principles of broadcast agriculture in an effort to go along with the stream that he so clearly perceived. The Nez Perce saw the pragmatic immediate advantages of agriculture in view of the white man's change in the land surfaces but were forced to abandon their traditional lands and fled for months as they were pursued by bloodthirsty Christian white pursuers. (Hail Chief Joseph!)

In the poems of the drunken, bald-pated, Greek poet Anacreon can be found the joys of alcohol that lead an old man to dance and chase lovely maidens, and sing paeans of the feast and wine table. This is a different socialization -- as euhoriant (like cannabis) rather than as an intoxicant.

The Persians, forbidden alcohol by their religion, make much of the visionary propensities of wine. Their culture segment forbids wine as ours still forbids cannabis. But the reasons for the two denials are specifically the same. Both drugs threaten that the mammal man might look out from the slight juxtaposition of the intoxicated dimension -- and laugh -- or be angry.

THE DOMESTICATED ANIMAL YOUTH, beast of consumerhood, and war meat, is coming to be admired and feared by the elders of this planetary tribe. The young increase in numbers as a result of medicine and the sexual hysteria

of the recent wars.

The elders live longer than ever before. They see that once past the prime of middle age they lose agility, intellectivity, and physical vigor. The sessile quality of their lives in the oceanic culture gives them little to be desired except material goods and youth. The sense of inferiority of the elders, as they sit on their dungheap of materiality, becomes more and more intense as vigor decreases. As consumers and acquirers of large or intricate steel, wood, and plastic objects, the elders find their sole means of expression. As the objects, so intensively accumulated, crumble and become outmoded there is greater push for more acquisition to balance the increasing sense of infirmity and physical and psychological inferiority.

The latest material fad in the U.S. is the acquisition of a huge car, a giant house trailer to be towed by the car, and various motorcycles and powerboats strapped to the trailer. The inside of the mobile home bursts with chrome and plastic objects. This equipage is driven on the ecocidal freeways. Movement perhaps gives the sensation of youth. The power vehicles are emblems of youth. The absolute sameness of the freeways gives the sense of changelessness or stability and uniformity which can be interpreted as the cessation of time.

In recent generations the rednecks have become the ultra-cleans of urban blue-collarhood. They can be seen in their brightly colored plastic baby clothing of short pants and embroidered tee shirts. In baby

carriage-like autos they drive into the national forests and gawk at the remaining trees and waterfalls. The young post-hippie generation of outdoorsmen walk past the ultra-cleans backpacking into bear country. The vigor, assurance, and manners of the young backpackers make them appear to be the adults. The tourists seem like degenerate children.

The scramble for objects and patches of territory, directed by the united planetary technology, is **enervating and brutalizing** -- it vows humanism while it dehumanizes and becomes less and less mammalian. Meanwhile, wars fought by the directable youth maintain the economy.

The youth, as they are being channelled into psychosis are envied for their relative freedom. The jealousy accompanying the envy is satisfied that youth are sent to war rather than men. The old hopelessly emulate the relative freedom and vigor of the young servant caste. The old are almost entirely without honor. They are inferior biologically and they have no wisdom. They sense that the structure that gives them what they know as comfort may be pulled down around them from beneath -- as the Athenians were terrified of their slave population.

If the adult men and women utilize their intelligences to combat immediate holocaust and to encourage the young away from the traps and channels of the society they might recover their vigor, self, and honor.

Perhaps new more free generations of youth will form a vast group of intelligences that will have visions of new confluences and a natural more satisfying mammal reality. New confluences will not be political but biological. They will be inner-directed and not the result of training the young to conform

with rigid exterior psychological structurings.

Compared to the slavery and distortion of inner psycho-physiological reality, the problems of crime and drugs seem minor. Crime and drugs as problems are the result of social example and lack of example. Incredible twistings and misshapings of human bodies and intelligences create nearly all problems.

The giant panda, huge mammal, furred in black and white, basks and lolls in the shadiness of the bamboo grove. The giant panda sometimes sits like a man, on his rump with legs outspread, on a earthy mound covered with moss. Perhaps he looks at his beloved and family. The huge mammal is surrounded by his nutriment, by the tips of multitudes of bamboo plants that reach many times a man's height from the surface of the earth towards the sun. Perhaps strange, lovely, and thoughtless, philosophies drift across the platens of his sensorium and create and recreate themselves in his limbs and organs. The sculpture of the billions of years of meat may be apparent to the panda symbolically or unconsciously. The panda is not living in a cult of the NOW & FUTURE. All of his being is an accumulation of his plasm and the activities of his body. He sprang from the solid matter of the earth as it was energied by the nearby star that he sees through the sparse places in the glade. The bamboos about the panda are air creatures. They draw nitrates and some material substance, and water, from the earth through the pores of their searching motile root tips. Much of the substance of the bamboo is drawn from thin air, from the gasses of the atmosphere, which are changed by a chemical process and the sun's rays into solid substance. Gasses become the BODY of the Panda via the bamboo. The bamboos are threads that reach from the planet toward the star that energies them.

In other forests the incredibly beautiful lesser panda, a small creature resembling a fox and a raccoon, skims across the forest floor accompanied by wives and progeny that might be angels and cherubs in their extraordinary beauty, intelligences, and ghostly delicacy. A mottled and gleaming forest partridge exhibiting himself on a stump hardly notices the lesser pandas. Giotto might well have chosen this scene to represent the world of meat in fresco. Possibly he could have done it without anthropomorphism, or the *projection* of an image upon the scene. He might see the sight itself as the projection of his very own features -- a part of the timeless and spaceless reality.

As the distant ancestors of men began to stand erect, and as their hands became freed and lifted objects to the eyes and snout-nose, the brain and skull acted in concert with the uplifting of the body. To balance the head uplifting above the pelvis of the creature becoming man, a radical change in the shape of the skull and brain occurred. As the desire for vision (sight) increased, the areas of sight in the brain swelled. The skull swelled to the right and left to accommodate the new centers. (As the tail is an organ of balance in many creatures, the skull became an organ of balance in the man creature.) To keep the weight of the skull from being drawn to the posterior, and thus making poor balance, the potentialities of the plasm responded by swelling the skull and the brain anteriorally. The frontal lobe swelled out to aid balance in the upstanding posture. The center of gravity became centered over the pelvis. The creature's hands are free, he is standing, his brain is enlarged.

In the frontal lobe of man are areas essential to what we think of as higher organizational abilities.

In the fifties it became fashionable for medical men to enter through the side of the eye with a sharp instrument penetrating the skull and make cuts in the frontal lobe. This operation was called frontal lobotomy. The operation was performed on socially defective, and anti-societal persons. Following the operation, those persons became more tranquil and tractable. Individuals prone to acts of violence became more placid. These individuals, generally, forever afterwards, were more vegetative in their dispositions. They were able to perform simple societal tasks. However they did not seem to be fully men again.

The frontal lobe is an organizational center for the apparent personality of the man being. Some of his highest aspirations and greatest conflicts are processed through this organ. The size of the frontal lobe is unique in man.

John Lilly, and others, believe that the dolphin is as intelligent or more intelligent than man. The brain is larger in some cases than the human brain. It is more convoluted and would therefore make an even larger surface if the intricate surface were flattened and made planar. The dolphin lacks, or nearly lacks, the frontal lobe. The personality of the dolphin, if he has what we might recognize as such in human terms, must be located in some other area. Perhaps there is nothing that we can recognize as personality except that which captive dolphins mime from human investigators.

Here is a container of vast intelligences with which we find extreme difficulty communicating. Here is an incredible sensorium from another world milieu -- a creature nearly perfectly adapted to his realm. Perhaps he is our

equal or superior in some intellectivities and perceptions.

If the dolphin is intelligent why does he allow himself to be captured for food, oil, or sport? The dolphin, as is man, is limited by his sensorium and his history. He has not had enemies that he could not cope with until man entered the sea environment. There is no reason for the dolphin to conceive conjectural models based on his capture or imprisonment. Perhaps he cannot imagine being hunted or captured until it happens. There is much man cannot now and may not ever be able to imagine -- or that remain to be perceptions in the infinite future.

In many men, the desire to communicate with cousin creatures is growing. Perhaps the dolphin also has such a desire and is as limited as we are. That might or might not be anthropomorphic.

Men and women have lived in close proximity with baboons, gorillas, tigers, in the animal's own territory. There have been enormously varying degrees of response from those creatures to the human observers. Personality, so important to the human creature, as well as the intuitions, emotions, and body postures of the observers have much to do with the observations and the reportage of the contacts.

Aside from the sponges, corals, dolphins, bacteria, viruses, rain forests, etc., we DO seem to be Lords of the Planet. It would be excellent to abdicate this humanistic lordship and acknowledge cousinship in the surge of plasm, in the sight of the sun, within the galaxy, within the giant liquid totality of galaxies.

As he hunted the hairy rhinoceros and the mammoth, homo Fossilus became a close acquaintance with the creatures. There are other ways of acquaintance that are as natural, as successful, and have as meaningful goals. Perhaps MAMMAL MAN

might find that we have paths to pursue TOGETHER with cousin creatures -- new, unimagined inter-relationships either here, or in some yet to be elsewhere.

DON JUAN, not the protagonist of the poem of Lord Byron, but Don Juan the old Yaqui Indian peyotist shaman, told his pupil Carlos Casteneda to find his sitio -- the sitio being the place on the adobe porch that was spirit-sympatico to Casteneda.

Casteneda experimented with his body until he found that spot and found a revelation -- and found some joy and fear of his body in the search. He was amazed at the body-twistings and hallucinations.

Within the infrastructure of the cells are multitudinous sites or sitio. The pearl-like ribosomes are the sites that move themselves over the sub-microscopic strands of the messenger ribo-nucleic acid. The cell is not a bag but a topology of sites that are chemical and molecular.

It does not seem a surprise that if the creature man is created from his fairyland outwards (as perhaps he might also be created inward from a cosmology of sites that we cannot perceive) that these sites are mirrored in the macroscopic world -- in human reality by what Don Juan called sitios.

Society, a structure comprised of creatures, has lost the idea that there are sites, and sitio, of biologic significance. It has created niches and topologies that form a closed and not an open system. The niches and planes of society and its cubicles fulfill the self-invented social emotions and hungers and not those biological needs of the inner person. In the long out-moded humanistic social contract society minimally fulfills the

biological desires and more and more mimics the technology of tools and machines. The ends loom lucidly to the thinking body of intelligences who feel, as much as see, the undesirable outcomes.

Negative and negated feelings are molded into meat shapes on the faces of the peoples of this world culture. The feelings are sculptured in body postures, gestures, and stances. The strain on the faces is horrific. Men and women on the streets seem to be containing, holding, compressing their inner organs as well as their perceptions within themselves. Artaud observed this within himself. The faces appear emblematic of constipation. These persons are painfully holding their shit, or their urine, or their sexuality in a great strain. Bodily functions are personal -- therefore socially they are anti-societal. Since personal acts of excretion, micturation, sexuality, are frowned upon there are few acceptable places for their fulfillment. Social crudity aside, this is biologically apparent. As any person is more and more trained to the view that natural functions are anti-societal, the performances of these functions becomes more and more difficult. Even sleep.

Consumer society utilizes these biologic difficulties. Taking advantage of the soft, processed, nutriment defective foods, the vast markets for laxatives and kidney compounds and sleep inducing pharmaceuticals and tooth pastes come into being. The more a product is advertised in consumer media the less expensive are the original costs of the product -- toothpaste, soaps, tobacco, gasoline, soft drinks, plastic clothing, cameras. The consumer product in one field is likely a biproduct of another and perhaps unrelated field -- as pesticides are biproducts of the petroleum industries, and

steel and auto industries go hand in hand with the construction companies and the Corps of Army Engineers. It can be seen that this is all a single natural technological surge. It has created a closed and closing environment.

Men and women, and youth, and babes seeking sitios are confronted with steel, concrete aggregate, and poisonous and undesirable products to ingest and wear out and spray in the air about them through aerosol containers or through the internal combustion engine.

Freud, Jung, and the master psychiatrists, give valuable psychological insights into human processes but they are hardly needed to explain the present NOW tortured squint, or blank open stare of the human eye, or the distortion of arm, back, neck, and leg, into postures of grief and pain. Homosexuality (which is apparently natural) can be accounted for by Oedipus complex using the sensory polytheistic Greek mythology as a model. Or homosexuality can be seen in rat overpopulation experiments. (Homosexuality in the normal small rat family is rare or unobserved. But in overpopulation experiments the female rats become disorganized. The dominant males form harems. Packs of homosexual and pansexual male rats run rampant among themselves and the child rats and unprotected females. There is cannibalism, pansexual rape, and carnage. New "neuter" rat types come into being -- they move silently while the other rats are sleeping, have no sexual or social contacts and spend their time in self-grooming. There are many areas of human population density where these conditions can be seen -- Tokyo, N.Y.C., London. The self-conflicting and overpopulated humanistic society rapidly passes laws against manifestations of this "anti-societal" condition to repress them within limits acceptable to the structure.)

Men and women tainted with biologic repression move on painful concrete among a superabundance of their own species and twist their bodies in reaction to the pain of surrounding pollutions. Dogs in the city will run half a block to pass their shit on green grass, or soft earth, turning in a circle before they do so, feeling the ur-ancient satisfaction of soil beneath their feet. The tense householder, ready for excuse to vent his rage hurls rocks at the dog. He buys chemicals to keep the dogs away from the tiny patch of exotic greensward that he has so carefully nurtured with artificial fertilizers, biocides, and essential water.

Men and women in the cities, in their physiological pain, seek companionship of dependent creatures, as bodies upon which to extend affections so often rejected by their own species. They also seek an admiring support or crutch for their personalities. They purchase domesticated dogs and cats for these (and other) reasons. In the temporary war-induced abundance of material goods in the Western countries there is a population burst of domestic pets. The wild mustangs, perhaps hundreds of thousands of them, in the mountain retreats of Western North America, have been converted to canned dogfood. These mountains of wild horse-flesh are then changed to excrement that litters the streets of the cities. Bodies of great whales are towed to the coastal ports of California and transformed to canned food for the domestic cat.

Chickens, one of the commonest shapes of protein nourishment in Western countries, are raised in sickening and distorted conditions with the utilization of hormones and biocides, and are so brutally overcrowded that they have become transformed into less than machines. It is doubtful that consumption of the flesh of food animals raised in conditions of intense factory stress and confinement and chemical and hormonal

experiment lends much health or vigor to the devourer.

There may also be a sickening aura, that we cannot feel with our conscious selves, that hangs over these productionline buchenwalds. There might have been some healthy aura that hung over the herds of now extinct wild mustangs. Perhaps the vigor of the human newcomers to this continent derived in part from the energies of the abundant life that swarmed and surged in the almost virgin Pleistocene.

As canis Familiaris and felis Domesticus devour the whales and mustangs, intimations of food wars begin. The great fisheries, with few exceptions, have been fished clean. What is left in the fisheries of the 18th and 19th centuries are called "trash fish". Small fish of numerous species that are not large enough or desirable enough for butchering and canning. The trash fish are used as fertilizers to replace the depleting soils or they are ground into fish gruels and made into patties -- perhaps to be served in materially wasteful containers as TV dinners.

Off the coasts of Peru and Bolivia is a large relatively undepleted fishery. It is being "mined" by the technologized fishing fleets of the U.S. and the hungry technological fleets of Japan. Peru and Bolivia are alarmed. The South American governments claim their boundaries extend two hundred miles into the ocean and thus encompass the wealth of living fish protein. The United States and Japan will not accept this boundary dictum and continue to fish as fast as technologized, sonar equipped, and refrigerated ships will work. Peru and Bolivia, alarmed at the loss of a natural resource, hurry to develop mechanized fishing fleets. They make attempts to drive off other nationals by firing guns, boarding, or capturing the intrusive vessels. Regardless

of which nationalistic segment of the world society devours these fish, or uses them for fertilizers, the fishery is destined to be depleted. The mountain Indians working almost as slave laborers in the "mineral republics" would not see any of the fish in any case. The function of the Indian workers is to produce metals for the world culture -- the Indians also are an expendable resource.

Biological radicals are well aware of the ecological conditions within which this wholly natural society has trapped itself -- and of the failure of the religion of progress. Multitudes and growing millions of persons, if they are not sidetracked by duplicity and bribery inherent in the structure, will be seeking a SOLUTION. It MUST be remembered that there is NOT A SOLUTION.

As immediately as possible a physiological and intellectual milieu must be formed by the revolts of individuals and groups so that questions may be discovered and solutions (plural) may be sought. There is no time for the advancement of political evangelisms. We are born into, and thoroughly indoctrinated by, a humanistic tradition. We can intensively, with maximum vigor, solve as instantly as possible the answerable apparent problems. Simultaneously we must find our biologic mammalhood and make it possible for our IMMEDIATE descendants to realize mammalhood more easily. Then they may take a new view of this structure of which we are a part. They will take a step from the pivot we create for THEM. Politics must be brought to a sudden halt -- as gently as possible. There is a considerable proportion of men and women who will come very slowly to this position. They are immediately useless. Only considerable example will swing them from an effete time honored course. Perhaps some are

ultimately and finally helpless and hopeless. They will not be able to leave their evangelisms and predispositions. They are enfeebled.

ANY, EVERY, AND ALL, pro-life, biological, pro-planetary gestures are valuable as examples as well as for the actions themselves. Even political expediencies, by those with the talent to utilize, direct, or channel political powers are instantly urgent. BUT if the goal of political action is to alter the dead end of this society for temporary relief it must be questioned. There can be no biological gesture that is too small, nor none that is too large, to serve as example. A new mode must be brought into being immediately.

Each biologically conscious man must supersede his indoctrination and look with open sensorium at the pro-life gestures of others. Man must attempt to rise above the propagandizing he has received. The personal and group revolts must come together into a massive revolt that sets an example and creates a field upon which to project man-mammalhood. Each and every new reasonable experiment must be tried. The threat and waste of the war machine must be halted while it is being dismantled -- along with this must go the protection and replanting of nature and unwavering rapid decrease of population.

There are some who believe they can create a NEW PALEOLITHIC or a NEW NEOLITHIC confluence and they wish to attempt that. They believe that a holocaust may be survived by living in new mimesis of an old lifestyle. Or they believe that in finding a new (old) style they will set an example for many to emulate and therefore aid in general survival. Or they believe they may try one of these lifestyles and return to society with the research information discovered in their mode. These ends and projections are extremely valuable

and are seen as such by biologically oriented men. There is no reason to bicker over any experiment or hope for survival. Each and every new discovery is needful for the formation of new out-leading confluences.

All biologically aware men must aid each other in attainment of experimental lifestyles or visions if they are clearly pro-biological, pro-mammalian, and pro-life.

Those who wish to return to the countryside as agriculturists to find their dreamed of sitios and to develop their sites and fields MUST be helped. Their researches may be invaluable. Biologically and physiologically inclined men MUST prevent society from indoctrinating, challenging, or channelling those men and women. New lifestyles as they are invented and discovered MUST NOT be interfered with by society. The new experiments will not follow the normal modern traditions and taboos. The enactment of these new methods is true science and poetry. Science and poetry and the meat body have been too long put into different slots and niches of societal topology. The experimenters will find failures and successes and brilliances and dullnesses. It is our privilege and luck that they do so.

There are those who wish to return to the forest and become hunters and they must be allowed to do so and aided. There are those who wish to barricade areas of virgin wilderness so that they will be untouched and unseen for generations. This is one of the most valuable gifts that can be made to the posterity of humanistic man. There are those who wish to work, and are working, in the cities to make them more habitable for those who are born into them minute by minute. Aware men are devoting their energies to recycling of natural materials to take the drain off the still standing forests and deposits of resources. There

are those who are fighting the rechannelling of the rivers and lakes and the pollution of technology. Each and every one of the pro-life processes is urgent. No example or pro-life gesture is too small. It is only by inter-communication, inter-help, vision, and tolerance of all pro-life gestures that the first steps can be taken.

The closed society will attempt to pull the wool over the eyes of strivers and seekers and will attempt to confine the urgent, experimental, conditional first steps. This is not a reason for depression but contrariwise it can invigorate animal morale. A challenge is not a defeat. A challenge is a challenge.

REASON AND LUCK are not such different concepts as they first appear to be. Oftentimes the man who appears to be lucky, or who is perhaps truly lucky, has created his luck. Sometimes this LUCK is created through conscious, or unconscious, processes of physical reason. The man who experiments with apparent excesses, if he pulls back from those excesses, can create a large body of moderation for himself. Contrariwise, if he is hypnotized by the excesses, then he may suffer from their blights. Then he might not form a moderation for himself. No physical activity is absolutely safe.

Many persons create "feedback loops" for themselves. These energy loops projected into surrounding circumstantial reality that a man inhabits are capable of bringing to the man what he conceives of as desires or needs. They may also fail. Much depends on the intelligences of the man and his associates and on the constellations of their information. (And on the accuracy of the information.) When a man accurately perceives with his physical body and intuitive sensorium, when his body image is clear, and when he

can read the surrounding world as it registers on his meat-screen without the cloud of his own or others projections, then that man is in an advantageous position.

A man looks into the surrounding icebergs and pinnacles and fields of his life. He realizes that with a specific phonecall to a certain person he may set in motion a series of events that will bring about a desired occurrence. He makes this phonecall with care and reason. He hears in the voice of the other person the exact responses. He does not project what he wishes to be the person's responses into the voice that he hears from the other end of the wire. He will be more successful if he realizes the exact body image carried by the voice of the person he speaks to. Another man might make a phone call and hear what he wishes to hear. That man will be less lucky. His feedback loop will be less successful. The phonecall is a gross example of how many interactions occur. They happen on all physical, sensory, and chemical planes. We sense, and make odors, and gestures, that are loops both conscious and unconscious.

One person may imagine that a poem, a hatchet, a telephone, or an electron microscope is an extension of his body and his physical body image. Another man may believe that those objects and artifacts are tools to be used like wedges or explosives to jar desired effects into being. One way seems to be more reasonable than the other. Unfortunately society is tool oriented and not body oriented. Explosives are a form of communication. We are socially communicating with South East Asia.

A man who at one time was capable of making excellent media loops, who was successful with his use of the telephone in the achievement of goals that he cherished is suddenly in a new stance.

He is entrapped in a situation. He cannot see it. His success with the telephone encouraged him. He begins to see the fruition of his ideals. He decides if he has two phones that he can do more. If he has three phones he can accomplish many times more. He begins to partake in a media psychosis.

He has a phone in each hand. He is speaking into each phone -- alternately. His eyes are alight. The third telephone is ringing. His senses are filled. He is becoming an extension of the tool. He is fulfilled. Filled out! He is thrilled! There is constant electric and electronic activity about him. He is needed, desired. He makes plans, dreams, fantasies, over the media. He drives multitudes of wedges that become cruder and cruder. The wedges appear to him to be more and more refined as he becomes less and less aware of the fineness of his body versus the grossness of the telephone. Finally, he is an extension of the telephone. He has lost sight of what his idealistic desires, hopes, and plans, were. He has been socialized by the multitudes of confused and confusing body images that are brought to him as disembodied, but real, physical facts. --He is societally successful but personally lost. Society will retopologize him. His success will be momentary. His self-esteem will disappear and he will look for another solution. Perhaps he will regain his original intentions. Perhaps they have been dissolved in the psychosis that he partakes in. For all persons at all times this process can occur at all levels from micro-biological, to the finest threads of perception, to the grossest gesture of arm or leg, or facial expression.

REASON is not a Platonic abstraction or category but is a real physical fact. It is not something on the exterior that drifts in tendrils through the air to be sought after.

LOVE is not an abstraction or category either. One cannot invoke Love as a deity or abstraction. Love like Reason must be made and brought into being. There is no more relationship of Logic to Reason than there is a relationship of Logic to Love. Reason is not even necessarily related to what we perceive as cause and effect. We know too little of cause and effect to too-pridefully, vainly, evoke it as an event of either love or reason.

Reason is the play of the physical perceptions and sensorium, and constellative imaginings, based on real perceptions, and memories -- as they move through the actualities of event and the probabilities of projected events.

Only a clear body image, and sharpness of experience, and sensorium, can create successful reason. All the scholars of the world studying ancient tomes of metaphysics cannot tell much to Blake or to a wolf. Yet Blake or the wolf might tell much to the scholars.

The accreting body of the meat intellectivity of men is what brings reason into being. Intellectivity might be fed by books and media but it is also, and mostly, fed by physical experience and meditation (if they can be made separable). The most useful reason is engendered by multitudes of sources and does not seek for immediate solutions. It perceives systems, and their limitations, and the ways that they may be channeled, eliminated, or brought within control, or made use of, or expanded by, the perceiver.

Love is for the meat-intellectivity as well as the obvious senses of the body. One does not love by the repetition of the word in song or speech. One extends the body to create love -- to touch, to raise the hand or lip to another hand or lip. Society has trained men that sexuality is an acceptable personal outlet

(if performed secretly) to ease the frustrations of self-domestication. Domestic animals have more numerous periods of heat or rut than their wild progenitors. Human sexuality is pervasive. "Love" is a category of abstraction to justify it. It is doubtful that society lets us know any more of inherent man-mammalian sexuality than it lets us know of our potential inherent shapes of reason.

If the present generations of men and women accept a pivotal position and allow experiments of possible physical reason, then more insights into the nature of reason as a physical and genetic reality will be possible. Reason will tell us more about love, and more about luck, and vice versa.

In the enshrined works of Plato, in his absurdist closet comedy The Symposium that is an insight when read carefully. It will be seen that Plato brings about an anti-philosophical definition of Love. (It is said that Plato slept with the works of the lost comic poet Sophron for a pillow.) The Symposium, after the ridiculousness of the various stances of the speakers as they make their limited and self-centered (idealistic) definitions of love, it is finally clear that Socrates, himself, in all his Silenic, chimpanzee-like, Harpo Marxian, verbal and human grotesquery IS love. --Therefore only the body of a man or woman can be love -- or can make love. There is no other love. The Sybil Diotima is as foolish as Socrates, who is as wily and silly as Alcibiades. The works of Plato are not reason, but are an enormous, intellectual, feedback loop. They are not reason or philosophy but might occasionally open doors or insights into models of real physical reason. Aside from that, and their usage as art and philology, there is little use for Plato. But with what mammal grace the dialogs are written.

In the ancient Hebrew work The Book of Job

(which is apparently based on a mystery drama from an earlier culture) there is a message that is overlooked by those who are hypnotized by religio-morphism. After Job's three friends have given their advices regarding Job's plight, a pivotal action takes place. The three friends make various observations, damnations of Job, give advice. Their positions are orthodox stances based on dream-visions, materialism, the infallibility of God. After these three have spoken they are answered by Job who rebuts them in order. Then the fourth younger "friend", Elihu, speaks for the first time. The younger man confutes all of the elders. He tells that he knows exactly the cause and reason of Job's plight, that he understands God, that all of the others are wrong. Jehovah then manifests himself in a whirlwind, and as Leviathan, in his most tremendous and stormy manifestation. He has been stirred to anger by the possibility that he may be KNOWN by a creature of limited perceptions and sensorium. Jehovah sets all to right. Everyone was wrong -- though Job was just. Jehovah (BEING) has manifested that he is unknowable. All must strive to know him. Among other interpretations, the book might be seen as a rite of passage for the young man. To know reason, logic, God, is not to know them at all, but to know only your projection of them upon the face of the universe.

The story of the Buddha who fed himself to the family of hungry tigers might be seen as another parable about reason. It is a jest, asking whether reason can be relative or not. All of our interpretations of parable and literature are religiomorphic or "sociomorphic".

It does not seem possible that reason or love can be relative but instead that they are universal meat-inventions -- if the meat invents, perceives, and brings them into being. My reason might not be

another person's reason but I cannot believe that they are relative --I believe that they spring from the same plasm.

Only the new biologically conscious youth in the experiments of their reason, aided by the intelligences and goodwill of their predecessors, will be able to step from the milieu and discover their natures outside the closed system. They will find it necessary to conjecture an open systemless system. We might be the last men -- or we might be the grandfathers of the first mammal men.

IV

WHEN A MAN DOES NOT ADMIT HE IS AN ANIMAL, he is less than an animal.

At first glance it seems apparent that attempts to return to hunting and gathering or "primitive" agricultural styles are foredoomed. In late Pleistocene, the interglacial periods presented abundance to the hunter and gatherer and the sparsity of population caused no untenable pressure on the mammal herds or the lush lands of edible grasses.

England, within recent times, was connected by marshes to the mainland of Europe. As the Channel rose it was left standing as a beauteous near virgin outgrowth of forested and game populated rock -- like a stone in a clear pool covered with lovely moss. Greece, China, North Africa, as well as England and Europe have been deforested for the building of warships, homes, firewood, and agriculture. Overgrazing has extinguished the natural arability of the land in the most desirable sites. There are few places where either hunting and gathering or simple agriculture will suffice for a desirable life style. It is quite clear that often in earlier times men lived amidst another type of natural abundance. --Not a golden age -- but an abundance.

Society as it continues acceleration of the planetary technology will eradicate man. Yet the lives of the billions of men and women are, in almost all cases, absolutely dependent upon the techno-economy to provide them with the necessities of life. The people of the metropolises and megametropolises would starve and die of thirst without the requisites that are piped, trucked, and flown to them. The populace would die as swiftly, or nearly so, in the countryside. Contemporary agriculture is a technology and with its sudden collapse would come the end of nearly all human life.

(Soil in most modern countries is only arable

because of artificial fertilizers and soil treatments.) It is doubtful that the sanity of those who would be able to survive the sudden end of technology could be maintained. (Sanity is meant to be a biological term -- for it is not likely that the normal man today is sane.) The death of billions would bring madness for the survivors who are trained to think and feel humanistically and socially -- and surely there would be epidemics eliminating accidental survivors.

It is a razor thin edge for the drama of survival to take place upon. Society and the unitary culture has developed planarly and interlocked itself into a rigid structure. The Soka Gakkai Bhuddists are subject to the same pressure lines and stresses as Wallace's American Party. Those directed by the Whitehouse, the Pentagon, the Papacy, the Politburo, or Peking are all conjoined. Only with great will can existing generations throw down the evangelisms and have mutual survival. Only those alive now can prepare a forthcoming generation for perception of the total situation.

Preparation for battle between political frontiers is a comedy developed beyond the reasonable bounds of humor -- it is a psychosis.

What technologies must be maintained to keep alive in acceptable lifestyle the mass of the world's outmoded humanistic population?

What steps must be taken to maintain the MORALE of the human species?

The progressive demoralization concomitant with socialization is already devastating. Any individual who has been on this planet for thirty years is able to comment on the change of biologic morale.

The wastefulness of space exploration programs is even more staggering than the thought of the human being, in the given world state, returning

to hunting. The hairy rhino, the bison, the passenger pigeon, the giant deer are not there to be feasted on.. Nor can the planet support background radiation (not to mention fall-out), thermal pollution, and possibly even oxygen deprivation, and the rapidly appearing dead-ends accompanying what is called progress.

It does not seem reasonable to retreat from the possibility of space exploration -- or to carry it on. Space exploration may be the natural gesture of the surface of this earth -- to spore and expand in a systemless system. Further, it is highly unlikely that man can live in any satisfaction solely in the new cult of inner space. Man is a creature and desires as all creatures FRONTIER. Frontier must be accompanied by inner exploration. But inner space will not substitute for frontier. The substitution of one for another, or the eradication of either, is a facet of madness. The dangers of technology must be DISMANTLED and the positive necessary aspects made non-competitive. There is a question that WE cannot easily answer. What elements of the technology, art, science, of this here and now society will be of use to our progeny?

We can begin to conjecture which elements are destructive to the survival of our children, and children's children. ONLY AS THOSE CONCERNED IN REVOLT MAKE REASONED, AND REASONABLE, PRO-BIOLOGIC EXAMPLES AND ACTIVITIES CAN LEADERSHIP BE TURNED OVER TO THE MOST VITAL INTELLIGENCES OF THE NEW GENERATIONS. Youth must cease to be a caste. The old must make reasons to be honored for their labor and examples.

There must be constant work among all generations for the achievement of eco-biological transfer. The lumpen men are propagandized and indoctrinated to a grim degree. Only a

revolt, on the part of each person able to do so, will begin to shape the change. The necessary activities in personal revolts may not bring societal rewards and probably most often will not do so.

The reward of life is BEING, is motility, and is action -- both interior and on the frontier.

THERE IS NOT A UTOPIA AT HAND. There will not be golden towers of progress, nor will there be an angelic or seraphic nostalgic new society of the innocent Paleolithic or Neolithic. There is not a Messiah because being is messiah. There is not a SOLUTION because there must be many solutions. Solutions are, at best, temporary.

The inactivity and dullness of the bliss of conjectured utopias are pathetic in light of the world situation. Drugs, yoga, politics, trance-dancing, or religion will not save one's cell tissue from the immediately apparent fate. Religion and politics are both inner frontiers taking place on the topology of the giant cell of technological society. A man must have space and action for the motions of his real body, and the accrued constellation of perceptions, if he is to exist as a mammal rather than as a ghost or stupefied creature. What must be made is the most reasonable and meat-real confluences that can be conceived. Definite, clear, choices must be made by those who prepare themselves to see the nature of the choices.

Much of what has occurred a priori from this given (now) vantage appears to be natural biological error. Evangelisms and quests for utopias have brought immense grief. The universe is living. We are a part of it. It does not alter itself for our imagined human pleasures. We are the universe manifesting and

experiencing itself. We have been propagandized otherwise. THIS IS A NATURAL STATE. THERE ARE OTHER NATURAL STATES. This natural state is drawing to a close. The selves of the human self are constricted in natural displeasing ways. The exterior world is a reflection as much as a cause of this condition. It is possible to begin the alterations of the conditions.

The administration of this geo-political "sector" (to quote administrative jargon), invites personal action in the "Environmental Crisis". But the evangelistic progress-oriented unit cannot escape from its interlocking business/war/technology, or do more than minutely shift the checks and balances. It is possible that this call to personal action is a piece of LUCK. Revolutions have become sentimentality. Only personal meat-biological revolt will obtain the necessary views and actions. It is barely possible that the incapacity of the political administrative structure will enrage individuals and challenge their intellectual and physical capacities -- perhaps this will contribute to a greater change than a revolution.

IT IS A GREAT ERROR TO EQUATE WEALTH WITH DOLLARS. Wealth is not dollars but is meat energy derived from the sun and the contact of the sun with the surface of the planet. It is inherent in the plasm. Not all the utopian schemes of what to do with the DOLLAR, when it is freed from its symbiosis with war, will help an iota in the long run. In the short scale there are obvious economic changes. But the economy is a false structure. (In the U.S., Russia, and China, the consumer and worker are not concerned with equitable distribution of wealth but with increase of the gross wealth -- all catechisms and propagandas of course are to the contrary. Increase

of the gross national wealth resides in a Faustian rape on all levels.) The cult of Marx is no more helpful than the cult of Daddy Warbucks.

Deification through media exposure (more people have seen Elvis Presley than will ever read Aristotle) will do no more to help than the dollars freed from war. It is only the unique reasoned gesture of pro-biological man, and the building rivers and oceans of those actions, that will alter the situation. The sensorium therapies, and well-meaning population swirls, or rock and roll, are as useless as the dollar and the media. Only man-animal (man, woman, child, Kiwanis member, and yogin) can begin making changes with the fineness of their bodies and intellectivities.

A crate of papers recycled by an old woman in Oakland, a young man throwing his body in front of a bulldozer in the forest, or a demonstrating crowd in front of an induction center are all a block-ading of the biocidal war. The war against Vietnam and Vietnam's war against the U.S., and the mass spraying of pesticides in the Kern Valley are all ONE WAR. The strife is biocidal. There is a multitude of gestures that can be made by every person. All gestures are not only important in themselves because they grow and swell in volume, they are also examples of extreme urgency for those who are paralyzed by indoctrination.

There is no person of intelligence who cannot contribute much and constantly to the new awareness of themselves as men-creatures and to the knowledge of our upbringing from the pool of plasm that encircles the earth. There is no one who cannot afford the time for commitment. Those who make grand gestures are no more or less important than those who make the smaller actions of one who is debilitated, enfeebled by age, or blocked from a gesture of great scale by relative youth.

Those who accupy this society have no excuse for inaction.

The sociopathic artist wonders just how mysterious might be the waves of organic activity. One is tantalized by thoughts about the "auric" (for lack of a better word) vibrations of the life of this continent when it was virgin.

In the works of the great naturalists, Bartram, Audubon, Muir, and in the poetry of Whitman and the prose of Melville there is the clear sensation that a Pleistocene energy surge manifests itself. There is the euphoria of the still existent lushness of life, the majesty and mystery and multiplicity of the frontier as it passes through strange, or tranquil, or tortured intelligences and bodies. In 1875 in Song of the Redwood (Harper's Magazine), Whitman warns, after hearing the clank of chains, and the snap of axes, and the crying of the dryads and hamadryads, that there will be an end of the great forests. Today Reagan of California does much to fulfill the vision of the old sage with the butterflies in his beard.

Reagan is only the latest manifestation of the default of intellectual men, and the usurpation of governing power by the wily, canny, brutal, propagandized, and intellectually inferior men. At best one might say that it proves that California -- where Disney blossoms -- DOES have a sense of humor. But it is a twisted and societal humor and not the jest of young eagles as they play with a buffalo flap -- squawking and darting from the flap as one tosses it at another. There are few places left where one can witness the humane beauty of a pair of turkey vultures teaching their family of fledglings to catch the updrafts as they soar -- or the comic beauty of the young bird as it, startled, misses the updraft and plummets in search of another.

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When the Spaniards entered the temples of Mexico they confronted the perfect parallel of the descriptions of Hell that had been given to them by their Catholic teachers. They found the idols and the altars drenched, and inches deep, in crusted gore -- and vats of burning human hearts. They witnessed countless sacrifices of a nature that seemed unspeakably cruel. They saw, or heard of, captives thrown into pits of burning coals, hauled out with forks, skinned alive and thrown back tossing and screaming into the fire. They saw not only the terrible cruelties (through European eyes that casually accepted the wars of Spain and Italy), but they also saw the wealth of fallen angels. The scenes of holocaust in the temples and the sacrifices on the pyramids so nearly resembled the sermon descriptions of Hell that it occurs in a perverse imagining that the Old World might have naturally and unconsciously felt waves from these hellish scenes of torture and pain. The religious hysteria and visions of punishment produced by the dominant European mystery cult might be a global reflection of all the sacrifices, torture, agony, ritual skinnings, and burnings of the New World.

By the middle of the 19th century Poe was beginning to scientifically investigate what D. H. Lawrence called "the music of decay". It is as if the new music of the spheres was not only the chip of the woodsman's axe in California and the groaning of the plains full of tongueless dead and dying buffalo but a sound of shattering -- like glass under great pressure. It is interesting that both Dickens and Poe struck out against the shattering. Poe in his visionary prose poem -- *Eureka*, and Dickens in his tracts (designed like novels) against child slavery and human brutality. Whitman took the upsurge view of it and saw the triumph of the mammal even

beyond Progress. He never gives the final utopia but presents the NOW and a hopeful, and often strained, joyous vision. (--At times like the poetry of a mystically illuminated automaton.) Melville seems to live out within his body the torture of the ecology as man destroys it. He found his last bliss in gnostic verses of the beauty of being in the shapes of memories, fantasies, and roseplants. Butler, during his lifetime was unable to complete his great "scientific" work The Way of All Flesh. Perhaps it was finally too painful to see the actions of men rather than the actions of mammals. The posthumously published Way of All Flesh stands as an indictment of the baseness of man interlocked with other men. Fortunately the tens of thousands of revolts that stand as edifices of art of science can be seen as the meat extensions of men that longed not merely to project their images but to BE and to PARTAKE and to both destroy and create.

WE ARE NOT GUILTY -- WE ARE LIVING CREATURES!
 FREE! --Whole, and part of a totality of being
 that we not only are and represent but of which we
 can conceive only in new and old ways -- and ways
 forgotten and methods yet undreamed.

When an animal is confronted by an apparently
 inescapable situation that will resolve in its
 death, the creature switches channels and enters
 a state of hysteria. Hysteria is unpredictable
 random movement and activity -- unplanned, violent,
 and of great energy. The creature thrashes and
 tosses and hurls itself in any and every direction.
 This is the last ditch attempt at survival. When
 the nervous system has been able to make no con-
 stellations projecting a reasonable or possible
 escape from termination the body goes wild making
 a feedback loop -- hoping for the miracle to appear
 or to be created by the activity.

For its preservation, Society has created,
 repressions creating, a state of guilt. When the
 status quo of the society is threatened the state
 of guilt intensifies. Guilt is an inhibiting con-
 dition. It terminates reasonable and reasoned
 actions by depressing any high level psycho-physiolo-
 gical states into low energy physiological states.

Guilt is a trick that society plays upon the
 individual body and the mass of men. It is one of
 a number of checks and balances that may be brought
 into play to inhibit change.

The body loses muscle
 tone, and pitch of intellectual brightness. The per-
 son becomes demoralized and depressed. He wishes
 to do as little as possible. His self-esteem is
 depressed to such a degree that rather than finding
 the requisite energy to expand a field of actions
 and make the cause of guilt insignificant again, he
 becomes inactive. The inactivity leads to more
 inactivity which is barraged by the stress state of
 the social background -- consequently the repression

and ensocialization is further enforced.

"Zomboidal"

is a fitting neologism to describe the condition. The person becomes lax or rigid -- or both. The whole of central-source humanism begins with the predisposition of original sin. Apparently wise and intelligent men spend a great deal of time (even today) concerning themselves with the postulations of original sin. They ponder whether it was sexual, spiritual, the eating of flesh, the first murder, etc. Not surprisingly, a good many of the world's youth are little entertained with such speculation. Philosophers still dance on the head of a pin along with the angels who continue to wrestle out the problems with them. The artist is left pleased that Mozart and Blake were so little concerned with it.

During the continued, and continuing, extension of man's self-domestication, the concept of original sin prepares a background for guilt as a societal depressant. Two or three thousand years acculturation of the concept makes it an important thread in the weave of the general background. One is born into conceptions that involve guilt as one is born into a family in a society that promotes psychopathy. One is slightly depressed from birth (if not earlier) and is exposed to further inroads of sensations of guilt. It is easiest for guilt to win over innocence if one is born in guilt. It is highly likely that one of the most difficult perceptions for a man to obtain is that he IS NOT GUILTY, THAT HE IS A LIVING CREATURE, and that NO LIVING CREATURE IS GUILTY. All acts are natural. There are no unnatural acts. It is equally certain that there are many natural acts that are preferable to certain ones that we have chosen, in natural innocence (or ignorance), to make.

We worshipped at the temples of the P 38 and the Flying Fortress. We had no political thoughts but the war effort -- and our tiny bit, whatever it might be, to further it. We grew old enough to be incredulous at the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. No matter what propaganda and indoctrination, we found it hard to accept the unleashing of that weapon.

Many of the young artists, scientists, and lifestyle philosophers realized consciously and unconsciously that they were meat and were innocent. They did not accept the guilt of their fathers and their father's fathers. They were LIVING CREATURES -- able to sing, or dance, or sleep, or dream. The guilt syndrome is coming to an end and will no longer work as a stupefacient -- as tobacco smoke is used to put bees to sleep while their honey is stolen. The bubbles of personal space are being broken -- or are burst -- but new methods of reconstruction and recreation are demanded and sought. The sentimentalisms and kitsch become more apparent and THERE IS A FRONTIER. The many selves of each self are demanding a chance to prove that, with natural care, they can be more reasoned than the social structure. The best intelligences that have opted for outmoded evangelisms are beginning to find a field upon which to reconsider their decisions. The inhibiting mechanisms are choking themselves.

We are not guilty. We are living creatures!

VI (99 THESES)

1. MAN IS A CARNIVORE EXPERIENCING HIMSELF.
2. MAN IS A MAMMAL.
3. THE UNIVERSE IS THE MESSIAH.
4. THE CREATURE IS ONE BEING.
5. ONE BEING IS POLYTHEISM.
6. THE 27 SENSES ARE EXTRUSIONS OF MESSIAH.
7. THE SENSES ARE GODS AND GODDESSES.
8. THE MAMMAL & THE STAR ARE EQUAL.
9. THE STARS ARE A GAS.
10. THE GALAXIES ARE A LIQUID.
11. ALL LIFE IS A MEAT SCULPTURE FREED OF TIME, SPACE, & DIMENSION.
12. THIS SOCIETY IS A CAGE FOR THE MAMMAL.
13. ALL CREATURES OF WING, FIN, FUR, TENTACLE, PROTOPLASM, ARE EQUAL.
14. THE PANDA IS A PEACOCK.
15. MAN IS A PANDA.
16. THE SALMON IS A MAN.
17. THE WOLF SINGS.
18. CARBON, HYDROGEN, NITROGEN, OXYGEN, SULFUR.
19. THE STAR IS A SUN.
20. CHILDREN ARE FREE.
21. THE BODY IS A CHILD.
22. THEISM REJECTS THE MESSIAH.
23. THE PHYSIOLOGICAL BODY IS PURE SPIRIT.
24. EACH SELF IS MANY SELVES.
25. THE INVISIBLE EXTENSIONS OUTWARD ARE AS COMPLEX AS THE INVISIBLE EXTENSIONS INWARD.
26. THE SENSORIUM, MEMORIES, AND GENES ARE CONSTELLATIONS.
27. ALL CONSTELLATIONS ARE ONE CONSTELLATION.
28. LIFE SURGES.
29. EXTINCTION IS AN APPEARANCE.
30. THE SNOW LEOPARD IS A WORM ELF.
31. EARTH IS A SNOW LEOPARD.
32. LIFE IS TOPOLOGICAL COMPLEXITY
33. WEALTH IS ENERGY.
34. ELECTRONICS DEVOLVE FROM THIS STAR.

35. THERE IS NO INTELLIGENCE BUT INTELLIGENCES.
36. CRUELTY, TORTURE, SELFISHNESS, VANITY, ARE BORING.
37. EACH MAMMAL DESERVES.
38. THE SLOTH AND THE EAGLE ARE EQUAL -- MEN ARE EQUAL IN THE SAME WAY.
39. THERE ARE, AND ARE NOT, MOLECULES AND ATOMS.
40. ONLY THE SELVES CAN DOMESTICATE THE SELF-DOMESTICATED.
41. MAN AND THE DOG ARE SELF-DOMESTICATED.
42. MEN FEED WILD MUSTANGS TO DOGS AND WHALES TO CATS.
43. THE SEA URCHIN IS A GREAT PHILOSOPHER.
44. PLATO EQUALS CHARLIE CHAPLIN -- JESUS IS ANACREON.
45. MONEY IS FUNNY.
46. THE DOLLAR IS A COLLAR.
47. CLOVER IS A CREATURE.
48. THERE IS ENOUGH WATER FOR ALL WHO SHOULD BE.
49. EVERYTHING IS NATURAL.
50. REASON IS BEAUTY.
51. MEAT IS THOUGHT.
52. THE GREEKS WERE THE LAST TO DEIFY THE SENSES.
53. MONOTONY IS MADNESS.
54. THE FRONTIER IS OUTSIDE.
55. THE FRONTIER IS INSIDE.
56. LIFE BEGINS WITH COILING -- MOLECULES & NEBULAE.
57. RELIGION, MATERIALISMS, POLITICS, PROGRESS, TECHNOLOGY, ARE EVANGELISMS.
58. EVANGELISMS ARE PROLIFERATIONS OF MONOTONY.
59. REVOLUTION IS SENTIMENT.
60. REVOLT IS BIOLOGICAL.
61. THE LIGHT ON YOUR FINGERTIPS IS STARLIGHT.
62. PROPORTION AS MEASUREMENT IS FALSITY.
63. THE BLACK MAN IS NOT THE PINK MAN OR THE YELLOW -- THEY ARE MAMMALS.

64. DREAD THE POLITICO AND PREACHER WHO CAN DELINEATE A MESSIAH.
65. NATIONS ARE FALSE DIVISIONS OF CONTINENTS.
66. CITIES ARE SWIRLS OF POPULATION.
67. IT IS NATURAL TO DROWN IN CITIES -- IT IS NATURAL TO SWIM IN WAVES.
68. THERE IS ONE LANGUAGE -- GESTURE, VOICE, VIBRATION OF BODY.
69. YOUTH IS CLUBBED WHEN IT RISES OR OPENS.
70. THE BODY IS ELF LAND.
71. THE CHILD IS A BEAST OF BURDEN -- HE IS USED FOR WAR.
72. LIFE IS NOT REST BUT ACTION.
73. LIGHT AND DARKNESS ARE ARBITRARY DIVISIONS.
74. THE FIST IS REAL -- THE MACHINEGUN, BOMB, NAPALM, ARE FANTASIES OR COMMUNICATION.
75. PROPAGANDA IS NARCOSIS.
76. POPULATION IS AN ADDICTION.
77. LOVE CAN ONLY BE MADE, OR INVENTED, WITH MEAT.
78. PRISONS AND COURTROOMS ARE MONOTONY.
79. WAR IS ONE COLOR.
80. THE PUSSYWILLOW, THE REDWOOD, THE BUTTERFLY, ARE BLOSSOMS.
81. MADNESS IS TEMPORARY AND NATURAL.
82. WHERE THE BODY IS -- THERE ARE ALL THINGS.
83. SOUL IS BORING -- SPIRIT FLIES.
84. THE CRICKET IS A WARRIOR AND A GOD OF MUSIC.
85. THE FALCON IS A CLOSE AND TEMPORARY ACQUAINTANCE.
86. ANY SEXUAL GROUP IS APPARENTLY NATURAL.
87. CLEANLINESS IS UNDEFINABLE AND AS NATURAL AS FILTH.
88. DRUGS ARE BRIEF ALCHEMY.
89. MORALE IS VIGOR.
90. THE YOUNG CREATURE IS AGILE.
91. THE OLDER CREATURE IS STRONG.
92. WISDOM, MEMORY, IMAGINATION, ARE SENSORY CONSTELLATIONS OF INTELLECTIVE MEAT.
93. MODERATION DERIVES FROM MULTIPLICITY OF EXPERIENCE.

94. NOW SUCKS.
95. PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE, DIMENSIONS, ARE A FIELD FOR BALANCE.
96. LUCK IS A CREATION OF THE MEAT.
97. LUCK AND MEAT ARE DIVINE.
98. THE EYE AND TONGUE ARE A FIELD OF CREATURES.
99. MEAT IS A MOVING SACRED CAVE IN THE SOLID AIR.

--Our body substance was made in other stars.



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