

# REVEAL DIGITAL

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IO Magazine

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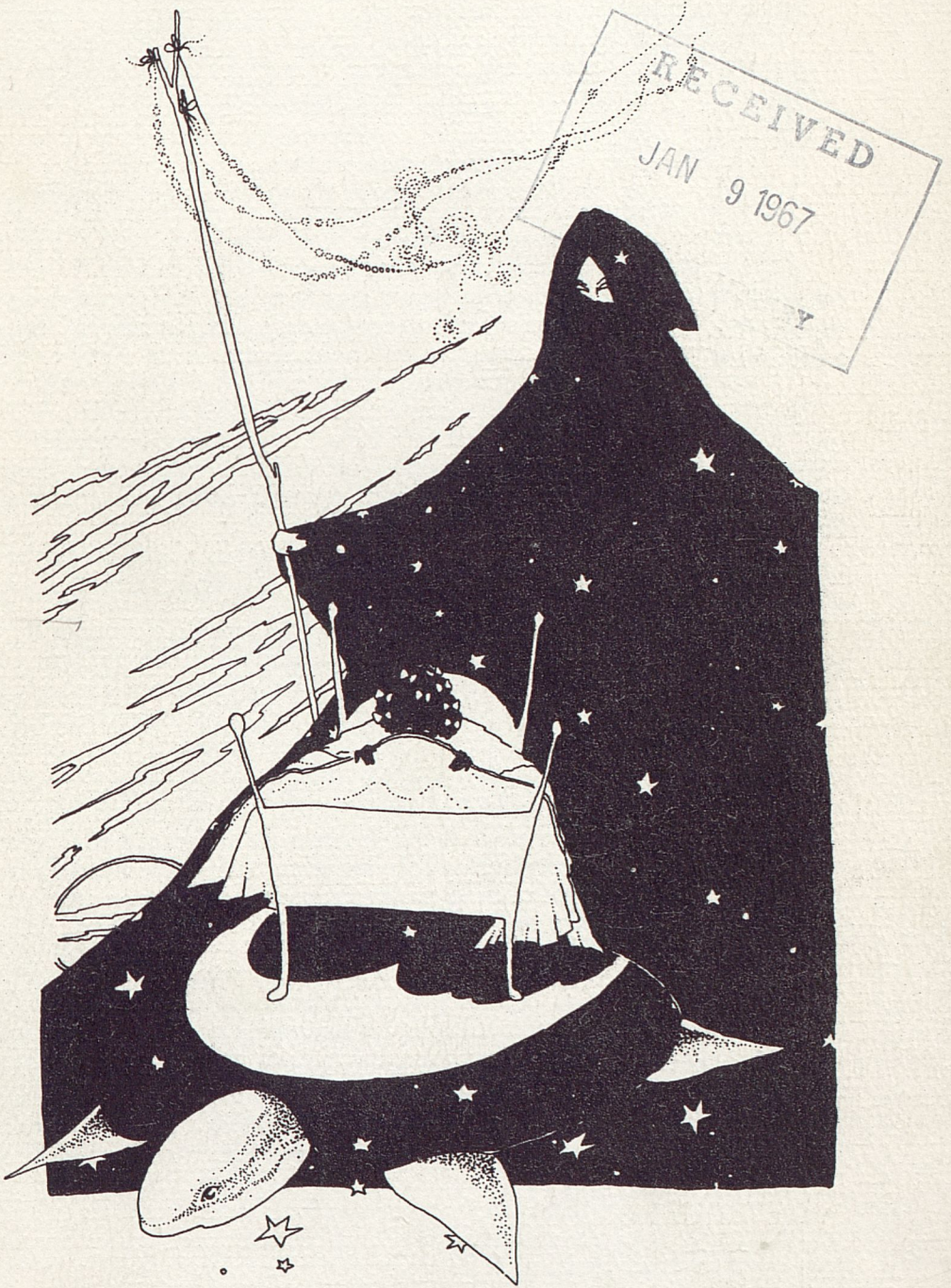
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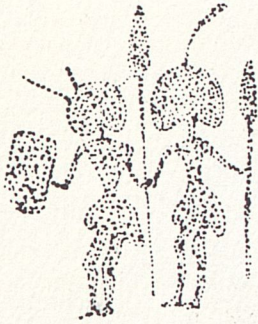
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Io magazine

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"And that everywhere one finds the sun, a blade of grass, the spirals of the dragon-fly. Courage consists in staying at home and close to Nature, Nature who takes no account of our calamities." -- Joan Miro

"Humanity is asleep, concerned only with what is useless, living in a wrong world. Believing that one can excel this is only habit and usage, not religion. This 'religion' is inept....

Do not prattle before the People of the Path, rather consume yourself. You have an inverted knowledge and religion if you are upside down in relation to Reality.

Man is wrapping his net around himself. A lion (the man of the Way) bursts his cage asunder." -- Sanai of Afghanistan

". . . . as Earth Maker ( $B^1$ ) is related to the things drawn from his body ( $A^1$ ); as All-father ( $B^2$ ) is related to the creatures that he has begotten ( $A^2$ ); as meditating Brahma ( $B^3$ ) is related to the visions of his meditation ( $A^3$ ); as occluded light ( $B^4$ ) to its refractions ( $A^4$ ); the spider ( $B^5$ ) to its web ( $A^5$ ); etc., etc., etc., ad infinitum ( $B^n$ ;  $A^n$ ); so is God (X) related to creation (C)." -- Joseph Campbell

"Much has been made of the meaningless syllables in primitive, particularly North American Indian, songs. AB helped to record, transcribe, and translate the explanation of the song series of the Big Star Chant; his translation differs from all others extant in having a great deal more content. . . . The translation has greater import, I think, because the Navaho was better able to find his way

through the disguising syllables to the essential meaning. Furthermore, AB insists that there are no 'nonsense' syllables, that all have meaning. Possibly the syllables constitute another kind of symbolism which a full analysis of the songs may prove to exist. Perhaps Father Berard's informant agreed with AB when he said, 'The words have no meaning, but the song means -- Take it, I give it to you.'" -- Gladys Reichard

"All in a moment of time he perceived that what was, to human philologists, a merely accidental resemblance of two sounds, was in truth no accident. The whole distinction between things accidental and things designed, like the distinction between fact and myth, was purely terrestrial. The pattern is so large that within the little frame of earthly experience there appear pieces of it between which we can see no connection and other pieces between which we can. Hence we rightly, for our use, distinguish the accidental from the essential. But step outside that frame and the distinction drops down into the void, fluttering useless wings. He had been forced out of the frame, caught up into the larger pattern. He knew now why the old philosophers had said that there is no such thing as chance or fortune beyond the Moon." -- C. S. Lewis

"The pool is the universal consciousness, or reservoir of cosmic mind-stuff, which is stirred into vibration by the act of meditation. This is indicated by the stream of water flowing into the pool from the right-hand pitcher. It indicates direct modification of the cosmic mind-stuff, apart from sensory experience. The stream flowing from the other pitcher divides into five rivulets, which flow back to the pool along the ground. They indicate the fact that meditation also modifies sensation, and unfolds higher and subtler types of sense experience." -- Paul Foster Case

"And we see that this whole world is decaying, as these gnats, mosquitoes, and the like, the grass, and the trees that arise and perish.

But, indeed, what of these? . . . Among other things, there is the drying up of great oceans, the falling away of mountain peaks, the deviation of the fixed pole-star, the cutting of the wind-cords (of the stars), the submergence of the earth, the retreat of the celestials from their station." -- Maitri Upaniṣad

"The United States will be destroyed, land and people, by atomic bombs and radioactivity. Only the Hopis and their homeland will be preserved as an oasis to which refugees will flee. Bomb shelters are a fallacy. 'It is only materialistic people who seek to make shelters. Those who are at peace in their hearts already are in the great shelter of life. There is no shelter for evil. Those who take no part in the making of world division by ideology are ready to resume life in another world, be they of the Black, White, Red, or Yellow race. They are all one, brothers.'

The war will be 'a spiritual conflict with material matters. Material matters will be destroyed by spiritual beings who will remain to create one world and one nation under one power, that of the creator.'" -- Frank Waters, quoting Hopi informants

"Therefore, we are a collecting or concentrating center, possibly one amongst myriads in universe. All planets in universe may be collecting points as focuses of the contracting phase of universe. At the surface of the earth, in the top soil, the ecological balance becomes operative. The vegetation's chlorophyll inhibits the sun's radiation instead of allowing it to be reflectively rebroadcast to universe. The sun-inhibited energy impounded in the vegetation is further inhibited by insects, worms, and mammals, and both botanicals and zoologicals are gradually pressured into the growing earth crust and are finally concentrated into coal and oil rather than being broadcast off to universe in all directions." -- R. Buckminster Fuller

". . . . Trickster is at one and the same time creator and destroyer, giver and negator, he who dupes others and who is always duped himself. He wills nothing consciously. At all times he is constrained to behave as he does from impulses over which he has no control. He knows neither good nor evil yet is responsible for both. He possesses no values, moral or social, is at the mercy of his passions and appetites, yet through his actions all values come into being." -- Paul Radin

"He is a forerunner of the saviour, and, like him, God, man, and animal at once. He is both subhuman and superhuman, a bestial and divine being, whose chief and most alarming characteristic is his unconsciousness. Because of it he is deserted by his (evidently human) companions, which seems to indicate that he has fallen below their level of consciousness. He is so unconscious of

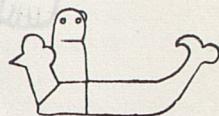
himself that his body is not a unity, and his two hands fight each other. He takes his anus off and entrusts it with a special task. Even his sex is optional despite its phallic qualities: he can turn himself into a woman and bear children. From his penis he makes all kinds of useful plants." --Carl Jung

"Organic life forms something like a sensitive film which covers the whole of the earth's globe and takes in those influences coming from the planetary sphere, which otherwise would not be able to reach the earth.... A field merely covered with grass takes in planetary influences of a definite kind and transmits them to the earth. The same field with a crowd of people on it will take in and transmit other influences." -- Gurdjieff, as quoted by P. D. Ouspensky

"(7) Somehow everything does exist, somehow it does not exist, and somehow it is certainly indescribable. This is the seventh mode, by way of simultaneous affirmation and negation." -- Tattvārthādhigama Sūtra

"If I could only get a grasp on things then I would be typing more rapidly and remember what a sentence is, but I have been silent for three hours and have forgotten how to speak and I do not write anything anymore just become morose and dream on paper to Janet so many miles away or think of flowers and write lullabys to Janet across the ocean or think of astronauts and the fact that when they come back from space they lie down with their wives and wonder whether they have returned or whether delirium has just set in and the images are unchanging all around and the words remain just as they always were: unmanageable and worried about their future." -- Andrew Pinkowitz

"Mlle. de Beauvoir has often (though not so often as she might, had she exercised her intellect and imagination more ardently) been on the side of the angels; but the method by which she arrived there must often have been enough to make the angels weep." -- Brigid Brophy



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Harvey Bialy

THE MONSTER SLAYERS

where are the brothers who will  
kill all the monsters

where are the two brothers who will  
say

yes it is dangerous to go there  
and go there and  
kill those who would rape their  
grandmother

The Ahaiyute lived with their grandmother  
one morning she said to them

"In the east there is a monster who eats the clouds,  
there is no rain. You must not go there, he is  
dangerous, he kills the men who live on me and the  
fruit I grow."

All right &  
the next day they went to the east

Paul Blackburn

(in the story  
gopher helps them  
he tricks the Cloud Swallower  
the brothers shoot him while he sleeps

Come see if he is dead  
he is dead  
now there will be rain  
he will not eat the clouds anymore

(they cut open his breast  
his heart they throw to the east  
it becomes the morning star  
his liver they take it &  
it the evening star  
his lungs the Pleiades  
and from where he shat  
the milky way

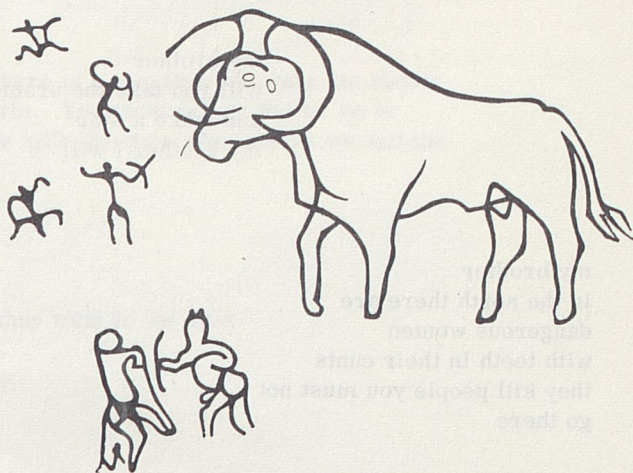
they went home.

my brother  
will you take the uranium  
and make a star  
my brother I will

my brother  
in the north there are  
dangerous women  
with teeth in their cunts  
they kill people you must not  
go there

my brother  
my cock is silver  
my balls are gold  
my seed is silver & gold  
my brother I will fuck these women  
they are fair

my brother  
will you take these women  
and make a star  
I will take them  
yes  
I will them



Paul Blackburn

SPRING AGAIN

NIGHT SITS

on the hawk's eyelid

mid-spring,

the tulips rejoice, the beds cannot keep from  
blossom, nor from the fall of blossom, petals choosing dark  
earth beneath all that bedding down who will lie on it

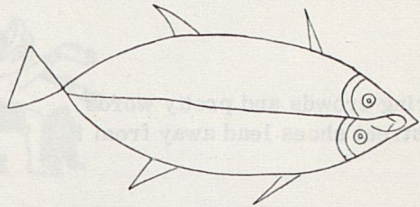
so to sleep, perchance.

TO BLOSSOM, you damned perennial, up!

Tubes,  
tubers,  
bulbs,  
carrots,  
parsnips even, those leafy fields

Now spread, woman, right,  
here we are, night,  
the field of park, there the  
moon is quarter-full

also a small cloud  
and a star .  
And a star



Ken Cousins

STREET SHOES

The shower's sullen drip  
Plays its poem in my damp ears:  
My foot pushes through a pile  
Of jerseys and yellowed socks as I slip  
Through the big door and my head clears.

I step through the hot dog wrappers  
Flopping in a windy sea of grass and paper cups;  
Silent bleachers sag a lonely gray.  
My shadow is on the field where once with  
Churning cleats I got my shots.  
The crowd, in another land, roars and has its fun.

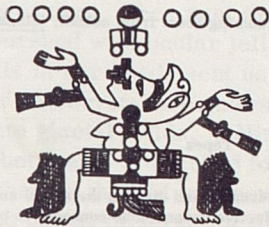
My hands squeeze into pockets for something lost,  
But it is on the field and I must walk away.  
Gray slacks, a shirt, and street shoes feel light.  
Neither glories nor honors can bring  
It back;  
It taunts me, tucked in muddy field  
In acid aired locker room;  
It is felt in crunching block and ringing thud.  
. . . The Gold of this game.

Cheering crowds and pretty words  
Like street shoes lead away from it.

Kathleen Fraser

LOVE POEM

My husband's knowledge of me has the tenderness of a gardener.  
He knows my seasons and when to cultivate.  
My husband knows in what way I'm a fold-out page  
in any man's girlie magazine  
and the way in which I'm not.  
He knows if I get a bruise.  
My husband's eyes travel my body  
with the mileage of cross-country tours.  
There are always new stops and starts.  
He never needs  
a map or a speedometer.  
The Great Salt Lakes of Utah  
buoy him up and the Mayor of Cheyenne comes forward with a key  
to City Hall and a kiss  
from the queen of the rodeo.  
Even the lockers in Boston's Greyhound depot can be bribed  
when he arrives in town.



8 mm. Films  
by Richard Grossinger

The Squirrel - death of a furry animal by the roadside, the cameramen overcomes squeamishness and investigates the event and its consequences: black and white and color, \$10.

Sounds of Silence - "Hear my words that I might teach you.  
Take my arms that I might reach you.  
But my words....." black and white and color, \$10.

The Baby - born onto earth, amazed: color, \$10.

Woman - one woman seen over many months: black and white and color, \$15.

Red Rubber Ball - "Now I know you're not the only starfish in the sea.  
If I never hear your name again it's all the same to me" color, \$9.

Farmer's Market - fruit being sold on the streets of Ann Arbor, October gourds, the cotton candy machine: color, \$20.

The Earth as Seen From Outer Space - grainy Ektachrome, colors and shadows at night, ends on a golden field: color, \$20.

Spring - bees and swans: black and white and color, \$10.

Mary Street - animals, plants and children of one street in Ann Arbor and the day it was flooded: color, \$10.

Jet-Film - ominous cosmology of American skies: black and white and color, \$10.

For Keats - color, \$10.

Time - "Some people never die,  
Some never live,  
Some people never get,  
Some never give" black and white and color, \$10.



Maya - films dissolves into advertisements and its own grain: black and white and color, \$8.

The Elements - the nitrogen and water vapor cycles as based on the Medieval elements: color, \$15.

The Children - a documentary of children coming home from school: black and white and color, \$40.



Tapes

"Tape of Dreams" - two people tell their dreams and discuss the actual and ultimate consequences of dreaming on the planet earth, look for collective unconscious connections between dreams: \$10.

(List of Poem-Tapes on request)

Richard Grossinger

## ELECTRONS

it contains Clues, cues; a ghost creeping through a cloud chamber, a blind ball bouncing both ways, a saucer skimming surfaces off a clock, a fish with lobe fins sneaking offshore Africa (named coelacanth after itself, a planet named Neptune after itself). The living illegal iota squeezes its way in, breathes, is buried in the onrush of self-completing patterns: its children uncurl, squeal, curl. The sunlight strikes them as they cling like little pigs to the teats of a leaf. The rays ignite them, and they drool from layer to layer.

As he lay in the bathtub, as the bathtub lay on the floor of the dream, he sat in clear warm water and tiny worms crawled up upon his chest and legs, onto the land, achieved balance on him, set themselves rotating, secreted homes. . . . night fell on the bathroom window, dusk across the tile; he could feel the webbed feet of frogs on his belly, could see their pairs of isolated eyes, could feel their minimum rhythm as they croaked in the night.

We were coming to the conclusion that there were no truths. We were led from our cells to the statues and castles and handed the Apocrypha. The language was examined and probed; we found consistency lacking: puns, codes, and *deja vu* rich. They sent the language to the stores; we followed it, buying item, item, item, item. They sent the language to war; we followed it with a flag of our own weaving. They sent the stars in a straight line to the end of the universe; we pursued with ocular jellies. Yes, I use the paranoid they: the new bastard cells in our heads sent us to this globe, projecting earthen spring on winter and crystalline snows on the flowers. We jumped from steaming springs into glacial fields, yelling that our bodies were covered with the time in between. We fucked fog, and watched the steam rise from our sperm. What we thought we knew we did not know even then, Plato, knowing instead the unjust minerals of Hell, Pluto. Euclid fashioned these lenses, not Herakleitos; and another universe of syntax mediates

between ourselves and the fires.

The positron changes masks, changes fields, changes figure and ground; the shamaness changes masks, changes sexes, changes orgasms and gowns.

We are converging on our own fossils, sinking into the very tarpits we discover, encircling ourselves with the names we give to sky and matter at different points of history. No doubt those are our own bones, the ones that hold our bodies up, lying in the Olduvai Gorge. And those are our own unuttered messages on the tablets in the Dead Sea, our most frantic unanswered code on stimulus-response scales and thresholds. The moon in the sky we think is the same is different each evening, bringing a billion fresh lighted atoms over the sea; the sea responds anew. Each spring these new flowers emerge with the same names. Each day we awake, and are instantly ensnared.

Deep inside the fruit a sun of pollen transforms the juice; a sonority of spirits pulsates, a dance: a perfect shape reaches the rind.

The news began on the hour, giving the deployment of personnel about their war, repeating rhythms that had long been rehearsed in the minds of the fighters. How many years had they known that the tightness of their minds would break loose into the motion of battle? How many years had those storm clouds of sexual hunger been waiting to bring up the fields of pitched war, the burning fruit trees? For how many years, brewing in the womb, cooking in the stars?, how many conjunctions in scrotum and egg brought the legs and heads of American males to a beach-head in Asia, shooting the natives, burning flesh, fucking their women? How long had the Buddhist princess danced with an American flag for a bra and panties?; how many caterers had vied for the rights to put on this orgy?

And yet even on the surface of the earth things explode secretly into

other things, becoming true finally in the most consistent and mundane manner. One implicit prophecy came to be when thirteen year old girls ripped off their clothes before British rock and roll singers. Another secret slipped in with the phrase, "Is God Dead?," repeated often enough, finally transforming itself on Easter Sunday into "God Is Dead" painted on the steps of churches. The devil has not changed his way of working, only the medium which he crosses to arrive. For years men made imaginary bombs over table-cloth Communist cities. What was brewing in one land fructified in another, as the Navaho himself knew, arranging the paint of rain in the alchemical matrix of the sand, healing.

*Trickster was bored and wanted to make war. Chipmunk seemed a likely foe, for he crossed Trickster's territory every morning to hunt up his breakfast. Now Trickster knew that if there was one fool-proof provocation of war it was peeing on another animal's grass. Consequently he asked Chipmunk, rather politely, to pee on his grass. Wisely Chipmunk refused. Thereupon Trickster went to the Kidney of the Moon and extracted a peeing potion from it. This he poured on Chipmunk while he slept. In the morning, when he awoke, Chipmunk set out across Trickster's land in search of berries. To his surprise he found urine pouring uncontrollably out of his usual hole. Looking up he saw Trickster charging out from behind a tree, pointing an accusing finger at him. Realizing he had been fooled, Chipmunk directed his peeing at Trickster. Trickster retaliated by becoming the shape of a bird and dropping shit and pus on Chipmunk's land. So Trickster and Chipmunk had their war for many weeks. And Trickster was not bored, and quickly forgot the feeling of ever having been bored.*

Each year happened; there was no doubt of that. Time became him as he became something else, something he had known about for a long time without ever really believing. Certain bright colors dissolved and disappeared into the imperfection of the fabric. Certain mysterious sexual gatherings never came about; huts in the magical forest were left uninhabited; friends once, now lost in the weave and bob. He was left with all the lingering implications of a mission that ended in perfection and honor; his body hinged and bloated upon some robot skill, charging downfield, downstream, anti-sun, threading the territory of the devil, limping through zones of unbalanced odds and incapacitating injuries, throwing the last aimed missile, missive, arrow, comet, ball through their ranks into the winning-points core of the cosmos --- there to count, the end of a Spenserian epic, at the throne of the queen of all queens; he the victor, heralded and bathed in all forms of

possession and adoration: no halfway score or percentage, as 6 out of 8, or 89%, the whole works, infinity against zero. And the flashes of lust lingered with the implications in the air, the main storm blown to the North by stronger winds. The mission itself, the last stand in bloody fire, the escape through molten white dwarf caves into the wet forest of lightning femininity, all could wait in those other cells until he had finished his life, until it had lived him and given him what structure was intended.

Looking about he knew absolutely, that he was involved in two different things in two different ways, collected in one environment, manifested in two different cosines, joined each to each by quantum bugs and quantum bubbles and quantum breezes, illuminated on the threshold of matter, grainy, twinkling, tagged by stars like Aldebaran and Alcor, a phonetic drone in the bombardment of certain rays and rains.

A deep cowboy-movie voice was singing about the soldiers in Vietnam, reaching into the never-ending chambers of that myth for resonance; the beaver-cap was replaced with a green beret, the plains with the sky, the Indians with the Asians, to kill them all and inhabit densely. It was not that the voice knew or even cared; it was acceptable within myth but suddenly grotesque under the blue sunny sky in green jungles with fresh daily blood and a continuous howl. These were not heroes, or pre-1890 frontiersmen; they were sorry actors, raised on Hollywood wars and dull filmy sex, diving into a hot chaos where they were absurd, landed continually by certain planes on the shores of a land whose languages they could not speak and whose gods they could not see: blind fish set to sail in a small sunny algae-pond, battered without while within they dreamed of kingdoms of the blind. He was light years from the voice, and suddenly light years from his own culture; in an instant he perceived, as the slow terror of what had been coming anyway, with age, that it was no longer safe even to pretend he lived here.

Every Sunday, all autumn and winter, they had come in several tens of thousands to see who would win the football game. They came to be involved in some certain drama separate from their personal energy and its consequences, separate from the sexual arousal of the penis. They came somehow pathetically to participate in a matter of significance (for they could find no significance in matter). Now the quarterbacks were throwing across Asian

yards to All-American ends, were lying dead from blitzes, heroically backs-to-their-own-end-zone, discussing throwing the bomb. And it had all led upto this, come down to this, all those Sunday ceremonies led to this inevitable rite, an orgiastic climax to let the goddess know she has been cherished and worshipped all these years.

And so the song became clearer --- as a faraway and lonely love song, of the love of men for something other than their women, as they awoke at night from strange dreams of faraway places, and couldn't make love, and wanted to go to war. They were Americans and not afraid to win. But what to do with victory, go home and carve it up for supper, roll on the spring grass with it and make love to it, have children by it and play them in the games, as Achilles and Aeneas, demi-gods: Number 31, Aeneas, now kicking; Paris on the mound; Achilles Prophylactic now guarding the goal.

He had been aware of the molecules in his brain for some time now, stretching themselves thinner and thinner, at last perceiving an empathy with the impossible distance of quasar space. Between himself and the galaxies finally he located the great shrouder of early years, the Coefficient, key to a choppy and varied universe in which he was at best amoral. The Coefficient had made all things true on each other's terms, lying about microscopic life, conducting commerce among the stars, stretching shadows into community with three-dimensional beings, the grandest sophist of all time. He had believed in DNA and the American Space Program for so many years, hoping only to live long enough to know the terrain of the nearest planets and the simplest genetic truths. Now he saw what such unilateral insight had led to; coefficient planes, bombs dropped through division signs onto ratio targets, rockets of lines and points used as armament against the third dimension. And perceiving this as he did, he had every reason to be afraid of the time police, the jail cells of American cells. He was aware that he was unaware that he could be Osiris, or Mercury, or Christ. And the electrons gave only cues, taking their orders from elsewhere, quivering and shifting laws like a deranged medium, never allowing him to see through the veil of myth and matter.

FUCK! IT'S ALL CONNECTED. AND THE FIRST DREAM IS THE FIRST TASTE COMES THE FIRST WOMAN WRAPPED IN WATERS. AWAKE .

HUNGRY · DIZZY · PHOTO · PHOTON · A HISTORIC TRAP · STATIC · SALT ·

A powerful wave of old rock and roll songs threw him off, apple-green, seventeen and in love, come and go with me, good timing, come softly to me, goodnight my love. And they were markers too, road maps that had to be learned if they were really going to do that thing.

WHAT THING?

you know/you know

four-space hieroglyphics

five-edge clocks

blowing color and light

a song/a key

the set of real numbers opening out again to infinity

Now he neared the political and historical conclusion of his work: If life began in Africa, and magic boiled up slightly to the North by the rich river, and spread, and to the East, and to the West ---

It was only that easy if he let it be: he was not a Shelleyan orb, or a ghost-dweller in the geosphere: an American was what he was, whatever that means. His thoughts always returned to those despised cells, always filled their quota before recharging and deepening. Where should he go? Should he return to sleep, to his country? Should he follow the vomity serpent into nausea and come out in another colored field? Faraway in the cells, he thought he heard the so-called shamanistic yelp of allwhere. Yep,

supposedly the sudden-ness of it is amazing, that if only we could get out of the fucking shells, and swim in pure hydrogen and primeval sun, it would be deeper than the green of green liquids, the brown of lotions, more excruciating than the slow-forming fossil (fossilizing in a flash!), escaping phonetically into the oo- of the oolite stone, through each whole and hole, into the microscopic macrocosm, on the shore of the red ocean, that sweeps to the feet of the goddess herself. And meantime we live in America: familiar channels, open restless sky, all gifts named, all men women. And we drift

around them in interstellar-intracellular-ex-implosive-self-reflective space:  
what is left, is

OUR COSMOLOGY, what is our

cosmology?

It was in the City that the Oversoul inhabited most densely. He could be heard in a total feedback, could be seen in vast juxtapositions: if the eyes slipped one notch on the Gestalt, they fell, plummeting into, the fourth dimension. The people walked to the slow sound-system of sooty alchemy and pure smoke, walked in a sea of reductions. Sometimes it was so easy to see them, lost in the steel of five senses; the phenomenon they called day strained into them through nerve cells, their minds struggling against fantastic shapes, lost in the air of their own planet.

What is blue anyway? vector, hit, stimulus, light, fluid, synapse, image, and it's run through the brain as blue, infinitely valuable symbolism? Speakers bombarded their ears, carrying so many messages, ramming the filter, mocking it:

Streets full of people -- all alone

Roads full of houses -- never home

What was able to get through fought its way to the surface of sound, remained there, legible and insistent, timeless but forced out of any one age by the element of time, unspectacular but wise:

Long time ago, life has begun

Everyone went to the sun

Oblivious to the hierarchy the system continued, carrying out small plans, filling minor stocks, replenishing the stores. Men and women swung

arm-in-arm down the avenue, unconscious shells about the fiery overhaul of genes, slow walkers containing the great dance, the meiotic orgy. The children poured from the buildings for their noon-thirty lunch, gathering at the nodes, the candy-stores, unwrapping the manna, the marshmallow, the cocoanut, the fudge, the chocolate, dusting the bubble gum powder off the bright baseball faces of the new season, sorting out the rookies, children of the children. The cones and rods of the penis, thinking about life in all the beforehandness of the vision, rising at fertile women, knowing what's a metaphor and what's not, they are waiting, pretending to be waiting, to draw the children in by, in through, into the sun, to steal them from Antares and Alcor and Aldebaran. Gaugin painted the island-women: who are we, whence came we, and to where do the laws deliver us: 3 sets of women, not a metaphor, an exactness lodged in the terms of the painting, the arrangement in groups --- the blood is rich in allegory, the flesh in allusion, the cunt in metaphor. And the penis measures its own flight by the colors of the spectrum.

Sunlight. Or as if there was a liquid sun in his blood. He rolled off her into her arms, into old fire hydrants, brass and polished by a man in the dawn gleam, the long shadows of fat horses, coming from the armory, marching in hiatus with their figures through the warm-cold of the city morning, doormen coming out to roost, opening doors, hinging them to the morning. . . . .blew then into the hollow tombs of Egyptians, the museum, empty armor mounted beneath a plume, dark woods, a single call of bird or Indian, one in imitation of the other, frozen before the sun of spotlight, the emu, having laid her eggs on the African landscape of painted vanishing points and sprinkled gradients, now poised before her sun, forever a local mythology, an exact and natural card, reconstructed from the instantaneous motions of life rules each moment, each step, by a star, this star, this card, this cosmos, cosmos of the emu in three dimensions, in the museum hall, the Egyptian tombs, the cosmos projected from a wheel onto half a dome, Beethoven sounding the organic notes of creation, along the great diameter panorama of metropolis becoming night, stars, thick as they would be without smoke, the wheel turning, computer casting sun of, red of, night of, Martian desert, speeding up its tubes, swift astrology, an early sun following two moons, a man polishing the bronze, into her arms, in her breath, each alone locked knowing each other going through each other, alone among ruins, crumbling acropoleis, toppling spindly Martian towers, Mariner imagining, alone, linked to vast communications, to make a picture out of contrasts on the surface of a conscious world, what happened to Christ between adolescence and maturity?, and if he went to sleep where would he wake up?, how hot the liquid of sperm?, and what white alchemy drawn into hard white flesh?, and

can we damage our eternal souls on this plane?, as maya as it is, as kosmos, cosmos, cosmetic as it is, is comically?, can we be damned to unstable helium to light up the universe and its homes and draw its moths?, for having misunderstood a crucial pun?

and planes are always in the air  
and the power has failed in North and South America  
the saucers, changing color as a drive, departing through worm-  
holes, growing larger and rounder, popping into a flat circle  
And the people bowed and prayed  
To the neon god they made  
a lack of water/a surplus of save-water slogans  
cold gales blow the loose paper about  
the black magicians have brought t. v. to Asia  
the nodes. the sacs. fill with pus. disgorge. dis  
And the sign flashed out its warning  
In the words that it was morning

In the morning they went for a walk, away from the city into a small town, an oppidum, a name then for all that was not Rome, the tiny villages of Carthagina, the clustered huts of Britain; in the sky they saw a distant object, a morph, undefinable, not proto-Indo-European but proto-Milky-Way. Neither of them could understand it, but they followed underneath, until it became a message cognate with itself.

One balloon/one/any/object  
begins a  
cosmology/know that  
in mythology he needs a horse/an omega sign wanders upto him; he  
saddles it with psi/rides



There was a fox who lived forever. Now if a fox lives forever, it is extremely likely that someone will give him a gift of sheep. This happened. Although he was quite hungry, he had eternity and he decided to let the sheep wander in the fields and enrich themselves. Realizing that they were owned by a wicked fox, they plotted and dispersed under the first twilight. The fox was furious; he vowed that if he were ever given another such gift he would not be as stupid.

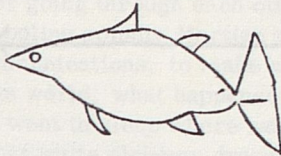
If a fox lives forever and waits long enough, a second gift of sheep will come to him. These he put in a trance, and he told them three things.

1- "Rumor has it that you are owned by a wicked fox. This is quite untrue. Your master was wild in his heyday (though much less so than rumor has it), and by now is completely reformed, concerned about nothing as much as your welfare."

2- "It is granted that over a long period of time I may lose my head and have a relapse. This is so unlikely that it will probably never happen, at least in your lifetimes, so that you will only waste your lives worrying about it."

3- "If that time, indeed, should come, you yourselves are not sheep but really bears and tigers and eagles, and can easily turn on me and claw me to death."


In time he went out into the fields and ate them.






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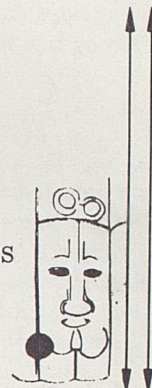
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Richard Grossinger

NOSTALGIA

The chemicals are dangerous if we do not understand them. If we do not read them by the right lines, they are poison. If we do not come to the chemicals from the cells, with the right laws from the cells, if we do not have the laws, the chemicals will become the laws, the laws of growth will be over-run by the chemicals (it is then that amorphic spires of yearning pool toward hell). If we do not know that the stars are the code, if we do not know that the flowers are the codex, if we do not know that the laws are revealed in the inner shape of things, we are liable to mistake their ends for our own ends, in our own multicolored terms. If we do not know the biology of each dream, if we do not know the prayer by which mist is dispersed, we are liable to lose our line of ratio with the object and go off in pursuit of the romantic fairy.

We must not devour honey direct from the image; we must not return to the fields encrusted with light of the dream in the fields; we must not fall too deeply into painted hues; we must not enter the forest without a key to the age of the trees; we must not pursue the consequences of women without a strong close meeting; we must not descend to the castles without our own oxygen; there is nowhere we can go until it is time for us to go there; we cannot be without being.

And just last summer we lived in a mountain cabin and cooked there on a wood stove and read in the trees and grass. We lived sleepily on the verge of dreams, and slept deeply, out through the mountain into other kingdoms, and awoke into the lethargic rays of noon. Each morning there was a safe pattern, based on expectancies and reliefs. We drove to the post office and waited on line for the mail; we read our mail in the sun in the car. I walked to the restaurant; she drove to the house she cleaned.

dim lights, empty bottles along the bar, list, garbage cans, broken glass, dust, ammonia, steam white acid, vacuum, pretzels, crumbs, mop, wax, changing colors, toilets, ajax, fresh paper, ash-trays, fresh pretzels, fresh candles, piano, warm beer under cold beer, hose along walk, lights off; she drove up, double-parked; we drove to the grocery store and filled the same cart, took the car back along the dirt road, unpacked the bags into icebox and shelves, lay out in the late warm afternoon doing our private works, secret to ourselves. In the beginning of night she drove me back to the cave; I operated in semi-consciousness, filling water-glasses, patting butter, waiting for the dishes to become empty, and then the final tablecloth to be folded; she waited in the car and we drove back to the cabin to find what was left.

Nostalgia is a thick word, said in parts through many different parts of the mouth; much of the sound is flab; the word itself is insufficient for its uses, over-travelled, far from its roots. What I speak of now is not strictly nostalgia; I do not know what it is: perhaps it is not just another word but a whole hidden language with its own secret roots. In general, when things are back of us in time, indefinable in any precise genre, mysterious and primitive, rich and deep but not quite fulfilling, not enough yet crucial, encircular to our centers, nostalgia is the word invoked.

Are we truly yearners after a metaphysical impossibility of image and blood, internal and external, a meeting not according to the laws of this universe? Have the synapses of our bodies lost track of time and space? We would hope that our heads are clear, that our fulfillment is directed; yet the repetition of certain areas of light under certain conditions of time inexplicably (and metaphysically) brings magic fires to consciousness. As dreams and fantasies mix with nature a new and undiscovered planet is precipitated into our cosmology; hangs there in thick atmosphere, intangible; root: melancholia. We would purchase any ticket, erect any gestalt, collect any herbs and images to reassemble the shrine and launch ourselves into solid atmosphere of this world, and spend time there collecting the threads of our lives from the different ponds and trees.

For we do not know the stories of our lives though we know a story; we keep going, though arrows of origin and destiny; arrows joining the two

extend only into fog. We erect vast plans of daily action, and carry them out, while underneath there lie darker and darker motives and deeper catacombs of dream. What is past seems somehow to have held the answers, or at least the clues if we had followed them in their ripe arcs. There is always a sense, now, of there having been more power then, as if each time we were alive we failed to see across the potential of the surrounding light. There is never a time not deepened in time by the forgotten laws of other times. And yet the law is never there when one is in need of legal advice. And yet from this lawlessness always comes a fuller birth into the law. And this slow spiral of light slowly devours us. And we move forward. And as we advance the flammable future flames and accepts us, and the heat of our birth moves us into further and further fields of time.

The language must have been there; it must have been there when the birth was there, and put masks of animals on men, and made language out of the syntax of the vedas and the winds, the kachinas and the planetary course. But there is no longer a true language for this sense of things. There is no longer an original tongue, a biblical tongue, a mimicry of electric gods; there is no language that does not confuse the images with the laws, the causes with the events, that does not mistake the predicate in speech for the ghost-driven particles of nature. The tyranny of yearn-words, of not-quite poems about passing things, the mock prayer: these divide us hopelessly from the active landscape. We are left with an action that fulfills only the conditions of our speech.

We must use the old words, the words with astral birth in the laws, to find out the laws. The tint mellows in time; we must shoot the poems made of the old words through the yellowing light; we must deepen the forest and square the events over their own center; we must make a union and a unity out of sunspots and tunes. We must see that it was caused out of its own body, deepening across every dimensional axle into full zoos and jungles; we must deepen each growth on the time-passage of this one planet in orbit and this one manifold dimension. We must remove the nostalgia and charge the spirits into a pantheon. One howl, one note is a universe, one law teeming children, one sunspot a billion years.

We were prepared for many planets, for many dimensions. We

were placed on one. We were trained to fulfill many shapes, to bear many paths and follow each of the planets and stars. There is only one condition of life. And this is the condition, and is itself, and is not a halfway house between desire and weak reality. It is reached and entered by the full power of consciousness in the universe, churned by the stars as the earth wheels them overhead, rekindled by the soul of every object as it gives off light. This is a dance, not a story. We are dancers; cannot be heroes: nor can we be another person. There is just one condition (and one conscious world: the geometry bends to the conditions, turning us back, turning Columbus back, as he approaches the other world). We can not cross the boundaries by definition; we cannot exhale from the air by law.

And Nostalgia was the correct diagnosis for the present illness (the diagnostos: from the Greek nostos, a return home, back from this multiform bounty of magic, hardly an image, nostos, an exact geometric hierarchy, its image a mandala, turned through successive images; legal, reveals the soul). But instead of being read for the message in its symptoms the disease was generalized into homesickness, bathed in turncoat malignant cells. The disease is a disease though not in space, not cured in a space of time; existing in time, cured by an instantaneous reorganization of space, basic to that instant, basic to the field of its pictographs at that instant: an alchemy in which the specificity of the clock determines the cure, the fire; movement in space cures nothing, ignites nothing (as if what catches fire once under the cosmic rain of Mars and Aldebaran should burn again under a different section of the open universe; the alchemist knows it doesn't, the shaman knows, the poet. . . . .). We fall into our nostalgia; we believe the scenic drum for what beats behind the drum. The colors and images are only loosely hewed to the vibrating drum; we are fooled; we follow rhythms that are uneven and oscillatory in three dimensions (as stars are messengers on the two-dimensional zodiac). We mistake the masks and the chemicals for the dancers rather than the dancers for the dance.

And all that summer I tagged along, into the deep bushes of the forest, around the edges of a fertile pond, pulling white wood for shelves out of the white river, spilling coffee from the bottom of the cup into the hot ante meridian ferns, stirring supper with a tepid spoon, sitting with our friend on the porch, clear air stars, books, light wind, ice beer, the dark treetops; I tagged along in pursuit, looking for a way in, or a way out.

I would go back; I would have gone back then. I would replant all the seeds, sow a mythical field, come over different hills through riper orchards. . . . . into the present moment to transform it beyond yearning. It is the sense of a melody, a deep elusive tune, perhaps a melodrama; it is the sense of being born years after the first fire, and not remembering the birth, and always wanting to go back, to exercise judgement and justice, to begin it again and stay with it, come in with it, bringing consciousness through the door, being the origins, being  
and somehow keeping up.

We are separated from our friend now; he writes us a letter grieving that he has lost us for the summer, telling us that where-he-is is hot and full, but is not his life condition. "There is a honeysuckle vine which comes in our window, makes the air so thick and sweet it is hateful."

What is hateful? Should we have equivalent chemicals and come to it head-on and cognate with our cells? Should we fall on the full sexual picture of a woman, out of the order of our lives, as if we had honeysuckle blood in our veins to match it? (for which reason people do change the chemical stream and come toppling out onto another planet, onto Xanadu). The inward eye is hot and full; we can ride it back to the turn of a moment, dropping off into vivid cinema, a daisy-lit path to the full growth of the image, not as it was, but as melancholia would have it: as in a dream but not dreaming. The air is so thick and sweet it is hateful.

And yet I know more than this. It is not what didn't happen that provokes me. It is the thing itself I am escaping, the main thrust of being, and its consequences (and its consequences even before I was born). It is the full flesh of me I flee; I flee its becoming too full; I preside over its emptiness. What didn't happen is the result of what did happen: what did happen is that we got up early one morning (by plan); the dark sky was almost wound full around the mountains, the familiar forms twisted; the stars were still dense. But the evening was weary of the web; another lung was about to burst through the universe into violet air. A squirrel shuffled across the roof; we struggled to get dressed, stumbling through the remaining dream-haze into stubborn edges. Stomach whined of ancient early mornings; body filled with countless forms, each one full and inhabited, no room to breathe.

Deep taste of corn and cream; ice black nip; motor fluids cold; lights, cat's eyes, out of the grass to behind a tree, waiting; rush of vehicle; darkened stairway to his room. He was waiting there, met us as though secretly at the door. He had been up all night baking: oven cyst bubbling, encrusted spaghetti in water: the cake came sweetly out of the oven, running a trail of aromas, brown, rich, bready; iced along chocolate sugars, warm, black-brown, thick under the churn of knife. We bore it through night-morn to the car, shuffling its motors again, warming fully down twigged roads, a rabbit ran, a thrush, a lark, a sunbeam

and morning itself (by law) came toppling (orange and blue, screeching) over the top, peaks, rays, where we had been all summer and not seen the sun rise (simul-taneous hour and light).

The trees rushed by secretly, hiding old men a few feet into the forest; magic tumbling by in blurs; a trajectory, a rich mass; I rebelled and turned on the radio for thinner. But even the tuner called all the ghost-birds of morning, the announcers drugged and weary, the news distant and relating to another universe (in which my family's business was said to have burned to the ground two thousand miles away and it had nothing to do with me, never had); purple, orange, green, these mountains, no others, no origin; my whole past could burn to a crisp and I would still be born and arise in sunlight and seek this thing (deposited on whatever planet, however many dimensions).

We had missed it so long, the sunrise, our own arising; we had come late into the hours to gather and suck the morning mail; we had come after the sun was poised; we had kept our own secrets and missed the meeting; we had yearned and slept late, drugged by the black cells. A stomach growled, meaning more than food and digestion in the total coming of time; daylight was too thick for the brain.

And then we came there (bearing everything on our backs); the monastery uncurled from the spiral of its road, a skull under which lines were set for men to meet spirits; the fields thrown off to the East where some imaginary men plowed and others drew the god up by a pulley. What wasn't silent was filled only with secret noises. Through the window we saw a monk, writing in a book beside a book, shifting in his own time. A complete pictograph: we knocked; he did not move. We went into the chapel. One man sat: head lost. They came into the stone pit, passed in a line diameter to the sun, said good morning to Her in an old language, passed on into the day. A fly buzzed in the warm line of yellow, throwing a clear focus shadow of itself on silence.

And we sat there in sweet

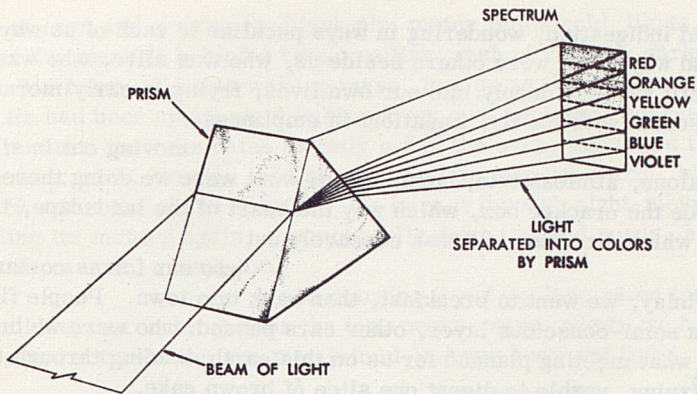
nausea and indigestion, wondering in ways peculiar to each of us why it had begun, and why there were others beside us, who was alive, who was a statue, until we sank deeply into our own lives, frying in early morning rays, calm, resonant with the fly, impatient in emptiness,

moving out in silent file,  
standing alone, aimless trio, born, morn, what were we doing there, what was outside the cracker box, which way the heart of the landscape, the oozing stone, in which direction to break concavely out

into our forms co-tangent to  
this vast inlay, we went to breakfast, then back into town. People filled the streets, a semi-conscious layer, other cars passed: who were we born to talk to?, what meeting planned for us on this earth, wading through these images, trying, unable to digest one slice of brown cake,

ourselves in the  
perceptual center of it, seeing it moving away from us each time we broke the gestalt.





A beam of light passing through a prism is dispersed and separates into different wave lengths which produce different colors. The band of colors from the prism (red through violet) is called a spectrum.

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HOTEVILLA, July 16, 1955

Dan Qochhongva

.... Today we are witnessing many of these things which we are fully aware of because of these instructions and the prophecies which were passed on down to us by our forefathers. We were told in our tradition that there will be two men among us too who will steal things from us. There will be a white man with white skin and another man of your own people--today we call them Navajos. They will be the ones that bring all these troubles upon you and eventually lead you to disrupt your life. Our future is all well known to us what will take place if we made a mistake. We are both striving--the white man and the Hopi and also other Indian people are all striving for the same goal --a good life, a peaceful life, an everlasting life. But there will be a purification day where all those who have done wrong or committed great sins will be punished at that time. And to face his Spirit Massua he must remain to his instructions because if we go along and anything goes wrong or any happenings take place in this life, we will begin to blame each other because of someone doing things. We must adhere to these teachings so that we will not destroy this life, and we were warned never to cut up our land in any manner because this whole land was given to guard for all Indian people. This is our home.

If we ever doubt these instructions we may make a mistake by cutting it up, and we will lose that life and land. We all know there are two people, one of heart and other of two hearts. The people following the ways of two hearts will always work to disrupt this life pattern of Massua and they will do anything to gratify their own selfishness and desires and will cause many hardships upon the good people of one heart, and this will lead us to many wars. The Hopi only knows of three great wars to take place. The third war will be the one to take place at purification time upon this land. Therefore, the Hopi, knowing all this, did not consent to any of these wars anywhere. He was especially warned never to allow himself to go to foreign countries to make wars upon other people because this is our home land. Here we must stay and take care of it. Because we are still waiting for someone--a brother of the Hopi--who will come to prove this land for us. So we will continue to follow instructions of Massua and waiting for the time of our brother to come to prove this land. We have our stone tablet with us here today which was given by him when we first came here. Our brother will come and look for this stone tablet when placed side by side which will show

whoever comes to this land to purify this land for us and will be recognized as our true brother. It is toward this goal we are working, therefore, I will not take part in any wars. You have already heard many of the hardships brought upon the Hopi after these were the things prophesied to us, and it seems we are at the very last end of our life plan because all these things are being fulfilled every day. So it is up to all of us Hopi people, knowing this to work toward that goal so that we will not make a mistake. We are not only working for the Hopi people but for all people here with us because this trust was placed upon the Hopi. We will look to our father the Sun who travels above us every day taking care of all of us, and it is he who is the highest, and in all of our religious ceremonies we take care of him in our own way so that he will continue to perform his duty in taking care of our life on this land. We also prepare certain prayer offerings for the Spirit Massua who gave us this land and life and are still carrying on this same life which we have been told to adhere to so that we will not make a mistake.

HOTEVILLA, July 16, 1955

Simon Scott

I will go back a little farther in the history of this land and of the white men that first came here from the time that Columbus first discovered this people. From that time on the white man has been doing things to the Indian people until the Spaniards came and took over. When the Spanish took over many things became much harder for the Indian people. They began to lay down certain laws or ideas of their own. The Hopi knows from his teachings that the white man would come and do certain things, and all these things are known to us, so they are doing the things that have already been told. So when the white man came and began to take over that they put up their White House and began to lay down all of his life plan. They made a life plan or constitution of United States, supposed to be for the good of all people. Looking to the future here all people should be living in the good life, believing in your God in whom you worship with a trust in him, you work out your way of life.

Up to the present time we began to have two leaders because of your religious beliefs, you have engraved a word on the silver dollar. It says,

"In God we Trust." With all these teachings and with these words which are constantly being taught and spoken of, yet there are the pieces of your life, yet we know that the leaders are leading the people on the wrong way, and because of that something had gone wrong, and we are here because something has happened. We are all confused and stirred up about these problems.

....I remember the white man used to call us a Filthy Tribe. Your outside flesh is clean, not like me, but I am proud of mine, because your inside souls are bad. That is why all this murdering and stealing is going on. And the Hopi has never made a treaty with the white man. These are the words from a superintendent's mouth. He said the Hopis and Zunis have never had a war with the white man.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

I asked the creator to give us all the best spirit today. We are thankful that the world is white and clean here and for the clouds that give us the oxygen to breathe and the sun to live under. These are the important things so that the people will have peace and happiness. We have fought for democracy two times, but it has never come. Now the Republican party come out here, they say when they win the election they will clean house in Washington. I wonder if it has been cleaned out. They say when we get in Washington, we will bring you land. And the President of the United States says there is no second class citizen, but why we haven't got the equal rights yet. The creator created the world for all mankind to make a benefit out of the best they know how--the ability they have, and the courage they have, since it is the Creator we are here for. That is what he is saying, for you are not doing these things to the Indian people, but in your own life many white people are suffering and crying for what liberty they are supposed to have. But the evil men in Washington are not going to give the people an opportunity. That is why we are working against the white man now, not only the Indians but the white people all over the world. We are going to look for the best life and make our lives better. That is what I have been instructed by my people and the white people. There is no necessity of having all this murdering, stealing and everything. Thank you for your kind attention.



SHUNGOPAVY, July 18, 1955

Andrew Hermequaftewa

Many people came directly to this area and somewhere the first group found a dead bear lying in their path and another group came along and found all the hair had fallen off, leaving only the hide and from this the people who came there made straps from the hide, and they became the Strap Clan, and another group found the bear's hair buried in the ground by a gopher and they took their clan name from the gopher and they became the Gopher Clan. The next group found a spider inside of this bear's body and there were cobwebs all over inside and they became the Spider Clan, and then another group came along and found the bear's body but it was full of holes and grease was all around it, and they became the Grease Cavity Clan. Then another group came along and found nothing but bluebirds sitting on top of the bear's skeleton, and they became the Bluebird Clan. This is how the first people got their clans. This took place west of here some place where there are many trees, and when we arrived at the place where we refer to as San Francisco Peaks we settled around the peak. There were many houses built around that peak and we lived there for many years, and for some reason again the people had to move on. Again, another group went north and south and every direction.

The first group that went straight east was the Bear Clan, and the people stopped when they saw a great star appear in the sky, which they were told to do when they saw a star. They stopped at a place west of this mesa and they settled near Burro Springs and waited. At night they would see a fire to the east of the high mesa and they knew there must be someone living up there and they would investigate but they could find no one around there. After seeing many of these fires in this place east of this mesa we realized that Massua has been waiting for us here and was giving us directions to come to this place to settle so we moved up to this place and settled. This being a high place you could view far off distant places of the land in every direction. So when we settled here, according to our instructions we went about setting up our houses and we built them four stories high. After that was done we set up our religious altars, which we were instructed to do when we settled somewhere and started to take care of this life in a manner we were instructed to do by Massua. So this is how the first group came to this place.

SHUNGOPAVY, July 19, 1955

Peter Nuvamsa

It is from the land that each true Hopi gathers the rocks, the plants, the different woods, roots, and his life, and each in the authority of his rightful obligation bring to our ceremonies proof of our ties to this land. Our footprints mark well the trails to these sacred places where each year we go in performance of our duties.

It is upon this land that we have hunted and were assured of rights to game such as deer, elk, antelope, buffaloes, rabbit, turkey, and the like. It is here that we captured the eagle, the hawk, and such birds whose feathers belong to our ceremonies.

It is upon this land that we made trails to our salt supply.

It is over this land that many people have come seeking places for settlement, and finding Shungopavi established asked our leader for permission to settle in this area. All the clan groups named their contributions to our welfare and upon acceptance by our leader were given designated lands for their livelihood and for their eagle hunting, according to the direction from which they came.

It is from this land that we obtained the timbers and stone for our homes and kivas.

It is on this land that we are bringing up our younger generation and through preserving the ceremonies are teaching them proper human behavior and strength of character to make them true citizens among all the people.

It is upon this land that we wish to live in peace and harmony with our friends and with our neighbors.

FIRST MESA, July 29, 1955

Lawrence Lomavaya

I would like to make a few comments on my religious belief side of it. I belong to First Mesa Baptist Mission organization here at Polacca. I have attended three meetings. Two days at Hotevilla and one at Shungopavi village. At these meetings they spoke about their traditions, life plan of Great Spirit Masawau. When they spoke of Masawau, they do not explain who he is, what he is. I'll try and explain it. I was wondering during the meetings if these leaders really understand or know who they choose to follow. Do they know where he will lead them to? We have learned from the Bible this Masawau is Lucifer, Satan, or the Devil, who is a deceiver of the world. He has deceived the first two human beings which God had created in his own image from the dust of the earth, breathed in their mouth, and they have life. Placed them in the garden of Eden in charge of all animals, fowls, and fishes of the waters which God had created in the beginning of the world. Everything was provided for all in the garden. Everything was in perfect order just the way God had planned.

Masawau, Devil, had evil mind being in the presence of God in heaven so he was thrown out from heaven down to earth. There he came to Adam and Eve in form of a snake to tempt them to eat of a tree of knowledge. God told Adam and Eve to eat of every tree except of one tree which is tree of knowledge. They will surely die if they eat the fruit of the tree. Masawau, Davil, came and told them they will not surely die. They will have their eyes opened. They will be like God, to know good and evil. Eve looked at the fruit. It looks good, so she ate it, gave some to Adam and he ate it and it was good. They have disobeyed God that day. As soon as this happened, all animals, fowls and fishes of the waters frightened, went wild, became mad and all left the garden. We learned that lion and lamb used to lay side by side before Adam and Eve sinned by Masawau, Devil. That was when Masawau, devil, have destroyed God's plan of good life, ever since the trouble had started in the whole world. We are still living in that kind of world.

Adam and Eve were given instructions before they were driven out of the garden of Eden. Adam must eat out of earth with the sweat on his brow. Eve will go through many trouble and pain to bring in her offspring. Since Snake was there yet too, God said, "Since you have caused Adam and Eve to sin, you shall crawl on your belly all your life, eat the dust, and I will put enmity between you and the woman. You shall bruise her heel and she shall bruise thy head." I think the snake was never on his belly. He probably used to have legs. Since he committed sin his punishment was to crawl on his belly for the rest of his life and eat the dust of the earth. Masawau, Devil, caused Snake to be that way ever since. Masawau, Devil, is the deceiver of the world, yet some Hopis choose to follow his life plan. He will not have eternal life for followers, but will lead them straight to everlasting fire, burning with brimstone, where his followers will suffer for ever and ever. Jesus said "Thou shalt have no other God before me." He also said, "No man cometh unto the Father in Heaven but by me."

In olden times people have forgotten God. They were punished by flood, and again they increased in number and forgot God again, but God promised that He would not destroy life with water. So he changes their tongues since from that time people scattered to all parts of the earth. We go about our duties, not realizing our God who gave us this life to live. We do not express our thanks to Him daily. We are all misled by Masawau, Devil, to live a life which is not pleasing to our true God. The Judgement is coming for sure which we all know. Where will you spend your eternity? Down in the lake of fire, or have eternal life in the new world. This is how Masawau, Devil, has misled our people, created doubt in their minds against their own Government and against themselves. Almighty God is the only one offering everlasting life for all mankind, yet our people do not believe on him. They have been putting Masawau, the Devil, in God's place, as I have heard them speak.

LOWER MOENCOPI, July 30, 1955

Daisy Albert

Whether I have been a Progressive women before or not, I had a right to change my ways. You people may think that I am discarding my education

which I received in the Indian School when I talk this way. My husband, as I said, is a Hotevilla. He will always be a Hotevilla. He will die a Hotevilla. He is nothing else but a Hotevilla Hopi. His life is a good life. People think of him as a good man although the council has dragged his name through the mud and it took him a long time for him to hold up his head again. Now I ask you if you are going to use this kind of a tool against my people in order to get anything out from under them. We will not stop fighting because we have our own life to live.

I know you are interested in our land which has oil, uranium and other minerals in it. I know money is good to buy things with. Everybody needs money. We are in debt up to our ears but somehow, some way we always get out of that debt. It is not so desperately necessary to have a whole lot of money now because I know no matter how progressive you are you cannot ever become anything else--you cannot become a white man. You cannot go out into the white man's world and forget you are a Hopi. A Hopi is a product from the Hopiland and he will always want to come back. . . .

XX

I am a woman with a bad face. I am a woman who is vile to come near. I can tell that. When I met you officials at the school that day your faces, the expression on your faces, showed that I was a "thing" following you around, but I understood. Your minds have been turned just like everybody's mind has been turned before. I have no friends. I have had many friends but they were always told the same stories and they would leave me. Roads have been blocked because my friends when they came to see me would take that road. I was accused of harboring strangers. Everybody who hears of me looks me up to see what kind of a human being I am--some out of curiosity, and some are sincere friends, but I remember Dan's teachings. Dan had said any time when a stranger comes to your house, no matter what color, always feed him before you turn him out. He will have a long way to go. That is the teaching I was going by when I was taking in strangers and giving them food and lodging. . . .



## Hopi Verbs: The Punctual And Segmentative Aspects

The kachina dancer is a star-spirit. The kachina dancer is the pulse. The stars are nodes for other zones of the cosmos. The stars reach us by vibration; only their image in three dimensions is light. The kachina dancer descends to fill the kachina dancer. The special Two Horn Kachina leaves the rest in the middle of the dance; he picks up the pulse of the entire cosmos in all its dimensions. The Hopi language is "rich in terms for vibratory phenomena and for the punctual events to which they are related," says Benjamin Lee Whorf.

Whorf discovered the uses and forms of the punctual and segmentative aspects. Among his examples are the following (punctual given first):

ha' rī	it is bent in a rounded angle
hari' rīta	it lies in a meandering line, making successive rounded angles.
ho' ci	it forms a sharp acute angle.
hoci' cita	it is zigzag.
pa' ci	it is notched.
paci' cita	it is serrated.
pī' ya	it makes a flap like a pair of wings.
pī. ya' yata	it is flapping wings.
ṅö' ya	it makes a circuit (axial turning combined with advance in an arc).
ṅöya' yata	it is circling round and round.
ro' ya	it makes a quick turn or twist.

roya 'yata	it is rotating.
wi' k'f	he takes a step without moving from place.
wiki' k'fta	he is dancing in place.
ri' pi	it gives a flash.
ri'pi' pita	it is sparkling.

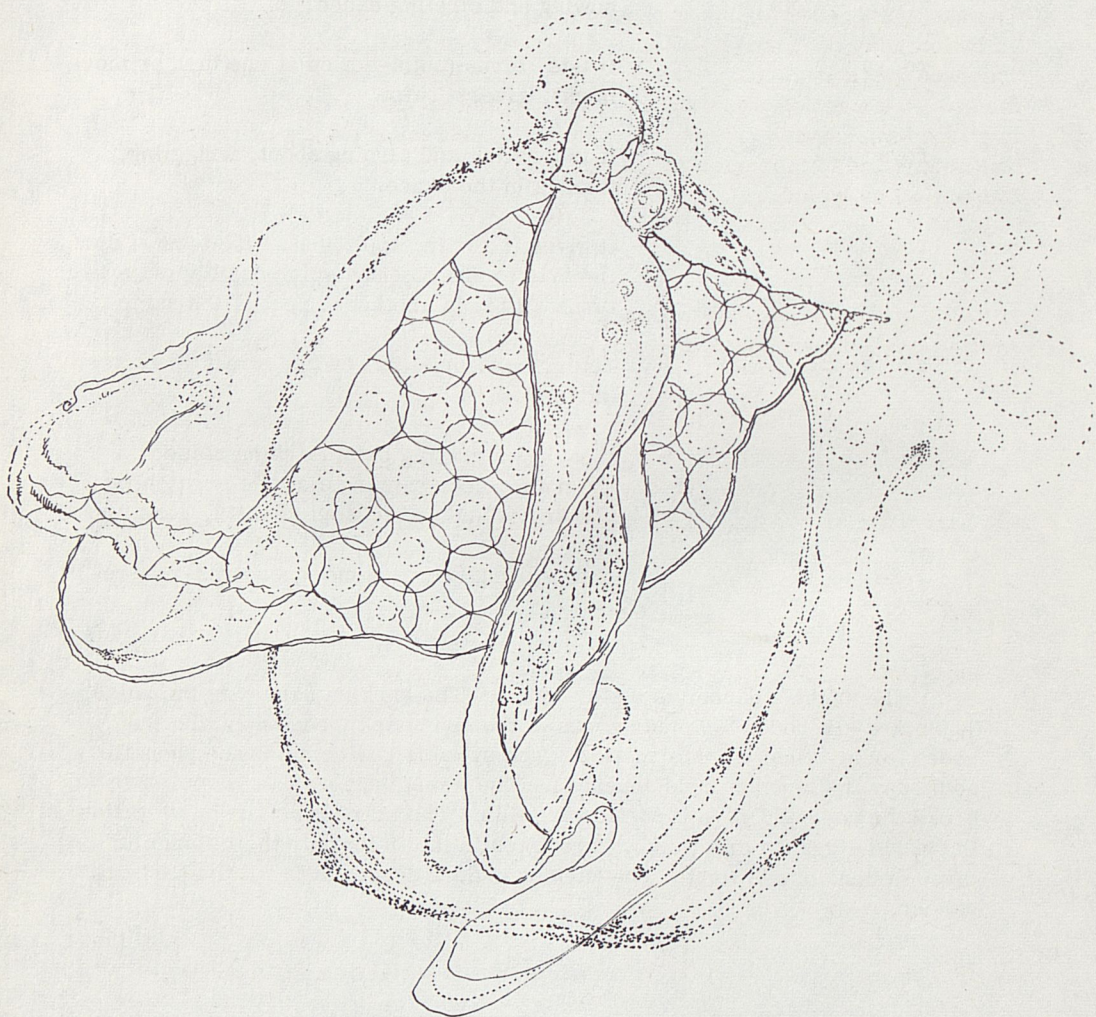
Alexander M. Stephen placed a cumulative dictionary at the end of his Hopi Journal (1892). It is doubtful if he perceived the full working of the segmentative verbs; most often he saw them along their axis of noun-cognition and chose a particular object as their correlate in the field. Whorf owned a copy of this Journal and filled the margin with notes. Here are some of Stephen's original definitions, followed by Whorf's punctual and segmentative aspects (and in one case another of the aspects):

chami' mita	fringe, referring to moccasins, antelope hoof fringe, formerly the bottom of the Snake kilt was fringed with univalve shells or hoofs of the young antelope. More recently to a limited extent the Hopi have made these from old fruit cans.
tsa' mi	it is cut, slashed, or torn from the edge inward.
tsami' mita`	it is ravelled and fluttering at the edge like a fringe, exhibits a fluttering fringe.
ta' papatoina	snapping, referring to snapping of Sha'lako mask snout.
ta' pa	it gives a snap, snaps.
tapa' patà	it is snapping.
to' zritütü'-shkya	referring to spiral stone or twisted silicified wood in a shrine. In the Below, all grasses, herbs, and trees had speech; all rocks had speech; they spoke Hopi.

tq'ri	it is twisted spirally, is in a spiral.
torí rità	it makes several spirals or twists, as a metal screw.
zroyai 'yatota	bowing and circling dance.
ro' ya	twists, turns (point-action of one turn or movement), gives a twist.
roya' yatà	it is twisting and turning about, wriggling, turning in the dance.
ro' yàkna	it gives it a spin, applies a single twist which imparts to one object a spin possibly of several turns. (this is another aspect of the same verb).
zrükü 'npi	referring to musical notched stick, in Butterfly shrine.
re' ke	it makes a grating or scratching noise (i. e., the noise accompanying a single scratching stroke, called by the Hopi "rek!"), goes "rek!"
reke' ke tà	it is grating, scratching, goes "rek-rek-rek!"

The kachina dancer is a star-spirit. The kachina dancer is the pulse. The stars are nodes for other zones of the cosmos. Speech contains the nodes for mystical transformation. The syllable OM contains the phonetic nodes for the tones of consciousness. The world began with a name. Syntax broke the code and gave it poetic variation. The stars reach us by vibration; the world sings its creation by pure notes in the field; only their image in three dimensions is light. The kachina dancer descends to fill the kachina dancer.

arranged by Richard Grossinger



Lindy Hough

Postulates:  
that existence is barely possible  
although the sun is white-bright on the snow  
outside the window,  
that the hot air of the heater  
refuses conjunction  
with the cool air coming in from  
the persistently sunny window.

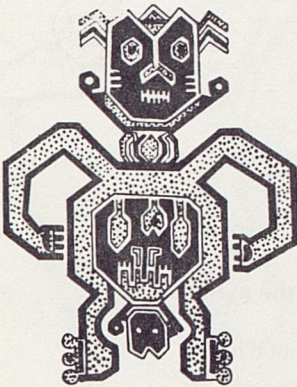
The girls and their dates have built  
a large soft white bottle of Schlitz  
in the snow.

    This, and then  
    that.

That it will take a very long time  
to work out  
any kind of existence,  
that being seems not to be a thing given  
but as a thing to work:  
as a crossword puzzle is only completed  
not by the words alone  
but by the right combination of words in an area  
3 x 3 x 3.  
As a communion is only effected not by the symbols  
alone,  
but by the correct and only correct connotation  
of the symbols.

The trouble, then, is seen  
in the symbols, which give themselves up  
only to possible combinations.

I thought I would tell you that  
barter and trade work only when there is in existence  
a frontier;  
I cannot trade in delusions  
and refuse to debate on the inflation of objective  
correlatives, when  
the mind is pursuing a rising sun,  
pushing up slowly in its own humped logic and verité.



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## RITUAL COMMUNICATION

The Navaho poem presented here in interlinear and free translation is not intended to communicate to strangers. Even to a Navaho, it communicates in a special sense, much of it on a "subliminal" level.

Many Navaho listeners would have only a vague notion, or even none at all, of the mythic background of the poem. It is a common feeling that too much curiosity about esoteric matters is distinctly unsafe. The myth should only be told in the winter, when lightning is inactive, and, in any case, one should not deal with these things unless one has been "initiated in them" and thus has the knowledge to handle such forces as snakes, water, winds and lightnings.

This deliberate non-knowledge is antithetical to the modes of communication practiced, for example, in the intellectual community of a university, but, nevertheless, communication of a particularly powerful sort takes place.

To begin with, the aura of secrecy and tabu heightens the emotional impact of the poem. It is dangerous and effective. Stories are known of people who have become sick or who have died from misuse of it. Magic, inherent in the poetry of all cultures, is very potent in this case. In addition, all Navaho poetry is intoned (the prayers) or sung (the chants) thus emphasizing the role of the trained specialist in its handling.

Given the emotional weight of mystery and danger, the structure of the poem itself intensifies the mood: much of the text is impenetrable because it is without overt meaning. The phrases given here in italics are vocables,

or nonsense syllables. They are specific to this song but at the same time they increase its mystery. Every rhapsodic utterance in the twelve verses concludes with a burden of the same vocables, establishing the introduction, and the poem concludes with a half-statement of the same introduction.

The overt meaning of the poem is simply explained. Changing Woman's child, Monster Slayer, is given flint armor and weapons of flint and lightning and drives off his enemies. So too, any person over whom this poem is sung is protected, made dangerous to whatever might threaten him, and assured of long life and power. This is only one of hundreds of similar incantations that drive out evil and invoke supernatural power. They occur in rituals that may last as long as nine days and the texts and music are often strikingly beautiful to the interested outsider.

But I would like to return to the effect of the song on the native listener. Whether he knows the story of Monster Slayer or not, this poem has the double effect of reassuring him in the face of danger and of maintaining over him, as a participating member, the hold of the Navaho tradition. He knows that he is being identified with power and this provides protection in an immediate emergency (if one is sick with fear, for example, because of a near miss with a lightning-bolt), but the identification with the community is the deeper protection for this is a community that can provide security from many other specific and general dangers.

Other ways in which a mysterious poem such as this binds one to the tradition can be suggested briefly. The elaborate ceremonial of which the poem is a part makes heavy demands on the time and money, as well as the emotional resources, of the participants. There is rarely enough energy and wherewithal left with which to move out of the culture and become a non-Navaho. Ceremonies are a family affair and the web of kinship obligations that involves even distant relatives helps to explain the extraordinary vitality of the native religion and its associated arts in Navaho culture today.

The foregoing has been an effort to show that communication on the esthetic level, understood in our usual sense, is a relatively unimportant

aspect of Navaho poetry, but that there is a functional communication which not only has its own level of meaning but which is essential to the continuation of the Navaho community as it is now constituted.



NAVAHO SONG OF PROTECTION

He- neje yaŋa,

'Ei- yeye, 'ai- yeye nowo, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye ye-,  
'Ai- yeye, 'ai- yeye na, 'ai-'aiye, 'aiye yeye,

'Ei- yeye, 'ai- yeye nowo, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye ye-,  
'Ai- yeye, 'ai- yeye na, 'ai-'aiye, 'aiye yeye,

K'a 'asdzaŋadleshé biyázhéye, shinishij, yeye go, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye ye-,  
Now Changing Woman her child, I am,

Naye'nezgháni, shinishilij, yeya go, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,  
Monster Slayer, I am

Bésh dūhiiti de shiké, yeye go, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,  
Flint dark of my shoes

Bésh dūhiiti de sist'íé, yeye go, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,  
Flint dark of my leggings

Bésh dūhiiti de shi'éye, go, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,  
Flint dark of my clothes

Nolyini hiná shiye, shiyi de holó, wowo go, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,  
Agate living me in, of, there is

Bésh dūhiiti de shich'a, ŋaŋa go, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,  
Flint dark of my headdress

Bésh dūhiiyiye, naaki heye t'aa shilya ŋaŋago, 'e- 'eye gheye yeye,  
Flint dark two just inside

K'a 'etsinilt'ishiyiye dji'igowo sist'a 'anáhátdiyiyigo,  
Now zigzag lightning, four times, me from, striking away

'e- 'eye gheye yeye,

Ts'ída nináhátidit dola, naye'eye be'eyoniziniye, yowejiye sits'áji',  
Truly, at struck beyond enemy with evil power, away, my place at,

'e- 'eye gheye yeye, 'e- 'eye gheye yeye,

Ts'ída nináhátdi dola, 'eye danechq'eye, be'eyoniziniye, yowejiye,  
Truly, at struck beyond, evil things with evil power, away,

sits'áji', chaṇaṭ, dínidé, yeya go, 'e- 'eye gheye yeye,  
my place at, crying, going away

K'a Sá'aṇaghéí, k'a Bínéhodzidi, shinishl'iyi go, 'e- 'eye gheye yeye,  
Now Old Age always, now Danger, I am

'Ei- yeye, 'ai- yeye nowo, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye ye-,  
'Ai- yeye, 'ai- yeye na, 'e- 'eye, ghe-, hi- yi- hi!



## NAVAHO SONG OF PROTECTION

He- nene yaṇa,

'Ei- yeye, 'ai- yeye nowo, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye ye-,  
'Ai- yeye, 'ai- yeye na, 'ai- 'aiye, 'aiye yeye,

'Ei- yeye, 'ai- yeye nowo, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye ye-,  
'Ai- yeye, 'ai- yeye na, 'ai- 'aiye, 'aiye yeye,

Now, Changing Woman's child, I am, yeye go,  
'Ai- yeye, 'aiye ye-,

Monster Slayer, I am, yeye go,  
'Ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,

Dark flints, my shoes, yeye go,  
'Ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,

Dark flints, my leggings, yeye go,  
'Ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,

Dark flints, my clothes, go,  
'Ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,

Living agates, shiye, within me, they are there, wowo go,  
'Ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,

Dark flints, my headdress, ṇaṇa go,  
'Ai- yeye, 'aiye yeye,

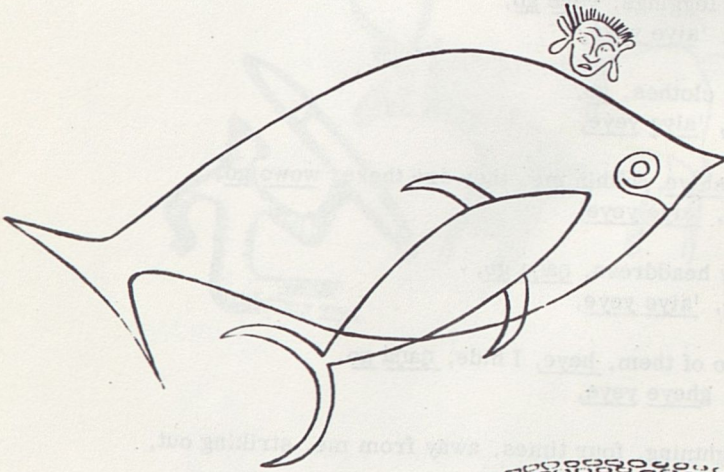
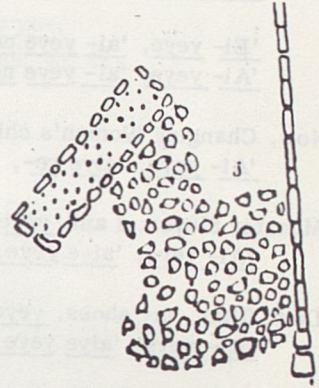
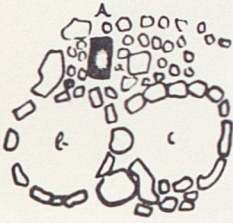
Dark flints, two of them, heye, I hide, ṇaṇa go,  
'E- 'eye, gheye yeye,

Now, zigzag lightning, four times, away from me, striking out,  
'E- 'eye, gheye yeye,

Truly, where it struck and beyond, enemies, 'eye, with witch power,  
Are far away from the place where I am,  
Yeya 'eye, yeya go, 'e- 'eye gheye yeye,

Now I live on, into old age, now I am their danger, yiyi go,  
'E- 'eye gheye yeye,

'Ei- yeye, 'ai- yeye nowo, 'ai- yeye, 'aiye ye-,  
'Ai- yeye, 'ai- yeye na, 'e- 'eye, ghe- hi- yi- hi!



Dona Pardee

ONLY AFTER

I was caked with  
(am only just now waking out of)  
Fury that  
I couldn't break out of  
After walking two  
Miles into  
Town because you were  
Not waiting  
When my class was  
Over and  
I whistled Bach out the door  
And around the parking  
Lot where you were  
Waiting  
But you  
Weren't  
And  
The whistle stopped and  
I just  
Felt foolish standing  
There with my triumph freezing  
On my face and having  
Nowhere to go like  
The other girls. And I  
Would not wait  
And I walked two miles hating  
You  
For not being  
There to tell how  
Well I did  
How I had the lesson and myself in my  
Control  
And how  
I showed that

I was smart and eloquent and funny and  
Knew stuff and  
Not just  
Stupid  
Sitting there from day to day wearing  
Clothes they notice  
Not talking out because my heart  
Was beating  
Up in my throat and had the words and knew  
My voice would  
Shake if all of them were  
Suddenly to  
Look at me and hear  
ME.

So I couldn't stop  
Walking in my own  
Direction.  
I am just as good as they are I am  
Even better

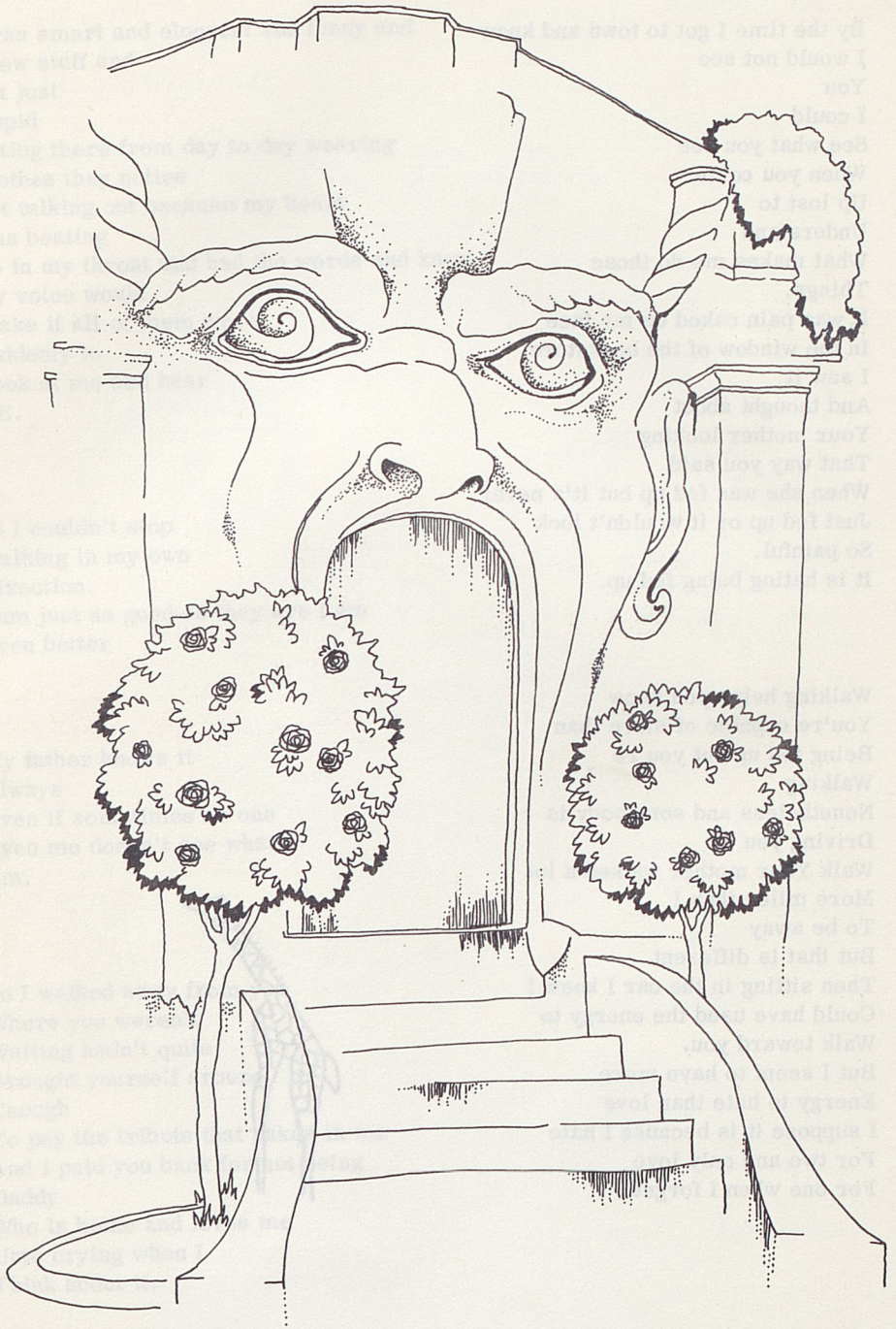
My father knows it  
Always  
Even if sometimes no one  
Even me doesn't see what I  
Am.

So I walked away from you  
Where you weren't  
Waiting hadn't quite  
Brought yourself around  
Enough  
To pay the tribute that cakes in me  
And I paid you back for not being  
Daddy  
Who is home and loves me  
Unto crying when I  
Think about it.

By the time I got to town and knew  
I would not see  
You  
I could  
See what you see  
When you come  
Up lost to  
Understand  
What makes me do those  
Things.  
It was pain caked on my face  
In the window of the bookstore  
I saw it  
And thought about  
Your mother looking  
That way you said  
When she was fed up but it's never  
Just fed up or it wouldn't look  
So painful.  
It is hating being fed up.

Walking helps you know  
You're capable of more than  
Being fed up but you're  
Walking  
Nonetheless and somebody is  
Driving you to  
Walk Your mother walked a lot  
More miles than I  
To be away  
But that is different  
Then sitting in the car I knew I  
Could have used the energy to  
Walk toward you.  
But I seem to have more  
Energy to hate than love  
I suppose it is because I hate  
For two and only love  
For one when I forget.





Jerome Rothenberg

THE KEY OF SOLOMON

tallow tongues of oxen cock messias sorrel pox a  
glass a root a dish an open dish a cockatrice a  
ring a Key :

From the skin of a hare

the blood of a black hen

or a newly killed sheep

& occasionally the meat of animals & birds

the food is steamed with pleasant odors.

Stand at the eastern corner.

Bless this carpet.

Kindle a dove's feather.

Point to westward.

Afflict the knees.

& tyrannize over cats.

This is the ring of travel.

This is the yellow cloth

that causes love between two people.

From this will be made an ink.



From this a square.

A turtle.

Take a chain, a hook & the figure of a bird.

Make a talisman of leather.

& a white vessel.

Fill it with the wax of bees.

This is the ring of incest

the "needle of the art."

Its signs are seven.

Saturn, black.

Jupiter, azure blue.

Mars, red.

Sun, gold or yellow.

Venus, green.

Mercury, mixed.

Moon, silver or white grey.

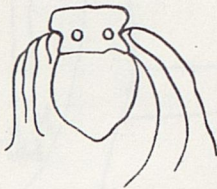
& it is said in The Book of Beasts

that the lizard fleeth the privvy members of a man

therefore when they see it

they bind ropes from the male to the female

& bow down to the male.



FURTHER SIGHTINGS

3 x 7  
(Zen Soup)

(i)

The Master

who walked 3 miles &  
called you  
delaying your return

(ii)

A Palace in Winter

threaded its way  
like smoke  
along these wires

(iii)

On Nothingness

yellow sand, wind  
yellow &  
the pumpkins melt

(iv)

A Sound of One Hand

a sauce, in this  
receptacle  
it gives us pleasure

(v)

All Sentient Beings

lips, their bodies long  
& even  
did it hurt her hair?

(vi)

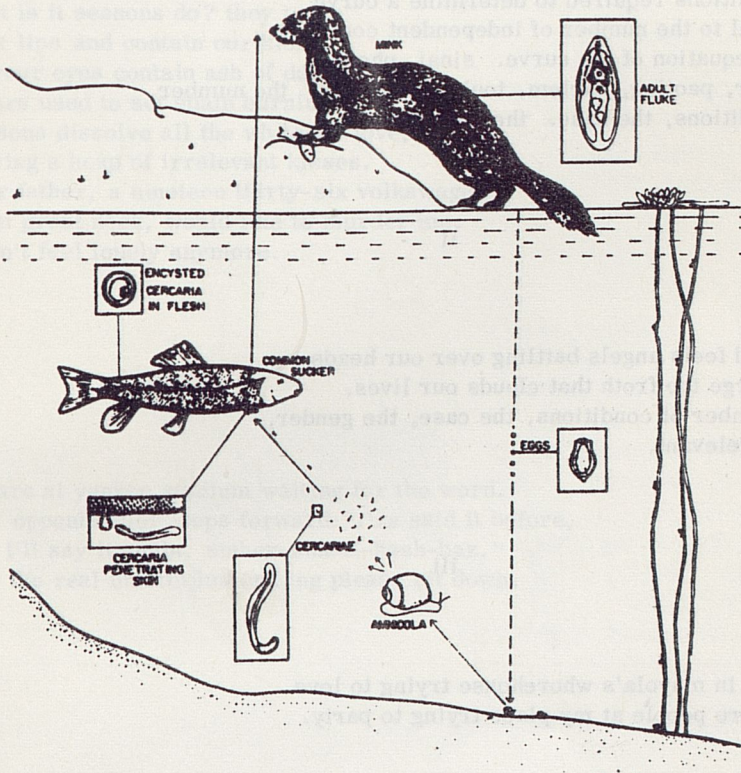
Not Far from Buddhahood

sight open  
then a hand moves out  
& dims the light

(vii)

The Last Rap

seeing you, starting  
stopping &  
starting again



Welton Smith

THE DANGER ZONE

(after ray charles and percy mayfield)

i.

dar es salaam, key west, antigua, azimuth, the number  
of conditions required to determine a curve  
is equal to the number of independent constants  
in the equation of the curve. sinai, phoenix,  
zajecar, paoting, harlem, toulouse, minsk. the number  
of conditions, the case. the gender.

ii

richard feels angels battling over our heads  
discharge the froth that clouds our lives.  
the number of conditions, the case, the gender,  
are irrelevant.

iii

we are in mayola's whorehouse trying to love.  
there are people at my place trying to party.

there are people at your place studying the effect  
of the second crusade on the uses of alliteration  
and assonance in english poetry. you've  
never come and want me to tell you why.  
when i do you want to murder me.  
it's just as well. mayola offers to help you.  
you are silent. i go back to the party,  
your black pearl earrings in my pocket.  
the number of conditions required for my murder  
is equal to the number of independent constants  
remaining at the end of vesper.

iv

what is it seasons do? they touch  
your lips and contain our kisses  
as your eyes contain ash of danzas  
moors used to set spain burning.  
seasons dissolve all the while we love,  
leaving a heap of irrelevant kisses.  
your father, a nineteen thirty-six volkswagen  
from great neck, would like to murder me.  
i can't feel lonely anymore.

v

we are at yankee stadium waiting for the word.  
mr. oppenheimer steps forward: "i've said it before,  
and i'll say it again. maher-shalal-hash-baz."  
will the real martin luther king please sit down.

autumn, winter, spring, summer,  
 black, red, yellow, brown,  
 all merge under the white arc,  
 and dissolve our kisses. the crowd  
 chants, "get a hit, willie."  
 the white arc will turn black,  
 red, yellow, brown. the conditions,  
 required, particularized,  
 chase me. now.  
 while i watch.

XXXXX

Welton Smith

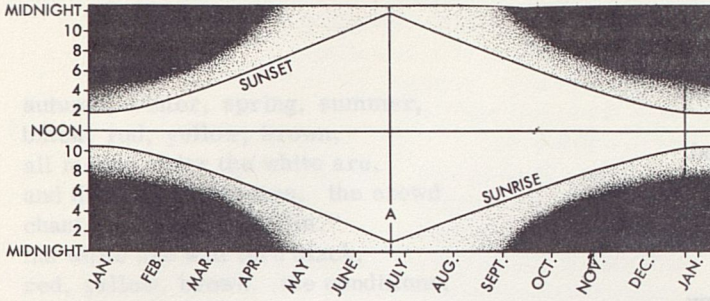
this  
 is a note  
 to an old black couple  
 and the congregation  
 in a backwood mississippi church  
 shouting happy stomping  
 sending their songs  
 shining their light

in me  
 in the san francisco streets  
 in me  
 in the new york high glass  
 in me in my time  
 in harlem in black hands  
 holding red roses  
 in the fibers  
 of my hair in my breath  
 in me flowing  
 thru the world  
 in me to another backcountry  
 child that i see  
 on the sidewalk  
 shouting black happy

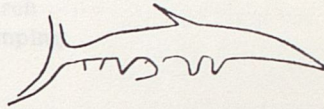
sending light  
and the fragrance of flowers  
thru me like a great  
soul coming  
from the backwood  
in me in my time  
smashing like shouts  
against the stone and glass  
of all the cities  
shouting happy  
shining great light  
in me

i believe as you believe.





At Fairbanks, Alaska, farther north than New York, the Sun remains above the horizon more than 20 hours on June 21 (A), but less than 4 hours on December 21 (B). From April to October there is no true night.



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Charles Stein

DISASTER AREAS

# 3

The nodes of the universe spark  
and the mind wakes  
at the juncture of knowing and not knowing.  
There is a hand at the back of your neck.  
the dark of the unseen room.

But where the serial events of our lives  
are certified  
the pattern of patterns  
cut in wide sheets of glass

Pleasure in the ephemeral.  
one  
pass of the hand over sun.

Young boys terrorize the park.

Muscles act  
and inter  
act

(the eye is everywhere)

like gauze.

# 5

The Law of Planes.

It says however many angels you disgorge  
you are not explaining  
anything.

pieces  
of paper  
spoiled by gasoline  
the boys burn  
and play handball against the white bricks.

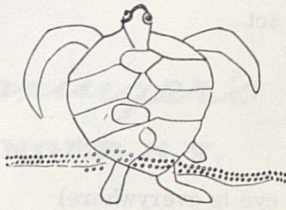
Beads of light on the granular sidewalk  
spread all over the body, already are  
an intercourse.

The angel

at the synapse.  
The gold  
and the silver  
fire.

# 10

A poem about octopi, octopodes.  
who have eyes  
on all sides of their heads  
and move in any direction  
forewards  
and do not consider  
time.



who die  
at the bottom  
of the sea.

## THE VIRGO POEM

### Ouspensky Addresses a Congress of Virgoes

Will you permit me  
to expose  
certain dangers  
it has become apparent  
those born under the sign of Virgo  
often are done in by.

The clouds of Pot and Ale.

But if Masters work  
they move behind  
the scenes

all of them. There are no  
scenes  
that are not dangers.

I am talking, of course,  
man to man,  
Virgin to Virgin.  
Others need pay no further attention,  
unless of course certain configurations  
are predominate: Mercury  
in the eighth house,  
if it is Virgo;  
an afflicted Venus  
or Capricorn on  
the ascendant.

A Virgo dis-  
believes in Astrology, refuses  
his own virginity  
and is often putting mud or paint  
of tasteless colors  
on his body,  
his cock  
into women  
he cannot touch.  
He is a man of letters.

Or the clouds of Pot and Ale.

He would like to be a fanatic. He moves in every  
and is distressed he is not touched by any  
scene.

To be a woman  
and be a Virgo  
is not lucky.  
She never was  
and will always love  
a Virgin.  
No one touches  
her.

She is beautiful,  
her body is virgin  
with the promise of Virgin earth  
and given the fortune  
she will run to the top of a mountain.  
It is in her lips  
she is discovered.

But clearly no Virgo can give a lesson  
or advise.  
He always rescues his sentiments  
before he knows them.

In the time of Virgo  
the earth looks  
through the sun  
into an empty region  
of our galaxy. The heat  
of the center, lost at right angles--  
drafts of cosmic darkness  
fill his birth.

If all procedures fail,  
darkness settles him  
in his chair.  
Distance and coldness are  
his quickness and his brightness  
of appearance.

But I will advise you.  
Gathered in one place  
your collective intensity  
does not grow by addition.  
And the Hermit on the Tarot mountain top  
holds his lantern,  
his old back to back to black sky, feet  
deep in ice-high peaks, eyes  
looking downward.

Curious formulae of wisdom  
pass into the speech and gestures  
of the youngest among you,  
down in thin crystal rays from the Hermit's lantern.

And any of you  
weary of the failure of categories  
will experience the longing for blind old age  
--invisible silent wisdoms.

Or ancient golden ages  
(for which you are sentimental)  
and think the world is ordered  
by the hushed pages of a sage's tract.

The books are not inaccurate  
when they tell of "cleanness." There are  
many of you (you will not grow  
self-conscious as I point you out to yourselves,  
but smile at the success  
and exquisiteness  
of any category) many of you  
wear tight vests and trim suits, as I do,  
the negative ordering energy of your birth  
composing your wardrobe.

But such scrupulosity  
is another species of sleep.

The Master would often say to me--  
once a small voice opened like a smile in my chest--

"These intelligent Virgoan men of science  
sleep with flashlights on the ceiling  
searching the ceilings  
for stars

"and their sleep passes into their waking.

"They are beset with understanding,  
and their eyes will hold your own  
as you explain  
but your words will be transformed to crystal ciphers  
and returned to you  
at some time thereafter  
neither refurbished by elaboration  
not used.

"The clouds of Pot and Ale  
at times extract them  
when clarity becomes a numbness  
even to their own intelligence.  
They are of many beginnings  
and few confusions."

But the Master was no Virgo  
and for him the system he erected  
late in his years of teaching  
was neither a system in our sense  
nor had the calculation of a myth.  
It was the event  
sprung from his touch  
to things.

You of all the signs will therefor understand  
why I was called upon to abandon him.  
It is a system I present you with  
and the truest among you will soon abandon me.

Jon Towers

BLACK-WHITE VISION

It was in some excited night  
                    of playing tricks on fools  
that I, the recent-made fool  
                    locked the door  
                    and wound my legs  
under the covers in the dark room

Then, once inside, the throbbing witch-laugh  
                    burst through my suspended teeth;  
                    I cackled incessantly--  
                    a witch, a devil--  
I could not believe the other self  
                    that had gained possession  
I imagined Satanic horns on my head  
I could not turn on my side  
The long narrow face wore a beard  
                    and grinning teeth  
                    Truly possessed  
The evil flowing in the veins  
                    and pouring through my thoughts  
I was the devil

It was in this acceptance that the visions  
                    first came  
Dark and white in all -- the dark bands set  
                    against the white ones  
I lay on the balance of the self  
The shadowy Indian Trickster looked warily  
                    from a half-opened door  
Black band like warpaint swathed on the white face

framed in blackoutline  
A whirlpool churning its delicate mixture  
of black and white lines  
Turning like the pinwheel barber -pole  
back on itself  
Three fiery flames from the sacred tree  
in leaf shape  
followed by nude woman--  
white-black cartoon outline--  
an unknown man and both  
swinging on a bench before  
the white-black framework  
of burning stars projected  
on space-void

[ Card Six, the lovers, shows the fiery  
fruit-leaves and the coiling snake  
next to the bared couple. They are  
cradled in the balance of contrasting  
non-colors]

On rocky ground a cross bore the Christ  
The arms faded and returned with typical  
Trickster indifference; the legs  
did the same until the body melted  
off the wooden sticks

A unicorn became a zebra became a fat snake  
that coiled its slow body in and out of  
ill-defined waste

I slept

In youth I learned the fiery Jewish god  
Dark, terrible, mysterious and always  
to be feared, all his actions being mere caprice  
At will he struck--  
Flattery and Mockery  
Trust and distance  
were treated the same  
A dark god, but one who revealed the darkness  
in flashing brilliance

in burning bushes  
in orbs of light  
in flowing white beard  
He struck rocks and punished those that struck them  
He hid high on dark mountains, only to reveal  
himself in blinding light  
A white Baal  
Ya-weh-- the terrible, the uncultured--  
created long before the dawn of a new mind.  
It was this god I learned  
He now lies deep in long-forgotten fantasies  
but is easily recalled  
Within his black-and-white nature  
I enter dark depths in wakefulness  
I witness new dimensions of self





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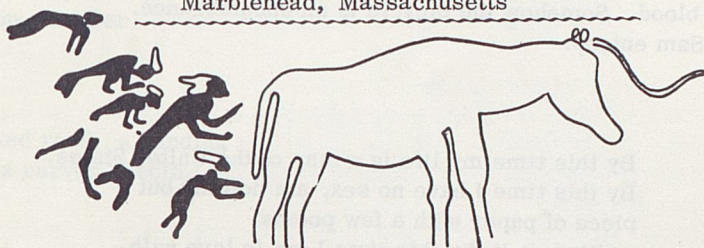
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Diane Wakoski

BLACK UNCLE SAM & POOR OFAY, ME

My life rides past on a bicycle.  
My life is an eagle splashing in the birdbath.  
My life is an American eagle with his wings clipped, riding a bicycle.  
The story of my life: I am in love with the eagle  
who has flown away with a rabbit dripping.  
George Washington takes notes on my life, writing them in  
rabbit blood. Somehow the bicycle is an encumbrance.  
Uncle Sam enters.

By this time my life is a map of the United States.  
By this time I have no sex, am nothing but a  
piece of paper with a few poems  
written on it; by this time I am in love with  
Uncle Sam but have lost all sense of  
identity; by this time  
I am hysterical with love & hate & confusion;  
And my role comes through to serve me  
historically,  
that American patriot who writes of  
George Washington and Uncle Sam,  
may she be nothing more/ old, fat, and white.

so the feathers sift slowly to the ground as you touch my sleeve,  
porches of snow sit on my lap,  
          closets of silk bolts unroll as I look for you,  
                  my voice is an old mountain hugging your name,  
but I will sing every verse of "The Star Spangled Banner" in Latin  
          to avoid talking to you,  
and will walk around the whole map to avoid being near you,

you, who are under my eyelid when I close it,  
who have stolen stars from my blood,  
who have shot at eagles & slipped them into your mouth,  
who have frightened me, yes Uncle Sam, with your taxes,  
and have threatened me with a glittery jail/  
my feelings, the glinting bayonet: a nation at war.

#### HOW CAN I DEAL WITH MY PROBLEMS, KENKYUSHA

by hook or by crook;  
somehow or other

a crooked road; a winding  
lane; a curved needle.

a bent tube; a carpenter's square; a  
corner of a street; a turning of a  
road; at every turn.

hit a ball just when  
it curves.



## CONTRIBUTORS

Harvey Bialy is a graduate student in biochemistry at the University of California in Berkeley.

Paul Blackburn has published The Nets and Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit. He has done many translations from Spanish and Provençal; the past two summers he has been on the staff of the Aspen Writers' Workshop in Colorado.

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Jerome Rothenberg is a poet and translator living in New York. He was editor of Poems From the Floating World in which he published poems From a Shaman's Notebook. He has published a book of translations of New German Poets and a series of early Sightings in conjunction with Robert Kelly's Lunes. He now co-edits Some thing with David Antin.

Welton Smith is currently managing editor of Status in New York; he is originally from San Francisco.

Charles Stein is the editor of Aion, a journal of the traditionary sciences. Two books of his will soon be published: Disaster Areas and On Reading Basil Valentine. He has published extensively, in Io/1 and Io/2, as well as elsewhere.

Jon Towers is a student at the University of Wisconsin; he has published in the literary magazine Quixote in Madison.

Diane Wakoski's second book Apparitions and Discrepancies was published by Doubleday in 1966; her earlier book Coins and Coffins was published by Hawk's Well Press. With Harry Lewis she co-edited software for a year. She now lives in New York with her husband.

Artwork throughout consists of early petroglyphs discovered in South America, the Pacific Islands and Africa. Language, Thought, & Reality, the only comprehensive collection of Whorf's essays, was published in 1956 by the MIT Press, edited and with an introduction by John B. Carroll; it includes much more work on the Hopi. Hopi Journal was published by Columbia University Press in 1936. Hopi Hearings was released in mimeograph form by the Bureau of Indian Affairs and contains the complete minutes as well as letters addressed



to the committee. Io/1 (a fourth dimension issue) and Io/2 (an issue on light, color, photons, chemicals, and films) are available at 50¢ and \$1, respectively from Grossinger, 1106 Brooklyn Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. Three future issues may be purchased at any time for \$2.50. Manuscripts, drawings, and advertisements are welcome; items not used will be returned. We highly recommend the two bookstores that advertised in this issue: material is available from them by order and catalogues can be obtained from either. Mr. Weiser in New York and Mr. Rosenstock in Colorado are specialists in what is arcane in their area. They have hunted for single books and located steady streams of a certain type of literature. Both men specialize in source material; both bookstores are secret and rich chambers.

