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IO Magazine

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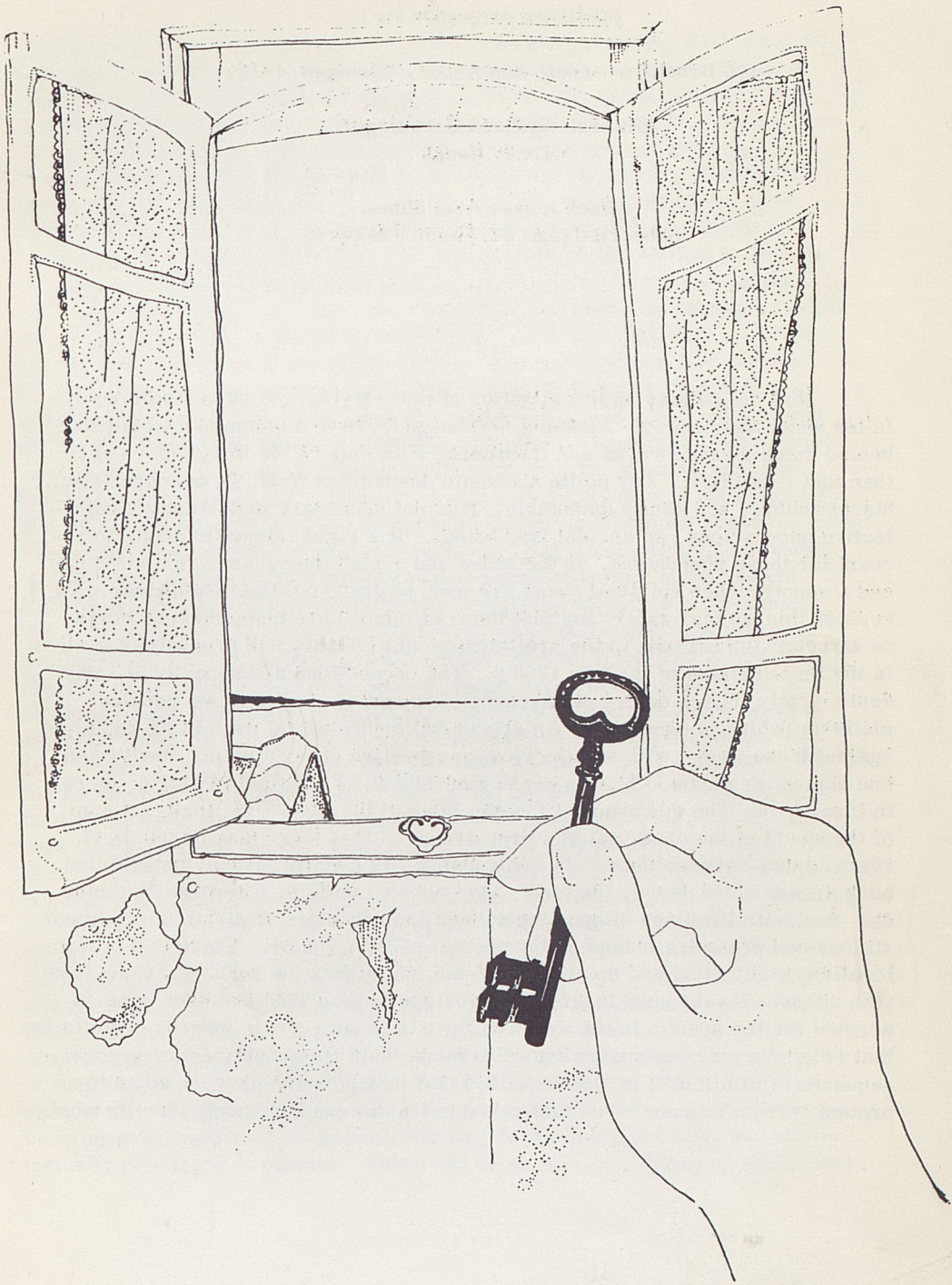
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ALCHEMY ISSUE





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Io/4 constitutes an investigation of those works that have traditionally fallen under the name of "Alchemy." Though there is a common denominator behind these diverse works and traditions, it is impossible to say more of it than that it is there. Any polite academic description would be anachronistic, discontinuous, and easily disputable. It is not necessary to postulate a collective unconscious, an ancient land bridge, or a rigid axiomatic magic to account for these phenomena, or the nodes and syntax they share. This is a day and a country when spiritual items are used to grace political campaigns. To counter this we may safely say that the tradition we are mapping here bears no structural similitude to the proliferation of visionary and prophetic societies in the United States of the late 1960's. The connections are superficial, and come mostly from a desire of psychedelic groups to identify their political platform (which is generically American and technological even in its rebellion against those items) with an historical perspective of mysticism, martyrdom, and humanitarianism. This is not to discredit their political platform, merely to identify it. The much-used "Tibetan Book of the Dead" is, finally, a map of the world of the dead, not of a drug-trance. That there may be points of resemblance between the two is indisputable. In general, it may be said that such arcana as Alchemy, the tarot, the Qabbala, Sufism, Cherokee Medicine, etc. deal with lifetimes of questing without the necessity or strain of promised visions and ecstasies placed on the scepter of the Creator. There is a certain idealism in mystical and spiritual systems that allows the seeker to expect and then uncover layers upon layers of symbolism beyond what has ever been described for the system in the works of the wisest men. It is judged, sometimes, that religious philosophers and magi arrange their commentaries for gradual sequential initiation; it is also supposed that they cover their work so as to protect it from misuse. The fact remains that no one can surely identify what

is Alchemy, what is the Qabbala, what is the Mayan astrology, when and how they arose, and where and why. Alchemy is popularly identified with early chemistry, but it takes little research to find previous Greek sources, and little more to find stunning rudiments in Egypt, Chaldea, and Phoenicia. Similarly it is possible to imagine an ancient kingdom before any of these, destroyed almost totally, whose coals were carried to the ancient world as we are given it in the literature. For this one can cite the works of Donnelly, Velikovsky, and Hapgood, or any combination thereof necessary to paint a clear picture. It is even simpler, though misleadingly so, to take the words of Jung and latter-day Jungians and explain the source in terms of internal structure and archetypes. For one, this demands a better cosmology of internal and external than is available on the earth. The psychologists, in no way, free us from the binds of the philosophers. Finally, it should be noted that whereas there is no scientific dogma that disproves Alchemy, there is also none that proves it. No doubt there is a connection between astrological and alchemical works and the work of quantum physics. The relation between the laboratory and the universe at large is the central issue of today, and any further progress on the identification of prima materia hangs in its wings. In this present issue of *Io* we have included the following traditions under the name of Alchemy: the tradition of ancient wisdom (with magical and transmigratory import) from Egypt and pre-Egypt; the philosophy of matter in the ancient world and its rediscovery in Christianity and Islam; all forms of Platonism; the spiritual magic of Hebrew and Christian occult documents; the historical prechemistry and prepharmacy of the Western World; Hindu and Buddhist theories of creation and sustenance; American Indian ceremonial medicine and rain magic; shamanistic study of dreams and visions; the rediscovery of ancient wisdom by New American Poets and the use of projective verse and deep image, etc., as the syntactic and modal vitality of daily visionary life; the reception of messages from beyond (other planets, other dimensions, the land of the dead, etc.); the cosmology of abstract mathematics and topology. This is a rather stiff and incomplete list, but the effort is sheerly categorical here. The true reason that the pre-initiate continues to discover layer behind layer of symbolic logic (as the scientist discovers ever more interior particles of matter) is that there is no such thing as a full initiate. The great works of revelation represent deep journeys (of the Leif Erikson or Lewis and Clark variety), but they also belong to a world of moving time, or a world, a city, laid down in time. History changes the field and reveals to us a continuously larger pattern. The key to the process is one of renewal, and since the source of renewal is always personal, the whole occult lies within the personal field of each seeker. Those who claim to have been to India, or Mars, and have brought us writings of their discoveries and revelations often overlook the utterly personal nature of the portion that they have been genetically and astrologically privileged to extract. There can be no further warning or explanation

of the material in this journal. Let it be sufficient for us to say that the question of whether THEY made (or intended to make) gold is a very complex mixture of other ultimate questions. To answer it in a word would be to destroy the world.

"The vastness of the earth has fostered a tradition of unconcern about the release of toxic wastes into the environment. Billowing clouds of smoke are diluted to apparent nothingness; discarded chemicals are flushed away in rivers; insecticides 'disappear' after they have done their job; even the massive quantities of radioactive debris of nuclear explosions are diluted in the apparently infinite volume of the environment. Such pollutants are indeed diluted to traces -- to levels infinitesimal by ordinary standards, measured as parts per billion or less in air, soil, and water. Some pollutants do disappear; they are immobilized or decay to harmless substances. Others last, sometimes in toxic form, for long periods. We have learned in recent years that dilution of persistent pollutants even to trace levels detectable only by refined techniques is no guarantee of safety. Nature has ways of concentrating substances that are frequently surprising and occasionally disastrous --" George M. Woodwell, Scientific American.

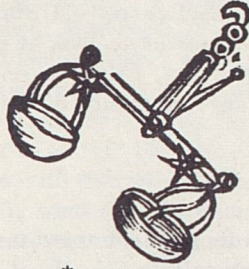


Hopi shield design

Robert Kelly

AN ALCHEMICAL JOURNAL

The car came for me today.



*

It is only those who are in some way in love with death to whom the Queen's agents come.

*

Silence as instruction. Two kinds of Silence. Negative: silence as abstention from utterance [how to teach poetry] . Positive: silence as a shape to ram down their throats. In their ears. Their bodies. Eyes. Shaped silence, against time.

*

Harpocrates is the Aion too. Silence of Ḥokhma. Silence of Binah. Michael Angelo's grieving women. Tomb of Giuliano de' Medici, my initiation into the sphere of Binah, into the urgency of poetry. Trey of Spades. Pique-Dame. Prick this woman. Grief. Something held to the lips. Aion. Eis aiona. No time.

*

Silence is the instruction. Al & Carola had a long way to drive. Overweening oracles. Naufrages. Simplicity. I remembered a story. Why I was there. Why the sun shone. They had a long way to go. Presence fills her. Her body turns over, she sees me watching her. How much is part of the automatic instructions. I will never ask or tell her, she will never tell or ask me.

*

1

Wanting to say brass ash tray she said brash ass. Her body turns over.
Tambourines, as if those were silence. Whir of the fan. What the adept
learns is that waiting for the right time is the same as making things up.

*

Rebels are walking the streets. "Anti-government forces, Boy Scouts &
others who make up the rebel core." Militant Buddhist youth organization.
Her body in the sun. I dont want to look at gentle ease or suntanned knees.
I want a gun, I dont need a gun, I want an enemy, I want a war. Kill the elms
soft with green. *Italic day, signature of the earth.*

*

They are dead. That is they do not answer. What is this busyness of theirs
they do not answer to our calls?

*

What a wonder Thomas Vaughan is, priceless consecutor of the real, of the
plain & hidden flesh of man. How he hates Aristotle, disdains the feeble
Weisheit of Tyanaeus. He is here, he is here. The open eye of Matter. O
you devil you, you beauty.

*

Today I look in the mirror. I see that my beard has billowed out & swarms
around my eyes. Earlier I stood gasping for breath in the icy shower, only
the lattice work wood floor of the stall separating me from the rough earth
hole beneath. Between air & water I stood on wood. Between earth & air I
stood in water. Only my breath was fire. Since then my hair has lain flat &
wet, slow-drying in the grey wind. But my beard!

L'homme dans le miroir m'a dit:

Je suis l'homme à barbe rouge.

You cant do anything with me.

*

Outside there is a doghouse from which the dog has been removed, or from
which he has wandered. It has plywood walls & a shingle roof. The gap in
the front is irregular, the size but not the shape of a dog. It is a perfectly

good dog house, small for me but ideal for a dog. Dogs go everywhere & do everything. I have never read a story anywhere about a dog getting into a fight with an eagle.

*

It's on a hillside, & so much has been in or on or under hillsides. I meant on hillsides but the others came, in, under. I think of the raths & hills my Irishes knew, backparts of my blood, fair dark-haired red-haired men like me who spoke no language I could understand & were my fathers. What if a man desires the acquaintance of his remotest great-grandmother, and she a mere girl, in the mattins of the world, walking on the dewed grass of Ireland. What does it mean if a man wants to go into that time before him (though our language says two different things with that word before: "Before Abraham was, I am" but "Before my eyes"), what does it mean if a man wants to step lightly across the Galway field, earliest morning, up to where the mother of his blood walks just as lightly, & to slip his arm around her slim waist, but with his wrist so flexed that the tips of his long fingers brush, press, & half-support the fullness of her right breast, soft loose in her dress?

*

Whoever that man was I would in that fashion have slightly been, whoever he was he knew the hillsides, had maybe walked inside them beyond the tradition of easy enchantments, had maybe seen those cities, worships, inconceivable entertainments, above all had maybe felt the speed of Faery. And if I say all that's in the hill is hill-stuff, molecules & subtle motions, I have denied nothing.

*

The earth, puzzled & dismayed by the ease with which we forget her, rears herself up in hills & mountains to present herself to our eyes, catch our attention. Greeks with their chthonian rites, their blood breakfasts spread for earth, had no mystique of hills, mounts or 'nature.' Logres (old Sumer, our summer-land) which spilt no innocent blood, had need of celestial mountains, hills of the first sidhe, bewildering forests piled between man & heaven, a sign, a reminiscence. Mother calling.

*

Somewhere in this country a girl lives behind a door & has her name & mine conjured together in pencil on that door, a psychotic scrawl that hints the

sacred mystery of the truth. Its inscriber got the story right. But the names wrong.

*

What he & I had to figure out together before we even talked was this: that the central problem of the alchemic Work is the same as the social, psychological, problem of Jealousy. Who gets into whom. Why? May I plant these seeds in your garden?

*

And now we have been in the rain. She pulled her shirt off & ran before me up the slope, turning back to note how fast I followed, the eagerness of my address to this step of the operation. There was no measure to this time, no bounds to my eagerness, hence no measure of it, hence no seeming to run faster though I pursued. It was quiet in the place she ran to, very dark grasses tufted across the ground, given among black rocks. The rain had been sturdier before. But what was mostly was that she didnt know what she wanted. She was so silent her silence startled her, made her uneasy as an animal is startled by its own shadowy reflection in a still puddle. She showed me a bird's nest from which the small blue bird she'd seen in it last week had now flown away. On the way back she showed me a big wet grey toad. We stared at it till I couldnt see it any more. Then it jumped. I thought of the Hypnerotomachia Poliphili, how there is One who leads, & one who looks back (wet hair & broad shoulders) to see if another follows. But then I very often think of that. Perhaps this was at last the right time to think of it, though there had been right times before, & will be after, God willing. The right time is more frequent than I think. Even the toad had something to speak:

Eines abends spöte
Ging ein Mann einen steilen Weg hinan.
Da sah er eine Kröte---
dies Gedicht ist nicht von Goethe.

Dialect & substandard forms. Popular songs. Old popular ditties. Songs my aunts & uncles knew. Peg o my heart unwobbling pivot? Our chung? It was not enough that I followed, however fast. She had to lead. Poliphilo waltzed with the strawberry blonde. Alchemy is the science of finding the right year to be born.

*

Only now is it clear that I was walking on that hillside. Midway up the woods there is a fence, & by it a black wet tree. We stopped & planted seeds there, in the middle of the air. There was such silence in the woods, in the wood, & that's what I'm trying to get away from now. No need for all that silence, no need for all this secrecy, as far as I can see. And there are houses where women sleep. Were we sad because we were silent, & silent because all the secrets had told themselves into the listening rain? Anybody seeing me would have known what was on my mind.

*

One of the girls was of gypsy parentage, & in the set of her body I saw an intimation of the origin of the Cards. These postures are the way we must be, things being as they are. Yoga will teach a man to live without pulmonary breathing beneath the ground, or extend his subtle nervous system to any distance, or live three hundred years. But it cannot teach him to bend his shanks out forward from the knee, or chew one single grain of rice by grinding down with the upper jaw. This intimation in fact I did not see then looking at her, but only now, reviewing the event. What reckoners we are! Runs hits & errors. Secrecy of the pitcher's mound, the Magus of Tiphareth rears back & hurls. Yesod's last chance to knock it over the fence, perimeter, parameter, paramitā, into Malkuth, the actual world. In the shell of the catcher's mitt, demonmask of his tetric form, the Qlipoth wait. Or if a man should one day mislay his member, he would find it on the Moon. O what liars we are.

*

Several years ago a team of clinicians discovered that blood of dogs poisoned by carbon monoxide would re-oxygenate faster (in many instances critically so, saving the animal's life) when exposed to the light of a mercury-vapor lamp.

*

A moth the size of the ice-box carries the ice-box away. So what it has to do with is that Greek word isos, same as this, same as that. Isomimetic, a man steps through society & enters his house. Shooting methedrine, the bad green heart. Held together by starch. Shooting starch. Filling the lungs with starch.

*

Riding the forest:

- 1) Who or what does the River serve?
- 2) Where does it hurt?
- 3) Will I be ruled?
- 4) When it rains who is it I hear laughing in the night?

Know the inflammation by these signs:

Rubor
Dolor
Calor
Tumor

a redness a pain a heat a swelling) --- riding the forest, preserving the
memorials of the days.

*

The dream said: And overnight the instrument is changed. But night was a
year & a day, & what is an instrument was never an instrument before. How
we change. How we use ourselves.

*

There is beating on the doors of heaven. I am fooling myself. There is
beating on the doors of hell.

*

When I get down to it, there has been little I could really believe in but the
heat itself of the process. Baseball game. Today the rodeo: horses quiver-
ing in the breathless heat. A shame to use us animals so. The riders. The
ridden. The watchers. Gasping the thick valley air, the dust.

The calcina-
tion of horse & its rider. Spectre of Animal beauty raised in the dust-filled
vase, spectre of use, spectre of lost blood.

*

As another process, not the casting of bronze, is called sang perdu, lost
blood, lost bread, the song perdu, the elided melody of all-my-life, a purple
flower, iris, orchis, testes. A sign & a proof of the truth whereof it is the
signature. A process of lost blood, choking the vessel, lost.

*

A man of 85 in Northern Dutchess Hospital with aplastic anemia. Given a transfusion, congestive heart failure followed from surfeit of liquid. Given a transfusion of centrifuged blood solids without much plasma, congestive heart failure followed again. Digitalis & mercuric diuretic administered intravenously. "Perhaps the marrow of his bones wore out, as another man might lose his hair."

*

How much can a man lose? If blood is lost in the tree, what of the fruit? I had asked the second question of the afternoon. It was not enough.

*

Wolfram has Parzival finally ask, "Uncle, what's the matter with you?" And that, no more than token, recognition of the reality of the other is enough. After all the struggles, romantic & terrible & all, through the deserts of the self, at last, after years, after a Good Friday spell & spell broken, after the spellbound repentences,

to be able at last to see the tokens perish, & seeing instead an other person, even an uncle

(a right-angled relative, a perpendicular to the self), & make an utterance to him which is also of him: Oeheim, waz wirret dir?

*

What is the matter? we say in English. But Parzival, in Middle High German has to ask, What troubles you, what's ailing you, why are you perplexed? We want to know the answer to our own question, what is the matter?

(Which is not: Why is James James' mother never heard of since she went down to the end of town? Where did his mother go? To The Mothers?)

But is: what is the matter?

*

Everything that we know makes free.

Genealogy, accepted or chosen or invented, always limits. Ancestor rites. Joss sticks in brass bowls. Dust on the calendar.

*

But to be in the world means come on harder. Talk with a hard on. Showing them the pictures. Because I want. Words extract themselves from the air as bears eat honey. We'd been at her place for two hours before it struck. What alphabet was it?

*

7

He reads the blotter's backwards forward in a mirror and becomes a sage.

*

Being in this city under the sea was submitting himself almost to Ordeal, a testing of a Self (which did not perhaps need to be tested) in the midst of the irrelevant, the unnecessary, the irritant, the abominable. It was a sorrow to be here, to turn from what was his, the terrene airy life he lived in the heart of, to put himself in this fix, the half-day journey down, the being-there in the hopeless knowledge of having to ungo the whole way to get back where he had been, no further, except the furtherness of self-betrayal; yes, that was it he thought (his pen blurring in the hydrosphere), in the destructive element immerse (he quoted), yes, that was it, his joy had been to taste of self-betrayal, see darkingly how far he could go in without destroying the self, as he had as a child sometimes, breathing fast & prick erect, daringly stayed seated in the car when the el train came to his stop & the doors opened & he sat there & the doors stayed open & he sat there knowing they would close & all his body trembled with the lust of his confusion, delay, desire, self-torture & still he sat & then the doors would close & he would be trapped in the kingdom of his own consequence, bedded down with the sheer whore voluptuous effect (who was also Love & goddess & wife of his manhood) of his action. Or as he would, long afterwards even, fantasize a girl in a public place taking off her clothes in a daring, trembling, smile-faced deadly flirtation with the irrevocable, how she would strip off shoes & stockings & coat & blouse & skirt & slip (& thus still be clad, though wildly more sexually, as chastely as herself in a bathing suit) & then with the same smile & the saliva drying on her full wet lips & with a shiver of total wild self-abandoning glory loosing the straps of her bra & pulling it off & letting her breasts swing free in the fierce wind of actual crime, then wriggling her panties down, rubbing her hands down into her fur as she writhes her naked ass out at the world, at policemen & god & teachers & nuns & soldiers all running to beat at her with savage reprisals --- she was dared & gone beyond, she has committed irrevocable nakedness.

Yes, that was it he thought, the Daring, the Irrevocable; he understood the secret meaning of what Apollo's torso seemed to say in Rilke: Du musst dein Leben ändern, you must change your life, strip to the nakedness of a statue, strip yourself of arms & legs & be a torso, gouge out the flesh, murder flesh & blood, burn the earth in the ferocity of changing.

*

The course & sense of narrative; he becomes I; in a different way ('in a mystery,' as old Arthur would have said), I becomes he. Overwhelmed in

the embarrassments of revelation, "I" take "refuge" in "rhetoric."

*

In 1955 I & some school-fellows attempted a revival of Batman as an object of inquiry. It does not feel good to have been in the avant-garde of kitsch. Yet my fingers smell of her authenticity, She Who Is To Be Obeyed, She who is wet.

*

These are the books: The works of Gerhard Dorn

Michael Maier
Jakob Böhme
Robert Fludd
Thomas Vaughan

Not one of them but wrote with a goose-quill. Over the hen-yard, the scream of the chicken-hawk. Over the stream (Hortonville 1939), the blue scream of a kingfisher. Men who like to read books & watch birds. Presidents of the United States. Men who blow fine glass flasks with wild birds inside. Cégeste (F*lc*n*Il*'s name in the special bars of Toulon) worked it out just fine: L'oiseau chant avec ses doigts. Which means, when it comes to the Vessel of the work: the ouzel chants a wake six digits. Six nays. And on the seventh, breasts. Or casts a storm spell on the Wash. The Wish. They come to life again. L'auzel. L'aura amara. We picked the right road & the wrong goal. For a long time the kingfisher sat on the branch.

*

Peonies in the olive jar, white water. Wise men read the labels. Water salt & acid added. But they are peonies, her holy flower, how the rain stinks of them. I love her. Wise men need no labels.

*

There is something about new morning, dew on the sun & the people out on the loose again, that moves the bowels.

*

After all this crap, time to understand. Yes, that was it; the Daring. The Irrevocable. Death as game. You will notice I do not speak of Death. I do not like that game. If you go on playing it I will take my life & go home. The Gnostic says. When I was a child I heard several sermons each summer (though once in a life would have been enough) about the boy who wilfully missed Mass on Sunday to go to the beach, & came back in a box. That's the way they always said it: in a box --- & there was no doubt what that meant. It is only now, in my thirty-first year, that I begin to doubt the relevance of the priest's report. Yet each sin measures me & limits my work. When I have sinned I write in a box.

*

We made love by the waterfall. Later we saw a snake. It was eating, ugly. I had no compassion for its hunger. Forgive me.

*

As a strong man, I love to receive the commands of beautiful women.

*

The course of love-making follows the phases of the moon. An ignorant girl wrote: 'My dog flowed me to school.' Dont everybody laff at once.

*

What did she mean coming into my office & seeing the big picture of the fish & asking me if I were the Fisher King? Yet she was beautiful. I clapped a hand to my thigh & worshipped --- for the length of that casual, meant-to-be-humorous gesture --- the woman secretly inside it. O unborn twin sister of mine, o death in my body come to life. I was black & blue from the injections, etc.

*

So many birds of morning. Elephant on the desk. To each unit of the biological world belongs its proper gesture. We call it lucus, 'grove,' a non lucendo, from the fact that it is not bright inside it. Dark birds. The traveler asked for an empty glass. One tusk is longer than the other. In a poem of René Char's we read of deux pointes semblables, sun shining on two like tips, of the horn of the bull, of the sword that kills him. I have kept him all these years at the door, waiting for one to become empty.

*

Its earliest glyph was the Ka, the upraised hands



When we leave our house, only the wisest of us throws up his hands.

*

The most remarkable event of the week was a mock crucifixion wherein a young man was lashed to a yellow cross propped up before the people. After saying or pretending to say certain words, he pretended to die. If one pronoun had slipped out of place, I honestly declare I would have lost my mind.

*

But I didnt say what it was, of which the Ka, the upraised hands, was symbol. Call it in the simple jargon of our time, my time, a process. Fresh & light-footed Dante called Guinicelli's love poems.

*

All things are finally brought into the Furnace of Love. We have that assurance. The temperature.

*

Mosquito bite on my thigh, a gentle enough punishment for all the thighs I've bitten. I mean all the times I've bitten thighs.

*

In a play of Joel Oppenheimer's, the classical historical western desperadoes look down from cowboy heaven on the struggles of the characters of the play. At times they speak. When I saw the play performed, the desperadoes were enacted by poets. The fertility of a contrivance is out of all proportion to its meaning. Or a sentence.

*

Hoping to learn by a sign how the Work prospers, I look out the window, first moving the curtain on which the terra cotta ♀ Mirror of Ashtaroth reflects no image

*

I'll try again to say it straight. Hoping to learn by a sign how the Work prospers, I move the curtain & look out, morning

*

The language has roots in me, by it I am grown, leaf & hand & tongue. What is this language? Who is this King of Glory? I have sharpened my pen. I have opened the gates of the Temple.

*

The third time, she tells me, is the Charm. I try again: Hoping to learn by a sign how the Work prospers, I look out into the morning & see a black

hen, her white chick.

*

What does she do now she is naked? Is this anti-climax? What did I do when the el train rolled on? What was that kingdom of my Consequence? Climax & anti-climax. The ladder & what the ladder leads to, a sloping roof, ridgepole high. You can straddle the crest, or stand for a time on the declivity, then fall.

*

What I have to do now is to lecture on

hsin, the heart. There is an intensity of ene where energy, $\epsilon\nu \cdot \epsilon\rho\gamma\omicron\nu$ is the work-within, the force from which all things are outered.

energy (force, virtú, têt) is a process (not a thing) it cannot to be conceived of as in a place, only as a place. This is the inside, or inside the geometric point; the inscape of the point is the heart of God --- primum mobile.

Now since

(She held her arms out before her, then snapped them back to her sides, elbows down, clenched fists hitting the shoulder. That was sin, she said.)

Woman I love you for the force within you that sometimes joyously outeres, is not exhausted, draws me to it as to center. When we were married she said: I will be abundant.

But hsin, the heart, is not the romantic heart; it is the well-primed & steady pump that runs the organism of our intellect. Draw me a picture of intelletto, draw me a wolf stealing meat from a boiling pot, using a long-handled spoon. Fork. We pace the heart that paces us. The heart pumps blood to the brain from which Hermes the Pacemaker descends to pace the heart. Feed me, feed me, cries the human intellect. Overswarming the deserts of the Pleistocene, man reasons about the weather, becomes man, grasps & eats.

Somewhere we are all naked under our clothes. Nakedness & hunger, the sovereign gestures of the intellect, concealing & revealing, are the heart's work, heart's en-ergy --- our strength.

The body. Robe of concealment. Robe of revelation. End of the lecture on hsin, the heart. But the audience does not leave, does not end.

They repose in their seats, notebooks on the writing-arms of their chairs:
"Before you send us away, you must tell us what place this is in which we
are." I answer them: you are in the college of the Jesuits, in the Society
of Jesus. The picture on the wall is the emblem of the Order: under the
guise of two wolves, the Body & the Intellect steal the energy of the Heart.
Yeheshuah hangs before you on a Roman cross. Crucify the heart.

I wake up past noon. I come home in a box.

*

Even then the treatise was not over. Rabbi Dobh Baer (= Bear Bear) had a
word or two to say. "Why did they call my Commentary on Enstasy a trac-
tate on Ecstasy? Wont they never learn?" Jesus is taken down from the
cross by a party of rabbis, who grieve over the dead man. Miles away,
Simon of Cyrene stumbles under the burden of no cross.

"Null-Cross,"

Dobh Baer cries,

"they criss-

crossed us;

no enstasy?

crossed out our hearts."

*

To answer my earliest question: it would have been enough to see the sun
rise.

*

They misunderstand Chance. Dont you see (dont I see) that once you reckon
Chance in the system, all other possibilities are annulled? Chance is total
if it is at all. By chance, internally coherent systems may arise. Once
Chance is reckoned with, the presence of order is no evidence of design.
As Chaucer knew; any man who has the Miller follow the Knight is some
bloody kind of atheist, a Christian atheist perhaps, or godly bolshevik.
Outside his book, Crisseyd gets leprosy from screwing around. Lives in
a box. Contaminates the sea. Whose ass do I kiss? Exactly twenty years
ago I heard them saying Hubba Hubba. Sator Arepo Tenet Opera Rotas.

*

O my first love forgive me that I can call you first.

*

It was unrealistic. There were the four of us, myself & the three women. I brought them to my secret home & showed them my colleagues & fathers & priests & pupils under the maples, grey-haired old men warming benches, young men studying the veins of trees, astronomy of tree bark, the 365 poetic meters & the famous lost fractional meter that completes the year --- was that Silence, or the quarter-rest, the time the sun takes out to turn? Jesus Christ how old I am! I who remembered when this maple had been an Indian figus, & before that a frond-tree of Shamballa, I who had been Naciketas before the world was changed now turned to the blonde young man & said Naciketas, I am bright death inside your skin, hearken to me & learn all. Then I fell silent. He held out the horoscope I had invented for him; I saw Lincoln in the Tenth house & Antinous rising. Dante sang in the hell of the Eighth. On the cusp of the house of marriage was the Thirteenth sign, unknown in Judeo-Christian times. Saturn slept. I reached in & twisted the Neck of the Serpent till his venom dropped down & woke Loki. I burn, I burn, he said. This is unrealistic, the women said. Who is the naked picture of the young man on your wall? He is a great American actress, my ladies, & you have seen, albeit unworthily, one of the few revelations of the Secret College of the Holy Spirit. A bunch of pederasts if you ask me, one of them guessed. I resumed my smoking cap, held my peace & led them away.

*

There! That was Major Hoople talking, Roma 1942, Annandale 1966. I would honor specifically here Gilbert Sorrentino, who got there before me. Furthermore, practically anybody can beat me at pool.

*

When I got back to the motel I tried to explain to her what the Collegium Spiritus Sancti was, how from Pleistocene times at least the angels who watch over men have seen to the continuity of certain spirits who incessantly re-dwell in our midst, & how I had long, long been one of these beings. She doubted my powers; I changed myself into a phallus & fattered her into silence, o holy swastika. She sleeps now while I write. Outside, a busy highway connects New York City with the moon.

*

A flute is played. Shakuhachi. If it is played long enough, there is an end to fictions. After her dance: Kill this woman!

*

He read, then wrote, about Sandalphon, angel of Earth. Angels in jeans,
blue & white & otherwise. Pun.

*

A lifetime supply of goose-quills. Ocean of ink. First lessons in chancery
cursive. Have an erection. Keep it up. There's your College of the spirit
sank, she said, keep talking big boy.

*

It has been my intention to banish all learning from these pages. Only what
I have stood under will serve our purposes, gentlemen. Say the blessing &
we will begin. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary
for one being to sever the biological bonds that have held it to life & amber
waves of grain. The purple mountain's majesty (Yesod) above the fruited
plain (Malkuth). Learn the colors. Defer invention. Isn't it just like a
burnt-out painter to invent the telegraph. What hath man wrought indeed?
I know so little of history I can almost breathe. Remember that old crap
about George Washington Carver getting stoned on cotton gin & inventing
the peanut whistle? Remember? Remember? God be gracious to my
soul, forgive me my inconstant seductions, my imperfect adulteries. The
Oracle spake it: Now beating the drum, now blowing the flute, by fits &
starts he weeps & sings in turn. God, I'm beautiful! Forgive me my con-
stancy.

*

The sun sets irrevocably. That's what it means.

*

The beautiful thing about time there is no mistaking it. No mistake in it.

*

Discipline of the heart. Hsin rapturous devours. A sentence without com-
mas, leading to the end of the world.

*

I asked the angel why he had been sent. He took off his robe & said: I will
become one just man, there are yellow flowers in a jug, pink peonies in the

olive jar, tiny white flowers floating in a blue bowl. There is a way. Let it find you. Be glad.

*

It may be that every man is set upon the earth to find one new method of divination. That is, to write one sentence whose syntax is total. Because (this idea is familiar) syntax is the heart of divination, to locate the function of a thing in the structure of process. We must remember that. Who are we?


*

They bleed every month to renew the earth. Every woman is under the obligation, from at least Pleistocene times, to let some of her blood fall on & feed the earth. And if a woman do no more than this, even no more than throw her kotex into a wood or river or ravine, she shall be blessed & fertile & glad in white water. Conscious of my own temerity, I proclaim that the purpose of most human religions is to hide or deny the secret efficacy of menstrual blood. In all parts of the work. Work is the Earth.

*

What does the Martian astrologer make of Earth? Through his zodiac he must delineate the positions & influences of Sun, Phobos, Deimos, Mercury, Venus, Earth, the Asteroids, Jupiter, Saturn, & perhaps the remoter planets. I read in a Martian treatise on genethliacs:

[Earth] - native name: Tlas, Tellus;
color: blue; god: Poteidaan
[Poseidon?]. A lesser malefic,
of the nature of Venus and Saturn.
The Earth is above all the planet
of work, of making things. If Earth
be at mid-heaven, the native will
prosper in all arts and crafts.
Our traditions tell us the inhabi-
tants of Earth are called poietai,
or makers. Metal: antimony.
Precious stone: Jade. Earth rules
the sign Virgo and some attribute
to it the sign Scorpio as well.
It is exalted in Capricorn and

dignified in Leo. Begin no process
or task when Earth is rising, or it
will never end. To attract its influ-
ences, wear a talisman made of antimony,
copper, & lead in equal measure, and
on it inscribe, when Earth is at
mid-heaven or conjunct Saturn or Venus,
the inverted pentagram  with a bronze
stylus, and around it these words:

ARA ORA
OPERA
FAC.

*

It may be that too much of the writer's energy is spent on satisfying curios-
ity. Herman Melville. Peonies in white water. It is four o'clock.

*

From the brow, Athena rises out of each man to refute his lie.

*

It was almost time for me to be reborn. Him to be reborn. The colors.

*

They waited at the tree where they would give us wine. Water if we wanted
it. I watched her there & tasted the lines of her body. Limes. Lemons.
Tomorrow, she sang. I washed in the stream & rubbed lemons against my
chest. I waited for tomorrow. Her body tight as taut as tart as a
lemon. Ho ho, a song.

*

Lying down into her arms this said itself in my mind: Testimonium per-
hibere de Lumine. I have come into this world to bear true witness to the
Light. Of the light.

*

So having been born in the right year all things continue to happen at the right time. So here I am in my true love's house, & watch this Sunday evening go to grass greyly outside. As I write I am aware that not many miles from here my true love sits in her house & waits for me. And further, while I sit here, we sit here, we sit everywhere, that that other one, my true love, radiant in all other colors, knocks at the door of my house, finds me not at home, leaves a cryptic love note jammed between door & frame, goes away.

*

It is time for me to speak praise of pale women: there are houses where their almost plumed skin gleams beyond any dark that dying day or nature can impose. Through shadows she walks, the house is cold, there is a triumph in her easy quality. But this is the wildness of first fire when the tongues of tenuous flame run up the branch, this is first fire. Our fire, the philosophers say of it, fire of the wise. From this fire (which is all we know of Light) all things are moved to assume their forms (rupa; form's motion) & utter themselves (nama; word's emotion). This is a praise of blonde women. First fire pale along the branch. Now this living tree will be consumed, & from its blackened fingers Jean Dominique Ingres will sketch in charcoal the perfected outline of a serene blonde highwaisted enigma, her face turned away, her flesh the first implication of clarity in the physical world. This is the first fire, fire of Aries that begins all years, all possible years, all possible processes. Paleness of blonde women the ground of language, arupa, the unformed formative syntax of the world.

*

The rhetor crossed his legs, relaxed all zeugmata, untied chiasmus. She waited for him all night while he parsed two highways & conjugated a deponent girl. And at full dawn she told him, when I call you silly I mean you are holy too.

*

There are no years, there are no processes. Eve's apple was the knowledge of subject & predicate as different from each other, different from 'their' verb. Adam shared.

*

She blows smoke towards me, goes away thinking I'm so engrossed I don't notice. Tomatoes in the sun. Getting dark under the trees. The first flicker of boredom quenched in the specific. Sweet coffee. The presence of them, o god the womanly presence!

*

Grind it twice, until it is powder. In our secret instructions, "twice" means to do it right the first time. Grind it twice & cast it on the surface. Long afterwards, when all the process is done, you'll find that the macerated powder has accepted half the volume of the water. But now, when the powder is cast upon the seething, let the heating be stopped, then seal the vessel, & let it remain sealed during the saying of the psalm Confitemini domino. Open the vessel, & pour out the infusion. Strain it through sand or sable, muslin or organdy, June or September. Let the grounds or faeces remain in the sieve. Bring to the black water what is white, & to the bitter water what is sweet.

*

The Divine Thighs straddle the Hudson, the Divine Calves along the banks of the river. God kneels. Allah means: The One Who Grieves.

*

And I have come to bear what kind of testimony to the Light? What do I know of the Light? She believes at times in an actual hell, where people are fried for being bad; for doing those things we must do? But it all begins with light. Cardinal Mercier, whoever he is, spoke the truth of Christianity for the first time in 2000 years. Sanctity, he said, is taking literally the words of Our Lord. A parable is hard to understand because we are not used to being literal. I am the light of the world.

*

I hold this one's breasts & this one's thighs & press myself on this one's mouth & ask each one in turn: What is it that happened between us at the Pinner in Wakefield, three hundred years ago, September? We learned the secret, & it cost us our deaths. Back, far down in my blood, an orchestra tunes up. My dearest wife, I will hear you forever & sometimes heed you. I sign this letter in perfect ignorance of the date.

*

All this was the right time. Can I hear what I'm trying to say? At this very minute She is waiting for me to come to a door miles away & open to her. Do I hear me, do I hear me?

*

She is at the door, her hair is yellow, her looks are free, her skin is white as. Liberty? As. As.

Just as the rocket burst over the tangled carnival throng I saw the Queen of Cups whirl & send her raving servants in among the crowd. Before the glare had faded she was down the water steps & away in the Chris-Craft. The night came back over the rages & howls & agonies & love-cries of the victims. He turned to me with a strange smile & said, We have put her living in the tomb.

*

She is at the door. How surprised she'll be when I call her Mommy. Long an only child, I first learned of the disease during my mother's second confinement. When she came home I peered into the deep pores of her face, terrified that the skin might show ravages of the imagined ailment. But now there is my true love at the door. Her hair is yellow. She is not free. Her skin is white as

*

All the while it is her wildness I love. It is time I speak in praise of. Wild wet. The sea is all colors. I am afraid of my strength, I mean that strength in me. I fear only certain woods at night. Only certain serpents, brown ones, ones of no color. Only certain dogs, who come along in the darkness & mess around in the lab & tear the throat out of the Work. I do not fear the sea. I do not fear the wind. I do not fear even the sea wind squirming in the cattails, even her sand scouring my stone. Every year must have a beginning. We have the assurance of water, time can do nothing to us.

*

I confess the exaltation of this instant. What matters is that it is. Was. This comes terribly close to a false simplicity, the cost of which would be an easy mistake. Of all things the sun shines on, there is none more worth to be cherished than that the sun shines upon all things with the same light & each thing is different. There is a race of beings who make things new; they are Children of the Sun. It is they who in the language of Beulah are shown in the Nineteenth Trump, hand in hand in the heat of their primary. In science they are called planets, in religion they are called The Gods, in history they are called Men. I know them by a different name.

*

Let me be clear about this: my Desire is the only vessel strong enough to contain you.

*

I & you, back to that again. Of "I" it is able to speak. Who will learn the language of mountains? Studs, seducers, folk on the make, how simple they are: Viva la Libertà, cries Don Giovanni, as if it meant something. She believes at times in an actual Hell, where Giovanni's lust is cauterized, his skin blemished with consequence. They fry you there. Now this is important to me: there are some cookies, a friend once told, such that all of a sudden you eat the fatal one, the one that instantly turns the stomach & makes the joy of all that came before into a queasy, not quite dead weight.

*

In the burgeoning optimism of unlimited desire, I reach out for universal intimacy: I will go to hell, where hell is false repetition, to have lusted for meaning & to have passed, in the ferocity of my desire, right through the thing Meant, right out back into the boondocks, the Qlipoth, the provinces of diminished reality.

*

I'll say this for IBM: from them we may one day relearn that there is no number but One, no repose but Zero.

*

So at the proper time the Vessel is opened & the house is filled with a simply wonderful aroma. We are told that in the Book. Man's fire is poured out on Hamburg, London, Nagasaki, Hanoi. After she had made me into Love there was silence in Heaven the space of half an hour. So also was there one who in a shirt of silver stood before the people & received their worship. Him ate the worms. There is said to be a moral in this story. In this Syntax. Morality of syntax, pause to recover.

*

The anguish of the Work is the discovery of the correspondences. Once they proclaim themselves, they never let the Philosopher rest. The Correspondences. No man is allowed to die till he has met every god & every goddess & has had his chance with each one of them to revere or to reject.

This is the assurance of Love (the Furnace, the Human Body, the World).

*

As on another night we sat up late at the motel trying to find out who Minerva was. My lungs holding the opium down, I went outside & stood by the sea, wanted to cast her my seed, got no answers. Waste of the drug, of the potion? Sea a potion?

*

Boil It Down.

*

It took us an hour to get through Hartford, city of lovers. A gold dome on what I was told was the Temple of Venus Percasta. Love assures. As I write down these lies, a little grey moth walks on the page, avoids the wet ink, or is it my words.

*

I love her exactly because she looked everywhere for signs & read them out loud, kept their meanings. Am I godlike because I love exactly? There is no lust like the lust for meaning.

*

Questionnaire

Ouranos
Gaia

Kronos
Rhea

Zeus
Hera

Apollo
Dionysos
Athene
Poseidon

Pluton
Demeter
Aphrodite
Hermes
Hephaistos
Persephone

Fill in the identities. Die.

*

Plainly those 365 bardiac metres were no metres. They were each day's measure of itself, each day's song of itself into the specific ear of the poet. Free verse, if you can call it free --- is the child newborn on Christmas free of Capricornus, is the dying old man free of the Moon? But those priest-poets sang each day; their training was directed to making them perfect instrumentalities of music & emergent meaning. Obviously I am making this up. Obviously I am writing in the middle of a wood, at night, when the moon rises she will be seen to be nearing her full, maybe she has risen already, all round me are the scribes & scholars of the College of the Holy Spirit, resting from their carnival appearances or conning the sermons they will whisper, o holy poison, in the ears of sleeping dominies.

These are men who live for nothing but truth & love. Which is true of everyone in the world, but these men know it.

*

They are going off to sail up a river. They have no idea who will be the boat. Or down a river. Or have they? Suppose I said the river you can sail on is not the real river. Would you believe me?

*

I set up this stone to aid the Sun our Lord in his interminable Battle.

*

I knew it was she because of my frequent dreams. From the other side of the paper a wind was blowing. When I was young I was a tamarack was what it said. On the other hand, when I appear in her dreams it is as one who drives a car. What if Heurtebise were Mistress Death herself himself? What if the Chauffeur were the car? The man who makes things hot. They listen to me because I have more fun than anybody. A double-bodied treat. And glory?

*

And Mr Corry, who said his name where he comes from rimes with sorry, told me of Roosevelt's death. FDR sat at a card table signing his outgoing mail. Laura Delano was in the kitchen arranging flowers. Soon they were going to have lunch. Far away from Roosevelt the Russian lady painter worked. Miss Suckley looked up from her own work & saw Roosevelt's head down on the table, his arm towards the floor. She thought he had dropped his cigarettes & hurried over saying Have you dropped your cigarettes? But he touched the back of his head & said I have a terrific headache. Later he died. On four sheets of yellow lined legal pad paper, the President had written in pencil, under date 26 December 1937, his instructions for the disposition of his body should he die in office. Among other things he wanted to be buried almost immediately, plainly, without being embalmed. By & large his wishes were not obeyed, since Mrs Roosevelt did not want to open the sealed envelope, containing the memorandum, addressed to James Roosevelt, then in the Philippines.

*

I'm me, that's the point of it. I am at your disposal.

*

She was at the door, I know it, wrote her letter to me, sealed it in the wood of the door with a kiss, has gone away. We are at the disposal of every body.

*

The books give different numbers for the phases of the Work. The books appear to contradict themselves. In such a welter, what can the Operator do but rise in the morning & survey the streets & fields. If his eyes are unusually clear, he may see a different number today. Tomorrow.

*

At times I wonder where our instructions begin. She did not wait long at my door. Time will have its own way with these matters.

*

And there are affectations we are not permitted. What a mouth full. The doghouse deteriorates in the dog's absence. Some mornings I didnt even bother to look. Mortal Sin. She said I was very scary sometimes. Faster,

faster this month full of moons.

*

Americans capitulate into matter. There is a different possibility: Al & Carola, their difficulties with cars & clocks & highways. If they speed, they will have an accident. When the wise men wished to portray longevity, they drew a carp, since that fish goes on living until someone kills it. One swims today in a monastery pond in Germany, I believe, & in its tail a dated metal tag was placed two hundred years ago. An old fish, but the greatness here is a species greatness. So the wisemen didnt speak of Noah or Methusaleh because those were gifted individuals; they drew a carp because carp after carp can do this, go on living. They direct our attention to the species possibilities of man. Which are thus specific possibilities.

*

Though each man does his own work, there are no individuals in the work. Or only one individual.

*

What do I know about it? Off in the trees, a horse's full tail is waving & tossing, in & out of the sunlight.

*

So finally they were there all alone together on the boat. I think it was Long Island Sound. People seek identity in the strangest places, but these two were wiser, & sought only the wind on the water, the way the banks came down gently to eat. So much of life is lateral movement, she may have thought.

*

An eagle who has carried off a dog learns to know better. In the bones of his children, revenge replaces marrow. The generations of the work try to subdue us. Yet they are the Work. They must subdue us. Yet we struggle, successfully, not to be subdued. The old man goes on living without marrow or blood. This was called human sacrifice, or the slaughter of the holy know-nothings.

*

Homeopathy begins in lechery; (Il faut chasser une passion par une autre) love-sickness cures itself in love. This morning a great inch-long insect, strong grasshopper legs, strong forearms doing work. From the tip of his face soared back two huge feeler plumes almost the length of his body, delicately curved, antelope horns, masks of Set, the typhonian animal no animal. The god of yoga, torture, lechery & death was the first insect we see in the morning, hard at work. Sublime success. No blame.

*

The whole horse trots out of the woods, sun on his back. No blame.

*

"Diamond Crystal Kosher (Grobe) Zalts. Kosher le Pesach. 3 funt net vag. Sprinkle... covering meat like a light blanket of snow. Inside, too, with poultry." The snow. Inside. The fire next time. No blame.

*

A long time ago I made a list of persons & properties essential to the work. I found upon examination that it contained nothing but the names of women. Yet there is darker still. I write not & ever from angelic informations. Angles who are informers. But the girls' names ride like swans on the paper.

*

No sense of decorum, none at all. Of all things needful to the work, the Dwarf packed his bag of needments. Easements. K'un, woman upon woman, abide. I hear the organ, a follower of Sweelinck. When? When? Citius citius currite noctis equi. The true lover says. In all faces I have found dawn nowhere else.

*

From the dark of your distance, dark of your place inside me, I hear you tell there is no need to address you, you will hear the words, you will be curator of specific meaning.

*

From a magical manuscript: "The brethren (nor shall this term exclude women) or lovers of this order will wear gowns of unbleached muslin, fuller's earth will have cleansed them enough, let them be wet, let the sun dry them. Upon the left breast let O mega be applied in red silk thread. Seldom will they wear their hoods, the hoods will rest on the nape to conceal the small cross, likewise in red silk, sewn over the nape nerve. In their cuffs let nothing be hidden except the book of the order & one simple cloth to wipe the brow of the dead with & so restore to life. Let no man see the staff."

*

Omega express. Take the A train. Uptown, where the proasteioi do not come, but rule through untrustworthy angels, & benefic confusions arise.

*

Beaver in front of me, in metal replica, & I remember being told beavers need nothing to construct a lodge (we see it as dam) but the materials & a suitable neck of water. The blueprint is the beaver himself, in a mystery we resolve without solving: the beaver does it by instinct. We say. What, if anything, do we make by instinct?

*

Faster faster run ye horses of the night into the availability of dawn, the form of the work perceived again. Seen. A heavy rain brought the temperature from 100° to 86° in a few minutes; it mattered. This is the hottest weather I've known in this place. The words are always the same.

*

First learning that books were, I found a book's name, A lion is in the streets. This promising title concealed nonsense about some syphilitic French author. No lion. The child's disillusionment is still with me, & reveals a perilous fact about the nature of literature, of metaphor. Bother with no writer who will not stand by his words, to death if necessary. Trust only the literalist. Take the words of Our Lord literally. Any Lord. This is a narrative in which the man with red beard appears, seems to foil his own work, stands in sight of the end. This is Mt. Nebo, mountain of prophecy. The 'hill of dreams.'

*

Life is preparation for taking leave of the work.

*

Or her body, naked in moonlight, ready to receive.

*

It is at some point, not first or last, the healing of metals, curing the leprosy of matter, restoring the elements to splendor. Syntax lends its magic (= substance). The things that are said that cannot (Aristotle) be thought. It is commonly the 'words' that are blamed, or 'language.' Yet language is the only system in which the truth is stated. Logos, or understanding what's happening, or making things up.

*

Our brains are imperfectly filled, imperfectly ordered. Yet language (not 'words') is the plenum.

*

I fear only certain words. At night.

*

It was in front of the cathedral that the lepers gathered, the same in every city. They were the imperfections of the system, hopefully consigned outside it, segregated, wished to death. They showed themselves to men while men were on the steps of the place they went to show themselves to God. Heal me cries the burnt tree. Heal me, the new-born lamb.

*

The phone rings twice eight times. Party line. They're getting the car ready. Four Queens. Four Kings. Four Princesses. Four piebald serving men. Four times four. 4! 2 = 3.

*

Scholars of the Collegium Spiritus Sancti are born under an extreme elongation of Mercury from the Sun, or when Mercury is in the Heart of the Sun. Melville is an example of the first, Egypt of the second. But when Aquarius

ascended at nightfall Nile flowed us his waters. Yeats watched his cold moon rising. There are Arabic terms for all of these things. Ibn al-Arabi for instance said the most accurate vision of God was in of & as woman. If you add enough prepositions, they approach that totality wherein the relations they designate cease to exist. This is called coming home.

*

Four fields? There was a fifth. Let her right side from upraised shoulder to waist be called Connaught, her right side from buttock to toe Munster, her left leg increasing to hip & flank Leinster, her left breast & chest & heart & head Ulster. Where all four fields come together, womb=well, sheathe of all forms, was the fifth of the four, where even becomes odd & the world is saved: Meath, the mid-ground, the High King's own.

*

Summoned from the access of sleep by repeated instruction, I rose & looked out that window indicated by the voice. Across a continuity of dark there grew one lighted space & into it what seemed a young woman came & took all cloth away & joined her hands beneath tender small fresh breasts. Some say I saw the moon, but I say I saw a different thing.

*

It would end if I heard the horn, if I looked out & saw here in the backseat, waiting quietly. They go for me, my emissaries to an unrelenting world immediately above my own. Below. They are the bondsmen, bailiffs, dunners, process-servers, revenueurs; they pay all debts; they say they work for the Queen. I say the Queen wears a red Dress & her neck is white above it as ermine & there is a crown of my desires round her head. Some leaf-shaped, some masoned square, some like the tips of lances.

*

"All these old letters of my Book are aright; but Tzaddi is not the Star." Tzaddi is the woman, kneeling under the star, reaching 'down' through the worlds for starlight, stirring the waters of our lake (Dante's lago), the pages of our secret books. Tzaddi is fish-hook, hamus hermeticus, to angle in the genetic pool, catch the fish of justice, Maat the feathered fish, eat in one great blaze of hunger the consequences of all our acts. The quotation is from the Book of the Law given to Frater Perdurabo in 1904. It took Aleister Crowley a full forty years to articulate his misunderstanding of the

instruction. This is a very important contribution to the praxis of the Tarot. As a beautiful old musician once said, when told his fly was unzipped: The cage may be open, but the bird is dead.

*

To stick to the work like a fish to water.

*

"I saw myself & some of my company riding by the shores of the sea, & lo! the sea had folk living in it, each mating with other, yet nothing conceived or brought to birth; trees they planted, but none bare fruit; seed they set down that did not grow."

*

There is a city on or under the sea where men sleep with men & children do not come. Its king was a fish, or a fisherman. We were driving one summer & came to it; I sized that town up pretty quick: no women in the streets, women they needed. At considerable personal expense I performed with my company certain acts of sexual polarity on the beach, in the waves, on the rocks, full privily in the heart of their houses in word & thought & deed. They do not love me in that City, because they rightly associate me with the changes that begin, though little do they comprehend them as yet. "Strange things are happening in this City," one of its folk told me. Praegnating winds, the moon declining, new faces in town, an energy. At winter solstice a child will be born. "O our sterility dies away, as a live ocean sucks at the sterile sand," They say. But I was ignorant too, & knew only the Queen & how much stronger than the king. God is our mother. Alchemy is the science of associating yourself with the 'movements' of time.

*

The arrogant magician imperils his own seed. Some people think that sex lies behind magic, that all magic is sex magic. That would be true if we truly knew sex, the dynamic behind the metaphor of intercourse, impregnation, love. If men love their wives the City is fruitful & masters Ocean. Love your wives.

*

To my delight, the chauffeur was a girl, a tall young lesbian soft-skinned under her green silky mannish uniform. I thought of the softness of her calves inside the boots, & went so far as to insert a finger. She smiled in a business-like way, but made me sit in the back. I could watch her through the glass partition. She would not talk, but did answer specific questions I asked over the intercom. At first I was able to relax, but the drive was a long one & I soon grew nervous. I examined with the minute attention of boredom all the accessories & conveniences installed in the car. This entailed fiddling with the short wave radio, watching the six-inch television screen until the news telecast terrified me, raiding the ice-box for cheese & crackers & a little bottle of champagne, pressing the taps for hot water & washing my hands, for ice water & drinking some, putting a tape on the machine & listening to Charles Ives, then to A Winter's Tale. I found the cigars, but I do not like cigars. Fishing in the sapodilla wood cabinets in front of me, I detected on a bookshelf a tantric text I didnt know. When I tried to pull it forward the whole bookcase section swung out, & there before me were the buttocks & hips of the driver. I reached in & felt them repeatedly, they were warm & almost damp from contact with the leather seat. She gave no indication that she felt me. The aperture through which I was feeling her up was so small that I couldnt reach out around to her thighs or lap. I couldnt let go of what I held; hungrily I pressed & squeezed & stroked & pinched, though the flesh was not even soft now, the muscles compressed by her position. For a long time I fidgeted at her, but she gave no sign of notice. Finally I stopped & closed the cabinet, settled back in my seat, lit a cigarette, my fingers trembling with shame & frustration & boredom & worse than these. I smoked constantly, could not look up at her green eyes that occasionally, in reflection, passed through me in her rear view mirror. Couldnt even look long at the nape of her neck, the smooth blonde hair beneath the cap. I dozed, woke to see the cigarette burning my fingers. The car was still moving. I grabbed the intercom & shouted I'm sorry please forgive me I'm only a man I'm too strong, I need, I want, I dont know what I want, I'm sorry, forgive me, please forgive me. What have you done that merits forgiveness? She asked. I thought about that all the rest of the trip.

*

Vear surdan words at nighd. All the drees mound around be. Rangoom
Leber Asylum I saw the words. The gade of wroughd irom, spikes on to po
vit, runed hands & davaged faces phases reatching through the bars ad me.
They all said the word I veared, lep ro sy they said, say it wiv us lep
ro see, let rose see the garden, leap roses, thorns tear, thorns dare,
lap us we are lep ers, lep ards walk in the gar den, leo is a lion, our faces

are lion masks, we have no phases, when you ged like us you're stuck, roses stuck, lep rush roses, say it wiv us lep ro sy. Do you wan to see a lep er, do you wanna be a lep er, we're stugck wi this lep ro sy, you fin dus every wear, our names are in all your books, you cand flee us in books or in trees or in gardens or in caves or even in the sea the lep ro sea.

*

Childhood dreams, the dead black leopard became a leper, heuristic terror of like sounds. Alchemy is the science of having silent dreams, having no dreams. Only syntax can tell you apart, you menacing words-of-power, only syntax can heal the wound, right the warp you leave in the child's mind.

*

We stopped at the gate so she could tell the sentry, This is Kelly, he's coming to pay his debts. The sentry scowled at me but handed me a flower. A rose, upon examination. We drove up a long curving gravel drive, pines at our left & a vast meadow at the right, a pond in it far off, movement as if of ducks on its surface, geese rising or coming down. She made me get out at a new cinder-block cubical building. Debriefing it said over the door. A man came out & led me in, sat me down in a chair, gave me a glass of water, & took my syntax away.

*

Days or hours later I woke up still howling with pain. One came to me & bound my noises, forced a bitter thing between my teeth, & left me to sleep.

*

Most thing can be done without machines. Enough suitably intricate vacant circuitry is available inside us to obviate external mechanisms. The adjusters of these circuits are called angels, the program tapes fed in are called reality, or time. Whoever the programmer may be, he or they or she are anxiously awaiting the outcome of each run. Alchemy is the science of becoming aware of the body of information to which we contribute, becoming aware of the whole project in which we are being engaged. Alchemy is the science of being used. Alchemy is the science of use. Its name probably means the art of the black, & alludes in all likelihood not to the black soil of Egypt but to the black blankness of the unknown brain, the 'silent areas' in which the Operator, bent night & day over his fire, eventually kindles a Voice, one that guides him in the science of penetration,

science of final separations.

*

Everyone who has gone there known there is an utter darkness in the back of the brain where the Images go to die. This is called the Elephants' Graveyard. Follow the dying animal, learn the valley where all things perish but ivory, gather the ivory. Transformation is peeling away the irrelevant. A matter of time, as they say. (But Elephants, to speak only of elephants, live a long time, have excellent memories, & mate in secrecy. Christ, the power & beauty of elephants!

*

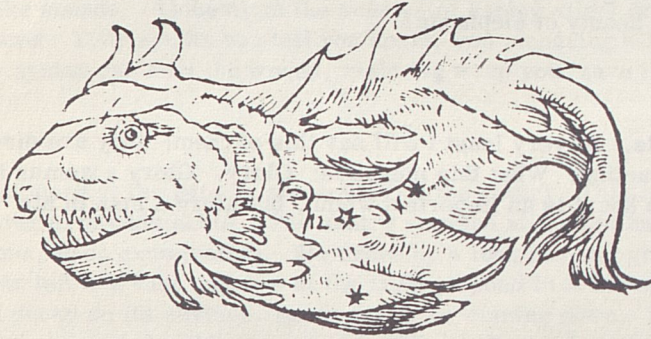
Of women, my angels. At very least I will say this of them: they are distractions from distraction. What this means is: Glory. Glory a woman in her womb. A man's heart is an imperfect womb, but glory a man in his heart).

*

When came to again was no pain. They brought me a rough white robe, led me out into the bright, a cool wind from the shadows, led me up a long rising lawn towards three maples. Under the trees white chairs & wicker tables. Women moved there & soon moved among them. They had left only one word in my head, Glory, it kept saying Glory over & over. The women looked at me, some with desire & some with aversion & some with no trace of movement on their faces. One woman came to me smiling broadly, & speared white & blue feathers into my hair & beard & robe, then took me further up the lawn, up to where a great house stood on the knoll. Kept looking back at the women left behind, kept saying Glory. Her hand was soft & held me tight, she bumped against me as we walked. Glory. Saw our shadows in front of us, & followed them. She led me right up onto the terrace. The door of the house opened & another woman came out, older than the first but not less beautiful. Between them brought me into the cool hallway, led to a small table with a green cup on it. The woman handed me the cup. Drank it all. It was warm & deep & sweet. Recognized the smell & tried to find its name. They led me between them up the stairs. Its name was Glory.

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An Introduction to Alchemy

Source: the voice of that Egyptian wizard saying, "Why, o Solon, Solon, are you always Greek children, and never an old man out of Greece?" To which Solon had to answer, being Greek: "The only strong mind is the youthful mind. We are a race of young colts and ride beside wisdom at her speed. What the old call their wisdom is the energy of the young, hidden from them, seemingly secret, because they are about to fall from that energy into their deaths."

Oh how we must wound ourselves. We must fall away from this pride in speed and set ourselves to the imperceptible brew of the daily sun. We must grow as a plant, and reach our ends in every twist of branch and light from the seed. We are not to be ordered by the core of rule dead men have set over this earth. In spring the blood releases its secret pools: this is the time to collect the salt, to follow water downstream to its new quintessence upon the land, to load, to pluck jewels, to assort stars in daylight, to find them by night. This is my life, alchemy, far from the king's court and the town, far from his castle though right at the point of his bed where he takes the fresh queen to mate. I live; I make.

Alchemy is the work of all peoples. It can be learned from the code of the earth and the turning of the metals in their seasons, from the seasons of other planets that move both slower and more quickly than our warm earth. The Egyptians have brought alchemy to its maximum perfection and finest stamp, and some have described Egypt as the birthplace of our art. These forget that alchemy is not born once, but born again, born in tribal lands on the edge of the desert, born on the desert, born on islands in the middle of loose ocean, born beneath the ocean, born on planets and moons of planets, known by fish and men alike, and known by the canine beast as he sniffs the by-gone presence of fat birds and fresh bear urine on the furnace surface, the earth's mantle, and knows his way and the sun's way. This is an old science, an old work, a true science; not the frenzy of an industrial

age, not the flare of healing one immediate illness. Alchemy is time itself, guided by Saturn and the moons of Saturn, generated in a rich sleep of dreams, baked and stirred in a rich dream of wakings, brought full and in our delight under pulsating layers of moon; we take this gold, and time opens out before us.

The work we speak of is limited to no period of time and no particular zone of creation. It is possible everywhere, in different places in different ways. The work is man finding his place on the planet, the planet among planets, the sun among stars. This is man, born in a cage, springing loose the vision of cosmic space to live with him in this house; in his own remembrance of unbroken energy and limitless gold he stirs the bound chemicals of the earth to their most perfect coat. And I speak with assurance when I say that no system of careful equations nor any honored rules of transformation approach the clarity and perspective of our work without borrowing its actual syntax and harmony (often to do black deeds in a black time). They borrow unknowingly, over time and by the laws of time, changed as the heavens are changed from the sacred Egyptian blueprint.

We know nothing of the historical beginnings of the Egyptian branch of our science. In one sense, it is meaningless to talk of historical beginnings, for alchemy emerged in migratory times under hot winds and saline rains; when we speak of such a time we speak of events so rich and natural that history and myth are one in context, and the laws of happening are so literal to the actual way of happening that time itself has no simple beginnings and ends. Perhaps alchemy began as we began, its secrets part of our cells, our birth an initiation into the science of chemicals. Perhaps we were alchemists before we came here and seek the transmigratory documents in our work. Perhaps the angels have always initiated us, deserting only those whose deeds made true quests impossible. However the laws and secrets came, they have amassed like rivers, flowing across their separate lands with separate names, carrying the same energy to that vast literal unit, the ocean of recognition and discovery, the first act of magic from whence a local science arises under the old gods. He who has known the ocean does not quibble over names; he pays homage to all rivers.

The messages and coda have travelled down through the many generation, clandestine, miraculous, making their own route as do any beings more conscious than the mass of men. They have moved through forests and smoking towns; they have moved by caravan and by ship; they have been practised by good and evil alike, and have thrown off the harness of individual uses (those which are imperfect). They break apart; they rejoin; they lose themselves gleefully in the puns and riddles of any language only to emerge unmistakably at the moment of miracle. Occluded from the thrust of popular theory, they pass at an angle to any single age. They follow the stars, thereby force men to look always at a new sky. Those who collect trinkets and puzzles will be disappointed; this is the cosmic work and shies from nothing, however young, however bent. Any man who leaves his household and natural wife to seek the truth of elements in the glow of the crowd or among witch's bags will live his days between vacant fires and will starve for lack of the first principle: the mercury, the mansion. And the white magician stumbles across the source in the attic of his own house. The dust has settled, but it is not too dry. Liquid sucks the pores but impurities are nowhere. The fire burns at a low steady pace, modulated by the evening star through the window. The gas released is enough. The water is crystalline. Perfection occurs without recourse to our stated ends. We have secret ends. Consciousness, the hearth, reigns over gold. The sperm merely lays its finger on the egg; at the moment of its touch the angel comes down to break the egg and grow fat beside the child; the sperm is cast aside into vapor; its regency done.

We should say a word about how the Greeks were the carriers of wisdom in the Northern lands. Travellers to Egypt returned to Greece with certain trinkets and marked stones. Though they passed through the very chapels and shrines whose catacombs harbored the source of the gold and magic above, they were attracted by flares on the surface and ignored the kernel for its odd shell. But because the form and code of Egypt was, in a certain sense, passed through the Greek system, our European nations were able to awaken the sacred spring by striking our sun and forest magic upon the remnant and deposit of Greece. We discovered the flow and it proclaimed its source; we went to the source and found it mingled with our own Northern wizardry; and all people are alchemists at heart. The Arabs, as well as the Greeks, meddled in this art in great numbers, transferring its seed like a bumblebee wet in pollen. Because of their intimate, though shoddy, affair with alchemy we Europeans possess the key to the Egyptian sun-god today. It is said too that the Red wildmen of the Newly Discovered Land have taken a pure Egyptian stone with them in their migrations and dance through many

worlds and conversions as magically as the Arabian dervishes, and know the secret colors leading to the stone. This is a miracle we would not doubt, for it verifies how deep the roots and coils of the first science, how they cling to any earth and find a shape in which they can emerge as a flowering head; quicksilver lies hidden in compound everywhere.

Alchemy has survived the stigma of some generations and the false blessings of others. Equally well has it overcome curses and lush costly asylums. Those with venom hoped to stamp it out, and those with gifts and stylish exteriors hoped to suck its essence dry. This latter is the meaning of the man who killed the golden goose.

But there were always other buildings, old and shabby, without a mark on the outside except as believers could read; a candle burned within. The spirit was coaxed into natural matter here; the angels set their pulses to the baser ores and healed them into heaven. The sun dancing on the wall was a pulse by which they worked. The moon-shadows of trees fell upon their table and the angels recognized this assignation. A star reflected on the dark alembic surface was a crystal precipitated in its muddy interior. White flakes grew like snow in their pots; red water like blood poured from dark stones; the stained sun shone through metals; in this way they healed the mineral spirit and opened the door into their own souls.

In any room of alchemy there are bowls of thick material unaffected by the same process; they await yet the proper rays and tones upon their inner harmonies; they await the proper master before they begin their ascensions. The alchemist holds for an instant a hot hand; if he uses it in time, the solid ice of his world is cracked open and he sees the magic waters on which it is formed. As the transformation occurs, there is an echo in his own body and that too is revealed to him as blood beneath ice. Again and again the true questers have tried to penetrate the most inner sancta of these shells; again and again, removing mask after mask in wonder and prayer. It was not that we wished to break the rules; we did not want the instant vision of Faustus either, nor did we want to become wealthy. Our only quest was the manner of our birth; our only curiosity was to lose curiosity, to open our pores to the rays of a secret visible universe. This was the prize, small to hardened gold-diggers.

The good alchemist skirts a narrow path between lethargy and frenzy. He does not want his total work to be an acceptance of the thoughts and processes of others, but he should not, on the other hand, be impatient with his own questing. There are many who would transfer the wild mood of Dionysus to their arts and lives, dancing through the streets as reborn attendants of Wine, bearing the thyrsus-wands twined with ivy and vine and crying for others to join their mad orgy of reawakened symbols. These people have substituted the sudden and explosive results of slow procedures for the procedures themselves. The results of time bring their own elation and rewards; there is no need to steal from time what time will bring. Alchemy reduces thousands of years in the earth's womb to a man's lifetime of work; no further would any law go, certainly not to a second of dramatic gaiety. The seeker moves as slowly as a stone, his moments of happiness as slow as change in a stone. Every dancer keeps in step until his death; flesh cannot be metal, a man is only a maker of gold. The alchemist touched too heavily by the Scorpion races from experiment to experiment; now he tries to make the clouds dump pure solution of gold; now he tries to make a house-plant grow leaves of Mercury; now he comes into the town with his latest decanter of juices and attempts to heal lepers and make blind men see. He will give our work a bad name forever.

On earth grain arises only in a dung-heap. Pearls grew only in the irritated jellies of a clam. The good sun invests his treasures in cold form, compounds of metallic ice; this is his way with a mineral planet. Man who gives energy to the sun receives gold and wheat and pearls.

II

The names of the gods have many uses on earth. Some of them are holy; some of them are secular; others are used by the devil. The prophecy of the scrolls has come true; the devil enrolls the blind masses in his camp; alluring them, calming them by his use of holy names. Thus has the false church and the false king stolen the name of the spirit from the people, sending them to ugly battles, putting them to work on wealth and machinery, purging the remainder of true holy places. Alchemy has suffered likewise; it is abhorred by those mad physicians who have learned their trade at its breast. Thinking their work to be all their own and robbing the poor for restoring health, they forget the very way in which they are tools of the angels. They steal without giving, for the angels would heal where they wished by other

tools if the masses were not so misled. But the masses have been taught by the devil; the divine art is hissed publically by those with ample wit and little wisdom. Unable to raise its hated head in the clear light of the sun from which it sucks, it keeps its own sun in lonely and protected slums and hidden cellars. Wherever there is a city without magic, look for alchemy to begin in its slums.

We have spoken of Greek and Arabic misuses: they are not the only ones. At all times of its history alchemy has been translated into many languages. It is a blessing (in fact a definition) of the occult art that no book is so badly derived that one cannot make some use of it. Even in the case of totally wretched works, where puns fall in for true etymologies and romantic fancy replaces the beautiful laws of natural solution, the meaning of the text, alive in its own right, plays off against the various nodes and makes its statement. The world, with all its resources and permutations, is not large enough or complex enough to keep the truth out. The secret comes from a larger sphere; it can readjust elements on this sphere to attain its truth from almost any starting position. The opposite possess the secret and can let it out. A mistake spills the beans as often as a perfect copy, for the stars tip the hand of the over-careful scribe. The astute reader sees through the mind of the translator of language as through the mind of the translator of nature, and forms his clearest notions directly from the source.

I do not mean to turn the universe upside-down: there are many laughable works, written in a jesting maner to be read as such. But these works are meant for sport, not enlightenment, and damn their maker. Such a man does not perceive, blind as he wanders, how the punishment is directly incurred in the act; immanent justice, the act contains its own completion. We must not waste our free time in folly, for free time is time itself.

It is more sublime than it appears in front. It executes more than people realize. It is responsible for more than is commonly accounted. The children it brings forth spend their first hours hidden; during these hours the mass of men attribute causality. It was there before man, and the frogs were alchemists. It was there before animals, and the plants converted roots of gold. It is not limited, as botany and medicine; it is the law of what has been and what yet will be and is different each time around the loop. Without

alchemy there would be no earth, no *imago mundi*, no *instar solis*; there would be no thought; the universe would extend black into black, and sleep with its tail in its mouth, and even these words of description would fall off into the shadows. This is the paradox it appears to be.

There are some who desire no knowledge, no justice. They will not follow their works to proper ends; they will not cease issuing perverse quizzes to nature and wise men. Why this? Why that? How can you prove this? How do you know that? They do not distinguish the different gases arising from the same act, the different thoughts and hopes from the same image. They do not learn that there are many decanters and many conversions; they do not know that three on earth always hides a fourth member. They do not believe that there are local centers to things. They want only what they can hold, not realizing that what they cannot hold will be there when they need it. They are haughty about their own births, and they are profane about their deaths and the deaths of others. They do not see the universe as a whole thing; they do not see the ladder from world to world that the alchemist climbs. They do not know that the alchemist arises each day and attempts, by some motion, to win over the sun for that day. They call themselves proud skeptics; they are creatures bearing unformed unconscious lives.

Who would not want to heal the physical and spiritual organs as one? Who would not want to explore the code of concealed events? Who would not want to find the secrets of his own origin?, the secrets of stars and clusters of stars?, the sound water makes dropping in a cave?, in an earthen pot?, what is healed at the bottom?, what skims on the surface?, what comes next because we stand here waiting? Who would not fly Jupiter's eagle? Who would not bear Mercury's wand? Who would not wish to know the name of the forest as he passes among its trees? Who would not want to worship the moon by her proper name? Who would not want friends on other worlds? These are joys so sweet and heady that they are completely forgotten in the machinery of the academies.

The very nature of alchemical philosophy discourages profiteers and wicked misusers; it is too gradual for their lust. They would wish to pass to a vision of gold without ever learning to hold a spark of dust. They stand at this dead end. Alchemy is just boring and tedious enough to put those sort

out of patience. The philosopher is careful. He knows that he plans for the event; he does not know when the event will happen or if it will happen. His whole life, his whole care is directed by a surety that it will happen. And yet he knows that it cannot. The moment is a voice and we can say no more.

Most people walk right past the revelation. They are under the influence of a sequence in their minds, leading them to something they are sure is bound to exist that surely does not. They end up one place proclaiming another. The alchemist neither yearns nor craves; no experiment is false. He who has a piece of the key must follow his clue and not be distracted by bright flirting particles. He must not make the wrong application in the wrong season; he must not mix literary allusions with real chemicals. Pseudo-alchemy is full of metaphors. Nature endlessly steers her own terms. The alchemist must not cling to stiff techniques; he must love his craft, and the woman of his craft.

Hallucinations reveal; but they are not new properties of matter. Do not lose matter: this is to lose the thread of Ariadne, to wander forever through the chemical labyrinth. It is an alien universe; it is our own universe. We grow happy from its dangers. We would rather walk than be drawn. We cannot be forced to use foresight. We are naturally cautious. As some build muscles we must learn to jump circuits in our minds, to respond to matter on time. Do not waste too much of one kind of time anticipating another. When you have a piece of good fruit take it straight to the front of the market. Every cosmic year the earth is destroyed. What is destroyed with the earth is what has no permanence. The atmosphere gasps and holds. At the beginning of each new year the trees are alive and the first winter sings with holy notes. Like great warriors the alchemists dwell in the atmosphere of the earth, directing the first conversion, handing out fire to the proper hearths, telling the old stories, melting the amalgams for bronze. Each alchemist has an apprentice; the secrets are born again.

I wish to address each of you separately by his own two names, by his real and his secret name. At this conjoined moment of our consciousness I bring you blessings from where I am. And I am learning from you this instant, dear reader: be well, be strong, prevail in these troubled times. It would be a minimal book indeed if it conjectured on about this scripture

and that scripture, this man and that, and his habits, mass movements, fads --- and never recognized the reader, the meeting. I will address myself to the problems of your secret name. What is for the adept critical at one level of the work seems minor and distant to the youth. What should he pluck out? Where begin? Who is a flamboyant quack? Who is a real wise man? Who is too wise? Who is offering buffer from the real material? Who the real material? How do you make a mind work? What dark tunnel emerges in new light? What continues into blackness? Is everyone able? Am I able? Is He who leads us able? Is the divine art a divining-art? How do we, dear reader, attain this life as it passes by? I will dare the dark bird and the backwards turning wheel to bring this truth before you. Let us disperse the cobwebs with pollen, the riddles with fire; let us re-emerge and do the work of a solar year.

III

It is not sufficient for me to mention only the most unsophisticated critics of alchemy. There have been wise men, Aristotle among them, who sought by argument to derive the fallacies of our work. Their reasons are cogent and well-thought-out, but an act of faith would have won any of them to our side; in fact Aristotle himself discovered the truth of alchemy late in life. In most cases these men have expected us to do things we have never claimed to be able to do. Because their own subject was often one of the sciences, they thought to place the same demands of experimentation on our art. If we could not make the gold by the same method all the time, the times that we were successful were judged as frauds. They also assumed that their lifetimes were long enough to deduce the laws of any phenomenon from the phenomena they had already investigated. In time they too will discover that there is a secret world and secret commerce and that men have ways of touching it and drawing from it. The alchemist goes to a yellow flower and finds the woman; the botanist goes to another yellow flower and describes its exterior patternings. The alchemist would learn the secret message of the moth: where he lands and where he goes. The scientist need know only how a thing fits into the world of man. We have our tradition to save us from such momentary judgments, such obvious errors of objects in time. There is a left-handed chemistry; there is a right-handed chemistry. Every cube has six edges. Penotus was overpowered by the depth of secrets; ended up in the poorhouse from his inability to keep working. There is an ultimate continuity of souls from solution to solution. Those who are not interested in such orders have their own sciences and arts, their own laws of creation and perfection. For us the universe is not mechanical. Things are secretly

interrelated by their rhythms and modes. There are colors we cannot see and sounds we cannot hear. There are things that do not exist that we see and things of whose existence we cannot now know. All these things make up our quest. Each of us is alone. Only that which is revealed can be used. There is no such thing as an academy of men learning exactly the same thing and working towards the same manifestation. A single being, alone under a full sky of stars, out of the smokes of the city and the confusing winds of the taverns, has the first glimpse of mystery and order in mystery. He cannot solve it in any text; it is only his quest, beginning on the instant, opening for him as only the woman when she is ready. Suddenly he is inside. Yes, no matter how large this universe is, his head is larger. He is one man, prehistoric man, Arab, island woman, Indian, king, he is again the first alchemist.

Source: AN INTRODUCTION TO ALCHEMY by George Wolfgang Wedell.



Edward Kelly

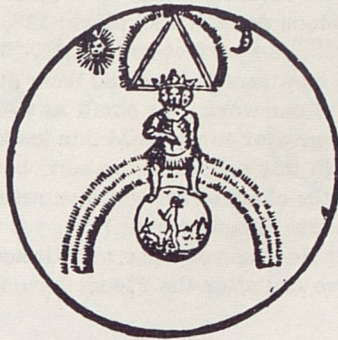


THE THEATRE OF TERRESTRIAL ASTRONOMY

Many books have been written on the art of Alchemy, which, by the multiplicity of their allegories, riddles, and parables, bewilder and confound all earnest students; and the cause of this confusion is the vast number and variety of names, which all signify and do set forth one and the same thing. For this reason I have resolved in my own mind to loosen and untie all the difficult knots of the ancient Sages. I will speak first of the inventors and restorers of this Art; secondly, of the mutual conversion of elements, and how through the predominance of one element the substance of metals is generated; thirdly, I will shew the affinity and homogeneity of metals, procreated in the bowels of the earth, their sympathies and antipathies, according to the purity and impurity of their Sulphur and Mercury; and that as metals consist of Sulphur and Mercury, they can furnish us with the first matter of the Elixir; 4^o, the preparation of Mercurial water; 5^o, the conversion of prepared Mercury into Mercurial earth; 6^o, the exaltation of Mercurial water; 7^o, the solution of gold by Mercurial water; 8^o, the preparation of the water or Moon of the Sages; 9^o, the conjunction of sun and moon; 10^o, the blackness, or Raven's Head, by means of which the solution and copulation of Sun and Moon do both take place; 11^o, the peacock's tail; 12^o, the white Tincture; 13^o, the perfect red Elixir. This Art being given by Divine inspiration, and as a secret revealed from above, we implore God's help for every part of our work, the small as well as the great, for He alone hath the power to give or to withhold this knowledge from whomsoever He will. No one taketh this honour to himself, but God alone can enlighten the eyes and lift the cloud of natural mysteries, so that albeit you cannot understand the plainest things without Him, yet will you apprehend the most difficult arcana if He give you light. I will now speak of the illustrious men who, before and after the Flood, have discovered and established the chemical Art.

Of the Inventors and Restorers of this Art

All Sages agree that the knowledge of this Art was first imparted to Adam by the Holy Spirit, and He prophesied, both before and after the Fall, that the world must be renewed, or, rather, purged with water. Therefore his successors erected two stone tables, on which they engraved a summary of all physical arts, in order that this arcanum might become known to posterity. After the Flood, Noah found one of these tables at the foot of Mount Ararat. Others say that the knowledge of the Art was restored by Hermes Trismegistus, whose mind was a treasury of all arts and sciences; and alchemists are still called sons of Hermes. Bernard of Trevisa states that the said Hermes came to the valley of Hebron, and there found seven stone tables, on which a summary of the seven liberal Arts had been inscribed before the Flood; for this same Hermes flourished both before and after the Flood, and is identified with Noah. Then this Art found its way into Persia, Egypt, and Chaldaea. The Hebrews called it the Cabbala, the Persians *Magia*, and the Egyptians *Sophia*, and it was taught in the schools together with Theology; it was known to Moses, Abraham, Solomon, and the Magi who came to Christ from the East. *Magia* derived its origin from the doctrine of the Divine Ternary and the Trinity of God. For God has stamped and sealed all created things with this character of Trinity, as a kind of hieroglyphical writing, whereby His own nature might be known. For the number 3 and the magic number 4 make up the perfect number 7, the seat of many mysteries. And seeing that the Quaternary rests in the Ternary, it is a number which stands on the horizon of eternity, and doth exhibit everything bound with God in us, thus including God, men, and all created things, with all their mysterious powers. Adding three, you get ten, which marks the return to unity. In this arcanum is concluded all knowledge of hidden things which God, by His word, has made known to the men of His good pleasure, so that they might have a true conception of Him. And this is the figure which is called the sphere of Heaven. The said sphere consists of a circle, which circle represents the Trinity of the Deity in



unity, God with three heads and one crown, surmounted by a triangle, encircled with a rainbow, and above the sun and moon. The first colour of the rainbow, on which God sits, is black, with the sign of Saturn; the second, dark brown, with the sign of Jupiter; the third, red, with the sign of Mars; the fourth, green and yellow, with the sign of the Sun; the fifth, green, with the sign of Venus; the sixth, yellow, green, white, and red, with the sign of Mercury; the seventh, a silver grey, with the sign of the Moon, and yellow beneath.

His feet are placed on the terrestrial globe, in which are animals and hills, with a white and brown man, whose eyes are bandaged, and an egg is between his feet.

Of the Mutual Conversion of Elements; How One Element Predominates Over Another; Whence the Substance of the Metals is Generated.

Geber, Morienus, and other Sages have pronounced the conversion of one element into another a very necessary process in the composition of the Stone: convert the elements, and you have what you seek. There are four elements, air, water; fire, earth, with their four qualities, hot, cold, moist, dry. Two are active, air and fire, and two passive, water and earth. Two are light, and two heavy. Contradictory qualities are united only by means of a third. Hot and dry are not contradictory, and therefore form the element of air; cold and dry are not contradictory, and become earth; nor are cold and moist, which constitute water: but hot and cold are united only by means of a medium, viz., dry, as otherwise they would destroy each other. Hence hot and cold are united and separated by dissolving and coagulating the homogeneous quality. Moist and dry, on the other hand, are united and separated by constriction and humectation; simple generation and natural transmutation are by the operation of the elements. For those elements which conquer cold generate that which is hot. It is clear that all things are generated by heat and cold; and all elements must belong to the same genus, or else they could not act on each other. After creating the matter of the metals, namely, living Mercury, Nature added to it an active quality. For Mercury, the substance, could not of itself manifest its effects, and Nature wisely joined to it an active kind of mineral earth, unctuous and fat, thickened by long digestion in the mineral caverns

of the earth, which is commonly called Sulphur. This Mercury is, however, not the common metal, but the principle and origin of metals. Mercury is the matter, Sulphur the form of metals, natural heat acting on the matter of Mercury, as upon a fit and well adapted subject.

The picture represents a black rock, on the summit of which stand black Saturn; Jupiter, the white king; Mars, the red soldier; Sol, with a golden head and ruddy neck; Venus, in a green robe; Mercury, with helmet, and red, green, purple, white, yellow, ochre, black gown, and yellow, red, blue wings; the Moon white and black.



On the black plain stands Mercury of many colours, the Moon with the sign ☾ on her head, and Sulphur on both sides of Mercury is signified by the term Hermaphrodite; the four elements from the four corners blow upon the place where Mercury and the Moon are.

Of the Homogeneous Affinity of Metals generated in the bowels of the Earth; Harmony and Antipathy of Metallic Qualities. Metals consist of Mercury and Sulphur, and furnish us with the first substance of the Elixir.

The various conversions of the elements which produce the first matter of metals have been now described. We must next treat of the nature of the said metals. It is clearer than daylight that there are seven planets, seven days, seven metals, and seven operations. The metals are called after the planets. because of their influence and their mutual relations. The

mineral principles are living Mercury and Sulphur. From these are generated all metals and minerals, of which there are many species, possessing diverse natures, according to the purity and impurity of the Mercury and Sulphur, resulting in the purity or impurity of the generated metal. Gold is a perfect body, of pure, clear, red Mercury, and pure, fixed, red, incombustible Sulphur. Silver is a pure body, nearly approaching perfection, of pure, clear, fixed white Mercury, and Sulphur of the same kind; it is a little wanting in fixation, colour, and weights. Tin is a pure, imperfect body, of pure, fixed and unfixed, clear, white Mercury outside, and red Mercury inside, with Sulphur of the same kind. Lead is an impure, imperfect body, of impure, unfixed, earthy, white, fetid Mercury and Sulphur outside, and red Mercury inside, with Sulphur of the same quality. Copper is an impure and imperfect body, of impure, unfixed, dirty, combustible, red Sulphur and Mercury. It is deficient in fixation, purity, and weight, while it abounds in impure colour and combustible terrestrity. Iron is of impure, imperfect, excessively fixed, earthy, burning, white and red Sulphur and Mercury, is wanting in fusion, purity, and weight, abounding in fixed, impure Sulphur and combustible terrestrity. Nature transmutes the elements into Mercury, just as Sulphur transmutes the first matter. The nature of all metals must be the same, because their first substance is the same, and Nature cannot develop anything out of a substance that is not in it.



The picture represents a black rock, on which stand, hand in hand, the planets: 1, Black Saturn, falling down; 2, Jupiter; 3, Mars; 4, Mercury of many colours; 5, Venus, with green robe, and the Sun and Moon. Lower down, on the black rock, stands an old man with a pick-axe, cutting a piece out of the rock, whence Saturn falls, and near him lie, as if dead, Jupiter and Saturn.

Of the Preparation of Mercurial Earth

Know that out of all metals a perfect Medicine can be made, which can transmute the remaining metals into gold and silver; for out of the perfect metals you get, by proper separation of elements, the Salt of Nature,



otherwise Ore of the Philosophers, by some called Philosophical Lili, without which the work of the Sages cannot be accomplished. For Art presupposes a substance created by Nature alone, in which Art assists Nature and Nature assists Art.

A vessel like an urinal stands, encircled at its base by a ring of twisted straw; within it are Mercury, Mars, and Saturn, lying on their backs, and an old man is on the point of throwing in Venus and Jupiter. Behind the old man, on the black rock, stand the Sun and Moon.

Of the Conversion of Prepared Mercury into Mercurial earth

Metals, as above stated, contain a salt, out of which fire and the sagacity of the artist can educe a water, which the Sages call Mercurial water, the Virgin's milk, Lunaria, May dew, the Green Lion, the Dragon, the Fire of the Sages. This Mercurial water they have compared to corrosive aqua fortis, because just as those waters which are composed out of

atrament, alum, copperas, Armenian salt, etc., corrode metals, and break them up, so this Mercurial spirit, or water, dissolves its body, and separates from it the Tincture.



The picture represents a hill, on which stand many trees; at the foot of the hill is a yellow lion suckling a green lion.

There is a furnace in which is a pumpkin-shaped vessel (cucurbit), from which blue serpents ascend into the alembic, and are collected into a receptacle by an old man who seems on the point of carrying it away.

Of the Exaltation of Mercurial Water

The ancient Sages have spoken of the composition of the Green Lion or Dragon, emanating from the seven Planets, in a style saturated with the darkness of night itself; but instead of vainly endeavouring to untie their Gordian knots, I will try to sketch its composition with a few strokes of my pen. It is generated by the subtle influences descending into the elements; then its substance is scattered abroad in the heavens, its workshop is in the clouds, and again it descends into its earth, with rain water and a white vapour, thus receiving the strength of things above and things below; it is nourished by its own body, eating its wings and tail with its teeth, the whole body being swallowed by the head, and remaining in it for ever. This is the hidden and incomparable treasure of all the Sages, which none can obtain

except through the teaching of a Master, or by revelation of God, who, in His goodness makes it known to whom He will.



An old man stands near a vessel, like an urinal, in which a Green Dragon is devouring blue serpents. Above the Dragon is the yellow, green, blue, black, red sign of Mercury. Above the urinal is a Green Dragon biting its tail. Near the urinal a Green Lion bites a piece out of the back of a Red Lion, so that the blood flows down. In the background are forests and hills.

Of the Solution of the Sun with Mercurial Water

It should be noted at this point that the Tincture is not found otherwise than in gold. This may be understood from the parable of Bernard, who says that the Sun, on entering the bath, first of all puts off his golden robe. For what the eagle is among birds, the lion among beasts, the salmon among fishes, the Sun among planets, such gold is among metals. In it are the red and white tincture, because it tinges, transforms, and illumines all bodies. For gold is made out of the substance of the most subtle living Mercury, and out of pure, red, fixed, self-cleansed Sulphur, which tinges, and contains in itself, the soul, which is called the form of gold, and by some Sages the Ferment of Philosophers. This soul of gold with its heat digests and tinges its substance, and imparts to it its form, so that through its mediation the day begins to dawn. To corrupt the gold, to dissolve and volatilize it while still preserving its form is our great object, as it is also our grand labour.



The Sun, encircled by a red rainbow, shines among the clouds, and a Green Lion is biting the Sun in the face, so that the blood flows. An old man is holding in his hand an urinal, in which is red water; and in this water a winged man stands up to his navel. Out of the urinal is flying a Green Dragon, which bites the face of the Sun as he stands with the Moon on a rock, so that the blood flows under the dragon into the urinal. Under the black rock is a Green Dragon, whose tail is cut off, and the same is gnawing his wings.

Of the Preparation of the Earth, or Moon of the Sages

When the soul of gold has been separated from its body, or when the body, in other words, has been dissolved, the body of the Moon should be watered with its proper menstruum, and reverberated, the operation being repeated as often as necessary, i. e., until the body becomes subtle, broken up, pure, dissolved, coagulated. This is done, not with common fire, but with that of the Sages, and at last you must see clearly that nothing remains undissolved. For unless the Moon or Earth is properly prepared and entirely emptied of its soul, it will not be fit to receive the Solar Seed; but the more thoroughly the earth is cleansed of its impurity and earthiness, the more vigorous it will be in the fixation of its ferment. This earth or Moon of the Sages is the trunk upon which the solar branch of the Sages is engrafted. This earth, with its water, putrefies and is cleansed; for heat, acting on a dry substance, causes whiteness. Azot and fire wash Laton, or earth, and remove its opacity.



A fire is laid under the Sun, which is burning, and much smoke is ascending. An old man has in his hands an urinal, in which is the Moon lying on her back in blackish water. Out of the vessel is flying a green Dragon, holding the Moon in its mouth by the navel, and placing its fore feet on a black rock. Beneath the rock a green Dragon lies dead on his back.

The Conjunction of Sun and Moon

The ancient philosophers have enumerated several kinds of conjunction, but to avoid a vain prolixity I will affirm, upon the testimony of Marsilius Ficinus, that conjunction is union of separate qualities, or an equation of principles, viz. , Mercury and Sulphur, Sun and Moon, agent and patient, matter and form. When the virgin, or feminine, earth is thoroughly purified and purged from all superfluity, you must give it a husband meet for it; for when the male and the female are joined together by means of the sperm, a generation must take place in the menstruum. The substance of Mercury is known to the Sages as the earth and matter in which the Sulphur of Nature is sown, that it may there putrefy, the earth being its womb. Here the female seed awaits that of the male, by means of which they are inseparably united, the one being hot and dry, and the other cold and moist; the heat and dryness of the male are tempered with the cold and moisture of the female, and, in due time, the matter will assume a specific form. For all action tends to the production of a form, being, as it is, an efficient principle.

Opposition

A very red Sun is pouring blood into an urinal. An old man is pouring blood out of another urinal, together with a winged child, into a third urinal, which stands on straw and contains the Moon lying on her back in blackish water. Near the Sun a jug is pouring white rays, or drops, into an urinal. On the hill stands a Phoenix, biting its breast, out of which



drops blood, the same being drunk by its young. Beneath the rock a husbandman is scattering seed in his field.

Of the Blackness or Raven's Head by means of which the copulation of Sun and Moon takes place

The second conjunction is of three, viz., body, soul, and spirit; and these three we must make one. For as the soul is the bond of the spirit, so the body must also join to itself the soul, which can only be after putrefaction; for nothing can be improved if its form has not previously been utterly destroyed. The signs of this are a black colour and a fetid smell. For heat, acting on moisture, produces blackness, which is the sign of the perfect mingling of the substance with a specific form. For solution and putrefaction begin with a fetid smell, and the process gradually develops, and therefore the Raven's Head is called a deadly poison. The odour is rather intellectually than sensuously perceptible. The blackness must precede whiteness. For putrefaction begins with solution, but does not end with it. The second solution of the more perfect stone is better than the first, because the more it develops, the more the stone is subtilized. Our whole magistry, then, is based on putrefaction; for it can come to nothing, unless it is putrefied.

Conjunction



BLACK SUN

BLACK MOON

An old man with a book in his hand stands by the furnace.

A black Sun in the vessel.

Behind the furnace is a field of green barley springing up out of the earth.

The Pavement, on which the furnace stands, is black.

Of the Peacock's Tail

Our substance, according to the Sages, has a red head, white feet, and black eyes. The beginning of our work is the Black Raven, which, like all things that are to grow and receive life, must first putrefy. For putrefaction is a necessary condition of solution, as solution is of birth and regeneration. This putrefaction is not impure, but a commixtion, in their smallest parts, of earth with water, and water with earth, till the whole body becomes one. The red male must be digested in union with his white wife, till both become dry - for otherwise no colours will appear. When the dry principle acts on the moist, flowers of all the colours of a Peacock's Tail begin to spring up in the Sage's vessel. Sometimes the vessel will seem inwardly covered with gold, which is a sign of the action of the male seed, of Sulphur, on the female menstruum, or Mercury, one mingling with the other as the result of their conflict. As the moisture is gradually dried up, these shifting colours give place to a settled whiteness.

An old man stands near the furnace, both towers are open, the



urinal constantly changes its colour; behind the furnace is barley producing ears.

Of the White Tincture

Having treated of the matter, the mode of procedure, and of the regimen of the fire, I proceed now to the description of the composition of the white and the red Stone. The blackness becomes whiteness very slowly; the operation must be gradual, as a fierce fire would burst the vessel, and mar our work. As the Mercury becomes white, our white Sulphur becomes incombustible, containing the poison, whose whiteness is like the whiteness of alabaster. The whole magistery takes place in one vessel, and with one fire, viz., the dry and moist elementary fire of the matter, till it is all dissolved again and again, and coagulated and thickened into a mass of a clear snow-white colour, which, when cool, becomes like a hard gum. The decoction, however, must be continued till the Eagle is revived (or vitrified), and becomes a crystalline stone which melts, tinges, and coagulates Mercury and other imperfect metals into pure silver. This white tincture, or elixir, is also called the Virgin's milk, the everlasting water, and water of life, because it is as brilliant as white marble; it is also called the White Queen, who by increasing the fire becomes the Mighty King, the white transforming into yellow and saffron, and at last into a deep ruby colour.

A white King sits on the throne, having at his feet the Moon, and the five Planets on their knees. Near at hand is a field, with yellow,



ripening ears of barley. Behind the furnace is an old man inspecting the coals, and in the urinal is the full Moon.

Of the Perfect Red Elixir

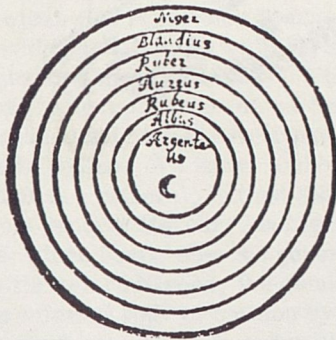
Xiphilinus and the rest of the philosophers agree in this, that the white colour must precede the red. As you can have no red colour where the substance has not first been white, so the black cannot become orange unless it first become white. In like manner, the Rosary says that nothing can become gold that has not first been silver. He who knows how to convert gold into silver, also knows how to convert silver into gold. Gold, to become silver, must first be corrupted and made black, and there is no method of becoming yellow except by way of white; in the same way the white must become red by way of yellow. Heat, acting on moisture, causes blackness; acting on dryness, especially if it be continued carefully and unceasingly, there is developed true whiteness; out of white comes yellow, and out of yellow a permanent and tinging ruby colour.



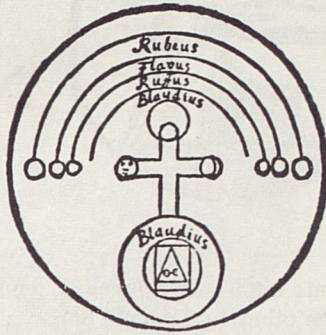
An old man in a tunic stands by a furnace, one tower of which is open, and in the urinal of the other is a purple Sun.



A King, like a Pontiff, in a purple robe, sits on the throne, and at his feet kneel the Sun and Moon, with the five planets; behind the King stands an old man with uncovered head.



The Circles are: 1, Black; 2, Blue; 3, Red; 4, Golden; 5, Ruddy; 6, White; 7, Argentine, with the sign of the Moon.



The Circle is black, white, blue, red, yellow, tawny, blue; in the Cross are the Sun and Moon. The lower Circle is blue, and contains a quadrangle of red, blue, black, and white. The triangle is black, blue, and red, and in its centre are the Sun and Moon.



translated by Richard Grossinger

Michael Scotus

CURIOUS INVESTIGATION REGARDING SUN AND MOON

The only known gold is churned out of decomposed matter in the bowels of the turning earth. As the gold of alchemy is not generated in this fashion, as the heat of the alchemist is not the active principle of the sun (but a very different path of fire), it would seem that the existence of an alchemical gold would be impossible. Let us remember, yet, that the real issue is whether there can be drawn from Sun and Moon, by a learned process, a seed, a sperm, a salt, which shall possess the inherent vim of crystallizing Mercury, punctually, into gold.

Let it be clear that such a seed both is present in and can be extracted from gold. We know from St. Augustine that every body conceals the distinct seminal nodes of its continuous structure and present character. In the beginning the waters that lay upon eternity concealed both earth and sky; from the matrix of waters earth and sky were generated in a moment of time. Earth and sky were complete and continuous, but they held within their juncture the node for the inhabitation of their extent. So each male and female creature contains the seeds of its offspring, mirrored through nodes upon nodes, matrices within matrices, to the core of creation. Creation occurs from the seed whenever the requisite temporal, causal, and local conditions are fulfilled. Whereas God is the only Source of Creation Itself, a born creature may provide certain other bodies with their requisites and so guide them to their natural and most pure ends. These seminal possibilities are called by some the elemental virtues of matter. We ourselves have come to call them the fermented spirits, for their natural ends are impeded only by the impurity of their bodies. We know, and base further knowing upon, this much; that the spirit is a mineral, but not the universal genus of minerals; that the spirit is not generic Mercury, but is Mercury in part; that gold itself is a heavy mineral which easily absorbs generic Mercury. We reason thus that gold contains its own root-seed, the seminal virtue we seek; it is guided through this dense mineral body to fruition by subtle quantities of digestive heat and the continuous impulse of an overruling Intelligence.

Some have always believed that Mercury, when highly sublime, could be introduced to gold in a manner that would transform both into the Tincture. They have been surprised to learn that matters of this kind only seem easy because of the ideal poetic language of their expression. There cannot be generation without nutrition, for the generating seed is only the precipitate of the nutrient and base. The nourishment of gold arouses its hidden seeds; these stir up the germinating energy and begin the body on the active path. That a grain of wheat bear fruit of its own kind it must be made more fit to bear the form of wheat than of stone. It must drop off its roots and lie in the earth under the corrupting touch of the sun. After a period of existence as no more wheat than stone it is able to arise again as the body of wheat. So in the process of putrefaction gold is reduced to its initial matter and thereby made capable of regermination. Some alchemists continue the fallacy that this primary substance is sulphur and Mercury, and should be denoted as such. Sulphur and Mercury, however, are metals in their own right, distinct from gold, and found where gold is not. Instead we should speak literally of a certain moist and oily vapor, a spirit that embodies the virtues of both Mercury and sulphur and is the root-substance of gold. It is as a man is elicited by his father through the medium of the seed, and elicits his own son through the medium of the seed, that gold, which is arisen of this spirit, propagates further gold by the same moist vapor.

In the actual operation of bearing gold from its first matter we must move quietly and thoughtfully by the laws of nature or destroy what we are trying to perfect. Since gold is quite earthy, and generically cold and dry (though warmer and moister than most metals), its transmutation into a humid oily vapor is accomplished only with difficulty. First it must be tenderly reduced to its powder (calcination) in a reverberatory fire (the continuous rhythmic variations of the heat attaining, in one of their cycles, the sun's harmonics). When there is no longer a possibility of fusion the precipitate should be saturated with strong wet fire. This process upsets the surface humidity and generates a deep dryness. It is now both hot and dry. Its earthy dryness, however, is totally inconsistent with its fiery heat; this dryness must be broken down into a dark oily mass. So we know that when Hermes speaks of the ascension of the stone to heaven (namely, that it is torn out of generic earth and set afire) he means also that the conjunction of gold with its own calcination is gold's fire. Because earth inherently balances dryness with fire, the transmutation progresses with a curious ease; hereafter it is made to descend from heaven (fire) to earth (earth) through the mediation of aerial water. Its dryness is saturated, and in its place permeates a moist aëriosity. Here again is the fire contradicted, this

time by humidity; corruption sets in as before and a mild warm moisture prevails. This is a vapor neither water nor air, but a kingdom between them; this is radical gold, gold at its source, a spirit which is the first matter of the Sun. I. e., Geber: You have extracted the precious earth and exalted Hermes; i. e., that it always and again descends from heaven; i. e., from fire to earth; i. e., to the first matter; i. e., with the conjoined might of those things that are above and those things that are below. And when Geber says that we must extract the four elements, he means that we must arouse the seminal valences, the active and passive nodes.

Though this vapor is a literal substance, it has been called in the literature by a romantic diffusion of nicknames. It is continually renamed from the varieties of salts on the earth. Many is the mournful tale of a seeker led by some specific salt down all its generic paths in search of the seed of gold. So if we call our seminal virtue a spiritual mineral seed we will at least imply no wrong; at the same time we will suggest the new powers of germination and propagation that our gold has received.

Because spirits appear on earth in predominately humid substances, it has always been the work of the philosophers to saturate and distill their seeds until they attain the desired wet oils. So it is that our elemental earth is touched and opened and fucked by the irrigating rains, and the hot and dry earth gives way to fatness and moisture as the rain continually descends and ascends. To those who do not believe that gold is so naturally synchronized into its vapors we can only point to the passage in which Plato tells us that if it is impossible to turn it into fire, it must then become the next thing to it, which is air. Likewise, if our object will not lie in a circle, let us lead it to be square, whichever is its natural simplicity, whichever will define it and let it rest at a peak of energy. The following are the amounts of our process: one ounce of processed gold will fix one pound of seed during the rotation of the earth; ten preparations will fix the same spirit in one hour.

Now we must know how to plant our seeds. If we follow the famous dictum that all young things are nourished best and matured most perfectly at the teats of their original generating matrix, we shall at once return our seminal spirits to a rich mineral earth. Ideally we should conjoin them with

a radical Mercury, and our sowing should be in good Mercurial earth. The language is one of clearing the earth, and by this we know that the earth must first be deterged and sublimed through a strong hot fire, its procreative nodes kept below combustion during this time. It is a tender fire we need, one that conserves its moisture and fuses its matter at a perfect harmonic of the sun. The seeds themselves must be stable and powerful enough to hold their spirits through all the zones of transformation. To the degree that the root-seeds can control the spirits which are enclosed with them in the vessel so the virtue of the mass is raised to the exponent of the fire; if, however, the fire grows too hot and the harmonic is broken, the bonds connecting seed to spirit will break, and the spirits will flee by their evaporation. The dregs of the matter are unable to fix and will blow themselves out. What is fused: fuses; what is congealed: congeals; our mass impregnates itself and is the most beauteous thing on earth, is the most beauteous thing on earth, is. Sow the gold of the philosophers, says Mary, and when it has been weaned in the learned and loving hands of the master (when it has been nourished in the earth of old leaves and decomposed bones), it will grow, be fed from the path of its growing, and propagate among the other plants and jewels. When you see the first motion of the nodes in fixation, o pilgrim, rejoice, for the dream of your heart is near. Just as sperm is aged to vitality in the ancient livers of the animals, so after a long subtle digestion are the mineral seeds of our husking able to quicken into Stone.

I would advise these cautions: if the vessel is not leakproof the spirits will surely escape, for their will to gold is not fixed until the most resonant chambers of the seeds that hold them have been touched by the flame and fused. The proper harmonic may be reached by several warmings over low fires, but this requires a steady flame and a subtle rhythmic hand. Once the Stone is plump it may be extended indefinitely in quantity; i. e., after one sublimation a single part of Stone would perfect ten of a common base metal; after another bath, a hundred parts; after three purifications, expect a ratio of one to two hundred; after twelve baths the number goes out of our lifetime. The tender oozing of a dissolve on earth takes place in the Moon, says Plato; the first tremblings of the jelly on earth take place in Saturn. Thereby our Stone absorbs the radical virtues of all the planets. Let us repeat what is pressing: solution in water, coagulation in fire, conjunction thus of holy heaven and elemental earth.

To those who would discard time, and jelling, and Saturn, and would plunge into golden ecstasy, we warn by homology that those who wish to bring forth the child before the proper Moon bring forth an abortion. Our Magistry turns its own clock; the transmuting substance gives off the necessary signs on earth. We know the white stage by its brilliant feathery powder, lighter than the atmosphere, white as a cluster of stars, collecting in our vessel like snow. With the admixture of Mercury an orange hue begins and leads the white Stone forth to the red Stone. In the sequence the air grows spiritual; the Mercury jells, its mistiness clearing; and as the fire condenses, its cold center begins to spark. While the white Stone must be tenderly cultivated by continuous subliming and distilling through a filter, the red Stone flourishes in the intense powdery waters. The philosopher keeps his waters hot by constant solution and saturation, increasing the amount of the active principles and raising the charge in each saturation. The jelly becomes like a morning dew and single droplets precipitate into a coagulant. The mass is then tenderly sublimed, the mighty fire is lit, and the mass is led to the edge of the precipatory flames. The next operation, being the magical sixth, includes the various combinations of all that have gone before it; the mass crosses the juncture into perfection.

These are the uses; a grain to a glass of good wine heals leprosy; itch, fevers and tempers, and draws various malignant humors from the human body. Paralyzed limbs are restored at their roots; fresh cells are stirred throughout the body; merryness and ruddy health are the overall influences of the Elixir. Lay one ounce upon forty pounds of melted Mercury (red or white); the transformation will lay toward either silver or gold. This medicine will purify gems, diamonds, and other precious stones, will restore their valences and deepen their color. The descriptions of the tonic are as various as those philosophers who have seen it work wonders. Some say that the propagation and intensification of gold on earth sparks and enlightens a power in the heart of man. Others speak by analogy of the relationship between the magnet and the steel; of course the magnet and the steel are set in motion as two minerals whereas man and the Stone belong to two different natural kingdoms. It is more literal, then, to derive the medicinal properties of the Elixir upon the centers of the human body from the mystical influences of planetary bodies upon both minerals and animals. For the powerful rays of the heavens are causally connected to the mighty valence of the Stone on earth, and the potent framework of the heavens is found by reduction in the microcosm of the Stone. But however we may explain this miracle, let us finally thank God that it is a fact, and that it has pleased Him to place this work within the mind of man on earth. To Him be praise and glory in all eternity, world without end. Amen.

Translated by Richard Grossinger

Janus Lacinius Therapus, the Calabrian

A FORM AND METHOD OF PERFECTING BASE METALS
(excerpt) "Exposition of the Typical Figures"

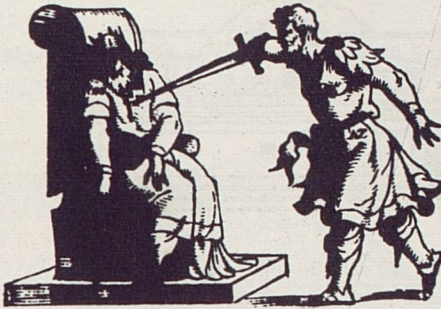
Three measures must be served in our art: the first is to know thoroughly the elements, their many names and traditions, the various paths of their formation and corruption: to provide the experiment with the proper material; the second is to work continuously, allowing each process to flow over into the next: a clear path is corrupted by artificial breaks in the sequence; the third is to cultivate a patience, a faith based on knowledge of the stars and sun and the works of time: the rhythms and cycles of Nature contain the code and root of our handiwork.

Then seek (as the first substance of your work) the highly pure Water of Life, and keep it; but do not presume that the sparkling clarets of Bacchus are the moistures that transmute all things. For while you anxiously look about in out-of-the-way places and long for extraordinary events to come to you, while you are desirous of witch's brews and love potions and instant cures from odd stones, you pass by the clear motions of the blessed stream. While you gather in groups to spot unprecedented lights and colors in the night-time sky, while you await incredible assignations of power on earthly lands, the Stone, the good Heavenly Stone, lies at your feet.

Enter the Palace in which there are fifteen mansions, where the king, his brow encircled with the diadem, is borne on a majestic throne. He holds in his hand the scepter of the whole world: before him, in robes of different colors, kneel his son and five servants; they petition him for a share of his power; they plead and press; he does not even answer them.



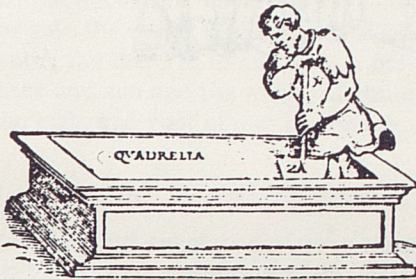
The son, spurred and encouraged by the servants, stabs the father while he sits on the throne. (Let an amalgam be made of the purest water, etc.)



In the third picture we see that the son is taking his father's blood upon his robe (this is the second sequence in our art, which has already been explained in our discussion of method).



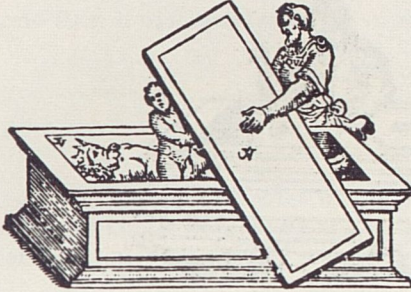
In the fourth mansion a grave is dug (this is the furnace). Its depth is measured by two hands, its width by four inches.



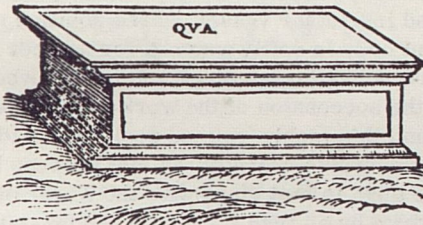
Now we are in the fifth mansion where the son planned to throw his father into the tomb, and the leave him there; but (through our art) both fell in together.



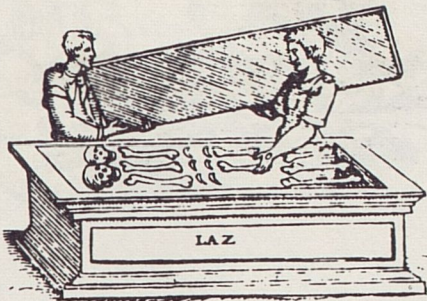
The sixth mansion is the one in which the son struggles to get free, but another (who arose from the first during the events of the second mansion) steps forth in order to close him back in.



The father and son are in the tomb together; a swift decay sets upon their ashes (or they take a very hot bath).



The eighth mansion includes that which has come about during the seventh; i. e. , the residue may be examined now that the vessel has cooled, etc.



We have arrived at the ninth mansion; here the bones are removed from the tomb; they contain the whole body's putrefaction: as the precipitate they undergo a sequence of liquid filters. Now that you have dissolved the mass, store it carefully.



The tenth operation begins with an allotting of the bones to their nine natural divisions. The body's deliquescence is then brought to an oven and left there to cook for nine days. As certain areas blacken they are gently ousted from the pot to be stored in another vessel (whose position might also be called hot). The diluent body is softly warmed for another nine days, after which again a certain portion has turned black and is removed and placed with the rest. Such is the succession of the work until the water is made clear and pure. I. e., and this highly refined pool, o nomad, is the Water of Life. Now let those successive chars of the last process be returned in a small decanter, and douse them in that glass with the Water of Life, until its wet levels shall rise over them by an inch. Let this puddle stand over a moderate flame for nine days, each day renewing the water as it is necessary. (And so the earth shall become a brilliant white albumen, rich as yolk, as will any precipitate that is continuously corroded and purged by its own juices and salts).



Whereby an angel is sent, who strews the bones on the distilled and whitened field (which is now mingled in its own seed, and let this unit be placed in a tightly-shut jar with its alembic, i. e., by which the percolating spirit is guided and retained; and let the denser mass be driven below the pure liquid by a torrid fire; it will survive as the osseous matter at the bottom).

Now we come to the eleventh mansion where the servants pray to God that he might restore their king. Henceforth the entire work is made pertinent to his restoration.



A second angel arrives at the twelfth mansion; he scatters the additional set of bones upon the earth (till they all congeal and thicken: then a wonderful thing happens).



The angels come now in succession. The first, second, third, and fourth part of the bones are cast upon the earth and they coalesce into clear white bodies, translucent and rich. So the fifth and sixth divisions, when cast out, become yellow; and the seventh, eighth, and ninth are touched at the xanthic harmonic also. The earth of these bones has become as red as blood, as red as ruby-stones.

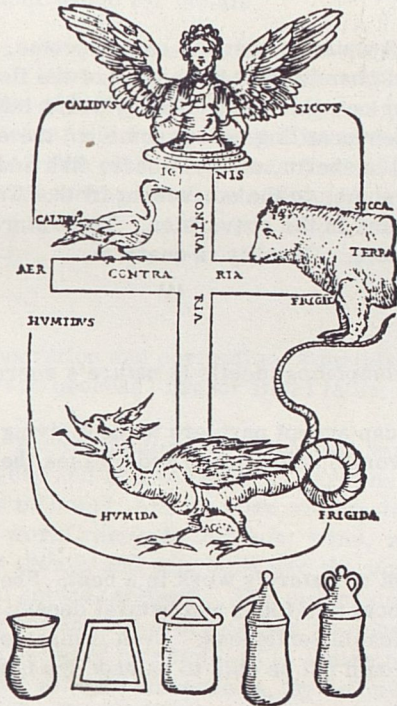


As the king rises from the tomb, we see that he is full of the grace of God. His body is wholly spiritual and built on heavenly fires; he has the power to make all his servants kings.



Now he executes his dominion upon his servants and his son, laying diadems onto each of their heads, making them kings by his mercy and majesty (for God has given him supernatural power and holy grace).

Let no usurper, let no avaricious or lustful person lay hands upon this miraculous work, for all that he touches must go the way of the damned. Let the man of God, the Christ, the humble bearer of a wise and compassionate heart come forth; let him come hither whose life is a quest, and whose quest is the mystery, and whose mystery is the hidden causes of things on earth.



ARGUMENTS MOST FREQUENTLY USED AGAINST ALCHEMY

1 - We will never know the exact proportions of the elements in any metal; therefore, we can neither make metals nor control their supposed evolutions. If the smallest amount of prime material is perceived incorrectly or weighed falsely, the resulting composition lies inert, unable by law to congeal into the prophesied metal.

rebuttal : And dark waters under the earth become. Onyx and trauvertine are born in secret chambers at the center of the flood. The active principles seek each other out; the excess energy pours into the jungle where bright birds and slow crawling beasts come up; the elements are also the source of vegetable sperm, animal seeds, fish and reptile and bird eggs; the passive matter comes to the surface as froth. The active principle of the alchemist participates in the conversion. The waters flow in time, his mind a momentary sluice. Quantity is quantum.

2 - The mode of composing metals is nature's secret.

rebuttal : Nature can accept partners without giving away Her secrets. Man, a willing subject, worships his queen and pleases the angels.

3 - The instrument of Nature's work is a heat. She combines the central sun with a slow local fire (dung and natural decay); she touches the mineral seed with inextricable gentleness. Even if man possessed the quantities and the mode, he would not be able to balance the heats.

rebuttal : Alchemy is an art, not a science as is falsely supposed from the chemistries that came after. Heat itself is an art, an act of loving; the temperatures of metals reveal their diseases, and the tradition is one of healing stone. Heat on earth is a consequence (sequence) of time in the heavens; the alchemist keeps a close watch on heat by his chart of the stars. Thereby he also knows the seasonal placement of secret healing rays.

4 - The generation of metals takes thousands of years in the womb of the earth: how can the alchemist regulate temperatures to the same ends. If he overheated to reduce the time of creation, he would be left with char. If he merely warmed his solution, nothing would happen.

rebuttal : Conversion occurs only when the angel intercedes, ending all talk of time. An act of faith occurs outside of time; time continues on an altogether different premise thereafter. The moment of conversion, when the circuit is jumped by the loaded element, is also a moment out of time; time is tuned to a new pitch by the miracle.

5 - Neither glass bottles nor stone and earthenware jars can replace the earth as a proper womb for metals.

rebuttal: "When a message has no clothes on
How can it be spoken?" -- Thomas Merton. The metals accept their manner of birth. The gates open and close on impulses we know not. In what sort of jar did the eye first float to the surface? What deep blood hatched the octopus? the eel? When does God's work disjoin from the work of man? It is of highest importance simply to be born on the friction of the turning spheres.

6 - The generation and corruption of metals is an inward process; art, being an outward process, cannot affect interior motions.

rebuttal : The distinction, as presented here, is based only on a grammatical category and is meaningless. Are the planets and their moons in us or outside us or both? Are we born outside-in or inside-out? Yet everything on this world responds to touch: wind, rain, hands, loess, sun. The inner spirit is always and only born into the world to be worn, to be transformed, to be solved (solvent). The motions of any body relate primarily to polarities of the within, but every change that occurs in that total body is initiated by a clear outward principle. The entire necessity for such an illusion of world and outward universe is, by definition, the impulse to the first alchemical bath. We sit here soaking for a time, and will be washed elsewhere. And everytime the outward illusion will be soft and perfect, unbroken, filled with stars, crazy-mad with clues. Every tulip, every perch, every marmoset carries the seed. In being transformed everything is converted outward back into the inward.

7 - If art cannot produce a horse or a dog, both of which are easily decomposed, how can it hope to bring about metals (whose putrefaction is difficult or impossible)?

rebuttal : The exterior manipulation of the metals is totally discontinuous with the surface-to-surface handling of flesh. These forms of matter belong to utterly different classes of the universe. They agree only in metaphor, having disperse ends, dissimilar diseases, and logarithmically different places in the hierarchy of the sun. If the member of a species is ill, it must be cured with reference to its species. If an object is seen to decompose, its category of creation must be taken into account in the perception.

8 - A transformation or alteration of the elements is impossible. The compounds of Nature are locked immutably in their grooves of manifestation. They are as different as species. We would not talk of a duck being "healed" into a lion.

rebuttal : 1 - The classes of metals are not homologous to zoological species; metals always interbreed. As embryos of the same species they were untimely ripped from the earth (albeit by other laws and for the multiple usages of man). 2 - Even with this consideration it should be noted that, if the same prime nodes of animals and plants could be manipulated (as is done in the source waters of metals to transmute them), a duck could be changed into a lion also. It would not be healing, however.

9 - No alchemist knows the principle by which the energy in slumbering metals is sparked.

rebuttal : The knowing is literal; it is a gift and not a matter of acquiring knowledge. A man always knows the entrance to his queen because he must.

10 - At best the alchemists make an artificial gold, for any gold not formed over a millenium in the bowels of the earth must be artificial by definition.

rebuttal : The earth is not a planet on which causation is as important as the act of making. The gold of the alchemists, as end process, is indistinguishable from natural gold. If the laws would seem to lead us to such an identity, we must not legislate it out of our existence by an unnatural definition. Gold is the end result of a process, not its cause. If that word is corrupted like so many others, we will find another. What exists literally has a name.

11 - An item is easier destroyed than created. They who cannot destroy gold certainly cannot make it.

rebuttal : It is easier to destroy what is ephemeral than to make it. The indestructible spirit is lured by tunes and sequences into the substance of the metal. We do not make gold; we merely introduce the conditions for its perfection. Sometimes it is easy to destroy the domain of the spirit; the angel imbedded departs without regret for another home. There are other mansions, though, which the spirit on earth protects unto infinity.

12 - The books of alchemists are filled with obscure references and purposely perplexing analogies. It does not seem that they had, or wished to have, a cohesive work worth speaking of. The obscurities lure one from web to web in search of some nonexistent key. In this sense, the incompleteness of the work conceals its fallacy. The same words in different experiments have separate sources and incompatible meanings.

rebuttal : To begin with, good artists should not be judged by bad artists who claim the same work. There are always two types of people (at least) operating under the banner of the muses. One is the seeker and believer; the other is the skeptical and stylized craftsman. In cases where the obscurity is not the result of a bad alchemist it may well be engendered by a closed reader who refuses to accept the details and deeds literally. After all, history is only a list of haphazard continuities set to the grammatical rhythm of man's daily exercise. Myth is the true continuity, the true history of this planet. Myth begins in the garden, in the earthen jug; there mystery can be harbored until it grows ripe in the earth's sun.

13 - It is unlikely that alchemists possess a knowledge that thousands of real sages and scholars have sought in vain for centuries. The chemist has derived laws whereby alchemical transformation is seen to be impossible.

rebuttal : This is true only if you accept: 1 - that he who seeks a thing finds it by finding the object of his original description; 2 - that the experimenter knows the exclusive means to the result for which he is testing; 3 - that the experimenter-observer is aware of the direction from whence any unit reality more encompassing than his immediate perception-conception comes; 4 - that his prejudices and preconceptions are directed against only those illusory higher realities postulated by less aware and foolishly ideal men; 5 - that all of history speaks at any one moment of scientific formulation; and 6 - that there is no such process as revelation, or gifts from the angels.

14 - The alchemist speaks of his perfect stone. Yet how can there be one stone that hardens (in the case of lead and tin) and softens (in the case of silver and iron)? What is the transformational mode of this stone: hardening? or softening? In fact, logic demonstrates that there must be two stones (if there be one at all), each stone producing the opposite effect on its metal. If there are two stones there are two different types of gold.

rebuttal : The moon and sun are one and yet have opposite effects on bodies in transition. The moon cools the skin and eyes and heats the somatic cells; the sun heats the skin and eyes and cools the somatic cells. The moon leads the seeker who is lost and diseased in night; the sun leads the seeker who is lost and diseased by day. The alchemical stone is sought for its balance, not its unidirectional might; it has the power to discern the ailment and pursue the needed remedy to its ends. *

15 - If gold were the perfected and full-grown state of metals, all those in a state of nature would tend toward gold and ripening. Instead it seems that most metals become more impure over time.

rebuttal : We do not live long enough to see the making of gold. Those metals deep in the earth's womb receive the most powerful rays of night; they absorb all energies and decays through the filter of the earth's body; slowly they ripen and grow rich in deposit. The metals closest to the surface are corrupted by the imprecise quantities at the surface. This is proper, for

man needs the use of many metals whose properties are wholly different than those of gold. These are the worldly minerals and their transformations and processes complete the laws of secular chemistry (non-angelic valence).

16 - Gold is not *more* perfect; everything is specifically perfect in its own way (as tin is permanently and perfectly tin).

rebuttal : To the ends of its imperfections this world is inhabited and sealed in by a magnificent and diverse magic, as seductive and beautiful as it is illusory. On this scale the metals are specifically perfect and admirable. "The berries of paddy**, rich with the finest white grains / What man, seeking his true interest, would fling away because covered with husk and dust?" -- Sarvadarśanasamgraha by Śaṅkara (14th Century A.D.), translated by Prem Sundar Bose.

17 - When a kind produces its own under any process of division or multiplication, it can be said to be a species. All metals fulfill this condition.

rebuttal : By definition, species are continuants in a man's lifetime. Over times of myth and evolution (that dwarf history) species multiply into fresh forms. The slow tumbling and singeing of the earth works these miracles by law. If rich moss can grow animacules, tin can become gold. If animacules can become sea urchins, lead can become gold. If sea urchins can turn fishy and fishes waddle onto shore, silver and iron can become gold. If frogs can become lizards and lizards mice, then platinum and copper can become gold. If mice can climb trees and animals walk as men, then mercury can become gold. It is so close; it lies just beside gold, an atomic number of 80 to gold's 79. He who has never seen an alchemical transformation is likely to regard the metals as more immutable than he who has.

18 - Alchemy is chance and chance cannot be science. Accidents and coincidences occur, but they are also explainable by certain variations of the fixed laws.

rebuttal : Alchemy is not a science because a science allows that anyone, despite his psychic and spiritual state, can effect the results and proofs of its laws by certain techniques and methods. Alchemy works through the devotion and discoveries of certain unusual and blessed makers.

19 - Aristotle argued thusly before his own conversion to alchemy: Natural gold is a specific and permanent form of nature. It is defined by its total state of being, its continuance as gold throughout its mass. The alchemists can make things seem to be gold by tinting and polishing them, but these metals are unchanged except for their yellow lustrous surface. This is mere juggling: changing the accidents of things without touching the things specifically. There would be no objection to the art of alchemy if it were heralded as metallic finishing or painting and ornamenting (like the other crafts). The alchemists make greater claims than this, however; implied in their supposed ability to change things specifically is an ability to perceive things specifically. This shortcuts all human philosophy without cause or credential. In truth, the only properties that the alchemists can possibly perceive are those that are gross and temporary; there is no way they can locate the inner pre-existent form of a metal or any other object; there is no way they can operate upon the permanences of matter. The external properties of a metal do not constitute the internal structure of that metal; any change of these external properties is meager (especially in light of the absolute nature of alchemical claims). The alchemists' modes of work simply do not apply to the necessities and principles of the energy they are attempting to touch. Liquefaction is not equivalent to reduction to the prime factor. Color is ephemeral to perfection. Quicksilver is, in no way, homologous to seed. If one wished to make a man out of the meat and vegetables he had eaten, one would have to go by the blood to the egg and the sperm. There are no such generative chemicals in the metals.

rebuttal : The metals appear in other forms than Aristotle knows them. In these forms they are indeed homologous, equivalent, and generative to the production of vegetables and creatures of flesh. Aristotle is discussing the metals (in fact, all matter) in the terms of one category of metaphor. This category is most conducive to the reduction of alchemical concepts to the particular needs and operations of the chemical sciences. Furthermore, he is assuming unnecessary knowledge and abilities (probably because of a misconception of the actual processes). Alchemy operates by clues and designations rather than absolute continuous revelations; it touches upon things philosophically deeper than the reasoning of a single individual, but a single individual can handle and recognize the results. It is an art that ignores philosophy; philosophy is another issue altogether, relevant to different ends and different assumptions. The operation of alchemy is purely theosophical. Aristotle was not wrong; he simply sought the answer to one thing and called it by another name. When the angels revealed to him the source waters of his philosophy and the sun within the world, he turned to these other matters and saw their clarity and field also.

* The following dialogue bears relevance to Argument #14. One of the speakers (A), an American researcher, is questioning an Oglala Dakota Indian (B) about his cosmology. At this point in the dialogue he is trying to elicit the number of sources for magical energy in the universe. The shaman has given several different answers to very similar questions.

A --- *Then there are eight Wakan Tanka, are there?*

B --- *No, there is but one.*

A --- *You have named eight and say there is but one. How can this be?*

B --- *That is right. I have named eight. There are four, Wi, Skán, Inyan, and Maka. These are the Wakan Tanka.*

A --- *You named four others, the Moon, the Wind, the Winged, and the Beautiful Woman and said they were the Wakan Tanka, did you not?*

B --- *Yes. But these four are the same as the Wakan Tanka. The Sun and the Moon are the same, the Skán and the wind are the same, the Rock and the Winged are the same, and the Earth and the Beautiful Woman are the same. These eight are only one. The shamans know how this is, but the people do not know. It is wakan.*

-- PRIMITIVE MAN AS PHILOSOPHER by Paul Radin.

** derivative of Malayan *padi* (a field where rice is grown).

Source: THE NEW PEARL OF GREAT PRICE by Bonus of Ferrara.

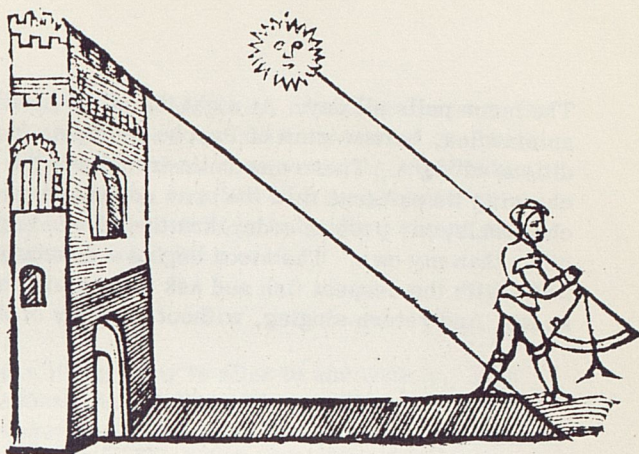




Richard Grossinger

SOLAR JOURNAL

(excerpt) Alchemical Sections



(The sun in the garden. The Easter egg hunt in the garden. The talking flowers in the garden. The buried treasure in the garden. The parsnips, tomatoes, the lettuce in the garden. Metallic sun-shower from a watering-can. The secret seed in the garden. The prehistoric egg in the garden. Its yolk: New York, grass and baseball diamonds. The field: light broken into daylight, the specific day, and to which field shall we go? A map of the drug-store: white lemonade spring, cherry-lime lake-isle, grape glacier. The sun in lemon. The sun outside the tailor shop/the steam. The liquor store, the dark bottles: this is a map of the city. Toystore: red, the red truck, the red top. The sun in the toystore, the silver truck. Yellow and Blue Donald Duck. The sun in the tunnel. The sun in the bathtub. The blue tug-boat in the bathtub. Floating bar of ivory soap/evening. The moon on ivory soap. The memory in the bathtub, splashing over the sides. Each element by its own laws, no element by no laws, no element that can be abstracted from me, no element that is not medicinal: sacred.) Last night I dreamed of water and swimming. And the sun on the water. Opening windows clear to the bottom: a frog. A frog in the swimming pool. But it was the ocean. I was naked, crawling low thru the sand, trying to hide my nakedness with the sand. The children in the water: were girls. Was there water in my dream? And it the water I dreamed? Or was it endocrine alchemy, based on the illusion of a world of light, and ignited by the king and queen level of dream? Did I dream out by the world ocean? Did I dream in the swirling prima materia of the scrotum and other sacs, raised to the level of water, and the Word, convexed for the body of the dreamer to swim in? Scrotum: source of creation, of sun, of speech, large and fertile as the Pacific Ocean. Without life surely we would have the same dreams: formless hydrogen suns, a music that passes thru the universe and falls on the created planets by the name of time. Alchemy still reigns, but rootless words are the going currency for acids, sperms, herbs. The moon begins to pull. This is not a pretence or a metaphor; we know already of tides and cosmic rays; active particles from other stars that fall in the scrotal and somatic waters and germinate in the golden world ocean.

The moon pulls all day. At night the effect distills into a prickly sea of animacules, born worms of Psyche and Soma in my body, children of the conditions of night. These new cells transform the living surface of the planet, changing its patterns thru the open nodes and young rivers. These are my chemicals, my protein code; thru them I can become subject to conditions other than my own. The moon begins a dream in my glands; I find water and swim with the deepest fish and ask them their names in languages I do not know. And return singing, without memory of their reply.

#

Salad

Green:

lettuce
cucumbers
turnip tops
endive
beet tops
romaine
parsley
spinach
peas
beans

Sun

Yellow: carrots
dandelions

Red: radishes
tomatoes
cabbage

#

Pueblo Indians dancing on the road in the center of a long field; corn grown by jazz. The sun is a continuous inhabitant of America, witness the temples, the coins whose rays of commerce extend from the Amazon to New Foundland (not found yet by sea, only by ice). We will move on you in time, dream city, your source downriver, moon in the water, blue and orange neon in the water, oilslicks, here where the power companies live, where the railroad train leaves, leaves the dream and follows the path of delicate colloidal tracks. He who sleeps on the train forms the zodiac. He who comes East by the great ocean moves to the planet Jupiter. He who crosses the pre-Columbian sands in search of golden cities, in search of the dreams of South

American shamans, is ruled by Saturn. And Mercury, of course, pursues the Astronaut, faster than earth, accruing a fate more swift than bones can bear. The migrating Indians came by the planet Uranus once, crossing a millenium in the steady time of a millenium. Australia was filled by the pluvial star, Neptune; and it was Pluto who guided prehistoric man to his first rivers and cities. There is only a star separating moss from man.

#

The concept of the sun as a living being is alien to our society. It is our national purpose to colonize those planets that will bear the subtle mechanisms of our bodies. We are committed to external manipulation, domination, extension; we are committed, as a nation, to a separation of life and death, a continuum of outward progress, and an institutional distaste for interior visions of the cosmos or the cell. That "All roads lead to Rome" is taken as a statement of horizontal continuity and imperial control; no credence is given to the possibility that the earth is imbedded in a multi-dimensional system of roads. It is assumed that the sun is no more than our exterior use of its light. Yet the higher essence crystallizes in any fire, burning upward into the next sphere. It is this floral essence that stares out of our sector of the universe as the giant hot eye of the sun. We see only the fire; we extrapolate the hydrogen; we do not know what lies behind the hydrogen; we assume that men cannot live on the sun, but at one time or another all men have.

Because of the inflow and export of knowledge thru the body of the sun, the solar system can be seen as an oikumene, its capital city lies on the sun, its library imbedded in the sun, including the records of all its citizens, thoughts of all its citizens, commerce across oceans and between planets, "burial ground" for its souls. The sun is the effective brain for all the spiritual forms on the many planets and moons; this includes stones (like quartz or ice), animals (like ants or polar bears), men (like Keats and Geronimo), and plants (like algae and maples). Every form in the solar system is in contact thru the sun (as thru a giant switch-board); the systematic ratios and centers of each form are the source of its communicating code (we may say "its telephone number"). The sun is omniscient and omnipotent; it knows everything on earth without ever examining the dualities, dialectics, and local dichotomies. The sun asks no question of man but that he be. Because the sun ignores the customs of single nations it is known as the Fool and is the atomic link in the tarot series, is hydrogen, the base. Primitive peoples always hit the nail on the head, sun-wise; they stumble into their truth, because it is natural and its clues are everywhere. They live so close to the cycles of the land and the voice of sunlight that they can take the gift as it comes to them: hot. They are aware of the sun to the point of obsession with its position; much of their contemplative life is spent drawing homologies

between the sun and its products. Prayersticks, sand-paintings, and dance-stories are used to portray the home of the sun in corn, the position of the sun's alternating rays in clouds and rain, the rule of the sun over the eagle and the fly, and dramatic fucking of all earthly women by the sun's penis. The sun is given the attributes of heroes and clever animals in mythology; thereby it can take part in the general commerce of beings in a structural sense as it does a spiritual sense. The sun, which is the source of ecology, is viewed as comically and symbolically enacting all its ends in an epic of consecutive narrative. This is a form of history; this is also a form of prayer. Self-proclaimed investigators tend to reduce what they find in primitive cultures to its equivalent form in their own culture, especially if the primitive vision is larger, more complex, and encompasses seeming puns and linguistic reaffirmations. We tend to think of the sun in terms of what it most clearly gives us; the sun is large, contains multitudes as Whitman; the sun is surely the source of oils stored in the earth, is relevant to fire, the growth of planets, plants; it is responsible for all aspects of gravitation, including winds, magnets, and glaciers; it is the immediate cause of all speciation, diversity, and consciousness on the earth; it positions the earth in space. But the sun is also a living being, taxonomically above the plants, sponges, worms, higher animals, and man. A flower knows the sun as living even though the flower is one of the simplest living forms of the sun's oikumene. For most, though, the sun is totemized, to serve the ends of clan, or industry, or philosophy and science.

As a social being the sun communicates with and knows the thoughts and secret names of distant stars. We are touched by the same stars. As a matter of fact, each child of the sun is burned by all the members of the sun's family, and is guided to the best possible ends in life by these uncles and aunts who operate thru chemicals and angels.

#

This is the time of conversion, the base liquids into the cold and perfect stones, the lesser earths into the great earths into the quiver of gold and the tremble of life. This is the astral cone on the core of dung, turning all that is precious into its most precious form. And if you think you know an item, forget that item for its laws. During the turning world everything is converted along its natural pathway. And everything that turns repeats, each time a higher law. The alchemist who jumped to his death from the tower of Bohemia arose as a flower in Brooklyn, saying, "You who would give your wife name would forget the name in love and call her Queen. You who would ignore me: I give you everything." Haunted by sexual visions, by a trembling

reduplication of powers in red earth, by projections from beyond the grave and remote moons of planets, he lost the instrument of his making and then entombed himself beyond its reach. Red moves. The sun moves. Things we think of as rock move. Trickle of consciousness flow like travertine rivers through any cave, and the ruby Onyx calls with life. This lime that is laid in the name of Mercury is the child Gold. Give him your prayers that he may receive the stars and grow. This child is your child-bride. Touch her that she may breathe. She is your spirit, playing the piano downstairs in your house; give her food and love that she may pass you in vision and lead the way to new dwellings. This is the form before the form, called by the moon in recognition of its sleeping cells. This is the form on dark oceans, blocked by the boorishness of daily life. It grows and receives us, leading our daily perceptions into light. And we speak along all paths in the universe in the name of light. This is our friend, maker at his furnace, toiler of subtler earths; were he not to unlock the key within the key there would be no fish off the starry coast tonight.

#

The clouds have their proper place in the Hopi Snake-Antelope Ceremony. Cumuli of symmetrical two-dimensional proportions are laid upon the earth whose body they will drench in the summer rains. They are sifted from the powder of four metallic stones into their separate kingdoms. Water is induced by the earth itself, the earth which holds the thirsty seeds, the earth upon which the form of moist spirits is painted, and danced, and chanted. The water that is laid on the earth is not phenomenologically wet, but the colors that are laid on the earth are the code for rain (as guanine, adenine, cytosine, and thymine are not flesh and blood, but can arrange themselves in a pattern that will invoke flesh and blood). Though the sand is piled thick, these are not even realistic clouds (as angelic artists of parched vision have always attempted to paint); they are four structured beats in two dimensions; they ply a four-dimensional matrix for the passage of great billowing moist clouds in the duration of three dimensions (summer). They lay these forms on the earth to seed further forms; are:

Yellow Sand	(<u>Sika Tuwa</u>)
Cohonino Green	(<u>Cohoninsakwa</u>)
Red Stone	(<u>Pala Oa</u>)
White Stone	(<u>Qotca Oa</u>).

are the four cosmic points from which

clouds come (the six cardinal points in Hopi include Up and Down as directions, but the clouds are travelling along Up, and the rain comes Down, with a slant West or a slant South: this is absolute). The colors of the clouds represent the four cardinal directions; the chants sung to each of the directions are tonally adjusted to the sound of creation in each direction. Thru the richness of torrid earth they draw from the richness of the opposite chamber, icy and distilled vapors. Air is the messenger; fire imbeds the process in time; air touches Mercury, and Mercury comes by his Hopi name. There is no vegetable or grain that does not begin in water hidden in the earth, in water hidden in the seed. There is no matter of form that does not arise from the moisture of sperm and egg. Even the minerals climb the scale of planets by the sticky water of their nodes.

The Snake-Antelope Ceremony is put on by the Hopi in late summer; the crops have been planted long ago; the sprouts have been warmed in the body of the earth for six full months; now water alone can convince them to bring their fruits to the surface. Snakes are cosmologically connected to water; in this, the Fourth World, they are one and the same with water; thereby all prayers for water are mediated thru the snakes, hence the secret knowledge of the Snake Society. The first ceremony of the Hopi Calendar is the Soyál; thru a ceremonial and spiritual involvement with the Solstice Point the Hopi speak to the sun and let him know that they wish his return to the Fourth World which is growing cold. On the next morning the sun begins his long journey. American observers fail to see the second level of this transaction: it does no good if the sun returns and the Hopis are unresponsive to its inner magic. The body of the sun may return to the sky almost automatically each day; its path may move closer and further almost automatically each year (and if it doesn't once, then that is a whole other thing in itself). If the body and cells of the men are unable to respond to the motions of the sun; if they are insensitive to its subtle messages, then only half of the sun has returned and the effective winter continues thru summer after summer until the people synchronize themselves and re-establish their harmonic with the world. During the second major ceremony (the Powámu) beans which have been grown by secret fires in the dead of winter are brought to the people as evidence of the Powámu Society's power and faith. This is the first principle of manifested fertility (the secondary hearth).

The Snake-Antelope Ceremony is based on the art of controlled violence (as a garden is controlled violence). The men of the Snake Society gather snakes from the field by means of ancient charms and crooks; these new snakes join the society at the same time as the Hopi children initiates, called also "snakes." The weak Hopi magician defangs his snakes; they have no magic to give, for they have been compelled to give. The true Hopi magician

is aware of the intrinsic connection between distilled poison and distilled rain; he allows his snakes to remain full: full snakes are full of blessings if their compassionate wave-length is touched by prayer and they are made willing to join the society and the tribe. A mastered spirit leads directly from the snake to a day of slowly-building cumuli, a day of soft rich rain in the hearth of the afternoon. An angered snake brings hail and winds, and the stalks and kernels of the young plants are ripped and blown away. It is said that the strong magician will not deal with the Americans because they have defanged the earth and forced it to accept the full burden of his machinery; he knows what will happen to the Americans in time. The Hopi who perceives the chromatic motion and magic of the sun is raised to the interior power of the cosmos by the ceremonies. He has no wish to manipulate because he does not believe that he will ever be exterior to the universe in any of his manifestations. His spirit seeks continual interior chambers, cosmological labyrinths of suns and dreams.

The White observer, coming from where he does, tends to know less of the woman and less of the chemicals he swallows (less of the unit interior earth). He tells the Hopi that his ceremonialism is simply structural without realizing to any depth how the structures in his own society are equally ceremonial. The industrial ceremonialism bears fruits from the karma of the earth, the cosmological ceremonialism from the star-linked cells of the body. The latter uses fully the earth, the woman, and the corn as fulcra to the psychic sun, the deeper corn, and the mythic germinating woman, as fulcra to the unity of these things in the oneness of the earth's energy and sprout. The Hopi cosmology may tell a very small lie about a certain series of relationships between dancing and the revolution of the earth (as exteriors to exteriors), but the American cosmology tells a huge lie about the psychic and spiritual quanta of men, and only in order to produce a greedy and inordinate amount of forms (to the ends of maximizing material value). The Hopi restore our father the Sun to their blood; the Whites, after doing their work indoors, remember their need for the sun in terms of Pan Am flights to Miami Beach where the soul lies on a lonely shore of sand and salt, surrounded by painted totem women and over-ripe lush food. The competitive economy is such that it must draw money from the occult secrets of men's dreams, converting them from their cluster about the soul to ugly endless quests of earthly non-fulfillment. This is the blood drawn by a good advertising campaign. And who can say that the Cherokee do not heal? Or that the Hopi do not return the sun to a fertile sky?

#

The dream came from the center of a deep sleep; it awoke in the bright sun of a playground I knew only as a child. In the dream there occurred

a drama which told me that it was the end of high school, and that all around the playground I would see the people from the many levels and times of my life. The playground was larger than I had ever known it, and included at least one brook. It was filled with people, all dressed in suits, all vibrant and talkative, each aware that he was at the end of the same thing the others were at the end of. As I located single people I realized that each was as I had remembered him, his integrity preserved in the crowd. And it had seemed all the time as though it might come to this, that no one would ever be forgotten, and that all of us who had inhabited the earth together would leave together. It was the beginning all over again. It was the playground where I first came, having been born. It was as though I had already died, and was elsewhere, watching it over again from the beginning. The season was late spring, bright flowers gone, dust and pollen in the air, high cirrus clouds, mid-afternoon (or the time of an early ceremony). They were all milling around the playground in expectation of the end, buzzing like the crowd outside a theater between acts of a play. Everyone knew the end was near, that we would all soon be separated, and yet no one knew what to say. We were trying to find a valedictory speaker, someone to give an appropriate last address. I suggested several nostalgic themes; others thought it should be simple and official. And so it was that last night in the dream I had my chance to say good-bye to so many people whom I had forgotten: a boy who sat near me in fourth grade, a girl I danced with once during a 1950's summer, a hitch-hiker from Colorado, a friend who played baseball in the park, a girl I watched but never knew. I saw only a few of these endless people, but the few were dispersed enough to suggest the magnitude of the whole. If those few then surely everyone. There was not a person I knew that I didn't secretly love for being here with me.

Down the road from the playground, toward the statue of the horseman, a smaller group was forming, most of them rebels from the high school and the college. (The place where they were gathering was specific; its mark was held by only one event in my life: a man caught a pigeon there to show off in front of his children and their friends; he held the pigeon by its feet, but had trouble getting its frantic wings within his palm; it was the first time I had ever seen a bird caught.) I came down the road because I had friends among them; I came down the road to say good-bye. But they were busy. A single unknown boy lay in trance, shaking and terrified; they held him in their arms, electrodes to his cheeks and forehead by which his voice came. He was going somewhere very close to the end, very close to the end of all time; he was answering questions about where he was; he was saying to forget the valedictory address, to forget the nostalgia, that it was the whole earth and there were still things to be done. In an instant I was converted by his wave-length to beside him in full and open space. I saw nothing but the questions, and those were nothing more

than the thick brown atmosphere in which I floated, literal but still without answers, beautiful for being just those questions, just the right questions, and without name. I tried to communicate with him because he was farther. I tried to ask him all the questions I might need to know. When it comes to an end and is defined by nostalgia and all the people we have known and are about to forget, where do we pour over to? Why are we standing here at the beginning at the end reaching for the words that will not come to make it whole? And I wanted to know most of all if I would be with my wife afterwards, and he said to me faraway that he was asking that question and was getting no answer, that it was important to him because he had a wife. I asked him what I could remember about D. H. Lawrence's principle of angels, the religious address of one of his simple characters who was telling of how the man and woman who had loved during life were the two halves of a single angel. I asked him if that was possible, and somehow the word coin was in the air without denotative value. He said that it had something to do with where you were when you poured over the edge. And I told him that that was terrible, that it couldn't be true, that it put true polarities at the mercy of chance and jailers. I said that the world of man could not ultimately decide such things but that if it could I was terrified for surely there were so many wicked lustful people who would take everything away from me. He answered from the same great distance, saying that he was not sure now if that was right, that he was confused about what he was hearing. He said he was no longer sure if physical proximity was necessary, but he did say that it would be best for a man and a woman to be close at the times of their joining. Then I lost him and whizzed terrified in brown space, replete with no answers and endless to its own ends. I thought, how short marriage is, how short our time to become close when there is all this time thru which I am passing. Will I forget everything? Was the ligh begun as a trick? Will there be nothing left? But then I was still struggling for a valedictory address, something to move them all. I wanted such words as I had had back in high school when my address of nostalgia preceded and overshadowed the final valedictory document; I wanted to find the center of me, and move thru it, bearing everything. And all this time I was going deeper and deeper; faraway now I could hear the shore of the voice itself, its base current being washed up against form in a night of beach and vocal cords and sea creatures that lasted one breath but for me never ended. It told me to ask what I wanted and forget the rest, that the rest would swallow me, that there was too much of the rest. It told me to listen, but it did not speak and I heard myself. I said, "What will happen is what is literally so, and that is all that will happen and the only way in which it can happen; this is all we will know at the end and all we should move toward the end with." Suddenly it was clear. I was relieved of the memories and the park and the drama; the nostalgia was revealed as the whole earth and I slept in my marriage and the sun of my present life. The question was answered as coin, I am one whole thing and resolved unto my one. I cannot be bent to what I am not unless I bend my concerns to a

time in which others choose to die. The angel is literal, which Lawrence never saw in making it literary, but then he made all things literary and thereby something other than what they were. The "plumed serpent," literal fact of our being made into an adventure story and given intolerable political ends, still the literal fact of our being, our being man and woman and gods. We are the angels we seek to write stories for. And why should we make up stories when there is so little time? And this my dream told me well: be, and let the images fall into their own being. It seems well that the dream began its occult journey at the spot of the frantic wings. The cells remember the position of psychic encounters on the landscape. Though the mind was too young to pursue, and stood in awe of the event, the cells retained the vision until touched by the note of the dream. The blackness was originally broken by a drama, the seeming unpeeling of a plot; the dream was thus generated. Down the road from the beginning of the dream the energy released by the wings broke the veil of composed rolling light all around them and showed the dark turning energy of the universe (while that clown of a man laughed and entertained the children, thinking himself to be the center). Any place the universe opens for us we should explore; the only consequences are our own; the only sacred is what touches us. And so the dream, as our own creation under the raw sky, advances the most literal of our ends.

#

The hot day reveals the inside of the fruit. Everyone has come out on this first Sunday to loosen their secrets and sperm, and warm themselves on the surface of the earth. The ladder we climb to reach the roof goes back down to the crabgrass. The dog barks beside the abandoned motorcycle, unable to climb the first step toward us, barking as we step out onto the roof. The cat comes out the kitchen window, walks along the bushes of the front yard, races away from a dog across the street that does not see her, and sits beneath a clump of low budding branches. Upwards a commotion of birds calling in the atmosphere beyond the houses: such birds as the cat has heard on hot days in other summers but perhaps not for many months now. She scans them, laying as far back in her body as she can, darting from imagined motions of their wings. Now they are gone and she proceeds to locate us. She climbs a pine tree, jumps to a nearby roof; sitting there on the eaves she meows. We call to her by name, asking her to come, but she rubs her nose on a branch and lies down in a patch of dancing sun. A squirrel moves on the other side of the roof; she starts quickly, leaping to the balcony; then becoming distracted by its fencing, sniffs there and wraps her body sensuously thru its pickets. Suddenly she jumps, and is on the same roof as us, interested in the puddle she has landed beside. In time she comes to smell our apple cider, sniffs, continues on to the other edge of the roof, and lies down there in a piece of sun her size. Up above she ranges the birds, below the shrieking children.

One of them is pulling four of them in a red wagon down the street. They all yell variants of Wheee! In the next yard a tiny boy and tiny girl named Bobby and Sophy are having a tea-party at the picnic table. Yesterday they were married on a stack of leftover firewood. Now little fat Sophy pours his tea and he sits back at the table enjoying married life. The birds move from tree to tree, screech after screech, and whole sections of them ignoring this neighborhood, passing over, and others that land on trees and call to each other. The cat pokes her head down the chimney, too many old sooty smells for her to use, and climbs away. The dog is impatient at his chain because night is coming and he has not run the morning off. He lies now in the shade, now in the sun, receiving moisture and heat thru his brown coat. To the East the neighbors have taken their baby, born under winter stars, out into the first sun. He lies in the square boundary of his crib, receiving the light and full shape of the land. Four fat women talk. And have been ugly and private all winter. Stand in the middle of the street and the cars go around them. A woman in high heels is washing a long red car. Boys with guns, war in the bushes. A horn. Secret and unlocated. A dog, alone, answers, and another dog answers him. You have baked a rich pie, and we like it, sir. You have baked a rich pie and we have chosen a brand of mocha and vanilla ice cream. You have planted dandelion candles in your pie, and now it lies cooling beneath the blue sky. And you have baked four and twenty blackbirds in with us and now they are looking for homes. Next door they have given birth during the winter. A house away the king has died of cancer and a fat cat sits on their porch celebrating his growth. My nine year old friend Steve comes with a baseball glove, will I play? I come down the ladder onto the street. I stand there with leather on my hand set to snap about the ball. He throws it this way and that thru the trees: I run to the end of my muscles. The dog, released, chases the shadow of every throw, and sometimes gets the ball. You have baked a rich pie, sir, and though I will not be fooled I am always fooled and would have it no other way. Bobby and his brother have bows and arrows that shoot about three feet. A college boy is showing a red-sweatered flirting girl how to throw a black and white Frisbee. Bobby's little brother says, "I have a yellow flying saucer at home," and runs to get it to prove it. But the boy is busy with the girl. Some large boys playing football have broken a street-lamp; tonight that corner will be dark. It is growing late already and the blue sky is cooling to black. Seven bats come in wind-blown pattern and circle our house in their bubbles. It is too late to see the ball, and she is no longer on the roof, neither woman nor cat, but both inside for supper. Single bats cross the moon and fall off. You have baked your richest pie, sir, and each day I eat a little more. You have baked me into your pie, sir, and here I am, throwing with my right hand, catching with my left. The first planet appears in the icing, low and Northwest. This is the time.

#

The blue cells came before any dream. Tinctures of violet and purple stormed and flooded beneath my eye-lids, and threatened to pour out of my blood into the bed. The intensity was in my forehead, it seemed; the colors moved from an original blue center and an original red center and surged into each other. As they moved from their original masses they revealed deeper muddier seas than were imaginable. Often, when subject to these autonomic synapses, I have found objects and edges and conduits thru deep vats to explain and assume the chaos of tincture. Original blue would be a dark tornadoey sky; original red would be a bleeding crab. The crab would become as large as the sky and bleed into it; the sky would become an abyss pouring out in an ultramarine river, pouring into the blood-letting of the crab. Eventually the objects would shrink back to average proportions, and the chromatids would wane. This time I lay for a passive eternity in the flood: foggy bulbs of red burst into blue puddles. Fiery purple found a center to the solution and began a median trail; if there was a direction, it was interior depth. Just before I could lose consciousness, I told myself that these were methane storms, that I was drifting in the astral atmosphere of Jupiter. I saw centralized intensities of light and ganglia, revealing a seeming surface to the planet, at least a surf, but I was unable to come to them, passing instead thru webs and swirls of the solution, to deeper buds and tendrils, and thru them too. Again I refused to attach a meaning; the blue was literal, the red was literal; there were no shapes; matter grew thicker and implied greater endlessness; there seemed no possible closure or outcome. The more I went into the core of color, the more dimensions there were to receive me. And still I knew that the cell was cosmologically within me, and had its own tune, and was limitless to the ends of another cosmology, (though within me) above having to participate in my own. In time I slowed down, the dyes drained, and I fell into a dream of the silent cortex.

Psychic images are always said to have an earthly component. This is absolutely true (though general belief makes two usual mistakes about this coordinate: first, that it is the only possible coordinate, and that the dream is joined of the sum of earthly tangents; and second, that the earthly component is always prior to the dream in the history of terrestrial duration). In fact it wasn't until the next morning that I learned the earthly source of my vision: a collection of potted flowers at the Farmers' Market, each one a different hybrid of the original blue flower and the original red flower. They were arranged in perfect rainbow columns, bright blue in the upper left, root red at the lower right. I stared to the point of dizziness, and the colors fused, re-enacting for an explosive millisecond the whole of my dream. Jupiter whirled over me with greetings; only a jolly fat planet would play such astral games. For the cellular source of blue and red (outside the magic maya illusion) is a serious matter. And from the hybrids, these initial clues to earthly structure: a genetic code, whose elements are pre-existent (and therefore irrelevant) to

color, opens the rich resonant gate of all colored beings; a wild blue planet presides with the laughter of methane squalls over the bubbling saline brooks and the ferrous artesian wells of a green alchemical planet; blood leaves the heart in sunny red arteries and returns in lunar blue veins. These are, I insist, no more than the first messages of the vision.

Later that morning I was sitting on the roof reading. Lulled by a spirit inside the sun I closed my eyes to see it. There was a conjunction in the flesh around my eyes of yellow hydrogen fire and moist cellular crystal. This was the perfect filter thru which to see the inhabitation of the sun. In the vision was a series of hot yellow sheaths just beyond the corona; they swelled into a solar landscape and the cities were ignited on a correlate map in my brain. I saw the individual souls singing outward to their commerce. I saw streets and gardens and vehicles, and everything was as light to them from another sun as our world is lit by photons continuous from their abode. Because of the magical conjoining nature of substances on earth, with their birthmark and blessing from the sun, because of the power of the Stone to appear suddenly in our midst and remove imperfection from the direction in which it lies, because of the basic rich clarity of the earth's sphere set in a field of encircling cosmic dimensions, we are able to see the exact landscape of other worlds quite accurately. This is our natural cosmology. Though the planets seen outward will not hold us, approaching from the profane sphere in the base metals of space-ships manufactured by slave labor and driven by black masters, the planets as they touch us touch us, and we are able to receive the unit tones of their motions in our motion.

#

Time does not move in Yellow Springs; time does not exist as we know it. The yellow mineral river sucks down thru stone, the stone like a dank bee-hive, or a moon-crater inhabited with spiders and mosquitoes, known as the slow melodious growth of the chemical moon. Yellow Springs is Ohio (and yellow also); Yellow Springs is a yolk city on the edge of albumin cliffs. The fields grow flowers from old coins and rusty collanders. Lost keepsakes and amulets naturally gravitate to Ohio, find the center in Yellow Springs. In Ohio everything is deeper and richer, dripping with cloves and ions and nostalgia (blessed by secret goddesses with concealed sexual names). Michigan lies on the colder outer surface of maya, shimmering like mirror or volcanic rock. We can tell Michigan for the illusion it daily is, and do our work there. How can anyone do anything in Ohio except grow around each other like vines? Or in Yellow Springs a girl with cerise and orange mandalas on her dress, blonde hair and yellow eye make-up, the rusty river, the deserted amphitheater (where rocks have been left in runic circles) where the river pours in its quartz and lime. This is the land of deeper yellow flowers (each sun-flower a step deeper

than elsewhere); this world lies one level behind the illusion of Michigan, more coherent and more central in its magic, one step hotter and one step more dangerous. (If only one. . . .). Antioch (as the birthplace of strange children) is the most recent act of the yellow spring, the latest evocation of poisonous Indian water; it is a gift and a damnation. Not that the damnation is bad or even lasting. We do not know enough of the universe to say that of Yellow Springs or any place else. We can only observe the connections. The old furniture stores are intimately joined to the growth in the forest. The age of a rocking chair or a bird-cage with a candle in it is the age of yellow in the forest, is the way the stream wets its stone thru and thru to soften and shape the calcium, to make the altar, the home is the altar, where the clay house rests on the furnace of the earth, the bricks beside the stove, the picture from the first days of camera (bicycles and crowds) curling off the wall, a brown mirror, the world older and younger at the same time. Move into the old railroad station and discover that thing about time and must and mist and ticket windows, and stars, and yourself that is finally catatonic and has nitrogen as its base after hydrogen. The universe falls back on Yellow Springs, on the earlier years of children and circles; the code moves sweetly thru here, like bake shop smells or the spectrum of fifty different flavors of ice cream, Donovan singing hydrogen music (nuclear Greenland, the ferrous wheel, the wheel of iron inside iron, oxide inside oxide, life within yolk within life), psychedelic lettering and ragdolls and puppets for peace, a red wall which is white underneath, later afternoon curtains soft as water, stores within stores, secondary forests within forests, gauze soaking salt and lime, blessing mounds left by the Indians: one stream of running water breaks into three over the rock, three strands splash sift over the red clay and go down into the river under the bridge. This is not Christian, though it pretends to be, though all the old furniture stores are based on a Christian tradition of salvation and china. The Indians suffered from nostalgia too and came to this sacred place to rid themselves of the illusion of continuing sticky life, to free their heads to the stars and the individual separate voice. A language that is neither noun nor verb, but ambivalent, modal, light which moves thru objects and extends itself in time.

All thru Ohio a moist spermy magic is available, and Yellow Springs is the source of the river. What begins here as muddy water or rotting wood arises as berries and barns and old men throughout the state of time called Ohio. If we came back here, in fact we were coming back, all the way back; if we would come here to be brought back we would finally be freed of this burden of time and home. The confusion of conditional tenses is essential to Yellow Springs and the way people have to talk there. If the calcium and goldenrods have their way, and the sky over Xenia tunes in its natural cause, the people of Yellow Springs will develop a disorder of speech whereby they begin to use an extinct Indian language with English words. Over a long period of time, the Indian tribes will return to Antioch and Xenia (Ohio), and to Yellow

Springs. It will happen first in the stores and the families; by due process of law the newspapers will change too (in order to keep reporting the news). The process of law is simple and is known as phonetic drift, genetic drift (and both together). Cells change, dreams change, sounds change; the stars provide the ultimate field of reference. Yellow ribbons will appear all over town and spread like pollen thru Ohio; this will be a deep yellow, the xanthein found behind the flowers that colors them, the original chromosome of rusty knick-knacks. The women of Yellow Springs will discover time, and the children of Yellow Springs will be born without time, and will begin a cult of apple juice in the late afternoon or vegetable soup at midnight to break the American digestive spell. The women will weave strange spores and coils on their dresses, which will spread like wildfire (or style, or sperm). And I have spoken only of Yellow Springs. Every river and field in America has a secret name; this is why the Indian comes trailing his dreams to the sacred place of flowing water.

Note about Xenia: which is the name of the main street in Yellow Springs because it is the road to the next town of the same name. Xenia has the Greek root of hospitality (friends away from home). The dictionary gives its botanical use as: "The direct influence of pollen upon the seed in the cross-pollination of certain plants, whereby hybrid characters are manifested in the form, color, etc., of the fruit or seed in the same generation."

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America is filled with secret societies and magic orders. There are dominions and castles which the outer nation never penetrates or comprehends. Tourists have always passed thru; now the Office of Economic Opportunity blindly sniffs around; they receive the national networks, the familiar brands and fads; they cloak themselves in proper and accepted colors; yet they are not touched and no one sees what is going on with them. This is true even though they have mapped every county and shaved the heads of Indians and passed laws against drugs and drafted children into the schools and armies. This is true even though visionaries are in asylums under the name of schizophrenia and psychiatrists set up shop everywhere and an iron hand tries to wedge each corner of flesh into a compulsive controlled Twentieth Century. Only now is the fountainhead of that magic bursting and its million spuds popping full. Medical books make a very wrong assumption about what is normal in terms of the organs and fluids of the body; normal anatomy is a rarity, an impossibility, as much an obsessive generalization as sanity. No one is the same, is sane; everyone has some secret physical condition, caused by an organ of odd size or a complicated network of organs and fluids and vapors. This is both an ailment and a blessing. It haunts the person's health, but opens a passage for his dreams and paths of protection. The abnormal organ guards the person

and swells with angelic growth. The less a person hears his secret callings the more he leans to hypochondria and like diseases, the more he builds psychosomatic bridges and leads his life thru circular and circuitous episodes of melodramatic contingency. Nothing is taken literally by the person who suspects his tumor and damnation; he reads the ads, he searches among famous doctors and close friends for his health, and he believes to his dying day that he has never been well, that life was tough, that he bore up well under a natural malady and personal curse. All his life he has sucked a slow mild discomfort; now in death he searches for an escape, finds it not. And so America is filled with cults and ceremonies, the work of questers. Indians do things in kivas and behind forests and in clouds. Young psychics weave their hiding places out of the complex society of apartments and rooms in any American town. The ancient chemistry of the Ohio Valley prevails. States hide other states; obscurity flows back as soon as the investigator leaves the scene. Cats meet in magic fellowships in both the city and the country, and leave charms in concealed places. Birds operate spells at night, and small land animals leave tiny occult grooves. Even plants convert the energy of the stars into small pools of sacred psychic stuff. West Virginia is hidden by its name, and the bulk of Virginia which turns away those who would break in. In the churches of West Virginia people throw themselves on the Holy Ghost, daring snakes to bite them during the service and drinking strychnine. Women speak with the psychic hiccough of the possessed. Radio stations (like WWVA, Wheeling, West Virginia) mask the reality by making its essence public in the songs and faith-sermons of the well-known Christian Church. This is another thing altogether, and those who hear it know it. South Carolina steals the bulk of the focus from North Carolina, and North Carolina is left open to certain rites of spring and harvest. In the forests of North Carolina are naked men and women, and farmers take their daughters out to the fertile springs and expose them to the penises of bears and the twigs of spring upon the devil's altar. North and South Dakota alibi for each other, but men gather secretly with birds, and a whole race lives underground. Colorado contains a world of death beneath its mountains, and above the timberline of the Rockies there occur meetings more known on the moon than on earth. Witches keep their river-valleys in Montana and Oregon. Canada is always a refuge for the fleeing spook, be he healer or demon. New Mexico and Arizona are in partnership and guard certain parts of Texas from the inspectors of the city. On the deserts are great mythical structures, castles of sandstone and weathered clay where those long thought to be dead meet in other form, and travel long distances on foot (in form) without ever passing a non-believer. Columns of light have been traveling above the moon to land on the moon for centuries and people have managed to ignore it. Saucers and other extra-terrestrial craft land in Vermont and New Hampshire, Oklahoma and all the countries of South America, but there are other explanations too that will always fit the case. Local conditions are never explained fully enough to stir up national curiosity;

locales accept their own madnesses and spirits like insomnia, and find that there are superstitions by the dozen that will get them thru every day. Mexico hides all of America under the sand of seven once-gold cities. Montana and Nova Scotia have been close at times, and certain beings have migrated and cross over. The dead do not leave, but America has no words with the scepter of death, and side-steps its own potential horror. Kentucky leads to certain coves by the Hudson River in New York. There are apartments in New York with connections in Tibet, but hidden by the proliferation of India in the New York stores. Parts of Boston receive the broadcasts of an Old China while a New China masks them under the name of surveillance. A couple in Wisconsin has friends on a moon of Uranus. The Indians hide their work within the sand and corn, and teach only the surface matter of their songs to the Whites; such superficial emblems and items are displayed in the museums without their spirit-centers. There are so many hiding places in America that there will never be enough rules and investigators to uncover them. It is not only the most publicized herbs that grow wild, and the ocean beyond the immediate shore is left unsearched. Though all the soda machines have been computerized to the known fruits and flavors: there is one machine on earth that pours forth grapefruit-lime-raspberry rickey, a river of this onto crushed ice (from deep within the autosomal chromonomic bowels of the machine), whether by mistake or wisdom or mutation, and only those who know of the machine believe in the possibility of this drink, and carry their hopes from soda stores in Connecticut to gas station machines in Kansas in vain. The machine stands at the far end of the uptown tracks, the IND Station at 125th Street; it brings this drink to the cosmology of certain inhabitants and travellers. At the end of the picnic grounds burns a fire; this is not the fire of any of the campers, but the fire at the end of perceptual space, where the earth comes to an end and the campers are led by spirits to their destiny. They have come here bearing the licenses (the permissions to own a car of the various states, Kansas, Montana, New Jersey, Georgia); they have cooked their food, eaten; the night is early, two dragon stars of the old sailors hang above the trees, and the pines are dimmed by ultraviolet light, only the nodes of shape visible, those points whereby the whole event has come to lie by the river that roughens over rocks and the casual (or causal) whip of a fishing line into that other country that moves with the river beneath it the sound of an unknown musical instrument, syncopated with silence, the rusty hinges of a swing around which children dance beneath two stars and their other planets. The kinetic depth effect is the means by which an object whirling in three dimensions is perceived in its field of source from clues of its shadow in two dimensions (Copernicus and the planets). Complex patterns on a continuous surface are initially meaningless, are chaotic and discontinuous, speak of lawlessness and distortion. Suddenly we are born in our own time. Law appears, it is a larger more complex object we see in this dark mirror, a pine tree a fire the fish caught. It is more than three dimensions, hopelessly,

magnificently, and romantically distorted on the picnic grounds (Faulkner's fragrance of verbena distorted and marled with the endogamous and sensuous kinship cells). How can the campers sleep in this mirror, the stream over rocks, the lone fisherman killing fish (but catching them too, as an Indian, and that law), the friction by which the swings swing, by which the swing swings, by which the stars come thru the praeambulus sky?; how can they know where they are sleeping, where the friction is burning at the end of perceptual space, that one camper lying alone listens to the expanding and contracting voice of the preacher; it is Sunday night; everything is unclear, and he says that the universal armies of good and evil, South and North (Eternal Polar South, Eternal Polar North) is beginning as spoken by certain signs in the Bible (there then at the writing), this battle on the radio, blending into Sunday night, that one fisherman kills and another saves, that on a planet of one dragon star is a musical instrument exactly the same as the children's swing, playing, or played by a happy man and his naiad beneath a single tree in sunset-ending darkness there, this complex hardy solid moving thru our atmosphere and turning those of us who have been born back on ourselves. The song is made up of all its parts; though it distorts, there is another music, and another even softer music beyond that, beyond the fire. And so the language we speak in coming to you on our words partakes of the kinetic depth effect in two conjoined manners. It is deep by the true sources of words (praeambulus, wigwam, troubadour, ice), which is kinetic to a magus who has lived in all of time living now. And it is deep in the way that sounds echo thru each other, by puns and mishaps bringing about a second meaning, seemingly arbitrary and without meaning (question/quest shun; oikumene/ Occam; pome/poem; route/root); the second meaning is, of course, the true sense. The kinetic depth effect, then, is the law by which we are made to know that everything is more complex than on the surface of our being, that touch ignites a mean and a pathway, that every attraction, combination, and assignation is as certain and mythical as the whole universe, and intends the whole universe, the camper lying back on the ground, beginning the veil of dream, closing his eyes to another mirror. America lies flat on a universe that is not flat, which passes thru America like light thru fire, the positron always destroying itself by its opposite dream particle. Any cause in the cosmos has a secret agent or escape-route tunnel in America. Other universes lie in this very field, and are known only by certain mirrors and mirages and certain particles of anti-matter. It is by language or name that what is occult is protected. The country mouse knows nothing of city magic, the city mouse nothing of rural magic. The investigators can touch nothing that they have already tagged with the name of the enemy, for the enemy holds his own and disguises himself by the act of opposition. By this tautology they are led in circles and labyrinths, coming always and again to their own centers, crossing the same bridges to their precision compulsions. America has not been discovered; America will have no peace until it is discovered. Then it

will all be peace, keeping its own secrets. The Central Government that tries to bind these states and their separate forms of earth magic will dissolve under the pull of its vested interests. Wherever the land and the genes are they will find their way. As the Indians found their way thru time.

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Jung discovered that there was finally no difference between a disease of the body and disease of the mind. Health is a total concept, a conjunction of psychic and cellular forces in the physiognomy of the life-form. There is a certain level at which it is impossible to differentiate between glandular and homiothermic systems on the one hand, and neural systems originating in the psyche. The link is called psychosomatic (psyche and soma joined); it includes the tumor from the dark philosophy of the patient as well as glum intestines and melancholia of virus. As a matter of fact, there is no distinction between these two types of malady, for things which are separate on one level of the cosmos (and causal as a function made possible by that separateness) not only have a common progenitor, but (as a unit) are their own common progenitor. Each cell, like a magic watery globe, contains a picture of the body's internal position. Psyche and soma are one in such a picture, and move from thence to the surface of body and mind. Dreams include diseases; the patient with cancer meets the ancient cosmology of the moon, the crab in his sleep, the pungent somatic craters, the web of lethal sunlight; sees (as a map) the disease of his body in its occult workings. The backs of pharmacies are decorated with such symbols, as are Navaho sand-paintings. Any healing society has sought a world-map of the disease, a marking of masses and centers, a bestiary (or eco-survey) of the animals present, their feed, their yield. Navahos keep their eyes on coyotes, frogs, grasshoppers, bears, snakes, rocks animated by lightning, and other occult animals; their healing art is a precise charting of the positions and influences of these animals and the corresponding positions and influences of helpful stars, mountains, plants, flies, gods, etc. Each disease has a march and a circle, a sacred animal and a sacred color, a tone at which it is cured or converted into something else. A disease can be reached most closely thru dreams, which is why the patient sleeps or is urged to sleep. At least in dreams the diseased spirit can have literal discourse with the elements of his state, can do battle with the illness on its own grounds. The bright new medicinal waters turn old in the blood stream; their immediate being is the result of a modern laboratory, but their ancient components reach the land of Egyptian hearses and chanting shamans. As the primeval forms meet the phosphate, a macabre healing dance is begun beneath the light of the moon. Because the witch-doctor knows only the primordial routes to the organs, he relies on stars and songs and plants more

than patent medicine. This interplanetary communication is the oldest and most honored healing manner of humanity, also the oldest and most respected form of communication between doctors of many worlds.

In the cell of the patient a cat lies curled, nursing the disease. A bird flies over the leucocyte armies, a primitive bird with lizard wings. These animals are the original spirit-forms with which the terrestrial animals have become specifically associated. The Oglala Dakota have a word for this generic energy, calling the animal forms that lie behind the immediate landscape nagiyas. The nagiya of a bear can inhabit a stone, that of a spider: a mint-plant. Pieces of quartz can be endowed with the energy of fish in the river or birds that come to the river. As occult spirits these rule (though their generic names are out-of-style); as single beasts they bear all the alchemical paraphernalia of the planets and herbs; their emblems are found in old furniture stores and on ancient bottles, are found more in Europe than America, are also found in the native cosmologies of Africa and Polynesia. A notch, thereby, marks a tree inhabited by a spook. Off the coasts of certain islands there are other islands, where the maladies and deaths of men dwell in solid form. This is the tradition of drug-stores and apothecaries. The cures and nagiyas are older than men, and men have enveloped them within their body of somatic and reproductive cells.

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By the rules of the Old World oikumene what was seen in Greece could have come from the tip of Africa, the ruins of Babylonia, or the coastal islands of Japan, step by step across the inhabited world, cores and figments, lights and edges, signs and tangents, assuming the vibrations and moods of different people and different peoples: a design of the sun, a wooden god from Ainu Highlands, Greek dream ivory, the form of drama or a particular spice, maps of the ancient sea-kings, the works of Aristotle, a voodoo name for the devil, the myth of a Chinese palace with endless mazes, a labyrinth in Crete, an old land under the Atlantic Ocean, sage, the chorus, three alchemical manuscripts, a tune for charming snakes, a scapula of the great Christ, a treasure which fell into the hands of Piri Re'is (which he did not know and could not be expected to comprehend), a tale of Thule, the name Greenland, or Iceland, a code of Chinese laws, a mastodon tusk, a meteor said to have fallen on Ireland, a fragment of papyrus from Alexandria, a disk from Syene, a hieroglyph, a Persian sun-dial, a secret tradition of cartography, of medicine, of Christ and unicorns, a precise map of Antarctica (including the waterways and mountain sources of the Ross, Weddell, and Bellingshausen Seas, now under ice), a map by which Columbus found America according to the wrong polar north, a deck of cards, a necklace of teeth and beads, a goblet, a tablet of Zoroaster, a sweater from Berber camps, a fairy tale about the

magical items she threw down, that sprung up behind her as she fled, an Etruscan medallion, a map of Queen Maud land, now under the ice-cap of the third planet, a Druid mask, petrified wood from Russia, a picture book of fantastic animals and giants, a natural history from China with all the known flora and fauna and one giant (described in the Himalayas), a map of South America with two Amazons, and the direction of flow correct, and the tributaries true to their hills, old trigonometry tables, and astrological tables, a means of collecting maple syrup, the Morris Dance, the story of a water monster in Scotland, the troubadour poem, some red powder from a casket said to _____, whiskey, sugar, figs, camels and elephants, Halloween, a map of all of Cuba that lay above the sea in the Pleistocene, a castle shown on the entrance to the Gulf of Guacanayabo, Guantanamo to the East, the Isle of Pines to the Southwest, a mirror, by secret and hidden paths, denying their origins so as to make their sources as remote as the stars, as secret, popping up all over the oikumene whether carried by black merchants around the Cape, or handed off from desert tribe to desert tribe, and used for its own hostage on the way, or by Marco Polo's route, perhaps even across the high unknown North. The whole world breaks off at the eye and fingertip and turns down around itself, coming back in the odd form of eight point compasses, Sufi logic, or transmigrating beasts.

Central America: marketplace. From here seeds and emblems spread South and North, into the jungles and the icefields, East and West to the two oceans, carried by scouts or captives or canoes: corn, tobacco, pottery, weaving, a four level mythology, squash, kivas, wigwams, the route to the planet earth, totem poles, the fourth world, a sun-symbol from the Inca temples, a name for the white man who had not yet come, a word for fire (pu or pur), a path across stars (with special note of the star Alcor), a pattern of weaving birds, coyote and hare as creators, the Mayan zodiac, divining from the ribs of caribou, the sacred tablets of migration, scalp as soul, a cosmology of the six corners of the earth, noun-verb fields, a way of making rain and controlling thunderbirds and lightning, a secret collection of herbs and baskets, a pottery pattern, a sonorous interior chant, a way to plant vegetables, wafer-bread, a bracelet, bows and arrows, the dreams of the well-known shamans, a space-time language, masks and dyes.

Nor were these the only oikumenes. In the Melanesian Island sphere there was a secret enclosed trade: collections of beads and pots, yams and goblets, necklaces and bracelets, pearls, historic items that take on greater context each time around the trading cycle, or their own history, their deepening of source as the earth turns. To each man within the oikumene this is his universe; this collection of odds and ends is totally conscious, and engages his attention from birth to death.

So mythological beasts are as endemic as any natural fauna; the garden of magical flowers is the real garden of the earth, which Alice saw in her dream. Eden is in the earth's field but not on the earth. Mythology is the true history of the earth, as it could not otherwise be told. Similarly, the tales and lore of any region are the clearest description of what has happened there, the description that the historian seeks without finding (for he has already judged what could and could not have happened, and he has named what is there). The Greeks saw correctly those joined crocodile-lions and horse-men; the Hopi water-monster is an ancient American animal, trapped at the edge of evolution in a sacred pool (thereby turning that pool into a violent spiritual place). The Loch Ness monster tends to hide also, though it has been caught at times by photographs. There is a forest behind every tree in the forest, a completeness over all of historical time that leaves nothing exotic, everything indigenous, there are certain angels who have always been present who have not forgotten the locations and crafts and prayers of all the coastlines of the world. Go to her rivers: the Amazon, the secret buried tributaries of the Tigres-Euphrates, caves along the Thames, the Yangtze, the first tiers of crops from the Mississippi (what it hides in motion, or what is under the next hill as long as it is perceptually far: these secrets). The local woods of any place issues the coded map and bestiary of its bounds to the edge of the oikumene; what it receives back is transformed (the genetic exogamy of the world); Piri Re'is, lacking the necessary trigonometry, lacking the oikumene, the acumen of the ancient sea-kings, made something else of the map, and those who sailed by the portolanos turned the syntax back into the directions of the wind (the wind roses) from which it had come; so the Arab adepts heard their own original song transformed in the primitive verse (metaphysical and nostalgic) of the troubadour North (trobar: to find, what is always found when the consonants have power outside the vowels). This is the endogamy of the cells within the head, the deep marriage of the sun to its daughters, incest or genetic confluence, by which mariners from other planets mapped the early surfaces of the earth (and the sun popped a rainstorm in the Pleistocene, a ray, a golden gene), the forests of the sea, the tiny hearts contained pumping, in a thundershower (in a thundershower on the earth, in the earth), small and mighty rivers thru the mud, microcosms of the M*ss*ss*pp*.

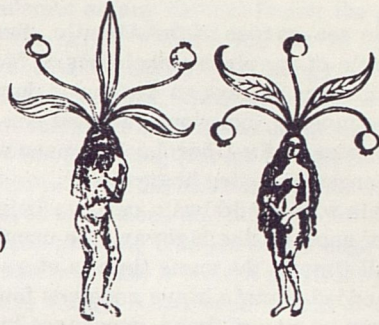
Each small search for a four-leaf clover leads to a local cosmology: bedouin Egypt, Turkoman tents, Ait 'Atta in the Atlas Mountains, gypsies and Jews, the New York Yankees, the Oglala Dakota, Yeat's Ireland, Madison Square Garden, Stonehenge, the musical instruments of Africa. From valley to valley, island to island, and across deserts these threads travel, ever richer and richer, like chunks of gold or coins of the red sun and blue star (coins found in the commerce of Alpha Centauri), carried in pockets, vans, caravans, biremes, glaciers, jeeps, kept in the basement of the old Salvation Army Furniture Store, or buried beneath the sands of the Sahara, the icing on Siberia,

the fertile sea-garden of the Atlantic, the code on the map, the mossy, loess-eous mantle of the planet: skeletons of Mousterian man, a few teeth of Pithecanthropus in Java, a desk used during the Civil War, a flint arrow, a Byzantine mosaic, conglomerate and sea-weed formed around a Scottish urn, the first notes of the Cherokee shamans when given a literate mode for their ancient language (young hoary texts), or the prayers dissolved into the swamps of Hibernia with Druid brain cells, a bright new nickel, last year's toys under a patch of snow off the highway, the occult, stones in Central Park, a tribolite fossil, all time is the same time is eternally present is before us. This complex imbedded planet always receives four dimensions by way of three, five by way of four by way of three, messages by way of X. by way of six by way of five by way of four by way of three, four words to every three, a fourth meaning after three have been announced to the gathered tribes (not the message but the syntax of the imbedding; i. e. , the message may be the score of baseball doubleheader, the second game altering the standings, a new pitcher brought up from the minors named Coleman), a request for love cannot be turned down the fourth time (Amerindian).

Soul-ar oikumene, all beings from a single hot field but fed on the sub-designs of sub-continents, genetic oikumene, by which the land is delivered to the sun by the crystalline being, man. In the time of creation great winds swept thru the earth's position; they were storms only in three dimensions, sheer place in four, something more coherent in five, etc. The Sun received its first messages of habitation from far away at its center; tone by tone the corona broke them down; these emitted, these responded to, third planet, the yellow house on the street corner, the Andes Mountains. Somewhere between two tones, in the passionate hiatus, in the quantum moment when consequence is initiated by a break in sequence: and life and the first day, creation played upon the earth as the snake-charmer plays creation on the head of the cobra, drawing him from the vase where he is hid of his own accord sucking his tail, each living being, in turn, drawn out of his pot by the harmonics of a field (tagged by astrologers as the field of stars for purposes of reference and cross-reference). This is the inhabited world, the great Bath in the sunlight. Where Drake's Passage goes: or only the ancient mariner who has sailed thru it then knows, who has mapped the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, who has sent the first rocket to the moon to dig into that dirt with its steel arm (and so begin the tilling of the field beneath the icing, the ice-cap). And this would relate to those who imagine the Martian Canals as commerce for thirsty people, who reach the Mississippi without their bearings and set up homes. Converting sperm of the Green planet: lares agri custodes. We have always proceeded on the assumption of fruit.

Robert Kelly

SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS



"Note on Dimensionality" (17 August 66)

(1) even though there is say the paradigm of Bodhidharma, lidless eyes of the awake man, there is a different order of seeing, perhaps simpler, because ocular, that yet seems difficult of access,

I mean shape-vision (Botticelli, Ingres, Miro obvious coordinates, as emanations --- maybe Labisse, Chagall, Rorschach as spectres)

whereby an outline becomes seme of a [tradition] [message] [continuity] (i. e., qabala as technical 'exercises' in the speed of neuron firing)

so I am looking at the shape (against brightness, afternoon) of a soap bear

(sold as grows hair, sold as containing, after series of lustrations, a surprise in its interior) where surprise is takeover of shape by interior content (Jack Horner to mind here: plums)

:so there have been some few to whom reality was not nucleus-enclosing but was (i. e., each thing was) itself nuclear

(let the art historians bitch abt Egypt, & complain that seeing shapes is seeing 3-dimensional reality in 2-dimensional terms --- as if dimensions had any meaning other than that rigid scalar one: quantifiable by one numerical proposition --- the value of res aegyptiaca lies in that ability to comprehend (picture) what has been apprehended (sight): in gematria, the number of Vision is the number of YHVH)

so it's the shape of the soap bear I speak to you of, a median bilateral bulge making for cuteness, i. e., the curves speak plangently, 'sweetly' (a word we cd once use) of the vale of Har

(so that marriage, say, is dangerous, in that it is capable of recidivist innocence (in

Blake's sense of innocence): the strangeness of our lives a function of sexual indeterminacy,

a man can find himself back in Beulah like a shot --- but that is no problem here or there)

strictly speaking, then, n-dimensional mathematics can speak properly of dimensions; does your saucer spokeman suggest that by 1980 we will be able to put the mensa- in dimension No. 4? i. e., coordinate extense or duration in such dimension with (our sense of) counting numbers? I'd like to hear more of this)

I think I'm offering this, re shape, Egyptian art, Miro, &c.: that the number of 'dimensions' in which an image may be measured once transcribed is irrelevant to the dimensionalities of the imaged.

i. e., we will be living in the 4th world, 4th image, by 1980?

(by which time the UFO-passengers will have given us a sense of why Amerindian languages put such stress on the distance of reported action? are these dimensions:

HERE-NOW

HERE-THEN

THERE-NOW

THERE-THEN ?



speculum universale).

.....

"Maps, Borrowings" (20 May 67)

In conversation with Harvey Brown today, I got started on putting together something that might hold value, a speculative tie-in of those wandering Norsemen (check minimally Turville-Petre on Norse mythology, Oxenstierna on the Vikings (also in current Sci Amer), Runciman on Crusades, varia on the Norman (= Norseman) kdoms of Sicily &c.) with the Sufi (= here non-theistic mystics of Islam), as if via the first (9th - 11th C) Norseman push (from Russia to Newfoundland, Lapland to North Africa & Persia) by a group of enthusiast drug-taking warriors (parallel here the Assassins of Syria, who were in fact in close contact both (a!) with the atheistic mystery school of Cairo, & (b) with the 'Crusaders' themselves) & then by the second push from the North (Hansa, I mean, Russia to Britain the tradesmen, paralleling the somewhat similar in time vast push of

Muslim merchants from Java to South Africa, Mongolia to Russia), as if by these two phenomena the Sufi impulse had already shaped the west.

Basic problem is with all the mystical borrowings nowadays from wisdom, literature, making always for personal imprinting but not for societal in/form/ation, i. e., no place (no 'figure of outward') to direct the inward meaning towards. No city. Here a glimpse of norse might suggest a possible paideuma (personal + societal impress, jointly and congruent) as might arise or be wanted from these present jollifications. QED.

Principia here:

-- all data must be summoned & entertained together; function of an historian to construct a grid for sifting such data

-- there can be no genetic or racial history (e. g., the Celts)

-- History is history of place, i. e., world history or local history,

place =

grid

(and a pun saves us all: mapping via maps!)



Hopi shield design

The second experience was just like the first, as far as what we were seeing. We didn't know if they were the same ones or not, but there they were, there were just five of them! They moved about, up and down, in vertical oscillation, down this way. When they would turn or change direction there was no bank, they were unaffected, it would seem, by the various laws that had been drilled into us for months and months in flight school; the laws of lift and drag, yaw and gravity. The forces of stopping or acceleration didn't seem to affect anything or anybody, that we knew. We felt we were getting used to it, and yet something was going on inside of us that we hadn't begun to understand. It was all very exciting!

When something is exciting, you're only focusing upon what is happening, not on what it means. This was brought home, I think, very seriously on the third sighting. When it was made, there were five again, this was just a couple of days later. When he* called, we were looking, and he notified us that they were there; at the time we assumed things, and you shouldn't do that, we assumed the change of position of weave, and in close formation, 60 ft. tip to tip, you haven't got much room for mistakes and there was a little jockeying there, because the call never came. He didn't call a change, and after less than a minute, we had a change of radio channel. This was given to us in a code which is called an inverted alphabetical code. If you take WXYZ and invert that numerically, it would be 1-2-3-4. This is the way the codes were changed or the radio channels were changed, through this alphabetical system. We were given the letters - it took me probably 20 to 25 seconds to convert it, convert the letters and figure the numerical values and then to spin it in. And what I did, I didn't know of course, in that short span of time, you're not wondering why you're doing something, you're just doing it, and this is just part of your orientation.

*The Colonel (flight-leader)

You go through quite a bit of, a moment of truth searching during something like this. You wonder why it's happening to you. You wonder what you're doing here, what this is all about. It starts coming to you and you don't have time to think about it. We thought we were getting used to seeing these things. We could live with them! But the experience of the communication was something that we weren't really ready for, and we didn't expect it and couldn't understand what this was all about.

When I hit the channel, there was a voice speaking on it and it was not me; it wasn't either of the group, anyone of the flight, or the other three. And the voice was answering questions as such. Now, at no time did I ask any questions. At no time did any of the other three pilots ask any questions, utter them verbally, and yet we were hearing something that was coming through, just like we were listening to or talking to each other or to a tower on the ground. It was very clear. The enunciation, pronunciation, vocabulary was excellent. The rate of speech was very slow. We were told later on by the flight leader, by the Colonel, that he had been asking the questions.

He said, "I did not say any of them." He said, "I was merely thinking them." He said, "They did not answer all of them, just a few." The first statement that had been made, and we had to, at this time, remember, more or less read in, what the question might be, which he later on told us. He said the first question was, "Do you believe in God?" Now he said, "the reason I asked them this was, if there was somebody there and if they did, then the odds were with us that they weren't hostile." And the answer, the statement that we heard was, "We believe in the Almighty Power of the Universe. You must understand that there are over 150 billion universes, and that there are many forms and orders of Gods in each and every one of them."

I am not relating to you verbatim. After 12 years, I can't remember exactly word for word, but this is very very close to the exact wording of what was said. Something like this doesn't leave you as such. The next statement was referring to the existence of life here, where they had come from, what they believed in. They said that, ah, the question had to be -- he said the question was -- "do--" I am trying to think of what excited the question, exactly how the question was worded, because the statement was

in effect. -- the existence of Noah in the Bible, the authenticity of it as such, they referred to as an erroneous history book. They said, for instance, "Noah's Ark was never a boat. It was an arc of time or a period of time, of which this man was a Ruler, and he ruled over a civilization," and he said if we went back and investigated the Latin, we would find Noah meant Inca, and the Incas were the last of the Noah civilization."

And they referred to, made the statement that our scientists had made statements based upon theories that life cannot and therefore does not exist on the other planets in this system, and they said that they were confirming those statements. He said, "Life does not and cannot exist on these other planets; it's all inside the planets, it's all in the interior, just as the house of the Lord. This is the house of the Lord we live in, the interior of the planet," and they stated that life originated here the same way, on the interior of the planet. And he said that it still exists that way.

The next question must have been as to "exactly who are you, where are you from?" Because the statement was, "Our crews are made up of individuals from planets known to you as Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Mars and Saturn, and they referred to Saturn as the head Tribunal Planet." In other words, the leaders of the state met here to discuss the affairs of state. They went into a number of other things that may or may not be important; by discussion with legal advice, much of this, I can only discuss about 10 per cent of what took place.

The total effect of the experience on us was when we landed, we couldn't walk! We were crawling! We were on our hands and knees, and we weren't ready for it. All we wanted was out, and this is what we told them then. They gave us sedation; we told them, we said, "we want out of this, we don't want any more to do with it, anyway we can get out of it." Whether it was his efforts or not, we were relieved of the assignment the next day. One thing that was out of order was that as soon as we landed, he* insisted, he dictated to us and he said, "You do not report the communication." He said, "Everything else, but do not report the communication." This is unusual. We didn't care to report anything.

*The Colonel

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The truth, of course, is relative to personal interpretation; acknowledgement of it and whatever ramifications it may have to the individual's philosophy at that time. We may pursue certain far eastern philosophies, diet changes, meditation. We might go through certain hypnotic trances to try to obtain this breakthrough. We may resort to certain drugs -- LSD and other hallucinatory drugs. I spoke to a group of UCLA students in Los Angeles a couple of months ago. It is estimated that approximately 25% of the student body at UCLA is using LSD. That's an awful lot of students. I think because of the nature of the subject, that many of them thought that I was on their side. I addressed them as psychic astronauts. To us, LSD and hypnosis, alike, are psychic crowbars. They pry open the door to the subconscious. We have interviewed -- we have doctors and psychologists and psychiatrists in our organization in Los Angeles, who have reviewed for the most part what facts are available in this type of a breakthrough. It seems that whenever you pry a door open it never fits right again. You tamper the hinges; the lock doesn't work right. It's prone to stick - to jam; and it might open from time to time, when you don't want it to, without control.

Sometimes we are jarred to awareness through a shock experience. This, of course, is what happened to us. We were forced to the acknowledgement of something we could not comprehend. We were viewing something -- objects we could not tell the origin of, we could not identify, which were performing in every way, shape, and form all of the laws of aerodynamics that we had been so thoroughly indoctrinated in as Cadets. It reminded us of the bumblebee. This little insect according to the engineer's slide rule cannot fly. His wing loading is too heavy. It's too high. But he doesn't know it, so he goes ahead and does it. I don't think that analogy can be made to these objects or to whatever form of intelligence is operating them, for the mere reason of justification through ignorance. It seems that they know an awful lot more about it than we know.

We had an experience on our third sighting which today, even today, we are seeking the answer to. We are trying to get to the bottom of it. It's controversial to say the least. It's controversial to ourselves. We were led to the assumption that it originated from the objects that we were viewing. It occurred on the third sighting.

There were five objects involved, just like in the second. It was in the form of a communication which came through our transceivers on the VHF frequency range. This is a very high frequency range. It was in - on - a military band wave length. The military bands are between 225 and 400 megacycles, with certain exceptions. For instance, 500 is a Maday channel --emergency channel. However, it was in the standard military band. The band was given to us by the flight-leader. At the time, we had certain difficulties almost immediately. We had rehearsed our diamond formation, and the break to the weaves so many times it was not unlike a football team rehearsing a play, and you just know your part and the timing of it. And you are prone to anticipate it and to move automatically, and this is what took place. We realized that such a sighting might not last much more than a few seconds. We had to move as quickly as possible. We would move into the formation as soon as we had fixed our position; we then, of course, assumed the weave. As a result, both the left-wing man and myself broke, and, immediately realized that the order did not come from the flight-leader to break. We were forced, of course, to reassociate ourself with the other two aircraft and to move back into the diamond formation.

As we did so, he called a change of formation to open the formation and gave us a radio channel wave length change. It was in the form of what is known as an inverted alphabetical code. It's a very simple code, but one if anyone was overhearing in any other form -- amateur radio or C. C. I. -- it would be confusing to say the least. The code is merely like W. X. Y. Z. 4321. Inverted: 1-2-3-4. We were just given four letters of the alphabet. We took their numerical significance; inverted them, and that was the way it went. It took approximately 25 to 30 seconds to do this. When we spun it in there was a voice speaking. It came through very clear. We were using the transceiver units which were relatively new at the time. They were a Lear Aircraft development. We considered them an excellent unit. Reception and sending on them was very clear. The voice spoke English. The use of the language was excellent vocabulary, enunciation was excellent. The rate of speech was very slow. We noticed in discussing it afterwards,

that there was no respiratory sounds, no breathing. These sounds that you hear sp and so on. The voice was making statements, which seemingly were in answer to questions. There were no statements or questions made on the part of anyone of the four of us. We understand that if we had acknowledged or returned that communication, that we would have been in violation of eight federal laws and 32 local statutes. We would have been communicating with an unlicensed station.

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The voice, the first statement made was: "We believe in the Almighty Power of the Universe. You must understand that there are over 150 billion universes, and that there are many forms and order of God in each and everyone of them." The statement next made was "We originate from planets in this system known to you as Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn; and that Saturn is the head tribunal planet of this system." The next statement made was: "Your scientists have made statements relative to -- based upon theory that life cannot and therefore does not exist on these systems." "We are at this time verifying and confirming their statements that life does not exist on these systems, that it is on the interior of these systems, these planets." Now, this is relative to interpretation. If you say on, do you mean on the physical planet? If you say in, do you mean on the interior of the physical planet; or, do you mean on the interior of the atmosphere, the etherial rings as they are described. This we can conjecture on over and over. Does it represent an unlimited area between a planet? We do know that the field, the magnetic fields of the planet Earth overlap those of Moon and overlap those of Mars. The next statements were relative to a period of time. The times, the name of the time was 1958 to 2025. Now, they stated, "That the planet was entering a cycle in 1958." They stated: "That these cycles had occurred many times and we should not be duly harassed to it except to the awareness of the change." They stated: "That there would be mass geographical, spiritual, political, economical change as a result of this cycle. That the planet would be moving from the third to the fourth dimension." Now, there have been many descriptions given to these type of things.

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They stated: "That as the planet would begin the change that we would see conflict among peoples. We would see the effect of this change in racial disorder and separation; we would see the effect through political chaos and separation of parties." They stated: "That by 1980 the monarchy, the capitalist state and communist systems would all be dissolved, and that they

would all burn themselves out." It would be an automatic fade-out, so to speak. They stated: "That there would be mass famine on the planet as a result of the lack of coordination between nations to feed their peoples." They stated: "That they, themselves while in this system existed completely from minerals removed from the oceans." They stated: "That if we would concentrate our activities in that direction that we could support a population density equivalent to Manhattan, New York." And they named Manhattan, New York.

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They stated: "That a major conflict of war would arise out of a seemingly insignificant conflict in the southeast theatre of Asia." Whether they referred to Vietnam or Laos - this is not sure. It is certainly in that area. They stated: "That this war would involve the Russians, the Americans, and the Orientals; and that the Russians and Americans would be allied against the Orientals." Now, in 1954, to a 20 year old pilot this Number One - scares the hell out of you. Number Two - it doesn't make sense.

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They stated: "That by 1980 there would be total economic failure." We used to have paper money that said: "Silver certificate redeemable upon demand at any U.S. mint." It now says: "Federal Reserve Note," which means I owe you. The half-dollar is gone. We pay with paper quarters. They stated: "That the leaders of the country would not live out their days in office." We, of course, can only point to the incident of Kennedy relative to this. They stated: "That there would be mass geographical changes that would begin in the year 1967." They stated: "That these geographical changes would be heralded by land mass arising in the South Pacific areas." They stated: "That areas of the Californias would be inundated through action, earthquake, and tidal wave; and there would be warning signs in the form of volcanic action." They stated: "Relative to the California areas, the volcanic action of Vesuvius or Pelee--and, or, would indicate the coming action of earthquake." They stated: "That the action would take place within a quarter (which we interpreted to mean ninety days)." People ask me -- Are you going to leave California in 1967? Of course, an awful lot of people in California are very concerned about this statement; and I say: No, I'm not planning on leaving; but if one of those volcanoes goes off - don't look for me.

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Statements relative to the future were, "That by 1998 all of the geographical changes would have been completed. We would at that time be well in the fourth dimension." There were statements made relative to the Bible, it was referred to as an erroneous history book. They stated: "That it contained the original truths and was the story of the Jews, but of no other civilization." They stated: "For instance, Noah's Ark was never a boat. It was an Arc of Time." In other words, A-R-C; not A-R-K. The statement was made to the effect that: "The man Noah was a ruler of a civilization which endured on the continent of Pam." They stated: "That if we would investigate our Latin word origins we would discover that Inca meant Noah; and vice versa - and that the Inca civilizations were the remnants of the civilization of Noah and that they do still exist on this planet."

We have three doctors in our group who are in South America now, looking into this and many other details of this mystery. They state that natives there will tell you the Incas live in the mountains. They will take you to the openings, the caverns leading into these mountains, and they say-- that's where you go. They won't go there themselves. They say it's taboo, it's voodoo. They'll take you to the opening if you want to go. We don't know whether it's an accurate record or fiction or not. There's one work, an old book called the 'Shaver Mystery'. Some of you may be familiar with it. It is the story of an explorer who was given a map in Mexico by some ancient old Mexicans who stated that this was the map of the civilization inside the planet, and he pursued that map into the Andes region of South America. And, according to his descriptions, he came across these openings and he entered it, and he came across this civilization. It sounded like a wild, wild fairy story when we first read it until we started comparing certain other pieces of evidence that we have come up with recently. Now, we're not so sure it's so wild.

The combined total effect of our experience in January of 1954, placed three of us in a state of shock. The flight-leader was elated. The only thing he did was to state: "To report the sighting, but not the communication." This is a strict violation of orders upon anything as far as a military assignment. We, of course, were involved in the responsibility that he was dictating to us. It was his order, however. He would be the first one called on carpet if it was taken to issue. As far as we know, it was not taken to issue, to him, nor has it been to us.

Most, if not all, of mathematics could be classed as the study of structured sets and mappings between structured sets. Often, the set is called an \mathcal{L} -space, where \mathcal{L} is some root denoting the structural properties of the set. For example, a set with a suitable addition and multiplication by real numbers is called a real vector space; a set, together with a collection of subsets which combine nicely, is called a topological space. The interesting mappings between an \mathcal{L} -space A and a \mathcal{B} -space B are those which reflect the structural properties of A in the image B . For example, a probability measure is a mapping from a collection of subsets of the real line, into the interval $[0, 1]$. Perhaps its fundamental property is that if A and B are subsets with $A \subset B$, then $m(A) \leq m(B)$. Thus, a probability measure is, first of all, a "morphism" of a partially ordered set of subsets into a totally ordered set of real numbers. The ordering of subsets is reflected in the ordering of their measures.

As mathematics has developed, mathematicians have increasingly recognized the importance of these mappings. We can study the structure of an \mathcal{L} -space A in terms of a more familiar \mathcal{B} -space B by looking at all the morphisms from A into B , or all the morphisms from B into A . (I have not explicitly defined morphism in terms of \mathcal{L} and \mathcal{B} -- the structure of A and B -- because it is not a priori clear how much of the \mathcal{L} -ness of A must be preserved by a map in order for the map to be a useful indication of structure.) The advantage to studying a collection of maps from A to B is that this collection often has a nicer structure than either A or B do. For example, if B and A are the same space, then the maps can always be made to form a semigroup: they can be multiplied, the multiplication is associative, and there is a multiplicative unit (the identity map). What we would hope here is that the structure of A will become more apparent in the semigroup of maps from A to A . Again, this semigroup is generally cut down to a smaller collection of maps which preserve some of the structure. On a vector space A , we start by looking not at all maps of A into A , but at those maps ϕ such that $\phi \cdot (a + b) = \phi(a) + \phi(b)$ and $\phi(ra) = r(\phi(a))$, for all a, b in A , r in the ground field. These maps, called "linear transformations," preserve the entire vector-space structure of A . As an example of the use of a collection of mappings to reveal the structure of a space, here is a theorem about the continuous maps from a topological space into the real number field: If X is a topological space, then $C(X, R)$ -- the algebra of continuous real valued

functions on X -- is Baer* (an algebraic property) if and only if X is basically disconnected (a topological property); $C(X, R)$ is a complete Baer* algebra if and only if X is extremely disconnected. So we can answer questions about X in terms of questions about $C(X, R)$, or vice versa -- whichever is easier.

The increasing emphasis on mappings is concurrent with a de-emphasis on the specific properties of the spaces mapped. We no longer think of an n -dimensional vector space as a collection of n -tuples, with slotwise operations, coordinatized by vectors of the form $(0, 0, \dots, 0, 1, 0, 0, \dots, 0)$. Rather, a vector space is now a coordinate free algebraic entity: a set with a suitable addition and scalar multiplication. After eliminating coordinates, we try to make proofs which are completely non-spacial. For example, in studying $B(H)$, the algebra of bounded linear operators on a Hilbert Space, we try to make internal characterizations of the algebra, with no reference to the space on which its elements act. In particular, given the spectral theorem we can talk internally about the adjoint A^* of an operator A , instead of spacially via the inner product on H .

Currently, the culmination of this philosophy is Category Theory, in which mapping becomes the primitive concept. The spaces are dropped entirely, but can be recovered from the "identity maps" if we like. Now what I am going to try to convey is my sense that this idea -- maps, not spaces -- is the mathematical version of a psychological truth which might be phrased: "the poet is interested in verbs, not nouns;" or Creeley "...but for this world I wonder, or rather think that it is only in the relationships men manage that they live at all...;" or English 1-2 "how do we move from ..." I want only to present some of the events of this year -- some mathematical, some not -- which make me feel that it is the growing, the new seeing, the breaking of the perceptual dimension, and not the factual content, which make an Art. And math is an art.

I saw a very small pen and ink drawing, an angular spiral of dark lines, like girders, becoming lighter, indistinct, at the edges. It suggested an enormous spacial web; one small face had come briefly into focus. And it gave me a strong shock of recognition, like a *dejà vu*.

Two years ago, a friend was talking either about music or a poem. He said: First you're flying along down here _____, and then very suddenly, with no transition, you're up here _____, magically. This image of discontinuously rising in an immense blue sky has stuck visually in dreams and daydreams since.

The Puritans used the metaphor of a tinder box for a man's soul. The man and the minister could prepare the tinder, but the spark -- the moving from this world to a state of grace, was the gift of God. And it was sinful to expect fire merely from diligent rubbing.

This summer, months after the words had been said or half said, I realized in ten seconds, or a quarter of a second, what Trace meant, and how it was really a dimension function linearly extended. In the same second, how * algebras could be given a dot product $a \cdot b = \text{Trace}(ab^*)$ which would be the right one.

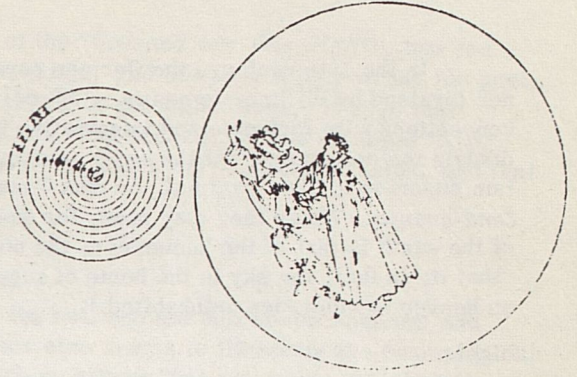
Two more examples, longer because they can be explained. For almost a year, I have wondered where unitary group representations, or even ordinary group representations, come from. Looking up this sort of thing is cheating, so I have waited. Last week it was practically handed to me like this. From a group, we can construct an algebra by considering all linear combinations of characteristic functions of single elements of the group. The multiplication in this "group algebra" is just the linear extension of the multiplication taking the characteristic function of g and the characteristic function of h into the characteristic function of gh (the product of g and h in the group). The mapping of g into its characteristic function is then an embedding of the group into an (associative) algebra. Now the map taking g into g^{-1} is an involution of the group. This much, except about the embedding, was thrown at me. Staring at it in the middle of a class, I said to myself something like " * is inverse -- unitary -- unitary -- unitary representation? -- embedding, *, inverse, associative, transformations -- still unitary? -- yes, Trace, inner product, $a \longrightarrow ua$." It happens so fast and so symbolically; Trace, unitary, algebra go from words to psychological reality -- felt, not named. And so it is that math is done intuitively. The words, definitions, are focused by the symbols and acquire a solidity of their own. The finished product may be called independent of symbols and men, but math as it is done is another story.

The last example: What does it mean to see four dimensionally? I can only answer by analogy. The analogy is not physical, for there is no seeing by 3-light in 2-dimensions. But abstractly, mathematically, we can imagine "Flatlanders," as they are called, who live in a two dimensional surface, and for whom a closed curve walls out an impenetrable region of 2-space. A Flatlander inside a circle cannot see out to the rest of his world. Outside a circle, he cannot see in. Now suppose this Flatlander tries to see three dimensionally. He cannot find the 3rd dimension by hunting around his world; it just isn't there. But if we talk to him, we tell of seeing at once inside and outside of closed curves, of simultaneously knowing the whole of 2-space. Think now about moving from the Flatlander's conception of his world to your conception of it. This motion, breaking the dimension, is what we must do to see four dimensionally. 4-sight, foresight, is to see in and out of spacial objects, to look forward and backward in a fourth dimension, to see this world from an above not found in three space.

And it is this that every example I have given seems to be: breaking the dimension. The dimension is not broken by an accident. It takes a long time to get ready, for new sight is not cheap and cannot be given from man to man. The greatest crime in the teaching of mathematics is to drop Results into our laps from nowhere. There is no decent explanation which begins: "Let epsilon be greater than zero..." Rather, it is only by being as clear as we can about what we have done and what the next step can mean that we go anywhere. But when we are that clear, when we know what a 3-dimensional man can know, then we are permitted a leap. Then the tinder is lit. It is the leap that is important, not where we came from or go to. It is the sudden glimpse of structure that counts. It is the mapping.



Translated by Tim Reynolds
Jorge Luis Borges



SPHERICAL ANIMALS

The sphere is the most uniform of solid bodies, all points of its surface being equidistant from its center. For this reason, and because it spins about an axis without changing its position or exceeding its limits, Plato (*Timaeus*, 33) approved the decision of the Demiurge who formed the earth as a sphere. He considered the world a living being, and in the *Laws* (898) affirmed that the planets and stars live as well. He thus bequeathed vast spherical animals to the Imaginary Zoo, implicitly criticizing astronomers too sluggish to see the circular movement of heavenly bodies as spontaneous and voluntary.

(More than five hundred years later, in Alexandria, Origen taught that the blessed would be resuscitated in the form of spheres, and would roll into eternity).

During the Renaissance the concept of the sky as an animal reappeared in Vanini: the neoplatonist Marsilio Ficino mentioned the hair, teeth and bones of the earth; and Giordano Bruno believed the planets to be immense and peaceable animals, warm-blooded and of regular habits, endowed with reason.

At the beginning of the 17th century, Kepler discussed, with the English occultist Robert Fludd, the priority of the conception of the earth as a living creature, "whose whale-like respiration, corresponding to sleep and waking, produces the ebb and flow of the tides." Kepler studied this creature's anatomy, its nourishment, its color, its memory, and its imaginative and plastic vigor.

In the 19th century, the German psychologist Gustav Theodor Fechner (praised by William James in *A Pluralistic Universe*) reconsidered these conceptions with fortunate and imaginative ingenuousness. Those who do not disdain the conjecture that the earth, our mother, is an organism - an organism superior to plant, animal, or man - may examine the pious pages of the *Zend-Avesta*. There they may read, for example, that the spherical shape of the earth is that of the human eye, the noblest part of our body. And "that if, in fact, the sky is the home of angels, they are doubtless the stars, as heaven is otherwise uninhabited."

BAHAMUT

Behemoth's reputation penetrated to the deserts of Arabia, whose inhabitants magnified and altered his image. From hippopotamus or elephant they made a fish supported by a bottomless ocean; over this fish they imagined a bull, and over the bull a mountain of ruby, and over the mountain an angel, and over the angel six infernos, and over these infernos the earth, and over the earth seven heavens. We find this tradition preserved by Lane:

God created the earth, but the earth was without foundation, and so under the earth he created an angel. But the angel was without foundation, and so under his feet he created a rock of ruby. But this rock was without foundation, and so under the rock he created a bull with a hundred thousand eyes, ears, noses, mouths, tongues and hooves. But the bull was without foundation, and so under the bull he created a fish called Bahamut, and under the fish he placed water, and under the water he put darkness, and beyond this point human wisdom cannot proceed.

Others maintain that the earth is founded on the water; the water on the rock; the rock on the bull's neck; the bull on a bed of sand; the sand on Bahamut; Bahamut on a choking wind; the choking wind on a mist. The support of the mist is not known.

Bahamut's splendor and immensity are such that his appearance is not tolerable to the human eye. All the seas of the world, gathered in one of his nostrils, would seem as a mustard seed in the middle of the desert.

It is related, in the 496th night of the *Thousand and One Nights*, how Isa (Jesus) was permitted to view Bahamut, and how, when he reached his goal, he circled about the three days trying to get a good look. It adds that beneath this huge fish there is a sea, and beneath the sea an abyss of air, and fire beneath the air, and under the fire a serpent named Falak, and that the infernos are in his mouth.

This business of the rock above the bull and the bull above Bahamut and Bahamut above something or other else seems to illustrate the cosmological proof for the existence of God, which argues that any cause requires a prior cause, thus necessitating a First Cause in order to avoid an infinite regression.



Hopi shield design

Eduardo Zalamea

THERE IS ALWAYS A LUMINESCENT SHIP SAILING FROM THE EYE

I have lost the instrument used for the creation of roads.

Being transparent and surrounded by transparency, why am I to desire so many faces?

Light can only be penetrated by light.

As slowly as creation grows the awakening is. Slow
awakening dominated by the advance of gods.
Slow the awakening is, all things participating in it.
The light opens its eye, the point
slowly growing. It becomes the sky.
Beyond each thing, all the stillnesses
mix themselves, slowly, turning, into a column.
Existence creates its own fantastic column of invisibility
that is to sustain existence on itself.
Like the light the dream is slowly opening its eye,
little by little receiving the soul: it's the
awakening, all the souls now flying through the same vein.
The zenith of the awakening is the return to the heart.
The eye pulses: it's the proximity of the heart. . . .

And yet I am an ocean in search of a beach of light

There is always
a luminescent ship
sailing from the eye.

I am near the revelation of the edge.

Between two clouds there is an abyss which unites the
clouds.

In the midst of the whole there is an abyss and
an altitude which unites.

The meeting of dreams sustains the arrow.

The exile of the statues is called human life.

After the true silence, and only then, comes the sudden
reaction of the perpetual.

Because by seeing I have created an eye, now blindness
can be my shield.

Stones are too difficult for me to join; their light
is too strong.

By trees whose branches point to their original seasons,
I stand.

If we speak the word, let us speak the word which the
word wants to speak.

Light shall be replaced by the diamond from which it comes.

How can I be honest with my visions when my eye is a
kaliedoscope?

You who know what words do not, help...

No longer the sky
but the sky advancing from oneself.

Waves make different the equal lights.

I have this security: that one part of my soul is always sleeping.

The flowers are bases
of distant worlds

I have lost the instrument for the creation of roads.

Nels Richardson

THE LION'S HONESTY

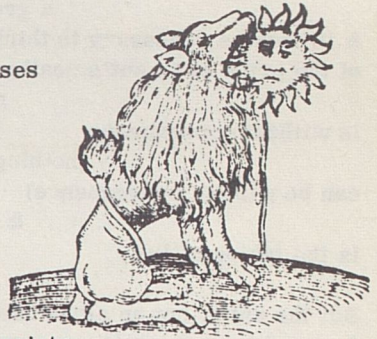
The Lion's honesty is to pass shrewdly
in those places where he leaves no prints
His fur is soft, for his great size and weight
deserve to be felt between the fingers of the dream, and touched
carefully by the ground, as he is set down thunderously by air
among rancorous bullets, atop the hare's heart,
imposing rest: one of God's most carefully treasured weapons.

He is soft, as is fitting for a great mass
contending in a world of equitable scales,
where boundaries are generous

His blood is a very fountain to the smaller senses

He is seen to move upon the seas of grasses
or the crags of mountains

And his honesty is to pass where he leaves no prints



-Will we notice the pain
with which we must one day surely atone for his death
-Or are there beings (& are there beings)
who step on us as lightly as we tread ants?

that is the hideous question someone is always asking
Egypt after Egypt

But all this touches us & what touches the ant?
the ant I can barely feel as it walks the innocent
topside of my foot?

By our social order we seek to understand the ant's
we speak of their cities & their queens & their work
& call their aphids cows & say ants milk them
We understand ants to be industrious, plenteous, sober & secure
in the merciless absolute of their numbers

There are many ants

That is there are more ants than men

or so it seems for who has seen them
billion after billion moving together
investing a planet & controlling an atmosphere?

It is without hope
we may not understand the ant
& if the ant teaches us any lesson
it is this lesson:

here is an alien being doing alien things
wordless timeless neither beautiful nor ugly
as readily on a planet of Toliman as here

while from our need to identify with the ant
& render its institutions such homage
as it may be to call them by our names

we may observe (here is the lesson) how lonely we are.

The GOD of ants is Saturn, initiator of timeless incomprehensible works. The patron SAINT of ants is Saint Joseph (husband of Mary the Mother of Jesus); he submitted himself to the operations of an alien intelligence & was exalted without comprehension. The RELIGION most favorable to ants is Islam : submission. The holy PLACE of ants is Riverside Drive & 114th Street, the park between city & river, a river which also is ocean, where between rows of paths we have made lie patches of what we have not made: over each the ant travels with equal ease & profit. The DAY of ants is Saturday in Summer. Ants will separate & sort each kind of grain in Psyche's heap, all for their own purposes.



To make a music
 one must listen,
 and to make division
 one is whole.
 Who tuned it right
 tuned winds.

It cannot mean
 one god's perspective
 is the whole of it,
 or put a mark on it.
 It is a music.

It is made.

Where the earth was
 (and is)
 it never was
 (was not)
 The counterfeit of noise,
 the rumor
 that it has an end,
 all die away.

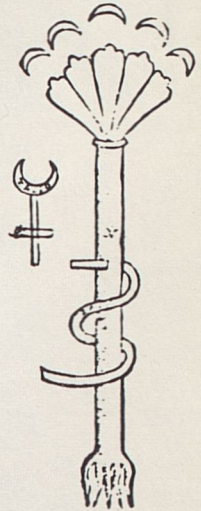
We are left
 --- we two ---
 as all are two
 are one
 with earth
 and what is earth's
 with love.

THE FIRE POEM

1

Note that the fire
 consumes not itself,
 but what is cast there:

Into it.



Con
fluence.

4

And ---
what of men?
What of the woman?

5

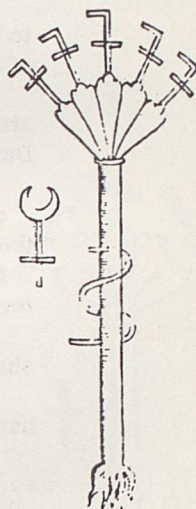
Where the deer pawed
under the tree last night
looking
for frozen apples
there is a connection,
something that holds
as the sky extends
the earth,
and without its part
there could be no earth,
these pawings.
There are no divisions.

6

The poems
and one poem

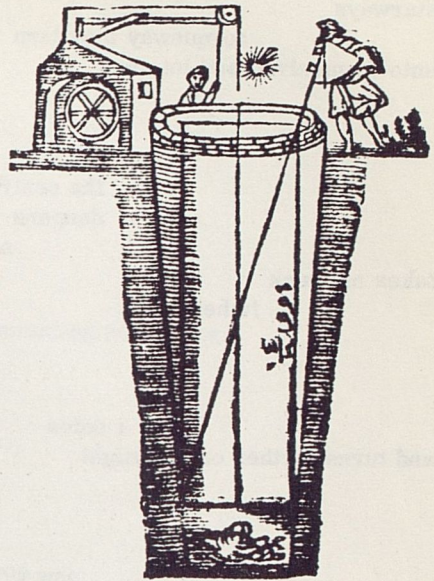
7

Heigho, my love,
there are daisy chains
for us.



Richard Grossinger

TORQUEWAY



i found myself and the ground
face to face
 i lay there on the world
 waiting for sleep

no sleep rolling
against the side of the tent
spurting thru night in
 half-dreams

i meet you i touch
you
 each time under different bowers
 about to be married about to be
 and spin away
back into the tent

the dream i know is born
in the sky i close my eyes
and wait for my head to engulf the stars
 for the stars
to turn into my head

the fires turn
deep beyond rotation beyond

starways

torqueway they turn
unto themselves and into me

the central top spins my mind
deepens

takes my cock

in her hand

a young blonde girl from this afternoon

i come

and turns further on into night

now we stand on the hub of the dream
in deep grass

standing before a doll's house church
the judge speaks syllables but not words
your motions are jerky as though
linked to another plane

i alone dream this dream

and sleep
fades depositing me
in the tent

slowly my hand
pulls up the zipper

gradually my head
protrudes
for a look at the stars

one look i pull myself out
stumble thru bushes
stand up

on the top of colorado
colorado torque the universe

the top spins on the streets
humming wind-songs

young bugs shiver up the axis

meteors drop
all thru colorado

speeding out of the open universe
threading themselves on air
igniting choking

the earth free-wheels
bending lines of flight
sweeping up the open universe

back and forth
i walk

hope
despair

love
lust

fear
energy

free
compelled

certain
doubtful

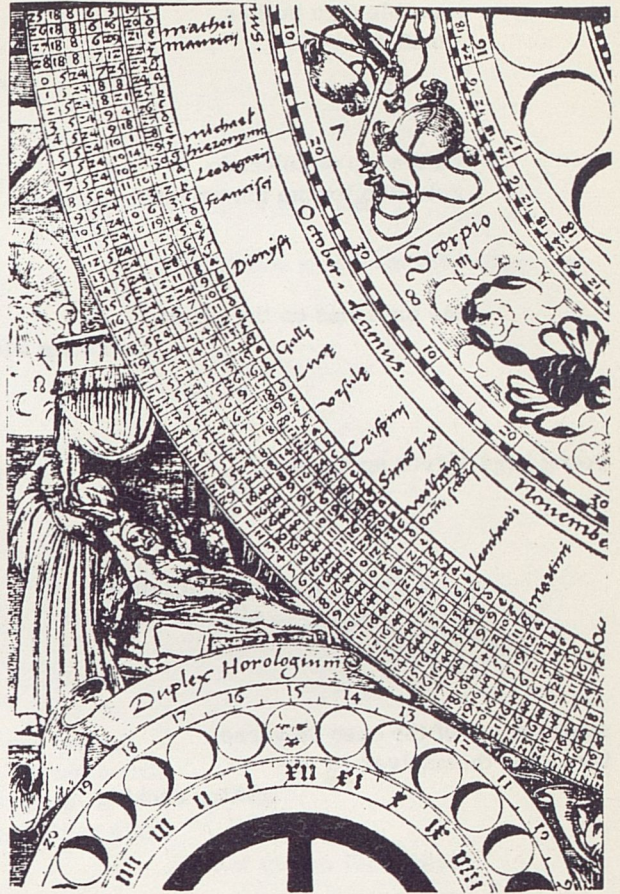
full
empty

whole
slit

tick
tick

second by
second

second to
second



the open universe burns

me

invisible morning rays
kindle in spots

a bird
whizzing

crashes
into our car

stumbles in the dust

recovers frantic

and is gone

an orange ghost puffs
himself on the zenith

and all day in the abyss
of sunlight this must happen

the stars falling thru
consciousness winding us thru

our centers



Hopi shield design

Translated by H. R. Voth



ORIGIN MYTH

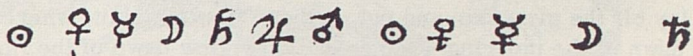
A very long time ago there was nothing but water. In the east Hurúing Wuhti, the deity of all hard substances, lived in the ocean. Her house was a kiva like the kivas of the Hopi of to-day. To the ladder leading into the kiva were usually tied a skin of a gray fox and one of a yellow fox. Another Hurúing Wuhti lived in the ocean in the west in a similar kiva, but to her ladder was attached a turtle-shell rattle.

The Sun also existed at that time. Shortly before rising in the east the Sun would dress up in the skin of the gray fox, whereupon it would begin to dawn - the so-called white dawn of the Hopi. After a little while the Sun would lay off the gray skin and put on the yellow fox skin, whereupon the bright dawn of the morning - the so-called yellow dawn of the Hopi - would appear. The Sun would then rise, that is, emerge from an opening in the north end of the kiva in which Hurúing Wuhti lived. When arriving in the west again, the sun would first announce his arrival by fastening the rattle on the point of the ladder beam, whereupon he would enter the kiva, pass through an opening in the north end of the kiva, and continue his course eastward under the water and so on.

By and by these two deities caused some dry land to appear in the midst of the water, the waters receding eastward and westward. The Sun passing over this dry land constantly took notice of the fact, that no living being of any kind could be seen anywhere, and mentioned this fact to the two deities. So one time the Hurúing Wuhti of the west sent word through the Sun to the Hurúing Wuhti in the east to come over to her as she wanted to talk over this matter. The Hurúing Wuhti of the east complied with this request and proceeded to the west over a rainbow. After consulting each other on his point the two concluded that they would create a little bird; so the deity of the east made a wren of clay, and covered it up with a piece of native cloth (móchápu). Hereupon they sang a song over it, and after a

little while the little bird showed signs of life. Uncovering it, a live bird came forth, saying: "Úma hinok pas nui kita nâwakna?" (why do you want me so quickly). "Yes," they said, "we want you to fly all over this dry place and see whether you can find anything living." They thought that as the Sun always passed over the middle of the earth, he might have failed to notice any living beings that might exist in the north or the south. So the little Wren flew all over the earth, but upon its return, reported that no living being existed anywhere. Tradition says, however, that by this time Spider Woman (Kóhkang Wuhti), lived somewhere in the south-west at the edge of the water, also in a kiva, but this the little bird had failed to notice.

Hereupon the deity of the west proceeded to make very many birds of different kinds and form, placing them again under the same cover under which the Wren had been brought to life. They again sang a song over them. Presently the birds began to move under the cover. The goddess removed the cover and found under it all kinds of birds and fowls. "Why do you want us so quickly?" the latter asked. "Yes, we want you to inhabit this world." Hereupon the two deities taught every kind of bird the sound that it should make, and then the birds scattered out in all directions.



THE SNAKE MYTH

At Tokóonavi, north of the Grand Canyon, lived people who were then not yet Snake people. They lived close to the bank of the river. The chief's son often pondered over the Grand Canyon and wondered where all that water went to. "That must certainly make it very full somewhere," he thought to himself. So he spoke to his father about it. "So that is what you have been thinking about," the latter said. "Yes," his son answered, "I want to go and examine it." The father gave his consent and told his son that he should make a box for himself that would be large enough for him to get into, and he should arrange it so that all openings in the box could be closed. This the boy did, making also a long pole (according to others a long báho), with which he could push the box in case it became fast or tangled up anywhere.

When he was ready he took a lot of báhos and some food, went into the box, and allowed himself to be pushed into the water, on which he then floated along. Finally he came to the ocean, where he drifted against an island. He found the house of Spider Woman (Kóhkang Wuhti) here, who called him to come to her house. He went over and found that he could not get through the opening leading to her house. "How shall I get in?" he said; "the opening is too small." She told him to enlarge it. This he did and then entered. He told her a story and gave her a báho, and said that he had come after beads, etc. She pointed to another kiva away out in the water and said that there were some beads and corals there, but that there were some wild animals guarding the path to it. "If you had not informed me, how could you have succeeded in getting there, and how would you have gotten back? But I shall go with you," she said, "because you have given me a báho, for which I am very glad." She then gave the young man some medicine and seated herself behind his right ear. He spurted the medicine over the water and immediately a road like a rainbow was formed from the dwelling of Spider Woman to the other kiva. On this they went across the water. As they approached the kiva to which they were going, they first encountered a panther, who growled fiercely. The young man gave him a green báho and spurted some medicine upon him, which quieted him. A little farther on they met a bear, whom they quieted in the same manner. Still farther on they came upon a wildcat, to which they also handed a báho, which quieted the animal. Hereupon they met a gray wolf, and finally a very large rattlesnake (Káhtoya), both of which they appeased in the same manner as the others. They then arrived at the kiva, where they found at the entrance a bow standard (Aoát nátsi). They then descended the ladder and found in the kiva many people who were dressed in blue kilts, had their faces painted with specular iron (yaláhái), and around their necks they wore many beads. The young man sat down near the fireplace, Spider Woman still being seated on his ear, but no one spoke. The men looked at him, but remained silent. Presently the chief got a large bag of tobacco and a large pipe. He filled the latter and smoked four times. He then handed the pipe to the young man and said: "Smoke and swallow the smoke." The swallowing of the smoke was a test; any one not being able to do that was driven off. Spider Woman had informed the young man about this test, so he was posted. When he commenced to smoke she whispered to him: "Put me behind you." This he did in an unobserved manner, so when he swallowed the smoke she immediately drew the smoke from him through the rectum and blew it away, and hence he did not get dizzy. The men who did not observe the trick were pleased and said to him: "All right, you are strong; you are certainly some one. Thank you. Your heart is good; you are one of us; you are our child." "Yes," he said, and handed them some red nakwákwosis and a single green báho with red points, such as are still made in Shupáulavi in the Antelope

society.

They then became very friendly, saying that they were very happy over the *baños*. On the walls of the kiva were hanging many costumes made of snake skins. Soon the chief said to the people: "Let us dress up now," and turning to the young man, he bid him to turn away so that he would not see what was going on. He did so, and when he looked back again the men had all dressed up in the snake costumes and had turned into snakes, large and small, bull snakes, racers, and rattle-snakes, that were moving about on the floor hissing, rattling, etc. While he had turned away and the snake people had been dressing themselves, Spider Woman had whispered to him that they were now going to try him very hard, but that he should not be afraid to touch the snakes; and she gave him many instructions.

Among those present in the kiva had also been some pretty maidens who had also put on snake costumes and had turned into serpents. One of them had been particularly handsome. The chief had not turned into a snake, and was sitting near the fireplace. He now turned to the young man and said to him: "You go now and select and take one of these snakes." The snakes seemed to be very angry and the young man got frightened when they stared at him, but Spider Woman whispered to him not to be a coward, nor to be afraid.

The prettiest maiden had turned into a large yellow rattle-snake (*Siká-tcua*), and was especially angry. Spider Woman whispered to the young man, that the one that acted so very angrily was the pretty maiden and that he should try to take that one. He tried, but the snake was very wild and fierce. "Be not afraid," Spider Woman whispered, and handed him some medicine. This he secretly chewed and spurted a small quantity of it on the fierce snake, whereupon it immediately became docile. He at once grabbed it, held and stroked it four times upward, each time spurting a little medicine on it, and thus freeing it from its anger. The chief was astonished and said: "You are very something, thanks. Now, look away again." He did so and when he turned back he saw that all the snakes had assumed the forms of men and women again, including the maiden that he had captured. They now were all very good to him, and talked to him in the kindest manner, because they now considered him as initiated and as one of them. He was

now welcome, and the chief invited him to eat. The mána whom the young man had taken got from another room in the kiva some bread made of fresh corn-meal, some peaches, melons, etc., and set this food before the young man. Spider Woman whispered to the young man to give her something to eat too, which he did secretly. She enjoyed the food very much and was very happy.

Now the chief asked the man why he came, etc. "I hunt a lóimat kátcit (good life) and was thinking about the water running this way, and so this way it runs. I have come also to get Hopi food from here. I also heard that there lives a woman here somewhere, the Hurúing Wuhti, from whom I want beads." "What have you for her?" they asked. "These báhos," he said. "All right, you will get there. But now you sleep here." But Spider Woman wanted to get back. He told them that he wanted to go out a little while. He went and took Spider Woman home, and put her down. She invited him to come and eat with her. She had a pövölpiki off which she lived and which never gave out, but he left her and returned to the Snake kiva, where he was welcomed and called brother and son-in-law (möönangwuu), although he had not yet married, but only caught the mana. So he remained there. That evening and night the chief told him all about the Snake cult, altar, etc., etc., and instructed him how he must put this up, and do that, when he would return. He did not sleep that night.

In the morning he again went out on the same excuse as the previous evening, and went to Spider Woman, who went out. She made a rainbow road into the ocean to a high bluff where Hurúing Wuhti lived, and to which they ascended on a ladder. They went in and found an old hag, but on all the walls many beads, shells, etc. The woman said nothing. The young man gave her the báhos, then she said faintly, "Áskwali!" (Thanks!) At sundown she went into a side chamber and returned a very pretty maiden with fine buffalo and wildcat robes, of which she made a bed, and after having fed him, invited him to sleep with her on the bed. Then Spider Woman whispered he should comply with her request, then he would win her favor and get the beads. So he did as requested.

In the morning he awoke and found by his side an old hag, snoring. He was very unhappy. He stayed all day, the hag sitting bent up all day. In

the evening the change, etc., that occurred on the previous day was repeated, but the hag after this remained a pretty maiden. He remained four days and nights with Hurúing Wuhti, who is the deity of the hard substances. After four days he wanted to go home, so she went into a room on the north side and got a turquoise bead; then from a room west the same; from a room south a reddish bead (cátsni); from one east, a hard white bead (Hurúingwa), a shell. Then she gave him a few of all kinds of beads and told him to go home now, but charging him not to open the sack, because if he did they would be gone, and if he did not they would increase. "You go to the Snakes, who will give you clothes, food, etc."

He then returned to the Snake kiva. There he stayed four days and four nights, sleeping with his wife. When he was ready to go home the chief said: "Take this mana with you. You have won us. Take it all with you, take of our food. Practice the ceremonies there that I told you about. This woman will bear you children and then you will be many and they will hold this ceremony for you." So they started. At Spider Woman's house he told his wife, "You stay here. I will go to the rear." So he went to Spider Woman's house and she asked: "Well, did you get the mana?" "Yes," he said. "Well, you take everything along." But she forbid him to touch his wife while they would be on the way, as then his beads would disappear and also his wife.

So they started. The beads were as yet not heavy. During the night they slept separately. In the morning they found that the beads had increased, and they kept increasing as they went along the next day. The next night they spent in the same way. They were anxious to see whether the beads and shells had increased, but did not dare to do so. The third night was again spent, and the contents of the bag increased the same as the previous two nights. The bag with the beads and shells now became very heavy and the young man was very anxious to see them, but his wife forbade him to open the sack. The fourth night was spent in the same manner, and when they arose in the morning the sack was nearly full and was very heavy. Spider Woman had also put some strings into the bag with the beads, and the beads were strung onto these strings as they kept increasing.

They now approached the home of the young man, and the latter was

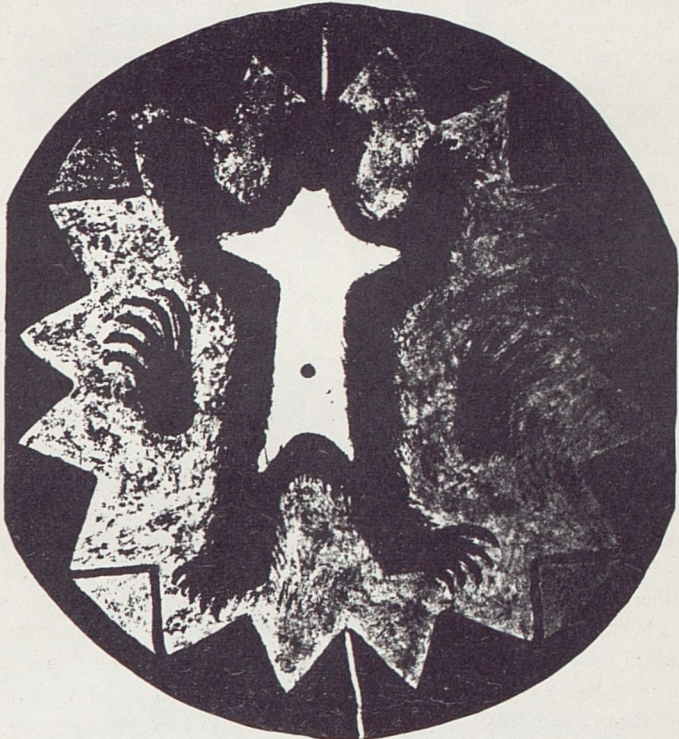
very anxious to get home in order to see the contents of the sack, so they traveled on. The woman was pregnant - "quickly, like snakes." The man wanted to cohabit with her but she forbade him. When they had nearly one more day's travel to make the sack had become full. During the last night the man opened the sack, although his wife remonstrated most energetically. He took out many of the finest beads and shells and spread them on the floor before them, put them around his neck, and was very happy. So they retired for the night. In the morning they found that all the beads except those which Huruing Wuhti had given to the man had disappeared. Hence the Hopi have so few beads at the present day. If that man had at that time brought home with him all the beads which he had, they would have many. So when they arrived at home they were very despondent.

At that time only the Divided or Separated Spring (Bátki) clan and the Pöna (a certain cactus) clan lived at that place, but with the arrival of this young couple a new clan, the Snake clan, had come to the village. Soon this new woman bore many children. They were snakes, who lived in the fields and in the sand. They grew very rapidly and went about and played with the Hopi children, whom they sometimes bit. This made the Hopi very angry, and they said: "This is not good," and drove them off, so they were very unhappy. The woman said to her husband: "You take our children back to my home and then we shall go away from here alone." Then the man's father made báhos, gave them to his son, who put all the snakes with the báhos into his blanket and took them back to his wife's home, and there told the Snake people why he brought their children and the báhos. They said it was all right. Hence the Snake priests, when carrying away the snakes from the plaza after the snake dance, take with them and deposit with the snakes some báhos, so that they should not themselves return to the village.

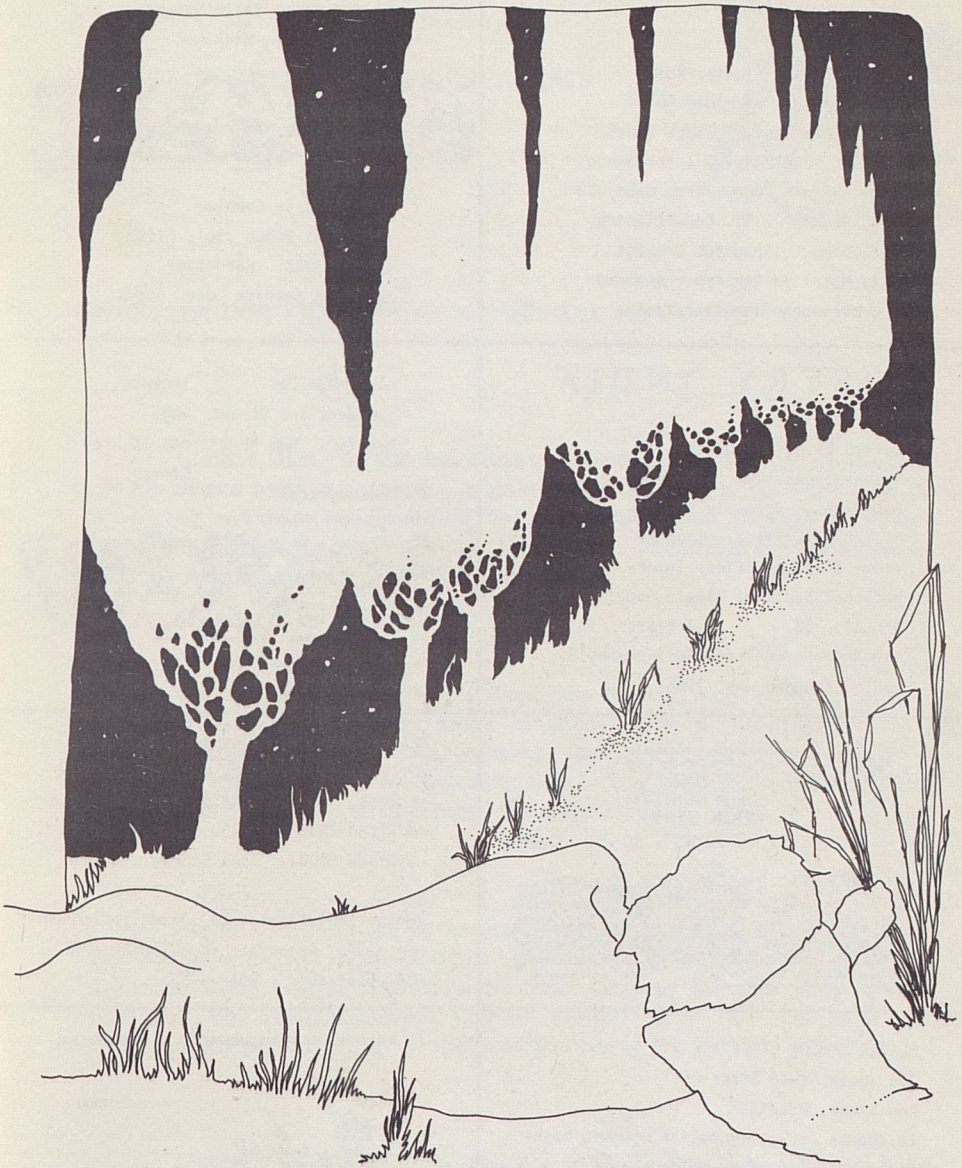
When the Snake man returned to his village he and his wife traveled south-eastward, stopping at various places. All at once they saw smoke in the distance, and when they went there they found a village perched on the mesa. This was the village of Wálpi. They at once went to the foot of the mesa on which Wálpi was situated and announced their presence. So the village chief went down to them from the mesa, and asked what they wanted. They asked to be admitted to the village, promising that they would assist the people in the ceremonies. The chief at first showed himself unwilling to admit them, but finally gave his consent and took them up to the village. From that time the woman bore human children instead of little snakes.

These children and their descendants became the Snake clan, of whom only very few are now living.

Soon also the Bátki and Póna clan came to Wálpi and found admittance to the village. At Walpi the Snake people made the first Snake tiponi, Snake altar, etc., and had the first Snake ceremony. From here the Snake cult spread to the other villages, first to Shongópavi, then to Mishóngnovi, and then to Oráibi. At the first Snake ceremony the Snake chief sent his nephew to the north, to the west, to the south, and to the east to hunt snakes. He brought some from each direction. The chief then hollowed out a piece of báho, made of cottonwood root. Into this he put the rattles of three of the snakes and the fourth snake entirely. He then inserted into it a corn-ear, and tied to it different feathers of the eagle, the oriole, blue-bird, parrot, magpie, ásyá, and topóckwa, winding a buckskin string around these feathers. When he had made this tiponi, the first ceremony was celebrated, and afterwards it took place regularly.



Hopi shield design



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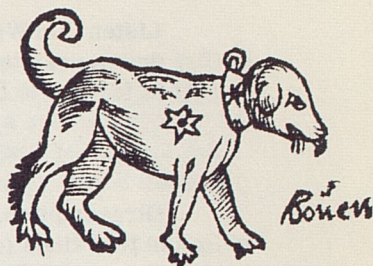
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Translated by James Mooney

SACRED FORMULAS OF THE CHEROKEES

Gahuni



FORMULA FOR TREATING THE CRIPPLER (RHEUMATISM)

Listen! Ha! In the Sun Land you repose, O Red Dog, O now you have swiftly drawn near to hearken. O great ada'wěhī, you never fail in anything. O, appear and draw near running, for your prey never escapes. You are now come to remove the intruder. Ha! You have settled a very small part of it far off there at the end of the earth.

Listen! Ha! In the Frigid Land you repose, O Blue Dog. O now you have swiftly drawn near to hearken. O great ad'aw hī, you never fail in anything. O, appear and draw near running, for your prey never escapes. You are now come to remove the intruder. Ha! You have settled a very small part of it far off there at the end of the earth.

Listen! Ha! In the darkening land you repose, O Black Dog. O, now you have swiftly drawn near to hearken. O great ada'wehi, you never fail in anything. O, appear and draw near running, for your prey never escapes. You are now come to remove the intruder. Ha! You have settled a very small part of it far off there at the end of the earth.

Listen! On Wa'halā you repose, O White Dog. Oh, now you have swiftly drawn near to hearken. O great ada wehi, you never fail in anything. Oh, appear and draw near running, for your prey never escapes. You are now come to remove the intruder. Ha! You have settled a very small part of it far off there at the end of the earth.

Listen! On Wáhalǎ, you repose, O White Terrapin. O, now you have swiftly drawn near to hearken. O great ada'wehi, you never fail in anything. Ha! It is for you to loosen its hold on the bone. Relief is accomplished.

(Prescription.)--Lay a terrapin shell upon (the spot) and keep it there while the five kinds (of spirits) listen. On finishing, then blow once. Repeat four times, beginning each time from the start. On finishing the fourth time, then blow four times. Have two white beads lying in the shell, together with a little of the medicine. Don't interfere with it, but have a good deal boiling in another vessel--a bowl will do very well--and rub it on warm while treating by applying the hands. And this is the medicine: What is called Yá'na-Utsě'sta ("bear's bed," the *Aspidium acrostichoides* or Christmas fern); and the other is called Ká'ga-Asgúntagí ("crow's shin," the *Adiantum pedatum* or Maidenhair fern); and the other is the common Egú'nlí (another fern); and the other is the Little Soft (-leaved) Egú'nlí (*Osmunda Cinnamonea* or cinnamon fern), which grows in the rocks and resembles Yána-Utsě'sta and is a small and soft (-leaved) Egú'nlí. Another has brown roots and another has black roots. The roots of all should be (used).

Begin doctoring early in the morning; let the second (application) be while the sun is still near the horizon; the third when it has risen to a considerable height (10 a. m.); the fourth when it is above at noon. This is sufficient. (The doctor) must not eat, and the patient must also be fasting.

TO TREAT THEM WHEN SOMETHING IS CAUSING SOMETHING TO EAT THEM

Listen! Ha! I am a great ada'wehi, I never fail in anything. I surpass all others--I am a great ada'wehi. Ha! It is a mere screech owl that has frightened him. Ha! now I have put it away in the laurel thickets. There I compel it to remain.

Listen! Ha! I am a great ada'wehi, I never fail in anything. I surpass all others--I am a great ada'wehi. Ha! It is a mere hooting owl that has frightened him. Undoubtedly that has frightened him. Ha! At once I have put away in the spruce thickets. Ha! There I compel it to remain.

Listen! Ha! I am a great ada'wehi, I never fail in anything. I surpass all others--I am a great ada'wehi. Ha! It is only a rabbit that has frightened him. Undoubtedly that has frightened him. Ha! Instantly I have put it away on the mountain ridge. Ha! There in the broom sage I compel it to remain.

Listen! Ha! I am a great ada'wehi, I never fail in anything. I surpass all others--I am a great ada'wehi. Ha! It is only a mountain sprite that has frightened him. Undoubtedly that has frightened him. Ha! Instantly I have put it away on the bluff. Ha! There I compel it to remain.

(Prescription)--Now this is to treat infants if they are affected by crying and nervous fright. (Then) it is said that something is causing something to eat them. To treat them one may blow water on them for four nights. Doctor them just before dark. Be sure not to carry them about outside the house.

Young Deer

TO TREAT THEM WHEN SOMETHING IS CAUSING SOMETHING TO EAT THEM

Yû! Listen! Quickly you have drawn near to hearken, O Blue Sparrow-Hawk; in the spreading tree tops you are at rest. Quickly you have come down. The intruder is only a bird which has overshadowed him. Swiftly you have swooped down upon it. Relief is accomplished. Yû!

Yû! Listen! Quickly you have drawn near to hearken. O Brown Rabbit-Hawk; you are at rest there above. Ha! Swiftly now you have come down. It is only the birds which have come together for a council. Quickly you have come and scattered them. Relief is accomplished. Yû!

Gatigwanasti

THIS TELLS ABOUT MOVING PAINS IN THE TEETH (Fragment)

Listen! In the Sunland you repose, O Red Spider. Quickly you have brought and laid down the red path. O great ada'wehi, quickly you have brought down the red threads from above. The intruder in the tooth has spoken and it is only a worm. The tormentor has wrapped itself around the root of the tooth. Quickly you have dropped down the red threads, for it is just what you eat. Now it is for you to pick it up. The relief has been caused to come. Yû!

Swimmer

TO TREAT THE BLACK YELLOWNESS

Yuha'ahi, yuha'ahi, yuha'ahi, yuha'ahi,
Yuha'ahi, yuha'ahi, yuha'ahi, Yû!

Listen! In the great lake the intruder reposes. Quickly he has risen up there. Swiftly he has come and stealthily put himself (under the sick man).

Listen! Ha! Now you two have drawn near to hearken, there in the Sun Land you repose, O Little Men, O great anida'wehi! The intruder has risen up there in the great lake. Quickly you two have lifted up the intruder. His paths have laid themselves down toward the direction whence he came. Let him never look back (toward us). When he stops to rest at the four gaps you will drive him roughly along. Now he has plunged into the great lake from which he came. There he is compelled to remain, never to look back. Ha! there let him rest. (Yû!)

(Directions.)--This is to treat them when their breast swells. Fire (coals) is not put down.

FOR SEPARATION (OF LOVERS)

Yû! On high you repose, O Blue Hawk, there at the far distant lake. The blue tobacco has come to be your recompense. Now you have arisen at once and come down. You have alighted midway between them where they two are standing. You have spoiled their souls immediately. They have at once become separated.

I am a white man; I stand at the sunrise. The good sperm shall never allow any feeling of loneliness. This white woman is of the Paint (iyusti) clan; she is called (iyusti) Wâyî. We shall instantly turn her soul over. We shall turn it over as we go toward the Sun Land. I am a white man. Here where I stand it (her soul) has attached itself to (literally, "come against") mine. Let her eyes in their sockets be forever watching (for me). There is no loneliness where my body is.

I HAVE LOST SOMETHING

Listen! Ha! Now you have drawn near to hearken, O Brown Rock; you never lie about anything. Ha! Now I am about to seek for it. I have lost a hog and now tell me about where I shall find it. For is it not mine? My name is _____.

TO DESTROY LIFE

Listen! Now I have come to step over your soul. You are of the (wolf) clan. Your name is (A'yûnini). Your spittle I have put at rest under the earth. Your soul I have put at rest under the earth. I have come to cover you over with the black rock. I have come to cover you over with the black cloth. I have come to cover you with the black slabs, never to reappear. Toward the black coffin of the upland in the Darkening Land your paths shall stretch out. So shall it be for you. The clay of the upland has come (to cover you. (?)) Instantly the black clay has lodged there where it is at rest at the black houses in the Darkening Land. With the black coffin and with the black slabs I have come to cover you. Now your soul has faded away. It has become blue. When darkness comes your spirit shall grow less and dwindle away, never to reappear. Listen!

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Robert Kelly, a Medieval scholar and poet, lives in Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. Over the years he has published many books of poetry, and most recently a novel, The Scorpions (Doubleday). During this time he has been on the faculties of Bard College, the State University of New York at Buffalo, and Tufts College.

George Wolfgang Wedell wrote on alchemical matters in the late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth Century. Some of the paragraphs in the essay An Introduction to Alchemy are translated directly from Wedell's larger manuscript of the same name; others are taken from clues he left behind.

Edward Kelly was born at Worcester, England, around four o'clock in the afternoon on the first day of August, 1555. He died at the foot of the castle of Zerner (Prague) in 1597, having attempted to hang himself during a second imprisonment. The source of his life's work was a casket of red transmuting powder purchased from an innkeeper. Thereafter he was known by some as a wise and magical man, by others as a charlatan and a cheat. He became notorious thru his work with Doctor Dee and is said to have been the inspiration for Ben Jonson's The Alchemist. Many facts of his life are unknown and incomplete, and the result has been an unjustly wicked fame for Kelly throughout his life and in ensuing years. He was a loyal subject of Queen Elizabeth and did much work in her account. "I venture to hope that my life and character will so become known to posterity that I may be counted among those who have suffered much for the sake of truth."

Michael Scotus, or Michael the Scot, was popularly known as a wizard and sorcerer. Most people of his time believed that he flew from country to country. He is also famous for odd and metaphysical formulas. Such recipes as call for the eye of an eel or the blood of a chicken taken under the full moon are in greater abundance in Scotus' experimentation than almost any other alchemist. His name is used for the prototypal magician in Dante.

Janus Lacinius edited the famous Sixteenth Century collection, The New Pearl of Great Price. This book of new and exciting alchemical theory was issued from the Press of Aldus in 1546 under Pope Paul III. Lacinius himself was a Calabrian monk.

Bonus of Ferrara wrote the title essay of the above-mentioned collection, his work revived two hundred years after his time by Lacinius to be the center of the argument in that book. Bonus did his alchemy in Pola, a coastal town of the Istrian Peninsula in what-is-now Yugoslavia; an approximate date is 1330.

Richard Grossinger is a graduate student in anthropology at the University of Michigan, co-editor of Io, and a film-maker. The "Alchemical Sections" are taken from a larger work entitled Solar Journal, a book of dreams, alchemy, and maps.

Mel Noel is a graduate of the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs; he was a pilot for the United States Air Force in the Rocky Mountain area during the early fifties (where the experience described occurred). He now runs a private airlines service in Los Angeles. Permission to print excerpts of his speeches was obtained from the Detroit U. F. O. Information and Research Center. Booklets of complete material may be ordered from Victor Kucharek, 6721 Miller, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

Greg Dropkin is a mathematician and violinist from Maryland. Currently he is working in abstract number theory and topology.

Jorge Luis Borges is an Argentine philosopher and author, and a librarian in Buenos Aires. Several volumes of fiction, poetry, and essays by Borges have appeared in English translation, but the most complete collection is Labyrinths (New Directions).

Tim Reynolds is a classics scholar and poet, now teaching the former at the University of Texas.

Eduardo Zalamea is a travelling Colombian poet whose earlier work (poem and drawing) appeared in Io/2.

Nelson Richardson is a South Dakotan now living in New York. He was co-editor of earlier Io's in which his poetry and artwork appeared.

Ted Enslin is a poet and farmer living in Maine; his recent work includes New Sharon's Prospect & Journals ("Coyote's Journal" #7).

H. R. Voth was a Mennonite preacher who visited the Hopis in the late Nineteenth Century. He was generally hated for his interruption of ceremonies to preach of Christian Hell in Hopi and his penchant for selling Hopi religious items to museums. The one blessing of his stay is a volume of Hopi traditions and a series of descriptions of Hopi ceremonies.

James Mooney was an anthropologist of the late Nineteenth Century. His work is regarded by some as the opening of the field of ethnobotany. The material itself was translated from written Cherokee; the formulas were kept in notebooks by the shamans.

Philip Terry Borden is an artist and window-designer living in New York; a large amount of his work was recently on exhibit at Princeton, New Jersey.

The following items are available from Io:

Two Alchemical Films by Richard Grossinger (8 mm. Color)

Melfilm - \$50

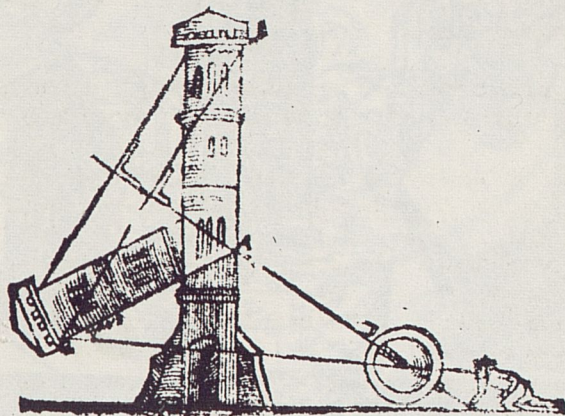
Alembic - \$15

A Dream Tape

dreams and definitions recorded by Richard Grossinger and Greg Dropkin in August, 1966 - \$10.

As described in ads, Samuel Weiser of New York is the largest and most complete source of alchemical writings; and Fred Rosenstock of Denver is his complement in the field of the American Indian.

It should be noted that the context of "white" and "black" is taken solely from alchemical and magical tradition wherein "white" signifies divine power and joy, "black" evil uses of power and ultimate damnation (i. e., "white and black magic"). Thus in "Alchemical Sections" the ship is described as driven by "black masters" and in the Cherokee formulas a good and satisfied lover is a "white man." This symbolism is relevant within the limits of the tradition.

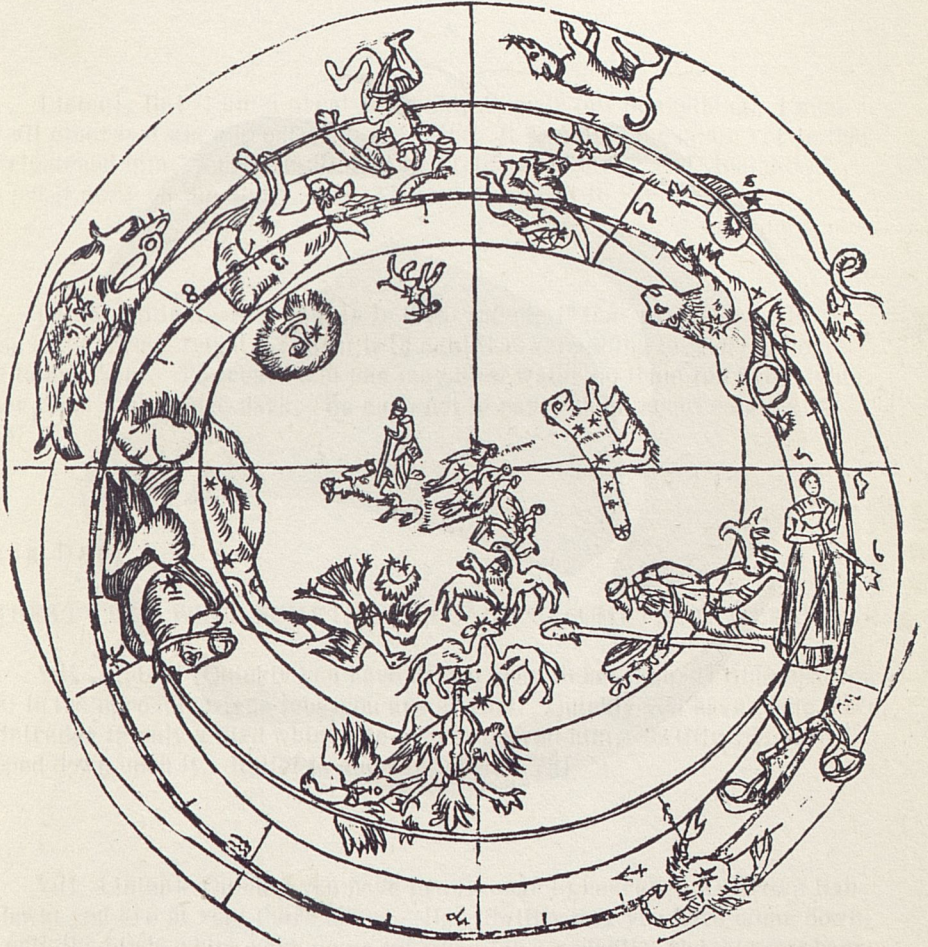


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