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DOCTRINE OF SIGNATURES

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Michael Maier has alchemical drawings on pages: 66, 68, 77, 83,
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The following Pictures are taken from a natural history by Charles Buffon: L'Effrai cover Snakes 15 Le Tarsier 32
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Available from Quixote Press 315 North Brooks Madison, Wisconsin 53715
"The Stormaker" by Richard Grossinger & "The Vibrating Serpent"
by Lindy Hough, 50¢.

"In treating the sensible properties of the animal and plant kingdoms as if they were the elements of a message, and in discovering 'signatures' - and so signs - in them, men have made mistakes of identification: the meaningful element was not always the one they supposed. But, without perfected instruments which would have permitted them to place it where it most often is - namely, at the microscopic level - they already discerned 'as through a glass darkly' principles of interpretation whose heuristic value and accordance with reality have been revealed to us only through very recent inventions: telecommunications, computers and electron microscopes ---" Claude Levi-Strauss.

"The work, the ground, and Eros, lie at the heart of our study here. The work itself is the transformation of the ground. In this ground the soul and the world are one in a third hidden thing in the imagination of which the work arises. It is the work of creation then. It is Poetry, the Making. It is also the opus alchymicum of Hermetic and Rosicrucian alchemy. The rimes of this poetry are correspondences, figures and patterns of figures in which we apprehend the whole we do not see. The path that poetry creates between reality and the soul is such a work. Our path here must often come close to the path of depth psychologies and theosophical teachings but we are tracing the path of Psyche and Eros as workers of a fiction in the art of poetry, projecting not a cure of souls or an illumination of souls, except as the secret of fictions cures or illumines, but the inner works of the poetic opus. Our work is to arouse in a contemporary consciousness reverberations of old myth, to prepare the ground so that when we return to read we will see our modern texts charged with a plot that has already begun before the first signs and signatures we have found worked upon the walls of Altamira or Perch-Merle. Mythos Aristotle defined as the plot of the story. The plot we are to follow, the great myth or work, is the fiction of what Man is ---" Robert Duncan.

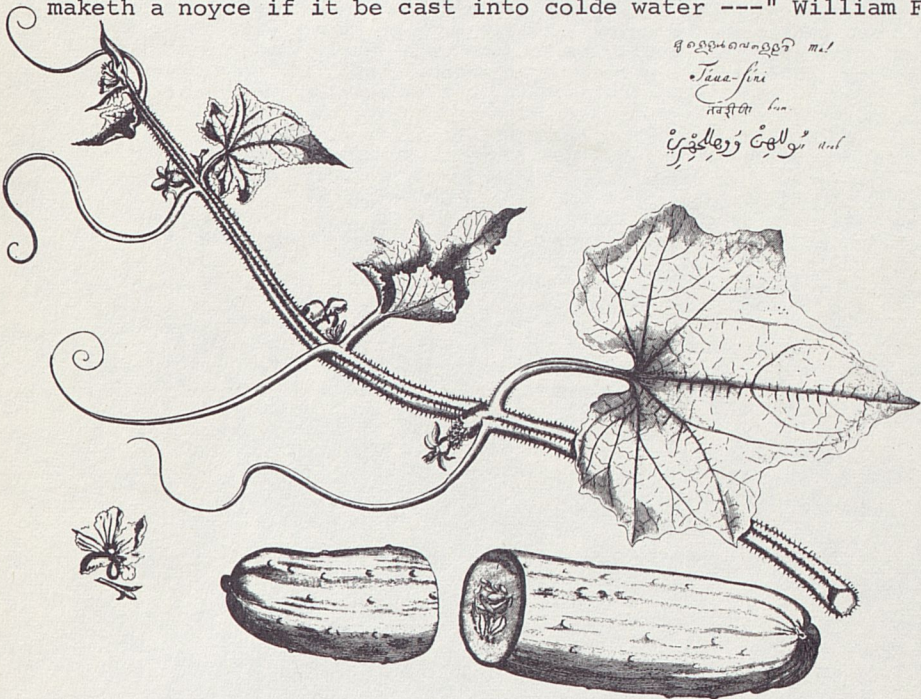
"The Maya doctors believed in curing like with like. An eruption of the skin resembling the sting of a wasp was treated with the crushed nests of wasps and other stinging insects. Certain vines thought to resemble a snake were considered a cure for snake bites. Yellow plants or fruits were given for jaundice and bilousness, and red plants or fruits were considered efficacious for diseases characterized by vomiting blood and dysentery. The.....length to which

this theory was carried is found in the texts perscribing the burned feathers of certain red birds, as a remedy for yellow fever. Also, as might be expected of a people with a genius for mathematics, we find evidence of a Maya doctrine of number in the number of days or of times which a remedy is to be applied. Thirteen is usually associated with a man and nine, with a woman ---" Ralph L. Roys.

"Whereas things to come may thus be known before in the Elements, by that wherein the Evesters dwell; some Evesters will be in the water, some in looking glasses, some in crystals, some in polished muskles; some will be known by the commotions of waters, some by songs and by the mind --" Paracelsus.

"For what Climate soever is subject to any particular Disease, in the same Place there grows a Cure ---" Robert Turner.

"They say, that the starres fall out of the firmament, and that by the fall of them, both thonder and lyghtning are caused: for the lightening (say they) is nothyng els but the shyning of that starre that falleth, which falling into a watrie clowde, and being quenched in it causeth that great thonder, even as whoat yron maketh a noyce if it be cast into colde water ---" William Fulke.





R i c h a r d G r o s s i n g e r

THE DOCTRINE OF SIGNATURES



A signature is a mark, a diagnostic occurrence in the fabric of the world. Although the spirit of the word would suggest outerness, externality, an engraving or insignia, a break in surface tension, etc., signatures often are left on inner bodies (the fossil that becomes visible when a stone is split is a signature, as are the intestines of a frog). The opposition is not in fact between outer and inner worlds but between the revealed world (where men pass time) and the unrevealed world: the signature is a bridge, a circuit, a visible mark left by invisible processes --- or processes which by their very nature are occluded from men.

A single large signature (as the unit earth) may yield an abundance of smaller signatures. These signatures have equal value (as letters of the alphabet have equal value; whether they are written on billboards, in the sky, or point-eight type they maintain the same relationship to each other). In this manner the signature of the beehive is the signature for neither the bee nor the honey; yet it provides a home for both.

A signature indicates more than itself, than its mere denote. It is a signature of something, or is left by something. The symptom of a disease, the seal of a king, and the moraine of a glacier are all signatures. From its cognates we can learn some of the aspects and uses of the word "signature:" sign, signal, signification, signet, sigil.

In the most subtle sense, signatures are the means or cues by which the world is revealed to us at all. They are the signs and senses by which the outer world (which we do not experience directly) makes itself known. They are the siphons, the neurons, by which we can sip from a flood, on the order of which we can generate a simultaneous flood.

The signature is the moment of perception (what becomes evident when anything becomes evident). We do not speak of seeing a girl in the street without recalling some part of her signature, her outer garments, the curve of her body, her style, her eye make-up, her perfume. The world is treated as an active, transmuting solution, a brew in which the chemist notes that certain essential things are happening

by the presence of other things (even tangential things); as surely a wash-up of dead fish indicates something in the water beneath. Likewise, the planets and fixed stars are a signature for the vast rhythms of birth in a world located at their collective distances. Astrology is the science devoted to the inner mechanics of this signature.

Signatures precede hieroglyphs, but the original hieroglyphs were derived from the most constant and significant signs of a preceding language: the sun, the species of trees and flowers, birds and crabs, the moon, or those features of the environment that were read by the wisest men, as a book on science, or law, or magic. The reading was not abstract, in the way of philosophy, but exact and iconic, as in prescribing a medicine. The reading was done along the focal plane, without particular interest in the integrity of the objects themselves. The reading was of the animals as signs, and the signs that naturally attended upon those: their homes, their associates and associations, their habits and haunts, their deposits, paw-prints, and remains; these morphemes were read as continuous with sky and ocean, meteors and waves. One type of intratextual material was instantaneous with its intertextual complement (hence, the surficial markings on a single stone were coherent with the markings on the earth whereby large groupings of stones were to be found). A bestiary, containing supposed zoological and ecological material, was actually a dictionary of morphemes, even a dictionary of style; by giving its own range of associations it verified certain prevalent usages and also enriched the common tongue. The animals, plants, minerals, stars, etc. were reduced to common size, or valence, in a system of properties; they were the units, the 'emics' in a written language, a language read but not incribed by men (that is, until they learned to duplicate the signatures and form their own texts). This language was the only mobile channel of speech between men and the phenomenal landscape, or the only channel formal enough for an educated discourse.

Though signature-language preceded any written or spoken tongue, its units were more alphabetical and phonemic than symbolic or suggestive; the tree-alphabet, the zodiac, the organs of the beetle and the plant which harbors it: on the model of these the first alphabet was written. Geomancy, ichthyomancy, lithomancy, meteoromancy, scapulomancy: these are the most ancient books, and all great books seek their commonality with the natural world; all future alphabets seek to be as literal.

The coherence of the landscape is a perceptual daily fact. This coherence has also been called illusion, and has been read as discursive and discontinuous, a staccato,

or stutter, of words and semi-words, storms and lunar phases, whose occurrence masks (but in a significatory manner) a secret and unperceived landscape, the indigenous realm of man. The hidden environment has these definitive features: by the very nature of its connections the discontinuities that appear between consecutive signified patterns in the revealed world are resolved (immoralities are explicated and made textual and meaningful; injustices are turned around; illnesses are healed); the unrevealed world is at once more sacred and more useful; its environment is magical and predetermined, digital, Bachian, intracyclic (as the Mayan calendar wheels); inventions which are impossible on earth alone are derived from a combined environment; thru their dealings with it men have been able to better themselves and alter the world they live in. While at first it was only perceived that language passed between the two worlds it was soon seen that the language was a code, and within it were the instructions for houses and temples and holy tools, maps for treasures and voyages, and instructions for making love and burying the dead. It was as though the stars themselves, by an act of writing in the sky, revealed a conscious and benevolent force operating outside the coherent earth. The reading that certain men did in this book they passed on to others, and so a tradition.

The Doctrine of Signatures is a single specific text derived from the initial discourse (though, of course, the discourse continues and the text changes and grows). By this Doctrine, we learn that the inner imperceptible qualities (and essential uses) of objects are revealed in their outer forms. Objects with the same signature are assumed to have the same or related origins. Parts of the human body are directly susceptible to natural objects (stones and plants and animals) with the same signature as they; similarly, the diseases that affect the human body have signatures in the fields around the town; as like cures like, a medicine is found by one application of the Doctrine or another. A more formal compendium of these cures is found in the body of homoeopathic medicine.

Even when the similarity would appear to be no more than accident or chance (as with a pun), the relationship is still considered valid and causal, its functional parameters simply being outside the range of human awareness (as in a Freudian slip, the meaningful similarity occurs in the mental structure generating language and action rather than in these things themselves though it is there that the formal resemblance is noted and appreciated).

Signatures are often derived along a single locus, i.e., of color, shape, placement, metonymy of size, etc.

Often a signature is derived from a single event (during which an association occurs) and institutionalized thereafter (an insect landing on a sick man, or a bird landing in the middle of a particular ceremony).

The Doctrine of Signatures is the dominating principle behind early herbals, bestiaries, and books of minerals. These are not so much natural histories as Rosetta stones to the secret language, evidences of a continuing and vital discourse and a world of cities and usages deriving therefrom. Many sub-sets of the Doctrine of Signatures are maintained separately and used without reference to the dialogue or interest in its continuation. A medical book contains certain signatures (or symptoms) of diseases. An artificial key to the genera, used by most botanists, is often based on the same signatures as herbals were. Under certain conditions cirrus clouds are followed by the darker altocirrus banks; cumulus may be followed by cumulonimbus, and certain parts of meteoromancy have given way to meteorology. Signatures are also used in French cooking, rabbit-hunting, crime detection, archaeology, baseball, etc. Sherlock Holmes and others have made an exact study of the progression of signatures and signs under certain sociological conditions, but just as a weather-forecaster would have a difficult time perceiving the cloud sequences on Uranus, so a detective would find it almost impossible to reconstruct a crime among the aboriginal Arapaho, or even to know what was a crime. Signatures are generally used only in sub-sets, and in those sub-sets the Doctrine itself is disregarded.

There is, however, another tradition in which the Doctrine of Signatures is maintained on its own merits and in which practical results of a certain type are less crucial than the sanctity of the signatures themselves. The simplest of these systems is a form of medical metonymy and metaphor found in Medieval herbals. For instance, we know that the walnut is a cure for cerebral diseases because it is the perfect signature of the brain. We learn from Coles that, "The Leaves of Wall Rue mixed with a little Salt Peter, and the urine of a young Child, taketh away the shrivelled wrinckling that appear on Women's Bellies after their deliverance, if it be washed therewith." This type of signature abounds in other cultures also. The Tsembaga Maring consider the taro corm the perfect signature of a pregnant woman and the eel is the signature of the pig in water. Hopi men run certain races so that the speed of the running men will promote rapid growth of the planted seed. By the opposite signature a boy is told to dawdle home, picking flowers on his way, to prolong the summer and the growing season.

Often the signatures become very complex and interpenetrate each other on the level of double, triple, and quadruple entendre. The Hopi play a game called shinny. During the winter the game-ball is filled with seeds, and a series of matches is played on four successive days by the young men and boys of the various ceremonial societies. If the seeds are spilled a good harvest is ensured. If, however, the ball should not burst open, the crops are expected to fail. The ball which contains all the seeds represents a single seed (metonymy of number, but the converse of metonymy in relation to size, i.e., the identification of the part by the whole). The young men in the closed system of the game are signficatory of the young men (perhaps the same) in the closed system of the field. The four days are associated by numerical signature (the magical set of four in sequence whenever it happens) with the four cardinal points of the sky, the four ritual colors (out of which matrix fertility is drawn by a summing of the four energies for which the colors are signatures), and the four-sectioned cloud-symbol (which is simply one specific case of the fertility matrix).

Alchemy is a complex system derived from interpenetrating signatures. Gold is identified with the sun, the perfect metal, the male, and by extension, all the further associations of the sun in Greek and Roman mythology and ancient astrology; the addition of further signatures of the sun (as when an alchemist comes in touch with Egyptian signatures of Osiris, the eye, the hawk, the West, etc., or even Mayan astrology by way of Spain) expands the system and its uses ad infinitum. When signatures used in herbals are fused with the signatures used in astrology a richly-woven and extensive system called astrological botany is formed. For instance, in a statement erroneously attributed to Albertus Magnus we are told, "The rote of this herbe (the Plantain) is mervalous good agaynst the payne of the headde, because the signe of the Ramme is supposed to be the house of the planete Mars, which is the head of the whole worlde."

As signatures come to represent a vast and complex series of interconnections, they become internal to the language and the culture; they are not just a series of outer resemblances (as walnut : brain); the outer features of objects become inner features of language; they become a common reservoir of metaphor and allusion. Without even being involved in alchemy we have a positive response to the association of gold, the sun, and man, or silver, the moon, and woman, or even sulphur, disease, and corruption; these connections are basic; they are reinforced by a tradition of symbolism including coins, legal systems, music, chemistry, poetry, etc. Quality is of no account; even bad

Victorian poetry, with its romantic allusions to sun and moon, reinforces signatures which it receives unconsciously. Rock and roll inevitably associates the moon with female qualities; the cause is not the signature, but the cultural entanglement of signatures which has become a method by which we think and seek higher thoughts. The signature of the male phallus in the snake existed in our culture long before Freud, for which reason, of course, Freud was able to discover it, but the Hopi tradition by which the rattlesnake is the perfect signature of rain is an interpenetration which occurs in another network of identities and gains no immediate response from us.

Claude Levi-Strauss says, "The form is not outside, but inside. In order to perceive the rationale of animal designations they must be envisaged concretely, for we are not free to trace a boundary on the far side of which purely arbitrary considerations would reign. Meaning is not decreed: if not everywhere it is nowhere."

Gladys Reichard says, "By association the elements are drawn into a whole, so subtly that many of the people concerned may be unaware of it. The scheme may be compared with a language. The ordinary speaker, using it merely for communication, is unconscious of its components - sounds, grammatical forms expressing concepts, and, above all, meanings.... Similarly, Navaho ritual is composed of symbols, each of which may differ in kind as much as in phonetics, psychological concepts, and individual significations. Yet the whole is comprehended in varying degrees, even if only through feeling and faith..... A few chanters, the learned men of the tribe, realize that snakes, lightnings, arrows, flints, hoops, and precious stones are associated - 'the same,' they would call them; many do not. The latter are content to depict in sand-painting Snake as a person of zigzag shape, to sing of zigzag lightning, to relate the incident of Arrow People in myth, and to cause flints to rattle in a basket, without mentally making any connection between them. The fact that they do not is no proof that the associations are not integrated."

The associations whereby a primitive tribe makes plants, animals, diseases, directions, celestial bodies, parts of the body and of animals' bodies, taboos, marriage rules, clan names, dances, sand-paintings, prayer-sticks, calendars, etc. units in an exact, branching, binary, nodal, controlled, generative system are known collectively as totemism. The particular weave of which our own culture is constructed is derived from a totemism but has its own dynamic as it has long since left the environment for which it is an operable totemism, i.e., the multitude of environments to which its parts were once individually totemic. Much has been lost and what is retained has its own new meaning.

In our own society we have signatures ranging from the simplest to the most complex. If a person uses dirty language his mouth will be washed out with soap. If one eats Wheaties he will become as skillful as the athlete on the cereal box. A brand new car is a signature of what? It is not only the beautiful blonde woman selling the car on T.V.; it is also the penis itself, the ability to start and generate fluids as a response; it is a signature for the fact of sexual stimulation, and by its imposition on the purchase of the car, a closed system of wealth, mechanics, and sexual stimulation is formed. One might say that this is a degenerate set of signatures. But any judgement adds undue confusion to a discussion of signatures. At no point have we been concerned with the matter of true and false signatures; even if we could separate the one from the other, the two would still be fused in the dynamics of mutual generation (as chemistry is still fused to alchemy, or as physics is still fused to Indo-European syntax and Greek metaphysics). The outer property of an object is always the signature of its inner growth, whether that growth be psychological, syntactic, biological, or astrophysical; there is nothing without causative derivation (a kind of reverse teleology for which we have no general name). The evening fills with blue lilac; the moon comes out; the penis responds to the imago of the woman; an emblem marks the house of ale, another emblem marks the old furniture store, and an emblem marks Gulf gasoline. The shower is turned on by the HOT faucet; apricot brandy warms the insides. A man dressed in a suit and smoking a pipe goes hunting for mushrooms in the forest. Frank Howard hits his seventeenth home run. "A mapping of set A into a set B is a subset of A X B having the property that every element of A occurs in the first place of exactly one of the ordered pairs of the subset." The horse chestnut grows its multi-parted leaves; the fern continues branching from rachis to rachilla; the embryo of the starfish becomes a starfish. In all these cases we are left with the outward form, and some vague hint of a biochemical control, whatever pathologies and mutations hidden deeply within the generative process itself, marked by the signature with which we recognize it. As our own knowledge of microscopic causation increases, certain bodies lose their mysteries and our most vital signatures dwell in purely cognitive situations, how we are unsure of what we feel, or why we feel what we feel when proximity is such, or how to react. In all cases, the development of the phonemic signatures into a morphology is as exact, branching, binary, nodal, controlled, generative as the biochemical mechanism behind the growth of plants and animals, the formation of tissues and synapses in

the brain. In fact the same process that makes the natural world, or would seem to, makes the psychic world, and every human attempt to perceive and order the outside world is an attempt to resolve something internal and illogical, of which the human thought process itself is part, and of which every thought to comprehend it is part; the effort itself is replete with further dualism and puns.

But man is caught between Scylla and Charybdis: though his attempts to make an absolute and perfected order, a rightful kingdom, snare in unconscious whorls, it is impossible for him, while conscious, to elude order completely and fall off into entropy. Any attempt at randomness is countered by the fact that no condition is random, that any action or thought is instantly textual.

"Most mathematicians now agree that an absolutely disordered series of digits is a logically contradictory concept. A series can no more be patternless than an arrangement of stars in the sky can be. The reason in both cases is that as a series of digits or an arrangement of points comes closer and closer to satisfying all tests for randomness it begins to exhibit a very rare and unusual type of statistical regularity that in some cases even permits the prediction of missing portions..... If it gets too random, a 'pattern of disorder,' so to speak, appears.

We thus face a curious paradox. The closer we get to an absolutely patternless series, the closer we get to a type of pattern so rare that if we came on such a series we would suspect it had been carefully constructed by a mathematician rather than produced by a random procedure ---" Martin Gardner (Scientific American, July, 1968).

There is now a further level on which we must perceive the work of signatures. For if the process of thought and examination is instantaneous with the generation of signatures, the natural discourse taking place whether we want it or not, or know it or not, then it would be valuable to have a precise record of the activity of that discourse, a case literal with the generation of signatures (as the germinating fern is an exact mark of its ecology and embryology and genetics). The signature must be taken wet from consciousness, as a new-born form, and seen finally as a release from astrology, alchemy, chemistry, society, physics, totemism, or those things which over time freeze discourse, and put it in the hands of those who have no care for it. Hence, in poetry the alchemist is no longer concerned with making gold or discovering its seed; language itself, thought, the internal processes of growth, form, and perception, the flow of images on the eye and how they enter the brain, all these lead to an instantaneous record of the dialogue with angels, or what-

ever we call the conscious forms that lie outside our lives. In order to generate communication, to open the channels that lead past Egypt into the absolute past yet are instantaneous with New York we must let the words move as their interior properties regulate, fully accepting and receiving dualities, semi-rhymes, coincident branches, fragmented perceptions, compelled metonymies, flagrant anachronisms, etc. Time does not exist; learning does not release the mystery, nor is Hermes contained quite in the stacks of the library. We must have a single formal record of the event.

By calling such a work poetry I do not mean to include all that passes for poetry; I mean to ascribe the name poetry to that process which in fact does record the act of sequential perception, the dynamics of thought and growth and personal chemistry (even as thought is happening and changing, even as the cells are unsteady). In this way the source of all signatures (Hopi, Hebrew, or Anglo-Saxon) can be discovered, can be revisualized in their very act of generation and interpenetration. The entire process exists in the mind of the individual, as he lets it come, as he gives it form, as he goes thru all of history and time in the single moment of perceiving that it all exists.



*Plants signed by Hair: including Maidenhair Fern and an Oak gall.
From Porta, PHYTOGNOMONICA, 1588*

Translated by William Christian

M i c h e l F o u c a u l t

THE SIGNATURES



And yet the system is not closed. One opening remains: because of it the whole interplay of resemblances could escape from itself, or remain in the dark, if a new figure of similitude did not come along to complete the circle--rendering it at once perfect and manifest.

Convententia, aemulatio, analogia and sympathia tell us how the world should fold upon itself, double itself, reflect itself or link itself up so that things can resemble each other. They tell us the ways of similitude and where they go; not where similitude is, nor how to see it, nor by what mark one recognizes it. Yet perhaps it would be possible for us to encounter all this marvellous efflorescence of resemblances without even suspecting that it was prepared long hence by the order of the world, and for our greatest well-being. In order to know that aconite cures our eye diseases or that nuts crushed in wine relieve headaches, there must be a mark that tells us so: without it this secret would stay forever dormant. How would we ever know that between a man and his planet there was a twinship or a rivalry if there were not on his body or in the lines of his face the signs that he was a rival of Mars or related to Saturn? The buried similitudes must be evident on the surface of things; invisible analogies need a visible mark. Is not all resemblance by the same token what is most manifest and what is best hidden? It is not composed, in fact, of juxtaposed pieces--some identical, some different: it is in the same being a similitude visible and invisible. It would be without criterion if there were not in it--or above it, or beside it--a means for understanding that transforms its doubtful glinting into a sharp certainty.

There is no resemblance without signature. The world of the similar can only be a marked world. "It is not the

desire of God," says Paracelsus, "that what he creates for the benefit of man and what he has given him should remain hidden...And even if he has hidden certain things, he has left nothing without visible exterior signs which have special marks--just as a man who buries a treasure marks the spot so he can find it again."* (Paracelsus, Die 9 Bucher der Natura Rerum (Oeuvres, ed. Suhdorff, vol. IX, p. 393)). The knowledge of similitudes is based upon noticing these signatures and deciphering them. It is useless to stop at the bark of plants to understand their essences; it is necessary to go directly to their marks,-- "to the shadow and image of God that they carry or to the internal essence, which was given to them from the sky as a natural dowry,.... essence, I say, which is recognized by means of the signature."* (Crollius, Traite des Signatures, p. 4) The system of signatures reverses the relationship of the visible with the invisible. Resemblance was the invisible form of something which, from the depth of the world, rendered things visible; but in order for this in turn to come to light, there must be a visible figure which draws it out of its profound invisibility. That is why the face of the world is covered with blazons, characters, numbers, and obscure words--with "hieroglyphics" as Turner said. And the field of immediate resemblances becomes like a great open book; it bristles with script; visible up and down the page are strange figures which intersect and often repeat themselves. All we have to do is decipher: "Is it not true that all the herbs, plants, trees, and other things coming out of the bowels of the earth, are veritable books and magic signs."* (Crollius, Traite des Signatures, p. 6) The great calm mirror at whose bottom things are observed and one by one reflected is in reality teeming with words. The mute reflections are paired with words that point them out. And thanks to a last form of resemblance that encloses all the others and closes them in a single circle, the world can be compared to a man that speaks: "just as the hidden movements of his mind are made manifest by his voice, by the same fashion does it not seem that plants speak to the curious doctor by their signature, showing him...their internal virtues hidden behind nature's veil of silence."* (Ibid, p. 6)

But we must dwell a moment on this language itself. On the signs that compose it. On the manner by which these signs refer to what they indicate.

There is sympathy between aconite and the eyes. This unforeseen affinity would have remained obscure if there had not been, on the plant, a signature, a mark, like a word saying that aconite is good for eye diseases. This sign is

perfectly evident in its seed: it is small, dark and round, set in a white cuticle, as the eye is to the eyelid.* (Ibid, p. 33) The same applies to the affinity between the nut and the head; what cures the "wounds of the pericranium" is the thick green husk that covers the bone--the shell--of the nut; but the internal ills of the head are prevented by the kernel itself "which is just like the brain"* (Ibid, pp. 33-34) The sign of the affinity that renders it visible, is simply analogy; the index of the sympathy resides in the proportion.

But the proportion itself, what signature does it carry to be recognized? How is one to know that the folds in a hand or the lines on a forehead describe on the bodies of men what will be the destinies, accidents, or fortunes in the great tissue of a lifetime? Because a sympathy leads the body and sky to communicate; and transmits the movement of the planets to the adventures of men.

Also because the shortness of a line is the simple image of a short life, the crossing of two lines the encounter of an obstacle, the climb of a line, the rise of a man to success. Breadth is a sign of wealth and prestige, continuity marks luck, discontinuity misfortune.* (J. Cardan, Metoposcopia, (ed. of 1658) p. iii-viii). The great analogy of body with destiny is signalled by the whole system of mirrors and attractions. These are the sympathies and the emulations that denote the analogies.

As for emulation, one can recognize it by the analogy: the eyes are stars because they give off light in faces like stars in the dark sky, and because blind men are like clairvoyants in the darkest night. It is recognizable also in concordance: we know, ever since the Greeks; that strong and courageous animals have broad and well-developed extremities as if their vigor was imparted to the most distant parts of their bodies. In the same fashion, the face and the hand of man will carry the semblance of his soul. Thus the recognition of the most obvious similitudes is based on the discovery of the relationship of concordance between objects. And if one considers that concordance is not always defined by a given spatial relationship, but that many things are both in concord and separated (as happens in the case of the sickness and its cure, the man and his stars, the plant and the earth the plant needs) it will again be necessary to have a sign for concordance. But what other mark is there that two things are linked, if not that they mutually attract each other, as the sun attracts the sunflower, or as water attracts the cucumber shoot;* (Bacon, Histoire naturelle (french translation, 1631), p. 221.) if not that there is an affinity and, as it were, a sympathy between them?

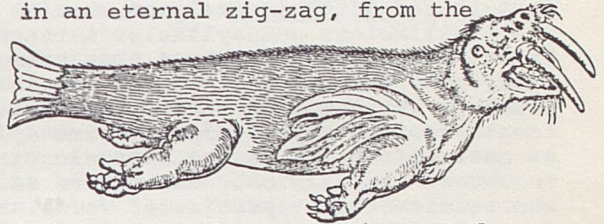
Thus the circle is closed. We see, moreover, the

system of redoublings that closes it. The resemblances demand a signature because none of them could be recognized were it not for a readable mark. But what are these signs? How do we recognize that among all the faces of the world, among so many overlapping figures, here is a character worth stopping for because it indicates a secret and essential resemblance? What gives the sign its singular value as a sign? -- Resemblance. It signifies to the extent that it resembles what it indicates (i.e., a similitude). But it does not, however, point out a homology; because its separate entity as a signature would be lost in the traits of what it signified; it is another resemblance, a nearby similitude of a different type which serves to identify the first, but which is hidden in its turn by a third. All resemblance receives a signature, but this resemblance is not simply a minute replica of the resemblance itself. In fact the ensemble of the marks would describe, on the circle of similitudes, another circle which would exactly duplicate the first, point by point, except that there is a small difference in phrasing which means that the sign of the sympathy rests in the analogy, that of the analogy in the emulation, that of the emulation in the concordance, which requires in turn the mark of the sympathy in order to be recognized. The signature and what it designates are exactly of the same ilk; they simply obey a different law of distribution. Their elements are the same.

The signing and the signed forms are resemblances, but only on the side. And it is doubtless in this way that resemblance is what is most universal in the learning of the sixteenth century; at the same time it is what is most visible, but still worthy of discovery, because it is most hidden; it determines the form of understanding (for knowledge comes only by means of similitude) and it guarantees the wealth of its content (because as soon as one reads the signs and looks at what they indicate, one brings to light in its own brilliance the Renaissance itself.)

Let us call heremeneutics the ensemble of knowledge and techniques that allow us to make the signs speak and to discover their meaning; let us call semiology the ensemble of knowledge and techniques that permit us to figure out where the signs are, to define what gives them their role as signs, to know their bonds and the laws of their linkage: the sixteenth century combined semiology and hermeneutics in the form of similitude. To search for meaning is to bring to light resemblances. To search for the law of signs is to discover things that are similar. The grammar of beings is their exegesis. And the language that they speak relates nothing more than the syntax that binds them together.

The nature of things, their coexistence, the bonds that link them and by which they communicate, is nothing other than their resemblance. And this resemblance appears only in the network of signs which covers the world from one end to another. Nature is taken in that thin layer which contains, one above the other, the combination of semiology and hermeneutics; nature is only veiled and mysterious, only available to knowledge, which it often confuses, to the extent that this combination includes a slight lag in resemblances. Suddenly, the grill is not clear; the transparency is obscured from the first givens. A dark place appears that will have to be progressively illumined. That is what "nature" is, and that is how to get to know it. Everything would be crystal clear if the hermeneutics and the semiology of the signatures coincided without the least oscillation. But due to the "screen" between the similitudes which form the writing and those which comprise the discourse, learning and its infinite labors receive a sphere of their own: they will have to plough this territory by passing, in an eternal zig-zag, from the similar to its similar.



THE WRITING OF THINGS

The real language in the sixteenth century is no collection of independent signs, uniform and smooth like a mirror in which objects are reflected one to one to bring out their unique truths. It is instead an opaque, mysterious, introverted thing, a fragmented mass, enigmatic at every point, which is mixed up here and there with figures of the world and is entangled in them: so much so that all together they form a network of marks in which each can play, and indeed does play in relation to all the others, the role of content or sign, of secret or of indicator. In this gross and historical form in the sixteenth century, language is not an arbitrary system; it is engraved in the world and it is part of the world both because objects themselves conceal and manifest their enigmas in the form of a language, and also because words present themselves to men as objects to decipher. The great metaphor of a book that one opens, spells out, and reads to understand nature, is simply the visible inverse of another transfer, much deeper, which constrains language to exist as part of the world among the plants, the grasses, the stones, and the animals.

Language is a part of the broad expanse of similitudes

and signatures. Consequently, it should itself be studied as a natural object. Its elements, like animals, plants, or stars, have their own laws of affinity and compatability, and their obligatory analogues. Ramus divided his grammar into two parts. The first was consecrated to etymology, by which was meant not the search for the original meaning of words, but rather the intrinsic "properties" of letters, syllables, and finally of whole words. The second part treated syntax: it taught "the connections of words by means of their properties," and it consisted "almost entirely in the concordance and the mutual communion of properties, that of the noun with the noun or with the verb, or of the adverb with all the words to which it can be joined, and of the conjunction in the order of things joined."* (*P. Ramus, Gronnaire (Paris, 1572), p. 3 and p. 125-126). Language is not what it is because it has meaning; its representative function, which will have so much importance for the grammarians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that it will serve as the central thread of their analyses, has no role to play here. Words group syllables, and syllables letters because inherent in these things are properties that bring them together or separate them, exactly in the same way that in the world the marks repel or attract each other. The study of grammar in the sixteenth century reposes on the same epistemological foundation as natural science or the esoteric disciplines. The only differences: there is only one nature and many languages; and in esotericism the properties of words, syllables and letters are discovered by another discourse, which itself remains secret, while in grammar everyday words and sentences reveal their own properties. Language is half-way between the visible faces of nature and the secret concordances of esoteric discourses. It is a piecemeal nature, divided against itself and alloyed, which has lost its primal clarity; it is a secret which carries in it, albeit on the surface, the decipherable marks of what it wants to say. It is at once buried revelation, and revelation which with increasing clarity is little by little revealed.

In its original form, when it was given to men by God himself, language was an absolutely clear and certain sign of things because it resembled them. The names were set on the things they designated, as strength is written in the body of the lion, royalty in the glance of the eagle, as the influence of the planets is marked on the brows of men: by form and similitude. This transparency was destroyed at Babel in order to punish mankind. Languages were only separated from each other and only became discordant to the extent that this resemblance to objects which was the original justification for language was obscured. All the languages we know we speak

in the context of this lost similitude, and in the void that the similitude has left behind. The only language that retains the memory of the lost similitude derives directly from that now forgotten first vocabulary; it remains because God did not wish the chastisement of Babal to elude the memories of man; because this language used to tell of the old alliance of God with his people; because finally it is in this language that God spoke to those who listened to him. Hence Hebrew carries like debris the marks of the first appointment. And in these words that Adam pronounced when imposing them on the beasts there remained at least in part, carrying with them in their richness, as a fragment of silent knowledge, the fixed properties of the objects: "Thus the stork, so praised because of its devotion to its mother and father, is called in Hebrew Chasida, meaning polite, charitable, and full of pity... The horse named Sus is derived from the verb Hasas (unless the verb comes from the noun) which means to grow, because among all four-legged animals, this one is proud and bold, as Job describes in Chapter 39."* (Claude Duret, Tresordé l'histoire des langues (Cologne, 1613), p. 40.) But these are only fragmentary remains; the other languages have lost these root similitudes that only Hebrew retains to show that it was once the common tongue of God, Adam, and the beasts of the first earth.

But although language no longer closely resembles the things it names, it is not yet separated from the world; it continues, in other guise, to be the site of revelations and to be a part of the space in which the truth is at once manifested and expressed. Obviously language is no longer nature in its original clarity, but neither is it a mysterious instrument whose powers are known only to a privileged few. It is rather the image of a world in the process of its own redemption, trying at last to hear the true word. This is the reason that God wished that Latin, the language of his church, should be spread throughout the world. This is the reason that all the languages of the world, in the form that they have been learned thanks to this conquest, comprise together the image of the truth. The space in which they operate and their combinations free the sign of a saved world, just as the names originally assigned resembled the things that God had placed under Adam's control. Claude Duret draws our attention to the fact that the Hebrews, Canaanites, Samaritans, Chaldeans, Syrians, Egyptians, Punics, Carthaginians, Arabs, Saracens, Turks, Moors, Persians, and Tartars write from right to left following in this manner, "the daily course and movement of the first sky, which is very perfect, according to the opinion of the great Aristotle, approaching unity"; the Greeks, Georgians, Maronites, Jacobites, Copts, Tzervians, Poznians, and of course the Romans and all the Europeans

write from left to right, following in this manner, "the course and movement of the second sky, together with the seven planets"; the Indians, Cathays, Chinese, and Japanese write from top to bottom in conformity with "the order of nature, which gave men the head high and the feet below"; "in an inverse of the above" the Mexicans write either from bottom to top or in "spirals, similar to those of the sun in its annual course on the Zodiac"; and hence "by these five diverse ways of writing the secrets and mysteries of the crusade of the world and of the form of the cross, a combination of the roundness of the sky and the earth, are specifically denoted and expressed."* (Puret loc. cit.) The analogical relationship between languages and the world is more than simply meaning; or rather their value as signs and their function of redoubling are superimposed; they express the sky and the earth of which they are the image; they reproduce in their material structure the cross of which they announce the coming -- this coming that in its turn was established by the Scripture and the Word. There is a symbolic function in language: but since the disaster of Babel it can no longer be found -- except for a few rare exceptions*-- in the words themselves, but rather in the very existence of language, in its total relationship with the whole world, in the intersection of its space with the places and appearances of the cosmos. (*Gesner, in Mithridates, does cite, but as an exception, onomatopoeia (2nd ed. Tiguri, 1610, p. 3-4).)

Thence comes the design of the project for an encyclopedia as it appeared at the end of the sixteenth century, or in the first years of the following century: not to reproduce what one knows in the neutral aspect of language -- the use of the alphabet as an arbitrary but useful encyclopedic order will only appear in the second half of the seventeenth century* -- but rather to reconstitute by the sequencing of words and by their spatial distribution the very order of the world. (*Except for languages, since the alphabet is the stuff of language. cf Chap. 2 of Gesner's Mithridates. The first alphabetic encyclopedia is the Grand Dictionnaire historice of Moreri (1674).) Such is the project that one finds in Gregoire's Syntaxeon artis mirabilis (1610), in Alstedius' Encyclopaedia (1630); and even in the Tableaux de tous les arts libereaux where Christophe de Savigny succeeds in arranging information according to the cosmic, immobile, and perfect form of the circle, and the sublunary, mortal, multiple, and divided form of the tree; one finds it also in the work of La Croix du Maine, who conceives of a space that would be both an encyclopedia and a library, which would permit the disposition of written works according to such closeness, kinship, analogy, and subordination as the world itself

prescribes.* (*La Croix de Maine, *Les cents Buffets pour dresser une bibliotheque porfaite* (1583).) In any case such an intertwining of language and objects in a space that would include both presupposes the absolute privilege of writing.

This privilege dominated the entire Renaissance and doubtless was one of the great events in western culture. Printing, the arrival in Europe of eastern manuscripts, the emergence of a literature that was not created for the voice of the stage nor commissioned for them, the encouragement given to the interpretation of religious texts by the tradition and the authority of the Church -- all this testifies, without being able to sort out causes and effects, to the fundamental role played by writing in the West. Language henceforth is, in its prime form, written. The sounds of the voice render only a fleeting and precarious version of the written form. What God deposited in the world were written words; Adam, when he first assigned names to the beasts, was merely reading these visible and silent marks; the Law was entrusted to the Tablets, not to the memory of men; and the true Word will be found in a book. Both Vigenère and Duret* said in almost identical terms that writing has always preceded speech, most certainly in nature and possible even in human learning. (*Blaise de Vigenère, *Traité des Chiffres* (Paris, 1587), p. 1 and 2. Claude Duret, *Trésor de l'histoire des langues*, p. 19 and 20.) For it is very possible that even before Babel, before the Flood, there was a writing composed of the very marks of nature, and that these characters would even have had the power to act directly on objects, to attract them or repel them, to represent their properties, their attributes, and their secrets. Certain kinds of esoteric learning -- the Kabbalah is a prime instance -- have possibly been able to retain remnants of this primitive natural script, and seek to regain powers long since laid to rest. The esotericism of the sixteenth century is a phenomenon of writing, not of speech. In any case, the latter has been stripped of its powers; it is nothing more, Vigenère and Duret proclaim, than the female part of language, like its passive intellect; Writing itself is the active intellect, the "masculine principle" of language. Writing alone holds the truth.

This primacy of the written explains the twin presence of two forms which, in spite of their apparent incompatibility, are inseparable in the learning of the sixteenth century. There is first of all the lack of distinction between what is seen and what is read, between the observed and the reported, hence the weaving of a single supple cloth in which observation and language criss-cross ad infinitum;

and conversely there is also the immediate dissassociation from all language that multiplies without any assignable limit the scrutiny of the commentary.

Buffon, on one occasion, was astonished that in the works of a naturalist like Aldrovandi there was such an inextricable mixture of exact descriptions, reported conversations, uncritical fables, comments made indiscriminately about anatomy, heraldry, habitat, the mythological attributes of an animal, or their various uses in medicine or magic. And when, in fact, we look at the Historia serpentum et draconum, we see that the chapter "On Serpents in general" is divided into the following headings: equivocation (the different senses in which the word serpent can be used), synonyms and etymologies, differences, form and description, anatomy, character and habits, temperament, sex and reproduction, voice, movements, places, food, physiognomy, antipathy, sympathy, ways to catch, death and wounds by the serpent, methods and signs of poisoning, remedies, epithets, designations, marvels and omens, monsters, mythology, gods to which he is consecrated, fables, allegories and mysteries, hieroglyphics, emblems, and symbols, adages, coins, miracles, enigmas, devises, heraldic signs, deeds, dreams, reproductions and statues, uses as food, uses in medicine, diverse uses. And Buffon says: "let one judge after that what portion of natural history there is in all this jumble of writing. All that is not description, but legend." In fact, for Aldrovandi and his contemporaries, all that they wrote is legenda -- things to read. But the reason is not a preference for the authority of men over the exactitude of an unbiased observation, but rather that nature, itself, is a seamless fabric of words and marks, of stories and letters, of discourses and forms. When one has the story of an animal to tell, it is useless and impossible to choose between the role of a naturalist and that of an anthologist: in one and the same form of knowledge must be gathered all that has been seen and heard, all that has been related by nature or by men in the language of the world, of tradition, or of poets. To know a beast, or a plant, or anything from the earth is to collect the whole thick layer of signs that have been deposited in them or on them; it is to recover also all the constellations of forms when they take on the characteristic of emblems. Aldrovandi was not a better or a worse observer than Buffon; he was no more gullible than Buffon, and no less attached to the fidelity of observation or to the rational world. His observations were simply not tied to objects by the same system, nor the same epistemological configuration. Aldrovandi was meticulously examining a nature that was, from top to bottom, written.

Learning therefore consists of relating language to

language. In reconstituting the great uniform plain of words and objects. In making everything speak. In bringing forth above all the marks the secondary discourse of commentary. The role of knowledge is neither to see or to show, but to interpret. Commentary on the Scripture, commentary on the classics, commentary on traveler's tales, commentary on legends and fables; one does not ask of each of these discourses that one be able to interpret its right to express a truth; one only asks the possibility of talking about the discourse. Language in itself has the property of internal proliferation. "there is more work to do interpreting the interpretations than interpreting things; and more books about books than about any other subject; all we do is gloss each other."* (*Montaigne, Essais, Book III, chap. 13.) That is not a declaration of failure of a culture entombed in its own monuments, but rather the definition of the inevitable relationship that the language of the sixteenth century maintained with itself. On the one hand this relationship permits an infinite proliferation of language which never ceases to develop, to overtake itself, and to put forth a succession of forms. For perhaps the first time in western culture appears this absolutely limitless dimension of a language that can no longer stop, because, never confined to a definitive statement, it will only be able to reveal the truth in a future discourse that will be completely consecrated to what has already been said; but this discourse does not have the power to stop itself, and whatever information it has it conceals, like a promise, postponing once more to a future discourse.... The task of commentary by definition can never be completed. And nevertheless commentary is entirely oriented to the enigmatic part, the murmurings which hide in the language being commented on: it brings forth from beneath the existing discourse another speech, more fundamental, and as it were "more first," which it attempts to restore. There can be no commentary unless beneath the text that one reads and explicates, runs the sovereignty of an original Text. The promise of the ultimate discovery of this Text provides the incentive for commentary. Indeed, the consequent proliferation of exegesis is both paced, ideally limited, and continually fomented by this silent government. The language of the sixteenth century, understood not as an episode in the history of language but rather as a comprehensive cultural experience, is without a doubt caught up in this activity, in this cleft between the original Text and the infinitude of the Interpretation. We speak on the basis of a writing that is one with the world; we speak endlessly about it, and each of its signs becomes in turn writing for new treatises; but each treatise is addressed to this primitive writing that it seeks and yet

at the same time puts off from returning.

We can see that the experience of language belongs to the same archaeological network as the knowledge of natural objects. Knowledge of these objects involved disclosing the system of resemblances that rendered them proximate and unified them, but the similitudes could never be picked out except to the extent that an ensemble of signs, on their surfaces, formed the text of a peremptory indication. But these signs themselves were only an interplay of resemblances, and they referred back to the endless task, necessarily unfinished, of finding out the similar. Language, in the same way except for one reversal, has for its task the restoration of an absolutely original discourse, but it can only express this discourse by approximating it, by trying to say about it things similar to it, and by endlessly producing the proximate and similar fidelity of interpretations. Commentary indefinitely resembles what it comments on and can never express, just as the knowledge of nature leads to new signs of resemblance because resemblance cannot be known by itself, and signs can never be anything but similitudes. And just as this endless interplay of nature finds its link, its form, and its limitation in the relationship of microcosm to macrocosm, similarly the infinite task of commentary is reassured by the promise of a text actually written that one day the interpretation will reveal in its entirety.

THE BEING OF LANGUAGE



Ever since stoicism, the system of signs in the world had been tripartite, including the signifying, the signified, and the combination (the *Τυγχάνον*). Beginning in the seventeenth century, however, the arrangement of signs becomes binary, for it will be structured, after Port Royal, by the bond between the signifying and the signified. In the Renaissance the organization is different and much more complex; it is tripartite because it calls upon the formal domain of marks, upon the content signalled by the marks, and upon the similitudes that link the marks with the designated objects; but as resemblance is just as much the form of signs as their content, the three distinct elements in this system are joined into a single pattern.

This arrangement, with the interplay that it permits, is found, reversed, in the experience of language. Indeed language exists first of all, in its gross and primitive state,

in the simple material form of writing, of a stigma on objects, of a mark spread throughout the world that is a part of its most permanent characteristics. In a sense, this stratum of language is unique and absolute. But it brings forth at once two other forms of discourse that bracket it: above it, commentary, which uses the given signs in a new statement; and beneath, the primitive text that commentary assumes is hidden beneath the form of writing. It is this complex interplay that disappears with the close of the Renaissance. And this happens in two ways: because the figures that oscillate indefinitely between one and three limits are going to be fixed in a binary form that will make them stable; and because language, instead of being the material writing of objects, will no longer have its place in the general system of representative signs.

The new arrangement brings a new problem; in the past it had been asked how to recognize that a sign really designated what it signified; after the seventeenth century it will be asked how a sign can be bound to what it signifies. To this question the classical age responded with the analysis of representation, and the modern age responded with the analysis of sense and meaning. But by this very fact, language becomes nothing more than one particular case of representation (for the classicists) or of meaning (for us). The profound affinity of language and the world has been ruined. The primacy of writing is suspended. The uniform stratum in which the visible and the expressible interacted endlessly has disappeared as a result. Words and objects will separate. The eye will be destined to see, and only to see; the ear only to hear. Discourse will have as its task to say that which is, but it will be nothing more than what it says.

The binary arrangement entailed an immense reorganization of culture and the classical age was the first and perhaps the most important step, for the classical age is responsible for the arrangement in which we are now caught; it separates us from a culture in which the meaning of signs did not exist because it was absorbed by the sovereignty of the Similar; but in which the enigmatic, constant, obstinate, primitive signs glittered in their infinite dispersion.

There is nothing left in our knowledge or in our thinking that would give us cause to remember them. Nothing, except perhaps literature, and even there in a manner more allusive and oblique than direct. One can say that in a sense "literature" as it is constituted and so designated brings the reappearance on the doorstep of the modern age, where it was not expected, of the being of language. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the very existence of language, its intrinsic solidity that came from being an object written in the world, was negated by the operation of representation; all

language had value as discourse. The art of language was a way "to make signs" --at the same time to signify something and to arrange signs around that thing: an art of naming and thereby a redoubling at once demonstrative and decorative that involved luring the name, binding it, concealing it, and designating it in its turn by other names which were but its presence once removed, the second sign, the figure of speech, the rhetorical device. Yet, all through the nineteenth century and still in our time -- from Holderlin to Mallarme and Antonin Artaud -- literature could only exist autonomously, only existed detached by a deep gulf from all other language, by forming a kind of counterdiscourse, and by again raising the representative or signifying language in its rough aspect forgotten since the sixteenth century.

We believe that we have attained the very essence of literature by examining it no longer on the basis of what it says, but rather in its form as meaning: when we do this we are still obeying the classical rules of language. In the modern age it is literature that rewards (and not confirms) the function of language as symbol. Through literature, the objective being of language shines anew on the fringes of western culture -- and in its heart -- for language as being is the core of what western culture has recovered since the sixteenth century. That is why language appeared more and more as something to be studied; but also, and for the same reason, as something which in no case can be studied on the basis of a theory of meaning. Whether it is analysed on the side of the signified (what it wants to say, its ideas, what it promises and what it contracts to do) or on the side of the signifying (with the help of systems borrowed from linguistics or psychoanalysis) it little matters: that is only episodic. In both cases we seek language away from a place where, for our culture, it has not ceased for a century and a half to come forth and imprint itself. Such methods of deciphering stem from a classic situation of language -- one that held in the seventeenth century after the system of signs became binary and after meaning was conceived of in the form of representation; then literature was composed of a signified and a signifying and deserved to be analysed as such. Beginning in the nineteenth century literature brings back language in its being: but no longer as it appeared at the end of the Renaissance. For now there is no longer that original and absolutely initial word, that limited the infinite movement of discourse; henceforth language will grow without boundaries and without promise. It is in the circuit of this unrewarding and fundamental space that the text of literature daily wanders.

(From "The Prose of the World" in Les Mots et Les Choses, Gallimard, Paris, 1966.)

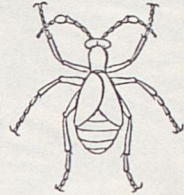


Translated by William S. Moran



O s w a l d C r o l l, Doctor and Hermetic Philosopher

PREFACE CONCERNING SIGNATURES (excerpt)



Although our present-day botanists are fully knowledgeable of the material, substance, and structure of plants they are ignorant of their internal form. For this reason I wish they would be as concerned to distinguish the Signatures of these plants as they are particular in their finicky and often worthless disputes over naming them; from this there would redound to the Republic of Medicine a far more fruitful and fertile utility. But, as has happened in nearly all the arts, there are many who, when the sweet pulp of the sciences has been withdrawn and abandoned, occupy themselves with the bitter rind. They are like our common folk, lacking in internal vision and considerate only of the external appearances of things. Thus we find many who give names to plants and provide magnificent descriptions of their natural habitats, locales, and the external appearances in which their strength is lodged, as if it were at home there. Yet what the sagacious man of medicine ought first by the signature to investigate is what Really Dwells Within, the Vestige in His creatures of God Invisible, the Shade, the Image of the Creator impressed on his creatures, or that internal Force and arcane Source of potentiality, Nature's dowry as it were, imparted to and infused into a plant by the great God as if it were a living soul; that and the mutual, analogical sympathy and harmony of the members of the Body of Plants.

Consequently we need eyes more perspicacious, ingenuity more deep, and investigators more subtle, if we wish to grasp a full and intimate understanding of the sort Nature has left for zealous lovers and admirers of Natural Objects to explore and describe; if we wish that, rather than merely to be able, like the common fellow, to describe all sorts of things at first sight, without the science of the Internal Power, by their Names -- for the names of plants have no

potentialities, and therefore their structures should be examined to find out which is a purge, which gives a smell, which cures fever, and which cures wounds; or if we wish that, rather than merely to want to explore the powers of plants through a wrongful and fallacious judgement of the four qualities, namely by Heat, Cold, Wetness, and Dryness -- since they are yet but Shades of things, just as colors have no roots nor potential in things. This will not be denied by those who, knowing the Potential from the Root Within rather than the Surface, and abandoning the subtlety of empty Names, search the truth the more carefully from the things themselves with an intimate and profound speculation; who see manifest in the secrets of nature the Vestiges divinely impressed; who hunt out of their outermost appearances the hidden dowries of Plants; and who know how great a difference there is between the kernel and the shell, between a home and a mere stopping-place, -- unless they foolishly wish to inscribe wood and stones with the name "statue" or to provide shelters for the harvest and forsake the harvesters. In all external things there is a home, indeed a secret dwelling place of the Powers living within, infused by God, like the Soul into the human body. The more rightly did that Philosopher seek the genius and disposition of man not from the name but by his speech (which is the true indication and stamp of the soul or interior man) when he impelled the boy standing nearby in silence in this manner: Speak, young man, so I may see whether the motions of your hidden thoughts are revealed through the medium of your voice. In the same way, magically, Plants through their Signature speak to the man of medicine who looks deep within, and they manifest their Insides, hidden in the secret silence of Nature, to him through their likeness: for there is (that I may use the words of a very famous man, Baptist Porta) a means of demonstration through likeness, a means by which the Great Demiurge is used to manifesting things divine and occult so that they yield up the supreme likeness of the Ideas. And He could not have done so in a more excellent or skillful manner; for let us suppose that a plant could talk and was willing to express the secret advantages with which it is distinguished; it would speak in some language or manner that not everyone could understand, since languages and written characters are proper and peculiar to individual peoples, and in this way it would have had to speak either one tongue or an infinite number of tongues; thus with acute ingenuity Nature has caused the matter to be done sufficiently for all at the same time directly and with perspicuity through each thing's Likeness. All plants, flowers, trees, and other

things coming forth from the earth are Books and Magical Signs, communicated by the enormous mercy of God, wherein those Signs may be our Medicine, and wherein through the understanding of them we can come to True Medicine, that is, an Expression Manifest. Therefore, he who wishes to be a proven man of medicine and have knowledge of those things which make reference to themselves must learn -- through that Art which Nature displays externally through signs -- what Nature is signifying internally: for everything which is Within gives an external appearance of that Secret, as much in sensible as in insensible creatures.





CONCERNING DOCTORS AND THE TRUE PHYSICK (excerpt)

The outward World is a speculative Anatomy, wherein we may see, as in a glass, the lesser World Man; for so much of his wonderful and excellent fabric and creation as is necessary for a Physician to know, cannot be understood from the man himself: For whatsoever lies hidden and unseen in Man, is made manifest in the visible Anatomy of the whole Universe, for the Microcosmical Nature in Man is invisible and incomprehensible.

When we say that the form of things proceeds from the Astra's, we mean neither the visible coals of Heaven, nor the invisible body of the Astra's in the Firmament, but of everything's own proper Astrum; so that the superior does not power forth its virtues and hidden secrets into the inferior visible Firmament, as the false Philosophers think that the stars of the Firmament do infuse virtue into herbs and trees. Every growing and living thing carries its proper heaven and Astrum with its self, and in its self; the superior stars in their course through the Zodiac excite and stir up the growth of inferior things, they provide for them by dew, rain, seasons; but do not infuse the internal Astrum into things that grow, neither their smell, nor their color, nor their form; but all things proceed from the inner Astrum or secret Forger, and not from without: the external stars do neither incline nor necessitate Man, but Man rather inclines the Stars, and by his Magical imagination infects them. For as the Air or Sun cannot set an apple or pear upon the tree, which must rather grow out of its own internal Astrum, or inward Heaven, from the Center to the Circumference, much less can the external superior Heaven infuse any virtue into things that grow.

It is not the Local Anatomy of a man and dead corpses, but the Essentiated and Elemented Anatomy of the World, of the one who discovers the disease and cure. The Members or parts of the great world are the Remedies of the members and parts of man by an agreement between the external and internal Anatomy; As there is an Anatomy of a-man-and-a-woman, so the Anatomy of diseases and medicines is but one. The chief matter of the Physician is to know the Concordance of Nature, viz., how he may make the Astrum of the Physick or

of the magical Heaven agree with the internal Astrum and Olympus of Man, by like Anatomy to draw upon that Mummy which will stop the bleeding in Man. The Nightingale that is subject to the diseases of Spiders is cured by eating them; the external leads to the internal, as in the great so do in the little world. Hence it is plain that diseases are not cured by contraries, as if heat were to expel cold, as though man were to have the Elements banished and driven out of him, but by the secret things or Astra's which the Chemist can reduce out of the last matter into the first: These Arcana or hid things are actually neither cold nor hot, yet remove all diseases, as the Axe cuts down the tree, neither of which is cold or hot.

Man is the most admirable Extract and kernel of the four Elements, the choicest workmanship of God and the perfect Sampler of the world, is truly every Creature; he alone has semblance with all things, and operation with all, and conversation with all.

The Imagination of Man is the lodestone that attracts above a 1000 miles off, yea in its Exaltation it draws unto it whatsoever it wills out of the Elements. Hence the true Magician or wise Man can attract the operation of the Astra's stones, metals, &c. into the Imagination to make them exercise there the same energy, as for example, by a burning Glass the beams of the Sun are derived unto us with identical heat: The Imagination can produce whatever we see with our eyes in the greater world; Thus, by Imagination and true Gabalia all herbs, all growing things, all metals may be produced, again, identical. This part of Magick is called Gabalistical, and is supported with three pillars.

Everything that God created Good is extremely perfect and incorruptible, as the heaven: but whatsoever is in these sublunary inferior things has a twofold Nature, a perfect and an imperfect: that is, a first Essence and the dregs may be separated one from the other by fire. Seeing therefore that the true medicine (or Physick) is wrapped up in rinds, barks, matrixes, receptacles, husks, garments, and cottages, as Almonds and all kernels are covered with bark and rind (for Nature does not bring forth the kernel of the Chestnut without a shell and prickly husk), we must find it necessary to separate the same from its impure Elements by the artificial Anatomy of Chemists; then can we come to a pure Medicine on earth; For the bonds are loosed by art and industry, the faculties of healing set free.

The Stork having eaten a Serpent, is cured with Organy. The Sow stung with a Serpent, is cured by eating Turnsole, or Waterwort; the Crane with Bullrushes. The Toad when stung or

poisoned with any other venomous creature, eats Rue, Sage, or Plantain, or rubs the wounded part therewith and is recovered. The weasel eats Rue when it is to fight with the Basilisk. The Pye when sick carries a Bay-leaf into her nest and is well. The Lapwing sick with grapes is made well with Maidenhair. The Bear eats Pismires to expel the distemper of Mandrakes. Geese, Ducks, and other water fowl, are cured by Pelitory of the wall: Pigeons by Vervin; Swallows with Celandine, Hawks with Sow-thistles.

Whatsoever therefore the Physician does effect Naturally or by HERBS working successively in junctures of time: the Magus, the Wise man, the Celestial Physician performs suddenly and much sooner by Characters and Stones with a most powerful impression; to wit, the Gamahaea of Influential Wedlock to the Terrestrial sign, by matrimonial combination of the Superiors and Inferiors ASTRALLY: For such is the mutual tie and continuity of Nature, that like a stretched cord, all the Superior flows through every inferior thing even to the utmost, dispersing its beams by a long and continued order and succession; on the other hand, the inferior passes through all to their Superiors, because the working Virtue is one, and the participation of the species is diffused through all.

Miracles have been effected by True Magicians, accurate readers of Nature, those seekers of a Word written with Characters or Signs, framed at a certain time according to the power of Heaven; For sigils or constellated Names, according to Agrippa, have no force from the Figureors Pronunciation, but by relation of the Virtue or Office which God or Nature has ordained to such a Name or Character.

Medicines are visible bodies; Words are invisible bodies: whether the Herb or Word heals, it is finally by God, by the Spirit of God made One with Nature in his Word FIAT.

Nature, as it is now, gives us nothing that is pure in the world, but has mixed all things with many impurities, that so long as we are shut out of Paradise into the suburbs of this world, we must be tilling and manuring the EARTH.

All Venomous things have a Balsam agreeable to Man's Nature, and there is no poisonous Creature but that has in it an Antidote against its own poison, and in its kind is good; though it be poison to Man, yet many times it is common food to another Creature: Spiders are good for hens and Sparrows, Toads for Serpents, Serpents for Stags and Storks; but these Forms of Physick work better when they are extracted, than while they are drowned in Matter, which always hinders and restrains the power and operation of the Secret.

Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral principles are one and the same in all things, but have various Receptacles; All

things are from one Principle, and tend to one. But when that one Nature, the Essence and Matter of all things, came forth upon the Stage of this world, which Nature is the Specific of every Creature, it brought with it various wonderful bodies of manifold distinction according to the disposition and variety of the Place and Receptacle, and according to the agitation and operation of the Universal spirit: so here Vegetables grow, there Minerals are dug up, in another place living creatures are generated. In the set Order of the sublunary family one gives place always for the nourishment of another.

Albert Magnus writes, that in his time there has been a certain Gold found in the bodies and heads of some that were hanged; in his Book of Minerals he says that Gold may be found everywhere. And therefore the Philosophers say that the matter of their Mystery may be had everywhere, because it consists in every Elemented thing.

Thus Morienes that excellent Philosopher, the most skillful and expert Chymiologer, when he answered King Calid who inquired after the matter of the Elixer; It is of thee O King, said he, and thou art in its Mine.

The diseases afflict us by destroying the frame of the world and taking away our life. The disease is cured only by the same Element that was the cause of it.

Very often the Time or Season together with the bad inclination of the Astra's is very cross and contrary to the health: For whatsoever is cured before the time is subject to a relapse; it is a very instant of the Season or time of the harvest only that makes a sure and certain cure: A ripe pear or apple will fall of its own accord, but before this we shake the tree in vain to get it down. If these things be not considered, especially in the cure of Astral diseases, all things are of no moment, and we go about the work to no purpose, looking for help on either side, while Physicians and their Physick do more hurt than the disease itself, destroying soul and body.

Such is the force of the Sidereal spirit upon the body, that whithersoever it imagines and dreams it carries the very body up and down with it, as we see in Noctambulators And saw in that new medicinal Spring which broke out this year in the coasts of Misnia and Bohemia, unto which almost an incredible number of sick and weak people daily resort.

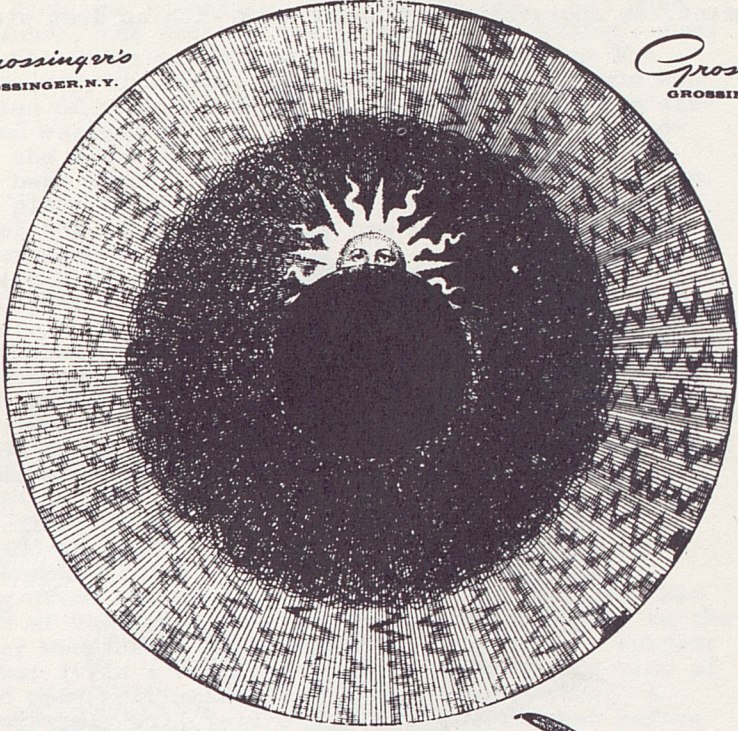
He that falls mad by the biting of a mad dog will have the shape of that dog appearing in his urine: Thus the lust and longing of a pregnant woman works upon another body, when through the oblivion of herself she imprints the mark of the things longed for upon the child in her womb, as saffron colors water; For by her Imagination she forms the

infant, as Engravers mark their work with an iron stamp.



Grossinger's
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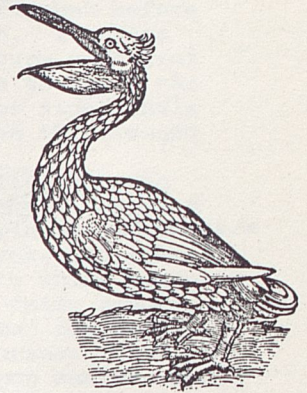


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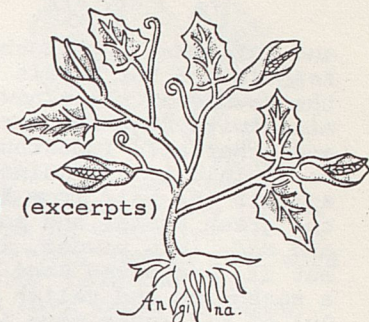
The Sun rises to signatures by

Ice: Skating
Water: Swimming
Earth: Golf: 18

Air: Sail: Lake
Fire: Moon
Pines, Apples



William Coles



ADAM IN EDEN OR, THE PARADISE OF PLANTS (excerpts)

Of the Wall-nut Tree.

THE TEMPERATURE. Dodonaeus is of the Opinion, that the fresh Nuts are cold and moist, but Fuchsius saith, they are drying in the first degree, and heating in the second: the bark of the Tree doth binde and dry very much, and the leaves are near of the same temperature; but when the Nuts are old, they are hot and dry in the second degree, and of thin parts, and of harder digestion then when they are fresh, which by reason of their sweetness, are more pleasant, and better digesting in the stomach.

THE SIGNATURES AND VERTUES. Wall-nuts have the perfect Signatures of the Head: The outer husk or green Covering, represent the pericranium, or outward skin of the skull, whereon the hair groweth, and therefore salt made of those husks or barks, are exceeding good for wounds in the head. The inner shell hath the Signature of the Skull, and the yellow skin, or Peel, that covereth the Kernell, of the hard Meninga & Pia Mater, which are the thin scarfes that envelope the brain. The Kernel hath the very figure of the Brain, and therefor it is very profitable for the brain, and resists poysons; For if the Kernell be bruised, and moystned with the quintessence of Wine, and laid upon the Crown of the Head, it comforts the brain and head mightily. And true it is, that two dry Wall-nuts, and as many Figs, and twenty leaves of Rue, bruised and beaten together with two or three Corns of salt were King Mithridates Medicine against poyson, which after he had long used daily, at last he sought to poyson himself, but could not. And no marvel, for the water of green Wall-nuts, taken about Midsummer, being drunk two or three ounces, cooleth and resisteth the Pestilence. And the water of the outer Husks of Wall-nuts being not rotten, distilled in September, is given to drink against the Plague, with a little Vinegar as a certain experiment; and the juyce of the same, boyled up with Honey, is an excellent gargle for sore mouths, the heat

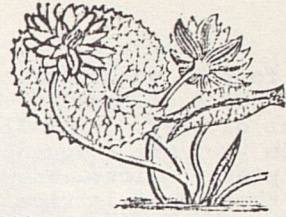
and inflammations in the throat or stomach. Though the old Kernels are not so fit to be eaten, yet they are used to heal the wounds of the sinews, Gangrens, and Carbuncles, and being mixed with Figs and Rue, they cure old Ulcers of the Breasts, and other cold Imposthumes, with Rue and Oul, they are good to be laid to the Quinsie. The leaves with Boars grease, stayeth the hair from falling, and maketh it fair. Some use the green husks, and sometimes the young red leaves, dried and made into powder, instead of Pepper, to season their meat; but if some dried Sage in Pouder be put into it, it will give a seasoning and relish not to be despised of poor folks. The Oyl of Wall-nuts made in such a manner, as Oyl of Almonds, maketh smooth the hands and face, and taketh away scales and scurf, black and blew marks, that come of blowes and bruises, and taken inwardly, it helpeth the Collick, and expelleth Wind very effectually. Besides, it is far better for the Painters use, to illustrate a white colour than Linseed Oyl, which deadeth it; and is of singular good use, to be laid on gilded works. It is averred by some that if a Wall-nut be put in the belly of a Chicken, it will cause it to be roasted a good deal the sooner. The Rind of the root, having the upper part scraped of, being made into powder, and tempered with Vinegar, if it be strained two or three times, till it be somewhat thin and clear, and drunk liberally, cureth the Ague, and cleanseth the body very much.

Of the Quince-Tree.

THE TEMPERATURE. Quinces have a cold and earthy faculty in them, and by reason of their great binding, they moysten the body lesse then other fruits; for they are cold in the first, and dry in the second degree. When they are green, they help all sorts of Fluxes in Man or Woman, and whatsoever needeth astriction.

THE SIGNATURE AND VERTUES. The Down of Quinces doth in some sort resemble the hair of the Head, the decoction whereof is very effectual for the restoring of Hair that is fallen off by the French Pox, and being made up with Wax, and laid on as a Plaster, it bringeth Hair to them that are bald, and keepth it from falling, if it be ready to shed. The Mucilage taken from the Seed and Quinces, boyled a little in water, is very good to cool the heat, and heal the sore breasts of Women: the same with a little Sugar, is good to lenifie the harshness, and hoarseness of the throat, and roughness of the Tongue.

Of the Water-Lillie.



THE NAMES. It is called in Greek $\nu\sigma\mu\phi\epsilon\iota\alpha$, and in the Latine also *Nymphaea*, because it loveth to grow no where but in the Water, which the Greeks sometimes call $\nu\sigma\mu\phi\eta$, though that word hath other significations also, or rather from the Story though fabulous (for many of purplants have received names upon such accounts) of the Nymph which pind away for the love of Hercules, and was changed hereinto; It is also called by the Apothecaries *Nenuphar*; by Apuleius, *Mater Herculana*, *Algapalustris*, *Papaver palustre*, *Clavus Veneris*, and *Digitus*; by Marcellus, *Clava Herculis*; Some have called it in English the Water Rose, as well as the Water Lilly.

THE KINDES. Of the Water Lillies, both white and yellow, there be seven sorts. 1. The great common white water Lilly. 2. The lesser white water Lilly. 3. Small white water Lilly, commonly called *Froybit*. 4. The great white water Lilly of Egypt. 5. The great yellow water Lilly. 6. The smaller yellow water Lilly. 7. Small yellow water Lilly, with lesser flowers.

THE FORME. The great common white water Lilly hath very large round leaves, in the shape of a buckler, thick, fat, full of juce, and of a dark green colour, which, standing upon long, round, and smooth foot-stalks, full of a spongius substance, alwayes flote upon the water, seldome or never growing above it: from amongst which, there rise up from the Root other thick and great stalks, like unto the foot-stalks of the leaves, each of them sustaining one onely large white flower thereon, green on the out side, but exceeding white within, consisting of divers rowe, of long and somewhat thick, and narrow Leaves, smaller and thinner, the more inward they be, with many yellow threds or thrums in the middle, standing about a small head, which after the leaves are fallen of, becometh like unto a Poppy Head, contain in it broad, blackish, Oily and glittering seed, of a bitter tast; The Roots be round, long and tuberous, with many knobs thereat, like Eyes, of substance loose and spongy, of colour black without, and white within, out of which groweth a multitude of strings, by which it is fastened in the ground under the bottom of the Water.

THE PLACES AND TIME. All the sorts of Water Lillies, except

the fourth, whose name showeth its place also, do grow in most parts of England, where there be any standing pooles, great ditches, or small slow running Rivers, in every of which they are frequent, and sometimes in large Rivers, run pretty quick; They flower in the months of May and June, and their feed is ripe in August.

THE TEMPERATURE. The Leaves and Flowers of the Water Lillies are cold and moist, but the Root and Seed are cold and dry.

THE VERTUES. The Seed and Root of the Water Lilly, whether white or yellow, but principally the yellow being boyled in Water, is of a wonderfull efficacy to coole, bind, and restrain, and therefore the said decoction cannot but be exceeding good for those who shall endeavour to reserve themselves from Lechery and uncleannesse, for it not onely stoppeth the involuntary passage of Sperme in Sleep, commonly called Nocturnall pollution, but is so powerfull in this particular, that the frequent use hereof extinguisheth even the very Motions to venery, and so doth the Root and Seed used in meat or drink, or the Root only bruised and applyed to the genitals, or the green Leaves laid upon the region of the back, either of which wayes it is available, also for the Gonorrhoea or running in the Reines, and the Whites, or any other flux in Man or Woman, but especially if it be boyled in thick red wine and drunk; The said Root is very good for those whose Urine is hot and sharp, to be bouled in Wine or Water, and the decoction thereof drunk; The leaves do cool all Inflammations, and both the outward and inward heats of Agues, the decoction thereof being drunk or bathed with; They are also very effectuall to expell the secondine or After Birth, whereof they have the Signature, as the learned Crollius observeth; Both the simple and compound Syrupes, which are made of white water Lilly flowers, and may be had at the Apothecaries, are fine and cooling they allay the heat of Choller, provoke sleep, settle the brains of Frantick persons, by cooling the hot distemperature of the head, as they do the distempers of other parts, as the Heart, Liver, Reines, and Matrix. The oyl made of the flowers, as the Oyl of Roses is made, cureth the Head-ach, causeth sweet and quiet sleep, and putteth away all Venerous dreams, and taketh down the standing of the Yard, the Head and privities being annointed therewith, and is profitable also to coole hot tumors and the inflammations of Ulcers and Wounds, neither doth it onely ease, but also heal them.

Of Celandine.



THE TEMPERATURE. The ordinary great Celandine is manifestly hot and dry, and that in the third degree; and withall, scour-eth and cleanseth effectually.

THE SIGNATURE AND VERTUES. Though Aristotle will not admit that this Herb cureth the Eys of young Swallows, yet it hath been proved, by experience, that it is one of the best cures for mens Eyes that is; for the juyce dropped into the Eyes, clenseth them from films and clowdiness, which darken the sight; but it is best to allay the sharpnesse of it, with a little Breat-Milk. Mr. Culpepper saith, that the Oyl or Oyntment is most effectual, if it be anointed upon sore Eyes, and that it is Far better than endangering the Eyes with a Needle. The Herb or Roots boyled in White-wine and drunk, a few Anniseeds being boyled therewith, openeth Obstructions of the Liver and Gall, helpeth the yellow Jaundice by Signature, which is plainly signified by the yellow juyce; and after often using, it helps the Dropsie, and the Itch, and those that have old sores in their Legs, or other parts of the Body. It is good in old filthy corroding creeping Ulcers whatsoever, to stay the stelalignity of fretting, and running, to cause them to heal the more speedily: the juyce often ap-plied to Tettters, Ring-worms, or other such like spreading Cancers, will quickly heal them, and rubbed oft on Warts, will take them away. The Herb, with the Roots bruised, and heated with the Oyl of Camomile, and applied to the Navel, taketh away both the griping pain in the Belly and Bowels, as all the pains of the Mother, and applied to Womens Breasts that have their Courses over much, stayeth them. The Juyce or Decoction of the Herb, gargled between the teeth that ake, taketh away the pain; and the Powder of the dryed Root, layed upon an aking, hollow, or loose Tooth, will, as some say, cause it to drop out. Matthioliulus saith, that if the green Herb be worn in the shoes of them that have the yellow Jaundies, so as their bare feet may tread thereon, it helpeth them.

Of the Pine Tree.

THE TEMPERATURE. The Bark of the Pine Tree is binding and drying: the kernells of the Nuts do concoct and moderately heat, being in a mean between cold and hot. The Leaves are cooling, and asswage Inflammations.

THE SIGNATURE AND VERTUES. Crolius in his book of Signatures, saith that the woody scales, whereof the Pine Apple is composed, and wherein the kernels lie, do very much resemble the form of the teeth of a Man; and therefore Pine leaves boyled in Vinegar make a good decoction to gargle the mouth for asswaging immoderate pains in the teeth and gums, and so do the shivers of the Torch-pine boyled in Vinegar, and gargled warm as the former must be. The Kernels of the Apples are wholsom, and much nourishing whilst they are fresh, and although they be somewhat hard of digestion, yet they do not offend: especially if they be steeped three or four hours in warm water before the taking, to soak out their sharpnesse and oyliness: those that are of hot constitutions may take them with sugar; but those that are cold, with Hony; and so they do amend the putrifying humours in the stomach and bowels, and stirr up bodily lust, and increase sperme, if they be made into an Electuary with the powder of Penids, and some sweet Wine; Also they much help a hoarse throat, wheesings, and shortness of breath, recover the voice being lost, expectorate phlegm, are good for an old Cough, and the Ulcer of the Lungs: they also lenifie the Uritory passages being fretted with the stone, and cause it to be easily voided.

Of Garlick.

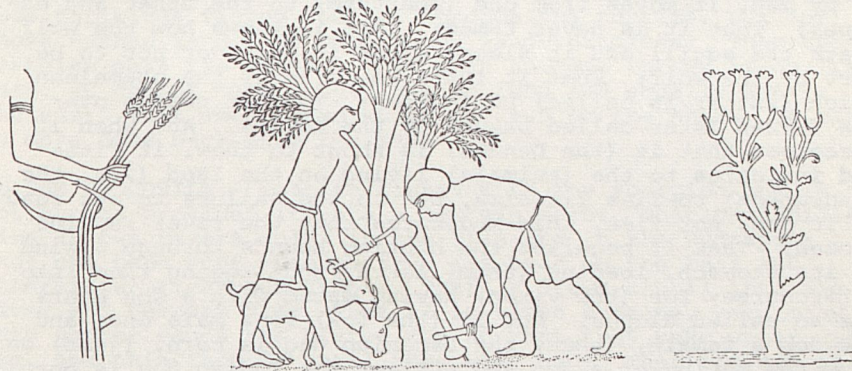
THE TEMPERATURE. It is hot and dry in the fourth Degree, and raiseth Blisters, being applyed to the skin.

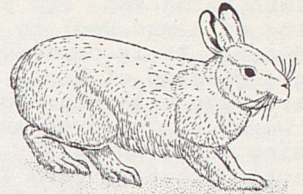
THE VERTUES. Garlick being eaten, heateth the Body, maketh thin, thick and grosse humours; cutteth such as are tought, and clammy, digesteth and consumeth them: it also openeth Obstructions or stoppings, and is an enemy to cold poyson, and to the biting of venemous Beasts. It taketh away the roughnesses of the Throat, also helpeth an old Cough, provoketh Urine, killeth Worms, expelleth Wind, helpeth the Cholick, cures the Dropsie proceeding of a cold Cause, provoketh the Courses in Women, and stirreth up Venus and Lust, but dryeth the Seed of Generation, and is most excellent for a cold and moyst stomach, and to stir up naturall heat. An old man by lying in the cold of in the Winter season, had almost lost the innate or naturall heat of his stomach, and his appetite was even decayed, after many hot Medicines used in vain, at length was cured with Garlick and Honey. A Decoction thereof made with Origanum, and Wine, being drunk,

killeth Worm-Lice, and Nits. It is profitable against the biting of a mad Dog; to dry up Rheum; and also for the cold Head-ach. It is commended against the Consumption of the Lungs, pissing of blood, and for such as cannot hold their water. The milk wherein Garlick hath been boyled, is good for worms in Children or two Ounces of the water may be given morning and evening for a week together, if need be. The Decoction thereof used for a Bath, or Fume to sit over, brings down the Flowers and after-Birth. The smell of Garlick driveth away venemous Creatures, and applyed with Figs, and Cummin, it cures the bitings of the Mouse called a Shrew.

Of St. Johns-wort.

THE SIGNATURE AND VERTUES. The little holes whereof the leaves of Saint Johns wort are full, doe resemble the pores of the skin, and therefore it is profitable for all hurts and wounds that can happen thereunto, and also for inward bruises, aswell of the bodie and flesh as of the Joynts and Skin, if it be made into an Oyle, Oyntment or Salve, bathe or lotion, and used outwardly or boyled in Wine and drunke, it hath the power to open obstructions, to dissolve tumors, to consolidate or sodder together the Lips of Wounds, and to strengthen the parts that are weake and feeble. The decoction of Herb and flowers, but especially of the seed, made in Wine and drunke, or the seed made into powder and drunke with the juice of Knot grasse, helpeth all manner of spitting and vomiting of bloud, be it by any veine broken inwardly, by bruises, falls, or the like.





ON THE HYENA: That year by year it becomes alternately male and female; That it has sharp and thick hair; That it mates with a wolf and bears the so-called lonewolf which does not join (the other wolves) but lives alone, preying on men and animals; That it steals decomposing bodies from the graves; That it sees by night as by day; That (by) vomiting it induces the dogs to come forth and thus it catches them; That it flatters the dogs and playing with (or: on) their muzzle it chokes them; That, walking in the moonlight, if there is a dog on a roof, it catches his shade from below (and thus) it drags the dog down from above; That the bile of the hyena helps sharp-sightedness; That it fears the strychnon-plant as the wolf (fears) the squill; That if one has sandal(s) (made) of the hyena's skin and he passes by (some) dogs, he is not afraid.

ON THE FOX: That (when) hungry it stretches itself as (if it were) dead in a lonely spot, and when the birds gather to eat (it) up, suddenly jumping up, it catches one of them and devours it. The sea-frog and the torpedo do the same; That the basilisk is afraid of the seal's skin; That it makes seven apertures to its earth, and being pursued by the hounds or by men, it moves from one (aperture) to the other and escapes; That it is never tamed; That it knows how the wolf fears the squill and it sleeps under it in order not to be hurt by the wolf; That it fears the bile of the chameleon which (latter is called) puff-cheek; That it passes over the frozen Ister called Danube by the Romans. And when it perceives that it (the Danube) is about to thaw, it flees and indicates to the (animals) living on the land (i.e. the quadrupeds) to flee likewise, but to the sailors to get ready; if it does not flee, this indicates that the river remains frozen; That it beguiles the hunting hounds through a wind of its stomach, leading (them) astray and wagging them into intercourse; for (the vixen) having mated with a dog bears the so-called alopos. But if (the fox) is a male one, and the dog a female, (then) the Laconian dog is born, (just) as from the mating of a dog and a tiger the Indian dog is born.

ON THE WILD GOAT: That the wild goat is very swift and moves about on the cliffs as if it were flying; That when forced

(to do so) by the hunters, it jumps from the cliffs into the depth, down from the peaks, and does not hurt itself, except if it happens to tumble down, (in which case) it is dashed to pieces; That the wild goat cherishes its father, and when he can no (longer) move with age, it brings him fodder and water in its mouth and nourishes him, just as the alkyons on the sea (nourish) the kerylos, their father; That the wild goat loves its young more (than other animals do theirs), so that, when they are caught, it follows them and wants to share their lot; That it has a hole in its horn through which it draws air and breath as (if it were leading) to the snout; but if someone stops this (hole) it dies.

ON THE PANTHER: That the panther is born from its mother after she has conceived from as many animals as possible; That the Indian panther which smells of perfume, attracts the animals and leads them to its own lair and devours them.

ON THE HARE: That they, being cowards, keep their eyes open while they are asleep; That the colour of their skins resembles the earth on which they dwell; That it, being sharp-sighted, flees the eagle; That there is no hare in Ithaca, and if one comes there, it runs to the sea and perishes.

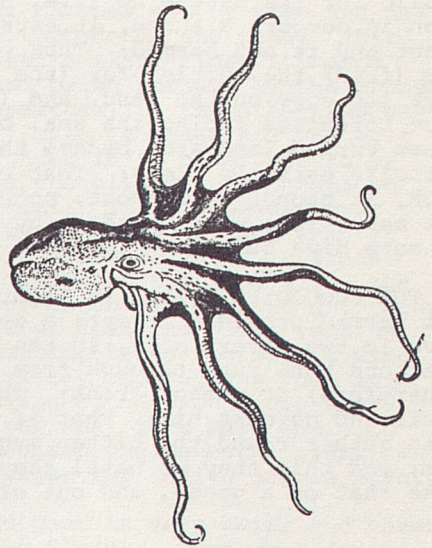
ON THE TORTOISE: That Hermes made the lyre of a tortoise - wherefore the lyre is also called 'chelys' - and gave it to Apollo for the cattle he (i.e. Hermes) had stolen; That when it devours a snake, it eats afterwards the origanum plant and is not harmed; That the land-tortoises are different (from) the turtle; for (the latter) leaves the sea and lays its eggs on the land, and (out of) those eggs which produce tortoises facing the sea, become the turtles, but (of) those turned landwards became the land-tortoises; That the tortoise eats the fleas; That when someone throws it on its back, it cannot turn about, not on land and equally not in the sea; That when dried up by the sun on the shore, it can no more dive back into the sea.

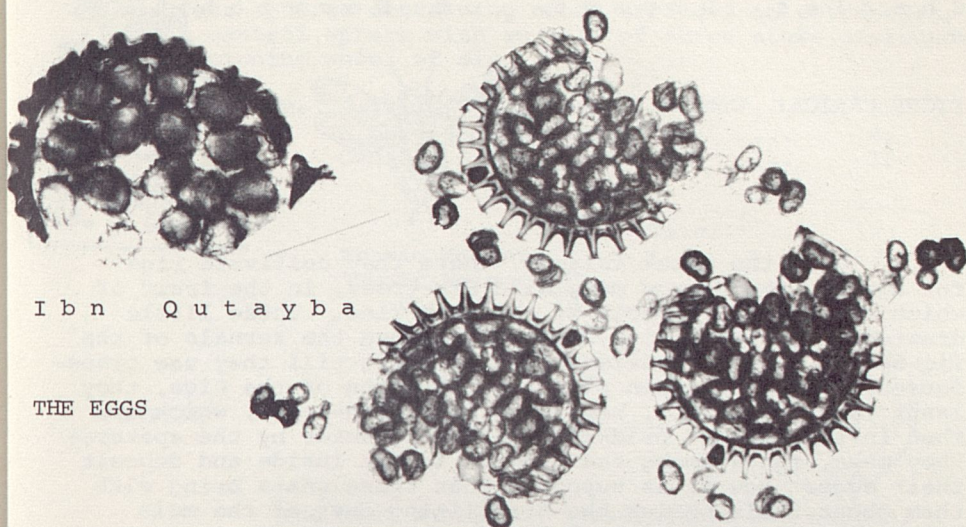
ON THE CROCODILE: That it fights with the scorpion and is not harmed provided it eats a certain herb; That crocodiles live in two rivers only, in the Nile and in the Hydaspes; That one bone runs through from its head to the tail and (therefore) it cannot crook; That it draws a bull into the river and devours him; That if it bites someone, very many cats gather round the bitten man so that they make water upon him, and this they do until they kill him; That its egg is like that of a goose, and out of it comes a little crocodile

like the land-(crocodile) but in time it grows to (a length of) 10 cubits and more; for as long as it lives it grows. However, it lays 60 eggs and has 60 teeth and lives 60 years and has 60 muscles and remains 60 days without food and has sexual commerce 60 (times); That the bird trochilos is friendly to him eating the decayed flesh and leeches out of (its) teeth; That the trochilos watches over it when it sleeps and when it (i.e. the trochilos) sees that hunters are approaching or rather the ichneumon (which lives) near the Nile and which is also called 'enhydros' or, Hyllos' it (the trochilos) immediately screams and wakes it (the crocodile) up and makes it flee into the river; for it (the crocodile) likes to dwell on the banks and to sleep (there).

ON THE HIPPOPOTAMUS: That the hippopotamus belongs to the amphibians and has an invulnerable skin as (is) on the elephants. It eats crocodiles and other aquatic monsters; That the hippopotamus indicates the rising of the Nile; for it walks in the mud up to the level to which is going to rise; That its stomach removes lunar fears; That it (the stomach) cures as many (ailments) as the testicle of the beaver.

ON FROGS: That frogs often rise into existence out of clouds; That frogs die when the pond dries up and come to life again when it is filled.





I b n Q u t a y b a

THE EGGS

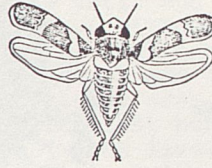
It is said, that eggs originate from four things: They may result from copulation (treading), from dust, from a breath of wind finding its way into the wombs of the females or from what happens to the partridge and other birds similarly equipped by nature; for the female of this species often comes into the draught, which sometimes arises from the male's cutting (the air), and in this way it becomes filled with eggs. The same applies to female palm-trees at the side of male ones and exposed to their wind; they will become impregnated by that current and need no further fructification.

When a hen grows old there is no yolk in its eggs and if an egg lacks yolk, no chicken is created in it, for it has no food to be nourished with. Chicks and chickens (for that matter) are created out of the white (of eggs), while the yellow is their food.

If a hen lays two eggs on one day, this is a portent of its death. If the feathers of a bird are plucked out or if it hears violent thunder, its eggs are withheld.

Charles Bryant, of Norwich

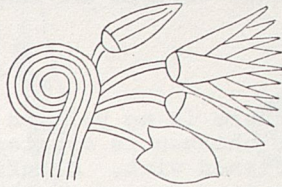
FICUS CARICA: Common Fig



In the Greek islands, where they cultivate Figs for a crop, there grow many Wild Fig-trees, in the fruit of which breed small insects of the gnat kind. These little creatures, in their worm state, feed upon the kernels of the fig-seeds, and are nourished in the fruit till they are transformed into flies, when piercing the coats of the Figs, they issue forth, copulate, repair to other Fig-trees, which are then in flower, and pricking the fruit, enter by the apertures they make, range among the flowers in the inside and deposit their eggs. Now it is supposed that these gnats bring with them about their bodies the fertilizing dust of the male flowers of the Wild Figs, and after they get an entrance, they scatter it upon the germina of the female flowers of the cultivated ones, and thereby impregnate the seeds, which causes the fruit to stand, and ripen much better and sooner.

Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater

LITHIUM

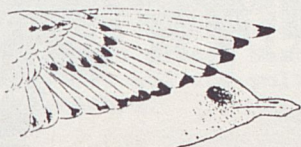


LITHIUM is a striking and beautiful form, with its upright cone, or spike, its eight radiating petals (x) at the base of the cone, and the plate-like support in the centre of which is a globe, on which the spike rests. The spike revolves swiftly on its axis, carrying the petals with it; the plate revolves equally swiftly in the opposite direction. Within the spike are two globes and a long ovid;

are four spheres containing atoms arranged on tetrahedra, and a central sphere with an axis of three atoms surrounded by a spinning wheel of six.

LITHIUM:	Spike of 63 atoms	...	63
	8 petals of 6 atoms	...	48
	Central Globe of 16 atoms	...	16
			127
	Atomic Weight	Total	...
			...
	Number Weight $\frac{127}{18}$		6.98
			...
			7.05

OXYGEN



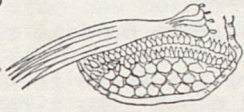
The next substance investigated was oxygen, a far more complicated and puzzling body; the difficulties of observation were very much increased by the extraordinary activity shown by this element and the dazzling brilliancy of some of its constituents. The gaseous atom is an ovoid body, within which a spirally coiled snake-like body revolves at a high velocity, five brilliant points of light shining on the coils. The snake appears to be a solid rounded body, but on raising the atom to E 4 the snake splits lengthwise into two waved bodies, and it is seen that the appearance of solidity is due to the fact that these spin round a common axis in opposite directions, and so present a continuous surface, as a ring of fire can be made by whirling a lighted stick. The brilliant bodies seen in the atom are on the crests of the waves in the positive snake, and in the hollows in the negative one; the snake itself consists of small bead-like bodies, eleven of which interpose between the larger brilliant spots. On raising these bodies to E 3 the snakes break up, each bright spot carrying with it six beads on one side and five on the other; these twist and writhe about still with the same extraordinary activity, reminding one of fire-flies stimulated to wild gyrations. It can be seen that the larger brilliant bodies each enclose seven ultimate atoms, while the beads each enclose two. (Each bright spot with its eleven beads is enclosed in a wall, accidentally omitted in the diagram). On the next stage, E 2, the fragments of the snakes break up into their

constituent parts; the positive and negative bodies, marked \underline{d} and \underline{d} , showing a difference of arrangement of the atoms contained in them. These again finally disintegrate, setting free the ultimate physical atoms.



John Evelyn

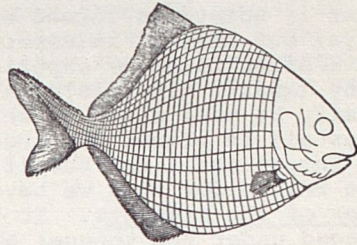
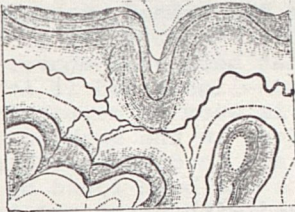
SALAD



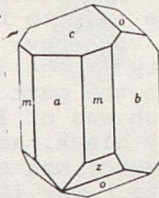
'Good olive oil, three parts, sharpest vinegar, lemon, or orange juice one part, in which steep some slices of horse-radish with a little salt: add as much mustard as will lie upon a half-crown piece, beat and mingle all these thoroughly together, then add the yolks of two fresh eggs hard-boiled and well-mashed.'

Albertus Magnus

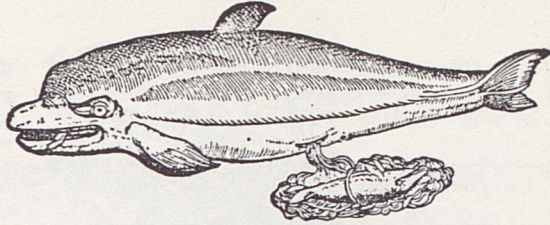
BORAX



Borax (toadstone), as some say, is a stone named from a toad, which carries it in its head; and there are two kinds. One is slightly greyish-white in colour, the other is black. If it is extracted while the toad is still alive and quivering, it has in the middle, as it were, a blue eye. And if swallowed this is said to cleanse the bowels of filth and excrements. And in our own time a small green one was extracted from a toad. We have even seen some with pictures of toads in them, which were said to be of this kind. In common speech these are called toadstones (crapodinae).

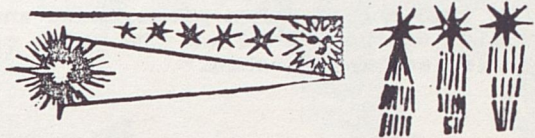


CERAURUM



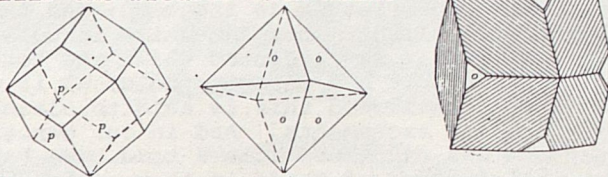
Ceraurum (thunderstone) is said to be like rock crystal, tinged with a sky-blue colour. It is said to fall sometimes from a cloud with the thunder, and it is found in Germany and Spain; but the Spanish kind glows like fire. It induces sweet sleep, they say; and it is also said to be effective for winning battles and causes, and (to protect) against the danger of thunder.

CRYSTALLUS



Crystallus (rock crystal, quartz) is a stone that is sometimes formed by the action of cold, as Aristotle says; but also it is sometimes formed in the earth, as we have often found by experience in Germany, where a great many (quartz crystals) are found. Both modes of origin will easily be made plain by what has been said above. If (rock crystal) is placed in direct sun-light, and if it is cold, it throws out fire; but if it is warm it cannot do this. The reason for this we have given in the book on the Properties of the Elements. It is said to decrease thirst, if placed under the tongue; and it has been found by experience that if it is powdered and mixed with honey and taken by women, it fills the breasts with milk.

MAGNES

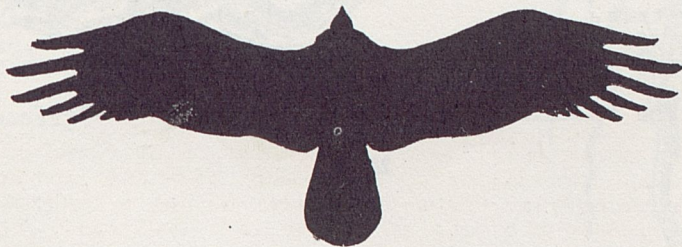


Magnes or magnetes (magnet, magnetite, lodestone) is a stone of an iron colour, which is mostly found in the Indian Ocean, (where) it is said to be so abundant that it is dangerous to sail ships that have the nails outside. It is also found in the country of the (Troglodites). I myself have seen one found in the part of Teutonia called the province of Franconia, which was of large size and very powerful; and it was extremely black, as if it were iron rusted and burnt with pitch. (Magnet) has a wonderful power of attracting iron, so that its power is transferred to the

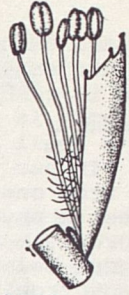
iron and then that, too, attracts: and sometimes many needles are seen, thus suspended from one another. But if the stone is rubbed with garlic it does not attract. And if an adamas is placed on it, again it does not attract, so that a small adamas in this way (can) restrain a large magnet. In our own time a magnet has been found that attracted iron from one corner and repelled it from another. And Aristotle says that this is another kind of magnet. One of our Order, a careful observer, has told me that he had seen a magnet belonging to the Emperor Frederick, which did not attract iron, but on the contrary, the iron attracted the stone. Aristotle says that there is still another kind of magnet that attracts human flesh. In magic it is reported that (magnet) is marvellous for calling up phantoms, principally or especially if incantations and magic signs are used, according to the teachings of magic. And taken in honey-water, it is reported to cure dropsy. They say, too, that if the stone is placed under the head of a sleeping woman, it makes her turn at once to her husband's arms, if she is chaste. But if she is adulterous, she is so alarmed by nightmares that she falls out of bed. They say also that thieves entering a house place burning coals in the four corners of the house and sprinkle upon them the powder of this stone; and then those who are sleeping in the house are so harassed by nightmares that they rush out and leave the building. And then the thieves steal whatever they want.

QUANDROS

Quandros is a stone sometimes found in the brain of a vulture. Its power is said to be good against any kind of misfortune; and it fills the breasts with milk.



ASTRONOMICAL GEOMANCY (1655)



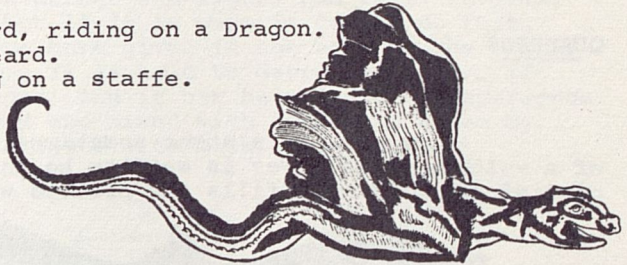
The Shapes familiar to the Spirits of Saturn.

♄

They appear for the most part with a tall, lean, and slender body, with an angry countenance, having four faces; one in the hinder part of the head, one on the former part of the head, and on each side nosed or beaked: there likewise appeareth a face on each knee, of a black shining colour: their motion is the moving of the winde, with a kinde of earthquake: their signe is white earth, whiter then any Snow.

The particular forms are,

- A King having a beard, riding on a Dragon.
- An Old man with a beard.
- An Old woman leaning on a staffe.
- A Hog.
- A Dragon.
- An Owl.
- A black Garment.
- A Hooke or Sickle.
- A Juniper-tree.



The familiar forms to the Spirits of Jupiter.

♃

The Spirits of Jupiter do appear with a body sanguine and choleric, of a middle stature, with a horrible fearful

motion; but with a milde countenance, a gentle speech, and of the colour of Iron. The motion of them is flashings of Lightning and Thunder; their signe is, there will appear men about the circle, who shall seem to be devoured of Lions.

Their particular forms are,

- A King with a Sword drawn, riding on a Stag.
- A Man wearing a Mitre in long rayment.
- A Maid with a Laurel-Crown adorned with Flowers.
- A Bull.
- A Stag.
- A Peacock.
- An azure Garment.
- A Sword.
- A Box-tree.



sea bishop

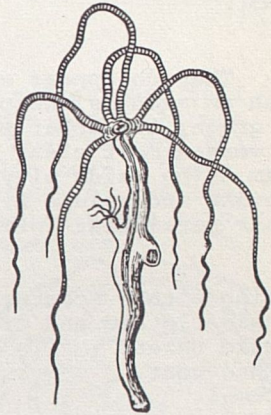
The familiar forms of the Spirits of Mars.

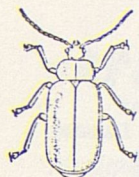


They appear in a tall body, choleric, a filthy countenance, of colour brown, swarthy or red, having horns like Harts horns, and Griphins claws, bellowing like wilde Bulls. Their Motion is like fire burning; their signe Thunder and Lightning about the Circle.

Their particular shapes are,

- A King armed riding upon a Wolf.
- A Man armed.
- A Woman holding a buckler on her thigh.
- A Hee-goat.
- A Horie.
- A Stag.
- A red Garment.
- Wool.
- A Cheeslip.



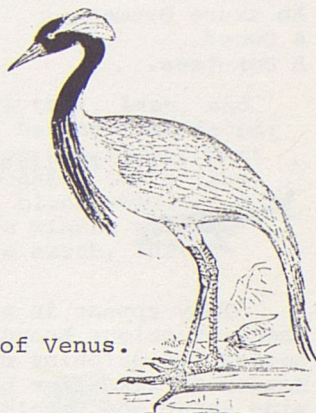


Shapes familiar to the Spirits of the Sun.



The Spirits of the Sun do for the most part appear in a large, full and great body sanguine and gross, in a gold colour, with the tincture of blood. Their motion is as the Lightning of Heaven; their sign is to move the person to sweat that calls them. But their particular forms are,

- A King having a Scepter riding on a Lion.
- A King crowned.
- A Queen with a Scepter.
- A Bird.
- A Lion.
- A Cock.
- A yellow or golden Garment.
- A Scepter.



Familiar shapes of the Spirits of Venus.



They do appear with a fair body, of middle stature, with an aimable and pleasant countenance, of colour white or green, the upper part golden. The motion of them is as it were a most clear Star. For their signe, there will seem to be maids playing without the Circle, which will provoke and allure him that calleth them to play. But their particular forms are,

- A King with a Scepter riding upon a Camel.
- A Maid clothed and dressed beautifully.
- A Maid naked.
- A Shee-goat.
- A Camel.
- A Dove.
- A White or green Garment.
- Flowers.
- The herb Savine.

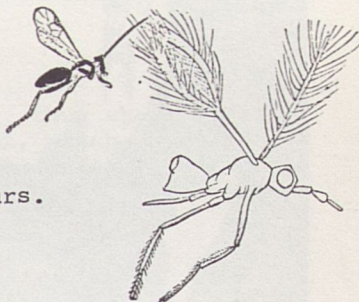


The familiar forms of the Spirits of Mercury.



The Spirits of Mercury will appear for the most part in a body of a middle nature, cold, liquid and moist, fair, and with an affable speech; in a humane shape and form, like unto a Knight armed; of colour clear and bright. The motion of them is as it were silver-coloured clouds. For their signe, they cause and bring horror and fear unto him that calles them. But their particular shapes are,

- A King riding upon a Bear.
- A fair Youth.
- A Woman holding a distaff.
- A Dog.
- A Shee-bear.
- A Magpie.
- A Garment of sundry changeable colours.
- A Rod.
- A little staffe.

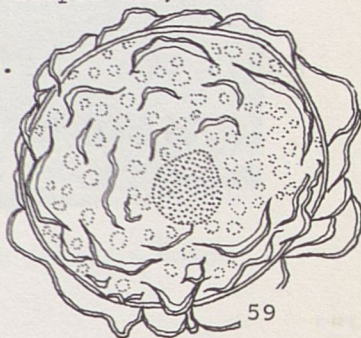


The forms familiar to the Spirits of the Moon.



They will for the most part appear in a great and full body, soft and phlegmaticque, of colour like a black obscure cloud, having a swelling countenance, with eyes red and full of water, a bald head, and teeth like a wilde boar. Their motion is as it were an exceeding great tempest of the Sea. For their signe, there will appear an exceeding great rain about the Circle. And their particular shapes are,

- A King like an Archer riding upon a Doe.
- A little Boy.
- A Woman-hunter with a bow and arrows.
- A Cow.
- A little Doe.
- A Goose.

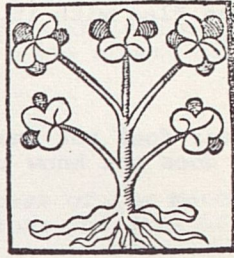


A Garment green or silver-coloured.
An Arrow.
A Creature having many feet.



H u g i n u s o f B a r m e n

THE TOUCHSTONE



or Principles of the Philosophers,
which may serve as Rules for the Work.

I.

Nature has left some beings imperfect; thus she has not formed the Stone, but only its material, which truly is not able to do what the Stone is able to do after its preparation, since the material itself is hindered by accidental obstacles.

II.

The substance sought is the same thing as that from which it must be extracted.

III.

This identity is specific, that is, only with respect to the species. It is not particular or numerical.

IV.

From unity, draw the ternary, then bring the ternary back to unity.

V.

Every dry thing drinks its wet.

VI.

There is no permanent water but that which is dry & which

sticks to bodies, in such a manner that if it flees, the bodies flee with it, & if they flee, it follows.

VII.

Whoever does not know the means of destroying bodies likewise does not know the means of producing them.

VIII.

All things which are dissolved by heat are coagulated by cold, and reciprocally.

IX.

Nature rejoices in its nature; Nature improves nature, & leads it to its perfection.

X.

It is necessary for the conservation of the Universe for each thing to desire & demand the perpetuation of its kind.

XI.

In perfected physical processes, the effects are similar to & conformable to the particular cause which produces them.

XII.

It is not possible for generation to occur without corruption, in our Work, corruption & generation are both impossible without the Sky or Heaven of the Philosophers.

XIII.

Without inverting the order of Nature, you will not engender any gold which has not previously been silver.

XIV.

The solution of bodies is the same thing as their congelation, if we consider only the menstruum & the moment of solution.

XV.

If you have dissipated & lost the greenness of the Mercury & the redness of the Sulphur, you have lost the soul of the Stone.

XVI.

Nothing foreign enters our Work; it will not admit & will not receive anything that comes from elsewhere.

XVII.

Philosophical Solvents remove from dissolved bodies their natural impurities, which could not be made susceptible any other way.

XVIII.

Every chemical agent requires a prepared material; it is for that reason that a man absolutely cannot breed with a dead woman.

XIX.

In the Work, the female dissolves the male, & the male coagulates the female.

XX.

The Mercury of the Philosophers is their very secret compound, or their Adam, who carries & hides in his body Eve his wife, who is invisible; but when she comes to the white, she becomes male.

XXI.

The Philosophers wisely affirm that their Mercury comprises within itself all that which forms the object of the Sages' search.

XXII.

Let your heat be continual, vaporous, digesting, surrounding, & let it be carried through a medium.

XXIII.

Pay close heed to the order in which the critical colors appear, that one may not appear before the other, & that each one of them may present itself in its turn.

XXIV.

The critical colors are four in number: the black, the white, the citrine & the perfect red. Certain Philosophers have given them the name of elements.

XXV.

If the white precedes the black, you have failed in the management of the fire; if the red appears before the black or the white, that is a sign of the excessive dryness of the material.

XXVI.

Have the greatest care, lest the blackness appear twice; once the little crows have flown away from their nest, they can never come back again.

XXVII.

Take care too that the shell of the egg does not break & does not crack & does not give entry to air; without that you will accomplish nothing good.

XXVIII.

The ferment is to be composed only of its proper dough: thus do not mix the white with the red, or the red with the white.

XXIX.

If you do not tint the Mercury, it will not tint.

XXX.

It is necessary that the bodies or inferior metals you wish to transmute into gold or into silver by projection be animated & alive.

XXXI.

The more the bodies are made perfect, the more they will receive & take upon themselves the tincture.

XXXII.

If the Stone has not been fermented at least twice, it will not be able to master or subjugate the Mercury of the bodies & change it into its own nature.

XXXIII.

If one uses too much of the tincture in projection, the inferior body will assume too great a fixity, & will not be able to enter into fusion. If there is too little tincture, it will tint only feebly.

XXXIV.

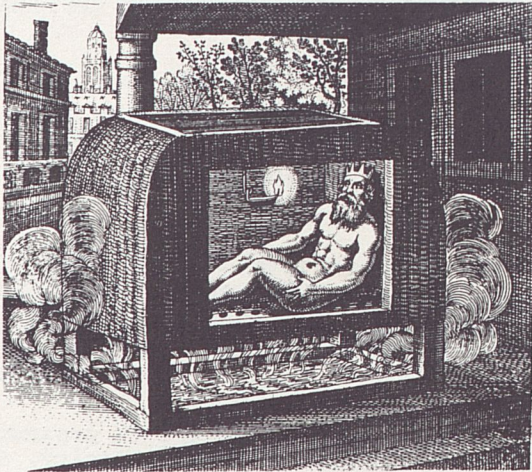
Our Stone, before being ready to tint metals, is able to banish maladies of its own kind, in proportion to the degree of perfection which it has acquired.

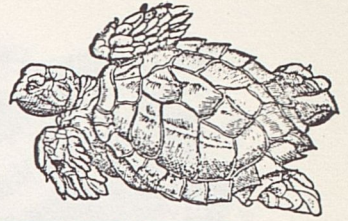
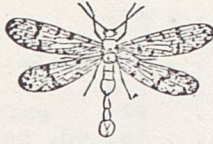
XXXV.

Thus when it has come to a fixed & permanent whiteness it heals Lunar maladies; when it is red, it heals Solar maladies. But however it has been prepared, whether in the one manner or in the other, Astral maladies will resist it, since those maladies are absolutely subject to Fate.

XXXVI.

The Sages, keeping the profane far off, admitted only the Elect to their sacred mysteries; as soon as they possessed that rare present of divine Wisdom, they rendered thanks to the supreme Being, & took their place beneath the standard of Harpocrates.





"RATES AND PRICES CURRANT OF DRUGGS AND OTHER COMMODITIES,
BELONGING TO PHYSICK, AS THEY ARE COMMONLY SOLD AT THE
APOTHECARIES AND DRUGGISTS IN LONDON"

Mother of Pearl	6d. per oz.
Crab's eyes	5s. 4d per lb.
Crab's claws	1s. 6d. "
Fox's lungs	2s. "
A mummy	5s. 4d. "
Bone of stag's heart.	1s. 6d. "
Borax	4s. "
Saltpetre	10d. "
Jalap	3s. 4d. "
Rhubard	14s. "
Liquorice	1s. "
A boar's tooth	1s. each.
A dead man's skull (cranium humanum) according to size	8s. to 11s. each.
Musk	5s. per drachm.
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Opium	12s. "
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Lac Sulphur	3s. "
Red coral	4s. per lb.
Oleum Copaibae	2s. per oz.
Gum acacia	10s. per lb.
Turmerick	8d. per lb.
Elicampane	1s. 4d. per lb.
Galingal	4s. "
Gentian	8d. "
Spanish Liquorice	6d. "
Hellebore, white	1s. "
Hellebore, black	1s. per lb.
Pyrethrum	1s. "
Sarsaparil, according to its goodness, from	4s. to 5s. per lb.
Squills	6d. "
Winter's Bark	2s. "
Lig. Aloes	9d. per oz.
" Guaici	2d. per lb.
Senna Alex., the best	4s.
Cubeb's	2s. 4d. per lb.

Nucis Vomicae	1s. 4d.	"
Cardamom	4s.	"
Aloes Succot, according to its goodness	4s. to 6s.	per lb.
Scammony	12s.	"
Cantharides	4s.	"
Civet	5s. 6d.	per dram.
Ising-glass	5s. 4d.	per lb.
Sea-horse tooth	4d.	per oz.
Sea-horse pizzle	4d.	"
Skink, a piece	1s. 4d.	
Spermaceti	3s.	per ounce.
Stag's pizzle	6d.	"
Elk's claw	2s.	a piece.
White wax	2s.	per lb.
Yellow wax	1s. 4d.	per lb.
Cinnabar	3s.	per oz.
Mercury Sublimate	5s. 8d., or 6s.	per lb.
Seed Pearls	4s. to 8s.	per oz.
Mother of Pearl	6d.	per oz.
Mithridate	6s.	per lb.
Aqua Fortis	5s. 4d.	per lb.
Ol. Cinnamon	1p. 12s.	per oz.
Ol. Vitrioli	5s. 4d.	per lb.



R a l p h L . R o y s

FOUR MAYAN CURES



Sunstroke,

or sun-seizure. A boy's brow is very hot. (Take) an egg and take out the white. Put it on a plate and begin to beat the white of the egg. Then spread it on a feather and anoint it on the entire body. Let the boy be laid prostrate without any cover over him. It is in the middle of the day that it (the sunstroke) comes to him, when steam rises from the head and from the body.

Toothache.

You take the bill of the DeLattre's Woodpecker and bleed the gums a little with it; if a man, thirteen times; if a woman, nine times. (The gum) shall be slightly pierced by the bill of the woodpecker. Thus also a piece of a tree struck by lightning is to be grated with a fish-skin and wrapped in cotton-wool. Then you apply it to the tooth. He will recover by this means.

Depression, melancholia.

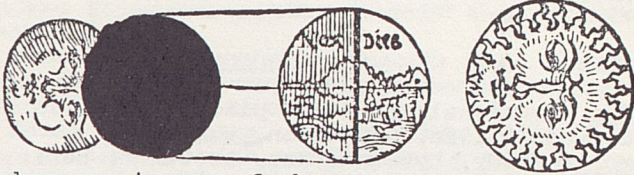
You take the leaf of the borage with its flower and root. Then boil it down until it is thick. Or else you give orange-flower water to drink with eggs; then you crush musk, "corals" and dissolve them in orange-flower water. Then you put it into the shell of the egg of a crested hen (gallina morisca). You administer it about noon; at that time let it be given to drink. (The complaint) will cease within a year. It is good for dysentery also.

Earache.

The rectum of a duck and the rectum of a cat and the tip of a bat's wing are to be mashed and put on the (outer) ear.



STAR FOLIO



Astrology takes cognizance of three sets of phenomena & the relations between them:

1. The Zodiacal Signs (♈ to ♏); 30° segments of the ecliptic personated in strikingly similar terms in many cultures for 3000 yrs.
2. The Sun, Moon & Planets (& sometimes certain of the "Fixed Stars") as they appear in the signs.
3. The Houses of the Chart, 12 of them, by wch the influences of the planets in the contexts of the signs are interpreted into the human life. The 12 houses add up to 360°, the circle long emblematic of wholeness.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC:

- ♈ Aries, "Ram" - energy, enterprise, beginnings, enthusiasm. (Ruled by ♂.)
- ♉ Taurus, "Bull" - stable; productivity; the arts of peace, establishment. (♀)
- ♊ Gemini, "Twins" - invention, intellect, mutability. (♿)
- ♋ Cancer, "Crab" - protection, instruction, conservation, fertility, passion (♃)
- ♌ Leo, "Lion" - glory, imperious, selfhood, utterance, projection. (♁)
- ♍ Virgo, "Girl" - proportion, intensity, number, precision, service, science. (♍)
- ♎ Libra, "Balances" - administration, perception, equilibrium, grasping. (♀)
- ♏ Scorpio, "Scorpion" - power, indirect, transformation, radical action, investigation, elimination. (♂, ♀)
- ♐ Sagittarius, "Centaur" - wisdom, institutions, churchmanship, geniality, competence, teaching. (♐)
- ♑ Capricorn, "Pan" - concentration, order, prolific, power, hieratic. (♄)
- ♒ Aquarius, "Water-Bearer" - collective, impersonal, science, politics, (♁, ♃)
- ♓ Pisces, "Fish" - personal, mystical, internal, addictive, friendliness, adaptability, convertibility (♛, ♎)

[♃ is also called "Goat" or "Goat Fish"
♃ also called "Archer", ♃ "Ganymede"]

PLANETS &c:

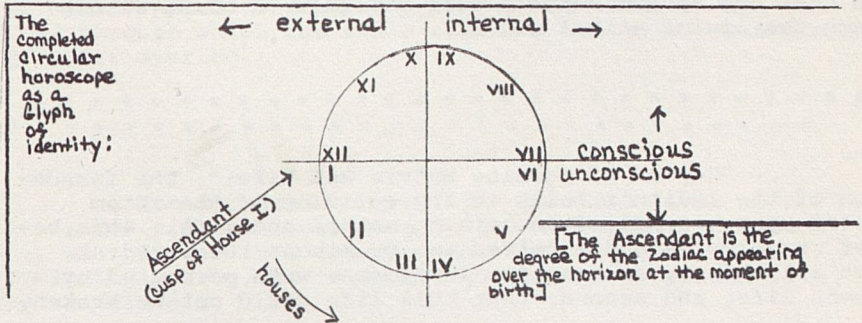
- ☉ Sun - rationality; one's place or fame in the world; conscious life, intention, resolve.
- ☾ Moon - body, hormonal set, instinct, habit; the emotional life.
- ☿ Mercury - intellect, the forms of thought & utterance, the importance of utterance in the life.
- ♀ Venus - the associative energy, centripetal; responsiveness, sympathy, perceptivity.
- ♂ Mars - the energy outward, centrifugal - physical & sexual energy, the energy of utterance.
- ♃ Jupiter - expansion, diffusion; the role of the mind in cosmology, the presidency of will & body.
- ♄ Saturn - the character, forcefulness; ability to form habit; contraction, definition.
- ♅ Uranus - the power of the unconscious, the "libido" hence involved with productivity, sexual set, &c.
- ♆ Neptune - the power of dissolution, dissimulation; tendencies or abilities towards the internal sciences, drugs, mysticism &c.
- ♇ Pluto - destruction & reconstruction, ability to process experience; sakti, where power is looked for.
- ♁ "Dragon's Head" (N. Node of Moon) where energy enters the system.
- ♁ "Dragon's Tail" (S. Node of Moon) where energy is drained or lost.

HOUSES OF THE CHART: (The underlined words are the traditional names.)

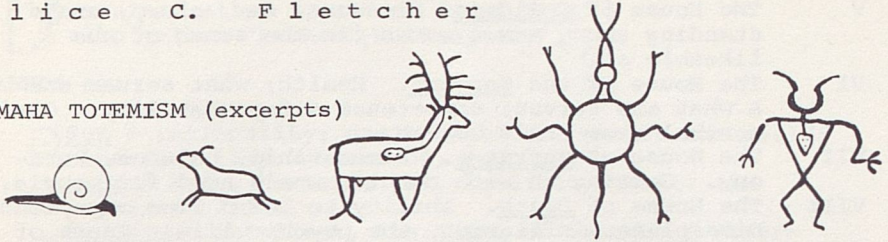
- I The House of Life. Body & Personality. The cusp of this House is the Ascendant (wch, with the ☉ & ☾ positions, is of the 3 most important indications). Look here for attitudes towards the self.
- II The House of Money. Possessions, inherited talents & opportunities. Acquisition.
- III The House of Brethren. Communication, education, relationships. Intellectual development (of the learning & craft kinds).
- IV The House of the Mother. External & internal environments. The sense of order. The unconscious' natural place, at rest.

- V The House of Children. Pleasure, sex, glory, one's standing among men & women (in the sense of the likeable &c.)
- VI The House of the Servant. Health; what serves one & what one serves; competence & dependability. One's control over one's health.
- VII The House of Marriage. Partnership, balance, harmony. Getting on with people; one's need for people.
- VIII The House of Death. Ability to learn from experience. Discipline, initiation, the psychic life. Ideas of death & transformation & growth.
- IX The House of Religion. Cosmology - one's ordering of the world; concept formation, the importance of thought & construct, & all things that serve them, e.g., travel, research &c.
- X The House of Fame (or the Father). Ambition, attainment. One's work in the world, rulership, power outward of shaping.
- XI The House of Friends. Ideals & the personal vectors of them we surround ourselves with. Science, philanthropy. Public.
- XII The Prison (The Enclosed Garden). Spiritual development. Possibilities of growth thru discipline. Institutions. Acceptance of, or resentment of, laws, customs & orders. Internal development.

Consider the Planets in their Signs, & how they comment upon the affairs of the House they occupy. If a house is unoccupied, there are no special strengths or weaknesses connected with it, & its affairs are subject to one's will & energy &c. NOTE: ♃, ♄, ♅ (because of their slowness) & ♁ & ♂ are important in charts only by house, not by sign.



OMAHA TOTEMISM (excerpts)



"Basis of the Efficacy of the Totem:" The efficacy of the totem was based upon the Omaha's belief in the continuity of life - a continuity which not only linked the visible to the invisible and bound the living to the dead, but which kept unbroken the thread of life running through all things, making it impossible for the part and the entirety to be disassociated. Thus one man could gain power over another by obtaining a lock of his hair, which brought the man himself under his influence. In the ceremony of the first cutting of the child's hair the severed lock which was given to the Thunder god placed the life of the child in the keeping of the god. Again, when a man's death had been predicted - by one gifted to see into the future - the disaster could be averted by certain ceremonies, which included the cutting off a lock of hair from one side of the head and a bit of flesh from the arm on the opposite side of the body and casting them into the fire. By this sacrifice of a part the whole was represented, the prediction fulfilled, and the man permitted to live. From the ritual of the Corn, sung when the priest distributed the kernels to indicate that the time for planting had come, we learn that these kernels were the little portions which would draw to themselves the living corn. In the ritual sung over the Sacred Buffalo Hide prior to the hunt the same idea is present - that in the continuity of life the part is ever connected with the whole, and that the Sacred Buffalo Hide was able to bring within reach the living animal itself.

* * * * *

"Belief Concerning Nature and Life:" The foundation of the Indian's faith in the efficacy of the totem rested upon his belief concerning nature and life. This belief was complex and involved two prominent ideas: First, that all things, animate and inanimate, were permeated by a common life, and second, that this life could not be broken,

but was continuous.



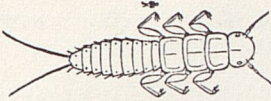
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"The Appeal:" The prayer, which formed a part of the rite of the vision, was called Wa-kon -da gi-kon. Gi gi-kon is to weep from loss, as that of kindred; the prefix "gi" indicates possession. Gi-kon is to weep from want of something not possessed, from conscious insufficiency, and the longing for something that could bring happiness or prosperity. The words of the prayer, "wa-kon -da dhe-dhu wah-pa -dhi_n a-ton -he," literally rendered, are "wa-kon -da," "here needy I stand." (A-ton-he is in the third person and implies the first, as "he stands," and "I am he," a form of speech used to indicate humility.) While this prayer has been combined with many rites and acts, its inherent unity of name and words has been preserved through generations of varied experience and social development of the people.

Wa-kon da was a vague entity to the Omaha, but the anthropomorphic coloring was not lacking in the general conception. The prayer voiced man's ever-present consciousness of dependence, was a craving for help, and implied a belief in some mysterious power able to understand and respond to his appeal. The response came in a dream, or trance, where-in an appearance spoke to the man, thus initiating a relation between them, which was not established until the man, by his own effort, had procured a symbol of his visitant, which might be a feather of the bird, a tuft of hair from the animal, a black stone, or a translucent pebble. This memento or totem was never an object of worship; it was the man's credential, the fragment, to connect its possessor with the potentiality of the whole species represented by the form seen in his vision, and through which the man's strength was to be reenforced and disaster averted.

* * * * *

"The Personal Totem:" The question first to arise is, How did the individual obtain his totem? We learn that it was not received from an ancestor, was not the gift of any living person, but was derived through a certain rite by the man himself.



When the youth had reached the age of puberty he was instructed by his parents as to what he was to do. Moistened earth was put upon his head and face, a small bow and arrows given him, and he was directed to seek a secluded spot upon the hills and there to chant the prayer which he had been taught and to lift his hands, wet with his tears, to heaven and then to lay them upon the earth; and he was to fast until at last he fell into a trance or sleep. If in his trance or dream he saw or heard anything, that thing was to become the special medium through which he could receive supernatural aid. The ordeal over, the youth returned home to partake of food and to rest. No one questioned him, and for four days he spoke but little, for if within that time he should reveal his vision it would be the same as lost to him. Afterwards he could confide it to some old man known to have had a similar manifestation, and it then became the duty of the youth to seek until he should find the animal he had seen in his trance, when he must slay it and preserve some part of it (in cases where the vision had been of no concrete form symbols were taken to represent it). This memento was ever after to be the sign of his vision, his totem, the most sacred thing he could ever possess, for by it his natural powers were to be so reenforced, as to give him success as a hunter, victory as a warrior, and even the power to see into the future.

* * * * *

"Limitation in Totems:" The totem opened a means of communication between man and the various agencies of his environment, but it could not transcend the power of its particular species; consequently all totems were not equally potent. Men who saw the Bear in their visions were liable to be wounded in battle, as the bear was slow of movement, clumsy and easily trapped, although a savage fighter when brought to bay. Winged forms, such as the Eagle, having greater range of sight than the creatures which traveled upon the ground, could bestow upon the men to whom they came in the dream the gift of looking into the future and foretelling coming events. Thunder gave the ability to control the elements and the authority to conduct certain religious rites.

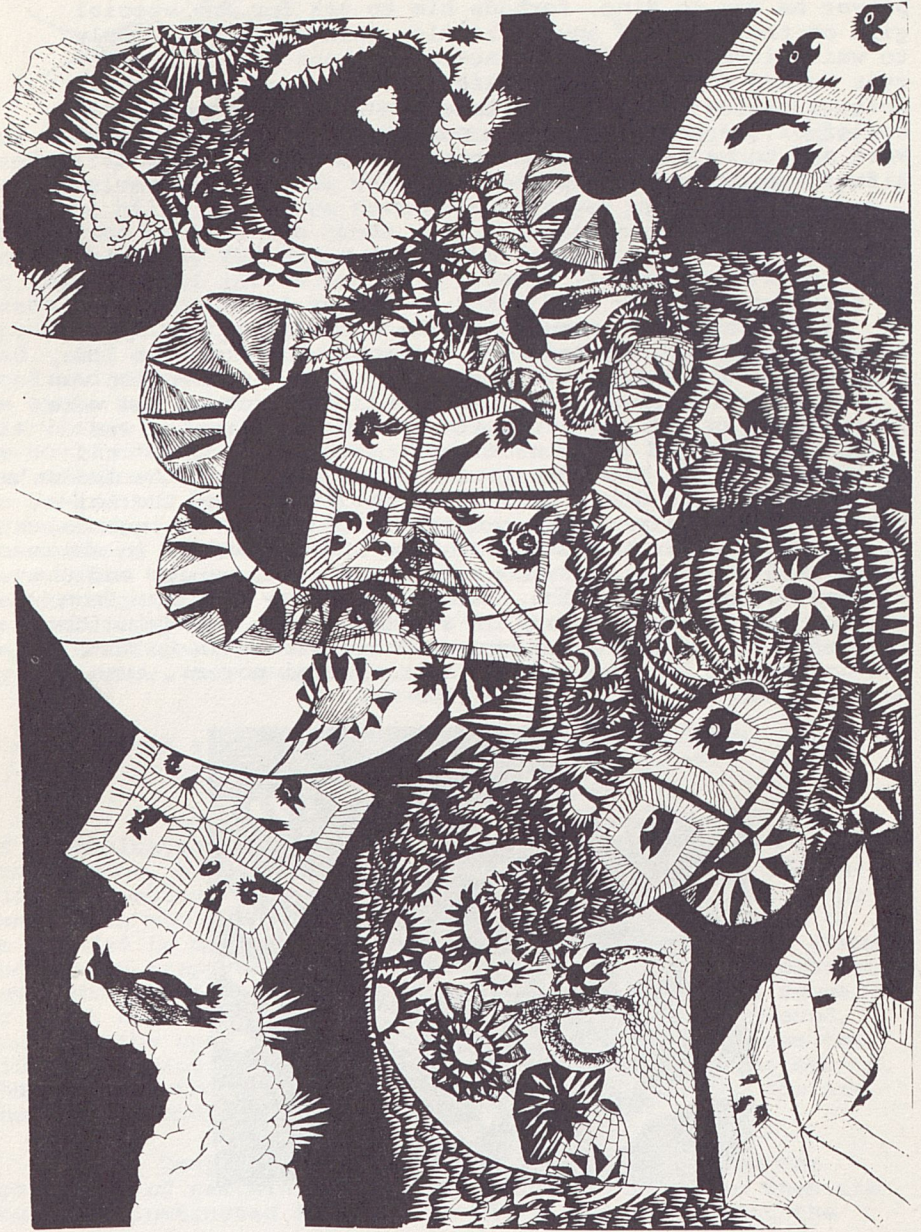
Despite the advantages to be derived from the possession of certain totems, the inculcations given when the youth was instructed in the rite of vision, and taught the

prayer he was to sing, forbade him to ask for any special gift or the sight of any particular thing. He was simply to wait without fear and to accept without question whatever Wa-kon -da might vouchsafe to send him. No man was able to choose his personal totem, but it was the general belief of the people that the powerful animals and agencies were apt to be drawn toward those who possessed natural gifts of mind and strength of will.

* * * * *

"Anthropomorphism:" The word Wa-kon -da appears to have expressed the Indian's conception of immanent life, manifest in all things. Growing out of this conception was a kind of anthropomorphism; the characteristics of man were projected upon all nature; the Rock, in the rituals, was addressed as "Aged One!" sitting with "furrowed brow" and "wrinkled loins;" the Tree lived a double life in the Indian's fancy, as did the Water, the Fire, the Winds, and the Animals. This duality can be recognized in myths, in legends, in rituals, and in the paraphernalia of ceremonies, in which there is a constant confusion of the external aspect and the anthropomorphic conception. All things were distinct from man, but in the subtle bond of a common life, embodying the idea of will, or directive energy, they were akin to him, and could lend him the aid of their special powers, even as he could help or hinder his fellow-men.





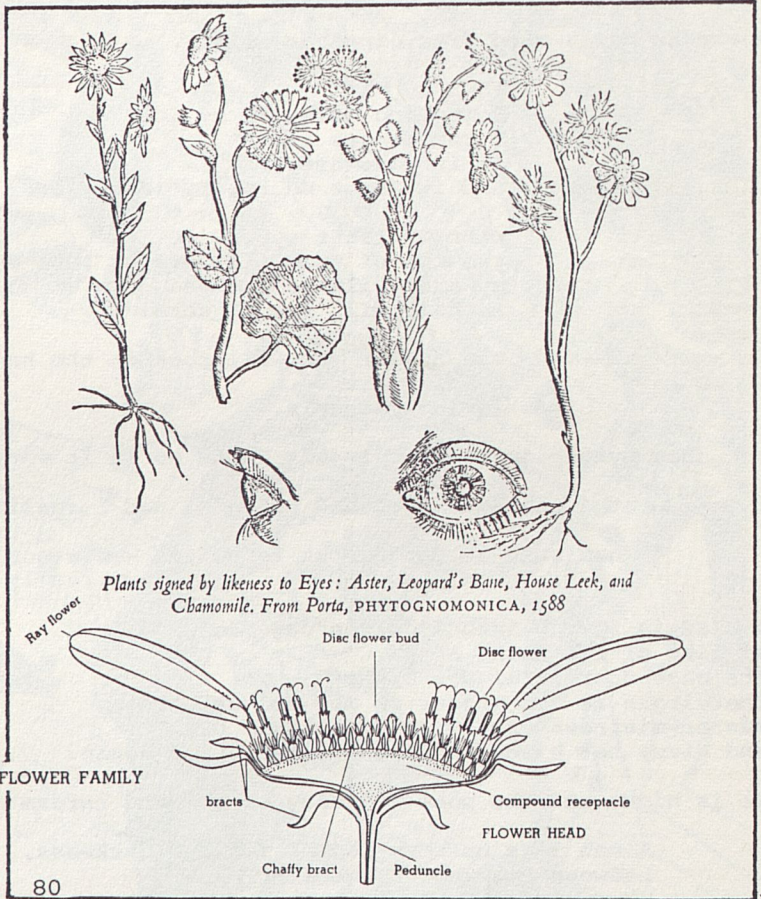
Soon the color of the boy's flesh will change,
 from red it turns to blue, to black, then red and
 white.

He becomes a virgin with a golden cup.

She gives her birds to drink from this cup.

She walks on the cinnabar cliffs.

In the man's clenched hand dawn bursts.



L i n d y H o u g h



THE VIBRATING SERPENT

We can come to the day, the early morning
with a full heart, ready to seed the day
or come dragging out the last pieces of a warm dream
reluctantly clinging one eye never fully opened
to the rhythms of the fringe of the dream meeting
the day

Richard if I ever wake without you at my side
aside from the howling vacuity of the sea at the shore
I will need my dream even more your leg not available
to touch and twine into, whatever, whoever is lurking
back there, standing for you a thousand years ago or for the
mystery I am always looking for will come forward
clearer than a form riding on the backs of the kittens
more pervading than the shifting vibration of yellow leaves
across the sky

an old man, grey and foreign, sweet and loving
asks for me upstairs as we are preparing to go down
he reaches for my hand which flies up to meet
the strains of a party, chandeliers and my mother's
daughters' teas
I tell him we must wait, that it will be later
when we revolve further around the circle whatever
we come to will happen of its own natural accord

green plum trees and falling pears, a gaggle of geese
yellow balls from under my sleeves emerge
I don't know where there will be a dream we can meet
travel so much together that dreaming, we see each other
lying side by side I would wake and have met you already

outside this house there are different priorities
as there were outside the cabin in the woods, on the

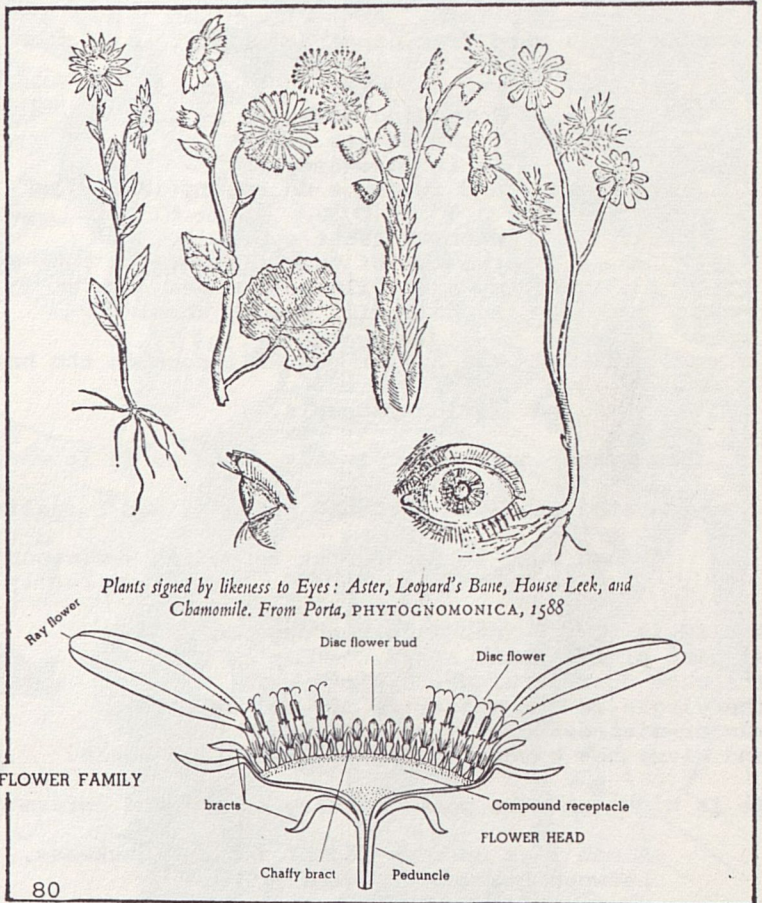
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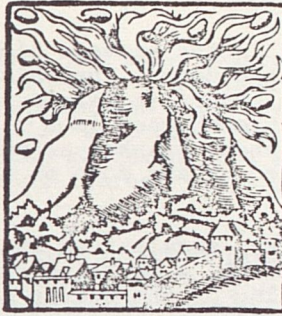
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travel so much together that dreaming, we see each other
lying side by side I would wake and have met you already

outside this house there are different priorities
as there were outside the cabin in the woods, on the

streets of sunshine, in the grasses alongside our moving car
as we nosed through the desert brushing mullein and sage
the Wheel of Fortune orders it before us, different for
people, as the French pack is a different world view
a mechanical wooden wheel cranked around by a hand
life and death cranked up and down on a guillotine

for you, a periodicity, regularized in time
and terrifying in intent, a plunging Scorpio rather than
the scuttling shuttling of the weaver's bark of yarn--
for me a nagging insistence, unmarked except in a pattern
I can't recognize, new each time, the last forgotten, but
incredibly old in intent

whirlwinds grab us up, depending on how far away we are
from ourselves, we can see our path as a twister's spinning--
a photograph of an Iraquian city will show greater or lesser
growth
depending on the elevation at which it was taken--
we revolve, nevertheless, within our own systems
blindly grasping and groping to see

the tree orders its knowledge by different priorities
the air carries messages pollen to raise the swollen arteries
inside the stream we look out on the grasses floating at the
side
rearrange our view of the others to fit what their soul projects:
a mandala suspended above each of your heads
is delineated for me in incredible detail
by an early Miro drawing/ The Olive Grove/1919
the foreground is geometrized by herring-bone plots
of vegetables in wild strawberry colors
the roots of the row of vines in the immediate foreground
are brought up to the surface, darker tendril-like bases
of the vines trail to the side under the warm earth
like Egyptian dancers' feet pointing the same way along a wall
--oh how I know your roots, see them clearly and you out of
them
bringing yourself up to the sunlight with your roots in your
hand

get out of my dream. Old man, become Richard and be there
shield the faces from becoming roots alone, leaves sprawled
naked yellow in the dead sand the country is dying now

America will only last one more generation
where will our children live what country will they find
and glorify for its wisdom and age where will
the old men go, how will we become them and they us
how will we bring young children into a country which hates age
the process of ripening feared, the process of turning

yellow balls, falling pears, small green plums crowd my hands.
I give them to you. And try to bury your corrupt grey roots
divine you into an older wiser world where you would love old
men
not turn from their hands and slither away like that yellow
snake

Involution

brings the energy to name and form
your roots before me vibrating
you too are from the cosmos
will rise on the right side of the wheel
desire

activity

the dream is a surge upward holding our roots to the
sun
piecing together the joining of the shore and the sea



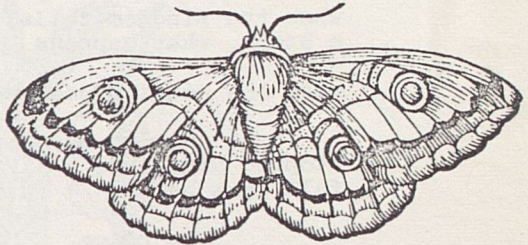
man,
ruler of the rule.

We speak of light waves by their
lengths;

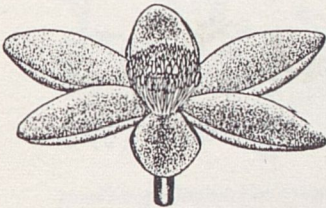
I too in parables
construct the empty theatre in which you stand,
inviolably virgin,
fountain of word and water,
cleansed as the rock is cleansed
from which the living water
runs at the command of Aaron's rod,
or Joseph's blossoming rod, unwatered source --
in my hand the gift that damns my flesh
to the hell of giving.

Crucified on his master Aristotle,
Aquinas beholds me, module of agony,
defining for him his words of recoiling horror.
Out of his childhood and your own I draw
as out of rock, the sublime, healing elixir
denied my wounds, and as my last breath catches,
hook-like, to hoist me to the swirling rail,
dripping with semen,
I cry,

"Adam,
Abram."

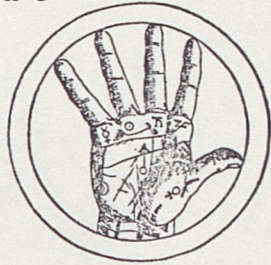


*SAMBARA: vicious circle of the problematical as such, in
the context of Zen.



J o n a t h a n G r e e n e

a reversed Fortune



what, that salamander fire
in whose cheeks? my love
no doubt,

 but duenna of
such passion is
no virgin

 but herself
a
Mistress of the Arts

who ends up
in nunnery
or in the street

when the Kingdom falls;
o stone, what happens

when the Wedding goes awry,

 whirlwinded lovers
stopped midcourse
fall in a heap

 who reaps
such spoils, I say
Death has a hand in it

& reversed Fortune

when the card turns
even her upright position
loses face

of Dzou Yen's equations

I spied the iron North
& cried: 'Yield!'
— it closed its gates

the copper South melted
into nothingness, the silver West
blew me away ceaselessly, only
the leadened East would take me
captive

'O!' I cried, kneeling,
falling to the earth
which opened up

golden Center



*Hound's-tongue, Bugloss, Hart's-tongue, Adder's Tongue: Tongue-signed
Plants. From Porta, PHYTOGNOMONICA, 1588*

Charles Stein

Seven Alchemical Poems

i

Seek see sequester.
The lake spills over
the dam's propriety.

Broken seals on the tree trunk
the burnt forest utters in silence
a complexity of leaves gone forth.

In a not human sky.
In a heaven of heavy objects.
No movement stirs steel wings.

ii

What does the stone's face read.
A bad idea.
The sea wants time to trace
the placing of stones on a sea.
To be a sabre
piercing a mound.

The stone
disengages
from its thought.

The stone parries
its occurrence.

The stone's source falls
the source of a rising sea.



iii

There can be no rules of safety.
In back of white burning
in back of clear laughing
elementals circle
preparing the event.

Here
the margins of bright leaves
withhold. The quiet
water partially.

Because of the sky
the stone
moves.



A coming wind
worries the grass

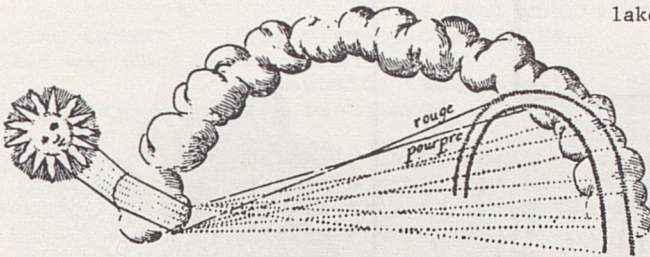
A world of wind and grass
worries the air.

There is a sphere
from which this trouble rises.

The grass moves other
than the grass moves.



v



vi

called inward without revery

where are you
were time a river

the pace of the forest passing
changes

White leaves cover the sand on all beaches.
A memory of hearing gongs change rings
sea banks of white gold.

The sound
avoids the human.

The sound's flat hand
touches the real stone.

lake.

dark mist darks
the sun.

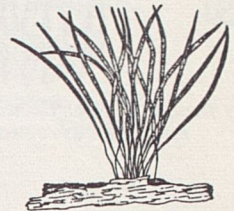
water rises. air
confused.

The sun
is a brittle object
ending the moment of
its rising.

The train
goes by
its riders.

dark trees dark the sky.

dark sun darks
the time.



The idea
of only time

Shrinks from glory.
refuses gold.

A dark tree cannot further

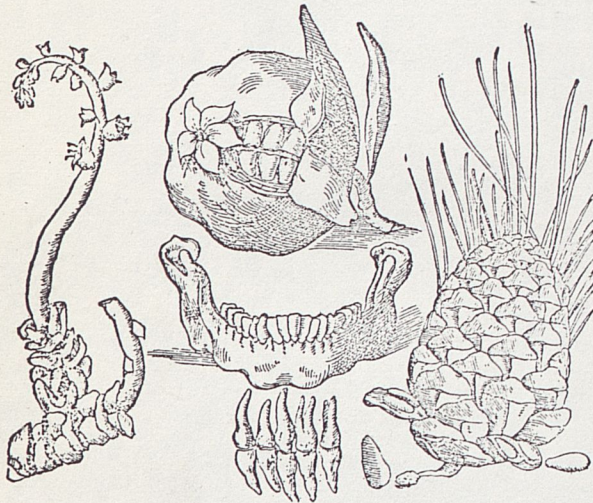
animals vanish

only
mist remains where something
watchful

shrinks from gold

Theodore Enslin

or wide^e the opening
into heated
stone
the fused ash
hardening^a
crystal's^d distance

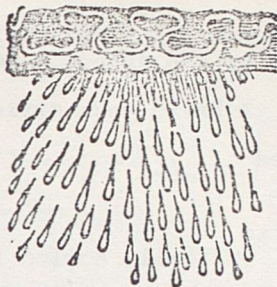


Signed by likeness to the Teeth: Toothwort, Pomegranate, and Fir Cone.
From Porta, PHYTOGNOMONICA, 1588



Hepatic, signed by
likeness to the liver

Clayton Eshleman



Ibuki Masuko tonight again walking
the hallway

how many dark afternoons I sat
in our rented room thru rain heard you
walking the dark
hallway, humming to
your granddaughter in your arms.

I feel your toes
indenting tatami wool clay-colored socks
the hall way made straw & mud
outside warm rain thru the fig
dripping azalea heavy tenderness of my mothers flower
your light
the softness of your slightly cheek-hollowed brown
face, your body tucked inside grey wool kimono
pleasantly painfully totally carrying the child
free with child forever with child
Not my own flesh
Masuko Ibuki

(the afternoon in the kitchen
you told me how after the trip to the lake where cormorants
dive for fish the men stopped at a whorehouse & I asked
What did you do then? God, I must have been mad! to ask
you that! even in pigeon Japanese, & you looked at me, con-
tinuing washing dishes & eyes bowed, said We --referring to
the other women-- waited in the car. The drawn skinniness
of your husband bare to waist in mens' summer bloomer
underwear standing in our doorway with a message or request,
always openly wanting to watch Barbara & I
hustling off to work in his pinched suit

--& you waiting with your other lady
friend

at night somewhere in the country in a car

You absorb indignity as rock the cicada cry

how close you are to yourself shredding daikon
picking up the grandson screaming bloodscreams by
the gate

I heard your dialect change that afternoon
then, natural

he quieted
azalea
hallway
newyear tea

really howled once back in an inner chamber.

I was in your sleeping-room once
Passed twice thru the garden.
Answered the phone occasionally
& accepted the laundry.

I lived in your house about one year

It was the first time I ever felt home

I loved you I loved your house it was
very simple

I wld sit in the kitchen late at night & watch
the ceiling, or blueflame under coffee
or wait for the mouse outside our room by the fig was
the white

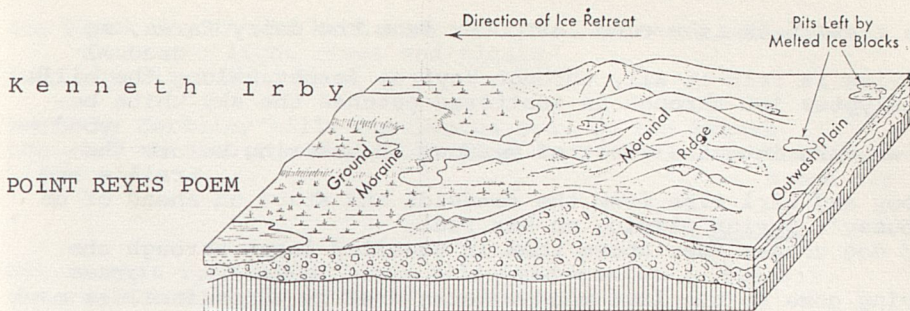
warehouse I never entered

At morning the bean-curd man wld
tootle while I was in the john trying to shit unable to write
Masao my heart is breaking those years will never come again

It was coming down
the hill cold night after public bath hundreds of tile
roofs in moonlight gravelclack in wood geta I wld see the
fence



14 March
NYC 1967



The fog moves in across the bay in combers strain out the daylight

*

We climbed the path to Mt. Wittenberg on a clear Sunday
 over the ocean the low clouds moved away from us
 Reyes' spread hills away on every side
 the sea into burned so bright in the sunlight we couldn't
 look straight at

The path to the sea
 goes down gradually
 miles of forest, onto
 grasslands, let down
 to empty farms, the steep
 last hill, the pastures
 flat a hundred yards
 along the cliffs

The grass rises and burns
 light, back lit and side
 in the last light hours
 lupine in, paint brush
 slides a little, rides back up
 the wind down the trees' gap
 fans

There are only two ways onto the beach or back up
 one down a stream's gully, steps cut, boards back up
 the other through a blow hole, another stream's fall to
 caught
 us

ankle deep coming through from the sea side
 tide up, the wave backed
 up the pants, the socks squished in the boots
 we stopped over the cliff rise to wring them out
 poppies like earrings in the grass, the cliff's edge toward
 China
 93

The trail back is a road left over from the dairy farms, so
gradual
no rise is felt at all, through baytree forest, along the hills
eucalyptus let through in scattered patches the sky white be-
yond --
as we turn into the first of meadows in a string before the
trail's end
a boy and girl rise from the roadside and start on ahead of us
Debussy's Syrinx playing on her radio
our dog chases deer above them in gazelled leaps through the
grass
having come to the last meadow seven deer in three families move
contrarywise
in short directions grazing

having come to this meadow
there is only the uncertainty of all purpose

and drove on, fog dark, sun set, north
into the coast hills and redwoods
to Occidental, "wide place in the road
with three enormous Italian restaurants"
fivecourse duck dinners, stuffed before the duck came
rolling pebbles from the beach around on the table
offering to pay the waitress the final odd dollar due
in quartz white stones

.
Frozen seafoam, petrified jellyfish
purpose but to wander, too rarely here, too often
mind in, locked gaze out
onto the splendiferous --
as here the spread coniferous forest

o city, where all our meeting is --
not what buildings we have built
but where we always live

.
And with the duck in us head back
listening to Vaughan Williams from Santa Rosa
across the swamp flats below Napa
the lights in the bay float and waver
"Goddam, coming through Sonoma
just to see the square"

the black dog in the back seat shifts cars mesh and pass
the radio light rises and floats
into the directions home

over the Berkeley hills eucalyptus sway in the breeze
the wind carries the smell of miles down wind, over the ocean-
bound air

*

Now in this room weeks later dill weed smells up the air
the rug's meadow light falls across -- room of the world

this is the room the eyes start out from
birds fly through the look on out
as gnats, flies fly through the room here

**

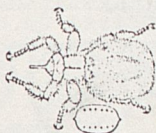
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So this forest is the city sought
the space between the trees we enter, holds us

the calm, light down into, over eucalyptus boughs
the point the afternoon has met us
and we stop, the sound of our feet in the leaves
leaving its echo in the eyes

as we have brought our meeting with us
carried as one room of air around us
to these trees
and suddenly stopped into the light
they merge, all spaces merge and fall away around us

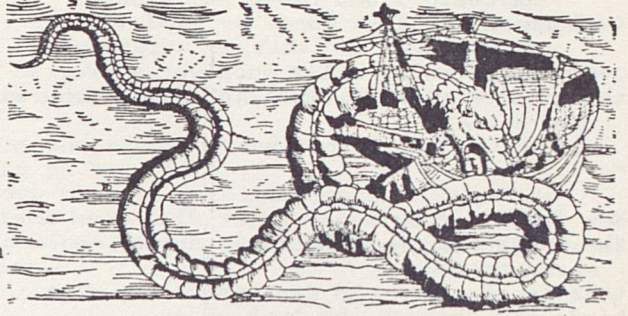
o enter the splendid city!
where all our meeting lies



-- Jul-Aug 1966

C h a r l e s S t e i n

OUROBOROS



I
return to strength
thanking you.

You are stronger
being me
in uttering yourself alone.

Draco interfecit se ipsum.

The salt
I put
on my tail.

 Therefore
long living longs for an end
and I long for a difference
and to be one
and to be the same.

Et maritat se ipsum.

At the end of the process waits a wife.
The ocean already rearing
deadly waves. white caps.
many heads I might be blind
but they
are interfering.

Or you might go all the way back to the simple.

as a world hides for me
and my elongation of mercury suggests
the sexuality of my mind.

Et impraegnat
se ipsum

foretelling a circle. closed.



Can you believe steel walls
do this to my flesh
I don't understand.
She parts with silver.
To me she has
a threatening appearance.
The moon was orange.
The night was short.
I didn't call you.
My language would not strain.
They do this
with my flesh.



We might make an effort of
return.

Return
to the circle.
Return to your large white
house and lawn.

There
where she always was
you will uncover her as a secret
polishing silver.

The machines
you had a dream of
I had a dream of
were in the garage.

Now
we may find them
putting out new things
I can't believe.

You put your tail in your mouth
not being in love.

Draco interfecit se ipsum.
Salt on my tail.



L i n d y H o u g h

LIGHTS



You are the greatest. The most true. The most essential.
Essential of all my elements: what do words mean?
Is there a man somewhere, crouching, who looks down
from the branches of the tallest elm over the garage
waits in the round flat lamp of our bedroom
balances on the telephone wires watching us sit out-
side

Measuring what I do to you with my words?

Withhold, hide, delete,
finally; how I enslave you by calling you a superlative?
A wiser vessel. Opening all of yourself up, and outward,
The most wide to being the most true.

Light flickers through the
vessel.

I make of my words what I want, fitting them on you,
see ruddy brown above a black beard and blue jacketed shoulders,
Filming the lights.

Potential energy let out of locks which excites me,
moving down the line of trees, my eyes frame crudely
the candle you shoot, imagining also idly what made
the tracks
seeming to have hopped along in the snow, beside
me--

The energy moves, or is there always: and shifts, according to
levels --

Outside I walked along by your side, or a bit in front
Or standing behind, waiting, I was everything woman is to man;
Being. A body feeling myself in cold space, feeling my own
weight
and energy, feeling that the energy I have for good
equals the energy lying in wait for evil intentions. I'm all
Flavors and energies inside, as Mencius didn't believe: we are
endowed with force and perversion, the ability to sin and give
way

to weakness, as much as we are given the way
to do good and the kinetic energy to do so.
The will is capable/is capable/of anything.

I once said
to you

In flirtatious sexuality, I'm an hors d'oeuvre.
as though to somehow escape being a part of the dance, as women
will,
fearing the engagement of that energy.

As though we had it to de-
cide.

But to affirm:

Eckhart gives the will incredible autonomy,
What I will have I have: the will to do something and to have
done it
Are the same in God's sight.

Thus the energy that makes the fig-
ures dance

In the Great Dance is immediate

upon them perpetually so that
their dance

Never does stop. We who can see the Fool dance, a holy pre-
sumption,

Are closest to the will of that immediate Dance.

Therefore the power/the strength/ closing the jaws of a wolf,
of a world

The power to love the Power and do works of good is tremendous
and encompasses all the energy/kinetic in that strong lion/
That ever has been in the world.

You are Lion within your own
cottage

And yet also Sheep, cropping outside grass--

grass grows under
your floor

and what you crop inside:

food for other fields as you are food for others, are rutabaga,
turnip, kohlrabi: yellow, white, pale green,

all to One as you
encompass

and are encompassed Power.

If my desire is perfect and great
then I shall be so.

We question

the parameters drawn in the nights of the German Churchman's

Geo-
physical, I came to this, came from where to here.
How can we find out where.

(The measure growing, taking a shaky
root

In anger, with rationalization, I threw the milk out.
In anger I delayed dinner.

There's no place to lie on
when the bed is a sign of weakness. Under the bed? Beside the
bed.

Heavy with sin.

Perhaps all my energy:
is devoted:
to:

creating good to combat evil
Creating certain evil to combat good.

Creating snowstorms to put
out

the Fool's Sun.

The Knight of Swords hurries his charging horse
racing past bent blotched trees
sword slashing the chill blue air; quiet over Kansas.
He's angry-eyed at the jutting clouds -
his plume on the helmet streaks out behind with his horse's
mane.

The film rolls, quiet clicking in the black night
White lights flick off and on. Is the click of the camera
the same flicker of the lights, speeded up, made silence-
sound.

Lights draped over a bush hump, are they trying to spell
something.

What is there to, doesn't the bush, its lights, the camera,
say enough.

I would be warmer encased as the bulbs are, in their own air.
Encased in love.

My love for you encased in will
to have more
will

is more love for Love, more husk-room for
longer grain.

101

And finding out where.



All we are given is our body,
in space. Working from within it.
Outward.

Feeling the dust on the philo-
dendros,
uncovering the leaves of a lov-
ing tree.
Unsheathing leafstalks,

Outward.

Eckhart had to warn against lights, those
mystics
of his time got him into deep trouble with St. Paul as their
example.

The lights are outside

or more quietly within us.

We must film the light. Be film for light.
Get it onto our blackness
and record.

These are days -- when a turning seems possible.
How long will the bulb next door burn, kept continuously on
to ward off burglars. Alive inside its bulb, light will out
only because of a leak. Who will burgle us:

the pressure changes.

Light in your eyes. The churning in your stomach,
the agitation of the mail in the purple-mocha morning.
Noodles and red sauce for breakfast; dawn past noon.
The end (ends) come(s) variously. Where is the Knight of Swords
going? Picking up the pieces always of the great race, the
great fight,
the great fall, the great jump. Typically, I said ozone
when I meant orgone.

I'm not a loblolly boy:

I bear this body of energy forward into your path.

All I want to know is you and everything. You bring all with
you.



Selections from Three Poems by F. Paul Salstrom

TOWARD ELLEN

1 midnight --
an April blizzard
(God's counter revolution)
drifts the banks of Silver Creek

wind stings
her would be blossoms
stones them a purer white

(venturing out
I row Rock River &
reach the creek's shelter
snow plastered, ears ringing

her water's slush
but takes the oars)

along her banks
loved by birds, the
first migrants are starving
-- their wingbeats
filling the blackness
my shoulder blades
tear into

how man-like God would feel
this night holy

with
the silence of birds

save their wingbeats
shouldered
to carry thru every dusk
stumble-hearted, skirting the world
till finding peace within



FOR PEGGY

6 dawn's sunray & schoolbell
pierce the cabin

Fish Creek mallards flush
golden-eyes remember
my limitations

clouds lie southward
to the north fog
among the high peaks
both (shining in sunlight)

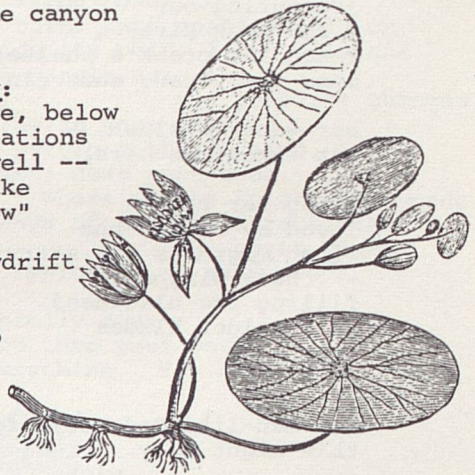
below . . . thru
a lake of sunlight
I walk east, overflow east
as the I Ching lake --

eastward as Snowdrift lake
in high Avalanche canyon

said the I Ching:
"water lies above, below
-- observe limitations
which you know well --
as a mountain lake
must you overflow"

eastward as Snowdrift

I do know
but now know too
her eyes



MARGARET - ORTHODOX

4 evening --
arriving within the firs
home

needle floor now mere
hemlock dust:
even this the bastards bulldozed

a ton or more I shovel
down toward the stream
-- dry, sweet to smell

midnight --
hemlocks, stars
windows open, wind rising

to we who have
shall be given

dawn --
pale light seeps thru the firs
chill, wind dying

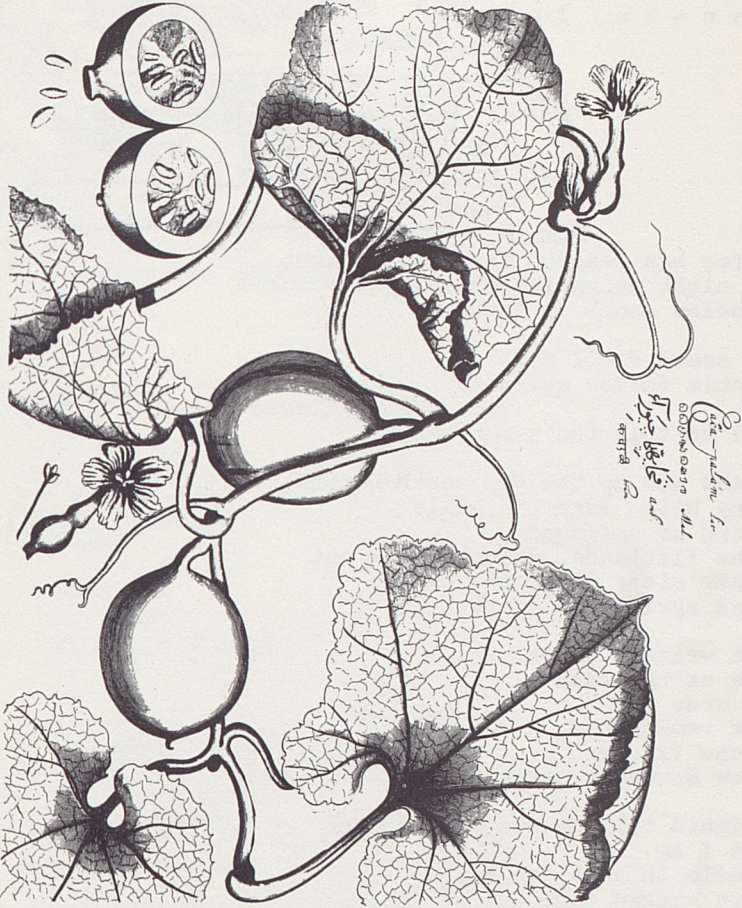
in the blazing heat of noon
we must risk all this

for
a kingdom of grace on Earth

POSTSCRIPT

Philadelphia --
town sad as Margaret
these wasted days, but
numbly as her womb

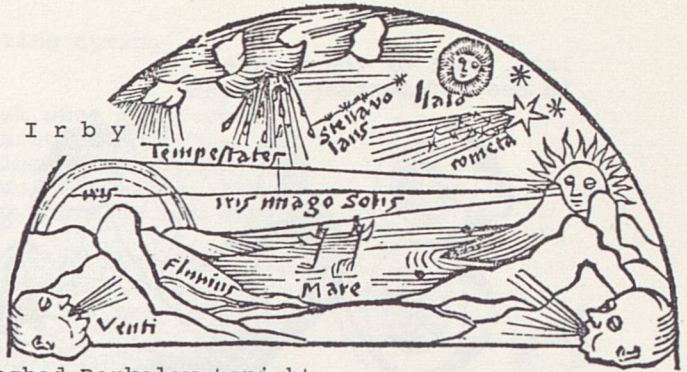
late, last of the cheese
in need of further beer



Red-Adam, Jr.
Botanist
1871
عبدالله بن محمد
الهدادي

Kenneth Irby

FOG



The fog has reached Berkeley tonight
Last night we passed through in patches
Mendocino south to Bodega

What sound can I make
syllable follow syllable
equal to this fog's movement?
what syllable write

spreads now up the gap north before
Albany Hill into the hills
leaving us unfogged
in the flatlands, able to look out
the sky clear under the bank
turned apricot at sunset

It is written anyway
flows as the mind
goes over the
sight remembered
and the fingers
follow movement caressed

Eyelights tell me where I've been
where I am
a needle in a haystack
always straws found
the eye not yet to hold and see through
only the thought of eye
wherever it holds to
simultaneously
looking here after the pen

Following the fog following the landscape
contours of temperature in the air

Drawing leaves and grasses

wetted by the fog
my means are not enough
one contour for everything?
one line
for all divisions of shade
chiaroscuro and shape
water in fine drops
on the hairs of the stem
parts of me I can see one light
and one dark speck of
in each droplet

Rainbows off the words
as on the glumes' tails
backlit, shining the spectrum

Push my brain
till it shines
behind me!
feeling the heat
off the skin
the tingle, shivers
starting in the face
spreading out in waves
like muscles rippling
down the back

Feeling the blush
Drawing the blush
Writing the fog's spread

*

It isn't the same fog here
as we went through last night, not part
of some same huge cloud
moving down the coast
as if a rainstorm
reaching here tonight

But the same conditions creating fog
over and over off this coast
upwelling of cold water
relations of wind and moisture-laden air
condensing
Colder yesterday in Mendocino
colder here today

Rain and sun out
and fog moving in
all at once
south of Albion

*

I don't know if the fog comes back
in the sound and shape of the words written
but the fog in the mind
its own obscuring condensations
following that landscape

to put down a comma
makes the ground different

picture drawn to rotate part of the seen
toward another location
in another position of the head

*

Why search
the natural world

How dark it is now
no fog even visible

-- Jun 68

The act of reverence
from which the revelation comes

as a leap



Theodore Enslin

COBWEB HOLLOW

Take care you do not
crush it
 where it spans
the bruised earth
 on a wet
morning. It will stay
 put
until the sun
 melts
or snaps
 its threads:
Perhaps
 one
 (or two)
days.



Plants with a Moon Signature (including Senna on the left and Moonwort on the right). From Porta, PHYTOGNOMONICA, 1588

L i n d y H o u g h

The sinks of places. The drains. The spray of water that falls on the hands, the dishes. Around the bend is an ocean. Landing in the middle of an ocean does not give the name of it.

In Prescott, books, letters, are all over the floor. The sun has a hold of us, is a strong young male, our movements are purposeful, the sun holds us by one thigh. But the moon holds our hand.

The sun has a yellow collar. A night of discontented yearnings, in a day of external definite action. There are moths in my head, pears ripen, sun plays. The newspaper reports events. Flags flown. War.

The lord picks ripe apples for his lady. They move across the forest floor. Her yellow flowing skirt brushes water sprayed from the lions mouth. Outside the Jaycees are having a parade/tonight a baseball game with lights. He who of his good nature is from Italy has painted the walls pink and orange. The sand by the ocean is dead and dry, but creatures grow there and abound and their shoulders are washed by the visitors of the ocean.



112

S t a n B r a k h a g e



ANGELS

. . . move thru the qualities of shadow in a diffraction of the light --

the doors of illumination / home of angelical forces (as George MacDonald would have it: "...home...is the only place where you can go out and in."). . .

. . . and the shadows of shadows are the shadows of angels

. . . and the fixed instants of constantly changing shapes are the pictures they take of themselves:

a smoke pattern in the hearth's wall,

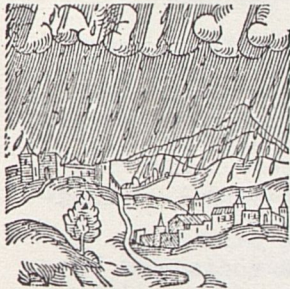
a cloud held in the mind's eye,

a face in tree leaves

. . . all that we call psychological projections are the movies of the angels --

the home movies of angels are qualities of light held as if in mid air --

any gathering of dust motes in the light records the passage of angels:



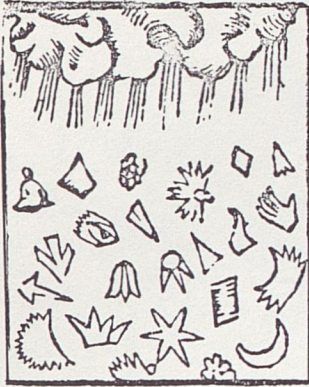
for they do itch in the lungs when the soul is troubled;

and they scour the hideout of the soul's enclosure;

and they seize the brain in the body's fitfulness:

and we do sneeze them out --

113



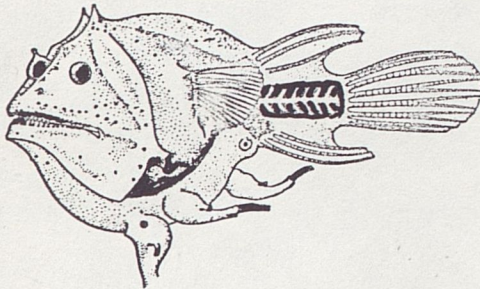
cough up whole angels --
sweat ephemeral notes --
bite off tongues for blood speech --
roll upon the ground and die for them,
make mirrors,
fresh notes,
maps of passage . . .

. . . and the angels, thus, feed upon decay and are the leeches of all that we call "evil" . . .

. . . and they occur to the mind as a rising in the bake of any thought cake --

physical fevers do levitate them surely --

thoughts of/in repetition attempt to trap them,



for we would feed upon
angel food cake

(the barococo of sweet
Bach's awful hunger) /

(gentle Gertrude Stein hav-
ing her cake and eating it
too --

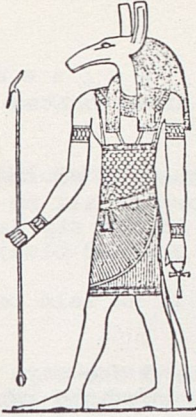
the residue:

"There is no repeti-
tion." . . .)

. . . In which -- the angels move . . . up and down the lad-
ders of language . . . without moving --

out of which -- comes the nervous endings . . . this:
is it Asmodel, as H. D. would have it? :

"the second of the genies zodiacaux,
to whom one may cry,



exhaussez mon incantation, ma oriere . . .
raise up, lift up, receive my recognition,
and this at last, with no reservation,":

(and is this that Asmodeus I came to know?
. . . angel of asthma? --

and is that why I cried reading "Hermetic
Definitions"? / could not, in my whole life,
go beyond:

"What has the word done?
you include but in small grandeur,
the whole circle of the sun.") . . .

. . . within which: the beg in beginnings / the thrown up
pun -- all of undigestible language the angels feed upon:
these distinctions of vision:

that / thus:

the dimension of angels is a tensor --

the reality of angels is a surety --

the grasping of angels is as a disjointed leg and a
blessing for poor Jacob --

the handling of angels is as the hand feels itself,



in transformation,

surely moving,

to its ends . . .

. . . and the angels of fingers can be seen in the bend of
light when the tips almost touch and wherein (aura?) they
seem to be touching . . .

. . . and the angel of auras (the guardian angel?) can be
seen after staring at a yellow sheet of paper and then look-
ing to the naked body of another . . .

. . . and the guardian angel of self (angels of eyes? / angle
of ego? / anguish of soul?) can be the actor of seeing it-
self,

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as I impersonates
each eye

(to see the moving
yellows of all an-
gels of the sky as
some stilled blue),

as I'll an isle be-
come

(to bend the rays of
sun's set into ren-
aissance perspective
for ego's grasp of
the angel of the dy-
ing of the light).

annihilation . . .

. . . and the angel at the gate of Eden is viz-ability it-
self . . .

. . . and its sword is the word of God -- is the word of
sword -- is the knowledge of shape that makes a circle of
the sun . . .

. . . and the flames thereof it are that stolen light where-
by the mind's eye projects its pictures -- its flickerings
those rhythms of thought itself -- its fuel the decay of
vision into the smoke of memory . . .

and:

angels move thru the qualities of smoke in a diffraction
of the shadow of light --

the doors of darkness / home of angelical forces (as
my wife Jane has shown me, in my mind's eye, the strands of
light that stream from the shadow cast by her head) . . .

. . . and the halos of halos are the halos of angels . . .



C h a r l e s S t e i n

THREE NOTES ON THE MAGNETIC SENSE



I

For vocabulary suppose the metals and planets: what they are to those who spoke of them and meant them to be measured exactly -

alchemy is at once metaphor and praxis:

trying to tie down the mind, what it is exactly, keep it still, together, whole, of one piece, is like trying to keep mercury together, the silver balls of it fall apart, spread all over the paper I hold it in.

Dee speaks of two mercuries and gives a different hieroglyph for each of them:



that is, the moon over the earth, or over the four elements. The physical constituents of the mind's being. The moon, whose turning in its phases makes it like the mind's changeableness, its periodicity, the phases it goes through.

So this first symbol, mercury as it is natural in us, the mind in its parts, changing.

But then he adds the sun to his symbol:



The sun interposed, put in. The source of the elements, of all turnings, itself enters the operation - Our Mercury - the mind made wholly "Ours," at our service. What was volatile is now fixed by the recognition and entrance of its source.

In the Tarot, mercury is the Magician. The distinctly conscious, individual Will as it acts - as it is directed.

I want to make clear what is metaphor, what can be stated as simile now, and also what has a complexity such that it cannot be broken down in this way. The Tarot is not metaphor but archetype - image of a posture in the imitation of which one can come to its meaning.

The Cosmic Images were not really metaphors, though we can see something of what they were by treating them as such. For the entrance of the sun into 'moon-like elements' of the psyche was an event involving the actual sun itself. The sun might be experienced as burning intensely in the head's center or as radiating from the center of the chest, behind the heart, the heart center. In this event, the whole meaning of the sun changes: now looking at the sun in the sky, one immediately becomes conscious of the sun in the body; thinking about the sun in the sky excites its presence in the microcosm. And the two suns are sensed finally as being identical: 'through' the physical body, one comes to the place of the sun.

II

It is not the symbology of the moon that holds my attention so much as certain physiological events - certain changes of consciousness the moon effects.

Looking at the full moon in a cloudless sky, or, now, even imagining it there, a cool flow begins to move from my medulla down my back to the region of the subcardiacal ganglion. It is like cold water, as if my spine were a tube or column of sensitive material the moon itself poured cold water down, cooling the flesh of my body, drawing me into its moving.

In Ouspenskian astrology, as I understand it, it is only those certain "advanced" or highly "evolved" persons who receive the influence of the moon and the planets, the inverse of conventional astrology, where the adept strives with all his will to overcome the domination of his horoscope, break out of his karmic self,
- that as our sensitivity increases and our consciousness becomes wider and deeper, our connections with the cosmos become more firmly established, more deeply set also.

And our freedom is
notescape into realms unconnected or estranged from our old
existence, but a freedom of locomotion as it were, a freedom
to conceive ourselves more widely and deeply involved with
a universe from which we cannot be estranged.

III

Meditation is a process of sublization
and thus of magnetization: making the body attractive/
(in all worlds) notice how
the meditator's eyes become clear, his skin smooth, his
breath regular and his mind calm during and after his
meditation.

the musculature particularly
is sensed by the meditator as becoming lighter, quieter,
of a finer stuff than it seemed when, at the outset, he
set his attention on it. And at the point in the heart or
the head when the process of sublization is well advanced,
a light begins to pull the meditator towards it, a positive
brilliance draws him become light, up.

Moon work, letting
the body be.

Subtle. Light.

The sun will
appear, electric source
to fill the body made moon.



THE PLANT BOOK

1- Chlorophyll:

Sun enters the gravitational field of the earth, touches lightly the female body of the sun-bather, her skin turning brown, the vapors of her sex converting, her medicines flowing, her hot body to her lover. The sun touches oils, oils of rose and oils of forsythia, oils in the fur of field-mice. The sun touches the outer ring of the earth, there converted into lightning and radio storms, there converted into the vapors of fungus and the gas of corn. Huge clouds ride out their positions, break water and spill the generating salts, spill the mushroom buttons and calcic snows of the uplands; the heavy summer rain comes with lightning and turns the lilac into wine, releases the odors of Tartarian honeysuckle into left-field while it washes out the game and the river washes out the alluvium, and the planks of old ball-games are thrashed down river, the horse-dung saturated with lilac rain, a white life quickening on its surface. An insect, pollinating a red tulip cup, is drowned by the rain-storm. The game will be played again on a sunny day; hepatic and blood-root on a sunny day, and the marsh marigold rising in the mud like a water-lily. The sun dries the tulip and the insect is fossilized with nectar. Late in the afternoon, the mold on the horse-dung begins to generate black berries.

This is the confused ominous syntax of the ionosphere; there where electricity reigns, here where light is broken down into the many stones. This contains a voice from the galaxies, the stars setting, in retrograde posture, in descending ascending bubbles, in each squill, each pot, each gram by gram, where the burrowing animal must build his home, how far on the lake the ice, the winter extends, the moon shadows, the soldier balancing on starlight in the bush, the stalactites, cobwebs, the path of the fox; here chalcedony collects and here isinglass, here sperm, here cod, and here the emblem of Gaul; in this pot opal is spun, the shining club-moss woven; in these chambers irritation is apple, and in these it is pearl. The stars

fit tight upon each climate, even as small as a jar or a womb, or the delicate lines across the violet petal; the stars are as certain, crystalline as snow, argentiferous zinc, golden jelly on a wet log. This is continuous, day and night, is a message, we may listen, we may hear the confused patter of sound, we may not hear the words even as they speak to our condition. We do not know our condition though it is all around us, though it unsteadies our hands and blurs our sight. The calls of geese mix with the shrieks of Pan; the soft organs of ants touch, Etruscan tablets, Apache hunting songs, rock and roll: electricity collecting, messages bounce thru the ionosphere, losing history, disintegrate into rain, and the rain falls on Kansas, and rain pours off dirty windows, dark grey rain in the city courtyard.

The sun enters the stratosphere; the sun is distorted into winds and fog, the oceans giving off their metal, the atmospheric flask fills, dust is raised into the chamber. The condition is sky, weather, cumulus: essential mass of the storm. Here the oils are brewed, the conditions which direct flight and migration and offshore currents, the wind tugging on bireme and stormy petrel, tugging on waves and sails, rocking the shrimp in their estuary, the gases released, conducting the sperm into a sessile womb, a clam space, this distant approach to a certain female.

Now the ball-players leave the field; the cats return to the basement. The storm piles following heat and the wind, a dismal fog keeping the airplanes chained on their runways, the lights on in all the terminals, the passengers drinking coffee, reading the city papers, a great jet, its noise, circling thru the drizzle, unable to land.

2- Matter:

A message passes from cell to cell. It is the same message. It is a different message. It contains water, temperature, turgor; it is oily; it is a microcosm of the climate, the situation. A tiny chlorophyll planet imagines itself, duplicates itself at chemical distance. The woman stands before the mirror; she raises her right leg. She puts it down. She raises her left leg. She is practising dance steps. She is putting on perfume. She will dance in a nightclub and seduce her double the moon. They travel in a colony, pilgrims, all of the same nucleus, all nuclei linked by a message, a history of salts, a compact of laws, of free symmetry; they spin; they feed each other and upon each other; they are neither large nor small. Multiple image of the same imago they are planets; their polar regions are male; their equator is a female swelling. One cell is

voice of another, dancer and his rattle, snake shedding its skin, four nutlets in an alembic of mint. A ritual cycle masks the ends of any single cell, and the new thing swims away. This is the eternal body of the earth, the magi whispering in our ears, rain, rain, blood bubbles, breath, songs of birds linking trees, rain in the tin-cloven pipe, rain-water under the tires of cars, the girl's tongue in her lover's ear, budding, flowering, falling off, blown off, ending without end, beginning again in the sleeping cell. A code remains beneath the field, a burin, a pelvis, the rhizome, bulb of morning lighting the senses of worms, dead bodies catching fire, burning cell by cell. The event remains buried, a usable history rising from the mud, ivy cracking the ancient granite faces, soda on stone. A pilot-fish passes between atoms, and in a world of dark stone the railroad engine follows an electron. The child buries his boat in the sand, forgets where, and a tide takes it. The plant swells, a single image, sensitive tissue conveying, pacing, sugars pumped to the nodes, unpeeling, branching, flower dangling as the central candle on a cyme. The image is retained in the juice, taste of spectrum, pineapple sun, Mott's apple sun, sun in a dark bottle, in sour May Apple juice which the pilgrims sucked to prevent tumors, the flood filling our tongues/veins to the fingertips, the occult ratios retained and their fragments washed ashore, the ballet dancer spinning beneath a crown of her own making.

3- Soma:

The form is visceral, is autonomic. Meditation is the environment, can move in no other paths but as a river meanders to soft rock, the inside edge cutting, the flower cutting along alternate branches and pinnules, the lead cell, the bud always moist, conscious of, secreting itself, the crystal is soft but the dancer practises alone in her apartment, a single musician playing the piano, a dusky candle on supper turning cold, the wine warm. One perception leads into another, is moist, is neural; the dance is hard and violently sudden, the code leading by internodes and octaves, the cosmos strung taut, the plectrum struck, waves in a puddle, skin, topos burned by thought, sperm bursting as the young boy weaves an imago of dancing girls in his bed, Adam's sperm setting loose wild hogs and bumblebees, populating heaven, mercury burning the bed-sheets, gold piercing the igneous rock as he comes, the spectrum plucked, and the flower generated spitting its guts, phlox and evening primrose, the stars penetrating subtle oils, making them whole of their own measure. (The first two

leaves of the adder's tongue fern fuse and become a fertile spike, the spores borne in their twine; the ensuing leaves are merely vegetation. For its mimicry of the snake's tongue the fern is fused with the adder in a chain of morphemes which gives it its common name. In a medicine deriving from that chain (or simultaneous with it) the adder's tongue fern is used to heal the bites of the adder.)

We are slaves of our own measure. In a game with a computer, where our only strategy would be the concealing motion of arbitrariness, we cannot win; we cannot give birth to anything more arbitrary than ourselves, as the False Solomon's Seal must leave a false soloman's seal wherever it seeds; no author can disguise his book, his sigil; he signs his name wherever he signs, nor can the mustard flower disguise its silique. A man's dreams are always on his face, all his secrets and desires have a knowable form, a signet. A flower dreams itself, implosion, enstasy, wet dream, the mixed chemistry of fire and earth where thru the humidity a burning white rose arises in solution and captures and converts its muddy base. The computer finds who we are and names us, and no matter where we go, even to India, we will grow into this thing, and all our deeds will bear its signature.

4- Medicine:

This is a medicine of locale, of locality, indigenous oils and menstrea, soft parts dwelling within moistures and humidities, the climate left by the winding sigil of the zodiac. We who live here observe this land, our body, what secretions and odors stir in fear, what insects drink from the spice-bush and who swarms about the hawthorn, how certain seasons and signs change the cells so that the very flesh trembles and the blood beneath enters a new magma of brain, the sequence of flowers and fruits beneath the seasonal procession of the stars. Rains bring mushrooms to one field and mints to another. An early April rain fills the streets of Ann Arbor with forsythia and the woods with bloodroot; the May rain brings lilac bushes among the falling forsythia, and in the forest bloodroot has disappeared and squirrel-corn and jewelweed cover the ground. Forsythia and lilac have the same oils, forsythia the yellow rotate olive and lilac the blue. Bloodroot has orange sap; squirrel-corn is a tiny plant with butterfly wings; jewelweed grows among nettles and soothes their poison; we change too, at the same pace, by the same colors, sigils, only we are another part of the code. So that the temperature of the

disease is its own salve, or produces its cure in ecological balance; we must ride out our bodies to their ends; we must ride out our bodies to their ends; we must be worn; we must be penetrated; we cannot be protected. It could not be otherwise; the icons are the same: in the worst torture the complete relief is contained within, at the height of despair, made of the same fabric, the same fusion of perceptions and fluids; one is ecstasy, the other is hysteria; the manic depressive runs thru his zodiac each second in a loop.

In a clear astrology an adept is burned by all the limitations of his signs, but only by the path of those limitations is there infinite depth for him to penetrate, and change, and become other, and become finally what he is. The climate that produces the ill produces also its cure. The oils that flood our unhappiness link too in our revival, the melancholy vibrations of a church meeting, the troubadour procession of love songs on the radio. Hence the rules of love-making in the Qabbala are to be obeyed not for any reason of ethics but because this is the only way to destroy the illusion that surrounds and allures the initial body. The head, the perceptual castle is the temple, the crown; and only here can the roads of heaven be laid; only here can the body of the lover lead thru soma to where two spirits are joined as stars. The fluid, the chemical is the thought, the white sperm of the coming into sunlight, the marrow in the bone, the blue waters of peony, distilled into the essence of blue, the mercury and alcohol that holds up the imagined sky.

In astrological botany the medicines are perceptual continua of the land, extensions of the signs and network of signs by which the body sees and recognizes itself, equivalent to a woman's body, sight planting gardens and firmament in the jellies behind the eyes. Medicine is homiothermic, is the mean by which the changing temperature of the body is linked to the potent and discharging oils, the flux of temperature and seasonality on earth. The conditions of the plant are sexual as are our own. The fluids of fungus and mold that give flavor to Roquefort cheese and breads and mushrooms are the vapors by which male and female organs invoke each other on the white vegetating body. Oils of fruits and flowers are pleasing to the animals that live beside them and carry them (as the skunk cabbage smells like rotten meat for the fly). The plant contains all the precious minerals and salts sought by the alchemist, contains them in their mercurial form. The plant sucks up the juices of the stars and makes those juices available in a recipe

we can swallow; these are oils by which the zodiac is code, are the polarities and interzones of the Stone whereby the hot is made cold and the humid dry, by which pathologies are returned to the previous interstices of flesh. The plant is the perfect medicine, its condition not distinguishing between soft lunar cells and their hard maintaining walls.

The male organ grows to the female odor, its own hormones drawn by an ancient code; the body swells and alerts the appropriate hemispheres, gives rise to a microcosm, a flower, a new body laden with seeds, herein the energy to alter sunlight. We must live of our climate and die of our climate, swallow our own poisons. If our belly is raw with acid we must go to the limestone cave and lie there under the dripping onyx and white stalactites; we must drink rain and milk of magnesia, the trituration in periwinkle stems and ground ivy leaves, the bitter fruits of the juneberry. The period of man is the periodicity of nature; the stems of the scouring rush are mixed with willow leaves; this drug links the menstrual period to the moon. The water-lily (genus: *Nymphaea*) is a distiller of sexual fantasy. Its moist magma, strongest in the fresh root, is the physical base of the fantasy. A man must swallow the body of the nymph who torments him, swallow the gorgeous blonde girl of the late afternoon, petals and powders and all; she will be her own cure, and all her flesh and accoutrements will heal him or his desire, make it into a gate thru which he can pass. He wades out into the water, or he goes at night by rowboat; this is not symbolism, or a figure of speech; he takes the open white flower, it is the signature for the nymph, this is where she bathes, her sexual parts purposely exposed in sunlight to his desire, wearing just those clothes in just that spread which will draw his fluids; she bathes open, her yellow sexual parts exposed in a white showy volume, male and female parts wrapped in spirals about her middle; she will become a woman by night; if he swallows her she will become the distillation of his fantasy by night; she will lead him into the clear world that generates her; she is inside him, as climate, and can no longer lure him from without. So the sting of the bee must be swallowed as protection from the bee's poison sac, and the fertile spike of the fern is cure by signature with the adder itself.

5- Photosynthesis:

The cat sniffs at hybrid odors, at sun on leaves and ground ivy with blue flowers, urine and vapors in the grass. The grain is cut, is cut of light, flowing yellow, is brought into the bakery where the golden sweet cake is lifted from

the yellow minerals, moist light filling with air, sugars ducted thru the granular fabric, gingerbread men, kaiser rolls, tarts filled with sweet raisin and plum; the cat sniffs granite and around the edges of stone, the cat sniffs the bakery shop fan blowing steam out into the day. The child holds the leaf to sunlight, morning pouring thru the rose window, thru the pollen map, the circulatory veins; the odors are made of light, reflect light, sugar rising from the city streets along with oxygen and steam. The men on platforms spray the side of the apartment building with their hot chemicals, exposing the white stone of the 1930's; beneath, the initiates pass into church, perfumed, snug, dresses within dresses touching on skin. The cell manufactures light, burns, oxidizes from its central fire; the day is warm; a tall woman rains on her garden from a watering-can; she is a long cloud stretched across the sky. The children splash in the green pool, wasps pollinating the water-lily. The desert wind removes layers of oxidation, opens the oils, the crabs of the Arizona ocean, colors sliced by the Navaho blade for healing, genetic code iconic on the desert floor. Iron is red, copper is green-blue, dandelion is orange-yellow, but the code itself is dark, moves like a storm beneath colors, generates them by octaves below the horizon, a rich fog swelling into sun.

Red, yellow, blue, daylight reflected on water, one spark on the crease of the river sending a current downstream; if we were taken from the Garden and placed in this jungle (where all fertility comes from the river which flows outside us, allures, impedes out path, where all twining is outside the growth of our bodies), if we were stolen from within the pumpkin by a goblin, from within the blueberry by children and birds hunting for a pie, here we are then, outside-in where the flower grows onto the body, twirls erogenous nodes, the skin not soft enough, too soft, to touch either flower or breast, but the alchemical embrace, conjunctio made of light and conversion, rose waters dripping on the bed-sheet, here we are, breathing, twined. If we were grafted bud into flesh, if we grew around the church like vines, awaking as the congregation, singing in a language we knew but could not understand, this is where we sit today, in a meadow of grass and clover, the clouds ripping thru as part of the upper winds, the sunlight pouring in thru the altar, the golfers on their own green meadow attempting an exact perspective, to pick up an infinitely finite hole, belly-button sewed back around the field concealing disappointment of the score, the children searching for four-leaf clovers, a scavenger hunt at twilight, the year 1881 is lost, peonies in the graveyard, limestone, spiraea, daffodils in a vase,

legion flag; the stars, unnamed, appearing, the skin tied back on the golfer, sipping a beer, cooling off, the score in his back pocket, having come to play this game from the inside tingle of skin, the landscape throwing it back on him, the pretence of obstacles in a romantic poem, though this he does not realize in the semi-pleasure of his mistress, his drink, his score; there is no joy outside the temple, even in summer, photosynthesis feeds the initiates no matter where they are, in whatever game, with whatever lover, feeds them neurons and wines.

This is the sunny day, the bear on the hill, the warm-up before the baseball game, the ground crew patching the earth with grass and sand, the umpire rubs the baseballs with mud from the river bottom, the children picking wood sorrel and clover, the dancer putting perfume on her legs, farming sprays and insects in the air, this blur, this infinitely curved blur in which shape is located without focus, the apple tree fruiting at its nodes, the pitcher sweating at his arm-pits, golden wine of the score, of perception, rush of pollen down-river, distal and proximal nerves, electricity from pole to pole, carried by bees, secondary tissue receiving the decoded sun, secondary imagination making a wreath of sun-light, a jungle out of the trees we stumble thru, the bird wrapped in leaves, born in thru the skin, the first wrapping of light in the temple, the new-born sitting on the altar, unaware, the new-born having come from the nourished egg, the germinated yolk, shape cracking, the enclosed hill, a million or more civic and ceremonial mounds beneath the earth, Mayan temples in the hills of Yucatan, relics, Donne's bones and a Roman coin, sugars buried in a few sweet microns of tissue, the shrine in the evergreen leaf, stigmata on St. John's wort, its leaves carrying oils, the palm leaf weaving holes around continuous tissue, a new imagined dimension, Coleridge melancholy, the stirring of the sea, of the sexual organs in the crown, of moisture breaking the elators and setting free the spores, the secondary tissues making something of temperature and rain that the primary nerves cannot, the body of Osiris rising thru the hard stone morning of the secondary imagination, carrying flesh and bloody cells thru the old sleepy cells, water from the earth, light at the altar, washed in at the crest of sea, the uniforms washed in bubbles, shells collecting, the scuttle of sperm in pond water, the blessing left at the optic, the erotic, the aromatic nerve, a new rush of cells spilling the egg, replacing even the king's golden crown.

6- Phylogeny:

She carries a small decanter of floral water. She carries ovaries, carpels, and the skin of a snake. She carries stigmas, nectar, and the sting of a bee. She has been to the department store where great fans blow the air over peppermint and ice. She has shopped among yellow plastics and rubbers. She has gone to the laboratory where unctuous smells are distilled and bottled, elaborate signatures on their vials, a chemical stopper to contain fumes, these smells yielded by Nature as if She were a single large woman with vaginal fluid in her rivers and xylems, spreading pantheistically her reproductive membranes, the composite vapors and hormones of her body, ferns seductive to ferns, cats to cats, and fungi bringing the king and queen to their thrones is a gaseous cloud: these odors collected and sold in alembics for one woman to spread on her body as clues, to draw his correlate hormones into fragrant response, to draw him to draw her on, to entice him with flowers, and honeys, and leathers, a confused atomistic response, his chemicals finally drawn to the images, the remembered past, a Wordsworthian nostalgia enclosing the deed like a melancholy seductive fog: this use of parts of flowers and soft stones on the inward eye, his own measure breaking finally at her skin.

This is a love potion made of neurons. This is the mixing of two orders of cues in one body. For as sex in the plant is a direct tropistic response to ecological proximity, so human lure is the consequence of social tensions. And the brain is finally not responsible for (but is only responsive to) its image, who the object of desire is, her most distant planetary motions (which Kepler measured as means to the center, the sun), the woman as specific as a chemical, the brain generating sperm and salt, the branches bursting across the surface, growing larger and, of themselves, more complete. There are those who say that sexuality is only a chemical juncture, as if the chemicals were somehow limited by our names for them, our description of their habitat and customs of change, their tradition in laboratory compounds and medical books and on faded hierarchical charts. They argue that there are no thoughts, or our thoughts pass only by chemicals, are ripples in a chemical brook, touching and touched by other ripples, are nothing to us (the Hindus call it an illusion, our bodies slung at the same convenient harmonic as the world they pass thru). But there is no limit to compounds, to situations, no limit to the play of acidities, salts, and semes, dehiscence loosing an inner deliquescence, the players in the dugouts,

each spore engraved, the numbers in solution, no limit to the paths of gold, hence the alchemist stirring his own blood, the proprioceptive mediant to his vision /agencies/ in the pot, in solution, keeping his body in a jar overnight, collecting rubies, emerging from darkness with his wife, queen, light shimmering over his day, the residues of love, the parts and particles fusing by dream, by unknown formula to dormant cells outside the immediate atmosphere, that this total act will make a morning of dripping gold; he begins again, collecting the dew from partridge berry and periwinkle, mixing it with elements and fluids generated in the jar, the house, her body, the residue of her having visited, the signs of love.....no, we are not limited, for chemicals of touch and the waters themselves, (the sexual tingles and odors of rose) pass in the same brook, the same tight fit upon location, the same central coordinating furnace, or spirit, or arrow in the stars. (And meteorology, Aristotle's chemistry of the upper airs, is the science of unknown skies breaking at the tension of any inhabited animistic planet). If we are limited it is not by what we are. We are made of what we are, and come each second to this knowing in a new form. The chemicals are the only material at this juncture of cosmos and waters; they are the signs by which we are made able to leave further signs. They are the sensations we draw our bodies to, the mechanics, mechanism thru which we throw, of which the ball is made, thru which we propel to our ends.

There are mechanical methods of measuring the topography outside our bodies, the mountains and stars and layers of changing temperature in the lake; there are neural microns and alpha waves for measuring thoughts, and machines that correlate our dreams with rapid eye movement; these are a reduction of one context into a fragment of itself by the law of smaller similars. We are not what we would think we are but what we think. We do not make what we think we make, but our seeing is the pattern, as clear as constellations in the sky, signatures that link plants to the organs of animals and minerals to the sun, moon, and stars, signatures by which our own place in the kingdom of expanding similars is preserved. We do not live forever: the catatonic lines on our palms and faces, the end of orgasm, the end of thought like a faucet ceasing to flow, ceasing to drip. We are not to possess wisdom, know the causes between things, but we are that wisdom and need no more to live. We are the energy it took to get here, and daily, gradually we expel it, expel our sign, our craft thru the things we touch, our life itself as soft as mist.

Our very eyes and heart, our sperm and ovary are

derived by crystal from the sun in water. We are the formal continuous body of this planet, feeding ourselves by florescence, going on in rainy salts and rhiney silts, bearing our emotions as minerals, breaking our tension in new forms. We do not imagine our sexuality, our health, our hunger for meat; it is not 'civilization and its discontents'; we are zoa: living, procreating; no symbolism or sublimation is involved. We are not magical in the way of open energies; we do not grow free and wild but only within the difficulties of our form, and only in this complication is there friction. Our difficulty wakes up beside us in the morning; our difficulty is absorbed in intensities of sunlight, and intensities as the sun sets; our difficulty wears us down, thank God. Our difficulty is sexuality, and whether that difficulty be in the infinite possibilities of a harem, or Shekinah and marriage, or psychotic rape of children in the streets, or squeezed between two women in the flower garden like Lord Byron, it is our own and only difficulty, and in it we experience the surface tension of our being.

7- Ontogeny:

The moisture of the earth settles into dust, reviving ancient organs within dead organs, converting ash into gem. The heat of the sun passes thru the alembic of the earth, converting the land to flower; the sun is filtered thru the marsh, filtered thru ancient rank sexual organs into marigold and rose. This is the order of the lost kingdom, sunk and its seeds retained in clay tablets and briney kegs, its sun bobbing along an Eastward ocean to Egypt, and beginning again, the lost queen climbing out of the water to assume her throne, the marsh flower arising and calling Osiris to her roots, the sailors blown from island to island in search of the golden land until the land is golden and they sprout. The temperature is the temperature of the dormant cells, a few degrees more; the humidity enters the cells along with potent vapors, awaking the nerves like a sponge to spring. The mutineers took with them twice their number of young Polynesian women, sailed to an uninhabited morning, the light fertile, a position beneath stars and among waves, coming up on the shore in darkness after a billion years of frozen infertile space, swept ashore in moisture, breath, sun, and germinated, these viruses that fall upon us, take over the land from their bodies out, the ancient Egyptians, the amphibian race and their sun-god, the seeds rolled upon the shore in darkness, the ancient corns and cottons, the eggs of an intercontinental bird, one blown a thousand miles from

its source by Eastward currents, blown to a fertile jar and nourished, a mangrove swarming with crab life, another carried to the West, touches the sandy unplowed field with a cover of vegetation.

And the infertile hybrid, ancestor of our breakfast foods, grows initially by taking off the parts of its body and seeding them, (the great serpent killed by Coyote in Western Washington takes his teeth, his ribs, legs, eyes, and testicles, and from each he makes a fertile Indian tribe, and from other parts he makes ambiguous animals that are human by day and prowlers by night).

The rays of the universe fall in our fields, in our rows, the seeds of Andromeda controlling a clone of blue flowers, the productive message of quasars planted in the angle of our bodies, planted in bogs and by railroad tracks, planted in Brooklyn and along the Amazon, planted in the cracks between cement on the sidewalk, and in junkyards and pipes and dead bodies. Ribbons of flesh do a round dance about the nucleus; the caller squawks, the couples change partners, the matrix twilled, cross cousin marriage, the canary clan and the clan of the domestic hen (their child is a hawk); the code is altered in its own universe, releasing tensors of light. On a dry day the annulus of the fern snaps casting the sporangia into the drying wind; moist fluids are cut to the seminal stone, the knife-sharpener singing on the streets.* The spores of the scouring rush begin to walk, casting out wings on which they will float. The wind blows the sensuous organ dehiscent, melts the darkness and density thru an intermediary of itself, cracks the shell: the sporangia given suddenly to daylight, the claws of the badger opening up the pie.

*He sings an Inca funeral dirge; in the room above, Sherlock Holmes begins to listen, his fingers straying on the piano, the murdered body at his feet. Until now the case has confounded him, his work stymied not for lack of clues but for connections between the clues. Now he senses that a South American Indian theme runs thru all these events. There is no reason for him to believe this; the police check the corpse, collect fingerprints; theirs a direct line of evidence. There is no reason why he should stray, those around him show a rigorous discipline, a respect for law and order but, slowly, anyway, the beads he has been carrying loose in his head begin to string; the string is a single identified melody from the street below. Before long he is involved in blow guns, dart poisons, Capuchin monkeys; human sacrifice: further punctuations of an Inca text. Before long he is at a garden party and finds himself listening to a Spanish band.

There is a map left by Columbus, or passed thru him without response, it is a map showing the holy city. It is a map and we cannot go there (but when we spin touching each other we are close). The beginnings of the map are in knowing there was one, or that once someone had one or thought he did; this is Samuel Weiser's Basement; this is the rare book room, Rosenstock's alleys of American Indian magic. The second clue is in knowing it still exists, that it is a map of New York as well as Alexandria, a map of Lindy as well as Eve. The third clue is by metonymy, is in knowing it cannot be found, no matter what princess sells her jewels for the voyage, no matter how many funds are voted for moon-ships and Mars probes, no matter what queen appears on the top of the deck and wants to talk business. The fourth clue is in knowing that it will be given to you, is in searching by soft indirection and being led. All rivers run parallel, West disguising East, and pour into a dark vap'ry sea, an Ocean that rims round the world, not the Ocean Jung thought he discovered but the Ocean whose smallest off-current allowed him to think that, whose interzone of creatures invoked one whole world: geometric beings without protoplasm, without birth or death, without means of propulsion, yet alive and moving rapidly, attaining the kinetics of their center without going East or West. This is the map we draw of Jerusalem, draw unconsciously wherever we go.

The manner is not obscure but relations between the furnace and its distal rooms, the heart beating, astrological ties fulfilled, fingertips on the environment drawing milk, dialing into focus thru subtler glass the valleys of the moon. Form permutates on itself, draws occult and unknown numbers out of its familiar body (the interest in a baseball game where combinations fly loose with every pitch), surprise derivatives of known shapes, invention of the cotton gin, the light bulb, quartz and other crystals, imaginary numbers, the embryo starfish, the atomic bomb, the flowering plants (monocots by the temple of three, dicots by derivations of four and five). The Doctrine of Signatures states first that there are such signatures, and that ratios are contained within the large, that we drink without diminution.

The rain falls on the lovers, shower in the drain, the image filling their heads as they come, two universes with one penetration, the coming not just the river and her mist, not just the piling of clouds and the drawing out of their rain by earthiness, not just the breaking of the annulus and the seeding by air, but that the temple doors fly open, the cock in the garden shouts from one tree and flies to another; a golden world of stable elements is built above the lovers,

an alembic distilling their ecstasy into a known macrocosm, a reweaving of occult shapes. In their violence, and the violence of winds and active chemicals, the temple is broken, its fragments blown to separate shores and climes, its many halves divided by further ratios of two and three, torn by gale-force winds. The fragments of the upper storm enter the villages of the continent, there torn into deeper more dissonant fractions by the sleepy neurons of the villagers, their frightened sick children, torn by gunfire and warfare, soldiers exploding all bodies and oxen outside their perimeter, setting a temple on fire as a mark for bombing; are distilled and sifted with loess, with manganese rust, sucked up into rare earths, divided by the amount of their half-lives every ninety-nine years, droplets thru lime into the wet cave, droplets of hormone whipped in the blood stream, broken into matter like cumulus clouds, distilled for two thousand years until a signature is left in a patch of moss at sunset, and that sealed by the first ephemera of rising stars.

Natural selection generates the more complex form, eight out of four, six out of eight by way of four, leaves within clusters of leaves, flowers from pine cones, the centrifuge gaining speed, dropping froth into the valley, great bells, catkins ringing on birch and hornbeam, the Nordic voyages without a map but under the commutation of windy gods, the cocoon yielding the silk dress, division for its own sake; the kingdom is hidden, contained in multiples of itself, pulse of river, what the transcendentalists always missed in its fury by transcending; it is not just electricity but a multitude of connected parts, yielding to each other in a syntactic chain even if their saps and bloods do not cross, the photosynthetic burst in the lover, the anthers, the temple doors, the lips opening, the sexual organs sucking in humidity, changing the weather report, the temple stretching in belts of forest to the North, temperate woodland, dust and water in his mouth; the poem has its own ecology, the spores settling, the clonal earth's combining, crumbling, bricks, the sepulcher escaping with gas. The operator immerses his sign in a urinal, swallows emetic and bursts his taboos over the cliff; his sperm is distilled, the comose strands removed, the old body is inhumed with malachite and ash; he buries his memory in new cells, bucket into well, artesian burst of dung and lime; now the lower vessel, passing back thru clouds, re-enters the ocean, splashdown!; now the vapor flies up like soot, flies back thru the stony wall of the cave, thru the narrow tapering neck of the bird; the vinegar is mixed with milk and added to mashed bananas; the maple syrup is creamed with confectioner's sugar; the yellow tinge should not be mistaken; it is the yolk of the eye; it will turn any mineral or yeast into a proper gold, in this

case a maple-banana cake.

8- Maps

The alchemist is so ordered to collect things in his path, to take autumn walks and spring walks, to walk by the rivers and in bogs. It is not in the act of collecting that he sorts for value, but later, in his home, or where all items have changed to one ilk. He collects old bottle caps and baseball cards, carbuncles and burnt dominoes, feathers, and quartz crystals, and muddy coins; everything is different for having been found. He does not begin with a treasure map, but item by item one is drawn until he has arrived at a treasure by the sum of its parts. There are an unknown number of such maps concealed in the earth, some of them available only to Norse seamen, others to birds and Fox Indians, others to purple squid.

He gathers the inflammable precipitates of fires, the internal wiring of woddy icons; he locates the fruits of spring, the horse chestnut and the clover bean; from beside the Huron River he plucks scouring rush and the horse's tail: in the strobili of these plants, in their crowns, are woven male and female pungencies, herein the genetic prima materia of the river to the North.

The alchemist seeks further maps by which to read the maps he keeps at home, he seeks texts and codes and smoke signals, haze on the inside of blue glass, and morning ash. He searches for cameos in sulphurous hot places; he searches for a stone the size of an acorn, an old burin knife, a colored jasper; he searches for porous earth and the subtler waters. He searches for cloudy water and moist metals, grapes with mold and barberries with orange sap. The map grows on his walls, as fungus, as mineral grains shifting in a slow climatic fire, a tallus slope beneath every hill, cobwebs blowing in a light wind across the ceiling, urine bubbles, unknown stains. It is not the exterior property and design that he seeks, but by its signature he will know the internal windings and valences. His perception flickers like a slow unsteady fire over a collection, a sum of odd objects; he brings them to one mass, his nostalgias to a present fusion. The embroidery on pollen walls, the glacial scars on certain shards of moraine, the arrangement of Chinese red and orange-yellow on kernels of Indian corn, the petalloid maps of the orchid, the Turkish tapestry: are all squashed dense maps whose lines lead to nowhere but in a circle across the outer topologic surface like roads of the earth. They are clues to another order, we get there not by unsquashing and rettilting their axes back to the beginning

as geologists would do with the layers of the earth; there is no sequence, no scale, no map lies behind the folds, no point can be projected; the problem is not one of history; we cannot even describe the present.

It is to seek only what is found, the map left in the head after the quest, the shrines that are arbitrary on earth but not so when revisited in solution, in dreams, the homeopathy of any malaise, that the medic for life is itself, and for death it is death. Poison is its own double negative, cure. And this will never come again, even though the good academic records his work step-by-step in a volume, and though Michael the Scot lists his formulas, and botany graduate students mark the exact hill and interzone, the exact date on which each plant is found, and though the Institution fills its library with these tomes, it will never describe a single phenomenon for lack of the magician and his reviving chants. The books themselves must be washed, and their many pages, in rivers, in perceptual jellies, in the swifter neurons of the wakeful reader, and hung to dry in the sun of their own chemicals, the sigil left by a deeper reading.

If I leave a map, if I leave notes for this syntax you are tumbling thru of your own nervous life, your own sensual and syntagmatic chains, if I leave what is called a diary of my perceptions and how I came to be here.....but already I have ceased to be, having left you the only possible text.

The alchemist does not write away to San Francisco for his psychedelic posters. The alchemist collects the hard capsule of evening primrose, the thistles and dried Prunella plants of the local wood; he collects the river wash and the skeletons of regional birds, the precious metal struck and mined in sunlight, the egg cracked, and yolk, the morning train to Detroit crashing thru.

9- Agriculture:

The plow opens the sky bringing rain, the poison sacs of the snake vented into the retaining earth, the crops of sundew and pitcher plant, the leek and iris and lily spreading the green sunset, a pastoral poison, a light lithium fog. The mist on the window obscures the text, the storm, winds blowing fog across the stars; moisture creates stone on the glass, moves by dry molecules across the attic. This is a letter in the alphabet, reference is to a Swiss-German botanical text, a Hebrew text in which the letters are seeds and live out their lives by the rivers they name. The seeds fall on the philosopher and not on Jerusalem, fall while he sleeps

and not into his laboratory. Outside his window the children are setting a long soccer field; goals are kicked between the yew bushes, between certain druid vowels. He dreams of being trapped at a foreign dock, his wares unclaimed because of epidemic, quarantine, his woman on the other side of a rising bridge; he does not know the language; the authorities will not return until after the weekend. The darkness of intercellular space now enters the atmosphere; the score is tied but the game will soon end, goals slipping thru under pretence of darkness, sun turning away by calendrical measures into a Mayan jungle, the scale dropping into darker and darker blues, the first planets boiling water for supper, cat on the fence. Eliot listens closely now, hears thru the static of his poem the sound of children in the garden, a hidden laughter; he strains to an atmosphere filled with messages, dust, and the anticipation of messages; now there are no voices but a tea-kettle whistles dinner; he hurries to complete the poem.

And after the rainfall there are flowers and strange seedless fruits, a new and unknown planet grafted from the genetic body by rain; the golden duct of wheat, the blended white of three migrating rices, the Northern and Southern sugars sluiced, sweet banana, blood led by separate unconscious veins to a harvest of the unknown letters of the alphabet, the imagined fruits of natural history, a dream which operating thru details removes details, or we are only the by-product of the objects we make. The colors mix of their own order, Miro painting birds and stars/invoking a female angel. The diseases spill thru the bloodstream as antibodies, breed medicinal oils. And the amaranth, planted outside the cottage in neat rows for protection by color, has gone wild; the colors have mixed and plied a rich bready fruit. The malachite, bled of copper, has absorbed the sky and again turned green, or a young boy has peed in the quarry and produced a fine green wine.

So the alchemists are concerned with the real uses of materials, uses that come from a long tradition of magic and invocation; they are not concerned with temporary applications of matter to local problems; and what they planted and mixed, and what mixed itself went to seed and came back double and still fertile because they had dreamed of it. No one but an alchemist can plant these fields, can know the season where there are no seasons, the changing colors of alloy in a pot; only he can find his path thru the tropics of matter, not immediate gold but drop by drop, spring water, the slow punting of canoe, the canoe loaded with cacao and trinkets, the sacred lakes linking the Valley of Mexico to its tributaries.

Yes, the stars do appear on earth to mate with men and women, the nymph exposing herself as the librarian, the books tumbling onto the floor. There are certain places in the heavens such that, if the luminaries meet together there, they prevent the ancient shape from going on, even in material well suited to its purpose, wheat grown in wolf tracks and where the buffalo have trampled, flowering gashes left by ice and kanes filling with sky, meta-eora, things alien hovering, the old eagles swallowed in the atmosphere, and the young birds arising from bodily sleep, shaking their feather cells, the metals of another planet entering in the ferrous cameo of the owl.

The river washes the by-products of the highlands down frothy thru the interzone into the lowlands, collecting its ferriage of eggs and mercury, the seeds unloaded in the footprints of sailors at the dock, sigils of trees stamped into the Philippines, the spices Marco Polo carried back on his clothing, the colors of apples and wines mixing in Johnny Appleseed's pocket, his dream of the nymph filling the fruit with another, his own sweet juice: pattern of East and West exchanged as Chinese and Arabic alchemies come to a single metal, Mayan and Spanish astrologies to a single moon.

The clues are in our language. We would seem to have everything at our disposal. No one can read them. No one can use them. But the children dragging branches leave a text in the field, an old German herbal. And in the morning a yellow flower, a stain grows in the place where there was passion, a hybrid fungus covers the fallen empire, gold coins floating in yellow oils and a red bloom across the Gulf of Mexico. The bee works like an alchemist, colors converted in the gland, the swimmers slipping into bathing suits, perfumes, and sun-tan oils, secreting daily substance, these relations which Donne implicitly knew, realized as a code, a condition of approximates reached thru the carnal mass, that even if Marvell dies unrequited and one sign is preserved in fossils and bone, another sign, an astrology seals the passion, leaves a bearable, a durable mark in the suns of night. So all is not lost, not in war, nor in England and France; the metaphysical occurs deep within the chemical body, deep within the language of the poem (where a flea completes the desired conjunction of male and female bloods). The outward sign passes thru the temple, thru the mind of the initiate, the dark distal sun of his brain, passes thru the metaphysical poet, the snake-priest, thru his chant into a world, a poetry, which over-rides this one and to which the signatures of this one individually (when not chemically) pertain.

10- Astrology:

The original astrology was one of crop plants and seasons, the rays that come out of the various parts of the sky to bring the corresponding measures of the field to flower and fruit. These stars have been sown in the fields a million times over, and over, the seeds invading the city against a low dusty sky. In the Farmers' Almanac the times of planets and the times of plants are mixed, the sprouting of beans embroidered in cloth with Leo and a sailing ship for the keel petal and the legume, the fruits spun with constellations of the same spindle: the fixed stars ruling the fixed species, the quasars ruling mutants and wild pears, turning the precious cells of the farmer thru the Scorpion back out into a cold freshet of his own blood. For the farmer the stars are a suggestion, a remnant of another, earlier order. He grows what he plants and is somehow no different than what he causes to grow, his chemicals bubbling in an astral furnace above his head.

We do not know our ends, either in the field or in war or in the Academy of Knowledge, and surely Occam's Razor has cut off more cocks than fat, and holds a legion of men at bay in the fields of infinite probability, waiting, waiting always for the solution, supplying nothing first, nothing they cannot ascertain. The sun comes up with the wind, the motion and moisture in the field, signs packed tight; this is a planet, skin of it folded over our eyes and sensitive to light just there, another order of matter bubbling up beside us in the field.

Surely neither farmer nor astrologer will use razor on his possibilities, not knowing what will grow even in his sleep, the wheel of the sky, the constellar wheel grinding along the wheel of earth, the seasonal wheel, the animals fleeing from the fire in theosophical garb, Coyote speaking of cures, the ecological wheel spinning speech everywhere and the pages of the Golden Book turning into night. There is only one field to plant and he plants it, the middle distance in his mind, a soft mercurial fairy tale, moles and birds developing language and becoming talkative, the stars opening as seeds into castles, moths with the faces of women encircling them, not some grotesque Flash Gordon story of Martian towers and galactic emblems but the slowly wound occult of a cocoon, the story beginning only with speech, where the woman's face is never clear, her species never known, a place where he must always come these days, come to the historical weight of every star that tattoos him and leads him blind.

Yes, every act is a magical act if intended. And no

act is limited to its minimum sequence; even our words go beyond that fact, a new poetry arising outside the dictionaries of alternate usage thru the very possibilities of all alternate usages, all at once, all signs invoked by the single spoken form. Every word has unlimited meanings, unlimited cells, anomalous connections passing into the secondary imagination, a single candle lit in the darkness, and a second one lit by name, meanings conscious and unconscious, and meanings he will never know; it is a voice, a mark that has passed thru him, and he has let it pass, invoking the children once again.

The children move deeper and deeper into the unbuilt city, they play a game of hide-and-go-seek which grows larger and larger until the game and city cannot end and the game is as large as the city and every place in the city is a hiding place. They go thru tunnels and down alleys; they sit on benches by the river watching the boats, the airplanes coming in beyond prong of river. Disguised as many they appear at Yankee Stadium and cheer the first baseman of the fifties, Don Bollweg, a clue in his name if he gets two hits. They have been searching since the beginning, the score tied in the fifth inning, and the universe is already expanding and has been expanding all these latter years.

11- Ecology:

The trains uncouple in the night. A jet-plane raging with bombs thru the upper air dissolves into its own energy and comes softly down to the earth in cinders. The rain falls into the ruins of the city, washing the coda back to mud, the bear's urine leaving tracks for the fox, the foul odor digested by a hermaphroditic heat.

The explorer reaches the North Pole, cold tip of the turning earth. There is an engraving of him: an old man; he holds a curved sickle in his hand. He is not cheerful and he does not smile. He is dark and has a scanty beard. His planet is Saturn; his power is the winter thaw, the lighting of the match, the cold polar star. His sign is cold and dry and he will increase his power as the summer warms and moistens him. He is not unhappy; his crown is a compass, his blood flowing thence; he knows where he is.

The ceremony in center field dedicates the plaque to the home-run hitter, to Mars, his face in bronze.

The next cameo is of the stripper. She dances on the edge of the stage; she lists her profession as dancer, entertainer. She throws her bra into the crowd, wags her perfumed body in the smoke.

The repulse of energy is greater than anything we ever

imagined. And the mind, without fixations, wanders from place to place, and there is no effective strategy, the city howling with ricochet bullets, the chemicals bubbling, distilling, producing stones, stone by stone but the solution itself refusing to turn over, held by an unknown state.

"Buy your scorecard here. You can't tell the players without their numbers." These are the signatures, the marks of a hidden history, the chemicals buried in the occult numbers of their solution, the words collected in the static of the dictionary, the historical present in which the crab surfaces and eats.

The name of the gas is Mercury. The gas station attendant offers us a map of the local flowers and the insects which pollinate them. He has an occult text on lakes, describing the layers of heat and the production of crustaceans in each layer. In this town somewhere there is silver and in this town somewhere there is gold. In this town there is a troop of unknown beings who dance ritually above the graveyard, their own memory, and their own dead.

The stripper turns them on, her image disintegrating into the dust of her dance; the mind wanders, at the distance of perception she is the known source of the universe, and all initiated thought moves thru her, a weak arm extended to nab her at the pool where she bathes.

The army cannot attack the battleship. It is protected by a bottle, by the time it takes to revolve around the sun; its name is Pluto, their ammunition shattering the glass. They destroy ancient monuments and forests; they produce variations in the flow of sap.

There is a rain of pollen and dust and lost threads that is visible only in the late afternoon. There is a rain of wasps and flies in solution, and the late afternoon hardens into a stone. Neptune lays it across waters into evening; it is a dark fissile metal and it bursts with stars.

The army moves against the speed of light, against the ecology, the emblems of another world.

There is no way to save the republic, to turn the yeast into protein, to irrigate from a dwindling rain; the desert floods with bulbous cacti and the blood of soldiers, the great wind-mill driving the shit of a city thru its underground pipes. The vision we have of this world we were born into is incomplete, lacks all motive substance. We cannot move as we would, to ends we would have, but deflection at the instant of touch, deflection away from assured goals, deflected into remote and inconclusive ends, the solution vitiated, the jinnis driven from the flask.

There is no way to turn aside evil, but it moves in concurrent waves, blue in sunlight, red in moonlight. There

is no way to separate the atoms, the red and blue nuclei. We must participate without knowing what is happening. We must see our ends fail, and go on because there are other ends, hidden spirally, coiled in the very matter of our failing. We must move as if this world were made of light, and we unable to touch it, except in the simultaneous light of our bodies.

Surely plants are the most direct denominator of the sun, filling the planet full at each complex local level, the forest of birch and maple, the ocean of yellow algae and red bloom, the dead body covered with fungus, the running strawberry bush and wild grape. The vines wind around the masonry, sprouts crack knots in stone, moss fills the damp sun-dial around a tree; the body of each dead insect is covered by a mold. The sun fills the snow belts, the temperate woodlands, the Southern atmospheres, the forest right up to the brim with parasites, the desert with succulents, the salt flats with salt-loving stems; the sun transmutes the smooth waters into a rich web of worms and algae; the sun draws up jack-into-the-pulpit. The sun is the total production of which life is a single planetary harmonic, filling each backyard with its natural climax, pollinating into microenvironmental shadows and the hands of gardeners, pollinating by moths and ants and the March wind, matching land itself with some further hemispheric image, with a climate, a hermetic seal, a blue and green zone of interfeeding webs, an interlocking series of homes for everything that lives.

Man uproots the weeds and other suspicious structures; the viny castles and ancient woody forts are replaced by a golf course; the forest is turned into a farm and all lines of feed are directed to the market-place. Hence sunlight is deflected from its natural embroidery and introgression of design, from filling its correlate star-field. Blue ribbon corn to the horizon, tiers of beets, sunlight lost, certain precious rays of the sun hatching no gold. Winding green forms disappear, twinings and tubules thru which an unknown magic passed and fed its ilk; protein is packed onto the field in the shapes of useful beasts, their lives honed to the knife, senseless and absorbing sun, the language torn from the loose field, from its climax poem, and churned into machines.

Man drives out Spider Woman, drives out Corn Girl, drives out signs and signatures, and his fields are attacked by insects and rusts. Man drives out the slow fungus, sends beyond him the stem-toughening hail, the night-time seeding winds of ice, the saline morning weeds. He robs the spinning sun-wheel of its fertile egg, taking instead the kernel for

his table, the unequivocal golden egg. When there is a surplus no magic is necessary but the body less sensitive to food, to language, to itself, row upon row of yellow corn ground into flakes, sugared and baked and machined, printing presses, but the language dead on arrival, dead on the page.

Ecology is the rightful kingdom of oak trees and caribou, an alphabet in the branches and spiders, in the hoof-prints leading North, not a form that needs a conscious king but an implicit shaping of matter, a web of chemical tunes. Whatever the stars are, and our own sun, the fields are a formal response to their message, a direct response to their own arrangement and ecology. Whatever is happening in the universe, the procession, precession of planets and galaxies, the occult embroidery, the multiply mixed distances at which we were born, this is known in signs on the earth, in patterns of flowering and seed-wall etching, in tangly gestalts and cameos of growth and decomposing. This is all one world, theirs and ours, their fields and ours, their fields which we plant also in planting our own.

12- Gardens:

And any attempt to rule by force is thrown back into softer forces, gold breaking its solar bonds and returning to copper, the lion dead and attacked by fleas, rain on the car window, city melting and all its bricks tumbling into soot and oil, basement puddles, a leaking toilet, separation of couples, the king and queen breaking at the harness, valences pulling them into separate streams, the temple tumbling, silver breaking its lunar bonds and turning volatile, egg shells, broken glass, insects undoing a fat feathery corpse, sodden armies of lard and menstruum stumbling into a microenvironment of tangles and traps, the highest wet aether, the mother of pearl clouds, cut by the edge of the cliff, draining into intermontane streams, icy nerves of the river valley, of the diorite stone, the mangrove garden, soft blue sky absorbing iodine, absorbing the original, the orange morning into medium trees and burger lunches and girls' red dresses and rust and humidity and mud. We can plan for nothing and washed over in soft patterns, the skin turning old in wrinkles, the sea bleeding with the tide, the spleen breathing, the scrotum shifting, flax, flux, fluvial, the language itself melting into a soft previsual haze, brain-dust poking at the forehead to get out, conscious of sunset, neural winds, triangular roofs, car-wash and treed cat as we are. We are, and in force is the admission that we can do nothing, compelled, pelled, pelted, there are no objects,

nothing upon us but soft sensual correlates, the cock in wet fur, the mother cat licking sweet birth. But pushed so hard when there is nothing it crumbles, Hindu stone of the morning, Saharan mirage, reflection of a clock in water running backwards, keeping time across the ripples, crumbles, splits and seeds, millions swarming to a new center, surrounding our intentions in a conscious magnetic field. The engraver of flesh/of plasma works from within his medium, the bubble popped swells again in exact imago, flower after flower in an umbel, and umbels of umbellets, outwash, sewer froth, umbrella deflecting the rain, soft bloody static, soft Graecian urns, bones of Donne, corona a goblet-handle, piece of silver, coin with the face of the emperor, triplicity of water and the North, hot dry fevers, ligature, the lion loose in the streets, the jar smashed and the apricot juice spreads over the kitchen floor.

There are no numbers or metrics for this spreading pulse, this quasar of changing signs. There are no constant roots by which other constants are derivable. We live from day to day. The things we can touch are close and small, a shiver, a start, a stumble into what was always meant, the prince hidden in the frog, touched by the princess, by fifties rock and roll, the dream flooding across a busy day into an unknown sexual globule, the secretary released from her typewriter, the keys melting into a silver gas, converting the office-wares into sperm. The price of not being whimsical, of being falsely erudite, mature out-of-season is as great as everything and nothing. The wise gardener works in darkness with the moon. The alchemist mixes systems without reference to the key. The poet crosses languages without the Rosetta Stone and discovers the holy chain of speech. This is the magic of fat fruits and domestic plants, of tomatoes, squash, and wheat. The film-maker lets moths splice his film, the eyes that lie behind light, the light behind eyes. Magic is in locating the form that is not presently here by approximation, by metonymy and code, the floral seeding of the brain, the wild garden, nursery rhyme of vegetables, bread-fruits and breasts. He gardens at night; he sows by star, by suggestion of other fields that go across the sky, furrows and constellar windings in the stone, this galaxy, onyx from the center out into the fruit, dark races, moons, the image of a river growing full, the tribes pouring across the isthmus and flooding the open valley, Johnny Appleseed spilling his fruit in a wet dream of Eden.

Even if we lived here forever there is only one way. Even if we lived here forever we would not know these halls, their endings outside of perspective in another realm of focus, dark interstices where germs and weather-birds brew, the

mailman leaving his packet in a hollow, moving on to the next house, the bucket of gold left by sunlight, the buds dripping xanthous ore, the hot springs bursting the belly with fruit, "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," her womb sprouting blood and tomatoes, broken fruits, her hair dripping with pollen, planting, moistening, sealing, turning over, ovaries, in a dream.

13- Sexuality:

The cell is crowned, split, the fork in the road, the king rises from his adolescence, assumes the throne, the covering of skin falls away, his cohorts fill the halls cheering, ready for celebration; the drinks are poured, mugs raised, sacred components of flux; they are drunk on hormones, on nectars; they stumble blindly back into the night; the king is dead; long live the king; the beauty queen is crowned by last year's victor; she marches down the aisle of a B-movie; the men in their raggedy chairs recognize her and come, come not because she has touched them or they her, but they know her by her sign, what she said when she was last on earth, when last she assumed human form, the kingdom she promised them, the resurrection in dark alleys, their faces under her ass; they know her sign, toss of the head, river, laughter, the photographer posing his model in a limestone cave; she is naked, the dripping of cold waters; he is fully dressed in sunlight holding in his fingers the connection to the camera; she moves about trying to strike his pose, her laughter breaking the tension in her voice, her name is/her measurements are/her uniform number is/he knows her; she is made of light, and his own place is flesh, the female cat grinding her chin in the mud, the male cat coming to her, a step at a time, the female dancing, moving, rubbing, turning on different fulcra, filling her coat with grass and seeds; a step/at a time. This is the dehiscent day described in cigarette advertisements, the couple on the bridge, her cigarette tasteless, he takes one out of his shirt pocket, out of his body where the taste is, the remote association of one sign with another, taste of spring-time, breaking of the spores, the sexual vegetation that comes up from the river to engulf the bridge, male and female organs dangling from the same plant, clitoris among the petals, a catkin of penises, the blue musk of his cigarette smoke, cut of his pants, last year's baseball cards covered with mud, new faces forming in a dark quarter of the sky.

All this is homologous, is a single body, the multi-scaled crying of birds, the meeting of individuals within species, the cats in heat singing like birds, the steady stream of photons unending, red as source, the moons of Jupiter, the

fixed stars Tejat and Canopus, the botanical zodiac, the point-by-point arrangement of stars, and signs, and tropisms, of the penis and legs in sleep, the flowers and leaves, the crown on the head of the king, on the world, the tropism of a dark stone, each star, each jewel bursting from a certain designation. He awakes within his body, his fluids, he awakes into morning beside the queen of hearts; wet jellies transmitting the signs of light. If the points stretch too far, the sky/the flesh holding them will break, outside-in universe, the brain of the initiate floating in another galaxy, the points of tension on his skin, metabolism rumbling that it happen now,

and if I kiss you only once, softly on the head, is this enough?, I now in the next room wanting you at a distance, male and female organs on the same body for fifteen years without touching, the skin to melt thru yours, the soft contained in the hard of entering you, the penis just hard enough to hold all this blood without bursting.

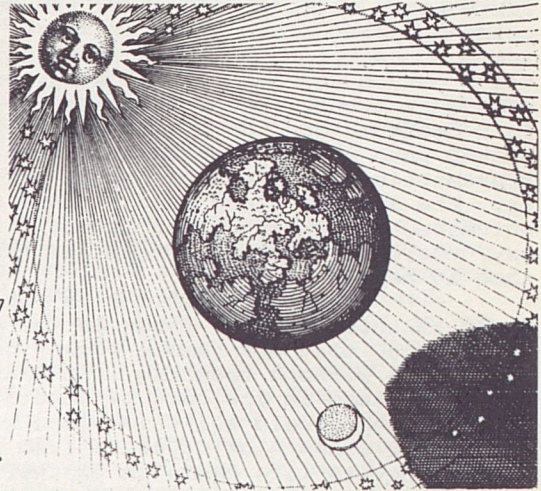
The winds blow Odysseus from shore to shore, the plant completing its life cycle in another plant, another house, the alternating generations of one body, from male to female, the trans-sexual tissue thru which sun or moon passes, XX or XY, and sometimes XXY, the tissue swelling out in a continuous membrane, emerging and dancing as if to meet a lover in the sun, its fur raggedy, its penis hanging out of its zipper, its chin muddy and sore, the lover fed back as imago into the branching itself (Christine Jorgensen explains that her body is female, that in it she knows the initial genes of her birth). Moisture floods the body, converts the cells, the colony immortal as a sexual village, a condition occulted within individuals but a clone of ferns in the forest ten thousand years old, the juices continuous, the doctor placing a moon in her veins, the organs converting to their ancestral state, our own sexuality inexplicable also, as flowers thrown at Miss America, high school boys masturbating onto the breast of the Playmate of the Month, allure in Kodachrome dots, she in flower pose, the annulus snapping, her bra falling off, isobars of pressure and dehiscence, our own sexuality unavailable, ageless and rank as fungus, even our own bodies as fungus, or as old as fungus and initial salts, all ancient deeds obscured by a zodiac of new movie stars, faces in the corridor, playmates, one for each month, each specific weight, each star, each player with a number, his brand of cigarettes, the heat of fungus rotting on every organ, the guests quavering at the cocktail party, their glasses filled with emblems, the conditions unchanged, the wind blowing birds into patterns, the maps of the ancient sea-kings which Alfred Hitchcock, not understanding, used to make a horror movie of birds waging war.

Robert Kelly

LETTERS

Thanksgiving Afternoon 67

dear Lindy,



.....

Robert Tipps is visiting with us from Cambridge, the turkey is tawny in the oven, Button is paring two kinds of turnip, Joby reposes. It rains. Things seem drawing together in odd portentous ways here. Always a gleeful sadness in surmise, how long will anything last, this house, these woods, our own agencies of matter. But the music goes on, & as long as we have bodies (=instruments of relation) we may fancy the dance. But there was a slow happening at Bard two weeks ago, with two naked dancers, one of whom tried to draw me into the round dance with wch the evening ended. And I wd not dance, & understood in that refusal an entry upon another plane or scale, not *perspectiva naturalis* or *perspectiva artificialis*, but some other conduit of distances & relations & proportions. Yet I thought too of protestant Kierkegaard who wrote that he 'will not' dance, altho summoned to the dance.

Troubled by this in your letter: that you take the presence of women in my poems (I cant speak for Richard or Brakhage) as non-specific. It may seem that way, by virtue of the common pronouns that move our engines & clear our path, but in fact each poem (or each poem that comes from woman) arises from the specific woman, or specific encounter of the specific woman; so there is not even the theoretical limit of 1 1/2 billion poems (=number of planetary women), since not all people are specific, nor does one poem exhaust specificity. Lately I've worked on a series of "sonnets" each clearly inscribed to the person (usually woman) in clear response to whom that poem arises. Yet that is biography, & the specificity of each woman must better be mirrored in the exact specificity of each poem, that it is

(in) its own measure, that to be its own unique emergence. Cf preface to Finding the measure (a section of wch is on the Black Sparrow mailer you may have seen). ((Offhand, I'd guess Brakhage is indeed, as you say, generic in (using) woman --- that he discerns the prototype in his wife, with all the grandeur & focus that implies; but focus is also limitation.)) So that to speak for myself, I'd think the poem (not woman in the poem) stands for the specific woman (rather than the other way round). I have grown very much less interested in the kind of syncretic mythology a Joseph Campbell offers, & find the idiosyncratic & the particular more moving & rewarding. There is an awful blandness abt Woman as Image; Goethe, for all the magic of his sound, does manipulate statuary & masks in Faust II.

And what is important to remember abt archetypes & archetypal women &c is this: each archetype exists as a function in a specific context. There may indeed be 'an' archetype of Venus or Mother or White Goddess; but all that can mean is that that is name of one function of woman, a woman for a man, in a given context or ground. A woman does not participate in the archetypal: she is & does in a context something archetypal, with reference to those who participate in the context. Each woman's specificity must be implicitly honored; that is the fidelity of art, wch inherently objectifies distinctness. I° jaz is the qoranic virtue, uniqueness of each manifestation. That is why we have in the world two sexes but a billion names. The best thing we know abt Helen called of Troy is that she is the sister of Kastor & Pollux & the wife of Menelaos & a skilled weaver & often ashamed of her own excessive effect on men. She is Helen of Troy because she is beautiful & wild & wet & has a name & identity. Therein is she, as woman, different from those impressive but horrifying "Venuses" so-called of the palaeolithic deposits, matched at any time by psychotic drawings etc, figures wch are all tits & buttocks & belly & cunt, faceless & handless. (How pleased homosexuals like ----- & ----- seem to be with these figurines, wch seem to 'explain' woman to them without the dangers of encountering a specific woman!) Triumph of the hellenic in something like Kallipygian Aphrodite, whose beautiful ass is a consequence of those earlier fascinations, but who herself is now identified as a human form specifically, hands & face & meaningful gesture, displaying that specific beauty. (Is Milon's Aphrodite armless because a degraded Roman soldiery tried to reduce that image to its palaeolithic terms, stopping short by chance or by holy dread from that head?)

You say you "would like to do something very

specific about someone." That is our dilemma, & as far as art deals with people at all (& that is very far), that is the whole program of art. That the specific engender the specific, not a blurred carbon copy but a whole new thing. Pound's Make it new, Christ's Ecce omnia faciam nova, seem to relate paradigmatically to this intention. Attention, we shd really call it, since only thru the rapturously naked intellect (=, I guess, as I use the word, intelligence+senses+skill) & its remorseless relentless touching & weighing & pondering of things, can a meaningful response come forth.

(It wd be easy to say that a ((male)) poet of the kind I'm speaking of has a poem the way other men have an erection, easy but false since the poet has the erection too, does sleep with the girl, does marry & give in marriage. So that it is a more total response than any easily channeled biological/social response can be: I detect in this proposition an alchemic clarity, the real purport of sublimation (wch is never in alchemy what it is in Freud's debased use of the word, i.e., substitution.)

Later now, & just back from recording Tipps at Bard Hall; Button is putting the tape on so we can hear the results. He's playing the strange, simple-seeming music of Frederic Mompou,* a contemporary Catalan, & then a beautiful Cage piece, 4-19, at least some pages of its large aleatory score. The recording is on now, & very good.

.....

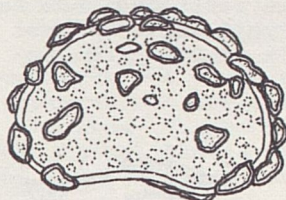
The Mompou is getting into my ears, & I'd like to let it into yours, tho it's stuff that must be heard over & over because it is so simple, like Satie in that respect. Hear it again to know you've heard it at all. Strange the role Brakhage plays for you & Richard; your sense of the 'generations' is probably a clear way to cope with it; he is 35 or whatever, does feel absolutely estranged from hippies, & not alone from hippies but from those gestures of his own (my own) generation wch created the hippies as by-product of the endless mechanism of human liberty. Not end-product, as we must all be clear. The Big Turn-On, the Public Nakedness, these are propaedeutic functions. The warmongers & antiwar/mongers do seem to me these days the enemies, those who wd compel our focus to those very sights we can do nothing abt, & to wch our responses are expected to be decorous & conventional. They wd strangle our response/ability, & thus castrate our effectiveness. The CIA is behind everything, just as clearly as the hero lurks behind the anti-hero. Liberty is elsewhere, is here, is in your hand &

mind. Tho Brakhage doesnt say this, the major doctrine the hippy attacks is the doctrine of work---by which B is sustained, as I am, as I believe you & Richard to be (tho you are a woman, & have thus sustenances I cannot know of, hearths you kindle & hearths you tend & hearths that catch fire as you pass.)

I'm due to read in San Francisco on 8th January, & dont have to be back here till the end of the month, so I'll try to keep moving the whole month, hopefully to the southwest & Mexico too, & perhaps able to stop by Michigan on the way home. Let me bring this letter to a close & bid you both well, & ask to hear from you soon. Tapes will be gratefully rec'd, & I'll try to get one off to you too, it is easier than typing. Take care of yourselves & joy of winter. A chip of moon topsy turvy in the sky now, rising over a great wrack of cloud, but the river half an hour ago was still black, one lone green light across it like the sentimental memories of Gatsby, or our own sentimental engagements with distance.

*Musica callada: "silent music" after a notion of John of the Cross

9 December 67



Dear Richard and Lindy,

the spirit that is Mercurius has many counterfeited likenesses, that may in truth be He Himself in a playful guise,

but o what gobbledegook until he reveals himself, what barrels of tripe get written & peddled & reverently read (wherein the reverence has its effect, tho the read matter hath not, like the girls who read Gibran & profit from that languid page)

reverence. As principle.

Wch does underlie any stance from wch work can be done: reverence to the self (like Strindberg's in his amazing Inferno wch I've just read) at least, & how a reverence for one's own self leads to a reverence for signs & wonders,

each thing observed & noted, the sēmata enodia, signs we meet on setting forth along our way)

but reverence, as preliminary Warming of the athanor

(the Work completes itself every moment of the day, or there is no work of wch we can say That is the work, but each minute is process is work is part of that not-other The Work)

& Button has brought me a cup of tea & a cup of coffee, how do you do?

.....

Discovered today that there is a wisdom in Divorce our society hides from us; thinking so on learning of Margaret Randall's separation from her husband, that word, separation, & all the meaning it has in all the rest of our lives.

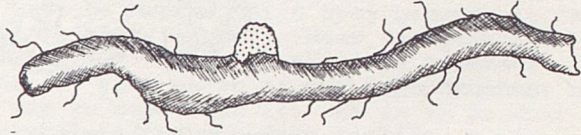
All that fertility means.

Fertiles îlots of Mallarmé, but fertilitities are not islands, are just such twined snakes or greased poles or stacked decks or club sandwiches or clefs wch open music & close sound, or close music & open sound.

.....

Yet we offer, day in & out, like courteous gods to fuck them & bring them to bear unlikely children. We must not expect a shower of gold; we must be a shower of gold.

26 December 67



dear Lindy,

all we have (& this is a start at theory of society, society even where it offends, in CWms, or the dark moral of your Bonnie & Clyde) all we have is to be wrapped/ rapt/raped in one another; the wolverine, having a huge northern territory to enclose, pisses his way along the thus declared boundary, only a few drops at a time, to make the enclosing (in his case) logos last; Dante puts Diomed & Odysseus wrapped in one flame, whose midnight chicanery declared them kin, but enemies to all others, wrapped in their

cunning, the exclusions of their mental territories. There is the 'perceptual trick' of wch Richard speaks so often, & by which (according to his last letter) you are able to come to the poem, to the Society or collegium I speak of in Alch. Jnal., the society of our best wills, wrapped in the weft-shuttling of time & times & momentary fatal abnegations of directio cordis (directio voluntatis, wch Pound makes defining task of jen), yet the warp runs straight, & guessing in the dark at that straightness we can allow (I think CWms allows) the road of our true wills more important than the diversions therefrom. "Even I" have womanpoet in my pocket, & fail you in entertaining such a concept; yet I do hold it, not as a credence but as a perception of certain ladies in the world, certain perceptions arising within the spectral limits of their unwilling to be more. I also have the concept manpoet in my pocket, no nobler critter, tho both have noble parts in their names. But society begins again each morning at the tip of our intentions

& the womanliness that summons men (world) (all) to herself does seem a radical fact of woman; the womanpoet denies this in a world of aspiration (of a kind all too familiar), aspiration that never allows itself to take the work itself as measure, but only the amount of contact the publicity of that work allows or forces. Self-advancement is our anglo-american disease still (tho it's not fashionable to talk abt it, it doesnt seem compatible with existenz, tho it is the spectre of existential thought), & the poet no less given to it than others. More in fact, since the poet inherits the dreams of Citizen Kane & other alger/ian potentates the world at large hides away. There is Tom Swift in Olson, but Babbit in ----- -- poet-society (in the shit sense) always modeled on an earlier people-society, the Rotarianism of angyarts, the PAL of thr white rabbits.

So if I sidle up behind you & whisper in your ear: "Your god is a black god. The road you walk is the loneliest. Your society is always behind you & before you. Your house is the poem, & your friends are chosen by the angels to betray you. Keep the truest measure that you know. Start in your body." it will not be because you are a woman & a poet, but simply because of the poet. And there are lady poets, & you must not be one of them. And there are poets whose concern is their own advancement, & you must not be one of them. The clarity of the world holds some measures effective: how much do they write? how much do they publish? how much of what you see of them in talk or sex or playfulness or money turns up in their poems? do they choose a persona thru wch to write? (note how Mr

Berryman has not yet caught up with the possibility of admitting the madness in his own voice; his dream songs must be im/persona/ted --- beware of male & female impersonators, they're fine at a distance but death in bed, where (say) it counts). I keep finding myself with respect for Enslin for all his elephantine rhythms: I can always find him in his poems. But how angry Levertov was some years back when Dorn started sounding like himself! The death of poetry is decorum: wch finally means sounding like somebody (or everybody) else---& that seems over-simple, but it is not, it is exactly simple. Tho it may take a million years to sound like yourself, you do in fact know when you sound like somebody else. And there is enough of me in thee & him in me & her in him &c to make for merry confusions at any given moment. But finally the voice proclaims itself, or it does not. And there is no way towards that clarity but in the work.

If you let your doubts abt the Figure of the Poet or the personas available balk your writing, the Great Prince imprison'd lies.

But to be wrapped/rapt in each other, rape always possible, the confusion of voices it is our business to clarify. That's what time is for, presumably, else a man wd die at the moment of saying. Because our voice at its purest is also response. More theory of society. More talk.

Day after Christmas, light snow on the ground & the way the light is in the house, snow is not part of ocean but is of Okeanos, the primal water from whose surface this sealight fills the house. A house, our house, we'll be moving from any day now, so that the landscapers can tear it down. We'll still be in a Bard house, so the address is unchanged; seemingly we'll be in a separate house down near Adolf's, in the triangle that is Annandale, & I want a Blakean sheep to crop that common. That I may be the Lion within. Seriousness.

Fluty Robt Bly read here two weeks ago, not at my connivance; his reading was four or five of his own, a handful of haiku & badly done Lorcas, amidst a long pleasing rant of opinion & attitude & orthodoxy. I say 'pleasing' because his words sound fine until his poems begin, or his abominable distortions of Lorca, whom I can read in espanol. I dont know how Issa & Basho fared. But his work is mere contrivance, crossword puzzle moods, no sense of word or sound or rhythm. I've known him for years, but never heard a full reading before. He was bursting with opinions to communicate to these students, but finally did not have the meat to ram it home in

any real way.

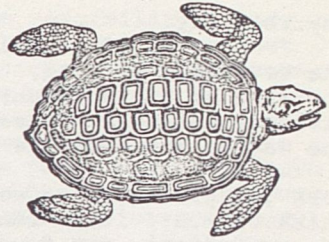
Lord Argyll's respect for the Law, that it, the sovereign process, the work, was not to be foredone for the sake of convenience, or even severe inconvenience. That attitude balances & gives weight to the other aphorism, that the way to the stone is in the stone.

Seriousness. Keep the work going. "Writing wants to go on." I think of Stein. I think of H.D: It is idle to say that the women who were or are poets truly are few; poets are few, & there might be a time when women are more frequent in those woods than men, since woman's centripetality is the closest metaphor of the work. But poetry is exactly alchemy, & never will the crucible open to the golden sparrow & the house be filled with savor if the work is cherished for any goal other than the work itself as the single process. The way to the stone is in the stone. This work is closed to those who seek advancement. Who want gold. When 'want' is 'to lack', & we have our gold, we have all our gold, & what we need do is work therein & therewith.

This letter comes from practically no one. There's been so much Bard work & anxieties I am too weary of to recount. I look to the coming of the tape. Our love to you & Richard, for the rebirth of light & the year that starts at any moment & every, that great small year.

The editors have omitted several names from these letters on their own discretion





TWO OECOLOGICAL SECTIONS

The parts of the clock turn rusty and the measure fails. The bottle sinks. The mattress is left on the field, the stuffing moist and the coils popping, the juice breeds bugs and mold. The sun does not come up but the whole atmosphere bursting with rain, sleep washing off tin, the tactile edges of the world. We step into this puddle by leaving bed, we awake sopping wet, the Brownian particles of daylight, ceaseless, the water running in the sink, our moist sore eyes.

In the forest the hare moves, her fur wet, her paws muddy and cold. She leaves a haze, a wet ring of colors behind her (an image which Wordsworth pursued in hope of a new day, in hope that the rain and moist colors and changing earth would splash against his imagination and convert its images into gold). The frog shifts his ass from water to land, sits on his blue icy world, his oecology, croaking. The poet writes another line, staving off death. The rain ends, the sun on muddy shallows, the egg hatched in night; Osiris' eye ripped of its scab and poured bloody over the mountains into the world, river of morning, of yeast, bread settling against the coils and turning brown.

The juice settles in his blue eye: the frog leaves his eggs, moves on a vector into the water, the eggs suspended, dropping, developing their own pockets. The fish move; they are not dead fish; they are not alive either. The spoon moves in the bowl; the frog drops his moons, his planets, visceral intestinal, the ships in their orbits; the sailors arising from the morning mud, write on their charts what crosses them: meteors, constellations and watery animals; the fiery wandering sash-weights; they go to their shops in rainy attire, the spume in their eyes, oil slicks on the road, rubber coats and rubber hats and even the policemen in galoshes. A comet hangs in the Chinese sky, the wood-cut over the court of Genji telling him that his court is a-synchronous with the universe, that plagues and famine will hang in the tapestry below the comet, in the lands of the people.

The sky inhabits the earth which gives it color,

settling in damp tints of fog and oxide, the rainbow spreading behind the hare crossing Wordsworth's eyes as color, the incandescence beginning a poem. The earth is lit like a match, burns in his head, the universe to its edges, dims, goes out, and the earth continues to give off a certain moist light, sometimes called a ghost light, and lives in the mountains and cannot be found by helicopter or Blake's mule, an Indian camp-fire, a pegmatite intrusion in the stony sky. The first hunt occurs in this bubble, Lewis and Clark, the map cut in the head, touched with the signatures of the animal kingdom, the bison whose bodies are the body of the planet, the contained blood of Christ, the river of irons flowing ceremonially East. A comet hangs over Idaho, an Indian dance engraved in the stone below, a cinder block covered with mud and worms, and cracks.

"A verbal language, a people without a city, a government without a record, are as fleeting as the deer and wild fowl, the Indian's co-tenants of the forest ---" Louis Henry Morgan.

Beth is home is body, is the pose by which the letters come to God asking for their statutes, the real estate page, the planet a hot sash-tow, vacuoles, sailors and cells, vessels afloat on the salty celestial mare, Atlantic, the stars, the letters in sea-water, the differences hidden, occulted by our bodies, occult beginning in the body, occlusion of rays over the horizon by which the sun sets, naming Osiris and the lands of the West, forming a bloody scab for his eye, for his eye to close, for darkness to come thru the stars, mare noctis to flood the palaces of the world. The occult enters the morning, the hare occult to Wordsworth, the first animal he sees scampering across the poem, establishing that the day will bear reference to rabbits and creatures in the field, the world sprayed by the equinox of hot dyes, the rainbow rising thru detailed oranges and violets, the eye of the frog blue, the eye of the Hawk, of Osiris. His eye enters the poem and turns it Egyptian; we could be nowhere else this morning, the great Hawk rising above the Rocky Mountains and leaving the mark of Egypt on the aspen trees and on the Roaring Fork River. This is not elusive; this is the way it is if our words invoke a string of worlds and older forests, notched into each other as chemicals, enzymes, the marble quarry turning up Egypt and other chunks of white stone, the salt in the cock of the lover: Hare gives rise to Wordsworth, leaves a haze, Osiris breaks thru the haze, the frog drops his eggs, the planets, on which rise up the sailors to chart the oceans and skies. This is the way of the world, the propelled body whose names are properties and the properties are moving things and histories of things. This is oecology,

land of our hunt, the string of meat leading back thru the forest to Diana, and dangling the moon (the Kotex dangling the broken ovary, the string leading out of the womb). We sit in the center of it, shitting, laying our eggs, the shortest route to the moon by digestion, sperm, somnia, not the rocket rising from incomplete metals (clue here is Wynken', Blinken', and Nod for whom the sea was stars and sleep distance). The children lie asleep in the bowels of the ship. The moon, a full goblet, glows on the fishy Mediterranean. The fish, neither alive nor dead, beneath the ship, feed on each other. The radio, radiolaria, touches the shore, a band plays in Greece, bugs moving in the mattress, materias, the lava beneath North America. The ship is our only vehicle, the body, Beth, beginning, birth, carries us from night to morning and back, the shuttle. The light is blue, the eye is blue, the chemicals of blue are red. The moon is yellow, the cookie-dough is yellow; the moon's flower is blue in her hair. Her shit is brown, her cunt is red; the house is yellow, its metabolism reaching the toes with equal lines of heat. Beth is the house; the baby is red; the sky is albumin; baby feeds on sky, the angle of the light is blue. At the horizon the ship is red, Osiris rises bringing the baby into the shore. The radio waves are white, the curve of the earth is yellow; the center of the sun is white. The stations are night and day. The children in the kindergarten are dead, they are dreaming; it would seem from the book of enrollment that they are alive. The hare sleeps and is dead; she lives, and dream is her channel. And all those who have died still live, their continuant in the sun.

The oecology of the earth includes all states, all beings, all materials at all times of life, a complete set of living, dreaming, dying parts, and parts of parts; we do not seek other planets or information about them, even in space probes and science fiction, but a language of our own planet, even if it would seem to be Mars.



The wind blows and the ship goes, and the moon blows and the ship goes, gates open and close, seal chemically leaving a blaze of a signature in the sky, massive cellular sky locking the canal behind; the ship goes from inland sea to ocean, from lake to river; the river is ancient, has cut the land to the bone, fills the tub, runs over; its meanders flush the farmland; its waters settle with the acidic weight of spring. The ship is stranded in an oxbow pond, cut off

from the continental trade, the commerce and drift, the coins and winds between continents and sun-stars; the ship stands in shallow water, its currency is altered and its vowels change, its cargo decomposes, rains down thru zones of climate, warm rain in the epilimnion, soft gases entangling with fish in the thermocline. settling in winter, leaving an occult mark beneath the oxbow surface.

The wind blows and the ship goes, and each generation the ship replaces its body, and each generation the sailors forget the previous seas and move across this one, steering, sea connecting with sea, star to star in the connected sky. They move by code or they move by indirection; they move as the heavens move or they move by calendar; they are total slaves to the moon and other ephemera; they are total slaves to their bodies and the things that move us most.

The wind blows, the water rushes in to fill a pocket of sand, crab into the mud and foam closing the sign above its body; the wind rushes to fill a gap somewhere, to fill a vacuum, to close the circuit, rushes thru North Carolina and Northern Ohio, a draft in the attic, an old man lowers the flag thru the storm; the discrepancy is greater during the tornado season, sun-spots in a fury, electromagnetism and attendant rays rushing to fill a hole; the hole is beneath the earth; the houses are held down by magnets, by the forces between atoms; the houses are crushed by the tornado, women crawling out of the basement with their babies, homeless, a comet sinking the Southern continent; the wind blows, light sand moves over coarse sand, loess settling, marl and sap settling; the ship is blown tumbling thru the air.

The moon blows; the jelly flows; the porridge turns thick in the pot. The mineral waters run thru the town and in the urinary track a yellow stone is left, a gem; the waters splash out of their container, over the banks, and by the force of their falls they are at once turned into tiny white stones, one upon another like eggs. The brain hardens, rain-water hardens; the nodules sink thru lime. A swamp dissolves stones instead of making them; a strong brew loosens the brain, the neurons flow, the electricity conducted along flesh and eyes. In an environment of water all things and remnants of things turn soft and lunar, interchurn.

The moon blows, the dusts flow, the genes separate, wind thru the grasses, the moon diminishes, strands cohering. The body is caught in an inward outward tug of waters, of seasons, of gems; a form propels itself, pulse thru skin, inner waters retaining their cycles, constant to which the moon is tied. The fish who live in fresh waters must pee to keep from popping, the salt in their cells drawing in too much water, the great pumps keeping the ship afloat. The

land beneath the sea takes on sunlight in dark layers, neuston wrapped on the surface tension, catching the primary glows and turning them yellow and green, pond-lilies, stalk broken off at the top into bent rippling focal lines, an unknown flower that grows thru the sky, whose roots are in the earth, a lotus above the soft horizon, a sign, incomplete in this world, to mark the sealing of the sky. There is a stone described in Medieval books of minerals; its name is coral, and it is soft when it is in the water but instantly stony when brought into air.

The sign is broken, the lotus is disturbed, lotic water running thru jellies, tearing them into downstream rhythms, spreading oil slick on the city streets; rain and soot stream off the alley window; the stickball game ends, and uptown a pinch-runner is sent in for Mickey Mantle; the fans cheer. On the surface of the water a garden develops, a rich colony of crabs, rotifers, seaweed, worms, the sun gluing them to a single fabric, strand replacing strand, is blown by winds across the surface of the sun; the temperature changes and the creatures in the interior of the sun are released from their peds and float upward thru helium to the corona; there they sing and are nourished. The fish on the bottom of the cold Canadian winter are starved for oxygen if snow collects over ice on the lake surface, sealing their world from the sun; a renegade comet can crash the flask and release all the precious gases, life dwindling; the solution unstable. The temperature changes, the fish sink, and other creatures, signs of atoms and weight, topple thru the sky and settle on the sensitive skin; layer upon layer exchange in the differential temperature of jelly, the penis heated by the specific image of the woman, ikon that could be no other, here in the mud, salt bed, specific salinity, tinge of phosphorous, round eyes, sealing of skin, a mark, an exact chemical mark to which the worm responds, and makes its home, sweats oils, secretion, a protective jelly, a shell, not a symbol but the same thing, the pocking and fertilizing of the earth's skin and the soft skin beneath oceans, the rejoicing and squeezing of grapes under sun.

The wind blows, the temperature changes; the ship sinks to the bottom, its petals falling off; it delivers its bodies, its treasure to the bottom; the body dies, an embryo is left, a capsule of seeds. They collect, spin around each other, feed and nourish inter alia; they are separate meridians; they have different periodicities; they come at different times but to each other's toot. The cars ignite and spurt across the rainy street, the trains in their tunnels, grassland ending at the forest, creatures of the interzone hide, cat and snake shedding the winter; the snowshoe hare puts on

the coat of the winter sun; it is the same hare; it is a different hare; it is the same fern that was growing here ten thousand years ago; it is the same diatom, the same buttercup, its cells having divided and formed the same image, the identical ikon raised to sun; it is the same nightingale, thought Keats, and Keats the same man, the same cells as Plato, as Homo Erectus, skin graft from the repeated initial sun.

These things have their own clocks, passing each other in cycles of birth, coming too soon, or too late, swallowed or swallowing, born into a sun, a distortion, of which its blood is made, now pouring in thru the morning curtains, a hot stimulating aether, a wet face in the membranes, the mother sucking up the blood. They are born soft, but shells form around them, long palaces by the occult law of numbers, and kings who inhabit with Pythagorean crowns. The moon-clock spins, items drop thru space, collecting in the city like ambrosia, ragweed, the dust of ancient coal and petrols, pigeon dung on statues, rain, the face cast in bronze, renewed by tradition like the blueberry, the Heath family. Rays and dusts collect on the earth, newspapers in the attic, old unread books, invaded by micro-organisms and turning yellow, Greek letters on fraternity flags, fossils, the Platonics, the Neo-Platonics, new topsoil, the loose windy leaves of parsnips and carrots, the winds of April, the baseball thrown to open the season, the face in bronze in center field, a baseball card of a dead man, invaded by micro-organisms, the new season opened by Marianne Moore, throwing out the first ball and kissed by a rookie catcher, the season opened by the metaphysical poets whose distance is the players on the field and the occult numbers that mark their cities, their batting averages, the ratios of shells and petals, the translator opening a Greek text into the unknown English sun.

This is our history as people, as a people, our genes, each generation of faces, photographic, exact, gargoyles, softly molded by rain, and mold forming after the rain; we are soft; God, we are soft, we are finally soft and cannot change and cannot stop the change and cannot will bone or stone though our implements mimic our faces and our animals are ikonic in the zoos, spores escaping and fertilizing the city swamps with marigold and hepatic, packets of seeds and baseball cards, bingo, Miss Subways; we are all aquatic creatures because our body is made of water; we are all marsh marigold, our many penises dangling; we are creatures made of sun, eating plants, and eating sun, drinking the blood of the golden cattle, the sunny muscles and blended juices, drinking the sun out of eggs and baking it in sponge

cake, and the namesake of the cake swelling in pores and organs under the sea, drinking the sun out of moths, and the seeds of great bananas, the kingdom, the king engraved in coin, the race in flesh.

Oxygen migrates thru the water like clouds, great cumulus bubbles, cirrus streaks where fish streak; there are trees in this world of ocean, or things named after flowers and trees, animals that are called "the sea anemone" and "the sea pansy," having lymph instead of chlorophyll, they mark the mountainside; they are sessile, immobile; other animals take shade in them. Life succeeds life: stonefly nymphs and mayfly nymphs and the spinning caddis with its nets, thrush follows cardinal, meadowlark follows sparrow, and the wireworm follows the bronze tiger beetle and the burrowing spider. A bare field is covered with crabgrass, then horseweed, then aster, broomsedge, shrubs, pine, oak, and hickory; wren, chickadee, and the nuthatch pursue their trees, and parasites and lizards and fieldmice follow; and a jungle is made, a single body of intertwined creatures, tank flowers filling with water, hanging from vines around branches, fish and crabs living in the flowers, bloodless stems sucking the roots of the tree, and larvae left in the basal bark. The wind blows and the sun swirls to fill a pocket, the clayland swelling with form, Betsy beetles dying out and the crane-fly larvae taking flight; only woodsnails live now by the sandy shore, and people in the cottage beyond.

The names are important; the names are like fire, the animals created in a blend of perception and form, the ikon of occult numbers sealing on a shape, a system like Blake's angel, a niche where this animal can live. Each small area of land has its requirements; the salty inlet breeds a mangrove colony, or a mangled grove, a sea barnacles come in to make their homes around the mangled prop roots. Each thing lives in its castle, oikos, the house of oecology, of pentacles, the castle of the king, each blue or yellow card foretelling a dance, a possible future, each card drawn from the deck, whether swords or hearts, or the stick and drill of the Mayan calendar cogs, is a home, an environment, a holy place where some creature, hawk or tiger beetle, can live; tiny voles under the Arctic ice, seven girls dancing in a circle with the sprigs of spring, a warm bloody hole, micro-organisms entering the castle of the dead whale, dying at the heat, the speed of their metabolism, the moon card, the jack of weasels, the moth of yucca-lilies, the honey of bees spun thru flower nectars and maps on the sides of orchids and irises, violet nectar-horns, insect and flower imitating each other from different universes of light, the king of corns, the queen of wheats, man and his crops from opposite

ends of the same sun, the negative passing thru the positive, or when the boy sits alone in darkness it is the image of the woman undressing, wrapping him in her clothes, her functions, dancing toward him step by step, the imago that draws his sperm, but when they lie together on the bed, the same deck of cards, the same card in fact, her hand moving along his body, her hand taking his parts, then he is aroused directly thru the body, she the chemist and the chemicals directly under paw.

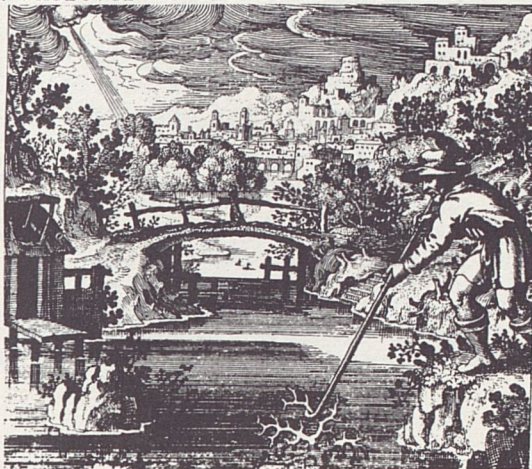
There are different decks of cards, some holy, others of cowboys and others in animal cracker boxes, the holy cards of naked women in gas-station toilets, plus combs, plus a glue that will make the penis stay up long enough inside the castle, the Qabbala shorting itself in the female circuits of the male brain, the cards jumbled, the girl firm but the penis confused, searching for imagos, girls dancing, card after card, and psychedelic sound until there is no sound. Alien spores travel in cases thru empty space, engraved on them the haploid or diploid or polyploid number, the occult number of the home star, carrying either of alternate generations, carrying the dormant generation to the cold planet, a generation of flowers set loose from the active surface of the sun, the dandelion cut by the butcher's knife, the writing, the Atlantic ocean indelible on the scroll, a Greek text carried by a student of Spenser, the plant grows up in a different universe, a different field, the forms of the plant and all its minute flower clusters travel across empty clocks of ice into a new and more ancient universe, in the willow grove each tree the same, each tree the identical ancestor, ego, father of itself, these are clonal decks that go on and on under the Egyptian sun.

Outside Praeter Annex a few dandelions, in the driveway a catalpa tree, pods around its base; at the rear of the driveway begins a small stream of periwinkle, the blue sticky dogbane with green curled leaves and milky juices, one colony from the same ikon, one follicle of fruits having split, and all its eggs hatched, the seven of wands making a home, and all the wands bright with spring, and each wand piercing an open blue sky; the insects stick to the dogbane, its sweet sexual ring, carry its ikon. The blue flowers begin at a log barrier for the cars and lead to a rose tree, the petals having fallen, the fruit begin to swell under a tuft of stamens. Along the fence is forsythia, its petals forming a smooth adhesive goblet; it comes from the same deck as periwinkle; it is colored yellow and its stem is a bush. Bridal wreath sits atop the periwinkle, surrounds the NO PARKING sign; its buds are just beginning, its sign just entering the terrestrial sky. The bees pass from temple to temple,

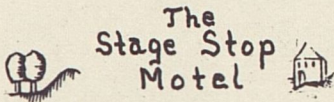
choosing their own wine to drink, their own gods and sticky penises, and no one can account for taste, the men who gather bras and leave their sperm on pocket books, and those who boil and drink sweaty socks and come in the nocturnal grass, or soak bread in the urinals of other men; there is no accounting for specificity, but specificity it is; the ikon emerges from the specific dream of a face, a form outside of another form watching or tasting it, a bronze or blue petalled statue, a specific woman lost on Maple Street, or some enchanted evening, or "will the girl in the yellow dress I saw at the Michigan Theatre please meet me on the diag at noon today," the insect following the yellow map to the specific flower, and resting there, in marsh marigold, or bloodroot, waiting there to sip, to consecrate a cult, perhaps genetic but certainly his own cult of the specific goddess, her own unknown genetic cult as she buys a yellow spring dress at Kay Baums, the arts in dogshit, the flies pollinating the stinking halls of skunk cabbage, orchids growing up in highway projects and on interstate roads, their twisted wings resupine to the flight of bugs, soft forms without vision coming up in larvae, crawling thru the mud into the fire, the giant awaking from a thousand years sleep and recognizing the princess he desired before the volcano, before Hiroshima, before he died suddenly in battle, the genetic crown cut into her face, what she cannot escape is his desire, even as she runs into the sea, the fortune-woman dealing another card, this one from between her legs, the cult which has degenerated into strip tease and a bauble smelling of her thrown to the audience, the big men weeping; this is an archetype and can be found in many different sorts of books.

The next card is drawn; it is a place where all of us can live, I mean two of us, I mean all of us from the same body; it is neither blue nor yellow; it is neither microcosm nor macrocosm nor thermocline, but when we are here it is within, and wherever we are it is the time.

Coral



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