

KDRNISVFUMEWYIX
HOPZLINGKJBDCEFA
EUQYRISETNWLDI
NGAKUFIDZHJMOP
OVILESOKJULBWL
PACUVIZYTBOQLSM
EPHBCWQVFUCT
GKIMYRHELOWR
VJQVSBEADZTKN
BWULIOZEVHYRX
TUMBERONEPRICE\$1

onset

"SET still
stop thinking
shut up, &
get OUT *

& down
& listen

to the voices

formulas & anamneses
(not the biographical sublime

urban & local (non urbis & ruris

historical & magical

at the Interchange of Tinctures.

SET is edited & published by Gerrit Lansing
& issued accordingly

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for Mother & Father
w/ love admiration
& gratitude, all 3
in one emotion,
Gerrit
12/16/61

SET

#1

fix & dromenon / & to the poem
Winter, 1961-62

contents

ROBERT DUNCAN	: Osiris and Set	2
CHARLES OLSON	: Across Space and Time	4
STEPHEN JONAS	: A Revel	6
GERRIT LANSING	: The Burden of SET (editorial	8
STEPHEN JONAS	: Discourse	13
EDWARD DORN	: Some, Man, on the Street	14
STEPHEN JONAS	: Orgasms, Book V	17
CHARLES OLSON	: A Maximus Song	22
JOHN MCGAVERN	: Poem	23
ROBERT KELLY	: The Exchanges, II	24
JOHN WIENERS	: On the First Page	28
FRA. PERDURABO	: The Fool's Knot	29
FRA. PERDURABO	: The Way to Succeed -- and the Way to Suck Eggs	30
FRA. PERDURABO	: Skidoo	31

cover by Harry Martin

ROBERT DUNCAN

OSIRIS AND SET

 members of one Life Boat are
that rides against Chaos,
or into the night goes, driving back
 those darknesses within the dark,
as Harry Jacobus saw them on our mountain,
 trolls of the underground.

 Set lords it over them,
dark mind that drives before the dawn rays.
 He is primitive terror, he is the prow,
he is first knowing,
and, striving there, at the edge,
 has all of evil about him.

 Yes, he fought against Osiris,
conspired, scatterd the first light;
 seduced the boy Horus, hawk-ghost of the sun,
to play the Hand to his cock.
He comes into the court of the law to remind us.
 He gives us the lie.

At one time our Mother's brother, Set, was "Father"
 and taught us -- what? ruining
our innocence. The great boat of the gods
 penetrates the thick meat,
sending quick nerves out that are tongues of light
 at the boundaries. Foot, hand,
lips... a graph in Scientific American, September 1960,

shows the design of sensory and motor intelligences;
 we are so much mouth, mask, and hand,
 the hidden plan of volition can be read
 (a secret that is presented to be seen --
 remaining secret) in the closed palm,
 in the human face.

The radiant jewel of our own sun
 held aloft by the dung beetle is the Child,
 our About-To-Be, Presence
 in what's present. There is nothing else.

Feeling and motion, impression and expression
 contend. Drama
 is the shape of us. We are
 ourselves tears and gestures of Isis
 as she searches for what we are ourselves.

Osiris-Kadmon into many men shattered,
 torn by passion. She-That-Is,
 our Mother, revives ever His legend.
 She remembers. She puts it all together.
 So that, in rapture, there is no longer
 the sensory-motor homunculi
 subduing the forces of nature, Horus contending with Set,

 but the sistrum sounds thru us;

the Will wherein the gods ride
 goes forward.

 Hail! forgotten and witherd souls!
 our Mother comes with us to gather her children!

Now it is time for Hell
 to nurse at the teats of Heaven.
 Dark sucks at the white milk.
 Stars flow out into the deserted souls.

In our dreams we are drawn towards dawn once more.

* * * * *

CHARLES OLSON

ACROSS SPACE AND TIME

If the great outside system - species and stars - procedes successfully across great time, and curves to return to stations it was once in before, and the belt of the ecliptic slides like her cestus in months of a great year taking 25,725.6 years, what wonder that any one of us may be inflamed with love at birth and spend a lifetime seeking to take the tail into one's mouth, the disaster or augury of the shape and voluntas of one's person, cast out of the combinatorial, substance the real at the moment of birth, and one's own love the affectiones to cause all of it to swarm, to know that as those beasts wheel variously onto the point where night and day are equal one now does approach the date at which man will pour equally from left to right out of the pitcher of his portion of creation?

Hail Aquarius,
who is coming in

The Fish swam in on the back of Christ, by 1180 Christ was catching the fish, by the 19th by carbon test (plus or minus 157 years) the fish was sailing off, the Renaissance was over. Now the 2nd, and the 20th were like (analogues) of a different source and of a different structure, presenting a small Renaissance and a great world state to rush in to petrify the dragging years of the fish bones, limestone for a future to come up out of the sea on, when water has again made sense out of things

Farewell Fish, your bones
we shall walk on

Before either, Manes, the son of Sargon, swept out into the Atlantic while horsemen from the Caucasus came in with Aries to shake the dead temple world and awake self and reason, the soft Aries people who ride horses backward, brilliant riders who only know the back is an engine of will to be sacrificed if the sons will have wives, they ride on into battle until all is divided between flesh and soul and Greece is the measure of what they were worth

Ram long gone,
you won't come back
You are hopelessly torn
by the heels of the bulls

America, you are the end of three months of man. For the third, which began when your head was turned, already has changed you, you nation of Finks. Let you rule the world. You are a dead hand. Man, in his courses, is on the other side: Capricorn is drawing the threads

(for John Fusco)

I muster what devices
the imagination prompts me to
(a painter, these conceits are
not unfamiliar to you)
so I need not
make apologies for
the decor

classic and eclectic
which, in my frenzy

I arranged
hoping therewith
to ensnare your fancy sweet
it is a Poet's madness

driving him
willy nilly
howbeit to his own destruction
masked or

metamorphosed into
some wondrous animal guise
centaur, unicorn or faun

repeat

my sweet will be twenty
on sunday next

so even to the birds
whose calls
the ancients invoked
and cooed

unabashedly their canzones
tu wit-a-woo

all of it I bring
again, my sweet, to you
in the springtime of the Poem.

where else
when spray begins to springeth
could I come in my folly
bearing you

in some small measure
such snatches
purloined as I have
of that antique liturgy

repeat

my sweet will be twenty
on sunday next

the phrase as reprieve
reverberates within my skull
as I say in my high passion
may he not also
love me too

GERRIT LANSING

(editorial

THE BURDEN OF

SET

#1

Now as the Influx begins to be felt, time to build the
arks, to nominate
proclaim the Qualities

In time of the "Breaking of Strength"
the burden (droning undersong)
is to make the connections
inter sed extra

The Work of the Renovating Intelligence

This magazine is about the poetic exploration of the
swarming possibilities (some occult, unused) in American
life, urban & local (the rural is no longer available to
poetry; to life?), here & especially now. Its character
is conceived as dual*, historical & magical, the
emphasized characters of Time.

* See Appendix I to this essay, "The Current Prejudice
Against Duality," & Appendix II, "Time is (the) Number 2."

1. the emphasized characters of Time

The gates of memory & intuition, history & magic, open from a "windowless" event into Time, the fateful Cross (crux) behind the shifting hexagrams.

To discover our spacetime address we must fix our position in time as well as in space. And this "address" (our mode of being) is personal but also collective: "We are continents if we are." The way Americans, now, receive time differentiates us from others, say Peking man, the ancient Greeks, the Indians. Homogeneous time doesn't exist in human experience, our living time is mythically organized, "favored" by the singling out of "points" distinguished for their values. Since "myth creates time" (G. van der Leeuw), the sense of history as well as of subjective past & future is magically determined, just as the magic appropriate to an age is historically determined.

You have then two ways to take a fix on Time, one by investigation of history, "from the inside out," another by investigation of the dark interiors, "from the outside in," like by objectifying an image (magic), the Path of the Names.

This orientation (eastfacing, sunrising) in Time man can only make individually, in his inwardness, but it is not less factual or more imaginative for that: As Wallace Stevens says, "To be at the end of fact is not to be at the beginning of imagination, but it is to be at the end of both."

Thus "poetry increases the feeling for reality" (again Stevens) & the historic fact (our scene) lies equally beneath all the moving poetry & all the moving science we make. Poetry & science invisibly concur between the poles, & the Properties of the World are summarized for any point-moment by the Riemann-Christoffel tensor or by a poem

&

"... in the beauty of poems are the tuft and final applause of science." (Whitman)

2. our scene & how it disposes the poem

Now in these, as Olson says, "dragging years of the fish bones,"
what is to be hailed?

The breakthru to the world of forms

by insight
by oversight
by upsight
by downsight

: the form of the poem must be our habit

A. for use now

THE INSTRUMENTS

the elementary, or physike

the disposables

Kosm-
anthropo-
logia { economics
history & prehist.
the "sciences"
linguistics
mythology
the Works

culture { "aesthetics"
"philosophy"
"religion"
humanitas

B.

the Knife of Set

The weight (threat & promise) of "artistic" permanence
or greatness is now lifted from the soul of the seer (persistence
remains an interesting question). Since kulchur is dead (bred
cultsureness: that goes on) we are all enveloped by its stink
(some poems measure the sensitivity of the nose) but energy
at least & at last is free to recognize itself (the work of the
13th Aeon or Sphere or Month).

Poetry falls on an age of undoing like nothing known before,
& rite measure & metric flow from the crystal of the Moment.
Memento & talisman are dimensional of the Influx. The
metric of the contemporary must be a gain of form arising
from the shift of obedience. Although this shift is in part
a displacement from traditional external forms of order to
the shape of the person, no doctrine of "personism" or
"composition by hazard" need be invoked to the creation of the poem.

"The basis of all metrical determination must be sought outside the manifold, in the binding forces which act on it," the great 19th-century mathematician Riemann wrote, & if applied to poetry, as everything must be sooner or later, this delivers the poet to the full complexity of how he uses what comes in to him. Alchemists & cooks have the same problems, how to manage the heat:

A parfet Master ye maie him call trowe
Which knoweth his Heates high and low.

Then "image is deficiency," as the Gnostics say, & any typology of poetic "Image" gets hung up on the line of similarity, comparison. (Insofar as "image" is referential it means a leak in the vessel, which should be Hermetically sealed for the cooking, en daube.)

The poem had better move OUT

C. the Path of the Names

The breath of Set may bring "criminal violence," but it also renews, desiccates to freshen.

1484, in Rome, Joannes Mercurius de Corigio, wearing a crown of thorns inscribed "this is my son Pimander I have chosen," preaches, pushes leaflets, proclaims "the new newness of newnesses greater than all miracles." It came to pass.

Now almost 500 years later (Orwell's 1984 itself can give us little, too spiteful too bright lacking the foolish wisdoms -- but was its date whispered him by the Lord of the Gates of Matter & Child of the Forces of Time?). Again the Revolution of the Quarters, & now the Advent of the Sign of Man.

Mathesis today demands research in the world of letters, combinatorial analysis of the alphabet of the gods. Two books by A. E. The Candle of Vision & Song and its Fountains contain, among much romantic detritus of the European past, records of "spontaneous" experiences among the Flashing Tablets where language originates. In the 13th century Abraham Abulafia more systematically studied the Path of Combination, foreshadowed a time like ours when prophecy would be self-confrontation & the magic of inwardness be hidden in the autonomy of the visible, the uses of secrecy obscured, hard to come by.

"In this the things without figure are figured."

Appendix I. The Current Prejudice against Duality

Such a push toward One & away from Two, among contemporaries, it needs to be said more sharply, 2 yes. There is a formula called the Zero =s 2 equation, not mathematic, & would be mistaken to treat it as such. Process involves the consideration that since it is always possible to reduce any expression to Nothing by taking 2 equal & opposite terms, $n + (-n) = 0$, one should be able to get any expression desired from Nothing by being careful that the terms are exactly opposite & equal, $0 = n + (-n)$. (It is obvious that what is termed in magical work the Equilibrium is a development of this principle.) The $0=2$ Formula evades Monism, Dualism, Nihilism, Pluralism, etc. & therefore when it is said, "there are 2 ways," the simplicity of 2 is meant, not not-one, not-three, etc. (two friends to whom I showed early drafts of this essay bridled at any use of the word "dual," one of them saying it was because he "took the Zen standpoint.").

Appendix II. Time is (the) Number 2

A. That Time is the Number 2

	twi	di	dvi
	two	duo	*duwi
ti (Arm.)			dayate ("he divides")
			(opp. in <u>advaita</u> vedanta)
time	}	*di	
tide			

B. That Time is Number 2

di
 schiz - divide, split
 skhizein
 schizen (Middle High Ger.)
 scheissen, scite, shite = No. 2

ergo, Time is "filthy lucre"

STEPHEN JONAS

DISCOURSE

In Plato's dialogues
Socrates spoke
of that love enraging youth
to exceed the speed limits
set by law
or when lacking motor vehicles they
rape, which is a joke,
or plunder drug stores
cigarette or other
vending machines
for nickles and dimes which,
if not in the meanwhile apprehended by
the all efficient
local police, they
lavish on teenage girls with snatches
chockd full ov giggles. Properly channelled
of course this energy could be
directed
into color design if not
to the arrangement of particulars
in the pending,
eagerly anticipated,
American poem.
But then,
he was an old man
when he spoke thus
so why smote the breast
thinking to rebuke the soul. Besides
his boys were
mostly fops imbued
with their high toned arete which
could never apply in this
our so late Republic where
dogs and cats stand,
tails between their legs to await
the law of equal dispensation. It's as tho
within the organic structure
gangrene has long set in.

EDWARD DORN

SOME, MAN, ON THE STREET

Have a Habit? (No Art?)
Walkin up when there is
no up? (the inclined level)
That cradle of What? effort
not civilization, puke, it must be
his back is bent and the hat
how are hats? Romantic
they always conjure always
better places we have been
that hat

walkin with an effort up
the down street a grinning adam
smith in his hip pocket where
he thought his pay was, Modern Times:
Shit.

The habit of blue or brown shirts
goddamn his dressing man had a big
arm. You name it give him
what habit you want, but not
more, leave
him there, yess, la la
with it

And tell him what a clod he is
or how simple (beautiful or otherwise)
how he belabors you and lets the wrong
people rule him.

Have you, has yours, his song
 has ended, That's true, Si
 Wow, oh yes, Why not, what a clod
 yah.

Catch him quickly, before he hits
 the hay, whisper in his ear more exhaustion
 as he sleeps, about some dream you had of him
 and his lot, how he looked back
 and was made the salt of the earth (disinherited?)
 about his sex, fantasies which through you
 reached a great perversion, a great starkness

But man, not inflation, Newsweek does that dance
 drugs? that's goodly, but he can't get 'em, you
 oughta be in Morocco for that OK
 tell him about Morocco, be his
 bullshitter National Geographic
 with a couple of fucks and cunts
 thrown in just to keep it going
 and esoteric to him (not erotic

Or that bit about Bureaucrasy how
 you and H. Hoover and Rickover
 and Bar Goldwater and whoever agree
 it's gotta go (leave out how you'd all
 be dead without it)

Naw, you'd be bored as usual and this man
 is just tired, first of all of you and them
 and three centuries of penny mayhem, of his
 burden which was called white, the color
 being the mistake he was stuck with...

So come back in the night to cornhole him
 tell him he wanted it when he yawns
 make it right with a corkscrew motion
 I mean leave no room for an incognizance
 on his part tell him when he farts it is
 because hypothalmouse kicked him
 beans have nothing to do with it, (Si)

and from what's the source he derives
 his incomparable stink, which you feed upon
 like a vulture a like deadman's body
 who may have breathed I dare say for
 a grace of only such food-love's lost
 of what it is, was once for that man
 and you too

will come one day to such an end (that meaning
 is intended) as a man's whose foot was truly
 upon the earth the ankle grabbed by Ernest Jones
 and will have made it simply that way, unyielding
 as an opinion.

Throw in a fuck, and a cunt or two,
 and that old tale about the best fuck is
 a chicken with its neck snapped, the one
 he heard when he was 9 years old but
 what he didn't hear leave out what you might
 have told him
 years ago
 but you were in Morocco
 living off one of the very fortunes that put him down.

STEPHEN JONAS

ORGASMS

Book V

In the Creation of the World by God we have
 nothing to go on
 except the buggin' word
 buggin' us

it is only in the distance, which is time
 that we come to experience
 the act -- awful as that is
 unlawful
 a break in continuity has been achieved
 and we suffer from it

 unable to fathom the lie,
 we would
 destroy the Great Work
 -- releasing all stops,

 it is the keystone
 of our existence
 that never sleeps

. the central cortex of the arch,
 that is being

a caged birdie poem:

in life
 people not they
 are like are

 in the movies
 in the movies they
 are animates
 (dead)
 volition
 holds them in sway
 if ever they do meet
 in life
 they would
 flip
 so imitative are we

 .
 an
 animated cartoon out of
 danbury '58
 conn. where
 cagemates
 "have no intellectual interests"
 except for the odds,
 the evens are held
 checkmated by a rhyme of cells

 blockd
 & a confused heat
 confused i.e., w/ a stick

 4 a.m. of a december &
 she sits that
 morning star upon my
 lowest
 window pane
 proud
 as might any venus
 birds meanwhile make busy like
 their chirps of hosannas
 such consideration of the
 oncoming light
 and
 something too abt. Robin THAT
 I can't read

comfort me oh these why white thoughts
 before a green door
 of an eastern jail where
 even the light is automatic

und so along with the law of expediency as ref.
 men behind bars:

The Acts

.

mythology

The Moon no. 18:

-- lower than the depths

?.... men

these are

areas of yellow and blue

split and forked verticals
 from sheer weight of the

black horizontals

"whu'dt you git busted for"

&

"be ovah ya bed t'nite bay-
 be"

& the hunter-(this time

artiste (e)

-fruithustlers

& by name miss chacha and says:

"this moneymake runs on bread"

Chico:

who got high on new year's nutmeg

& begged "sheet on me babee I want to
eet't it"

& later released back into el barrio he
slew his girl-wife and ripped out
his baby's bowels

No blame : he was

Pure

.broken violette

deranged

confusion

MISTER -- franz kline 1959 oils

big table Vol. I, no. 4, 1960

thrusts against canvas

but for the symbol,

- Lost

.

Oblivious

.

sea sounds

wave smash against the rock slime
of the cave enclosure

a hiss

and chatter thrown against sand

this:

"Para thina poluphoisboio thalassas"

Blockd

, Man

where you been this is the
fuck'n' end

.

CHARLES OLSON

A MAXIMUS SONG

thronged
to the seashore
to see Phryne
walk into
the water

JOHN MCGAVERN

POEM

Discerning every tuft
of mosses underwing,
however crushed or chafed,
star-clear and heaven-young
the quail tranquillity
cries in the early morning
see, see, see
the wonderful burning!

The nations have no age.
An undergrowth of crowns
wanders along the ridge
and those old twisted pines
pretend they have a past;
someone pretends there are
purpose, order, waste.
The star! the star!

ROBERT KELLY

THE EXCHANGES. II

Clarified into present

standing now in the stare of the vulture Jesus
watching the wings spread the animal body writhe
leading to an immediate world
is Vision to be compromised in the glitter of steel
arched back of wildcat tin leaves of the gumtree?

how sure you are of the residents of darkness come to life
how certain that when the rim of the circle breaks open
a form of life articulate, comprehensible will stand forth
or that the world formed
the invisible instruments of control & banishment
are a crust only to a sweet fruit only
not the gibbering piety of the remorseless dead

gently
you have gone into her body
a knife skillful in severing wandering up & down her
to find life? to mutilate, to be
in the first stagger of deathliness alive & singing
saying: animal of the quiet dark
animal now to burrow softly down
scour around inside her, follow those
lines of motion & supply till you come to heart
walk up & down & swallow it, looking the other way,
to find life? to discover in the consumed
whatever principle it is that brings you here
hungry & horny?

there is in language a temperament of fear

to answer the animal is to talk about syllables
 pure as a lake in Siberia
 salty & rush-ridden centuries from the sea
 to which a river flows backwards Christmas night
 or gull's hornpipe lowly to the cross in deep snow
 when they hanged the first king: whose strangled throat
 made consonants

in the forests vowels
 invented with the caprice of the unicorn,
 goat-eyed red-bottomed mandrills at horizons,
 perpetual song of lemurs: ururur, syllables,
 Aurora bloody-fisted from the Caspian lake,
 erect

the Madman's Vision a vision into
 image or into form?

Adam's allergy to the first bite retched into speech?

To protect you from the secret, she said,
 that vowels & consonants fuck each other into speech,
 which you could not bear
 for not knowing the efficient question
Oeheim, waz wirret dir?
 what is this here? wherefore this crummy pageantry
 opening into present?

for I would mount the cart & go
 questioning the sea-girt eyes of Athene, to whom in
 Troy's treasure house the great horned silver phallus stood
 angular as futhorc, branched out into ocean:
 whom only I would honor with my sharp teeth & slow-
 moving gentle mammalian mind understanding her rightly
 a hero with drawn sword

(hinne-ni the sword of immediate presence
 every rune chiseled neatly in, legible, compelling,
 a message of swordmaster to armorer: let
 edge be bright here, not for the cutting but
 for the honor of it

which I would draw
 with me into Babylon
 my cutthroat word
 catchpenny empire
 on all fours:) imagined

which is the present position of poetry
 the animal rooting under the tree, black sow
 at winter solstice, at 6 o'clock, evening
 out of the snow: so far down, the
 gods of fertile fields & hidden springs
 the water rushing out of the ground into

her body foreshortened & consumed
 distorted into my mouth, her blood my swollen tongue
 her cunt my oxcart, groan of the ritual pretense

unanswerable animal.
 year moving in rigid circles round
 your flexible refusals. alone
 there is only one continent of metaphor
 one rhythm you invite us to be native in,
 move upriver away from the seashaped ode,
 lyric dappled like pomegranate,
 snapshots of the momentary real

close to the egg yolk, fertile or
sterile in one white albumen gesture
distinguish only by the tender vein
the streak of blood:

to light in perfect fulness; so that a continuous
rhythmic procession of phenomena passes by,
and never is there a form left fragmentary or
half-illuminated, never a lacuna, never a gap,
never a glimpse of unplumbed depths

(Auerbach on Homer)

unplumbed?
men must have looked the first time fire,
each time man covered girl in darkness
his open eyes focused in the dark

unspeaking mouth of the vulture

to make those things appear that he has closely hidden
in the smell & shadow of his wings

to have a mouth

protect us in the paradox? is it what
we see when we look in the fire
what we see in the dark
moving to the immediate rhythm of the visible
moving to the hidden rhythm of the real

JOHN WIENERS

ON THE FIRST PAGE

Out my window
 runs the Neponset, a river enough to be written,
 (but bloody from my baby wounds).
 Phlox flowers, purple for any passage
 or page or poem,
 (planted because Mrs. Reddington had yellow phlox).
 Green grow the oak trees, giant leaves for publication,
 (beatings from their branches is not in content or text).
 Christmas star, christmas tree, mistletoe and holly
 (but mother under everything in festival paralysis).
 Old linoleum

(she laid on that also
 only it was daddy who kept her there those times).
 My sister (but she cries at night).
 My mates, play and otherwise
 Yes I can sing of tornado nights on fire with
 black passion and no dawn,
 mouths that bleed from kissing.
 Oh it was love love love
 on our bathroom bedroom living room walls
 (but that house fall and go boom in the 39 winds).

It seems there's nothing to sing out
 this boyhood window

except her
 across the street in the blue bushes,
 my lady of the gold cloak
 stringing silver bow and arrows,
 wanting eyes
 waiting for me as for no other.

Mother at your feet is kneeling
 One who loves you is your child
 Mother your altar boy is singing
 In sob syllables of sugar breath
 Mother cross my hands and hope to
 Death
 Appropriate me from the living.

FRATER PERDURABO

THE FOOL'S KNOT*

O Fool! begetter of both I and Naught, resolve this Naught-y Knot!

O! Ay! this I and O -- IO! -- IAO! For I owe "I" aye to Nibbana's Oe.

I Pay -- Pé, the dissolution of the House of God -- for Pé comes after O -- after Ayin that triumphs over Aleph in Ain, that is O. OP-us, the Work! the OP-ening of THE EYE!

Thou Naughty Boy, thou openest THE EYE OF HORUS to the Elind Eye that weeps! The Upright One in thine Uprightness rejoiceth -- Death to all Fishes!

*from The Book of Lies, 1913


THE WAY TO SUCCEED -- AND THE WAY TO SUCK EGGS! *

This is the Holy Hexagram.

Plunge from the height, O God, and interlock
with Man!

Plunge from the height, O Man, and interlock
with Beast!

The Red Triangle is the descending tongue of
grace; the Blue Triangle is the ascending
tongue of prayer.

This Interchange, the Double Gift of Tongues,
the Word of Double Power -- ABRAHADABRA!
-- is the sign of the GREAT WORK, for the
GREAT WORK is accomplished in Silence. And
behold is not that Word equal to Cheth, that is
Cancer, whose Sigil is  ?

This Work also eats up itself, accomplishes its
own end, nourishes the worker, leaves no
seed, is perfect in itself.

Little children, love one another!

SKIDOO *

What man is at ease in his Inn?
Get out.
Wide is the world and cold.
Get out.
Thou~~h~~ hast become an in-iti~~at~~iate.
Get out.
But thou canst not get out by the way thou
camest in. The Way out is THE WAY.
Get out.
For OUT is Love and Wisdom and Power.
Get OUT.
If thou hast T already, first get UT.
Then get O.
And so at last get OUT.

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like the poem

sums up the
at any point-moment

like *Buro*

PROPERTIES OF THE WORLD