



in the informing

to be up by first light

to eat the morning glory of it hot

hear the voices

in recollection      cantrip      chart

the set of the informing

&      (... "the information rests in the arrangement.  
What we measure essentially is the organization of the  
messages -- not the meaning of individual symbols, but the  
structure of the whole. This is the most important thought  
in the theory of information.

-- J. Bronowski, "Science as Foresight "

*this copy for Xing,  
3/16/05 a.v.  
w/ affecting*



SET is edited & published by Gerrit Lansing  
& issued accordingly

this issue from 92 Main St., Gloucester, Mass.

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# SET

#2

fix & dromenon / & to the poem  
Winter, 1963-64

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cover by Harry Martin

LEROI JONES

## SHORT SPEECH TO MY FRIENDS

A political art, let it be  
 tenderness, low strings the fingers  
 touch, or the width of autumn  
 climbing wider avenues, among the virtue  
 and dignity of knowing what city  
 you're in, who to talk to, what clothes  
 -- even what buttons -- to wear. I address

/ the society  
 the image, of  
 common utopia.

/ The perversity  
 of separation, isolation,

after so many years of trying to enter their kingdoms,  
 now they suffer in tears, these others, saxophones whining  
 through the wooden doors of their less than gracious homes.  
 The poor have become our creators. The black. The thoroughly  
 ignorant.

Let the combination of morality  
 and inhumanity  
 begin.

2.

Is power, the enemy? (Destroyer  
 of dawns, cool flesh of valentines, among  
 the radios, pauses, drunks  
 of the 19th century. I see it,  
 as any man's single history. All the possible heroes  
 dead from heat exhaustion

at the beach,  
 or hiding for years from cameras

only to die cheaply in the pages  
 of our daily lie.

One hero

has pretensions toward literature  
 one towards the cultivation of errors, arrogance,  
 and constantly changing disguises, as trucker, boxer,  
 valet, barkeep, in the aging taverns of memory. Making love  
 to those speedy heroines of masturbation. Or kicking literal evil  
 continually down filmy public stairs.

A compromise  
 would be silence. To shut up, even such risk  
 as the proper placement  
 of verbs and nouns. To freeze the spit  
 in mid-air, as it aims itself  
 at some valiant intellectual's face.

There would be someone  
 who would understand, for whatever  
 fancy reason. Dead, lying, Roi, as your children  
 came up, would also rise. As George Armstrong Custer  
 these 100 years, has never made  
 a mistake.



DIANE WAKOSKI

## WATER SUBJECTS

The logs are damp & eaten --  
wood like soft tobacco plugs. A few  
hard  
limb-like pieces float  
and the water's edge holds rotting debris.  
Down by the river  
I find a dead fish.  
Sometimes I think of walking there alone,  
and shiver.

A man standing on the cliff,  
a merchant?  
looking out to sea:  
he puts his hand in the water and scoops out a handful of gold coins.

A man is riding on the back of a giant fish  
with a bridle over the giant mouth.  
He digs in a spur  
and the fish leaps forward & up.  
It seems to leap along  
going under once each time they hit the water,  
fish and man emerging with the water streaming  
through them,  
and again the man digs a metal spur into the side of his fish --  
its soft flesh now bleeding from the marks.

A man spins himself in a dive  
 into the Mediterranean:  
 the day is blue / the ocean dazzling;  
 the sun, as if someone is racing with it, like a burning piece  
                                     of metal to be thrown in the ocean & tempered.  
 The man dives into the ocean,  
 catches the sun in his arms  
 and carries it down to the bottom where he places it in the mouth  
 of a squid.

A boy balances himself on the logs,  
 walking carefully in his sneakers along the logs on the bank.  
 He sees in the river his reflection:  
 wonders:  
 who is watching him from the cliff? as he sees the glint  
 of the glasses in the sun.  
 The woody, fishy smell of the river surrounds him.  
 He thinks it is good. The freedom.  
 But already he feels the damp edge of the river, as Time,  
 wishing the good did not always hold  
 the promise  
 of bad.

GERRIT LANSING

(editorial

## THE BURDEN OF

SET

#2

ephphetha

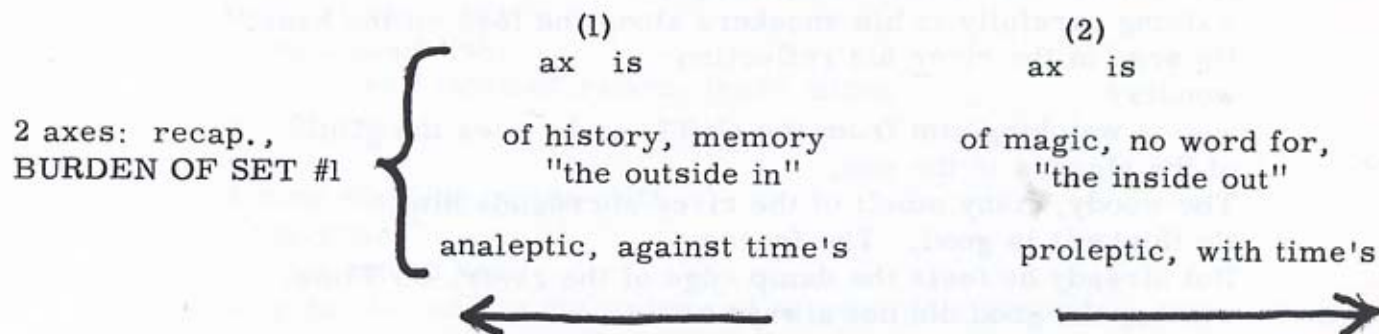
it is morning

& you are waking up from a  
dream of fishbones & broken vessels

to the new attentions

a new praxis SET  
toward the unfolding of the Moment

by the operation of a scientific illuminism along 2 axes,



labrys:

the double ax, & in labyrinths, beginnings, opening  
of the figures of Time that compose the structure of  
our necessity, how by poetry we investigate the needs.



1. the new attentions

with (3) GLANCES AT VALUE

o.k. Let it come down, in on us, all of it, so much as we can, & then to get it out again. That was an Epitome of Yoga, inside front cover of SET #1, "SET still, stop thinking, shut up, get Out," & yoga is concentration of experience (exclusion too, yes, but not of experience itself, rather of experiences not really experienced enough, restraint of the modifications of mind in order to feel their source) whose enemy is abstraction, distraction, retraction, any thing or way that hinders the going traction.

It's traction we are after too, the freedom & recognition of. The enemies, listed in THE BURDEN OF SET #1 as "disposables," all function as guardians of Value, not value as tropism, that we all have, but abstract judgment, ideals.

so

2 discriminations to be discriminated: Value, abstract affective discrimination (1), is the enemy of poetry, & of discrimination (2), of & to, what is out there (pointing), the object, that.

Wardens of values, upholders of "crapulous creeds," fear the light of the liberated cortex & the coming ascendancy of air.

---

 (3) GLANCES AT VALUE

1 In an iron age, bitch,  
 she strides from iron pinnacle to pinnacle, the pinnacles,  
 clothed in iron robes, unsmiling,  
 hair is iron gray, bowels tight.  
 Nightjars play about her splendid shoulders,  
 her left hand spills the iron jar of equity  
 her right hand brandishes the iron flail of separation.  
 Where she is a darkness is and adjectives,  
 the line is rigid, her patrols are ugly throats.  
 She is backward to the dawn of universal breath.

2.

## Loot, Archetypal Value

It began in ignorance, away from vid-ya,  
 birth of value in the straw and dung of the 1st (un)stable economies.  
 Though value never vector, is standard only, there remains the process.  
 But standard of gold was made gold standard  
 and when a sign of value (say \$)  
 itself is made a value (\$!)  
 value process desiccates, stands still  
 turns mechanically in standard  
 because the normal straight relation  
 of x the sign (like \$)  
 to that of which it is the sign  
 grows ghostly, self-reflecting,  
 craving craving craving endlessly.

Without measure this this this horror!  
 Who takes measure of value for value  
 is double damned  
 makes sickness of metaphor  
 confusion of tongues.  
 Lightning breaks tower  
 as counsel darkens.  
 Value is brilliantly borne aloft  
 in hot chariots  
 while glittering out of sky  
 hate falls on helpless wheat.

3.

Theory of value in itself  
 must then imply an economic scrutiny,  
 how an image differs from a thing.

Fluctuation of the dollar:  
 waving of linguistic formulas  
 in the wind of mind.

## IT IS THE VALUE MOVING

the language of value / rational measure

not rhythm

or moving measure or mastery of time and fire  
 that is alchemy.

---



Value is of the excrementitious nature of Time (wch was sufficiently demonstrated in THE BURDEN OF SET #1, Appendix II, B). The self-realization of energy (13th Trump) in the autonomy of the visible is hindered by the cultsural holdon to European humanitas, that value-system that pinched us all. Come on, it's finished, Europe calling the dance, & Valery should know. To each man, for use, what he has is given, & if he hasn't, well, it's being taken away from him, & pretty fast.

Charles Ives writes, "...if a man finds that the cadences of an Apache war dance come nearest to his soul, provided he has taken pains to know enough other cadences -- for eclecticism is part of his duty -- sorting potatoes means a better crop next year -- let him assimilate whatever he finds highest of the Indian ideal, so that he can use it with the cadences, fervently, transcendently, inevitably, furiously, in his symphonies, in his operas, in his whistlings on the way to work, so that he can paint his house with them -- make them a part of his prayer-book -- this is all possible and necessary, if he is confident that they have a part in his spiritual consciousness."

We are in a rough time, the most difficult transition age of all, a real Interchange of Tinctures, where a kind of personal life is being exchanged for a kind of "universal." (What is not the person of an age is always experienced as "universe" by the new halfborn thing, the transition to, the baby with only his head sticking out of the vagina into his own time.)

It is the morning of the universal breath.

The old spectre of "greatness" in the arts, of a value-hierarchy into which every work of art (read object of experience) must be jammed, is a white spectre, & as the value of whiteness enantiomorphically changes (like the suntan cult today as against that bleached ideal body of European middle age & renaissance), the systems of blackness toward which we are drawn arise. (The systems of blackness, the Ntu of Unison, seem chaos to receding whiteness, but will prove to be "system.")

European whiteness is sepulchre to us & European consciousness a museum.

"Those whose voices are accurate" (as Egyptian priests were called) do not attend to the curators of culture, the urbane caretakers. (If they get in the way we carve them with the Knife of Set.) It is not faith, or talk about, aurorals need, it is that, experience of. Then, what is to be attended, the substance of the new attentions, what is not disposable, is materials for the boat to make the crossing, & the tools, kosmanthropological.

As Olson said, "...the work of the morning is methodology," & the new attentions are bearing down.



2. "Nature" and the next 2000, give or take a few, years

wha you say, "Nay-cher" ?      wha you say, "Nay-cher" ?

I said gNature, "birth," prae-gnant  
from (g)nasci, to be born. (I no say, "Gno.....

It is born, the new Nature. &  
what we can say of it surely, though the surety is not our concern, is  
that it no longer is opposed to Another, a Super- or un- , not hung on,  
polarized to one of the swimming away from each other Fish. That  
polarity, that made it seem possible that anything unnatural (not to say  
Super- ) could really occur, has gone away, & reality won't any more be  
divided between us & the world, the world (or God) getting the bigger  
share.

a few consequences

A. Food

As control seems to increase, nature turning into human  
nature (or rather what before was "human nature" now understood as  
nature, Teilhard de Chardin's "interiorization" animistically exterior-  
ized), food becomes politics, an FDA the central arm of government.

We are what we eat but turn it around, in the whole field  
(& think of flowers) no division between electricity, poison, medicine,  
food, drug, elixir. We cannot avoid absorbing microdilutions. All  
foods are drugs.

from the "Chapters of Coming Out by Day" : "Tem hath  
built thy house, and the double Lion-god hath founded thy habitation;  
lo, drugs are brought, and Horus purifieth and Set strengtheneth, and  
Set purifieth and Horus strengtheneth."

## B. Wildlife & Permission

What was wildlife can't be any longer. An artificial wilderness is no wilderness, a national park is a National Park, in Africa or the moon. Danger does not make a wild life, you can permit danger in sport. Wild life is not game, can never be permitted, hunting & fishing are seasonally permitted, play.

It remains to be seen what cannot be permitted.

## C. The Sexual Image

All is permitted. Change in the Heavenly Female Power. As equality of sexes swings around, the biochemical basis of the old differentiation is shifted. This doesn't mean everyone will be "queer," but that as new magnetic centers astrally arise in men & women the scope of both amativeness & adhesiveness will be prodigiously enlarged.

\*\*\*\*\*

1781. the discovery of Uranus, who moves in a cycle of approx. 84 years, 7 years in each sign.

1862. 81 years later Ulrichs uses the word "Uranian," after Plato's Symposium, referring to love of male for male

Aquarius, toward which we move, is ruled by Uranus, according to contemporary astrologers, & ancient Greeks saw the sign as Ganymede.

Uranus dances with Ganymede on the heavenly floor.

\*\*\*\*\*



In the fragments of Berosus, priest-historian, we can trace a Babylonian genesis from which was later derived both the Hebrew & the orphic (later, the Platonic) myths of the original bisexuality of the first man, Adam, male-female, from whom the opposites were later separated & polarized by the male-female god.

Under the permissions, man will be able to find in woman more the original wholeness, & woman in man.

Marie Delcourt in Hermaphrodite shows the androgynous image of Classical times is a dream of a primordial union of male & female consciousness, closely linked with the vision of the bisexual Phoenix who perpetually renews himself in the fire of the morning of the Great Year.

#### The Work of the Renovating Intelligence.

Jesus said: "And if you make the male and the female one, so that the male is no longer male and the female no longer female, and when you put eyes in the place of an eye, and a hand in the place of a hand, and a foot in the place of a foot, and an Image in the place of an Image, then you will enter the Kingdom."

#### D. Vision

10997 B.C.     the negative afterimage of looking  
at the Sun was Man advancing bearing a water-jar

1963 A.D.     the negative afterimage of the vision  
of Man poised in the electromagnetic currents of space is a  
roaring     Lion.

It is still hard to distinguish the form of the Lion, who walks  
in flame.



ROBERT KELLY

THE GYMNASTS

Lords of the burnt glass, the bullwhip wielders,  
dark in their dreams of standing in-between,  
the dancers, lords of the dance, who make the foot  
fall & rise in the living circle, the night where  
blood is a fire, lords of that night, elaborate,  
urgent, who make the dancer fall, break her bones,  
twist her sinews so she walks the circle, lords of the  
instrument, these sing my song in them,

these hold the currents of water fall in my act.  
The amulet maker, secure in his dark bazaar,  
vaunts his wares, boasts you will celebrate such sex,  
walk invisible with them, dance, break out of the circle.  
Believe him & lose the measure of each act. Hold song,  
hold the upswelling of live flesh, sing in all your body.  
Your flesh a talisman, listen to me you who are weary of  
games at no stake, coveters of air.

It is not accomplishment we care for, none but the feel  
of their bodies, their opening nakedness, the ritual of a solid  
unyielding body mastering light & air. Keep  
touch, be of the dance, this music.

DIANE WAKOSKI

KING OF PENTACLES: THIS FIGURE HAS NO  
SPECIAL DESCRIPTION

The bull's head is all skull;  
the hide wrapped round  
the bones like a web;  
the eyes glazed like fruits.  
It is a symbol,  
like John the Baptist's head / on  
a tray.

\*\*

One night you gave me the ultimatum.  
You said, "I'm leaving for Texas in my jaguar."  
You said, "I'm not taking you with me  
because you can't drive a car, or  
ride a horse,  
and you only wear a size 32 brassiere."  
My feelings snapped like a glass pipette,  
and I got out my cards.  
They said the King of Pentacles has  
bulls' heads on his throne,  
and thick bunches of red grapes on his  
robe.  
The bull takes the grapes in his mouth,  
crushes them  
stem and all  
and stains the throne a deep mauve.

\*\*

In Texas there is a thunderstorm.  
 The clouds are like heavy clusters  
 of wine sediment.  
 The rain pours down and it is beaujolais.  
 In Texas you are wrangling horses when the wine-rain starts.  
 Your jaguar has broken from the muzzle of the car and turned wild,  
 so your only means of transportation now  
 is horse.  
 In Texas  
 no woman wears a size 32 brassiere,  
 and they all ride horses,  
 or drive cars.  
 But you have found the land too dry and dusty  
 for your liking  
 and are thinking of travelling on to Mexico where they put hot  
 peppers in all their food.

\*\*

At home I sit with my hands on the cards.  
 I marvel at the yellow sky.  
 I cope with all negative emotions in diamond-hard resiliency:  
 the cards  
 flat surfaces  
 slick  
 and cold to the touch.

But what happens when



my body softens  
to,  
say,  
love, and the diamond edges  
become pools?  
The bull's skull,  
the bull's eye -- you.  
The tongue of the bull  
rough  
but warm all over my body  
like a towel.  
How do I cope with my feelings  
when you deliver your ultimatum and drive off to Texas in your jaguar?  
The pools run dry -- are sucked up by the sand.  
The diamonds lie at the bottom,  
like dull salt crystals.  
The skull lying in the desert feels  
the skin thinning  
and tightening into a web  
before it breaks away --  
dried into nothing.  
The eyes --  
the bull's eyes --  
are empty sockets.  
My body dries out  
and becomes a bone scepter  
with which you reign, King of Pentacles,  
from your throne.

GERRIT LANSING

FESTIVAL SONG. (THE NEW YEAR)

Look, the man of rain is burning!  
Everywhere are dancers turning.

Children memorize their friends  
As they go  
As they go  
Turning intricate and slow.

Look, the man of rain is burning!  
The black and winter moon is falling.

Children white and glittering  
Whet their knives  
Whet their knives  
On their rampant private lives.

Look, the man of rain is burning!  
The flame is blue as early morning.

Each child takes his lovely peer  
With tender fright  
In tender fright  
They make sharp love and live in shocks of light.

KENWARD ELMSLIE

ALASKA BLUES

needs must phone an old bald singer  
my song must be heard before I die  
a hair colored auto I will bring her  
so she'll marry me bye-and-bye

needs must leave for the tropics again  
can't get to sleep when the blackbirds caw  
has anyone here seen Sean O'Shen  
he moves like a bus in a nightmare, aw

whilst and whilom, Juneau Mama  
halfbreed trapper in the big nowhere  
when eskimos hum of a green-eyed llama  
the lights go jagged in the Arctic air

needs must phone an old bald singer  
my song must be heard before I die  
a hair colored auto I will bring her  
so she'll marry me bye-and-bye



JOHN WIENERS

## THEN

swing to Topsy, a cool base  
behind the waves.  
What boat do I wait for?  
Easy living  
building up the scale  
like a roof  
out of leaves and grass, taking a breath  
on the reed, the  
end just right.  
And nowhere in sight,  
he says  
expecting it come down  
any second.  
My boat  
from the sky.

JOHN WIENERS

## THE SUICIDE

Yes, I put her away.  
But now life flares up --  
As safe as China in a cup,  
You hear the droppings  
of her heart.

Leaves rustle on the windowpane.  
Three o'clock turns round again.  
The man in the moon grows full  
off her death while earth awaits  
beneath  
to receive her ashes on the wind.

Yes, earth owns the wind  
As I her life  
Whom I have never seen  
Nor been with --  
Still within our hearts there lies  
this unity of  
all that dies  
we held in common  
because with out it

we become more common than the dust.

2.

Clay cannot create her features  
nor mirror reveal her mouth.

Photograph not show her form  
full with blood, so put away

her picture from the shelf;  
and turn instead to living

woman on the couch, decked with flowers  
as if it were she laid out,

and not Sylvia, in the woods.

3.

#### Address to the Woman

Tell her that may not rise again  
she sings still in our breath.

Tell her that may not breathe again  
she moves yet beneath the moon.

Tell her that may not wave again  
her hands are dawns within our eyes.

Tell her that may not speak again  
her words are warnings in the wood.



STEPHEN JONAS

**"GLOUCESTER"**

(Impressions for J. W., III)

As to a trumpet blast  
    reawakend I return to  
places once visited. Old names, streets  
and familiar sights revive of the instant.

Thus are we judged by  
    former knowledge, arising now  
fresh bloomd,  
    from beneath the past tense of  
the subjective cemetery.

Riding, riding, still riding back  
    the subjective omnibus.

Returning from Manchester when  
Mrs. Butler was alive (God rest her)  
with Richard (my ole da et cetera) to  
Oak St., Gloucester. A fine old house  
as his grandfather left it:

    Clapboard, Queen Anne, Federalist  
door brass as the eagle spread; colonial  
ladder-backs; the floor eight or more







ROBERT KELLY

## THE EXTENSE

deer leaping  
in the field we  
walk through  
such a day  
such a sight  
Sunday the  
white tail a  
brown eye  
full of fright  
passes.

## EXERCISES FOR EAR

1.

in trips sweet may  
upon those damsel  
feet of hers

carpets spreading  
green before her  
cowslip & clover

down to banks of  
ever chuckling streams  
of gurgle-happy

waters and the sky  
's one big squash  
of pumpkin smile.

2.

she has summered well  
upon three husbands

& tho' no issue  
of heaven's felicity

as yet presents itself  
to celebrate her past-

time: three mongrel cats  
& one furred mutt, pedi-

greed.

3.

in this same parc  
I saw, broad as day,

two sailors take  
turns in the eighth

geodetic year of  
getting to know

earth-mother while  
two chapters bodily

lifted themselves from  
the King James

Version  
of thou shalt not.

4.

in summer when  
the women  
put their hair up

sitting in pairs  
in this parc  
or they ply

perambulators thru  
wearing shorts  
or in slacks

talking the gabble  
women talk : this  
I also love.





JOHN WIENERS

WHERE FLED

Despair is given me  
as others' daily bread. What wish is this?  
of this stuff fed. Does desperate faith  
bring on incarnation?

The night nurtures  
faith in dawn. But let one creep of light  
disappear from the afternoon and all  
murmur: too soon the darkness falls.

Does dawn come on? We continue on walking  
on. The walls. Are fled by whom.  
The moon? She shines through the blood  
and clouds.

GERRIT LANSING

## THE UNDERTAKING

Don't ask where is Wisdom to be sought as ecstatic music sounds and the  
loving republic lies rotting away  
in polarities confounded, the rites broken and swallowed by public drunkards,  
abominable tones sounding everywhere, Capitol to fairytale Radio City  
Music Halls,  
agriculture only ownership,  
the ministers administers advertteasing heartsease.

Just don't ask.

I won't tell, am feeding my lamb by the still waters,  
but She dances, the Old Girl, yet, where, in the Presence  
and She is the (moist) breath of the godly powers and love is the keeping of  
Her laws  
and She is empty of own-marks, unstopped unproduced. She sings, a  
lotus blue:

"More precious am I than precious stones a treasure that faileth never  
this household is disordered but I am the (sweetly) order of things  
and I am Temperance and Prudence,  
as men can have nothing more profit in their life than Me."



## CONVENTICLE

The people of the Phoenix do not say "the Phoenix"  
and we do not name the Mystery that weaves a parsley garland for the temples  
of the lusters.

(Marshes, mothers,  
the sweet flag fallen and parades move by.

A god is of the nature of the slime;  
he invincibly uprises until on surface of the water suddenly is Water Lily and  
the Child.

Eaters of the Lotus

A man cannot be but enters in some folly:  
if he is saved the direction and the savor is the god who blind as Orphics say  
and dumb is still the Chariot  
we ride in every day  
or drown.

GERRIT LANSING

## TABERNACLES

Over the seagulls and the gull white roofs the music lies like heat  
 to sound and evidence the blessing of the god  
 who inhabits where he favors. Sanctity  
 returns to place, and time picks up the savor of the merely actual.  
 Sexual is almost godly on the beach.  
 The stars are seamen in the hero blue night ancestors  
 who lean through windows of the high school genitals to certify a desperate  
 shibboleth,  
 Pudenda!

Honor is for thieves to countenance  
 as the polity of fish and salt evaporates,  
 and religion universalized: sea salt in old men's eyes who burn horizons  
 endlessly in hope to see the coming of the lissome blond  
 Conquistadors!

The splendid and abasements of the ages come to this:  
 the body of a man or woman robed in faith and mercy seat of gold and ark of  
 testimony.

I have seen the wounds where godhead was expelled:  
 god needs body and burns in unjust anger until the man is faithful and his work  
 be satisfied.

The editor wishes here to thank those whose generosity & help  
made this issue possible

Mr. Deryk Burton  
Mr. John Hays Hammond, Jr.  
Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Lansing  
Mr. Harry Martin  
Mr. Paul Oakley



LeRoi Jones  
Diane Wakoski  
Robert Kelly  
Kenward Elmslie  
John Wieners  
Stephen Jonas  
Gerrit Lansing

"Poets are standing transporters, whose employment consists in speaking to the Father and to matter; in producing apparent imitations of unapparent things, and inscribing things unapparent on the apparent fabrication of the world."

-- The Chaldean Oracles,  
as cited by Emerson