SET

NUMBER ONE PRICE $1
"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.

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#1

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

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cover by Harry Martin
OSIRIS AND SET

members of one Life Boat are
that rides against Chaos,
or into the night goes, driving back
those darknases 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, scattered 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.

* * * * * * * *
ACROSS SPACE AND TIME

If the great outside system - species and stars - proceeds 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 10th 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
STEPHEN JONAS

A REVEL

(for John Fusco)

delirious as tho
of barbitos
I had drunk
and a strange passion
swelling blood into my heart
from my mind
runs the Poem
upon dithyrambic feet
lustily
I cry out in a Poem to you

my sweet will be twenty
on sunday next

upon such feet
of shaggy measure
I come
privily
permitting
it pleases you
a scene by Fragonard
prostrate
to whisper to you
beneath a hedge
as above and about hover
nymphs, naiads and other
demi-beasts of sorts
even to the hushed wings
of pretty doves
fluttering and cherubs
caroling
my amours
repeat
my sweet will be twenty
on sunday next

now in middle March
when the wind
is intemperate still
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

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 breakthrough to the world of forms

by insight
by outsight
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- economics
anthropo-
logia history & prehist,
the "sciences"
linguistics cultsure
mythology "aesthetics"
the Works "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 kultur 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 parfait 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, Jeannes 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, 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

\[
\begin{align*}
twi & \quad di \quad dvi \\
two & \quad duo \quad *duwi \\
ti & \quad (Arm.) \quad \text{dayate ('he divides')} \\
\text{time} & \quad \{\text{opp. in adwaita vedanta} \\
\text{tide} & \quad *di
\end{align*}
\]

B. That Time is Number 2

\[
\begin{align*}
di & \\
\text{schiz} & \quad \text{divide, split} \\
\text{skhizein} & \\
\text{schizen (Middle High Ger.)} & \\
\text{scheissen, scite, shite} & = \text{No. 2}
\end{align*}
\]

\text{ergo, Time is 'filthy lucre'}
DISCOURSE

In Plato's dialogues
Socrates spoke
of that love enraging youth
set by law
to exceed the speed limits
or when lacking motor vehicles they
rape, which is a joke,
or plunder drug stores
or 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 channeld
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,
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
ty 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.
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
but "death is no answer"
for the dead come back:

I agree,

walking among us asking
what are these upright
stone slabs
supporting a third
within the concentric circles
What do they remind me of
that I remember
at the summer solstice
when the dead cast their shadows
among us

with the central illumination we cry out
awake in full horror
remembering
of what we remember
"that was shaped as
this thing is shaped"

the dead come back
walking among us
asking
asking
"what is the question"
(later, man, later)
since it has come in I let it
come in

from whom do we conceal
ourselves
What?
ourselves...
a caged birdie poem:

in life people not they are like arc

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 (c)
-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 if"
& 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
A MAXIMUS SONG

thronged
to the seashore
to see Phryne
walk into
the water
POEM

Discerning every tuft
of mosses underwing,
however crushed or chafed,
star-clear and heaven-young
the quail tranquility
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!
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, groin 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 eggyolk, 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,
ever 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
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.
THE FOOL'S KNOT*

O Fool! begetter of both I and Naught, re-
solve 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 Blind Eye that weeps!
The Upright One in thine Uprightness re-
joiceth -- 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!

* from The Book of Lies
SKIDOO *

What man is at ease in his Inn?
Get out.
Wide is the world and cold.
Get out.
Though hast become an in-itiate.
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.

* from The Book of Lies
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like the poem

sums up the
at any point-moment

like B'iro

PROPERTIES OF THE WORLD