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"

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#2

SET

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

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cover by Harry Martin
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.
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 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.
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.
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,

(1)
ax is

(2)
ax is

2 axes: recap.,
BURDEN OF SET #1

of history, memory
"the outside in"

of magic, no word for,
"the inside out"

analeptic, against time's
proleptic, with time's

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 ascendency 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:
wavering 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 cultural holden 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, transcendentally, 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 halflorn 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 enantiodromically 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," praegnant 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 exteriorized), 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.
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.
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.
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.
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
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.
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.
"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
inches wide, the boards were. Several
generations on the land and with horror of
horrors
concealed in every closet.

His mother a fit of starts and stops
and was shocked that I wanted to go over
to East Gloucester's

Jazz at Storyville moved to
North Shore of the summer. But my "dicky"
suggested instead we go up to see how
Our Lady was doing.

( "Our Lady" (to cue you) was signal to
get the old man's car keys and hi tail it
over to Rockport where the ritual of
the highly mystical quarry
of los abandonadas.

And on weekends
nearly half of
Harvard's Divinity School. )

And it is said that
Rockport's a dry town.

There were other moments too as
when the Blessing of the Fleet and
She goes down to the sea.
Rose & anemone petals
trail out to sunset red
in the aila glow.

There was
the studio in Pigeon Cove where Eleanor
(divine name) declaimed me
"The Four Quartets."

I was brought to my knees
and so it was that I decided for Poetry.

Also there was the matter of
the Old Saltzberger (Old salt in
Gloucester Harbor) and the Burgomaster
we need not go into.

But the cruise about
the harbor of a Sunday and the summer houses
nestled in the cliffs of Annisquam

stay with me.

There was more, much more, tho' mostly
\underline{s'amuse a s'amuse}. Memory she is also
mother of the Muse.

So that The Judgment
that might be finality,
is no more than
Her flowers reawakend to delect us.

My friend,
shall we partake further of that mortal odor?
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 nots.

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.
INVOCATION

1. O generation gone
   thoroughly to seed,
its legislators its heads of states.
A great informal racket
   without instruction incapable of re-
capitulation and no
   distinction between
subject and object
  suffices anymore
to distinguish time
   and place.

Long gaps appear in the
   contours of the language
   (as tho' a mere pencil could
   indicate so much grief.

A language whose word
   of true meaning has been
severely lost.

2. O lady carved in rosewood
   or set in alabaster
   I pray you
   make us again

   the tall grasses
   to bend and part
before your footfall.

Teach us to sin
   and not to sin.
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.
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 adverteasing 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.
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.
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"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