

Bolt & Watson LTD AUTHORS' AGENTS

Chandos House Buckingham Gate London SW1

Enc:

STEEL CANTICLES

by

Maurice Rowdon

steel canticles

by

Maurice

Rowdon

First Canticle

In first love he or she is
 looking through the face of the
 other and beyond the symbols
 of agnosticism scattered about
 the city in the form of houses
 cars alarm clocks

being in love is an exclusive-
 ly christian state The modern
 city's walls of secure steel
 are dreamed away in this state
 of ecstasy which is never re-
 peated in quite the same form
 because it is in the nature of
 a revelation

(a)

the queen

at this time 'she' is a student
 Powerful incubatory growth
 takes place in her at night
 Her present role is to be in
 love with him

from the reservoir of night a
 girl awakes ('have moved
 across the sky my hooves on
 the clouds In light I van-
 ish Must stretch to get/spend/
 take' (alarm clock for seven))

'reservoir of night return to
 night Promise to move me across
 the sky again King help me get
 and spend today for tonight I
 come back She promises that'

home again/'in love'/the re
 servoir of night is punctual black

(b)

the king

'he' is a computer clerk not
 yet nineteen

he on the other hand finds
 only in light his meaning
 His worship yawns awake

his light lies in train win
 dows dusty leaf on bright
 brick 'am getting closer'

(or what the philosophers
 used to call immanent)

newspaper rustle is for him
 the music of getting/spending

a number 17 steel gel lights
 the stage of life for him at
 waterloo station It is cur
 tainrise as he emerges from
 the 7.32 'tonight I shall'

(a number 17 spot creates the
 glitter of sunlight)

he and she drink elbows on
 the clouds She waits to be
 queen of the night but his te
 deum is the clatter and the

boom of the 7.32 upline He
feels he is getting closer
through the music to the score

the being-in-love experience
secures the christian against
a relapse into savagery from
the state of barbarism

Second Canticule

Diotima to Socrates

love is a runner sent
from the gods a glimpse
of what we could not
tolerably enact The
steps of love climb sudd
only up to the light

(Diotima to Socrates)

Like Heliopolis whose
stairs rose out of chaos
to the sun itself
care

⓪

she discovers inner sleep
he in the 7.32 this
escalating stair of love

titania on receiving a runner
woke to love an ass And like
wise he awakes on mellow rail
way line The runner is act
ive he never forgets He is
the only time gods speak to us

love opens our eyes to the
resident light

ass love must however break

(i e gods will not come down
to the earth to play with us)

Socrates to Phaedrus

~~the~~ Love could not be entirely
here The world would roar with
it, would burst our windows, split
with joy the leaf, grow up before
the root, the gas the sta
tion with celebration, we would
dance off the 7.32, kiss the por
ters, waer the morning paper round
our necks, cast off our shoes.

(Socrates to Phaedrus)

Arrow

the runners discreetly come touch
here and there her lively hair
poke this one's sleep and that
one's war to help derange to plant

Our ass love therefore grows ti

tanic belches babies dripping
napkins hot beds naked cities
nights of gazing decades of
~~wanting~~ shiploads of condoms
that make ee-aw and later war.

~~drawn~~
drawing

pain is to the degree
of the pleasure

7

Third Canticle

war is an unfolding for
men who will not grow
They who will not grow
are already in war If
it breaks outside whin
ing spiralling to crash
land it is his whine it
is the crash of his stage
lit by a number 17 gel

or it can happen without
a sound or a sign outside
Can pass behind still eyes

your war can either come
in hoards of the dead who
rise like a hand from the
sheets of the land of the
night or else it can come
in your night not disturb
ing your neighbour's light

depending on your degree
of helplessness i e desire

but in either case outer
or lonely it is the same war

do you understand me? if
you won't grow the war has
begun though you may not hear
you may never know the day
it broke It may have been
in you before you woke Or
else in something you nearly
spoke But the war is the same

in his case the war broke out
on a certain day in september
that being the month planned
for its peace some thousands of
memories ago and the arrival
of the sweetest fruit It broke
out then precisely in order to

the clerk received his call
up papers

achieve sharp contrast i e
number 52 gold plus number
17 steel (sunlight on a sea
son of mists) dashed suddenly
by concussion of bomb behind
the dressing rooms where only
a moment before he and she
walked on their way to the play

(the number 52 spot adds
mellowness to the 17 glitter
denoting autumn)

his army number was 53847

53847 dug with his fingers in
the earth the night was rain
ing hand grenades and singing
mortar bombs After the bombard
ment he manicured his nails
that were full of black earth
and sat thinking about growth

Fourth Canticle

to reiterate So many millions
 fallen in war mean that so many
 grow into death are unfolded in
 to it while others whom it may
 have spared are unfolded into
 further aspects of the war i e
 for some death is the unfolding
 they may not speak of it may only
 know where to look for it and
 suddenly recognise the place the
 whizz that is theirs the meeting

others are gripped by study of life
 They cannot leave it There is so
 much to do no time to bother to hold
 the head in place for the schrapnel
 on its way They are on a journey in
 the land of the ass So much to settle
 they cannot even look up to see what
 shrewd figure it was that passed (but
 it does not matter he will pass again)

some like to study him so to speak
 from this equine side preparing the
 acquaintance slowly not rushing in

But some rush as if all their wish
 had been since birth to fly to his
 shrewd arms Dare I say that we are
 free? And some stroll smiling to him

the time of death is
 chosen as a step in
 development

Fifth Canticle

choosing means 'what I have done'
My will is heaped up for all to see
it is vivid behind me what I decid
ed These memories are your will
They are its pictures An event is
the will unfolded To read your will
read the event Item a fornication
item another one item a nightmare
item some pain unaccounted for item
a yearning item a burning item a
war item a wound item a happiness

i e imagine an endless display of
objects any of which you may choose
Now the items you choose will sure
ly display what your interests are

dare I say you are free repeat free?

you may notice also that an event
is a number of dots in the past which
is brought into composite picture by
the desiring mind Therefore in this too
the will is exercised unfolding itself
in what it snatches from the flood

first I have acted thus selecting
then I have remembered thus select
ing a second time Will is selection

When the force of circumstance is
great and we are all but crushed
our selection has been dire (deter
mined) a stark and absolute narrow
ing of the flood to the point of rage

This is none other than the rage of war

Sixth Canticle

the queen of the night said good
bye to her king now a number and
began to forget him the instant
the glasgow fog caressed his boat
and then expunged it from her light

thus showing that she too had chosen
her war For with her mind she
knew him still but no longer in her
night where war began to wage She
promptly took a downlines train ir-
onically a 7.32 and from that time
she spoke of him as 'was' and 'did'

She made the mistake of thinking that
only his number had been wrong and
that somewhere lay a Bottom with a
different number on it or even a num-
ber of Bottoms waiting for titania to
open her eyes and fall in love again

she realised she was
no longer in love

Titania now saw that
Bottom was an ass after
all

That was her war and she waged it
night and day It was done with bull-
etts of thought and schrapnel of de-
sire The plan of campaign was cool

and number followed number in Bott-
omless succession until titanic the

discharged sheets the shellholed
pillows the recce parties shot up

ROMA TENAX

C.M.F.A.B.R.I.A.N.O.

Seventh Canticle

53847 in battle

I
 The black night he saw the blacker not
 because of the blackness but men in the ~~iv~~
~~blackness~~ in their thousands waiting like
~~him~~ to tear the silence not with music but
 screams the wail of projectile thump the
 splash the crash and none wanting it but
 everyone enlivening it with bayonet flash
 with splash of foot with flesh with schrap
 nel flame with gasp, as if they were hearing
 only now the voice they had spoken with
 in all these years the thunder, the shout
 the crash of ~~the~~ words to ~~their~~ ~~wives~~ ~~to~~
~~their~~ mothers the splash of ~~their~~ aims the
 bombs ~~of~~ ~~their~~ sleep the choices ~~made~~ ~~sil-~~
~~ently~~ and ~~satisfied~~ ~~now~~ in too terrible
 manner and all at the age of twenty ~~or so~~?

me
hidden

✓

how
are we
pushing

for

grim

~~still~~
~~to read~~

Eighth Canticle

The earth woke groaning / its live
 men moaning / the trees mourning / the
 animals dumb / the rivers stained /
 the air remembering / The new veils
 of light / that came ¹ / the morning
 seemed not to wish to know ~~acknow~~ ^{now}
~~ledge~~ the steel tantrums / of the
 night before / the splash the gasp the
 spurt the unbelief of the hit and
 the unhit's terrible belief in black
~~dark.~~

the morning after
his first battle

^{rose}
 Dawn was his teacher ^{the way 2.} It crept ~~through~~
 cross a haystack ~~he~~ was leaning on
 in golden veils, it came it ~~melted~~
 with the ^awhirling russet mist that
 came / from the blood / in the earth
 of men / like ~~me~~ who unlike ~~me~~ had
 gone beyond to find new teachers,
 leaving for some remembering time /
 their flesh to fester before / it
 grew again in haystack mist / and ri
 sing sun to ~~teach~~ the other / flesh
 that had asked to stay to hear / what
 message might in the light conveyed
~~itself~~ to live men groaning and
 trees mourning and the animals dumb

still live
living

Target

earth

still.

Ninth Canticle

Steel



the origins of steel

Steel was indeed the new reality. A million voices were raised, girders unsprung themselves from ~~tight~~ spirals in wombs in the earth, deep concepts love The air with straightness formed new platforms/going skywards supported balanced/sustained taking the strain.

Steel was born. It was hoped for, dreamed about. Steel cities shone long before its birth in many minds in tents and caves and brick hall, Songs were secretly sung to sustain ing, ~~to straightness~~ supporting to taking the strain to surface gleam

It dreamed

It supporting, It straightness

steel was a concept nursed in the mind centuries before it came to material fruition

steel is a sight for the eye not to forget, it is higher than dreams, its surfaces hum, so tense ~~are they~~ They can soar propel they can drill it can contain it holds it shatters, they it makes scream, it is the jagged piece in the leg, the gasp, ~~the end of ass~~

~~steel can itself scream it can rush towards a steel or fleshly objective~~

wonderful

its

h

steel can itself scream it can rush ^{to}
towards a steel or fleshly objective
always with the same steel intent, It
can wail in the night cause winds and
hearts ~~to beat~~ and mouths ~~to wait~~ It
can split the air and all impediments
remove ~~to~~ its impeccable government

from

steel is indeed the new dispensation
it was not formulated in a night it
grew was nurtured suspended for a
time and taken up again Fresh minds
applied to it until one day the flower
was cupped in the hand and dawn was
loud with steel music steel spheres

steel can be tempered to various de
grees of hardness for cutting sustain
ing It grew with the growth of hard
thought Bronze would not have done
nor honest iron Nor copper sounding
brass would have served this bent of
hardness Nor would stone have done

Tenth Canticle

The Night after the Battle

~~the night after the battle~~ The dead have not yet been brought in. They can be seen through binoculars by the living.)

~~stillness comes to the field The distant watchers sleep The trees drip there being rain, No one notices how the mist rolls not preuming by so much as a touch or a nudge on the trees the wire the four men lying faces down, frastly as they were shot their conversation still in progress in silence, close together for protection, the untalkative sky quite dominant now its praise secure while these four men lie no longer in pain, so they choose to remain, their rifles in no fighting position nor their lanyards more than water conductors now, and the stillness adamant the sleep complete the mist unhindered the river in flow (not one drop was impeded one gurgle suppressed by war) while those men are alive and asleep who might be lying face down and those face down might still have been asleep and both in stillness this adamant night~~

supply
no longer
they
choose

and
still
This night
silence

we

COPYRIGHT

MONT LEMAX

Eleventh Canticle

Early



Early there is militance he finding he is not loved she finding it is not she he loves though he loving and she loving yet love there is not ~~it does not lie between them~~ and there in the gap the military enters, the shocker, the iron interferer stakes his camp despite and although and notwithstanding the love desired the love intended There is early strategy early aforethought

a glance back to when he and she were nineteen

Early there is sorrow he finding that something said led to ~~strong~~ effects he did not intend and she in her dreams aware ~~that roots are blindly putting down that grow to entangling weeds although she said not a word, intending nothing~~ They walked as always arm in arm and the passers by said how young how bright the love how it tints their hair and lifts their feet and smiles in them

7) much

7) the use for she said

Early there is recognition he finding that what he desires is not what he wills that what he ~~desires~~ in her is not what he wills her to be and she finding that what she desires of herself is not what she is, what she wills

loves

but

Early they recognise that someone else is there at their side, an iron third, a maker of verdicts they dare not express but which ~~they know~~ are their own
let us see no weapons please, this one.

Twelfth Canticle

The Wires are Cut

and so new dreams begin new bodies
are conjured up the nights are full
of unexpected armies on the move to
unknown landscapes Voices are soft
with new invitations sophistications

the flesh that seemed only yesterday
young is obsolete now discarded by
the dream that has advanced to other
camps and these in hard deployment
mud confusion alarm in the night

the kiss that not two days before
was fertile now gives dust it hints
of operations skirmishes The heart
is surrounded now the wires are cut
and no communication to the rear

the bed that gave its flowers fruit
is ~~divided into~~ secret campments now
with undeciphered flashes muffled taps
of sappers underground It is cold the
flesh quivers ~~The War has begun~~
is at large

Spill

✓
they leave each other
before the physical
separation takes place

Thirteenth Canticle

to go back to the beginning did I say
that war was in precise degree to the
love? that ass love mounted its own con-
ditions of aggression infiltration its
unsuspected propagandas heard in dreams
in thoughts quickened suddenly in the
bed? alarmed prostrate the panting heart
because caught out though party to?

did I say that the smack of kiss the
thud of the rump the nights of skir-
mishing the hands the bellies the cries
of infants and the sky seen by lovers
at a windowsill like a jewelled cloth
and then the lonely one who is touched
by so much touching moved to cry by so
much crying did I say these are warnings?

did I say that detonations heard in the
dead of the night then forgotten in turn-
ing back to the ass's side are the first
telling clink of metal on hip the move-
ment of men the starting of trucks the
flares the muffled orders in the dark
the arrival of important leaders whose
faces we do not like or recognise?

what connection~~s~~ has been made what se-
cret roads? what agents paid messages in
cipher diplomatic channels can conjoin
so opposite stations as love and war?
so different climates languages abodes
one to the exclusion of the other as
black to white? But do we not make war
on those we know? Is battle not a link?

I mean do we not understand each other's
smallest pass and stance do we not share
our weapons explosive powder type of
gun the uniform the colourful map do we
not need to know the enemy in ourselves
indeed to love him if we are to win?
Is there not some intimacy oath between
the two that binds the lovelorn ass to kill?

Fourteenth Canticle

did I also say that ass love augments in
 times of division danger civil suspicion
 that fear is its spouse that the man with
 nudes on the wall is longeared with war
 that the soldier's dream is heavy sad with
 promised fornications that the enemy and
 women are become the same that the sexes ~~in~~
 lie in the grip of battle barbed their kisses
 bristling their eyes with armament their bed
 treeless under patrol disinfectant quicklime?

in times of ambition is ass love the irritant
 comfort bane? Does ambition cut forge
 make a straight line waken in the sleeping
 night does it shock spring surprises am
 bushes? Does it study the unexpected make
 demands storm the house the bed? Can it
 stop gorging devouring what the quiet night
 gives i e the sighs of others their art their
 desiring? Does it only yield to sickness
 sleep and death which are its evil trinity?

is war ambition? ass love the fruit of am
 bition? desire the body's ambition hate
 the same? So let a moment of ambition enter
 the child and there you have strategy the
 battle lines are set recce sections put out
 the oceans sounded quiet nights explored for
 enemy the paths wirematted mined the white
 tapes laid for guidelines sentries out all
 movement cautious fires damped the eyes a
 forward observation post directing fire

Ambitious society is ^walays military in the
 end Make ambition the centre the mark of
 the man and you bring forward captains ad
 visers on deployment generals hungry to en
 gage large forces get on the move NCOs re
 sentful of higher command officers in their

nice gradations bent on getting to nicer
self-displaying grades You get the mur
der unheard in the middle of the night the
failure of hearts due to causes unknown

ambition loves what the other man requires
It requires his disruption sometimes his
dismemberment liquidation Its battles are
private its tactics to encircle what the
other will supply an embrace or a place or
a pair of dead shoes It aches to hold to
stake a flag its desires are operations
It is hate It is ceaseless war no entrench
ment satisfies no new line or breach can be
counted victory Its battles spawn new lines

it chooses a wife by her parts but on her
side too her parts have their planning staff
their quarters in the blackout heart Am
bition has its unseen maps its wild territ
orial claims its busy agents who work at night
for their appointed parts they do not trust
they wake in the trusting marriage bed with
masked soft-footed commando thoughts that
do the sabotage and then are gone And when
they wake they ache to find no love is there

Fifteenth Canticle

when shells splash hollow out the
 earth scorch grass the wounded from
~~their~~ stretchers abandoned by their
 bearers cry stop please stop but
 steel permits no courses ~~but~~ the
 straight no incidental last minute
 appeal to alter arrangements temper
 the speed soften the arrival No
 voice is enough to unmake the glor
 ious crash dreamed once by ~~other~~ smiling
 brains ~~and even spoken of by voices~~
~~just like these that crying in the~~
~~night are not ashamed to address~~
~~the steel like children crying stop~~
~~please stop but flying steel cannot~~

when lighted bullets spray the night
 in floating arcs their clatter knows
 no obstacle their darts are not polite
 they do not yield for persons trees
 they only bow to walls of other steel
 which being consanguineous they make
 a peace and bullet spent tinkles down
 to friendly earth ~~but~~ meeting men
 it does not pause ~~look back~~ ~~brain~~
 a past a youth is easy for its passages
 It comes from men to men but is not
 of them Steel ~~is ambition the cutting~~
~~thought the dream that does not pause~~
~~for those who dreamed it being higher~~
~~faster straighter more consistent in~~
~~its parts than all its dreamers~~ It
 does not wither it does not bend a
 sudden ~~compassionate~~ ear to cries ~~from~~
 below ~~It measures~~ ~~It conveys~~ ~~It~~
 howls like men who dream of power It
 is a vision ~~It was made by men was fash~~
~~ioned in their hands to be unyielding~~
~~even to themselves~~ ~~It came from trying~~
~~not to yield~~ It is the end of youth
 It brooks no waywardness no whim No
 kiss was ever known to capture it

Sixteenth Canticle

the industrial revolution
1750-1850

John Keats

born,

~~steel too was grown / it put down roots It germinated / winds propelled its seed Its shape grew by love attention thought in the night by care like that for babies And then came the birth the winged apparition fleet of foot revolving unnamed the clean the that which did not shit make a mess except what could be cleared in a moment by fellow steel Like words like lullabies it came The earliest steel dreams were wafted through the fields and mostly other men were unaware of them They took the silence as just itself and not a growing vibrating a fertilisation a preparation Yes steel was once a loving dream & folly nursed in the guarded heart It grew from the mating of dreams / And then came forth from bed from pregnant silences a living child of steel~~

came

Seventeenth Canticle

Someone is hammering A dog has
 barked Quickfiring bores are
 pulled they gleam again Boots
 are scraped of last night's blood
 and mud There is work to do
 Someone is whistling This is a
 workshop The bushes are thick
 with next year's fruit Tea is
 being brewed and enemy tunics
 turned over in the hand And
 stained letters found in another
 language And new letters written
 on living knees The earth steams
 Metal gleams Trees drip The
 field is glad The grub will soon
 be up It smells announce that
 the field is home and even sane

✓
 refitting after the
 battle

he begins to finger her photograph
 and think how the sunlight falls
 through the window of a house not
 yet, in a place not yet, With a
 person not yet, But for convenience
~~the girl in the photograph He~~
~~needs it as a pass to softness hum~~
~~ming dreams Having escaped night's~~
~~steel he now unsteels himself in~~
~~the ass love of day He thinks~~
~~when we get back home but steel~~
~~is watching decreeing home is a~~
~~name it abnegates That was the~~
~~dream it came to shoot clean through~~
~~the night And now the four men~~
~~face down no longer lie in talk~~
~~We call them dead and gone from us~~

→ the dead have been buried
 and the wounded entailed
 how is the time.

Eighteenth Canticle

This is no place for thinkers to
~~collect~~ ~~The Evening talk is no~~
longer here There are strolling
patrols they will pick off a
thinker or two It is best to be
under cover this is not the
society for you It is an after
math of other thought than yours
These are its squares its sys
tems shrewd encampments Only
thought could have envisaged
such regularity could have taken
the place of stones The fields
are hard with them They make
no room for more They fill with
flatweight Nothing short of
absolute destruction will allow
a fresh congregation of thinkers
here They gather not disciples
but avalanches whirlwinds meteors

fr

Nineteenth Canticle

steel brings its people into the world
 its especial and elect ~~its children~~
 They cannot be included any more in
 that venerable hierarchy ranging from
~~the primal procreative powers to the~~
~~dense rock in all its~~ varying degrees
 of breathing, and ~~root-laying creature~~
 They have broken rank They would comm
 itt on nature the anti-natural law and
 They can no longer be relied upon to
 observe the subtle etiquettes of inter
 dependent creatures For instance you
 will observe that under attack from its
 own kind ~~the cat the wolf the tiger~~
 prowling genet will if weaker lie on
 its back to denote ~~surrender~~ And the
 Etiquette operates on the muscles mind
 of the attacking creature makes him
 withdraw, freezes his action But The
 child of steel will press the attack
 even harder Indeed the surrender is
 his invitation His mind has come un
 stuck from the general plan He perceives
 no etiquette but that of his ambition
 and this may demand the liquidation
 of the surrendering creature He will
 not pause to dispense with what appears
 to him an elaborate finesse and over-
 done polite ~~pass~~ inbred protocol, ~~and~~
 generate observance of sweet hierarchies,
 he can ill afford and which give him
 the creeps For steel does not tempor
 ise, it spans projects supports its e
 quilibrium is stout autonomous ~~unwav~~
 ing its etiquette is geometrical Its
 courtiers are as highly strung as the
 steel support itself They are hiers
 to a flesh they feel unhappy with.
 They feel no safety in this world.
 They have to have the support a steel
 design will give Thus Creatures of
 steel need conflict flames distress
 not because they love it which no man

~~adjective~~ 5)
 embryo to rock

then)

Pax.

wild

a local or extended

the they

and

or structure

to

answer

could

~~can but having smarted from steely
darts in earliest years they woke to
its touch they recognised a certain
unyielding gaze and this they began
to see wherever they looked and even
in trees And their own eyes too in
seeing such manifold coldness became
as cold and thus it happens that a
populace of steel is born and looks
identical In self-defence they fight
and promise to get even with the other
guy They make him put up his paws
and quarter is not given or received~~

will

general
to the/d death, they
will make the child?
1/2 put...

is it

and surrender, quarter is...

amen.

Twentieth Canticle

secure quiet in villages breeds
the hope of disturbance The hope
breeds the disturbance itself And
this (in villages now become sub
urbs) breeds insecure quiet which
in turn breeds fear of disturbance

with the birth of steel
the last silent villages
disappear

they become dreamed

thus steel serves both the market
of hope and the market of fear

hence its success in places where
fear of its coming is uppermost

for proportionate to the fear is
the hope These are the male and
female progenitors of all steel

in the eighteenth century
Enlightenment and Revol-
ution were the fear/hope--
fear at one moment, hope
at another, fear in one
man and hope in another,
breeding steel for all

Sv. Julian

~~the child Steel quiets mother and
father for a time but will committ
saint julian's crime mistaking mother~~

the parental

for wife and father for a lover in his marital bed Remember the anguished cry of Julian's wife when she saw what had been done i.e. mother and father slain by their only son.

Steel^{is} like the saint^{iv} establishes a hospital in penance for the deed, The cancer-cutting steel is the penitent aftermath of the steel war

being ~~thus~~ ~~thus~~

7 + steel war

OMIABRIANO

7-14-1945 steel series

Twenty-first Canticle

it is no use looking in the war itself
for solutions, causes, plans of escape.
Its steel will only ordain a steel
peace and steel hearts will ask for
steel rewards fixed wages central
heating lifts to the top ~~steel~~ enter
tainments ~~films television~~ with their
promise that somewhere hearts are beat
ing not of steel but steel is their
source their component their benedict
ion it is tripod dolly lens ~~support~~
it glides on ~~steel~~ it tracks it zooms in
the scene is cut with shining scissors
in first the mind and then the studio ©



the 1945 revolution

XABET ANOR

OMIABRIANO

Twenty-second Canticle53847'

K

53847 being in the memorandum of agreement named the first part hereinafter called the soldier saw the second part hereinafter called the dying man with holes in his back lying face down at the last gasp

'write a deed of gift
with thine own blood'

and cried without sound or tears at the barn door while a black shawled woman smaller than he by half mourned loudly in his place it being her inherited rustic duty to do the wake even for a stranger

he of the first part could only make silent water with his eyes because he could not understand he did not see the connection between the love he had made not long since and this dying part

he did not know that these were his desires his nights exploded into deep black holes in another man's back lying stomach down in a barn trying an offered cigarette but the thin white tube swelled red

no man's help no quotation of innocence not the child he had been nor mother's appeal nor city noise could rescue ~~him~~ from the clause of the memorandum in which it was stated that there was a living and a dying part

the dying boy

'My army number.

nor rescue the living part from
his failing to understand decipher
the place in the covenant where
the precise relation had been set
down confirmed and duly signed in
his own blood ~~his love desires for~~ was

is it written 'with a deed
of sign with three men hooded and
~~gather~~ ^{pick up} 'thy unit on'?

the command

Twenty-third Canticle

a glimpse of civilisation
is a glimpse of the pre-
steel state

Serenissima

Venice a city settled inside a
golden lake danced to herself, she
talked to the sky, to the reticent
walls of mist that came to seal
her off from landlocked enemies

It only happened from time to
time that along with the waters,
the refuse lapping against the
patient stones, came thoughts that
were harder than iron, more durable

but then they were laid to sleep
in gondolas along the flat lagoon
where no ripple tree nor tower
resisted the sky, her courtship, ^{the} ~~for~~ ^{curly}
to brother earth, her sympathy

but because of the iron thoughts
she fired the cannon first and
wrecked the parthenon which like
cassino fell thus early to ~~the~~ a
man's steel if most serene ambition

hence the fall of Venice
1796-1950 and the rise of
Maghera the chemical works

ten kilometres away on
the mainland 'the poisonous
heads of whose envenomed
body have breathed a pest-
ilence on us all'

CWLEYEBITMO

MONY LEMOX

Higher Mathematics
~~The Higher Mathematics~~

Twenty-fourth Canticle

War

~~steel~~ is love of a straight line of confinement limitation. Being squared-in it offers the maximum sharp angle, most resistant frontier to winds, a shield to imagination a hard front to the unpredictable.

Even a circle, in seeming to offer concentric repetitions of itself, in endless ripples that might extend to infinity, is unsympathetic to the first progenitive dream of

War ~~steel~~ that beckoned like a friend

War ~~this~~ saw endless ~~stuff~~ ^{material} to be confined hemmed-in such as thoughts and kisses, hours lost in the waters of a lake, ~~at night~~ to give them ~~shape~~ a mark to see them by ~~for~~ the long unwritten days, eternity

War

steel came for the unsafe, the unsteady of foot, the leaning, the bent who would have broken sticks and staves and stumbled on brick, on cobble, on imperfect stone,

War

steel was the prayer for a moment of squared and confined life in

which to settle the terms of a
difficult journey to compass-read
confer on it within safe walls

the first clear decision to
take this journey was in the
eleventh century with the
first appearance of what
came to be called the middle
class namely the explorers
the conceivers the ones who
thought across the fields of
the closed domain to the
next town (i e trade)

and then to the next ocean
and then to the next planet
all the time more and more
encased in steel

the desire to explore begins
from doubt

wa
steel was the mineral friend ^{Journey} the
for a journey out of chaos of
unsurveyed night out of sight night
and sound that offered no bright
no clearly right ^{circled} communicate

↓
, dark and nightingaled,

the first explorations of
Mexico or New Spain were
marked by an intense desire
on the part of the settlers
to make a closed system safe
for the Spaniard against the
foreigner, for the Church
against the pope, for New
Spain against Old Spain

from this first insemination
steel America grew

the steel mind sees life as
things to be done

Twenty-fifth Canticle

steel was designed not to dissolve
 It intended a perfect projection of
 the mind neat static not given to
 the troubles stains the forgetful
 evolutions of the landscape the
 known already worked such as wood
 as rivers pryers stone buttresses

but steel being iron plus an alloy
 has the mineral property of having
 emerged from many untiring dissol
 utions of deep packed shelves of
 leaves and skeletal structures pro
 cessed in a design perhaps more
 complete than even manufactured
 steel and thus implacably given
 to its evolutions which lead again
 to further dissolving evolving

like the brain too like the imagin
 ation like the nerves which have
 the mineral properties of emerging
 from sundry dissolutions over the
 millenia and will go their way
 even the perfect design the sure ~~straight~~
 straight line too dissolves and
 crooked grows even steel the shining
 the clear the everlasting to their
 grave in new delight must emigrate

so it happens that straight dark war
 with her aimed prjectiles only curving
 to the degree entailed by curve of
 mother earth will dissolve her sharp
 her cutting stripping and blasting ob
 jectives in the shape of a twenty-year
 boy who henceforward will not raise

his arm his voice his mind to any
hurt So that here in order to a
chieve the dissolving of violent
intent a disrobing of power a war
has been engaged a disturbance of
millions of children philosophers
and populations of every colour in
order to beget a particle of peace

Twenty-sixth Canticle

in the meantime women would seem
the antithesis of ~~steel~~ but this is
not the case Consider ~~steel's~~ hard
dependability, ~~and her~~ desire in times
of threat for increasing firmness
The male and female are the same not
opposite poles They are one alloy

war
war's
its

panic

so war^s provided the opportunity for
much exchange of hard penetrations
deep experiment in the choice of the
right breeding combination this being
the natural selecting operation in
times of private distress and massive
~~public~~ displacement of population

thus when steel was acclaimed it be
came the sine qua non of the bed
The male spear had to have a steel
tip for its thrust to bring steel
babies forth however deep the wound
the crying flesh the wailing in the
night Take the lover of number 53847
how quickly she learned (in fact in
three or four days from his depart
ure) choosing at once to be what she
could not recognise in herself namely
a soldier no less than he She went
from breach to breach undoing male
defences claiming heavy casualties
on the other side and like a man she
mourned the wounded and the dead her
triste post coitum being a triste
post mortem much like that of 53847

in the old days we used to say that
iron entered a man but the steel re
volution in its cleanliness made poss
ible not even regret nor a modicum

of bitterness disappointment to
bring on the state of steely quiet
the suspended fidelity the isolation
the apparently safe separation be
hind gleaming fences of desire

Newton was the philosopher
of the steel revolution

the lutheran revolution in
Germany, the industrial
revolution in England, the
french revolution were
simply three phases in the
development of the steel
revolution

Twenty-seventh Canticle

a period of hospitalisation will be necessary in view of the pollution of the air by ~~combustible liquids~~ the ~~decimation of animals in millions of roaring halls~~ the withered the blast-shattered bowel of the earth, the corrupted sea, the disorientation of the upper atmosphere and ~~thus~~ the displacement of the seasons, the broken weather the broken heart, the aborted, the poisoned crop, the flood, the holocaust

the quaking bones.



one,

next page
(Mystic)

newtonian doctrine proved poor science in taking no account of hidden vibrations and radiations. It tried to reduce life to the simple plane of the seen and the thought

with disastrous consequences when it came to be applied

but revolution is only made possible by a quick corruption of the truth

~~This hospitalisation for which the earth is at present groaning does not imply a return to nature because on the level of separable objects however manufactured distilled synthetic invented computerised nature is never departed from in any case~~

Only the revolution the application
of doctrine i e the thought the quest
the journey is a departure from nature
and requires the necessary rethinking

the birth and devel-
opment of the idea of
progress is precisely
correspondent with the
birth and development
of steel

under the steel revolut-
ion the Ganges, Euphrates
and Nile peoples are
judged to have done no
more than languish in
the picturesque

war is the kernel of the
idea of progress

the most clamorously
progress-believing
peoples are the ones who
make most war

war is the climax of
progress because progress
was a simple contract of
war on the environment

war is conducted in the
air, the waters, inside
the body, the mind

it is a state not a
circumstance

progress is the achieve-
ment of total war

the instruments of battle-music, the
shooting up, the hollowing out, the scorch
of ~~grass~~, the blasting, the chemical with-
ering, were each a string on ~~steel's~~
W

manifold bow and one day would make
a total harmonic contribution (given
~~time and~~ the right conductors) to
the production of a final and single
instrument that would make all music
rise to one last definitive crescendo,

~~called by some Hiroshima~~
named by some Hiroshima .

HIROSHIMA

Twenty-eighth Canticle

all the revolutions
tributary to that of
steel (namely the lutheran
the industrial and the
french) stem from the
mediaeval schools

the newtonian doctrine is
a picture of life as int-
ellectual for this reason

pure the aspiration straight the
flight but a little question of
the displacement of air the ex
haust the pollution of conceptually
annoying particulars such as lungs
nervous system eardrums and other
soft propensities were overlooked
on the basis of a giant error comm
itted early in the scholastic argu
menta namely that the world was
intellectually created grew itself
from concepts But this was fast
disproved by the very minds believ
ing it and soon it was seen that
life is not necessarily mathemat
ical nor infinite concepts the
edges of finite facts and that
the idea of a fixed creation a der
tag on which it was all rigged
and shipshaped into bursting action
then launched and let slide into
the consciousness was rot And
this entails a period of hospital
isation given the frightful gap
between the application and the ~~XXXXXX~~
facts the concepts and the uncon
ceived the given the humming the
throbbing of the whole machine

the backward peoples who took over the ruins of the Roman empire ignorant even of the first principle of personal cleanliness (hence the plagues) needed a long journey of self-discovery

their starting point was Golgotha

the concept of the clock (i e the safe ticking off of the silent pool of time in regular beats) and the concept of zero or infinity (the silent pool itself) were both mental innovations of the mediaeval monasteries They were the twin root of the steel revolution They were an effort to contain life inside a system of the mind i e a schedule It was demanded by the organisation of religious life into community forms ~~for the first time in christendom~~ The monks gathered together against the darkness of the age (and the barbarian darkness inside themselves)

Thus the steel revolution--- through all its later schedule-tightening convulsions whether lutheran industrial or jacobin--- was always and exclusively a theological matter

Twenty-ninth Canticle

hiroshima exploded history
 To try to collect up the
 bits into one order suggest-
 ing forethought and control
 became rdiculous

the disturbance of radio~~active~~-
 active balance means the
 disturbance of all natural
 processes

you can guard against the dis-
 ruption of seasons by means of
 central heating insulated fur
 lined boots electric blankets
 double windows fitted carpets
 sunray lamps pickmeups sauna
 baths massages and also air con-
 ditioning for the sudden summer ~~summer~~ *freak*
 day in heart of autumn not to
 mention the frost in the dog
 days But plants require sure-
 ly many years of indoctrination
 technical guidance gentle as-
 sistance in understanding the
 nature of our epoch in which
 astonished they find themselves
 preparing in dark winter earth
 the sap the root for peeping e-
 mergence in spring and high per-
 formance in summer without ~~the~~ *such*
 seasons being ~~necessarily~~ there.
 having only the poor and insuff-
 icient guidance of many millenia
 behind them the technical assist

ance of only stars the moon the
 raging sun and timely irrigations
 made by rain and blind mineral
 activity and busy worms and winds
 that prune decay inseminate, *how*
can they compete with man & war?

best/

in the old-style weather
 Italy was the balanced zone
 between the harsh Sahara
 oven and the cold Atlantic
 Rome (an Etruscan site) was
 once said to be the ~~best~~
 choice man ever made for a
 city given its position
 between the mountains and
 the sea The Italian sun
 used to rise like a gong in
 the sky and remain steady
~~in a blue sky~~ Its steadiness
 gave rise to an arrog-
 ance of flesh among the
 people which it is hard to
 imagine now When the old-
 style balance collapsed
 the Mediterranean fulcrum
 disappeared and Italian
 weather became as unpred-
 ictable as any north of the
 Alps And Italy became a
 northern country in all
 senses Latinity became
 an anachronism

when the possibility of
 sound health ceased Italy
 ceased

Italians say 'prosperity
 has brought us anguish'
 The steel revolution gives
 first the sugar and the
 sheen and then the bitter
 core

(n b the communist revolut-
 ion is the steel revolution
 enacted suddenly and very
 late in a feudal society)

ON THE 17TH

FOR THE 17TH

for a time America was
the sugar and the sheen
for many millions inside
and outside the American
continent

alone with two thieves he
hung During the night
the thieves understood
him

ON THE 17TH

FOR THE 17TH

Thirtieth Canticle

nations make music Hearts
~~in many places sing~~ The
 withered vine the cactus
 burned by cold, the olive
 nipped in the flower their
 music make. So let despond
 ency not dim your tune. Be
 not overruled by these our
 multiple deaths, ~~demise of~~
~~chemical initiative in the~~
~~delving root~~ the smile For
 orchestras will ring despite
 the fall Surcease of sap
 cannot stop their song but
 rather make new harmonies



the steel revolution has
 cheated today's child of
 place Hence his burning
 resentment which can find
 no words

the steel revolution was an
 assault on belonging

Thirty-first Canticle

ie the steel revolution like all revolutions was a crude statement of something that later looked very much like its opposite (rather as the french revolution claimed democracy and established a class)

but in steel we are dealing not with the hard square angled as it seems at first Not with the neat original scheme by which the wild heart aimed to be structured kept confined dependable

steel was not only a dream to render finite that which threatened to escape beyond the due measure or rather the measureable Steel aimed to extend to break beyond the place the hot centre confined circle the home the birth the death the daily sound of work the expected and the accepted the purring silences of truth by explosion thrust establishment of intricate bodies for higher than the eye could hope or the mind contain or wild heart love

steel was what tore up

the old apparently for
a new fixed order but in
fact for the denial of
symmetry

the steel revolution was a
reorganisation of the
nervous system i e we can
now stand much greater
speeds changes of climate
situation friend or home
than any previous creature
We are not whole as they
We are not truly made
We have simply grown this
layer We have come this
far to reach where the
Chinese were three thous-
and years ago

Thirty-second Canticle

the steel man derives great comfort if not erotic exultation from acceleration Hence his willing incarceration in the automobile and his pride in its silent transformations window-slidings hushed spurts at the touch of a digit

the man of steel sees the past as a successive climbing to the final realisation of a now static if always improving kingdom of steel scalpels engines clever computers pills to bring off and put on not to say revolvers He prides himself on an unflinching reaction to anything new provided it is of a steel that is clearly structured nature and not invisible magnetic non spatial immeasurable for the cool mind

thus the puritan revolution (which created America as a steel dream) was the essence of the steel revolution The puritan revolution in England caused the industrial revolution there just over a century later It was the adoption of the steam engine that won the American states their independence and their victory against the south

the famous disgust of the steel man towards his own odours not to say his love slime was nothing but a criticism he was making of his own barbaric state and therefore a rise from it He was shedding the body escaping its grip

the so-called dark age following the breakup of

the Roman cities and their middle class and their gods and their memory of Greece never opened at any stage into light

some further dark ages transpired At no point was a christian civilisation achieved

the steel man saw steel forms as the unfolding of long historical processes making us the crown of achievement in what might be called his sleepwalk of hegelianism

everything from the spinning jenny to the moonlight is the barbarian's idea of glamour

all his enterprises have been cloaked military operations including TV films the loudspeaker

if there has been any hegelian or unfolding historical theme in our past it was the gradual enrolment of every creature no matter what his village enclave club in the world military enterprise of the last two thousand years

those men most hegelian i e most fixed in the illusion of progress become the cruellest war leaders (the german torch passed into american hands via the british empire)

far from light having grown over the centuries from a dark beginning there was at first a Greek light of Mesopotamian origin (which was in turn of Indian origin) which shone in the deserts of the Thebaid (Paul, Antony, Pachomius) and then seemed smaller and smaller as the darkness of the next two thousand years grew round it A religion in Christ's name has not yet been mooted let alone a civilisation been based on it

history i e development in time was therefore our idea (embedded in our 'civilisation')

the word christian cannot describe a civilisation because it means war

Christ defined this in his 'I bring not what you assume to be peace but the sword#'

A period of high fever sweats out our poisons

in the east flu is called the cleansing disease It attacks most frequently those sunk in self-indulgence They require a fever to shed their poisons That was true of the barbarians who took over the Roman empire That is the reason for the steel revolution

flu is one of the many

private or fleshly aspects of
Christ's 'sword'

the steel man saw connection
only in terms of the system
of his senses I e to be real
a thing had to be seen touched

the scientists thus superseded
(to his astonishment) the steel
man locked in a visionary yet
no less false version of self

'science' merges into an
exploration of the non-sensual
areas

pageant science i e the moon-
flight is that craved by the
steel man

moonflight is moonfright

the steel man taking fright
at himself undoes the hardness
thus achieving a hitherto un-
surpassed compassion calm

the adoption of long hair and
loose clothes may mark the con-
version of the steel man Short
is the Roman model imitated by
those disposed to the military
version of life

hair /

in the eighteenth century vast
wigs were mounted on natural
hair to signify the abundance
of feeling before it was cut
short by the steel revolution
in its final stages

the barber often finds himself
in an attitude of vengefulness
towards the hair under his comm-
and

the more reactionary the society
the more the barber identifies
himself with his steel

the first steel men the steel dreamers were the weak disease-prone areas of our body devising a protective system for their survival

without mines air-polluting railways cars factories planes without nervous tension wars costing millions of deaths bombs disposing of entire populations christianity would not have survived

industrialisation was the first clear panic measure of survival

the Church brought in its plainly military arm (the Jesuits, organised under a 'general') at a time when the collapse was imminent The period coincided with the first explorations of the Americas which were an aspect of industrialisation i e the mobilisation of resources for war

n b that the industrial revolution took place in England as part of a desperate attempt to escape the consequences of the war-blocade against Napoleon She had to produce her own goods All such advances, being aspects of war, whether industrial technological or scientific, take place by means of and through war alone

Thirty-third Canticle

it would be a mistake to assume that the steel men were the equivalent of or identical with or a simple definition of the middle class. Certainly they were its leading lights but armies of simple people not given to steel thinking were prone to their blandishments in the form of black mines eighteen-hour days and the sweating of children. They say that men and women copulated willy nilly in the mines as the mood took them thus showing a choice a predilection for barbarism. Perhaps the steel revolution was more a mass affair than we think a populative clamour for some revenge on the healthy body on history

peasants in their thousands and then millions became scheduled workers supplying so to speak the choreography required by the steel men i.e. no languishing in silent unfolding fields but people moving like clockwork

it is often said that the jews showed little resistance in the camps of the last war that they could easily have turned on their guards being millions against an armed handful. But given a certain implacable choice it may be better to choose death. This may have been a decision on behalf of purity. It may have been the

thousand

answer of the animal caged who
will not mate or run because
he knows he is not one but all

the agreement to become a
working class implies an
agreement to further the
steel decision i e the
steel revolution was a
universal movement

in the same way the chosen
people of the east i e the indians
might choose their death

the jews chose not only
death by gas but also
hitler

Thirty-fourth Canticle

the war that suddenly 53847
 found before him was surely I
 am saying his own life explod
 ing The puff of choking cordite
 the quick probing action of the
 shell and then the scream were
 only the unfolding of that which
 he was with in Yet he did not
 know nor approve nor participate

such is the irony of the
 christian doctrine of
 progress, derived from a
 popularisation of the Hebrew
 idea of a divinely appointed
 people, that after nearly
 2000 years we are reaching
 an appreciation of indian
 music, namely the oldest
 musical forms in existence

for we are the people who enact
 what we already are inside in
 order to become for other mill
 ions an opposite enactment

in becoming suddenly a war numb
 er bereft of his girl home pros
 pects of all sign of a past of
 connections even of mother's
 love our 53847 was doing none oth
 er than passing into his identity

we are shedding the illusion
 of you and I The steel men
 were the creators of you and
 I in order to achieve one

unified experience i e they
 refined the You and I to the
 fine point where it no longer
 clung to place but made a
 common life the world over
 It was a brutal and primitive
 version of the eastern pract-
 ice of detachment

the barbed wire the shuffling
 at night as a recce party passed
 the stifled cry of someone not
 even fighting were the steel pro-
 jections of the fight he had inside

to take an example One day be-
 fore he ever dreamed he might
 be taking the pin out of a hand ~~grenade~~
 grenade and throwing it he sat
 with his girl on a summer evening
 talking about how they had reached
 a surfeit and must perhaps some
 times admit a desire for someone
 else At which she showed a flinch-
 ing surprise Not many weeks had
 passed when she returned to him
 shame eyed and said she had lain
 all night on a bed in the nude
 with a boy not himself And from
 that moment the love he wished the
 girl he wished the bed he wished
 were done to death they were no
 more And was he not the cause?
 had he not asked her to do what
 he perhaps could never bring him-
 self to do but insisted must be
 done as macbeth did but left the
 deed to his wife? And is it not
 the same with war? Could it not
 be that structures of steel of which
 he disapproved and which indeed
 were cutting him inside had still
 to reach their zenith in his blood?
 Could it not be that while he
 asked for love he had it not at all?

the manifold steel revol-
 ution lies already in the
 unknowing child

in which case the war was already
 there One might even say each
 young man to his own devastation

some to sleepless nights some to
 bile some to extermination in camps

the child wakes to various
unexpected shocks accord-
ing to the role he has
chosen

he chooses his period his
function as the pollen
chooses the flower

it is no good looking for
'my' or 'his' free will
because free will is exer-
cised by that in us which
is not you or I It does
not speak or logic chop
It transpires

Thirty-fifth Canticle

he has unknowingly
uttered the terms of the
steel revolution whose
rational publicity he
would reject

translated into steel terms
53847's words to his girl
were a destruction of place
They asked for a consideration
of all human beings in whatever
home as the objects of desire
in whatever other human beings
thus removing the question of
fidelity from one arena home
locality The matter of desire
was thus transferred from his
and hers to all of ours And
limitless constructions shining
infinite had won And steel-
supported roads that ran from
town to town were running also
in him And one place one girl
one sure fidelity was now a prison

steel structures imply sex
freedom

homosexuality being disgust
of (i e self-identification
with) the woman's softness
is a transference of the
steel revolution to the
sex organs

all this is an attempt to
dissolve sex difference and
rise from the barbarian
desire for assault

collapse and rise are simultaneous The collapse of the Roman empire was the rise of the Christian empire These historian's definitions have to be unravelled, with their tendency to hegelian diagnosis

so he left himself with only a photograph of the girl which he looked at every day to the tune of the guns until it became exactly what it was i e a steel idea conveyed by black and white dots He glanced at it in bivouacs at night when screams had died Until her face was gone and all he saw was spots i e a steel memento

the melting of sexes was to be seen during Rome's fall as during Constantinople's as during Venice's ('the men are women, the women men, and both are monkeys'---Gozzi, of the last Venice)

they were parts of the same sexual decision I e the christian world must also slowly groom its women to be sacred (not simply to be described as sacred as in chivalry)

He now could concentrate on war which was his metier On screams that seemed to be his own And many times he passed the body of a boy and thought suppose that he is me and death translates me from this me to other me's for ever

And home and kiss and warm place died only because they were where he could belong For all the revolution in him said you have no place to lay your head no face to recognise

i e we do not belong on the earth And the steel revolution was one of many convulsions to tear us from the illusion of settling down even while it seemed with its permanent steel structures to offer a security of tenure as never before

every flash of bayonet every blast announced the same to him that never must he pause or lay his head for here was no security no welcome home

the death (life) is only a medium, a way of expressing it Christ's way of putting this was a Hebrew way ('hate your mother and father') designed to shake the people from a slough of family

thus the steel structures were to give us a temporary support during our first flight from place, from the hot barbarian desire to put down roots They prevented us from succumbing to panic in the first uncertain moments of losing a home And they were the means by which we lost a home

To put it in Sumerian terms, the steel structures were achieved by Enkadu the man, unaware that Golgemesh the half-divine was behind him, waiting to reap the fruits

indeed the meaning of every whizzing car the whistle of airbuses overhead the flicker of screens is you do not belong

i e cars etc being emanations of steel

Thirty-sixth Canticle

one of the ironies is that all these endeavours setbacks survivals explosive fates add up to no golden age nor the achievement for any whole people or time or global state of what might be called imperishable grace It may happen for one man or ten or half to one and all to a million It may come now for an instant or delay a thousand years It may reach what seems a climax only to instantly fall It may be seen for less than a moment or the whole of a life And what for us is a million deaths may be a subscription to something we cannot see but which another may inherit Which is to say that in whatever time or place whatever circumstance the subscription whether of life or death is always to various flowerings of a whole body undivided into one or two or here and now Which is to say again that you and I are not

Nevertheless some movements are discernible though not in a graph of getting better or falling into worse

war settles on each area as the steel revolution is required by peoples to burst upon them and explode their past Hence its appearance

in varying degrees in the east

where it does not appear the people have no need of it

the war has various forms from the use of high explosive and the jet flame to the working of gears and the manipulation of knobs The war thus presses home the terms of the steel revolution each moment of the day

the war in its manifold forms shocks the people out of the sense of belonging to any one place

as the automobile drives the jetcraft flies so the TV picture refers us to other places other times always as pictures dissolving into others cut into others

we are in every way transported

Thirty-seventh Canticle

he found when his war was
over that peace ~~did not~~ come.

his *didn't.*

belief in onself as the climax-society of history and in advance of the past is the barbarian's failure to penetrate beyond himself. It coincides with the infliction of war on undefended peoples and the cruellest revenges. The barbarian's difficulty in penetrating beyond his own hot self creates a strong sense in him of 'other' people as separable and by implication inferior. 'All men are islands' is the height of the barbarian philosophy.

the barbarian and the half-divine present the tension of history by their struggle with each other (inside the same man). Enkadu and Gologemesh

Many times he dreamed it then it ceased, and ~~dark~~ came. Once ~~two~~ kings came to his black tent. They told him his business with the women giggling behind veils outside. Then horses twice the size of a child

in a dream

came steaming from their
 walk and russet red And
 another time it came in
 a city by the sea with
 blinds against the sun
 And then it was a man a
 lone in his room And then
 a girl on a hill in the
 evening and very still

the barbarian is engulfed
 by the hot demands of his
 own nature and these may
 convince him that he is a
 man of control and even of
 civilisation

Attila the hun never hesit-
 ated He swore that wherever
 his horse trod the grass
 would never grow again He
 could not afford to hesit-
 ate because of the power of
 his own fears

and so it wove in and out
 of space and time which are
 not fixtures of ~~reality~~ but
 little veils to be drawn a
 side if so it takes the will

Con. P.72

history is an attempt to
 systematise the past as if
 we had no other place but
 here

civilisation equals no
 history

history is a glancing back
 and forward in the act of
 building When the building
 is done what-we-are replaces
 what-we-have-done and what-
 we-shall-do

Thirty-eighth Canticle

53847 was transported 'home' after the war but did not recognise it because place had died in him. He saw the faces he knew but the motor centre of home in himself was gone.

official peace came in form of hungry memories stop children wandering skies undefined by carved tops of houses palaces stop no roads to know the truth by nor the expected corner stop A whiff of someone's death a gleam of bones stop this peace surely not change stop in fact war only the curtain raiser stop and this peace a first tired scene stop the denouement long to transpire stop war here to stay stop repeat stay stop

not that his own home had been blown sky high. It nearly had. The effect would have been the same. The loss of home was no less among those who returned home to unscathed streets. Bombs had exploded in people. The external bombs were only the outer realisation of the inner decision.

bombs were the steel revolution blowing out the last redoubts of intimacy place

(we remember how the streets used to be hot with belonging Now they must be painted planted with trees given vistas We didn't see them before We were simply in them This is how the most unsightly slums were loved)

ground
Not mist these are fumes This not the earth but battle field War has moved to organsbtissues air the waters

always remembering that the objective of christianity was not to create a civilisation Indeed that could never have come within its scope given the hordes it had to educate from barren savagery

anachronistic the bombs the screams of women War is now secretions ~~It~~ ~~W~~ages in the cell

Christ controlled the education so to speak His objective was never pockets of civilisation but a worldwide presentation of the most ancient thought, more ancient than Judah This came to him via Greece It travelled along trade routes from the east to the Mediterranean The Jews were its vehicle to the Roman empire

these are smokes of fear the

thunders of engines of dis
turbed thought These vi
brations are attempts at
action The crowded comings
and goings exchanges at
airports stamped passports
gauges clocks pressure
valves are us heaving us
asteam with hot concern

effort
at peace

under

what diseases what
plagues Like a land
scape they unfold
What disasters
End of message

when



C.M.F.A.B.R.I.A.N.O.

THIRTY-NINTH CANTICLE

Thirty-ninth Canticle

war is the struggle to
eliminate as in vomiting
or diarrhea

○
Mama Kali

She has proved ~~that~~ she is
light by dying. So many
times she died. By a
stream on a ~~so many people~~
has she been How this
mother weaves in and out
of death unveils her
self. How like a waking
and an incubatory sleep
it is. How we can see
her when we close our
eyes. Touch her in our sleep.
How all she is how
mother. How white a
million times. How both
she is having the male.
complete And how light
she knows how to be
come how silent .

~~Saturday~~ afternoon.
a walk by the ~~road~~ bank
~~Play up matches~~

how girl and boy.

C.M.F.A.B.R.I.A.N.O.

Fortieth Canticle

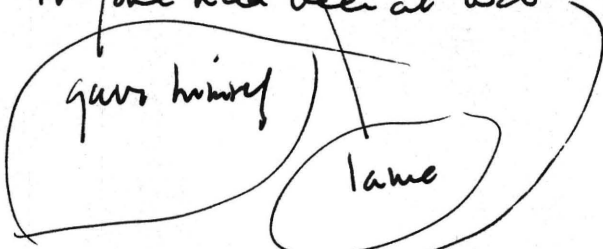
Demobilization 1945-2001

Having lost his place he began to look for it ~~not~~ knowing that this was ~~all~~ ^{part} designed. He looked in faces familiar places but nothing transpired to teach him who he was. Even mother and father were now remote. Knowing that enjoyment is a sign of belonging he tried to enjoy but not belonging anywhere he couldn't

53847 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth'

he tried to talk to walk but got strange looks. His talk was ~~lain~~ his walk unsteady. His mother gazed at him but could not find her son. ~~And he not her~~

to one had been at war



his neverhaving belonged was a fact blown into him by war. War was the first drastic step to understanding that his not belonging was, far from being an uncanny state, the mirror of truth.

for is it not written that he is she whom the Lord loveth he ~~chast~~ chasteneth?

Forty-first Canticle

the key began to turn in the lock when he realised after many slow steps that indeed he and not supposed implacable forces outside had been making his life i e he had to abolish the archetypes which the barbarian imagination establishes outside itself and then bows down to

for five years or more he looked in the face of an other and did not find his wife Looked for another and another but did not see that the original premise of which 'another' was the supposed variation had been lacking Like a man who never having had a horse was looking for 'another one'

which accounted for much travelling and looking in faces

he tended to cast back glances to the time when 'she' had been there And all he remembered of the original 'she' was a series of steel-evoked black dots on an ageing piece of paper kept in the interstices of extra preservation in the leaves of a book and not any longer in a pocket over his soldier's heart 'She'

was perhaps the nearest
to the original premise
of wife that his imagin
ation could get So his
tired mind adopted her
Thus he found himself
looking into other faces
for the presence of black
steel-engendered dots
And naturally since his
methods of choosing were
mad his choice was mad
too and he landed him
self with many clumsy
bed situations and no wife

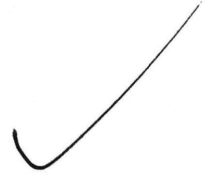
i e he was now free to act
because outside life had no
existence independent of him
And dethroning outside life
was a step to dethroning inside
life He came to know that his
area of action or freedom was
not outside or inside or any-
where It was simply where he
did not belong (i e freedom
was not in space and time/
number/identity)

and when he found her
he knew she was not
here or there but every
where and not a dot

the archetypal figure of
'other' people began to
collapse

Forty-second Canticle

Total War



~~the soldiers have gone home Sickened~~
~~up now the heroism Rejected the ex~~
~~amples of shining valour Medals thrown~~
~~away in truckloads No longer required~~
~~the reminiscences with their thrilling~~
~~tribal suggestions or the speech by the~~
~~eminent captain All that lay with im~~
~~agination flair The smiles of boys~~
~~won wars A tint of hair could be de~~
~~cisive How the general moved his~~
~~shoulders when he had a hunch could~~
~~signal victory And men sat singing~~
~~in the dark But now there is a function~~
~~clearly marked And if it happens to~~
~~concern grenades chemical disruption~~
~~of crops the systematic gutting of~~
~~villages why other men are equally en~~
~~gaged in demolition for peaceful pur~~
~~poses in crop-spraying even the firing~~
~~of contaminated areas in the case of~~
~~cattle disease etc thus showing that~~
~~the function only has different results~~
~~in different fields One to life and~~
~~one to death Which should not give~~
~~rise to any extraneous dumbshow of~~
~~sacrifice belief courage or anything~~
~~on the level of viking atavism so to say~~

are
 put
 dustbins.
 this is defeat. (to the
 others).

~~Adon~~
 But this is pageantry.
 In the paper harness, living
 chemical... for war has
 entered its decisive and
 phase, we begin mobilized.

So put up your swords Put up your
 hard revenges Nothing now but shining
 steel will meet your victory or de
 feat So many have we lost on the way
 Each death each cry is part of my
 anatomy How bland has been the murder

and how unpausingly the war turns to
 other fields Look how she passes in
 higher new

chalk ~~in~~ ~~the~~

the street a disc of ~~silver light~~
~~in her eyes~~ where she has murdered
 a child The hordes that pour past
 have each a murder under the careless
 hair So many knives have twisted
 in the night so sure has been the
 slide of steel the gleaming surgeon's
 eye that stays the kicking child

the climax of the steel
 revolution lies in the
 abortion centre where the
 young committ their
 first act of premeditated
 murder which prepares
 them for the bigger acts
 of war

blessed is the woman who has
 never Long is the path of the
 one who has ever For she has
 cut herself You did not knife
 another in the dark it was
 yourself No wonder that you
 cry Some flowers have drifted
 sullenly down with the falling
 of night in the body in the
 womb and these are for you

darkness has fallen in the
 passages No torches gleam
 No glad forragers no ex
 panding of soft walls A
 candle spits Some murders
 have been done Silence has
 fallen on the cave and
 these mothers will not

the divine mother will
 not bring forth in con-
 ditions of captivity
 She therefore chooses
 war (techincal develop-
 ment) as her means of
 escape

the murderesses are vouchsafed
 automobiles and when they
 breathe out it is exhaust gas

the use of the knife and
 the renunciation of the
 knife are close by a
 hair's breadth (the surgeon
 is a man of nightmares)
 Henry VIII's protestant
 revolution provoked a long
 outburst of poetry in
 England Napoleon's revolu-
 tion provoked the same in
 France

click goes the cattle gun slit
 goes the knife clatter goes the
 pulley and the blood flows down
 the gutters The walls have heard
 such shouts They hang by hooks
 These herds enter by night and
 by morning are divided Such
 multitudes have been seen Their ~~are~~ *parts*
 ghosts live up the hill in ~~millions~~

in the eyes of Atar the
 sun god there was only one
 crime---cooking dead flesh

the daily extermination of
 animals is the war visited
 on other creatures Thus
 they too are drawn into
 the struggle They are not
 simply edible bystanders

the fear of the murdered
 becomes the fear of its
 eater The anger of the
 murdered the anger of its
 eater The assault on the
 murdered the assault on *its*
~~the~~ eater (At the moment
 of slaughter the animal's
 terror is said to secrete
 a poison or acid into the
 system This becomes the
 poison of the eater)

the flesh is in such turmoil Its
 sex erupts in meteors that fly

^{above}
~~across~~ the sky The heart beats
 fitfully in winds in drifts ~~that~~
 take whole cities bladders livers
 with them There is a state of
 fever in the hills The patient
 landscape trembles to the point
 of magnetic attraction Depend
 ent corpuscular populations un
 accountably die off. Or just as
 unaccountably do away with them
 selves Night and day and soft
 and hard and growing and dying
 and laughing are all mixed up
 And entirely other forms such
 as only the stars could tell
 are lurking in the smiling dark

the visible is an end-of-
 the-line product of the
 invisible

nature disasters and body
 disasters are the same

the earth is equally with
 ourselves a hospital case in
 dire stress

the believers in the visible
 are victims of 'unaccountable'
 disease

disease is a great or small
 attempt at suicide

smoking, drinking, over-
 sexuality, speeding, drug-
 taking, night-wakefulness
 are extensional diseases
 (i e outside props are
 gently or harshly engaged
 to fulfil suicide) The
 non-extensional disease
 often contracted as a
 result of these extensional
 ones is carefully separated
 by the mind from its cause
 (is 'unaccountable')

suicide is a savage haste
 for the divine without
 acquaintance with it

the voice of agnosticism
 is the engine

Forty-third Canticle

take flies settling on an
 arsenic-impregnated pad
 They will mate a second be
 fore dying in order to a
 chieve security not progeny

the use of sex for the dis-
 burdenment of sorrow leads
 to further sorrow It arises
 from the mistake that we
 belong here

death-sex is the music of
 war Where halls where at
 mospheres ring with death
 sex becomes remedial and
 gives rise to anger and then
 more remedial sex in ever
 darkening spirals to despair

hence we have the disarming
 contradiction much felt by
 beginners that the practise
 of sex draws love inch by inch
 to where she languishes and dies
 and will not longer recognise

sex is consonant with mad-
 ness but love is not

Forty-fourth Canticle

it will never be said of the bird
that she failed in any particular
~~Her~~ pecking will be perfect ~~her~~
hop~~s~~ the kind originally endowed ~~is~~ stay, & ~~can~~
~~Her~~ worm will slide the same in
each millennial field And she will
~~sing~~ from the selfsame tree that
ever hugged, with shade ~~her~~ song

her mud

sing

chirps

~~It~~ will not be said that this was
wrong much less irrelevant It
will not be said that what she
tunes ~~her~~ song by can be wrong or
what she hops by can be ~~mal~~informed

rooted
false

absent to ~~her~~ ^{he} is the present voice
that in ~~her~~ sings ~~and~~ Absent is
the wire inside ~~her~~ claw And ab
sent is the figure inside the gloom
that makes ~~her~~ sing and touches
leaf to make the warming fire

her is

everything of a technical
character has the same
function---of telling the
story of the world as if
it were the only place
Heaven and hell are further
extensions of this idea, but
on a pre-steel level

the suicide's conviction
that life is right at the
bottom drab is a recogni-
tion of the fact that we
do not belong here, with-
out the wherewithal to

realise it in experience
Hence the need for technical assistance

the yawning suburbs of the Thirties, fat with 'reality', produced their suburban Beelzebub in hitler He was simply their alter ego The middle class everywhere simply carried out in bed and behind locked doors what he announced publicly The jews were reviled a million times over, and they reviled themselves a million times over, before hitler put it into political language

It will not be said that any thing of ~~his~~ is ~~his~~, that song that claw, that peck, that pounce belong to ~~her~~ Never will it be said that, he is present to ~~her~~ ~~and~~ owner of ~~her~~ gifts Or that the gloom of the leaves that holds ~~his~~ song is where ~~he~~ only belongs and always rests

the homosexuality and hermaphroditism that mark periods of great friction of ideas are a withholding of love on the sexual plane because the race is held up so to speak in its progenerative decisions

the drunkard will see others as drunk, the sick man may suffer the same trick of sight, and the homosexual sees the heterosexual as a 'potential' or 'suppressed' homosexual He sees the heterosexual as suffering the woman's constant demand for servicing while yearning for the freedom of loving no one

the armies of homosexuals

are the eunuchs of God
forming up They mark a
new turn of religion

likewise a suicide is the
urgent need for another
body

The idea that the universe
is dark and cold and empty
is barbarism defined
Hence barbarism entered
the first christian theo-
logy after the desert
fathers in this form It
entered in order to elim-
inate itself, working
through the system like a
poison until violent vom-
iting took place in the
form of the nineteenth
century (i e the disrupt-
ion of local life every-
where by the creation of
world markets)

civilisation is the inher-
itance by great numbers
of the opposite idea

by its study of a throbbing
and alive universe (i e
radiation and vibration)
science will now complete
the process of elimination
in the last redoubts of
the steel mind

Forty-fifth CanticleRecognition

~~He~~ ^{He} saw him throb like
 waves like wings ~~He~~
 said hullo to one ~~he~~
 had not seen before
 but was himself ~~and~~
~~now walked shining at~~
~~his side.~~ He saw how
 he had killed himself
 had fired his bullets
 in his selfsame face
 had died himself and
 in the field lay talk
 ing silently ~~with men~~
~~face down and motionless~~

53847

with his mento eternity

to the other dead.

we choose the kind of sheath
 which will serve our slow or
 quick purpose Think of all
 the millions of choices from
 mineral to vegetable

the steel revolution, in-
 volving over the centuries
 long religious wars and
 civil massacre and the ruin
 of the young by work/persecut-
 ion/famine not to mention
 the disruption of the pro-
 genitive process in animal
 vegetable and mineral,
 was the equivalent of a
 thought in a room

one whose dream all life had been bad
 and was older than 53847 decided one

The Decision to Kill His Wife's Lover

For edit?

night in his trench to clean his bed of its wife's lovers by destroying an enemy. The night was silent damp and the enemy too. He needed to remove a man who had entered his bed that night and any man would do. The hated one never has a name and his face and his limbs are anyone's. The morning papers that reached the front the crackling radio were loud each day declaring the official enemy arranged to last for the length of the war and quiet the worms that each man had in his head or his bed by rationing out one common enemy. He drank as much scotch as the bottle held and sat looking at his nails by the light of a candle breathing hard his men all round him knowing that his enemy in this case a youth of twenty or so with frightened blond eyes was on the other side behind a quickfiring gun. Now this young man behind the gun was not quite sure of his hate and only half believed in the enemy's existence on the other side. But when the bad dreamer jumped to his feet and called to his men to follow him he knew that the enemy was there. He saw him suddenly swaying screaming across the night in front and pulled the simple trigger in his hand and to his amazement fear the night clattered with armament and the shadow fell with a gasp in the middle of the field and his men had not followed. They threw the empty bottle of scotch away and phoned to the rear for another officer. This is how a dream can lead straight to its fulfilment. In this case the enemy was destroyed precisely as promised ~~since the enemy was himself~~

shorter and
make a simple
descriptive.