

Technicians of the sacred

Henry Peters

A review of *Technicians of the Sacred: A Range of Poetries from Africa, America, Asia & Oceania*, Collected & Edited by Jerome Rothenberg

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A book RE-view

“There’s nothing an anthropologist hates worse than a native”

—Wm. Burroughs

Poetry, rite, shamanistic rituals, criminal dope fiend seers of amazing vision colored w/ the blue stars of tongue hanging prophesy? Color of fire moving at night, thru this field in the kingdom of death. Aztec sacrifice? Cortez loves Motecuzoma. Poly wanna cracker?

Book reviews as salesman for latest classic, nothing a classical man hates worse than a classic. Reviews as dance-view of point- not as nostalgia for archaic past but as actual vision must have taken place in the summer of 1948. As Snyder writes, “vehicle to ease us into the future.”

“My Prince Motecuzoma

Are they there now, lined up

in the realm of death?

Do they still weep on the jade staircase

by the shore of sacred water?”

RE-view

From the bleeding gums of the battered stammerer sing of hammered songs as the dust rises in the blazing water, heart is full of pain. THE BATTLE IS LIKE A FLOWER: it is placed in yr hands, it is placed there now. Be strong, no one must live here.

BE COOL. Review this m.f.ing book fer yr self for a minute!! 3 dollars & 95 cents w/out tax. Ripping allowed, prosecutors will be violated. For all who aim to understand honkey origins & need contrast. All who need contrast to honkey origins. REvolution airy war fair-poesy, Brothers & sisters who fucked & made crazy musics to reveal the dance, dance of life. Picture this: General Motors executive comes home from a grey day in the office and beats his wife (tom-tom?).

CON-TEXT

an understanding of source vital to the fullest possible meaning. example: corn dance, a corny dance? corn fields in the wind? Navajo nuptial? what event, why this event, who this event & what process? rolling joints for the jollygreen giant? Does yr shotgun work? Do you have a book of poetry? Do you know who yr brothers & sisters are? Do you wanna learn? Who obstructs yr creative energies? Can you direct yr found energies? Context as history as history is select vision so is context, that is, chose yr company carefully. Periodically dust off yr methods w/broom or whatever is necessary. Mountains w/ ghosts around the corner. time glides through spaces.

My prince as salesman, are they there from the bleeding gums, lined up w/ broom? In the realm of this event, of death? Do they still weep on hanging prophesy? The jade staircase wanna learn, by the shore of the sacred water? Bunches of emeralds (he beats his wife. Hearts of gold energies. Criminal dopefiend seers, Princes wept/w/ mountains /w/ ghosts. Around the corner, time glides. Through space the final disgrace followed.

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POST-FACE

Origins and spels, namings & visions, spels & events, namings & book, africa & oceania, america & appendix (operation?) Asia: bagfull of haldi-roots, awake love, love in the breast ready to befondled. america: I have taken off my clothes/ on the hill the wind blows. the weapons are ready, the axe glitters smooth, O bagru leave us, the weapons are ready. My clothes, weary of, eating rice.

From the ever narrowing vision of closing capitalist skys, psyche panhandles her daily breakfast. Death by slow sad prophesies. Yr. mind is a meatball, castrated greed dancing w/ wind & fire. From the voice of the Grandfathers of Black Elk, who spoke of the nation of troubles, runamok meatballs, national cornholes poking the sky of time, fixing the prices of items already dead, burying them in the bank vaults cast in blood & nuts. miscarage of justice, you old bastard of an abortion, go shoot yr self, in the eye.

Awake, as if from a drug induced dream. The sacred pipe is mine, i have received it from its former keepers, & now give it to you, you are its receiver, you are its keeper. sustain it w/ the magic of life. fuck w/it, slay yr enemy w/it. be strong w/it, be gentle w/it. give it to yr friends & family. yr lovers & children.

Read this book as if by magic dream. as if by sacred pipe, allow it to rub away, erase, blow-up, blow-down yr comic book visions of ancients history, the pigs eye of a racist fool, the stagnant waters of gathering urine, the rotting bowls of dead presidents imposed greasy gasses, breathed by herds of ants every where; dead fires smoke, blown in the wind of impoverished ritual.

fifth Estate

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