

# Bishop Pike's Easter Sunday Morning Service

'LOOK, DR. PIKE, HERE COME FIFTEEN - HUNDRED RELIGIOUS CATERPILLARS.'

(with apologies to Masters Thomas Stearns Eliot  
and William Butler Yeats)

AT SOME TIME IN HIS LIFE, EVERYONE MUST DRINK HIS OWN SPECIAL CUP OF HEMLOCK. AND AS PEOPLE MUST DO THIS, SO ALSO MUST INSTITUTIONS — COLLEGES. THIS HEMLOCK CAN BE TAKEN IN TWO WAYS: AS A CATHARTIC, RELIEVING ONE OF A RATHER UNIVERSALLY UNSATISFACTORY WAY OF LIFE, AN UNCONGENIAL FRAME OF THOUGHT; OR AS A POISON, DEFINING ONESELF AND ONE'S ENDEAVORS OUT OF EXISTENCE WITH A SINGLE LIBATION. IN THIS LATTER CASE, THE POTION'S CATHARTIC EFFECT IS NEGLIGIBLE: THE LIBATION, IF PROFFERED AND ACCEPTED, MERELY SIGNALS AN END, IMPLYING NO BEGINNING. WE HAVE THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES MINUS THE 'PHAEDO'. WE HAVE GOOD FRIDAY, WITHOUT EASTER SUNDAY. \* IT MIGHT BE REMARKED, ESPECIALLY WITH THE CHRISTIAN SEASON OF EASTER LATE UPON US, AND WITH THE TIMELY OCCURRENCE OF THIS TRADITIONAL DAY OF TOMFOOLERY, THAT OCCASIONALLY EVEN SUCH THINGS AS RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS MUST IMBIBE OF THEIR OWN PECULIAR TOXIN OR VENTAGE, OF COURSE, THE OPTION IS ALWAYS LEFT OPEN FOR INSTITUTIONALIZED, LETHARGIC BELIEF SYSTEMS TO COMMENT THAT THE GALL OFFERED THEM IS BITTER. EVEN THE CRUCIFIED JESUS OF NAZARETH DID THIS. HOWEVER, IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT SATIRE — WHETHER COUCHED IN A HEMLOCK CUP OR OFFERED SOPPED INTO A SPONGE WHICH IS EXTENDED UPON A REED — IS NEVER TO BE SAVORED SOLELY FOR ITS BITTER TASTE. SATIRE IS NOT MOCKERY. THIS IS A TRUISM WHICH OUGHT TO BE REMEMBERED. IF ANY DEMAND FOR 'CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM' OR 'HONEST DIALOGUE' IS TO BE REGARDED MERELY AS A CANT EXPRESSION, THEN IT MIGHT BE WELL TO SPILL THE POISONED CUP OF ITS HEMLOCK BEFORE EXTENDING IT IN COMMUNION. \* BUT, WHILE INSTITUTIONALIZED RELIGION — OR THE SUPPOSEDLY-STIMULATING INTELLECTUAL ATMOSPHERE OF A COLLEGE — MIGHT APPEAR TO GAIN FROM SPILLING THIS CUP, IN SO DOING HOW MANY POTENTIAL SOCRATESSES, HOW MANY NASCENT CHRISTS AND CHRISTIC EVENTS HAVE BEEN PUT DOWN? \* SO IT IS, ON THIS FIRST DAY OF APRIL, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD NINETEEN-HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN, THAT THIS QUESTION IS DRIPPED SLOWLY INTO THE HEMLOCK CUP, GRADUALLY FILLING IT TO THE BRIM WITH, VARIOUSLY, LYMPH, GALL, AND ASSORTED TOXICANTS. AND SO IT IS FOR ALL OF US TO RUMINATE UPON AS BEFITS CAVALIERISH, SELF-SATISFIED, LIBERALLY- AND WELL-EDUCATED CITIZENS OF 'ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGES.'

Η ΚΤΛΙΞ ΤΟΥ ΚΩΝΕΙΟΥ

ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ

IN THE BEGINNING were the wordless. The wordless were with nothing. They were alone, and nothing came with or through them. The wordless were without God. They were lonely men. The wordless were not godmen, they were not good men. As lonely men will often become, they were bad, and their souls, swimming in evil, fairly drowned.

the good bishop intones scriptural references to console all citizens of the secular college within the secular city

EVIL WAS ABOUT them as a great, dark sea of fire (which is not too easy a state to maintain) upon which the babble arose amid the potsteam, where coffee was brewing. Souls were being cooked like catfish at Negro picnics.

OLD MAN GOD sat somewhere far away, unable to attend these men and their needs. Satan was there, too (though we know not whether he was there as a worm in an apple, as a cooked fish tainted by rot and inedible, steaming in a pot; or as a shadowy gangster, walking forward through a smoke-filled meeting hall to its disputed podium.)

the bishop makes literary allusions of his illusions

MORE LIKELY, NONE of this was present in reality. It is most probably a creation of words--only of words, designed of words and so constructed, so carried-out. God and Satan, men and angels, these were not present because they had not been needed yet. In due course they would be needed.

the bishop proposes that genesis be redrafted

WORDS WOULD BE NEEDED, hence the spiritual diseases of men would be remedied. Men need precepts by which they might direct their lives, upon which they can hinge them precariously: men needed something to worry about, so they invented this nursery-tale about personified good in God and personified perverse insanity in Satan.

\*All this took only one day?

The Gospel According to Antichrist: Book I, Verses 1 - 17

\*All this was done the first day.

# ✠ INTROIT VERSE

THE MAN OF EVIL COMETH, DECLAMING:  
HAVE I BATHED IN SEAS INCARNADINE?  
HAVE I SERVED, THY DILIGENT SHARK,  
O CHRIST?  
HIS BULLDOG JOWELS SHALL RUMINATE  
THE SOFTENED CHALK OF HUMAN STUFF:  
HIS MIGHTY PHRASES MASS MUSHY IN THE MEALY MOUTH,  
UNTIL THE EVIL ONE'S DEMONIC JUSTICE, SATIATED,  
GROWS NAUSEOUS, AND SPITS IT OUT. AND SPITS  
IT OUT UPON THE COMMON DUSTY ROADWAY.

AND OF THIS SPITTLE  
SHALL BE FORMED PURE MUD  
TO OPEN BLIND EYES  
ONTO A LEGACY OF DUST.

AND OF HIS OWN BLOOD  
SPATTERED ON LIMESTONE FLAGSTONES  
HE SHALL BEGET TRADITIONAL DEPRIVATION  
FOR ALL HIS DISCIPLES.

HIS HATEFUL TREE  
DEMANDING SO MUCH OF ME,  
I WOULD IMBIBE HIS BLOOD  
TO CHEAT HIM OF HIS PRECIOUS ROOD —  
TO MOCK TRANQUILITY,  
PATIENCE, FORGIVENESS,  
AND ALL THE REST WHICH HE HATH BLESSED  
UPON HIS SACRED TREE.

I WOULD I COULD MOCK TRANQUILITY  
AND THROW HIS BLOODY BODY  
UPON A HEAP OF DUNG,  
INTO A PIT OF LIME.

FOR ALL TIME,  
I SAY! FOR ALL TIME  
IT WAS HE DIED.

NOT ONLY IN THE PAST,  
BUT DYING ALSO IN THE FUTURE:  
DYING NOT ONCE ONLY, BUT AGAIN:  
IN THE FUTURE, DYING,  
AT THAT SAME INSTANT.

ABOUT THIS FACT I AM INSISTENT:  
THAT TRUTH WILL OUT,  
SHALL BE PERSISTENT.

NOR SHALL WE FORGET  
THAT SIN DOES ABET HIS PURPOSE.

# ✠ EPISTLE

GOD GETS INTO and out of things.  
HE'S LIKE A BUTTERFLY that grows  
new wings after its metamorphosis from a  
worm trying to reach heaven

the common,  
contemporary  
dissolution  
of resolution  
and  
conviction  
is described  
by the  
fiction  
of his  
diction

# THE LITANY OF SEVERAL CHURCHES ✠

PHOENIX RISEN: ASH-FOUNDED, ROCK-GROUNDED;  
RISING LETHARGICALLY THROUGH GREY  
STEAM FROM EARLY-DAMPENED CITY STREETS;  
IRON AND STEEL, CAST AND WROUGHT,  
PINNED AND RIVETED, HEWN AND BALANCED,  
CONCEALED WITHIN THE ADAMANTINE WILES OF CONCRETE;  
SPIRES SLATED, GOLD-CRESTED, WONDROUS  
AND WONDERING; SPRES ABOVE THE EARLY WILES  
OF THE HUMMING, TEEMING METROPOLIS;  
PLASTER PAINTED MARBLE, RISING BRICK  
ALTAR, ALL OF PAINT, TO MAKE IT GRANITE;  
RISING FROM THE DEWS AND THE SWEEPER'S CART;  
REVERBERATING MIGHTILY WITH ELECTRIC CHIMES,  
AND SINGING PRAISES FROM ELECTRIC GRAMOPHONES;  
AND COUNTING THE FAITHFUL AS NUMBERED PEWS;  
PHOENIX RISING: ALL THE BYZANTINE AND ROMAN,  
ALL THE GARBLES AND FOOLISMS OF MAN!  
PHOENIX OF FAKERY, RISEN FROM THE COBBLES.

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HULK BROODING: THE ROMAN, THE ITALIAN;  
THE FRENCH, THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE;  
HULK BROODING MIGHTILY FOR THE WRONGS OF NATIONS;  
ROMANESQUE AND MASSIVE, MASSIVE AND GIMBALLED  
AGAINST THE QUAKES' AND VOLCANOES' RAVING;  
BROODING HULKS AGAINST THE COUNTRY FIELDS;  
PILLARS OF ADOBE, SUN-MADE BRICKERY, STUCCOED  
ALABASTER, GYPSUM, AGAINST THE MIGHTY GLARE  
OF GOD'S OWN CYCLOPIAN EYE, THE SUN;  
WITH TOMBS OF DEAD, WHO ARE TRULY DEAD, AND LIE  
IN HELLFIRE; BUT WHOSE NAMES THE FOOLISH AGES  
LIST AS PATRIARCHS AND MARTYRS — GOOD MEN, VIRTUOUS WOMEN:  
AND WITH CARILLON CAST OF PILLAGING CANNON,  
WITH KNELLS TOLLED OF MARVELOUS TORTURE..  
BUT IT IS A HULK BROODING, ASIDE DUSTY FIELDS  
AND BARREN SEAS, WHERE FISH COME NOT; AND VOLCANOES  
WHERE ALL IS DEAD — BROODING MIGHTILY FOR THE WRONGS OF NATIONS.

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ARCHING TRIUMPHS: OF STONE AND TEARS ALL MADE  
TO ONE, WELDED; ARCHING TRIUMPHS, BOUGHT  
BY BLISTERING HANDS, GLASS-SPLINTERED EYES — BOUGHT DEAR!  
GOTHIC PILE OF WOOD AND GLASSWORK, LEAD AND STONE,  
AND TEARS AND SWEAT AND STINKING DEPRIVATION;  
GOTHIC PILE OF TEARS, ARCHING TO THE SKY AND SPLURGING SIDEWAYS;  
FRAMED WITH WANTON WORKINGS BY THOSE WHO HAVE NO WORK;  
BOUNDED BY SHACKS AND SHANTIES, TIN-ROOFED, RED-TILED  
MONSTROSITIES OF WANT, DESPAIR, AND WORSE;  
ARCHING TRIUMPH TO THE SKY, FORGETTING PEOPLES;  
ASPIRING TO HEIGHTS ALONE, FORGETTING PEOPLES;  
AND COUNTING, TRACKING SOULS AS FLAGSTONES ON HER FLOOR;  
HALF-MEMORIED CONCEPTIONS, HALF-FORGOTTEN DREAMS,  
RISING FROM MULTI-HUED BLOCKS OF HUMBLE DWELLINGS,  
VENTING RISE TO ALL A PASSION'S REMORSE AND TOO-LATE CONSCIENCE ...  
AND SQUARES BENEATH IN SHADOW, ALL IN FAMISHED, WANTING SHADOW:  
THE SHADOW OF A LEERING CARGOYLE, CAST RUTHLESSLY UPON  
THE LEAKING ROOF OF AN ORPHANAGE; AND THAT OF A CROSS  
UPON A PROSPERING BROTHEL.

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QUICK-FRAMED WALL: LIME-WHITE HUED, JUXTAPOSED  
BETWEEN SMELLY RIVERS, JUNKED RAILSTEADS;  
LIFTING A FRESH PAINT FACE TO THE GREY-PLATE, STEELY SKY;  
QUICK-BUILT LABRYNTH OF AISLES AND BENCHES, BENCHES AND PILLARS;  
PILLARS, BELFRIES, PULPITS, LOFTS, AND AISLES ... ALL FRESH,  
WITH THE FRESH, LIME-WHITE HUES OF PAINT AGAINST THE SMOKESTACKS;

haste  
makes  
waste

the good  
bishop  
intones  
retroactive,  
retrospective  
litanies  
of purgation  
and  
investigation

the phoenix  
files with  
clipped  
wings

the hulk  
broods  
over  
rotten  
easter  
eggs

the bishop  
describes  
fallen  
arches



AND RESOLUTE THEY STAND, THESE PROUD YET TIMOROUS SOULS  
OF THE CHURCHES WHICH ONCE WERE STRONG.

AND RESOLUTE THEY IDENTIFY WITH, AND CLING TO, THAT NOTION  
THAT ONCE LEFT THEM FOR WHAT IT HAD MADE THEM, IN STRENGTH;  
AND RESOLUTE WILL THEY ALWAYS BE, WITH THE HINT OF PRIDE IN THEIR APSES;  
THE HINT OF WARMTH IN THEIR FADING BAROQUE WINDOWS;

THE TOUCH OF INTEGRITY, EVEN IN DINGINESS;

THE BARE CONSTANT OF THE DEVOUT, EVEN IN COMPANIONAGE OF BROTHELS;  
THE FRIENDLINESS OF SOLIDARITY, AMID SWIRLING IDEALISMS;

THE GOODNESS AND JUSTICE OF GOOD INTENTIONS, AT THE END OF DARK ALLEYS;  
THE COMPASSION OF MANICURED BRICK AND PAINTED GAUDY IMAGES OF  
GROTESQUELY-WORKED SAINTS;

THE BIT OF 'VIVE' IN THEIR TIMBRE, WITH THEIR GRAMOPHONE LARYNX

AND RECORDED KNELLING;

THE TOUCH OF POSTERITY, IN THE SMOKE-BLACKENED, SOOT-SOWN  
STONECUTS OF AGES PAST;

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE, IN MASSIVE CONCRETES FESTOONED FROM

WILL-O'-WISP IRONWORKS;

THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE PAST, IN LOVELY AURAS OF CONTRITENESS

CONTRADICTED BY REGIONS OF SQUALLORED;

THE ELECTRIC-LIT FACES AND SHADOWY TORSOES OF CLUMSILY-CLAD

STATUARY  
THE FRAGILITY OF LOFTY SPIRES RISING FROM FOOTINGS OF ASH-FOUNDED  
GIANTS;

THE SINGULAR STATION OF GUIDING MEN TO NEW HAVENS APART FROM  
TERRORS,

AND THOUGHTS OF TERRORS;

THE UNCOMMON VIRTUE IN LANDS AND CLIMES AND AMONG PEOPLE WITH

LITTLE VIRTUE TO SPARE;

THE CONCRETE TREATISE OF A NATION, A PEOPLE, AN ENTIRE RACE -- ALL  
ON THE MARCH;

THE TESTAMENT OF A WANDERING HOST-WANDERING FROM THE DENS OF

TIMELESS, AGELESS MISSION: PERCHING BIRDLIKE ON THE PLATEAUX,  
STANDING — ONE CLAW IN THE DOOR OF THE PAST, ANOTHER  
STRETCHING TO PORTALS OF FUTURE THOUGHTS OF FUTURE;  
TIMELESS, BROWN-SKINNED, MUDWALLED MISSION, TENDING FIELDS  
AND TEACHING MINDS; GIVING TAWDRY AND AWKWARD CHILDREN  
SOMETHING OF A FUTURE IN A PLACE THAT ONLY SPEAKS BRAVELY  
OF FUTURE;

TIMELESS, BLACK-TONED CHURCH, IN TIMELESS, BLACK-WALLED SOLITUDE;  
SEEKING THE SACRAMENTS, THE WORD, AND THE LIFE — SEEKING ONLY  
TO SHARE

WITH OTHERS WHAT IT HAS LEARNED OF THE WORLD FROM THE CHARCOAL

SMOKE OF CIVILIZATION;

ANCIENT, CRACKED CISTERNS OF GRANDEUR AND CEREMONY LONG-FADED

AND FAR LONGER CHERISHED; ANCIENT, TIME-LOST, DECAYING

MASS THAT ONCE WAS PURE, AND NOW LIES CHARCOAL-STAINED IN THE SUN;

AND IN THE PATIOES THE UNCLIPPED GRASSES, THE UNTENDED BUSHES,

THE ILL-SCENTED BLOSSOMS, ALL LIFT THEIR BASHFUL HEADS, AND HOPE

FOR A RESURRECTION OF GLORY TO RAISE THE BOWED HEADS, THE FERVOR —

THE MISSION!

AND IN THE DYNAMO-LUMINED PATIO, THE ENDLESS DANCE OF CIRCLES;

THE ENDLESS LUSTINESS OF GOD-LESS TALK, THE HOLLOW JESTS OF WINE-LESS

TONGUES,

THE FOOLISH TWISTS OF RACKED COMMUNISTIC CONVENTIONS; AND PORNOGRAPHY  
IN A SHADOWED DOORWAY OF A BOARDED CHURCH;

TIMELESS, AGELESS.

HE'S A RESURRECTION plant, blowing over the desert until He finds a spot of moisture where He can sink His roots. He needs that metamorphosis from the entombed, enchrysalised worm into the splendidly-free, beautiful creature as much as He needs humans to ground Him and make Him come alive.

WITHOUT MEN, GOD would be nothing, could become nothing, would have nothing. That is why I cannot bring myself to love Him; it is all too one-sided, too much giving on our part, with little getting that has any real meaning. He is too weak -- too dependent, entirely contingent. I want a God to adore -- we have enough things to love, already, in this world. We have parents, friends, sweethearts, children, neighbors. But we have no God. Give us a GOD to adore!

GOD IS TOO WEAK, too damned weak -- literally damned to dependence upon His own creation, which has progressively turned its back upon Him; has given Him the back of its hand. And yet He has the audacity to damn us for our own weakness, which He has created, and which, in comparison with His own, is negligible. This is my case against God. I believe it to be a comparatively strong one.

THE CHRISTIC EVENT has become too much the province of social workers and welfare agencies. Christ has become Big Brother, Friend to All, Symbolic Fraternity, World Unity, Fellowship Together -- everything but God! Give us a God to adore; a God, and not some glorified, pie-in-the-sky social worker dedicated to the Great Society, doling out sanctifying graces like welfare checks!

GOD IS NOT DEAD. Men have merely forgotten what He is -- and He has been remiss in not guiding us more surely. Perhaps, however, He is not culpable. Perhaps, sometimes, God becomes overwhelmed with His own position at the very apex of love -- and forgets Himself just what He is.

OF ALL THE SLUM-MEN, ALL THE NIGGERS AND DAGOES AND STEELERS; QUICK-EMPTYED DWELLING, OF SUNDAY MORNINGS, SAVE THE BATS THAT NEVER LEAVE; QUICK-SEEN ERECTION THAT STANDS ASIDE GRASSY RAILS, QUICK-LOVED SCENE OF COUNTLESS LOVES AND PRIDES AND RELINQUISHED PASSIONS; QUICK-REMEMBERED SCENE OF A LATE LOVE'S LONGING, AN EARLY LOVE'S HOPE; QUICK-MADE THING, BESIDE THE STENCHES OF DUMPS, AND SQUALOR OF BUSTING, UNTAMED, UNCHECKED CITY BOUNDARIES; FAST-DONE THING OF PEOPLES' NEED AND PEOPLES' EFFORTS, JOINED; QUICK-BUILT RAMBLING HOUSE OF ANOTHER, WHOSE HOUSE STANDS CALMLY ASIDE THE STENCH OF DUMPS, AND THE GREY OF CITY SLUMS ... AND QUICK-BUILT TOMB THAT STANDS THE RUSH OF SLOW-PASSED ETERNITY.



FIVE HOVELS: AND LITTLE MORE THAN HOVELS, OF POOR NEBRASKA COTTONWOOD; FIVE HOVELS, UNPAINTED, UNVARNISHED, STANDING; LEANING AGAINST PREVAILING WINDS, ROOTS IN DAKOTA SOD; IMPERSONATIONS OF CATHEDRALS, NO! IMPERSONATIONS OF NOTHING! THEY ARE THEMSELVES, AND WHAT THEY FEIGN NEEDS NO FEIGNING; ASIDE CLOVER SODS AND DAISY PATCHES SEEKING TO CAPTURE SOULS; FIVE SHEDS, AND LITTLE MORE THAN SHEDS, ROUGH-HEWN BY MEAGER HANDS OF MEN AND THE CONSTANT HAND OF NATURE THAT HOLDS THEIR FRAMEWORK STANDING, ROOTS THEIR SIDES; FIVE FAITHS, BUT ONE FAITH; THE FAMILIES OF ONE, THE SAME AS FAMILIES OF THE OTHER, AND THE OTHER, AND THE OTHER, AND THE LAST;

FIVE FAITHS, AND ONE CIRCUIT RIDER: THE ONE SHEPHERD FOR THE FEW SHEEP IN THE MANY FLOCKS; RIGID, DORMANT, SLEEPING ON THE HILLS OF DAKOTA SOD, HELD UPRIGHT BY NO ENGINEER, BUT BY SIMPLE PRIDE THAT THEY HAVE STOOD SO LONG, STAND THE FIVE FAITHS, THE FIVE PURITANICAL RITES, AS FIVE ENTITIES; PRETENTIOUS NOT IN STATION, NO! PRETENTIOUS NOT IN RITUAL, NO! PRETENTIOUS NOT IN EDIFICE, PALACIAL MAGNITUDE, SPLENDOROUS WONDERMENT -- NO, BUT STILL PRETENTIOUS: PRETENTIOUS IN THEIR PURITANICAL PRIDE OF BEING FIVE RITES IN FIVE VALLEYS OF TEN HILLS.



HOARDING MASSES: CLEAN-SHAVEN HEADS BOWING; GROVELLING CLOUDS OF INCENDED SWEET INCENSE ASCENDING; PAINFUL POINTS OF CANDLE TAPERS' LIGHT BLINDING IN THE EYE; THE ROTUND PINNACLES OF THE EAST CATCH THE EVENING LIGHT; THE TURBANED FAKIR HEARS AND FEIGNS THE VOICE OF GOD, TO CRY THE CLOSE-CROPPED HEADS, THE BLINDING TAPERS, THE CLOUDS OF INCENSED MADNESS TO REST; JEWELLED VESTMENTS TRAILING THE FLESH-POLISHED FLOORS OF AGES GONE TO FIND THEIR INCARNATIONS NEW; JEWELLED VESTMENTS HEAPED UPON THE BACKS OF SAFFRON-ROBED FLESH WITH SAFFRON-DYED PATES AND FROWNS; CRIMSON, GOLD, SILVER TRAPPINGS REIGNING SUPREME IN ALL THE EASTERN THEOLOGIES

OF ORIENTAL POMP; REIGNING SUPREME OVER ALL THE TEMPLES OF SUN-LIT FIELDS AND SUN-KISSED LANDS HARBORING KINGS BORN OF THE SUN; MIGHTY POWERS OF MIGHTY ANCESTRAGE; MIGHTY WARLORDS -- EMPERORS WHO KNEW NO WORK, AND WHOSE SLAVES HAD SLAVES; MIGHT AND POWER PERSONIFIED IN MOCK TRIBUTE TO POWER; TEMPLES RISING FROM RICE PADDIES AND PRIMEVAL, UNRENT NATURE; TEMPLARS RISING FROM PRAYER FOR THE HIGHEST AND TO THE HEIGHTS ... NO-ONE PRAYING, NOT ONE TAPER LIT, FOR THE POOR WHO TEND THE WEALTH OF GODMEN CONTEMPTING GODS.



WANDERING EVEN THE LIMITS OF HUMAN ENDURANCE. WANDERING EVEN TO PALESTINE, OR THE MECCA, OR ROME, OR THE ROYAL PALACE, OR A TEMPLE OF BUDDHA, OR A HOUSE OF JOSEPH SMITH, OR THE ITALIAN DOGEDOM OF A CABALIST -- OR INTO THE REASONABLE TEMPLE OF CONSCIENCE OF A ROUSSEAU, OR A GERMAN-LUTHERAN CHURCH SIGNED WITH HUGE ITALIC LETTERS ETCHED IN AMERICAN STONE ACROSS FROM A BOWLING ALLEY IN A MIDWESTERN TOWN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

WANDERING EVEN TO THE LIMITS OF HUMAN ENDURANCE, WANDERING; TINTYPES OF GLORY! THAT FLEE LIKE THE FIRST FIREROCKETS OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, AND BURST AND ARE NO MORE, BUT ONLY MEMORIES -- AND STILL, FLEETING MEMORIES. TINTYPES OF GLORY, THAT PALE WITH THE YEARS, AND LOSE THEIR NEGATIVES, AND AT LAST LOSE THEIR IMAGES, AND FINALLY SEE THE END OF 'BETTER DAYS;' AND ARE, AT BEST, PALING ONLY RECENTLY PALED, TINTYPES OF GLORY, LOSING THEMSELVES AMONG THE PAGES OF A DULL-WORDED, DULL-JACKETED HISTORY BOOK: CONSIGNING ALL THEIR GLORY TO MEMORIES OF INTERNECINE WAR, AND DREAMS OF WARFARE -- OF VICTORIES AND CONQUESTS.

TINTYPES OF GLORY, THAT DIE -- AND ARE NONE: NOT THE TINTYPE, NOT THE GLORY.

THESE ARE THE CHURCHES, AND SUCH SHALL THEY BE: WITH ONLY THE EVER-SOARING ASCENDENCY OF THEIR SPIRES, AND ONLY THE UNMITIGATABLE PRIDE OF THEIR PAST EFFORTS TO RAISE THEIR HEADS OF SLATE AGAIN TO SUMMER SKIES.

THESE ARE THE CHURCHES -- TINTYPES OF GLORY, OF HIM WHO WAS; AND TINTYPES OF FADING COLORS ON THE HISTORY BOOKS OF ETERNITY; AND WHAT ARE TINTYPES, BUT EASY TO REPLACE? THESE ARE THE CHURCHES, AND SUCH SHALL THEY BE.



EDITOR'S NOTE: After the service has ended, and the congregation has displaced its collective posterior from the green plush pews, Dr. Pike is left alone to muse, to contemplate, and to supplicate those 'sapient, polyphiloprogenitive sutlers' of Potable Powers That Be to forestall the coming of Antichrist. Unfortunately for all concerned, however, this seems to have been to no avail -- for the Man of Perdition comes upon the next page, finding the good bishop in symbolic prayer. (Toward What or to Whom this prayer was directed or addressed is a moot question.)

THE GOD OF GREEKS, THE HEBREWS' SCION  
FOR WHOM THE CHRISTIANS FED TO LIONS  
THEIR ONLY SONS ... IS HE ALIVE?  
IS HE ALIVE IN THIS FABLED LAND OF YORE?  
IS HE ALIVE, AMID ATOMS AND IONS,  
THIS CREATURE GOD FOR WHOM THE SCIONS  
OF HEBREW KINGS AND DUNG-SMEARED SHEPHERDS  
LEFT THEIR COURTS AND THEIR BARNYARDS  
TO SING, PRAISE, AND GREET THEIR KING?  
THIS MASTER MIGHT, OMNIPOTENT FOLLY,  
WILL HE BE THERE STAVING VOLLEYS  
COMING FROM PAGANS AGES HENCE?  
SHALL HE WRITE HIS IDYLLS IN THE PRESENT TENSE?  
INSTEAD OF LIES, COMPOUNDED PAST?  
HOW MANY YEARS, HOW LONG LAST  
THE EVIL REMNANTS OF HIS CRIME?  
HOW LONG SHALL WE DRINK HIS BLOODY WINE  
WITHOUT A HINT OF POWER OR GLORY?  
WHEN SHALL HE BRING ANOTHER STORY  
FRESH FROM HIS RUCKSACK FASTENED  
UPON HIS SHOULDERS, STRIDING AMONG STARS?  
WHEN SHALL WE PUT HIS PUTRID ASH IN JARS  
HERMETICALLY SEALED IN TOMES PURE GREY —  
GREY AS THAT WASTED CHILDHOOD'S CHRISTMAS DAY  
WE SAT AND PASTED OUR CARDBOARD CUTOUT FAMILY  
UPON A CRECHE NEATH THE GREENPAPER TREE?  
WHEN SHALL WE FIND HIS FLESHY RELICS  
TO INSCRIBE HIS GLORY IN NEW IAMBICS  
NEVER BEFORE COMPREHENDED?

AND WHEN THIS IDYLL, ENDED,  
ALSO ROTTS AND TURNS TO DUST,  
THEN SHALL HIS BODY, OBJECT OF LUST,  
BE DESECRATED BY OUR FOLLY?  
CAN HE THEN ENDURE THIS NEW VOLLEY  
OF HATE AND SIN AND DEFAMATION —  
WILL HE RISE TO SAVE HIS NATION,  
HIS CHOSEN,  
HIS PICKED,  
HIS ... HIS ... HIS ...

✠ TO HIM BE ALL NOTHING AND NOTHING.  
✠ TO HIM THE IMPOTENT, THE UNSIGHTLY.  
✠ TO HIM THE DUMB, CLUB-FOOTED, BLIND,  
RESTLESS STUMBLING ASSURGENCY.

TO US BE MERCY;

✠ TO THEM BE MERCY, WHO DESIRE IT,  
IN THEIR STUPIDITY; WHO SHALL HAVE IT,  
IN THEIR FUTILITY AND NAIVETE!

AMEN.

## ABOUT THE COVER

(Prominent on the cover of this issue are, variously, symbols of the Christ and Anti-christ; the ritual hemlock cup used by the ancient Greeks; the Black Mass' and Satan's 'sign of the horns'; figures of Osiris and Isis, the Egyptian-Syrian fertility god and goddess; an inverted omega, symbolic transformation of the 'realm of Antichrist,' which is eternal damnation; and, for all Freudian fans, MANY phallic symbols! The Greek transcriptions read 'the cup of the hemlock,' 'Christ,' and 'Socrates.'

after his diligent survey of various forms of contemporary religious expressions, the good bishop heralds the coming of antichrist •