

The apocrypha of Canon Magazine speaks of four poets, one who is wise, one who is wicked, one who is simple and one who does not even know how to ask a question.

The wise poet asks, "Why do we mate the sacred with the profane in our rituals and ceremonies? Is it because the human race has instinctually tied the decadent to the divine since time immemorial? Does antinomianism reign supreme?"

The wicked poet asks, "What has religion to do with decadence? All around me I see Christian righters, third-time born agains, Islamic fundamentalists, Mormons and black-clad Hasidim. Decadence is for pale, scrawny men in glitter tights singing glam rock, and sad sack reproductions of Menippean satire. Can you seriously espouse such a concept in this day and age, when religion is stripped to its starkest and flimsiest bark and decadence gone and joined Liberace in the first circle of Hell?"

The simple poet asks, "WHAT IS DECADENCE?"

And to the poet who does not even know how to ask a question, the editor of Canon says, "Since the elders of Babylon let spill their seed in the temple prostitutes of ancient Mesopotamia, have we wed our holy places to blasphemy. Since St. Theresa had her ecstasy and the Hasidim sang the negunim to fall into rapturous trances, we have celebrated the bodily in the ethereal. However we like to define decadence, as high sensual indulgence -whether through food, sex, art, murder, politics, drugs or meditation- or as 'a decadence,' a permissive society in a state of decline (Rome before the fall, Britain and France before World War I, [perhaps The United States ten years down the line when the polar ice caps melt and hurricanes tear up the Eastern seaboard]) the human race has grafted its religions with some form of decadence. It is intrinsic to human nature to trace the shape of the soul through the body. As Wilde proclaimed, "Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul."



Enclosed is a wild array of divinely decadent works which should  
TITILATE, MYSTIFY, HORRIFY, RECTIFY, AND CANONIZE  
our devoted readers.

Happy roving,

Annie Levin  
Editor

