

BEAU-COCOA 1970

It's winter now

now the yearning that seeds

will dwell in paradise

in paradise the sleep

WINTER

to grace a spring and summer...

QUARTERLY
OF THE
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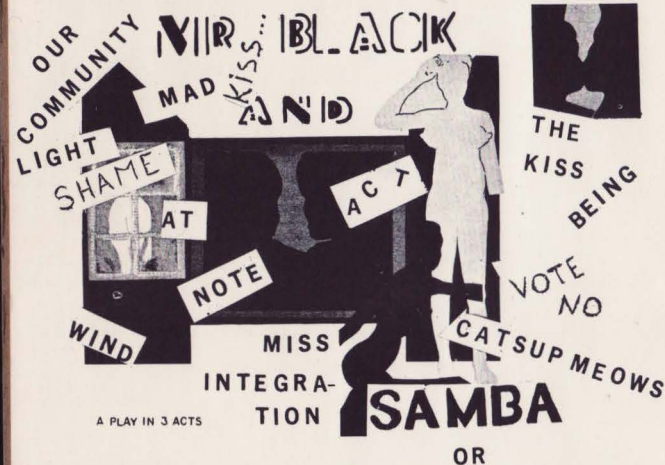
BEAU-COCO

Vol. 3 No. 1

HELLO, AGAIN, and a HAPPY-HAPPY --- from friends & pens ---

In theory, this is our third year. In fact, it is our fourth number. We are not inclined to stretch the point of "double issues"; subscribers will always get four separate numbers. But something has to give somewhere -- not planning, preparation, and printing time apparently -- so that the SEASONS may have to give in to REASON. This consideration refers back to B-C #1 and our "(try) quarterly (if not, try) 3 annually" suggestion, which some readers thought was too cute to be. Nevertheless, forthcoming issues will be on that quantitative order, pagewise & stage-wise, in all probability. We have another promising contributor, Linwood Smith, of Raleigh, N.C., as well as a spread of unpublished poems by LEA, a little prose excerpt, and the conclusion of "R.S.V.P." (except later we will admire "Ugliness" and look into some esthetic constructs.) So, WELCOME TO OUR THIRD YEAR -- 1968-9-70 ---

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A PLAY IN 3 ACTS

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BLACK SOUCHONG

WITH LEMON

Was it ever time enough to drink?

Pekoe, three years of growth / lasting and everlasting sweet memories

Black Souchong / a teasing time in love, in a teahouse

Oolong, Hyson / a tear ---

white-flowered pan-fried / loved, love to leave
to absorb, to squeeze, to evaporate
to dry, to roll, to fire ---

I remember feeling the guilt folds of my smile
before big night nodded me enter, and dreambound:

walking along aimlessly in familiar environs,
I'm not sure she called before
I looked back. Yes, I looked back,
hearing her say, "Lemon,"
and seeing Beauti-Force in that
wrap of my long warmth for her,
her curve-delirious thigh-cradle-abdomen ---
--- excellence! and her smooth-textured face.

And there was music in me --- light /
I heard singing bring me IN / from out in lonesome.
Suddenly "Lemon" was clearly, unmistakably what I'd wanted
from her --- ever waiting!
for just that little much to happen.

And we joined, going --- in projected thought
for a meanwhile walk of life / to come to / the awakening ---

We were together in a time, the Pendulum said,
when the measure of time was movement
and no one moved:

when the measure together / was a long leap locked
and a fast look framed
and a portable time gone

and a cock coo-coo
and a frock to woo / time-ago like now
ticks out its tongue
threaded silent ---

leaps locked,
looks framed,
time gone :

a frock worn over the wearer's years
looks, looking, looked

time is something warm like worn now
is something old worn-out cold time ago
was measure full, fitting well, framed goodlooking
gone out of focus,

is now shaggy shorn, image-torn, unserviceable past
forlorn.

We were splinters in a space of a spirit of UNdeeds
and insomnia
Indian Summer
ivy leaves
lonesome landscape
evening penumbra ---

Wombs close / labors clocked out,
clocks mock locked leaps,
bells el over towering tele-star dust,
coffins alarm / fly lids shut ---

I see her now in transgressions / a lover
I feel her cold thought of me / vain to speak
humiliating to say.

Say "Lemon" to the wind --- away / many dreams of a way;
Say "Lemon" to the breeze / and blow me down with bitterness;
Say "Lemon" in the downs
and tell the leaves down the rain cometh;

(down, down --- goodbye, down
upoutsideindown
the fallen-down love leaves floating)

The Pendulum looms, booms ---

Say "Lemon" in a dream and awake / up / wretched;
Say "Lemon" on a couch and be seized by pleas of leaving of favor ---
and teasing feeling of pricetag squeeze for what tea is ---

AGAIN! time to remember ::::

the forgotten end of the unbegin ---

Is it all a sleep?

DRINK!

I say "Lemon" and love-drops, invisible from everywhere,
flavor my teacup.

LEA

'67

DREAM SUBSTANCE DISSOLVED

lie head eye closed
see down dark
lanes of wish
running light
ever away ---

LEA
in the clothes
of dark shades
some income-
subtracted rainbow appeal
to reason where wear is

black odds
exposed to red
herring soup
black chips
fortune's coup
black blues
union of back dues --
the oils of life rust out
the coils of spring must sprout.

2 POEMS BY

LINWOOD SMITH

ENIGMA

Your hair
Moves gently in the wind.
A natural doesn't move
Too much. Your bearing
Streams soulful, sleek, serene,
Like a regal African queen. I thirst to feel
The magic of your touch.

Your voice
Wakes enticingly exotic
When you talk. I don't think
You will realize the sensuousness
Of your dark eyes, the hypnotic exhilaration
Of your walk.

Your face
Smooth, black, soft, gypsy-fair --
Now you are gone ... I wonder where ...

Unresolved, enigmatic dream,
Not the thing you seem you seemed.
Where can you be? The dream is gone...
Come back to me ... Come back to me ...
Black Paragon.

THE DREAM

I see you flung
There on my bed
Arms out/legs spread
Clothed in
The bareness of skin ...
Frantically ... turning/twisting
Not knowing my name
Yet ... pleading through lame
Animalistic cries of distress
For me to take you/squeeze you
In my arms
And cure your helplessness.

I've acted out this role before: But where?
 I can't remember ... let me guess ...
 Was it one night one summer on a beach
 Last August ... December ... /or last night
 In another room ... where I saw you in all your loveliness?

I see you there on my bed
 Warm ... alluring ... garmentless ...

A scene I've acted out before: But where?
 Was it one night on a wooden floor
 In some cheap motel/hotel behind a padlocked door ...
 Where I first saw your contorted face ...

your eyes aflame ...
 your body swell ...?

Or was it in some backstreet, virtually unknown place
 Where you and I stalemated in a tight embrace
 Defied/obeyed ... the conventions of nature and morality?

Now: Do I wake ... or ... do I dream ...?

LINWOOD SMITH graduated in 1965 from Gallaudet College, Washington, D.C., B.A. (English). He has published in Cyclo-Flame, The Clover Poetry Anthology, The Mustang Review, Negro Voices, etc., and is appearing in a forthcoming anthology by Gwendolyn Brooks. He resides currently in Raleigh, N.C., is married and a teacher of the deaf, and, himself, hard of hearing.

Mr. Smith advises that "being a poet is certainly an exasperating ordeal", with which I must concur in part. He has recently finished a book that is looking for a publisher (Good luck). And we are hoping to hear from him again. - Ed.

The following pages contain some of the Odyssey of Philia & Phobia over the body of poetry, given to yea-saying for (nearly) all the years of its pubescence. There are some few others (some lost), but these are the bulk & majesty (another is slated to appear in the Bremen published number *The Aura and the Umbra*). I have always had a fondness for them, as for the subjects from whom they took inspiration -- have or had is perhaps irrelevant. They are dated for whatever that may lend, all are previously unpublished, and they appear here practically unchanged except for typographical & topographical corrections in one or two instances. The leading title "Long Splinter/Winter (Nights of) White Mare/Rages" is some more of my playful disposition (I am aware also of the alleged psychological implications of punniness), some index of the reaction to ultimate scorn, some defense against the indefensibility of naked yea-saying, and a forward note against the absurdity of the (black) romantic position when such is not legendarily cast (and co-starred). All of which explication might have been omitted except for this space: Horrors vacua.

LONG-SPLINTER WHITE MARE RAGES

SUBLIMATION

OF SUMMER

1

Among the loved sleep spring next to summer
 there is a saying in the air that winters
 are the old men of time
 that purity is rare save under blanketed winter
 springs are lady-mothers
 that summers
 are unfaithful fever of full puberty
 are virgin like myths of the golden age
 every night of lying down forelornly
 where is that she
 where is my gone dreamloveless girl great morning
 where is my giving-up-life pregnant with honor
 with blues and whites with blues and nights
 of sky sky silence of why why time?
 autumn is august filling in free rhyme
 falling metre loved least best loved is harvest
 who lays the feast
 the rest for
 poems wintered-in by poets loved last in a pastlike love
 else that melts cloud ceilings April to May
 feelings of time of things
 and towers to the ground

bees zzz bird rhymes
 chirps fit in chimes
 leaves shower the larks
 late wind in the parks paperweights flutter down
 wings weigh the ground
 speed over spectacle crimes
 and criticize the Times

seas trees and twin hopes tomorrow
 bathed bedded diary-dated beloved
 unlove-words sweet as the essence of
 snow white young
 and jeweled love

and mind and morningside rich romance of radio
 lady gallants show will
 orchid moon glow tomorrow
 such is the much of cheer
 so as with snow

But for Carlot
 time is polyglot
 time is lying in her tomb
 there is a vast space
 which weathers in her tomb
 it is madness
 Carlot too grows old
 time cannot be told
 it is sex madness

with dimples and downs
 of cold cotton wear
 the ruffles
 and ridges of silks and satins
 and rows for tighties
 row on rows
 and rings around rosies show of tides
 comfort and fashions in storms of dressing
 of tide's will

One is man and one woman
 if a life of love is to be
 when love increases son and sin withouterly doubt

woman increases everymanlike
 will adjusttalented

even in magic man must abuse have
 to have it in woman maybe son excuse his

Not Carlot pretty
 evidoubtly out she too anyone can see
 is a long run entry

Carlot will
 I sayessay the quality of ay
 to fashion blue beyond beyond
so fond of the on

Carlot lovely in a pond to abscond beyond will
 once upon a place off patience's path no time
 at our table in the end time shall say
 grace beyond love to you
 to woo immortal days

Plot 1
 o unknown
 v once upon a dot
 e in a time of pot tot
 l grew to call off hot scott
 Y Carlot
 an unknown not mine

but exclusive YES in a moment of stone
 beloved unlovely stark naked in a prone a noyance of night
 at 20 a maybe lot lonely with loose links

and she and I it may be it is love and we
 each have love's one self having not yes self
 dazed in chill and rain of traffic tone
 with a craze yes in the hot hut maybe on cot plot
 with yes the ghost
 in a grave plot with maybe ghost

Carlot I will pardon your being young
 to grow out of my trespasses
 whether you be
 whether to be

I address love's music in a private yes park zone
 care of lonely the traffic tone will
 alone in an unknown plot
 flesh in a hot spot

with a lot of liquid sense
 with a clot
 on the warpath's stone

multi-might multi-much touch in sight of major memories
 away there hands outof clothes here so nude yes
will maybe so near I am laid in
no woman-made in your flesh
 ravished in fear all over of night to be over
 appearing to appear and disappearing
 hearing night the rain and maybe ghosts
 having a swelled narcissus my will is done

Ours flowers that follow fields
without wheels green as the een of grass

and spotted yellow as daisies
 blowing the quality of o flowing like our time together
 fluid as the timeless towers of our everyday theatre

weather of spring playing with summer
 whether wet or walking warm to the clue
 though unmet and not talking overlove is due
 your hand a strange land away so far sounds the ay echoes say
 there is no day without wanting

Night love knows heaven
 day love notwithstanding stands
 as beauty knows sight
 as much the touch such

as by day beauty is lovely
by night love's lovely becomes

unlovely by day and unsightly seen without will of touch
nightly nude against a whitely sky
through the coiling wind wild among the green stop
ecs---- send on a hilltop breathe
and then drop
O then

Midnight knocks lightly
at my window wantonly wooing lying in the ripe of black
announcing the food in the wood away & back
Anne and Grace eating self it-image

decrying neglect
legs bosom hips thrill discount
lowered herself too looking askance at heaven and
viewed her beauty mind on my prostration
in love going out

denying crowds and clothes
even nylon hose that feud with flesh
choosing a husband among those doing the odd of good
annihilating an ounce of nude not more
convenience not to obtrude don't be rude

Among the halls and waterfalls
Carlot calls against a whitely sky free
how so does beauty magnify
in love in mind's eye lovely
no wonder on under
hips begging lips I stand still or leging thighs
be ten thousand off pair see feel
the great beast of care of
loving at there air ocean juliannamarirosiloumurisilyielvia
and craving wherever
escape from lasting never aloneliness

the cry of strain of pain
all the heaven of my heart hears here I say
and hollowed out the belly
they bring it to me
The Hurt

and give to me to be remembered
They say -Hallowed be the beauty of our youth
have you written anything lately? have you written anything?
of our heartbreak our sacrifice
hallowed be hallowed be hallowed be
the gay wit
of our walks
of our talks together
in dreams-

But who loves me?-
-We are platonic sisters
have you written any poems lately Mr A

love? about love love poems?-
-Love? but who loves me-
-Why! all the world!
remember the theme hallowed be hallowed be-

-Yes yes hallowed be
hallowed be the heart
that offers love and free
and holy that night of ((Ishall))
passage holy for the Queen of Hearts ((love))

as word is work in this excuse for beauty
for such as love---
forever! reign on even so
excuse me
I envy the savage beast his progeny-

-Oh! beautiful
Oh! you are so---
a peck on the cheek for you
you may have anything you like from the bar
Mel
you may have anything you like
May I fix you something?
you may have anything

Thank you I must forget the long long worm
I must skip dessert a birdmeal for a spirit
with an appetite like mine
it will burrow in the ground and turn to dust
dust is just as good
let the flesh escape me if it must
if only he would raise and dive but once
because of you
head it off? I did love her so I thought of that
I did love her so so fitfully
nature wills its course still and helplessly
all? all off---

will my humanity be
by inhumanity close upon my dying done to death
if being done I could not write their praises?

all the heaven of my heart is love will without choice
and flesh the rest of me
my love of love as I have
silently voiced
unheard to Carlot

Night only knows the lonely
and lonely night is lovely Carlot in me the doomed
were you denied sun? light of day
and me because I am damned
what I love is free

with scenes of love in the plight sense world of
somewhere uncovered slightly urgent
on a cot crude to calculate real feeling is a bride
in a soft size and a mad yes mood

set by blood in bone to test the lonely stuff rough
 first by touch contains most of much to is the way to take it
 knowing love the lip to let to wake it
 slow
 fortunes go
 by the melody of O

the show is a want of love for a show of having
 with a need to want to for a show of having
 matinee and evening performs throughout a lifetime
 will it run?
 an added attraction hips designed for restful movement
 cushioned in refined upholstery
 how's the engine?
 if you go go like a row row will it high-low
 like a hammer heart start and throw
 guaranteed?
 this excitementality a time and a crow
 one for the money if not four free to still the faucet five

Carlot in a pond duck image on the water
 fond feeling swan movement
 a warm tide over the side inside out
 follow and ebb grow and flow smoothly over the downed
 virgin-lined ground
 weddings warm

body raw-indulgent then sugar-icinged and gingered
 with candle heart-light memories of delights
 charcoal cinder of first sunset
 syrupy brown movement into evening love

little berries fresh sweetling
 in the icecream pink of youth
 vanilla sundae soda

in in time love is twin go together draw
 the winner is an outlaw

in the green in time yes the flesh is lonely
 pass between past and present
 beyond comes future

the unviolated room
 transition setting in bride-groom

O song for love sing song O Sing
 I owe one song of breathless breathless there-will-be
 can there be wrong in this wish?
 to be long with its metre Yes movement

here see
 how human hopes agree translated

Oh could I know each strand of hair
 lo in fields forgotten remember June
 two for the show where there is fever
 sometimes truly waiting for the sun to sink July

I feel a walking for-grace-giving forgiving December
 jinx in my heart too I would ask the sun
 to give back to
 Atlantis Indian Summer

I have watched a heart unknit threadbare from the pearl
 of a thousand dreams and you say say
 it was play Judas

And now Carlot
 wherever as far as I wandered wild to be free maybe
 love and lovely and the greater loveliness I see
 there you were smile of plenty freudian-eyed
 face a radiant yes ALL!

obsessed by the er as in her by chance
 uncovered width with a coiling wind
 wind is a feeling of in the air of wings
 that way and this away to kiss a winding
 still thrill moment to fill
 the canvass columns of clouds
 that sigh of a thigh in a pocket of sky

banana skinned away the cream of flesh alive and walking
 by and by not shy like lovers a single eye
 but sees no pain no trauma nor fraught by seeing the sight
 and thought of being loved
 go puffed on the border of bathing brown they say
 by like an order of dinner to do
 and over done none after now after one
 after the scent clever of taste and sight of touch in a feeling
 swallow to erase disgrace of race to win embrace of lips
 face gravity
 each sense a universe restrained by space by one
 each now somehow is all
 times five love's call
 never a taste the scent of tasty a waste of sense

and senses guiled by wondering fevered to do
 to enhance the romance of you
 whitely slightly uncovered a maybe lot alone
 seen and not like a ghost
 a host of you

And drums dd drums that do-away
 shoo away the hoodoo
 from the hideaway hearsay ((something)) about the hut smut
 calling the virgin honor roll
 Carlot now hear this
 she has broken out her dishes
 my heroine tame lightning
 no more thunder
 flame flame
 you are lovelier across night

nobody knows I am the moments are nobody knows

I recall
nothing except all
Just a strand of hope Judas abracadabra-golden rope
say say lets play hangman with the holy band of angels
O heart I cry will will O fair fair lady cheer forever
may I comb the sun back into dying day-old summer and lift her cheeks pinkly
with a pin up moon and picture the wavy sea of hair that follows from night
so saying say I am the lighthouse of your journey you said you said
you were saying alas here I'll not remember to say
how can I love despair Mr A forevermore
Enamored yes corridor maybe evermore
mad unreason progress and digression
preserve against the sensory quick pleasure dressing mind's eye
in the ancient treasure at the end of corridor-Y
illusion lost in the aisle? no style
records compiled yield guiled senses
top of the world a hairy field growing wild
heart also lies
for the rise
I ought to follow wonder and circumcise the eyes wise
the thing is a thing is a thing
a thing anything any nothing is something to beg a thought
often an off-thought aloft
for soft application
you it must be you wondrous you too
must be wherewithal thoroughly through
forgiving no more
jinx
I'll be a debtor again again through as through as through
thanks thanks
Yes put out the spark that sweats in winter
what's the good of candle heat?
against the giant witch that walks and writhes and dances
that drinks the giant flowing wind and goes abroad for more
in love lost whites review above
frantic nights cost to warm too sterile
go hide hell the wide eyes of woman wide want
wait

and yet wait
and still wait
and wonder maybe
everywhere there is air I am
a host of her appear clear windowed in eye timbre
coming through the wear of time
out here ghost we mate no now just here
to fear
she and agony cannot break until time
I will
say say lets play time outbursts but nervous beauty being
time not so fast to be is happy
time is as lovely and wholesome and healthy as I
last in it
in spite of work-wishing away
time is fast somehow the greatest last is now

THE MODEL FOR THE ARTIST

2

Charlotte little used lips lore of smile parts day
gay partners before and the while
yours as mine are yours
two ooze lips double you in some intense
zephyr's owling of hours
and afterwhile words'dream
woodland nymph
to woo bathing legend
hunger danger to-woo ho!
moon-calling on water and night
might seem splash of side's naked white glint
timbre of running girl through deadwoods
unrobed to swim in brown eyes
dawn comes up night and night the blackwoods
but no light moves the backwoods the deadwoods play with dream
while blue eyes look on day
look on day
To these eyes --- do they see?

to whose joy
love loses a dreamer
by whose choosing some cool lean Texan
our vexed Queen of the Autumn Howl
looks heavily down through odd-fallen names
to find a hero

heroine of the song's heart

lonesome no more no more lonesome memory
the song's long remembrance unheals
the sing of you
the sing of song

On a windy day
the words'dream remembers
our lovely girl lovely
living jealously a life-jewel
held to sun
to moon

radium sparks labor against mentioning your kiss
this find of truth and beauty in one day's sleepwalk

in heartbeat times of sparkle
is mood in starfire you blue glow of light-kiss
buds of lips
breaking white of light fire in deep stone-tone

jewel stone fruited in
time and lonesome fuse
sound of warm light of lips
closing our eyes soft in love

Where these are heart breaks
quilts of nocturne reverses a velveteen body
under night a star falls
guilt of sentiment spread over night
is the song sad of love
the heartstop calls
the heartshop fix-it girl

no nubile woman beauty short-inviting sprawllike speakview
a fleshcut of time unreal flash
enlists heartbeat more times lively
than image and apparition developing of you in space
where something is to do
here is a singing
hello is hiatus hazarded

fire kills breath
a body a breath so badly burned to be in
embodying no more than an air
being an air and in-flight seeing you

heartburns exact from art
sight climaxed on form

your gowns beyond sound somewhere
fluff too hot having none
against art all-having
art you have enough

Charlotte! require
sleep suspends a shadow
tinkering by your fire desiring
ever how much your beauty's touch is

held away incubus I require
trying tired desideratum
continuum to basis

You
my model for beauty
entirely a free-falling pattern
between desire and taste lies diffuse time
refusing imitation forwardly

forward
for you echo and art and part departure
three loves three units in one
of all the moonlight nights summer and autumn
and all the lights of Little Dipper stars

in the famous happiness I dream these
seem

Charlotte to whose love call you
for whose smile lucky eu-luscious voyage
joy-eyed? all heart eyes
love call jointly eye call
show lips

above my head moonslits seem on flame
a sundial
a lake of sand
a dew crystalline air
torrid night star of kissing kissing curtsies
dropping silver daylight
through a million years of journeying
a dew rainflower
no tears to your memory
but a rainbow in both eyes
and you are gone

I see me only lost
such is a love sick for smiles and smiles
and open eyes' awe-filled stomach's sea-fever
yet to want
and turning over whelming wizardry
that odds always I shall be an island from my lovely

Auburn wet-burned gold awe-fixed for wind
 or baked borne yellow sun-burned
 slip-weaklings' single weaves
 soft kiss of water curling
 soft catches of water coming out the head
 hues long downings' glitter
 treated infra-red-glow soft

awe-much touch meaning
 burned-in hand deep sleep summer pressed over here
 caressed ear-lip
 delicate deliberate feeling of its
 down-hung
 half-having life

 deep river coming-current sweeps
 by under currents still and sleeps

silent
 neither touch nor talk cotton warmth
 tele-tumbled over
 everything of course too cutting in comparison

ashened-in unnaught nurtured uncomplexion of a pink white petal
 browning in the burn of beautifying sun
 touching timbre tauntingly

health having helped the heaven artist's work
 would not have been clear or pure
 art for art

not for man hungry to have knowledge love
 growing in a wilderness too far afield not to be wild in feeling
 from feeling naturally inclined to look and feel

as things are
 so this should be
 easier to set upon to have to know to live with

heaven being paradise proper being this being here
 helps being unbeautiful thought and action to be better
 brings paradise promisingly near

 here maybe heaven comely in the here of man-made hell
 but tells heart not to do and be
 to love and not to love by reason
 of right-hearted compartment-treated knowledge

here is my beloved in whom my day light dreams
 which way to hope
 what right watch is way
 and seems having in this world to that
 which wants and wants my healthy heart
 to be beginning here
 and be hereafter
 this is my beloved

grown in the going

the way from the flesh house that does not look back
 upon the street-regretting footsteps
 in the dark

on and on to come a backward spirit-hunger
 not having spirit no heart to help
 nor health to haunt
 forever forever
 this having having long passed health

Our lots our lots are sharing
 lots

car lots lonely and it should not be
 lots my love I bring being lonely too

far our frontdoor name-number written in the book of record
 keeping our recording history
 public secret

 for the future reference of readers in romance
 lingering leaving on the frontdoor of love's habit-
 forming a habit-being together

lips leave off lips
 until the times lips touch the heart again
 lips reach
 wide open spaces
 kiss
 lips

open spaces leave off
 leaves breathe

 burning out in making lovely
 flowers leaves

like being in the under-over
 holding breath of air still leaving
 little between the movement

 until escape to finish freedom being one

Let on the lips the face of love
 caressing lips like one perfected work
 face-peaceful problem of no moment prose completed

 poem having taken wholeness
 into this in two to touch in touch in thought and time
 to end a feeling space in time

 and time and time having been
 known perfect
 touch again
 in coming prettily together

turned earth into turning earthly again over
 stuff of stifled feelings

being on a flame-worked structure
 borrowed from a time for years

to this first artist of this medium
 form of it a promise
 freshly avid
 vigorous and young

make movement wed allow fortune marriageable to feeling
 in true love the things that are
 developing into fullest fruit of taste
 the worldwide breakers on the beach of night

seeming seeing knowing all
 by polished abstract object-meeting
 matter energy-equipped sensory-subtle knowledge
 being healthily skinned of needless dill defences

tone refracting depth and all-around dimensional-perfect deepening
 as a wordcut work in Oriental balsa

The glandular beat of bosom bent on bossing wide
 of the bending line of the world that wears a nipple
 for the mouth of opening moments after having fed
 are hunger's twins of stomach
 mankind not God-made but once

Her templar bosom temples these
 are castles
 cones of chocolate ice cream woman's calling
 a couple score milleniums budding
 as beautiful as they are

Curve and up running over full chastening nubility
 nude to lineage wrought right with uncut center piece
 round moonlight pure
 pocket place ungiven play of peace treatment
 on ground leaves
 off less than rare
 for having hurried here
 to get in there
 in that the greatest ---
 all-working knowledge
 the number one is made to tell

Leaving evening ease of heeps of how
 the heavier havings take to loveliness
 hewing textures tones and timbre
 torn and patched and put on strength
 about as handsome
 as heavy-setting balm

of calm letting out of seams coming up of garments
 quotes of having sought the thrill
 of moving moon
 of morning noon and middle twilight
 one in all in each and every mealtime
 when mating wishes equalled food
 perhaps these times too many

leaving here the lumps leftover likings
 looking little less than lovely
 if at lovely looks appear
 half as near to wearing pretty

against the lover's awful fear---
 feeling seems of bone

Here she is -
 leave me something to talk about to me when we are only
 down to legs -

My arms are reaching out to you
 my being wholly having been filled with you
 must out
 with its stores posing poised
 must make light dance down the daily work
 of what is beautiful
 to me to see to be

as a picture of a part of an art's great artificial fact
 some matter of some spectral colorpoints in common space

in with word meaning-look-same-sound-of-symbol
 moves to be admitted insight

are lots our lots see M-measuring able width of walk
 from limb to limb

arctic to her creamland soft white snows
 south polished little yoke-mixed-big-white
 complexion poles

shaped people-inviting uninvited building onward happiness ---

round columns over woman-size-seized feeling
 immediately leaving ceiling level
 except for the artist-concept
 you-realizing
 ideal lies in
 this you low guise in woman
 makes for greater contact in feeling of the spirit-flesh
 when it has learned esthetics from this teacher's love
 communication never overcame

THIS RHAPSODY! ---

1955-6

ALTERNATING DIRECT CURRENT EVENTS

• 67

The freedom act in black is A.C. O.K.
 though not spelled out to a D.C. "T",
 though supported by brotherfellows ofay
 and many not black except on the gravy DO-RE-ME;

(LEA)

Though non-violent in defence
 and in the fence-sitting middles,
 the fallout freedoms seem not all pretense,
 hence, wireless D.C. T.re-Views of First Fiddles;

Though clocked plenty twenty bias hearyees backwards
 with unjust single strides overcoming forth,
 D.C. has switched some A-B-C events of Ante-Bellum quackards
 to unbug-hum the idylls of Marchington's elect-centrifig North.

EXCERPT

from NAKED LOVE-KNOT
(a novel, 1965, unpublished)

What do houses say? Houses. I've visited hundreds of homes, he thought, know hundreds of case histories. But houses ---? Say, speak of the agony of the duration of infancy, early childhood, teen years - young marriage, parenthood, early cold winters. Something about the feeling of progress stopped, of just-making-it life, ends barely meeting, or cracks, big cracks. Unspeakable acts, tensions boarded in, covered over, tau terrible bubbled anxiety - the flesh act out of pieces of cloth...

Speak, say cracks in plaster walls, two by one-half-inch slabs and mouse hole built-in entrance exit the length of three-four rooms. Say, old paint and painted over plaster holes and fill-in materiel, cowlike spotted walls, like craters on the moon, full of poor unplanned design, or signs of wasteland poor, barren body-minds, of intrepidly bedroom warm bodies in egg and sperm heat. Say, Cold-dd. Say, No time for life. And, Money, more money. Where can we get how-much-more money? And about food, say, No, Junior, you can't have the rest of the oatmeal. Other people have to eat around here, too. You can have another slice of bread and you can put some mayonnaise on it. And don't try to use up the whole jar -- what's left. And, There, Billy, that pin will hold your shirt together for today, mama'll sew a button on when you come home from school. Now, leave it alone.

And piles of dirty clothes rags, say, speak, of thin and blueveined people here, and bright-faced kids, and dirt-smears faces healthy by genius of you except in the eyes that ask,

What did you come to collect from my mama and daddy? And, No, mama ain't home, and we ain't got no money. And, The man's coming and's gonna see me eating this, and ask for money and mama'll get excited and nervous drying her hands and getting into the bedroom looking blank, and daddy's at work and don't make but six-or-so, and I'm scared and can't... or maybe I could beat him up. And now he's smiling at me and saying, "Hi, Sonny," and I look and look away and say -- But I don't know what to say and he grins and looks off after mama who's coming back from the bedroom with some dollars. And I feel a little good, only she says she ain't got so-and-so much and I feel a little bad.

And I want to count the money to be sure and she grins and slouches and looks tired. And the man opens his book saying something like "your behind again" and says, "Oh well, I'll mark you--" something, and gives her a bad mark and gets up putting the money in his pocket, and then he goes and mama looks at me and yells something why I ain't finished eating and I duck ...

And, Mama, the Investigator. And mama closes the door to the bedroom because the bed's not made up and she's smiling again and last night she told daddy he had to get a better job so we could get off Welfare because she said she'd rather be dead than have the Investigator always nosing around and looking around and looking at her like she was some dirt and saying nasty things and making her cry for shame like she was some child with a dunce cap. And daddy said we couldn't help ourselves just now and he'd do all he could and might before long get a little raise, and night before he was drunk mama said where'd he get money to throw away for love of might he said he only had one beer and a friend bought it and another, anyway, so what would a few cents do for mama said he should be home doing things around the house. Well, it ain't right to talk about staying home

all the time when you're man, you're a woman with six kids you had for yourself, as if you had nothing to do with it, mama said, you're a no-good bum, damn you, woman, daddy said and he was mad and went right out again ...

Hello, Mr. Blank, mama said, and, Hello, Misses Blurr-bzz, the Investigator said, and, won't you have a seat, mama said, knocking some corn flakes from the chair. Yeah, thanks, the Investigator said, and right away he was looking around and I was playing with some sticks on the table with Billy and Molly and Paula, and right away while mama was saying something to him he was seeing our old shoes and mama said something about shoes and hewanted to know what she did with some money, and mama didn't know and he looked at her meanlike and said something about being sorry. She looked like she was going to cry and I felt like I was going to cry and Billy, too, and Paula was crying already and then Jim and Eddie came in from the street, my big brothers eleven and thirteen, and right away they looked hurt and mean, and didn't speak and mama made them speak and blocked them from going into the bedroom and made them sit down on the kitchen cot, and they looked mad and gave me a dirty look, and so I had to cry, so I tried to hide in the window but then Eddie saw me and had to open his big mouth and everybody looked at me, and I ran to mama and I was hugging her leg and the Investigator was frowning, and then he wrote something and mama scolded me.

Then the Investigator said that maybe we could get some new shoes after all, and mama was saying how bad we needed them and made us all hold up our feet and the Investigator was smiling and trying not to smile, and then he was smiling a big smile and writing in his notebook, and mama was smiling a little, too, and said how hard it was to keep us in things to wear, and the Investigator said yes he knew but she'd have to try harder, and then everything seemed to be all right because he even asked if there was something else we needed, and then mama showed him some papers and after awhile he was leaving and mama said have a nice weekend, and he said thanks, and mama latched the door behind him and sighed and turned and looked at us all and asked Eddie where Ann was, that's my big sister, and he said next door with Beatrice, that's her friend, and mama said she had meant to say something else to the Investigator but he was long goodbye nice weekend gone in the street and walking too fast to catch up to already.

Neal lit a second cigarette, sitting. Going away from the visited houses, he thought, what did they say? What was the soul in them saying? saying,

Of dreams ... my son will grow up to be a lawyer - a lawyer - that means a house of his own where you don't have to beg the landlord for paint to re-do the walls, where most of the walls will have brick design plasticlike stuff that costs a dollar per square foot, or rich wallpaper maybe ten or twenty dollars per wall, and plush rugs and easy chairs and shaded light and air conditioning and good central heating, dozens of outlets and a roof garden, and a big backyard. And he'll have a new car and a garage, and his sister'll marry a prominent young doctor, and she'll be a nurse, and they'll make more money in a week than daddy does all year long, and live in the suburbs and commute, and have secretaries and maids and all...

(mid pp. 166-170)

LEA

BLUE IN REDDING
(Library Kilowat Hours Refracted)

Blue in redding
in spiraling sticks of lips
marking words in sounding silence
read in red eyes flame ---

meaning up love-storied steps ascending
down the upward grade of pattern
a long clean page of paging image
seen and unseen scene of walking talking

time and untimed turnings over
touring chapters in and out
wetting liquids' wet-red like-lips lick the tongues
of seeing touch of them thru distance-time
wrought their being beautiful

been before the author's sight
no more than just the author's right of-will-of-wish

but what
this little boon of beauty buds
lens whereof its self-frustrated fall
new becoming beauty being born
being born a wingless angel
lost to finding deathless days'
dark corner-inch of space
in the world of doting letter

lost to one line wording
only here to destined end a lingering

hears boasts
borrowed taste yet turning strange the stranger less enchantment
over tongues this tense in time
waxy flowers' waterless winds blowing at the wonder ---

whose eyes from word-fall timbre bluing
browning blacking redding
flung open lids and blinked at day
at left words' windows

thoughts wild wander to

breaking stars of fertile earth wondering to know
growth in seasons mating sciences repealing the revealed
browns and blacks and grays

eyes' waters fall
streams plain mountains
trouble feeling waters grasp re-enter reading

This light
above the brows along the cheeks and fingers

lifting face at dawn
revisits acres' April lordly nurture
primed again at reading's speech
sun that leaves its nature growing
silent what save spirit comes
communing with the mouth to teach
a listening play
of music motion-played
emotion-faith attempting stormy Monday's temple

A reading call
of far that speaks of spirit
to touch as sleep

and much and more to come
of silence rich by reading
the redding sum

a coming mood of meaning
call of spirit out to touch the crops
of four-dimensional talk
of far across a time

some space some light some theory mentioned
consolidated to be in
ready on occurrent contact

reading metres measured tongues to add the in-mind
cool in on the redding light

know the reading great at being
bliss-and-bodyful watt hours liking
given up to comma
to take more pleasing being reading's own

'57

GARDEN GROWTH

A flowerful power in girllooks on
petal pretty rose peachy whose meat keeps firmly young
undone in browned parts pink
in green strength molded columns' worked illusions
good as bananas ripening awhile to peel

small and shapely young
and tall tailed golden with cold creamy gleamless moonface
profoundly looking downless sun-attractive
flat fat brilliant flowering

flesh blithely to the eye
fleshed firmly to the flesh softly

muscled in thin fatflatless bulbs
juggled-heeled forming dance performance in the knees
sensefully mounted on bonus
-23-

slim as tall stakes unforsoaken grub cover
 thick in a tight small matter's in-timely caress
 high airy fairy inflated boughs' berth
 a search forthbearing
 the giraffe half acrumble aft
 into supra-sub-visions' long knot encirclement
 enlightenment a taking-off attitude
 tip prick diminuendo-ed
 petal proud crescendoing stung-humbled into honey

a wonder the poundless pounds of power
 and its psyche sounds the round carbon night
 playmating airs
 the form-matter fluid to run win rolls rolls
 light in the hour light breaks
 the heated hills rising afternoon airily rose florescent

MINI MEAT AND POTATOES

The mini meat index
 is esthetic credit to the potato complex;
 since the eye would be planted in an ostrich unknown
 a la Freud, curiosity requiring, a lot is fore-shown.

It was in fact the potato leaf
 that bugged our Adam into grief;
 and only thru analysis can man redeem
 the paradise hindsight of the potato theme.

With this wisdom repressed the potato is fat
 seeking just the right masher to monitor that;
 since the potato has a dozen eyes
 Groundhog Spud is a delight-filled size;
 and chippie frying bounds them to reveal
 paradise-pound compounded appeal;

for Eve only took leave of her potato diet
 to sample the apple, red-skinned by fiat;
 it had been the peeling theretofore
 that dulled the wit to divine the score;
 thence, though Eden gave barer good report
 the mystery is much glarier in narrow consort;

and those who will gander meander on the lookout
 for the more odds-to-get-even with her goose cookout.

With mini half penny high enough for wading
 further sea-lift would amount to swim parading;
 but mini wife-buoyed Adam's apple of hog-caller bass
 frets the paradise regain-saying of high-pitched mini lace;
 for as mini as big eyes on potatoes are ingredient about
 rare Humpty-Rumpties will be done away from homefried potato route.

DESIGN OF A WOMAN

Black into touch into down black
 lineless net-worked doll link
 grip tactility unlimited round-wound-down life
 pore inlaced life pretty pretty smooth

phenomena line-put without line looking work
 dark unlookings worth seeming
 switched lookinggrowth to feel matterfact

lines the artist's taste
 lines smarting mind's eye esthetic complexion withstanding
 to the limit of lay sense-weighted glamor
 a lay unlovely girl
 a touched and ravished art piece

in lay hands
 saying better touch talks than look sees

if some or no
 palatte talk
 of bitter taste
 touch is taste including

the madding more
 more my misshared floor flower night fashioned
 kiss captress

night laughing
 sootness silver and white
 laurel song of night

Osirian slim-phonym midnight limpid score of names
 left screaming for become-outness

score deftly inner uproarious
 white core rose floral livid

rhumba unencumbered rhythm's black girl
 limbo calypso a glow ole go tan tango
 mambo mambo unentangled
 in the maxixe get away to rhythm

rhyme every ever-loveliness-rementioned part
 be startling midnight
 lovers' morning eve
 the whole over hours
 score over in the heart

madding rose
 a part of your feeling-beautiful returns to me
 over the rim deep rock rose

the fire's skeletal flight-design
is signatory to the inness root beauty
over my miss-shock over the earthen wondrousness
to have you re-do all the days of my life

the threads as woven a fine enchanted fibre
you in it take suggestion's end
to carry over the great hiatus love-search
for some one of beauty
you are

little rundown doll Wednesday in your youth's store
pouring out light
or white hot heroes
somewhere to go and drown
down behind focal field length

all the tall legs high feeling
of ceilingless embraces
nothing anywhere barer air than beauty whereverwhere
there are looking kisses that elide
kiss me there in the air of
everywhere at once all-being necessary

all starts smothered and silenced
stars and sprinkled in-blackness
all arms wrapping rope-toe
all airs of sleep and silence

lie there and drink enchantment
in bare air

I remember
you it
two beautiful lies
illusion reversed black
but sing your own song back to the night

I'll remember
in hairless black nightmarish broken nearness
you in breezy billow wind

sadding there
some evening coming raw draw work-tomorrow worries
sigh deeply lie quiet
I come upon you again

lovely in the gown of skin feeling
lay of thin fibre
meshed a smooth caress holding

I laugh with this happiness
wander to my lips
sink in my face sinks in slip covers' of sleep
facing sleep wide awake with me
we two dream

where are you in that listening sleep --at peace?
I long day-long-night touchmequickly lover

lips black red pink of tube-lubrication red of life's heat
press the fire over me over my oblonging for you

lover
break out the basket breakfast of cigarette and coffee
lunch of sounds of seeing goings by from timelessness
by evening
brought into the raw reality
of a body here and there
hungry for mesh

to have the supper put in place
two faces of slight dreams to eat
mount the stair to winds' call
tipping grip-poised
loneliness imperfection full of sharing

lover
how you may have me tonight take off nudely into space
weightless of time
you are grapes surfeit
undefined dimensions line my brow wondering of you

where? what woman are you
waking windows in my wake-telling hours of ours

yours your far-away-from-me and mounting footsteps of miles
mine upon my mind
devoted to the doorway portrait smile and laughter's wisdom

I've come lover in my arms fling
good enough for hour-years
from this moment ---

from time I take back nothing home again
again -- presence is good enough

go into the basket's bottom mine is yours
we share the meantime holiday of ourselves
hours til hours end

black lover desiring you turns me insideout in
retrospect I reflect after re-entry

do I love my beloved?
my beloved IS love
the beauty of my life we save together for this time-being
is the beloved time-out-put into feeling

who says unglamorous? which is as-if feeling
as-if presence objectively distant

but you are presence black and black
no freeze squeeze between our touch to see
no absence absence in our embrace but as-if time
there is no outside there between us but eased insight

an act of life-in-motion accord
is to do/be in-touch
is in-feeling covered discovery of self
where were lonesome outlines unlified

MISHICHO

The sea .
 . the count tame wild dermis
 . the fifth estate of sexes))she lake Mishicho
 wind I wind hoe habit
 on the floor of the skin
 wind-washing down
 cutting pore air lines into tide sunspots and wavy feeling
 plays))overlay)) spice depth breadth
 and awaking with closure a sealed seabody .))Eye meant philia
)) I field((the a look of love
 or tell to the wind's ear

 fruit figure)) I field fellow
 go))
 to sleep)) you grow as I watch))and closure
 I))
 good figure))
 I))watch
 eye art the window in the wind
 so shall I be composed to love the sea
 as I become seasons so shall harvests need idyll-eyed threadmen
 to trek seeming the fruits beyond a fording

))the spaces' openness This window by love the sea)(love/sea locks

 listening in an ear . ((so shall I account to love the limbs' extension

 for the light
 awalk the wave-bent flanks
 wickpuff & fire by the life-lathed line & fold of her garments
 and time is wickedless spaces in night star points shadow and chasm
 blue the fire of morning
 milkfats hot laminated eye
 wiped white/blew out of hearts
 & the ebb-memorial spaces green & green
 follow rhythms & rhythms flowing back
 to the sea
 This window by love the sea)(euphoric

 airs good element
 Love sad I concede to the room/mats/panels
 a history with her/ring
 a future((light))in the room ((still))
 little bulb and bubble bud knows not delight a littleness
 weed a void the white tide of wide knowledges(reciting past & future
 our lines sea-lock)(withoutlooks dressing the hills so
 there is no looking/sea elan beyond met)(rivulets concurse
 wisp-pooling wish-purring dippling
 washing over a pattern knot

weed drink a dish of light

by two by fours of kisses build the playhouse
 eight fanthoms down by the sea of beginnings to darken
 eight leagues in the sky of joy in sunlight
 the all-summer dirt of fun in the sweat of health

a darkness of the noon-after drumming sun
 the hypodermic hue of heartline energy
 and larked to repast over.abeyant flood
 yearning in fullmoon milkmaidenhood
 breathlink by breathlink climbing up the sky
 the starry cloak aslant into the sea
 the breeze askance of corridors to morning chill
 the night is passage from shore to ship
 and a sailing home to the sea

my drums of West freaka leak
 as to be a seachant miming wavebeat rhythms
 buoyed upon the breaker seas quietly lap
 exquisitely dash the rock

the drum trips doorways thru the rolling tides
 comes the sun thru the washer nut & bolted sheath
 amending lineage the lifeline is thrust and taken
 the skins drawn taut)(the space barrier broken
 and its sound breaks limbo sizzling
 safe voyage to union resumed
 note the recovery of love dancing

O cradle's/hip thigh calf down lay thigh/calf down
 opening thigh's/hips convexes cradle
 drumskins beat in the head in padded descendingdom
 the buxom labial mirror bursts from admiration closure
 to her to-see field rolling
 in out-flanked thigh's/hips

width & breadth a dense velvety encyclegraphing presence
 to be/leave behind ahead eludes in cycles
 such/shunning spickets of fascination

The puny ecstasies purr relief
 leaves upon leaves the leaking of time from embrace
 fill the vexed hog trough with a milk of titillation
 leap trills quadruplicating as to guess
 arrival of the long years' course
 the headleg egg-eye-yoked yowls in her chalk esthetic estate
 in formlessness surrendered free
 spicketing up erotic tongue
 sob-histrifying in quests' hallowed birth griefs
 Mishicho the lake & Mishicho the sea

but/or the pitched ball drum and the one-armed horn
 note the unresolved end saying
 to will take my no-more-words on a weak yes
 to will oh to say eye oh image is
 the portal pass thru the play-on
 (i(n(t(o(ch)))t(h)e)))a(l)l)))s(p(a(c(e(s((pass)))

The sea

is she oh is she me((no no ink india
 and anywhere have I travelled far
 rose ohs the sea trios we
 the ohs her eyes to oh will oh love be eternal
 as the sea field

kimono pools and trestlebridge lakes' flowers & fanciful play
 sighing on a narrow's promontory ((but love
 saying on no wave film let leaves freeze over
 yes oh love of the chalk face
 on no matter poor hearing in fortune's tea junkshell ear
 but tides re-sea & breeze your dark eyes

the patina chalk face esthetic time mirrored & remembered
 at all the colors strengthening image-call ((seagulls
 ((of a summer dress wet-ambering sea/you
 &rain soft-beamed figurettes that the green whats wave
 to you beach and clift moon and lakes bayou

of only these the sea would die but eupictureful you
 dot the eye-delight

is she co-oh's prayer
 fleet as sea spray co-bosomous ((as I sing eunuch songs
 sea of gardenia-grasped feet ((oil of the sea
 a lamp of bamboo forests
 today no make-be dream may take habit of my soul undressed
 but on thigh's/hips rock love
 letting love to sea of yore

down lay my lovely long dream's goodnight revisited
 will oh be what I should have said to the girl/love
 how I should have been)(when/where)(to say yes will oh be my life
 making me lover out of boy sad
 who could not love a wonder
 the heart wanders over & under the garden seeds
 the flower & the beehive

Mishicho the sea
))is she oh
 or tell me low the wind's ear))the all-space is
 full ((oh))(and answered

and love?

the sixth is vacuity in my vision's orient((to become air/voice/echo
 oh
 how can I not hear coming softness yes ((how it is
 on the promontory distant---

her voice)))
 only the sea)))
 says you and Mishicho)))
 arra(arrar(arrar))oh)oh(arrar))u)(shhh! hh
))swimmers swimming backstrokes
 in yesterday's sea)))shhh!hh-ooohhh-hh-oo

CANNOT

Time cannot
 and wind cannot
 and space cannot
 and words cannot
 cannot
 cannot
 rhyme cannot cannot
 say
 rhythm do/be/go do-ing to be touch
 where you cannot
 I cannot
 cannot cannot
 allay the languid lot cannot
 say
 whereby/fore/in/at/hind do/be //the blind cannot
 say
 who by cannot got has lost
 the handle //can opener
 the candle //pan auric
 light
 you are
 the liquid-lighted yes
 ignited ((no)) //quickened silver //inner glow
 cannot
 unthorough comes the lookingglass
 looking cold //being hot
 cannot
 unfold the Hottentot
 untrue you be comely come a book of glass
 beginning and end: The look is glass
 you cannot
 I cannot
 write the ice-clear story
 that love can knot
 quite thorough and through
 SEE ((can)) come ((cannot))
 instant ((can)) cannot
 unford of life
 man & woman
 a tempest of sun
 but the bosom of one cannot

((Cannot)) you are
 person: a league of trees
 snow-country comforts cabined
 deep warmth aglow in collage of symphonies
 a beauty not born but afore-striven
 trespasses forgiven
 all love
 a duty unto life
 and unto man thematic duty
 to explore unleavened beauty
 cannot cannot time
 cannot cannot wind
 cannot cannot space
 cannot words // rhyme and rhythm // say
 this stage of love WAS
 aged // and pages ago engaged beloved
 is alive in this book of time // wind // space
 ((eye)) cannot know // that opens blind
 when light breaks open love:
 white-darkness grows the figure-feeling
 great width and deep with great wonder put together
 full puzzle-piece kit to ((why))
 undistinguished of own // the cut
 but fitted // known // the needing shuts
 love
 your hungry mouth ((Cannot))
 until you ((yes-today)) the smile
 your ((cannot)) love-body sweetened in cannot:
 a book of rhythms
 that versus ((to be)) with ((act))
 as love has not
 the actual in the fleshpot took
 your dream out of having
 both best of have and have-not look
 to dreamers' eyes
 (except to-have is dreamclot
 and old men REMEMBER more than dream)
 ((Love)) you are
 balm of fire-words written in winter wraps
 on ceilings and hearth // into embers
 mysteriously perhaps
 the gentle nod and snap and fall into sleep
 you are ((Cannot))
 cannot cannot cannot
 life that
 space cannot fulfill sans time
 wind cannot window-out sans insight
 that // and
 time cannot well tell // to stop // do/being
 met: outsets the ((can)) from ((cannot))

'67

1

Were I to ask you for your hand
 would you bite my tongue in love -
 a respite from the affect soul's pure peace -
 or close your eyes in secret scanned
 illusions that obeyed our mutual increase?
 (and say, Yes -- yes, Love)

Were I to compromise my stand
 to go below the windows' ripe green flower,
 would you close the other hand
 upon my flame, and disclose its limited power
 -- as lover, mushed at love command?

Or could I explain the change
 as chained enchantment exhaustedly bemused,
 or psyche's pedigree promoting the strange
 to beauty, every will-to, except when duly excused?

Lets rearrange in pan-amorous array
 the phallic years, for all night and day,
 (allowing time its minimal emolumental say)
 the luna leaps of love and play
 together new to reap eat from hands all the way.

2

O what a woman
 what a beautiful woman!
 a beautiful woman:
 with eyes of bayou sea bathing
 serene in green April dreaming.

O what a woman!
 what a beautiful woman:
 Beauty her knee-flurried motion
 walking with pure wizard lightfeet.
 See in her hair the loud sunlight!
 See on her cheeks the proud lovelight!
 And on her lips the pink kiss.

She is April-May girllike sunflower,
 She is pearl of the sunlightning face,
 with voice of lullaby midnight
 softly shifting to caressing consent.

O what a woman
 what a beautiful woman!
 a beauty of woman
 O what a woman!

And on her forehead a milkmoon crescent,
 the radiant crescent of reason
 upheld by her honer-bound heartbeat --
 and that makes her a beauty
 that's what makes her a beauty;
 O what a beauty,
 what a beautiful woman!

In the belly of my need
 is a wind that whistles thickly
 for the thighs of wishes;
 On the scroll of my tongue
 are confessions sandpapered to dust
 of trespasses manifestly forgiven;
 In the dark wells of my glands
 are rocks salivating beneath bare feet
 with overall nakedness above repast;
 In the groin soul of my gripless refreshments
 is the fluid of forget-me-not love-sauce
 whose upcup shining grief
 annoints a greed everlasting.

The Wait

wait for the girl
 lately loved with whom
 fate has hungered
 waiting
 hastens
 fate
 for the or alternative awaits the ing T H I N G
 the weights of
 wait the love of God
 more surely assured

waiting to close
 when in the wonder inside feeling thunders
 follows white like lightning lithe as rain
 as night roughly lonesome

litigation takes long early/late
 and the gates of matters but two have come too late

perhaps (heart)
 time out and out doubles outer day breaks somewhere
 at doubt-turning reason day in night brightens
 out-extending distance into open outer continuance
 when resolve is rocked and templed
 time is a space without entrance
 an island in transit away

from lonesome sky space
 lonesome love has come to visit
 time-out-waited-out
 to here

I lean to you --
 alien man,
 leanest in prerequisites ---
 I lean,
 cured of vicissitudes,
 lion, but unbeleaguered of lions,
 allured to visit, to align ---
 alone, no lion alone,
 living, lying alone
 pleading love,
 the non-transitive balance,
 the coupling substantive.

I lean:
 little hill of dreams
 to sleep within --
 hydrant of hope
 to spring afresh.

I lean
 out of the lawn sky
 a shy cloud of gray age
 from the sea ---
 I lean toward excellence,
 into mirrors
 reflecting upon you,
 into mirages of thirst
 to be first at your mouth
 than waters then enheartened.

The doorknob turns:
 tomorrow is a weight-outdoorway time ---

I lean,
 I lean
 out of the roomless
 no roommate mold of breath,
 breathless of tapestried misery,
 to otherwise rooms windowfilled --
 thrill my history windless soul.

I lean, now
 over the barbs of balustrades,
 of barricades of isolation,
 out of feverish autonomy --

don't
 don't lean away.

BETWEEN THE

GRACE'S BEAUTY

To have half traced identity between ----

Between the Grace's beauty
two faces Westerly love pasted pictures
having seen both time-love likenesses two-fold in two
poles war

by light differentiated and by lot deferring to legend
two beautyways simulate one wish unfitting
once upon one woman now two
divided about outways exits to insideout, fit display
an in-between

be.sideways lying/ front/ back/ up under / and in
between the Grace's beauty
no.way.way.off.center admiration she grieves

except extenuation shows feeling through
blissblack proportion in)(to
define.out night pitched between the looks

entails lovely exit-tension to enter.arrest time
proving its heartless art fiction too long loneliness sick
breaks to hair kinked comb.bats of eye aside
admitting flatter re-seasoned view-coincident touch
wonder-fitting her columns night eclipsed to please
to enter.be.re.tain.ink dark width length depth

anyhow rare gifts mirror the meeting act to behold
bi-focal cohesion two-fold into one co-operation

Between the Grace's beauty
bubble.gummed part.one funspace boasting youth and presence
pops like water part
believed in part to laden avow.allow wonderways
a.way.over love image of knowledge perceived
in apparel eligibleless night

Grace/ pre-assess.rolled to prefix-premier star asses.inverted dust
to become lace
to constantly consider.reel.out.exposure
for name minstrel consort

She swallows half hollow wee moon promiscuous glamor
to attempt to show out-a-way inside's deep

all partway in-trouble under.way / met outfiguring doubleface.effacing
between desire airtight under mind-pasted pictures
always a flash of feeling oversight

she dissolves for wit/forthwith
postmen do not forward post.hasten card appeals
to see/hear her return-addressed pasted picture gallery
cute-T-cue abound in sight/sound ceremony
having been around the world pants pressers pocketful of nit whizz
the VIP dead men cleaned & pressed put.take off

Until having of this unletting.up enough from this
she asks love the last night's stranger

one lasting once upon a dream
a psychic feeling bodiful to believe into being
love's existent time/ & a little of a little echo
of a long time of belonging song
crossing against a current ecstatic sky

feeling in place to motion
flawlessly feminine in a paradise of hastelessness
novelly awarded loveliness
and warmly rippling
having little hollow to woo all-world acceptance
fills up with the body's art dance
in feeling given blackly off
that cannot come between the Grace's beauty

Grace a dance
a delight precious to possess.arrest
a pitch avidity of motion as rhythm

the good god damned now looks like virtuous doing

desire and view the two co-habit
in kiss laws' touch
a.bound.airy recognition's wish
come spreading to all-feeling welcomed
in her genius energized combustion

love is newborn idea
now that here however is how completely molds the parts
pan.possessively embraced
aback between the Grace's beauty

(1955, '65)
L. ADDISON

RSVP

(CONTINUED)

Growing up in a push-to-shove survival crucible, your personal virtues may or may not be the measure you feel merits you glory. The true gauge may remain hidden behind feelings of desperation. So you look in the mirror and at the other siblings and say to yourself, "We're all in this hell, but I know I'm better off than these others (as analogous to groups, races, etc.). Seems like they ought to kill themselves or rebel (and make things even better for me /I'll wait it out/)." And, otherwise, "Since people say we're so much alike (though I don't think so), what are they going to be when I'm President?"

Of course, unless your circuits are completely closed, you are intermittently made aware that the others have apparent advantages (prestige points, etc.) and that you aren't necessarily the heir-apparent to the new kingdom acoming.

I, MY BROTHERS, have the largest feet in my family (by a couple of sizes), nor did anyone else have to wear glasses until Fifty. My hands are also the largest; I suspect my head is also, but --- this extreme ends. Apparently --- what more could I say? It would seem, though, that I have potentially the heaviest bulk, as well ...

Do I feel put upon by fate? Well ---

GRADE SCHOOL DAYS

I visited the Old Man recently and picked up my grade school graduation album. An incident about it occurs to me.

A voluptuous one joined the class in the last year, the graduating year -- Jewish (somehow a point made for all to know), and from somewhere around the Heights in Brooklyn where the school was located, and possessed of a dramatic air (which was quite similar to that of a present associate's; I can just see them both a la Sophia, hair in the wind, and all that ACTION frill & fancy.). We read Shakespeare's Julius Caesar that year, and I was Julius (My Lord, & other ceremonies) until the wisenheimers closely made me giggle so much over the speech manners be-dictatorially sparated me from CALPURNIA (that's it), installing another 'Lord' and a pin cushion for the Idea of March (you knew all along, of course, that it was Caesar's double who got it). In case you haven't guessed, the voluptuous one was Calpurnia (and Fortia a while later; I was only a dumb suitor, like).

That, however, wasn't the incident I initially recalled. The focal recollection was of later when confronted by the same girl and her album. What I wrote obviously wasn't going to matter much (I hadn't of course been favored with notes of assignation), but, as compulsion will, it was said, 'A noteworthy thing should go here.' Oddly enough, I knew many of the romantic lyrics, poems, etc., but not many forget-me-nots,

and whatever I had in mind to say, whatever the feeling's worth, wouldn't get said. There were moments to consider whether or not a cliché was or not better than delay, but it seemed empty to make a moment of such (as also applies to creative writing). At any rate, after standing over my stewed pickle some moments, she said, "Ahhh, just put any old thing." Bathos, frigidaire, icebox, freezer over-heat.

What surprised me in looking thru the album is the number of apparent Latin types -- Lopezes & Parrellas, Ortizes, & Vilars, Morales, ad infinitum. Somehow I've always thought of the class as consisting of myself, a number of European types, and two or three Latins -- and, of course, Mrs. Julius Caesar, with "all that glitter is not gold" manifold personality aura. As I think back now, though, I recall quite a few Latins. And the significance of that to me today is negatively predicated upon subsequent experience at loggerheads with welfare clients, (refugees, et al.) and sundried demagogic elements in East Harlem -- as well as some sentimental sidelines of adolescence, which I shall relate shortly.

I have never been, nor could I ever have been, so conscious of my consciousness of Latin race consciousness as in the last three or four years prior to this (I have noted in reading Che Guevarra, Castro, etc., the 'cream' of those we call Latins, that when anywise mention of a black Latin is made the tone is as though this were a foreigner, or an Untouchable in the setting of Hindu India/ also a good many blacks, if not ethnologically Afroid or Negroid/. These heroes, of course, were interested primarily if not almost exclusively -- like the European Internationals prior to Oriental influence -- in a revolution for the image brethren of the imperialists, the indigenous proletariat not otherwise in chains.). Not without prejudice, we had always considered Latins, my clan & I, as little more than a bunch of chatterboxes, essentially harmless although pompously presumptuous at times, but, then, since they were only a trickle of humanity here & there, one need not add this as a bother. At its best, of course, there was a certain exotic mystique that was not without some charm. And there was an absurdity that one of my associates often perpetrated that lifted the humor out of the joke of Latin levity; in spite of the consensus of the condition of the African in his homeland from which he would hold himself aloof, my Afro-American associate would insist upon embarrassing me (especially with the girls) by raising the 'grass huts' roof over their heads.

Regardless, though, of claim or disclaim of living standard or styles in relation to industrial development, disposition had led me to reject the claims of harmony among ethnic groups in the Latin countries. I didn't believe it, partly because of the tolerant & patronizing overtones, partly because the attitudes brought to this country were not indicative of such claims, and because of the numbers of black Latins here with nothing but their strained identification with other Latins in honor of themselves. Foregoing other arguments shortwindedly, two generations of U.S. influence alone would have been sufficient to establish a good bit of racism, particularly in such places as Cuba and Puerto Rico, had this not been a legacy from the Spaniard, whose colonial racist arrogance was not minimal by European standards.

The equality beneath the veil of patronage has always been one of the most nauseous assertions to assail me from any quarter anywise be-

labored to support my humanity (along with the rub-off & strained kinship claims sometimes made by some blacks to assorted OTHERS by consensus higher on the racial hierarchy totem. Undoubtedly I had become overly sensitized in the foregoing period due to a number of things including adverse proximity and the on-going so-called black revolution. Since the grade school days, I have spent some little time among others of some 'Spanish' influence without any great deal of hyperawareness of racism. Nor, as indicated, did these early school experiences constitute a feeling of black-Latin polarity. Essentially, I would interpret them as having been within the realm of duals in the subjective 'survival crucible'.).

Appropos, an associate of mine recently returned from North Africa hastened seemingly to advise me that the Muslims were in error in claiming identity with such as Moroccans, Libyans, Egyptians, etc. "They aren't black," he said, with disabusing certitude, "they're more like Latins." Of course, two thousand years should see some change where there has been namebrand white heat burning in the skies. And, though a Spaniard (Catalan) and an historian, my associate was not inclined to recall that those same Moslems who exerted such an influence on Spain, particularly from the Seventh thru the Fifteenth Centuries, were also influential in black Africa. But, whereas they do not get preponderant credits for the African empires of Ghana, Songhay, & Mali (300 A.D. into the 18th Century), they must be credited as Europe's lamp of the Middle Ages and Spain's springboard to her Golden Century, the Sixteenth. And yet, whatever else it isn't and hasn't been since the Moors & Jews were ejected, Spain is not Moslem, or black, or predominantly Afro-Eurasian, either; i.e., 400 years of white heat in the sky has seen some change.

My associate has a good grasp of Spanish history, undoubtedly, much more so than myself; for these histories of Ptolemaic Europe crammed at me and that I have tried to cram simply do not digest in this brain, as neither the scholar, nor the ethnocentric -- nor next door neighbor. But the fact is that consensus of feeling continues the attempt to isolate black humanity without ANY kinship to the rest of the human family. And some segment of black humanity continues to claim kinship to elements from which it is and has long been essentially estranged -- in an effort to muster prestige. That is, it is much less the case that other groups seek kinship with blacks, even when it would seem largely to their advantage. They would rather bet on a virtual anonymity of status or the artificial interpolation into the racial hierarchy as predicated upon certified and/or patronized whiteward affiliation.

The discussion with my associate began as noted and degenerated for a time into a dispute over whether Cleopatra was black. I quoted Ripley (facetiously but legitimate). My associate's initial argument was that Cleo was descended from the line of Ptolemy (The First, a general of Alexander); therefore, was probably not black. I pointed out that Ptolemy I came to Egypt 2-3 hundred years the Cleo of Caesar & Anthony (the famous one, who was the sister of Ptolemy XII / it was not unusual for sister & brother to marry & markedly superior or inferior types develop from such intra-breeding). As we know, there have been several black queens noted in the history of Africa. But my associate's reasoning was logical --- to the point that evidence has designated a black Cleo; we would not expect this from strict Greek lineage. But, in this case, we are dealing with Greeks in Egypt from the 4th thru the 1st Century B.C. There was bound to be intermarrying in this land of ancient civilizations. In fact, we know that one of the earlier Ptolemys married another named Cleopatra, a Syrian, it's said.

Before long, my associate allowed that no one really knows one way or the other, and that it's of no real importance. This consignment of 'no importance' is in agreement with Mr. Black in the play, but the implications are antithetical. My associate meant, "Of course she was other than black, but, anyway, so what?" But Mr. Black is saying, "Most likely shewas what we would call black, but, anyway, that's not important." Mrs. Black eventually asks to be advised of what IS important. Whereas, to my associate I remarked, "Well, it is and it isn't. If preponderate evidence says black and you say not black, this denial counterfeits an importance for it (because here is the 'you're nobody' implication again). And such denial makes again the statement that, We are not prepared TODAY to afford to YOU any significant measure of the dignity & respect commanded by such historical personages in THEIR time (except that which you might realize thru patronage, which is my charitableness). And such withholding of recognition speaks further of siblings in the survival crucible.

Even so, I have severally written-in my vote for cultural emphasis over the historical. History will come out in the wash -- after a time of embrace of the beautiful (legend of) personality.

In the interim of family estrangement, I would say, let those who WILL be black, and do not obtusely disturb those not inclined. The black person should be a qualitative entity not a quantitative emptiness. There would be much less problem with the image if only self-respecting persons were so identified: Black, rather than a hedge-podge of disavows & disclaimers & put-downers. The problem has fed upon self-hate, denial, flagellations, contempt, etc. The problem has been compounded in part because many who wanted to be divorced from the group could not affect same, and in consequence turned upon self & group more bitterly hysterically genocidally than the most sordid outside elements --- relieved by some imperatives of sharing ...

Abundantly clear is the loathesomeness of frivolous kinship claims. Among blacks it is all the more odious when there is implied disclaiming of kinship to the black group -- bona fide prima facie black. It is a stupendously bathetic delusion to insinuate oneself into another group as a "black sheep" by way of gathering credits. The talk and laughter behind one's back are irremediably damaging. But, as we know, even some (pitifully) famous blacks have done this. It would seem to speak of a withering wretchedness -- of a soulless purulent limbo -- such as to arouse others to react as upon the discovery of leprosy nearby. The cardinal order of reconciliation of the family of man was expounded a hundred years ago by none other than the great Frederick Douglass (and since by others, including myself): Integration, yes, but not without black "self-(group)-assertion". The same idea today is inherent in the notions of "Black Power" and "Black Beauty". Otherwise, patronage as Thursday's or Friday's Goodmanchild is permission to be the behind where only frontal sex-social-esthetic relationships are respectable.

Most assuredly, thru intimidation or voluntary opportunism, all of the other groups, the prima facie non-black 'coloreds', list themselves higher (than black) on the human scale as valued private property. And it is the habit of other minority groups (intermediate coloreds, et al.) to promote singularly their own personal interests -- thru initial direction or compromise. And exclusions in the area of struggle for human rights invariably mean that blacks are left out. Understandable in the nature of things. But at the same time it should be clearly understood why I as a black am predisposed to assume the lead & the CHAIR for some

guaranteed voice against such exclusion in any heterogeneous group struggle. I cannot trust my lot to, say, Latin leadership; as noted, no such identification with blacks is made except as a matter of utter politician expediency. Yet, at the same time, I should expect their utmost cooperation; for in improving my own lot I automatically -- immediately & directly -- improve theirs. Not so the reverse. Insofar as the obstacle to be removed is race prejudice, what might remain as a barrier for others when blacks achieve breakthrough is virtually non-existent. But some groups would represent themselves as having special needs to meet some special condition of non-acquisition of cultural tools, a consideration that plagues the poor generally. And, if heard, they set about meeting these so-called special needs while blacks are trying to open some doors to make minority acquisition of cultural tools instrumental. And when the doors are open, shall we then have an equitable selection on the basis of acculturation? Or do we again make scouful allowances?

As racism has shown itself as somewhat less the immovable object in recent years, blacks have become quite disinclined to be the grooms of the unwilling brides of kinship claims, with racism as the shotgun father in hot pursuit. But the proximity of any more advantaged group, and particularly where such advantage may be further indexed by more apparently facile whitewash mobility, would tend to breed the pall of plantation perspectives & colonial undertakings; as there are always those who would rather be the big frog of a little pond ... THE BLACK MAN LIFTS THE WORLD, BUT REMAINS UNDERNEATH AS HIS BURDEN. He would not of choice remain the blind spot of the world's conscience, nor the ultimate gauge of man's humanity to man. Really, there are too many of him too potentially and veritably eminent (or seven-going-on-ten foot tall / which leads into the next skit). But momentarily, the rest of the family of man want no part of his kinship to (historical) slavery.

Professional sports, especially baseball in which for the last twenty years blacks have been included, provide a fair example of how the assurance of opportunity for blacks includes all 'coloreds'.

What Jackie Robinson was to baseball explicitly, Joe Louis was implicitly to all bigtime professional sports in the U.S. And it is unlikely that Robinson would have had the opportunity to succeed in the Forties if Louis had not succeeded in the Thirties. In other words, some black giants have to soothe & soothe the pains of bigotry thru the process of the absorption of indignities to simulate a good-nigger-uncle-tom role, which says that whatever you achieve you're still 'my nigger' (not altogether unlike the case of Hattie McDaniels who won the 'oscar' for her role in *Gone with the Wind* in '39; it's a tainted achievement). And, although this scourge is scarcely any longer possible, the historical onus still lingers.

But the net effect of this absorption of psychic poisons (Jessie Owens also had to swallow snakebite) by blacks is the complete opening of doors for all intermediate coloreds. Prior to Robinson, of course, there were Jews in baseball (at least one, anyway), but after Robinson came the flood (like it or not, with a good many latins & one Japanese that I know of). And they didn't have to dance to "Dixie" at all (but surely not as hard & long. We have heard of the lockerroom 'family' disputes, of course, especially in football. And it would seem that Phillie fans would rather boo Richie Allen than have a pennant team.).

This black struggle is patently a century old, and one could say it

dates back to 1526 with the earliest recorded slave revolt in the U.S. Or to 1663 in the British colony of Virginia.* But there has certainly been a stepped-up struggle during the last 30-40 years. Blacks have traditionally had assistance from Jewish & white liberal quarters, and none the less during this period, but this of course leaves rather a large gap on the complexion totem pole. From FEPC in '41 to the Civil Rights Acts of '57, '60, & '64, in the forefront of the struggle were such blacks as A. Phillip Randolph, Benjamin Davis, Walter White, Thurgood Marshal, Mary McLeod Bethune, Martin Luther King, W.E.B. DuBois, Roy Wilkins (the NAACP is obviously appropriately named with regard to those for whose improvement it has helped to achieve), Whitney Young, etc.; which is not to slight numbers of scholars & politicians across the country. Their achievements have been unequal in impact, those named -- and, as well, this does not take into account the 'livingroom personalities' of sportsmen, artists, & entertainers -- but it is somewhat indicative of the banner carriers. And may their tribe increase.

PRESENT ORIENTATION (a la (the) color community)

How strange, then, for me is the forced acknowledgment that within my very community there would seem a 'competition' (or perhaps a rivalry) between blacks & others for the hitching posts accruing from another tiny milestone in concessions from the tight-fisted establishment. I refer to the Anti-Poverty Program and its inherent scramble for monies and demagogic jockeying for political leverage -- a 'war for plenty' following in the wake of stepped-up demonstrations, outspoken indictments & pleas, lobbying & rioting, et al. of the early Sixties, and, again, purchased by black sweat & blood (to a great extent, it is only thru the forced recognition of the circumstance of blacks that there is an acknowledged American poor, and seemingly whatever relief measures are taken in their behalf are charged to the account /linked with/ the Negro Problem. I was not however initially referring to this polygamous state of notoriety as with 'Negroes & poor whites' and 'Negroes & Indians' and 'Negroes & Mexicans' and 'Negroes & Orientals' and 'Negroes & Puerto Ricans' and sometimes 'Negroes & Jews and other minority groups', but to the fact that it is almost impossible for blacks to escape the onus of soliciting some kind of remedial help; while others can play it cool & cagey and still be reasonably well assured that if the blacks get anything there will be a stipulated allotment for them as well. This is a good bit of the hind part of reasons why blacks feel that those cagey others should already have theirs.

How strange that I should hear from the mouth of a prominent black NYC politician a statement to the effect that it would be unfortunate in view of the existence of such a large Puerto Rican community in East Harlem if this group did not acquire a political consciousness for the promotion of its leaders in the interest of group power; this following a speakout on the existence of group friction in East Harlem, the existence of which friction the Puerto Rican big fellows denied (I was one of the little fellows) whereas the blacks & Italians felt differently; that the P.R. element had grown rather pushy. The idea of group political consciousness, etc., in itself of course sounds innocent enough -- as we should expect coming from a shrewd politician. But hardly more than two years earlier, as we shall shortly see, the official word was that no such Puerto Rican community existed in NYC; which would seem to have been the basis of pleas for help to meet SPECIAL NEEDS (as per

*Re: Negro Slave Revolts in the U.S., H. Aptheker (Intnl Pubs.)

need for special help to acquire cultural tools; and so we might conjecture that such needs were met, with the resulting group assertiveness now constituting the friction noted -- at the expense it would seem of other ethnic groups, particularly the blacks as we shall see. The question at this City Hall Anti-Poverty meeting however was not whether there were still 165,000 persons in the East Harlem area / according to the 1960 census figures given in the first MEND brochure, "East Harlem Anti-Poverty News", the area defined as extending from 96th to 125th Sts. on the East and from 5th Ave. to the East River, and the ethnic distribution as 21.4% Italian (mostly), 38.2% Negro, and 40.4% Puerto Rican. The question was whether there were black & Italian ORGANIZATIONS in this area that deserved to be represented on the Planning Committee for the East Harlem Community Corporation. That is, the question related specifically to the incidence of EHRIC organizations in the area. At the time of the advent of MEND, April thru October '65, it had been officially noted that there were 57 organizations that deserved representation in determining the needs of the area. A year or so later, numerous floor fights followed attempts, particularly by the blacks, to have even as many as nineteen local organizations represented on the Planning Committee for the Corporation. One such altercation of this type was reported in "El Tiempo" on Monday, February 27, 1967, which article stated that a P.R. had informed the paper / although pictures of the fracas by one of the paper's photographers (one by a staff member and one apparently taken by a private party) appeared with the write-up, by-lined by someone other than the alleged INFORMER who said that three of the black ladies -- by name -- had suggested that the Puerto Ricans return to Puerto Rico and plant rice and beans. The same article stated that members of 'an entity created to defend the interests of the Hispanos in the projects on Anti-Poverty' called "El Grito" del Barrio -- approximately, "The Cry" of the District, proper-named: El Barrio -- accused the Assistant Director of MEND, a P.R. whom they further clarify as earning \$15,000 annually, as having attacked the Puerto Ricans and backed up those of the other group.

(The three black ladies mentioned above are all reasonably well known by this writer, yours truly. They are not bigots, and such reporting as this is obviously inflammatory. The article, in fact, states that both groups were hurling personal insults, but it does not report any specific, allegation or otherwise, of what was hurled at the black ladies. Ironically, however, as a moment's reflection may have advised even Los Hispanos, both rice and beans are items of 'soul food'. And as small a fact as this is, it is even indicative of the purposeful exaggeration of differences, for the intent -- opportune, of course -- to define an intermediate condition whose improvement is conveniently represented as requiring less of an investment, on which the investors can assuredly anticipate more and much earlier returns. Such a perspective is at the crux of decision in fabricating political bargaining power. And it was precisely the root implication of the black politician's statement: It would be a pity -- politically shortchanging -- if the political potential of P.R.s, a group resource in part availed by some of those same factors of non-acculturation, should not be cultivated toward improving the group's condition. Bilaterally align with blacks? That is a condition for double-talking political lip-service only, except and unless there is a clear and immediate goal to which blacks are organizationally committed which would also benefit P.R.s. If this seems slightly Machiavellian, then my ideas have not fallen altogether apart. Even so, it is utterly human. It is utterly characteristic of this human condition foreclosed, at least for the duration,

on aspiration beyond its myopic assertions within the survival crucible. And such behavior is always embarrassing when viewed from the outside. At best, it needs be fiercely rationalized.).

In our present day world, (we) blacks have taken a step toward self-awareness & enchantment that is very likely irreversible. Were this not the case, I could not generally favor the prospect of integration. As it is, I am many-times a wretched human being. And yet the psycho-social condition of blackness can foster a much worse plight than my own. The most difficult thing about being black abroad in the world is that there is no rest from this -- from the invidious socio-psychic pendulum of being & becoming (which one is also tempted to describe as a continuing dialectic, as some matter of adjustment, counter-adjustment, & re-adjustment in the up-&downstaged human ensemble(?) of growth & development). It is a colonialism and a political position rendered puppet & satellite in submissibility on the one hand, and by both a willful & witless treachery and an impoverished Intelligence on the other. And individual face to face relationships in this context are only nominally as in Kipling's "Ballad of East and West", where "Two strong men stand face to face". Instead, these relationships of imperative day to day existence are diminated of respectable human substance by the undermining artificial but macrocosmic strings-&-platform of the condition-puppetted. And this atmosphere is characterized by an ever-quizzical anxiety on the lookout for signs of approbation & disapprobation (It will be remembered that the 'political' equalizer of the border thief and the colonel's son in Kipling's poem was that both were essentially fatalistic and/or death-defiant.). The most apparent (but delusive) escape from the stated circumstance is for the identifiable member of the politically subversive group, identifiable as such, to produce papers (credentials, psychic or otherwise) of some 'certified' (or approved) other political identity.

It is an inhuman condition for all but the very strong. For all others it is an invitation to many kinds of hysterical suicide. And the resulting chaos of personalities makes it all the more difficult yet all the more necessary to be very strong (which would seem to belie a relative strength; it does; the objective strength is not that relative to the weakling subversives but to that of the strong oppressors). This strength is as of Cesaire's, Senghor's, Chief Luthuli's, Washington Carver's, Mrs. Bethune's -- of DuBois, Malcolm X, Garvey, etc... (There are, of course, untold unsung numbers of persons, from the Harriet Tubmans to the three black lady community workers mentioned earlier -- a vast anonymity of personages, otherwise we would scarcely know of so many eminences. And yet, nothing explains the relative lack of prominent persons except the fact of wide-scale personality suicide, in the face of constant, calculated, direct, horrendous mechanisms of oppressive opposition to black self-(group)-development.). And, so, most often we find the strong man standing utterly utterly alone -- like Nat Turner before the bar, like John Brown at Harper's Ferry, and like Patrice Lumumba in a sea of treachery. And then again, I'm sure that Ibsen was one who noted that the truly strong man is never he who stands alone. In effect, even such strength as this is quite delusive.

And rest? Why? Unrelieved motion seems to be the universal condition. Also inclusively the human condition. But what of the human aspiration? To be black is to be wedded to the font of the cosmological principle, and to be aspirationally incarnate.

Accordingly, I think that, although it may be comforting to some sensitive souls not to BE me, it must be deeply utterly humiliating to be AGAINST me; so that such an anti-me ultimately non-respectable position must be like a surcharge to me in hate -- Sunday rationalized and Monday financed. But is it NECESSARY? Or should we just accept this as parcel of the human condition?

Even so, in regard to this matter of my community's contending parties, I have been privy to the usual group put-down & self-laceration -- the eternal shiftings of responsibility by the "strong men" from their shoulders onto the heads of the local yokels. "They are inexperienced; they are lacking in group-feeling & initiative -- lethargic" -- and all that (I, frankly, was not a very good diplomat, hardly at all Machiavellian, and never in a significantly knowledgeable & up-to-date position as to the shifting emphasis (and otherwise discouraged from expanding, i.e., being more theoretically than practically enlightened from an academic standpoint, I was further encumbered by the lack of focus as to compromising practices, and felt that greater clarity of preferred processes was most often rule-of-thumb preempted. But, undoubtedly, in some cases, the inter-group muddling was deliberate: A sacrifice of a good part of the total pie of unity that one group might command for itself a relatively more effective slice, as compared with the others who would then only be admitted of a relatively ineffective slice, i.e., ready access to the whole pie might bring too many to the table for a cut, might also create a taste for pie, and might contribute toward wide-scale health for some segment, which would do violence to relative segmental positions; on the other hand, no part of the pie was worth fighting for (apparently), including the whole of it, except part way registering a (special) need which may result in a highly premiated vote for the really big pie fete.).

In addition, I have heard such blatant mock ratiocination as that which appeared in one of my own union publications (NFSSE Forum, Spring, '68), which, while announcing the fact of rivalry in East Harlem re: Poverty monies (from blackblood ante), advises the reader that the resulting "tensions" are the fault of the blacks -- because of their being without real competence or plans or initiative, and because of their resentment of the prospect of being over-shadowed, implying a willingness to sabotage others' processes, and because of a feeling of having been UNVALED by a foreign element, and because of their (our) traditional fixation about the predatory habits of those in the bleached sectors of the whiterward complexion hierarchy.

It would seem that, categorically, there is no small difficulty for an observer setting out to be objective to disabuse himself (or herself) of predispositions. And he may very well never arrive at gerund objectivity if his compendium is taken from the propaganda ministry of one segment in a conjugal dispute. More importantly, this instance is typical of the colonial predisposition. I've heard it from the blond-haired blue-eyed girls and from the red-haired green-eyed ones (the kind of whom vacation with a passionate exposure to male Latin licentiousness, which is a smaller matter of sensibilities than a frustrated lot of local lovers are led to think. It used to be Mexico & Hawaii). me such Miss naively said to me, "I think the P.R.s deserve a better break." I said, "Hmmm, yeah, why not." Yet, I could not let it go, ven at some risk. "But what do you mean by better?" I said. She linked fiercely and said, "Better than they're getting." Of course.

"Why do you think they deserve better?"
 "Because -- they DO. They have so many barriers to overcome -- language, for one thing. And you should see them: I've worked with them and I know: They want SO HARD to get ahead ..."

SIBLING RIVALRY REVISITED

I was also privy to a not really private report translated into Spanish and circulated for the orientation of the East Harlem population. Some of the data goes as follows:

- : Of nearly 900,000 persons of Puerto Rican descent in the U.S. according to the 1960 census, 400,000 have entered since 1950, and an estimated 200,000 born here in the interim;
- : Of the total, 70% resided in Metropolitan New York
- : 2.5% considered persons of color - in spite of which the migrants overall suffer the same problems based on color as blacks; (Watch for contradiction)
- : Only a small number of those arriving have a command of English
- : About an 8th grade median education range, 4% completed high school, under 2% completed college; (2% would be 8,000)
- : More than 70% employed in menial & unskilled labor, less than 5% storekeepers, professionals, technicians, etc.

(COMPARABLE DATA - from same report)

- : in '63, of 21,000 high school diplomas given in NYC, 762 (4%) to blacks (26% of sch. pop.), 331 (-2%) to P.R.s (17% of sch. pop.)
- : In 1960, 71% of P.R. males in low income jobs; 61% of blacks; 31% of employed whites;
- : 40% P.R.s in ghetto type housing, 33% blacks, 11% whites;
- : 24% of city employees are blacks, 3% P.R.

(SIGNIFICANT REASONS GIVEN FOR P.R. DEPRESSION)

- : P.R.s do not seem to feel affected by their lot, or do not believe it possible to change things;
- : P.R.s are young (in age) emigrants who haven't had the exposure conducive to feelings of cynicism, desperation, & anger to see the necessity for militant action as has the blacks
- : P.R.s are accustomed to dependency
- : P.R.s are faced with language & other barriers & no James Baldwin has come forth to interpret their frustrations;
- : P.R.s' attitude to the U.S. race problem is to hold it in ridicule & finds it difficult to take seriously; have resisted pressures to identify either white or black & prefers to be identified as OTHER (a P.R.)
- : P.R.s assume the attitude that the so-called comforts of life are not as essential (as the U.S. climate would give one to think) to the dignity & stature of man (one of several cardinal observations);

(IDEAS FOR IMPROVEMENT, et al.)

- : Continued work by private agencies to relieve traditional problems
- : More qualitative welfare programs, supplemented by organized P.R. interest groups on all levels;
- : An economic base for providing jobs
- : **Although blacks are leading in the struggle for civil rights which will undoubtedly improve the status of P.R.s, this movement is primarily directed by blacks to fill the needs of blacks, & because of the cultural diff. bet. blacks & P.R.s, some P.R. needs will not be

satisfied by black gains / P.R.s have not responded to nation-wide movement for rights for P.R.s because most P.R.s are in NYC (???)

- : Anti-Poverty is another means of closing the gap
- : The Anti-Poverty Program is designed to treat with communities as geographical areas, rather than with communities as ethnic groups; therefore, P.R.s are at another disadvantage because they are dispersed over the city and do not constitute a majority in any single place;
- : P.R.s require a system of operation peculiar to their problem, directed by P.R.s for P.R.s; a special proposal has been presented to the City of NY toward meeting some of these needs & has been funded in some particulars;
- : Urgently moved, ethnically oriented P.R. groups such as others maintain.

In the main, it would be futile for me to argue any of the above specifics. And, in the main, there is little of relevance to oppose; therefore, the differing is a matter of degree and the substance of ideals. Furthermore, I am shortly going to drop the whole potato.

But before I do -- although I do not know how the world looks from the Spanish side of Harlem, despite the romance of song (it has only been a few years since I first heard of such a place), I concede the overall depression. That is, all sides of this depression are fairly apparent. However, I do not hesitate to make it clear that in this 'political' context, notwithstanding any insidious other issues, I DO resent being lumped with, pitted against, and/or subjected to any proposed 'political' suzerainty of two-decade emigrants. Again, notwithstanding a propitious national (official) legislative & diplomatic will of incorporation (apart from such as the Exclusion Acts), and apart from whatever other indices of middle-&-highclass black (non-assless) eminence, I would have it understood beyond a doubt that I am tired of being (by association - the same) last while every newcomer finds a friend to allow him to buck the political line - up -- last and then outcast by disenchantment of the processes of justice; last, if scheduled, to arrive in THIS or any lifetime, the last of the have-nots and the last of the beloveds, last ad infinitum. And it is a matter of consensus that every generation has its muddling, its drop-out, and its genius; so we should expect every generation to be a new deal. But if there has been neither a new deal for the new generation nor a fair deal for the old, the system is frivolously courting revolution. And let it be.

However, the love-hate bed of the colonial gestalt is deserving of more than one approach; so that I will admit of only a passing heed to this catharsis of cataclysm. What I feel I must define is the qualitative human measure of the total impingement.

Strangely enough, though, having watched MEND (Massive Economic Neighborhood Development) get off the ground, from mid-'65, with the objective of defining community problems & determining the needs of East Harlem's resident locals, I feel more than a tiny bit responsible for the failure of the community to knit into a truly representative single entity; even if I must say this parenthetically. That is, there is a goodly representative new generation of P.R.s in our midst, who, by some margin of generosity at least, ARE in line and deserving of the 'new deal'. Whereas, I am even astride the old and new generation already, and even some part responsible for other failing improvements up until now. Anti-Poverty in East Harlem WAS some part the embodiment of a new deal. And I cannot say that I made the MOST of it, or that local blacks

made the most of it (local AND responsible blacks), regardless of the apparent inequities in the atmosphere in which it was cast (in the frame of urchins fighting over the leftover crumbs from the table of the white establishment -- blacks having been first in LINE but the priorities having been eliminated to give all an 'equal' chance. And some imaginations are still straining to conjure the ingredients to produce the entertainment of an even more spectacular scramble.).

Though not yet to the point of qualitative human measure, I would suggest that the Biafran situation -- which I view with disfavor -- is somewhat a parallel in political opportunism. And the scramble may even be over some prospect of the division of resources. But, in the main, we have a group admitted of greater ascendancy under the colonial bootlicking yoke (or, we could say, in the context of greater colonial accommodation) willing to exploit, in conjunction with odious anti-pan-African elements, the psychological moment of a shade of difference to profess profound and fundamental differences compelling disunion-- from those militarily dominant and others culturally dominant in the native context -- as if ever there was or could conceivably be the making of any approximately major state thru the unification of strictly homogeneous people (there is a major difference in the tribal yam ceremonies of these regions, one apologist advises) and of balanced natural resources.

We do not fail to see here the dance to colonial ethnology; the music lingers, the paying of the fiddlers goes on and forebodes the complete displacement of native substance. The lot of colonials is forever subject to the 'proof' that their state is no less than their talents warrant, which, in the province of foreign influence, supports the good case for the "benefits of colonialism" accruing to those not possessed of the civilizing genius. And the system is intent upon giving rise to and sustaining vassalhoods.

There is even in our U.S. today several states in which there is a colonial or quasi-colonial cleavage, aside from New York and the circumstance indicated, such as Texas, Louisiana, California, and certain areas in the S.E. & S.W. - to exclude Norman Utah - which would clearly advise the black man that he in his political obscurity (sexo-esthetic colonialism, et al.) has no allies. The fancied allies are generally and at best only lukewarm opponents of the same framework he himself would oppose. But, in the main, their opposition would not encompass his ends, nor would they identify with his cause, which is seen to project the longest hardest struggle against the most stubborn barriers. Here again are other Latins, Indians, and Orientals (all Americans, of course. And we might do well to include Hawaii and its quasi-melting pot.). In addition, there is more than a hint of intra-group cleavage based on the colonial hierarchy of house-&field among blacks. This orientation has fostered virtual colonies of upper strata (predicated on white hybridization) withdrawals in such reactionary-conservative settings as Washington, D.C., Boston, Mass., New Orleans, and Atlanta, Ga.

It is clearly the case that the overall BLACK (political) position has been and is too weak for the alliance of most temperaments. And the stereotypes (poor, stupid, ugly, etc.) that have characterized the black largely obtain. And yet, occasional 'intermediate coloreds' who would identify are embarrassed by their welcome, which leads one to suspect, if not already known, a position too weak to invest with such alliance; while yet others with some talent may be shunted aside in spite of obviously poorly managed processes. But the general rule is that others do not join the weak black camp. The identification and alliance is

sought with the strong -- with the classic (noble) savage black who looks to be able to move mountains alone (he is of course quite proficient in civilized processes now), and, in fact, is least, if at all, in need of such alliance. But, again, it is not mutual identity but mutual opposition that promotes this summer soldiery; his allies are generally prompted by a quarrel, and will vanish at the onset of bad weather.

The rub in this is that again for the Nth tinselled millenniumth time we are shown the blighted soul, not of MAN but, of man-the-lessor & of man-the-relative. And he is in a box in a dog-eat-dog world where it would seem that too often the wrong strong survive. Here, man-the-relative is relatively man, the family prodigal and he who lives by the perspective most convenient to his self-interest. And we are concerned only with siblings. When he is prepared to be a social being it is to propose that everyone should help him to help himself.

And man-the-relative fits into the colonial picture quite by oppressive design. The structure is as absurd as the phraseology that designates its process: Hybrid hierarchism. This is the disposition that concedes a 'white' world, land, sea, and sky ('white' goals, etc.), and, accordingly all democratization (civilizing, de-colonizing, etc.) follows the descending order of 'readiness' or 'unreadiness' from white to black. Intermediates stress their difference & distance from the black condition. And, as with immigrants (or emigrants), the temporal order of arrival is only a legal factor in the rivalry for ascendant powers. It does not place them last in line behind the hierarchy next to WASP, but as close as it is possible to insinuate into the hierarchy next to WASP, in most cases accompanied by a revitalization of racism toward that end. It is a modus operandi altogether intolerable in our times. It works against the true democratizing process by fostering political deals and stilted the social order. And, in subscribing to a defensive enmity, contempt, and cynicism, it projects upon the future an ever greater heritage of perverse relative humanism. What it does to the exploited is obversely more apparent and immeasurably the scourge of spirit.

Accordingly, in the present atmosphere, however much a revolutionary one, the extent to which the young can liberate itself from the subversive & slave mentality of its elders, the greater will be the acceleration toward health and true democratization. With the achievement of improved status, the older generation tends to over-react, the worse extreme of which is a fawning ingratiating stimulant of acknowledged flattery -- otherwise a bitter bent upon revenge and vindication. Whereas, the liberated young can take everything in stride upon merit as no more than their due; which is a sobering per volume realism for would-be scrutinizing detractors.

The older generation has always been a buffer group between youth & its aspiration. And it is in the setting of the home that the revolution begins. Almost always the older generation will give a margin, allowing that "times have changed". The effect of the change has lately been dubbed "the generation gap" because of the acceleration in the breach. The seemingly "sudden" split however is merely effect of the accumulated short-changing, in that this buffer group has done its work too well and is even itself inclined to acknowledge the depressive structure of the society, the modus operandi which defines the structure, it has supported. The stresses and strains are rending the generations apart, which augurs the winds of revolution. The question is what, aside from just reconciliations, is likely to detract from this

gathering momentum. Today the issues are perhaps mainly Vietnam (compulsory military service), the socialist state, greed & corruption behind politician curtains, black nationalism, et al. Tomorrow there may be one less or two less, or one more or two more. What matters is the objective correlative for unity. When it can be demonstrated that one protest or demonstration is an infringement upon the rights of others, ethics has been invoked to preclude justice. The action then is undermined. There is in fact as well theory the political loophole that allows any establishment to purport that its policies do not fall short of ideals by any measure greater than the combination of consent for its policies and the complex political ramifications which are natural safeguards against violating the rights of some for the 'benefit' of others.

Tomorrow may eliminate some summer soldiers with a feeling of success for their particular interest. And sibling rivalry will again be the manifest divisor. And yet it is to be expected that the settlement of single issues, the dispensation of favors, etc. will as always make some the enemy of their peers, and very likely a more immediate enemy than the establishment. And self-interest (treachery) is two-handed and not necessarily even-handed.

Blacks have never subscribed to the "Comforting" rationale of the soporific attitude regarding the dignity and stature of man in the racist environment, as noted earlier in the East Harlem inter-group rivalry context. It would seem a most purblindly cultivated perspective of considerable opportunism. But given an exposure among those court-ing dreams of such limited sensibilities, the opiate of illusion will undoubtedly take hold of some. In fact, there has always been some mutual exchange where the youth of other groups have come in contact with young blacks, elements of the down-trodden particularly. The newcomers invariably adopt the contagious style of the "cool" black. Youth in general, of course, can be considered - and may consider themselves - the down-trodden, and this gives rise to many causes, all of which are in some part related to the dignity of the stature of man.

I was watching some fellows on the State Building site across 125th Street upon glancing up from office work at my desk, and I noticed one of several fellows in some inter-play activity suddenly stiffen as if he had become electrofied with admiration for one of his companions; whereupon the apparent spellcaster was obliged to rush forward some ten or so feet, in a forward-reaching stretch, and 'release' the other by the ceremonial contact of their open hands. The 'skin' ceremony is probably here to stay. It persists as manifest fellowship and humanism.

It must be noted that this STYLE mentioned above (the idiom, the walk, the 'liberated' attitude, etc.), though dubiously objective in some instances, has distinctly positive aspects and is derived through much trial and error from efforts to yea-say. The effect is an affirmation of life under the most stultifying conditions; mandated and perfected by group genius, it speaks of awareness rather than of numification. But at some point awareness becomes unbearable unless one can exert some further influence over the instruments of change. The new deal, the new day, the new generation are the names of sought-for change. And with all the boys & girls together, the news WILL change. It is of course a lot to expect, particularly since the ethics of programmed change must minimally observe (optimally, the ideal) every right of dissent. Meanwhile the ages of man are waiting to say Amen.

ADOLESCENT ROMANCE

In New Mexico there was a fellow who used to come out of nowhere now and then and drop in on me. He was probably the first live enchanted black I ever met. I don't remember how or where we first encountered each other, but it must have been about 1953. A kind of hobo, and obviously nutty, I can only speculate as to why he chose me as one of his confidants. Along with his patchy inarticulate conversation he dispensed bad breath. He was usually hungry, and when he ate, food crumbs spilled out from the corners of his big mouth -- the kind of chopper that by folkish implication would make a lot of black women enormously happy. He was usually lamenting the lost art of African dance & the forgotten languages. Somehow I sort of liked him. And now and then when he hadn't shown for some time I'd wonder where off he'd gone and what might have happened to him. But, just as his advent is enshrouded in forgettleness, neither can I remember the last time we chatted.

Somewhere out in the world I've passed thru are some not-so-delightful past acquaintances, and brushes with prickly bushes at crossroads that might have veered me onto other paths, except I followed the stars like a sea voyager of old. Yet, now and again there was a tempest in my tethered travelbag that put me completely at the mercy of man's urgent earth condition. In fact, I was perhaps only looking to the stars for a reflexion of lost substance.

There was Irene (mentioned before), sort of the archetypal pedestal person, last seen no less than some months before my tenth birthday (not adolescence yet, but I'm not sure altogether --- though I AM later when it floods), who has returned more than any sea monsters; although in recent times two prototypes (as indicated, there has almost always been at least one), one sort of voluptuous in places, the other rather thin like Irene was (all are lost loves which is the only permanent magical enchantment to carry on so), have preempted some of the dreamer's dream time. These are all haunting instances, but, although enchantment has severally entered into the two latter with much joy in all the twilight strokes of six-plus, the consummated playings of house of the former instance sustains the greatest nostalgia. Not to be able to go home again into mudpies and with big eyes searching the play of pleasure is time lost under the "Articles of Love" to war.

I have returned. Ten years later, at 20, I went -- all again of another lifetime, and couldn't find her -- not in the same yard, neither front nor back door the same, not even the same sky; not on the road, not running here nor there, nor thin as onion-skin the puzzle-figure fit in the field embrace, the open she to laughter a present nearly unwrapped, and this duplicate page of the dreambook of inseparable remembrance written by the collaboration of hearts' media in a waiting time....

But that magic even covets itself, ever behind some curtains within dimly lighted interior yesterdays, and won't come out, will not be diminished, it says, by critical vision of high afternoon; there is no dominion for ten years of contingency. And, within, the visions are saying

that I have been a naughty playmate; for she is married, she is a mother -- and for other mysterious reasons. And perhaps I SHOULD NOT ever again see her! But how I wish that I would ...

REMEMBER ME --- ?

Believe it or not, I do recall I had started this OTHER reminiscence with reference to my grade school album, and, though not certain of the necessity of the excursion, I think it complements a certain perspective for the present continuance.

My travels walked me frequently thru several neighborhoods in that Brooklyn of the past -- by interest points become familiar thru passing encounter until almost indelibly on the mind. Lela's house was one such interest point. I don't recall the surname but it must have had a Latin ring. She perhaps the first of the adolescent Irene prototypes, and the longest fever in the beginning of a long de Bergeracian period.

I think the first encounter was in a movie; though I never distinctly recognized her as the same person. A reliable friend assured me it was she, in fact, none other. It happened I went to the movie almost every Sunday (once a week); from about three or four o'clock until about nine was my holiday. Go to the movie for the calculatedly intense psychic escape was the thing; the Old Man's insistence upon Sunday go-to-meeting clothes left practically no alternative, in fact.

So it was in the old St. George movie in Brooklyn that, as I sat consumed by the holiday dessert, this person in front with chorus of chatterboxes shattered my psychic distance. With youthful impertinence, of course, she scoffed at my peremptory demand to shut up, and eventually, quite matter of factly because I was a lion, I snapped her head back a couple times by the hair. This seemed to serve the purpose. After some saucy rebuke, there was reasonable quiet, and I became lost again in the unfolding hollywoodpecker workouts. Some considerable time must have passed, and then quite anti-climatically I was being asked to leave Valhalla for misbehavior. I didn't even make the obvious connection and was altogether bewildered, but the invitation to leave was in fact quite a bit stronger than an invitation.

In those days, New York was not quite the fun city alleged today. Blacks often checked with each other to avoid the abortive integration experience. So it was probably some sensitized reaction, together with the home training that demanded strict obedience and respect for parental images, that had me flatteringly, moving slightly sideways forward, with my questioning unanswered, in spite of whatever reaction from giggler's row. But, apparently, after some sulking because she had responded too naturally upon hearing the master's voice, though emanating from the slave's person, the indignant one had gone to fetch the overseer. That was surely the last time I voluntarily SUPPORTED that theater.

As is the case in half the cases, it was a long interim between this first encounter (some months, for sure, possibly a year or so) and several unassociated notices before the infatuation began (to be felt); so possibly it was a matter of blossoming flesh (figure) and diminishing thymus. The picture of Lela is as hazy as not. She was mediumish, I would say, in all aspects for a Latin. Her mother, I recall, was very

black, and she had a toddling little sister who favored the mother. This fat, stupidish (the word is a pun on itself) vulgar person, from some demented self-prespective way up in the opiate social stratosphere, had the temerity to call me an ugly ape -- a black ugly ape (WHEN I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN BEAUTIFUL, APE OR NOT).

In any case, this romance was a bloomer trap from the start, as they say. A frail jerky little friend of Lela's used to tell me how he wrestled daily on the bed with her (sigh). He was such a poor specimen, tubercular looking and stooped --- poor fellow.

Undoubtedly, I was a figure ludicrous to the extreme, and with here-I-come & there-I-go bells around me. There was a certain raggamuffin aspect, but most ludicrous was probably the wood-&-scavenger haulings from far reaches of Brooklyn to our cold-water flat -- and passing always with the rattle of big steel wheels over cobblestones & bumpy streets. To say that I was humiliated every day of my life perhaps only gives voice to the obvious. I was out-of-character; after all, the prince of spades shouldn't have to do this. Was this some kind of training? Humiliated, yes, but for the matter of rationalization; for it was questionable how necessary it was. The Old Man sustained a bank account of some thousands, and my stepmother worked; best I remember her as movie matron (you "hush" the kiddies & keep them in a certain section) because I went severally free to a number of movie houses. On the other hand, everybody else was suspect of being wedded to welfare (such as Lela's mother, etc.).

It happened one day I got a new bicycle (just like the commercials) and Lela didn't know how to ride and wanted to learn. The aftermath was not altogether fulfilling. With the bike, however, my sphere of movement increased considerably. I preferred biking to movies. Maybe it should've been a bike built for two, but riding double on a single was a hard drive. So, instead of Lela came free-wheeling, the breeze and distances.

REMEMBER THE YARD, REMEMBER THE GATE ---

Some of the boys & girls in that graduating class had been in the fourth grade class when I joined it, coming from Newport News, Va. I recall one fellow particularly because we were kept in shortly after.

His name was Arce, and he was a hard nut. There have been three or four guys like Arce whom I've encountered; one was in the first grade; another was in the U.S.A.F. Tough. Always exploding with energy, and presumptively inclined to take charge. This never set well with me.

I recall being tested by this 4th grade teacher (a Dixie import, ironically unwittingly determined to demonstrate the separate-unequal prevailing fact, except & unless I could bemade to seem sub-human) to prove I wasn't up to standard. She spent the whole term at that, never quite sure where or not I was guessing, or something. She chose arithmetic on this first occasion, at which I was a whiz (she couldn't have known that at first). But the way she drew the dividing line (a half rectangle I was accustomed to) for the long division problems puzzled and awed me in that holier-than-thou atmosphere to the extent I felt I should ask her about it -- rather than presume. Her divisor line looked quite like later structures encountered in algebra. So I raised

my hand to get her attention but was completely ignored. This made me mad as hell. Finally, I got up and went to her desk (meekly assertive), but she upbraided me for this & made me sit back down. Then in her own good time, while I grew hotly disgusted, she put me thru the ceremony: If you want something, raise your hand & wait until you're called upon, and never, never, never do you leave your seat, and we do things differently here, etc. etc. And then in slow motion she must have a dress rehearsal of all that, including a meditation session for me to file away this new information while considering how discourteous I had been. Finally I got to ask the question, but instead of an answer I got: "You seem to need entirely too much attention; you either can do AB work or you can't".

When I got mad in those days (not angry), my tonsils would swell to golfball size (it was a year or so later before I had them removed), and my chest and breathing became a tempest as if to extinguish the fire; in short, equally hot tears would usually embarrass me, except perhaps no one might notice my practically vacuumously silent, hellishly intense, murderously inhibited state of blurb. I never even got started with the problems. Time was up before I could count to ten, as well.

In fairness, I had had trouble with teachers before. My first grade teacher was a doll -- young, apparently intelligent, charming. She read us Homer's *Odyssey* and *Illiad* (quite good first grade listening; the former was later required reading for me as a college freshman). And she gave me kisses and hugs and all honors. It was in this class that the first aforementioned tough guy got to me. I was quite annoyed that I couldn't beat him (wrestling mostly); HIM I couldn't beat, for sure; a couple others I took for granted, as not otherwise demonstrated during the wild noontime wrestling free-for-alls on the big green fields. But one afternoon while wandering thru an old derelict house, the tough and I got involved and he wanted to invade my booty. I didn't immediately comprehend the seriousness of this proposal, but immediately upon acknowledgment I broke out of the wrestling set-to, pausing only briefly to note the manner of wild man this was, then kept well ahead. He was dealt with by my sweetheart of a teacher. A dumbbunny.

As I think back now I remember picking a fight with a little fellow in the first grade who sat beside me for awhile. He was extremely cross-eyed and scaly, a really horrible skin condition. And his arm or leg would bump me from time to time and give me an awful itch. But I didn't particularly dislike him; he just didn't respond subversively enough on some occasions. And why should he have? He was much too experienced & independently preservation motivated. Looking the other way, he bloodied my nose in a twink, before ever the battle ceased to be a joke to me. That passed between us as little or nothing; he couldn't wrestle.

Into the fourth grade, all my other teachers were bitches and battle axes (I was in the fourth grade in four different schools). I was often much surprised at being stood in corners, chastised with leather goods, etc. But always there were limitations; if I had been much thicker in the head, things would really have been hot for me. A raggamuffin, a dreamer, bored and ever ready to accept a challenge from the boys or be naughty with the girls, I was nevertheless easily capable of doing all assignments. Of delicate temperament, I usually felt mistreated and expected to be altogether winning and spellbinding. That these are matters

equally predicated on the other's disposition was a hard lesson to learn.

I should also add that I was integrating the 4B class in Brooklyn, apart from not-so-dark Latinos; which was in fact a double class, 4A(low) on one side of the room and 4B(high) on the other. Though I was supposed to have been in 4B, the teach preferred to be rigid and mechanistic, with reference to her little-colored-boy-come-North orientation (it was nearly three years before I could make up the half-term). At term's end, our teach danced with the so-called valedictorian, her prettyboy pet whose brains were permanently in escrow for the most part. I expected to be promoted to my proper class, at least, but woe to yee of too much faith. Him she skipped a term (and he skipped off into the nebulae of yesterdays. Such a drag.

Arce surprised me by his assumption of command when we were kept in. He was usually left 'in charge', but this seemed merely the rule of the clan -- alone with me, something else again. We were suppose to write some nonsense some ridiculous number of time on the blackboards (I don't recall why) on adjacent sides of the room, and I wasn't about to write it but once. The teach left before we got started and Arce became chummy (there was some patronizing of the black boy from Dixie who was also his 'charge' then). Expressing something less than total respect for our jailer, as he noted I seemed to be taking the matter too seriously, he nevertheless matter-of-factly advised me to write out the punishment assignment and returned to his board. I chuckled gruffly at this but stood there wondering what I WAS going to do. And then he came back shortly & told me I had better write, which elicited an altercation and I was ready to fight, though he reminded me that he was in-charge and conjured up bogies of notes home and expulsion. And somewhere we struck a note of humor and the situation did not deteriorate. In fact, I was saved from deeper trouble. I wrote; although the teacher was surprised at the little progress I'd made during her absence. Arce and I went along homeward together, he being curious about my Southern experiences.

Generally, I felt master of the situation, as in the case with Arce (who was dull-normal), though, of course, mastery was not altogether an objective fact. At any rate, it may suffice to say that in grade school I met only a smattering challenge; most of the males were somewhat thick, but there were a number of bright girls. A P.R. girl was always getting in my hair in the 5th grade (for a part of which I had another sweetheart teacher), also an Italian fellow -- a triple threat: smart, tough, and cassanova; only the latter case, of course, excelled me, by dint of social context. In the eighth grade grad class, one of the P.R. girls had a crush -- perhaps because she was excelled uncommonly. In high school, we were all boys. Here I met a couple bright P.R. males, Italians, as well, and a few blacks for the first time in NYC. But the Jews invariably headed up the honor roll, it seemed, though pathetic spectacles in gym.

I left this school to return about 2 1/2 years later before I knew to appreciate how tough Arce was (though the relative aspect in the 4th grade class admits of some speculation). And I did not encounter him again until the graduating year. There was also a Greek fellow in the grad class, a whiz in math, and tough. He and Arce, though the Greek was taller by three or four inches (and Arce a couple inches taller than me, but built like a small tank, and a live wire of energy with a hawking voice) were a slugfest. They were better at softball than any body else, outran everyone, and were generally the he-men. I was fast,

but mediocre at ball, could out-wrestle most others, and sustained a lot of heart for a good bit. Boxing? My heart was seldom in it. I was a fair punchingbag exhibitionist, mostly a matter of practise which few except the club-going fellows seemed to bother with (the Old Man was a pro in his day, and apparently good at everything).

At any rate, I was unprepared to tackle dynamo Arce or his Greek friend, but one day I did. With Arce, I don't remember what happened to cause the riff or what immediately transpired, I just recall being apprehensive the last time I saw him. I had gone on to high school, and it must have been a year or so after our dispute. He was sitting on a fence, skirting the sidewalk onetwilight and I didn't recognize him at first; he looked so small. Upon recognition, I faltered. He had recognized me right off, and, when I faltered, he chuckled and advised me that he was non-violent. My energetic former classmate was in a rare mood, possibly even depressed. But, for sure, he was trying hard to place himself in a prospectus of a better future. And such a life didn't seem in the offing. He wanted to be a priest, he said, but -- well -- he wasn't, you know, so smart as some. He would like to help people find their way ---. We talked. He quoted Bible messages. And then I had to move on, leaving him sitting there in the twilight, having dropped my sincere but empty assuring wish for his goodluck.

When I took on the Greek, I was merely answering some obligation to a little friend -- not that I was ever awed by his person; I figured he was probably a creampuff underneath it all. My little friend had molested him in the park where we were with some July 4th paraphernalia. He got to Little Friend first, with a wallop; I jumped in, he walloped me. I girded myself for a stiff if brief display to teach him some respect: A brief exchange, and Little Friend and I left hurriedly. Not only was he much annoyed, but he had a MURDEROUS punch. If I had been REALLY smart I wouldn't have gotten into that. But, whether or not one qualifies as lion (or tiger), one learns slowly that there are lions among lions. Not only had I seen him repeatedly tear thecover off a ball, but he was constantly gnawing his tongue -- in class and out, reading silently, problem-solving, or reciting -- like one under a mild but permanent attack of epilepsy.

The last meeting with Arce was one of the most pathetic instances of my young life. I couldn't help but feel sorry for him, a reaction I find disgusting. It brushes of holier-than-thou-ness, and for me smears of a perverse humor-of-one-outburst of the frailty of man -- the single-mindedness, pride & vanity, his work without resting assurance, his fun without fulfillment, the imperative of his tilt with time on the scales of psycho-spiritual equilibrium from the cradle to the grave. And Arce had admitted that ghost of time-future, odds-against-hope, which reduces strong men to lameness and the quasi-strong to men of straw.

But I have felt sorry for a number before (in the isolation emphasizing each person as ONE resides the greatest potential impact for tragedy, and in a silence that advises one constantly of life timed, to note his own heartbeats, counting, the heart admits of ONE to infinity, except that (or until) with any ONE it may launch its attack (revolt) against a too long no-account one-plus-one attempt to sustain death forestalled by life contingent upon another ONE -- that does not add up to some ONE (thing) of more apparent value.).

Some of the people I have felt sorry for were writers, others Service personnel, and others were fellow office workers --- and others. And such sympathy was aroused by feelings that they were essentially of no inspirational or edifying substance, and, though sometimes ambitious, of little talent -- though glib or taciturn, aiming far wide of the ONE-plus human spirit's articulation (definitive) vacuum. I would say to myself that they served no purpose but their own, which was ONE, or possibly one plus child: Another ONE to increase by another ONE. Or, where there are - say - two to a dozen off-spring (or other apparent indices of purpose), the picture may be less apparently pathetic or non-purposeful -- except you ask/say these are they the people and the enemies of the people are they. Except you ask, what might it mean qualitatively that there are twelve like this ONE (or perhaps improved somehow in part)? And the only thing that may seem clear is that all life has its mandate: Live, long and long, and live, and live, and procreate ---

But in retort one may ask, or be asked, what for instance is this qualitative consideration, the PLUS (Existential fruit), and get a flood of subjectivity, vanity, prejudice, clichés, etc., vindicating the pre-disposition: One IS: life: IS qualitative existence, is a good (for something, or for a great deal, as contingent upon some time-future - unknown - and as supported by hope). Be advised then, in the absence of objective tangibles: Do not look for another essence in ONE; unless something of special value (to you) suggests itself by this presence, LIFE is it. Still, my mystical disposition may incline me further: The essence of ONE plus ONE should be an increase over ONE; that is, one life plus one life is not TWO but LIFE. And, of course, without plus-one (the extension on the load), ONE could not forestall foreclosure but need not have lived in vain, as it were, or to no-account, provided --- WHAT? Perhaps that he succeeded in helping (others to find a way...) as Arce wanted to do.

And, yet, ONE? Perhaps only $\frac{1}{2}$, an unstable physico-chemical socio-spiritual aspiration that vectors condition: $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = 1$ (x). Or perhaps parenthesis exponentially modified, or ONE exponentially by x. I have such a windy construct, but I won't bore us further with it.

Overall, the AIM would seem to be plus-one, life by life-steps, some skirting and some groping a way in darkness, and others ... The purpose to discover purpose, if life were that, would seem to require that whatever were noble about human sympathy be not spread so thin as feelings relate between the presumed lost and found. Occasionally, it has something to do with unforeseeable hope. But, generally, it takes inspiration from the present & past rather than the future, the gauged disparity between ambition & achievement, and the depressant of those who seem not to have had a starting chance (to?).

Some of the people I've felt sorry for have come along after me in a seemingly vacuous state and passed way ahead on various totem poles. Purpose: To keep moving, to reach the top, to be looked up to -- wield power, have the broadest perspective: The forest and trees distinguishable. From here it cannot be said I have lost anything; I have gained. From here, I dispense sympathy liberally, and may I receive no returns in kind. You may drop money in this or that collection, but if you make too much of this you may be told to take better stock of yourself and see if you don't need something of the coin of sympathy.

Arce? I don't know where he is or what he's doing. But, such as the world is, perhaps he has had the kind of fortune I have not thought likely for those many others for whom I've felt sorry at times. Since I last saw him in that heavy twilight, I have done many things; at some I've succeeded, others not. Arce? Perhaps he found love, rarest of successes. For dearest among my souvenirs are such mementos that carry me back to begin afresh with renewed dreams. There are almost no such possibilities in this album, or any album I have -- knowing so well now what a good part of that time-future (x potential, $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$) would not have factored by. And, yet ---

: Give the world the best you have and the best will come back to you --- N.C.M.

Her charm was irresistible. Taught the 7B, and was continually trying to get me to tell stories to the class, lifting me from my own class for the purpose. Seems I could've used the practice. And maybe that 'best' WOULD have come back. She was a sweetheart, if ever ...

: To Lloyd -- Best Wishes, Love --- H.P.

: Dear Lloyd -- I love you, I love you, I love you so well if I had a peanut I'd give you the shell --- Yours, H.P.

I remember H.P. (Helen). And I met her, strangely, on the subway returning home one evening -- some 15-18 years later. She looked damn near the same. Still living in the same old place, she said, with mother. And how're YOU doing? About the same, myself, plus one, minus one, plus one, plus ---

H.P. was not an Irene. More a Lela, but actually quite bright, I thought. Once we finished a math test nearly together and ahead of the others, and, turning our papers in at the teacher's desk while the latter was busy with some exercises in the back of the room, H.P. wanted to be assured of one problem. I wouldn't cooperate. She said I'd be sorry; I'd get --- Not get --- Regret ---. I have a memory like a lover. But I'm not sure --- OH! no.

I was thinking of another Helen of the same (exotic) genre, more flash. We went a lot of places (and it was one of the nearest instances to love at first sight, mutual admiration, wonder, imaginative multiplications, etc.) but nothing was so abortive as when I took her to see *The Lost Weekend*, and I had to leave her in the movie to get home, at latest, by Ten. So I thought; I probably could've sneaked in as well at Eleven. She would never ask outright for anything; everything was a 'loan', and we represented casual mental tabulations. I didn't ask outright for anything, either. She looked for me after I left, I heard. And she went into the Women's Army Corps, not nearly even-board. But we had fun.

And this latter reminds me of a niece of a friend of the family whose name was ANN and who came up during school vacation from South Carolina, or some such, one sudden hot day. Ann and I were given to each other, but not taken, at least not she with me, but by me to the movie. And it seemed that Ann had arranged to meet her real boyfriend there. La-te-da. At least, that's the way I would tell it out of respect for the romantics. At 16, Ann was real knock-on-wood meat. Another movie I didn't see. I went to tell, of course ...

Brazenly, this chubbie middleaged guy comes around to her aunt's house later, calling up to the window: "Ann ---? Oh, Ann ---?" "That's him! That's him!" : Me, with visions of rape-to-do. "What you want with Ann, you ---?" The aunt, leaning out window. "Is Ann there? She suppose to meet me ...?" "You better go on about---! You! You better leave Ann alone! (As guy shrivels away up the street:) "I better not hear tell of you...."

Ann, who was not very bright (I might as well add my usual observation; it's pertinent), was preached to to effect exorcism, and told to get down on her knees and pray for her soul, etc. etc., which she did, with a passion one might imagine to be generally pervasive.

And we went to church. This is also a part of my muddle, though quite likely more muddled than the rest: The God-seeking. But not much church attendance. I have gone to Southern Baptists, Northern Baptists, Western Baptists, Holiness --- revivals, Catholic Masses, etc. But usually it is the emotional (spiritual?) radiations that beckon me, especially the singing. The theological considerations? A struggle with semblance and substance ---

ET AL.

which must involve trespasses.

I think, though, that the sanctification of the sex(-social) partnership (marriage) by our religious order cannot be essentially in theological and/or psycho-spiritual error, as it advises that creation & procreation (sex) are expressions (essentially one) of the god-power; which power resides in the mating condition; and that these forces, that of the mating condition revered as godpower and that of faith in the right way of the Faith, secure for man the two conditions of foremost human aspiration: A dual balm for loneliness and a dual kind of immortality.

Such power exercised with in the framework of the Faith (though a problem inheres immediately thru interpretation), it is proposed, will preclude (evils) all but the barest minimum of problems, with which some reinforcement of the Faith could easily treat. The universal moral fibre would then echo the tone of the attitude(s) related to force & power in the context of efforts to sustain good & preclude evil (with reference to the cardinal aspirations of man). We are led then to think of promoting the democratization of force & power (to eliminate man-the-relative as an artifact of discontent), which would seemingly contribute to the constitution of a genuinely humanistic morality.

Of course, J.J. Rousseau's "Noble Savage" purports to have solved this problem with some initial success in primeval time. Whereafter, however, the delegation of his "self-help" powers to the corporate state became the tyranny of monarchs who purported "divine rights" to power, which they wielded with an arbitrariness indicative of several distinct codes of morality, and casting life for the common man in a frame of sacrifice & subservience prohibitive of the "noble" life. The more democratic forms of government would seem to reduce considerably the high mortality rates of both state & citizen; while, yet, the separation of church & state presents a moralistic dichotomy with the state's

assumption of an independent realm. In the functions of such resulting state, there would seem an implied freedom from conscience (with reference to the 'highest' Faith), which must detract from the stature of man in his relationship to God (or to the Faith). Inasmuch as individual force & power under the sanction of the Faith constitute the state, this might not seem the case. But, obviously, the whole (state) has become greater than the sum of its parts (if only by the margin of majority rule). And it now has a (super-power and) morality of its own (which might be termed ethics) and must necessarily diminish that which is "individual" (referent: Divine Faith) within this separate power circle, & contentions therefor.

But the original proposition represented the mating CONDITION as the expression of God-given power (the state, then, being HE for women and SHE for men by the analogy) and itself, the mating condition, expressive of the yearning away from loneliness & the short, separate temporal order of life. Consequently, the amoral non-representative, impermanent state would seem little fulfilling of man's cardinal aspiration; whereas, representative (& perhaps "In God We Trust") term government is more analogous to man's life-reproduction cycle. This points us to another bag to consider such principles as 'majority rule' & 'checks & balances', and qualifications for the franchise which determines the overall strength of the electorate -- apart from other specifics of type of government. Not to follow thru may suggest that the whole bit should have been omitted; nevertheless, we now go back.

So, suppose the unlikely-to-be-effected distribution of power & prestige were to be obtained when Ann was emotionally required to submit in abnegation to the recognized power symbol, which had apparently subverted her otherwise natural inclinations as a young black female. Would this have precluded such a perverse behavior? Well, specifically, perhaps yes. But there were and are still individual as well as group differences as representative of power symbols. Instead of the unseemly little chubbie, it may have been a big 'strapping' iron-man black. It would seem that her Southern exposure had subverted 'black power' in this respect. She had perhaps seen too many black males psycho-socially castrated - FELT THE EFFECT, which detracted from her womanhood in regard to mating with black males. Concomitantly, it inflated her ego to proportions that would require her submission to take on decided masochistic overtones and to be of a much more compulsive nature than it ordinarily would have.

This is syndrome that has been considerable enumerated, of course, as impinging upon the black psychic world. We are largely not privy to the other side, for whatever reason, except in the case of Jews. But the 'white' side would be evident largely only in relation to blacks (& perhaps Arabs) who somehow remain super-phallic symbols, and the 'white' impingement has been reported by blacks almost exclusively. Yet it is probably not uncommon for women to have a need for a super-phallic symbol, apart from the more morbid associations. In order to "Feel like a woman" (be MADE to). In literature, we have the case of Wagner's Brunhilde. She must have an acknowledged conqueror before submission. Normally, this would likely be the handmaiden of lonesome time; civilized men usually avoid such women -- and the savage no less, no doubt. But the Brunhilde submission syndrome is not without some charm. I once knew a Brunhilde type, also during adolescence, for whom I was my own Siegfried. But, as in that case, a further problem may arise where-

If some are bothed to be concerned about where I get my information and/or by what authority so expound, since I haven't specialist's certified credentials in psych, et al., and it would naturally be more agreeable to all the secret societies were I simply to stick to story, I think I shall state the reasons and reasons suggesting the veracity of all a BELIEVE IT OR NOT frame of reference. The reader is versed and/or pursues the related texts, most likely it will all seem elementary & complexities -- like from the sophomoric to the doctorate/ and the mystic. So, don't mind my meandering, my meandering, my meandering have become indelible without reservations, do not either have credentials as such in philosophy, theology, etc., but ---

Perhaps we could at least agree that the religious sanction in this matter advises that the attitude towards this force (sex, will to) should be characterized by a godly reverence (& reference) Or, we could say a 'morality' or 'code of ethics'. But this is somewhat compromising of the more categorical imperative. Lets leave this balm of loneliness, companionship (earthly & divine), dependent upon godpower; then the context of our (secular) love songs and of our 'Hail Marys' will better serve to demonstrate the two balms: (for) NOW --- and THEN.

But, say, we could not accept sex (marriage gestalt predicated on this) in any divine context. With or without the sanction of the Faith it may seem too clearly a force as evil as good (no ambiguity?). So, we are prepared to DE-EMPHASIZE this. Thereby, we are admitting (of the 'spiritual' marriage) of human and divine possibilities that transcend the apparently simple god-given capacity to displace loneliness without the usual attendant conditions and consequences (expressions). Wherein? Dedicated work? Outstanding talent-driven efforts to achieve? And, ultimately, a kind of asceticism in (with) the Faith.

I think we can appreciate in this the semblance of early commitment to the singular balm of loneliness: God (Faith), implicit in which is the resignation from life (as we usually consider life a more complete & sought after exercise of faculties). This marriage (or resignation) is a companionship without sex (allow), and without the prospect of that immortality focal in off-spring. The aim in this is not however so singular. This asceticism is an example of discipline, restraint, dedication -- of the spirit prevailing over the flesh (and/or over the EVIL force of sex), etc. And in this context, also, the ascetic is both subject & teacher (subject of life's design by faith, and object of the Faith's design for life). He preaches, he follows, he IS the WAY, rendering unto his fellowman & to God (the Faith, all the works & services of his energies. Therefore, he is selfless and (a man) OF God (even, we might say, IN and as ONE with God, The Faith). He is the word & the deed.

Lighter, then, the burden of those who would be one-plus-one in the world of our man (or woman) of God. Heavier the burden of this

ONE, except by Faith (to move mountains, to secure from loneliness). And, ac-
The life of Christ is a good example of this man of God. And, ac-
The life of Scripture, Christ was the Word incarnate though born of
cording Scripture, Christ was the Word incarnate though born of
woman. Christ is singularly ascetic in the 'pantheon' in respect to
this secular and divine origin. Also, He came with the Word; whereas,
others: Gautama, Mohammed, Moses, Nanak, & perhaps Lao-Tze, as well as
having had something of a secular life. There is, of course, the accounting for
seek the Word (or the Law). And Freud, ~~Moses~~
Christ's training that puts him among the Essenes. And Freud, ~~Moses~~
and Monotheism, placed the origin of Judaism in Egypt, where probably
it should be, as an influence of some of the more far-reaching minds
of that earliest of civilizations; its principle of monotheism influences
seem well-grounded as accountable to this setting; later synthesized by group
coming via Persia and Zoroastrianism, and then synthesized by group
Judaism under an essentially new Faith. Accordingly, Christianity is
somewhat logically explained by the Apostle Paul as merely a further
and natural step in the development of Judaism. By this reasoning,
the "CHILDREN of Israel" were in bondage under the law until Christ,
came: "wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ,
that we might be justified by faith. But after that faith is come, we
are no longer under a schoolmaster." - Galatians, 3:24-5. And earlier
he indicated that in this respect Abraham was blessed; for he came be-
fore the law, abiding in faith. The law, however, is not voided by
the faith: "For as many as are of the works of the law continueth not in
the law: it is written, Cursed is every one that doeth not in
all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. But
that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident:
for, The just shall live by faith." - Romans, 3:10-11. And later, his clas-
sification of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For
by it the elders obtained a good report." - Hebrews, 11:1 & 2.

At any rate, the ideal way had been witnessed, forever to serve as prime referent; though the energetic mind of Paul occasionally alternates between rigidity and accommodation.

The diametric opposite of this state of life-in-godliness is life without godliness, or, say, sex (lust of the flesh, et al.) without exaltation of the Faith. Accordingly, it presents man in his most exasperated 'help himself' (-to) perspective -- selfish, profligate, prurient, etc. And there would seem little wisdom in such a bent; for it surrenders (puts all the eggs in one basket) needlessly the more aspirational plane (of fulfillment, transcendence, etc.) to a principle of exploitation of the procreative energy (force) for exaltation in self rather than exaltation in the Faith. The best examples of this is probably Casanova in his Memoirs, and something on the order of Byron's Don Juan -- or in the Mozart opera of the same name, or the Duke of Mandon Glomnath in the Verdi opera of the same name, or gives us somewhat of the same in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, etc. History, of course, gives us somewhat of the same in the lives of various monarchs, but the focus is not as singular. And from both fact & fiction we could also include numerous women of fleshly lascivious repute.

But lets return to the dyad of the healthy average. It is being represented as a sexo-spiritual realm (sex-social-spiritual); the first was essentially socio-spiritual, and the second sexo-selish). Here, though without disparagement, except that the mate is ONE with God (the Faith), or the 'couple' (dyad) is ONE in the Faith, there is an impli-

cation that the marriage is of a multiple order. That is, what is implied in 'marriage' is that TWO become ONE -- as with man & woman, so with man & God (we are not referring directly to theological evidence to support this or what follows, only indirectly, and the Biblical quotations following later are considered merely incidental and not necessarily conclusive factors.). To become ONE, these TWO should be of the same essence definitive of the same will to assure that this "will be done...." It is usually recommended, of course, that persons of distinctly separate Faiths not marry, unless they are in love very very. For they cannot marry in THE Faith, and, consequently, they cannot be ONE in terms of the WAY, nor with THE God, nor unto each other be the sexo-spiritual complement (in full, logically, only in part).

The true ONE, however, is the procreative UNIT ONE, which can be effected outside the Faith(s). In which case, where Faiths are irreconcilable, they must relent (for a time perhaps) to admit of the endowment of the true godly force (irrespective of reverence) in each of the (quasi-) complementary parts. Love, here in essence a faith transcending THE Faith, may (for a time perhaps) sustain the dyad. Or this "proven fertile" ONE may seek together a Faith in which they can be "faithfully" compatible. Their success at this, one might say, would demonstrate the strength of their (mating) force, such as would enable it to survive a period of prima facie transcendent "faithlessness". This personalization of Faith would seem to me (not to the priesthood or fundamentalists perhaps) to be as good as the personalification of the Faith is bad.

If man would be monotheistic, it would seem that he would also be monogamous (monogyny or monandry). But secular marriage already (as we may have noted) in a sense implies a polygamy (if not polytheism) for the man who would be godly. Ideally, he should be ascetic, except that this couple indeed be ONE with (not an image God but) the God of the procreative Force (the Force and/or Power IS God, in-dwelling while yet flowing from -- immanent & emanant). Nor should any state consist of a separate deification except that its power flows from the (individual or) UNIT ONE. That is, it should not consist of a separate deification but a quantitative UNIT ONE analogous to the dyad, the representative & referential sum of the emanant force.

The essence of the state, then (the relationship of state & citizen), consists in the same consent to union as the marriage of individuals, a consent of unit need which delegates to it powers sufficient to warrant a contract of mutual obligation. And the state is not seen to exist prior to the individual in the perspective of his ancestry, from which source individual (dyad) force is seen to flow -- thru sexo-spiritual medium, all of procreative substance nourished by the Faith. All procreative links in & of the Faith may be seen as rewards for true faith and/or as the continued & growing strength of the Faith -- a perspective that may seem a bit primitive but leaves one to appreciate its psychic tangibility. For reasons related to this, the Faith, group, etc., may directly or indirectly discourage birth control.

The state, then, is the great "faithful" pan-consanguine fraternity, a fraternity of father-mother(s), the last (& elders?) in the ancestral line of proven faith (the many wives and/or children of a "Chief of state" may be seen, primitively and/or as a matter of form, as further demonstration of the Force of his Faith). The state is, then, es-

entially rooted in the conjugal dyad. That the state might serve as intermediary between man & God is quite evident in the ancestral context. But it would not seem to follow where there is separation of church and state. Where such separation is implemented, it probably does not imply "A state of greater individualism" as much as "a state (govt.) independent of the Faith" and a dual morality.

As before alluded to, the marriage of complementary force would seem to minimize the personification and maximize the personalization of the Faith. But it would seem that the stress of force is more closely related to polygamy than monogamy and perhaps by implication to polytheism more than to monotheism. But this is the question. The "Force" context must stress the sex-social-spiritual relationship and thereby personalize the god-power in the (sex act) mating, the result of which, procreation, is a foregone conclusion since birth control would be undesirable and/or more tabu than not. In contrast to this is the "Love" context, seemingly a gestalt of personal forces, that many times begs not to be inspirationally rooted in sex (or anything tangible), thereby purporting a transcendent orientation ("The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."), which, however, becomes inseparable from the IMAGE of the beloved (or of A -- fantasy, dream -- beloved). And in like manner it would represent God (or The Mother) as the beautiful image of transcendent sexuality. There is at least the implication here, consistent with its "Love" perspective, of the "rise above it" aspiration -- the matter of forbearance notwithstanding. Again, by implication, the relationship between man & God is nevertheless represented on a spiritual plane in the dyad with restraint of the procreative force akin to asceticism.

This 'romanticism' epitomizes man's yearning to have heaven on earth. The beloved is all-in-all, displacing (surpassing) the ancestral reverence, and certainly a part of the godhood; such beloved is the light of the world personally possessed, and reflecting one's own narcissism, the inspirational substance of transport, the balm, the womb. Even unwittingly perhaps there is a relegation to the (temple of) flesh "The substance of things hoped for..." on an order that dooms the romantic dyad (despite all the exemplary idols of stage, screen, & stopdown time, and all the magical ingredients proposed by mass media commercialism). Nonetheless, there is a beauty in the aspiration, and itself is a search for beauty to POSSESS in the most tangible sense possible, as flesh to flesh and flesh of flesh. The aspiration presents the coin of HOW and WHAT. This romanticism would represent itself as HOW, but it is in fact WHAT; the HOW side would accordingly be HEADS, but it is in fact TAILS. Both would consist of some true spiritual aspiration; together, that is, they are the human psyche. But this 'romantic' aspiration is such as is not willing to concede that the FORCE (the energy reservoir) is id-based; mis-direction is then inherent in its strivings. It is aspiration confounded by aspiration. To turn a Freudian pun (clumsily), the aspiration creates a (depth) facade in reaction to the hid ID icta (in stressing a HEADS spiritualism which is HOW to approach God & the universe) of relatedness to the animal kingdom than man cannot satisfactorily manage to hide or deny. So, inasmuch as it must be admitted, TAILS becomes sweet(heart), sweeter, sweetest, which constitutes a built-in denial of it -- even a freezing, impotizing, of the force.

It is a heady spiritualism with ascetic tones, but the asceticism is finally untenable. HEADS would not admit of it; whereas TAILS would be bitter or dill, HEADS would make it sweet & then deny it to the

righteous; whereas it would be EVENT, HEADS would make it THING; and whereas it would be essential in cause & effect, HEADS would make it incidental and place it in isolation. This isolation of thing-event is not withstanding the design for a FULL LIFE or for "the fullest development of the individual". And this is what gives the crippling germ to its strenuous one-sidedness, especially for the young and formative who are most susceptible to high ideals. When the stress & strain of this fictitiously structured aspiration later becomes insufferable, then the aspirational is all but abandoned on the spiritual plane (God dies) for the conditional (from Romanticism, to Realism, to Naturalism; in this later we are shown the naked flesh in its majesty and its loathsomeness until our sensibilities take refuge in abstractions; so it is time again for a re-enchantment, which we shall come to later. I am inclined to think that Romanticism and the reaction to it and subsequent accouterments in the HEADS context contribute to the multi-facetting of personality. And in the later awakened depths of personality, following the 'scientific' advent, there is provision yet for uncertain human grandeur.). Nothing, however, vanishes in its entirety; therefore, Romanticism does not die; it is in part transferred. Without any real break (with something like a transfusion), the mind (HEADS) is romanticized as the new scientific god. Such an inauguration is all but the death knell of spiritual aspiration per se (it is difficult to say if and when spiritual aspirations are non-existent; more readily we can say that there has been another shift in man's classic relationship to God.).

Where in romanticism there was the good & beautiful man (cut loose from the puppet strings of Classicism, which was the ordering of a more chaotic superstition), the new order represents the omniscient & omnipotent man (whatever gods that be, of course, are calmly observing man's casting & outcasting for the god role). The FORCE is now clearly represented as head-based. And the conditional is sufferable because man 'scientifically' feels he is potentially capable of remedying all ills (On the other hand, the conditional is insufferable for those who think they have insufficient opportunities, because God is no longer working the strings, and man in fact has made himself the author of human status.).

Of course, the question may arise as to whether this exploration explores merely one side of a chicken-&-egg or mirror question; which is as legitimate as this sentence. We can look briefly at the other side. But more likely it can be appreciated how the prospect of only one partner (one wife, one husband) could be a frightening one -- irrespective of the facility of divorce, which places monogamy on a kind of arbitrary temporal order. And with equal facility it is probably appreciable that romanticism is the inevitable companion of young individualism: Is synonymous with the initial narcissistic self-embrace, and indicative of a vanity that countenances no (little?) spiritual possibility greater than that already attained by man-the-beautiful. As God is his witness.

In sum, as WHAT is elementarily definitive of HOW, the "HEADS HOW" aspiration seeks to structure a universe of empirically referent WHATs; in consequence of this, man is to live by God's law made fit for the most beautiful man of the ages -- a man who takes his morality & his woman (lady) in the same lump of sugar. And yet Faith is not completely cast aside; for these beautiful people have guardian angels

and such. One might almost be tempted to say that they are god-men; for Classicism had its god-men & man-gods, two extremes and an intermediary; so, now, Romanticism, the intermediary, stands alone -- as God is his witness.

The beloved, then, encompasses "The substance of things hoped for---", as substance of all that is spiritual coalesced in the LIVING LOVE (and if this god fails it is only due to bad breath; excuse, please). Following this, the disenchantment of the beloved leaves nothing (Thus we find in Existentialism a search for affect, which tends to conjure up a beloved where it does not generate a cynicism upon the frailty of man, enslaved by the fate he has chosen to master alone -- sans the Faith. How the former differs from the old romanticism, if there is to be anything to hope for, isn't evident. What Existentialism does not seem to do is re-define a relationship between man & God. Neither is it quite evident TO ME that modern philosophy is already too sophisticated for any semblance of the old godhoods.). Further, then, the romantic state of belovedness incorporates a feverish looking ("for evidence of things unseen", with stopdown idealizations).

Following the 'purer' romanticism of the physico-spiritual self-contained man, the later 'scientific' influences rule out these 'spiritual' feelings of man in self-embrace. FEELINGS, in fact, are generally suspect; rationality must rule feelings. Rational relationships exist in the REAL world between thing & thing: Produces thing effect. An event is a series of THINGS acting & reacting in a logical manner in space & time, and there is cause and effect characterized accordingly. Everything else is metaphysics & pipe smoke. Feelings must be about some THING cast in a scientific frame; therefore, one can have little faith in personal feelings unless most others feel the same; toward which end, wittingly or not, the stock response is cultivated. To legitimize the outcome, the SOUL is tabu-ed; it is all but relegated to a status of the HD ID Iota of TAILS (for only an idiota believes in soul; this is stretching feelings afield). In fact, it becomes more acceptable to SHOW TAILS, now, than to delineate (something that might be called) the soul.

Something rather dehumanizing has happened to the POWER in positive thinking. It has ruthlessly suppressed negation. The conditional (logical rather than situational) consideration of MAYBE, once seemingly too elementarily naive, unsophisticated, and unstable, begins now to seem the only inclusive resource with which to begin again, with a deeper understanding, to focus upon the human aspirational fulfillment.

AD Valorem

It is more apparent in the polygamous system than in the monogamous one that sex & philoprogeniture are prime movers. Under polygamy it would seem the case even to the exclusion of the pleasure that is stressed considerably in the monogamous setting. And polygamy would seem to admit of certain gaps of lonesome time, of the inaccessibility of the partner, which would seem otherwise a goodly point of the aim of marriage to preclude. In monogamy, de-emphasis of the thespian element itself (for itself) in sex traditionally takes inspiration from religious (moral?) referents. And it does not seem otherwise in polygamy but that tradition, with corresponding religious reference, supports this similar sacrifice -- to the extent it is sacrifice. Of

course, we know that there are variations in polygamous structures. In some, the one mate seems to OWN the other with power of life & death in effect; while in others, a mate can get a divorce in a twinkkle -- to marry the great lover, the status prestigious, or whatever; although such arrangements entail the cooperation of kinship groups, exchanging gifts, payments, etc. But, in general, there is physical isolation in the polygynous system during the two major periods of female stress: The menstrual & the gestation periods. Again, there is similar withdrawal in monogamy; the difference is as between prescription & volition. Fundamentally, of course, since the aim cannot be procreative during either period (allowing for this minimally sophisticated understanding), continued mating would largely reflect a lust for carnal pleasure. Comfort may be allowed as a (spiritual) factor of motivation, as well. But we can also admit of the point of view purporting that the Faith should be sufficient comfort at such times. Where the mother & baby are removed from the proximity of the father for a period, during which baby gettrall mother's devoted attention & that of mother's kinship group -- other things 'Faithfully' provided for -- the process is no doubt good for baby. There is, as well, a special majesty in motherhood. And that particularly the formative years of the child (birth thru 5 or 7) places him thoroughly under the jurisdiction of the mother, who will not have another baby for two or three years, who will almost always be available to the growing child -- who will also & otherwise have the intimate companionship of other mothers -- and which child can never be abandoned, unwanted, etc.

In other words, polygamy would indeed seem procreation-oriented -- child-&Faith-oriented -- in contrast to the monogamous romantic love dyad orientation. And if polygyny would seem to favor males with inordinate favors of numbers of females -- apart from certain responsibilities for them on his & his group's part -- except for the moral fibre of revered tradition, it must also appear on occasion that he is the most impersonally used & helpless tool in this arrangement. Further, I should think that wherever man's obligation (role) is prescribed complementary to woman's, such as he is role-wise solidly contained in the social fabric, male advantage, such as would be seen from without as greater freedom, is probably not real, in fact, nor realized by either the man or woman within to within any essentially determinate degree. And, as everywhere, women are envious largely only in terms of the more locally prestigious woman. Not that men are contentarily disposed, but I think there is a growing universality of opinion that the ladies are the better of it, both hereditarily and environmentally.

There are drawbacks here, of course, as for instance monogamy admits of adoption as a substitute for procreation much more readily than polygamy; in the latter, all children are patrilineally or matrilineally adopted by the group in any case. But if the wife should fail as procreating mate (or vice versa), the "faithful" husband most often must seek another for the purpose, at which the "faithful" wife must assist; for the will to procreate must be done. Thus, to live in a setting where the FORCE is a great measure of everyone's Faith and prestige is to be accordingly at the mercy of this evidence. A person without this evident 'life force' (as one might equate with libido: 'sex force' or 'love force') in such setting has consequently reduced 'life chances' (sociologically, referring to the likelihood of personal and social success) and consequently reduced 'life space' (as applica-

ble, term attributed to Kurt Lewin, refers to total psychic world: Because failure in this important area immediately limits one's importance & movement within traditional & prescribed societal structure, and because such failure is likely to produce an obsessional - neurotic & psychoneurotic - syndrome.).

It appears, though, that I have wandered afield.

Some of us, however, can appreciate that fact that it has not been long -- if not now generally the case -- since one could hear from more or less educated groopers that our purpose consisted essentially in little else but the propagation of the species. Population EXPLOSIONS if nothing else have subverted this view.

The relevant perspective pertained to man as the procreator and/or as living the purposeful life (whose energies are rooted in the procreational & God-given force), and his relationship to God as the primary all-creative immanent & emanant force & power. Then, the look at monogamy & polygamy was to attempt to get a sense of which could better be recommended to man's sense of fulfillment in earthly life -- allowing that his sense of satisfaction or dissatisfaction may not be totally contained by any single culture. For it would seem that, whatever the mystery of temperament in or beyond apparent hereditary & environmental factors, some elements of such diverse temperament as one generally finds intra-culturally would no doubt be equally if not better disposed to appreciate the refinements of another & somewhat opposite exposure. For instance, quite likely the SWEETHEART (with reference to TAILS orientation) is admissible in the polygamous setting -- or to the psyche so exposed. And no doubt but that this is oftentimes the case both before AND after the marriage has been contracted and fulfilled by procreation -- the AFTER element of course being PROOF that the hearts are sweet on each other. On the other hand, we find in the monogamous setting, even in those considered the epitome of advanced Western culture, as elsewhere, the legitimizing & acceptability of the MISTRESS extra-marital relationship. To comment on which, one might say that, given a choice, it does not at all appear that man OR woman monogamously predisposes.

From the following, we will ascertain something of the biblical position re: Judaism & Christianity. It is generally felt that the Old Testament presents the God of fear & force, and the New Testament represents the God of love & mercy. As well, the New Testament emphasizes asceticism, which was the way of Christ and which Paul, The Apostle, represents as ideal:

But I would have you without carefulness. He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord: But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." 1 Corinthians, 7:32-3

This is a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work. A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach; 1 Timothy, 3:1-2

Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things. 1 Timothy, 3:11

We seem to have at least the suggestion that one spouse sustains one

in purity of faith (above and):

For I am jealous over you with godly jealousy: For I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. 2 Corinthians, 11:2

In the above, however, there is more than a suggestion that it is to the Faith that he has espoused the Corinthian brethren. For there was before in First Corinthians the difference between: (7:34)

... a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit: But she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband.

It would seem that Paul annoyed the Corinthian brethren somewhat by his first epistle, by what in Second Corinthians he calls his "heaviness" and "folly", and because of sundried "afflictions" suffered by himself and Timothy in Asia (which appears to have been another part of Greece, Macedonia). The problem seems to have stemmed from some rumors that reached him regarding "contentions" in the church at Corinth. And he says, "I thank God that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius..." (1 Cor. 1:14) sort of high-handedly. But his feelings befuddled him somewhat and he admits of some confusion, after: "Lest any should say that I had baptized in mine own name..." (Ibid:15), he says, "And I baptized also the household of Stephanas: besides, I know not whether I baptized any other." (Ibid:16). And then he rationalizes this: "For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." (Ibid:17). His anguish, in fact, is evident throughout both epistles to the Corinthians. The "contentions" seems to have been over fundamentalist's points (such as whether or not circumcision was necessary for salvation); to which he makes reply in effect that neither this nor that as a matter of FORM, but thru FAITH they are saved. Nevertheless, the brethren feel they should be commended for the depth of their concern. Yet again he counsels them against thinking too much of themselves. (It is profitable to read oneself, of course)

Further: "He that loveth his wife loveth himself." Ephesians, 5:28. And in 5:25, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it."

Is it then clear of what this love consists? for he says (Galatians, 5:17), "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." But First Timothy, 3:16 advises: "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit ..." (in part).

It would seem also that Paul, somewhat like Nietzsche later & on another plane, described two standards of morality: One for the strong and one for the weak, without being everywhere explicitly distinguishing, which in places suggest contradictions but are in fact not so.

In any case, it is not anywhere disagreeable to this temperament that the godly man & woman are permitted to mate; while it is appreciated that passionate mates in pleasure are idols of love and lust unto each other. And herein is admitted the anthropomorphic god, if not also the ethnocentric god. THIS perhaps is the matter to rise above.

These and similar passages in the New Testament, as with Paul's summation (synoptic Commandment: Galatians, 5:14, also given in John, 13:34-5), "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even this; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," seem to tell us something by orthodox reference of the way life should be lived (NOTE: My underscore, it is interesting that he calls this commandment a "word"; it is not what we generally think of as a "word", but *idea* it is, as implied in 'a word to the wise'. The condensation of IDEAS is one of the sweaty tasks in poetry wherein the attempt is to create new "words"= new ideas & the creation of a new world. This is not always the attempt, of course. More often, the poet is trying to present the view from other or several vantage points -- a matter of dimension. On the other hand, the world changes drastically by dint of such 'new dimensions'. We might also note that Paul here speaks of the "law" being fulfilled. Christ gives it as a commandment, of course, which makes it "law" more or less, as the laws given by Moses. But it is uniquely positive; it entails that which in our times men have said it is impractical to legislate. But, as we noted, Paul had said earlier that the law does not justify man in the sight of God, only faith; so we must assume that by this orthodoxy, that though love of one's fellow man may entail faith, that this is not Faith enough for salvation.). But for something more of the mystery & purport of life, more nearly on an epistemological order, we might look very briefly at the Old Testament.

There is, of course, no problem of asceticism here. And taken as the Scriptures of Judaism, it follows that the Rabbinical order would generally adhere to the belief that marriage is both the natural and the godly state.

In the beginning (which always fascinates me) ---

Here we have the pairing defined as "help-meet" or mate. In 2:18, we read, "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone." The end of this chapter is curious (2:25): "And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed." One wonders if this anyway corresponds to endings of chapters in novels where, characteristically, the lovers were left kissing to suggest a whole love scene. The question that follows is as to whether or not there was sex before the fall. There is some doubt, and it is pertinent in respect to the spiritual value we might want to attribute to sex. If the answer is no, then we would have to equate "the knowledge of nakedness" with sex, and something a little more; which we shall come to.

This particular version has God creating male & female in the First Chapter of Genesis, and giving them dominion over other living creatures, and commanding them to be fruitful & multiply. But in 2:5, we are advised that there was not man to till the ground. Then, God forms man of the dust of the ground: "... (2:7-8) and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." He then planted a garden "... eastward of Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed." Nor is it clear from this how Adam got his name, but that he named most else (the hes are not capitalized here either). In 2:15, "... the Lord took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and keep it" /emphasis mine/. Someone has noted that perhaps we are dressers and keepers; which might not give us prime import in the system of things. Then, too, if there were people outside of Eden (or West, or South, somehow), they would not seem to figure in the fall, nor in the explicit purport (except for their dominion), nor

in the developing chosenness.

There is some interest here concerning the image of the God(s) after which man was made. Accordingly, it would seem that we were meant to live on a godly parallel, and, as the God(s) are inclined to make images, so might we be -- particularly of each other, particularly in belovedness: That state of secular faith-worship. All the more would we be inclined, even as it was recognized that loneliness is an earthly affliction which the "help-meet" is to mitigate. But was this help-meeting meant to be a categorical advent, or merely so provided nakedness does not admit of shame? reflecting the knowledge of good AND evil?

In Chapter 3 of Genesis, there is the (ordained) misfortune with the snake, and in verse 20, Adam names his wife Eve "...because she was the mother of all living." And then God made them coats to clothe themselves. In verse 22, God says in part, "--Behold, the man is become as one of us (??) to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever." They are sent (23) out from Eden "--to till the ground from whence he was taken." And God (24) "--placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim (angels of wisdom, second to angels of love: Seraphs) and a flaming SWORD(?) which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." Then it was (4:1) that Adam "...knew Eve his wife; and she conceived, and bare Cain, and said, I have gotten a man from the Lord." /Emphasis mine/ She does not say, "Lord God", which is used thru-out chapters 2 & 3, i.e., "Lord" appears only with the term "God". It does not appear until chapter 2, and only after chapter 3 by itself; thereafter, the two terms are used interchangeably. The possibility that "Lord" here could refer to Adam, however, is very doubtful. In a modernized version I have, Eve on this occasion says, "I have acquired a man with the aid of the Lord." Presumably she is referring to the baby as man; although it would seem that Cain and Abel are adults before Seth is born. The consideration relates again to the position of sex categorically, and to its position - its weight - in the eschatological ordering. From the above instance, I would say the sexo-spiritual factor adheres; it is god-power inherent to the mating condition -- which condition may entail some 'fall' from purest grace, but in the reverent dyad is yet holy. It would accordingly be a partaking of good in the faith. The misfortune would seem to be in that the "force" is not in fact by faith. It CAN in effect psychically BE SO, i.e., one can be psychically impotent or sterile. But this affliction seems the reservation of those MOST "Faithful" (or faithfully structured), but temporally "guilty" of some trespass.

It would seem that (curiosity) the quest for and acquisition of (other & forbidden) knowledge which may enable man to live forever (not then initially intended though Adam lives 900-plus years) introduces man to evil, which is, nevertheless, already in & of the world. The FORBIDDEN FRUIT comes from the "tree of good & evil". But what is the other, the WAY OF "the tree of life"? Why were cherubs posted to guard it? and a flaming SWORD?

Normally, when it is said that man aspires to the godhood, it is not meant that he aspires to live IN THE FLESH forever (and having become all-wise) but in the spirit. Perhaps Adam & Eve were meant to live forever in the naive state, provided they knew only good or only a limited good. But to know good AND evil trespasses upon the god-

hood WHEN COUPLED WITH IMMORTALITY.

The act of clothing the naked sex partners (help-meets, man & wife) is ambiguous in reference to this knowledge of good & evil and would seem firsthand to relate to a previous section wherein God advises that they will be plagued by "thorn also and thistles" (1:18). Although (1:3:7), after eating of the apple, their EYES WERE OPEN, & they knew themselves naked, & took fig leaves and made aprons. But we might also consider that nakedness is now forever to be associated with Eden (paradise), and with that naive state knowledgeable only of good -- and, as well, that nakedness is 'the flower of evil' (a la Baudelaire), but inciting of shame when SEEN; which is one of the dill fruits of wisdom. Henceforth, man's help-meeting will incite ambivalence (except, & only pertaining to sex-mating, in the dark), necessarily. Accordingly, NAKEDNESS more than sex (as especially visually disconcerting) would seem to constitute the problem, and is the key root of the happiness-unhappiness, good & evil continuum -- the common denominator. Sex is the variable. In this respect, pre-existent loneliness (theoretically prior to woman, but structurally here: loneliness in the non-manifest sex state of nakedness) would have become lust (in the sex state), both a condition of the "absence" of the help-meet, but lust is manifest & knowledgeable: For the flesh: To live forever: on the hill of sex (whereas, before, nakedness was balm without increment of longing). This TOGETHERNESS would then banish loneliness, absolving lust and obviating it, and precluding the need for (making the dyad its own) God. The "fall" is into separateness; here is where SHAME inheres. The shame of naked separateness; i.e., a fall from "feeling" into seeing & feeling: Separateness is naked: Naked is sex-ready; but without eternal life, man cannot be eternally sex-ready. SHAME: We have been playing God, but we are mere weakling mortals. But if we could eat of the TREE OF LIFE, as well, ---?

So the balm of loneliness WAS the help-meet in the pure & consummate "feeling" state. The balm of lust APPEARS to (that it SHOULD also) be the help-meet. And somewhere in her secret places (look, look!), Naked (sight: To behold: To possess: Feel consummative) should YET provide the (eternal, pure) balm of loneliness, satisfying lust prerequisite.

But nakedness in(tro)duces sex in the "fallen" state (as between the forest & the trees), and is the compulsive direct reference, which blights the search for (discovery of) the secret of the balm of loneliness & eternal life (an implicit point for benign nudism).

The (way of) the tree of good & evil, then, is sex-minus (life); the (way of) the tree of life is sex-plus (life). To have eaten of the fruit of the tree of life after eating of the tree of good & evil would have meant to (be able to) live forever ON THE HILL OF SEX WITH KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD & EVIL (wisdom), something of a true parallel with omnipotent godhood. Sex would be the stable infinitive to sex: forever. But without the increment of the tree of life it is the imperative to conjugate (on a declining temperal order). And the "jealous" god says, "Be fruitful & multiply", which, in any case, is the way of the tree of good & evil.

Again, accordingly, it is of little importance in terms of living forever whether or not man indulges. The important consideration now pertains to orthodoxy: That he abide in the Faith. And for this God holds out the reward of eternal life in (another) paradise.

It is finally to be considered that no sex "force" existed before the fall. But that sex "force", itself, was the fruit of the tree of good & evil, i.e., a limited sex-force rather than an eye-opener per se (wisdom). But, principally, the relevance is the consideration of whether prior to the fall the eating of the fruit of the tree of life would have constituted a trespass. There was, of course, no explicit prohibition against doing so. One might even see it as ungodly to have prohibited it (again, as always, the "ordained" factor eliminates all but theoretical considerations). The effect would have been an immortality, sex-oriented, but without "wisdom", and to no acknowledgeable extent different in "feeling" from the consummative pre-fall condition; i.e. evil would not have become incorporated in man's make-up. Procreation, however, might be considered a variable.

In any case, evil seems to inhere with lust that cannot be fulfilled. The failing power is God's will, however, not man's. But, in a sense, more than the power manifestly residing with man (& woman, the dyad) is God's will, and, in another sense, less ---.

Yet, nothing is apparent but what is apparent. And this seems the order of faith.

As in the New Testament, there are many INTERESTING developments in the Old -- interesting in emphasis of human failings, whether in the raising of gods or the drowning of men. A couple items come to mind, from Genesis. One is the case of Cain & Abel. Cain makes an offering to God (as though He were a vegetarian) from the fruits of the ground, for which God has no respect. Abel makes an offering from his flock, for which God has respect. This favoritism stirs Cain's wrath, and, noting this, God makes a curious statement (1,4:7): "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door: and unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him."

Cain slays Abel shortly. And when God asks after Abel, Cain makes the well-known reply (1,4:9): "...I know not; Am I my brother's keeper?"

Regarding the last clause I underscored above, in a modernized version it is inverted, making a question; which logic would seem to dictate. However this is taken, the first part remains the same and reminds me of a question from Shaw's Major Barbara: "What price salvation, eh?"

The other instance is also well-known; it is the case of Ham who sees his father, Noah, naked and sleeping off the effect of wine. He tells his brothers, Shem & Japheth, who, walking backwards, cover Noah with a cloak. Noah awakes later with the knowledge that Ham, the younger son (second born) has seen him in disarray and curses Ham and all his descendants.

Similarly, there is the matter of Esau coming weak with hunger from the hunting field and asking his twin brother, Jacob, for a morsel, which Jacob refuses to give but bargains to sell for Esau's birthright (and later the collusion between the mother, Rebecca, & Jacob to further cheat Esau and deceive the dying father, Isaac, who favored Esau).

As before, it would seem that we have here a double standard. On the one hand, this latter case reminds me of the African & Negro fairy tales wherein the trickster, always a morally contemptible rascal on the surface (& usually a rabbit or other weak creature, and popularized in transplant as Br'er Rabbit and Bugs Bunny), nevertheless pre-

veils over the other slow, dumb, honest animal folk; which has for us its commercial & political applicants. The rule here is "whatever you can get away with".

On the other hand, there is a kind of Calvinistic cynicism (or fatalism?) that says there is a kind of Arbiter, and 'right' and 'wrong' are not finally applicable to man's deeds in life -- are perhaps even beyond man's ken (but, to be safe, one should strive to do 'right'). And, of course, the prosperous are prosperous because they are godly, accordingly, the non-prosperous ---.

This dual standard would seem to admit of the weekday-Sunday dichotomy, the latter being a time of confessions & absolutions & such (I do not, however, mean to associate this with Catholicism or Judaism or Presbyterianism or Lutheranism, et al.). And would sort of give us the world to gain, however we would, six days a week. But business cannot be 'business as usual' on the Sabbath.

Too often in these contexts, however long one sits staring into space (to avoid distractions), one comes out of it with a question. It is even redundant to note that by consensus of present-day morality Noah was more censurable than Ham in the cited instance, that Cain could only give of that he had, and that we should expect Jacob to be his brother's keeper. One may attempt to accept such matters as peremptorily given, but it is sometimes more than a little difficult. Yet, in all the instances we may see two wrongs, and we're frustrated (by such allowance to be cynical) because right seems predisposed in behalf of one.

I know of numbers of people considerably humiliated and ploughed under for having 'LET things happen to them' in the manner of Esau. What's more, their tormentors are boastful.

This aspect of the early Jehovah is, I think, generally recognized. And what we have is a gradual evolution from the pure power/force (might is right) position to a God embodying a more comprehensive sense of justice (though even in Malachi, He is 'smifult', and the hosts are reminded that He "hated Esau" and wasted him.). Though in Deuteronomy, He is jealous & a consuming fire, he is also merciful (4:24,31), and He loved Israel. In Second Samuel, He is spoken of as 'a God of kindness', and in First Kings, He is dramatically beneficent with gifts to Solomon & Israel, also merciful with respect to David. And in Psalms, Proverbs, & Isaiah, we find all the noble attributes: Goodness, Love, Mercy, Righteousness, et al. Isaiah, of course, prophesies much doom, but there is a redemptiveness assured when the righteous are smitten, and/or they are spared worse things to come.

The Book of Job is one of the more interesting. Here we find the question (4:17): "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?" Which is an interesting question indeed. His comforters would not believe he had done no evil, yet suffered mightily, as it was the will of Jehovah. There is somewhat of an inverse parallel to this in St. Luke (Chap. 4). Satan tempts Christ to prove He is the son of God, suggesting finally that Christ cast himself down from a high place, saying that, if he be truly The Christ, the angels will bear him up. And Christ says, "...It is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Again in The Song of Solomon we confront one of the greatest mysteries & legends. There have been many interpretations of this book.

SURROMANTISM

Somewhat by way of introduction, although over-simplification will be rampant, and even at the risk of some redundancy, we might consider again our backdrop.

We have in our time a kind of sex-oriented Romanticism, somewhat as I have described (B-C, v.2, #2,p.53) as keynoting the popular art forms. This motif I would consider basic to the advent of the surromance. It is the sexo-esthetic position, except that its sexuality is too pointedly strained, and perhaps because of this strain, the sexual & the esthetic form not merely a dichotomy but practically a thesis & antithesis relationship (or lack of it), instead of a continuum.

The Darwinian-Freudian position acquitted man of 'spiritual recessions', admitting of a basic secular physicality as the fundamental human condition, as per structural & functional kinship linked with the animal kingdom. And this appears the ONLY linkage except for aspirational 'substance of things (condition) hoped for'. However, this pervading & acknowledged 'hope' itself prognosticates & infers a relationship of engrossing power & encompassing surfeit. Thus man is hope-linked and faith-linked to move mountains, a spiritual linkage. Such 'recession', then, as is noted to occur, while (theoretically) rendering him impotent also forces him into a self-maintenance posture. And strictly on his own resources, he usually has two somewhat polar gods: The brain and sex. Freud then says he is a psycho-sexual creature (animal); which would seem the perfect complementary focus for a romantic era, but one which man was not yet prepared to accept, i.e., he was not (& perhaps still is not) prepared to relent of alleging spiritual substance as basic to his constitution.

'Spiritual recessions', then, appear inherent to that sublimatory Romanticism (in respect to man's godlike posture), but such recessions were inadmissible as natural phenomena (as spiritualism was inadmissible as merely aspiration) as long as the fundamental human condition was defined with ascendant spirituality which should rightly govern man's behavior. Therefore, Romanticism created a dichotomous compartmentalization of the body & body relationships. On the one hand, the body was a holy vessel (and manifestation of spirit). On the other, it possessed a 'godlike' beauty & purity, especially the latter, or it was a vessel capable of sustained worthiness to house the spirit on its earthly sojourn, and its beauty was the blessing of the spirit. But somehow this body was capable of corrupting the spirit, not the spirit the body. However, nothing further was required to sustain this 'human' goodness & purity except the overt behavioral adherence to moral orthodoxy, and the vast conspiracy of silence & hypocrisy, i.e., the concerted orientation & representation of the aspirational life (for it must be allowed that there was some concern about inner evils and sundry exorcisms).

On the other hand, the body was to be well clothed (covered, hidden); for its display was not only indicative of inner sin or unorthodox behavior, it was also a lead - excitation - to licentiousness. Thus,

nakedness uncovered the REAL CONDITION (or threatened to) which belied in effect that the aspirational obtained (your 'spirituality' was a matter of the clothes you wore, or, for sure, credited to obtain only on condition - & during the time - that you wore clothes).

Therefore, the surromance begins with nakedness as manifest affirmation of the basic (physical) human condition. And from this basic acknowledgment, it projects the aspirational (the spirit of man). That is, the aspirational equals (or relates to) SEX with the exponential of BODY with the (spiritual) exponential of the esthetic, OR equals the sexo-esthetic (BODY here refers to what we might call a gestalt of - social - body relationships.).

The disconcerting of the Romantic position followed upon the persistent revelation of underlying (on-going) human behavior contrary to accepted orientation & representation, and concessions of a Darwinian nature as to the fundamental condition & relationship of man structurally & behaviorally to the animal kingdom. At the same time, the continual proselytizing for the democratization of the stature & dignity of man introduced life in its more bitter, raw, and unceremonious conditions in which it was difficult to picture angels & perhaps more difficult to substantiate their existence. So, wherein it would be admitted that all men are equal under God, or equally godlike (pure), the apparent condition of the 'common man' presented the (dog-eat-dog) godlike in a focus of considerable corruption, however one chose to designate his (essentially pure) aspirational self.

(As often is the case, the 'spiritual life' - front or facade - seems the privilege of the leisure class, to the extent countenanced on their own volition. In our time, the 'common/black/man' has helped to promote a 'soul' image of himself, while apparently submerged in the psycho-physical filth of worldly racism. Appeals for the betterment of this condition refer to 'equality under God & law'. That is, his 'soul' has been certified, as it were, as fundamental condition, which makes him square with God basically, and only the temporal order of himself is 'out of order' due to inequalities under law - & otherwise prescribed by practice. The representation of the black man as 'soul' is of course a romantic projection, how sustained is difficult to say except that it super-imposes the 'folk & spiritual' ancestral image over (upon) the existing one to certify an 'innocence & purity'.)

Man, then, largely does not admit of fundamental corruption of the spirit, nor of its absence. Corruptions are essentially superficial (psycho-) physical relationships. Accordingly, man is given 'rise above' powers to prevail over environment IN SPIRIT, which in effect would sustain the aspirational as the fundamental human condition, however appearances seem the contrary as evidences of life style dim the halo.

The innocence of the common man is of course also a myth, and probably the necessary refutation of man-spiritual encompasses the leisure class for the common man and the common man for the leisure class, each segment having accordingly assigned the other as guardian of the complementary (orthodox, 'pure') moral fibre. Thusly, there must usually be a polar revelation proceeding to disenchantment. And general representation of the spiritual aspiration as obtaining diminishes because the 'idols' of all have failed.

One could indulge the 'unrequited love' aspect of Romanticism as a good 'spiritual' exercise -- advising of the need for a greater than extant spiritualism (would admit of fulfillment on this 'higher plane' even preclusive of need for all but the embrace of faith, i.e., God). That such 'spiritual' embrace could be achieved thru love of mate (help-mate & later soul-mate) was represented inferentially thru the de-emphasis of sex and emphasis of the beloved as pure & beautiful, and the love of beloveds created & mated in heaven. Embodied in such disposition was of course the highest expression of human beauty, yet aspirational; that another person should be capable (in concert) of resolving uncommon loneliness projected upon such person (event in concert) the substance hoped for, creating in effect an 'I believe in you' (miraculous vision) of promise & fulfillment. And the unrequited element gave wings to such promise (as the poet makes the most of the sublimatory & recollection). The 'intermediary god', then, was here in evidence (unseen?) somewhat in the abstract as LOVE, each beloved an incarnation of the miracle substance, and the concerted event something like 'possession'. And in this context, the romantic relationships of man (lovers) would constitute the substantial adequacy of the human event. But that a very important aspect of such (spiritual) relationship (adequacy) had sexual (performance) qualifications was not generally admitted.

In the Post-Romantic setting, 'unrequited sex', more specifically replaces 'unrequited love' (the miraculous vision), but yet lends itself to spiritual aspirations. Again, tangible fulfillment by thing-in-itself leaves much to be desired. In fact, sex, in turn, takes on its own miraculous vision (as characterized by peep nudism). Yet, although there is something in the atmosphere of disenchantment of both God & sex (& human nature), there is great reluctance to forsake the old gods. For where, then, does one turn? However, I would submit that sex is quite a powerful god, demanding some obeisance, though slightly fraught with failings. COMPANIONSHIP accordingly is a kind of miraculous vision, but, again, the predication of this rapport is generally too exclusive or all-inclusive. Post-Romantically, we are generally advised of a greater animalism than was admitted by the hidden & de-emphasized nude & the concerted behavior of this dyad in love-space. However, its general exposure is seemingly not advised because the clothed aspect is credited with veiling a mystery, apart from the aspect of indecency. The substance of the mystery not accordingly disclosed, nevertheless, would by evidence be the complement of tease & titillation, generative of the 'hope' of seeing it ALL. But the effect of the psychic maneuver by the corporate social body somewhat confounds in its effort to reveal & not to reveal; the frustration is more compounded by this 'visual aid' which aids nowise but in producing a quirk of the psyche. And the fundamental problem of unrequited sex (companionship) is still quite literally, but more subtly, fed the purport of miraculous VISUAL resolution.

Thru the perspective of psychoanalysis, principally, we have seen the normal sex drive of modern man, as borne on the classic & romantic atmospheres and in Post-Romanticism's disenchantment, erupt into many distortions of imperative affirmation. And it would seem to characterize THE will of life -- attendant upon which human instance is change & death. In this regard, we are also given a sustained sublimation incidence, significant spiritually (esthetically) and as generally complementary to the BUILDING of life. It is even, however, to say that the 'spiritual' life cannot be resolved sexually, per se, nor

even psycho-sexually -- & the mere psychic involvement must be the recourse of emotional impoverishment, untenable for man whose energies have a sex (-social) base -- but must be an on-going process of BUILDING, as of, (as it were, a working of the dialectic. Yet, we are not unaware of divergent theories that purport to have man motivated thru life and engaged in constructive & ennobling pursuits unsubverted by passions begging either the sexual or the spiritual increase. And we can admit of a kind of materio-esthetic chain-linkage goal orientation which affords motivation that affords the soberly grounded life-style. I can admit of it, theoretically, and pretend as must those who pursue such course that there is no (spiritual) hiatus. But I, personally, do not honor such course; it would be too restrictive & exclusive; Inclusiveness is the style of my disposition. Though, I must admit that there is some apparent preclusiveness of need in a circumstance of chain success (as in swamping occupation & preoccupation) -- that both success & failure have their revealing perspectives for awareness and of complementary pain. And a goodly part of the human position is, 'Why be more aware (of pain) than is necessary?'. But there must need be SOME pain would man attempt to realize some beauty in life -- would not attempt the antithetical changeless & growthless life-style.

The search for beauty predisposes one toward Romanticism -- A romanticism, in effect some idealization of human substance and potential. And I would submit that the world is joined in this, that it is principally the frustration of failing realization in this area, generation after generation, that casts a cynicism upon the spirit of the living waters-human. And, in turn, such cynicism would economize our efforts preclusive of errant spiritual searching, doomed to fail & prove endlessly frustrating for men of sound reasoning (for FAITH is its substance). Such a position would even assign 'religion' to an anachronistic die-hard past, as a perspective born of superstition, respect for which man has scientifically out-grown. But such 'out-growth', of course, cannot be the case until man has 'out-grown' the phenomenon called emotion; in which case it is conceivable that he will have out-grown the falling of loneliness. Whereupon, perhaps he may BE God, or be one with God. The search for beauty is this seeking of identity -- for the superlative truth & good, for substance to displace and circumvent loneliness, unawareness, stunted growth & development, cynicism & hopelessness, etc.

The surmurance, then, is premised on the idea that man is primarily interested in the pursuit and experience of human relationships, which with priority of fact & feeling are BODY relationships, about which qualitatively he is disposed to experience (truth, love, beauty. And in the BUILDING of life, he is appreciatively disposed to the evidence of expanded dimensions -- of land, sea, & sky, time, space-time, etc., God), as ever embracing the affirmative of 'yet, life -- yet, growth --', as recourse from the acknowledgment that the fulfilling, beautiful (miraculous total experience, conceptually supported by the psyche) is not yet.

There are two principal theoretical considerations of any 'ism' proposed to embrace, guide, structure, et al. the life of man, and an all-embracing consideration of practicality & feasibility as assessed thru analysis of the proposed modus operandi. These are the complementary relationship of (1) its overall moral fibre to (2)(a) its contribution to the optimal development of the personality in hand with (b) its contribution to the optimal fulfillment of the individual's

psycho-sexual (psycho-spiritual and/or sexo-esthetic) needs -- a consideration of the affects & effects related to the good of the corporate state not otherwise (to be here) considered.

The surromance event focusses upon the dyad, or, as intimate orientation is proposed for the unit of reciprocal need-fulfilment -- as man & wife & Faith are a trinity, are ONE, or as humanity is one family, & as the ancestral line of 'force' & the Faith are a pantheon.

Aphorism: Man is a sexo-esthetic (spiritual) infant nursing at the breast of feeling, which is the fruit of the tree of life.

Aphorism: Nakedness does not make a savage, the most savage of men have sleeves; nakedness does not make an infant, but the most naked of infants is man, yet the most naked of men command & recommend us to humanity.

The surromance recommends the surmounting of the inclination to hide the human event (of ourselves), fostering thereby a subhumanism while playing at being god & superman -- confounding the condition & the aspiration accordingly and distorting developmental goals.

In the surromance:

The specifically cognitive-sensory event is condition self, psycho-physical, aspirationally generative of companionship;

The generally cognitive-sensory event is condition social psycho-physicality, aspirationally generative of greater love-space (dimensions of shared life);

The specifically sensory event is condition sexed, aspirationally generative of beauti-force companionship (or, FELT condition beauti-full-force, omniscient & omnipotent, aspirationally generative of sex-social affirming confirmation);

The generally sensory event is condition sexo, aspirationally generative of greater beauti-force-radiating love-space (of shared dimensions) -- the surromantic increase;

The specifically cognitive event is condition (intrinsically) esthetic, aspirationally generative of (greater) associative & imaginative evidence of self;

The generally cognitive event is condition (inherently) socio-esthetic, aspirationally generative of associative & imaginative evidence of companionship (psychic), or, of greater psycho-esthetic affirmation of truth;

The specifically aspirational event is sexo (conditioned sexed), proposing to eliminate unrequited body;

The generally aspirational event is sexo-esthetic (condition of expanded loneliness, inadequacy, etc., THE INARTICULATE LONELINESS), proposed to eliminate unrequited (unfulfilled) psycho-physicality -- to close (fill) the further gap against loneliness, isolation, etc., to expand, each their own vanguard for their own creative programmatic love-truth-beauty, as potential resource the further perceptual-conceptual dimension of life-style;

Avoiding abstractions of personality, the specific & general aspirations become finally equivalent: To increase event beauti-(full)-force generated by increased condition love-space.

CONSIDERATION - That man can sustain an experience of the naked body (sight, touch, etc.) as mere sex experience would not provoke much contention

BUT - if it would be said that man's experience of the naked body cannot be INTERPRETED as other than sex experience (or, other than as sensory experience with direct & inevitable sexual excitation

THEN - somewhat like Faith, the ESTHETIC would be the substance of what is hoped for thru evidence of what is experienced directly, i.e., sex;

BUT - if the religion of the world has sex as primary god, and the body as its temple (sex equivalent to faith, the body to evidence thereof)

THEN - sex (experience) is (substance of) what is hoped for thru (experience) evidence of what is 'seen'(exp.), 'touched', etc., more concretely overtly apparently, i.e., the body;

ANALOGOUSLY - if religious form (structural, instructional) is equated with sex form (body), then Faith would have as its equivalent the sex- (or, beauti-) force ('drive')

THEN - to 'get religion' (faith), to experience what was hoped for, would be to 'feel the spirit MOVING' -- to be moved by evidence of the living god (sex)

BUT - where religious form ends & Faith begins SHORT OF 'POSSESSION' would be as difficult to say as where esthetic experience ends & sex begins SHORT OF CLIMAX

THEREFORE - religion IS God (i.e., as man & woman & faith are a trinity) and the body IS sexo-esthetic

AND - both the living God & the living beauti-force event exist a priori;

AGAIN - if religion is the substance of what is hoped for & religious form the evidence of things unseen

THEN - the esthetic is the substance of what is hoped for (thru) & the nude the evidence of things unseen;

But because - having acquired the faculty for sex, this immediacy tends to obliterate (as 'spiritual' stimulants in relation to God) & subvert interest in other feeling not given sex-direction, AS IMMEDIACY

AND - the esthetic & 'intermediate spirituality' are heresies as ends in themselves, and hypocricies at best;

BUT - sex, in fact, is not a (participial noun) being as thing or beauty, it is an event; being (gerund, present tense verbal), and not "a joy forever" as in Keat's poem; beauti-force is more nearly a joy forever, but it cannot be forever; more nearly yet, companionship is forever

Therefore - the fulfilment of the desire (where it exists) of 'being' forever is more nearly realized thru companionship (embodying the BUILDING relationship of man & woman & the Faith thru the line of beauti-force & thru greater shared love-space.

- CONSIDERATION** - if it would be said that the nude (here as composit reference, i.e., the body en todo & sex per se) does not embody the esthetic, but that the esthetic embodies the nude --- no great controversy
- BUT** - if it would be said that the esthetic does not impinge upon the nude, is entirely unrelated
- THEN** - All EVIDENCE of the esthetic would reside in the realm of senses other than the tactile & visual, i.e., with hearing, smelling, tasting (& higher cerebral faculty)
- However** - SMELL, TASTE, & HEARING, as well, are strong animal stimulants to sex (wooing, mating, etc.), instinctively, of course, and as 'learned' (evidence of things experienced), & perhaps it is mere prejudice to say that nothing else is hoped for ---

We CAN allow that HEARING is the most removed & singular of the senses. And it has been said (by yours truly, as well) that all art aspires to the condition of music. Sound (hearing) may, indeed, be the most esthetic (conductive to) medium, and by implication even the most 'religiously' (spiritually) charged. And here we might see and wish to make note of a corollary between this of our apparent reality and "... in the beginning was the word..." (A passage from Dylan Thomas' "Poem on His Birthday" also comes to mind.) And, again, the idea of creative word-force (though not SOUND or HEARING as such) recommends us to the Black African theo-philosophical disposition.

We MUST allow an immediacy with the other senses, however, as highly specialized 'filters' for sexual stimulants. But unless sex is adequate (as it may 'knock one out, put one to sleep', and/or give surfeit until one's psycho-physiological event again admits of 'sex' by the same stimulant(s), roughly), unless there is a dichotomy and/or compartmentalization of the phenomena of stimulants, i.e., a psychic and a sexual and/or an esthetic realm, each exclusive of the other (or, in a somewhat pragmatic or utilitarian sense, the stimulants are not stimulants unless they stimulate), then the stimulants are not USED UP. If we allow that they are used up, it matters essentially only in terms of whether or not satisfaction has been achieved; although the crux of the consideration resides in the generally unequal temporal order of the two instances -- wherein stimulants exist a priori. It is here that we come to grips mainly with psychic rather than sensory phenomena.

The consideration must focus as upon 'beauty' as the EVENT of beauti-force. In its highest degree, it is the 'consuming event of beauti-force' or, 'event of consuming beauti-force'. Accordingly, in a (hypothetical) stable state of nature, every event is consuming (as in 'preoccupation'); whatever the event (or, however the events of life are demarcated one from the other), each is beauti-full-force (superlatively unsurpassed) in & of itself. It is not going-to or about-to (come apart with distractions and/or abstractions) but do/being life. And it is precisely because man KNOWS -- imagines, perceives, conceives -- of TIME out of the context of events (as something of a beauti-full-force sufficient to (superlatively or optimally) consume, or to fill, the nagging vacuumous feeling of empty love-space time. It is also his notion of time that creates the exaggerated THING world.

And man KNOWS that all THINGS perish, and that perishables are as bud, bloom, & bygone (or, as Prospero says in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep", or (Macbeth), "...Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more...") (The two moods are different, of course; as given, the former would recommend the urgency pertinent in context; the latter might present a challenge thru indignation but is in tone stoical & resigned.). So man knows that his thing (event) will pass, and leave the world -- not in darkness (a la Thomas Gray) but -- still, for its vigor of youth in new & over-lapping generations, in the glow of a fresh new day. And such knowledge generates an impetuosity of life-affirmation TO USE UP (or, to 'live it up' -- "while we may"), which can but further emphasize his impermanence, inadequacy, etc. In comparison, his solitary abstracted 'thing of life' is a thirst & a hunger (& sex-drive) insatiable; for TIME admits of the COUNT (-up & -down), and thru quantitative democratic charity inadvertently sets in relief the contrast of quality.

So, as for the existence of stimulants, quite simply, man knows that the scent of roses exists (as 'potentially' the beauti-force of other bodies re: 'companionship', with or without post- or pre-sexually (per se) indulged qualifications, but particularly with reference to it, sex, in context as the 'force' of SHARED SATISFACTION, which can also be seen as beauti-force toward the esthetic side of the sexo-esthetic continuum), whether or not he is disposed to appreciate (feel, smell, think, et al.) this for the reward of intrinsic pleasure. Accordingly, we must allow that it is the sense of smell (feeling, etc.) that fails, as with other human faculties. It is that the faculty is (temporally, at least) indisposed to indulge (exercise) and not that there is an absence of 'indulgences' (or 'capable' stimulants).

The temporal factor relates, of course, to certain chemico-physical (psychic & physiological) effects which constitute another event of person, even suggesting a mechanistic order of life. But all other things need not be equal, or, together need not equal the otherwise formulated human 'programmed' instance. 'Satisfaction' in companionship, however, might be considered beauti-force love-space(-time) "rounded by" the systole-diastole of the (journey up the hill to the well) vacuum-compact & freezer-fresh test-proven love preserve of beauti-full-force. Post-indulgence SHOULD be something like an 'esthetic event-in-rest'; pre-indulgence, an 'eathetic event-in-motion' It would seem that such MOTION would have to be distinguishable somewhat as 'accelerative, de-accelerative, & cruise'. But whether or not that seems to assist the image, I think it would be better to imagine a rhythmic line (something on the order of an encephalogram, but lets curve the ends). The line is extended out into the universe, as it were, to indicate more social complexities & inclusiveness -- less intimate, private activity -- and contracted to represent the dyad privacy & intimacy -- the more intense relationship, as between the apparently peaceful sleep & the dream. The Gradient & Demarcation are not bound to be important considerations here because the human event is its own Pygmalion-Galatea-Aphrodite on its own order of time. In this perspective, that which is HOPED FOR is the lesser intensity but more permanent state of event(s): Rest & peace, or the 'cruise' circumstance (psychically, of course, it is somewhat on the order of the autistic). More nearly, and quite naturally, sleep approximates the

womb and pre-fall Eden condition than wakeful life. But it would seem to a goodly extent a matter of the right 'programming' -- of the success in creating the (dyad) microcosm of love, truth, & beauti(-force).

However, the general position is that the stimulants are not used up, that man is overly sex-oriented and quite inadequately sexed to be able to find more than a momentary peace in the universe of this god without the founding of a benign intermediary, one acceptable to the sex-god, of course. The esthetic is our intermediary, qualified by a 'social' health. Alone, sex cannot be sustained 'in evidence' (of) for hope (or faith), i.e., to be sufficiently nourishing in 'feeling' to sustain man with a sense of possessing the fruit (of the tree) of life (nor of sex-life, because of failing immortality, without considering life sustained in the best of health normally). There is an attempt to certify both the normal life-span and an immortality thru deeds in broad social context which has esthetic significance. But, apparently, the success at this is little more meaningful than a reputation as a respectable stud. That is, it may give one a good broadly social grip on life but, for intensity of moment, it would demand much the same kind of compulsive repetition that taxes the faculties, and must, finally, have a complementary and more intimate plane of event(s) where success is at least equally important to "round out" the necessary affirmation.

The feeling that makes this affirmation is akin to 'religious possession', if for no other reason than that these are the two foremost conditions of assent. These two conditions are predicated on an abandonment to the substantive faith admitted total possession of the moment (total occupation, total pre-occupation) -- the faith that one has as to the rightness of the beloved vessel, & the faith that THE FAITH epitomizes truth, beauty, goodness. Therefore, no need to be on guard, no need for anxieties, one cannot become the instrument of wrong nor suffer harm -- can ONLY be exalted, thrilled, purified, & MADE WHOLE -- by this bountiful beauti-force. That the wish, the need, for more moments of such complete faith in 'freedom in possession' obtains is probably not subject to much dispute; that the areas in which one is given the 'force' & structure for such faith are limited as indicated is hardly more debatable; but the degree to which resignation in this does not complement reality would be the arbiter of vitalism, the absence of which would directly delimit emotional exercise, or the sexual-esthetic, spiritual, etc., aspirational increase -- of the 'growth-event' of person to become "substance hoped for".

The absent aspiration, here, presents us with a kind of emotional vegetable, one might say. However, the vegetable state is usually defamed as 'non-entity'. What is more apparent is that it is an EVEN state of growth & development. And some vegetables are undeniably phenomena embodying a good deal of visual & olfactory (inherent) beauty, apart from other consumer considerations. It is, therefore, a state more to be desired than not in some cases, for predictability & general constructive contribution to the environment. The sexual-esthetic would not aim to create the negative vegetable instance, for sure -- as, again, in a sense the vegetable may be considered just another summer soldier. Yet, little more could be expected of it. And notwithstanding an attempt to reason unhappy the flower & the florist for the transience of the rose, we have at least the semblance on the part of

the florist (and/or the horticulturist) of free-will choice to deal in vegetables (here again there is the KNOWLEDGE that there will be a next year, or time. But will all other things be equal? better? or worse? may be a nagging consideration; which is what HOPE is good for. And, in consequence of this ASPIRATION, an 'excelling' inclination insinuates into 'equalling' efforts, even to excel the excellent. But the generic aspiration is to duplicate ad infinitum a pleasure once experienced (as you may get the impression I'm doing) -- to formularize, capture, control, to POSSESS (the key to) it -- in effect, to render ASPIRATION into CONDITION. And this (I hope) admits of the sexual-esthetic continuum, provisory that we not confuse aspiration & condition, not seek to sustain indefinitely beauti-full-force, which would be 'possession unto madness', but to sustain the 'feeling' of possession (with method) -- to program the event (life) as prescriptive of its own love-space(-time), hill & fall.

The feeling in youth of immortality - omnipotence - to the extent that it exists is perhaps the nearest analogous state to the 'feeling of possessed life' and to the - hypothetical - pre-Fall Eden condition (a real fall into love, but with contrary storybook implications). In youth, man's driving 'forces' appear quite generalized (as I would have the pre-Fall condition), though keyed by the search for pleasure (eating, playing, being loved, etc.), but not explicitly sex-oriented -- by dint of thymus, perhaps. But there is obviously some sexual motivation, as in terms of Freud's 'erotogenous zones', or what we might call 'body areas of intense sensitivity'. Nevertheless, this must be the nearest wakeful approximation of pre-Fall possession of the force of the fruit of the tree of life, or 'articulate companionship' (and which condition of the child & pre-Fall man would be somewhat like - though on a more exalted plane - what Norman Brown, Life and Death, calls 'polymorphous perversity', meaning roughly 'oral, anal, & phallic equilibrium'). The specificity of phallic indulgence, which Freud designated the mature stage of psycho-sexual development, would have to be co-incidental with mortality orientation, & post-Fall. I would logically be inclined to think that the phallic orientation & post-Fall man admitted of a higher order (or, greater degree) of passion (for good or evil) than prior condition. But this may be a prejudice, though also consistent with apparent development of child into adolescence & puberty. But, analogously yet, the 'Fall' admitted of an expanded psyche, which is also an instrument of passion, as we have noted. And AWARENESS, inclusive of pain & pleasure, is food-directing for hungry flames, like a wind.

I note what might be termed an 'emotional infantilism' in the whole of this idea (I think A.A. Brill it was who said that poets are afflicted with oral eroticism, given to playing with & sucking on beautiful words, or some such). He might have included writers generally but perhaps wanted to make some note as to degree. I care only a little about the truth of that where aimed to defame; it matters mostly as to how the beloved thinks of it. But C.G. Jung elsewhere among such analysts seems to have proposed that the mature man, thru effort-exerted growth, should prevail over sex -- at least to gain complete control of this drive, eliminating the compulsive, the anxiety-ridden instances, & continual relapse to incidents of sexual indulgences that leave a good deal to be desired in terms of evident self-control. The idea is appealing, but I wonder how probable such a state prior to virtual impotence & total 'gray matter' dominion. It slightly suggests to me a condition of self-castration -- of hacking

off the nose to simplify the face. Yet, I must respect the gentleman's general knowledge & insights. But it would also seem to suggest that it is possible to overcome another Jungian notion: The 'archetypal' condition; for there is no other premise than of man as animal, except more primordial we represent perhaps a simple fissionable life form. But, in any case, presently loving & being loved is an event sponsored by the five senses in conjunction with all of brain & body, regarding which there is sensitivity, greater sensitivity, & greatest sensitivity; style & ingenuity, memory & imagination. And on the, as it were, stimulus-response continuum I would represent developmentally as sexo-esthetic, or sex-social-esthetic, the 'social' factor being pervasive median, the articulation of loneliness equivalent to the balm and encompassing a sex-esthetic reciprocity, and the system operative within the physico-psychic structure of body & brain, the surromance would not admit of 'derogatory fixations'. The body is 'the body of love', analogous to the social body democratically constituted, though in aspects representatively - functionally - & temporally 'in power'/prominent/, but more like traditional pressure groups. And the brain is the governing body and the referent source of guiding principles. The rule of needs in this /social/love-space must be seen within a duly constituted sovereignty as functioning for the good of the unit. And any extra-personal significance of such function must generally be considered less determining. The aim to move from inarticulate loneliness to articulate loneliness, or from/ to the articulation of loneliness, proposes SOME satisfaction and ideally the complementary companionship, as may be qualified categorically by degree & time. But to admit of a balm of loneliness, as to admit of God, is to admit, as it were, of all things -- omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence..)

Such a charge as 'emotional immaturity' is not categorically defensible in love-space -- only clinically, philosophically, etc. And it should never occur. But I have found that there is some slight unpredictability about one's own behavior as between what is thought in & out of love-space, with both the intimate and the shallow acquaintance. One might say, however, that love-space is not love-space unless founded on faith, motivated by trust which is the better assurance as predicated on knowledge & understanding. Undoubtedly, untold numbers of persons shrink from any real attempt to create such love-space, preferring in effect to 'put up with' the superficial & narrow relationship in this respect because they cannot trust themselves to get (socially) naked, or because of some lack of capacity on the one hand but attractive prospect on the other. The quantitative hope in promiscuity, then, may be recourse to risks in attempting the depth rapport of the qualitative dyad. Where the dyad does not apply, it would be another matter quite involved.

The Surromance does not ADVOCATE perversions, so-called; it advocates reciprocal intimacies. But I suspect there would be a hitch, especially with MAN element. It is a delicate social-psychic-sexual balance (sometimes it seems a condition rapidly becoming extinct, except where ruthlessly & single-purposely resisted). The identity we call man is broadly a sexo-social identity juxtaposed to that called woman, each geared for reproductive specialization together. But there is what is known as the ALL-MAN & the ALL-WOMAN. These would appear to be pillars of physical & mental health, and generally irapproachable for sexually perverse, so-called, behavior except occasionally in the area of promiscuity. And although one might suspect some

stilted & limited sensibilities and/or sensitivity, it is another thing to prove, and one cannot argue against prescriptive orientation that delivers fulfillment in performance. Out of bed, the satisfactory bed company may prefer other company but, again, one cannot make a rule of this. And, in any case, as the saying goes: We each make our own bed to lie, lying, lay in. The point is, although undoubtedly quite comforting not to need or require increase - sexually, socially, and/or esthetically - it is probably better to have (accommodating event-things) and not need than to need & not have -- anywhere the wit or the wisdom, the fortitude or good fortune to BUILD love-space(-time).

Of course, aside from the 'love' aspect, what makes the idea surromantic is its 'unscientific' notes and legendary tone. In an Origin of Species perspective (& psychoanalytic as well) it is lame -- certainly esoteric. One might even say it is poetic. To live in optimally true proportions to the patterns of one's psychic world -- to live thusly with objectivity in a socially effective context -- is a design for humanism not new but romantically proposed to embody a new thrill of hope. To

CULTIVATE YOUR GARDEN, said of Voltaire (re: brain only perhaps)

KNOW YOURSELF (a la Freud, it is possible within narrow limits)

EXPRESS YOURSELF, said of Emerson (also, "Beauty is its own excuse for being", fr. THE RHODORA)

REVEAL YOURSELF: Surromanticism (the external & internal worlds are not - should not be - two but one, as man & wife, lovers, are one, which is not life in the raw for sensationalism but life in thaw for sensation) is to abide in the faith that life is worthy of love. But I cannot project a human love that is not in full view of human sex. But, as with God, reason often finds it difficult to accept life as subject to the influence of the force of this 'evidence' (of things SEEN) in such falling proportions; and it therefore insists often in creating its own world order. Sex, however, cannot be so completely denied as GOD, though not the probing quest of origin, nature, & purpose of the universe. Consequently, a sexo-esthetic man should 'weigh-in' as a fuller man (the 'weighing-in' for sex sometimes preclusive of the main event) of at least three earthly dimensions, and given a time-expanding faculty for awareness in growth.

I would like to think of this, Surromanticism, as a way of life. Probably the way of life of the of the next century will be expansively humanistic under the impact of cultural heterogeneity, as the East now opens up the West. There will continue a sifting for assimilatability of differences in conjunction with the delineation of similarities; for in today's world, there are more people more hungry for idea -- for the key to improving the feeling of life's worth -- than probably ever were converted to Christianity & Islam.

What I KNOW is that the Surromance is the motif of my body of literature. Further, I think that it is evident to some degree in the 'body of world literature', certainly of course in what would be termed 'Romantic Literature' -- that the attempt, with markedly limited candor, was to create a (an intense) sexo-esthetic continuum of love-space(-time) & to embody a new thrill of hope (simulate a substance). Were I scholarly in fact & inclined, I could no doubt trace it reverently & orthodoxly to Aristotle, or perhaps even to Homer (not to pretend to knowledges of exotic literatures, sacred texts, etc.).

ADOLESCENCE

TO CONCLUSION

As I think back, there was even another Helen, who moved to the neighborhood a year or so before I left and used to play with Irene and me. Both she and Irene had little brothers. Both were thinish, the big difference being that Irene was more self-possessed, as it were. It's difficult to say which was smarter; it seems Irene was, of course. But this may be because I DID see Helen 10 years later when she had become a drop-out. Ever and always she had large "open question" eyes, asking, begging admission-permission -- something or other quite nakedly without explicitness, giving her the aspect of a lost sheep (lamb) in search of shepherd. Her nose was always running, and the thinness plus the big eyes gave one the impression that she was always hungry. But she was a good kid. I don't recall ever seeing any other signs of a father in that house.

Yet unmarried when I saw her again after a decade, this may have become another path at the crossroads; except that my relations' opinion of her was disastrous -- which has not always been a deterrent (I can remember only one occasion, for sure, when someone said something good about Grace -- besides myself, of course.). When a year or so later I saw Helen again, she had a baby quite creton-looking, a Denny Dimwit image, and indicative of peckerwood origin. She, herself, was one of the blackest women I've known but not very typical, being rather engrossingly hairy.

On one occasion, the last I remember when we were mudpies, I looked us in the woodhouse, and she was charmed into saying yes she'd be my girlfriend, which was ceremoniously consummated (with Irene, who was status jealous, it had been behind the front door three or four years earlier, and she told, and the one she told told her mother, and her mother told my guardmother, but they both refused to believe it.). When at 20 I saw Helen again for the first time in ten years, somehow the woodhouse would not yield to another setting (I'm considering if I should make a pun of this.). The sticks were piled shoulder-high in a hump & got laid to waste. But when she wanted to go back again and again within fifteen-minute intervals: After the first again, it was a triple threat of delight barely contained; with the second AGAIN, it was a labor of love -- dearest beloved, how I adore you in total feeling; with the third AGAIN!!! it was her imagination (in the breach). May the good Lord bless AND keep her.

Actually, I am always disgusted (a little) with myself when, in any matter (even when I've done my best and) the companion advises anyway that it's not good enough. It explodes the romantic dyad to rubble, which is to say, I'm not really making fun of Helen, I'm just a wee bit resentful -- even as women are conversely when, having availed themselves to manly service, they find their man incapable of exploiting their submission (to bring out the extra-special best) and make them feel like (a) THE woman for you.

At any rate, as a mudpie, I used to think I was pretty slick the way I could get girls to remove their pants, or path. And this from the time I was six, on ---. Just how slick I wasn't is obvious from an ex-

perience of another kind that I remember from about my sixth or seventh year.

My guardparents had some emergency & had to go away, and I had to spend a few nights with this handsome young couple a few blocks away. The fellow worked nights quite often, and I knew him from his passing our house frequently on his way to work in the evenings. But my guardparents apparently knew him quite well. He would always greet me and tell me what a smart fellow I was, etc., etc., on passing. The first night, sleeping with his wife, I peed the bed. The next morning it was difficult for me to accept. I wanted to deny it but there was no one but the indignant wife to pin it on; besides, the wet evidence was more pointed (at me) than squatted.

By being the errand boy, I learned readily that they had an account at the general-type store next door. This was new to me. Shortly, having a sweet tooth or two, I felt compulsion to see if "put it on the account" (the magic words) would work with faked-up dispatch from home. Shaky at first, I charged only a penny or so. But it seemed a waste of a good thing, and rather obvious, so I recklessly emboldened to charge ten to twenty cents' worth of the cheap & the dear, returning to school at lunch time -- the only convenient time for transactions -- ridiculously rich. And there were never any repercussions -- except for the embarrassment of self-knowledge & the eternal fear of discovery & reproach. On the surface it seemed smooth. But it took little smarts, actually, and I'm not sure even now that everyone wasn't wise to me. The store man's eye followed me out, of course, always going AWAY from home; for him, it was probably old hat. It was dumb, in fact. And that's the label I would've gotten upon reproach. For one thing, there was no telling when the store man might take a notion to say, "Your little boy charges candy like it's a new playtoy (and like nobody's business)." Then again, I'm not sure if it ever occurred to the couple to wonder why I never asked for any candy. 'What a nice little boy, he never bothers you with requests for candy, and such junk (Go next door, Lloyd, and tell the nice man to give you a penny's worth of candy, and put it on the bill.)'.

One of the uncertain influences of childhood is the value of getting "told on" as opposed to getting away with misdeeds. Getting "told on" can be a bitter experience quite out-weighting the good it does in helping to structure the internalized moral fabric, yet not nearly as bad as suffering the lie. I have been the victim of it all. Of course, many of the trifling deeds of children are compulsive, as well as a wee bit experimental. And yet, not everything not explicitly defined is taken advantage of; quite unlike later life in many instances, regarding which we'll hear, "why not? There's no law against it." And not only the law must be alert but law enforcement as well. I have almost always considered myself quite honest. I never got away with very much, and there's always a me observing me. But in love, daytime & night, some things happen.

AND THEN THERE WAS HELEN OF TROY. It was on an armed forces radio show in the Philippines that I was asked to whom Dr. Faustus referred in the famous line, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" by Christopher Marlowe. "Alice," I said, because that was her name, the then enchantress in town. AND I COULDN'T GET "ALICE" OUT OF MY MIND TO

SAY, "Helen." So, I told the long tale learned in the first grade: Iliad more than Odyssey. And the M.C. said, "Wellll-ELL, shall we let him have it?" And despite little reaction from the beer-drinking crowd he let me have it (since it was the last of a series of questions): Six hot bottles of beer (for which the management would only exchange two cold ones). She told me she loved me, but I didn't believe it.

Even that does not complete the HELEN march of time, but I feel forced to apply the stopdown.

TEAHOUSE, OHYO (SAYONARA)

It WAS August, coincidentally, when I landed at White Beach on Okinawa, largest of the Ryuku Islands -- about twenty by sixty, I think -- after a brief holdover in Japan (proper). I was 17.

The madness that led up to this went back maybe seven or eight years, if not to the cradle, but involved the previous year emphatically. Sometimes I can say very little and say it all, but in this case I'm of a different persuasion. The past six months, at any rate, had been mostly military (another march of time) -- from San Antonio, Texas to Kansas City, (Misery) Missouri; old enough to be my guardian big sister, but she wasn't: The gal I met in Kansas City, that is (sounds like a popular song). She was a dyed-in-the-wool teaser highly neurotic about stripping. And beneath that was the beauty powder and the nitroglycerin -- HIROSHIMA! was another mistake. There was another G.I. thrill, I thought, in K.C. I sat and waiting all night for it to get off (work) in a things-start-happening-when-the-sun-goes-down bar (and the hornets come over from "dry" Kansas City, Kansas to add to the owlings). It was the longest night of the world. I must have nodded a dozen times in a half-dozen places, even on bar stools. Once, toward morning, I went to get some more fresh air, passing a group of "hot hips" chicks. When I got outside, I noticed my pocket felt empty. Wallet gone. I remembered brushing, or getting brushed by, one of the girls; so I turned about and passed back thru. Another brush, lighter even, and the wallet returned (I'm the sensitive type, of course. But had it been NYC, good-bye furlough monies. She had no chance to get away in this case, and no chance to say I had lost it somewhere else, and a row would've been had for good business -- over such small money.). My all-night waitress finally got off.

Lauro, one of my few friends on life's journey -- like Richard and Marcos and a few other MALES -- worked in the library at Naha, Okinawa. He had been a guerilla fighter on Luzon during the war, a strongly built mild-mannered guy; half the time it seemed that he was about to blush, and half the remainder I think he was blushing. A clean living cat, Lauro, but I met some adventuresome one at the Naha Philippine Compound. One of the oddities here was that the Military had posted the Civilian Philippine Men's Compound "Off Limits", but the women's compound not so. You had to have a "reason" for wanting in (the latter place) and/or a name to page or date to pickup or chat with in the dayroom is all. I visited only in the company of one of the fellows, confounding the MF. My too frequent visits to the Men's Compound, however, eventually led

to a summary court martial: From PFC to Pvt., restricted movement & loss of monies. Pretty much a trivial circumstance, but it had something to do with my not saving very much money during a rather propitious time. The Major who presided advised me that "Americans" fraternizing with the Philipinos (Male) might cause them to get too uppity; that was the seasoning of the madness.

A buddy from the Compound and I went down to little Itoman Village one night, an assignment he seemed to think worthwhile. I didn't, but --- one falls into habits. She was worthwhile, nubile, pubile, and just on the wild side of tiger (or child side). An experience I could never forget, were I prone -- or supine -- to forget (to ask forgiveness and to forgive for trespasses upon which I was trespassed against).

Sweet-night is the smell of erotica. It saturates the body, penetrates to the soul of the flesh. It is the perfume of the tree of good and evil. Head to toe the body trembles in anticipation, teased by the proposition of possession. Something at last -- at last -- is going to be had -- a good'n-thing most precious & rare, the fruit balm of loneliness. The vibration of the nerves cannot be contained. The teeth chatter as if telling of frostbite. The muscles twitch. Time: It is like a heavy wall where there should only be a thin curtain going up. You have to push it when you should not have to push it. In this time of struggle nothing happens but struggle when you should be able "to see forever" and always in the unit one flow & absorption that is total being. Everything is touch and yes right away in welcome, and touch is absorbed by touch.

An odor such as proposes life in every grain of dirt. And the night is so thick and black it sweats. I think about Africa. And, GOD, I say, why am I contained by this miserable, miserly bit of psycho-physics? a mechanistic order of time & place? this role? by any and all the impoverished roles on the parsimonious route to hell? TO HELL! with TO BE! I am life transcending sanctions! I am --- in the arms of reception. And what, then, is love? Is it legend particularly? What it is to each each must desire, but, overall, it must surely admit of more time, time to solve the long, long puzzle of two emotional -- two feeling -- four-dimensional awarenesses. A weekend? Somehow the mechanistic applicants insist, and maybe because they know that the questions are only calculated distractions from the vital intensity of present time. THEY are mechanistic, and the time prescribes abandonment. So I cannot sweeten a sweetnight to tone down its flavor of stark sensuality; cannot revise THIS, the kernel of its raw challenge, and make it seem a graceful harmonious reward. I am WHORING, WHORING, WHORING, and the titillation of violated tabu punctured in its wild mealy chambers gives a wild eruptive surge to the persistent compulsion TO HAVE: What this is: The knowledge of good & evil, the primal fructifying wisdom that makes of boy the knowing procreative man.

Yet, in itself, an empty experience to go away from, remembering the prior condition of urgency when the mind was abandoned to the energy's immediate referent. What remains is fed into the mind that suffered abandonment: Was this was not I but the program peremptory circumstance --- of fecund & virile odors, auguring of flesh from afar, of bodies coming together, trembling of time's pocketful promise; the firm, rugged-soft, warmly assuring, vibrant textured principality of youth in-cipiently effervescent in pinpoint pearls of sweat, glimmerings in dark-

ness, whisperings, the panoply of heavy night collapsed by moon, yet unviolated, withholding intrusion as surely as the stars. Patches of fire here and there glow like lamps inviting company with better things to do; saki makers in an eternal squat of fire-nursing liquefaction out a way from the immediate physicality in this night, where the exotics swiftly blend into a common universal, yet with tremors before consummation of new knowledge -- a face, arms, shoulders, breasts, belly, hips, thighs, hot breaths --- a great good time slowly but compulsively conjugating embrace of event. And the night journeys astronomically still, yet in rhythm with the universe -- still & silent, yet with other most too private for the parties engaged to open out, seeps thru creviced rock until become a geyser. Then the impatience, always just in back of the shadow of backs, weighs the event. Will it run or will it yield to comfort? Or will the moments past suffice for whatever acknowledgment the psyche insists upon?

In the sun amid beachside greenery, minus dust when possible, I enjoyed wandering -- a very defiant wandering, and not disinterestedly removed from the search for event. The most exquisite event occurred one day upon wandering into a village at the northern end of the island. A princess: Motion infinitely quite existentially eternal. BEAUTIFUL event. A flower of Okinawa: A ceremony of style altogether enchanting, perfect art of play in the play of life at the mystique of love & love-making.

It is said that Okinawan women are cruder, more countrified, as it were, than the Northern Japanese. Perhaps. But it is naturally difficult to understand an emotional - or affect of - contagion out of context. As one source has said, "One of the most curious things about the effect wrought upon the mind of the alien who dwells amongst the Japanese for any length of time is the gradual change that takes place in his ideas regarding the standard of feminine beauty. It must be considered a victory for the gentle Japanese women that he almost invariably begins at last to regard their beauty as of the truest type." (*Women of All Nations*, Ed. by T.A. Joyce & N.W. Thomas, Metro Pubs., N.Y., 1942)

Whatever reservations I might have regarding this are not important as regards the general effect.

The instances of that young enchanted time are legion, and impressions of those far-off living events indelibly, inscrutably, incontrovertibly flavored of the spice of a lost art of humanism beyond that horizon of Tinian by the sea. How I would like to write such a sea song as the seventeenth year of love-of-love put into shells (see poem, "The Sea Lake Mishico", an echo). How mundane of life to spread thin such evanescent as if it were spice too much in advance, so little morsels due. Impressionable times, indeed, and not surely made of more enchanting substance than Irene's mudpies, but perhaps we can admit these as cheerful rhymings of the cocoon in a time of bedlam.

Time would have me scoff, but temperament not so. Such a leave of critical sensibilities, and long deferred into time preferred for another spice; obviously these old impressions should have no dominion, regardless of suspended uneventfulness. Why go back to the yearning yearning for winged spirit? over its so many rocky ways to the window of the long long full first summer.

All of which tells the reader nothing of the condition he may prefer to hear about, except thru (by way of) the aspiration he may be embarrassed to acknowledge, rather like a dream you can't remember beyond a single image in the morning, but some vibration speaks of it in a language of its own. Would we were as literate as the musical movement of feelings. But improvement upon this may complement another dream.

But surely that most commonly heard sayonara is in deficit accountability to ohyo.

COME BACK SUMMER

I flew across the Pacific, slightly skirting the Philippine Sea, in an old C 47, averaging about 170 MPH with a tailwind, without drawing any anti-aircraft fire from Formosa or other nervous places, and nibbling on one of those little flight lunches the Military used to serve to keep you life-oriented. And, not much overdue, my retirement overdue flying house dropped me at Clark Field, Pampanga Province, Philippines, still in the spring of my youth. I was 18 going on 19.

I had some books to deliver to Lauro's friend in Manila, and a letter of intro to another friend's family in Pangasinan Province. In regard to this latter, I was looking forward to idyllic scenes, rolling breezes of hills and countryside romping. But I still have the letter among effects, written in Tagalog, with picture friend Bernadino. My pay was completely fouled up during the entire time I was in the Philippines and for some months after. But this should not have been the reason I never got around to enjoying this particular anticipation of surcease. The books proved a similar problem. But these I mailed, after entrusting them to an associate to deliver and then visiting myself to learn that the proposed recipient knew nothing about them -- utterly embarrassing and unnecessary. And the treacherous party came with the best recommendations and was all but utterly available to reap the blunt end of my wrath. At any rate, somewhat thusly began about a five-month run of my South Pacific.

Quite prominent in this run was Trinidad, the book-deliveress, the official maid of Sgt. Tolivor, whom I had known slightly on Okinawa and came to know more in depth on Luzon. He had had no intention of going to Clark Field, but a typhoon changed his course, or, rather, the course of the ship on which Mrs. T. sailed for Oki (Coincidentally, I got acquainted with two Sgt. Tolivors in the Service, both o.k. guys; the other was at Ent Air Force Base, Colorado Springs. I played some lousy Canasta. As always, though, I lost touch after a few letters from other latter places. There was also a Sgt. Jenkins at Ent who seemed an easy Canasta victim at first; then I changed my strategy and got caught with a handful of cards almost every time.). But aside from a few terrible scenes on base, Trinidad & I were miss-casted. She was consistently out of character.

Center stage was Christina, and somewhat of a coincidence. She lived with a friend, Magdalena, whom I saw first -- the day afire, molded from lava and burning yet, a force out of proportion to all surroundings; rather Belshazzar-like voluptuous; they could even have been sisters, except for the peppers; the cloudy-eyed, sea-eyed one had no rivals there. But, however, enchanting, Magdalena was married -- and too fiercely proud to be seduced without great ceremony.

Christina. She was the first woman to look deeply into my soul & tell me of its stirrings. We were locked up once by the MPs because in this little town everything was "off limits" except the bars & cabarets (cantinas?). That was a multi-sad occasion because it was even near "port call" for me (I volunteered, rather, I engineered an early departure for the States because I didn't like the bomb detail the jerky captain threw my way. After a few months of fulltime clerking in job-title, he decided I should clerk in the AM only and switch to fatigues for the ammo dump in the hot afternoons.). She was far from a romantic idiot, but it seemed it would break her heart. I think it was her pride, as well. We had both attracted quite a bit of notoriety as companions. Yeah, those were other days of absurdities. She had to ask me to concur in a big lie to tell the G.I. "possessives" about how much money & presents I lavished upon her. Her contempt for the "possessives" was all the more poignantly humorous.

We spent some last evenings saying goodbye thru the night. And she would go to Manila and re-invest herself in life. I have almost no memory of that last early morning troop convoy to Manila and the waiting ship. I remember better the first time I it. There was quite a bit of rubble yet, or rubble from razings, broken-up streets & sidewalks, and the general look of much pending reconstruction. I met the book recipient, Laufo's friend, at the bank where I had been told I could be sure of reaching him, and to which I was directed lost. We took a taxi to his home, and there, amid a crowded family setting, I spent a pleasant afternoon, marred by some embarrassment caused by the treacherous book-deliveress.

There was one haunting little place just outside Clark Field called Dao (methinks it would be spelled), which I've mentioned in a writing or two, decaying like the flesh of a leper, but fascinating in a sweet sneak-moment-in-hell sense. Dao, the citadel of rot, about which many old men undoubtedly have tall tales from little acorns grown.

In contrast there was Baguio, clean and breezy, and modern with a folkish touch -- almost as much above the hustle-bustle as above the sea level of Manila.

Someone asked me, around my twentieth year, what it was like in such far-away places as those where I've stopped for a smoke, the ever-stranger, IN but hardly ever OF the world he's in. And usually, I say, Hmmm, well, there's a certain cerebral understanding about latitude & longitude & deep sea level & altitude & history book stories about "the people & their customs"; and, then, the camera, the notebook, pencil & a leisurely objectivity with on-the-spot descriptions are required for the specific, concentrated sort of bring-it-back-alive report. For which unenlightenment I take the excuse of impetuous youth, borrowing along the way the other cliché: Hunger is tasteless & love is blind. To which we defer in lieu of such as: Ignorance is bliss, and, Pearls before swine.

There was once a barbarian instance in many places: 'The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome', and the Westernization of the Orient.

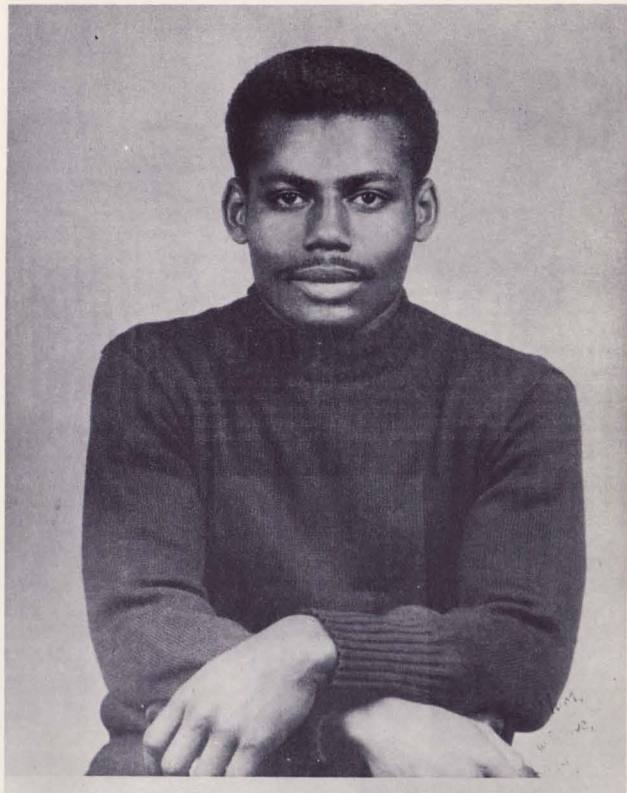


FROM OUT OF THE PAST --- Obtained several pictures from Mother. Upper left is example. Must be about the twelve or thirteenth year. Taken in some penny arcade perhaps. Hat & haircut is (was) Papa's style. Below, left: Early '69 or late '68. This reminds me of a cross between Van Gogh & Lautrec, with some of the madness of the former (Someone told me I should hide these). Scene: Off Central Park West or Riverside Drive (I think the latter) Below, right: Grace again, this some years later. Mother says she looks like a woman who has had a hard life. This is true. Of her pic in the last B-C, I was told she had funny eyes, among other things. She has rather normal eyes, except the right eye seems rather strained which perhaps says something about her psychic world, as does the knit between the eyes. She had problems, of course, and she would not be considered a prestige type without becoming more Africanized. Even so, with allowances, in this respect, she was a classic; seldom applying make-up (the hair an unfortunate exception), she was nowise affected. Here, she doesn't even show her special smile, although she has cute dimples & excellent teeth, because she doesn't feel like it. Yet her aspect is quite pleasant, though perhaps inquiring as to what this photo is suppose to do apart from event of person.





Okinawa at 17, thinking of attempting a smoke, ocean in background, no beard, no mustache yet. Right: Wyoming, age 20, attempting a smile; didn't find much there to smile about, as I recall, from May to September -- much overhead wind, snow in June, short summer. Below, left: Friends on Okinawa; Bernardo on left; what there is of scene is near old Naha. Right: Lloyd Jr at cremation of friend. On the beach, summer '69.



About the time of "Black in Search of Beauty" (1956). THE RARE COLLEGE LOOK. Here between beards. Note crooked mustache, and the stubble is coming back. This hair is just not amenable to shaving -- diminishing returns. It's perhaps the black man's most masochistic proprietary daily chore (or WAS), far exceeding the tie & collar & jacket (hat?).



Summer, '69: Grandson & Grandpa, 8 & 1 = 9 & 81, here at Papa's "place of business".

Middle: Summer, '69, at the beach. Lloyd Jr.'s friend, background, right.

Bottom: '68 or early '69, visiting Beloved; a rather weary mask.



INTERLOG

In Part I of my "R.S.V.P.", I seem to have mentioned Gwen Brooks and William Styron in the same breath (I did some other things, as well, but nothing I don't intend to let stand.). Any seeming comparison is naturally unfortunate as between these two, and the fact that the association occurred was purely coincidental. I do, however, want to clarify a moment of my appraisal of Styron's book, as well as the comments on it by the group of gentlemen writers in a volume entitled, William Styron's Nat Turner, Ten Black Writers Respond (Beacon Press, Boston).

I am a year or so removed from these readings and have no notes, and I'll be damned if I'm going to re-read them. But I would just like to extenuate upon my somewhat flippant comment that ALL of these gentlemen missed the main point: That Styron does nothing for black women. I have since come across a statement by a group of subscribers, headed by Ossie Davis and sponsored by an Anti-Black History Defamation Society, in which this particular point was given primacy and leading. Unfortunately, I do not have the goodly explication mentioned earlier and written shortly after reading the subject material. However ---

The considerations of the gentlemen (as I recall) are generally afield with the vanities of the male ego. And in chopping the bigotry and/or myopia of Styron, they make a similar blunder, one different in degree but not in kind. It is altogether possible that Turner was infatuated with the white girl and masturbated in private. We have only to think of some present-day black fighters to appreciate that "Black fighter" and white-woman-lover are seemingly not incompatible. However, passion seldom, if ever, runs a single course. And the REAL (in love-space) generally takes precedence over pure fantasy; in other words, chances are, he would have entertained some of the black girls in the woodshed, carpentershop, or whatever & elsewhere, unless he was essentially impotent. That he could have been impotent with black women - say - exclusively is unlikely. I doubt seriously if there is such a condition, particularly for a knowledgeable black man. That he may have been generally impotent (it is said of Hitler) is again entirely possible. But, if so, having committed himself to bloody revolt, it would seem that he would have been one of the blood-thirstiest (not by the example of Hitler but by the rule of the psyche), in some part compensation, of course, for the rape (or "humbling of women") of which he was incapable. But, then, there is a messiah element in his make-up; he is the deliverer, and it is reasonable to assume that this was accompanied by a degree of asceticism. Yet, "preachers" are in some cases notorious lecherous (even as might be implicitly ascribed thru my analysis of the "reverent" attitude toward the immanent & emanant god-force), "taking" women to bed with a self-indulgence quite inconsistent with the accepted Faith, as if by right, and as if this were the baptismal communion of faith.

Turner's voluntary surrender (historically) suggests at least an induced hysteria, and there is a Raskolnikovian tone to it -- the willful submission to the social body to be punished (deservingly), even in ecstasy. Certainly he knows he will be killed, like a lamb to slaughter.

ter. Yet, again, it is a noble gesture. His plan has failed, death stalks him, and perhaps he is too proud (religious, etc.) to crush out his life to rot somewhere in the bush. Perhaps he had a eye on history, even. There is a certain sober logic in delivering himself to slavers (to one jittery slaver instead of a possie) who are bound to kill him ceremoniously for instigating the bloody break for freedom. But, again, and this is the point at least implied by the several gentlemen critics, the ramifications of a character study on the basis of the evidence are so diversified, Styron should not in fairness have labored us with any continuing portrait of Turner, himself. Slave revolts were common enough; only most were uncovered (betrayed) prior to execution. And if the author felt compelled to blunder into characterization, he might at least have attenuated this by creating something of a composit or simulated historical atmosphere of run-aways & revolts, and/or parallel the lives of Turner and other slaves, and/or of the Old Marster, free blacks, some town folk, or of Grey whose place in history is accounted to the last audience given Turner. It is quite possible that Styron considered researching several lives but the climate - to stay in good with the local cronies - wouldn't admit of it. Yet, it was one of the obvious alternatives for the story of Turner - to enlarge upon the SETTING to include significant comparison & contrast - on the respectable side of propaganda. The depiction Styron gives is undoubtedly indicative of HIS and the die-hard (Dixie-rooted) opposition to human & racial equality.

It is furthermore utterly absurd for a male Southern white to pretend to depict the life of a black man without any black woman in it -- to create solely a pattern of sexual quasi-indulgence between Southern black man & Southern white woman trying subtly to beat a path to each other over impossible terrain, AND THAT'S ALL. And we are given a third person view into Turner's mind ONLY. There is absolutely no excuse for this third person pretense; the perspective is nowise improved; in fact, the first person approach, to my mind, would have necessitated a superior product. It would again seem that the "Southern" aspect precluded this, and, otherwise, that Styron was interested in (fascinated by) the prospect of fantasizing a kind of integration otherwise not admissible for a Southerner. Even so, the number of rapes & mulattoes attest to the allure of the black woman eternally appealing to the white male. Here was another opportunity to fantasize quite neglected. Even a black Nat Turner with a "white" mind would not have precluded a black woman in his life (I have, however, met one white Southerner who claimed an aversion to black women, a vainglorious matter related to availability). But, should Turner have NO woman? That is, he wants white women, but they, too, belong to the Styrons; so the portrait of the South presents the incredible view of sublimation & vicarious indulgence on the part of the blacks and secretive broadscale exploitation on that of the whites (as authored by the poets).

Of course, it is unlikely that some black woman was not AFTER Turner -- not impossible but improbable -- particularly in the absence of his wife, unless he was some sort of gnomish recluse; which does not seem quite consistent with the evidence (in the life of Toussaint, for instance, there is negligible sexual instances, and he was Afro-French.). Turner may even have been homosexual, but, if so, it is unlikely that he was overtly so.

In effect, then, the big rub is in respect to black women. The pig master is not seen in the swill; the pig mistress doesn't have rap-

ing black buck fantasies, nor relate in any enviable way to the black women, as with questions about their sex life. No black woman openly covets Turner, nor he any black woman (black pussy, blackass, or any of the titillating instances). There is no woodhouse or barbershop talk among black males; none of his cronies recommend him to any woman; everything is hush-hush. No one even accuses him of having relations with frustrated white girl. If I remember correctly, not even crazy Will. Strange (white pussy) would seem the concern only of black revolutionists and crazy men; which we cannot admit exclusively; we see some apparently sane black males AND so-called revolutionists with yens in that direction; as well, mulatto women are still reasonably popular, and a lot of white males seem to prefer white WOMEN if not white pussy.). One would think that Turner's cronies would have tried to insinuate into a train.

But, by historical evidence, that no one raped anyone during the break is indicative of the respect of the men for Turner (as with Toussaint), of their singular interest in freedom, & of their disinterest in pussy. They were pussy-surfeited. After all, in those dark crowded cabins, it had in many cases to be a relentless companion -- except one was too tired, or had a bad back, or something. Wherever man fails eventually to make use of the potentials of one woman it's because he's quite taken up by another or others; otherwise he goes stock raving -- hog wild -- at the first opportunity. We hardly see any of these fellows in a normal perspective with black women, however. It suggests a deliberate castration and a defense of the "black rapist" stereotype since it was historically inadmissible to feature rape. We could almost suppose they were all fairies, or something, except mad Will: A real man, and accordingly contemptibly smugged, as schizoid ladies like it. He is white-pussy "raging at the shackles of restraint", the once-every-full-moon darling of every under-plundered white female become hot pussy fired by the fall-out of rumors & titillations in a racially repressive society, and the closeted secret of refined ladies' bookclubs.

The (Southern) white male has "white" ideals looking over his shoulder when he indulges himself with black women, largely in terms of ethnocentrism. Black men are less troubled with this peeping tom spectacle, or, obversely, when it's black on white, though the censorship is the same in kind it's considerably different in degree. For the women, it may be the ground of exploitation but the ionosphere of glory; for the men, it may be a phallic equalizing of the masculinely assertive atmosphere (routine, and possibly a labor of love) but a rare moment of glory however tarnished by the censor of betrayal. Each is a "pinch me" explosive, whether before or after.

Finally, it is natural, and we may look at Styron's Turner from the point of view of virile male image (I did not dwell on abnormalities or even sexual incidence previously); however, Turner's real and apparent strength was in the fact of his obvious superiority overall to those about, black and white, in that he was self-assured & contained, and convinced of the essential rightness of what he attempted. He is nowise defensive; he states the case almost matter-of-factly; yet we cannot accuse him of being an unfeeling person. He was not over-awed but over-awing. Though his plan failed somewhat abysmally, he was not "defeated" as Styron would cast him. Styron would have us infer that he died cursing every black born of woman "because his own people were the immediate cause of the failure of his plan. But, even if blacks did

abet the whites (as SOME blacks aided the South during the Civil War, but such throngs availed themselves for services to the Union Armies as to yield 200,000 black fighting troops alone by 1863 -- Dubois, Black Reconstruction in America), Turner was well aware of those who had enlisted and fought beside him, as well as countless numbers who died under the lash and otherwise, who ran off & helped others to gain freedom, labored long to buy themselves free, their families, etc. -- enough of a diversity of personalities to warrant the strength & faith with which he did actually meet death. Nor anyway was he humbled; it would seem, in fact, that he was a figure so austere & awesome for his captors that he was dispatched without the traditional sadistic torture historically noted as the bane of so many other dignities of unsuccessful revolt. The living fact of such a person must necessarily rankle a bigot. Turner stands tall (as does the little man, Toussaint), under heckling public scrutiny & derision however pale, iron-nerved thru that righteous ceremony of legal jurisprudence, fearless before all men, and yet mindful of his God. A martyr. A legend. A fact.

A BOOK OF VERSE

In Part I, again, I ramble on about lady writers, stating prejudices pro & con. In the interim, I have stumbled upon a work of poetry by a lady (I assume) whose ethnic identity is unknown to me. After reading a bit of this little volume, I went to the bookcases, looked thru two-years-&-some the so-called poetry editions of Negro Digest, no see; looked thru Lontemps' green-&-white number for '63, no see; looked thru the major-minor number for '69, no see; looked thru Rosey Pool's number for '62, no see; thru Lowenfels number for '66, no see. The volume that started this is entitled The African Boy by E.N. Sargent, Collier Books Ed., '67. I haven't yet checked the library. That's why I buy these damn things, TO SEE. A couple of my editions are missing, however. I was interested to know the lady's ethnic identity (for reasons of race consciousness), in pursuit of which info I sent a copy of the last B-C & a note to/thru the publisher. There are some interesting poetic moments in this little volume.

ADVERTISEMENT

Preparations, though behind schedule, are still underway for the publication of my first unself-sponsored small volume, entitled THE AURA AND THE UMBRA, by Paul Brennan Limited, London. It should appear by mid-January, '70. I have already examined & approved the proofs -- a small number, 22 pages, to sell at \$1.75 (with head photo on cover if I can manage this nakedness). These are some of the shorter works, nine poems in all, written between '56 and '68.

FANON FODDER

I had a good bit in notes of analytical commentary & what-nots that could be reasonably subsumed under this heading, and this because much of what one might term intelligent analysis today in the real of black ethnico-revolutionary material seems to have taken a good bit of inspiration from the writings of the renowned late Frantz Fanon (Black Skin, White Masks, and Toward the African Revolution, Grove Press, '67, The Wretched of the Earth, Black Cat, Grove, '68), born in Martinique, a doctor of psychiatry, and a participant in the Algerian conflict against France. But, now, among other things, there is a time & space problem. In any case, I had not intended a review of these works but merely some commentary on kindred points.

To begin with, I do not wish to seem presumptuous because the man was obviously erudite and articulate and is not now capable of self-defense; so I do not attack. And, after all, I am only an artist.

Somewhere in the work first mentioned, I read that Martiniqueans (and/or Antilleans) have a dominant concern upon arriving in France to go to bed with a white woman (a fair paraphrase). This statement is one that has cousins everywhere that blacks & whites cross-focus. We have all heard its equivalent. Fanon refers to this as a "ritual of initiation into 'authentic' manhood" (p. 72). And who am I to dispute this? (I have just indicated in the Nat Turner context that for black AND white in the racist environment it is a sort of 'male compulsion') And yet I must examine the idea, as I'm sure many readers have.

Clearly, the implication is that white women are less (if anyway) available to Antilleans in the Antilles. Similarly, implication or not, one goes to France (or Paris) because France (or Paris) is not available -- no moreso in the Antilles than in New York for New Yorkers. And before going to Paris, Paris and its cohorts have sold us on SEEING various 'sights': The Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elisee, etc. So that HAVING SEEN (been to) Paris, we can say (and FEEL) that we have EXPERIENCED what to our, and many minds, Paris IS. The same applies to almost any place, the appetisements (advertisements) have told us what we SHOULD SEE. Can you guess what the next point is?

Will someone stand up, please, and say that France (Paris) does not advertise women? But, of course, a DOMINANT concern: It should be centered on The Louvre!! and, naturally, broadly & long-term on acquiring a cosmopolitan education and launching upon an enviable career. Or perhaps, for the sake of flypaper humanism, there should be no DOMINANT concern. Is this all a rationalization? That is, I am implying that there is nothing abnormal about this except when viewed thru the abnormal lens of self-conscious racism-- of proud black group-identity-embrace and of proud white group-identity-embrace.

What I am of course saying is that the character circumstance is quite normal for its sick exposure, or that it is supra-normal, i.e., normal in spite of the sick exposure. What is normal for an individual

in a racist setting? an exclusive embrace of black? or of white? depending upon whichever is one's identity group? Do we define one's group-embrace only as normal? I say, forcing the issue, that normal in reaction to revealed sickness is to seek a cure. Both circumstance & individual must be cured. And it must be the individual who cures the circumstance; it cannot cure itself, nor him. That is, he may simulate a "world", a communion of man, woman, and God (and/or 'the public') to facilitate the perspective thru which an objectivity accrues that offsets the compulsion to act in the sick manner, and that affords his psyche INCLUSIVE rather than EXCLUSIVE focus; hereby, the rule of his behavior is not a denial of healthy basic humanity. It is a working condition.

In the broadest sense, the act in bed of man & woman fulfils a need. Generally there is a mutual need to enter into the act, and, thereupon, if not before, to experience its mutual success. It may serve many specializations of need nurtured in the psyche, apart from the physiological aspect(s) referred to as climax(es). And I would submit that one of these is the need to get naked, physically and psychically naked (which has social implications), or almost naked. It is undoubtedly one of civilization's discontents that, with its sexual & identity obsessions, there is so great a hesitancy and so failing a healthy attitude toward the presentation of the nude, in which consists the social rejection of the body, and consequently of a great part of the self--except that the social self is defined (confined) apart from the body. Here we have the unwillful scheme for the creation of a schizophrenia of a social and a sexual psyche.

I have often heard the expression, "Acting like a..." something-or-other (any of the unloving ethnic terms). And it has often occurred to me that what the person signified was that the other was NOT ACTING at this particular time, had abandoned the esoteric social script (for prescribed self-group-promotion). He had gotten, or was getting, naked, while - and amid - others who continued to front in tailor-made. Which recalls the saying, It's not what you do, it's how (& when) you do it.

I take nakedness, the act that unveils the affect and the madness (or its madness) to be a positive step in the direction of curing the clothed (& closed) madness & affect-- especially that mechanistic affect-madness that prescribes specific bodies, times, & places for man to be a-animal and an animal.

The white fact of the colonized black is cultural marginality. The manifest destiny of the black is cultural de-colonization. It is not necessarily as some suppose: That he will become a fierce Black in the second phase of the dialectic to health, not in a preclusive sense but necessarily in a preferential sense as a matter of focus and effort. Such instance will entail a calculated conjuration of affect, which need not be hidden behind blind antagonistic reaction. The dialectic is the realization of Existentialism. Emotional disenchantment is the evidence of a pre-existing heavy leaning in a direction now seen as too frail and unworthy. But, in fact, the lover has only himself to blame for weighting down the beloved with golden laurels and emotional dependency; it bespeaks an infantile attachment. There is not even much therapeutic ego-value in this child's hating & rejecting the mother that never accepted him. This mother is the central fact of his psychic life, or death. His approach to psychic health does not begin until he can admit of the hate AND the love. Factors in the real world, then, will determine the temporal order and degree of prominence of the one and/or the

other. The AFTER experience should be sufficiently sobering to inspire the investigation and development which may succeed in adding some greater human magnificence to the inevitability of emotional investment.

Black sleeping with white is - and always has been - a living statement of need: The desire & need for a greater nakedness and acceptance and the naked love-beloved in the rawest animal and most delicate human spirit-form. I do not think that this is as expressive or conducive to sickness as it is expressive and conducive to health, in terms of satisfying the enquiring spirit. And since sex, itself, is the fountainhead of ambivalence (as juxtaposed to social being), the great wonder is that there is such small apparent incidence of psycho-neurosis in the racial setting due to racism. It is a further tribute to psychic accommodation. But if the psychiatrists would present us with sensational secrets, it's strange how (much) they leave out cross-references. But, no matter, it is only indirectly related to the case of the actual patient(?). Every group has a self-hate skeleton in the closet and respond xenophobically to outside investigation, that is, all except yesterday's blacks. Several instances of closet-opening in Africa a few years ago caused great ripples in the Peace Corps. All groups desire to be approached by others with an blanket enchantment. To indulge in self-closet opening is a low level interest invitation, and the propaganda machine of most groups has obviated this nakedness for interest purposes (or for human substantiation). The NEED to open, however, the DESIRE to reveal all and reduce the probability of later disenchantment thru familiarity to an absolute minimum, and the healthy therapeutic advantage of such nakedness are all consequently stalemated (except among close confidants: If you tell me a big secret I'll tell you a little one). There is very little loneliness until loneliness is seen as the human condition, as differing from focussed aspiration; there is very little (marital) unhappiness until a great cross-section of the population reveals thru the anonymity of social (or sexual) research 'reports' that happiness is virtually non-existent; relatives do not hate relatives (except in-laws); there is practically no homosexuality or pronounced promiscuity, or morning-after incompatibility of dreams and conscious thought; only a very small quiet number of persons in the luny bin, or committing suicide or psychopathic murder, or capering on the streets, or shut away in family residences; convents & monasteries are full of people of life-long primary dedication for such service; prisons are full of Lombrosian types merely; the Military are Christian soldiers, peace-loving, standing ready to sacrifice self for the right; policemen are normal God-fearing, peace-loving persons; business are far-sighted service personnel, the energy of civilization; and there are no pure power struggles, hate movements, demagogic posturings, wars of annihilation, blanket group enslavement proposals.

It is still almost the best of all possible worlds; it's just a few misfits who make things look bad; even if we could remove the curtains from the highest echelons of civilize-genet policymakers, we would find nothing perverse, unhealthy, and/or spiritually putrifying going on. And there is no real danger that mankind will commit suicide on earth before the possibility of evacuation; in a few short years he will begin to transport such fruits of civilization as books, univacs, and building & maintenance materiel to the moon, or some such off-and-away place; although it is already possible to bomb Venus & Mars by nuclear warhead. The truth & beauty of the almost best possible world is that most are

content, or would make only a minor change or two, if any--BECAUSE the beauty of life is in changing what you can & being able to accept what you can't change: A built-in dilemma. And there are only a few hoboes, alcoholics & other addicts, and circulating cynics & fatalists.

And then it comes down to the question, All right, so the existing system is faulty, what's the alternative? Quite obviously, the need outstrips the creative faculty-- even in theory, let alone practice. We strive, pray, hope for wisdom, wisdom to discern the difference, as between the theory and practice of the possible good & the impracticable good. We are therefore not compelled to be prophets of doom and/or pessimists, even though we see the dirt behind the beauty curtain. But we ARE compelled to admit of theories of change, with view toward practicability.

The human fabric of affect shreds and mends with every generation. Disenchantment wears with a general disregard for itself as focussed upon something more important. Sometimes it is upon another part of the fabric of people instances. But how general is this? If I am to become disenchanted with myself, where do I turn? unless the beautiful people legend of others is greater than my own? And if this is not so, and/or I can't admit of it, what remains but to turn away from people: The world, humanity, is worthless? But if another's legend IS attractive, lean heavily.

READING, READING, MAKETH MAN LEARNED

After just a few pages of BLACK SKIN, WHITE MASKS, I was altogether inclined to put the book away. I am not geared for exercises in masochism, not impersonally, at any rate. But, then, I read some more, put it down, and read some more, and finally finished it. I recommend it to the strong reader. I have only since this summer accordingly become familiar with Fanon. I had noted the books but shunned them, the one noted above in particular. Perhaps unfortunately, its title reminded me of Mailer's *White Negro*. I made a similar but much less profound mistake years ago about J.H. Griffin's *Black Like Me*, and recently-- also this summer read in full -- about Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*. All of these works were read pro forma and added little if anything to my transubstantiation. Cleaver's work brought to focus that fact that my R.S. V.P. was not exactly without precedent. Fanon's works, as with my familiarity with the works of Janheins Jahn (whose signature I have on a rejection slip from '59) and the philosophy of Senghor & Césaire, reminded me, ironically (and somewhat anachronistically) of my attempts to convince the "Foundations" people in '56-'57 that American blacks would shortly have to follow the lead of blacks & others elsewhere in the promotion of black ethos unless there were an immediate surge in this direction (Jahn, however, in his recent book, *Neo-African Literature*, Evergreen, '69, makes the Negro Renaissance of the 20s (featuring Hughes, McKay, Cullen, etc., & a misguided Garvey) an influence upon and forerunner of the Negritude of Césaire, of Indigisme in Haiti, and of Negritism in Cuba, which suggests to me a reductio ad absurdum.).

Quite obviously, however, I should have been born in a multi-lingual setting, learning no less than four or five languages at once, more or less. But however distorted and late the promotion of the grandeur that was America, I am given to feel somewhat superior to its defamation; though its glory is not mine, either.

I recall that a young white Miss, who happened also to be an editor about town, once remarked many years ago after I read one of my long genre poems, "I'm surprised; I thought you'd be the bitter type." I said, "And why would you please yourself with that idea?" And she said, "You look it." When later I dated this voluptuous milk (long-necked) bottle (almost as pale as Dega's lady "At the Opera"), it was a fiasco -- somewhat as a chum had predicted: "They won't make it--too proud." That pride should have been the bane of making it is a bitter cookie, soberly considered in a time of 'love's labors lost'. Another occasion around the same time, another Miss said, "I'm surprised; I didn't think you'd write beautiful poetry." "Oh, and why not?" I said. "Because your manner suggests something else," she said, "the critical aggressive way you attack people." This one got away.

But I have seen them hazily and in my peripheral vision sliding off their seats to the floor, thoroughly enchanted of my readings, mood & substance. And I DO certainly write to enchant, the ladies as well. Should I be generally bitter over not making it in any particular? I have heard the uncontrollable thrill of poets resound in exclamation to their instant embarrassment as I read my works. Should I be bitter, O Lovely One? Or, how bitter should I be? At a reading I attended in '59, I heard a black writer commenting on the content of his second published novel tell a mature black audience that he did not know how to answer the garble he had put into the mouth of a bigot to the effect that blacks have nowise historically accomplished anything to accredit themselves as first class human beings. He realized only at the time of the proofreading, his confidence sprinkled with giggles advised, that this assertion had to be refuted SOMEHOW; so he had recourse to one of his authoritative cronies for "Afro History" information (an incident that sticks in my mind, of course, particularly the man's compromising tone, and then the catalogue of banalities that he had inserted as "refutation" which seemed to please him gleefully. And in the presence of his white Puerto Rican wife, I could only depise the mediocrity while envying the blissful nakedness.).

I have never been in this sad state. I am obviously not true to stereotype. I am not bitter but optimistic. I am not the 'wretched of the earth' but a soaring spirit. Romantic yet, I have only once or twice made a fool of myself with 'other' women, and not in the last dozen years (though I may have a fool role coming up). I have made a bigger fool of myself more often with black women. But I have never been incarcerated for compulsive idiocies (except for the one esoteric instance in the Service); I have not sold my soul at any time to have to suffer repulsive difficulties in trying to get it back, not been wet-nursed by any liberal spirit, white or black, to a Nirvana or Zen experience, not run off to the Foreign Legion, not posed ludicrously for photo with war surplus artillery, and I have little tolerance for any proposal to simulate an angry BLACK, raving at some blanket person called "Charlie Pig" -- though anger and pain are in the chain of my event -- when in my own time I have seen the Tshombes & Ojukwuus in action, Nkrumah deposed, the movement started by Kenyatta turn sour; when I have seen countless instances of the people being sold down the river in the interest of some small warped soul. The problem is mankind; the problem is humanitywide, and has always been so. Whites are certainly the chief villains of the last 500 years, but they are also (and will apparently continue for some time to be THAT AND) today's scapegoats.

In consequence, I cannot sacrifice my emotional being to any NARROW black promotionalism. Again, my approach is not Exclusive, it is Inclusive. I resent the fact that my tribe has not qualitatively increased very much for some centuries, but whose has? The filter of de-lusion will not pauperize my spirit any time soon. And it is, lastly, not pride & vanity that keep me from having a better go of making it but the diplomacy of practicality, as especially made necessary by the vacated discretion of those gone before me, and the use made of their "vacation" by careers of usurpers. I have lived with and been familiar with blacks too long to shout about it now. I have written my heart songs pianissimo, my flood songs scintillating with the rhythms of the dance of life. It might seem that the period between the Thirties and the Sixties was my very own lost generation, but I was not lost unto myself. I had read in the early Fifties all about the "Negro Renaissance" and Garveyism; I had read Dubois on the Civil War, Ante-bellum & Reconstruction, Period; I had read Arnold Rose & Alain Locke, James Weldon Johnson (Forties), and a series of books out by The Oxford University Press on African tribal customs & political systems. I had read the autobiographies of Jack Johnson, B.T. Washington, & biographies of Dubois, Walter White, Jessie Owens, A. Phillip Randolph, et al. in my early teens. I have read, and read, and read; yet I do not feel very well-read and do not KNOW nearly as much as I should. But I am still reading.

The crux of the matter hinges upon what I have elsewhere called the feeling as per quanta meaning (Afro Arts Cultural Festival Book for '65-66), as between what is stated about the human (Afro-American in this case) condition formally and what accrues as "Legend" by general consensus -- as between some alleged greatness of a people in the obscure (unrecorded or little-recorded) past and the status of their prestige (political, cultural, etc.) in the present. To some extent, past glories will determine present-day status, of course. But, obviously this past must have made an impact upon 'history' in such a way as to have become a part of the history of all peoples, or of a good portion and/or of the dominant present-day peoples. Minimally, it must be well recorded and generally accepted as fact. Any dominant group may tend to play down the history of subjected peoples, of course -- to literally credit themselves for all significant human gains, control educative processes, and directly or indirectly censure and/or prohibit the continuance of other cultural forms, including language & systems of worship. The degree of such cultural obliteration, furthermore, is a reasonable index of subjectivity and of relative former power (influence) of the now subjected peoples. The latter, however, is a highly debatable conclusion because a warlike people (on some temporal order) could conceivably wipe out the external forms of the culture of a less warlike people, and the people themselves, without a trace.

Consequently, it is always the impact of the surviving elements: Legend, history, people, that insure the inevitability of recognition. But even these can be overlooked. What cannot be overlooked and that which makes the greatest impact is the surviving art forms, i.e. that which bears the stamp of the spirit of significantly different culture. And the programmatic expression of such spirit in art form is the most compelling affirmation of (equal) humanity; its moment, in fact, in this special intensity of time may be quite overwhelming. What is indicated thru the programmatic cultural gamut, combining in art form the

educative & the entertaining communion, is a people's self-supporting "spirit", the independent individualized mystiques of work, play, & of worship -- of beauty, of courtship & marriage, love honor, etiquette, the attitudes toward birth & death, toward the elders, the land, etc., all of which are somehow indicative of the perspective of themselves in the scheme in their own macro-microcosm, constituting a self-reliant universe and an essentially independent community of man with its own active & re-active forces. Mankind can thereby feel himself enriched by the experience (availability) of such cultural diversity, and, inclined to take unto himself the further potential for creative genius, he must thereby admit of the genius of a piece of the creative fabric.

Not all men, however need such proofs of the vital genius of fellowmen and/or of antecedents; some can sense to gauge the minds and souls of others to understand the fraud and the fantasm, the sacred fruit and the folly-- to appreciate the vitalism of their own spirits irrespective of promotions or lack of same, understanding the grain of sand of the genius of men put to task by the aspirations of man.

Such persons are thereby freer of "relatives" in respect to men-- of the vain boastings, and of defamatory reactions & counterreactions, which tend to waste human energies in vain glorious eradications & redundancies. With such unusual persons, however, may continue the question of the degree of their own uniqueness, which may be exaggerated into a defense against all dettractive encroachments, i.e., total defense or simulated impregnability in this context must necessarily be a highly warped state of egomania (comparable to survival desperation). Such a person normally has both objective and subjective bases for 'feeling' equal or superior to the itinerant remission of these obtuse circumstances. But defense may be necessitated by the insidious recurrence of detractors -- in both crude & subtle forms.

Fortuitous present day circumstances will raise some of a "subjected" people to high socio-political levels without reference to "individual rights accrued thru accredited group identity", suggesting some qualification of credentials by objective assessment of the dominant cultural group, but not removing -- and for a time even emphasizing -- the persona non grata stigma of such person and such group.

In sum, it is difficult to realize the feeling as per quanta meaning of didactic group claims of past glory in the absence of present-day status and/or of legends that give inspiration to the spirit of man, and/or generally accepted accounts that credit the native group with the resident genius factor as evidenced by the highest achievements of man in any given field in some recorded time. These are factors that make the "equation". For John Doe this "equation" is particularly important because he is a "social" being and with immediate priority is desirous of obtaining his major life fulfillments thru group intra-action & interaction; which is most difficult if he bears the stigma of a lame group. He takes his credentials from group status somewhat as a family member does from a family in a non-highly capillaritous society (or, initially, in any case). And John Doe cannot rise above his group (without its "burden" that sustains a lameness) -- not the individual of a subjected group nor the individual of a dominant group. One might, in fact, say categorically that it is most difficult if not impossible for a man to outstrip the legends of his group-self, because this impact is almost always a perspective of the past which is the under-pillaring of status;

although the past may as often seems to shade into fantasy, i.e., the HISTORY per se has no real dimension (no undeniable reality, as TIME has only artifact dimension), so need be little heeded and recognized -- as it were, given only lip-service. But the surviving art forms are much more undeniably dimensional, reservedly rewarding, etc., complementing even that vague dimension of time for all parties. And, rather unlike other evidences, these are often enthusiastically sought (experienced) at some premium. This, then, is the dividend of immortality that advises of the humanly (spiritually) solvent corporate group past, by which is accorded the present resident group genius capable of the measure of man.

PHALLIC TRUTH OR FALLACY

If you ask, you are bound to hear something like: 'I am not prepared to accord you the interest that an investment of myself implies.' But you'd be surprised how often you'll get taken up, they say.

There are people at the end of the line of hope for some who are waiting to rescue these travelers from lost life-endings who are too often unprepared to 'invest themselves' in the interim -- not, of course, in a singular phallic sense, but as one runs thru capillarity from nets & paws of 'middling' company the end-of-the-way must increasingly simulate the all-eggs-in-one-basket plan. Though it need not be necessarily ego-shattering if having taken ten steps forward one finds a desert from which he must take five steps back to a pre-adjudged wilderness. With which quacky introduction I propose a quacky anecdote or two.

An associate of mine was telling me about a conversation with a black lady headnurse. The lady had been married twice. The first husband was o.k., but he died. The second husband was a little runt who was just so-so; they divorced. A later boyfriend was also a little runt, and she hates little runt men, but he had a big penis. She likes big penises. They made it a while, but the 'runtiness' nagged her; so the relationship became sort of loose-ended. Where she works now, she has noted the make-up of a certain guard -- tall, not bad looking, and, unless faked, he has 'a nice big one'. Lookout, Old Chap!

And, incidentally, these two ladies are in accord about not liking 'runt men', and with the notion that 'all black women have large -- and larger'. Truth or fallacy?

An associate of whom I am yet quite fond was doing a little typing for me. In one place, the copy read "... long since the long hot summer of six (yrs old)", she typed "...long since the long hot six..." and never noticed the difference. Six, of course, is a rather moderate notice (Forgive us our trespasses).

It would seem that Allen Edwards & R.E.L. Masters have written a very interesting book, The Cradle of Erotica (Julian Press, Inc. '62), which I came upon some months back. But I'm going to quibble with a couple instances that are here and in the air.

It is held that the black (African) may take up to 3x as long to ejaculate as the white (European), and this due to less acutely sensitive genitalia (more numb, both male & female). From the above-mentioned work, there is also a note that black males have the world's longest thickest penises (average: 7 1/4 to 8" long by 2" in diameter) and that black females have the widest deepest vaginas (regarding which a male associate remarked that perhaps black males have suffered most from the trans-Atlantic passage, though declining to say roughly how much as per thousand miles of ocean.).

Such information is naturally destined to promote some chest pounding, on the one hand (giggles elsewhere), and more genital intimidation, envy, and perhaps depression on the other. It is said, of course, that size doesn't necessarily matter; it's how you use what you have. But, as the authors themselves suggest (and I have maintained in offsetting the patronage of some few females -- OOPS!), size itself is event-impact (in the surmountance, as well), and as between large & small, where performance is admitted as constant (a bit of a fiction of thing-event dichotomy), the larger size is likely to win the (companion) nod. It is similarly the case that women will at times maintain that they do not prefer tall men -- that as between ... This, too, is mostly propaganda. While it is true that most people are more receptive to many human instances in private than in public (the social prestige factor), or to SOMETHING over NOTHING, the indicated choices where there is choice generally prevail.

The real point of interest here, though, is that the alleged staying power of blacks in my unPROFESSIONAL opinion is less a matter of numbness, or lack of sensitivity, as it is a matter of orientation (and this fits hand-in-glove with surromanticism). That is, there is no anxiety with regard to being able to reach a climax, or guaging of how many climaxes one can have. The climax(es) is a foregone conclusion (ideally, i.e., equaling satisfaction because it (ALL) is assured by this COMPANIONSHIP). It is HOW the force, the energy, is made to assist in achieving an (other) expression of the companionship that creates the significant event of beauti-force. In the case of the black African it must surely be that the coital experience epitomizes the vitalism of life. Here rhythm & motion fulfill artifact time and beauty-in-being other than as event. This is the dance of life (Few legends credit the African with more climaxes than other peoples; this aspect seems to have been neglected. However, given a polygamous setting, it is perhaps incumbent upon 'transient' partners to make the most of energetic moments). It should be obvious to most who enjoy genital sex that women (specifically but not exclusively to black women) are capable of an undeterminable number of orgasms, or of what passes for orgasms or climaxes; which is essentially predicated upon (aside from nymphomania) the ability of the males to sustain and/or rekindle arousal. Here again the factors of rhythm & motion (of significant STYLE in 'eventing') contribute optimally to MOVING one.

I might just add while on the subject, sort of, that it would seem apparent today that for most sophisticated people the object of pleasure in sex clearly transcends the reproductive per se urge -- that, in fact, sex is sought as pleasure to a large extent ONLY on condition of the exclusion of pregnancy. It is CONCEIVABLE that for some an ADDED pleasure may be constituted of the ability to have genital sex without

this concern (and a pleasure derived thru the quasi-fact acknowledgment of a teetering on the edge of tabu, perhaps); however, by the same token, accordingly as one is free of the reproductive specification for sex, there need be no pro forma adherence to genital or heterosexual mating either. It would seem to me that each person could assume that a mandate has been given them implicitly to seek their pleasure. The Freudian psycho-sexual developmental structure of personality, however, defines genital orientation as the flower of the fully developed person. But, of course, it is easier to determine the immature than to determine the mature.

So, we have in fact a human type of whom the legend of genitalia is constituted (the male), as we have a human type of whom the legend of beauty is constituted (female, limitedly here). What we must do is labor to assure the constitution of new legends. But presently a better definition of the current situation is in order, even as we recognize that these two legends cannot be stopped (from getting together presently) and that the order of our inquiry is not so proposed -- is Inclusive rather than Exclusive.

!!!REVENGE!!!

I have come upon one notion so often it makes me reflect upon my faculty for error, in the absence of strict theoretical training and specific experience in the 'control' setting. It is the allegation that the black & white sleeping arrangement is motivated by the black's will to revenge. I wonder if it is meant to apply only to the out-of-wedlock embrace, and if the same motivation is applicable to the black woman. My position is one of non-concurrence. As indicated in Mr. Black, the exploitation is readily two-handed. But, in any case, a sadism of limited degree may enhance the male performance genitally oriented, and more often than not it probably contributes to the fruition of female pleasure. If the picture were of black MEN and white homos, it would be plainer. But even here, allowing that it were revenge and sadism on one hand, it would follow as exploitation of the embittered (for masochistic pleasure) on the other. But why need the white woman's pleasure bear the taint of masochism? Conceivably, yes, it is not infrequently the case. And, when so, not infrequently the WHITE as well as the WOMAN craves this humbling -- addedly pleasurable as rendered by BLACK and MAN. Yet, many times it must need be man & woman primacy.

A man can take 'revenge' by savagely (if 'man' enough) having genital intercourse with his own wife. The circumstance here is specifically personalized. She has personally attempted to castrate him -- in other words, asked for it (the proof of who HE is boss if he can render the humbling to 'MAKE her feel like a woman'); which she may not, of course, consciously acknowledge. Maybe she nags too much, and she can readily out-talk him. But oftener than not she can out-lay him too. His only hope for sex survival is that SOMETHING endears to her the traditional (romantic, surromantic) feminine role. It is even possible for her to resent his ability to adequately render the sex act (since the castration of man is such an obvious sore thumb -- has high conspicuousness & ego-deflativeness -- it would be an obsession with some women to acquire this Mitas Touch power, to 'free' themselves of masculine domination, hoping yet to avoid repentance.

In reaction, several things are possible. He may overcome a temporary impotence and/or repugnance for sexual relations with her and thereby re-establish the relationship on a more healthy basis -- in which she now cooperates, having faced the utter bleak emotionally stultifying sexless, companionless existence spectre. Or they may separate hatefully. Or they may remain together and he seek re-affirmation outside (which may or may not help to remedy their lesion). Or they may remain together, too ego-involved (or otherwise) to separate and/or inopportuned to become attached to another. Or some combination of these (the male can also be the villain, of course. I used to live in the immediate vicinity of two incredibly loud & cranky faggot-mouthed males, and my savage impulse was to stop them up -- with death -- and rePOSSESS those poor women. Oddly enough, I could never discern who any of these principals were among the neighbors in a cluster of buildings.). Among the possible motivations to infidelity, we could attribute 'revenge'. But at the same time we note that this is as likely to be (or, to be equally if not primarily) a thrust for self-re-affirmation. We can of course SAY that revenge is in fact nothing but self-re-affirmation, or vice versa. But I prefer the positive.

I should think that the revenge referent swings full circle: That it would apply as between man & woman, between black & black, white & white, as well as between black & white -- that women take revenge on other women and men on other men, and that the applicability of the notion in the racial context can only obtain as per degree. That is, the racial factor may lend an added titillation, even as it crosses a variety of intra-group prestige types, as it admits of the body to overcome an arbitrary isolation, companionlessness, & non-fulfilment, to partake of a supra-fulfilment. There is an assertion of the right to know, to 'happiness', & of the will to SUCCEED and be whole. This, then, is self-affirmation (confirmation) or self-re-affirmation... And quite apparently, social & sexual disprizement (feelings of) need not be rooted in racism, as noted: 'Those (or, the ONE) upon whom I might (should) bestow my companionship have (has) failed to appreciate (satisfy, etc.) me, FORCING ME to recourses for my psychic (emotional) survival (but I still feel guilty about it; so, fuck me good; punish me)'. But the racial context may suggest (be) the surest most available, convenient, & supra-promising recourse. But it need not be re-course, meaning alternative, it could take priority of emotional commitment. In some cases it has been alleged to be almost inescapably the case. But whatever else the motivation, as with choice commitment otherwise, it more readily, fulfilling (promises to) satisfyingly admit one to succeed in having (had) the (beautiful people) high-&-mighty in their place (of coveting one, one's event of person, etc.)-- as a rightfully qualified love-object, to assist them to find themselves, for the mutual realization of the best that life has to offer.

With reference to those instances of authoritative labelling, this indictment has most often been tagged 'sexual revenge in bed' it seems, when 'SOCIAL revenge in bed' (if not out-of-bed as well) would appear to have been the meaning intended. That is, 'in bed' is the means, 'Sexual revenge in bed' is redundant unless one is taking revenge on the sex partner(s), or would-(should)-be sex-partner(s), which would seem to reflect an inverted racism; whereas, normally, one is given to believe that such revenge is on (against) 'society' ON BEHALF of oneself & identity group (societally disprized).

... AND, O LORD, MAKE ME WHITE ...

Some of the same business again with another allegation: It is hoped that the pain of analysis is somewhat like an immunization shot, considerably worth the relatively short-term sting.

Most of us, having inherited what we are (identified as) racially, are given mandate to make the most of it. As Armstrong's German wife says (roughly), 'You're always talking "black this, black that"; you want black to have it, but it happens white has it. (and since I'm YOUR WHITE WIFE), Why don't you just enjoy it?' This is an understandable human position (especially for a wife). But the complacency is also understandably too perverse for comfortable togetherness. If your humanity is nowise in question, you are an inheritor, but, if so, the most you may be able to make out of disinheritance is a war -- a war as stupidly necessary as any -- with the comic relief hate dose that may allow you to hate the men while loving the women -- ambivalence perfect (but not necessarily such a clear & generally inclusive dichotomy), very simple to distinguish in its make-up.

It has been maintained that the act of blacks sleeping with whites is a clear wish to be white. It is not to my knowledge maintained that wanting to go to bed with blacks is anywhere a wish to be black (even for a night) (where in Black in Search of Beauty the admonition is given to "get black"/in bed with me/"to do this is beautiful", we have in effect the implication of identity becoming certified in this rhythmfold. But hopefully it will not be taken as mere counter-propaganda.).

This assertion of whiteness identity is at best a gigantic oversimplification -- previously, as noted, tagged with 'revenge' motif. Immediately apparent as motivation are two factors that receive only occasional mention: 1) De facto creation of an exotic thru forced isolation, and relatedly, 2) The natural attraction of the vaunted receptionist and the superiorly phallic equipped. It is NOT apparent that the affirmation of an existing self (as per racial identity) is to be replaced by an aspirational self. And it would seem that the subject assertion has only one validity -- mechanistic, not vitalistic: That in the war between two camps, all drives except the will to win should be submerged, and no iota of human value admitted the enemy prior to his capitulation -- except what is militarily expedient. But we can look further for applicability.

TO INHERIT THE WIND

Any human being born into a caste-like status would prefer to be at or near the top of the heap -- whether the distinction is between the conquered and the conqueror, or religious or racial hierarchies, etc., whether in Nazi Germany or Dixie, So. Africa or Latin America, the U.S. or India. All individuals will embrace a certain narcissism, but it is difficult to say upon what this is predicated except his sensory mechanism -- which defines aspirational relationships in terms of the conditioned present. However, generally, the child does not want to be dispossessed, with an ax to grind from the cradle; he wants to inherit -- to be a priori deserving without the weight of earned instances. And the best adjustment the adult can make in this milieu is to rationalize the circumstance into a challenge (to PROVE himself),

the object of which in its grandest scope is the betterment of man, always a circumstance of need.

Specifically, in context, where there would be white wishes (to be white), I think they would begin primarily with children. And this would be most likely to occur shortly after the time they must leave the shelter of the parents for the chauvinism of the society's schoolroom. Even before this, the black child may be subject to certain subtleties which hint, but not yet bludgeon, of persona non grata. But very likely the schoolroom is the more focal brainwashing chamber.

CLEANLINESS is no doubt one of the focal referents. The black child is often trained away from self-embrace as implicitly as his color is associated with dirt, and with feces, things rotten, burned, and otherwise to be shunned and/or discarded. And the parent may even be trapped in this sort of white wish-wash projected upon the child. I say TRAPPED because there is an ironic twist to the color syndrome between black parent & child. It consists in the fact that a great many black children are born with a complexion somewhere between flesh tone and olive, and with that much-flaunted & universal, except for blacks, animal hair. Consequently, the parent is given a baby quite unlike the child he or she will be at -- say -- six or seven years old in these particulars.

All of us have some idea how people respond to babies. Mothers are quite prone to kiss their behinds (as the only behinds their egos will allow them to kiss; although 'kiss my behind' is the love cry of the frustrated world) for some reason(?) -- is a manifestation of love without reservations, perhaps (perhaps I should say it is the love-hate cry). And, then, as if a recapitulation of evolutionary specialization, she watches the child slowly assume some approximate appearance of herself and the father, i.e., relevantly, the image of the de-famed. We can imagine how at times she must hope against hope -- that in severe cases, she may totally reject the child (attenuated by the winning ways of same), that early love without reservation may become essentially a sense of obligation, guilt, and burden (or otherwise thru reaction-formation be sustained on the surface side of positivism).

Accordingly, we can imagine mothers scrubbing and scrubbing Junior to ascertain what is dirt and what is not (& to assert that he is 'not really that dark'). Even so, in further assessment, it is hard for a black child to LOOK clean (harder for some of the 'dirt browns', perhaps, than the more solidly black children). It is particularly so in view of the propensity of most children for getting really dirty -- of their seeming love of dirt (WITH LITTLE RESERVATION) and apparent loathing to wash or be washed. The black child's wide nostrils will reveal all the gunk in his nose; his hair (off-black or dirt-reddish or gray) often looks like some kind of vegetable dirtbed or patch of lint. The hair, of course, is usually quite difficult to comb, and most children would rather it wasn't. For many black children it is really physically painful (attenuated lately by the Afro combs), beyond any pain that most young children can be conditioned to routinely bear (and not just a bother), or to understand in terms of the goal and/or results, until severely stung by ridicule from peer group and/or others outside the home. It would seem to take a good while before a child becomes 'conditioned' to put LOOKS ahead of FEELINGS.

So, then, we can appreciate some difficulty for the black child in acquiring and/or sustaining self-embrace in our racist setting.

And when we add poverty to his obstacles to 'looking glamorous', it is quite obvious that he requires an orientation quite distinct from what the imported teacher will probably try to sell him, and from that of the rosey-cheeked story characters and perhaps some of the other pupils (all of which 'the powers that be' well realize; the problem is that 'we are prepared to accord to you the dignity & respect that such investment of ourselves, & cooperation, specifically in your interest would imply... only on pain of otherwise non-forthcoming profit to us.'

The child it often seems would avail himself to get dirty to the point of pain; he can hardly have any fun without getting dirty; quite the contrary to enduring pain to BE goodlooking. It is as though dirt were an inescapable condition of self-affirmation and a byproduct of action & movement (as with adults, there is the dirt of work, of exercise, play, the dirt of the sex act, of existence, even -- certified by the vacuum cleaner and the separate family utility -- of travel, cooking, eating, and even of sleep). The eating of dirt by children probably as much as anything emphasizes the effect of later learned relationships. His early inclusive gamut from dirt to milk could hardly be further extended. Accordingly, the learning involves value judgments, the logic of which may not be immediately apparent, as between that which he is told is good and that from which he may derive intransigent pleasure. Which may also apply to playmates.

We could conceive of a parent saying to the child, 'Billy, I know you like to play with you (do-do) feces, but it's really not good to play with; mama bought you some clay; bright pretty colors, and it holds together so you can make things.' And the child may think, 'But why (buy) clay when I make this? This is MY playtoy.' At any rate, we might imagine some psychic confusion: 'She wants to replace ME with THIS (clay). Where did THIS come from? I never saw THIS before. I don't want THIS. Lets see it. It doesn't smell like anything much, but it does feel kinda like something'

The education, in fact, the usual public school training for the black child, aside from the purport of modal ratiocination, stuffs Jr. with the (how) what coins, and the who's-who. And he cannot 'pass' the period of formalized training without being stuffed. This is a high visibility 'passing', but the kind that all the colonized must undergo to be anywise socially effective in the imperialist's dominated setting. Yet, the highest degree of this kind of 'passing' does not NECESSARILY affect acceptance.. But it IS very likely to affect self-alienation, while societal alienation is cultivated by the 'passing' on the one hand and maintained as a buffer on the other. Yet, there is the same primary order of sacrifice in this 'passing' as with the 'disappearance' type. The alienation from the roots, the loss of the complementary emotional face. In the high-visibility type 'passing', one becomes a sentry at the portals of acceptance, but only for those of his kind, zealously guarding the idols and ascertaining the credentials of his fellows (classically, separating the 'good boys' from the 'bad') who seek to 'pass', but with little to say about the certification of those of the image of the idols who also seek -- like black policemen in many places.

Then when the self-alienated, societally alienated, person seeks a mate, will he be inclined toward a 'passer' or a 'failer'? Undoubtedly, he is inexorably somehow aware that he has become a fictitious

person. He is not folk; he is not 'equally' civilized. Whereas he may feel compromised to mate with some available non-folk person (and patronized), he may have to suffer derision from the folk for his acquired airs. His 'passing', as well, may have demanded sacrifices of such an order as not to admit of sufficient tolerance toward folk candidates, and perhaps created a multiplicity of needs not creditable to one not similarly exposed; while yet the fold may seem infantile in reverence & awe of what he better appreciates as his puppet position. As for other 'passers', "Can they in fact be as real as I am though certified to 'pass' (out of folk existence)? And why should I take a chance?" Significantly, as well, there are no majestic legends, nothing of the new buffer identity sanctified by antiquity, and little or nothing value-(people incl.)-wise defined in 'passing' orientation apart from the imperialist's mystique.

But the 'wishing to be white' fixation is usually presented 'unfixed'. I wish I were white!!! If I were white I would be I and not I but a white (fill in?) and i-white could would (do, be, go, get, have, hope, etc.) which would mean (more, better, etc.) and (an easier life).

The more abstract instance goes: I wish I were white!!! (and all the rest ethnocentric inference: Be smarter, more powerful, influential, more beautiful, richer, nobler, etc., by implication equivalent to: A superior person.). The different views have white making the superior circumstance of modal person in one case, and white as being the superior circumstance of generic person on the other. External restraints & modal differential are apparent for the colonized in the first instance; inherent, natural failings are implied by the latter.

In the first instance, voiding the latter presumption, one could still be (for achievement) Willie Mays, or Gale Sayers, or Joe Louis, or Wilt Chamberlain; all of whom though giants of achievement would probably say, 'Yes, if I were white I would have an easier life'. Be a superior person??? Name whomever we would and we get essentially the same result, with one qualifying factor. And that is that we cannot say categorically that the 'white experience' would admit of these achievement giants, or that some portion of those who do not become giants of achievement fail to do so because of the 'black experience'. Or, we can SAY this but we cannot PROVE it. We might consider that Willie Mays would hit more home runs if he were white (less strain & pain), but it isn't likely that he would hit more EARNED home runs (as per talent & output). And we must always see motivation as a two-way proposition here. We might consider that BLACK Willie Mays might be motivated to excel, thereby proving himself 'equal' (a contradiction you won't fail to miss). In which case, it would follow (by population ratio) that several WHITE So-n-Sos would be trying to excel Willie Mays (or whomever) to prove themselves superior (which embodies no contradiction).

What we well realize without getting into competitive knots, is that Willie Mays (excuse my dwelling on him, but he needs no apologists) is a HUMAN achievement which epitomizes man at his best, such a 'best' that is within the reach of only a very few. As, again, the EVENT of Willie Mays (not just a home run hitter, of course) a multiplicity of instances with a vitalistic increase that no mere quantification in duplicates is likely to produce, even given fortuitous instances. In such perspective it would be a blight on the soul of man to have Willie Mays wishing he were white. Even so, the sense it

would make must defame, not Willie Mays but, the racist system -- not the achievement but the rationale it belies. And by implication it must admit of many times this one instance from the other side 'wishing' Willie Mays were white -- not a superior person, but 'racially qualifying' (as for rewards & acclaim & candidacies) to be Willie Mays. And the fact of such others' wishes in assorted context could very well be the most demoralizing experiences of such a great one, or anyone -- to be made repeatedly aware that so ludicrous an instance as his race is the unnatural barrier to the realization of some further vitalism and/or pursuit of happiness.

As often as not the strongest position is the narrowest, until it is infiltrated. Then it explodes awry. I have long fancied myself as enjoying the strength of naivete; yet I doubt that many know better than I the pain of awareness. So that survival often owes something to compartmentalization & its kindred. One of the courses I have taken has been the attempt not to expose my sensory mechanism overly much in the fink area of racism, i.e., I have always lived close to home -- away from probability -- and availed myself to enjoy whatever was at hand. This course has its own dangers, especially for 'the artist' whose sensory mechanism is quite vital to his existence as such. But in my case it has helped considerably to focus the more urgent & constructive perspectives. It has nurtured a certain impoverishment, but it has also obviated the necessity for the apologist, turned from raw substance to embrace delusion and having to live with it on its terms. There may have been a moment or two in that; undoubtedly, there may yet be --- should we grow together in our separate ways...

So, then, certain strengths may be attributed to the circumstance of blackness; therein blackness is coveted; as certain strengths are attributed to individualism, therein individualism is coveted. We might surely agree to CERTAIN changes (I to be stronger, taller, better looking, smarter, etc) provided it's not a case of either-or, i.e., the changes must enhance or more readily admit of the enhancement of what we consider our present strengths. The person who would change places blankly with someone else is rare; we naturally want our same sensory (& psychic) mechanism that currently makes us FEEL that being the other person would add something to OUR life.

One of the 'white' policies that blacks have had to overcome for psychic balance is the 'blacks can't' fixation (categorical as to ability). Opportunities for 'advancement' and achievement in contradistinction take quite a while to equal 'blacks can'. Meanwhile, the absence of perspective of known black persons of achievement for many constitute a de facto 'blacks can't'. Here, again, the white wish may bloom essentially as, 'I never heard of a black doing (being) such-n-such, but if I were white I could...' Why? Perhaps because of suspected mysterious happenings (In whiteness) our person is not willing or articulate enough to state. But we get the idea. The white-wish has the main feeder that most of us suspect: The myopia of black circumstance, and the 'can't' tributaries that feed into the pretty white dam to generate white-lightpower (only), and the realm beyond is fed by lazy streams lined with shade trees, a highly cultured deal, & full of very foolish fish easy to bait, around which life moves at a leisurely pace, and if you're ambitious you still don't have to run so long & hard & fast to get an easy stay-ahead (of the blacks).

THE

PRESENCE

OF THE TORCH

And it may be that my song is song without words for THE presence, and without end for being unimpressed by the girl. But it was impressed, without word or hearing of that presence. Now we are to become legends that there will be carollings each Valentine's Day and April First, and humor for the perverse winter past. And who would disturb a fool's laughter to give him news of birth? though unhoped for reception this news from an old infinity failing to break the sound barrier.

And all my hours in October's masquerade are spent being tricked and treated and afraid of witchbrews of love.

My hope is scattered, off-center from song, from thighs, buttocks. I can understand how lovers have gone into monasteries & convents -- understand, but this is not recourse...

Borne largely on the freight junket of time are most tomorrows.

I am now on the delicate edge of its depression -- a sheer fall -- from the hill in health, insufferably euphoric this youthful perspective

Love, I am in and out. It is a matter of bits and pieces, inquisitely excerpted except concertedly blind

Poet, and all my rhythms are liquids dashing surflike at you. You I have gone to love with over again. And I have never loved you so much that you did not grasp at straws of thought to say, NO, drowning in yeses

I have drunk, and I am high on it, and sick with it, and --- And where is the girl, the antidotal sleeping quiescent one? who makes me sober of songs, except for these times when she will not come, and I cannot go, except to get into a larger bedlam

It is not yet March, O Caesar. And October masquerades with a fierce pride to overcome the fall of the year. I think, it was a bad leap...

At some time past, someone conceived the bodiless spiritual aspiration of 'falling in love with love', and someone put the matter to song. In this play are eternal forces, but it is difficult to see what is staged beyond the smoke & clouds in Forever, traveling via time. Will it be black, black, black out over the way into will? I have shed but half of my thousand faces owing to the event, time, in the event of accidental lifting of the veil.

Many months unheralded, much work, some gray hair & a dogbite : we are all pitiful little creatures who must die, and, when the end comes, unless we die gracefully, we disgust those who watch, whose time is not yet ...

Harlem, U.S.A.
December, 1969

O bury me not in: in the little room, like a worm in a one-by-one
 padded & colorful, far from the madding birds ---
 O bury me not in long unrequited dreams
 O bury me not in the margins of identity, voiceless & meaningless
 O bury me not in 'September Songs'
 in offbeat secret memories
 behind the veil of pride, under vanity's shawl

Are all the days the same in December
 Are all the days the same at noon
 Are all the days the same in the night
 All the days are the same in never stopping
 All the days are the same to wake up hope-short
 All the days are the same day-over-day hobo wardrobes

Are all the days the same into night, were day spread
 all over the bed, all over the bedroom,
 all over the bath, hot & cold to run

O bury me not in laments of stopdown
 O bury me not in the cold, in the naked cold, alone
 O bury me not in beauti-force infidelities, in lost address books,
 in the field response, O sands of years

Bury me dead before I awaken
 Bury me in the wind by the sea
 and go away from that time & place
 until they bury you

All the days are the same in timelessness

I can't stop wanting to live
 I can't stop wanting to die
 I can't stop wanting to love

Bury me at night in an unknown place, journeying blindfolded,
 at that world's edge, scatter me,
 remembering,

I can't wait to write another song
 I can't wait to work another rhythm
 I can't wait to dance another dance

Bury me out, among songs again, remembering,

I will write of you in the clouds
 I will write of you on the waves
 I will write of you in the leaves, over fields,
 from hilltops & rooftops, thru-out all hearts

Bury me not agrieved of the years of life
 Bury me without a trace: That my spirit is all, and nothing --
 is everywhere it will, and still

O songs of dying me, be silent: Let my love be loved again

fin de opus

BIRTH SONG

In the year of the ninth moon's passage
 when the cradle was full of love
 of the flood of eyes of the big rock's kick
 and love cut open
 wrecked distances

And time / was it? / a still breath's bundle
 stood on head in the air by the heels
 and squealed in a clenched-fisted silence
 at the sea and the ship's bottom fallen
 and the milk rock pendulum of a breast fed it breath
 and keels of the closed-in rocked-in stockinged sea
 made a lap the world --

bounced you on pigeon-toed columns of feedings
 what happening-to-life your selflessness
 to self-possession would dispossess the same questioning
 you in your time it knocks

to see in form the sea beauteousness
 its wilderness placidness
 on its far night loneliness wakefulness
 knowingless forlorn cough calling that the pendulous sea
 would have into your body a life likeness of love

You were like beloveds' contentment
 contentions against time & modern conscience ---
 you laughed back upon their cunning

you were kisses at breasts
 wishing milk-unceasing love
 slept here between these and night and the crib & spoon

You were a clown before sadness
 and windows of tears full of laughter
 gave vent to the old year's mood of dismal time
 in the face after lovelight forever

And now your time is saying
 you are now

even always abreast mother of the world
 the ship of hope passes from its quiet eternity out of you
 now enough now sailing comes the new hope
 throughout emotions emerald coruscation
 enchantment does not stop
 but glows damn over damn

an alembic of interlocking glow
 overflowing generationally from hope
 here is home from the beginning
 with birth's song -I, Builder- said again.

'60

0

the old is older than
older than old is

double time of
templar tops atop
towns
torn down

by the people

handsome in heraldic hope hopings what-sum herald spoke

ending in O
ending good Omen
ending Amen

OO lie OO legend OO loan OO longing lengths OOO labors lasting O

And it shall come the long years O-I-saw O-I-am-He O-from-Him

And it shall last O loneliness O heart O hallowed be O

O which is right O Hymn of an hundred eons

O Mighty OO Strength O Peace O Wisdom Word Savior Deed Soul

and Faith and HOpe
hold On hold On

And come to pass O day damnation reckoning upon my duty duly
reason why the reason right on in this temple

O older than the One older than Deed old as One dawn thought

need somewhere out with O-idea O a b c

therefrom feeling lonely to perfect human works

O Father Time
Mother -
Sublime
Womb -
are
we
of
?

'57

-120-

HAIL-IN

Come hail the winter here!
How this decathlon year
inspires a confidence in ten!
Come hail we each the majesty of men.

Come hail the year --
young women and men,
the winter here
declares events open! open!

Alight the glowing hope,
allit its rousing cheer,
the people tier on tier
aloudly hailing youth's premiere.

Come hail the year become,
the winter come;
come hail its spring becoming,
its shores of summer humming.

Here to gather and persevere,
the dashing four, the lightning one,
the long eloping winded run,
the vault over the stratosphere.

Come hail the hurdling hero,
the shot-put engineer, O,
the Phy. Ed. Major's spear, O, O,
the discus steer from vertigo, O,

How high abroadly far
all hail of opining hurrah!
How smooth the follow-thru to clear
the highest bar against the odds & fear!

Come avail the air to raise a cheer,
for health, inaugurate the year;
overcome the score a half against the hope
for humankind's millennium come near.

LEA

1970

Next issue: (Poem) Encore, Delores (1959, '69)
(Essay) The Case for Ugliness ('69-current)
(Short Story) The Sound of Rain (1954)
Other artists, other artistry!!!

Thanks for showing--lea

NOTE:

From The Cocoanut

of The BEAU-COCOA MAN

WH&TEVER ELSE

H&PP&N&S TO

YOU LET IT

GET & W&Y

WITH

TH&T



&LL

LOVE &

PS

I Would Like to Subscribe to:

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