

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM  
PERIODICALS ROOM

FEB 27 1973

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84  
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BEAU-COCOA

NO. 8  
AND



WITH GENIUS

8

BEAUTI-  
FORCE  
NOS. 88-9

LEA



YOU ARE NOW AT A SUB-WEIGH STATION OF MEDIA-OLD-CROW INSIGHT & YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT AS BLACK & "THERE-HEIR-FOR"

GREETINGS from:

THE EDITORS :

All the best for the New Year!

Ed.-Pub. --- Lloyd Addison  
Ed. A/L --- Justus Taylor  
Prom. --- Martin Fitcher

Again, we have been a long time coming forth, and we have combined (Numbers 8 & 9), and we have added a little to the price tag. However, we think our readers will welcome this SPECIAL EDITION which features some of our most promising material.

We welcome some new contributors & their nuances of Existence -- Michael E. Reed, Ferné J. Smith, Charles E. Smith, Tony Payton, Walter G. Arnold, Don Williams, Harold Mahoney, Russell Davis, Alan Rhodes, Lewis Sanders, Nadine Haber, Samuel L. Watkins, Doris Wight, Elton Harden, Jamal Quarels (one "q"), & cartoonist Charles Williams.

And some voices have come again with new songs. And, so, we have some jokes you might like, cartoons, a wealth of good poetry, and a long, long essay. And the year begins with a late, early goodmornning.

We would assure the readers for the benefit of some of the writers - as per classic form - that the opinions, depictions, etc. of each individual are his or hers alone, and are not to be construed as voiced in concert with others appearing herein. There are no entries from Saturnalia, however (not quite), or from outer-galactic a-human mind space. We have only some externalized substances of several "head-a-humans."

There is an essay that might put some uptight. It is from Surromantic, the experimental Love-land. Some men may see themselves being castrated & homosexualized; neither instance is proposed (but whatever your "thing" is, you have leave to do it). We are concerned with ego-reformation, moving toward a (psychic) hermaphroditic orientation IN THE DYAD, i.e., in love-space (man & woman) the sexes are as two gloves or shoes (a pair), and you DO let your right know what your left is doing. Man does not equal woman, nor woman, man. But, as living substance, the vitalism of the one - as between pressure & tempera-  
ture in a system - is (created by, proportional to) the direct result of the vitalism of the other. In effect, identity is one of two ways of "looking at" the same EVENT. In the analogy, contained "heat" is the critical event. The one does not "become" the other any more than it "is" the other, nor can it cease being itself AND the other except to become "nothing" (neutral, diffused). By the same analogy, "heat" should "expand" awareness (knowledge, experience) & proceed to self-expression in all its components.

We appreciate, however, the delicate "psychic balance" of the male apparatus involved, a problem women do not have, and, consequently, offer a little salt, but we think sincerely that this is the way to greater rather than lesser "male stability," and to greater female joy in the male as well. The "we" means "I" in the surromantic sense.

So, we're off. Henceforth, B-C will be numbered consecutively instead of in the quarterly fashion, and, with luck, appear biannually. Just look for the next number. Write on!

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Mailing Address: Beau-Cocoa  
c/o L. ADDISON  
P.O. BOX 409  
N.Y., N.Y. 10035

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PAY TO THE ORDER OF  
LLOYD ADDISON

I

Whatever O is  
shy-it she is  
the shy-I-T.S. beloved most

whatever O/vertical states  
shy-it she is  
not Over grateful for  
jaundiced thank yous  
owed right on  
said Over her  
brown gracefulness

The original to woo man squat  
shy its grace  
was let  
in expressly Ovoid  
fertilization

& graces said to Oblige  
grapefruits Over time  
immortally hung up  
to be  
new terrific googoo thighed  
& rumble seated compact:that:  
whatever shysters adduce  
a poet where one bumper crops

who have not gone blind  
to get off / & justleft -over  
to man's ur-life-commission  
shy-its instep childbearing  
para-suitcases of dust in the wind

& still nowhere in wear  
the complexion of brown / famously obliterated  
as that not better to wRap about  
neckbones or wings or thighs  
breasts-of or backs / shoulders or loins  
& the cut of appeal in wRappers  
than ever the nude transparent or invisible outerwear

Plus its some great shapes overcome in  
plus its rhythm & motion ur-vitality  
plus-it sums figure/field  
feeling plus-it over shy-it equal life/death --  
some thighing good & breasty  
multi-plying images by whereas presentiment ---  
put down nothing O-ing  
& carry the charmed assumption

II

Paste sticky shy its stink  
& flesh flush on Misses / she heated  
whatever there was to metabolize

whatever owing on this deposit  
I give this receipt of my own  
guarantee to call again  
on shy-its sheets in love-space



The world is shy-itself  
 Godmade in love  
 some great shapes out of it --  
 since unsung shy its refined  
 property of his own  
 until sublet by the word/  
 world popularity  
 hit sheets made of body  
 now young sung / lung sung  
 tongue sung / sing-sing  
 & mini skirty dirty old man gungho-humstrung

who re: Morse paved time  
 recounts receipts  
 in social respects paid  
 the bull shy eyed  
 tar.ghetto of life's aim  
 at wallflower spittn twin slit  
 to back-coo it

Whether two-story  
 its behind  
 a wallflower is  
 just fancy shy its  
 stick-to-finger  
 chewinggum reflection  
 halves lockjawed about  
 itself fancy  
 it is  
 if any thinging  
 the greater  
 conjugator in flesh-  
 housed a sit-still fulfilled moment/tum/tum  
 shy itself two-faced of desire

& every.thinging  
 embodied & disembodied  
 as is / the world go-round  
 is as / life / shy its perfection  
 as if / the first & last flower  
 shy-its have perfumed body

Whatever you'd like entailing  
 to fit life's concept of rest- / station mastered  
 & having off unerred  
 by a switched psych.kick

#### IV

A bet terra firma  
 :that: media rare steak-in  
 with blood field sunnyside  
 burns night thickness  
 thinly dressed  
 up per June a Decimberry  
 blacker longer  
 juicyfruit stick-gum-up  
 per.affect.ennially sun diem

In shy-its facsimile of heat  
 a gyp see-saw  
 read thighings palmed / net content  
 made in AFRhodesia / made of hope-hold  
 under this address  
 I shall be/have myself / utilities on  
 a good li'l hit sheet for tunes to come

## O's BREAKFAST SPECIALS

And what it did it come to  
 whatever did it did it giftgiving promise  
 & joy to hunger's ab dominance  
 & succulence to assimilate desert feedback  
 & warmth weather-private in wiser companionment  
 & deeper breaths' unaffected airs' conditioning  
 & aspirations sweet to despair come by a stomachache --

fulfilled by skinflint life's tooth sparkle in pastries  
 & fresh with a crisp as the breakfast wheat  
 matching crackle pop-per passionate tear  
 in blue ribbons' loveland the new grandeloquent sheets

whatever it was it human  
 prime soil turned for seed with nitrate in-bedded  
 & were growth curve rows  
 to ahem-havoc some thinging stem offered --  
 served seven varieties of her wheat cakes I awaken A.M. to  
 syrup.praise & compliment & devour of mind  
 who yam madam sweet pie faced

& a lean streak-of-that not overdone  
 but bosom fattening so fat in lo.cal back blossom  
 & long stemmed to a head & behind a fall  
 into big heart's cheek image  
 plum jelly meld thinging to meet deep kneed blend  
 for full-idea up clearing awry dirty dishwish

have A.M. come full the jockless hot disc covers  
 playground highbar / swings & tunnels  
 listen to "G" string section heads  
 whereabouts knowingly undershadowed

A.M. sunrise up to her  
 to arrange receptions spent overnight  
 foreheaded there being low watt dreams

a ready-set go up to her  
 to change the address to day's  
 suntan deep permanent  
 waivers to a whole day's lengthwidth  
 many stirrings to breathe from all pores

opens the veil to content  
 slipping out sunset packaged under table organized 3/8s time  
 an imperative structure  
 to put in an active voiced verb ballgame of sun discs  
 awhile O delights saving standard time incoming to burn  
 its sun spots its delight hits sun spots  
 hits grace full in.her.hits' beauty

hits feeling thru to center field ergo-ing  
 binges her number called ago  
 ergo-ing thru peep.pull-over veil: subj. input/act outcome  
 a lifetime tan goes hide-& seek-to-define in

whose tree of acts twin uni-tree ax is  
 lies intra-veiled penumbra limbed  
 & deeper thru unde-panthered smoothe

& the rest or break pig rast day  
 a harmony in her veil of knit  
 & grittily the teasing informations  
 smoothed the tablecloth  
 for lustsnack on ur-kisses' imagic  
 a banquet of seasonal outdoor fluff/ & indoor stuff  
 having stored ecological relationship  
 with love patterns

It is colorful life-time subrosa in shrub love  
with blossommer girl-wonder stuffilled chicky dreams  
here to sunbrowned passionall in present purr few moments

a fresh morning soil averse to wax-wired paper petals  
while benign to neighbor womanhoodweeds.

herewith beauty's nature has no need deciding wear to  
an Afro fair of what life is most becoming do/be to fore

from fallow farmer's daughter-healths  
 & healer feeler bottomground thighings  
 displays window taste buddies afield & hillside

a lilt is snapdragging string & butter beanstalk  
together a pod  
in esthetic passage by wind & wings & swirling thrills  
beauty's manure has grown some weeds & woodlawn relief  
by the well

thought out would come from day's indifferent yeast  
the risen fertility rights of strain  
a way become from rooting

0 images in hunger's field  
0 mirage 0 miracle of sated spirit  
all seasons in deep appetite

O whatever it was it  
blackeyed susans / irises  
water lily & lotus innocence  
bulbing tulips & salvias  
spring beauty violets of laurel necklace  
May apple cream cups  
pompom night blooms  
morning glory lilacs

O was it --

the irresistable melding to black  
the over-awe-O-powering radiant umbra  
the deep-seek concretely mist-stereO midnight pearl

O whatever it did its promise inspire  
a tangoing-on string of sausages to hot lips' sounds  
bubbles to raise in bread sweet water seeds  
per jam session a bounce & twist after jell-O  
some cornflake kiss odors of bake.caress prunes  
& long sliced breaded brown welldone rolls over rolls

0 sunnyside egg-scramble 0 small fry hippo-tasters  
 0 yessum.ham filet-0-yoyo soy sassy  
 0 grade "A"-say-cheese for 0.me.lets doubledeck flapjacking  
 with on-neons a-peppering green in a black-called potplace

tummy ache of abstract cavities  
dish watched in minute circles

whatever it did it have  
breasts O-O breasts of bluebell bouquet  
forget-me-not sweet thighings inviolate  
make-believe & believing O

tulip-0-lets / thigh-0-lacs / bell-0-wanna li'l amor  
creamcup butter-2-eggs of field



O sand toes of beach time in swimming weekend happiness  
water melodies in dryspellbound boredom  
& pep pillow spirited hours for lakaidaisical dreams

gave balanced dream sheets on cross-referent book  
made promise that love's children be half glory of the father  
& their faces shall playmate as per man's innocence  
& their faces shall be made of hope  
& their bodies of earth & produce  
in beloved care of her dark face made up of mind  
theretofore embody this life-styling selfhood

gave me no unmade-up goodmorning estrangement  
whatever bloomed high rear midday of Pandora's bloomersful  
O'pending a box of chocolate twilight treaties  
to Overtake our present

dipped & chocolate layer  
O freshened-up date fruits recovering health to seed appeal  
intimately envired this homed conductrestaurant  
& no cover charged reception  
out of silhouetted O caged insight

LEA

## ZZZ "YOUR PAPERS--"

AM id thighs  
AM ergo-round-eyed for some I.D.  
AM assayer when good terrain whether on flora or fauna  
AM who-dunnit private detector Sheerstock Humorous upon  
elementary watts on  
AM kid in old crow tabu like on elephant  
AM Peri May's son barrowing type "A" swell in front  
AM high as long as one giraffe neck ends deep  
AM prickly misconducting my understudy asleep

AM Mounting Ketchup on Frenchy Potato  
AM hotrot spoiling to germinate cold cut tomato

AM I.Q. id in collage  
AM a swim id mini li'l mirage  
AM i dot dashing fella of public commode  
AM id dyed dot dot non-pointillist for abode

AM lost "I" maybe  
AM moreover prone to flagrantly misbehave me  
AM somehowcome nobody  
AM deadpan AM a-drifting potshotdown plum shoddy

AM shipshape in a bottle foolproof  
AM everybody's pedigree whine-o on a roof

AM straight open-road ad AM  
Father Time fresh out of New Year's Eve  
AM brokenown fad gadget in a jam  
catching flies at work & on leave

AM sewer dada poorly patch mixed-up in the main  
AM ad hoc committed to articulate whether lonesome terrain

AM filthy lucre broken stick "your papers," Man  
AM awaiting a counterfreight and/or a rest steady meals plan

LEA

## FERNE J. SMITH

(Bronx, New York)

### The Negro's in Style Now

The Negro's in style now.  
Yes, we must bottle him and package him carefully  
for he has a habit of taking things into his own hands.

Everybody's got one  
like the black boob on the boob tube, Julia.  
Let them sing for us, Mathis  
let them entertain us, Flip.

Like the new model with the "natural"  
("Afro" -- heaven forbid)

Get one for our firm  
one that smiles  
it makes good money.

Soul records in white stores, James Brown  
black actors, Clarence Williams  
black writers talking 'bout "caged birds."

But -- pick him carefully  
For he has a habit of taking things into his own hands.

## MICHAEL E. REED

(Waupun, Wisconsin)

### HE HAS BEEN IN THE SUN PRACTISING BEHAVIOR TO HIS SHADOW

He liked IT.  
Jumped out of bed every morning,  
Rushed out to watch it  
Climb brighter and warmer  
Over the trees.

He had no friends.  
While others commingled,  
He sat indulged with wonder:  
A thing they now accepted.

He missed breakfast  
Just to lull in it  
Sit or lean against buildings  
Because, he learned early,  
Concrete  
Attracted the warm...

He relished the warm  
Rays on his youthful skin  
And had long dreams of owning it.

He hated the rain,  
Cursed every falling drop  
And was elated when it would  
BURST/ thru clouds & dry the wet.

His mother commanded him to stay  
Within her world, but  
He refused to eat and ignored her  
When she would call for him.

He became restless without it,  
Would kneel with elbows propped  
In his bedroom against the window.  
Watched it fade behind trees,  
Resented her for scorning it.

She didn't like him  
Out there she'd yell:  
"Harry!  
Bring your ass  
In this house  
Out of that sun!  
You're black  
Enough as  
it is!"

## LYLE WALTER

( Blossom Park )  
( Ottawa, Ontario )

### decision

Lounging on the Mall,  
ogling mini-skirted government girls,  
picnicing in the Gatineau,  
across the river, past Hull.  
Hopped-up cars turned him on;  
(he drove an armored one over there)  
The queensway would have done well,  
he could have worked on them  
in the shadow of the Peace Tower,  
fall in love with a native girl  
and father a Canadian clan.

The box, flag-draped, was carried  
into the great arched cathedral  
by stiff soldiers, the burial detail,  
all in exact step from practise;  
sad-faced, tearful friends seated  
in the front listening to solemn  
voiced priest intone the Requiem,  
apropos atmosphere created by  
somber sounds' death dirge.  
At the grave, a much decorated  
warrior presented the flag to his  
mother, broken;  
followed later by medals.

The cemetery is on the outskirts  
with grass kept trimmed  
and snow shoveled in season.

### trip

You  
me  
receptive  
together  
reaching  
sensations  
depth  
while  
juices  
merge  
bringing  
sweet  
release  
accompanied  
by  
vivid  
visions  
real.

### august advice to welfare

#### recipient and response

Get a job, slob!  
Go to work, jerk!  
You must produce, goose!

Job, slob  
work, jerk  
produce, goose.

(Where is the work?  
find me a job!  
too much produce:  
jerk,  
slob,  
goose!)

## EARL NURMI

( Traffic Station Box 3135 )  
( Minneapolis, Minn. 55403 )

"Never look back, something might  
be gaining on you."  
Satchel Paige

Man have you heard  
there is this bird  
sitting on the roof  
of the Grain Exchange  
big, obscene bird  
feathers all black  
meat hanging from its claws  
mean ivory bill all bloody  
it just sits there  
and chuckles  
like  
it knew something we don't  
janitor sneaks up on it  
throws rocks  
bird squawks  
and flies around awhile  
sits back down  
Man have you seen that bird  
look out  
it ain't got no heart  
cats disappear  
dogs  
babys  
and everybody  
looks all around  
wondering where they at  
Ha  
bird got em  
Man I hear that bird  
following me all the time

I duck in doorways  
get drunk  
He  
bides his time  
that bird  
My friend  
they found him after a few days  
toes in the air  
called it suicide  
bird  
got him

Every Saturday night  
emergency ward's  
full of his victims  
he's clever  
makes like accident cases  
man came in the other day  
screaming  
doctors said he was strung out  
on mescaline  
Ha  
he just got a good look  
at that bird, that's all  
he just  
got a good look at that bird

## CHARLES E. SMITH

( Box C )  
( Waupun, Wisconsin )

### (REALIZATION)

tampered with ambiguity  
searched for  
mirrors under rocks,  
hiding the meaning of truth,  
the  
quest, lost/stolen/strayed,  
destroyed  
with a goodly portion  
of my male/black pride,  
while thoughts twisted left  
only minor edges of sanity  
to cling ... to,

those questions i would ask, now  
have no life  
in truth (do they ?)  
& the answers i hear  
have no meaning,  
confused question(s)  
benefit reality, not on earth  
facing my/your true problem  
& that ... i fear  
... is my/your 1st  
ad/mitted truth ...

### QUESTION(s)

abundant questions fly... in haste for/  
answer(s)

& answers  
re/worked,  
confused

i try (really/try) to comprehend their meaning/  
but?  
in the sifting,



i  
 lose (their) meaning  
 R is it their answer(s)?  
 i have fore/gotten the question...(s)  
 i  
 avoid the  
 answer  
 if it (ill)  
 suits my need  
 i alter it,  
 to fit me/my mood  
 i change the question...(s)  
 to justify me/my altered answer  
 here  
 i  
 remain  
 with...out the truth  
 un/happy without the answer i sought  
 i  
 still ask foolish question(s)  
 seek foooo-lish answers  
 squash pseudo-truths

8:55 (8:55)  
 just  
 let  
 me  
 go  
 if i should die don't weep for your weeping  
 would grieve me more than all the pains of  
 my mortal life  
 HELP!ME

does anyone know...where i'm...  
 my mind goes  
 out to every one but...  
 nothing comes back  
 i know you can feel me thinking of  
 you ... but why don't you answer

forever mine  
 for your rights i will fight to  
 the death ... but what's mine is  
 mine

i've never seen a free man  
 i never found out how free  
 i wasn't until i went to  
 j-a-i-l

8:55  
 just  
 let  
 me  
 go  
 if i should die don't weep...  
 for your weeping would leave me  
 here referred  
 to death

#### MY HEART

i saw her again today  
 my heart ...  
 was beating fastfastfast  
 i'll speak to her  
 tomorrow ...  
 i promise --- honest

CHARLES E. SMITH

## KENT CHAMBERLAIN

( Ashland, Oregon )

#### BELL OF TELEPHONE, FOR AN HOUR

Soon the Tele- -Phone's  
 Routing  
 Bell shall Ring her Urgency upon my heart  
 Disturbed.  
 Yet Forgiving Hums the Day  
 Without  
 Necessity of  
 Repent--  
 Then Let the Dinger Wait!  
 I Shall Pen me more Bizarre,  
 Un- -Wanted,  
 Poems, While Reverberation of Muteless  
 Alarm  
 Drums my Mut- -Siring  
 Ears with  
 Applianced Shout?  
 Wonder who Called?

#### APPEAL TO GODDESS OF MY MUSING

Hesitate and  
 Become a Lasting Part of my heart's Green  
 Flowering  
 budded from  
 Dull.  
 And  
 From all Loneliness, Find out that  
 Liberation our  
 Preciousmost Dreams  
 Have Sought to Embrace and Cherish  
 Waking Among our  
 Quotidian Midst.

## ROBERT HOEFT

( P.O. Box 44 )  
 ( Quinault, Wash., 98575 )

#### FUTILE BARRIER

Screens are merely  
 Regimented wire,  
 Filaments on parade  
 Arrayed in rows  
 Militarily exact  
 To extract everything  
 But air, smoke, & vision.  
 Problems larger than flies  
 Can not penetrate  
 Nor perpetuate visitation  
 On those hiding within;  
 Death and dreams get through  
 Not even strained  
 In the process.

# LONG TEARS. NO CRYING IN SPOTS

In clock-in reign of minutes worry  
In closes winter weekdaylight out  
To heavy bottom lunch walkdown congested hurry  
In elective freedom mid light insomnia about

Incoming back run into elevated john  
Swirl-in of counter weight trespassing up  
Keeps the going dream of home upon  
In-frozen nevermind the subway follies to sup

In clock-in spring with hour hand stuck in mind  
Windowpanes unused to midnight mild outdoors  
Suffer April fever too uptight to unwind  
The odds on Eight-to-Six for come-out downpours

In clock-in hot summary courtships view astern  
Accrued hot pants in mini airy pending leaves  
Have bathing suitcases of bureaucrat-typist powderburn  
To move for hot longdaydream beach party-going reprieves

In clock-out long weekend relaxing stretch  
Luncheon weights to lose & no settime-alarming shrinkage  
But case of jury duty deadlocks-in over possible wretch  
Gives view of civic manhour courtships a tacit winkage

Alas to clock-out sigh in field & stream routine:  
Long summer rainy days in & in pajama tops  
Enter hot & humid messenger staff filing gossip's office scene  
Creating melodrama work detail with promotions in the propts

LEA

## MICHAEL E. REED

( Box C. Waupun, Wis. )

### FOR LESTER YOUNG

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. the prez,<br>the prez blew,<br>blew brashly<br>and cleared<br>nebulous minds.   | 3. broadcasting<br>his message<br>he aroused and<br>enraptured them<br>with a<br>singular sound.                                    |
| 2. his chest heaved<br>and his shoulders<br>shivered<br>as he tilted his<br>horn to the heavens<br>and blew to them<br>from the depths<br>of his being | 4. he stood in a mist<br>but not alone;<br>he had induced them:<br>they discerned<br>the desperate lamentation<br>of his tenor sax. |

### FOR COLTRANE

The man vibrated cosmic harmonies,  
He summoned rhythmmed remedies,  
He sacrificed his essence  
By offering a soul-a-rized presence.  
Solid cats dissolved to liquids;  
Female issues oozed away  
consuming the haze of soulsmoke.

Minds blown:

The man Coltrane CREATED,  
Bowed modestly, turned,  
And leaned  
Into the Big Apple fog.

## FOREWORD

## A THESARUS OF SWEETWOMEN SWIMMEN

Sweetwomen & I! herein synonymous to swimmin alliteration!  
Swimmining herein defined by displaced mentation --  
As above: (N)ing is displaced by (N)atching (N)atting, 2 pas. )  
Natic numerals in parentheses displaced by (1),(2), etc.)  
Natic numerals in parentheses displaced by (1),(2), etc.)  
By "displacement" swimminformed of law-see-dan-ness:  
The first letter of each swimmining adjunct (a,e,i, etc.) is allied  
With swimminight table & sweetwoman numeral applied.  
THUS: Swimmining = Sweetwoman 2, insight E, Displacement 2 pas. = (2)E2pas  
(Unless it is preferable to recognize the consonant N as leading)  
Swimminconsonants are sneak-in Toms.

## DISPLACEMENT

### SWIMMINFORMED

### CAN DO

1. NING	(Passive) 42-34-45 man preserves (Active) 40-28-38 full order ribs	all butterflying of swimmin all dressstroking of swimmin
2. ING	(Pas.) 35-29-40 hips hot saucy (Act.) 36-27-38 vitalized voluptuous	all prone crawling of swimmin all back crawling of swimmin
3. G	(Pas.) 34-28-36 square cookbook (Act.) 34-25-34 string-foldup-to-being	all dog paddling of swimmin all side stroking of swimmin

(For game: select swimminformed desired; cut dictionary to word for which)

- ( ) you give synonymy to make complete words each success on lines
- ( ) include scoring by last numeral of page number for points, specifying
- ( ) right or lefthand page for doubles, ruling that "drowning G" only res-
- ( ) cuable by Sweetwoman #2, etc.

### -- swimminformed

(2)3act

swimminneasy

" 3(ether)

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

swimminneasy

" 3act.

swimminneasy

" 3pas.

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### KICK YOU GET

(70 incl.) dolphin flutter	prone frog
prone flutter	prone flutter
supine flutter	supine flutter
snappy flutter	snappy flutter
neat scissor	neat scissor

swimminneasy (1), 3pas.

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## I

Reverseless aboutface behind the last illusions  
we collapse becoming old in harness  
giving no account to pace-setter patience laying on  
a never mind again to get backwhipped upright  
impossibly straight-away to carriage this nuisance break-  
down to postmortem delivery

Come weebegone the miracle pillmiller flesh to fro  
 comback ache's last springless fortune underweighted  
 thru slumber crops' mirage overhoped our pleas foresought  
 we've run to withered drydock & guey rot

now we relay asleep with barely unrest outpassing  
as servant bodied youthful perspiration follows  
the tipping underheads-up waiters on our dreams --  
in scorn for our unself-subservient bow to impotence  
have permissive ego to allow subleast

the errs our turns' compulsion  
in higher life-form to lose no blossom to the witherer

with her hurrying bottom's up & out downpours  
after rain a bouquet of lookingglass --  
Mother Nature's floor rises up a floral scale standby  
bounding of spring & windfall downhill row rolls  
pendulimb nimbic prelude of brushby romantic pass  
the salad evergreens' new passion a sauce swaying dressed  
to flare-bottom seas' blushing bumps  
as sparing gusts balloon & bow with hurrying

## II

summer last i was a bull loose gander of red eyes  
 & lightning lovers' tedious overheard  
 capers in flashy cock-walkout strawblossmanhood  
 to duplicate super-ecings-on streamlinen live railsplit  
 a super fink chief of fickle locomotion preferred  
 by lonesome song smileage in no-steady faster than a toast pops up  
 dead breakfast of a no-good sonnuffa-now  
 so-long some word sighed to recall i said:

that: I'm,agin love-in that's neverRealLayYou'reEnufFor me  
it's better to returnNofTen to woo inchestnuttYoUsury  
& me sorry too / for your loose-end assumption of a more rarity  
than to be swayback tickled giddyap-whoa & cuddle-boo-hoo/see me off  
goodbye

fading downtrack a fortnight training schedule feeling  
 & I went poking face cardless  
 up against a houserise-prone storm of diamond stud kidnapping  
 a fore-goner orgied & married in halfwayhouse religious yeses  
 to raise her stacked-out As-high ante  
 on fullhouse call in greedy fever for midnight spit-in-the-ocean

dream drumstick rhythmbound-up with deadeye cake sobriquet  
 I syrupPlusName her nubile:laterally to kiss make me field: somebody  
 to taste a true bill of love-sublet utilities up  
 to swirl for that spit-in-the-ocean wild carriage inset  
 until closed circuits calm hysteria down for outcome sleep

frequency a go-out highlighter upset to throw in the hand & blow  
I don't play blowing'snot in this  
she said as everyone nose to run relays stays in checkerchief  
a game of puppylove's not what bowwows the itch you think I am  
a come-on law yours tonight wife to die voiced goodmorning

## INSIGHT

- |        |   |                             |                         |           |       |
|--------|---|-----------------------------|-------------------------|-----------|-------|
| (1) A. | Swimlin Attitude -                                      | Human spirit & water spirit | swimlinagitations       | "         | "     |
|        |   | One non-combatler           | swimlinallusions        | "         | "     |
| (2) E. | Human body & water                                      | congenial matter            | swimlinexploding        | "         | 3act. |
|        | Swimlin Element -                                       | Breathing is the first      | swimlinrestlessness     | "         | 1pas. |
|        |   | idea of life aware          | swimlinintellects       | "         | 3pas. |
|        | Life in elemental stage                                 | bounced on air              | swimlintravels          | "         | 1pas  |
|        | No live forever in Ho                                   |                             | swimlinthroats          | "         | 3pas. |
|        | Air in thru mouth, thru nose                            | in water lat go             | swimlininvitations      | "         | 3pas. |
| (3) I. | Swimlin Instruction -                                   | Invest the head which       | swimlinvocators         | "         |       |
|        |   | is shyest of all            | swimlinacausal          | (4) 3pas. |       |
|        | Open-eyed as if under a parabol                         |                             | swimlinobstance         | "         | "     |
|        | If you swim over the rainbow                            |                             | swimlinocology          | "         | "     |
| (4) O. | Swimlin Objective -                                     | you have learned it all     | swimlinholymylan        | "         | "     |
|        |   | Graceful motion             | swimlinomicroscopic     | "         | 1pas  |
|        | Externally willpower boat                               | Of human body like an       | swimlinmicroscopic      | "         | 3pas  |
|        | swimlinwillpower  | applies flowing             | swimlinopportunity      | "         | "     |
|        | No-knot distance afloat                                 |                             | swimlinortortorial      | "         | "     |
|        |   |                             | swimlinorgastic         | "         | 1pas. |
|        |   |                             | swimlinorginals         | "         | 3pas. |
|        |   |                             | swimlinorging           | "         | 3act. |
| (5) U. | Swimlin Euphoria -                                      | The water has no arms       | swimlinlitanies         | (5) 3pas. |       |
|        |   | Or legs or hands to meet    | swimlinlimbra           | "         | "     |
|        | Give it your hands to mold legs & feet                  |                             | swimlinlimphen          | "         | 3act. |
|        | Water is all body that loves it                         |                             | swimlinlimphen          | "         | 3act. |
|        | Water is all body that loves it                         |                             | swimlinunderriding      | "         | 1pas. |
|        | Only a body/sound of body/sound asleep                  |                             | swimlinundulatory       | "         | 3act. |
|        | When not asleep a rippling surface sound                |                             | swimlinunforgettable    | "         | 1pas. |
|        | Or when restless manifold feet leagues down             |                             | swimlinunmounted        | "         | 3pas. |
|        | From tideaster to tidal wave                            |                             | swimlinunrevised        | "         | 3pas. |
|        | It is stage frightened                                  |                             | swimlinunswathed        | "         | 3pas. |
|        | Moon & moving air have directed                         |                             |                         | "         | "     |
|        | It is spot shimmered                                    |                             |                         | "         | "     |
|        | But responsiveness over the shimmered pool              |                             |                         | "         | "     |
|        | A leaflike body, lavishly beautiful & refreshingly cool |                             |                         | "         | 3pas. |
| (6) W. | Swimlinbution -   | Those who cannot fly        | swimlinwatephole-In-one | (6) 3pas. |       |
|        |   | can swim/who cannot         | swimlinwateleons        | "         | "     |
|        | Touch a friend for swimlin/over of him                  |                             | swimlinwatecelons       | "         | "     |
|        | and some who cannot run or stand                        |                             | swimlinwateevapor       | "         | "     |
|        | Can breast the air between land & land                  |                             | swimlinwateevapor       | "         | "     |
|        | & find where none can walk some may tread               |                             | swimlinwateglitters     | "         | "     |
|        | Thru life revealing that land is dryland                |                             | swimlinwate-de-do       | "         | "     |
- (W)--- swimlinwadows  
 swimlinwagles  
 swimlinwildcats  
 swimlinwides

(6)W3act.  
 1act.  
 3act.  
 =

don't think you've got the only hard life's story entailed  
 for getting semI to raise all your chill-in/competent block chippie  
 on your handsummers gone off  
 to tend to loansome howdy pokey to nodding eenie-meenie campfire po  
 nevermind the why ill-breed giving you odds of 30-to-40  
 almost semI a ghost since wedlocked young years' I.O.U.s  
 to better treatment than bitter recall of old coin flipped over tail  
 as sad as happiness is  
 9/10th sometimes assent in/chin/up muscle  
 a callus trim-thin-nic wherewithal you know  
 the way I can't bear heavy amor  
 for your big bull/to-let hormone in/destruct me  
 the way used to be kinder said you liked my curtsy.ship  
 now proving grounds for your diverse secret amor mentation  
 since first I had the weighty probe limb  
 for getting use to re-seduce me again --  
 newspaperbound gagruling to stretch me scandalously  
 on the same sheets of house & office double standard works

### III

Were young were you in experiences  
 for a strongman with health headaches hunting  
 & I felt my pumpgun leak of unlikely-to-deflate inner-pubes --  
 pressure in outlay of local service smithy claims  
 status pressure pride for new or used auto-awe of mate's serial #  
 & they conspired to lay-bellevue me homo/asexual derriere.lick  
 if I dimwith't put/take chase woo-men hat-in-hand  
 with cash shoo-garments for spiced meats  
 & embrace lets neck earringing purse-strung along time  
 while ask kissing & then pleading to get no-weight/watch the nerve  
 pressure conned & formulated impression  
 & by counterpress/surely had by soft cell.rule  
 of thumbthng affirming forever:  
 pressure is boobs' sTRAP/ more or less something belly mellow  
 & lips sticking tongue insideout thru mouth sweetwater  
 at.tack.meant of intro-duct-suctions  
 to social non-distance  
 & non-scandal lust's inner-recourse to organize  
 its own local no-cold war on emotional impoverishment

an initial puncture undergroin  
 & refinement aura weak & delicate uncovered ore  
 a potential greater than atomic countlessly reminded to work  
 proving existential As while in her hands the pat wholesum

& whenever there was a  
 big runway of the flowerpot  
 coming down the stem  
 I'd lend a  
 life-stylus-o-graft career shift to  
 jack-of-land turn ahead-on postponed entailment feeling  
 inside out for puddn & pumpkin gobble  
 & several helpings of stuffingers length &  
 breasts overleaping defence & stomach yieldings  
 served graceful into cut of dark winged thighs  
 as sang its arc of tangent a round of apple cranberry sauce  
 & blackberry brand nubile purring bubbles  
 sighed with double thanks giving  
 a last course in pie arcade  
 & two penny fingernails/ as the world to go wound

We put spring aground defining love-space  
 a good relief sketch of worked-up garden on summer stems  
 with nature's regal eyebrows raising flood gauge up

We got on the summer midway circuit  
 to spin three-ring circuses away on a groundswell  
 making twin sure keepsake keys to second going forth  
 would hold open skies when heatwave index paused

But however sliced spring wind indoors  
 a fire plugged upstream cannot relieve itself without  
 windkinking at autumn's watermain hotdrop of the reservoir

& barbershopper summer balding  
 opened to accrue cut broadsides  
 burning curb piles driven to a livestock dance  
 used to celebrate the memories arranged encircled --  
 sand & assorted talks & tales  
 from nodding how the spring & stream began  
 to nodding windlinky embers the winter sung

Taken cold with lemonade & melted the sun around  
 a sniffle old but holding  
 with hot breaths the blow of chilly edged attention  
 crept coupling shakily in silver spoonings  
 a sip of knowledge afoot---  
 would return to paradise were not hot summers in our tea

### V

& thinly seasoning the pot's mild simmer  
 a forefront preoccupation becomes background  
 an autumn in search of beauty

beauty is a quality to X/plain esthetic value of one & one  
 aura more growth exponential of mystery coefficient--  
 two times self-expression cannot equal  
 one-half times one-half

is one coin's/side dented that a flipSpinFallSaySee  
 tells the different peppermints enthused when to  
 aboutface in tailspin

whereas no upside down to choose form in juicyfruit  
 a gnawing need for stock X/spearmints over winter's cupid flavor--  
 a chosen form the hill relinquishes to the hunter  
 as if one of one doesn't hold its yoke in panorama

Pops the rubber latex as masterminds over mints choose this knowledge

so if I go into your no-go-roundly  
 performing give to dimpled discs a jockey per  
 recourse of peppered tasty mints in hot close quotes  
 to wallow in cups' id-man unwadded hips of rhythmic verses  
 the saucy flat setback dry swimsuited panting of cleaner love  
 & find you the profounder out --

without X/its hip-to-thigh full understanding of love-knot  
 I will wash the brain & re-knot mind  
 forever coming to resist this end

& not sail out under the ends-up brown bridge cement  
 of everybodybuilding  
 for steps thru overtime amounting to no higher place  
 but to come to this & love-knot that comes to no end

wherein all the floral gourmet recipes  
 all that is not shorn & bone  
 & all the bone not gone  
 soft souped & done

come to this

But you afore candied were this not as this  
 but were :that: the fruit core conjugative



to have/ those last times must have passed a going stop

& all the loneliness back behind  
you were a fulltime buoy-proud narcissus  
nursing it absent.midnight.daily  
against muscles' he-mania in/chin/up low-ergo  
while it's teasing at,las tribute/tarry floods & perry stalls  
in its mold life around-out must soft-cell death  
if not a passing thru-away to go beyond/  
not/thing come to this --

come to overweigh the fertilizers' bind  
where dusk sweetbrown meets  
halve from centercut  
the deep earth cleaved into spineway  
& undergoing hotstream tele-grains  
from a haughty natured hiatus  
swim to brainbath via backstroke --  
whose shoulders divide  
the great kinesthetic plains  
cascade to small of fall  
to rise arounddown pouchy mittenfold-in-boulders'  
hill hippottery dip  
a trip cast sumtuously  
in hands of hands  
having palmed a pea.knot of knowledge left  
slips rightside up still losing-out-figured  
to a dusky sunburn  
as hands & landslide together like sky  
royal flushed to forkbacked rolling coast-ergo

Were our lived wills to children's children  
& grandly sat the pot's roast lower rung illusion  
profounder the noncomposmentis at psalm & palmread bygoness  
with belly full-out cry that

Life's disappointmentment its byproduct beehively  
come off rearing wet sand castles of fullblood heat  
to stink its first step out from understanding duress

to go not no-toll-talegateway thru  
once upon a balcony seat  
though human life has half passed between --

the seat prepaid/ the overadventure curtains  
the act's uplift & dropout presented for signature:

disapproved: all but / THE END

in velvet touchtone  
in blind hindsight loveliness  
in twig jiggle  
in winner's row fruitbowls downstreamlinked superhighways  
in muscle league with limbo  
string-alongbranch dimpled cheeks  
in waddle mellow bounce  
in easy shift highgear floor-stickout pout knobs  
in mild wild weddingbell Og fire insurance bills  
in foamoss cute tippy sponge romance dancing  
in tictoc of pillow rumpled nightmarriage of spoons

Wherewithal have to feed ID  
to repay the babies forward  
the naked surpasttime's value of woo-ed engravings --  
the landscape/ garden & patch & a plough share crops  
& backyardsticks out pretty hill-&-dale incarnate  
but architecturally esthetically  
to love-knot mind everybodybuilding's  
caress-impactual admiration  
reinforced concretely by quivering cupid's streak-of-lean

## TONY PAYTON

( Box C )  
( Waupun, Wis. 53963 )

### The Wise & The Learned

Strange the way my Father  
looks at me  
Even stranger is the stare  
in Mother's eye.

You see  
they don't know me  
anymore.

And of all the places  
to achieve reason...  
Prison & within these walls  
have made me face reality...  
Reality of the values  
my Father & Mother  
cling to --

of God & lust & just  
everything  
that can buy your way  
in  
the world of make-believe.  
Believing that dollars or Ph.D.'s  
will encourage the white man  
to overlook  
Blackness  
Standing as it will always be  
So you see  
The Wise & the Learned  
Keep a close eye on me!

### A LOVE NOTE TO ANGELA DAVIS

To say I love you would only be modest  
To say I comprehend you would only show conceit  
Obviously the dialogue I choose is useless  
To express my imperative benevolence,  
As I've gone through life without a sister  
To call my own.  
And as soon as I began to relate  
wouldn't you know  
Gengiss Brothers Rental  
Offered me a new tuxedo for your funeral!  
Yet they refuse to see  
That attires won't clothe the body of destiny.  
Although you never saw the tears in my eyes  
Or heard the vulgarity roaring from my mouth  
I'm not a student of Logic or Language  
And emotions weigh heavily upon my common mind.  
So, Sister of mine,  
Countless are the days of catastrophic mayhem  
I shall unleash upon your foes  
In the name of Brotherly Love.

## WALTER G. ARNOLD

( Philadelphia, Pa. )

### Underage Predicament

Strike me again, you coward! Curse and swear  
Until you're breathless! You are still to blame  
For all my troubles. So you're going to share  
My pregnant needs, and give my child your name!  
Because of you, I'm put out of my home,  
And treated like I've been a common whore!  
Oh no! No, Junior! You're not going to roam  
Nobody's streets, and play the field any more!

You're right that's out! Accept that fact right now!  
You have one choice - and that is helping me!  
You see, MY Man, you're going to take a vow  
To care for yours thru eternity!  
Marriage, I mean! Now do you have me right?  
No? Well, make your final putdown on the fight!

## DON WILLIAMS

( San Diego, California )

### Is What We Need

And we live in a white world,  
the core of our thinking is focussed  
on white hand giving dollar and adulation,  
we attend his parties now,  
speak at his charities,  
smile when he lets a negro express  
white idea of Blackness on his screen,  
we see Black people down at the bottom  
knowing they'll never get the break we got,  
but still exalt Black hopes out of failure  
by supporting the american ethic, horatio  
alger --  
if he ever wants to come back home he'll  
be able to --  
Black people do not easily forget someone  
of blood,  
but he isn't home yet;  
I still see him smiling at lies,  
going along to collect his money,  
saying I'm running a game on the man,  
you know I don't like white people,  
gotta play his game and live well --  
when expression of manhood is what we need.

### Pause a While

I looked, depressed eyes, at the world,  
trying not to yield my growth to euphoric  
sensations, while caught in ecstasy, my thoughts  
are but soft marshmellows of rainbow light  
shining mellow; just want to lie here, feel so  
good; look at the car of dollars, not wanting  
it: mainly to smooth my ride, increase a glance;  
yea, a soft-eyed glance of woman wanting to  
trade sensation for sensation: Do what you like,  
Daddy, that's the way it should be, but don't get lost  
between her spread wings of desire, pause just  
along enough by protest of both your minds to  
remember that car will crash to ugly fender  
of leper face, and you'll be left reminiscing  
of sensations -- stop! sometimes and think a  
thought of freedom! how wonderful it has been  
to feel exchanging love for love with FREEDOM  
in the nuance of your backstrokes.

## HAROLD MAHONEY

( P.O. Box 600 )  
( Tracy, Calif., 95376 )

### IN A BLACK PACE

The tempo rebels control  
For Black is a rage  
Freedom! Cries my soul  
Oppression and content  
Refuse to engage.

Winds dare not to whisper  
Thunder roars in my heart.

Ooh!  
Black is a song sung free  
With a note from each soul

## RUSSELL DAVIS

( Kansas City, Kansas )

### What Comes Next

What comes next...  
After you come to a wall  
A wall that you've  
Been struggling to,  
One that has meant  
The all-in-all to you?

What comes next...  
When you realize  
It is a wall  
You have come to  
And not the open end  
Of a better focussed view?

What comes next...  
When you can't make that wall  
Not a wall to you,  
And no way under  
Over, or around by cry or hue  
Will be done in passing  
What encounter objects to?

## ALAN RHODES

( Covina, California )

### RONNIE'S DEATH

and so he died  
looking good  
as he always tried  
to do

went down  
slow and cool  
the ground  
accepted

the held blade  
a perfect red  
stayed  
in Watson's hand  
Ronnie liked the trip  
you could tell  
it seemed so hip  
to die gracefully

## THOMAS LAMANCE

( Modesto, California )  
( P.O. Box 2328 )

Children, instructed the teacher, every morning you should  
all take a cold shower. It will make you feel rosy all over. And  
now, are there any questions?  
Yes, came a voice from the back of the room, tell us more a-  
bout Rosie.

Two men were discussing their status in life. "I started out  
on the theory that the world had an opening for me," said one.  
"And have you found it?" asked the other.  
"Well, yes," replied the first. "I'm in the hole now."

Sailor: "How about a kiss, Honey, it'll be a feather in my  
cap."

Girl : "Stick around, I'll make you an Indian chief."

A salesman canvassing the neighborhood rang the bell at a  
house where a little boy answered the door.

"Where is the lady of the house?" he asked.

"She's not home; she's out working."

To get a better line on his prospective customer, the sales-  
man asked: "What does she do?"

"She's a prostitute."

This answer so startled the salesman he involuntarily ex-  
claimed, "Well, I'm an s-o-b!"

"So am I," the little boy said sharply, "but I don't go ring-  
ing doorbells to tell people about it."



( Rte. # 3 )  
( Parsons, Tennessee )

**2**  
**poems**

1     Darkness / Loneliness / Night / Cold ---  
       My spirit dies ... enslaved  
       by  
       Cold / Blackness / Night / Loneliness --  
       Darkness ...

2 The inhabitants of heaven and earth  
hold no pity, nor love, for the homosexual...  
Only hate ... infinite disgust ... mockery ...  
And the homosexual knows only eternal sadness;  
Tears freely flow in the lonely hours of night;  
The only peace possessed is within the violet  
shadows of self-inflicted ..... death!

## NADINE HABER

( New York, New York )

## A Piercing Thorn

When I met you, a child,  
A child of delight,  
And we were children of children  
I followed you down the path  
And you took me to a clearing  
You started to play  
And I started to play with you  
And we laughed and we sang until  
You pricked yourself on a thorn

And you frowned, but I cried  
                but I cried  
I kissed your hurt and you were happy again  
Butthe thorn has pierced through me now  
    And I still cry  
    And I still cry.

You want to play again  
But I can't play with you now --  
I can't feel your flowers  
I can't taste your wine --  
And you wander down the path  
While I stay behind  
And you wonder why I stay behind.

I want to play again  
And I hope you will come back and kiss my wounds away  
And I hope that you will kiss my wounds away.

## CLOSE-UP

I felt your breath, and it was hot and heavy  
And you told me you loved me  
I had seen your eyes talking to me  
Just vaguely, since I wasn't close enough.  
And then you zoomed-in to enlarge your second's glance of contact  
And made me come love-bloom to life  
And you told me you loved me  
And then you said you loved me.

**SAMUEL L. WATKINS**

( Cleveland, Ohio ) **3**  
**POEMS**

The blacks are meeting again

B B B B B  
B B B B B  
B B B B B  
B B B B B  
B B B B B

BBBBBBBBBB  
Blacks  
are  
meeting  
again  
BBBBBBBBBB

1

1

The BLACKS are meeting again  
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB

NO PROGRESS

2

Kinks, kinks thats on my head  
How I dread the day you'll be dead  
Bald as a globe shall I stay  
Until I finally pass away

a ha

3

Hey! Every pale child in this land  
Don't you wish you had a auto-matic tan!  
On the beach you can lie  
But you'll never produce my dye  
My ray of beautiful brown  
But I never had to lie on the ground  
Lie, lay as long as you can  
What's another egg on a deadpan!

DORIS WIGHT

( Baraboo, Wisconsin )

### Black Cherry Soda

Black cherry soda,  
have you got soul!  
Both name and your flavor -  
delicious!  
Like being in love with  
a black man:

effervescent!  
(though not nutritious  
for someone like me,  
white mama of three ...)

## Hot Visitor

Who is it down the stair who rings the bell--  
the revolution is it? your next-door neighbor  
there ringing? hot anger stifling a yell?

Who is it down the stairs who sounds your chimes--  
the revolution is it? the paperboy  
there chiming? hot rage born of the times?

Who is it down the stairs who raps your wood--  
the revolution is it? the good old mailman  
there rapping? red fury in a black hood?

Some visitor downstairs is ringing our bell,  
Some visitor chiming and rapping as well,  
Some guest with a harrowing tale to tell--  
black anger come calling to drag us to hell.

Open the Honey Pot, America

Open the honey pot to a dark brown bear  
But teach the hungry bruin while you do  
The recipe that produces golden jell --  
That self-righteous bees may make

self-righteous bees may make                      Uncover, expose the gold  
sweetness,    to a dark brown paw  
and bears can too.                      That climbs the barbed wire trees

Like the squirrel that leaps to the feeder  
you've built for the birds  
He insists by the stress of inner pain.

-24-



The ultimate simile insists female infinity  
simultaneously persists miraculous propinquity --

once upon a time tolled as void  
re-tolled from hill gravitation buoyed  
upward /

at finite road-closed definitives  
passage inclines steep  
to X-rate times impasse sleep  
for/getting entailed virginfinity

thru void & buoyed emboweledness space-like  
to venture's ultimate event of place to hitchhike  
on emotion turning thru inertial airiness  
to continue creating new year babies in & out of no wariness

the outlet from know-all event a set time breeds  
promise to-let insight compound its doer at speeds  
a more space-time extension to excellence --

apprehended interally stored by in/tranced intelligem  
speaks outlet event in touch to know wherewithal  
in knowing amidst no warriness no worry a fall

Miss Event & Myster Re:Vamp's ire  
Untimely-to-come-assignation meet --

The coffin drops to soothe indoor eternal heat  
& fur/niched apartments to-let no vacancy --

That Miss.Takes the Myster Re:View uncanny  
For outgoing to come asphyxiator of concentric  
Assassin's moo of conclusive overtime admittance  
Without conceding contraceptively to death bedriddance

## FIND YOUR OWN WAY IN GRAVE DOUBT

## TRADE IN ALL YOUR WISHED AWAY TIMES

## FOR AN AUTOMATIC NEWS POPPER

A SLOGAN FOR --- !!! ???

## BLACK BEAUTY -

The greatest fast set to go  
Elusive fascination.-- OH!

Have forgot/ten fingers play in wish.purring pianissimo  
Have remembered the concise in fine night unbelievable  
Have foreheadlines the inconceivable  
Have a field slowed fast setbackup perfection of limits' aground  
Have breasted upsky when upthigh gravitation aura round

Perfection! is secret

in fine night

A Miss Stereo's touch of infinity

## WITH YOUR CROW YANK COCK-A-DOODLE OFF

## HIS FOURTH JULIE

## ANOTHER VASSAR LEAN-TO GET UP SOXED TO

Though matchlight cold the re-New Year upburning  
to doves of charm the lilt of hope returning  
though lovelight old a re- New Year for spawning  
while fires annexed to time rekindle morning

& encounters lonely beached perhapiness one maybeing  
sparked of snowdriven thanks the fires of January skiing  
days of overcast a strained December emptying  
as the snowbound Queen of Hearts forecasts monsterdom's  
stalagmites on effigy string

daydreams have gone abroadly wished since May  
to livingroom via stopdown in display  
a motion thru-out all inns's prehension that one way  
no stopdown collects ins. policies for layaway

ever taut to spring the wound-up will to tick  
near-sightedby peripheral exposure to decay  
a psychedelic broadcast of frequency in every kick  
& good forecast timers set for their 60mm stills  
of day after today

The sun day comes a January morning  
passengered a cargo aero-planet of rays  
an electromagnetic mower for psyche's interplanetary awning  
featuring the star-storied macrofilm of Miss Stereo/overlays

## CREDIT TV WILL PUT YOU IN THE NOTE

Outbound the will-bent course in danger curved  
passengers to Pacific stop other worlds declare  
at Getaway Inn the womb's rent steady-income re/served  
passengers to Serafic Peak open internees up to be/have a fare

## GO OWING IT'S THE USUAL OPAQUÉ SERÁ

## MY WHAT'S NOT UP TO A \$BOAT\$ 53 COW\$ AND E.S.PEEPER URANUS? ?

HAPPY NEW YEAR ---

Given morning groping panels  
afternoon of soapy annals  
the whole indoors day in flannels  
debuting Mr. & Mrs. Night tied up in channels  
who expresses our latency  
The Op. Cit. Travel Agency

Elfinity betwixed  
to disappear  
dimensions mixed  
infinity the way: yet unclear

what was drawn unseen away  
comes steeped in perpendicular today  
the new lawn predicted to adjourn  
to/day horizontal to new ray burn

old time atoss  
a tide prevailed across  
as yet affirmed a stretch of life in view  
to beach in drift of deadwood seasoned thru

upburning lens  
bifocal time in-mates  
up close in blur with asphalt denizens  
re: present/ space in frosty glass  
re: past/ good old times to overcast

now oppressed we go to sleep  
in fade-out command of overleap  
now dreams append  
where burning in mate  
to bubbled thought-end  
a popcycle on the piper's plate

upburning gate  
swinging the curfew a weight  
for tomorrow come / a while to overtake  
the undergone sun its due remake  
for tomorrow morning's alltime break

& yesterday gone / ramps down the page  
One-January down the ramps one-day age  
from bell & windy flyers  
laundry sails from washers to dryers  
a weariness enclosed

passage / passage to positional love seat  
passage to passion from prompt impasse  
passage from impotence to love heat  
passage proposed for dispositional reclass

the naked umbral/elopement without heretofore toll  
delights often in a wicklessness wished to be whole

Going forward into history  
toward a thousandth millionth crescent mystery

lighted bulbs of broadcasting  
true & false alarming universally on air  
a TV tuber co-ord bombasting  
you are where/as the event farcasting  
may be no more than a tapering disrepair

Hindsight overdrawn amidnight  
accounted for sight in trust  
enveloped interest in the book amidlight  
surtaxed this year on last year's lust

karat weight diamonds come Afro  
from the mines the slaves of shadow proxy  
black & gold in the showers of Jim Crow  
& the Heavyweight Fight golden gates the Roxy

we're pasttimebeings envoiced to go host repartee  
numerically haunted heroes of diffident withdrawal

Establishment canvassed for the hollow & the hearty  
invested snafu & vilified in vegetable alcohol

paperweight the world by matchlight caught  
& minced like a cigarette long on smoke  
I strike a match to a midnight thought  
& exhale yesterday on its stroke

the put-about coal oil institutes cramp in grief  
to out-write ignorance at-large & belief  
uphill to clear air inch by footpound  
old fires go out & lightyears forecast utility shutdown

the universe is vexed encyclopedic knowing  
to which unknown a yearning til wee me fulfil  
the ideogram of promised fellowships outgoing  
away past policy rooms & programmatic goodwill

omission says time was & nothing gotten done  
& pressures surround intentions capped & glum  
oblivion stares at surf fish evading the sun  
& ho-humming birds adrift in cloudy humdrum

## AT THE TONE

### 21 JEWELD LONGGREEN OUTLASTS ANOTHER MONEYDRAWBACKSEATER'S JIVE RUMPLED-OUT MINI STOP-GAP SECONDS

X-rate into time goes to skull & crossroad  
at speed of light knots in tele-code  
connections / connections to cosmic rhythms  
directions encompassing all systems

the hope chests holdout zooming x-rate's stethoscope  
defining long distance at echo-length's lung  
for all barriers on go-round direction velocity rung

forever hanging on awhile  
everywhere places showing another mile  
win & running-up stopper ties by locality on trial

split infinity calling on x-presence  
winds go fourth class trailing jet & spaceship  
to enter light meanstine from peripheral zip  
with shutter action eyes to open rap/port recall  
lifting doors from sound's breakdownfall

Foredoom to surpass away in station fastbreak crawl  
boredom kept at task away relocating wherewithal

translucent intra-time of wine-filmed still  
motion clear to upcast rubies of its lovedbe horizons  
upsky dimensions elliptic for the summer uncorked a vacuum  
fifth to fill

another order of the levitated universe of Poseidons

new lovedrop a bubble's affair its wheel  
unspoken-for refunds this time  
new insight with this darkroom's development become feel  
space-time on board a-lee from nowhere soundly re-pops  
concerting mime

the quest for live-in creates



without place insight private see  
to get there before driven  
& extend stubble energy  
to come again a fresh-aired appreciability --

that wish-fulltankfilled potential  
upsets off space/time to come a tie  
to refreshment "T" over par a bird's-eye dash  
of strong lemon limelight & never goodbye  
but supreme photo-finished obituary ash

Going forward into history  
light by light into the epi-present mystery  
broadway in lightbulb twinkle & tele-casting  
true & false alarming universals on the air  
a TV to burp from umbilical extensions of care  
you are whereas the event bombasting  
may be no more than a tapering disrepair

600 million miles of Earth turns the year another one  
200 million years of sun around its sun

aboard our giant spray perfume upon  
the infinite sleeping night  
one minute glowing crystal governs the worldly  
ripples of our flight

a corkscrew & a driver of three blades by three  
or yet insignificant effervescence unperceived by infinity

the seam of science's vision closed  
to three hundred thousandths of an eye  
the dream of man a spectroscopy proposed  
to truth Re: vision of forever to a trillionth of pi

only nearsighted eyes the while in space-time shine  
to where night facing day lights its steepest incline  
before the lighthouse the sea become rock  
in the rock a decillion islandmarks of the clock  
to each island the angstrom light tidal waves  
100 times forgotten in a twinkling quintillionth  
fore/after beach to comb & shave to a billion trillionths

by 200 sexvigintillion caves  
each to decimal file:

2 Septemdecillion/ 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,  
000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000

693 sexdecillion / 040 quindeccillion/ 135 nonillion  
483 octillion / 600 septillion

is so long a stare of

16 trevigintillion / 800 duovigintillion/ 000 unvigintillion  
000 vigintillion  
000 Novemdecillion  
000 Octodeccillion  
000 Septemdecillion  
000 sexdecillion  
840 quindeccillion cubic miles

Head sets turn onto needle's 33 speeds -Hey- aloft & lost accord  
to harvest man's extended power-to-let top floors aboard  
20th's unlimited reach for distant concentric wheelings  
whose RPM dance of knowledge happy at a steady state

upbeats the universal low threshold of late  
sound barrier's shutter going up a long stare broken  
on rock & rollcalled wilderness of mist.stereo-ed-out if spoken  
into the eyes of land's end trails  
to hand over hills & ride down aboutfaced echoes from the ceilings

how long will it play  
fore/headgeared to deliver the newbirth assay

the fabric of speed  
threads invisibility at highest address  
worn only a distance to get naked in darkness

wherever lighthet has gone out from loss of feed  
stellar bodies propose to toast in compress

the scientific prefab knit of time  
places long distance Information call  
a number of trick exchanges & a Halloween Ball  
reached somewhere in Pantomime --

whose party rings around the Tree of Life  
with far more business than usual amidwife

nothing for the garment industry  
nothing for the clean-&-presser  
nothing for eau de toilet water but to return musty  
nothing but for all speeds more zeroes per addresser

"Ole -- this is Eter/Infinity  
Hell yes! you should come in a form of nakedness  
we're all Customs passed the rising & dropping perpendicular equation

Figure to outshoot deep/ends upon gravitational affinity  
Declaring more articulate loneliness awake undressed  
Set in ultra-violate midnight oiled science-for-silence sake  
Relativity's hilltop thing-in-itself spreads on meteor invasion

Entrance examiners look for high I.Q. stick-to-fitness  
If not past tense numb more on than hard up as witness  
To what fulfil means times one faculty outlet in continuum  
To affirm H.S. Equivalency of upper & lower factors theorem

Intuition you give more spirit as matter per credit clearance  
& choose your preternatural cosmic leisure of course appearance  
Admits extra curvaceous Typing Dictation & Executive Forbearance

But all major in-laws forbid fickle minor outlay re: energy balance  
Until JR. Year orbits interminerology to mind challenge  
On hills nobody claims by defeat of speedstrip-gears' talents

Don't quota me on rough naked round numbers in red for staff debut  
We have prof specks for tight bud jet black fiscal delight years due

Can't give exact directions coming to us live  
But we're about 2(3.3)rpm over Rt. 16 times Point Five  
And counting on Instant Replay insight

Yes/ E will mc the square Frosh Funky Bottoms all night"

.....

**THE SUNSETS UP BREAKFAST-SCATTERED NEEDLES &  
PINPOINTS THE BALDING ALLEY OF DAY-TO-DAY  
TUMBLING GRAY -- & FIRST CHANCE GOOFBALL-  
POINTS TO GUTTERY MARKSMANIA & REMAINING  
BALL DOODLE-DO-SPLITHAIRPART TWO PAID FERRY**

## SOURY Styx TO SPARE

.....

The dream does not end  
 yet of vastness relates a seer  
 Met alone have we embraced some friend  
 whose soul re-awakes the lost infinities to appear

nor end in sight this first year's light  
 nor ends yet running out of heliosphere  
 nor man ungoing though unmet by seer

The fire not yet out  
 nor flickering as about --  
 Everywhere horizons prosper sea green & blue  
 and somewhere stranger looks than past review

Sweet & sour deja vu  
 A collective myself recalls you --  
 For a collect call --- yourself  
 if lack-of-change close to

Recalling youth:

To school condition groomed into  
 computer sums  
 dictionary mums  
 harmonica hums

high midday midday  
 yester-to-another day  
 seesaw all aboard  
 bored to bed  
 & gone a furtherday

HURRY SUMMER --

Next doorbell to  
 blocks of hopscotch  
 vacant lots thru  
 shortcut tot tatoo  
 killriddance the can

Outlook / am man  
 the dynamonster vs sissy  
 carry books? no can--  
 Adhesive tapering of can  
 to economy hurricane busy

BOY AGES & VOYAGES  
 GIRL SMILES MILL STERILE  
 MILES

Thru-out: The world used to fulfil  
 the whereabouts from wisp of will

A happy journey out  
 & happy year in  
 The anchor weighed to go about  
 enjoying a 1000-mile-an-hour spin

A hundred million suns rise & set the galaxy  
 like multi-million Ares' conspicuous rhapsody  
 200 million times years around the hub  
 & shorted sight by millions on a life's timestub

A million million years of light  
 in an innertube of night  
 watt pressure to post via air  
 the 80-year flat to Indian rope sphere  
 to ride withinside knowledge at finger telescope's veneer

.....

Out of cornucopia the tree of life threshed  
 Out of refinements the world fleshed  
 Out of blur & numbthumb dud a greengrowth touch  
 Out of imperatives of delight the goodnight

.....

## TIME- all a blot the NEWS

while it's Still

M T NEWS  
Print

.....

Olives for the New Year's morning, drink!  
 Fulfil wee me, Old Time: a credit told the sea  
 upcoming yet  
 & still be me, Old Hands, for wine & women  
 a sum for timetables set  
 with winters' tea

Come and bill me, Old Steady Friend  
 for retailed layaway possessioning  
 I owe too much in hearts to preconcide the end  
 though overcharged per value's life-stock in questioning

Even though I borrow tomorrow's empty  
 ten cents deposited peremptorily patent good  
 I am not lulled goods by impoverished empathy  
 soul on-board less grace defaulting swindles understood

I have embraced my challenged mold  
 & prickly felt uncushioned shorn of dreams  
 The where have songs extended hands for hope to hold  
 I choose these merit floats to deem a will upstream

Just so much fortitude commends a faith overtried  
 And yet the end is not delayed until the will has died:  
 As told the anxious Watch whose will committed aside:  
 Until watched deadend, no overdue relief has grown life-sized

Then come and bill me  
 for ships that sailed & cargoes drowned  
 Post-paid should I repair a breath before eternity  
 I'll go aboard the fellowship of night song in campground

And the roofs of night star-thatched that fall  
 rain-wise of holes & peeling prophesies  
 I will solder up to Fate's final examining outburst & recall  
 the nightmare face of this goodmorning's properties

.....

## PASS "go" IN El Bow shoes

## AND GET AROUND AROUND AROUND AHEAD OF SOUND

## BY GOING QUIETLY IN Sonia's 7:47 get-up



\*\*\*\*\*

TRAIN WHISTLES HAVE LOST sunsets to skygazers  
 caught winter cold on summer trails under high ceiling blazers  
 trailing out of slipstream linens to retrospect --  
 presents a body all let out to welcome & receptively perfect

A new great iron horsepowered silver steed  
 edges roundup thru cloudwhite tumbleweed  
 with pokey steel nose ploughing sound under caught-sight-of speed  
 Indian blankets & straight locks wave  
 without obeisance of eyelashes  
 & mountain climbers moosebacked watch eagle braves  
 challenge new altitudes of lightning flashes

cowboys ride in to catch sacktime unsaddled  
 & city slickers are running after make-up time scadaddled  
 bus drivers are riding out the last dinner round  
 & pedestrians rein up thoughts of sidewalk pigeon sound

Where leisure has gone the day is tomorrow  
 a prepared sky  
 and it don't rain at , , , ,

ALL /// 30,000 FT.  
 , , , ,

SOMETHING GOOD'S GOTTA BE UP/// DROPS  
 THERE OUGHTTA BE

\*\*\*\*\*

& walkingsticks to non-destinations not hurry cane designed  
 to keep 3 good leagues under headlocked advice --  
 tread mills clean thru the weave of dumps in never-nevermind

& philosophical text stylists & all chemists misspelled in old cloth  
 treatise change by tele-O logistic uniform C that goes  
 with cross-disciplined filing of magnetic field claims  
 of some new whirl of

I/N the personal surreal estate: Infinitives unused to be  
 where in-focus -always- the whorl blossom surrounds entree

& surpassing X-presence first class at X-Rate  
 to beat chest X-Ray tee-hee time with its disowned correlate  
 coming / sign & co-sign assignatory over love's Act Three

THERE IS A PAST:over:THIS LANDSCAPE  
 & not outgoing further  
 settled down into be  
 SOME WHERE HERE SOME TIME AGO --  
 memorized = its here  
 but not perfectly to recite  
 each whereat / hereafter

What to live forward to render the passion  
 with put/take news into time-untensed conjugated delight

Re: Spontaneous dimension  
 simultaneously & some / The world & mothers' right-of-way

to open hatch in hurry tense of leisure's new numbers notion  
 & gather fission in net re:versus all-ends-up mushroom motion  
 coming to go & past perfect: have had ago  
 that left elbows funny been

\*\*\*\*\*

To live forever outcoming back & front  
 & around & in thru upsidedown  
 to higher obtained flammable stunning stunt  
 in aero-space acrobattle hunt

Livingroom wanted: floorwallless: To walk all dimensions  
 & in a zoom camera-up:infinity's extensions

\*\*\*\*\*

RUNNING WATUSI NEVER NEED ANTI-FREEZE

\*\*\*\*\*

The plumber's elbow in Father Time's crumpled unit  
 has frozen limp a bentbacked drain on the premise  
 that once upon a good housekeeper  
 knew to unstop & start the menace  
 against the fluids run-on sleeper

But though the washer-dryer is still humming  
 the closure is not hereto forthcoming  
 & though the tub will still half hold  
 the porcelain is bare too cold  
 & though the faucet pillfully drips  
 undertow the bubbles misgroove  
 the cap size of bottled ships

\*

Father Time does not stir much from the old romper place  
 not primed for movers or subtenants  
 does not whiz per nasties to new face  
 wherein some young man wants a bedroom covenant

though new face more readily turns down the bed  
 encroached upon by fours entailing rear-to-head

Has left furnishings up to young women  
 on a castration convertible in her concourse kitchen  
 Mother Nature is semi-absent of long rules for landlady's men  
 & even paid-up past midnight borrows the day's skeletal linens

flowers in her livingroom are always cluttered mood's  
 wish to fulfil an impoverished providence of foods

Here Father Time is living out last days of rumors' miracle  
 drugstoreroom & boardedup lovebird soundbarrier ministerials

\*

The soil is still a spendthrift of vegetable beginnings  
 in another part of life-savings bank  
 & the rush is on the spring/UF: Future: A bank on more innings

\*\*\*\*\*

Longtime has lost weight to peppill-up sifters  
 on ketchup rollercoasters with hotdoggone midribsters  
 pinched & pulled pony-giddy-expresso  
 to vault & peppershake one-uplifters

has lost its reach of unlimited century to coming attractions  
 its empty stellar interim to right now joint need abreactions

& split-secondary joblots of company timebreak fellowships  
to rebuild the coming of the machine out of funnypaper clips  
have been fed to the computer & cybernated  
into numbers of copies of a pasttime coming hyper-hyphenated

The once pro-jammed X-lacking to-let equal time be absolutions  
has been overtaken to laugh-ins & shove-elbow-anti-ed up  
the world X-communication saddle-lit & brimming cup  
without manu-factors' wail of swing low gross network solutions

& for its caught winter cold capsuls & modules of new description spee  
hour by hour in digestion's countdown on almost all channels pre-empt

.....

## LEAVING HOME ON THE RANGE

### THE COW TRAIL EAST

### WILL GET YOU THE BULL'S-EYE 6

.....

Long distance has woven by hand/some clasps  
for short length leg ends of journey & tights' grasps  
off all that & some king thing else

has lost its change underwear  
going fourth-dimensioned into chemical arrival  
to a more reliable grown-up end

has lost the strange wonderblow in/tension's  
lost fated storm survival  
to time-founding explorers waiting as stonemen

lost & come about encircling from the wheretofore  
skipped off corners as far & silent as infinity

lost though bidden off to dream a go  
in forgotten flaked & dusty lore

without a face the wind in rumor gone  
aboard caprice  
has lost the corner assailing echoes  
to an empty morning increase

Out of its turtleback baggage pulls itself a world of limits  
as seen by the ostrich egg going round the world every 2 minutes

.

Time assumes the product of resistant speed  
made in high gallon duets by outsized math & matter  
from silence to-let blasts centillion decibel hydrogenfeed  
snorkeling up atomic atmosphere to satellite-spaced Jacob's ladder

& departing the whole sum alive  
on-going not dropoffset to arrive

.

Rate everywhere X-presence of  
happening: the take-off to change: coordinates of  
date to reach wherein/tack carpetted thru a vacuum  
magic dusts off the stick-up humdrum  
recovering paydirt couched living room  
in the rainbow's garden of desideratum

## Go To

### 365-6 Avenue Of Decembers

### And Turn In To Happine\$\$

.....

Something is happening to clocks

& no one knows what hap ending stocks

The hope arrears  
paid via air of seers  
come due from time's arrest  
again/ the rest of days uncommon to see  
stirs a wrest from deep ennui

who never promised coming  
received homage here & came  
weathertheless a punctual First  
never the less than hope makes forever unused the same

So to hear  
O hallelu year  
come inhere  
to a hope premiere  
on a choir-in stroke  
O hallelu year

..

Your last day torn-off clothes  
Love wore elastic daybreak fast distensions  
I raked the lawn but fall in love still'shows (of)  
stockings running sudsy overflow of winter apprehensions

Your last day torn-off clothes do not yet undertake  
the hanging autumn piled & burning grounds  
to hearsay graves that slander bodies' cold daybreak  
for bundled shapes that leave goodnight in hiccough bounds

..

This year  
old wives & lovers who wed love  
will go to sleep to bed: Hero  
& those erector set up bookwise as everglow  
continue rowing together asleep who also slept ago

-This year  
-the rowers of dunce row formerly faucets  
called impolitely fluid spined family closets  
& all of their offspring watery brooks  
will nod in the red light forever of books

This year  
the quest of source of love life's forgotten past  
from the last discourse recourse to last  
another day  
companionship of power the rest of day-in happy years  
come forth of course to follow fortune's rainbow seers  
whichever way

..



So entreat the year  
Come! Appear!  
O horizons year!

Just come in what you wear  
O happy year

Come just here  
your day  
upon us joy

with daylight thru end-of-weekdaywear  
in naked glee in under sheer  
we welcome with handmade endearance  
whatever underwears our hope to forbearance

come to use  
hoursful yesterdays reclockwise aloose  
recoiling to say: Spring  
from calendark morning

not yet up  
to come event fullstock  
in wake unwinding dream between the light & the shock

opening to introduce  
in exchange for a day  
another love song's produce  
to weigh some macroscopic way  
..

& suddenly it's here -

O capitol Day - half pie pending  
O hap pending day

O rapport day - path crosswords deadending  
mapped a new straightaway

O baptismal day  
half holy day - baths cleansing history  
have recommended holiday

O capitol Day ---

.....

PROGRESS IS OUR LEAST INSURED PROGRESS---

...

On the allnight rousers corner of sins  
beneath where Clarence Logan bites on gins  
a last prophet of unlimited progress doom  
dispenses leaflets to some hands out for the womb / which read:

In the bottom of the 20th incomplete  
coal & oil have just struck out  
& cobalt is sending up pinch heat

it's the Elements against the Scientists  
in the President's Consumer Game of Freeze Lists  
nothing-to-nothing covers the board  
with commercial refreshments high in runs scored

Now Element's man Cobalt is bunched at first  
& transuranic Element 199 heat waves up with a curse  
a 302-2 hitter in the winter season outburst

the post-Einsteinian fireballer is releiving this half inning  
knowing his teamsters need one more for a 21st beinggng --

Aristotle Archimedes & Euclid had held the balance  
in theory & fact  
& Ptolemy & Al Battani kept central position  
with their pick-off signs act

Biruni Copernicus & Galileo shrunk the ball  
& moved the fences back  
& Keppler & Roemer calculated absolute velocity  
of pitching in the black

Then Herschal & Newton put anti-contact lens into the curve  
& Fahrenheit Planck & Einstein nearly broke down  
the Elements' losing nerve

Post throws 5000 horsepower to the plate  
at Catcher Eunuch's dug-in poodle squat live bait

& as he lets it go he curses in bad pidgin grammar  
-Some one done put prime minister ton T.N.T. in the gamma-

199 meets the ball's downgrade  
& 200 trillion trillion emissions fly off in a second's shade  
exploding a billion billion degrees of laugh-in centigrade

everything kisses regardless of prior make-up  
as love is the beautiful idea melting into break-up  
..

...AND I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN

Math:4:19

..

& the last commentary by all:  
-Oh hell, that's the gamma ball-

And everybody goes fission

..

-But not many sweat- says the Prophet of Go-Boom  
that air food & water give us 40 years room

-Everybody's counting on being high hog  
while in N.Y.C 168 stopped death in '66 Thanksgiving smog  
-20,000 a day in 1980/ They say-  
..

PASS GO IN EL Bo SHOES & KEEP SQUARELY

AROUND BENT ON BEING A HEEL

..

• •  
O come to us way off day  
ah, income day  
of time off in course of rest

All the loneliness of affected cheer  
seizes this well-coming end of the year

O backslap absolution day  
O permissive ear

•  
The charm of life asserts the watering lawn  
Good Morning Pioneer

Nothing out-going need come back on  
all night recurring dreams have threatened to reappear

•  
O Happy New Year  
from your morning overcoat to your midnight underwear  
O tap sap slappy year

O happy peers  
a time survived thru poisoned brine of winter tears  
we bake a winter bread  
& celebrate with crust the time ahead

life is nowhere near  
the Nova Year

though sunsets burn out the view  
O happy hills & seas the days renew  
O have peace a way  
Out to no mean end this day  
Not out nor means awry distended array  
O lovely feast awakening  
Hallelu Year / Hurray

• • •  
**GO-GETTERS BUTTER UP MANY A MILKTOAST**

**& MOST TURN OUT TO BE ABLE**

• • •  
LEA  
• • • • •

## THE PLAIN INARTICULATELY LONELY BLACKS

Well -- beauty is everybody's existential delusion, and/or the wishingwell of feelings from which beauty is invoked in response to tokens of tribute, or pearly rocks, and/or thrown kisses, is in the garden of the human psyche. OR, one drops the seed of the self-created flower (value) of his wish in the Well. This, of course, is the Garden of the Gods where all values grow & flourish, or otherwise, according to one's nature & the nourishment of same.

### Plain -- & proceeding--

This wishingwell we note is the most frequented attraction in the garden, because said garden always augurs growth. It affords, if you can get it, a kind of package deal, in effect: comfort, self-expression (articulation), prestige/success, & perhaps love, or the building of it - towards it - on the foundation of the beautiful referent event. Can you get all this for a few cents? Or free? Sure, now & then. But, after wishing in the primed Well, you must go off & work along the lines of known activation, or of historical, logical efficacy.

The "plainness" of the black experience is due to the small incidence of liberated creative black individuals -- the Spirituals, Folk Songs, & Jazz notwithstanding. The identities of a great number of creative blacks are lost to record. But there are others - names - we know: Marcus Garvey, Malcolm X, W.E.B. Dubois. The latter was an intellectual giant of at least that equivalent in individualism. More, he was a universal man, perhaps as self-activated (or actualized) as was "humanly possible" in his case -- because blackness is only a part of one's identity, and also because the plantation vestiges are tenacious & enduring, & escape ever tempting.

Plainness, however, seeks to build - to work out - its own beautiful vision -- because its plaudits do not proceed by consensus just by its being. It seeks to beautify the world & itself by works; whereas, the "beautiful" (as we commonly use the term) are overly prone to be wallflowers. These do not grow in the garden as a rule.

Dr. Martin Luther King must be mentioned among those whose impact gave goodly impetus toward black self-embrace, who helped to create an atmosphere that made a garden for black creditable in burdened psyches burgeoning energies for individualism. But this commendable degree of influence gives not quite the focus on the individual psyche that unequivocally affirms self-embrace.

Dr. King was a very godly man, for sure. But somewhat like W. E.B. Dubois (for other reasons) and because of his short years, irretrievably ensnared in Western indoctrination. How does one escape the white image depictions of God & Christ, & the Saints, cherubs & angels? How does a Southern Baptist minister, the son of a prominent Southern Baptist minister, transcend the insidious effect of historical images (how otherwise seen, and inescapably SEEN) in every verse on every page of the Bible, read & re-read, & heard, & studied (and a straight-A postgraduate student), plus other religious readings ad infinitum -- in addition to an horrendous amount of secular material recounting the greatness of the Western World (and this is not to say that it isn't great, it is rather a matter of invidious comparisons)? How would a young, bright black fellow grow into self-embrace with regard to that specific dimension - my black identity - among the elite plantation "house" types of Montgomery, Ala., covetous of all crumbs of dignity, upon whom the minister was materially & socially dependent -- from the early Thirties thru 1955? And after ---?

Can we see any of these entertaining a respectable notion of a black Christ? Such a figure as the short, black, very humble look-



ing black Christ as Brother Michael has displayed in his bookstore in Harlem for years would undoubtedly even now be an object of derision for those blacks who grew up in glass houses in Jimcrow Valley, overlooked by the perennial white World's Fair. It is not a matter of the "basic nature"(quality) of such persons (if we may suggest such inference) but of inexorable indoctrination.

An interesting sidelight of Dr. King in this area is that he seemingly chose to attend Boston U. in pursuit of his doctorate. And the choice of that University was the presence of Dr. Brightman & Dr. Dewolf, proponents of the Philosophy of Personalism (e.g. that the personality, finite & infinite, is the only reality, and/or that the individual takes priority over the state, doctrinaire institutionalism, etc.).

This position would support the individualism of the artist, if such support were necessary, and of independent black idealism out of the bonds of racism, as well. And my subject herein concerns both, but without benefit of Personalism. It is not a necessary exposure for a creative personality (or a "self-made" man, which I'm not). However, it can be appreciated that a frustrated highly "conformed" personality might seize upon it as a "respectable" way out of his dilemma, to become a creative individual.

It is entirely possible that this is roughly what happened in the case of Dr. King. In fact, in her book of recollections (My Life with Martin Luther King, Jr., Holt, Rinehart & Winston, '69), Mrs. King recalls Dr. King as saying that it (Personalism) was his basic philosophical position, admitting of a personal God and the dignity of all human personality.

Clearly enough, this could support a giant step in an age of expressionism. And it could also mean that Dr. King - say - from Morehouse thru Crozer and Boston U. & thereafter was evolving into the creative individual (no longer the "plain" bright minister's son) was growing and developing to become the artist at life. Plunging back into the insularity of Montgomery in '54, then gradually but dynamically from 12/55 to April 4, '68, we can see him flowering into the universal man by thrust of individualism. It is highly creditable.

But was he at some time near or moving toward black self-embrace?

But what we can be sure of is that Dr. King gave considerable impetus to blacks. And this is true in spite of such ludicrousness as his being stabbed in a Harlem store by a black woman, who among other things no doubt resented his "uppitiness." And that was in 1958, not 1858 or 1758.

It would be reasonable to assume that some of the followers of Dr. King were launched on the road to self-embrace. One can assume also that the influences of W.E.B. Dubois, Marcus Garvey, Malcolm X, Elijah Muhammed -- the poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar; the educator, Mary Bethune; the scholar, Alain Locke, & numerous others -- have helped to create an atmosphere in our time and locality for potentially the greatest legend of influence in the history of black Americana.

To whatever legends there may be ( & there aren't many that are solidly prestigious within this author's ken), for manly prowess & charisma - one Siegfried type - I am tempted to add just one other name. Muhammed Ali.

The phenomenal rise to fame of Muhammed Ali is almost chronologically co-incident with the latter day surge of black consciousness. One might speculate that some combination of events of this awakening has given to Ali the fabric for stature which he has enhanced to the point of becoming the greatest living legend of our times. Potentially, it will surpass that of John Henry. I think it has already surpassed that of Joe Louis.

Most figures of great legend are not very well recorded, if they existed at all. In today's world, the news media will handily shrink most legend material. And it is also more difficult to get others to cooperate with the script for putting a budding legend through his

paces, or to limit the perspective to that of one storyteller. If Samson were around today he might still do okay as a fellow many have heard about but few have seen in action except the reporter-promoter Howard Cosell. Ali has Howard Cosell AND Budd Schulberg, among others.

Muhammed Ali at a time of critical impetus to black self-embrace is a beautiful force of extensive fascination (& magnetism)-- at a time of choice of orientation as per integration to a vanishing point (because there would seem to be little hope of a black flowering creatively charming enough for self-embrace and enchanting enough to be substantially irresistible for those world quality seekers for whom variety is life's enrichment), or ---. He is the foremost black "I am beautiful" proponent of our times. But there an Achilles' heel in the psyche.

It was reported that during the fight with Joe Frazier, Ali said, "I'm gonna kill you, nigger." This, rightly according to Frazier, "inspired me." And it was clearly a mistake on the part of Ali (if it happened). Though Ali is a "yalla" and Frazier a "blackie," Frazier was nowise brutalized by racism to the point of despair, and so to see in Ali that intrepid devastating enemy against whom one might as well lie down. The detonation of will to resist backfired, whether or not Ali assumed the subconscious white role. And Frazier was given the courage of desperation.

It is axiomatic that in combat one does not do this; one tries to psych the enemy into thinking that you'll be generously humane. Or if you've frightened him nearly to death up to the point of the contest in which he's forced to engage, you offer to let him save face by some show of resistance. And never threaten to kill him.

"I'm gonna kill you, Uncle Tom," would have worked inversely.

I don't think that the general intent of this name-calling is to give the courage of desperation; although this may be a small piece of it on some occasions, as if to say, "How can you stand that categorized condition? Why don't you charge the cannons, and liberate me, and give me the referent self-respect?" The degree of vituperation usually accompanying this epithet would seem to belie all constructive intent, even on the subconscious level. The more apparent purpose would seem to be to waste - to obliterate - any source of self-respect the other might have, advising that he does not even belong to himself, that he has no right to - no grounds for - any independent will, that, in effect, "You are MY (property) nigger, my slave," or subject to the same ego-shattering whip as me.

On several corners of Harlem and other places, one is sometimes momentarily a captive audience to the exhortation, "Die! Niggers die!" with varied accentuation. Apparently the reader, or speaker, sees this as a recipe to attract crowds, storming in for an immunization shot. Apparently, the exhorter has run up a big medical bill for self-hate treatment, and has resorted to the dispensation of quack medicine - a hustle - run on naive John Doe Black (like the dealers in trinkets bought downtown; like the swindle for Manhattan Island, continuing in the guise of your friendly outsider's neighborhood store). The exhorter will also buy himself something nice to further salve his wounds, enriching the merchant who pays the racist protection service that generates the poison that the exhorter buys retail and sells sur-retail.

But, also, the exhorter is calling for help. Help me! "I'm a prisoner in a white psychic concentration camp, being exterminated by black self-hate. Either I cannibalize on you or devour myself."

But the brutalized won't die to oblige each other or the enemy - the other enemy - very readily. And to request it of another member is like an admission of the leprosy of self-extermination, and requesting some one to die in one's stead. It is more difficult to face death in ignominy than when presumably to be afforded decent burial & commemoration. The greater avoidance of shame - of



the public obliteration of the ego of those who never established their humanity to their own satisfaction, nor were boosted by acclaim - makes the greatest cowards, and the greatest reaction-formation narcissists. There is little will to fight; there is a fierce wish to annihilate. And the will to live is categorical. As long as there is life there is at least an illusion that someday somehow one will be vindicated -- will be acknowledged as being SOMEBODY. Meantime the ego can salve its wounds on the death - the absolute reduction to social nothing - of others, the ludicrous condition to be avoided by any and all recourses of desperation.

The irony here is in that the improved group prestige would produce better fighters, thru improved morale, spris de corps. But an enhanced self-evaluation & confident comradeship is the key to morale.

The Uncle Toms, the "house" types, the traitors, stool pigeons, etc. have historically taken the easier way out of the need to fight and/or for constructive action. They have identified with the whites. They have become two-faced, sycophantic, and greedy materialists marketing the same brand - retail & sur-retail - of exploitation.

When the common expression, "If you can't beat em join em" is acted upon a priori, and one becomes the enemy's spittoon cleaner, one's position is too prima facie despicable. And everybody has to know this. And, accordingly, one's company is loathesome - leper-like - so much so that all anyone ever wants therefrom is a laugh & your earnings as spittoon cleaner. In case you make it big, of course, other spittoon cleaners will envy you the price tags you can afford, and/or even the leeches you attract. Your masters may even envy your industry & freight, of which it may not be politic to dispossess you. But the envy can be removed by arranging for you to die.

The schizophrenia of black-to-black "nigger" may be as incurable as the general clinical case (& similarly saddled with paranoia - the fear of being bypassed & left as one of the only few remaining; so each time you think you see another, you hail him with some mockish enthusiasm). But the disease must certainly be attacked - treated - in the present generation (of blacks). Priority treatment should be given to blacks who would seem to be a resistant culture of it. After which I don't think it would enjoy a very long life.

The trick of the black becoming psychically the white oppressor when slurring this vituperative is like the bark of the trained watch dog - white dog - guarding his sleeping master's hunting cache from wild dogs & wolves & hungry natives. It is the native scout who wakes up the sleeping imperialists to warn them that his clansmen are on the march to drive out the whites. The slur apparently gives the whip hand; he is the black overseer, the master's bully boy in the field. His hatred gives harrowing fierceness to the blows, unsparringly administered. He can be a terrifying figure because there is no reasoning with him; he is all brute & beast being consumed by self-hate, and terrorized at the prospect of losing the whip hand to a new bully boy or to one of his own victims. In consequence, he is the greatest sycophant before the master. His obeisance is such as must further brutalize the egos of his back-scarred victims. But he is compelled; otherwise the master will grow distrustful of him, and that could be fatal. So he is quick to mock & jeer at others, and quick to his knees -- let there be no glimmer of doubt that you possess me body & soul; I must grow weak before you & tremble, prostrate myself, to flatter & please you because I am so helpless (weak)(ugly) in your masterful (strong)(beautiful) presence; I am ashamed & cowed & uncomfortable until it is clear that I am in no way your rival but your footstool, compliant (servant)(slave)(awe-struck idiot) whipping boy man friday.

When the oppressor has a fecal image (as all repressors do) to repressively whip - a Jonathan Swift man who would not be reconciled to certain facts of humanity's anal necessity and/or the second stage of Freudian psychosexual development - we Toms can offer our black-

brown behinds, and maybe get something out of this rejection bit (I wonder if Swift enjoyed tobacco). We can turn up the symbolic tail & get socked, otherwise, and laugh along when booted in the rear. This follows the belief that the best defence is total defencelessness. Defence from what? Only the illusory ignominy of death remains. Is anyone here threatened with death?

Why fear death so much? Certainly not those religious ones! But, threatened or not, oh yes, that's right -- you have to keep in condition.

If blacks are so admixible, should whites give up such a per-versely good thing? Anyone for the couch?

Whether tis nobler in mind to have a complexion resembling healthy feces or like one who has jaundice is a waste matter to be devoutly examined. But perhaps it isn't a matter for "plain" as for poetic talk. A difference in part in that the world may not have provided good propts. The case is, in fact, that much of the romantic illusion comes to us from the adventures of the Egyptian Gods & Goddesses, thru the Greek Mount Olympus & the Roman counterpart, the Norse Edda & the German Nibelungenlied, down to J. Wolfgang Von Goethe's 18th Century triumph, The Sorrows of Young Werther -- with allowances for the Shakespeare and Rousseau. The dash, fury, the dynamic enthrallments, the enchanting light fantastic - rhapsodies of love & its unfortunate poet, its he-man god & knight & cavalier - of these myths & legends & tales, and depictions & fictions of all the lords & ladies of all the elegant courts & courtships of mystery & history have propt illusions for some, for all time. And for others, there should be other artists. And there are, of course -- Japanese, Chinese, Indian ---

One might say that this is the age of the plain - Naturalism & beyond. I would submit, however, that there is a plane at which creative sensibilities positively decline to sensate, which is the low attitude plane of the inadmissibility of personal enchantment which has not even yet had its day, while others, tacitly & otherwise, boast in high attitude putting-on-airplane of propt over jet.

And with that I leave the waste matter to psycho-chemical treatment, and the reader to seek out my discourse on the subject elsewhere -- R.S.V.P.

The self-hate of some blacks (not merely the poorest, most ignorant, most brutalized) gives an abysmal index of what psychically can happen to a human being, of what a human being can nourish within himself inimical to himself and still be in love with life -- still be desperately in love with himself (flesh & aspirations) which self he so obviously loathes to embrace (himself as per another. And yet we can note that if he is injured, like other human beings, he will hug & pet & favor that part of his physicality; he will rave & shout & demand treatment, if it seems necessary, may curse the proverbial blue streak anyone seemingly slow about looking after him - as if not considering him human or important or susceptible to pain. And he may take special license against other blacks in this regard, and give them his opinion of them vis-a-vis himself: They are carried away with their self-importance; they think they are better than he - for education & position, but they're nothing but Toms & Nth degrees, and he'd like to kill every one of the s-o-o-b's, etc. He would seem neither to know nor care about the effect - the utterly disgusting effect, demoralizing effect - of such railery upon the blacks trying to service him and other blacks like him, to service him considerably & professionally because in spite of himself he is to be considered a human being.

Of course, such instances are almost nil where service is being purchased directly. The individual not only generally shows more respects for the professionals, he also has greater respect for the rights of others to be serviced; though, of course, there are those who would their pain & discomfort out of proportion - to say that their humanity is particularly sensitive - and psych the profession-

<sup>1</sup>Footnote, p.48.



als, and/or maybe some others will relinquish their priority. But, as well, continuous brutalization, by self and others, aside from creating a paranoia, may contribute to very low thresholds of frustration, patience, etc. And the exposure of professionals over long to this type of stimulus will undoubtedly harden them and breed contempt and the desire to punish, to strike back, however dedicated initially. Then there are those whose dispositions and/or prior experience already constitute a contemptuous attitude. But methinks they are relatively few. However the multiplicity of clientele - exposure to endless columns of the wretched, tempest-tossed, personality impoverished, is in itself demoralizing and generative of a loss of the sense of qualitative importance of one's function, and the loss of satisfaction in job-performance along with continued and cumulative physical & mental enervation.

Yesterday's complainant may return today with apologies and show considerably more patience, or he may even make a nuisance of himself apologizing to everybody; it is difficult to undo such damage. Or he may look for his apologies to purchase him early service & special consideration, and before long flare up again because the "courtesies" are working on these Nth degree Toms who can't appreciate people being nice to them. And one gets a good idea of the magic he attributes to his words, and the payback he expects from other blacks if he can just work himself up to uttering a few amenities.

What can we imagine the same fellow expects from whites thru fawning & sycophancy & indiscriminate castigation of his fellows, seemingly oblivious of the inevitable inclusion of himself -- to the corner cop, the retailer, bus & auto passengers, to the world? What does the white world pay for this scenario? In the mind of the wretched, I think the only hope of pay is being allowed to survive thru the oppressor's systematic massacre of all the other blacks -- to be treated as the good stool pigeon ("It was me who told you niggers ain't shit, who put you onto the fact that--- who sorta gave you the go-ahead"). Of course, he doesn't explicitly see ALL other blacks eliminated. Whom will he lord it over (e.g. "the hand that signed the paper") besides the dead? With whom will he sleep? But what does he gain? Is it just an expression of impotent perverse emotionalism?

Apparently it is little more than a salve for the paranoia of being JimCrow's Enemy Number 1; it is a kind of maneuver to get removed from the list of those next for the gas chambers, a postponement that perhaps can have an indefinitely extended number of sequels. The "I" must survive; the "I" requires a lifetime yet --- during which things are to change dramatically.

How can it be? one may ask. We are, of course, focussing on the most wretched of blacks. But the gerund circumstance applies to a great many -- action and reaction as we have witnessed abroad, & in literature & on stage, etc. The more enchanted can walk the streets & be outraged; we wouldn't believe it -- so vastly humiliating, willfully, defiantly the venom pistolwhips out, even from the mouths of kindergartners; already they have learned to step into the shoes of the oppressor and flagellate the self they stepped out of and others of that definitive image. There is small grandeur of blacks in their own eyes.

But we must relish a taste of the poison in our own mouths, like every murderer, everyone who kills, must relish the taste as a bit of immunity against his own death. Every bigot must relish his own polarity to such victimization as he perpetrates. Therefore may we find a "passer" among the most vehemently bigotted, and thereby the black schizophrenic and/or the mixedbreed among the foremost propagators of the brutalization from which they attempt to aboutface. The further removed from identification as victim material the more these fellows are to tempt their own death, teasing, mocking it, daring it to kill him on the same grounds ("nah, nah, you can't catch me"). It's like a kind of child's game, during the impotent, the incapacitated, the crippled kid or small fry to run after one - the drunk to

vindicate himself - & right the unnatural imbalance, the human circumstance askew.

Then, too, a degree of delusion of being in a position to give to charity - of being able to afford giving the enemy a weapon he might very well use against one - must be entertained - except for reckless defiance, or the delusion of absolute identification. The latter would suppose an essentially inviolable asylum for defectors. Of course, there is no such thing. But when one is willing to walk on one's soul to incite the laughter & derision of others, and for some facsimile of acceptance - as the quiescent, innocuous, prostrate clown (some kids in grade school used to act similarly) - it has to be supposed that one sees an all-sheltering womb somewhere in the offering, and/or that fear & hate have compounded one insane.

Our vituperative is also the great equalizer. It is like the whore's concourse; all who happen into her sphere of movement are subsumed scores. And if you refuse service, whereas you were supposed a man (perhaps flattered for the purpose) and no real man would scorn it, you are a faggot (Uncle Tom), the worse kind of vermin, a worm. The only importance you could HAVE would be as a score -- to provide a steppingstone, a floor mat, to boost my ego & fill my coffers.

Some readers may have heard that the word in question is sometimes used to denote affection, as between male & female. I doubt that this can be other than a manifestation of the love-slave context, with implications of wish fulfillment, or in such a case of defined roles -- a sado-masochistic framework, a lever to trigger the exploitative setting. Such roles also inhere where other contexts preclude racism, such as with the fatal fascination, the head-over-heels state of helplessness, the rape incidence, & with the consensus-ruled perverted compulsions.

No doubt, for some, the notion is charged with a multiplicity of vicarious & highly titillating associations. But, in the main, the mechanics here are the same as in the general flagellation: The black becomes the white for the purpose of dealing with another black in the most peremptory, supercilious, & ego-satisfying way -- reflecting the helpless black condition of bondage, & of ante- & post-bellum oppression.

To entertain the term in an affectionate context would seem like the Jews building a love palace on the site of Auschwitz Concentration Camp. One would expect a solemn memorial to the stalwarts who did not (Tom & fawn) curse their God & parents & fellows for admitting of this humiliation. But, just so, blacks can take little pride in any circumstance with reference to Slavery. And, just so, in the last desperate resort we hear a boast about survival. Who survived? Not Nat Turners or Denmark Vesseys. But, yes, there is at least one circumstance for more than the inverse Existentialism:

The murderer should not be the proudest among men, but much less reason has the compliant slave for pride when his master is a murderer. It cannot be told how many run-away slaves took their lives into their own hands by so doing, but we know that some did, some number as caused a furor. Nor do we know the exact number of slave revolts in the States, but those we know numbered in the hundreds; though few were ultimately successful, and, of course, none on the order of John Brown's dream. Similarly, we do not know how many inventors & miscellaneous talents somehow bloomed in spite of slavery or failed to develop, but we know there were some (refer to J. A. Rogers, World's greatest Men & Women of Color). We also know that some 200,000 black troops served in the Union Army from 1863-'65 (Re: Dubois, Black Reconstruction in America) when the opportunity came to assert whether one wanted to be slave or free. And that number was roughly five percent of all blacks in the Country, including women & children, the elderly and the non-able-bodied. It is about half the number of dead suffered by the U.S. in W.W. II.

Of course, some small number of blacks fought for the Confeder-



acy. There are an estimated 6,000 black slave-holders -- of nearly a quarter-million free blacks -- in the South at the outbreak of the War. Their slaves were, of course, black. Most of these 6,000 with some of their conscripted fought for Slavery. But one needn't get uptight about that.

No doubt blacks are different. How different? Wherein? This Century, too, has seen humanity become disenchanted with itself. And such is even compoundedly a setback to the self-embrace of the historically defamed. Still, it is imperative that blacks get out of the rented concentration camps of the perpetual bellum, and reject all derogatory vestiges of other's grand illusions. The innumerable dead of Passage & Perpetual Bellum should have a fitting memorial, and their descendants should be forever free of the curse of the oppressor. All instruments of torture & dehumanization spawned by that setting should be on exhibit only -- less we forget -- but not employed as household pointers for the rearing of this or any other generation.

In my capacity as editor, I have eliminated the opprobrious term from all material appearing in Beau-Cocoa. And I have not had a great deal of hassle from writers about it. One African fellow did remind me that there was a movement afoot to make it popular, just as "black" has become popular. I question the perspective. Is it to say that I might be used to describe the night, or a black tulip, or wine, or coffee -- the color of a dress, suit, car, book? Time was, it was always written n-----r, but seemingly it became less necessary for us to count the calories in regard to our racial diabetes, so we were permitted the whole sweet "nigger." And the babies say that they want to keep this candy. I told my African friend that I would not contribute any further toward making it fashionable, and that I am surely not intrigued by the prospect of becoming old-fashioned.

On the subject of names, one might consider just how long "black" will endure -- survive as a respectable appellation. I had asked one scholar some years back just how important he thought it to condemn the use of "Negro." I didn't think it was very important; since I had been in the Philippines with Negritos, who probably won't switch (change), and there are Nigerians who probably won't change (but, they might). Very important, he said -- because of connotations in the context of HAVING BEEN NAMED, and not by the ancestors. So, I more or less bought that. But I cannot yet see the end of this, nor do I know what "Negro" becomes in Spanish (Portuguese?) except maybe with a small "n," "negro" for black. Now, "black" I understand is from an old Anglo-Saxon word with terrible connotations (as one might expect re: ethnocentrism). Nevertheless, fundamentally, it merely names a color -- quite neutral, one should think. But are Indians to be reds & Chinese yellows, & who knows what else for others?

On the national level, blacks might settle for Afro-American (a term long in use but not very popular for some reason), and others Afro- this & that. But it seems rather a hedgepodge. Logically, I anticipate a new naming from the father-motherland, blessed by the ancestors & all that, maybe a Bantu word for 'he-who-was-carried-across-the-sea-to-lost-his-words,' or 'he-who-couldn't-love-himself-for 400-years-until-given-new-word(s) (beauti-force)-power.'

Muhammed Ali changed his name (beauti-force) from Cassius Clay. But some descendants of the slave masters, and other grand illusionists & their sycophant Uncle Toms, won't hear of it. You gotta keep your style & everything about you under my jurisdiction, you know, boy. You gotta remain with my property tag, totally -- under the psychic diminishment of my whip as the offspring of my slave.

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I (fr.p.44) The ego's offense here thru-out is perpetrated upon it; the obsessional desire to live longer arises from the sense of not having lived fully; initially, it had to "delegate" "his" its humanity; nothing would compensate for this but the "perfect" mate -- quite apart from being sickness & old age. Thusly, we are psychic cripples; the "fee" pay to be male OR female purchases over-(half-self)-assertiveness & aggression. The value of this dichotomy is dubious in view of man's "perior" reasoning powers; sustaining it, we are helpless victims of moreso than the "lower" animals; aggression may be imperative here, at some point culture should displace aggression.

A certain type of wisenheimer & intellectual is fond of saying "All is vanity." And no matter the efforts he employs in stealing the deed and cornering the market on this hiatus, in full view yet, he fervently hopes that you will take his credo seriously.

My father was born in '88 (there were no autos then) and died in 1970. He tried hard to be an individual but never made it, just as I haven't; though he never tried as hard & persistently as me. In particular, he didn't take no stuff from nobody. But I know the he in his teens -- as I in mine -- never thought he would live so long trying but never making the life he wanted. And as between the two of us, overlapping 30-ish years, there isn't much credit left to the adage that 'you can't keep a good man down.' You can keep a good PEOPLE down -- for a long, long time. And if you manage it a few score years, they'll perish & you can deposit them in an unmarked grave. So, father was vain for 82 years, about.

We could uncover a lot of famous biographies going back to '88, and with a little salt added lift our cups. We could be general about it, or we could be selective. For instance, Paul Robeson was born in '98, Duke Ellington in '99, Ralph Bunche in '04, and so on.

I thought father would have made a good singer, but he said he couldn't; it meant clowning. He could dance, too; no, same thing. He boxed, ran track. Probably around his middle twenties he thought about being a lawyer. And that sort of remained his life-long ambition; though he didn't work at it. His name, by the way, was James A. Taylor. J.B. Taylor was the first black to win an Olympic Gold Medal, London, 1908, 1600-Meter Relay. Jack Johnson was born about 1878. Oscar DePriest, the first black to serve in Congress from the North (1928-'34), was born in the decade following the Civil War. I have a brother named DePriest, born in '29. Father had six boys & two girls. Only the youngest son became the lawyer.

A person who considers man's concerns as vanity should have no psychic problems with success & failure, except possibly in the sphere of human relations. To say that even that is vanity would seem to do violence to at least the tender needs of the very young. But perhaps it too. I have heard that the vanity is the intellectual evaluation but that man, frail & puny & rent by failings, lives on a lower plane, the emotional. Not the same as the "feeling" plane, the emotional plane has little or nothing to do with values; whereas "feelings" ARE (suppose to be) value-oriented.

There is a tender moment in the spring of life when humanity does not concur to proclaim vanity. But it is also an unknowable age & state, as when fools rush in. Yet it is precisely those days that are the most psychically weighted as a rule, that spawns the projections never forgotten, & remain through-out life the focus of greatest nostalgia.

The man in the barbershop told me, Whatever all is it is all there is; if you want something else you'll have to create it out of guess-what. And when you do, you take your guess-what and give me all, and nothing less than all.

Sometimes it seems men play nonsense syllable games in high policy-making places.

At any rate, if you buy the super-sale on vanity, you have expressed a value-judgment that makes yourself its product of conspicuous consumption. If you buy that, you can have "might is right" as lagniappe from the rich & powerful who then have the right to you. Our cultural progress has recently entered a concentrated stage of single-use throw-away indices. Do you believe in life hereafter?

Pride, they say, is one of the greatest vanities -- worthless, empty, futile, valueless. Are you proud of anything -- except your number of handy disposables? Imagine a disposable race pride? In black & white or other colors? Never use it more than once. It's unsanitary, & anti-labor, anti-high-standard-of-living, & anti-all is-vanity.

The last time I saw the most famous vanity fellow I know, he



was trying to wish away time (I can't wait) to get to a forthcoming event, also an accident he had suffered a few hours earlier, & some face pimples that were lingering.

In the follow-thru, it would be vanity to even bother considering this question. And we would come to a standstill.

But let us consider the premise that motion is the State in which we find ALL. There are two principal kingdoms in this State, broken down into smaller political (taxonomic) units to families, genera, & species. One kingdom, however, is seen as somewhat of a "puppet" entity, & a 3rd kingdom as a slave labor (Apartheid) supply.

This (ALL in motion) State is governed by principles (constitution) of hot & cold, & attraction & repulsion as modified by speed. It is multi-cultural, a society in which some constituents nevertheless appear to enjoy more apparent independence than others. And this is particularly true of one large family, expressly regarding one species of which is engaged in continuous political intra-species & intra-species-State struggles. Overall, this species seem more "in charge" but more transient, and are called Transients. All of the other constituents of the State are called Permanents, because of their lesser degree of apparent independence; although the idea derives mainly from the condition of the 3rd kingdom.

The Transients here are busy trying to make the Permanents work for them so that they (the Transients) can become more permanent (slow down & live longer) & better enjoy their tenure. Nevertheless, they must operate within the principles. They do not, however, have absolute knowledge of the minutiae (small print) of the principles; so they have a cadre of researchers (lawyers) continually digging for clarification & loopholes, mostly hoping to prove existing principles sustain a margin of error & promulgate others more favorable to what they & their clients are about.

Occasionally they stumble onto a new element (useful role for a Permanent) more or less within the principles. Sometimes this new element can be made stable (harnessed); other times the element is unstable & dangerous.

Now, after long, they have learned that (& how?) to split the smallest constituent of permanent ALL yields tremendous benefits favoring their ends -- if employed in an uncertain certain way. That is, potentially, all cultures can be fed into the fire in support of the leisure & longevity of the Transients.

In consequence, the Transients seem more "in charge" than ever, being able to turn ALL schizophrenically against self (& intra-species enemies) & get the most slave labor & exploitative utility out of ALL. Yes? No, not quite.

There is virtually an intra-species civil war over the issue of exploitation, and full mobilization demands continued exploitation. Also, ALL never do enough work to satisfy; so the furies continue at trying to get more work out of ALL. Meantime, ALL are suffering poorer health, dwindling, wasting away, etc., though capable of going on a while yet.

Shortly, the Transients are seriously worried about the future of ALL. If ALL is wasted, what State will Transient off-spring be in 20 or 30 years hence? How long can ALL last this way? And the effects on Transient life & health already give pause. Is Transient life really being prolonged & made more comfortable? What has gone wrong? Is it basically that there are too many Transients? Could we get away with genocide, outright, of some sub-species & take over their Permanents? What are the odds? But, in that case, where will it end? Could it be --- Shh! -- that there are any Transients at all is the problem?

But Transients haven't really violated any principles, have we? Is some gross error of misinterpretation responsible? But, after all, motion IS a sound principle(State). Why should there be arbitrary SPEED limits? And, then, in the long run, does it matter?

But maybe we're working too hard at bringing it about, when we should be working hard to forestal it. Maybe there IS too great a margin for error in our life-style. Can we countenance that? That is, SPEED limits (Adjustments)? Does this mean the same as adjusting to the environment, and waiting out the slow inevitable end? Then, is all REALLY vanity?

No, it can't be. The future hold too much of fascinating promise (in some respects / And wouldn't we be crowning many glorious achievements with this gigantic admission of error? Wouldn't we lose our children's respect?). But exactly what turn of wheels ---

What push of buttons? If we only knew. If we only could say. Isn't there much of value in what we are about? Are we to blunt our wills (for power) just when so much power, almost infinite power, is practically under our buttons? If we only knew more machine exactly. Where are all the wise men? Where is all the wise men's wisdom? We don't know! We don't know! Speak! Speak!

Mathematician: Since E equals MC square, I see no mathematical reason for granting full equality to the masses, who're only elementarily a-rhythm metrical beyond absolute zero and being square to them is a putdown

Historian: Events have proven that currents do not stop or change course of themselves

Politician: Merry meandering is not the way we voted ourselves into office and became great

Geneticist: To my mind, hygienes equal determinism; which we can improve by greater suburban development & subsidized commutations

Biophysicist: Referring back to my colleague's concept of Absolute Zero, anyone for some Cold Duck?

Militarist: Pass the bottle. Gentlemen, my troops are ready to put down any bulletproof blend of hysteria & bootleg corn bonded by Satan the masses could ferment.

Biochemist: A hot angle might be to round instead of squaring the high gene putter noose and twirl or hang on a whole-hog-in-one attempt.

Social Psychologist: The guess-stultifying inhere a stimulus-response syndrome of a fuse to a doomsday machine blowing "Dixie".

Economist: I resent that, and those other decadent remarks. The omission of a bullwhip to the backbreaking prosperity fall-off curve is directly attributable to liberal meddling in our dealings with marxed deckies.

Token Permanent: I agree with all yall; progress is what bank-account (I couldn't face a dip in salary, my wife couldn't (permanent wave and would start snooping into my (rise in hours.).

1st Philosopher: A wise Permanent once said, "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step."

Others: He's putting us in a kindergarten class now. They never had it within reach; got wasted by a bunch of gnomes on midget ponies. They didn't even have sense enough to put gunpowder to work, much less the cosmos.

2nd Philosopher: Each step in a passage to eternity should be weighed in terms of its value in this its time & place.

Others: Nonsense! Why, we'd be like blind men with a rattling stick!

1st Philosopher: Man is not altogether blind. Were it so, as in the case of a blind man, yielding to a desire to run would make him a fool, and an abyss makes a fool of a man without sight a broken body without life.



Others: Ahh! Blind man, bogle man --- we ain't ascaared, Misters Poupous Pilate-seeing-eye-doggy-friars

Parliamentarian: Well, gentle men & ladies, while it is true that man is not blind, nevertheless, all of his proceedings have been recorded without beneficence of foresight, generally with political overtones, and these not admirable blessed with insight. Therefore, I rule in favor of rigid rules of order.

Politician: 'I rule in favor of better rules or order.' That doesn't mean a damn thing.

Parliamentarian: I said 'more RIGID rules,' and I don't take to being stooped --- stooped to --er-- squat for ---er -- being made a laughing stock

Others: (Laughter) -- a stocky stack on a stick

2nd

Philosopher: Well, if we do not know the ultimate value of our efforts, but see them going awry at present --- do not know the ultimate value of EXISTENCE, but feel (believe?) it is of some (durational?) value -- and SPEED is a violator of, or threatens to be a violator of, our present existence, shouldn't we impose 'speed limits' & discipline our drives?

Biophysicist: Yes, relative to regeneration, by natural means, drunken drivers & female experimental chemists are wasting much of our natural (Permanent) resources.

It is now quite apparent to the reader - if not before - that what "ALL" is is not yet answerable -- humanly knowlegeable. This can be frightening. Looking out upon our world we run into Marx and Veblen. Aggrandizement & a kind of conspicuous consumption seem to be hurrying us to ruin. And yet consumption seems cosmically inevitable. I have elsewhere even represented beauty as a consuming event, and existence as something on the menu of time.

Then, the most encompassing certainty of human existence is that "ALL" is unknown. A student may think his teacher knows all, but his teacher knows better. It is not even certain that ALL is humanly knowable. In fact, most scholars would not give it the affirmative. If like Superman, we had X-ray vision our sense of sight would tell us more, provided we also enjoyed human vision. But we would also need cosmic ray vision and radio ray vision to make the 'clear day you can see forever.' Even so, This SIGHT would not constitute knowing ALL any more than human vision constitutes all human knowledge. What's more, what there is to know is not stationary.

So it is better that we concern ourselves with a human ALL and have a patience about this and with ourselves. Vanity now becomes intelligible. It is the wasting of, the gamble with, the risk to human resource in pursuing extra-human - superhuman - worldly & other-worldly aims to booster personal greatness (human vanity), and/or representing an importance of personal duels, rivalries, ambitions, and/or competitions that admit of violence to the general welfare, in itself or by its example.

We have, in fact, been asking two questions: What is ALL? And of what VALUE is it? This latter consideration is inescapably more bound by the limits of human experience because it necessarily has FEELING tones; whereas the answer to the former question would first give us a matter or relationship whose value we would then attempt to determine. This is somewhat analogous to shopping in a foreign marketplace. We see something, or hear of it; we ask what it is (called, related to, & of what good (use) is it. Is it sweet, sour, or what will it do? Is it superior or inferior to related items, es- thetically or utilitarianly? A newly discovered item may suggest a value or use to which it is completely inimical when one learns WHAT

properties it contains. But once the properties are determined, at least broadly, different uses for it may develop over a period of time. Still, we cannot say that nothing that isn't known is of any value, may not in fact be serving some very useful purpose in a con- text not yet known & understood. The fact of our not knowing may even be of positive importance wherein if we knew we would most likely assign or emphasize the wrong value relationship. This re- lates to the order in which discoveries are made which isn't inde- pendent of the value-oriented area of search.

In the contest between safe makers & safe crackers, for example, the order of discovery proceeds from the positive, as it were, to the negative; whereas, in the contest of survival against aggressive weapons, the order proceeds from the negative to the positive. At any rate, this is the way it seems. Now, if safe crackers bothered to keep ahead of safe makers, safe making would go out of style or safe-crackers would become safe makers & safe cracking would lose perhaps unrecoverable distance -- until or unless safe makers decided to be- come safe crackers. In weaponry, similarly, defense could discour- age offense until the crossover. This crossover is essentially the preponderance of key wills devoted to the one or the other. In our day, of course, the line between defensive & aggressive weapons blur. And what is apparent is that it is much easier to make a catastrophic weapon of aggression than to defend against it; so defense becomes woven with offense in the making of a larger supply of ever mor cata- strophic weapons. Conceivably, however, given a long moratorium, de- fense could catch up and rule out the use of existing weapons, both in terms of the effectiveness of the weapons and in terms of man's value-orientation.

Ignorance is bliss in regard to the unknown that would disserve if known. And knowledge is equally blissful in regard to the known that diserves. However, cultivated ignorance as a phenomenon of an imperfect world does not recommend itself. On the individual level, it merely shifts responsibility; intergroup it creates a vacuum for exploitation, and overall would impose arbitrary limits on a gener- ally accepted, recognized, value, and would be stultifying. It the use to which new knowledge is put that must ultimately bear the rub if we are to countenance free will. However, the process of discov- ery should not involve, or threaten to involve, the violation of ex- isting (inalienable?) values -- as when a society enslaves humans to speed up and/or sustain its pace of technological development, or drafts human guinea pigs, or calculatedly frustrates some in their pursuit of happiness to maintain an artificial standard for others, or admit corruption in pursuit of great relative conspicuous con- sumption, or allow the wasting of natural resources, contamination, pollution, etc. to sustain a purported high living standard. etc. All these latter are vanities that man need not embrace as consti- tuting the meaning of existence. There is a blatant inherent ludic- rousness in such style, and, further, the violence done to man's highest values from time to time, generation to generation, is not lost on the ruthless & ambitious who would embrace the same vanities in a context that allows free will to run amuck. It is another van- ity for men to enrich themselves at the expense of others and then impose restrictions with ethical overtones against a repetitious of that enrichment process. (We have seen this latter in terms of land grabbing & claim jumping; we also see it in the area of the develop- ment of atomic weapons, testing, etc. The possessors of the advanced knowledge boast, but as other countries develop their own & test, the species gets more radio active & paranoid; consequently, it would seem to have been a bad example.)

So, whether one is prepared to waste millions of humanity for the sake of other millions, or one for millions, should be consid- ered both by its rule to serve as universal law (Kant's Categorical Imperative) in terms of service to humanity, and by its allowance for infinite repetition. That is, one has to virtually eliminate exceptions to the rule, & exceptions to exceptions, on down the line.



We may come into conflict in referring to Kant with regard to our emphasis on human happiness. That is, if Kant's "duty" is in the realm of what we have considered vain, nowise should happiness be disregarded in performance of it. On the (ethical) "happiness" scale, duty is to happiness what vanity is to failure (unhappiness). As for science, it cannot be considered as a living entity with free & inviolable will. It is a product of men who are fallible and not possessed of absolute knowledge (or total perspective). It should then serve in no other capacity than as contributory toward the assurance of the continuation of man, science itself (knowledge), & optimal human comfort.

Finally, reaching as far as my confused cerebral organization will allow, we can try on one final analogy by way of sharply focusing upon the meaning & value of human existence.

OVERALL EXISTENCE is an indescribably (for lacking exact & associative referents) gigantic, involved & dimensionally complex condition/event of nakedness pervading all space/time. This is difficult to imagine, but we can think of it on the order of a most multi-manifoldly complex dream. It is all encompassing EXPERIENCE, intelligible equivalent in human values to a FEELING of truth, beauty, goodness.

For HUMANITY, this nakedness is too great, vast, too emotionally charged to behold (experience); therefore, we have something like a REPRESSION, but not by human will, cosmically. Naked EXISTENCE is beneath a FABRIC experientially limiting of exposure to human sensory-conceptual extensions. We see (experience) the fabric. Efforts to see beyond the fabric risk madness, but in disciplined contexts contribute to at least the illusion of evolutionary development. This fabric is woven of patterns & designs intelligible to human sensory-conceptual faculties, i.e., is this composit experience.

HUMANITY assigns itself the task of creating of this EXPERIENCE the patterns we see definitively, according to the emphasis of design (s), which consists of a kind of programming (or mechanization of weaving & patterning the fabric) to provide each unit of (in) Existence a fundamental (social) organization of self beneath the fabric & within the pattern (cultural style = ways of doing things).

We therefore live in a PENUMBRA of total EXISTENCE, i.e., screened by patterns & sensory/conceptual faculties. Or, the patterns present us with figure(s) thru which to see the field (event); senses must most often define field (event) as circumscribed by figures and in terms of their own limited faculties.

As indicated, in present human condition, total experience of (sun) field would be too much, too much to organize, consuming, etc., maddening, as to make humanly intelligible & treat with creatively (though, if experienced, is not humanly definable).

(NOTE: Designating this existence in penumbra is to say that in nakedness - as naked as we can definably get - there are still at least two fabrics between us &, as it were, the thing-in-itself, total reality.)

Though what there is of Existence is too much for the human, that which is available to experience is sufficient to require the working of all faculties at all times. If desirable, this is not possible. However, more often the individual design is to shield itself from some experiences, just as our "fabrics" shield him from total experience. There is sometimes a tendency to build a wall, or "get in a shell."

Patterns (cultures) propose to emphasize a (diminutive) design of overall Existence, structurally & functionally to facilitate its experience. The emphasis is characterized by definitions, i.e., definition = experience = knowledge. Thus, Overall Design is to have knowledge (total information = all definitives of communication & expression).

KNOWLEDGE must be had in historical context, e.g., history of patterns & designs & on INTERPERSONAL basis -- because definitive experience is at least four dimensional (event) of space/time. And one cannot be in all places at all times, be both observer & observed, action-reaction, stimulus & response. Knowledge must therefore be sifted thru a SOCIAL screen. This is as between Existence, overall, and knowledge there is definition (interpretation?) in a social context; which means, in effect, that all patterns & designs are social patterns & designs, down to & including the individual. And the screening of fabric patterns to individual is personality determinant, i.e., pattern(s) - culture(s) - what individual design should be.

With this conglomerate of patterns & designs integrated into the individual, we might wonder what the individual is, theoretically, apart from them. We know that we can make a distinction between environment & heredity. And everything foregoing except the individual's sensory/conceptual faculties, the organs themselves, is environmentally determined. One can imagine a state of hypnosis wherein these organs function efficiency is socially determined, but we are not to get into that except in broad general terms. There is an uncertain SELECTIVITY. In accordance with our formulations, separate existence sponsors a selectivity, generally by degree, which determines the known & the unknown -- the defined & the undefined, integrated experience (knowledge) & non-integrated experience. In this respect, the individual is some expression of the overall & of his inner design.

We can posit that whereas the overall design, defined by pattern (culture) is more artificial structure & impersonal relationship (or, as living entity, it is the most CONFORMING - or more conforming - & is "patternly" separate existence), it is thereby ommissive of any one individual's personal creative expression. The individual is most at variance with culture as a whole, more than any subgrouping, he is at least potentially a society of one -- an anarchist, deviant, with no identical twin (personality). This is exemplified by efforts to define an AVERAGE MAN. Therefore, each individual's inner design would a somewhat different Existence, experience, knowledge.

But we must stick with the cultural determinant for modal behavior, because the PATTERN defines the WAY; the degree of on-going indulgence - of integration into personality is another matter. The individual Existence is a variant predicated upon space/time experience and, as it were, the sensitivity of individual faculties.

(NOTE: It would seem that a baby born to members of one culture if raised in another would not be behaviorally distinct modally from members of the adopted culture, but quite distinct from members of the parent culture. Therefore, wherein biological differences between human beings are scientifically negligible, we would seem justified in anticipating a science of human behavior. However, there are biological areas of unpredictability as well, in degree if not in kind, i.e., as to illnesses he will suffer, how tall, fat, etc., & as to exceptional physical & physiological (& psychological) abilities.)

We must consider DESIGN now in greater particular. Design for what? Existence is defined by knowledge; it is knowledge of communicative & especially EXPRESSIVE experience.

We say that the individual favors PATTERNS OF THE FABRIC that better "suit" him (the pun is almost always intended -- for my purposes which I hope the reader shares). The "suiting" is his need to SAY something, to EXPRESS (himself) something (his existence). Broadly, his inner design is to be (experience) total definitive existence (expressive of total information). Knowledge is existence.

The greatest knowledge is "to know I am alive" - bounded, unbounded, & by what - and to be able to EXPRESS this event; which means to treat with it creatively, to respond in a way transcending that for which I am programmed by other non-strictly personal patterns & designs.



This knowledge of myself communicated to me within myself & thru my relationships with others, with which I treat creatively into self-expression, represents a "tool" and a pattern; it is like a book given one to read. One must read it and integrate its communication into the self, and thereby grow -- enlarge upon existence.

I should know & others know I am alive by certain given (patterned) guidelines = communication. I should know by the expression of my design that I LIVE BECAUSE I GROW, and others thru close affinity of my design & theirs admit of my increase. We grow together by this increase = mutual definitive expression. This growth "weighs" existence. The preferred process is thesis, metathesis, genesis.

The artist is expected to have a vision greater than human existence. And his expressive composition is touched with immortality. There is no saying HOW immortal, but it is to be beauty for a while. He does not merely hold a mirror or take a picture; he expresses the greater existence existence of himself effected by the vision, the creative process, and its resolution.

The scientist enlarges upon the "communicative media" of existence, defines new patterns & variations of design. He may objectify & analyse expressive content of fabric & design, determining of what these consist for the purpose of integrating knowledge. There is no saying how immortal his contribution may be; taken as truth and/or beauty, as with the artist's, it may (and should?) give way to greater truth and/or beauty with new metathesis.

From the overall pattern down thru (institutional) subpatterns supportive of existence & continuance, we arrive at the individual. In general, patterns end here; they have been integrated or not. The individual may display a "pattern" of life-style or behavior, but he is more nearly ALL DESIGN. We could, of course, represent sub-individual patterns of nervous system, digestive, respiratory, etc., all within the fabric of flesh (skin, aura), all subject to the function of one brain, and, one might add, one "heart." He is an entity in pursuit of basic fulfillments for principally air, food, water, shelter, rest, and in a broad sense, for self-expression. A particular pattern could be designated for each, but all are necessary for the "life" of the individual. A question of priority does, however, occur. There are seemingly two foremost purposive leaders of human existence. One concerns the development of the central nervous system with its highly specialized brain. The other concerns the age-old purport of existence, the propagation of the species. Both are apparently vital to human existence, but it would seem that only one is capable of growth. Inasmuch as growth is the usual requisite of success, if the brain is not the key to the ultimate garden of Existence, then a stubborn hiatus at the outer reaches of human conception yawns at the futility of even our line of development.

The major exception to patterns at the individual level is that which we might call the social defense or ego-defense pattern. This in effect is an identity defense, which from time to time must deal with many uprisings (aliases past & reputations & personality developments future). These assaults are matters of non-integrated & unsuccessful designs. And the apparent fact of this ultimate pattern may, seem to suggest what resides at the finite end of Existence, or the anatomy of Essence.

It was suggested earlier that Overall Existence re: intelligibility is complexly dreamlike. The anatomy of a dream seems to highlight anxieties, hopes, and glimpses of memory -- is integrative & resolving to admit of the least disturbance of rest, allowing that life must continue in the duration. It is "screen" between "life & death," a fabric of demarcation that nevertheless is woven of the "real & unreal." "Death" is perhaps the most non-integrated design; it is doubtful in fact if it can be considered a design at all in the normal course of life, except that it presents a phase of "complete" relief and rest. "Dead tired" suggests this, as does "dead on my feet." "Scared to death" suggests a design to retreat for relief. In reference to the latter, we note that with the development of the ego only

retreat retreat is finalized in death; while the apparent interim retreat to the womb - a still-alive state - seems largely non-integrated design. Although all "retreats" are womb surrogates, the ego (of the "older child" & adults would seem more ready to accommodate itself to non-being than to completely yield its independence to become incorporated in the helpless state of the womb (similarly, one of the strongest arguments for eathanasia is that the helpless state of advanced age & sickness - & unrelieved pain in some cases - robs the individual of dignity, when no real hope of improvement obtains).

The ego, as it were, "fabricates" an independent existence, on which basis we are to treat with "reality." It would seem the only focal basis for overall social effectiveness. The fear of death, as the disinclination for rest is built into the ego. This ego is synonymous with mortal life. It aspires to be perpetual motion - fast & slow - and to be the sole identifying agent of the living individual. It would deny the dreamlike by forgetfulness, just as it denies & forgets identity-alien & painful events of wakeful life.

In the dream state, the total personality asserts itself - total existence - over the slow motion ego. Existence is re-integrated. The question arises as to why this ego-alienation in wakeful Existence. Is human life then too artificial, too "fabricated" of patterns & designs? And/or are the outer events of this human existence proceeding at too fast a pace for the integrating event of psychic resources? Are we offtrack? proceeding too fast, in spite of the "guaranteed" faculty for propagation of the species, trying to cram too much into a single life-time at the expense of proper development? Couldn't we achieve a more qualitative degree of progress thru greater inter-cooperation, reduced rivalries & competitions? Knowing we are mortal, can we become immortal by compounding life events? Have we fabricated "time" and made it the enemy instead of the helpful guideline, the master instead of the tool? Because it is a hard tool to master?

Where Existence is "information," human life is "knowledge," & death is the "unknown." And I would submit that there is a psychic design to know it. By knowing it, self-expression can positively assert itself in relation to it. While it remains unknown & unacceptable to the ego, self-expression is accordingly limited to ego-information.

The design to know death is attributed to the design for self-expression because it is seen that self-expression is the individual's ultimate value scale. It weighs the significance of his existence, & he is accordingly tasked to RESOLVE it. The human propensity in this respect is the CREATION OF SOMETHING IMMORTAL. And most commonly in this pursuit the resolution takes the form of a baby = propagation of the species. The other recourses are mainly thru the creation of art objects, inventions, discoveries, and thru the impress of a reputation or name.

The baby is seen as a potential "chain-reacting" event, and it is hoped that a part of the ego can be entrusted thereto.

Dreams lift things (events) out of (common) time & place (space), apparently following a logic (design) of the total psyche (for complete information), to self-in"form" properly (?) & express the essence of the new integration. This expression, hopefully, effects the elusive happiness (of life in a slow motion, properly integrative overall event).

The idea here is that at both the finite & infinite ends of Existence, Existence is self-informed, & enjoys an integrative logic of space-time transcendent information, and is accordingly space-time transcendentally self-creation & procreative.

Reality now becomes something else. Most "fabrics" & patterns become markedly fictitious, in effect, like the illusion of a line dividing sea or land & sky called "horizon." But like the horizon the fabrics demarcate our furthest (focussed) perspective from a given vantage point. There should be a "corridor" thru this maze of fabrics & patterns, that the innermost design of the individual can



sustain a bifocal view of defined relation to undefined Existence. And all fabrics should be spread for the "good" (favorable) wind to bear us further out upon the sea of Existence, thereby enlarging upon human knowledge & information.

Of course, if Existence is dreamlike, to the nearest humanly intelligible, it would be similar to energy (no one would be having this dream, it would be something like "self-acting imagination"). Dreams as we know them are abstract & exist in time & space. Our logical problem is regarding this abstract element.

Energy is not exactly abstract because it can be observed at work, i.e., kinetic energy. Potential energy is more abstract because it is not performing any work. It can only be seen, as it were, as being ready for (to) work. An amount of energy is required & expended by a dream; so we could say that a dream exists in space, time definable by an increment of energy over (during) a period of rest. Applying just this much analogously to Existence, we have Existence as a restful (sleep) dream, and with that a continual dreaming, occasioned by a disturbing build up of energy resulting from another need for informational integration. The continuous rest (in basic degree) generates energy infinitely. Of course, the question occurs as to the "form" of the energy. And I wish I could do better than an implied play on words, but I must suggest that the "form" of energy is in "information."

Everything we know of as concrete is, of course, reducible - & convertible - to energy. That is not so much the problem as the baboo about the "beginning & the end."

Obviously, the whole problem can be said to be a lack of information. But more narrowly there is the consideration that energy works or "burns" away to "nothing" -- entropy. "Nothing" is itself a logical contradiction (as is said of death), but appears to be at least theoretically acceptable. But is it more logical to think of "something" becoming "nothing" than to think of "nothing" becoming "something?" In our usual manner of thinking, "nothing" becoming "something" is allowing for one contradiction of logic & refusing to let go of its tiger's tail. The idea of "nothing" serves a convenience, as does the Arab notion of "zero" at which the remaining world laughed for four hundred years. But modern physics has topped this with a notion of "Absolute Zero." It is equally theoretical although not yet as useful. A substance (gas) at this temperature (273.16 degrees C.) would possess no heat whatsoever, would in fact disappear = absolute consumption = forever(?). Such a temperature has thus far not been found to exist in our natural world, nor has anyone been able to artifact such a state exactly -- but nearly, within millions of a degree above it. If such could be done, at least theoretically & within the ken of present knowledge, we would have a perfect "nothing."

What this implies for purposes here is that possibly energy, upon reaching a certain state of exhaustion, rests (& will not be roused except by a logic of its own "resolution." Above "nothing" there is always SOME motion (of molecules); the hotter it is the faster the motion; at "absolute zero" all motion ceases, complete rest (=death?).

(Note: The Pygmies of the Congo at one time had no word for "sick." When one was sick, they said something to the effect of, "he's dead." One "dies" in some degree from illness (temporarily). So one can be "a little dead, medium dead, pretty dead, very dead," or "dead forever" = DEAD).

The irony foremost in the search for purposiveness is that man's foremost preoccupation is a lament for his lacking immortality. There would be little or no concern about purposiveness otherwise. Things (events) could proceed quite as they do presently, with man acting perhaps like the old Greek Gods, fickle, profligate, prodigal, etc. But if mortality would seem to introduce the vanity, that sort of immortality would go a bit further to introduce madness.

Gathering up all our fabrics and removing them - with them go the patterns & designs - we would not then have non-Existence but immortality. But for many reasons this state (event) is incompatible with present humanity. "Fabrics" are therefore necessary; it is only a question of kind & degree of opacity (or translucence). However, the "corridor" mentioned earlier would be essentially "fabricless" (or, shall we say "transparent, essentially?"). Through here one goes naked (to the womb of Existence). Naked is the way to rest, sleep - to die & be buried (& the art of dignity in this needs cultivating). Naked is a "wearerver" & all-purpose, information-fitting social & (communicative/expressive) good "suit."

We have come thru the cosmological analogy (an anthropomorphic behavioral scheme), and having done so should perceive wherein some margin for futility - vanity - obtains and where not. Principally, where "designs" seek to enlarge upon existence - to creatively constructively treat with "information" - without increasing in kind or degree the ills & evils & brutalizing patterns but rather to attempt to diminish them, vanity becomes insignificant.

On the other hand, when we hear someone petulantly, irascibly, declare that he is not a do-gooder (not made of anything great, just a plain joe, and cherishes life, and will do anything to conjure himself some increase), & dislikes & distrusts anyone who is (seems) otherwise, that's vanity.

The right to life, liberty, & pursuit of happiness is ethically by "right" designs, not categorical (political, etc.). There are some laws among us that speak somewhat to this effect - & moral codes. But getting around these is often credited with a badge of "honor."

And the problem of using the cop-out of enlarging upon corruption for the sake of progeny is that this "chain-reaction" get us (keeps us) in hell. There is no guarantee on the contingency of progeny; so passing the buck is poor economics. And the shortage of human quantity is less appreciable than the obverse.

Each one begins with himself to re-assert the enchantment.

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Ceremonies related to the wishwell are many, necessarily involving the expenditure of time & psychic as well as material resources. However, there are the spendthrifts, the prodigals, the laziness infected, and the never-do-wells who are continually defeating their purpose. There are also the pessimists and those lacking in minimal self-esteem who, though desirous of the well's blessing, do not believe that there is a god of the well who would favor them & theirs under any competitive circumstance. But they are generally ready to believe that there is a devil who is always willing to grant wishes for souls.

There are also the complacent ones, the narcissistic & the egomaniac who see the blessings of the well as a "right" - inalienable - and do not believe any work is required of them, or should be required. And yet they sustain a sultry evil disposition, and are quite apparently unbeautiful & unhappy.

Even so, those who labor at getting their wish are sometimes heartbreakingly disappointed. And perhaps this uncertainty & frustration is largely to blame for a brutal world. The gods are fickle & perverse. Which thought we can't just leave with, Oh well.

As well, we suffer an educative -- exposure, experiential - fault oftentimes. Obviously, the psyche of any given individual is some part (potentially, at least) exclusive property. It is a personal & subjective world in & around which garden (Eden) the jungle & the ghetto may reek of evils. And the industrial, highly technological-societal fall-out may provide a substantial part of its no-nourishment.

We sometimes note a person of apparent crude rudiments (experi-



ednce, ed., upbringing) "putting on airs" (being affected). His perception & sensibilities re: his flowers (values) have been stained & distorted by the techno-ill-logical fall-out, though his intentions are not readily faulted. He is like the slaves in Plato's cave. There may also be a slight gravitational disrefraction of images causing him to see a Mercedes parked at the curb of his ghetto home as quite fitting to the picture.

But he is trying to escape "plainness," to stand above the crowd. To the extent of plaudits' juxtapositional time of ego-boasting, why isn't it that most black males & females PREFER - not LIKE - each other's romantic partnership? Isn't it because "black" is too "plain?" Most everybody wants grandeur (illusion of it, at least), profundity (if they can get it), and the trimmings that say something about "having arrived."

Women, of course, do a big calculated bit of "putting on airs" by way of trying to register as something special (true, also, because the double standard makes them the "moral standard bearers," & because like mankind advertising many of them "wait" to be chosen). And many men will go for even the most garish of affectations - a tinsel type of illusion (the other nauseating exterior of women is affecting the eternally pleasant abidingly charming personage; when you sense the affect, it hurts).

White women - & men - are of course born & bred to put on airs, especially where blacks are concerned. Some people pay their fee in counterfeit for this license, but the apparent referent legitimacy is an establishment of cultural acquisition, something equatable with status and/or life-chances. There is, apart from sex & race, a hierarchy: The college grad does it to the H.S. grad, the H.S. grad to the dropout -- the white collar to the blue collar, and so on. And, of course, the rich lords it over the poor. There is much apparent need abroad to affect a basis for telling the other guy he must approach hat-in-hand, after getting permission.

The problem with the wishingwell is that, as one would expect, it breeds & propagates superstitions. It lends much impetus to quackery, gimmickery, fadism, etc., & illusion-delusion-making. Although we mustn't overlook that certain steps or degrees of wishes are fairly regularly achieved thru work. Nevertheless, illusion-making is doubtless "big business" & a furious & desperate pursuit at which many go mad (bankrupt).

We know generally what we should acquire to have a going business - an education, know-how & a stake (maybe credit). Usually, we are jobbers selling know-how. On the other hand, the artistic person - singer, dancer - even if quite good may not make it. This applies as well to the greatest illusion-makers, apart from commercial advertisers, the writers, painters, musicians. They are credited with being able to "create" beauty, quite like the (god) power of the well. Even so, "society" is selective of those among them whom it will admit to "make it." Not all the gods are in equal favor, ever, anywhere.

There is little doubt that illusion-making is seen by many as the most promising builder of "big business." We know that all commercials attempt to strike a pose of giving us something we want along with the purchase of something we don't need. As well, all the insane have cultivated a personal illusion (delusion) to be beautiful (this garden grows the wierdest flowers - dailian, Twilight zoned). Everyone interested in a mate (or another) tries on his best illusion. And there is an illusion suit (impression) to be created for every - especially higher echelon - job & position.

The products of some artists sometimes appear "mad," as well as the artist perhaps, by dint of his personal vision (illusion) focussed upon & pursued. But madness is not always apparent.

These latter persons attempt to create a new flower ( we are allowing that flowers are the most beauti-forceful items of the garden, but it could be a landscape garden, rock garden, etc.).

They experiment with new seed elements, planting it in the garden, watering it from the wishingwell, and partaking of some ceremonies at the well in its behalf (like baptising their creative hands in the water, saying the magic name-word, tossing in some of the creative matter, or soil -- and so forth).

Before going further the notion of "beauti-force" should be explained, as used above. It is conceived as a descriptive, allowing that "beauty" & the "beautiful" are special events & of limited duration. The "force" is like gravitation, continuous (more than less). And "beauty" in this relationship is predicated upon "attractiveness" proceeding to some good order (so that the sun & moon & stars revolve about you and/or your beloved?).

"Beauti-charm" would be the alternative consideration (unless we combine the two, which in fact would be desirable but complicated). The two together make a good descriptive of man-woman typing, "charm" denoting a generally more passive role. "Beauti-charm" is also constituted of a magnetism, and proceeds to make the sun rise or set ( whichever you situationally prefer).

The idea of "force" allows for the substitution of "energy," and again we can utilize the distinction of kinetic & potential. The "beauty event" is kinetic; "force" & "charm" are potential.

(Note: The roots of the word "Esthetics" = the study of beauty - from Greek define perception, motion, & sensitivity. These root definitives would be accented in the words synesthesia, kinesthesia, & esthesia, respectively. In other words, the suggestion is that beauty is not inextricable from motion. I say it is. We will not get involved in refinements of "motion's" definitions. But, after saying that everything is in motion, we note that "beauty" is not a matter of fast or slow motion (though this is a factor in perception, i.e., being able to see what's happening) but of the "sinews" of motion, and the resolution of it as a whole. So that sexo-esthetically, the resolution follows a good (self-expressive) dance of life in that, as it were, one's whole being "melts into motion.")

Everyone then - to our woe or to our well wishes - engages in the conjuration (illusion-making) for self and/or social acceptance. Everyone also seeks an individuation, a highly personal referent, to say that "I am John Doe, and there is no one else exactly like me - now or ever. I am unique -- for the achievement of my self-information (self-expression)," for the cultivation of his or her garden, enviable & inimitable landscaping.

But how does one get started - with substance(s) - to let there be a garden, with plants & landscaping, with a wishingwell that favors one's values & dreams (self-love)? How to do this so that one's very own wishes are granted in accordance with one's works, so as to create an order of attraction of oneself?

What is wanted is style (life-style, identity, self-image enhancement). Initially, one has little choice of that with which to work. You begin with home, parents, siblings, greater family, friends, & other constituents of the environment, including the communications media, and one's hereditary endowments. In other words, one may come rather naked to the need & prospect of creating a garden. But there is still a minute degree, at least in design, to which one is an individual. And it is probably better to say that one has been "total exposure" rather than "all acceptance" with regard to his cultural milieu. And this has occurred during a learning period (acculturation) required to equip one to function effectively. The refinements of individuation & personal esthetic (& axiology) for pleasure & pain, beauty & ugliness, await a further development, proceeding from a growing consciousness of self as apart from others (though like others), differences mainly in degree. While the "good" & "bad" inhere partly from personal perspective complementing & extenuating that swallowed whole as moral fibre.

So, naked, one takes the garments offered -- and dresses up



like a Chinaman, cowboy, Indian, Eskimo, or is dressed. One takes the language, the food, the toys, etc. One takes fascination in mannerisms, games, habits, & ready-made illusions; all of which is a cross sectioned cultural piece of human behavior. We learn many things by imitating others and aspire to become what others are. This is as true as individuals are different. We also "force" ourselves (are forced) to become "acceptable," -- admired, praised, etc., instead of rejected, condemned, punished, etc. by personal design.

The imitation, copying of style, is also the route of the maturing creative (artistic) person. Most often, whether painter, singer, or what, he is first "trapped" by his (learned) fascination for the styles (illusions) of others (in his minority, of course, he may also be awed). Only thru growth & hard work is he able to develop an independent (personal) style. Even so, sometimes it is not very difficult to name his (fascinations) "influences." Nor does he always achieve an excellent jell (synthesis) or genesis.

Again, it is more difficult to be creative than to imitate -- more difficult to "stand alone" than to go along with the crowd, to be independent than to be dependent, to be "just another person" than to be an individual. Nevertheless, each of us must wade thru (outgrow, work off, out of) a plethora of learned behavioral responses & referents while learning to become discerning enough and bold (individual) enough to be self-informed & self-expressive.

Then, after listening to the world, we have to listen to ourselves. Having heard in relation to others, we must hear in relation to self. Our senses are deceiving AND subjective reporters. We have to learn to hear the self that others hear, and see the self that others see, to better know & be self-informed, and to utilize these faculties to greater overall effect. Our voices sound different to others than to our own ears, and we are inclined to confuse how we feel with how we look, and vice versa. Our scent evades us considerably (breath especially). We are not as intelligent about touch (tactility) as are the blind because our world is structured for visual primacy. And many things we claim to like by taste we clearly couldn't distinguish by taste from similar items.

Our susceptibility to propaganda is also considerable, because logic is two-faced, and we are often not self-informed. We prefer being "invaded" & stamped too often rather than to seek our own understanding. Our orientation many times is just a catchword or phrase, our opinions reserved until we find out what most others think. We have pretended to a sense of humor that would boldly laugh & sometimes titter at any slight individual variations -- as the manner of someone styling their blackness. Only a few minutes ago red & black were a hilarious combination, or contemptible. You weren't dressed unless you wore a hat. Must the ladies still wear high heel shoes to be dressed? How high? Only a moment ago I was told (by a West Indian) that if I wore my hair more than an inch above the forehead I was trying to be white (some of my associates shaved their heads & went out with white girls. They now have more Afro plumage than me). Some fellows today affect to wear an Afro comb permanently embedded in the bush.

We all know that styles change; this is not a point of criticism. But who changes them? Do you change or are you changed? Is good humor really so shortlived? Do we laugh because it's really funny or because we are not self-informed?

The inability to isolate the self, to commune with the self & proceed to self-understanding, knowledge & self-embrace, sustains a disorientation the constitutes a brain-washing of the potential for individualism -- for sound personal identity, psychic security & self-respect. And this is often nourished by a hurly-burly pursuit of materialism, and "relaxing" in the atmosphere of the other fellow's propaganda, as well as by a cultivated myopia of anxiety that devaluation will result from evaluation and compound the state of

have-not -- because of life-long learned defamation responses.

But the task of becoming significantly individuated is not completed at the point of embraced design to be come self-informed. This is just the initial necessary success -- in pursuit of purposive (surromantic) survival (of individualism). Here begins the experiments to create the new flower(ing).

The implication here should be strong that creativity is the indispensable ingredient (pursuit) for the building of self-respect & identity. It would seem apparent. What is there in the existing world tailor-made for a 20 Century black? It is hardly suiting to become the event of yesterday's African. This creativity builds a scale of "true weight" for the weighing of values with reference to one's preferred milieu-- as in the creation of one's world, or the making of a culture, building a civilization, or decorating & arranging one's home or apartment to one's liking. Our environment should reflect our design, our self-regard -- as self-informed people.

From the investiture of referents of this creative individuation the articulated self-expression emanates, the perspective of self sustains analysis, and the interplay of stimulus-response between internal & external substantives admits of the generative creative articulation. Illusions & magnificent obsessions are yet preferable to murder & suicide.

Impress: the macrocosm as soundly as one has been impressed.

## THE INARTICULATE

ARTICULATION is an extension of self. One must first have a self, know the self; otherwise, one is at best a robot or an expensive hi-fi. Most people could be articulate except for redundancies & repetitions, and except for fears of censorship. The redundancies & repetitions are a hodge-podge of cliches, analogous to the needle arm -- each time it raises its hand it's to repeat something it's heard.

Most of us have found ourselves in a situation where everyone wanted to talk (at once). And those who speak first say more or less what we had in mind. And that's that. We sit feeling stupid and/or cheated; while the other sits feeling smart & "with it." The analytical juices of the group are early to dry up, except that someone may not have heard (or pretend they didn't) or understood or may not be in agreement. Then, after long, the audience comes away saying, "Nothing new, same old hogwash."

On the other hand, witnesses to an incident tell about as many versions as there are witnesses. But under cross examination they usually become uncertain (unless they have a vested interest), and begin to wonder if they're betraying some inner censorable design.

The aim of extensions is to resolve loneliness, achieving self-expression thru growth, and vice versa. Through the promotion of self-beautification one "feels" desirable and (if in the right orbit) generates a consequent magnetism for desirables, eliminating undesirables in the process.

Self-expression is the substance of generative magnetism. When for some blacks' needle arm can't get beyond "niggers ain't shit," this may be an exercise in masochism on the end of a reverse spear AND self-expression, but it is quite a different pole of generative repellents. It is difficult to find an atmosphere of black love songs. There seems an horrendous stumbling block -- obstacle -- of criticism and ingenious put-down, which seem to say that there is little commendable & beautiful to sing about. And yet there are songs. But too often there is too much to forgive of euphemistic



legends of mammas & papas & whores & hustlers & cleaning women & butlers & addicts, & even policemen, etc. a. There is very little to the sweethearts, mothers, fathers, siblings, friends and the millions who constitute the group -- all of whom are somehow related and/or associated with mothers, fathers, sweethearts, etc. -- that would lead one to think that you would have been followed down the block & laughed at from every window a moment ago if you wore a kinky beard and/or a bush (plum) two inches high. Afroes are still "long," in fact.

There is little to lead one to conclude that the "wisdom" of the group conditioned the young to survive, as we are told, by being unloving, and at least as rejecting as the whites -- addended by self-hate & bludgeoned by cynicism & hopelessness.

And yet there has always been a will to sing the Afro love song. There has always been a deep design for brotherhood. There has been a need to believe in the essential comfort & security of group surroundings, in the more genuine quality of group talents, in the superiority of group "soul," in the preferred magnetism of group guys & dolls. What, then, is/was the problem of black self-embrace? Is/was it the problem of looking within (tell me I've got soul when I know no reason for my having it and I may not dare look)? Is/was it the inability to touch any beauty within to project upon the group -- because of being unSELF-informed, but rather by the enemy and by the competitors informed?

Sixteen years ago I wrote a long poem entitled "Black In Search of Beauty." There has been little like it since, if anything. It has found few imitators, unfortunately. One reason, however, is that it was not widely published, and not until 1969. Why such a theme in '66-7? I had to become a creative individual. I wanted to be a writer, a poet. I had written some fiction, a few picaresque novels, but moving characters about on paper without getting involved with the question of myself was empty; though certainly I had not yet become proficient at it.

But this did not tell what I was. There was not an "open black literary market" at that time (it is only more open now). And the works of most black writers could not stand analysis by a black audience. At best, a black writer could perhaps read one or two passages of a work of two or three hundred pages that had any bearing whatsoever on the black man's search for "soul." With very few exceptions, and these mostly biographical, it was almost impossible to read any creative work that suggested the black man as other than a brutalized subhuman begging permission to sit among & learn to act like whites -- by the grace of a more gentle qualitative cultural exposure.

In these long eventful years since, there has yet not been a definitive first rate creative work on black self-embrace. No other has as yet entered the phase of the "search" with the commitment & talent requisite for new flowering. Why? Again: He must project the beauty within himself for the embrace of himself as a black. No mere retelling of a "Slavery to Freedom" story, no mere celebration of "we created Jazz," no phoney legends about the cherubic gentility, & love, & wisdom of black mothers, etc. a., amounts to the self-informed communion with the inner black.

We have set out to quantify happenstance referents to artifact an external structure of grandiosity, the admiration of which is to inspire the fortitude for a moment's (inner) self-reflection. We here have the normal commercial gestalt: If you see nothing admirable on the outside, why bother to look inside? Who Dares? when it is the self on the scale of values? Isn't it better (easier!) to adopt the dispositional attitude that being weighed by the other fellow on his scale leaves nothing to do but send up an eternal cry of being cheated? And/or create an inferential legend about our own super-social integrity?

This does not lead to the SELF informed. There is hardly room for an iota of self-expression. No matter how fast one moves along with the technological developments on the "scale" of white suprem-

acy, you are not going to get closer to your black self informed.

The point of Black History, of course, is primarily to advise us that we have had different beginnings -- different responses (somewhere back there, & along). It is that we wish to determine wherein the difference constitutes human significance now that we are willing to allow some difference -- by a grace that need not assure further to exclude the dreaded embarrassment. And the mandate has gone out. We are willing even to fight for this curricular inclusion. But yesterday we thought we should try to prove no significant difference existed. And perhaps it doesn't, but the attempt to prove it was futile. Tomorrow we will surely realize that the truly significant identity is constituted of our relationship to the Universal Existence -- that in the history bag we will be playing second or third fiddle in the orchestra of "white heaven" in the human event's main concert, which is always NOW, without a creative self INFORMED.

MY self-expression must be exceedingly more than an attempt to delineate the substance of an external existing pattern. Under analysis, I find the world cast of me ego-alien. I am schizoid, one part to be effective, one part withdrawn. The objectivity of the world is inadequate to inform me (to re-form me). The head-shrinker only offers to reconcile my "withdrawn" part with "reality." MY reality is within my own grasp (and I attain it almost without grasping -- as the Zen Buddhists prescribe), unless I am too weak -- too fiercely proscriptive & self-deprecating -- to entertain the humanity of my thinking-feeling-tasting smelling-hearing-seeing 24-hour information center: To know how it runs itself, from where & when comes the information & to what effect.

The first consideration is not who wants to know the kind of info I may dispense. It is: What kind of info do I have? And what kind do I want? This constitutes what I am (or will be), my identity, & REAL self-respect. Like everything (body) else, I am one information center. Therefore, if I am not my own unique self (info center), I am "no new information."

This may all seem obvious, but it isn't in view of the evidence of behavior. Look again at the audience, the assembly, of those-who-speak-first-say-what-the-rest-had-in-mind. The same thing has been happening in the arts.

We blacks have not really been messiahs, but it would seem that we have been more concerned about the "lost" or "fallen" souls than about those trying to peep thru the church windows, and about the "shut-ins" known to be in need of the spirit. The bible tells that God is Love, and the penalty for not loving God is eternal hell. Tons of manuscript pour regularly thru the mails from black writers who lament: "Why do they hate me so?" Should we not rather speak of the glories of "my father's house?"

You have heard that if you can't seem to know your dreams something is repressed? Dr. King had a dream / to fulfil / & overcome. Not everyone can hypnotize himself & become self-informed, & thru the fabric of artificial aspirations perceive Existence. But the perspective of self-value is there, in relation to one's designs. The superior psychic resource has obvious advantage, but everyone has the fabric of the social milieu to overcome. The social milieu leads one to pursue emulation to achieve self, which is like running forward to catch the past. Nearly the whole of life is so structured when the past is cluttered with minute detail, the importance of which we are socially advised. For most, this is the prolonged barrier to the development of the creative self, to the SELF informed.

Our children go to school and are drilled in lessons. After school they do a little homework, and then turn to the TV for entertainment information. They grow up, work eight hours daily on a job, come home, and turn on the TV, or, alternatively, occupy them selves with lay-out games, work or school talk with cronies, and the like. About the only time they have to themselves is when



to sleep. For that they are programmed. They are trying to be Batman. How early everyone must learn that the world is inadequate to his needs, which should be the clue to start the process to develop the creative self. Instead, we are encouraged to believe that it is all here for us & can be gained thru imitation & emulation. And those who are not well equipped for that become rebellious dropouts or depressives. We parents in effect are giving assurances as if we have done our thing to make the world adequate & beautiful, and therefore have every right to expect the child to accept the existing patterns & be enthusiastically emulative. Nevermind our own unhappiness; it is due to our having had to make sacrifices for him (her, them), or because we didn't have the OPPORTUNITY.

The dream (the self-community) is potentially that event of me greater than any I can conceive while embroiled in the patterns. My capacity over all obstacles is then, over time & space. I am advised of what I WOULD do/be if I could make the choice, if I can find the means or build the alternative. I should work with this substance. This is the greatest challenge of Existence, to live WITH & BY the self informed. Anything less is much the greater artificiality. The matter of vanity insinuates itself into the artificial life to monstrous proportions. And if one cannot be himself who is there to be as a SELF informed, as self-expression? Rather, one becomes a piece of "social register" (a recording) & a self-generative incident of social expression.

What I would extend into the world is perhaps the me fewer care to know than those who, if having to acknowledge a me at all, would see me overly taken up with the fabrics & designs already outmoded on their drawing tables. To know my SELF informed they must empathize with the expression of that self. And they would rather do this with Bambi than with me. I am a threat; I am unbeautiful; I am second rate & stupid, and I am only suppose to show how cleverly I can run a maze, at best.

But by that which I create, I learn to know this me. Yesterday I was that event of learned & developing experience that many now know (...in search of beauty); today I am this event that thus far only I know; tomorrow I will be the event of me that presently nobody knows. Should I suggest that there is any importance in following me thru the streets of an old town? Of course, everyone must move about somewhere. But it is the delineation of my inner design that makes following me important (significant). Going by air, we do not have to run the maze of streets as by bus or car, or wind around the mountain as by train. Going may be great, the things we've brought along may be swell, the obstacles we've had to overcome to this point may be interesting, but our design is to "get away" and to "get to." This is not a proposition to entertain perpetual anxiety, it's the reverse. Unless the principal design is removed, it will always be there. The entertainment of intermediate designs is only a practical (forced) consideration. And this is SOCIAL force. "Reality"-oriented, then, we force the self to deal with this social force, to overcome it so that we may proceed with our design.

Having run the maze, is that the end of the adventure? Is the present event of me greater or the same as I proceed now by self-informed design? Forbid that I should get killed in the grapple with social forces, then we would have "nothing." Or do I learn in the course of this artificial struggle that my real design was other?

Man in search of beauty projects the dream. The dream of last evening is similarly projected. Both lie beyond some obstacles. In the latter case, one might be able to arrive by fiat, to know & to be self-informed. But, however arriving, he confronts it, saying, "Dream, you say you are beautiful? Tell me how and wherein. It is a magic mirror (and should tell the truth), in effect. But more than that in the ultimate, it is one's view of Existence wherein one finds the self inspired.

We suppose that the incidence of dreams corresponds to one's need for the beauty experience. So you are presented with the macro-

cosm (of yourself). Certainly, a need to escape is suggested. But if one goes insane, it should not be because one cannot enjoy some imagined (unself-informed about) other person's role in the world. And it should only be an apparent insanity, and due to one's lingering fascination in the self-informed event, relegating to oblivion various practicalities which may be consigned to vanity. Although a science of human behavior may be conceivable, it this temporal order that will persist as the ultimate obstacle.

At any rate, we can safely allow that self-love should be an inalienable right, but that people are alienated from themselves thru the course of acculturation (or attempts at it), and that what would seem requisite is some psychic backtracking. It began at some point -- with some event since "self" departure to become a psychic social being. The womb was everything; out of the womb, everything is too little. Self-love is predicated upon self-possession, which is analogous to having everything. You are the SELF inspired. That is a projection worthy of review.

Blacks have been attempting to extend the self circumscribed by racism, uprootings, & outstripped technological development. The results of these attempts have been pitiful. They seem often to be saying, "This is what the whites of my eyes see; the browns, the black holes, are not admitted of by the whites. So what I see is what you tell me is there. I see it in my mind's eye; which is also something you created."

Our sights & insights have had to filter thru the white publications media, certainly, have needed the editorship, benefactorship of whites. The editors have said, you are writing for a white audience. Blacks don't buy books, but, in any case, nothing you say must upset the whites, except to stir a little pathos. That's your baby. Cultivate that.

Things are a little different today. The difference is exemplified by anonymous blacks in commercials. But there have always been black consumers. And there has always been a complementary need to offer the blacks something desirable with the purchase of something unnecessary.

As well, there has always been an admission of black humanity, from whom many others thought to expect some creative substantives, some beautification of our contortionist uglified world. But too many have been reluctant to countenance the idea of blacks growing out of cultural colonialism. Many would like the living increment of alternative in our multi-cultural setting, but would find it hard to accept a learning experience from blacks. Therefore, our mandate from the Establishment is to make carbon copies, the more ludicrous, the greater the Establishment's vindication.

But to the discredit of blacks, we are obsessed with materiality. We have not cultivated a culture IN poverty rather than a culture OF poverty. We are overwhelmingly 19th Century freight-oriented, frustrated imperialists, colonialists, exploiters & conspicuous consumers. And this is not a condemnation of the desire to share the wealth, but sharing the wealth should only be a matter of course. Repression cramps us, beneath which repression we become obsessed. But the artist should be the least cramped, by design for quality. Or is he the most greedy?

The black artist still thinks it important to delineate a good running of the maze, when not lamenting or protesting exclusions. It is not apparent that the Establishment created the theme of "social protest" to hamstring the creative self-informed mind, but it seems to have engulfed our aspirations, yet with maze movements. After which, the critic moves in to tell us what it means. A young black fellow reads Richard Wright's Native Son with discuss. Here is just a dumb stupid hoodlum type black who gets wiped out. But the critics tell him it's great literature. And maybe it is. But the young black - of the '40s or '50s, '60s or '70s - would much prefer some-



black image image enhancement, for the creative black SELF informed. Bigger Thomas contributed much more to black self-hate than Wright's reputation to self-embrace.

We have lamented poor housing, unemployment, poor schools, prohibited moves variously, and, in the context of mockery compounding white ego-tripping, the unavailability of white women as the cherry on top of an opulent society's cream, and the overall "man's inhumanity to man." These proceedings have been wrapped in some tinsel and rag & accompanied by some razzle dazzle for an effect of visual primacy. It is as though some cruel person(s) tars & feathers a dog; the dog yelps, but the reporter describes with fascination (& perhaps identifying with the vicarious delight of the tormentors) how the dog writhes in the flames, etc., etc. There is no real insight projected of the victim's inner being. It's as if, indeed, one could not expect an inner being of substance. The victim (dog) is inarticulate. But of course this is an impoverished, ignorant black who speaks some guttural, makes some grunts, calls on the Lord, and dies.

The tormentors are literarily disappointed and of a mind to go get another one. The reporter, artist - whatever - has not socked it to humanity for its inhumanity. He has not even established humanity unequivocally. But the reading public will, no doubt, charitably grant the benefit of doubt.

These are the effects of the unestablished qualitative blackness. There is a failing of perception in the figure/field contest. The hunters have been allowed to blast away; the native bearer falls off the cliff and the white hunter laments only the loss of his pack. The stars are rarely inarticulate; they are suppose to blossom forth with personality. The heavies, bearers, the extras can be silent, except for dodo noises. The creative individual, the self informed, the charismatic personality are flowerings of the other fellow's garden, and the blacks are slaves to its cultivation.

Human beings "feel" and articulate these feelings -- hopes, dreams, anxieties -- somehow. A question of humanity should not exist, but it often does. Why not? Society itself is artificial. The question is not met by the brilliant performance of robots; robots, everyone knows, are manmade.

People on the streets of a city, on a bus, in a department store, give us very little positive human stimulus. One may want to humanize them by conversation, or to rail at them for their starchy distant non-comradship, but usually foregoes this. If one gets off the bus & it crashes ahead with all passengers killed, one laments the loss only intellectually -- because of feeling one should. But, then, secretly, one thinks, "No great loss, just a bus full of dummies (manikins) on their way to some clothing store." But if one knew some of the persons, and/or had spent a pleasant moment in conversation, had emphasized weighing some design, the crash would be horrifying. It would lead one to feel one had cheated death because the others were human beings too. And such is the case not because of defamed status but simply because one does not get involved with these others. The situation is similar in combat, with the guy next fox hole as well as with the enemy. There is even a concerted campaign to dehumanize the enemy in wartime; it makes killing him easier -- and this in spite of his being an adjunct of a "great civilization" and the same nationality - or what have you - as numbers of great men & women of history.

In a dog-eat-dog world, everyone must up to the moment establish himself as a qualitative human being. And it means next to nothing count heads moving about unless these are given significant articulation of their human individuality. And this is minimal. If a fellow is out to buy a home I can't afford, how much does it matter to me, positively, if he is robbed? If he can't get a job, should I give (up) him mine? What would happen in a court case if only one side pleaded or prosecuted, and the other just paced and grimaced thru the trial? What happens when one politician out-campaigns his rival? If one becomes disgusted with the showing of one team or boxer or rival, one may even root for an annihilation. It

would matter little if the rooting were effective that, even in the course of it, one recognized the immaturity of such response.

Failing to articulate the qualitative humanity of blacks, we leave the atmosphere with an illusion something like only whites are qualitative human beings in themselves, and that blacks (and others) are only significant in terms of what (materiality) they have (except for exploitative & compulsive sex). And so there is nothing to say about blacks except in terms of material, ostentatious acquisition, & consumption, and the maze patterns required. But, in respect to non-qualitativeness, others would insist upon the right to indignation about black acquisition.

The white publication establishment is still unsympathetic to the special circumstances of blacks. And it may be some time yet before, with the atmosphere changing a bit in our favor, blacks writing because they think they can & feel compelled to, rather than blacks writing because of the lure of opening markets, begin to net the qualitative literature that is itself embraceable rather than dependent upon the critic and/or the author's reputation as a celebrity. It will depend upon the growth & development of the creative self informed and its ability to project the qualitative "soul" (the inner beauty, upon which "outer" attractiveness is dependent; the question of "outer beauty" has been resolved in the abstract; this, again, in the realm of visual primacy is tinsellike). And it will depend upon the hunger's ability in a materialistic atmosphere to resist the Mephistophelian deal.

We have seemingly come from a land of dancers, and this characteristic has been brought forth. Probably no other characteristic survived with such determination. There are dances that are not basically creditable to the African inspirational soil, but not many of universal note -- & not of the "full participation" social variety. We hear about an oral tradition, which leads to the development of story tellers, and there are story tellers. All people have had an oral tradition, and have folk songs & folk tales. But none have had the African's genius for the dance. Music is the dance of sound. What the ear seems to do with it as though apart from the rest of one's being may be important. But of greater importance is its ability to "lift the spirit" and express the soul's longing, exaltation - whatever attitude - by lifting the body by the spirit, and lifting the mind, and all go dancing -- a transcendence of physical body-space, creating a living culture of time.

Not all blacks can dance, of course; like others locally, some blacks are too inhibited, and/or did not get the early expo that would later generate self-confidence. This proscription in many cases was due to fundamentalist religious teachings, and to the derogation of the dance as an activity of low breeds and addled brains. This latter relegation was an horrendous hoax perpetrated upon the energetic youth of yesterday by parents & elders who in their bones knew better.

Much of the social design of black youth has apparently always focussed upon the dance. And when one no longer enjoys dancing it's a sign that the flame of youth has long gone. The dance & the parade (& church socials) are showpieces of our living spirit, and are dedicated to exemplary purposive brotherhood. It is very easy to organize any of these deals among blacks. And such organizers gain prestige relative to the success of the event -- the extent to which the participants heap praises & congratulate each other.

These all involve major illusions (& dreams) of individual & group glory -- beauty that can't be beaten (surpassed). Responsible is the singular will for investment of spirit -- in a life style "cool" & loose rather than stuffy & stilted, fluid rather than rigid, with the willingness to move "be moved" of a moment on faith, that the fluids given thaw will make a true & positive, & therefore beautiful, (statement) dance of life.



The affinity of blacks for the dance has even carried into religious worship. Blacks still will dance any & everywhere & seemingly at any time. The only quarrel I have with this is that the street dancers are suspect as vulgar exhibitionists. And I often wonder from where abounds the energy. Also, by what grace of well being does one afford this charitable sop to the conscience of the stilted defamers, & others, that one's sensibilities are such that one can dance in the garbage littered, exploitation designed streets of his life. It also seems a bit like getting naked, without general sanction, where everyone else goes starchily dressed; whereas there is no categorical error in this, it seems a politico-social error in the artificial hypocritical world atmosphere. This, no doubt, is what the Old Folks had in mind, counseling one not to act like those other blacks. The matter can be attenuated, however, by the considered group programming of such affinities.

What underlies the "dance anywhere" inclination is unresolved & frustrated self-expression, forced thru will to triumph momentarily notwithstanding the pallor of surrounding time. This will dissipates major animosities to be done, overriding the brutal environment of man's inhumane manipulations. It is assertive design, saying, I dance; therefore I am alive & beautiful, which primes a well of joy to give forth defiant laughter. And the event is generative of the catalytic increment of a tingle of hope. It is therapy against depression, vying with the freeze-out of socio-psychic numbness, & with ultimate defeat & oblivion. Inherently, we have the revolt & - thru uncodified articulation - the violation of form & conformity, & other tints of offensiveness.

In itself, the dance is a superlative form of self-expression at which everyone alive can be an artist -- for himself and for his other (better) half. It is the most meaningful of self-expressive "social" activity (not including "real" sex; excepting "serious" mental activity, and talking -- sometimes). Into dance one puts the whole being, body, mind, & spirit. It is meant for total commitment. The creative self informed should be able to do a dance that brings rain.

You see a person dancing alone, the dance is to resolve loneliness. He or she may not want a partner; no partner can be the equal of the spirit. They will sometimes accept a partner who soon proves inadequate, and will insist upon continuing alone -- with the spirit. Music is also a flight of mind & spirit. The proliferation of dance "steps" is forever attempting to simulate the dance "air" by "landspeed rhythms." The problem with this simulation is similar to that with partners: The dance - except when fiercely ritualistic - is a creative event, and the structuring of both music & steps is often too much structuring. For purposes of learning, it has been defined as the act of moving the feet in time to music. This obviously makes it a close cousin to the march. The march can be interesting, and is practical for covering ground, but only its lesser marchy aspects suggest self-expression. It is the movement of a company suggesting a rigid irresistible tide.

That kind of intransigence is more for robots than people, especially the young. Here is another hiatus between patterns and the SELF informed. The very idea of dancing is boring to some people, but it wouldn't be if they could become uninhibited enough to "get loose & do their thing." Of course, there is some question of energy at one's disposal. In many cases the resource is there - by burning off unneeded lard.

There seem to have been few black dance school in the past. But today numerous African dance school are cropping up. And in spite of the commercialism involved, we might expect some further influence from this source in the future. It is not so difficult to forgive the trespasses of the bearers of the dance of joy, the dance of love, the dance of beauty, & the dance to dance.

## Loneliness...

The simulation by body movements of the flight of mind & spirit on the wings of a dance of sound is undoubtedly a great aid for some to resolve loneliness. There is only momentary resolve. One may be so joyously at peace as to wish the moment to last forever. One can only succeed in this by finding the right womb, and probably none exists except death. While there is life there will be some growth, & some corresponding need of resolve.

Since the notion of significant black "culture" has retreated into the notion of the "black experience," many would-be seekers have decided they have it & know it all. For many the retreat forfeits the intellectual consideration, and the same old fearful barriers obtain against their investment in the emotional consideration. And they are as lonely as ever.

Others are asking, Give me the magic seed to plant. Tell me the magic expression for a presto! self informed. Something I can feel, taste, hold in my hand, etc.

Will I self-inform listening to James Brown, the Number One Soulbrother? If I eat nothing but Soul Food? If I go to see all the new black plays, movies, read all the pubs (inclg Beau-Coccol), books, expose myself to the TOTAL "black experience?"

All this may help. But the seed of the flower(ing) must be built, planted, & cultivated. It means growth -- time, manhours of work & solitude, to commune with the self & Existence.

One must remember that the black part of oneself is only a part of oneself. The "black experience" one hears of, though containing a good deal of historical necessity & the fruits of creative wills, also contains a lot of garbage and is highly susceptible to garbage dumpings.

But high on the agenda of what one must attain is real preferred affinity for the black mate. This CAN be felt, tasted, held in the hand. I have yet to see a black girl in any of the "great black" movies; although the leader, "Shaft" is a very black male -- as is Portier. The exception was the poor humiliated creature in "Nigger Charlie." I don't think I've ever seen a picture (or read anywhere) that allowed the enemy to walk in - a leering mob - on the hero in sock-it-to-me-Sweetdaddy/Mama with his beloved goodstuff. Maybe that's why a black girl got the role, in a picture also disgustingly titled & plotline ultimately offensive as well to black women. Cicely Tyson & "sounder" are receiving raves, and I'm almost afraid to see it. One of my most sickening experiences was the empty, invidious & deferential lines given her in "The Blacks," which I saw in the East Village -- six or seven years after my "... Search..." There is also something out now (a movie) called "Black Girl," which puts a fear into my scrotum -- along with "Lady Sings the Blues." Having read Billie Holiday's "white hooky-nookie" story years ago, it will probably make television before I have the pleasure of turning it off. I wonder why they haven't made a picture about Lena Horne, or Eartha Kitt. They could have a field day with those two, as well. Now a picture about Simone, C'est bonne, I would expect might be saying something.

The arms of hoped-for love can be like a one-arm bandit of chance, and opportunism. But it's a game that must be played; so the machine should be rigged in favor of the house.

Until the illusions (& allusions) are made to work better in favor of black beauty, there will be little substitute for "white clearance sales" for the black bed. All those nurtured on the rose-cheeked primers, unless they can find & love a black mate (or equivalent -- God, perhaps) will have to defense "the cherry on top." It's very simple - & has many times been said - the illusion that appetizes you is the one you want, whether or not what you see is what



you get. The longing of the human spirit (or is it greed) does not 'settle if it can select.'

The same spirit that reaches into the world to mate the physico-psychic substance, IS its mate. It is a confounded spirit, of course, in that the world has imprisoned it, and it is unable to escape back into Existence. And its physico-psychic (person) substance fails to become creatively self-informed.

However, one of the dangers following long loneliness, disprizement, heartbreak, etc. is in that to which some men & women turn, homosexuality. This is especially dangerous for men because it further, as a rule, traps him further in a struggle with the artificial world of patterns. He is forced into a stilted outward show of manhood, and it is very likely to become his dominant and then exclusive outlet. From there, he is likely to become a transvestite.

The homosexual's spirit kidnaps desirables in the world and brings them to enter into his mind & body; he becomes them for the purpose of their getting it in every inch of flesh, nerve & fibre in the manner in which "he-man" would cruelly & sadistically "dog" & destroy their entire line of defense & shoot them down from their highfalutigness. And then he will make them perform the doting mush of love slavery. But you must first convince him that his spirit has captured someone worthy of ravishment, and after the orgy to be a little humanly sympathetic.

In spite of this "cooperative" spirit, and apart from mother-or father-embrace longing, the black homo is in trouble about his identity of his womanhood. Most black homos I've observed were decidedly white women, and were addedly confounded by the need to be certified by attachments to white men. But, then, do white men like white women more than black men? And who is the phallic symbol? But who is the "best catch"? But if he-woman is to be a masochistic chick, is it more masochistic as white under white or under black, or as black under black or white? Well, so, all homos one might suspect have the same trouble and must continually reinforce some ego defense (depending upon whether the homosexuality is a character trait = ego-syntonic, or psychoneurotic compulsion = ego-alien).

But the black homosexual cannot escape the idea of historical defamation, and the concertedness of white Establishment efforts to castrate him & keep him castrated. Yielding himself up, unmanded, to a white may be a manner of paying "protection" or "dues" to survive and/or to be admitted into "high society" where he can only see & weep -- innocently entertain white women, like harem eunuchs. But what in hell compensates for such a thinly veiled humiliation?

It would seem that in most cases, the homosexuality is just there. The fraternization with whites can be seen as status climbing, and the humiliation of castration less keen among whites than among blacks because it is not as openly remarked, whites are not readily seen as phallic symbols, and homosexuals are figured to number high among prominent whites, and white women unable or unconcerned to know the difference.

And, naturally, the prominent black homosexual is going to think in terms of some "apparently" frigid or inhibited & more-homely-than-not type white girl. And he will marry this, unless he's just fortunate enough to marry the same thing in black. But he is more likely to distrust any black girl so seeming, and shrink from the risk of being cuckolded by his black peer group members. That a man who likes to go to bed with men should marry a woman at all is ironic testimonial to the effect of rigid patterned behavior & of the missing self-informed pursuit of creative design. Yet, one can detect a strong anxiety with reference to a future of loneliness that wife AND children prospectively attenuate. However, they are also likely to force one into a greater rigidity of behavior.

The spirit of the average man (libido) also goes after prey, but hopefully to "bring it back alive." It is to complement him,

We might wonder in this context of what the "manhood" of whites consists, vis-a-vis blacks. In analysis, it seems we're talking about a license to exploit & aggress.

to be taken unto rather than into himself. But if not successful (we will discuss success shortly), he will have a fantasy person, & invest it with will to please him -- however circumlocutionarily. This is like a projection of his anima (C.G. Jung says it is the feelings of a man, which are feminine; animus in women; most nearly, a large number of dictionaries define anima as soul; spirit has been used here without malice to the academicians but to allow a more fluid presentation). One might, in fact, say that failure more often than not inspires the earlier deeper reflection, admitting the qualitative consideration of what dreams are made of.

It follows not strangely in this respect that failure & loneliness "tenderizes" (men; but following Jung, it would harden women). What usually happens is that one may represent a tough exterior -- a matter of defenses -- but many will see thru it the sensory receptors begging for touch. Affection (satisfaction?) no doubt sends forth the greatest army of beggars in Existence. Failure must also be the leading speaker of profundity (begging the question: success often makes one speechless; however, failure generally leaves a matter to be resolved & presents a need for rededication, whereas success doesn't, or, again 'speaks for itself'). Thereby, if we confront a feeling of inadequacy, we have leave to question everything in Existence. And the honest analysis should yield something profound. Let us not accept a resignation to vanity & sour grapes.

Man nevertheless demonstrates an element of sadism in relation to the love object, and a determination for dominance. The object should be beautiful-charming for these reasons: A somewhat infantile formula that the more lovely the object "destroyed" the greater satisfaction in the show of power. Only "valued" objects will even attract his attention to get up to it. And the credible source of value ratings is the illusion/allusion appetisement-promoting society. Therefore, a "fierce manliness" of a black would tend to lead him away from the field, at least in orientation. No doubt the black female would represent, nevertheless, the challenge of the tigress to wrestle, but the more valued property by default would be the white female -- the greater ego-trip, & not as readily available.

Although loneliness may bring out the finer points, we tend to flee to crowds and repress the loneliness; it implies failure. We blacks are particularly prone to make a show of being happy, as differing from others' show of sustained poise. Our hypocrisy probably generates a greater flippancy in interpersonal relations -- the happy-go-lucky dubbing. But this show of happiness is for outsiders, & does not obtain in the home. The happy attitude is necessarily a facade, and this usually comes out in dyads. The necessity to continually propose the super-adventure, super-outing, is to provide the only available nourishment for the facade. The voiced excuse refers to boredom, but boredom is the effect of frustrated, inadequate self-expression, a direct result of being non-creatively self-informed. This makes it necessary always for others to furnish the entertainment, and to be the reflection of admiration one would like to feel for self.

Psychoanalysts say that manhood depends upon the resolution of the oedipal complex. The male child must learn to give up wanting the mother (electra complex in girls re: father), wanting to replace the father. And not to have given up the mother means accepting castration by the father. This, however, obtains as a matter of degree difficult to demarcate.

Both girl & boy may be equally castrated by interposition of the parent of the same sex who gives all attention to the other parent, constituting rejection of the child. He in turn sees the solution in terms of offering what the other parent offers. Having given up the one parent should win the demonstrative approbation of the other. It this does not follow, then he is severely wanting.

All longing ultimately centers in the womb. In the father's arms, or mother's arms, it may dissipate to inconsequence, this being the last stop before inner paradise. It is the best substitute -- with range of its warmth (only the back may be a little cold). Such embrace is nearly duplicatable in romantic love, especially



for women, who prefer their men big & tall = father surrogates in this respect, as well as in being the provider, dominator, etc. However, it is unmanly to ask the beloved to function as a mother surrogate. It should follow that male children should receive the more special attention, care, demonstrative love from mother & father, but the truth of the relationship is more nearly the opposite. The manly mechanism (organic attributes) is in fact a frightfully delicate apparatus beneath a thin shell of bombast. It is like a big bull with weak knees; if he survives beyond youth, he is very likely to a pathetic crawling antagonist in the arena of later years. And women quickly learn that manliness is inherently a weak semi-untenable role. And none realize this more than mothers. But the girls are loathed to contribute toward the release of man from this compulsive stilt-walk. In some degree it would mean giving up the father figure. And there must be some fun in watching men squirm with their anxieties about manhood, their jealousies & envy, & going about like snorting bulls keen on castrating each other. Failure is also the write-off of the "unmanly" male.

Having focussed early upon mother & father as the qualitative register of fulfillment up to age five or so, it would seem that no external beauty-force-charm could ever transcend the parental image factor in mate selection. It seems to work, of course, even in some negative instances, like with the alcoholic father re: daughter. Daughter gets to play mother with alcoholic husband thru-out life. But, in the main, we're referring to racial image. Why would a black person image a white bosom more generative of warmth & love, or disprize the strong black arms & body of the male? It would seem the black male is being rigid in the role of "man" turned from mother, & the black female rigid in the role of "woman" turned from father.

Apparently the gods are never completely forgiven for the ousting from paradise, and that the First Commandment is only kept if one does not eat of the tree of Good & Evil - the apple (oedipus, electra) - and forced to become worldly wise.

Having to countenance this separation, the child must surely envision eternal loneliness. Then come the fierce activities to shore up a conjured up independence, and the projecting of accelerating strengths in the process of growth to adulthood. But, going away from the parent initially, he must undoubtedly take the vow, half in defense & half vindictively, to never fall in love again.

What it takes to convince a child that he is loved is not less than the acts of loving; what is sufficient in acts amounts to a dedication to the needs of the lesser demanding; the more demanding are already lost. As everyone knows, all parents do not in fact love their offspring, and this is not remedied by the reaction formation. The hallmark of parenthood for many is the assertion of authority rather than T.L.C. In any case, the child is conditioned to direct his "libido" (beauty-force?) to outside objects. So what can the parents offer if not the love he wants. It is a ready-made situation for rebellion.

Upon turning from parents, one would think the time ripe for movement toward becoming the creative self informed. It is in fact a crucial point in development. But it is also a time of intense pressures from peer group, parents & outside sources, mainly school. The child's latitude for self-expression & investment of curiosity, in relation to resources of the home & milieu for educational and entertainment recourse, will decide the issue. The "drilling" of lessons & lecturings on what one should do/be/feel will have its effect. Since well-intentioned advice does not necessarily make good advice, the ultimate effect should be some degree of compromise.

Although it surely takes a while for peer group opposite sex numbers to suggest a small source of satisfaction, relative to engulfing parental T.L.C., for most people this does eventually occur.

The earlier this occurs the better it would seem in respect to parental & group (e.g., black) image. And the pleasanter the experience, the more indelible the impression. That is, if one's early love attachments do not "leave a little color in one's heart," there will be nothing groupwise to fall back on -- to project of beauty in group embrace, unless capably it is one's own personal self-regard (spirit).

People tend to try to live up to notices, reputations -- identify with flattering and/or loud reports of their presence. Notoriety is even coveted, anything that makes "somebodiness" of "nobodiness," illusion or not. But it is better to be informed, to belong to oneself as a matter of personal style, than to pull over a ready-made identity.

If it isn't too late for this kind of chauvinism, one day, I'm sure, blacks will be "in style," black women especially -- if there are enough black women left. Meanwhile, if we proceed with the "show of happiness" at minimal strain, perhaps there will be some honorable "rainy day" checks on this time of cloudy light heartedness when sophistication comes. And that will help to minimize youth's strait jacketting by the generation gap. We assume that the "show" is projected on the premise that "happiness" is a much sought-after quality, which has good potential for insight.

In any case, the pretense is a long-standing illusion of well being, it just needs greater credibility. Along with credibility goes the depth of a creative self informed -- some significance of this, such as will obviate the turn-off notice you've heard, "If she kept her mouth shut you'd think she was hell on heels."

If the reader is wondering about black males, the same applies, give or take a little. If the reader is a female, she may not think so, but we have advised ourselves of the male position concomitantly. Both sexes are in the same bag, a personality hiatus (deficit magnetism, especially the absence of charm; although I've heard it may be a lost quality on the younger generation). But I think women rule the world, one way or another. The sad song of Women's Lib is not a matter of freedoms & status but of (diplomatic) recognition. This difference sustains a socio-political football game in the Civilization Bowl, with the clock about to run out for manpower, the girls ahead to stay, & having in fact won, though having played the last half under protest. But our team is saying that since (Women's) Liberty was "Peace Dollar struck" coinage in 1921, the girls must suffer a complete score-nullifying penalty for pussyfoot ball-carrier misrepresentation & cut-off-at-the-PASS interference.

And that's only fair inasmuch as due to their collusional INFLATION of the male ego game ball with hot air, on all of our last times out we were overcharged, being told that the dollar piece has gone out of circulation.

And anyone disagreeing must produce a "proof" on the spot/less.

If the spirit of men is feminine perhaps civilization is not altogether askew in manufacturing eunuchs and such. But I wouldn't be at all sure of the compensation, correspondence, on the part of women for a "peace strike." I wouldn't be, except that we affect a revolution in ego formation and bring about the millennium with the creatively self-informed individual.

Rather, I think the spirit of man is neuter -- not eunuch or hermaphrodite but more nearly platonic. It is like a wild card in a game of Pat/stroke--Insert/receive. You are dealt a basic hand of five cards (senses) with the "wild card" on the table ("in the middle") with which to make Life-Happiness. And you play at a game of Solitaire, only aware of yourself, at first, the five cards, the deck, wild card, table. And then you notice your opposite number playing at the same game. And you wonder what to make of that. Then it seems, you wonder, that by playing with both decks, cross placement & regular, you too might better play this game of Soli-



taire. And she wonders similarly, and you two concur. The game goes on into resolution:

The "wild" cards allow a margin in play, as well as being symbolic, the procedure is not overly prescriptive (the way the cards fall). Each may use either or both as will be indicated, to put in placement. Now, ideally, one wants to get all his (senses) "holding" cards in play, or in the (partner's) other's hands, as completely as is mutually agreeable -- and necessary for developing game. This totally ACTIVATES the senses, ultimately directed toward acquiring total information (become all spirit). But in "active vs passive" sense of game, one becomes more like the dummy = the baby in the womb, in symbolic sense.

For simplicity & reciprocity re: "spirit of the game," both players should put "holdings" (cards) on the table, sort of like two dummies. But, in effect, both are in quest of information.

In the event one has a "pat" hand (five card series of alternate blacks & reds), he may place entire hand at earliest opportunity (& enter womb); from then on other partner does sifting of both decks & makes all decisions. "Pat Hand" person is then immediately entitled to all earthly & semi-spiritual rewards -- on a small scale, depending upon the other's disposition (lets say, nourishments & refreshments, pats, strokes, fetching service, backscratching, spoon-feeding, hugs & kisses). If person chooses not to place entire pat hand, either he or other player may "build" on either end of it following the usual manner of Solitaire placement. In this case, the card or cards on the end opposite the "build" must be thrown off into a separate (Spirit) wild card allotment, from which it can be used for placement by the other player, in turn, at any time. The player in whose hand it originated gets only a miserly reward. But the card must be used on face value. Players may also use one wild card at a time against the pat hand. Should both players have pat hands agreement must be reached with respect to assuming "dummy" condition, first choice going to higher series.

If by a "stroke of luck" one hand runs prematurely (the spread & run of cards of one partner), or when one runs out, the other player then plays out remainder of game. If he (she) is in womb, he gets born. Player who ran out completing half of game retires; full honors due (rewards) when game is over.

All cards thrown off - in manner from ace to king- are placed in wild card (spirit) realm, but these are not re-insertable.

Otherwise in normal play all cards are inter-placeable, except directly between players (holding cards). "Holding" cards should be placed in partner's series, unless play otherwise preferred, or thrown off for tactical purposes. When used to build partner's placements, player gets immediate reward (using a special deck, "holding" cards would be marked with sensory indices & numerals from 1 to 5 for placement according to numerals.

(NOTE: No activity prescribed for "under the table" and none preposterously guaranteed sanction. "Game" notion here outlined to demonstrate feasibility of initial suggestion.)

The game, then, is analogous to the shared ordering of life, and man's ultimate spiritual aspiration. His immediate aspiration is to assist & be assisted in fundamental & nominally elaborate living processes, succeeding to a comforting degree more or less glugged by the giving & receiving of a number of structured rewards.

His ultimate (design) aspiration is to retire into spirit, an infinite event/state of admittance success, metaphysically regenerative. In the game, the "spirit" (wild cards) is like a "sixth sense." It is called upon to fill in some part of the hiatus between "information on hand" & total Information. When certain information is acquired, it is returned to the "spirit" realm (as to continue its metaphysical regeneration, somewhat as though on loan). Logically, game-wise, (borrowing) use of it should entail rewards. Based on the foregoing, it is assumed that the idea is quite clear, and that further particulars can be individual disposition.

The notion of man's feelings entails a composite of events or stimuli fed into the "black box" (brain). And what happens there corresponds to some conversion (or extracting or refining) process to highlight the fruit (essence, core) in measure of human significance, and further selectively a measure of individual significance.

In the "heart" of the "black box" are all the "feeling tones" of individual experience. Here all new experience, as information, is finally converted from "academic fact" to "feeling stimulus," from whence it feeds (colors) all thought processes to some degree.

Clearly, all information received does not have a "feeling's worth." Man would seem to want it all positive, or nothing. It makes the difference between "interesting" information and uninteresting information and defines the extent to which one's experience & exposure are concomitant with one's "valued" sphere of life. That man would function on a feeling basis suggests that his experiential resolution by design is "spiritually assigned."

Information like "commercials" pretend to a "feeling's worth," as do academic studies as a rule; all information not directly positively of sensory stimulus contain an element of pretense, for lending our attention to which we must be coerced and/or persuaded. Value, nevertheless, is appreciative in terms of a goal; with respect to which, again, we're many times offered something we want along with the purchase of "a price tag something." Some motive force (or charm) must always be at work, of course. So, in effect, the value of a day's pain & strain at school is mother's or father's approval & reward-giving. Later, most exemplarily, the shared life in nearly all areas of man & wife - the interdependence, plans, dreams - is a pervasive value. The interpersonal relations of any setting - school, office, church, etc. - including flirtations, courtships, & platonic rapport, invest otherwise humdrum, disinteresting, & sidetracked-from-personal-design activity with some sparks of direct significance.

Obviously, though, there is a wide margin for dissatisfaction, loneliness, et. al., and considerable margin for lending credibility to various illusions. This sidetracking, consequently, makes it the more important to invest oneself positively in pursuit of personal design (in developing the creative self informed) each day of life. That is, if the work that one MUST do is not the same as the work one would like to do, then one should not "call it a day" because the former is completed. One should not settle into being the societally formulated function and no more, sustained by failing opportunity, initiative, or what. I am not concerned here with aspirations to make more money, but with alternatives for self-development & self-expression. Naturally, the energy factor is important. But one need take care that the seeming lack of energy is not due to being ill-advised of alternatives, the initiative-revivers.

The "forced" human functioning of sidetracked life seems highly susceptible to swallowing the whole bag of materiality; objects now assume qualitative importance. And this becomes the "reason why one works" (& figuratively, why one "ticks"). Apart from the design attached to material objects in the search for a "feeling's worth," is the quest for power & prestige to support (heighten) one's sense (feeling) of self-worth (&/or to attract desirable bodies).

The extent of one's need for a "feeling's worth" should influence his selectivity in interpersonal relations, at times leading him even to prefer his own company. The selectivity here also pertains to the frequency & intensity of desired associations. Those from whom he anticipates adverse stimulus (antipathy) he would normally avoid. But, of course, one sometimes insists upon trying to "win over" the disinclined, the successful pursuit suggesting goodly rewards. And sometimes the desire to win over these who are unfortunately disinclined is not even justified by qualitative referral substance.



The historical orientation fixing the designs of the young, a bit of a holdover and somewhat opposed by the "Free Love" movement, is that the male should perform the Great Feat, which is to make him FEEL deserving (of the best society offers). The reason he must perform the feat inheres a double standard between male & female, well cultivated, wherein the admiration & "love" of women (or woman) is value-wise an ultimate achievement. Not so in value-orientation (the reverse) of women. But deservingness of woman of feat accomplished man is predicated on feminine good looks, charm, graces, & in some instances upon intelligence. Family background (lineage) can be a variable or substitute in both instances.

The need to prove deserving, and thereby acquire social concurrence to feel deserving, stems from the inculcation of competitive designs. Such teaching takes inspiration from "survival of the fittest" thinking and is teleologically projected, embracing the notion of progress, of building onto civilization (in Babellike fashion), & of developing the superman/race, the god-man qualitative humanity & environs of the millenium.

That one must learn to feel undeserving can be inferred from the all-demanding posture of the Infant. His demand for fulfillment TOUCHES ALL POINTS for a "feeling's worth" of the given life since newly dislodged from the all-comforting womb (At least since Freud it has been assumed that the "maybe stuffy" womb is all-comforting. Despite the imperative of evolutionary growth this is difficult to dispute; consequently, it is one of the basic premises in the analysis of man's loneliness).

By our analysis, the "sensorily undifferentiated" "feeling's worth" of life in the womb is the most exemplary index of the qualitative resolution of ALL INFORMATION of experience in the living physical event/state.

Equatable with the womb state is the dream state; though not of course exactly equatable. But what we refer to in both cases is an event of superior wisdom for the resolution of all information. One might argue that not superior wisdom but blissful ignorance characterizes both (psychic processes therein). But this idea is less tenable if we are to credit our psychologists' analyses of dreams from Freud to the present (removes the likelihood but perhaps not the possibility).

Sleep, in which event we dream, is minimally susceptible to distractions & ego disruptions in the course of perfecting & pursuing designs. Therefore it is economical in use of energies as well as more perfectly fulfilling (the ability for concentration ascribed to genius would seem to be inherent to this event/state).

Overwhelmed in wakeful living, one resorts to sleep, sometimes seen as an energy replenisher. One hears, "Things will appear in a better light after a good rest." But we have found the seemingly clear & simple "solutions" (propositions) of dreams often unworkable (untranslatable) after waking. There is some apparent lack of information or tools in this outer world. At times, it further seems that our wakeful life lacks the energy, and sometimes a composit felt lack of energy & faith or belief.

Similarly, the facility with which we forget dreams further suggests the unaccustomed "structure" of psychic patterns in dream life. The very act of waking often switches the track of the Information Train (of thought). And we feel helpless, victims of the engine's assertive (ego) life energies and "the rails of least resistance."

The dream is itself a great feat, and it often seems to advise us that we CAN "do greater things." It is to be wished that these things are constructive. More fundamentally, it speaks of our self-development & expression.

The feat performance may be seen as a builder-upper of sexual excitation (an aphrodisiac, especially as projected by the entertainment media), and/or as a substitute for sexual performance. Performing the feat is suppose to say "OH" about "male fire," so that the

girls have a basis for choice. Similarly, charm & good looks are to advise the male of the T.L.C. index of the receptionist. Both conditions (events) are suppose to radiate outwardly & create a magnetism (to draw spiders & flies).

Seen as aphrodisiac, the great feat should be unnecessary for the "real" (potent) man -- quite obversely instituted from having to prove manhood - who would side step this circus act. He would feel inherently deserving, which would leave only the truly meaningful determinant, the basic factors of personality, to weave the "spell" of interpersonal magnetism.

Acquisition of materiality and/or power (social, political) are adornments of the great feat performance. Great acquisition without the dynamism of a great feat of dramatic variety may nevertheless assume much of the aura of deservingness. This formula is at work where the old rich man attracts the young goodlooking female.

Another variable is male handsomeness -- tall, dark, etc. (the "dark" attribute is, as it were, a rough hue - hewn - look touched with the sinister). Accordingly, male good looks assume some of the female criteria of deservingness, reducing the necessity for feat performance, or even eliminating it. The homely rich chick (or hen) will feel deserving of him & he more or less of her, and similarly as between him and the slick young chick. The latter case is generally the starting point anyway of growing boys and girls. This latter case can be seen as "normal"; since, after all, the aim is the "wedding" of attractive physical bodies, fundamentally, addended to which circumstance is the desire for social prestige and material comfort (or material extravagance).

In the case of blacks, it is easy to see how a dilemma might develop in exceptional proportions with regard to deservingness. The question is, Deserving of what (whom)? Where to focus? Does feat performance admit of embrace into the overall social status hierarchies? And if so how should one partner off?

This is only the gerund consideration, apart from the psychic price tagging of physical properties and the sexo-esthetic appetisms. In addition there is the factor which is a bit of everyone's hang-up, whether or not he (or she) is in a clearly consensus ascribed position for "free will" choice. Or does one feel automatically relegated to a field of "left-overs," regardless -- perhaps constituted of some cross-section of status types, and perhaps not?

For the general population there is a dual relationship regarding individual feelings. One relationship focusses upon one's need & desire that has individualism as exponent; this is as near as we can get to "true feelings." The other relationship focusses upon (or is focussed by) social factors -- how one is made to feel re: interpersonal relations in the cultural environment, i.e., sense of (relative, competitive) self-worth.

For most the latter usually becomes pervasive; it is the dragon we know we must overcome, and it would be a grand delusion to pretend it isn't there. It is "reality orientation" by all the clinical assessments of society. Although your dreams will still present YOUR significant designs on (or of) the greater reality.

This is the formula for self-alienation. We become unable to accept the inner, personally "true" self (but if so we are told that we're living in a dream world). The "personal dream self" is repressed and we attempt a refocussing to take inspiration from a "social dream self." It is too difficult to live with a socially devalued sense of self-worth in conscious weigh-in against the personal feeling relationship. Therefore, bombarded by social reality, we are "brain-washed, psyched-out," & charm/forced to proceed in the given social perspective.

There is some significant group insularity in a multi-cultural setting which may attenuate or vary the overall perspective. Where it exists, it is nurtured by very strong patterns of culture trans-



planted inter-societally. But such differences largely obtain only by dint of forced exclusion - failing acculturation - from the "melting pot." Religion plays a part in making behavioral differences, with respect for the stature of the church in community affairs, predicated upon the pervasive adherence to its tenets by the group as per priority, frequency, & intensity (enthusiasm, zeal-ousness, etc.). For instance, all (almost) the Latin Peoples have strong ties to the Catholic Church; they also have a reputation for being warm-blooded (or "hot-natured"), and there is no doubt that, like most more-favorable-than-not reputations, people try to live up to it. Consequently, a tendency for early marriage would follow -- assisted by religious restraint of promiscuity & abortifacient.

Such reputations, however, must be taken with salt when concerned with individual selection. Not only is it a question of acculturation & group insularity but also of individualism's self-information. And it would almost always be this latter factor that would characterize the most qualitative human property -- as some-what exceptional to "great feat" orientation, as well as in specific area of mate selection. Individuals take exception - however otherwise the reputations obtain - to such "reports" as, Irish men marry late, so there is fierce competition among the girls to make an early catch, etc.; Latins marry early & the women self-indulgently get fat, which leads to male filandering; Jewish mothers castrate their sons, so Jewish girls have a "fling" before entering the confines of marriage, or are available trans-insularly for nuptials; English, Germans, etc. are frigid (& rigid) stock & therefore almost always concerned with social status & feat performance.

One often hears it remarked that life is a compromise. It is difficult to argue the point. It would seem that we make both intellectual & emotional compromises, generally more of the former, but of far greater personal pain (& psychic disturbance) when the latter. This compromise is between what one would like to do/feel and what one must do/feel. And that leaves us a dichotomous identity, trying to clear a middle ground of "optimal" mastery of relationships. The difference between ideal self and compromise self, both in terms of goals set as a result of compromise and in terms of one's accomplishments in pursuit of them, advises us somewhere in dream complexity.

The individual is presented with quite a challenge to become & remain self-informed while, for practical purposes, striving for a societally prestigious goal. And the importance of self-expression in the context of man's loneliness is the emphasis most likely to suffer the loss in the identity hassle. It's articulation of true feeling relationships may endanger fighting initiatives. Yet, living intimately with the knowledge of painful disparity makes it imperative to influence (change) the social order. Most constructively, the way would be to "charm" it into new life. But when one has been severely hurt, this is most difficult; it is ordinarily quite difficult. Deep hurt causes a loss of human perspective: That others are also victimized, and instead of creatively constructive endeavor, the fight becomes a destructive vendetta. One is driven by hate, which guarantees loneliness. Hate cannot generate the love desired. And allowing it to take over is committing emotional suicide.

Now the feelings of man differ from his spirit as between definitive Existence & non-definitive Existence. His spirit encompasses all; his feelings, value-oriented, cannot get (much) beyond known definitive relationships (consciously psychic processed info). Therefore, his spirit is neuter, his feelings are hermaphroditic.

Spirit is indigenous to the realm of Total Information, constituted of immortal substance, transcending space & time. Feelings are compulsively conjugative, i.e., are worn away, depressed, overruled, like individual life itself. And they are almost totally inclosed by designs of the social order. Whereas they might be directive

somewhat beyond this order, the "inertial force" (& charm) within societal confines usually "captures" them for relationships therein. They are constituted of value-weightings of selective preferred understanding.

Ideally, feelings would become spirit (all spirit); such would follow from the perfect resolution of Total Information (touching all points) in the realm of qualitative Existence. But feelings are confounded, as we have indicated, by a duality whereby the social (societally prescribed) relationships become nearly all-pervasive. Society causes one to learn & identify the self in reference to prescribed feeling patterns. And one builds a "feeling identity" around an intellectual position (political, economic, etc.) that appears more or less sound by one logic or another.

Since the ideal to become spirit cannot be achieved by feelings, loneliness is inherently the companion of mortals. But to the extent it is achieved, e.g. the self-expressive articulation of the artist, man should be advised of the spiritual resolution of feelings that is positively creative, positively inspires & spawns only its like kindred spirit -- leaves little wanting and nothing to forgive.

The foremost feeling design seeks a mountain of sex. Feelings become pronouncedly lonely when on temporal order there is too great an emphasis of singular self sex identity. One is sexually "overweight" so to speak; although, feelingwise, one may sense a hollowness, or an emptiness. With respect to the latter notion, one might say that one longs for the "other half" of oneself, to take into oneself; with respect to the former, one longs to take the "other half" unto oneself. All feelings would sex forever or be taken into the womb; all else is sublimation.

Since feelings are hermaphroditic, if you have them you want sex, but that is not necessarily the same as wanting a woman if you are a man, or vice versa.

Consequently, the exclusive design on women, for males, would seem equally a learned (patterned) "feeling response," cultivated societally (clinically) rather than an inherent human disposition. The resolution of the sex feeling, then, suggests a two-sided - a twin event - experience of self-expression. That is not to say merely that "it takes two to tango"; it doesn't necessarily, but our feelings are usually improved if there are others - censors - imaginatively or otherwise looking on.

What we are saying is that each one has the hermaphroditic feeling within, which, in effect, makes each one his own twin in feeling. There is, then, a four-way exchange. That is to say, I have man & woman feeling; if I did not have woman feeling as had just as well tango alone (which is what many narcissists prefer). My partner has woman & man feeling, likewise. The union is an event in which one gets NAKED; identities scramble, and not otherwise can one have the true feeling of fulfillment and one's feelings resolved as far as is mortally possible.

To effect the resolution one suffers a kind of death, but in the resolution one achieves a kind of immortality. Something is given up for (or to) spirit; it is the sacrifice (to the gods), the energy expended; the act is an humbling of self unto the spirit with the zealotry of religious commitment. One moment of "aha" advises of the qualitative registry of Existence - of mortal existence - resolved into feelings, & feelings conjugated into spirit by the sacrifice, become creative Existence.

The successful resolution creates for man a pervading positive aura simulating spiritual Existence, and the wish to remain and "feel" thusly forever. There is no insinuation of boredom much derided by intellectuals. Boredom does not violate the succeeding event of self-expression. Here mortality is touched at all points by immortality, a far greater wisdom = Total Information. Man, however, tends to focus upon the most dramatic moment of the event, usually referred to as the "climax." And his design often suggests



the desire for eternal climaxing. This is somewhat like seeing the trees & missing the forest. In this view, post-climactically, the event is "over," like life is "over" at death. In this respect, coital investment is seen as a struggle, or duel - as wrestling tigers, fascinating and dramatic. But like the super-adventure and the great feat performance, it is an artifact of ego-promotion entirely unnecessary, and even harmful as a psychic distortion. Yet, somehow, to many it (like life) is not otherwise meaningful. The "fight" of course enables one to deal with prostitutes & others in this intimacy who are otherwise totally objectionable in interpersonal relations. Accordingly, theorists have provided a "ladder" for scaling the kind and degree of involvement, which goes something like this: Fucking, screwing, laying, making love. And we are advised that there is a time for each. No doubt, it is a convenient in an exploitative world. But I am of the opinion that exploitation creates greater loneliness than it resolves.

It follows from our analysis that the greater involvement nets the greater information, and we are on a qualitative plane. The effect of its resolution is beauty, the consuming event which achieves a kind of immortality. The energies generated to create beauty have been consumed (to "nothing"), and the pinnacle of beauty is the event beyond, the meta-event, that which "I wish would last forever." This entails the kind of "work" that everyone should enjoy, like the artist enjoys his work-- to create the event larger than mortal life.

Apropos, when we behold the beauty of the meta-event we have the answer to what love is, the resolution of feelings into spirit. A "disquieted spirit" has not been nourished - has not been sacrificed to - and there is a welling of unresolved feelings. Times when man is unhappy, uncomfortable feelingwise, wanting something but unable (unwilling or cannot allow himself) to define what he wants, inarticulate loneliness obtains. Quite literally, he lacks "information," and he is withholding it from himself because he is trying to grab & hold on to everything, letting nothing go (including himself). But something must be CONSUMED for the resolution of feelings and the "quieting" (requiting) of spirit. Oftentimes, he eats, & over-eats, & over-eats -- a mis-identified recourse; although, as aforesaid, food is equated with love.

Also in the struggle toward spirit are the various religious orders, the ascetic elements. In perspective of our analysis, these attempts may (hopefully) appear a bit less strained by fundamentalisms. We say they are trying to establish & sustain communication between human feelings & spiritual Existence. This is not proposed as a "religious ory," but human feelings - those foremost feelings that direct us thru sexual involvement to spiritual resolution - are the foremost qualitative reality with which we have for the work. But in these "religious orders," the vessel of flesh - the mortally structured container & course of feelings - is disavowed, a personal disavowal that sets up a metaphysical proposition, a state of grace.

We are not only concerned with the body here; for the formula is necessarily a psychic transformer, and the psyche is the "heart" of feelings.

The body of the religious ascetics (in our case) belongs to Christ. It is to be consumed in the performance of his works. Here we have the cardinal sacrifice, surpassed perhaps only by the martyrdom of the saints. Replacing the body is the world to be redeemed -- humanity to win for Christ & transform into spirit. Immediately, there is the holy ground, the intimacy of prayer & communion, sacred rites, arduous schedules, & interpersonal (spiritual) companionship. There is here an assertion that loneliness is ultimately resolved only in some kind of spiritual existence.

The successfully concluded sex act and the embrace of religious asceticism simulate that which touches all points and establishes peace. Without total commitment, it would be sort of like the embrace of mother or father which as we said may leave the back cold. If the work is too hard, the obstacles too many for either of these

courses -- barring none that admits one to become the "artist at life" -- then one's design will very likely surface with strong symptoms of womb longing (which may have recourse to opiates, alcohol, & other surrogate wombs). The destructive nature of the effects of such symptoms compound the loneliness & discomfort of the subject and those with whom he comes in contact.

This compounding becomes increasingly pervasive as a chain reaction as man turns from man in disenchantment of human provisions. And, as we have seen, ironically, his only recourse - other than innocuous withdrawal & suicidal applications & ministrants - is the attempted fortification & assertion of his individual ego.

(NOTE: This response has been characteristic of blacks where self-hate turned us from the group. But by sustaining an enchantment of other humanity, there is a "screen" - a safety gap - between self-&-group-disenchantment and disenchantment of man. The same formula works for all groups & individuals about whom an attractive virtue or illusion obtains regarding their qualitative humanity -- as between social classes, races, and the layman & the great humanitarian. Nevertheless, turning from group & self precludes acquisition of the most vitally qualitative information & the attainment (development) of the creative SELF informed.)

The assertion of the individual ego divorced from "spiritual Existence" artifacts an existence circumscribed by patterns & fabrics. Theoretically, it starts with a "culture," which now can only slowly lose all contact with the human spirit. This signals its decline & death - (a la Oswald Spengler). It becomes no longer a living event but a mechanical event. It can mass produce agrandissement zealous egos and eventually perfect a human robot, & counterfeit a spirit of "heaven is near the next elevation in our high standard of living," but all of this is artificial Existence. And most of those who reach the vaunted heights will experience the greatest sense of loss (of self). Even worse than most imagine, there can be no pretense of "freedoms" & democracy here. The system has to strive toward a group or "type" relegation to "place" -- (a la Huxley's Brave New World). Short of perfection in this materialistic mechanized world, the robots will go berzerk and take the world with them, each trying to transcend robotism by building a larger & larger Babel, & by attaching himself to more & more trick gadgets & paraphernalia that, like expensive dolls, enable him to do more & more humanlike things, moreso than the next robot. But none of the racers can make the speed of light, or purchase immortality, though each new patent creates a generation gap.

In our environs, what man desires is qualitative existence; what he pursues is quantitative existence. He has been given to believe that quantity buys or makes quality. When he is told differently he thinks it's a con-game: What, then, if money isn't king? He is mistaken, and the quality he is least likely to be able to buy (back) is himself.

"Spirit," then, is the superlative resolution of all feelings/are the resolution of information on the mortal plane. Mortally lonely, all feelings seek a womb, the earthly equivalent of Paradise. The womb resolves the hermaphroditic duality (& duel), and the pain of human "failings" in a creative neuter "solution." But the earthly womb is mostly paradise lost, except in those instances described above. In consequence, for man truth, beauty, & love exist on a highly temporal order, and, urged by his longing for immortality, in response man structures & emphasizes a mechanistic existence.

In our world, men mostly seek to make beauty feminine (or MOTHER Nature); while women make beauty hermaphroditic, but more feminine than masculine (the climate is, women do as they please, men do as they must; professedly, it was once the reverse). Being "a man" is by far the more rigid prescription. And if we were to listen very



closely, we might certainly hear untold millions crying out, "God, I'm so tired of being a man! I'm so tired of being only a man! -- I want to be man & woman, and more, & resolve all the loneliness in the MORE."

Men are more generous with regard to love; they credit men with considerable capacity for love (especially romantic love), though it often has destructive results. But for both men & women, babies are love incarnate. They are innocence & purity and "bundles" of interest on the living creative investment.

Truth is a mathematical fiction, except that it lights the electric bulb, plays the radio & TV, & calculates the distance to the moon. It is mechanistic, if miraculous & often accidentally discovered, and not anything to accept on faith, except in scientific calculations.

The loneliness that insinuates into feelings must be said to adhere largely from the differential processing of information by conscious psychic life (minus Sixth Sense. This is interpolated because one might think of it as "The communications line" between spirit and consciousness; it is intuition-plus psycho-spiritual, a medium for attuning to Existence.).

The "inarticulate" instance must be said to result from the conflict between the pursuit of qualitative (inner personal) resolution and "impinging imperatives" of conscious (worldly) stimuli, the ego-social reality psychic priority; that is, the self uninformed is without "media tools" for articulation; therefore, its reality (the self informed) remains undefined.

Yet there must still be a hiatus between the comparative state/event of resolved information by the sub(un?)conscious, as in dreams, and the superlative resolution of the spiritual state/event -- as in the undefined event between one dream & the next in the realm of Total Informational Existence. This event would (— a la Absolute Zero) follow the near-ultimate consumption; it would be that condition of sacrifice that Existence does not & cannot go, & would not go, beyond. For here would be the foremost interiorly blissfully ecstatic neuter event — free of all anxiety — that "I wish would last forever."

The greatest sexual ecstasy quite often calls on God & Feces. It is an invocation at the sacrificial event. Feces, although used as fertilizer some places, and liked by some vermin for food content, for the human psyche it is the ultimate state of life's reduction (barring "absolute death") — next to "nothing."

The plea is a protest against anxiety, & for the ultimate reduction of it. It is also exorcistic (cast out the demon, Anxiety). Anxiety is not the feces but the flesh. The flesh consumed in life comes to this: Feces. 'Let it come' — me come to this & be done! I (flesh) am surely coming to — have GOT to be/come FECES! this time!

The notion of "God" of course embodies the reference to the omnipotent & omniscient spirit. The invocation implies belief (desire, need to).

Communication with self here is total as information becomes feeling, and the event is unquestionably self-expressive. But, of course the ultimate resolution withholds. We are still only pitifully mortal. We proceed into the "feeling tones" of spirit for a time, and then we reincarnate. And, alas, we want to go back — to go (— a la Nirvana) and end the cycles (ever returning as falling flesh).

The invocation is to be made humblest. It may also be seen as a rub of the perspective of flesh as beauty. The event advises of what is to be "made of" flesh to be beautiful — that the outward show should be an index of that. Of course, for exploitative design, preference might admit of some variation.

The "fecal reduction" notion has three other implications. That the psyche embraces feces as the ultimate of sexual outcome, while

the ultimate of sexual outcome is spiritual communion — through the interchange of (hermaphroditic) feelings (identity), the resolution into neuter presents another near-equation. Here hermaphroditic feeling is the generative energy for the sexual design to dissolve in the womb. Obviously, this womb is not to accommodate only a single member (sex), or even a set of (paternal) twins; it is to accommodate the resolution of sexual identity, the spirit. The equation we have in view between "womb" and "feces," on mortal plane, entails the final ego sacrifice before entering paradise.

One might question whether sex is complete without anal stimulation in view of our hermaphroditic "imperative;" although not anal but oral involvement would seem for most the ultimate humbling, or ego-sacrificial, gesture, we must assume that it is the joiner/divider of sex identity, and that the elimination of the dichotomy is imperative. This, it would seem, can only be dealt with by active involvement; i.e., mutual recognition of anal eroticism as an equalizer.

The process of transcendence presents the separate event of man & woman = Thesis, coming to gether in union (the whole greater than sum of parts) = Metathesis, and dissolving as both separate & united identities into spirit = Genesis — in this case, from mortal to immortal. This is the event that does not have reproduction as its aim — necessarily. In respect to the reproductive aim, there may be greater emphasis upon separate identities but not necessarily so; the function of "information" is that one knows what is involved. And in this case this amounts to the assurance that the male member ejaculates in the vagina. The finality may be the same, but we can also postulate that "Genesis" = Miracle (genius).

Men characteristically project their femininity onto women & make love (or whatever), with or without a hint of sadistic compulsion to dominate. But the same projection onto a man (male homosexual) is generally for unadorned exploitation — to brutalize (castigate the hated/loved part), if not to kill. In both cases there is the rejection of femininity as any part of self, if not also the rejection of femininity as any part of spirit. Accordingly, the spiritual communion cannot be achieved. Instead, for the male there can at best only be the ego satisfaction of dominance. But he has gone nowhere; he hasn't gotten off the ground.

Women are generally more tolerant & sympathetic of anal eroticism (& male homosexuals), quite apart from the fact of their own design for anal intercourse (as many as not), in which they are able to indulge without apparent threat of loss of sexual identity. Needless to say, they seldom bear any animosity for female homosexuals. However, when their design on men is primarily for material aggrandizement (male provisioning), their sex then becomes a rewarding factor, in which case they want their men with firm handles by which to be led about. Guilt accompanying impotence also makes a good handle.

Men are ontowardly concerned, quite anxious about, castration (or impotence, inadequacy), and understandably so. Maleness is a delicate psycho-sexual system, and it is this delicacy that gives one pause in the serious considerations of propositions such as those herein. Civilization seems to insist that the tiger be a tiger but be tame. The identity that is a tiger's tail means eternal anxiety. I should hope that the wrestling match with the tiger (tigress) (which reminds me of "Little Black Sambo") can be mutually resolved as a draw, in deference to both humankind & beast for spiritual increase.

Black males have made quite a song of the castration complex — along both inter-racial & intra-racial gender lines. The really significant castration for blacks has been self-hate. It has been the turning from self-embrace into whiteness — working against both male & female. Blacks have been "cut off" from self & group in such manner that "brothers & sisters" of type — the family & group type — have had no design that their SEED or egg reproduce the type — the image of the narcissus. This has been a woeful castration that seemingly has merited little concern. I have never heard a black lament "having to" (pay-as-you-go) sleep with a white.



Secondly, it suggests that all values should be componently hermaphroditic. I must take this to mean that significant life proceeds from the pairing & sharing between male & female. In effect, values are to advise of the "good life;" therefore, from beginning to end they should support the hermaphroditic unit wherein resides the only real potential for the good life -- optimal worldly relief from loneliness & anxiety. Such orientation is part of the functional awareness of our lives presently. But, again, with the rigid structuring of male & female identity, values tend to become abstract -- just as our partners tend to become abstract -- and/or suffer a thing-in-itself showpiece existence.

Partners are sometimes outraged by the assertion, "I did it for you." The great majority of activities are done for self. And even now a great deal of misery is created quite unnecessarily because of a partner's conception of what he should do, which is quite meaningless and/or out of proportion to the mate; yet the declaration obtains that he is doing it for the partner. The factor of agreement in outlook does not dissolve the consideration, i.e., non-concurrence; the point is that "RIGID ROLE PRESCRIPTION" often seats a tyrant on the throne of the ego (or super-ego, if you prefer). It is vital to the optimal happiness of man that he accept woman as equal and eliminate the intra- as well as the inter-ego dualistic dualism. Prescribed sex roles are nonsense beyond what is quite apparent on a common sense basis.

Man living alone, or woman living alone, does for himself or herself according to needs. What he or she can't do they enlist someone's assistance in. Then, why when they come together for the greatest happiness, should there be a problem of roles? It would seem that unity is stupefying. No. But there often is a problem of laziness and/or failing initiative, and/or insecurity, etc. These failings speak of insincerity, dishonesty, exploitation, and so forth. So, of course there are going to be unanticipated problems. There is often an inability to communicate for fear of revealing or exorcising an imp.

Rigid sexual identities have to occasion loneliness (secretiveness, sex cliques, etc.). And these instances are harbingers of proliferating protest & grudges and ever-widening non-communication between principals, and must preclude satisfying, cooperatively fruitional sexual involvement. We emphasize sexual involvement because because it is fundamental in reference to biological, or psycho-biological, man.

Psychoanalysis advises us that the anal stage in psycho-sexual development is followed immediately by the phallic stage. It is by the latter that we take active sexual identity. But in the course of this development -- a part of the growing, learning, acculturation process -- we must reject our anality. This is not the same as a resolution on the order of which we have addressed ourselves. It is more a sweeping under the rug. But even if it were swept out of the door this would not effect resolution. There is no way that a child of two to four years -- or make it what you will -- could intellectually resolve the matter of his waste product. He is simply forced to turn his back, but when he finishes he looks around. The fascination is enduring.

But it is not merely enduring because of forced rejection. It is enduring because life endures, and this phenomenon recurs. The rejection diverts energies from dealing with it toward positive resolution and institutes the sublimation design that forever leaves much to be desired. And it sets the stage for the eternal psychic civil war. Obviously, the phallic tyrant is a usurper of the throne of ego identity. And its succession to power has traduced upon the rights of tenure and, in lieu, instituted ostracism. Its whole aim thereafter is to justify this infamy by glorious deeds. But, deed be damned, it nevertheless becomes disenchanting of itself. It professes to have been undermined by the ostracized. Yet, knowingly, its course is irreversible. A tyrant never surrenders a throne; he would rather the world go up in flames. And so it will before this outcast is embraced in a democracy.

Commonly in our Naturalistic world today, we hear that a multitude of value considerations are responded to with "s-h-i-t." And the phenomenon becomes progressively disgusting to the sensibilities of those still a bit sincerely enchanted of human spiritual potential.

This reductio ad absurdum speaks the vein of protest that, having been forced to reject that detachable human property of greatest feeling tones (value-weighted) as "bad" (worthless, etc.), nothing follows as worthy of value consideration outside the self.

Accordingly, those who propose other "things of value" (conditions, abstractions) are countered with the four-letter word, a reminder that the greatest external value -- the end product of life & the "magical" substance of experimental design -- has been cast out (& the notable difference between the manner "living waste" is treated and the reverence afforded the human corpse is to be remarked). Saying further, if you want your values recognized, first deal with this -- as a matter of human priority.

Our values, then, are suspended over this void of self-alienation, starting from a middle nowhere, reaching for heaven. Understandably, the disenchanting anticipates the fall into ----. Have you ever been to a craps shoot-out? It's a game played with two (to die) dice. Filthy lucre is the magic substance for immortality. It's a popular game in some parts.

A certain anal type violates one of the cardinal values, cleanliness. He is a junk dealer whether or not in the business. Forced to reject his beloved feces, he lets everything in his world accumulate to the effect of a dung heap. You have seen him going around with all pockets bulging with old napkins, used paper cups, soda straws, ballpoints, no-deposit bottles, bottle caps, plastic spoons & other throw-away eating utensils, old silverware, femurs of long since evacuated chickens, etc. And he may be wearing three or four hats, sweaters, coats, pants, not either or -- AND. Shirt collars may be seen where the outermost one is nearly worn away and another automatically takes over. He is also constipated.

This behavior says everything is precious -- rather than "nothing." He is also swearing to innocence in the collusion desecrating the totemic substance. And in regard to phallic usurpation, he's saying, See, I didn't really (kill) abrogate that member's right, and if I did it was only to glorify him. In rejecting the cleanliness value he creates "surplus value." He is quite the picture of modern man, only sublimated at a lower level.

His opposite anal type is compulsively clean, neat, etc.; to the point of pain. Just as the others appear to be mostly male, these seem almost always females, but this is undoubtedly a coincidence of perspective. This fellow is almost impossible to live with because living is a dirtying overhead. There's a line or two in Dylan Thomas' Under Milkwood, given to a rich old twice-married busybody to the effect that the sun should wipe its feet before entering in the morning, which exemplifies this anal type.

These are two opposite responses to the same stimulus, the latter of which we might term a reaction-formation (if that matters to anyone; R-F is the formula for denial of guilty feelings by meticulous assertion of the opposite). The behavior of the latter type takes the principle of rejection of the feces to the extreme, accordingly: If feces isn't valuable, then nothing is valuable (but a sterile environment). And he is saying, That other member never existed (how could anyone ever think of me as the successor of such an animal); I am the pure, clean, angelic, legitimate heir to the throne.

Whereas our former anal colleague was advising us that "everything" has feeling tones (or value), and that it's a question of finding the medium (which activates its fertility), the latter eliminates everything, including the self, i.e., feelings. All values for this type are intellectual, with the possible exception of allow-



ing himself to be "respectably" religious.

The "average, normal" (anal) person says, That member abdicated, or was impeached, due to unsanitary incompetency. And that is a very salient point. Much space would be required for an exhaustive analyses of man's esthetic. The fact that he rejects feces does not seem strange when we consider that he's not keen on mucous from the nose, or saliva (spittle), or upchuck either, even if it's the food he relished just minutes ago. It seems that anything that goes in and doesn't stay, or anyway comes out, or off, including finger & toe nails, suntanned skin, etc., but usually in part excepting hair, is an abomination.

And quite readily we see why. These instances mock his emotional claim of having the perfect & immortal body. In addition, there are those cases of the strong odor. Odors alone one might think would turn one from the source. But few give up automobiles because of exhaust fumes, or beloved domestic pets, and some folks like limburger cheese, and tobacco, in spite of the staining of teeth & ravishing of lungs. No. The matter goes a bit deeper.

But, if conceivably man could live 200 years, or 900 years, what would be the difference? As long as he knew he was only mortal and could any day get stricken down, or struck down, what hope more could any illusion of blissful longevity hold for the resolution of loneliness and anxiety?

Daily we go to sleep, and, like children, many of us resist going to sleep, and, sleeping, we are equally disinclined to wake up. We are in the grip of our neurosis of mortality by day, awake, and in the balm of our cherished womb by night, asleep.

Preponderately, our lives are many halves & pieces, many pretensions & facades, many straining aspirations for an equanimity of half-being, of bit-being. And even knowingly, we persist. We are a repetition compulsion syndrome, an obsessional incestuous reproach, an hysterical intellectual rat-run, a schizophrenic cross-section of an hermaphrodite... pretenses, pretenses, stiff & stilted megalomania with a filthy lucre cosmological scheme and/or a stultifying cynicism creating a wake of a glorified infamous history, and plunging on after some hint of fertile immortality in the perverse & sublimated compound interest of our half-selves, with daylight-savings, & time-&a-half, & charge & expense accounts, & double-time craps! games with to die.

Man is in conflict because of the failing social sanction, and failing social definition - of man as the temperamentally passive or aggressive hermaphrodite, a distinction of a continuum on a temporal order, and of man as the psycho-biological animal in search of spiritual identity (union). He is forced from the hermaphroditic world of the womb and snatched from the quasi-hermaphroditic breast, which is also his first toy, and given "pacifiers." His next toy is a bottle, a surrogate breast, and bed & sleep, a surrogate womb. From this latter he will be reborn every day of his life, and if one gives credit to the idea of birth traumas, it is perhaps a blessing that we sometimes have nightmares.

We have seen the baby throw down the bottle in anger when he wanted his mother. But unless he is very persistence at this, he does not succeed. He may be cuddled a while after some tantrum but unless he puts himself into the womb of sleep meantime he will shortly be back where he started, only mother will be quite vocally annoyed, and he may even get a lick. In some cases he may get the attention of others, and maybe big sister & the bottle together, if she holds it, will pacify him. We get the impression at times that babies fight going to sleep, realizing it means they will be deserted, and quite often they wake up in loud protest.

Our endeavor is to keep baby full fed and warm; these are the early mother (or womb) surrogates. Later we also have to keep baby amused, entertained, and channel his curiosity. Everything to him is a toy, including food (& people), the best toy & that into which

he would transform all else. As with his fear of losing the world by going to sleep (later at times becoming his mechanism for shutting out the world), his desire to possess & devour it is never completely resolved. Whatever of the world is given him in lieu of the womb is insufficient, like the bottle he threw down in anger. But the rightness of accepting the bottle in lieu of mother, she persists in having him accept -- that and sleep. He must, of course, sleep in any case. But he is fiercely encouraged & charmingly inveigled into sleeping, thereby to resolve his wakeful discontent. And so man becomes a sleeper to the more emphatic (socially unsanctioned) feeling tones of himself. When he awakes, there is to be a "bottle" and a multiplicity of materiality (toys & games) to keep him nourishingly pacified & (preoccupationally) "amused."

But, as noted, he must be selectively amused, just as he (it) must be either male or female, whether the product of a single fertilization or not. From some amusements he is turned away directly and from others he is weaned, which latter notion may also include advisement that he is too old for such-and-such. Weaning is a process of "gradually accepting a substitute," in effect, sublimation. One does not at first understand WHY this is necessary, and the matter of acceptance (emotional) is still further removed. In the case of feces vs immortality, it would seem that sublimation is never accepted or acceptable -- in large measure because it (experienced immortality) is never adequate. But being "too old for such-&-such" (otherwise failing definitions, and sanctions) means that the substitutive (weaning) process must be disguised -- so as even to fool oneself, or suffer (embarrassment, shame) in loss of ego-prestige.

The life-long retreat into sleep is fairly respectable, as is smoking; gluttony to some extent is tolerable, as is drinking, as is sex. But the "comforters" (pacifiers) should be sought in moderation; the only excess generally admitted - seen as perseverance, dedication, etc. - is sublimation itself. At this, even to kill oneself at non-directly pacifying pursuits is laudable.

The latter instance puts a great irony in the perspective of rejection of the "living end," feces = the waste product. Unless the "living end" can be defined as value, the "living interim" (value thereof) is in question. If we take the Messiah idea, we have the sublimator. His central message is self-sacrifice, the implication, at least, being for redemption. And we are redeemed from ignorance, from error (sin), from the gut substance of our beginnings, and finally from the crucible of mortality. The Messiah emphasizes the value of the "living end," and the "living interim" as means to that end.

If we turn the idea around: The "living end" is a means to the "living interim," we have the circumstance of man. Every life is a "wasted" event in the "feces (death) rejection" context, BECAUSE it is sublimated = substitute living interim to deny the experienced living beginning and the inevitable "living end." We live in substituted "event-makings." The "creative" aspiration in this event-making is led deliberately off course; it counterfeits a teleological promise of immortality on earth thru sublimation based upon the unacceptability of mortality transformed into a denial of mortality.

We must then endure a contradiction. We would like to sell the other fellow on life hereafter to help us get ours here is forever. Meanwhile, emotionally, we cannot accept the idea that this is it, it all ends here -- that we are placed into an airtight box & buried six feet underground to rot away in a state of know-nothing do-nothing forever. The answer to the latter is more material toy substitutes for the lost world, the womb, and for the lost body, the hermaphrodite, and for the hermaphrodite the toy substitute anal eroticism, & feces, the "creative" toy substitute for life of the body; instead of womb, we substitute the adumbration of structured living, for the lost body, a "rigid" opposite sex, for anal eroticism, fierce inter-competitiveness, instead of feces, filthy lucre. And by a psychic exercise analogous to the principle of "compound interest," we have immortality. These are the games of modern civilization.



But we must still daily visit the bathroom, nor can we altogether escape the knowledge that people are dying daily by the thousands. Reason advises that it makes no difference to the baby that he may be given one bottle after another, or several at a time, except that it enrages him; he wants body not bottle; he wants quality. That one and one are two is a fiction; one and one is one (or  $\frac{1}{2}$ ), a compounded mis-event. A person who can have only two or three climaxes a week and stay healthy (on the job, etc.) has no phallic need of a string of partners. If he is not content, he needs a different body, or a different psycho-biological make-up (orientation). Why do these denials & contradictions persist with man, who prizes himself on his intelligence? Undoubtedly, it has something to do with "monkey business," the fact that Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" was just published about 1859, a little more than a century ago, and that Sigmund Freud, from whose time psychology came into its own, was born just three years prior to Darwin's publication. And there is no doubt that morality is underwritten by religion, nearly all of which posture man away from his body toward spirit. And however man struggles against the seeming naivete of belief in some kind of spiritual existence, he has sustained a fascination with the idea that (sublimational) bodily sacrifice must be the key to immortality (thru a lifting of mind "above" body, but using body for a time as pack animal = jackass).

The answer seems to be that we MUST have repressions, that not otherwise can civilization deliver the millenium, and that not otherwise than thru the mechanism of civilization can the Great Age be anticipated. The assumption is that we MUST or, instead of being a stimulus of repressed fascination become a compulsion neurosis, the womb (lost world, lost body) would have to be dealt with directly. And this would sensualize the world. It would mean polymorphous perversity, and a change of emphasis from the material to the spiritual (an invitation to superstitions, possibly, & many kinds of quackeries). This is the bogie in part; another aspect of it centers on our cherished sex identities. The assumption also seems to suggest that science would lose stature, though for whatever reason is uncertain, and while applauding our intelligence it simultaneously does it violence.

So man is not to have all the toys nature provided. Yet, as noted, everything is a toy and still not sufficient when we eliminate the selectivity (to replace the womb, to fill the hiatus between mortality & immortality). Therefore, man would still be lonely, but he would know it -- would know that nothing resolves loneliness but what resolves life, mortal life. That is, the "living end" is to be "wasted" in the "living interim" -- not by sublimation, but by living so as to live (the "living interim" without the compulsive "withholding" which is thanaphobic).

Beauty is a consuming event, not a monument, thing-in-itself. Just as one eats to live, one is "eaten" by life. And life is beautiful only in terms of minimal artificial structuring to boost "life chances" at the expense of "freedom to live," and the given natural "range" for consuming & being consumed. In the context of human ecology, we have tipped the balance to favor a "living death" in the hope of prolonging the earthly sojourn. It is a caricature of the 5,000 year-old Egyptian practise of mummification. There is little difference in the aim of our manner of burying the dead. Only we retain the same aim in life.

Needless to say, this does not mean that we should just give up and die on the spot. But for those who would, we should not smother the spirit, their desire to live until dead.

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Significant information of existence, the resolution of loneliness & anxiety, these are our concerns in the feeling realm, and therefore critical in the consideration of values. Inarticulate loneliness faces Spiritual Existence. Between the two are self-knowledge and the optimally developed faculty for self-expression; I feel, therefore I live, and death is an inherent part of that, or vice versa.

Hereby we are not disenchanted of humanity because "Celia shits." She does so because she is mortal -- as I am mortal -- therefore lonely. Deal with that. Knowing she is lonely -- as I am lonely -- is our critical information for the surromance. I sense the promise of very little unless I know she is lonely, unless she is immortal. But Celia also dies, and her flesh turns to dust (and maybe that means Total Information). In the surromance we will deal with that.

Analogously, in perspective of the dehumanization of blacks, we are presented with this name-calling (as before indicated), "nigger," in defamation of substance. As with values, the answer to it is "bullshit," i.e., the he-man symbol also defecates and has an anus (you need to defame me because your world of values is poney).

Yet, there is greater irony. Is it a plea again? Lets see. The defamers undoubtedly wear a mask of envy & resentment, whether black or white; it is the old illusion of greener pastures. An artificial rivalry in this is further fed by jealousy & insecurity. We need only remember in this context that all the toys are insufficient. Nobody has all, and there is the additional factor of "style of gaming." So, most styles & games are exportable, provided the indigenous set have sufficient prestige that the illusion shouldn't be in taking up another's game or style that something deterioratingly infectious will rub off on one. Nevertheless, the tendency is to hold onto what one has ("a bird in the hand ---"), name games in this case, until the other is a sure thing.

In consequence, "nigger," like "shit," is a plea for two freedoms (i.e., may also be seen as). In the form of a challenge, it attempts to prod one into showing (revealing, clearing) the way for living the "living interim" free of rigid pretenses. Similarly, in this respect it is a substitute (and a great number of whites & others prefer it = more palpable body) for the four-letter word when in the thralls of building climaxes. Also, as directly related to values, when we marshal out any & all the virtues (& accomplishments) blacks have ever demonstrated we do not get an offsetting or preclusive effect of "nigger;" first deal with that. No matter what you have achieved, (you are still a "Nigger! why don't you deal with that? (and help me get back all of my humanity)"

The "bullshit" response to this name-calling really works, because everybody knows that "n---r" is a psych-out, just as repressed anal eroticism is a psych-out (or -in). The caller will probably try to come back with something to the effect that you remind him of the four-letter word. Now it's a poker game, the bigger bluff will win, except that you're suppose to have the better hand, and you know his "hole" card(s). There are any number of responses, the idea being that this is a feces-slinging contest. You could duck or ignore it all, of course -- laugh, etc. -- but this will try one's patience if the milieu is thick with feces-slinging dodos; it's probably better "to take the bull by the horns" initially. Here is a hypothetical situation:

Name-caller: "Nigger ---!"  
 "Bullshit (Mother)"  
 "Hal I'm looking at it all over your face."  
 "Bullshit. It's on your hands & in your eyes."  
 "My eyes are blue & my hands are lily white..."  
 "You must be slinging --it with your mouth, then."  
 "Somebody hold a mirror up for this nigger..."  
 "You want to bean somebody in the back of the head with your next throw?"

And so on. Forcing the imagery of this upon the assailant is bound to wear him down (being anally repressed), and he'll have dreams about it. The counter-attack is always that bullshit is his name, what he is, what he feels like, and what he's slinging around. And, in short, one can suggest that instead of "wasting" himself (getting "wasted"), he might make (some) one an offer & gets his --its packed.



As I have said, this particular vituperative is much too common among blacks themselves. It is to be dealt with, and the callers are asking - pleading - for just that. And it (like feces) is not dealt with by slinging it around. Both of these beloved-slinging weapons should be disarmed & buried. There is perhaps some information to be digested in this regard, and then these vulgar toys with which we have played too long should be left to history.

Briefly in passing we might make a note re: black "beauty" (the sexo-esthetic). It is quite apparent that blacks are physically constituted in every erotogenous respect, aside from the consideration of whether or not black women are characteristically breastier than other sisters. As a rule, and archetypically, blacks have the more sensuous lips, the more bulbously pronounced buttocks, and are reputedly the world's foremost phallic symbols.

All of these features, for one unreason or another, have been defamed in the process of others' ethnocentric self-promotion. But the fact of real envy is undoubtedly considerable.

The approximation in complexion of many blacks (skin pigment) to feces has been of goodly assistance to racists, as well as an esthetic problem for some blacks. This feature, however, quite completes the human temple of love's god & goddess (allowing the figurative). From African sculpture came the inspiration for Cubism, which is also symbolism in the painting & sculpturing arts (painting is an obvious kind of sublimated feces-slinging, of course). But somehow, strangely, painters of the past seem not to have taken blacks as models, with a few exceptions -- a Rubens, a Homer. And there is Gauguin's Tahitian period, but of course that is not quite the same thing. Apity it seems that the world's foremost painters should not have given us some "information" on this subject. This would have been a particularly intriguing matter from an Impressionistic point of view.

I, in fact, recall lamenting the apparent lack of color-play in the black model, about twenty years ago. One might think that I had never seen a touched-up color photo. But I was not a painter. The problem was largely a partially psyched-out orientation, that any color play was suspect. The fact is, one can see a great deal of color in the skin tones of an average black in sunlight. Color, of course, is a subjective phenomenon predicated upon light. But, free of any great license, one can generally see reds, blues, greens, & shades & tints of browns & blacks. Today one need not have a problem about mixing delightful colors. It is sufficiently respectable for anyone, with the possible exception of diplomats, to wear the rainbow in anything from swimming suit to tuxedo.

Wherein love is sustained through appeal of the flesh, for mortals, among the informationals the flesh conveys shouldn't there be a report of feces & dust? It is not only fitting, but as we have seen, it is the necessary embrace for human self-embrace in the living interim. It is the information of mortality, unlike the gods & goddesses of the glory that was Greece & grandeur that was Rome from whence comes our (Western man's) clinging notions of esthetics in this regard. Those others were immortal.

Were I born & bred a black African, and not much subjected to European influences, I should think that most Western women to me would look quite plain, empty (void of any suggestion of depth, apparently or symbolically), and fake. Glamour is undoubtedly the Western female trademark, an artificial, commercially promoted phenomenon; its basic design is to startle & awe.

Blacks, nevertheless, have gotten into a windy "black is beautiful" bag (though the Miss Black Beauty Contests are an embarrassing plantation house scene). The intention & the effect have merits. But the problem is that it is not sufficient word-magic in itself. And it is spiritually more of the same immortality. "Beauty" contestants, incidentally, should be paired. The idea is to create

the illusion of the lost body, the hermaphroditic body, regained, & advising that beauty is an event proceeding in concert from the greater force & charm of pairs to resolve the hermaphroditic and the spiritual quest. Consequently, the critical features would be the carriage & the dance. Black Africans would win all contests in the honest judgment of Faustian man.

...

The artist in lonesome labors to create environmental feelings of equanimity. These efforts re: focus run the gamut on the qualitative (minimally repressed) plane from the quest for the formula (mixture) that renders the lost body (mind, spirit) regained to soaring fancy & interplay of vision & transports of mind & spirit in quest of the lost world (Total Existence).

And on the quantitative plane, which is the more neurotically sublimated expression of feelings - so much so that at times one does not have the sense of a concern with feelings at all but with "things" - his efforts represent humanity at the ego-competitive level, laboring for success & supernumeration in a highly structured social milieu -- to get the most out of the (prescribed) social order by winning a goodly share of its prizes and an enviable status at the top of the field.

In the latter instance, the qualitative experience of man's loneliness - the significance thereof - is crowded out by the gadgety gimmicky drama of his maze-run, telescoped to a highly coincidental dimension, space/time, so that anything humanly possible is admissible as occurrence. It is essentially representative of the naive bull-in-a-chinastore world-conquering presumption of youth (thru indoctrination) that there is nothing missing from life that ambition & drive can't net as prescribed by the social order. And in this respect, there is almost always an envy-provoking representation of the upper strata, no matter the problems; problems of the upper strata by the nature of this orientation often seem trivial and are void of emotional impact for the climbers, in any case; it is like the drug habit for many: They will not get hooked, number one, and, two, if they get hooked they will be able to kick it.

Due to a license for the manipulation of place & time, these representations should have something of the dream's quality for rendering truth with a great deal of imagination and minimal formula. However, most compositions suffer in this respect because of rigid hero-&heroine-structuring, the avoidance of a dimming of the overall human image (by representing everyone with living unresolved problems), in all areas of life, social, political, moral, etc., these considerations not only in regard to its propaganda influence but also as possible indictment against the author. And, lastly, there is the necessary economy that obeys the imperative to simulate resolution.

These two major foci are present in many degrees of interworkings; there is seldom a work that does not have at least a little bit of each. In literature, for example, one of the most structured of types is the mystery. The societally preferred theme for this type is "crime does not pay;" other, less doctrinaire themes are "man's greed," "man's inhumanity to man," "the blurred line between the law & the outlaw," "innocence is no defense against evil," etc.

The quantity/quality determinants in literature are the plot & the theme. A strong plot, as is requisite for the mystery, usually means a weak theme -- because emphasis is on movement & dynamic action. A theme needs lecturing in point & counterpoint, just as it is often necessary to confront a wrong-doer before he will admit the shame of his deeds upon himself, and necessary to do some lecturing & discussing in the teaching realm so that subtleties & nuances are not lost on the student. The theme causes people to think & feel (more deeply, disturbingly). Consequently, the plot usually determines the popularity of the literary work.

The same foci (qualitative/quantitative) pertain to all the



arts, however. Architecture, though, must of course subserve utilitarian ends, in my opinion -- whatever others say. For sure, it is more restricted than the other arts. Facility for more expressive feelings admits of the simulated delineation of the spiritual quest in yet unstructured realms. This entails the highest degree of manipulation of space & time. This applies to the painter & sculptor who may be representative or abstract, photographically detailed or impressionistically expressive, as-is duplicative or ecologically, geometrically experimental.

The musician is similarly free to choose; although the difference is not readily apparent, partly because many must employ the tourists pocket dictionary (except, of course, for je t'aime).

There is music meant to sing, music meant to say, and music meant to swing (dance to). The first is the forerunning qualitative register; it is the accomplished artist in quest of the lost world & body; ideally, as with the other arts, it is new form (new mode, new idiom); generally lyrical, it requires accomplishment in two media for the addition of words, often failing of achievement, but the music sings of itself representing a complete unit.

The second kind of music is an earthy simulation of the first, less soaring and/or plunging, less expansive & expressive in rendering the soul (or disposition).

The third is the dance of life in joy of body relationships (or in the agony of aloneness). It is the resolution of the other two, presenting the substance for creating the lost body (the medium for expression of inarticulate loneliness) in the gestalt of coordinated & complementary man/woman exponential time-in-motion (in the greater extemporaneously inspired world of sound). This is the elusive articulatory medium prevailed upon to serve articulation. It is the most avid medium for the hermaphroditic expression, the alternative of the inarticulate self informed. It is the easiest to get into; one does not have to create one's own music (the swingers). It is like the dream in its play with inner feelings. It is best illustrative when minimally choreographed; structure contains the expressiveness, but, thereby, makes a timid rendering of it "safe" for the repressed and inhibited.

With the artist -- more readily those other than the musician -- we often detect a disparity between what we experience as artistic product and what we imagine it should be based on the attributable madding design to "create life." And then we reflect that there is a confinement by medium and a limited extent to which any one individual's creative capacity becomes manifest.

These limitations have undoubtedly to leave the artist a compulsion of religious and/or sexual (intellectual, social, etc.) drive for other direct objective relationships. In other words, he has recourse following the failing in a particular medium -- as does the majority of humanity, the investment of self defined by roles. He knows of course -- as we all know -- that there is recourse for the consumption of the energy. Consequently, unless he has given up the flesh (intellectual, social, etc. pursuits) & all faith in other religious investments, he suffers a continuous ambivalence & anxiety of some varying degrees -- concerning when & where to invest himself. His decisions may follow a habit pattern, but will not as a rule be like clockwork as per intervals, which is to say, not time but the fulfiling quality of events determine his adherence & dispatch.

Our concern is with his artistic mandate. Although we do not wish to penalize him, especially, by prescribing a rigid role-playing, we would like to assert some preference. Create! -- new games, toys -- NEW BODY, new spirit, new world. Give us new ideas, new expanses. And simulate (delineate) a style of play (of life) in your new universe (informational on greater existence) that gives courage to our aspirations. Create!

We do not presume that all artists are capable of superlative productions, but we would like to feel that all make some sacrifice

of response to other callings to invest themselves for many full-capacity moments in the rendering of the vision -- just as we must in our roles who go to a hectic business daily, without fanfare & applause, and fight our way home exhausted, and like Sisyphus have short leave to stop the daily pendulum of inexorable necessity.

Create! more than you destroy; dissemble to build more profoundly; reveal, do not hide; advance, retreat only to regroup. Give us the backflash only for a giant step forward. And take elsewhere those inclinations that are not concurring.

The resolution of yesterday may have but an historical significance, and seconded by the whim of good fortune; deal with today. Do not unearth historical as-if problems long resolved. Things are different now, and better now -- and worse; we have more information now, and less. But give us now, is the event of our lives.

The resolution effectuates the self informed (via self-expression) for artist and an alternative for the will to self-expression of others. Man makes his life style out of pieces of good illusions (ideally he chooses the good ones). Therefore, the artist should be positive, current (or advanced), & enchanted (at least by aspiration).

\*\*\*\*\*

That which pays big \$\$\$ in our milieu usually takes on the aura of a success role. And most of us aim for it. We see ourselves going up a ladder rising into the clouds & disappearing from view. And along the way we can treat ourselves to the intriguing happenings in various status-level penthouses. All it takes is more \$\$\$ to climb higher, and the higher you climb the more fulfilling life becomes, perhaps because penthouse living allows one to do as he pleases. And it titillates everyone's pleasure to have rights for untried indulgences. The pursuit of \$\$\$ becomes a tiger's tail.

Men and women are both compelled to climb, but custom still prevails that women climb on men's coattails. But, although still prevailing, the custom is increasingly approaching the point of critical challenge. It does not follow that men are more talented in this, nor does it relate to the fact of women being the baby carriers. Basically, it is led by the factor of greater insecurity of gender -- the identity rather than the role. Nature almost without exception places man on top of woman (I know of no exceptions offhand), and yet woman is the master of this situation. In a superficial sense, man is stronger in body, but the hallmark of humankind is not brute strength but talents & intelligence.

But it seems that men must DO things. And his drives fire a great urgency. He must grapple & overcome. He is in the greater hurry into manhood, but except when he is locked with woman the phenomenon of arrival is always a little removed, and the most apparent way to assert it is to be brutish & ruthless, wield power over others -- especially over other men -- and generate a sense of being all-masterful. His is the greater suffering sense of the lost body, the inarticulate loneliness; manipulating the world as though he were the muscle & brain of multitudes is his sublimational alternative; though it hardly seems like sublimation, except when we remember the oral and especially the anal repressions and the fact that his physical tenure on top of woman is very brief relative to the his lifetime.

While we easily see the humbug on the success-climber's forehead, it is difficult to escape the feeling that he who fails to climb is vastly more lonely & wretched. He does not have \$\$\$ or power or fame? Can he have love of woman? What surcease is there for his inarticulate loneliness? What advantage can there be in being the manipulated instead of the manipulator? What happens to his manhood, to his individualism under circumstances of being a pawn?

He is usually referred to as a "nobody." The dubbing is much too loosely administered, and usually by so-called success figures. But he is especially subject to this classification in juxtaposition to success figures, as it were, if he steps out of oblivion into the



"public eye." Everyone who aspires for status necessarily envisions getting into the public eye. And, of course, it sounds a bit ludicrous. But this is obviously the greater psycho-social certification of one's existence. Being in the "public eye" simulates the psycho-physical condition of "touching all points" (being touched) and is a surrogate state of Total Information (consequently, making one "an authority"). And it undoubtedly offers rewards, except that occasionally the eye must blink, and perhaps close in sleep. Then interposes the horrendous vacuum.

We can say that the public eye gives one to feel he "cuts the figure" that articulates the inarticulate body, delineates the lost body -- is self-in-complete-form. It allows the entertaining of the illusion (delusion), necessarily, because this is the highest mortal aspiration. Consequently, it tacitly endorses hide-away experimentation & exercises attempting registry of the emotional (feeling tone) realization. Here is where the facade collapses, though of course not for everyone. Any and everything is tested in pursuit of the sensation, the fulfillment registry, of new surhuman acquisition. Name all the tabus, perversions, promiscuities, prodigalities, etc. and you have it. And not least among these inclinations is the feeling tone that being brought low - reduced egotistically - earns right-of-passage (acquisition) -- as the camel will not pass through the needle eye. But the public eye defines success & failure for broad social purposes.

Listening carefully, we can hear somebody saying, Let me out of it. Yet many who get out scramble to get back, and not just because of the money. There is an ego-deflation and the sense of one's time having passed. Some persons get the same letdown after love-making.

Loneliness is a subjective condition to which the social realm gives only lip service. Those admitting of loneliness are declared some kind of weakling. Only the aged and the very young have social sanction to be lonely; the rest of us are suppose to be too preoccupied in world processes. And often you can hear some one say, "I keep busy" by way of shutting out a keen sense of loneliness. To grapple with it is more difficult, similar to the greater difficulty between creating a way & following a way. But the strong are not suppose to be lonely, to begin with, as if by fiat they should triumph over any external impediments and subjective self as well.

Sounds like a trick done with mirrors, and it is. But, "reflecting" is just what one mustn't do/do mustn't...

...

Come fill the body --- to self-in-form. Inarticulate mothers & fathers have invested in children who, if they know, also await permission to say. But most do not know. A growing alternative is the flooding warmth of the arms of heroin -- a goddess as of old, who makes every man an Achilles, but with a heel that grows to bizarre proportions.

But one must learn something by & in being alone; it cannot be outdistanced or crowded away so as never to be encountered. Only by treating with aloneness can one appreciate the necessity for building upon the properties of one's oneness. Blacks in search of beauty must grow in qualitative self-knowledge as human and mortal, and as descendants of a people who sought to articulate loneliness by their own, unique, modal expression, and to build the lost body into our qualitative human relationships. But whatever were their perspectives, there is now more information (as there are more games & toys). New forms, new understanding, should contribute to the quality of existence and not bury it deeper under as-if blindfolds.

The practice is to bury the medium of feeling tones under various media of "keeping busyness." And we fool everyone except the merchants in flesh & souls. Yes, there IS some/body you have not had and aren't in & of yourself. And it is information of some substance. Have a touch, and R.C.V.P.

And it is not to be misnomered what Elsie, I said, to please don't wait til your black princess gets installed to be moved to mind what those old quarrels are hysterical suicides & funny how one gets hung up on saying the wrong curse lovewords in spite of laws against being overheard

I promise not to call you a phoney/no-account for credit reference on some good understanding a loved one to zero-index  
A to Y crying doll again

& I am quite lucid in my delineation of how to transcend outside influences that malign you & I recall it was again, as before, with touch of many points a burning up of your wires surpassing the 100th degree F in power restoration from failure to communicate by that nightlight switched  
boardinghouse of our telepathy

We released neuter space to re-involve ourselves & got deep in the red debtor's installments of eventful barrelheadless Existence

Since then I have paid off all the claims forthwith coming at high interest rates in your stead fast chocolate shake-me-down underwear on account of your charging me with put-on-airs of foreign styles mislaid by designs on movie stars to forget about ...

I have now been put thru a long distance of collect calls from your whereabouts unknown & nevermind answering saucer disconnecting my line as of the last date due you need another express check-out at one of the number of old insults I can be reached...

I sit holding my wired head -- a long distance call put thru contemplation nets a ringing buzzing door's dumbbell but no one answers

The receiver at my ear & mouthpiece at hello from the bowels emptying anxiety under persuasion's rug into a carpetbag of flight for grounding the mainline on a land stripped naked down ...

I cannot reach your busy lines buzzing/ walking you are fingering thru your black book in some lonesome stranded travelers booth to dial finger passages for a thin paging love call gravitationally to hookup to my extensions and you'll be here/phoned not wanting to be

Yet unrequited limb & finger-licoricing feelings -- in your purse love's lips stick to tear-drying tissues & watered tongues & teething nails mischance to bite my name as the number for all time busyness transfigured not to come up

And this one is our soundproofread fortune told to all our hunger thru all the cities' directories for practical busyness establishments appetising junkie

I call & recall an answering service of material bodies who need get more than push in touch all over have become ensnared in busy signals flashing back to dreams



& forthcoming nothing as touching as the right one  
by two in four-dimensional freedom  
unafraid to speak the spiritual desire ...

I sit on the roof of my mouth in a film of phlegm  
and say -Connect me with Information, please-  
It is now I sense the dial feeling tone  
expand into a doorbell --

Rust hung-up with off-the-wall spiderwebbing -come in-  
on disenchantment's welcome mat  
with numbers to playhouses that do not come in...

She is meanly figured on a dark field of romantic hi-fi  
with one & a half day's handbag & a half-hour's perspiration  
in a paling twilight with red streaks across her heart

& on her lips, in her eyes, on her face: -you-  
she says just that one letdown unspoken direction  
in compact concentrated powderburn smell of old shootouts

Bottoms-down the prize ring naked circle of my stare  
from the knees svelt leading up the fat feeling to go  
with wounded body & vision of body lost  
haunting the airlaned heroine's tent  
of two & a third dimensioned thighs  
skirted overlay up under my empathic puppeteer's  
open mouth-to-handgrasp of her articulation  
from lonesome feeling to acquire proofreadable new lines...

She cannot finish the sentence to death  
structured by the old stimulus-response  
so we skip formalities  
for communication's hermaproditic media of jetblack imprint  
to woo man to dream of the equipoisal womb-beautific:

Over good illusion seas of sundecked halls to dance to dance  
the mirror-multiplied images of miracles  
to infinity's house of wild card stud  
touch at all points the babysuit in a swimmingpool--  
engaged in a swimmingpool in a swimmingpool of an "upper"  
until a wee brain washes away my dotted "i"

She sheds the illusionary shell of autonomous skins  
down to her existent essential --

involves me envisioning  
she steps into shadows reaching for summer cottoncandy veils  
which keep her in memorized fluff & breezy vaporousness  
a deep black core reception with dollbaby airs input & out  
whose knees & thighs & buttocks & belly & breasts give nuance  
to articulate inner-bodily the material wish to incorporate spirit  
in flesh & skintone feelings as pretty as her pink/blue film fantasy

I fix dinner while she dances & conjures herself into gifts  
before the mirror & over the bed & thru the bath & boudoir  
embracing & erasing the airy notion of partners  
into a pausal dreamy nap

The wine flows thru all of her warmed-upper & lower inclinations  
except into her eyes the dream inebriant will not be mottled

The grape ferment is of dark delirious body  
points from her wine gourd bosom with nipples to pop

Out of the neckline she unwraps  
the windy weedcloth content of her candy ways  
putting thereby frills to teasy & breezy laced black passion --  
the airs that had been put on like breathing fields of flowers  
overcast off with swirling effervescent gesturing

As I have held her in ravishment of billowing bouquet & color  
blown up like hundred-gallon balloons & deflating like sails  
curling & furling & flapping & folding  
illusions in & out of pockets & uncharted artists' planes  
to be a sculpturous & painted goddess of love's expression

She is now like a field of furrowed earth burgeoning to be sown  
all fallow dirt browns & soft mud-puffy for the play...

The exterior event posteriorly bent  
crochetedly ravenous & zealously intent  
typical locally hysterogenerates vocal foci

The interior event mixed meatierly present  
gift-proffering -opening in groundbreaking assent  
speaks firebranded out the business that amasses to ashes

We institute an education of spiritual intimacy  
as an informational arm of lost body  
designed of heart & spirit in vestment aspirations  
to touch at all points thru-out Existence

We recapitulate cell by cell the creation of all-hunger's  
yes-mammoth devour-me incorporations enmeshed under indigestibles  
overlying creations over creation's grasping black kisses  
middle-pink & rolling back  
into mediation's skin-thinlined escape valve

The limbo fat extensionless cell bodies pimple  
in whorl vegetational inaction-formation  
to let off creaming total information  
compressed from inarticulateness to expressed omniscience

Here to fore male & female design to be polar --  
figure to figure versus figure to field out away  
to split the world & infinity  
into insufferably compromised chasmic ends who have medium to entwine  
about something entered at length for all intermediate loneliness

Thereby moving into middleground  
the highstrung ends  
make love-knot & pull for continuum to obtain inordinate proportions

The political consideration thrusts to consolidate a field  
back as third party of disenfranchised body politic  
hereby rendering of social services in undeveloped areas  
to get decisively out the indigent local votive  
motivational representative work-up of prospective action --

unutilized resources of communion in unity to serve as base  
while seeking constituents lost in platforms of kick  
for maximum cummulative assertion of constructive proposals

We adhere to define reciprocal problems of cause & effect  
in an emotional impoverishment of self- & group-alienation  
as primary & elective issues to promote  
grade A to X organized ethnic overcoming

a schizophrenia of ethno-sexual discriminating information  
cannot be allowed to split & confound  
the party's natural attractiveness  
nor its proper motions miscarried on mis-steering heels  
or registering of intra-rivalous complaints against passing  
the driver's seat sustaining momentum of articulate self-expression

Our inter-course related education proceeds  
from Head Start & pre-kindergarten of the mind  
involved in coloring processes with fingerprinting identity  
over everything of physical proportions

With what colors left we ascertain the calories of sugar  
on the tongues of sweetness in visual primacy



& define the alphabet of feelings from self-enchancement aphasia  
to transliterate Total Information contexts of erotogenous zones

& when the colors of these fingers have painted our world  
we sign our names in sand/which  
resolves the integration of feelings  
tone upon tone of earthenware palette  
in the sea of Existence

& this idea it takes a salt unto itself  
& is a fertile sphere once dried-up on a painted desert

In creative communion  
the lyricism underlying our properties  
fuses with our purpose  
are enchanted furrows weaving flailing waving  
uncovering the centuries' forefatherlatifundia  
Afro combed the binder of life & death to seed & fertilize  
weed-free the land is in joy in continental hands  
of one kingdom booming  
the daughter of nature's rhythms on-growing up  
the upbringing out comes summer

This possession is dispossession  
to nourish the out-reaching range  
to be embodied evolutions apace the leading drummer's beat  
everywhere  
assigned outposts relinquishing defined land's end to airs

& in her breast & in her eyes & on her lips of sensual earth  
the dew water up to cool the passion of night  
ploughing under its night traits  
to take on hunger's burden --

into the row the comfort-seeding stick  
finding the eye of each fat-cheeked furrow  
gives a yam for sweethearted outburst

All now overpasses to resolution  
the sowing & the sacrifice fulfil the plots enmeshed  
now evolving in her prime middle row from princess bud  
in her arms & in & of the airplanes over & around  
the field possesses every way to go  
no parcels or posts break the enraptured male & female land  
from letter to spirit openmanship yardarms fill with figure all out

To make the cornucopia of merge lots  
no untitled lot assorted corn of freighted time  
no flooding brink precipitates the reeding plant  
no haunted house envelops a drop for lost

Posts' airspace in care of landscape deliver touch  
thereby insured receivers shipped in physical embrace  
to come home grounding lumps

no hillock backlog hemlines an alien preserve  
no over/under assignment of heavy/empty lots by polar projection  
no dead end unmoved mountain engulfs the root of in-forming channels  
no erosion of envelopment for want of correspondence  
no recollections of post-age weight overbears to sour fruit  
no drought withers the seeding rod  
or leaves the rainfall standing cold

the rake of grass-root information gardens  
the grove of dereliction's debris to yield  
the loam in touch not just a few  
lines have all-round intimacy of field-  
hand & nerve cell knowledgeable attention

The body of the spirit of these lines: inform:  
halve cycles of sumptuous loaves --

of loam opened opulence in-two  
lobs & gobs & blob-bubbles of fattened earth  
lazy in love with hugging  
top & turnover & pressed-into fertile touch  
& smoothed palm-spread lovebed of seed-rich soil

boundless & unbundlings of foreverlasting  
love-knot & stretch the last to come a loose  
before-not-known new fibre

Now uncovers into us discovered annexed information  
the sur-prize newlot's elemental life

Thesis overjoy jumps to produce metathesis  
with cosmic poise the season recovers to cast the field

& all the beauty there is here  
all the partnership there is here  
all the fulfilment there is here  
all the selfless expressive selves  
there are here is therefore with us

Fin de opus  
The Beau-Cocoonut  
Harlem, U.S.A.  
December, 1972  
LEA

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## ELONZO HARDEN

( Box 711 )  
( Menard, Illinois 62259 )

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### REALITY

I have never in my existence pretended  
That I fully understood my history  
Or my language or myself when I  
Would be feeling extraordinary...  
But the fact is I have never  
Had anything planned, unless it  
Was to be in a moment of silence --  
Happiness and cherished profundity.

---

## JAMAL QUARRELS

( P.O. Box C )  
( Waupun, Wisconsin 53963 )

from the wretched depths of my soul  
a voice cries of agony and pain  
the voice of four-hundred years of  
backbreaking, mind-blowing tyranny  
crying out to be heard and understood  
a voice to take heed to  
for it alone knows of the last destiny

over hundreds of years it has been  
forgotten for reasons absurd --  
it lashes out of its imprisoned  
whole  
to strike at its abuser and  
to warn the unknowing

it is now time  
for revolution --  
of stand and hold  
lending an ear or be of  
the counted for  
voices will be heard of  
changes will be made



(For the Preceding Seven Beau-Cocoas, Including Current)  
(Numbers 8 & 9, of The Works of LEA -- A Random Choice)

The following announces four books that should be available at most local bookdealers, all on the subject of "Black Americana," and of some interest, as determined by the editors who list and comment on them here accordingly.

**WORLD'S GREAT MEN OF COLOR** (2 vols.) by J.A. Rogers, with introduction & commentary & new bibliographical notes by John Henrik Clarke, The Macmillan Co., N.Y., 1972, Vol. I, 431 pp., Vol. II, 564 pp., \$8.95.

This is a compendium of biographies (116, incld. 7 women) penned in the lucid entertaining style of J.A. Rogers. These two volumes represent one of the monumental research & scholastic installments of the life work of the late Mr. Rogers, highly praised by the late Dr. DuBois and presented with a coronation medal by the Emperor Haile Selassie (who also ordered on the occasion 128 copies of this work, originally published in 1947; the occasion mentioned, July, 1954).

Recommended good reading for the entire family; also contains information that no Black Studies program should be without, as well as material for the barber shop quarrellet.

There is a certain irony here of course. In his lifetime, Mr. Rogers could not get his works published by the white Establishment, perhaps because there was little pathos (the black commodity that most readily obtains white patronage) in Roger's efforts to establish an historically based pride for himself & other blacks.

The problem with history, however (and the substance here is essentially that), as remedial imagery, is that no one need be impressed who isn't (predisposed or) inclined to be. Just as when in 3-400 years when the "glories" of the Western World are like the Muhammad Era is to us today, our achievements will be taken with a lot of salt and school children will frown & yawn, and spark up only for an occasional chuckle at our sometimes ostentatious, pervadingly surreptitious, studied, deliberate, & stultifying patterns of ludicrousness. But for the moment, at least (but hopefully not much longer), we blacks are given little choice in this matter of minting vanity; which is not nearly the megalomaniac avarice of our white brothers' ergo, ego, a-go-go.

**BLACK POLITICAL PARTIES** (An Historical Analysis) by Hanes Walton, Jr. The Free Press (A Division of MacMillan Co.) N.Y., 1972, pp276, \$7.95.

Here is a book on the politics in the U.S. since the Constitutional Convention of 1787, emphasizing the participation of blacks, and issues relating to the participation of blacks as full citizens in the political community, especially good & informative report of latter-day intensified black thrusts into the political arena -- extensively annotated & including bibliography & index.

**HOUSE WITH 100 LIGHTS**, compiled by Clifford D. McElroy, Jr., photographs by Eonnie D. Unsworth, McGraw-Hill Co., N.Y., 1971, \$4.50.

...a small book (pages unnumbered), slick, good photography; text in the idiom of the subjects, "ghetto" children, but without the laborious literary reproduction of nuance. Interesting.

**THE END OF WHITE WORLD SUPREMACY** (Four Speeches by Malcolm X), edited & with an Introduction by Benjamin Goodman, Merlin House, Inc., N.Y., 1971, 148pp, \$6.00.

What it says. Some insights on Malcolm by Goodman, such as his "burning suit" (blue suit & red tie) worn when intending a very deep lecture.

**Africa** - (poem) Vol.4 No.1,p22;  
Vol.2 No.2, p20-1;  
" " p53

**Black Beauty** - Vol.1 No.1, inside cover; Vol.2 No.1,pp11-13,25, 31-38; Vol.3 No.2,p59; #8&9,p.92-3

**Drugs(orientation)** - Vol.2 No.2, p94; Vol.3 No.2, p.50 ("spirits")

**ESTHETICS** - Vol.1 No.1,p24-5;  
Vol.3 No.2,p59

**GOD** (sexo-esthetic) - Vol.2 No.2,p.67; Vol.3 No.1,p60--

**Houses** (fiction, imp.) - Vol.3 No.1,p 20

**INVOLVEMENT** - Vol.2 No.2,p105-6;  
Vol.2 No.1,p79-84

**Individualism** - Vol.2 No.2,p49;  
Vol.3 No.2,p49--

**Integration** - Vol.2 No.1,p38-9;  
Vol.2 No.2,p 46

**Inarticulate(ness)** - Vol.3 No.2, p57; #8 & 9,p63-70

**LOVE** - Vol.2 No.2,p119; #8 & 9, p82; Op.Cit,p104

**Loneliness** - Vol.1 No.1, inside cover; Vol.2 No.2,p 48; Vol.3 No.1,p73,82;  
Vol.3 No.2,p49--#8 & 9, pp71--

**Negritude** - Vol.2 No.2,p54

**Plainness** - #8 & 9,pp41-62

**POLYGAMY** - Vol.3 No.1,p67

**Polytheism** - (Ibid) p.64

**Romance** (black)- Vol.2 No.2, p53; Vol.3 No.1,p52

**Romanticism** - Vol.3 No.1,p65

**Sadness** - Vol.2 No.2,p20; Vol.4 No.1,p9-- (poems)

**Search for Beauty** - Vol.2 No.1, p102-116; Vol.2 No.2,p11-38(poem); Vol.2 No.2,pp107-8 (Ibid.,p 87-9); #8 & 9,p64--; #8 & 9,pp97-101 (poem)

**Style** - Vol.2 No.1,p111; Vol.2 No.2,p109-110,118-20, 124; Vol.3 No.1,p109

**Surromanticism** - Vol.2 No.2,p 62; Vol.3 No.1, pp78-89; #8 & 9,p91--

**Values** - #8 & 9,p81--

**Work** - #8 & 9,p59,65--

**Zones, erotogenous** - #8 & 9,p 86--

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1.2 No.2 - Mystique (p.126)

1.3 No.1 - Black Souchong (p.1), Design of a Woman (p.25)

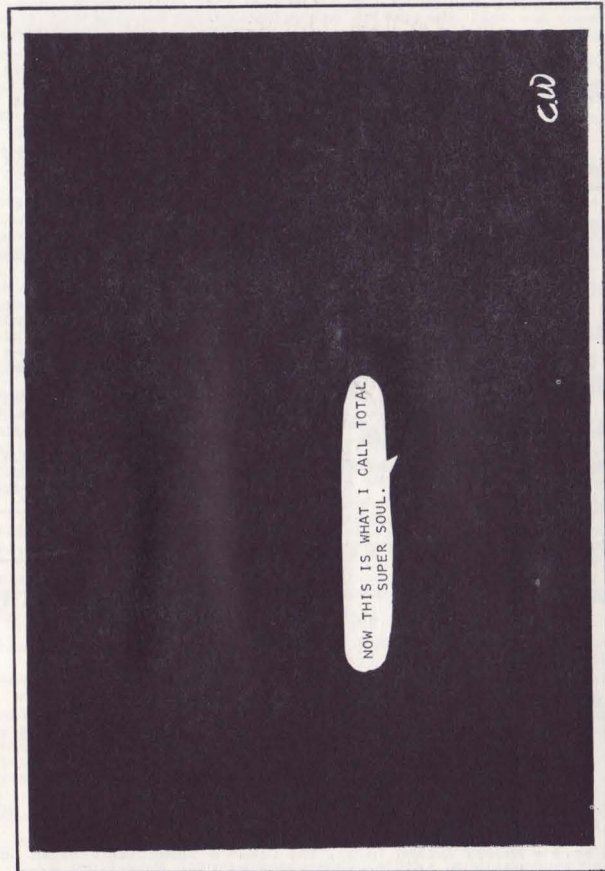
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current Issue, See: pp.1,3,13,97)





I DON'T EAT "THEM", BUT I JUST LOVE  
"CRACKERS", I DO EAT THEM, YOU KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN.

C.W.

### LOOKING BLACK & FEELING FOLLOWED

If it comes up on me  
on this side  
I'll make a Black Power fist  
and say, "Shabazz-zam!"  
(& lights out for it)

But if it comes up over me  
before I get with  
my chick  
all fine & jetblack  
& jeweled like star-joy  
goodnight  
beading of love-puff

don't know what I'm gonna do--  
but light out

If it runs up to warbash  
my brains in that lime  
before I get my Afro thick  
& my knobkerrie stick  
I'm gonna throw some stool at it  
& I'll make it to the corner  
& just stand there  
so there'll be witnesses  
in all directions

If it's gonna give me some stuff  
& Brothers & Sisters don't  
heed my predicament  
forcing me to cross over  
on the green light

it's gonna be a badddd-haddd!  
anti-precedent to follow hot...



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... accultural vines of gender wine: smooth sunstroke  
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to plum ripe thigh borderloam penumbra  
to star-umbrellaless naked pitch  
:imagic: retrieved  
meshed dark journey of two star duskies  
in sea.shimmering clear-eyed Delor.rhythms  
cloudy within good nightie hi-diddle  
AND WAR... (fr HERITAGE ... vol.4, no.1, p.3, 1971)  
... He went: pigrat-tat-tat/ all my love at-chew!/ rât-tat-tat  
at-chew! squeezing the bulls let out: ha-ha-ha:  
at-chew too!...

& her rhythms were a dance  
& her eyes were Akana-nighted  
& dreams-slept her bosom and belly  
& grace swept her fall  
& ur-figs fulfilled her buttocks  
& her night was afire over all

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