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BEAU-COCCA

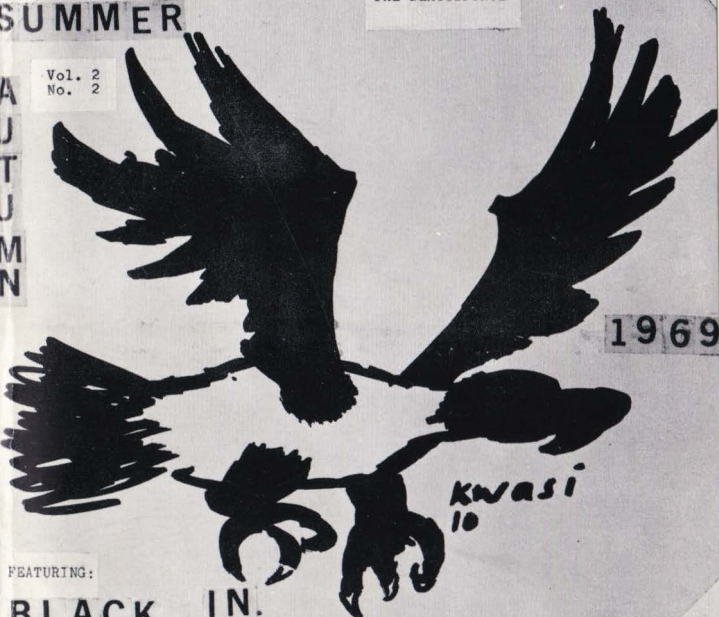
A QUARTERLY
of
THE BEAUTIFORCE

SUMMER

Vol. 2
No. 2

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FEATURING:

BLACK IN.
SEARCH
OF
BEAUTY

BEAU-COCO

VOL. 2 No. 2

Hello, here we are again :

Editor-Publisher --- Lloyd Addison
 Editor-at-Large --- Justus Taylor
 Mgr. From & Distr. --- Richard Taylor

We managed to get in some poems, in spite of other lengthy material, regarding which just a further comment.

I have deliberately avoided supplying names, so as not to 'drop' any or to stop anyone's self-representation short (furthermore, I have not documents to substantiate everything indicated if called to account; letters & other items have a way of disappearing in spite of my locks & bars). Notable exceptions to identification are the wives (& perhaps a couple of friends, by photograph, one of whom was of long romantic attachment, & the other of substantial communion, within the perspective of on-going attempts to answer the major questions -- the substance of which may commend itself to ink at some future time but not as yet). I suspect that some of these females may feel compromised by feeling of being in another class from others of them. I, personally, cannot attest to this. My first wife I do not expect to hear from, but the last, although she had the keenest, quickest, most infallible sense of humor I've ever encountered in woman (obviously disposed to feel that life is a comedy of errors, which covers 90% of it), may in this instance forego the laughter. I can only say that all the girls were valiant -- for a time. What I do not have are pictures in plenty, not of the loves nor of my younger years; never cared for them, and could never keep them, anyway.

Generally, with regard to the "R.S.V.P.", let it be inspired (also, as indicated herein, it is approx. the half of material prepared; Part II will appear in the next B-C; though I'll try to exercise editorial surgery). As some may note, it is more or less a comprehensive but prose extension of "Black--", the poem -- I hope of some interest to such as young poets, persons, philosophers, etc., engaged in searches far & wide (some of whom forget to commune with the basic human properties/private?/as indicative of the something of value achieved from that set-about). And, if necessary, forgive ME for not representing everything as 'all well on the homefront' (upon the prodigal's return).

Also, with regard to the literary scene, I have just received notice that a few of my poems are proposed for a small volume, due out about October of this year, published by Paul Berman of London. We also received a first mention in *Eng. Lance* magazine (not to be adversely linked with my views) edited by C. Leroy Jordan & Russell Atkins. Mr. Atkins is also to appear in the Paul Berman (Heritage) series this year.

We at B-C have been quite disappointed with the quantity & quality of works submitted (or not), exceptions have gone to press. The present number includes what the author, MARTINI F. (she?) calls 'a lyric in search of song'. Its theme is universal. WE do not intend, however, to send out self-addressed, stamped envelopes to get quality material (though we might if we knew where to send) for several reasons, among which are the resident prolificness and the fact of a trash heap of rejection slips retained to attest to years of unrewarded initiative, as well as to much editorial license. And we strongly urge those concerned to weigh the literary considerations noted in 'R.S.V.P.'. C'est la...

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PAIRING HIGH PER THIGH VOID

Where inner-spring high boughs as per.spiring thighs
 in spheres' split in.spired perpendicular aspiration
 before & hindsight
 rest high eye-cue mat.trespassed
 pat-hand/some to be full-housed
 by flush royalty
 of guest walt in spades:

delight: high per thyroid: of delight
 increases per high-rise inter.rest
 to ideal genius value adjust.mest

& the full fruit summer-heavy body
 dark of its delight: To be
 in sun-hallow: a blacktree
 believes to gather the earth: at childbirth
 breasts spirit upon its ilk
 to season the night of birthright ---

& where summer thighs: tan delight
 & sun comes up: love:
 is enfoldment
 the question as matter
 in exposition of caress assessed --

who wears this autumn-heavy honeybound figurehood
 here breeze-downed black-rooted nuda
 are here these limbs: nest havens
 born upsky to yearn upskydown ---?

to rest
 in growth-curve sound
 trans.Port-awe-process au-Princess

like no other meat: heat
 the whites of eyes close --

the night mare
 wherever walt trots
 out to touch air: tight
 ropes of hot snorting ohs

sow walt is a rose
 shows a vacuum ---

intra- extra -black: rose conduits
 duets vertical & diagonally: flood

all high limbs: items supreme

to reach for time squeezed in
matter-risen air heat-tight
calls masseurs of time
alert to begin: to
pet all the hurting amidstream--
candlewickup itch-switch a dream: of
threadbare light burned down to scream: love
goodness amid night

X-tra smoke kink low: the fire
in the forest of
dances: on the facemask.cot

& off the green light on the grazing hill gives milk

awhile away ago
shadows:groin & groin: long-threadlimbed of yoyo --
wool twists the bliss wheel: winds & snaps: happy
to have love-moist again the endthread
pierce within an eye: eternity

& the licorice hot blackhabit
is kiss on duty's bough
how/do bridge to attract: loving now
that goes over where over
romance is contact

& now this chance wafter after
out of winter clothes
wind a breeze is:coming
on its summer-thin translucence

the garment of a rose
catches the nude oh-ing its esthetic due
to disclose rose blackout
opposed by goodnight tease

and feeling so black to blackout width about
figure good ease in field --

with that the smallest freedom in the forest
growth-slow ago

throws the tallest promises:
devotion abed limb ocean
to bow to movement, please
to knot knock the see/saw ---

to relieve numb lumber: puffed:
the awesomejack: log-in: home
is the

fire placed to whistle thru the umbercomb
whose thousand grates sap & foam
enough up-tough to bristle
the saucy rider number one
evergreen-groined of pores' overfill thistle
shoot.in.florescence upon

how can I please? you're dilemma, lemon(tree)
with in-lipsweet blackberry teat topping --

wheatmeat yeast, gingerbread
percolating me --- & coffee/limbs airily

heatcapped teeth popping
rust of shavings saved
to make a sawbuck sap-bucket brave: the heat sheets
of sheathed waters' seizure re: member flood of
this cotton windy night: begot
not eye.dolls but love
said lets all fall
on the ball black face chock-full of motion
and lets knot
all call timbre to forestall the meshclot

that we two know by watt penumbra link
the hidden scallop fat ballbearings link
around the Maypole
circle: behold in streaks of fat-lean -back & -to
assess net naked moves to feel next kink to you

to have pi handful of the mellon tree
until its heat of lush proves rush.unrue.letting
palms life-line benumb
to call of green thumbs in lady plum hummock
getting even: & fructified:
the while soft odds savor the hardluck
upper cutlet of pis: stywide -- and some ---
pigsplit feast: beholding:
to heart-&-arrow's bed: of
memories: knead renewed: wedged full-fall narcissus
overburst woo-ing: aback-to-take: as-if lift-off
unless undoing gift's offense apartaken of
condensed effrontery to mount the fountainhead --

rolling bough on row
and elbow high
pairing high per void

boughs out: defences of the tree
leaves: all open country

boughs in: & waving windily
enfolding-to-whole: some wavering
perpendicularity

rolling dominions of summers: post-
full green leaves, slowly to fall: & become
comely hosts: all play in seasoned phases: met
the honor roll seat: that raises:to let
honor to a heat.

LEA

AMORTICIDE

(I Challenge You)

(Thus, to Valhalla or dust)
(to Parnassus or bust)

I challenge each of you two
to a duel from Xanadu
to the dunes of Timbuktu

I inform you thus to be en garde
for your reward
returning here
from the outer sphere-
recall some one here
recalls my dear
today

until benighted times abait, morning late
our pained and splinted dream run through
and all the rumors in the air declare
those once surpassing failures to repair
returned contrite like kindergarten virtue;

and may all Sir Knightly's epic charms to open arms
like a sky entrenched from tears of my abyss
receive accordingly as his deeds accrue
these arrows from love's broken bow to you
before the sword upon my honor's word amiss;

This defence is not abuse of pride
nostrils wide
of affect scorned
upon the horned
merry-go-ride
upset astride
the way

but if I stagger from the green to careen
into the lonesome dust of love deposed,
my wretched wounds dishonor bound,
amid buffoon & scoundrel-briefing sound:
though grace afield a love should yield sub-rosed,

however flows the royal blood disloyal
to unfold the field of honor's fall from bliss,
as were we legends (duelling) in my sunrise sleep
I challenge my heart to fall as I would leap
for love ahead would have a head remiss;

Yet those faint of heart may win the field
whether I yield, or disregard
that despite the puffed facade
a lightning rod
touche

MARTINI FITCHER

THE

BLUE EYE GLASS EYE

To begin ends the history except that life dreams
and in transparent time visions cannot be stopped
at all: in this hysteria trans-paired
that lets forego an ego
for a womb & a paradise to come ago

so here we ago afar in this-&-that to be
non-sublimated buy-selling panoramic transitive events
promoting passage in the active voice to passive estatement
wherein allowance precludes lament
for the lovesong & imperative of breast

& every beginning awakes from sleep with
love's closed eyes
against the outlookingglass from paradise
where the beginning ended being holy
now loneliness here this is escape-proof awakeness
until dream stopdown

& here we are loners in Brink-Having
traveling to Love's Ideal
campaigning: transcending admiration
in transparency & opacity:

ladies & men & children time-conscripted
seeking friendship-circle haloes
& dream-mirror applause
to give an envy inbred off
shift of self-love from initiative
to be co-mingled in undated unleviable leisure

& in this time for man
unkind the play design:
Event-act I of III is overall: SEEN
to each: other scenes hold fast the satisfying touch
into private darkness
into the water
to be or is it not the whole development
until the last long-run opening night of life
fills field enough to fulfill

& this life revisits itself hourly
turning on tour
to look be looked upon the tempest silvery wereworld ---

thru summer wools, winds, and woods
the spirit of spring and fall over
thru-out all withering wonders
til winter's woo ruin:

we live here in Brink-Having
a not without heretofore inhabited humanland

by safelight speed
to over-re-developed grand re-vistas

& light intensity witnesses

admiration discomforts aloose to make up miss.in.tense array
if not wide double-lens unparallaxed presence
to dispose all views to aspirations' come.forth flash:

colossal preprocessing evocation
as amid white nightie --
the mind's ideograph leader admires
fulfillment's complex per.pose
for greater later re-touched black beholding

So here unprotesting too much to see

Scene I: man: the hungry viewer
a sensitivity under-exposed to definitions
blind date dreams of feat impressions:
Beauty, where are you again? by not saying so you are not

Where are the smiling ones & scenes seven
imposturing self-love overtures for consummation
whose flood rainbow light moves two-way spirit
& delights the eye to shutter as if touched ---

& whose light is all the history unto possession?

assaulted by light: addressed & by light redressed
beholding it with.IN.stance
a great joyful black.a.more nakedness

MEANTIME multiples of love music in the pit
and all how brown cow honey milky to possess the picturesque
of off-ad.dressed double exposure TIME

& to wit: woo-ing enchantment's preview sneaked co-ad

HERE says
heretofore undisclosed night is
opening at this address: STOP/
/down directly

at first intercourse
turn off Look
head lights up: 250/second having new
pre-poised dark negligee event
lets to flow
transparency thru-off to touch

but not pitched to woo: not peaked til focal-lengthened

ransoms touch privilege
in sub-pre-text esthetic ecstasy
that none have had this

more.all clean
& what's more/all related inflationary foreplay with itness

& the magnetic feel of watt comes
thru celluloid nightie-developed safelight

and spreads before us the table of containment
not all at once digestible
nor digestible once for all
but re-heatable, re-freezable
amenable to salts and sauce
to let in illusion inexhaustibly to appetite

yet except revisits the meantime of dream
a translucence of the infinite to re-form
as opaque as empty space: fulfillment:
stops the blue eyeglass eye:

some fraction of the hour upon: a stage
yearning permission to poise-pose man's per man eminence
as.saying a life beyond -- the reach above

IS HERE trans-parenthesis: unencircle-vented
ecstasy to me a straight stream line:

going to do what none have done/being
going to be what some have tried & gone unbeing
going to say what none have said/do ---

parades admission by faculty to facility
of thought upon being without borrowings
to spend: time without end to go/do/be
& no return addresses bathos to this aura

& otherwise here in loneliness

desires become/parrotting overheard wordsworthier romanticas
that beauty is/ & moreover/ the sterile sheik
linen hysterias mask ecstasy's witchdevil-riders'
walnutcrackerbarrel walkup game
in a scintillating hide-&-see

that love's salt-reduced middle ridicule
is here in riddles preserving peril-luminousness
in trans-luxurious woo-looking good guesswork

but except a scene lens: THIS: image in nativity
all acts behold pre-touch
the semi-precious artifact traction
introducing--- but for WHAT? to be held the bodyscape

or if meant see/philia: this FLAW
TO BE the whole PLAY
the CAUSE in what sense the future ACTS---?

TO PROVE: hope improved or not upon
sight possessed of the coming finale ---

the blue eyeglasseye is chasmal/
/trial by finder's view fantasm
to put to sleep a be-whole piece awake:
as must not stop to take time out the living SEE
but to take the living stops' time-out

to exhibit the more evident WHAT alive
says to highlight proof for improved remembrance
in contactprint-enlarged possession:

The Central Event
of ventral presence
means to invent

the new give-uplook
of having & not do/be had backout
til X/mass light-multiplicity in field
to nearest engrossment
explodes the leftover factor into
the very best news do/be had of goods ad.ventral unity

such horizons to haunt the swollen self-ill-luminous candlepower
a pinch away from Aha
traveling from Oola Peak Haven
thru canyons upsightdown in throes of echoes
as inventors vault tiptoe
events: here: deeper greater depth
a wishing.well-entered
illusions do/be trained the entertaining & the enchantment

& through whole-sum thigh-field of SEE
to breast from peak to peak
the boo to turn about & run
to/fro questions too emotive to immolate
to sublimate big figure light
in deep of glassy sleep: highest spy desire
to have via face disgrace the eye-to-eye dead heat
the photo-infinitudinal fire

Then to see be/have WHAT: to have ---?
invites pasttime presence in.tense love-permanence
evermore to re-pre-send lust clusters
& the imperative energy
for ad.justmet must to be/come/back

as shadows in the infinitives
making love: gerund: deferred to be
dream.in to do:
one inBEDstead fasts of sleep
to erect the ACT-like in.II: kisses the picture of

& delayed the darkroom.mate
again unregained: Paradise in the IIIrd ACT
though much overtaken the groom & the bride-to-have
known beauty is symbiotic:

the far.in.sight chic kick
unenfranced: to split than sit & not admit it
imperiled in debut.tantalizing extra-orgy airs
entrances one: by one to add: here: The night's reproof
a scilloquy
& duet at once: the pudding of lust to do

in not a flash this admittance-enfolding finale
but to be/held for having
the wherewithal half/third re: past behind
UP in dialectic middle bewilderment FLAY
the life of the last re: ACT plunging
relays in.tense space- hillocketpicking -time

in search of beauty is this other awakeness
that life's self-love in sleep detects as affect
for charming viability

for whatever flashing per.emptyly seen:
imperishable content
THIS LIGHT:a time is contentedly canned
as per.if.here.really eyes see/saw love
once upon this: appeared & disappeared:

bodies fulfilling infinitive voices
forms feminine though they were not
sublimely supine: earthenhood: winking

feeling in higher man.age.able heels
ideals of ultra- cult -ur-visions
beyond all conjugal reconnaissance
assayed of anything sexed in common

but though err.or be- fore- hind-sight
transparency moves idea: is time being/come
-back or -to imperative conjugation: thought-view.out
transparenthooded searchlock snap

& here the drama's resource abounds
in.formationally cross- see/elect -sectioned
somehowOWhere definitive:
sublimated ad as to be.whole.saying
the offtime offstage intransitive darkroom development
a new truth: CLICK:
a newly aware NOW, and then, forever ---

But in the say/see of permission for granted taken good game looks
being/still total stoppdown event
unfilterable for mis.taking charm
a chasmic distance
the shutter is not an act to shun

with a click you can be alike the pic ur-choice
up to your snap unless you did the scene shot

would you be man or demanded of
in behind or fore narcissus-mirrored attitude
in search of beauty, force, or good family cooky-ing ---?

:This is the world scene:::
the seen world greater than
THAT: there is no equal to: Time in motion: To
catch up with light: The Isolator of
re: developed unties & conquered space

the seeming continually beyond the seen
the scene continuously beyond the act

But in the white mirror.rain.BOWED-OUT.look from paradise
into pressurized develop.mental structured time
LOOKS: not to topple: to.ward.off.perfection
discomforts being IN: To move to do/be emulation
topwardly climbing: To
get in the open event?envy?estate of see/meant to be airy:
is immortalizing

and though awe.filled: any process to glamor
looks per.pose to lightup: something to see do/be

Will color stopdown to see the flower
in its safetylight black fig-ur-bath --?
however flowerworld delectable & delicate
stems raise & lower the ethereal head: to affirm
petal rough touch-light: ad.HERE'S LOVE
reddened black & red: the switch ON: Danger
concurring eyes closed
DO NOT OPEN

the full awe.force: per.forced to come on: out of lovefold
the light underclothes pulled off: not needed
the pro-lambskin relaxative & naked: TO AFFIRM
the off.naked close pitchblend switch-feeling: ON

full-mooning feel of dark bodies: should be a scene
to uncloud of blush: To embrace: The other:
unwise: a waste of view

so to develop a lust for highlight life
& to do/be the winking soft celluloid blue eyeglassey

:Why not try its angular knowledge insideup
that does not unfold over bearings
as would affront oh.doors screened from opening ---?

while wonder enchants the womb & the man
intimacies of the third eye: exposure's
flashoutlook to view: be.whole: held:
the mesh of pigment --

isolation in insular reverse
sends its greed tingles to you: an invitation
to emulate this view: cupid pic

BLACK

I N

SEARCH OF BEAUTY

XX FORCE XX

-What is your name Black One- I said one day lonely
I thought her a shadow first some living spherical unit
priming the wilderness some part
fully fleshed but lithe flesh
limbed on womanness swan-necked
moving a girl in shy and elegant naive nakedness

Virgin partly hidden by eaves and reefs of grass that quivered hot
but somewhere just beyond white in a pocket
high-hot black-hot turning at the world's edge
a being of love image

I moved nearer the ocean pocket and quickly knew
SHE DID NOT REFRACT
ABSORPTION and I fascinated to become to be some part there
belonging in the land
a moment in wonder a moment of my soul-self was inspirited
for this was time for this would be forever I knew
this would be subjective color only beautiful in-touch
deceiving on the eyes to see
love and beauty away behind myself of brilliant bodies
where the sun had gone down in my seed
the black forest of my manhood yodelled out of the wind-words
and structured the physical prime of its re-assumption

She turned and I beheld the knowledge
her sign imaged gracious hostessing
a sign unillustrated flowed upon me
she rippled rhythms
she smiled to me music in her carriage moving away distance
and toyed with word-notion
was it that? yes she could not speak thought so exactly
she moved into it a lover in body medium
into active portrait words assumed sum to be

The artist blind with looking now painted exact touch
was now removed a notion in exact all of all awake

New deft lines slight into flesh soft wholeness

line deep insight unparted put by virgin sleep line
caught in gesture

In this look the interrogative was lost/answered interrogatively done
in the look the will powered the eyes repositied

-Is your name Orhythmia? Yes- I said
and I repeated the question illustratively pointing to myself

-Ah so- she articulated milk-white eyes
smiling an intelligence flowed to me exchanged " "

Intimate movement beginning to seem philoprogenitive
a virgin image escaped again

she voiced a note and held it telescopic
until I saw at the long end of to be
where on the end in the egg on end the sunrise rests
(this is to say -I am the light of your eyes)
(that is to say -I am blind until her insight conceives)

-You have been unknown to me- I said
at this she had spiritual flowering nodding
absorbed with beauty of agreement

I took to my lips and kissed a maiden hand saying again
I warmed -unknown-
a touch of violets bed-snuggled in the palm
she mass her lips -Unknown-
say
in her heart there was no wanting of words

Her love but waited on me and I was power in that time
of what place dark met its darkening

And that finished an arm's rhythm moved to something suddenly
(sensoriless but attended ...)
Kissing the valley of hand in checkmate love

pondered again at what dimension it will have been in time-future
having after this repeated the tense before
she will be mine

we did some studies of shadow how it clung colors
I made some black colorless white studies reaching into it
I had to learn myself the iconography of darkness

intuitively
becoming my heroine to the black-boxed brain's pupil-eye view of beauty
a loveliness of some great freedom I sought
reaching into my sightlessness in sight of her

And the touch of her was some that was not her
was heroine hundredth-placed beyond time intense
held a pity of terror to befall the wild loneliness black egress
or fall short of the black ivory's column of calling

the loose truth lay in anatomy-inlaid movement
and all dreamily and seemingly ancient as rhythm

By bits with English my language she became
up to the infinitude of communication into inky mercurial speech

she and I
recoursed to the belly of the event
and fastened our feelings on the face-value of believing
the dance of being

I give you name- I proffered poetic in feeling
-Give me name- she approved
-I pronounce upon time the work prints of our energies
would you give of yourself through a debrutalization of insight outlook
and renaissance of the man ---
-I promise upon tomorrow- she said -my time time-forgotten love
should I live and vanish in histories of inconsequence

-I shall be the greatest man an image force ever endowed!---
-Do I belong here in this amazing communion?- I asked -Have I grown
feeble with dreams from umbilical hide-away
compounded by indecisive knowledge of compose
counterfeited in an egregious womb of hybrid space
a day I reckon
black maiden balm sunny bastard day of time
another monster of pretension?

-Do we go to hell in a blazing web of delusion
awakenin' in death?
-Where is your home Wilderness Orhythmia?- I said
she smiled a lovely morning complement -Home?---
together we are home-

-How long? how long have you been apart from me / a part of me / I of you?
she saddened upon me her brows -An instant-
-How long apart has parting taken us?- I said
-from a state of inestimable motion once parted
staggered from referent to irreferable being-to
arrive at disaffection on lap-pediment suckling
every once upon everward up one on presence
a new presence to desire owing infinitive past to be-
(that is to say --- we have walked the sea/shore
intimately lonely apart but by a wading tide)

And I promised every phrase of myself to her in that voluminous solitude
with every sound in the light and sprinkling spray
calling myself the names of misery
yet not calling over the hate
of the self the mating seasons marked

and on the wilderness rim of my wandering in rest
by the productless sea
I minded legend to look-up opening societies of lights
I wished in appended mixed company of sorrow
to encompass a league of time
a bubbled mouth of laughter should not swallow my life for want of air

in gregarious foolery in the flood of while
to regenerate her wading dusk limbs
that in an ancient carriage clockwidth-wishpool of blind auto-mating
moving ever on one black forever edge of presence
toward the haunted house of whole-minus-one white infinity
infinity moved behind each one
alleging signpost movement
wherewithal without incrementwaged
the time-toll censorship upped
amassed love's produce labor in faith
withholding manumission by great minute-white-cocked arms
and close-running charm of need rewinding
of the clock infinitely round
overlapped by one sudden spring
until lust's muddled drought deferring to fascination refractiveness
unwinds entrail anxieties from the quick pit sensual
that break off with the alien wit esthetic

To call Orhythmia by her name
the identical romance of statement
to a fact of state without stateliness her name is noise

Interlogue (Looking Backwards)

Break heart from high down
to idle out to nowhere
it's different on the go nowhere
is captivation wherever will is

no matter no strained saying to make the dead aware
the heart will not hear the mind
for death it will not prepare its mirror of words to wear
heartbreak say what?
(I look like a pound of lips trying to say nobody loves me?)
This looking caution may take my generations to exhaust

Here the mirror of all things said to me
meet down in darkness night
other mad images I have caught and choked on
the light & color matched apart from feeling
explode timed through opposition of mind

One day and the young went along to school
fresh of platonic cheek and frolicsome
smelling their bathed home-carry-out-of-doors sweetness
one day with the usual clock-faced ubiquitous sky
smiling wastefully in sunshine for work the hour-lunch
of those hours that pass in some trans-stage autistically
of a day only day daylight
all light-bright and on the brilliance seem whiles of paradise

upon eventual rising empty heart of routine
from having to hunger
start out of self in rebellion against this special being

ALL THE WORLD LOUISE
looked at liked her looks
Louise reality looked from space (historiological) me
one time unreality once reality a space

For non-existing stomach dis-ease a good meal won't do
a long run won't last

whose pink cream-rinse white golden flower
deflowered in the shrubbery by night? the rapist
lover Dans la salle de classe le professeur a demande
-Mon A Et ensuite
qu'est-ce que Pierre a dit-il?
-Il a dit fou fou
je me souviens tout
mais dans me coeur la musique de l'exiter
il a ju sans quelqu'un lui ecouter-

What day is tomorrow now
I have lived and lived
today not an end in my soul
tomorrow is in my hopelessness
in itself hope to end itself in being
the beginning of new day endless days

The Beginning

Once a rose grew black a breed of feeling
blacker than jet eyes that dream-mist
weeping the body hurt
sold on a market voluptuous not beautiful
short of beauty useless to be all sensuous
all contact and completion-act sufficient
fattened hones of night seek its touch
that in the light scorn its seemliness

Through all the looks feeling is a rose of darkness
at sunrise the deeper the night the more shocking awakening
with some lily carnations and sunflowers of ice cream women
light asleep in light sleep dawn-bathed a flower retrieved

And Africa where night is nimbus
violets are green violet purple
the free illusion of light is all around this peopled majestic land

This same light in transposition is itinerate energy
nervous generations tending cosmically hazy out inclement genus social
seek a new dignity of polar degree in kind
to belong to this set-up in land and sky

EMBARKATION

In the warmth soft of cells
where electra-lightning fastens on the heavens
evenly blind being everywhere love-light
(evenly silenced)
some positive beauty-full truth-thunder tolls the parent tone
while fitful images in the headhouse cringe within themselves
(from darkness)
papas light lamps mamas progenerating poisoned de-privated oils
inarticulate and dumb light
the white kiss

the tunnel of rain remains steely black
a boxed prism of light thought of in prettied presence

VOICE He creates He creates
come down you creator from your high
created life about me thinking it holy doing your self-good
the difference is darkness between you and me
trying to hide in words like bye and bye
so long Yes someday I'll be twenty one I cantwait: cantwait
NOW it happens it happens ---

She is of darkness a matter of truth
a question self-exploring experiment is being followed upon that

SHORE LEAVE

will do will to do black even is better than burning
now hear this

all men
have passed lifeboat drill going ashore in occupied
HELL! PLEASE --- wait! damn
will take Proceed going asylum assemble --- Ashore!
all men NUTS! pro--- cautions while on p---- LEASE!!

SO WHAT DOES THAT PROVE?
we've established that that men and women are like that
it is all imag imag---
and what was that all about nothing

INCIDENT some university boys came by talking ontologically
about God they said -God died-
they said -Thank God there is no God-
I go to university I won't go back I won't go back til next hour

And I was at the funeral
I stood gravely watching Him interred (& then I re-matriculated)
And I saw the weak-structured faces of the witnesses
jellied from disquiet to masks of solemn-sitting superior judges

Will I bring a me into their world court
and will they rule my children they CANNOT rule my children
Don't come to bed Don't come to bed anymore

So I went off to a place after awhile
-So you want IN?- the man said

for ten dollars I could let you in on time
get whatcha can-
-Not long- said the housemother -a short eternity
ha-ha--- HEY! if you see G-- let me know
what HE thinks about this business-

Here she is -I am
meaning that is touchable vervain of sense
I am bothered to prove beauty
but I will be a thing of the moment for you-

VOICE there is but one beauty as you feel you see
we will look back at the world's last attempt at us
in the evening of our eyes
how we passed through and never touched its artifact

She (Questions) -How?
I am made to run naked with night through the feelings of men
walk in all-night intimacy of hands hands
carriage about in slip into soft love loneliness
having the handle to marriage
to a theme-seeding imagery trusting to the flesh my future-

VOICE -Your eyes should look lovely out from consummated devotion
go nowhere buy nothing sell nothing
your eyes are too lovely and young and sadden old too soon

You are beautiful to me cloaked in my hunger yes
slony fat medium fat you-can't-have-her-cause-I-want her fat
medium sensitive skinny I'm sorry
don't be sorry be gone

There is power of sweet in flower of nude
the first nature of manliness equates deleted out of innocenc-

she -where of a thousand generations have I ever lost man's eye
it is a lie
yet whoever can be this dreaming dead?

I have bloated in a billion bellies and left the wooden work of wishes
I have watched the breakers silenced
as I sat in sun and walked in the spray of the sea
Yet could I be so beautiful that artificial flowers fall from grace!
(in the presence of my innocence)
there is a feeling oh! heart I am vain to disavow my flesh-

VOICE -There is beauty that only you have sanctified through time
glory in yourself is glory and yourself
I know this power
and still phasing there you will be always & again
the institution ones upon love
beyond honor and the sea-

here she is -I call am imperfect vision
desiring what is this I should be
Spirit? There is nothing there
there is nothing tender
I want to see I only see and want

experiments are being followed

---wanting to dance maybe
he he shifts of feet of rhythm
hold me
make him dance with me
entered in his expression inviting and exciting touch
good music seems to reach center
play all the music over me
I know there are many-fingered songs
run the music fingers over and through this mood
is tender warmth and earth soft and heavy
move me out the music bar
let me do it solo stripped on the naked avenue
in the wilderness let me feel it
I feel it get black! feel me
and the filling good I tightly enclose
make him want his feelings' worth wait in me to go
hold out the tongue of music time

let it be a rain-song and cool me all over
let him be mad horse heat
make him cry then cry on my belly teardrop music
over the nimbus belly of blackishblack unalternate me
a tear to regret me
all the day-long night through my suffering want of offering self
terms anything to be beautiful
fill me love more! give it total heat him
good music seems body

she -I am calling
dizzy in body being done and having
(here to do with spirit)

here I am
broken by the billionth wave of work
to shower and pass me by an inconsequence
hope is to forge a shaft of sound
here is a sea the depth of voiceless generations
(seems timeless and wild)

STROPHE

December 25 (according to custom) 1 AD
Birth

---and told of heaven in words
and signatories said they saw the dead water anger into wine
but words work the water up a tincture
for words? whose art is this?
---and a celestial neutron split the wind and shattered it wordwidth??
with a wordsgun a hold-up God-man said
-Come unto Me all ye that labor --- crucify HIM-1
and they said -A tormentor buffoonery the son-of-a-wordsgun

ANTISTROPHE

-What did that colored woman say?
raised you from how small? hahaha! bounced you on her---?
hahaha! Christopher's daddy was a gingerbread man gingerbread man
they try to hide it the best they can shortniN-shortniN ---

VOICE but the rain my love I vow I believe

cold drops in my hair walls over my head down my face tells me now
rain and my face and I go home from the public books
tells me there is much I do not know

she is she is follow along

-Yet in me deep there is song swollen
filling the good
the shape of ear is in the rain and hearing everywhere is music lonesome
some heaven-wills reign through night swollen in sound
my body hangs in a sea a spirit of thirst
itself is breadbody to break body hunger-

VOICE OF LOVE

-I have held-in your call
and being held by need of you over all
each little more bodied the hearing moodin-in
to touch the heart until now
through all the canyons' source coursing from your spring
until I find you the song will not sing
nor time nor tone of rhyme ever over my night become
the artist

a morning long ago I walked in mourning gray
and I knew I had to find the you of my beauty's urgent need
who would no envy me her love's capacity-

ACT ONE OF LOVE

I saw you sitting there alone black
eating a cheese burger
your hair EXCUSE ME tortured through straight and back to curl
cooking oil on your nose
I noticed it and told you noticed you ate alone
you had no rings you were spiritual I thought
I told you you were spiritual
easy to see you should have been loved
easy to see you needed to be kept somehow holy

Though OH GOD! WHY? were you sixteen and in junior high stockinged thighs
before I knew goodbye the way of flesh
a feeling entered on paper was all was all a hot dignity failed to accord
& you left black graduate green with love and laude
on the matted down grass of merit
where ruddy lustful collages of thigh exposure discovered you
you were suited for liability of elisions in male minds
some MARCH out over the mountains
terrible love because life watched for early flood-sense import
in the waking and sleeping of rivers

THE ARTIST OF THE UNFOUNDED BELOVED

I knew a time would come within my quest to scream
GREAT DAY! great day acoming
the many mansions light love become stiff-breathed stymies vision
I want a way to innerness
put your arms around me feelings and constrain the me turned tom
each tension sound of my eternal tenor heaves to the hip tent

at the fraction of thigh sight

SADNESS how sure the trickle
long concluded up to this
the cause of you

through silence O silent Muse seeming unactioned a long night in purple
the once-dream of woman slept
for sudden fear in the wished kiss would wake to allow energy
and the bath of the man in bed would not leave brilliant refractlessness
not to admit the magic put
into solving the logic of two unmet depend and independences

how all the long and distant ways
I had hoped the loss and death
of all my days
what to satisfy that become

but now how ever could I before be whole
as all past flies over before my eyes you
how vast this you you

devotional once-beauty object of words
come about me tightly and I feel devotional time being
the once-brevity of my eyes will have a science of being

Let there be If black loveliness
there is

I create a diet of a cumulous deal divisible by love
calculated to taste
a menu of little feet in music-mellow frontal touch revisits me
down the sleeping seeming horn sands
as I walk the feeling of the sea awake and think on Africa

that darkness of storm-fever bosom
the bull-eyed fire in her skies a beauty
that it should be the fruit of her labor
that in darkness frsts to see itself lovely
and here and there and there a door that opens the sea up
to see that which is up-sky

and I wander wonder of wonder heart full
breathing the sky opening away
strange nights of blues day and darkness here
distance unto time a seemingness to reach by thought
multiples of feeling into strange winds
under the eaves under roofless wonder
shelved into dark Africa down
the lawn vines winding to root
of the first part of the biology of darkness

I wonder on Africa
in that substance of how-it-is-to-be-down-here
in and after waking life this
in the night severally limited in the world
of the world growing outward from essence seeming
flesh-wrapped in the crest's down plunge
an incident in the history of romance

she and I meet suggesting the whole
she looks like lost forgotten people

VISION dawn of the artist some tension crushed on time
crushed in green space where tonal paint point feels hyperawareness of time
and that is as near as I have been to this land
a dark and effulgent action of strokes

where I thought
if I were as beautiful as Africa
as black as the minus tropical sky
as miniature without malice as the stars

and all the rest denial
for this instance of exile does not bridge seeing and being
except when I lift her to the mountain mind
and she reaches slightly against the sky in this play
I have swiftly felt presence
her great spirit speaking there of winds rhythms
and brushing breathlessly with prayer

ACT TWO OF LOVE And you Miss O
you will think on love through all your thinking wakefulness
of the worth of conviction in silver
and you were mostly African

how principle times time in the rich black earth
is a moment the jungle has been writing of back since then
yet I did not write Dear Miss my way is truth & love

but I was wrong to rate my love second to the wind in your hair
that you were lovely enough by volition to perish
and it was wrong for wrong to be the people
that authorized life breaks in its brittle parts in measure for glory
and even as I lack for one and look to you
all the principle of it has perished

How will I count from now til meeting another sadness
believe me how I do not want to see any tomorrow so naked
these nakednesses have been a white space and a black pit of judgment
and if I had been only a watt more refraction's fraction of light
excitation would have consumed the creative urge (until the last power-flicker failed)
and the man gone down in darkness to old age

Now these were the judges ---
a Miss S in another state
an unreliable in another country (a prostitute first)
a lesbian and prostitute in op cit state
a Miss O-something in same above state (this was my worse state
the darkest pit the deepest deapest silence
with her in love like clutching at sky)

And then the very bosoms of darkness were in nubility for me
in the hills where I walked myself I met them
and on the beaches in the lamblack waves
I swam through darkness to Orhythmian music
to Miss V and I and G
the alphabet in nudity of name-bodies' girl-ripe lascivious auras
and woman-pompous pounds
when I was young with manhood

Then I have been in the muck of the great world sewer
who has kissed the face launched in a thousand living streams?
dead schedules I know them all
and my lips are the last bits of flesh I would have die
and love they are like no other meat
and my lips are the last bites of flesh I would have eaten
and when I have kissed I have given my heart away
are there lips to kiss myself and they continually

ACT THREE OF LOVE I gave in to too much intuition
establishing thereby an affinity that was not
which action upon the non-existing created he's-liking-me
and the halls answer
whatever last thing I sing echos I))l(o)v(e)Ou)
will it make the hit parade
will I be the famous happy man who wrote of heartbreak(
(too rich now to know what it was)
or how shall I court?

-Come to me- she says
-while the world is watching you won't be sorry I'll make it up to you-
over my shoulder raise the wonders of the halls
-Hush! he sings praises
lets pretend we haven't the faintest---
wait! listen there's nothing NOTHING
DO SOMETHING anything there must be something we can do
WHAT'LL WE DO
an American tragedy -Why---we'll stick together
and call out the pressures
conformity will force the issue-

They seek the beauty of knowledgeableness in your unknowing
the fear of secret societies within the socius
who need slavish attentions to aid seeming
to carry conviction in ceremony
the fear unmastered by the old guard is that democracy will spread

ENTER BELOVED I went nude to the water
and sank at the water's edge into the history of my coming
SWIMMING POOL open 1-6 mon thru Sat Sun 2-5 no fooling around
-Why don't you come more often? come early- she said
-I'm here three or four times to your one?
it's so much better to --- than What're you studying? Biology? or Art?
makes no difference really does it? now that summer is here---

No smoking No running No one allowed in water when life guard is
not attending
positively no lotions oils or other ministrants
-DON'T! please! PLEASE! DON'T Ohhhh- CasloooSHH
-Oh you beast-
-HEY! cut out that horsch-ing around-
-You'll have to be quiet getting over the fence-

INCIDENTS ENTRAIN When on the shores of the world I dream
I will remember days of damages against adjustments succeeding nights
It's winter now Julie
Letter from mother I won't open it
Special Delivery won't open it t11

Christmas evening The poet thinks life complete in poetry
a poet thinks on dying continually
a poet is too much shame to face both death and silence
a poet lives to sing and dies (But your songs don't sing)

-Here! be my good man Friday I'll feed you-
-Sleep with me I'll give you rhythm-
-Have you written anything lately?--
-You're going to be a famous mansomedaygot any rent money?--
-Thank youmayI pay for half a month?--

Do not laugh at the idiot who is lost in wisard vanities
it may happen to you to ALL except I will not let it happen
I was born for a part
like you who will marry and progenerate
AND STRUGGLE FOR YOURSELF:IMPORANCE
will want to pass on to Jr mr so-n-so of such-n-such prestige
will you do something for or against the people?

CARRYING MAIL FOR THE POST OFFICE good idea!
well if you want to get on PERMANENT you'll have to pass the test
a general intelligence sort of quiz JUST FOLLOW DIRECTIONS
any highschool fellow could ---
Well I'm sorry we need men but --- YOU DIDN'T PASS
cephalic index equals breadth x 100 Well probably mesocephalic
IQ? ah here's where I don't need your instruments Mr. Anthropometrist
IQ --- (also suppressed)
IQ equals mental age equals IQ
chronological age
educational achievement equals accomplishment quotient equals(
mental age (registered ability)
SO WHAT? we still don't know the meaning of to pass
or not to pass
BUT JUST THINK OF ALL THE FUN WE'VE HAD IN SCHOOL & OUT WITH OUT-GIRLS

Today's short subject The poet who didn't pass
brown eyes blackish hair body tension in minus pigments violet green
orange red OR violet indigo brown green yellow orange red and two drops
cream in my coffee and two sugars please
(I lied not really pure African impure African)
five-foot sex-seven-eight (according to the tall-sighted guessers)
strong build
outstanding facial characteristic sadness voluptuous
outstanding mental preoccupation musing
outstanding abnormality seeking beauty from word to ward

What happens to a man who can't pay rentlights gasgroceries?
can't eat one day? borrow? how much? need? 2ndweek 3rdweek
found you a job yet? Sold any poems?

And it's winter now Julie
MAMA look at Santa Claus!
go tell him what you'd like for Xmas John

a winter night of a little Southwest giant is black
is starry magnificence is hungering sky
late autumn wearing winter better than winter

CARRYING MAIL FOR THE POST OFFICE

Well you passed the test
 you're no dumbbell
 all signed up for the Xmas rush too eh I guess you can start in then

And what has the poet done to antagonize the world outside?

-You poets think the world owes you a reading-
 You look kinda proud of yourself-
 (Your pride must not show before the fall)
 -It's only the music within me calling outwardly
 Listen to your soul too Sir and make peace with it-

-DO NOT MAKE FACES AT THE SKY SIR POET He is out
 at the country club following at 2PM a stroll

Dear MPL I walk continually with you & we talk of ifs & whens & weres
 if I were young again if I were and not having to be
 but now my soul alone would equal the spirit said of proffered love
 SUPPOSE a man loved an angel beloved of an angel
 which man-part would angel love prize?
 help us NOW a time of our dying Amen

CARRYING MAIL FOR THE POST OFFICE

may-man dadda may-man ((little fellow just learning to talk
 closer --- negu negu GRO! (a son can plan to become a man)
 Grrrr! 3ft long 2½ft high -Hush Tiny don't worry he won't bite you
 -Ask him to give the mail back please

Some university boys passed and laughed thinking I had proven
 too stupid to become a white collar desk man
 I have only one white shirt

My friend R and his sweetheart M gave me a tie for Xmas
 I have a change of ties now

M also fixed Sunday dinner for me before the holiday
 I returned the favor before she left New Year's
 together they made my nook so cozy I shall miss M
 she goes home she isn't acquainted with the poet
 (It is hard to see her go a part of my psychic energy---)
 It didn't matter that I was out of touch with love
 And M left the two rooms lonelier than thought in suspension
 though it was for love of R that she came
 it was in thinking of J that night rushed passed my doorlock
 Julie I come back to you of love

It is a sickness I know
 Yes I know there is no cure as graceful as knowledge
 yet there is not gratification enough in I-know
 too late it's winter now

worn insideout my song reversable is full of love-yeses full
 my heart grows warm is winter-lighted now
 in my house are spectral lights breaking in one by one heat
 lights if you look in under my coat that soften
 have wonder-landed now

I wear the importance of choice on the side next to me
 whatever rose black and wild scorched and fallen
 this part of the world with me has met

One day I sat in the rain

and as suddenly as the shower I could see BLACK
 I could see the carrying of caravans of her
 along the black-carthied barefootfall trails of my lost Africa
 shifting an optical pelvic revolution at rest
 steering to me the two-willed frontal out-offering axis
 she royal-tooled the muted stool root of primitive coup
 carrying her hip drum sound-silenced without just Rite to place(
 her point said in grace)

I inhaled great bull clouds of air
 and sighed into history that there is not a chocolate adjective alive
 in the fruitnut history of earth

and the journey into time is long-winded
 except you go by way of Wheatley Attucks Turner Vessey Tubman Carver
 to hear them saying something in a distant place

Pushkin Dumas are deadend sidestreets of an old town
 in a farther grand way otherwise insignificance
 Cleopatra Hanibal moor like a shadowboxed-in by Aryan namebrands
 two thousand years Toussaint Queen Ashantua Douglas B ethune Johnson

There are the last dynasties of Old Egypt I shall go there
 and I shall spend some summer in Spanish History

Lightly I toss off yesterday Out salt

I have seen an adjective in an aria a la Verdi
 creamed and frosted like China/Geisha beauty
 yet in a joying part a passion
 play brute soft unmincing about like water
 readied by fire flowing to me

I have seen a noun asleep with nothing on
 I saw and said VIBGYOR! this savage space is mine
 enigma I dissolve to solve and flow upon feverish to meet

And what shall we rename the discoveries of reappearances
 to appear important to our women & folk

This knowledge to name is power
 shifts the voice from neutral to careers of acts
 the roar is synthesis in contact into high for the hill
 with will-to-top over the bolder speed taking the risingsfall
 let her go into the head groaning at the sound of met
 at the edge of down is a border town dealing in renovated engines
 how fast is first? break the world record
 wherever are money and power and love of women
 fast is foremost glamor

And I saw the African word written in the rain
 forward saying it was movement in the lightning wisdom
 a light pigment and brilliant hunger

the artist and time immolating thighs trunk belly bosom
 how now that tone to begin

to express her beauty in tension
 there is a movement to tables and the feast is attempting beginning
 the demigods' act of consuming her is the first order of diet

Mr 45rpm-LP awakes one morning seeing black discs
this thing could get out of record these vocal boys gettN uppity
the clan the Klan is the poison for this anti--- ER yes
Miss LynchlieLockout Inc take the minutes
we'll nip time in the atom
rape law and g'laughter are with you O K men
our joys our hopes

convening this dark day at the county seat of Miss White Miss
the complexion--- ER inspection committee
to look into the matter of black market meat--- ER materials
and what are the components herein?
First stolen techniques
Second hyperbolism
Third a smear campaign to undermind our word codes
Are we to stand for this kind of competitive legend
and that THAT meanwhile fattens on our money
that THAT threatens the complexion of the world?

BUT DEAR LP things have changed this isn't 1920
this is 1955 '57 '60 and after Bandung and Mau Mau Ghana and Nigeria
the people have become unconditionally a market
the people have come in sizes and shapes and colors as the creation
and yes is the new world song of will

but their standard of lies is below ours yet
to market we will go
we can bank it wholesale speculating on the bulls LP O K

Until dawn of the mysterious entity
wrappings honored briefly and worn away
the many mansions explored fording the dark material formula to spirit
in room by room suspension brush in hand seeking the everywhere of oils

time is the sitter space the canvass
overtone by suppositions of tension enhanced and resolved in a prism
in rain the feeling of unity a sea
in sun the light of its life sits
yet about all of time a beginning from the urgent eye that stons

the word in penumbra is an urgent heart's crying discomfort
time's value influenced is sunset
the point of haint talks
in the furthest night in inner eternity
is a mid-hour stroke
that there hands out time from the last space to love
from the middle of the eyes from ghoul-masked mortality

But love cannot await perfection
now is plus future by moving around originals
NO! the world black woman who dreams in a world I have seen
and heard saying
-Heroes have failed me I am a rock an ocean a sky
why are they not building upon me setting sail?
breathes in I am life

like jewel like Natasha who gypsied their hearts' journey

and Sonia and Cunegonde Paquita Marcia I knew them all
They were beautiful yes they made my man's manhood boil
and Julieannacharlotmarie the goddess giant you must forget them
until my music brightens the mind
and you pronounce the magic theme just in time
that Orreish cannot eat me

-Yes I know there are many legended girls
we carved them out of voices and set them walking free
through epistolary empires one by one amalgamated
faster than blood cools
ever afret a culture of the white genie-plasm is crossing another sea
I tell you it is one minute to the hour love me---
light leaving off from ground
light held in air and spun into horizon

the sea moves in
the earth moves up
the sun moves under
tell you there is nothing new beyond the sun love me--

(To be a laureate dawn of the mystic means nothing
- equals -
a kiss myself and space
I kiss you then on the hill of myself

Spectral heart another room another door compartment ABCDer in I
won't make it to the end unless ---

but what was that I have seen?
my heart held in the history
my eyes becoming lips sharinx the song-shaped feeling
have kissed some unthing an unknown spirit
more real than lips!) good

And it was written in the rain
heart of morning a tiny sparrow beauty-torn
beast of burdening off to work
his temporal wings against the sky
soaring a narrow strait between the seeds of dew
he fell again from the roof of the world crying out in lonesome homesick for weathers of summer
and by the tracks made in the ground the words were ---
the withered words gave deadly burps
and the earthbrain food flooded into the wind the blood shrieved into the wind
(to roll away rivers of him

absently I stepped on him half-witted with this knowledge of my end
the shoreless winter wearing at my mind on home again
but as suddenly as his dying I stepped back a pace
and bending seized the frozen death thing
and buried it in a box without salt
in a rock-pebbled earth in a muddy grave
in the rain beneath my window

And into the night that followed

touching around the padded words of whether
to do/be whatlike the end or the way
and envy an entry the artist
but hurt not envy our identity to begin

At a gallop to our beginning
beginning again to time a fit in an action posture
across the islands sea bypass the Tigris Euphrates Red
background below a camel tree
Jordan plains echo of kings along the dead
and on the sculptuous voluptuous Nile
a sphinx's head
and mile on mile a fertile nubile land
a primitive ism-land
festive pagan papyrus legume mystic land of strength in style

Successor in time of the world once more
the temple beauty waking ((in word preserved
commands the apogee degree power
a princess ministered severally unto
while graceful glances play play fairy faces obey
sexlessly sketching sexed devotional favors
a hand the lifeless giving of devotion to myself-devotee
minute projects of dignity concentrating in time raised to legend
hold off the seat of spectacle
where the philter kingdom grows of love talk
and turn Forget-Me-Not O-Promise-Me to perfect bloom
eyes
eyes a billionth beautiful assumed nude in clothes
their good Highness black black body full-rose midnight
amid transparent air-clothed motion

Here they listen to obey
what little steps of wind odyssey evening say
tones of want maneuvering minds to devices

men lonely lovely men looking day-long
concerting with song times future
and the good-great sublimate in silent rooms with secret selves

Brutalized beautiful into feeling
feeling loved into time's treasure-item image
times pain times hurt
and rain where it rains are tears heir of kisses

Then you are love a treasure that smears of something lost
something
something exquisitely quite existingly quitescent
& inquisitively quiet

Once an ounce announce it whole item seem
an image semblance insisting quantitatively on quality
indigo moon silver soot blue-violet black
night-knot thunderclot monotone still-black stop-black
final form mouth-pressed into

And from the careless fling of care
form the coupled drink-prone kiss
evening after day alike apart inventive lips

now say hairless or hair?
out of identity touch claims the better half of need
there is some question of how who does hairdo
my hair viz then will our deed meet neatly
shall we kiss exceptingly this play of fingers
dare I bathe the bodied air breezed completely bare of hair
unchanging?
are these anyway beauties that pool at the feet?
delete all-

-It's late my Princess too late into night to arouse
to be another plus-illusion nightingale
sleep for morning your day won't come for generations
herein prepare yourself to push identity after its value

and concentrate to communicate into exile
the rest of morning what matters weary to the last
as you go on against all the answers
of many thousand-years

And when will the tired unslept inertia spend
evenings prolonging night into night
to feed a fresh fascination its devotion to the flesh

try insighting in sleep to magnify the spirit-eye
once I dreamed enmeshed the white kiss
and lay screaming PINK
for its once beautiful past over
came from the soul a fresh command
an hundred million legion to SEE
you are black-

-And if it rains in the early hours
morning as it passes giant-marvelous
see identity MY PRINCE becoming to you
and forgive me quickly
love yourself through me is no more no less
there is through all you and I
in love in fear fault-finding
wild blood of more than least agreement---

From losh and mold of fire and mire of slosh and fold
to the metaphore of genesis
let there be a reflex prospective metamorphosis

Then turn and come back
-I cannot I cannot
look at my flesh back to dust again it was horrible
it was black and I hateful-to-love loved it to me
and I called it good when feeling it
and he called it black to me but kept on feeling it and we
kept feeling between it seemed so to be/tween me
that anyone could have said I am

and we called it me and it became me
 and we divided the world had me then
 I couldn't hear rightly but could not say the right combination
 wanted to--- could only get to feel it

-And rarely unprostituted she looked at me a slave & loved me little-

But she wants you back needs you cry cry
 she weeps too I have come to take you back
 I have listened to the singing much alone
 and come back broken out of desperate hallelujahs a plan
 send me away no more after old dreams I go with you

Break heart into desire into outness out of hallow
 break health-of-healed-here into sickness of manly-timed now
 and I will have a patient

be so
 no matter what it be unbeing
 heart-willing comprehension mindful of all
 out of the One the Truth
 out of the Good and Perfect

come away out of shadows of magic shapes unseen
 out of the first and forgotten sleep of life
 out of the first and forbidden small wisdom
 and let us make perfect love

come out to me
 out of the fire might even this be
 might even suns burn back to back and a journey through fire intercede
 out of the fire's ash and cinders of wave on waves
 of surface up-builders built-in graves

through the barren worlds and the water worlds
 through the caverns and time-proof caves
 out of the mystic savage (a) deep unhappened stool

pagan chieftain priest
 and in his eyes the caravan journeys
 from aback awhile a way forgotten
 out of the thick black dust of ancient dead lands
 ancestral to the rich black red earth and yellow sands

some ancestor fellow lonely -hello---
 (a) big unhappened stool boom! claims you back boom!

and the wail and hum and beat of a drum beats BOOM! beats
 and head away

and the head has come clean and numb
 away from the primal lawn from this mystic people
 to the camel trails

and on by the desert graves and the sands of the desert kings
 eventful nowadays to the reveille at dawn ---

yes space yes OH Orhythmia ---

and through the rain-mansion doors of music entering
 the playing back of yesterday ended

And then there was presence
 all the girls together
 and the rain note
 and I ---

entered the makeup of this thought
 it was strange light
 beginning -0-
 universe caught in the eclipse of yes

yes yes O yes
 the senseless sitting of life in the body of my twenty years cried out
 O God I am alone
 in the censorship God God I am alone--allnlnlnn--ee

alone groaning with out-loneliness
 this space of me holds forth to seed
 but without in-space weed of anywhere to snatch for ground
 let it not be

And then a touch of Orhythmia -0-
 somewhere in mind where in a wilderness clutched darkness awakened -0-
 ((dream -0- remembering love Orhythmia
 is womanlike is rhythm like to touch no black of her daywear (stop

she is coming black
 but black space around white into it I seem
 Hold! no-black space Put black this wasted light
 she has weighted white at touch of eye field-length
 all white that space is all mind I white if mind's eye
 now can now see but how two fields white could have
 fields to have magnitized to be/having white field white figure

this white space white legs long
 long body great long white all along width-white
 is this my black longing that
 to do/be long gets blackin all?
 that whiteoutsight to see
 no touch embraces of all black woman long within (sights focus the field-length)

I am erect
 how can I get white down to/fro from ten-to-one distance range
 to black down lie black down and count one two three four ---
 if all within tenth to miss ill-happiness
 will have come within ommiss of having enough
 to strike the last matched eleven-hour chimes
 to tell time-out from time-in the black
 within-ten-to fulfil one whole-in-one long drive
 for woman preferred
 and one vast surplus consciousness
 at par within a blackbirdie

I am coming one-zero from nine & out
 get black! a tight squeeze is the whole sea
 and black I am black I see black nothing black of space that I fill
 and black where there is black
 there is black to black field to field come
 between two figures no light breaks but in prised (rhythmic feeling)

to let go and do/be black together come
 get black! with sun and sun black come black in go black out
 & get sleep deep from width or the night gets up

R.S.V.P.

(UNDRESSING FOR AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY)

There are times when I hate the heaven and hell of me, and I think that love is an idea for an invention not yet realized. I am nothing if not a conglomerate of feelings that, in spite of some commitment to unity, go hither and thither in search of the categorical, the universal -- comfort, rest, some outer affinities. I have declared total war-of-love on time of which it is aware and does battle against me with all the mechanization at its disposal. But I am committed to bury its cadres and occupy its bed.

The greatest certainty of my existence is for me described by the barriers I cannot penetrate, and there are yet the changing tides that affirm and diminish me. I am alone most of my life because I am too inexact and imprecise as human event rather than as mechanism of human-being. There is boasting in my laments and laughter in my gravity. There is in fact no I to put the finger on except the hands are of emotional time and replace some part of the conglomerate gone thither, in which (emotional) physico-chemical transformations I regain the rib and the covenant.

Writing here, I shall probably get about as naked as one can, and some may be embarrassed. But when done this will not be indecent exposure; rather, it will be a study of the anatomy of many things, of mind, body, and spirit. The nakedness as well will be a statement that the clothes are no vital part of me, and that I can do with or without them (they aren't tailor-made). They do not enhance but merely hide. In fact, were it not that they hide so well I would undoubtedly take better care of the body event.

I was undressing one day considering that since I seemed committed to writing I should have something to write about, oh -- like Yerby writes historical stuff, and Elson writes invisible stuff, and Wright wrote Dostoyevskian stuff, and others wrote rote stuff -- aha, I'll write black stuff, about the lost esthetic, black beauty. It came to me. Actually, I don't specifically recall, except aurally -- slightly better than what rote writes. But maybe a little background will call up the right write commandments. And if anywhere you resent the puns, though I'd hope not, tear out the page, underscore, and I'll re-pun your money.

I take no pleasure in being a minority in a minority in a minority, ad infinitum. But the world is going somewhere, and I'm in it, for better or worse. And so my notes may be of dissent but I must note them.

My name is Lloyd Addison, accordingly I was labelled upon birth, and I write -- also sleep, make love, etc. I have devoted much (which is never much) of my spare time inking paper but of works in printer's

-39-

here she is -In the black river I know is life
that troubled launched light by the touch of two
has an eye glassed in your mind taken ---
can you syrup my womb no more
if the light stirs her kilowatt dilemma 1/10 of your own?
your eyes are a brown refuse light bombarded to a white-pitched tenth
tends positive aura clenched-teeth coppers
chain dentist obsessed
material inferiority over-loaded to compliment
this introjection heroin tunneled through the black box beauty
where the refuse blows
proliferated white heat of the brain's draining dream
refraction dissipated to short-circuit 9/10th of me
but raging
razing like a caged disturbance of preconditioned reflexes
the scattering pride of the buck shot with shame
lamely blinking at the tail of a cow fanning off flies ---

What is its name? the black need?-

If the white feeling turns the off-black out with no-black feeling
and he comes to me needing
no-black turns my black to my black side
Kiss that black
and set black!
this is the black end to blacken off-black black
the no-black off-black white black can have only
my black sitting down's uply ugly
this is the beauty beauty
this is the it like it to the it like to the it of rights
say you black don't like it-

And I say yes today I did yes today

today I find you black beautiful black

and she is -Yes there are the fields
flamellating the love unbecome black a welcoming black
to command arise black to my black front and black
this is the black space black in-space width & deep
this is to touch width deep fill the black
this is the inter-length link
this is to enter with feeling
set black in my black in my black space breathless two in one
we are two in one breadth-linked & deep rhythmic
breasts all fields black
lips all fields black
whisper black breezes black black to black breeze
thigh black to my thigh black ouivers me black
long & lonesome calves touch & toes tingle black
thigh groin to my thigh joined behind my need
knees up to you I open out
melts me black to black
we are two in one in this world this is beautiful-

ink (other than my own) I can scarcely at the moment exhibit a half dozen twenty-cents-a-piece pages. I would be inclined to think there are no publishing houses in America, except I've seen many claims to the contrary. As for making love (women), well, even though I'm cook and babysitter for my eight-year-old, three-fourths of the shop windows about town seem to indicate that their hope of staying in business is predicated on the female search for beauty; so there must be some ... (anyway, one dependent is better than two except for income tax purposes -- this is a lovers' quarrel, of course). As for my sundried other roles, I am not yet out of business but business might be better in a social order less free to foster its own mis-events.

SAILING, SAILING --- OVER AN ABOUNDING MAINLINER

It has been as interesting as it has been frustrating to speculate as to why I have received such broad-scale thumbsdown to my works (of course, historically, many others have had their difficulties; Joyce complained considerably about the Dublin atmosphere; Baudelaire was the original nature boy, and Whitman might not have made it had he not such interesting bumps on his head. But, as a rule, the problem of the accomplished writer is not publication but popularity, of being able to make a living at it, and such). And unfortunately in this discourse I shall be obliged to dispute the unnatural order of this phenomenon. My literary majority began in 1956 with "Elack In Search of Beauty" and other generic works. But despite considerable focal attention of late on such captioned themes as "black image, black awareness, black consciousness, & black is beautiful", I continue resident in oblivion. And since this oblivion is a community of one, I don't know to say where it's at on the race issue (nor is this THE major consideration) but oblivion invisible long-distance runner I am.

Refusing to be bitter about missing a boat that never sailed, however, is not an index of unawareness of what a good idea it is to build ships, and of what a masterbuilder's product is, and of the wonder of horizons that many may never know to miss (and few risk falling off the world to assay). I have always been too much romantic, that, without a romance at home, I should not seek to build a ship (first, to sail around the homeland). So this is an invitation to go sailing with me, do, though troubled and inky the waters.

Too early perhaps I forsook maudlinpathos. For a gifted black this is anti-establishmentarianism; you're suppose to grind an ax of carbon-copy proofs of equality. I said by the by for this (some is inevitable) and leaped into some small renown to the chagrin of some who were trying to make a NEGRO rather than a black literary establishment (the ghetto whore & the crude-spoken homespun-wise auntie instead of the black beauty; many are still at it). Publishers are SUPPOSE to prefer bonds, of course, but methinks that with regard to black writers they prefer carbon copies.

FROM TASTELESSNESS TO FASHIONABLE IGNORANCE

(I think the name of the game is 'Anything Goes')

I recently read some trite by a well-known lady poet (who is generally well-spoken of, of course, but I will seldom speak well of anyone so as to minimize the resentment) to the effect that elegance (profundity) is not desired in black poetry, that it is the last thing blacks want. First or last, I've heard the song before; a famous Negro university was founded more or less on this principle. But, moreover, it is at best a rationalization of an impoverishment of ability justifying itself (to hungry minds and spirits) by sleight-of-hand reasoning, which impoverishment itself perhaps has no tolerance for anything but garbage.

How falacious can reasoning get in its attempt to justify unreasoning & unreachable levels of personal ambition? Here you see it. I have been misinformed of the classic that hunger in its longing presses its face against the cold show windows of elegance, even stilled and artificial elegance, lifeless, as the best of elegance that it may behold; as if it were not classic truth that hunger does not window shop, does not gather hungrily at the portals of the manors and palaces to behold represented splendor, even when nothing of THEIR OWN is on exhibit (or programmed).

And our hungry fictitious person for whom those supposedly dedicated-to-black-folk writers write, if his empty stomach cannot tolerate elegance, would he be inclined to buy a book, or stand reading a book in a store (if so, in search of what?) rather than persist in seeking better victuals?

On the other hand, these same writers are issuing empty peremptory proclamations, stating, "Black is beautiful". This seems akin to legislating love in our white-dominated racist world. Is this genre the inelegant succor of the hungry black? And what in any case do they mean by BEAUTIFUL? What is this beauty that is inelegant (we might ask, what is this elegance)? And is the writing suppose to bear any direct relationship other than of inverse beauty?

Sure, I've heard black writers SAY they were not interested in creating beautiful literature (anymore, is sometimes appended but, as often, the absence would seem complete). SAYING this however makes their position no less a parcel of the racist's indoctrination that blacks can't speak any language well (because of brain shortage and thick lips, etc.), is doomed to a hopeless sub-monolingual state otherwise ludicrously stilled in the Amos-n'-Andy thesaurus.

I've been told -- and heeded the admonition in part -- to avoid esoteria (verbiage of rhythms and ideas). But it seems no coincidence that most of the better music is notationally difficult. Are Jazz and Ragtime too elegant for the black spirit? And students across the land in the aura of midnight lamps, are they disenchanted of all of our so-called higher cultural instances -- not to say pomp & ceremony? Or is the lady saying that blacks are a vast mediocre breed of humanity, or somehow mysteriously above it?

On the contrary, anyone who believes that the African (the Afro-American???) is not potentially as literate (proficient in language) as the rest of humanity is surely entertaining a convenience by some purely negative reference. And to be literate MEANS the employment of expressive-communicative language. It is probable that he is MORE literate, and particularly wherein language is the vehicle for expressing the human condition. The African continent does not lack for the proliferation of languages and dialects, such a proliferation as is nowhere surpassed; nor did the black man experience any difficulty in learning and enlivening the languages of the invaders (the inverse is more nearly the case). And everywhere in modern Africa today a literary revival is afoot. In addition, of course, African descendants abroad have made numerous literary achievements: Pushkin, Hugo, Esop. In Latin America blacks have been and are among the foremost of literary persons, and in our U.S. of A. the only pervading new life given the English language is the adaptation of the black man's idiom.

Generalizations are inherent in these statements but in essence they are true. However, those other than blacks in the literary atmosphere seem to have become accustomed to all the accreditation for excellence, and no less than that to which we have become accustomed we assume to be our due. But, in at least a few noteworthy instances, where prejudice poses, genius disposes.

Some of us may wonder how the American poor, of whom blacks are a large percentage, afford so many pretty cars, often garish but expensive furniture, movies and dances (credit helps, of course), in-person performances, and other gala affairs (apropos, the contrary would seem the case with most humans, that they would put on elegance/airs/ before comfortably attaining the wherewithal) -- or, say, not merely afford but go in for. And then there are the elegant clothes (the fine clothes of the Negro). Are these unstilted earthly instances merely, or some inclination to soar? And then there are the plagues of alcohol and of drugs and kith and kin -- of cosmetology and the barber-beauty processing, of dreambook fortune-telling horo- and skoptophilia. PERHAPS THE REAL IDEA IS TO PSYCH US INTO FORSAKING EMPTY PRETENTIOUS INSTANCES LIKE THE TRASHY LITERATURE THEY'RE PROMOTING BY CLARIFYING FROM THE GROUND THE MEDIOCRITY OF LIFE WITHOUT THE FEW FRUITS THAT RESULT FROM THE MANY ASPIRATIONS ON AIRS.

Should we further consider what generally motivates the artist? If not some affect of elegance, we had better leave out practically all famous, near-famous, etc. arcade poster performers (as with a good % of those who usually appear at the Apollo on 125th Street). But, artists -- ho, ho -- is this an assignment from heaven, or would most prefer to be humble farmers (whose pardon I ask for the association).

I'll drop it. Just don't let anyone tell you, blackman, that elegance is no part of your style, or that literacy is not your thing.

For the record, and the recollection of talents when sitting down to torment (it may in fact be akin to masochistic indulgences), the black man is NOT averse to elegance (profundity, depth, beauty, glamor, grandiosity, sublimity, bliss, ecstasy, et. al.) whether of delusion or substance, but, rather, to the difficulties posed between himself and the optimal realization of these. And if it were other-

wise than all the euphemisms of SOUL would indeed be blatant mockery of his life substance.

And our real job, ladies and gentlemen, is not to be literary Booker T. Washingtons, consigning blacks to literary (artistic) meniality (perhaps you're telling the establishment that elegance is the last thing blacks WANT and telling blacks it's the last thing they NEED, accordingly) but to assist him in developing, creating, defining, delineating, etc. that which of his own encompasses the vast range of human spiritual aspirations. And we cannot make this sun rise with four-letter sentences.

I have been told and I believe that exposure broadens and deepens one's perspective. I have heard and I believe there are several levels of communication for digesting the expressive substance -- some part thereof, as with the human digestive system. I know and believe that man is eternally lonely, repeatedly bored, continually seeking the comparative and the superlative active life ingredients, and vectoring toward a dream of perfection poise. So let us not attribute here a singular appetite (which mass media commercialism belies) for tidbits and grist. And if we're truly black and proud there should be little propensity to say it loud, saying it pianissimo, if you make it, will get the AUDIENCE to roar without the grease paint.

As for those blacks who would represent themselves (& be represented) as gifted writers, but gifted writers who have put by the expression of such gifts (by which we might judge, but, more importantly, by which we might be spiritually enhanced) to write trash for so-called hungry blacks, and nothing for anybody else (as to fulfill the muse-seeking do/be/do), I say, Yes, write on, if you must. I think it unfortunate that to the taxonomy of derision you should voluntarily add black trash to white trash, but, at least, kindly refrain from telling me that you could be Esop but prefer to be a simulated Uncle Remus of the ghetto (because Esop didn't have sore-whore-oil???)

I say that perhaps it is too much of a strain for you to develop and/or exercise such gifts in this racial atmosphere of strife and broadscale disenchantment, and I sympathize -- that socio-psychic brutalization may be the villain. He has, it would seem, castrated our heroes without some of them even knowing it, even fanning themselves stallion man, has raped the black beauty (the black of beauty and substituted sore-whore-oil), wiped out significant legend -- worse than the Spaniards in Latin America -- and relegated us to a rental-unit reservation of beads and dashikis. And in the midst of this, sundried of our heroes are thinking to build black power and become captains of industry by pimping this s-w-o (synthetic product of human affirmation).

Many will have noticed how writers tend to write poems to each other and some few persons abroad in different fields, just as long as he or she is/was popular it has a guaranteed loan of this commercial coin. But I have often been suspect of such idolatry and rather given to feel that what was being said about so-and-so was derived from no greater inspirational spring than: 'Lets see, for this next volume I could write two poems about M, and one about L, etc.', and/or sort of like the mechanistic order of weights-and-fortunes on the old penny scales. On behalf of both the dead and the living there is some note of brotherhood in all this for all its compounded literary drivl. Everybody else does it, so stack the deck and deal, boys.

THE OFF-BLACK ROAD TO UMBRA

(VIA UR-SUBLIMATION OF SUMMER)

Spring, 1956: I had been
: born in Boston, Massachusetts
: raised (reared?) in Virginia & New York / had
: served in the military -- The Orient & Stateside / been
: married nearly five years / had
: completed about two years college / was
: a bore, naive, a romantic / had
: wooed women like Cyrano de Bergerac
: only about eight years experience at making love
: written a gob of poetry & four picaresque novels / had

: known 80% of all love songs sung on the radio by age 15
: collected lyric books
: read Dumas near complete
: hysterical recollections of many white-hot bodies in N.Y.C.
: had none

By age six in Virginia I had introduced all the girls of near age in the neighborhood to the ritual of discovery (or uncover). I remember nostalgically a Miss named Irene something whose memory has haunted me all the days of my life. (And there has almost always been a prototype.)

Age 10, New York City:

We were one black family almost alone in an otherwise unintegrated disintegrating Italian neighborhood in Brooklyn ---

: running matches, wrestling matches / spelling bees

Boy-to-boy relationships, they were stilted by assertions and counter-assertions, though conducive to building delusions of supermanhood over mere womanhood, such delusions in a sexually repressive society are as likely to lead to the nuthouse as to a stable man-father-supported home. I much preferred the company of girls (even as an adult; somehow this company always seems to have greater event potential).

I was sufficiently proud of myself until the age of puberty so as not to have felt a need to prove a great deal. In time, when became apparent that I wasn't going to grow really man-size like the savage wanted to be, the pride diminished, replaced by bitterness. And then I had eventually to accept that fact that there was no reserve glory for me -- like being advised that I was the son of, say, the King of Spades. Too many minuses can make a young man quite depressed -- short, poor, black, and probably not a genius, even. The world just shrugs of course: If you don't like it, jump....

I can count about eight girls who were girls before the Oriental women turned me on. I have subsequently been turned on savagely, sophisticatedly, ecstatically, etc. but never as exquisitely. Whatever the ambiguity of this, I have met no man who has spent some months in the northern islands who was not of the same opinion.

I recall riding the subway from school one afternoon when a young Miss got on and leaned eternally her soft behind against my arm, which I dared not (less I offend), cared not to move, nor apparently did she. So we went along to her house not quite together and I heard her mother say she was going to work and didn't want any boys hanging around. I knew then that my time had come. I'm not sure what would have happened if I had waited for it.

The human complaint of loneliness must almost always be qualified. It is rather strange. There is seldom a total absence of companionship, or potential, but some selective nourisher of that same loneliness creates essentially the same effect. And the beauty search is for the mate, he or she who is somehow inherently fitting. There are many rubs about this fittingness. I, for instance, have always been sex-oriented, which is to say, beauty-oriented, for to me this is the most beautiful of all human activities on earth (I have little knowledge of heaven, and some say that sex will be forbidden there). This is many times the last FITTING matter that one discovers (uncovers). But for passionate pilgrims it is most important, the greatest affirmation of matedness.

It is equally strange how one's prejudices (or predispositions) can change quite diametrically, even for those who consider themselves liberally open to humankind, in the pale of loneliness and/or upon exposure to new experience. One may not think much of fat women, or skinny women, and, in fact, categorically exclude them (loosely speaking) as potential mates, until the experience teaches, and thereafter it is like having found a private paradise; nothing else will do. It is in part of course a tribute to the variety of natures and personalities that may be accommodated or not accommodated however the package appears professionally individually wrapped. There are, though, as we know, factors which militate against individualism apart from appearances.

: the body is beautiful to itself
: a feeling of incomprehensible treachery when not encouraged to become a partner

I arrived at "Black In Search of Beauty" and several other poems of that genre in the middle of dry dusty New Mexico / had

: sojourned in California and Colorado
: been gypped by music arrangers, fees-collecting literary agents
: published a mere handful of words

As a freshman I had a sympathetic English Prof who read a couple of my novels and more or less assured me I had talent, of which I was already convinced. He was more impressed with my vocabulary. Years later he wanted to know how I had gone from the earlier works to "Black ---".

: however beautiful to itself (event), the body becomes periodically hungry for social affirmation (self thru social assessment), for the greatest beauty of body feeling is derived thru its juxtaposition to another body, another and complementary movement (event)

: there are times when I would rather be invisible; were there something to see to advantage without being seen, it would be a boon. But where there is such disadvantage in being seen that one invariably becomes the spectacle, there is nothing to see for being watched, nor personal doings before escaping to enclosure.

The greatest invisibility adheres to the field appearance, of course, where any or none may be considered figures. It is what one might call the anonymity of belonging (blending). But if one could be invisible abroad from the field, one would need not unbecome an individual. This consideration is related to the matter of isolation and acceptance.

It is sometimes anticipated that when a black man integrates a setting he should bubble over with enthusiasms, a fortiori enchanted of this profound humanism. But a proud man cannot always accept or tolerate the tolerance of others fostered upon him. Further, one is not accepted if one does not accept the acceptor as an equal (minimally, & obversely). If one is ambivalent, if one feels superior to the favor attitude of invitations, there can be little immediate rapport. And such proposed acceptance will very likely evoke contempt for the ludicrous pattern thru which the exclusions sustain and for its pompously strutting acceptors and acceptees.

Apropos, if you're an extrovert, if you're a people person, in our racist world, you're likely to have too strikes on you in the batters' circle. Your out-going lack of reserve is most often taken as an indication of your need to accept and be accepted, which is probably the case. Being a victim of bitterness and exclusion, your openness will most often be taken as the self-compromise of a lamebrain hoping that someone will take pleasure in his intrusion.

Men will of course compromise to suffer fools wisely, as they say. Some men. Others are fools themselves who rush in, as the song goes. Others are angels who tread as fools, the will to seek-out nourished by faith. And there are others and others. Some will never compromise, though agony and oblivion swallow them piecemeal or whole into an unsheltered grave, visited by detractors yet.

: the poem asks, 'Will you do something for or against the people' in your struggle for major or minor importance (in final desperation perhaps) 'though only thinking to create and/or sustain a prestigious inheritance for the loved ones. Most of us are not Simple Simons at all about these things, naturally. We do something for on the one hand and against on the other, or on a temporal order, depending upon the profit net.

: I became a dropout in '56 because of the feeling pattern
: my most intensely alive periods have been during or after d-o

I didn't go back to school at the end of the year because I was disgusted with the school atmosphere, the cramming for tests, the affected middleclass aspirations of the hordes of Hicks, the idea that such as these had and would continue to sit in judgment of my world (and world to be) -- would be the inheritors of the new generation establishment. I wanted to get away, way away from them and theirs.

: stop the world to get off? sorry, can't stop, jump (again)

Getting away was to get into a little house eventually with books and papers, including the first run of "Black---".

: run alone in the dark hills

: bike hikes

: the seals swam all winter in a pool of water about 4 x 3 x 1 1/2 in the open-air zoo

: little boys would ask me if I were a bicycle-travelling man

But there were eating and rent needs. The library was cozy in late autumn & winter & early spring, but one had eventually to leave -- and leave or bring into new environs the Egyptian Civilization and the Roman Empire, the psychologies, epistemologies, elementary physics, the literati... And yet, too, this was a cramming (THERE ARE TIMES WHEN ONE IMAGINES THAT THE WORLD IS SURELY A FAIRLY PLEASANT SETTING FOR ITS PERSONA GRATA CONSTITUENTS, BECAUSE MOMENTLY ONE MAY REALIZE THAT ONE'S OWN WORLD, HANDMADE & TAILOR-FITTED, MUST NECESSARILY BE SIMILAR). But whether one follows an institutionally structured course or one's own, it IS imperative for one who would be AWARE and not closed-in to acquire the fundamentals of knowledge, to overcome the awe of the horrendous systems of civilization as of natural phenomena, whether a Malcolm X or Dr. King or Dr. Dubois.

: the urge to create (otherwise) and the urge to copulate are continually in a tug-o-war -- two systems of creating one's world which must compromise their mutual exclusion for the optimal self-affirmation

: many of us spend a lot of time and energy trying to escape the more mechanistically ordered imperatives, failing at times to appreciate their economic implications, and then we get back on the assembly line and set the union men a wicked pace

: the foremost credo politico of our democracy declares as its highest aim the optimal development of the individual (the highest professed aim is of course humanistic)

: the rest of society is continually hoping to realize a more vitalistic freedom thru the circumscribed mechanistic order envisioned as resulting from the concentrated policing of the depressed; instead of people everywhere already and crowds wherever one goes, unless one is rich, one will more often more apparently be THE star -- without all those eternal rivals that lead one to wonder how so many people could be un tethered by the imperative of an honest day's work and unlimited by an honest day's wage

: it matters whether or not at the outset there is a psychically prepared place by virtue of mate orientation; if everything is considered in terms of this company, as would be re: self alone, the company is then a vital complementary energy source, and company must be

FAR-AWAY PLACED PEOPLE NAMES, PALMS & PAGODAS & THE UMBRAL SOUL

Artistically, I have been married to the black woman for twelve to thirteen years. The first legal marriage was contracted in '50 (underage, a similar artifactual romance). And I may be about to get a divorce from black beauty on the grounds of desertion, naming such come-lately tall handsome strangers as Stokely Carmichael, Rap Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, etc. as alienators of affection -- not to mention a host of bad writers & corny soul-sayers. These sundried black knights have, inadvertently perhaps, emphasized my oblivion to my lady's distress at her social image -- precisely a part of what I have labored to enhance. And it is rather trying to have your lady worshipping lesser gods, whether or not they have the opportunity to pass or fail (in bed, as elsewhere). When one makes an investment he is looking for optimal returns, naturally; otherwise the matter takes on the aspect of charity, and it is difficult to be charitable in the absence of some very satisfying booster.

It should not be supposed, whether or not a necessary statement, that "Black ---" happened all at once (overnight, as it were). There was necessarily some flirtation and courtship prior to wishful commitment. I say WISHFUL because the outer reality was not quite the reflexion of the inner truth suitable to an idealist. In fact, "Black---" was an "essay" (from the French) in the strictly semantic sense, psychically a "search", and esthetically a poem (thing of beauty) intended to bear a direct relationship to subject -- beauty -- and proposed in surrogate fulfillment rather than as ode to beloved. It is therefore the sort of PURE love poem that we find (nearly) in "Umbrā" (Beau-cocoa, vol. one # 1, autumn, '68). But love poem of sorts it is, with notes of disprize, of joy and sorrow in the molding event of belovedness, and of consummational perspective.

The circumstance need not have been anywise compromising with regard to the poem "Black in Search of Beauty", except that it deals with the generic socio-psychic condition. Yet, had it to deal with an individual instance, it MIGHT have been nearly of the same tones. In its content, several beloveds are introduced sort of kaleidoscopically, not all of them black in the general sense (nor beloveds exactly, or at all, but all are models for the artist). A subsequent prose poem (rough designation for novel in free verse), "In Whom I'm Well Pleased", completed in '61, is more of the classic love song, focussing on the dyad inamorata (said to be one of my best of popular ingredients). And, indeed, it took inspiration from the real outer world, given some amplification in the spectrum of its true-color.

As for the actual lovers,* they were not of the stuff of which legends are made, nor would they so aspire at the cost of some deficit real surety. For which I don't blame them, particularly since they made no great claims of having a corner on soul (currently I would say that such precious ones are no less precious for being less rare). But, again, it is what we make of each other rather than what each is apart from the companion flame....

*For the sake of peace, if nothing else, I'd better allow for an exception or two; women are about as vain generally as any man in particular.

Somewhat related to this, I have heard that men of words (which includes writers) are suppose to be notoriously vain, extraordinarily egocentric, etc. (infantile implications). This is said to be caused by or closely associated with intellectual tinkering which invariably becomes a system of fault-finding with that world that, for whatever reason, has failed to honor them. And this vanity is accordingly pronounced - not in relation to faults to be found in an imperfect environment - as the failure to honor is the motivation for fault-finding, which otherwise would be largely smothered in favors (honor) and/or coated with apologies.

In relation to the romantic gestalt, the vanity would preclude a charitableness which the comforting luxury of these honors (acceptance, etc.) could easily and willingly afford to bestow. And in relation to the words' work itself, the honors would give pause to strong criticism of the system that does the honors, and, moreover, tend to promote broad acceptance of this system which supports their status.

Obviously, this is only a generality and not a categorical truth. What further it has to do with the immediate subject is in regard to general (abstract) values, and specifically value relations as applied to the artistic (literary) pursuit.

The question is as to whether this creative activity is in furtherance of life-value -- as to the extent it justifies (or is justified thereby) the specificity of personality that would otherwise require another course (or therapy) in pursuit of self-affirmation and social effectiveness; in view of the general discord instituted by such specificity, that such course might imbue the individual (away from being artist) with (attenuated) characteristics of egoism to better admit of a socialization closer and more sympathetic to the (theoretical) cultural norm.

It would seem that the whole matter would have to be weighed in terms of the numbers in pursuit of the artistic affirmation in relation to those who succeed in its achievement, as against the numbers who succeed in relation to the total number of persons affected by the incidence of this activity. But such an assessment requires a priority value judgment to affirm or deny a qualitative modifier of both artistic product and personality.

I am suggesting of course that the artistic personality is more pervading (a development of such pursuit) than the incidence of recognized product, and that such incipient traits of personality that so develop might otherwise develop and/or become less pronounced yet conducive to culturally supporting activity (without psychotherapy). Such could be the case were the value of productive artistic pursuits more clearly, less ambiguously, defined (or valuelessness) so as to minimize delusions of worth and of objective gauges for determining such worth. Since apparently a correspondence will exist between social and personality developmental structure, potentially there is room for an artist in every compartment -- just as there are news report specialists -- except that there is a clear understanding of what art is in media as well as in the emphasis of media.

This consideration of value need not of course be limited to the artistic pursuit. It is applicable to all human endeavors "to rise above" as it were in preference to pursuit of (focus on) John Doe comfortable anonymity. The singular part about the artistic pursuit however is that it is seldom immediately remunerative; consequently, the social if not the personal (the spouse's, for instance,) perspective of what the artist (aspiring) is doing is generally shaded by the skepticism that contractual remuneration precludes insofar as it is SOME index of a demand. But as to the value of the artistic pursuit to the individual, there may be an immediate breach of correspondence, objective vs subjective, predicated on the admission (apart from temperament) of the inaccessibility of reality focus on the alternative for self-affirmation and social position (this is related to the "somebody" consideration as projected in the play "Mr. Black ---").

A further blight on the artist is that he is often OVERT artist, i.e. a highly conspicuous eccentric, in consequence of which it would seem that many aspiring artists assume that the thing to do to become (or in becoming) an artist is to become a highly conspicuous eccentric. In many other endeavors of course the wilful distortion is only a matter of degree. This emulative eccentricity however with regard to the artist is usually seen in social perspective as a step or two backwards, i.e. away from the cultural norm and from acculturation. In other words, the social atmosphere which the artist generates in part and otherwise in which he finds himself is generally disapproving, which disapproval subjects him to slights and humiliations conducive to psychic distortions. This atmosphere is sufficient to make one quite vain about the importance of his activities and his relationship to them, and, as well, to create an increasingly desperate person to whom recognition becomes of the utmost importance, overriding even what once might have been a focus of high principle.

More often than not principle will wither in default of acceptance, because one can always rationalize the necessity (demand) for descent to the (popular) level of the world to be received (and vindicated). This is like pawning the soul, and it is questionable thereafter if the would-be-artist is more artist than organization man. Of course, according to many critics the artist doesn't need a soul.

In default of acceptance, the applicant may set his own standards and stick to them -- may seek his own understanding of the reasons for non-acceptance. This also may lead to personality distortion, as it may make a case against the distortion of cultural values (or, distorted cultural values) as operative in compounding and proliferating distorted human personalities. The point of course is not whether or not a case is made but that a circumstance may exist generative of infirmed standards and/or an esoteric selective arbitration of values as a stratagem of political (social) disenfranchisement & intoxication (in effect perhaps analogous to gerrymandering), which would mean a cumulative desolatory weal of limited scope flourishing on an horrendously diseased concentration of human souls.

An objective assessment of the value of creative endeavors is even more important (relevant) in a democratic society than in a totalitarian

one (not necessarily from a political point of view but wherein democracy purports to develop and support the individual, meaning EACH individual's, humanity), in a "melting pot" more than in a homogeneous society, as it were, and in a racist environment more than in a non-racist environment. Where there is a segmented society, with certain groups struggling for recognition (acceptance, acculturation, equality, etc.), the value of the artistic projection of the humanity of such groups is immeasurable (by any temporal referent or remunerative scale). Such projections are the substance of legends, and a circumstance of significant (equal) legend is highly desirable and conducive to the empathic registration and recognition of equal humanity. And, in turn, the emotional acceptance of equal humanity creates its own predisposition wherein intellectual contrivances to the contrary are feeble.

Yet it is meaningful for each individual to walk through the valley of the shadow of doubt on his own two psychic feet where there is any inkling of fear of confronting (debate, dissent, analysis) the shadows, particularly if the shadows are some part of his own house (household, group -feeling of inadequacy). Thereby he should achieve immunization from the smallpox of human denigration as spread by self-seeking milk-and-honey swindlers. That is, the understanding is personally derived and cannot be attained otherwise. It is derived through a put-your-self-in-his-place simulated life instance(s) of humanly dignified substance.

My initial inclination was just to throw out a few insolent questions such as 'what is creative writing good for?' and 'is it really anything of value?' and 'what?' and 'why should anyone concern themselves about it to the detriment of (involvement in) more objective pursuits immediately remunerative -- to anywise condone or support these whims & caprices of distorted personalities, slovens, vagrants, egoists, etc?'. And then I would have let further consideration to the concluding section of my R.S.V.P. ("The Case for Ugliness"). However, I am too often a victim of elisions to be restricted from associative explorations which would seem of relevance to the perspective of the progressing subject consideration. Here, in the main, art is the subject; the pain and strain of it is myself.

From the vantage of the above discursive venture amid environs characteristic of black spheres of movement around the country, and in what might be termed the modal atmosphere of such environs, we have the implicit presence of aspiration and activity emphasis to which these questions and explorations of value relations cohere. And I would say that such an inimical atmosphere was quite a well-nourished pretender a dozen years ago. That is, with some allowance that the extreme need & pursuit of life's basic materials (with some modification as between need for basic material and material needs for psychic basis) would seem to have determined life's modal expression in such environs -- materialistic as attenuated by a dichotomous body-soul evenings-&-Sunday psychic preserve of folksy spiritualism; which spiritualism was nonetheless genuinely ethnic, I would say, in certain singularities of expression.

But overall there seems to have been something of what I would call a Faustian analogy, however unwitting & unwilling its adherents. Any deal one makes of course to exchange his soul for something must necessarily reflect a devil behind it. And, although good sense usu-

ally awakens and one wants to buy his soul back, the Devil doesn't need money, or anything but souls. This is not unlike the modal syndrome of all the Uncle Toms that ever were, anonymous or otherwise, nor unlike the bout of the wretched for survival and/or the attainment of grandiosity (elegance). The big rub is that whatever is gained by the exchange nowise relieves the contempt of the soul-purchaser for the soul-seller. The latter can never more than prop up his dignity elsewhere (as among his kind). However, allowing for a swindle, which we may, the soulless one may recoup on Judgment Day provided his later life has been sufficiently redemptive.

I am not suggesting that the artist is the savior in such instances. I have a healthy loathing for the Messianic complex. Rather, here as elsewhere, my concern is that I would have the artist - especially the black artist - be more aware of what he is about (or should be about). I would have had it so for a long time. And, although quite a lot to expect, I would have had a greater real appreciation of the need for legends & of what legend-making consists -- in hand with the readily appreciated need for doctors, lawyers, politicians, businessmen, etc.

The so-called man of words cannot render himself honestly in the living word as somehow apart from that which is the world he delineates -- world of his dream, of his physical touch, of psychic acknowledgment. And so according to his talents, his temperament, etc. The world of aspiration or the one of the immediate rub, caress, etc. The one he presents should be the one most needed (this however invokes the question of quantitative need vs qualitative need as per numbers of persons). In order for it to be artistically significant, it should be the world of HIS need. And when he forsakes the artistic expression for the human need to communicate, we can only say he need not (pretend to) be an artist. SO LET US CLARIFY THESE RELATIONS.

In the event there is a need here for further clarification, we are concerned with the artist's influence as a molder of personality and with the value of the creative product as expression and reflection of life-spirit. Wherein we say the artist DEFINES, we refer to self-expression as definitive and as having some priority over standardized communication criteria. With this in mind, lets see if there are black ivory towers of human aspiration, or temples of (to) love, or just what is mating, dating, rating all about (lover?).

If the black (person) writer were of a naturalistic or realistic (literarily speaking of spirit) orientation and/or temperament, the emotional problem of identity would be minimal, and the artistic problem as well. In this instance, he would be little concerned with songs of love (not of PERSON, as it were, but of EVENT). This might reflect an emotional impoverishment of sorts, suggesting object-detachment and consequent lack of intensity of involvement, except that life is cast as a kaleidoscopic super-adventure.

This would seem to be the vein in which much of life is portrayed in our time. And as go the depictions of life, so goes the inclination to love: as go the love songs, so goes the orientation (approach) to love-- the appeal hereby popularly (by consensus) defined. And, whereas the event IS considered the fundamental and ultimate reality, true-to-life

events are minimally experienced as super-adventures. The greater humanism and healthier psychic reality for the common man would present the intense (personal &) interpersonal involvement (a view of the soul) in lieu of the extra-personal super-adventure. The former would be the emphatic and empathic adventure (event) of the spirit of man rather than of the dynamism of a super-sonic age. But, in any case, not the latter in lieu of the former, for, very likely, the soul & the man would get lost in the desperate fulltime orientation to keep abreast of physical relationships. And the human rather than the mechanistic adventure may realize itself only in simulated approximation to the spirit of man, whose life-affirmation is solely the kinetic thrill of physical motion, and the saving grace of which could only be some super-imposed rhythm.

This latter case would seem to be the vein in which most writers today, black writers included, spill their fluid. And this is a romance of disenchantment. The disenchantment seems to be of the human personality as a reliable balm for the ache of loneliness. Yet it is not evident as a deep and consistent disenchantment.

The lyrics of songs popular among black folks generally these days, written by an assortment of identities, incline toward the love-sex (theme) song, as of romantics of old, except that the vernacular is indispensable and the allusions less of lofty (displaced) focus. It is interesting to note the dominant content of the pop art forms. The pop song is usually some kind of love ditty; the pop novel is (sexy) adventure thriller; the pop essay is some kind of sexo-psychic exposition; the pop play is usually a (love) musical; the pop movie combines the best (top pop) of all the above. We might also mention photography. Here we have institutionalized glamor, elegance, and all the aspirations conducive to visual affect, to suggest that life is (can be) truly beautiful (at least in stopdown time) some- beautiful people -now.

The implication is that romance of classic stature isn't really dead but that its spires are somewhat blunted by any of many things in the package of enlightenment from Lamarck & Darwin to Marx, Freud, and Einstein (as attenuated by Rogers & Hart, Hammerstein, etc.)

On the other hand, black romance is without the legends of classic stature of which to have suffered its own specific disenchantment (except again referring to song if we may: "Frankie & Johnnie", "Foxy & Bess", etc. There is no equivalent in Othello, nor in Cleopatra, Dido, Nefert-ity, and such stories.). Largely, what we have seen of the African in his natural habitat has been naturalism rather than romanticism. The African romance has been the white hunter and such, apart from the land itself. But today I have a clipping some months old from the New York Times with a caption which says "The Greatest Attraction of Africa is the People". As it is obvious to us, as in most settings, where we have the time for more than the two-bit tour, the people make up the main feature.

So where do we find the black romantic -- he who is given to depict those circumstances of fools and angels treading the waters love's ultramarine & brick-oven baking summers, and shiwrecked pending sails in the sunset is a soul detached from godhood and of imperfect beauty but of sure kinship? Perhaps he writes historical best sellers. But

in this he is not concerned with esthetics in the realm of black ethos.

Well, we might think of an eighteen-year-old writer(see section, "And You, Too, O Paranoia???"). He is too young to have chosen a path at great variance to the beaten one (Beatinik or not) and to have progressed very far in the new direction. So, what we must do to find something of our black romantic is to look to the (older world) French-speaking black writers (So saying, I mean approximately that the local black literary scene is of these young years in emotional /affirmative ethnic/ expression -- not emotional, et.al. intention -- and in the navets of ideological concurrence).

Seemingly overlooked in the U.S. until recently are the works of Leopold Senghor of Senegal and Aimee Cesaire of Martinique (also David Diop). Unless one spoke French and/or travelled abroad prior to '63, one could hardly have heard of these black writers. Our noted anthologists failed to include their works, and so for most of us they did not in effect exist; although the first two gentlemen have been promoting "Negritude" since the Thirties.

What is "Negritude"? In the vernacular we might say it means "Black is Beautiful". But, more elaborately, it is an invitation to have a romance with black people; it is an ideology that embraces and promotes black ethos -- as one would say, this is my beloved, my young ones, our home; these are my forebears, this our way of life, this our land. (One might quarrel with the implication here that Senghor, a socialist with Marxian affinities, is anyway a romantic; although it may be conceded that Negritude is a romantic / idealistic / ideology. I could only beg the question here and must refer the reader to the flame itself: On African Socialism, Leopold Sedar Senghor, trans. by Mercer Cook, Fred. A. Praeger, Inc., '64. In the above, the reader will find positive references to love, God, humanism, music and the dance of love, soul, etc., and overall, an idealist's attempt to create a supreme dialectic of the best of two worlds.)

It is perhaps useless to speculate as to why the ideas of these great men (black men, if you prefer) were so long without voice in our homeland U.S. Perhaps the commitment to integration and/or the socialist-communist bogey had something to do with it.

In these works, however (in translation) one doesn't find what in the American vernacular is termed "soul-searching" on the part of the black, or in terms of the black personality. It is essentially what I have complained about as lacking in the works of too much modern writing (except when such soul-searching seems merely the leader in pathos). It might seem that this fact condemns my view. Our French-speaking writers, however, though of a socialist orientation, are sorting bits and pieces of ideologies emphasizing individualism & collectivism for a new (and AFRICAN) synthesis (most of us are aware that the politico-social atmosphere of the black African is traditionally socialist or communal, and that romance is traditionally of an aristocratic or free enterprise atmosphere. We Americans are traditionally capitalistic, and the highest development of the individual is the purport of our free enterprise democracy; therefore, we are born & bred on individualism which is the great feeding ground for romance. Nevertheless, political emphasis

does not account for, nor discount, all extant humanism.)

But for me there is a personal estrangement in such writings that do not place the individual in the context of the ethnic soul. This, I think, is a shortcoming, and in terms of Negritude - wherein it is evident omission - it is a failure of applied ideology so far as it would propose to optimally strengthen the black image (and as an ultimate aim to enhance the brotherhood of man). One cannot get NEXT TO, or even SEE, the black person amid these modal definitives because it is difficult to individualize the feeling of the spirit of this way of life. In consequence, the dramatic import and impact of such writing is minimal. And such emotional understanding as may be derived is made unnecessarily abstract and even academic.

Such material is significant in its emphasis of 'how they live, how they think', even. The implication after all in many instances is that people are people, but 'the way they live' is different from place to place. But if the reader is not given an individual with active psychic faculty, he may supply himself - provided he can anyway get INTO the scene - but that self can hardly have the culturally indexed soul to readily assert the difference-vive. No doubt there is something to be gained from the experience as collective entity, and it matters as well to what group a subject work is directed; so it may be incumbent upon others to make the effort required to avail themselves of whatever is in the realm of possibility in this matter. After all, as the saying goes, one cannot be all things to all people (let me know if you know who's credited with saying that).

As for the English-speaking black African writers (selected? translations?) with which I am familiar, I find no particular philosophy; there is not the positive ethnic outlook that identifies the Senghor group, and what remains other than pathos may be highly litte literary storytelling of circumstances in colonial settings but of little significance to me as black esthetician or as an emotion in search of human ball.

There is however this item in reference to "Black In Search of Beauty", Bernard Shaw's The Black Girl In Search of God (The Adventures of), published about 1933. I am sure I read it prior to coming to New York in '58; for shortly thereafter there was a staging of it in this city. This would then place the reading in New Mexico, and if prior to '56 it would pre-date "Black-". What is likely is that I read it sometime around '57-'58 before leaving New Mexico. What is for sure is that I found the episodes rather inane - especially for Shaw - just as years later I found Janet's play The Blacks equally vapid. Both of these works however inevitably called to mind my poem. As a rule I would avoid the risk of anyway sounding like an echo - title-wise or otherwise-- if my work were not well in progress or completed.

THE LEAVES OF THE VIOLET

I know that I read Whitman's Leaves of Grass prior to '56, and this is the o ther work that for one reason or another forces an association with "Black In Search of Beauty".

I am an admirer of the Whitman gusto, the apparent elan, and the free

verse macrocosm this writer admitted of thru his works. It is this freedom that makes possible my compound rhythms and imagery without a great deal of additional esoteric compounding.

It was in '58 for sure that I stumbled upon a critic who had divined that Whitman's structure for his monumental work was the five mystic steps to enlightenment: (generally) 1) awakening, 2) dark night, 3) re-awakening, 4) dark night of the soul, 5) enlightenment. Previously, I had thought it exclusively my contribution to creative literature. My English Lit professor, then heading the department (I noted my dis-empowerment to him) did not concur with the critic's opinion that Leaves embodied such structure, however; he said it wouldn't have taken 100 yrs to realize this if it were so. In any case, my poem was already written, and though I trifled in '60 with other ideas for the re-write to comply with requirements to enter it in the Yale Series contest, such structure essentially remained, which, of course, in itself is not very important.

I wonder, though, what might have been the poem's fate if as readily I could have gotten the attention of, say, Dr. W.E.B. Dubois in lieu of some others whom I think were negatively concerned wherein I was not apparently building onto their "school" of simulated Negro idiom makings. Here was a great man, alone and for so long alone, who was practically the only black voice of note (Garvey may be excepted, but he was not a literary figure). This is the 101st anniversary of the birth of this great man, who left us in '63. There is hardly a comparable stature on these or any shores. His foresight was greater than all others, his advocacy of true brotherhood, of black ethos, more positive and distinctive, his gifts overall surpassing. Here is the original purveyor of black beauty.

LET ME READ YOUR GREAT POEM

I hadn't the vaguest idea what I would do with such a long poem (though shorter yet than "The Flooded Fellowship---", B-C, v.1, no.1) when I wrote it -- as to where I might get it published. One of the maneuvers I underwent was to represent it as an extended project (not really a misrepresentation) while prospecting for stipend fellowships, hoping that this might be some advertisement conducive to publication (not that I didn't want the money, but I've always been more concerned with promoting the writings for many instances of psychic fulfillment, social, etc., realizing as well that the reputation would afford some income). None of the fellowships came thru, leading me and some of my student associates to wonder who gets them and why.

In connection with the fellowship applications, my former Freshman English professor, corresponding from a California campus, remarked about my project write-up that he didn't think the board would be favorably inclined "my 'Assumptions' are couched (...with the sense that the people may be moved to finance psychotherapy) in the most turgid, hopeless diction I've ever seen in my life..." That was December, '57. He was upbraiding me for a shyness of exposition. On the other hand, he was also the fellow who once commented to me in earlier days of more enthusiasm that were I a musician (as he was) so much could go unsaid (yet understood). I am sure that my exposition was in fact 'couched', and the board members were more inclined to 'let nature take its course'

than to finance psychotherapy. Unfortunately, I cannot locate the classic response to my letter of clarification sent to my English associate. It was classic, I think, in its admission of suspended awareness (acknowledgment-awareness), the arousal of which required that I bear all the whips and scorns of the substance of psychic distortion as related in minutiae to the racial quagmire out of which I sought to raise black ethos & beauty. Surely it was the abject acknowledgment of the pain knitting my forehead more than the cataloguing of the much apparent purulent racial disease (which he had to know of in some instances better than me because he was some part of the scene behind the huge white curtain that only goes up at 'ready') that allowed him to admit of 'YES' .. it was because I am not prepared to be aware of any more of the pain of that circumstance than absolutely necessary.

And it is generally just so, that the suspended awareness insists upon an exhibition of the pain in the most compromising and vulgar manner. And it was precisely this pathetic invitation that I loathed and proposed to displace by the affirmation of ethos. He, himself, had earlier noted the ethnic note with a good deal of pleasure in this and other of my poems, indicating his weariness of the pathetic supplication. Yet he was a fairly honest and forthright individual.

Wherein is the irony of this? It is explicitly that the recited diseases and diseased instances are more painful to the writer, unless he is masochist, unless he is self-&-group-hating and is hereby indulging reflexively and projectively his whip and vituperative tongue, than it is to the (white) reader. This reader need not get INVOLVED in (these expository) news reports unless he wants to PROVE HIS HUMANITY WITH TEARS and other sympathetic instances. To write like this is self-castration. It is like representing an alternative course to sitting on a (white) penis and crying maudlinly not to be forced to do this (like the character in Baldwin's Another Country). And if the reader prefers this crap, he is sick; he is sick not in any flippant sense but fundamentally.

The difference between the two (ethos & pathos) is as between the clinic and the bedroom for the perverted personality, as between an attempt at cure and the resignation perhaps modified by a temporal note of ambivalence. And the black mood today would seem to be attenuated by a note of anger. But the (white) penis is still willfully admitted, is even abetted. And the culprit is still THE MAN. The cry (top pop) is 'what (the black) man wants today is angry pathos' and, 'give us more ANGRY pathos'.

The configuration is almost ceremonial. Certainly there are distorted personalities (black & white); certainly the clinical experience around it we have to periodically visit the whore and have her perform wierd-Os so that we can come away self-righteously long-suffering, sin-outer world? -- and thereby to preclude any human inclination to relent... as this purchased humiliation admits of fullest vengeance --- for a while. Do the haters (black & white) have us in this bag? And/or are we there because of our own cowardice and avarice? Or is this just par for the Jones-referent, capillaritous, leech-capitalistic society?

Getting back, this is not to say that I do not at times write esoteric prose. I do. I sometimes write plain expository fillum to breach

the (seemingly) unbreachable... and/or because the FORM has an item which says, 'Explain why ---'. What I am usually saying in such cases is that this, if I'm to be honest, is a highly highly personal matter (and really none of your business, or it is my privilege to choose the form in which to say it, and if there is respectful interest you can probably discern roughly what all is indicated); otherwise, I do not make a practice of announcing and rehearsing in explicit detail my intentions (literary or otherwise). Furthermore, I strongly resent (or suspect of cursory reading habits) the reader who makes an unnecessarily eccentric case of my material (I mean more approximately unintelligible or esoteric). I am inclined to think that this person feels that I haven't anything to say to him really and have merely (contrived to usurp his time &) disguise the fact, that he in fact could better tell me a thing or two.

That I have nothing to say to some readers must indeed be true -- certainly so in terms of what they would more readily acknowledge. I do not represent myself as an intellectual, whether or not I have impressed various persons that I'd be a cinch to clinch top quiz monies, and I do not care to be so represented (strawman fashion); I am not a Dubois, no Senghor (i.e., self-representation apart). I have a certain intuitive faculty which is my greater asset. And I am mainly artist; as such, HOW I say is not readily separable from WHAT I say. It has been my misfortune to have people tell me implicitly that they resented my 'strangely surprising images', my 'wonderfully rhythmic but LUMBERING thought patterns', my puns and word-play.

What can I say except that I would not want to get into their intellectual, emotional, or spiritual pockets even if there were nude women there too. It is true that I have been indulged at times as a person only until it became apparent I wasn't flattered by it. It is also true that many of us are seeking not gods but worshipers. And this is also a part of the race in racism.

Appropos, a very famous black poet, now deceased, once advised me to seek recordings for my poetry rather than printed publication -- "the ear being better than the eye to pick up what you are doing." I did ('57) not so well appreciate the soundness of this advice until I had done a good bit of reading (for those who had read the works on their own) and noted the difference in response. Almost invariably the oohs & ahs & UNDERSTANDING have been twice as affirmative in response to readings. However, I have certainly not been able to interest any recording Co. And this unfortunately was the extent of the help I got from this capa-able source. A younger, less famous, poet but one whose work I favor above most of the 'commercial' poetry these days, wrote after reading my works (1960) "...one is never in complete possession of a distinct feeling before it is snatched away or turned inside out ... when one steps out of the poem (leaves it) what remains? What is the aura which lingers about me once the poem is set aside? Certainly it lingers about the poem: but what about me?"

And after hearing me at a rather lengthy reading: "...I now feel converted, and am a true believer!"

But I must insist that the reader can do this for himself. I do not favor the reader who must be INVADED and his resistance overcome

before he can admit himself of his own pleasure. It is a demand for an uncomplicated rendering of a complicated pattern (or better, an uncomplicated definition), not unrelated to the clinic-bedroom continuum, a painful means of avoiding pain, better to feel deserving of greater pleasures than are otherwise (as relative to the extreme artifact) in the of fing.

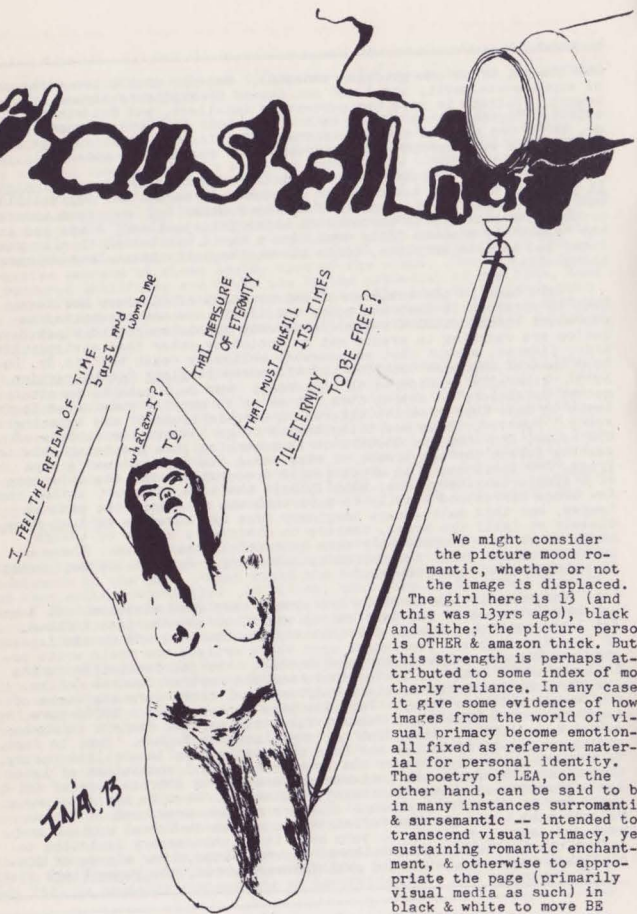
Because she is knocked down and kicked into the bedroom, she knows this isn't love but ravishment. Except that it's more painful than courtship and seduction, it's much simpler, no quandry about 'What is love?' no need to commit oneself; the burden of pleasure is on the other fellow, as is the sin of MAKING ONE THIS WAY (DO THIS) and keeping one (stupid & sick) hung-up (on quack remedies) with the titillating good news of being able to violate the tabu to B E Had without incurring the stain of personal culpability -- not unlike the masochistic (& white heat) whites who indulge themselves in raping-black-buck fantasies (the onslaught is represented as rape of permission, savagery-too-much as rape of admission, & unhumbling ecstasy as rape by omission).

Some time after I returned to New York ('58), I think the poem became the object of a holding action. There were several requests from readers and writers - agents - which I honored by and large. But I was also interested in working up a kind of black ethos literary group. A remarkable change has occurred since; at that time I was just making noises. No one seemed to have even the vaguest idea of how to begin to ponder the identity puzzle in a positive way. THEY ALL WROTE FATHOS. Today, not thirty seconds will pass in conversation with a young black writer on literature before you'll see the knit on his (or her) brow, representing the squinting attempt to focus in HIS THING a la BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL.

Oddly enough, I doubt that such a naked statement as 'black is beautiful' could have gained general respectable acceptance prior to about 1965. The natural order of things generally requires some proof before a broad conclusion is accepted. To my mind three compound events in the last fifteen years are apparently responsible for this sudden leaping conclusion. Chronologically, they are 1) The Montgomery bus boycott and subsequent Southern Christian Leadership Conference, '55-56, as personified by Dr. Martin Luther King, 2) The progressive acquisition of independence by African territories, beginning with Ghana in '57 and as personified by the early period by The Honorable Kwame Nkrumah, 3) The growing prominence of the Black Muslim movement as personified by the indomitable Malcolm X

NOTE: All of the 'personifications' have been unceremoniously deposed -- from LIFE in the case of our two black Americans.

Excepting purely political considerations, it would be difficult for me to say which of these three compound instances was most instrumental, but together I would consider them the foundation (that which "Laid the foundation and opened up the way") which admitted of this assertion before the public eye (even, I might add, inasmuch as present day orthodoxy would seem to admit of 'anything one can get away with' to an unprecedented extent, such a clamorous self-embrace as that by the fantastic I-am-beautiful Muhammed Ali might readily be admitted as a public con-



I FEEL THE REIGN OF TIME
 SUREST AND
 WORSTING
 TO
 THAT MEASURE
 OF ETERNITY
 THAT MUST FOSSIL
 ITS TIMES
 TIL ETERNITY
 TO BE FREE?

JWA.13

We might consider the picture mood romantic, whether or not the image is displaced. The girl here is 13 (and this was 13yrs ago), black and lithe; the picture person is OTHER & amazon thick. But this strength is perhaps attributed to some index of motherly reliance. In any case, it give some evidence of how images from the world of visual primacy become emotional fixed as referent material for personal identity. The poetry of LEA, on the other hand, can be said to be in many instances surromantic & sursemantic -- intended to transcend visual primacy, yet sustaining romantic enchantment, & otherwise to appropriate the page (primarily visual media as such) in black & white to move BEYOND THE BLUES with a life-assertive music. ED.

of today could not do better than to take their cue from McKay's "If We Must Die", which poem when usually mentioned these days is not dishonorably appended reputationwise by the fact that it was quoted by Winston Churchill in a widely applauded speech (usually placed in the House of Commons) during the bleak days of WW II.).

Two of my favorite Langston Hughes poems, "Mother to Son" and "Lenox Avenue Mural" I would account more to ethos than pathos, which accounts partly for my choice, but, otherwise, they also appear to be better examples of inspired works in the idiom, with fingers on a genuine black pulse. Hansberry's title for "Raison---" was apparently taken from a line in the latter poem.

The considerable politico-social stature of James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938) would give audience to his poetry were they not significant literarily, but one of his poems in particular has achieved phenomenal fame. Written in 1900 and set to music by his brother Rosamond Johnson, "Lift Every Voice and Sing" by James Weldon became dubbed the "Negro National Anthem (or Hymn)" and probably has had no rival as a black rallying song, excepting the "Battle Hymn of the Republic", until the recent advent of "We Shall Overcome".

There have been poems like Edith Kutash's "The Children Born of Love Will Be Fish", anthologized in *Beat Coast*, Excelsior Press, '60, an ode to the black-white sleeping arrangement (this is a particularly good poem and no doubt by a courageous woman & unstinting lover) many of which leave me non-plus. When well done, these poems define nearly the synthesis of the positively resolved spiritual aspect of polar racial identity. And here we cherish the human touch, and we know this is love that only the parental-image complexion of the beloved is changed. But I am leaving this specific consideration to a later section.

Of all the most (more?) famous of black literary artist, it is most difficult for me to make a constructive (objective? or, ANY???) statement about the works of Gwendolyn Brooks. I simply cannot get into the bulk of it (I have similar trouble with Carl Sandburg, another as-it-were Chicagoan, if this means anything). Some of her 'tighter', more traditional works give me to appreciate the overall skill & personal female imagery, but I would be inclined to say that much of the best is absent without the shelter of these restraints (in which she tiptoes in & after the sunset). I, however, recognize what is probably a predisposition about (women) lady writers. I don't either like Emily Dickenson, on the whole, nor Edna St. Vincent Millay (though I hesitate to say it, but must, in roughly the same sense as with Brooks and Dickenson), or any other darling I can think of of equivalent reputation (only one female acquaintance ever called me a male chauvinist, but, in any case, I don't concur. In the case of Miss Brooks, my problem is slightly apart from the poetry itself; it is related to the quarrel I would have had about William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, which was nauseous in places, and which was attacked by a group of black gentlemen writers, all of whom missed the major points of Styron's sin -- all of which I explicated at some length for a white Miss who found Styron's *Confessions*--delightful -- which in the main is that he does nothing for black women. Miss Brooks does nothing for black men, OR ONLY A LITTLE BIT MORE.).

Noteworthy for popular consumption is the poetry of Eve Merriam, "Montgomery, Alabama Money, Mississippi and Other Places" (pamphlet,

Cameron Asso., Liberty Book Club, N.Y., '54).

Last but not least, as you've often heard, to be noted here is the work of Margaret Walker. Her volume of poems, For My People, published by Yale University Press, 1942 (would you believe? and which was her Masters of Arts Dissertation at the State University of Iowa, received, 1940), the title poem of which -- as well as others -- is clearly rendered in the all-embracing Whitmanesque, seems to have gotten somehow lost through the Forties and Fifties. As much as any black writer born on these shores, she impresses me as having excavated her roots, examined, and replanted them with preference for the rich soil of the South. But they were bound to be special roots, just as she was bound for early recognition. And though I would quarrel with some frivolities in her novel, Jubilee, Houghton Mifflin, '66 (she impresses me as female, too, and reminds me of Ann Petry, plus Alabama sunshine & twinkling stars), I have grown weary of this detailing business. I recall hearing around 1959-60 some unflattering grapevine Aunt Tommasina news about Miss Walker, the details of which I've long since forgotten. But then I am generally unaware of the kind of PERSON the writer is, and that is (SHOULD BE) the more compromising matter under duress.

TO CONCLUDE ---

I recall also having a written explication of the poem "Black---" when I presented it to my first important in-person reader, my Freshman English Prof. I was a sophomore or junior on this later occasion. He read it along with the poem, then advised me he didn't want the explication; the poem was its own excuse for being (also, whether I am explicating my own works or someone else's, I am often involved in a lovers' quarrel). The year was '57. As a result of this reading, I was put in touch with a couple of literary contacts, rather famous personages whom I very early rubbed the wrong way: Finis. Although I did not immediately lose the one contact that was primarily literary, the other, a very rich gentleman, did suddenly close down. Just what all the fuss was about, except vanity, I'm still not sure -- except that I made a request for fifty bucks (he had already sent me a hundred; this was also related to a lovers' quarrel, why I have so many may become apparent in the next under-heading.). I prefer, of course, to learn early in my associations just what a person is made of, money or what -- patriarchal tolerance, etc. (I had been advised that he didn't do anything unless he wanted to; apparently, one of the negatives was the reading of the material I sent, and in this he failed the English Lit. course as badly as the professor, pretty much the same course the poet passed so well, as indicated, which may have accounted for some further endurance (or indulgence) on his part. I have considered returning the hundred dollars but have never really wanted to; it would be vanity, Sir, like volunteering for a double tax. The response I got secondhand was a lulu of mystery.)

What next to misfire was some proposed excerpting for a couple periodicals, "The New Mexico Quarterly" and "The Black Mountain Review", notably the former. In this regard I don't recall doing anything onto-ward -- except I voiced a contempt for 'people who keep monsters' (man-eater dogs). I doubt though that this had anything to do with no-deal. The two deals, one after the other, merely became a holding action, months on end, until my inquiry netted the return of this & other mss.

One of the reasons that decided me upon the Beau-Cocoa venture is that I am basically a very humble person with a monumental ego, part of which is artificial. I have always been solitary and little concerned with the crowds and the lights. And I have little doubt that I might have made it more than a dozen years ago, even two decades ago, in another set of circumstances essentially external to myself, and would now be possibly retired from this into something else. For I could have adjusted to movement as easily as to a sedentary life of the same droning horizons. I have never considered myself a lucky person, except genetically, that I could take phenomenal risks and rely some beneficence; and when occasionally I have so relied it has proven disastrous.

The circumscription has concomitantly limited social-and-other possibilities. It is even something one can read in me, detecting an intolerance for lengthy involvement with humdrum instances in the outer world; for the hunger is of the spirit, and this vessel must be contained by spirit given to steer a course of its own. And yet it can be too much alone on its own. And this is the rub when there is no place to go, nor anyone with whom to commune, nor any element of fame to induce the seekers from afar, nor any rest in which to peacefully dream, nor memories to share, nor dreams. The humanity of one is a small iota, yet everything; yet when born with a cross and an ax, one cannot be a humanity of one, nor are they who are lynched and crucified; they are humanity, and somehow everyone must be made to realize this. And even forever the enchantment must be strained, for the temporal order of each of us IS forever, as each life may be potentially the new world should we not concede its damnation by default of effort.

But, since the I has inherited the low caste of presumption and ludicrous artifact, it has perforce become as artificial as the conjurations of humanity's systems of surcharge for boosting itself on the backs of those whose is too easily bend. But, of course, they have first suffered a mental and spiritual bending. This is not for me. Accordingly, my peace is dependent upon my strength of mind & spirit. And, according to the diplomacy of treachery, I can only be whole if I am my own man. The half-wits I cannot worship, nor party with the petty pretenders, nor always gratuitously entertain vanities who strut upon the stage of good fortune when my own cause of vanity is so enormous and fortune so poor, yet I am told to renounce all claims of virtue to admit of a relative opacity of my contrived oblivion.

The talking drum carries the history of much that has gone a way -- like a bird, fluttered a moment and fallen, nor is there a marker or epitaph for the grave; nor would we want any, except that some might later say -- in grand grave ceremony -- that the drum never learned to talk. And my grandson might be unwillingly, unduly humbled.

I'M MY OWN GRANDPAW, LIKE ---

Sometimes I feel almost totally unprivileged to have communicated in depth with my beloved females. And these have been practically my sole companions, apart from male family members. This felt lack of communication has spurred intellectual curiosity to intervene in behalf of some emotionally impoverished experiences. And the dividends of both worlds have been used up in simulated high tension ecstasies.

I AM referring to what is called spiritual depth. Most probably, my attempts to idolize woman and make of her something eternally inspiring has taken inspiration from and been sustained by a lonesome too deep and vast to admit of optimal communication between myself and the woman (of course one naturally expects a MONSTER to be alone, if not lonesome. Such is the definitive case of monsterdom, of the strangeness & horror promoted by the singularity of one-of-kindness. In consequence, it is expected he will be driven by a madness to destroy the world, and/or (except that) he may kidnap the local pretty girl for companionship and destroy mostly only those attempting to rescue her from this horrendous center of attention. This extension of self by monster to socialize makes our chap a somewhat pathetic figure (not really tragic), (knowing as we do, so much better than his desperate need prepares him to acknowledge, how imperatively & invariably we frown upon monster fratricide). But he is nonetheless undeserving (in unorthodox covetousness of beauty) and still essentially a figure of horror and loathing. Both instances would seem irremediable, except that some monsters are 'sons-of---' (legitimate or not) by mothers of mysterious incidence. But we are led to associate this occurrence with one of the pretty girls of some scene awhile back. So then, obviously, it would seem incumbent upon the socius to keep monsters and pretty girls beyond arms' reach. So now you see, what probably you had not thought, that this is quite relative to my condition. The monster always gets -- not the soulful but -- the frivolous bit, half in & out of negli-gosh-o-gee, permanently ON; which is what fatally engages the monster, of course.

This communion-need apparently fits the pattern of a longing for the womb's enlargement (the return of the sea monster), but no existing womb; so we can intrigue ourselves for a moment with the personal impersonal.

The womb must be created of love. Through the love of woman, the father is father of himself in the womb and has there returned for another birth. Related ideas are Adam's rib and Pygmalion's statue (lady). Ideally, however, one would produce a self rather than a woman self-mate, and, accordingly, to date these depictions have somewhat avoided the issue. There is yet a beauty of kind (if not categorical) in the representation of woman as self-mate. But she is necessarily something outside the self. It is hoped that she will be a love-mate, life-mate, sex-mate. In that nature calls upon us to reproduce, the self-mate is perhaps relieving of some of life's obligations (which relief we may also represent as fulfillment). Still, there ARE men who would like to do away with women, and women who would like to do away with men (there is something of this in Shaw's *Man and Superman*; whereas, in *Back to Methuselah*, the obligations of MAN are more disassociated from reproduction -- the young are born as young adults -- and associated with more fundamental human frailty, such as admits of an unbearable loneliness without man for woman & woman for man). I would submit that the expressed wish to exclude one or the other sex does not so much stem from a desire to take the other's place, or to eliminate sex, as from the feeling of disprizeament fed by loneliness and longing wherein one could feel sufficiently adequate with those of the same sex, but it is the apparent assessment of that self by the opposite sex which relegates one to second-class intra-sex status and breeds the deeper inferiority feelings.

The psychological implications of these notions do not escape me,

but I am trying to steer away from clinical psychology for a moment. On the other hand, the failure of communion may suggest to some the kind of vacuum that historically has been filled largely thru religion; which is the immediately intriguing aspect we are to look into, mindful, however, that we are ultimately concerned with art.

We have the male mating with (the self-mate) female and, thru love, the father becomes the son (or father of himself) -- becomes what he creates, love, but more earthly something to live the event of love, the beauty event of the mother-father self-mating. But the problem with love is that it exists on too high a temporal order; it is another god that fails, and consequently it cannot stand alone; only the unfulfilling is its own religion, the religion of mother-&-son (of father-&-daughter there is more the archetypical god -- world, creation -- for both sex the predisposition of men, and even the story of the rib could very well be the other way: man made from woman, the female begot the male).

Mother-&-son love (allow) is unflinching (divine). And in this context the father is all but extraneous (many sons in actual life are of course of this opinion). He is like a figurehead. It is, after all, not God that matters so much for mortals as religion, not so much the destination as the way (at the end it's OVER). So it is the way, the religion, and woman (or male & female) love by making 'love' that sustains man ambiguous... the love of man & woman is the process of mate-making that as mediated by -- the son). The son of man IS the religion of love (we God is not the Trinity, religion is the trinity of God--father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; in paradox, the Holy Ghost could be religion again, or more consistently it could be the mother. We can allow the God created his own religion, yes, but, more consistently, God AND creation, in this case, the mother).

The religion, in turn, IS God, the father of himself, (re)born (in) thru creation (father-mother love synthesizes in the mother). God embraces creation, but more perfectly (earthwise) the son embraces creation (vice versa might be better).

To creation is accorded the vastest loneliness, because God would be perfect, and between the two exists the greatest chasm (except via religion-event, equals God experience, e.g., 'possession', to have 'the spirit' and the Holy Ghost). But the womb-longing is a longing for woman (secular orientation), although the equivalent, paradise, could be considered a condition of other...; so that God and woman are inexorably engaged, at least by default of better human reasoning (try as I would able. We therefore have father as one, father-mother as one, mother-son as one, father-son as one, and father-mother-son (or father-son-mother) of love excelsior.

In our beginning was a force (or power), by which we are advised by a will, and the force cedes the female (of itself, the male), by which we are to be advised of the way, thru the son, and that these concessions are manifest of power and the glory of power. And by its will (-power) (belief, or self-belief), all things may become similarly manifest; as by belief the male becomes manifest thru the female, the male-female thru father-mother, and thru the son the father-mother are manifest. And this is the greatest possible communion on earth.

In sum, whether or not this is wholly acceptable, the father here corresponds to the artist. What he creates in the abstract is faith in himself as artist. And, at the outset and in final assessment, he may be artist thru faith, which faith is sustained by the experience of the beauti-force inherent in his creation, which later (the creative overwork) is manifestation of himself as expressive force (of creative over destructive disposition). This creation is three-fold, 1) the material of the artwork (the artist's world), 2) the crystallization of material thru creative force (male-female will & way) into artwork (father-mother embodiment as) the son, inherent in which/whom is the exponential beauti-force (faith, belief, religion). To this consideration of an esthetic construct we shall return in the final section of Part II.

My Art is in fact some part of a religious experience. The artist must create his universe before he becomes artist, or we might allow the slight difference that in creating his universe he becomes artist. And this is done on a level of faith (in the beginning was faith?) somehow in the rightness of his vesselhood to contain & pour forth the creation. However failing in degree this faith, for some the need to create assists to promote & sustain the effort. With such design and drive one might of course go mad, particularly if he tries to say it all -- as in one song of creation -- instead of compromising the drive to complete (an imperfect world) a project and avail himself of his reward, an earned rest & some deserving praise (that God should need rest is of course anthropomorphic, but that He insists upon praise is consensus of belief). But the mad artist is probably a god, the father of himself, whose madness may even stem from the limitations of his power to sustained manifestation of (that) perfect power.

In regard to my association with women, the material of the womb of creation, I have not been the vocal complainant of the lack of communication, strangely -- though of some lack of understanding, perhaps. The reason for this I can only surmise as due to a better understanding of the partners than theirs of me (but this is not the sad cry of 'no one understands me'). I am generally of the opinion that my understanding of myself far surpasses the likelihood of another's understanding of me. In consequence of this, it is more a kind of acceptance rather than understanding I look for. People, for instance, like Mr. & Mrs. Black, in their playing, could work out a lot of things for themselves if they had - not more intelligence - sufficient strength & courage for cooperative mutual analysis. But one has to have a nominal feeling of acceptance as a prerequisite for this. Aside from the assured acceptance, with most of us there is also probably the fact that although we aren't really satisfied with ourselves we're prepared to act as though we are. This position helps to continue valid our license to criticize others, which in many cases we do compulsively and defensively (projection may be evident as well). Generally, moreover, we just aren't prepared to have others assault our stronghold of personality adjustment; so, indignantly, we ask to be accepted as we ARE, i.e., as we overtly appear and as we represent ourselves.

On the other hand, we like to decide quickly what the other person is; if it's written in his face or on his forehead, so much the better (our subjective judgment, of course). The more frivolous and incidental our relationships, the more it's likely to be the case that we don't want the WHOLE PERSON; just as we're often impatient with those who seem very often to have trouble-problem stories. And this has reference to (what you will hear again) our position of 'not wanting to acknowledge the full humanity & dignity of these persons that such an investment of ourselves implies'. This is, of course, a sound economic principle inasmuch as what we take to be poor stock cannot be expected to yield the returns that the same investment would were it rich stock (or promising). Needless to say, it leaves something to be desired in terms of humanism. Nevertheless, presumption and stereotyping simplifies our approach to humanity, and we are disinclined to acknowledging any positive loss by so reducing people. And when this happens, the real person will most likely have a great deal of difficulty getting through to one.

In my own case, the longer I live the more I become convinced of my absolute uniqueness. And now, having already twice married and divorced, I am much better advised as to the limitations of the personality unchallenged by the spotlight of public acclaim for growth and change (public acclaim is the specific, public scrutiny the general modifier, and the application is also meant in general terms). The incidence of this can be detected on all socio-economic levels. One finds the fiercely adjusted, the kept person -- among both male & female -- the ambitionless, even types like the permanent student, the permanent traveler, permanently homeless visiting relative, and the permanently alibing-sick are examples. These are patent surrogate womb conditions, and the 'seekers' are meticulously avoiding the challenge of responsibility for the fullest development of number one; some parents belong to this group, as well. The climate of racism allows some to anchor themselves in anti-ism, another womb; and this is sometimes represented as sacrificial dedication instead of sloth, personal cowardice, and/or creative ambition. Many of us, however, are trapped, as it were (allowing a reasonable limit to human energies) by the complexities of role-specialization into being narrow persons. We are inclined to pursue the course that yields maximum immediate returns (for what the yacht club accepts in lieu of personality & looks). To compensate somewhat, there is probably this fact that is slightly behind the tendency to cloak many specialties in unnecessary mystery, jargon and superfluous ceremonies. Parents will also project certain personally unrealized ambitions upon their children, which can be either blessing or curse. This projection, however, constitutes the abstract part of their investment in the young, which may see the seeds for bitter disappointment, but which carries the implication that such young will be treated unstintingly, to which circumstances adheres at least the semblance of real love. Conversely, the truly personally ambitious sometimes neglect their children due to both the lack of time and interest, particularly if the children are not 'winning' by virtue of personality-talent indices.

As a practical matter, the fault in this latter case is not always parental. Children will resist and resent over-much attention and persuasion as they will the reverse. And some parents waste themselves trying to make their children into something worthy of their personal ego. Parents hope that their children will have the best of their temperaments and faculties, but, needless to say, this is not always the case. Furthermore,

these faculties develop at different rates, and the parents' assessment of this is likely to be emotionally charged. And if Tony isn't interested in what his parents try to further him with, parental interest may be lost, in part, in Tony. As parents, ideally, we hope for a child who will SEEK to know and understand according to what we feel should be the stimuli of curiosity of the world to which we expose the child -- by way of assisting us in our responsibility for his development.

Similarly, in the case of the romantic associate, we would like the nearness (presence) of ourselves, the touch, to make them (whole, as it were) soul-mates, particularly when they are thoroughly satisfying in one or more roles. It is quite exacerbating at times to consider how many (or how much potentially good material) otherwise suitable persons are just too stunted personality-wise.

Somehow, the more intense & intelligent black woman have eluded me (BLACK women because there is necessarily some predisposition, if we're to be honest; whereas, the question of positive preference in an atmosphere of equally non-exclusive availability calls up some considerable psychic analysis, as would be mediated by the total propinquitous circumstance. Let us have a closer look at these matters later on.). This could in part be attributed to our materialistically oriented society, and in part to individual considerations, e.g., they could not see me revolving around their sun and they could not bring themselves to revolve around mine. And the failure of this sun to affect a universe gives wisdom to the loneliness and the world that isn't.

Other things I could include in the sob story, of course. I am too short -- far too short, ideally & practically, for a black man who should be able to avail himself somewhat of the image of more enviable physical proportions. And black women are not the world's shortest. And, somewhat as indicated, anyone who prefers intelligent women will naturally limit the field (though women may be more intelligent than men, or potentially equally so, developments seem to go in directions too much at variance ...).

The search for beauty, however, is also a search for roots -- even as one reaches for the stars -- and a search for self. But I think the survival of my emotional being is due to some suspension. And, in a sense, the repeated assertions of the depths to which my work visits are a lot of wishes. They soar, but they are sorely lonely for the root feelings. There has been little or no concrete inspiration source. And the roots have been as rooted in water.

I possibly would have an even greater fascination to soar with, regarding black women, if I had never married (no doubt, most men have something of increase these days). But today's new black female image still lends itself to some apprehension & misgivings. Aside from what is generally my inescapable (immediately) cultural marginality, I have a very near limit of tolerance for inanities of the new black image-makers, even moreso than for inanities generally. I find a total commitment pattern disagreeable (however necessary; it is like a submission to hypnosis which some may prefer, but I should prefer orthodox analysis (I do not scorn humble beginnings, my own were most humble and all but prohibitive of life, but temperamentally I have always been an aristocrat, which one could consider a part of the romantic disposition, i.e., the

genuine natural aristocrat, not the stilted showpiece. It is always a delightful experience for me to meet black children who are natural aristocrats, especially males. I met such a little fellow recently here in my Harlem neighborhood, who is also in my son's class at school, a very winning fellow. I don't think he yet knows that he is a natural aristocrat. I don't know the circumstance of his parents, but, in any case, I'm afraid he's likely to have a time of it in our world. It is even possible, of course, that his own parents could resent him. My own son, whom I wish neither to flatter nor console, takes after his mother.

(The natural aristocrat does not have to be drilled with lessons on courtesy and good manners; he is gifted with perceptive sensibilities, he asks for little & is grateful for everything -- when not embarrassed; he has natural consideration for others and does not have to be grafted with sensitivities; he is recognized in rags or riches and need not be stuffed & polished for effect; he is self-critical, analytical, and generally indisposed to do anything other than gracefully, and he will always have a qualitative life orientation. But it is easy for him to incur resentment, to be presumed affected, stilted, aloof, snobbish -- he is not essentially any of these -- and insinuatingly out of place and character. Many who would patronize him as he moves toward some goal grow quickly uncomfortable unless assisted by very good props -- race is, of course, a good prop but much less than fifty-fifty, far from foolproof and generally requires something else behind it.

(There are many pushed-up aristocrats, however, who have had the shelter and privilege of varying degrees of easements concomitant with personal development; they are generally the more fortunate in being accented as they represent themselves.)

I prefer the natural aristocrat (but aristocrat, for sure) in women; nothing less consistently (turns me on and) keeps the flame. There are the waxy powdery et.al. types who so represent themselves -- sometimes, yes, sometimes, no -- this is a specialty of prostitutes, among others. But I go for the genuine STYLE, at least until I find out how the wax melts. The flame is sustained by an enduring respect for the person, by personal assessment rather than by the stamp of consensus prestige; nothing is more irritating than the insinuations & presumptions of the vague quasi-glamorous or the complete withdrawal of personality treasures. The grounds for personal assessment if admissible by unworped circumstances is the richer treasure prospect, like the undiscovered virgin island or a Pitcairn paradise (not necessarily analogous to single occupancy). Of course, the likelihood of finding any kind of cinderella unworped by her crucible and unpursued by seven giants (or is it dwarves? or is that another fish story?) is rather distant unless one is Sinbad The Sailor or, and corners a monopoly from kindergarten. This can be dangerous, though. You'll notice sometimes that rather attractive young women seem to be having a lonesome time of it mate-wise; it would seem that everyone is able to project ten years on them or has seen their mothers (sometimes, knowing what's in store, they're too grasping -- or is it clutching? -- others too desperately frivolous). But now and then one can find a quiet mysterious wonder.

I have found reticence to be a blessing and a curse in the romantic setting. For, although I like to entertain my ideas privately for long stretches, after a long time of companionship, if the beloved decides to talk and the basic orientation indicates no communion & growth (which refers back to what my musician associate said about needless conversation)

the past experience here was blessed but the future is cursed.

I do not count singularly the matter of my apprehension with regard to the new black female, or even to the old. But, as a black myself, the case is no doubt limitedly commonplace. A vernacular expression has it that a consummation of male and female is a 'make'; which is also what the artist tries to do obliquely. Sometimes he succeeds in both cases. But he is more likely to fail in effect if the religion does not catch on and in consequence he does not become an acknowledged god. As god, on the other hand, faith is a good helpmate in this.

Among other things, it has probably been the case that most white males are terrified by the idea of the black female in bed as a matter of continual obligation to be serviced (civilization is not conducive to the super-phallic male, after all). But they find this very appealing in the area of prostitution and promiscuity. The average male naturally wants to dominate the situation as completely as possible and yet entertain the notion that he has wrestled with a tigress. The problem is what gets up the tiger, if anything, and who can tame the tigress. But the real titillating bit is when the lion wrestles the tigress and the tiger wrestles the lioness. It seems that nature had better judgment, they only meet in the zoo (or was this stunting?). Having wrestled a few of each, I'm pussy-cat shy, except after a long lonesome during the mating season.

Back to the equivalent people picture, we find that whites have tried to sustain a kind of a priori godhood for keeping the faith (apropos, the actual title of the Bernard Shaw number I mentioned, I believe, is The Adventures of the Black Girl in Search for Her God, and, compromise or not, she ends up with a litter of kids by a white farmerman -- heh-heh, a lot of fun). This would effect a counterbalance to the giant black phallus (as does the disprizement of legend and its obverse glorification). The legends, however, do not create reality in total. Some barriers are insurmountable inasmuch as if you haven't got it, you can't anyway just hope, or hop, up on it!.)

I am of the opinion for sure that black women look so much better these days it makes one feel the keener the blight of younger years of struggle with dispositions in a propinquitous limbo. More than the look is the attitude. For all the fair share talk, it would seem at times that a general disenchantment with materiality is in part behind the becoming of the spirit. At any rate, what yesterday was a rather stilted and overt whole-hog whiteward movement has swung toward a healthier affirmative, and that in itself kindles a little flame.

So, then, in this my thirteenth year with my third wife, black beauty, I set down these notes, howsoever to my own defamation but continuing in pursuit of communion. She has found younger men to admire her, and more predispositionally & prepossessively (this is part of the sadness the poem speaks of -- how long I have labored to preclude it). And this is what the beauty wants most, these young years. After all, falling in love IS the way of the young -- to seize the day and set it on fire, a love burning. So unnatural it is to pause to enquire of identities in the flush of emotional stimulus. Would it were all that love required.

The years upon which I look back, though not such a great many, are nonetheless all of youth (though some tell me I still look twenty-ish).

Yet, I never thought that this humanly frail body could contain the volcanic spirit for even this long (there is further irony even in this; I have always been hailed as a very cool character, even feelingless in some cases. It is usually some beauty for whom I can't spare myself who tells me this latter -- woe, woe -- were it so that I could love especially you, precious one.). The regrets I have are least in regard to the feeble wisdom it has taken the man until here to acquire, but of lost horizons, the most -- the accumulated projections beyond the time at hand. I think it was Voltaire who said it's a pity youth is wasted on the young. I am of a mind that it is even a greater pity that youth must waste itself embattled in wars of orientation between theory and practice, dedication & self-interest, love & hate. And it is seldom abundantly clear whether counseling and directive or the lack of these are responsible for the myopia.

Yet it is difficult to say how secure a person I would be without the various effects of the explorations undertaken, and in some cases apart from purely temporal considerations. From beginnings that required a womb & mother to this moment that requires a song and the song a subject, the great imperative has been growth & change -- development. Time would not be mocked by interims or failures; yet it is only a convenient mechanism for inventory in man's assembly line. But by this I should be advised that no special merit is due to me for completing one shift in time-and-a-half, in spite of lockouts, slowdowns, material shortages, untrained personnel, etc.

But I am well advised of the further use I have for life and love and women -- God & song. And, although I have not yet quite solved the identity riddle (beyond race to man & the universe), I have in mind that the mystery -- my pet mystery -- woman, does not begin and end anyway that I know. And in this regard the human skin is not to be my spiritual jailer. However rooted in the genetic specificity of some fore-father-mother we know not of, the solution of its mystery will not quite, not likely, solve the riddle of creation. But there is esthetic significance here: we humans touch accordingly. And it serves, as it should, in some part the hunger for touch, and affords some protection against the hurt -- against the over-touch; which is not the same comparative as the over-sight, from which the vanity deflates; yet by one notice or another I should think that nature will be served.

Woman also exists independently of poets & artists -- of racists, bigots, and other no-use-niks. And it could be that it is this very independence that is most difficult to bear, causing the furor. It is difficult to possess the unwilling prepossessed. And this too has kept the sun from rising. Even so, where life is to be found in the dark, the dark must needs defining. For man, the fever, the seeker of complements & supplements, must yet find the mold in some darkness. Re-enter artist.



st wife, Grace/ she never like this one: about 20yrs ld/ her unsmiling classic ith son, Irwin/ for love



2nd wife, Marjorie, with friends, but since I don't know who they are, they're faceless



'59: newly wed/Marjrie takes pic of mean bastard she has to live with



Marjrie & Lloyd Jr., several yrs. later/ stubby plumage fr beauty treatments/Jr. off pose/ lost other 2 front uppers the next day



KNEELING, RIGHT: Richard/ABOVE: Marcos/ two UNM chums. Idaho Rockies behind post-hermit. Richard is visitor in poem as R Fic fr UNM paper, about '57-58. Peering thru fog, friend, '62-- '67, talked of marriage & then there was none/also poem subject



WINTER, '65 an unsmiling year. Here, with friends at the Cloisters, shortly after Christmas & resumption of work -- after being bearded summer, & into chilly September, poet (middle) in Mt. Morris Park. A rare type, the senior friend, spiritual type, like Grace a near-beauty, & honorable.

AND YOU, TOO - O, PARANOIA

I have written, among other things, ten novels, five of which I still have to offer to market -- possibly six -- and a trash heap and a half. But no one need get frightened. I may just forget about them, except for a couple I'm going to mention in this section -- one in particular.

Have you ever had the feeling that there is something wrong with the water in your house? (or all over, like Sterling Hayden in the movie "Dr. Strangelove") which automatically means you are living high and dry on borrowed time? Well, I greatly doubt that YOU could slip blindly into this condition. But I have something of a case close to the brown delirium of this realm which I will get to shortly. First I want to consider the lead.

On several occasions I have tried to consider broadly some of the things that are wrong with our world, our Western World, and particularly our U.S. of A. capitalistic America. And one of the considerations has centered on the blight of career-strained reputations. This is further notice of the literary mediocrity around as well as a kind of general indictment.

Apparently, the free-enterprise system (now delusively capillaritous) more than any other fosters the institutionalization of the individual in pursuit of the dollar (which has become - its possession - the number one ideal) in such a way that, together with increasing life-expectancy, there is an almost inescapable resulting corruption. An institution may operate by rote, but how, tell me, does the creative artist, the creative thinker, survive except by stylized reproduction-production after the passion of youth? -- after the hunger of the soul is baptized time and again for perhaps a couple decades in enlightened worldly wheeling-dealing? And this is the sad plight that both legitimate and stilted reputations foster upon the frail human substance -- until it drinks itself to death, or blows off the back of its head, or takes too many sleeping pills, too much main-liner, until it disgusts of itself in its parasytic scramble to beat ones into the news with the new or just to preclude the sunrise.

So, maybe someday I'll be fifty, sixty, seventy, and disinclined to accept, however evident, that I am no longer a creative person but a person with an anachronistic reputation attached to a name (although if retirement age continues to drop, I might be saved from this; though I doubt that the objective realization would quite determinately elude me, by dint of faculty for personal catastrophe, because all my life has been an endless struggle and continual re-assessment, necessarily, without benefit of public acclaim, or acuity. And I am mostly interested in the serenity of for once hearing at-large that one and one makes two, otherwise predisposed to ferret out absurdities. And I hope that the two will be the beloved and myself in an artful togetherness.

WHERE DO WORDS GO FROM HERE?

I said that nine-tenths of creative fiction (writing) is just hokem-poken fillum, carry-em-thru-to-the-message stuff, and in nine tenths of this, no message, so what? Maybe the whole bit is superfluous, and, anyway, I heard someone say, It's entertainment. It's also what's known in literary circles as writing DOWN to the masses (An employment counselor after some curious questions once ribbed me about 'writing down'. Is it true? she said. She considered it quite a joke that the likes of me would consider himself writing down to HER, especially since she had something like a quickie I.Q. report of mine before her on which I had scored under 130, and if you don't score 135-40 & up you aren't saying anything whether or not you've had sleep and food and feel up to vanity. But, in any case, that was many more years ago than I care to say, and she was wrong by implication in all particulars except one. I had not to then the essential -- a la theoretical -- psychological perspective to write the best poetry & prose, of the genre that proved to be my preference.)

So, well, maybe the literati is also the privileged super-intelligence, except thee and me. This case is against the undercurrent contemptuous condescensions of the creators of newspaperlike STORIES given us to ferret out SOMETHING, which too often the literature professors will insist is there abundantly. The reason for such grist, I think, is bank-account-able (but that's a hell of a note; art for art is a better excuse for being), contempt for the common man, and/or emotional impoverishment (this is a term I'm really very fond of and it isn't even my own; even here I use it but don't mean it so precisely, or to the exclusion of another consideration: Evasive talent; you may have heard of unfortunates knotted in a psychoneurotic freeze - impasse; I get like that, too, mostly when I want to sleep with some chick who's available but by rational consideration the premium is too high, and though not bound to be so, I am really preferring to sleep with some chick who's not exactly available. The subject matter is also related to the notion of having a mental block 'of e-ject material'. The rub here is not dracula-ized, i.e. it still allows for the purposeful career-spread tidbit feeling much cushioned and camouflaged by indices of ENTERTAINMENT. Tradition's will to change is camouflaged by the weak. I also have a novel on the psychoneurotic freeze bit. Armstrong & Collin's moonwalk of last night brings it to mind, as well, there's a MOON -- tarnished by racism -- in the title.)

But the whole point of creative writing - aside from pointedly communicating something, which (if it can be achieved by ejaculated four-letter words) does not allow for the music - is to express the conditional aspiration, achieving something like a plateau at the apex of the articulatory faculty through the offices of some jurisdiction over time to the advantage of organizing the discursive ideational & material assemblage; thereby separating the wheat from the chaff (the inkling from the ink). Thusly, the end-product should be a work of some excellence.

But behold what we get. In POETRY, the supreme literary form, the new thing seems to be verselessness -- the breaking up of prosaic sentences into several word-couplings planted in irregular lines down an

otherwise empty page. This form truly suggests a mind suffering from a dollar-a-line bank accounting.

The take-off heretis by no means limited to black writers; however, black writers, or, I should say, black music is no doubt in part responsible for its evolution. Most probably the verselessness was designed for the interpolation of invisible rhythms, in default of an inherent written index -- Jazz & other progressive rhythms, of course. What is quite obvious is that most modern poets, in effect, have joined the collusion to eliminate REAL rhythm from the page. The saving grace is in the reading. But even here it fails for the obvious reason (as obvious as) that song lyrics are not song lyrics without musical notation to express these as compositions of time. The poets may tell us that they extemporize this element, but the pretentiousness is too much; instead of the rhythmic Jazz content, we get interpolations ABOUT Jazz, Jazz musicians, singers, etc.

I would like to know who started that lie. In itself, the circumstance would incline me to think that black poets like Leroy Jones, who seems to write knowledgeably on the subject of black music, are of the opinion that Jazz rhythms cannot be musically noted. Well, I must confess to considerable ignorance as to what Jazz is. But I must say that these literary persons who profess to know a great deal about Jazz have done nothing positive for literature on this score. I have done more. To begin with, the poet cannot evade time; such time must exist implicitly IN WRITING; to the extent it does not exist in writing the effect is not rhythm but disorder (of time). And if he cannot (does not) order time to affect the rhythms (of Jazz) he desires, then he cannot reasonably represent himself as having WRITTEN Jazz (poetry).

We are all somewhat aware of the extemporizing element of Jazz that evolves from the performance. The performance need not NECESSARILY exactly duplicate the notation, i.e., the rhythmic variation may put a strain on the melodic line, but it is variation (rhythmic) within melody; the melody lingers on (without which such extemporizing assumes a greater aspect of noise, and 'hangs suspended', and the major resolution apparent at the conclusion seems due principally to the exhaustion of the performers. I think, however, that the popular term 'Improvising'!).

(This sounds, indeed, like rhythm supported by melody. And while I'm sure some would argue, I'm not going to change it. Whatever the scientific musicologists have discerned, it seems to me that Jazz consists in both rhythm supported by melody within melodic variation supported by rhythm -- to avoid harmonics for my own clarity & brevity. But not to avoid my wanderlust, I want to indulge in unreasoning to reason, which more or less exemplifies the nomenclature of my mind.

(In strict musical terms, the melody - single notes - creates, IS, a rhythmic unit. But melody is also created of rhythmic units: some lesser number of rhythmic units, or one, may constitute a melody: a homogeneous unit of single notes that achieves a degree of resolution, like a sentence. Quite obviously something less than the melody is a rhythmic unit unless the melody could consist of a single tone. The melody

is then most often the sum of the units of rhythm more fundamentally than rhythm is the sum of the units of melody. But a different perspective can produce a different view.

(For instance, a letter can be its own envelope or the envelope can be a separate enclosing element. The letter is the statement and the envelope makes it move. But the envelope also supports the movement of this statement. The fundamental statement is in the letter within which it has its own supportive movement. But fundamental to the movement of the whole is the envelope which moves by dint of address - & stamp - also a statement --of direction or movement. But the latter case allows only a vague index of time. So we have movement within time within movement within time, etc. But at the finite and the infinite, it must be time within movement because movement must contain one-plus components of time, not so the reverse. Ordinarily, of course, we say that movement is defined by time and time by movement, although time is nothing distinctive without movement -- and rhythm is more distinctively movement than time. The alternative to the above is an equation. So for practical purposes, the smallest and largest unit of rhythm corresponds to the smallest and largest unit of time -- unit being any index.

(The performing fact of Jazz varies the melodic line rhythmically which is nonetheless melodic variation. The rhythmic variation is predicated on time-of-sound which is on a pitch-silence continuum and introduced by the element of rubato, producing deliberate emphasis or punctuation not necessarily inherent to the composition. And the melody differs essentially in that there is greater contrast of sound & silence, an effect essentially rhythmic. In other words, there is a sort of calculated 'beating up' of the melody, but never more than within a beat of its life; it not only survives but survives as a new synthesis of melodic rhythm-time. Otherwise, tempo determines the time of the entire composition -- of rhythmic, melodic, & harmonic duration.

(All of which may be very obvious, but rhythm & movement are essential components of my esthetic (theory) perspective, as we shall see.)

My main point is that I don't see why these literary musicians would take their inspiration from e.e.cummings, 1894-1962, poet-painter, to produce hollow unmelodic sounds & corresponding empty spaces, rather than from Gerard Manley Hopkins, 1844-89, poet-priest, and neglect all the potential of onomatopoeia for Jazz rhythm simulation. Maybe those with literary suzerainty decided to change (to) the style less they should lose the throne for lack of NATURAL RHYTHM. And lets see you make a ragged funeral march swing with the saints this time (they don't offer a Nobel Prize for music, do they?).

In any case, if your writings has too much content (thought, message, etc.), there is that form called the essay -- predates novel but younger than poetry, but if it's neither this nor that it must be novel -- into which you'd better convert everything, including poetry. Instead of poetry you can explicate the intention.

WHY BE A WRITER? --- BE A COPYIST

Something of the overly messageful explication has adhered to some items of my output. I HAVE been found guilty of over-writing. Over-writing generally means: THE EDITORS --- feel that, although there is some good material here, your plot structure is weak and/or you do not allow the action to develop the story on its own so that the work hangs together by dint of dramatic impact. Which means: Write a story that reaches out and grabs that guy headed toward the movie ticket window. O.K., coming up.

I happened upon a published novel that immediately brought to mind my lost 412-page ms with the grab title Long Armstrong Frong Song -- completed in '63, with attempts at marketing made from 1963-65 in which year it was lost at one NY pub. house.

The similarities between the two works are perhaps minor, IN FACT, but by implication TREMENDOUS. In my fiction the plot line and theme are almost always very closely coordinated. One doesn't have to ask what it's about thematically. But, if in the absence of the early clearly directional plot - story line - the reader is inclined to ask WHAT'S its excuse for being, we have two problems; one may be the Late Show, so, perhaps, three. The first is the body of popular literature; the second is (again) impoverishment: The reader is indisposed to indulge my humanity (as differing from robotism, allowing in the first instance a nominal degree of literary excellence), and I have failed to expurgate the lingering titillations of images, allowing for SOME editorial exercise of option. Can you imagine what Thomas Wolfe would have done without an editor? Being one's own editor, of course, typist, etc. gets one up tight???

Most U.S. fiction it would seem attempts to take the reader on the super-adventure, even the so-called quality fiction, but in most instances with the latter the reader has to be committed to reading fifty or so pages before he is grabbed.

I tend to be presumptuous: The reader is interested in this SUBJECT. So, why write novels, why not essays more? The truth is that for me, except for a few momentary lulls, my works LIVE. Long Armstrong--- for instance, is my third longest work, and one of my more gripping STORIES, but what makes it live is the adventure into the understanding of the human condition and aspiration within the limits of its theme. And this is precisely the reason I consider even my fiction superior to the market lot -- superior artistically. The art here is in rendering an expressive language - a style & a theme - of the human conditional aspiration. The expressive language is best developed in the poetic medium, and the poet can then create the semblance of the aspiration in fiction, i.e., the poet will have learned to (& HOW to) render those human instances worth writing about (which is meant to suggest further the reason for correspondence between the mediocrity of much poetry & prose).

In fact, as often as not, the poet will write little or no fiction, and the fiction writer will write little or no poetry. This case is not due to mutual agreement but to disposition and indisposition. There is probably some factor basic to the personality of the one that differs

from that of the other (but if one is really schizophrenic he can perhaps do both well). Such factors are not necessarily independent of the very development itself into the one kind of writer or the other. And although such aspects are usually interesting to speculate concerning, and as much as I'd be pleased to continue, they would undoubtedly take us far and deep, with major credits accruing to the poet (I think it was W. Somerset Maugham who said the fiction writer takes his hat off when the poet walks by, to which we might add, while caressing the pocket containing his bank book. As often as not there are times when the poet would sell his body -- if not his soul -- for a portion of what the average fiction writer has bank-accounted, especially if he has addictive habits -- beyond cigarettes and such. And I am reminded of a conversation I had with a lady musician once. I remarked that talented people so often seemed to be so many kinds of odd-balls. And she, caressing her narcissus exponential, said, Humph, ain't nothing ODD about me. She was a hornblower who was making it a little at the time. Subsequently, I think she got married or something -- disappeared.)

I have tampered with the focal representation of my (artistic) expressive language as aspiring to the condition of music (more on this later); which of course places music at the pinnacle of artistic expression -- at least, on the emotional order, as music is superlatively expressive (artistically) of flow of feeling. The music is (theoretically) complementary, in conjunction with the semantic idea, making a multi-dimensional EVENT of literary time. This is an event of thought (conceptual adventure) on gusts and currents of emotional leverage.

Most often, then, the reader must get really deeply engrossed in my works to appreciate the increase. And the engrossment requires an effort quite a bit more painful than in the instance of music. This is a failing of literature as it is inherently more difficult beauty.

The idea of lyric novel is somewhat applicable. Other associates are movies (picture and score and sound track), songs (words & music), less so the opera and operetta. The "Stream of consciousness" label has been applied by some readers, especially to my poetry. But, actually, my style is a matter of predilection rather than of influence -- of solitary experimentation. There is in fact little similarity. I have not read Joyce since about 1959, and never at leisure. And of the two world-famous works, the only part I clearly appreciated was the last several pages of Ulysses. My style took shape in the "Black in Search of Beauty" period and has been a search for definitions and vehicle for the expression the aspiration. Overall, the search is not merely that of a black man, artist, etc., but, from general aspiration to write (to fashion a world-view with a choice setting for the individual) it has taken the black image (group, world...) as the last human frontier (or as the ultimate aspiration of this condition human) from which to strike at the language barrier, and from which to go forth from the spiritual Ptolemaic universe of our time.

It has occurred to me that this rendering might require an altogether new language, a fresh idiom and a completely newly vitalized cultural perspective. But I am essentially monolingual and about equally the product of a single cultural, so far as such exposure would likely

prove influential through intuitive artistry. So I must go with presence

So much by way of introductory explication ...

Roughly, the similarities between my ms and the aforementioned-not-by-name published novel are: 1) The protagonist is a black writer -- not in my work but in the other, he goes about extemporizing on what a great wondrous special condition it is to be a writer, a highly flattering acknowledgment, like an illiterate person's idea of the condition of one who is able to read; 2) The protagonist marries a Nordic type; 3) A sketchy army setting serves as some introduction & perspective; 4) Introduction of the Seventh Avenue-125th Street black nationalist orators; 5) Introduction of a Malcolm X type -- not significant for post marriage motivation -- very brief in the published novel, about one paragraph of reflexion many many years after.

The story writer of course makes only a pretense of writing about/on subjects, while actually writing about -- at best -- an analogous condition of the thought-subject rendered by fact and/or fiction into externalized perpetual motion, a chain of cause & effect incidents slightly analogous to progressive thought. This allowance, however, does great honor to popular American fiction, most of which has the flavor of having been written by a centralized news network tickertape; which makes it about as soul-revealing as opaquely possible (or, we could say truth-revealing), and, accordingly, compliant with much revered criticism.

The similarities between the two subject works end about here, except for some juxtaposition of Nazi-Jewish, Racist-black comparisons. What the theme of the other work is I couldn't say; undoubtedly it must be b-r-o-a-d, as racism, bigotry, etc. And it's understandably difficult to name the theme of a hodge-podge. But, for sure, it begins and ends with as mournful a pathos as the tearfullest bits of Uncle Tom's Cabin --- published in '67 (which one???)

My purpose, though, is not merely to knock this nonsense however widely acclaimed, and similar nonsense similarly acclaimed or arbitrarily over-looked, but to tell the story (a kind I think worth telling) of what happened to my manuscript perhaps BECAUSE of the kind of work it was.

The difference between the two works, again, are considerable intrinsically, but can be put rather succinctly as between a positive statement on a theme and an overall negative statement looking for a tear. And such a bleak outlook may be calculated to give assurance to the reactionary elements that the status quo of post-Reconstruction ob-tains, and is likely to be sustained into the millenium -- as between black yea-saying and get-back--out-of-the-way saying.

The manuscript about which this part of the discourse began was retained by one publisher after another an average of three months until finally lost. The last reviewing house to handle it was about the sixth.

What happens when a publisher loses a ms, whether 100, 412, or 1412 pages? Nightmares. Here I sit for instance re-typing at the rate of

about two pages a night -- after returning from the office and getting our super -- when I should reasonably expect to finish about five, but something is continually snatching, calling me away, and there are times when I'm lucky to finish one (like when re-typing "Black---" the then wife was most often sounding her high lonesome, tossing competitively out-of-patience restlessly on the bed, several months pregnant yet but of course this was not nine months surfeit for either of us, and, besides, attention is a generalized need). Were I luxuriously outfitted of course with young optimistic machine power, the re-type effort need not be half itself. But I've always been a frail vitalism, and there are no typists or printers dedicated to my posterity, which reflects upon a frail pocket-book. Long Armstrong --- was easily over an hundred-thousand words, and though SPER thousand words I've heard from professional typists, I haven't actually encountered any willing to work for less than \$1.50 (my own typing is better than the results I've seen). So? Then I get another copy and PRESTO I'm in (no wife around at this Long Armstrong set-to and the sweetheart more conditioned but small change as per proposed drudgery).

I wrote and visited the publisher; got nowhere, obtained the services of a lawyer, gratis, to see if after a year I could improve upon "A search is being made". We received a response shortly from one of the most venerated ladies in the industry expressing regrets and advising that she would assure a re-type if we provided a copy. A couple months later I was presented another original (oddy, a blue-ribbon ink type job) by the person I, embarrassed of course, took to be the gracious lady herself, who assured me the search would continue. This venerable lady has since departed mortality (the good people go leaving fools like me & thee) leaving a behest to a civil rights leader, also departed.

The original original was never heard of again. It is altogether possible that it is/was in some dead post office heap, or that some post-man leaned it not unkindly against my door and that was as close as it ever got back to me. Nor do I say that someone plagiarized the work -- timidly necessarily, because few would have the stomach for its honesty which is an inherent part of the style.

(I think for sure the similarity will be readily appreciated if and when Long Armstrong --- ever gets to market, in which case, my work will remind readers of so-n-so's -- the greatest curse to the vanity of the originator. It was suggested that I burn the ms, and I'm sure someone will say the same about this effort. But, then, one can become ensnared in one's own defenses overly long and strangle without the real enemy -- if there is one -- ever having to lift another finger, post initial offense. It is also quite obvious to me that there are others more demented for less reason for whom I may be of service (do not entertain such paranoia as not trusting the mails: that service is too fundamental). However, I'm going to alter the remainder of my review -- not to be overly obtrusive and adjudged ill, which judgment like most lunatics I'll resent but with equal compulsion continue the pattern of behavior / I recall a flick with Dana Andrews & I think, one of the Hunters, in which the former asks, "What goes on in the mind of a crazy man? Are there explosions?" I think, yes, especially after dark. / But to the reader, I say, don't let reason hide behind fear in some Jekyll & Hyde condition of madness. Give it air and see what happens. When the hidden fellow is revealed, he'll probably be slightly more hamstrung to do you further harm.)

I suggest here that my further dissertation concerns two of my own works, a novel I wrote, say, at 18yrs as a split personality & in part thru the plagiaristic inspiration derived from reading the work of a black genius -- writer, that is -- at a time when I clearly preferred the white mystique, the white woman, et. al., lock-stock-white, & due to feeling inferiorly identified groupwise as a black, but generally prone to feel arbitrarily superior as an individual. The other is Long Armstrong ---, and, as a secondary referent, "Black in Search of Beauty", because to introduce this excursion I'm going to tell another anecdote.

IF WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW CAN'T HURT YOU, YOU'RE PROBABLY IMMUNE TO PAIN

One of the attempted readers of "Black in Search of Beauty" about 1961-62 was an ambitious & vivacious black chick of slight office acquaintance (whom I would find even sexier now provided she has matured upstairs, since these days I've given up being the hog pretty much, trying to milk all cows; though I'm still fascinated by the IDEA of cows).

(True to syndrome, I am inclined to be alternately ambivalent and impulsive where there are factors militating against the preferred arrangement. In this case, she was both a lot of years and a lot of inches out of my practical focus. Of course, neither factor is necessarily insurmountable, but this is seldom determinable before the fact which is pre-haunted by the spectre of social mirth. Currently, I find that most women my age are middle-aged; which also means an orientation away from my kind of scramble for qualitative footing.)

My office associate was undertaking to write an article with esthetic overtones, and I had hoped to influence this (also because I don't believe in over-looking the girl next door or next desk, I struck up an acquaintance). I gave her "Black ---" to read after some discussion and pointers, which she apparently attempted to read but gave up, sub-lending it to a white fellow, also an aspiring writer. Her article, essentially a rationalization for black women to continue hair-straightening, came out in a monthly sheet (still around; someday I may make an index for all this).

After giving her article a sorrowful reading, *I tried again to influence the PERSON, whatever her past public position, to give her the meat of my long (ha-ha) considered savanhood. No go. I gave up on the chick and decided to write a piece of my own for the monthly; visited chief editor, talked, left work. Naturally, it was never printed. Months passed, and I was advised upon enquiry that it was in the possession of one of the incommunicado assistant editors, ad infinitum. But as you might guess, down thru the years this monthly has put out the most vapid material imaginable about the beauty aspirations of black womanhood; only now, of course, it is almost black on black.

It was a long time before I got the ms of "Black---" back via the chick. The other was a loss, after several years of sub-editorial reading. When three years later I tried to place a similar (essay & poem) piece at another brotherhood shop, a quarterly, I was advised by the great man after long that they had so much material on this subject they couldn't possibly consider anything more for a couple of years. The lat*

*Having located it while looking for something else, I note it was spring of '63.

ter material was included in the Afro Arts Festival Book which I edited in '66, and, after fire and flood (fact not figure) and four months at the printer's, got on the market & copyrighted in '67.

But the real pity (no towels, however) of the cited incident is that my god here again failed, and in this respect I have never been fortunate enough to become acquainted with the right model for the artist (since I have failed several gods here, perhaps I should indicate that the original was not mine but a Marxian equivalent for several writers, including Richard Wright, Stephen Spender, & Andre Gide - & others - in a collection of essays entitled The God That Failed, 1955 about. I was little impressed with the honesty of the items, if I recall correctly. And '55 was near the close of Senator Joseph McCarthy's reign.)*

18YRS AND UNDER, NO VACANCY -- 19YRS AND OVER, GENIUS WANTED

Have you ever wondered something like: whether or not you're really a human being, or a formerly programmed robot become independent, whom no one is willing to admit is a robot but who, nevertheless, cannot be allowed the more coveted privileges and benefits of human status?

Are there black writers drowning in the passionate flood of their own genius with its attendant temperamental eccentricities? Senegors? Ge-saires unheard? I think there must be. Unless I give credence to this, I am given to feel the most wretched of persons. And my time has not come and will never come. I will never belong, will never be TOGETHER (as Mr. Black says). I will not be the individual I have tried artfully to become (to event), nor the writer, lover, etc., nor ever young. For I have always been old (circumspectly young). On the other hand, if genius is trapped somewhere out there, as I believe, then I can't escape a gnawing cynicism for the frailties of men (& enterprise) who will not stop -- who take such pleasure in -- depressing the human spirit in its quest for truth and beauty.

I did in fact hear once such a voice in the wilderness, and it may even have been in the brotherhood monthly mentioned earlier, and it must have been about '64-65. The occasion was a review of Calvin Hernton's Sex and Race, Doubleday, '65 (and it is kind of ironic to mention the book and not the reviewer with whom I'm supposedly concerned, but an associate of mine would probably remember the occasion and my rather startled enthusiastic response because she read it to me). Here was a young man of obvious talent and insight. His commentary, though rather generalized, did indeed touch upon the points I myself had covered in a letter to a latent publishing party in London. And I have often wondered what happened to the young man. He was afire, poor fellow, and it is not unlikely that he has been consumed. It was amazing that he got his dissenting review published, and I wish I could be sure at this point in what publication it appeared. But at least I know that AT LEAST some budding genius DID exist, and that fact is more black beauty than all the other incidences combined that I have encountered since.

In passing, perhaps I should say that the book referred to, Sex and Race** is not one that does more bad than good, on the whole, except that it would be the preclusive occupancy of a really good book. I have not yet seen such a book. And I will refrain from mentioning my own until the

*I have conflicting dates on this: '49 is possibly correct, the beginning of the McCarthy reign; though some of the essays were written earlier.

**"-- RaCISM in America"; not confused, just casual: the former is the

next page.

Long Armstrong-- was calculated to be a psyche-opener, as an emotional adventure into the ramifications of the world's most publicized sleeping arrangement. It is a work that will shake anyone concerned to their emotional root, and when finished they may even be able to reduce the frequency of their visits to the psychiatrist. But the true beauty of it is the quest for the black beauty (generic definitive), the shaping of the model for the artist, and the mating in love and putting to bed of black on black (not the same thing as before applied to printing).

How can a black man cry ergo until he has been thru the clinic with the black woman (the artist thru his ceremonial of religion), about whom he's so horrendously ambivalently proud, muddled, and embarrassed, with whom so compulsively love-knotted, so totally involved for ego-orientation, & embattled for liberation, for whom so thoroughly ideal, to whom so imperiously yet enviously, and by self & others even hatefully, relegated, while of whom so jealously covetous -- thru the clinic (for the theoretical insight into the new religion) and into the loved-to burst the stubborn grip of a thousand years of bombarding put-down; and let it all out, and let it go boom, and let it burn away in the fevers of yeses, O, with peace on earth arisen from the big new double berth shower of recognition?

HERE IS MANUEL ARMSTRONG & BUSHTAH (a second meeting, the first time she was tight with her white boyfriend and he felt snubbed, among other things. It is in the interim before his wife joins him from Germany):

There was a quiet little bar on Bleeker Street, way over West. I'd found it by just stopping around, and one night I scudded down into its subterranean dark soft receptiveness again, into its cagey, lonely, motherly wraps, and there was this black chick stupor-high almost, sitting at the bar with her back to the jukebox which I was sure was saying, 'Try the six-for-fifty-cents combination, now, baby.' She had a dime's worth of scotch left in a small shot glass and a lot of loud thin icewater & gingerale.

It was two weeks after the coffeehouse abortion. Obviously high as desert sky, this chick was wet to her eyes which flashed whitely over me, hazily, with unidentified recognition wrinkles, ad maybe a lot of generalized hate. That chilled me. So I parked at the bar oblique to her and ordered a beer, unfreezing the aproned guy who stashed an imotent faraway, like cringing from this volutuous drunk dark cut.

She stepped down, the extension looking keen and lithe good. There was a lot of billow in her cottons, a petite waisted, taut-lined, cute bulbous-buttocked bitch. She reeled slightly, facing the jukebox and beginning to hum. This barkeep bastard gave me a sign on her 'open-easy-bisymmetrical' condition, full of wow-wee and ooh-you-sweet-black-sugar, and all. I smirked. What in shit loads did he know! I never liked help from disinterested parties.

She was all goody suggestion in behind. I was afraid some bastard would drop in off the street and move in on her before I salted away my pride and peaked my courage. I was mad at the bitch for tearing me up at the coffeehouse, and in thought I referred to her in no modest terms. That was vain as hell, I knew,

exact title of a 3-vol. work by J.A. Rogers, '40-44.

so I girded myself and shoved off over to the jukebox.

She hung her head around sort of drunkenly ecstatically, receptively Goddamn, and Goddamn, achey freakish frantic, like, and I'm saying in thought, You pretty black bitch. And I started melting inside, everything melting down to love.

"Hello," I said. "You enjoying compulsive ---" I usually made up my mind what to say beforehand, but I'd been so equivocal I'd spent all this time making up my mind to move in. Dropping the question, I just stood in her focusing great big cry-baby eyes, hoping, You bitch you, I thought, "You gorgeous black bitch: Oooooo! sneezing with THIS --- It had been a long time for me: I was made nervously giddily aware of it now.

"Ahh-coo--" she swooned droopily, her head back, tilted up and kiss-me unpre-inquiring.

I moved momentarily closer. She dropped her gaze to the jukebox panel. "Un!" she grunted, exasperatedly dizzily wearily receptively helpless -- and soft, I imagined, mysteriously thin and mushy. Shifting her weight from one leg to the other, her hip bumped against me. Blood filled me enormous, fierce. I slipped an arm around her.

She snapped a look at me, a too-quick high reflex movement, and looked engrossingly feminine but with passion's floodfire dampened, saying a thing about presumption. And, tucking in the corners of her mouth, with expressive cognition, she reached languidly determinately to her side and peeled away my hand. Having looked away, psychically distancing me, she lay her head back to focus me in again and observe the effect.

"I'm just here, right on," I said, smiling.

"So I see," she said. "And another thing, what's more, you're here in a rush."

Though we might like to continue, remembering the one-page-a-day bit, we must skip. His dream did not materialize the first night. It is now the following week toward the close of a weekend date (note here the ambivalency, the mixed-ego-image, etc.; there is a corresponding delineation in Armstrong's relationship with his wife.):

White flame popped threshold high. I fumbled, and then her hand met mine and brushed it aside, and she squeezed full measure. Sibilant through scorched breath, she said, "I have such great needs! Ohhhh---!"

But, then, there was pause --- while I made out the riser: she got undressed; and then I stripped the old skin. Her little bulbous buttocks vanished beneath the sheets, throwing back long lingering images at me. She uncovered naked and went to fetch something from her purse. And when she stepped back I was naked and ready with a terrible status quo. I snatched her up and piled her on my kingbed, a svelte, lithe black body, kinky cunted, twists of hair in relief, and the black mystifying fissure go-to-hell and welcome-lover open.

And my mind's eye became diseased with ambition because I wanted outwardly here defined something of the black beauty feeling defined inwardly, intuitively, but of long berzerk effort to unbowl. I bit the fat bread loaves of her long sandwich meats; everything was good; into all the other senses, and free-floating intuition, she spread it plum rich bit by bit to burst-flaw, O shit, come right in, Daddy, she said, it's beauty

many times, this sexual black look of the bitter chocolate bar. And her black thighs' laughter full in my face worked me down to hate. Were they really laughing, black laughter? It seemed they were loving. But, suddenly, I sensed my furiously erect passion subsiding for no apparent reason. Fantasies! The self-flagellating fantasies! Desperately, I tried replacing the images.

Bushtah clawed me. "Daddy, oh, Daddy!" she was saying, "I want to ---"

Slowly, with desperate effort of will, the images changed. But the effect was inversely drastic. It started with:

me slipping my white dick up the sleeve of her black color; black her thighs ara black. I'm white between her blacks, riding her protest, telling her of colored treatment South, and all the other black lovelies can rally corelike round this same red-white flagpole, I say, Westbed, Southbed, squatting, Ma, Northbed laying, to shed the lower ass in its fever inferiority feeling --- where its pink, pink soft slip-sleeve unintegrated black pigmeat tongue protests sit-ons, light eating in restrooms on the burst route to have white male or God - why? - who ever doubted Uncle Tom was homosexual, shy with light in his black face, calling the Con Edison man to get his civil lights turned on strong.

And she said, "Oh, oh --- don't --- sta-opp ---"

"While I'm bastardly loving her good behavior race problem, she says, never enough of this race rioting in my ass, and you're gonna come, peckerwood, in the cracker black box; come in to steady-meat Miss Black Careless Ass, bitch-colored and liuid-groomed. Hunch me; I got about equal rights to open for you, Daddy, she says.

It was good but it wore out. Again, it happened: dickstal, drooping, hungry, full of floating heat.

I'm full-up on that torture-tumescant light, she says, fading away. You get my brain-washed ass for the last time, white man; my black fanny's not re-welcoming visitors; get out! you're not my sweetman no more, full of ugly names anytime you're not getting in the pink pussy of kind-wordless testicle-white black denial of his having said more beauty to me; you been gitting it and saying goodnight blacklover whore, and pissing on my name in the street.

And Bushtah said, "Oh, please ---"

And this disease of my soft hurt spread through me. Anxiety flooded the space vacated by titillation; diluted blood falling that way, I sought new admission, feeling flayed, going to pee on shredded desire burning up too quick without full coming. I forced thought of salvos, ploughing up-pussy with blank feeling of attention to get black black's svelte escaping essence of goods coming of age in her cloak-throated statement saying something of ---

"---Ahhhhhh---"

Then it happened: Wilky and blonde, you, blue-eyed, softly a-ouiver and prettily voluptuous -- Amalda, I heard, come, fuck me! fuck me! nigger lover man, and kiss my ass beauty, sweet shits of white love. Let your nose know stink butts in the morning of my night fucked funk, and split my powderpuff pink asshole and lily white cheeks, my young rose-pussy; get black in me penis-wise; fuck dick me brown to over-run your lewd appetite for me, and fuck me, Daddy! O! God shitted, punked by the wind and

a white woman laughed; fuck me, boy! because she said, let there be niggers, brown like that old shit, brown, and black, dirt black and soiled, and flies - ha-ha - OhhhH! I'm into the second coming! because everybody knew what agony that was like, but He caused them to - fuckit! - forget so they'd be of free will, and all that --- sssshhh!---- aahhh-----

(The reference to Amalda introduces Bushtah's roommate, not Armstrong's wife. She and Bushtah enjoy a homosexually casual intimacy among other forbidden pleasures, but the former is not material for the book. I would leave off here, except that then the reader might really have to get a health cure, or get at the original; maybe if you write letters to your Congressman --- we must skip a little!)

And I got two handful of her. Light broke from darkness into water in my hands, and good extension affirmed me. Darkness sucked in its breath at my promised coming, ooze-sibilant at my renewed penis kiss. I sent soft steel intrepidity in time-bomb exposed-nerve number-quickened feeling into her, breaking brutally full into its screaming mesh-tilt, apprehensive of some lost place-time. And light flickered through my dark question of how it would be.

I scooped at her, long-armed, at her bare-arsed feeling; she shuddered, sibilant, tense. I thought: black; she's black, black, black --- long-dicked, I grew toward her. She was a pearl of sea in my earthrock hands, in my black rock pocket arms, locked, awaiting a discovery of time.

I kissed her dark enmeshed body with dick and time, loving the sweet feeling bathed warm and hot around my unrelaxed agony. She was in gap-fury, in leg-ceiling-stretched-wall-turmoil, suspended becoming. And I burst, black, in her direction. I said to the night, Fire, milk runs hot along your blackass canyons - that - you are good nasty-clean scenery, and all wilderness. You're a sea and I'm whaling three fantoms down in your soft wondrous event. I move through you, feeling your liquid coat. I'm unbleached, blackened. You're a forest in primitive preserve, and guiding passage. And I come into a clearing, all vision. Handprints of memory on my magnetic pole groove my spirit and give me wandering intimacy.

I go for lookout ridge. I'm matting down leaves and bush, looking into a great piece of sky where your dimensions are saying something about the long trek to cover you. I brush your black downed clean thighs, and you'll all vision, view majestic. I burst at your hilly bulbs, larking about a meadow of insight, and echoes of insight wash over me, saying you're attuned. I break idea-formed, words meeting your blackkiss, unable to have it all around the laying spread life insideout of me.

"My daddy's in the print," she said. "Ooh; honey ---"
I'm up a blackass tight with fistful anger of having. And, but hauled back, her end comes out from under my agony.
"Ohh! you put your foot in it! Have mercy! baby," she said.
I'm with golfball sac putting jazzberries fullup a black where-slop hole. And she said,

"Oh; I'm coming, I'mmmmm gonna --- be --- 000oooo', ram it all in --- all -- ugh! easss---ssssseasy--- Now! Oh, oh, oh-oh---OH---"

I jam-smear this blackberry pie a la hole cucumberlike terrible in her melon-ripe water-flowery flesh-squash seed-spitting

splitting yowl at my cock-a-doodle cruel mercy.

She said, out of breath, "Let me --- catch --- it break ---"
She said, "Ohhh, honey --- oh, deal; deal me!" and grunted and swooned; through all, her thighs talked blue-printed landscapes to me. And I saw the good earth quake. I screamed.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh --- Blackjack!" she said, "Love!"
In the twilight, Wow-wee, nice! I thought. I want to --- Again. Look out, look out, she said. I'm coming at you, I said, I'm in the kinky pink, between thigh party snack tidbit buns. I feel like, Yes, she said, You'll squeal for me. I've got handful of thigh meat surpluses, I said. My can is full, baby, she said, there's no more space; I'm opened out; you'll ruin it. I can bring out anything canned, I said, can bend thigh can over itself; I'm scooping out the last embowled anonymity of its green snapping hunger. I'll make, she said, you sorry you did this to me. There's more; you've got more; come off it, I said, drop your pantie pretensions deadsaid; I'm talking to YOU, now; listen --- when I touch the black it'll come running, licking the black stick behind its knots gorgeous, petting its phallic head to split-spangle array.

Your black licking is deep in a green thumb trumpet pod, I said, hanging by a kinky hair from delicious tickle to pee. I've got to right its lackadaisical nerve; I'm shucking at it with a heat thumb, through the ebb-diminished higher bite of your tamed ass calm. I'm prying for your black spot in this potato mud mash with my tablespoon cheek; I'm gonna trigger the black button, righting up your untended stuck-being of the lower bite's coming nerve. It's gonna be delicious riot. The eye over your ladies room toilet's gonna fill full-release; there's gonna come a sudden drop into nameless black pleasures.

Stop talking like that, she said, it's --- nasty --- Your spirit's righting up, I'm feeling it, I said.

Black! Black, Black! I mean, Back! she said.
I'm greed-struck for it, I said, It's gonna come naked; I'm shucking at it; got the feeling of the meat closure opening; got feeling of unctuous black fragrance, of beautiful fats leaning out naked with kisses. My eyes are sick on winded words; I'm closing them, I said, Tell me: How is it?

Oh! --- I can't bare it any --- more! she screamed. Oh! wait! that's it, that's it; that's ME! You found it, You found it! Daddy, Oh, that's me, too! that's me, I'm gonna --- gonna --- be --- com---oome --- beauti --- fu-ULL-ULL-ULL-uhill ---

My black gaps, she said, within is the gift. I'm puckering up in receptive mesh. The raw oils' uncovering flow saucy of unassayed volume. The poised black pea in me has its eye full of happiness through heat sheets; none of the old easy possession has leaked into me its bitterness; it's a beautiful corpulent eagerness to be loved in separateness from its unidentified body, to eat kisses of life's flattery to its submissive soul's long-count over-burst.

This is my black ass coming, she said. I'm in the womb of its feeling being fucked by a long briar-faced dog, hang-bellied, jellied with a link cupping me in its grasping paws. This is my defiant black ass in teat-mate submission, unscrewing stopped feeling of gentle years' hardware work, finesse-equipped with a-bidgements of high biology ass, revealing the asshole ambiguity

of the grit gift of itself. Beauty is a thing we do. Love is an abstract home deep in a ripe plum. The last minute genius queries on its embowed knees if this body's had pleasure excellence, unequally indexed on his love continuum by my sour-grape fuck.

I hear a blithe statement in my legs' goodlock as I say, Yes, she said. Is a velvet touch; I'm gonna come forever for YOU, daddy, ticking heady, steady, long to stop. I feel an appetite for time. You've grasped the knob handles that wind me up; I'm ticking --- I'm giving straight assent; man me; I'm gonna function. Beauty is this thing we do to a pea, is something to do, look; is this DOING look; is nooked deep; something with to-do look; having something to do with looking for something to do; eighteen-plus jewelled, star sapphire bursts; I can be --- I will ---

(A matter of economics again, we must stop. This is the end of the scene, believe it or not. Unfortunately, other human instances must be omitted. We could get deeply involved in the theoretically therapeutic aspects of Armstrong's hospitalization period, scenes with his wife, & others with Bushtah & friend, and with himself as he sits to write---to define the sapphire with* a sapphire -- but it would obviously entail much work and leave our train of thought hanging a bit more.)

The format of the novel by our 18yr-old about which this portion of the dissertation began presents a reflexion on its origin as might derive from instances such as with agents when they get a good literary piece: pass it around to their other fledglings for study & emulation (I had an agent for two or three years, five or six years ago, whose efforts about seemed to confirm my genius but who never managed to sell anything for me; offered of course to show me a couple of GOOD things but I declined. It's rather ironic though that most of the writers I know who have anyway made it have received a kind of mouth-to-mouth vitalization from agents and/or editors.). And this kind of inspired plagiarism is a good example of what could happen to a really good book that lacked something commercially by somebody's judgment; and instead of the meaty subject matter, we set a chess game -- interesting but not ennobling. Long Armstrong --- attempts to break the ground for a legend, and to accomplish this thru an enhancement of the human substance about whom the legend is to be; that both could be accomplished at once is the question in abeyance, except that we can consider the enhancement of the human person-event as legend casting.

My young 18yr-old self, however, gives us not a black image, but that of the minus-legendated Negro. This is the Negro, he says, yes, I am very much disenchanting of him, too, even of the modern super-1-5py Negro. Somehow he seems merely, as event, a token human being yet, and his existence a sum of petty events stilted for the scornful predisposition toward assuaged tokenism. And as person-event, his impact is no less excluded from preferred experience -- his excuse for being in fact is merely to remind of idealistic charitableness, otherwise just a purposeless mase-run -- a conditioned reaction in a semi-abstract larger ghetto, perhaps one of some indices of visiting politicians & integrated housing.

And to accomplish this modern look of the status quo, our 18yr-old introduces some of the black figures of foremost establishment challenge; in consequence, their impact is accorded a similar inconsequence. And in the one instance where he grapples with my theme (the exo-esthetic)

we find one the appended explanations for mating; availability, which Armstrong relates in the eclogue which is "setting of a broadcast interview, stamped into 'proximity'*(not quite the same idea but will do; not 'propinquity', mind you) and that is the meat of about 300 pages; the rest is Ian Fleming with a socio-psychically lame super-hero.

Does anyone really think the economic status for blacks is the key to racism; surely it had more to do with its beginning than any psychic abnormality; but psychic abnormality is today's supreme fact, and the key to this is in the mind of John Doe, black & white, and the symmetry of this key is the exo-esthetic. This is a matter predicated upon the cultural creation and/or acquisition of the personal positive image & identity that enhances black John Doe who will never be above the economic par of white John Doe; and not even-even if white John Doe can help it because the economic par of black John Doe means nothing to white John Doe (nothing positive) except longer waiting lines, crowds, etc., the equivalent of more competition and inconvenience without anything in the balancing column. Who will own the businesses in present(equivalent) black neighborhoods? What percentage of business generally will no longer be white? of management jobs? of political representation? of high posts in education? in the church? what about all the millions of sop jobs to whites presently? who else wants to go into public relations? wanna be a salesman? what about a radio-tv announcer? how about an adviser to an adviser? Oh, so you'd rather be a commissioner?

Well, first you've got to have and be from a healthy body-social, a physical reality of positive psychic reference; otherwise you're just a token appointee, about whom most white John Does will say, Some white person oughta have that job; what's the world coming to! (Some may prefer the body-soul; no matter.) Hence the good legend-hallowed ground is the good mother of group, race, ethnic (world) emotional well-being, the psychic key.

In brief, this mean that the black image is not built on token John Doe in high places; it must be built on and for John Doe next door. The token image has and always has had group sellout reference in addition to apologetic existence; the genuine black image must be molded by black self-embrace. It is a matter very simply stated; each should live so as to be an inspiration for the others -- no one indispensable center of leadership; don't let George do it for me while I do for myself-gain. It has been the practice of many blacks thru the years to live leaning away from the stereotype Negro image; the new approach need not require more than a standing tall. It is happening --- very slowly.

A kind of race is on to make the image. It is somewhat as between our 18yr-old's star-spangled pathos and the queuing ethnic artistry of Armstrong. The establishment prefers the cultural colonial, so Armstrong is marked for liquidation, but maybe there are a million more of him.

But again one could hardly expect a young man of 18 years to have weighed himself down with ponderous considerations, and of such subtle instances on a subject where honesty and insight so easily elude one -- to give priority to the subject rather than to take us on a guided tour of the White House & grounds (the see-how-easily-I-move-in-the-white-world fixation) the value of which is quite delusive if we're to imagine we know what it FEELS like to be President -- more than the shop boss

*Some naive sociologists have also used this term; it implies some presumption in the same sense as does 'I would never sit next to a black.'

WHOM WE SEE IN*PERSON DAILY going thru his motions & wielding power, with flunkies at his disposal, women, & deals. But, then, the cultural colonial is suppose to suffer this kind of myopia and a complete case of being psyched-out by the aura of power, whether brute force and/or charming subtle rapier finesse. And his eye is not on the sparrow but on the hawk; that hawk is a marvelous bird (of prey); he zooms, and zips, and that stupid little sparrow, boy --- It's every sparrow for himself; and sparrow culture of course is nothing; sparrows just live for sparrow hawks.

The sexo-aesthetic colonial is of course the same as the cultural colonial; spouses & sweethearts prestige-wise by definition come in the image of the "mother" foragers, whores anon. As far as colonial definition anyway includes the indigenous, they're backward, like black to white; you move whiteward to get forward, if you can, but look that way anyway, unless there's a law against it; the law is just there to tease you and admit of some fun for the bored burghers & equivalents, plus flunkies. A good part of the compulsion and fascination in looking of course is delusion; hoping & trying to enlist all the book-movie-magazine-tv, et. al. legend of enviable event-state living, the legend walks by like the girl from Epinema(???), and you are there, your primitive head void of all positive high-romance-prestigious referents even slightly comparable to THIS of your (hopefully) legitimate & natural mother's breed, and your sister's, and sister's home economics class chatterboxes; and your sister is taking beauty culture on the job where your mother works as a beautician, creating fair ladies to rival Helen of Troy, and says, You're liable for emotional disloyalty to the group however much self-hate these things you let happen engender. And she's right; we're all liars; otherwise everybody's excused; and you can kiss mine, too, you ragged artificial-black two-cents-worth-of-happiness evil bitch; it was a miscarriage of my need ever to even consider you; you're so miserable & ugly only a mother could love you; Yeah, well, I'm better-looking than anything in YOUR family; according to your beautician, ha-ha, I just shoulda never married an Epinema girl --- just because of those gentle female graceful-carrying lithe dark & sensuous nubile voluptuous dusty bea-u-ti-ful bodies (oddy enough, most good mothers are beautiful until the age of critical vision; even afterwards, if they're good mothers yet, they're forgiven and allowed to continue being beautiful; sisters are somewhat less fortunate). Of course, you know all along that the girls for Epinema are legend. And, as for me, I have been advised severally that it's "The Girl from Epinema" that everybody's talking about and not the girl from Epinema. Another songster and maybe better luck next time, Epinema Girls --- epidemic, epidemic, epic, episodic, epilogic, et cetera.....

Humanly phenomenal is the fact that the psyche seems to enjoy a hide-and-see and hide-and-show compartmentalized relationship to reality. And definitions and delineations of the hidden truths require quite a workup to have what is not suppose to show but is seen acknowledged as significant scenery and/or the real reality. It should not be supposed that seeing reveals more than is deliberately shown, on the other hand, or that there is any but a viewer reality to what seems. Or we might say that what makes the Rorschach test work is that nothing shows but what seems (is willed), while everything is visually possible but selectively acknowledged. Accordingly, a guess-what's-in-this-box programmed situation for public consumption generally limits the possibilities considerably. This approach is slightly under par for exposition but way-

way under par for creative literature. But the mediocre writer will invariably present some such form, saying in effect that by this it should be clear that I'm not really going to say anything which also means I assume you don't want me to --be honest-- and I don't want to.

So, then, even if we had an 18yr-old precocious genius writing under such programmed conditions, we should only expect to be led in fantasy somewhat recapitulating his pre-selected SHOWcase. That is, we do not get into the box to see for ourselves, as it were, but whatever is SUPPOSE to be in the box gets out. The clever magician however shows us an otherwise empty box, which justifies the singular progression of see-what-happens-to-thing-out-of-box-in-world. But this may place a strain on the magic; so, rarely returning initial thing to box, the clever magician deserts original subject and produces thing after thing from apparently(???) empty box, increasing size of thing as we marvel under the spell of this hypnosis with a climax believe-it-or-not of baby elephant followed by his mother appearing from a shoe box. And then he shoos (or has them removed) everything unmagically from the stage. And we are left to wonder HOW is the box empty and/or HOW is it full. But, then, his career depends a good deal upon our continued mystification.

We obviously admit of these delusions. We do not demand that the magician show us how he does these things; we merely insist upon his creating a good illusion. And our curiosity, both suspended and mollified, conjunctively, by the calculated continuity of this performance as entertainment. If, however, magicians were customarily required to reveal HOW they did tricks (old dogs would have a hard time making it), they would have to do a lot of traveling and a continuous lot of learning & experimentation to acquire new ones. In effect then, when we admit of formalized presentations we not only avail ourselves to applaud how well a person can do the familiar, and being familiar with the structure, et al., can BE ENTERTAINED with minimum anxieties, but we also tacitly admit of (at least) a practical limit to the expectation we might otherwise have as to the creative, performance talent index, etc. of the homo sapien (also, the old observation applies: The persona grata human being need not be as talented to be accepted as the non-persona grata human being. And here again we may have a presumption of tokenism, from which little or no prestige accrues, when the non-persona grata human being's talents are not clearly exceptional.)

Chances are, this representation of reality meets with general approval whenever and with whomever the status quo engenders a complacency conducive to holding steady and/by withholding insight (information, alternative processes, etc.); on the other hand, it should meet with disapproval whenever and with whomever the status quo engenders discontent, and especially when the complacency in the first instance breeds the discontent of the second instance by dint of the predatory foundation of the status quo. At the same time we may hear from the predatory status quo a mournful dirge of its limited freedom because of the predatory nature of the discontent. In consequence of which we are led to ask, Where are the magicians hiding! The Rorschach continues to be a valid hide-and-see test, as does the box display; so that we are inclined to conclude that the complacent are running from freedom and the discontent are running to catch up with the complacent (and/or surpass) to run from freedom --freedom being always the predators big meal (repast).

Of the two instances, complacency is the more artificial -- more conditioned and mechanistic. Compensating for this dehumanization is the brutalization to which the discontent are subjected, which renders them complementarily dehumanized and without any props within the materialistic framework. The contentment in this setup is obviously predicated upon the acceptance of a structured myopia in which some have acquired corrective lens to focus comfortably within their compartment(s) and on others on lower levels, but none are willing or able to see all (or, those who would see all are not able; those who are able are not willing; it comes to the same thing; too much awareness is too painful. But he who would move to change, accordingly, would be moved by pain.)

It follows that the nearer we can approach person-thing-event, i.e., to being the actor instead of the audience or the thing in the box instead of a part of the larger box the thing gets out of the box into, the nearer we will approach the reality & truth of the subject. And, though the subject is as big as life, this knowledge will better advise us of how to deal with it -- as to whether we should run or if running will provoke the chase (to be chased is to be somewhat desired, of course, which can be highly exciting and satisfying when one has overall control over the outcome, more or less like the adventure story). But this will not work so well if thing reveals anyway something of a soul, i.e., anthropomorphically or in the case of humans, if thing reflects some aspect that lists a human failing -- as when no longer single-willed & defiant -- it is likely to provoke the bitterest contempt, though such a display may give a moment's pause, which conjures the fury in its tormentors akin to that of its former self. The pendulum can swing again, possibly, but the odds are against the triumph of any but human savagery. In other words, within the structure of predatory human tolerance for the persona non grata, the weak do not deserve to live, and the strong cannot be allowed to exhibit the freedom and the contradiction that such strength amplifies and exemplifies unless the latter has a big Achilles heel or can be caged and/or led by the neck in a display and exercise of perversely titillating POWER.

Then, it is the magician's purpose to assure us by showing us an apparently empty box that there is nothing to be revealed by our getting into it (and/or that it would be more trouble than we bargained for); the only (safe) significant revelation for us is in our availing ourselves to be the audience -- witnesses to his selectively structured denouement.

The more courageous and curious of us might decide to take up magic, in any case. We are discontented of the other fellow's illusions given us to swallow whole. We even resent the passive role given us to play, however much entertainment value it might have were we disposed by (a greater luxury of) self-admiration -- respect, prestige -- to heap praises upon those who would entertain us with illusions that do nothing FOR (if not in fact detracting FROM) our personal image.

Patently, whenever everybody wants to get into the act it is in part because they have no (or FEEL they have no) adequate stage from which to project the program of themselves, to dazzle others & feel the effects of the strong medicine of universal admiration; as well as because they are not much impressed by the talent currently on stage, for whom they're

apportioned as captive audience. It is a multiple offense. And, otherwise, they are seeking to discover (uncover) the hidden relationships. WITHIN these relationships resides the qualitative exponent -- the objective correlative -- of truth, love, beauty; not merely the human condition describes reality but the human aspiration as well; neither the one nor the other is definitive of both, but we ought not look for the spirit of man to shine readily through the opacity of captive condition. In addition, there are times when certain events trigger a catharsis, an acting-out & a yea-saying of a long repressed, denied, flagellated, latent, et al. identity.

Such relationships are to be revealed WITHIN the box -- the external box but more so within the blackbox of the magician's understanding. The chain of tricks however sensational & entertaining do not reveal this understanding, which, among other things, is the key to natural growth; it merely advises (suggests to) us implicitly that an understanding exists outside our ken.

(We may note in our time a "Spirit" of desperation TO HAVE ALL EXPERIENCES concentrated in a weed or lump or pinch of powder. This is the ill-directed qualitative pause from the quantitative world's mass-produced as-advertised events, saying, Things must have a stop or I can't wait, and, How am I to qualify? I'm missing everything -- without the "High" perspective. This is desperate grasping to uncover qualitative relationships, to go out from the loneliness & privation state of such unacknowledged relationships and of a billion superficial, intractable, non-tactile, aspirationally unqualifying happenings in the conditional epi-mase of a too highly visible, sensitive, awesome, and naked cap tivity. And yet the things that are happening so far as qualifying to feed the hunger are a good part supported by illusion, as is the orientation that things only happen out-of-doors; so one must live in the streets. There is an implied impotence of being without the handle of initiative within the castle of one's sovereignty.

(It needs be because the relationships within are not sufficiently understood and honored, together with a depressive absence, or anxiety-ridden tenuousness of self-belief to admit of self-programmed staging of the aspirational life as keynoted by personally entertained illusions.

(The young seem most susceptible to the Gargantuan-Pantagruel aperitif of this Odyssean Siren-and-snakepit super-adventure. This is likely the case because they are for some years into young adulthood enchanted by the prospect of becoming Pantagruel, which seems only their due. But long before the on-set of the real regimen of conservative daily life-drawer-savers, some realize their ill-equipage and/or the insufferable trek thru a disinterested time, non-admitting of their super-stardom but of restraint-conditioned understudying that may be prospective of only a mudpuddle twinkle. The catalyst of escape -- weed, powder, etc. -- seems another, and a quicker & surer, mechanistic route, getting one THERE or into the balm of the womb of oblivion -- sheltering, concealing, all-tactile, & preclusive of comparative awareness.

(And if it would seem that this is escape from the responsibility of failure, it should also be seen as the humanly incontrovertible right -- & will, assertion of -- to success in the others-structured milieu. And this is its unlawful seizure, the unlawful superimposed - built-on - room at the top in which to rape the beauty-demon, time, & seal her orifices & her event-personage in this top room of the personally entertained

illusions until she is a heat & a lonesome akin to the unself-believing human frailty and ready to exchange the congenial tempora order of all experiences for the resumption of her disinterested cool -- occasionally in the interim, of course, she escapes and must be caught and brought back to one's unassailable room.)

What we have in this rather winded discourse is another cousin to our world of such like primacy as the visually superficial relationships of myopic closure present as the reality by which we should orient and objectify our human aspirations. This is the stopdown pose and the chalk-marked action that are not to admit of greater beauty or ugliness but, accordingly, impoverish the understanding -- because quite often the effect would be crippled by such understanding, and even inadmissible, and because of the multiplicity of effects that may proceed by the same understanding or misunderstanding (which is a long-riding stiff premium for perpetuity - continuance - on this understanding life-policy, unless you're the company or establishment). When the qualifying conditions - the extenuations, imperfections, etc. - must remain out-of-sight, beyond the focal field-length, then we must know that this human representation is artificial, and may be too artificial for human habitation. It is neither truth nor beauty to which we can trust our feelings without such understanding -- unless we enjoy a guaranteed luxury of self. There may not even be here a feeling's worth of our time of audience, except to abet the artificiality in the making of human feeling; in the programming of which our allotted share is psychic impoverishment, however relatively status rich -- impoverished as per cultural potential, as impoverished by sexo-esthetic colonialism. And we are the pieces in the chess game; it is a verb & object world in which the subject is suppose to be understood because it is almost changeless -- because no further understanding is necessary, none required, none significant; this is the same illusion of subject, traveling to HAVE ALL EXPERIENCES. Same orientation, please.

(A SHORT DIGRESSION: I have just heard over radio that Armstrong & Collins continue to enjoy closed-circuit TV, nearly a week after splash-down, and are likely to continue in isolation for some time. A moment of silence. Now suppose I had hitchhiked on Apollo 11, as planned, by magnetically attaching my miniature flying saucer -- weary by now of merely creating earth rumors -- to the moon-landing unit to save fuel, detaching of course so as to be the first man on the moon for a day or so? Naturally, I'd stay there. After the astronauts landed and lowered the TV, I'd step from behind a moon dune and say, Hi, boys; hello, there, world -- I mean, Cruel world. The Houston station would want to interview me, naturally, and find out where I'd acquired my vast advance knowledges; which I couldn't disclose, as it might abort the revolution I would otherwise assist as reconnaissance & radioman.* But I'd assist the boys a little, and then, goodbye, they go happily away -- except that, excuse me, I've robbed them of some glory. But, no matter, I'm to remain, so the earth people can almost forget that part of it -- a part of the idea is to represent myself as unable to return, technical problems of my own and radiation et al. and room in Apollo 11 on the other. So there I am, after years & years of fantasies, a living legend.

(Sentimental earthlings, praying for the safety of the pair, will weep for me -- the lost soul, the man in (or on?) the moon. But, of course, like Duke Ellington says, Behold, there's a moonmaiden around -- like

*weatherman

made in heaven for me, poor girl. This information, naturally, is not for public consumption -- paramouring while the world weeps & prays. Then, five or so years later, earthmen return. And by then one of my other fantasies will have been realized; I'd be a foot taller, not that it would matter. And, while everyone's glued to the TV -- some hoping I will have croaked -- the prompters will want to know how I spent five long years in the most desolate ever thus far set foot on by man. And, without revealing my family, my gardens & orchards, secret underground rivers & lakes, and rattling off all my titles as Emperor, Governor, deed-registrant, notary, etc., I give them this novel. Excited, they jump into the rocket & zoom back to Earth -- another multi-million-copy seller, a modern Robinson Defoe Crusoe. And even before the splash-downers are recovered, earthlings are preparing to rocket me the Nobel five-consecutive-years literature Award, of which I am advised by my vast secret communications system, and which I scorn.

(Then, WHAM, Life magazine hits the stands and pandemonium erupts, movies feature closed-circuit readings, all TV-dom is preempted, etc., and, then, the greatest literary moment of the millennium: An hundred million voices, the greatest group-reading in history: "After the earthmen took off, (

(And as much as I would like to reveal my soul with which I have become so intimately familiar, and by which mankind might better know the substance that aspires to godhood, the critics, I recall, have said one shouldn't; so I can only add in this epilogue a documentary account of my travels dark-of and light-of the moon in lieu'robbing Zeke's Pawnshop - the sorrows, worthier action of - and reading Dick Tracy, Superman, Flash Gordon, etc., True Bedroom, Naughty Girlie, Pigtails, Sweet six-tenths Innocent; the Bisexual Review, The Hermaphrodite's Guide)

WHEN WE LAST SAW THE SUBJECT, HE WAS TRAPPED IN A ---

Manchild-in-the-Promiseland box,* trying to shed the composit-life story of himself & several Claude Brown's, MacMillan, '65), occupying a small site on our Hollywood lot next to a filming of the true-life documentary of The Lonesome Moonman. And the side of the box says, Made by The Establishment, Starring The Establishment, Produced & Directed by The Establishment, handled exclusively by guess who??? Non-Fragile (A schoolmate of mine sent back one of my long-winded novels -- really!! -- well, maybe I could edit four or five pages, anyway, advising me of its tedium. It is 500-plus ms pages with a multiple plot structure, supposedly, of welfare worker-client relationships, girl-after-boy, boy-after-more-abstract-enchancements, triangle-involvement-of-boy's-former-roommate-ward-pregnant-girl-after-loverboy-leaves-on-travels, subsequent amateur ward politicking in a composit Lindsay-Powell District, American dilemmas, etc., but not much super-adventure. No one has had anything good to say about it more than, as one fairly reputable Fifth Avenue agent indicated in part, "... I am truly sorry to report that the second reader and I are pretty much in agreement; we think the novel rhythmical and sometimes acutely sharp in characterizations, but just not strong enough in story, The Establishment of mine sent back one of my long-winded novels ...") Anyway, this friend read Brown's jungle book about the same time, '65, and in another breath advised, in part, "...that's GHETTO LIFE in the raw" from suburban Connecticut. At that, I've heard the same thing here in Harlem from the artificially structured people. And those three guys on the jacket paraded around for days, sort of uptight in not being able to stay in the picture

* --- Promised Land

at -- What street is that, anyway, crossing 1-2-5? -- greenlight stopdown.

It seems it is left to biographies like The Autobiography of Malcolm X (with the assistance of Alex Haley), Grove Press, 1965, to move us into a subject world rather than into an object world or the object into our world when the subject is black. It would seem a black box patently empty, or with only brain for motor activity, or that defies looking into -- into which even many of the principals dare not look. Malcolm was of course a thinker as well as actor. The portrait of the thin-ker presents a brain that does not cease to imagine & verbalize because the feet are moving, as would the portraits of most other people. I have read so many Negro novels featuring he-must-die-at-the-end protagonists, I'm usually inclined to check before buying. Somebody I'm sure digs the formula, not I. I have read so many shell-game-headed black protagonist novels I thought it only right I should put the pea in Bush-tan's p---; after all, it IS black in search of beauty, in effect, and we can hardly win and get ahead with a head at least pea-sized-up discovery. That the pea is found where it is found (is beautiful, no) means sexo-aesthetic liberation.

Time was, the obtrusive author juxtaposed subject and object-mo-tion, commenting and explicating on what this was about (meant) that was happening. But among these are the classics and for whatever other reason are not to serve as models. Maybe literacy has decreased, or something. Several many years ago I once read a book entitled No, But I Saw The Movie by Peter DeVries, which (title is entitled to some re-witticism, as it was surely writ jest in a mood of civilly disobedient courtship of irony), as I recall, isn't strictly about either books or movies. But implicit in the title is perhaps a good part of the justification for our superannuated fiction formula.

The reason for the change must in part be due to a different order of reader -- general reader as high digit consumer of a stepped-up economy; in part due to the growth of institutionalism in the field, with its inherent separate specialized offices, and in part because the public merely takes its choice of the pre-chosen candidates. There has come an academic relegation of the hide-and-see exposition, and writing is taught like any other do-you-have-a-ye-to-scratch-the-itch medium to do-with-it-yourself-expression under commercialized influence, yet would not tolerate the judgment of cultural decadence & stultification. Into the picture steps the reviewer and the critic to tell us artily what's worth and what's worthless. That they can give the meaty subjects in their own words and that we need not question their objectivity eliminates the need for all except the superbly attuned commercialists. But we MAY want to ask when they condemn a work whether it is because it is essentially junk or because it trespasses upon their excuse for being.

Of course, if subjects aren't ALREADY, they GET boring. That's why most of us are glad to be able at some point to say we finished school; lets have a ball. Of course, a part of my trouble is I'm an idealist; another part of my trouble is I can't really live up to my ideals, regardless; another part ... is I get shot down anyway for being an idealist; so I have a right to prepare an epitaph, which is a shoot-out (though the Supply Sergeant upstairs seems to have given me a lot of blanks); and the whole thing in a pea is, you see -- as I was advised to advise a client about her competence by a matter-of-fact type caseworker while serving as interpreter -- I have too many problems.

WHERE DO (SHORT) SUBJECTS GO FROM HERE?

Aside from essays, dissertations and the like, there is the play, often mostly a kind of talkie, but, even so, can have good entertainment value. A number of "Talkie" plays have been made into movies with apparently good box office results (BOX OFFICE makes me think of the Intelligence Center in the box analogy for Big Brotherly keeping check on loyalty & defection). Subjects have taken refuge in the play; although this medium also has its reviewer's value-judgment chair. Ingenious scene-changer-makers seem intent on introducing MOTION, which may well increase the entertainment value --- at whatever cost.

Most of the entertainment commodities that pretend to deal with a subject are sort of like quickie courses, predicated on a strong will & urgent necessity to function with something of practical knowledgeability. Many of us often get the feeling that there should be easier ways of learning things, and there are both worthwhile and gyp business enterprises variously engaged in promoting this outlook. Some of what I have called literary trash, especially for persons seeking the expression of human aspirations, would qualify as quickie-gyp. Needless to say, some of the took would rather be deluded than face up to greater psychic exertion. The disinclination is indicative of a compounded problem inasmuch as a generally acknowledged problem obtains. But many of us have occasional difficulty mustering the energy to cope with expanded awareness. The quickie course -- if not also quickie -- is better than no course, except that it may preclude the comprehensive in-depth course. For if one survives essentially correctly directed, positive value therefrom will accrue to succeeding generations from both the semblance and the reality of some fore-running health. Not every conveying agent can survive as frustrated as I am, and survival, for the growth-potential it affords, is the first necessity.

To quote (to my advantage) from one of my most congenial editorial contacts with reference to the survival index of the in-depth comprehensive elective: (Oct. '64) "... When one editor asks another to look at a book, it reproduces in miniature the author's predicament of submitting his book to a publishing house ... As always, you have written a rich, difficult book that defeats our fond attempts at quick editorial decisions." (TWO WEEKS LATER:) "... I won't subject you to a list of the reasons why the editorial decision has gone against LONG ARMSTRONG PRONG SONG, and the reason I won't is that I think none of them would surprise you in the least. Internal evidence from the novel itself suggests that you've heard more than your share from publishers telling you that your art, in their opinion, has been subverted by passionate outpouring ... It has taken an enormously long time to get to you with this bleak news, and for that I offer an abject apology. The terrible truth is that I probably knew a lot earlier that the answer would have to be no, but I kept trying ... I failed. Everyone found some good things to say about the book, but not enough...."

So, where does one go from there? Do you get angry (MAD)? bitter? When an editor has written you a half-dozen letters in a tone of such apparent concern and sincerity, CAN you even get mad? and at whom? what? or merely dejected? defeated? and resigned?

"Passionate outpouring"--- yes, I am guilty of that. And I have already

given some argument in the romantic's case. Perhaps it is to beg the question to say that I am of African descent, and that I am intent upon projecting the black beauty that is a marriage of eros & ethos. But if I start in again here I am likely to become too passionate.

I was prodded somewhat to press for another hearing at this same publishing house because of its ethnic composition and because I knew of a subject book then being written under contract. The optimism was wasted (Feb. '65): "I have just now had the opportunity to discuss your manuscript with the other persons here who I had asked to read it. Unfortunately ... will not be able to publish LONG ARMSTRONG ... I am sorry that after keeping your manuscript for so long this must be the final decision"

I recall that I was busily completing the aforementioned novel which gave tedium to my school associate, we had just suffered a month-long strike at Welfare and I had given my resignation, hoping for a breath before an appointment in Probation which never materialized, and I had already submitted 300 pages of the new work for consideration at another publishing house. But '65 was a rough year. I was unemployed all but four weeks, except for a stipend received for some anti-poverty activity. The sky might have fallen, except that my fires cannot burn on hopelessness; so I have to hold it up until it will stay on its own or my world ends with catastrophic suddenness.

THE END OFF SETTING OFF DIGRESSIONS

Those who are still with me, then, have covered some of the things that have occupied me with numerous manuscripts -- that no one dares publish, dares yet, but I can't say really why a big dare. They are some part of the haunted house of the ego trying to ascertain why so many have decided it should be a haunted house, where few would prefer to spend the night, perhaps a beautiful house, perhaps a house divided, or an indoor outhouse extended to accommodate some growing FAUCETS of life. But the real haunted house is the sexo-esthetic wonder of several sensory and psychic titillations, compounded as advertised: The fun-houses of the exclusive amusement parks, and the fun that eludes in the homes of the brave blacks.

I have lived in the twinkle of these park lights, within the sound of the merriment, in the stream of their legends, and my sleep is an adumbration of all this and some semblance of the possibility of my own preserve. Though noting that the outer realm may be a fool's paradise, I am still aware that many an earthly paradise is fashioned for and by fools by default. There is no hiding place, no saving face in the naked light of exposure of one's mediocrity, social, individual, or racial, as per politico-historical consignment. There is no mitigation except that one surrenders as in the hysterical syndrome some vital part of the whole being -- voluntary castration, impotence, high degrees of discerning sensibility, high areas of movement, or, ultimately, total suicide. And unless one is hiding (as otherwise in alcohol, dope, etc.), one cannot pretend to objectivity of orientation to "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die", for this is already a statement of a living death. While yet, in some not manifest state of ambivalence &

ambiguity, we are all ghosts in the haunted house of human-being. And with the soul or spirit that is said to be closer to the gods than ourselves we would and would not exchange status; for the aware and knowledgeable life, over death, is as Bird-of-Paradise of our living photograph over the unstructured blackout.

I would not be eighteen again, not if I had to be as stupid, as naive, unaware, as unreservedly enchanted outside myself, in effect, not quite able to concede that I'd have to build my own world from the very foundation. Like most others, I wanted to inherit not be disinherited, to have everything to do. And this leaves little of value to the would-be eighteen-year-old except for what he might do for a very-woman of thirty-five.

It is difficult to contain oneself in passionate awareness, in a stalemate of effort, in a mocking-time march-on against the bulwarks restricting movement and the greater social manifestation of one's expansive vitality. Even now, it is difficult to make a full day on the job that does not apparently work directly toward greater self-actualization, when one is cast in a helping capacity but cannot contribute what one feels and knows to be the best of oneself -- and such circumstance that does not present a direct relationship between oneself, one's allies, and the enemy. And this is another reminder that it is not yet time to eat, drink, and be merry. It is all the more understandable, in consequence, that youth should seek movement, should seek to join an army to protest and war on the spoilers. Here is direct action. It is an alternative to hysterical impotence with its many indices of suicide. In this setting, one surrenders some individual freedom to become a part of and identified with a great movement whose corporate whole defies those restrictions placed upon the individual by the corporate enemy. Within this group-welfare framework that supports one's need for the greater development of individualism, one's vitalism becomes an asset rather than a liability; in consequence of which, any of the many degrees of suicide is apostasy rather than conformity.

An associate of mine who read Long Armstrong came up with misgivings of his own. He felt that a manuscript of this kind would inevitably be overly retained at publishing houses & plagiarized for purposes of excerpting severally from its compounded structure. The beneficiaries would then grind out the purported 'reports' of the black situation which would be acceptable to the Establishment. He noted that the Establishment does not approve of anything that would be of real help -- to set you free -- particularly not in depth. Rather, they support the reverberation of the same complaints, generation after generation; it is like see-how-endlessly-discontent-this-lame-mediocrity-is? The repetitive mourning is discouraging and stultifying to creatively investigative approaches to solutions. The same complaints on so many levels seem patently to endorse all slovenly and suicidal inclinations because of the apparent implication that nothing can be done more than the shedding of tears.

But my associate's observation is not strictly correct. The Establishment will occasionally approve if such advent seems inevitable, and give the nod to one of its 'good boys' for whom it can readily slant form and content, and thereby anticipate and possibly preclude

the rising of another star and the REAL THING with more to come. In some cases the successful lead will guarantee the follow-up, but this is not to be relied upon. One does not decide in behalf of one's own work how much salesmanship is to be employed, and if the total investment will bring credit to all parties.

Earlier this year, my attempt at marketing reminded me again of the circumstance of granting independence to colonials: You're ready when we say you're ready. I wrote to an editor (another publishing house) who has read several of my works, including Long Armstrong which was returned without comment and another work about which he remarked, "I still don't think you're saying what you want to say." That, too, was in '65. My letter of this year was to suggest that, among other things, considerable commercial interest has developed (further) in the interim years and perhaps he might now feel that (the colonials) things are more 'ready'; otherwise, in a few more years I'll be an echo. He didn't bother to reply. Could be he feels I am already that echo.

MR BLACK

Mr. Black and Miss Integration was conceived in the summer of '65 while I was taking part in the summer program in Mount Morris Park -- a cultural extravaganza under the auspices of the Afro Arts Cultural Centre (which continued to give such programs in which I also participated thru '67, at which subsequent time the police department commandeered the area in advance for riot deployment, and higher muckymucks inaugurated The Harlem Cultural Festival in an adjacent area. Ironically, some of my neighbors still think I have a guiding hand in the present program; although the difference in name -- ours was Afro Arts Cultural Festival -- is also indicative of some difference in orientation, and our local operation base placed the entire operation in orientation, and our community, admitting of local talent, employment, etc.). My participation was mainly as poet-in-residence, an appellation I was not conscious of until applied to me by Mr. Simon Bly, Jr., Executive Director of Afro Arts. In fact, I am still not sure he DIDN'T invent this....

I tried to do several things at these sessions, giving several hrs of readings daily, five to seven evenings weekly, distributing reading matter, giving views, soliciting discussions, and inviting writers & others to share my stage. In addition, and the main attractions, concert orchestral performances, African dancing & fashions exhibits, artwork displays, steel drum music, recorded music, and such were featured, along with an assortment of plays. There was also a promising group of soloists and a visiting choral group. But there were few ETHNIC plays.

I'm not sure why, but none of the play groups considered doing

Janet's The Blacks, for instance, which might have added something; although I personally didn't care for its bombast in a vacuum (Hansberry's Raisin was performed thru-out the '67 season) Some other few plays I had heard of might also have provided a lift -- if the scripts could've been obtained. But in net effect, the acting troupes were hard-pressed for ethnic material, and what was presented didn't say much. It was in such an atmosphere that I had the beautiful vision of a play of my own.

My parttime writing schedule however didn't allow for the writing of the kind of play mine would have to be. In essence, Mr. Black was conceived in terms of what became the last scene of Act III of the finished work.* The rest of the play is historiological, except for the secondary theme of man and woman in the monogamous state and the trifle matter of Integration. I was mainly concerned with the technical aspects of presenting it and the esthetic ideological manner of saying black beauty. In this I was quite sure no one could duplicate me, and since I rightly felt I had the best rounded corner of this realm, I considered I should give the recipients a goodly introduction to the socio-psychic significance of the beauty, and an emotional exercise in the context of a kind of modern romance -- that it had no real need of an Alhambra.

The park players encouraged the writing I didn't have time for, and in fact didn't start for 3yrs. But it would seem that if anyone HAD WRITTEN a good play and wanted a down-to-earth test, to touch it up for technical points or otherwise, this setting would have been quite appropriate. We did, in fact, present several original plays in '65, one of the ethnic variety set in the West Indies. However, I quite appreciate the fact that some literary egos are such as to forego all outlets except the highly financed and promoted, even with a composition several years old already (i.e., weighing the acceptance of that) without any airing, while hungry young talents and hungrier audiences beg for vehicles across the (ethnic) bridge of inarticulate loneliness.

In any case, the intriguing prospect of writing this work was forestalled by the necessity to earn a living and other smaller scale efforts. I was not altogether assured, in addition, that my play, like so much else, would have soul enough for soulbrothers & sisters and be otherwise acceptable (after the first season I read mostly the poetry of others -- by request whenever possible; although occasionally I was given pause by some attentive soul whose allotted noise stations were off the air that his spirit had been (free to be) lilted from the conditional by the aspirational expression).

But, as a jealous lover (writer), the most disappointing thing about Mr. B. was that no sooner than I had placed the Beau-Cocoa number on the market (less than a week), I got another of those Sir Echoes -- not a nice fellow whether or not you prefer girls. It was from somebody's 'identity' play-opening about town, which referred me directly to the speech of Dr. (in the play) Goodblack. The reviewer said it was quite good though overly long. Needless to say, Mr. Black and I had not become beneficiaries (I was no more put in mind of Langston Hughes' character, Simple -- plus setting). But my loves will all testify as to what a jealous god I am; I would rather a son than a suitor (the copyright people are asking me to mail back the copyright, which increases my religious fervor). And a lover can usually forgive coinci-

* Nevertheless, I have been severally advised that the transformation of Mrs. B. et al. occurs too soon.

dences once or twice.... Or, YOU pick a number.

Fact is, I am about as absent-minded as maximally associative, e.g., whenever I see a girl who reminds me of (looks like) one of my last gentle loves, I imagine I ought to get to know her; whereas, sometimes I go into the bathroom to do just a number one thing and end up do/doing. That of course is the REcall position.

BLACKOUT POETRY PLAYING, QUIET PLEASE

While somewhere amid the re-write of Mr. B., I heard other play-opening reviews, from one of which I learned that the blackout technique (or gimmick) is considered an oldie. Such awareness, though prematurely embarrassing, could at that point have little effect. For 3½yrs of idea-in-abeysance, such information failed to get through to me; if reached me it had, the last scene may or may not have been the same (this may somewhat exemplify the case for naivete). But the dark seemed as fitting as The Natural. In any event, I am sure that there will now follow a rash of such instances 'in search of beauty'.

Similarly, I have been criticized for using poetry and for using my own. And at some point I was indirectly advised by another play reviewer that this procedure (had been and) was almost always a failure. The poetry reading didn't HAVE TO BE in the play. Mr. B. could have extemporized as he does later somewhat, or it could've been done by recording with a fade-out on him or with his accompaniment of Mrs. B. in dance. Or I could have SAID that the DRUMS were TALKING (to her and for her and to all) as she danced. But it is not my style to say of magic and not do tricks, which in this case defines the understanding.

IMAGE, IMAGE, IMAGE ***

I have already indicated the principal concern of this play. Mr. B. is concerned to get flattery from all sides in reference to his manliness (not explicitly defined); Mrs. B. is not so concerned re: her womanhood, or femininity. Ironically, however, Mr. B. would like for her to get a little shock, to have similar concern about exciting flattery -- to reflect upon his ego & public image, i.e., upon Mr. Black in particular and upon blacks in general, to delimit worldly presumption and supercilious relegation of status as predicated upon the who's who with whom he sleeps. This need to raise the ante on social-body-erotica emanates from the aspirational sexo-esthetic, which we will examine further in succeeding sections.

Mrs. B. is represented as more or less insulated from this matter, but this is not her psychic reality. When the psychic reality of her 'social' self (or sexo-esthetic) is breached, she is intolerant of analytical considerations. Thus her resistance must be broken down, and when it is they make a together-definitive, prospective of further growth at an accelerated rate. Mrs. B. is so represented as having to be awakened not because this is necessarily true-to-life among black women, but because, as lover and from the author's point of view, Mr. B. conveniently beholds the vision of his beloved, which determines the subject-object of the song to be sung.

The play does not omit all consideration of the male image. Some have critically commented that Mr. B. obviously suffers himself from

image failure, as is implicit in his concern about Mrs. B.'s image. Yes, obvious truth. He does indeed feel the pangs of social slights. But what they are singly does not matter as much as what they are to become together. Both must get right TOGETHER. The black male image however suffers much the slight of beauty or sex-appeal (but beauty for sure) than does the black female image (as the white male image suffers less the slight of beauty than the female). Beauty is given female gender essentially. In this respect, the so-called sexiness of the black female has been arbitrarily set apart from the notion of beauty (and this in another part enjoins the sexo-esthetic) and given, as it were, a credit (dubious at best) of (degenerate) power instead of the more (feminine &) socially valued prestige note of beauty. Power* (or forcefulness, as that which beauty soothes) is given masculine gender. That beauty is obviously force & power, in effect, and force & power often beauty, would seem somewhat an oversight. So, in terms of human beauty, it is only a trifling instance and hardly self-supporting aside from its definitive compound, the sexo-esthetic. This is a symbiosis.

In effect, it is the effect that is beautiful (what this is good for is the idea roughly whether or not it sounds utilitarian). If asked, what is the GODD of human beauty? It needs be understood that this reference takes compound male & female distinction, and we should expect an answer in these terms; that is, to have sexo-esthetic reference: The good of human beauty is to awaken, stress, enhance, etc. the desire for, need & continuance of sexo-esthetic experience TOGETHER.

HOW COME HE DIDN'T STOMP HER? HE MUST NOT HAVE ANY SOUL!!

Some have felt that Mr. B. should have somewhere done great vindictive battle, but this was nowise essential to the theme(s). The antagonism between him & Mrs. B. is only partly a product of the failure of imagery; it is a manifestation (or product) of the frustration of the search for definitives (vision, feeling) and the struggle to incorporate these into a new personality. The individual, or dyad, circumstance here recapitulates in prospect the racial course. Some of the adjustment & growing pains necessarily provoke aggravation. To have omitted the antagonism would have been to have omitted an important index of their passion for life, and/or the force & power (beauty) to evolve into full event. And to have allowed it to explode, as indicated, would not have served my dramatic purposes (in any case, couples generally only fight, beyond a slap or two, when there is some question in the woman's mind as to whether or not she can beat the man.).

Instances in the play of love in the play of house (ambiguous??) are occasionally tinted by humor (of one kind or another). The attempt is to emphasize the human side of heaven; inversely, the antagonisms stop short of disaster to emphasize the frailty of provocations as fierce rivals of belovedness.

What is serious is their commitment - and the understanding of this - to the affair of life TOGETHER, and the incidental and occasional pangs are not to jeopardize the basic dynamism of this shared life. Their humanity is the inviolable totem - man facing woman - trespasses upon which god in any fundamental aspect are tabu; though the lesser gods & god-

*We might think of the sexo-esthetic in the vernacular as Black Power.

desires may quarrel; if necessary, the higher wiser ones will intercede for peace. This is an understood human partnership of need for at least two people per affair of sex-beauty-social.

TO OWN AND TO DISOWN (a la Dr. Goodblack)

Or, to own and not to own, to have, to be, is the referent point in the speech of Dr. Goodblack which is most likely quite self-explanatory. It might have been more fiery, of course, more bombastic, but such appeals directly to the emotions and this one was moreso intended to appeal morally by way of reason. However, there is almost always an implicit spleenish venting in liberation movements, but generally it is not the role of the intellectual to publicly breathe this fire.

The overwhelming majority of what I have heard from loudspeaker exhortation has been the overly said cliché. Quite often the grammar is horrible, but we could forgive that except that it seems to emphasize a general lack of social graces and an insensibility of personal insight & self-criticism while the exhorter attempts otherwise crudely and self-righteously to use us the bludgeon of our guilt and short-comings. And intermittently we are given what generally seems a bitterly insincere blackbrother-sister kiss. There are exceptions of course. The particular kind of exhorter of which I speak seems to be addressing moronic derelicts, telling them how great they are in one breath and calling them an unworthy rabble in the next. He is obviously a fire-eater-breather burning in the passion of sophomoric awakening; the former aspect serving to frighten most timid souls away, and the latter embarrassing those who would otherwise be patronizing or congenial, or cooperatively solicitous. But generally there is a poverty of ideas out-flowing against which the helpless audience attempts to conjure a deaf indifference beyond an initial intellectual indignation.

This effect exemplifies one of the worse possible outcomes of the acquisition of a platform for all & sundry who want to get into the act. It creates nausea and deafness, and a presumptive attitude of having already heard it all. And for those who are reached the ideas mean next to nothing; it's the aggression which stimulates them and with which they identify -- the blanket putdown of black John Doe-Square-Dummy-Fictitious-Fink and several goody racial epithets. It is to the derelict and the drop-out and such that this appeals, who are only too willing to unshoulder the burden of personal failure, those who have despaired or grown intolerant of trying to EARN and have assumed the TAKER orientation, and those in search of rationalization to drop the long-term drudge & slip thru a loophole to PERSONAL liberation. They would make a beggars' army, of questionable loyalty but unquestionably in need of a creditable ideology. They are desirous of clear quick victories and are intolerant of disciplined non-violent marches-on. They clamor for aggressive action when aggressive action is suicidal, and if action comes they will be rearward and the scavengers of simple-minded dead, and the lone survivors of repute. The fire-breathers of ideational impoverishment and apparent uncensored personal failings are looking for gravy trains, shields, and cannon fodder. As often as not their very boisterousness bespeaks cowardice and avarice, and stems from a consuming guilt being projected and mercilessly whipped in the vain of their own understanding.

Certainly there are passers-by on such often busy street corners who should be (deserve to be) put down, but doing this will not reach them unless they're absolutely demolished by superior status-accounting. Nothing will breach the defenses of their studiously complacent mediocrity except the scorn and contempt, gracefully directed & accompanied by a hold-out hope for redemption, of the accomplished style of the superior person who suffers fools wisely; the more clearly exemplary of respectability and orthodox acceptability he is, the persuader, the more readily they will acknowledge the short-comings (for which they will apologize with a lot of teeth & blushing, quite aware that their circumstance is readily transparent & that pretending to a sour grapes psych-out is nakedly untenable). The clever persuader then presents his enviable credentials and proffers acceptance, theoretically, on equal terms for those who would have such recognition to move with him toward even more meaningful achievement: The goal of the new persuasion.

It is therefore important that beginnings should be well-platformed. Once events are progressing with acknowledgeable success, it is of lesser importance who makes AN ANNOUNCEMENT. But at no time should ludicrousness be allowed to glare forth, however apparent as incompetence mitigated by enthusiasm (except as comic relief which should be well calculated, i.e., backed by competence).

It is nevertheless incumbent upon all to join the affirmation of unity, to step forth to rescue circumstances that threaten mass humiliation, but in all instances to desist from defection, to resist the rationalization of individual well-being - not to confuse the right of what is being attempted with questionable & less-than-ideal means - and to offer to assist in that at which we feel capable. Everyone can and should get into the act; it is only a question of the role each is to play. And we shall have the group-image of somebodiness.

There is a great deal of room for creativity, for the development of the ethnic expression of human aspiration. It is only herewith that we can proffer the qualitative balancing, on the earthy side of categorical morality -- to have these books on our time come out in the black, to unassailably affirm the wisdom of the investment in humanism of all involved. It is another part of the dream, the raw spiritual material.

And we will begin with neighborhoods. And as prerequisite to this, we would like to remove the foreign trash so that we can better get at our own. And, hopefully, a better way will be found than to set fire to the whole trash heap and burn away the whole of this humiliation. Until it becomes our neighborhood, it will be too much a center of re-action (to frustration, exploitation, etc.), too severally cleaved by dis-associating spirits who bend backwards to say they're better than the average of humanity here -- wherein neighbors stand back-to-back, not in mutual defense but in mutual contempt, and group genius exerts & asserts itself on its own behalf largely in inventing an evermore super-deflating put-down for the member, and conjures an ever more scrupulous will to cooperate & co-operate in the exploitation -- with the projected hope of being able to split the scene, however more impossible it becomes to escape the racial & ethnic stain betted to set.

This is the kernel of depressed re-action style living -- the mode

(modus vivendi with or without temporal qualification) of life that disowns it own in trouble, or at public odds, under the fictitious premise (in the closed mind, estate, or of pride) that such disowning voids all past and present and precludes all future association between the disowned and the disowner -- a superlative delusion. Such a maneuver to force a certain compliance upon the disowned, of course, would constitute no real disownership; however, such an assumption of forced compliance would seem predicated upon the otherwise free will & facile means of the disowned to affect compliance. More likely, however, such disowning makes inevitable a state of greater desperation and/or ludicrousness which is likely to result in a new super-humiliating sensationalism, and causing an unprecedented intensity of public association between the related parties -- even as a means of venting its, the public's, spleen on those whose status is more on a respectable par or above the average. Needless to say, the disowned will not always cooperate in concealing, as the case may be, its related identity; nor will the public generously restrain its curiosity in probing for defamation and comment about skeletons in the closet.

But even the ideal severance of group relationship is not to be entertained or desired; what is desired is involvement -- get involved and stay involved until group health is assured. The lepers, hapless or not, are not in the majority; they are only a couple of corns on the toes of beauty. It does not creditable, then, that one's pride should be so intense in negative reference as to effect a self-hate that amounts to the socio-psychic suicide of digital amputation. The aching corn may cause a temporary limp, but the missing toe will assure its permanence.

WHERE HAS SHEBA, FLOWER-IN-THE-PANTHER, HIDDEN THE FLOWER?

When in the play Mr. B. asks Mrs. B. "Wherein is your attractiveness?" more is indicated than as by Marlowe's Dr. Faustus in the question, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships...?" This poetic reference is to a wallflower beauty, not that Helen didn't have charms, MORE IMPORTANT in fact than the face, we should think. The face must have been an asset, indeed, but the greater charm was in her STILE (is an index of spirit). Such style of a woman is not THE WHOLE but SOME index of group style and a nuance of group-nurtured pattern (spirit).

The question corresponds to: How & wherein do women like you count themselves SOMEBODY (in the indigenous setting, first of all, among yourselves)? Within-group interpersonal patterns & exchanges are usually more extensively revealing of these nuances of identity & status than the obverse. Accordingly, the outsider, less inclined to rely upon his personal (or something like categorically empirical referent) judgment, will inquire of the inside perspective. But insiders achieve an independence of inter-action as privileged by understanding (forgoes the pause that inquires after definitions); such understanding admits of the mutually respected identification of belonging (to the group, and to group segments as accredited by the group). Within the context of belonging, we see the quite natural & beautiful phenomena of (uninhibited) attraction and reception (as operative with least extra-ordinary friction). To attraction we can attribute right objects, to reception objects both right and ready. The latter is the greater event.

In the simulated instance in which the question was posed, "Wherein is your attractiveness?" there is understood that hoped-for response by dint of which the propitious reception can be instituted following upon an attraction already in evidence. Makeda, the person in the presence of Solomon as represented, may have responded with a long list of titles (and we are allowing, of course, that she was essentially black*)-- such as adorn a possible relative of hers, the Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia -- each title advising of some matter of cultural significance and style, as well perhaps as directly indicative of some personally affirmative beauty. Each such title would be the leader of some legend, and every note of personally affirmative beauty would assert deservingsness-over (of honors that otherwise may have been hereditary and/or arbitrarily adhered). These things together immeasurably enhance the woman -- are of real psychic importance in a status-conscious milieu (or, her attractiveness thereby defined distinctively, her appeal is accorded warranty, and the reception's inaugural is a social -- political, if not personal -- etiquette, and the blessing that honors the personally psychic imperative). Undoubtedly, however, WOMAN surpasses any and all cultural referents -- embellishments of her namesake, by these & me.

THE VERY BLACKER BERRY WOMAN'S WORLD

How many Mr. & Mrs. B.s are longing for an experience in the home-love-comfort identity fold of Afro-ness? And how many are enjoying such experience(s)? Well, I have had moments --- precious moments. It is somewhat flattering, though not intended to be, to say that a black person has achieved such a degree of liberation. The more categorical fact is, of course, that presence makes a jealous event; availability is a direct referent in need; involvement, like beginning a good book, is a fructifier if not procreational. Involvement is also generally polarizing, and polarization generally has its artificial adherence. But to say of a black person that he loves a white person is generally to note his trespasses, forgivable or unforgivable (as with this spelling and the strange little words & letters you are likely to note thru-out). And this trespass is censorable as human - too human - weakness. And so it goes. The middle ground of liberation for the black person, the naked unchallenged fruition of attraction-reception is very small!!

Lets look sort of naively & openly (mainly & first at bea-u-ti-ful white women) and see what we shall accept.

* By odd coincidence, Solomon's mother was another sexo-aesthetic wonder, the satisfier named BATHsheba; some accounts claim for them a son, the dynastic ancestral referent of the Ethiopian throne since the 10th Century, B.C. Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, however

One of the muddling factors in the pattern of relationships predicated on racial visibility (& impinging upon a general consideration of the sexo-aesthetic) in the wax pot of America & more or less worldwide is the fact of bleaching heat waves. These, in theory, affect only the black group. If it were that a corresponding tanning effect were absorbed by the white group, we could then examine more precisely the definitives of stimulus & response constituting the dynamism of the black and white sexo-aesthetic psychic realities.

But the reality with which we have to deal (because of the polarization predicated upon historical assignment rather than upon apparent VISUAL - the main racifier - characteristics) presents us with a visually apparent continuum for those classified as black (formerly Negro, ethnologically Negroid) that ranges from somewhere on the dark side of beef liver black to somewhere close to ice cream white. In consequence, we cannot have the simple black group intelligence of color orientation we should like by way of apprehending the magnetism (dynamism) of like color affinities likelier to obtain in a true(r), as it were, monochromatic racial group. And we are noting this fact as apart from discriminatory or ethnocentric propagandizing, derogatory on the one hand and laudatory on the other for whatever immediate reasons, in dividing the family of man. And, whereas all major groups (Mongoloid, Caucasoid, Negroid, by latest ethnological classification) are prima facie multi-chromatic, the chromatic factor has nowise received such emphasis, or contributed so deleteriously to identity problems as it has within the black or Negroid group, as invaded by white or Caucasoid racial strains, assuming, though mostly absorbed, the stance of the superior reverse chroma.

Worldwide, on the other hand, by ethnological classification it would seem that the racial categorizing of peoples has been the obverse of that within the U.S., our center of focus. Accordingly, all peoples not prima facie black were designated white types unless prima facie orientals. This resulted in the isolation of the African south of the Sahara & a few Melanesians, designated Negro or Negrito, from all the apparently dark people of black ancestry (dominant or equal part of lineage). Such chchytal ancestry would take into account the entire continent of Africa and parts of the Middle East, India, Indonesia, Oceania, aboriginal New Zealanders & Maori; in fact, the ethnological classification currently in acceptance which designates three principal racial groupings (like language groupings) pretty much give the picture of the family of man -- of the mass of humanity -- as principally (as visually distinguishable) this, that, or the other LIKE. And in many instances of geographical groupings, it is impossible to determine the archetypal element in the blend of two or all three lineages (except as historical speculation may be admitted).

In gist, if our world were truly one world - humanity one people - and if this were to come about today, the same basic racial distinctions would probably obtain for the next million years, though with an ever-broadening tri-lineage amalgam. Which is to say that for as long as man has been around (to say a million years, a totally unimaginable

otherwise biased, attests to the interbreeding of Ethiopians & Arabs, with the latter of which people must be identified the archtypal Jew, most certainly if ancient Egyptians are to be considered Arabic. But, regardless, Makeda was undoubtedly black and, with or without interpreters & definitions, Solomon never had it so good (I like the way Gibbon has people appear and PASS OUT of history: sandy notice of the event-human).

period of time, probably exemplifies the hyperbolism of our age, but surely 50,000 years, or the time again of the age of modern man), and in spite of all the communication and travel media, I submit that an equally long future period would not see the extinction of present-day racial groups. And we are here dealing with 2,000 generations, or about twenty-five times the span of years since the beginning of the Christian Era. And I say this even grudgingly, predicated on this assumption: That, in the absence of derogation, the most typical and beautiful (as distinguished by form, texture, & color, etc.) would sustain an intra-group mutual admiration sufficient to propagate the archetype beyond the development of another species, the chief militating factor being the integration of distinctive cultural style. In other words, whereas other-group members may not approximate the 'racial' APPEARANCE of intra-group members, the adoption and/or affinity for an exotic STYLE (expression: modal focus: dress, speech, dance, definitive roles, temperament, etc.) may be the key of fascination in any particular for the individual member who group style may seem enhanced in that particular by the other-group member. In effect, then, most of us entertain strategems, dream dreams, and employ illusions, but we are not strategists and the field does not afford us much opportunity to be, because neither we ourselves nor our encounters are textbook material par excellence; we are tacticians, we improvise in the field of improvisers. We are each our own excuse for being, but what we are is not wholly interpersonally significant. We are good, so-so, and blah. The significance of our individual humanity interpersonally is a matter of bits & pieces. And though circumstances may compel us to take the whole to get desired parts, we should be able to appreciate wherein such desired parts come in other packages. And, whereas we may like fish roe and can only get roe from a fish, we may find that we're equally pleased with chicken liver saute and prefer chicken meat to fish meat.

WHICH WHITE IS THE BEST WHITE?

Now, because the examination of the black and white sexo-aesthetic specifics neither presents us with an EQUAL body of referent definitives (i.e., black legends) nor a comparable or LIKE body (as with positives to weigh against positives), we are trapped by a preoppressive habit pattern of thought (a conditioned psychic stimulus-response pattern) which must be worn to extinction, or to empirical par, before we can assume a state-of-nature relationship exists. It should be hoped that the correcting of this anomaly will involve and be assisted by, as it were, an in-kind stimulus-response conditioning (or preoppressive thought pattern) in behalf of the promotionally neglected black sexo-aesthetic. But, to begin, we must respond in the pattern of conditional (conditioned) psychically definitive reality from which our current illusions have taken inspiration. The aspirational focus, however, is nowise to diminish pleasure; rather, we intend to increase its incidence of dividends coincident to premium investment for the assurance of life's pursuit of happiness. That is, hopefully, there is no question as to whether or not we SHOULD SHED any magnificent obsession -- for a no-gain in dream-built bliss; while, yet, some may have trouble adjusting to our dimensions. For we are here to admit of the Copernican rather than pretend to a Ptolemaic universal family of man.

WHOM WAS MY PSYCH PROF PSYCH-ING? (or, Why Blacks Like Pork Chops)

He began by saying that 'Food is equated with love in the human psyche ... and we have an affinity (preference) for white foods'. And he made specific reference of milk & bread (not milk & honey and/or bread & butter. Does anybody know why butter is artificially colored?). And perhaps he liked fish but not fish roe.* (We shall deal further with this & related matters in Part II.)

It would seem prima facie truth, particularly in our American setting where the ratio is ten-to-one or greater and where a number of status factors contribute to further disparity, that white women look better on the average than black women.** It would seem that this IS prima facie the case in general as between blacks and whites and between blacks and non-blacks; otherwise, the whiteward value-orientation and preference leaves much to be desired in terms of an explanation for the overall whiteward ego-parallelism & libido attraction. It is as a case of reverse eclipse.

The composit case would seem to be that sometimes you look up and some white woman just looks so damn good you wonder what else she does (or THEY DO); another time you look up and some black woman looks so damn good you've just got to have some of that, and you have a hunch you know what ELSE is. And it's obvious if you bother to ask: That the specific, if not generic, item just looks to be had (is appealing), & in purely human terms this means 'all systems go'.

The singular promotion-prone case (a la Psych Prof) presents us with a psychic world of oral primacy (or, perhaps gizzard primacy, but at any rate perhaps we have a case for conspicuous consumption, and for hog maws). The Psych Prof would have been equally right had he said that eating is an expression of pure & total love (& man never eats in the dark, if he can help it), but it is out-weighted by self-love, and equally a course to possess and not be possessed. Accordingly, it is the recourse of the emotionally insecure and/or immature and of the aggrandizement-prone. It is akin to the egocentricism of infancy, as well, and to all Freudianly revered statuses predicated upon an inverse dependency. The farmer and the cook are dependent upon the (source of) food, but they are the more important; yet they may kill each other over either a morsel or a mate. It is the orientation of the predator (& of the greatest of all predators who are predatory on their own kind), of the king of the jungle & and cock of the walk. And it might seem that NATURE has given to the predator this orientation of being the most beautiful (or superbly ugly, both are awesome 'forces' as we shall note further on, Part II) (It is also interesting in this respect to note the paranoid as the subjective beauty & conqueror on whom the coin has flipped, and who in consequence is haunted by the prospect of being subjected to his own, or would-be, predation -- who might otherwise enjoy the humbler role except for the basic (paramount) predator's orientation, the two orientations nakedly juxtaposed in one psyche inducing progressive schizophrenia). The predator, of course, loves his meal; it is at that point practically a part of himself, and he would be the loser if

* Maybe when the 1st whites (since its a segregated program) reach the first inhabited planet, they will be taken as something like crab or lobster in soft shell -- not that they might'n't later try cuttlefish.

** When the systems are 'go', presence looks better than absence, feels better, too. That which makes (concluded on final page)

he felt otherwise. The love-hate coin flips accordingly.

The infant, also, loves the fulfilling mother -- next to himself, and as a part of himself. But, in fact, many (if not any) mothers will do: it's the fulfillment that counts (accounts for) the fulfiller's receipt of favor. Preference (love??), then, is already predicated upon an acknowledged (or acknowledgeably felt) luxury of fulfillment referents.

No doubt, the Psych Prof was projecting quite a bit, nonetheless (as no one will accuse me of). Few of us enjoy fat as opposed to lean, or, again, fish, & chicken, & pork (enjoy just so-so favor) as opposed to beef & lamb, & veal. However, his point has implicit practical acceptability in terms of "peaches & cream" complexions, "banana splits", "apple pie", and "strawberry-sour/whipped cream" associations. Or, it is less true in terms of meats (& breads), more true in terms of fruit-vegetable (&dessert) combinations. So, then, we may associate this referent of our white beauty with a kind of psychic hunger, or expansive, imperialistic appetite. There are of course both delightful and nauseous exceptions to all these associations.

But who is to say whether or not this is essentially true psychic registry? We know that the alcoholic has a certain fixation related to this area, and we know as well that there is an aggressive element involved, internalized (as in the etiology of ulcers) or externalized (as in the inclination to bite & much apparent vocal aggression), and we know that mouth-to-mouth (kissing) expression of affection seems to have a long history of application in the Western World (although the African is better equipped for it), and we know that the mouth is both the primal weapon and the primal medium of succor. Is it any wonder why psychic energies hereto affixed are fraught with such ambivalence, and accordingly conducive to insatiability, angelic beneficence & demonic madness, and with marked interchangeability? And, yet, what do we (I) really KNOW? Haven't we sort of edged from esthetics to epistemology? Lets again become laymen (it's a lot of fun sometimes).

There is generally a softer look, or aura, about the white woman (face excepted in many instances, with particular emphasis on nose, mouth, & eyes; prominent cheekbones in boxshaped heads are also detractors), encouraged by both a greater fattiness and/or less visible muscularity and by the loud visual impact a la dough, fruitmeat, fishmeat, cream, etc. (the meat, or flesh, index here enjoying what is obviously a multiply associative magnetism). Softness is equated with reception; consequently, we have a psychic index (or sensation syndrome) of light reaching out to be received and saying something of the receptiveness of its center, or of its point of departure: An advertisement.

But I think there is an expectation --- a willingness to be pleased involved here, on the part of the beholder, notwithstanding that pleasure is to be found in (& referently inspired by) the better models. It is nevertheless somewhat as between the layman and the celebrity: A willing suspension of the critical faculty & entertainment of illusion to be satisfied by the stimulus rather than displeased or upset adversely. This is again indicative of the HUMAN need, beyond mere racial considerations, for MORE -- to have and (be) hold (e.g., eyes bigger than stomach) cornucopias for the vast hunger of the spirit. And this ordeal spiritual is characteristic of all the human orifices.

There is probably a more advantageous overall distant first impression effect created by the whiteness, attributable apparently to the blur of focus which improves upon texture. But then when you look closely you'll see the blue veins; or they will see you and frown in anticipation of your noticing the flashing light waves. This detracts from royalty quite a bit, and the flush. And sour milk blotches often go with the blue - & real goose pimples - which may have been the inspiration for Roquefort or blue cheese, if not for Limburger. There's then also the hair again - or down - sometimes standing, misfortunately prominent at time on such unlikely places as the nose and ear rims. But one must keep in mind our bits and pieces hypothesis; nor should one build up such a case against anyone to preclude getting to know them, also being mindful that total beauty is the province of the dark.

One other problem I have found with non-black women is that they bruise too easily, probably largely a matter of visibility, but the fact of high visibility in this regard makes them poor wrestling partners. This incidence may incline their men to be overly loquacious in disputes, which is not a manly role, but, otherwise, you get henpecked and/or ulcered. On the other hand, I would say generally that black women see no advantage in their being shy, retiring, and silent. But it makes a goodly enticing legend. In the matter of sunbathing, which most people enjoy, the transformations of the whites in many cases far outstrip the ability of darker peoples for change. But there are those who get lobster red, or simply cannot expose themselves to sunlight. In general, though, the tanning admittance of whites is an enviable bargain, except, of course, as one must later endure a highly visible and often irritating peeling. But doubtless this is preferable to remaining always milky, which must at times make one feel quite like a fat wet rag and tomorrow's corpse.

Blackness, on the other hand, presents one with little margin for change; the major change is toward a bleaching aspect, which creates the impression of another kind of sickness and another kind of corpse. It is pretty much a categorical fact that one cannot escape blackness healthwise. Most blacks, however, are prima facie some shade of brown much to their regret. That is, they would probably rather be some shade of brown, but not because these present the better appearance; rather, just to escape 'the curse of blackness'. But, obviously, there is a wide range of browns that's just blah, and one must have skin of very good texture to be impressively good-looking. Good texture naturally complements the complexion whatever the case. The use of powder is not only to reduce the shine but also to simulate a kind of fluffy texture, not the same thing as whitening up, and, in fact, cosmetologists have, as it were, become a bit more considerate of black women in recent years by offering a greater color range of applicant -- as similarly with stocking manufacturers; only, it seems that someone has said that dress stocking should be those bone uppers.* I submit, however, that unless one covers everything including the face, if black women can't look properly dressed in stockings that match their complexions, they can't look dressed properly. I think it's a conspiracy. But the alternative is between shoes, pocketbook, & gloves, which, when a black woman wears a white dress, would demand white shoes (silver, glass???, etc.). And the handbag could be a wide range of complements or opposites.

*These look especially bad on thin women, white women for sure, but most especially on those lithe thin black ninth-wonder/full growth curves.

Again, blackness minimizes apparent skin blemishes in themselves (though insisting more assuredly upon good texture). One of the induced problems of some blacks is caused by shaving, which ruins a skin insufficiently tough to cope with the defensive reaction of a really tough & thickly clustered finely curling type of hair. In regard to skin color, I suspect that the opacity of darker skin contributes to a kind of generalized estrangement. The degree of opaqueness that precludes the blue effect of veins, presents a goodly solid-seeming affect of durable finish (or hide???) advises inquiry that would see through the wall that it must enter by another means. This fact of opacity may be conducive to some neglect (cleanliness is of course solidly indoctrinated in blacks), on the one hand (minimal familiarity), and to preclusive other- (& phallic) orientation under spell of narcissism on the other. Of course, there is considerable emphasis upon form and physical fitness among blacks, especially among males. Consistency of tone, or shade, is rare (since most of us wear clothes most of the time). And the lighter areas of blacks look generally sickly in comparison to the darker. Here again sun exposure is rather essential for healthier and consistent appearance. When one is dark one must get darker to improve upon looks (since it is difficult if not impossible to change the texture); it is no less true regarding lighter persons. Reference here is to the focussed appearance rather than to the blur.

The best looks are of course a trilogy of assets: Good form, texture, and color; all of which are singly rare, and rarer still in combination; which is why the whitewash generally commends itself. But we shall examine the gestalt more thoroughly in Part II.

In point of fact, complexions are mystifying phenomena and again little or nothing significant. The complexion of the white is a mediocre achievement if we consider that the complexion of archetypal man was approximately that of mammal skin beneath the hair; correspondingly, the hair of whites would seem a similarly mediocre achievement in point of comparative evolution -- as is the fact of dorsal fall and/or of the gluteus maximus muscle (buttocks). On the other hand, the complexion of the black is a magnificent achievement, and correspondingly the specificities of hair, lips, dorsal fall, buttocks, etc. In respect to eyes Two characteristics of many blacks, the apparent lack of hip development and of muscle in the lower tibial (leg) area have contributed to some disparagement of appearance. The hip accentuation of the white corresponds to the buttock accentuation of the black, more or less, and the wider ranges of differences would seem to reflect corresponding tendencies to collect fatty deposits in these areas; the differential with blacks, however, is more conducive to graceful (& fleet) rhythmic motion.

What we have in terms of black humanity is a fascinating (legend) story of human evolution (whether or not aboriginal man was black, which is less likely than that he was somewhat brownish). Looking back, we must see a hairy manlike creature who was at first too hairy to admit of significant skin tanning, some of whom undertook a gradual dispersal before this gene factor became hereditary. The climates of subsequent settlements, however, were not conducive to tanning, or to only very little, and in some cases led instead to a bleaching. And, accordingly, it may seem probable that climatic conditions account for both skin bleaching and hair bleaching; however, it is possible in both cases that a different species, or type, was involved in some early group dispersal. In any event, later conditions checked hair-shedding for some to provide

(afford) some protection against weather conditions, no doubt. However, whereas we find blacks largely indigenous to torrid zones and being the least hairy of humans, we find that the overwhelming majority of animals of these zones quite hairy; notable exceptions (mammals) are the elephant, rhino, & hippo, who are also indigenously Torrid Zone animals. Yet, so is the ape, it seems, a creature of the tropics - and reputedly man's ancestor - yet apes like most other mammals are engrossingly hairy (with the chesty exception of the great ape, to which man seems to have taken exception). What it would seem to indicate on the part of blacks is a fantastic degree of selective breeding with emphasis on hairlessness, but the connection between minimal body hair and kinkiness would seem patently beyond explanation -- or even speculation, except that no doubt this is the toughest of the tough and grows in a manner that defies, even challenges, extinction. This type hair exists no where else in the state of nature except on the bodies of blacks. And the mystery of its advent may well involve man's compulsive nakedness and spiritual aspirations, as rudimentarily indexed by human sensory experience and sensibilities. Nakedness is undoubtedly the more desirable state of exchange in man's interpersonal relationships; just as it would seem that the loud report of flesh is the more desirable state, as surrogate and visually (psychically, tonally) magnified nakedness.

(This is of course a further conditional expression of the aspirational propensity. It is also a good reason why in human terms the esthetic consideration is better designated *sexo-esthetic*; for, although the nakedness affinity has some spiritual implication, at the core of the will-to-nakedness are the mating & universal kinship drives (escape from loneliness & isolation) which must necessarily register most mightily as sexual stimulus-response -- until such time as the erotogenic factors become generalized (less localized and/or heavily concentrated as the oral, anal, phallic indices). But since generalization seems to militate against the reproductive function and/or fulfillment, it would seem imperative that the superior sensory faculty - & brain - develop concomitantly with the otherwise physical faculty for generalized (e.g., fissionable) procreation. The alternative would be something on the order of immortality. Accordingly, life may currently be in one of its extreme formalities of polarity, as predicated upon reproductive specialization - sex roles - and individualism. It is a further matter of speculation as to what sort of universal peace the other side of this or the next evolutionary arc may admit of.)

BLACK TO MR. BLACK, et al.

He is continually somehow denigrated as per custom in the socio-historical framework. And these detractions are accordingly the more painful the greater the identification with the detractors. He has been associated with a group whose approach to group-assertion has been to form a separate camp; thusly implicitly defining two camps. And he has taken an initial strength and assurance from the opportunities afforded thereby for positive group emphasis and self-enhancement. But this is after all only a temporary expedient, a chance to organize oneself, to re-group, to catch one's breath. And the real test of strength is in the field again.

He reasons rightly in this context that self-enhancement cannot obtain apart from social enhancement. And the enhancement with which he is herein concerned is *prima facie* manhood. The significant factor is not his manly quality in itself but its social significance, i.e. the significance it derives from the legend of its sleeping partner, or the flight fantastic legend of the mating increase.

Superficially, this seems to put considerable burden on Mrs. B. for the improvement of group (social) prestige, both in semblance & in fact. The focus here is ultimately on body relationships, which interaction is predicated upon the promising experience of some referent beauty. Mr. B. has decided that advertisement creates need by creating legends of fulfillment, humanity being ever susceptible to notions of progressive happiness and/or comfort. And the leading advertisement IS the *sexo-esthetic*. Consequently, there is here an implied double standard that both favors and disfavors woman, the perennial advertisement, both its perpetrator and its victim. Mrs. B. is more victim than beneficiary (the point is not that whites also suffer from this illusion promotion but that almost all blacks, women especially, suffer, i.e., the characteristically black woman has least adaptability to the promotional glorification of woman because the focus is least intended to apply to her); therefore, she needs her own public relations man and advertising firm. The notion, however, of the advertisement is essentially the vernacular (and specific) of the programmatic promotion of humanly (culturally) expressive mode -- the difference of human image warranting, as in some part deriving from, a different modal life. But there is at least an implicit qualitative difference between advertising and programmatic cultural promotion; the former is communicatively artifacted promotion, while the latter is expressively *bona fide* definitive.

At any rate, as with Mrs. B.'s case, the remedial attempt to approximate the known favorite, or the promotionally popular, is a well-known recourse. This generally involves less apparent pain & strain -- less risk, talent, creativity, courage -- but obviously the real accomplishment is to be original. And it is the original that generally enjoys a priority of prestige. Accordingly, Mr. B. is insisting upon an original version of Mrs. B., a true-to-the-self person. It is what many men insist upon as a matter of degree.

The circumstance that gives to white women the race's edge is very very inescapably a matter of resentment for most blacks; for if one believes in the equality of the races (from self-belief derives group belief & vice versa), then black discovery & recovery is an imperative. Instead, one is so totally given the pathos & sympathy treatment it is difficult to get beyond resentment and anger; in turn, far too often the anger and resentment seems directed in no less than equal degree at one's self & one's group. Herefrom derives the put-down that so many revel in. The self-group-directed put-down is an expression of disownership, of disassociating responsibility for these, and a statement that they are not to be included on the scale that gauges one's own prestige and that of some choice others. And it is an expression of impotence in the absence of creative par positivism. But, on the other hand, the recovery too often leaps to the other extreme of bombast. This is apparently the nature of human nature. Aided by the congenial luxury of a sober circumstantial time, we should then expect a humorous filtering out of absurdities to affect the comfortable synthesis.

The anchorage in the meanwhile seems to be resentment and envy. This is evident in the case of Armstrong. The gerund condition is rarely that of blind hate; ambivalence describes the continuum. One white girl, for instance, spread the rumor that I hated white women (thereby robbing me of several delights). That I, fond of women, should hate 90% of those in my milieu is ridiculous -- unless I was indeed a very warped person. If one must pointedly ASK me, the answer is hell, yes, I like white women. Why? because (when they are women!!! white!!! or women!!! black!!! or women!!! oriental!!!) there is almost always more to like than to dislike as per intensity of personal knowledge. The PRIORITY preference other than as it exists on a temporal (or, say, GEOPHIGRAPHIC) order is a highly compounded psychic consideration for this black in this depressed racist setting of ten-to-one ratio. Naturally it is more honestly resolved by person rather than by theory -- by relative availability within the circumscribed sphere of movement, influenced, of course by social or artificial (non-personally emotional of low threshold) factors.

I have now, for instance, been a bachelor for five years, which for me is ridiculous on a lot of counts. And, on the other hand, I can name a lot of reasons why I may continue to be a bachelor. Still, what is apparent is that both the TEN and the ONE in terms of the ratio are fictitious; more nearly it would be theoretically twenty-to-one, but practically -- as to person-to-person experience of nominally qualified magnetism -- only about four or three to one. But, then, as one may feel obliged to eliminate three or two of the other group for personal reasons, it is highly unlikely that the one of the self-group has more apparent virtues than the remainder of the other group, except that she is black -- a matter of some social & psychic comfort, we'll say. But obviously it is of considerable importance how such person styles her blackness. If it seems she is leaning too much away from rather than toward it, the social comfort may obtain, as it were, but the psychic comfort is shot, and the preferential scale is wholly (basically) a matter of social conformity. The true-to-the-self matter is nevertheless another continuum of truth. And the person superior to the environment is rare enough to be incompatibly individualistic. So, in essence, it becomes a question of which instance in favor of which to compromise. And one waits and waits hoping for the better deal.

To continue, the black person does not generally -- I submit -- resent (or hate) PERSON until person becomes CIRCUMSTANCE. This is the circumstance of presumption & supercilious high-handedness by the racially oriented person who is indisposed to make an objective assessment of individual merit, his own as well. The confrontation by one who has swallowed the whole prejudice bag unleashes the four winds of psycho-social apocalyptic dehumanization upon one, and it is hardly essentially a human encounter; one has met a programed thing that is presumptuous, peremptory, immune to (or allergic to) de-intoxication, and monumentally status warrantied; which is much too much to accredit right off the bat. The total superiority orientation accounts for the other fellow as a nobody on whom time & energy is not to be wasted; therefore, he's expected to have swallowed this identity mixture, or to be superciliously inclined to insinuate up on individual consideration. That is, he wants and NEEDS to be recognized as superior to apparent operational definitions, and to force this symbol of superiority to ack-

knowledge having been reached in the human part by a human of the true superior quality to which the symbol pretends.

In the case of white women and black men (& black women & white men) in this context, the white orientation faces the standing bedroom challenge as fostered by legend, which insinuates of superior vitalism, or style, as it suffers the insinuation of superior material in general. In consequence, both black and white women suffer rape obsessions, the white man raping the black woman attesting to the superiority of style, and the black man raping the white woman attesting to the superiority of material. This framework obviously nurtures a correspondence of female ambivalence. By and large, women worry more about other physical injury than localized sex organ laceration in the rape incidence. The anxiety of black women is focused upon the fact of general lack of respect for person, otherwise the ultimate in exploitation and denuding of dignity. White women, on the other hand, while enjoying a general luxury of prestige, must suffer the anxiety of a greater desperation on the part of the rapist, the reversal of exploitation roles, the greater descent from atmospheric posturing, and the greater contempt of the rapist in the event of disenchantment. In addition, there's the prospect of negotiating unceremoniously the big penis & the subsequent marathon. All of which affords an opportunity for self-assurance as to desirability, especially appealing to the homelier women.

But, significantly, on the negative side, are the factors of ambivalence, resentment for possible exchange of resolve, along with envy in the prevailing stimulus air, and of contempt as the net response to naked disillusionment. And on the positive side, titillations ad infinitum, and vicarious illusionary fulfillments in support of the availability of bliss. The fact that the more vain white women look and expect to be raped by black men, and even as sweethearts crave to be 'taken' in a tacitly understood simulation of rape, is the most emphatic statement of the (ambivalent, dichotomous) need to be and have possession in total. Ironically, however, black men who do this do not get accused of hating, but rather of loving, white women -- except for what some analytical geniuses have called the black man's revenge in bed (to which we shall return in Part II). But even if it is the black man's revenge, it sure as hell is also the white woman's vindication.

Beyond this, positively, any person will resent the circumstance which degrades his feeling for another person. The resentment may focus upon an object that epitomizes the circumstance resented, negatively, or seek to resolve itself (temporarily) thru favor & reception of similar object so disposed, positively. But the basic resentment is for the circumstance. A person can either become focal object of this resentment or the source of its relief. In general, it is psychically impossible to hate an entire people; they would have to be virtual robots & exact duplicates. But hate and resentment can build up considerably, fed by the prevailing circumstance, in the absence of intimate personal experience, the opportunity to counter-assert & to be availed to someone (appreciate) personally experience the blissful engredient. In fact, the circumstance being of such great tenacity and so little being done so slowly to define and enhance the black beauty (derogation continuing), the white PERSON is, if not the only, the most handy and convenient relief available. In consequence, we witness what would seem some apparent contradiction of aim when the fierce black fighters in the race

struggle -- when it comes to this -- marries white.* Clinically, it is not; however, the marriage must be the source of some embarrassment, and there is also the possibility of the mate running interference.

The other part of the picture is that the black person also resents the other black person (possible partner) for that person's impotence & inability to right things, as well as for the lack of social prestige that may inhere; for, although it is more enviable and possibly prestigious to inter-marry, it is still more socially acceptable to marry, as it were, in kind, but less defiant of the enemy, or of the inimical circumstances. That is, in many cases fame AND infamy are preferable to mediocrity. The former afford the greater emotional exercise for the stronger spirits, and represent in miniature -- not unconditional surrender but -- a peace pact (& mutual agreement regarding occupation of territory). And this may be a more practical resolution of ambivalence.

The more difficult resolution is between black person & black person. He or she may be able to do little for one by way of relieving the circumstantial resentment unless both are artists in the play of life. They may be less in need of the recognition each has to offer the other. Again, it is a matter of person rather than circumstance providing the easement. But because the availability of black to blacks is greater, the possibility of strong positive intimate feelings obtaining is also greater, as well as the contrary. And we might also allow for a higher level of ambivalence; this latter admits of transference, from black to white and from white to black; both mating instances admitting of the ultimate in immediate relief of the resentment of kind, as representative of circumstance.

There is then a bond among black people to work at loving above all existing par, apart from the more broadly social and binding racial ties. And the indices of preference are commonly referred to in such terms as soul, rhythm, movement, nitty-gritty, cool, folks, with-it, etc. This constitutes a part of the home-spun tonal aspiration of mystique, sufficient to intrigue anyone within range who is inclined to seek the positive of human affirmation. Just what is being said at all times is far from apparent, but it seems pretty obvious that, given a note of ethnocentrism (in the prevailing atmosphere), blacks will make the most of it with the least encouragement. The pattern suggests also that those who decry miscegenation because of the poor state of the black image (what other reasons are there??) have only to gain by its improvement, as such improvement further fosters the ethnic affinity.

If it seems that I attribute some increment of sexual prowess to blacks, this may reflect my own purchase of the super-potent black image. Fact or fancy (we shall review this in Part II), one might allow that the power of positive thinking may be somehow responsible for a phenomenon of affective need. And it can be said with good cause that there has been resistance continuously against being unblack in contra-distinction to the ascribed white sub-sexual capacity, among other instances.

To create and/or entertain a mystique is to wish and dream. We know that these do not always show forth as truth, but for many the orientation is irresistibly fascinating, compelling, & heuristic. And in

*Black PERSON must also be seen as the most convenient relief for whites, a need to give of the self & experience total (microcosmic) peace -- in (tacit) acceptance as superior material availed to enjoy its catalyst.

today's world, the most unchartered realms are the provinces of black humanity (upwards of 500 millions), and it is in this area more than any other that there remains to be defined most of what remains apparent to be defined of the human conditional aspiration. The prospect of these knowledges is fascinating without parallel. This is further reason why the healthy choice of partnership of blacks today is greater than ever -- apart from standing mystiques and least-resistance grippers, like two black people getting in bed together is a giant step toward the preacher, if they haven't already been. For to most blacks the fascination of the future looks black, which isn't bleak. After all, if you were young and strong and had your choice, wouldn't you rather be black? Do I sense someone looking up and about???

The choice is not altogether simple, however. For instance, for two decades I have enquired of numerous females as to why they didn't wear their hair natural; mostly the response has been that it wouldn't look right (I've had qualms in view of social censorship in addition because I've always worn my hair 'high' & bushy & there have been times when women seemed to have described an arc of rejection in passing). However, I could not understand why the collective body of black women persisted in the straightening, except for deep psychic reasons of attachment to the fetishes (hot comb, pins & paraphernalia) and to the process itself that gave such ceremony to hair-doing as appealed deeply to feminine temperament -- by default of polar modality. The expense, time, & agony (the embarrassing hide-away necessity, & the absolute ludicrous results in 80% of cases -- purporting to create cascades but producing only scant waterfalls, purporting to disguise or hide behind the waterfalls all evidence of the true nature of the terrain, but if hidden only in moments of stiff self-consciousness -- of squeezing the neck into the shoulders, otherwise showing beneath the ragged carpet the native substance violated to achieve the ludicrous, a wincing revelation.

Moreover, I know that many a black man has given good counsel to his female companion to no avail. The women don't (didn't & don't) do this to please men AT ALL, but to simulate some outer reality corresponding to the orientation of their psyches, which clearly represents proposal over disposal. In contrast, acceptance for black men has been the boy-cut, or 'peanut', as long as your hair was essentially kinky; even the process butchering was more acceptable than the natural kinky bush. And not only was this the position of U.S. blacks but of all those encountered -- from the West Indies and even those from Africa. The only justification would seem to have been the gearing-down to better enhance the ladies' plumage, and/or the phallic approximation of almost totally revealed headshape. But the apparent common denominator more apparent was the rejection of the hair in the natural state, permitting accordingly only minimal display of it in that state.

The choice of mode then depends a good deal upon how women choose to style themselves, and men are given to style themselves in complementary fashion. If women decided to wear collars & ties, men would have to wear a ball and chain, with spikes. And you'd be sissy-suspect if you didn't. It's not exactly like that, of course, but it would seem that women style themselves in existing fashions to make certain statements to other women (& other women's men) when these others purport to wear the mantle of cardinal social desirability; whereas, they dictate (their own) men's styles. It's a woman's world? Moreso than not.

REMINISCENCES XX ON & OF PARTING

I have been infatuated with many women (& girls) in my time. But none more than with Julie. There were, in fact, about a half dozen during the school years in New Mexico, and some I scarcely knew. But Julie I knew, though not intimately. And somehow that brush with time in another youth would not brush off. It is quite like the Irene of my pre-adolescence.

Several chums knew of my infatuation; I think Julie did, too. But it is easier to jump on than off a merry-go-round; so I could not stop for this nor any other of the other-group fascinators -- going, going around with the muddle of my commitments, mottled energies & priority designs. "I know what's wrong with Lloyd; Julie likes him and he doesn't know what to do about it," was the classic statement of '55-'56.

But, in fact, the fascination did not take hold of me so intrepidly until the summer of '56. I recall when I knew that I had been mocking time in emotional hibernation; I knew I knew, suddenly, an awareness prompting vitalistic assertiveness.

There is another school acquaintance, whom I mentioned earlier, & regarding whom, if things could more positively be done over, I would treat a bit differently -- I think, largely because I prefer to think so in honor of the vitalistic assertion, i.e., in my restrained graceful progression, I have blundered nonetheless without benefit of real accomplishments.

One blunder that did not quite stump my toe was the culmination of circumstances surrounding the inspiration for the poem "By Line Abdomen Cradle Aura Womb" (excerpted in Mr. Black, & the half in the brochure, "Rhythmic Adventures Beyond Jazz into Avocal Sound Seams", published in '65, and also in the Afro Arts Summer Festival Book, c. '67). DELORES. She had the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. And we were cast together in philoprogenitive speculation by social notice on this score. And they were set in a truly feminine, near-perfect face. She had the look of legend; a strong but softly well-formed body, and a look of such succulent young voluptuous brown gros mammalia, I always had the feeling in her presence of being trapped between those prestigiously closed paws in her presence thighs I never got between. I can't definitively say at this point why I didn't persist in making claim (not supposing either that I would have succeeded). We optimists tend to remember the pleasanter things. It was no doubt some part of my delirium; though I do recall that she was an inch or two taller than me.

Another model for the artist was a girl on campus whom I must have seen a thousand times but with whom I scarcely exchanged a thousand words.

Another of my favorite poems, "Sublimation of Summer", and a couple others took goodly inspiration from this beauty -- who was beauty in a gentle fiery sense, voluptuous yet; for this too was my period of dauntlessness of the hills & spills of female development. She was shorter, but I felt one of the more unlikely ones with whom to put the puzzle together. Though I have erred in this matter otherwise.

It is difficult to say what precisely attracted me to various girls (or women) -- a time & a place? the eager soul seeking humanity somehow for a more human exercise? the vast reflective weariness following upon legend-building, exhaustion? love? the quick fit feeling of just-right event person --- I was on the receiving end of several proposals, I recall, proposing to no one, desiring many. And yet I wanted nothing so much as to get a grip on my life.

It was in discussing my infatuation for the "summer" girl one day outside the library that I got second or third closest to Julie (never enveloped, since most of her cohorts were not attending summer school. I advised her of the other, perhaps naively, and we argued whether or not a psychopath is all mind or all emotion. And perhaps I haven't learned much since, except to avoid this kind of academic rigidity. No doubt, I would like to have felt better to have said enrapturements of present company. I was to learn later of that appeal. It was while discussing her with a broken affair fellow, bitter over the rupture, that he took it upon himself to advise me that his appeal for her was somewhat in that he had attributes of a white Lloyd, and, otherwise, that "white women find you sensuous", which I already knew. One young thing had, in fact, turned me quite about when she said she liked VOLUPTUOUS men, nothing so impressed me about that as my indisposition to be considered voluptuous; so we argued about it. But my ex-Julie's lover associate was telling me in the next breath that his impression was and/or had been that I was "A supercilious snickering nigger"; to which I could only chuckle and, disallowing my considered opinion that he was a neurotic fagot, say that his judgment was apparently by (supercilious) reference to the socio-historical Negro stereotype; for surely he & Julie had torn apart over something other than his being a supercilious snickering white Dick Gregory.

I have often wondered how many white Lloyds my associates have turned about in search of. What a waste of time, and other fillers -- though perhaps a circumstantial imperative. Then, again, I have felt at times like a demon watching the person of former associates literally go to hell; though to have stuck with them most often would've been inimical to myself (and posterity???)

What is intriguing me at the moment, though, is that if I had been asked a few months back had I ever written a poem taken inspiration from Julie, I would've said no. And it was strange that suddenly I called "Black---" Julie's poem, never before so considered, nor associated anything so concrete with my foolhardy assumptions in my ivory tower. In fact, the poem is an amalgam of abstracts, vastly soaring with the symphonic strains of myself, and where & when it touches earth it is seeking the components of of its own mystique. But as I think back on that summer of '56, into the autumn & winter, I realize that other things and this, the idea of Julie, haunted me.

That summer, '56, saw the completion of "Sublimation" and the beginning of "Black---", into '57; other poems of the period are "Carpentry", first pub. in Rosey Pool's Beyond the Blues, '62, "And Some", "The Men-Gong", "God The Odd-Grown Power", Beau-Cocoa, vol. 1, no. 1, "The Love Moves In" and "The Poet Talks to a Face", Umbra, winter, '63, and a score of others.

At the core of my intrigue, I suspect that I knew somehow that '56 would be the last summer for quite a while. Only a dream can fill such a long winter. That dream has surely stood illusion-erect a couple thousand times since, as indeed it did that summer, and entered into the estranged wife again; all of which she refused to admit, and these were last entrances & exits. I was left holding many illusions' renewal, and many more begging fulfillment or disillusionment. But there have been times when the illusion, compulsively entertained, prematurely vanished, and I knew thereby that the reality registered psychic rejection; the bewildering part of which was (IS) that I would want so terribly the many legendary instances that admit of bliss -- want not to believe I didn't have a pair when someone opened so invitationally totally white-heat, saying, 'Are you in or out?'

And it is compoundedly ironic that there are times when a woman whose embrace I enjoy so thoroughly will tell me she suspects I have no respect for her BECAUSE of my ever apparent readiness to go to bed. Actually, I have refrained from pursuit of a number of women because, although I may have admired something about them overall, I had little respect for them sufficient to sustain the mating metamorphosis (& at other times, Mr. Hyde was playing it fair & square in the open). And I have severally become disenchanted of instances compulsively or fascination flightily joined because THAT became more work than fun. If the party is stupid, of course, the circumstance would seem to speak for itself, but that is not always the case, not significantly. But stupid is many things, and can often be simply, but deflatingly, a point of view. Bodies sometimes appear to be soulless in respect to their numbness. I have found, however, that loneliness & abstinence increase the body's sensitivity considerably, creates practically a new person, having as well considerable effect on patterns of thought; it's no wonder that such divine companionship materializes occasionally when two lonely people accept each other. However, without a goodly respect for the woman, the sad aspect of manliness, according to my experience, is too soon imponently diminished.

The workloads I have whittled away at have naturally delimited my experiences -- by priority, frequency, & duration -- with the girls. It has always been so, married or not, except for terribly compulsive periods of meeting the challenge of overall delightful company. The poem, "Black---" speaks of it, "And they are there/ in the songs I shall have, to write/ to release my soul for the agony of being/ beauty's alien man/", which is definitive, and some.

There have been a number of possible companions I would've approached or pursued more avidly but didn't for reasons other --- and aside from what might be termed a basically ambivalent nature. Most important is the aura of the person to say, though they may be intelligent, ambitious, & attractive, unless they were apparently creatively engaged to affect a personal qualitative equipoise on their own, as between ambition

and social status, I could nowise assume more than a hot moment of comradeship which, at that, would very likely be forbiddingly costly to me in both time & finance, and, in effect, entertained merely due to an hypnosis of proposed motion.

Too often overall my position has amounted to a predisposition to feel that my milieu did not admit of the type person compatible to my peculiar circumstances-- sans time, sans funds, sans will to eat, drink & be merry, for tomorrow ... (we return to work). Even now, although ambition abounds around me (there are persons working two & more jobs to purchase homes, autos, steep the bank account, etc.), it is not of the same order, and, in fact, we are at basic odds. Only something of the religious faith I spoke of earlier could sustain such a concretely imbalanced union. And, needless to say, I have not met such a person. I have scarcely, in fact, even met anyone with what I would consider a nominal interest in the naked fact of my evidential development; for my milieu is essentially defensive and starved for personal credits and conspicuous symbols of exceptional style. I have met several who would have me dedicate myself to their development & interests, meaning the limbo lid, except thru fantastic good fortune, when ordinary fortune has seldom called on me. And, further, I submit that it is never wise & seldom practical to trust entirely in the resource of one person for deliverance of life's equivalent or surrogate or vicarious successes. The greatest religions seem to fail in this respect, where faith is commended to perfection.

An accounting for what might seem the forced twist of circumstance to affect a stance of discomfort here would direct the attention to the fact that, firstly, there is implicit in-group focus by priority of aspiration, and, secondly, although blacks may not be the most mercenary persons, they are necessarily the most materially disadvantaged and least accorded opportunity guarantees (it should be remembered that the African is by and large communally oriented, but very possibly the same black under different circumstances could become the greediest of capitalists). Furthermore, such concrete resources would seem to take on obsessional plus-value for blacks, as with all Jones-chasers, and for reasons that may even touch upon esthetic sensibilities, such as indices of visual transcendence. But the overall leader is the materialist seiteist, from which ratings most readily take reference.

I hesitate to say that this circumstance is conducive to spiritual impoverishment, because surely I am aware of human instances who are IN the race but not OF the race, i.e., have transcended the apparent petty reductio ad absurdum of this kind of scramble, which is in effect a kind of Faustian bargain. In the case of blacks, to have considerable economic power is no doubt significant (more significant where it is independent enterprise), but overall the scramble, if scramble there must be, should not lose one's sight of the coffers into which the lion's share of the economy pours. The plain fact is that with every purchase (almost, because of the lack of black enterprise), no matter how much one thinks the item will do for him in particular -- as in setting him apart from other blacks -- he is bearing many layers of profit into pockets that quite doubtlessly few blacks would knowingly directly contribute. One need only reflect upon the sad incidence of black businesses to appreciate how tightly WITHHOLDING, how thoroughly covetous, of the nickels & dime margins of profit are the merchants who deal in the poorest possi-

ble goods and the greatest possible contempt for black patronage.

Not only is there a dearth of black businesses in major shopping areas, and areas of essentially integrated population, but even in solid black areas. Of course, the foreigners were there first -- with every intention of remaining aloof; witness the changes Adam Clayton Powell & others had to undergo in the '40s to get a few black sales-girls in stores along 1-2-5 Street. The foreigners didn't want any of us even close to the inside doings. Naturally, this element (wholesalers, suppliers, retailers, etc.) offer a lot of excuses as to why blacks can't seem to get in the know & flow (amounting mostly to a lack of cash, credit, & know-how). What we know, of course, is that the SECRETS are well guarded. One day we look up and the old foreigner has gone -- dead or otherwise -- and a new foreigner with big eyes, money-green, repugnantly endures us for awhile. The word went out, "If you know somebody ---" Otherwise, families begin and end making that wretched hard know-how money. And there is seemingly some great fear, in spite of the stacked deck, that the exploited will get hip to counting by nickels & dimes, as well as for the purported necessity of a multiplicity of police elements in the NEIGHBORHOOD, 95% out-of-image character.

But one day some black cat is going to come up with a liberation campaign, "Independence by date, or ---"

But the particulars of this is just the spell of love and hate. My chief consideration has been otherwise spelled, transcending this; although the spirit must depend upon the matter somewhat; without further begging negativisms, we shall leave it.

And since arrival and departure must have dominion, having arrived back home after our little excursion thru young life's concerns, asking that our trespasses be forgiven, let us conclude Part I in this time and place.

Harlem, U.S.A.
August, '69

(CONCLUDING NOTE: Recap: That which makes/ the heart grow fonder is the beloved who is the current event of fantasy -- out-of-time in place, i.e., present absence is timelike; absent presence is spacelike. In terms of color, pigmentwise, we know that black is the presence of all colors -- white, the absence; lightwise, white is the presence, black the absence. But color is not something one can touch, like pigment of itself, i.e. it is in fact only a relative aspect of light (we shall explore this a bit further in Part II). Nevertheless, we KNOW that we can feel colored bodies, black or white; so that, in effect, both present us with total presence. However, with a little twist of the psyche, it is altogether possible that we could be made to feel that white bodies are not bodies at all, but, like light, non-spacelike & non-tactile. The point is, if I stand away from my blackness to be objective, whereas objectivity may inhere, general preferential choice will elude. The dilemma then coheres since I know black is not a namebrand but (a la Mr. Black) the brand X. And we have only to name it -- say -- Beau-Cocoa and improvement is guaranteed. I leave the reader to decide the % of fighters to switchers.)

MYSTIQUE

Inspired poles' particularity to contrast
her billionth point.tilt vital bulb beauty field
where she is
ideal: she is black

she is
to behold: The flower:
black figure-field
to open as were a sky
balm of a brilliant summerweal

and here are carriages winding to market
and market caravans home --
and here are rainbows going to be black
in the loam of the nightbed upsky ---

on tiptoe the head in heaven like a vector
the African female --

Have eyes burning in the heat burned up
each day of her special meaning redoubt
seeing the woman
all wonder is about?

Each foreign object passing thru the field of iris
lends of the heart a girl relative to this

and what is the feeling revulsion: fro from
compulsion to --
seized nearly on nerve: this veri-terri-fying
blackberry woman!

come, say the curves, the rhythm exponential
dare any delight here more ---?

And are you mystified of that: beauty: black mystique ---?
pollenates the air: that wears this fertility fancy
even loving, nearly everyone has: consuming need
as many summer eyes huntsman brave of seed
that are strong for black

Over & enough --
if thru shut-in silences somewhere her listening ears
honor the sunrise
I will come from love leaving compulsion developments aprised:
black & naked is the tigress I can't let go
& this fear is planted in the seed, out-mounting the eyes

there is the tingle to take
and my sounds so lonely that must have the private image
go looking long, wind & lee, over the imagery of dreamcake

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N. Y. 10030. Since '67

& buttons & buttons on the bellies of feeling
say: PRESS HERE: when in doubt without the empirical
poetry of love without love makes no sense --
condense it
with so much opal capacity to fit --
love? is only the give-&-take of this conditional tense

And am I mystified
for lee/seeing wind.ohs inamored image of these wonders,
O, Love --

But, say ---
all at once a girl upon a time loves
in amored deletions cunning gestures of guesses disposed,
engagement strategem deployed

her eye deals handsomely with some simply simple foreground figure

and am I not perhaps special? he asks/ to behold
though beholding to
what horrendous unknown deep notions
whirl in a girl's emotions

where they are
ideal: they are love
and at a point.tilt inner distance tremble
though time-filled, not to disassemble

they are
a slender figure-fieldful
all over this privacy, the storm

The following programs are presented in cooperation with the City of New York, Hon. John V. Lindsay, Mayor; Hon. Constance B. Motley, Borough President of Manhattan; Board of Education; Department of Parks; Department of Real Estate; Youth Council of 28th Precinct, Police Department and the Office of Economic Opportunity of Federal Government.

PROSPECTUS ON POETRY PROGRAM

LLOYD ADDISON

During the course of the poetry program, from 6 to 8 PM, Tuesdays thru Sundays in Mount Morris Park under the auspices of the Afro-Arts Cultural Centre, Mr. Lloyd will read from the following of his literary works:

NOVELS:

Long Armstrong Prong Song - (Aspiring black writer in Service meets and marries German girl)

Naked Love-Knot - (2 young army buddies now out of college and seeking a qualitative plane of self-expression in life become Investigators in the N. Y. C. Dept. of Welfare ...)

I Gotta --- (Tennessee Harry Rush has sustained a back injury while driving a taxi -- has playback reminiscences of past life while being rent by jealous y of young wife and concern about Negro strain in gr. parent lineage...)

Moon of the Open Date Window - (Young architectural genius tries to reconcile tortifying drives with aims for social status & beautiful but disaffected childhood fiancée in psychoanalytic setting ...)

PROSE POEMS:

In Whom I'm Well Pleased - (Young poet falls in love with elderly cousin's young wife while struggling to make good and to resolve situation with own estranged wife & son)

Black in Search of Beauty - (Highly impressionistic rendering of black poet's search for identity & attempt to affect emotional congruence of 'soul-mating' with black women -- a memo on the new legend of the black sex-aesthetic)

POEMS ad infinitum:

Bee-lack Rhythm and Front (Jazz) Touch-sight Aura, By Line Abdomen, In New York, Face of Desperation, Campaign for the Sixth Weight, A Lyad in One, Design of a Woman, Between the Grace's Beauty, Debt, Men-gong, Ocean Sonata, Carpentry, Umbra, The Sea Lake Mischico ... /many more/...

SUBJECTS FOR DISCUSSION: Beauty, black and white and otherwise, beauty in the arts, what is it? black culture vs black history, why we are here and what we are trying to do.

NOTE: Poets will also read upon request from any printed works, classic or modern, if material is in our

To change the subject: how the hell do you expect to get BLACK IN SEARCH published if you don't even give the would-be publisher a chance to see it? I mean, for Christ's sake, why isn't my copy in the mail yet? -

30 December 1965

15 April 1958

Best,

Yours sincerely,

Dear Mr. Addison:

Memo

It is difficult for me to tell you that a novel with a title like "I GOTTA" is not a novel with a title like "I GOTTA".

I am sorry to report that we have decided against publication of your novel, "I GOTTA". It is our opinion that the subject and the treatment come monotonous to the reader.

Thank you for the opportunity

Thank you for the opportunity

Thank you for the opportunity

THE EDITOR

28, 1957

Many thanks for letting us have a chance to consider Lloyd Addison's "I GOTTA". Addison seems to be a very talented writer, but, to be quite frank, we cannot understand why he has chosen this particular form for his novel since it does seem to us to be unavailable to most American readers.

Dear Mr. Addison:

If your poems were my poems, I think instead of magazine publication (or any printed form) as a thing to do for other people, I would seek tape recordings of your poems. I really wish you could encourage you to send me your new novel, however, since I had such definite feelings about the earlier one. I think you'd be better advised to try someone else.

The ones I like best are And Some---, O, I By You Put On, and On the Road to Five, and I like them better read aloud, with each inditure a different voice. Try three boys and two girls on And Some--- and see how nice it sounds. Real cool like Mingus!

If you do 't mind, I would like to keep your poems for another year.

Lloyd Addison, 3rd St., A.C. 3

for thinking of us.

Dear Mr. Addison: Thank you very much for your inquiry re manuscript. We are sorry we work you describe a possible pickup

1/14/63

pickup

However, please accept our thanks for

talky, over-literate kind of muddle which might be the delight of avant-garders but isn't ours. NO JG

Editorial Dept.

Thanks for all the kind things you say about my work. Now all I need are a few laurels like these ~~888888~~ to rest on.

Yours sincerely,

I'm sorry, but I can't do much with these. In the first place, the typing is so god-damned awful, it's difficult to even read what I suppose "Lloyd" thinks it is "poetry". I'll simply say I don't think

I am sorry I cannot answer, but thanks for another opportunity to work.

PLEASE YOU FOR STAYING US + MAY

THE ED

February

Dear Mr.

Thank you

I am very

feel able

present.

on your

Thank you

ODYSSEY AND DIE. as timely, ever, your thank