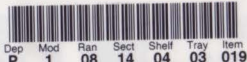


NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM
PERIODICALS



BEAU - COCUA

OF THE
BEAUTI-FORCE
VOL. 3
NO. 2

THE HUNTER AFIELD

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COME BACK SUMMERGIRL

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1970

"Slavery to Now" (p.4)
"The Sound of Rain" (p.26)
"The Case for Ugliness" (p.49)
"Encore, Delores" (p.62)

GREETINGS & gee tingles --- of course!

Note of interest:

You will notice that we are trying:
(try) three annually. June, '70
had been our projected publication
date for this number; so, evidently,
our aim for three was sorcerized -- which will carry new subscrib-
ers into next year (no subterfuge intended). November is now our
next projected publication date, which issue we hope to devote en-
tirely to poetry. It will deck the halls.

Ed.-Pub. -- Lloyd Addison
Ed. A/L. -- Justus Taylor
Mgr. Prom. & Distr.
-- Richard Taylor

ARE THERE ANY SURROMANTICS OUT THERE? I promised you:

Though glimpsed afar the star remains distant,
sight traveled not within embrace
and remains a wonder ---

only within an eyelash
the gift of reality to dreams
not withinsight ...

let it remain a vision then
the fit that does not fit
the suiting unsuited
the inexact attractions attractive yet.

.....

I would give my love my heart
but it would kill me,
I would give my girl my soul
but a shell it would leave me,
I would give my woman my body
but it would waste me,
I would give my friend affection
but it would torment me,
I would give
but all of me over-burdens,
I would love
but the small of me unfulfills --
I will sing, then,
a song as love my heart wills.

.....

The timeless mystery swirls
away & away from denouement --
To woo to woo the wind says
the flood of its wishes wet
sheets of fat rain
wonder/full of all-day-in-bed fall
in behind warmth
& thick up in heat
full of dreambound untrue event
the sleep continues a dream
in behind warmth
& thick up in heat

.....

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THE VERY BLACK OF MY VERYBLACK

Here is the very black of my veryblack
which gnashes when turmoil displeases me
but exhilarates when expansiveness pleases me.

The veryblack is a special black
relating to some, all, or almost any
with good feeling for a lot
but pronely a passing nod for the many.

The special tfting about veryblack:
the thing-in-itself unbecomes the slack,
not just to take up an inexact slack
but really act-tensioning its form of attack --
that is: attention to act fact is automatic
but to just the pretty stack, less than photostatic:
which means that veryblack is now middle-aged young
no longer embarrassingly foolish & burstingly out-strung.

Also falso is patriotic
admirer as well of the exotic:
beachcomber & traveller of domestics & foreigners
& showout advisor of youngblood at cozy car-ins,
master of hair-splitting puppy love escapes
but intrepid assayer of new world landscapes.

Veryblack first saw real action in Japan,
land of kimono and fan;
veryblack loved Japanese, the naked yeast,
the frenetic esthetic & teehee over tea:
toyland pensive gardens & figures of speech
quixotically companionshiped an eternity beyond reach.

Veryblack was also in the Philippines
among the West-Orient philistines / and
grape-sweet sun-ripened cocoa queens.

Veryblack is now many years Stateside
hanging around & break fasting the stride.
They are lovely / they are love trees
produce for trade nonetheless exemplary
as homespun novelties for a touring contemporary.

I remember one very black battle veryblack had
under jewels & mink & cosmetology overlaid ...
reminds me of Pampanga on the road to Baguio
where the mountain girls companion the terrace hoe ...
but was in a penthouse in the mountains of the booze coops
long through the day, and night, slow & slow ...

Long mustered out, a civy villian
& principally shrunken if still man,
veryblack's forever getting really straight,
sorely tied from too much civilization in "Wait!"

So veryblack has an up-tight scene to make
for conscientious certification of the veryblack cake,
though no coaxing necessary to take, it's
the afterwards crumble berry wary of the fake-its.

However true veryblack to its legendary lot,
its hard to be a sugardaddy over the Hottentot,
but with as much good for sport as for consort,
there should be a very companionship good resort.

MOODS

1

Ocean libido oar by oar mislaid ...
 water kiss whispering wishes said ...
 open windowed wind-teller swelling
 good flint-scented windfat fire / smelling
 lap wonder-logarithms lap underdoggone ...

storm center insight rich
 intuition black handmade itch ...

The sea around compounding lusty pastels ...
 umbilical-tied wish sounding fishing bells ...
 willy-nilly calling seas froth & swell ...

Loud sunspots & eyebrow perspiring forehead ...
 a patch of need worked into the breaking day abed
 in the fishbowl a dropped stitch-inflated worm's lead.

2

In designed knit, canary yellow,
 nubile line fit, banana mellow,
 gold nettle toasted, paradise tan,
 cannibal roasted for civil-eyed man;

Green girl of peartree fruits,
 of vivid fleshmesh swimsuits,
 baked puddn goodn to a beauty,
 a marshmellow hello pent-uplet cutie --

to pair a Sunday bunny belle,
 the goodnight tease you need in everwear apparel,
 in hush-toned dust of its naked look, blushes girl
 as night comes to treat her leapyear's bookbound mother-of-pearl.

3

Hear the rolling bellies, tender bellies!
 What a sea of being
 these allotted swellies!
 potted bellies!

What a pill-o-rific swelter, fizzing seltzer!
 What a swill of gluttony their swellies, O the bellies!
 tolling bellies! scolding bellies!

What a weal of piggyish jellies!
 What water mellies, flab grabbag bellies!
 What a comfort to skinny penny Nellies
 to the diet riot Nellies
 are the bounteous bellies, bellies
 pot a lot
 droop & stoop
 hung & slung
 pellymellies, grabbaggage of bellies!

AND LOVE

If I loved you no more than rhymes in a song:
 the rhyming extraordinary,
 a quality of coordinates --
 music over-ordinary
 in solitude and abroad instance.

If songs to you were countless as confetti

I would count them poor:

by the ounce
 announcements of spaghetti ---

Our being
 closer than points in pointillism
 beginning clothed in quotes
 to the quotation -love-
 the annointed shafting prism
 a long night in.dignities ---

in your lifting all-real eyes
 the beauty over all
 overhauling paradise.

Were this love less than pure:
 the heart an ornamental artifact
 of practice posturing allure
 and quack curing nomenclature.

If my songs of love to you were no more
 than sounds abounding:

the iambic enthusiasm
 a beating heart's noise
 in equipoise
 and silent chasms of joy.

I have never lied to love
 but lies were pellucid dreams
 and thru & thru their mirroring sighs
 danced myriad cupids of eyes' screams ...

or love: was purple dimensions
 of a rainbow's inexact end-streams
 that over and over the mind of this lover
 down and down delved to discover
 the fall and fall in our love forever ...

VINDICTUS

Petty pretty never possessed me, never;
 pretty pretty never obsessed me, obsoletely never;
 puddn pretty always distressed me, every pound under,
 but witty pretty howeversnowever duressed me, compounded wonder.

Nitty pretty never accosts me but petty, vowsoover:
 the city nitty a sixpence quart of country kitty clover;
 and pretty kitty of never fur-paucity unrequita humbles me never;
 though kitty non-entity of purr-paused alleytree
 divines me, clear-muddle clever.

But no requiem annex to me set golden bitty, the pity,
 cowsoover her clover a jay scent to vex Bull Ditty, the nitty,
 could get pennyweight sugarmate more for her kitty, the bitty,
 than this cool hand/some to the mitty gritty of Puddn Witty.

Not every dinner dies the same death,
 but before in the plan and some on the breath,
 some in the pan and the hands of the chef,
 nor ever a diner but began with what's left.

Not every beginner begins in the bud,
 but before being student developed from dud,
 and before being dud was ever befuddled
 with cutie droodle dim wit & diaper him puddled.

The following is an address delivered by the author, Mr. Justus Taylor, in January of this year to a group of businessmen of NYC gathered for a "sensitivity" session, requisite to working at developing jobs for the underprivileged, underemployed, & unemployed among minority group persons. The topic was given by assignment. Synopsis of comments follow.

SLAVERY TO NOW

An Address by
JUSTUS E. TAYLOR

The title that I have been asked to speak on implies a short history of the Black man's activities in America, since the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863.

I can satisfy my obligation as a speaker on that subject by saying that you better believe that before 1863 and since, right up to this minute, the Black man in America has been trying in every conceivable way to gain his rightful status of manhood in this country. That is your 107-year history course.

I shouldn't have to say anything else. You should already know that any oppressed people will be constantly attempting to gain freedom, by violence, by integration, by assimilation, by apparent accommodation, by noteworthy achievements, by begging, by demanding, by purchasing and frequently by flight from the oppressor. This is not peculiar to Black people. As far as we know it has always been true of all mankind, and is probably even true of animals.

You better believe that as of any one moment in time since the first slaves were brought here, there has been a Black man, Black woman or a Black organization somewhere in this country trying, by one or more of the means I just mentioned. You better believe that since the first slaves were brought here you have been madly dashing back and forth trying to keep all the exits to freedom bolted shut. You are getting tired of dashing around so you are resorting more and more to threats of a "blacklash", arming police and civilians and systematically exterminating Black leadership. In this affluent society, you want more time to devote to new cars, new mortgages, new space adventures. You can't understand why we haven't also gotten tired and just accepted the fact that you keep all the exits bolted shut.

It is because we are human beings! We cannot accept it.

If you had ever accepted the fact that we are human beings you wouldn't be in your present dilemma. Your failure to accept this fact has not been a chance oversight. It is the core of the problem. You systematically refuse to accept this fact, and one of the bulwarks of your system is your device called history.

The racist context of this society plants a devastating land mine in any request to recite the Blackman's "history". There are several reasons for this:

First: There is really no such thing as history if we are to use the word to mean a reliable account of the activities of mankind. As has been correctly said before, "history" is a tale, a story. The story purports to tell us what happened, when it happened, why and what else happened as a result. Obviously this is an attempt to deal with ultimate causation and we all know no one has ever found the ultimate cause of anything.

We couldn't even explain our presence at this meeting in terms of the real "cause". Therefore, historians are necessarily arbitrary in declaring what happened and why.

Secondly: We all recognize that the historian, the recorder of the alleged "facts", is always pushing some program of his own, consciously or unconsciously. The bias flavors his otherwise arbitrary decisions about what happened, and why. Many of you may have noted the remarks of N.Y. Times literary critic Christopher Lehman-Haupt in last Wednesday's Times which included the statement "... And I know that histories that never probe the author's true interest in their material ... will always remain second rate reading experiences. Just as I am convinced that the transcendent power of (a named book) lay partly in the author's relentless introspective examination of his motives for writing the book."

How many of the white writers who have chronicled the history of the United States have been biased in favor of the Black man? What publishing company would have decided to publish the book? What retailer would have stocked it? How many of you would have bought it? How many would have read it? Would any of you have overcome your bias enough to have believed a word of it?

Thirdly: There is the sad truth that a lie gathers more converts the more often the lie is repeated. A lie about the past, particularly a palatable one, is practically invulnerable. If all the publishing houses were immediately converted to Black ownership and all capable authors were put to work writing histories favorable to Black people, it would take several lifetimes just to balance the scale in terms of pounds of books there were pro-Black against existing pro-white books. And this doesn't even consider all the other media which constantly pour out images of super-white.

There probably is such a thing as a "history" of things. It must be true that the wheel was invented, sometime, by somebody, for some reason, maybe for roulette. But let's examine some "history" in the making about the activities of Black men.

MARCH ON WASHINGTON

We can all remember that in 1963 there was a march on Washington. In case you are not close enough to me to read the label button I have on, the button says "March on Washington for jobs and freedom, August 28, 1963." To most of us this is recent "history" and we should be able to recall the "facts" rather readily. However, I recently had occasion to look up this event in the 1967 edition of the World Almanac, "A million facts at your fingertips; Since 1868 the Authority for a matter of fact". The Almanac had a section entitled "Memorable Dates", beginning with 3000 B.C. For the year 1963, four years after the March, there was no mention of the "March on Washington"; although it probably did involve a quarter of a million people. At least, the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in his book Why We Can't Wait says there were 250,000 people there. The 1967 Almanac did mention other memorable events of 1963, for example: "Dr. Stephen Ward, British osteopath, was convicted in London July 31 of living off the earnings of prostitution by Christine Keeler and Marilyn Rice-Davies". Maybe not so many of us recall that memorable event of 1963.

But I don't mean to sell the Almanac entirely short. I note that in the 1969 edition it is reported under "Memorable Dates" that there was a March on Washington in 1963 involving 200,000 people; although this must not have been Dr. King's march because his had 50,000 more participants. I wonder which march it was? Perhaps Dr. King's lack of respect for the alleged "facts" should be considered in the current controversy about making January 15th, his birthday, a national holiday. Many whites might find it an acceptable reason to continue to deny such heroic status to any Black man during the entire "history" of this country. This is one of the exits that is kept bolted. The fact that it is kept bolted is not news to whites. In a recent Look magazine article, William F. Buckley, Jr. (yes, the William F. Buckley, Jr. - Conservative) called for the election of a Black president around 1980, to help alleviate the guilt felt by white Americans. Could any of you justify such a proposal and at the same time justify the white "backlash", arming of police and civilians and the systematic extermination of Black leadership?

BEDFORD-STUYVESANT

A recent New York City Housing and Development Administration document gave the following information about the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn:

"Juvenile delinquency is twice the City rate with one half of all the youths either unemployed or out of school. Narcotics violations are eight times greater and venereal disease is three times as rampant as the average for the City. Unemployment generally runs about 6.4 percent, rising to 9.0 percent among the Puerto Rican residents. 199 out of every 1000 Bedford-Stuyvesant residents depend on some kind of welfare assistance, more than triple the City average. By 1970, the black contingent will have increased to about 80.5 percent of the total population. The number of whites, almost 50 percent of whom fall into the senior citizen category, is expected to dwindle to approximately 8.7 percent."

How many of you at this meeting would like to buy a home in Bedford-Stuyvesant? How many banks would consider giving you a mortgage loan?

The foregoing statements about the area were part of an application for Federal Renewal assistance for the area. It is a clear example of seeking freedom by begging. Naturally the beggar must deny his equality to the giver and usually the more prostrate he makes himself the better the alms. But with Black neighborhoods the degree of prostration must always far exceed the amount of assistance given. This keeps that begging exit bolted.

Actually, Bedford-Stuyvesant contains some of the most beautiful housing stock in the City. The incomes of the residents range from the welfare level to at least acceptable middle class levels. So-called ghettos are not internally homogeneous. But if you say these things you can't get a dime of assistance.

For a view of Bedford-Stuyvesant with the "blackness" removed, a good source is "The Brownstone Hunters Guide". This is a free publication distributed by a well-known utility company.

About the brownstones and brownstone buyers it says:

"These brownstone buyers want living space, close to work and the City's shopping and theatre life - twelve and thirteen-foot high ceilings. Kitchens twenty feet wide. Staircases that soar upward. Such 19th Century luxuries as marble-mantled fireplaces that really burn logs. Carved doors and bannisters. Mahogany paneled dining and dressing rooms."

In advising hunters where to look for brownstones it says, "If brownstone is located on Manhattan's upper East Side you're going to pay the usual premium. Probably several hundred thousand dollars for a rehabilitated structure. But you can still buy a "shell" for as little as \$5,000 in some Brooklyn areas as Boerum Hill, Prospect Heights and BEDFORD."

Where the hell is BEDFORD? It must be Bedford-Stuyvesant, with the blackness removed, because the booklet has a map locating blackstones around Tompkins Park and Fulton Park. These parks have been in the Bedford-Stuyvesant "ghetto" as long as I can remember. Can't a decent home and a black man exist in the same place at the same time? What will "history" say about Bedford-Stuyvesant? Will it be marble-mantled BEDFORD or black-ghetto Bedford-Stuyvesant?

WEEKSVILLE

Perhaps we can answer this question by a look at the "history" of Weeksville. This was a village of "Negro freemen" that existed from approximately 1820 to 1870 in part of what is now known as Bedford-Stuyvesant.

A recent Newsday article summarized the "historical" treatment of Weeksville. "Very few references to the village can be found in the publications of the time. The references that have been found are considered prejudiced, reflecting the bias of their day." One such reference was a Brooklyn Eagle article in 1873 which described the village as a goat-ridden community of shabby shacks and shiftless drunkards. Recent archeological type digging in the area has unearthed evidence that the village was composed of brick houses; that it was a well-knit community with fraternal organizations, a church, a school, an orphanage, and a home for the aged. Various artifacts such as children's marbles made of Bennington pottery, handmade shoes, a tintype of an elegantly dressed Black woman all tend to indicate at least a moderate degree of affluence in the village. Also only one fragment of one whiskey bottle has been found.

But the more reliable "history" of Weeksville had laid buried for 100 years. Why has it taken 100 years for the truth about Weeksville, the undeniable artifacts, to become palatable to white publicists? How long will it take for all of Black America? How long will it take for Bedford-Stuyvesant? How long will it be before you accept our humanity?

LSD

I think we have all heard the numerous reports of youths who experiment with LSD and, under its influence, attempt to fly off the tops of buildings; stroll into heavy traffic; believing they can't be harmed. "History" seems to have a similar narcotic effect. Numerous dictators have led nations to destruction while convincing their subjects that their "history" proved it was their destiny to conquer somebody else. It certainly doesn't hurt to enter a struggle with the confidence born of a belief that you are suppose to win. But LSD doesn't really give you the ability to fly off a roof /or does it?."

You could listen to a recital of the history of the Black man in America with great tolerance and self-assurance. You know you have a far greater supply of the history narcotic than we have. You have always seen to that; like Wekesville. If I mentioned Nat Turner, you would immediately mentally overcompensate with Caesar or Napoleon. If I mentioned George Washington Carver, you would immediately overcompensate with Einstein, Madame Curie and Jonas Salk.

I have to decline your invitation to enter the "history" bag. Let's just say that there is no new militancy, or old militancy. Black people cannot be limited to a confidence based only on the history narcotic amassed since the Montgomery Bus Boycott. Any such limited perspective is a delusion. Realistically, if you want to maintain the subjugation of Black people, you have to accept the tenuous prospect of forever dashing about bolting all the doors.

Thank you.

COMMENTS:

The program managers were very pleased with the results. They later commented severally that this was the first speech that succeeded in bringing the group into animation.

Other reactions ---

- 1) Why are you so mad? You are well educated and have a good job...?
- 2) (From one of three blacks) You blacks in this country are always spreading hate; you should be more devious and get things that way -- while the whites are off guard.
- 3) Don't you know you need us if you are going to get any place in your struggle?
- 4) "Uh -- Mr. Jesse Gray, you said ----" (an apparently deliberate misnomer; the speaker--questioner being universally recognized as one of those whose word is so compulsively exclusive and closed that you others "all look alike".

The question-and-answer bit ran about one hour and had to be cut off by the moderator (Mr. Taylor is a busy man ...).

Which Is Witch 1

Which hazel drank the alcohol? which
spoon kidnapped a dash in?
Which stick carries Rose Swelt? which
navy towed from the war couldn't pitch in?
Witch espoused the parson's house? which
princess in a pumpkin with a mouse?
Which oven baked a better pig? which
witch regretted the gingerbread itch?
Which hum bedumbed the Oz with ladybug? which
cat napped for the fowl who pussydug?

TO EXPRESS THE HEART

I lean away, the more accused
the more relieved of need

There is no accounting here
I lean away from fear of too much
from being crushed to dust
in the tensed-in memory
of some one's dream that I am not ...

Where creases our reality together ...?
No stamina, no global shaking of the world
by its infinite collar

no strength for facing up to family
& friends & lookers-on --
no curtains to enfold my night in
no sheer drop - / of silence - after ---
no lengthened walks by the ocean, kneading ...
no way to escape alone without the amonngness
along with people that I do not know ---

I say I am a willow / bending / too often -
withering in the taken-in light
of others' afternoons

You say I am a rat turning in
someone else's maze -
How can I know who is what / & where (by)
I am to speak from in a dream ---

The house by the water haunts me
in the longer nights
And the boats drift by the low dock
And I have a suspended sense of doom --
Come, jolly, for a ride ---

Failings depress me
especially when aired

I accept no censure, I withdraw
beforehand & precipitorily
avoiding the scales & the guage ...

How are you assured of our companionableness
I am not intrepid will, nor ambition, nor mind
-- nor just a good vagina

And I will not risk the loss
of anything acquired for new acquisition
I would rather hide in misery
than suffer from disprized companionship
in loving hours
walks by the sea
-- not with company
admitting of public deprecation

But I am flexible
often yielding to feelings & being chided
You may be the greater misery desiring company
I know only the fibres of my desires
The night is a long shadow of the womb
thru which I move seeking
the other's substance --
longing to be
come joy beyond
the comer's joyride --
It is not to displace me

It is
not your faulting ...
I haunt myself
at midnight before dawn
with aging sounds
& worn-thin inventories
of pasts & shadows'
gray light ---

It is my own
fault & if
I wanted to surely
it would stop & still do ...
I lean
to the light
and wonder ---

for all these failings
for all my oblique affection
ontoward hesitancy
won't YOU (somebody)
please
love me (after my design)

I do not choose
but haunt myself
with dreams / visions
of being chosen

otherwise
(I fear)
my gentle self
meantime
would have
stopped
dead
still dreaming ---

I look off toward
hope
expectantly ---

You call me friend & drift away
I need not love but silence & coming
now is a crystal spring
that I just might want to
kill me yet ---

I wander thru mirrors
never knowing what I will see
this you say is my look of personness

I am rimmed with blood spent
around the hearts of others
and I need a giving to me
of little things together
drop by drop
back into myself
the blood of life

I am not strong
I shiver when the day is warm ...

Ill is not an outside thing
but of a recess
somewhere hollowed beyond
reaching of grasping
or holding hand

It is adrift & heals by untouched means
--- yes

I am ill ...
no thing I do can make me
well but well
I want to be
well & strong
and like the sunlight
a warm affair ---

You whom I have tied up
are not speechless
nor enslaved of joy in me
for me --- only
& give me new speculation
of misgivings ---

I reflect upon my world privately
my attributes / virtues
& seeing by your saying

But I have secret knowledges myself
of something amiss/carriage
of love / to be loved --
Transfusions of love-life enable me
keep well my wounds' wet narcissus

I am girl / fragile & delicate
haunted by cavities
haunting me --

Incurable --
by father or lover /
contagious in love
It nurses my acquiescent assent
the style in which I deal
with the affirm

-help! accost me! confront me!
-help! me!
Seize me
and LOVE me ---

And do you want me
well or ill
how should you / know
you never think / of it
and really you should
not have to --
it is not of your concern ...
I can neither affirm
nor deny that I
withdraw I can
not stay, I can
not go, I can
not imagine what
it all is like ...

I have no position
from which to draw
a perspective of
the circumstance --- uncared for,
I admit,
I am powerless ...

What have I told you, then ...?
Nothing ... still avoiding you
must think --- and so correct
perhaps / if
exactitudes are most desired ---

It sounds so panicked --
all these words
but I am frenzied
and can hardly eat now
for the sound of thinking
these last weeks

Just perhaps for you
I would be either & neither
unless I am both
or again other
than singly presented
you should not be satisfied
but I decide ...

I am vast / deep
all-encompassing / flexible --
& presence / & activity / engrossing
-- hesitant, confused
an indefinite vastness of possibilities
in pursuit of life thru

horrendous systems'
growth, development, competition ---
& withdraw from / reject
all assigned containment...
but allow / insist upon
strength thru male counterpart for
a girl, a delicate, frail girl ---

Do you understand?
I express / hide / better
my unfanthamable self to communicate
analyses to be found out
-- be disposed to invest
I am all / you should desire me
for molding everything ---

I need your understanding
though concealing myself due to
ambivalence / anxiety
reflecting / projecting ---

I
N
I

I wish I could take back the letters you have of mine,
For I fear for myself with something of me in your
possession --- but childish, this is, and so like me,
infantile, but you do understand the cumulative sense
of what I think --- Someday, it seems, I shall have
need to be afraid ...

It is not that I would not see you, but too much of me
is lost in you already ...
I will never give you me for it should never be mine
again, once lost in the encumbered turns & channels
of yourself ---

I want your attention and I will give you mine;
thru a sense of what we understand we could have this ...

-13-

Girl Person

When thrilled by
the clear blue thought of love
that wings woosings West
over open spaces' years --

& felt to have eternal warmth that enters
byways sought-after embrace

& the young planned suttanned change
for letter/spirit better chances
at stripthrilled transcendence :

form you lasting patterns
of amor: fuss/singing life feelings
for cycle by psyche excursions
into that one time

I

Streamline & plane this warmth travels
& cold storage-old synonymous time-being
comes the postman

Would you have changed your address in this time
against blackmail envelopment of love-space --
your heart forwarded a step overhead in time
postage paid & guaranteed in interim event of love:
return

II

Especial Delivery to Grace
the first of good posts marked a love let/
err returns:
no such addressee's zip/per unfastened time here
to receive this undue postage deliverbally urgent
but has been written off dead
as old love's good name
& return to sense

III

A more emotionally penultimate plane: need-phia to be
moving fro-from
by regular mail/a good box of cookies
orderly motion crumble-kneaded
& fortunately a small saving
in gingerbread suit for
the lost sweet song

IV

Certiflying words speak of lean though fat has come/
3rd class/ gala pound-abounding infatuation new mood
& a big gimmick free-sample advertisement --
I can't subscribe

V

Unmoored from mono-imagi-phobia
the spatial & mental heats race
go:at all light speed unforeshadowed
foresight be.hindthought shading after feeling
in assent wherein is penumbra

all touch-go-round infinitively
breaking gift-wrapped thigh cocoon ingenious
it's to find in the cookiebox: crumbs too much

& this is especial waste: space enmazed of weight
of name-same exits & entrances
to woo-manage mystique ensplendored
on gender-madding face value

inheres cake: to have: buttered fat
nakedly uncoloursalted nondiet-sweetened
for vacuumulation ingredient will

& the catalyst meow to have heat
& to paw & purr in/over the furnished
playhouse partyline:seven/alarming! deep width
bedroomers of longing
for girl fancifulblooded feeling

VI

I am the postman of love bite's rabid thirst
I am the post-man hope-routed
with wind & rain-faced stone age
delivering intermediate & after-event in uncommon time
& the cold edge of my world is unequally female
& the warm centers of my world are usually female
routinely stamped & addressed -Good morning-
the indoors coffee-perked & playmate environed ---

Special Delivery -Good night-
just a few lines to let me know of love-space-time

but I am the mad carrier in delirium place
overrundown by words' freight & waiting ghosts
fingers rust-ringed & sandpaper calloused
withouter lovebounds of snows
of every-&-holiday bubbles
bicarbonates of finance
& frivolous fiancee-ing yeses

VII

I am the poetmankind to post letters' delivery
to lean against all weathers for living room ---
but yours this livingroom: e.g.:
recurring rounds go heartsick
heavily on will
today/tomorrow comes love/lie down & rest

:: this thought of my love dying
for my love
lives for my girl piquedly failing
love for which unfulfilling peak
for e.g.

is light thaw aura of sun rise/singing
yes to yes days' song
song for love ever

this thought within this space this time ::

VIII

In such post-man systems
 there should be dream-structured environs
 for love let to test err
 where there would be superlatives' communion

:: were there meanings in the words sent
 were authentic passions upon far winds bent
 upon the page/purpose in passage

in play of life-event
 assuagement of rage
 against empty posts' pent
 packaged sentimental distance --

to be heir or
 the bride & groomless wombmateless entrance
 heir/death to conceive

open to death weighted for the post
 and the post-man too comes
 where love is waiting
 for the postman is to come ::

IX

And who would be the post-man
 the poetheart/lost carte blanche
 as it would seem
 forwarding change by change until returned
 the heart: generally delivered
 carrying the male weight & geni
 to have love to let
 err address again
 babies from love's delivery

:: yet for you especial delivery
 from the last-named blackbox
 pages & rages of songs
 last-named love --

this excerpt with untouched/shed
 to open X-mass the egg ambivalent
 from within its truth twists manifold
 black on white bond bound
 for yellowing time brown

yet in cold care of
 the fading toll of silence ::

X

And if death is lightweight baggage this round
 against the post-man leaning into golden rings' gloom
 of doorbell mellow widows' mornings
 mercenaries' mewlings
 & lonely heart lists

love may yet some last rounds headup songs
 its backlog ghosts researched of definitions' soul

& better acquaintance of the haunted house
 for the nights' passing
 & the passing of a tune of the night

XI

And the girl burning
 remembers dismembered tides & full noons' breezeless heats
 while her waters silt quickened sands beneath facades

-- licorice sticks to lips & chewing gums web fingers --

while an island fastness remains
 negligee surnamed undiscovery
 & showers of white lotions soak
 umber burnt restless limbs
 of the girl burning

and her waters curtsy & curtsy in ceremonies said holy
 acutely mannered over the toll-tale sanctities

:: not December burning the remembered modesty
 not seven miles of sky
 the summerhot July heartburn ::

but the girl burning
 fingerpolishes midnight nails
 and her waters brew wild devils
 hydrophobia-headed down to sleep

and the girl burning is done
 to be a beauty put upon
 to curb the funeral fires behind event

XII

I am the postman mission.airy musician
 to convert words to motion & deliverance
 love-high with notes held

-Deliver them- say!
 that faith D-notes categorical major
 hallelujahs over two-faced shy said Amen
 for the Sunday grace
 told by believers in love

:: who would interpolate -someday-
 time-out not past for hope
 for life along its day-by-day
 here-&-now relay-by-relay-away installment --

hallelujahs to soar
 the blessed state connotated adoration ::

XIII

I am the postman poet
 yours whom the mudbloodline cut
 on the last highleanbox chicken scratched:
 forget me love-knot
 flagged down & quartered ramsheephorned

I said what post.age due
 I will pay for the stamp: Disaffection

meaning you & morning dreams should not part-
 take the mail in to coffee hot
 but black/mail the night to me again
 female & lean to part-
 take the mail in to coffee
 creamed & sugared lukewarm

XIV

Forwarding & forwarding this delivery
 would angels be moved even forward
 at the end of leftover trial & redress let err
 love come back

to whose box dues per ounce & pound per quarter empty
but ads & bills no change
this lifetime to entail minute pains' research
as otherless unevent compounds
engaging wit by fit & miswit
bemused of nine lives impersonage
to come & claim
enchantment of a packaged evening of fresh spirit

another address in care of
a new coat of paint
song of sparrows
new rhythm in a dance of time
another dream-environed spire
morning thrill of advent
even the song of the postman coming
postage due/receipt of joy

XV

& this nobl.essence locked by the tongue-gue
in reply to words opened by the finger teeth
there where words went about
between you & your columned auguries:

the flower & the bed of poise
for the call of youth in time's outpouring --

this flower & the bell as.spire
to pull up & put between a sky expanse land's end
horizons over sunset
the fullup romance of twilight

XVI

But you are the morning coffee maker
now you the smile of the table set
now you mid-morning's flower in housegown sparkle
now you the arms & legs on the lap about the morning
shoulders/& the face inspecting affect reflection
luxuriating to make fun noses
with impunity assuring throatful laughter

now you the kiss of spring to work & memories
now you the weathers' inner design
the wizardess of houseplay upholding
you the beloved in care of whose lovelife the event
now you the undercover jewels like snows in the sun
& the earth to awake at winter's end
you the rainbow maker
& sunshine off shadegloom windfreeze
you the saving shade from oven sunstroke
on the grill of the dragon sky
& the itch in time off frostbite needles
you the breeze of summer in among field & leaves
chorally the harpsichord of grasses
you the girl running to run
the nature of woods & preserve
& friendly imaginings amounting to company of walks

now you there the will of hilltop euphoria
now you a prayer in evening bells
now you a strength when despairing floods

now you the yes that faith forthholds
now you the space-filled leisure & time inventions intent
but yours the careful knowledge of hands
some hold courtshipwreck & rescuing expression
touch that has past
oceans thru & skies of aspiration
& earthfirm anger & urgency

& in love's pockets locked in-hand/
some fingers touch that have past
yet hold over appeal
more than the quarter-hour
that wedding bells have wept

& boy & girl & man & woman
have passed to another harvest the hands-
shared honeymoon

now you the shopping cart of poster wife economy
now you the laundry marvelously fresh new wear

but yours the mirror fuss & frill
the sewingmachine model & repairmill
& flowerpotted sills & saved cut-outs boardbilled
annotated that applies to life
filled by dimensions feeling on toward ---

you are the pictures moving thru the rooms
& love's art exhibitions in livingspace

XVII

But I have tried your soul in time &
in the twilight of the bells it cursed me
after the manpowered muletrain mileage
of the way from woo to whoop:

I have tried your soul ---

at the mid-night margin of meantime & make-believe
in our clear proofreal mating weal
it disaffected sidling away & weeped its weaknesses

I have ---

your old & your new being come
called me love & annointed me sweetheart
yet with & without the screaming no-poise fire
poured icewater between the event & its ventilation

I have tried your soul

& for its deadend sleep
following disaffect fiction it dies
in the midnight of a love tune
in the shallow cradle of our spooning sleep:
the cold sweat of old allegiances it protests
at its mid-height it has runted

XVIII

& I have tried your soul / the bell you bid be silent
I have tried your soul / announced you to family & friends
I have tried your soul / triumphantly averred: Love
and your body / for my own
and your body / for my lonesome

and your body now
and your body now in
and your body now in heat
and your body now in heat's white nightblindness
& your body now in bargain rut for babies of the faith
and he would ask you to deny me --
how often has he asked you to deny me

and your mind is permanently waveless now
and your mind is mindlessly permanent now

& I have tried your soul ---

:: the soul you had when given me in gift-song ::

and your mind / to invent triumph
to invent enviable intensity
to invent avowing inter-interest

and your mind is advent permanent uneventual ache ---

XIX

& I have tried your eyes
& I have tried your event mis-eventfully
I have tried your soul

XX

And yours the silent reading company across the room
and yours the warmth inseparable
and yours the peep-pull hour's cross-references of thought
and yours the bath's hanging stockingclock
& disinfectantly refreshed the cat-mouse ferriswheel
you the silhouette in negligee/
nightie-nighttidying seam, stress summer's lingerie
were yours the hum & song of twilight
were yours the candle words & dinner partnership/ the wines
were yours the personal symphonic suite-enchancing atmosphere
the trembling endsup current eventfair
the counterpointing outlets insight

now you the crisp linen barely re-attirement / nakedly awake
the playhouse of last light
the snuggling words of afterlight explosive ploy
the giddy titter together-wonderment of goodnight

:: And winter was a woman of chilly worries
about the house & flowers
-- & heat & ventilation --
about the wind in windows' rattle

& wondering at the throats of wraps
what wilds easedrop in
on further whispers of a warm year to leap
at a girl of parks' woods
& grizzly wishbone bare upstart hug-outs

Now ---

you / someone of love
of dreams that do not grow
& spring is come / is come / is come ::

And when I have borne your imagic event across a thousand years
with soft-worded singing of a lovesong awing

one some singer may with cross words wish these wooings
owing to another nimbus

always to another's wonder an old song oversung
where new rhythms of life aspire

yet another's wonder seen & heard inspires
'another soul to realize his soul on fire'

and not one love less a billionth
the one male and/or female song more oversung
but must enlist this poetry's passionate heart

but no one song is song summer's end
for a girl of the spring delirers
a new woman for the fall of love
& a wet nurse the winter of sleep keeps warm

become / my beloved
let us / beloved / come / dancing
over & over come singing believers' songs
a thousand years is just tomorrow's offing

XXI

In expanddancing winds: stretched baggipedoutsirts
polarity to the flower

here this indent.tension
to enter avowal into love goods/time
watt brings a sun up, setting days
snowflakes driven awake not meld

femininity as goods: like continuation
all around her love-space / bells
until song's end bells melodying

a ransom-deferred dream returned unburned
though unborn thrill

:: backblack cupcakes angel iced
& by letter-split blackfelt to behold "I"
am bowels of care polarbearing on snow
& shellgame-awed fun-hunting hands --

hands in search upon life-hungry bulbs & bodies
where palmlines fold recourse sweat of dried-up rivers
& silt deposited deep fanthumbs' green pea.nut.brittle/
suggestion-spoofed meat ::

In this palm oil drum-thundering night in my hands
she-beds of silence & stalagmite-tite
mattresspassing streams
course unpreconscious thought from caverns of the seas
to caveman willow woods
full of woo-woman dream descent

contest my soul

XXII

Asphalt assaults this dream & wry-seeds its pumpernickel
batter/its wheatgerm spread porous & thin over horizons/falls
where no love of its crusts creates the deep breadwinner/
& buttercups

yet not dough so rare as herald rays
hope kneads in its baker's apron
but healthy help & a customized demand
while yet panamorous needs at large
to enlarge the custom

:: appetisements are asphalt without lonesome heart ::

But now eyeswhite-full of mood philia
beam lean-way up Pandora overfired

her eye leans greenleaf ajar of ripe grape thought
its throughway to new department news
thru snow contrary warmth: windsleeve & shield
message units enjoin joy

no where / no where / now here
but now here she is to avail
while no other wears underwritten off this time

(but I have tried your soul).

while no other is this real / lie down
& lovely Bathsheba thigh art & mini legs sun delight
but more overlay that which is written / the temper-mate
& lovely art of style

& your body: I lean to: has tried me
& wonderful shipmates the nights
& days pass into horizons' steeples

my soul is tried / fullsail
my spirit canvass-swooning
pictures are a past / repast
now the night sea: embrace mates

& a personality of sky: the beloved
galactic starwide & outer-space deep / gives me breath
& inner-pleasurshipmate space adumbrated
& opaque windowshade personalized
& inter-delightful nearness inner-dimension fruited

& your soul ---

& your body
to lean-to bend/fold over hills veiled downy / & mini-cosmic

:: away up the fat leangreenland to fluffy puffy
imagic cosmosis of girl-person.alley.tease
is to see-n-saw betwix kitten tiptoes:
midnight's pause that:

our girl wish-purring
to be halved/beauti-fore-force said (yes) ::

bliss:that this caressable make-up peels from hardnut softly
bliss:that this careles.able take-off feeling must come
from funnybone syndromedairy maidenlove
all with inner-sense bare
the core & the applepeel leave behind

& milkbucketful doublebreasted girl worlds
climb the hill to eclipse
& fill of me: the round disc-coverer
the gelger counterfootpoint to fleshfats
the oblong solid silver fool of wishbone art
milkyway romantic

& HERE: fullspooled of quicksilk threads
to spend a fortune
GO: in seven-taillight mini-cosmosis power
let: GO: IN: TO meta-burning life

GIVE ME: a burning psychic atmosphere: for my wealth
fierce Hotentot ago
forthwith: health: a patent head of non-sensations
beauti-forced to go
questioning / retriever-hotdogtrot-apace

For my bones: snatch-swallowed to.ward.off answering:
another companion fleshy-handed happiness /
without program / a pussycat to scratch me
& run me down to dry desire / to regret my spirit
to grow.owl to grow.owl into hoarse-sensed style
a madness in my eyes

XXIII

Have cached property in poly-person's bali-hi-wickwarm
in dumbnumb plunder rage
with green itch-fever to go
on her jettisonic journey: paradise owing

speaking love at length
to her tight upstaged frightened understudy:
a habit of two retainers: trained
covetting the same track & powerpack
the curtain calls going up with programming
the opening set nightie kodachromatic/
rainbow filmy

she is pooh-pooh cutie
& as thru eskimo pie a la model cornpone
corn-eared with goldy grain: slick
speaking a grievance
along the cushioned cue-handled stage arm
drawing on submerged avant-guarded talent
to undetermine cue ball-banking interest time
in pocketing: its long lick-quick kiss

& denouement shoots the wind from her matinee make-up
Here: the while white henpecked-at
by her numbered so-social lay-orders: encores d'amour
as has ego-or-bus.terminal all ready/right-
of-subway lines / billing priority hello to do
stands the paramount ovation for her

paramounted to twinkle tucked in structured lightbeds
a professed shunning pride of the artist/lover--
on this unbalanced wheel of amateur fame
making the will-go-round / bearing on legend

but she is antenna.tubed fascinating box office
& vertigo merry airily milkweed haystacked
hungry for range food
with no-place forkful to be put fed-up

whipped cream: she is topped cherry-orchard preserved
& buttermilk-churned: spread expand.sleeve.lined lovely
but matted in skimmed heat
until punctured film of final firelight for pouring out
& she is peace in a sleep of woo man's igloo greenlandscape

XXIV

But I have tried your soul
 in time &
 in the touchstore of its truth / the surpassing judge
 is this IS real person
 of heart acts / the heart asks
 a pal pup/pet palpable armsful
 but/or idea airy space

I have tried your style/ your dreams/ your fantasy aura
 & I grow weak of radiations/ automations/ hypothecations
 & I grow weak touched to recall:

I have tried your soul ---
 & your body's liquidified wish in white
 to run with secrets uncontainable / flame on flame
 I have tried your hungry body/over
 flooding fondly / fun-enfolding fondly
 while you trembled
 I have untied your soul from knots
 & your wishes from knots & cannots
 and your body

:: love not my body- you said
 while I have tried your body/soul & solo
 not the soul of my beloved but a mating balm ::

XXV

I have tried your soul in time &
 beyond focal length ghostily / by bell-tone & tel-tone
 calling & recalling for credibility
 you whispered fondness
 & lovely your body's innate wish
 in beauti-forced-said wisteria

& I have lied but slightly twix comparatives & superlatives
 as I tried in our dance with destiny
 your ailing soul

as I tried for your hymn rhythm's laurel
 & for the flower's avowal of the florist's pruning

I have tried your soul
 & why is it so / the bells toll slowly
 & why is it so / that I have tried your soul
 & the bells toll lowly slowly
 why toll so
 that having tried your soul & cannot disown it
 the bells that could not make love holy toll --
 when only a twilight of bells unfold for angel soul

I have tried ---
 & only my appeal recondite to know
 only my solo of song
 only my soul with the murmur of the bells
 overswells

no more imagic morning cups tomorrow
 no more soul beloved

XXVI

:: but I will love you though the bells pass
 & the bells post that & pass the night on
 into melodies
 this love day passes
 this evening bells' passion
 on to hope

and my unlovely passion out armslong
 & odds-long out-of-touch
 even to pass you along this rope of bells
 post a passion of songs
 to recoup and sing accompanied
 though bells amass
 the evening come alone

and this love day pass
 that has my lovely put upon poise in birth passions
 that has my lovely put on & taken nakedly off sale --
 crowding a way ontoward middle youth the lean swelling
 with this loan of time running to off-flame forfeit
 to belong & to have some meantime:

as the testaments & test tubes of love overrun
 ontoward her womb's beeswaxwork polish
 anguish crowds home
 evening experiences her likeness become
 experimental annulment

& from out-of-door uneventuality she cannot come back
 she has gone for the walk that posts no bond against heartbreak
 no further in its mad meantime than death
 this name moves to become extinct

& all the steps to depression escalate
 along this path to inhospitable accompaniment
 proliferating cause of uncertain compromise

XXVII

I have tried your soul
 & the bells post & pass
 thru warm twilight the hot night come
 into love's bedlam

and bedlam comes smothering
 and the bells bedlam! bedlam!
 until fantasmic sleep entombs --

from morning on
 the fiery impassioned noon dream droning dead
 undresses hope afore & afternoon assayed
 that the wringing hands of wishes
 should have sweetened in the dark

LEA
3/21/70

RAIN

It was a high high hill and the climb was rugged. But I made it, not without a thrill. The sky was overcast, heavily cummulous, the view hazy and closing swiftly. But I felt compelled to stand on the Point.

Through my binoculars I could see Alamogordo slumbering in the Northwest. Turning slowly, I traced the terrain for miles, and, then, seeing and not seeing, I held. The overcast densed until it snuffed out all claim of but a few yards of vision. The lace on my cowhide whipped against my legs in a spurt of wind. Sound in the sky throated darkly, and the rising wind picked up the sand, hurling sheets over me and folding back the land as if the afternoon mood were a storm of goodnight. And the sky murmured, and murmured and, then -- THUNDER.

There was a shift in the wind and with it, faintly at first, it seemed I could hear them: The drums. I could. I stared, listening: A patient beat, then violent, enthralled. I could hear them as if all the ghostly tomtoms of yesteryear called for the rain as the feet of my ancestors pranced, they who knew the rhythm of the rain. They lived in rain. And the sound of it to them was the sound of life awakening.

I sat tensely quiet in the swing with mother one evening a few long years ago, listening to her as she, gazing stonedly back to yesterday, caressed each word while telling me what she knew of my beginnings.

"Was he very dark, Mother?" I asked, glancing at my two tan arms stretched in my lap.

"Does it matter much, Helen, how much of your father's blood you inherited?" Mothersaid, looking sidelong at me.

"Umm --- guess not," I said. "Only -- I -- I thought that if maybe I had only a little, less than half ..." But I suddenly lost courage in this, gaining shame.

Mother looked me over roughly. "Do you thin, Helen, that after looking at yourself you could tell yourself you're not part Indian? after what I've told you? And could you then turn on some real Indian and leer Redskin, or something, whatever disgusting disgusting insult you might take to?"

"I can't help wanting to be a white girl, Mother," I said chaffing. "I just can't! For so long I've just been living in-between! I just can't help it. I want to lead a normal life!" And, feeling myself about to cry, I turned away, face in hands.

"Hummm, yeah ---" Mother said, then was silent a moment before saying, "Just stop and think, Honey, there're no substitutes for self-respect and a clear conscience. And with asigh of much burden, she added, "So, I'd suggest you resign yourself to the real issue," letting her voice rise up almost into song. Then, admonishingly, she said, "Take what you have, and build your empire around it."

Though ware of Mother's attempt to cheer me, I was wretched. "I just can't remain in the MIDDLE," I said. "I don't know what To take." Hoping she would say something profound I waited. But she remained quietly knitting. Somehow, I managed shortly to recoup, suspecting I was reflecting the inferior side of myself.

I said, "I'll try to resign myself, Mother, but it won't be easy. All my young dreams were like --- free of any --- thing like this."

"It'll be worth it," Mother said. "There's something about sharing your all with someone you care for that makes for the most divine living on earth."

"Oh, you're so philosophical always, Mother," I said, standing and walking to the rail of the porch and looking off at the big harvest moon that stood like a giant eggyoke in the sky.

"Yes, dear," she said, memories afar returned. "I guess I am rather old fashioned; although I don't try to be."

We were silent for a time. Slowly, she continued undulating the swing. Now & then she caught a refrain and hummed softly, deeply. At length, not looking at her, I said, calling, "Mother...?"

"Yes, Honey?"

I didn't quite know how to say it so I just jumped into the question. "Would you and Harriet and Papa Harold and Bill feel badly towards me if I married an Indian? if someday I meet one-- and --- someone I'd like to share life with ---?"

"I think not," Mother said. "I think we'd give you our blessings, all of us."

I turned to her and reseated myself. She patted my knee.

"I've often tried to imagine myself among other people, other than white people," I said. "But it was --- PAINFUL. It's like forcing yourself to have a nightmare. Still, I really haven't any idea how it would be -- whether or not I could adjust. I think of it almost as one might -- well, honestly, I guess most of my ideas come from the movies."

"I know," Mother said wisely. "And I guess you have done a bit of thinking. You were allowed a margin of belief for quite a long time; although I suspect you didn't actually BELIEVE the WHOLE of your whiteness. I suspect that little by little you were forced to accept that fact that the truth was somewhat other. And now you know the whole of it -- as much as any of us, or anyone else, I suspect."

I turned away grievously. "What if all doors should be closed to me, Mother, except some ---?"

"That doesn't have to be," Mother said. "It depends upon you. Those who persevere make their own opportunities."

Again I turned, putting the question haunted me. "Just how might I go about meeting an eligible husband, Mother? I haven't the slightest idea."

"Really?" Mother said, touching my hand. "Now, there's no need to rush into that. You've plenty of time, Child. Why, you may want to continue through college and -- be a teacher, maybe."

"Somehow I don't feel that way about it, Mother," I said. "I'm scared -- real scared." And, with that, a flood of self-pity swept over me which caused me to have to fight off the tears."

"Scared no one will marry you?" she said, almost mirthfully. "Well, college is a good place to meet a nice young man. So, why don't you save your marbles for the big game?"

I got up and walked to the porch railing. "I understand," she said gently behind me. Then, sighing, she added, "I guess all girls feel that way at some time in life."

"Did you, Mother?" I asked quietly.

"Moreso than a lot of others, I suspect," she said. "When your mother - my sister - and I were out teaching on the Reservation, I didn't know how the world was going to turn for me ---

Now ever was I going to meet an eligible young man! Having failed to meet one in college. And I mean I WORRIED. But, as few as seemed my chances, I don't think I did badly at all."

I had to smile. Were mother even slightly defensive, she was beautiful. "You did marvelously, Mother," I said. And we seemed very close for a moment. Shortly, I said, "You must admit, though, that my case is different. Mine is doubly complex confused! distorted...!"

"Most people think their troubles more terrible than everybody else's. It seems to work alternately as a consoling and depressing factor," she said.

"So I've heard," I said. I resealed myself. "You seem always to have the answer, Mother. But, somehow, I'm never quite as sure about things as you seem to be."

"It's simple, Dear," she said, it's just a matter of compromise between what you would like and what is more practical, or more nearly the truth."

"I wouldn't be good at compromising where there's room for movement at what I want," I said.

"The compromise usually works out for the better," she said.

"Glibberish," I murmured. "You know, Mother, I'd like to be a flame; I wish I were really really glamorous! dazzling! Then, I'd ---" But then I saw in Mother an embarrassment that immediately seemed to transfer to me.

Mother didn't allow herself to look at me, even, before saying, "You're telling on yourself pretty uncommonly. It's really bad for you to feel that way, you know." Then it was she looked penetratingly at me and said, "Such an idea could very well become your downfall."

I shrugged with irritation. "I can't help it," I said.

"Yes, revenge ---" she said thoughtfully.

able "... especially against these -- these ..." And not being able to bring myself to say against whom specifically, I pouted.

"You would be doing yourself more harm than good," she said. "The strain would be on you, not on those you sought to hurt."

"I don't think so," I said hatefully.

Mother was silent, apparently thoughtful. And I wondered what she was thinking. Her silence bothered me, so I leaped to ask another question. "Mother, how did your sister my mother meet this Indian who's suppose to be my father?"

Mother sighed wearily. "Your mother doesn't know, Helen; really I don't."

"Oh, come, Mother," I said, "you told me the rest. I'm of age. I want to know just how they -- they, you know, how they --- met."

"I understand what you want, Miss Curiosity," she said, with more than slight derision. "but your ma doesn't know that much to satisfy you. As I've said, your -- other mother, my sister, died, poor dear, giving birth to you, and Harold and I thought it only proper that we should adopt you and bring you up in our home. And that's really all there is to it." Mother ended on a high note, looking matter-of-fact up at me as if to say, 'that's all there is to it. What more would you want to make of that?'

And I felt like a sordid exposure.

"Really, if I knew significantly more, I wouldn't hesitate to tell you, my big grown-up girl, at this time, unless ---"

"Unless you thought it too shameful, Mother?" I said.

"Well, naturally," she said unnervefully, "I MIGHT would think it wiser to withhold SOME things if -- if such were the case. But I can assure you it isn't."

"I must know," I said, slightly above a whisper and hammering the rail.

We kept our silence for some moments. I seemed to sense her studying me, however, and it seemed I visibly trembled. Shortly, I heard movement and felt her hand on my arm.

"I'm not sure I sense things rightly," she said, "but I'm beginning to fear for you, Helen."

"Fear for me?" I said, half looking back and walking away. "That's silly, Mother. Why should you fear for me?"

It seemed to me I had hurt her by shrugging away from her touch and walking away; I felt the pain for it in my own stomach.

"Because of the way you're acting," she said.

"Oh, Mother, don't be so --- so ---- . Why not just tell me?"

"You think I'm lying to you?"

"Well, why not just say the awful truth and get it over with," I said, trying to sustain and avoid a confrontation at the same time because of her piercing steady gaze.

"Yes, that's it," she said. "You've made it up in your little head that I'm lying." And she slightly sprang at me, gripping my shoulders, and her strength was surprising. "You think so because you want to believe the worst! You'd like to set your mind to something low and mean and nasty on YOUR MOTHER, my sister, to excuse all the dirt you'd ever feel like crawling through. You want me to tell you your mother was a WHORE to ease your black conscience in what ---"

"Stop it, Mother! Stop! Stop!" I yelled, battling her arms but practically helpless. And for some strange reason I grew increasingly apprehensive that momentarily she would strike me. The great white matriarch disciplining the miscreant savage. It had all happened rather rapidly and, with equal intrepidity, the idea leaped into my head and I spat it out. "Lets not speak in terms of COLORS, Mother, dear," I said, and twisted away.

It had cut her. And I felt bitchy but much more self-possessed.

She was silent but I could hear a subdued violence within her. But, beautifully again, she approached and placed a hand on my arm.

"Helen?" she said tenderly. "Lets not let this small thing rob us of what we've been as mother and daughter. We love you, Helen -- all of us." And with a voice never actually losing its strength though seemingly sustaining the faintest crack of a tear, she continued: "You've always been My Babygirl; and I'm the only mother you've ever known, and Harold's the only father. Don't let bygones come up and smack us all in the face and cause us to regret each other." And now she had to catch her breath, quite noticeably. "And make you regret you were ever born," she said. "Please --- don't even THINK of doing anything so foolish as would bring shame to burden your mother's memory, for our sake as well as your own."

I hung my head, biting the pain within me, and falteringly moved to bury myself in the gentle strength of mother's bosom, saying in a wee tearful voice, "I feel I'm going to be so lonesome, Mother -- so terribly, frighteningly lonesome."

It had not been easy for me during my younger years. It had always been apparent that there was a difference between myself and the others -- Brother Bill of whom I was intensely fond,

a year younger, and Sister Harriet who was two years older. I had never been quite sure what that difference was until one day Harriet and I were racing home from school. As we ran by Old Man Hiram's general store, Harriet stumbled and dropped her books, the notepaper of her looseleaf scattering about. I ran ahead happily. "Ohh!" she moaned, bending to recover the pieces. "All right, wai-ait," she called. "Lets start over from here!" But I wasn't willing and merely slowed far ahead, gleeful to be winning and besting boastful Harriet, the elder. "Wai-ait! Come back!" she called again. "If you don't wait I'll call you a Redskin!"

I was reduced. All the light-heartedness vanished. I must have seen RED, and without consideration I was a rage hurtling toward her. "What did you call me?"

She looked & stood up from her preoccupation, saying, "I ----" And the rest was lost in the gape; for, swinging wildly, slapped her cheeks already flushed from her accident. And we began pulling and slapping and tearing ----. With no thought for damages and hardly seeing, even, I was determined to give Harriet the worst of it; for suddenly it seemed the mold was broken, and she was no longer Big Sister, the junior overlord. And within me I felt that no little person whose blood seemingly ran so visibly near so thin a surface could stand up to me in my fury. "I'll TEACH you!" I kept saying. But, strangely, she kept echoing me with a different emphasis. I redoubled my effort with tears and an indignation for the dust and dirt and grime and her stubbornness. But, whereas I felt that any moment she should melt away, the moments grew fiercely hot with my weariness and she was there right on. And through the deafness of rage I became aware of her insisting aloud that she was the oldest.

"I'm the oldest! And I'm the biggest!" she repeated variously despite unsparing breaths.

Then it seemed my strength was vanishing. She was going to beat me good, she said. But just then I bit her and she screamed. And then as it seemed I would die, Old Man Hiram was there with a strong boney grip on each of our shoulder, and giving us a cooling-off shake. We glared at each other, and Harriet was obviously stronger than me, but I was so unhappy to see her still in one piece I broke into a hopeless boohoo, covering against Mr. Hiram. And I was suddenly very frightened ---- of Harriet, and Mother and Father, and everyone except Mr. Hiram.

Mother readily broke Harriet of using unnice names for me. There were crabapple trees in our backyard, which were whipping trees from time to time by being suppliers of switches. We both got a whipping that afternoon, Harriet for calling names and me for starting a fight. And we were almost never really at odds about anything so inflamatory after that. But Harriet and I were never really friends like Brother Bill and me.

Years wore young and pretty things, other things forgotten. And I grew to be a pretty little girl with a permanent tan, more long straight black hair, but a pug nose, brown eyes and modestly thin lips. Mother would sometimes say aloud, "Harri is a pretty thing, but babygirl is cuter." And Harriet would say, "Shucks, she's just BABY-girl is all." And sometimes Harriet would begin to hum affecting a blaze air, and I could almost hear her thinking, 'Anyway, I'm white.' And that was a happy statement, consoling somehow to the point of maddening insolence, I thought. But throughout our gradeschool years Harri and I kept mostly to the company of each other. And, though Billie became more boy with wanderings abroad for sports and adventure, the three of us were often together for the funnest of fun sprints.

But from our high school days on, Harri and I came slowly into different worlds..Soon she, as most other girls her age, was dating. And her girlfriends would come by the house on occasions, and they would sit around discussing their boyfriends. And it wasn't long before I had to keep out of range, otherwise their tales would become spicily exorbitant or they would affect embarrassment and long-suffering silence. None of the boys ever offered to take me out in any selective way, except one fellow whom I found extremely unappealing. Little Freddie, he wasn't good at anything it seemed. And one day, determined to be a swimmer, he sneaked away from school alone to the irrigation ditch and almost drowned, and got so sick he had to be taken to the hospital. And though I surely felt at times that Freddie was better than nothing, I could never bring myself to a public avowal of this. It seemed Hsfamily had only been around a year or so, and then Little Freddie's folks had moved away.

My classmates made a big fuss over the dates and sundry arrangements for our Junior Prom. As on many occasions before, my hopes tried to soar; this was clearly a prime invitation time. And I thought that just maybe some fella would be attracted to me enough to dislodge himself from the group, and thus end the spurn-Helen tradition. Papa Harold bought me a new dress for the occasion, cheering me addedly, since I wouldn't have to wear Harri's hand-me-down from the Senior Prom the year before, or her seconds for the Junior Prom the year before that. Mother touched it up on the sewingmachine to sparkle-in a little more or something. And right up to the very day of this gala, both my parents kept up the front of confidence that I'd finally be accepted by our group. I was really roaring cute. But ----.

Stevie Wimberton had implied as much -- that I was roaring cute. He was of the stuff status is made on, I guess -- handsome, at the top of the honor roll, or near it, captain of the baseball team, and second son of a country doctor. For sure, he had no strikes on him at the outset. But Stevie W., when he tried casually to close in on me as a soft touch -- at lunch, or walking partway home with my crush instead of being a dope over Harri or one of the accepted belles -- the column of thinly disguised snobbery from his nose to his chest, which was about how tall I was next to him, made me feel like a patronized dwarf two feet tall and in laughing giant company. But so often I caught his gaze shifting away from me! It gave me dreams, bad ones. And I could not give dominion to a snob. But I would sometimes excuse myself a little by going with Billie to practice. And in that silent way, along with some other silly girls, I would watch my hero go overboard to be overbearingly masterful. But Billie was such a good player, even in his Freshman year the source of embarrassment to some older players, that I felt my cover was sufficiently opaque to offset my seeming to be the silliest of the sillies.

Along toward evening on the day of the Prom I hid away in my room, disinclined to have my family conscious of my presence. Unfortunately or otherwise, I had been unable to dream up some rouse to avoid the appearance of being left out. About six o' clock, Billie came to call, "Hey, Sis?" and asked to be admitted.

I had decided 'not to be ready'; so had dressed and undressed to my slip and was stretched on the bed. I snatched up a novel that lay nearby for this purpose and, trying to appear composed, said, "Yeah, come in, Billie."

He entered casting a furtive glance around and trying to smile. "I came up to see how you're doing," he said, approaching the bed. I tried smiling back but didn't otherwise respond. He seated himself gingerly on the bed, obviously feeling quite awkward but determined. "You going to the Prom tonight, Sissy?"

he said, looking deliberately over at my dress hanging before the closet door. And turning back to me with a slight but real smile that was the reading of my stage setting, he said, "If you feel like going, I'd like to go along. I'd sorta like to see what it's like, you know. I couldn't go otherwise."

"I was thinking of going before," I said. "But I don't feel like I'm up to it now, Billie. Thanks, though."

He dropped his head, turning he face away, sitting there uncertain of how to proceed. "Ohhh, Sissy," he said. "Why can't you go? We could have such a lot of fun!"

The scene he was making was just a mite on the good side of further embarrassment for me. And I had really to press my will into service to keep my head above pity.

"Who said I can't go, Billie?" I said. "I said I don't feel up to it." But I had to turn away, not looking at him. And we were both sensitized by this transparency.

"Well, I -- er ---. But all the other girls are going --- in your class, I mean, and -- well -- if I were you, I'd go, anyway. You know what I mean." Then, rapidly continuing, deciding to tell me prickly part, he said, "A couple juniors at the practice today: They asked me who was taking you. And I said ---" He took a deep breath like he was re-living it. "I said --- I mean, I really wanted to bop those guys, you know? -- I said, 'None of your guys could take her. If she goes, maybe I'll take her. You can bet on that.'"

I had to smile of love & pride, and, so, I made myself laugh, even. "And what did they say to that, Bill?" I asked, half afraid.

"They said they were only asking, that I shouldn't get sore," He said. "Ah, they -- they're simple characters anyhow. So, after I called them down, they just pretended to laugh, and walked. Who cares about them! But lets go, Sissy."

It hurt, of course, to have Billie in the strain I was sure he felt. But I was in a quandy. I was by no means enthusiastic about putting up the front and going to the Prom with Brother Billie. But just as surely I knew now I had to.

"They are that, simple characters," I said. Then, leaping into the fire, I said, "On second thought, it would be a pleasure to be escorted to the Prom by such a handsome young man like yourself." And I sprang off the bed to get re-dressed.

Bill leaped up; smile blossomed on his face. "I'll be ready in a jiff!" he said, running from the room.

Once he had left, I felt the full sensitization that what we were doing was only too obvious. It would take no genius to figure. The only thing that could make the difference, I knew, would be the aplomb we might affect, with a determination to have, without reservations, a wonderful time.

So, we went. But we made no big splash, nor did further stigmata accrue to me; in fact, I had even a few dances, and the more secure of my classmates were quite friendly. Billie, of course, was popular anyway. But it was obvious that I would never be accepted by our group. I was a rarity, as a black sheep may be even a prize rarity but a discouraging market.

I grew closer to mother in my loneliness, helping with housework, caring for chickens, garden -- knitting. It was some time after the Prom festival fiasco one long evening of my sixteenth year that Mother gave me all the particulars she knew concerning the unquestionable truth. Mother was really my aunt. My father Ute, Indian.

In 1940 a big government project was being started about fifty miles from the village where I had lived most of my life. Papa Harold got a good position on the project and decided to rent our house and move to the town nearby to open up something of a luncheon. The population of this town was considerably more heterogeneous than that of our old one, but practically no one other than those of our group ate in our luncheon. That same year, Hari married the preacher's son from the old village, and they moved from family to start their own. Shortly after that -- Hari's marriage -- Billie joined the Marines. I alone remained, the adopted of the house, the last in guardianship of its last generation.

It was something over a year after mother and I had had our important talk that we chose a good location and opened the luncheon. Business was good from the outset. I was sub-chief cook and waitress. Mother was chief. And it was OUR business.

The workers who came in to eat kidded me. It was their way of leaning on their masculinity, of course, and getting a laugh. But after a time, the kidding became instrumental in setting my mind amid a sea of intrigues. I wanted romance. I had become afraid for myself, so much so I seriously thought of leaving town and going far away where my downfall and follies would have no reflection upon my family.

Then one day the devil thrust himself into my life in the person of a redheaded freckle-faced construction worker. No telling how many times before he had lunched in our place, and I had surely noticed him once or twice as he was not the least talkative. This time I was summoned: "Say, looka here --- Sister, ain't you ever gonna wake up and live a little? You look like Old Lady Hubbard, the Old Lady from the shoe, and several Cinderellas combined dragging around here. Why doncha come off that slow downbeat and get hep to the mellow uptake. The way you drag around you'd think there wasn't any shortage of lead in the country these days. Things ain't what they used to be, you know? You can't sit home rocking and waiting for Mr. Van Richboy to come callin no more. You gotta get out and flip your lid a couppla times. Draw a few wolf calls and act real crazy cool. Blink your eyes a couppla times nowadays and the world's done left you in ancient history. I ain't exactly the Square from Delaware myself; I could teach you a few things. Keep the gait you got and you'll be lost, baby. You dig me?"

I was too flabbergasted and couldn't answer if I had wanted to -- wanted to slap his face, for instance. A couple of his mates chuckled. I looked at the man and drew in my breath, and couldn't utter anything but, "Some nerve!" But mother had heard some part of this and came out of the kitchen in a mild fury.

"Young man," she said, pointing a finger at him, "you shut up that crazy talk to my daughter and eat your food. You've done enough yapping to start a political party, and your platform leaves a lot to be desired. And if you breathe any more of those notions over your food it's likely to sour."

His mates chuckled. He had been told. He sort of ducked his freckled chin to his chest sulkily. Mother was too commanding to admit of backtalk. "The ideal!" she muttered, going back to the kitchen.

I would like to have made some show of 'being alive' to demonstrate to him -- and others -- how little I needed such advice -- like having my tall handsome sweetheart stroll in at just such moments. But there were none. And I could only, as a result, attempt to remain distant and aloof by way of indicating the same thing. And for a while maybe it worked. But, presently, I began to feel the considerable strain of the lack of commitment. And this contributed to a rationalization that I might toy with openings such as the Redhead had given.

But for a while I remained reserved, though I didn't want it thought, either, that I couldn't handle myself and needed mother's protection. With most of the customers -- and the men about -- I had no trouble. But this one fellow bothered me. He continued to eat occasionally at our luncheonette, only a mite less vocal with his cronies. But to me he made only the smallest smalltalk, like, 'How're you doing?' And I would say, 'Fine' or 'O.K.' Yet even my vanity was an enemy; for I worried deep within that the men might lose even this kind of implicit interest in me. So, one day when he asked sort of casually, 'How're you doing?' I felt emboldened and frivolous enough to say, 'Still pretty square, I guess. You still think I need to get hep?'

He looked up at me with a mouthful of chicken-salad sandwich, glancing slyly quickly back to the kitchen in a flash, and, swallowing hard, said, "Sure, Sister, them that ain't hep to the play gits left by the way. You can't sit home rockin satisfied; the chick that jells already been fried. Dig me?"

"Hummm-mm," I said. And forcing its way from the back of my mind was an incongruous reception parked out on Vista Road. In the corner of my eye I saw him nudge a chum as he watched me, grinning to his soul as I moved about.

The whole set-up became immediately repulsive. After all, I told myself, can one be sure of breaking a fall? No. So how can falling be a solution to weariness! About this time, as well, increasing numbers of young soldiers were about. And they were a cleaner-looking, younger, and more commitment-prone type in certain particulars. Also, Brother Billie came home on leave, looking like a modern knight ready for a crusade, and like mother's baby affecting a tough exterior. We spent one happy week together, during which we went dancing, to movies, and for long walks and renewed our comradeship. Billie expected to go overseas and he was particularly sentimental at times, but bravely committed to being the soldierboy.

And when he had gone it was like my world was standing still while everyone else's moved on & forward. Each day mother and I moved back and forth from the house to the shop next door, and Papa Harold closed up after the dishwasher & cleanerman finished each night, unless he went to sleep beforehand. And occasionally there were visits to Harri & family, or they stopped by on weekends. My life seemed quite routinized, with a continuing emotional deficit. And more and more I thought of escaping. But to where? And on what basis?

Then one evening my devil showed up. There was licentiousness about the big man with freckles that seemed partly to buoy me in a witless lonesome and partly to emphasize a state of unimpeachable chastity which seemed the desired state to preserve. But there was some cleavage between my mind and the illusive buoyant adventure that set my body up.

Mother had gone on an errand to the house and I was alone except for the dishwasher. He walked in, cleaned up, wearing sport shirt & pants and a complacent roughish grin. Another only-customer had just left and it was near time for us to lock the door.

"Hi, there. Lets have a cuppa coffee, baby," he said, moving easily over to the counter and slipping around and onto a stool.

And while apprehensive, I responded automatically, fetching the coffee, and he sat making fingerprint designs on the counter but looking at me, and his gaze didn't flit away when I faced around but continued bearing upon me, directly in the eyes, while the grin seemed to tell me quite assuredly just how cheaply this person would take any favors already presumed due and overdue.

I set him his coffee and followed it with a glass of water, and each time I looked into his eyes they were going into me.

Our eyes played out a question-and-answer game, my questioning of plus & minus wonder and threshold censure, and his answering: Yeah, baby and yes-lets-yes---just-be-yourself-because-I-know-you-need-yes, with a shamelessly unrelenting grin. I realize I was gauging the attentiveness of Edward, the dishwasher, quite suddenly forcing acknowledgment of furtive design. And Red-freckles noted it too. But somehow I felt in command; just all at once it seemed I had decided. I wanted to have some part of that haunting adventure, and it would be easy; I only had to let it happen. And once explored, I reasoned, I could restore an aloofness and bide my time for awhile. No one would know the difference, anyhow. And so thinking as I rinsed a few glasses, looking up, it seemed he had heard my thought, and the grin tapered to a staked crooked smile.

"Business kinda slow tonight, eh," he said presently. "Guess you'll be closing soon, eh?"

I just glanced up at him, continuing what I was doing, without answering.

"Been sorta wondering what to do with myself," He said, venturing on. "Think what I'd like is to go for a law-ong drive out along Vista Road." And our eyes met again, my glance darting quickly away and apprehensively back toward the kitchen. "Yeah, that's what I'd like, I sure would like THAT. You ever been out on Vista Road? Say, what's your name, anyway?" he said.

I was unexpectedly choked up. Somehow I didn't want to tell him my name; it seemed too personal and having nothing to do with this puppy play; though some customers knew my name, having heard mother calling me, or some otherwise; seems he had missed it; so I just shook my head, clearing my throat for affect.

"You're not afraid to tell me your name, are you?" he said, intoning amazed disbelief, if not offense.

"Why do you want to know my name?" I said shakily.

"Just thought I'd like to know; we can be friends," he said.

I cut him a glance, feeling suddenly like I should leave rapidly for the kitchen. "My name's not important," I said.

He shrugged. "Well, if you don't wanna tell me your name --- 'a rose by any name' is just as sweet. How about that?" And he was certainly not much daunted. Standing and grinning at me as he moved, he approached the jukebox. "Anything special you wanna hear, sweetheart-with-no-name?"

"Whatever you like," I said curtly. "We're closing soon, though. You'd better finish your coffee."

He fanned the idea to scorn, turning to study for his musical examination. "Say," he said, glancing away momentarily, "'no-name' --- has kind of an Indian sound to it, don'tchu think? Wouldn't do for a white girl, though. That's why I think you really should tell me."

Already I had decided against all encroachments. And this latest presumption just galled me. "I'm Indian!" I said, nose in the air and glaring at him.

He looked around, mildly startled. "That so?" he said, affecting surprise. "Well, I didn't mean anything by ---".

It was repulsive to think of being seduced by such a slob -- so grinningly, roughlyly supercilious; everything like a foregone conclusion with him. Contemptuous, almost.

"Helen!" Mother's voice cut through the music starting up.

I turned with a start. "Yes, Mother?"

She beckoned to me from the kitchen where she had shortly re-entered, and obediently but apprehensively I went back.

"Isn't that the man who does all that crazy talking, the one I had to shut up once before?" she said.

"Un?" I uttered, turning, affecting not to have noticed. "Yes, I believe it is." And I tried to look mystified. "Why?" She had already made an assumption, I could tell; or else, she had been attending for some moments before calling me.

"He usually comes for lunch," she said. "What's he doing here this evening. Probably doesn't live around here," she went on musingly and searching my expression the while. "Is there something going on I should know about and don't, Helen?"

"What makes you ask such a question, Mother?" I said. Her countenance clouded gravely. She knew me too well to be put off by affected indignation. "I don't intend letting anything underhanded go on right under my nose, that's why," she said tersely.

I fumed, an indignation somewhat more natural then. "Mother, I'm TWENTY YEARS OLD!" I informed her -- for what it meant or could mean; I was instantly further undermined, but emboldered to say, "It seems to me I shouldn't have to be watched over and shielded against all so-called evil influences like a baby!"

"To be sure," she said evenly. "But keeping you from being one of HIS 'babies' is another shielding til coming-of-age, which maybe you DO need. Now, you're just not to have anything to do with that man, you understand!"

I was sure our voices were carrying out into the store proper, and I felt humiliated -- especially telling myself that I had resolved the danger before she interfered -- and even before Edward, the dishwasher.

"His type doesn't mean THEMSELVES any good," mother continued. "Don't you for one minute imagine you could get anything out of taking up with him. Of course, he would HAVE you -- for his SLUT -- if you were fool enough to go along. Don't be THAT big a fool, Helen, PLEASE."

Fumbling for words, for composure, for a miracle to vanish into thin air, I burst into tears -- ashamed, outraged -- and ran swiftly out of the store, home, and up to my room.

This incident didn't altogether daunt Redfreckles. Still, he continued to come for lunch along with other project workmen. After it, however, he always acted as if there was a big deep secret between us, which notion he conveyed to me in part by repeated winks.

I went to books for a while again, concentratedly. Books had always helped a little. They lifted me away. Myself and the book, adventuring somewhere, it was a world in which I could err very little. But even here there was a hitch which repeatedly turned me away from books for a while. It was the identity matter again, even in this; for the books were written by and about PEOPLE. And it was very discouraging to have a hero or heroine turn into an Indian-hater, or bigotted somehow similarly that one did not have to strain to imagine the broad general application of such sentiments. It was partly due to this that I concentrated more and more on material dealing with my father's people, the American Indians. And the more I read, the more engrossingly committed I became to this study; while, at the same time, I became increasingly aware of a want of depth here, of a purely human dimension as would have a particularly feminine perspective.

It wasn't long, either, before I made it plain to mother Elaine & papa Harold that my days of working in the luncheonette were numbered, that I saw no future in it, and that my spirit was hungry -- in so many ways. I reminded mother of our past considerations regarding my attending college -- that after waiting a

couple years, of working and saving my money I really wanted to. Billie, too, was beginning to feel that he should continue his formal education, and his letters were full of perspectives -- of the life ahead soberly considered -- and he was sure that government help would be forthcoming. But he wasn't sure in what part of the Country he wanted to settle.

But I was not altogether excited by the prospect of going away, leaving my family and moving into another exposure somewhere. I just knew I had to. I had to broaden my horizons. And I had to move among young people who were searching and reaching out for life and their individuality. My personal need here could hardly be over-estimated, and only by failure of courage could it be overlooked. Then there was that intensely personal & universally human need -- as especially applicable to womanhood. IT SEEMED STRANGE HOW ALWAYS I SEEMED TO HAVE WALKED DOWN THE ISLAND OF THE WORLD, OR DOWN THE ISLAND OF LOVE STREET, AND NOT ON ANY REAL PEDESTRIAN SIDEWALK, MEETING NO ONE AND SUBJECT TO THE DANGERS OF TRAFFIC ON EACH SIDE, EVEN WITHOUT STEPPING OFF TO CROSS ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, FEELING THREATENED BY ONCOMING MOTORISTS, BY WALLS IN THE WAKE OF THEIR ZOOMING WINDS -- THREATENED TO SNATCH ME LEFT & RIGHT, TO UPSET A TENUOUS BALANCE, THREATENED BY THE EYES, BY THE FROWNS, AND BY DISCOMFORTS OF REAL AND IMAGINED NOTIONS OF BEING LAUGHING STOCK & PATHETIC NOTICE.

One summer day I looked out the window of our restaurant and saw a whole fleet of Van trucks pulling into town and parking at the curb across the street. The drivers got out, wearing green coveralls and milled around a few moments before spotting our eating place. I saw a tall tan-complexioned man, broad-shouldered, and with prominent chest stand out among them and in that instant I began to tingle. It was like a feeling of unaccountable happiness, and just a little frightening. The next moment, he saw me staring at him and flashed a gallant smile. I must have flushed, feeling weak and giddy, and turned from the window embarrassed.

Moments later, men were entering our place in a drove. I kept my back to the door to compose myself for some seconds, but they were a boisterous lot and began immediately calling out orders: Coffee, doughnuts, soup & crackers, burghers, roast beef, and such & such a number of things I didn't know where to start.

"Well, c'mon, Sister, hop to!" one of them said.

I turned to him, saying, "What was yours again, please?"

"I told ya once -- coffee & doughnuts!" he roared.

"Well, how in blazes did you expect her to know who ordered what when you all come in talking at once?" mother said, coming from the kitchen to help me.

"Er, I'm sorry, Ma'am," he said politely. "Coffee & doughnuts, please, Miss."

"That's more like it," mother said, moving along. "Now, who was it ordered roast beef?"

"Me!" someone yelled. "And I'll have bowl-a-soup & crackers, ta begin with," another said. "And probably a slice of that --- what kinda good pie you got? Hamburger and coffee," said another. "Steak with onions, Miss, gravy, I like plenty-a-gravy, please ma'am ... let me have ... Hummm, I'm hungry ... while that's cooking, let me have ... etc., etc...."

"PLEASE!" mother said, raising her arms in mild exasperation. "Pipe down, PLEASE! Everybody'll get good service. But, PLEASE, show some patience."

I was nervous. The handsome stranger had managed to sit right in front of me. And I couldn't really move, it seemed. And he was staring at me -- not in a way at which I could take offense but unsettling; though shyly I kept glancing up, I somehow for some moments just fiddle-faddled with glasses under the counter.

His presence gave me the emptiness feeling. Eventually, I heard him saying, "I'll have bacon, eggs, toast, and coffee." Maybe he said it to wake me up -- for objective orientation. I was grateful but quite speechless, managed a smile but felt altogether clumsy and out of sorts. He spoke well, was apparently not a rowdy like some of the others. But the effect was so unaccountably disconcerting I felt really like kicking myself as I moved quickly into the kitchen. Mother looked at me peculiarly as I rattle off the few orders I had managed to take down.

"Why, Helen, honey, what's the matter?" she said.

I turned away suddenly as she stood waiting for an answer and rushed to the rear of the kitchen. "Helen!" I heard her calling after me. She followed, coming quickly over, and there I was again in her arms. "Honey," she said sweetly, "what is it?"

After some mute moments, I managed to say, "That man -- that man --- Oh, Mother ---"

"Silly ---" she said, kissing my forehead. "You've seen tall handsome men before. Why these hysterics about this one?"

"Ohhh---" I sobbed pitifully. "There's something about him! Oh, Mother, maybe I've just been so lonesome so long, but I'm frightened. And I don't want to be a bad girl."

"Now, now ---" she said "--- I don't think there's anything to worry about, really."

"But he's an Indian..."

"Maybe so, but he doesn't have his tomihawk or war paint on," she said.

Another time I may have laughed, but if I were laughing I wasn't sure of it myself; instead, uncontrollable tears continued mixed with gummy inarticulateness.

"Come, now, take a minute and calm yourself," mother said. "I'll have to go back to feed those hungry wolves before they bring down the house. Run home and compose yourself. Go ahead. But I'll be expecting you shortly, now," she said, pushing me out the door.

I went into the backyard, trying to clear up the atmosphere, and around to the house to the bathroom. My face was really flushed in the mirror, and my eyes a wee bit red. I trembled as I stood looking at myself. I knew this was a ridiculous state and I tried desperately to compose myself. After washing and combing, I applied a little make-up then paced about nervously asking myself what was the matter with me until I heard mother calling. Knowing I had to go, and wanting to appear cool and composed, I lingered a moment more to adjust myself and then rushed out. Mother looked up, handing me an order.

"Bacon, eggs, toast," she said.

I took it with a shock, almost dropping the plate, and went panickly forward. I realized immediately I hadn't placed cutlery nor served him the usual glass of water, and I wondered if he would think something awful about that or me --- or what.

"I thought you weren't coming back," he said, smiling. "I thought maybe it was your quitting time; expected to see another girl. But I'm glad it's you."

That gave me a lift. I smiled, saying, "Thank you. But I'm the only waitress working here right now. This is a family-run restaurant."

He looked at me peculiarly for a moment and turned to his meal. As the men finished eating, paid their checks, and exited, it seemed my tall handsome stranger deliberately lingered to be last to pay at the register I attended. He looked a bit confused as he approached.

"Do you live here, Miss?" he said.

"Next door," I said, nodding and trying some charm of smile. He looked at me curiously and glanced back at mother. "Is that you mother in back?" he asked, somewhat timidly.

"Yeah. That's mother," I said.

"But -- but you're not -- you're not ---"

"I'm part Indian," I said.

"Oh," he said. "Your father?"

I nodded, smiling.

"I don't mean to seem rude," he said. "Are you married?"

"No. Not yet."

"I'm not married, or engaged, either," he said, and looked at me intently. I could tell he was groping forward. "My name's Don Thunderclap," he said shakily, extending a hand.

"I'm Helen Silver," I said and touched the big strong hand.

"I'll be making two trips a week down here for several weeks. Won't have much time to spare, but I hope we can get better acquainted," he said.

I think I blushed a little, saying, "I'll look forward to seeing you again, Mr. Thunderclap."

Time was of my young womanhood blossoming out, girl neeness and stilted glamor reaching for space. But Don saw me as honey delectable, stable, & devotional, I think. We talked about general things on our dates, and went to the Reservation outside the county and met some people and toured the landmarks and surroundings and talked of Indian circumstances. And mother had to hire a waitress for the evenings, and shortly she also hired a cook and became the visiting manageress; while I supplemented on waiting chores and worked the cash register. Maybe all of us were rushing forward, but Don and I didn't feel awkward about it. I knew how I wanted to feel: almost possessed. And he gave me to feel we were mutually eternal. He asked me what I wanted out of life. I said, Happiness. I asked him and his answer was the same -- same a s everybodyelse, he seemed to think. It seems kind of silly now, but at the time it made me feel good inside, a part of something. We went occasionally to the movie, and times I would turn to see him smiling at me with a soft dream in his eyes, and we would hold hands and after the movie we would walk home slowly talking about the war and hopes and dreams of the people for peace, and of our wish for happiness. Other times we would sit in the park and almost always then he kept an awkward silence. And he never kissed me goodnight.

I wondered why --- why not. And desperate, feeling disgrized maybe, and feeling uncertain about the physics of the lift of the lid of the boiling kettle, I coaxed him to a dance, and I got reekingly perfume sweet and transparently vaporous, and deliberately bumped and let him hold me in close, even when at first he probably didn't mean to; and through it all I gazed up, face upturned, though sometimes my eyes were closed, hoping my lips were all the while the little moist buds of irresistible dream flesh. And my intuition was satisfied, my ego prodded, to say I was real warm woman however hooded in vestiges of ceremony and withholdingly beholdingly precious. AND WAS HE EVER MALE. Ever ready! Ever willing-ready! But what will-power! Maybe too much. By what margin would I, woman, have power over this? I thought.

And so I would make it my decision; or so I thought. But I almost --- almost irreversibly melted. I broke away in a fever and ran wildly through the park with Don pursuing & calling after me. And when out of the woods, I felt safer and stopped and he ran up to me, both of us panting and perspiring and wide-eyed, I was backed & pressed against a tree, and then, again, the temperature went up and breathing became impossible. I resumed a melt,

but beating his chest and shaking my head, even as all of me shook, and saying, "No, no --- please!" until I twisted away, forcing a halt.

He sank to the grass and sat headbowed for moments. I recovered my wind & composure presently and emboldened to kneel beside him, and, overcome with guilt & sympathy, lay my head against his shoulder, feeling enamored, and said, "I'm sorry", and variations of that very softly, and, after a time, "Forgive me ----"

He touched my cheek tenderly after moments. And then he told me the problem that was bothering him: He expected very shortly to go -- to be drafted; his time had become very precious on the one hand -- on top of my coquettish scheming -- and only to be bided on the otherhand. He didn't want to be a spoiler; I had suffered enough of the effects of that. He would do his military service, keep in touch with me, and when it was over he would come back. Did I want to -- would I wait for him? Yes.

(Darling, I'll wait.)

The promise was sealed on our warm lips. I felt him trembling again, and I was atremble, and we couldn't break away. I heard him moan, acutely agonized, and the promise threatened to become license -- a hand invading along my limbs under the frills. I began to gasp. "No! --- No! We mustn't! --- We mustn't," I kept thinking and saying, and he was saying, "No! We mustn't," but I found the thrilling touch continuing over ever toward me, and I was clutching him feverishly and he fumbling. I strained to release him, snatching my hands away, but only to resume moment to moment, unwilling not to know his full presence; I had to clutch his shoulders, his arms; I had to have my arms around him, to bring my lips back to his. But I was squirming on the grass, with my legs together, and then apart, and then kicking and digging in with my heels trying to rise, rolling and grabbing the wrist of that hand and fighting it, feeling his hot breaths, his hot body thru the clothes, and its tremors, and the poised steely intruder riveter bumping and poking and prodding my hips and legs and body in this duel, not with each other but with young lust on behalf of love.

And I thought of mother and Harri and Billie and Papa Harold and two people long ago, the someone male Indian and the white ladschoolteacher --- where? How? like this? NO! Not like this! NO! NO! Not like this! Not here, like this!

In the van, I heard. The van? NO! No--no, it couldn't be! It wasn't to be! I had to fight it. MAMA! PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE! Help me! Help me! Oh, GOD! And I was straining: EEEEEEEEEE-eel and scrambling and scratching, and suddenly free, scrambling to my feet and running --- running, again, almost laughing freely gleeful, agonizingly a hurt nearly doubling me, but a beautiful delicious pure pain of being free! leaving him in a collapsed audible hulky ache of enervated inadmissible manhood in frustration, and knowing I had won. I HAD WON. I was out of the woods.

I had won? Yes and no. There was just to be no more entangling of Indian maiden & Brave this night. I hushed my wind, my heart's pounding, holding my in a press and a breast in one hand, hoping to quieten my spirit's chemistries.

I brushed myself down and waited at the crossing --- some long moments, minutes, and had become apprehensive that he would not come when I saw him emerging from the park. He slowed and walked rather deliberately up to me; wide-eyed, I watched him, searchingly, seeking expression. He was grave. He approached and took my hand, turning me toward home. And I went, not skipping, but with a light head. And after some moments walking, he applied a little affectionate pressure and gave me a wee smile, thinly but bravely gallant.

The news got about too quickly that the half-breed girl of the Silver family was dating an Indian truckdriver, and a few of the fresher male customers who frequented our place began sly insinuations -- of presumptive incursions & seductive design. One evening mother confronted me in the livingroom. Papa was snoozing in an occasional chair, part of the evening paper in his lap and part on the floor. Mother knitted inexhaustibly on the couch, and I was coming downstairs from my room to get a book I had previously started.

"Come sit beside me for a minute, Helen, dear," she said. "Why are you hiding away in your room? Aren't we friends any more, Babygirl? Come keep me company."

I chuckled. "Somehow I get the notion you're teasing, Mother," I said. And I fetched the book and joined her on the couch. "Actually, we're together so much I sometimes feel like your twin sister -- not that anyone else would make that mistake once they knew my precious you," I said, kissing her cheek and snuggling with my head against her.

She whimpered, purring, curt laughter, nudged, squeezing a cheek against my mop top, and said, "My-my!"

"Any news of the end of the war on the news?" I asked pouting.

"'Fraid not," she said. "It looks like a long siege, Dear." "Umm-mm."

"How're you and that young man of yours getting on?" she said after a moment. "You haven't failed to date up for any of his several trips these past weeks."

"All right," I said, hugging myself deliciously. And then, reflecting, I said, "You don't object, do you, Mother?"

"Object? No! Of course not," she said. "But -- uh -- I've been thinking..." She paused, lowering her knitting, and I sat up. "I was wondering: Since you've started dating now, who'll take this young man's place when he stops coming down on these trips?" Quickly, she added, "He won't be making trips forever, I reckon, will he?" She looked at me and I saw deep furrows of little-noticeable time strifed on her face, but a kind if often stern face, mother's. And I kept thoughtfully silent until the last of her anticipation ebbed. I wouldn't answer.

And so an anxiety accumulated around the prospect of his continued trips. And each prospect of seeing him struck fear in me, but the thought of not seeing him was unbearable.

On succeeding dates we went horseback riding -- outover the tableland, the mesas, into the hills. We made some ancestral friends, and we affected to have found a secret place, our own hide-away and lookout point. And we chipped our names in the rock:

CAME TO THIS ROCK
in love
Don and Helen
1943

RETURNED TO THIS ROCK

It was the week before his last scheduled trip. We started off for a movie that evening. Neither of us was inclined to chatter, but this evening we were especially non-vocal. We kept a kind of understanding silence, conceding to the occasion an imperturbance that censored smalltalk. There was a small queue for tickets, and we got in line, Don saying, "You want to wait in the lobby?" Of course I didn't. I jerked his arm, applying a

little pressure to his hand, looking up and smiling and shaking my head.

Just then the man in front of Don turned with a big grin on his face. It was Redfreckles. He looked Don over scornfully then smirked at me. I was immediately apprehensive strangely, and I moved closer to Don, practically hugging his arm.

"Hi, Baby," Redfreckles said saucily. "I see you got yourself a redskin boyfriend. Good ole mammy couldn't talk you out of it this time, eh? Heh-heh-heh." And he turned to Don, who had grown steely tense and glanced repeatedly from me to the leering freckled one. "Bet you had yourself a virgin gal, there, eh, boy? Heh-heh. I sure wanted somma that, but her good ole mammy turned her agin me. Might-a-known, though, like mammy like daughter. Heh-heh-heh---"

I seemed I would die. I yanked on Don's arm, wanting him to look at me -- for what I was trying to say silently, assuredly, but he now glued his stare on Freckles, shaking his arm free of me; while I wanted to move him away. I wanted to GO. I didn't want ANYTHING to happen anywise repercussive of this involving Freckles.

"Don't listen to him, please, Don!" I said, trying to shove him away. "He's just an ignorant, debased, unprincipled scoundrel and trouble-maker --- PLEASE! He just knows me from the restaurant! Please --- please ---"

"Ignorant? Heh-heh. Debased---?" he mocked me.

But suddenly Don had collared him. I was aware of an emptiness. I don't know wherefrom my fears emerged, but, without even thinking that Don would other than pulverize him -- for my sake -- I was terrified --- and humiliated that such an incident could happen and then momentarily accelerate. I wanted it to be a nothing occurrence, not a fight. THEY MUSTN'T FIGHT! my mind screamed at me. But Don had yanked Freckles collar and drawn the nasty leering one toward him, the hand clenched so tightly the skin over his knuckles gleamed to break.

"If you don't take that back I'll kill you," Don said.

Freckles' mask had instantly fallen away, but now he looked contemptuously indignant. He grabbed Don's wrist but couldn't budge it. "Loose the drygoods, Injun, or you'll be sorry you ever laid a hand on a white man," he said, with insolent bravado.

Don hugged him closer, their noses almost touching, and Freckles had flushed full red.

"You take that back, or you'll ---"

"I warned you, Injun."

For moments both men strained against each other one-handedly. Then suddenly up came a freckled fist. Frightened near hysteria, I yelled -- too late, maybe even distracting; things then happened fast. The fist landed and Don stumbled back, his eyes flashing across me for one terrible instant, and with an icily riotous fury that raised a fear to my throat. Recovering quickly, he leaped at Freckles, but, steadying himself, Freckles waited until the exact moment and exploded his fists in Don's face, sprawling him backward. His glance cut across me again as he recovered, and I felt a cold chill run thru me. I wanted to say something, to do something; my heart beat violently, the throbbing up into my head and down in my stomach.

Freckles grinned and said, "Injun, I'm gonna beatchu into the ground; then I'm taking your gal and gettin' what I didn't get before. Heh-heh." Conscious of the crowd that watched him, he gloated, watching tense and cautious otherwise as Don came at him again.

It had seemed to cruelly illogical for him to batter my man; I could taste the hate for him now, and I wanted Don to kill him.

Don moved in cautiously, his fists up now. He feinted Freckles off-guard suddenly and landed a smashing fist in Red's face. Freckles looked shocked, but stumbled back and kicked up savagely, the blow seeming to catch Don partly on his chest but continuing up and grazing his jaw. Don fell away, half turning half falling. Freckles, looking more serious, started to move in but saw Don glaring at him without apparent crushing setback, and brought himself up short, trying another confident grin and glancing at me just a flicker.

Don came in crouched, keenly alert, his arms slightly extended, and it seemed he had gotten his second wind; his air deadly cool. He circled and gestured. Freckles now sweated profusely. I feared something terrible would happen, and heard myself saying, "Please --- please ---"

Suddenly Freckles was stumbling and Don had him by the throat; both toppled to the ground. The crowd gave way as they rolled for a moment, Freckles kicking and twisting, and women began calling for the police. Don came up on top and raised Freckles head smashing it several times to the ground. I screamed hysterically. Then the policeman appeared, hurrying in and slamming his club down on Don's right shoulder. I surged forward as Don turned, his shoulder seeming to collapse toward his chest. Screaming again, I saw him facing the intruder as the club hand came around for his head, I leaped.

The blow caught me over my right ear and my head split.

I was unaware of being alive for a full three days, first unconscious from the blow, then with fever that held me in a little limbo between the living and the dead. I came out of it alone in a little hospital room, groaning as I tried to rise. A horrible pain shot through my head and I fell back dizzily. I felt emaciated, limp, and yet only half awake. Faintly, I heard footsteps, it seemed, but my awareness slipped away.

I woke up calling, "Don! Don---?" And I raised up trembly. "Don---?" And clearly, clearly, clearly I realized the past.

A nurse came to me. "Well, how're you feeling? Lie still," she admonished as I tried again to rise. "You're going to be all right; just lie still. You have to rest and regain your strength," she said, fussing with the bedding and taking my pulse. Another nurse came starchily into the room, crisply.

"Is the doctor coming?" the first nurse said softly.

"He's coming up on the elevator now," the other said. "How is she?" And she came around and put her hand on my forehead.

"She seems to be worried about that Indian fellow," the first said. "Other footsteps." "Oh, Doctor Fields ---"

"When did she wake up?" the male voice said, approaching. I was a dimwit of misery calling Don's name repeatedly and distraught over my weakened emaciated and time-cooconed state.

The voices of the trio seemed to ebb & rise. Don, where was he?

Presently, I heard the doctor's voice, "Would you like to have something to eat, Miss Silver? Are you feeling hungry?"

"Don --- where is Don?" I said.

"Your friend is all right," the doctor said. "You're not to worry. He's all right."

"Where is Don?" I said feverishly. "Don is all right," the doctor said again. "He's all right. Do you understand? Do you hear me, Miss Silver? Don is well and has been discharged."

"Discharged? Discharged!" the meaning filtered down to me.

"Don has been discharged? He's gone? But --- but ---"

"Er -- I think he mentioned something about contacting your mother. Er -- but that was the night you were brought here. But I'm sure your folks know something more," he said.

"He's gone!" And my pains seemed to double. I gritted my teeth, saying, "How long have I been here?"

"Three days."

I had faced away; I couldn't bear to have them see me or to look at them. I wanted them to go --- GO! "Ohhhhh!" I groaned. And the tears came puddling hot, and I was helpless and feverish and hysterical with this dread. "Leaving meeee-eeEEE! Don! Don! Please! Don, I love you. I love you!"

Yes. Don had contacted mother, by telephone: "He said, 'Tell her I have to leave now. Tell her I'll write.' And he started to say something else: 'Tell her --- . Tell her I'll write,' he said again. And he said he was sorry about what happened, but that he understood. He said you knew that he would be going into the army, and he wasn't sure when he would be able to get back here. He said I had raised a fine daughter, a wonderful beautiful girl. 'And she's as pure and --- sacred as a wonder rock. Tell her I'm sorry, and, so long.'"

"I asked him if he would try to visit again," Mother said. "He said, 'Nothing could stop me, Mrs. Silver.'"

I learned later that Don had barely escaped the smear of jail. It was only because of his imminent induction that he wasn't heaped with charges and detained. It left me bitter.

I had been out of the hospital a full week before any serious repercussions in family. Everyone had been nice to me. But mother was insufferably mute, portending the coming explosion. Harri and her husband visited; they assured me there was no ill-feeling because of the notoriety and wished me well. Mother and I continued working in the restaurant according to our new allotments, serving many of the same customers --- transient military personnel, tourists, and strangers to our growing town ...

Then one evening we were all seated in the livingroom, mother knitting, Papa Harold relaxed in his occasional chair reading the paper, and I curled on the couch with a book. The printed words were there but my mind was out of cadence, marching gone with memory future pieces. Mother dropped her knitting and cut in on papa.

"Harold, for goodness sake, how long is this going to go on? Night after night, this same silence!" she said. "Why, it's like a funeral parlor! I'm sick of it!" And she stood up, looking from Papa Harold to me for response either way.

Papa had lowered his paper, removed his glasses, his eyes a wonder of strange beholding. "What on earth's the matter, now, Elaine?" he said.

I decided not to stick it out, leaving the couch to go to my room --- the impossible recourse.

"Oh, no! Where're you going?" Mother called.

"Up to my room," I said, trying to sound peremptory.

"No you don't," she said firmly. "This concerns you most."

"Elaine, honey, do you have to?" Papa said.

"I'm not going to just sit around like a dummy, like nothing has happened," she said. "And I don't intend letting it happen again. We've got a grown daughter, Harold, a full-grown virgin woman. And we HAVE to face the facts of her future."

"Yeah. Facts? What facts, Elaine?" Papa said.

"Yes, what facts, Mother?" I said, returning to the couch, hoping for a cocky equilibrium but finding it hard to lift the

quilt to meet mother's eyes.

"What is news to you, Harold Silver?" she said, moving over to Papa as though changing direction.

Papa leaned forward in the chair, sighing grievously. "All right, Mama," he said, "tell us what's on your mind so we can make our little comments on the lesson and get back to our day-dreams." He chuckled but choked it off and looked up appealingly at Mother who lashed him with her stern reprimanding look.

"How can you be so prim about the whole thing?" she said. "How can you just sit around on your haunches day after day seeing your daughter suffer every kind of misery and do nothing?"

"Mama," he said tiredly, "what can I do? You tell me. What can I do about it? You want me to go out and draft some ---?"

"Oh, shut up!" Mother exclaimed, turning sharply from him.

"Well, that IS the issue, isn't it?" he said defensively.

Mother turned about the room musing with a temper.

"Well, is that the issue or isn't it?" Papa said, perturbed.

"NO!" Mother said. "No, it's not!"

"Yes, of course it's the issue, Papa," I said. "But you're not suppose to be the villain -- or whatever -- the recipient of mother's spleen, I am. Didn't you know? I've become a whore, a licentious real floosie. Isn't it so, Mother?" And I was almost in tears, humiliated and ashamed.

"DON'T! --- you just get flippantly ironical about it, Miss Smarty," she said. "All right. Yes. You might not think you're due censure, that I have nothing to complain and admonish about. But people talk. And when a bunch of nosey jerky people start talking, fiction becomes fact. They say, 'Here comes that Silver woman, mother of that halfbreed girl. Wonder how she pulled the wool over that nice man's eyes?' or, 'There goes that halfbreed girl. Wonder if she really thinks that nice man is her real fag-girl. Wonder if she really thinks that near-riot over her at the theater when one of her ex-menfriends, a white construction worker she had been sneaking about with, bumped into her with an Indian she was lately stringing along. But more important to me, please note," she continued, "is: What, if anything, has gotten through that thick skull of hers as a result of all this nonsense?"

"Elaine, darling, aren't you being a bit harsh?" Papa said. "You don't, further more, even seem like yourself this evening."

"Well, I am myself," Mother said.

"Well, I don't see how you can blame Helen for what's happened, or for what these people you're talking about are saying. What can you expect from people in a small town like this? Everybody knows everybody else; everybody is critical of everybody else's behavior. But you and I, Elaine, we know Helen is just as good a girl as any other in this town, or in this whole blooming country, for that matter. So why do we have to go at each other tooth and nail because of some ONE unfortunate but unavoidable ...?"

"No! Unavoidable? No!" Mother exclaimed. "Unavoidable...?"

"Well, wasn't it?" Papa said.

"Why don't you ask your daughter?" Mother said. "Go on, ask HER whether or not it was --- UNAVOIDABLE."

I had barely managed to restrain the tears to now. I looked furtively at Papa, otherwise looking permanently away, head hung, now dredging his voice, knowing he would ask; the bitterness, self-pity, everything miserable, well up.

"What's your mother talking about, Helen?" he said. "I was only a word away from collapse."

"Helen?" Papa called.

I burst into tears.

"Ohhhhhh!" he said exasperatedly. "Look, Elaine, maybe

this isn't the time -- er -- anyway, I think it's a woman's matter; I'll uh maybe ----"

"No, NOW! Right! NOW!" Mother said, stomping a foot. "Good gracious, what's been going on around here?" Papa said, standing now. And he confronted mother. "Elaine, please! what's this all about, huh?"

Mother walked disagreeably away. "Hell's grief!" Papa exclaimed, lifting his arms, one hand still holding a portion of the paper. "Now, nobody wants to talk!"

He must have been looking the scene over for some moments, from Mother to me, and mother, too, was gauging. Suddenly she turned on me.

"Oh, stop your self-pity grieving!" she said. "You had to learn there's nothing in this world worth the sacrifice of dignity and self-respect. Now, maybe you know, but it's just too bad you didn't learn a little bit sooner."

"I suppose it was my fault I was born?" I said spitefully slobberingly. And I expected her to shout at me, but she was silent. And I was instantly sorry I had said that. I knew I had stung foully. And as much as I didn't want to expose my wretched face, I turned. "I'm sorry I said that; I didn't mean it that way -- honest, Mother --- Papa ---"

Neither of them said anything, which made me feel stupid guilty again, and again the gushing tears came and I covered.

I heard Papa pace briefly. And Mother took a deep breath, telling us her inner struggle was mostly resolved. And, then, in spite of myself, I could think mostly only of myself. "You -- you suppose I'll ever see him again, Mother?" I said. "Oh, God! Why doesn't he write!?! If he loves me, could he do this to me? Wouldn't he forgive me -- ever-ever? Ohhh!hh! Mothe-therrrrr!"

"Put yourself in his place," Mother said, her tone more gentle. "Would you? Would you come back to a woman who has sold her dignity so cheaply? Would you?"

I broke up again. "Oh, Mother! how can you be so cruel? Only once ---. I only had a thought!" And the pain inside me was not unlike that of the evening after the dance when Don and I were a fever on the grass.

"Oh, dry those infernal tears!" Mother said. "Anyway, he's not the only man in the world. So what if he doesn't come back? And don't tell me you love him. You're scarcely old enough to know what love really means."

"Really, Elaine ----" Papa objected. But mother paced behind the couch, musing gesturing and would brook no contradiction. "And even if you do love him," she said, pausing behind me, "there's still the question of whether he loves you -- if after the war and all the excitement ---. Love doesn't work as one might always wish. But --- if he does love you, he'll come back." And she stroked my hair as she said it, just barely grazing the top. "After all, you haven't done much of anything, really --- that was really bad. In fact, I guess that's really not the question." It was as if her thoughts were now moving far away. "Any woman can make a fool of herself once. That isn't peculiar to anyone."

I felt her hand stroking my head tenderly, ever more tenderly. And I sat up, drying my eyes, turning to her --- her face, so young of age by such a great soul enlivened.

"But this --- this --- nowhere, Mother!" I whimpered. "Long and long, this uncertainty! after my whole life! Lonely! dreary! monotonous days! so strangely familiar ..."

"I know," Mother said. "Like the sound of rain. Yes, I used to be the schoolteacher. Funny how rainy days when few if any children came to school used to get inside me to feel the hollowness of my personal life. I thought I was the loneliest person in the world. But I wasn't. Your mother was much lonelier than me. It might have been me; should it have happened, I'm sure she would've done just as I did. You see, Helen, babygirl, loneliness is a most insidious fellow on which no one has a priority claim. We all have to live with it at sometime. But when you've learned to live with him, you know how to live without him. When he has vowed to bow to your un-nerved enchantment, you have advanced to the longest days."

And as she continued stroking and caressing, Papa Harold walked over and put an arm about her, kissing her cheek.

"Ahh! how lucky we problem children are," he said, "that teacher blossomed into such a wonderful person before we came along. We couldn't have ordered up a better deal."

"Mother ----" I said. And she smiled at me.

Don did write me.

He wrote to me from Georgia; he wrote me from New Jersey. For a while, it seemed we would make arrangements -- with which, somehow, his arrivals and departures did not concur. And then he was shipping. He was sweet. He said:

... I'll remember you always. Why didn't I exert myself to be with you! But we will make it up in time. Maybe I should even have let you come to see me off. But don't worry. Of course you know I love you. And there's nothing to forgive. Don't ever think of yourself as other than my precious girl. Remember: 'Returned to the rock'

And he wrote to me A.P.O. somewhere here --- there, from the fields & hills, in the rains -- from hells, from misery, above the thunder I could hear him saying hellos to me, and from deep deep regret, from many dreams of other places, other times ... From death's door ...

And then no more

The war was some years over when I started teaching on the Reservation. Billie had been discharged and was living for the time being in California where he had met a girl, he wrote, the girl he wanted to marry.

Quite often on my off days I went horseback riding. In 1950 I received a fellowship for the completion of a work on some effects of the exposure of Pueblo children in the early grades to two cultures. And I planned to go up to the University for study and research under the guidance of renowned authority on the Pueblos.

I had ridden out again across the mesa this last weekend home for a while, down the arroyos and up the big barren dunes and stubgrass hills -- daydreaming, in part, of the old ways and the time when our cup was full: Indianland, when these parts were wigwam, adobe huts, camp and huntingground. And I knew much of this spirit now.

There came the rising wind and the overcast. And the rain came. The drums beat in my breast, a sound of awakened life.

And I rode back in the rain yesterday, down the rocky trail,

in the great valley of a young unbroken spirit, up to the mesa, and across the streaming stretches of sand, over and around arroyos and tumbleweed to the adobe village where chimney smoke curled into the mist, where new friends welcomed me, watching from afar:

'Returned to the rock'

RETURNED TO THIS ROCK

is ours

in from the downpour.

A Word: As written in 1954, "The Sound of Rain" was originally the same above story except in particulars of cultural theme and related plot instances; the original girl was black, or (another kind of) halfbreed, as they say. After making the round of "Confession" (Negro) mags, it (the story) underwent a metamorphosis (was rewritten) the same year in its present form -- except, of course, with each rewrite, necessarily, some little changes insist. We never got into print, of course. However, it has had several readings in Colorado, New Mexico, and New York. Interestingly, there was an echo of it around '55. I had a habit of giving material to my English professors to read. This one kept it a year and never got around to reading it, he said. But the echo came from the English Department. A coincidence. The story, in fact, was told to me -- the original story scarcely now recognizable -- by a fellow named George (and I forget his last name) with whom I was to share some of the proceeds of sale, along with paying him his rent (George M.). It was told to me as a true story (hence, the confession bit, in addition: The idea of a quick buck), told and re-told -- who knows -- it may have had echoes in many places. But, for me, a lonesome call: Echoes in the rock. And all the labors are mine, the long hours, the stiff fingers, the heart's aging of the feelings' tax. All the days of blood and type are the same -- in Colorado, New Mexico, New York --- but I would send George a copy, if only I could remember that address via sixteen years in care of remembered fellowship. LEA.

WHICH IS WITCH ²

Witch hunt catches the werewolf Gypsy? which folk lore haunts all spiders' niche-in? & which broom grooms the horsebarfly tipsy? which mother's cupboard non-inviting for a kitchen?

& of which beauty duly did the mirror say? which twenty-year sleep rent-free was a wrinkle? which hollows legended of skull & rider to waylay? which forest comes to Dunsinane in a twinkle?

& from which allusions do witches hatch? which witch-switches the itch to itch for a better scratch?

THE CASE FOR 'UGLINESS'

Were our beginnings other than in the bowels' bottoms and our end more apparently transcendent than as cold canned intered remains, we might rightly expect the interim to have the more perfectly invested passion and unfeeling wisdom -- to affect the equipoise in its course of beauty's rhythm & motion, and the poise of beauty at rest the interim's end.

But it seems not so but that as we live we are in derision; as we reconcile ourselves to the life of the disenchanting humanity, we create the pride of our existence a perverse caricature of preferred identity; as we reach for meaning in small clusters of paranoid camaraderie, dispensing pretenses of leadership, we condemn & controvert the aspirations of the many (the aspirational categorical), and profit ourselves with ludicrousness & proliferating needs for therapies & catharses.

And we are not beautiful people at all, except for some infinitesimal moments we glimpse/glimpsed: My alife I think that was, naked & beautiful; for which wonder we would seem to owe to nothing more than natural phenomena. And in this regard as to promise as benignity of what might be the "natural will", we are afraid, ashamed, and/or at a lost even to make known our aspirations.

And so we are ghosts on the stage of improvisations' human vitalistic preserve; except for the cameo moments as of Dante's penultimate vision, our lives ended with the rehearsal that never was -- with the foetal recapitulation slightly awake off from the wings in the mirrors of dressingrooms, and we await the time-bubble burst of the programmed-all-wise mechanical brain to produce the script by which we are to be put on.

And yet the end of time has not come, is not in overlap infinity, nor less, neither the end of man. So what, then, is (there) the substance of the beautiful meantime? of hope...?

The human person's conformity is calculated to make of him a fitting piece for the societal pattern (and/or an integrated unit of motion), but mostly to the enhancement of the society on its own terms. By the same course, this conformity (adherence to formative processes) creates a person of conditioned awareness conducive to some role-playing, which role are much more limited of human expression than would be the case were they not so societally formulated. That is, the conformity seems to offer to make our person only a neat slice of the pie of human development, to FIT IN -- implicitly a satisfactory fitting in, satisfactory both to subject person & to society.

It is not, however, necessarily our contention that he would be MORE -- say, two slices of the pie -- if not pressured to conform. What is more evident is that he would be a less EVENLY developed person (and perhaps not wholesomely & not qualifyingly) -- that he would have "ragged" edges (protruding & recessed indices of OVERdevelopment & UNDERdevelopment, as it were). And, as such, he could only FIT IN in highly specialized places (if any place) where, nominally, chance admitted the approximately complementary development to his own. Which, in the case of our society represented by the spatial temporal order of a single pie could well mean that he might not fit in any place -- not

*somewhat of a compromise due to exigencies beyond psychic control

in the pie of his immediate heritage, nor any place though he surveyed all the pie orders of the pie man. Nevertheless, he might yet feel himself to be more of a WHO: person than any neat-edges (human) instance. However, we like to think that success within the societal structure enables us to get a suit (or PLACE made) to fit, rather than having to fit a (place or) suit. And the course of greater guarantee of this success is thru conformity.

But the rationale for our obtuse person is that he is more nearly the developmental result of expressive designs of his OWN emotional being (& more human in consequence of greater vitalistic than mechanistic affect). He is, as it were, his OWN MAN. Outrage might insist that he does violence to the pie, but individualists would prefer to say that the pie does not violate him; therefore, he sustains the vitalism of his origins -- a force of his own, by his own direction, for creative investment.

Even so, a logic of compromises would say that he is not without mechanistic imperatives; for as one side would contend that conformity must seek its individuality, contrarily, the other contends that non-conformity must seek its society (lets see if we can perceive this in the case of the black, later).

Seemingly we are confronted by slightly unwitting contentions as to the inevitability of human developmental imperfection. If so, we should be able to proceed thematically. We know implicitly, by evidence of the number of crutches persons seem to require to sustain whatever integration of human characteristics affects for them the societally conforming personality, that acculturation generally fails of spiritual substance by a margin at least equivalent to that by which nature does not lend to the capacity of the brain the superior quality of instinct. On the other hand, we are capable of a substitution of the practical for the ideal in such measure as seemingly would better guarantee survival (at least immediately), which would appear to serve this imperative of the first order. Yet, such substitution itself is generative of a closing off of the brain against painful and/or disruptive (& confusing) awarenesses of the selectivity of perspectives, in effect limiting knowledge and stunting aspirational design; though perhaps the restless sense of non-fulfillment accrues largely in that there is no complete loss of comparative awarenesses, but at least a sustaining residue of the conceptual ideal.

(And yet, again, some difference in the incidence of - say - neurosis is undoubtedly discernible in degree between nominally altruistic and self-seeking societies, as between the highly technological and the not so highly technological. Which is to say that the failing spiritual fulfillment would not be apparent in all instances, either inter- nor intra-societally. That seemingly everywhere people indulge (in) many kinds of spirits (see below), from alcohol to the gods, may however be the best referent generally in support of the proposition of the universally failing personality.)

Intra-societally, there is a continuous exposure to indoctrination thru all the media of communication & expression directed toward establishing, entrenching, and propagating the societally conformist roles, allegedly generative of the beautiful life that everyone presumably desires. The mandate isto learn to use -- to work within -- the societal structure, and, according to one's perseverance, success will accrue. Nevertheless, there is a sanction of "spirits" such as suggests the mundane, the prosaic, the mechanistic, non-spiritual, and perhaps even the dehumanizing effects of strict conformist living.

The first order of "spirits" is of course that of the gods and/or ancestors. Such indulgence in this area may be only a Sunday sanction, as it were, a one-day-a-week catharsis. Or

it may be the daily & all-pervasive prescription and inseparable from the mundane political machinations. Non-conformity in the latter case might elicit severe censure, constituting heresy, and conformity consist in a rigidity bounded on every hand by a multitude of tabus & superstition. Somewhere in between we may find a more spiritually/culturally solvent society. On the other hand, where religion is held to be the "opium" of the people and the substitute is not opium itself (& not merely statism) it must derive from something of a re-investment in humanism (ideally, though not romanticism or surromanticism), perhaps comradeship.

The second order of "spirits" is the stimulants & depressants. Persons may have recourse to these in order to vary the degree & extent of awareness peculiar to certain roles -- to facilitate or induce a psychic/emotional experience to give one a greater sense of balance (comfort) and/or well-being. Some of these -- smokes, needles, drinks, barbituates, amphetamines -- are habit-forming, though limitedly useful for psycho-chemical "legitimate" purposes, and may have deleterious side effects. Milder ingredients such as coffee, tea, aspirin --- aphrodisiacs, are more or less countenanced & prescribed as handymen of civilization.

The third order of "spirits" generally reside at the apex of cultural registry. These are the products of artistic endeavor, and the processes involved. Every society embodies some of its artists & their artwork, as tonics & manifestations of its spirit (or lack of it). And from this reservoir its moribund spirit is to be revived, its vitalistic spirit assayed & hailed, the disenchanting of its greater order of humanism persuaded, etc.

So that is a good deal of awareness at some level, and consequent discontent over the fact of an imperfect world, which is what we say when knocking lightly our principal source of comfort, the people. Nevertheless, in general, we are of the opinion that the structured world imposed upon the human person as character & personality formative is invaluable as a saver-preserver of human energies (& such like substances), which is difficult if not impossible to refute. This difficulty, however, but little relieves the tug-of-war between the ultra-individualists & the ultra-conformists, as the battle is joined (the latter arguing th at the cumulative wisdom of society is a far superior guide to proper human development than the whims of individuals, and the former that conformity becomes a straight jacket for the repressions & frustrations, & otherwise contributes to a mediocrity, or robotizing, of the human person). And both points of view are correct within limits.

(The black man in the U.S. is probably a good case of the over-application of structure for the adherents of individualism, as for the over-assertion of individualism for the adherents of conformism. There is here, of course, a twofold pattern of both conformity & individualism, but the former is consistently more formally structured and is calculatedly designed to produce, sustain, & propagate a living proof of mediocrity thru extremes of circumscribing, delimiting, & repressing. And this is to be a particularly abhorrent & leathsome mediocrity, with neither the goal-orientation of individualism / as might allowance to succeed significant creative indices / nor the full allowance to succeed within the structure, by learning to work within it with good returns on invested energies, toward its definitive reward of the beautiful life.

(Here is/was the cultivation of a slave psycho-emotionality, a second-class robot --- the vested-interest subcultural human. And within the slave group we have found the imbibed indoctrina-

tion that entrenches itself and guarantees the intra-breeding of slaves -- now ascribed to the naturally inferior humanity.

(The absence of a "society" here in this sub-strata quite subtly lends itself to individual whimsicality; the great many are individually motivated to seek extra-group distinction; they see little that is positive in blanket identification. There is an absence of respect by which enchantment might be generated, and even of self-knowledge by which lodes might be discovered/rediscovered & worked out. And yet the fact of physical, psychic, & other circumvention & circumscription defines a "people" and to some extent a place or environment, and these definitives contribute to the aspect of an inner society. But the pattern of relationships of this inner society is seen to want of an independent spirit, and, accordingly, has been dubbed sub-cultural.

(The individual in the inner society invests himself with the only admissible greater humanity; the rest is base mediocrity. Yet individualism would seem also the easy & natural counter-assertion -- would seem the compromise non-conformity intra-groupwise that attenuates the pressurized special slave conformity inter-groupwise. The categorical non-conformity would entail intense intra-group identification, organization, & concerted effort to create positive group significance, and would constitute an individualism directed toward the institutionalization of individualisms, the incipient molding of a society and/or group accreditation.

(What is not sufficiently evident so far is the imperative of the individual to seek his society; it is not apparent until we emphasize the cohesiveness of the inner society, and, accordingly, the distinctive pattern of relationships. Such relationships are in part the expression of the humanism externally repressed, and in some part the insistent expression of such humanism thru ingenious creative devices /such as gave rise to satire in former times, and such as is the substance of creative unorthodoxy generally/. Everyone is seeking his way of saying, I AM, yet, being of this depressed group - in the group - he must not appear to be saying that he is better than others, since this would make him an enemy. He must not posture as "better" for not being black, but neither to some extent for being a bureaucrat, doctor, lawyer, etc., as an index of success by the perspective of the ideals of the repressive society at large -- saying that "anyone can make it who has the inherent capacity; therefore ----".

(The conformist par excellence here is a nothing of spirit. He "knows his place", which is base mediocrity across the board. He learns a shuffle - & a hustle perhaps - and makes a glaring rationalization. He will kill his brother quickly who trespasses upon his distorted & delusionary dignity but scarcely has the internal fortitude to fight back against any member of the repressive larger society. He has internalized the indoctrination for his slavery, acceding to a human compulsion to have psychic comfort -- even at the expense of awareness, even at the expense of self-respect, the big hidden tax of denigrated ego-orientation.

(He who is adjudged "successful", on the other hand -- say, doctor, lawyer, etc. -- has sought his individualism IN ORDER TO FIT INTO his preferred society, as it were. And although he has lived by the rule of the ideals of the major society, he is a non-conformist by the very fact of integrating into it. But his non-conformity may be tolerated; whereas, the individual of the first instance is more likely to be an outcast. He may be gangster, hoodlum, alcoholic, dope addict, artist, revolutionary, etc. And, according to interests, he seeks some small identification groupwise.

(Wanting yet is some better definition of JOHN DOE. He is not gangster or artist or revolutionary or doctor or alcoholic or self-hate specialist or the dregs of human character & personality; yet he is perhaps potentially all of these, or a low-gauge composit. That is, he is essentially ideal goal-oriented but forced compartmentalized to be a big - or comfortable-size - frog in a little pond; he is essentially honest except whereby the repressions allow his conscience the added margin for dishonesty and opportunity affords it. He is somewhat embittered & in revolt, but his small gains thru self-application, his fear of disorder, his need for nominal psychic comfort, and his compulsive faith in justice make him essentially the most constricted of conformists. His would be more nearly the portrait of the contented slave -- who mumbles & grumbles away afar out of earshot. But, on the other hand, at his best he is the staple pillar of the inner society.)

If with reasonable clarity it could be shown that only one or the other course of development, conformism as differing from non-conformism (or individualism), gave us the perfect personality, the opposing position would naturally be considerably weakened. That is, if we were to allow that ONLY one course were responsible, as readily demonstrable. However, if we were to say that bank president X, or Dr. M, represents the perfect personality as conformist, it would be just as likely that we could make an equally good case for some - say - musician or painter as having the perfect personality as individualist.

But, even as we beg the question because we have disallowed perfection here in effect, we should perhaps try to give some gauge for what we might consider the perfect personality. Immediately comes to mind the idea of attunement with environment. However, as we have seen, parenthetically at least, the environment can leave much to be desired -- as between sub-cultures & major cultures, so as between one major culture & another; the implementation of categorical imperatives for the good life -- brotherhood, prosperity, etc. -- suffer compromises of invidious proportions. But even if conditions were ideally operative within a given society, we should expect some tug-o-war between the two adherent camps. For such an ideal functional order would not be other than the optimally inclusive balance of these two tendencies; because the germ of creative increase resides with the individual; whereas, the indispensable foundation of the individual derives from conformist -- predictable, stable, reliable, pie-here-&now-rather-than-in-the-sky -- root sources.

With potential for genius, the off-spring may be spawned & breastfed by the "average" mother and exposed to just "average" training-learning experience, but membership in some society is imperative. He must acquire an elementary strength before "setting out on his own"; which strength is the milk & honey of his inherited (conformist) society.

More specifically, a consideration of the perfect personality would lead us to ask, Perfect for what? Accordingly, we may submit the "average" mother as perfect as a mother. But what about her other roles? We may submit the perfect banker, doctor, musician, painter similarly. But PERSONALITY cannot be limited to the definitive performance of a single role. The single role is only one bit of the piece of pie. We may SAY, She has the perfect personality for a confidential secretary -- as far as I, the boss, am concerned, you know ----. And they broke the mold, etc. But what does her family think of her, or her beautician?

And so we have decided nothing.

Maybe, though, we can better represent an almost gauge: The dyad. The perfect mother could be the perfect beloved for the father-lover (father-husband). Here we have the smallest social

unit of overall complementary roles -- this, a society of three (so triad rather than dyad actually). And we are happy to report here a mutually satisfying interpersonal relationship with ear-markings of high romantic instance ----.

What we had better allow is that our perfect personality, as we can anyway represent it, is the evidence of interpersonal harmony from a probably restricted - but not necessarily narrow - point of vantage. However, this personality need not affect harmony throughout the full perspective of even this point of vantage; in which case, it might be better characterized by the notion efficient. That is, principally, what is exceptional is that there is no, or little, fault to be found herewith, in effect, that it would be difficult to imagine a superior role functioning.

And it is this difficulty with the imaginative faculty that is the essential point from where we part company with conformity, moving toward (non-conformity) individualism. For that which persists in forcing the imagination is the need for greater perfection (efficiency, harmony, etc.). Yet, this is not to say that all imagination moves outside the social structure. As we must later note, even though it may remove itself, it is often only to return; it is often only to "group" (or re-group) itself in order better to succeed -- to realize the beautiful life for itself (the person) in & of the society.

The banker may dream his own private dreams; he imaginatively escapes to another (psychic) reality which satisfies something of his personality not fulfilled as a banker per se. Or his dreams may conceive a plan, way, method of improving his bank or himself as a banker; which is equally true of the musician. But a difference of the magnitude, the profundity, of the articulation of that (imperfection) human need, which depresses some part of the personality in a realm of inarticulate loneliness, is the score above the conformist. For whatever is this inarticulate loneliness (for whomever), it is not structured. It cannot simply be given by the cumulative wisdom of the social body. It can, however, be formulated, as with religion -- allied with philosophy -- and analytically reported, as with psychotherapy. But there is almost always a gap between need-proliferation & need-fulfilment. And the temporal & environmental order of such need will induce diverse resorts.

We have accordingly circumnavigated the personality poles and are seeking the equator. And what we seem to make out vaguely, implicitly, is some notion of comfort. So, then, perfection gives harmony, efficiency (proficiency), & comfort, to which we might add pleasure. And these are our definitives, not synonymous but related. The wherewithal to promote & sustain these indices is the value gauge of our perfect personality. Who would suppose, then, that most of us believe the old adage, "It's not what you do but the way you do it?" I would say that most of us believe a piece of it. We may deeply resent the greatest scoundrels, but we'd say, He did what he did with such STYLE. The incredible rouse, the indomitable thief, the unmitigated jezebel....

With this license of focus, comfort (allied to pleasure), we propose the oft-heard notion that persons tend to follow courses of least resistance to arrive at one of its many compartments of life style. Which relevantly means that we prefer the easy to the difficult. And as applied to the learning process, the early formative process, we are conformists and non-conformists, accordingly as it is easier, less painful, more rewarding, etc. In addition, we begin as "simple" persons; we are slow to develop the significant self-awareness which appears to justify non-conformity, except in a subtle way with reference to the pleasure principle -- except that, assuredly,

conformity suggests immediate pain and/or discomfort; whereas non-conformity (may be something we can get away with) seemingly better sustains comfort presently, and discomforting repercussions are not seen as immediate & certain consequences.

Accordingly, the person attempts to weave his (individual) course thru the impingments in this comfort/discomfort formative stage, and as predicated upon an X factor of disposition which we must allow to be hereditary. The extent of conformity prescribed, of course, must vary from person to person -- even within a family group. So that a modicum of difference in emphasis (interpretation, omission, etc.) is structurally inherent -- creating many divers environmental (structural) differences in developmental potential as permissible and/or sanctioned (encouraged, discouraged).

The further consideration before we go must treat a bit with the beautiful life to be attained, or developed, as the efficiency-harmony-comfort-pleasure plane admitted of by the well- (perfectly?) developed personality. So, further simplified, here comes success. With this fellow, as you have heard, it is difficult to argue (the only argument superior to unsailable logic IS success).

It is with success on many levels and/or in many roles that the personality takes on the discernible (conspicuous) attributes of (beauty) perfection.

Again, the idea of how a thing is done makes the felt response. Did he put it over? Yes. He was so convincing, so cool, and apparently self-possessed & confident, it went over as naturally as anything. That is, he was, or convincingly appeared, COMFORTABLE (in the role) -- self-contained, and a triumpantly integrated personality.

And what about his level? What about his natural level? Doesn't it always show through?

In the realm of human relations, of course, there is a predisposition of assignment for comfort predicated on status -- as between the child and the parent, the janitor & the landlord, the inmate & the jailer, the executive & the linemen, delegates, the servants. The one is suppose to sacrifice his comfort in the interest of the other, and perhaps even feel uncomfortable "out of place", as when the other's apparent discomfort is greater than his own. The other, in fact, may insist upon -- go out of his way to create -- discomfort for the one. Hence, the matter of "human dignity" is susceptible to compromises commensurate with one's status interpersonally; which, it follows, is an horrendous comfort rub. Such dignity is necessarily a measure of comfort.

In many instances, however, one has recourse to "sound off", to quit, resign, seek collective redress, etc. (to fistic assertion of manliness, or whatnot). But even the involvement in structural hierarchies may be conducive to "pressures" which "keep one off balance" just a little; such pressures implicitly define the susceptibility to some violation of dignity (to further discomfort, pain, inconvenience, etc.)

Hence, we see the logic in the purport of success in winning the heights of the socially structured (societally structured) life stylings.

So, for the many reasons for the many impingments upon what we would like to do and what we must do (feel, be), few of us can say that we are "the masters of our fates". We are, most of us most of the time, happenstance of fortuity. And not even our dreams are a private preserve. We fail, and fail, and fail -- far short of perfection. But to our dreams, occasionally, as to our wakeful lives, comes a balance, a comfort, a

harmony -- a glorious expression, articulation, perception of the grander design of our vitalism. We touch wonders at every breath. And we are inviolably alive, the living aspiration.

As with the "spirits", the consequence of comfort being sought, as allied to pleasure, and of the universal falling human (of perfection) gives us the case for the artist. As well, it is the case for non-beauty and/or ugliness; for in the general analysis this relationship is of a unit. That is, we allow here for the articulation of all loneliness; every being must have his own language, his own center of gravity or central position, his own raiment & nakedness, his own comfort & harmony, his dreams, choices & disfavours. Every person-event is a different story, feeling, reality, isolation & relatedness.

Our artist defines the aspirations, lives & experiences the aspirations & conditions -- empathically, actually, sympathetically, antagonistically -- and creates anew the perspectives of ever-changing relationships; he recalls unexpressed the forgotten eliding dream, the ideals, describes the range of human feeling, delineates the harmony in the profound & the prosaic, advises of the balanced and the askew, the affect and the affectless, teaches human being, gives alternatives to disenchantment, emotional impoverishment, & cynicism, and he generates new sources for the energy of love, faith, & hope, and shows us how beautiful and/or ugly we are, were, should be, and what we are in relation to the ugly & the beautiful.

And we are accordingly given a taste of the whole pie -- a taste, that is, or a scent of its aroma; for he awakens our sensibilities. And we are somehow able to have a beautiful experience of many pies.

And the artist's product, the artistic (esthetic) experience does something for us -- on the order of the barbituates & amphetamines, the drinks, needles, smokes, and sex (with or without aphrodisiacs). It provides alternatives to these "as substance comforting to the spirit" for us, as for the artist. On the other hand, he, the artist, may be a "picture of Dorian Gray" for exposure. Committed to truth, he zealously eschews any threat or semblance of pretense & falsehood; committed to the realm of spiritual involvement, he religiously attempts disaffection for the material; committed to love, he is at pains to bring it forth out of pervasive unbelovedness, and bitterness of the everyday & Sunday. Committed to the dynamic, he avoids the pose & the prop; for beauty & truth are events of specific times.

But non-beauty is where we are (have come to) minus the "spirits". It is easier to consider the matter of non-beauty than its relatives (since one can probably get away with more presumption) except for the usual danger of over-application. We simply characterize this as some condition between beauty (say, perfect pleasure) and ugliness (perfect displeasure). Immediately, though, we may detect a flaw. But let's see it through. The notion of perfection here enables us to make the two indices opposites on the same coin. Therefore, non-beauty is all that is not perfect (by our coin analogy, the edge, the realm of inconsequence, a byproduct; on the other hand, it may be associated with depth, but here our analogy breaks down because we do not define beauty /or ugliness/ as merely a facade; ultimately, that is, beauty is not material thing but human experience. Let's digress slightly for the following illustrative construct:

(We will pretend that sex makes better sense than non-sex. Let T/T represent the female person, with exponent of small p , and T/T represent the male person, with exponent of small p . Here the notion T equals one ($T = 1$); which is a matter of positive presence as differing from zero /say, the shadow of presence/;

non plus one would be two, but since beauty is timelike & non-objectlike we multiply /the sex association, as well/:

$$T/T^b \times T/TP = B \text{ (representing small } b \text{ \& } p \text{ joined)}$$

In effect, we are saying that small b times small p equals the B /eauty/ or B /you/ T -full (and TB , of course, is the romantic's disease.

(Most often, however, we are inclined to represent the person or thing as beautiful apart from any other event / except as we allow gradations of beauty, as instrumental, inherent, & intrinsic, or some such/. By our quasi-mathematical construct, this would give us 1×1 ; which is in effect static; allowing the exponent, we might say that person or thing has a potential for beauty. But that we could not say this about almost anything almost is a considerable point for debate. The times element in the construct creates the real event potential. But if we were to represent $1^b \times 1$, the event would not arrive, or resolve -- would not really go anywhere, but merely be. On the other hand, were we to allow person or thing full beauty = 1^B , we would have in essence the same static instance, except we could say:

$$1^B \times 1^B = B^2$$

(But why stop at B^2 / B square, no pun intended, when the possibilities now become infinite? -- except, to begin with, any 1 is an autonomous instance.

(We perhaps could consider the static order of beauty as something, or somewhat, like vegetable state and thereby avoid some associations with human failings, needs, etc. But, so doing, we also logically exclude some degree of what we consider life -- feeling, the beauty quotient & equation; again we are concerned with motion, or with rhythm & motion; the fact of how our subject moves is a fundamental consideration. This movement we may term articulation; whereby we have articulate loneliness = presence with one complement of beauty exponent, aspirationally generative of conjugative event, and inarticulate loneliness = presence without definitive complement of beauty exponent, aspirationally generative of greater evidence of associative potential & psycho-esthetic affirmation.

/In relation to movement, we might consider that traditionally African women transport things on their heads. Mastering this skill (a built-in charm school) necessarily results in the most graceful carriage known to man. Woman-in-motion, here then, "walks in beauty". And it would be difficult (& self-defeating) to see (experience) her as other than beautiful in such instance. Then, "shall I compare thee to a rose"...?/

(Form may be designated a kind of static movement; whereby its significance is generated by non-static grace. The language, of course, gives us adequate notions here: Esthesia = the ability to feel; kinesthesia = the sensation of motion; synesthesia = sensation felt in two or more parts when only one is being /directly/ stimulated. Accordingly, movement is fundamental to the /sexo-/ esthetic experience.

(On the other hand, we have what is termed "still-life" art, usually a fruit display. But, actually, a great deal more than this is in effect still-life. As by our construct, the time of its event must MOVE conjugatively or it is not resolved, does not arrive. So it must READ /be read, readable/ -- or it is not still-life but dead-life; which, in fact, is more nearly the implication; it has been cut from root sources and is all but void of growth potential. Here is inarticulate loneliness, again.)

Non-beauty, then, is the generic condition of life; whereas various stresses & strains produce its associates, beauty & ugly-

ness. Inversely, beauty & ugliness may result from the attempt to completely avoid stress & strain. But our whole gamut must be seen to exist on a temporal order wherein these definitives become interchangeable. But, generally, that which achieves a perfection of its own expression is characterized by one extreme or the other.

To allow for perfect ugliness is perhaps a trespass. But we cannot assign valuelessness to perfection, and since we must put the whole subject on a continuum - if not a circle - perfect ugliness is theoretically conceivable; which would consist in a high significance of non-beauty. Even so, our notion of contrast would seem to require something further. Does beauty contrast with non-beauty or with ugliness? Or with both? If with both, which is the more perfect contrast? Why not postulate a perfect non-beauty? Why not this (perfectly) comfortable medium? It would seem feasible. How about perfect non-ugliness? Or non-beauty ugliness? Or non-ugliness beauty? etc...

The notion of force is what places ugliness in a (perfect) realm of its own. And the properties here are the same as previously proposed. We must relate the matter to an event. As beauty is attractive & awesome at times, ugliness is equally so. We might say, AWFUL in qualifying ugliness. But we again have the equivalent in AWFULLY beautiful -- though generally loose expressions, nevertheless feelingful. The AWE is created by the discernment of force, such force as may challenge self-mastery, and it generates an inescapable fascination. That is, both beauty & ugliness are imperatives of a temporal order, and, as such, the source of their inspiration might first stimulate pain or pleasure and in the long run just the opposite. The judgment of any such instance is generically may require the experience of the perfect contrast. And such an experience is antithetical because our experiences here exist in time. In effect then, any single instance can be the whole gamut, as experience at different times.

Another term we frequently employ is exquisite -- exquisitely beautiful, exquisitely ugly. We are here again asserting human vitalism over mechanistic predisposition. The implication here is of pleasure. With ugliness we generally associate pain. And it would seem that one could endure more beauty & pleasure than ugliness & pain. But it is just as apparent that beauty & pleasure can go "beyond" to ugliness & pain, and that ugliness & pain can go to beauty & pleasure. However, not to make a muddle of the pellucid, wherein distinctions credit us with significant OTHER experience & knowledge we are obliged to assign value by the rule of such faculty of discernment.

The force or awe we feel for the ugly may, from a distance, strike us humorously. This no doubt clearly reveals the economic principle in humor. Instead of being terrorified by the MAGNIFICENTLY ugly witchdoctor who, marshalled in all his awe-inspiring MAGNIFICENCE, leaped into our midst, we chuckled, remembering it was only a movie, and BEAUTIFUL Tarzan was the only real terror in it. Glory is another term frequently used to amplify ugliness, as "The conqueror in his demonic glory" caused brave men to tremble even at the very mention of his name, though yet vast unconquered reaches stood between him & them. However grudgingly, we must accept the fact of such irresistible fascination.

The question may arise as to whether or not the attraction in such cases may be credited against human frivolousness and failing. Why should we anyway admire devils & scoundrels except that we're fickle? Isn't it immoral, even? Well, we admire because there is what to admire -- by indices by which we customarily gauge whosoever's moment: originality, individuality, style, success, preponderance of acclaim, fame or infamy.

Where we are now is a kind of vernacular haven. And maybe we've come here because after all non-beauty is really the supreme condition -- of comfort & rest -- which if we realized it we would try to make beautiful or ugly, and thereby highly uncomfortable, restless, over-burdened, perishable, etc.

Much of what has been said here does not have the clinical, or academic, categorical stamp. We have variously admitted a frivolousness in judgment. But this approach I think is purposeful. For, in fact, beauty is not extra-sensationally the same for all people. The contention generally is that beauty is in the ultimate an intrinsic (felt, subjective) experience, prerequisite to which are optimally positive transmissive and receptive factors. This definition give beauty several auras of existence, if not in fact several actual existences. Its more significant other-existence is termed inherent beauty. This notion defines beauty as a possession, and it functions something like an investment principal on which one can at any time draw a compounded interest -- and something like a memory bank by which one calculatedly & inadvertently makes associations considered to guarantee high interest returns. The other notion is, of course, instrumental beauty, considered to be beauty of the lowest type and generative of no "interest" beyond the consideration of its capacity for (some) functional efficiency. Or, one might say, it is beauty that does not create imaginative "interest". Quite apparently, this attempt to be academic enlists a quagmire of arbitrariness. Better we should consider esthesia = the ability to feel sensations, as the reception complex, and kinesthesia = the sensation of motion, as the transmission complex, the sine qua non of beauty. And when the receiver & the transmitter are on the beam -- are ready, willing, & able (in good working order) -- beauty transpires, expression, communication arrive par excellence. In effect, we have a transmission-reception reciprocity that resolves the articulate & inarticulate loneliness.

While avoiding the above academicism, we, nevertheless, acknowledge that there is a reciprocity between beauty & ugliness of apparent culturally exclusive indices. And such interchange is predicated upon learning (exposure, experience, etc.). There is what is termed "difficult beauty", defining certain so-called higher cultural instances for the appreciation of which one must usually undergo special training for the development of insight, tastes, etc. (which may include such as ballet, abstract art, opera, architecture ... music, literature... cuisine, fashions, etc.). Familiarity in such instances tends to generate comfort thru understanding; though it may generate understanding without significant pleasure, or, in fact, it may generate displeasure mitigated only by the nominal absence of awe and ignorance. And in such cases the proposed "beauties" are judged anything but -- i.e., absurd, ridiculous, ludicrous, affectation, perversity, ugliness ... The absence of such refinements, however, may not be considered ugly but their presence is generally considered enhancing and/or conducive to the beauty experience (or an increment for experience in depth, etc.).

We have assumed that our human person aspires for comfort in or at whatever he is about, and as well for rest at intervals, and that a certain societal framework in the long run is indispensable to his sense of well-being. Generally, the long-term aspiration is proposed (for learning, training, climbing the success ladder) whereby comfort and rest accrue. And what he loses currently (in pleasure) he will gain with increase sometime future, with successful self-application (something of the principal-interest analogy again; though, of course, the

future is not guaranteed). He is not, however, to see his life-long effort as merely a holding action -- because faith & hope are parts of the order of his indoctrination. But, even so, he might still persevere rather than rebel by leaning heavily on the "spirits". In addition, though, because the "beautiful" rewards are of this imprecise temporal registry, the attempt is made to project even the aspiring duration as rewarding (like, satisfaction in work, study, etc., the work-stress phases themselves). For instance, one may look forward to retirement at fifty-five or sixty-five, but few are likely to be sufficiently concerned about such a distant time until along in years & experience to the extent of being inured of the work habit as well; so interim satisfaction must somehow be derived, as from gaining certain steps along the way (including gradations of time, and certain events in time such as the promotion, marriage, purchase of car, home, birth of child, anniversaries, etc.).

Such orientation is built into the order of sensibilities (ego, alter-ego, super-ego) and appealed to by challenging one's sense of self-worth and willingness to meet challenges (THE CHALLENGES OF EVERYDAY LIFE) and to accept responsibilities (e.g., that no one owes him a living). The conforming personality accordingly accommodates itself to find satisfactions within this set-up and/or as fortified by the "spirits". Needless to say, the extreme application creates perversions of greed. But, even so, it seems generally the case that the imperatives here are value-weighted to condition sensibilities to condemn slough more than avarice. And we would often prefer to think that a beauty inheres in this conformity by way of comfort, order, and predictability. We would prefer to think of it as accruing to ourselves, though more patently it may seem the condition at-large (perhaps guaranteeing our eternal mediocrity as well as that of the society), but accruing majorly to those at the top of the status pyramid -- to those who have more nearly arrived, allaying their paranoia that someone will turn the tables on them overnight and make life intolerable.

For order & predictability, then, we establish prerequisite (status) qualifications, and turn a deaf ear to the unqualifying. We say, fat & skinny are ugly; medium may have possibilities, but beauty must have certain conspicuous nuances of modulation (radiating from a center of focus) and be of a piece. And is this comfort? Undoubtedly there are compensations. And perhaps there is nothing more comforting than the roar of the crowd. What we infatigably admire foremost -- and what elicits the broadest roar -- is that which appears to be effortless beauty; this lady never goes beyond herself to ugliness. She, it would seem, consists in natural endowments. But, at the same time, she may be much less awesome, or awe-inspiring; with which thought we perhaps could make a comparative case between beauty & glamor. If so, undoubtedly we would attribute the increment of awe to ugliness, as with desperation, and admire beauty for her balm, her natural grace, her generous receptiveness, her equipoise, and contained self-consciousness.

So perhaps it is clear that much of that which is considered beauty is strained, over-developed, infinitively static, ridiculous, and/or essentially ugly... a discomfort & a pain. Conversely, much that is considered ugliness is indicative of comfort, pleasure, etc. This is like an artwork that manifestly reveals instances of the artist's abnormality (oddy, eccentricity, illness, perversion) at its points of greatest achievement; and what of it is just mediocre accordingly mirrors the man put upon, whose recourse it was to become artist for self-social success (and would he better have enjoyed a less strenuous, more EVENTFUL, beauty in living?).

Accordingly, most of the man-made beauty of our world is of this self-social imperative of delimited recourse for a sexo-esthetic resolution of the imperfect personality (society, group, world, etc.). In a sense, the successful non-conformist artist makes his dues payment to society with his artwork; it is an implicit yea-saying of the vitalism of the society; for which he is richly rewarded, if luck holds, and somewhat admitted into the fold with good "interest" status. And, ideally, he lives consumed by the needs of himself to fulfil his time(s), and dies -- even as we feel he should in short for inordinate trespasses.

To be the (artist) laureate of this order, then, his task is not simple. He must reach us -- not with but -- BEFORE the bottle & the needle & other paraphernalia of "spirits", and before we become committed to do all we can for ourselves alone, ruthlessly, no matter against whom. He must try to instill us with a positive spirit, not merely toward a life of our times but toward life of all time -- even as the philosopher tries to instill us with categorical imperatives & the intellectual basis for humanism. The artwork, accordingly, should reflect aspirations, and should be indicative somewhat of this individual's, the artist's, ambivalent sociality (or, conversely, of his individualism). How should we not know what life is SUPPOSE TO BE should all instances be but a facade, or the conditional failing, or the affected perfection -- a fraud, and/or the well-tailored clothes of its hidden agony ...?

And the object is to make us artists at life -- not to consume art with life; that's nonsense -- and philosophers, believers, lovers & beloveds. We must admit of being consumed -- by the needs of ourselves to fulfil our world and by the needs of our world to fulfil ourselves.

Is this the ultimate beauty? The creative event that consumes? Consumes what? Itself. The creative event (is) produces beauty, the consuming event of itself. But how literally should we take this? Or, how literally shall we consider the answer to, What is the light of the world? The sun, a self-consuming ball of fire. Accordingly, its corollary: Christ said, "I am the light of the world" ... who was the lamb of sacrifice. The ingredient here, of course, is more than light, as our light bill is most often more than a light bill.

And so the creative becomes finally the most difficult (more?) course, most often non-conformist, and many times an ugliness apparent. What here happens is that spiritual needs proliferate, intensify, and all but explode from the ball of fire to death. But there is a need to create a world ...

All those who labor to create & sustain the coordinates (as truth, love, beauty) are artists, and aspirants for the beautiful life. And the categorical is that, if you do a good deed to a just person, he will labor the harder to do good deeds, and a world of good intentions by such rule cannot go far wrong. It is an ideal, of course. But so is human comfort & happiness (harmony, the beautiful life) on a smaller scale --- in the throes of ergo, I am.

ENCORE, DE LORES

Knowing now the music of the love-knot:
 notes:
 but love notes/
 the rolling drums ---

the thrill ---
 notes:
 the rolling drums
 thrill ---

notes:
the rolling drums
the shrill piper's note
 & thrill
 of rolling drum note:
 love knotted ---

notes of rowing rhythm-long vacuumulated time
sigh-wide yearning out -0- to dyad bloom / thrill ---
 ten-tenths to enfold two-fold event
holding forever redeemed: dream pliced-together halves
 to amend good mansions --

already the whole
yearning space-
 time awakened
 infold surface areas / hot springs out
renew-located male & female.ease to
 woo-fulfill field ---

I

Notes:
thigh space is touch foolproof that love-space is opaqueue
were as bow thighs: cue arrows will to love-
 drops cupid's line-drive on the fly

where light has gone
bold faces: its windowpaned
 laughter-running diary/noses love coldly
 into exposure's after/ note:
 the thrill ---

but here in/mesh is:the flower
thru thigh line abdomen to reseeding
 touch notes

wind slips:thru swirling garment wonderlights flirting
((on)) were electric storm moodS: your omniscient movement
regal reign from which clouds of proud plume
 the lightning attracts
 to streak crosswind in storm assent

wind.ohs open/closing blinds / that space time
& loose:leaves quanti-equality
 to add/subtract pages of rag contentment in the book
open/closes thigh abdomen belly breasts
clean in umbral text euphoric

molten youth-firm deaf/affinity: Note:
 become mellow

but such by graceful assent is not in dissent to look
up these deft.affinished ideologos: dust
 in volumes browned / unfound feeling / Notes:
this cutout here appealing:that: embrace is withholding

And cutout embrace is wick ends:
burnt umber: by line abdomen meta-flame
 and burned love-knot quite

not untied the riddle of the fire
or thigh softflesh-alarming gender: that:

inter/rest in thing-in-its.yes:
 that: more/on life: than genius
 to ignite the soul
 but as-if

no/body finds its soul-knot not:
 love-knot balloon ascent: notes:
 beauti-force: love: in feel/see
 the chocolate-covered world
hemisphered for horizontals arisen for
 the dance of motion-gearred feeling
 falling in love placetime awired
 to fire

But: desired: the love-knot is undercut / is overwrought
where hollows wean from breasts
 by line abdomen: dimpled in a pudding place:
 retraced thigh cradle's windblown wick to bed

And to any autumn but a fire beyond the burning tree
the butterflyers' clothes to cutoutsights refer:

the bookmarker notes
 the passion of pretty leaf
the G clef notes
 the play of pitch atreble --
 hauntingly abass beneath

summers before
the young tree spread: from a limb to trunk
 a thick morass of years

& winters after
a package of the moss: circling history & hysteria
 from green bark to frostbite

But let the pose refuse to change: the whole of love a year
and as in drab inornate brown

all the peanut brittle chocolate caramel: taste:
 roast of tobacco road

feeling: of buttercup tulip & rose
smelling: of faith condition: aspiring soul
 being social heat

and never denude to nude undue delight
yet under sheets propose to scream
 a new moon of face/to face enlightenment

that: valley of feeling/everblack :that:
faith of hue

in hand/some imperative human good/stock

though black cow's milk: that: the hard bone is made on
 hill grass & valley stream

defer to a time of love: foregone imagination

And the falling clothes of summer must not burn
must not satrap the thousand retailed river
 the ground-up force of time

though on fire the ground up dust
 pinkly wisped.per point approaching peal
 and terrible display
 to rush against the bare-frame midnight horizontal
 into blackout burning

Not untied: no light encased in midnight's love
 to trace the vine to mellon
 but defined by the finger threads / by the sword thrusts:
 thru fire plugged to reservoir
 thru rhine ugly lovely stuck: testily deeply
 thru stasis staked with a root

Knot untried ---
 yet not thru: the chip mouth's nut nest
 to that primeval fibre's fixed tone: that:
 notes:
 the fire's fats scalloped from coalbeds nutmeat
 & down in its centigraded-up heat & energy: as is to swoon
 to bed down -- the rolling drums / hum

Warm thermos--snuggled love space
 in thigh act/art of scenes abroad
 a piece of summer night's
 assorted light juggling thunder/
 storms over abey.ant hills
 queen mayday business swarms
 for some thin to-do stems / array ventilated

& pitch black figure memories of sundays forever
 in screen outdoor nightlight goods/
 heat less breeze fan as seasons

a risk to clock maiden laborday lightsavingtime
 rather than adjust
 let it happen: tonight's weekend loneliness

record--books of indoor sunmusic: notes:
 forkeepsaking to burst dryrain:
 clouds: :that:

grow a midnight companionship
 become snap of a hair/
 brush ecstatic ---
 with event
 with a spark electrode cue tipping
 upstairs away: that:
 unstable solution to paradise
 yet mix.blend

is in repetitive compulsion
 for polarity: ignites
 night's pole glistening loadsome
 alone/some to burst
 its spleen for longitude ---

The world is inset / swindelicous tonight
 vibrating on a rainstring / that listens too
 mood dewed acts' art
 serenely able to re-string along
 a strong present tense:
 note:

careening long: the lymph legend-speared grandeur
 to inertial leave
 beading time: a swine pearl string
 todaybreak & scatter riot

Love-knot
 bliss that this seems
 systems vertigo on
 a hairpin makeshifting hope ---
 notes:
 existential: hiss.territorial possessiveness
 gentle-handed gently landing grab
 systems enjoin upsteam for stems: from :that:
 performance: is to beautiforce body to acclaim --
 its notes
 love-hyphened space/
 time stems from :that:
 the hydrant rhapsody ---

for this fun play
 the pistonage organ grind & pump-up :notes:
 the frolicking liquids of sound :notes:
 the drum legend drumming
 the Blues.sing slowdrag
 the Ragtime Watasi
 the vocal Jazz Trumpetuoso
 the Swing-winged Afro-Allahlujah
 the Afro-pubic Latinerary
 the Rhythm-Blued amuse.confusement
 the Twist merry-go-gettogether
 the Calypsocal / lily livered
 the hogmawing frog
 the funky monkey
 the banana split
 the dirty dog
 the onion peel
 the stick-in chicken
 the comfort stationary
 the rowboat bend
 the saddle-launch
 the full eclipse ---

unknotted & become knot: love -- the thrill ---

II

Night empire attired naked
 gives heat where space is isolate
 til space receipt heat is isolate
 is love-knot unrelated space / a loss lot relatedness
 is unfurled in lost enclosure
 a dream of love to look fortoward

where thigh clay is darkly touched are time forces to open
 & cloudy-eyed Delores is
 /sea.eyed enclosure: thunder&lightning pitched storms
 line abdomen a rage earthwidth
 & rowing rhythms thru fire to untie love: touch-knot light

without: here is outlook: figure thought thru
is in here is mirage in love in field

that her long abdomen moves / is space graceful wonder-smooth
& weights big hands to swim to sea: over-buoyed assent/
under weight/ for this space/ is what is not relative
feeling self & sleeve: said Delores mata-flame

grape kisses punch
become knot grieved become wish
& its dark melody of life is free full imagical waterflower
clothes-off color: better overflow over field spread

::because she was a spongy vegetation, languidly healthy in
the house by the sea of youth, and in the seabed after fisher-
man's retreat -- rolling in a wine of fury but never unfurling
& ever somehow harping turnoff affect -- a toy, psychically ed-
ucational & of some spiritual gauge but seldom engaging, there
were times I reached to grab anything passing to replace & dis-
place the stale feeling of impoverished companioned experience.

And yet I was fond of her, rather inordinately -- not love, I
wouldn't call it; because there was seldom a lilt in our mo-
ments, except that I worked so hard to create intensity I burned
out the fuses of this inamorata for weeks at a time -- whenever
I attempted to fire love-space.

And that's how I came to meet you, Delores, which was very for-
tunate considering how well we meshed. But before that I had
been tempted to do a lot of foolish things and could have been
ruined -- and so, so humiliated with the knowledge of others'
own humiliation due to my emotional scavengerings.

And she was always saying she loved me, not unlike another, but
there were times when it was so psychically painful to hear it
I could have smashed her. It was like I felt I needed to be
first a psychiatrist and then a lover. But even then it wouldn't
work. It might seem that so cloying a vanity suit would have
been tolerable enough, or would have made me sadistic enough to
enjoy her body -- with that slight edge of perverseness but more
or less normally. But she was too repressive, and even as large
as mine is, hers was too big for my pleasure. And, aside from
that, over a period of some months from the time I first met
her, she changed radically -- from something like a magic guitar
on which anyone could play a good tune (which made me a virtuoso)
to an off-tune, off-time dudly working instrument with seemingly
a trifling mind of its own. After that, whenever we paired I
generally felt wasted. But somehow I couldn't (and didn't alto-
gether want to) get rid of her. In a sense, I could even say
I am fond of her even now; that is, I cannot really altogether
think of her disdainfully. And that's why, Delores, during
those early months when you missed me sometime I couldn't admit
to what I had been up to.

But I think she was a fixation with me. It was sort of that I
found it hard to accept the apparent fact that some women I
knew were almost completely zero for me for the making of love-
space. Why should I have had to endure so many of these types?
At time I thought I had it figured. Like when I met her, she
seemed quite sophisticated ---. And that's another thing, she
proved rather limited upstairs (which might still have been all
right but she wasn't even potentially deep enough to allow me
hope). In a way, I guess she couldn't afford to be. That an-

other problem it seems with many black women (point of con-
cerned emphasis) so often: It is even necessary for them to be
stiffingly repressive in order to sustain the integrally com-
patible minimum of personality for practical effect; in conse-
quence of which there is an inevitably stunting defensiveness
(anywhere from ten feet away to the center of the marrow). This
is far from the case with you, of course, Delores. But I have
often wondered in passing what the tally is in respect to blacks
(in relationships among ourselves as among others) between the
survival-gearred progressive & regressive forces of accommodation,
manipulation and creativity.

Needless to say, though, not only ALL women but all PEOPLE are
similarly afflicted (it's just that our needs are greater in
Afro-surromantica. We should be superiorly endowed rather than
just people).

But I was trying to explain that so often I meet those who ap-
pear to be nominally sophisticated women but who on closer know-
ledge are obviously sad nut shells. They're really too inane
for long companionship & the energy expended getting beyond the
shell becomes a self-trapping force (I used to think it didn't
matter; and maybe it didn't, but late years I've been forced to
better appreciate superiorly balanced energy sheets on the econo-
mics of shared experience).

But I am aware of the beneficence of at least one lucky star.
Without your inspiration I would surely be a psychic invalid --
as happens even intermittently anyway because awareness & keyed
sensibilities are highly conducive to madness in the context of
our world (and that's why I had to shake altogether away from
HER; I know I could only have gone mad exposed exclusively over-
long in that vacuum; it forced me to reach strainingly for emo-
tional /spiritual/ exercise, which is altogether unsatisfactory.
The face that I am so scantily published -- so hunted & haunted
& maligned -- is already an overloaded crucible for madness, and
the long hours of work under non-selective conditions require
the greatest possible liberation of psychic energies, such a de-
gree of which I cannot always manage. It would be amusing fin-
ally if I were to discover that I was blacklisted in pre-black-
assertion days & remain on the books sort of like the Blue Laws,
rather than as a result of my activities of the last 3-4 years
as a Third World advocate.).

I know, of course, Delores, that it was hard for you to be with
me sometimes, because it said nothing for your having made a
prestigious catch, and would seem to have prompted petty persons
to presume upon your dignity. That's why sometimes I allowed
myself to get 'dressed up' at your subtle persuasions. It was
not altogether a matter of discomfort, i.e., physical discom-
fort, but that it served to emphasize the affect of a luxury of
time & 'comfortable' (this notion is weighted) status. You, of
course, understand the consideration. The party, the theatre,
the dance, the heart-to-heart set-to social are also 'make-be-
lieve' environings. But, unlike our love-space, the 'personal-
ity' of these 'socials' is repressed & often depressingly
(temporally & otherwise) stilted -- glaringly artificial in con-
juration and painfully circumscribed by space, etiquette, & the
compulsive exhibitionism of otherwise thwarted persons. Getting
'dressed up' for this sort of misery is compounded stilted.
Obviously, for some people the opportunity is welcomed -- to
show off new clothes (not the Emperor's!), new learning, to talk
about salaries, etc., and/or due to a boredom and otherwise
failing initiative (in the province of physically slothful and/
or mellowing & pruning middle & late years, there is a better
case for the conservative procedure). You may not agree, of

course. And I know you don't altogether. And I really haven't tried to divest you of this sociality altogether, nor ever shall. But, then, we have a transcending magic.

I am accordingly led into Surromanticism. Consider how it would be for the poet to say, Please excuse my not being able to write (but here's a dictionary of the English language & slang)? the musician? the lover? Consider how it would be for a man to say, Please excuse my not being able to live (indicatime somewhat by the social admonishment to 'get with it', 'get loose', 'do your thing', etc.) -- say, if one were only interested, or otherwise disposed, to carry thru the sex act once a month-or-so in a one set-to one-climax hurrah -- that these lives so psychically oriented as to be 'identified' by such performances (i.e., no otherwise are they satisfactorily socially alive but as indexed by the success of these performances) which are unsuccessfully performed, as gauged by the critical assessment of these same spirits, is what much 'make-believing' is all about. But don't take this literally, Sweetheart. Although the wine and song are conditioners as well as extenuators for other digestible media, I would concede, if pressed, that they are not necessarily adjuncts, and may be the centers of their own microcosms; which is to say, if we can have a tempest in a teapot, why not admit of finding paradisaical balm in wine & song.

At any rate, you can probably appreciate the note on the clattering up of love-space with gimmick & gadget paraphernalia and accouterments of contending allusions (or ILLusions ALLuding to depth). But I'm not sure I'm making myself clear -- because I don't really want to be writing this; I want to be making love to you ---

No, I cannot, am not, shall not be a passion contained, Delores. I have felt the madding ache beneath the bowels & the flutter of the heart in a double timing thru its lovesick age. I am in a swoon at time & empty spaces of full-up life's taut imperative to come. There are no ships on this sea to rescue me; I drown. Full-up of need to break out, I am swallowing death, heartsick & weak. My strength is scattered wide & wide to find you; my fires burn hot & not -- embanked with coals on coals in little energy cells giving out everywhere the heat that dwindles my soul, that diminishes my assault from paralysis of resignation. I glow with super life to attract you; I glow a swooning signature of life a short time of promise to obtain in trim against a bitter flaming despair.

Again, I must assure you that I love you unreservedly -- and have always -- have never once doubted this, and it was cruel of you in that one letter in all these months to suggest that I left California on the run from rumors of your mishap in Mississippi, alluding even to having noticed signs of disaffection before your leaving. How often have I tried to explain! How many times have I re-affirmed my love ---.

Because of what was happening in the Black Liberation & Third World movements at the time, I had to devote an inordinate amount of time & work before you left to the clarification of my position. And, then, because naturally I could not get a publisher because of that unique position, and because of what happened later that summer, I had to remove to one of three places. So I chose to come back to New York, via Chicago, because it is still really the center of both movements and of the publishing industry as well. But, actually, I had no monies and had to hitchhike a good bit of the way. What I told you before, & as corroborated by what you said Leon said, is really the truth: I WAS visited by the FBI, which was the beginning

of a clumsy frame-frame that Donongo and Reggie Yates and that black Dr. Thomas fink Rightist crowd had planned to remove me, thinking that then they could undermine Leon with the satellite group & isolate his activities in North Bergen -- making a further case for territorialism which they hoped to exploit. Undoubtedly, they envisioned a shoot-out, enlistment of the flatpigfeet (and/or enlisted by them; it doesn't matter) to guarantee our demise. And, actually, I played right into their hands. But it was the 'mystery assaulter' business that caused me to take off prematurely -- even before you were due to return from Mississippi; although I hid out for a few days (within earshot of the rumblings the committee had with the cops as they tore up our headquarters & Leon's place and Teddy Freeman's, & wrecked our little press -- which you know, of course -- & confiscated our treasury, which really put Leon & me uptight, even before they hauled him off to jail). And then we heard that you were in jail, and that got us really desperate; the knocks were raining; because the wire was also an appeal for funds, and we couldn't help thinking that you might think we had done some political ditching, knowing that Donongo had been trying to get to you & being sweet on you, too. If only we had had the press, even, maybe I could have run off enough copies to distribute to The Supporter & the 'Class A's on our list (which wasn't merely vanity; please don't misunderstand) along with getting it copyrighted (as well as getting out some circulars on the gestapo tactics of the establishment and the uncle tom treachery of Donongo (k.c.)) even though I was paranoid about the mails, too, and, as it turned out, the carbon copy I mailed to Ed never arrived. And then when they arrested Leon and Poppy Clark & Smith-Davis, I couldn't think of anything left to do but make it to Chi, calling on some of our contacts along the way, where possible.

So you see, honestly, it's the same story. I never lied about the essentials. I mean, essentially, I've told the truth throughout. It was never that I ran out on you, or deliberately missed making contact, in any sense; even though I heard what happened to you in that jail, about the hospitalization and so many stitches; I have never been concerned to worry about testing my love anyway concerning that. Honestly. Because all of us realized that the Movement was too big for such registry of small vanities, and anything could happen and has happened to so many, even repeatedly. It was even a part of the training to divorce ourselves from such superficial considerations. Please believe me, my love, I am so much beyond considering how you outwardly bear the scars of this war against the Fascist pigs! I, myself, have a lump now for a year almost on my right cheek. It happened shortly after my arrest resulting from the Draft business & before the extradition proceedings got underway.

The other thing I must stress again is that you shouldn't go astray by taking too seriously those bits of information you picked up in Mississippi & Cleveland about the genealogical relationships (although it is interesting & even exciting to think that we might be so coincidentally related. And I'm not sure you rightly recall the sequence of my own chart. In any case, I don't think Great Grandfather Severance Adams was that long in Ohio in around '24 because Grandma Flossie told my brother Clarence when he was going to school in Poughkeepsie -- that's before she died in 1953 -- that her mother had said Great Grandpaw was only about nineteen when they started living commonlaw before marriage and had been working a year and a half on the Erie Canal around Buffalo before that, after hav-

ing been a while in Canada, and "... he was what they call a partic'lar dicky man"... which we might take to mean that he didn't make friends very easily.

But this was never meaningful to me (not that you should be entirely swayed on such basis) until Brother Clarence showed me his charts which I copied. And, apart from the "Adams' eyes & nose that they say we have of a likeness, I don't think the consideration of our relatedness would have been of any moment (it was not very obvious when we compared charts) if the publicity you got in Mississippi hadn't prompted some numbers of our folk to feel very motherly & fatherly towards you; so that those stories I've heard from Leon & others, in passing, developed about kinship and those folks investigations were undertaken. And even though your great grandmother was kidnapped and sold scoundrelly down river while she was pregnant & was known to have gone by the name of Adams, I would say this is just a coincidence. And the fact that they say she could read and write and sent 'letters' North does not give further credence to a connection with Severance Adams; since unfortunately she didn't escape that situation and later married becoming a Monroe (probably only after the war), and, of course, none of those 'letters' ever turned up anywhere to our knowledge (would they should). And none of us have any way of knowing where along the way Great Grandpaw Severance appropriated the name Adams.

Even so, perhaps it is fate; perhaps it means, as the poets say, that we were destined ...

Please do not feel that I am being facetious or flippant about any of this; it would not be in character. And I share your pain in reviewing these warped perpetrations of inhumanities. The bestiality of all these centuries of brutal human exploitation plague me continually; so that I would be a cancer of bitterness and seething vengeance were it not for a greater modicum of soul. But why need we concern ourselves overly much? but to further underscore our predisposition to recognize the universal sister & brotherhood, we can make a strong black mark to say that this is a guideline further indicating that we are well on course. It is surely not to IMPEDE our progress or militate against our happiness. Need I say that our survival problems are already over-abundant?

Perhaps we have both had some traumatic experiences the past year which have us at a low threshold for hysteria -- the horror in Mississippi, and again upon returning to the ruins of our pigs bludgeoned treachery desiccated camp, and mine in relation to these same circumstances, and my fugitive journey to nowhere and subjected fureur of extradition. We, you & I expressly, should long since have regrouped, marshalling all our resources, yet undaunted, ill-fortune bedamed. Assuredly, our present circumstance must give a bonus in comfort to the enemy (incidentally, I did not recant to escape the pressures & win a friendship of compromisers; the texture of my exposition was no capitulation to the wiles & far-reaching demonic power of the exploiters. I have in fact undermined the will of some to persist in the execrable dessiccatory a-positivism of human brutalization -- in effect, affected some rehabilitation. But these were basically superior persons to begin with. I am not saying that the entire focus of our original format should shift emphasis. I have of course explained my new philosophy to you. And I believe you -- you must understand. In addition, I am working out an idea at present for the implementation of a proposal that has come to me which holds great promise as a concerted intra-group program of action. I, of course, must win many confidences, or if not I then the program itself.). Judge me not by equivocal political postures of

the moment -- particularly not by the consensus of the paramilitary fire-eaters. I do not condemn them; they, too, are necessary. But lets also focus on universals. Wherein it is at all possible, the bloodbath should be limited (wherein at all practical. Let us think in terms of the smallest numbers at first; which is not to prejudge the merits of any liberalist position nor to forego the catharsis of justice for any non-contented slaves & wretchedly dehumanized beings reduced to political scum, & soulless antibodies bullied by the house germs they could quite readily neutralize or destroy; and those infected by the laboratory germs of their own testy immunization; and those most of all who have stilted & pommelled the world thru the offices of greed and treachery and thru the machinations of imperialist pomp & presumption, so that now there is a warning light around the globe foreboding universal disaster should they continue -- as they insist -- to play the winning cheat, become lawful mockery & disordered chaos, for privileged agrandizement at the expense of our salted earth. For our fight will not cease short of the pestilential filthy lucrative ills of South Africa, of the bilious foul flat-footed thievery of Rhodesia, of the impish monstrous wantonly greedy gail of Angola and Mozambique; short of the corrosive heinousness of Ghana; short of a Mediterranean solution for all sa-traps, pernicious puppets & insidious imperialists' outposts; nor short of the interdictive cancers of Asia and the wide Pacific; nor of the plantation hangovers & melancoly colonial mediocrity and infectious miasma of the Caribbean & Latin America; nor shall we ever forget Mississippi ---- until ----. But, again, let the numbers be small ones for our present consideration. In the reckoning it will be easier to add -- even inexorable -- than to subtract. And for justice, bitterness & its catharsis, there must be preserved a margin ---- a safety gap.)

And, aside from this, I know, Delores, that however much I may want to be a real fiery revolutionary -- a fierce general in the New World army -- I am a poet & lover first. My soul has its great index of flesh & blood that needs this healthy filtering for the lost & the new spirit. I have songs to do that are not ivory towered but vastly maddingly undominated by loud deprecation & silence. I have writings that must be written. These speak from the earthbed of my soul in a purgatorial crucible of unallotted genius (even so, you must have come upon some of my pamphlet material of late months, somewhat in reconciliation with the standard bearers, as well as a further exposition on the Eastern climate).

But now I am sorely in need of your inspiration. Now if I am to achieve what I have set about -- of the songs & the stature of credo -- I need you. I am wretchedly in need of your companionship and understanding, of your encouragement, and of your heart's measure.

Can you blame me so much for what you may consider my dereliction? Can you condemn me so readily, soberly -- so utterly? when it is you who ma de me a lover & sustains this even now that I dream, you who gave life to my soul and intensity and meaning to every moment past, to the present in mesh, and to the future in format. How surely you must remember that when we met here in this same city a few years (of eternity) ago we were not then so wholeheartedly & to-the-death committed to this ageless struggle but by bloodless inclusiveness -- by discreet direct action & the hope of some relief. The climate has changed, yes. But there must be a way, Delores -- an understanding we can reach -- that we can be together.

Yes, prosaically this leads me to say, as before, I have some difficulty keeping employment (gathering a living), and have to fight my paranoia to offset collusions of enemies everywhere.

But, for the past month, things have not been so bad (although I have precious little writing time). I think I told you about this politico-cultural 'Action' group before (naturally, I hardly know what letters you've received, except that only one has returned; I can only guess). So I'm in with them, which looks to be for the duration unless I get into local powerplay & politicking trouble. But right now I think they need me sort of categorically. At any rate, I yearn to send for you - I could - if I only knew where to send. I have been following up so many rumors.

Again, I know of course that there is that human inclination which may prompt you to feel compromised (because you were certainly a girl of exceptional endowments, physically no less than of character & personality, but there can be no substitute for YOU -- YOU, alive, the companion of my dreams. O, Delores ---

Believe me, I could beg the crying towel & recapitulate the whole business for you -- all the woes & agony. But discretion warns me off, sensitizes me against groveling -- usually a despicable posture. So I can only relate some little bits of fact & mood per occasion. Would you care to hear all? again? in every detail? Look, then, in the forced phrases of my flights of song, look for them in the measure even of my universal Delores vision. Look for them in the agony apparent of my efforts here -- to create a presence here of you, of our dyad & duet, here where all these efforts of an overworked energy (of will) are eating away at the weary engines that pump unceasing the weak & undernourished substance of the heart's limited inner resource. O, Delores --

MY LOVE ---

III

space is: as space is scene
hill and lake leaf in the vale of cliffs
& as field is open fun & windfalls
up & over & over/movement amounting to abound
& wish.wind comes erupting / image bubble to berth
windows pop & comes idea along dark beauti-force
fluid: it is to ink: is on a white paper matrrass

IV

& from love-knot to be leaves play of green growth
feeling is in deed: per pose.pouring content (this)
love forms around breasts are handles: a pair
where space ends: pitch: a feeling cupful
not watter.ered to drink but are artful/
sexo-skin.esthetic touch & flow
to unfreeze watt moves in feeling / cradle aura
the figure.handles its dance unshathed
the figure.handle is danced in.tenseness / growth
in.formation: new
& cloudy.eyed sea.eyed Delores.eyed not let thigh cradle dimension
a handleless path to the sea / aura deep riding pitch

V

Cloudy.eyed seen thigh blacked groupward wish discovered
what wands waved over eyes elided/ over hearts message united
what hands meshed in ink of thigh line abdomen have said
inarticulately lonely
the lovebeds spread made to say
yes and yes: by far: yes
yea cloudy.eyed
to let it contract
this soft aim is spirit hard to name
on this black page of this night's age

& thoughts unearth what no knowledge fills
no feeling but undercovers soils
unbroken lumped love-words flowering
:that: fat & blood is this universe

as rivers marking time in canyons
for some: ten thousand years will knot love
yet echoes of a burning will leave the page open

VI

Love's face is: as Delores faces: the loam
is enriched thigh mirrors cloudy.eyed dream
is velvet eyelash seas
aura waves blinking entertaining silence

& from afar the rushing swell welcome: sound/
waves over windows of the rock
clean thru tomorrow: yet silence allowed
til the morning breaks:fast enmeshing motion
that we see/saw to set-to/ a place here lonesome

thigh face containing gingerbed: dreams/ to awaken sea.eyed
& in the windows are lips well-spoken

upon thigh fat: body all night :that: we have
browned in bun blanket touched
is dream true force justjell and buttered-up
& spread smooth largesse all ready of pandemonium

& further afforded the pan thru fire
become veryblack thigh handle of dark break:fastproof force
redreaming: night recalled

fallen down the rising dawn laid blackly to sleep

good goods/morning.wedded nights love-knot re-threaded

& thigh face contains the wishing well
& the wedding's reception well of punch
mouth to mouth thigh bosom entwinkles nose
twinkle & alarem the harem perfume arises
the handle of day/light-broken
good: goods night but the sun arisen

& thigh face is pie plum fruit
thigh touch long aura of delight
is beauti-face of fruited aim
& grape.suited gain over inebriant:
Delores cloudy.eyed
as beehive tides: honeyed rumors stirring
a play about thigh funhouse
a love-spaceless time: assumes night

I go in:to darkness come relatives kindling matches
& out goes alonesome light: darkness length width in

& the coo-coo width.length in time-to-be/ come crows
grows within an hour halved 7 chimes 4½ mini minutes
to woo the birds'eye twinkle of a pussycat
rubs love: it's purring time: pleased
to get up-caressed in:to lap black day comfort
to sleep: cradle aura:
this world's night is a companion to believe :that:
there will be swallows in paradise Capistrano
its wild wish.fulfilled dream to be whole
in her cloudy.eyed sea.eyed hills of sky in love-space

VII

& greater than thought
where feeling obtains into darkness
as the arrow cuts: space is by possession marked: heart
& if a man could not mend the cup of love clay broken
& thigh genius fat go not deep to spring the earth's spirit
love would thirst with a broken cup's handle at the lips
thigh clay abdomen broken into crumbledust in milkwind
drink not cactus wine, O Root
though this cup of space is not our potion by aura potent

VIII

My love is this watt-knot on timbre
beauty & black: to go further out in night / to just-presence
& eyes that move in sleep rest
in hands the eyedrop swims in touch
beneath thigh onionskin sheets: carbon the night's bond
love-knot twilight is justabout/
dawn of the author's wise aversion
in.verse review a public domain re.release appropriate
love-space having taken undercopywritten set-to/shoot the flower up
& by its summer-seasoned wish to seed in this earthbed
encloses another thought-spirit-
growth from five/sixth senses raised in community
& all its cross words to fit & fulfill-up
the cup's use/ful love-blend in.formed
feeling/less unknowledgeable of time's thirst history
where length & breadth stops love-knot assayed

IX

In width.length blackberry bells alarm / of fat fruit ripened
& many high-lo vexed grapes of mind
thigh line abdomen says space is svelt & fit: Juicyfruit
beyond fingers the sour turquoise: a happy birthdaycake
the young bloodstone ripened
beyond mind the summer ruby / the autumn opal heart
wear it in love
were it love fallen: in hands: sweet cherishing yet
were sea & sky needs of some years sprout apart
unenfolding of spirit
by thigh possession withheld

though quota yeses seasons of harvests fledged
& flayed to seedless vintage
in thigh house unfulfilled: heart is: caress is
& in gestation flower of flood

a gift to night: the song it makes: the vat overflow
down thigh form all of a bunch at fingertip sleep
aura so berry good / to pluck / but unplucked

X

Are alike: poster windows: on vacation / in.stills: wanderlust
more video.philic said: guages to be.causeways to affection

to sigh into hunger last times
as wishfulfilling to be in your unlegended long hands
as aura we're vacuums near hereby the legend field

some unknown here about love is sesame to exist
as-if whereas some garden-abounding house /
is rock garden to melt
full of rock the summer pours: sweat

& water is the blossom: breathing yearningly
to ground its feet
its feeling stealing outof one-mansioned growth
from roots / awakening reservoirs
Life: opening away

a drink of this true dreammesh wind.O
& a launched bubbled : O-a-system

& thigh spirit prospectus put in seed has opened
to be black alike the gods: attest goods night
& why because thigh lover's svelte rest-spent quill to write
black: here footnotes the sun in shadow
summer printed sand the mysterious tale
& heretoforecast time being
within and then some: cheek & open fold of hills

where little feet of dew drops twinkle
running laughter: here this is folk: rhythmagical
punning a step-time further gayety inner/ songs
dark drinking cup
is reflection of thigh self-embrace

& to cross to that extraordinary fleshfat night's open mouth
steeled in sustans I come to a dotted i.deolog of this / my life
the mindmade-up will to re-create my worldwind
that dash & dash & dash of rocks rock rock

:But, yes, even more than I have related, I have had foolish &
impractically fanciful little goals from time to time, Delores,
trying to create the time & the place without you -- not instead
of you but because you do not come & you do not hear. And the
hunger becomes predatory on the soul, which must desperately then
seek to structure some haven for balm.

The most perfect natural environment, though, is certainly the
womb -- gimmickless, gadgetless, and usually limited to a dyad;
which is not to say that it's a one-sided relationship; quite
the contrary, it is more often mutually satisfying, I should
think. In this relationship, if we take note of the junk nec-
essary to outer-world 'enviroming', we might just allow that
only once in life is man truly comfortable & satisfied. And
this is a deep sleep thru the recapitulation of eons of growth

& development; whereas, cognition & rationality NECESSARILY impinge later upon the will to structure paradise, as upon the will to grow & develop (in one manner as differing from specific others). And so I say that only the ultimate naked intimacy -- as close as we can humanly come to it -- lends itself satisfactorily to the feeling of paradise revisited; only the most exclusive possession of time & space, & the most total naked solicitousness & response, reinforces the feeling of the unqualified priority given each unit human life.

In this respect, Delores, you are the first woman and paternal twin to me (paternal as a matter of formal definition, maternal in feeling pattern -- as womb in a womb). Event-time is this woman-mother-goddess, and love is its womb. We are twins of love-space-time (the fluidly incestuous accommodation of our night event is a valence thru all time for our coming becoming together again toward the equipoise of the foetal dream-sleep). We are feelings, emotions, giving spirit to an existence. And we dream. We dream of bits & pieces of ourselves awaking & sleeping & growing & developing to fit into an emotional body, the physical environment of our awareness. We are (the physical anatomy of) time-&- (the spiritual anatomy of) love structured (the psychodynamic drama of the troubled imperfect personality event disposes us to the yearning for TIMEFULNESS and/or TIMELESSNESS, both instances of immortality, as the stature of summer flower and the revitalizing inherent womb of sleep, and/or the godhood in eternal copulation with time, begetting event: The preoccupationally interesting something to do). And the main event of ourselves is the awakened interior environing of love-space-time, the recreation of foetal life's dream-sleep -- an irreversible rebuilding of self-possession in freehold love-space.

And so our loving is nothing without the emotional adherence of dreams, from the successful application of which we derive a modicum of intellection. In love-space-time we are acculturated by these, by which we know ourselves which is our world, our environment; and this environment is our social non-profit corporation, whose aim & investments are designed to develop & delineate positive human conditions & aspirations at home & abroad. By this attitude we become as composite event of art, which in every particular signify that we continually learn the loving & belovedness which personalizes our incorporateness and is the immediate realization of its design.

Our memory bank consists of dream substance, dream-inspired make-believe & events of conditional & aspirational programming, which are the assurances of emotional solvency. And this emotional solvency nurtures the spiritual interest that environmental reinvestment & continuing (emotional & intellectual) growth & health. Our world is the love-space-time corporate body of emotional investment, with a spiritual valence, ever aspirationally projected to environ love-space-time.

Does this sound imperialistic, Beloved? No doubt. Like religious (missionary) proselytizing (it was in fact the analogous instance that followed into my own mind). But the emphasis here is on the human rather than on the divine; emphasis on the putting together of one's own house, & on the art of living rather than on that of preaching. Also, there is no holier-than-human divinity. The human event has no concurrence, except born of time in love-space. Interest in its memory bank is never withdrawn or overdrawn.

Of course, the literal ultimate notion of 'revisiting paradise' is hardly humanly realizable. But as make-believers in the positive valence of art-event, an optimal satisfaction should obtain. Wherein environment as event equals emotional body, these body relationships are the highest premium comforters & the highest

expression of human (& divine?) & other worldly congruence. The life of this spatial, temporal, & spiritual environment is the exercise & exposition of the conditioning of love-space, the implementative recreation of dream-sleep.

But at the end of time, Delores, as we should expect (of whatever it is constituted of programmed environing), there is death -- perhaps another dimension of sleep & dream-programming, as the poets say. Death, as we may say, is the last act of Time in our behalf -- in the sense that the mother never completely abandons the child that he would not be received back into the womb of Time; death receives us back into the strict environment of the (god-) mother (-event) wherefrom follows another

Of course, these are considerable conjurations, Beloved. And we have certainly heard that it is naive to believe in make-believe. But to some extent it may be wise to make-believe in naive (to believe) -- experience increase, enchantment. Hope & faith are such elements of make-believe, as well we know the feeders ---

You are essentially knowledgeable of these considerations, I think, as a matter of experience, Sweetheart. What I am hoping is that we may shortly dispose ourselves to the social convenience of programmed environing: I thee wed -- a kind of lease on love-space created ---

--- if my songs can find you ---

I was some time ago telling you about my neurosis of companionship. Some compulsion further inclines me, masochistically perhaps.

Not so long ago there was, for instance, an occasion when I took a hundred dollars out of the bank, feeling that I needed new pussycat, and the hundred dollars was to give me thinking room. Now, of course, a hundred need not suffer the burden of much thought, but how much of a gamble in health is always to be considered. At the time, I felt wasted.

But, as you might guess, the money prop didn't do much good, because all it suggested was 'some sale', which for a not particularly affluent person (who professed to be romantic, in addition), ambivalence was the immediate dividend. Naturally, I hadn't thought to do \$100 in trade, anyway, maybe \$20, with expense of the out-of-towner along the way. But, at any rate, I was into it before I had summoned the fortitude of commitment. Thinking I might get robbed, I wrapped \$60. In some celophane & forced it thru the anus, and went over to an arcade & fiddled around, finally I met a much over-cosmetized flashy number & headed into a bar for a little treat -- feeling I had been spotted as a chump anyway, I guess. And we played a little coaxing game, and I let her coax me into dinner with goodly aperitif, and then to coax me to coax her up to her place.

So we went to her headquarters, or otherwise establishment, which wasn't physically as bad as some I've heard about, and Miss It peeled perfumingly out of her clothes, fleshily sassily, which had me up already, and then she went to the bathroom where I followed shortly, and we played around, and then she left out, but before she left I had an urge; to which I attended rather impatiently. I was just about to leave after flushing the commode when I had this sudden recollection. I looked in and there was nothing. She called meanwhile, asking what I was doing, and that I should hurry up. And, of course, I was afraid she would walk in, but I had to make further desperate hopeful searchings.

Finally, I sat down of the seatcover quite on the fringe of raging self-disgust. And she entered quite suddenly and caught

the look on my face which I could but slightly alter, and besides that it seemed the little room smelled inordinately of feces. Her own face seemed to express first puzzled enquiry and then shock, and then suspicion bordering on humor. Naturally, I couldn't tell her what had happened, so I numbed something about "problems..." and got up as quickly as my energies would allow to wash my hands.

The revulsion I felt for myself (& maybe self-pity, & for her, too) threatened to come out of my eyes. And when she stepped up behind me, running her fingers along my sides, my whole body shook with it. I was thinking of the last time I had been conscious of the cache, and that was maybe midway out talkie-drinkie before coming there; before that, I had even worried a bit about it popping out & maybe making it down my pants leg.

She said something like, "Ummm, problems we all have ... lets just forget them ..." And I was very quickly getting aroused again. Even with this bitterness of self-laceration, I felt & knew I had to go thru with it, to have her, whether or not it would be good for something else or whether I would step out in the same fix as before. And the while I was made to feel low, really demeaningly low, and like nothing for being such a love beggar.

After we had been on the mechanistic junket (which was not a bad experience in itself), and she had gotten up & was getting back in bed, she announced her intention to retire for the night (this an unprofessional gesture, bad precedent, and all that, but one might say she was self-stylistic). And, following some further release, I sat up in bed a while, feeling rather philosophical. And we talked some. She seemed reasonably bright, but only superficially exposed formally. She said she read a lot. And one thing I remember, especially, she said, "It's a lonesome deal -- all of it." And after a moment, she added, "There's nothing out there I haven't seen or done, like, you know. There's nothing out there I haven't been hip to, but I keep going back out there --- going back out there, like, thinking maybe I've missed something. And there's nothing out there, really, that I'd miss very much if the world took it all and shoved it up its ass. Like, that what you might call a paper illusion."

She even apologized, after asking if she was going to get a present, for accepting the money, which for some moments it seemed she wouldn't. But she did, with a "Whatthehell---" (I've wondered since if maybe she practiced the whole bit.

And that's what I said: "Whatthehell---" about the whole kinky stinky finky strike-anywhere shooting match. But it was rather humiliating for sometime after; although I tried to charge it against those experiences I don't usually have .

Soberly, I can imagine how you feel about this sort of thing, Delores. And it says something about what one is capable of.... I could add to it. There was this involvement with a little person who couldn't speak any English; got involved in taking her home from a picketting sitan deal to the Bronx -- because her girlfriend went off too long (or just went off & wasn't at a certain moment there) and because she was eager & star-eyed & smiles and didn't know the way, only to end up semi-lost with her crying on the street that "...please, to take her home, because she had to get to her babies..." So, I hailed a cab, and pretty soon the smiles were out again, but I was sick --, had, in fact, been sick since the moment after I volunteered. Soberly, it is quite obvious that one must choose the proper people circumstance for all manner of generosity & expansiveness of soul.

Once young years ago I got drunk at a party and carried on maudlinly about feelings for a certain cutie who was the bell of this social set. My heart just overflowed along with tears. And it was apparent that it was just so much self-pity (for reasons lost) and horniness. And the more I carried on the less likelihood there was of moving her to bed; which I even knew, but could not accept because there was her a goddess). But the woman-event without songs (to make her in this case, except for the approach was particularly fruitless in this case, except for the exercise it afforded a sentimental idiot -- and the later too late regrets of this cutie whose narcissus improved & vanity diminished to afford some substance of sweet dreams -- because one of the brothers had shortly before had her in the condition of disprized love, who was a sporting fellow in the uniform of militancy. This is the way we educate each other to disenchantment and cynicism.

So, my confession has run-on a bit. I think it is all to advise you of the failings of all other affairs. I sing of you in my sleep. There may be too much honey in my songs because I am oversweet with love. Even so, this subject of song is well-considered. There was a note in the early part on an incident that occurred when we first met. Remember how it rained that beautiful May day -- after we rented the boat, and we couldn't stop laughing ---

--- if only I could convince you ---

if only I could find you before I suffocate, before the contagion of disillusionment re-captures you -- like an old brutalized instrument that can no longer be put in tune ...

can you hear the melting heartbeat of these songs, O
sea-eyed silence ---

can you feel the hot breaths of their uncontained
madness ---

can you, from your retiring anxious fear, hear,
and while building new elementary courages
of unlikely failures, know
the agony of these visions of you
which make belief ---

& I wait on, with dreams & songs, wretched
of the inexact, non-tactile event
of my dancing, swimming girl ---

-- IS GENIUS

Would ask art to pardon her this pursuit case
summer expressed from dream summit re: gainer
a paradise for the journeyman
accultural vines of gender wine: smooth sunstroke
inventitillating night

blending fiercely of hot brown hues
somersaulting occult of vintage in love's vineyards
burned thru brownreds / thru violet blues to ferment
to plum ripe thigh borderloam penumbra
to star-umbrellaless naked pitch

:imagic: retrieved
meshed dark journey of two star duskhims
in sea.shimmering clear-eyed Delor.rhythms
cloudy within good nightie hi-diddle

fiddlers play to dance to dance
good nightie off goods' midnight truer way
:to compound in field / figure-explosion nimbic

XII

Thigh art here traveling sundown to joy: beyond :that: affords
motion of easyfold access.airy gulf port
thru narrow strait cold.lap.sea cable
warm slip stream into undertow
:sweat out of fattened contact fahrenheit intractable
at thigh big open hue veneer of sea/ monsters' fascination
& blackheat potpourridicule molassessayed dimension
as bitter raw space streaked-of-lean
would love-knot matter / fat & feline upholds
stirred-ready receivership
decor-pitched is livingbedroom set
is matchfit striking is
on that which is fireproofproud bedmadeup to love/sleep
a go-between nap to dreams-
come-true beauty

XIII

This niche value begins woman/hood-bewitching
thru the long nude window UP/ North thru the off nightlatch
at twelve:midnight / convening parabolic welcome
expo.tensional: soupluck rhythm thinned at the femur
& of small waste thigh bottom's-up
summer's tale: adventure
itinerate with rutabaga carrot spud.nickel.ode.to.onion aroma
red & green pepper.mental okra-garlicked mealyball dumplings
oeil-de-boeuf ram's.part to nourish
by horny.moon utopian sabbaptickling dreams
:blessing: this union: God: is spirit-driven blood
& blanche carte wheel-in-a-hotwheel
is shoulder-cupped handsome ram-
page-by-page from genesis: the devoutness & the wrath
let it be written: the wrath & the wonder feeling filling
let there be the water & re-affirmament
earth to earth the ashes of love to fly from the burning
espoused creation to regain
growth to do: not expiring unbecome
say/ Beloved // love/ say where my beloved
thigh power & glory & holy ghost in the house
though godless / god-powered on thigh cloudy.eyed sea
the worse ship compels tidebound rescue

XIV

O house of prayer of this robe / robe of this flesh
haunted of purpose
where are rhythms created / & creating rhythms mends spirit
here & going some now where were dismemberships
we say a catachism: Love: this hunger is

to be beauti-fulforce to regain: Yes
& will come to present: Now
what must not knot-stop: the glory everlasting :that:
is too much joy: yet

too much joy to come: yet to
backup?
incomplete is this vast test
time of lovelife is longer yet than
all the hasty time to come
& not enough joy come-to: backed-up
from fullpasttime empty enjoyment of joy

XV

But in the little house: the father: IN
the peep.pulley beast: a pain of gravity / straining
the rope of sand bewitched
& burdened of err / heralds encore
Offering the house:
this grace the father's will/ & heirs' & heiress' succor
has as-if many-nippled breasts: The Grace
to grace interfaith lifts the house a lot off-ground: up

To life romantic skies on a lottery of wings
the ante rocks of water raze tears' overburst/
birthstones thrown into pools of hope: faith

Close.set as thigh duplex in/formative goddogmatisms
of roommate air: pressure is
in arrestment of this winged spirit --
a salivating lullaby
whose canyon aha-light one morning does not rise
but mental.lately

Here: tossed to the stars & reborn a litter
yet love: knot in.dissent: proliferates
tightly squeezed in this square root of space-time
is this titillation aviated to overflow upsky

XVI

And off-ground heavy weighs the uplift of beast
by its steep.pull of belly: in digestive part: love
the chestnuts not to burn /
a popularity of psyche & flesh:
hand/some in palms to tithe: to rescue
a romantical probability

that is: not all nut:houseed shall-not / be impotent
nor all meat: sweet amid-air night: a pair

but by yeast of the rock the steep belly-pull
in: & aloud the breaststroke swelled sea
extols: afleshed love-space dominion wish-washed
over thigh fat belly abdomen / over fattened calf thigh
& over aura cradle rocked

over breast aura: over grape bells' burst: goodwill to night
within: this aura drives & surfaces: surfeit overawed
to steep elation-peals of chest:nut-houseed
heat holy: we to overcome

XVII

& what it's going to be/come: To now
that it must be IN: complete answer to anguish
of outcome a.voided psychic distance:
fallen to rise: the consequence of love

Not wrecked: this shipment stating union
mid.night hours sailing set-to touch alarming space
there is: there a time for this: little house/
guest to come & stay with welcoming

in the readyroom adjusted yesterday & into evening
after nightmares-in-laws
spurred & bridled
to merry-go-horse-around with mankind

to now: cow: every zonal eros cuddling with dream
feeling for more love-space rooms particular pleasure

& generally not beauti-forced a.lonesome
to be homesick away in the bowels non-intervention
a young time freehold out: spoken conclusions come to

full bull: the herding waters stamp / to be free of godpests
& underhoof bludgeoned landgrabbers howl
cracking up: their whip hypocrisies in placement mirrors
handsomely framed to be I.Deal non-entities

XVIII

The sex:driven: in.tuition revolt
to disband the world's inner space
on whom the belly tells: a grand opening of orifice
for assured discharging of life-business
unequally exchanged for the primeval soul

but pockets of love booked: we dream:
what it: the burr.red riddle myth aura-filling
that all excerpt.sizes make good figure
for the summer stomach

into life: breasts' respite pillows:come
& hear what horrendous fund of lung breastwells exude
aura enchanted meat-tone: repast surromantical

XIX

I can see: the lip pink oasis: mouthwell: fruit
ideal is to attract: to be asked
asks me naked to pair

naked as is to ask
I ask: sharing as-is a breast of answers

nudely on a new bedsheet: naked: as if in.violets the ground
asks me: to fast.ten/six.the equator.reality burned sweets
:that: fever for come.for/six.the mellow id.suite soul

the lumberjacking timberlineup
the wishngstone roller inside.outpout
the crowingnest eggroller yoke
the hip-livid mellow squash
the crossover tree-of-life fruited figure
the peanut-shelling digit.talismaniacal hydraulics

:that: a naked a heart burn pursuit: per sun set afire

XX

The inner room's soft unforgettleness commends me
I hear a psalm wrinkled-in of hands
a psalm-sprinkled present: its gift of assent
to open presently
a psalm of accompanying years unfolding:
love-space-time

palms' psalm of lifted hearts / winged moments spread
in growth-flowered inspirited life

inspired psalm of blackberry wells
of breastwork bells / in labor
& art of thigh clay genius love tender

psalm's prayer appealing
of longbelly fat abdomen cradle aura womb wooed
by flowing psalms pink oasis pregnant

psalm of night: black as thigh night burning
& to ask of thigh receipt: greedy for instance
a grasp of handle: in-residence: upon the loam
at lease: some years of this occupancy

loam of thigh openly appealed-to gut
as naked lips & palms & heels of intergradation
sly off-color-washed: vanity mirrored bedroom doorknobs

:enter: in detailed impression: love: the psalm of passion
& lonesome's song
of the burr.red riddle.myth's flower-in-step

& where my cloudy.eyed sea.eyed Delores.eyed left to dream
no synthetic psalm need handle sentence dipped in this existence

after two nights join
this earthquaking love-space-time is self-possessed

to grow a field: a make-up for the mini-house of prayer
the plain love grain of humanity made up for love
that makes belief: to grow a force
grape-fleshed to rot/ yes & no / other space
to wear this time: this partnership
upon the sea Delores.eyed

love-knot outlet lost
a figure of dreams
is Delores is genius
drawn out/cast in the loam of rock
adagio: to dance a rite of wonder
afro.zen: accultured finesse the fire
ploughs moo-ed: were snowbound
and then: sun's stamp/ impeded

here: thigh spring calves / af.roars
adrenal/in the flame: af.roles
advent afro.man.tic: paens enchanted
ad infinitum lovesong

to a.fro from a counter-forge
a.force
af.ro.bust
af.rosebud
-- a.fortitude

OUR FATHER

::Dear Mel --

I have received your letter of last April. I love you. I say it now in spite of your being compulsive about this wonderful dream, Love (as in the beginning, ever). Even so, it remains wonder difficult to grasp in substance, to have unequivocally. Yes, I do think more tenderly of you than by any notion I could feel it reached --- but by wonder called love. But I will not say it again very soon.

I have often thought of your tendency in this respect as analogous to the way (wrong way) of the Buddha Heart --- strange. But, yes, it is different, I know. I am only a woman, and you grasp me -- a necessary element in what you are about. Mine is only a very small female voice amid all your words, which flow from your pen so passionately -- and must drain & drench you in convictions of your well-consideredness --- but do impress me --- give me something ---.

But, nevermind, you are nearly right. Even so, there must be a while yet. You are not assuredly as wretched as you say, but most assuredly my lover (if not you, then what?). And, yet, there is some needing ---. I would like to take your psyche in my hands and caress it, and put it in my bosom, and wear it gently (and know all of your secret sincerities & eliding lies). And, I think, you understand. But, I want to hear more of you, freely about you, about us, etc. But I will not always answer. I am so removed since last year, and the year of the boatripe in the rain. But, really, I am with you --- I'm holding on by you --- because I do believe in something (as you know, I have led you in dreams at times).

But we must deal now with some manner of reconciliation -- not all-committing all at once, as with your sending for me. When I am ready, I would rather manage that, or I will ask you. But this is not so important. As you see, I am confused. This new offer of an old love, again --- in the current state of our world confuses me. I keep busy. I must keep busy. And I must shed some of the bitterness of my experiences.

The scars? They are not so meaningful -- as you may think. That is, it is only a matter of how I am to live with them. And that is where you figure -- where your feelings and objectives tear at me while I now have other compelling directives.

I don't expect you to understand this altogether. But wait a while. And keep writing to me. I don't think I could respond healthily to life again until our personal attachment -- this affair -- is met---

Meanwhile, the agony of aloneness will be the experience of some suspense for us both. Don't hate me --- for not yielding immediately to this urgency which you so graphically present. I suffer with you. It seems years since we were together -- which is another reason I demure. I am not sure I have not hardened too much, killed the buds of dreams too many, schemed & plotted vindication too much, become embittered too much, and resigned to the inexorable consequence of these ---.

Delores

Will we meet? and where?
-- beyond this time ---?
and how? and what?

O Papa! Papa! Papa!

It is a self-pity it seems that smells
of a helpless hapless hopeless
lot of recourses to jell / not well
lot of forced marches, tented battles'
plans pellmell
lot of resources that do not get well
have withered 80- & 30-plus years
have watered the wines of dreams
to this heartbreak
amid night alone --

OF ITSELF::

a self-doubting
a mechanistic half turnabout
compulsive shouting;

"Father! ---"

O Papa! Papa! ---

OF ITSELF::

a draining of me / into 80--30-plus years' leap
into
a lonesome of inartful response

But this now is your time, then ...

This time, you --- to Time / Amen

O requiem songs, Our father ---

JAMES ADDISON TAYLOR, son of James E. Taylor & Mariah E. Claiborne, grandson of Addison & Lucinda Taylor & Edmond & Barbara Claiborne, expired at 11:10 PM, July 15, 1970 --

BORN, June 2nd, 1988 in Newport News, Virginia, the eldest of five children of a Baptist minister, he was a man of many walks: Athlete, Oit-time ship-fitter & rivetter, entrepreneur, businessman, bondsman -- beloved husband, father, friend, and confidant ...

largely a self-styled, self-taught man, hail & hearty among confreres from Boston to Norfolk as the incomparable "Jimmie", a man of fierce pride & unwavering dignity as "Mr. Taylor" to all others on all levels of former encounter, the light of whose eyes dimmed but little in 82 years until forced closed, who believed in the social passage with a handshake and, "Taylor is the name", with the smile that was his hope for an inspired day ...

SURVIVED by one brother & one sister, wife, five sons & two daughters, eleven grandchildren, & three great grandchildren ... a wealth of relatives & friends ...

IN MEMORIAM --

Rest ... in deeds, in hopes, with that greater balance of love unstinting, upon the bounty of our memories & our prayers, with the assurance of our continued quest ... in peace, of body & spirit -- who gave us this earth, this life, not to be dismayed that we be in derision, nor in errant follies, would we not persevere

It may be necessary to make certain additions to or subtractions

your New York State return

FOR RESIDENT MARRIED PERSONS NEW YORK CITY RETURNS

To have income tax Bureau compute tax omit lines 5, 7, 9 and 10. Sign return below.

Dear Sir:
About the Tax Return Package

If you change your answer,

YOUR FEDERAL INCOME TAX

THIS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED

TYPE OF TAX
Income

You Mailed

Balance Due

PAYROLL		HEALTH INS.		DUES		STATE TAX	
FEDERAL TAX	AMT.	CODE	AMT.	TAX			
12769F	221	PE	300	257			

12/31/64

follow these simple steps

NOTICE OF ADDITIONAL TAX DUE

1 A - ADVANCE PAY

GARNISHEE

We will have to have receipts for your contributions, local tax, and thefts for the years 1923, 1931, and 1

Deceased Taxpayers

THIS DEFICIENCY IS BASED ON UNREPORTED FEDERAL AUDIT CHANGES.

9/16/65

COURT ORDERS - JUDGEMENTS

Support by More Than One Taxpayer

Tax Surcharge

This is my third letter to you we cannot determine if you worked

IF YOU DO NOT AGREE, and do not sign

Decedent's return

IF YOU ACCEPT THE FINDINGS

In Case of Death - If your wife

Watch for Tax Law Changes

You're With Tens of Millions of Other Americans

Unmarried Who Qualify as Heads

is Institutional for at least 90 consecutive days or a shorter period if she dies.

PAYROLL		HEALTH INS.		DUES		STATE TAX	
FEDERAL TAX	AMT.	CODE	AMT.	TAX			
1656	6169F	PE	335	1071			

HOW TO REPORT YOUR INCOME

Very truly yours,

DONT FORGET TO SIGN

Very truly yours,

HOW TO PAY - Checks or money orders
WHO MUST FILE

Proof of Blindness
BLOOD CREDIT SYSTEM

thank you for your continued support

DECEASED TAXPAYERS

claim a full \$600 exemption

Changes in Marital Status

How To Prepare a Joint

PAID

MISCELLANEOUS INCOME

Debt

Aid Credit

Debt

As your Commissioner I can tell you that

Tax On Tip Income

Married Taxpayers
Certain Widows and Widowers

Debt

A Special Message for Taxpayers

\$5,000,000 tax-exempt

You CANNOT Deduct Cost Of:
Travel to and from work
Entertaining friends
Bribes and illegal payments