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~~Root Words~~

~~When I opened the dictionary  
to find the roots,  
every word bled  
its black ink  
and clods of dirt  
dangled from syllables  
and ancestors cursed and laughed  
across sweating, sunburnt fields of pages  
strewn with fragments of plows and songs~~

Root Words

Clumps of dirt dangle, from every syllable  
as ancestors, laugh and curse  
across fields of pages  
strewn with fragments of plows and songs

FINAL  
DRAFT

FINAL  
DRAFT

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Clean!

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Wordsworth at the Holiday Inn

In times that have now fled  
how happy would I have been  
to lay my head on the soft, fresh pillow  
and be accomodated again.

But the towels, though hung neatly  
bring no comfort to weary skin  
the mirror is bright and shining  
while I shave my chin  
the lather is sweet and pleasant  
the water, hot and clean  
but my razor bluntly reminds me  
how deeply cuts the vanished dream!

Clean!

Clean!

Clean!

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### Boredom Falls

like a soggy tarpaulin  
covering the field  
in the fourth inning  
of a September battle  
for fifth place.

The veteran leans  
out of the dugout  
spits tobacco juice  
into the rain.

Clean!

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Monologue by a Fallen Oak

from 1st line of Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations  
of Immortality from Recollections  
of Early Childhood" - "There was a time when

meadows, grove, and stream, / The earth  
& every common sight / to me did  
seem / Apparell'd in celestial light /  
The glory & the freshness  
of a dream."

There was a time when my leaves tingled with an electric pleasure the wind riffling through them with innocent delight my roots lapping happily at the water grateful to receive it, and drinking it without thinking, "Now I am drinking water", or trying to suck the pleasure out of it, trying to taste one's own enjoyment, as it were

but rather simply drinking--a pure sense experience which, some would say, is an impossibility, all sense experience being conditioned by previous memories and of course, even prior to that, the memory that is not individual, but which shaped my early development, the "oakness" that was encoded in the acorn that became me--though the acorn didn't really "become" me, you can't separate the acorn from the oak, it's a false dichotomy, like the body-wind problem

but I'm digressing  
the point is

I'm a tree of knowledge now  
paradise is long gone, and I know  
there's no going back  
ah, it's too depressing to talk about.

## A Monologue by a Fallen Oak

There was a time  
when my roots, trunk, limbs, and leaves  
breathed with a calm, warm, electric, ecstatic  
flow, the wind ruffling through me with innocent  
delight,

my roots lapping happily at the water,  
grateful to receive it  
and drinking it without thinking,  
"Now I am drinking water",  
or trying to suck the pleasure out of it  
trying to taste one's own enjoyment, as it were,  
but rather simply drinking -- a pure sense experience --  
which, some would say, is an impossibility,  
all sense experience being conditioned by previous  
memories,

and, of course even prior to that, the memory  
that is not individual, but which shaped  
my early development, the "oakness" that was  
encoded in the acorn that became me --  
though the acorn didn't really "become" me,  
you can't separate the acorn from the  
oak, it's a false dichotomy, like the body-  
wind problem...

but I'm digressing.

The point is,

I'm a tree of knowledge now.

Paradise is long gone, and I know  
there's no going back...

ah, it's too depressing - I don't want to talk about it.

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The Nihilist's Prayer

Now I lay me down to stay  
I'm trying to will the world away  
if I should die before I wake  
I'll laugh and say, "What a lucky break!"

11:14 pm Cosmo Time - FINAL  
break - I shall return!

## Decadence in Los Angeles

On the ~~balcony~~ <sup>balcony</sup> of his fabulous estate,  
 overlooking the ocean,  
 Dirk Randall, the famous movie director,  
 wears a beret and an enigmatic smile  
 as he lovingly strokes <sup>and smokes a thin expensive foreign cigarette,</sup>  
 the legs of Laurel Jackson,  
 the hot new actress.  
 Laurel--blonde, slim, beautiful.  
 She is currently in her female phase.  
 When male she is a utility infielder for the Los Angeles Deviants.  
 To her/him, Hollywood is a neon vibrator and a watercolor wet  
 dream.

A few months ago, she was a lonely girl in an apartment  
 making long distance phone calls  
 to her boyfriend in the Midwest  
 and working as a typist.  
 A chance meeting, on a night out with the girls from the office,  
 led to a screen test.  
 Again by chance, a sip of radioactive cola set off hormonal  
 alarms and a complete estro-testostero-in-stereo-reorganization.  
 The breakdown of sexual alignment brought with it nightly dreams  
 of a tobacco chewing good natured ~~dead man~~ <sup>SWITCH</sup>  
 named Lance Johnson  
 who had spent most of his life working in an auto parts store  
 but at one time was a pretty fair minor league ~~tall player.~~  
 From beyond the grave <sup>SWITCH</sup>  
 Johnson's personality and aspirations  
 began to assert themselves  
 and she/he,  
 at first locked in bitter conflict,  
 eventually found a phosphorescent ~~no-man's-land~~ <sup>no-man's-land</sup> of ~~SWITCH~~  
 gentle transformations.  
 The Deviants are bewitched  
 by her glamorous glandular beauty  
 and she is given  
 a box of her own  
 along the first base line  
 where she is often seated beside Dirk Randall.  
 She is an extremely knowledgeable baseball fan  
 and her recitations of lifetime averages  
 and incisive comments  
 on the strengths and weaknesses  
 of individual players  
 endear her to the public  
 which had, of course, expected  
 another dumb blonde sex goddess.  
 And no one knows  
 that she/he  
 is Laurel/Lance.

When Laurel wanes and Lance waxes,  
 the Deviants accept him readily,

12:45 am ish  
 The wood swings



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their memories have been tampered with by the nationwide magic change of consciousness stemming from the radioactive cola which has left

an inner ~~violet~~ burning hole in the minds of all American citizens.

Lance only plays in selected home games, not wishing to leave I.A.

and even then he usually sits on the bench.

He is, however, very popular with the Deviants, because of his enthusiasm and his team spirit.

No one notices that Laurel Jackson has never attended a game that Lance Johnson suited up for.

But to return to the ~~balcony~~ ~~stage~~ balcony ← choice of words - agony!  
--Laurel lies back and moans, while Dirk's hand massages the inside of her thighs. She is enjoying it immensely, but just when things are heating up, her mood begins to change.

"Do you want to play catch?"

An argument ensues--Dirk says it's getting too dark to play catch, and let's do some coke, and then make love.

But Laurel is bored, she decides to leave, in spite of his pro- tests,

and by the time she's out on the freeway, she's Lance, thinking about tomorrow's game, and about maybe changing his batting stance.



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3/4ths finished draft

7/8ths finished draft  
(it just needs tidying up)

*petrified*

The ~~Blue~~ Waffle Lecture

... and this ~~blue~~ <sup>*petrified*</sup> waffle grounded as it is in early twentieth century doctrines such as ~~Cruspinelle's~~ <sup>*Cruspinelle's*</sup> "History of Sandwich Spreads: The New Synthesis"

here, let me write that down now then, uhh, ~~Cruspinelle~~, *Groomingoff* if you'll recall, rejected the Amphetametaphysicals who were the dominant force in philosophy in those days they would stay up all night creating insanely detailed philosophical systems that explained everything and then they'd sleep for three days anyway, ~~Cruspinelle~~ <sup>*Groomingoff*</sup> attacked them violently in papers and pamphlets even biting an occasional ankle needless to say, he was mocked and scorned treated as something of a, shall we say,

*epistemological teleological, and positivity logical systems that explained EVERYTHING*

pariah, ~~but~~ <sup>*as so often happens, the tide turned*</sup> and now historians say ~~that he was~~ <sup>*Groomingoff*</sup> if anything, was too nice to ~~them~~ <sup>*Ampheta-metaphys*</sup> Now, however, I think you'll find if you read any of the journals that are being published today of which our library has an extensive selection, I do urge you to take advantage of this you'll find a great deal of material on ~~Cruspinelle~~ <sup>*Groomingoff*</sup> and much more attention being paid to ~~blue waffles~~ <sup>*petrified*</sup>, ideology ~~is~~ <sup>*the cosmology of*</sup> Cornish hens, blackmail as a form of seductive-enterprise-capitalism--that's the title of one of his works,

by the way, he was very interested in erotic terrorism and the fetishes of modern day diplomacy, he wrote a whole tract on the role that ~~black stockings~~ <sup>*garters high heels lacy bras and whips*</sup> played in the killing of Arehduke Ferdinand a really clever little piece, called "Cozing Desire Collides With Frustrated and Auto-Erotic Nationalism in a Sustained Squirt of Royal Havoc"

But to get back to ~~blue~~ <sup>*the petrial*</sup> waffles. Most of you undoubtedly associate ~~blue waffles~~ <sup>*them*</sup> in some ~~vague way~~ <sup>*with B. F. R. To Skivy, Jr's books*</sup> with ~~B. F. R. To Skivy's~~ books, "The Agony and the Syrup" and "Of Men and Waffles" and all that.

But we're not interested here in it's uh, popular, sensationalized manifestations, we're trying to look at the historical groundwork and the exact role that we can ascribe whether nebulously or emphatically and not merely in the sphere of wafflery but in all forms of breakfast nookery philosophical, sociological, and also political.

I have to confess my prejudices, when I was a student I was something of a radical,

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I carried posters against the jailing of the Middleborough Muffins, I got people to sign petitions, the whole bit. And I do hope that some of you people, especially those of you who are freshmen, will get involved with some sort of political organization while you're here or attend the debates or lectures that we have on occasion because I really think the college years are one of the best times to get involved with ~~political~~ <sup>important</sup> issues. I must say, though, that I was never what you would call an extremist I never dropped bags of jam out of windows or singed my hair in toaster ovens or any of that kind of gratuitous, media oriented display-- all that stuff was designed solely for getting on the tube, if you want my opinion I feel you have a certain obligation to remain civil to put forth your ideas in the public sphere and let the ideas battle for themselves if you see what I mean.

Now then. The economic rupture of the Duchess of Creamwockery's very tenuous Spoonripple Agreement brought a number of changes. The worker's threats of violence had steadily mounted and finally erupted in full-fledged seizures, beatings, riots, the squishing of much gooey protoplasm, denunciations from the floor of Parliament, screaming crowds grabbing the hysterical barricades with fur paws flying in all directions, whispering dribbles, blatherings, and even the split in the seam of the sky, near Treadonpoint. An unhappy, dangerous time, which, as we shall be seeing next week, culminated in the infamous Flaying of the Countess of Socks to which I'll probably have to devote an entire lecture. ~~But at any rate~~

Have a nice weekend!

A Fan Letter to Jesus, After His Apocalyptic Musical Comedy Dance Revue Extravaganza

So you finally made it  
with your flourescent chariots  
your back-up singers  
your golden gown with the slit up the side  
black leather boots  
and revolving halo.

The mob at the airport  
wouldn't let you through  
the press conference  
was sheer pandemonium.

So this is the end.  
The sheep with seven heads and the children's choir and the tap  
dancing celebrity saints, all singing "Holy! Holy! Holy!" on  
the stage of the New Jerousalem Civic Auditorium.  
I couldn't get one of the 144,000 free tickets.  
I had to watch it on t.v.

the fireworks were breathtaking  
St. Paul was amazing on the flying trapeze  
I was thrilled to see Mary Magdalene win the swimsuit  
competition.

I shouldn't say this, but I wish you hadn't  
changed into that light blue leisure suit  
with the shirt unbuttoned  
to show your chest hairs  
and wearing those chains  
when you came out for the finale.  
But I felt a chill run up my spine  
when you sang,

"But more, much more than this, I did it Yahweh"  
Maybe it's blasphemous to say it, but <sup>to say it,</sup>  
you were better than ~~Elvis~~ ~~Sinatra~~

and he ~~is~~ has a lot  
of friends down here,  
but you were better  
than Sinatra.

Let me just tell you, Jesus,  
you put on a great show.

And now that the Beast  
is on the prowl  
smashing cities with his nuclear claws  
dragging us down to that fiery lake  
where open mouthed fish flop helplessly on the shore  
think of us, now that you've been helicoptered up to heaven  
nothing to do but sit on your jeweled throne  
sipping champagne, surrounded by velvet eunuchs and winged rams  
and virgins in ~~red~~ <sup>glass</sup> slippers, chanting "Hosanna!" twenty-four  
hours a day.

Meanwhile, we are getting ready to writhe  
in eternal agony.

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But no hard feelings.  
It was silly of me not to sign the membership card.  
When the peach fuzz cherub faced man came to the door  
his uranium teeth, and formaldehyde handshake  
made me think  
he was a salesman  
I shut the door, I didn't give him a chance.

I am mailing this to you  
from Hell's bus station.  
It was a long ride down and everyone played their radios too loud.  
You should see the scum that hang out down here  
hooved bums with dirty tails, sleeping on benches.  
~~But though~~ I'll probably never see my luggage again,  
I'll always be

truly, truly yours,

*Danned*  
A Fan

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fall 1984

\* Selections from my legendary PHILosophy 55 journal:

When I think of all the art that I liked a long time ago and now despise, I wonder what things that I like now will later seem ridiculous.

Movies that are supposed to be "escapist" or "pure entertainment" usually depress me. But movies that have some honesty and emotional intensity are good even if they deal with depressing themes.

When I was in plays in high school, I almost always felt that comedies were more exciting and challenging than "serious" plays. There was much more of an exchange with the audience, and pace and timing become crucial. Plus, you knew immediately whether you were doing well or not, simply by the laughter (or lack of it). People seemed more honest about their reaction to comedy - they might feel obliged to look earnest + thoughtful, when they were really just bored, for a serious play, but laughter is not something that can be forced, and the response (or lack of it) seemed more genuine.

→

11 11 ... when the Romans first came here 1900M

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cepts The notion that art is, above or outside of morality seems dubious... Even an attempt to ~~make~~ simply, make you see more clearly, the way that a tree bends in the wind, in a painting, is moral in the sense ~~of~~ that a newer, fresher vision of life is something considered "good" or even spiritual...

- Of course, certain mediums seem less caught up in questions of right and wrong than others. "Morality" may seem like a ridiculous category when looking at a vase. I need a different word, something like "spiritual vision", of which morality might only be one part.

- If Hitler had written "Mein Kampf" as a novel, would it have lacked moral implications?



The sidebars are added, tonight, for Conrad's "Heart of Darkness"

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I saw "Apocalypse Now" recently, for the third time. It's one of my favorite movies. Since I obviously knew what was going to happen, it wasn't as exciting in most ways as the first or second time. So I had to pay attention to other things, to camera angles, lighting, repeated images, etc. What continues to amaze me about this movie is how many scenes in it are not just memorable, but seem permanently stuck in my mind - the opening shots of the helicopters flying through Marlow's eyes, water skiing behind the boat, the head thrown into the cage, etc.

- "Apocalypse Now" never attempts to be "realistic" it is fantastic and extravagant, but somehow it seems truer in its vision of the Vietnam experience than "realistic" movies like "Deer Hunter" or "Coming Home."

- I think one of the reasons that "Apocalypse Now" succeeds as an adaption of "Heart of Darkness" is that it doesn't try to stick closely to the book. It's a movie, and has to work primarily on the eyes, ears, and what may be an interesting ~~image~~ <sup>image</sup> if the book may not work on the screen. And while the basic plot of going up the river to kill Kurtz is the same, there are so many additions to and subtractions from the book that the movie stands as a very independent work. The setting of Vietnam in the '60's makes ~~it~~ vastly different

→ a lurid glare under the stars.  
"And this also" said Marlow suddenly  
"has been one of the dark places of the earth."

And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked ominously on the sky, a brooding gloom in sunshine,

Marlow: "I was thinking of very old times when the Romans first came here, 1900 years ago - the other day... Light came out of this river since you say knights? Yes, but it is like a running blaze on a plain, like a flash of lightning in the clouds." Yes, but it is

"Try to be civil, Marlow, I growled a voice, and I knew there was at least one listener awake besides myself."

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demands for a filmmaker than the Congo in the late 1800's for a novelist. There were not many people in the Congo in the late 1800's who were flying helicopters or dropping acid or listening to the Doors.

Marlow: "Arrows, by Jove! We were being shot at!"

Marlow: "They would have been more impressive, those heads on the stakes, if their faces had not been turned to the house..."

Marlow: "Kurtz discoursed. A voice! a voice! It rang ~~so~~ deep to the very last. It survived his strength, to hide in the magnificent folds of eloquence the barren darkness of his heart."

well... gettin' kinda dark here... best to go to bed with light thoughts... by Jove!

Henry Miller: Sexus: "It wasn't something to show an editor; it was something to put away in a drawer, to keep as a reminder of natural processes, as a promise of fulfillment."

"Every day we slaughter our finest impulses. That is why we get a heart-ache when we read those lines written by the hand of a master and recognize them as our own, as the tender shoots which we stifled because



we lacked the faith, to believe in our own  
powers, our own criterion of truth & beauty.

Every man, when he gets quiet, when he becomes  
desperately honest with himself, is capable of  
uttering profound truths. We all derive from  
the same source. We are all part of creation,  
all kings, all poets, all musicians; we have  
only to open up, only to discover what is  
already there.

3:10, Cosmo time, goodnight.

Veteran's  
Day

Monday, May 29th -

3:41 pm - my hand needed a rest - sorting - tidying - rooting through magazines,  
newspapers...

Goodness... these drawers... just keep yielding  
up moldy oldies...! Obviously, this next one  
was intended for a PCT that never took  
place... you will probably feel a heartache  
when you read ~~these~~ these lines, because I  
know you feel the same way about her as I  
do...

### The Love Song of Mrs. Wembley

FINAL  
DRAFT

Enchanted by your grandiose party hose,  
I stumbled and slobbered my way into your life,  
even at times thinking, not knowing  
if you were a widow, or a divorcée,  
or a hot babe hankering for a little adultery,  
thinking I might, someday  
perhaps perchance maybe make you my wife,  
deluded as I was.

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by the illusion of love  
which was  
really only  
horny, doggy, carnal canine rutting  
which, youth that I was,  
I saw rot rotting  
in the stern sun of Time  
which sucks the joyous juice out of every-  
thing,

I had, not then attended,  
the Gritty School of Street Smarts and  
Harsh Realism

(at which I majored in Anguish, with  
a minor in Despair)

and also wrote for the school paper  
and belonged to student council)

and had not learned the lesson  
of these ruthless, immortal lines:

"Alas! Lust lasts  
not long til

Time and Circumstance

and all the wistful wishful vagaries of chance  
do conspire to confound

our Noblest Reason,

Time and Circumstance

do desire, out of sheer nastiness,

to ~~do~~ thwart our deepest needs and  
greeds and wants."

In, in!

and out! out!

Damned to repeat

all the mortal motions  
 that flesh was formed from,  
 and love is but  
 the warm milky white winding sheet sticky stuff  
 wet dreams are made of  
 in which us guys, pubic and afraid, awake  
 to find the mental castles in which the  
 raven haired, rose lipped, soft hipped,  
 smoothly suggestively constructed pinky +  
 orange-ish type female garment which  
 shows some leg and some ~~whispering~~ <sup>erectations</sup>  
 → nipples so as to give us some idea <sup>of</sup> ~~heartily~~ <sup>in excess of</sup>  
 without getting too crass of what  
 we might be getting into...  
 maiden awaits,  
 to find that mental castle crumbled,  
 nay! drooped!  
 and we must open our eyes to the glaring  
 sun,  
 that stares unblinking at our stained jammies,  
 we are too old for the ones with the  
 footies,  
 and yet too young to pad about the house  
 in slippers, talking and smoking and stroking...  
 to ourselves!

O storm-tossed  
 debris of detritus of driftwood  
 what a miserable stinking piece of shit  
 is man!

I have heard the mermaids' manservants talking

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in the locker rooms and in the ~~so~~ rest rooms  
and at every bar and cocktail lounge in town  
about what a great lay Mrs. Wembley is...

I do not think she will spread her legs for me.

4:14 pm

---

I will do some more sorting and archy-arty-  
illogical digging... later...

the section from "in which us guys" down  
to "to ourselves" was written today, without  
need of correction... the gods spoke!...

the "O storm tossed" section was already  
here...

the "I have heard the mermaid's menses" section  
all the way to "the end" "spread her  
legs for me" was ~~created~~ created  
today...

everything preceding "in us guys" was  
already, basically there, in a drawer, except  
the bit about "window/divorce/pot babe" +  
the sheer nastiness ~~needs~~ needs greeds  
wants" lines... a few minor changes in  
punctuation, capitalization, line breaks, etc,  
but the basic structure was already there...

4:23 pm - I rest my pen...