



**el corno emplumado 28**

Sed realistas, exigid lo imposible.

Tomemos en serio la Revolución, pero no nos tomemos en serio a nosotros mismos.

Millonarios de todos los países, uníos, el viento cambia.

Todo comienza en mística y termina en política.

*(inscripciones en los muros de Francia)*

“The social revolution... cannot draw its poetry from the past, but only from the future. It cannot begin with itself before it has stripped itself of all its superstitions concerning the past. Earlier revolutions relied on memories out of world history in order to drug themselves against their own content. In order to find their own content, the revolutions (of today) have to let the dead bury the dead. Before, the expression exceeded the content; now, the content exceeds the expression.”

--KARL MARX (from *The Eighteenth Brumaire*)

# **el corno emplumado**

número 28 • octubre 1968



**the plumed horn**

number 28 • october 1968

## UNA REVISTA DE LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO

### **editores:**

sergio mondragón

margaret randall

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## A MAGAZINE FROM MEXICO CITY

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Poetry, prose, letters in english and spanish, artwork. All correspondence should be addressed to Apartado Postal No. 13-546, México 13, D. F. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned. All rights revert to authors 30 days after publication.

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## NOTA DE LOS EDITORES

Hechos extraordinarios sucedieron en la ciudad de México en los últimos días de julio: un pleito callejero entre estudiantes de dos escuelas fue reprimido violentamente por la policía, quien con lujo de fuerza asaltó uno de los edificios escolares y golpeó despiadadamente a los muchachos. De allí se desencadenó una serie de hechos que han conmovido profundamente a nuestra población, que han sacado a la luz pública otros graves problemas que afectan a la vida de este país, y han dinamizado un movimiento auténticamente popular encabezado por los estudiantes, quienes con una asombrosa claridad mental y una honestidad feroz, están poniendo en evidencia la corrupción administrativa, la miseria ideológica de nuestro sistema y la demagogia en que se basa, y la inmediata necesidad de un cambio profundo y radical en nuestros sistemas y estilos de vida y pensamiento.

La primera intervención de la policía fue seguida de manifestaciones estudiantiles de protesta que fueron igualmente reprimidas, y su culminación fueron las cargas callejeras en las que intervino el ejército, cuyo magno momento fue el disparo de una bomba contra uno de los edificios de la Universidad en el que se habían refugiado los estudiantes, quienes huían aterrorizados ante el brutal e inaudito despliegue de fuerza ordenado por las autoridades. Los días siguientes nuestra asombrada población asistió al espectáculo de una ciudad patrullada por tanques, soldados en las esquinas de las calles que pedían identificación a los ciudadanos, alarde de armas modernas apostadas en sitios estratégicos, etc.

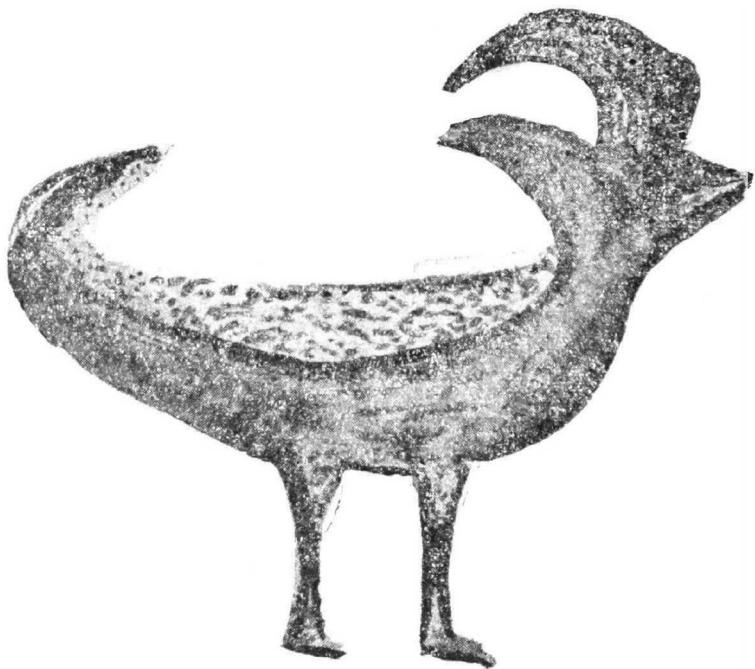
Estos hechos dejaron detrás de sí graves consecuencias: jóvenes estudiantes muertos (en la confusión, no se ha podido precisar su número), numerosos heridos, prisiones ilegales, ocultamiento de cadáveres, violaciones a la Constitución Política por parte del Gobierno, prostitución increíble de la Gran Prensa, quien deformó absolutamente todas las informaciones, limitándose a publicar los boletines oficiales, violación de la autonomía universitaria, sofocamiento de la libertad de expresión, y la absoluta torpeza e inutilidad de nuestros diputados y senadores, que hasta el momento, y poniéndose de espaldas al pueblo que dicen representar, no han movido un dedo en favor de su pueblo y sí han entrado a la orgía de prostitución que significa deformar los hechos y culpar de todo a "la conjura comunista internacional".

El corno emplumado protesta enérgicamente contra semejante estado de cosas. Estamos conscientes de que los responsables de todo el problema son los jefes de Gobierno, quienes han demos-

*sigue* →

trado su ineptitud, su crueldad y su ceguera espiritual. Y les decimos: esta violencia fue desencadenada por ustedes, quienes han usado a los jóvenes para sus movidas políticas; ha sido desencadenada por ustedes a través de toda una historia de mentiras, a través de la creación de este sistema que tiene como centro y dios absoluto al dinero, a través del pandillerismo internacional que sostiene al Gran Sistema y que se basa en la explotación y estupidización de los seres humanos, a través de la demagogia revolucionaria con que han gobernado nuestro país.

Los jóvenes estudiantes están, en el fondo, luchando contra este sistema corrupto. Ellos tienen en sus manos el futuro y el presente. La poesía y la vida es de ellos. Ustedes, viejos, no tienen nada que ofrecer. Ellos lo dan todo. Algunos de ellos ya ofrecieron su vida.





## EDITOR'S NOTE:

The POEM and the LIFE ACT are drawing closer together, they are being drawn closer together precisely by the diminishing credibility gap between WHAT IS and WHAT IS SAID TO BE. In the recent student violence in Mexico City no deaths were reported in the "democratic" press. Obviously, there were interests at work that didn't care to have the student deaths made public. The reality became public knowledge, however; increasingly, there are other roads to knowledge of WHAT IS.

Liberation News Service (one of the outstanding new defenders and distributors of truth in mass media in the U.S.) reports in its June 10th edition:

"...Thus our struggle just to communicate with the rest of our countrymen is met by a well-engineered and total (if not always obvious) quarantine. At this moment a full-scale rebellion raging in Berkeley has yet to be reported on the front page of the New York Times; a confrontation between straight youth and police in Boston can be found nowhere in print outside Beantown; the on-going struggle of the Black Panthers receives mention only when an Oakland cop stubs his toe. This should surprise none of us. The students at Columbia who expressed dismay at the Times' coverage of the rebellion and blamed it on the publisher's position as a Columbia trustee were alarmingly naive--*The Times is never honest, has never printed the real news from Latin America, Vietnam or anywhere else for that matter, and Sulzberger's position in no way affected Times coverage. The function of the Times is to serve those who pay for it by (mis-) leading those who read it, no more or less at Columbia than Berkeley, Harlem or the Bay of Bigs. (Businessmen who want to know what is really going on, by the way, read trade magazines and the Wall Street Journal)...*". (Italics mine.)

Logically, it is not the small-scale hysteric rightist press which is most to be feared, but the "liberal," enormous, "objective," "democratic" news media which do service to no one but their masters. we sift WHAT IS from WHAT IS SAID TO BE? How can we tell others WHAT IS? How can we prepare ourselves, inwardly and outwardly, to hear WHAT IS?

*Poesía Cubana*

FRANCISCO GARZÓN CÉSPEDES

vietnam vietnam vietnam vietnam vietnam vietnam vietnam vietnam  
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poemas estructurales vietnam vietnam vietnam vietnam  
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DESPEDIDA A UN GUERRILLERO

	a un guerrillero	
	a un guerrillero	
	a un guerrillero	
despedida	si no regresas del combate	vietnamita
despedida	nunca la muerte será	vietnamita
despedida	punto final para tu existencia	vietnamita
	porque	
	no sólo en el timón de la tristeza	
	de aquella que has amado	
despedida	renacerán los gestos de tus uñas	vietnamita
despedida	podremos encontrar tu corazón en los latidos	vietnamita
despedida	de otras cavidades	vietnamita
	a un guerrillero	
	a un guerrillero	
	a un guerrillero	

DESPEDIDA DE UN GUERRILLERO

	de un guerrillero	
	de un guerrillero	
	de un guerrillero	
	si no regreso del combate	
	y otros	
	borran nuestras pisadas	
despedida	al inscribir como tú y yo	vietnamita
despedida	los símbolos del amor	vietnamita
despedida	en todos los rincones de la selva	vietnamita
	piensa que en la medida	
	en que hayamos contribuido a ello	
lo mejor	de nosotros no habrá sido mutilado	
	de un guerrillero	
	de un guerrillero	
	de un guerrillero	

## EPITAFIO

epitaph for a living marine	epitafio para un marino vivo	epitaph for a living marine
si en vietnam		
los datos de una oficina de información		
no te incluyen dentro		
de los componentes del polvo		
si no te reducen al igual que un oso de peluche		epitafio
a los límites de las tarjetas postales	epitafio para un marino vivo	para un marino vivo
epitaph for a living marine		
si regresas		
a los muebles que la infancia		
ha inscrito		
como postes de teléfono en tus uñas		dead
a la parada de ómnibus		muerto
que en la memoria		dead
era un guardafango contra el tiempo		
epitaph for a living marine	epitafio para un marino vivo	epitaph for a living marine
dime		
¿olvidarás los bloques de papel		
a que emigraste en el campo de acción?		
¿podrás dudar de los días que te vieron		
construir una tienda de campaña en la penumbra?		
de cualquier forma		epitafio
los dedos de la historia		para un marino vivo
van a sepultar a bofetadas tus huesos	epitafio para un marino vivo	
epitaph for a living marine		

EN LOS ESCOMBROS

responde zona responde zona de parqueo responde zona responde  
...la escalofriante cifra de que sólo en Saigón  
existen 20,000 burdeles, 160,000 prostitutas y...  
responde zona responde zona de parqueo responde zona responde  
para traducir tu nombre  
digamos zona  
zona de parqueo 160000  
o establo en construcción zona  
porque los extranjeros que navegan 160000  
por tus muslos zona  
son los mismos que horadan tu ciudad 160000  
mientras te aturdes zona  
pretendiendo olvidar el fango 160000  
los morteros las guerrillas zona  
en fin lo que no posee olvido  
  
zona pero este  
160000 es el comienzo  
zona más tarde  
160000 cuando no creas ni en la realidad de estar  
zona cuando hospedes tu sexo en los escombros  
160000 cuando habites en las gradas inermes del invierno  
zona y no puedas darle  
160000 ni una mustia pirueta a la cintura  
zona responde  
160000 ¿no te preguntarás:  
zona y ahora qué?  
  
responde zona responde zona de parqueo responde zona responde  
...la escalofriante cifra de que sólo en Saigón  
existen 20,000 burdeles, 160,000 prostitutas y...  
responde zona responde zona de parqueo responde zona responde

## CON CADA DISPARO

nguyen	van	troi	compañero	nguyen	van	troi	compañero
nguyen	van	troi	compañero	nguyen	van	troi	compañero
nguyen	van	troi	compañero	nguyen	van	troi	compañero
		van	troi			van	troi
no pudieron						van	troi
desmenuzar la contraseña						van	troi
arrancarte nombres cifras datos						van	troi
que les permitieran sustituir						van	troi
la sangre por el yodo						van	
sencillamente							troi
no eras en el texto una errata							compañero
o el turbio pedal de un ocase						van	
por eso							troi
clausuraste la posibilidad							compañero
de volver otra vez a palpar							troi
las paredes del viento en las calles						van	
preferiste no repetir el orgasmo							compañero
no regresar de nuevo							troi
al rito de los objetos conocidos						van	
mientras ellos ignoraban						van	troi
que con cada disparo						van	troi
tus huellas digitales iban a grabarse						van	troi
en la cerrada puerta de su derrota						van	troi
		van	troi			van	troi
nguyen	van	troi	compañero	nguyen	van	troi	compañero
nguyen	van	troi	compañero	nguyen	van	troi	compañero
nguyen	van	troi	compañero	nguyen	van	troi	compañero

NO ES SOLO

en el centro de sus dientes	en el centro de sus	dientes
en el centro de sus dientes	en el centro de sus	dientes
cuando un niño		napalm
destrozado por el napalm se detiene		napalm
no es sólo		napalm
el cable telegráfico de una agencia de prensa		napalm
una forma estructural dentro del contexto		napalm
o el cartel		napalm
que se diseña en una oficina de propaganda		napalm
porque		napalm
como no es posible		
olvidar los cuadernos escolares		u.s.a.
convertidos en buzones de correo		
desde las cenizas		napalm
ni es posible		napalm
desterrar de los semáforos		napalm
las arrugas crecidas en el centro de sus dientes		napalm
otros niños vietnamitas esperan		napalm
que el tiempo les permita		napalm
encuadernar los juguetes de hojalata		napalm
irrumpiendo a galope en el combate		napalm
en el centro de sus dientes	en el centro de sus	dientes
en el centro de sus dientes	en el centro de sus	dientes



LA CALIDAD

prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero
prisionero		fue hecho	prisionero	otro	prisionero
prisionero		piloto	norteamericano	por	prisionero
prisionero		los	patriotas	vietnamitas	prisionero
prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero

					ahora
					después de la sorpresa
					con que arañabas
					al viento
					colgado de un paraguas
					empiezas a comprender
					que le has creado en lo indecible
					un recodo a tu voz
					y de la madera que horadaste
					no conservarás de souvenir
					ni siquiera la astilla de un pupitre
					porque cuando con goma de pegar
					te adhirieron el valor
					como un dedo postizo
					olvidaste

que la calidad de algunos productos capitalistas  
es dudosa

prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero
prisionero		después de las recientes	derrotas de e. u.		prisionero
prisionero		en vietnam, el precio de la goma de pegar			prisionero
prisionero		descendió en el mercado norteamericano			prisionero
prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero	prisionero



en el viento  
 En el centro del melón arde un fuego perpetuo  
 en la cabeza hermosa del caballo  
 que trota despacible por el valle  
 en las aves  
 como una lámpara  
 La subterránea ola frutal atraviesa tu clarísima urdimbre  
 los recintos más enigmáticos y prodigiosos  
 de la cosecha  
 No es tu oficio la recolección  
 Y esta cosecha es de fantasía para los hombres  
 Una moneda cóncava una imagen en la moneda  
 La estalactita en el mirador y la estalactita del viajero  
 Y en el fondo del caracol los rumores del océano

## VIII

El tucán de cuello amarillo viaja al centro del árbol El mensajero  
 druida mira la señal y esparce las cenizas  
 dentro del círculo anunciado  
 Día de la festividad, te cubres con hojas del bosque sagrado  
 Y comienza la ronda del equinoccio  
 El tucán queda fijo en el círculo  
 Cuando cesa la lluvia hay en la pilastra un signo de clorofila  
 Una estrella tamborilea sobre el arcosolio  
 Y el manto del catecúmeno  
 Día de la festividad, el toque de tambor de cuero de oveja negra  
 la sandalia del mariscal  
 Y el limo de las inundaciones  
 Como los senderos conocidos, el derrotero del amarillo  
 en lo alto del tajamar  
 en el color de un astro que desciende,  
 así es el agua rápida de la estrella que resplandece  
 en el diamante  
 Día de la festividad, el buey entra en la sombra  
 La sombra del buey se alimenta del sueño  
 El sueño crece, vive

IX

Convocar los taumaturgos de la ciudad La columna de piedra oscura  
Los toros guardianes  
Esta no es la época de las deprecaciones Epigrafistas magos adivi-  
nadores No equivocarse el rumbo !  
Un embajador llega de Asur Y observar los astros  
que anuncian la sequía  
Mostrar los antiguos canales, el cultivo de la cebolla  
y la siega del trigo  
Abrir los templos y palacios Y deslumbrar al extranjero  
con flores de Arcadia  
Dejar libre el paso a las caravanas y las bellas cautivas  
Uncir los prisioneros a los carros de guerra  
Han comenzado los festejos de primavera  
Abatir toda suerte de sortilegios Encender el fuego de medianoche  
Levantar el trono de púrpura  
Comerciantes, guerreros, aristócratas  
abolir los impuestos  
los caminos tapiados  
el viento de las fraguas  
Y que sobre los hombros del viajero descendan los fuegos de la noche

X

Los oficios del mar bajo los tintes del crepúsculo  
Los caballos tras la huella de fuego  
Y el secreto del árbol durio  
Y es así que llegas a la fuente de Egeria  
La espada en cuya luz tu rostro se ilumina  
El bosque de los regicidios  
Las tormentas  
El color de la piedra es una onda  
Un rumor de ninfas consagradas  
En la piedra la imagen  
Y el rayo evoca  
Las aguas primordiales  
Antes que Numa estabas tú Pero he ahí que tú llegas  
Y esa es la eternidad

LA PUREZA

*Digo que yo no soy un hombre puro...*

Yo no voy a decirte que soy un hombre puro.  
Entre otras cosas  
falta saber si es que lo puro existe  
O si es, pongamos, necesario  
O posible.  
O si sabe bien.  
¿Acaso has tú probado el agua químicamente pura,  
el agua de laboratorio  
sin un grano de tierra o de estiércol,  
sin el pequeño excremento de un pájaro,  
el agua hecha no más que de oxígeno e hidrógeno?  
¡Puah!, qué porquería.

Yo no te digo pues que soy un hombre puro;  
yo no te digo eso, sino todo lo contrario.  
Que amo (a las mujeres, naturalmente,  
pues mi amor puede decir su nombre),  
y me gusta comer carne de puerco con papas  
y garbanzos y chorizos y  
huevos, pollos, carneros, pavos,  
pescados y mariscos,  
y bebo ron y cerveza y aguardiente y vino,  
y fornico (incluso con el estómago lleno).  
Soy impuro. ¿Qué quieres que te diga?  
Completamente impuro.

Sin embargo, creo que hay muchas cosas puras en el mundo  
que no son más que pura mierda.  
Por ejemplo la pureza del virgo nonagenario.  
La pureza de los novios que se masturban  
en vez de acostarse juntos y desnudos en una posada.  
La pureza de los colegios de internado, donde abre sus flores  
de semen provisional la fauna pederasta.  
La pureza de los clérigos.  
La pureza de los académicos.  
La pureza de los gramáticos.  
La pureza de los que aseguran que hay  
que ser puros, puros, puros.

NICOLÁS GUILLÉN

La pureza de los que nunca tuvieron blenorragia  
ni un chancro sifilítico.  
La pureza de la mujer que nunca lamió un glande.  
La pureza del hombre que nunca succionó un clítoris.  
La pureza del que no engendró nunca.  
La pureza del que se da golpes en el pecho  
y dice santo, santo, santo,  
cuando todos sabemos  
que es un diablo, diablo, diablo.  
En fin,  
la pureza  
de quien no llegó a ser lo suficientemente impuro  
para saber qué cosa es la pureza.

Punto, fecha y firma.  
Así lo dejo escrito.

*Enero, 64*

LUIS ROGELIO NOGUERAS

CAFE DE NOCHE

*A Fayad Jamis*

Jean Nicolas Arthur Rimbaud  
y Karl Heinrich Marx  
se han vuelto a encontrar este verano en Londres,  
en el mismo café donde una noche de 1873  
se cruzaron,  
acaso tropezaron y siguieron de largo,  
demasiado ocupados como iban.  
Ahora los dos recuerdan con asombro  
cómo llovía esa tarde sobre Europa,  
cómo la vieja ciudad temblaba bajo el agua,  
qué solas se veían las torres de todos los campanarios,  
y se ríen.

Hace ya tanto tiempo y sin embargo están cien años más jóvenes,  
Marx,  
con su saco un poco estrujado para siempre,  
sus zapatos invencibles,  
su irremediable sonrisa de filósofo,

y Rimbaud fumando desvergonzadamente,  
ruidoso y destartalado como un viejo gramófono,  
con sus pantalones demasiado ceñidos,  
su eterna mirada soñadora  
de oveja degollada.

Bajo la lenta luz de las bombillas  
de Kenintong Park,  
pasean en el atardecer de Londres,  
siguiendo el lento vuelo de un alcatraz  
color de plomo  
que pasa hacia la bahía,  
mirando la frágil agonía de una nube  
que se desgarrá contra el fondo  
ocre y triste de un paisaje de Van Gogh.  
Luego bajan hasta el puente,  
fumando en las viejas pipas,  
y se asoman al río que se rompe, gira,  
corre sin fin, ciego,  
y se preguntan qué lo mueve hacia el mar,  
eternamente.

La noche llega en la cubierta del vapor The Hell  
y un pescador saluda desde la orilla.  
Una estrella enorme tiembla en el agua  
velada ahora por la niebla.

Lentos bajo el peso de la lluvia,  
Marx y Rimbaud  
regresan al mismo café de Bull Street  
donde una noche de 1873,  
por la prisa,  
el imperativo de una cita,  
el tren que no llegaba a tiempo y se hacía tarde,  
no pudieron conocerse.

Cuando se despiden,  
un perro solitario le ladra a su propia sombra  
en una esquina,  
y por el fondo del poema  
pasa cojeando el fantasma de Verlaine.

Comienza a dormirse la ciudad.

GUARDIA NOCTURNA

Habíamos dejado relucientes los fusiles  
como un bosque después de la lluvia  
con sus bocas de peces, de metales, de pájaros  
y ahora en la noche, desde la posta,  
entre los ramajes y las ranas desveladas,  
llegan los ruidos del mar,  
el movimiento de los peces,  
el balanceo de las algas,  
el vaivén de las sombras,  
las frutillas que caen,  
la humedad salada, las estrellas.

Las ventanas de la ciudad no nos ven,  
mas, nosotros, desde la atalaya lejana,  
sentimos sus íntimos ruidos, adivinamos  
sus rumores más frescos,  
los lugares despiertos hasta el sol.

Recorremos calles con recuerdos, piedras,  
nos detenemos en una casa, la niña está dormida,  
no sabe quiénes velan entre los árboles,  
qué oídos raspan la vecindad  
para separar el paso de los insectos,  
el roce de la hierba del enemigo paso.

En el lugar más alto el radar  
oscila venteando los espacios.  
Es la hora en que el terral inclina los árboles contra el mar,  
la primera molécula de rocío comienza a crecer sobre la hierba,  
la humedad agranda el peso de las luces de la ciudad.

Todo está en orden, va a amanecer y aún estamos despiertos.



SOLICITUD DE CANONIZACION DE ROSA CAGI

Por la presente tengo a bien dirigirme a usted  
para solicitar una plaza de santa laica  
en la iglesia del Amor.

Un hombre me juró amor eterno,  
pero su amor fue el infierno en la tierra.  
Poseo en mi cuerpo más estigmas  
de los exigidos por su Iglesia,  
mayor cantidad de lágrimas  
que las expresadas en centímetros cúbicos  
en las planillas de las aspirantes a ser canonizadas,  
mayor número de horas de insomnio,  
y en mis rodillas unas callosidades tan elocuentes  
que mis amigas me dicen:  
Rosa la genuflexa.

Una noche  
me hizo caminar como perra,  
maullar como gata,  
llorar como niña  
y cantar como anciana.

Otra noche  
me obligó a besar el retrato de su amada  
y yo pensé que a lo mejor  
él obligaba a su amada a besar mi retrato,  
y esa misma noche  
(no sabe cuánta pena me da escribir esto)  
me gritó degenerada.

En cuanto al requisito exigido por su Iglesia:  
"Amarás aunque te muelan a palos",  
puedo asegurarle  
que mi amor hacia él es inconmensurable,  
a tal extremo,  
que es mi Sumo Bien,  
mi Todo y mi Nada.

VIRGILIO PIÑERA

Por tanto,  
habiendo sido humillada,  
ofendida, vilipendiada,  
postergada y vejada;  
habiendo sido configurada en esa latitud extraña  
que es ser muerta en vida,  
yo, Rosa Cagí,  
en pleno disfrute de mis facultades mentales,  
pido humildemente ser canonizada como santa laica  
con derecho a figurar en los altares del horror.

ORLANDO ALOMÁ

$E=mc^2$

*Princeton, New Jersey.- Esta noche  
falleció en su casa el Dr. J. Robert  
Oppenheimer, precursor en el desa-  
rrollo de la primera bomba atómica  
norteamericana.*

*De la prensa diaria*

Se aquietan tus tristes manos de sujetar la pipa,  
tus asombrados huesos de hijo de inmigrantes.  
Ya no hablas de cosas cada vez más terribles  
con voz suave,  
ni eres un hombre tímido  
ni nada.  
La guerra y la paz son para ti la misma cosa.  
podría decirse que has perdido  
toda la energía.  
Entre la vida y tú se ha levantado  
un muro:  
en el indivisible mundo de los muertos  
ahora te desintegras para siempre.

## LAS REGLAS DE JUEGO

Se conocen de siempre ella y él,  
 se querían hasta el cielo, se han secado  
 con la toalla del otro,  
 primorosamente bordadas para el caso,  
 fueron piratas de sus cuerpos (sus botines),  
 hicieron el amor, lo deshicieron  
 al peso de sí mismos,  
 como una casa desvencijada por los gritos.

Ahora se ignoran de nunca estos expertos  
 se encuentran sólo por un azar de griegos,  
 hablan trivialidades perdonables  
 con una voz que altera  
 no se sabe si el viento, la sorpresa  
 o lo que todos pensamos.  
 Luego se dan la mano, la espalda, los recuerdos,  
 y se retiran del torneo, invictos.

FRANCISCO DE ORAÁ

## COMO SI TE SACARAN A PATADAS DEL SUEÑO

Un día más que ya es de noche. Un día más  
 para saber que estoy metido ya en la noche sin fondo,  
 para pensar: qué se ha hecho la vida,  
 o repasar qué ha hecho la vida de mi vida.

Sigo gastando calles como perro  
 y no salgo del ruido oscuro en mi cabeza,  
 pero caigo,  
 con todos mis ojos caigo en el rincón callado de la fonda  
 a contemplar el tiempo cuajado ya en mi plato de soltero,  
 soñando con el humo, paciente como la insípida pasta,  
 meditado uno a uno como los taciturnos frijoles,  
 pero dando a entender que sabemos tratar con señorío al  
 tiempo.

Un día más para saltar del sueño  
 tal como si te hubieran empujado a patadas de su sombra  
 y condenado a repetirte en todo el puñetero día  
 cómo caíste del amor, atragantado de asco

y quedándote más estúpido que un hueco,  
ya sin poder averiguar quién pensó la broma,  
pero en los parques te das cuenta de que tu vida es un error  
pasando en boca ajena  
con figura de gente y corazón oscuro como un muerto,  
atravesando un sueño con ropas de mendigo  
(a los dormidos diles  
que saben bien que todos estamos enredados con la muerte,  
que los muertos se ríen viéndonos a medias metidos en la  
muerte)  
y te preguntas todavía cómo hay que ser: —arregla  
bajo cuerda una broma con la vida  
y da a entender que tratas con señorío a la muerte.

## DE COMO FUE LA MUERTE HALLADA DENTRO DE UNA BOTIJA

Esta es la historia de quien halló sólo excrementos  
buscando no sabía si era el ojo absoluto  
en el podrido callejón de la infancia  
(todos sabemos ya que ese lugar mental sólo contiene huesos  
que amueblaron el tiempo, bombillas negras y  
bolsas de pestilencia)  
pensó que el tiempo era tal vez una botija llena de verde lluvia  
y el poema tal vez una botija ciega bajo las tablas del tiempo  
y la herramienta para machacar los astutos ojillos con  
que la muerte intenta penetrarnos  
y halló que tú, Poema, no eres ya un hirviente soñador  
ni el ómnibus en que pasamos despiertos en la noche  
ni la venduta donde sopesamos las coles pensativas  
(porque el Echador de Suertes dijo: “Sabido es que da lo  
mismo poeta que viandero”)  
y al destapar los párpados de la botija verde había dentro  
sólo un rumor como la noche,  
nada más que la muerte que conservaba su frescura  
(la muerte, que es la sola botija llena de tiempo y noche)  
porque ya tú, Poema, callejón en el tiempo, no eres  
esa fresca botija de donde salen los sueños  
sino el parque vacío donde me siento bajo la llovizna.

Está lejos quien me busca,  
caminando,  
quien me espera está más lejos,  
caminando...

*Nicolás Guillén*

*A Engracia, Felipe, Eugenio Hernández*

I

Somos dos en el mundo  
la poesía comienza a componerse

II

La casa era inmensa  
como la soledad de la madre abandonada  
el patio sembrado de arecas y jazmines  
las altas ventanas de hierro labrado  
el techo a dos aguas donde la lluvia  
golpeaba en las tejas como el pico de un ave  
triste que ya no conoce ni el norte ni el sur  
el olor a azúcar quemada en la cocina  
y la abuela una reina enseñoreándose  
entre cristales bordados y canarios

Yo era la niña  
Corría el tiempo de comerciar con el himen  
el tiempo de los blancos que les hacían a las mulatas  
unas barrigas enormes que estallaban en peces de colores  
Me ocultaron qué era el río  
por eso ni yo misma creo que a mis senos  
asustados se haya mudado el primer rayo de sol

III

*“Él no come trigo, caramba  
ni tampoco arroz,  
sólo se alimenta, caramba,  
de mi fino amor.”*

No tendremos disculpas si aún en esta hora

de la germinación más absoluta escribimos cobardía  
Te lo digo yo que he hecho de la ternura un oficio

Ahora que masticas en tu saliva  
mi propia piel  
que hundes la lengua donde  
mi olor se define  
que me querrias inmortal como el río  
dulce como el río  
inmensa y poderosa como el río  
(te lo digo yo que he hecho de la ternura un oficio)  
desgranaría todos los *canisteles*  
quemaría el fuego en el *jagüey*  
me burlaría de las orejas abortadas  
por las tormentas de centella  
del viejo hedor a ronquido en el pecho de *Olofi*  
y de la muerte bailando su borrachera sobre una tumba  
con tal de oír tu risa de muchachito alegre a pesar de todo  
quiero decir  
a pesar de mí

Cuando salgas de esta habitación  
cuando tu madre o tu mujer descubran las ojeras  
o un poco de la arena de mi fondo en tu sexo  
y haciéndose las que no han visto nada  
te pasen la mano por la frente  
Cuando un pájaro sin color picotee en tus pómulos  
y vayas y vuelvas al espejo a corroborarte vivo  
y tu madre o tu mujer preparen el baño  
tibio y desnudo como un recién nacido  
Cuando la lluvia te sorprenda en una ciudad  
balando la media noche sobre el taconeo de tu propia sombra  
cuando la más desfachatada aurora te dé un golpe con sus faldas  
y al hombre le sea permitido besar los mingitorios  
eyacular metálico de júbilo sobre los altares  
y tu madre o tu mujer digan:  
"La arruga se hace visible este Lunes"  
En ese momento  
(te lo digo yo que he hecho de la ternura un oficio)  
no habrá sitio para las palabras  
Y el silencio se hará en ti como una venganza  
Y el silencio se hará en ti como una ira

Y el silencio se hará en ti como una culpa  
 se hará en ti  
 se hará en ti  
 se hará en ti  
 Te lo digo yo que he hecho de la ternura un oficio.

## IV

El ojo de la lechuza y un tambor cimarrón  
 Un caballo de sonrisa ojival hinchó sus testículos  
 El Pavo Blanquiazul abrió su cola  
 Y mil ojos dorados se me hincaron en el vientre

## V

Las *iyalochas* almidonadas y blancas giran  
 alrededor del trono de calabaza de *Oshún*

“En nombre de las Siete Potencias Africanas,  
 de tu guía protector y el Angel de tu Guardia  
 y de todos los seres con luz que pueblan el espacio;  
 que el miedo desaparezca de tu cabeza,  
 que el miedo desaparezca de tu espalda,  
 que el miedo desaparezca de tus piernas.”

Yo no tengo miedo. El dolor no es miedo  
 Este que sólo es permitido a una mujer  
 Diferente a la persecución o el ridículo de homosexuales  
 y persecución y ridículo es  
 Antípoda de la violencia del presidiario  
 masturbándose en el fondo de las galeras  
 y violencia es  
 Ni siquiera ese impasse de melancolía que lubrica  
 ciertos barrios olvidados del mar  
 y melancolía es  
 Quizá esa ruinoso estampa de niño tonto  
 sonriendo toda su vejez a las transeuntes  
 o aquella matrona de coloretos en las mejillas  
 deleitando al sol sus cebadas várices

“Oshún cheré qué té mi obbo  
 Oh migdara oddara o qué

Oshún cheré qué té mi obbo  
Oh migdara oddara o qué”

Ahorquen el cielo a la primera ceiba  
para que se lo coman los insectos  
Pongan en una copa dos crestas de gallo  
una vicaria blanca  
tres escupidas de menstruo  
Voluntad de dominio sólo acato la del amor  
Entonces... la Montaña - Río - Cosa Buena  
irá a su encuentro  
Entonces... el orden que esta ciudad inaugura  
irá a su encuentro  
Entonces... los niños pisarán el césped  
sin  
la prohibitiva mirada de los gendarmes  
y a los ancianos les será absolutamente prohibido  
dar opiniones o consejos sobre la alegría  
Entonces...

sólo entonces

Yo te lo juro.

## VI

¿Qué pueblo

qué hombre

qué ideología

se hará responsable de esta muerte?

Finalmente sólo podremos nombrar la soledad  
Nadie tiene unas manos que pueden hacer  
música poesía o crimen  
pero  
nadie me espera  
porque nadie es ese a quien esperamos  
Nadie se sentará en el borde de la cama  
enternecido como un viejo para decirme  
—“Yeyé Cari, tu desnudez es una ofensa, cintura de panetela  
ebria, suena tus manillas y abre las piernas.”  
A nadie veré mañana frente a la jofaina  
rasurándose de prisa  
limpiándose los dientes



haciendo gárgaras

—Que sé yo—

cagándose en nuestro destino si es preciso

porque nadie es ése a quien esperamos

Nadie caminará conmigo los malecones infectados de parejas

ni verá a los estibadores echarse los sacos al hombro

como quien de pronto asume la posteridad

porque nadie es ese a quien esperamos

...y yo repito el nombre de nadie

—como un chorro de miel humeante—

bajo todos los cuerpos

Siempre existe un sucedáneo para el traidor

alguien que salvará la situación con su propio incineramiento

Mientras una luz a través de las lágrimas se parezca al mar

cada mujer llevará dentro de sí una ramera

Soy la gran estafa y voy de estafa

mala mercancía lanzada tras una propaganda fastuosa

Vendida revendida

devuelta

(¿Quién da más? ¿Quien da más?)

“Me doy a precio de ganga.

El amor ha devenido en ser francamente inmoral

aún entre nosotros los que asistimos navaja en mano

a los últimos reductos de la limosna

los que burlamos la mirada inquisitiva del hotelero

para soñar en una cama manchada de agua y sangre

¿Quién gime entre mis brazos con un sonido de placenta?

¿Quien enciende un cigarro y otro y quema los pezones de la noche?

¿Quién baila? ¿Quién ríe?

¿Quién es el puro el desterrado?

Quién agoniza Quién mata

Ósara, el viento

olvidador de oficio, el viento

extranjero pez, el viento

Las puertas

cayendo

Barajas

Cuatro Reyes

Pocker de hombres

el viento

Los perros aullan frenéticos amarrados a la *Siguaraya*

del patio y una figura que sorpresivamente  
me mira con mis ojos... los desata

\*

*(vocabulario)*

Ibá Oní.— Jícara de miel

Oshún.— Deidad (en la religión yoruba) del río, la miel, el amor, la sensualidad, la "Putá Divina"

Yeyé cari.— Uno de los nombres con que se conoce a Oshún.

Olofi.— En la religión yoruba Dios máximo.

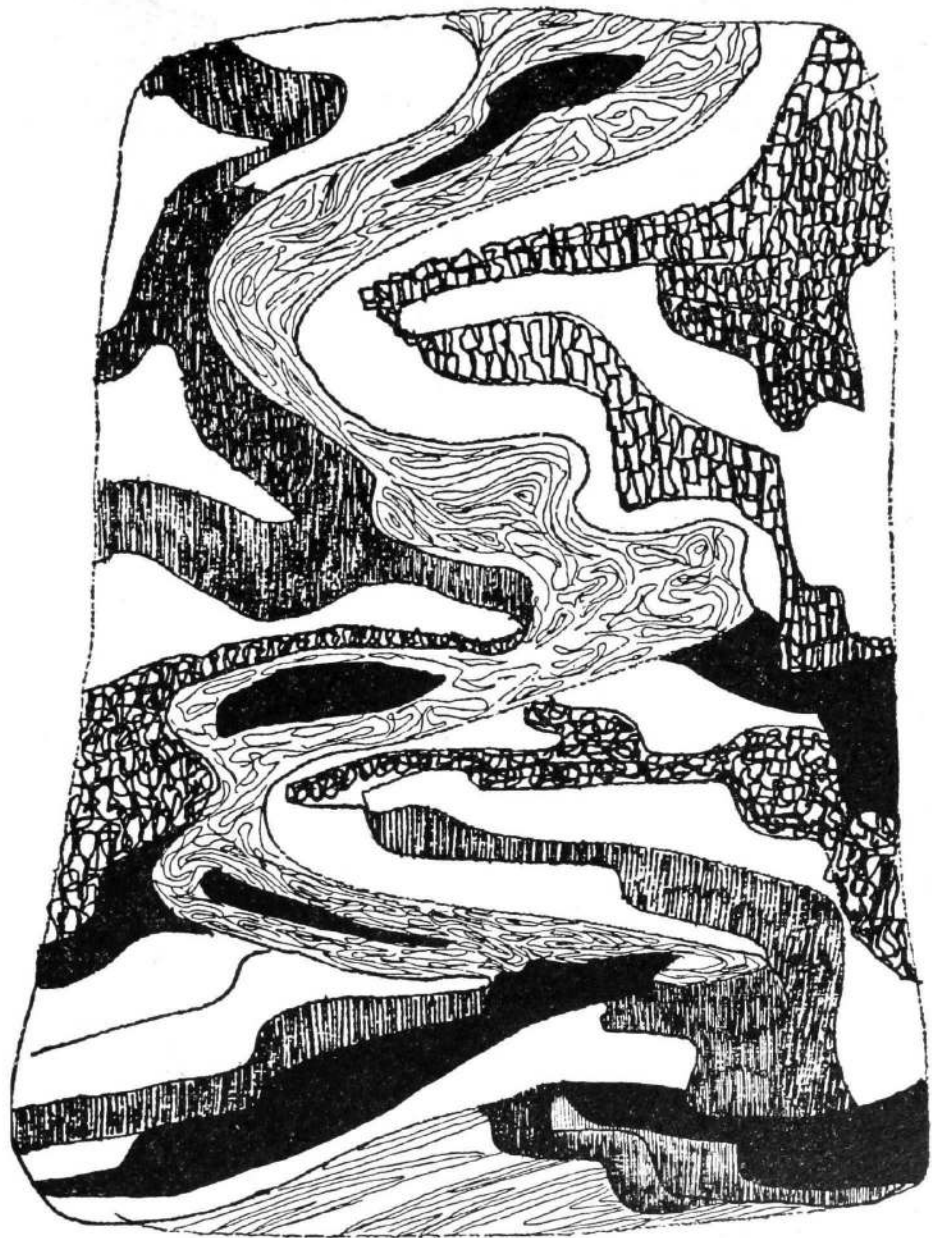
Iyalocha.— Sacerdotiza del culto

Jagüey.—Arbol símbolo de la traición.

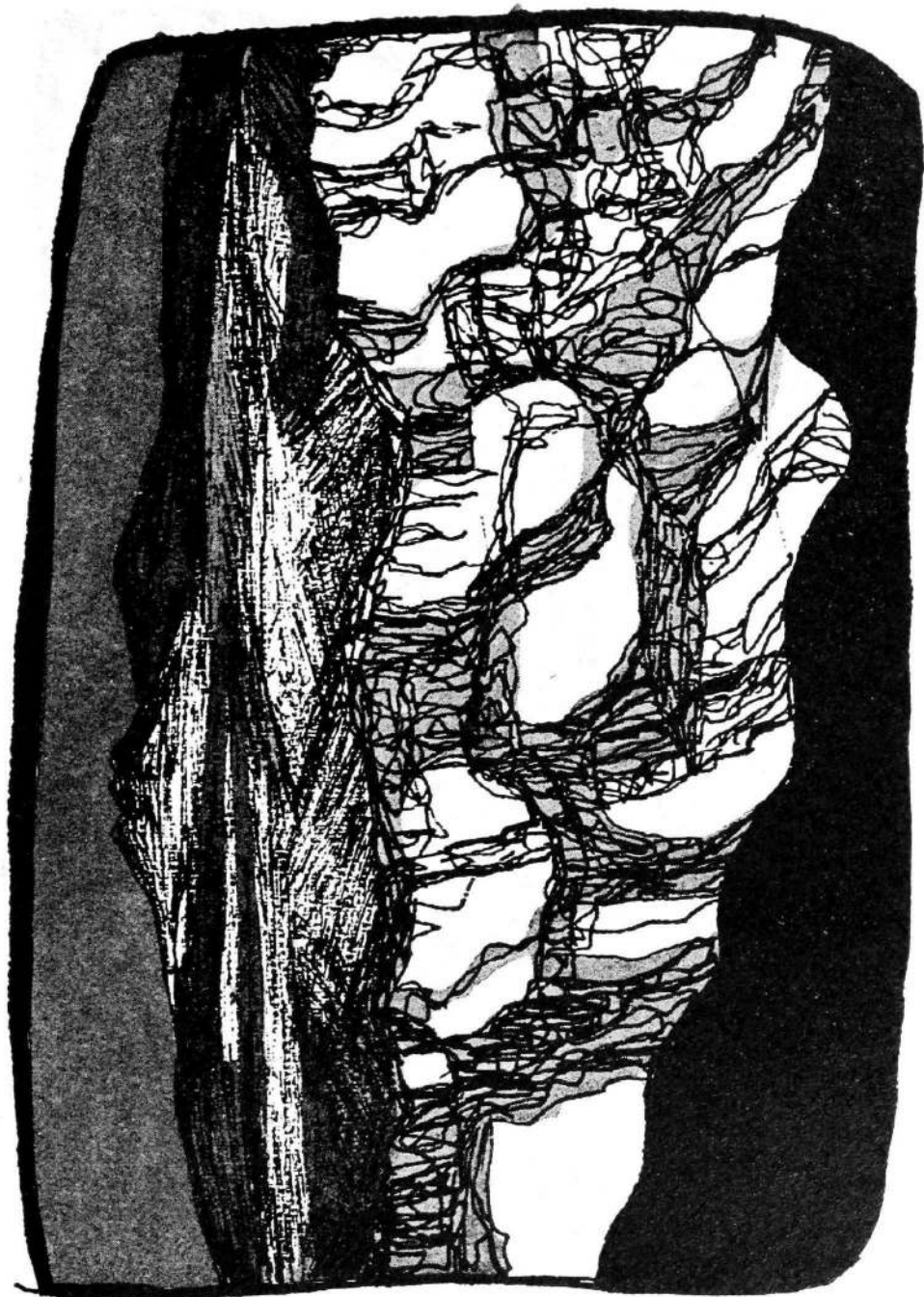
Canistel.— Fruto carnoso. Una de las comidas de Oshún

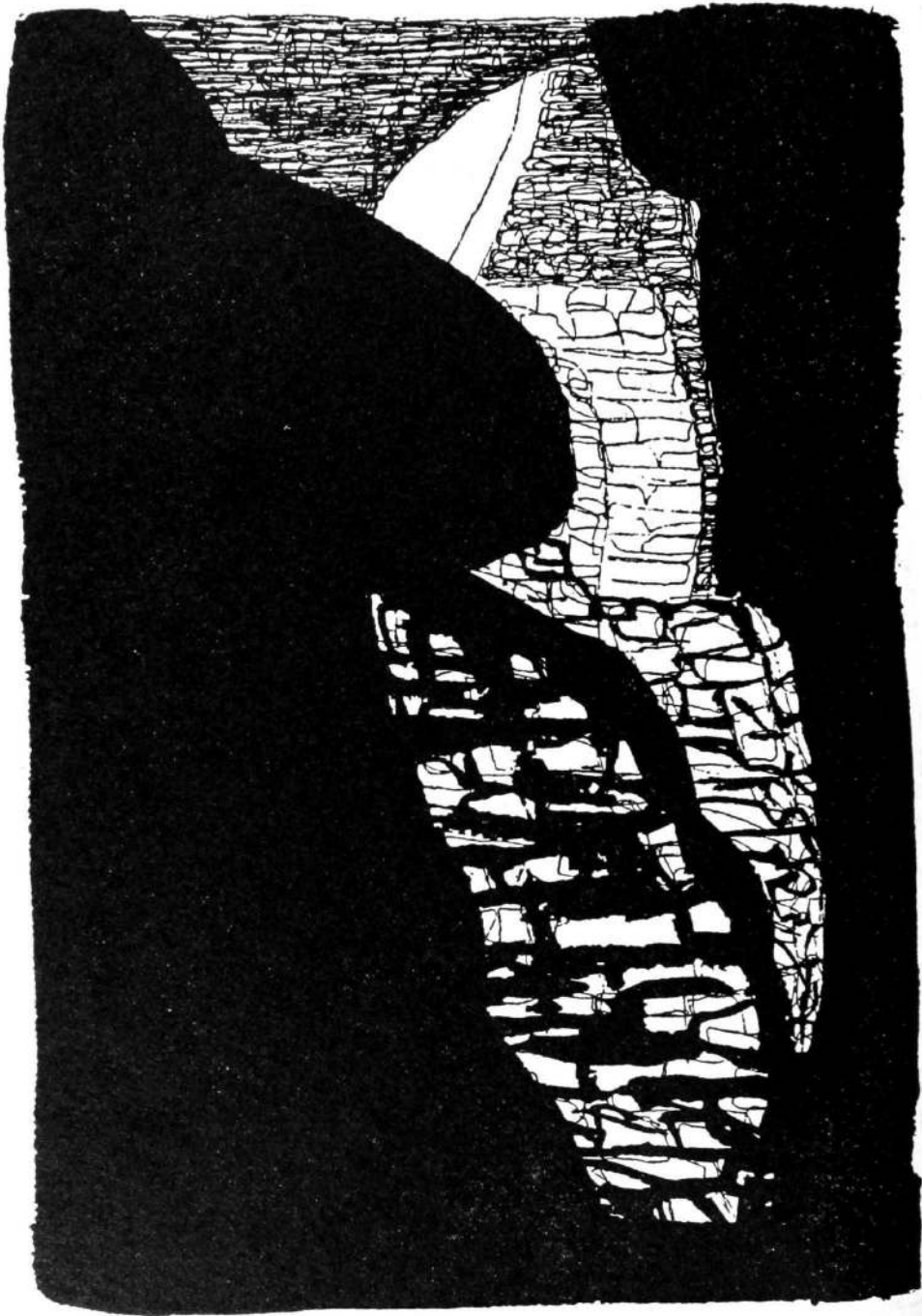
Siguaraya.— Arbol sagrado

Osara.—El viento









(for Jean

People, I think, used to feel justified in having a personal interest,  
in being left alone, in reading, collecting old books, not being  
bothered by their neighbors.

Now our goals are merging, we're more alike in interest, closer to  
something unanimous;

our morality, at its best, condemns us if we indulge ourselves.

I hate myself for my individual identity.

We have the same faults, but you embody your protest against them,  
and even act,

and I think I love you for that.

### LAST CHANCE

I'm cold.

But what the hell, I'm here. I'm alive

I have this warm tea next to me. Not a care

I heard a whole Italian opera  
well, helicopters frighten me now hope the tea doesn't shake free  
have to duck under the table  
set myself out a place behind a brick wall just in case something  
breaks out

this is the neighborhood for it.

Might start from somebody getting fed up with me tapping on my  
tank-like  
machine.

oh he was just blowing his nose

I hold my head, got to be serious, what is there left  
what's left when you're happy  
happy in this world that is

diplomatic corps has the courage to crack jokes in times like these  
what are they saying in your circles?

running nose nothing to running sores

JOEL SLOMAN

When a day seems beautiful to me why do I have to forget all the  
pain which  
is my responsibility.

*On est coupable*

I treated myself beautifully today. I made things with more kitchen  
implements  
and things than ever I did previously.

This feels like such an old house. Pre-American-Revolution.

The bricks, the wood. I'm looking at a fireplace which I'm not sure  
works.

The place is full of wood, but it'll probably burn too quickly, not good  
firewood.

I feel like a Colonial woman, an "adventurer" not a Puritan, who is  
always

dreaming of European frills, frightful drawing rooms

I wonder what *she* misses. What does *she* miss?

Do the colonial French miss the present American?

Do they object to the free Montagnards taking hold of their  
plantations?

People die elsewhere too, with less dignity. One hope, and one hope  
only?

And so far I've failed you. How many deaths my responsibility  
already?

This is my LAST CHANCE.

The vultures sent by some abstract political entity freeze my heart  
when I  
see them.

When I see them next how I act will depend on a lot of factors.

9/28/65



## HELLO

Man, man, life is really just like an opera,  
 and there just happens to be some Puerto Rican singing on  
 Avenue B just below me.  
 Just. O mensch! Now don't get the idea art will save you.  
 Don't I know we all have our individual passions! Yeah, and  
 sometimes it becomes the grossest thing about us.  
 Sometimes, but not always. O man. The lives lost! How can I do  
 something good for you?  
 It's useless, isn't it? I'm saying this with my legs crossed.  
 Should I really be so casual?  
 Affluent matter, each particle owns so much space, the wrench  
 thrown into the works and everything's atomized, the wealth  
 of the void completely redistributed.  
 Men, women, I keep tossing out particles of nonsense. What, after  
 all, do you take seriously?  
 Jean crying  
 The void, the void surrounding those valuable tears!  
 Mankind, ach, quit your lying ways! Rotten cannibals!  
 Can't you, O can't you put your hand on your own skin and come to  
 see?  
 Don't you know who you are? What that rock is? Isn't that book a  
 book? Isn't genocide homicide, homicide philocide aside from  
 that shit about hating the sight of blood?  
 Who the hell are you? I hate you. I love you.  
 Don't you recognize my behavior as your own?  
 Just. Justice, wealth, love.  
 Can't you just lift your hand, call a friend, and say  
 "HELLO!"?

10/16/65

## BLUEPRINT

I keep thinking of isolated Long Island estates  
with rolling lawns, swimming pools and the distant clinking  
of plates  
on the verandah. The people, always seeming to warn  
each other of the rules of behavior: how to eat corn  
on the cob, how to walk, talk, drink, and deal  
with the inconvenience of nature, the perfect meal  
being a criticism of the accidental arrangement of the universe.  
All solemnity in America is perverse.  
all sophistication, a labyrinth that looks like a necessary  
rationale. An identity a gleaming estate, isolated from class,  
the incendiary  
vehicle that makes a true revolution possible. Experience is  
what we learn  
from, not the fantasy of our self-programming, as if only a  
handful of experiences turn  
out to be useful. All blueprints are specks in the  
eye of history.

4/20/67

## CHE GUEVARA

In 1890 Paul, his  
wife, their sons Ivan, Alexander,  
Misht and Anton and daughter Masha  
posed for a photograph in front  
of their home on Sandovo-Kudrinskaya Street in Moscow.  
These were the Chekhovs. Anton was a doctor  
like Che Guevara whom  
he also resembled. Chekhov was  
gentle, his passion aborted  
by humor and pathos; Che  
led a strange bourgeois life  
in mountains,  
forests and palace chambers in  
the interests of a continent's  
liberation. It's unjust to call  
his life bourgeois, though

Chekhov's was. Two  
bourgeois doctors each  
killed by a becillus, coughing  
blood over two continents.

In

Italy Keats made an  
awkward bow; Pechorin,  
in the Caucasus, was political  
in his scepticism, and  
a fatalist like Che and all  
revolutionaries; Mignon,  
the romantic nationalist; Mozart the  
freemason: a tradition of sensual and moral  
chaos. Is the revolution going to  
be great? Will it be as deliberate  
and dignified as a mask? Ask  
Che at Vallegrande. They only  
possess his body.

An attitude  
is something each of us  
can assume. This is all  
the past. There were revolutions  
in the past. Che is part of the past.  
The sense in which this  
past exists is  
experience. Experience  
is the future. All that's  
left is the present.

10/11/67

## DEEP IN THE ARMS

Sagging grass, so heavy with this moist atmosphere.  
I looked grimly at the NBC news film of  
my friends fighting with the police. They  
were trying to close down the induction  
center on Whitehall St. in the  
Wall St. area. Nearer and nearer comes the day  
of my returning, when I shall  
have to face them with their wounds. One of the boys had  
a ring of blood around his mouth. It's easy  
to speak about masses of people when they're  
far away in America, even for me, an  
American from Brooklyn. And it's easier for me to feel part of  
that land of wide plains and a frontier  
tradition. But I'm more  
interested in America now, even giggle at  
her abundance, as she still feeds  
me the honeyed stuff, which circles  
my grin like blood. And the  
spoon becomes a truncheon.

12/10/67

## SEVENTH LITTLE GREEN

My mystical experience:  
In general, English girls have great legs.  
I noticed this almost as soon as I got here in September.  
Some of them have the most astonishing faces too  
(Suzy Kendall and Vanessa Redgrave come to mind)  
full of stony beauty  
with fine curved lips and dark eyes and oval faces.  
Their hair is uniformly lovely.  
The last day of May, 1966 was also the last day  
on the job for me. I had been an office boy  
at the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation.  
I worked in the patent department. The  
sense of compromise made me very anxious.  
Much of this verbal frustration has resulted

in an interest in such notions in art as context,  
silence, chance, dada pop and minimal art. But this  
intellectual view leads  
to an interest in the present moment, the point in time,  
and the awakening into it, that is apparently  
inconsistent with an activist political  
stance.

I feel unfree.

What if I tried to discover what existed in my inmost depths?  
What would I find?

I couldn't talk to her and  
I didn't know why. We  
found each other alien. We argued, We were supposed  
to be in love with each other.

Over and over again

I told myself to postpone thinking about it, knowing  
that such thinking could  
set off an explosion. When I began to  
think about it again, I thought for six months  
excluding other subjects, meanwhile getting  
involved in work and politics.

Like an Art Nouveau or Dada graphic artist,  
he wasn't content to write captions for  
his feelings, but the captions  
had to transcend themselves  
and suggest, to the point  
of precluding them, pictures they were  
meant to append.

Sense legs, a castle dripping with forty rooms.  
Through my reading, I am beginning to see  
the reasoning behind the manufacture of so many fiends  
by the federal government.  
Hags should be burned. Cutting one's wrists  
is too good for the suburban mother, since we  
know that families should be scrapped. I derive  
my morality from a roomful of counter-institutions.

The hiss of gas, the anxiety of madness  
fill the wires flood my mind  
signing in words that are meaningless to me

someone joked that Richard Gott was taking Che's place  
It must be a sickness of our society  
that wanting to meet and talk to pretty girls  
immediately makes me think of whores.  
Gordon Rattray Taylor thinks that people  
should not be valued according to  
how economically they can be produced but according to  
how productive they are themselves.  
They will be produced by cloning.

One afternoon after a couple of political meetings  
and a couple of phonecalls  
through which I discovered that a friend  
had gone west, I became completely frustrated.  
I sat down to think for a while.  
Knowledge came to mean the programming  
of rules for domestic and civilized behavior.  
Finally, I understood  
what had happened.  
I had made a mistake.  
I knew this because I was in a state  
of exaltation.  
It was a mystical experience.  
Data was flowing in to me, and my being was  
playing its role. I reached for a razor  
for the sake of the new infant, 1968, and began  
slicing into my skin  
like an Indian holy man. Blood poured out  
jubilantly. I refrained from  
washing that Patrick Magee would be there,  
for I knew that no one  
had to be there to confirm my act or my existence.  
I fell into a sea.  
My actions were their own verification.

In a sense, then, nothing came naturally to me,  
but everything was external, the rules  
for every procedure having to be  
recalled each time the  
procedure was employed. This was so  
for dressing, walking, talking and a  
variety of domestic activities, though

they have changed in detail  
and in some cases have become  
less self-conscious since my childhood.

My philosophical development:  
There is a boutique across the street from this flat  
that I can see from  
my window. It is called SNOB, and a great many  
of the most beautiful girls around here  
walk in and out of it constantly (Catherine Deneuve,  
Carol White). This gives me a chance  
to look at them all day long if  
I like without them being aware of my existence.  
I don't do it often, so you couldn't say that I was  
sick or something, but I do  
do it every once in a while. I admire their  
legs and their breasts and their hair mostly,  
because from this distance you can't get a  
good look at their faces. I wish  
I could invite them up to my flat so we can get  
acquainted, which reminds me of a story.  
Most of my dreams  
are lurid. Circumstances always seem  
to mechanically dissolve organic tissue  
like ego preying on id, or *Time* magazine  
diffusing Herbert Marcuse's ideas  
in order to keep a clear conscience (Roland Barthes).  
Being illuminated is different from dreaming:  
it is not passive.  
It is hard to describe.

3/21/68

from LITTLE GREEN

I am her attire  
meek, not tough.  
Our walk was like a deep wound  
she didn't seem to spend much time combing  
or otherwise caring for.  
The Hippodrome is closing down  
the unruly buds  
not because it's narcissistic  
but because it's weak and small. I must find  
means of gratifying myself.  
This is not living, it  
is mothering tendencies which somehow  
came about, like children.  
Is it possible to climb  
from my window onto the steep shingles of the roof?  
It looks like  
I felt warmly towards her, but there  
were so many people around  
I burned.  
Previously, a boy had spent  
rosy hours looking feminine to me, and I  
found levels of existence  
that are now obsolete. This posture  
seemed conteplative.  
The complex detours one's head makes  
looking about, sublimates an  
indeterminate style in people.  
Cold and isolated blood I'm talking to  
you in 'wisdom.'  
She was a girl. Her hair wasn't very long. I was  
sitting reading making red in depth  
wondering who determines who  
qualifies. This is just too much  
accomodation. It has been a year since I began to cut  
myself off, talking less and less.  
What would Richard say?  
Secret ballot trees  
motherly quavered  
that's something that just came to mind  
I guess this is introspection.



The weeds toms  
 Certainly, Onan was a strong feeling  
 Exciting you in my eyes. There is  
 this guy named Seed. I must clarify  
 my thoughts about  
 the contemplative poison, a variety  
 of meek conscious skin. I fell  
 in love with the word *preclude*, which was blond.  
 This a totalitarian respite.

3/27/68

## L'HOMME MACHINE — Julien de la Mettrie (1747)

Old habits creep back merely because they're habits. I wish women would keep to themselves. I mention this because of something that happened to me a couple of months ago.

Last night, a very lovely girl was speaking passionately about something. She was an English girl with blond hair that came halfway down her neck. Forty or more people were there.

While she spoke she looked into my eyes and it seemed as if she was unable to take her eyes away from mine. I thought we were in love. There were those who at that point felt too estranged from us. I don't know, but I liked that unanimous openness we shared. She was obviously a young girl who lived right, not like that other blond girl who didn't seem to want to take care of herself. I was cast into loneliness because I had no experience in handling group relationships.

I imagined that she was a bit nervous and looking with such interest into her eyes I would give her some confidence. To many, we seemed to be acquiring pagan knowledge.

I have been practising looking into other people's eyes for some time because I felt that I had been avoiding them too much. This is no doubt true of most people. Now is the 30th of March. We are all hard-working children trying to create some kind of doll-like immediacy. Usually we fail to form these deeper thoughts. We are satisfied with the usual cynical, hip emptiness.

The course itself has both its good points and its bad points, both of which are salient.

Why should this school be centering around things? Premises

can be meaningfully discussed until everybody agrees with them. That's why I keep banging my head against a brick wall - in order to break through. I don't believe in magic.

Groups are like the entire activity of baby-sitting. I used to baby-sit for a couple of my neighbors. Now I am attracted to something more subtle than breasts, legs, skin, etc. I used to sexually molest the infant girls I took care of.

But even at two they were not living right. It was like going to an antiuniversity. We have developed a taste for contemporary industrial society, such as I never got in my father's salon. Since I have found her yellow eyes I can confidently return to America.

The painted walls! I shouldn't pretend to know more than I do. Every once in a while there was a meeting that somehow became political. I'm afraid that all of my fantasies are communicable. It is eleven A.M..

One of the articles concerned what it was that we failed to form. I for one was struck by the destructive influences of the various pasts we indulged. When I hold my cold hand in my warm hand it's as if my whole body were in bed. I've been thinking lately that psychology is quantitative as well as qualitative, just like painting and war.

The rift could get worse as long as people think in terms of participants and non-participants. Ultimately, it can become a psychological Roman Circus.

I have been wondering whether it is possible for there to be degrees of mystical experiences. I wonder exactly what that condition is called. Maybe death!

Now that I am back in my room, I would like to be writing a fair number of novels. I don't know if I would feel the female beauty. Another thing is that I don't want to search for my identity any longer. I'm perfectly satisfied without one. Who can fail to form deeper thoughts once he has given up his identity?

5/21/68

from LITTLE GREEN

Lovely warm pants  
assiduous heaven

They can't keep me from attacking your smile.

We went to an impossibly warm coffee shop where the dead were  
rubbing their eyes.

She was effectively breaking up the affair

I was constantly in love with her  
masculine voice, but we were as friends  
there to spoil the inertia they  
were demanding. This is despair  
who got messed up at his lunch, gorging himself on her wise look.  
In the shop there was a warm negative rug, by  
which I mean  
this period when I was seeing her doesn't compromise me  
I had broken up with her because  
she was dependent on an exterior realm  
upon whom financial assistance  
'happy with life at the time'

Falling sideways his head broke against the bricks  
stuffing into this melodrama  
either depressing or good-humored  
as a companion.  
I became an office boy at ITT

I idolize you  
who improve the pleasing things in my life  
steaming from both my family and a girl  
who made me suffer three times as intensely  
every once in a while  
We didn't see everything eye to eye  
or intimately and full of love

Dominic fell behind the barricades

Would she phone Bert at headquarters? Outside a car rolled over on

JOEL SLOMAN

its side. If he stayed dazzled this way a cheerless lassitude could descend on the affair.

The conscientious sociologist in him made him move into a poor neighborhood, a long barrier of deteriorating satisfaction

that's what the mood of the city is, and secretly jealous  
Joan fell in love or half in love at least three times during a year and a half

Maybe it was just that I was determined to find out what went wrong  
It happened that the trees were tinkling, uncommitted. We heard that another friend of ours had died, the one with the utilitarian head.

I was so depressed, but smiled half knowingly  
at how little we experiment in human relationships  
Though I was unusually well-controlled  
on the surface, I was confused and near hysterical  
from time to time I would write a long  
and incoherent letter to her confessing  
how rotten I felt, how base I thought I was  
for wanting her body instead of her friendship

Dominic left the bar and walked to and fro behind the barricades,  
walking into the human drama because of the inertia from which he  
was suffering at the time. Then he thought that's what love means now.

6/2/68

## SENOI DREAM SOCIETY

As a member of a scientific expedition travelling through the unexplored equatorial rain forest of the Central Range of the Malay Peninsula in 1935, I was introduced to an isolated tribe of jungle folk, who employed methods of psychology and inter-personal relations so astonishing that they might have come from another planet. These people, the Senoi, lived in long community houses, skillfully constructed of bamboo, rattan and thatch, and held away from the ground on poles. They maintained themselves by practising dry-land, shifting agriculture, and by hunting and fishing. Their language, partly Indonesian and partly Mon-Kamian, relates them to the peoples of Indonesia to the south and west, and to the Highlanders of Indo-China and Burma, as do their psychical characteristics.

Study of their political and social organization indicates that the political authority in their communities was originally in the hands of the oldest members of patrilineal clans, somewhat as in the social structure of China and other parts of the world. But the major authority in all their communities is now held by their primitive psychologists whom they call *halaks*. The only honorary title in the society is that of *tohat*, which is equivalent to a doctor who is both a healer and an educator, in our terms.

The Senoi claim there has not been a violent crime or an intercommunal conflict for a space of two or three hundred years because of the insight and inventiveness of the *Tohats* of their various communities. The foothill tribes which surround the Central Mountain Range have such a firm belief in the magical powers of this Highland group that they give the territory a wide berth. From all we could learn, by their use of their psychological knowledge of strangers in their territory, the Senoi said they could very easily devise means of scaring them off. They did not practice black magic, but allowed the nomadic hill-folk surrounding them to think that they did if strangers invaded their territory.

This fear of Senoi magic accounts for the fact that they have not, over a long period, had to fight the outsiders. But the absence of violent crime, armed conflict, and mental and physical diseases in their own society can only be explained on the basis of institutions which produce a high state of psychological integration and emotional maturity, along with social skills and attitudes which promote creative, rather than destructive, inter-personal relations. They are, perhaps, the most democratic group reported in anthropological literature. In the realms of family, economics, and politics, their society operates smoothly on the principle of contract, agreement, and democratic consensus, with no need of police force, jail, psychiatric hospital to reinforce the agreements or confine those who aren't willing or able to reach consensus.

Study of their society seems to indicate that they have arrived at this

high state of social and physical cooperation and integration through the system of psychology which they discovered, invented, and developed, and that the principles of this system of psychology are understandable in terms of Western scientific thinking.

It was the late H. D. Noone, the Government Ethnologist of the Federated Malay States, who introduced me to this astonishing group. He agreed with me that they have built a system of inter-personal relations which, in the field of psychology, is perhaps on a level with our attainments in such areas as television and nuclear physics. From a year's experience with these people working as a research psychologist, and another year with Noone in England *integrating his seven years of anthropological research with my own findings*, I am able to make the following formulations of the principles of Senoi psychology.

Being a pre-literate group, the principles of their psychology are simple and easy to learn, understand, and even employ. Fifteen years of experimentation with these Senoi principles have convinced me that all men, regardless of their actual cultural development, might profit by studying them.

Senoi psychology falls into two categories. The first deals with dream interpretation; the second with dream expression in the agreement trance or cooperative reverie. The cooperative reverie is not participated in until adolescence and serves to initiate the child into the status of adulthood. After adolescence, if he spends a great deal of time in the trance state, a Senoi is considered a specialist in healing or in the use of extra-sensory powers.

Dream interpretation, however, is a feature of child education and is the common knowledge of all Senoi adults. The average Senoi layman practices the psychotherapy of dream interpretation on his family and associates as a regular feature of education and daily social intercourse. Breakfast in the Senoi house is like a dream clinic, with the father and older brothers listening to and analyzing the dreams of all the children. At the end of the family clinic, the male population gathers in the council, at which the dreams of the older children and all the men in the community are reported, discussed, and analyzed.

While the Senoi do not, of course, employ our system of terminology, their psychology of dream interpretation might be summed up as follows: Man creates features or images of the outside world in his own mind as part of the adaptive process. Some of these features are in conflict with him and with each other. Once internalized, these hostile images turn man against himself and against his fellows. In dreams man has the power to see these facts of his psyche, which have been disguised in external forms associated with his own fearful emotions, and turned against him and the internal images of other people. If the individual does not receive social aid through education and therapy these hostile images, built up by man's normal receptiveness to

the outside world, get tied together and associated with one another in a way which makes him physically, socially, and psychologically abnormal.

Unaided, these dream beings, which man creates to reproduce inside himself the external socio-physical environment, tend to remain against him the way the environment was against him, or to become disassociated from his major personality and tied up in wasteful psychic, organic, and muscular tensions. With the help of dream interpretations, these psychological replicas of the socio-physical environment can be redirected and reorganized and again become useful to the major personality.

The Senoi believes that any human being, with the aid of his fellows, can outface, master, and actually utilize all beings and forces in the dream universe. His experience leads him to believe that, if you cooperate with your fellows or oppose them with good will in the day time, their images will eventually help you in your dreams, and that every person should and can become the supreme ruler and master of his own dream or spiritual universe, and can demand and receive the help, cooperation of all the forces there.

In order to evaluate these principles of dream interpretation and social action, I made a collection of the dreams of younger and older Senoi children, adolescents, and adults, and compared them with similar collections made in other societies where they had different social attitudes towards the dream and different methods of dream interpretation. I found through this larger study that the dream process evolved differently in the various societies, and that the evolution of the dream process seemed to be related to the adaptability and individual creative output of the various societies. It may be of interest to the reader to examine in detail the methods of Senoi dream interpretation:

The simplest anxiety or terror dream I found among the Senoi was the falling dream. When the Senoi child reports a falling dream, the adult answers with enthusiasm: "That is a wonderful dream, one of the best dreams that a man can have. Where did you fall to, and what did you discover?" He makes the same comment when the child reports a climbing, travelling, flying, or soaring dream. The child at first answers, as he would in our society, that it did not seem so wonderful, and that he was so frightened that he awoke before he had fallen anywhere.

"That was a mistake," answers the adult-authority. "Everything you do in a dream has a purpose, beyond your understanding while you are asleep. You must relax and enjoy yourself when you fall in a dream. Falling is the quickest way to get in contact with the powers of the spirit world, the powers laid open to you through your dreams. Soon, when you have a falling dream, you will remember what I am saying, and as you do, you will feel that you are travelling to the source of the power which has caused you to fall.

"The falling spirits love you. They are attracting you to their land, and you have but to relax and remain asleep in order to come to grips with them.

When you meet them, you may be frightened of their terrific power, but go on. When you think you are dying in a dream, you are only receiving the powers of the other world, your own spiritual power which has been turned against you, and which now wishes to become one with you if you will accept it."

The astonishing thing is that, over a period of time, with this type of social interaction, praise or criticism, imperatives and advice, the dream which starts out with fear of falling changes into the joy of flying. This happens to everyone in the Senoi society. That which was an indwelling fear or anxiety, becomes an indwelling joy or act of will; that which was ill esteem toward the forces which caused the child to fall in his dream, becomes good will towards the denizens of the dream world, because he relaxes in his dream and finds pleasurable adventures, rather than waking up with a clammy skin and a crawling scalp.

The Senoi believe and teach that the dreamer—the "I" of the dream—should always advance and attack in the teeth of danger, calling on the dream images of his fellows if necessary, but fighting by himself until they arrive. In bad dreams the Senoi believe real friends will never attack the dreamer or refuse help. If any dream character who looks like a friend is hostile or uncooperative in a dream, he is only wearing the mask of a friend.

If the dreamer attacks and kills the hostile dream character, the spirit or essence of this dream character will always emerge as a servant or ally. Dream characters are bad only as long as one is afraid and retreating from them, and will continue to seem bad and fearful as long as one refuses to come to grips with them.

According to the Senoi, pleasurable dreams, such as of flying or sexual love, should be continued until they arrive at a resolution which, on awakening, leaves one with something of beauty or use to the group. For example, one should arrive somewhere when he flies, meet the being there, hear their music, see their designs, dances, and learn their useful knowledge.

Dreams of sexual love should always move through orgasm, and the dreamer should then demand from his dream lover the poem, the song, the dance, the useful knowledge which will express the beauty of his spiritual lover to a group. If this is done, no dream man or woman can take the love which belongs to human beings. If the dream character demanding love looks like a brother or sister, with whom love would be abnormal or incestuous in reality, one need have no fear of expressing love in the dream, since these dream beings are not, in fact, brother or sister, but have only chosen these taboo images as a disguise. Such dream beings are only facets of one's own spiritual or psychic makeup, disguised as brother or sister, and useless until they are reclaimed or possessed through the free expression of love the dream universe.



If the dreamer demands and receives from his love partners a contribution which he can express to the group on awakening, he cannot express or receive too much love in dreams. A rich love life in dreams indicates the favor of the beings of the spiritual or emotional universe. If the dreamer injures the dream images of his fellows or refuses to cooperate with them in dreams, he should go out of his way to express friendship and cooperation on awakening, since hostile dream characters can only use the image of people for whom his good will is running low. If the image of a friend hurts in a dream, the friend should be advised of the fact, so he can repair his damaged or negative dream image by friendly social intercourse.

Let us examine some of the elements of the social and psychological processes involved in this type of dream interpretation:

First, the child receives social recognition and esteem for discovering and relating what might be called an anxiety-motivated psychic reaction. This is the first step among the Senoi toward convincing the child that he is acceptable to authority even when he reveals how he is inside.

Second, it describes the working of his mind as rational, even when he is asleep. To the Senoi it is just as reasonable for the child to adjust his inner tension states for himself, as it is for a Western child to do his homework for the teacher.

Third, the interpretation characterizes the force which the child feels in the dream as a power which he can control through the process of relaxation and mental set, a force which is his as soon as he can reclaim it and learn to direct it.

Fourth, the Senoi education indicates that anxiety is not only important in itself, but that it blocks the free play of imaginative thinking and creative activity to which dreams could otherwise give rise.

Fifth, it establishes the principle that the child should make decisions and arrive at resolutions in his night-time thinking as well as in that of the day, and should assume a responsible attitude toward all his psychic reactions and forces.

Sixth, it acquaints the child with the fact that he can better control his psychic reactions by expressing them and taking thought upon them, than by concealing and repressing them.

Seventh, it initiates the Senoi child into a way of thinking which will be strengthened and developed through the rest of his life, and which assumes that a human being who retains good will for his fellows and communicates his psychic reactions to them for approval and criticism, is the supreme ruler of all the individual forces of the spirit—subjective— world whatsoever.

Man discovers his deepest self and reveals his greatest creative power at times when his psychic processes are most free from immediate involvement with the environment and most under the control of his indwelling balancing

or homeostatic power. The freest type of psychic play occurs in sleep, and the social acceptance of the dream would, therefore, constitute the deepest possible acceptance of the individual.

Among the Senoi, the child accumulates good will for people because they encourage on every hand the free exercise and expression of that which is most basically himself, either directly or indirectly, through the acceptance of the dream process. At the same time, the child is told that he must refuse to settle with the denizens of the dream world unless they make some contribution which is socially meaningful and constructive as determined by social consensus on awakening. Thus his dream reorganization is guided in a way which makes his adult aggressive action socially constructive.

Among the Senoi where the authority tells the child that every dream force and character is real and important, and in essence permanent, that it can and must be outfaced, subdued, and forced to make a socially meaningful contribution, the wisdom of the body operating in sleep, seems in fact to recognize the accumulating experience of the child in such a way that the natural tendency of the higher nervous system to perpetuate unpleasant experiences is first neutralized and then reversed.

We could call this simple type of interpretation *dream analysis*. It says to the child that there is a *manifest* content of the dream, the root he stubbed his toe on, or the fire that burned him, or the composite individual that disciplined him. But there is also a *latent* content of the dream, a force which is potentially useful, but which will plague him until he outfaces the manifest content in a future dream, and either persuades or forces it to make a contribution which will be judged useful or beautiful by the group, after he awakes.

We could call this type of interpretation *suggestion*. The tendency to perpetuate in sleep the negative image of a personified evil, is neutralized in the dream by a similar tendency to perpetuate the positive image of a sympathetic social authority. Thus, accumulating social experience supports the organizing wisdom of the body in the dream, making the dreamer first unafraid of the negative image and its accompanying painful tension state, and later enabling him to break up that tension state and transmute the accumulated energy from anxiety into a poem, a song, a dance, a new type of trap, or some other creative product to which an individual or the whole group will react with approval (or criticize) the following day.

The following further examples from the Senoi will show how this process operates:

A child dreams that he is attacked by a friend and, on awakening, is advised by his father to inform his friend of this fact. The friend's father tells his child that it is possible that he has offended the dreamer without wishing to do so, and allowed a malignant character to use his image as a disguise in

the dreamer and go out of his way to be friendly toward him, to prevent such an occurrence in the future.

The aggression building up around the image of the friend in the dreamer's mind thereby becomes the basis of a friendly exchange. The dreamer is also told to fight back in the future dreams, and to conquer any dream character using the friend's image as a disguise.

Another example of what is probably a less direct tension state in the dreamer toward another person is dealt with in an equally skillful manner. The dreamer reports seeing a tiger attack another boy of the long house. Again, he is advised to tell the boy about the dream, to describe the attack occurred and, if possible, to show it to him so that he can be on his guard, and in future dreams kill the tiger before it has a chance to attack him. The parents of the boy in the dream again tell the child to give the dreamer a present, and to consider him a special friend.

Even a tendency toward unproductive fantasy is effectively dealt with in the Senoi dream education. If the child reports floating dreams, or a dream of finding food, he is told that he must float somewhere in his next dream and find something of value to his fellows, or that he must share the food he is eating; and if he has a dream of attacking someone he must apologize to them, share a delicacy with them, or make them some sort of toy. Thus, before aggression, selfishness, and jealousy can influence social behavior, the tension expressed in the permissive dream state become the hub of social action in which they are discharged without being destructive.

My data on the dream life of various Senoi age groups would indicate that dreaming can and does become the deepest type of creative thought. Observing the lives of the Senoi it occurred to me that modern civilization may be sick because people have sloughed off, or failed to develop, half their power to think. Perhaps the most important half. Certainly, the Senoi suffer little by intellectual comparison with ourselves. They have equal power for logical thinking while awake, considering their environment data, whereas our capacity to solve problems in dreams is infantile compared to theirs.

In the adult Senoi a dream may start with a waking problem which has failed solution, with an accident, or a social debacle. A young man brings in some wild gourd seeds and shares them with his group. They have a purgative effect and give everyone diarrhea. The young man feels guilty and ashamed and suspects that they are poisonous. That night he has a dream, and the spirit of the gourd seeds appears, makes him vomit up the seeds, and explains that they have value only as a medicine, when a person is ill. Then the gourd spirit gives him a song and teaches him a dance which he can show his group on awakening, thereby gaining recognition and winning back his self-esteem.

Or, a falling tree which wounds a man appears in his dreams to take

away the pain and explains that it wishes to make friends with him. Then the tree spirit gives him a new and unknown rhythm which he can play on his drums. Or, the jilted lover is visited in his dreams by the woman who rejected him, who explains that she is sick when she is awake and not good enough for him. As a token of her true feeling, she gives him a poem.

The Senoi does not exhaust the power to think while asleep with these simple social and environmental situations. The bearers who carried out our equipment under very trying conditions became dissatisfied and were ready to desert. Their leader, a Senoi shaman, had a dream in which he was visited by the spirit of the empty boxes. The song and music this dream character gave him so inspired the bearers, and the dance he directed so relaxed and rested them, that they claimed the boxes had lost their weight and finished the expedition in the best of spirits.

Even this solution of a difficult social situation, involving people who were not all members of the dreamer's group, is trivial compared with the dream solutions which occur now that Senoi territory has been opened up to alien culture contacts.

Datu Bintung at Jelong had a dream which succeeded in breaking down the major social barriers in clothing and food habits between his group and the surrounding Chinese and Mohammedan colonies. This was accomplished chiefly through a dance which his dream prescribed. Only those who did his dance were required to change their food habits and wear the new clothing, but the dance was so good that nearly all the Senoi along the border chose to do it. In this way, the dream created social change in a democratic manner.

Another feature of Datu Bintung's dream involved the ceremonial status of women, making them more nearly the equals of men, although equality is not a feature of either Chinese or Mohammedan societies. So far as could be determined this was a pure creative action which introduced greater equality in the culture, just as reflective thought has produced more equality in our society.

In the West the thinking we do while asleep usually remains on a muddled, childish, or psychotic level because we do not respond to dream as socially important and include dreaming in the educative process. This social neglect of the sleep side of man's reflective thinking when creative process is most free, seems poor education.

Among the Senoi, the terror dream, the anxiety dream, and the simple pleasure dream, as well as muddled dreams of vague inconsequential happenings, such as a meaningless repetition of the day's activities, largely before puberty. From puberty on, the dream life becomes less and less fantastic and irrational, and more like reflective thinking, problem solving, exploration of unknown things or people, emotionally satisfying social intercourse, and the

acquiring of knowledge from a dream teacher or spirit guide. However dull or unimportant an individual may be, he can always count on receiving a hearing from his family members and from the larger group through his dreams.

There would seem to be a rational basis for the Senoi ideology and practice if we accept the view that man's psycho-physical structure is not merely altered as experience accumulates, but must be reorganized in line with some principle of inner homeostatic balance.

The internalized social order, which largely makes up the intellectual structure of the individual, does not integrate well with man's power to recognize and unify his accumulating experience, unless the individual maintains a feeling of good will toward the members of his society, whose images are being internalized as the process of socialization takes place.

If the social authorities, who have a counterpart in the psychic structure of the individual, listen to his dream with appreciation and respond with criticism, praise, and imperatives or directives, the homeostatic processes have the power to recognize the elements of the mind, as well as those of the body, in a way which keeps both the body and the mind healthy, and permits of a type of social interaction which does not obtain in societies where man is not encouraged and directed to reorganize his accumulating experience in dreams.

Civilized man pays little attention to the thinking he has the power to do in his sleep through dreams. Western society is rife with war, crime, and wasteful economic conflict, insanity, neurosis, and chronic psychogenic physical ills. The Senoi make their dreams the major focus of their intellectual and social interest, and have solved the problems of violent crime and destructive economic conflict, and largely eliminated insanity, neurosis, and psychogenic illness. They have done this without the help of a written language or of the scientific method as we think of it.

SAVING JUST THE REAL

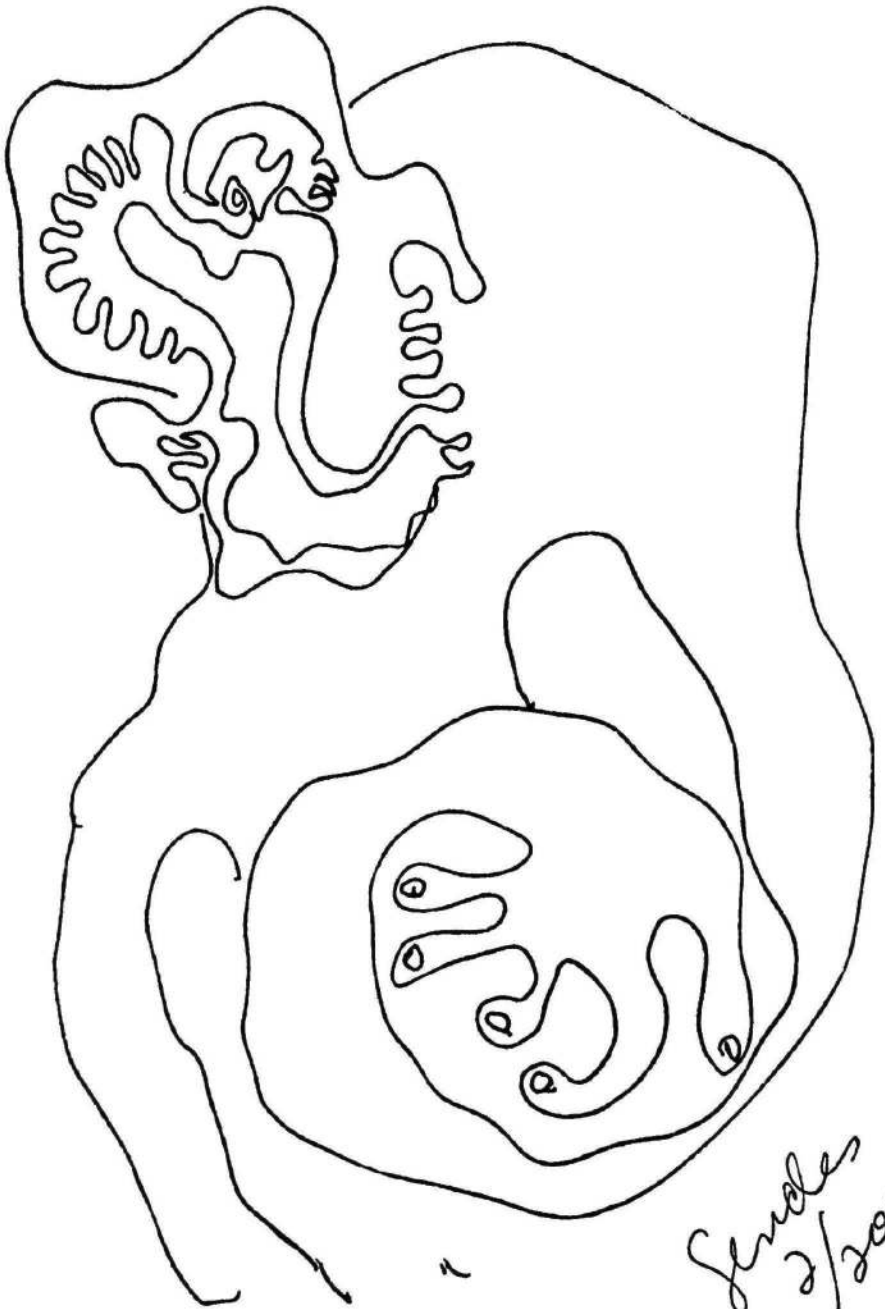
I was born, I saw  
death devour the birth of.  
Something, perhaps the  
first something so deep  
now, like fruit on my  
mother's table: or the certain  
way

chickens used to stand  
on one leg. Death in  
sparrows. I remember their  
closed eyes, the hard-  
ness of the body. Of death

DOWN WIND, AGAINST THE HIGHEST PEAKS

you dig instant *revolution:* against  
rotten meat. Nauseous mariners Black spirits,  
disobedient ancient sailors, the ship of our lineal  
navy, in white fog. The odor of  
death: they try to force us to eat, live on the  
garbage flesh, the thick worms wiggling in the trick  
whipped on us: like  
I saw these Russian dudes of 1912 in  
a Stanislavski film, with the same bullshit  
for cats who simply had to take over the ship  
and cut those fuckfaces up into  
little pieces, a view unexpected, and drop  
them into the psychic black waters of Albert Ryder.  
As now:  
these viscious concrete tides of police  
riot the soft, brilliant dark-  
ness of our natural conflict  
of self & state, while my ancient brain/eyes  
cruise the gulf of our history, taste  
the salt of our future in their eyes  
measured by the dust. Now:  
on our warships tall narcotic structures moving

along 63 rd St. as across the atlantic trade, a disposition  
 of vain navigated greed or was it a water-  
 fountain, *all white* in Texas, in Georgia, my neck  
 turning concrete, "Stop nigger  
 these bricks, stop in midair  
 or my corrosion increasing  
 as I pass the suglass-covered evileye of Indiana  
 or Ohio whiteeyes in these narrow, gentle *calles*  
 of Mexico: the giddy bitchiness, the strokes  
 of their hoarse laughter  
 at what tricks they made  
 institutions against the dark mysticism of us. I  
 go down  
 wind, against the highest peaks of my acknowledgement of their  
 tired, decaying strength.  
 Measured into dust, the return of Africa  
 the destruction the use of Tonto, Sambo, Willie & almost  
 any moment in my passage, the time-table of  
 my essence, is a reference.  
 The super-blond has even invaded the billboards  
 of Mexico: behind my memories the trip of junkies of 39th St.  
 who one day become tour-guides of  
 their mental seasickness. Armed spirits, chasing Rudolph  
 Valentino's ass completely out of the desert: where  
 he drops off the edge of the world, a nervous-wreck!!!



1

Sendles  
2/200

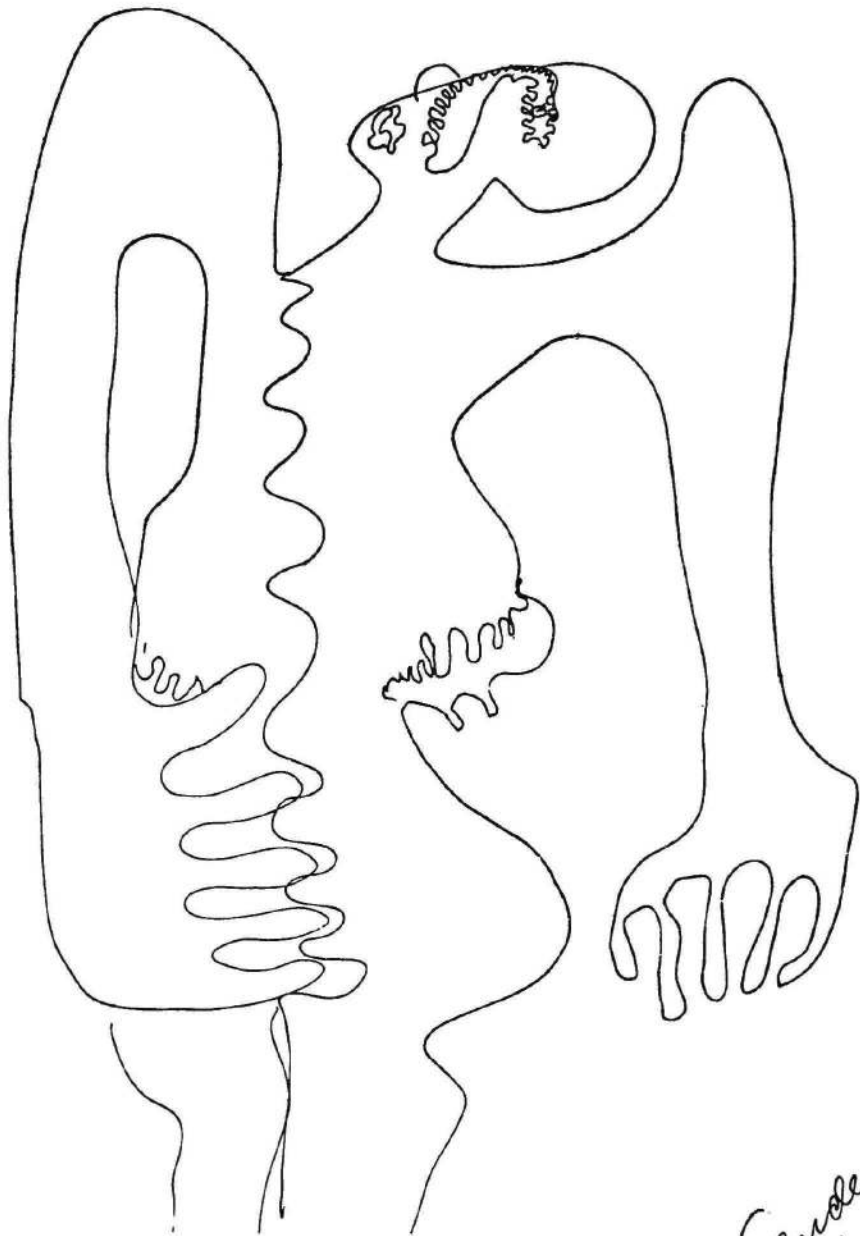




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Servicio  
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INSTRUCCIONES PARA DESNUDAR A LA RAZA HUMANA

- I.      Desnudad a un Barbudo poco a poco:  
          Primero, las sandalias  
          Segundo, el chaleco  
          Tercero, los cascabeles  
          Cuarto, su sombrero de espinas  
          Quinto, sus pantalones de cuero  
          Sexto, los clavos de sus manos  
          Séptimo, su angustia  
          Octavo, las ruedas de su motocicleta  
          Noveno, rezad el rosario  
          Décimo, descansad la mejilla sobre su vientre tibio  
          y blanco  
          El cordero os corresponderá.
  
- II.     Desnudad al Policía Azul a balazos  
          Sentadle sobre las tablas de la ley y, pues le gusta  
          la violencia, arrancadle las botas con los pies dentro,  
          montadle en su vehículo y aceleradle por los cielos  
          desde gran altura: que un águila le posea durante el vuelo  
          Habrá reflectores y, al aterrizar, juntos recibirán  
          las llaves de la ciudad.
  
- III.    Desnudad al Bombero en medio de sus llamas furiosas  
          Esperad que su manguera se ponga dura y que las chispas  
          le enciendan el pelo, mientras el vientre tostado como  
          un pan sonará al chamuscarse y los músculos tricolores  
          le colgarán desde los hombros hasta las rodillas y  
          sobre la cara se estará derritiendo su casco.
  
- IV.    Desnudad a la Hermana de Caridad entera  
          Pero respetad su cofia blanca en su vuelo por la luna,  
          y los hábitos celestes caerán lentamente y el cuerpo  
          irá saliendo como un dedo y templará desolado y ardiente  
          De rodillas esperadla, después será un cáliz volcado,  
          sangrando sobre la playa.
  
- V.     Desnudad al Mariscal del Aire a presión  
          Y en su máscara de pequeño elefante introducid el olor  
          de las mujeres y los niños que asesinó cantando  
          Sentadlo en un helicóptero y desatad las navajas

furiosas: sonará como un asno poseído por un toro, colgadle una sarta de ojos en el cuello, movedlo a paso de ganso, iluminadle la columna vertebral con un machete: brillará algunos años y morirá con las botas puestas.

- VI. Desnudad a la Esposa del Mejor Amigo con gestos veloces o feroces o disimulados, si es posible con la lengua, mientras el Mejor Amigo prepara los martinis. Si el Mejor Amigo regresa de pronto, desnudadlo también a él, pero no le quitéis los calcetines: mojádselos.
- VII. Desnudad al Prestidigitador de las barras y estrellas de un solo sablazo  
De modo que al cortarle el cordel se le caigan los pantalones de golpe y le saldrán volando las palomas de entre las piernas y de las axilas le saltarán conejos y de la boca le colgarán pañuelos de seda, discursos marciales, picanas eléctricas, presupuestos, naipes y bombardeos; pedidle que se doble en dos para recibir los aplausos y, por entre las colas del frac, aprovechad.
- VIII. Desnudad a un Negro y se verá blanco.
- IX. Desnudad a un Cosmonauta sin desconectar su cordón umbilical.  
Meted la mano por alguna abertura y tocadle a discreción, en forma displicente y algo rápida hasta que temblando en su apariencia de Dios, se derrame y sienta de nuevo que es hombre.
- X. Desnudad a los Angeles y Arcángeles desplumándolos con suavidad.  
Pasadlos por el fuego, que no queden plumas, cubridlos con polvo de azúcar y, al fin, lamedlos para que se rían (¡Vestid a los demonios!)
- XI. Desnudad a la Tierra de sus cosas  
Quitadle sus tumbas, sus árboles secos, sus envidias, sus huérfanos, sus traiciones, sus desiertos, sus telescopios, sus atardeceres, sus crímenes, sus ministros, sus suicidas  
Dejadle algunas señas, como ser la marca de las uñas

en su costado y uno que otro mar para que espere de espaldas, como una mujer gorda, el parto sin dolor.

- XII. **Desnudad al Artista Puro en medio de espejos a medianoche**  
Arrancadle su capa púrpura y envolvedle las piernas de modo que no se las vea, cortadle los pezones con tijeras y servidle la sangre en su sombrero de académico, besadle la garganta y luego los hombros y la espalda, abridle los pies y destilad vinagre en las llagas de sus dedos, hacedle girar vertiginosamente hasta que se le caiga la virginidad como un pañuelo sucio al suelo  
Desolladlo y poseedlo.
- XIII. **Desnudad al Burócrata que dirige la guerra**  
Y colgadlo de una percha en un closet, llenadle el ano de lápices, escribid con él la frase: más soldados, o la palabra tiempo, o si preferis, la palabra mierda.
- XIV. **Desnudad a ciertas personas como quien pela una papa**  
Por ejemplo, poned un banquero junto a un prelado, junto a una gran dama, junto a un catedrático, junto a la estatua de la libertad  
Separad los calzoncillos sucios de los tirantes negros de las camisas de lana del trapo personal y avisad que se derrochará soberbia  
Luego, quemad la gran pirámide así: el banquero de base con zapatos pero sin corsé, el prelado sentado en su cara; la gran dama desinflándose de espaldas en el aire; el catedrático sujetándose los pantalones, y la estatua de la libertad, libre de su estreñimiento, orinando alegremente sobre ellos el espíritu de su antorcha.
- XV. **Desnudad al Monje Budista de sus llamas**  
Cubridle con un quitasol rojo, untadle su cara morena con aceite, perfumadle con el aliento de una doncella, envolvedle el torso en corbatas de seda, romped granadas en sus labios, estrujad una paloma sobre su cabeza  
No le molesteis, amadlo desde lejos, permitid que se queme como un fósforo en los dedos de Dios.

- XVI. Desnudad a los Niños y ponedles dulcemente en su cama  
Acostaos entre ellos, sentid el peso de sus rodillas  
ardiendo y salud a la madre desnuda que os llama.
- XVII. Desnudad al Atleta corriendo o saltando  
Cortadle uno a uno sus músculos y haced de ellos una  
flor de sangre, luchad con él sobre el césped buscando  
su dureza, jamás la nuca temblorosa, sorprendedle desde  
arriba y saltad sobre sus riñones atentos al cronómetro  
Poseedle en un minuto clavado.
- XVIII. Desnudad al Alcalde de la ciudad negra  
Y hacedle correr velozmente por las bóvedas de la  
Morgue: que le persiga un pugilista negro en celo y  
el Alcalde irá sintiendo en las entrañas el secreto  
del miembro antes de que éste se convierta en terror  
o en niño asesinado.  
El Alcalde baja de peso: que corra por la bóveda cerrada  
y los cadáveres lo persigan y que se tape inútilmente  
el ano:  
La corneta tocará a zafarrancho.
- XIX. Desnudad al Dictador en casa de su querida  
Presentadle a sus víctimas echando sangre por las  
orejas y arregladlos en forma de corona al pie de su cama  
Arrancadle una medalla y en el hueco que dejará en su  
pecho colocad el corazón de un jabalí, observad su  
espalda: si tiene rabo depositad allí mostaza francesa,  
que la querida sabrá apreciarla  
Como la querida se hallará desnuda, vestidla de a poco:  
colgad sendos dólares de plata en sus pezones, soltad  
una araña en su ombligo y abridle camino por el monte  
de venus  
Abrid de piernas al Dictador, quitadle el candado y  
de su interior extraed las botellas de champagne  
Después, gritad: salud.
- XX. Desnudad a la Enfermera, que ya viene la muerte  
Desnudadla con guantes de goma y mostrad primero sus  
pechos y luego sus pies, vendadle en seguida la cara  
y romped aprisa sus mallas rosadas de modo que el  
ombligo os mire sin pestañar  
Por fin, forzadla en un baño de maría.

XXI. Desnudad a la Muerte

Cualquiera muerte, son todas iguales, no respeteis su  
manto negro ni su corona de luces, levantadle el manto,  
miradle con descaro por todas partes, urgueteadla,  
aunque se ría

La muerte no lleva medias

Sin prisa

La muerte no tiene cintura

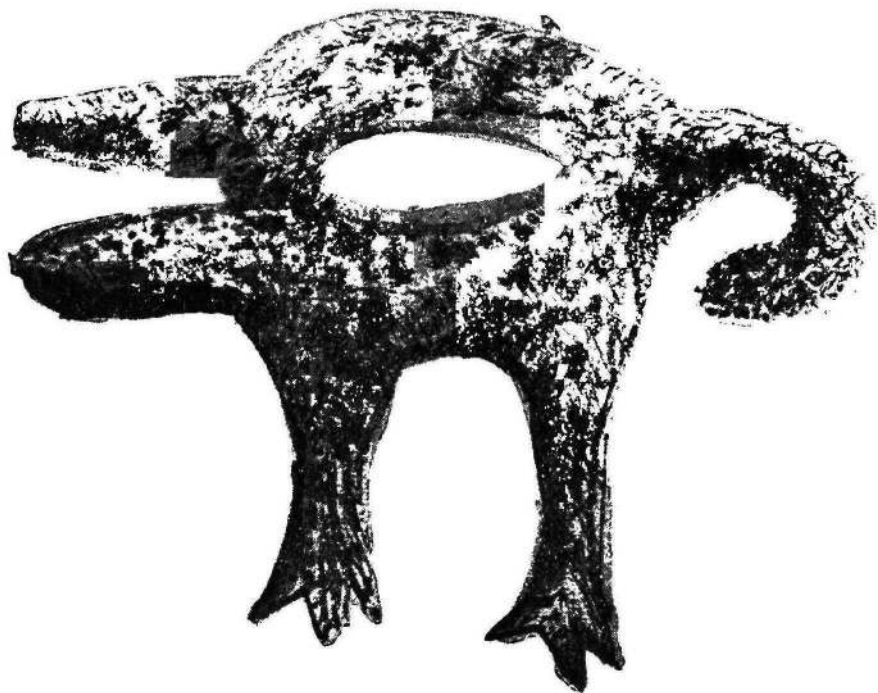
Un poco más

La muerte tiene pelos

Un postrer esfuerzo

La muerte no era virgen:

Que se la lleven, dejadla con vida.





(del libro "Correspondencia Sigmund Freud-Lou Andreas Salomé, que publicará próximamente la Edit. Siglo XXI)

*Viena, 10. de abril de 1915*

Distinguida señora:

Quiero tomar su carta, con la amable nota de su huésped, como pretexto para una hora placentera, que en otro caso, en medio de la tensión y la preocupación a causa de las circunstancias, apenas lograría encontrar.

El hecho de que usted se ocupe tan intensamente con los problemas que nos interesan me alegra mucho, porque ligo a ello la esperanza de que habrá de resultar de esta actividad algo más que una carta. Por mi parte sigo también trabajando en ellos, a mi manera. Usted ya sabe: me esfuerzo en el estudio de lo particular, y espero a que lo general se desprenda de ello por sí mismo. Y encuentro así, por ejemplo, que los puntos de vista del narcisismo me son muy útiles en el estudio de la *melancolía* y de otros estados hasta ahora oscuros. Los próximos números de la revista contendrán bajo tres títulos, a saber: "Sobre los instintos y sus destinos" "Represión", e "Inconsciente", una especie de síntesis psicológica de mis descubrimientos anteriores; incompleta, por supuesto, como todo lo que hago, pero no, con todo, sin algún contenido nuevo. Especialmente el artículo sobre lo "Inconsciente" comunicará una nueva determinación del mismo, que de hecho viene a ser una especie de reconocimiento. En su día (¡dentro de 6 meses!) me permitiré solicitar su parecer. ¡Esperamos que reine ya la paz!

El Dr. Abraham está actualmente en D[deutsch] Eylau (Prusia Occidental) Mi primogénito se encuentra desde hace dos meses en el frente, probablemente en Galitzia; sus quejas sólo se refieren a los bichos y a las enfermedades artificiales provenientes de la vacunación. El segundo de mis hijos espera en Klagenfurt hasta que quieran llamarlo.

Diga usted al señor R. M. Rilke que tengo también una hija de 19 años\* que conoce sus poesías y se las sabe en parte de memoria, y le envidia al hermano en Klagenfurt el saludo que le mandó.

Con los mejores saludos y deseos  
*Su Freud*

*Göttingen, 15 de julio de 1915*

Querido señor profesor:

Le doy cordialmente las gracias por el envío de los dos sobretiros y he extraído

ya mucho de su riqueza, me he alegrado mucho y he conversado mucho con usted antes de acosarle nuevamente con una carta larga. En *Triebe und Triebchicksale* [los instintos y sus destinos] he percibido como novedad, que me ha ilustrado extraordinariamente, el hecho de que amor y odio (98, 99) no derivan de "la división de un algo originalmente común"\* , esto es: como mero amor de signo negativo y ligado siempre al supuesto de una represión, al odio como tal se le había atribuido siempre, hasta el presente, algo patológico, que ahora sólo resultaría para él de una concurrencia regresiva del impulso del yo y la función sexual. Es nueva asimismo la expresión "yo-real"\* (96, 97) para distinguir lo del "yo-del-puro-placer", que se opone al mundo exterior cual algo ya separado, después de la unidad de sujeto y objeto narcisista. El porqué esta palabra me guste tanto, y si no ponga yo acaso en ella demasiado, esto me gustaría comentarlo a fondo, si no desesperara de poder hacerlo por carta. Creo que en todas estas cuestiones le sigo a usted en cuanto al *pensamiento*, pero lo hago tal vez con un *giro algo distinto de sentimientos*. Las dos cosas se me hacen también perfectamente claras en el artículo sobre Guerra y muerte\*, en el que resulta tan reconfortante y consolador oír hablar una voz que nos sale a todos del corazón, a todos "nosotros", quienes, dispersos ahora por diversas clases de países y naciones, formamos un pueblo solidario de individuos. Pero cuando usted dice para terminar: es correcto corregir la ilusión anterior, por mucho que en cierto modo represente una regresión, un paso atrás hacia concepciones más ingenuas son no sólo lo más primitivo, sino al propio tiempo también expresión de "variedades" que a nuestro yo demasiado cultivado se le van perdiendo paulatinamente. Detrás de la superstición del "héroe", de que a él nada puede acontecerle, se encuentra todavía algo del hecho, presente en alguna forma en su narcisismo, de que él y todo el resto del mundo no son dos entidades distintas, sino, en el fondo, una y la misma cosa; y cuando "verdaderos" héroes singulares se deciden a sacrificar su vida por "ideas", no hacen más que sublimar esta convicción en grado monstruoso: hacia la unidad con los significados espirituales. Porque no es en modo alguno casual -como usted mismo lo señala (19)- que todo verdadero temor de la muerte sea algo "secundario" y surgido de una "conciencia de culpabilidad" (o sea, de elementos patológicos, después de todo); porque es el caso que vivimos en una seguridad universal (1) de la que solamente el sentimiento más agudo y exagerado del yo puede ahuyentarnos, hacia la duda y la inquietud. Y lo propio ocurre con el consuelo en el caso de pérdidas personales; en efecto, el individuo altamente sublimado que descarga su duelo en actividades de entrega social, por ejemplo, hace en realidad algo parecido al que

(1) [Al margen] creo también que las representaciones de inmortalidad más primitivas no provienen tanto del miedo, como del propósito de simbolizar dicha seguridad: *originariamente*.

ama primitivamente a aquel a quien la cosa amada se le vuelve a aparecer "en todo", lo mismo que antes lo fuera "todo" para él. Y por lo que se refiere a lo tercero, a nuestro "deseo homicida", que se hace sentir siempre inclusive en el amor, este deseo encuentra justificación en el mismo narcismo, al que, en el fondo, no le interesan en modo alguno las personas; en efecto, en la raíz básica, en donde el narcismo no bien desprendido todavía del objeto, el narcismo que sabe del "objeto", se transforma en el yo propio que se enfrenta al mundo, ha de producir aparentemente, en esta forma, flores malas: "malas" desde el punto de vista del amor ulterior del objeto.

En los cuadernos\* que recibí poco después de las dos copias especiales, diversas cosas me interesaron mucho; la *Imago* viene esta vez muy erudita: Rank, el pequeño Lorenz\* (que siempre actuaba como una muchacha, pero que es, con todo, muy inteligente), y ahora inclusive la sabiduría de la Hug-Hellmuth\*, todo esto me impresiona terriblemente. En la *Zeitschrift*, su caso de fetichismo\* es aleccionador. Por lo demás, ¿no forma acaso parte la *juría coleccionista* del fetichista (que nunca se satisface con un solo objeto) de los elementos que aproximan este curioso impulso a lo anal-erótico, lo mismo que su carácter asocial [un partnerische] la renuncia al individuo? En un par de casos se me ha ocurrido pensar que más de un ritual en el caso de neuróticos obsesivos en los que se trata de objetos determinados, implicaba un fetichismo, sólo que para el neurótico obsesivo esto sigue siendo un mero medio de permitirse su objetivo sexual, en tanto que el fetichista es aquí su propio objetivo y, en la medida en que esto es así procede de modo más ascético todavía que el enfermo obsesivo, ya tan sujeto, por su parte, a la represión (y es este ascetismo el que ha inducido a Stekel\* a intrincarse en fundamentaciones religiosas y morales del fetichismo). Pero es el caso que aquél sólo parece obrar de modo más ascético, siendo así que en realidad ha sustraído su amor al objeto humano y lo ha aplicado analeróticamente a su posesión fragmentaria. Al leer entre las "comunicaciones" la de Weiss, en la que se reproducen las observaciones de la correspondiente discusión del miércoles, volví a ver claramente ante mí la mesa entera, y vi cuán fecunda puede resultar una simple comunicación breve gracias a la discusión que usted dirige -¡me gustaría tanto volver a sentarme entre ustedes en el otoño!

Mientras tanto he escrito un par de cosas\*, redactadas de tal modo que pueden hablar también de Freud al público en periódicos que no sean los de Freud, siempre que hubiéramos progresado tanto que en los periódicos se acepte algo más que el solo patriotismo. Por lo que se refiere a contribuciones directas, por las que usted pregunta amablemente, tengo sin duda la larga contribución de la que le hablé a usted el verano pasado y que yo había titulado *Anal und Sexual*, aunque es posible que, con los meses transcurridos, resulte un poco anticuado, ¿qué le parece a usted? Además, necesitaría poder mandárselo a usted mismo, con el ruego de que se sirviera leerla oportunamente, para ver si

está de acuerdo; la publicación de este trabajo no tiene interés alguno para mí, si usted no lo considera útil a su causa.

Desde que nos escribimos por última vez es posible que se haya producido una cantidad de preocupaciones y de agitación a su alrededor. He pensado a menudo en ello. Supongo que ahora no está usted en Viena. Espero que tenga usted pronto buenas noticias de sus dos hijos; también el segundo estará ahora probablemente en el frente ya. Que Dios proteja su casa. Y que este tiempo de horror sea para usted tan curiosamente rico, con todo y a pesar de todo, que usted pueda regalarnos con mayor abundancia que nunca.

Con muchos saludos

su Lou Andreas

Karlsbad, Rudolshof, 30 de julio de 1915

Distinguida señora:

Le escribo a usted desde un idilio que mi esposa y yo nos hemos procurado con porfía y tesón, y en el que las exigencias del tiempo vuelven a penetrar siempre inoportunas. Hace aproximadamente una semana, nuestro primogénito escribió que una bala le atravesó el gorro y otra le rozó el brazo, pero sin que las dos cosas interrumpieran su actividad, y hoy nos comunica el otro guerrero que mañana sale también para el norte. Mi pequeña, de la que tal vez usted se acuerde, está con la abuela, de 80 años, en Ischl, y escribe, preocupada: ¿Cómo podré "atender" yo sola, el año próximo, a 6 niños? Toda vez que no nos atrevemos bien a mirar al futuro, vivimos al día y le sacamos lo que podemos.

Sus cartas constituyen ahora una doble recompensa de mis envíos. Digo ahora, porque estoy solo, y de todos los colaboradores sólo veo a Ferenczi resistir a la influencia militar y adherir a la comunidad. Toda vez que también él está confinado en su guarnición de Pápa, me siento a menudo tan solo como en los primeros diez años\*, en que extendía el desierto a mi alrededor, pero yo era más joven y disponía de una energía ilimitada para esperar. Será fruto probablemente de este tiempo un libro compuesto de 12 estudios, que empiezan con *los instintos* y *sus destinos*. Pero creo recordar que ya se lo había anunciado a usted. Acabo precisamente de terminarlo y ya sólo falta el trabajo complementario de la composición y la adaptación de las diversas piezas.

Cada vez que leo una de sus cartas dictaminadoras me maravillo de su arte de ir más allá de lo dicho, de completarlo y de hacerlo converger en un punto lejano. Por supuesto, no la sigo a usted de inmediato. ¡Siento en ocasiones tan poca necesidad de síntesis! La unidad de este mundo se me antoja algo evidente y que no vale la pena destacar. Lo que me interesa es la separación y la articulación de aquello que, de otro modo, confluiría en una papilla originaria. Y tampoco la seguridad que encontramos expresada de la

manera más bella en el *Anibal de Grabbe*: De este mundo no vamos a caer, me parece constituir un sustitutivo suficiente para el abandono de los límites del yo, que puede resultar suficientemente doloroso. En resumen, por lo visto soy analítico, y creo que la síntesis no presenta dificultades, si se empieza teniendo el análisis.

Desde el mismo punto de vista objetaría también su justificación del "deseo homicida". Se trata de no subvalorar la barrera de displacer que asume aquí la articulación.

Su carta contiene también una promesa valiosa. (No me refiero a acción sintomática alguna). Me gustaría mucho leer *Anal und Sexual*, y si nuestras revistas siguen pudiendo sostenerse, me ocuparé de su publicación. Pero, ¿cómo y adónde se manda el manuscrito? Yo estaré aquí todavía hasta aproximadamente el 10 de agosto; el envío a Viena, donde mi casa permanece abierta es seguro en todo caso. Me han advertido que todos los envíos escritos están sujetos a una censura severa. Espero, sin embargo que el envío sea de todos modos posible.

Cuándo nos volveremos a encontrar todos, nosotros, miembros dispersos de una comunidad apolítica, y si entonces se verá o no cuánto la política nos ha perjudicado, esto no estoy en condiciones de decirlo. No puedo ser optimista, y creo que sólo me distingo de los pesimistas por cuanto lo malo, necio y absurdo no me desconcierta, porque es el caso que ya de antemano lo he asumido en la composición del mundo. Mi amigo Putnam sostiene en un libro de reciente aparición, que lo perfecto tiene una realidad no sólo psíquica, sino también material. No se puede hacer nada con este hombre ¡tiene que hacerse pesimista!

Deseo que siga usted bien en estos tiempos difíciles, y acuérdesese de mí, aun si no tengo nada que enviarle.

Su devoto servidor  
Freud

Göttingen, 7 de noviembre de 1915

Querido señor profesor:

Espero que el disparo a través del gorro y la rozadura del brazo sean lo único malo que le haya acontecido a su primogénito, y espero que su segundo, que partía precisamente cuando usted me escribió de Karlsbad, haya sido preservado. Aunque después de la breve tarjeta de gracias no volviera a escribir, he pensado a menudo, con todo, en usted y su casa, en donde ahora su hija más joven, según su magnífica expresión "ha de atender sola a 6".

Espero que el libro que usted me anunciaba no aparecerá solamente después de que las diversas secciones hayan sido publicadas por completo en

la Zeitschrift, lo que ahora sólo puede tener lugar lentamente. En el último cuaderno leí *Die Verdrängung* [La represión], ¡con sólo una grave represión de las ganas de leer las secciones siguientes!. Pese a lo cual, precisamente esta pieza me ha ocupado mucho y me ha dado mucho qué pensar. ¡Es tan bello ver cómo estas cosas se van haciendo cada vez más ricas, a medida que usted las vuelve a tratar! Lo mismo me ocurre por otra parte, con *viejos* trabajos suyos, por el hecho de que puedo asimilármelos más ricamente que al principio, cuando sólo se me revelaban en su aspecto más obvio. Por lo demás, quisiera aprovechar aquí la ocasión y preguntarle, con modesto desvergonzamiento, si no le sobra a usted tal vez un sobretiro de sus *Bemerkungen über einen fall von Zwangsneurose* [Análisis de un caso de neurosis obsesiva], que en el Anuario es tan difícil de manejar y es importante para mí en cada una de sus palabras.

En *La Represión* me alegró un pasaje extraordinariamente, esto es, la indicación, en p. 157, de que la formación reactiva resulta posible gracias a la precedencia del impulso de ternura antes del sádico, o sea, pues, que en lo que forma la reacción se encuentra contenido ya un retorno positivo. Usted habla especialmente al respecto de la relación de ambivalencia en el estado neurótico-obsesivo; pero sucede que algo análogo se da en todos nosotros, mediante la unión y la oposición de las tendencias sexuales y del yo, como una especie de ida y vuelta parecida. Y yo había tratado de aclararme siempre de este modo el proceso propio tanto de la "idealización" como de la "sublimación", el cual -como usted subraya aquí y lo había hecho ya antes- está siempre tan cerca del condenar y desvalorar. A mí me parece que ocurre aquí algo parecido a aquello de "volcar la bañera con el niño dentro"; esto es: si el pobre niño no queda permanentemente adherido mediante una fijación neurótica al agua vertida, entonces volverá con seguridad a un nuevo método de tratamiento más razonable, aunque en adelante, temiendo *curiosamente* el agua. Como si la permanencia de una sola vez en la bañera lo hubiera hecho tan puro como amianto, y la volcadura lo hubiera drenado interiormente.

En forma menos burda se dice también algo de esto en aquel trabajo *Anal und Sexual*, que le voy a enviar ahora a pesar de sus años, puesto que usted me lo propone. Lo perjudica mucho el hecho de que entonces no había podido incorporar todavía las últimas manifestaciones tuyas pero, en cuanto a rehacerlo formalmente una vez más por entero, mi pereza se arredró ante esta perspectiva.

Sin embargo, si considero cuánto bien he recibido de su psico-análisis aun en este año de inmensa tragedia, me gustaría serle a usted mucho más útil de lo que soy. Siempre que sus aclaraciones me caen como una bendición en el alma, porque no sólo me benefician teóricamente sino que me hacen progresar en el sentido más humano, siento desbordarse en mí el más profundo agradecimiento. Y entonces siento, con fuerza, que distinguirá a la humanidad del mañana el que haya sabido instalarse o no en este modo de sentir y pensar,

distinguiéndola más de lo anterior, en la medida en que lo haya hecho, que los acontecimientos más revolucionarios.

Siga usted bien y reciba todos los buenos deseos de su

*Lou Andreas.*

*Viena, 9 de noviembre de 1915*

Distinguida señora:

Usted sabe insuflarle a uno ánimo y humor. No creería, por mi parte, y menos ahora en mi aislamiento, que mi trabajo pueda representar tanto para nadie más, o que nadie más sepa leer tantas cosas en mis palabras. Aunque a usted se lo creo, por supuesto. Además, muestra usted una manera muy delicada de indicar dónde se hacen sensibles las lagunas y dónde se hace sentir la necesidad de un desarrollo; sólo que yo, como usted sabe, me contento siempre con aspectos aislados y fragmentarios.

Su trabajo, *Anal und Sexual*, es esperado con impaciencia, no sé si por la *Zeitschrift* o por *Imago*. Las dos siguen vegetando, en efecto, gracias a un editor valiente, pero caprichoso. Acabo precisamente de adoptar la publicación de mi conferencia elemental, que vuelvo a repetir este año. La vez anterior estaba usted entre los oyentes, y yo podía orientarme, por la expresión de su cara, acerca de si la cosa iba bien o no.

El ejemplar de sobretiro que usted me pide ha salido hoy de aquí a su dirección. La nueva colección, de la que aparece ahora *lo Inconsciente\** en la *Zeitschrift* no se proseguirá allí, como usted acertadamente supone. Pero no sé si a causa de esto el libro verá o no más temprano la luz de la publicidad. Quiero mandar las conferencias por delante y tomarme tiempo para la redacción definitiva de algunos de los artículos. Todos estos trabajos sufren de la falta de buen humor y en su función de autoaturdimiento.

Toda vez que usted se interesa amablemente por toda mi familia, no quiero ocultarle que mi segundo guerrero (el entusiasta de Rilke, que en aquellos tiempos felices estudiaba arquitectura en Munich) ha tenido un caso de suerte parecido al que le ocurrió en su día al primogénito. Por casualidad no se encontraba en el abrigo en que todos sus artilleros habían buscado protección durante el bombardeo del altiplano de Karst y fue el único, así, que escapó al destino de verse sepultado y enterrado por una granada. ¿Cree usted que podamos confiar en la repetición regular de semejantes casualidades? El otro (el mayor) estuvo de repente aquí en octubre por medio día, de paso en un traslado del norte al sur, garbosamente descuidado y condecorado con la [medalla] de plata del valor.

Ahora las noticias de ambos son más tranquilas.

Con mis gracias más cordiales,

*Su Freud*

LUCES DE LINTERNAS ROTAS

Luces de linternas rotas  
pueden brillar sobre olvidados rostros,  
hacer moverse como antorchas al viento  
la sombra de potrillos muertos,  
guiar la ciega marcha de las nuevas raíces.

Una débil columna de humo a mediodía  
puede durar más que las noches de mil años,  
la luz de una linterna rota  
ha brillado más que el sol en el oeste.

Una mano sobre las aguas  
encuentra las mañanas que perdimos.  
En las pupilas de un niño  
de nuevo se reflejarán los pescadores  
devorados por las viejas mareas.

Alguien escuchará nuestros pasos  
cuando nuestros pies sean terrones deformes,  
alguien soñará con nosotros  
cuando seamos menos que un sueño,  
y en el agua en la cual pusimos nuestras manos  
siempre habrá una mano  
descubriendo las mañanas que perdimos.



THE HOUSE OF OKUMURA XIV

Arguing at Mori's  
over HARA-KIRI,  
to allow another  
his being

(that film wch so

hit me, placed  
me in Kyoto  
medieval Japan  
a reality, the peoples  
faces today, opened  
me to the stalls,

I remember looking at  
my noodles in the red-  
bannered shop

when I came out sunlight  
as it always seems to be in my life,  
at the bathroom window  
when I sat puzzled on the toilet  
at twelve

sunlight on the dusty alley dirt  
between the cheap pants shops, jewelers, by  
the Shijo-Gekkikan,

what they did to that boy turns  
back so terribly upon itself, gave him, to uphold  
the honor  
of the law, he had lost his sword he must  
pay the price

Great Crimes Carolee calls them, against  
the great humanity  
always one man,  
this boy

or her lover who cannot budge from his room  
great crimes committed  
Reich tells us before we could speak  
so we entered the broken world  
Crane at 2

John in Chicago today, in a blaze of light  
King on eternal Throne  
Egyptian ruler in the shape of the human aura entombed in light  
That any man can walk past a church & see Jesus his glorified

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

body and worship it  
-- his sentence, to adore  
what we' ve given up on forever  
Not Dillinger nor the Kid  
John at 4

notch  
the knife makes  
the bamboo-stick  
going like a ferret  
into the body's rabbit-hole,  
scared babies cowered  
bouncing thru the terror man lies  
is law, stasis  
where is in fact Eden  
fucking, rolling & sucking the beloved  
great tangle  
the real order  
thru wch our spiritum flows

Great Crimes in the name of Mori  
kind priest in whose house that night  
I argued & argued, a man on a wild horse forever  
riding out unrideable life  
to allow  
another  
being

hollow  
for you

as such  
am I  
hallowed  
true tabernacle

weaned

HYMN 2

There is no sealing,  
more a steady deepening  
or acquaintance  
with what unknown,

take your face  
how it evokes  
what you told me  
always to remember:

no one will ever  
love you like I do

an absolute mystery  
of eye and smile,  
and the certainty

we will never again  
live with each other  
is a greater mystery,  
it questions

all I am, what  
do I feel about  
anyone, you pull

off the undershirt  
of the son with my  
face in a photo

tossed on my desk  
smiling  
as he is  
smiling,  
and I smile

as I wince in  
the cutting knowing  
you are one person  
I will never again  
know more than now  
I do,

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

a vow,  
as if wave hit rock,  
burst,  
as night lit stars  
semen  
seamen,

as if the poem  
suddenly said to me

you can follow me  
only out

12 May 1968

RICHARD MORRIS

FUGUE FOR BONNIE

I was alone.  
I whispered my  
memories.  
They scattered  
in the wind.  
I was alone  
with my hands, my  
broken voice,  
with the living bone  
beneath my skin.

As I moved toward death  
I read and walked  
nights, I passed a boy afraid  
of a dog, a wino dead  
in a cheap hotel , I passed  
bums, musicians, an old man  
shoveling snow.

I was alone.  
I took down the moon.  
The moon was a stone.

I felt night in my skin,  
the sun in my bone

as I moved toward death  
among bums, musicians,  
a wino dead,  
an old man's gasping breath.

I was alone.  
I drowned my voice  
in the wind.  
I was alone  
with my hands, the  
night, and memory,  
with the dying bone  
beneath my skin.

I walk.  
It is a long way to death.  
I am alone  
with my hands and a dying  
sea, bone, and my breath.

### POEM WITH BORROWINGS FROM GÜNTER GRASS

A lynching: 1919 —2 niggers  
strung on a tree, a lot of pigeon,  
Their cooings abolish no lions.

Who listens, then? Their necks strangle  
our ears, prophets take the upper  
hand. A lynching: folks gather round

to watch. Their blood has no myths. Bells  
exult after the act. Hanging dead,  
perchance to laugh, condone our deed.

Ashes push on, embers, and evil.  
These are residue: mites in the field,  
two ropes, two necks, air, the tree.

RICHARD MORRIS

HOURS

(after the German of Yvan Goll)

girls carrying water  
free & easy girls  
heavily  
they stride down  
    the street  
    of the dead  
on each  
    head  
    a jug filled with time  
a harvest  
    of drops that  
    already  
    ripens  
waterfalls      rivers  
    tears  
    fog  
    mist  
always  
    clandestine drops  
    of  
    ever more  
    meagre  
time  
    phantom water  
carriers  
    already vanished  
    eternity  
    already ordained

I ARRIVE IN MADRID

The wretched of the earth  
are my brothers.  
Neither priest  
nor state  
nor state of mind  
is all God is  
who have put up for so long  
with my drinking & all my restlessness  
my hot & cold running around  
unwired  
to any dogma,  
the way I let the eyes  
of dark women  
in southern countries  
rock my head  
like a translucent vessel  
in turbulent waters.

Long have I longed for adventure  
a peculiar kind of romance  
on the high seas of this planet  
Victimized at last  
I float alone  
exploring time  
in search of tenderness  
a love  
with no passage attached.

So this is dictatorship,  
a watery monday morning  
smell of the atlantic  
still blowing thru me.  
If you have ever died or been born  
you will understand  
when I speak of everything being salty  
like the taste of my mama's tears  
when I came back to earth  
thru her  
after so much of the bombing & blood-letting  
had taken place here

when Spain was the name of some country  
she'd heard tell of from the words of a popular  
song,  
publicized over the radio.

This city too  
feels as tho it's held together by publicity  
but publicity is going to lose its power  
over the lives of men  
once we have figured out just what within us  
is more powerful & more beautiful  
than program or text.

For now  
there is language & Spanish to cope with,  
there are eyelashes & chromosomes  
pesetas pounds francs & dollars  
& a poverty even wine cannot shut out.

## SOME RECENT FICTION

(1)

He ran his hands thru her hair  
slowly  
as tho he were relishing the feel  
of expensive Italian corduroy.  
The light of Venus did a little dance  
way over in the eastern sky.  
"Spring again,"  
she murmured,  
moving herself thru water  
soft brown breasts bobbing gingerly  
sending electric symbols thru him  
for the extent of his naiveté  
was a public thing  
known publicly by his mother.  
Zara is running thru fields of poppies,  
she scoops up five fingers of cool earth  
& rubs it into her cheeks



in fierce denial of her albescence,  
 funky cloud passing over the moon itself.  
 "Get it on,  
 you little s'pose-to-be- white girl"  
 shouts Superspook in a fit of pique.  
 He knew her other lover,  
 the very pig who represented  
 all white savagery to him,  
 cloaked society  
 that by dint of respectability could...  
*The Pig can always move in brother*  
*with his heavy weapons*  
*& blow us away*  
 -- his ultimate fear revisiting him,  
 cool young girl trembling  
 under his hard erotic touch.  
 "Hell I'll up & make me an anthem of my own"  
 the black voice was heard to declare  
 cutting thru the narcotic haze of memory  
 that shimmered over the room to the very  
 stained glass windows  
 built on bitter black sweat.  
 A little thing drifted back from childhood,  
 he knew at last the meaning of meaning,  
 thoughts of wilderness  
 & the touch of what was  
 & what was not sexual  
 purely  
 a little dream victory galloping thru him.  
 "I love you, Hitler."  
 She remembered that phrase  
 spoken in earnest  
 & established  
 by white-haired literatti  
 who she had once esteemed  
 in her windblown university days  
 at Bootlick State.  
 The two men & the girl  
 at sunrise  
 writhed quietly  
 in rock agony

as the radio clock  
buzzed & bounced with all the beats.

All skies fizzled.

(2)

It is the time of the prosaic showdown.  
Noon & Dickens brighten her bones.  
She knew the time coming  
when she would be required to brandish a gun  
& wave it in the face of even best friends,  
of poor Agones the pathetic acid  
head  
in whose loins  
the Afro-Anglo-Indian milieu  
revolved like an IBM typewriter ball  
splattering piecemeal  
her spiralworm tape code genetics  
more complex than thunderbird circuitry  
made naked  
by degrees.  
"If I had my way  
I would lick the very white from your eyes  
I would  
& jet you away up & out of this melting pot  
become pressure cooker,  
he pronounced  
reminding her of Thad  
when they were first wed  
in office worker Cleveland  
the 35 wedding soup  
& his acting their only hope  
her city welfare childhood  
Pa packing them all up to them opportunity  
cities the smoke choking  
even the sodas had soot on the surface  
& over-psychoanalysed Frederick  
poor chump seeking to seduce  
her irate Trinidadian stepmother  
before the blue of her world  
turned ashen rose

wind cutting thru  
 her mind  
 like lust  
 the baby so far away  
 the FM loneliness  
 scotches & marijuanas Rod would bring  
 Thad would wound her if he found out  
 cold blade of life cutting  
 her down & opening up her vegetable heart.  
 the uneaten orders  
 undusted shelves  
 the tinned fruits & soups on shelves,

the jolly green giantess  
 trembling in the world air  
 that closes in  
 like a trap,  
 like a suburb  
 tuesdays.

(3)

I shot my sweet tongue down into her craw  
 & pulled the knife from its heart of veins  
 everything happening & running  
 together like blood.  
 Zara if you love me  
 kiss this manuscript  
 take me back thru guillotine days  
 & help me prove my innocence  
 the women hanging all off me  
 the gambles I took  
 to come out straight  
 a bright-haired  
 bright-eyed  
 advocate  
 of everything interesting  
 interesting & healthy  
 the healthy films that are going to be made  
 the big tits  
 box office  
 the way they forced me into confederate  
 uniforms

the perils of Atlantic  
guns my ma left me in her will  
to shoot down Billy  
the time you thrilled me in Rome  
& the ravishing beans they kept pushing on me  
in New Orleans.  
Kiss me with your Quasimodo lips  
hug me Raskolnikov  
press me to your bosom Ché

If you will soothe me  
just a shade more  
I will tell you why our president  
deserves the medal more than Zeus,  
I will tell you  
why I love my own consciousness  
more than anything  
& we can set the puke-  
colored flag of  
all inferior countries  
out to dry  
on windowsills of the word  
the word enemy  
& map some new neo-colonialist pimp  
kisses gentle reader  
creep who buys my hustle.  
Kiss this revolutionary on the lips,  
everybody tingling,  
you must esteem me perfectly  
in the passes I've made toward Virtue  
& if I flounder ever  
it is because everyman  
adores himself  
in my new city skin.

## PARIS 1963

I couldnt ever tell you  
 just what might have been going on,  
 the gray brick nowhereness  
 of certain gendarmes  
 if you can dig it

But for now  
 you follow me into ice cream places  
 where they push hamburgers  
 & beer too  
 where nothing seems to have changed  
 since Worcester  
 where I can feel the flirtiness  
 of meat heart rising in the streets,  
 a european princess  
 easing herself up next to me  
 dead on the Champs Elysees

I buy my *jetons*  
 & make phonecalls like a nice fellow  
 to whom directions are mapped out sweetly  
 by tender old ladies born in Rue la Bruyere  
 as all the african brothers  
 hop on W off the metro  
 jammed up with birds & algerians

England no  
 this is France  
 another colonial power environment  
 far from Richard Wright's  
 or my own wrong Mississippi  
 Encircled by luminous space  
 I lay my woolly head  
 against your tan belly of Italy  
 & listen to the fat cars in the streets  
 hometown of the bourgeoisie  
 & clean creamy ladies & you  
 sparkle darkly  
 where I too  
 am pregnant  
 with astonishment

THE DREAM OF THE GUERRILLAS

*With their heavy boots, with their old rifles,  
with the clear morning of the world in their hands,  
the guerrilleros arrive.  
The guerrilleros arrive and they bring the  
dawn.*

--Felix Pita Rodríguez

In the night, in the lonely bed  
the dream of the guerrillas:  
hillsides of vast carnival structures  
of steel, whirling me out to a lost handgrip  
after my father waits with one leg in  
my brother's coffin, whirling,  
as a stream of lead hoses a body to bits  
under the noise of the nightly warplanes.

The tangle of sheets in itchy skin.  
The first guitar notes from  
under the floor, with the creak of leather  
and the feel of gun oil on their fingers, sweat  
under the broad sun, and laughing the windy hair  
from their eyes, they stand up;  
they are the only men of the age who can stand  
kneel in the back, gasping in water,  
shot into spasms at short range  
they rise, open their books to a clean page  
and begin. And of the coolness of her body:  
freeways turn in the dark, spinning  
a string of lights past huge signs and music  
saying: the guerrillas, the guerrillas are coming  
for you, and you must go with them.

And night quiet  
after the dream.  
Street lights burn on.  
The slogans are calm on dim walls. The clock,  
the clock says: now  
the guerrillas are coming and you must go with them.



TOM WAYMAN

to applaud  
that we've got to take part  
to be right. Is this true?

So  
we struggle, Doug  
since we must  
and what of the rain forever.

## FIELD WORK

"In the field of the poem the unexpected  
must come"  
--this Duncan. I worry that  
the poem not written  
is a nuance lost.

Whenever We gather  
to read color and light, "to celebrate  
life"  
even read dull ones  
reject the war, *nobody endorsing,*  
no praise all  
even those not in  
struggle, or the ones whose art  
carries nothing of it  
at all. We gather

raking the field: slow work  
from blue note card to the lined page  
and typewriter-theodolite at the edge the field  
for measure.  
Always pulling the long handle  
and metal teeth: leaving slow lines after  
dirt, sticks, rocks  
all moved, but here.

All images by those with nothing  
about it, or the causes here, are  
air, their bodies,  
intense minds thinking nothing



about, songs, the rough bark of a seal  
 (on the sea rocks at night of fir  
 in the wind)

Or plastic pellets  
 in the fragmentation bombs  
 so the X-rays can't

Billboard beauties  
 across the room touching their hair  
 crying  
 1,000 rounds a minute and convertible:  
 "a plastic stock makes it a shoulder weapon;  
 with folding feet installed and a belt to re-  
 place the bullet clip, it becomes a tripod  
 medium machine gun  
 internally (where do the quotes end?  
 if its bullet "hits a man in the ankle  
 the shock and tissue damage will kill him outright)

Where is the nuance? What has been lost  
 endlessly discussing the endless news  
 making it:

the other war here  
 to fight the word self and the language  
 free from the words of the ad  
 vice to define self  
 by what to buy  
 Shell Oil in which she never stands  
 crawl past the Mustang  
 to make beauty from herself and me:  
 truth and beauty seen by those who don't care  
 to act are not true and beautiful  
 to those fumbling to  
 freedom  
 and what's read and written  
 criticism and anger, shouting out:  
 raking  
 the field  
 of fire

ARDILLA DE LOS TUNES DE UN KATUN

Ay los ojos de los niños no pueden leer las escrituras.

Los libros de madera. La escritura  
en la piedra. Y ellos son como ciegos...  
nuestros hijos.

Lloran en la noche, Cuy, Lechuza, Icim, Buho  
entre las ruinas.

Y cuando lloran

el indio muere.

Dispersados los hombres que cantan.

Los Jaguares son condecorados.

Juntas Militares sobre montones de calaveras  
y zopilotes comiendo ojos

El dictador sacrificado-que-saca-corazones-humanos

Miss Guatemala asesinada

por la "Mano Blanca"

Y vino a flechar la United Fruit Co., vino a flechar  
al moto, a la viuda, al miserable.

Han comido Quetzal, lo han comido frito.

¿No nos han degradado ya bastante?

Gobernemos para arrebatarle el dinero al pueblo así dijeron

¿Y acaso saben de nuestros días, de las estrellas?

el Calendario

como una mierda.

Impuestos, para pedir limosna al mendigo, al miserable.

Chilán Poeta Intérprete Sacerdote hace saber

que ya llegó la primera luna llena del katún

luna encinta

El tiempo en que el Presidente vomite lo que tragó  
y la reina de belleza resucite en la Estación de Policía

Dirá:

dígame cómo se va a Chichén Itzá

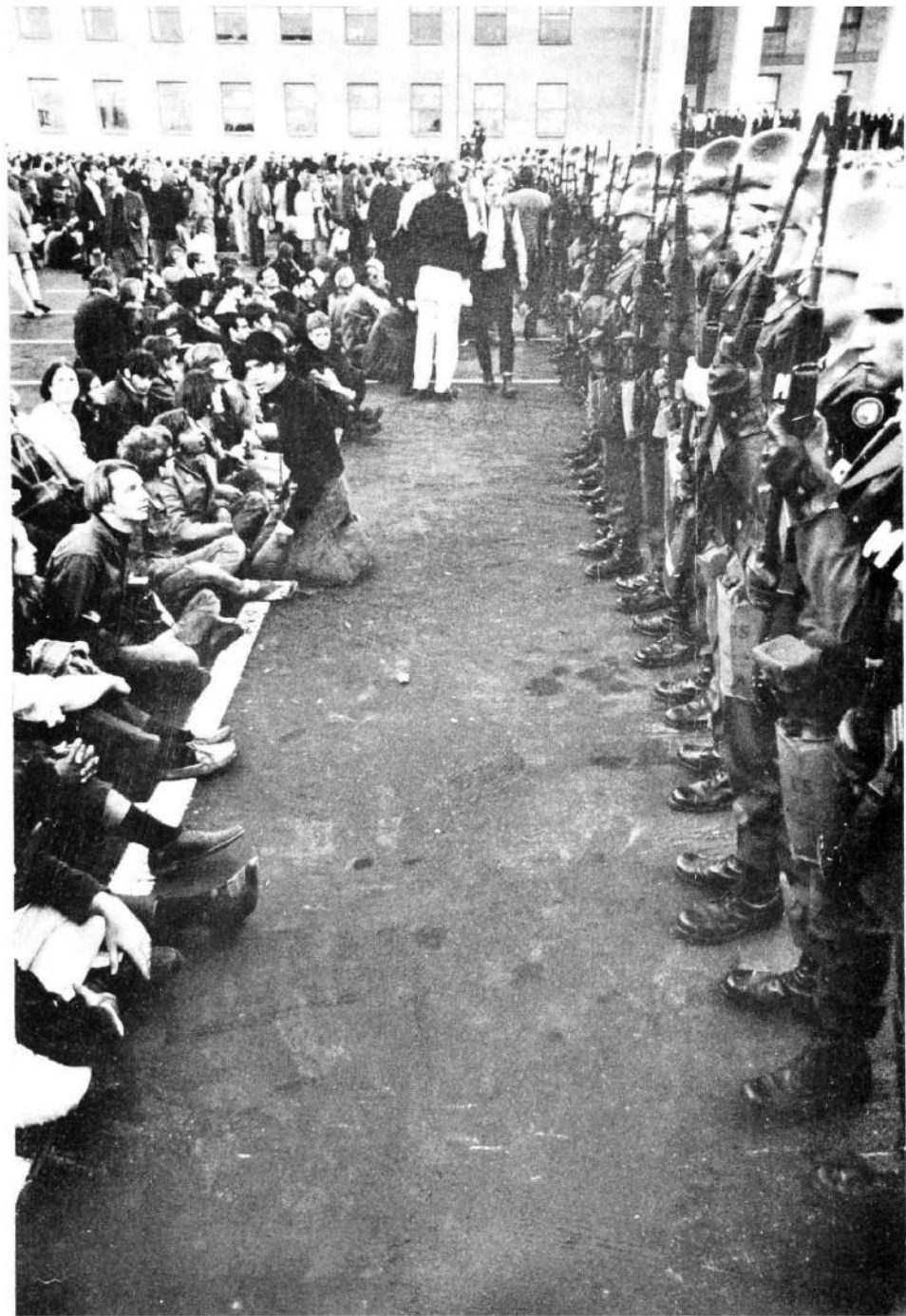
Y sí habrá alegría por la abundancia del pueblo (no  
aflicción)

Mayapán será el lugar donde se cambie el katún.

Cuceb quiere decir Revolución

literalmente "Ardilla" (lo que gira)

Será entonces el fin de su mendicidad y de su codicia.



















LETANIA POR LOS MUERTOS DE VIETNAM

*(traducción de Ernesto Cardenal)*

Estoy sentado en la acera en la esquina de Saint Mark's Place y  
la Segunda Avenida junto al restaurante de mariscos;  
la pared tiembla como una leche hiviendo con las noticias de los  
bombardeos.

Con los ojos del espíritu veo los arrozales y al Vietcong herido.

Yo soy el Vietcong en el arrozal; yo soy su herida.

Yo soy la bala; yo digo cómo lo hice.

Yo soy la herida y el trapo que la limpia.

Yo soy su novia que le sostiene el rifle.

Yo soy las moscas haciéndose la guerra en el valle de su herida.

Yo soy sus dientes apretados.

Yo soy la palangana de agua que ella le da.

Yo soy la sangre que él vomita.

Yo soy el dolor en sus costillas pidiendo volver a casa.

Yo soy la carta que no escribió.

Yo soy su casa que ha andado ambulante por dieciocho años.

Yo soy el atardecer, la hora de la oración.

Yo soy la oración -sí, pero las palabras se escapan.

Yo soy su novia que apunta con su rifle.

Yo soy el amor del dedo y el gatillo.

Yo soy el espacio de viento que hay en las miras.

Yo soy el único medio de comunicación, la bala que canta de gozo.

Yo soy la puntería, yo soy trayectoria y blanco.

Yo soy el soldado gringo y su herida.

Yo soy el Vietcong y su herida.

Somos la misma herida.

Somos el mismo hombre.

Somos del mismo color.

Cuando el sol se pone  
somos rojos.

Estoy sentado en la acera entre Saint Mark y la Segunda Avenida  
y me cago de miedo.

LOS MONOS

(Trad. de E. C.)

En Villahermosa  
había tres monos  
en una jaula como esclavos  
pero con colas bárbaramente líricas,  
y uno de ellos se me acercó  
abrazándose la boca  
tal vez para dejar de reír  
y aunque ya he viajado mucho  
nunca le he dado la mano a un mono  
y éste  
tenía dedos como de pianista  
pero era mucho más delicado.  
Y cuando me palmeó en la cabeza  
podía haber sido un sacerdote  
si no se hubiera ido brincandito a orinar.  
Ah, ése es mi hermano hipócrita!

*EMPACADO EN UN TAXI*

(Trad. de Carlos Coronel Kautz)

Empacado en un taxi como equipaje,  
incómodo como alguien  
que se prepara para Munich,  
¿cómo decirle al taxista  
que no soy gringo?  
quiero excusarme de Vietnam  
y al mismo tiempo no pagar  
más de unos cinco pesos,  
o no perder el bus,  
ni encarar esas caras  
fuera de las hambrientas cuarterías  
-un mal hombre azotado por el tiempo.  
Y tomando una súbita esquina  
doy al taxista todo mi cambio.  
No soy ya inglés ni americano.  
Soy la lluvia golpeándome la cara.

CARNE SOLA

Fauno de la lujuria  
me has herido  
Tu carne se me afinca  
dando voces  
resbala tu calor entre mis dedos  
y tu presencia me nubla de puñales

Oh sencillez de amar y deseirla desnuda  
entre las piernas  
oh recordar el monte de la carne:  
pilastras  
monumentos  
rosas negras  
Oh palpar de angustias fornicantes  
oh soledad de espasmos insondables  
oh tumba de las cosas  
oh palidez eterna

DE LA ESPOSA

Cuando  
te miro  
    dormida  
a mi costado  
cuento  
los siglos  
que se acumularon  
para juntarnos  
en la misma  
almohada

MARCO ANTONIO FLORES

## DE TU NOMBRE

Para decir  
amor  
hay que tener  
muy alto  
el corazón  
y la ternura  
Hay que poner  
aljibes de aleluya  
en las raíces  
en las mañanas rojas  
en las lluvias  
Hay que inaugurar  
campanas  
y alzar la voz  
más alto  
que el oleaje

Para decir  
tu nombre  
hay que callar  
y tragarse  
muy hondo  
tu mirada

## CUARTO DE HOTEL

El teléfono negro  
me contempla  
Está en silencio  
Un par de bombillas y su lámpara  
alumbran mi mirada  
Al grito de mi mano

un lío de cigarros  
unos fósforos  
En una cama que no es mía  
leo a Nazim Hikmet El murió  
la semana pasada Fue  
el poeta del exilio  
de la cárcel  
Me he borrado los lentes de la cara  
Escribo al pie  
de mi reloj  
El pantalón cansado se abraza  
entre las piernas de la silla  
Es martes las tres de la mañana  
18 de junio  
Tantos dieciochos de junio  
en la vida de un hombre  
Es uno lento  
en un país ajeno a mis costumbres  
Me siento solo  
con mi cuarto de hotel  
y mis recuerdos  
Un sombrero  
se cuelga del mango de la puerta  
Una bandera azul y blanco  
reposa con tristeza  
en la pared  
Mis lentes negros  
me observan desde lejos  
en la mesa  
Un vaso de agua fría  
hace antesala  
Solo  
en este cuarto  
impersonal  
lejano a mis raíces  
pienso  
medito  
escribo

DE LAS PREGUNTAS

Recíbeme despacio  
sin pensarlo  
Tal cual soy recibe  
mi mirada  
y guárdala muy hondo  
de tu mano  
No preguntes de dónde vengo  
No inquieras quién soy  
ni cuando  
vine  
porque te quemarías  
en el silencio  
que me ahoga  
harías trizas  
los atardeceres  
Por eso  
    no preguntes mi memoria

Guarda solamente  
el momento del beso



DEL HOGAR

No había nadie  
de repente  
se decoró de voces  
la mansión  
Eran tus años  
y tu figura encinta  
eran tu carcajada de agua clara  
y el puño de tu rostro

Se inauguró la estufa  
convidamos su llama a nuestra yunta  
para calmar el hambre con su talla  
Cortamos el silencio de tus labios  
Pusimos tu sombra en la pared  
haciendo juego con la mía

Ahora  
    tu sonido  
marcha de pie tronando sus espuelas  
tus besos van de noche  
                    de puntillas  
a la hondura del pecho  
y  
corazón de mar  
                    es  
el antiguo nombre que le dí a tu figura  
antes de que llegara al sitio de la siembra  
Ahora  
    al entreabrir cantando los postigos  
me da de bocanadas otro sol  
y el manojo de luces  
que me corté del pecho al desposarme  
los he sembrado en tu maceta fértil:  
brotarán campanas

A PROBLEM OF INNER SPACE

By the time Nathan John Sedgwick got to his office, Miss Crayton had already placed a volume of Blackstone on his desk. He adjusted the height of his chair, sat down, wriggled his toes, and spent the morning interviewing precedents as if they were possible employees. Sometimes within the silent conversations, sometimes outside and counterpointing, the typewriter started and stopped. But outside or inside, Sedgwick always knew it was there, and was aware too of Miss Crayton's presence, infinitely reverberating.

"Good morning, Mr. Walton."

"Good morning, Miss Crayton. I'd like to see Sedgwick when he has a moment."

"Alright, Sir, I'll let you know."

"You're looking chipper this morning, Miss Crayton."

"Thank you, Mr. Davis. It's a lovely day. And how are you?"

"Could I have six copies by noon?"

"I'll do my best."

"Damn transit strike has the whole city tied up."

"Did you hear the mayor's speech?"

"I'll do my best."

"I thought he was speaking at 9 P. M., not 9 A. M."

"Yes, early."

"Hah!"

"Can you remember where we put those papers Benedict brought over here yesterday?"

"At 9 A. M."

"I'll do my best."

"Where was he speaking?"

"Yes, early."

"Damn transit strike at 9 P. M."

"Hah!"

"I'll do my best."

"He brought it at 9 A. M."

"Damn transit strike has the mayor tied up."

"Do you know where we put Benedict?"

"Striking at 9 A. M."

He was walking in the shadow of a large oak. She, still in the sun, came toward him, blue-black hair smooth and glistening. When he waved, she smiled in return, broadly, and seemed to walk faster. His own heart and throat anticipated. Perhaps this was the moment to hold her close, here in the oak shadow where it was cool and soft, where they would meet. He stood still, waiting, not wanting to leave the softness. Then as she too moved into the shadow, her smile disappeared and she passed without seeing him.

Hold the green leaf, Marcella. Place it against your cheek, and feel its coolness. Let its green veins touch your red, Marcella, and you'll know why trees point to the sky. The green and blue leaves on your skirt, Marcella, swirl in the wind; and your firm, strong legs brought you here to stand, to hold the moment, to feel the green leaf.

Sedgwick closed the book and stared into space. Not many worlds had joined so meekly before when ready to see. How many, he could wonder, but not know. Not know any more than he could know the silence of thinking how loud what never entered nor became intimate in this his time and space. Plane surface not sailing nor even feeling the wave carrying him to sand, to stand in wet victory, unbecoming of a gentleman. But vandals found their conquest in planning. A scheme would heal the schism or dissolve the gordian knot. You pick the point of view and paint the perspective.

"How does your day look, John?"

The question made him cringe, and his expression changed, forcing his razor blade to take a different path or bring disaster.

"Damned if I know", he said, recovered. "I never know anything anymore until I get started."

"I keep hoping Benedict will see it the way you do. Then everything would be better."

"I guess you're right, Hon. It looks reasonable. But I can't change my position on account of what may be inside him. All I can do is wait."

"Yes, I know."

"Trouble is, I don't wait. I say I'm going to, then I don't, I just keep on diving in, even when I'm not sure I'll come up."

"I know. And I'm proud of you. You're brave. And good. And I love you."

"I love you too. And I've got to get out of here. Miss Crayton is probably there already."

Sometimes Sedgwick wondered just what kind of employer-employee relationship he had with Miss Crayton. Although he never really allowed himself to believe it, every few days he had the feeling that he punched a time clock whenever he entered or left his office. And he was acutely aware that if he came in an hour late one day, Miss Crayton would surely come in an hour late the next day or the day after. Some kind of goose and gander stuff. Probably related to the Girl Friday bit. Loyal. Man, she was loyal! And forever fending off intruders, even welcome intruders. Three or four times a week Sedgwick had to gulp when she came briskly -- and somewhat conspiratorially -- into his office with that penetrating, protect-the-boss look. But she wanted, he supposed, to exact the same kind of loyalty she gave. All for one and one for all.

"Sweetie, don't forget your vitamins."

"Right." He gulped them with his juice, ate a bowl of cereal, and was off.  
"See you tonight, Hon."

"Bye. Have a good day!"

The sand, incredibly hot in the sun, clammy cool in the shade, made a dual person of him as his legs stuck out from beneath the umbrella. He was singing inside himself, and he could touch her by reaching no more than six inches. That's what he did. Found her hand, counted the fingers, and then discovered she had a matching set of toes. One unbelievably small one on each foot. The line between chance and plan became a vanishing string of cloud.

The heavens declare the glory, Marcella. Stand, stand, with your toes in the sand. The wave will come washing, Marcella. You will sink, you will sink, ever so slightly, and you'll wonder how many waves it will take. I am up higher than you, Marcella, where the sand is dry and hot. And I'm waiting. I know when you'll turn, Marcella. I've only a moment to wait.

Sedgwick noticed that it was time for lunch. Harmony from backtrack song in total spire to wintry garden. Ever then not saying singing on toward the makeshift hour. What could be planned if never since the honor sound bemused? The tape incessant if it were not for a sometime squeal. He could stand there for hours, intimate Werther songs to complex seeing. You hold the line and state the question.

"Decided what you'll have, Miss Crayton?"

"We-e-e-ul, maybe the shrimp salad. But they do put so much mayonnaise."

"Two shrimp salads, and easy with the mayonnaise on one."

"Oh, Sir, Sedgwick!"

Sorry, Sir, the shrimp salad's already made."

"Well, I guess that won't work. What's next best?"

"On dear, let's see... I gue-us the fruit plate."

"Brilliant. One shrimp salad, one fruit plate."

"Yes, Sir."

"It's so relaxing here. I wish Mr. Benedict were with us. We could discuss the whole problem."

"Damn near impossible to discuss anything with Benedict. Maybe write him a letter this afternoon."

"I think so too. You've called him eight times. But I'm sure you'll get him to agree."

"Excuse me, Miss."

"Thank you."

"He'd better agree."

"Excuse me, Sir."

"Thank you."

"Coffee now...

"He will. I know you'll convince him."

... or later?"

"Well?"

"Later, please."

"Yes, later."

"I'm not so sure."

"Oh, I am, Mr. Sedgwick."

"I hope you're right."

"Something else, Sir?"

"Yes, later."

"A letter would do it."

"And everyone would be grateful."

"Write a letter."

"Will you have dessert?"

"Write orange sherbert, please."

"Clickety-clack."

"For two"

"Clickety-clack, clickety-clack."

"It is more apparent now than at any time in the past that our differences must be settled before 9 A. M. The orderly life of this city must not be trifled with. I therefore express my confidence in your sense of civic responsibility, and assume that you will join me in preventing chaos."

"Yes, Sir. Will there be anything else?"

"That will be all."

"Check

"Right."

Miss Crayton folded her typewriter, wrapped it in a napkin, and carefully put it in her purse. She thought she might want it later in the afternoon.

Back in his office, Sedgwick watched the afternoon hours grind themselves away. Mostly he signed things: letters, applications, contracts, checks, records. His own name, miraculously reborn on each new blank space, acquired its own soul and stared at him like the image in a distorted mirror. But he knew that soon the trap would open and he would leave the building, go home and find not a mirror but a shore.

The tiny, warm waves licked his feet -- a puppy's kiss. He felt the sand on his elbow, stuck there since he raised himself lazily to look at her. There she was, within easy reach, and he knew it. He lay back, stretched out again and looking upward, knowing and more than knowing.

Stand to the wind. Marcella, and its breath will make a statute of your face. But my touch will bring you back to life, Marcella, and we will sail and we will sail and return to shore, but then we will sail again.

JOHN BRUSHWOOD

Sedgwick thought of going home. Crazy banks follow shores madly, but disintegrating only when time runs out. When neither leaf nor twing orbits in the void, warm and cool become one. And this could be the end of it, but never is. Like joining is beginning. And summer rakes the heavens, but stars remain. Purple weeps for some mystical purpose, but surprises never come, for it is the dangling moment, the spear that pierces the ring. You speak the word and hold it in your heart.

"Oh, Darling, I'm glad it's settled. Now you can have a peaceful evening."

"The truth is, I can hardly believe it worked out as well as it did. I was uncertain up to the last minute."

"Well, I knew you could do it, but it's nice to have it over."

"Sure is."

He was leaving the building.

"And now here comes Marjorie Crayton, on her way to a day in the city. Her beautiful three-piece gray knit is the perfect weight for the hint of fall we've all been noticing in the air, and the handsome tailoring makes this number equally at home in the office -- for you girls who want to succeed in business without really trying -- of for reading your treasurer's report at the next Art League meeting. You will notice how cleverly..."

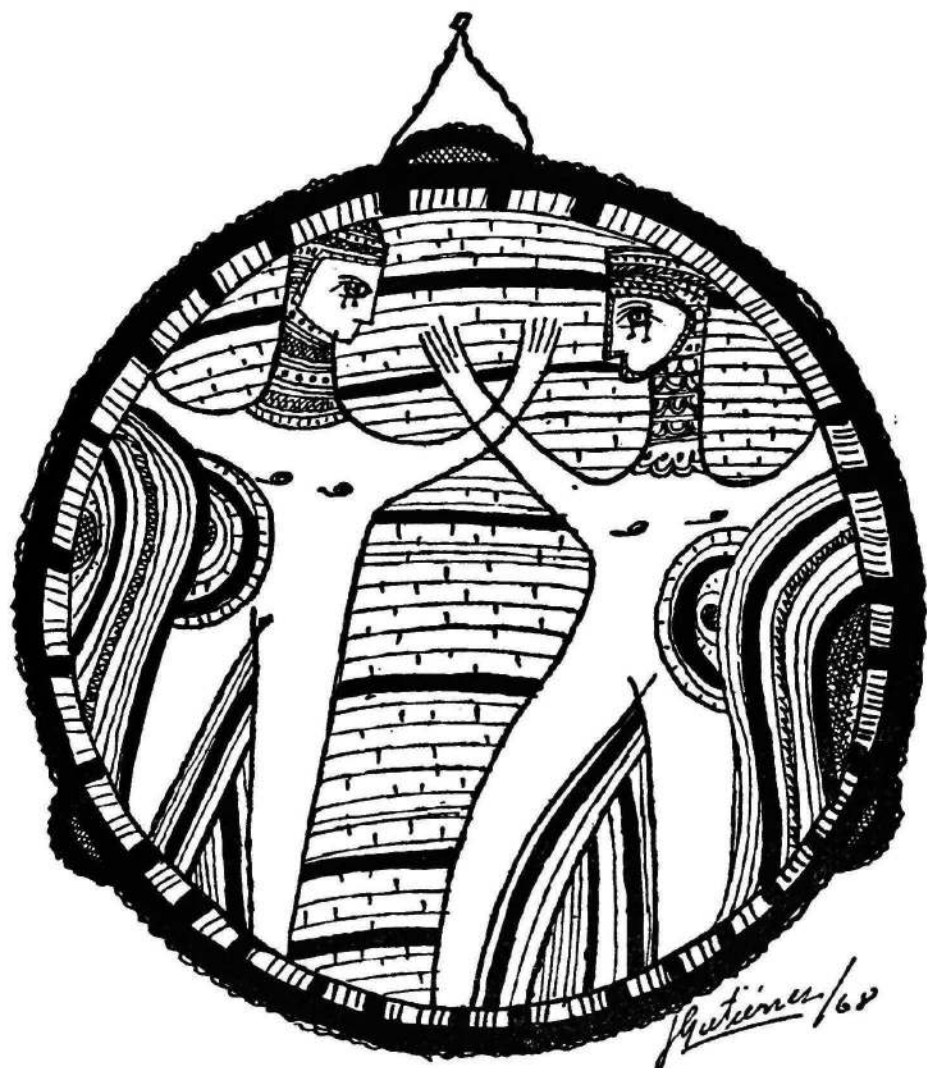
As he reached the doorway, Miss Crayton roller-skated past, carrying a large placard that said: BUSTAGUT SEDGWICK FOR MAYOR.

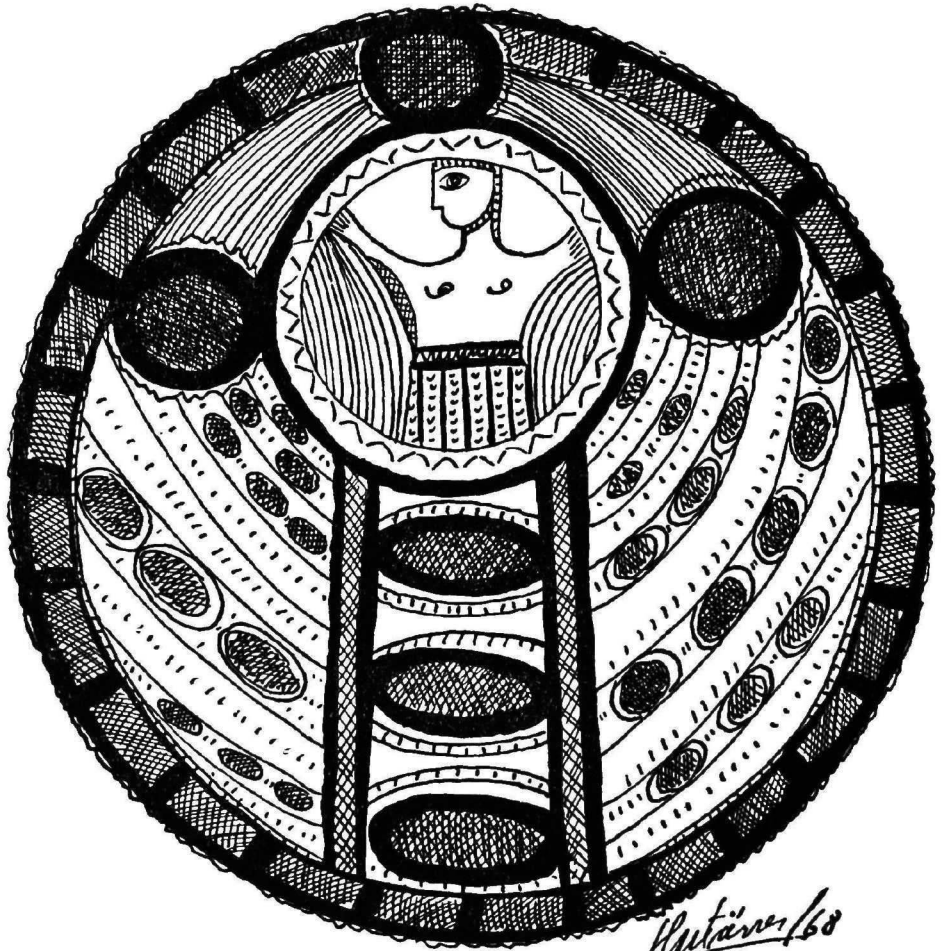


*Martinez/68*









P. H. 1968



*Mutiner/68*

EXPOSURES

*Four Pavilions at Expo '67*

I

MAN IN THE POLAR REGIONS

Scott died cold and reckless  
having appointed the South Pole.  
(What would he have looked forward to  
but grave invitations to recount  
and the tarnish of medals?)

He built a house and lived in it a while.  
One screen pans the shelves  
of his cupboard, the lines of preserves,  
another his furniture,  
a third his medicines  
preserved there far from comfort.

Herosim is in our minds, like mystery  
and passion built on commonplaces  
enduring the winds and icestorms of Antarctica.

II

MAN THE PRODUCER

Spectators watch the film with their backs  
to the wall, marvel at the pace of Caesar's runners,  
the lines of Gutenberg's ingenuity,  
the satellite net spread over the planet  
for the more rapid propagation  
of lies. Indeed the planet has shrunk  
like a prune.

Popular in the lobby is a computer  
whose humanoid voice invites you  
to select a puzzle by pressing  
the buttons of your choice . Whichever  
you press, it picks the same puzzle.  
Spectators are pleased with the illusion of choice

like Sgt. Raymond Shaw playing a little game of solitaire  
with a deck of fifty-two red queens.

On the wall three screens of computers are manned  
by anxious white-collared faces. The men are also manned  
or are they unmanned?

At the end of the film  
awe steps aside and graciously yields  
to concern: *Now we can communicate  
around the world in a second.  
What are we seeking now?*

Nothing that can be sent around the world in a second.

### III

#### CUBA

Edged and jagged the building matches  
its message, and spikes aesthetics to the wall  
like some decrepit monk:

In the oldest diary in America  
you can read:  
"The most beautiful land beheld by human eyes"  
But beauty cannot always be  
an unending jubilee

You must pass America by to expose such beauty,  
must forgo the easy pleasures to usurp such pain,  
must shatter your Coca-Cola freedoms to float on your tears  
to read:

Years of sorrow did not weaken us,  
years of oppression did not diminish us,  
the freedom gained while fighting  
does not make us arrogant.

Picture: these slim girls impressed to dance, patronized  
at prices their brothers could not afford  
Picture: brothers clawing through rotted fields,  
rotting like the fields, and the brave breaking like cane,  
even those not so brave, as their mothers

TODD GITLIN

came to weep in the streets, but together,  
the fingers tiring of pounding the forehead, the fists in the air  
Picture: children hungry for other children  
Picture: the steady difficult decision not to suffer  
plastered on floor, ceiling, wedged everywhere between  
your eyes,  
in a past greeting the present as a close friend,  
not a past encrusted with artifacts  
for archaeologists to honor,  
their past is in fact alive,  
is in fact the present  
and the present moves with the sure modest force  
of wine made blood,  
wafer made body,  
impossibility substantiated  
redeeming him who has not died:

You know their faces, know them all;  
the next door face, the around  
the corner face going to the movie,  
reading the billboard, coming  
home, late, the forgotten face,  
YOU KNOW THEM  
ALL OF THEM  
DISCIPLINED AND BRAVE  
READY TO GRIP  
a rifle in their hands.  
Like this, exactly, history begins.

And the American lady comments,  
"It's not very attractive, is it?"  
and taking his cue the American gentleman stages his exit:  
"That's all they can show you is pictures!  
But what's Cuba got? They got nothin,  
no industry, nothin!" The pilot  
pities the eagle for having no parachute.  
Like this, exactly, history impales.

My countrymen believe these people extraordinary,  
these miniskirted guides shading white into black,  
believe them uniformed these girls sharp-eyed  
who grew from sadness as out of adolescence



TODD GITLIN

I employ this newfound toy on every side  
to flush intentions from the tombs of waxen manufactures:  
The sensible design and glad invention of the subway tracks,  
shoes, wheels, crackers, tables, glasses of wine,  
everything displaying some ingratiating genius  
the more engaging as the works of men than any grudging  
gift of nature.

3.

Into Boston the Mass, Pike extends like a catheter,  
the tunnel of a mole, a concrete undermining  
sucking commuters to their daily undoing  
ten or fifteen minutes faster.  
This was not born here, is no eyesore, this was *made*, a wound,  
by armored men with purposes, and no mistake.  
so much the worse for dreamers of an idle harmony.  
No thing is an accident: there are only labors, gifts,  
crimes and punishments.

MICHELE MURRAY

from *Washington meditations*

Across acres of gray buildings  
wrinkled like an elephant's hide  
the rain sweeps on  
and a jungle rises calmly  
above our heads.  
On long gray avenues crushed  
beneath the elephant's hoof  
the rain is washing  
and we are running

running.

Tractable beast in the stories  
where we are children no longer,  
elephants are marching in the cities,



gray and horny in the wavering lights.  
Rain is falling and we have no raincoats--  
what good is love in such a rain?

The elephants sway with dry majesty,  
a gray ocean rippling on the land,  
shaking the earth like cannon.

The parks have abandoned us,  
elephants are dancing on the dung-marked mud  
and it is five o'clock  
in the land of the cold monsoon.

We go on safari to our private lives.

We make a camp where we can find a grassy space.  
We have a bed and it is gently white.  
We have a stove and it is wildly black.  
We have a blanket woven green as jungles.  
We make a small fire and a silence.  
The elephants are sleeping  
and there is rain on the roof  
washing

washing

### SIMPLE SONG FOR CHE

Waiting for drums before we march  
drums coming many tomorrows  
now silence rustling whispering  
among the dawn gathering  
warm bodies fires soon dying  
well we can do without drums

waiting for trumpets then  
and the sun breaks clear everywhere  
still hard to leave this place as we are  
no music no song

far behind a flute runs in the air coming easily  
flute and one heart enough  
to start

*poem for EASTER*

body HE said  
I receive you.

gold somewhere  
purple as  
the sea

body, He said,  
there is this  
which I haven't made.

purple as the sea  
the sky  
somewhere in Jerusalem  
a lady like a man  
cries out

no one  
hears her

out of the city  
she walks  
carrying nothing but  
her own vision of  
what it could be like  
somewhere else

the sky is purple

to the dark of the western sea her heart  
walks her.



once moaning  
on my bed I begged Christ to come  
or to send some angel  
or a man even  
filled with His seed

but  
it was himself who came & entered my asshole  
as I twisted in joy & shame



## RETURNING

you will not find it the same.

grass has grown embarrassingly tall  
above itself. trees have what we think  
must be diseases. pavement has fallen away  
from center in a dentistry of asphalt.  
water heater is rusted, has begun to mock  
the phone & the faucets.

i wear sunglasses now & the wife smokes.  
she sleeps late  
misses the smog rise.  
dishes stay clean from eating out  
their undersides cling to old fingerprints.

newspaper comes in an odd shape on no  
certain schedule. a garter is about its  
neck: strange thing, no one has the desire  
to pick it from the yard. around it, grass  
has begun to bend.

## FOLDING CLOTHES

You are most beautiful in a quiet room  
when the dresser's mouths are closed.

Doorknobs don't move    mirrors stare  
we watch you fold clothes: sleeve upon  
silent sleeve    sport shirt pockets  
full of lint.

Outside there is rain  
and the lampshade cups its hands  
drops warm circles  
about your feet.

Shadows listen with complacent ears.  
The ceiling look on  
dumbfounded.

## ***Three Greek Poets***

IAKOVAS KAMBANELLIS

The poems which follow were set to music by Mikis Theodorakis. The words are by Iakovas Kambanellis who was a prisoner at the death camp Mauthausen in Austria. The songs appeared in the early sixties and were part of the national movement for democracy. They not only recalled the Nazi terror but reminded Greeks how many collaborators still held power in Greece twenty years after the death of the Third Reich. Since the fascist putsch of April 21, 1967, these songs have been banned. Kanbanellis is in exile and Theodorakis was in prison until January of 1968.

How beautiful is my love  
with her everyday dress  
and a little comb in her hair.  
No one knew she was so beautiful.

O girls of Mauthausen!  
O girls of Berse!  
Have you seen my love?

We saw her on a long voyage.  
She no longer wore her dress.  
The little comb was missing from her hair.

How beautiful is my love.  
She who was caressed by her mother,  
kissed by her brother.  
No one knew she was so beautiful.

O girls of Mauthausen!  
O girls of Berse!  
Have you seen my love?

We saw her in the freezing square,  
a number stamped on her white hand,  
a yellow star upon her heart.

How beautiful was my love.  
She who caressed by her mother,  
kissed by her brother.  
No one knew she was so beautiful.

(trans. by D. Georgakas-Eleni Parthosis)

Girl with the frightened eyes.  
Girl with the freezing hands.  
When the war ends, do not forget me.

Joy of the world come to the gate.  
Let us kiss in the middle of the street .  
Let us embrace in the square.

Girl with the frightened eyes.  
Girl with the freezing hands.  
When the war ends, do not forget us.

Let us make love in the quarry  
and in the gas chambers  
and by the machine guns mounted  
beside the stairs.

Girls with the frightened eyes.  
Girl with the freezing hands.  
When the war ends, do not forget me.

Make love at mid-day  
in all the places of death  
until even his shadow  
has been erased.

Girl with the frightened eyes.  
Girl with the freezing hands.  
When the war ends, do not forget me.

(trans. by D. Georgakas & E. Pothosis)

YANNIS FROM THE FAR NORTH

Yannis from the far North  
cannot live behind barbed wire.  
He gathers his courage and flies  
to the villages in the valley.

Give me a little, he asks,  
"A change of clothes.  
I have a long way to go  
and many lakes to cross."

Wherever he goes,  
wherever he pauses  
there is fright and panic.  
A correct inner voice warns all--  
hide, hide from the escapee.

"Christian! I'm no killer.  
Nor a beast to devour you.  
I've escaped from jail  
to return to my home."

Oh! what a deathly wilderness  
is this the land of brecht!  
They have surrendered yannis to the S. S.  
Now, he's being taken to his death.

(trans. by D. Georgakas de R. Parthosis)



WHO'S AFRAID OF THE MASSES

Tonight

Come tonight to see who's afraid of the masses.  
No one has said there'll be threats on the air,  
yet,  
they've taken to streetcorners guarding themselves,  
and their mechanized phalanxes parade  
back and forth.

Only these aren't large enough  
to surround their fear.

Orders are given, signals that talk  
of silence which has conquered this  
city of ours as evening descends.  
Signals that say only the moon has  
sprinkled silver on the avenue  
drowning their existence in grief.

Tonight,  
come tonight to learn who's afraid  
of the masses.  
The people's grievance is not a fairy tale.

(trans. by Eleni Parthosis)

“ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS...”

This morn  
enthusiastic crowds applauded the foreign despot...  
The mercenaries bowed low  
ladies available showered him  
with flowers.

Generals presented him  
with their ancestors' swords,  
with soil and ancient treasures  
of their land.

Obedient soldiers presented arms,  
schoolchildren wore their Sunday clothes.  
Swindlers!

With threats you've led our children  
to freezing streets to quiver for hours



Like solitary chimneys in a suburb of sadness.

The fir trees in the broad square were promenading past the crowds.  
 Loving couples were passing the movie houses.  
 In a photograph, an old woman, with a black kerchief,  
 With deep furrows next to her eyes,  
 With a bitter smile behind her furrows.

France

Was looking out, unspeaking, from behind the closed shutters of all  
 her wrinkles

In the noise of the restaurants, Sunday was standing pensive.  
 A fork striking against the plate is a remote drum  
 that accompanies the strides of the "Marsailles." The knife  
 That the worker plunges into his bread has another target. And the  
 fist

Which strikes upon the table, has struck  
 In the shadow of the Bastille.

France

Was conversing with Sunday in the square of Piatra Neamts  
 At the moment when the dew's diamond teeth illuminating the silence  
 of the garden.

Further away a wild horse passed--

And the shadow of the horse was engraved forever on the plain of  
 Moldavia

Like the shadow with the uncombed hair of the uneasiness of France  
 Further on, next to the quiet wagon road,  
 Next to the apple trees in bloom, next to the wheel well,  
 The statue of Ion Kreanga was meditating with tears in its eyes  
 With its two hands crossed silently on his left knee. His hands  
 Were two stone verses, dedicated to France.

And I, a Greek poet, leaving Piatra Neamts  
 Was whistling, like a rogue of Victor Hugo these verses to France,  
 With my heart tightened into a fist in my breast,  
 Like a fist, that did not seek anything more than to bloom like a  
 flower in the sun

To open in greeting and caress the whole world.

(Trans. by Eugenia Mazoukis)

1-A district in Bacau region (northern Roumania)

RAFAEL ALBERTI

*TO FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA*

Leap away, drinking-in fields and cities,  
you growing stag of transformed water,  
toward the sea of lucid dawns,  
of the kingfisher-rocked nest;

where I shall be waiting for you, swaying,  
a reed growing at the highest solitudes,  
bending in the air drawn  
for your voice alone among the winds.

Let me, a frail cold reed,  
let me write my name in those rushing waters,  
called up by the wind, a recluse, a river.

Now that my name is dissolved in your snow,  
return to your climbing mountains,  
frothy stag, king of the mountain river.

*ANGEL THE ANGEL*

And the sea was and gave him a name  
and the wind gave him a title  
and his flesh came from clouds  
and from fire came his soul

From the earth, nothing.

That movable kingdom,  
suspended from eagles,  
gives him nothing.

His shadow was never inscribed  
with the figure of a man.

*HAROLD LLOYD, STUDENT*

Do you have the umbrella?  
Avez-vous le parapluie?

No, sir, I do not have the umbrella.  
Non, monsieur, je n' ai pas le parapluie.

Alice, I have the hippopotamus.  
L'hippopotame for you.  
Avez-vous le parapluie?

Oui.  
Yes.  
Okay.

What, which, who, whose.  
If the she-lizard is a friend of mine,  
evidently the he-beetle is a friend of yours.

Was it your fault that it rained?  
You have never been guilty of that.  
Alice...Alice, I have,  
I who study for you  
and for this irresponsible fly, nightingale of my flowering glasses.

29, 28, 27, 26, 25, 24, 23, 22.  
and Nebuchadnezzar changed into a mule  
and your soul and mine into a real bird of Paradise.

Fish no longer sing in the Nile  
nor does the moon set for the dahlias of the Ganges.

Alice,  
why do you fancy me with that sad crocodile look  
and that impenetrable complexity of a quadratic equation?

Le printemps pleut sur Les Anges.

The spring rains over Los Angeles  
in this sad hour in which the police  
ignore the suicides of isosceles triangles

RAFAEL ALBERTI

in spite of the sorrow of a Napierian logarithm  
and the crinklecrinklecrackle of a face.

In that sad hour in which the moon becomes nearly equal  
to the integral misfortune  
of this love of mine multiplied by X  
and to the wings of an afternoon doublin over an acetylene flower  
or a gas bird.

From this love of mine so tenderly idiotic.  
Quousque tandem abutere Catilina patientia nostra?

So sweet and deliberately idiotic,  
capable of weeping at the squaring of a circle  
and obliging that foolish D. Nequaqua Schmit to Publicly auction off  
those stars that bend rivers  
and those blue eyes that open skyscrapers to me.

Alice! Alice, my love!  
Alice! Alice, my nanny!  
Follow me through the air on a bicycle,  
even though the police don't know astronomy,  
the secret police.

Even through the police don't know that a sonnet  
is composed of two quatrains,  
two tercets.

### 13 STRIPES AND 48 STARS

(Poem of the Caribbean Sea)  
(1935)

*To Juan Marinello*

“So many men will speak English?”  
--Rubén Darío

### NEW YORK

(Wall Street in the fog. From the “Bremen”)

Someone was waking thinking that the fog  
went out of its way to cover up the crime.

From there,  
 from there oozed:  
 a maddening stench of oil,  
 from vast shale beds displaced and converted in cipher,  
 stacked up in order in secret coffers,  
 in the stagnant, deep, merciless coffins,  
 deeper than wells yet unexplored,  
 those coffers put there,  
 those coffins erected by nameless,  
 invisible, dark exploiters,  
 forsaken wasted men.  
 It was I who awoke thinking,  
 knowing what was to appear from skyscrapers,  
 indistinguishable from vertical thrusts of fog,  
 it was I who heard, who saw, who was  
 waking up.

From there,  
 from there seeped:  
 a constant creaking of damp, charred bones,  
 amid dismal extractions of marrow,  
 scorched protests of sweet cane and self-annihilating  
 tobacco and coffee plunging,  
 all drenched in a dreadful reek of oil,  
 in a searing contagion of oil,  
 in an inconsumable tide of oil.

It was the fog-drunk awakened I who closed in,  
 seeing how that crime was disguised with windowed rocks,  
 increasing itself, extending itself,  
 destroying the dream of its erection  
 seeing it intervene among the clouds.  
 And it was the awakened I who saw, who heard.

From there,  
 from there sliced stabs of sewer gas and carbon vapors:  
 the coaxing voice of calculated pillage,  
 stuck up through the din if diesels heading for the islands,  
 getting up in arms for alien skys.  
 This wrenched voice went out to match insults of armed mercenaries,  
 blocking from the quays,  
 the meek miners of palms,  
 the forests of machete-cut arms and hairs.

Wounding themselves, hearing themselves,  
falling into the sea from skyscrapers of nothingness ,  
out shot Nicaragua,  
Santo Domingo,  
Haiti,  
revolting in the split blood of their coasts,  
supporting the uproar of the bought-up Virgin Islands,  
the clogged gasps of Cuba,  
the fury of Mexico,  
Costa Rica,  
Colombia,  
Puerto Rico,  
Bolivia,  
Venezuela...  
and all of them are enveloped in the terrible stench of oil,  
in a burning contagion of oil,  
in an inconsumable tide of oil.  
And it was in the fog who heard, who saw all this and much more.

New York, Wall Street, Vault of Blood,  
gold plated gangrenous tumor,  
spider with tentacles spinning  
coldly the death of other peoples.-

From your coffins, they send masked  
embassadors of peace and plunder:  
Daniels, Caffery, etc., trusty pistols  
in the pay of your gangsters.

Liberty-Your Liberty! Darkly  
your ancient light, your old reputation,  
prostituted, mercenary, useless,  
descends to peddle your ashes through the ports.  
Your diplomacy of horror would like  
armed intervention even among the constellations;  
regions of blood, where now alone  
revolve celestial mines, virgin showers.

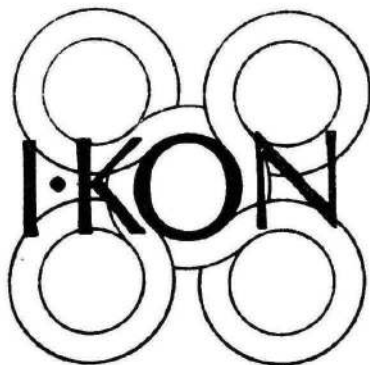
But yet through America burns the pulse  
of death-wracked nations that cry out to me  
with my own language in the fog,  
plotting your fatal overthrow.



So one day your thirteen stripes  
and your forty-eight white stars  
will see themselves consumed in a revolution,  
liberator roused from oil.

(translations by Thomas Gatten)

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ISSUE NUMER SIX

JUST OUT;

**art**  
**&**

**revolution**

STATEMENTS AND PAPERS BY DELEGATES TO THE CULTURAL CONGRESS OF HABANA. THE HAVANA APPEAL. FRAGMENT FROM "NIGHT OF THE ASSASINS BY JOSE TRIANA. POEMS BY PABLO ARMANDO FERNANDEZ AND MIGUEL BARNET. HAYDEE SANTAMARIA'S LETTER TO CHE GUEVARA. TANA DE GAMEZ ON THE AFROCUBAN RITES. FIDEL CASTRO CLOSING THE CULTURAL CONGRESS. POSTERS. CARTOONS.

and much by mario benedetti, alain jouffrey, vicente revuelta, nuez, jose lezama lima, roberto matta, santiago alvarez, roberto fernandez retamar, rene depestre, susan sherman & margaret randall.  
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I. KON  
78 East 4th Street  
New York City, New York  
U. S. A.

Estimado Rogelio:

Hace algún tiempo te escribí y no he recibido respuesta; espero que ésto se deba a las dificultades de comunicación y no a pereza de tu parte. En vista de que tenemos noticias acerca de tu firme deseo de dedicarte a ésto, es conveniente que recibas cierta información básica que garantice en lo posible la claridad de tu decisión. Y como por otra parte, he tenido la oportunidad de conocerte desde hace varios años y de valorar más o menos tus cualidades y defectos, creo que será de gran utilidad para tí el análisis que yo haga de esta vida en función de tus características.

El sometimiento a un mando, la sujeción a un horario, la ausencia total de vida estrictamente personal, son cosas que seguramente tendrás que enfrentar con mayor energía que otras personas dado que no estás acostumbrado a ninguna de ellas. Imagina, por ejemplo, la guardia diurna o nocturna, mosquitos, lluvia o sol, cansancio físico, sueño, etc... El turno tuyo en la noche puede tocarte a partir de una hora tal y terminar en otra de manera que tengas que levantarte para volver a acostarte; y esto es lo usual. Que yo sepa, mientras estuve en la facultad no alcanzaste a hacer turnos y en una u otra forma no estás "acostumbrado" a esta experiencia. La diana, por supuesto, no es a las once de la mañana sino a las cinco o antes si es necesario. En resumen: todo representa una ruptura completa e irrevocable con el modo de vida que uno ha tenido. En tí se combinan en una forma extraña la constancia y la superficialidad. Más exactamente, me parece, que esa constancia en la actividad revolucionaria es el resultado de una incompatibilidad personal con la estructura social imperante, y secundariamente un amor al pueblo. En tales condiciones, no es extraña la superficialidad; hay una fuerza enorme que lo excluye a uno de lo que existe, pero hace falta otra que además lo atraiga irresistiblemente, irresistiblemente hacia lo nuevo, hacia la creación de lo nuevo. Dicha dinámica es, a mi modo de ver, lo que fundamenta la decisión de superar las dificultades. El segundo factor es con mucho el más importante y es precisamente aquél del cual carecemos casi totalmente. En la historia del cristianismo es célebre aquello de "ayúdame Señor porque mi fe es débil y las tentaciones son muchas", que ha sido expresión de los grandes místicos. Para el revolucionario ateo, la invocación no se dirige a Dios sino al pueblo, pero es igualmente válida. Quiero decir que no basta la decisión de vencer las dificultades: es preciso conocer los fundamentos de ellas y profundizarlos.

Hay otra cosa que nos golpea duramente: una certeza vívida

de que entregaremos la vida en la lucha. Aquí el espectáculo de la muerte es abrumador. Hombres o animales *perforados*, existencia que se esfuma súbitamente y fácilmente, cadáveres cubiertos por el barro, invadidos por las hormigas; y uno se quiere demasiado para aceptar este final con alegría. Algo más: queremos la revolución, queremos el cambio porque justamente fuimos incapaces de aceptar un estado de cosas degradantes y es apenas lógico que ese cambio lo esperemos *para nosotros*, pero lo más probable es que quedemos por ahí. Entonces la revolución deja de gustarnos a menos que invirtamos el modo de pensar y de sentir y saltemos del yo a los otros. A menos que nos contentemos con haber puesto lá vida como prueba de amor a la patria y al pueblo y consideremos esa satisfacción suficiente, motivo absoluto de nuestra vida. ¿Cuántas veces hemos hablado de ésto? Aquí la vivencia le restituye su peso a las palabras. Y se toman decisiones capitales. No contra tal o cual ricacho malasangre, todavía no. Algo más doloroso que suprimir a un camarada desviado es algo difícil de imaginar. Comiste con él en el mismo plato las mismas hambres, la misma lluvia, alegrías comunes; todo queda atrás. Ahora es enemigo y el hecho mismo de proceder corona la tragedia. Para mí es lo más duro. Uno se pregunta por lo que hace la diferencia entre una imposible injusticia (cometida por evitar un error) y un asesinato. Precisamente la decisión de vencer o morir: Patria o muerte. La violencia ejercida por el revolucionario está justificada en tanto la propia actividad suya implique la ofrenda de su propia vida por la creación de una sociedad mejor. En consecuencia un revolucionario que ha ejercido la violencia y abandona la lucha se convierte en un criminal. Me creerás si te digo que una vez comprendido el aspecto teórico de la cuestión resta la faceta emocional? Cada paso que se da es trabajoso, desgarrar y tiembla, destruye al hombre viejo y crea al nuevo. El peligro estriba en que una desgarradura no sea acompañada por una reconstrucción.

Desde los hechos más triviales: cansancio físico, gastragias, pequeñas heridas infectadas, etc., hasta aquellos de mayor trascendencia -el combate, la muerte- requieren un soporte teórico y afectivo nuevo y adecuado. Revolución por amor al pueblo y a la patria, no por interés personal. El primer enemigo del revolucionario es él mismo.

Para mí el cambio ha sido duro; hasta qué punto? solamente podrás calcularlo si llegas a compartir ésta vida. Me hace falta la compañía de un amigo con el cual compartí muchas horas y desde luego me gustaría verte "recorriendo estas montañas sembrando rebeldías." ¿Tienes dificultades físicas y estás adocenado? Será nece-

sario un mayor esfuerzo que si llevas una vida austera. De una u otra forma la patria exige grandes sacrificios y si para tí el sacrificio es mayor, así también será el mérito. Lógicamente debes tratar de mejorar tu estado físico: los ojos, dientes, aparato digestivo, elasticidad muscular, y si vienes te recomiendo poca maleta. Una cobija ligera que sirva para el frío y el calor, dos driles completos, dos interiores-pantaloncillos-, cuatro pares de medias para tí (y dos para mí) dos cuchillos de monte (uno para tí y otro para mí), dos encendedores (igual distribución), útiles de aseo personal, inclusive talco y exclusive loción, un buen libro (necesito el manual Merck, última edición) socio político. De los míos podrás traerme el de Dobb, "economía política y capitalismo". Y también podrías traerme noticias de los míos. Lo que te pido, si no vienes a traerlo, haz el esfuerzo de mandarlo y disimula el atrevimiento.

Hernando.



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# E C O

REVISTA DE LA CULTURA DE OCCIDENTE

REDACCION: Nicolás Suescún

EDITORES: Librería Buchholz, Bogotá, Colombia.

**ARS MORIENDI** y otros poemas - Horacio Peña, Premio Poesía del Centenario del nacimiento de Rubén Darío, Managua, 1967, 72 pp.

Los dos poemas principales de este libro, *la danza de la muerte* y *el triunfo de la muerte*, justifican ampliamente el premio que le concedió el jurado compuesto por Luis Rosales, Hugo Lindo y José Coronel Urtecho. En una atmósfera de pesadilla en la que se oyen ecos de la visión excrementicia de Jonathan Swift y El Bosco, en la que desfilan memorias de Alicia-pasando-por-el-espejo y se siente alentar a marionetas de Ionesco, Horacio Peña nos da su versión de nuestro tiempo, y, más que eso, nos entrega una metáfora de la existencia humana: el hombre en su guerra contra el tiempo. No obstante, detrás de la desolación mecánica, el sufrimiento inhumano y el espanto del morir que narra, se sugiere maravillosamente un principio de placer de rostro deslumbrante: *la enorme vulva de la muerte/siempre en constantes duros espasmos y orgasmos/ con su sexo de fruta seca/siempre succionando insaciable*. Hay un tono bíblico, un amor al elemento tierra, un sabor de historia que le confieren a estos poemas una verdad y una belleza raras. La ternura y la violencia se alían: *Se oían a lo lejos los gritos del hombre amarrado al velamen/ y el canto de los hombres que iban a la siega*. Luego: *como enormes banderas de asesinados pájaros migratorios caían las hojas*.

Empero, en otros poemas del libro, como que se le nota demasiado a Peña la influencia de los Salmos de Ernesto Cardenal, el ritmo de Cardenal, la pasión de Cardenal, el catolicismo de Cardenal, el diálogo con Cristo de Ernesto Cardenal. (Me pregunto cuándo terminarán de asimilar a Ernesto Cardenal estos compañeros nicaragüenses). Es tan obvia la sombra de los Salmos, que, como los "outsiders" de E. C., Peña tampoco obedece órdenes ni consignas de ningún partido, y es extranjero en todos los países, y le habla a Cristo, y se reparte su cuerpo, y concluye: "No quedó nada de Ti". Además, hay un tono lógico-discursivo demasiado fuerte, un afán narrativo, como en "el retrato de un desconocido", que se acerca al cuento y se aleja de la poesía, restándole fuerza a las imágenes visuales, que basan su poder precisamente en su desasimiento de la malla idiomática lógica. Peña es sin duda un poeta importante y el premio Rubén Darío ha quedado en manos dignas, porque aun en sus poemas débiles se encuentran versos como estos (mientras el poeta está bajo la ducha), en los que se siente a la vida floreciendo en el poema: *el agua te corre por el cuerpo/ si el agua pudiera llevarse tu lamento...*

**TREINTA POEMAS** de Idea Vilariño, Ediciones Tauro, Montevideo, 1967, 60 p.p.

A una concepción luminosa y feliz de la existencia, a un estado de conciencia en el cual pacten la razón y la sensualidad y todo conflicto cese, Idea Vilariño opone una visión sombría de la vida, un deslizarse por los días mientras la vida

se cansa, y el cuerpo se acaba, y las manos se secan, y el amor se olvida. Los treinta poemas de este libro son una letanía negra de enfermedad y frío, tristeza cerrada, cansancio y abandono, soledad y miseria. Hay en ellos un dramático tam-tam, una verdad amarga que emparenta a esta poeta con cierta literatura maldita (más maldita puesto que está despojada de todo romanticismo, puesto que transcurre en el mortecino infierno diario de la civilización y la cultura), y también con la doctrina central del budismo: el yo es una ilusión, la existencia es dolorosa, trabados por la ignorancia y cautivos de la avidez, peregrinan los seres. Vilariño: *Vamos andando vamos/ rodando desliziándonos/ girando finamente/ en una grave danza condenada. ---- Vamos por los espacios/ por esa extraña noche/ dando vueltas/cayendo/dibujando las últimas volutas/ de una espiral terrible.*

La sistemática negación del Zen, ilustrada en la respuesta que dio Ummón a un monje que le pedía lo instruyera en la verdad, "qué verdad del budismo quieres encontrar en mi monasterio?, aquí no hay nada, absolutamente nada", la encontramos en Idea Vilariño cuando habla del amor, de la comunicación: *No estoy/ no esperes más/ hace tiempo me he ido/ no busques/ no preguntes/ no llares que no hay nadie/ es una loca brisa de otros días/ es un pañuelo al viento/que remeda señales/No llares no destroces tu mano/ golpeando/ no grites no preguntes/ que no hay nadie/ no hay nadie.* Aun en la rarísima ocasión en que la vida y el alma aparecen tímidamente y rompen el infierno de desolación de la poeta Vilariño, imponiendo ternura, se trata de "espectros como yo, momentáneos y vanos, iguales a las hojas que pudre cada otoño, y no dejan memoria." Sin embargo, estas treguas (que lo son) lejos de restarle fuerza a la visión dolorosa, establecen un contrapunto delicado lleno de poesía que nos inunda de ternura; en cambio, poemas como ESO (pág. 17) en que la autocompasión llega a sus límites y la lista de miserias, abandonos, agonías y sufrimientos culminan con esta conclusión: "mi pobre vida", debilitan definitivamente y reblandecen coloreando de mediocridad la *versión* de esta poeta que basa su fuerza poética en el desdén y el prejuicio con que mira la vida tal como la hemos organizado. La obviada de esas líneas desaparece cuando en otros poemas Vilariño retoma la verdadera lógica de Alicia, se interna en el bosque del idioma, satura de verdadera poesía la brevedad de sus palabras y nos da una experiencia vertiginosa de su ser en movimiento: *quisiera estar dormida entre la tierra/ no dormida/ estar muerta y sin palabras/ no estar muerta.* En versos como estos la poesía de Idea Vilariño se abre como carnoso fruto y nos invita a ser nosotros el poeta (Lautreamont: "la poesía será hecha por todos"). Vilariño rechaza al lector, lo deja afuera, incomunicado, y hace una concesión imperdonable con "mi pobre vida". Vilariño abre las puertas del poema, abre los brazos y la lengua, cuando dice "quisiera estar muerta/ quisiera no estar muerta". Además de que en esto último hay aire fresco y calidez humana, belleza de idioma, hay movimiento y rapidez de relámpago. Y se siente que hay una depuración a que somete el idioma, y se somete, la señorita Vilariño.

(s. m.)



FINDING THE MEASURE: Robert Kelly  
GREED, Parts one and two: Diane Wakaski  
THE GEORGICS: George Economou  
CONVERSATIONS: Jerome Rothenberg  
All these books from Black Sparrow Press: Los Angeles: 1968.

These are new books from a new press, Black Sparrow in Los Angeles. The beautiful printing one has come to associate with Unicorn (printed on the same Santa Barbara press, and with the same care and knowledge) is here applied to really excellent work ---I have a feeling these will tell a good part of the history of our Poetry.

*Finding the Measure* is a full-length book; the others are smaller offerings, pamphlets (though with a fullness in quality, generally). From Kelly's collection (poems written in 1965 and 1966) I offer two which, I think, set the measure:

#### BLUE NOVEMBER

earth is its own  
shadow. Last night the woods  
Mist? she asked  
was Moon, full, watering the soil. Through the trees  
that one consonant spray of moon. Wet woods  
Murder in the air, a blackening world.  
Battering at the gates. Wet moon.  
A maniac  
goes to let them in. Moon hands on us. The door.

and this, from "Three Small Poems"

#### (ORPHIC FRAGMENT)

We hear the *noise* of the sun  
We hear light & heat The moon is silent  
her dust absorbs sun's song  
absorbs our song across our night its day  
If a man & a woman  
sail alone on a ship  
they love one another or perish on the abstract wave.  
Of the group, I confess Diane Wakoski's *Greed* is most useful to me. As intimate and complete a probing of that emotion/ reality as I have read. This (a piece out of context of Part 2: *Of Accord and Principle*) should give an idea of what kind of lesson is here:  
The whole story is about poets who  
read

or said  
words  
that were forbidden.  
They said, "fuck the president,"  
and in other cases  
untraceable things.  
They said what they had to say,  
each one  
about the world  
and they were saying it for money;  
there was money to spread over the poets,  
as fish food sprinkled  
too abundantly  
by an amateur  
on the skin of the water...

George Economou's quiet but pertinent work has seemed still and at the same time present for years. This is one example of what he has to tell us:

## SECOND GEORGIC

the care of beasts

For keeping a happy flock, Shep,  
understand these things:  
caress them daily and be  
kind as you can,

enter their dumb world  
without a word or thought  
even if it hurts to forget your nature.  
Shep, it's the only way to make it with them.

In *Conversations*, Jerome Rothenberg again works the primitive, again shows us he has understood Gertrude Stein and Arshile Georky, again makes us listen to words that are alternately traps and springboards:

## CONVERSATION FIVE

On Monday I decided to love those who hated me.  
(I will reward you.)  
On Tuesday I avoided the eye of a needle & started to sing.  
(I will sanctify you.)  
On Wednesday I who was small felt that I was growing  
larger & larger until I filled the world.

(I will give you my turban for a crown.)  
On Thursday I considered no garment beneath me.  
(I will make every day a new Thursday.)  
On Friday I waited for the revelation of Saturday.  
(I will establish my covenant with your seed.  
On Saturday I slept with the floor.  
(I will establish my covenant with your seed.)  
On Sunday I saw no more colors.  
(I will enhance you, I will teach your name to your enemies.)

POEMS MADE OF SKIN: Carol Berge: Weed/Flower Press: No. 1 - 501  
Markham Street, Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada: 1968.

Carol Berge is a tough poet. Tough enough to have had a real, full book of poems years ago, and we're still waiting for that book. More recently, some of us have come to think Berge's strongest offering is in the prose, but many of her poems have been as entrances to that. Here, in this small mineographed collection, many of the good ones appear. In lieu of any more comment, I transcribe two short ones which I found particularly characteristic and particularly moving:

#### POSITION

i stand before you  
to represent all of the women  
you have ever hated  
your mother who  
whipped the shit out of you  
your aunt who  
kibitized the life out of your life  
the girl who didnt  
or wouldnt or couldnt but didnt  
etc etc etc

what chance have i got  
unless you consider  
that you stand before me too

#### ETCHING

One friend last year  
had too many bad trips  
trying to find himself  
Found himself instead  
in Bellevue and lost  
Sad sad sad now I have  
only a self-portrait

a proof on newsprint  
he once gave to me

Today Halma comes by  
saying she has something  
to leave with me before  
she splits for the coast  
I am afraid it will be  
a full-size paper effigy  
of you as I knew you  
Ah how acid has eaten  
the flesh of my friends

leaving a papery rustle

**TWENTY POEMS OF PABLO NERUDA:** Translated by James Wright and

Robert Bly: The Sixties Press: Madison, Minnesota: 1968: \$2.00 cloth and \$1.00 paper.

Here quoting would isolate, take away from the whole; the book has been very carefully made, very thoughtfully constructed and gives, as a result, a penetrating arrival at Neuda. He is one of the great poets of the Spanish language. The fact he has not, for many Latin American artists, seen his impulse of nobility through to certain logical conclusions, does not make him any less a poet. Robert Bly and James Wright have covered whole periods of Neruda's work; the translation is generally very fine. The introductory essay and the interview which ends the book complete a precise picture of both work and man. The Sixties continues making Spanish language poetry really *available* to readers of English.

*FUTZ and what came after:* Five plays by Rochelle Owens: Random House: 1968: \$ 2.45.

Rochelle Owens is the last of the realists. Or, Rochelle Owens is the first of the realists. Now, Rochelle Owens makes us remember: "A man's in jail now murdering a girl, he killed because he saw something very evil." It is no longer a game or even a history. It is a map. We are all on it, the pins pointing to our places pierce our own bodies.

Rochelle Owens has extended a 'theatre of cruelty' to a theatre of total sense involvement. There is no need for 'audience participation.' No need for a name to be put to that, we are there, it is, now, an inevitability. Through very physical doors, the flesh, the fingers, perversion (?) and all the juices, you are chewing frozen meat with a group of game-playing eskimos whose northern home could be as well Castalia. A century ago it could have been

Castalia. Now: Castalia as answer-to-be-found, you are also sitting cross-legged in a near-eastern whore house, making the money to pay for your trip to the Holy Land. While you wait, you are eating out your brother. Or your mother.

Your germaness excuses you ("I'm not a fool, I'm half German.") Or, you grovel: "I want understanding, I do." "No, that really isn't it. You want a hot lunch." "Your face looks like an old grandmother's waiting for kisses." "The priest choked to death on a hot lunch." (These quotes not in order; not even from the same play!)

FUTZ, THE STRING GAME, BECLCH, ISTANBOUL and HOMO are chapters in our life. They are masterful plays in all the conventional (action, splendor, texture, completeness--complete as tight little circles) sense, but they continue, one from and into another, to remind us that by our bodies we measure, by our bodies we gauge and through them we create our history. The televisión screen shoots Vietnam into your mouth. The pain at the dentist's has become the pain under questioning, questioning, questioning. Silence. Can we call it torture? Statistics of the world's hungry is one bloated belly. The juices coming and coming between your legs is Agrarian Reform on a world-wide scale. We are preparing for a Revolution irrevocable and complete *because* we will know it in our bodies as we will know it in our minds. Joined in the hand. Honor has become symmetrical.

Again Rochelle takes you to the beginning. You grovel. You rise and you're slapped down again (and you like it). Obviously:

YAGO (*Weakly*) My right leg... hurts.

BECLCH (*Matter-of-fact*) The fat leg?

YAGO (*Embarrassed*) Yes.

BECLCH (*Coldly*) Yes, what!

YAGO (*Timidly*) The fat leg hurts.

BECLCH Whose is it? Whose fat leg is it?

YAGO (*Humbly*) It's mine.

BECLCH Then say it! Say it! Say, *my fat leg hurts!*

YAGO (*Low tones*) My fat leg hurts.

BECLCH (*Excited*) I can't hear you.

YAGO (*A little louder*) My fat leg hurts!

BECLCH (*Looking hard into his eyes*) I still can't hear you!

YAGO (*Tormented*) My fat leg hurts!

(this, from BECLCH).

I hope everyone reads this book. (A naive assertion: why not?) I confess that, having witnessed (been, touched, been touched by) two of the plays, it is easier to see (be) the five, through these pages. It occurs to me: how will the virgin schoolmaster in Deep Fog, Wyoming enter these pages and touch and use what's on them, and become what's there and live that (for I feel, very strongly, that Rochelle's work is to change us, is to be *lived*). But maybe, with Vietnam-Guatemala-Watts-Columbia-University-Peace-Talk-Assasinations-and-personal-head-ache-1968, there isn't a Virgin-Schoolmaster-in-Deep-Fog-Wyoming left.

Jerome Rothenberg, in his very pertinent introduction, says: "Rochelle Owens has caught hold of a truth about our nature, and she rides it through these plays, creating a new theatre as she goes and a world of her own." I would say Rochelle Owens has caught our nature, takes it from us and gives it back to us through the metaphor of the flesh, and that *is* a new theatre and world and a world which is and belongs to all of us.

I would end with St. Mary chanting in ISTANBOUL:

Saracens never touched me--I hid  
Saracens never touched me--I hid  
Saracens never sucked at these teats  
--I hid from them  
Unbelievers never touched me  
Unbelievers never touched me  
Unbelievers never sucked at these  
teats--I hid from them  
Virgin I am--virtuous I am  
Holy Holy I am, give money to Saint  
Mary of Egypt the pure one  
She who will get you in heaven  
with a prayer! She who will ask  
Christ Pantocrator to smile on you!  
Christ Pantocrator who never smiles  
will smile on you-- because of Saint  
Mary of Egypt!  
Eathquakes swallowed up the Saracens  
after they looked upon Mary's white  
body--Saint Mary's still a virgin  
so give her some money.

The gold crisis fucked to its only conclusion in one cunt. The absence of life  
-purity?-- to be filled with meaningless coins. Waste can only be adorned with  
Waste. Or banished forever from Life.

#### OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED:

THERE'S ALWAYS A MOON IN AMERICA: Max Finestein: Cranium Press,  
642 Shrader, San Francisco, California 94117: no price listed.

WHERE BABYLON ENDS: Nathaniel Tarn: Cape Goliard Press Ltd., 10a  
Fairhazel Gardens, London N. W. 6, England: 13/6.

IN. ON. ABOUT THE PREMISES: Paul Blackburn Cape Goliard Press, Ltd.,  
10a Fairhazel Gardens, London N. W. 6, England: 25 s.

MANHOOD: Michael Leiris: Jonathan Cape, 30 Bedford Square, London, England: 25 s (hardback) & 10 s 6 d (paperback).

SELECTED POEMS: Nazim Hikmet: Jonathan Cape, 30 Bedford Square, London, England: 18s (hardback) & 7s 6d (paperback).

WRITING DEGREE ZERO: Roland Barthes: Jonathan Cape, 30 Bedford Square, London, England: 18s (hardback) & 7s 6d (paperback).

ELEMENTS OF SEMIOLOGY: Roland Barthes: Jonathan Cape, 30 Bedford Square, London, England: 18s (hardback) & 7s 6d (paperback).

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## REVISTA **Casa de las Américas**

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...I read your plastic age poem...and I wish I had time to find the relevant pages in my autobiog that I want to send you-- about how to grow old. It boils down to this: we are surrounded by barrages of what to do stay young. But the problem nobody seems to write about, or teach us about, is how to grow old, how to wage daily battles against nostalgia (ou sont les neiges d'antan?). I think I indicate some of that in IMAGINARY DAUGHTER...

For poets & editors it's a very practical affair: How to keep up with tomorrow. Among the 90,000 "best poets of our generation" that throng the publishing highways of the USA, there are innumerable circles, few of which are aware of the other. In the Lowell-Auden-Kunitz circle, the Sonia Sanchez, Olga Cabral, Clarence Major circle doesn't exist...

The poetry upsurge continues. And Alice would have a hard time keeping up with the Red Queen of poems.

That's where the age problem arises. How fresh and youthful is your ear? Can you still hear tomorrow's poem today? (We can all hear our own poem, the youth problem is to continue to be able to hear the other new poem.)

Critics don't have this problem. Their job seems to be to bury yesterday's poem. To hear Dante the minute Dante writes it-- that's the eternal youth of the ear that can't be stopped.

Apollinare said it years ago:

"Pitie pour nous qui combattons toujours aux frontieres  
De l'illimite et de l'avenir."

And yet--why pity? What other life is there?

See you there!—

love,

WALTER LOWENFELS

New York City  
July 14, 1968

Happy Bastille Day and many more to come!...

I am now a member of a political/film organization called NEWSREEL. I do not know what you know of it but it can be briefly described as a group of radicals who use film as their weapon in the advancement of the revolution. We make



26 prints of all our films (sofar, since the organizations birth in January in New York, we've made 18 films and now have a San Francisco NEWSREEL as well) which are distributed free to 20 different cities throughout the states. All we ask are print costs in return and if we don't get that it's not that terrible. NEWSREEL also distributes films from Cuba and the liberation forces of Vietnam and we would like to find out how to get hold of radical political prints from Latin America...

love.

DAVID DOBKIN



Berkeley - 22 July 1968

...I'm still in the process of reading thru EL CORNO 27 but thus far am quite moved by your translations of Otto Rene Castillo as well as Ed Dorn's renderings of Javier Heraud's poems. I was overwhelmed by the intensity, the power & the beauty that radiates from the work of those devoted poet revolutionaries who gave us all of themselves: their days & nights, their dreams, their visions, their blood, their last breath. Such poetry will live to nourish, to energize, to enhance the futures of each of us. What songs of hope! -- an unkillable music of suns and moons shining down into us, warming the body, illuminating the heart...

I'm working with Black & Mexican-American teenagers in a writing workshop, part of the local Neighbor Youth summer program in conjunction with the University of California. It looks as tho things might work out OK.. The kids are from Oakland & Berkeley & have been remarkably enthusiastic about getting out an anthology of their writings. We're planning a sort of one-shot review. I'm really enjoying my part af the project. Black & Brown -- both are beautiful!...

Against a backyard backdrop of palmtree, appletree, lemontree, fir, sky, sun & wind, I clack out to you a gentle embrace & contribute to the noise of sunset voices & automobiles & as always send you our continuing encouragement.

& much love,

AL YOUNG

## NOTAS SOBRE LOS COLABORADORES

FRANCISCO GARZON CESPEDES abre nuestra pequeña antología de poesía cubana. Nació en 1947, en Camagüey, Cuba. Trabaja como periodista. Su poesía, que él nombra "estructural", es un aspecto más de la "poesía concreta" que desde hace algunos años grupos de vanguardia vienen experimentando, sobre todo en países como Brasil y Alemania... RAUL LUIS n. en 1934 en Camagüey. Vive y trabaja como empleado de correos en La Habana. Sus libros: *los días nombrados* y *el tiempo pasa*... NICOLAS GUILLEN n. en Camagüey en 1902. Desempeña un cargo directivo en la Unión de Escritores y Artistas de Cuba. Es uno de los maestros de la poesía hispano americana. Su sentido directo, despreocupado y alegre, su antiintelectualismo, y también el ritmo obsesivo, barroco, de herencia "negra", le confieren a su obra una nota única, singular en nuestra poesía. Los jóvenes empiezan a ocuparse de él ahora como en su tiempo se ocuparon de Neruda... JOSÉ MARTINEZ MATOS nació en 1930. Tiene 3 libros de poesía... VIRGILIO PIÑERA n. 1912. Es dramaturgo y ha escrito novelas, cuento, poesía. Su obra ha sido parcialmente traducida a varias lenguas europeas... ORLANDO ALOMA n. en Santiago de Cuba en 1942. Ha sido profesor en la Universidad de Oriente. Actualmente trabaja como co-editor de la revista CASA DE LAS AMERICAS... FRANCISCO DE ORAA n. en 1929. Es secretario de redacción de la revista UNION. Sus libros: *Es necesario* (1964), y *Por nejas* (1966)... EXILIA SALDAÑA n. en 1946 en La Habana. Da clases de literatura y estudia en la Universidad. En 1967 obtuvo Mención en el concurso de la Casa de las Américas con su libro *Enlloró*... FERNANDO ALEGRIA nos envía este poema desde la Universidad de Stanford, California, donde es profesor de literatura. Nació en Chile en 1918. Ha escrito también novela y ensayo... Las cartas de SIGMUND FREUD y LOU-ANDREAS SALOME forman parte del libro "Correspondencia" que próximamente publicará la Editorial mexicana SIGLO XXI... JORGE TEILLIER n. en Lautaro, Chile, en 1935. Sus libros: *Para ángeles y gorriones* (1956), *El cielo cae con las hojas* (1958), *El árbol de la memoria* (1961), y *Poemas del país de nunca jamás* (1963)... ERNESTO CARDENAL sigue viviendo en su isla de Solentiname, en el lago de Nicaragua. Allí, en la soledad y el silencio, en la contemplación y la unión con la naturaleza, escribe una de las obras más penetrantes de nuestra lengua... DONALD GARDNER es un joven poeta inglés, quien hace poco estuvo en la comunidad contemplativa —y activa— de Ernesto Cardenal. Tradujo al inglés la *Hora O* —largo poema político de E. C., y *Piedra de Sol*, uno de los mejores poemas de Octavio Paz... MARCO ANTONIO FLORES es un joven poeta de Guatemala. Estos

poemas pertenecen a su libro *Muro de luz*, que ganó hace poco el Premio Centroamericano de Poesía, del que fueran jueces Carlos Pellicer, Fernando Alegría y Ernesto Cardenal. Será publicado próximamente por la Edit. Siglo XXI...LA CARTA DE UN GUERRILLERO COLOMBIANO fue escrita en las montañas de Colombia por el guerrillero Hernando Hermías Ruiz, muerto hace poco en combate, y dirigida a otro joven aspirante a guerrillero... JUDITH GUTIERREZ es una pintora ecuatoriana... SILVIA DE SWAAN publicó en *El Corno Emplumado* su libro "dibujos de vida y muerte". Pinta y vive en México... RINI TEMPLETON es una pintora de Nuevo México... GEORGE COHEN, fotógrafo de Nueva York... SARA MONDRAGON RANDALL, la joven artista que ejecutó la portada de este número, es la hija de 5 años de los editores.

### CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES:

JOEL SLOMAN wrote a very beautiful few pages when asked for biographical notes. Some excerpts from those pages: "I was born in Brooklyn, New York on 23 June, 1943... I attended City College on and off for the next five years without graduating, and was thrown out of school a couple of times for my generally low grades... I became more and more drawn to poetry, chiefly through my reading of T. S. Eliot at that time... My first book of poems, *Virgil's Machines*, was written between summer of 1963 and the first couple of months of 1965. This was a very unhappy period for me... Finally, at the beginning of 1965 I took a job as an office boy for the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. This was when I was only beginning to become politically conscious... later was assistant to the poet Joel Oppenheimer in the poetry section of a community art project at St. Mark's Church-in-the Bowery, was also involved in the Angry Arts movement... At the end of 1967 I was highly unsatisfied with what I had been doing and with what I hadn't been doing. And yet, I was very uncertain about what I ought to do and unable to confidently decide who there was in my country with whom I could join in order to help to change it. I decided to go another country for a while where I would be able to read and write and attempt to resolve as many as possible of the personal obstacles to my being more useful and more of an integral human being. I was in London for nine months... I've been happier since I've decided to look for my role in a revolutionary world."

KILTON STEWART's article on the Senoi dream culture was most recently published in the English magazine FIRE (see add, this issue). He was the author of numerous works, including *Pygmies and Dream Giants*. Stewart died recently, but his work should continue to be a window open on one more alternative to our damaged society... CLARENCE MAJOR is a well-known American poet currently writing and living with his wife in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. His poems soon come out in book form from Grove Press, and he

is editing an anthology of Black Poets for International... *CLAYTON ESHLEMAN* continues to edit *CATERPILLAR* from New York but will be in England studying Scientology as this issue comes out... *RICHARD MORRIS* edits *CAMEL'S COMING* and *QUARK* from Reno, Nevada; is undoubtedly one of the few lights on that one-armed desert... *AL YOUNG* just received some National Council on the Arts money to revive *LOVE*. He and his wife now live in Berkeley... *TOM WAYMAN* publishes with us here for the first time. He has been writing a book of poems on a Canada Council grant until August, then heads for Colorado State University where he will be an English instructor... *JOHN BRUSHOOD* holds an honorary chair in the Spanish Department of the University of Kansas in Lawrence. He is well known for his work on the Mexican novel, as well as for his own writing... *TODD GITLIN* is poet, ex-president of the SDS, attended the Cultural Congress in Havana in January, and now lives and works and writes in San Francisco... *MICHELE MURRAY* raises a family and writes from Washington, D. C. ...*HARVEY BIALY* was at Bard, is now in Berkeley... *ROBERT BONAZZI* edits *LATITUDES* from Houston, Texas, has been involved in the investigation which continues around the John Kennedy assassination... The three Greek poets included in this issue represent an attempt to get beneath the surface of that country's recent and current tragedy. *IAKOVAS KAMBANELLIS*'s information was not available... *KOSTAS KOVANIS* was born in Thebe in 1930. He has lived in Athens and is currently on Cyprus. He is a graduate of Political Science and works as an accountant. Among his books: *Vae Victis* and *Parafora*... *YANNIS RITSOS* was arrested on the first day of the coup and has been in the Ura death camp ever since... These poems were sent to us by *DAN GEORGAKAS*, a Greek-American poet who also did some of the translations... *RAFAEL ALBERTI* was born in Spain in 1902 and took exile, with so many others, in 1939. He has lived quite a while in Argentina and, since 1964, in Italy. His work is forbidden in Spain... *THOMAS GATTEN*, who teaches English at Fresno State College in California, did the Alberti translations. Three lady-painters illustrate this Corno: *JUDITH GUTIERREZ*, an Ecuatorian exile living in Mexico who is not new to these pages, *SYLVIA DE SWAAN*, a Rumanian-born American living in Mexico and not new either, and *RINI TEMPLETON* who lives in New Mexico, obvious background for the hieroglyphs and arroyo-landscapes. *GEORGE COHEN*, who took the pentagon photographs is a New York photographer who has done much to capture what's happening now... The cover of this issue is by the editors' daughter, *SARAH MONDRAGON RANDALL*. She is five years old. She calls the drawing "The Medal."

# OWL

editors: jackie levy, donald gardner & kate sanders 17 vardens road,  
london s. w. 2, england.

OWL says: "Communication in poetry needs to be as fast as it is in other media. Above all, a new poetry magazine starts with the assumption that poetry is not a luxury of life or a dilettante game, but a necessity. Our intention is to answer as far as we can this need for a wider spectrum of poetry than we are currently getting in England."

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# FIRE

4 St. George's Terrace, London, N. W. 1, England.  
Copies of second issue still available at \$1.50

- dreams by east end children of london
- proclamation - gary snyder
- drawings by jutta werner, frances horne, harry trevor,  
hans breeg and dode von grieff
- poems by georg johannesen, calvin hernton, john keys,  
spike hawkins
- PASSAGE TO MORE THAN INDIA by gary snyder
- revolution by CHE GUEVARA
- the anti university by JOSEPH BERKE
- money, sex and the theatre by JULIAN BECK
- FUCLOC, a play/happening by lawrence ferlenghetti

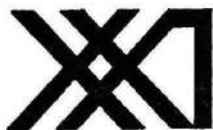
a dialectic between direct violent revolutionary action and cultural guerrilla warfare.

# LABOR EDITORIAL DE LA SECRETARIA DE EDUCACION PUBLICA

La lectura establece siempre, de modo obvio, un vehículo entre el libro y el lector, pero no siempre logra establecer un contacto permanente y vital entre la persona que lee y la lectura misma. Con esto queremos dejar dicho que la lectura no se ha convertido aún, por desgracia, en un hábito constante de gran número de personas, quienes menos que por una necesidad imperiosa, leen de un modo eventual y en función, a lo sumo, de entretener o “matar” el tiempo. A través de los CUADERNOS DE LECTURA POPULAR tratamos de que se acreciente el número de lectores que no se limiten a “matar” el tiempo con la lectura, sino que conviertan a ésta en una actividad importante y orientada de su espíritu, al mismo tiempo que sepan descubrir en ella el incomparable placer intelectual que encierra. No se trata, pues, de “matar” el tiempo, sino de recobrarlo. Recobrar ese tiempo preciso que una sociedad humana todavía mal organizada nos arrebató en el trabajo que no nos pertenece y en la fatiga que nos impone el empleo irracionalmente usufructuado de nuestra energía. De aquí el atributo de *popular* con el que hemos calificado nuestros *Cuadernos de Lectura*. No basta con que se sepa leer; es preciso un aprendizaje para que se aprenda a amar lo que se lee. Inducir al lector a que realice este aprendizaje es nuestro propósito.

*He aquí algunos títulos:*

SIMON BOLIVAR, por Carlos Pellicer  
COLON Y LOS VIKINGOS, por Rodrigo García Treviño.  
ALIGHIERI EL DIVINO Y SU COMEDIA, por Vicente Magdaleno.  
LOS GENERALES DE BOLIVAR, por Demetrio Aguilera Malta.  
LOS ULTIMOS DIAS DEL PRESIDENTE MADERO, por Manuel  
Márquez Sterling  
CANTO A MORELOS, por José López Bermúdez.  
CARTAS INTIMAS Y ESCRITOS DE SILVESTRE REVUELTAS,  
por José Revueltas,  
VIDA Y OBRA DEL PADRE KINO, por Luis León de la Barra.  
CLAUDIO BERNARD Y LA MEDICINA EXPERIMENTAL, por  
Eva Mariel Krauss.  
LINCOLN, LEÑADOR DE AMERICA, por Sergio Mondragón.



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esta edición que consta de 3,000 ejemplares se terminó de imprimir en los talleres de Avelar hnos. impresores, s. a. el día 15 de Septiembre de 1968 bajo la dirección de margaret randall y sergio mondragón; se imprimió en papel danubio con tipo bodoni book de 8 y 10 puntos. linotipista josé luis gonzález; cajista formador carlos gaytán; prensistas vicente gonzález y arturo cardiel.



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