

REVEAL DIGITAL

The Magazine of Further Studies

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 06-01-1969

Contributed by: Millenium; Mary Leary; George F. Butterick; Fred Wah; John Clarke; John Temple; Bob Hogg; Ed Sanders; Robert Creeley; Duncan McNaughton; Albert Glover; Johnson Hill; John Clarke; J. W.; Albert Glover; Wah; John Clarke; Ed Billowitz; Johnson Hill; Love David; J. Temple; Wah; Wah; Charles Olson

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28040397>

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

This item is openly available as part of an Open JSTOR Collection.

For terms of use, please refer to our Terms & Conditions at <https://about.jstor.org/terms/#whats-in-jstor>



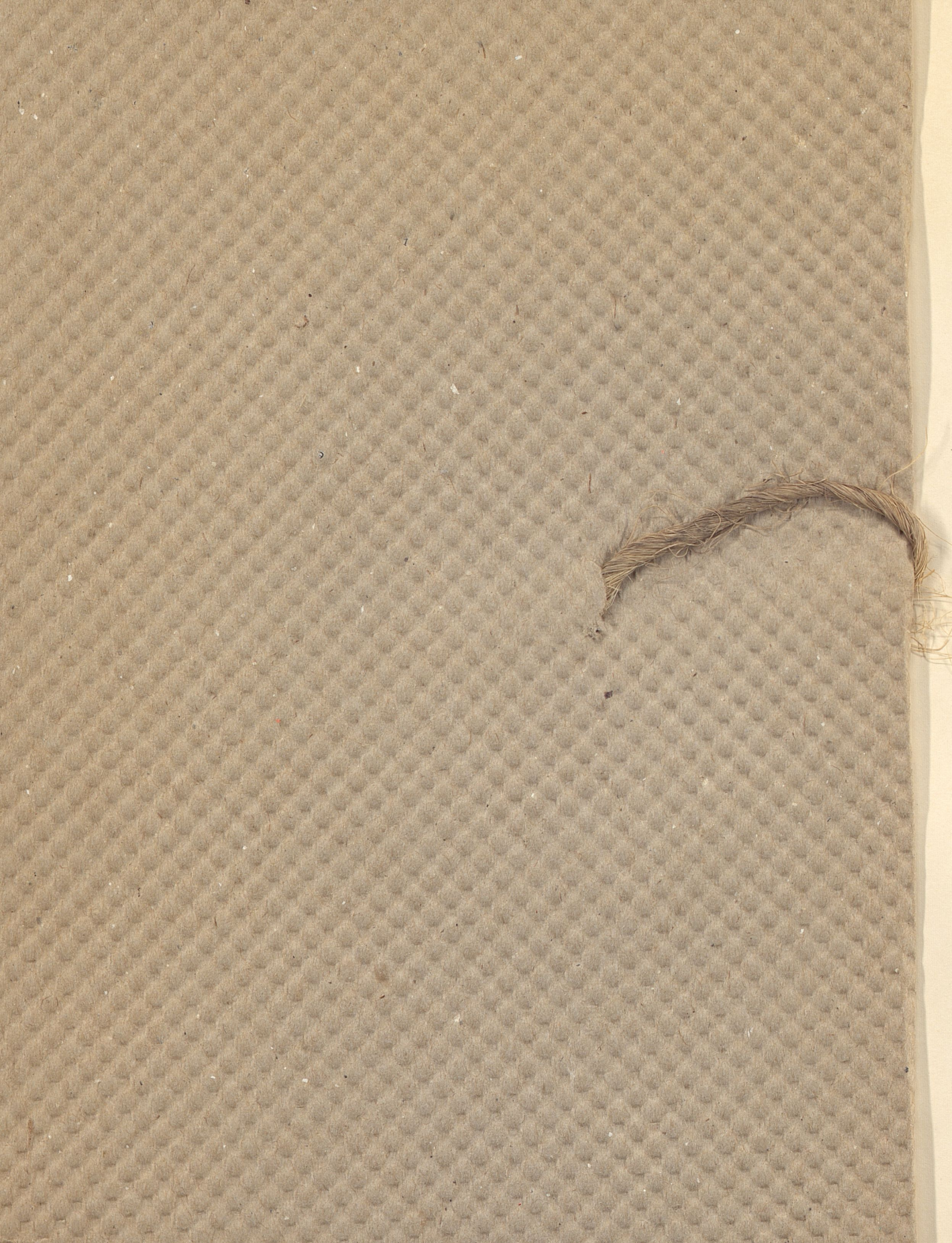
JSTOR

Reveal Digital is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Reveal Digital*

#6

RBI





THE MAGAZINE OF FURTHER STUDIES

#6

"A fine wind is blowing the new direction of Time"

D. H. Lawrence, Song of a Man who has come through

My dearest Jack,

I don't think one acquires
knowledge (either of the future or
of the past)

What the Kahuna
or I wld say /̄ and there is no
Secret. Or this is it /̄ is that
—— & what makes time simply
(as against all the still current
humanism) the "life" of space is

this fact that it is

Knowing is simply

purifying oneself to be tuned in

—— to

play (the music

Love,

& yrs as much or more here
than there,

Chas

Sept ONE
LX FIVE
(3rd
Millenium

I am very glad, and all alone in the world,
All alone, and very glad, in a new world
Where I am Disembarked at last

I was standing by the church
waiting to go in, people going by
People rushing by all of a sudden
he took my hand and ran with it
the other way, o Fred, I lost my hat
I entered the church and down the aisle
he followed me into the second row
I pushed and there you were
O Fred I was glad, no matter
my hat, you were laughing
O Fred

1 August 1968
Mary Leary

He said, that when he would step out into the street
he would see James Joyce.

My mother, his daughter
said she saw him step into a coming car.

Drunk
ness was fearful to her life.

He lost his job
at the A&P because a woman said his hands
were too blotchy to handle vegetables.

She was
coming out of church at the time, with another girl
her own age, or her sister. Or she was
already making a novena to cure him.

George F. Butterick

I point to my own absolute (?) experience of
myself as a step towards which all
my being flows (into) & fills and from that there
a physical place out of which the possible

Fred Wah
22 May 1969

it was all tainted with myself, I knew it all to start with
because it was all myself

I am only lugal

like my father
and his

Huron County Home

I just
put on righteousness and it clothed me

John Clarke
May 2 1969

The Thought

That i wd be better occupied in seeking
a wife, in the centres of population
accompanied like her ghost each traverse
i make over the
face of the earth; the adolescent
dream of The Ultimate Coffee Bar (Heaven (a name
for a boutique where all passions
are skilled makes all activity a live
& an evasion of an inhuman (sense of "responsibility no man
can bear without
relief found in woman & in
the body of the surface of the earth condition.
Single, married
into the world, a noble family, was the
defence i formulated for myself earlier
today, in the face of that, preying
anxiety, the poem celebrates
the allayment of. The figures
of her presence are today a flame from
the open chimney of a coking plant & a crippled
man walking w the aid
of a stick. I sd he was peevish
with affliction when the sympathy
of the onlooker was denied i wd be turning
from the direction they hold me to as she my
unknown wife does.

For Merry

I look with shock
upon forms in the dark out on the
platform that might be lovers
but turn out to be coils
of hose, or lamposts. Stevie Wonder
sang. What becomes of the broken
hearted. This is the only sense
in which I fear the future now
yr gone. Merry, before the brightness of yr

presence fades, from me as this day also
will be taken & an old
cynicism come down over
the sea coast town where I find
myself pretending to live again a
('decent' life, but how
empty it all is now! The sun has
moved, round, as the train, slinks
to a halt in a Fenland
Station /; wrote about 3 years
ago searching to define the Alabama
of the mind that is without
slavery. The only
slavery; have found since is
to have been away, from you.

The palaces of my life have been graces
in the main bought, when i had least
expected them. The red fire buckets
of a 19th century industry that peopled
an entire town in the region
i was born & live in east
jerry built ghettoes across the valleys
of 3 rivers & a double
score of tributaries ship
wrecked my grandfathers in a bitter lake
of industrial savagery. That glowed
for a hundred years w the false
face of apparent health & now turns
upon 14 yr old children having
cast them in a harsh inflexible
mould & tells them, blandly
that if they want jobs they'd better
go elsewhere. The relative
transportation costs for finished
products doesn't mean much
to Alan Chapman & the other five or
six kids hanging around in
the woods on the edge of Castle View Secondary School
playing fields like Champlain's

Indians Olson / speaks of who
survived, the ravages
of smallpox only
to face starvation in that winter of
1623 (?)
hovering around the campfires of the English fishermen
at Gloster, Mass., for let
there be no doubt! Every teacher
who crosses the Alexandra Bridge
from the better suburbs of Sunderland
or who moves in from the avenues of Roke
& Seaburn each
day moves
back that night his social conscience
salved, his role
fulfilled for a
nother day. The palaces
of my life remain meanwhile,
and the unnecessary suffering
of these children is as true a theme to me as love itself.

John Temple

Thinking Along the lines that

the whole process of terrestrial change is indeed governed by a kind of rhythmic movement. Not only the oceans, but the "eternal hills" themselves rise & fall in obedience to this cosmic law

I try to show how the psyche behaves under the strain of the conflict, - what it produces in the individual, and how it has been exemplified in the history of the human mind

If to this we add the notion of degrees of dignity or aptitude correlative to these metamorphoses which the law of an identical rhythm orders in simultaneity and in succession, we possess the essential ideas by which to penetrate the heart of

J. C. for H. B.

A Lifetime

Nobody ever did anything
but get an idea
keep it (turn inward
or give it to someone
else

To give and to go one
giving
 (a piece of yourself— say
 it goes rotten
 and they have to cut it off
 Jesus, what a gift
what a way to give
way to
 time
 spreads out
as the shadow of my hair
spreads out on the page

no form
that is not my own

everywhere else
the rain

Carcinoma
begins near the surface

it grows upward & outward
like a rose

May 10th, 1969
in Buffalo

Bob Hogg

I shall never forget the maniacal horror of it all in the end

"I can't sustain
the Vision"

Buffalo, Ed Sanders
February
'69

"Re peyote — locally I stay clear of
whoever's got it, just that it's a very small
town. So."

Robert Creeley
Placitas, April 21, 1969

Lockd in a fiery Tree

for Eugenia

I scry no other sign of Life
About that fairy Tree
But a changeable Maid, formd o' Strife
Defines periphery:

Now almost as an Angel seems
Now rather like a Bee
Her Voice I never hear but screams
My secret name at me

She folds me in amid her Wings
She covers me with Death
All the while a tune she sings
Of everlasting Nets

I wish she'd stay
But one full Day
Or else forever fly away

7/23/69

Duncan McNaughton

the black dog is third dog
of the three it is you
who is guarding your tree

won't let me free won't
let me be you are he
guarding my tree

beautiful black shadow black
dog growl my ear gnaw
my bones in your black jaw

won't let me get back
black dog a shadow is he
keeping watch over me

and the clothes I took off
at the trunk of his tree
are green and blue

it is you are he
guarding a tree
at last it is you & me

Albert Glover
3.26.69

"...we found marginal
limits could have been pushed
much further & that such
adjustments of technology
to more primitive does also
include time warp /̄ being,
as it was, winter /̄..."

Buri
Royalton, Vt.
Johnson Hill
9 May 1969

The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge by Carlos Castaneda. University of California Press, Berkeley, 1968.

"Very few Indians have such a desire"

John Clarke
June 3 1969

Her brain's a boneyard
her brainyard's a stone

J. W.

At last came death, sufficiency of death
and that at last relieved me, I died.

Ed Dorn, Gunslinger.
Book I, 1968. San Francisco

But, what's wrong with mortality? Our blessing is that we die those deaths,
cut down and bound by our own illusions, each other. A man becomes
enamoured of combat; the way he loves, a woman. There's no end to
desire but further, bigger guns to shoot with, faster action, and the fear
that no domestic pleasure can equal the thrill of War.

We've turned

Saigon into a giant brothel and our cities, our homes. Everything goes
down before that proposition. Even I...

"No discipline will turn one Man into
another, even in the least particle, & such discipline I call
Presumption & Folly. I have tried it too much not to know
this, & am very sorry for all such Existence itself, because
it is Mental Rebellion against the Holy Spirit, & fit only for
a Soldier of Satan to perform."

/ Wm. Blake to his "best" student,
John Linnell, one year or so before
his own mortal death, 1 February 1826/

& thrown into my pillbox by John Clarke
soon after Memorial day 1969

Albert Glover

SO

rete

the inner joyous heat

which earths through me

then

Wah

May 21 - June 6 / 69

Thirty-six years after my birth was the time,

here, in the other world, still terrestrial

A chant was coming out of me

without my being able to do anything

myself, the same as before, yet unaccountably new

to stop it. Many things appeared

to me presently : huge birds & other

John Clarke
June 4 1969

At this point I would distinguish the following kinds of form and their associations with ideas of the universe .

- 1) convention = conformation to a model, "plan": the universe and life itself is really a mess, a savage bloody wild bore. But rational men by their social agreements /the Constitution as guarantor of correct freedoms/ maintain models of garden, household, relationships, language decorum or grammar, literature, in which sensibilities can replace passions (or compassion replace passion) etc.
- 2) ideal = striving to achieve a likeness of eternal pre-existent models, "perfection": the universe and life itself is really grounded in an harmonic system. Plato remains the prime statement of this concept of form. Forms here are eternal and ultimate reality. Plato is quite clear that poets (and language) ain't perfectionists. I think that in this second concept of the meaning of form the poet would be mathematician and even more geometer. /And I remain puzzled and excited by how much ideal form haunts my imagination as I work in a foreign ground/.
- 3) organic form = a) incorporating in the work birth, youth, maturation, aging, death /Aristotle's beginning, middle, and end/: the universe is proceeding from its birth towards its ultimate demise. In the work of art there is a generative seed /think of Henry James/, an energetic productive youth, a maturation, and death: in tragedy, a critical demise; in comedy, a peaceful laying to rest of all elements. Each work is an individual belonging to a species but "complete in itself" /a contemporary life sciences view every individual as the end of a species and the beginning of a species/
 - b) self-expressive form: here the poem, novel, painting is thought of as a leaf of the tree, we are concerned with its signature /we can tell it is a Duncan by shape, structure, function, comparison etc./ . off-shoot of this is what looks at first like an anti-formal idea: the poem or story etc, is a gesture or e-motion of the author — no longer a creator but a self expanding the range of

his feeling in the human community. *

- 4) projective = form is happening in the process, "evolution": the universe and life are energetic, at work. Form appears as the survival of elements in any area, time or locality. As in Darwinian evolution by chance significance emerges: i. e. out of multiple "formless" possibilities only one thing "actually" happens. Form lies in the creative activation (recognition) of what happens. In this aspect, the poet is concerned with the activity of forces present in the language in their evolution in the poem. The word, its sounds and meanings, may be "recognized" by the poet, but the word itself initiates all possibilities. In contrast with the Platonic form where ultimate reality is pre-existent in the ideal, in the projective form the ultimate "reality" is always in process (i. e. no poem can in itself propose its ultimate form, tho every poem comes into being towards that form).
- 5) chance - "zen". This is so much the rage that I don't bother my mind about it. That ZEN is the appropriate key seems questionable. Cage, Dom Houedard, or early Arp have to do with incorporating our Western recognition of the absoluteness of a thing's happening.
- 6) physical or sensitive form) — that the artist feels relationships, i. e. weights, measures, durations, correspondences, gravities, propulsions and co-operates to set them in motion. The physical universe has "laws" of motion and the artist is sensitive to them. Here language, as well as paint, tones struck from the string is a "matter" of vibrations; and form has to do with the working in structures of moving parts.
- 7) I am more and more fascinated by the idea of form as creation or fiction of a universe as a way of "knowing" the real universe. Form as a mode of participation in the real. It is not only in order to participate in the universe but also to participate in self.

The difficulty here is how to keep this a series of poetics and not to get off into amateur philosophy (I feel the "philosophic" content as a drag as I think here).

*the universe here is ultimately, as in Hindoo world view, "scene" and "seen", a continuation of the person or actors and readily expresses his mood. "Roses and blood flood the clouds."

Robert Duncan

Dear Diana —

Buga Nov. 4, 1968

... This time, the first nite in Tibu, a Peace Corps girl I was with mentioned some guy who had gone to live with the Motilone Indians, a group said to be cannibalistic, but at any rate have attacked & killed any number of people from the Gulf Oil Co. thereabouts. That nite we had dinner at the country club, air conditioned, tennis courts & swimming pool, etc, filled with a sick & apathetic people, & when we arrived, I'm just sort of quiet, a little contemptuous, only half listening. A very neat simple girl was saying something like, you just arrived! O how wonderful. You came from lacuta. O how wonderful. And I think, I can't waste my time talking with her. Then, she's talking with someone else, & I hear something about Indians, & sure enough, she's working with the Motilone. I asked her about it, & it turned out the guy across the table is Bruce Olson, the one who's been in there for 6 years. Anyway, I talked with him for a while, & came back alone to talk with him more the next nite. I was at first put off by his being a Methodist, but he's certainly quite intelligent, he alone made the first real contact with the Indians 6 years ago, & has learned their language. Has fantastic stories to tell, & said I could probably stay there, which I think I will do not long after quitting. He seldom comes out any more, so it was quite a lucky chance I met him. It's fairly accessible, to the first camp anyway, only a few days from Tibu....

Jan 14, Bogota

Slept late, dreaming of wild Indians. Ines called while I was having breakfast in the hotel, met her for lunch, good to see her, tell her of the Vaupes. Went to see Carlos Morales in his office, he remembered me, told me a bit about Indians, but gave me the names of other people, anthropologists and officials, who would help me. Went to see Anna Karinina at night, enjoyed it, the lights, the scene with peasant threshers in the golden fields at sunset, with Russian Orthodox liturgy in the background. Felt like my old self in the movie — like I knew something. Movies with the Indians -- a face painted, then the same person without painted face. Sunset, moonlight, firelight, candles.... Every plant knows my thoughts as I pass, and they remember -- in a fire one can see the thoughts released, one can hear the memories rehearsed.

Another cute trick here. The people on the bus like to puke on your shoes, or your knapsack lying in the aisle, or puke out one window so that it comes in the window behind it (yours); and then ask the bus driver for a paper bag. Another variation: they just puke on the floor in front of them, or on their own shoes, and then ask for a bag.

Sun, Jan 19, 1969, Bogota to Tibu

In Tibu, Ginny was in, she took me to the house where I could stay, and then told me Bruce Olson was in town, and we went out in the jeep to look for him, finally found him at the oil co. and he talked for a while, he more or less ignored me, said he'd gotten my letter and heard I was going back to the States, and I said no, I thought I'd visit the Motilones first. We went to his house, outside Tibu, where recuperating Motilones stay. It was long ago their land, and so when he got it they considered it land reclaimed, and brought arrows to preserve the spirit. I still hadn't slept, and had hardly eaten for a day and a half, but I went with them out to the oil co. club to eat, he brought one of the Motilones with him, who spoke no Spanish, and who has a beautiful smile. I was starved, and ate the biggest steak I'd seen in Columbia, and had a couple beers, and then felt good, and talked some, of Sophie Mueller, the evangelist woman who has converted half the Cubeos of the Vaupes, whom the priests tried to have killed, but the paid killers could never find her. Talked of anthropologists, missionaries, etc. I disagreed with him on just about everything. He told me a myth some Indians had related to some anthropologist, claiming that they had just made it up: I have eye, the bird has eye, I look at the bird, he has eye like me, I kill bird, etc, and I said it sounds quite plausible as a creation myth, whereas he said it was just nonsense. The next nite he brought four Motilones to dinner at the oil co. club. We saw a movie beforehand, a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde type, with mad scientist, wrestler turning into animal in the ring, the scientist himself turning back into animal with his girl friend in the full moon, and after the townsfolk with torches finally kill him she runs down and still loves him even though he tried to kill her. One Motilone came over and sat on the arm of Bruce's chair about halfway through, because he was afraid.

January 21, 1969, Tibu

As the day passed in the canoe, I felt more and more free, I felt that my dying and suffering in Buga was like a great psychological thwock, the sound of think roots being dislodged underwater, umbilical and physical, so that I need no longer go home every certain period, to regain food, but could feed myself, and travel for a long time, more and more I think that those three years three months three days with the Tibetans in India is what I must do. To learn to meditate, to learn to wait, to understand the strange movements of my mind in travel, to relate them better to something more unified, real, dignified. I'm hardly free, liberated, etc. though at times I guess I am wresting certain areas from bondage.

Wed. Jan. 23, Motilone, Rio de Oro

The irridescent red on one side, and blue on the other side, are like the relationship between bright red with eyes open and the after image of greenish blue with eyes closed. The flight of this butterfly, the alternate exposing

of outer and inner wings, is like the alternate manifestation of two worlds. The morpho exhibits the same principle, in feeding upon offal and faeces as a caterpillar.

Thus Morning, January 24, 1969, Rio de Oro I feel capable of magic here--like the one ring, one could be ageless.

Sat, Jan. 26, 1969, Rio de Oro.

My relationship with the missionaries seems nice yet. All appeared so negative upon my meeting them--the first thing Karen offered me was two recent issues of Time magazine, which she was so proud to have; apparently they subscribe, here in the middle of the jungle. Then the hideous smocks they put on the women at times. Plus in the kitchen a gigantic platter with the State of Texas pictured on it, and a pot rest -'Give Us This Day our Daily Bread'- while they're eating Campbell soups and tuna fish from the States. But they are very nice to me, the girls especially, were happy to have someone to talk to--and I of course demonstrated how respectable I really am despite how I look. Anyway, it's worked out well, so far, my being friendly, negative capability, waiting to see what it really means.

The boredom of the life is quite great here--sometimes I think they might kill simply out of boredom. Like the way they hit the animals. One boy shot and killed one of the pet monkeys with his bow and arrow.

I still want to study medicine, such a solid base for all the miracles.

Tues, Jan. 28, 1969, Rio de Oro

I watched for a while, the vision stayed the same, at last I said, Spirits or no spirits, I'm tired and am going to sleep, and so I did.

Today in the great house across the river, I was greeted very friendly, I really like it here, especially the chief, he touches me and puts his arm around me and talks right into my ear, sometimes whispering, as though he thinks I'll understand his language if he speaks so close.

Bah Shee Koh Rah is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen--I would like to superimpose her face on the film of the mist rising in the river--"and the mist rising from the earth is the yearning of the female for the male."

Wed, Jan 29, 1969 Rio de Oro

Yesterday, I played a long tape of gregorian chants in the big house, so dark and cool inside, while on the post before me hung the carcass of a sloth, with its peculiar odor and open belly, and next to it hanging downward the featherless and open body of a parrot; while around me bare breasted women spoke, and laughed, in their half musical language.

Or when we were spearing fish on the river; while they were spearing sting-rays and another primitive fish with shell-like armor and suckers on the mouth, butterflies would alight on their dark beautifully muscled bodies in the bright sun, to drink the moisture from their skin. But even beyond these obvious correspondences--in their "primitive" ways and lack of rigid rules, there runs through an order and morality as sweet as the Gregorian chants.

The legendary killers, men who had taken scalps, playing with marbles.

The monkeys die hard, like humans. They cry. They touch the wound, then look at the blood on the hand, and look at the killer unbelievably. They point at the killer. The monkey at the table gives me a paradigm of the people's reaction to me. First it bit me yesterday. Then today it bit me, then sat in Sheri's lap beside me; then probed its long arm out to touch me--then clutched at my beard and glasses, and at last sat on my lap, and put its arms around me.

Sun, Feb. 2, 1969 Journey from Rio de Oro to Tibu

In the truck where I hitched a ride along the final stretch, relaxed, lay down. I thought I was in the death room, I didn't care, to lay still, to have knowing hands take care of me, to render me to peace. Felt good, lying back on sacks of bananas--felt so much bigger than the little self riding along below in the truck. Saw my whole life as if stretched across the curving heavens, of which a tiny part was connected in some complicated way to the self lying there being transported from the jungle of the Motilone to the city. Felt strong, some type of passage successfully undergone.

Thurs, Feb. 6, 1969 Tibu to Valledupar

I felt good travelling again, being in the company of a race of travellers.

Mon. Feb. 10, 1969

Ran into the Arhuaces again this afternoon, and repeated yesterday's scene again. Apparently they come into town very seldom, perhaps once a year, and when they do, they love to celebrate. Spoke with Nikanor, a young man from Serancua, his first time in town, and he was quite elated. They were very nice to me, told me that when I'm traveling in their mountains I will have to visit them, Modesto offered to guide me in, said we should travel together, and Gabriel wanted me to visit him, got drunk again, Gabriel called me into the back, has certain beautiful hand gestures, very affectionate, held my hand and hugged me, also, pulled my fingers so that the knuckle cracked, then had me put my hands on his head, and I rubbed his temples, he seemed pleased. He is one of the high Arhuace priests. Then Nikanor had me hold the hand of his beautiful sister Herbia--she seemed shy and pleased, I felt

an honest warmth. Another old man, quite drunk, began singing beside me. They're mostly very peaceful and gentle when drunk.

Tues, Feb. 11, 1969 Valledupar to Pueblo Bello

Earlier, a boy walked into my room; I was a bit annoyed, at first, though he told me he would take me to San Sebastian the following morning, as he had two horses without a load. I was glad I had wandered all around the town earlier, talking to people, for I don't know where he came from, and as it turned out I could never have made it without him.

Thurs, Feb 13, 1969, San Sebastian

The village itself is over half deserted, as the people have two houses, one in the mountains where they grow their crops and tend their animals, and another in the village, which they use when they come down for business and fiestas. This was the ancient seat of their high holy days, but since the mission has moved in, they no longer use it so much, as far as I could figure out, and think they've established a new secret center somewhere deeper in the mountains. In the village itself, most of the men seem cold and suspicious of me, and barely respond when I talk. Saw the mama, drunk on rum, earlier, but they seem to stay pretty much in the houses. Most all the men are chewing coca constantly here. Late in the afternoon I climbed the hill overlooking the Pueblo, to see what I could figure out of the symbolic positioning of the houses and the patterns of stone borders between the houses. Coming down, I about broke my neck on the steep slippery grass slope.

Sat, Feb. 15, 1969 San Sebastian

In the hut he began singing again and dancing, this time the music of the Arhuaco priests, I could hardly believe the first song, so much like American Indian,

Hey ey Yah ah
Hey ey Yah ah
Hey Yah
Hey Yah

over and over again, dancing, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, inclining from side to side; then I accompanied him with the finger cymbals and he smiled, drinking all this time, and then he sang another song, and I played along, and then we did it again, I was immensely pleased, in music I felt at home again.

I was leaping from a high building but guiding myself with my hands, I landed on something like a gigantic strip of film, stretched between two buildings, and bounded up from it, balancing with my hands like wings all the time, and then I was home, but I could float, I floated down above a staircase, Diana was there, she gave me

a wise look, I felt a little embarrassed for having returned with this power. Slept poorly, on the cold stone, though as I lay down I felt the coca in my mouth trickle down my throat like the sweetness of the goddess who first gave it to them.

Sun, Feb 16, San Sebastian to Duriemeina

Going up the first ragged peak I thought of Frodo, going up the last ashen slope of Mordor--and something died within me, I took out the coca leaves, and ate a great bunch, and suddenly I realized that in all the great journeys there is help along the way, the coca was given by a goddess, it was the same as the potion the Lady Galadriel gave to Frodo, also the special bread they ate, and the charm to kill the monster. I felt lighter, my lungs pure and cool, my mouth sweet--my legs were still killing me, but I didn't mind as much; I looked down at this point, and the unexpected extravagance of the view filled me with energy.

Wed, Feb 18, 1969

All of my past life has been rising in dream and in day--Mr. Hawkes, Janice Ostroff, and Joyce Ostroff, Susan Davidoff, Aaron and Shellie, Butler Ave and the time I was too small to go past the corner of the block, and wondered where the school really was. The solitude of catching insects. Also, what I, rising again, had been afraid of before, in Buga, and was afraid to write at that time. Three things, it seems. First, that I was waking up, and that was too awful, that I couldn't wake up alone without a master. Second, that I was on the verge of seeing my true nature, or chief feature, as G. puts it, and as Hartman says, great care must be taken in esoteric schools at this point in order that the student not commit suicide or forever flee from himself and the work. And so, I was afraid to see my chief feature without a guide or master. (Later, reading O. again, I laughed at my fears, as a chief feature is a poetical expression, e.g., A is never at home, or B simply does not exist. I think is close to Diana's chief feature, a quality expressed in its positive aspect by Keats' negative capability, or C always argues--it is also like Yeats' "There is a myth for every man, and if we know the myth, then we know the man"--and so I came close to defining my chief feature; I felt in pressing close to it as if I were pressing the two positive poles of a magnet together, that I alone had the strength to press them only so close, as the power varies according to the inverse of the squares, and I needed a greater power above me (outside shock) to realign or press the two electrical systems together. At any rate it put me in outer space trying to reach it--I felt like an electron around a proton, trying to contact my chief feature.

The third thing I was afraid of was that I was becoming free, liberated, and yet I thought, freedom is freedom of all possibilities, liberation of everything, good and/or bad, and what's to prevent negative possibilities from becoming ascendent, without a guide. In other words, a certain absence of faith in my nervous system, influenced by my observing the routes

of madness and insanity and suicide, which so many flower child liberated nervous systems were taking. All three point to the same thing--I was afraid to go on along the path alone without a master, a guide, a guru. All of life seemed to me a meager struggle to divert attention from what is, trying to hide from reality, how shoddy and meager books and ideas, films and parties, drinking and drugs, all appeared a meager and shoddy display of Maya--not the glorious Maya of before, not the shimmering veil of gems, gold and silver embossed, ripple of iridescent blue, gold and silver intertwined, electrum, bright rivers of silver channelling through a deep, deep blue, the eternal curving of forms, serpentine, the plumed serpent moving slowly through the water--not this Maya, but the shoddy veil of Maya, rent and torn, the dog's ribs showing in the cold bright sun, the holes in the clothing of all the unloved and starving children, the enormity of Maya, of fat bellies, and all the scabs that are fear of truth--not the old beautiful Maya, iridescent blue wavering in a world of black, the rising of morning glories, the undergills of mushrooms, the moving of the feathered serpent through slimy water that is at the same time the slow slow waving of a butterfly's wing. And yet I was afraid to face what lay beyond that veil alone, I could gain no sustenance from any source, from food nor old friends nor new friends, not even Mike, who alone stood not completely enmeshed--nor any sustenance or pleasure from the little children who wanted to be picked up and held; and I was afraid to go there with Mike, to the threshold, listening to his music one afternoon I was half asleep, my neck elongated, dropped into a valley, my head was falling off as I submitted to his music. After the suicide I watched everyone fall back asleep, nor could I wake up, I was bound in the iron karma of pain, unable to move, so sensitive, I felt the suffering of plants, when I went to pick a leaf as I was walking by, to crush it and gain some sustenance from the smell, I suddenly recoiled, felt the pain of the bush. So, those are some of the fears I was afraid to write down at the time.

Thurs, Feb 19, 1969

...to start again at 14,000 feet seemed a good idea, black butterflies winging about, a wind swept savannah, the science of studying in a cemetery, Sosanika--and above all the old love of the void asserted itself, this is what is most important above all, to know this, for this is the finest knowledge, the finest science.

Fri, Feb 20, 1969 San Sebastian

Ran into Jose Trinidad on the way back yesterday, and being drunk he was of course spouting forth the old secrets that no one would mention sober. The Poder of the Arhuaco mama, he told me, and showed me a simple chant, holding this mestizo's hand a special way, to cure headache, and apparently other things, as well, a simple chant, more of a vocal vibration, repeated three times. He told me to come to his house, that he would tell me some of the great secrets, but I told him I couldn't go then. He told me the mama has powers to cure or to kill, of life or death. He had me repeat certain

phrases, and said I repeated well, with the proper inflections.

Well, later in the day, I knew what was going to happen--Jose Trinidad returned with Isias, looking for me, told me of the rocks at Santo Domingo, Culebra, Tigre, Lion, Humanos, and two others I didn't understand. Took my hand, held it with slight quavering, then said good. I felt an impulse to laugh, and Isias turned his head, I think to keep from laughing. He went on about the powers of the Arhuacos, how they've killed eight other races who use to live in these mountains. Told me more about the power of life and death. How the mama uses two stones, one red like flesh, the other blue and shining, to cure. Also a cross, but with all the colors: seven; black, white, red green blue.... More chants and incantations.

Sunday, Feb. 22, 1969 San Sebastian

That evening, they asked me to do more, and I'd been eating coca for three or four hours, and really enjoyed singing, then during one, I found myself in another world, I couldn't keep up with this other self, and stopped. Gabriel smiled as I sang the songs, and tapped his foot. I told him about grass, mushroom, and yage, and each time he told me I must bring him some the next time I come. They told me about more pictures carved in rock, of tigre, etc, and I thought, Jack Clarke would never forgive me if he knew I was only a day away from petroglyphs and didn't go, and so I asked him to take me the next day, and he said he would.

Tues, Feb. 25, 1969 Pueblo Bello to Valledupar

Drank a few beers, Jose read me from his book, about the origin of the mama poder, the fe. He has studied in Medellin and Bogota. He sang to me also, in the cantina--chants to cure pain, etc, but the one that really got me was the one for maldad--how any song so beautiful could be used to put a curse on someone.

Tues, Mar. 4, 1969 Uribia to Manaure

Then another Columbian, whom I had been drinking beer with, figured it out, I saw the realization awaken in his dim brain, another has discovered Kennedy's assassin, so tedious, I finally decided I had to get out of there, and caught a bus back to Uribia at three. Returned to that dead hotel at dusk, which I'd been so happy to leave, and never wanted to see again--but this was according to the law that one can't leave dirt somewhere and not have to come back to it.

Sat, March 8, 1969 Cartegena

At first I didn't see how I'd ever breathe through the snorkel. Finally I got it, and then, from over a rippled sandy bottom, I was suddenly swept above a coral reef, and I felt a magical charge of energy. The beauty, colored fish, that irridescence blue I saw in the Peyote ceremony, the sea urchins' undulations, the swaying of the sea plants, coral and brain coral, large fish the zebra yellow stripe, fantastic. Swam and explored for three hours, generally far apart from Mike, I was singing Gregorian chants under water, through my snorkel, with all the energy I could, as high pitched as I could, trying to fill up the whole ocean, finally I was in an immensity that could match my own peaks of energy, schools of thousands of fish, just born, all eye and transparent body, and another school of tiny fish, like neon tetras, yellowish gold, all, but then flash an irridescence green for an instant. The sun through the waves shone like a pulsating electrical net on the floor of the ocean, I felt I was in a cathedral, I felt exactly like I was on acid, flowing with the flow, electrical and watery, my hand was greatly magnified, being swept in and out by the waves, barely moving, so boyant in the salt water, I was effortless, breathing deep and active, enormous pleasure in this new type of breathing, I felt the salt water good on my body, felt it was a healing substance, I saw hidden fish camouflaged as detritus, I saw tiny fish like eels that let me come very close, I was almost swept on top of a whole mass of sea urchins, just under my belly and chest, and I enjoyed the danger.

Tues March 11 Cartegena to Buffalo

Woke up at 3:00, felt light, wide awake, went out into the quiet night, to find a cab, after half an hour found one, the streets deserted at this hour, thought of my kata as I went along. In the bus I slept, felt good, light, clean. Was breathing well, and suddenly thought of two things which seemed connected--first, my breathing has been extremely good all trip. Second, a certain physical tone, which I think is connected with my daily habit of articulating certain joints to the maximum at various times during the day; esp sacral joint, hip joint as Mr. Wong does when he is warming up. At the end of a journey I somehow never believe that I will ever actually get back home.

Ed Billowitz

So I put my hand out further, a little further
and I felt that which was not I
it verily was not I
it was the unknown

—————So
this operation here is temporary to that
extent. & expect we will move to more
remote place once certain skills are mastered.

Buri
Royalton, Vt.
Johnson Hill
9 May 1969

Dear Jack & Mary,

Please fire me up the latest -
can't remember if I wrote to you
before - /am getting fucked up in this
place - "mental" as my parents pulled
it & am to be released god knows
when.

You should compile your notes,
most interested in Celtic-Dravidian.

The Bitch is still pulling to,
& the excruciating pain of that
"Piece of my heart" has not
ceased. When? is for us?
Having it.

& am not so sick that
nothing but a simple peyote
ceremony would effect the cure.

Sometimes I formlessate
myself out of this place but
return to the various muktas
of the gross & the subtle.

Come west & see me -
nothing to do I guess except
tell it to go away & that the
shot is covered by a few trillion
god help me.

Love David

Ah no, I cannot tell you what it is,

the new world

You mean you don't remember any of this?

Edward Wien, the
Duke of Kent

When you play golf who
do you play with? Pray tell me! celebrity, suh?
They say.

J. Temple
4.11.68

Out of the well-heads of the new world

Of all at this here

From the hill

To me

The place of myself

CAULDRON

...above All upper Bonnington

Wah

May 21-22 / 69

"...or even dwell on it"

Roger Salem

April 15 1969

... so much as there is a steady flow of breath
of him who is the turbine of his own sources
it comes from the base of the neck
from a small hint of light far back of what is to happen

Wah
1965-1969 / now

So like play,

Charles Olson

May 13th

LXIX

TRAILS OF DAYS SPUN TOGETHER TO MAKE ONE WEB WHAT A STAR
IS THIS LOVE.

DUTCH

