THE FLOATING BEAR

a newsletter

semi-monthly

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SPAIN & 42 St.

language like muttering
passed down the Arab Street
translucent medium from
the vacuum of silent panic
sharp fish syllables
assassins smile and drink
broken into scanning patterns
dawn words falling
where flesh circulates
purple gills stirring
its like reeds on the face
where flesh identity
gills of purple sleep
where flesh circulates

pant smells running
in the gutter
its like i talky you of a place
forgotten red mud flats
where is he now? he moved as sharp as water
he was caught
in the zoo of legs
fish talk the liquid typewriter
spitting blood
where flesh circulates
he strode toward flesh of
dead whistle stop
circulates
up through the dark excuses
where flesh identity
he was caught in the zoo
unbelief staring out from dawn skin
of Spain and 42 St.

DEAD WHISTLE STOP ALREADY END

Ahab to his companion
falling over there in any out from the dawn
skin staring stirring unbelief he strode towards a long
drink and looked into the
muzzle of Spain and 42 St.
I was standing by the wax
cross the red moon
scanning patterns on my face
before dead whistle stop already
terminal time scarred end.
dawn words falling will say it all
this dead whistle stop in the language before creation
he strode towards the actors in the city "Here he is now"
obsidian morning sniffing quivering need masturbation afternoons
spitting blood dead rainbow flesh
he moved as sharp as
on the iron streets scarred metal faces
flickered on field he strode towards Spain and 42 st.
the actors dead, whistle stop already slow ferris wheel

fish smell and dead eyes running into tile mines
where flesh circulates pant smell running in the gutter
dawn word falling scanning patterns spitting rainbow flesh

water reeds liquid typesetter red fish talk falling
language like muttering where is he now?
he was caught in the zoo jissom webs drifting
over the White Subway

WHERE FLESH CIRCULATES

Its so hard to remember in the world-- weren't you there? Dead so you think of ports-- Couldn't reach flesh-- Might have to reach flesh from anybody--

And i will depart under the red masters
for strange dawn words of color exalting their
falling on my face impending attack satellite in a
Gold and perfumes of light city red stone
shadows brick terminal time wet dream flesh creakily the
the last feeble faces fountains play stale
spit from crumpled cloth Weimar youths on my face
bodies where flesh circulates Masters of color
exalting their dogs impending attack of light
unaware of the vagrant shadows on the Glass and Metal Streets
silver flying scanning patterns electric dogs
dark street life "Here he is now" staring out
from the dawn he strode toward flesh jissom webs drifting
where identity scarred metal faces masturbating
"Who him?" spitting blood laugh on the iron afternoons

ejaculates wet dream flesh in red brick Terminal Time
red nitrous fumes under the orange gas flares
grey metal fall out on terminal cities
to the shrinking sky fading color sewage delta
caught in this dead whistle stop post card sky
dead rainbow flesh and copper pagodas flickered on the
in a city of red stone black skin work fish smell and
dead eyes in doorways red water words spitting blood laugh
sharp as water reeds fish syllables
stirring this Moroccan sunlight vagrant noon station
spent in the mirror dawn jissom webs drifting rainbow
speeded up from afternoon's slow ferris wheel flesh.

--W. S. Burroughs
isolated person in Gloucester, Massachusetts, I, Maximus, address you
you islands
of men and girls
isolatos, the gleaning grapes that are left, as Isaiah tells us,
as the shaking of an olive tree, two or three berries in the top of the
uppermost bough, four or five in the utmost fruitful branches . . .

Olson:

It is not the many but the few who care
the few of us there are
who read . . .
... yet a remnant of them (says Isaiah) shall return

and Olson:

So few need to,
to make the many
share (to have it,
too)

though Olson moves carefully among the Puritans, places himself with Elizabeth and
with Smith, puts Fish before Religion, there is the Remnant, the Elect:

people
don't change. They only stand more
revealed

and this is John Calvin, the immutable condition: more European than American, more
colonial than transappalachian. The "modern", the "present", are Olson's butts
give nothing now your credence

as vanities were Calvin's.

and yet:

it is still morning

and

we are the world's last first people

last and first, side by side . . .
That Calvinism in its primary assumptions was a composite of oriental despotism and sixteenth-century monarchism, modified by the medieval conception of a city-state, is clear enough today. (V. L. Parrington, THE COLONIAL MIND)

... therein the peculiar, innocent-demonic force of the puritan intellect, it had reaches backward and forward, out of its own time.

Olsen

Back is only for those who do not move (as future is, as though there were anything / the equal of / the context of / now!

yet it is history, and the archaic values ... .

You see I can't get away from the old measure of care

. . . wedded to the post-modern poetics, that provide the now! impact of his verse

and the liberated medieval city-state is his polis, his Gloucester

(I don't agree with Dorn, that one need not know Gloucester specifically, or concern oneself with it, in digging Olsen. This is to miss the immediacy of his rock-sea-and-city-concerns, to make of them a flatland abstraction)

In other respects he is pure New England, pure yank . . .

It is a ridiculous demand which England and America make, that you shall speak so that they can understand you. Neither men nor toadstools grow so.

Olsen? No. Henry David Thoreau. And they share an antagonism to mu-sick...

Olsen suffers the fate of all teachers in America: we respect—resent them in one uneasy emotion, all the turbulence of the North Atlantic stirring in our euro-po-amerindIAN equanimity. Olsen, a teacher, is

cauted in Gloucester

while Creeley, lover, is published by Scribner's. The last issue of KULCHUR contains a tribute to V. C. Williams, a razz of Ezra Pound.

cetc. the bell rings! class dismissed!

the glocester-focus is
that which matters, that which insists

and there is a shift in the poems, beginning with ON FIRST LOOKING BUT THROUGH
JUAN DE LA CASA'S EYES --- he needed the shift to the south - mediterranean and the
Indies - to break the intensity, the armlock, and produce the mellowing-off childhood,
trolleys, wife, daughter, weeds

every yankee, sooner or later, has to go south, in
order to stand himself (the smell gets overwhelming,
and he will not, god knows, affect deodorants) -
but that southern phase is, if you wish, a "weakness"
in his character

the armlock: fighter-lover, Charles-Gloucester, in which Time stops, is the Now-Beauty,
is

that which will last

All of us, it seems to me, are fighting Time. A few win. Melville poured and swept
around her, beat her at her own game. Thoreau withdrew to Walden, refused to win the
goddamn clock. Wright Morris (read THE HUGE SEASON) lined her up on two levels and
let go with both barrels (pretty sneaky, but it works). George Catlin walked her to death
(Space, that American dimension of Time). And so on.

Kid Paret already had the Cadillac Eldorado and the Thunderbird, had planned to retire
after just one more fight. But the capillaries in the brain case burst . . .

Down in Gloucester, Charles may have watched the fight. Probably not.

a man can't eat
sleep walk move go
apart from his own dwelling

the remnant, holed up.

No matter. It may be as he pleases. In this corner, heavyweight division, Charles
Olson: already: a big winner.

--Paul C. Metcalf
As with dirty pictures on subway walls, it would be fun to put a beard on Troy Donahue. But, as the ratty Sanitation Dept. servants know, it would only serve a destructive purpose. Troy Donahue is clean, blond, pink rather than white, and must stay that way. Like most boys of his description, he has a tendency to grow fatter every day, and he has sloppy lips. Being Troy, he is not really a type—despite the ratty sanitation servants (and their uncles and aunts who keep everything in refrigerators) who ignore him by thinking of him as a type. But there are those, not like uncles and aunts becoming vermin by always chasing germs, who must not ignore Troy Donahue—because they love him. Maybe they love him because he's in movies. Maybe they like movies. (People who love movies are vermin and no better than people who like people because they have nice houses.)

Troy Donahue is a movie star, but it would be wrong to say that he's in his movies an awful lot. He's a paper-doll boy. His director, Delmer Davies, a witty and talented Hollywood hardboil, tried to make him a hero in "Parrish", but succeeded only in the way Da Ponte did with Don Juan. There is none but accidental action done by the hero himself—and the story moves only as the other characters react to and against him. Aside from "Parrish", Troy Donahue has played the part of young manhood tossed into the 1959-model incinerator of American sex-squabble in "A Summer Place", of young manhood killed in young careerhood in "A Crowded Sky", of young manhood saved in young careerhood in "Parrish" itself, of young stigmatized manhood (his father's an embezzler) removing his stigma through his love of a stigmatized girl (she's an unwed mother) and through his faith in young careerhood in "Susan Slade", and, most recently, he's played the part of a young bull let loose in the chinashop of the Italian scene in "Rome Adventure." "Rome Adventure" tries to introduce a secondary theme: that of young manhood trying to stand for its own eroticism simply because it's thrust into an erotic environment. Oops! what happened to careerhood, by now proven to be equally important as manhood itself? As you can see, "Rome Adventure" is a failure—the other pictures are masterpieces.

Delmer Davies has made these films refer to each other in some subtle and imaginative ways. The young pilot Troy plays in "A Crowded Sky" is the only major character in the film not given a flashback. Instead, he tells his story by dropping a nickel in the juke-box and playing "The Theme from A Summer Place". And then mutters a few halting words about his "situation" which is identical to the one he had in "A Summer Place". In "Susan Slade" the heroine is seduced (not by Troy) to the accompaniment of "The Theme from A Summer Place". Troy wears the same jackets from picture to picture, and, naturally, says some of the same fatuous things.

Troy does all the things men are always doing in Hollywood movies. He labors to be firm, powerful, prosperous, protective—but only according to the script. What Troy shows on the screen is his blond, baby-boy crushability. The theory goes: if he's crushable to girls 10 to 21, he's the man a lot of them want to see and dream about—crushing. His director has put this theory into effect by the most artificial and simplest means on hand. Color, glamour, style—those potent transformers. They turned Marilyn Monroe from a plain-jane-with-boobies into an other-worldly sex-baby. Here they've been turned on the presence of a mere Bobby-come-walk-me-home. His dirty blond hair is now dazzling blond swept up in front so that it looks like spun glass. His eyes are deep-water blue (no color on earth), now that the camera sees him through yards of gauze. His wardrobe varies so little from picture to picture it seems like a collection of uniforms. And yet, what he wears has glamour and style in the couturier sense—an all-blue and an all-red nylon windbreaker—sweaters of varying blues and reds and identical cuts, chino trousers, blue jeans. Male stars have never been so "designed," unless they could sing.
Troy Donahue doesn't need to sing, and, strictly speaking, he doesn't need to act, either. His director carefully shows us the back of his head when those few moments occur where the script calls on him for a facial reaction. Artfully, there are as few of these moments as possible, Troy's director and his script-writer being the same man. Troy Donahue doesn't need to sing; ever in back of him is the most beautiful Hollywood music in recent memory. No male star has been accompanied by so many beautiful themes in such gorgeous Mahlerian orchestrations, except, perhaps, James Dean, but, then, the themes in his pictures were never so closely identified with him.

But Troy Donahue has one magical quality which isn't artificial. It's the supreme charm without which all the rest is impotent. From him emanates the intoxicating sense that comes only from Movie Stars and the very rich--the sense that love is all. Unlike the sweet young boys and girls getting old in Summer Stock in New England, or in remote universities in Nebraska, or in sweat-shops on Seventh Avenue, he hasn't had to strike a bargain with his flesh. You have the feeling he's never had to tell himself: "sweat all day, sex all night" or "Wow! wait till the weekend!" You have the feeling he's never had to strike bargains with any of the guilt and urges that compose the individual consciousness of sweet young boys and girls.

It's not a matter of documentation, but it's open to doubt that Troy Donahue achieved his career in the manner that the character he represents in his films ambitiously and diligently achieves his. He was probably found, tall, tan, as yet unbleached, on a beach or a garden cocktail party standing in a green seersucker suit in the shade of elders.

--Soren Agenoux

+ + + + + +

NAMES & BODIES

(Notes)

The Verb surface

( the most active Force (?)

No, the ONLY principle where something is likened to the whole. If

Life an abstract noun, living (Life-ing) is not. (i.e., it is living.) Be (I think Olson, and its root from the sanscrit Seen or being seen)

And it is Verb. The Act.


Sein (Heidegger's Being. & its Projection

or what he called Dasein Da-sein. Sein is To Be. Da is literally There. To Be There.

Or the positing of an existence that is not literally where we are now. (The colloquial meaning) Where you are. Now.

(Also colloquial) Where You At? Or. Where are you at? An existence (tial) question.

What is the disposition of your Life (forces), &c?
Repository of all evil. Single beam of law. (The christians, and we, now, here, all fell.)

Heaven is.......?

Hell...........

If they exist, even as those metaphors, the nineteenth century churchmen were forced to by the Darwinian tide. Then only as verb surfaces.

(An aside: I remember calling Duncan's ideas of body tone. To I'm not certain finally whether he meant pure psychic...pure metaphor then, or pure metabolic. But now I think he meant a process rather than the leavened nominative.)

To go back. Nominative/Name are of course, purely arbitrary. They are products of systems (process, verb, act, thinking/substance only are not products). To quarrel with the Greeks is simply to deny that make and exist as a noun...which was their insistence and not valid at all for me. By noun meaning that they said of the process as a kind of philosophical predicate. To make not so important as maker. Humanists. So, of course, the SuperMakers were their Gods, or to put it the way it came, Their Gods were already different from the rest of them (free Greeks) because they were SuperMakers.

So then I have a further quarrel in that I think this change of emphasis (To revere the Noun, the vessel actually, rather than the process itself, brings on in full dress, huge fallacies, fantasies. Where man is the highest object, rather than what he thinks. Or, more important, does, or what is being done thru him), i.e., exactly what is.

Art then is important because it is done by a man. And they make it the most important thing. That hideous artifact. No.

(And they even finally want to disclaim evil by bringing in their things ex machina: Who is Pandora? And those furies out of the box, they are done by SuperMakers/not man.) To name a thing is to get it as far away from you as you can & still make some effort to appropriate whatever of its properties you appreciate (apprehend).

HEAVEN

(a repository of nouns? Names?

Artifacts again?) God I hope not. And equally HELL, I really believe is the place only where what surface of your being comes closest to being finally irremediably lost (to you, i.e., is named....throuout all eternity.

HELL again a simple receptacle for a process. Verb surfaces, articulations. A place of naming. But the mere fact that the naming does get in makes it a hell.

Lecher Glutton Flatterer Seducer, &C. Forever.

But not a receptacle at all. That is the fallacy. HELL any positivist can tell you "does not exist." There is no such place. But I feel there is an area of act that is hell. A process of hellishness. Of being Hell. Hell-ing.

And likewise that other, finer (see dice) place ( ), Heaven-ing is buddhism, echhart, boehm.e. Any mystic's concept of either. Hell-ing.

Heaven-ing.

***

per exempla.

Irovsky told me a dream where he was eaten by a lobster. Cut into pieces. And the dream ended there. He said he thought it meant death.

To turn it around/then, that
Death to having one's body dismembered.

But the mystics (and I) am appalled. The body is the least articulate power. For me, if I had the dream, I'd think good fortune. That is, if I had passed, was passing, on/in to a higher power. (Square, cubed, to the fourth power). The spiritual co-efficients re-doubled. And entering into a more spiritual awareness of myself. Where the body is gotten rid of. And reality became more easily myself.

So the misfortune of the nominative (or if you observe a thing and merely seek out its qualities with your nouns and lose completely its (the German word is istigkeit) is-ness. (verb surface, i.e., wörtlichkeit)

Meaning that the name is the least principle. As the body is in the real world. (There is no thought, no light, no beauty in the physical world. Whatever is there we bring.)

--Johannes Koenig [58]

Part 2 will concern noun vs. verb in poetries: Body vs. Spirit (?)

* * * * *

12 LECONS DE TENEBRES

built on a lonelyhearts letter found in a New York tabloid. The letter:

"My girl friend and I are both 13. We told each other our worst problems, and they ended up to be the same. When we were 8 or 9 we had a great fear of death. We also had a habit of rocking back and forth. Then we started living in fantasy. Lately we went through it all again.

Last year she and I had the same fear of death we had experienced before. Then we started rocking and biting our nails. We got over our fear, but we've started again with the fantasies. The most popular fantasy seems to be our living as patients in a mental institution. In my friend's case, she is the center of attraction. While in mine, I'm left alone."

   We are the same in some ways, we are the same in most ways. I am tall, she makes up for it. We are together more than we know what else is.

2. We Told Each Other Our Worst Problems, And They Ended Up The Same.
   We ache, and we said so to each other. We complained for the longest time, but once we knew each other well, it didn't help. We had to add something to gripes like pain. When we hurt each other, but getting out hurts together, we knew each other very well.

3. When We Were 8 or 9 We Had A Great Fear Of Death.
   That's what we called it. We knew there wasn't enough of anything (anywhere we could see) of anything just to have (like dolls we didn't want other dolls to meet. Like enough cake when so many people had to have a piece, and, anyway, if there were any left over, we'd find people to give the extra to, I'm sure). Not enough of anything that any time would be the right time to die. And yet we could die, just like Kathy's baby. And nobody'd know why.
4. **We Also Had A Habit Of Rocking Back And Forth.**
   It cooled us down.

5. **Then She Started Living In Fantasy.**
   I mean, we pretended that everyone knew there would never be enough cake so's anyone could die happy.

6. **Lately We Went Through It All Again.**
   I know my girl friend and I have changed (I have a pretty new jumper), and Kathy's had another baby, but still the old one is dead, and we remember it, and she does, too, and sometimes I hear her tell her new baby (though the baby's too tiny to heed her mother's words) about the old one that died.

7. **Last Year She And I Had The Same Fear Of Death We Had Experienced Before.**
   We knew, now that were older, that not only there wasn't enough of anything to mean anything, anything in its own self, (except maybe the sunshine and Mama's shoes) but there was less and less. When my girl friend slipped and fell on her roller-skates and cut her arm, we talked about that and knew that if she had bled enough she'd be dead. And so could anybody.

8. **Then We Started Rocking And Biting Our Nails.**
   We had to. It was spooky.

9. **We Got Over Our Fear, But We've Started In Again With The Fantasies.**
   If we pretended long enough that everyone felt the way we did, then we knew that everyone else was afraid, too, so there wasn't any good in being scared in secret just for ourselves or each other.

10. **The Most Popular Fantasy Seems To Be Our Living As Patients In A Mental Institution.**
    Since it was impossible to pretend for very long that everyone felt the way we did, (we didn't know enough people) we figured we were crazy, and people had us put away.

11. **In My Friend's Case, She Is The Center Of Attraction.**
    I never thought she was as crazy as me, and I guess she didn't think so either. I'll tell you why, when we were both penned up in the Mental Institution, she seemed to enjoy herself more than me, and she didn't seem to care so much anymore that those people didn't feel the same way we did. About death, I mean.

12. **While In Mine, I'm Left Alone.**
    I'm still afraid even if I am being taken care of, even if the mental nurses give me enough to eat, and all. I guess my fear rubs off on the other people too much. I guess they are afraid of death in some way if they want to leave me alone just because I am so much. I wonder if my popular girl friend knows that.

   ---Steen Agenoux---
Lemons on barber poles,  
a cherry on a street light,  
burning hot in the freezing night of day,  
a sweet taste on a bitter food,  
and my cell in the night of jails,  
my cold feet on the icy mud,  
my paintings turning into ashes,  
my sailing boat beneath the fishless sea,  
love in the afternoon, closed on Saturdays,  
a crowd in the mens room of August day,  
feet on the neck of kisses,  
cows milking the farmer,  
silos for sex, and teatless girls,  
footsteps on the air of eternity,  
and echos in the hallway of time,  
the dead on ships in the sea,  
your brother in love with love, and you a gigantic hater,  
toothpaste in my beer, and tons of salt,  
your body weight of rocks and fat,  
your shoes stuck on ground of cries,  
and my heart, and head need rest in this darkness of the sunny day of eternity.

--George Montgomery
NOTICES

The English Department of The Mannes College of Music will present a series of public readings by some of America's new poets. The first four programs, as announced for the Fall semester, will be under the direction of Jerome Rothenberg, poet and Longview Literary Award Winner.

The Friday evening series will present: (October 19) Denise Levertov and David Igaatow; (November 2) Paul Blackburn and Jackson MacLow (November 16) Louis Zukofsky, (December 7) Robert Kelly and LeRoi Jones.

Admission at the door is $1 and all programs begin at 8:30.

V. K. Lang - her collected poems and plays, "The Pitch", has been published.


INTV: "Who is the oldest man in the world?"
Yodo: "Oldest man I know is a man hopping on one leg on a pogo stick across the Sahara Desert with an albatross hanging from his Adam's-apple singing 'You've Changed.'"

Paul Taylor & his dance company can be seen in concert Thursday & Friday November 8 & 9, at the Hunter College Playhouse, Park Avenue & 68th St. Starting time is 8:30. They will interpret three new works plus others.

Gerard Malanga, an editor of Wagner Literary Magazine, has been commissioned by the John Hay Library of Brown University to collect original manuscripts and holographs of "Beat" poets. He would appreciate poems from anyone having such manuscripts, and hopes to obtain funds to pay each poet for his contribution. Communications should be sent to Mr. Malanga, 269 East 19th Street, Bronx 58, New York.

PALANTE numero one is still available at 1.25. Subscriptions to future issues can be had at 3.00 a year or donors from 5 bills upward are invited to send their donations to the publishers. If you care to know what palante is or means or have bread send to: LEAGUE OF MILITANT POETS Box #88, Stuyvesant Station, New York 9, New York. The League will soon come out with a political newsletter as soon as it gets enough bread together for paper & stamps.