THE FLOATING BEAR

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HYMN TO MAITREYA IN AMERICA

3000 miles across the continent, ocean to ocean
crossing the paths of cities like
barnacles across the fat back of the land
glass lands, wheat lands, sage deserts
where gold bones lie buried beneath hallucinatory cacti

Maitreya who is the only buddha who sits in Western posture
Maitreya the buddha of love who is the fifth and final buddha
of our cycle
Maitreya who is growing from the ground of America in
polymorphous immediacy
the necessity of survival demanding his presence
five hundred years before his time

obeisance to all gurus

obeisance to all gurus

obeisance to all gurus

obeisance to all gurus

I see Maitreya in the miracle of leaf and bud, in the flower
that ignites from the plant
a rooted butterfly
I see Maitreya in the rock of the bones of the mountain
in the speaking-silence of its sempiternal wisdom ashana

I see Maitreya in the unchanging-change of the motion body of the river

man-child I see Maitreya in the fact of your existence and in the
existence of that which is beneath your feet and that which is on
the other side of your eye

I see Maitreya in the vision of the existence of Maitreya and in
the vision of the existence of myself and in the vision of existence
and in the vision of beyond existence

obeisance to all gurus

consider that within the center of the wind there sits a dakini-angel
her robes are the blue of newborn eyes and she wears a necklace of
raindrops
she is never silent but her voice is as soft as a selfless tear
for a thousand times a thousand years she has sung the song of
The Gem Cloud of Arising Consciousness
she will never be silent until the wind is still

consider that within the center of the earth there sits a dakini-angel
her robes are the red of a man's blood and she wears a necklace of
human finger bones
she is never silent but her voice is the echo of silence
for a thousand times a thousand years she has sung the song of
The Heart Knowledge of Undivided Awareness
she will never be silent until the earth is still

consider that within the center of the oceans there sits a dakini-angel
her robes are the green of winter moss and she wears a necklace of
pearl shells
she is never silent but her voice is as quiet as snow that falls on water
for a thousand times a thousand years she has sung the song of
The Self Mirror of Perfect Light
she will never be silent until the sea is still

consider that within the center of the sunbeam there sits a dakini-angel
her robes are the orange-yellow of pollen and she wears a necklace of
burning flowers
she is never silent but her voice is as soft as the dust of dust
for a thousand times a thousand years she has sung the song of
The Rainbow of the Wakening Dream
she will never be silent until the sun is still
I see Maitreya in America
the smoke of machinery rises to his left hand
and the smoke of incense rises to his right hand
he joins his hands and the bird of existence
flies from between his fingers
flashing its seven-colored wings across the continent
and circling back to whisper at his feet

he stands within the center of reality
and his left hand and his right hand weave a net
of the perimeters of the mind
and the net is infinite
and the infinite net is cast into itself

and I see Maitreya in America
he stands within the center of reality
and his left hand and his right hand are raised
his left hand is in the gesture of compassion
and his right hand is in the gesture of awakening

and I see Maitreya in America
Maitreya the fifth and final buddha of our cycle
Maitreya, the buddha of love
and he stands within the center of infinity
and between his left hand and his right hand
he holds the clear light mirror

and the mirror reflects

—Lenore Kandel
WHAT THE ARTS NEED NOW

What's needed now, for "the arts," is to get them away from white people, as example of their "culture" (of their life, finally, and all its uses, e.g., art) and back where such strivings belong, as strong thrusts of a healthy people.

What we want now is plays of all instance. Filling in and extending so-called "reality." Commenting, altering, rebutting it. But the same cause. Life.

Plays of specific finding. Plays of human occasion. That is, where is the confrontation (between life and "death"), the wrench of soul and white crap, ugliest. Bring in the image of man, and evolution triumphant again. Animals need humanism. The humans we will show embracing spiritism.

We will have plays for city hall. At the time of city hall. So black humanity will know how we lived. How we triumphed. Plays enabling Black People to stop bogus so-called urban renewal, which be nigger removal, and the repeated disarming of Carthage. But at the time of, and at the place of. In the street, at the spot where such disarming is taking place. Have your actors shoot mayors if necessary, right in the actual mayor's chambers. Let him feel the malice of the just. Let the people see justice work out repeatedly.

Examples. Explain evolution.

Plays for the police department. Jew plays, whether con rolling big ass communications or laying in southorangeavenue always dough producing swamps. Light in every element. Show the chains. Let them see the chains as object and subject, and let them see the chains fall away.

We will place and strike according to the stone, or "reality," and project our truth, our findings, as an action, as a projection, into place, feeling, invisibility, of the actual. This is to say that we are ghosts, too. But everything is a ghost.


We want a post-American form. An afterwhiteness color to live and re-erect the strength of the primitive. (Plays where history is absolutely meaningful and contemporary.) The first learnings of man. While we fly into the next epoch.

— LeRoi Jones

(reprinted from Negro Digest, April 1967)
An unfinished Letter

Amir id - Emaid

Beloved Sister,

Baby, I'm trying to get home,
I am trying to swing the vessel
toward the center of the Universe,
All my ancestors are in me,
I have carried the left eye of Ra
to keep the night awake.
I have seen I to I.
I have chanted the 9 billion names of God
and fingered the signs and glyphs of stones
forever locking mysteries,
masters, chanted, chanted —
O Mute Matrix between whose paws and breast I exhaust —
Thy boat, thy Boat is green and this beaded —
thy Disk my Solar Tongue!
The belly of the moon
shines westward ------
a butterfly moves
upon the branch of this
old oak ------
my son
moves gently into sleep.

August 21, 1966

*

Again the butterfly visits me,
and the flys -
I prayed for a cooling breeze
to blow the flys away -
but what of the butterfly?

August 22, 1966

*

I came to the top of this
mountain with only an ax,
some rice, and my son ---
at last no books have followed
me --
If these flys were poems
I could die now
a happy man ------

August 22, 1966
UPON JAIL

Panthiest I
and numbers others
got but into the Orange
Slam
for (but not the By)
the smoking of God's good grass
grown green-up from the ground --
O Guts, Go Groan Ye Glory Gape
and Gaspe Ye Gutters,
'tis all gotten and ganged
withinnards

for I Do, dear Jail,
consider cursing thee in time.
to damn thy stink of minutes --
non-minutes rotting & no-passing
seconds passage leaving
holes to clock durations
breathing downwards, backwards
falling epoch non-seeping clusters
accumulate & say, "What by what, in Jesus-time,
is toll'd to we as
Lifer's term of Why in here?"

Not even rotting then!
Rot takes time --
No-time! Just space in time, so
dirty pencil makes its smear,
and even me ("In Time To...")
working with it,
being younger still to keep
the aging pure --

Age nil, by God,
and not yet thirty-three!
"Doesn't look-a-day..."
Time enough & plenty to pick
a cross if the feel of one is needed,
it's been supposed and still yet ever said;
"A handy occupation f'such that
works
at the Standing
Still --

There'll be time yet to diminutize.
There's time,
though I would say
where the time's all gone,
in days or no.
Gone though,
stopped or not begun.

I say, "Existence needn't
worry time.",
I've said.
-1-
The Alchemist

The Link, the Link here ---
in my Body I feel
the forge of Mind --
my Spirit balancing
the flames.

-2-
The Angel

A candle's cone my Soul --
my Soul a'whirl
with hot gases. Here God
becomes,
and more than a dancer
I.

-3-
The Singer

Here I have seen Innocence
give two selves for the Body --
O Innocent Spirit!

-4-
The Fallen

O Spirit, let us this
night dream of the Ancient
days, and keep upon awakening
our knowledge
of the beginnings when We
First Created.

-5-
The Risen

Five songs this day
I've sung,
Five Voices have I called,
Five Voices song of One.

— Kirby Doyle
BUDDHISM & THE COMING REVOLUTION

Buddhism holds that the universe and all creatures in it are intrinsically in a state of complete wisdom, love, and compassion; acting in natural response and mutual interdependence. The personal realization of this from-the-beginning state cannot be had for and by one—"self" because it is not fully realized unless one has given the self up, and away.

In the Buddhist view, what obstructs the effortless manifestation of this state is ignorance, which projects into fear and needless craving. Historically, Buddhist philosophers have failed to analyze out the degree to which ignorance and suffering are caused or encouraged by social factors, considering fear-and-desire to be given facts of the human condition. Consequently the major concern of Buddhist philosophy is epistemology and "psychology" with no attention paid to historical or sociological problems. Although Mahayana Buddhism has a grand vision of universal salvation, the actual achievement of Buddhism has been the development of practical systems of meditation toward the end of liberating a few dedicated individuals from psychological hangups and cultural conditionings. Institutional Buddhism has been conspicuously ready to accept or ignore the inequalities and tyrannies of whatever political system it found itself under. This can be death to Buddhism, because it is death to any meaningful function of compassion. Wisdom without compassion feels no pain.

No one today can afford to be innocent, or indulge himself in ignorance of the nature of contemporary governments, politics, and social orders. The national politics of the modern world maintain their existence by deliberately fostered craving and fear: monstrous protection racket. The "free world" has become economically dependent on a fantastic system of stimulation of greed which cannot be fulfilled, sexual desire which cannot be satiated, and hatred which has no outlet except against oneself, the persons one is supposed to love, or the revolutionary aspirations of pitiful, poverty-stricken marginal societies like Cuba or Viet Nam. The conditions of the cold war have turned all modern societies--Communist included--into vicious distorters of man's true potential. They create populations of "preta"--hungry ghosts, with giant appetites and throats no bigger than needles. The soil, the forests, and all animal life are being consumed by these cancerous collectivities; the air and water of the planet is being fouled by them.

There is nothing in human nature or the requirements of human social organization which intrinsically requires that a culture be contradictory, repressive, and productive of violent and frustrated personalities. Recent findings in anthropology and psychology make this more and more evident. One can prove it for himself by taking a good look at his own nature through meditation. Once a person has this much faith and insight, he must be led to a deep concern with the need for radical social change through a variety of hopefully non-violent means.

The joyous and voluntary poverty of Buddhism becomes a positive
force. The traditional harmlessness and refusal to take life in any form has
nation-shaking implications. The practice of meditation, for which one needs
"only the ground beneath one's feet," wipes out mountains of junk being pumped
into the mind by the mass media and supermarket and universities. The belief
in a serene and generous fulfillment of natural loving desires destroys ideologies
which blind, maim, and repress—and points the way to a kind of community
which would amaze "moralists" and eliminate armies of men who are fighters
because they cannot be lovers.

Avalokitesvara (Kegon) Buddhist philosophy sees the world as a vast
inter-related network in which all objects and creatures are necessary and
illuminated. From one standpoint, governments, wars, or all that we consider
"evil" are uncompromisingly contained in this totalistic realm. The hawk, the
swoop, and the hare are one. From the "human" standpoint we cannot live in
those terms unless all beings see with the same enlightened eye. The Bodhi-
sattva lives by the sufferer's standard, and he must be effective in aiding those
who suffer.

The mercy of the west has been social revolution; the mercy of the east
has been individual insight into the basic self/void. We need both. They are
both contained in the traditional three aspects of the Dharma: wisdom (prajna),
meditation (dhyana), and morality (sila). Wisdom is intuitive knowledge of the
mind of love and clarity that lies beneath one's ego-driven anxieties and
aggressions. Meditation is going into the mind to see this for yourself—over and
over again, until it becomes the mind you live in. Morality is bringing it back
out in the way you live, through personal example and responsible action,
ultimately toward the true community (sangha) of "all beings." This last aspect
means, for me, supporting any cultural and economic revolution that moves
clearly toward a free, international, classless world. It means using such means
as civil disobedience, outspoken criticism, protest, pacifism, voluntary poverty,
and even gentle violence if it comes to a matter of restraining some impetuous
redneck. It means affirming the widest possible spectrum of non-harmful
individual behavior—defending the right of individuals to smoke hemp, eat peyote,
be polygynous, polyandrous, or homosexual. Worlds of behavior and custom long
banned by the Judeo-Capitalist-Christian-Marxist West. It means respecting
intelligence and learning, but not as greed or means to personal power. Working
on one's own responsibility, but willing to work with a group. "Forming the new
society within the shell of the old"—the I.W.W. slogan of 50 years ago.

The traditional cultures are in any case doomed, and rather than cling
to their good aspects hopelessly it should be remembered that whatever is or
ever was in any other culture can be reconstructed from the unconscious,
through meditation. In fact, it is my own view that the coming revolution will
close the circle and link us in many ways with the most creative aspects of our
archaic past. If we are lucky we may eventually arrive at a totally integrated
world culture with matrilineal descent, free-form marriage, natural-credit
communist economy, less industry, far less population, and lots more national
parks.

—Gary Snyder

(reprinted from the
San Francisco Oracle)
poem for the empire

building it / day & night. night night night
day & night night & day
messengers / messenger in the land all over
over everything the word on everything
the messenger. carry war songs. get ready.
illuminate the sky to see gringo fire birds
the messenger.
camera, t.v. stations. stations of radios. walkie talkie
& any thing with wire to shoot electricity into, to come
out of radios into cars cars. build/build the empire.
spred the word with sound. the time, the time.
news across wires, wires across nations. to asia.
to vietnam
to vietnam
to vietnam
to vietnam
to vietnam
to vietnam
to vietnam
to vietnam
to vietnam

to vietnam & a subway to cuba. & a bus to egypt. & a travel around the
world. a musicshow shows of music anywhere/anywhere.
buy buildingsnow now buy buildings. set them up. plans. get some
bread. & then be cool. be cool/suave. be on time
like for/e deliveries. of products. of anything. set up every city.
in this land & others. get to gether internationally/an endless
line of places popping with the wind. then split if need be.
to change the horizon. change horizons. level seas or what rock any
thing.

but in night silence of cities report/talk of mission
talk of the dead. the slain. the fallen. where. what time/split again
to the island. where we will have the tricke in our
bags. all of them. the hotel take money. steal.
suitcases, cars/hide a way fast. small town house full of steel
lead. the casino/ go play. cheat cheat cheat. take things,
rule the bars/sell what they want. but take them. bomba. burn
them. for their hotel room/ for their apartment keys back in
new york. send to central control & we'll pick it up/ & go have
a party care of his credit cards. & move in some of the people
into his place.
third world

slam. viva. viva go ahead. slám viva, la raza
viva, la raza. todos. pancho villa. viva. la raza.
everything. you know. now. get it. viva. where ever
they may be. in egypt/in china. keep it alive. what
has always been alive. the whole world. what has been
here since everlasting. all. all. all. face of planet
face of planet. popping everywhere. viva la raza. Ho Chi Mi
slender poet of woods & streams. / slam. slam. in cuba
in fillmore/in new haven. viva la raza. in newark. viva
in kenya. in cambodia. in mexico. in mozambique. in
haiti. viva la raza. breathing the tales of magic.
in all/sitting. dancing. screaming. where. all over the
earth. che. all over the earth. che. all over the earth.
che. all over the earth. slam the race. viva la raza.
viva joes bataan. viva eddie palmieri. viva / malik el shabazz
viva la raza. eastern breeze talk. o mighty. o mighty.
viva louie from 104th street. viva my little cousins,
viva fanon. viva el caribbean. breath. breath. viva
geronomo. Geronimo. viva. columbia. viva pedro albizu
campos. viva valary & carmen from the lincoln housing
project. viva mongo santamaria. / the miracle. viva
joe cuba / at palm gardens / west side 52nd street: all the
people on that street. viva viva vietnam/vietnam/vietnam
you see the two in p.t. / their in tüne. in tune.
africa mambo land / cedar eastern / latin boogaloo. asia
regions of the spirit / shingaline in chicago. guaguancó
l yoruba drums. the space filled up / from here to where
ever it may be. aztec / égypt / asian pyramids. come see
the sun / come see the sun. All. All All All come see
the sun /again. & once again build strong & beautiful
things.

REMEMBER.

— Victor Hernandez Cruz
CANTICLE OF ST. JOAN
for Robert Duncan

1.
It is in God's hands. How can I decide
France shall be free? And yet, with the clear song
of thrush, of starling, comes the word, decide
For human agency is freely chosen, I embrace
the iron crown, the nettle shirt, as I
embraced our lord god in the darkling wood
He of the silver hooves and flashing mane
Who shall be nameless.
Nameless as spruce and holly, which endure,
Holy St. Michael, but the ace of swords
is bitter! And the grail
not to be drunk, but carried into shelter.
The dragon, my naga, purrs, it lays its claws
about the bars which will soon close around me,
I stand in its breath, that fire, and read love
in its eyes like crystal balls which mirror gore
of the burning, pillaged cities I set free.
O brew me mistletoe, unveil the well
I shall lie down again with him who must be nameless
and sink my strong teeth into unhuman flesh.

2.
Blessed be the holy saints, now and forever.
Blessed be Margaret & Bridget
Blessed be spruce & fir.
The sacred waterfall, Diana's bath, the wind
which brings iron clouds.
They fly out of the sea to the north, they recommend
that I wear woman's dress, they do not see
that I am Luci-fer, light bearer, lead & I follow
Mother, Sara-la-Kali, sacred Diana, I could have borne
a babe to our sovereign god but would not
in this captivity, this blood
on my hands and no other
BUT SAINT GEORGE I WILL CONQUER
dragonslayer
who seeks to destroy the light in this holy forest
the yellow men call Europe
3.

Where is my helmet? Battle
is what I crave, shock of lance, death cry, the air
filled with the jostling spirits of the dead,
meat & drink, the earth enriched with brain & entrail
horses' hooves sliding, the newly fallen
finding soft soggy bed on the fallen leaves, tears are too light
for this, GRAIL IS BLOOD IS HOLLY
red with our sorrow as we reclaim the ground
free to lie again with the horned man, the overlords
must build their edifices elsewhere, here we stomp
in our wooden shoes on the bare earth, take in our arms
boughs of the great trees, the misty fabrics of wee folk
flesh of our brethren, soon to grow cold, the children
half imp who live on earth as it were hell, I hear
the Voice, it bids me seek no forgiveness for none
is my share, my blessing is leaden sky, the sacred blood
of the children of forest shines like jewels
upon it.

4.

O am I salamander, do I dance or leap
with pain, can I indeed fall & falling
fall out of this fire? 'half charred to smolder
black under blackening sky, the god is good
who made the stake strong, made the chains strong, I laugh
I think I laugh I hear peals of unholy laughter
like bells. The cross was ours before you holy men, its secret
there, where the two sticks meet, you cannot fathom.
I hear the cart creak home that brought me, the driver
won't even stay for this end—leap, pirouette.
Inside the grail is fire, the deep draught
melted rubies, blood of the most high god
whose name is Satan, and whose planet earth
I reclaim for the Bundschuh, sons of men.
My hair is burning and the mist is blue
which cracks my brain, I am not in the flame, I am the flame
the sun pours down, the Voice is a mighty roar
O little children's bones! the sword & cup
are shivered into stars.

— Diane di Prima
TEAR GAS

NOW IS A TIME OF A GREAT DEAL OF BULLSHIT. I'm tired of people saying what they are supposed to say! The dismantled Left screaming about imaginary revolutions and the f**ked-up Right shouting about their creation of dead bodies instead of, as Allen Ginsberg says, being kind to themselves and doing away with needless suffering. It's time that the political platitudes of Left, Right, and Middle were dissolved and people found a new Biological basis for living together and with other living creatures. There are young people today insisting upon their right not to kill, and it would be a great thing not to force them to it.

The necessity of killing and the so-called killer-instinct are an inherent part of human activity. Since at least the Neolithic Age—the time of domestication of animals and the cultivation of plants—man has been a self-domesticated creature. But killing has not been erased from human potential. It has been an incomplete domestication. Perhaps the ultimate solution for man as a creature is to eradicate the domestication that has become part of him.

Philosophically speaking, man is a gorgeous animal. He can take on the shape and being of a lion by an act of will—or he can become a dog, and thereby a slave to his surroundings. He can survey that which he is lord of, or he can survey his masters.

This plasticity of man is a kind of beauty. One of the many beauties of man. An animal takes it upon itself to survive. A sponge, or starfish, takes it upon itself (in the genetic sense) to extend through the billionic clouds of spores and eggs that it produces. However, vertebrate animals, creatures with backbones and complex nervous systems, become aware of their individual survival and not solely the survival of their species. Men must think of both individual existence and of the survival of the human race.

Massed around this simplicity, in the most clotted way, are a multitude of confusions on the part of the individual. The Western Society that has shaped man's movement, and given him his aura, and his vibrations, has created ideals that have now become confusions. Man's environment is now not Nature but his Society. Any questions regarding whether the Society is or is not Nature are academic. It is a qualitative fact that Society has become and is Nature. Man's environment is other men—and their structures, media, and transport. A man's ideals are pre-fabricated and preconstructed by the Society. There is no possibility of shaping individual ideals but more exactly there is the chance of stepping into existing ideals. All these ideals or aspirations are qualified by Society's rule and they must be within the bounds of the Society and for the preservation of the Society.

The population explosion is unbearable. Each human being is as beautiful and as complex a being as a star. The gene is a jukebox, in technicolor, that might have been designed by a DaVincian God. The rockandroll of human possibility is endless. But each man and woman is an erosive as well
as a constructive force upon all others.

A man can wake up on the morning and realize, like Faust, that he is a grown effective male creature, that his head is straight, and that he is hopelessly bound away from the consummation of his desires by circumstance. His taste for life is gone—and each day is a predictable capricious failure—not one more desire is filled when the neon replaces daylight—and sleep is a relief from useless exhaustion.

One can imagine Thomas Jefferson walking in the halls and walls of his own creation and design. He can be imagined, perhaps as he saw himself, as a free spirit, as a healthy animal, perhaps even like a Greek or Roman as he deliberately opts for sophistication, for the choice of the virtues of Society. But free, and yes, a slave owner at the same time... WHAT IS HE DOING THERE? What is Jefferson doing there? Or what is any man doing there who seemed to have the freedom to move and create? Today the choices are to withdraw, "Turn on, tune in, and drop out," to regain some kind of oversight or insight. Or, the other choice is another kind of surrender—to join a social corporate structure. Either way is a waiting for what will follow.

If what follows is greater socialization, then many men will find it beyond the bounds of their tolerance. Socialization does not refer to a political system—it has nothing to do with Socialism, Capitalism, or Communism. Socialization is a result of any known system of government or men living in groups. Socialization is the loss of personal goals in the face of Society. It is the overriding of personal desire by the needs of the society that one inhabits. Democracy has not been successful enough. As Thoreau realized, Democracy places the desires of the masses above individual feeling, intuition, desire, and morals.

No one has looked clearly at the time preceding civilization for a clear concept of what prehistory might tell. The Cro Magnons of fifty thousand years ago, the cave dwellers of Southern Europe, at the time of the movement of the great ice sheets, probably had a minimum of socialization. As much as anyone they were thinking man-animals. The Cro Magnons were of considerable physical stature and their brains were larger than the average of modern man's.

Although larger brain size may bear no significance to the intellectual capacities of the individual, it may have a great deal to do with the intellectual capacities of a species. The larger the brain, the more room there is for varied constellations of referential data. Perhaps the Cro Magnons were more imaginative, were greater philosophers—as perhaps are the dolphins. The brain of certain dolphins exceeds in cubic centimeters the size of the brain of modern man.

The Cro Magnons watched from their caves on the sides of cliffs looking over the river beds—the large mammal fauna of Ice Age Europe came moving down the valleys forced by the advance of polar ice across the continent. When the Cro Magnons were hungry they descended into the river valleys and attacked and killed the wild horses, elk, and the buffalo. In their caves they butchered and cooked the animals. Cro Magnon bones show
few signs of disease. Their teeth are healthy as a rule. It seems that their
life was good. It is possible that they were also of good mental health. It is
even possible that these men were in greater contact, in spiritual terms,
with the Universe, than is modern man. Their art work in the caves of Spain
and southern France shows great capacity and skill. Perhaps in many ways
their existence was idyllic. Certainly socialization must have been held to a
functional and reasonable minimum—except when it might be for play, art,
or worship.

Last night I stood on the corner of Haight and Clayton Streets under
the streetlights with tear gas billowing in occasional clouds down the dark-
ness of Haight. The young people there had become MEN and WOMEN. They
were beautiful and mammalian—the acne on some of the faces no longer
mattered and was even a badge that someone so young could become a revo-
lutionary. In Viet Nam young men are being trained to murder and will be
brought back with perhaps some new (or old) biological solutions. They will
confront—or perhaps even join—the revolutionaries at home. With the
arrogance of tyranny, and the brutality of cunning and yet mindless Society,
the police lorded themselves over Haight Street. Their presence taunted the
young people to throw more bottles and curses, and the police responded with
more tear gas and drove the young men and women back another street.
Bottles and epithets hurled down from the rooftops onto the police and their
automobiles and motorcycles. Young people stood choking and coughing on
tear gas—practising for a revolution, learning the first simple things to be
learned for a war of the cities. They were driven back up the hill to
Frederick Street and joined with crowds of negroes there, who say that in the
face of police brutality there was no function for either negative or positive
racism.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ARMY THROWS BOTTLES
WITH NO GASOLENE THIS TIME
WITH NO GASOLENE THIS TIME
no wick nor a flame.

Tear gas hangs in the cold fog,
Tear gas hangs in the cold fog,
IN THE DARKNESS OF STREETLIGHTS
surrounded by rainbows.
Tear gas hangs in the cold fog.
TEAR GAS HANGS IN THE COLD FOG.

— Michael McClure
Poem for David

Rushed delight of a new-found Soul BESIDE me,
    Hold My Hand/
the warmth of solar plexus circling round, the flushed & roaring
borne by the undertow down from the Seeing Eye Kingdom/
Heart! A Heart! & the sky brimmed ear to ear with brilliance;
Settling down of silt in the water, the sundown firestone
Fondness of Eye in the scattring haste Next
    To Me/ pasturing sideways......
    Who are your eyes my brother?
    , the sky this deep
    & penetrable.....

A drug struck instant veered inward conceives itself
    Centre & Heir of everything—
/yet shall it not stand, this encounter of souls, themselves surprised
    & feeling each other up & down, eager to touch again
    hands lost in separation?

When the drugs wear off & the doors close that were open
    & the Boundless released beyond the dilemma is not
Vividly among us,
& I find thee disheveled adrift in equivocal new washed morning:
    Another time/ implicit in itself—
    Shall you be friend or lover?
Poem to Pitt/ if that is your name.....

So.
You were not there where you said you'd
Surely meet me
or maybe I was late,
It doesn't matter.

I, who know not even your name
searching all the hotels on Eddy Street,
And the tired eyes of Hotel Clerks, staring
Blank thru improbable stories; Heavylidded/ No,
No one by that name here/ How
Could I know it was futile to begin with?
Bag on my shoulder lurching thru lobbies, Impossible Mission/
I BELIEVED I'd find you:

/ The heart is a willful animal.
Do you think I have choice in the matter?

/only so far as the heart discerns
a LIVE soul from a devouring one,
... you must know of these things,.....

But the stars all clear and out tonight don't eliminate
this brooding;
That which was promised was Undone or
mistrusted at the last/
& You were not there.
I had no business being drunk and numb of senses
You were not there/
No I had no business falling down
,But you were not there/
And the heart is a willful animal,

it is like
not being color blind:
you see red
for instance/
& you like it or you don't
that is all;
So it is with a heart's preoccupation
(knowing not how it is
with you
but with myself only)
I was foolish
    in drinking/ colliding with chairs
    the need to believe/ & believing.

: So I have been foolish.
   My heart will not harden/ nor inflict its own
   cruelty on itself
   But continue
   as it has
   in hoping/ or possible opening/ coming
   forward
   & keeping alive.
This is not a funny poem, though we laughed
   Well together/ nor do I
   mean a joke of it.....

How to explain
   behind a jukebox & B Girls/ money & concentration
   on money
   to No Exclusion,
   that the eyes see anyway?

So you were not there.
   & we did not meet as you promised.

: I have learned no lesson,
   Only the stars do not resound tonight
   ,And the heart is a lonesome animal.

Mocambo Bar, Topless Dancing Gig, SF

— Janine Pommy-Vega
When the great Tao is obliterated, we have benevolence and justice. Prudence and circumspection appear, and we have much hypocrisy.

When family relations no longer harmonize, we have filial piety and paternal devotion. When the country and the clans decay through disorder, we have loyalty and allegiance.

Thus one loses Tao and then virtue appears. One loses virtue and then benevolence appears. One loses benevolence and then justice appears. One loses justice and then propriety appears. The rules of propriety are the semblance of loyalty and faith, and the beginning of disorder.

—from Tao Te Ching
(translated by Paul Carus)

Invocation

May all symbolic words within this book become actual and effective weapons of liberation. May its poetry be transformed into raging thunderbolts of peace. May its truth cause freedom.

May this book invoke; give form and direction to those protective deities who dwell deep within the hearts of men. May such creative acts and their dissemination bestow seeds of liberation.

I dedicate my poetry to this most noble task. May it help release all latent potential for good and evolutionary advance.

Each man freed by his own efforts. May my poetry become that therapy which annihilates all psychic hangups. May my words consume this planet with compassion. May this book slaughter the forces of evil.

May my poetry help destroy authoritarian government. May my words shatter dogma; dissolve police, courts, and jails; vanish armies. May it help all minds be clear and all ideas fluid. May it cause a universal condition of ethical anarchy. May I never vote again. May I commit no more harm. May I dedicate myself unceasingly to the continuing pure revolution.

—Dave Gunliffe & Tina Morris
"THE HYMN" TO "LUCIFER"

O RIGHTFULL FATHER OF OURS
FOREVER FOREVER LUCIFER
OF THE HIGHEST OF POWER IN MIND
WE SHALL WORK AS IF IT WERE PLAY
FOR HERE WE ARE FOUR REAL
"HELLS ANGELS"
TORMENTING THE LOST AND WORTHLESS
SOULS OF THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE
"GIVE US YOUR SPIRIT, OUR SOULS DELIGHT"
"FOREVER" "FOREVER"
O FATHER SATAN

A.F.F.I.

HELLS ANGELS
M.C.
CALIFORNIA