

Tony Towle Selected Poems 1963–1965

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Poem of August

for Gloria

The decision is for continuing?
The plans are as impetuously dispatched,
the note to the embassy is as mandatory,

and as scattered as the Indies,
as useful as calcium,
your evasions,
your persimmon smile,
brown as the South Sea,
bring me to Gauguin
with the precision of fountains;

because these your demonstrations
I find irresistible;
you arrive with the persuasion of evangelists,
the silence of steam

and I am intrigued by your distance,
on a balcony of bright weather,
invited to burn.

Thoughts Near the George Washington Bridge

1

We move frontally toward dominion,
which is something I've wanted to do;

but with too much appeasement in that advertisement,
too brief,

as an interest in susceptibility,
feeling oddly among those people in their revolt;

and its concluding essence
will depend on the Attack of the Parsley Men

and balance on the corner of an extreme tenement
and Beth shall have no opinion.

2

No, but on the other side,
it is mostly uncomfortable here;
I have been here a long time,
with differences.
We should go take in the weather
at the top of the hill,
as in my original conception,
with the light.

3

Struck

by the center, the design;
I was stuck by the difference
in her clothing.
The steps are being reviewed,
the last offense is there, stops,
expresses momentum.

Little

a. by degrees

Which gives it over to our raging orders.

In the ground, planted,
my hands on you;
it was a time for it.

The waves turn out ashamed,
the voice but thought at the bus track,
in the ground, cool,
all of which I know.

To the alkali my oldest son is lost,
in the assault of fresh grass,
with the turn of a flower,
as our cousins by their tables,
the petals fallen on the seat.

We too are on the porch near the ground,
urged to follow closely
the red of the afternoon.

b. qualities

I will continue with your flower tight
in your hand, the deep slits
almost to center, a light breath
on the sound of the kettle, a thunder,
thunder, shells, the shaggy rangers
patrol the brush under the trees.
Something scuttles to the sea;
havoc is among our tables.

Our tables were styled near the ground,
arms folded, assisting a death
of surprise in the public treasure.

c. as love

We picked nails for the yard.
Salt. The towns of the river;
we pick at flowers as builders;
they are stealthy and have become more subtle.

So all laughed and provoked us to scrutiny.
The earth is chained and
will last for twelve years.

Prologue

Only one at a time of mourning,
in which the edge of the hill
is going down
and I was close to loving you for it.

So this is a tale, then; good.
The forest is important,
the boar hunt,
and the close of the legend,

when by turns the leaves would arrive
with the next nice October
and the king was away from our throats.

Good. But not only that; later,
when the edge was folding
and we were not discussed,
more at the disposal
of Madame de Sévigné,

on the way to exorcism,
on the platform;
I might have wished
that you were not the subject,
maimed and partly displayed.

The pilgrims are cautious and exact
and only a trickle comes to the edge.
I stir slightly.
The residue, white, is hung
without sound.

Sonnet

Checking off the list, I saw you
as you really were,
spiced, like a fist in my sleep,
finished, like the purr of a galley.

I went to the fish festival immediately;
the payments were due immediately,
for my final wish was irreproachable,
a factory of glue, as it were.

A few escaping liars under the counter;
on the table, thriving colonies of hardware.
Later the fires were certainly interesting,

assisting the driving wear of the clouds.
The rights are read and the people stop
to spread before their only functions.

A Twelve-Page Memento to Keep Forever

Sew? But I'm all thumbs! Wait. Take an honest look at yourself. Your neck, for instance, is probably very rough. Dear Ann: Since this is for you, shall I tell you what you took? You took my youth. We're both fiends for vibrant colors. Our hair is getting gray and we love it. We love the nightmare of being famous. What's wrong with me? A world of mystery is opening up. I can't do anything right. I'm never sure of myself. I'm afraid to meet new people. I'm afraid to try new things. We are on the sidewalks and side streets of Hollywood proper. Here's your image: tiny, typical and tall. The sea is full of adventure. You can get by with a bed and an icebox. You can consider red hair as a passing fancy or a final acquisition. It's like walking on pillows.

Vera

for Vera

The ability to create illusion, that's what I have, what all true actors have. By our mere presence on a stage we can create any image we choose. We haven't eaten a regular meal in months; I'm always scared when I'm writing. Is it like that for other writers? I don't know. Again, how did you feel when you were writing this work? The scene shifts to a nearby room. But there the comparison ends; there the violence is aimless, without any clear purpose. In a larger sense it is not even satisfactory acting. Do you no longer feel that this is possible in a weekly series? I tried to bring the series to a meaningful end. And then the series would be over? I wrote a number of stories for the series. She will be a crazy American girl who becomes involved. That is the way we think. Our people all have entertainment value.

Skylarks

In August I will visit a distant land, and in September
a beautiful woman will fall in love with me.

In autumn I look out the window.

In December I go to the movies.

The cameras return from the ends of the earth.

We are shown as silent and generous heroes,
liberated into the sea,

calm, showing desire to the fish,

wavering, set free from a thousand shackles.

The Hotel

The two knights suggest to the king that he take the hero into his confidence. The pantomimes are spaced to accommodate them. It is a work of great beauty. It is night. Four boys remain on the scene. They choose four girls. This is what happens: Her beauty and her brains work like fire. She is shocked by his remark that he cannot spend too much time. We see grace of body and mind being torn to pieces. Now begins the bitter aftermath. Now the prayers of Orpheus are answered. It is the ancient myth of Orpheus. Orpheus cannot console himself with his own song. The song of the lyre is inadequate to his bereavement. Now he finishes the song. Everything is green. Everything is splashed with color.

Snow

Dawn turns up black and important
before the sun shows it's only dawn
blackness and all.

The picture is different,
going across the room as the bed,
occupied for hours is the shadow,
or the shadow is dust
following the sun across the room;
talking on the bed
as the physician pronounced his words,
making the room a nightmare.

When I wake up I'll be reading.
The first line, a climax
summing up the past, a trap in the paper,
is crossed out. The smoke curls around her waist;
green and white, it is straightforward and
understandable, literally storming
the castle of our subconscious.

How do I think about endings –
four cups of coffee and
falling into an abrupt dream;
the temperature is falling,
the hand is a motor,
the effect of light on shapes.

The New World

You've left me by myself and I fall to pieces into the river.
It's the same voice, this time between 3 and 4 a.m.;
four lies about blondes. Boom, a quiet sun. I still like
toast and jam, in fact I feel like toast and jam; it's spring,
1961, an invoice; I'm selecting poems to be read in the villages
and in front of the troops on horseback.

It's the grand opening all over again. There's not a scar
left on the patient; an empty stomach, we see a souvenir. The
victim is an American scholar, his life and loves. It is time
to look in the dictionary. It is time to go to the airport. What
a day to take pictures. I make my living by taking pictures and
selling them. I cannot be angry with myself. The parachutes
sway in the wind. Now his head is up and his feet are down.

We Plunged into the Western Hemisphere

We plunged into the Western Hemisphere. The chances
are one in five I've taken a capsule of poison.
The air smells like flowers; I look up:
The music in the railway station
presents me as a romantic understatement,
elegant wistfulness on a visit,
deeply concerned with the future and electric power.
I tried again: Do you not feel the need of some goal
as a guide in your day-to-day decisions?
Again a ghastly pause like the brakes of a car,
miles of shoreline and countless gallons of water.

The Passion

My unconscious mind spun in delirium. The wings
are right over me and in a moment the claws
will be ripping me apart. The pictures crowded in;
a tremendous blast of air swept over me,
at least that is what I told myself.

There is a great leap in thought. The scene
takes on a more brooding quality: I realize
that you are an enemy, a giant sphere
supported by the heavens. When you disappear
I return to my other identity.

The daffodils spring up, a fantasy of her own.
Not one skirt escaped her scissors. I knew
I had seen the last of her as she vanished into the sky.

December

Here are the wheels of the new kingdom and here,
here are the radical tires. You believe me of course, a plant,
a cup, who have demonstrated affectionate indifference,
the blundering forest charm plunked you into, number 32.
We end thoughtfully, with three dots . . .
in contrast to the inertness of the ball.

In the discussion above I spoke of the inertness of the ball.
The numbers get higher, in sequence. A sequence
is a godsend, another cloud in the Alps and the air.

Lines for the New Year

The first day of January is the first day
of the New Year. In the north
there is snow and ice and the forest rings
with the sound of the ax.

So this is really a game of tag. Run across it
as if it were a cake, and you were the knife
cutting it through the middle. At other times
the clouds seem to be pillows. My target
is a cool, tax-free million. I am very calm about it.
I could end up making a good deal more.

10

We decided that the sun was a huge plate of gold.
We wanted to pull it down from the sky with a rope,
or across the sky, in a boat. We know how to find
the east. The east is where the sun comes up each morning.
In the morning we begin the work. There may be hundreds,
even thousands, of trees to chop down. It will be long after dark
before we can stop and go home to bed.

Later there appears a third major character. If there is a
moral diagnosis to be made, he will make it. His
is a cultivated mind, willing to bend to the work at hand.
Turn on a lamp and pretend it is the sun. Put a ball
on a plate: this is the earth, where you live. A revolution
is sweeping across its surface. Each speck is a thousand animals;
they feel as if they were falling into the sun.

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Today I reached a decision that most people wouldn't understand.
Earlier I had lunch with another American. She was
the best-dressed American I have ever seen. Press a feather
into the spot; you can't feel it, the feather floats off.
It's a lonely, nothing kind of day. One of the best things
is to help with the woodcutting. This means walking through
the woods to find the right kind of trees. Then comes
the wonderful sound of the ax. The winter's woodcutting
has only just begun. There will be chopping for days,
even weeks. We could not keep track of the days unless
there were some sort of system. It is hard to maintain interest
from day to day, so there must be some frequent surprise.

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Turn your attention elsewhere and give them time
to wonder about you. What insane mission are you planning
this time? I knelt over her limp form. For those of you
who are slow, let me spell it out. We need a fresh view of the
heavy drinker. He suffers from anxiety and often has feelings

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of inferiority and insecurity. His tolerance of frustration is low. He feels lonely, isolated, and dependent. He is frequently beset with hostility and depression. Often he has not had a carefree childhood and, paradoxically, drinking may not be the main problem. It is an unbelievable adventure that strains ordinary belief. It became impossible to control the children's movements. A terrific crash brought me out of my reverie. The important thing now was to stay alive. The prisoner was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Only cowards would make prisoners of defenseless women and children. They swarmed over the rail. Their menacing hand grenades look and work just like real ones. I ran so hard I thought my legs would fall off. I've been plagued with unhappiness from the day I was born. I felt the tug of hands and the blur of voices. Somehow I looked better than ever the next morning. Using radio would have been like talking through a long pipe filled with sponges: the message would have been soaked up a few feet from its starting point.

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After they are trapped the real work begins. They are taken out, one by one, unprepared for what they see. They hear a disturbingly human voice, a pretentious expansion of significance. But his convictions are a form of sentimental weakness, no matter how strongly they are pressed. My dreams verified the fact over and over again. I am asked why I keep living here; my choice of companions will lead directly to scandal. I'd hate to be in a room and hear the comments after I leave. There is a spontaneous demonstration of approval. A reputation is a pretty important thing to have, although superstitious people have been known to turn pale at such a prospect, regarding it as an omen of approaching death. Beautiful, you win again. There is another spontaneous demonstration of approval. Indeed, only one fact, repeated in all ten stories, kept me from seeming like a cardboard cutout. An amused snort comes from another bar stool. It is that quiet time, just before dinner. I opened the door and there began a long friendship. I suppose she vaguely sensed the embryonic poet, or mystic. The thought sustains me during the hot sticky ride. It's fun to flirt but it can be dangerous. I have glib relationships because there is so much to joke about.

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It is not rock bottom that I touch here. The silent shroud of night engulfs the distant mountains and a sudden brightness numbs my senses. Let us now assume our rightful forms. How wonderful it is to conjure up a simple spell. It is interesting to see how his enthusiasm is revealed. He enjoys letting his mind roam the universe. A desire for variety is also revealed, according to a survey of some 1500 people. Most of them will be led off to jail, protesting their innocence. Shifting its sights, the survey asks if we can see more clearly than those

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who had come before us — but now there is a rising in the sky. Gold and silver make their appearance. Everything is destroyed in our path but our enemies bounce back continually. Here is a palace, but it has been put up wrong. There the pirates make their quarters. Most of their suggestions require little or no equipment, merely the simple materials available in your home.

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These imperfect duplicates of me think in reverse. I usually have to cuff their heads to get any sense out of them at all. Most of the time they are busy getting rid of flies and other troublesome pests, which makes them of some help. Why are you so angry? My thinking is so zany it's not worth worrying about. I am speaking for the community as a whole. There are so many things to do that everyone can find something to like. I came back feeling weak. You get tired of jumping from ice floe to ice floe. It's like living in the middle of a TNT sandwich, or between the claws of a pair of tigers. In the meantime I'll put on that demonstration I promised. The dancers go on hour after hour. Finally at sundown they file away. The most striking features are the vast empty spaces that come at the end of the year. In general our calendar is an unnecessary hardship, with an unjustifiable nuisance value in a world already dumb with chaos. Violence and tumult are the hallmarks of our age and we may expect widespread disease and catastrophe; while at the same time people everywhere resist exploitation and look forward to liberation. So the generals, ours and theirs, remain important to us.

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I quit staring into her eyes and gazed elsewhere. A car pulled up and a few of us laughed, but nobody thought it was particularly unusual. The curtains parted and a woman stepped out, followed by a dwarf in livery. We were frozen in horror; the plane had become a luxurious bedroom on wings. The door slammed and a second woman entered. I took an astonished look. I was lost in a sea of generalized sensuality. The wind whistled in my ears. I landed in a field next to Lake Erie. One telephone operator, in New Jersey, chased more than eight men. There are over 21 million mateless women in circulation. I told him that to me the whole story seemed very sad, and that virtually nothing was being done to stop this. I summed up the growing concern: Many of these people develop suicidal tendencies and no one is willing to take a firm stand. She leaped at him, clawing at his eyes. He took off his jacket and his shirt. Afterwards, the midgets dispersed, returning to their former lives. They thought he was dead but didn't give a damn. I knew I would have to stay around for several days to explain things, but I was determined to enjoy it. A flame reached out and held me. I have always had to fight for my bits of glory. Still dazed, I was backed up against a wall. Then comes a tragic farewell, with ranting and weeping as we go into exile. I am sick of my life. The war has robbed it of all that a young man could find of happiness. Mercifully, I can buy love when I require it. Three charming creatures are coming to

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have tea with me today. When I have finished with these three, I will dissect them. The lady's part is the same. There is a constant inertia; the man steps back. From this position the woman is at the starting point of her whirl. This is the second step. The third step is far more simple. There are eight steps in all. We are taught to start at top speed and continue that way as long as possible. But even after the opponent has conceded, there are no provisions for preventing the winner from further kicking and beating the loser. Is this one of the symptoms of love again? Not unexpectedly it became the highpoint of the youngster's week. Would you pick this young man to be your leader? Or this one? Their train is due in St. Louis tomorrow. We are all travelers now, and are beyond the point when a destination could surprise us.

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We continue to watch the leaves on the trees. We watch the birds and the animals. We think of the day as having two parts, morning and afternoon. The night also has two parts: the evening, and later, when it is completely dark. Such observations are bound to be rhapsodic. We laughed our terrible laughs together. I would like to see those girls in action. Was some nerve being touched by the new treatment? I wrote those words as an exact reflection of my thoughts. You see, we have become so complicated. How I love Versailles. Apparently I will end up in the restaurant business. I don't see the connection. What do you do if you can't get any further information?

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The storm broke and the protest showered down. Newspapers, magazines, and commentators took up the cudgels. They looked at no fewer than half a million photographs, most of them in color. The hero is speaking. There is no emotion in his voice as he tells the story. He often has an unexpected innocence, unique and refreshing in the stifling, pompous world in which he functions. I tend to be skeptical of claims to heroism but I am terribly responsive to them. It can be inspiring to see man struggling with nature, but even more inspiring to see him struggling with his fate. A typhoon burst with sudden fury. A herd of buffalo stops the train. The train was winding its way through the mountains. Mere buffalo were able to stop a train. I did not know the identity of the animals but I was annoyed with them. Why does war have to take out its fury on innocent people? The men charged into the village. I found a girl, wounded and unconscious. We talked for a long time. The days were bright and mild. Sightseers came and went. Laboriously, I plodded along. It was a book. I saw myself leaning over it, struggling to keep awake. I had other books, in case the first one failed. I went to the bookcase, playing the scene the same way all my predecessors had played it.

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New York is the endless celebration of everything. It is better to learn this rule at the beginning. I opened the window and breathed in the dark night. I consider everyone a possible antagonist, so the less said to anyone the better. Such tensions are not new. These things are all in a day's work. Yet there are certain moments of crisis, as in his wife's death. You are confusing two different specialties. We were supposed to have ended up with a beautiful girl or an accomplished wrestler. The mayor's car fell apart when he stepped on the accelerator. It's the best practical joke I've played in weeks. Flowers of varying shapes and sizes swept over seas of elegant fabric. The final results are a work that did not set out to please. But what about my problem? I keep breaking these metallic strands but they keep sticking to me. I'll just wander around, maybe for years, seeking a solution. He probably fell out of a passing plane. Let's see how he looks as an adult.

I wonder if in the years to come we will remember the strange recklessness that has developed in almost everyone's mentality. His cousin raped her and cut out her tongue. Her murderous animal madness is the sign of his entering into her. Primitive actions that bypassed consciousness drew them to the verge of death. Now there is nothing wrong with this as far as it goes. The poem, then, has its seriousness. All life is charged with emotion, we can't get away from it. Emotion should make life enjoyable but more often makes it miserable. Emotion is so powerful that it can greatly warp our reason. There arises within us a conflict that vastly disturbs us. Here is the man of fifty-four looking back on the man of thirty-one. Yet, for all my energy as a salesman, I am essentially a stiff, shy man. This shyness was put to a severe test a few years ago.

In fact I am restless and rather unhappy, although I have been fortunate in all matters. I have no problem in getting a job and holding it. At times it is difficult to project a warm image to others. At times resentment is the only thing you can clearly project. The tendency is to feel sorry for yourself, because your problems are unending and unendurable. Further, your vision and consciousness may be deeply shaken, invaded, or poisoned by the eruption of unconscious forces. Powerful storms of emotions may turn you, your environment, and your entire nation into a chaotic maelstrom. You may feel up in the air over circumstances, out of touch with developments. You are always being given a chance to show your ability and always failing miserably. Every day is a carnival of looting and stealing. I can see everything taking place but I can't make a move to stop it, not even to protect the girl I love. Heroes put a great strain on their hearts when they go through the movements necessary for their deeds. The day has turned clear and sunny. If enemy planes are nearby they can see and attack us. The book I intend to write

about it should be a sellout, all profits going to the local hospital. When I started the project I wanted to be friendly, but circumstances prevailed that made me the opposite, ominous and hostile. Let's not lose our heads; all this may just be a prearranged film to shock us. I feel as if I were circling the earth. The craft screeches to a stop. Such an adventure obviously limits the number of participants. One sight after another fills our eyes. Architects plan and supervise the construction of buildings. Dress designers originate new styles in clothing. A dress designer must have a thorough knowledge of fabrics, an alertness to fashions, and an understanding of manufacturing processes. A talent for sketching and creative design are also essential. Gradually an imposing structure takes shape. In the meantime there is no spiritual agony being felt. Each chair has its own wiring. There is also a cruel stepmother. I could not close my eyes for a second. The bicycle ran into a tree. It will teach me a good lesson. I am the same person that was here yesterday. I continued my course along the bank of the river. I am out of the the safety zone. A pool was found but the water was thick and muddy. The town was burnt and day before and the great tower bore down on us. I moved back a space. I must tell you how terrific you are and I must give you a suggestion.

Suddenly I found myself doing just as I pleased and the whole world was beaming unquestioning approval. Ah, two more little guests. Is there any way of getting a note down to the kitchen? She says our beds used to be barber's chairs and I say they were steamtables. She did tell me a good way to remove stoppers from glass bottles. When we want to know that's inside the bottles we go to our engineers and chemists. An instant later I paid the penalty. Haven't my metallic dreams been shattered enough? We took the supplies further up the glacier. This time I will do exactly as I am told. I cannot be content with a picture of human life as a madhouse with everybody in solitary confinement. Why did they insist that I take this train? The dream that was born four years ago was now a reality. Is this, by any chance, some flour that has leaked out of the pillow? The second course came, and with it a bottle of Burgundy. The Henry in question is Henry of Germany. All of them were present at the election of the new pope. In their world, as in ours, charging animals can be diverted by fire. The couple waited for children but no babies appeared.

Then for the next decade a child was born every year. Vibration was next. They were shot through hollow tubes like bowling balls. Then they were installed behind the propellers. The whirling action carries the fumes and noise deep in their wake. You can still hear it, it gets the word from your finger. It runs through the snow in an erratic manner. Wet snow begins to pack and build up. Snow is thrown to the right and to the left. The Frenchman's pockets are

picked. The Swedish girl is taken for a five-mile cab ride. The Dutch girl sat in her hotel. The Englishman bought two tickets to a show. 270
The whole story was revealed by my partner. No one ever gives him an answer. He sits out on the new grass, looking up at the sky. He gazes at the long, wavering line of ducks. A week later I went for a drive. She grabbed me and we whirled around the room. Then I saw my chance. A kiss fell onto my head. A voice was raw and harsh against my ear. She finally freed herself, shaken by emotion. She thought she'd like to lie on her back for a while. The similarity continued. In fact the screams woke us up. They should have put those things in a container. A volley of lead is released and darkness blankets the town. Relax, I've got all my faculties. Not only that, but I'm beginning to recall my animal past. Instantly my joy gave way to a kind of humble awe. Perhaps the most meaningful answer would be that every doctrine breeds its own antithesis; moods change quickly, as everyone knows. See? The metal bird is coming to life. It swings its ugly head toward us. It refuses to be classified, except as a professional. But let's get going, those tanks aren't made out of cotton candy. That's the craziest thing I've ever heard of. Not only are you two hours late, but what happened to this portable ice-maker? If we're boring you, Captain, I suggest you leave the country at once. After a few hours in the lap of luxury I begin to yawn. You've got the picture slightly blurred, Colonel, the whole stinking place is deserted. 280
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In spite of Milwaukee's phenomenal growth, it has kept a relaxed and congenial atmosphere. St. Paul, too, is a city of remarkable contrasts. There is an inviting international flavor about El Paso. Many of its inhabitants speak Spanish. A region, in almost all instances, consists of a town or a city, plus the surrounding area. This limitation in size makes it possible to call on everyone in the area, the reason for establishing a region in the first place. His leathery face broke into a wide smile. A knife went past my head and clanged to the dance floor. 300
The facts have been presented, now what will we, the public, do about them? We are helping creative people escape from their ivory towers and be more in tune with actual audiences. Our creative minds are learning more about persuasion, and in time there will be a group of creative people whose failures can be identified before they are revealed. One more fact should be mentioned. The variety of words will be accompanied by a variety of gestures. It leads ahead to a future which, to my elderly eyes, looks remarkably like a golden age of writing.

By the end of the day the plain was covered with mist. The men looked upward into the heavens, and downward, into the green depths of the ocean. They were continually amused and amazed by their children's powers of imagination. As the opera begins, they hide in the shadows and await their chance. The father gives his blessing. I don't know whether you are tired or afraid but you are not like your father. The voice was like fifty people shouting together. 310

Of the two men, one was dead by the time the car sank into the mud. When the car topples over the bridge, I brace myself for the shock of contact. As the car lands, I shift my weight to my left foot. I am chilled by the water but eventually reach the shore. There is a pleasant ending to this story. I continued my experiments and published the results. I also inherited my father's fortune, but gave a large part of it away, aiding men of genius. Soon I will roam the continent, in search of some great doctor. 320

The witless individual cursed the dullness of the blade as the blood trickled down her arm, but she continued resolutely to scratch away. All my life I have been engaged in amateur theatricals, but have never been able to land a paying job. I am nearly without hope that this cycle will end. When can I get an answer to my medical problems? I am miserable in this snake pit and wonder if I will ever get out of it. Children should not be brought up in this atmosphere. When she returns, everything is upset. She has been dragged down to utter despondency by the continual indignities to which she has been subjected. Is there any indication of a letup in the tensions that drive her so mercilessly? Much of our brilliant poetry is merely egocentric. I wonder if we will become as unmanageable as have so many of this generation of young people. 330

The fighting continues. Days become weeks. We escorted our miniature army down the street. There are many who believe that I exceed my brother's viciousness. That's not surprising. I have four jobs. I'm glad to go along with her whims. That's what lovers are for. They loom up from the sea, dripping salt water and seaweed. Sometimes the worst kind of love is the best. Take another look. There are two giant battlefields, on a globe that spins so smoothly and steadily that we never notice it is spinning at all. Take two or three turns around. It all started with a few simple rules that we, the children and I, discussed and decided were good ones. We have always lived and acted within a horizon. Sometimes we are hungry and leave to get food. But listen — we are being attacked by a double-stage rocket and the warhead is bearing down on us. Are we good enough to survive? An hour later I slipped into the little Alpine village. I looked back and squinted at the dazzling mountainside. I climbed further up, until my wings seemed to burn in the thin, frigid air. My legs turned to icicles. A blurred form flashed by me. I followed it to the edge of the mysterious depths, where no one had ventured before. 340 350

Is it fair to continue the deception to get the troops I need so badly? Our love letters made things better for a while. Finally, Congress stepped in to end the confusion. There we were, our rocket crumpled up against the side of the mountain. We need another arrangement to land on a point. Since master jewel thieves are rarely caught, it is impossible to generalize much about them. How 360

quiet Hong Kong is tonight. Everyone in Hong Kong is spied on by members of the oriental underworld. The minutes trail by. I eat my sandwich and sip my coffee. The girl looks stranded. It's a flat tire, and no one in sight to help her change it. Her chateau, it seems, will soon be put up for auction. Gradually the old ways are changing. When not singing, she sat at my table, or we danced on the few feet of crowded dance floor. One needed only a glance to ascertain the omnipresence of sexual desire. Expenditures, too, are liable to explode. Or they can be cut completely and lowered into the ground. Each year, death strikes down some of our finest thinkers. They had been providing the simple truths men needed to live in a tortured world. I didn't want to break the mood so I just left them alone. At the end, a brick arch is left where the structure once stood. Once more let death mark a new beginning.

370

I had been taking a vertical view, one might say, when I should have been taking a horizontal one. At the magic moment I stop. A hot meal is set before us. We have been bid welcome to a sumptuous dinner for eight. The photograph is really a map. There are airplanes in the picture. They can tell if our country has as much food as it needs. They feel that if enemy planes see them today, they will be able to fly fast enough to get away. Below, the railroad train has been thrown off its tracks. The railroad tracks are torn up and will have to be rebuilt. I write another note. It too drops with its parachute. The fire fighters go off in different directions. They are careful as they near the clouds of smoke. They like jam, but no one will make it for them. The hotel is also on fire. Bombs hit the roof and fall inside. Leaves and twigs fall to the ground and catch fire. It will take many men to keep the blaze from spreading. A single plane ticket changes hands. The book, in two volumes, contains the outpourings of a lonely man in high authority. It is sad, resigned, and carries the self-imposed burden of his family. His successors found themselves in an awkward dilemma. The climate was set for an increase of tension and misunderstanding, and reactions, as usual, were varied.

380

390

Hot lava flooded my every muscle. It didn't seem possible. Then the mountain of lava flooded over me again, holding me captive. When I awoke, the lava flooded over me again. Nothing had been solved by this hot interlude, I felt the same as ever. Often I am torn by a passion. Also, I am capable of inventing a passion. To which passions does he refer? Certainly he didn't mean we were to have been perfect in body and mind. Not even our inclinations are perfect. If they were, they would not continually tend to lead us astray. Another ticket changes hands. There is only one possible way out of the diabolic trap I'm in. You might wonder why anyone would want to trap me in this situation. Why not simply use a gun? Deep down I feel that I may get into a trap like that and I won't be able to escape. How can I explain my hunch that this terrible idea will come true? Innocent-looking

400

floorboards give way and I can't stop my fall. After it was over they took my uniform away. I'm glad you had a good time last night. The ants put on a fascinating show that enthralled me for hours. Ants are actually the world's tiniest construction engineers. Maybe I'm secretly hoping to be captured. If so, there's hope for me. Am I really a criminal at heart? I'm ready to carry out the most sensational act of my criminal career. The octopus is going to take over the ship and the captain is already acting like an octopus. Whoever recovers first is bound to win this deadly game. Something else emerges from the undersea cavern. A thrilling mechanical rescue takes place. The machines strain every nut and bolt to carry out my commands. But what about all these fish? We'll just use them for experiments. Half our mission is complete: they act as if they've lost their minds. A plank is extended to our ship. It worked! The fish are taking me for a ride.

Somehow we cannot come up with a clear definition from all this. The human mind always works along the lines of a plan, from which we may conclude that we are not capable of discovering the truth about the universe. There is nothing to avert this suspicion. He's right; I can't move a muscle. Here, hold the phone next to the carpet. I'd like to have this carpet cleaned. But right now I'm going to climb. I may spend the rest of my days in the mountains. Each time I peer through the lenses I see an incredible vision I have never seen before. A moment later the unbelievable happened. I would like to share it with you. Then it occurred to me that I can't tell you the truth. There is only one way to confirm my fears. A blinding flash jarred me to my senses. My hands tensed and I found the answer. I think I've had enough double vision to last a lifetime. A cry was heard and a second shock hit me. They were both aliens and one was trying to kill the other.

The hair sparkles in the natural light of the snowfall. Holidays are wonderful times. Having fun is an investment. Why not exploit the idea further? I've never had so much fun in all my life. It is the major problem that confronts me in my relationship to others. It is an affront to esthetics, to human relationships, and to nature. I need nature to help me have a sane idea of life. I clung to her breathlessly. Love is a popular word in a teenager's vocabulary, but few teenagers know what real love is. Many confuse love with lust. Lusting teenagers have brought about conditions that shock every sense of decency. A wave of sexual promiscuity is sweeping across America and the world. People are being swept up into an orbit of overpowering passion, using every trick in the book. Then one day the world comes crashing down. If they were to get married now, they would be trusting a great deal of their future happiness to luck. What can they do for inexpensive amusement? Most of their friends will be away for the summer. There must be a way out. I've admitted I'm shy. I keep quiet because I know I'll say the wrong thing. The scene might have taken place only yesterday. Few realize that harsh words are termites that can

undermine the foundation of a happy home. I mingle with hundreds of people every day, listen to their problems, and hear their hearts cry out wistfully for friendship and love. They roll over and over, trying to devour each other with lust. At the end she gives out a high, ear-splitting scream. Silently she cursed herself for being such a fool. No, by happiness I mean the everyday enjoyment of everyday people. But concentrate on one thing at a time. First attain financial independence, as that is the goal for which you are striving.

460

Of course she loves me in spite of my eccentricities. Our bodies need exercise just as they need food. They plumb the unknown and the rest of us soon follow. The ordeal started on a Friday morning. In its worst form it can resemble a nightmare but it does not necessarily kill people. It is convincing and emotionally gripping. One can find in it a degree of solace, and perhaps new friends and a pleasurable sense of freedom in the rolling countryside. Both women plan to keep their coats on. The spotlight center of my reverie is basically the same as its periphery. It brings me back to the landscapes of Europe, the girl, and the memory of the battle. We drive steadily upward. The following day we picked up three horses near a stream. Afterwards we were to be found in the café, celebrating. It is the Paris of 1740. Her condition is becoming worse instead of better. Tragedy will stalk her until her death. Not many people would take a chance with the future the way she did. It is amusing to note the way a person will free himself of all encumbrances. Even a small child will wriggle out of its mother's arms. One mother found herself wedded to an unfaithful husband. Another found a large sum of money. When it was spent she looked at her watch and the kitchen clock. Let us seek the answer from the stars in the sky.

470

Before the dozing me knew what was happening, the girl began firing. What does this girl have to look forward to? I still love her and would like to see her straightened out. She insists on telling fabulous lies. Her course of action has given me migraine and ulcers. She swore again and turned away, pretending to be deeply hurt. To this day, she maintains a red-faced silence. In an instant they changed from warm, vulnerable girls to cold women, fiercely bent on vengeance. But, as for the fighting, that was reserved for the men. The men chuckled, satisfied. They were almost at the bus stop before they saw the shadows in the doorway. She slapped the other girl again. At first it hardly changed her way of life. Then she relented and told me practically everything. I tore my eyes from where I was looking. Her face had grown broad and fleshy. The three of us had been at the waterfront, indulging in our favorite pastime. Suddenly there was a tap on my shoulder. Although this reminded me of the previous occasion, I reacted quite differently. I saw the callused hand clapped over her mouth. The sputtering girl was picked up and carried off. I am experiencing another strange sensation. The effect of the eggs must be wearing off. Here, consume as many eggs as you can. I felt nothing until I had devoured the food.

480

490

In a moment the storm ceased, the waves went down, and our boat drifted to land, just in front of our father's castle. The doors and windows were watched by officers and students with arm bands. Most of the first week has been spent in violent debate. Then the idea of having committees was put forward. The first thing I was set to do was to sort feathers. I did not run away to a lonely tower and write poetry when the revolution demanded journalism. I was on an adventure, sweeping into history at the head of the people, and staking everything on their vast and simple desires. Reviewing my own life, are there other occasions when I achieved what I wanted because of unusual persistence on my part? You see, most people don't realize that their subconscious forces can do more for them than all the conscious effort they can squeeze into a 24-hour day. Take the first step and the mind will mobilize all its forces to your aid. Not reason but emotion is the dominating factor in mobilizing a people's mind for war, or for the all-out effort to prevent war. Not art but actuality is the surest method of guiding emotion into the desired channels. Not abstraction but realism is the tool that follows the proper avenues in bringing the nation to the emotional pitch we are seeking. Pictures make the quickest, most vivid, most searing of all possible impressions. They all suffer from lack of size, but they carry a message no one can miss, and no one need look twice to absorb it. There is no confusion here. In the meantime the machinery is being utilized and the land is being improved. Action is certainly the order of the day, and action never had a better interpreter than the skillfully handled camera.