

Steven Stillwell – “Ginsberg on the Wabash” – Vol. II No. 11, White River Review page 1-3, May 13, 1969

Kerouac - he's never gotten far enough beyond himself to be in himself.

Ferlinghetti - Christ shouldn't have climbed down. He was safer on the cross.

Ginsberg - described once as the last remnant of the Beats. These thoughts you have been having - they are lies. At least so we're told by the crudely painted message on the wall. Whose invisible finger wrote that? 1958, and earlier: Yisborach, u'yistehach, u'yispoui, u'yisroman, u'yisnasch, u'yishudor, u'yishalleh, u'yishallol, shimeh d'liudsho, - u'rich hin: Kaddish: and its natural infinity or feeling is own self one with all self.

And into the void, deeper, deeper; yet until all is one - one is all and we are at last together. Merger: and the wondrous, spectrum - shining crystal. And there exists nothing but the beauty, the caresses of our souls' bodies. "Into an orgy of white necks and tight asses, soft thighs and hard cocks deeper, deeper, further, further, deeper, darker, darker, deeper: this is the end of all, the beginning of all.

Remaining remnant? The source and spring, the sperm cell that is half into the egg. These thoughts you have been having.

"The Wabash Cultural Center for the Arts and Humanities and the Ball Theatre are dedicated in the belief that humanistic endeavors should be at the center of the life of the whole man." That's one way of saying it.

All at 3:00, in front of the Waugh Science Hall - there are chants, and finger cymbals, and a strange little organ with hand bellows. Blare his songs – Innocence and Experience – It is the divided self, and one is no yet one with all. All there are the voices, chanting in liquid sounds from some new deserted abbey, praising the worship of the flowers hemlock and hyacinth they are both flowers, so give them praise.

The songs finish, the clapping begins. It is not a show with crudely painted canvass, harlequins strutting about, throwing it in everyone's mouth, petit columbines leaning out of tempera windows. It is not a show. The clapping: sets up barriers, draws the line, defeats the purpose.

In the 5th hour of the Acid Trip!; when the “heavens are balanced on a blade of grass,” and every drop of ocean fog is yourself, and you are soaked with the breath of some northern forest, wet with its own quiet nakedness. Deeper, deeper still - but the soul shoots up and carries itself to the edges of the air, going deeper yet inside you.

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare, Hare - the rhythmic pulse, swaying seizure of cosmic vibrations. Rama, Rama, Hare Hare.

And not the jug band - leaving the terrace, came in hand, Peter following close behind.

"I passed through Independence of liberty, seducing white bellied boys, and sperm choked my throat."

On, on, on – and suddenly everything is level again, the mountains and valley, without the word – flatlands - "We're fight the commies. Is that what this is all about?" Soldiers on this train don't know where they're going." The flatlands, and the emptiness.

What sort of pain is this - the strange lonely isolation of Love. The all, all-inclusive,

6:00 early evening dew, and long reaching shadows that grope towards the East, waiting for tomorrow's sun.

6:10 Ball Theatre, sitting on the floor where chairs are provided. Romantic poets, locked always in a wall-less garrett, in teaches, between the sunset and the dawn, certain passages from Rimbaud to the fawns.

Weep into gray clouds.

More chants, new waves, the words, and the language - hurt the words. By speaking the words, we resurrect the gods.

Peter smiles and watches intently for the gesture of something he has never seen before. "Poisoned livers of young children, and green slime on Lake Michigan. Handsome Baldwin stands covered with snow flakes."

In the middle of E.A. Poe - did he divine these sulfur dreams?" - "I can't make it with the baby. I keep hearing it, and thinking it is a sweeter sound than my own. I sing softly" and he puts the book down.

A chant of da-a-a, da-a-a. Then the world is pure once more and the rain has fallen on the leaves. All is wet and waiting for the mouth, the explosion in white spurts of life liquid. The leaves are wet with semen. The world awaits.

The beat, the beat, the chant, the dream, the soft acceptance and whispered reaction - all, all, all, - quiet, all.

Is it him? Him or the words he sings? Then there was the Word, and the Word was All. And Poe? - Kidnapped by phantoms. Where is it all going? Where? - don't stop with the soul. Do with it.

These dreams you have been having - they are thoughts.

The Sensations must become meaning or we are left alone on some wooded beach or desolate shore, without the fog, without the rain. The sensation comes from the meaning but we might hang from sensation into meaning – otherwise we exhaust and waste and destroy ourselves. The

sensations? – the words? - "Forget the words, the mind jumps to the grave. Almost a year turned tough."

"It is Easter. Shining snow waters, white-ice crystal beds - these words have never been uttered before: It is Easter Sunday: the things that affect us are the things that destroy, not create a part of us - but we build ever on what is left, and the destruction becomes the creation, the sensation the meaning - build. And with nothing left, a universe is erected.

"Sunlight has settled into human form, and poets spout solar language." But what of the mood.? – it is propelled now by machines: "their metaphors, so mixed with machines, their faces so plain, their machines so strong."

It is coming nearer, we are coming near, but still the one is many.

He begins again with Blake - the mystic. It is 6:10. The words convey nothing beyond the words. That is what is to be avoided. Conceived and culminated - the total, continual ever-flowing communication. The words? - God, they separate the feeling, the form: "the form is emptiness, the emptiness is the form."

There are delicate chemical changes in the hair. They promise another universe. The words necessary or shores, the flatlands - no mountains or valleys. Without the sound there is nothing. Say it when it happens.

From San Francisco to Chicago – "I want to be a comedy writer, his head stained with Vietnamese Wood."

These lies you have been dreaming
These thoughts you have been having.
They are lies. Blow your mind. You are
trapped. Use any means necessary to escape.
These dreams you have been blowing.
Use any means necessary to escape.

We must have another to go beyond ourselves, our own energies are not enough. Without the second, the third will never be known, the fourth, the fifth, sixth - without the second they are only shadows of what we beg them to be only shadows of what we want them to be. Without them, the second can never be. All is the moment, the flash. The flash is not the all.

And where is it all going! Can the whole be known and loved? Do we lose the parts? Is it the All? Where to without it? What happens then?

And we set out to reform the world, and love all men and give them no differences. Out, out, out - but not enough - his sensation had no form. Number two, number two please. Has number two been waited on. Please, number two.

Om-----Om-----Om-----Om-----Om-----Om-----Om-----Om-----. And the energies are merged, and the vibrations pressing and flowing into one another. What is that breathing, or is it

breathing? It is too still to be a breath. And something draws us to the center of the universe, or else we are the center.

The urge is out. It is 9:00. The bands play, the music screams and bites itself. Ever, ever, ever to the brink, for the Heaven that once was had, but now is lost. We are not chained to the rock. We are standing on its edge, waiting to be pushed over.

Waiting to re-gain Paradise, and harmonize our spheres.

Krishna, Krishna, Hare, Hare – it signifies everything. Blake has been put aside – The Book of Thiel? – I have a copy of that with me somewhere. It is a strange mystery. Use the harp flute to tell about it. Very gently touch your body and accept it for what it might have lost, but has yet to re-gain.