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Rome

William Carlos Williams

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The thing is not finished but goes on

ROME

*correlated meaning
clean—to be clean—*

Dev. came in & started to write:

Venus Capitolenus : There is a separate marble, buried in sand, lost, returned to light or there new— that exists there is that to take, the chisel starts from the navel of the man who is—
He throws out of himself a force—a strength—
No it is a restraint he breaks with his habit—he is—
There is no writing but a moment that is and dies and is again wearing the body to nothing.
Violence is dull as young Hindus embracing Christianity and becoming priests.
To write is to go in the rain to be bitten by a dog
If it could be like footsteps that cinematographs break and rejoin it would be poetry—Throwing himself off upon plates going to see Cardinals created—incidentally Venus is caught at the edge of the film.
It is to hold tight and to let go. No longer write to be read, to make the endlessly made, basilicas fallen, broken columns—death is not picturesque. If a man have changed—he is
Nero killed children and could not kill himself—it is impossible longer to break the habit of self
Leda knew a swan, it is Michael Angelo
It cannot be broken down—but if it could, pecking away, if the moon could succeed.
All this Roman mortar would yield up a poem.
It would be ~~me~~ I. It would be ~~me~~ I in basilicas, altar pieces, ~~me~~ I Mina da Fiesole.
The scale of flesh it is—beauty, as they call it
It is impossible to write a poem save as hair grows. It is cut or not.
I can never again write anything to be a certain shape. But there is a kind of thing I could do: to have out of me the hell of a life I will not understand. And to have myself for a work of the will—*clean*.
There is in the figure of a girl in marble by P*R*A*X*I*T*E*L*E*S* that only for boys to ~~put a cunt on~~ *mar* with a lead pencil. It is exactly the

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in Greek same when a pope orders plaster of Paris on the ~~prick and balls~~ of Apololo [sic]. *he follows a bit about P. & his models & how it went who his . . .* [continues illegibly]

Praxiteles screwed and used a chisel, he fucked his models—it all went into his work.

He scraped his way—There is use in sand-paper even, as a sharp edge is necessary for shaving or a monocle to give the final pointed touch when a man looks at a whore. So a monocle is a cunt to the eye.

One could burst through churches and laws, the hell of money, marriage, occupations—with sand-paper—or by spitting. It is done.

From this, from the smile in an old man's eye it falls as Pallas Athena.

Age has nothing to do with it: This is poetry.

Dripping from the wet body—wet because it is wet, wet—

There is no rebellion, no escape by leisure, by religion, by painting, by farming

Peasants are free because they tie the grapes and rich because the law is made to rob them and religion to enslave them and science to break them from their homes and possessions [unreadable interpolation]

They are free, the dead of life is lifted. They give the grape vine a twist and it has grapes on it. Their life is stupid and happy and horrible.

(again an obscene passage)

All the priestly, battling parliaments made to enslave them are nothing—but they are the type.

So the life of cities invites men. The sex dripping (cock sucker, the cunt lapper,) the old bugger with his hungry jaws—is a hero compared to nervous prime ministers—who often combine the two trades to get an effect of success—

There is escape only by moments in walking out from a self and in saying it was.

Not said, God it cannot be said, that's why it is not said. That's why it is said.

To say is Marcus Aurelius—sayings that came whence? There is no sense in this save in grapes and silk and long thin bricks.

These are not the sayings of Marcus Aurelius—but they say only we are Marcus Aurelius—he was a saying, made of words by shop keepers who ran his place—Bombastic lawyers whose brains were carts of ~~dung~~ waste being dumped into the Tiber. This is the meaning.

But once in a while a man comes who is a liar, a liver, who deceives everyone, whose day is made of minutes by the clock, of sorrel and paving stones—there is a rush of peasant greens in him, a river is running through his chest—He eats carrots and a leg of lamb—is inundated with self-adulatory indulgences from the dictator above him and out of this cuts Apollo's balls so that his own spring into life between his own legs. (*a reference to Apollo's manhood & the relation between his & a man's own*)

The whole world is his—This is no artist. It is a man living and moving his guts to be clean.

The Venus on the Capitol falls as a cigarette butt—from some such man.
The only difference between mena [sic] and men is when he is alive

II

I love my senses in the morning

Unclouded by drunkenness, ~~unfucked out~~ [illegible emendation]—undesirous, still as rock—springing within themselves with strength the fountain of everything if it is the fountain of something—What is the Via Appia? That's what I leave in my bath. Good Christ what are these sons of bitches about, each with a dead Jew buried in the cellars of their churches. Andrew at Amalfi. Whom do they tell the body is exuding grease?

By the intensity of prayer they look into the coffin—or the pot or the empty hole—and see it—Much on fat years, less on the lean—

They are the ~~jerk~~ jack-offs in the choir

rocking back and forth to the organ—answering

Not the peasant—it is his meat—grapes, teases his balls, makes waves in his pool, rouses him, kicks him he is made, it is Priapus with syphilis
The ~~stiff prick~~ phallus of the gods dripping in the dark

Now it squirts—now it sleeps

The priests, the gaping, fuckless—are fooled—

The ground wins and the peasant, the mill men, the lemon carriers, the little girls who grunt under faggot loads—

A god walks laughing up the steps, he sees the column they stole *for the church* from Paestum, hears the history, laughs and looks out idly at the sea, smells, is tired and goes to the hotel for dinner where a bastardly waiter passes off a worthless ten lira paper bill on him—

It is I—dull as dead Mercury

*talks to himself as he
goes along.*

Who loves to jerk off in his bath

when the water is hot and his hands are rich and soapy or to shove her slippery fingers into her cunt and play—Chorus, I do—to shoot out Colliseum [sic] from the top of the head with a face like Michaelangelos Leda when the swan has his tail down the unnatural part is hidden—

But I know enough not to do it before I write a poem—the poem is the blood coursing full of Madonnas

Sometimes though, after a good free fuck, time is—broken

Cloaca Magna swept and the sun and an April rain blowing—

III

The down sweep of the nerves is as good as the up
To sweep from fatigue through the Burgundian Crimson of Boris
Godunuff [sic] to laugh with Musorgsky at the stupidity of all listeners—in
my dreams in Elysian sunlight—falling and falling then the great song at the
end—drunk, heavy and superb to stumble out into the dark—as into a cold
pool

IV

Why does a man woggle his head from side to side when he has spent his
strength on a hill—To take the weight off his nigh foot. And the royal mud
at the royal gateway—let them put a royal board over it for me to pass on,
God damn them to hell— Not to be boastful, not to write but to clinch
it—to have it— the spring and leap of spontaneous curses

The stream of language, managia la madonna—

Meaningful without sense—it sings

As I sing, force because the head of the beast is on my shoulder, the
wagon turns as I leap from it and seems to follow—turn and swing the fist
in the beast's face and curse like a fountain—plentiful and sweet and health-
giving—I should have given you money

Violence, to tear free to be smiling and walking

arm in arm

with my pal—

I know that I am here by the grace of a few dollars invested in a house, I
know that they see money in it because it's on a good corner. They'd steal it
in a minute if I gave them a chance. I look them in the eye—I look—they
know what I am thinking—they'll come back, send me a card by mail
asking me the lowest price I'd sell for—,

If I could sell for my price, enough to buy a piece out of the Milky
Way — or the Pleiades

It slips

it rains, the flowers in the stalls do not need water. She is an archeologist
that talks too much

Rain

Thus my feet slide upon talk nervous at the door—a string like her rotten
old cunt that can't hold anything—it snaps and grips me by the feet, don't
tell me it's her mind—it leaks it rains

It rains—forgive my filth I will not let me of the place I have [sic], I stand,
I will stand. I will not. It used to be—

On it must be over the large black and white tiles of the narrow water closet to piss—I am not what only motions—It is nothing that my feet spurn: Teniers, Holbein

I go free—the table cloth is turkey red with white speckles that are a design—as meaningless as the ground at my feet I go
—to know that every woman one admires is not to be screwed—but some are a view over the forum from Cunard’s window[.] I put it down not to forget the wistaria from the tiny garden, down, down, down— that clammers on the balcony at the fifth story on the Capitoline—all blossoms perfect, closed without leaves—that the proprietor wanted to cut down because rats climb it—So Douglas said he’d have it made a Monumento Nationale¹

When they could put tin guards about the bottom if they thought a moment like they do about hawsers on ships, not a stone remains that Cesar [sic] ever saw

They lived though, squeezing basilicas from their eyes used to the east Britan [sic] and Germany in domes, size, baths—water, distance by enclosing the air that enclosed their long marches and cruelty

—and I have all
drop like sight to the grass, touch it and return to me, in at the hole in my eyes
empty so that I am full and fill the world with myself

V

I free myself of writing and write anything. Obscenity is the apple to be reborn by writing doing something as they make iron pipe and paint it and make a bed of it that is loose and rattles—

touching what touch

There it is the bed made up the sheet folded over the coverlet, the two pillows, one on top of the other, with a shadow from the lamp between

It cannot be anything else because it is that. Fuck on it shit on it die on it—it takes you to itself and you gain its reality which is

I write anything that pleases me—or not. If I could write anything that pleased me better, or not I would have to write again, to write anything else

which would be a bed

to be

There is no need to write anything that has ever been

ROME

Roma, is—
sweeter than its fragrant ruins its odor of violets, a violet whose petals
sweep beyond the horizon, whose center is yellow the sun is always full of
the world—the gods of apple and buggery—welled up out of its rocks—
giving themselves men to build and to steal, storming to every horizon as
the slender Attic fountain was split and as still the gods rule its trick is the
[sic, there?] have been many ways Saturn, Jove, Mercury—the women
the life darting off in fifty ways
and today the nations flock there still it is the god—
 Fucking, bitches look and moon over the river
 Feed, feed—it is the free gods that eat artichokes
 Feel the grass, love blood and horses and sacrifice
 Drunk they were displaced—by themselves walking backward
they played human too eagerly—Nero, Heliogaballus, Agrippa, Caracalla
—these pace now the streets—the jazzy stress has split the rhythm—but the

ROME II

Out in the beginning and the grass
Find the permanent in that which has been so
Eternity in a bed of cresses—the church goes back also—but low to reach
the seed
That is the church
trees, trees attacked by serpents spring and trees
sensitive arches—strong shiel [sic; shield? sheal? shell?] , close

I am—to see clearly the unimportance and to be armed—be be free to see
and so to—do when to do comes—
Everything small inside myself: to be hoodwinked no longer— if more it
will come later—that is almost too much for America
Cities are churches—pretty as poplars a pretty land, America, rush-
ing to fill-belly
Mediaeval, electric altars, insensitive

Certain trees, balled pleached, decorated

The vicious thing all schools teach is that knowledge is complicated. It is
vicious because it creates barriers to knowledge, defeats its own end—ends
in disappointment, disgust, restriction—and force.

But this is mere trickery, a glass between the object the [sic, and] the

man—reach and be blocked off by that through which we can look—

Schools should teach that pleasure is endless—often austere, the greatest always so

but knowledge is one little piece a child 7 can have in a moment: to count stones is stupidity—or books or pages

That now, instantly, always—flesh every day that ever was is right at hand—fenced away by priests who have lost touch
(fine things are not objects but records, traces) actually there every minute.

To the peasant, out of whose flesh the priests grow the church is natural as the earth it is the turn of the seasons—the sensitive repository so the full pagan so the empty christian both exactly the same, save in the maimed places (the blanks) fused

It is Venice color, design: the senses VS the vision

To the peasant, out of whose flesh the priests grow the church is natural as the earth; it is, the turn of the seasons, the sensitive repository — — — this golden dome, the country rises up to it (for expressing) — infinitely greater than a field of mustard— [unreadable excision] The yellow mustard grows and is yellow²

A gold dome in a valley at Pistoia, the country rises up to it, infinitely greater than a field of mustard—the yellow mustard grows and is yellow, but the dome is full of the fields[,] the peasant is fulfilled—it is a golden peasant

I am! he can shout and sing— I am

I am, and these are my priests and I am their fibre, and the grass is my meat—the wild mustard—strange to me is servant

America—electric altars—curious worship of movies[,] movie temples: rich significance—poor dull, the need of artists, the creation of priests, that Edison, Delphica, the African Voodoo, and the Pope—are all exactly one and it would be hard to say which most significant, most alive and which most effete.

For one Delphos is living but for me Steinmetz—perhaps the American peasant—is quick, germinating, throwing up stuff[.] In La Prairie—the virgin with a ring of electric lights about her head—was very childish—wonderful!

to release the flood of zest energy pep—in old and young but the young—

To unleash it, let it out to have its way—its I am, to create itself

Brancusi—better than Praxiteles or I like Ezra who has tapped a living

vein and goes on with it—light from the living through—our dark age.

The Appenines in flower—

opposite the Santa Maria della Salute—take Gil fucking every chance in Rio, poor Gil—as they come—3,4,5, in a night—one way or another—getting blowed to finish up—syph is meaningless (until you get it) sailor, paralysed from the six o six, couldn't—The thing is that the wise have it—fuck among themselves to their heart's content—buggers that put their hands on small boys' cocks and balls and ask them to come to the apartment to see the swords and pistols

These are not degenerates but the normal froth that bursts out about the prow of sex—that is a boat—sex is motion but a plaything

Laugh at it, brush it aside with a brush, the poor they have it—richly

Some are virgins, some are chaste—they are good specimens. Some are not at all chaste, they too are splendid specimens

on a full stomach nothing

Youths of both sexes, girls, fat at [sic] bacchus, at table beside mother or changing rooms at the hotel with six hats piled one on the other on her head—boys too, full of lust, they are able[,] free, the good or quick they do—every day

Bless the old souls who do what they can. I am for them[,] hedged, beaten or petering out they are the flame still—laugh at them — but only if otherwise you will be afraid

The only difference between the best of us and the Greeks is consciousness

that breeds temples, cults and ~~Praxiteles and~~ invites greatness

History is our possession—we are it. We own it—it is to use, they are our servants

Geography— is all one lesson, one day
England is a northern island, people are crafty for food, able statesmen
bred, women negligent, tend to become like men.

Russia, big—north ice cold variable, oppressed—reverse as comple-
ment : ballet

Holland small, sea about it, etc. one day: that ends geography

etc.

Masaccio's Adam and Eve in Paradise, have the heads they have not because
of an empty state of bliss, impossible (a satiric quality then, a literary
quality, a false note) but actually because it is a picture of living bodies
whose faces and legs and arms and hands—combine A thing actually ex-
isting

Here it is to have—

the picture of nakedness where all the parts

It isn't always possible to have it—but it is always possible to know
exactly what a thing is—

perfect equality ,—between a miniature, Tintoretto's great fresco in the
Venetian hall of the great seal, between Renoir and Carpaccio, Donatello's
colored bust of— and Praxiteles' Hermes, or a Burmese frieze of ~~reli-~~
~~gious~~ dancing girls that gives a simple understanding run away with
the idea of tittle tattles that blows hoarsely talking at the door prevent-
ing others from exit, exaggerating the difficulties and making the difficul-
ties plain, the water is blue out of the window from the sky but the lamp
light in the room is Veronese, great canvases—pigeons and children

Serious faults, making it difficult saying German, Italian this being unlike
that, is therefore less in value but it is only new to that sense, it is new

wisdom would be more Greek but the wandering interest browses
and forgets the last—it has no interest— this unlike trying to fasten the
words runs on and on under the apple tree too idly—or idly, in legs that
carry, heads. It is a body—it is difficult—too far

The great Venetians—were great thinkers and great artists—and that is
why art is important apart from artists in an absolute sense— because it is
the perfect type of all accomplishment—to which every activity, political,
scientific approaches—

minature, sculpture—all reach an equality in great
work time, material—insignificant

There is a great cultural discovery, far more significant than a machine (where the superficial American genius lies) immanent—that will shoot out rays into EVERY department of life NOT KNOWLEDGE—rearranging it into CLARITY—so that its complications will grow plain—grouped, bagged—for pleasure, leisure—

It will break the rubber neck of a french culture which, clamish [sic], reaches out to pull everything into its maw or finds it bad if it can't reach it.

It will go into childrens education—a freeing knife making education easy. It will

The love of men for something for nothing is not a foolish dream but the natural desire to rid life of its stupid burdens, its fastenings in religion, in science, in the assinities of cults—to let it go.

Only among women in Paris, a few men is this being DONE today, the valuable experimenters with life, the throughists [sic] they KNOW
SOME-
THING FOR NOTHING—it is the solution of greatest value.

Place literature in its place, name politics in a new terminology, its flashes will go everywhere, the desire for nakedness, fucking, drinking—
IT WILL

Children's experimentalists are timid, they think to begin that way, clever, sly
to hell with them. The way to begin is to have a clarity yourself. The children will run after by their imitative sense, all they need.

Children see plainly adults are all fools, they know plainly that everything adults do, nearly everything is coloring the nothing, their miniature, trinities, Buddas, self deceptions—that eyes, ears, nose, mouth, fingers, pricks, cunts, stomachs or throats—are it

Villon was a greater prophet than all others.

It will come in ONE flash to a genius, it is everything I do: tradition is dead. It is anyminute if it can be realized. It is in the way a pair of dirty socks hangs on the back of a chair.

Art has it in, but art has always been misvalued, aligned with something it is not. Cartridged, loaded for somebody's library business. It has a discoverable value which is the antithesis of arrangements, traditions which are the accidents of its occurrence, the lime, the pulp—and have nothing at all to do with it. The Dada's felt, DIMLY, weakly. They skirted the edge but without seeing it CLEARLY ~~That is because it, dadaism, occurred in France among a lot of Jew expatriates. It is not that.~~ It is a kind of American machine which can be invented—a malleable glass, a tempered bronze that has been[,] H.D. knows it (pity her futile work) that can be seized with hands and legs victoriously—only it will kill nearly the whole world, Malcom [sic] Cowley bitten by a copper-head.³ Christ how simple. There it is. Maybe he's dead. Silent

The barnacle French reaching out their little delicate two branched fan, pulsing in the seawater of electricity on which they live pulling in microscopic food to their rock. They are stolid. Anchored, finished before they start with art as their philosophy when movement is the solution to what they need.

Shrewd, close fisted, they MUST value everything by their own stasis, they CANT go out as the English can. They don't know how to value anything moving.

Instinctively they know it must be a machine, something that will finish them, they are ended. It is something beginning that is untellable. A new swimming stroke, a way to vault over a pole

It is America, cracking the seed, a way that will make other ways dead

They cling, of course, they don't want to be a province of something else, not so long as they can help it. But they will.

It will replace them. They know it. So they experiment with their mouths and breasts trying to find a substitute to shit through when all they need is to transplant an eye into their ass holes. It is very clever and presages a revolution subtler than anyone has imagined. A clear breast of the world. It can be —to do away with laboriousness, and the pretensions of dullness and the love of dirt.

It will be a love of clarity

If any damned son of a bitch is in the bathroom—I'll kick him in the hole
—like a perfect lady

does away with the pretended differences between the various ages during which men have lived places—and has one like another—for science to correct itself by—politics

the league of Cambrai again

they live if they are ourselves—as they are—free, successful[,] enforces it in us—

brings science up within bounds, a phase of ourselves—engineering: an extension of our fingers, of ourselves—

natural history: places, flowers, birds (W. H. Hudson, field naturalist, despising laboratory geniuses who did not know one living bird from another) as the unjealous participants with ourselves of rocks and grass—

Vienna : Why then do they come here for music and for medicine for Freud—that poor human body made into rose windows of learning—

The Body Coming to life—after a dead age[.] Because of the limpid simplicity of their understanding—permitting the minutest fractures into detail with perfect balance and accuracy—

It is the breath of science, a baby-like eye upon syphilis upon baby milk, like a child that pisses

the whole mass is kept composed

In the middle ages when there was light—before the dark age of today appeared and men created architecture—

Well, what is infant feeding? There was a very intelligent Chinaman here, who said, all our work is because of the small western population. The children who change sugars into fat will always thrive and the sugar sensitive make the difficulty.

In China they die. It is very simple.

Infant feeding is so simple—and one of the most difficult things to

succeed in.

It plays hide and seek. Pound rests on the middle ages.

Sugar in the blood spoils the cells that digest sugar, so ***

In the middle ages, they revered knowledge, the few who possessed it felt they had a treasure, it radiated through their lives giving clarity—range, a PLEASURE.

They knew that it was because the PLEASURE was full of juice. Now we are in a dead age and count bones. Only the wild, the decayed can KNOW life today. The doomed to syphilis. they are prophets. I see them and have known them from the first. Fred Sempkin. I know their brains are inadequate, but they have what NONE of the others have a SENSE OF LIFE as a simple pleasure.

*** the case becomes rapidly worse. So one begins the treatment as early as one can to protect these cells.

The remedy varies in potency and in effect—some produces edemas, some fever: which is an effect apart from its sugar lytic action—

This sudden gain in weight five pounds in a few days is from the retention of water in the system.

Milk, yes, milk is very accurate indicator of the type of animal for which it is intended: those that will grow rapidly the milk contains much proteid, the rat, that trebles its weight in a few weeks has 10% proteid, the rabbit 8% and so on. Whales milk, by the way, has no sugar. Human milk, due to the slow growth of a child has lowest proteid of all 1.7% and this proteid minimum—must be maintained, more you may give but the blood is calibrated to that and will use only what it requires. This is the law of minimum requirements

That is, if a plant requires six things to grow, and say the potassium salts are reduced only, the plant will not thrive. It was so with us during the war, it was a protein starvation for the most part—

Ruth, in her tight new bathing suit and her white life savers belt affectation about her fat belly, the very nipples showing the pants at the very hair of her crotch is well done, with

her undercurled lower lip and vulgar tosss [sic] of the head: school girl! Lost at a touch. Rich as a mine.

—we suffered very severely.

See this little girl, see how beautiful is her hair, such gold hair—this is bronchial asthma. We will make the tests, your American method, if we can find what it is from the food or wool or perhaps the pillow feathers, we will remove the cause—but so often these cases are sensitive to so many things, one cannot remove all—this is a subject we do not thoroughly understand as yet. There must be some underlying cause.

All the cases on this floor are tuberculin negative, we separate all cases by the tuberculin reaction, not as to whether they are active or not, that we do not know, but by the test since they may be active—

We do not try to locate it always, it is not possible in every case—but we know from post-mortem examinations that 90% of the first cases in Vienna are pulmonary—we treat them by nourishment and sunlight.

See this case—this is a young woman—you see this extensive trouble with the skin, it is very confusion [sic] on careful examination but in all probability it is a secondary tubercular infection following a bad acne—

this man with his big ideas—no man should ever mistake these cases: he might confuse them with the excito manias—but not if he has seen the two, both have great ideas. You see this man, he is fifty two, he wants to become a great musician, a great virtuoso. Why not? He may live 20 years more—He has been a store keeper until four months ago. Now suddenly he changes. Warum nicht? Why not? Others do it.

He is “critique-loss”—but he is good humored—tractable, babyish.

The other is affirmative, determined, pugnacious even. I am going to Chicago now, he will

Of course here you have your late results of syphilis—the rigid pupils, loss of knee and patella reflexes, slurring “abgewaschene” speech, disturbances of writing—and the treatment?

During the war we noticed that men who contracted malaria had longer remissions from the bad symptoms? It is due perhaps to the high fever of malaria that has a good effect on the brain lesion.

So we give them a malaria vaccination. We have a type that has gone through 52 cases so it has lost much of its virulence. We take 4 c.c. of blood from the patient and inject it, so, in the skin of the back, pinching it up so, and turning the needle a little here a little there and in a week to 10 days the man gets the fever.

Depending on his strength we let him have 7 to 14 paroxysms of high fever. They must be watched carefully taking the temperature every 2 hours day and night—and when he shows he has had enough, according to the effect on his physical condition we give him quinine and stop it—

The results of this treatment have been brilliant. Many men who otherwise would surely be hopelessly insane or dead by now have returned to their lives in some useful capacity and are filling positions in the world.

Mon dieu que je suis las!

The blood can be carried in the pocket, the vest and kept warm by the body heat for 10 to 24 hours still active. We have sent blood to Paris, to Brussels to Berlin—everywhere with good results—

the skin is thin, silky, wrinkled and purplish

Most of these Americans you see here are picking up prescriptions and stunts to lable “Viennese” and turn into money. I can see them. Not all however. A few are of the very keenest. But this is not so much that, it is cultural, it is really an inevitable blossoming of their lives—that’s it, it begins in school, with all its defects too, of slowness—a tremendous digestion—a forcing up through layer upon layer of understanding, pushing it back, simplfying, emerging whole through it all. That’s the result of generations of thinkers—and workers—

The American comes over and picks up this and that—maggpies. It must be the same with music. Freud too. pecked at pull off pieces, carry them away (typical colonial trait coming up again) Roman masonry—or the curtain of Voltaire’s bed at Ferny.

But are you sure that YOU are getting what you want? . . .

Rome, living, is Vienna now, a living city in the mind—palaces
the ex-
pressions of the teachers, their way of talking in the temples, music is the

sum of it

DELICATE VANDALS—
bury a statue—symbolist rot

It is the Philosopher's stone— not a relic but a thing that lives sharply below the surface. It is a mark of the present day—well, hard work and talent, what else? college, the movies, a wife, children, a good game of golf—a book now and then—or a passion, anything. But what else—Everything else—it is the crystal forming on gently shaking the glass. At a touch the delicate branches dart through the liquid.

The philosophers stone is the thing that would bring clarity—darting through the mass of tiresome detail, leaving the detail for prolonged pleasure but orienting it—as nothing is oriented today. Science is nothing. It cannot see its end—but the philosophers stone SEES.

Naturally they wanted an alchemy, gold! To change it into gold. But that is only a trick of the mind, or a trick of defense or propaganda. It is the mind, at stance inventing a plausible end—that merely symbolises the end attained.

Men have the philosophers stone every day—but it is too strong. It kills them—I know an engineer who has it. It made him marry a woman who had syphilis, it forced him to throw away the command of a gunboat in the navy, keeps him from playing with this, broke his leg, has gotten him drunk—but it is the real thing.

and that's all it can do under the circumstances. It is in the cafes—a fool quarterback like Stevenson—There it is. It gives a fellow gonorrhoea, ruins his throwing arm. Gets the Dean down on him. Makes him mistake kindness.

Fred Sempkin, tubercular, driven to illegitimacy for relief [sic, relief?] leaps from a window and is run down by the police, jailed escapes—

And that's all that is seen, no-one sees it from the inside, from the underface of the stone. Every once in a while some curious pushing-holding back person comes, Grant, Farragut, John Paul, Sheridan and others and manages to get started

It is a thing that is delightful and dangerous, few women have it without being borne under. They are most—Today they hold their heads up a little.

Few dare. To go do it with verve and NOT go under, under a label.

That's what aristocracy means. What the devil does America want? There isn't thing that an aristocracy can do here but ride and screw and drink. Who wants anything else from them. They get it, via the Goulds, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers etc.—but THAT'S IT. To do it, and not go down. To stay up.

But not one can stay uppermost and do it. They do of course but they don't dare say it. To BE uppermost. The knowledge, talent, force and verve all in one.

That was ROME. It killed them.

Be it as it may, it is that that is the clarity of life, that alone.

But unfortunately poets have always written poems. It is too bad. If they could have been allowed to do it differently.

It strikes them as extra-ordinary that the regenerative force lies at the base, but it is the most simple. That the solution of the school lies in the bad boy who is expelled.

In the college, that head that the expelled football player here is the fecund particle—that head that the prick is at basis—

The delicate eye that the hungry cunt is its regenerator the scum of the cafe's has it

Villon

It has let go

That for regeneration the whole body must go down and rot

The fanciful interpretation that tribes put on these things have no significance, save symbolic

conversion to simple terms for — but THE THING, is full of meaning. The resurrection of THE BODY. — has sense in it.

They weren't fools, they knew what they had, they had a clarity THE BODY, the fucking, feeding body, with a planted cock shooting it between the legs—

the woman who throws herself from the rocks into the sea has more gist, more force than the sum of every college. They are the trifflers [sic], idlers (in intent) dead from the neck down—

She has in her the power—the legitimate power—that makes them intellectual bastards—guillotined officially, castrated if they permit it

College comes close to being a trial by knife and fire. If a boy survives its brutalities he has FIBRE. It is to kill him if possible. Nothing intelligent about it. Simple crude brutality, mud and plaster that attacks whatever he has of clarity in him and strives to kill it, in an avalanche of chaotic detail without an attempt to base him first. Clip away the base. On the athletic field is about the only way a man can survive or fucking girls.

***her body throws away her converting wits that want to fool her. She will not be fooled. She refuses teaching.

Poets have always known it and tried to say it—Goethe admired Byron * but failed—they write “poems” of course. “How can it be true”.

***Girl: a sentiment so generous, so full, so straight, so thoroughly well based—it will not be put straight. If it could be permitted it would dislodge half the world

And all youth feels this dumbly, with despair. This is the weight of the world they feel the possibility of clarity, a simple clarity which they thus express

that is ressed [sic]

The great of the world in the ripest sense are those in whom the highest spiritual reach, Cenci, delicate, fine point—sharp is linked with the most violent, free, not chained, lusts of the appetites, the body—keen and

swift Browning

It is a revaluation of everything that will change nothing NOTHING physical but will wipe away the whole mental frame work, amount to a crystalization on a new basis—a clarity of simple organization, a few simple facets: crystalline. detailing the whole mass—

whip through—bringing

It will come as a snake in the grass. You are raking along quietly getting the grass in—among the chaos of—seeing confusion of cut and uncut stubble—all directions[,] ends, thickness chaos— The thing that brings you to yourself is the organization, crystalization of the ground into a clear form. It grips you. It has many connotations but you see it physical first, a solution—it flashes through the mind—that hits the eye with effect

In a word: as for a solution science has proved a farce, a fetish—popish [sic] in its superstition. The solution is in—aesthetic—moral or in

ERDHEIM:⁴

Hundreds of English and Americans have been here in the last few months and they have all reacted as you have. I never take notes at his lectures, I had as lief take notes at a concert. After his erklärung of the pathologic changes in rickets I went out feeling that I was walking on air

I went home and wrote a letter.

And he is a wonderful man in his own person. You noticed he has no hair on his face. The shape of his head and jaw too, like a woman. He has some peculiar disturbance of his pituitary gland. For 20 years he has worked on that until they say his lecture on the function of that gland is something to come miles to hear: to me the purest pleasure.

release

This is the difference between the great and the nearly great scientist: that in the great all the complications become simple—limpid, in terms a child might know—the pleasure of release from confusion—is full and deep.

Anything can be evaluated, its worth established at once on its merits and in three words—but without tradition. On its apparent merits.

The value of new is that by divergence it reasserts the value of a type. A

new kind of flower makes flowers in general brilliant and clear. So a garden is pleasing because it clarifies the wild.

Otto Weininger can be summed in a word, he could have been so summed from before he began to write. Any sheep breeder from Rumania could have done it.

The garden with thick leaved plants near the New Haven Station.

So design is clarity. In architecture, in painting

Picasso—a monkey, without weight, a mural decorator, a great chapel painter. etc.

*picks up paper
reads*

I am sailing for my annual holiday, in accordance with plans made months ago. My trip has nothing to do with the London conference.

Our position with reference to the matters now being discussed in that conference is very simple. We have been requested by the Allied governments to advise as to what, in our opinion are the necessary bases for the sale of German bonds to American investors. In response to that request we have given our advice.

We have no desire, nor is it within our province, to make any political suggestions, much less to attempt to enforce any political views. We addressed ourselves solely to the question asked us, and it is for the Allied governments to determine whether what we believe to be the conditions of the American investment markets can be met.

It goes without saying that as bankers we should not ask the American investor to buy German bonds unless and until the Allies have in their own time, in their own way and for their own reasons determined upon a policy which will, in our opinion, give security to the bondholders. If this very simple and obvious fact is borne in mind it will, I think, be found that most of the questions now under discussion answer themselves.

(signed) J. P. Morgan
Saturday, July 26, 1924⁵

“Do not speak so much of this ‘think’ this great enthusiasm for some transcendental, metaphysical, theosophical whateveritis. Show us, show us what it is.” [sic] Yes, of course. What you imagine you are asking is: never mind the broken clock. In fact I refuse to acknowledge it. If it is not a new clock it does not exist.

***** take his explanation of liver degeneration, the lobule with its central vein and its peripheral arteries—the flow is from the periphery toward the center. Then, from an impoverished blood, the outer part gets all the nourishment and the center degenerates.

(see the similarity between this and Morgan’s statement?)

But in a toxic degeneration when the blood is loaded with poison, the flow is still from out, in—but the outer part of the lobule gets the first shock of the poison which exhausts it. So the outer part degenerates, in this case, and the center escapes.

Education, learning—! It should be to cull this simplicity and teach it—
great teachers, great liberators—the freedom of men above knowledge.

Education—learning—
it should be to cull this simplicity and teach it—

great teachers, great liberators—the freedom of men above knowledge.⁶

All the facts of knowledge through all its branches —taught to young minds in a few lessons **

THAT KNOWLEDGE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING * BUT PLEASURE . An ENDLESS

pursuit . DIANA , a chase ,
a love pursuit . It has an ENDLESS vista

leads to NOTHING but the instant of its pleasure. There are no degrees. Plastered on degrees mean nothing at all except interested lies. A low scheme to trick pleasure out of work. Work is endless, all the qualities of morality are accessories of pleasure and pleasure alone.

And pleasure lost all morality is lost with its consequences of
crookedness, lies, deceptions, disease, perversions.

** the fractures, are fractures of the whole, breaking down in all branches.

and that is medicine—this cull? It is subservient detail—the ability to go free, deeply in and play infinitely upon the pleasure of research.

Would be horrible, all these cadavers.

Technique.

Pleasure is in bits—tuned to the whole—but it is in pieces the organization of the material as a CLEAR ENJOYMENT is the end of the work.

Works of art are the type—standing over philosophy and science—the poet—holds his position by his clear composition in which this principle is maintained—by the bits keeping his work his understanding subjugated to his composition—there are satisfying facts that give pleasure—clear and true

it is when the bits of work are fully the whole work too

understanding—escape from the ensnarement of confusion[,] logos—but sense: not sense lost, bestial running wild but free to run because it has subjugated life to its pleasure*—the bestial organization of a tiger's life—is too, perfect.

(the [sic, they] teach confusion with a purpose, to hold children so as to hold men, by deliberate maiming of the mind as chinese women's feet are maimed—we think this funny in the papers)

Poets are able to see clearly— not always and evenly but clearly perhaps in momentary flashes—the full relationships in life

past confusion to pleasure
seizing a bit, a poem in that they have, have a clarity of understanding—
made of the facts

symbolism is dead, evasive, a faulty understanding

poetry is, I am, be—here. Not: —

Clarity may be BORN in a head or it may come later—that is no matter. It is complicated by race, by historic placement, by geographic distribution—mechanical conditions, accidents of sex—but at any time, anywhere in life it can occur—even with the last breath of it

It is a logos completely satisfying

The modernist is he who sees through the modern—to an essential and continuous organization that exists in it, perfectly so that to him there is no confusion, no necessity to go back, or to look ahead—he gets his pleasure, here, now—

His work is made of the modern whatever bit he chooses—there will be passionate choices—this taken, that neglected—it makes no difference, that is race and time—but it will be all modern always—the success is the joy of self possession and a perfect present use of material—through the seemingly apparent brokenness of the life about him

(this poem in bits of all sorts sonnets etc. but the sense goes on)

not that it is so harmless—write clarity—and the lovers of confusion and the fearful will scurry, that is no concern of the artist, that is why

made of the light pure

he sees it—in all places, or in any one spot. he may be a doctor—if he chooses no special life is needed—physical occupation is a delight often—but he is a poet—so he takes that from his teachers is poetry—as from a stone the organization, the perfection of clarity in the men as here—Vienna, chooses the poem they make in the air—which the doctors feel perhaps—in that they too are poets—not doctors

The practical point being that the type which the poet maintains is that toward which greatness too in medicine leads—the great understanding is the approach to poetry

the test of perfection is that the poet appealed to direct doctor or not, will seize at once the significance, the pleasure—

the pleasure

it is the pleasure, the delight in life subjugation through intelligence

to win to pleasure in everything .

Greek—

Pleasure so that the body moves—alone or— the veins, the nerve, the sinews own their subservience to the mind and move as an army or a group of dancers, being the poem

organized too, feeling the organization, the whole each one freed by that

—so the dance originates, the pleasure is not necessarily a solitary one—

In the insane the poet sees pleasure alive the insane, as Klee, Strindberg—lost only when confusion overtakes them, but if some kind of subservience to—

so the myth of unity was manufactured—it has no basis

Pleasure is the basis—unity is the symbolic obverse

it has a kind of pale, deceptive resemblance to something and may serve a dissecting dead material, where something is (or was) hidden—but that's all

(tell them it is NOT IT. The thing was alive, the life in the thing was the thing. It was ALIVE. Like Stevenson. Think of a TEACHER saying that. Unity is the dead of it. The practical handle for TEACHING only. No relation to the THING itself.)

delight: springs from: many things of all sorts

Unity means: there is ALWAYS unity because there is always EVERYTHING: which is absurd. It means nothing at all.

Pleasure of motion to relief.

The poet—doctor of amusement—hears Artz⁷—arsenic and in this bit of stuff sees the whole profession and can delight in his understanding and relief — not a trick of words, an isolated alliteration but poet he sees through, language history, all in a flash, country, districts, mistakes, habits—all contribute to his delight—

1. The legend of St. George and the dragon is rich today—must be very old.

2. Perseus and Andromache: a later variation—like cheap novel—to add love pseudo-motive

Education of the boys—all—poetry. College to give ability to see clear—use—significance—then to choose a field—knowing cannot know much—detail

because repetitious anyway

take the thing—modern—make of it—it is made of the stuff that is—machines then: nothing essential in machines: that is a mistake: Symbolism is dead. Symbolic of what? of something — that is Make that—

What do? Do anything. Medicine. It is all capable of organization.

There is nothing—then anything. All tend to the one thing—the emergence through — poetry, law, art—religion

take what is: psychologic modern, anything and make of it: push it back—make it subs

All the activities, sport etc. necessary sickness, governments: all die stresses and accidents: breed professions: twitchings of muscles, gland functions, memories, the necessity of procreation, to be filled every way and emptied:

do them. Why not? or don't do them: why?

But they are all capable of defeat, organization, gathering and pushing back: use, digestion

all subject to poetry—

poetry is the standard of MEASURE: that gives them a worth.

By it they live: and one is permitted to partake of football or a senatorship:

but up to date

for 15 cents two drunks: in the Rathskeller: under the authority of the city, the state, the nation GOD

God made the grape and fermented it
and it comes in greenish glass to be swallowed

summarizing the world and art and the stars
they put them even
into the wall paper

Cezanne saw an orange and let philosophy go hang

flowers do it simply—hepaticas: we ape them in Majolica—and it wins
through to freedom

in us

Senor Giacomo Boni The classicist and archaeologist who has spent his
life on the Palatine over the ancient palaces of the cesars

How? by sight, pleasure —escape! not mumbling—as is imaginable

What are they? You see he don't even know what they are. They're these things a waiter puts in front of your plate with salt and pepper in them, aren't they? No they're a cap, for the cervix, big and little according to the size. You see, you Austrians, I'll bet you couldn't find ten young men in Vienna 25 years old who haven't had intercourse with a woman. In America 50% have never had it. That isn't natural. Nothing is natural. There isn't a thing you do that is natural. Of course there is, you want it, you get it. I think the Austrian way is better. The American is unnatural. Not at all. Anything you do to help another person is natural. When I am tired I go to bed. Not on your life you don't. If company is interesting you take another drink of coffee and you stay up.

Did you hear what they were talking about. No, men are always arguing about. No, men are always arguing about something. I think that is what keeps them so young. They stopped when you came near. They were talking about intercourse, sexual intercourse. Oh. Arguing which was the best way, the Austrian or the American. Well, they are as different as the sun and the moon. It would be foolish to compare one with the other. But I think France is the worst. Do you know, I had a Swiss dentist in Nice who told me that a large percentage of girls 15 years old in France had syphilis. No, how could he know? Statistics. In Seattle, it's a small city of course but in the 25 or 30 girls that pass through the juvenile courts—we examine them all—very few have specific infections.

I don't think America will ever become like Europe. I hope not. I think we still have a good deal of the Puritan in us. Why do you know, the throat clinics here are something awful. Why at home you never see syphilis and cancer of the larynx. That is, it is rare to see a case but here! Why yesterday morning there were 300 patients divided about half and half between cancer and syphilis of the throat. It is something to astound you.

Unicellular SOLUTION of Present National Economic-Intellectual problems confronting the United States

The obvious solution is not always easy of accomplishment. The necessity is clear to simple minds but the—clearer than to men of great talent. Dogs and other domestic and wild animals indicate the way to the end result of difficult equations in algebra and by the angle of their upslifted [sic] snouts give us hints for trigonometric and logarithmic [sic] formulas.

Without going into premature mathematical detail at the present moment I wish only to suggest that national problems which confront the United States today are easy enough of solution.

Difficulty lies in lack of ability to penetrate through obstacles, within the mind. The genius is he who has a lucid mind, like a good bird dog. By whatever mechanism it occurs I am not now concerned but with the fact of genius only. It is the ability to see through the difficulty where others are lost in a fog of inability.

So now you have the problem solved in the mind of the genius. The next step is, as said, to communicate that to the mob. So when I referred to animals, I meant that certain animals bear the same relation to their fellows as men of genius do to theirs. Thus, muddy headed men are less than clear scented dogs and mathematics can do no more than to point this out. So a dog, in the end, if the right breed—gives the hint to final results in highest mathematics

Or too look at it in reverse: Pythagoras who invented geometry, more or less, saw it first from the fore end, that is as a horse scents water on a desert, or an eagle 3 kilometers in the air sees mouse in the grass. It lay free in his mind.

Beginning at the other end he took steps to explain his insight, to lay down the modes. Here lay the true difficulty.

From this end children are taught by stupid teachers to go—without clarity, as they might begin to teach a dog to smell by injuring his nose.

So the problems confronting civilization in America today are simple but because of bad methods of teaching, and the stupidity of publicists who think to teach a setter to know birds by smelling cabbage (which belongs to rabbits) socialists, anarchists, bolshevists, single-taxists and stupid people everywhere.

Is there anything as simple and as difficult to demonstrate as the truth? In this case it is plain as anything so befuddled with applied complications can be. Of lack wit. It is men who will not see the water because they are so intent on the waves and the direction of the wind.—or looking for fish that are said to grow with their tails fast to coral trees for long armed people to pick.

The solution then is, take the thing that is and see it through. What is, exactly that which exists and the only solution is for genius to see it in all its implications. The trouble is as troubled water, in the lack of clarity in the application.

I do not say it is easy to solve. I say it is easy to show the solution[.] No genius has ever done more—perhaps write a book like the great Macchiavelli [sic] and be tortured and nearly burnt alive for it.

(It is to slip sidewise in order to slide from behind the opacity and see around it—as a plane avoids a barrage—if it can. No use to ask a man to stop to work out the details of the mathematical PROOF. THAT is the pleasure. The solution is of a different kind. That is NOT it. The solution is to locate the fields of pleasure where men may work. The kind of thing there is to know. To see it before and behind.

To bring the whole world up to a knowledge of the intricacies of geometry is no solution at all. Education is nothing. If everyone knew every tautological detail of law, medicine, engineering, philology—it wouldn't even be the beginning of a solution. The solution is in the mind of one man. It is putting knowledge on a new basis, action on a new basis—of clarity.

The application is pleasure.

But pleasure, in an age which is alien to it will take bastard forms. Murder, perverse twists of all sorts and it is puritanical to decry pleasure for that. The two Hebrew boys that slaughtered their kind.⁸ The force of the mob discolors pleasure but cannot touch it. The same can be said of all science. It is discolored by the mass opposed to it. That is murder and science are both pleasure, exactly alike—under influence and of no solution. But a solution will place them in their disparate fields. The crazy headed publicist is all bewildered before this phenomenon. And tries by detail, by closer application by more studied research into the endless channels of knowledge—to arrive at an end.

Thus the solution to be sought is not to follow the stray ends to a logical but, but to turn the back on them.

Thus the United States has railroad lines to carry goods and people. It has a broad area over which to carry these things. People at great distance have to sell cheap to people at a distance who have to buy dear. And if a man near, wishes to grow ripe fruit of tender skin for near consumption he has to pay so much for this that and the other, from fertilizer to labor that his profit is eaten up and he can't grow tasty fruit and the country must go without it in a land of rich soils and immense resources.

This is just one of the hundred thousand divisions, from all labor to all products, electricity, coal or manufactured articles, which face this absurdity.

This is due to human greed (and stupidity) of course. To get as much as possible for as little as possible. Naturally one expects, from a study of natural causes, that most animals, like a pyramid are near the base—have little pleasure in refinement and enjoy their gluttonies quite openly

(this is delightful and the one thing that is hopeful regenerative—animalish. That much is a clarity)

Thus again we have a preponderance of a low type of appetite—glutting itself openly. This leads to the condition I speak of: but more important, it is the major element in our problem which we have for solution.

Gluttony breeds scheming and scheming [sic] sharpens wit. So the typical American genius is he who can get the most with the least work. This is obvious logic.

So we have a class of witty men who are able to drill the lesser gluttons, men who “organize,” great rulers of natural aptitude who are able to bring bananas in quantity from Central America, nectarines from Cape Town and pearls, sables etc, coffee, rubber, tea, ivory, anything from the various hot and cold and temperate and deep and difficult places of the earth.

This is the natural history of America. The plain solution is to let this natural and beneficial tendency go free.

Nor must it be imagined that it will cramp intellectual development, science or art. Science, art and intellectual development depend entirely on clarity and thrive under it. Only befuddled lack-wit cramps gentle pleasures. Clear, strong worldly action gives the intelligence free reign.

Turn the whole mass over to the biggest gluttons. as the only ones sufficiently interested in the thing to manage it. Niggards, jealous pettifoggers who block Ford at a waterfall. Let him.

I speak practically—not for the overthrow of government but to put a clear spirit into the skulls of men in power. It must be.

The dark breeds ugliness. It breeds oil land scandals but let it be an open policy to give these men of genius free reign. Let them have the roads, the mines, the wheat, the cotton; name them ministers and give it to them openly as they do, in fact, secretly possess these things.

Follow through clearly. Thus the hidden genius of the land will be freed. Not by what is done in mines or fields but by the inspiration of clarity, a logical carrying through of the thing that is, the American logos.

[Note: the running title of the manuscript shifts to “Violence” here]

Why do I write—the whole damned lying mess—to show it up because I hate it— The bastardly cocksucking pagan and christian myths about Rome—and the unchristly

Because it is pushed in my face, its the vomit of the people around me—it doesn’t exist save as they are it and I am it—and I want to put it down to get rid of it.

All of it, mass is mass; work is work

I can see a Venus now, feel it but where is it I have said it already—it is me I me if I let it be. It is shit they are dabbling in—learning dates and names oh well

there is embroidery, it fills the time — but they don’t take it that way, they blow into it, they eat it like dogs eat horse shit. I suppose it is sweet, some glucose flavor they say

Anyhow there is something I hate because it is encumbering and will not be permitted — sifting down on my body as the sewage when we bathed in the river that last time — It’s New York again. if it isn’t in one man

A Colloseum [sic], a down town section, lumped as a Praxiteles, or a Botticelli. That's the relation to finance to business — there's the sense of a genius like Morgan

—if it is lumped one can be a country doctor if he wants to—and can stand it — uncompelled, free : race, all the rest of it—age the turnip of a masterpiece

These things spring from limpidity

they say it, breed it again, all alike — there is nothing but that that the ancients knew—to be diverse and the same—free to be anything that is free

satyr, goat, nymph—turning to a tree.

The monuments of Rome are the monuments of enslavement—attacked by a freedom of the arts :

christianity a bastardization of paganism —but essentially the same: a perverted trick — sucking the cock of art clandestinely — whereas Venus gloried as a fucker—Mars and she bore Hercules

It died of its own horrors, a terrific confusion of flesh and desire but the thing, the thing that runs through both runs the same now—

It flings off these things about every thousand years but first it names them, it names them

and springs from them new dug up Cyrene, it is still new—the thing is new always—it drops enslavement behind it — with the laws—

I see myself—and I have gone about it carefully—with paper and pencil —and taken my time to it—

it is not always pleasing—or it is

it is
and crooked or straight—nothing will abash me now —

the temple at Paestum might have been a mosque (the tablet in the barrack wall at Villefranche) for all the difference it made to the swing of its tendency

X

Get from everything what is wanted — from between Venus' thighs or the mathematic of Jewish writing — from the Bible or the quality of Alabaster — a Saracen column of green porphyry, Greek relic , or the arch of a bath

scorn it all as a trick and take the life from it—

Whores that give—take harpsichord or piano

it's a music that enslaves— clean it out, burn off the grass

I want to repeat that it is the same joy in the Giotto as the Jesus—
but Ibsen and his twenty year—the gang gets in and puts it over

Cenci, Borgese, Farnese they got it Medici No rule, the government of the United States is going the same way. It's a trick. Why can't I publish a book with buggery in it, fucking shitting. Why can no one do it. Someone is scared

It HAS to be free (that's why)

it has to be
it has to be
written

but that cannot be permitted. Lies that there is no demand for it. People love it, lap it up—they don't want shit—but freedom— to let the fart

Whose chances is it going to kill?

XIII

I am in detail break it apart, the polished rods on the floor bright under the grease the machine is dispersed and still I am each part whole full rust and be lost the secret has died with me and still I am they fumbling

####

III Not propaganda—that is foul Not art—a lawyer, bloodsucker

servant of the peasant beating him to be loved, prettier than Nero because smaller

Not revolution — but to clean it out of me—not to write except to do, to have it out as an automobile

to come out I am Venus, Hercules

Not which they yell after like a whore paying high for it—engel macher—beggars with incomes and selling their post at the top of the Spanish Stairs, entrance to church of the Trinity for 10 thousand

write to be it, extend the arm, temples that grow upon the brow of Pallas, under the hair as a forest—

to fucking hell with nobility p raise it as a thief—to let out the throng inside

release, to destroy, to-smash and cover with dirt—actually go out
I love to look into my umbilicus to dream Janus is in the iris

Write to win—
if I want to lie on my back in the sun— duty must be beaten into a slave to permit it

work runs in my blood so does sunlight and flowers. I am not afraid of either—write, cut rock, paint—dabble in grease on in—machines or the red or purple of chemistry

I want a hot house with geraniums—or violets

The Romans saw—Men bugger each other, sometimes their assholes bleed or burn, their pricks come out with shit on them. What of it—they liked it
but most of them are sons of bitches—white-livered incapable bastards that do not dare suck off a sleeping child—they are so frightened

Why should this terrorize anyone. It has me—perhaps I got it in the condensed milk I was brought up on or my father or mother were cringing cowards and I absorbed it

Rome knew better—men fuck goats, women want a bull

Greece was shocked but took it. Sophocles used it well. The best made grotesques—painted Godlike rapes in their frescos

It came out because it was like spring — it fell and they were playing ball under its colored shadow—

It crashed about them by its weight—catching them—and the perversion of it was burned—they had turned martyrs — but I am again—the repetition of flower and tree

better fuck shepards [sic] than the inverse Freud

Rome eternal city
I see you—not where they lie about you—but in the streets—

let everything happen, I am satisfied there I am every time—

I walk the spring of your step has me—the shout, the song the crawling beggary, horribly alive

I know let the gas company switch on the light—what do I care I walk I take it

I know they hate me and will kill—if they can as I know them at home waiting to steal

money is blood—they'll rob me in a minute if I confess my happiness and do it

so I walk and take it, I'll pay, I don't care, I'll pay and shut up—

but Rome is in the square jaw and the lighted eye. I will not believe the shit

I'll see the boy who is on the donkey and the Pope meets like a leper the king the Police

nowhere like in Rome does it glimmer through—they can prove the sirocco was blowing—murder is permitted

the Cenerary is crimson and purple and pink by the gutter—

Rome is the smile of Rome and when the masters begin to collect—to drive and to murder and tear our flesh

not mine—

I pay, I am an America [sic], I know how to pay and can pay

what happens? Rome will melt and disappear back to the grass with a tired sigh

Rome will live again—

They'll push it flat, singing; take the stones for black-smith shops or hovels —tear it apart and begin eating the church again any church—

pope or Zeus—light, food, sun

but New York is different

Without money N.Y. doesn't exist. to think of the horror of N.Y. without cash is the end

not one thing to excuse the existence of 100,000 people there—a few dock hands, a few fishermen—villas in New Jersey —and a horrid climate—strain and horror and nothing to ease—no water to drink—no land to plant—no place to go—nowhere to lie down — no sun to lie in—a horrid year—two too great arms of the sea that are called rivers

a bleak terrible existence everyone would leave—were it not money—

Rome, say forever to the visitor—were you are preserving your churches with religious knowledge [sic]

Jewels, wooden peasant decoration, colored handkerchiefs for the hair.

Mussolini, Mussolini—I like your horse and carriages and flowers—and that—the eternal city of cardboard—

walk in its rains—aristocracies come here out of an eternity

which nothing alters—of the mountains and volcanic ash—dig it from banks

and spread it rich in potash among the grapes

XXI

Now begin to build up
prick and satyrs — girls that are laurels, maenads that are olive trees
out of that — Professor Curtis, archaeologist—the dynamo spinning —
MONEY
he is delighted and knows father Abraham who cooks artichokes in the
Jewish manner
the street—what a delightful head on that deformed American body —
like — it is a Roman bust
The dymanos of America are gay — spinning like a peasant's head
at the height of an orgasm when the blood sings in his ears —
and money falls about his ears in black locks
and earthy heads into which the sea and the mountains have sunk and disap-
peared
Steinmetz
your deepest knowledge—is what shrewd Marianne—twiddling twenty
words into grotesques
I put you beside him and my dearly amusing—Rome
Athens, Crete—they are the aerals — the delicate adjustments
rock breeds rock

Marianne—seeing, eating Heliogabolus Marianne—without a read-
er, ticking the sleeping rain
right on the sensitive tip of— lying in the sun in the midst of your flock
shepardess [sic] —with a quizical [sic] smile — Nero as a shepard [sic] —
twiddling, fiddling

it will crack in time and the—

piece of pottery left will have the heel of stiff pricked satyrs on it—

like sappho

Morgan with that head like the Palatine under the Cesars into which
aqueducts—

Pope Gregory Coolidge fail and come to Rome — song renaissance

Shit, I'm sick of it it's no life I pick this and that for what it is — take
it and hold it, treasure it

she for her cold eyes Nancy, Hilda, Ezra, Victor, Valery Larbaud
because he was decent and spoke of Spain, Cotton Mather and Bolivar

—as I look at the top of a cypress and estimate mimosa or the scrub
pine on the rocks at Great Notch —

— it fits in and lives

It is Rome * Harvey and his circulation

“Salerno for medicine” —good God — Salerno! but I go to Vienna today,
where it spins big

—It is Rome —smiling that gives it leave—pulling at its ruins to build
hovels—

with a cheer, christians beaten underground again

and Pan up up and helping his mother carry a shawl full of dandelion

to hell with fiddling with words to make pretty pictures It has a
significance—but you've got to know what that

significance is. See it in Rome — selling violets

Let there be light—and he was married

The American Academy in Rome for the arts —Morgan and the rest
McKim⁹ first, talking and with the Beaux Arts to Paris[,] Paris for
antagonist

Rome is right My only objection is that they need there too a poet

But words are bullets and poison gas and intrigues it is too dangerous,
let me loose here

that's my only objection, that
there is no poet
and that I am not he

give me three years now to study it, out and say it—I could decorate a sar-
cophagus for my country that would be a delight to the serious

Who wouldn't laugh at me?

You? Why, how, which —

Because I need it. I want it. BUT? BUT? BUT?

Scorn and disgust and—there is no money anyway

But let me loose, as an exhibition to myself, it would pay , now that I am
ready for it I don't want to go back and lose it all again Oppositions boil
up out of the churches and the government I'd have to run into Calabria—
but if they would print it unquestioningly, decorate the high schools with
gratis copies of my rot—rot, rot, rot

a heap of manure in the auditorium, dumped through the skylight in the
midst of graduation —Rodney Smith—cold eyed, sardonic jaw, wit and
strength—that poured codliver oil on the radiator during chapel—If the
culprit will confess he will be suspended but not expelled, said Prettyman.

Rod did. He returned from his suspension and on the first petty offense
after—he was fired—

Fire me out of your damned academy. I know I can't write what you
want. I know I am an offense

—it would be impossible I quite agree it would be impossible I

cannot help longing for it

open it like a bed turned down. I'll go to sleep and there's a hair pin on the pillow

Malaria that drives the owner out of, palaces—the Pontine Marshes—80% infected—Don't ask them, that's it don't ask them Send soldiers into it give them the dope—cure the bastards and they'll know they have brains. But it's the imagination, there's the reason—to see, the knot of the nerves in the top, complicated wires for communication, detailed and swift facts and the office force down through the body of the building which is itself a cranium

New York cranium — it isn't there for a decoration or to feed its belly but to take and give. Crippled by its feet? Give, cure the bastards snap the muscles and go.

Morgan's in his grave, Americans are liars with their brains in their skins.

66

these are the gods-whom men defeat
who flee to the woods—the grottos the brothels

(from 1st. book)

fact is there,
It was work of the gods sordidness, murder, ennui—reflected

here came the churches—destroying everything, stealing, lying till the ice cake real—through which fishing (fishes)

###

the gods living forever—lifted men out of their—dead sheep and plants—allowed them to play at being gods

split and several—men went mad trying to be less than they could—unwilling to do

“temples made common” because left standing—Worse the reply Nero was their self tortured flesh History

Might is right—they forgot it—unable to shift it along—and the perversion followed to make right might—

and churches, and churches, one destroying the other, rolling away to Tenochtitlan—in a beastly wave

and now a new tide creeping—up, up toward the churches— —forget that one man cannot wrong another man—only himself—

weakling Nero—

He saw Rome burn, he tortured prisoners, called for pain to create Nero

The great truth is that he was saying as loud as he could—I am not, give me, see I am weak, I am nothing. and the church hated instead of doing his name good.

He was the true founder of the christian church—the first martyr, Nero—the blessed type of christian martyrdom—tearing flesh to give life the run

Thus virtue—and men blind to it will not see but hide in cellars willless—in London slums

Nero wrong—but right (weak

They right—but wrong (liars and the proof is today

It is exactly the same, a christian burnt (or burning) or a line written

the christian becomes Nero — the Emperor become the victim

the line goes and is the man, the man is the line—free if it is free

and it is the shape of his mind

a field of grass, very dull — save for horses

So men die—they fasten too much, believe it, write to write

Oh Jack , why didn't you come out with it? Why talk of atavism?" "A man who did not wrong" because he had no conscience—

He did not wrong because—he was right and

you poor fish
a man that came into the world before the development of the moral nature
answer that and you understand—the imagination and its abuse

VIOLENCE: Why am I that way— because I am not—but springing
within myself with quietness

Violence come of quietness because I have known it —Violence of loss,
boys killed, an old man with cancer, horrible

violence to my mother for years—by violence dating back to the slums of
an english city — dumped out over sugar-cane and oranges—

violence unable to bear it. reaching violently, the violence of suburban life,
that kills the senses — violent removals of friends—too good—boys and
girls dropping violently into work and maternity or teaching positions
—everywhere violent games

(as to the common their commonness is their delight and protection, so)
o logic!

Innocence is made of violent delights Time is the sum of men's stupidi-
ties

Knowledge is presence—nothing is ended—nothing is begun but crying
men—history is the splitting of heads to powder

despair—Germany, Vienna, Paris, New York—

As

Asia, Germany, Rhode Island, Chicago, Tenth ward, 15th. St, 99

wherever great ability of science and work are alive it is a purple kind of,
pressure—what they know is so much still Germany wins because she lives
on it, Looses because purple is not green—

The sum of knowledge is the destruction of stupidity

Timon's Athens, Crete—nothing is left behind—Save through stupidity
—I have forgotten—life is to have it back—no change to throw off,
off break and shell off the accumulations of dirt—

It is there

It is not the subject of time but continues, to wisdom everywhere

We are blind and fatuously tripped by popes and Darwins into the jerk off of books

The blond flapper that in high school lies and is fucked—gives twins— is the one whom we bury in shit to

Relief

wreck—it is ours She is, we have not left that behind strive to bite off our own balls as she ants lose their wings

The Board of Educaion is eating shit for her

I know it is the stupid girls (is it?) Lizzie, the fucking to whom this (function) has been relegated. It is the back kick from the rest—the reflection, no the critique—the am, the is the we — the mirror of ourselves—our blind infatuation—

it is the comment to perfection the analogy, the we ourselves to see ourselves, it is we there, we are, see it this is you.

The weaklings are ourselves

it has dropped through our fingers, the slave pick it up lick it

One does not leave it grow from and It is always there Rome

—our eyes thicken with sight therefore in the imagination we can have it

and its bits, its sparkles, its specks of purple

Loose little girls are the perfection of our wildness, weaknesses — that stick their tongues out and pointing with a finger — run

We mutilate and call it wisdom to maim our bodies to be little . It was the savage stupidity of the ancients that would cut off to make

tractable —necessary in some way so by the brutality of the knife and so it won the world—

and we are its children—sing

I am maimed
poor miserable sinner and

the connotations flutter up like flies

Christ Pandora

Constantine the—

For wisdom then, Darwin and Freud —of course
it's true—of course it's true men love to climb and run of course it's true
that fucking is pure fun

Well?

and that's what they call knowledge.

Rome every part complete—pandean drunkenness regained where it was lost, among the hyacinths, dark violets, anemonies and dry chestnut leaves

dialect—it is necessary, it saves me— “Keep up the modern times” this is the shitty hell— no invention, nothing[,] we, I, myself am shitted on.

Pound is a great writer even if he sees nothing else but his new cantos, nothing past 1550 He sees everything, invents it— All our time is taken up scraping it off —the Phidias

Frascati—Keep modern times off wiped off scraped off used up use it— but it leaves no time, we are the slaves— But I

I've seen hundreds of them at the Liederkrantz, they've got the look in their faces of the birth of Venus, if they only cover their ears a little—
while
you my dear should always be combed so that your ears are seen.

Make perfect sentences and—pleasure in writing. Don't take findings for my end—but the writing: Cloaca Vernalis

Ludwig Kassak¹⁰—Amalien Str. 26¼ Wien XIII

Oh well, I feel like this: you can't prevent the lightening from striking.

The Rubiat, is a triviality, unable to lift itself off its back

But Rome I love, its abandon to the whole waste of flesh swimming through its idleness with a rush that threw stones like a volcano—and they settled about the ruin of their go [sic. God? gods? egos?] building up their life with an intensity of stone—that belied their fall and disappearance as men—but forces

[White Mule]

I'm hurt and galled—

(The use of the anglo-saxon words now getting out of use in our careless tongue, plus slang and Mother's curious turns gives an opportunity.)

Weddekop's — QUERSCHNIT¹¹

clean no soup or scum no LITERATURE—woman soft true no snobbism
fake clean like machinery —about America—Russia

Notes
Clarify small pieces
not the whole

anything clean in America

(1) works, books,—clear, a whole clear : do Summarization of love : sex
: motion—something : creation
That is sex is without any significance aside from motion : men women
exactly alike save, separation of points : wider bigger spark : more current.

Works of art made of anything—is (like love) clear, whole

It must be clear and it must be a whole : like this book which is clearly and
wholly a motion : CLOACA : in which there is so perfect pleasure : perfect
sex

BALLS

So the indifference of sex gives colors, Amazons, Diana, Spartans, Scythians,
Apollo, Martyrs, Satyrs : all kinds of motion : Sappho, Don Juan,
Virgins, St. Anthony, Hermaphroditus, Eunuchs : all are identical. (Moral
or not) mere resistant or conductive. Christianity follows paganism never
exist together because they are identical and paganism follows christianity.:

to art it is indifferent in either case : just force of the same kind
a con-
tinuation of the same thing.

Sex being of no significance save pure motion—it has been the common
subject of all natural variations irregular, unsound, jagged, giving, moun-
tains, water, lightning it is unstable except in the one particular : MO-
TION everything else concerned with it is unimportant, unreasonable
so in it every variety finds solution, in baselessness, ---, but this
variety is the model of art : the whole painting writing: takes everything,
heterogeneous and makes motion : clarity of it : clarity being only : motion
through such as the clarity of love intelligence is only the
superficial appearance of passage through the brain of force
Lack of it is “dullness” no motion —

So intelligence gets the glow of sexual ascendancy, bright eye, varied
muscular response — wears itself

like a horse at mating —

Like a fine painting : intelligence : bird in plumage : clarity : motion
the

greater the—

So the pleasure of research, pleasure of lover, pleasure of composition—of logic : are the same —of murder, of fighting, of martyrdom . All have their seat in the indifferent nature of the deed—it purposelessness —aside from motion the feeling of the force : pleasure : SOMETHING out of nothing.

(1) continued — Not a mere arrangement—laid side by side—but as if things strove with each other in the work *—No significance of the things as things (lost in a work of art always) but as they are left by the motion to show the force : are the force)

So the making of the book is “things” striving together

Nothing else — it doesn't matter what is encountered.

But not a “composition”—it is a disruption

BROKEN

Pleasure and its obverse : woe (i.e. pitiful religions as against religions of joy, paganism) is clarity : the sum and launching of the whole being straight at an end (love : subdivision)

so ROME : pleasure, scune [sic] : motion : clarity

continued

It would immediately begin to cast light as soon as the clarity was established.

As, just in passing, as part of a lead toward scientific understanding without emphasis or halting of motion and yet with proper regard for the facts—a work as a whole) of Upton Sinclair: could be shown in five minutes to a child: that in science, the road to light, no reclame is permitted us, because it is a clouding and a barrier. Such a book gains weight by clarity alone.

As say in this, a heading \$10,000,000 rum seizure” by customs officials : the only thing that stands up under intelligence is a fully supported, without judgement or heat but perfect statement of how each bottle goes to the person who consumes it—after the seizure. This to show the way of power, to understand it carefully and well.

This requires literary ability, to write so well, clear exposition : relation between literature and science.

But other matters too come into clarity: the nature of journalism.

Take the inaccuracy of the word “rum”. This is a deliberate shorthand

whose result is numbing of intelligence. What is really meant is wine or distilled spirits, either the end result of grapes or grain.

These are grown by farmers at great pains and no little knowledge treated by old fine processes—skillfully handled and brought to a state of great value and refinement—all this is lost by haphazard speech.

Thus a light for good literature as against the dulling influence of journalism begins.

But—

(conclusion)

I am not saying it is easy. I am saying it is inevitable—and that clarity is the first and swiftest step to that end. Not clarity with cuttle-fish

These things they do not dare to teach now, such clarity : which again teaches much of the mechanism of obscurantism

of rum one learns — instantly and at once and forever—that journalism that journalism is a shorthand of attractive coloration requiring a vast amount of supporting knowledge in the individual for translation and lacking that leads too to obscurity and is therefore dangerous.

NEW MAGAZINE

A magazine whose political and literary policy would be to study and reveal what is—to oppose nothing advocate nothing but move with everything in motion,, condemning nothing, wishing to change nothing but muddle headedness—leaving everything behind

Clarity is motion that is under way.

In no way opportunist since there is nothing to seek but never conservative since there is nothing to save—intelligence because that is motion quite unopinionated since every movement changes opinions —Not egoistic because clarity slips out of the mind as water through the fingers and so is not a property there is any pleasure in having save to

Clarity is movement and stasis kills it at once —No one can stop movement, it goes on. and someone else is immediately possessing it. — The moment the egoist begins to be, he ceases to exist.

SPINS — poems—1924

In poems one thing clear penetrates the mass of material, it may be anything

representing motion, its clarity is the proof of its penetration—it can be anything, emotional, sensual, decomposition pleasure,—

In the actual work of writing there is advance of this, call it one idea, clear and clear through—motion, swift and slow, as it may be to penetrate

ANY idea that offers penetration: motion

BLOCKS :

The confinements of unity are the death of intelligence, not its end. Intelligence is a motion through multiplicity but its result is not unity but clarity, release of many diverse things. The effect is simplicity, a light cast through, obscure becomes limpid. So the object of architecture is mistaken to be unity, it is really a light cast through stones for the intelligence to see them simply but in multitude. the essential difference between a Greek building and a modern one is this limpidity — a light showing through stones : that is architecture (sculpture): it is motion, pleasure. clarity, imagination

so the words of poems. A light through : whose form is by itself : (Irradiates)

this is what writers have always tried to show by what they term form, to show it is different in substance from prose. it is the same writers try today to indicate by the irregular spacing and capitalization of letters, size position on a page as can be seen from the American Cummings to Hungarian Kassak, lines. rhymes: to indicate something else besides (the prose sense) what is written (which poetry uses also) this is a valuable adjunct to poetry but of no material significance—if the same end of radiant motion can be won by a simpler expedient—

But the result of too much modelling is not radiance but plaster but plaster

the thing lost is clarity or motion itself—better is a complete confusion as in an improvisation — which is too an attempt to separate the motion from the stultifying unity of the thing.

The heterogeneous mass moved through by clarity takes on a new form, which is never a (prose) unity, never order, implying selection and drill—but the creation of a new substance as heterogeneous and chance as the matrix a radiant motion in itself, a flinging off of new fine particles whose impact is pleasure—or which is in itself a poetry

THE MASS	MASS
CRYSTALIC MASSES	
	EN MASSE
CRYSTAL MASSES	
	CRYSTALS
	Pleasure SPINS

THE CRYSTALIC MASS

PURE CONFUSIONS

PRIAPIC

POEMS * — EN MASSE

DIAMONDS WERE LEAVES

FIXED MASSES

CLEAR LUMPS

(ART) cont. 4

Art : get it by straight means or it will begin by the arts. by crooked means—somehow it comes in and must come in to preserve life

But come by crooked means it will be crooked. Perhaps that is the American genius : in by crooked means, in dark as the Greeks was in by the light

THE AMERICAN GENIUS 3 —(CONT.) Then could New York become the Athens of the new world —Chicago more than a place for killing hogs and the west something more than a commercial bedlam—

I mean the natural genius of the country would flower in its cities and attract the bees of the world, the fertilizing agents of intelligence for continuence instead of driving them away as now—hatefully

take a Pirquet¹² in the middle west out of Vienna—or any of the world's great artists. they cannot come here : ask them why : there is no life!

and we all go abroad.

Now this is startling, where there is no life what is there? Death.

America cannot go on as one monstrous grotesque lie much longer. (of course it can) Either there will be violent disruption or our natural wealth will be used (frittered away) and we shall become enervated. the best die out and gradually supplanted by a duller element from under. It must find a level.

and this is the social function of the artist and thinkers of all sorts, they frequent the flower, and breed life, keep it at high pitch. You cannot ignore them too long or—death results.

America coming into its own will attract genius of all sorts to its freedom—fertilizing agents.

It is so. There must be a change. or America as a world influence will remain a purely mechanical one, a world coal and food base, with gradual descent to sordidness, greater banality and supplanting by a readier race from inside or out.

(continuation: the American Municipality)

The problem remains, however: How to give it to them (i.e. the resources of the U.S. to the commercial geniuses of the country. And the answer is instantaneous: through the agency of the law—but freely.

That is, in the long battle for the emergence of the outstanding American world type of the age, the men of genius whose talents are the model even not only for the worlds mechanical and financial patterns, from card indices to ship dynamos, but for the most advanced art of the world also, if its politics in such men as Lenine, the Italian, whose wit (woman) the English imitate or buy up and to whose ability the German military genius bowed—has cultivated a special type of legal talent adept at making, modifying and breaking laws. This is a pure American original type: the great unscrupulous lawyer.

This natural resource that is so highly criticised and so hated by many has only to be put in the right to be in the right. Again the same principle. Give the ablest lawyer the laws to fit to the need. It is an open secret that he would in ten days so simplify, clarify and improve them, make them so clear and operable for the transaction of business that they would become a living institution instead of an obsolete net for obfuscation, entanglement and escape, as he has made them now.

Because it is plain that the lawyer makes the laws anyway and only by having to use dark means have the laws a dark aspect. Give the natural genius of the country free play and it will come out into the light and be simple.

The hated lawyer is only a mirror of the stupidity which makes him hated.

I say only that through the great wit, great force—and present operations of lawyers—bred to support the leading economical-political (but popularly feared) geniuses of the soil can their force be freed and utilized. The lawyers must be given power openly over the law (as they already have it under the rose)

If this entails a relinquishment of liberty by the mass, or a curtailment of initiative, and abridgement of the fundamental principle of latent power in the mass (power latent)—I have only to point out that only by the mass seizing the talent—economic-political and legal of the country from the mediocre provincial political demagogue be put aside and the mass itself come into its freedom of action.

I speak for the enlightenment of American life, its inherent basis upon education of the individual element.

The beginning should be in our public—reserved by the state for just such a purpose.

Instead of teaching fiddling and tommytiddle in the schools, the result of national obscurantism teach faith, trust in high talent belief in fellow men,

the value of the law and the benefits of human reason.

Let mathematics and history and philologic—philosophic details follow the deeper principles of release to the sunlight of true freedom—which can be nothing greater than the release of human talent, genius to have its play.

I say the schools today do actually teach subservience to the actual leaders. They are not for knowledge but to keep children from knowledge—with their fastening on remote historical examples and training in petty mechanical business details. They breed stupidity as surely as under a higher policy they would breed light.

A child cannot find out the truth in American Colleges and schools today. There is not trust in anything.

By bringing present political truths out, by the desire of men in power to have it known that they are in power, the children will be made to see that two and two are four. Instead of the teaching now that 2 and 2 are 5 or 6 or whatever Mr. Slowcome in Washington wants them to be.

and this naturally brings up the moral side—for immorality is only normal lust of life clouded by stupidity inherent or forced upon it.

Young people full of desire cannot be deceived, in the end by teachers. Lie to them they smile and do what they please.

So the cloudy in art, and the condemnation of the excellent drowned in the swelter of the impotent like Don Juan pinned down by eunuchs —

May 7, 1924

Let's make it as good as we can, kid—from the ground up.

POEMS they remain —not for the sense but for the clarity therefore stop short of the complete sense always if at the expense of the clarity (on defunct Freeman—no literary sense—got lost) (magazine should stress clarity not propaganda—for that a literary sense is essential) : no conclusions, no propaganda.

—the argument (any one thing) therefore and then go on to a clarity that is a development but an entirely different sense (something else)

everything goes in. one grand
**** jumble!

COMBINE the American historical things as footnotes to the long rambling poem of Europe or as it may be chosen.

every page to have BOTH on it—except where one laps over.
then blank.

There can be but one object in life for us: \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$: to kill the damned thing as it exists now —to get out

Brains labor speed and sorrow

What does Rome say? damn the Tiber except when it gives up Apollo in Bronze and christian melancholy break the statues in pieces every part of it lives on break me I am as I am broken bitched and dirtied by their crap here I come up touched in each part by myself : the joys of life are its accidents turned to account.

pagan, pagan, pagan and christian that is still pagan into the dirt catacomb —for root—the froth of Rome Nero's soul was a martyr's it swims in flame as a dead fagot—to my delight.

They sicken me they are writing poems D.H. Lawrence the worst

Blind spots that see (get vision) by virtue of that around them

Peasants: the true ancient is the grass the wild asparagus—herbs of all sorts and they know it: acanthus thistle oak olive they worship—the petty modern (forming and cheap atches [sic]) their colloseum [sic] not as big as a hill their manners are of that aristocracy sheep goats grape—talk in the field or the tramcar loud or soft help with the bundle coral for the neck loads for the head laughter for the chest and farts for the belly ca fait du bien au corps, he said, pissing gaily outside the bar and saluting the night like a flute or a harp—There sprang Appolo hornes for the temples curling leaves [sic] Goats in the field when the sun heats the balls and girls scream and lie on the banks stretched out but scorn dirt and rags saving their virginity or on the

bare volcanic hills three months the favorite she goat is quiet fuck her till the
cock hangs and food is sweet again religion springs from it satyrs, pan joy
dances pictures frescos the sacrifice beasts girdled in state for the rostrum
pig sheep and steer. They took it all in, all —till their weak town melted
with it crumpled to bits and the wild free campagna reasserts its ancient
power

lay it against Rome and pagan and christian

Chapter I : Not to see good in everything, which is stupidity “armer
Narr” blessed simpleton, nor bad in anything—but to SEE and thus to
feel clarity in this or that as clear color: so intelligence (clarity) and
feeling (color) are based: To mixed understandings it is always a question of
judgement whether to favor or oppose: as the thing appears good or bad,
i.e. whether the weight of clarity overtops etc.

This is quite logical and simple if the sense of “clarity” is understood:
quite understandable by the intelligence which is clarity itself.

But on the other hand, it must be recognized that there are men who wish
to see and to live as clear, not clearly but clear, like Van Gogh, Cezanne and
certain others Savonarol Nero, Macciavelli—the clear of the world who
take the path of clarity and oppose all compromise. bla.

NOTES

1 Nancy and Victor Cunard. Norman Douglas. Compare Williams’s description of this incident in his *Autobiography*, pp. 207-8.

2 This handwritten passage of draft material is the only example of notes that preceeded the typescript of *Rome*. The page is interleaved between numbered manuscript pages 5 and 6 and it provides the source of the writing that immediately preceeds and follows it.

3 Cowley’s role in the debate of Dada is carefully described in Dickran Tashjian, *Skyscraper Primitives: Dada and the American Avant-Garde 1910-1925*. (Middletown Ct.: Wesleyan University Press, 1975), Chapter 6, pp. 116-142. In addition, Tashjian’s discussion of Williams (Chapter 5, pp. 91-115) provides one helpful context in which to consider *Rome*.

4 Williams and Flossie spent the month of April, 1924, in Vienna where he attended lectures and clinics with various physicians. Jacob Erdheim, bone pathologist and author of a book on rickets, was one of his teachers.

5 This letter appeared on the front page of the New York Times on the date given, indicating that sections of the *Rome* manuscript were composed after Williams returned from Europe.

6 The first version of these two lines appears at the bottom of manuscript page 17, the second at the top of manuscript page 18.

7 Actually, Leopold Arzt, a dermatologist and venereologist, with whom Williams studied in Vienna.

8 Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb kidnapped and murdered Bobby Franks in Chicago on May 22, 1924. They were sentenced to life imprisonment on September 10, 1924.

9 Charles Follen McKim, b. 1847-d.1909, American architect and founder of the American Academy in Rome. McKim designed the Boston Public Library, the Pierpont Morgan Library and Pennsylvania Railway Station in New York, and planned the restoration of the White House for Theodore Roosevelt in 1902-3.

10 Lajos (Ludwig) Kassák, b. 1887, was a Hungarian modernist painter living in Vienna when Williams was there. (See SL, p. 63)

11 Williams contributed two poems in 1924 to *Der Querschnitt* (meaning "cross-section"), an avant garde miscellany published in Berlin and edited by Hermann von Wedderkop. The magazine ran from 1921 to 1936. In 1925, Pound contributed a short piece called "Definitions etc.," which begins with the following statement:

Circumstance in paranthesis [sic] (Der Querschnitt is active), the Mercure de France is senile; all other reviews represent a fixed point of view; all anglo saxon reviews represent a dead point of view stuffed with sawdust. Nationalized man is so stupid that only when a nation is flat on its back will it devote any energy to verbal manifestations, or their exactitude or vitality. (p. 54)

12 Clemens Friche von Pirquet, a highly prominent pediatric bacteriologist, immunologist and allergist, also instructed Williams in Vienna.