

Configuration

(Privately printed, 2004)

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*so love might be
a figure of eternity
- Catullus*

*Cuando miro la forma
de América en la mapa,
amor, a ti te veo
- Pablo Neruda*

*this land
is our lover
- Kenneth Patchen*

Three weeks after our coming together
during your brief reappearance
among the played-out mines in Bisbee
unearthed so many uncanny connections
between and within us and our work
we couldn't deny some kind of kinship
despite being hyper-wary of making
that classic mistake: thinking you know
a writer by understanding her words,

running late for my flight to Vegas
(another government conference
on how they plan to poison the water)
holding one of your books in my hand
another open beside me, mapping
your images and insights your wayward
itinerary to mine, transported
by the shock of recognizing
my alter ego in female form
the twin sister I never had,
starting again to try figuring out
what to do with this energy
between a – between *this* – man and woman,

I head up Tombstone Canyon through
the tunnel they call the Time Tunnel
up onto Mule Pass divide
saying goodbye for now again
to the aging Queen of the Copper Camps
more than a century under her skirts
then down into the San Pedro
green again after the rains, Spanish
bayonets glistening in the sun,
the whitethorn's red branches heavy with fruit,
down past the makeshift crosses †
strung with faded plastic flowers
marking places loved ones have died

—through the speed trap cowboy kitsch
touristy crap of the town too dumb
to know that living in the past
especially one that never was
is just another kind of death

—through the ghosts of old campfires
bent into missionary positions
under the bluffs of St David
the yellow plume from the dynamite plant
they used to call Apache Powder
blowing over the farms and houses
wells shut down from too much nitrate
following the redundant curves
along the disappearing river

—pulling up the grade onto I-10
the Pearl Harbor Memorial Highway
then flat out across † the scrub to Tucson:
black Jaguars and Peterbilts
sharp-eyed ranchers in kingcab Fords
a high horsepower caravan
over the black desert pavement,
the speed limit like time itself
relative: that mirage the sleek
Latina in her red Porsche
the air-conditioned families
salesmen and blue-haired snowbirds
all aim for oblivious to
the long dance of high voltage
Kachinas paralleling the melting
interstate, powerlines buzzing like snakes
in their hands and mouths leading us
toward a sky of Magritte clouds
America West launches us into
exploding in their soft underbellies
the surficial myth of binary vision
the practical myth of linear time
the logistical myth of isolation

2
so lost in the sudden whiteness I see
across † the dragon spines of mountains
punctuating the red sands
your desert beginning lain between
the blue Pacific and orange Colorado
where our paths without quite touching
first crossed † again this time around

—and see south to the thorn desert,
the ironwood and weird-shaped boojum
at the edge of the Sea of Cortez

—and see north to sagebrush and cheatgrass
the high salt desert Great Basin
between the Rockies and Cascades

—then further south to the bone dry
Nascan lava, the unvirgin stones
of Machu Picchu

—and further north:
the Peace River country, the huge
hydroelectric dam holding back
the melted subarctic waters where monstrous
white and shaggy forms trudge
across † snowfields through ancient
blizzard white on endless white
calling us into the polar night

—until the frozen howling glare
the sinking feeling in my stomach
drop me back through the clouds
still rapt (despite the intercom
blathering on about safety belts)
in parables from your life stories
into another desert this present
time this ugliest of cities
west of Gomorrah this neon sore
throbbing for cash in her cold slots

3
but what's really happening is
this stacked blonde in a red minidress
running some twentyfive years ago
down the white marble steps
of Griffith Park Observatory
(all those Jimmy Dean flashbacks)
away from her draft resister boyfriend
(her second serious lover so far)
who's just bailed her out of jail
then slapped her around for getting popped

that morning by being too flip to the man,
running now that same afternoon
through the light-headed Sunday crowd
into the arms of L.A.'s finest,
who books her for nothing more this time
than letting it all hang out in broad
holy day light just being herself
legs and arms and figures of speech
young and hurt and trying her wings
a vice charge in the City of Angels

4

her tears dissolving this time to
the arid Xinkiang, the paleolithic,
near the old city of Loulan
the shore of ancient Lake Lop Nur
not yet melted into glass
at Chairman Mao's say-so
not yet the Great Leap Forward
onto the list of earth's eternal
sacrifice zones (a Yucca Flats
Made in China) but still then
the windswept sacred burial ground
where archaeologists lately unearthed
a thirty plus thousand year old blonde
the press calls Lulu: poor Little Lulu
unable to sleep despite the pet names
the blessings they laid her down with
the *too la loo ra* lullaby:
Bebopping Lulu she's our lost
Caucasian grandmother *our baby*
always out of place never quite
out of mind now forever
out of breath her dug up rattling
disrespected bones walking
through your psyche's desperate search
into my own lust-driven past

5

resurrected on that mystic
cross † that stone trajectory

my wife of that time our lover and I
made a year or two before you
began your own parallel trips
through this joyous cosmology
✦ Long Beach to Long Island
Bend to Big Bend and back again
✦ San Diego to San Francisco
Land's End to Plymouth Rock
on the road, into it
coming into the promised land
discovering first hand by dawn's
early light and midnight's luster
America's voluptuous body
✦ San Clemente to Chappaquiddick
Okanagan to Osceola
because we were young and ignorant
in need of love that would be more
than a questionmark among the roadsigns
✦ Coronado to New London
Point Mugu to Newport News,
willing most of the time with windows
down and wind in our hair to forget
the roads we felt so carefree on
were built with cold war blood money
to more efficiently move troops
to evacuate designated cities
when the time we were running from came

✦ chaparral to rainforest
costa del sol to the rustbelt
back by way of Tucumcari
the moon glimmering on White Sands
driving our youngest, paranoid
from miles of old time murder ballads
we sang from Okemah to Ruidoso,
to jump ship, disappearing
in Alamogordo's nuclear madness
until the cruising airmen first class
turned on by *esprit de* Adolph Coors
and intimations of napalmed villages
harried her back to our port in the storm
our lesser evil sanctuary:
Indian bedspread festooned above

the sagging Goodwill mattress and pillows
incense seducing the innocent air
station switched to megawatts
of Dylan the Doors the Butterfly
flight control set on higher yet
somewhere over the strong headwinds
—taking nature's course, crossing †

the Great Divide on the Animus Mountains
bound for Phoenix Blythe the sixties
coming of age in California,
becoming experienced in our own
time/space in these astonished bodies
reiterating the chemical blessing
the promises of the chemical wedding
learning to love the one we were with
as well as the one we wanted there
in the narrowing pendulum swing
† Michoacan to B.C.
Stinson Beach to Salt Lake City
† Astoria to Ensenada
Escudilla to Signal Hill
† Alsea Bay to Imperial Beach
El Capitain to Mt. Tam
manifesting the nation's own
westward shift of gravity
the eastern wave breaking against
the ocean of oriental mind
† Mexico City to Mekong Delta
Chicago to Cambodia
rolling back on itself catching us
in the riptides tossing us
back and forth in the cross † currents

6
† Sycamore Canyon to Silverado
Shelter Cove to La Jolla Cove
up and down † the coast loaded
with hitchhikers in various states
sharing with those who came together
wherever we happened to park the bus
the rich soups we made from the surplus

thrown out behind the supermarkets
the loaves we baked from whole grain flours
provided by sympathetic grocers

✦ Santa Ana half way down
the dead end street to the cannery,
sitting on the rug all night
for what seemed like centuries
filling thousands of double aught caps
from a pile of blue powder,
licking our fingers now and then
priding ourselves the millions of lives
we saved by turning on young men
who otherwise would kill and die
in some damned country somewhere

✦ Topanga Canyon pulled off at a blind
intersection a few mansions away
from the one where one bloody night
a few years later the fortunes made
from the film of the devil's baby
were helter skeltered while meanwhile
back at the ranch Charlie wet-dreamed
like the closet queen head of the FBI
the coming of the Black Messiah,
the cowboy President ordered
more kids into the Big Muddy,
and scientists in uniform
put chemicals in the water supply
put bugs and chemicals in the air
not corporate-style, to save money,
but just to see what it might do
to us before they used it in Asia,
while spooks with acronyms for names
put chemicals into the black ghettos
the veins and pipes of black men
put chemicals onto silver spoons
from penthouse to penitentiary
not just to keep the crazies in line
but to keep the dollar almighty
keep the chemical banks solvent

✦ Pagemill Road Los Altos Hills

Beulahland with Gandolf and friends
liveoaks courtesy of Saint Joan
(the moonlight among them becoming you)
raw garlic and mushrooms for dinner
the air perfumed with fragrant herbs
the dragon eagle and great bear
a ring of fire in the darkening sky
folksongs and laughter lifting the room
building resistance to the bugle
call infecting the rest of the world

✦ The Castro before, when everyone there
breeders and non-, were family friends,
hanging around the bedroom drumming
chanting drinking cactus tea
coaxing the birth of Juniper Tree
through long labor and clouds of unknowing
rainbows filling the air at daybreak
the way it was when the goddess of breath
first sang this flowering world into being

✦ Noe Valley where what seems
like ages ago we sat in circles
on the floor deciding less how
than where to keep ourselves together
and where one day a very civil
man in black from hat to boots
who said he was from the East and his name
was Malik came up where we were parked
and got himself invited to dinner
drawn to speak to us he said
because the mandala we had painted
under the rear windows, unlike most,
didn't grow lighter toward the center,
and where young blacks would ring the bell,
come in and after casing the place
walk out with whatever they felt like taking,
and where the white giant fresh from San Quentin
with veins full of holes and still with both legs
lay like Gulliver on the floor
held down only by her in his arms,
the fear put out by everyone else,
and smack running behind his eyes

while out in the Bay the Indians
were breaking into Alcatraz
under the banners of justice, prior right,
justice, Red Power, and irony

✚ Navarro River, the tribes with wings
still wet around the singing fire
under the prehistoric redwoods
reminding each other of our trips
while Happy, the girl from Elk, brought sunshine
into our lives day and night
before the dysentery set in
that brought thousands to their knees
doubled over face to face
with ugly agonizing death
in communes from Myrtle Creek to Goleta
but never hit the straight press

✚ Takilma while the smoke and smell
still rose into the morning fog
from the church and freestore burned down
in the name of Christ the night before

✚ Anacortes, where the preacher
in swan white robes coming down
from the wedding on Olympus recalled
his previous lives to his present wife
while his friends and flock constructed
a cement boat and we rebuilt
our slippery clutch on geography
national borders now no more real
than the waist of sand in an hourglass

✚ the Sechelt Peninsula
where Québécois separatists
living among the First Nations
between the chattering shingle and dark
stands of ancient hemlock-cedar
stockpiled bombs and bided their time
while half a continent away
in the Chicago Coliseum
what was left of the old New Left,
split along the seismic faults

of action faction and praxis axis,
hacked itself into past history
—Chicago, where fifty years before
the Old Left had butchered itself
on much the same pig-sticking grounds,
the same big-shouldered city where
less than a year and half ago
hoist on the points of like dilemma
the ambidextrous liberal left
while the whole world watched on TV
disemboweled in public
giving the game away to that
even more sinister liberal cast
waiting in the far right wing

✦ that pub up in the Cariboo
where we left our 1-A lovers
with a new identity
watching Apollo land on TV
unconvinced by the special effects
the flag shook out in the solar wind
the one step moonwalk rhetoric,
while back on earth in black and white
an honest scribe familiar with
the darker side of Camelot
told us how a year ago
cream of the crop American boys
dressed fit to kill in green berets
raped and butchered women and children
in a little village called My Lie

✦ St Johns just the two of us
while millions of years away to the east
our Woodstock Nation wallowed in mud
vibrating to the loud speakers,
we were absorbed in the night sky
shimmering and undulating
with curtains of damask rose light
illuminating as if from within
the polar waters rushing down
the stone bed of the river before us

✦ Quesnel BC on tubes and wires

eighteen liters of fluid replacement
but thanks to socialized medicine
made it through the aftermath
of poached moose liver and toadstools
while somewhere back in Crypto City
a former war hero was making
a name for himself xeroxing
secret papers that were about
to become the finger on the wall
spelling an end at least for a while
to US bombs in southeast Asia
to slippery Dicks in the White House
to innocence as a national norm

✦ Briceland before the growers and truckers
outside the A-1 Truck Stop
Post Office and General Store
(where dropout drugstore cowboys on
electric wine played William Tell
or blind zen archer with their crossbows
taking turns against the fence),
strung steel cable and stood along it
armed, blocking the road to Whitethorn
Shelter Cove and Ettersburg
(where under the tanoak myrtle and madrone
among the old growth redwood stumps
beside the whispering Blue Glide Creek
we had dreamed of out-growing war and greed),
turned around the sheriff and narcs
who'd come to bust the lot of them

✦ Halloween coming down from high
in elfin forest and laurel grove
among the bent and weathered entwines
moaning for lovers lost at sea,
glad that we're still young enough
to join in the sunshine's afternoon laughter
somersaulting down the golden
Mendocino headlands in touch
with vast and shining Pacific below,
vast and shining sky above,
then back on the blacktop, brakes about shot,
but stopping at every houselight we found

along the winding fogbound road
to take the kids trick-or-treating
keeping our promise even after
they got into the mescaline stash,
while at his mother's house in St Pete
Kerouac's mind and body dissolved,
his brain a sentimental mush
his beer-soaked guts hemorrhaging

✦ Telegraph Av with everyone
from Panhandle Jack to Hambone Jane
on the verge of breaking up
breaking it off breaking out
in sidesplitting giggles in absolute terror
following Laffing Water over
the cutting edge of meth-math delight
under the bridge up in smoke
personal mythologies
mystic personalities
radio waves in sunspot season
giving the zigzag litmus test
to Barbie deals bent out of shape
by delphinium Oracles
giving the lie to that old mare's tale
the revolutionaries of love
on set for the last shoot
drawing attention to themselves
on point for the last laugh
dispensed on the corners of every block
blaming things less on the Great White Grandpa
than each on his own self untrue

✦ Livermore one moonless night
just down the road from Altamont Speedway
where (years before the Stones and Airplane
cashed out the decade of peace and love
with another blood sacrifice
playing their *We Can Be Together*
up against the wall and *Symphony*
for the Devil on camera
while hundreds of people screamed and writhed
beneath the bandstand on bad acid),
engine blown in our borrowed Ford

we hitched a ride with two nervous men,
one bruised and bleeding from the fight
he'd just killed a Hell's Angel in,
then at dawn on the outskirts of Stockton
got picked up by two working class guys
driving a carpet cleaning van
who took us down the central valley
almost to the Bakersfield grapevine
with short pull-offs here and there
at out of the way ditches and bushes
for bottles of Four Roses they'd stashed
to replace the ones they drank
while waving around and arguing
about what to do with the gun they'd shot
the liquor store man with the night before

✦ 69, the year of the fish
yang yin yab yum the night before
the morning after 70s,
the downward swing to disillusion
riding on empty except for the *OM*
the drone of the spheres in our bellies
the sixty cycle buzz of the road
always

in
our heads
until

7
Ecce signum ✦ at the crossroads ✦
coming out of the woods again
on what was to be our last trip
out of California
stopping in Orange County to say
goodbye to old friends and lovers
(returned to the scene of the crime)
our Lapis Lazuli Church of the Red Earth
our bluebird goddess schoolbus Erzuli
spinning her rear duals in a ditch
rear bumper set in the hillside
we'd come down after watching the famous
smog-transmogrified sun set deep

in the heart of John Birch country:
busted waiting for the towtruck
(a ship of fools run aground)
(a sitting duck on the Slough of Despond)
outstanding warrant for overtime parking
during an anti-war demonstration
ages ago at U.C. Irvine
(the old lessons: *Keep moving*
Never in one place too long
Never get caught breaking two at once)

cross-legged ✚ upright floating high
all night in Santa Ana jail
without benefit of substances,
not knowing how well they'd search the church
but knowing what they might find,
meditating like crazy all night
trying to keep my mind off that
afraid the energy might guide them

wondering while my fellow threats
to straight white lawn order threw up
babbling alcoholic epics
of hardcore dark-skinned poverty,
the stinking racist reality of
this teller's cage squirrel cage
steel cage Bank America dream,
wondering how many millions of us
there are in here or if it's just
we two imagining each other
in all our possibilities
(*God*, as you said, always *a Couple*)
or just the one exercising
our Self in names and verbs and patterns
(the lover as Eckhardt says turning
always into what is loved)
multiple personalities
diversity in unity
unity in diversity
all of us born of the same parents
removed several times over
each character in the dream
dreaming all the others in

a universe of mirrors

how many

trying this time to not end up
bitter at best seeing our lives
through washed-out eyes as flounderings
in foolish delusion (hands on the wheel
eyes on the road heads up
between our legs as if changing lanes
with every break in the traffic would get us
anywhere faster), but find instead
among the strings of *and* and *and*
(just one damned thing after another)
some chord to outfox time to join
the vast and infinitesimal
infinities some melody
to sing us through the white noise
of factual experience
the crushing rocks and swirling waters
of unreconciled self-contradictions
yet awfully afraid our truths
loves beliefs like meaning itself
may be no more than gibbering
our mouths going off in rapid fire
down the pike in time to the cells
exploding behind our bleeding eyes
that constant nipping of nothingness
at our bloody heels as the sandy
slope gives way beneath them

how many

so distraught so out of touch
so starved for the milk of human kindness
meaning purpose answers to why
love always seems to leave us forsaken
it's all we can do just to survive
the mean streets and demeaning lower
registers of the sliding scale
our life plays itself out on
never time to smell roses
listen to the grass growing
loafe and invite the soul be helpful
figure out what's what besides
hardscrabble grit DEWlines and spite
so some at least of life's better things

might happen just under the skin where sounds
smells tastes and kindred feelings
touch us directly undenatured
by the obstinate all-knowing eye

how many tired of beating their heads
among other things against those walls:
oil crack heroin
a certain understanding of
economic geography
giving opinion an attitude
a room with a view of the house on the hill
the five-sided figure raised in the sand
the mansion surrounded with standing iron
all built by those who live without

how many trying to kill desire
instead of themselves or love itself,
convinced by the *Myth of Sisyphus*
not to slice our wrists quite yet
but going into isolation
like Moses in the Mississippi
wilderness to teach numbers as far
south as he could get, like red
diaper babies and ivy league brats
Romantic hearts with Enlightenment heads
incommunicado for good
reasons: pride remorse confusion
whatever survival instinct demands:
never opening the door
without asking first who's there never
using names over the phone
never sure if there are bedbugs
a cold eye in a warm body

how many asking caught in the bind
between biology and mind
how we could dare bring children into
this war-infested world, nurse them
on mother's milk contaminated
by products of free enterprise
(better killing through chemistry)
here in the heartland where we who wanted

only to live in peace now fight
fire with fire an eye for an eye
becoming our own worst enemy
afraid even here land of the brave
alien nation to say how we feel
to tell it like it is for us
for fear some night we won't make it home
or find if we do instead of mail
a rattlesnake a letter bomb
a stab strangle bullet or worse
from men we're nothing to but a job,
means to a dead end

how many
blowing their brains out with cathode tubes,
electronic probes stuck in their ears,
jumping like frogs on a galvanized wire
to tunes in the register labels prefer,
getting cancer from x-ray exams
chlorine daughters in the water
benzene rings in fossil fuels
things that food manufacturers
put in our mouths and words their lawyers
write into our laws in order
to fix our unwritten constitutions
so they and their ilk though hardly to be
assumed innocent are never
proved guilty as or if charged

how many
economic refugees
in spiritual retreat crossing ✚
one border or another just under
the wire under aerial
surveillance under the bottom line
with only the clothes and sun on our backs
a bottle of water if we're lucky
on foot in a foreign land (as lovers
always are) unfamiliar
with the native tongues

how many
re-learning the ancient tantras
You can't possess the one you love
You can't know what something means
unless you know what it might mean

The goal is nothing the movement all
The personal is political
Language is never innocent
The myth must be the motive for action
Love is its own satisfaction
Existence is its own justification
These bodies are the soul

how many
priding ourselves on getting high
not just for the fun of it,
because it feels so good (except
when it doesn't) especially in bed,
but for knowledge, to understand
who we are, and what, and where,
and how best to live these lives
given all the givens we never asked for—
poor, nasty, brutish and short

how many trying to understand
the mysteries of metaphor
by means of standard discursive syntax
knowing you can't get there from here
anymore than a stack of mud
can understand a waterfall

how many having lost the faith,
unsatisfied with head trips
with freedom found only in ideas
with satisfaction only in spurts,
unable to separate *is* from *does*
what's happening from who we are,
unable to locate that eliotic
unified sensibility
that still point and cartesian center
of psychoneural stability
persisting through time and space and tribe,
unable like some to believe we are
simply because we think we think
or think we know anything
we didn't already believe in first,
unable like some Renaissance men,
their minds bent into Greek positions,
to privilege the rational

the immemorial the purely
imaginary ideal over
the idiotic novelty
this unimaginable clutter of
real life death redundancy

how many coming to believe
for want of a better explanation
that fundamental reality
is light, mood, understanding
and fear, like the man said, in that
order, and authenticity
(that old-fashioned shibboleth),
as riddled with rhetoric and chatter
as any corpse in the heat with maggots,
is harder to come by than ever

how many building the house of our dreams
to dwell there in our own good time,
using what little we have left
to see as clearly as we can
what we already know and then some:
polarity triangulation
consubstantiation the snakeeyes
underpinning each four by four
the plenty within each one

how many lucky enough to find love
borne again like a self-revelation
out of the everyday mess of cliches
frustrations and giving-in to death

how many coming to see ourselves
less as who we were (what
our four bears did or didn't do
where we come from how we got here
how we happen to still be there)
than what we're going through right now
in time space: no up no down
no field no ground paternity
more genitive than genital
more ethical than visceral
maternity a matter of choice

not knowing where to draw the line
between the ego black hole the self
and what in loose talk we call other
riding this endless rainbow wave
community without borders heading
unknown and trying with little luck
to steer

wondering how many
are coming to recognize existence
as the first miracle
(the body longing to be loved
the lovelorn longing to be embodied)
communication as the second,
that outside the solitary act
of unself-conscious self-absorption,
relationship, the moving point
where two come together where paths cross †
is as close as we get to transcendence,
that having the one you love inside you
alive aware touching each other
our edges in common is about all
any one can stand or hope
to understand, that gender not sex
is the Great Wall the politic
of separation belligerence
and war

how many of a mind
to realize that love, like art,
is made not found, a strategy of
the physical as the physical is
of desire, a primal force
seeking connection with another
even before an other is known
to exist

how many understanding
that concepts abstractions and memories
whatever we may have forgotten at birth
ideas themselves the mind itself
have no life of their own but only
in living flesh as we persist
of this living world its dancing
with its ineffable self

how many

trying to make that revolution
real to keep the natural world
natural personal communal
the law of the commons the common law
to stop the real Third World War
the war against our real estate:
the mountains and coasts and rivers that join them,
the fields forests and flocks nibbled
away by those with means to buy
what can't be sold except in legal
fictions what can't be held except
in common in trust in touch with more
than just a passing sense of places
our lives cross † but can be killed:
the topsoil paved the water poisoned
the past denied or dismembered
the present taken at face value
the generations yet to come
deflowered by the invisible hand

8

But that was later yet,
after ages of passing each other
on the same translucent path
northern lights to Southern Cross †
lifetimes spun through the Milky Way
apparitions involved in the same
amazement. Now the wind picks up
the ocean the sky lets it fall with a vengeance
turning the world into *film noir*
La Niña early as usual
drowning poor Orpheus again
his mind shaft of steep regret
pulling his headless body parts
down the cement bed of the river
under the freeway overpasses
under the seagull's raven laughter
out to sea with millions of condom
jellyfish and used needles
glistening in the darkening foam
washing away the smell of my cellmates'
vomit this sickly sweet room
deodorant every third slots player

seems to be drenched in leaving the good
clean honest wet dog smell
of your longhaired white moonlight
the smell of you on your own fingers
the smell of the tide pulling out
our lovers pulling out of our lives.

Notes

so love might be/ a figure. Catullus, #109.

Cuando miro la forma/ de America en la mapa. Pablo Neruda, "Pequeña America," *Los Versos de Capitán* (1953), tr., Donald D. Walsh, *The Captain's Verses (Los Versos del Capitán)*, NY: New Directions, 1972, p. 110.

this land. Kenneth Patchen, "Joe Hill Listens to the Praying" *The New Masses*, (1934) rpt., *Collected Poems* (NY: New Directions, 1968), p.46.

action faction & praxis axis. Ed Sanders, 1968: *A History in Verse* (Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow, 1997), p.102.

You can't possess. From the *Tantra Upanishad*.

You can't know. Common paraphrase of E.H. Gombrich.

The goal is nothing. Edward Bernstein, criticizing Lenin; quoted, Timothy Garton Ash, "Ten Years After," *New York Review of Books* (18 November 1999), pp.16, 18-19; 18. Cf., Antoine de St.-Exupéry: "Perhaps the goal doesn't mean anything, but the getting there delivers us from death," quoted, Breytan Breytenbach, "An Open Letter to Nelson Mandela" (1994), in *The Memory of Birds in Time of Revolution* (NY: Harcourt, 1996), pp.82-87; 83.

The myth must. Cf. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., "America 1968: The Politics of Violence," *The Crisis of Confidence* (NY: Houghton Mifflin, 1969), ed., Tom E. Kakonis and Richard J. Shereikis, *Scene Seventy: Recent Nonfiction* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1971), pp.269-2282; 276 [citing Julian Sorel].

Language is never. Roland Barthes, *Writing Degree Zero*, tr. and ed., Annette Lavers and Colin Smith, *Writing Degree Zero and Elements of Semiology* (NY: Beacon, 1967), p.16.

Existence is. Cf. William James, "To the Homeric Greeks. . .existence was its own justification," "Is Life Worth Living" (1895).

light, mood, understanding. Cf., Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*, tr., John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (NY: Harper and Row, 1962), esp., "Being-in as Such, pp.131-194.