



A.Carol

4-6-89

5-5-90

WHAT'S GRASS?

by Alfred Carol

(1)

"The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation.

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft close embrace."

These paragraphs echo phrases in "Song of Myself": "I loafe and invite my soul," and "You sea, I resign myself to you also - I guess what you mean/...Dash me with amorous wet..." The description of her last swim has the same sensuous beauty as all the rest. Here she repeats "The voice of the sea..." Kate Chopin makes Edna's final swim a solitary soul's reunion with nature. It is brief compared to Emma's last suffering. Edna's last impressions remind me of the voice of the sea speaking to the young poet in Whitman's "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking":

*"Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before day break,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,
And again death, death, death, death,
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart,
But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death."*

Chopin's heroine meets Whitman's song: the Song of Myself, or better the Song of Himself, or still the Song of Ourselves or Yourselves or Themselves, it may depend on who sings and who listens to the song. The words are there: soul, solitude, inward contemplation, body, sensuous beauty, nature and death, death... No love is mentioned, yet Edna dies of love or because of love, of love and self; for she had no self before her falling in love. Love gave her - discovered to her - a self, which henceforth was her self or something of that sort. And her self led her to death, and the sea was death. They add up to Individuality, Love and Death; an inequitable triangle: Individuality on one side, Love and Death weighing on the other; it has been a dangerous trap in the harsh track reserved to the best, which many of them have failed to avoid. "To be or not to be", seems to be the question, and like Hamlet to decide whether,

*" 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep. - "*

In Whitman's America the choice indicated by the dominating "culture" was clear. Almost everybody would have shouted to Hamlet - had they been asked - "Take arms against the sea of troubles!".

"Pour nous qui sommes des êtres discontinus, la mort a le sens de la continuité de l'être: La reproduction mène à la discontinuité des êtres, mais elle met en jeu leur continuité, c'est à dire qu'elle est intimement liée à la mort."

Georges Bataille worries about individuality, "êtres discontinus, individus". To him any man, not only Hamlet or other heroes, has an individuality, a "conscience de soi", he says, which is a result of his "conscience des objets". This self-awareness is something essentially different from the "sentiment de soi", selfness, a quality built around the "expérience intérieure", inner experience, which he grants to animals and would not even deny to the inanimate particles ranking under animalcules. To

Bataille, speaking in Shakespearean terms, everything not only exists but "is", and the degrees of "being" are specified.

But individuality is not all: (22) "Nous sommes des êtres discontinus, individus mourant isolément dans une aventure inintelligible, mais nous avons (Edna/Emma/Anna) la nostalgie de la continuité perdue. Nous supportons mal la situation qui nous rive à l'individualité de hasard, à l'individualité périssable que nous sommes. En même temps que nous avons le désir angoissé de la durée de ce périssable, nous avons l'obsession d'une continuité première, qui nous relie généralement à l'être." Bataille strikes keenly, "haphazard individuality" opposed to "nostalgia of the lost continuity" means that you are not the closed perfectly bounded being you might believe you were but, to the contrary, you look like restless, temporarily aggregated entities secretly longing for a disintegration into the whole. And Bataille doesn't seem to speak metaphorically about the matter, like many others did before him, but rather literally.

(p2487)

*'...Vasari says, "Francesco one day set himself
to take his own portrait, looking at himself for that purpose
In a convex mirror, such as is used for barbers..."*

.....

*The soul establishes itself.
But how far can it swim out through the eyes
And still return safely to its nest? The surface
Of the mirror being convex, the distance increases
Significantly: That is, enough to make the point
That the soul is captive, treated humanely, kept
In suspension, unable to advance much farther
Than your look as it intercepts the picture '*

T.W. stood in the middle of the room; one looking glass in front of him, another behind. It fascinated him to see his body infinitely multiplied in whatever glass he looked. There were in fact, two endless series of him and they were different. He liked to perform this easy experiment. It was as if he emptied himself by distributing his self among the boys in the glasses; or in some moments it was difficult to him to trace which figure was the true one. Then, also, whenever he came out of the scope of the glasses he feared he could have killed them; but it was not so, for, as he entered the field again, he would see them still alive moving in a perfect synchronization. He perceived the experience like an attack against his individuality. He vaguely understood that individuality could be as well dissolved by multiplication through reproduction as by destruction through death; that his uniqueness was not solidly established.

In fact, even though the fellows in the glasses were his own images, he could not sense them as belonging to his self. They were something else outside of it, and they didn't seem to have a self of their own, or either a will, as far as they followed his own movements in an unflinching adjustment.

It was different with real people, for that matter. They had an independent activity and he didn't know what they were going to do next or what they were thinking; he could not make them do something, either. There was certainly something that everyone had of his own and that he didn't share. Why was it so? It might possibly be that you should try something or acquire some skill, in a similar way as you come to speak and then you are able to talk with other people. He made an effort, he tried the trick on one of his relatives by concentrating his mind on him. He expected he would somehow dissolve and then, awaken into the other person. He came close to his aim, he clearly realized that the other persons "worked" in a very similar way as he did, the inner process didn't differ much. Anyway he could not make it at last, the transfer wouldn't happen. Against his expectations, there seemed to be some physical stuff attached to his self that stuck it to a particular body.

This kind of intellectual experience flew away of him as soon as sexual desire insinuated in his conscience.

"There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying:

<<Stetson!

You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!

.....>>

.....

I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,

Old man with wrinkled female breasts,"

To poets (and writers in general), it has always been easier to scatter themselves among other creatures, to impersonate several beings at the same time. In fact, more often than not, the achievement of their work will depend on how close they have got to the impersonation, how much they have diffused their personality into the characters of their fiction.

But none is amazed. It is included in the conventions currently accepted in literature, so readers are not upset or disquieted by such a setting. Sometimes, however, an author breaks the conventions and starts playing with the individuality of the characters - if he writes in the third person, or with the individuality of the presumed writer - if he writes in the first person:

"Could it, indeed, be the living Rowena who confronted me?, why should I doubt it.

.....

- Can I never be mistaken - these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes - of my love - of LADY LIGEIA!"

The question of identity is the kernel of many of Poe's works. It's the question of borders between existing things, starting with human beings - Ligeia, Morella - but extending also to animals - "The Black Cat" - and objects - "The Fall of the House of Usher" -, that haunts many Poe's tales. Sometimes it's as though beings that usually are separated entities, started merging at a given moment, other times one personality splits into several - William Wilson.

"The character of my beloved made its way into my heart by paces so steadily and stealthily progressive that they have been unnoticed and unknown."

A warrior at Mylae, Tiresias, which in turn impersonates the clumsy typist, Phlebas the Phoenician sailor, and many other characters have puzzled the unaccountable

amount of scholars who, from 1922 till now, have been dealing with Eliot's "The Waste Land".

The great Catalan specialist, Joan Ferrater - many years lecturing literature in a Canadian University - expressed the following cunning opinion in a celebrated article on the subject - "The Waste Land" -. He said under the title "Chapucería":

"No tiene nada de extraño que sigan estando pendientes de resolución... muchas cuestiones. Una de ellas, tal vez la más importante, es la que concierne la identidad del protagonista...

Son 13 lustros de desorientación y perplejidad que arrancan de la incertidumbre con que el propio autor se hizo cargo de su obra....

Yo diría que simplemente, una vez vio que estaba terminada, fue incapaz de abarcarla, con haber tenido muy claro el intento que lo guió en el curso de la composición. La obra conclusa se le enajenó, sin más."

To cope with a multipersonal protagonist - or narrator - is not an easy task to many well trained critics. If today they are still so reluctant about Eliot, let's not imagine what would happen to Whitman when he first published his work.

Whitman's self is indeed a very moving and ubiquitous target. It goes up and down, back and forth; it stays in many places in a sort of simultaneity. Apparently none, nothing through ages and lands is out of his reach.

"For every atom belonging to me belongs to you"

"I pass death with the dying and birth with the new-wash'd babe..."

"In me the caresser of life wherever moving, backward as well as forward sluing..."

"Absorbing all to myself and for this song"

"And such as it is to be of these more or less I am,"

"I am of the old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise"

"Of every hue and caste am I, of every rank and religion,

A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, quaker

Prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest"

"If I worship one thing more than another it shall be the spread of my own body, or any part of it."

And like that, there would be a handful of quotations. Whitman's song is this very desire of being anywhere anytime and to give himself out like grass to cattle.

"This is the grass that grows wherever the hand is and the water is, this is common air that bathes the globe"

(2)

(a part of "What's Grass?")

LLAMBORDES

To MB

*Voldria que sabessis, amiga
que no he oblidat com passejàvem
la mirada de l'un
tímidament en la de l'altre*

Ep: !.....!

Zoooooooooom

*Un cotxe bronzint arran
un bot i tot de rialles*

*Com t'hauria abraçat aleshores!
i amb petons xucladors,
pres la captivadora vermellor de les galtes*

*Tan prop l'un de l'altre
les mans si es tocaven,*

s'estremien

'A mutual attraction develops between Mattie and Ethan,... their happiness consists of inarticulate flashes. Only months later, on a night when Zeena is in another village,... Ethan dares to make his first awkward advances to Mattie, in the hope of a caress, "*If only a mere touch of her hand*". Ethan's thoughts are much bolder, he even thinks what his life might be like if Zeena were dead. He savors his thoughts, but he does not even touch Mattie's hands.'

"The words were like fragments torn from his heart. The sweetness of Mattie's avowal, the wild wonder of knowing at last that all that had happened to him had happened to her too, made the other vision more abhorrent, the other life more intolerant to return to...

Her pleadings still came to him between short sobs, but he no longer heard what she was saying. Her hand had slipped back and he was stroking her hair. He wanted to

get the feeling of it into his hand, so that it would sleep there like a seed in winter. Once he found her mouth again, and they seemed to be by the pond together in the burning August sun."

George Bataille doesn't like to mention love, and even though he says, "*Il semble à l'amant que seul l'être aimé peut en ce monde réaliser ce qu'interdisent nos limites, la pleine confusion de deux êtres,*" he prefers in his tutorial essay to describe the three forms of "érotisme": "*l'érotisme des corps, l'érotisme des coeurs, enfin l'érotisme sacré*".

Bataille's erotism is opposed to reproduction but connected to it, "*J'ai dit que la reproduction s'opposait à l'érotisme, mais s'il est vrai que l'érotisme se définit par l'indépendance de la jouissance érotique et de la reproduction comme fin, le sens fondamental de la reproduction n'en est pas moins la clé de l'érotisme*". Then, why not "love"? Why not "*amour*" instead of "*érotisme*"? It might happen that love has turned into a worn-out word. So, although Corominas says, "*en els seus orígens protoètnics aquesta arrel (amar) degué tenir un sentit sexual, potser fins i tot eròtic. En el teatre llatí es nota que indica l'amor d'un sexe a l'altre, molt més que l'afecte cordial entre persones del mateix sexe,... ..l'asvètic tardà ama- és en general 'força, potència' però es deia especialment de l'home en el caire sexual... no fora estrany que en un món primitiu i pastoral l'arrel hagués començat per aplicar-se a l'idea de practicar el coit*", the meaning of the word nowadays has become much too vague through its use in religious and moral phraseology. It has been finally discredited as a means for pointing out the kind of desire for another person that would only be soothed by sexual intercourse; erotism has taken its place.

From the early pastoral age to the troubadours' and Dante's time the word has already acquired a good deal of new connotations, to the point that sexual intercourse seems to have almost completely vanished (does Dante's love really not imply actually fucking? A matter to wonder).

(62)"Ne l'ultimo de questi die avvenne que questa mirabile donna apparve a me vestita di colore bianchissimo, ...e passando per una via, volse li occhi verso quella parte ov'io era molto pauroso, ...mi saluto molto virtuosamente, tanto que me parve allora vedere tutti li termini de la beatitudine... e però che quella fu la prima volta

que le sue parole si mossero per venire a le mei orecchi, presi tanta dolcezza, que come inebriato mi partio de la genti, ricorse a lo solingo luogo d'una mia camera, e puosimi a pensare di questa cortesissima"

(26) "L'érotisme des corps a de toute façon quelque chose de lourd, de sinistre. Il réserve la discontinuité individuelle, et c'est toujours un peu dans le sens d'un égoïsme cynique. L'érotisme des coeurs est plus libre... A la base, la passion des amants prolonge dans le domaine de la sympathie morale la fusion des corps entre eux. Elle la prolonge ou elle en est l'introduction."

T.W. was writing to her that he loved her. Once more they were separated by distance and many other particulars out of their control. He replayed in his brain how they had kissed in the car in front of the farm, under the mist. Her emotion had moved him. It had been an strained embrace in a kind of hallucinatory mood, they were much under the pressure of the time past and lost. It was odd that he could be conscious of the situation to such an extent. He was in and out (of) the scene that they were enacting.

Alone, he drove back pervaded by an euphoric confusion. It was a foreign country but the thickening mist made it look more like an unreal world, as to wonder if he would ever get back to more familiar grounds. Indeed, he missed several times the right lane at the cross-roads. The road network had turned into a disquieting cobweb whose general disposition would be hidden by a gloomy gas, and he feared he would wander endlessly to the research of its center.

He made it. The pavement was wet as he crossed the Central Square towered by the high column, and the car, ill-driven, made a complete, though harmless loop on the gliding floor. They had met there in the morning and had looked at each other with feelings they could hardly dominate. Their bright eyes anxiously wondered: had they changed? were they -as far as they had ever really known each other- the same? and above all, would they be able to do what they had missed many years before? For their meeting was not as casual as it might look. It had been prepared with intent; as if it should overrun old mischiefs and could draw their obscure sentiments into the light of common consciousness. And so they had played the parts.

She wrote back she had behaved like a fool, she was regretful, that would not happen nevermore; he had to forget about her. Again the relation got entangled into the old

confusion: did she mean what she said? or, in an afterthought she had sensed a lack of commitment on his part; or had he deceived her in any other aspect? Did she expect something he had failed to do? Had she acted, as she said, out of compulsive emotions in a moment of weakness? -It was not likely, and he felt vaguely guilty as if, indeed, something he could not make up had gone wrong on his part.

"Peleas: Je m'en vais, et tu ne me verras plus.

Melisande: Je te verrai toujours

.....

Peleas: Je t'aime,

Melisande: je t'aime aussi,

Peleas: Qu'as tu dit Melisande? Je n'ai le presque pas entendu. On a brisé la glace avec des fers rougis. Tu dis cela avec une voix qui vient du bout du monde. Tu m'aimes, tu m'aimes aussi. Depuis quand tu m'aimes?

Melisande: Depuis toujours, depuis que je t'ai vu."

Whether she was a proper Melisande, he couldn't decide, but he was certainly not a satisfying Peleas.

Some love stories have stood as long as one of the lovers was alive: "*Peleas et Melisande*", *Anthony and Cleopatra*, "*Tristan und Isolde*", "*Tirant i Carmesina*"; "*Dante e Beatrice*" went even farther than life. Others blew up dramatically after the betraying of one of the lovers: Didon and Eneas, Rapaccini's daughter and Giovanni her fiancee, Adolphe and Elléonore, Edna and Robert. This love of his, however, was neither immortal nor buried dead, since many years after the last meeting it still casually haunted his dreams. As a restless and unresting soul it "walked like a Zombie" across his mind.

By this later time he wrote:

"Las palabras hinchadas con nuevas emociones flotan como burbujas y reflejan en su irisada transparencia imágenes esenciales, más allá de su significado escueto; entonces el entendimiento irradia un halo que se absorbe a través de la piel, como un ungüento."

That, he came to understand then, would be "*l'érotisme des coeurs*" he had not achieved with B, and the nostalgic ghost in his dreams was reminding him of this aborted attempt.

Whitman explores love in many directions, he goes deep into the reactions of the senses, specially the touch, and then he openly crosses the borders between sexes; at that point any person would be a convenient partner regardlessly of the sex. It's worth noticing that not even masturbation "*-They have left me helpless to a red marauder*" is excluded from his tableau of sexual exaltations.

In his best moments of sexual freedom Whitman takes a mythological aura. He looks like a new son of Hermes and Aphrodite, a late brother of Hermaphroditos:

'(28)

*Es això doncs el tocar? esgarrifalls cap una nova identitat,
Flames i èter abraonant-se a les meves venes,
Una punta tramposa que de mi s'alça burxant per ajudar-los,
la meva cara i la meva sang esgotant-se a batzegades per desfer allò que ben
poc difereix de mi mateix,
De tots cantons provocadors lúbrics m'enravenen les extremitats,
premen la mamella del meu cor per lliberar el degotall retingut,
es comporten viciosament amb mi, ...'*

Which carries into mind the last hazed images of an old daydream:

'Her sweet velvety breasts were rubbing against my chest and her lips were moving sensually -spontaneously uttering charming Spanish rhythms:

*"Bésame con su boca el mi amado
son más dulces, quel vino, tus amores:
tu nombre es suave olor bien derramado,
y no hay olor, que iguale tus olores"*

In those gushes of passion our spirits darted forth in articulated breath like tongues of long hidden flame... But then, came the event that ruined our glory of the moment.'

"She realizes that and accepts that the physical component of love can be independent of the spiritual one." Who, she, that? No one else but Edna Pontellier, of course, and Emma Bovary, and Ana Ozores or Karenina, whichever is handy, and Temple Drake, why not? Come on, says DF, it's very clear:

'She finally realizes that it is desire that is shaking her. ...When Alcée kisses Edna, she does not repel him but "Clasped his head, holding his lips to hers. It was the first kiss of her life to which her nature had really responded." After this scene, Kate Chopin refutes the romantic myth of the noble undivided passion. Edna realizes that sensuous attraction is impersonal, and can be satisfied by a partner she does not love. Her action of clasping Alcée's head symbolizes her double awakening, as an erotic being and as an independent individual who craves to be an active subject rather than a passive object.'

Yees, Bravo! Here Chopin-Flowers melt in a formidable, vindicating superwoman. It couldn't be better said: "*Salut les femmes de la terre, le jour de gloire est arrivé!*" Women as subjects in love or whatever social activity. That's the point. Still, "the physical component can be independent of the spiritual" *can be*, she says, but what about *is?* or *should be?* or *may be?* Is it really good to divide love into its components? Then, it seems that what matters is what they add up, one plus the other: if you lack spiritual component, you just put more physical component, or vice versa. Divide, add: mathematical love; you'll never miss your stake that way. Try to resolve the equation, and whenever the result doesn't fit try again and again.

*"That they turn from gazing after and down the road
And forthwith cipher and show me to a cent,
Exactly the value of one and exactly the value of two, and which is ahead?"*

Don't count, says Whitman, don't measure or it will turn into money -cents- And time is not money either, only measured time is money.

Mr. Duffy, Joyce's sinister character in "Dubliners", the one that loathes his lady friend's - Mrs. Simico - suicide, writes: *"Love between man and man is impossible because there must not be sexual intercourse, and friendship between man and woman is impossible because there must be sexual intercourse."* Mr. Duffy has analytical brains and feelings. Besides, he cannot take reality as a whole; he has to divide: human relation into love and friendship, love partners into men and women (by the way, no love between women and women is mentioned). Mr. Duffy makes an awful mess of the unique strong relation (Mrs. Simico) of his life. It's simple, divide something human and you will get something not human. At the end Mr. Duffy learns to integrate, he understands that "A human being had seemed to love him, and he had denied her love and happiness." It's too late, he is painfully alone.

Whitman gathers, he puts together all kinds of love, all men and all women in love. He doesn't define or distribute, he accepts them all. He sings:

*"Through me forbidden voices,
Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veiled and remove the veil
Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigur'd."*

and

"I believe in the flesh and the appetites."

Finally

"I am the Poet of the body and I am the Poet of the soul"

That is the starting point of Bataille's Erotisme: "*L'Erotisme est l'un des aspects de la vie intérieure de l'homme... L'objet du désir répond à l'intériorité du désir. Le choix d'un objet dépend toujours des goûts personnels du sujet: même s'il porte sur la femme que la plupart aurait choisie, ce qui joue est souvent un aspect insaisissable, non une qualité objective de cette femme, qui n'aurait peut-être, si elle ne touchait en nous l'être intérieur, rien qui forçat à la préférence... L'érotisme de l'homme diffère de la sexualité animale en ceci justement qu'il met la vie intérieure en question... L'activité sexuelle des hommes n'est pas nécessairement érotique. Elle l'est chaque fois qu'elle n'est pas rudimentaire, qu'elle n'est pas simplement animale.*"

"Edna's animalism stirs within her, and she acts with no feeling of responsibility".

Our pathetic heroine, so wonderfully created by Chopin and so cleverly analyzed by Flowers, has a hell of a time trying to develop her erotism. Society offers her and all of her kind housewives jobs, and whenever they refuse their strictly specified roles, it denies them satisfaction, specially erotic satisfaction; they are in this way, pushed against their naked instincts. Being out of hope, not liking to be turned into animals, some of them -Edna, Emma, Ana- attempt self-destruction, others withdraw to previous conventional situations.

The arms of Whitman have no limits, they challenge Homer:

*"I am satisfied - I see, dance, laugh, sing;
As the hugging and loving bed-fellow sleeps
at my side through the night, and withdraws
at the peep of the day with stealthily tread,
Leaving me baskets cover'd with white towels swelling the house with their
plenty,
Shall I postpone my acceptance and realization and scream at my eyes,"*

*"Per què, Patrocle, has plorat com si fossis talment una nena
infantívola que corre ensems amb la mare i li prega,*

*se li arrapa al vestit i la para, per pressa que porti;
se la mira plorant perquè ella l'agafi; t'hi assembles
de debò, oh Patrocle!, quan tendres llàgrimes vesses.*

.....

*Cruel! Peleu cavaller no va ésser pas el teu pare!
Tetis ta mare tampoc! A tu t'ha parit el glauc Pèlag*

.....

Concedeix-me tes armes, que m'armi els muscles amb elles,

.....

*...Car crec que de la nova terrible
no sap res, que ja és mort el seu volgut camarada.*

.... Aquil.les cobrí un negre núvol de pena.

*Engrapa a dues mans llavors la pols xardorosa,
se l'esbargí per la testa i el rostre venust va enlletgir-se;
també al nectari vestit va encastar-se la cendra negrosa.*

*I ell mateix pel pallús tan llarg com era va estendre's
i s'embrutava amb les mans els cabells que a manats s'arrencava.*

..... Es mort mon volgut camarada

*Patrocle; jo li feia honra per damunt dels companys, no distinta
de la de mi mateix.*

.....

*Tan de bo em morís si mon company jo no havia
de defensar-lo en morir,*

.....

*Llàgrimes caldes vessà quan l'amic que estimava va
veure en el fèretre, mort, esqueixat per la llança puntuda*

.....

*Doncs la queixa vehement entre ells va iniciar-la el Pelida:
damunt del pit del company posa les mans homeieres*

.....

*....més grossa por em domina
que mentrestant a Patrocle, el fill gloriós de Manci,*

*se li enfonyin les mosques en les nafres que el bronze va obrir-li
i facin cria els cucs,.....*

.....

*Si jagués baldament al cercle perfet d'una anyada sa pell serà consistent i fins
encar més bonica*

*nèctar vermell i ambrosia a Patrocle aleshores la dea
en el nas instil.là, que forta sa pell mantinguessin.*

.....

*I llavors l'esperit va arribar-li del misser Patrocle,
tot idèntic a ell en els gais visatge i figura.*

Dorms! de mi mateix t'has oblidat, oh Aquil.les!

Mai no m'ho feres en vida, i ara, ja mort, em descures.

*...Un prec et faig,...lluny dels teus ossos no soterris els meus oh Aquil.les,
sinó que junts com llavors que al nostre alcàsser vam créixer...*

...I el teu camarada vas fer-me,

doncs nostres cossos així que el sol sarcòfag envolti.

.....

Oh, testa amiga,...

*apropa't més; baldament per poc que sigui abracem-nos
fins que estarem abastats tots dos de la trista planyença.*

SUCK

**No one is known to have caught the AIDS virus from being sucked off
or sucking someone off - even if they come in your mouth
Fucking is spreading the virus among gay men**

Lambda is a Greek letter. Lambda is a gay symbol. "Club Lambda" is located in a filthy four-story apartment building by the Tapies homage to Picasso. Water pours and slides smoothly on the glass surface: a couch, an easy chair, a clothes rack pile wrapped into the cracked glass cube. Last squalor of modern art. Not far from there, not caring a bit, elephants stroll in a great boredom.

GRUPS

Gais cristians de Catalunya, A. Correus 854 -08080 Barcelona

They sat at a small table. Some more tables were scattered around simulating a bar room, except there was no bar and the room looked too sleazy for a conventional joint. Stuck to the walls, slips and ads show a big concern on AIDS issue (No one is known to have caught the AIDS...). She stared relaxed to the typical poster of Freddy Mercury: "The Queen" displays his thick mustache and his habitual sexy Mediterranean undershirt. Josep Costa steps in. He is a blonde lovable fellow. Pretty soon they can appreciate to what extent he knows literature, not only gay literature, and he likes it very much. People, gathered around, a little dozen at the most, listen to him with a kind of shy respect even though he addresses them with persuasive affection.

**"Que sabem de l'Homosexualitat? Seminaris de Novembre 1988,
Barcelona.**

**literatura (teatre, novel·la, poesia) a càrrec de Josep Costa, Director de
Teatre (recordeu "Danny i Roberta" i "Johny agafà el seu fusell")**

Dies: dimarts 8 i 15 de novembre a les 7 de la tarda

**Cloenda: dissabte 19 a les 7 de la tarda, lectura de l'obra de teatre "Si
això no és amor!" de Sidney Morris . Traducció Josep Costa**

He is at a table with one of the young artists that performed the play. They whispered, hesitating whether they would dare to ask him or not, "Ens pots dir perquè inclou 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' a la llista d'obres on surt l'homosexualitat?" "Es clar, no us heu fixat que entre les víctimes hi ha molts homes?" "Mira, en realidad solo recuerdo la película, la de Mamoulian, el libro lo leí hace mucho tiempo, habrá que revisarlo." "Si, jo també,... gràcies, a reveure." "Adiós, gracias." "Adéu."

He reclined his head on the window glass and fell asleep. The wagon started unhurriedly, and soon after the little man in front of him became alive. He said something, what did he want? He couldn't understand him at first. He was an ugly little fellow with a triangular ill-shaved face - he looked as if born too soon. What had he said? "Vols venir amb mi? ens ho passarem bé." No kidding! He thought of Paul Newman in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" or Brando in "Reflections in a Golden Eye", but again no way to make reality and fiction agree. He didn't want to hurt him though "No, ho sento, estic molt cansat, una altre vegada". The little man insisted feebly and then receded into his seat. He was a little of a beggar, he thought, and he felt pity for him.

He was in the way to meet her. He had been living all this time under the discomfort of a growing stress and now he was going to release the accumulated anguish. He walked firmly to the place he knew he would find her. He wondered why he had not done it before. They had been living in the same town for a long time. It looked so simple. To go there and meet her, just like that; and from the moment they see again each other a new link backward is created that erases all those years of oblivion.

Already in the old neighborhood. The place could not be far. He used to know the place quite well, yet now, he hesitated. Tch, not taken the right way of approach; anyway... it would be longer but he is going to make it. Shit! it's wrong again, and now the only available path climbs to a small hill never noticed before. It crossed two lines of squalid huts populated by disquieting people: "quinquis!" Hurry up, boy! The faster the better. Fear, try to pass unnoticed, otherwise they would attack, "machacado!" Oh, fear, and unable to find the place. She vanishes, the will fades and blurs her image. Now just to get out of danger, that matters. On the hillock the

landscape is free from humans but unexpectedly dark, sort of a sudden night; odd enough the Counsel has installed public lamps in this lonely place at the outskirts of the town. The ground is red, red mud all along the way out. One foot after the other sink into the mud. How difficult to progress to the next light pole. A new failure. A new "rendez-vous manqué" with MB. The only way: to lurch in the red mud. Swamps, underground, her, forever.

"They come to the snow slide which Ethan had promised to take her down sometimes. They borrow a sled that seemed to be abandoned under the trees. The ride is exultant...

'The sled started with a bound, and they flew on through the dusk, gathering smoothness and speed as they went, with the hollow night opening out below them and the air singing by like an organ.'

...As they walk up the hill again they embrace passionately."

The sled of love! Come on here, people, and buy your tickets. Let yourselves slide down into the opening night. The exultation of feeling the increasing speed, that's love: not holding your weight for a while, your beloved clasped to you in one only unstoppable form. That and nothing else. You'll never get more than this brief instant of ride, buddies. Of course, you have to walk up the hill. But if you get there, don't be scary, buy the ticket and go down the slope:

To hell, may be.

*"Tenderly I use you curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breast of young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them.*

.....

*In me the caresser of the life wherever moving, backward as well as forward
sluing."*

Quotations are freely taken from:

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Tema homosexual

experiències

Kavafis?

García Lorca?

"Physical love vs spiritual love"

love, instincts, reification

anuncis eròtics: VISA

retall de diari de B: el violador de facultats mentals pertorbades

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