

Poets On The Horns Of A Dilemma

Pretty Horny

I had lost a book to fire in 1960 titled, *Poet in New York*. The title is symbolic, just in itself, without forming any association with its author. In this work, its author rhapsodized bitterly concerning Walt Whitman's robust interpretation of the big metropolis. Walt tended to see the Concrete and Asphalt miasma as some great wondrous creation of a burgeoning humanity. The author of *Poet in New York* took umbrage with Walt's entrancement; as a matter of fact he thought Walt overstated his case, perhaps feeling Walt suffered from nictitation of the soul. Federico Garcia Lorca found audience in me; I appreciated his sensitivity to that vital connection within, even though it suffered and was humiliated and abased in its pathetic and hapless disguise of humanity. While Walt might Sing the Song of Himself with such enthusiasm, one senses, as Lorca might orate, something amiss and too diffuse within that human soul and spirit.

We are speaking of differences between men, and perhaps differences between cultures. Garcia is sensitive to something vital within, not just the appearances of something vital. Movement does not signify vitality; it may signify agony, and very often does.

Perhaps it is of the Spanish - Moorish - Turkish - Arab temperament to be most attuned to the quick of things.

Which leads me closer to something Spanish that annoys me in a way that Walt annoyed Federico. While Federico thought Walt's insistence on, or lauding sensuality to extremes, destroyed the human soul and spirit, I wonder where his sentiment led him with regard to the killing of the Bull.

While one might abhor a particular brutality, lets say a Federico may abhor killing generally (the killing of souls or spirits, whether invested in humans or not, and may also abhor the deaths of bodies by attrition beneath the big city clocks), as might any Spaniard, or any other human, for that matter, this business (art) of killing the Bull in Spain seems also a bit overdone. I should mention that Spain is also capable of killing its poets. Spain was quite capable of killing an enormous number of its citizenry beneath the club of Fascism. This does not purport to be a declamation against Spain; that is, I am not branching out in my attack against humanity (there is more than enough humanity right here in my country [my, in the sense that - here I am]) to attack.

With me, it might be a matter of abhorrence, but I am a person who suffers scrotal seizures when he sees blood or killings. Just the thought of it gets to me. Regardless, I am an omnivore, as I suspect was Federico, and was Walt, not just high-minded vegetating vegetarians.

The notion of outwitting a dumb brute with horns as some kind of challenge to one's .. er .. manhood, for the lack of a better way of

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presenting it, seems childish, however symbolic. Outwitting something powerful may be the game of life, like, let's say, outwitting some bureaucracy. Always there is something bigger than oneself. The bull might tend to mind his own business if left to his own devices, but he is bred for ferocity, for strength, for pointyness of horn, then brought into an arena, goaded, taunted into rage, then poked at, pecked at, stuck with pins to further enrage, but also WEAKEN him, tire him, EXHAUST him, (this is called Art, by the way), (that's cheatin'); so one may, in his fancy duds, cram the Wilkinson Sword into his vitals, Artfully, over the horns, if you please. As blood spurts and slobbers from the mouth and nostrils with this dumb brute expiring, as it stumbles and staggers about with the last vestiges of life screaming to get out, its eyes bulging in AGONY, if you please, this duded dude of a dandyified dignity takes a bow; he hath enproved hiththelf. The animal finally inhaling its own blood, suffocates, gasping gurgles, as it falls, rolling upon its side, trying to lift its head, spasmodically quivering, lying in a sea of coagulating blood; even the blood on the ground attempts to stop bleeding.

Pretty Quacking gruesome. They call it Art; Olé,. And experience some great tumescent catharsis.

Natch, Ernest Hemmingway fell for all that macho bull ordure.

Nobody is perfect. Ernest was good with a gun; that's the American way; no messin' around; high caliber too. Cult Hero; not my culture hero. Nobel Prize too, lots of kieselghur and nitro, to go with the charcoal, sulfur and saltpeter. A Full Life - Worshipped.

Making the World Safe for Democracy - now there's a BULL.

In the end the insatiable Spaniard slaughtered its poet, the very entity most attuned to its life. As mankind had slaughtered the eloquent Lamb; as still today he expiates, and purifies himself through his fascination at bloodletting, imbruing one's hands with the vital substance, a propitiatory baptism.