

MIND
MEMORY
PSYCHE

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Io



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Io/19: Mind, Memory, and Psyche

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Forthcoming Issues (20-22): Biopoesis, Vermont, and Earth History Booklet. There will be no further books in the Io series, only journals and anthologies. Future books will be published in a series called North Atlantic Books, from the same address(es) but with separate subscriptions. Please write for information. The 1974 list includes books by Richard Grossinger, Lindy Hough, Josephine Claire, Paul Kahn, Theodore Enslin, and others.

February 28, 1974

Dear Friends,

Goddard College is developing a number of special summer programs to begin in May and June 1974. One of these will be an annual seminar involving a number of contributing editors to Io as visiting faculty and several Io issues as teaching materials. The first of these annual seminars will deal with issues of form, archetype, underlying structure (crystal, atomic, psychic, etc.), memory, law, etc. The overall seminar title (for the annual seminar) is Goddard Seminar in Earth Mythology, Interdisciplinary work in Natural and Physical Science, Anthropology, Philosophy, and Literature.

The faculty for the first summer will be Harvey Bialy, biochemist and poet; George Quasha, editor and poet; Charles Stein, literature and classics, scholar and writer; Richard Grossinger, anthropologist and prose writer; and Carla Thomas, philosopher. There will also be visiting lecturers in the areas of human physiology, Norse mythology, and Owen Barfield's philosophy.

In the seminar at large, Bialy will be teaching a section on Biopoiesis, Memory and Forms. His course will include a brief introduction to concepts and experiments in the fields of molecular biology and biochemistry. Further work will include explorations into issues of general forms and archetypes and relations between scientific laws and other aspects of culture. Two such explorations will be entitled DNA code and the principle of the I Ching, and angels and enzymes. We will also deal with the primary algebra of biological systems.

Stein will deal primarily with the letters exchanged between Charles Olson and Carl Jung and the annotations made by Olson in the Jung volumes in the construction of his work. Generally, the writing of the Maximus Poems will be gone over in terms of their source material (Stein has been working in the Olson archives at Storrs for two years now.). Some particular topics discussed will be archetype in literature, the Hero as archetype, the Ego or self-archetype, the anima, and the interrelated areas of structuralism, phenomenology, Freudian psychology, and modern linguistics. Aside from Olson and Jung, work will include readings and investigations in Ezra Pound, Alfred North Whitehead, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Claude Levi-Strauss, William Carlos Williams, Otto Rank, and Hermann Weyl (PHILOSOPHY OF MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL SCIENCES). The emphasis will be on Olson's source material and the form ultimately taken by the Maximus Poems.

Quasha will go back over several of these areas, but he will also deal with material in terms of the anthology he recently co-edited with Jerome Rothenberg, entitled AMERICA: A PROPHECY. He will deal with Buddhist material and will do some intensive work in Blake.

Richard Grossinger will be organizing the seminar and also doing a section on The Archetypes of Star and Atom and a section on Pleistocene palaeoanthropology. Readings will include Claude Levi-Strauss, Werner Heisenberg, Herman Melville, Hesiod, Stuart Piggot, Rodney Collin, etc.

Carla Thomas will do a long investigation in the history of philosophy, focusing on German Natural Philosophy. Generally, she will be investigating form, archetype, and law in natural systems. This will include Wilhelm von Humboldt's studies in language and in masculine and feminine archetypes and their relation to Chomskian theory, plus readings in Leibniz, Goethe, Schilling, Ritter, and Schopenhauer. The

Io/19: MIND, MEMORY, AND PSYCHE

Editor: Lindy Hough

Contributing Editors: Robert Bertholf, Robert Kelly, and Richard Grossinger

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I move to San Francisco and I begin sending out my pornography free-of-charge monthly to whoever asks for it and some who don't.

I'm two people and the two people are making love to each other.

I watch the green metal door rise up and down; I can't decide whether I'm a woman giving birth to a brat or a five-year-old girl. I have to piss so I won't piss in my pants. Older girls are talking to each other in the nearby stalls. "It's so hard to shit I think I'll have to dig it out with my fingers. Do you want to help me?" "I'll cut off your cunt hair." "Ugh ugh ugh." "O.K. I'm coming in to help you you." I flush the toilet. I'm madly in love with the older girls and scared of them.

As Jean opens the heavy brown door to the bathroom, she sees one of the stall doors open; a small white face appears long brown ponytail which is always falling apart white middy blouse and navy blue wool jumper like hers. She looks into her lover's face and smiles.

"Jean, quick, come in here." I grab her long thin arm, drag her back into the metal stall. She shyly lets her hand brush against my hand I move closer toward her; she shows her teeth, puts both her hands on my shoulders, yanks my body toward her tall thin body. We look up at each other and our lips begin to touch. Thin layers of skin against thin layers of skin fluids swirling through until we don't know whose skin's whose. Tiny fingers curl under the sides of my body. I don't understand what I'm doing. I hold on to Jean harder and harder. I want to enter into her body rise up through the metal ceiling blow the select girls' school into tiny bits. Are they going to catch us?

(beginning of my copying THERESE AND ISABELLE.):

I push Jean's body against the metal door I surround her with my hands my legs my teeth bore into her neck, "That's not enough." I throw the weight of my body against her body, my heavy ulcer stomach, I whisper something to her. Her body wrenches away from me; she wants to get away. Her thin white hands lie in my hands her tall body droops over me so that her lips rest above mine.

(Start again: I'm a lesbian):

"Hug me harder." I tighten my hands around her chest my knees imprison her knees. "We have to scram." "I hate you; I want to punch you out first for going with Linda yesterday. You have no right to be in that gang." A small girl walks into the bathroom just to annoy us. "Get out of here, crud. Who do you think you are." "I'm going to stick

a knife in you."

"Jean, when can we meet again secretly. I have to be with you." "Tonight, when it's dark." I place three kisses on her right shoulder. "That will be the bond between us until then." "Jean, I'm scared: I'm not going to see you again." My stronger self laughs at me, turns away, content to move down the long hall, alone, a gallant knight lost in this stupid school I have to attend.

I hate this school. I hate to wear a white blouse, navy blue jumper, navy blue kneesocks, curtsy, no underwear, I'm a freak, no makeup; no men are allowed inside the school buildings except on parents' day and a few repairmen. I keep a bottle of Scotch in my locker so I don't get too bored and think only about Jean. I decide I'm never again going to take a job "job" means dealing with straights and pretend freaks I'll prostitute if I have to hopefully I can get away with modelling. There's the world of jobs and the world of freaks.

The school, the headmistress, wants to expel me because I wear black nail polish on my fingers and I'm a Jew. I take another drink of whiskey. I want Jean. I want Jean.

At night I read the Marquis de Sade, Artaud's poems, and my algebra book. I'm dead unless I'm in love most of the times I've been in love nothing's happened no I dream I'm never going to see Jean again: I follow Jean everywhere I lay down in my white cubicle Jean walks off with another teacher ignores me I hide in a black corner I'm invisible I see Jean put her arms around another person and kiss him. She lays her head on his shoulder. I'm not sure whether I'm a male or a female. I withdraw into a tiny ball, black. My mother pretends she's my sister we throw snowballs at each other how old's your younger sister? She promises me presents and forgets to give me anything she remembers to forget she plans to forget she gives birth to me because she can't get an abortion this is what she tells me: she gets appendicitis her mother tells me she loves me madly I can't climb into her bed because my sister climbs into her bed every night she puts her arms around me tells me she loves me she takes away my home. "Mother, I'm dying." "There are free clinics in the city." "Will you help me." "You better find someone to pay for your grave. You're giving your father a heart attack." I think of Jean. Piss on the teachers if they find us; they don't even fuck. I hate men because I've had to be a semi-prostitute. An ocean rolls over me; I don't want men touching me; if I have to semi-prostitute again for money I will because getting a straight job would lobotomize me a

wall breaks down I'm a single animal fending for myself
I'm clever and relentless

I hear from X gallery: D wants to give a show with
me does D know who I really am I write back immediately
after I send the letter the phone rings D. Do you know who
I am? Yes. I'm not sure what that means. (my unconscious
fantasy)

How heavy can I get? Pornography's more fun and in-
teresting. I have a child. I hate children I don't have a
child Jean says she'll scream. I'm scared we'll be expel-
led. Jean and I lie in Jean's cubicle midnight Jean tells
me that she's going to make me a house set me in the house
among thick velvets silks yellow brocades and suns she's
going to leave me I'll be out on the streets alone where
men go looking for starving young girls they can make into
prostitutes I grab on to Jean, my hands circle around her
arm, "I'll scream." "I don't care if you scream, I can take
anything." She places my hand on the hair between her legs.
I'm scared I don't move so that I won't increase my fear I
gradually fall asleep I'm scared no one will respect me.
Everyone will know about me.

"Move your hand lower. Press down. Do you feel my
lips? Insert your finger slightly between my lips below
my clit toward the top lightly run your finger over the
inside skin in light circles." I feel Jean's hand on my
cunt. "Slowly increase the speed touch the skin more firm-
ly as it becomes wetter dart press your finger down on my
clit faster put your fingers together right above the edge
of the opening. I feel your fingers move into my belly
press against the muscle walls touch my clit again." In
every other bed, a girl has her lover. One girl lies still;
only her hand exists. The other girl is coming; you're
coming. "You have to do it right, faster..." I begin to
come; I feel Jean coming, I'm able to make Jean come.
"Rest." She draws my head against her chest I let my lips
fall against her flat nipple. I'm always thinking about the
tasks I have yet to do.

"I think Miss St. Pierre's a lesbian." Jean whispers.
I can't tell Jean about everything, who I like and hate,
she'd reach too far inside me, rub against the open veins. I
hate the Mueller twins because they're the only people who
are as intelligent and beautiful as I am. The head of the
school encourages the Mueller twins and I to fight so we
can through competition raise the intellectual standards of
the school. We use each other's last names; we have no sex.
"Do you like being in school?" I ask Jean. "No, I want to do
whatever I want to do fuck everyone I don't want to listen
to anyone. I want to blow my identity outward away until
I'm always running in a black ocean under a black sky and I
can control my emotions." I don't see Jean in classes: I'm
in Section A and she's in Section B. They stick the rich
kids in Section A and the poor ones in B because they want
us to learn that "poor" means "stupid." We hate them but
what the hell. I'm like Nixon: when I lived in New York I

was so paranoid I couldn't see I was acting totally from necessary and unnecessary paranoia Blow up the school.

This is a list of what's necessary: I'm scared Jean's falling asleep, I'm scared I'll have to leave Jean, I'm scared someone's coming; I listen carefully, "No one's coming stupid you're stupid." Jean carefully licks me ear blows into my ear I trust her. She'll never leave me, her hand lies on my belly, I love her because she's beautiful, I love her because she's tall and skinny, has short black curly hair, she's more historical-minded than I am; her hand enters me, her three magic fingers, I love her, we pretend we're communists, we announce the meeting of the next Communist Club in our ritzy girl's school are you a virgin no what does it feel like at first it hurts then some feeling I can't describe; it grows I claw at his back, I usually rip open his skin, it's terrific. I tell Jean this, she puts her hand over my mouth; we look into each other's eyes.
(more programmatic):

The big toe of my left foot is making love to the toe of my right foot. The toes become two people. In my head I'm telling someone about me: the two voices become voices outside my head I almost hear not quite, I feel I'm closest to people in loony bins, I see myself acting superior, I'm going to get a job emptying toilets in a loony bin because subconsciously I know I'm crazy. This is how I'm sneakily helping myself. I ask L about B's work, say I think B's work is important, because I'm still secretly and madly in love with B, secret sexual desires determine my actions. The black water and sky become menacing, I see them as menacing because I'm used enough to them; I'm projecting. A semicircle of people stand around Jean's cubicle, stare at our forms through the thin white curtains. Everyone knows about me. I love you.

The fuck with this shit. I'm going to be as direct with you as possible. The first time I fuck a chick, sorry, a woman, I'm scared as hell, I mean, I'm really scared; I'm not sure my dong belongs on me but I have to do it anyway, I want to. A few inches from my body I create this wall, a wall of bricks, white concrete that exactly mimics the contours of my body I'm as tough as possible, and I've got a dong! I wongle it a few times, I figure I'm pretty big, not all that big, but when we, the guys, measured at camp I came in second. I've got a good body, good strong muscles. I can feel myself bulging, right there. A cock feels like, it feels like me, I can sense it hang outward from my body, sort of down, I don't really feel anything though I know it's there, I feel proud: a piece of flesh. When I have to piss or when I get hot, I can feel it more, I can feel the skin or the muscle gather, begin to tense, create a different wall. Especially the tip of my prick, the blood flows to and from it, faster I want to touch its tip lightly; constantly; I can feel the spot burn; the burning causes the muscles next to the spot then the next set of muscles onward large vibra-

tions. The first time the woman runs her hand down the hair on my stomach up my prick, I can't feel her touch; she puts her hands on my waist, motions for me to roll over on top of her; I'm scared out of my mind, I have to appear sure of myself controlling the events I control the events, I put my hand on my prick, touch the tip to her lips, I feel something wet, suddenly I feel wet walls close around my prick, I feel wonderful, I can feel my balls swell, I still don't feel any strong sensations. When I come, the burning at the tip of my prick increases with the swirling flow of the blood increases the tension about to break open I'm a volcano. When I wear tight pants, I watch my cock rise and fall, it looks like a small animal only I know it's me; I stand straight over the toilet, now my back's extremely straight, I look at the wall and hold my cock in my right hand, I feel faint vibrations in the upper half of my cock as the liquid shoots through it. I rub my cock up and down especially at the rim of the head and underside of the head where there's a slight white streak between the pink skin, my pisshole's about as large as three needle points, when I rub my cock quickly in these areas with my right hand, some cream, the burning extends from the tip to the bottom of the head, and then outward; I bring my tension to a pitch, back down, to a pitch back down, etc. until I feel the sperm's boiling and rising no matter what I do, until the slightest touch of my finger on my cock is enough to make me come. I usually jerk off in the toilet bowl or in my bed, alone. late at night.

A woman with blond, almost orange, hair and large light brown eyes, cross between Spitz and the dog Cluckle Clark, looks up at me; her face is diagonal to mine, I see her large eyes, then I see her smile, she takes my hand in her left hand, brings my hand between her legs so that I feel her cunt hair and the thick wet lips of her cunt. I press my hand against her cunt, I try to bring the palm of my hand up above her bone so that I can excite her I feel her excitement she begins to whisper to me. "I want you to do what you're doing I want you to tease me ha ha." She sticks her tongue out of her mouth I stick the third finger of my right hand forward, gently draw my finger inside against her outer lips, barely touching her inner red lips. She lays down on me, her buttocks over my crossed legs so that I can touch her as freely as possible. Her right hand presses against my cock. I want her to love it. (Me.)

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