

homosexual, but *destructive*, a force which is capable of inspiring the soul to create, but which in the process exacts a terrible price. The goddess is no longer one of love and sweet verse, as the early comedies certainly suggest, but an embodiment of the evil which shackles the lives of good men in the tragedies. Scabrous and near death, WS perceives that the disease which has come of his love is a metaphor for the evil that dominates all mankind, that “. . . the great white body of the world was set upon by an illness from beyond, gratuitous and incurable. And that even the name Love was, far from being the best invocation against it, often the very conjuration that summoned the mining and ulcerating hordes” (*Nothing*, p. 231). In both novels then the movement is away from this form of inspiration, and toward deeper and more personal wells of creative energy. Sexual love reveals itself to be far more destructive than it is procreative, and the division between man and woman, so alluring in its promise of synthesis, yields only to the confluence of the protagonist’s art.

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## NOTES

1 (New York: Norton, 1968), p. 267.

2 *Ibid.*, p. 268.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 265.

4 *Ibid.*

5 *A Vision of Battlements* (New York: Norton, 1965), pp. 7-8.

6 *Nothing Like the Sun* (New York: Norton, 1964), p. 8.

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POETRY / MORGAN, SCHMITZ, PASTAN, PAPE,  
CLARK, HOLDEN, SMITH, BENEDIKT

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### Bean Money / Robert Morgan

Back from the market late with  
a watermelon and his bib-pocket full  
of cash my father shoved a fist of back-pay

for the summer at me, the yield from  
digging holes and tying strings,  
lugging hampers in the mud with heat rash,  
stings and blisters. In my room I'd sit  
with dirty feet and sweat-ripe skin  
on the clean sheets and unwad the damp bills  
to press in stacks like pages of a ledger  
of the hot days, the green and gray ink  
more lasting than sunburn or callouses,  
and telling of my labor with a one-eyed  
lit pyramid. I collated  
and banded the leaves in bundles  
and counted out the coins like next year's  
seeds into the old tobacco pouch.  
That consecrated metal was an abstract  
drawn off the soil and sweat and  
cast into a jewelry of value.  
I meant those struck emblems to act  
as compact fuel, like nuclear pellets,  
to power my long excursion out of the sun  
and beyond the ridges, and put  
them all in a paper box above the closet  
door to trade later, the young summers  
become signs to be translated  
again into paper, ink and paper,  
in the cool timeless leisure I saw  
while washing my feet on the back steps  
and spitting melon seeds  
into the cricket haunted dark.

## Walnutry / Robert Morgan

When walnuts grew in stands like oak  
or hickory in some mountain coves  
and the timber market lay  
over trails and feisty creeks,  
some cut their big nut groves the same  
as pine, and sawed out planks for