

A NOSEGAY FOR A BRIGHT AND SUNNY NEW DAY

Leaping Forward into Spring Matters as Surely as Love Rocks! In honor of that elusive state known as Up-BEATitude, I'd like to share a few lines from Lawrence Ferlinghetti published 29 years before The Holter Museum was founded ::

"Peacocks walked / under the night trees / in the lost moonlight / where KAFKA's Castle stands above the world / like a last bastille / of the Mystery of Existence / & we hear the green birds singing / from the other side of silence" (from "A Coney Island of the Mind," New Directions, NYC, 1958). Ferlinghetti, who died at the age of 101 on February 21, 2021, was the friend & publisher of Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, & Gary Snyder. May the Beat long continue . . .

Which might be construed as another way of affirming the truth of EinStein's deathless InSight: "The true sign of intelligence is not knowledge but Imagination." (which is quoted by Erno Rubik in his very playful Introduction to "Cubed: The Puzzle of Us All," Flatiron Books, NYC, 2020). Or, should you perchance prefer the great Sufi Master, Hazrat Inayat Khan, "The soul has no birth, no death, no beginning, no end." And speaking of Sufi Masters, here are a few lines from Jalaluddin Rumi, the 13th-century founder of the Whirling Dervishes: "Through love bitter things become sweet; / Through love copper is transmuted into gold. / Through love dregs become purest wine; / Through love pain becomes a healing balm. / Through love winter turns into spring; / Through love the dead become aliVe." To compound this Mystery in Progress, here's a quote from Carl G. Jung's "The Red Book," published 50 years posthumously in 2009 :: "If you look into yourself, you will see the nearby as far-off & infinite since the world of the inner is as infinite as the world of the outer." Which Rod Serling distills down to "There is a dimension . . . as vast as space / and as timeless as infinity . . . / This is the dimension of Imagination."

A few more lines from the recently off-stage Ferlinghetti :: "Constantly risking absurdity & death / whenever he performs above the heads of his audience / the poet like an acrobat climbs on rime / to a high wire of his own making / & balancing on eYebeams above a sea of faces / paces his way to the other side of day / performing entrechats & sleight-of-foot tricks / & other high theatrics . . . / And he / a little charleychaplin man / who may not catch / Her fair form / spread-eagled in the empty air of existence" (also from "A Coney Island of the Mind").

It smites me as a fitting occasion to introduce a new voice in the form of an archetypally resonant love story for the ages :: "I am the one who remembers . . . You are the one who forgets. You were my Beloved all those lifetimes ago. I loved you the way a seashell loves the sea . . . I loved you the way thunder rolls through the night . . . Since childhood, we had longed for nothing other than to be united . . . I was a scholar, & you were a dancer . . ." (from AleX Landragin's first novel, "Crossings," St. Martin's Press, NYC, 2020). Yet another core-curricular quote :: "Ever drifting down the stream . . . / Lingerin' in the golden gleam . . . / Life, what is it but a dream within a dream?" (Lewis Carroll, peering through ARThur Gordon Pym's Looking-Glass into the eYelike HeArt of the Maelstrom). I trust you've enjoyed your 8 1/2-loop tilt-a-whirl journey in Pablo Fanque's Phantasmagoric & Felliniesque Funhouse Fair.