Curbed: the argument

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"During this century a man lived in Florida by the name of Edgar Cayce. An enterprising journalist was able to investigate claims that this man possessed the pulp paper power of esp. Though only slightly schooled, it is reported that Mr. Cayce was able to recommend cures for terminal diseases, predict the future, find lost persons, etc. while in an hypnotic coma. He also claimed the lost city of Atlantis still exists and in his journals gives many accounts of its advanced civilization. The capitalizing journalist's books are widely distributed among middle aged professionals. The men have found the subject adequate conversational confetti upon which to practice an unprejudiced cosmopolitanism in the face of verified facts and to discover obtrusive skeptics. The wife considers the report a moral event hysterically asking of acquaintances' belief researching digested magazines finally conviction and strange dreams of significance and in the flurry of mysticism generally being neater about the house."

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1968.

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1968/iss1/26
CURBED

the argument

During this century a man lived in Florida by the name of Edgar Cayce. An enterprising journalist was able to investigate claims that this man possessed the pulp-power of ESP. Though only slightly schooled, it is reported that Mr. Cayce was able to recommend cures for terminal diseases, predict the future, and lost persons, etc., while in a hypnotic state. He also claimed the lost city of Atlantis still exists and in his journals goes many accounts of its advanced civilization. The capitalizing journalist's books are widely distributed among middle aged professionals. The men have found the subject adequate conversational confetti upon which to practice an unachieved eschatological in the face of verified facts and to discover obfuscating philosopher. The wife considers the subject a moral revolts hysterically asking of acquaintances' belief researching digested sagacious finally a confederation and strange dreams of significance and in the fury of mysticism generally being greater about the house.

Among the younger set Cayce's remedy for mysterious nervous ailments is unknown, his name appearing occasionally in N. Y. Times Book Review. A new hope has come to the lead in experimental use of marijuana and cures is in art forms and authority generally hitless. The writer is concerned with the young's morals, since their progress no longer openly dirt on street corners or spit the backs of automobiles in their enthusiasm in publicly apostulated places but are seeming to live in a vacuum of their own disinterest and are not becoming productive members of society.

Just last May I heard a machine worker of twenty-five years strolling next to a Lithuanian beer garden around a young couple from the college who were just about to become third grade teacher and Xavier public relations and were wearing impeccable formal attire for the Senior Ball at which they planned to announce their engagement. He stopped them quite drunk. A subject for their happiness told them he was young and quite happy once and set there saying to the somewhat amused young man, you lucky s.o.b. I love you. Stared into the expanse of the vast book.

You lucky s.o.b.
I love you.
So paste my gray temples
On the stop sign
Named noel
And why
Scoring the player piano
And his yellow tours.

I rushed not having meanwhile forgotten my date with an otherwise beautiful girl to see Perseus at the movies and spent the night instead outside the movies on the sidewalk on a warm evening of people enjoying the good weather with the girl whom I now live with, sitting on the curb.

In Atlanta the lost city claimed to be lost still haunted for its color and excesses, overflowing waves in gentle population stir with every new obscenity blotted by the young and intertwine their salted beards in into wounded worms upsetting perfect couples in a sucking dive for bottom worms, uproot the darker life and pull into their rough love the blinded creatures and that any voyager who watches this rebut must satisfy his own green lust by tapping his dry body into the wetted bridal bed and gloomdream awakes and never last night of gloomdream gloomdream waking in last nights grey roller shading yellow on the glow flesh day gloomdream, the glow worm in lightning bug night lashing incites from tailaid hurricane from soft spread moon gloomdream no longer gloomdream seen through chandelier new moon crystal

The cry
now-wail of first taste ripe red life
young skin stretching to love
hopeless of a future it does not need wrapping huge outgrown coats of himself around bumped into people roaming the night behind water stained volumes of instinct.

In Atlanta
where the six great points of night blinked yellow spots of purple displaced as the indifferent arms of love latched the wild fire of dawn and the ready slash of sunset and clapped fixing an eternal phantasm to reflect a fine line of divine harmony

In Atlanta
which was still
and breathed into the mouth of the purple wounds of sunset leaving a screaming feedback and a glowing breath of wind

The Question which arises in these semi-academic circles: Where is it then, this lost Great Atlantis? Certainly I read in some books when I admitted some, but I never dreamed. An exclamation! An exclamation! An adventure in latest life to find a later life. Perhaps a discovery of value for a science of unknown qualities. Atlanta! Just think Atlanta! We find ourselves attacked, tied down by wise by near completed house by well established practice by easy, free by electric civic duty and our child's problem. Perhaps a younger side.

One who is cured
magic marking every water of prophecy
in America's concern for pollution
Ho, onto the teedy softened ground of spring
with the water, seeking shelter in the pond's clay
Ho, sitting curled of duty
unfeigned, who is free to chuse to taste the jazz of that neglected tavern in another land

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Published by Fisher Digital Publications, 1968