Curbed: the argument

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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
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Among the younger set Cayce's remedy for mysterious thereof 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 some is in a form and authority generally hallowed. The older generation is concerned with the young generation, since their progeny no longer openly flirt on street corners or sport the behinds of automobiles in their enthusiasm in publicly appalted places but are seeking to live in a vacuum of their own disinterest and are not becoming productive members of society.

Just last May I heard a machinist worker of twenty-five years saying Our in a Lithuanian beer garden a young couple from the college who were just about to become third grade teacher and Young public relations and sample over inappurable 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 out saying to the somewhat amused young man, you lucky s.o.b. I lose you. Started in the centre over the last and needed:

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

I dashed not being 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 Athens the lost city claimed to be lost still haunted for its color and experience, overarching waves in gentle copulation stir with every new obscenity blotted by the young and intertwine their salted beards into wound worms upsetting perfect couples in a sucking bite for bottom worms, uproot the darker life and pull into their rough love the blinded creatures and that any voyagers who watch this reborn must satisfy his own green lust by tapping his dry body into the wetted bridal bed and gloomdream awakens and colors 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 cicadas from talc brought hurricane from soft spread moon gloomdream no longer gloomdream seen through chandelier new moon crystal

The cry
now wind 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 roasting the night behind water stained volumes of instinct

In Athens where the six great points of night blinked yellow spots of purple disguised as the indifferent arms of love latched the wild here of dawn and the nasty flash of sunrise and slapping fixing an eternal phantasms to reflect a time less of divine harmony

In Athens which was still and breathed into the mouth of the purple wounds of sunset having a screaming feedback and a glowing breath of wind.