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The Man Who Loved Beauty final draft 1976

Leonard Wallace Robinson

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She was beauty herself. Beauty, itself.

Pretty close to the truth.

Final (April 4) 76

from here

The One You Are Hiding Will Fly

The Man Who Loved Beauty

a novel by

Leonard Wallace Robinson

175 in missing here

Absolute possession

date, date, killer

Dreaming

The Possessed

One of the Possessed

The Terrible Knows It

Sweet the...

Dying to Know

Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.

Hagerstown

New York  San Francisco  London
And I was beginning to have curious little thought-fugues; just for a second at first and then I'd come back. I know now, of course, it was the beginning of my delirium. I was much sicker, my temperature much higher, than I realized.

The Boldin Schwartz Award. Beauty's rapture. I swam in agony. Sank. There was no relief. If Beast's work was going to such immediate acclaim, acclaim before I was ready, before as I have said, the Idea had come to me....

I switched the set back on again. They were in the bedroom! Oh horror! I moved to switch the set off again. Oh, shame! I didn't do it. I hesitated. Listening. I sank back into my chair. Oh shame.

What made me listen? The fever of course. It was raging now. I was semi-delirious. But it was also the terrible loneliness for Beauty I suffered from. As the evening and the talk had advanced her bell sounds had become more dulcet and her whole voice had slowed, the celebrant muting into languor. I was with her. I could see, in my mind's eye, the plum-blue eyes becoming abstracted, glancing away, thinking of something that put the half-smile on her face as she turned back to her half-answering talk. In the bedroom the talk continued, heaviness and languor growing:

BEAST: You're lookin' mighty pretty. (I could see the sagging smile on the side of his mouth -- charm-boy.)

BEAUTY: (Softer than swansdown) What makes you say that, Thurmy?

BEAUTY: This. (an embrace?)
BEAUTY: (After several seconds -- swansdown again) Oh my. Ohhhhhh myyyyyyy.

BEAST: Oh god, you're so -- oh -- nice. (Never at a loss for the mot juste).


BEAST: Over here.

BEAUTY: Yes. Oh yes.

And they reclined and the capryllic Beast was rampant in her sweet hay. Oh God.

I waited and I waited among the rooting sounds. I wanted to turn the receiver off, I wanted to turn it off. But I couldn't. I had joined the thumping rampaging Beast and there was no turning back, no turning back, no turning back. And oh the glass splinter that rived the heart, as the final piercing note started out of Beauty, the long extended call out of her, the shriek of ecstasy, and out of my headphones and into my ears like quicksilver and into my whole being till I quaked and shook with her sound, from head to foot one ague, the creature of a mortal fever, convulsions of dread and loathing.

Aeons passed.

An April wind seemed to rack me. I lay on my bed, the earphones on the floor, my clothes on and blankets over them. But I was frozen to the bone. I was bone, rattling bone. Dice in a box, shaking, shaking.

Then the delirium started in earnest.
It was not a dream. It didn’t feel like a dream. It was a vast joke. Cosmic. But an important joke. Cosmic. Beauty was lying in somebody’s arms. The sharpness of the picture was overwhelming. Acid-etched, the light actinic. I could see the man’s face clearly. Whose? I was peering through a camera lens. Perfect day for pictures. Who was it? Oh, I was watching HISTORY IN THE MAKING, the words floated above me on a streamer. This would be a historical gangbang. With Beauty as subject. Or Object. The man banging her now? My god! It was Anaxagoras, the father of Science itself! I turned my camera lens on the others. Greeks all, scientists all. BIG NAMES floated over my head on a streamer. Beauty would be in 7th heaven.

Who was I? A cinematographic Herodotus, a tireless gatherer of world events but up-to-date in my equipment. A Wide World Newsreel photographer. Yes, I was covering a vista screen gangbang that was making history. THE BIGGEST NAMES POSSIBLE ARE HERE, floated on another pennon nearby. Beauty was loving it. To each she gave her all. Yes, she was being tupped by the greatest scientists in history. To each she gave her accolade, her piercing cry as she and they reached simultaneous summits of joy.

Anaxagoras was followed by Parmenides and then Pythagoras, and then Archimedes and in the closeup that I got of Archimedes I could understand his fantasies about the power of a big lever. Yes, I was catching it all with my trusty Graphlex Twin Lens Movie Camera.
Romans entered. The Greeks departed. She took them on. Lucretius showed her the nature of things, then Ptolemy made her see stars. Catiline suggested a polymorphous perverse experiment but she refused and they ended up in the mama and papa position. My camera rolled on.

Now we were in the Christian Roman Interregnum, and now the Middle Ages and right up through the Reformation. Copernicus had a curious, epicentric, sidereal motion. Descartes made her terminal ecstasy sound strangely melancholy. Then we were in the modern age and the melange became wilder, a disorderly line of avid scientists pushing into Beauty’s bed, each urging the other to hurry, hurry. "SPEED WINS THE DAY" — I saw the banner clearly. Heichel, Huxley, Heisenbergh were in and out in record time. Bertrand Russell and his friend Whitehead, Hideki Yukawa, Boyle, Hooke, Stunkard, Helmholtz. Darwin slowed things down, indeed seemed to take forever, aeons. Then — Marie Curie! I couldn’t believe my eyes. Then — onward...

— And finally......at last....Einstein smiled sweetly and refused. And so did Sigmund Freud. Freud bowed gracefully, a handsome young man. "I am not worthy," he said. "Such beauty."

"I feel likewise," Einstein said. He had a Brooklyn accent. I ran out of film as they shook hands. Dear dear Siggy and dear dear Albert. Tears came to my eyes. Full of grace. They had refused: for knowledge, real knowing, wasn’t power after all. No. Knowledge was grace. I grinned triumphantly through my tears in my delirium.

Freud looked at me. "Aren’t you the lady’s husband?" he