

Ianthe's alt.sex.intergen 'Poems of the Week'. Number 33.
10th November 1995.

This week's theme (again) is GANYMEDE. This is PART TWO.

Ganymede features in Greek and Roman myth. He was a Trojan shepherd-boy who the god Zeus fell in love with. To gain the boy Zeus transformed himself into an eagle and carried off Ganymede to the heavens, where the boy became his cup-bearer and bed-mate. Zeus also made the boy immortal. The myth of Ganymede was reworked as 'cover' for boy-love by many poets and artists throughout the middle ages and into the modern period. Zeus was often known as Jove or Jupiter in the poetry of the Roman Empire and after.

- * Johnathan Williams (United States, Born 1929) 'The Honey Lamb'
- * William Plomer (England, 1903-1973) 'Ganymede'
- * W.H. Auden (England, 1907-1973) '9th Chinese Poem'
- * Karol Szymanowski (Poland, 1882-1937) 'Ganymede'
- * Roden Noel (England, 1834-1894) 'Ganymede'

GANYMEDE

Crested and ruffed and stiff with whistling frills
Zeus as an eagle from the sky saw Troy,
Her waltzing towers and fast-impending hills,
Swerved plunging fieldwards gaitered with gold quills
To settle upon felspar and ogle the nude boy,
With plumage damascened and love-dance coy
To lure the lad, and promises of thrills.

The next day's headlines were the talk of Troy:
BIG BIRD SENSATION, MISSING LOCAL BOY.

William Plomer.

THE HONEY LAMB

the boysick (by gadzooks thunderstruck)
Rex Zeus, sex
expert, erects
a couple temples
and cruises the Trojan coast...

eagle-eyes, spies,
swoops,

swishes into town

ponders, wether 'tis nobler
to bullshit, brown
or go down
on

that catamite kid, Kid Ganymedes,
mead mover,

erstwhile eagle-scout
bed-mate

Johnathan Williams.

GANYMEDE

Little boy - your gaze, mysterious and wild,
Flies toward infinity. Little angel,
Whose eyes are the reflection of heavenly images
And iridescent stars dipped in mire.

Your love is paid in pennies - and your soul,
A radiant slave whose price I do not know,
Smiles, careless and chaste,
While your frail little body swoons.

Toward what unknown god does your smile fly ?
For whom the secret flame of your divine ardor ?
The heavens are sad and mute unto death...
Under my hand I felt your little heart beat !

What are you waiting for ? The mystery of love
Is known to you. Your wandering gaze
Fastens cold to my eyes; at dawn
You have read their secret: nothingness !

You leave me. On your florid lips
Fades the ardor of my caresses.
You carry off your secret - and forgetfulness,
You leave me alone - in distress.

Karol Szymanowski.

9th CHINESE POEM

He looked in all His wisdom from His throne
Down on a humble boy who herded sheep,

And sent a dove. The dove returned alone:
Song put a charmed rusticity to sleep.

But He had planned such future for this youth:
Surely, His duty now was to compel,
To count on time to bring true love of truth
And, with it, gratitude. His eagle fell.

It did not work: His conversation bored
The boy, who yawned and whistled and made faces,
And wriggled free from fatherly embraces,

But with His messenger was always willing
To go where it suggested, and adored,
And learned from it so many ways of killing.

W.H. Auden.

GANYMEDE

Azure the heaven with rare a feathery cloud;
Azure the sea, far-scintillating light,
Soft rich like velvet yielding to the eye;
Horizons haunted with some dream-like sails;
A temple hypaethral open to the sweet air
Nigh on the height, columned with solid flame,
Of flutings and acanthus-work instinct
With lithe green lizards and the shadows sharp
Slant barring golden floor and inner wall.

A locust-tree condensing all the light
On glossy leaves, and flaky spilling some
Sparkling among cool umbrage underneath;
There magically sobered mellow soft
At unaware beholding gently laid
A youth barelimbed the loveliest in the world,
Gloatingly falling on his lily side,
Smoothing one rounded arm and dainty hand
Whereon his head conscious and conquering
All chestnut-curl'd rests listless and superb;
Near him and leaning on the chequered bole
Sits his companion gazing on him fond,
A goat-herd whose rough hand on bulky knee
Holds a rude hollow reeden pipe of Pan,
Tanned clad with goatskin rudely-moulded huge;
While yonder, browsing in the rosemary
And cytissus, you hear a bearded goat,
hear a fly humming with a droning bee
In yon wild thyme and in the myrtles low
That breathe in every feebly-blowing air;
Whose foamy bloom fair Ganymede anon
Plucks with royal motion and an aim

Toward his comrade's tolerant fond face.
Far off cicada shrills among the pine,
And one may hear low tinkling where a stream
Yonder in planes and willows, from the beam
Of day coy hiding, runs with many a pool
Where the twain bathe how often how cool!

And so they know not of the gradual cloud
That stains the zenith with a little stain,
Then grows expansive, nearing one would say
The happy earth - until at last a noise
As of a rushing wind invades the ear,
Gathering volume, and the shepherd sees,
Amazed forth peering, dusking closing all
Startled and tremulous rock-roses nigh,
Portentous shadow, and before he may
Rise to explore the open, like a bolt
from heaven a prodigy descends at hand,
Absorbing daylight; some tremendous bird,
An eagle, yet in plumage as in form
And stature far transcending any bird
Imperial inhabiting lone clefts
And pine crags of this Idaen range.

But lo! the supernatural dread thing,
Creating wind from cavernous vast vans,
Now slanting swoops toward them, hovering
Over the fair boy smitten dumb with awe.
A moment more, and how no mortal knows,
The bird hath seized him, if it be a bird,
And he though wildered hardly seems afraid,
So lightly loving those eagle talons
Lock the soft yielding flesh of either flank,
His back so tender, thigh and shoulder pillowed
How warmly whitely in the tawny down
Of that imperial eagle amorous!
Whose beaked head with eyes of burning flame
Nestles along the tremulous sweet heaven
Of his fair bosom budding with a blush,
So that one arm droops pensile all aglow
Over the neck immense, and hangs a hand
Frail like a shell, pink like an apple bloom;
While shadowy wings expansive waving wind
Jealously hide some beauty from the sun.

Poor hind! he fancied as the pinions clanged
In their ascent, he looked open-mouthed
Distraught yet passive, that the boy's blue eye
Sought him in soaring; his own gaze be sure
Wearied not famished feeding upon all
The youth's dear charms forever vanishing
From his poor longing, hungered for in heaven--
Took his last fill of delicate flushed face,
And swelling leg and rose-depending foot,
Slim ankle, dimpling body rich and full.
Behold! he fades receding evermore
From straining vision misting dim with tears,
Gleaming aloft swanwhite into the blue

Relieved upon the dusky ravisher,
Deeper and deeper glutting the amorous light,
That cruel swallows him for evermore.

Roden Noel.

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"It is not the slumber of reason that engenders
monsters, but vigilant and insomniac rationality."

[Deleuze and Guattari, "Anti-Oedipus".]

Gilles Deleuze (1925-1995)

Prominent French philosopher, writer and university professor
Gilles Deleuze committed suicide by leaping from the window of
his Paris apartment last Saturday.

The author of one of the world's best-selling philosophy books,
"Anti-Oedipus," he spent his life as a leftist and considered
himself almost militantly so. He became a familiar figure in the
city's bohemian Latin Quarter, his trademark felt hat cocked at
a rakish angle. In 1972, he and longtime friend Felix Guattari
published "Anti-Oedipus - capitalism and schizophrenia" a ground-
breaking work advocating the freedom of political action from
paranoia, the development of anti-hierarchical political desires,
the excision of body-fascism, and the discarding of the crutch of
negativity from Western thought.

Deleuze's "Postscript On The Societies of Control" can be downloaded
from the anarchist Spunk Press web-site:

ftp://ftp.cwi.nl/pub/jack/spunk/anarchy_texts/misc/Spunk962.txtURL

"Postscript On The Societies of Control"<P ALIGN=RIGHT>

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