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*Copy to Pam*  
Nov. 21, '88.

Dear Norm

Thanks for your letter. I sent a copy to Pam.

I am going to send you several stuffs to show what I have been doing. But for now, I tell you about Leonard Cohen's Beautiful Losers. It is old stuff from Hippy days, published in mid 1960's, and it was a hit then. So you might know it. Anyway, I write assuming you have some memory of the story. I came to it from a review which said something about "Cosmology". So I checked it up.

There are other "motives". One is your letter, though I do not know what you said led me to this. Something you said did the trick. Another one came from a Blackfoot lady. I gave an exam to my introductory physics class and the result was disastrous. It depressed me enormously. I cannot teach. Not that I taught before. I do not "teach" any way. But this time, it made me think that I ought to resign. Then, I met this woman from whom I am learning Blackfoot language. She asked "How are you?" (I mean she asked, not just greeting. Incidentally, you say "Tsa Niita'piwa?" If you mean greeting, then you reply "Soka'piwa".) So I told her the reason for my depression. She laughed and said "Don't you have Lust any more?".

"Lust!" The word sent me down to my memories. I am a clumsy guy from my early childhood. That is why I tried to "know" everything about humans. By 6th grade, I understood what adults were talking about. I had no difficulty reading adult books, and read a lot, more than my schoolteacher mother ever did. That was a kind of compensation for my inability to do "Lusty" things. They say "Those who cannot, teach". In my case, "Those who cannot do, try to know". Relative to that, you are doing splendidly. But, I am used to it and that does not hurt me much, for the most time. Only occasionally, it does hurt, and I go down deep into despair. Usually, I do not complain, because there is no use saying anything to anybody. They have their own troubles and doing the best they can. The last thing they need is someone nagging them.

*My mistake was that understanding of what is "talked" is not understanding of anything.*

"Ah, that is your Ego!" you would say? Yes that is there too, So, I tell you my troubles. But Orientals have this peculiarity that they do not talk much in Love and in Sorrow. They would be silent about deepest part of feeling, as if they are afraid that talking might make things cheap. Oriental lovers just gaze into each other's eyes and don't utter even a single word for 3 hours. It also happens between friends. (This, Leonard Cohen would know nothing about.)

Now, about this Beautiful Loser. It is a story, or rather a "non-story", about an Indian Saint Catherine Tekakwitha, the narrator which is a scholar-researcher who admires Saint Tekakwitha, Edith an Indian girlfriend of his, and "F." a homosexual friend. I do not know if Cohen was conscious of it or not, it involves 4 elements. That is the Symmetry Group (2 x 2), characteristic to Native American Myth-Mandala. [The story "To Carry The Grace" is based on the Native Geometry of 4 elements. I added one more, Tree Princess, to suggest a way out. You know who the Tree Princess is. But my Princess is not quite ready to accept the meaning of her Being. That is another reason why I look into stories like this.]

Tekakwitha is an Iroquois name. She was a Mohawk girl adapted from "Tribe A..." and was Christianized by Jesuits. She represents the Native Spirituality. Edith represents decaying of the same "Tribe A..." in the story and a (suspected) member of only some 20 survivors. Out of the 20, 4 are young women whom F "managed to fuck them all", including Edith. F is the modern decadence, nihilist, sex maniac. F is one side of the Euro American Culture which does the "let it go". He also represents "Urban Indian" Phenomenon. The narrator is another side of the same White Culture which did not "let it go" --- in story he is having "Constipation" problem ---.

In terms of Group Dynamics the "story" is simple one. But of course it is not "a story", but a Style of writing --- in the sense "media is the message" ---. I could not help thinking that if you write like this, you would have sold a half million copies two years ago.

It is only clumsy guys like me who see "Geometry" in stories. The million people who read this story, probably did not read "Geometry". Say, 90% read "Explicit Sex", 1% read an Indian Story, and 1% read something else.

This does not say, however, that people did not get anything beyond a dirty sex story. Implicitly, they do probably sense something. And for the sensing of that "something", I do not think it to be of any help to know the Geometrical Structure of the story (or the Dynamics of the situation). I only do it because I am always looking for

"Native Science" in anything, so much so that I see the (2x2) Group Dynamics almost everywhere.

And, that "doing science" to story destroys my enjoyment of "unadulterated" reading. I cannot read things for pure enjoyment's sake any longer. That is bad. For a while Cohen entertained me by defying my "science". And I liked his "Style". But it lasted only a quarter of the story through. I soon caught up with the author in technical sense, and the rest became predictable, and in fact deteriorated even in its "style". His story got to the climax too soon, like premature ejaculation. That is no fun. The picture of Catherine Tekakwitha stayed on the wall in the room where all those Lusts were going. The "sensual" Tekakwitha did not "come". The story ends with the suicide of Edith (extinction of the romanticized Indians) in the first quarter of the book. If I did not have a respect for Tekakwitha enough to make up a sensual story in my imagination the "Cosmology" world have collapsed. At expense of (1) all manner of fucking, (2) suicide of an Indian girl, and (3) religious death of an Iroquois Saint Maiden, the story failed to elucidate what this "Lust" is.

[My theory of (2x2) Dynamics suggests that Cohen missed one more entity (power being) to go beyond the romanticism that is too frequent in Whitemen's intellect. Pam's "Rock" might be the one (4).

To be sure, in Cohen's Story, there was a feeble attempt to go back to "Spirituality". That is the episode about the "Water". It took place a few days before Edith commits suicide. "Going back to the Tradition" often takes place in Desperation "Going back to Nature" (and join Indian way of life), "Going back to Uninhibited Sex", etc. are variations on the same theme. The frantic sex life is the Last Refuge for those "Urban Indians", from European Tribes or Native American ones.

In the desiccated modern urban society, they try to escape through the only intimate sensual medium left for them. The Capitalism left nothing else but Sex. It is a "let it go" only in the sense of relieving Constipation in the urban Waste Land. It is the only "moist" thing in the Hell. As such I respect it, but, to me, it is rather painful.

The "Natural Love" is indeed uninhibited and people did walk around naked. Sex was free, but it was no "Big Deal" like those Urban Indians are obsessed with. Sex was as natural as eating, peeing, etc. That is, Love was diffused all around, permeated in, distributed throughout every interaction in the community life. There is no "Intensity" of the kind that Cohen was

"making points" and keeping scores about. They shared women and men, mothers, sisters, brothers, just as they shared foods, dwellings, works, and life.

Bourgeoisie life dried up all that Except Private Possession, including Private Sex. Having Free Sex does not bring back the Love Community. We perform all sorts of rituals, including Sex but that would be vain. What was lost will not come back, no more than Buffalo herds come back to the prairie. That is, unless we bring back the whole Community, the whole Boundary Condition to the Field Equation, the whole Enchanted Cosmos.

While we are refusing our neighbors Free Foods, Free Sex will not liberate us. Love is a whole life, not an obsession with "coming" and "going".

Intellectually and Emotionally, Cohen probably knew it. But he also knew that Urban Bourgeoisie Indians, from European Tribe or Native American ones, are not capable of the Whole Love. Hence there is no way out. That is why his story is a story of Death. He meant to write another Waste Land. And he did.

Hippies were too narcissistic to clean up their ass of Christian shit like "Chosen People". And probably they thought themselves as the "Vanguard" for Sexual Revolution. The "Savage Indian Wild Sex" might be their way of "back to nature". In a narrow sense, they were correct. Except their Bourgeoisie snobbism blinded them to their lifestyle based on destruction of Nature and desecration of community. Greenwich Village had nothing in common with the Amazonian Tribe Village that George Wallace wrote a poem about.]

The "Cosmology" of Beautiful Losers is analyzed by Dennis Lee in Savage Fields. ANANSI 1977. It gave a rave review to Cohen. But I am rather disappointed. Most "erratic" literature on Indians do not do justice to the "Lust" that my lady friend is referring to. Sex is there to sell the book.

The "Beautiful Losers" are not beautiful. But it is perhaps another "Constipation" of Euro American Intellect. And if that was the aim of his description, Cohen succeeded very well. Saint Tekakwitha failed to "loosen" the intellect. That may be blamed on Judeo-Christianity.

By the same token, the cover picture on a book by Gunther S. Stent, Paradoxes Of Progress, is misleading. The picture is from "The Golden Age" by Lukas Cranach. Naked

men and women are dancing around a tree, perhaps the Tree of Knowledge. The book talked of problems of "Scientism", suggesting "The Fall" by "knowing". But it did not cut through the surface of discussing "Ethics of Science" etc., to get to the "Lustic Origin" of human Intellect.

So I am back to the question of Lust. Cohen was writing about Lust. So was Stendhal, Lawrence, Goethe, Nietzsche, etc. etc. Also, all Indian stories written by Europeans are stories of Lust in one form or another. Even Max Weber was writing about Lust, which he saw as Conflict-violence-irrationality and hence could not find any way out but to control it by Power. That is what I told Galtung. Galtung, being a good "scientist" in the Weberian sense, was very much surprised hearing a physicist say this. In effect, I told him that "Peace Research" has not even begun to look at the Origin of Conflict-Violence, though it was the theme of Literature and Art since anything was written or drawn by humans.

I would very much like to write about "Lust" for Peace Research. Alas! I am not much of a man of Lust. My sexual adventures, aside from book-knowledge and imagination, is very limited. Those who know it, namely you, do not write. Despite all my pushing, Pam does not use writing as a means of knowing. I would think that one does not need to constipate before shit. (Pregnancy is a different matter. According to Blackfoot Myth, women have to have a Big-Being Orgasm to get pregnant. That is a part of the Lust.) But then, what could I say? I do not have anything even to constipate! I write and write, in a hope that they come to constipate someday. I hope it comes before my Lust runs out.

I heard that "Okanagan" means the Lost People (or Lost Souls). It has a marble quarry somewhere, which I have not yet seen. I might pay homage there and see what the Rock tells me. What was that Thomas Hardy was suggesting about the Power of Rock (Stonehenge) in Tess?

Yours

Sam K.

P.S. If you do not need it for a while, can I borrow back Easlea's *Fathering the Unthinkable*. Internal-library Loan

is somehow holding me up on this book. In the spring semester next, I plan to do a bit of Feminist Science in Physics 2020. I also coordinate an Integrated study course on Peace and War. There, I intend to talk about something like "The Paradox of Intelligence; its making of Wars and Peace". I will not fail to mention an anthropological finding that to gain women was the biggest cause of fighting. In addition, I would say that our sense of Power came from the feeling--illusion of men subjugating women in sexual contexts. For that, we Nuclear Physicists built the Super Bomb. I think it is a clumsy way of imitating Orgasm. I like to do it "Gracefully", if possible at all.