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Walt whitman documentary pbs

Want to watch for free? Join a free month The world knows Walt Whitman as one of America's most influential poets. This American Experience documentary reveals that Whitman rose from working-class roots and worked as a newspaper reporter before penning his seminal work, Leaves of Grass. Whitman sought constant approval for his literary efforts and was alternately hailed and mocked for the daring sexual overtones he employed. Free delivery to your mailbox and free returns. Keep your movies as long as you want, with no due dates. Select your movies, watch whenever you want, come back, and repeat. The best movies and TV shows, plus weekly new releases. 1 Browse from thousands of movies and series. 2 We'll send your disc out the next business day. 3 Free returns, plus no due dates or late fees. Edit Walt Whitman (1819-1892) is today one of the most recognized figures in American literary history: poet, patriot and staunch advocate of democracy. His name adorns shopping malls, highway rest areas, and local high schools. He has followers all over the world. But in his own time, critics denounced Walt Whitman as a frenzied raving into pitiful delirium. They uttered his signature book of poetry, Leaves of Grass, slimy, obnoxious and beastly. A reviewer wanted to see him whipped in public; another suggested he commit suicide. He was famously banned in Boston. I am the poet of the body, and I am the poet of the soul. I walk with the slaves of the earth right with the masters. And I will stand between the master and the slaves and be part of both, so that both will understand me alike. Walt Whitman. Written by Ulf Kjell G r Plot Summary | Add synopsis documentary | Biography | History Parents Guide: Add Content Advisory for Parents » User Reviews Skip to Main Content Issues Playing Video? | Closed CaptioningCorporate sponsorship for American Experience is provided by Liberty Mutual Insurance and Consumer Cellular. Greater funding for the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation.By: Karen Karbiener, researcher: He was at this incredibly volatile time. The country is divided into two. Allan Gurganus, author: And yet there was a kind of lethargy among the population, an inaction and a drift and a cynicism had infected the country. Reporter: As the country slouched toward the Civil War of the 1850s, a concerned citizen tried mightily to awaken his compatriots to the dangers of their bitterness and despair. He had already used his own little treasure to publish a book of poetry called Leaves of Grass. The American democratic experiment had to be saved, he had pleaded in Leaves, was worth saving. For his efforts, he had been called absurd, pointless, grotesque, and scurvy. A lesser man would have been silenced. Walt Whitman determined to speak louder. He was willing to fight the tide all the way, to stand firm against mockery, and the relentless undercurrent of his own doubt, sacrificing his financial welfare, his family, his personal life and his health - all in service to force America to face its strange new self. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): Never again shall I escape Never again the screams of unhappy love be absent from me. Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was before what at night, under the yellow and sagging moon. The messenger drou'sd, the fire, the sweet hell within. The unknown desires, the fate of me. (On-screen text): Long Island, NY, 1823 Narrator: America's first great poet came into the world on the outskirts - on a working-class farm on Long Island, New York, in a family that held tightly to the promise of the young country. His ancestors, Walt was reminded, had sacrificed blood in the cause of American independence. Ed Folsom, scholar: His brothers who came after him were all named after American heroes. We have George Washington Whitman, and we have Thomas Jefferson Whitman, and we have Andrew Jackson Whitman. So he grew up with George Washington and Andrew Jackson and Thomas Jefferson sitting at his table with him. Allan Gurganus, author: These were ordinary people in the literal sense of the word. And the freedom that he found in this lack of pedigree assured his right to choose the person he wanted to become. Betsy Erkkila, author: He was sensitive and even too sensitive to what was going on around him, both in terms of people, but also a very sensual interaction with the world. And from a very early age he felt called to do something with this. As a boy, Walter Whitman Jr. had very little time to pursue his own dreams. His father was a farmer, carpenter and a failed real estate speculator who taught his entire life to keep his wife and eight children afloat. He took Walt out of school at the age of 11 to help support the family's meagre income. The Whitmans' circumstances never lived up to their hopes, and Walter Whitman Sr. became an increasingly zealous supporter of strong drinking and radical politics. The elder Whitman came to see his growing streak of economic failures as the work of forces beyond his control: bankers, organized fraud, and the unchecked power of the propertied class. Keep a good heart, he liked to say. The worst is yet to come. At 21-21, Walt Whitman escaped from his father's dark shadow and set his own course in the world. I stand for the sunny view, he said, the happy conclusion. Edwin G. Burrows, historian: If you are young and ambitious and talented and artistic, and you want to make your mark in the world New York was the only place to go in the United States. It was already the center of everything that was interesting. On-screen text: New York, NY, 1841 Edwin G. Burrows: There are ships crowding all over the world; swarms of sailors speak all sorts of different languages; young men who rush back and forth; clerks, counting houses, cartmen pulling loads of things. Whitman could get off the ferry there at the foot of Fulton Street and feel like he had entered the world. New York was a city on the rise, and Whitman was swept away by the rush of its accelerating current. He was a remarkable figure, even in a crowd: six feet tall, with a personal presence he described as magnetic. He was self-taught, stubbornly self-reliant, and equipped with a self-resonance bordering on arrogance. He had decided, as he would later say, to step with the rest into the competition for the usual rewards: business, political, literary. And he set out to show the men who did the job on the newspaper series that he could be as discriminatory as they were. Allan Gurganus: He dresses in a white collar with a vest, cane, a large floppy fedora, and tries to pass for a professional man of letters. And he comes into the doors based on what he looks like. It's not his Harvard pedigree. He doesn't have any. What he has is the power of his personality and how he looks. Narrator: Whitman sported a fresh boutiniere in his dress coat, a gold pen, and a silver watch, but he couldn't long button up his compulsion to have his opinion. His way == which put him in almost constant opposition to society's prevailing emotions. As a newspaperman, Walt stalked out radical positions on labor issues, women's property rights, the death penalty and immigration== and he was happy to pick fights with hide-bound editors at rival newspapers. He brought a bare-knuckled, working-class A€lan to his new business, railing against the old moth-eaten systems in Europe that many of New York's upper class seemed intent on emulating. He called an editor a reptile marking his path with mucus, wherever he goes, and breathing mildew on everything fresh and fragrant. His bosses apparently found him almost uncontrollable: in just four years, he apparently lost favor at Tattler, the Daily Plebeian, the Statesman, the Mirror, the Democrat, the Sun and the Star. David Reynolds, biographer: He got into a little bit of trouble because he kind of rubbed up against people sometimes the wrong way. And he also got more and more in trouble because he didn't like being on a schedule. Some of his employers thought he was lazy. Karen Karbiener, scholar: He wasn't the most dedicated worker. And his love of the city often led him == during lunch and after lunch == although he had chores that would force him to stay in the printing house row and do his thing on the various papers he worked for, he ended up jumping on the omnibus or going up to a museum or to a bar or to the Park Theater to just watch and absorb New Betsy Erkkila: Whitman loved the feeling of ah humanity humanity and, and huge crowds of people and events are going on. Like Walt himself, New York invented itself every day and swerved toward a fate it had not yet fully imagined. The pull from the fledgling city captured Whitman, and forced him to record in his personal notebooks what he heard and saw and felt as he walked nights among the crowd, under the gas lamps that made Broadway a shimmer of white light, or when he popped into the narrow, dark streets of the infamous Five Point slum. He noted the museum of Egyptology and the tenancy house, the waterworks and the corner salon the opulent opera, the noisy Bovey theaters, and == from its seat on top of the omnibus, with breeze in the face == the daily human drama of the city streets. Karen Karbiener: He's assembling these collages of what he sees. And he's also interested in a lot of the guys that he checks out. So we have these amazing lists of who he took his fancy at the time. Allan Gurganus: He liked taxi drivers. He liked the guys who had been in the sun all day and had brown faces that were strong enough through their shoulders to rule in the horses that were required to drive one of those huge cabs down the streets of Broadway. He made it his practice to climb into the navigator's chair on the omnibus, where he chatted up drivers like Broadway Jack, Yellow Joe, Baky Bill, Old Elephant and his brother Young Elephant, Big Frank, Patsy Dee and Tippy. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): They had tremendous qualities, pretty much animals == eating, drinking, women == great personal pride. How many hours, forenoons and afternoons == how many exciting night-time I've had, riding the entire length of Broadway, listening to some yarns (and the most vivid yarns ever spun, and the rarest imitation) == or maybe I'm declaimating some stormy passage from Julius Caesar and Richard (you can roar as loud as you chose in this heavy, dense, uninterrupted-bass.) Edwin G. Burrows: The sound would have been amazing. Iron angular carts wheels clanking over cobblestones. It was a terrible din. There are thousands and thousands of horses. And they leave tons of manure on the street every day. Hundreds of liters of horse piss every day are deposited on the streets of New York. No one collects it. There's no sanitation department in 19th-century New York. What you have is swarms of pigs basically that roam the streets gobbling up what they can find. In about July or August the smell of New York is overwhelming. Ed Folsom: Dirty, trashy, the rubbish that a growing population produces == how to deal with this, how to get rid of it == how to start controlling everything from animals walking on the streets to housing for the endless number of people entering the city and an increasing number of immigrants. Narrator: Walt saw the frantic and furious done to tame the frightening mass of new arrivals, to suit them up to be worthy citizens of the American republic. But with as many as two thousand foreign-born people entering New York in a single day, the job was beyond anyone's doing. Strong voices believed that this new wave of uneducated immigrants should simply be excluded from the body politically. Edwin G. Burrows: Very often you would find genteel writers who would write about the good old days of the city when it was small, as it was intimate, when everyone knew everyone, when everyone knew who was in charge and everyone respected everyone. Karen Karbiener: I'm thinking of Edgar Allan Poe, for example, or, Melville, a native New Yorker who actually really didn't like the city. All they saw were the poor crowds of immigrants, the dirtiness, and the pigs in the streets. So there are lots of people who just see the dark side. But I love about Whitman is that this man sees beauty in it. He sees Mississippi on Broadway. He sees identity in the city. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): Here are people of all classes and stages of rank - from every country in the world, every nuance of ignorance and learning, morality and vice, wealth and desires, fashion and gravity, breeding and brutality, elevation and degradation, rudeness and modesty. Ed Folsom: Whitman feels the power of the city stranger. He looks at a city of strangers and how something we can now call urban devotion begins to evolve. How are you going to look after people that you've never seen before and that you might never see again? Every day we meet people, eyes get in touch, we brush by people, physically come into contact with them, and can never see them again. But Whitman's notebooks at this point are filled with images, just jottings, of these people, what they're doing, what they look like, what their names are. 'What's this person doing? What is the activity that defines this person? If I did that activity, that person would be me. If I wandered the other way, rather than in this way, this person could be me. It could be me. It could be me. What is it that separates any of us? In 1847, a few years after his arrival in New York, Whitman's parents and siblings had moved into nearby Brooklyn, where they tried to make money from the new construction boom == and failed. Walt was hauled back into the family home to help with finances, and to carry the weight of his father's last slip into defeat and bitter resignation. Kenneth Price, researcher: He took on a parenting role in the family. I think as early as 1847 he held the title to the family home, although his father would live until 1855. He is clearly the one they all turn to as the wise, the one with insight, the person who is emotionally stable. Reporter: Despite their downward mobility, Whitman's bound to a greater destiny. Regardless of their station, New Yorkers were likely to see their city as the ornament of the nation - a nation that besheas a continent. Walt could leave his troubled home, go to the office and editorialize the glory of the U.S. victory in the Mexican War, which landed Americans half a million square miles, including California, Texas and territory enough for a slew of other states. But the new acquisition raised again - and for good - an issue on which the nation was hopelessly divided. In 1848, Walt Whitman had no particular concern about the release or welfare of black slaves. And he could not keep fanatical abolitionists willing to divide the Union if the southern states refused to renounce slavery. Whitman was primarily concerned that the white working class would compete with slave labor in the new western areas, as they did across the South. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): In fifteen of the states, three hundred and fifty thousand masters of slaves holding down true people, the millions of white citizens: mechanics, farmers, boatmen, producers, and the like. Whitman's fierce and drunken cries about the working man got him fired again, but a publisher offered the editorship of a new newspaper: Crescent. There was a catch - the job was in New Orleans. And Whitman takes him up on it. It's a chance to see the nation in a way that he doesn't have at all. He hasn't been out of a very narrow part of New York and Long Island. And then for Whitman it's going to be the great journey. It will be Whitman's trip to Europe, as children of privilege. Early in 1848, 28-year-old Walt Whitman and his teenage-year-old brother, Jeff, steamed out of a gray-wrapped New York winter and into the soft weather of the Deep South. Peach trees were already in full bloom when the brothers arrived in New Orleans. The scent of magnolia, myrtle and bougainvilleas perfumed the city squares. Whitman had duties at the newspaper, but he was seduced by sensual public life in New Orleans. He saw the shirtless docks on docks and semi-nude actors and actresses adopting scenes from the Bible. Or sat for hours amid the soft voice of social swirl of open-air bars, where locals spoke a gumbo of English, French, Spanish and Cajun. He was particularly attracted to the young women who sold roses and violets on the street. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): Women with splendid bodies - no bustle, no corsets, no enornities of any kind; large, luminous eyes, facing a rich olive, fascinating, magnetic, sexual, ignorant, illiterate; always more than beautiful. Beautiful is too weak a word to apply to them. Yusef Komunyakaa, poet: There is, you know, the myth of him actually having a relationship with a black woman or black man. Ed Folsom: He sees racial mixing and cultural mixing in New Orleans on a scale that he hasn't come across before, and sees that it can work. It can be exciting. It can be exciting. It can lead to an intense new form of affection. Because I think part of this urban devotion in Whitman is always that this sense of, of violation, a sense of crossing a barrier and discovering you can cross it and not be harmed by it, but in fact be strengthened by it, enhanced by it. There was another, more difficult to cross the trip South forced on Whitman - a passage that would haunt him for years. In New York, where slavery had been taken off the streets, Whitman had easily averted his gaze from the true cost of the institution. But in New Orleans, he came face to face with the harsh fact that human servitude in a country based on the idea of freedom, face to face with an entire race of people excluded by law and by force from American history. Ed Folsom: He sees slave auctions taking place. And when he sees the bodies of people for sale, he is stunned by the brutality and the great physical force of the experience. Betsy Erkkila: He would have seen auctioneers count literally body parts in selling people as commodities. And buyers would actually feel the slave's bones in trying to figure out if they were going to buy them. Yusef Komunyakaa: For some reason I feel he has the capacity to imagine himself on the auction block as well. Ed Folsom: It could be me. It could be me. That person could be me. Yusef Komunyakaa: It really gets into his psyche. I think he's struggling with himself. When Walt returned to his parents' home in Brooklyn after just three months in New Orleans, he carried a poster with him and advertised a slave auction and vague precontracting that the contradictions of American democracy would prove fatal. Over the next eight years, the issue of slavery festered: By 1855, an armed battle had already begun on the Kansas-Missouri border. Rickety compromise legislation in Washington crumbled. The bonds of national emotion were eaten away. And Whitman could see that the country's political leaders were too timid or too self-absorbed to go to the disease before it rotten America to the bone. What the nation needed, Whitman was convinced, was a call for healing from a way that was of, by, and for the ordinary people. The poet is representative, America's literary eminence, Ralph Waldo Emerson, had essayed ten years earlier. He stands among the partial men for the complete man. The poet is the man without hindrance, who sees and handles what others dream of, crossing the whole scale of experience. I look in vain for the poet to describe. Allan Gurganus: I think Walt Whitman went to the help wanted section and found a squib that Wanted: National Post. And he was innocent innocent, to think that there was really such a job. And if he could just write a poem that incorporated everything he felt and suspected and hoped for from America that he would have that attitude. Reporter: Alone in the garret of a working class house in Brooklyn, New York == jotting in a three-and-a-half with five-and-a-half inch notebook == Walt Whitman was searching for a poetic voice that could pick up and bind all the different places and people of America, a voice that would rise above despair and cynicism and intolerance to sing the great promise of the country. Ed Folsom: As you read through his little notebook you can see the moment when leaves of grass begin to appear. In typical Whitman fashion there are all sorts of things in this notebook: little notions of what he owes people, and he has addresses and names of people and places that he has to go. And then he starts writing in prose. And what he writes are ideas. He starts by saying: Be simple and clear, don't be occult. He's looking for his voice. And at some point he says, each soul has its own individual voice. And then he has a line that I have always been fascinated by, it says: Not down among professors and capitalists. And he stops at that point and there a few blank pages. And then when you turn the page suddenly there it is. And it begins, I am the poet of slaves and masters slaves. I am the poet of the body, and I am And then he stops. And the moment when he writes 'and I am' I can feel the moment when Whitman senses that I who will become his protagonist in all his poems. That I'm born. And I am. And then he crosses the little lines out. And there's a little room. And then he writes the first lines that come into the leaves of the grass. I am the poet of the body, and I am the poet of the soul. I walk with the slaves of the earth right with the masters. And I will stand between the master and the slaves and be part of both, so that both will understand me alike. And there I am. Everything that goes good in Whitman is in that direction. Narrator: Out of the small notebook grew a thin volume with twelve untitled poems, type-sets at the hand of the poet himself. Martin Espada, poet: I celebrate myself, and what I assume, you must assume Yusef Komunyakaa: For every atom that belongs to me as good belongs to you. I shack and invite my soul, Allan Gurganus: I shack and invite my soul, I lead and shack at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): The tainted hawk swoops by and accuses me. He complains about my yawn and my loitering. Also I'm not a bit tamed. Also I am untranslatable, I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world. Martin Espada: I'm talking password primeval. I give a sign of democracy. By God! I will not accept something that everyone cannot the counterparty on the same terms. Through me forbidden voices, voices of sex and desires. Voices obscured, and I remove the veil, Voices obscene of me clarified and transfigured. Billy Collins, poet: Here was the first truly American poet who broke out of the form of formal poetry. You know how in a sonnet you have these limits. Leaves of Grass is a poem without borders, and so everything can flood it. People, business, landscape, memories, technique, water, children. Native Americans. There are no limits that keep anything out. Narrator: Leaves of grass contained astronomy, mythology, Egyptology, religions in east and west, and the latest science. The sublime operatic line and the blunt, coarse talk of the five points were in Blade. The carpenter, the printer, the half-blooded, patriarchs, prostitutes, opium pickers and the president himself published the poems; the squaw in her yellow-hemmed cloth was there on the side, the bride in her white dress, Kentuckyan, Georgian and Californian. What joined them for each other was the firm embrace of Poet himself - who was, after all, just one of the audience. Ed Folsom: Whitman portrays himself on the cover in the frontispiece without his name, but with a picture of himself as opposed to any image of a poet before. It is not the poet from the shoulders dressed in formal dress that emphasizes poetry that comes from the intellect, poetry that comes from a life of privilege and education. Instead, it's poetry that comes from a life of walking the streets. It is the poetry that occurs through the hands and arms and through the heart pumping blood to all parts of the body. The sweat, the salt of these arm pits Whitman is talking about - aroma firm that prays: Kenneth Price: It was about tendons. That was all about the crotch. It was all about armpits. For him, you couldn't have an honest poetry that didn't include the whole person. Karen Karbiener: Nudity from the first page is celebrated. Whitman's openness and celebration of sexuality and not just heterosexual sex, but sex on the edges, masturbation, voyeurism, oral sex, it's in there. Allan Gurganus: I grew up in Rocky Mountain, North Carolina. There wasn't a working bookstore, but there was a stationery department in the corner of the best department store. And there among the greeting cards were a few books, including Leaves of Grass. I had somehow heard through the thin-year-old grapevine that it had some hot stuff in it. I bought it assuming that the clerk would think it was for inspiring purposes and pedaled to the nearest forest. And I opened and began to look for the good parts and discovered that in a strange way it is all good parts in Whitman; that you are never more than four lines from an erotic. You're never far away from your body. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): I mind how we lay in June, such a transparent summer morning; You settled your head athwart my hips and gently turned towards me, and parted the shirt from my chest-bone, and threw the tongue to my barest heart, and reached until you felt my beard, and reached until you held my feet. Quickly emerged and spread around me the peace and joy and knowledge that passes all the art and argument of the earth; And I know that god's hand is my own oldest hand. Yusef Komunyakaa: There's a whole thing about sexuality and everyone. But I think maybe there's some kind of deeper more serious taboo. Ed Folsom: Whitman equates the human body and democracy in some radical and essential way: that the human body is what we all share. We all experience this world through the body. And if we can agree to agree that the body itself is a sacred thing, then we have the beginning of democracy. Yusef Komunyakaa: A slave auctioneer I'm helping the auctioneer. Slaves doesn't know how his business. Gentlemen don't know how his business. Whatever tender bidders they may not be high enough for him. For him the globe lay preparing quillions of years without an animal or plant. For him reviving bikes really and steadily rolled. In that head all confusing things said incomparably good as they should be. I salute you at the beginning of a great career. Allan Gurganus: There are very few people in our culture who would be a contemporary figure to Emerson back then. It's a combination of Billy Graham and Oprah Winfrey. It is so strong to imagine that Whitman told no one that he had received this letter. He walked around with it in his chest pocket probably going out into fields and meadows, which were still then available in Brooklyn reading and reading and rereading it. Whitman understood that the letter was intended only for his eyes. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a jealous custodian of his own status, wary of whom he anointed publicly. But Whitman's big project was a thread. Leaves of grass were too dear walt == and too important to the nation, he loved == to adhere niceties of social intercourse. David Reynolds: He actually had the letter printed in the New York Tribune, as a little suspect there. And without Emerson's permission. Whitman didn't stop there. With sales still lagging, he wrote at least three anonymous and bombastic reviews for Leaves of Grass. He must prove either the most regrettable of failures or the most glorious triumphs in the well-known literary history that Whitman wrote about himself. Here we have a book that rather wobbles us. . . . An American bard at last! For all his manic efforts, sales of Blade do not improve. So Whitman simply bent over to work on his next hope == another edition == prepare twenty new poems and revise the original twelve. He was desperate to make contact. Ed Folsom: Whitman publishes a new poem called Sun-down Poem in this edition eventually called Crossing Brooklyn Ferry. He writes: It doesn't take time or place. Distance does not apply. I am with you, you men and women for a generation or so many generations. I'm projecting myself. I, too, will return. I'm with you and I know what it's like. Whitman places his self, the one I have spoken in the present, putting it into the past. And he puts himself in a past now that's so far past that he's not alive anymore. And give over the present of the poem to you and me, to us, readers. Whitman in 1856 was not only imagining in 1808 reading this poem, but projecting us into 2008 to read this poem. It's like he's creating us as a character in the poem. Ed Folsom: Just like you feel when looking at the river and the sky, so I felt. Like any of you is one of a living crowd I was one of a crowd. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): Just as you are refreshed by the joy of the river, and the bright current. Just as you stand and lean on the rail, but hurry with the fast current, I stood but was hurried. Martin Espada: My Brooklyn wasn't quite Brooklyn by Walt Whitman. At the same time, and he fits in there. He starts wearing these pants called bloomers, which were the first pants that women actually wore. And they were a bit like pantaloons, very fluffy. But Whitman wore them flamboyantly and put them in his boots and, you know, basically wore women's pants. Allan Gurganus: In addition, Plaff's was a place to pick up beautiful young men. And it's very funny to read some of the earlier story Plaff is the heterosexual white guys who write seemed always to wonder why would he go to Plaff's so often? Duh. I can tell you why. This is where all the other outlaws gathered. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): A fluttering twinkle, captured through an interstice, of a youth who loves me and whom I love, silently approaching and seating nearby that he can hold me by the hand. And then, amid the sound of coming and going, there we two, content, happy to be together, talking little, maybe not a word. Allan Gurganus: Of all the young men he met at Plaff's, Fred Vaughn, an Irishman, the person he felt closest to. In the two or three years Whitman lived away from home, Fred Vaughn was his roommate, was his companion. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): And that night, while everything was still, I heard the water roll, slowly, constantly, up the shores I heard the honorable rattle of liquid and sand as directed to me, whispering, congratulating me. For the one I love most lay sleeping by me during the same coverage in the cool night. In silence, in autumn moon rays His face was prone to me, and his arm was slightly around my chest - and that night I was happy. Walt Whitman (as portrayed by actor): Take notice, land of prairies, land in south savannahs, Ohio's land, Note, you Kanuck woods - and you Lake Huron - and all that with you roll towards Niagra - That you each and all find someone else to be your singer of songs One who loves me is jealous of me and draws me from everyone But love, With the rest I dispense - I cut off from what I thought

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