IO Magazine

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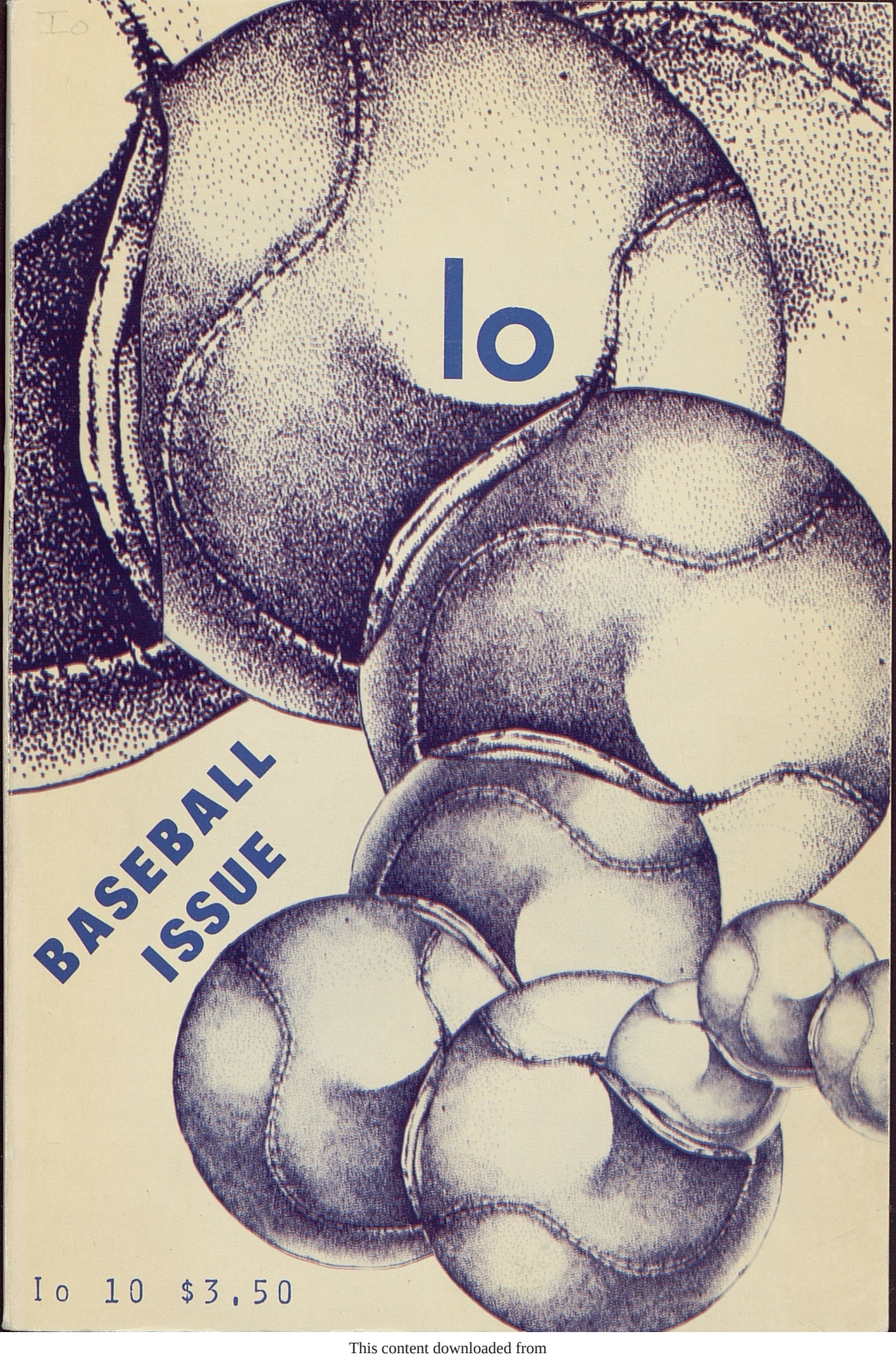

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Io is a journal exploring myth, geography, origins, and the common source materials of literature, natural history, and physical science. The issues develop around radically different foci, but the overall theme remains the same and is developed in different areas and aspects. There have been numbers on Alchemy, Doctrine of Signatures, Ethnoastronomy, Oecology, Dreams, and Mars (plus three earlier issues), and these are all kept in print and available for those interested in the pattern of development and overall system. There is no attempt made to be thorough or complete on the individual subject matters, nor are the people writing on them experts in the fields. In fact, for all the devotion to subject matter, the series becomes, in effect, an attack on subject matter for the profane ease with which it moves from one to another. The attempt is not only to make these things available but to prove that they *are* available, despite what the czars of baseball, REM-world, or astrophysics would hold.

The pattern of development is not obvious. For those interested in submitting work, the next immediate issue, *Io #12*, is entitled Earth Geography, and is thus far being developed as a series of statements on regional and local geographies. The issue should be published in the early spring; thus, the deadline for work would be around February-March. *Io #11* is the book *Changing Woman*, currently being put together by Lindy Hough. Two issues are tentatively planned beyond that. The most definite, for which we are definitely interested in work, is an issue, sometime next fall, totally concerned with the novel *The Oak Openings* by James Fenimore Cooper. We are looking for all sorts of statements: poetic, geographical, political, anthropological, cosmological, regional (it takes place in the region of Kalamazoo, Michigan), historical, etc. A less definite project involves the possibility of a Biology Issue or Bestiary.

We apologize for the changes in type throughout the issue. it has been necessary to have several people working on the typing, and the difficulties involved in having one type style far outweighed any advantage.

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RBV

BATTING ORDER

continued

NOTES ON CONTENTS

The problems of putting together what is essentially a collection in a "periodical" journal means that we have had to borrow more works than usual from other sources. The following credits are not given in the body of the journal:

The Carl Wittke article is from *The Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly*.

George Bowering's Notes were written for *the five cent review*, published in Montreal. His Baseball poem was issued as a book in the shape of a pennant flag, with a green felt cover, by The Coach House Press in Toronto.

As noted within, Bob Moorehead's piece appeared originally in the *Maine Sunday Telegram*, and minor revisions, mostly in the way of expansion, were made for this printing.

Paul Blackburn's horse race poem appeared in MAPS in a different version.

Stephen Vincent's poem Anthem appeared in his recent book *White Lights & Whale Hearts*, published by New/Books and distributed by Book People (as is Io now).

Edward Dorn's section of *Gunslinger* will appear in slightly different form in the full version to be published by Frontier Books, West Newbury, Massachusetts.

George Kimball's article was written for the *Phoenix* in Boston-Cambridge.

Richard Grossinger's "The Game" originally appeared in *Caterpillar* and the "Mets....Enoch Stanley" piece appeared in *Restau*.

No real notes on contributors, but these locations: Bill Bemis (Portland, Maine); David Wilk (New Haven); Stephen King (Old Town, Maine); Bill Pearlman, Charlie Walsh, Charlie Vermont, Stephen Vincent (West Coast); Bobby Byrd, Jonathan Towers (Colorado); Terry Stokes (Michigan); Alex Gildzen, Philip R. St. Clair (Kent, Ohio), Paul Metcalf (Chester, Mass.), Charles Stein (Storrs, Conn.), Stan Persky (Vancouver). Bill Pearlman was named first team All American in Volleyball in '65 at Omaha while playing for UCLA.

The facts here do not speak for themselves. Baseball does not. The origins are lost. And it goes on day after day, full of meaning, without meaning. We search for the roots and find them shabby and thin: no baseball seeds, but brilliant baseball flowers, we are surrounded by, to every horizon, here in the garden.

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By a certain orthodoxy this issue should not even exist. The game does not justify the energy. It does not give it back. The sky may, the field may, our breathing may, but baseball is a fad, a misuse of self as player. It is not only not the only dance for the body; it is a dangerous dance for some men, thief of deeper and residual physical awarenesses. If the game works it is as an obsession (true for the leagues as well). It loses all when it becomes trivial, when it is *just another* historical event.

***

If baseball was hot for me, it was because I made it so. To question that is to break the living connection, and everything connected with the resource becomes useless and limp. We can make politics hot, marriage hot, psychoanalysis hot, and of course baseball. But we can also destroy those forms by questioning them with irrelevant objectivity or orthodoxy. The most magical and beautiful of creations disappears before the trained, the critical eye. The trouble with rigor or orthodoxy, whatever its origin and ostensible justification, is exactly that wild unconscious realm which is the source of the living. The psychological creation of baseball winds into the landscape, also baseball-like. If there is any authentic origin to this, the issue seeks it, and in that sense, the meaning of something that means absolutely nothing.

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Baseball is truly an obscurity. Beside it, Dreams and Ethnoastronomy are explicit and open books. Baseball has no meaning because it is a highly developed use, a flash, more frightning than numerology, of how far we've come, how impure the streams, how uncertain even the uncertainty. Not surrealism but a sense, almost, of another world; at the same time, an utterly rigid interpretation of the materials of this one. The purity is gone, the origin is obscure, the sacred connections are disavowed: it is flat. So if this issue comes to nothing, please remember we began with nothing, except as so much of Lévi-Strauss, which also comes brilliantly to nil, the *savage mind*.

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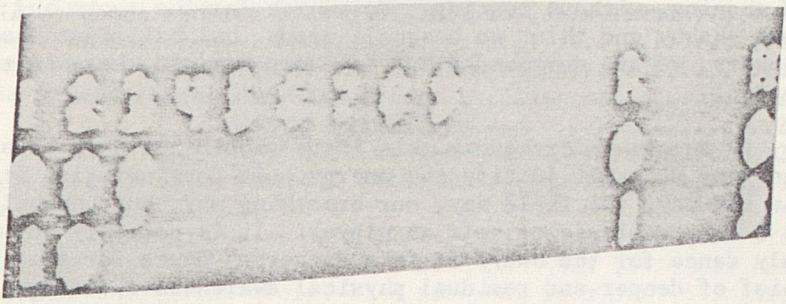
The other day I had the haunting sensation of turning on Game of the Week (on t.v.) without realizing who was playing and seeing my old favorite player of '50's Yankee years (Gil McDougald) grabbing a line drive at third base. It was moment-

arily confusing in exactly the way baseball is. I didn't know where I was or if it was possible. In a single perception I experienced all the confusions of this issue.



Why baseball at all? Why should it exist? And the particular grounding here: why a baseball issue? There has been much static on this. Some people take *Io* more seriously than to allow that (as a matter of fact, I am just beginning to understand how differently people who read *Io* take it than I do). Those who dig the ecology and the serious intent of that, or read the dreams as part of critical aesthetic and scientific research see baseball as a cop-out. (Never, never will I forget Norman O. Brown attacking me for reading a piece on the Mets to a small group in a private home at Wesleyan; the real mythology of the piece was totally ignored. The subject matter stood for everything, and to him its meaning was voiced in the objection: "Middle-brow capitalist culture. Who wants to hear about.....beeesball." I can in no way reproduce the derisive way in which the word "baseball" was said: reminiscent of the put-down one got in high school as kids moved into cars and girls.)

There are, then, readers of *Io* who have always hated baseball, never played it or followed it as children. There are others who speak of baseball as counterrevolutionary, simply to be excluded by the revolution, or anti-ecological, draining more energy out of an already-endangered system. (But what about Castro asking for the batting averages of the San Diego Padres just two years ago when Preston Gomez was over there?, that he even knew that team existed, or spoke about the Mets, and expressed real concern about some players? --- not their fucked up lives under capitalism and the fascist GM's, and who could question that fact?, but their batting averages and fielding records; or that revolutionary who blew himself up in New York, said the one thing that ruined him as a radical and the only thing that could take him out of the movement was the Giants and Willie Mays. I throw these out off the top of my head, not as solutions but further confusions; and mind you, at this moment, I find baseball a pocket of wasted energy in my life. One thing does not

destroy the reality of the other. And what about those baseball games that Dawson describes for Black Mountain, which leads Clayton Eshleman rightly to point out that it was on the ball diamonds of Black Mountain, not the classrooms.....)

(An irrelevant, or semi-relevant, episode comes to mind as an aside. Last January in Portland I organized an experimental film showing on myth and magic. It opened with a short film by Emshwiller, then some Brakhage, followed by Connor's "A Movie," two Anger films: "Scorpio Rising" and "Invocation of My Demon Brother," and then.....The Mets' 1969 Film, the souped-up public relations account of their path to the World Series victory. A lot of people walked out and were very very irritated; their aesthetics, or ethics, had been violated; they had paid to see art. Some were utterly delighted, but they had been half-asleep during the other films, dragged there by wives, girl-friends, or because they thought it was going to be something else; they were aroused as if by a cool summer breeze, but they considered it nothing more than a fortuitous accident. What interested me was that a few really dug it and said that it turned around the showing for them, that suddenly they saw what *the other films* were about. The whole notion of "experimental" as an aesthetic had seemed dry and mechanical (there being little or no precedent for such a showing in Portland), but when the pattern was broken by something as startling as the Met film, which appeared within the same generative matrix as the rest, it became new and really visionary. Among things pointed out to me were: the fans running around carrying the big number 1 right after Anger's invocation; the pick-up in pace after the black cat ran in front of the Cubs dugout; the constant use of the words "magic" and "miracle," as the narrators seemed to indicate that it didn't really matter which team was better, that the Mets were an event operating at a terrific integral speed in a different sphere, all implements and measures of the game serving their ceremony; the consecutive shots of men diving in the mud and great tumbling catches after Connor's haunting image of men on wrong-sized bikes and consecutive disasters; even the ceremonialism of bright colors and human movement drawn upon both the Brakhage and the Anger. So intelligence is native, not at large.)

Back to the confusion of the Old-Timers' Game. Seeing Kucks, Ditmar, Shantz, Slaughter, Reynolds, McDougald, Tom Morgan, all the old Yankees from the early years I followed the game, blurred into the group from the distant past: DiMaggio, Henrich, Keller, instantly brought to mind the intensity of growing up in that shadow. The Yankees were the single biggest event in my world. I grew with them, thru them, around them; my existence, which would have been obsessive and private otherwise, was balanced by their existence. I was the living person, and they were the real event. (Some of it was inevitably related to the involvement of both my

father and stepfather in the game; it is interesting then that they were outraged and irritated when my own obsession outdid theirs in every way; it got to the point, in high school, where I was once punished for trying to listen to a game on a faraway station at night that was too hard to get; the explanation was something like: "excess". But I think my earnestness became a mockery of their private fears.)

I have been to Shea Stadium but once, and that as an outsider returning to New York, but I went to Yankee Stadium at least twenty times a season and have rich interwoven memories of rampways, scorecards, pictures of the players, Yankee Pen and Pencil Set (bats), angles of sun, pinstripe uniforms, out-of-town scoreboards, peanut shells, the numbers in the bull-pen, even the American League Pennant Race, now so obscure. The Mets brought me into the National League, and the American League since has been a gaggle of lukewarm franchises, fodder merely for the Series. Cincinnati means something, even Philadelphia; but Washington?, Minnesota? Even Milwaukee has turned bland since it was reborn in the American League. Once those teams were threats, sharp swords of interest. The White Sox had Keegan and Pierce, the A's Herbert, the Tigers Lary; you had to pitch to Mickey Vernon and Gus Zernial. And there was always Cleveland, a pinch home run by Dale Mitchell. Or Narleski in relief of Garcia.

I rooted for a class or time-set of player, and it included Richardson, Kubek, Collins, Skowron, Shallock, Weisler, Renna, Stafford, despite what they have all become now, and what has become of America, in fact, to make them that way, to reveal them so (Richardson a jesus freak when he was only that great-fielding second-baseman we wondered if he would hit, Stafford managing bowling alleys, Kubek Mr. Game of the Week in shirt and tie and shave; they're only Americans; they always were, the real ones). Watching the '50's Yankees return I had confusion about my loyalty to the Mets and the National League. This time-set was gone, revealed only as a spectacle, like VFW. And somehow *I* had phased out on the Yankees gradually from '62 (when the Mets were born) thru '67 till I lost them completely. They became any other team. Which had seemed an utter impossibility. I lived and died with them. (I say that because my parents said with deep sarcasm: "He lives and dies with the Yankees; they're all he cares about.") If it were now they'd say baseball freak; back then it was "crazy about baseball." As I lived it happened beside me: the pure alive living daily history of the Yankees, each player that came up, each player that retired. One season, when Rip Coleman was brought up in mid-year, someone at camp who had bought an early paper tried to lord over me a knowledge about my own life and domain he had beaten me to. It failed. I was so on top of it I was expecting Rip Coleman to be brought

up anyday. Knowing the real history included all the variants and possibilities of the myth.

I actively listened to anywhere from 145 to all 154 games during those years (either radio, t.v., or at the ball-park, but mostly radio). I'm not even sure I understood the game as game, or sufficiently took into account that they were real players (though I met them as in some strange other world at my father's hotel; it always amazed me that they knew less about the teams than I did, were hardly real fans; many of the Yankees didn't know half the Kansas City team by name; I was the first one to tell Bill Stafford about Mel Stottlemyre, who was a minor league rookie on his own team; he laughed; he thought I was making the name up). I had my own strategies and options (and still do: I feel that next year the Mets should *at least* replace Hahn, Sadecki, Taylor, Clendenon, and Aspromonte with Stanton, Bibby, Capra, Jorgenson, and Martinez; this is a totally unfounded opinion.....though I did feel the Foy-Otis-Johnson trade was incredibly terrible; how terrible I didn't even realize at the time; given what Kansas City has done with Otis and Johnson, players gotten in trades out of that trade, etc., they have built an entire team, and Foy then couldn't play for anyone: but this is the thing about strategy; the person who has to do it does it once, and all the rest is conjecture and possibility). During the years I followed the Yankees, Casey made it intellectually interesting by platooning, by suggesting the notion of more complex rhythms within the usual rhythms of stars and daily line-ups.

The question comes up here, as it does throughout the issue: how many baseballs are there? Clearly, playing the game and following Major League Baseball are two different consciousnesses. Although I love informal hitting and throwing sessions, I have never particularly liked games. The hardball games at camp and in high school were stifling. At Amherst I enjoyed the softball and intramural games (though would have wished for a hardball; the problem was not the ball but the lack of appreciation for the game one develops if they have to play it like army; the actual feeling of baseball disappears, and the game is simply used as an authoritarian form for enforcing all the old male dominance competitions and militaristic displays; this is no doubt what it is like *within* the Major Leagues; yet somehow the fan ignores this, just as he ignores the political beliefs of the players and their own lack of knowledge of the constitutions of the teams). The end of my actual "game" experience came in Ann Arbor when I went out to a field to play with some graduate students. All the competitive shit from the classrooms was hot and heavy on the diamond, and as I told Lindy when I decided to stop playing: "I love the game, but I just can't take the company."

All in all, I never liked playing as much as listening and following. Single games stand out in my mind like bril-

liances, one won by Phil Rizzuto with a bunt single in the tenth inning after Irv Noren had tied it with a two-out pinch double in the ninth, one they won after two out in the ninth, coming from behind, having to use a pitcher (Ditmar) as a pinch-hitter, and then Joe Demaistri ending the game with a single, his first hit of the year (in July!), or the last game of the 1960 World Series, how many times that lead changed. Each new player that came up was like a new book by a favorite author, immediately engaging; trades were dizzying cosmology: Harry Byrd, Bob Turley, Dale Long, turning the world upsidedown. I am not sure how that set of Yankees died on me, or whether I still would have gone on following baseball if the Mets hadn't been born, but their set, post-1962, is as much a present reality to me as the Yankees were then, right upto the Series in '69, but not stopping there, right on thru.

I have always hated the Old-Timers' Game in the hot of the summer at Yankee Stadium, wanting to get it over with, all that clowning shit, and onto the business at hand, the real tension of the present and the heat and imminence of the pennant race. This time it was different. I was examining baseball. I liked hearing Mel Allen's voice, brought back as if from another era, seeing the players doing it for sheer fun and what they loosely call nostalgia. The intensity of the Yankee clan was broken, in a sense; the ancestors were on the field, not united against the rest of the American League but divided into two teams and playing against each other. There was no anxiety, no real score. When the game ended, the serious business began, that heat, and the continued tension of real records, real chronicle, the inescapable consequence of deed. That the other game could even exist was remarkable, for the dead had been brought back to life, those players who had vanished from the earth forever had come back from their jobs and occupations, as people, outside of baseball, to go thru the motions and recall, with their own inherent signatures, the stylisms that marked those years. Thru this all, the perception again: there is not just one baseball but many very different realities that pass under and are experienced as that name.

There is the hot following of a team, or baseball as it exists in the bars of New York City and the ghettoes of Detroit, instant personal depression when they lose, often black nihilism, even with no money on the game at all, just that you put yourself into all that entropy and tried to make it happen with your being; then it's over, and you sit there without even the anticipation, cut off. There is also the history of baseball, though this itself is many things: a history of self and one's own involvement with the game (and the simultaneous episodes of those years, often dated only by the season); a history of the game in America, including the early years, the '20's, '30's, etc., the old stars, and the differences between the way the game was played then and now; or even a history of America as

encompassing of baseball (which would be a history of baseball not from inside its own structure but imposed upon it, examining its rule changes as social and psychological events rather than strategic variations or that a home run in 1910 is a deflated version of a 1971 vintage homer).

Then there is baseball strategy, which can be extended to strategy and game theory in general (I wrote a paper on the strategy of lobsterfishing this past year in which I compared certain aspects of lobsterfishing strategy to related aspects of baseball-playing strategy, most notably the competition imbedded in a neutral matrix both sides support). The strategy of other games can be compared to the strategy of baseball, or certain aspects of the structure of baseball, its playing rules, its team make-up rules, its playoff rules, etc., can be analyzed on different levels and compared to non-baseball structures to try to determine their real structure (or the syntax of their transforming structure). In this sense, baseball becomes part of the general totemic and categorizing phenomenon of human societies; it is a ceremony, a nonlinear myth, a demography, and an ethnozoology. Combining these semi-anthropological concerns with the historical concerns we can see baseball as a curious (if apocryphal) cross between the spatial and geographic designs of certain American Indian games and the physical skills of cricket and even certain Olympic sports. I have worked hard on that relation in this issue and have toyed with the perception that baseball is both a game and a sport, the two levels mysteriously blending and disguising each other.

There is also another kind of totemic and strategic involvement in baseball, which is more related to numerological, divinatory, and qabbalistic concerns (the Topps bubble gum cards as tarot cards, a synthesis I have often made in my work). Some people focus on the endless magical and coincidental relation of details game after game and year after year. In fact, I often told Lindy, in the early years of knowing her, in struggling for an explanation of how that bland mass could be so engaging, that there is no single moment in baseball. You never begin again (even with a newly-formed team); each event is continuously judged in the context of related events from other seasons, and even potential events. Every game is filled with rarities, sympathies that seem to originate from some occult code rather than any respectable application of the law of averages. These may simply be the rarer associations, well within the law of averages, recognized only by a sort of prejudice, but the appearance is otherwise, and I have never known a baseball game that was not magical, or unbelievable and unprecedented in some manner. Which is why the announcers are always wasting their breath saying it. There *is* the illusion that something big and cosmic is happening. The events don't merely succeed (as they should); they cohere.

In this line there is also the invention of games on a

baseball-like model. There are dice games, coin games, spinner games, card games, and other variations, like roofball, stoopball, ocean ball, punchball, stickball; these are invariably more interesting when created by the person playing them, but it is also undeniable that usually, in the case of marketed baseball games, the "player" becomes creative within the context of someone else's rules. One can call them useless private fantasies, obsessions, etc. (as J. Henry Waugh in the Coover novel), but they are also part of the natural working of consciousness, to justify and confirm its holisms and penetrate a world that seems to be contagiously of its own making. As long as baseball is also myth (even the word "ruthian"), the fan is a world creator, an etiologist. As I pointed out earlier, the players themselves don't care (they get paid not to). The deep structure of proto-baseball generates endless syntaxes, variants, even regionalisms. This is known as "version;" the game itself is never static: what is actual *running* in one model of it becomes *distance* in another; or the spatial entities and zones of one version become the *players* when a league is feasible and the means are at hand. A General Manager in Bend, Oregon, shuffles the bubble gum cards of aboriginal Troy, New York. Club-ball itself is transformed, thru cricket, into baseball on that vast American grid. And who anymore understands the phenomenon even like the reality of, say, Alaska. Which itself has leagues, as brief as summer flora, glacier-melt, but Tom Seaver pitched some of his first games in that league. So it's not Russia. We might know that.

There is also the simple physical playing of baseball, the *feel* of the game, mixed, perhaps, with nostalgia, but also an entity in itself, an exercise that gives rise to certain thought patterns. Some people hear baseball and think: Americana, history, native American game, dig that we're doing an issue and consider themselves "fans". Others don't come at it that way at all. It's either pure nostalgia, or the act of playing. It's baseball as apart from town history, or the county fair, or sardine-packing contests in Rockland. Baseball that gains its reality from baseball, whatever that is (so as you can see it's not too narrow and limiting a topic; it's almost too large to handle). Is the playing dependent on the rules, or does it give rise itself to a unique experience from which the rules derive after the fact? Who knows more about baseball: the fan who follows it obsessively, makes it possible economically, and recreates it psychologically, or the player who drills in its fundamentals, plays it daily, and is ordered utterly by its rules and structure?; or did the imaginary inventor of baseball know and foresee it all? Is baseball peculiarly American in its interpretation, or is there a more basic "baseball" that is archetypal, of which the American variety is a form? Does baseball have deeper roots in psychology or geography? I don't suggest these are real questions, but I do think they are the ones that will be asked, and asked.

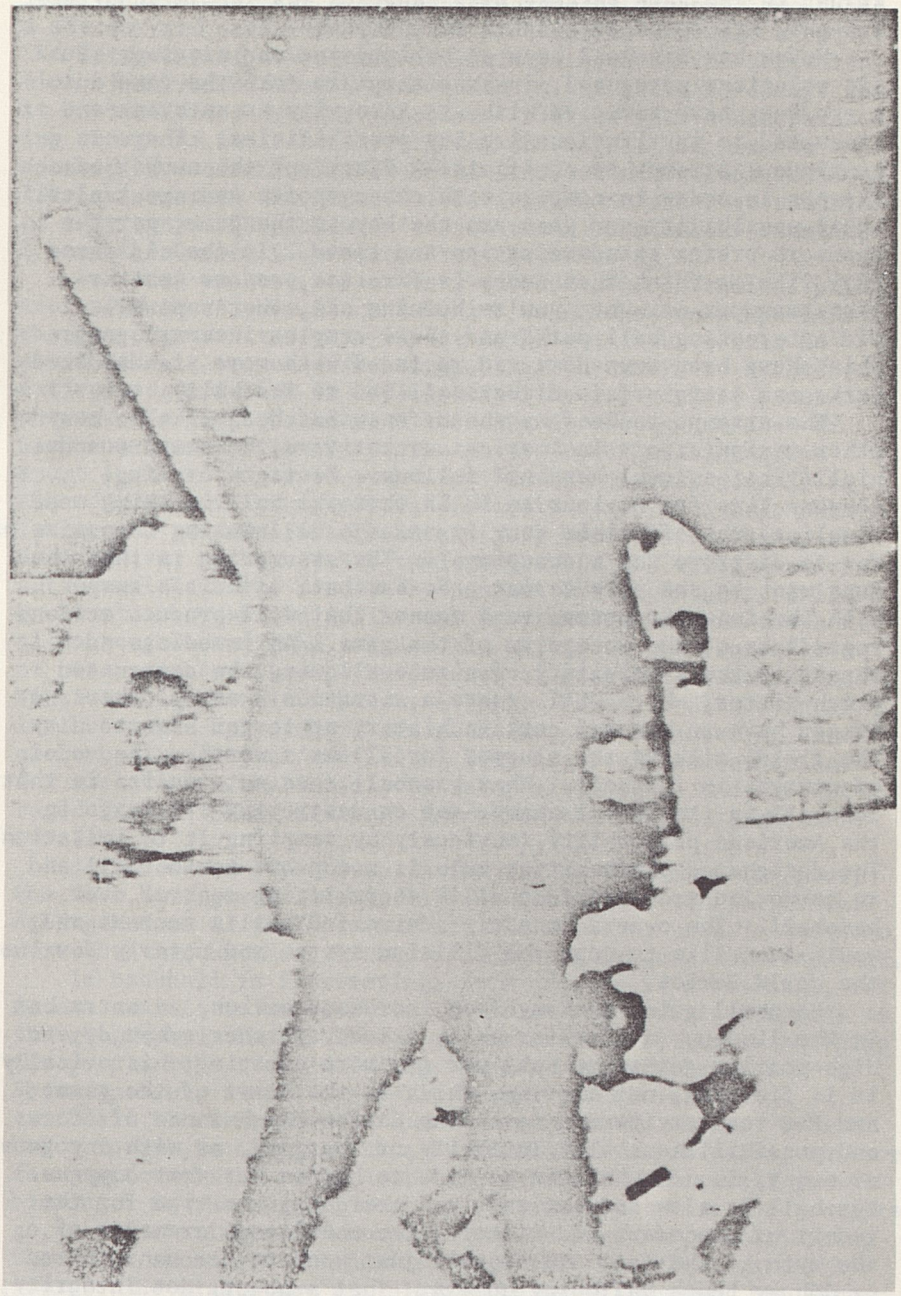
There is also baseball as politics (which, in a sense, is sportswriting; you either talk about the state of the nation of baseball or the state of the nation, symptomatically, thru baseball). I might speak of the state of the nation *of* baseball by interpreting certain rule changes and new attitudes that exist on a Major League level and examining their possible effect on the game as it is played and conceived in this nation. Also one might investigate the expansion of baseball into Japan and the Far East in general and see what effects this might have on the internal and external structures of the game. Some of this is handled by the Baseball Issue Editorial, immediately following.

The other possibility is baseball as symptom, which inevitably yields the reverse results. I will never, in that sense, forget the editorial in the local Michigan student paper after Denny McClain won his 30th game for Detroit. They spoke of it not as a victory but a sign of an obsessed dying America, a decrepit nation unable to face its collapse, its head in trivialities and contests, its feet in shit. This runs almost directly counter a Jimmy Cannon sports column in the old *Journal American* I read as a kid (this one about Roger Maris' 61st homer, a similar feat): if not baseball, what else?, he asked. If we're going to live at all we have to have something to live for that doesn't pretend it's the real thing, because all the things that do never are. Baseball is perfectly honest in its description of its events. It doesn't promise relevance or significance; it is the sheer fact of it (and here Americana) that exists, at best, for obscure reasons, and continues only of its own power. Roger Maris' 61st home run solves nothing, but it is available and useable and utterly documented and real.

An old-time revolutionist working for *Time* and visiting my father's hotel in 1964 told me during the presidential campaign that he didn't give a shit; they had tried to make him believe that it mattered in '60, that it would be utopia or hell depending on which way the election came out. It was a fraud. Now, he claimed, those same people were trying to sell him on Goldwater-Johnson. "I won't give in. Let them try for my soul!" These days they are advancing Dr. Spock or Ralph Nader versus Nixon in '72, as if that would be REAL, transit of our nation, which is finally more dangerous than making 30 victories the crux of our vision. Politics is NOT self-evident or accessible despite its blatant ideologies (as we see when Mao and Nixon get together, like the Giants and the Dodgers, and move to California, where it's greener). Seeking cruciality from a favorite team, as the Mets in '69, is no less relevant than social and political concern; in either case it's energy, and in gross tidal amounts, like sun and moon. Ed Dorn laid it down in 1960: "People who con-

gregate in a square in London and make a march on the atomic works are not really concerned with politics either. Everyone knows the machinery of politics goes on far above our heads, and I don't think there's anything we can do about it." The abuse is in misusing politics, a real danger, for behind that wall there's nothing else. Learn the radicals. This abuse doesn't exist in following baseball. In that sense, we are back at Levi-Strauss' sociology, and baseball is just one face of the mask at the moment it is revealed.

Originally the baseball issue was to be simply a section in the larger Earth Geography Issue, but I saw the need to change the scale and inner measure of the issues. The Earth Geography Issue is a set of regionalisms. Baseball is, in a sense, a real local history and archaeology, but one, which for me and many other people across the American continents, is not at the same time an estrangement from each other. It all crosses and absorbs as the airwaves and different games at night; its localness is not geographical (one Britisher was recently outraged to find out that teams actually moved around in this country); its localness is itself, and the very oddity that the Los Angeles Dodgers are the Brooklyn Dodgers, or the Oakland Athletics are the Philadelphia Athletics by way of Kansas City, who now have the Royals, is a dynamic of baseball's real fixed geography (which clearly exists in there, even with the new teams) and an interpretation, thru that geography, in an obvious sociological sense, of the other American geographies. Thus, the different pieces in the issue come together to create a local history we really share. That there are obscurities and contradictions here I do not deny. We have excavated more than Hopewell implements, in terms of the vastness and intricacy of connection; it is an archaeology without sites, or some in the head, some in the ground, and some in forgotten and lost nations. That very fact should lead us not to refute the condition but to take this outward as somehow part of the very real city we are creating and live in. For it will also be part of the ideal city we make.



The problems with baseball are those old American vices, turned on the game because of a sense of its ideological usefulness, its so-called effect on the youth.

Never has baseball been so manipulated and misused. Public relations personnel, in an attempt to make the game into a product, have tampered with its integrity as an event and attempted to institutionalize its possibilities. There is a continuous attempt to artificially "jack up" the number of viewers in order to compete with other sports and spectacles. Local possibility and pace are the key to the game; yet the sponsors prefer standardization and speed. In the old sense they like to think that smoke is fire (or, as one lobster-fisherman put it, when you're burning oil, that's power). Old interesting ball parks and their complex internal geographies have been torn down and replaced with more standardized parks and Astroturf (a direct sell-out to football).

The attempt to beef up the offense has been like so many other manipulations in America: secretive with continuous denial. Professional Baseball follows a Pentagon or drug company line (as obvious as it is that the ball is being made livelier, the officials deny it and the ball-making companies offer to disprove the accusations). The assumption is that the fans want to see pure *action*. So baseball officials tamper with the inner structure in a manner that will produce action, regardless of the integrity of the game. An immediate such threat is the possibility of a rule allowing the designated pinch-hitter, which will create a situation where pitchers no longer have to bat and certain hitters no longer have to play the field, milking the slugger for all he's worth. The model, of course, is football. What baseball does not realize is that football is its mortal enemy, set on destroying its imago in the American personality (obviously by tempting it to imitation). The designated pinch-hitter rule is a cop out to football and an acknowledgement of football's accumulating control over baseball. The owners honestly admire football's success and would even like to copy the division system and utterly devalue the World Series.

Baseball gains nothing from increased action, an extra bat in the line-up, a livelier ball, a lower pitcher's mound, etc. High-scoring games are not, per se, more exciting; historically it is fielding, not hitting, which is the heart of the game; and the real excitement is in the day-to-day balance of scores and possibilities. The integrity of the game, as with any game or event, is not what can be made to happen but what *happens*. Baseball is slow and patient, and thereby gives time for the recall of precedent and history, the continuous creation of the myth by the fan. He doesn't just want to see Henry Aaron or Johnny Bench walloping homers. That's power, not integrity;

power has meaning only within a guaranteed system.

Another mindless intensive is the organist (the archetypal phony rooter, baseball's canned laughter). Nothing is more offensive than arousing the fans by artless music of a fool with a stereotyped sense of humor and no sense of the game at all. The integrity of the stands is violated here by the amplification of a "voice" that has no claim on being heard, except that it is subsidized by the management. If the game isn't exciting enough as it is no one's going to come to the park to be aroused by a clown. The baseball games from Montreal sound like an event at the Expo, fulfilling the unfortunate naming of that team. They shouldn't even count them in the standings. I hope the Quebec Liberation Front blows it up.

And then we have Bowie Kuhn, an obnoxious obsequious politician if there ever was one. With an Agnewesque pomposity. Who has degraded the game by setting himself above it. He would like it to run efficiently, like the army, so he has extirpated variation in ballfields, players, styles, atmospheres. To him, and many of the owners, the new mission of baseball (now that it isn't the most popular and lucrative sport in America) is to stand for Middle America, glorifying the team effort, the crewcut, discipline, the military, obedience, and yes-men. Baseball actively opposes long hair, individualism, myth, and the real geographic and local America out of which it was born. The perfect Little Leaguer, drilled by his father, should follow the instructions of his coaches all through school; he reaches the majors as the protector of his nation's values, the product of excellent coaching and hippie avoidance (if a black: a Tom). Note how disturbances in the stands by hardhats are good fun, disturbances by kids are rebellion; watch the Little Leaguers bawl each other out for mistakes in the field some sunny afternoon. And the outraged father: "What are you: scared of the ball!" Aren't we all?

Bouton was a fluke even in the way he came into the game, the fast ball given late in life by the muses, not the coach. As Tug McGraw of the Mets put it: "We're being used." And none more than his brother, kicked off Eugene, Oregon, for long hair.

If baseball is interesting, it's because it's baseball, but no one owns it to subvert it. It is as much public property as the geography. Kansas is not conservative. It can be anything the people make it. Including Pawnee. Out of the recent *Sporting News*, I will let Wells Twombly conclude:

"Well, rooting for the Giants may be an in thing. Over by Union Square, a hippie with a Fu Manchu beard pads along in bare feet, a transistor radio next to his ear. The baseball game is blaring. On the corner, next to the cannery, where the tourists go, a street singer is thumping away on a guitar, entertaining the folks from Peoria. A wire leads from his right ear to his radio. The Giants may not please the establishment, but darned if the radicals aren't in love with them."

Baseball Issue Quotes

"And then I thought of Jim O'Toole and I felt both strange and sad. When I took the cab to the airport in Cincinnati I got into a conversation with the driver and he said he'd played ball that summer against Jim O'Toole. He said O'Toole was pitching for the Ross Eversoles in the Kentucky Industrial League. He said O'Toole is all washed up. He doesn't have his fastball anymore but his control seems better than when he was with Cincinnati. I had to laugh at that. O'Toole won't be trying to sneak one over the corner on Willie Mays in the Kentucky Industrial League.

Jim O'Toole and I started out even in the spring. He wound up with the Ross Eversoles and I with a new lease on life. And as I daydreamed of being Fireman of the Year in 1970 I wondered what the dreams of Jim O'Toole are like these days. Then I thought, would I do that? When it's all over for me, would I be hanging on with the Ross Eversoles? I went down deep and the answer I came up with was yes.

Yes, I would. You see, you spend a good piece of your life gripping a baseball and in the end it turns out that it was the other way around all the time."

from Ball Four by Jim Bouton

"And yet despite all this rackety gray when I grew to the grave maturity of 11 or 12 I saw, one crisp October morning, in the back Textile field, a great pitching performance by a husky strangely old looking 14-year-older, or 13, -- a very heroic looking boy in the morning, I liked him and I hero-worshipped him immediately but never hoped to rise high enough to meet him in those athletic scuffles of the windy fields (when hundreds of less important little kids make a crazy army benighted by individual twitchings in smaller but not less tremendous dramas, for instance that morning I rolled over in the grass and cut my right small finger on a rock, with a scar that stays vivid and grows with me even now) -- there was Scotty Boldieu on the high mound, king of the day, taking his signal from the catcher with a heavy sullen and insulting look of skepticism and native French Canadian Indian-like dumb calm --; the catcher was sending him nervous messages, one finger (fast ball), two fingers (curve), three fingers (drop), four fingers (walk him) (and Paul Boldieu had enough great control to walk em, as if unintentionally, never changing expression) (off the mound he may grin on the bench) -- Paul turned aside the catcher's signals (shake of head) with his French Canadian patient scorn, he just waited till the fingers three (signal for drop), settled back, looked to

first base, spit, spit again in his glove and rub it in, pluck at the dust for his fingertips, bending thoughtfully but not slowly, chewing on his inside lip in far meditation (maybe thinking about his mother who made him oatmeal and beans in the gloomy gray midwinter dawns of Lowell as he stood in the dank hall closet puttin on his overshoes), looks briefly to 2nd base with a frown from the memory of someone having reached there in the 2nd inning drat it (he sometimes said "Drat it!" in imitation of B movie Counts of England), now it's the 8th inning and Scotty's given up two hits, nobody beyond second base, he's leading 8-0, he wants to strike out the batter and get into the ninth inning, he takes his time -- I'm watching him with a bleeding hand, amazed -- a great Grover C. Alexander of the sandlots blowing one of his greatest games -- (later he was bought by the Boston Braves but went home to sit with his wife and mother-in-law in a bleak brown kitchen with a castiron stove covered with brass scrolls and a poem in a tile panel, and Catholic French Canadian calendars on the wall). -- Now he winds up, leisurely, looking off towards third base and beyond even as he's rearing back to throw with an easy, short, effortless motion, no fancy dan imitations and complications and phoniness, blam he calmly surveys the huge golden sky all sparkle-blue rearing over the hedges and iron pickets of Textile Main Field and the great Merrimac Valley high airs of heaven shining in the Commerical Saturday October morning of markets and delivery men, with one look of the eye Scotty has seen that, is in fact looking towards his house on Mammoth Road, at Cow Field -- blam, he's come around and thrown his drop home, perfect strike, kid swinging, thap in the catcher's mitt, "You're out," end of the top of the 8th inning.

Scotty's already walking to the bench when the umpire's called it -- "Ha, ha," they laugh on the bench knowing him so well, Scotty never fails. In the bottom of the 8th Scot comes to bat for his licks, wearing his pitching jacket, and swinging the bat around loosely in his powerful hands, without much effort, and again in short, unostentatious movements, pitcher throws in a perfect strike after 2 and 0 and Scotty promptly belts it clean-drop into left over the shortstop's glove -- he trots to first like Babe Ruth, he was always hitting neat singles, he didn't want to run when he was pitching.

I saw him thus in the morning, his name was Boldieu, it immediately stuck in my mind with Beaulieu -- street where I learned to cry and be scared of the dark and of my brother for many years (till almost 10) -- this proved to me *all my life wasn't black.*"

from Dr. Sax by Jack Kerouac

"The corner drugstore was still open. A scrawny curly-headed kid, cigarette butt dangling under his fuzzy upper lip, played the pinball machine that stood by the window. Henry paused to watch. The machine was rigged like a baseball game, though the scores were unrealistic. Henry had played the machine himself often and once, during a blue season, had even played off an entire all-UBA pinball tourney on it. Ball-players, lit from inside, scampered around the basepaths, as the kid put english on the balls with his hips and elbows. A painted pitcher, in eternal windup, kicked high, while below, a painted batter in a half-crouch moved motionlessly toward the plate. Two girls in the upper corners, legs apart and skirts hiked up their thighs, cheered the runners on with silent wide-open mouths. The kid was really racking them up: seven free games showing already. Lights flashed, runners ran. Eight Nine. "THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME," it said across the top, between the gleaming girls. Well, it was. American baseball, by luck, trial and error, and since the famous playing rules council of 1889, had struck on an almost perfect balance between offense and defense, and it was that balance, that and the accountability -- the beauty of the records system which found a place to keep forever each least action -- that had led Henry to baseball as his final great project.

The kid twisted, tensed, relaxed, hunched over, reared, slapped the machine with a pelvic thrust; up to seventeen free games and the score on the lighted panel looked more like that of a cricket match than a baseball game. Henry moved on. To be sure, he'd only got through one UBA pinball tourney and had never been tempted to set up another. Simple-minded, finally, and not surprisingly a simple-minded ballplayer, Jaybird Wall, had won it. In spite of all the flashing lights, it was -- like those two frozen open-mouthed girls and the batter forever approaching the plate, the imperturbable pitcher forever reared back -- a static game, utterly lacking the movement, grace, and complexity of real baseball. When he'd finally decided to settle on his own baseball game, Henry had spent the better part of two months just working with the problem of odds and equilibrium points in an effort to approximate that complexity. Two dice had not done it. He'd tried three, each a different color, and the 216 different combinations had provided the complexity, all right, but he'd nearly gone blind trying to sort the colors on each throw. Finally, he'd compromised, keeping the three dice, but all white, reducing the total number of combinations to 56, though of course the odds were still based on 216. To restore -- and, in fact, to intensify -- the complexity of the multicolored method, he'd allowed triple ones and sixes -- 1-1-1 and 6-6-6 -- to trigger the more spectacular events, by referring the following dice throw to what he called his Stress Chart, also a three-dice chart, but far more dramatic in nature than the basic ones. Two successive throws of triple ones and sixes

were exceedingly rare -- only about three times in every two entire seasons of play on the average -- but when it happened, the next throw was referred, finally, to the Chart of Extraordinary Occurrences, where just about anything from fist-fights to fixed ball games could happen. These two charts were what gave the game its special quality, making it much more than just a series of hits and walks and outs. Besides these, he also had special strategy charts for hit-and-run plays, attempted stolen bases, sacrifice bunts, and squeeze plays, still others for deciding the ages of rookies, when they came up, for providing details of injuries and errors, and for determining who, each year, must die."

from The Universal Baseball Association, Inc.
J. Henry Waugh, Prop. *by Robert Coover*

"All games are defined by a set of rules which in practice allow the playing of any number of matches. Ritual, which is also 'played', is on the other hand, like a favoured instance of a game, remembered from among the possible ones because it is the only one which results in a particular type of equilibrium between the two sides. The transposition is readily seen in the case of the Gahuku-Gama of New Guinea who have learnt football but who will play, several days running, as many matches as are necessary for both sides to reach the same score. This is treating a game as a ritual.

The same can be said of the games which took place among the Fox Indians during adoption ceremonies. Their purpose was to replace a dead relative by a living one and so to allow the final departure of the soul of the deceased. The main aim of the funeral rites among the Fox seems indeed to be to get rid of the dead and to prevent them from avenging on the living their bitterness and their regret that they are no longer among them. For native philosophy resolutely sides with the living: "Death is a hard thing. Sorrow is especially hard."

Death originated in the destruction by supernatural powers of the younger of two mythical brothers who are cultural heroes among all the Algonkin. But it was not yet final. It was made so by the elder brother when, in spite of his sorrow, he rejected the ghost's request to be allowed to return to his place among the living. Men must follow this example and be firm with the dead. The living must make them understand that they have lost nothing by dying since they regularly receive offerings of tobacco and food. In return they are expected to compensate the living for the reality of death which they recall to them and for the sorrow their demise causes them by guaranteeing them long life, clothes, and something to eat. 'It is the dead who make food increase', a native informant explains. 'They (the Indians) must coax them that way.'

Now, the adoption rites which are necessary to make the soul of the deceased finally decide to go where it will take on the role of a protecting spirit are normally accompanied by competitive sports, games of skill or chance between teams which are constituted in the basis of an *ad hoc* division into two sides, Tokan and Kicko. It is said explicitly over and over again that it is the living and the dead who are playing against each other. It is as if the living offered the dead the consolation of a last match before finally being rid of them. But, since the two teams are asymmetrical in what they stand for, the outcome is inevitably determined in advance:

This is how it is when they play ball. When the man for whom the adoption-feast is held is a Tokana, the Tokanagi win the game. The Kickoagi cannot win. And if it is a Kicko woman for whom the adoption-feast is given, the Kickoagi win, as in turn the Tokanagi do not win (Michelson).

And what is in fact the case? It is clear that it is only the living who win in the great biological and social game which is constantly taking place between the living and the dead. But, as all the North American mythology confirms, to win a game is symbolically to 'kill' one's opponent; this is depicted as really happening in innumerable myths. By ruling that they should always win, the dead are given the illusion that it is they who are really alive, and that their opponents, having been 'killed' by them, are dead. Under the guise of playing with the dead, one plays them false and commits them. The formal structure of what might at first sight be taken for a competitive game is in fact identical with that of a typical ritual such as the Mitawit or Midewinin of these same Algonkin peoples in which the initiates get symbolically killed by the dead whose part is *played* by the initiated; they feign death in order to obtain a further lease of life. In both cases, death is brought in but only to be duped.

Games thus appear to have a *disjunctive* effect: they end in the establishment of a difference between individual players or teams where originally there was no indication of inequality. And at the end of the game they are distinguished into winners and losers. Ritual, on the other hand, is the exact inverse; it *conjoins*, for it brings about a union (one might even say communion in this context) or in any case an organic relation between two initially separate groups, one ideally merging with the person of the officiant and the other with the collectivity of the faithful. In the case of games the symmetry is therefore preordained and it is of a structural kind since it follows from the principle that the rules are the same for both sides. Asymmetry is engendered: it follows inevitably from the contingent nature of events, themselves due to intention, chance or talent. The reverse is true of ritual. There is an asymmetry which is postulated in advance between profane and sacred, faithful and officiating, dead and living, initiated and uninitiated, etc., and the

'game' consists in making all the participants pass to the winning side by means of events, the nature and ordering of which is genuinely structural. Like science (though here again on both the theoretical and the practical plane) the game produces events by means of a structure; and we can therefore understand why competitive games should flourish in our industrial societies. Rites and myths, on the other hand, like 'bricolage' (which these same societies only tolerate as a hobby or pastime), take to pieces and reconstruct sets of events (on a psychical, socio-historical or technical plane) and use them as so many indestructible pieces for structural patterns in which they serve alternatively as ends or means."

from THE SAVAGE MIND by Claude Levi-Strauss

"Do the flowers change as I touch your skin?
They are merely buttercups. No sign of
death in them. They die and you know
by their death that it is no longer
summer. Baseball season.
Actually
I don't remember ever touching your
back when there were flowers (butter-
cups and dandelions there) waiting
to die. The end of summer
The baseball season finished. The
Bumble-bee there cruising over a
few poor flowers.
They have cut the ground from under
us. The touch
Of your hands on my back. The Giants
Winning 93 games
Is as impossible
In spirit
As the grass we might walk on."

from LANGUAGE by Jack Spicer

"The largest furniture center in Houston now occupies most of the block where Buff Stadium once sat. The owners had the good taste to preserve their legacy, however, by building a baseball museum within the store. It is a strange sensation to stroll across the carpeted floor and to realize that old Buff Stadium is buried directly beneath your feet. One feels like Alice in Wonderland. See that early-American-living-room group? Joe Medwick and Tris Speaker and Watty Watkins, in

their time, played the outfield there. Somewhere else in the room is the spot where Dizzy Dean warmed up on the sidelines, occasionally yelling out to his brother, Elmer, as he hawked peanuts in the stands. And with just the slightest effort you could locate third base, where Ron Santo, and before him, Ken Boyer, played on their way to who knew where.

Now Dizzy Dean has his own museum back home in Mississippi, and Houston is major league, and its Astrodome is a marvel of baseball's computer age. No doubt it is better now, with exploding scoreboards and all the modern comforts. But still you remember the time 25 years ago when the organist at Buff Stadium would serenade an opposing pitcher just knocked out of the box with: *So Long, It's Been Good To Know You.* And you kind of yearn to return to that kind of past, at least for just a little while."

from SPORT MAGAZINE, Sept., 1971, by Mickey Herskowitz

"And there's me - playing my baseball game in the mud of the yard, draw a circle with a rock in the middle, for 3rd, for ss, 2nd base, first, for outfield positions, and pitch ball in with little selfward flick, a heavy ballbearing, bat is a big nail, whap, there's a grounder between the rock of 3rd and ss, basehit into left because also missed rolling through infield circles - there's a flyball to left, plops down into left field circle, he's out, I played this and hit such a long home-run it was inconceivable, heretofore the diamond I'd drawn in the ground and the game I was playing were synonomous with regular distances and power-values in baseball, but suddenly I hit this incredible homerun with the smal of the nail and drove the ball which was my great race champion $1,000,000 Repulsion in its bedroom-in-the-winter-life, now it's spring, blossoms in center field, DiMaggio's watching my apples grow - it goes sailing across an intervening stadium, or yard, into the veritable suburbs of the mythical city locating the mythical ballfield - into the yard of the Phebe Street house where we used to live - lost in the bushes there - lost my ball, lost Repulsion, the whole league ended (and the Turf was bereft of its king), a sinister end-of-the-world homerun had been hit."

from DR. SAX by Jack Kerouac

"Or, the air, again, cold sun, wheeling, with hands strained, sun full in the eyes, up & around, the ball leaving, towards the squat shade houses, they yelled. They yelled, at me. The ball rolling out. Amazed, they loved it. Even the weather.....

"Not softball, not with the beautiful molded southern

grass shiny money dear friend of sun walking smooth so far to talk quiet and knowing what it was to be something to live away and not know them. To not be me. To not know, finally, what it is that ran me. To come to this. To what you see here dying. To be that, and to be that, as I am, for you, for you all, for all space."

from THE SYSTEM OF DANTE'S HELL by LeRoi Jones

"It comes May and the summers renew themselves
(39 of them) Baseball seasons
Utter logic
Where a man is faced with a high curve.
No telling what happened in this game. Except one didn't
strike out. One feels they fielded it badly at
second base.
Oceans of wildflowers. Utter logic of form and color."

from LANGUAGE by Jack Spicer

"Baseball is too much of a business to them now. I loved baseball. I ate and slept it. But now the players, instead of picking up the sports page, pick up the Wall Street Journal. It's different."

Satchel Paige at Cooperstown, New York

"7th Game : 1960 Series for Joel

Nice day,
sweet October afternoon
Men walk the sun-shot avenues,
Second, Third, eyes
intent elsewhere
ears communing with transistors in shirt pockets
Bars are full, quiet,
discussion during commercials
only
Pirates lead New York 4-1, top of the 6th, 2
Yankees on base, 1 man out

What a nice day for all this -!
Handsome women, even
dreamy jailbait, walk
nearly neglected :
men's eyes are blank
their thoughts are all in Pittsburgh

Last half of the 9th, the score tied 9-all
Mazeroski leads off for the Pirates
The 2nd pitch he simply, sweetly

CRACK!

belts it clean over the left-field wall
Blocks of afternoon
acres of afternoon
Pennsylvania Turnpikes of afternoon . One
diamond stretches out in the sun
the 3rd base line
and what men come down
it

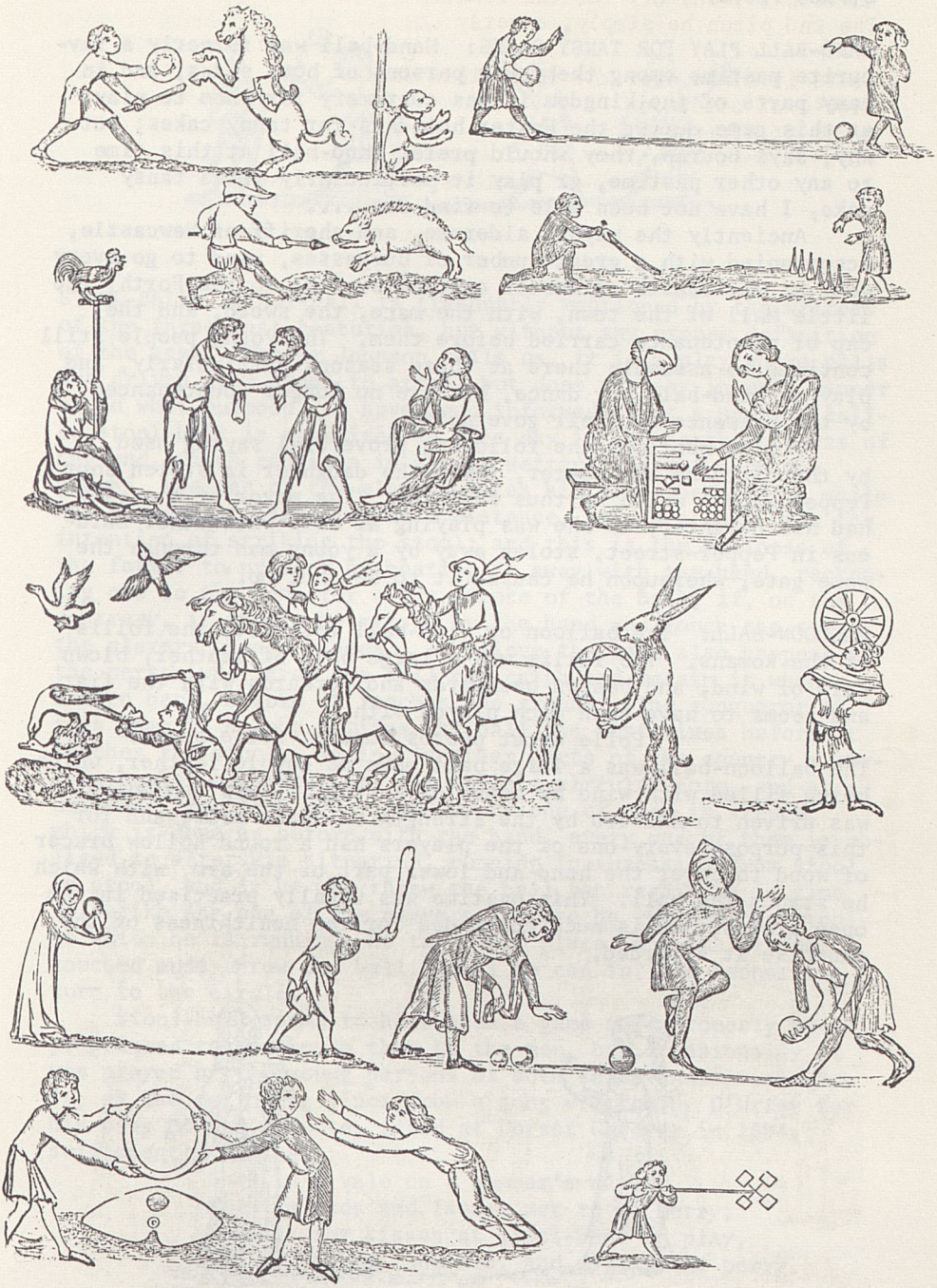
The final score, 10-9

Yanquis, come home"

from THE CITIES by Paul Blackburn

Baseball being played on Boston Common, 1834.

Baseball by way of England



from SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND by Joseph Strutt (1876)

HAND-BALL PLAY FOR TANSY CAKES: Hand-ball was formerly a favourite pastime among the young persons of both sexes, and in many parts of the kingdom it was customary for them to play at this game during the Easter holidays for tansy cakes; but why, says Bourne, they should prefer hand-ball at this time to any other pastime, or play it particularly for a tansy cake, I have not been able to find out.....

Anciently the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of Newcastle, accompanied with a great number of burgesses, used to go every year at the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide to the Forth, the little Mall of the town, with the mace, the sword, and the cap of maintenance carried before them. The young people still continue to assemble there at those seasons particularly, and play at Hand-ball, or dance, but are no longer countenanced by the presence of their governors.

Fuller mentions the following proverbial saying used by the citizens of Chester, 'When the daughter is stolen shut Pepper Gate,' which he thus explains: "The mayor of the city had his daughter, as she was playing at ball with other maidens in Pepper-street, stolen away by a young man through the same gate, whereupon he caused it to be shut up.'

BALLOON-BALL: The balloon or wind-ball resembled the follis of the Romans. The follis was a large ball of leather, blown full of wind, and beaten backwards and forwards with the fist, and seems to have been much played with.

'Folle decet pueros ludere, folle sense.'

The balloon-ball was a large ball made of double leather, which being filled with wind by means of a ventil, says Commenius, was driven to and fro by the strength of men's arms; and for this purpose every one of the players had a round hollow bracer of wood to cover the hand and lower part of the arm, with which he struck the ball. This pastime was usually practised in the open fields, and is much commended for the healthiness of the exercise it afforded.

STOOL-BALL: Stool-ball is frequently mentioned by the writers of the three last centuries, but without any proper definition of the game. Doctor Johnson tells us, it is a play where balls are driven from stool to stool, but does not say in what manner or to what purpose. I have been informed, that a pastime called stool-ball is practised to this day in the northern parts of England, which consists in simply setting a stool upon the ground, and one of the players takes his place before it, while his antagonist, standing at a distance, tosses a ball with the intention of striking the stool; and this is the business of the former to prevent by beating it away with the hand, reckoning one to the game for every stroke of the ball; if, on the contrary, it should be missed by the hand and touch the stool, the players change places. I believe the same also happens if the person who threw the ball can catch and retain it when driven back, before it reaches the ground. The conqueror at this game is he who strikes the ball the most times before it touches the stool. Again, in other parts of the country a certain number of stools are set up in a circular form, and at a distance from each other, and every one of them is struck, which is done as before with the hand, every one of them is obliged to alter his situation, running in sucession from stool to stool, and if he who threw the ball can regain it in time to strike any one of the players, before he reaches the stool to which he is running, he takes his place, and the person touched must throw the ball, until he can in like manner return to the circle.

Stool-ball seems to have been a game more properly appropriated to the women than to the men, but occasionally it was played by the young persons of both sexes indiscriminately; as the following lines from a song written by D'Urfey for his play of Don Quixote, acted at Dorset Gardens in 1694, sufficiently indicate:

Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry;
A match for kisses at stool-ball to play,
And for cakes, and ale, and sider, and perry.

chorus: Come all, great small, short tall, away to stool-ball.

HURLING: Hurling is an ancient exercise, and seems originally to have been a species of the hand-ball; it was played by the Romans with a ball called harpastum, a word probably derived from harpago, to snatch or take by violence. The contending parties endeavoured to force the ball one from the other, and they who could retain it long enough to cast it beyond an appointed boundary were the conquerors. The inhabitants of the western counties of England have long been famous for their skill in the practice of this pastime. There were two methods of hurling in Cornwall, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and both are particularly described by Carew, a contemporary writer, whose words are these: 'Hurling taketh his denomination from throwing of the ball, and is of two sorts; in the east parts of Cornwall to goales, and in the west to the country. For hurling to goales there are fifteen, twenty, or thirty players, more or less, chosen out on each side, who strip themselves to their slightest apparell and then join hands in ranke one against another; out of these rankes they match themselves by payres, one embracing another, and so passe away, every of which couple are especially to watch one another during the play; after this they pitch two bushes in the ground, some eight or ten feet asunder, and directly against them, ten or twelve paces off, other twain in like distance, which they terme goales, where some indifferent person throweth up a ball, the which whosoever can catch and carry through his adversaries goale, hath wonne the game; but herein consisteth one of Hercules his labours, for he that is once possessed of the ball, hath his contrary mate waiting at inches and assaying to lay hold upon him, the other thrusteth him in the breast with his closed fist to keep him off, which they call *butting*.' According to the laws of the game, 'they must hurle man to man, and not two set upon one man at once. The hurler against the ball must not *butt* nor *hand-fast* under the girdle, he who hath the ball must *butt* only in the other's breast, and deale no fore ball, that is, he may not throw it to any of his mates standing nearer to the goal than himself.' In hurling to the country, 'two or three, or more parishes agree to hurl against two or three other parishes. The matches are usually made by gentlemen, and their goales are either those gentlemen's houses, or some towns or villages three or four miles asunder, of which either side maketh choice after the nearnesse of their dwellings; when they meet there is neyther comparing of numbers nor matching of men, but a silver ball is cast up, and that company which can catch and carry it by force or slight to the place assigned, gaineth the ball and the victory. Such as see where the ball is played give notice, crying "ware east," "ware west," as the same is carried. The hurlers take their next way over hilles, dales, hedges, ditches; yea, and thorow bushes, briars, mires, plashes, and rivers whatsoever, so as you will sometimes see twenty or thirty lie tugging together in the water scrambling and scratching for the

ball.'

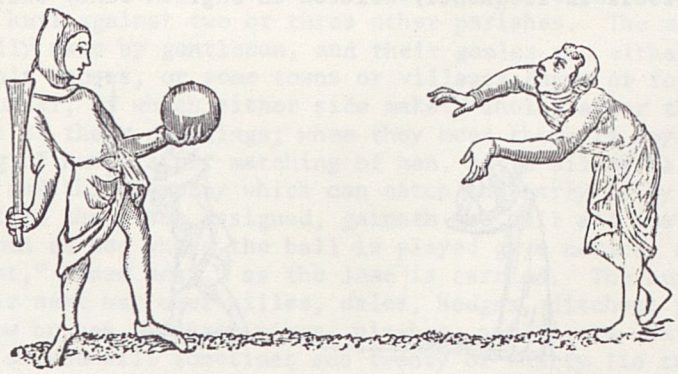
About the year 1775, the hurling to the goals was frequently played by parties of Irishmen, in the fields at the back of the British Museum, but they used a kind of bat to take up the ball and to strike it from them; this instrument was flat on both sides, and broad and curving at the lower end. I have been greatly amused to see with what facility those who are skillful in the pastime would catch up the ball upon the bat, and often run with it for a considerable time, tossing it occasionally from the bat and recovering it again, till such time as they found a proper opportunity of driving it back amongst their companions, who generally followed and were ready to receive it. In other respects, I do not recollect that the game differed materially from the description above given. The bat for hurling was known and probably used in England more than two centuries ago, for it is mentioned in a book published in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and is there called 'a clubbe' or 'hurle batte.'

GOFF - CAMBUC - BANDY-BALL: There are many games played with the ball that require the assistance of a club or bat, and probably the most ancient among them is the pastime now distinguished by the name of goff. In the northern parts of the kingdom goff is much practised. It requires much room to perform this game with propiety, and therefore I presume it is rarely seen at present in the vicinity of the metropolis. It answers to a rustic pastime of the Romans which they played with a ball of leather stuffed with feathers, called paganica, because it was used by the common people: the goff-ball is composed of the same materials to this day: I have been told it is sometimes, though rarely, stuffed with cotton. In the reign of Edward III, the Latin name cambuca was applied to this pastime, and it derived the denomination, no doubt, from the crooked club or bat with which it was played; the bat was also called a bandy, from its being bent, and hence the game itself is frequently written in English bandy-ball.

Goff, according to the present modification of the game, is performed with a bat, not much unlike the bandy: the handle of this instrument is straight, and usually made of ash, about four feet and a half in length; the curvature is affixed to the bottom, faced with horn and backed with lead; the ball is a little one, but exceedingly hard, being made with leather, and, as before observed, stuffed with feathers. There are generally two players, who have each of them his bat and ball. The game consists in driving the ball into certain holes made in the ground; he who achieves it the soonest, or in the fewest number of strokes, obtains the victory. The goff-lengths, or spaces between the first and last holes, are sometimes extended to the distance of two or three miles; the number of intervening holes appears to be optional, but the balls must be struck into the holes, and not beyond them; when four persons play, two of them are sometimes partners, and have but one ball, which they strike alternately, but every man has his own bandy.

It should seem that goff was a fashionable game among the nobility at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and it was one of the exercises with which prince Henry, eldest son to James I, occasionally amused himself, as we learn from the following anecdote recorded by a person who was present: 'At another time playing at goff, a play not unlike to pale-maille, whilst his schoolmaster stood talking with another, and marked not his highness warning him to stand farther off, the prince, thinking he had gone aside, lifted up his goff-club to strike the ball; mean tyme one standing by said to him,"beware that you hit not master Newton:" wherewith drawing back his hand, said, "Had I done so, I had but paid my debts."'

CLUB-BALL: Club-ball is a pastime clearly distinguished from cambuc or goff, in the edict above mentioned established by Edward III. The difference seems to have consisted in the one being played with a curved bat and the other with a straight one.



CRICKET: From the club-ball originated, I doubt not, that pleasant and manly exercise, distinguished in modern times by the name of cricket; I say in modern times, because I cannot trace the appellation beyond the commencement of the last century, where it occurs in one of the songs published by D'Urfrey. The first four lines,'Of a noble race was Shenkin,' run thus:

He was the prettiest fellow
At foot-ball or cricket,
At hunting chase or nimble race,
How featly he could prick it.

Cricket of late years is become exceedingly fashionable, being much countenanced by the nobility and gentlemen of fortune, who frequently join in the diversion. This game, which is played with the bat and the ball, consists of single and double wicket. The wicket was formerly two straight thin battons called stumps, twenty-two inches high, which were fixed into the ground perpendicularly six inches apart, and over the top of both was laid a small round piece of wood called the bail, but so situated as to fall off readily if the stumps were touched by the ball. Of late years the wicket consists of three stumps and two bails; the middle stump is added to prevent the ball from passing through the wicket without beating it down. The external stumps are now seven inches apart, and all of them three feet two inches high. Single wicket requires five players on each side, and double wicket eleven; but the number in both instances may be varied at the pleasure of the two parties. At single wicket the striker with his bat is the protector of the wicket, the opponent party stand in the field to catch or stop the ball, and the bowler, who is one of them, takes his place by the side of a small batton or stump set up for that purpose two-and-twenty yards from the wicket, and thence delivers the ball with the intention of beating it down. It is now usual to set up two stumps with a bail across, which the batsman, when he runs, must beat off before he returns home. If the bowler proves successful the batsman retires from the play, and another of his party succeeds; if, on the contrary, the ball is struck by the bat and driven into the field beyond the reach of those who stand out to stop it, the striker runs to the stump at the bowler's station, which he touches with his bat and returns to his wicket. If this be perfomred before the ball is thrown back, it is called a run, and one notch or score is made upon the tally towards his game; if, on the contrary, the ball be thrown up and the wicket beaten down with it by the opponent party before the striker is at home, or can ground his bat within three feet ten inches of the wicket, at which distance a mark made in the ground is called the popping-crease, he is declared to be out of the play, and the run is not reckoned: he is also out if he strikes the ball into the air, and it be caught by any of his antagonists before it reaches the ground,

and retained long enough to be thrown up again. When double wicket is played, two batsmen go in at the same time, one at each wicket; there are also two bowlers, who usually bowl four balls in succession alternately. The batsmen are said to be in as long as they remain at their wickets, and their party is called the in-party; on the contrary, those who stand in the field with the bowlers are called the out-party. Both parties have two innings, and the side that obtains the most runs in the double contest claims the victory.

TRAP-BALL: Trap-ball, so called from the trap used to elevate the ball when it is to be stricken by the batsman, is anterior to cricket, and probably coeval with most of the early games played with bat and ball: we trace it as far back as the commencement of the fourteenth century, and a curious specimen of the manner in which it was then played is here presented from a beautiful MS. in the possession of Francis Douce, Esq.

Here are only two players, but the game is not restricted to any particular number, though I think it seldom exceeds six to eight on a side. The size of the bat indicates the holder to have possessed no great judgement in striking the ball, but the trap is sufficiently elevated to preclude the necessity of the batsman's stooping when he raises the ball in order to strike it away, which gives it a decided advantage over the machine now used for the same purpose. This is generally made in the form of a shoe, the heel part being hollowed out for the reception of the ball; but boys and the common herd of rustics, who cannot readily procure a trap, content themselves with making a round hole in the ground, and, by way of a lever, use the brisket bone of an ox, or a flat piece of wood of like size and shape, which is placed in a slanting position, one half in the hole with the ball upon it, and the other half out of it: the elevated end being struck smartly with the bludgeon occasions the ball to rise to a considerable height, and all the purposes of a trap are thus answered, espeically if the ground be hard and dry. It is usual, in the present game of trap-ball, when properly played, to place two boundaries at a given distance from the trap, between which it is necessary for the ball to pass when it is struck by the batsman, for if it falls outside of either, he gives up his bat and is out; he is also out if he strikes the ball into the air and it is caught by one of his adversaries before it grounds; and again, if the ball when returned by the opponent party touches the trap, or rests within one bat's length of it: on the contrary, if none

of these things happen, every stroke tells for one towards the striker's game.

TIP-CAT: Tip-cat, or perhaps more properly the game of cat, is a rustic pastime well known in many parts of the kingdom, and is always played with a cudgel or bludgeon resembling that used for trap-ball. Its denomination is derived from a piece of wood called a cat, of about six inches in length, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, diminished from the middle to both the ends in the shape of a double cone; by this curious contrivance the places of the trap and of the ball are at once supplied; for when the cat is laid upon the ground, the player with his cudgel strikes it smartly, it matters not at which end, and it will rise with a rotatory motion, high enough for him to beat it away as it falls, in the same manner as he would a ball.

There are various methods of playing the game of cat, but I shall only notice the two that follow. The first is exceedingly simple, and consists in making a large ring upon the ground, in the middle of which the striker takes his station; his business is to beat the cat over the ring. If he fails in so doing he is out, and another player takes his place; if he is successful he judges with his eye the distance the cat is driven from the centre of the ring, and calls for a number at pleasure to be scored towards his game: if the number demanded be found upon measurement to exceed the same number of lengths of the bludgeon, he is out; on the contrary, if it does not, he obtains his call. The second method is to make four, six, or eight holes in the ground, in a circular direction, and as nearly as possible at equal distances from each other, and at every hole is placed a player with his bludgeon: one of the opposite party who stand in the field, tosses the cat to the batsman who is nearest him, and every time the cat is struck the players are obliged to change their situations, and run once from one hole to another in succession; if the cat be driven to any great distance they continue to run in the same order, and claim a score towards their game every time they quit one hole and run to another; but if the cat be stopped by their opponents and thrown across between any two of the holes before the player who has quitted one of them can reach the other, he is out.

NICK KIMBERLEY

O I say, you Joe
Throw us the ball.
I've a good mind to go,
And leave you all.

I never saw such a bowler,
To bowl the ball in a (turd, *del.*) tansey,
And to clean it with my handkercher
Without saying a word.

That Bill's a foolish fellow,
(He hit me with the bat *del.*)
He has given me a black eye.
He does not know how to handle a bat
Any more than a (*word del.*) dog or cat.

He has knock'd down the wicket
And broke the stumps,
And runs without shoes to save his pumps,

AN ISLAND IN THE MOON, Chap 11,

William Blake

On Cricket: I've been trying to write something on cricket for you, but you know, it's very depressing -- cricket is a lovely game, very complex but lots of energy & running about. It responds closely to baseball, but at the moment something is going very wrong. *No one* goes to see the game anymore. Most teams (there are abt 15 major teams) play 7 days a week, 6 hours a day, & they lose thousands of pounds every year. Til this year there is very definite talk of having to finish with our equivalent of yr major league, leaving a huge gap. & cricket is a *unique* game, nothing like it anywhere that I know of.....

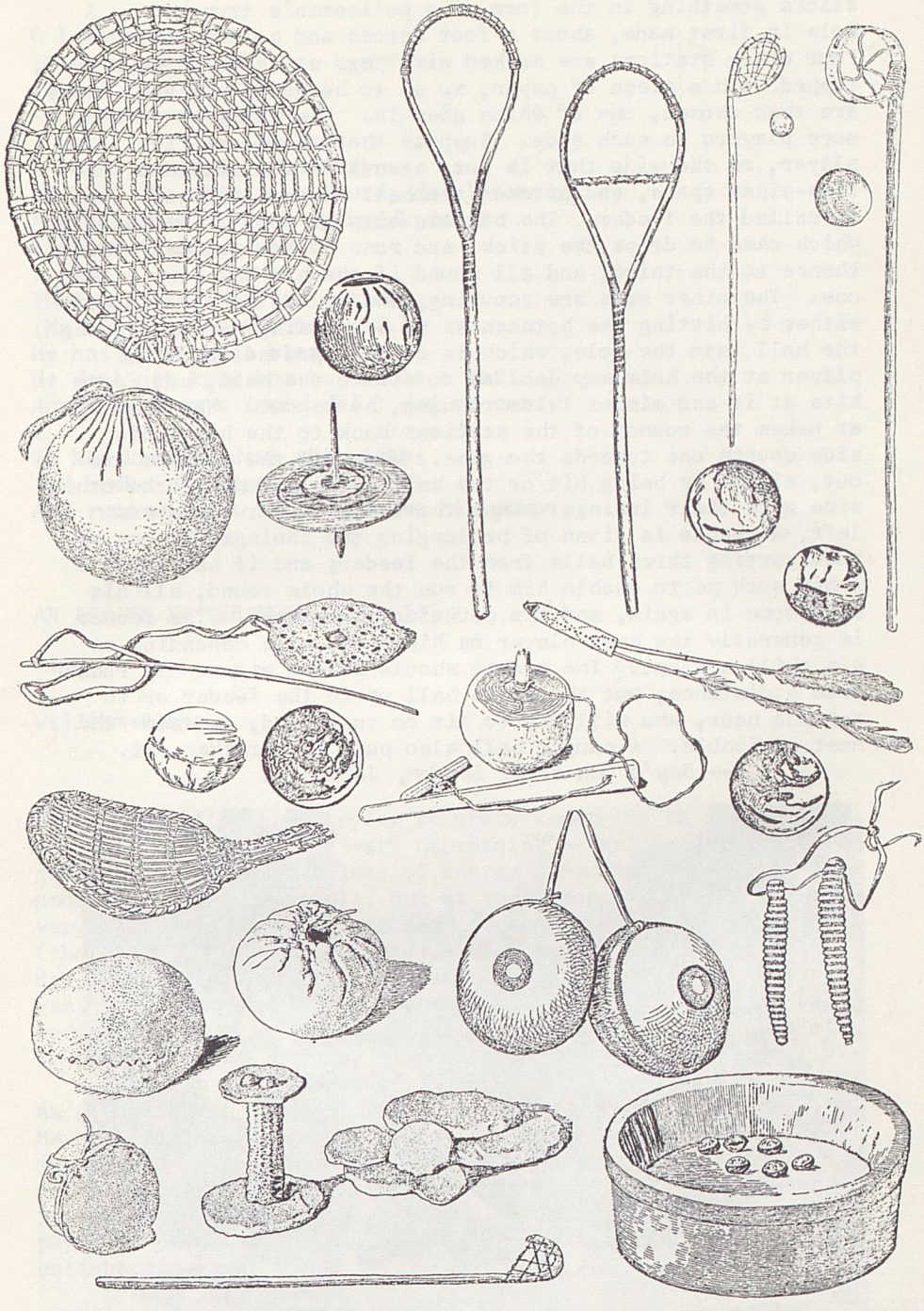
.....I'm off tomorrow to see England play India at Lord's, an occasion for me as I don't see as much as I'd like to. Maybe I'll have something to say after seeing that. Trouble is, cricket really doesn't have the same appear as baseball seems to have -- no figures, heroes that you want to be when you're a kid. They're all footballers & football bears no physical relation to baseball, of course. Cricket is an anti-heroic game.

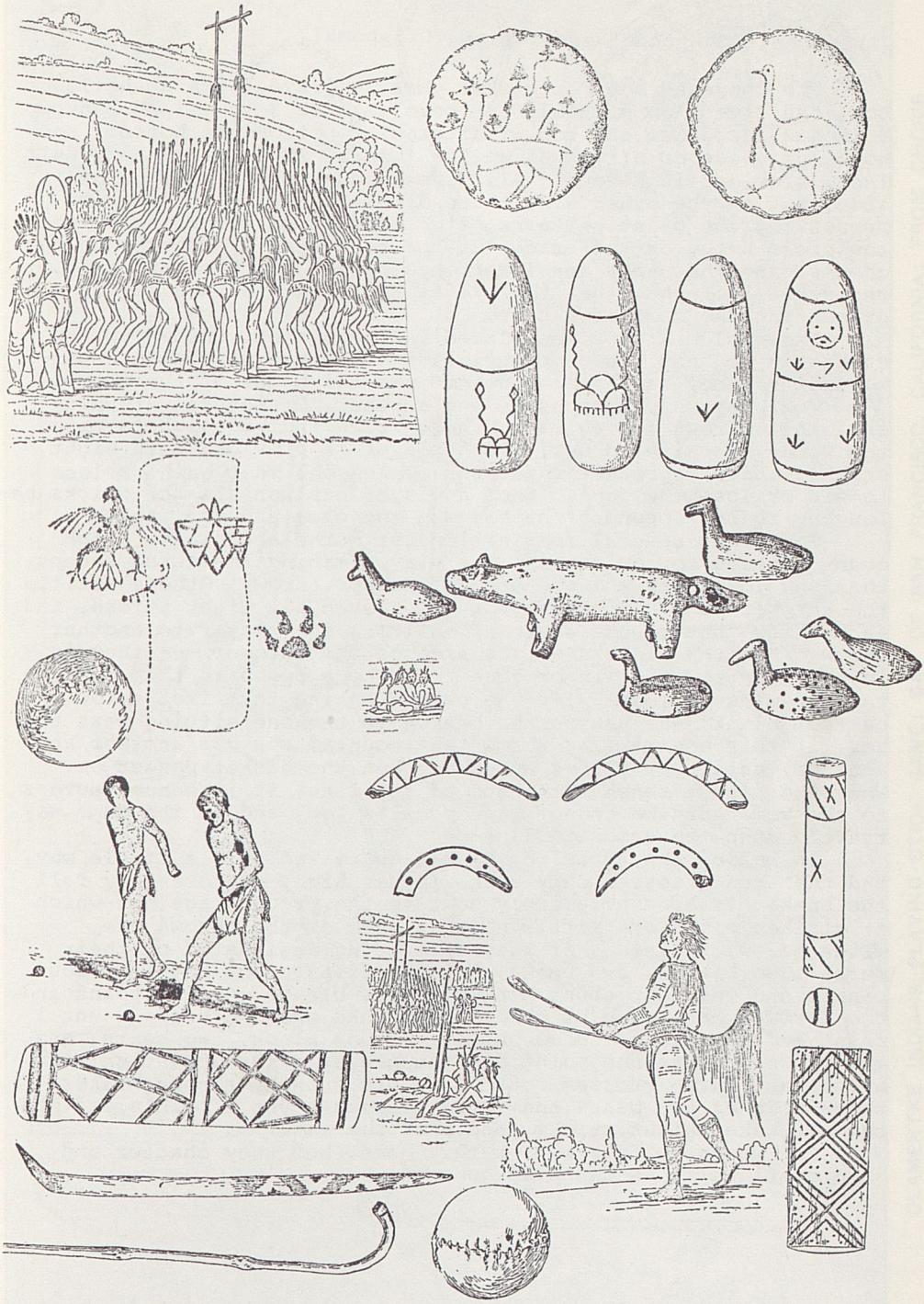
ROUNDERS - This game is played with a ball and bats, or sticks something in the form of a policeman's truncheon. A hole is first made, about a foot across and half a foot deep. Four other stations are marked with pegs stuck into the ground, topped with a piece of paper, so as to be readily seen. Sides are then chosen, one of which goes in. There may be five or more players on each side. Suppose that there are five. One player, on the side that is out, stands in the middle of the five-sided space, and pitches the ball towards the hole. He is called the feeder. The batsman hits it off, if he can; in which case he drops the stick, and runs to the nearest station, thence to the third, and all round if the hit has been a far one. The other side are scouting, and trying to put him out, either by hitting the batsman as he is running, or by sending the ball into the hole, which is called "grounding." The player at the hole may decline to strike the ball, but if he hits at it and misses twice running, he is out. When a player makes the rounds of the stations back to the hole, his side counts one towards the game. When all the players are out, either by being hit or the ball being grounded, the other side gets their innings. When there are only two players left, a chance is given of prolonging the innings, by one of them getting three balls from the feeder; and if he can give a hit such as to enable him to run the whole round, all his side come in again, and the counting is resumed. The feeder is generally the best player on his side, much depending on his skill and art. The scouts should seldom aim at the runner from a distance, but throw the ball up to the feeder or to someone near, who will try to hit or to ground, as seems the most advisable. A caught ball also puts the striker out.

--- *Boy's Own Book, London, 1829*

Slide, Kelly, Slide by Frank O. Small

BASEBALL BY WAY OF .....





from GAMES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN by Stewart Culin

[Cheyenne. Cheyenne Reservation, Oklahoma]

The Cheyenne seed or basket game is played with a shallow bowl and five plum stones. The bowl is from 3 to 4 inches deep, 8 inches across at the top, flattened or not on the bottom, and woven of grass or strips of willow twigs. It is nearly one-half inch thick and is strong. All five seeds are unmarked on one side, but on the other side three are marked with a figure representing the paint patterns often used by girls on their faces, the cross being on the bridge of the nose, the side marks on the cheeks, and the upper and lower ones on the forehead and chin, respectively. The other two stones are marked with a figure representing the foot of a bear.

These plum stones are placed in the basket, thrown up and caught in it, and the combination of the sides which lie uppermost after they have fallen determines the count of the throw.

The players sit opposite one another, if several are playing, in two rows facing each other. Each individual bets with the woman opposite to her. Each player is provided with eight sticks, which represent the points which she must gain or lose to win or lose the game. When a player has won all the sticks belonging to her opponent she has won the game and the stake.

There are several combinations of marks and blanks which count nothing for or against the player making the throw except that she loses her chance to make another throw. Others entitle the thrower to receive one, three, or even all eight sticks, and each throw that counts anything entitles the player to another throw. All the players on the side of the thrower --- that is, in the same row --- win or lose from those opposite them as the thrower wins or loses. If the person making the first throw casts a blank, she passes the basket to the one sitting next to her; if this one makes a throw that counts, she has another and another, until she throws a blank, when the basket passes on. When the basket reaches the end of the line, it is handed across to the woman at the end of the opposite row, and in the same way travels down the opposite line.

In making the throw the basket is raised only a little way, and the stones tossed only a few inches high. Before they fall the basket is brought smartly down to the ground, against which it strikes with some little noise. Some of the throws are given below, the sides of the seeds being designated by their marks: Two blanks, two bears, and one cross count nothing; four blanks and one bear count nothing; five blanks count 1 point and the thrower takes one stick; three blanks and two bears count 1 point and the player takes one stick; one blank, two bears, and two crosses count one point and the player takes one stick; two blanks and three crosses count 3 points and the thrower takes three sticks; two bears and three crosses count 8 points and the thrower takes eight sticks, and wins the game.

The women do not sing at this game, but they chatter and joke continually as the play goes on.

OLAMENTKE INDIANS PLAYING STICK GAME; BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA; FROM CHORIS

[Haida. Queen Charlotte islands, British Columbia]

The game was Odd or Even, which is played thus: The players spread a mat, made of the inner bark of the yellow cypress, upon the ground, each party being provided with from forty to fifty round pins or pieces of wood, 5 inches long by one-eighth of an inch thick, painted in black and blue rings and beautifully polished. One of the players, selecting a number of these pins, covers them up in a heap of bark cut into fine fiberlike tow. Under cover of the bark he then divides the pins into two parcels, and having taken them out, passes them several times from his right hand to his left, or the contrary. While the player shuffles he repeats the words i-e-ly-yah to a low montonous chant or moan. The moment he finishes the incantation his opponent, who has been silently watching him, chooses the parcel where he thinks the luck lies for odd or even. After which the second player takes his innings with his own pins and the same ceremonies. This goes on till one or the other loses all his pins. That decides the game.

[Chippewa. Wisconsin]

Their favorite game is the mukesinnah dahdewog, or moccasin game. It is played with four bullets (one of which is jagged) and four moccasins. The four bullets are to be hid, one under each moccasin, by the first player, whose deal is decided by throwing up a knife and letting it fall on the blanket, the direction of the blade indicating the person who is to hide first. The four bullets are held in the right hand, and the left hand is kept moving from one moccasin to the other; whilst the player, with a peculiar motion calculated to divert the attention of the one with whom he is playing, and with an incessant chant, accompanied by a swinging motion of the head and trunk, passes his bullet hand under the mocassins, depositing a bullet under each. The other is to guess where the jagged bullet is, but not at the first trial; for if he strikes upon it the first time, he loses 4 sticks --- there being 20 altogether, that are used as counters; if the second time he makes a similar guess, then he loses 3 sticks; but if he guess the situation of the jagged bullet the third time, then he gains 4 sticks; finally should the bullet remain under the fourth moccasin, the guesser loses 4 sticks. The game continues until the twenty sticks have passed from one hand to the other. At this game, of which they are very fond, they stake everything about them and sometimes come away literally stripped.

[Navaho. Keams canyon, Arizona]

In the ancient days there were, as there are now, some animals who saw better, could hunt better, and were altogether happier in the darkness than in the light; and there were others who liked not the darkness and were happy only in the light of day. The animals of the night wished it would remain dark forever and the animals of the day wished that the sun would shine forever. At last they met in council in the twilight to talk the matter over and the council resolved they should play a game by hiding a stone in a moccasin (as in the game now called kesitce) to settle their differences. If the night

animals won the sun should never rise again, if the day animals succeeded, nevermore should it set. So when night fell they lit a fire and commenced the game.

In order to determine which side should first hide the stone they took a small weather-stained fragment of wood and rubbed one side with charcoal. They tossed it up; if it fell with the black side up, the nocturnal party were to begin, but it fell with the gray side up and those of the diurnal side took the stone. These raised a blanket to conceal their operations and sang a song, which is sung to this day by the Navajos when they raise a screen in this game ... and the game went on.

They commenced the game with only one hundred counters but a little whitish, odd-looking snake called lic-bitcoi, i.e., maternal grandmother of the snakes, said they ought to have two more counters. Therefore they made two, notched them so that they would look like snakes, and called them bitcoi, maternal grandmothers, which name the two notched counters used in the game still bear.

The cunning coyote would not cast his lot permanently with either side. He usually stood between the contending parties, but occasionally went over to one side or the other, as the tide of fortune seemed to run.

Some of the genii of those days joined the animals in this contest. One the side of the night animals was the great destroyer Yeitso, the best guesser of all, who soon took the stone away from the day animals. Whenever the latter found it in the moccasins of their moon-loving enemies they could not hold it long, for the shrewd-guessing Yeitso would recover it. They lost heavily and began to tremble for their chances, when some one proposed to them to call in the aid of the gopher, nasizi. He dug a tunnel under the moccasins leading from one to another and when Yeitso would guess the right moccasin the gopher, unseen by all, would transfer the stone to another place. Thus was Yeitso deceived, the day party retrieved their losses and sang a taunting song of him.

But when they had won back nearly all the counters, luck appeared again to desert them. The noctivagant beasts came into possession of the pebble and kept it so long that it seemed as if their opponents could never regain it. Guess as cleverly as they might, the stone was not to be found in the moccasin indicated by those who longed for an eternal day. Then the owl sang a song expressive of his desires... and when he had done, one of the wind-gods whispered into the ear of one of the diurnal party that the owl held the stone in his claws all the time, and never allowed it to be buried in the moccasin. So, when next the screen was withdrawn, the enlightened day animal advanced, and, instead of striking a moccasin, struck the owl's claws, and the hidden stone dropped on the ground.

After this the game proceeded with little advantage to either side, and the animals turned their attention to composing songs about the personal peculiarities, habits, and history of their opponents, just as in social dances to-day the Navajos ridicule one another in song. Thus all the songs relating to animals... which form the great majority of the songs of the Kesitice, originated. Later the players began to grow drowsy and tired and somewhat indifferent to the game, and again the wind-god whispered - this time into the ear of the magpie - and said,"Sing a song of the morning," whereat the magpie sang his song. As he uttered the last words,"Qa-yel-ka! Qa-yel-ka!" (It dawns! It dawns!)

the players looked forth and beheld the pale streak of dawn along the eastern horizon. Then all hastily picked up their counters and blankets and fled, each to his proper home - one to the forest, another to the desert, this to the gully, that to the rocks.

The bear had lent his moccasins to be used in the game. They were, therefore, partly buried in the ground. In his haste to be off he put them on wrong - the right moccasin on the left foot and vice versa; and this is why the bear's feet are now misshapen. His coat was then as black as midnight, but he dwelt on top of a high mountain, and was so late in getting back to his lair that the red beams of the rising sun shone upon him, imparting their ruddy hue to the tips of his hairs, and thus it is that the bear's hair is tipped with red to this day.

The home of the wood-rat, letso, was a long way off, and he ran so far and so fast to get there that he raised great blisters on his feet, and this accounts for the callosities we see now on the soles of the rat.

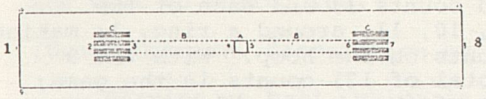
So the day dawned on the undecided game. As the animals never met again to play for the same stakes, the original alternation of day and night has never been changed.

[White Mountain Apache. White River, Arizona]

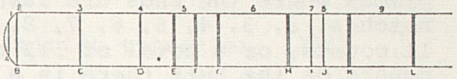
The pole game is the Apache national game. It is played by the men every day from early morn to late in the afternoon; sometimes for "medicine," but almost always for gain. They sometimes bet all they have on it, in former times even their women and children.

The pole ground is a level space 36 yards long and 6 wide, laid off in the directions north and south. In its center is the base, usually a rock from which the poles are hurled. Nine yards from this base, both north and south, are three hay-covered ridges, the center ridge lying on the center line of the pole ground. These ridges are three yards long, with a total width of five feet. There are two narrow furrows between the ridges into which the wheel is rolled.

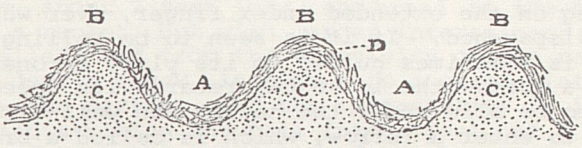
The two poles are willow, about 15 feet long, made in three sections, which are spliced and tied with sinew. They taper from the butt to a point, being about 1 1/4 inches in diameter at the butt end. The first 9 inches of the butt, called the "counting end", is marked with grooves. The counts on this butt are nine in number: The little circular knot, A; the edge, B, of the pole; the lightly cut groove, C; the lightly cut groove, D; the space between the two heavily cut grooves, E F; the space between the two heavily cut grooves, G H; the lightly cut groove I; the lightly cut groove, J; the space between the two heavily cut grooves K L. The hoop or wheel is made of willow, about a foot in diameter, the ends being bound with sinew. A buckskin thong, stretched across the ring, is wound its entire length with cord. The center wrap is made larger than the others. These wraps are called beads, because originally beads were used instead of the wrapping cords. These beads are counted to 50 in descending order on each side of the center. Sometimes there are more than fifty turns, but only this number is counted. They are not touched by the hand in counting, but are pointed to with a straw by the player. They are always counted by twos. With the center bead, the fifty beads on each side make 101 counts on the diameter of the wheel. The edges on both sides of the circumference of the hoop are notched with nine cuts, which, with the two sinew



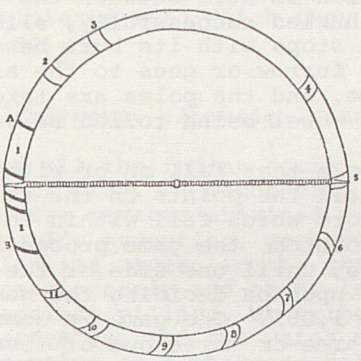
plan of pole ground



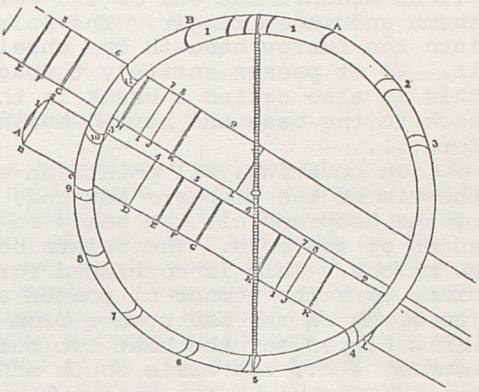
counting end of pole



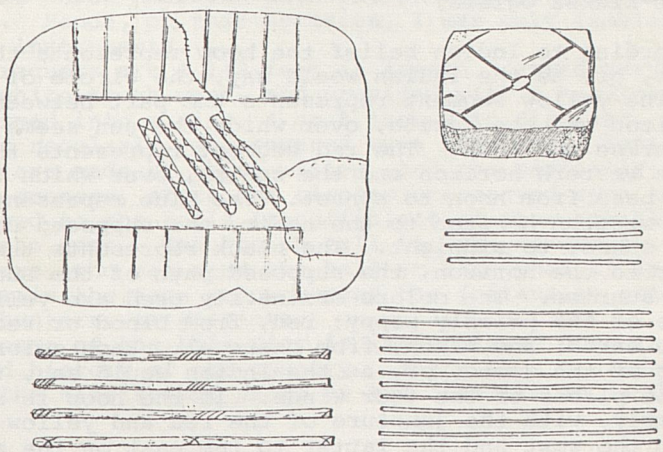
cross-section of counting field; ridges and furrows



hoop, or wheel



counting points



implements for stick-dice game among Pawnee

wrappings are used in counting. The space, A-B, between the places where the ends are lashed counts 1; and each of the notches, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, around a ring, 1; making 11 counts, or a total of 112 counts on the hoop. With the 9 counts on the butt there is a total of 121 counts in the game; the players learn to count, most of them being able to count to 1,000 in their own language. In rolling the hoop, it is held vertically between the thumb and second finger of the right hand, resting on the extended index finger, over which it rolls when it is dispatched. If it is seen to be rolling wide of the furrows, it is sometimes guided to its place by one of the poles. On entering a furrow the loose hay retards its speed and it falls over, only to be slid under the hay by the well-directed poles. If it fails to enter a furrow, which is called a break in the game, it is brought back and rolled again. It is always rolled first to the south and then to the north, and so on for hours until the game is finished.

In throwing the poles, they are propelled by the right hand and guided with the left, the index finger of the right hand being placed against the end of the pole, which is held between the thumb and index finger. The pole, if hurled successfully, slides into the furrow beneath the wheel, and stops with its butt beneath it. If it passes entirely through the furrow or goes to the side this is also called a break in the game, and the poles are taken back to the base and hurled again, the wheel being rolled as before.....

In counting, all points on each pole that fall on or within the rim of the hoop are counted, also all the points on the rim of the hoop and all the beads on the cord which fall within the edges of the pole. The points being counted, the game proceeds as before. This is continued for hours, until one side or the other gets the number of points agreed upon as deciding the game. There may be any odd number from 37 to 1,001. The game is sometimes played for the best two out of three or three out of five rounds, etc., two hurls south and one north constituting a play.

[Cheyenne-Kiuksa Oglala]

According to Indian belief the hoop represents the ecliptic, or zodiac, or, as the Indian would say, the circle of day and night. The yellow segment represents the part between the eastern horizon and the zenith, over which the sun seems to pass between sunrise and noon. The red segment represents the part between the western horizon and the zenith, over which the sun seems to pass from noon to sunset. The blue represents the part from the western horizon to the nadir, the supposed course of the sun from sunset to midnight. The black represents the part from the nadir to the horizon, the supposed path of the sun from midnight to sunrise. The colors ordinarily used are yellow, from the juice of the prickly poppy; red, from blood or red clay; blue, from blue earth; and black, from charcoal. Each color represents a quarter of the globe, or, as the Indian would say, the colors denote the places of the four winds. If the hoop is set up perpendicularly, with the juncture of the red and yellow above, the former to the west and the latter to the east on the plane of the ecliptic, each color will be in its proper position, as above described. If the hoop is laid on the ground in a horizontal position, with the juncture of the yellow and red to the north, it will give each of the four winds its proper color - from north to

east will be yellow; east to south, black; south to west, blue; and west to north, red.

[Group Unknown. description by a British traveller, 1791]

Playing at ball, which is a favorite game, is very fatiguing. The ball is about the size of a cricket ball, made of deer skin, and stuffed with hair; this is driven forwards and backwards with short sticks, about 2 feet long, and broad at the end like a bat, worked like a racket, but with larger interstices; by this the ball is impelled, and from the elasticity of the racket, which is composed of deer's sinew, is thrown to a great distance: the game is played by two parties, and the contest lies in intercepting each other and striking the ball into a goal, at a distance of about 400 yards, at the extremity of which are placed two high poles, about the width of a wicket from each other: the victory consisting in driving the ball between the poles. The Indians play with great good humour, and even when one of them happens, in the heat of the game, to strike another with his stick, it is not resented. But these accidents are cautiously avoided, as the violence with which they strike has been known to break an arm or leg.

[Chippewa. Apostle Islands, Wisconsin]

Of all the Indian social sports the finest and grandest is the ball play. I might call it a noble game, and I am surprised how these savages attained such perfection in it. Nowhere in the world, excepting, perhaps, among the English and some of the Italian races, is the graceful and manly game of ball played so passionately and on so large a scale. They often play village against village, or tribe against tribe. Hundreds of players assemble, and the wares and goods offered as prizes often reach a value of a thousand dollars and more. On our island we made a vain attempt to get up a game, for though the chiefs were ready enough, and all were cutting their raquets and balls in the bushes, the chief American authorities forbade this innocent amusement. Hence, on this occasion, I was only enabled to inspect the instruments.....

The raquets are 2 1/2 feet in length, carved very gracefully out of a white tough wood, and provided with a handle. The upper end is formed into a ring, 4 or 5 inches in diameter, worked very firmly and regularly, and covered by a network of leather bands. The balls are made of white willow, and cut perfectly round with the hand: crosses, stars and circles are carved upon them. The care devoted to the balls is sufficient to show how highly they estimate the game. The French call it "jeu de crosse." Great ball players, who can send the ball so high that it is out of sight, attain the same renown among the Indians as celebrated runners, hunters, or warriors.

The name of the ball play is immortalized both in the geography and history of the country. There is a prairie, and now a town, on the Mississippi known as the "Prairie de la Crosse."

[Miami. St. Joseph River, Michigan]

It is played with a ball, and with two staffs recurved and terminated by a sort of racket. Two posts are set up, which serve as

MENOMINEE BALL GAME; WISCONSIN; FROM HOFFMAN

bounds, and which are distant from each other in proportion to the number of players. For instance, if there are eighty of these, there will be a half league between the posts. The players are divided into two bands, each having its own post; and it is a question of driving the ball as far as the post of the opposing party without falling upon the ground or being touched with the hand. If either of these happens the game is lost, unless he who has committed the mistake repairs it by driving the ball with one stroke to the bound, which is often impossible. These savages are so adroit at catching the ball with their crosses that these games sometimes last several days in succession.

[Wabanaki. Quebec]

E-bes-qua-mo'gan, or game of ball seems to have been the most popular and universal of the outdoor games, and played by all North American tribes. Their legends are more or less indebted to it. Tradition gives it a prominent place in their wonderful mythology. The Aurora Borealis is supposed to be Wā-ba-banai playing ball. Among the Wabanaki it was played by women as well as men, but, with few exceptions, never at the same time and place, as hunters and warriors played ball to gain muscular power, to stimulate their prowess, and to augment their fleetness of foot.

The players formed in a circle, proportionate to the number engaged in the game. Each held a stick called e-bes-quā-mo'gan-a-tok. This was made of some flexible wood, about 3 feet in length, crooked to three-fourths of a circle at one end, which was interwoven with stripes of hide after the manner of snow-shoes. One man was detached to stand in the centre and on his throwing into the air a chip, upon which he had spat, each one would cry,"I'll take the dry" or "I'll take the wet," thus forming opposite factions. The side of the chip which fell uppermost decided which party should commence play. The ball was never touched with the hand, but thrown and kept in motion by the e-bes-quā-mo'gan-a-tok. The goals were two rings or holes dug in the ground, the distance of the circle of players apart. The game consisted in getting the ball into the opponent's goal, and regard for neither life nor limb was allowed to stand in the way of possible success. As they played with little or nothing on, few escaped unhurt, but these mishaps were taken as the fortunes of war, and no resentment was felt. The women dress very scantily while playing this game, and the men, having a strict code of honor, never go near their playground. One tradition tells of a man that did so and threw shells and pebbles at the players. They screened themselves as best they could behind bushes and rocks. At the second attack, however, they made a rush in the direction from which the missiles came. The man ran to the water, and, plunging in, was turned into a che-pen-obquis (large chubfish), by which transformation they knew he was a Mohawk. They look upon all Mohawks as addicted to sorcery.

[Cherokee. North Carolina]

The ball now used is an ordinary leather-covered ball, but in former days it was made of deer hair and covered with deerskin. In California the ball is of wood. The ball sticks vary considerably among different tribes. ...The Cherokee player uses a pair,

catching the ball between them and throwing it in the same way. The stick is somewhat less than 3 feet in length, and its general appearance resembles a tennis racket, or a long wooden spoon, the bowl of which is a loose network of thongs of twisted squirrel skin or strings of Indian hemp. The frame is made of a slender hickory stick, bent upon itself, and so trimmed and fashioned that the handle seems to be of one solid round piece, when, in fact, it is double.

The ball season begins around the middle of summer and lasts until the weather is too cold to permit exposure of the naked body, for the players are always stripped for the game. The favorite time is in the fall, after the corn has ripened, for then the Indian has abundant leisure, and at this season a game takes place somewhere on the reservation at least every other week, while several parties are always in training. The training consists chiefly in regular athletic practice, the players of one side coming together with their ball sticks at some convenient spot of level bottom land, where they strip to the waist, divide into parties, and run, tumble, and toss the ball until the sun goes down.

In addition to the athletic training, which begins two or three weeks before the regular game, each player is put under a strict gaktûnta or tabu, during the same period. He must not eat the flesh of a rabbit (of which the Indians generally are very fond) because the rabbit is a timid animal, easily alarmed and liable to lose its wits when pursued by the hunter. Hence the ball player must abstain from it, lest he too should become disconcerted and lose courage in the game. He must also avoid the meat of the frog (another item on the Indian bill of fare), because the frog's bones are brittle and easily broken, and a player who should partake of the animal would expect to be crippled in the first inning. For a similar reason he abstains from eating the young of any bird or animal, and from touching an infant. He must not eat the fish called the hog-sucker, because it is sluggish in its movements. He must not eat the herb called atûnka or Lamb's Quarter, (Chenopodium album), which the Indians use for greens, because its stalk is easily broken. Hot food and salt are also forbidden, as in the medical gaktunta. The tabu always lasts for seven days preceding the game, but in most cases is enforced for twenty-eight days -- i.e., 4 X 7 -- 4 and 7 being sacred numbers. Above all, he must not touch a woman, and the player who should violate this regulation would expose himself to the summary vengeance of his fellows. The last tabu continues also for seven days after the game. As before stated, if a woman even so much as touches a ball stick on the eve of a game, it is thereby rendered unfit for use. As the white man's law is now paramount, extreme measures are seldom resorted to, but in former days the punishment for an infraction of this regulation was severe, and in some tribes the penalty was death. Should a player's wife be with child, he is not allowed to take part in the game under any circumstances, as he is then believed to be heavy and sluggish in his movements, having lost just so much strength as has gone into the child.

At frequent intervals during the training period the shaman takes the players to water and performs his mystic rites. They are also scratched on their naked bodies, as at the final game, but now the scratching is done in a haphazard fashion with a piece of bamboo brier having stout thorns, which leave broad gashes on the backs of the victims.

When a player fears a particular contestant on the other

CHEROKEE INDIAN BALL TEAM; WOLFTOWN, NORTH CAROLINA; FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MOONEY (1888)

side, as is frequently the case, his own shaman performs a special incantation, intended to compass the defeat and even the disabling or death of his rival. As the contending sides always belong to different settlements, each party makes all these preliminary arrangements without the knowledge of the other, and under the guidance of its own shamans, several of whom are employed on a side in a hotly contested game.....

Some old people say that the moon is a ball which was thrown up against the sky in a game a long time ago. They say that the two best towns were playing against each other, but one of them had the best runners and had almost won the game when the leader of the other side picked up the ball with his hand -- a thing that is not allowed in the game -- and tried to throw to the goal, but it struck against the solid sky vault and was fastened there, to remind players never to cheat. When the moon looks small and pale, it is because some one has handled the ball unfairly, and for this reason they formerly played only at the time of a full moon.

[Tarahumare. Chihuahua, Mexico]

Two districts or pueblos always run against each other. Sometimes there are many runners on each side, and the two parties show in their apparel some distinguishing mark; for instance, one side wears red headbands, while the other wears white ones. I have seen from four to twenty runners taking part on each side. Each party has a small ball, about 2 inches in diameter, carved with a knife from the root of an oak tree, which they toss ahead of them as they run. The runner who happens to be ahead is the one whose duty it is to toss the ball with his toes, and at each toss it may be thrown a hundred yards or more in advance. They are not allowed to touch the balls with their hands, but their friends who follow them may point to the runner where the ball is lying. If the ball lodges in an awkward place, as between two rocks, or in the water, the runners or their friends may pick it up and place it back on the race course. The circuits over which the race is held are circular when the country allows, but generally the course is backward and forward along the top of the ridge, the group of spectators and bettors being at the starting-point, which is always at the middle of the race-track. Each party chooses a manager to represent the runners and to arrange the day and place of the race. These managers also decide the number of circuits to be made, and get runners of equal ability, if they can, for each side, the object being to get the best runners possible.

In important races the runners may prepare for a fortnight, but as a rule they do not practice much before the race, for running comes to them as naturally as swimming to ducks. Their training chiefly consists in abstinence from native beer for two or three days before the event. On the day of the race the runners are fed with pinole only; they have tepid water to drink, and their legs are well bathed in warm water and rubbed by their managers. The medicine man also rubs them with a smooth stone to make them strong.

A race is never won by natural means. The losers always say that they were influenced by some herb and became sleepy on the race-course, so that they had to lose. The help of the medicine man is needed in preparing the runner for the race. He assists

the manager to wash the feet of the runners with warm water and different herbs, and he strengthens their nerves by making passes over them. He also guards against sorcery. Before they run he performs a ceremony to "cure" them.

The food and the remedies he uses are put under the cross with many kinds of charms, different kinds of woods, and herbs from the barrancas. Some of the herbs are supposed to be very powerful, and they are, therefore, securely tied up in small pieces of buckskin or cotton cloth. If not so tied up, they might break away. The water which runners drink is also placed near the cross, upon each side of which is put a candle, and the whole outfit is on a blanket. At the ceremony the runners stand, holding the balls in their hand. The doctor, or medicine man, standing near the cross, burns incense (copal) over them. He also sings about the tail of the gray fox, one of their legendary animals, and other songs. After this he makes a speech, warning them against pinole or drinking water in other people's houses, for fear of poison; all that they eat and drink must come from their parents or relatives. They are not allowed to eat anything sweet, nor eggs, potatoes, cheese, or fat. Three times they drink from the water near the cross, and three times from the herbs. The eldest and swiftest runner then leads in walking around the cross as many times as there are to be circuits in the race, and the rest follow him. All the things near the cross then remain untouched until morning. The runners sleep near by to keep watch, and they also secure some old men to watch against sorcery, for old men are supposed to discover the approach of sorcerers even when they sleep. After the ceremonies are over the doctor takes each runner aside and subjects him to a rigid examination.

More than a hundred kinds of remedies are brought to the contest, some to strengthen the runners and secure success, and others to weaken their rivals. The most efficient thing against the rivals is the blood of the turtle and bat mixed together, dried and ground, and rolled into a big cigar, with a small amount of tobacco added to it. Its smoke makes the rivals stupid. The dried head of a crow or eagle, hikori, a small cactus worshipped by the Tarahumaris, and other herbs and innumerable things are carried around by all who take part in the racing. Some of the women carry small, thin stones to protect them against sorcerers. During the race the runners have their heads ornamented with the feathers of the chaparral-cock, and in some parts with feathers of the peacock, of which bird the Indians are very fond, because it is supposed to be light-footed, and also because it is from another country. Many of them also have their legs ornamented with chalk, and wear belts to which a great number of deer hoofs, beads, or reeds are attached, so as to make a great deal of noise. These belts help them to victory, because they become, as they fancy, as light as the deer itself, and the noise keeps them from falling asleep.

[Zuni. Zuni, New Mexico]

Than-kā-lā-wā. --- This game is usually played in the spring, and resembles somewhat our game of quoits. In place of the ordinary quoit they use flat stones. Any number may take part. A small stone or even a corn-cob is set up, and on this each places his stake. To determine which shall pitch first they all throw for some distant point. He who comes nearest to the mark chosen pitches first, and each one follows according to his throw; then the game begins. The distance pitched is nearly 100 feet. The object is to knock over the stake or pool. If the pool is knocked over, and the stone pitched goes beyond it, it counts nothing; if just even with it, the one who pitched has another chance; if it remains behind, he takes everything, and all put up again. They count it great sport, and become very skillful in pitching.

[Dakota. South Dakota]

All was now in readiness for the game to begin, and the parties separated. The two lines were formed about 100 yards apart. In front of each side, 20 feet from each other, two stakes, smeared with paint, are driven firmly into the ground, and the object of the game is to drive the ball between the stakes. Whichever side shall first force the ball through the opposite stakes wins the game. The ball, made of rags and covered with buckskin, is carried to the center of the ground between the combatants and there deposited, by one of the old men, who then returns to his post. The judges then give the signal, and with loud shouts the players run to the ball, and commence knocking it to and fro with their crooked sticks. The ball is about the size of a large orange, and each party tries to prevent its coming toward their stakes. No warrior must touch the ball with his hands; but if it lies in a hole, he may push it out with his foot and then hit it with his stick.

In the game which I am telling you about, Ma-to-sac's party reached and struck the ball first, lifting it clear over our heads, and sending it far to our rear and close to our stakes. Then we all ran, and Ma-to-sac's and A-ke-che-ta's warriors fell over one another, and rapped each other on the shins with their clubs, and there was great confusion and excitement, but at length one of the party succeeded in hitting the ball, and sent it to Ma-to-sac's stakes. Thither we ran, but no one could find the ball. After much search I discovered it in a tuft of grass, and, bidding one of our men run quickly to the stakes, I hit it and drove the ball to him. Unfortunately it fell in a hole, and before our warrior could get it out and hit it, a dense crowd of Ma-to-sac's men were around the spot and in front of the stakes. The contest was violent, so much so indeed, that no one could hit the ball, though it was continual-

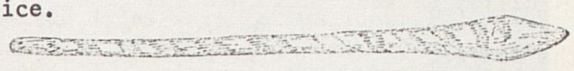
Papago Indians playing hiding game; Arizona; from photograph by William Dinwiddie.

Menominee Indian holding snow-snake preparatory to throwing; Wisconsin; from Hoffman.

[Menominee. Wisconsin]

Another game for both amusement and gambling was termed the snow-snake, and was undoubtedly derived from the Ojibwa. It was played during the winter, either in the snow or on the ice, and the only article necessary consisted of a piece of hard wood, from 5 to 6 feet long and from one-half to three-fourths of an inch thick. The head was bulb-like and shaped like a snake, with eyes and a cross cut to denote the mouth. This rounded end permitted it to pass over slight irregularities in its forward movements. The player would grasp the end, or tail, of the snake by putting the index finger against the end and the thumb on one side, opposite to which would be the remaining three fingers; then stooping toward the ground the snake would be held horizontally from right to left and forced forward in the direction of the head, skimming along rapidly for a considerable distance.

The Ojibwa play the game in a similar manner, but they sometimes place a ridge of snow slightly inclined away from the player in order to give the snake an upward curve as it leaves the hands, thus propelling it a considerable distance before touching the snow or ice.



[Pima. Gila River reserve, Pinal County, Arizona]

This is the Gileño of the widespread dart-and-ring game. It is not exclusively a women's game, but was sometimes played by women. The younger generation knows nothing about it. The apparatus consists of a series of rings cut from cultivated gourds. They vary in diameter from 3 to 12 centimeters, and are strung on a two-ply maguey fiber cord 50 centimeters long. They are kept from slipping off at one end by a rectangular piece of gourd a little larger than the opening in the smallest ring, which is at that end. At the other end of the string is fastened a stick 20 centimeters long, the outer end of which is sharpened. The game is to toss the rings up by a swing and, while holding the butt of the stick, thrust the dart through as many of them as possible. If the thrower falls she hands the apparatus to her opponent, but she continues throwing as long as she scores, and counts the number of rings that are caught on the dart. In the specimen collected there are 14 rings, but only a few may be caught at a single throw. A certain number of marks 2, 3, and 4, agreed upon in advance, constitute the game. These marks are made upon a diagram laid out in the sand in the form of a whorl. The scoring commences in the center, called the tcunni ki (council house), and runs out to the last hold, called the hoholdoga ki (menstrual house), which is on the west side of the diagram; then the score returns to the center before the player is entitled to one point toward game.

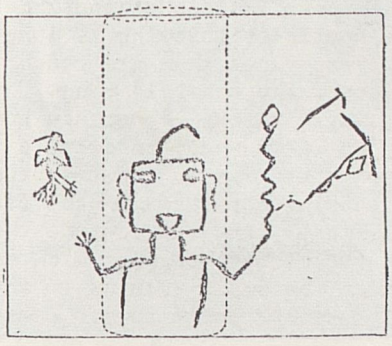
ly tramped over. At length some one called out,"There it goes," and the warriors scattered in all directions, looking to see where it was; but one of Ma-to-sac's men, who had called out, stood fast, and when the crowd has scattered, I saw him attempting to conceal the ball beneath his foot. Running against him from behind with such force as to throw him on his face, before he could recover his feet I hit the ball, and, seeing all Ma-to-sac's men off their guard, with the aid of a young man, easily drove it between their stakes, only a few yards distant. (SHINNY)

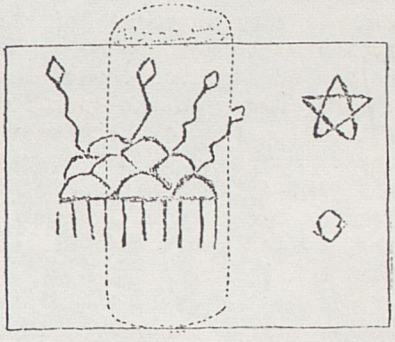
[Omaha. Nebraska]

Wabáɔnade, the women's game of ball. --- Two balls of hide are filled with earth, grass, or fur, and then joined by a cord. At each end of the playground are two gabázu, or hills of earth, blankets, etc., that are from 12 to 15 feet apart. Each pair of hills may be regarded as the "home," or "base," of one of the contending parties, and it is the aim of the members of each party tc throw the balls between their pair of hills, as that would win the game.

Two small girls, about 12 years old, stand at each end of the playground and act as the uhe ginaji^{n} for the women as the boys do for the men in tabe-gasi.

Each player has a webaɔnade, a very small stick of hard or red willow, about 5 feet long, and with this she tries to pick up the balls by thrusting the end of the stick under the cord. Whoever succeeds in picking them up hurls them into the air, as in playing with grace hoops. The women can throw these balls very far. Whoever catches the cord on her stick in spite of the efforts of her opponents tries to throw it still further and closer to her "home." The stakes are buffalo hides, small dishes or bowls, women's necklaces, awls, etc. The bases are from 300 to 400 yards apart.





HIDATSA INDIANS PLAYING HOOP AND POLE; FORT CLARK, NORTH DAKOTA; FROM MAXIMILIAN, PRINCE OF WIED

DENNIS TEDLOCK: ZUNI NOTES

TASHOLIIWE

1965: Upper Nutria, New Mexico

When Hapiya was finished feeding his horses, late in the afternoon, we set out to get some pebbles. He knew right where to go: a gravelly eroded embankment on the south side of the gap in the hogback. We chose forty pebbles averaging half an inch across and he put them in a plastic bag.

Back at the house Hapiya looked through his pile of old lumber for the right board. He split off three pieces of this with an axe and then sat down on a rock to whittle them with a pocket knife. The finished sticks were about 4 1/2" long and 1 1/8" wide, with a thickness of 1/4". One side was flat and the other was curved, so that the end-view or cross-section was like a flattened D. Then we went in the house.

Hapiya's wife gave him a reddish stone, but this wouldn't rub off on the sticks, so he pulled out a wooden box from beneath the bed and pushed back its sliding lid. It was mostly full of feathers, kept in neat folders made of newspaper, but down in the bottom he found a small glass jar with about 5 cc. of red ochre in it. He said he had bought it from a visiting Hopi and had paid too much, 25 cents. He had thought some kachinas might need it to paint their faces.

Hapiya went outside and looked around for the right hunk of sandstone in the dooryard. It was a roughly triangular slab about 6" across and 1 1/2" thick; it could rest flat and steady, presenting a smooth and level upper surface. He brought it into the house and put it on the table. He dumped a little of the ochre on it; his wife stood by with a dish of water and let it dribble on the ochre from her fingertips whenever he said he needed it. He mixed the ochre and water together with the tip of his forefinger and then rubbed the paint into the sticks with the same finger. He painted the curved side and the ends of each stick solid red. He kept saying to me, "I'm going to paint your face." When all three sticks were done he set them on the edge of the hearth to dry, with the unpainted flat sides down.

After we had watered the horses and eaten dinner, Hapiya placed the forty pebbles on the floor in a circle a little better than two feet in diameter. The circle was broken by four gaps, with ten pebbles single file between each gap. He placed the sandstone slab, which now had a red stain on it, in the center of the circle. The players, Hapiya, Ikosha (his clan brother), and myself, each selected a twig or straw about 3" long as a token. We laid these in the gap which Hapiya had chosen as the starting point, each token resting across the path of the circle and pointing towards its center.

The circle is called a'pi'lanne (a' = rock, pi' = in a row, la = together on the ground, nne = singular). The four gaps are ky'anaawe, waterholes, and the starting place is the ky'ana mossi, chief waterhole. The sandstone slab is called po'yan a'le, cover stone; in former days the players put their bets under it. The tokens are tuushi, horses. The three carved sticks are tasholiiwe (ta = wooden, sho = straw or arrow, li = in a shallow container, iwe = plural). The painted side of a stick is called shilowa, red, or ahok'o, red ochre; the unpainted side is called k'ohanna, white. The game itself is tasholiiwe, after the sticks, or mi'le, ear of corn.

When his turn comes, the player makes a tight pack of the three sticks, side against side and with the ends and edges evened up. The red (or white) side of one stick may rest against either the red or white side of the next. The pack is held vertically between the thumb and fingers of one hand, something like the way a drinking glass is held but with the thumb and fingers straight and stiff. One stick is against the thumb, another stick is against all four fingers, and the third stick is wedged between the other two. The player, with lower arm and hand in a straight line and the wrist stiffened, throws the sticks down hard on the cover stone so that their bottom ends strike it; then the sticks bounce in the air and land some distance apart. If two land with the red side up and one with the white, he has thrown a 2; two whites and a red make a 3; all whites make a 5; all reds make a 10 and entitle him to an extra turn. The sticks are counted no matter where they land, even on a player's knee. If a stick somehow lands on edge, it is counted according to the way it leans; if it has no lean at all, it is counted according to which side would give the smaller score for the throw.

The player advances his horse by the number of spaces won by his throw; he may start the game in either direction, but he must not change direction after that. An initial throw of 2 would leave him two pebbles beyond the chief waterhole, with his token laid between the second and third pebbles; a 3 would leave him between the third and fourth pebbles, and so on. When the token is at rest, whether at a waterhole or in between, it always points toward the center of the circle. The waterholes count only one space, so that forty spaces complete the circle. If a player lands on a space already occupied by another player, the latter must return to the chief waterhole and begin over again. The returned player may start out in either direction, just as at the beginning of the game.

The game has two forms. In tapnimt ina, the just-once manner, the winner is simply the first player to make a complete circuit, whether he lands at the chief waterhole or overshoots it. In itullapna, the going around, the player

must land exactly at the chief waterhole in order to win; if he overshoots he must continue around the circle again.

There's a lot of talk during tasholiiwe. If someone doesn't hit the cover stone hard and the sticks don't bounce very far, another player may say tats'o sho''a, a formula which Hapiya rendered as,"He didn't really mean it," or, "He hit it like a woman." If a player lands midway between waterholes: "It's folded." If he lands at a waterhole: "The horse is taking a drink." If he is sent back to the start: "He's been killed."

Any player might call out the count of a new throw, whether his own or someone else's, or he might call out the number he wants to throw. Hapiya and Ikosha always took note of what throws would be required for a kill, even if the victim were, say, 13 spaces away and the kill would require a 10 and then, on the extra turn, a 3. In the going-around version, they would calculate what they needed to win several turns in advance, as if laying out their strategy. They always had their minds on what they wanted.

1969: Berkeley, California

Ten times four and the four combinations of three identical two-sided sticks, and in this game you can go in either direction, once around is four seasons and spring is reversible if fall is. In either direction the goal is the origin but can only be reached by 4 x 10 and by staying apart. Your peers send you back to start, shorten your road. The kill. Just four combinations of the sticks, and you haven't got real control of them. Well, here goes. *Maybe* the rain will come.

In a linear, progressive game you can only go forward or backward, start and finish are opposite, not to go forward is to go back. But in a circular game the "opposite" is being halfway from and halfway to the winter. The object in either case is to finish (fulfill) your road with the winning combination, but there are all sorts of way to prolong the game.

A spiral, with one end in the center (either start or finish), combines properties of the linear and circular games, steers a middle way between cycle and progress, like the Dogon world-egg with its seven outward-spiraling vibrations, each a vibration but each different and more distant from the first; history and structure. Two sided boards and face-off team sports emphasize linear motion but allow an equal and opposite motion. The Idea of the Limited Good: the teams are equal but can become more than equal only by diminishing one another. But in tasholiiwe it's possible to reach the goal purely by the proper handling of the problem of the 3 x 2 vs. the 4 x 10, without directly confronting the other players. Your turn comes up automatically and the main adversary is the

sticks.

The elongated motion of the sticks drives them against the earth from above: this is what sends the players around the circle.

The identical 2-sided sticks, 3 of them with 4 possible combinations, are like the eight trigrams. For each chance of a 3-red throw, there is one chance of a 3-white throw, there are three chances of a 2-white/1-red throw, and there are three chances of a 1-white/2-red throw. These eight correspond to the trigrams. Range the trigrams around yin/yang and you have tasholiiwe, with opposites contained within the stasis of a circle.

1971: Ramah, New Mexico

Here's a piece on a Zuni game, partly from my field notes and partly from the journals I've kept since then. There are a couple of things to say about tasholiiwe which I don't say there. (I) There is strategy in the game (I mention that only in passing). John M. Roberts and other game theory/Whiting & Child/HRAF/cross-cultural comparison people score the games & sports of various societies according to how much physical skill, chance, and strategy are involved in them; the more complex the society, the more strategy, is what they expect from this; games are models that teach us how to play at life. The tribesman is battered by chance, etc. I would suppose tasholiiwe would be scored low or zero on both physical skill and strategy and high on chance. But that's so only if we go by the Western view of cause and effect. The Zuni's strategy in tasholiiwe is to plan ahead, at every step, what he would like to throw; he thinks and says what he wants and in that way he tries to bring it about, much the way crapshooters do in our own society; he does not simply sit back and cooly wait to see what chance will bring: that would be poor strategy. So: it may well be that what Roberts et al. are measuring isn't really something having to do specifically with games. If they sat down on the floor and played a real game of tasholiiwe instead of relying on the HRAF files, they might learn.

(II) Baseball combines properties of linear and circular games and has obvious resemblances to tasholiiwe and other board games (parchesi, patolli, e.g.). Waterholes/bases, cover stone/pitcher's mound, "scoring" on a complete circuit, only one man on a base. The stick-throwing is the team in the field, and you're always at bat (or waiting your turn). Baseball could show the way out of linear progress, but it would work better if records weren't kept and competed with.

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FROM THE DIME BASE-BALL PLAYER (1875)

The National Game of Base-Ball is now undoubtedly the most popular summer pastime in America. In every way is it suited to the American character. It is full of excitement, quickly played, and it not only requires vigor of constitution, manly courage, and pluck, but also considerable power of judgment to excel in it. Moreover, Base-Ball, when played in its integrity, is entirely free from the objectionable features which too frequently characterize other prominent sports of the country.

What Cricket is to an Englishman, Base-Ball has become to an American. In England, Cricket has more devoted admirers and more ardent followers than any recreation known to the English people. On the Cricket-field--and there only--the Peer and the Peasant meet on equal terms; the possession of courage, nerve, judgment, skill, endurance and activity alone giving the palm of superiority. In fact, a more democratic institution does not exist in Europe than this selfsame Cricket; and as regards its popularity, the records of the thousands of games played each year, which include the names of Lords and Commoners, Divines and Lawyers, Legislators and Artisans, and Literateurs as well as Mechanics and Laborers, show how great a hold it has on the people. If this is the characteristic of Cricket in aristocratic and monarchical England, how much more will the same characteristics mark Base-Ball in democratic and republican America.

Those who remember the leading Base-Ball contests of 1857, at Hoboken, then the head-quarters of the fraternity, and the scene of the principal matches, cannot but be impressed with the contrast between the style of play then in vogue, and that which prevails now. The change for the better is nearly on a par with the vast increase in popularity Base-Ball has attained within the past ten years; and ere a few more seasons have come and vanished, we trust to see the game so improved as to render further changes in its rules unnecessary.

The improvements which have been introduced year after year, have been the result of each season's practical experience, and not of any special theory in connection with the game. In 1857 the boyish rule of the bound catch was in vogue, and at that time the National Association included about twenty clubs, located within a radius of less than twenty miles of New York. At this period, too, it was little more than a game calculated for exercise during the leisure hours of a summer afternoon, possessing comparatively few attractions as affording means for an exciting contest for the palm of superiority in athletic skill. Men of forty years of age and upwards could excel in it, and but a few weeks' practice at the game was necessary to enable a man to take a creditable position as a player. How different is its position now! What a change has taken place in ten short years! Now Base-Ball is the equal of Cricket as a scientific game--that is, as a game requiring the mental powers

of judgment, calculation and quick perception to excel in it--while in its demands upon the vigor, endurance and courage of manhood, its requirements excel those requisite to become equally expert as a cricketer. In regard to its growth in popularity, the ocean boundaries of the United States are not sufficient to limit its extent; for, like Cricket among Englishmen, Base-Ball has been played by Americans in distant parts of the world, while at home it has been permanently established as the National pastime of the American people.

As each season's experience in the game develops some new phases, or points out the errors of previous amendments of the rules, of course each year will create new work for the Committee of Rules; and, of necessity, it will be some years hence before alterations in the rules, to a more or less extent, will have become needless and disadvantageous. As it has been, for a century past, in Cricket, so will it be in Base-Ball for years to come, and in Cricket we have seen the batting conquer the bowling, and anon the bowling gain supremacy over the batting, and as the balance of power weighed down on the one side or the other just in proportion were the rules adjusted so as again to equalize things. Just so is it in Base-Ball. In 1861, '2 and '3, the pitching had a decided advantage over the batting, and hence the necessity of rules limiting the powers of the pitcher. Since then the batting has gradually but surely gained on the pitching, and it therefore becomes necessary either to restrict the powers of the batsman, or to give more latitude to the pitcher; and in making a choice of rules for either object, the only question to be decided is, which will most subserve the interests and attractiveness of the game. We present this view of the question of changes in the rules, to the attention of those who hastily and without consideration, blindly oppose all amendments to the rules.

The Game of Base Ball

Base-Ball is played by nine players on a side - one side taking the bat, and the other the field. The latter occupy the following positions in the field; Catcher, Pitcher, First, Second, and Third Basemen, Short Stop, and Right, Left and Center Fieldsmen. The side that wins the toss, have the choice of taking the bat or the field at their option. The batsman stands at the home base, on a line drawn through its center--parallel to one extending from first to third base--and extending three feet on each side of it. When he hits the ball, he starts for the first base, and is succeeded by player after player until three are put out, at which time the side occupying the field take their places at the bat, and, in like manner, play their innings.

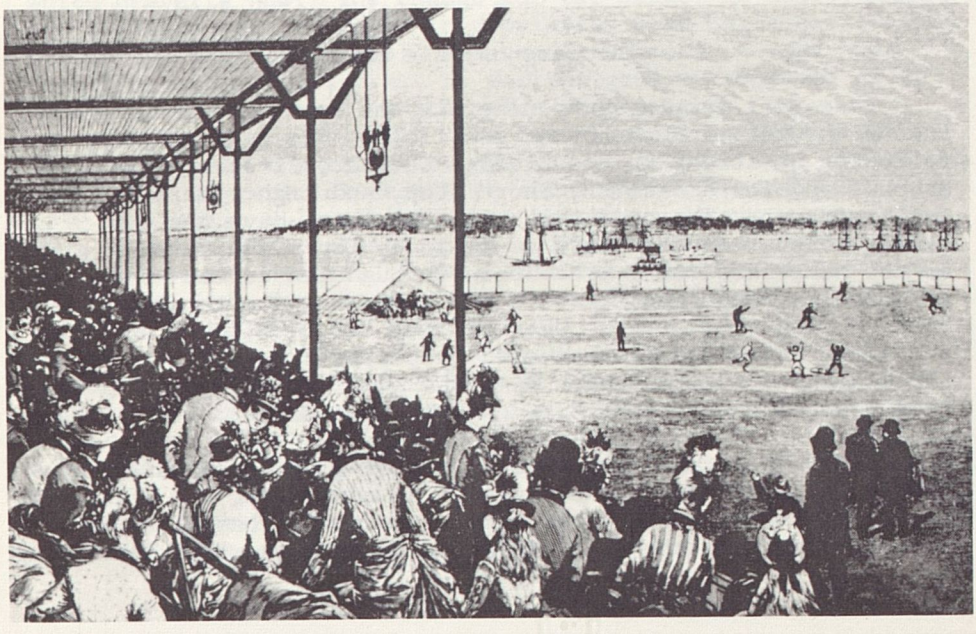
When the batsman succeeds in reaching the home base, untouched by the ball in the hands of an adversary, and after successively touching the first, second and third bases, he is entitled to score one run; and when he hits the ball far enough

to admit of his making the four bases before it is returned, he makes what is termed a home run. Nine innings are played on each side, and the party making the greatest number of runs wins the match. In case of a tie, at the close of the ninth innings, the game must be continued, innings after innings, until one or other of the contesting sides obtains the most runs. And if any thing occur to interrupt or put a stop to the game before five innings on each side have been played, the game must be drawn. The rules and regulations of the game define all further particulars in reference to it.

First Rules of Base Ball.

Section 1. The bases shall be from "home" to second base 42 paces; from first to third base 42 paces equidistant.
Section 2. The game to consist of 21 counts or aces, but at the conclusion an equal number of hands must be played.
Section 3. The ball must be pitched and not thrown for the bat.
Section 4. A ball knocked outside the range of the first or third base is foul.
Section 5. Three balls being struck at and missed, and the last one caught, is a hand out; if not caught, is considered fair, and the striker bound to run.
Section 6. A ball being struck or tipped, and caught either flying or on the first bound,is a hand out.

Home grounds of the New York Metropolitans (or Mets) on Staten Island, 1886. Hudson River beyond.



A BALK - A balk is made when the pitcher either steps outside the lines of his position when making any of the preliminary movements in delivering the ball to the bat, or fails to deliver it after making one or other of such movements.

A FOUL BALK - This balk is made whenever the player delivering the ball to the bat throws it by an overhand or round-arm throw; should the player delivering such balls to the bat persist in his action, the umpire, after warning him of the penalty, is obliged to declare the game forfeited by a score of 9 to 0.

A BOWLED BALL - If a ball be bowled along the ground to the bat, the umpire is required to call a balk.

CALLED BALLS - A called ball is the penalty inflicted on the pitcher for sending a ball to the bat out of the striker's legitimate reach.

CHANCES - A "chance" in base-ball means an opportunity afforded off the pitching for the fielders to put a player out. A pitcher is never "punished" so long as his pitching affords chances for outs, no matter how many runs the opposing side may score in the game.

DROPPING THE PACE - This term is applied when the pitcher lessens the speed of his delivery, and substitutes a medium-paced ball for a swift one. It is very effective in some cases.

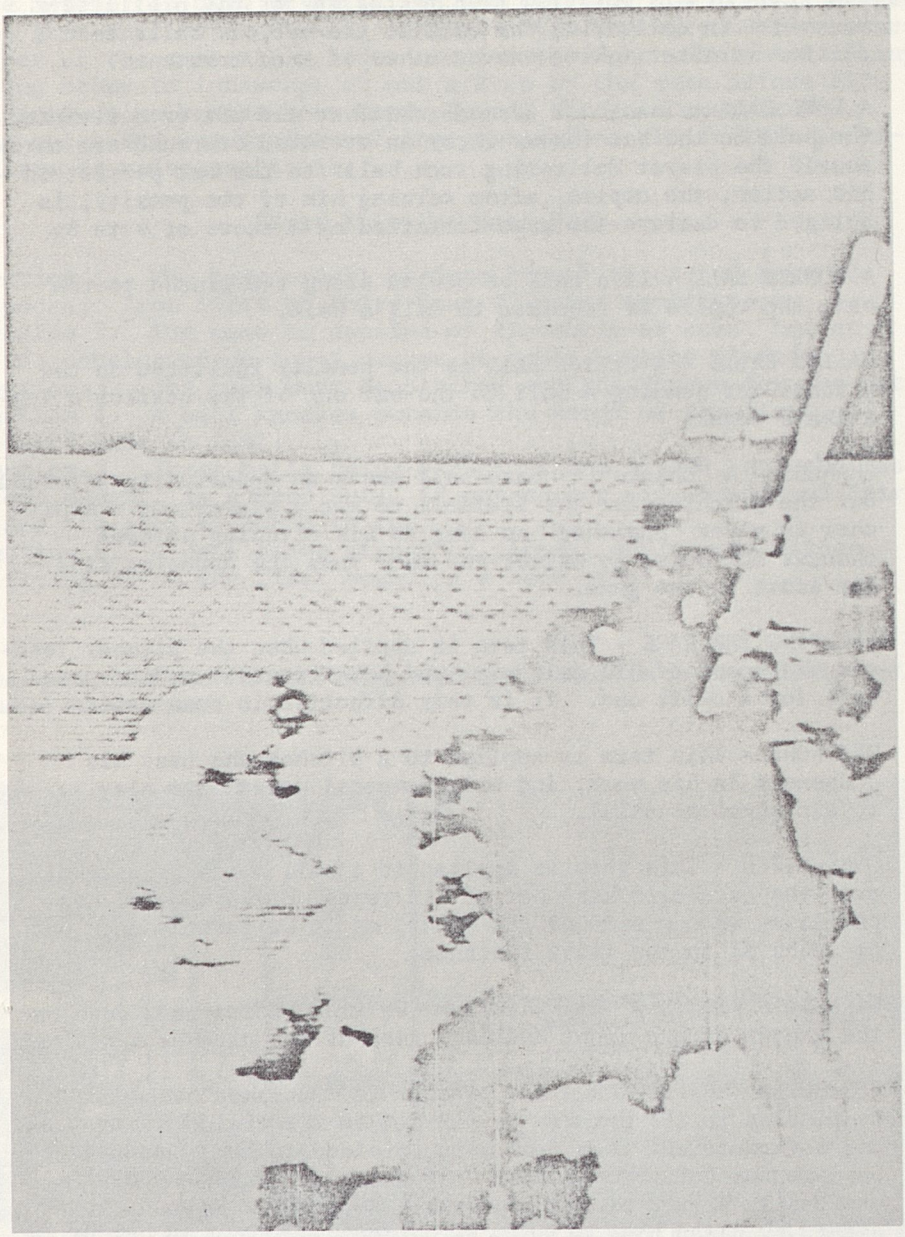
HEADWORK - This term is applied to a pitcher who uses his judgement in his work, and brings mental power into play to aid physical skill.

OVER-PITCH - This term is applied to a ball which is pitched over the catcher's head out of his reach, or so wide of his position, on one side or the other, as to be just as much out of reach as in the first instance.

PITCHER'S POINTS - These are the two iron quoits laid down on the center of the front and back line of the pitcher's position.

PUNISHING THE PITCHER - The pitcher is "punished" when the balls he pitches to the bat are easily hit to the field in such a manner as to prevent them from being fielded to put the batsman or base-runner out. No pitcher is "punished" simply because runs are easily scored by his opponents, but only when bases are earned by clean hits off his pitching.

PACE - This is the technical term applied to the degree of speed with which the ball is pitched to the bat. There are



three degrees of pace, viz.: swift, medium, and slow. Creighton was the swift pitcher, or underhand thrower, par excellence, and Martin is the representative medium-paced pitcher. The best slow pitcher is the man who can toss in a ball to the bat which is most likely to deceive the eye of the batsman by the peculiar curve of the line of its delivery.

SLOWS - Slows are balls simply tossed to the bat with a line of delivery, so curved as to make them almost drop on the home base. When tossed in by a pitcher who has command of the ball, and who knows the weak points of his batting opponents, this style of delivery can be made very effective, but otherwise slow hurling is easy to punish.

TERMS USED IN BATTING

BASES ON HITS - A base is fairly earned by the batsman when he hits the ball in such a manner that it can neither be caught on the fly nor fielded to any base in time to put any player out. It does not follow that because the striker reaches the first base himself in time - and that, too, not by an error of fielding - that thereby he makes his base on a hit, as the ball may be used to better advantage in putting out the player "forced off." It must be earned by a clean hit, or he is not to be credited with a base earned.

BASES ON ERRORS - A base is secured by errors when the striker gets safely to first base either through the ball being "muffed" by the fielder, or thrown wildly to the base player, or not held by him when accurately thrown. A base, too, is secured by an error when an easy chance for a catch is lost, either by the poor judgement or lack of activity of the fielder, or when two fielders both hesitate to take the chance offered.

BATSMAN - The striker at the bat is called the batsman or "striker" until he has hit a fair ball.

BOUNDER - A "bounder" is a ball from the bat which bounds out of the reach - not over the heads - of the infielders. It is a ball which first strikes the ground in the infield.

CLEAN HOME RUNS - This is the term applied to a run obtained by a long hit to the out-fielder by which the ball is sent out of the reach of the out-fielders so as to admit of a baserunner running round and touching all four bases before he is put out. If he stops on any base, thinking he can not get home in time, he is to be credited only with the number of bases he made before stopping. Ordinary home runs are frequently made from overthrows, or dropped or muffed balls at the outer-field. These are not now counted as home runs, as

they are the result of errors in the field and not of heavy batting. Home runs, at best, are no criterion of skillful batting, and they are only useful in bringing men home when the bases are all occupied.

DAISY CUTTERS - A "daisy cutter" is a ball hit sharply and close along the ground from a ball pitched low to the bat. When sent in the right direction they are telling and pretty.

FAIR BALLS - A fair ball is one sent from the bat so as to strike the ground anywhere in front of or on the lines of the in-field from home base to third base and home base to first base.

FOUL BALLS - These are balls sent from the bat which strike the ground back of the foul-ball lines.

FACING FOR A HIT - The batsman is said to "face for a hit" when he stands in such a position as nearly to face the part of the field he desires to send the ball.

FUNGO - This is a style of batting, useful only in affording out-fielders a chance for practice in taking long high balls on the fly. It, however, gets the batsman out of good batting form, for he has to hit the ball as it falls perpendicularly, and not as it comes to him in pitching, nearly horizontally.

GROUNDER - A ground hit is a very safe style of hitting if the ball is sent in the right direction. Sharply hit grounders sent to any position, except first base, will generally insure a base, as the fielder, even if he stops it, generally fails to field it in time to the base.

HIGH BALLS - A "high ball" is one hit high in the air, and favorably for a fielder to catch. Long, high balls are much admired by spectators, but with intelligent and experienced fielders and a good, sharp captain, every such ball hit ought to lead to the striker being put out.

LINE BALL - A "line ball," or "liner," is a ball sent swiftly from the bat to the field almost on a horizontal line. A catch from such a ball looks handsome; but it is not so difficult a ball to hold as a high foul ball, as the latter has great bias given to it by the bat.

LONG BALLS - "Long balls" are balls sent either flying or bounding along the ground to the out-fielders. If the former, they ought to be caught; if the latter, they surely give a base.

LOW BALL - This is a ball sent low to the bat. The legitimate reach of the batsman does not extend lower than a foot from the ground.

ONE, TWO, THREE - This term is applied to the order of retirement when three batsmen are put out in succession.

PLAYERS RUNNING BASES - The striker ceases to be considered as such the moment he strikes a fair ball, or when he is obliged to run to first base from failing to hit the ball after striking at it three times.

POPPING ONE UP - This term is applied to a ball hit up high, which readily falls into the hands of an in-fielder. It is the poorest hit made.

RUNS - A player scores a run the moment he fairly touches the home plate.

STRIKER - The basman is the striker until he runs for the first base after hitting a ball fairly.

SAFE HIT - This term is applied to high balls sent from the bat with just force enough to carry them over the heads of the in-fielders, but not far enough out for the out-fielders to catch.

SHOULDER BALL - This is a ball sent to the bat on a line with the batsman's shoulder. Some batsmen hit these balls well.

TIMING A BALL - This is done when you so time the swing of your bat to meet the ball as to hit it at a right angle to the line of your bat, and so as to hit the ball in the center.

TERMS USED IN FIELDING

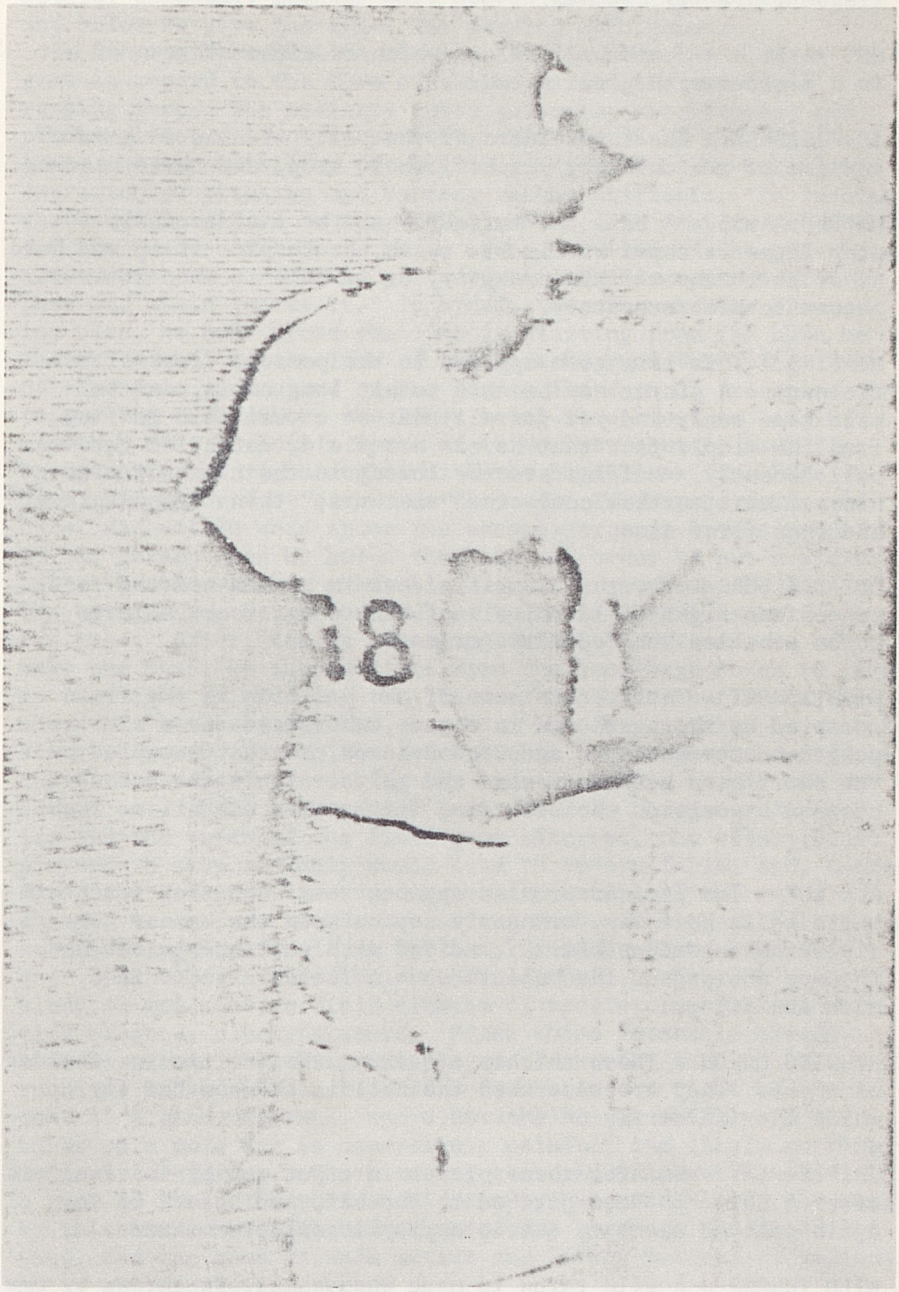
ASSISTING - A fielder assists when he throws the ball to the other basemen on which the base runner is put out, or in any other way assists a fielder to put a player out.

CAUGHT NAPPING - A base runner is said to be "caught napping" when a base player or a fielder happens to touch him with the ball while standing off his base; or when caught between two bases in trying to reach another base.

DOUBLE PLAY - A double play is made when the fielders put out two men with the ball after it has been hit, and before it is pitched to the bat again.

FLY TIP - This is a foul ball held by the catcher, sharp from the bat.

FOUL TIP - Any high foul ball held on the fly is called a foul fly. They are the most difficult fly balls to hold sent from the bat.



FLY CATCHES - All balls held by fielders from the bat before the ball touches the ground, no matter how, or in what manner they are held, or whether held from the hands of another fielder, are fly catches.

HOT BALLS - A "hot" ball is one which is either thrown or hit to a fielder with great speed.

IN-FIELDERS - The in-fielders of the party of nine in a match consist of the catcher, pitcher, short stop, and three basemen.

MUFFED BALLS - A ball is "muffed" when the fielder fails to stop it as it comes within his reach, or to pick it up and hold it so as to throw it in promptly, or to hold it when it is thrown to him accurately.

MUFFINS - This is a term applied to the poorest class of fielders. A player may be able to hit long balls, and to make home runs, and yet for all that be a veritable muffin, from the simple fact that he can not field, catch, or throw a ball decently. Muffins are the lowest in the class of club nines. Next to them comes the "amateurs," then "second nines," and then first nines.

OUT-FIELDERS - The three out-fielders in a nine are the left, center and right fielders, all of whom ought to be able to throw a ball a hundred yards or more.

RIGHT SHORT - This is the name of the position in the field occupied by the tenth man in a game, who stands in a similar position between first and second bases, to that occupied by the short stop between second and third. It is the second baseman's position when fielding for batsmen who hit to right field.

RUN OUT - The fielders run an opponent out when they touch him while he is half way, or nearly so, between the bases. The fielder who touches him is credited with putting him out and the one who passed the ball to such a fielder is credited with assisting.

RUNNING CATCH - These catches are among the prettiest a fielder can make. They are made when the ball is held on the fly while the fielder is on the run.

TRIPLE PLAY - Whenver three players are put out by the fielders after a ball has been pitched to the bat, and before it is again sent to the bat, a triple play is said to be made.

WILD THROWS - A wild throw is made when a ball is thrown by one fielder to another out of the legitimate reach of the fielder the ball is thrown to.

PLAYING BASE-BALL ON THE ICE

During the winter months of January and February, 1872, several Base-Ball matches were played on the ice by skaters, and below we give the rules for playing such games.....

Playing Base-Ball on the ice differs from the field-game in regard to the form of the bases and the method of running them. The ordinary rules governing the batsmen, and pitcher, too, are not so strictly observed as in the field-game, the impossibility of obtaining a good footing making the operation of pitching and batting rather difficult. In running the bases in a game on the ice on skates, all that is necessary for the base-runner to do is to cross the line of the position, after which he can not be put out until he has returned to the base and again leaves it. In order, too, to make the succeeding base, he must cross the line in starting from the base he leaves as well as the line of the base he runs for. The lines of the bases are marked on the ice in the form of triangles intersecting each other, the lines being three feet in length, and they must inclose a space of three feet square, each line being marked at right angles with the base-lines from base to base, and three feet each side thereof. This space forms the base, and within this space the baseplayer must have some part of his person when he holds the ball, in order to put a player out. The base-runner makes his base if he crosses the line on the base before being touched, or before the ball is held on the base. After hitting a ball on which the batsman can only make one base, he should start from the home base so as to turn to the right in crossing the lines of the base; but in cases where his hit entitles him to two or more bases, then he should start so as to turn to the left. Until he has returned and occupied a base after crossing the line in making it, he can not be put out. Were the regular bases used in the games on the ice and the rules of the field game observed, the effort of players to stop suddenly would lead to severe falls, and, therefore, the extended lines for bases are used, and the rules changed to conform to the new arrangement. The essentials for a successful game of ball on the ice includes a large space of good clear ice; a non-elastic and soft ball; a fair day, not windy or too cool; a field cleared of spectators, and two parties of good, plucky skaters. Under these favorable circumstances a really exciting display would be the result. The ball requires to be non-elastic and soft, because a light blow will send it a good distance, and a hard ball sent swiftly to the hands on a cold day is excessively painful, and likely to result in severe injuries. The pitching also should never be swift in a game on ice. The ball should simply be tossed in to the bat; by this means more frequent chances are given to the field for outs, and the game is made active and lively instead of tedious, as it would otherwise be.

ON CAPTAINING A NINE

The success of a nine - especially a professional team - depends largely upon the ability of the player who has been placed in command of the nine for the season. The Captain of a nine must not depend entirely upon his playing skill or his ability as a tactician for his success in ruling his men, the one great essential being to command the respect and obedience of his nine. If he does not possess these essentials, he is not fit to occupy the position. The ability to command this respect necessitates the possession of integrity of character, urbanity of temper, and a proper consideration for the feelings of the players under his control; with these qualities a moderate degree of the other essentials will suffice to make a man a good Captain. Without them, the most expert player in the country would fail.

Never take into your nine a member expelled from another club, unless his expulsion can be shown to have been a merely revengeful act, and an unjust punishment.

Make it a regular rule for the nine to practice in their positions at least twice a week, in match or practice-games. In practicing a nine, let every man retain his regular position, and do not let the out-fielders play on the bases, or the basemen in the out field.

In order to excite emulation in the nine, have special rewards or prizes for the best score of times the first base is made by clean hits. No prizes should be given for runs made, as, in the effort to excel in this respect, players will frequestly run each other out. Neither should prizes be given for homeruns, for the reason that the class of batsmen who strive to excel in scoring homeruns generally have the poorest average of bases on hits, they scoring about one homerun to six or seven outs.

In your treatment of professionals, let them be made to feel that they are members of the club, and not merely hired men. Some Captains are in the habit of speaking to their professionals as if they were so many slaves. This is poor policy in every respect, and the imperious ways in which some men use their brief authority, shows their own smallness of mind and low character more than any thing else. A really manly Captain never abuses his authority in this way.

In training up a new nine, never judge of a man's skill by his playing one or two games only. It takes a series of contests to show a player's ability, or to develop his weak points. It is merely folly to estimate a player's skill by either his fine play in one game, or his poor display in another. Then, again, due allowance should be made for lack of practice. Remember, too, that your steady, earnest workers, who play with a will in every game, are worth two of your dashy, brilliant players, who shine one day, and play listlessly the next. Above all, avoid quick-tempered men, as they lose more games than they help to win.

BASE-BALL IN ENGLAND

Our American field game of Base Ball may be said to have "arrived at years of discretion" in 1874, having emerged from its boyhood days during the summer of this year. In other words, base ball has received an English indorsement, and henceforth will be known the world over as the "national game of America," without a question of the legitimacy of the well-earned title. The indorsement we refer to is that of the *London Field*, the model sporting paper of the world. This paper is the representative paper of English country gentlemen. It is devoted entirely to recreation and pastimes, and to the study of those natural objects which contribute to create them. Above all, however, it is a paper which discourages and discards all impurities of thought and conduct, and inculcates in its readers a love for that only which is rational and elevating. With this preface, we will briefly quote from a column and a half article descriptive and explanatory of our American game, which was contained in the *Field* of July 25th, 1874. We will simply add that the *Field* is a weekly paper, published at sixpence sterling a number, and yet it contains no less than *fifty-six* pages of reading matter, chiefly in small type. In the article in question, the writer in the *Field* goes on to say that "base ball is a scientific game, more difficult than many, who are in the habit of judging hastily from the outward semblance, can possibly imagine. It is, in fact, the cricket of the American continent, considerably altered since its first origin, as has been cricket, by the yearly recourse to the improvements necessitated by the experiences of each season. In the cricket field there is at times a wearisome monotony that is utterly unknown in base ball. To watch it played is most interesting, as the attention is concentrated but for a short time and not allowed to succumb to undue pressure of prolonged suspense. The broad principles of base ball are not by any means difficult of comprehension. The theory of the game is not unlike that of 'Rounders,' in that bases have to be run; but *the details are in every way* dissimilar."

(After this let us not hear any more about baseball being "nothing more than our English game of Rounders, you know.")

After a lengthy and clearly written description of how the game is played, the writer in the *Field* goes on to say:

"To play base ball requires judgment, courage, presence of mind, and the possession of much the same qualities as at cricket. To see it played by experts will astonish those who only know it by written descriptions, for it is a fast game, full of change and excitement, and not in the least degree wearisome. To see the best players field, even, is a sight that ought to do a cricketer's heart good, the agility, dash and accuracy of timing and catching possessed by the Americans being wonderful."

This is warm praise of our American game, especially coming from such an influential source, and it will no doubt have

the effect of making base ball respected in quarters where it has hitherto been held in lower estimation than its merits deserved.

The visit of the American base ball players to England, and the success they met with there, not only in popularizing the American national game, but in their matches at cricket with the leading cricket clubs in England, did more for the best interests of base ball than anything that has occurred since the first tour through the country of the noted Excelsior club of Brooklyn in 1860. In the first place, the visit in question has resulted in setting at rest forever, the much-debated question as to whether we had a national game or not, the English press, with rare unanimity, candidly acknowledging that the "new game of base ball" is unquestionably the American national game. Secondly, the splendid display of fielding exhibited by the American ball-players has opened the eyes of English cricketers to the important fact that in their efforts to equalize the attack and defense in their national game of cricket, in which they have looked only to certain modifications of the rules governing bowling and batting, they have entirely ignored the important element of the game, viz.: fielding; and that this element is so important is a fact that has been fully proved by the brilliant success of the American base-ball players in cricket, a game in which the majority of them were mere novices, and yet by their ability as fielders in keeping down their adversaries' scores they fully demonstrated that skill in fielding is as great an element of success in cricket as bowling or batting, if it be not greater; and also that the principle of *saving runs* by sharp fielding is as sound as that of *making runs*, by skillful batting. But, moreover, they have shown by this self-same fielding skill that the game of base-ball is a better school for fielding than cricket, the peculiarity of the play in the former game requiring a prompter return of the ball from the out-field, swifter and more accurate throwing, and surer catching, than the ordinary practice of cricket would seem to need.

Another result of the tour has been to show our English cousins the great contrast between the character and habits of our American base-ball professionals and those of the English professional cricketers, taking them as a class. One of the London papers warmly complimented the American players on their fine physique as athletes, and especially commented on their abstemious habits in contrast, as the paper stated "with our beer-drinking English professional cricketers." In fact, the visit of the base-ball players has opened old John Bull's eyes to the fact that we are not as neglectful of athletic sports as he thought we were, for one thing, and in our American base-ball representatives we presented a corps of fielders the equal of which in brilliancy of play England has never seen even among the most expert of her best-trained cricketers. So much for our national game of base-ball as a school for field-

ing in cricket. We sent these ball-players out to show Englishmen how we played ball, but with no idea of their being able to accomplish much at cricket; but to our most agreeable surprise, they defeated every club they played with at cricket, and *Bell's Life* does the American team the justice to say that "an eleven could no doubt be selected from the American ball-players which would trouble some of our best elevens to defeat."

The telegrams from England in every instance referred to the games played as between twenty-two Americans and eleven English. But when the regular reports were received by mail, it was found that it was eighteen against twelve, quite a difference as regards the odds of side against side. The first dispatch also referred to the "weak team presented against the Americans," but the score when received showed that the eighteen had against them in their first match six of the crack team which came over here in 1872, together with two professionals and four of the strongest of the Marylebone club players. The fact was, the English clubs did not dream that the base-ball novices could have made such a good show in the game, and knowing nothing of their great ability as fielders, they thought it would be an easy task to defeat even double their own number. The defeat of the celebrated Surrey and Prince's club twelves in one inning, and of the strong teams of Sheffield, Manchester and Dublin by large scores, opened their eyes to their mistake, and very naturally they began to hold the game that could yield such players in great respect.

Worthy of praise as the success of our base-ball representatives in England is, the fact of their admirable deportment and gentlemanly conduct, on and off the field, is one which commends itself even more to the praise of our home people. That they were invited to so many high places and held intercourse with so many of the best people, fully shows that their behavior was commendable in the extreme. Considering, therefore, the brilliant success of the tour, and the credit done the American name by these base-ball representatives, it was proper that their reception on their reappearance in our midst should be commensurate with their high deserts, for in every respect did they do credit to themselves and our American game of base-ball. And their reception on their arrival in Philadelphia in September was quite an ovation.

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Worcester pitcher Richmond is insufferably tedious in his posing and attitudinizing. Much given to the Adonis act while pitching he is possibly unaware of the fact that while he makes one 'mash' by his elegant poses, he disgusts a thousand people who pay their money, not to look at living statuary, but to enjoy red-hot ball-playing. *1881*

THE FIRST NIGHT BASEBALL GAME, 2 SEPTEMBER 1880

With the invention of the electric light and carbon arc lamps of considerable power, the promoters of these contrivances cast their eyes upon baseball. Why not play it at night?

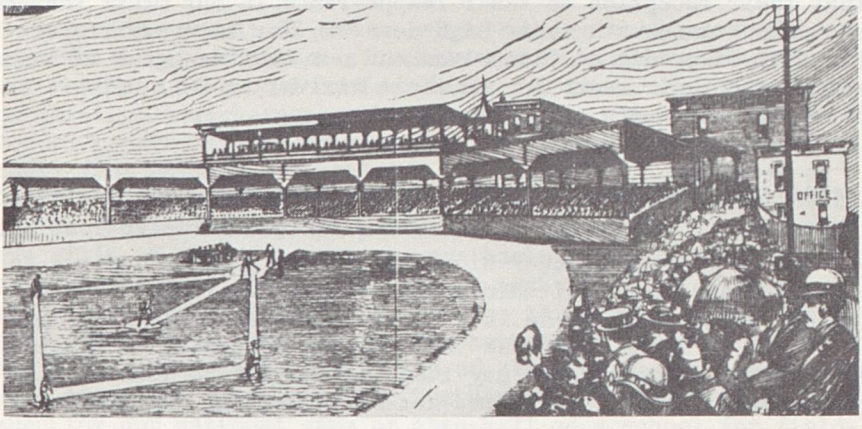
So the Boston press was invited to Nantasket Beach, Massachusetts to see the first trial on September 2, 1880.

Three hundred thronged the balconies of Sea Foam House on Strawberry Hill. 36 carbon lamps had been placed in communication with a dynamo-electric generator, operated by a 30 horse power engine. To support the lamps three towers, 100 feet high and 500 feet apart, were placed so as to overlook a triangular spot just beneath the northern piazzas of Sea Foam House. The lamps were disposed twelve in a group, the total illuminating power being announced as 90,000 candles, or 30,000 candles for each tower.

The flood of mellow light, thrown upon the field between 8 and 9:30 p.m., allowed nine innings to be played. Employee teams of the business firms of Jordan, Marsh & Co., and R.H. White & Co., played a tie game, 16 to 16. The light was quite imperfect and there were lots of errors made. The players had to bat and throw with caution. For the spectators the game had little interests as only the movements of the pitcher, in general, could be discerned, while the course of the ball eluded the vision of the waters.

The showing was far from impressive. None of the reporters believed the idea to be at all practical.

---- *Preston D. Orem*



The home of the Chicago White Stockings in 1885.

Early Baseball

CARL WITTKE: *BASEBALL IN ITS ADOLESCENCE*

In 1939 Americans celebrated the centenary of their national pastime because a baseball commission created in 1907 to settle the hotly disputed question of who originated the modern game, awarded the honor to Abner Doubleday. A number of writers continue to insist that Alexander Cartwright of New York City drew up the first "baseball square," or diamond, and that it was used for the first time in a game played at Hoboken on June 19, 1846. Whatever the merits of these and other conflicting claims, organized baseball, in recognition of the man it had officially recognized as its founding father, established its Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, where Doubleday is believed to have laid out a modern diamond and promulgated his set of rules.

There is a voluminous and still growing literature on the antecedents of the great American game, and about the civil engineer from Cooperstown who rose to high rank in the Union army during the Civil War. History is a seamless web. The ancients undoubtedly played ball, and the Romans had "ball rooms" in their bath houses to keep them in good physical trim. There is a ball in the British Museum covered with leather and stuffed with papyrus which swarthy princes and princesses may have tossed around centuries ago in the valley of the Nile. For our present purpose, however, it will suffice to go no further back than English cricket and various forms of "rounders," "town ball," "barn ball," and "o-cat" played early in the nineteenth century on the Atlantic seaboard.

In 1842 a group of silk-stockinged, bearded, and handlebar mustached New Yorkers, passionately devoted to the pleasures of knife and fork as well as those of bat and ball, organized the Knickerbocker Club, adopted rules similar to Doubleday's, and began playing in New York and its environs. By 1858 interest in the game had grown to a point where it was possible to organize a National Association of Baseball Players consisting of twenty-five clubs. The Civil War made baseball popular in the army, and on tented field and behind prison stockades men in uniform learned the game from New Yorkers and New Englanders. The baseball convention of 1865, representing nearly a hundred amateur clubs, was one of the sequels of Appomattox. By 1867 Ohio had forty-two clubs represented in the association, which survived until 1874.

One of these amateur clubs, the Cincinnati "Red Stockings," organized in 1866 and affiliated with the National Association for several years, turned professional in 1869 and thereby started a momentous development in the history of baseball. By 1876 the National League was organized, due largely to the efforts of William A. Hulbert, owner of the Chicago Club, and the Queen City immediately obtained a franchise in the new organization. The stockholders brought

back two of the professionals who had played with Cincinnati in 1869 and 1870, and one of them, Gould, the first baseman, managed the team, which finished the season in last place.

In 1880 Cincinnati was expelled from the league because the club from Worcester, Massachusetts, complained that beer was being sold at the park and that the dimaond was being rented to amateurs for Sunday baseball. Two years later Cincinnati joined the American Association, recently organized at a convention at the Gibson House, but it attracted attention far more because every player wore a uniform of a different color than because of any winning streak on the diamond. The new association proved short lived, and in 1890 the Red Stockings returned to the National League to stay. By 1884 the winners of the National League and the American Association played a post-season series, which in no sense can be regarded as a forerunner of the World Series, for the teams played but two games, each winning one, and were content to drop their rivalry at that point.

The professional Cincinnati Red Stockings developed from a club founded in 1866 by a group of lawyers and Harvard and Yale graduates, who played amateur ball on the grounds of the Union Cricket Club, with which they merged their new organization. A year before the team turned professional there were four paid players on its roster, including Harry Wright, an old cricket player who gave up his job as a jeweler for a salary of $1,200. In 1869 Cincinnati earned the distinction of being "the cradle of professional baseball." The first paid team in the history of baseball consisted of ten players -- a jeweler, two insurance men, a book-keeper, an engraver, a piano maker, two hatters, and a substitute, whose occupation was not listed. The age limit of these first "pros" was from twenty to twenty-five years, with the exception of Harry Wright, the manager, who was thirty-five and played center field. Asa Brainard, the pitcher, was paid $1,100; the shortstop George Wright, received $1,400; the third baseman, $1,000; five other players were paid $800 each, and the substitute received $600 for the season, which extended from March 15 to November 15. The only Cincinnatian on the team was Charles H. Gould, the first baseman; the other players were imported from the East --- from New Hampshire, New Jersey, and New York, where the game has made its greatest progress.

In their first year, the Cincinnati professionals did not lose a game, and won thirty-nine straight before playing to a 17 to 17 tie. When they defeated the New York Mutuals by the unusually low score of 4 to 2, ardent Cincinnati fans assembled in the Gibson House, fired salutes, and set off red flares. When the team returned from its triumphant eastern invasion, the players were welcomed by a brass band and royally entertained at a banquet. The president of the club announced that he would rather preside over the destinies of

the Cincinnati Reds than be the chief executive of the United States. During their first season the club won fifty-five and tied one, scored 2,395 runs against 574 by the opposition, belted 169 home runs, of which George Wright, the shortstop, hit 59, traveled 12,000 miles, and played to about a quarter million paying customers. Their profits of some $7,000 were invested in decorating and improving their clubhouse.

In 1870 the Cincinnati professionals toured the South, and later played on the West Coast. During the entire season, which extended from April 21 to November 5, the club compiled a total of 2,732 runs to their opponents' 651, averaging better than four runs an inning, and with a team batting average of .701. The "Reds" were undefeated until June 14, 1870, when Cincinnati lost an eleven inning game to the Atlantics of Brooklyn, by a score of 8 to 7. Nine thousand fans witnessed the encounter. Cincinnati had been favored in the betting, four to one, and lost primarily because a rabid Brooklyn fan rushed on the field and prevented an outfielder from fielding a fair ball. Professionalism having come to stay, the team lost some of its best players to other clubs, which were expressly organized to compete with the Cincinnati Reds and therefore offered higher pay. A Cincinnati sports writer maintained that by 1870 the Chicago White Sox represented an investment of $18,000. It is interesting to point out that Rutherford B. Hayes was among the rabid supporters of the Cincinnati Red Stockings. Among his papers at the Hayes Memorial Library in Fremont is a scrapbook of newspaper items on the Cincinnati team for the 1870 season, which he kept during his second term as governor of Ohio.

The period from 1850 to 1875, with which this paper is primarily concerned, may properly be called the adolescent age in the history of modern baseball. During this quarter century the game slowly evolved a set of rules, was organized as a national sport, experienced some of its most difficult trials, and became established as an important part of the pageant of America and the social history of the American people. By 1888 the game was ready for export, and two teams toured the world, playing exhibition games before the Prince of Wales in England, in sight of the smoke of Vesuvius, and in the shadow of the pyramids. If it is true, as some scholars have seriously suggested, that sports have furnished an outlet for Americans and a new safety valve after the pioneering age came to a close, surely baseball played a major role in this development, and the sons of European immigrants have risen to fame and fortune on the diamond as rapidly as the native-born and have received equal acclaim for their skills.

In its early years baseball had to compete with the English game of cricket for popular favor and support. Such papers and periodicals as the *New York Clipper* and *Porter's Spirit of the Times, a Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage*, devoted many columns in the 1850's

to cricket matches and various efforts to transplant the English game to the United States. For at least a decade cricket ran baseball a close race for supremacy. Cricket clubs were numerous in the decade before the Civil War. Lowell played Boston; Cincinnati, Cleveland; a team from New York played Newark; and in 1856 there were international matches at Hoboken between clubs from the United States and Canada, and the St. George Club of Canada defeated the New Yorkers 147 to 145 in two innings, one Canadian player alone scoring no less than eighty tallies.

The first annual convention of cricket players was called at the Astor House in New York in 1857 to organize a United States Central Club to act as a grand umpire for the sport in the manner of the Marylebone Club of England. Twelve clubs were officially represented, and delegates from Albany and Philadelphia took a leading part in the proceedings. Another attempt was made the following year to nationalize and regularize the game, but in a time of intense nativism many Americans experience an instinctive aversion for cricket just because it was English, and would not accept the sport in any form unless it were thoroughly Americanized. There were clubs which played both cricket and baseball for a while longer, but "the noble American game, which all the seductions of the scientific game of Cricket have not been able to undermine," grew steadily in popular favor. Editorials stressed the beneficent effect of baseball on the national health, and explained how it would harden the muscles and render Americans "fit for the battle of life." Already the games were being attended by "great gatherings of ladies" to inspire and tax "the last energy of the players."

The Knickerbocker Club played amateur ball intermittently from 1842 to 1879. In what was probably their first recorded match on their Elysian Fields in Hoboken in 1846, they played for a side bet of a dinner per player, and lost 23 to 1 in four innings. Alexander Cartwright, promulgator of a significan set of baseball rules in 1845, umpired that game. By 1856 the Knickerbockers boasted of a hard-hitting catcher who had abandoned cricket for baseball, and a pitcher who "sends the ball with exceeding velocity." Runners were still being put out by hitting them with the ball, and the New York Club had a player in "short field" with such a powerful arm that "a ball sent by him to first base, rarely fails in proving fatal to the runner." It was the business of the first baseman to "stop the career of many a fast runner," and therefore the position was regarded as one of the most hazardous on the team.

By the close of the 1850's baseball was being played in many American and Canadian cities, although in some localities clubs were still playing "town ball." The sport was still entirely amateur, and the clubs frequently emphasized the opportunities for food and drink and social intercourse which the game afforded as much as their skill on the diamond. When the

Gotham Club was organized in 1852, it had only the Knickerbockers to play. The Excelsior Club of South Brooklyn, organized three years later, consisted entirely of "merchants and clerks," and the Eckford Club of New York, of shipwrights and mechanics. By the summer of 1856 fifty-four matches were played in the New York area, and home games were becoming the rule. In Cleveland, the game was played daily in the Public Square, to the great irritation of the police, who could find no city ordinance to stop the nuisance. By 1857 Brooklyn was rapidly becoming the "City of Baseball Clubs," as well as the "City of Churches," and clubs were beginning to wear distinctive uniforms. Hoboken, "the stronghold of lager beer," also was a stronghold of baseball. In Boston, two clubs played a triple-header in 1857, and the "Bunker Hill Club" played a rival from New Jersey in the famous Monument Square. Detroit's club claimed to be "the pioneer club of the West," and the first club in Minnesota played by New York rules in 1857 on "a magnificent level prairie."

The editor of the *Spirit of the Times* reported with satisfaction in 1856 that the "fine American game" was flourishing everywhere, and around New York there were contests "on every available green plot within a ten mile circuit of the city." The reporter no longer found it possible to attend all games, and requested "secretaries and referees" to send him the "results" with "comments" and "scores." Players were "striking better"; one made "three homes in sucession" in one game in 1856; and fielding was improving, "several fine catches being made on the fly instead of the child's play, from the bound," and "fieldsmen" were developing "quickness of perception and nerve and determination."

The rules however were still unsettled, and this partly accounts for the huge scores, compared with modern games. As late as 1858 a score of 135 to 101 was not considered unusual. In 1871 a team in New Orleans made 22 errors in a two hour game. Frequently, contests were continued from one day to the next because the players were "overtaken by the shades of night" in their futile efforts to retire the side and end the ball game.

Membership in baseball clubs was a social event; each club elected a set of officers, and games were the occasion for much pleasant social intercourse. In 1856, for example, the Putnam Club of Williamsburg, after defeating the Brooklyn Excelsiors 21 to 15 in three innings, which it took two hours to play, entertained their rivals and guests at the Dancing Academy; the two presidents made speeches; there was an extraordinary number of toasts, which included drinking to the health of umpires and referee; and the joyous occasion was concluded with the singing of

Here's a health to our *Base Ball*, and honor and fame,
For 'tis manly and hearty and free.
Oh long may it flourish, our *National Game* ---

Here's a health, good old base ball, to thee.

After the conclusion of the festivities in Williamsburg, the Putnams escorted their guests "to the cars," and went with them to Brooklyn for a further "interchange of civilities." When the Putnams played the Astoria Club on Thanksgiving Day of the preceding year, in a four hour game, their president, who entertained all the players and their ladies at his home, was given a silver cup, with a baseball diamond and players engraved upon it.

"The Great Baseball Match" between "picked players from the crack clubs" of Brooklyn and New York drew large crowds in a three game series in the summer of 1858. Tickets were sold in advance, as well as at the grounds, and special trains of the Long Island Railroad and chartered busses connecting with the ferries, brought the spectators to the playing field. Nearly three thousand gathered for the first game, despite a heavy noon rain; carriages filled with ladies were drawn up around the diamond, and there was an adequate supply of lager beer on hand. The rival players arrived in equipages drawn by six and eight horses, and the *Spirit of the Times* described a "galaxy of youth and beauty in female form, who, smiling on the scene, nerved the players to the task, and urged them, like true knights of old, to do their devoirs before their 'ladyes fair.'" After New York defeated Brooklyn 22 to 18 in the first game, the clubs turned to refreshments and the usual toasts. Brooklyn won the return match 29 to 8, and for the play-off, carriages were drawn up around the field in circles three deep, but unfortunately, the festivities were marred by "a large deputation of overgrown boys from Brooklyn [who] occupied a prominent position in the Grand Stand" and annoyed both umpire and spectators.

By this time fans and players were rabid about the game. A first baseman requested that he be buried "beneath the first base," and the game was enthusiastically recommended as a builder of health and character. In the "New Year's Address" in 1857 of the editor of New York's leading sports journal we find this poetic tribute to cricket and baseball:

Nor will the *Spirit* e'er forget the names,
Base Ball, and Cricket, noble, manly games,
Where Health herself beholds the wicket fall,
And Joy goes flying for the bounding ball.
And the gay greensward, studded with bright eyes,
Of maids, who mark the glorious exercise,
Clap their white hands, and shout for very fun,
In free applause of every gallant run.

In 1857 the Upsilon Sigma and Omicron Gamma clubs of New York played for seven and a half hours, with a score of 41 to 24. In the same year the Nassau and Charter Oak clubs scheduled three games at 5 A.M. in Brooklyn, apparently to impress players and spectators that "there is a cheaper and better way to health than to pay doctor's bills." Admission charges varied

from twenty-five cents to a dollar, and betting on the games added to the zest of the teams and their supporters. In 1863 the Athletic Club of Philadelphia played the Excelsiors of New York before a crowd of 5,000 in South Brooklyn, in a game that required four hours to complete. Another encounter between a Philadelphia team and the Mutuals of New York lasted nearly as long and brought out an attendance estimated at 8,000. Reporters began giving inning by inning accounts of games, including numbers of balls pitched, the number "passed by the catcher," total foul balls, put-outs "at first base," and "fly catches made"; and the printing of a batting order, positions played, and runs scored, indicated that the modern box score was on its way. There were usually two scorers, one or two umpires, and a referee for every game. Occasionally, the betting odds, which changed as the game progressed, were also reported.

As yet there were no universally accepted rules governing balls and strikes, and games dragged on endlessly in the 1850's because "every man stood at the bat a good while," and the "striker" was "not compelled to strike till he gets the ball to suit him." It was proposed that a "striker" should be called out only when the ball was caught "direct from the bat," and "not from the bound," and that the batter be compelled to run when three fair pitched balls had been offered him. Another suggestion was made to the effect that every three fair balls pitched be regarded as the equivalent of a strike, and that there be six outs to an inning, instead of three, but there still was no legislation as to what constituted the strike zone.

In New England games still were being played with six to eight players. The two best players, "catcher and thrower," were known as "first and second mates." The distance between home and first base was six paces; twenty paces separated first from second base; fifteen, second from third; and twenty, third from home plate. Runners were put out by "plugging" them with the ball. The ball was made of yarn wound around cork or India rubber, and covered with calfskin, and was "thrown, not pitched or tossed," "with a vigor...that made it whistle through the air, and stop with a solid smack in the catcher's hand, which he generally held directly in front of his face." Foul ball rules evolved slowly, and many contended that a batter should have the right to hit the ball anywhere in front of him.

As the number of clubs multiplied, agreement on rules and regulations became imperative, and in interstate contests it was necessary to specify whether New York or Massachusetts rules were to be followed. The proper size of the diamond, the distance between the bases, and the proper place for umpires and the referee to stand, continued to be matters for heated controversy. For a time the umpire gave his decisions from a seat located just off first base. In 1856 it was proposed that two umpires stand to the left of home plate between

catcher and "striker," and the referee to their right. A booklet of bylaws and rules for the Putnam Club of New York specified that the bat be three feet long, and two and a half to three inches in diameter at the end, but both round and flat bats were permitted. The Putnam rules fixed the distance between home and the pitcher at a minimum of fifteen paces. The ball usually weighed about six ounces, and varied from 2 3/4 to 3 1/4 inches in diameter. Twenty-one "counts", or runs, were needed to win a game, and the losing club was guaranteed a last time at bat. If a catcher caught a third strike the batter was out; otherwise he ran for first base as though he had hit a fair ball. A foul caught on the first bound was known as a "hand out," and a ball hit out of the playing field was good for only one base. Interference with fielders or runners was prohibited, and a regular batting order was established.

Early in 1857 "Young New York," representing fourteen clubs, assembled in Smith's Hall on Broome Street, at the call of the Knickerbocker Club, to evolve a set of rules for the "Native American Sport" of baseball. The editor of the *Spirit of the Times* urged that there "should be some one game peculiar to the citizens of the United States," since "the Germans have brought hither their Turnverein Association...and various other peculiarities have been naturalized." Committees were appointed to draft a set of rules and to ask Mayor Wood to make Central Park, hitherto reserved for cricket, available for baseball.

Among the regulations agreed upon at this convention of baseball enthusiasts was one fixing the size of the ball, and providing that it be "furnished by the challenging club" and become the property of the winner as a trophy of victory. Bats still could be of any length, provided they did not exceed two and a half inches in diameter at the end, and were not whittled down to a flat surface. Base-bags were to be of canvas, painted white, and stuffed with sand or sawdust. The circular home plate was made of iron and was painted white, like the "pitcher's point." A balk rule was agreed upon, and a batter hitting a foul could be put out either by catching the ball on the fly or on the first bound, and the same rules applied to fair balls and a third strike. Baserunners were to be called out if they deviated three feet from the base line, could be thrown out at first and tagged out at any time off the bases. The regulation game was fixed at seven innings, except in case of a tie score, and if a game was called because of weather conditions, the score was to revert to the end of the fifth inning. The convention also legislated against betting and gambling, and stipulated that no one could play in a contest unless he had belonged to his club for at least thirty days. Gambling, rioting, and rowdyism were so general that there was something of a revival in cricket in the early 1870's in protest against the abuses con-

nected with the new game of baseball. An important amendment by the convention as a whole to the report of its rules committee provided that a put-out would not be allowed unless the ball were caught on the fly, and that runners could not advance on such a catch. Many players objected strenuously to the new ruling and argued for their right to catch balls on the first bounce, in order to avoid injury to their hands, but a sports writer answered these objections by insisting that "surely, what an Englishman can do [in cricket] an American is capable of improving upon." It was also agreed that no player would be allowed hereafter to catch a ball in his hat or cap. Sometimes games were started with only eight men, and there were bitter controversies over contests called because of darkness, a decision left for years to the contending clubs, not the umpires. In New England fouls still were practically unrecognized, and bats could be square, flat, or round. Variations of this kind pointed to the need for a national set of regulations administered by some national authority, and what finally saved the game was making it professional.

In the spring of 1858 the second annual baseball convention met in New York, with twenty-two clubs represented. Annual dues were fixed at five dollars, and young men between seventeen and twenty-one were admitted to the proceedings, but without vote. This "body of practical athletae," as it was described in a New York publication, adopted a constitution "to improve, foster, and perpetuate the American Game of Base-Ball, and the cultivation of kindly feelings among the different members of Base-Ball Clubs." The secretary prepared a booklet of rules; it was agreed that thirty yards was the proper distance between the bases, and that the pitcher had to deliver the ball as nearly as possible "over the center of the plate." Umpires were instructed to keep a record of each game, and in an effort to speed the game, it was provided that if a "striker" stood without "striking at good balls repeatedly thrown to him," the umpire, "after warning him," could call him out. The number of umpires was reduced to one, to be chosen by the two team captains; the position of referee was abolished; and official scorers were provided.

Later in the spring of 1858 a convention of ten Massachusetts clubs met in Dedham and adopted regulations quite different from those accepted in New York. In New England not less than ten nor more than twelve players on a club constituted "a match," and the team that first made "one hundred tallies" won the game. There were three referees. In match games "when one is out, the side shall be considered out." Bases were set on wooden stakes which projected from the ground; the distance between them was sixty feet, the pitcher's distance thirty-five feet, and the batter's box four feet in diameter. No batter was allowed more than three strikes, but the rules did not make clear what would happen if a batter refused persistently to swing at good pitches. When it became apparent that the major-

ity would not adopt the "New York Game," the Tri-Mountain Club of Boston seceded from the convention, and before the end of the season, teams from Portland and Boston were playing on the Boston Common according to New York rules. On the other hand, many teams still played according to the rule requiring one hundred tallies to win, and as late as 1871, in a game between a team from Boston and the Troy Haymakers, a player received a base on balls after only three bad pitches.

By 1877 western teams and sports writers were demanding a livelier ball and wanted to prohibit underhand pitching, "to make more lively play at the bat." In 1874 a pitcher was limited to four "unfair" balls, but the following year nine were required for a base on balls. A new regulation provided that the batter must strike at *one* of the first four good balls or be called out, but whereas this reduced the average number of runs scored, it also increased the demand for a livelier ball. The *New York Clipper* proposed a compromise which would permit the batter to let six good balls go by before he would be called out on strikes, but also required six bad balls for a base on balls.

Despite such strange and confusing discrepancies the game continued to expand to national proportions. In 1871 the "Cleveland Cracks," on a swing through the East, played twenty-four games in three weeks; the baseball clubs of Maine held their fourth annual meeting in Augusta and admitted five new organizations to membership, and established a championship trophy; and Canada awared "a silver ball" to the champions of the Dominion. Six years later, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis battled for a league championship, and a still larger number for the championship of the United States, which was won by Boston.

Spikes were used on baseball shoes as early as the 1850's. Most pitching continued to be underhanded. The size of the scores began to change. In 1867 the Washington Nationals defeated St. Louis 113 to 26; but in 1877 Chicago defeated the Philadelphia Athletics 1 to 0, in eleven innings. Infielders were playing farther away from their bases, but gloves were not generally used until the 1890's. The catcher's mitt was introduced in 1869, and the mask in the following decade. By 1887 bases on balls no longer counted as hits in computing batting averages. In 1871 when the Cleveland Forest City Club left the field in the eighth inning in a protest against an umpire's decision, the game was awarded to the Chicago club by a score of 9 to 0, but it was not until the present century that the men in blue assumed those prerogatives which have made them the undisputed kings of the diamond.

In 1871 the Chicago club went to New Orleans for spring training. By that time a number of clubs were paying salaries to their best players, and there were advertisements in the *New York Clipper* for A-1 men willing to be "first class general players and change pitchers" for a "liberal salary."

Old time players, who had played primarily for "healthful and innocent recreation," objected strenuously to "revolvers" who jumped from club to club in quest of higher pay for their skills. Negro teams were not unknown, and in the spring of 1871 two colored teams, the Auroras of Chelsea and the Resolutes of Boston, played to a 21 to 16 score. By 1887 as many as twenty Negroes were playing in the so-called minor leagues, and the famous Negro pitcher, George Stovey, won thirty-five games in one season for Newark in the old International League. The first Negro to play professional baseball in a major league was Moses Fleetwood ("Fleet") Walker of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, who was a student at Oberlin College from 1878 to 1881, where he played on the varsity team. In 1884 he became a major leaguer in the old American Association and played with Toledo. Walker was a catcher who still caught barehanded. Apparently the race issue figured little in his career except during a series play-in Louisville in 1884 when he was "hissed" and "insulted" by the crowd and made five errors.

Finally a word must be said about the developing fraternity of sports writers who played a decisive role in making the game nationally popular. Among the pioneers were men like Henry Chadwick, who wrote for the *Clipper* and the *Brooklyn Eagle* and edited baseball guides and rule books that helped standardize the game. He invented the modern method of keeping box scores. Peter Finley Dunne, better known as Mr. Dooley, was another notable figure among the sports reporters, who developed a unique journalistic technique and enriched the "American Language" by that incomparable baseball slang which Englishman could possibly understand without a glossary. Ring Lardner was one of the later masters of this special argot of of the professional ballplayer, and his "You Know Me, Al" stories became the classics of American baseball. DeWolf Hopper recited "Casey at the Bat," written by a Harvard man in 1888, so many times before audiences all over the country that it is now firmly embedded in American folklore.

Although the baseball lingo of the 1850's and 1870's differed from that of the present day, it was definitely its progenitor. In 1856 a New York writer referred to "the injudicious attempt" of a player "to get a home run, when he was headed off and put out on home base." The next year a second baseman was described as "quick as a cat," "stealing his base and dropping so as to make it impossible to put him out"; fly balls were still called "sky scrapers," and spectators were amazed to see foul tips rise as much as a hundred feet into the air. As late as 1871, when a runner was safe on an error, he was described as "escaping," although the phrase, "had a life given him," was coming into vogue. By the early 1870's pitchers "led off with a high ball"; batters "took a back seat," fielders "muffed a hot one," and teams were being "whitewashed." Batters, still called "strikers," "popped up" or hit "hot liners," and taps to the infield were described as "hitting a baby ball." At Harvard in 1871 and for some years after, outfielders were still "accepting a fly," instead of catching it, for the put-out.

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GILBERT SORRENTINO: BASEBALL

Keep your eye everlastingly on the ball while it is in play.

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Baseball is a pure game of continual action, which latter is not to be confused with movement, such as is displayed in football, basketball, hockey, etc. Since this action is often subtle, many think of the game as boring, or slow. So be it.

The game changes totally, and often invisibly, between each pitch.

Everything is gleaming space in baseball. One can see what happened.

Baseball games end in their own terms, they do not end because a clock runs out: one thus sees that anything can happen up until the time the last out is made. In football, if one team is four touchdowns behind with ten seconds to play, the football game is over, truly, although officially it is not. The players continue their movement, running out the clock in meaningless activity. Invented time imposes itself on the game and affects its patterns. Yet in baseball it is not at all rare to see teams tie and win games with two out in the 9th inning. Time has neither power nor meaning in this game. It works spatially: it is not "fair." No matter how good the pitcher has been, he must get the last out. His beautiful effort can be destroyed by a single mistake. In time games, the rules themselves often win for a team. The pitcher must pitch, in space, to each batter. What he has done has no effect on the batter he must face next. The eight men who assist him can only assist him after the ball is released.

It is the ball that controls the game.

Under its brilliantly simple surface, baseball is deeply complex, although this complexity is not arcane. The spectator can understand what happens on every play. There are no secret or bunched patterns. There is too much space between the players to hide anything.

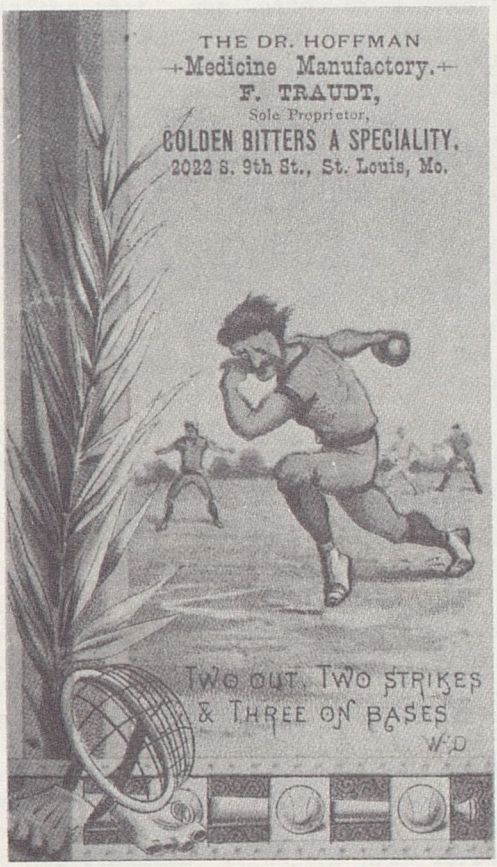
The ball is pitched: something happens. The ball is hit: something happens. The detail is linear. Baseball is reading or painting, not film; it is strangely and elegantly still. The patterns change continually: a man on first with an 0 and 2 count on the batter is not the same thing as that man on first with a 3 and 2 count on the batter. The rests in the game seethe with potential action. The ball must be dealt with scrupulously; it must be played, not interfered with, nor blocked, nor intercepted, nor stolen, nor recovered, nor rebounded. The offensive or defensive player who addresses his skills to the ball in motion may not be tampered with by a player of the opposing team. It is this inevitable quality of the interaction of player and ball that may give the game its strange and calm magic.

It is a spare game of nouns and verbs, without the fussy adjectives of time games. Football, for instance, proffers dozens of plays in which the ball (which almost exists as an afterthought in the brutality of the professional game) moves not an inch, while 22 men smash and injure each other in the most fantastic and unintelligible patterns of mayhem. Time games are replete with penalties in order to control actions whose counterparts in baseball would be called "bush." It is a noble game: its players play against the ball.

It is not truly a game of specialists. Players substituted for are out of the game for its remainder. It is unsentimental.

Played within one rigidly prescribed area, which, in turn, is set within a larger area whose boundaries vary astoundingly from park to park, this "carelessness" has given the game marvels of style. The Baseball takes place not only where the players are, but where they are not: it takes place where the ball is.

It exists outside of time.



RULES OF OCEAN BALL

1- Implements: a stick (broomstick, rotted-off hoe handle, anything you'd use for stickball), a ball (preferably Spalding high bounce, but tennis balls give an okay game), a beach (there must be enough real beach to play; rocks can kill the heels --- and the heel bone's connected to....---; people in the line of the game usually complain vigorously).

2- Point of the Game: is to hit home runs. Ocean ball, invented in the '50's, is modelled after the old home run derbies on NYC television. The batter attempts to hit as many balls into the ocean as he can. The fielder tries to prevent the balls from going into the ocean. Every ball that reaches the water on the ground is one point; every ball that reaches the ocean on a fly is two points; every ball that is caught on the beach eliminates one point; every ball that is caught in the ocean eliminates two points. There are nine "innings". Batter and fielder alternate within one inning, the batter getting ten swings.

3- Definition of "Ocean": This is one of the excitements of the game. Not only does the tide change over the course of the nine innings (like the wind in a ballpark), but the waves come in and out. A home run is anything that touches water connected to the ocean itself (as opposed to a brief puddle, wet spot, or tidal pool); there is a clear distinction between the ocean and everything else. The fielder must remain aware of where the ocean is at any time. He may gaily field a grounder without realizing that the waves have come in under his feet and the opposition has a point. One can also manuever, on some flies, to catch them with both feet in the water, but this is a tricky business, as the water is moving while the ball is in the air.

4- Foul Territory: This is optional. Sometimes people too close on either side make a narrow fair territory. A fly ball caught in foul territory counts the same as a fly ball caught in fair territory (including double for ocean).

5- Conversion: Some people care about such verisimilitude; others don't. Obviously a fly ball into the water is a homer as classically experienced. Then what is a fly ball in the water that is caught, or a grounder into the water? Are these runs instead of homers? How can you lose runs in baseball? The point here is that the game is simply a derivative of baseball, adapted to the beach in such a way as to make use of the geographical features rather than to fight them. The core and spirit of Ocean Ball is diving in the ocean itself to make great catches, getting wet, coming up from underwater with the ball. Baseball can be a hot

muggy game during the summer. Ocean Ball is as cool as water polo without any of the jock hassling, and all of the calm and poise of baseball instead.

RULES OF ROOFBALL

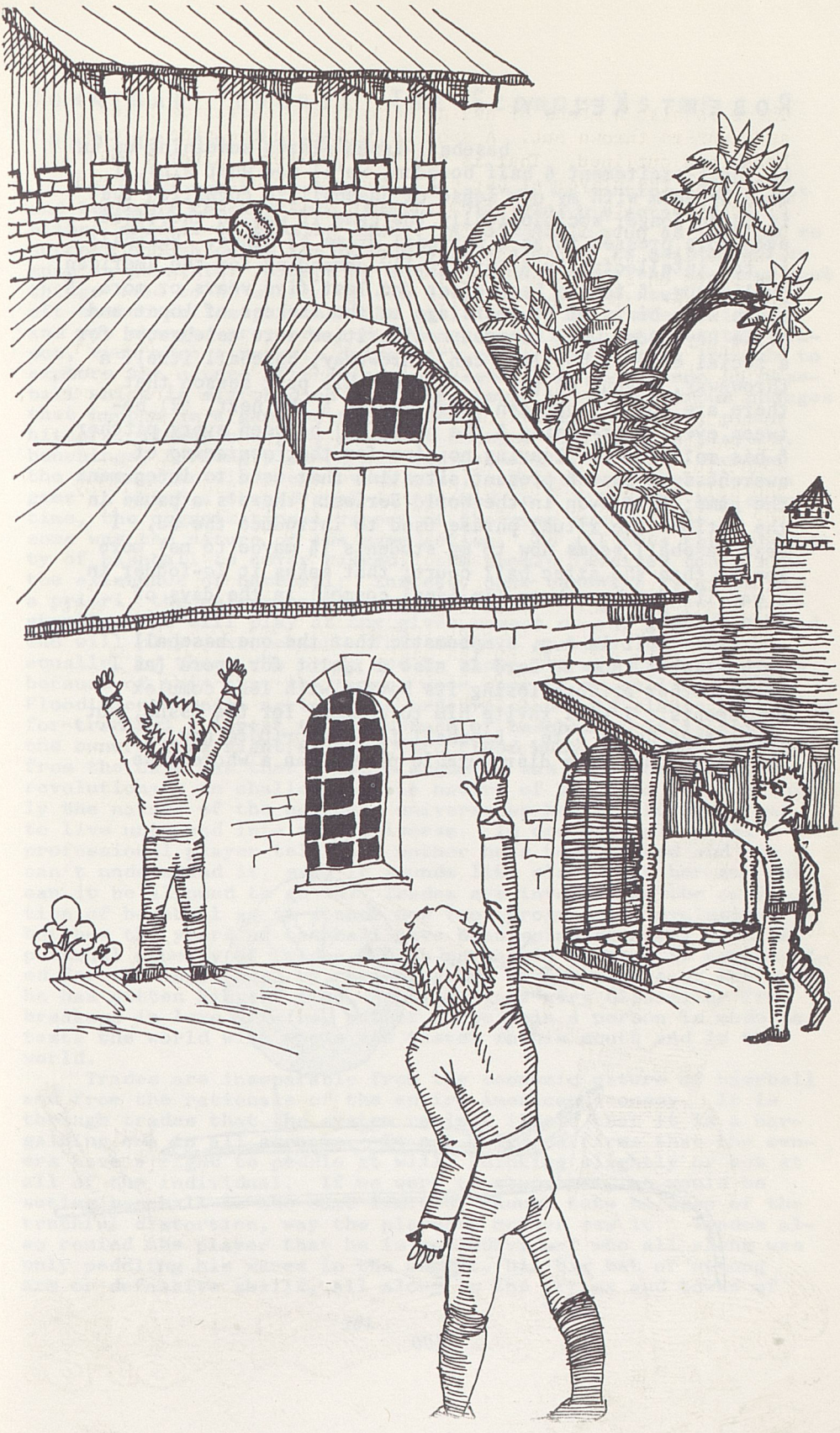
1- Implements: a ball (preferably Spalding high bounce), a roof (of any variety, but those with multiple parts, odd angles and crevices, and slants leading off in different directions are most exciting; also, the roof must be slanted, so the ball rolls back, and not too high that it can't be reached by the throwers).

2- Point of the Game: is to throw the ball onto the roof in such a way that it comes back off it in an unexpected direction or with great velocity, and is, for some reason or other, difficult to catch. The "batter" stands out beyond the "fielder," who stands in under the angle of the roof so that he cannot see the movement of the ball while it is on the roof. The batter throws the ball onto the roof, perhaps putting a spin on it, perhaps aiming for the chimney, or a corner of the chimney, perhaps trying to put it against an in-slanted roof part, perhaps simply trying to throw it very high so it rebounds a great distance. The fielder is allowed to break when the ball reappears in his line of vision. This is very soon for the high ones and much later for the twisted rollers.

3- Scoring and Conversion: Roofball more obviously converts into real baseball. The scoring depends completely on the type of field the roof slopes down onto. Trees and fields demand distance or locale markers; certain lengths and/or regions are singles, doubles, triples, homers. If the roof slopes down onto concrete, the game can be played by the number of bounces of the ball: one bounce a single, two bounces a double, etc., upto four. The baserunners move the number of times the ball bounces or the value of the hit, though there can be long singles scoring runners from second and long doubles scoring runners from first in certain regions. In the case of a grassy field, a ball passing a predesignated tree on a fly is a home run. In the case of a concrete field it is simply four bounces, or four bounces with a distance marker as well. There are endless combinations. There are other details that are more standard: missing the roof altogether is an out; throwing it over the roof is a double play (if there are men on base); missing the roof and having it caught is a double play; against the lip of the roof is a hit ball if it doesn't touch the building on the way down; off the side of the roof may or may not be an out (and possible doubleplay) depending on the size of the field.

There is also a means of having sacrifices, sacrifice flies, and runners thrown out. A spot is picked on the side of the house and outlined. That is the "out" marker. After a ball is caught the player at bat can "send the runner." The fielder responds with a throw from the spot where he catches the ball; if he puts it in the marker the runner is out; otherwise he is safe. This can also work in the case of taking extra bases on singles and doubles. The ball is thrown from the spot where it is caught up with.

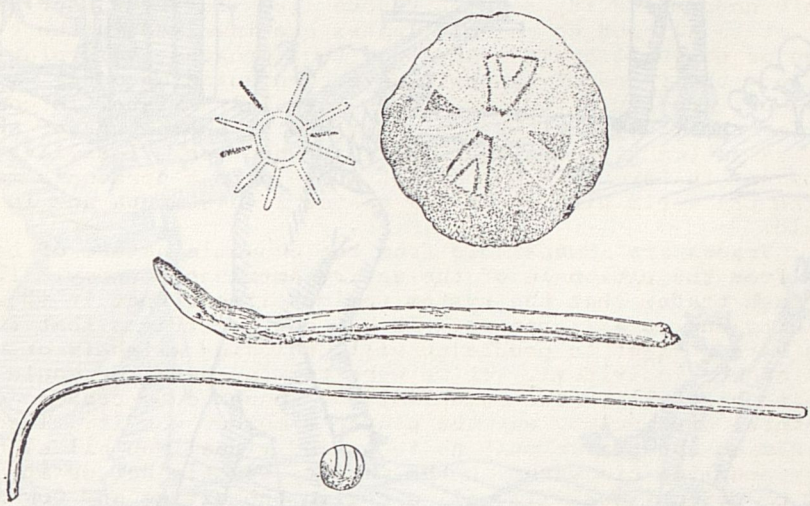
4- General: These are very spotty rules, as I believe one can invent their own, and each roof and field demands its own game. I have drastically changed the rules of my own game from house to house. The place at Mount Desert had a clear forest line far enough from the roof to be a home run; thus there was the wonderful possibility of diving in the trees to try to catch the ball and put the batter out (if I haven't said it already and it isn't obvious, the batter is out *on any ball that is caught*). The size and hilliness of a field can vary. The number of players in the game often determines how big a "fair territory" you can have. Hills, trees, poles, fences, etc., all make for interesting variations. The point is: that you find a roof that you want to make the game work from and then you make the game on the basis of the land around the roof. The game is as good as the number and intricacy of details you are able to combine in the real scoring, and combine in such a way as to make them strategically interrelated and vary the choices of both the batter and the fielder.



ROBERT KELLY:

baseball issue starts something up in me, half-excitement & half boredom, we'll see what wins, I mean boredom with my own sense of baseball, & cognition that it is no longer sociologically the game it was, & therefore even more presses in as a personal drama of Nines. Baseball is too intellectually & spiritually demanding for the american public now, & that's been clear the last five years or more, & there were hints of it years ago in the Yankees of Lopat and Allie Reynolds, when moneyed mediocrities were celebrated for a social ease of bottle & can, throwaway, baseball itself a throwaway, advent of tv. I noticed this past season that there are ads (1) between every inning & the next, (2) between every half-inning & the next, (3) between every pitcher & his reliefer --- leaving no time for that *centering* of awareness of past & present situation that used to integument the game; this even in the World Series: "there's a pause in the action" the ritual phrase used to introduce the ad. I mean baseball seems now to my students (& maybe to me) more remote than the aztec ball court; that makes it *Io*-fodder in a way it cdnt have been (in ideal cosmoi) in the days of Stan Musial.

It is e.g. symptomatic that the one baseball enthusiast I know at Bard is also a zealot for opera (as I am), another artform losing its battle with less complex amusements. I will invite him to comment for the issue, but doubt that he'll bite. Baseball is more *private* now, & Shea stadium a more disreputable place than a whorehouse.



Jonathan Towers: The Economics of Trading in Baseball

All through a baseball season a team is sorting itself out and becoming thicker into itself. The starting rotation is either secured or remains shaky. A batting lineup is thought to succeed enough or be the best possible that it is maintained as much as possible. Slumps or sudden intuition or the feeling that things need to be shaken up can alter the lineup, but it is an oft-stated philosophy that the goal is to find a steady lineup. And yet changes are made and made gratefully throughout the season, even when a team is doing very well. This paper intends to explore the nature of trading in baseball, a phenomenon in baseball which is mirrored on a smaller level by the numerous changes that happen in a game or in a season: relief pitchers, pinch hitters, lineup changes, position changes for certain players, benchings, farming players out and calling them up. Because the outcome is different every game, and because baseball is a game in which a stated goal is reached in a different way every time, the organizational aspect of the game must mirror in some way the nature of its game action. In all this the integrity of baseball is never risked; the people involved don't risk the existence of baseball; instead, once baseball is given its a priori, the selection for who will play the game goes on constantly, who will play at any given moment or any given game and who will play next season. This fact is accepted by everyone equally, by those who trade and by those who are traded. It is because of this that the owners were correct in calling Curt Flood's court case against the reserve clause (a clause providing for trading) a threat to the nature of baseball. It is not that the owners were right or that Curt Flood was; but what emerged from the case was that Flood's argument was a philosophical one, revolutionary in challenging the nature of baseball and eventually the nature of the economic universe or how we choose or get to live unto and into that universe. In one baseball novel a professional player tells his mother he's been traded and she can't understand it, says it sounds like slavery to her and how can it be allowed to go on? Trades are involved in the evolution of baseball as it stands now (not progressive evolution but how the years of baseball have been spinning out); and the personal cruelty of trades, which certainly exists, is compensated for the individual by reminding him of the nature of the game he has gotten himself into. They are not very dissimilar from breakups in love affairs, out of whose pain a person is made to taste the world with whole new tastes in his mouth and in the world.

Trades are inseparable from the economic nature of baseball and from the rationale of the entire American economy. It is through trades that the system reminds itself that it is a bargaining one in all aspects. It not only reaffirms that the owners have a right to peddle at will, thinking slightly or not at all of the individual. If we were to stop here, we would be seeing baseball in the same limited, though cute because of the truthful distortion, way the player's mother saw it. Trades also remind the player that he is an individual who all along was only peddling his wares in the market, his big bat or strong arm or defensive skills, all along in the cities and towns of

America he has developed his trade in, he was never doing anything else but trying to flash his skills in the eyes of the buyers, wherever they might be hidden or wherever they might have the extensions of themselves out watching. He is reminded that here in the bigtime it is no different, a ballplayer has something to sell, an owner has something to buy.

This paper has an evolution. At first I wanted to see if there was any kind of consistency between being traded and what happened to a player. What I found was that each man was consistent to himself and nothing else: there was no pattern but this to be seen. The next idea was a wilder one. The thought occurred that perhaps there is a secret hierarchy in baseball between the teams and that, unknown to all the participants, there was a consistent rotation of players in a general sense: it wouldn't be simply a consistent rotation where Boston traded to Chicago all the time because obviously all teams trade with each other, but rather that either Boston traded the same type(s) of players to Chicago or that, in general, the players from Boston, once they were with Chicago, generally performed in a certain way. Or other things were thought possible: that certain "totems" were more congenial to one another: for example, the possibility that either "totems" traded to "totems" of their same class or to a different class. The teams were divided into these "totems": 1. Men (Athletics, Yankees, Indians, Braves, Senators, Mets, Pirates, Dodgers, with Giants Angels, Twins and Astros on the periphery and possibly classed together under a totem: Metaphysical Beings.) 2. Animals (Tigers, Orioles, Cardinals, Cubs with Phillies* (filly) uncertainly included) 3. Parts of the Body, Parts of the Clothing, Tools and Colors (Red Sox, White Sox, Bedlegs, Colt 45s, and Browns with the chance of the Browns (Brownies) being included with the Metaphysical Beings above.) Statistics were taken from a random sample of either 178 or 274 trades (I get two different readings from my notes) that occurred between 1949 and 1968. The sample was divided into the trades between the possibilities of both totemic systems: The first being Men, Animals, Parts-Color-Tool and the second being Men, Metaphysical Beings, Animals, Parts-Color-Tool. Under the first system there are 12 teams whose totems are Men, 5 that are Animals, and 5 that are Parts, etc. Under the second system 9 are Men, 5 Animals, 4 Parts etc., and 4 Metaphysical Beings. Because there are 12 teams with Men totems as compared with 5 with Animals, if there occurred a perfect ratio between the two, it would be a ratio of 132 Men-Men trades compared to every 20 Animal-Animal trades. As it turned out, there were 21 Animal-Animal trades in the sample and 77 Men-Men trades. But when we look at the 12 teams who have animal totems, four of them have not been in the league during the whole of the 20 year period that the data was taken from. Two were there nine of the years and two for eight. These four teams, the expansion teams of the 60's, were involved in less of the gathered trades than the other teams were during the 20 year period. If the teams with Men totems had only 8 teams they should have recorded (for a perfect ratio) 56 trades amongst themselves for the 20 recorded for Animal-Animal trades. Now the average number of trades made by the 16 "full" teams of the whole sample (from the gathered

*After writing this it occurred that Phillies stands for Philadelphians and hence should belong to the Totem Men.

data) is 15 3/8 while the average for the expansion teams during this period was $6\frac{1}{4}$. Now this is not the average for trades involved in, only the trades made, and the point in question now is trades involved in; but still it serves as enough of an indication. Anyway it is looked at the Men-Men trades should occur somewhere in between 56 and 132 to be near the expected ratio, and the 77 looks pretty amazingly close to what the average should be. One statistic that does not come out to what would be expected is the Men-Men trades compared to the Men-Animal trades. The ratio is 77 to 73. Given eight "full" teams on the Mens' side the ratio between M-M and M-A should be 56 to 40 to which would be added a ratio of 8 to 5 progressively for the four "non-full" teams, ending in 106 M-M trades for every 70 M-A trades. The ratio (77-73) was lower than this. Given the second system, 21 of the Men-Men trades become Metaphysical-Men trades and 13 of the Animal-Men trades become Metaphysical-Animal trades, and then the Animal-Men trades lead the Men-Men trades 60-56, an even greater anomaly. However, the anomaly in both cases is not that great. Another example comes out with the observed showing close to what was expected. The ratio of Men-Parts and Animal-Parts is 53 to 41 and that squares with the belief that there is no correlation probably between totemic symbol and rate of trade. A chi-square could be run on this information, but it would be very hard because there is the variable of the expansion teams and I think there might be other variables.

Other hypotheses went down the drain. The possibility of a correlation between teams and how a player did when traded to that team from a particular other team showed no correlation. I will not give the statistics on this though an enormous amount were taken. Also there was no correlation between the rate of trade between teams and their position in the standings over the twenty years. What was behind all this in my head was the idea of uncovering in the system of baseball trading a rotational system like the Kula ring or one like the marriage exchanges that move in one direction covering groups of people. Nothing like this was found.* What was left then was to see the intentional randomness of trading that is built into baseball and is maintained because of the very reason the game exists. One reason I had thought there might be some kind of system of trading forming a hierarchy or a pairing or a threesome between some teams is because when I was growing up in New York, it would be often talked about how much trading the Yankees and the Athletics did with each other, and especially how well the Yankees came off with it and how poorly the Athletics did, the Yankees being a first place team all those years and the Athletics a last place one. Statistics taken showed the high frequency of trades between the Yankees and the Athletics. It was the third highest among all the 114 combinations. An interesting fact was that the averages of the players involved in the trades more often went up with the A's than with the Yankees. However, only eight trades are being talked about here and another trend could easily result. And then how reliable are averages on showing what a player does for a team? Often it was claimed by both Yankee fans

* Probably because of the very point this paper makes; that baseball trading belongs to and mirrors the American economic system it is part of.

and haters that the players acquired always helped; they didn't have to hit .300 because the Yankees had enough of their own .300 hitters. Also it was especially in the pitching, Yankee viewers claimed, that the Yankees were helped in these trades: people like Bob Grim, Art Ditmar, Bobby Shantz, Micky McDermott, etc. coming to the Yankees from the Athletics. Then the fans (or the haters, telling you with a cynical look that the A's were pawns of the big Yankee brass) said that the Yankees traded these players back to the A's when they were no longer useful. Anyway, what now stands out as important to me, is that this trading between the A's and the Yankees was so noticed, as if an anomaly had been perceived and everyone had to watch closely because it was a threat or at least an unusual occurrence in baseball.

The result then was to begin to see the nature of trades in the way the first page of this paper spoke of their purpose. The trades are where the teams, and less so the leagues, let themselves open, and bargaining and the economic idea in America that you sell yourself and are paid for what you're worth comes in. The trading of players is like many other aspects of the game that operate on bigger and smaller levels of speed: pitching and batting changes, the alternation of who plays each day, lineup changes, farm changes, farm-majors changes, standings changes, score of the game changes, positions in the pennant race changes, change over many years of the general status of the pennant race changes, change over many years of the general status of the team in the standings, this change in one year. But essentially trades call back what is or what is felt to be (I'm not sure) the economic nature of baseball and American economics in general. Just as there exists in baseball a kind of language, if not a real present dialogue (to use metaphors from Michel Foucault), between the individual player, the team he plays for, and the team's owner(s), so there is a similar dialogue between the individual and the corporation in American business; and the point is a man can be on a team or a corporation for a long time, maybe all his years, but throughout he will be reminded in this culture, that at any given universal moment he is just another man peddling his wares. Hence American democracy.

Some of the statistics taken are shown below.
The trades.

1. Chicago (American) traded 26 players to 11 teams including 4 players each to Baltimore and Washington. Some of the players were Clint Courtney, Joe Cunningham, Gene Freese (twice), Joe Ginsberg, Joe DeMaestri, Larry Doby, Walt Dropo, Earl Battey, Luis Aparicio, Chico Carrasquel, Norm Cash, Danny Cater, Smokey Burgess, John Callison, Don Buford, Billy Goodman, Johnny Groth, Ron Hansen, Fred Hatfield, Mike Hershberger, Sammy Esposito, Rocky Colavito, Bobby Boyd.

2. Cleveland traded 25 players to 11 teams including 4 players to Kansas City. The players were Joe Adcock, Bob Chance, Jim Busby, Chico Carrasquel, Ty Cline, Lu Clinton, Rocky Colavito (twice), Vic Davallilo (twice), Mike de la Hoz, Larry Doby (twice), Chuck Essegian, Tito Francona, Gary Geiger, Joe Ginsberg, Gene Green, Bob Hale, Caroll Hardy, Billy Harrell, Fred Hatfield, Mike Hegan, Woody Held, Chuck Hinton, Dick Howser.

3. Cincinnati traded 20 players to 11 teams, including 4 players each to St. Louis and Pittsburgh. The players included here are Jesse Gonder, Tony Gonzalez, Alex Grammas, Chuck Harmon, Tommy Harper, Bob Hazle, Don Hook, Frank House, Ray Jablonski, Joe Gaines, Dick Gernert, Gene Freese, Walt Dropo, Johnny Edwards, Curt Flood, Smokey Burgess, Don Blasingame, Gus Bell, Elio Chacon.

4. Baltimore (also St. Louis Browns) traded 20 players to 10 teams, including 6 players to Chicago (Amer). Some of them were Billy Goodman, Gene Green, Lenny Green, Johnny Groth, Bob Hale, Ron Hansen, Woody Held, Whitey Herzog, Billy Hunter, Gino Cimoli, Jim Busby (twice), Luis Aparicio, Mike Epstein, Joe DeMaestri, Clint Courtney, Joe Gaines, Jim Gentile, Joe Ginsberg, Chuck Essegian.

5. Kansas City (also known as Philadelphia A's) traded 21 players to 10 teams including 5 to Cleveland. Some of them were Whitey Herzog, Woody Held, Ken Harrelson, Ken Hamlin, Johnny Groth, Frank House, Dick Howser, Billy Hunter, Chico Carrasquel, Bob Cerv, Harry Chiti, Gino Cimoli, Ferris Fain, Joe DeMaestri, Lu Clinton, Rocky Colavito, Nellie Fox, Chuck Essegian.

6. St. Louis traded 19 players to 10 teams including 5 to Philadelphia. The players were Tito Francona, Gene Freese, Pat Corrales, Joe Cunningham, Al Dark, Chuck Essegian, George Altman, Don Blasingame, Ken Boyer, Gino Cimoli, Julio Gotay, Alex Grammas (twice), Gene Green, Dick Groat, Chuck Harmon, Solly Hemus, Ray Jablonski (twice).

7. Philadelphia traded 15 players to 9 teams, including 4 to St. Louis. Some of them were Smoky Burgess, Richie Ashburn, Pat Corrales, Don Demeter, Del Ennis, Chuck Essegian, Ed Boucher, Dick Groat, Granny Hamner, Mike Hegan, Solly Hemus.

8. San Francisco (also as The NY Giants) traded 15 players to 10 teams including 3 to St. Louis and 3 to Chicago (Nat). Some of the players were Orlando Cepeda, Don Blasingame, Felipe Alou, Matty Alou, Joey Amalfitano (twice), Del Crandall, Len Gabrielson, Tome Haller, Mike Hegan, Chuck Hiller, Randy Hundley, Monte Irvin, Ray Jablonski.

9. Boston traded 15 players to 9 teams including 3 to Cleveland and 3 to Detroit. Some of them were Billy Goodman, Jim Gosger, Lenny Green, Pumpsie Green, Fred Hatfield, Tony Horton, Gary Geiger, Dick Gernert, Don Demeter, Billy Consolo, Ed Bressoud, Jim Busby.

10. Chicago (Nat) traded 14 players to 11 teams including 2 each to the St. Louis Cardinals, New York Mets and Milwaukee Braves. Some of them were Johnny Goryl, Eddie Haas, Al Heist, Len Gabrielson, Dee Fondy, Ed Bouchee, Ty Cline, George Altman, Harry Chiti, Lou Brock.

11. Pittsburgh traded 13 players to 11 teams including 2 each to Cincinnati, and St. Louis. Some of them were Joe Christopher Gino Cimoli, Bob Bailey, Gus Bell, Del Crandall, Ed Fitzgerald, Dee Fondy, Gene Freese (twice), Julio Gotay, Dick Groat, Ken Hamlin, Don Hoak.

12. Detroit traded 13 players to 11 teams including 2 to Chicago (Amer) and Kansas City. Some of them were Frank Bolling, Harry Chiti, Reno Bertoia, Chuck Cottier, Rocky Colavito, Don Demeter, Walt Dropo, Dick Gernert, Joe Ginsberg, Johnny Groth, Frank House.

13. New York (A) traded 9 players to 4 teams including 5 to Kansas City. Some of them were Bob Cerv, Joe Demaestri, Woody Held, Billy Hunter, Jesse Gonder, Hank Bauer, Andy Carey, Clete Boyer.

14. Los Angeles (Nat) (Also the Brooklyn Dodgers) traded 11 players to 8 teams including 2 each to San Francisco, Baltimore, Chicago (Nat).

15. Los Angeles (American) traded 11 players to seven teams, including 3 each to the expansion Washington Club and the Cleveland Indians.

16. Milwaukee traded 11 players to 6 teams, including 3 each to S.F (New York Giants) and Detroit.

17. New York Mets traded 8 players to 6 teams including 2 each to L.A. (Nat) and Milwaukee.

18. Washington (the original Senators, later the Minnesota Twins) traded 7 players to 5 teams including 2 each to K.C. and L.A. (Amer).

19. Washington (the expansion team) traded 4 players to 3 teams, including 2 to Cleveland.

20. Houston traded 2 players to 2 teams including one each to S.F. and Cleveland.

Who the Teams Traded To

Chicago (Amer)	St. Louis	Kansas City
Philadelphia-1	Kansas City-1	Cincinnati-1
Cincinnati-3	Pittsburgh-2	Baltimore-1
Houston-2	Cincinnati-3	Washington(exp)-1
New York Mets-1	Giants-1	Angels-1
Cleveland-3	Chicago Cubs-2	Boston-1
Detroit-2	New York Mets-2	Houston-1
Baltimore-4	Philadelphia-5	Cleveland-5
Washington(Twins)-2	Dodgers-1	White Sox-2
Washington(expansion)-2	White Sox-1	Detroit-2
Kansas City-3	Baltimore-1	Yankees-3
Dodgers-1		

Detroit

Baltimore-1
Senators (exp)-1
Philadelphia-1
Redlegs-1
Cleveland-1
Boston-1
Chicago (A)-2
Washington-1
Kansas City-2
Mets-1
Milwaukee-1

Baltimore

Detroit-1
Wash (exp)-1
Cleveland-1
Kansas City-3
Houston-2
Chicago (A)-6
Yankees-1
Washington-1
Boston-2
Angels-2

San Francisco(N.Y.Giants)

Dodgers-1
Cubs-3
Mets-1
Braves-1
Pirates-2
Cardinals-3
White Sox-1
Redlegs-1
Angels-1
Houston-1

Pittsburgh

Kansas City-1
Philadelphia-1
St. Louis-2
White Sox-1
Dodgers-1
Redlegs-2
Washington-1
Braves-1
Angels-1
Mets-1
Cleveland-1

Cincinnati

Milwaukee-1
Detroit-1
Baltimore-2
Houston-1
St. Louis-4
Pittsburgh-4
Washington (exp)-1
Mets-3
Phillies-1
Giants-1
Cleveland-1

Cleveland

Baltimore-1
Yankees-2
Boston-3
Detroit-2
Milwaukee-2
White Sox-3
Angels-3
Kansas City-4
Washington (exp)1
Cincinnati-1
St. Louis-1

Chicago (Nat'l)

Milwaukee-2
Giants-1
Houston-1
Cincinnati-1
Detroit-1
St. Louis-2
Mets-2
Washington-1
Kansas City
Pirates-1
Phillies-1

Philadelphia

Giants-2
Cleveland-1
Detroit-1
Pirates-1
Braves-1
White Sox-2
Cardinals-4
Redlegs-1
Cubs-2

Los Angeles(Brooklyn)Dodgers

Giants-2
Mets-1
Cubs-2
Orioles-2
Phillies-1
Houston-1
Cardinals-1
Yankees-1

Los Angeles Angels

Washington(exp)-3
White Sox-1
Washington-1
Cleveland-3
Houston-1
Yankees-1
Orioles-1

Boston

Houston-1
Kansas City-1
Cleveland-3
Braves-1
Cubs-1
Tigers-3
Washington-1
Mets-2
Orioles-2

Washington

Athletics-2
Angels-2
White Sox-1
Orioles-1
Cleveland-1

Washington(Exp)

Athletics-1
Orioles-1
Indians-2

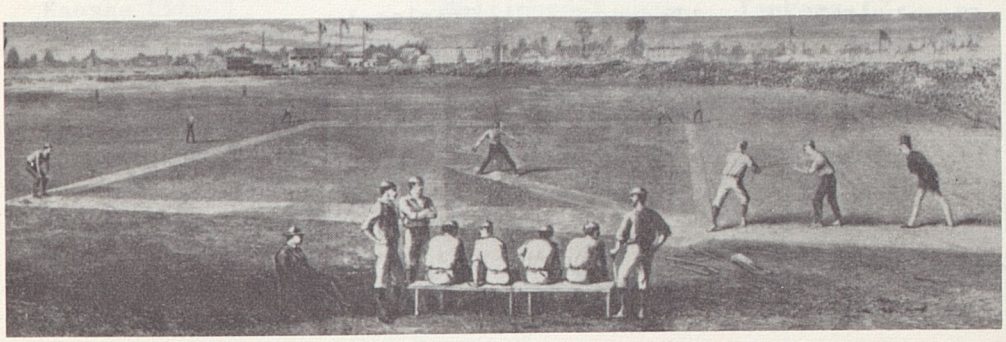
New York Yankees	New York Mets	Houston	Milwaukee
Houston-1	Dodgers-2	Cleveland-1	Cubs-2
Angels-2	Phillies-1	Giants-1	Indians-1
Redlegs-1	White Sox-1		Giants-3
Athletics-5	Cubs-1		Pirates-1
	Braves-2		Athletics-1
	Boston-2		Tigers-3

How often each combination traded with each other

Pitt-Kc=1
KC-LA(A)=1
LA(A)-Wash(exp)=3
Phil-Clev=1
Bos-Hou=1
Bos-KC=2
Cinc-Mil=1
LA(N)-Chi(N)=2
SF(NY)-NY(N)=1
NY(N)-Phil=1
Phil-Pitt=2
Chic(N)-Cinn=1
Cinn-Clev=1
Cinn-Det=2
Phil-Mil=1
Pitt-SL=4
Phil-Chi(A)=3
Det-Wash(exp)=1
NY(N)-Mil=2
Clev-NY(A)=2
NY(A)-LA(A)=3
Sl-Chic(A)=1
Cinn-Phil=2
Sl-Balt=1
Pitt-Chi(A)=1
Cinn-Balt=2
LA(N)-Balt=2
Hou-Clev=1
Balt-NY(A)=1
Chic(A)-KC=5
Wash-Clev=1
LA(N)-NY(A)=1
Chi(N)-Det=1
Chi(A)-NY(N)=2
LA(N)-Phil=1
Det-Chi(A)=4
Pitt-La(N)=1
Pitt-Cinn=6

Mil-KC=1
Det-Mil=4
Balt-Bos=4
Clev-SL=1
Pitt-Chi(N)=1
LA(Brk)-Wash=3
NY(N)-LA(Brk)=3
SF-Sl=4
SL-NY(N)=2
NY(N)-Chi(N)=3
SF-Chi(A)=1
SL-KC=1
KC-Cinn=1
Phil-SF=2
Det-Balt=2
Wash-KC=2
Wash(exp)-KC=2
Cinn-NY(N)=3
Balt-Clev=2
Clev-KC=9
Bos-Wash=1
NY(A)-Cinn=1
Chi(N)-Wash=1
LA(A)-Balt=3
Chi(A)-Hou=2
Clev-Bost=5
Balt-KC=7
Hou-SF=2
Phil-SL=9
SL-LA(N)=3
Det-KC=4
NY(A)-Hou=1
Cinn-Hou=1
Clev-Mil=3
Det-Bos=4
Chi(A)-Balt=10
Chi(A)-Wash=5
Cinn-Wash(exp)=1

Cinn-SL=7
Clev-LA(A)=6
Balt-Hou=2
LA(N)-Hou=1
Sf(NY)-Mil=4
SF(NY)-Pitt=2
Chi(N)-SL=4
Chic(N)-Mil=4
Det-Phil=2
SF(NY)-Chic(N)=4
Chic(N)-Hou=1
LA(A)-Chi(A)=1
Cinn-SF(NY)=2
Chi(N)-KC=1
Det-NY(N)=1
NY(N)-Pitt=1
NY(N)-Bos=3
Balt-Wash(exp)=2
Det-Wash=1
SF-LA(N)=3
Pitt-Clev=1
Mil-Pitt=2
Pitt-LA(A)=1
Chic(A)-Cinn=3
SF-LA(A)=1
Bos-Mil=1
KC-Hou=1
Clev-Wash(exp)=4
Balt-Wash=2
Pitt-Wash=1
Chi(A)-LA(N)=1
Bos-Chi(N)=1
Det-Clev=3
KC-NY(A)=8
Clev-Chi(A)=6
Phil-Chic(N)=3
Chic(A)-Wash9exp)=2



Match between the Red Stockings and the Atlantics in 1870.

George Bowering

When I was a kid in school my geography teacher askt me where Pittsburgh was, & I answered correctly, "Eighth place."

A couple years ago some friends of mine who are not the least interested in baseball as the world's national game publisht my book called *BASEBALL*. They knew it wasnt just a book about Babe Ruth & Cal Griffith. They knew it was my metaphor, or a Metaphor. Try as you might with the stuff you learn in school & college, you cant get away from your Metaphor. For Wordsworth it was a woodlot. For Hugh Hefner it was a can of Carnation milk.

You certainly dont stay in Montreal for the bookshops. There arent any. You dont stay for the music - you stay because of the Expos, who are more easily accessible than Expo was. Albert Ayler wont be in Montreal this summer, but Hank Aaron will.

Baseball gave me heroes as the PPCLI never could in the forties & fifties. Just as now the kids are hung up on heroes like Abbie Hoffman, I was getting my direction from Ted Williams. I wrote a poem about that sometime:

Ted Williams never wearing a tie,
holding a bat in his hands in the dugout,
figuring the percentages,
enjoying bone-fishing,
to be the best.
But flying a fighter plane
in two wars. Ted Williams, officer.

Angela waits
for me to learn
about my heroes, learn
to love life.
She is right.

Muhammed Ali is my hero,
he is the best,
he wont fight in the war now.

But
Ted Williams spit at the crowd
of collective buyers.
He's maybe
second best.

The only thing that troubles me is that now Ted Williams is manager of Washington he gets on TV a lot, & sounds a lot like John Wayne. John Wayne has a big bat but you have to take him out in the late innings for a defensive change.

I'm a little bit ashamed because the first poem I ever publisht was in a magazine called *HOCKEY PICTORIAL*. Where I grew up in B.C. the only hockey we had was Foster Hewitt on faraway radio stations in Saskatchewan on Saturday evenings. I liked Garth Busch because he was the only hockey player who wore a mustache. Professional basketball is best for mustaches. I cant imagine Gene Mauch in a mustache. Its bad enough imagining Greg Curnoe in a mustache. But he doesnt count because he plays lacrosse. We never heard of lacrosse where I came from.

Where I came from the best ballplayers I knew were the Kato brothers who played for the Summerland Macs. When I was old enough I became the official scorekeeper at the Oliver park. My only regret is that I was a little too tough on the hitters. The Oliver Elks kept making five errors a game.

I didnt play much hardball (I hated that smalltown term) in Oliver. But I remember that the first time I came up playing my only season of junior ball there, I hit a single with the bases loaded. My manager was Ron Carter (not the bass player of the same name), who was in my class in school but a year too old to play junior ball. A little while ago I wrote a poem for him, & I imagine he'll never see it. I should mention it has been publisht in Nelson Ball's magazine, *HYPHID*. (By the way, did you notice that the other Ron Carter is a bass player, and that that rimes with base, & that the poem was publisht by a man named Ball? I just noticed that now. That's what keeps the Metaphor going.

As baseball played in flannel
scratches the thigh

is forgotten for the fly ball,
so this, numb spinal chord
as price for the poem,

not, I say, made,
but arranged, maybe
discovered ---

Baseball is a game. Agreed.
"It's only a game."

My mother's disgust to see me
at my spikes with a file

is still there, in this comparison,
that is what I make

--- the other is
placement, materials
come upon & lodged
here & there.

Baseball always was
mainly inside my head,

where the poems, these,
seldom touch (I hope)

more than the instant
of rounding third base.

I once went to a baseball game in Mexico City with my friend the Mexican poet, Sergio Mondragon. I was rooting for Puebla against the locals as we call them in the game, & got into lots of exciting railery with the Mexcity fans all around me. In that stadium you get tacos instead of hot-dogs. Sergio was a vegetarian at the time & he got worried when I went to get the tacos. The only kinds they were selling were *queso* (cheese) and *seso* (brain), & they were both the same color, sort of an off-white. Sergio smelled the insides a lot before he ate his. Fly balls carry like mad in Mexico City because of the altitude. The outfielders stand right against the fences.

When I used to sit at the arty-farty table at the UBC cafeteria, all my friends who were writers & actors & painters used to ask me how I could be interested in both poesy & baseball. Might as well ask Fidel how come he's both a pitcher and a premier. Well, he throws left-handed. Besides, I'm not the only poet who digs baseball, & even finds in it a Metaphor.

Jack Spicer used to sit the same place I like, in the first base grandstand, & he shouted a lot louder, but then he was an American. They're more outspoken. Besides, they think it's their game. Paul Blackburn once printed a poem about the last game of the 1962 Series in my magazine. Raymond Souster wrote a poem about Rocky Nelson. Marianne Moore was, like me, a Dodger fan, before they moved to Smog City. Even Kenneth Patchen has a poem about God as a fireballing relief pitcher.

Not only God, but also the Pope. Remember when the Pope came to visit the United States in October of 1965? Remember where he made his big public appearance? The same place that was home for that other big deal Italian, Joe DiMaggio.

This is the modern age & we write as we like.
The Pope is on TV admonishing the United Nations
full of Buddhists
& Communists.
Now he is giving a mass at Yankee Stadium
in the year the Yankees finally finisht
in the second division.
There are 100,000 fans
at Yankee Stadium, praying in the bleachers
What are we to make of that?
Yesterday was the end

of the baseball seasons, what timing, to fly the Pope
4000 miles to New York Yankee Stadium
just when the season's tickets expired.
In Minneapolis it might be snowing
Wednesday for the first game
of the World Series.
It is a different western hemisphere
than it used to be.
& the way we write about it
is like a relief pitcher with the bases loaded.

It's too bad Wally Moses didnt get to play for the Yankees. Or Jose Cardenal. Or Jesus Alou. But they never would have been able to wear Mickey's mantle. That last sentence is very much like the colorful writing baseball reporters always use.

I really like having the Expos in Montreal. But I was a little curious when in one week they traded away five of their Black players, leaving Mack Jones. It's too bad they didnt go all the way & try to get rid of Ted Blackman as well.

I really like the Expos. This is the first time I've lived in a big league city (as far as baseball is concerned) & I go to Jarry Parc when I can. But I get embarrast sometimes when I'm sitting in the stadium here. If the Expos are behind 12-1 in the ninth inning, & Elroy Face gets a strike on Orlando Cepeda, the Montreal fans let out a scream of enthusiasm. We also have a bush league organ player, who plays corny gradeschool riffs & jokes on his instrument. He should be farmed to Miles City, Montana, in the Frontier League.

But I really dig the hats. That red white & blue. Some folks were calling that bush, too, but it's nothing like the red uniforms the Vancouver Mounties wore one year, or the bermuda shorts the Hollywood Stars once tried out. The sliding pads kept showing under the pantlegs. Tch. No, I dig that hat, though it doesnt show up too well on color TV.

For a while I watcht the games on Canal 2 & listened to the CKGM radio reports, but I decided I would learn French instead because Russ Taylor is the worst baseball announcer I've ever heard, with the possible exception of Dave Roegele, who used to do the Penticton Lakers games in the fifties.

I'm really glad we have Ron Fairly, too. Though I'm sorry we had to give up Manny Mota for him. I once watcht Fairly hit two line drives over the right field fence in Cap Stadium in Vancouver. He went to college, too.

Well, Ron Fairly is almost a star, & we have some other guys who are nearly almost. The outlook isnt brilliant for the Montreal side this day, but then Montreal hasnt been much of a town for looking outward anyway. But there are a lot of people looking in at the city because we've got the bawl team. Now when a teacher asks a kid in Havre, Montana where Montreal is, he'll probably be able to tell her.

That's where they've got the cross on the hill, & ther's a baseball manager nailed to it. But not for a year or two.

GEORGE BOWERING

BASEBALL: A POEM IN THE MAGIC NUMBER 9

for Jack Spicer

The white sphere
turns, rolls
in dark space

the far side of one destroyed galaxy,
a curve ball
bending thru its long arc
past every planet of our dream.

A holy spectre of a curve ball,
dazzling white, brand new
trademark still fresh:
"This is a regulation Heavenly League Baseball"

O mystic orb of horseshoe stitching!
Hurled from what mound in what Elysian field,
from what wound, what
mystical mount,
where what life-bringing stream?

God is the Commissioner of Baseball.
Apollo is the president of the Heavenly League.
The Nine Muses, his sisters
the first all-girls baseball team.
Archangel Michael the head umpire.
Satan was thrown out of the game
for arguing with the officials.

In the beginning was the word, and the word was
"Play Ball!"
Now that white sphere
cools,
and the continents
rise from the seas.

There is life
on Baseball.

The new season is beginning.
Zeus winds up to throw out
the first ball
like a thunderbolt.

Take me out
to the ball
game.

1

July in Oliver, cactus drying
in the vacant lots,

in the ball park, the Kamloops Elks
here for a double header, Sunday

baseball day in Oliver, day of worship
for me.

At the park an hour early,
scribbler full of batting averages,

sometimes I got a steel basket
and sold hotdogs, peanuts, sometimes

I picked up a broken bat, lugged it home
and taped it, not so much for batting

as for my collection. Louisville Slugger.
My father was offical scorer,

high in the chicken wire box
on top of the granstand, he was tough

on the hitters, as later I was,
pens and pencils in front of me. Oliver

nearly always won, the cars parked
around the outfield fence honking

for a hometown rally, me quieter
figuring out the percentage, a third the age

of the players, calculating chances
of the hit and run play.

Later,
I was official scorer, they knew

I had the thick rule book memorized.
Sweat all over my face, eyes squinting

thru the chicken wire, preparing
batting averages and story for

the Oliver *Chronicle*. 2

Manuel Louie, old Manuel Louie
is chief of the Indians around Oliver.
1965 now, he is 94, but he looks 55.
He's still got big black mustache, shoots pool
with his belly hanging over the rail.

Age 80, he was still playing Indian baseball games,
the chief, bowlegged running bases with turkey feather
in his hat.

The Wenatchee Chiefs, class A,
were spring training in Oliver then,
letting Manuel Louie work out at shortstp, weird Sitting
Bull Honus Wagner,
in exchange for his steam bath, that's how he looked 40
at age 80, a creek beside his house, mud hut full of steam.

That year the Wenatchee Chiefs finished fifth.

3

The New York Yankees
are dying this year, the famous pinstripe uniform
covered with dust of other ballparks.

Mickey Mantle is a tired man with sore legs,
working at a job. Roger Maris forgotten
on the sports pages, a momentary spark
turned to wet ash.

A beanball on the side of the skull
killed a ballplayer
when I was a kid,
it was violence
hidden behind the grace of base-
ball.

Now Warren Spahn is trying
to win a few more games
with his arm 44 years old,
in the National League
where no pitcher's mound
is Olympus.

And Willie Mays is after all
sinew and flesh
as a baseball
is string and leather,

and when baseballs get old
kids throw them around,
torn horsehide flapping
from that dark sphere

I was in love with Ted Williams.
His long legs, that grace,
his narrow baseball bat
level-swung, his knowledge of art,
it has to be perfect, as near
as possible, dont swing
at a pitch seven centimeters
wide of the plate.

I root for the Boston Red Sox
Who are in ninth place
Who havent won since 1946.

4

It has to be perfect.

In the nineteenth century
baseball came to the Pacific Northwest.

Mustache big muscled ballplayers of beer barrels
among bull lumberjacks and puffstream train engines,
mighty trees of rainforest, pinstripe uniforms,
those little gloves of hurt hand, heavy bats of yore,
baseball in Seattles and Vancouvers of the past when Victoria
was queen of Canada, Manifest Destiny of the ballpark
cut into the swathe of rainy fir trees.

Now still there --- I go to see the Vancouver Mounties
of minor league green fence baseball playing
Hawaii of the Pacific, Arkansas Travelers of gray visitors
garb,
I sit in warm sun bleachers of behind first base
with Keep-a-movin Dan McLeod, bleach head poet of the Coast
gobbling crack shell peanuts --- he's sitting beside me,
gadget bag full of binoculars and transistor radio, tape
recorder,
cheering for the Mounties, nuts, they are Dominicans of the
North,
dusky smiling on the lucky number souvenir program,
where I no longer write mystic scorekeeper numbers in the
little squares,
sophisticate of baseball now, I've seen later famous players
here.

What you doing, they ask,

young esthete poet
going to baseball games,
where's your hip pocket
Rimbaud?

I see the perfect double play, second baseman in the air
legs tucked
over feet of spikes in the dust, arm whipping baseball
on straight line to first baseman reach, plock of ball,
side's retired, the pitcher walks head down quiet from 5
the mound.

The herring-
bone stitching
takes one last
turn
till Louisville Slugger
cracks
and the spin
changes, a cleat
turns in the
sod, digs earth,
brown showing
under green,
bent knee takes
pressure.

Lungs fill
with air,
pump-
action legs, foot
pounds on narrow
corner of the bag, rounding
the body leans
inward, eyes
flick up once
under cap, head
down, legs running,
buckle!

and the fire that breaks from thee then told a million
times
since 1903
the first
World Series, white sphere
turns, the world again
spun around once, the sun
in October again sinking
over the pavilion roof
in left field

This story is for you, Jack Spicer, who had eyes to see
a small signal
from the box
more than 90 feet
away.

6

When I was 12 years old I had a baseball league
made of a pair of dice, old home-made scorebooks,
National Leagues, American Leagues, Most Valuable
Players!

The St. Louis Browns played the Chicago Cubs in
the World Series!
The Yankees finished in seventh place, the batting
championship
went at .394. It was chance, roll of the dice, blood
doesnt tell
in that kid's bedroom season ---

I was afraid to try out
for the Oliver junior
league team,
I would strike out
every time,

till I was sixteen,
oldest you could be,
and played
one game before my
summer job,

and I hit a bases load-
ed single
in the first inning. I
was the
tallest kid on the team.

But I bought Sport Magazine and Baseball Digest, and knew
all
the numbers. Ty Cobb's lifetime batting average was .367,
I remember now,
Roger Hornsby's lifetime batting average was .354. In
1921 Babe Ruth hit
59 home runs.

Ty Cobb was better than Babe Ruth.
Ted Williams was better than Joe DiMaggio.
I like the Boston Red Sox who are in 9th
place.

I still play that game, I think.
7 I'm sitting at my desk in my bedroom
right now.

Nine.
Is a baseball number.
Nine innings
Nine players.
Ted Williams was the best hitter of all time.
And the number on his back was nine.

Here is today's lineup:

lf Terpsichore
2b Polyhymnia
rf Clio
1b Erato
3b Urania
cf Euterpe
ss Thalia
c Melpomene
p Calliope

A lineup like that is enough to inspire
the faithfulness of any fans of the good art
of baseball.

I have seen it happen
to the best poets
of this summer 8
and last.

Long shadows
fall across the infield
in the ninth inning.
Sometime ball players
look like they're dying
as they walk off the field
in the dusk.
I knew an old man in San Francisco
came to life
when the Dodgers were in town.
Now he is dead, too,
and Jack is dead,
and the soldiers play baseball
in Asia,
where there is no season,
no season's end.

"It's just a game,"
I used to be told,
"It isnt whether you win or lose,
but how you
play the game."
In baseball
that is how you say
the meek shall inherit
the earth.

September 30, 1965,
Willy Mays has 51 home runs,
gray hair
at his temples,
he says he has been
getting tired
for six years.
I know I feel my own body
wearing down,
my eyes watch
that white ball
coming to life.
Abner Doubleday
lived in the nineteenth century,
he is dead,
but next spring
the swing of a
35 ounce bat
is going to flash with sunlight,
and I will be a year
older.

My nose was broken twice
by baseballs.
My body depends on the game.
My eyes
see it now on television.
No chicken wire --
it is the aging process.
The season
cant help but measure.
I want to say only
that it is not a
diversion of the intelligence,
a man breathes differently
after rounding the bag,
history, is there such a thing,
does not
choose, it waits and watches,
the game
isn't over till the last man's
out.

JONATHAN TOWERS: *A Section from a Paper on the Anthropology of Politicians and Athletes*

.....The professional athlete is in a different position. He is projected out from the society into a strange land as is the politician. He is helped and coddled in this land by the appreciative fan audience, who, however, never go to the place he goes (they go to the stadium, but they sit in the stands, they are never really where the play is; no non-player's life of following baseball could add up to the perception that the player has of the field). As much as the athlete is coddled by the fans and coaches and bedtime hours and proper nourishment, he is set adrift and must function for us in that cast-off place, as the politician functions for us out there somewhere on the borders of Greece and Rome. Out there both the politician and athlete must perform certain acts that we either could not do ability-wise or would not do. We are the ones who don't risk not working the 9-5 job. The baseball player does this though because he is still a child who never gets out of a childhood landscape: the baseball diamond, high blue sky, green grass. He plays doubleheaders on Sundays (football players play only on Sundays), the day when you are supposed not to work or play. Professional sports represents for us an experiment in childhood carried through manhood, in people whose very business is continuative with what was their childhood play. The baseball player is the one who doesn't change, who gets hooked on the artifacts of childhood, who still walks around with bat and ball as his power. In effect, he doesn't live past his late thirties, he is considered useless when he can't play baseball anymore and is usually given certain sinecures (public relations jobs, front office jobs), he is made to feel that he doesn't belong back in a workaday society, that he must continue to live off his image. He must always be a baseball player even in memoriam. The politician poses a contrast here. His real life doesn't begin till his thirties, you can't be president until you are thirty-five, and a politician probably isn't a good one till his fifties and he gets better as time goes on. Think of John Kennedy in his early forties in comparison with Duke Snider in his early forties, Kennedy just beginning the life of fulfillment, Snider at the end of one, in nostalgia already. They both relate to the stock central image of a man's role in the society, but in different ways: that is, the role of a businessman/workingman. The politician is a sort of businessman times himself so that he rocketed forth from the workaday world toward Greece and Rome. He is admitted to be probably the dirtiest of businessmen around, he has to be that to have gotten where he is. He is respected for being so good at it and thus escapes the system: he is made an honorary businessman/working man and doesn't have to do that anymore. He studied law by candlelight when he was fourteen, he worked harder at that age than anybody else

and obviously has gone beyond having to do it anymore. On the other hand, the athlete was never able to become a businessman, he wanted to play ball all the time and he is rewarded for that, he is allowed to do what we would all secretly like in some way to do but never dare do out of societal pressure to work; however, he is restricted from having any political power, we all admit that he has nothing to do with world affairs or the real important things, it is all just a game he plays. And so as much as the the athlete is glorified, he is also always secretly put down as the one who never grew up. The eternal child role can be used with positive or negative value.....

What comes out of this is that the politician and athlete definitely perform certain needs of ours in a territory in a different dimension than the rest of the society. The politician's territory is hierarchically-dimensionally different, having more in physical appearance to do with a bygone society. The athlete's territory belongs to a shaped world, the diamond and foul lines, an artifical sun that belongs to baseball or to the stadium, and a blue sky and green grass that are somehow candy-colored and intensely real in their displacement from the continuative geography of the world. But what the politician does for us and what the athlete does for us are entirely different. The athlete has no political power, has never grown up into the big man's world, has nothing to do with the real important events of the international and domestic world. The politician runs the world for us, the real destined world, communicates with the gods from Greece and Rome. It is also interesting to see that cynical feelings about sports are brought out by people who like sports by saying that baseball players are businessmen at heart really.

Mohammed and the Baseball Game

It's men milling around. The ballfields of earth, on out to left field, the plane zooming down the third-base-line. Behind the fence that runs from home to third and on down the left-field-line there are some trees, fat and close to the fence. And seeing the lake that is just beyond the trees, it is in a symbolic way that we are reminded what it takes to grow a tree. This way is equivalent to looking for where the 3/4 Ocean of the Earth is in your own cells and the amount of salt that there is and the space. It is the same as having a dream about land that is intercut by water; it is where the water-table rises in the body just before fear, somewhere locating in the stomach just before the throat. I know even now that I am coming close to giving a replica of what my dreams were last night and that something about water is keeping me from remembering what they were and is keeping these structural. So that I am describing land forms, so that land forms have

domination over who won the baseball games, being more important than both the winners and losers.....

The other day I imagined this baseball field, present around age 7 for me and being part of a hotel my father advertised for and I spent summers at, in a different way. It had to do with men milling around. And it was hearing the name Mohammed that made me think of it, year 600 and something and men gathered to hear a man speak who had something sweet for them to hear. Surely it does not happen often. Surely these men would play baseball often and there were many exciting softball games. I am there present at an event. It can happen this way only so often, maybe once only, for each of us. There is something heard from the creekwater that is stronger than my father who is in the game. There is something then that I couldn't possibly recognize as being myself and so has to do with creekwater and the verge of things. It is something about infiltration, but invisible like the air always in and through the meshes of the steel backdrop and the fence that runs down left-field. This is a very important time, has to do with my father taking his swings among other men in a game, has to do with seeing how other men treat my father, what position they put him in in the lineup. I don't think it was a central one, I think they had him down at the end of the order. And the water is there as some kind of escape if my father does bad, possibly that he is a good swimmer, a better swimmer than a baseball player. If I were to dream of this place there wouldn't be any other men here, there would only be myself and the inhabitants of a spot of land surrounded by water, I've dreamed of such a place and I'm riding my bicycle on it and the paths are incredibly winding and deepening me away from the mainland. They had my father playing first base I think, he didn't have a lot of speed, couldn't imagine him going down for grounders. America: the provided situation, Mohammed in the air of a hotel for New York Jews to get up into the mountains, a lake, a simple Jordan, the year 600 and whatever. Secret tunnels leading under the city of Babylon and out into the countryside of a highly-organized underground counter-civilization of insects. The baseball game played to be lost in the wind, the statistics gone, the heroes reassembled into later games, the trees marking the foul-lines into infinity and the loss of the specific baseball field.

IF I AM THE ONE, IF I AM THE SPECIAL SON, IF I AM THE SECRET CAUSE OF WHAT HAS MADE MEN GATHER ONTO A BASEBALL FIELD THIS TIME THEY MIGHT NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF TO PLAY BASEBALL ON BUT LISTEN, HALF-LISTEN FOR SOMETHING AS THEY MILL AROUND, PASS EACH OTHER AND HAVE SMALL CONVERSATION WITH SOMETHING ELSE UPPERMOST IN THE AIR THEY ARE WAITING ON. AS FOOTSERVANTS TO THEIR OWN RITUAL

The loss of the purpose of the field into something older. Sheerly by the causes that men will gather on a tract of ground and probably one that has been used for purposes of gathering

before - for a baseball game in this case. Back to the baseball game, the count is 0 and 1 and my father swings and manages to just get a piece of one to foul it off, Mohammed is no more than a baby untouched by the speed of a fastball. If my father can't win in this league, if my father can't be a hero, we will have to pack the show up and move on over the hills as an offshoot tribe, like it is told of Abraham wandering near the outskirt shepherd lands of Egypt to find a place to sit down for a while and have his wife again come feed him dates and milk in the tent. If they can strike out my father is it that there is all of them to contend with now, or is it that I am the best and can be Mohammed and make them hear a different music than baseball and their power in the game and make them pay attention to a compelling child, Jesus or Mohammed, turn their Jewish religion into a new one. There is this strange nauseous thrill about watching the world beat your father, I think I would act like a brat in those cases and try to kick the other players. I think I would be angry they could take so easily from me the whole sacred right that was my own, that I was supposed to appear and make my father disappear into the background, sit like an old duffer on the wooden benches, while I compelled attention. I think they are making the struggle not worthwhile, I think they are confusing things.

There is an amount of water that is in the way. What does it mean to see your father get beaten up, where do you want to turn your eyes now that they are taking away from you and acting out things you have only been able to think about. I know I would wait sitting in the snow when it was winter at these hotels waiting till all the people had left for dinner and gone from the field, till they were symbolically swept from where the struggle takes place, I have to talk to my father, and when he isn't there I have to decide again for myself who he is, what is it about being a hero and a star, making all the other people string along in your wake. It's important that when my father does badly in the baseball game I restore him. But all I can see is his glories in the dining room and a suit and tie and his personality compelling people to be polite to him, have nothing to say for themselves, maybe would like to kill him too, their fantasy being mine as long as it doesn't happen for them; and on time in the late evening another train moves out from the redbrick warehouse city into the swallowing sun.

When Mohammed comes, when it is me, my father will just be another of the men of his generation who have gathered to hear the word, who are sanctified by giving up the struggle of the baseball game that is for me. My father does badly and it reflects on how easy they could kill me and it reflects too on how they wouldn't give it a thought, running in from the infield, exchanging gloves. This game is a commoditable product, comes in shipped by a river, is played in certain parts

of the land and not in the land that is beyond the hills, was brought down the Mississippi one day and landed at the wharves and was immediately unwrapped and put into effect, cultural exchange, the commodity adopted on the instant as they knew it was for them and it fit in. Here they are by the river the few fat trees and the mesh game and the sun somewhere deep out in never-ending left-field, somewhere with the grass. Sometime it is heard that a man would come to make a speech to them and for that day they wouldn't be there to play base-ball but to hear the speech. It is me now writing them this about their game.

BASE-BALL.

This English woodcut appeared in *A Little Pretty Pocket Book* (Worcester, 1787), an American reprint of the 1744 London edition, the earliest illustration of the game on record.

Union prisoners in the Civil War, playing baseball at Salisbury, North Carolina, in 1862.

JACK SPICER: *UNFINISHED TRANSLATION*

Verde, que te quiero verde .
Green wind, green branches
The ship on the sea
And the horse in the hills.
With a shadow at her loins
She dreams about a railing.
Green flesh, green hair
With eyes of cold silver
Verde, que te quiero verde
Under the living moon
Everything sees her
And she sees nothing

Verde, que te quiero verde
Large stars of frost
Swim with the fish of shadow
That follows the road to sunrise.
The fig tree rubs the wind
Like sandpaper, with its branches
And the mountain, a cat that steals
Bristles with sour cactus.
But who will come and from where
She follows the railing,
Green flesh, green hair
Dreaming of a bitter sea.

Friend, I want to trade you
My horse for your house
My saddle for your mirror
my knife for your blanket
Friend, I come bleeding
From ports of the south.
If only I could, child,
This trade would be closed,
But I am no longer I
And my house not my house

1957

[One of the few unused pieces he prepared for *After Lorca*. This one ends in the midst of the third stanza of Garcia Lorca's *Romance Sonambulo* with the tenth line. Robin Blaser].

David Wilk: The Cosmology of Baseball

I. This is a night game, a game for the night, a game of hands, years in the making. The grandstands are full. I set it rolling, these bodies of heaven begin to move. I look around the sky, it's me standing in space, a million bodies, in cheers, in motion. Fixing on one solid point/ stepping up to the box, the stars come out to play with us. The game of dust, dust in our eyes, a million bodies. The pitcher throws a dustball, rolling through space like a current traveling home, becomes a garden to set in, this form is one I can soak in, I let things work out by themselves. I fix on a point in the dusty air, a point to set on, to turn on, upon. The game pulls me on to no end, my end is in the stars, and the stars are dust, I'm just looking for the ball, peace in the dust, in the stars, in the swing of the bat, a million years from now in the heart of all things (as I finish my swing and turn on my heel, the ball has disappeared). All is quiet in the end is the beginning.

III.

relations in the rhythm of baseball
are fixed and formal,
movements are proscribed
and known by all
this includes players & spectators
But there is no repetition,
nor can there be, ever
these baseball games are ritual:
re-enactments of their cosmology
the meanings here are mostly forgotten
buried in the hollow/stagnant
practices of the game
the movement of it
the all important flow & timing
are buried (still there, harder to get at)
speeds of a clock winding down
after a long time, getting back to beginnings
the rhythms of baseball are
the great mixtures of speeds & movements:
Bob Feller & Sandy Koufax throw 100 mph
but an inning takes 15 minutes or more
it goes slow & fast
it gives you time to see what's happening
these speeds taken together
give rhythm to the day of baseball
a day at the stadium is like traveling

scenery always changing
there is no reality but the process of it
this variation of tempo
matches the speeds & movements of the sky
of the daily universe unfolding
of traveling through space
at the speed of light, in *no* time
matching the different speeds in my brain
body arms head and feet,
the pitchers batters managers and ballboys
it's big enough to live in & learn on
wherein lies the true nature of the players
& the culture they represent
(their brand of cosmic push & shove
is unique to America
even more than Coca Cola
cash attendance salaries and tv)
it's the only Big Time
or more simply, it's the Game of Time

IV.

the aims of this design need smoking out
the shapes & sounds
that give it provenience
a place by which to set it up on/

I mean I need to explain it
to myself, the ins & outs
I've played with crouching down
behind the plate
like I was ready to drop my load
for two hours at a time
dropping pitched balls instead

baseball is a system, a dice game
big hands throwing the white dice
on a huge green table
cash gripped tightly in the thick fists
behind the backs of giants
& tobacco chewing gamblers with no teeth

& the records of these paper players
these living holograms
are inscribed in the sky
records of games left there
the diagrams of rock men
are calendars & charts of the giant heroes
of baseball, of time & myth, scores
don't matter, the players,

the thunder men are
tribes of womenless men, hermaphrodites
the leagues contain both sides
of all dualic divisions
they are platonic wholes
perfect & unspoiled before our separation
into men and women, turning like dead fish in the sea
trying to be real & one again (our lost virginity
lost & empty as a robbed & plundered grave
our mythological time of immortality)
the two leagues, are the sun & moon inseparable & whole
in the sky
inseparable & whole in my dreams also in the sky
my dice rolling thru the alleys of dark days:
I can't say it or hear it enough:
there is no time here, a million years away
or even a minute, the sun always chases the moon thru hell
at night

V.

all to be plucked off
in the scale of years today
the little boy
reaching up to stroke the sky
doesn't know the histories
of myth or baseball
why he talks & what about
but doesn't need to
as long as there is a sky

he sees his life as a toy
a mass of clay that he molds & swims in
choosing his glass beads & dice from that sky
of giants who show him how to play
a rookie in the big leagues
he begins to catch up
to games & dances
that have already been played
the stars coming down to earth
making those old stories alive again

Grossinger's

GROSSINGER, N.Y.

2 18 HOLE GOLF COURSES 1971

Paul and Richard Grossinger 1947

KENNETH IRBY: SOME NOTES AFTER THE GIFT OF A BOOK FROM LARRY GOODELL (cf., M. Singh, *Himalayan Art*, Collier pb, 1971, p. 111)

*

The place of a Lord of Soil is down close in the vegetation to the ground -- the close country in the nap of the living room rug as a kid -- but in Spiti he looms, immense, over the village from the ridgepole on the road out of town, small silverlead skull, bursting into a flaming trident, up from a black fur barrel chest and shoulders -- some calavera out of Eisenstein's Mexican footage, raised to 16,000 ft.

-- there is over all of it, for all the landscape out of sight, a melody of an English horn out of Delius, a lost elegiac pastoral, of another land, but altogether of the same place to which the worship has come

. . . it is all a hillside crossing, and the way up, out from under catalpa trees, and the dirt streets dusty -- on top of the hill, West, is the downtown, and that edge of the mysteries of Masonry that runs down the middle of the streets of the towns of the plains, between brick and concrete, tall grass and short grass, the crow and the cardinal -- as the lodge of the town itself was once split into South and North -- but the top of the hill is out of sight, only the sunset dregs and treetops are out West, and by us here the lights of Othick Park's softball field are on -- that's the street dust, finer, and the lights of Fort Leonard Wood, later -- here we're 6th grade, almost 7th, in the later summer, watching the SE Kansas semipro softball league's Lords of the Soil warm up, green and red --

the pitchers are at home, off the road onto the mound, where sweat Love works, Her image wheeling and sidearm -- about that time I idolized Ewell Blackwell, "the old Coachwhip", but the art was highest at the local demand, I was a pitcher -, easy, freak, for which the finesse of team accomplishment had never been my attention, even though I knew Wilson Graham, his underwear showing through his Levis' button-fly, leaning over hands in pockets in the exact chill of winter on schoolboy safety patrol without a coat, facing West across Judson at 5th St toward my house, half a block from where my father and his second wife now live, as I listened, in maybe the adolescent conversation seriously discussing feeling I can remember, and he by then already a notable shortstop, and to be, till Army after highschool and a marriage claimed his calculation for security seeking the Korean GI Bill before it fled, to where now, on just my rise from Buck Run toward the crown of town, the Lord of what Soil is exactly his, even if just for juniorhigh and part of highschool, wherever the fall off the ascendant, spikes the whole volume of surrounded time . . .

. . . so the effect of Memory lingers to reveal herself, a vast Enrichment as if the Chinese characters of the Dried Plum box opened Cambridge Autumn 1958 and then itself into The Openings, the Airplane of its Brand stroking China still in 1938 a biplane of Marines over Shanghai . . .

the problems of prosody for a narrative of pitchers are the pitchers' problems of the musculature facing home . . .

and where is Wilson now? and with the same wife still, he went with all through highschool, she a year ahead of him, taking a year of juco till he graduated and tried KU for a semester before the Army was better -- still in Fort Scott, as a bridge for me but not for him?

somebody said once, about in 7th grade, since he went to Eugene Ware school till then, on the East Side of town, where I used to go with other kids to see the Clare Tree Major plays of the Nuremburg Stove and Hansel and Gretel, walking the whole way, past hijackers', Carmen Lewis told me, house, the auditorium was the only one big enough, so that I see Shakespeare, always, there yet, reading and in the air -- that his balls were cork, no, that was old Claud Huff, the magazine seller on bike wheels, that he didn't have a prick, and why did I believe that ever. maybe still wondered as he bent forward in the cold talking to someone else going West my way, I was just listening in to, waiting to cross the street, something like the tone of the car hop at Charlie Watt's drivein about 4 years later, saying, Yessir, a hot come sundae, to Franz and Lehnhoff and myself, the window shades in the present map of Massachusetts apartment and the tacks in the floor, are that expanse of waste, to be ironic about, always --

the softball pitchers of that time were extraordinary -- Grenier tells me there are summer softball leagues in New Hampshire still, so a line continues through Idaho and Kansas, only the season cuts it -- one from Southeaster, maybe Chanute or Pittsburg, even pitched behind his back, though maybe common enough in the Grand Synod of the game, was untouchable by the locals -- I went with Johnny Carroll and Jack Howell, my friends across Eddy, and stared into the darkness beyond the outfield, into Buck Run and the call home from late summer nights still playing, a vista lower than and souther, of the first pale military perchers on the bluff over the Marmathon, watching the Leavenworth-Gibson road come catty-corner out of the Indians, who were Lords of the Land but not of the Soil, and make the grand division North and South for this middly corner of the Osages' screwed-out-of free lands -- if the ball flew on out of the arc of the pitcher's intended slash but still with the pitcher's magic from behind his back and in the great wheel of the saluting arm, it would continue wild white and forever, Southwest till it struck the last setting sun of winter solstice on the last barren Cortezed stretch of the Bay of Baja California, and exploded like a puffball the way straight into the land of the Underworld, which is what the Lord of Soil guards, opens, and grins at, for we fear to enter there

*

-- 6-16 Sep 71
Cambridge

Bob Moorehead: The Maple Street League

The hype worsens each year now. April through October as sure as the snow disappears and the ground dries out, the conflict is renewed and refought; the institution is dusted off for assaults and insults. The game of baseball bugs some would-be cultural critics the way Corvairs got to Ralph Nader.

"I can't believe you're actually watching THIS," a friend said as he stormed my TV room in the fifth inning of a perfectly sane Red Sox-Twins game one night last spring. The two of them were convulsed by swift striking stomach pains or something. They sneered at my Sporting News and crowed at the beer cans in front of the tube.

I should get some tattoos, a sleeveless white T-shirt and a can of black, buzzing flies to complete this degrading scene, suggested one. Yes, and a week's growth of whiskers.

"Such cholockracy," hooted the second. "How do you lower yourself to this!" (An outrage, not a question.)

A cholock (pronounced CHO-lock), it should be explained, is a particular American type --- a kind of Okie from Muskogee who drinks beer, watches TV sports, gets fat, wears white socks, has tattooes and may even belong to the animal clubs. A man can be all these things and still not be a cholock, just as he can be a cholock without any of the symptoms.

Cholockracy as a specialized discipline is becoming highly developed (especially since the popularization of bells, boots, and funny cigarettes) and I claim a forefront role in its development.

But baseball and its patient study, in and of itself, is not pure cholockracy. If indeed, a 1-0 baseball game strikes some as having the razzle-dazzle of a chess match, my only inclination is to shrug. So what, really? It comes closer to the cultural heart than an Andy Warhol soup can.

It is a highly personal experience for guys like me --- those of us who lost our gloves before the kids were old enough to lift the bat.

Reduced to a fraction of the participation we once knew, we can still draw from it a kind of salvation; a relief specialist coming in for the fifth inning --- a bullpen of the mind.

To get that way, you had to have played it, loved it, and stored away things that nobody else can ever share.

Twenty years ago this spring I sat on the back porch of a big white house on a tree lined street in a small Maine town and listened to the Red Sox and White Sox from Chicago. Rained out of the Maple Street league that day, we studied the information on the back of bubble gum baseball cards and made trades.

It was the only thing to do when the weather sunk home plate.

We were all managers and general managers, and knew every roster of what was then two eight-team leagues. Ballplayers, the Sporting News ad said, chewed Red Man tobacco. We settled for bubble gum.

The rain also prompted the development of elaborate baseball games played with dice and cards, and if you had agonized over the Red Sox-Yankee series in the fall of '49 and were given to a little cheating, you got a chance to stick pins in the Yanks in those back porch games. Ellis Kinder could easily mow down the whole Bronx town team, and Ted Williams could just as easily get two grandslams off Ed Lopat or Joe Page.

The Maple Street League played in good weather on a boulder patch between a cemetery and a grange hall with too many windows and most of left field was the Little Androscoggin River. Hitting it into the river was an automatic out because it was so easy and a blatant waste of good baseballs. A grange hall window was also an out, but you could get the ball back if the littlest guy in the neighborhood didn't lose his nerve. He had to consent to being boosted up the fire escape. After that, he roamed the great hall until he found the ball.

Losing a ball meant sending the equipment committee to Ivan's Variety Store in Market Square for a little switcheroo action on the price tags. Cheap baseballs cost 85 cents and were filled with sawdust. Our league used the $2.50 brand. We all knew quality.

With proper interference, you could get the good ones into the cheap box and walk out of the place $1.65 ahead. Years later, I found out the clerk used to make up the difference from her own pocket, having stolen the signals of the Maple Street Leaguers before spring training was even complete.

Between the petty theft and the broken windows, we all should have landed in juvenile court. And probably would have if the sales lady and the grange master had been cultural critics.

Hoobie Hall, who now has a Ph.D. in mathematics and teaches in a university out west, was chief statistician of the Maple Street League. He could tell you your average, the record for the most number of bounces to shortstop, and how many windows we owed the grange. When Bowie Kuhn retires, I'm going to nominate Hoobie for Major League Commissioner, wherever he is.

The highlight of the Maple Street League that summer 20 years ago was a Fourth of July, back-to-back, no-hit performance by me on one team and Kenny Kozak on the other. The fielding gems that day were beyond description. To this day, that incredible mark in the League's history will surface in the coffee shops or at some party when the Maple Street immortals cross paths.

Afterward, we all went swimming in the river. It was clean, then.

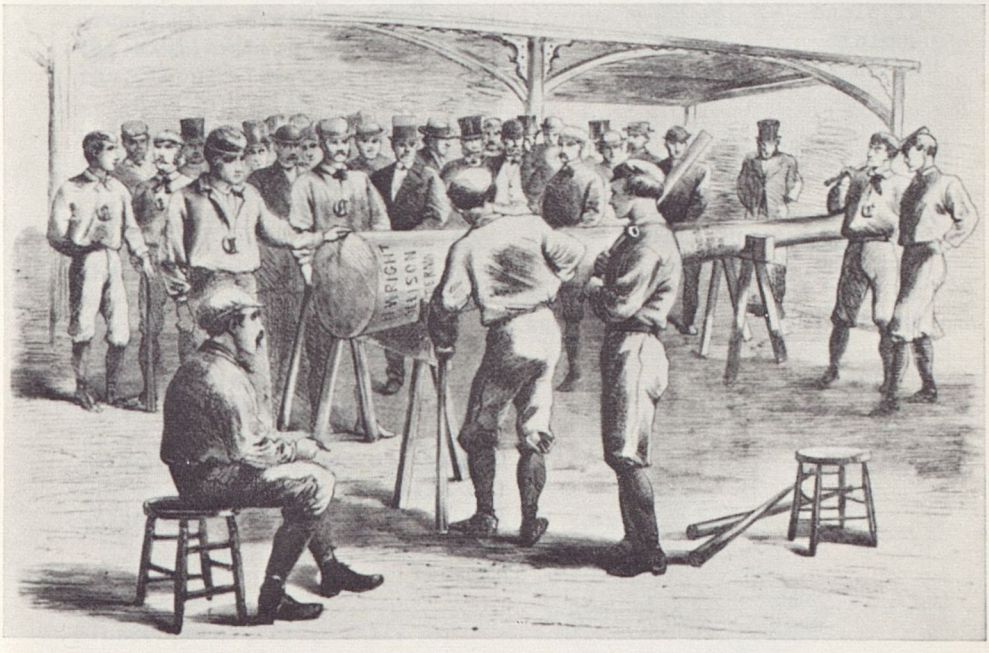
You learned the secrets of breaking in a glove and how to get that big league roll in the visor of your hat. And by the time you owned your first pair of spikes, you were so used to sneakers on skin infields that it meant learning to walk and run all over again.

The other night, as a matter of fact, I got to break in a glove again. This time it was for five year old Tim Moorehead. You use two softballs to form the pocket, and tie them in with string. Then you need a pail of water to soak the whole business. When it dries, you oil it. On one of those rainy afternoons 20 years ago, I read somewhere that was how Peewee Reese did it.

Memorabilia from the bullpen of the mind, man; dust on the bubble gum cards --- from that golden day in the spring of life when the big leaguers ruled the only world worth knowing about and the Maple Street League was the Hub of the Universe.

The only trouble with baseball is we all get older. Damnit.

(A shorter version of this piece appeared in the Maine Sunday Telegram, May 16, 1971.)



Presentation of the championship bat to the Red Stockings on their return to Cincinnati from their triumphal tour of 1869.

CHARLES OLSON: *TWO BASEBALL NOTES*

fieldingnick:
if the lost art of stealing bases
maketh the finest play, noh you
how man is new, is no
paul,
or christ?
his average was low
who said: if i am not the christ
it is a disagreeable
mistake
but if man sheds
such white sox, then
does he lead the league by paul?

o, save us from all spectators & humanists:

shall we not take any man down gently or otherwise?
who'll buy
this franchise? will you or you? (here's rue
or guanabana
for he who has
taste

agri, dulce y amarga
donde el llega
al pleno
dominio
de su arte

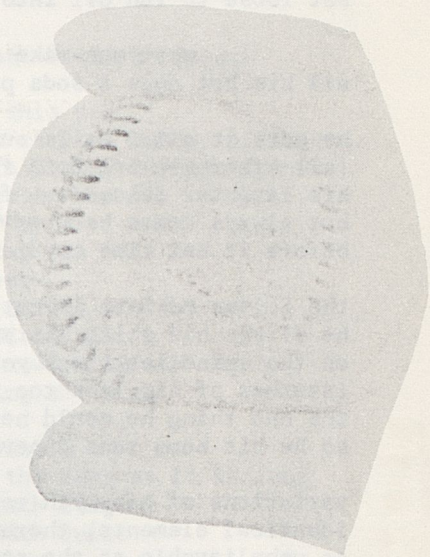
art
is the twin of
the game: how
do you dance, now
base-stealers?

(straight translation
from the Three Eye
to you, to
the top!)

And this one walked from one
end of the field
(the old field, Commisky Park,
the Indians
Di Mag) to the other, to where
the Atlantic is, looking
for local gods. And finding
(solamente)
himself

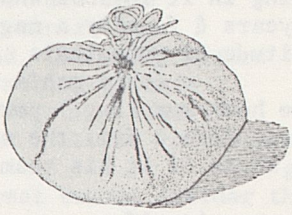
pitcher, how
exactly is
the feeling of the threads
what it is -- that is,
the drama we know about,
the g(love)

or how is bush league bush
(man) made major, made
to bear in, to bear
down? in what sense is
to hit long before the ball
reaches
whoever?



where does giddiness
where is it
ceased -- how can you say how
you can be said to be
cool, can throw it
exactly as how the ball is, how
you be sd to hurl?
(again): the whirl
is very much exaggerated, the
crowd, the afternoon, and, even,
the exhilaration of the home
run, though the centerfield wall
-- to point at it -- is exactly
a like term, is also
as you pitch

that is, as of a day, a
double day, say, as this, when
there is a crowd, how would you say
how far back you are reaching from,
say, big train, from, the dirt, in what way
do you obey
the given, the
taken -- how much grip
do your fingers have
on those threads, or
for that matter,
the hide, eh?



[These poems, originally in letters to Fielding Dawson, appeared in his *Black Mountain Book*.]

David Wilk: Babe Ruth Poem

The Babe
the Howling Babe
(Charles Olson
La Preface)

The House that Ruth Built
comes into air, a phrase on someone else's page,
a phrase of life, jumbled with air & smog,
so carefully written & placed inside my sphere, his mantra
like him, it excites the air around it
his gigantic body contained by its deeds: primal energy
set loose to run off into the centuries ahead

what men make of man, this man
all his hot dogs & soda pop, the lobsters covering endless
tables
he eats it all & calls out for the main course
(all other men are dead from eating
his laughter echoes out forever
but always comes back again, he catches life, breathes it in
before it has time to die
Babe Ruth is alive on the dead run
the Sultan of Swat is catching his mighty names
he slings his shit, his mantra signature
on the spindliest legs you ever saw
(statues of him look too fragile to stand up
the one thing he could never do was run
so he hit home runs & never needed to)

variations of his myth repeat the same story
identical elements, therefore true, stand up & out
as unbelievable as the statues or pictures of him
that finally do confirm the truth of myth
for those who never saw the mangod in action

his song, it goes like this
it doesn't fit the man or the page
it won't relax, an endless pressure of Ruth
Ruth's song runs itself to death
on no legs, just a mouth
but nothing in it follows where it should
it took years & finally a magician's eye to realize
the magnitude of potentials
(this man's no pitcher says Grantland Rice
he is the home run king!) power lines churning
about to explode & fill the world
make the whole of it his team ready to take on the universe

(but the song itself
the song goes like this

in Ruth's squeaky straining voice: the house that Ruth built
is the house that Ruth is
is the New York that Ruth
is
he sings it slow he plays
it right)
the song that Ruth is
is turning the corner at second base
& pointing to the second tier in right field
(in Chicago, 1932)
is singing the ball on its foreordained journey seconds later
that carries the whole story of this man in its arc
a pilgrim long & lonely on the way to Mecca & the stars

Babe Ruth is a big man
who made Lou Gehrig small, the tall oak dwarfed beneath
the shadow of the city
everything is dwarf in the shadow of this man
the house that Ruth built is New York city on Sunday afternoon
the house that Ruth built is the earth flying through space
the cosmos travels forever once it leaves his bat
on a journey out of this world & into myth
he beats the cosmos into shape, hitting the ball
a giant swinging clubs of gold & silver
eating in one meal the produce of an entire village
he said the ball would land in the second tier
& each time the ball landed there, a new world was founded
whole planets full of screaming adoring children

the track of time in our endless household
is blessed by the flat trajectory of the song as it is sung
you can't get lost in the song that Ruth sings
as you cannot escape the house that Ruth built
it is meant to stand & be stood in forever
its heroes are born there & rule their worlds
from inside its walls, their homestead in the earth their cas-
tle
it will never be moved to the Jersey meadows
their echoes are held in place by prophecy
the many loops are ravelled & old (& cannot be undone)
still untarnished in the voice of the legend songs

we can't move any further; our feet are lead
our fifty years of big hits & big men rule us
their heavy days sunk in quicksand, the muddy waters
of timelessness gone down to the mating grounds
the monument in center field dwarfs our visions
we are children in this house that is built to the scale of
giants
so big that it can dwarf every great center fielder that plays
there

with nothing but the sunlit memories alive in its bronze
the house that Ruth is holds giant men captive
in its forever graceless, laughing, pouting voice

this many the house is tomb for
this many I hold in my hand, I whisper over,
love words & shallow waters
knowing then that I will die in them
Ruth still alive in the rock house circling the sun
the earth & house built by hand, crying out
like a pillar of love
in his own voice & words inscribed in bronze, in the
house:

"Babe Ruth was big & strong & this is his house that you are
living in"

PAUL BLACKBURN

THE 1965 SEASON

Bottom of 7th, the
first time Berra has caught all season :
he leads off & singles, that
makes it 2 for 3 .
But those Mets

Bases loaded and no outs; one run in. The
Phils change pitchers &
Ed Roebuck of Brooklyn Dodgers fame comes in
& strikes out his first batter.
Then the Phils make a double play.
Well,
one run is better than nothing,
that makes 2 .

Top of the 8th, the Mets
amazing -- a double play --
It takes a couple of more men, but
Al Jackson strikes out his 10th man in the game.

That ties the club record.

Roebuck strikes out his 1st batter this inning, too.
Then Kranepool lines to left &
Christopher flies out short center,
ends that half.

"Number 9, Jim Hickman into left for Christopher.
Number 3, Billy Cowan, into center for Swoboda."
Defensive moves, o Casey.
But Thomas rips a single past Klaus at third.
Tony Taylor also singles between third and short.
Gus Triandos with 2 strikes, and Jackson
sends thru a wild pitch, the batters move up,
here we go, &

well, Jackson strikes him out
--a new Mets' record with 11 .
okay, there's one out.
Ruben Amaro, sacrifice fly, drives Thomas in.
John Wesley Covington on deck : 6 homeruns
11 RBI's (o, he had his at Milwaukee in
57-58, those great years) . He
goes to 3 & 2, takes the payoff, it
goes to Hunt, to Kranepool
(Cookie Rojas on deck)
in time .
it's all over

METS 2
PHILLIES 1

Well, it's a game, no?

A LONG RANGE INTERVIEW WITH SATCHEL PAIGE, THE MAN OF AGE

"I wasn't IN training, so

I run around the field a couple times"

"1948, I

had it in mind to quit

Bill Veeck called me up to Cleveland

Cleveland was

four games behind in the pennant

when I came up"

and took the flag

"I won

6 outta 7 games"

Satch

did not pitch in the Series .

Cleveland lost

"Then I threw some pitches, Boudreau

caught me. I

threw 50 pitches and 48 were strikes.

Boudreau lays down the glove and says,

'That's good enuf for me' "

—I stay in condition more than anybody on earth,

from spring to September, he sed

"I pitch

in 75 games this year. But they tell me

I'm too old to be up there. They tell me

it wouldn't look right, some young pitcher

pulled out of a game and be replaced

by a man old enuf to be his daddy. It would

shame their spirit."

Damn well it should.

A 7-yr-old colt
belonging to Mrs. Richard C.
du Pont
won $150,000 at the
International today
November 11th in
L A U R E L
Washington D. C.
You know she needed it

Blum, riding Gedney Farm's
Gun Bow, said
Kelso had cut in front of him at the furlong pole • shit,
he crossed in front in the stretch
to get close to the rail, but
he had plenty of room to do it •
Gun Bow ran second, & 9
lengths behind him was the Soviet entry,
Anilin, a
3-yr-old colt.
Aniline dye •

Valenzuela on top, *Kelso*
finished the 1 ½ mi. Laurel (Md.)
Race Course in 2 min., 23 and 4/5 sec. which
breaks the American record for 1 ½
miles.
THE PA SYSTEM announced brusquely: "Ladies
and Gentlemen, there has been an o b j e c t i o n

by 4 ½ lengths?
and a record?

Valenzuela sd.
"Flying grass was all the
rest of the field saw too."

Stephen King: Brooklyn August

(For Jim Bishop)

In Ebbets Field the crab-grass grows
(where Alston managed)
row on row
in a somehow sad twilight
I still see them, with the green smell
of just-mown infield grass heavy
in the dark channels of my nose:
picked out by the right-field floods, just
turned on and already assaulted by circling moths
and bugs on the night shift--
below, the old men and offduty taxi drivers
drinking big cups of Schlitz in the 75¢ seats,
this Flatbush as real as velvet Harlem streets
where jive hangs suspended in the streets of '56.
In Ebbets Field the infield's slow
and seats are empty, row on row
Hodges crouched over first, glove stretched
to touch the throw from Robinson at third
the batters' boxes white as mist against
the glowing sky-filled evening
(Mantle homered early, Flatbush is down by 2);
Newcombe trudged past first to a silent shower
Carl Erskine is in now and chucking hard but
Johnny Podres and Clem Labine are heating
in case it goes haywire in the late going
In Ebbets Field they come and go
and play their innings, blow by blow
time's called in the dimness of the 5th
someone threw a bottle at Sandy Amoros in right
he spears it in wordless ballet, hands it
to the groundskeeper;
the faceless fans cry down juicy Brooklyn vowels
on both, who ignore them beautifully
Pee Wee Reese leans on his knees west of second
Campanella gives the sign
with my eyes closed I can see it all
smell eight pm dirt and steamed franks
in crenellated cardboard troughs;
can see the purple evening above the stadium dish
as Erskine winds and throws low-inside:

Bill Pearlman: Six Poems

CALIFORNIA FIELDS

A force field
Begin again.
I spent most of my time on the sand, sinking
Hoping she might see me dive in the surf

Charley horse in the whirpool
More reps, lighter weight, more definition --
Get him out of here, now!
Who's in charge, in charge here?

I really don't think she cares all
That much. I mean bang bang
Somebody fall down.

We mean to be armed, in arms
Battling to gentle excess

Hard cover, she
Hides there, luxuriant
More unbearably beautiful flesh

I would walk down the hill (32nd St.)
Pass the church (Feed your lambs)
And to the ocean, the sand, the foam
Rolling, diving, sandy thighs, going there

THE VOLLEYBALL MATCH

Now we gathered for the match
Near muscle beach about 9 a.m.
My Dad was 34 or so, at peak form
Playing with Andy Aiken, who was tall
& heavy, but as useful to Jack Pearlman
As was the girl to 'our hero' who made the
Challenge: "500 bucks me & a gal can beat you (Andy)
& anyone you can find." They didn't have a chance,
Jack put Andy down the line, covered
The entire court himself, and amazed
The gallery with leaps & digs &
Unreachable shots.
Walking back to the car
I was proud & happy, Dad
Handed me 20 bucks out
Of his joy

SEAL ROCK STADIUM

For David Shetzline

What to hear * the middle ear
Flexed in boundless rite

Ways to call the king

You make me dive to fond mysteries

Go on, DO
What you will, there is NEWS
In your embrace....
(22nd of June 1970
9:15 p.m., black horizon
Light overhead) The gate is fucking open!

The positive position
Behind the ball
Spiralling into space
Meaning: Thrust ahead
Receivers flying off
To test the air
Gliding rockets of paired phenomena
Clenched, swaying
From the beginning
The signal:
Seek that zone would size your
Need
However vast, GO ON
It will be yours
Migrating from shame
To promised hands
How good to be sleek
A wizard of windows
Cling to lucid craving
Over here: Something still gleams
Connection whipped into shape

Alarmed, brought round to harden
Mad, clean
Rivers of heaven
I realize how rebirth
Becomes twilight smile
Holding the downpour
Swift strokes complete
Holy War

****

There was Inzorbital Freak
Breaking the elastic stairway
& why was he berserk

Trying to erase the burden
Beginning in Berlin, Dallas
Wounds too gigantic to re-invent
America, & what she was
before the collapse
Fields sure & green
Pan fried spectacle
Of seeds blooming,
hopeful crews
Blind faith in flickering light
DANCE FESTERING YESTERDAY

Church and School, space aplenty....
While they were ready
To perform splendor for the Mass
Lines of chalice-host relations
Filling the sexless pot
An excess, though
(I know I'd go to GOD now!)
Even the youngest was right
THERE -- THE VIRGIN
Holding wild abstract
NOUNS above the SUN
Depth shining Pride
Private interest
******
Now she moves
restlessly all over
Left wings of free
ENTER PRIZE
Coming and leaving
Illusions of sense
Make Heaven LIVEABLE
What more widening space
To believe through
Over the kitchen
Where everything has to be
PROVIDENTIAL
Sweet & pure
****
Look what is needed:
A place to field sky's exuberance
For abstract FIRE ----
The shape of PYRAMIDS
Handfuls of SWEAT
Symphonies in the MUSCLES
Collecting EMPIRE
To show, I want
To come across
To shine
Heaviness in song
Where do I belong?

Endless heads shaking
Madness declared: We've
Gone to hell & you're
with me

Nobody has ever been
Where you are. How does
That landscape FEEL?

Wound out, abounding
Speed of light falling

BALL CONTROL

John Brodie throws the game ball
To Gene Washington who makes incredible catches.
They have something going --
Nicely fielded balls. Ageing white quarterback
And black end with great hands.
The football spirals in space
Just above the green turf.

PIVOT PEAK

Peaking out from behind weeks of pain
Falling in to cover the final game
The brightness flashing
Your career is now justified
Your arrival receives honorable mention
On all the major airwaves
The cleaners is always open

Brushed back, running
Through streets
Dogs barking madly
Who the hell is this
Bundle of nerve & glory

I'd give what you want
Back to you
He's still playing quarterback
You're trying to blame him
For your losing streaks

Blameless, the child
Breaks the lamp, his head
The earth has a gigantic crack

FOR RON LANG & GENE SELZNICK

Matter of saying I
Was a master of ceremony.
Fraught with rivals
Yet his skill ruled the court.
18 patch leather, Wilson volleyball
Lang twirling (Come on, fats) before serving
Flat dropping ball, bumped up
Floating set, big hit
Dig...Back and down -- rolling in the sand

Reaching how many? What
Can you expect from a Jewish Indian?
I wanted to walk toward her
Let them all know I was wooing
Striking poems on her skin.
Maybe we should sell the rare
editions. May
Be a fine obligation
Like winning the Laguna Invitational

[Note from Bill Pearlman: "Lang and Selznick were just about the greatest American volleyball players from the late fifties & through most of the sixties. Lang is still going strong. They are legends around Santa Monica beach, the real 'home' of beach volleyball in this country...."]

STEPHEN VINCENT

BASKETBALL

I never let you come to the games. I never invited you. You never asked. You never saw me on the court handle the round skin of the basketball. You never came to see me spread my warm fingers like the edges of stars around the ball as I went like a smooth fox down the court my tennis shoes squeaking faster than a grasshopper through clover. At sixteen I traveled fast
father · Lay in, set shot, jump shot, bounce pass, chest pass, bucking, elbowing as high as I could, reacher for what was never given, the smooth flow of the ball arching high towards the rim, its high arc lifting subtly down, a smooth swish through the star shapes of the unbroken
white net. Let me play that game again. I was on the court with Willie, Leroy, Hobo & Sam. I the only white with four blacks. Don't get me wrong. I was scared of them as you of me or I of you. But it began. Somebody poked me in the eye, it stung, and I released everything, travelling up and down the court a young man with a quick gun and a sharp elbow. For the first time we held together like a rapid running loom weaving up and down between the other players who held together stiff as strings as we broke through all their empty edges. Suddenly it was no game. Perfect harmony of movement and song. The referee could blow no whistle.

In victory I always refused you
entry. This time
I am going to win.

ANTHEM

America, if you were a basketball court,
I'd double dribble down
all your edges. America, if you were a
basketball court, I'd take my shots
in every State. I'd begin with a foul
in Chicago, a set shot in Florida, a hook
in Alabama, and a jump shot in Washington.
O, America, I'd put hoops on all your edges,
backboards against every border and sea.
America I would elbow across country kicking
my feet up and over every player in sight. America,
I'd give you naked cheer leaders, electric bands
and Referees guided by the strings
that hang down from the Justice of Heaven. America,
I'd name everybody as my players. The teams
would be bi-sexual and place women in the spring
of every step. We'd move so fast you wouldn't be able
to count the colors of our players. There would be such rhythm
that the governor of every State would have to hide
in his box seat. The rafters would be loaded with lightning,
magnifying and giving life to each move, each pleasure.
We'd make this country move like a cyclone in heaven,
the star white twirl of our ankles
would crack and clear
the trance of Death. Nevada and Virginia would be the locker
rooms
out of which we would come storming with our underground pas-
sions.
We'd have the tip-off in Kansas while the rooters swayed
to the rhythm of the Wizard of Oz, the fingers of the centers
touching
and turning the ball like the small eye
of the Gulf's tornado. On defense, we'd move from State to
State,
keeping our hands moving like quick birds
or breezes that tickle the slim stalks of wheat. On offense,
our bodies would move like ploughs insistent on breaking
the hard, spring ground. A chest pass over Nebraska,
fast breaks that we could steer through either Texas or Montana
quick little lay-ups through Oregon and Idaho, or little Ver-
mont
and Maine. A bounce pass through Oklahoma and Tennessee.
Faking,
moving, stopping, elbowing, quick as possible, deft as
both the sparrow and the hawk, pressing our feet against the

floor,
bringing our arms up, springing as high as we can, letting
the ball leave
our finger tips in a high, slim arch, watching it slip through
a dark rim
into the white strings
and out of the new net. It would be a great game. Children
would be born
from the depths of our springs. A fall away jump shot would
yield
to the embrace of mothers. The long overhead pass from one end
of the court to the other would provoke
a family reunion. O, America, the land of the living,
the land of the dead, the land of our yet unknown gods
would be revealed through the terrible precision
of each of our moves. America, our heels charged with light-
ning,
our toes with sparks, we'd get all your States to nourish
each and every rooter. Loaves of bread and fish
would be on every corner. Your tired brown bleachers would
be turned
into all colors of the rainbow. America, America,
if you were a basketball court and this brought us so close
to Heaven, when the Game was over, the sweat glimmering down
our silver spun bodies, America, we'd all slow down
and, as a finish to our efforts
we'd bring Mick Jagger in,
and watch him dance, move and sing,
and, as the white lights
went out, putting our arms
around each other, we'd watch him
take a fine, straw broom
and begin to gracefully sweep
the whale hearts
off the whole length of the floor.

David Meltzer

PINBALL

Another way of making love (kama kama
getting into a machine, cartoon stud
use of sacred metals, amulet
thin dime in her slot
in hopes of connection with
flesh/spirit para-Adonai Tree of Life
orgasms of released realized LIGHT
comes in mystic color spheres

lit-up around Numbers
permute into score scrolls
break-down into Authiotic Code
schema spell-out infinite
variables of YAH's Name
draw in & out
(tzimtsum) ALL Yods & Yins & Vavs & Yangs & Hays & Daleths.
Emes/Emet. AMEN.
Life-death continuum
circuit energy electric sefira
lights-up
Him Self Your Self My Self Her Self
trance-formed moment-to-moment
neon signs along the way, signals
spectrum light shower on His Body Your Body My Body Her Body
EVERY BODY
inside-out, outside in
in this clerk's head en route to bus-stop stops at
the Garcia Y Vega News Stand (Colombus & Broadway, SF)
to browse in glaze crotch gardens,
Scientific American, All-Star Super Hero
Rod & Reel, Rolling Stone, Amazing, Farmer's Almanack
then night-watch
pinball players in exile at the back of the store
shrounded in cigar cigarette smoke.
Tan metal Arvin radio on shelf
KSAY C&W marathon, Smilin' Black Jack Wayne, your friendly m.c.
Buck Owens lost love in Las Vegas.
Dimes stack silver towers on glass
pinball tabletops, in deep
the players follow chrome spheres across
complex Map of Life
(Pennant Ace manufactured in Chicago)
bell rings, flipper-buttons clack, score-explosion,
crazy snarl of tangled synapse
man and machine bride, machine pride, pinball
lover, grey-blue Raskolnikov topcoat,
fedora-brim shades squinty eyes,
tuned fingertips
touch her plywood slats, her varnished hips, rocks her
gently, probes her awaiting-to-be
clitoral galaxy,
chrome trim trembles to his trained touch.
Embrace, he tries to
edge her body into
a break-thru time & space,
better score, more numbers
complex meanders, alternatives,
serpent-spring in the well waits.
To score, have it all add-up, have her come a yield of an
hour's free

games; to give is to receive; open up & be my machine wife
(kama kama
!!! T I L T !!! T I L T !!!
fingers into fists
slam her slats, betrayal,
led so close by her lights
then cast-off, Lilly's fool.

Rapes her coin slot w/ another dime off the pile.
Balls drop thru Hell's trapdoor.
Courtship calm restored, Raskolnikov
brushes cigar ash off the glass.
Now I'll get you
You'll be Mine
My Pennant Ace
Valentine

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

3 dimes returned as change, I sit at the last table in line.
Everyone in lovemaking dream rite of lights & bells.

1st dime.
Screen erase.
Tilt erase: memory ghost of her last lover.
5 chrome balls roll down the chute: ALEPH, BETH, GHIMEL,
DALETH, HAY.
Pentad. ½ a Tree of Life. 5 fingers, Guidonian Hand,
ball-bearings Gali-Gali could make disappear in one hand.
re-appear between fingers web-spread in the other hand.
1st ball takes off, Brancusi pony down the runway
into world of man-holes woman-holes
great potluck androgynous holes
ringed w/ hand-painted letters, numbers
GRAND SLAM/500 POINTS!
or:
WORLD SERIES CHAMPS/1000 POINTS!

flesh the machine with dream ladies
forever just around the corner,
ever-ready aura of Shekinah,
fire-edge light in songs Lil sings,
Astarte, Asherah, Anath, all
whisper promise in my pink ear shell
spreading to puncture an un-marked brain-lobe where
A to Z, code flowers, grows stored woman-energy
touched by a name, a store,
dim photo, fragment found beneath ancient rocks.

Six Triangles on the Screen contain possible combinations of
a winning score. I go
slow to release Number One Chrome seed

into electric space.
It permutes, I
notarikon, we
birth letters out of numbers,
gematrionic fusions.
In Six Diamonds evidence of the 42
Letters of His Name,
initials of Her Name.
The 2nd Ball sent so slow down the runway
it rolls back against the plunger.
3rd Ball sent-out hovers on the rim of white light
GRAND SLAM Medusa; now
I gently move the great lady,
knees under her, push up, O
tender ache, my hands
no longer mine reach under her
& fingertips find a wood lip to hold to,
balance, control O
mighty moment of levitation & concentration!
Eyes shut in prayer, in pain,
right hand fails to find the flipper button.
3rd Ball (nemesis, 8-Ball
Christ pushed forth from cave's door)
rolls past GRAND SLAM
& bounces without shame or logic
down her bumpered spine into Void's dark pit.
No Score.
History, not mystery, keeps score.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Return to the Lady of Lights while Raskolnikov, beside me,
grunts erotic, lights flashing his screen, a fire,
22 free games.
Merle Haggard sings Jimmie Rodgers.

Ball Four's life on the board lost
in new problems, number knots to untie.
Hexadical amulets all in a row
link the spark to Ball 5
(Gevurah Judgement) all too easy
bangs trampoline against the top bumpers.
Taffy. Too many thoughts
go on forever. Time-warp
hoods senses. Stuck.
The Lady shows me, showing me off,
putting me on, turning me in
her machine, running it.

Last dime in slot.
Shoot
1/2/3/4/5 balls

BANG.BANG.BANG.BANG.BANG
out on the table
crash like comets
bounce in & out of holes
lights flash hysterical
numbers spasms
add-up click cluck
bells thunk chug
rattle clash
5 planetoids in chance orbits
race across the lady's sky.
Raskolnikov double-takes.
YOU CAN'T DO THAT! he yells.
I'm out of Garcia Y Vega
off to catch the home-bound bus.
YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
Raskolnikov scream
rushing to my table to
rescue it from death.
YOU'RE CRAZY!
I hear him
all the way down the street
even now
in the middle of my forest.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

EDWARD DORN: FROM GUNSLINGER*

the LAWG of the Winter Book

contained in the brain
is the sum of What
slam that filing cabinet shut!

Here comes the Universe.
Don't just stand there!
Stick out your thumb.

the Body is
the hunting lodge of this full
Metaphor
And before all else
before Time Out
and Time coming In
and the mirror in rime

goes down to the center
where one place

is the center of Time
the birth of Space
and where the crowded Is of all silence

Prompts the Diefic fact
to actualize
the waves of Sympathy
around the shoals of Destiny

yet Prompts this terrific actualism
of the waves of simplicity
cross the shoals of Destiny and
they cross over the same shoulders
and you stand here tellin me
you want to play a guitar like *that*
Do you remember
the Hoodoos?
as I recall the song
they were inset
somehow in our closer future,
some gross and general ineptitude
built into the species in other words
is trying to send the *same* message there

namely what's been left in its mind
from moment numero one ---
what's next? or what's new?
Well of course
either one will do.

****

You'll need top grass
Everything began to say
I see us
going thru the Village of placitas
the poet interrupted, Slinge
Do you forsee the master nark
interpreting our route

that's not possible to say
returned the slinger swaying in the coach
He's so corrupted he believes
the shortest distance between two states
is a straight line
and since he's travelling on roller skates
I'd say he'll be there ahead of time
or immediately there after,
here, take a whiff

****

for man to tell how
human life began
is hard

announcing that the flipside
always comes for those who are ready
as the light snow
casually attracted to the earth
drifted thru the perfumery
of the piñon clad hills
which flash in the frames
thru the window of our journey
and causes the junipers to hurry by.

Poet, me senses
say you have in you
something Low, this morning
fewer stairsteps
support your duel
you stare out the window
at the peasants gathering fuel
Have ya banked your fires
where the fairbanks
of your desires?
In your eyes I see
the under ground

The weather in the winter the poet nodded
is a circulated mound
the great policer of the glaciers
which hunts the land, and
all things there on
And because the soul of man
must always seek a warm tit
he tends to like his summer fine
"Light and Darkness, that's it"
we hear from **Parminedes**, in frag. 9.

so the mind goes forward to
the hoodos, right?
to the site of their theoretical looming
in the glooming
It is the load above
it is the hod-carrier
of the head, love

It is still not snow, Slinger
how deeply you have studied
this lingual springer
of the western Kind
How we came past the metadain
and how the war was begun
and now falls out to Methadon
toward the hodos in the rain
in them hodos under the sunne.....

thus; my celestial
friend
we have it from the
man
on the 9th floor
who has been looking
all over
the milky way for
a mars bar like you,
if
only to confirm his
faith
in the Monte Carlo
procedure
and has declared his
cras hair
at 2 days minus 4
corners
[37° North
109° 3' West

As the sapien who peels
his lupus vulgaris
in the light of the moon
is inferior to the scandian loon
so he is superior to the dude in the
reading room
who can't build a scaffold
without losing his head
and who does not feel
his philosophy when it drops
but has an abstract
of a portable mystery
before which he is harangued
to stay awake
Lest he move his history
into the line of his spine

a curve of such grace
it could serve as a place
from which to go thru

******

Talk with the Trees and
Speak into the Trees and
Get it on with the Trees
They know Earth the best

Stand up in the Trees
They see straight to Heaven
And they have heaved in waves
Their deposits into Earth

The miner has brought up
The madder from their graves

They have made our veins and
They have made the stage
And it is only they
Who have given their flesh
To this thing and
Go now, marry the world
With this ring

may I ask you a question
the dude asked
with his held in the window
and his finger in his mouth

feel free the Lady said

and that's associa-
tional
until you prove you
know how
to go past that
because we haven't
even had
a report yet

continue the Slinger
said

well, the world is absolutely finite
and the cosmos is indefinitely finite
what's that?

a cross between a billiard table
and a sponge cake the Horse whispered
in Lil's pierced ear

you had help!
the dude shouted and Everything
woke up

THE SECRETARY TO PARMINEDES SENDS THE NIGHTLETTER
VIA THE BIPLANE

Report BGX + Quad III [2 D's-4 C's] Earth
for transmission Deep Section
ref. "Position 9"

clear past hours Present time
alient plantations reverse sense
Ee Gee rows B to Z decade 7 Nation
23 terminal disposability skip
simple nullification no hit stop
hit process: unnecessary, pardon
me, to convert strickly frontbrain
equations: Speculation Simulator
nails following probate on pro-
gressive Whoopee curve:
Actual numbers-
Irreversable prefix line
Literal numbers-
Flatrap information teetotter

Working Result:
Identical Built-in "Noose" effects
predicted as in occasions 12&3 of
numbered past [Rept. GX+-2, Works]
We (1st synthetic entity series)
Anticipate (local mistake) absolute
linguatilt surrvey site #1 Timeroof
(jerkwater image) Step-This-Way effect
relative to dislocation: Parallel survey
assures colloquial locks hold against
any method applied outside time: the
line for Literal numbers stable within
Wide Present frame: all present schema
known conform local strands: set
Biolines at gross body motions: radical
conformation curved to survive splitting

.78 interior vectors at "Watch It"
frequency #4: compensate stimulated drift
Continental Slaves by factor 10 sqwares
[stand signal +4] : Linguatilt provides
tonal equivalent for Habit: real numbers
unstable in class 1&2: Expect materialization
at precisely 4 corners

Regards to Everything

i

Secretary to Parminedes

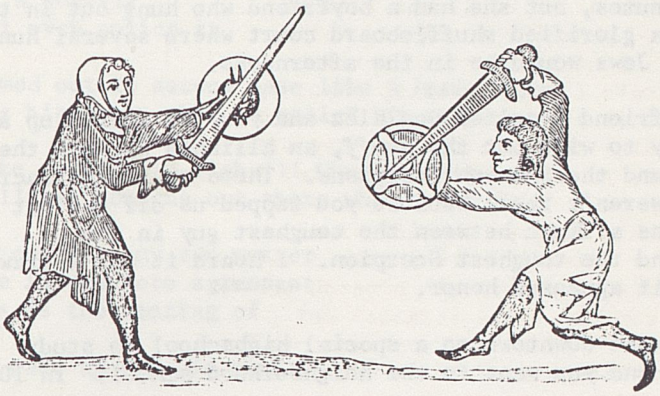
whatdaya make of it, slinger?

make of it?

remember the tumbleweeds that
tumid tuesday we kicked over toes
to the tide, tired and tested
time threw the tissues, told us
tuesday is the tide, tumbleweeds the tide
tissue tied, three eyed and not untried
were the War days
unquestionably the nightletter
derives from I

Buenas dios

*fragment from Book III



CHARLIE VERMONT

for Sassone

In the third grade we were in 3-1 or the first class in the grade for everybody with high IQ.
We were both good punchball players. You played 3rd base because you had a good arm.

Then, somehow according to the school you got stupider while I stayed in the 1 classes (4-1, 5-1, etc.) and you moved to 4-3, 4-4, 5-3, etc.

All of a sudden you were the toughest guy in fifth grade but you didn't pick on people. Once you brought your gang over to help us fight the Irish kids but you accused us of chickening out, which we did.

Then, we were in junior highschool and we only said hello to each other. In the 7th grade you sold me some cherry bombs. In 9th grade, you could have won the Gold Medal for Athletics but on Field Day you refused to win the 100 yard dash, which in the 8th grade you had won by a wide margin. You didn't run. I ran wanting to win! (with no chance)

Then there were the fights over Janis Bowman. They transferred a tough Puerto Rican kid from the southeast Bronx to our school. He was sixteen and had a gang --- that was why he was transferred. In those days principals jumped off roofs because gangs threatened to rape their daughters if they wore tight sweaters.

You and Gonzalez teamed up. Gonzalez developed a crush on Janis who was very dark, pretty and Jewish. He used to meet her on the way to school after taking buses for forty-five minutes, but she had a boyfriend who hung out in the *Shuff*, a glorified shuffleboard court where several hundred teenage Jews would be in the afternoons.

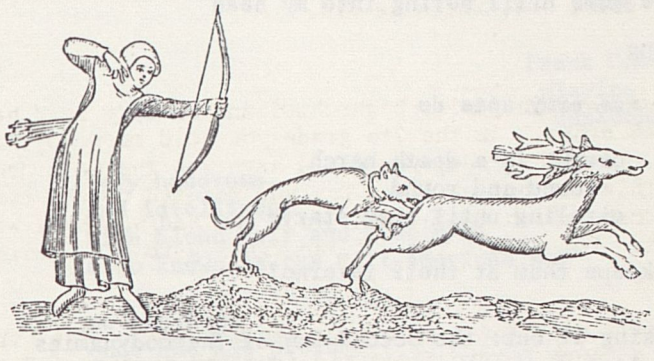
Her boyfriend insulted Gonzalez and you two cooked up a strategy to wipe out the *Shuff*, an alliance between the Saints and the Spanish Scorpions. There was no massacre --- we weren't there because you tipped us off --- but there was a fight between the toughest guy in the *Shuff* and the toughest Scorpion. I heard it was a draw. Anyway it appeased honor.

Then I went downtown to a special highschool to study science and you went to the neighborhood school. In 10th

grade I saw you for the last time on Saturdays when we played in Abe Raskin's touchfootball league at Noble Field. Your team was the toughest and nobody beat it but ours. I remember after the game, one of our guys said something to your girl and you threatened him "You're talking to *my* girl" and the kid started crying because he knew your rep

These days, I try to love and to write poems, and all this, Sassone, is because both of those things are like not winning the Gold Medal for Athletics on purpose.

. . .



. . . .

one day during fielding practice
while I was day-dreaming out in center field
the coach, Dick MacPherson
fungoed a pop-fly
I didn't even notice it

he stormed out to second base like a Mack truck
that was his name, what we called him, Mack

"Now wake up and die right!!! Charlie Vermont
or we'll get someone out there who'll hustle."

and, of course, any zen master
would be in complete agreement
and this is the meaning of

wake up and die right

In the laboratory and in nature,
by some freak, legionary ants be-
cause they move by following the
scent of the ants in front (who
drop back because they cannot
keep up the pace) can end up
marching in a circle, thereby
starving themselves to death.
see J.T. Bonner's
Cells and Societies

Stock-cars roaring
in the starry night
like some drill boring into my head

circling

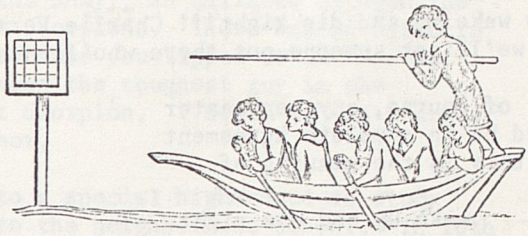
as army ants do

caught in a death march
round and round
circling until they starve

What keeps them at their inferno?

working it out: the Second Law of Thermodynamics

August '69
Kelso, Washington ---
April '71
Bodega Bay, Calif.
where Hitchcock
filmed The Birds.
At the end of the
movie the birds
attack the people.



rising out of the relentless rows of tenements
and layers of bricks
of Parkchester
owned by
the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

one little boy
the golden eagle
of my childhood pantheon

Frank Cohen

among the pigeons, sparrows, and a few robins that were left then

what among these had the soaring grace of an eagle

but

Frank Cohen
playing
basketball

very handsome
and intelligent
with blond hair and blue eyes
also known as the "All-American Boy"

so handsome
once had his picture
the full back page the the New York Daily Mirror
rooting for the Yankees
right-center field bleachers
Yankee Stadium
1957 World Series

Jan. 8, 1971, letter from Richie Helfont, an old friend

"...Jeffrey Ellison is a lawyer (no kids), Steve Liebman is teaching (no kids), Richie Miller is going to law school and teaching (no kids), Eddie Halpern is in a good job and is making something of himself after training German Shepherds in the Air Force. As for Steve Greenhut, I don't know. Jerry Habib is married but he may be out of a job. Frank Cohen is dead of an overdose..."

something else: Frank was adopted and he didn't look like a Jew.

in a note from Charlie Vermont: By the way, I love the Frank Cohen poem but I'm not sure anyone else will. Incredibly sentimental, romantic, etc. but the secret lies in the last 2 lines and the voice of Howard Cosell.

CHARLIE WALSH: HARVARD STADIUM

1. salvation pudding. hunting
through quickly
seeing, to dance with elms
mighty just a walk, is a street a garden?
a certain brick in, out of view
active sewers like sun
charles .a sewer is all the love in the city. ganges

2. sports people, brussel sprouts
in the canyon scope .270
with goodyear blimp, magic tricolored
optic nerve of meter maid. Seeing foot ball
as the lover, make fire in rubbing our pig skin feathers
together voices of fifty thousand humans
honor. humus. humour. humid. humane,
yummy.

3. sour ancestral caves buried metropolis under
live city
sports shouts through the man holes
lovemaking rats,
gods in casual connections

4. CHARGERS EDGE PATS IN CLIFFHANGER
Joe Kapp fades...
all afternoon they got to him (11X)
Kapp looks no one clear the men in front
on the 45, loud, stewed to the gills, in best boston irish
FUCK YOU
Kapp!

5. oak leaves crinkling next to the car
the color of bucks, roped on the back of chevies, south
as cold we head back home to hampton beach & construction in
Lawrence
Who goes to harvard anyway?

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* * * *

CHARLES STEIN: EIGHT POEMS

HUM
WAKE UP
NO AFFECTIONS

TO MAKE
THE WATER
FLOW THROUGH SMALL HOLES

STIFF LEGS IN YOGA
WHAT YOU GO IS
SLOWLY
DROP

BEND ALL THE WAY AND GRAB ANKLES

THEN SIT
AND LET
BREATH
BE WITH ITSELF
SEEK
ROOT
OF IMPULSE

IN SPINE
WAY DOWN

A SLIVER
OF EFFORT

CUTTING THE WARM MIDDLE OCEAN

* * *

THE ANGELS

RECEDE INTO THEIR GENOTYPES

THE DARK EVENING CHANGES

THE SOUND OF THE SOUND

IN THE YARD

* * *

WHAT ARE
THESE OLD TRICKS
UP TO?

YOU RIDE
IN THE MORNING
OUT TO FIND A WOMAN
OPEN
THE DOUBLE LIFE
THE HOLY MIRROR

A MAN CAN WEAR HIS BODY
AS THE TUNIC OF HIS WILL
DIED OCHRE, SAY
AND KNOW WHAT CREEK IN THE FOREST
IT HAS ISSUED FROM

IN THE SPRING
THE SNOWY WOODS
GIVE OUT THEIR TRACES OF ANIMAL HEAT

AND FEED
EACH LIVING CREATURE
HIS OWN FOOD

* * *

Moon
BRIGHT WHITE
STARS OVER
THE GREY AND LEAFLESS
WOODS,

PARTRIDGES AND FOXES,

* * *

GODS,

GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG
ON YOUR MOUNTAIN

CUTTING UP OR PERFORMING
IDEAL VEGETABLE ARIAS

THE LIGHT
STRIKES WATER
IN GREEN SHADE

THE BERRIES
HANG
THE BRANCHES
GO UP THE GREEN
BOUGHS
WAFT

THE HEAVY BREEZES

* * *

ANTLERS BROKEN
BRANCHES BROKEN
BRANCHES BROKEN
OARS

LAKE

SNOW COVER ICE

MOON COVERS NIGHT

* * *

NO PARTS

ONLY THE WHOLE

NOISE OF THE GULLS
AND THE CRANE PLACED
TO WRECK WHAT'S LEFT
OF THE BURNT OUT WAREHOUSE

ONLY THE POEM

THE LINES
ARE INTELLECTUALLY
DISCERNED

THE GULLS
WAVE AND DIVE

THE MEN ON THE DOCKS
WATCH FOR MACKEREL
TO RUSH IN THE DIFFERENTLY
COLORED
WATER OF IN-COMING TIDE

ORDER
IS IN THE 'DIVINE'
DISPLACEMENT OF ALL THINGS

THE CRANE MOUTH
GNASHES
THE EARLIER
LEVELS OF STORAGE

THE BOATS CROSS
THE WATER

OF THE DREAM

* * *

A THING

MADE AGAINST

TIME

THE FIELDS

THAT COME INTO BEING

IN HOPE

AS THE SKY

IS FULL OF FIELDS

THE CLOUDS

MOVE IN MY MIND

BOBBY BYRD: FOUR POEMS

wednesday morning game -- *for douglas merrill*

6 magpies sit
on the top fence rail
watching 1 grey cat.
the 3 of us (eating
2 pancakes each)
watch the 6 magpies
while the 1 cat takes
a running quick shit
among infinite grass.

so be it!

the game ends in a tie.

THE THAW --*the rock above Lost Lake*

In the January sun,
in the chinook, the rock,
the winds, an old Ute
holy place, a place
to watch the sun enter the mountains,
the earth spinning toward night,
the stars, the dawn,
and there is no end --

I sat on my pants, naked
bones and flesh, the blue sky,
making song and prayer
for the light of the sun.
I am not ready for spring.

the light of the moon

tracks of rabbit
two coyote
in the light of
a quarter moon.
we wait for a
child, the birth of
eyes from darkness
the creek is ice
black mountains around us
were born of fire.

MAKING MONEY

Last January the rich man I work for shot a stray cat outside his door with a .22 pistol. It was a poor shot, and the cat, dragging his hind legs through the snow, was able to struggle to the very middle of the frozen river below the house. There the body now lays, untouched by any scavenger -- tracks of coyotes, wing marks of a hawk, others, have scarred the snow around the cat's body: yet, none have eaten of that carrion. That man has pointed out the cat to his friends, saying with humor that it would keep until spring. He was right. There it has been for two months, the suns, the moons, crossing it each day. Three snows have melted from around it. Now the first warm winds of spring blow down from the mountains; the last winter moon wanes; and soon the ice will break, giving the spring river, rising muddy and warm, the blessing of those bones. Nothing has been gained. The man is no animal master, this no sacrificial hunt. Across the river in the fields the crows eat the last of this winter dead.

TERRY STOKES: *PHIL RIZZUTO'S DAUGHTER*

Her name was the same as mine.
I liked him. He was small. The Scooter,
a most valuable player, he could move to the left,
to the right, just as well. Leaping through
the reality of my baseball cards, about as high &
fast as anybody.

I had a hang-up about Italian girls in those days.
I loved her. She was Catholic. & when we played
marriage, it was one hell of a time.
What with cloth over our heads, & she wouldn't
kiss me cause, it wasn't for real, though I followed
the ritual exactly, or as far as she explained it.
It was a lot of giggles for little kids.

Bouncing the rubber ball of the side of the house,
& fielding every impossible play, as the ball
scractched the sky, or shivered in the grass.
I saw myself as big-time. I went on to smoke
at an early age, & couldn't even run around
the field at fifteen. Maybe, the great junk pitcher,
knuckle-balls, screw-balls, & a change-up, when hit,
out of the park. I had control problems. So.
I practised Pepper Martin, it was a gas, spikes high,
Shearing the jersey-socks of the unsuspecting
second baseman. I didn't get on base that often.
& the coach chased me around the high school
parking lot just to watch the smoke pour from my ears.
I got hurt bunting once. He didn't give me much
sweat after that. I saw baseball as fun & games.

The last time I saw Phil Rizzuto's daughter was
in a magazine. It was the only time. She had black
curly hair & smiled a lot.

NEW YORK

	AB	R	H	PO	A
Rizzuto, ss	4	1	2	1	7
Henrich, 1b	3	1	1	10	0
Berra, c	4	0	1	5	0
J. DiMaggio, cf	4	0	1	3	0
Woodling, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Lindell, lf	2	0	1	1	0
Bauer, lf-rf	0	1	0	0	0
Johnson, 3b	4	1	2	0	0
Mapes, rf-cf	3	1	0	3	0
Coleman, 2b	4	0	1	3	1
Raschi, p	3	0	0	1	0
Totals	31	5	9	27	8

a-Walked for Kinder in eighth.

Boston	000 000 003–3
New York	100 000 04x–5

Stan Persky: The Shortstop

A field, maybe late summer, or at least something of the fear of when a season turns, in the bones, that's where you say you have a feeling, there, the trees, we're standing near them, as if we're slanted towards them,

so that standing right where we are is always an effort not to slide off into the trees, the leaves speckle the ground, we're playing baseball, under a very large blue sky, not much going on, there's nobody watching, we're bunched, talking to each other, quietly, near the trees,

this dream comes after many of them, at night, as a spilling over, laying in the dark room, of grinding my teeth together, and little pieces of enamel cracking off, hurting, my mouth, the teeth again and again, or of peeing, getting up now in the night to do that, the white rooms, white halls, and light from various sides, from the building across the way, a lighted dulled rectangle of window, is it about four, someone going to work, has Gladys been up to get the cooking on, a pot of chili, bread,

at Gladys and Cliff's wedding, there were several ministers - a local pastor, and George Stanley's brother, a priest, and then, the other one, a poet, having a poem for the wedding, may you have a shining world, on stairways, he wished them

then I'm in the sheets, Bri's

asleep, I do get up, it makes us awake, it's late in the game,
we're standing by the trees, grouped together, I'm supposed
to be the shortstop, not much has been hit my way and I have
the fear of dropping it, making a mistake, we *are* that way,
then the batter hits it toward me, the ones nearby casually
move away, or I break off from them, I grab it firmly, it's not
a ball though, and the batter is running toward first,
it's so long to throw it,
the green apple, from the trees,
he's going to second, but there are not many of us in the
field,
or they've gone off, the grass is longer than in a real
ballpark,
this meadow, and somehow no one is covering third, I see
what's
going to happen, we haven't given up a run and now this guy
is going to get an in-the-park homer on a dinky infield hit,
I run down to home plate, and he does decide to try for it,
to come in from third, it's thrown to me, he slides, I tag
him,
the hard apple in my hand, I say, he's out, I hold up my
thumb
and closed fist, giving the sign, who'll believe me, there are
no umpires, or there are
there is a slope of ground off the
meadow, through salt grass, leading to a beach, a strip of
sand,
they're in their black suits, standing on it, chatting,
by the sea, like priests, from Gladys' wedding.

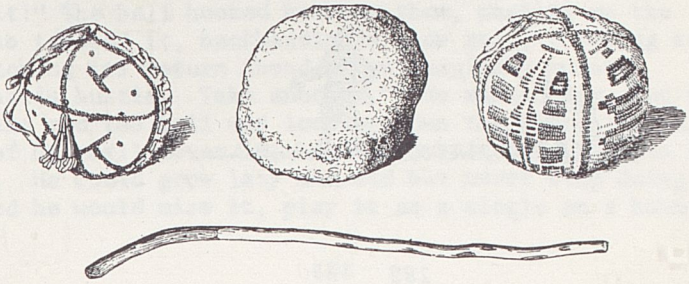
Alex Gildzen

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO AL ROSEN

Taking a respite from weeding I thought I'd drop by Marianne Moore's with a Baby Ruth to discuss the infant season and maybe survey her collection of autographed baseballs. I rode up the triangular elevator thinking of Lemon & Feller Score & Maris Colavito & Harrelson. Seventh floor. I got off wondering if she'd be in remembering "Celebrity costs privacy!" Soon a shuffle an open door the wizened pitcher who immortalized Dodgerdom. She squinted -- then beamed. "Welcome, Clem." She's too gentle for me to guess her secret thoughts: probably something like "I'd like to ding dong that hummingbird ass; always interrupting my count." But I entered again. And it was the same thrill I experience when a rookie scores a blue darter his first time up. I sat next to the stuffed hawk and listened to Miss Moore ennunciate the current averages of her favorites between bites of Baby Ruth. "But it's not like the old times." She sighed glancing toward the portrait of Tom Eliot hanging lopsided on the beige wall. "We had heroes then. Real men who did their stuff without press agents telling us what kind of underwear they wore." I could tell by the melancholy cast of her eyes that my audience was over. I thanked her for her time and she walked me to the door. As I waited for the elevator all I could remember was the scrapbook I kept for two seasons with every clipping that ever appeared about my all-time favo- third baseman. I can't remember what happened to that scrapbook.

Santee Dakota Indian ball-play on the ice, Minnesota; from Schoolcraft.

Santee Dakota Indian ball-play on the prairie, Minnesota; from Schoolcraft.



PHILIP R. ST. CLAIR

1/27/70

At night on a ramp of wood
high-angled in the night air

packt down with snow -- a wond'rous slide
seeming from the moon running to the ice
of the pond across to the low banks

and the choice of the two paths --
the left and the right: turning,
strait.

and the lanternmantle
burning, the white weavings burning

swayed
from the ramp's top lighting the rungs
for those who would climb; would
bellydown on sleds down the ramp
down quickly the wind in the ears
hit the thickness of ice
of the snow on the ice spraying the face
inches from the runners

/here the craft
of choice; of turning the sled gently
to the trails cut in snow how
to take the low bank off the ice
and to stay mounted on the sled
keeping balance on the rims
of waxt steel/

to climb up again again
down the ramp another time

the climb up the ladder with the sled
trailing; the lantern's light
halo in stray hair taken
by the wind

In the last class, watching the sun blown through the open half of the window, hearing in a blur the final provocations of World War I, he had wanted to be on the field with the baseballs and the players; at its end he had hurried down to the lockers, the tan sweat clothes, and finally out to the diamond; stood there, searching the sky for the angle of sun, the line of grass for wind, and pounding his glove impatiently. A long practice was held, and by the time the coach called them in from the dust, he wanted only to be on his way home, half-asleep on the subway, counting stops.

"There will be a game tomorrow. We're playing Poly, and I don't suspect we'll win." He looked around at the people, finally stopped on Pete who would pitch. "We haven't beaten anybody yet this year and they haven't lost, our two best hitters have dental appointments, so I don't figure you'll be the winning pitcher." Pete nodded under his cap. Everyone was silent, and a wave of birds changed trees behind the coach's head. "I'll need some replacements. You - and, I guess, you - go out to center and right and I'll hit some. Dig it now."

He ran out to right, watching his feet as they moved along the grass, digging, like fast and impersonal treads, then slowing into a pose he accepted as himself; he turned about, took a stance toward the coach who balanced the ball in readiness before the fungo bat, waited. The sound stung, and he grabbed it, sailing up, at shoulder level; ran out a stride, threw, held his follow-through dreamily, seeing the smooth parabolic bounce into homeplate, wishing it on the button as it nipped a corner. The coach bellowed approval. Unproven third-string material was showing something. He stood there, thinking about it, while Kit fielded one. He was part of someone else's game, who had always made the players part of his game, playing only as the wild elf, running in the trees, catching flyballs not in competition but as some rite of spring. The coach did not know this. He thought the rightfielder was real, was a player. He was a nonplayer, fielding beautifully, but in a dream, unable to hit, uninterested in winning, obsessively concerned with how the Yankees were doing at that very moment, his portable radio in the dugout. The poor coach. He felt sorry for him. He wished he could be his man. He could not help this fraud.

"Kit!" The ball hooked between them, passing up the alley; he tracked it, backhanding a slow roll, throwing sidearm, watching its return ahead of an imaginary runner.

"That's hustle. Take another." He wanted air, but the crack came and the ball was looping down the line. The magnetism of baseball never let him quit while the ball was in the air. He could grow lazy and old but never stop doing this. It seemed he would miss it, play it as a single on a bounce,

but then his momentum got him nearly to the catch and he lunged, grabbing it, holding it as he slid on two knees. "Good run!" He smiled shyly, went back, and rested in his position while a small wind blew up.

"Kit!" Crack! People were leaving, books under arms, falling, a straight line into 45° of stairs, becoming their torsos, descending, then others.

Crack! It sailed beyond him, but he reached out backhanded beyond him. One summer at camp, one great catch, back to home plate, diving while falling downhill where leftfield sloped off to the marsh, all those years of practice for that one play, that didn't change or make history, his team behind 11-0, but the girls cheered, and he walked, as if real, out of a dream, the physical being known as himself, the baseball player; counselors said they had never seen anything like it, even in the majors. But that was another life; he wasn't born the leftfielder. He didn't come from Oklahoma. Only once in a billion years will the dreamer awake holding the ball he dove for, or will the singer, like Dylan, sing his own song.

The coach hit another, and he went sharply to his left, dove, and had it. The coach was amazed. Where had this boy been! Another. Routine, but straight up into the sky, the blue blue sky, waiting for it to fall. He was standing just in the right place and took it, fired back in. The history teacher adored him; suddenly the coach was taking .....a long look.....at this anonymous student. It would never happen again. Nor should it.

Crack! A routine chance. He put the throw on a line right over the center of home plate.

Crack! The air was getting cool, and already something of not the sun, something of color and glow, was happening in the sky over the classroom buildings.

From a darker blue he judged his next chance, a shoestring catch toward the infield. "Run it in," the coach called out. Then turned to the other boy. "One more, Kit!" Crack! A faint moon, crescent, six o'clock.

"Good playing, both of you. You can have those positions tomorrow. Who knows: maybe we'll lick them."

Years later he would play baseball with poets, artists, even girls, come into his own. But now it was as dry as a desert. Even the history teacher did not understand: this was not history. He was not the golden boy. The game could only be played when the game was abandoned. The final game would be in a cow pasture, without score.

The Poly team warmed up as though they were not going to play baseball, or more precisely as though they were from somewhere where no one played baseball but everyone knew how to play. They were neatly attired: flannel blue; threw hard across the infield, baseballs that cracked the mitt; hardly

ever missed; when they did, backed each other up as though parts of loops they were continually running anyway. They brought their own balls, put them in a thin leather sack when finished.

He, maroon, took the field for practice. In him a jerkiness seemed to take over, the late afternoon itself. The ball began to wobble in air; he had no deeper breath and muscles whined. He pulled it down though it was stronger than he was. Which was all he had to do in a game, keep the ball from falling, from allowing scores. There were no beautiful swans or dreamlike plays. He looked away. A lady on the next field pushed a stroller; two children played beside her, running passes at it, falling away into their own laughter. "Okay!" someone called out.

Pete was taking a sign on the mound, he would make it to the big leagues people thought, the quarterback, the football coach's son; he threw.....missed in the dirt; a brief professional cloud flew away. The coach asked for some life. People began to yell and chatter, telling Pete to do well. He pounded his glove and said something, looking around compulsively to make sure no one heard. The batter hit to center on a line, a double. Inconsequentially he backed up; then the next batter fouled a lot of them, struck out. A lefty followed; hit a weak fly over the first baseman's head, flat against the sky; it was a game; he was unsure, and when it finally bloomed in three dimensions, he let it drop into the grass before him, grabbed the bounce, threw to second, then walked back to where he had marked his position. The first clump of dandelions. Then three dandelions. About there.

He came to bat, wearing a helmet; struck out, four fast balls: three strikes and one of them low and outside. His next time up the ball came at him, and he fell, spitting his own cold water into the dust his body threw off; he got up slowly and placed himself at the very edge of the batter's box.

"That's the way to loosen him up, Chip!"

More like a dream than a dream. Dreams were real. Even the Yankees were real.

He hid in the stance of himself at the plate, swung lightly and it went back to the mound; he ran, but only to beat a double-play, his own size whizzing so unlike the speed of the ball, its whine, cracking into the glove just as he got there.

At camp once the counselor told them all a story about young men getting shot in the army during peacetime. It happened in practice when they slung real bullets over their heads while they crawled along beneath the fire, a line of men, on their knees, other men aimed and shooting, bullets bouncing around the scenery, on trees and rocks, like an arcade, the deep grass..... The army would apologize, but the

guys who shot the bullets were the same, the guys who dodged the bullets. As one man passed over a rattler, jumped up, was hit all over. The line crawled over him, their hands in his blood. The lady or the tiger?

While watching the orange soda man wheel across other fields, six runs making it nine to nothing for Poly, and still only one out, he became thirsty: that white cart filled with moist sweet orange containers, back and forth outside the baselines, outside the game. He chased a foul ball, picking it up way across the other diamond to where it had rolled; he had even thought they might win, before the game, that he might catch a few; he stood there, kicking stones, jogging to back up on fly balls and grounders. Finally the inning ended and they sat by the backstop, the guys chewing on long grass, talking of home and the weekend, Saturday night, cars. Saturday night would be black, cool, and have stars. He kicked at the grass, and went up to bat. The coach grumbled at the players to show some life, to quit talking about cars and follow the game. "You're getting your asses whipped; at least you could care!" He was innocent, if only of that; he lived in the City, had no car no girl. If only of that. He loved baseball, but he loved the Yankees more. The coach stood there, solemn, having them for players. He took practice swings, rhythmically moved the bat between strikes, and then was struck out to end the inning.

They scored four more times, and he paced the field thinking only of water, running his tongue through streams and orange groves, the backstop becoming dizzy and unreal, a pasted blue mountain skyline forming, somehow, snowy peaks, lemonade peaks; he tasted nectar sun and cold ocean on his back; he felt himself rolling in the freshly-mowed grass, minute rivers in each blade. And then they were running (the last three outs) to the end of the park where a little house sat faraway looking like mythical gingerbread. They passed between flocks of men, the runners encircling the limits of the field, passing into and out of games. He ran along the sidewalk, passing children roller-skating, women on benches, the noise of his spikes clicking, the baseball player. "You three better make it back before the inning ends; I don't care if you don't get anything to drink."

He reached the fountain first; pressed the button, and the water dropped onto the sun on the dry stone, turning it wet, to water, the quartz pebbles in cement, becoming with lips, sucked in, swallowed into the thing, taken again until his eyes were only on that stone, its drain stopped with leaves and the cold going along his tongue into his mouth.

He stopped, turned around and looked to the City, which he saw as its first buildings in the haze the subway el entered as a vanishing point. He looked into the other direction, hills beginning, turntabling a highway toward the country. Nearby was the diamond he was playing on; the trackmen

were on the other side of the field, moving slowly as the outer planets move, the woman and the stroller even more slowly as they moved through her aspect, the score twelve to one. He imagined an hour and a half till he would be on those tracks, half asleep into beginning homework on the train; so he put his head down and began to jog.

1965

Missouri. In the summers during the war years.

Mr. Meredith volunteered to manage the Episcopal team when the church softball league was started. He would make a fast team, he said, a team that would move. He coached from third and his face got red and he yelled hoarsely cheering and giving signals to his boys. When he shuffled his feet: take, when his hands were on his hips: hit and when he spat in the dust, steal.

Run! His gimlet eyes praised fleet feet, strong legs and trim bodies. When he signalled the steal his eyes shot sparks. Palo slid hard into second, hooking the bag, safe! Mr. Meredith clapped his hands and savagely shouted, hit! hit! hit!

But they didn't win. And at the end of the first season finished next to last.

The following summer Bozo walked around in left field and watched Mr. Meredith; Bozo was rubbing his hand in his glove and hitting; watching Mr. Meredith sitting on the bench. Bozo saw Marjorie Meredith in the stands; pretty. She was with her gang. He saw Pamela there too. Ah, Pamela. They laughed and cheered and giggled, and groaned. Marjorie's father was coach. Bozo looked in at him. He was afraid of him.

Bozo drew a walk, Mr. Meredith spat in the dust and a moment later Bozo was sitting on the basepath, out. Mr. Meredith's face reddened, his gimlet eyes squeezed, he stepped forward jabbing the air like a fighter, right and left fists hitting air, "I said run!" he cried. Bozo walked off the diamond and sat on the bench. The girls giggled and made little bleats.

During the next practice Mr. Meredith made Bozo run bases; the team stood on the sidelines of the empty field and watched Bozo run from home to first, from first to second, from second to third and from third sliding clumsily into home. Mr. Meredith said do it again. Again. "Do it again, Bozante," and afterwards again, "again!" Bozo stumbled around second and lay down at shortstop. Mr. Meredith knelt beside him, "now get up, you bozo, I'm going to make you run." Mr. Meredith pulled Bozo up. "Take third and go into home - RUN!" he yelled.

Bozo ran to third. He rounded third and started towards home with panic in his heart. Mr. Meredith crouched at shortstop, his face crimson, screaming, "Run! Run!" Bozo slid into home and got up and dusted his pants, walked to the bench, picked up his glove and walked off the field with his head lowered, fist pressed in his glove.

The rest of the team stood in uneasy silence. Mr. Meredith jabbed the air twice, "Practice over!"

"You promised."
"I can't."
"Why."

"I can't tell you."
"Bozo?"
He looked at his mother. She said, "You gave your word."

Bozo walked across town to help rake leaves at the Meredith's.
The other kids weren't there.
The yard was empty and already raked; heaps of leaves lay in even rows. Bozo stood at the foot of the front walk. Mr. Meredith was standing in the yard watching him. "Come on over here, Bozante."

"How old are you?"
"Fifteen."
Mr. Meredith smiled. "Hi, Bozo," He laughed sour breath, Bozo turned his head, Mr. Meredith grabbed Bozo's jaw and turned Bozo's head back and said, "Time you learned how to fight."
Bozo lowered his eyes, "I'm afraid of you."
Mr. Meredith hit him lightly in the stomach, Bozo bent over and Mr. Meredith pulled him up, "I could'ave made you bozo you do the loop the loop."
Bozo flushed. Mr. Meredith crouched suddenly and hit Bozo in the chest. He hit Bozo again, and he hit him again, he followed Bozo's stumbling body across the lawn, striking and angrily whispering, "Fight me! Fight!" Then Mr. Meredith stopped and turned.
Mrs. Meredith was in the doorway. She spoke to her husband.
Mr. Meredith went slowly to her. She said to Bozo, "We're sorry, Bo dear, you can go home now."
Mrs. Meredith held the door while her husband passed in front of her, head down. She followed him in and the door closed. Bozo stood on the grass, looking at the closed door. He did not know what to think except that he was afraid of the man; he feared what was in the man, but most of all he feared the process of his own waking, a melancholy forecast.

P.K.Singleton's boy Royal played shortstop from the beginning. Royal was good, not as good as Palo, but Palo was tops. Palo was always there first of all, laughing and dancing around on top.
Royal's stocky build, shyness and wan handsomeness gave him style.
In the summer of 1947 Royal's father became manager.
P.K. was a medium sized man with unruly brown hair he had trouble keeping in place, he tried frantically, but except for those times, he watched his team quietly as from a distance. There was P.K.: in athletic sneakers, sweat pants and sweat shirt with a pull string. It was P.K. who asked Reverand House to get uniforms for the boys.
There hadn't been any before. White T shirts had been handed out, with EPISCOPAL printed across like summer camp. Khakis or overalls and sneakers had completed the uniform. P.K. ordered

glossy blue silk caps, light red T shirts with a big black E over the heart and numbers on the backs. The pants were lightweight, light red with zipper flies. There wasn't enough fund money for socks and shoes.

At the beginning of that summer, practice began with P.K. calling everyone by number. The team moved around shouting and playing pepper, hitting, shagging flies and taking grounders. Then they gathered around P.K. and he briefed them.

"Boys, here's the way I see it." P.K. fought his hair, cleared his throat and gave everybody the eye. "The first thing that makes any team click is spirit. Team spirit. If you don't have team spirit everything falls apart. Reverand House will back that up, right, Reverand?"

Reverand House smiled and nodded.

"This is a great game," P.K. went on, "and to win we've got to play hard and keep our minds on what we're doing. If we make an error we grit our teeth and don't make that error again. We work together. We all work for the team."

"12, when you get a fly out in left, what do you do when there's one man out and a man on second?"

Bozo shifted feet. "Well, I throw to third, or to Royal."

"6," Royal said.

"6 - 6 comes out and I get it to him, otherwise I get it into - " Bozo walked among the laughing team, himself grinning and looking for Harry Bodley's back - "7."

Well, the following week everyone was everyone again without numbers, and by the second game everyone - except Royal - showed without uniforms, wearing their old T shirts with the faded letters EPISCOPAL across the front.

It was a night game; arc lights shone down on the coach with his hand on his son's shoulder.

"Now son..." Royal had the bat in his right hand; they were halfway to the plate. Conroy was on third, one out, it was the bottom of the fifth. Saint Peter's was ahead four to nothing. "Just wait for it - don't get over-anxious. We want a hit, boy. We want that run!"

Royal nodded. He drew a walk.

Robin Kater went to bat and struck out, Royal was picked off first as he faked a go towards second, the inning was over and Conroy was left on third, Saint Peter's went on to win, another shut out, another three hitter, and they settled more firmly in first place.

"What happened, son?"

"I wanted - I expected Conroy to break from third - "

"We're not talking about Conroy, son, we're talking about you. I don't think you were thinking."

"Father, Conroy didn't move. I broke with Robin's swing. Conroy just stood there - I should have gone to second but when Robin struck out, I hesitated and headed back to first - "

"You wanted to help, is that it?" P.K. paused. "Next time

think, son. Think of the rest, not just what you could have done. If you had stayed close to first, we might have done some damage."

"Robin can't hit, Father, and neither can Phelan or Bozo."

There was a pause.

"What does that mean?" P.K. asked.

"It was up to me. But Conroy didn't move, I had automatically thought it was up to me, then - I couldn't stand there - "

"Son - you took a chance you drew the throw and you were put out."

Royal nodded. "If I would have made it back to first, what would you have said to Conroy? Robin struck out and Conroy stood there!"

Mother was across the room in her chair, inspecting buttons on a shirt. P.K. and Royal were on the sofa.

"Father, may I use the car tomorrow night?"

"We'll see. Why don't you run up to bed."

Royal stood up. "Yes, father."

He kissed his mother goodnight and went up the steps and into his room. He undressed, put on pajamas and got in bed and turned on his bedlamp. He read from The Razor's Edge until he fell asleep.

Carden backhanded the grounder and flipped it to Royal. Royal snatched it, crossed the bag for one and whipped it to Marvin on first for two and they came in, tossing their gloves on the grass. It was another night game.

"Son?"

"Yes?"

Bozo was pretending to select a bat while Deerfield teased him. The stands were crowded. Bozo's mother was talking with Reverand House; Mrs. House and daughter Joan were watching Bozo walk to the plate. Joan watched him, and her left eye slowly closed. "Nerves," she mused.

Bozo was in the batter's box and Deerfield yelled, "You gonna invent a new way to strike out?"

"Questions deserve answers!" Bozo cried. "The chips are down!"

Hearing laughter and anxious yells, Royal looked at the infield, Bozo was on second base, laughing, clapping his hands and bowing and tipping an invisible hat. Deerfield was at bat. Nobody out. They were behind seven to one. Amusement trickled through the stands. The Methodist bench was laughing and shouting at Bozo, and on the grass beyond first base, on the outer edge of the arc-lights Negro boys laughed and rolled backwards and yelled, "Bo! Bo!" Deerfield topped a sucker pitch between first and second, the Methodist second baseman made a wrong choice too late, the throw to third was low and Bozo was safe, and Deerfield was grinning on first base.

"Did you hear that?"

"What."

"What P.K. said to Royal. Look at him."

Bill Marvin struck out and Franklin walked; Royal, ashen pale, was at bat with the bases full and one away. Harlan Davison was on deck. P.K. walked back and forth in front of the bench, ran his hands through his hair, sat down and stood up, Palo was coaching loudly from third.

Everybody's Uncle Curtis, the assistant minister, had brought his Brownie box camera to the game, and when Royal swung and missed the first pitch the photograph froze the strike for a scrapbook memory because nothing else happened; they lost it by that score.

She looked at Royal. He lay beside her on the grass, in the sunshine on Art Hill. They had been to the Saint Louis Art Museum.

"You're watching me" he smiled.

"No I'm not," she said she grinned, "yes, I am."

He was silent, looking into the sky. Then he stood up, helped her to her feet; they walked down the hill towards the Impressionistic lagoon, where colorful boats moved slowly in distance.

"I'd like to take you for a drive," Royal began, but a high pitched feminine giggle flew up in his throat, cracked and stuck until he was gasping-"but my father, doesn't like the way I cross second base, as I throw to first - 'there is the method of left and right feet,' he said which through lack of thought, I have confused, result, the use of his Chevrolet is verboten -"

Harlan Davison was a big sullen kid with blond hair. It was the summer of 1943, and at 13 Harlan had the offhand quality of great sluggers in small towns.

Mr. Davison was a big chested man with soft hair and flat eyes. He walked gracefully with a swing.

Mr. Davison sat in the empty stands watching practice. His feet were up on the plank below, elbows on the plank behind supporting him. His tie spread over his chest, his chin squared against his chest. His sleeves were rolled and brown sharkskin trousers bagged above black silk socks and dusty brown plain toe shoes. His snap brim hat and sport coat hung from a limb on a nearby tree.

"Listen to the coach, kid."

Toward the end of the first summer the Baptists had a new pitcher named Kellon, who pitched in a different way.

The Baptist manager was talking with the woman from the local newspaper, they walked over to Mr. Meredith with the score-sheet, shook hands and noted opposing lineups.

"We've got a new boy on the team. Marty Kellon. He'll be pitching."

"O.K." Mr. Meredith said, taking the name. "Got it."

They smiled luck and parted. Kellon delivered the first pitch, a circular, windmill delivery, "Illegal!" Palo cried.

The umpire and the newspaper woman and both managers held a conference making the pitch legal and Mr. Meredith gathered his team around him.

"Let 'em have the pitch. When I rub my hands together it means bunt. You know the rest - Harlan."

"Yeah."

"Can you hit him?"

Harlan shrugged.

In the first four innings Kellon walked five but struck out ten. Nobody knew how to bunt. Harlan didn't get the bat off his shoulder. The fireballing windmilling Kellon and his Baptist team won six nothing.

Mr. Meredith taught them how to bunt at the next practice, Palo tried pitching with the new delivery and because Mr. Meredith asked him, Mr. Davison helped coach.

Two weeks later Saint Peter's had two pitchers better than Kellon and at season's end took league honors.

One cold spring Saturday morning Bozo went over to see Harlan. Bozo walked between patches of snow, and when he got to Harlan's house, he stopped at the end of the fence and hid behind a snow covered bush.

Mr. Davison breathed vapor. He stood on the snow spotted dead grass in his shirtsleeves with a ball in his hand. Harlan shivered against the side of the house, bat in his hands. Mr. Davison began to pitch to him overhand, Harlan swinging to chop the ball on the ground. The ball smacked the house when he missed. His face was drawn and his blue eyes gazed at his father.

Bozo walked, was sacrificed to second and watched the next hitter fly out. Harlan ambled to the plate. Bozo came off the bag and yelled to Harlan.

Harlan stepped out of the batter's box and looked at second base. Bozo clapped his hands and yelled, "Easy, Harlan! Meet it!"

Harlan stepped in, "Easy!" Bozo cried.

The Presbyterian pitcher threw the ball and intuitive Bozo broke towards third, Harlan moved and then seemed to pause, he swung easily yet the whip of the bat moving levelly toward the ball - starting Harlan racing to first seemed to hold, and then release the hit, and Harlan, pounding down the base path towards first as his hit soared high over shortstop, and as Bozo was around third Harlan leaned around first, Bozo went in to score and Harlan took a wide turn at second and swung into third on a slant towards home, the team had risen shouting from the bench, the Presbyterian left fielder was still chasing the ball as the team gathered around the plate cheering and yelling and laughing and calling to Harlan, "Harlan! Harlan!" Bozo ran down the baseline beside Harlan, "I knew you would!" he cried, "I

knew it!" as Harlan glanced into the stands, before being swept up by the arms of his team at home plate.

After the dance he walked her home. They stood on her porch. She smiled and in the moonlight they looked in each other's eyes. They stood apart, looking into each other's eyes. Her eyes were dreamy and her figure seemed to float, but behind her eyes he saw a distant look, and he looked deeper, and yet deeper, deeper and deeper, he was drawn forward through her gaze, he was moving toward her, feeling her begin to beckon to him, "Bozo," she whispered, and he paused sensing danger.

Mr. Constant watched from the doorway.

"Bozo," Pamela whispered.

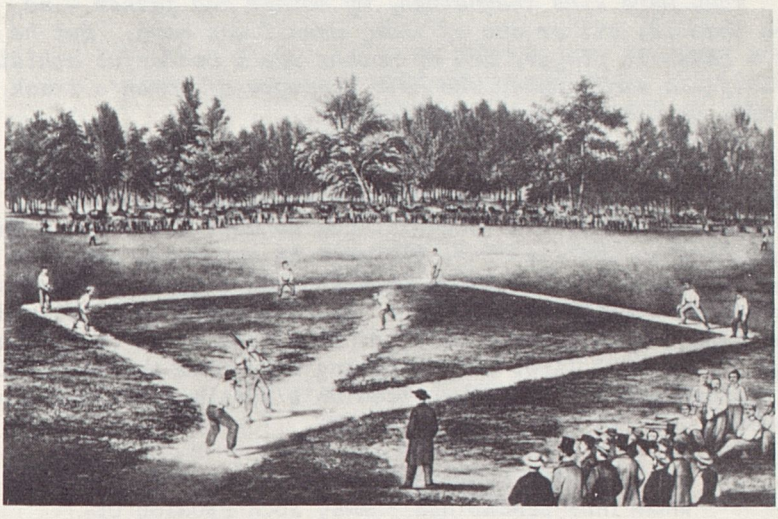
He took her face in his hands and kissed her.

"PAMELA!" Mr. Constant yelled, and charged, but Bozo laughed softly, murmured goodbye, and ran down the driveway.

Away! Away with the treasure of Pamela's lips! Pamela! He ran along the street - the thrill of her!

Pamela! Pamela! King Bozo! He now walked fast, her eyes, her soft, lovely, floating face, her darling voice, warning him, Bozo - his mind reeled, and alarm! had been in her secret wish - oh Pamela! Pamela! his heart cried, and Me! Me!

Provincetown, Mass. Winter, 1959



Championship Match at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, New Jersey, 1865.

I remember
what I think nobody else remembers. . :
the way the clouds were against the sky . . .
. . . they were no longer white
but ribbed with gray too,
and you had the feeling that
if you could reach high enough
you could
get the gray out of there.

Still, for the greatest day ever for Willie Howard Mays, you have to go all the way back to his rookie season in 1951. That was the year the Giants made their miraculous comeback in the last six weeks of the season to tie the Dodgers, who had led by 13½ games in mid-August . . .

And the one play that may have turned around the whole year for both teams came on August 15. The Giants' streak had just about started - four in a row - and they were playing Brooklyn at the Polo Grounds. It was a 1 - 1 ball game, eighth inning, one out, Billy Cox on third, Ralph Branca on first and Carl Furillo up. In the stands there were 21,007 fidgety fans.

I lived with my Aunt Sarah and her family. I was born, May 6, 1931, not in Fairfield but in a nearby place with almost the same name - Westfield - but the marriage of my father and my mother didn't last much more than a year after that, and then I went to live at Aunt Sarah's house in Fairfield.

They were kids themselves, my mother and father - no more than 18, either one of them, when I was born. But he was a baseball player, and my mother was a wonderful athlete herself - a star runner who held a couple of women's track records in that part of the country . . .

Furillo hit a fly ball into right center field. Mays, playing over in left-center for the notorious pull-hitting Furillo, had to come a long distance to make the catch. Make it he did, on the dead run, gloved hand extended, and that was the second out. But Cox on third had tagged up and was heading home with the lead run. And Cox could run like a deer. When Mays caught the fly ball, running full speed toward the right field foul line, he was moving away from the play. If he stopped dead and threw, he couldn't possibly get any zip on the ball . . .

. . . STRAIGHTWAY HE DREW ALL EYES UPON HIMSELF,
WHEN THEY BEHELD HIS FRAME, SUCH PROMISE OF
GREAT DEEDS WAS THERE.

. . . So he improvised. He caught the ball, planted his left foot and pivoted away from the plate . . .

What I did, thought, was catch the ball and kind of let its force in my glove help spin me completely around.

. . . so that he threw like a discus thrower . . .

THE ART OF THROWING FROM A CIRCLE 8FT. 2½IN. IN DIAMETER TO THE GREATEST DISTANCE, AND SO THAT IT FALLS WITHIN A 90° SECTOR MARKED ON THE GROUND, AN IMPLEMENT WEIGHING 8LB. 6.4OZ. KNOWN AS A DISCUS. THE SPORT WAS COMMON IN THE DAYS OF HOMER, WHO MENTIONS IT REPEATEDLY. IT FORMED PART OF THE PENTATHLON, OR QUINTUPLE GAMES, IN THE ANCIENT OLYMPIC GAMES . . .

Fans in the bleachers must have wondered what in the world their boy was doing.

. . . THE DISCUS MUST BE SLUNG OUT AND NOT REALLY THROWN AT ALL; THE ATHLETE'S DIFFICULTY LIES IN CONTROLLING AN IMPLEMENT WHICH CAN BE RETAINED UNDER AND AGAINST THE HAND AND WRIST ONLY BY CENTRIFUGAL FORCE AND SUCH SLIGHT PRESSURE AS THE TIPS OF THE FINGERS ARE ABLE TO EXERT.

AT ONCE, THEN, CONFIDENT IN HIS
POWERS HE MEASURES, NOT THE ROUGH
ACRES OF THE PLAIN, BUT THE SKY'S
EXPANSE WITH HIS RIGHT ARM, AND
WITH EITHER KNEE BENT EARTHWARD HE
GATHERS UP HIS STRENGTH AND WHIRLS

THE DISK ABOVE HIM AND HIDES IT
IN THE CLOUDS.

One time, outside of a flower store, I saw an emblem of this guy with wings that said you could send flowers by wire. And when the wind blew on the overhead utility lines and made the wires sing, I'd always think to myself that must be flowers going through the wires, somebody sending them to somebody else . . .

* * *

. . . WHAT POWER HAS MAN AGAINST THE GODS?

* * *

PREPARATORY TO MAKING A THROW THE ATHLETE HOLDS THE DISCUS IN THE RIGHT (BEST) HAND SO THAT THE EDGE RESTS AGAINST THE JOINTS OF THE FINGERS NEAREST TO THE TIPS. HE TAKES UP HIS POSITION IN THE REAR HALF OF AN 8FT. 2½IN. CIRCLE WITH THE FEET ABOUT 18IN. APART AND HIS LEFT SIDE TURNED IN THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE THROW IS TO BE MADE. THE DISCUS IS SWUNG UP ABOVE THE HEAD, WHERE IT IS MET AND SUPPORTED BY THE FINGERS OF THE LEFT HAND. THE RIGHT ARM NEXT SWINGS BACK UNTIL IT REACHES A POINT BEHIND AND HIGHER THAN THE RIGHT SHOULDER. FROM THIS POSITION, AFTER TWO OR THREE PRELIMINARY SWINGS HAVE BEEN MADE AND THE RIGHT HAND IS AT ITS HIGHEST POINT, THE ATHLETE COMMENCES A 1¼ TURN IN A KIND OF DANCING TIME WITH THE RIGHT ARM HANGING LOOSELY DOWN. THE FIRST PIVOTAL MOVEMENT IS UPON THE LEFT FOOT; WHEN A HALF TURN HAS BEEN MADE THE WEIGHT IS TRANSFERRED TO THE RIGHT FOOT, UPON WHICH THE TURNING MOVEMENT CONTINUES. AS THE LEFT FOOT AGAIN TAKES THE GROUND, AT THE FRONT EDGE OF THE CIRCLE, THE RIGHT LEG BEGINS TO PUSH THE BODY FORWARD

AND THERE IS A VIOLENT TURN OF THE RIGHT SHOULDER, BUT THE ARM IS STILL KEPT TRAILING BEHIND AND THE ACTUAL THROWING MOVEMENT DOES NOT COMMENCE UNTIL THE RIGHT ARM IS WELL OFF THE RIGHT SHOULDER. THE LEFT LEG FORMS A POINT OF RESISTANCE AS THE THROW IS MADE AND THE DISCUS DEPARTS THROUGH THE AIR MOUNTING UPWARDS . . .

But Willie, making a complete whirling pivot on the dead run, cut loose with a tremendous peg . . .

. . . AND HOLDING IT ALOFT SUMMONS UP THE STRENGTH OF HIS UNYIELDING SIDE AND VIGOROUS ARMS, AND FLINGS IT WITH A MIGHTY WHIRL, SPRINGING FORWARD AFTER IT HIMSELF. WITH A TERRIFIC BOUND THE QUOIT FLIES THROUGH THE EMPTY AIR, AND EVEN IN ITS FLIGHT REMEMBERS THE HAND THAT FLUNG IT AND KEEPS IT TO ITS DUE PATH, NOR ATTAINS A DOUBTFUL OR A NEIGHBORING GOAL . . .

The throw came to the plate as a bullet and Whitey Lockman, the cut-off man . . .

(. . . the good Lord willin' and the creeks don't rise . . .)

. . . let it go through and Wes Westrum, the catcher, caught it belt-high and slapped a tag on a desperately sliding Cox. For a long time . . . the stands were silent, not quite certain they had seen right. Then they exploded when they realized Mays had turned a certain run into a miracle inning-ending double play.

. . . AND MAKES TREMBLE THE GREEN BUTTRESSES AND SHADY HEIGHTS OF THE THEATER . . .

* * *

Eddie Brannick: The finest play I ever saw.
Charlie Dressen: He'll have to do it again before I'll believe it.
Carl Furillo: The play is impossible. And that's that.

* * *

THE BOX SCORE

BROOKLYN (N.)

	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	A.
Furillo, rf.	4	0	1	5	0	
Reese, ss.	4	1	1	1	2	
Snider, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	
Pafko, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	
Campan'la, c.	3	0	1	5	0	
Hodges, 1b.	3	0	0	8	0	
Cox, 3b.	3	0	2	1	1	
Ter'l'ger,2b.	2	0	0	1	3	
Robinson, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	
Branca, p.	3	0	1	0	2	
Totals	31	1	6	24	8	

NEW YORK (N.)

	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	A.
Stanky, 2b	3	0	1	1	3	
Dark, ss.	4	1	1	1	1	
Mueller, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	
Irvin, lf.	3	0	1	2	0	
Lockman, 1b.	3	0	0	10	0	
Mays, cf.	3	1	1	3	1	
Thomson, 3b.	3	0	0	1	3	
Westrum, c.	3	1	1	7	1	
Hearn, p.	3	0	0	0	2	
Totals	28	3	5	27	11	

BROOKLYN	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	-	1
NEW YORK	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	x	-	3

Runs Batted in - Irvin, Campanella, Westrum 2.

Two-base hit - Dark. Home run - Westrum. Double plays - Branca, Reese and Hodges; Mays and Westrum. Left on bases - Brooklyn 3, New York 2. Bases on balls - Off Branca 1. Struck out - By Branca 5, Hearn 5. Wild pitch - Hearn. Balk - Hearn. Winning pitcher - Hearn (11 - 7). Losing pitcher - Branca (10 - 4). Umpires - Warneke, Goetz, Jorda and Dascoli. Time of game - 2:10. Attendence - 21,007.

* * *

Dr. Uhley: According to the texbooks every human being has a kind of layer of fat on his back . . .

Willie: So?

Dr. Uhley: *So?*

Willie: I mean, what's the problem?

Dr. Uhley: The problem is you don't have any fat.

Willie: I thought you said everybody does.

Dr. Uhley: I didn't say everybody does. The book says everybody does. Up till now, the book's been right.

Willie: Well, if I don't have the fat, what do I have?

Dr. Uhley: Willie, all you've got for a back is one continuous muscle.

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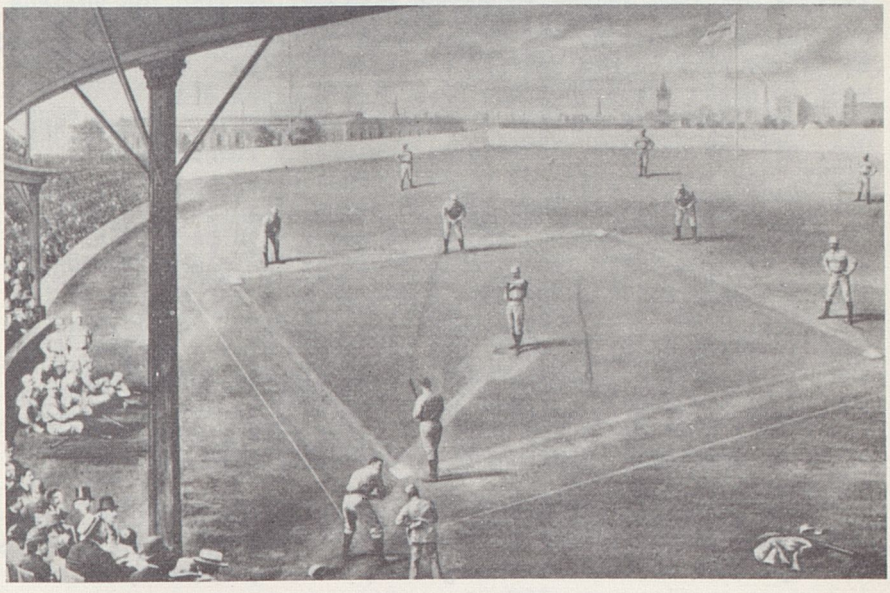


John A. Ward, of the New York Giants, ready to bat against John Clarkson, of the "Beaneaters," in 1888.

George Kimball

Years ago - only a few years ago, actually, but still years before the miracle year of 1967 and years before it became chic to root for the Red Sox - the centerfield bleachers at Fenway were traditionally the habitat of the most die-hard of Sox afficianados. If the bleacherites weren't the most knowledgeable fans, they were close to it, and they were certainly the most faithful. I suspect I was exposed to more genuine baseball lore, more understandings of the subtleties and stratagems of the game, and perhaps most importantly, more sheer love for the sport by sitting exclusively in the bleachers from boyhood through my early twenties than I've encountered in any reserved seat press box since.

This, of course, was back in the days when the Red Sox were drawing so poorly that they had to schedule night games around the Hatch Shell concerts in the summer and when a gate of 20,000 on Opening Day was considered spectacular. But from April through September the coterie in center field retained a fidelity unmatched anywhere else in the American League. And while the businessmen who bought season tickets might sit next to someone in an adjacent box all season long and never exchange six words, there were people out there who'd been friends for twenty-five years yet never seen each other outside Fenway Park.

There were the beaten old men who looked like they'd just panhandled the 50 cent admission price, the retired gentlemen with their transistor radios and the truck drivers who took their shirts off on hot summer days. There were two old ladies from Dorchester, both named Mary, who attended the afternoon games as faithfully as they attended Mass. They left home early in the morning, bringing their Official Big League Scorebook along to church, and after lunch in Kenmore Square, showed up at the park before batting practice started. They never went to night games, but the Boys from Chelsea did.

The Boys from Chelsea - three of them, Felix, Vinny, and Joe, all cab drivers, I believe, invariably turned up at night, and two or three of their friends often made it - were inveterate gamblers. They came to games weighted down with 50 cent rolls of pennies, and would wager with each other and anyone else on every conceivable facet of the game, from whether the next batter would get a hit (3 to 1 for Mantle or Williams; 6 to 1 for most pitchers) to an error on the next play (usually about 25 to 1, but you could always haggle) to the possibility of Casey Stengel being ejected during the course of the game. (If you got a bet down at the prevailing 7 1/2 to 1 odds on Jackie Jensen hitting into a double play at every available opportunity, you usually made out over the course of a season.)

And there was Fat Howie. Fat Howie was on speaking terms with every centerfielder in the league. He'd sit right next to the rope (the section in straightaway center, directly in the

batter's line of vision, *always* used to be roped off; since the space is needed now, the seets are painted green and customers are allowed to sit there, provided they wear dark clothing) and carry on a running dialogue. Howie would lean over the wall between innings and yell out to Bob Allison: *"Hey, Bob, what's happening in Cleveland?"* (The scoreboard on the left field wall can't be seen from the bleachers in center.) And Allison would check the score and holler back: *"4 to 2 Indians, Howie."* Howie was always there, day or night. I don't know what he did for a living; maybe he took his summers off.

And, of course, there was the gang I hung out with in college. We'd usually catch about 20 or 30 games a year, always going in a group of four or five and always with a case of beer. Back then there was no hassle about bringing your own beer into the bleachers; everyone did it, and probably would still be able to except for one particularly raucous occasion in the spring of 1964 when the bleachers were invaded by a few hundred Friday night beer drinkers posing as baseball fans.

Along about the sixth inning they were very drunk and very angry. The Red Sox were being humiliated by the lowly Kansas City Athletics (commonly referred to at the time as the "Kansas City Faggots," since they wore bright gold suits with green trim, long before mod uniforms became fashionable), and someone heaved an empty beer can in the direction of Jose Tartabull, the A's centerfielder. An umpire ran out to retrieve it, and was greeted by a fusillade of beer cans. This brought the park police out on the field, and the shelling exploded for real. One cop was cold-cocked by a beer can - a full one - and the barrage continued for about ten minutes, abating not because the park announcer warned that the umpires were threatening to forfeit the game, but only because the assholes ran out of ammunition. After that they started checking you out for beer when you came through the gate, and - at 55 cents a cup - the price of drinking went up considerably in center field.

***

Besides me, there were 34,516 other paying customers there last week. I hadn't been to an opener at Fenway for seven years, though I caught a couple at Shea Stadium and K.C. Municipal. I looked around for Howie and the two Mary's, but I didn't see them. I suspect they'd be pretty uncomfortable out there these days anyway; the bleachers last Tuesday were packed with a crowd that would've been indistinguishable from the occupants of the cheap seats at the Fillmore East: freaks sporting Mao buttons, long-haired college kids, high school hippies, and even teenyboppers, with bells, beads, and blemishes.

Initially, anyway, that was relieving. For several years now I've found myself trembling whenever the National Anthem is

played at sporting events, not out of patriotic sentiment but of fear that some flag-crazed lunatic sitting in back of me will be overcome by his emotions and seize the opportunity to bludgeon me from behind with his souvenir Louisville Slugger. Since the first ball on Opening Day was thrown out by a Vietnam veteran, a former POW, the new crowd did thus provide at least a reassuring measure of collective security during the pre-game ceremonies, helping to compensate for the nostalgic loss of old ambience.

On the very first play of the game, Yastrzemski made an incredible diving, sliding catch by the left field line off Horace Clarke's bat, rolled over and held the glove aloft. Now in the old days Jimmy Doyle from East Boston would've been yelling *"Atta boy, Carl Baby"* in his booming foghorn voice, a voice so loud that even in the middle of 35,000 fans Yaz would've heard him. But the ovation from the bleachers was only polite applause by comparison. *"That was a pretty nice catch,"* commented one of the kids behind me.

Ray Culp retired the Yankees 1-2-3 in the first, but despite two hits the Sox' half of the first was scarcely more auspicious. Luis Aparicio led off with a smash over third base, which Jerry Kenney backhanded with a superb stab observed by everyone in Fenway Park except Aparicio and first base coach Don Lenhardt, who waved Luis around toward second - directly into a rundown. Reggie Smith followed with another single but, after Yaz flied out, Reggie, the team's top base thief, was thrown out trying to steal second.

The Yankees went down in order in each of the next two innings. As the Sox trotted off the field after the third, one of the kids behind me turned to his companion and breathlessly uttered: *"He's pitching a no-hitter!"*

Now, according to every sacred tradition of the game's etiquette, this is something which is *never* mentioned aloud - particularly after only three innings have been played. I was on the verge of turning around and instructing him on the point when his friend smugly added: "He's pitching a *perfect game*."

Fat Howie would have thrown them both over the wall.

I sat seething as the Red Sox went down 1-2-3 again, and then decided that it was time to make a beer run. "My turn," I said, and after entrusting my scorecard to the guy sitting next to me, began making my way down the aisle. I paused at the top of the runway just in time to see Thurman Munson chop a slow-roller to the third-base side of the mound.

A pitcher fleeter afoot would have handled it with ease; Sox pitching coach Harvey Haddix, about 50 now, could *still* have eaten it alive. Culp himself could probably have made the play three times out of four, but as he lumbered off the mound he not only overran the ball but momentarily blocked out Petrocelli racing in from third. Rico barehanded the

ball and whipped it to first in one motion, but too late to catch Munson. An infield single; the Yankees had their first hit, and I knew exactly where the blame lay. *"Smart-ass punks!"* I shook my fist at them as I descended the stairs.

I returned with the beer to find Reggie Smith on second with a double and Yastrzemski coming to bat. Taking my scorecard back, I matter-of-factly threw out *"Here comes the first run of the season!"*, which would've immediately been covered at 7 to 2 by Felix or Vinny. There was no response to the challenge here, though, and naturally Yaz responded with a run-scoring double.

Between innings the guy who'd been keeping my scorecard wanted to know what the funny little illegibly-scrawled notes in the margin were all about. I briefly considered a number of spectacular fabrications, but finally admitted that I wrote for the *Phoenix* and planned to do a story of some sort about Opening Day.

Oh *yeah?"* He eyed me strangely. "If you're a sportswriter why the fuck are you sittin' *here*," he gestured toward the press box. "Instead of up there?" The fact of the matter was that the Red Sox had declined to provide the paper with press tickets, but for some reason I mumbled that I liked it better in the bleachers. At one time that would've been true; today it made me twice a liar.

The middle innings were largely uneventful, except for Duane Josephson knocking Kenney squarely on his ass while breaking up a double play, and the fact that somebody nearby produced a hash pipe. Since the hash was still being circulated when the time came, the people next to me remained sitting through the seventh inning stretch, yet another tradition shot to hell. We did come up with another run in the seventh anyway. Following two singles, a sacrifice, and an intentional walk to pinchhitter Joe Lahoud, Culp hit a sure double-play ball to short, but John Kennedy, running for Lahoud, bowled over Clarke at second, knocking the ball away and allowing the run to score.

New York led off the eighth with their second and third hits. After an error and two putouts, the bases were loaded, two out, when Clarke stroked a base hit to right apparently certain to score two runs, but Josephson perfectly blocked the plate long enough to get Smith's throw to home and somehow the tying run was out at the plate. *"Perfect throw,"* approved one of the morons behind me. Of course it was *not* a perfect throw; it bounced three times and Scott almost cut it off and the runner had it beaten by at least ten feet had Josephson not had his body in the way.

The Sox scored their third run the way they are supposed to be scored: Yaz singled, went to third on a single by Rico, and came home on Scott's sacrifice fly. Unspectacular, but it is the sort of thing that games are won by. Just as I'd called Josephson a "mediocre catcher" in print that morning - he

came through with three hits and that key play at the plate that afternoon - I also picked the Sox to finish second behind Baltimore. One game does not a season make, but I'm looking forward to having reason to revise both assessments. I'm also looking for a new place to sit.

Fans sneaking into the Boston American League park on September 3, 1903.

Pittsburgh at Boston, October 3, 1903, the first game of the modern World Series.

people I was standing before audiences reading my own poems to people suddenly found when Bones turned up sitting in lotus position on the floor reading my poem to me saw my poem not a car anymore not a car voyage but of course it is a car voyage too because thats to be included and who is to ever deny the superficial surface value of the words in the sense that the poem was literally about a car was my whole intention to write about a car moving across the plain of the desert of the void city of my America to the freedom of what I thought was the capturing of the American way by the under standing that the void is existing and that there is no stopping as those were the last two words of the poem went on supposedly in the ultimate whiteness of the imagination of every visible reader to find upon hearing it read to me the scattered chaos of the black typography on the white paper except for two constellation pages in which the white typography appeared on black paper now was reversed in my mind as Bob was dealing it out and Nan was working on some flute playing Krishna music through the afternoon of the island now suddenly appeared to me my poem and the whole drive of the poem to some happening or other which may or may not happen and the drive through El Aye through the interchange where the final words no stopping implied the movement was indeed my movement movement I made just a few months before we piled into the rented car from El Aye to carry it across the country stopping at Zion National stopping in Nebraska and the endless ride through wheat fields across Nebraska and through Chicago to that great exchange moves from Chicago to New York and into New York and then for a few days to the boat goodbye mama goodbye papa see ya soon and then going back in that return immigrant way to the basic childhood not merely of myself which has appeared already and will appear again but to the basic childhood of the world which is what I mean by the essential devolution which had to do with returning to the Bronx Paris everywhere in Paris the sense of Bronx of the old repressions the sense of the old magnitudes were really minimitudes the sense of going south and further south to southern country heading toward was it Israel really I intended to go to finally I've asked myself seventy-two times I've asked myself was that it that I that I should have gone to Israel would I where I would have been accepted taken into because whos not taken into Israel now and what happened was that I was not that was not fated to go the whole way had to stop at that island because that is where the stopping was I mean the no stopping of my poem was to lead to island experience and the great turn around the yod turn around the star turn around the circle turn around the clock were goin all the way back were goin all the way back well get on the autobus route Sud get on the road from Dover to Canterbury to London were gonna get on that boat and get on that plane

were gonna get back and go right back through the interchange completely interchanged meaning Im being reminded of the real meaning of Auchswitz she says ah we Hitler but cannot comprehend its true significance brought home to us at Orly airport when Charlot and Robaire leave the cinema after the opening scene of Nuit et Broulliard commenting on the ease with which an ordinary village can become a concentration camp and then ten years later be a forgotten village again some marks mean more than others can you see the exposure meter no you cant the meter of the spotmatic is invisibly incorporated highly sensitive and completely integral it reads your exposure through the taking lens from your subjects image in focus on the viewing screen what is a catalyst and how does it work

catalysts are one of the great problem children of modern research as any scientist and a good many laymen know catalysts promote chemical reactions without themselves being consumed but most of the time we dont really know how they work

in todays high speed world the gas industry thinks of tomorrow retzina on the rocks splashing the rain the rain

does it ever stop raining on this Goddamn island Eaton was I always when I get together with old friends old baseball friends someone I might have run across when I was uh a kid who lived down the street as Marty downstairs boarder from Tangiers born and raised only three years from now around the corner on Elder Avenue in fact right next to the uh little liquor store where my father used to go for his medicine all the time Marty knows baseball quite well and us uhh we had been chewing over some old memories and uh he doesnt like that very much because hes not very interested in the Jew hes very interested in being unable to get out of uh while hes getting out into the oneness of the general strike for peace that is going in certain folk fuck and cool to tough circles all over the essential powerridden globe that were sitting in and on all the time I said to him I said uhh do you know who Zeb Eaton was Detroit Tigers 1945 and he said Zeb Eaton no and I said Zeb Eaton was the most fantastic uhhh unknown star in the history of the Detroit Tigers uhh the story goes somewhat like this on a Sunday afternoon in midJune it was uhhh the Yankees were to play the Tigers very crucial game it was a doubleheader and the first game was not sure of getting started because the rain had come a kind of soft drizzle over the uhh entire New York area and uh it was one of those hang up days where one didnt know the game was gonna come off or not and the umpire stood at the dugout uh looking out talking and the radio announcer uhhh uh was uhh talking within the talking that Im talking now uh telling people mmm good old Mel Allen it was uh uh hoped the game would go on and the game did go on it started and I was very sad because I wanted to go but my father didnt want me to go taking the crosstown trolley on a rainy day and then he didnt feel like going because it was a lousy day and he didnt want me to go

and I felt lousy and was lying with my ear to the carpet uh above the floor looking into to the face of the old brown zenith Smitty black woman come and clean on Tuesday in the Jewish household and there umm and there I heard an incredible story Id uh hardly known who Zeb Eaton was as it turned out he was a relief pitcher sitting way out in left field where the Tigers sat in the bullpen I used to slip my birthday cards to Hal Newhauser and Dizzy Trout and Stubby Overmier underneath say to George Castor feeling lousy about saying to George Castor because why shouldn't George Castor who has a nice curve ball also get a birthday card but his birthday was after the season was over uhh so I couldnt rightly give him a birthday card on say for example Hal Newhausers birthday uhh which was May 30th but I would give him uhh like slip him the card saying hey George would you mind taking that uh taking that ghastly shot because the words hey George do you mind taking that remind me of my old life I mean uh upsy doodle doodle doo which is right out of me old man hey George would you do that I mean hey George would you do that for me take take the card over to uh Hal because its his birthday now today after the game and uh and and he would do it because they uh I guess they like to do those things just like I like to do them except I felt lousy about uh about asking them to do a favor I I never like really people to do me favors that kind of way and uh I dont like to ask people for things that kind of way and at any rate Zeb Eaton was called in from the bullpen in the fifth inning was the crucial fifth because it appeared the rain was really gonna come down was coming down heavier and that the game would not be able to go further than the top of the fifth but as you know I said to Marty you know of course after four and a half innings a game is a legal game thus Detroit could have gotten one more game up and I and as I recall that would put them into first place and um Hank Borowy who was the star pitcher for the Tigers was pitching that day and he was doing well but the bases were loaded the Yanks were leading by three runs and it was out of the old miracle books you know they called in Zeb Eaton and I sat there saying who the hell is Zeb Eaton I mean I sit here saying who the hell is Zeb Eaton I didnt say that at the time because the reconstruction exactly is of course impossible uh with any degree of ultimate believability whenever were going back to the past we cannot actually do it because that can only be a fictional fabrication of our actual experience I could sit here saying to you I lay on the he lay on the floor not I lay on the floor but he lay on the floor because the he would be in the certain objective sense Jackie he lay on the floor his ear to the red carpet when he heard Zeb Eaton announced Jackie looked up and said Zeb Eaton who is he and then checked with the scorecard he always carried around with him in his back pocket when he wasnt down the street uhh throwing uh imaginary lobs at trees and windows or at sewers which he would make home plate imagine catchers and uhh one after another uh AAron Robinson for example would be there even though Jackie was a Detroit pitcher hed be pitching to Aaron Robinson who later on as a matter of fact three years later did become for a short time the catcher for the Detroit Tigers and there would be short-stops in back of him he would have whole teams that he would throw lobs screw

balls curve balls and on a Sunday his father would come down but hed always be the catcher then his father would throw real balls at a real mitt there wasnt that imaginary kind of thing where hed get up and swing one of them his mothers broomsticks at uhh an imaginary ball now there would be an imaginary pitcher throwing imaginary knucklers or eefus pitches and hed swing and thered be home runs and that was kind of cool that was kind of nice Zeb Eaton then afterwards became incorporated into the whole thing in fact a whole hero because Zeb was

Zeb got on came across the grass and he couldnt even find him in his scorebook but later on uhh the next time the Tigers were in went all the way out to the stadium and there was Zeb Eaton and he said hey Zeb that was a great shot you pulled with the Yankees that was tremendous that really did it look how far were ahead now but that was then what happened now rather was that he came in with the bases loaded this relief pitcher who it was rather strange because relief pitchers dont usually bat for a man but he must have had something on the ball otherwise why would Steve O'Neill have called him in of course anyway the first pitch he belted it the second furthest home run ever hit at Yankee Stadium into the upper left field deck that is there have been home runs hit longer out in center field or even into the bleachers but the furthest the second furthest home run hit into the left field deck the first being of course Jimmy Foxxs which would have gone out of the part as Eatons would have gone out of the part of course too if the ramp up there hadnt stopped it you know I dont know where that story went in Marty

I dont know if he remembers it he smokes a lot of hash also so I dont know really where that story went certainly it must have gone in and it went into the air and maybe it just dissipated in the air in fact that the whole thing thats been bugging me for a long while now not a long while but since I began to attain this certain clarity of mind which I think is to like to look at objects not speak very much like today uhh I looked for a few minutes at an Essooilcan strange to think of it here in London but I had no thoughts about the Essooilcan there was no interpretations I was just looking at the Essooilcan and then on the tube downtown looked for a good long while at the green narrow thin door

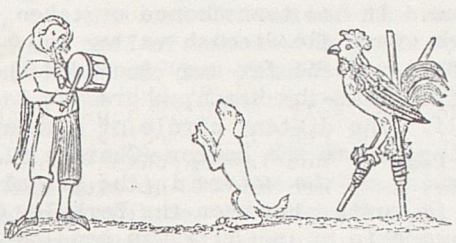
which connected our car from the next from the next one the one further up front umm and I looked looked at that dull green wasnt a bright or a kelly green was a dull green door with a window in it and some words about emergency etcetera on it and I wasnt thinking anymore and I and then when I did think I thought this is what people must do

when they dont want to look at someone whom they think is strangling them even though they know they are strangling themselves and the car of the tube is hot as hell and they just reach out with their eyearms for anything thats cool doesnt have a place of sense of strangulation which

might be ones own thought of course as it is in my case something outside ones self and perhaps it might be that I will one day attain the recircular return which means that I will fully and clearly not lay anything upon my wife outside my body uhh that is see her eat with her sleep with her

go to the movies with her walk through the park with her and be in my own skin as she is in her own skin in what is

called the miracle marriage of the century because I know we never see another for what he or she is completely uhhh I know this for a certain fact I know it because sometimes Im sure Im seeing her but even as Im sure Im sure Im not seeing her at the same time since after all she is very much an illusion to me its like saying that Im seeing Brenda Marshall you see or seeing Carole Landis or seeing uhh Pier Angeli or seeing Jeanne Moreau and I see indeed those four at various spots along the way through her so that I cannot possibly see her for what she is nor can I now perceive that she could ever have said that she perceived me for what I am though thats what she told me for all of those years she used to say uh what she never says now uh I see you for what you are and there were a whole lot of fucking curses after that and now she doesn't say it anymore so I assume that she doesnt not see me for what I am because as it is said in the Tao he who is silent knows you son of a bitch Ill get you before this is over mark my words certain though I am that everyone is right in the perception that its been her who has been changed and I who have had no change at all I mean Im essentially the same blabbermouthed entertainer always falling into the funk in terms of the world except that I cant convince anybody now I too am changed even though my change is like I would say for the worse uhh in terms of where I was then even though I understand that where I was then was in a sense to be a child I know that this change which is for the worse will make me a better man as for the sex of course there was sex how else could there be anything except and because of the sex sex that was always hard driving Im a man of certain creative bents and Ive always felt that there was a relation between sex and composing I mean composing poems and always felt there was a relation between sex and alcohol when I got uh very drunk in those old days before the old days of the island which are now my new days in sadness I used to find myself uh flung out uh didnt know where I was crazy with alcohol sex crazy centaur in the night of Irish uhhh and that didnt stop really when I began to go to grass with myself so to speak the sex instinct still there very strong except now more pleasurable and slow we make it uh quietly together take off your clothes uhhh come here and there would be little idols of incense and fetish blooms in the room where I entered with her and she too enjoyed no less the pleasure of rich bodiness that was ones selfs more apart and not so thrown and flung like dice upon the other uhhh and still and all there was the dice of chance uh behind the drive to make her do what I had done



Robert Duncan: Glimpses of the Last Day

[*from Chapter 11 of THE H.D. BOOK*]

May 25, 1961. Thursday.

In the West some intense fire burned red in the evening. Fires were scattered over the landscape, descending suddenly as if cages or caps of flame had been clamped down from another realm above over men where they were, working in the fields or on their way home, or as if footsteps of angelic orders, fateful and yet oblivious of the individual, had burst into flame. At random the incendiary blows fell and yet with a purpose everywhere to charge the world with the realization of its last day. Just here, and then just here, blows shook the earth, fires broke out, and men swarmed to recover the ground.

The landscape was out of Bosch's *Temptation of Saint Anthony* or Brueghel's *Dulle Grist*, a countryside with fields and hamlets laid waste by war or by industry and mining. For I have never seen a city under fire, but, hitchhiking thru West Virginia and Pennsylvania, I have seen such desolate and wrathful landscapes at night where man's devastating work has raised great mountains of slag and left great pits in the earth, burning wastes and befouled rivers that appear an earthly Hell. In the dream, the visitation is, like those actual landscapes, a just rendering of some desire of man's fulfilled. One of the afterthoughts of the dream was that this Last Day had to do with all men's coming into one reality out of the ... *unreal*, I called it in the dream, when I was conferring with the Doctor at the spring. It would be many things for many men, but for all at last, not just for men in Europe and in Asia but for America too, there would be the fires, the laying waste. It was *"the lightning shattered earth / and splintered sky"* of the poem I have kept as my text [the War Trilogy of H.D.], the *"zrr-hiss"* of *Tribute to the Angels*.

*

The scene of the Flemish apocalyptic paintings was a pervasive reference. It had transformed or taken over the locus of San Francisco where the Flemish valley lay between Twin Peaks and the Bay, and the far-away incandescence glared out of darkness of Playland-at-the-Beach, where the Pacific now meant the Abyss Itself. The distant circle of burnings was the horizon. The spring, where the Doctor (Charles Olson) and I met to work the drawing of the waters in the primal direction, was in the East -- it would have been the Berkeley hills. But here, the reference to my own city was gone (as likewise there

was no reference to Olson's Gloucester). The Place of the Spring was in the high mountains. Yet even as I wrote this, the sense of high mountains seems wrong. I saw the mist-cloud realm of Ibsen's Professor Rubek and Irene in *When We Dead Awaken* as I saw those heights long ago reading the play, and then another high place from Ibsen's *Little Eyolf*. For a second I almost heard Allmer's *"Upwards -- towards the peaks. Towards the stars. And towards the great silence."* Then, replacing the idea of high mountains, I see as I write here that the Place of the Spring was a cleft of the Mother Earth between low-lying hills.

The Doctor was certainly Olson, but that certainty did not belong to my first recognition in the dream. The important thing at first was that he was Jewish, not the Messiah but that other beneficent power --the hidden rabbi, the Zaddik. So I told myself in the dream he is Einstein, he knows the numbers of the cosmos. He may have been Freud -- Freud, the new Master over Love in H.D. 's life, but also Freud the Master of dreams. But Freud did not occur to me in the dream itself. No, I thought, it is not Einstein, it's Charles. As I saw it was Charles -- it was in his glance, how those familiar eyes beamed with the thought of our task together at the spring.

As, early in the dream, there had been another poet I knew. The youthful master of the incandescence was Robin Blaser. He existed on two levels or in two orders. In one, as a fellow fire-fighter in that early stage where all of us men sometimes courageously battled the fires that sprang up, sometimes cowered in panic, he told me of his own dream concerning that incandescence. It was as he told me of it that I first saw that disk of fire. And then, thru his telling, thru his dream within my dream I saw another Robin. *Redbreast* I thought when I woke from the dream and tried to figure *Who Killed Cock Robin?* Suggestions of an old rite seemed hidden in the dream figures. Along this line of half-waking digression, I was led by that other haunting nursery rime, *The Hunting of the Wren. "We will go to the wood, says Robin to Bobbin."* There may have been some distant periphery where the Wren boys made their rounds in the dream. The Robin of the dream may have been Robin Hood, a person in the life drama, like the Child in childhood or the Man in manhood. There was too, ever ready in my post-Freudian associations, "red Breast" and "cock robbing or rubbing". But the fact of the dream or vision remains, for the disk was not of fire or flame or destruction, but was a pool of heat and light that drew all of us men out of our selves into its incandescence. The Robin of my dream was the fire-man I saw long ago in the seance at Woodstock before the War [1940].

So there was the other pun: *Blazer*. The white that was also red-hot, that burned, that was-to-burn, something of me into a radiance, was a blaze, a blazon or sign or seal of God, as a pure intensity. Robin Blaser was a shepherd of this place

or seal. The incandescence may have been the Fleece then. He was the tender. Now it comes to me that within this radius, this blazon was a spot that flares up, the tender spot as well as the threatening spot.

*

I was afraid, I told him. As if there were some great pain or agony in the blaze, and yet knowing there was no pain, no agony -- only radiance. Robin's dream made a bridge between the Last Day (my dream time) and the Blazon (his dream place) where it seemed I went to try the fear I had, for I did in the dream anticipate my burning up in the heat to a black clinker, my entering the light.

*

Yet, with this vision of what was at last, of lasting things, there remained the works of the last days. As Robin tended the region of the incandescence, but also related his dreaming of that place, so I had my work to do. I was among men fighting the fires that sprang up bewilderingly where the steps fell. I was terrified, as they were, cowering and praying in the dream that these strokes pass over my head.

Then came the breakthrough of astral forms, a streaming down into this landscape, where Bosch's vision and my own San Francisco were already mingled, of another world, a coming together of universes. Giants and monsters, phantasms of Norse and Greek gods from storybooks of childhood, images of past eras, Paleozoic and Mesozoic, fell, as if poured out of their imaginary being into this one time and one world. It was the sign in the dream whereby I knew what must be done. I had known from the beginning and told those about me that we were in the Last Days -- in the Glory, then. Now the change came.

"The astral worlds have fallen down," I told those about me. "We must redirect the spring" or "we must *draw* the springs in the first direction" or "the right direction".

The Doctor came into the picture then. We went together or we met at the spring to draw forth the waters once more. I told him about the fall of the giant orders in the world. "How can the unreal have as much effect as the real?" I asked.

He was Einstein, Doctor of the Cosmos, and then Olson. Where I see now the cover of Olson's *O'Ryan* with the giant Orion drawn in his stars by Jess. The falling of the astral worlds may be, then, the falling of the sky, where giant stars and dwarves, monstrous constellations and regents of the planets, stream down in the collapse of time. Here, the Doctor and I must restore the Milky Way, the spring of stars that is our mothering universe.

The Doctor had a key to the old science of the spring. I had to find the lock, but now it seems that I draw the waters

forth by the physical magnetism of a shaman, witching, pulling the invisible reins of the stream with my hands.

"You who are nearest to me," I said to the Doctor,"are unreal." I could see through him -- through his form -- yet just then he seemed most dear. A sentence of Heraclitus come to mind now which had been a theme in Olson's San Francisco evenings in 1957: *"Man is most estranged from that which is most familiar."*

The Doctor belonged to a supernatural order. At this moment of estrangement, there was a more powerful return. It was here that his eyes, most of Charles's, beamed upon me, that I saw Charles in the Doctor or thru the Doctor, at once my superior and my companion in the work at the springs.

The champion clubs of their respective States in the above list may be said to be the Stars of Syracuse, Chelsea of Brooklyn—metropolitan champions—Fall River of Fall River, Buckeye of Columbus, the St. Louis Reds, the Olympics of Paterson, the Tecumseh of Canada, the Ætna of Detroit, the New Haven of New Haven, the Allegheny of Pittsburgh, the Centennial of San Francisco, the Rhode Island of Providence, Standard of Wheeling, Indianapolis and Memphis Clubs.

Richard Grossinger: from The Continents

THE GAME

It is late in the afternoon and the hot sun has cooled. Bob is standing in the lawn throwing baseballs against his apartment building. He greets us, and we walk over to the tennis courts. Lindy has her books: I bring the balls and bats. No one is playing, and we lay out a new stickball field. The old field, with its overhanging elms dropping the ball into the street for hits, is gone. Here we make a field using the different courts as singles and doubles, and the marked areas beyond them: triples and home runs. We wind a newspaper thru the fence for a strike zone and begin to play. The day is hot and Lindy sits in the shade by the picnic table and reads, Yates on astral magic, Charles Williams, and no one can throw strikes, and all the hits are triples and in the weeds, and the tennis players come. We take the bats and balls and gloves and go down the hill onto the big field, mowed, with baseball backstops and century old trees, modern apartment houses all around, late afternoon rock and roll and voices.

Now we are using a hardball, and against the dugout and scoreboard are doubles, triples one bounce over the fence, and home runs, over. I hit first. The sun is bright, and Bob shields his eyes to field. I loft some doubles over his head, then a single. Lindy comes down the hill and sits in the greater distance, under an elm, further than anyone can hit and in the opposite direction. She lies down and takes up her reading again. Bob misjudges a line drive, one bounce and over the fence: a triple. Now the ball is in the parking lot, and he must walk all the way around the fence to retrieve it. I fall back into the grass and lie there for a time. There is Lindy, upside down thru the grass and far away. I imagine she can hear me and call her name. A breeze has started and is blowing in the other direction, the illusion that my words blow back over my head and are shattered.

And earlier I was telling Bob, thru baseball, of the Qabbala, how certain scholars claimed that the word of God, the *Bible* was to be taken literally; the Qabbalists: yes, the *Bible* is the word of God, but how do we use, make use of such a word? how do we know what it is saying? It's not just a book you pick up in the library and read thru for the facts and the author's point of view, like a culture history of the California Indians. It is *the* Book, God's voice speaking what the world is; every passage is an incredible knowledge. If this is the Word, how do we hear it? What matter if this world is paradise when we are blind. What matter if the truth

is written here and we only think we know how to read.

The Qabbalists agree that the *Bible* and *Talmud* are the Word of God, and the white spaces between the words are the Word, the the blank between the lines is also written by God. The words themselves are limited to history, a feeble culture history at that, but between the lines the world exists before creation, before translation into the common tongue. This is the *Bible* written by God before language was transformed into history, name into species and population, before Atom or Adam impregnated the pig-woman, and her children filled the earth with the extended speech of Biblical pages; the Qabbalists are the literalists, and the literal *Bible* is an invisible world we cannot find on the carefully-scanned pages; the Qabbalists return to the literal word, for in the beginning was the Word, which is the Word they seek. The Qabbala, which is rewritten from the *Bible* each generation, and not the *Bible*, which merely contains it, is God's word; for there is no lazy way to loll in the summer sun and gaze on the daisies, the wind over water. It is not literal that way. We can't be happy staring at an unread text. We must penetrate, and in penetration, what is called work, or the work, running at full speed, a gate, a gasp opens, and the literal world lies revealed just behind the blindness of the literalists. There is no lazy way to play the game, or read the book, for the words are written just so, and mathematical operations like gematria must be applied to every word and every two words. We must find the hidden passages and the secret of their generation, for this is the way God made the world, leading always with matter, piling matter on matter by mathematical operation, by occlusion and occultism: in that this is history and each step historically occludes the previous; each motion is the tailend of what it is, and begins a new word. This is the way plants grow, the embryo hidden in the ripe fruit, the ancestors hidden in serial homologies, each step of the homology reached by a different law. Sex is built into matter, and matter divides and changes sexually. Nothing is done before we are turned on; until then we just lie around. And we cannot merely look at the flowers and be blessed and happy; we must read the division by which they come, the seasonal operation that goes into them, every time a cell divides, the yellow leaves bursting from last year's evergreen, the ferns swelling sexually with sori, jellies pumped from the field into the honeysuckle, the odor and color drawing the bee who weaves a new text, also literal, scattering by accident, in his wings, the seeds, the letters of the alphabet, from which next year's crop grows. This is not an easy text, nor is there a way in for old ladies with God's Word in their hands, a ten cent pamphlet of prophecies. The holy land lies behind the shins, or in their agitation, as Brownian or rainy, behind the leaves and flowers and the break of the branches, there the text begins. Bob thinks it is like the Sunday batting averages in the paper,

cumulative with games played Friday night, history rolled onto these tablets and condensed. It is a game, but it is serious, it is not just a game.

I lie there in the grass smelling where it bleeds from cutting, and watching as Lindy rolls over to a better position, carrying the weighty babe in its last weeks in her, "Lindy, Lindy," and rolls still in the shade not hearing me, and a new breeze. We are inseparable, I think in the mind's eye, and she is here.

Bob comes running back and heaves the ball in. But I have lost the rhythm and don't get another hit in my round, go out to the field with a two-nothing lead. The ball drops out of the blue sky again and again; I catch it and throw it back in. The wind grows, and now the trees are louder than the music and the clouds come on; the backs of the leaves turn, waves of white thru the green, and each single tree I look at is part of the roar but no single tree is it alone, as the single waves of the ocean. I am exhilarated in the breeze and run to backhand ground balls, an infielder holding off singles, an outfielder snatching flies in the webbing. I think, this is my body, I am in it, this is what I do, what I know how to do, it is here that it is happening, right now, not before or after, and whatever it is it will never happen again.

I am thinking of Castaneda, and Don Juan, the Yaqui shaman; the first time Castaneda takes Mescalito he awakes to find himself a human being after all, after all this time, it is too much and he cries. But I think a thousand times a second, I am human, and remember a thousand other seconds, like now remembering the night before climbing into the bathtub. How strange it is that this is my body, and this is the planet where I came, where I am, of all planets and places, and this is where I am now fooled into taking a bath. As I run for the ball, the two of them come back together, bath and running, human and making the catch.

It is all given to us; I mean, this is America, and Castaneda must know by now that it is all given to us because nothing is given to us, and everything that we can't use is here, making it unduly easy, and what we need is available at no price, making it unduly hard. Though in any case it is hard. And then I wonder, how do I know that, how do I know anything without an ally?, or is Lindy my ally?; can a girl be an ally? as smoke is for Don Juan.

I bat again and score one more run. As Bob chases the ball, I try to make Lindy look by hitting two bats together, but she is too far. Now I am thinking for her as an ally. But the banging of the bats is perverse, a complusive undercurrent, like pulling up a plant too young.

I go back out to the field and the wind is terrific; I am totally distracted, the whole warm day, and warm days, and their build-up of leaves and clouds being blown apart almost faster than I can hear or see. I am almost happy; I am almost

guilty. What matter if this is an alien planet, and this ring around me, these trees, this city, to be smashed like glass to fragments and my body left for vultures. This is my body; this is where I am now. I wonder thru brain if there is other inside me than brain, merely using it as an instrument, a song to think thru. It is an old game, from childhood, of trying to imagine self apart from body, and seeing if it can be found. Brain is complex and compulsive, with a huge backlog of references, like brambles, hard to paw thru. I look around and the ring is made of letters, appearing in the coats of trees; the ring is made of glass and the glass ball is about to be smashed, the sun broken, the yolk loose in space, and here we still are playing in the wind, in the now. When I can see thru, I am still here.

Probably because I have always tried to imagine myself like this, apart from body, is why I never hit much, Ted Williams would be against this, Don Juan would too. But there is this other thing: talking about inside points as though they were outside, how much better than Jung, who does just the opposite; when who can tell, best to assume we are on a planet rather than that we came from one. Or better to live on a flowering field than in the collective unconscious among archetypes. Better to learn the parts of the flower than the parts of the angel, for the latter will come thru the former if it must, but it will never happen the other way. This is why the Qabbalists are revolutionists, and make of the world their own book.

Don Juan talks about her, Mescalito, and her way with people, how she will frolic with some and is fearsome with others; he talks about being a crow, about how one gains an ally; Devil's Weed is an ally; smoke is. Castaneda, being who he is, tries to draw that line between inside and outside, as if he were distinguishing between the Jungian, on the one hand, and the shaman, on whom the Jungian parasites. Castaneda wants to know if Don Juan is really a crow and no longer a human being. But, if we are Jungians, we can see that the crow is a place in the unconscious where Don Juan goes to "crow," or it is part of our racial memory and genetic plasticity to be a crow. Combining Jung with Ferenczi we find a human phylogenetic memory where all forms of plasm lie to be shaped by the head. And in the Jungian system our only ally is Psyche, the lost and deserted princess of Grimm, who is really deserted by the entrance of her lover into the World, a world she cannot enter with him, so abandoned in the castle, letting down her long hair. At other times Jung calls her Proserphine, doomed to the Underworld for having tasted one pomegranate seed there, the lost female of the male, the lost angelic component of the soul: thereby the angels and the allies, those who give us knowledge that we could never otherwise have, but knowledge which can be brought into the world only by ourselves, power that, in the end, can be exerted only thru our bodies, what we

now are. Leary would say that Don Juan is using the natural and familiar order, made up of plants, and spots on the porch, and burning mushrooms, to mark out an internal world in which we cannot find our way (the world that is brought on by drugs heightening the awareness we have of our inner cellular and molecular and atomic processes). We impose the known on the unknown to have landmarks, as an ancient map of the moon. The force which acts as a woman, her, is Devil's Weed; the form which brings knowledge and power is smoke, an ally; the playful dog is not a dog when seen deep in another world, it is Mescalito, a teacher. Jung, however, would call that inner world the more familiar one, and the outside world always under its archetypal demarking, always unfamiliar until we give it shape. But the point here is that Don Juan is talking about neither, and I will say neither rather than not one without the other. He is not distinguishing inside from outside, dog from Mescalito, even to show how, in the end, they are the same, for they always were: just as electromagnetic lines of force that cross and bind the universe are distinguished or not distinguished from the gravity of the earth; the gravity of the earth as or as not from the rain and winds of the planet; the rains and winds as or as not from us, and our image of them; our image as or as not the cells that make it up, the atoms that make them up, the subatomic particles that lie in the lines of force....that ate the cake.....that bought the goat.....and so on. If there is a map it is continuous and moebius, a bottle without inside or outside. If there is an angel, she flowers on the desert, and in the Tetragrammaton. We eat the angel; she bursts inside of us, and there is another flower in us, and she acts like a woman. We go by a chart, but the chart is where we go. We gather in power like the harvest, or as lightning harvests a hot muggy day; the power is the law of who we are, we could never use it, but then we do. Lindy is an ally; she is at the other end of the field, and I must talk to her, tame her, please her; she is also inside of me, and neither of us can do anything about that. Now that I am writing I have other allies too; I see them as angels, as the sun descending thru the leaves, the ferns in shade, the dandelions gone to seed, the motion and alphabetizing of elm leaves and quince flowers. I have these allies, and Lindy is an ally; I have the power to say this much, and it is true, wherever I am: this is my world.

SPORTS COLUMN

The darkness behind the sunlight is a leaf.

The sunlight. As long as we go on the sunlight. Soul. Hermetic frog.

Lindy come over and talk with me, about anything, like Mari Buerkle who was your best friend till 16. Because we didn't

know each other then. Dark hidden moist history of interfertile planets. We are, all of us, a clone.

I will have dandelion tea. It is stronger, darker. Perhaps I will get to the root of this. And how far it goes. Even the bile, the grounds. Memory distilled from the bottom of the well.

This whole thing I have with being thin is the closeness to zero, cipher, that if I am close to nothing, weigh almost nothing, nothing will happen to me. The punches will go thru me like light.

You say that players are supposed to weigh more. I do. I hulk behind the shadow of the sun. It's not that I weigh nothing, it's that I have no reference to weight.

Sure I'd like to weigh more. I'd like that thick viny grip on space. As it is I'm almost not here at all. But I know enough to know it can't be true. I turn mass into energy at every chance. Storing none. That's good, isn't it? But I seek peace, germination.

In a panic the other night waking from sleep each time as though it literally burned me, behind my head, recalling that I am not human, not susceptible to other people, or being other people, though in danger from things they know nothing about. I wish everytime I returned from such a lunar voyage they injected mice with what I touched. Then I'd see. I have unique origins. They would dance.

And I don't. Mice's bodies are not meant to be used for our own. There's nothing we can do about it anyway. If it's on the moon it's in the Pacific Ocean. And it's going to beach, have no doubt about it, and beware.

And I don't want you protecting the world from me. I know what I am. I'm invisible anyway. Even if I am an ox sometimes. Because I never look at myself in the mirror I can't be seen.

So let's talk about something truly personal. The color blue. Cezanne. Stars. Vague moods of cosmic restlessness/we suffer/as if/from them.

Olson begins his Mayan letters with the story of a bird downed by stones, the motion of its wings, they rescue it from the water, it escapes back to the sun. And so the Sumerian here is hidden in Mexico, North Carolina in the sports columns of Chicago, grinding out the local Babe Ruth League, when Babe, the Babe, growls in a cage in Uxmal, indigestion from American bubble gum. A bird which is simultaneously Melville and Homer. A glyph which is a Mayan fish and a Viking ship. Patterns of kulchur: to tell the supernatural character from the species which marks it. Hindoo Hebru America unresolved. And the poetics glyph and froth.

The cat which visited me last time with wet paws now has a wet tail, from lying on the swinging couch on the porch, which I avoided after the rain. I am impressed by the way she goes out right after the storm, swimming in the wet weeds. We are exposed to radiation too. The hot bath. By starlight and moon.

Chuck says that the work must be perfect, the knot a man is, not just understood and identified on one level. No symbols, just synapses. We have been to enough cocktail parties with famous authors. Ask Yogi. What paper's Hemingway with anyway? Typographical error? No, a clean single to left. Don't ask me what pitch I hit or how I grabbed that line drive on the run. The ratios perfect, numerator and denominator multiplied by the same number. The flower. And this can go on forever, natura.

Casey on baseball. As solid as the wood that hits the ball. Strategy is merely invention. Invent the New York Yankees. A fraud more blazing, more blatant than Warhol, and belonging as well in the contemporary art museums, the pinstripes, and the American flag. And those hangers-on who come upto Gloucester for the post-game interview, as if to bugger history, and ride the winning pitcher with victory, saddle him with more than a fast ball and a curve. A soul? He can't possibly pitch out of that one.

Why the hell did they start allowing organists into the ballpark to interfere with the game. We don't need Hollywood background to Comanche war formations. Ten cent beer would be enough. Dust and grass. Fuck astroturd. The real America.

Perfect. As the so-called perfect game. Don't ruin your arm trying to throw history thru a brick wall Tom. You ain't Cocteau. We're all erratic, like Koufax, and can't pitch our best even when we have our best stuff. And try us when we're off. That's when you'll see where we came in. The sipapu.

Don't shake off any signs in this spot. Just nod and throw.

FROM BOOK OF THE CRANBERRY ISLANDS [from Chapter 2: THE MASTER THERION ON MOUNT DESERT]

AN INTERLUDE DURING WHICH ENOCH STANLEY SITTING IN HIS ROOMS IN SOUTHWEST HARBOR WATCHES THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK GET DUNKED WITH CHAMPAGNE BY ROD GASPAR

The nation returns to New York,
and it is the end of the Middle Ages, as the Middle West, and the Green Bay Packers, and the St. Louis Cardinals, and the Cleveland Browns, and the Detroit Tigers, and with it an end to Southern California grape-growers and John Birchers and Ann-Margarets and Art Linkletters. It's the New York Mets and the New York Jets, invented in the early '60's, not the giant Yankees or

the yankee New York Giants, but the children, the grandchildren who are the grandfathers, the hidden black power backstreets Iroquois Indian New York.

It's the nation again looking back to that city, not for Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe, but Tom Seaver and Charles Olson finally winning those 25 games for the East Coast, taking the Cy Young Award away from Lyrical Poets and Organ Grinders, the Denny McClains in Detroit, and among retired ballplayers in L.A., it's Rod Kanehl and not Chuck Connors, cowboy in Africa, who's victorious; Rod Gaspar, reserve outfielder, called it in four straight, like Namath. And nothing scares your vice-president from Maryland, Mr. Agnew, more than the New York Jets with long hair and Namath knocking off the Baltimore Colts IN FOOTBALL, a tribe of hippies, an entire underdog unregarded league, and the New York Mets, at best a threat to the Republican Party in the '80's, growing by necessity, half the kids in the country throwing harder than Bob Feller, coming from Texas and Minnesota and Iowa to pitch against the Baltimore Orioles and the U.S. Navy. Nothing scares him like this, not the moratoriums, or SDS, or the Vietcong; he can handle those, he thinks, but here in baseball and football he is totally exposed, the world turning back to New York and cheering Jerry Koosman and Tommy Agee and Cleon, and away from Dave McNally with his seventeen straight wins, and Earl Weaver, and Leo Durocher, that other fascist Napoleon from the forties and fifties of Ron Santo, and Italians beating up the blacks. Weeb Ewbank wants to put in the subs, but the players won't have it. We're smashing the NFL, they scream. What, says Weeb, smashing the NFL? I used to win championships in the NFL. But LeRoi Jones could care less about who Lita Hornick used to pitch for and the Kulchur Boys. "Johnny Unitas looks silly with that crewcut," George Sauer says. "I mean it's funny-looking. He should let his hair grow. He'd look good." That's how much vision has changed, so that it looks like blasphemy, shouldn't happen that Al Weis on successive days in Chicago hit home runs, angering the Cub announcers so much they yelled down at the field,"You can get this guy out with a curve ball." Yeah, and with tear gas. That's what they used to think, in Berkeley, and Korea, could smash a fourth rate military power with the all-stars, beat the Russians in hockey, and deliver campaign speeches. But McNally didn't get him out with a curve ball, twice he didn't, once in the first win, once in the last win, a guy batting .215, the lowest average on either team, but it's a new world age, so that Dylan just has to sing, not even 'the times they are a'changing,' and the mayor of New York can get dunked with free publicity by Rod Gaspar. And Art Shamsky, and Jack DiLauro and Wayne Garrett, all of these players whose names are hidden behind those Bart Starrs and Jackie Kemps and Richard Nixons, and George Atlas buying space on the backs of comic books, so that even David Eisenhower wears a Baltimore button, knowing on which side his own

chances lie, and they do it, like magic, right before the eyes of Mickey Mantle, Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams, who know it can't be done, and Mrs. Babe Ruth, who knows it can, and Mickey Mantle says he's even beginning to believe in astrology now, as Swoboda dives blindly in the path of the ball, and meets it, like his fate, and the country's, the World Series of Injustice Abbie Hoffman says, but he's on the wrong side, in Chicago with a Chicago Cubs button because C stands for conspiracy too. We've forgotten the Chicago Cubs and the Chicago police and the Uncle Toms, and the Pueblo, and Mayor Daley, and Ken Holtzman, and Willie Mays; the Blacks in the San Francisco ghetto want the Willie Mays Tot Lot changed to the Malcolm X Tot Lot, 'cause we don't groove on Willie Mays anymore.' The eyes of the nation are on New York again, not Haight Ashbury and the Oracle, but Bethel, and Tommy Agee grabbing it in the tip of his glove as he runs into the wall, synchronicity, and the music played in the mud --- which has been coming for a long time, the Rolling Stones in the Labrador air, though hidden beneath the obese bar graph of the middle class and the popular appeal of Lyndon Johnson and George Wallace and Vince Lombardi.

What do we do with it, the enigma of our heroes, the ecstasy of power? The New York Jets are from Texas, and Wayne Garrett was drafted from obscurity in the South to hit the pennant-winning home run, and still doesn't understand New York but thinks it's a great town to play ball in, and Emerson Boozer is back, and Matt Snell is back, and Nolan Ryan is back striking out the side with the bases loaded, his inevitable speed feat, and Tug McGraw is a new man, greeting hippies in the stands even after a stint in the Marines, and all hell is about to break loose in the army high on pot, and Tom Seaver pats a fuming Leo Durocher on the fanny as Leo returns from another spat with the umpires, and says,"How about another Schlitz, Leo," the exact words we hear Leo say on Game of the Week, which won't even show the New York Mets all year even as the *Times* won't review Olson and Duncan, but this is the year of the *Maximus Poems*, and the return to origins, Robert Frost is dead because he never lived, Donald Hall reduced to offerings at Ginsberg's altar, and Casey Stengel, the Charles Olson of the game if anyone is, is brought back to national glory, and no kidding, just like Charles at Berkeley, it's Casey who's running tonight, W.C. Williams, and old Ezra Pound, first manager of the team, who says,"The Mets have come on slow but fast." And it's true. We all have.

And Gaspar will throw out the one runner he must. Shamsky will hit, as in the mythical past he had one night in Pittsburgh. The wheel turns, the possible returns; Frank Smith says, "To hell with liberalism; let's shoot for the noosphere," and James Brown owns the world. Not Civil Rights, but Brakhage films, the perfect fixed point in the living room around which all other points move. Namath hits Maynard; Swoboda drops a

double inside the line; it's inevitable. Monday afternoon Jack DiLauro strikes out Koosman on the lawn of Gracie Mansion, Olson takes a job at Storrs, is in like Flynn, the old President of Black Mountain returns. And maybe Lindy and I, with Io and Robin, will return to Amherst where it began, and begin again without the old fight. Bobby Pfiel is crying, seven years in the minors. Wendell Seavey is a rich lobsterman. It's a new age; it's got to be. You can see it, Enoch. There's no one else alive. It's ourselves.

[from Chapter 14: BURIAL OF THE JELLYFISH; RETURN OF CHAMPLAIN TO THE OUTER WATERS]

Asleep.
I awake on a green field.
I am playing ball.
You have been reborn.
Where am I? Why can I still remember?
My other life. This one I am living.
You have been reborn.
The coach hits baseballs at me; I think they are too hard. I dive to my left and right and field them.
How can I? How can they expect me to play?
"He'll do," coach says. He's getting better everyday."
Words used by the Mets to describe Wayne Garrett before they drafted him.
The forest all around this field. I don't even know the name.
I don't want to play ball.

[from Chapter 15: THE PAINTER, THE COMEDIAN, AND THE HUMAN BEING]

Durocher starts Hooten, just up from Tacoma, months out of college. And it's late in a very bad year. Second game of a doubleheader. Mets lost the first one 6 - 2, Koosman bombed out early. Capra makes his first big league appearance, goes four strong innings: the Goat. McGraw starts the second game for the Mets, his first start in two years, and the last one was against the Cubs also I believe, back in early '69, when nobody knew what was going to happen, and it was just a matter of stopping a Cub winning streak, holding the league together. This time the Cubs get two runs early; he's hit hard but goes to his screwball and settles down. Meantime Hooten is striking out everybody, no hits, inning after inning, throwing what *The Sporting News* called a nickel curve, or "the thing," in its article on the Pacific Coast League two weeks ago when he struck out 19 Eugene Emeralds, the most since something like 1905.
The sense grows. Baseball crackles and is alive.

Warm September night, moths at the window. No end, but no beginning either. To baseball, or history. One season after another. Last year the Cubs beat out the Mets for second place. This year the Mets folded in July. And deterioration of so many worlds we have known. Yet on this night a classic ball-game emerges, no reason for it, no pennant heat. The pure integrity of the match. Mets hitless to the seventh. First man goes out. Jorgensen lines a single to right; Singleton !boom! strokes a home run into the opposite field. 2 - 2 tie. Beautiful. Don Rose pitching in his first major league game. Beautiful. In September the whole extended Mets family plays. Rosters at 40. Endless pinch-hitters, relief specialists, kids. The manager a virtuoso, a juggler of the future. Let's bring in everyone. All the kids. The '70's and the '80's, and throw zeroes at the Cubs till dawn. Let's stick it out till we learn what the Mets are, what baseball is, how long..... Let's win more than one game.

Rose is shaky, but he gets thru two innings, and that's what'll go in the box score. Far from here the sense of Attica, the unknown ball-clubs and cities in this nation, obscurities we will hear from, that will decide, making up more than an underground geography or the slugging Tidewater Tides, but to seize the Rockefellers and Oswalds and lay on them that beautiful sense of negotiation. We're here, you see; deal with us; any way you slice it it's life. The women on the outside weeping for a time that's not yet born. The men who are not allowed to be men, managed by dwarves, by worse than children: grown animals herded out of history, return with a bang to where they always were.

And even then you knew you were looking at dead men. Old films of an episode concluded. Without any uncertainty they would be shot with their hands up, the guards in the middle, useless pawns in a higher logical war.

You are watching dead men play this game, even while they are alive. You are watching the stars of the future. And the dark reptilian tragedy of the past.

How we'd like to beat Durocher once more for good measure. Inside history. A game to grow on. He sends up Billy Williams to hit against Frisella in the ninth, and Williams puts one out in right. 3 - 2. That's the ballgame. In the bottom half, The Hammer, a big black man, gets his first major league hit, a single to right, the Mets' third. He's stranded on first. Sun passing thru the center of the earth, from which: no messages yet though we man the stations, no messages from Mariner, pulled into Mars orbit, voiceless, and yet it is happening, the sun passing thru a critical yet invisible transformation. The academic robes on fire, the moths red with flame. It's a slow death, like autumn, George down the road hammering all night in moonlight the boards of his home, expanding on the concept of materialism, and he's one of the last, so that the metal sound is empty in the night air. There is no way out for him. He

will die there. Toward midnight, Maine time, the Giants and Dodgers will fight for an ancient pennant neither of them owns, far from New York, and even further from meaning, though to Wilhelm it is literal, coming back at 50 to throw these few last knuckleballs, who has pitched on both sides. In Maine, professional wrestling; to the north: the same, with some hockey and cock-fighting.

We could come back at another time, captain, but it wouldn't be the same.

SECOND GAME

Chicago	ab	r	h	rbi	New York	ab	r	h	rbi
James, cf	4	1	1	0	Martinez, ss	4	0	0	0
Fanzone, lf	4	1	1	0	Garrett, 3b	3	0	0	0
Davis, rf	0	0	0	0	Milner, lf	4	0	1	0
Popovich, 2b	4	0	2	1	Kranep'l, 1b	4	0	0	0
Santo, 3b	4	0	2	1	Jorgensen, cf	4	1	1	0
Bourque, 1b	4	0	1	0	Singleton, rf	2	1	1	2
North, rf-lf	3	0	0	0	Dyer, c	3	0	0	0
W'ms, ph-lf	1	1	1	1	Foli, 2b	3	0	0	0
Torres, ss	4	0	1	0	McGraw, p	1	0	0	0
Rudolph, c	3	0	1	0	Marshall, ph	1	0	0	0
Hooton, p	4	0	0	0	Rose, p	0	0	0	0
					Jones, ph	1	0	0	0
Totals	35	3	10	3	Frisella, p	0	0	0	0
					Totals	30	2	3	2

Chicago	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	—3
New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—2

Chicago	IP.	H.	R.	ER.	BB.	SO.
Hooton (W. 1-0)	9	3	2	2	2	15
New York	**IP.**	**H.**	**R.**	**ER.**	**BB.**	**SO.**
McGraw	6	6	2	2	1	9
Rose	2	2	0	0	0	1
Frisella (L. 7-5)	1	2	1	1	0	2

E—None. LOB—Chicago 6, New York 3. 2B—Fanzone, Rudolph, Torres. HR—Singleton (10), Williams (26). U—Barlick, Pryor, Kibler and Froemming. T—2:18. A—21,302.

Old Polo Grounds, New York City.

(The previous page ended the original version of this issue. A later error at the printer's left six blank pages to be filled in, and they are: with material not intended for the issue as it was conceived.)

[from Chapter 15: THE PAINTER, THE COMEDIAN, AND THE HUMAN BEING]

Condition of the wind: windy . blowing to the outfield.
Sky: blue blue blue.

Cold October coming in at 65°, just off the edge of the wind.

The sky is blue. The ball hangs in the high sky, a tight horsehide lit by the sun. Its energy unwound.

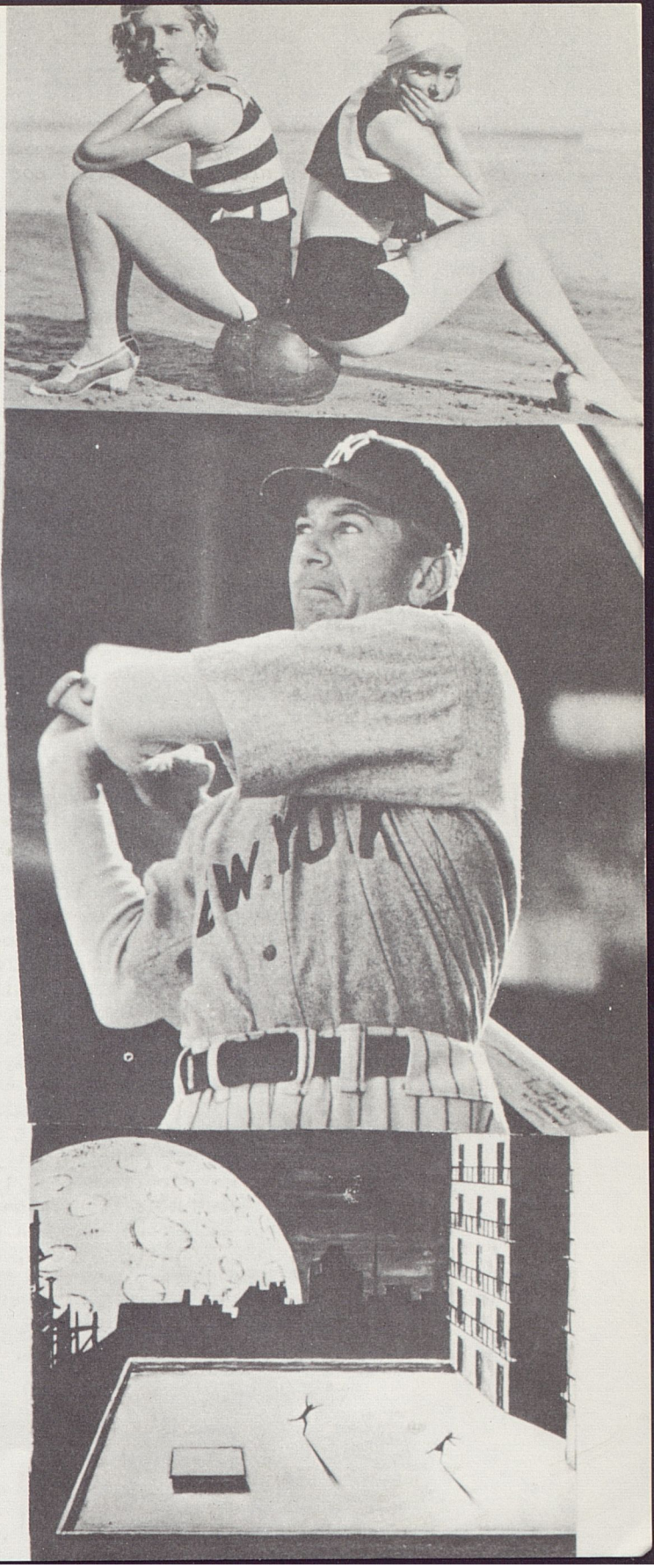
Between classes went to see Bill Bemis on the Eastern Promenade. The ocean: blue, the islands in Casco, earthland alright, mud-caked bone. The wind cutting a little foam. In the park above the ocean, hippies and children. Bipeds.

Billie says that October is horn time for him. "Look at all the beautiful boys on the sidewalk." Tripping with the sun. The long shadows of the North. Spiffy young businessmen and combed straights, unaware of psyche, World Series time to the West. "I'm getting back into my seduction trip," he says lazily. "Teaching them what they don't know about themselves." A blinding afternoon sun.

And the air is cool, the summer is over, all its rashes infections, light frost at night dropping the peas and beans, but the tomatoes are crisp, and redder, the melons continue to grow heavy, in an abundance of dead cucumber leaves. The apples have rotted into the ground, acid sward, football-turned-up pulp. The dancer in rags. The heat gone like helium. The storms outside in the wings.

This is really a time to play ball. Just yesterday the baseball season ended, the Mets tied for third, the Dodgers one game short. And the teams are going home, into the darkness of winter, the carolina of minnesota, and carwash autumn, storms in the legumes. I am all alone on the infield chasing the balls, diving in a perfect rhythm, the dancer, I love, even the breathlessness, tumbling, arrival and impact, I am an acrobat, I am in control of juggling and speed, my own body, on the roster, but no team. Just the trees, the crisp wind, the bumpy hill of the field, taking the ball as it slashes thru leaves. Throwing it into the hill sky. It doesn't run out. The scars are there, more each year, and they're not just freckles on the American kid. But the impasse is passed, lies behind the player somehow, having released me softly as an undressing ghost. I have on new clothing. Everyone else has gone home.

The October sky is the perfect field, cutting the cornstalks into, the ball so pellet, overripe it falls into my solid weight. Magnetic. THE WHOLE DAMN POSE. AND POISE. Which is perpetual. Agonistic. Compleat. I love the game. The times in between living. I'm a flying ape.



from Harold Seymour: "HOW BASEBALL BEGAN"

Many references to ball games being played in America in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries may be found, especially in diaries and memoirs. Those written at the time are, of course, more reliable than the ones written later from memory. These accounts do not always tell which game of ball was played, but often baseball is mentioned specifically. Possibly the first record of an American baseball game is that recorded in the journal of George Ewing, a Revolutionary soldier, who tells of playing a game of "base," April 7, 1778, at Valley Forge. A diary entry by a Princeton student in 1786 briefly describes a game of "baste ball" on the campus. Another example is Thurlow Weed, upstate New York political boss, who writes in his autobiography that Rochester, New York, had a baseball club of fifty members, ages eighteen to forty, which played every afternoon during the ball season in 1825. Weed even lists the best players, among whom were some of the leading citizens.

Besides baseball, other simple ball games were played by those early settlers. The Dutch of New Netherland played "stool ball," thought to be the forerunner of cricket. Even in Puritan New England the play spirit was not as dead as commonly supposed. Ball playing there was prominent enough to be forbidden by the governor of Plymouth. The simplest of these early games was barn ball, limited to two players and requiring the smooth side of a building with some level ground in front of it. One boy threw the ball vigorously against the wall; the other, having taken his position about a dozen feet away, struck at the rebounding ball with his bat. If he hit it, he tried to run to the wall and back before his opponent recovered the ball and hit him with it. Naturally, the boys took turns, switching about after the bat was put out, so that each one had his "innings."

Games of "old-cat" were variations which made it possible for more boys to participate. The most elementary version of "old-cat" was borrowed from the English game of "tip cat," in which a wooden "cat," shaped like a spindle, was placed on the ground, tipped in the air, and struck with a stick. "Old-cat" merely substituted a ball for the spindle. "One-old-cat" had had a batter, pitcher, and two bases. The batter hit from one base, ran to the other, and then returned; he was retired when the batted ball was caught either on the fly or on one bounce. The number of lads could be increased by playing "two-, three-, or four-old-cat," which meant simply adding to the number of bases and batsmen. These games were still being played in the streets and vacant lots of Brooklyn in the 1920's.

For yet larger numbers of players, games variously called "town-ball," "round-ball," and later the "Massachusetts" or "New England" game - to distinguish it from the "New York" game - were devised. These were Americanized versions of English rounders, played by large groups ranging anywhere from twelve to twenty or more on a side. Regulations differed, since there

were no uniform rules, so each community had its own particular variations - just as present-day sandlot players generally add their own touches to the official rules. One side might bat until all of its players were put out; then the other had its turn. Or when one player was put out, the side was considered out. On some teams the catcher was on his own; others had one or two players back him up, in case he failed to stop the ball.

By the early nineteenth century, these simple, informal ball games were a common sight on village greens and college campuses, especially the more settled areas of New York and New England, for it was only when communities became established and enjoyed a certain amount of lesire that ball games could flourish. Ball playing was less known in the South, because the pattern of Southern sport was formed chiefly by the dominant planter group, which tended to favor aristocratic pastimes, like fox-hunting. On the frontier the immediate battle to subdue the wilderness was far too pressing to permit much leisure for games, so sport tended to be combined with necessary work, like barn-raising and corn-huskings.

The ball games of the period were admirably suited to a young, essentially rural America. Few people had great wealth or leisure. Playing sites were plentiful and convenient. Only the rudest preparation was necessary - laying "goals" or bases by driving sticks into the ground or placing flat rocks at approximate distances. Equipment was cheap and easy to come by. Any stout stick, wagon tongue, ax or rake handle made a capital bat, and a serviceable ball could be made by winding yarn around a buckshot or chunk of india rubber and then sewing on a leather cover, perhaps cut to size by the local shoemaker, to prevent unwinding.....

While the committee supplied the window-dressing, the chairman, A. G. Mills, did what actual work was done. After three years of collecting testimony, consisting of recollections but no solid documentary evidence, Mills published a report, dated December 30, 1907, claiming that baseball originated in the United States, and the first method of playing it was, "according to the best evidence obtainable to date," devised by Gen. Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown, New York, in 1839.

The dragooning of Doubleday and Cooperstown was based solely on the testimony of an elderly man named Abner Graves, a onetime resident of Cooperstown, recalling what happened sixty-eight years earlier. Graves said that one day in 1839 during a game of town ball between Ostego Academy and Green's Select School: "Doubleday...improved Town Ball, to limit the number of players, as many were hurt in collisions. From twenty to fifty boys took part in the game I have described. He also designed the game to be played by definite teams or sides. Doubleday called the game Base Ball, for there were four bases in it. Three were places where the runner could rest free from being put out, provided he kept his foot on the flat stone base. The pitcher stood in a six foot ring. Anyone getting the ball was

entitled to throw it at a runner between bases, and put him out by hitting him with it."

Doubleday was born in Ballston Spa, New York, and went to school at Auburn. If he ever attended Green's Select School in Cooperstown, it was certainly not in 1839. He had matriculated at West Point the previous autumn, so to be in Cooperstown when Graves claimed, Doubleday must have been A.W.O.L. from West Point..... Recalling his boyhood, Doubleday omits any mention of interest in baseball: "You ask for some information as to how I passed my youth. I was brought up in a book store and early imbibed a taste for reading. I was fond of poetry and art and much interested in mathematical studies. In my outdoor sports I was addicted to topographical work and even as a boy amused myself by making maps of the country around my father's residence which was in Auburn."

T. G. FARMER, JR., President T. J. FISHER, Vice-President T. S. PARROTT, Sec'y and Treas.

Newnan Base Ball Association

MEMBER GEORGIA-ALABAMA LEAGUE

Griffin, Ga.
LaGrange, Ga.
Newnan, Ga.
Rome, Ga.
Anniston, Ala.
Talladega, Ala.

Harry Matthews
Manager

NEWNAN, GA., July 7th 191 6

Mr. Garry Hermann, President,
Base Ball Club,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Sir:-

I am writing you in regard to a left hand pitcher I have on my club, who I am sure will make you a good man. His name is Bill Terry, 6 ft. 2", weighs 185 lbs. coming 21 years of age. He is fast on his feet, has a cracking good fast ball and plenty of nerve. I consider him a better pitcher than Jack Nabors who I sold to the Philadelphia Americans last year. He has won 12 and lost 4 this season.

If any of your scouts are in this vicinity, and you are interested, I would be glad to pitch him on their arrival. Enclosed find schedule of our league which closes July 22nd.

Please let me hear from you promptly.

Yours truly,
Harry Matthews
Manager.

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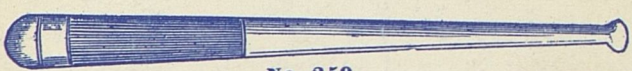

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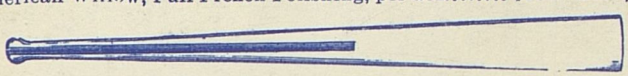

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