

REVEAL DIGITAL

IO Magazine

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 01-13-1972

Contributed by: NATHANIEL TARN; OSIP MANDELSTAM; ROBERT FRENCH; THOMAS MEYER; LACNUNGA; ROBERT FRENCH; ROBERT FRENCH; HERMAN MELVILLE; CELIA THAXTER; PAUL METCALF; RICHARD GROSSINGER; WALT WHITMAN; RICHARD GROSSINGER; ERIK KIVIAT; NORMAN WEINSTEIN; JOYCE BENSON; BRUCE McCLELLAND; IRENE McKINNEY; RUSSELL GREGORY; MARK R. LARSEN; PHILIP R. ST. CLAIR; CHARLES MURPHY; KANSAS MISSOURI; JIM McCRARY; BILL BERKOWITZ; HERB WILLIAMS; PAUL KAHN; JOHN MORITZ; PHILIP SITTNICK; DON BYRD; JOHN MORGAN; NATHANIEL TARN; JOE HUTCHISON; JACK COLLOM; BOBBY BYRD; GEORGE QUASHA; MICHAEL J. BRODHEAD; DONALD SCHENKER; JOHN THORPE; PAUL MALANGA; DAVID GITIN; CHARLIE VERMONT; CHARLIE WALSH

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28038513>

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

This item is openly available as part of an Open JSTOR Collection.

For terms of use, please refer to our Terms & Conditions at <https://about.jstor.org/terms/#whats-in-jstor>



JSTOR

Reveal Digital is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Reveal Digital*



Io

Earth Geography Booklet No. 2

\$4

© Io Publications, 1972, Late Spring
370 Mitchell Road
Cape Elizabeth, Maine 04107

(alternate address: use only if no response from above
Richard Grossinger
Grossinger, New York 12734)

The second of three Earth Geography booklets is entitled REGIONS AND LOCALES. More specifically, it deals with regions and locales of the United States though the inference for elsewhere is obvious. We have attempted to bring together a series of related images that change as they move from region to region. There are other images and insights that do not cross borders and seem more or less indigenous to a particular region (that is, if they are presented in a way that puts forth their unique regional character); for instance, many people come up with the same sort of perception after visiting the Southwest: visionary, plant-oriented, deriving-of-water, internally spatial; this is very different from the water-derived imagery of the Northeast.

Hopefully, real regional perceptions transcend limited provincial literature (and art) and are universal in another sense. The images, then, are not imagistic, but clues and trails, that one person after another follows, seeking out the coreland.

There is no conscious effort, in the construction of this issue, to be functional in our orientation. There is enough material, of varying quality, on how to settle and farm, etc. We are operating from the sense of a deeper structure, perhaps archetypal (if that word adds anything), which is never realized in an original way but is the continuous source of the regional imagery and form in America. It is the center, the aboriginal, around which American Indian culture ultimately formed and developed (because it was what was here); some of the insights, for this reason, will always have an Indian quality to them, but that, for non-Indians, is only their *most conscious* aspect (the message identified with the messenger). They will all be realized anew by a total American culture, and that primary and deep realization will be of more use to us than the superficial attempt to Indianize our consciousness. We will do so only in the process.

Against that larger quest, this issue is a rather pale forerunner; the regionalisms it poses are often awkward and gone at from a difficult and contrived stance. It is like a boxer trying to get his feet on the ground, from which to throw a punch. There are very few real punches thrown, but there is the sense that this maneuvering is the only present way to get into position. On this basis I defend the printing of pieces that seem to have their *false content* in region, and to which personal unconscious is the unrealized (or realized) inspiration. Even if we never have a deep regionalism, perceptions come by in this way are useful in their own right.

Although, in putting together the issue, we could have little control over such things (without forcing them in banal sorts of ways), there are interesting contrasts and continuities. Some of the same animals appear in the West Virginia and Michigan pieces, and one begins to see a kind of post-Indian ethnozoology curve; if developed in its richest possibilities, we could then need a whole new set of Bureau of American Ethnography monographs to describe the customs, totems, ethnosciences, technologies, dialects, etc., of each region, including the urban regions as condensed tribal centers. The topology of such a re-search could then be compared to the original ethnographies and ethnobotanies and ethnozoologies of the continent. There are also freshwater-saltwater, mining-forestry, Pleistocene-Tropical, Pluvial-Mohave, laboring-freelancing sorts of contrasts.

Back issues of Io available include all numbers: 1, 2, 3, ALCHEMY, DOCTRINE OF SIGNATURES, ETHNOASTRONOMY, OECOLOGY, ONEIROLOGY (DREAMS), MARS, BASEBALL, CHANGING WOMAN, & EARTH GEOGRAPHY BOOKLET #1 (Economics, Technology, and Celestial Influence). A complete set, not including the present issue, costs \$33.00. The second Earth Geography Booklet, due later this year, is now entitled IMAGO MUNDI; its original title, still relevant to many of the concerns in it, was SPACE(S); it also contains the urban part of this sequence.

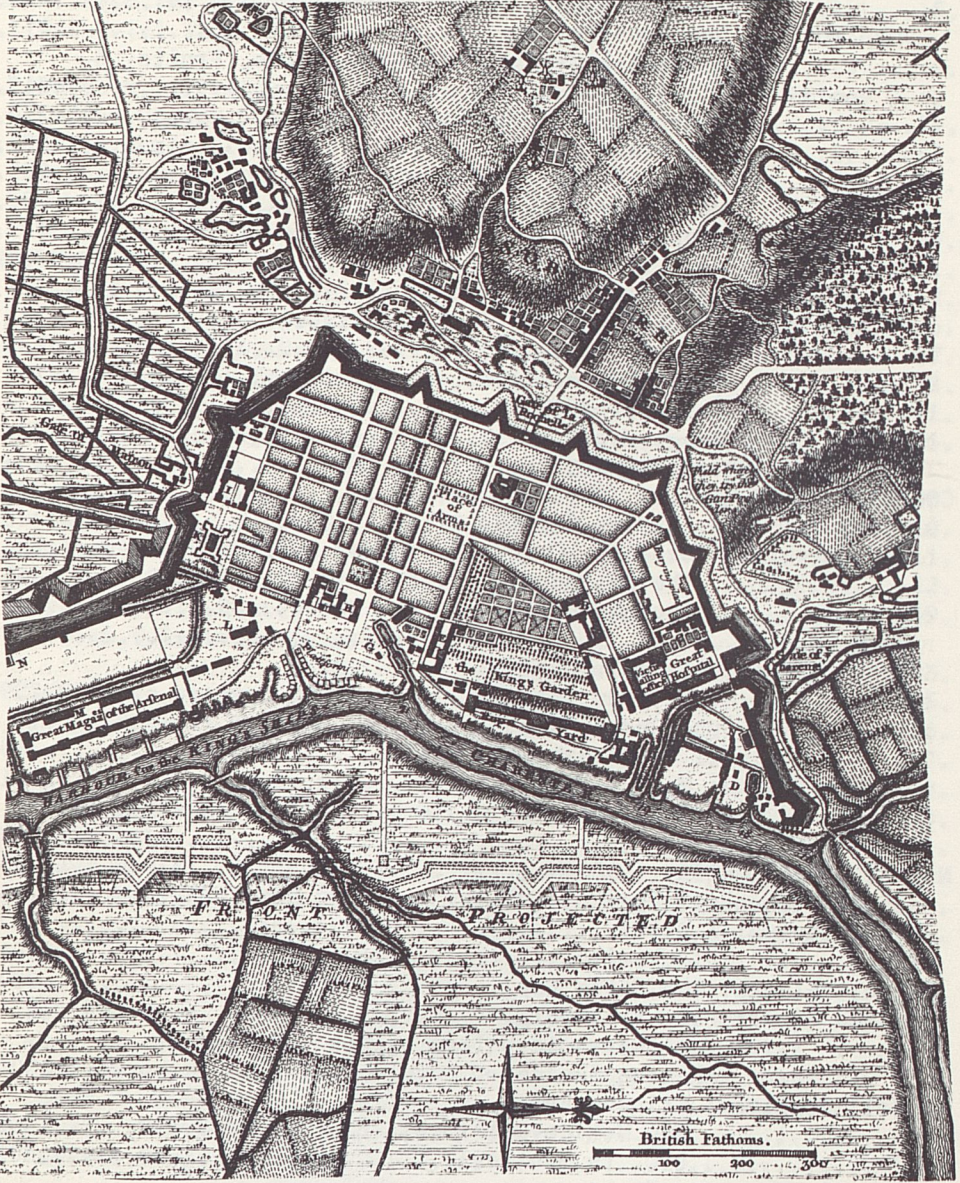
Rather than go into detail again about the number of typewriters used in putting together this issue, etc., I will simply say that Io has been beset by more than its share of technical errors and mishaps over all the issues. Errors in layout, typographical errors, mistakes by the printer, etc., are less the exception and more the rule. In the last issue a damaged platen on the typewriter plus a somewhat careless performance by the printer in photo-offsetting the image led to slightly broken print. Since much of this issue was typed on the same machine at the same time, we can only hope to improve on the second half of that problem. Io is done at home and unprofessionally obviously at our risk, but, at this juncture, we don't see any other way to do it and retain the domestic energy there. The only consolation to its not being perfect is that it goes on and always has that tension to develop against.

"James Matin's observation on the local as necessary is that there're levels of spatial organization that convince you are *real* - a certain magnitude of space gives you the feeling Wow that's where I'll always break thru." -- John Thorpe.

Contents

Richard Grossinger: Introduction.....	1.
ENTRY FROM THE OLD WORLD.....	5.
Nathaniel Tarn: Towards Any Geography/ Towards Any America Whatsoever.....	6.
Emerson L. Pearson: Wisconsin Ice Age and Origin of Paleo- Indian Clovis Complex.....	11.
Norse Runic Stones.....	51.
Osip Mandelstam (1920); Theodosia.....	54.
Robert French: Landscape Evolution.....	55.
Thomas Meyer: Lacnunga: Remedies, Recipes.....	59.
NEW ENGLAND.....	61.
Robert French: Historical Image Mapping.....	62.
A Geographer Looks At Cultural Preservation...	76.
Herman Melville: Nantucket.....	87.
Celia Thaxter: from Among the Isles of Shoals.....	88.
Paul Metcalf: Apalache.....	91.
Richard Grossinger: from Book of the Cranberry Islands.....	96.
from The Book of Being Born Again into the World.....	104.
NEW YORK.....	110.
Walt Whitman: Mannahatta.....	111.
Richard Grossinger: from The Provinces.....	112.
Erik Kiviat: Routes.....	119.
Norman Weinstein: in chinatown 1967 Upstate : Hunting: Ulster Gunning.....	123.
SOUTHEAST.....	125.
Joyce Benson: Sailboat Notes.....	126.
Gifts.....	127.
Harmonica.....	128.
Bruce McClelland: Alma.....	125.....129.
WEST VIRGINIA.....	131.
Lloyd Davis: Photos of West Virginia.....	131.....132.....133.
Irene McKinney: The Durrett Farm, West Virginia: A Map.....	134.
The Animals.....	136.
Animal Oils.....	136.
Rising.....	137.
Ben Freedman: Drawings of West Virginia ("The porch and the yard is the essential geography of central appalachia; everything else human upon the land is imposed or aban- doned." Winston Fuller.).....	138.....139.
MICHIGAN MINNESOTA OHIO.....	140.
Russell Gregory: houses.....	140.
Sassafras.....	141.
John Eide: Visions of My Ancient Grandmother.....	171.....172.
Mark R. Larsen: Steamboating: A Lakes Diary.....	173.
Philip R. St. Clair: 12/31/71.....	189.
Nicholas Dean: Three Prints.....	190.....191.....192.
Charles Murphy: Ten Notes on The Alaskan Antigravity Film... The Ice.....	193.....195.
KANSAS MISSOURI.....	196.
Jim McCrary: Eclipse.....	197.
Bill Berkowitz: The sky tonight is kansas.....	203.
Song for Kansas Dance.....	204.

Herb Williams: That Space Called Kansas.....	205.
Paul Kahn: Hawk.....	207.
Late Autumn Rain.....	207.
My Mother Floats in the River.....	209.
John Moritz: the crossing.....	213.
Myths & Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, & Plants.....	217.
Poem for the Carolina Parakeet.....	220.
The Grassland.....	221.
Coon's Point, Lecompton, Kansas.....	222.
Many Voices.....	222.
Sappho's Moon.....	222.
Philip Sittnick.....	224.
Don Byrd: Three from The Beginning.....	227.
John Morgan: Aux Arc: a log.....	231.
Uterus Ecclesiae.....	235.
Poem to the River.....	235.
Song: First Snow.....	236.
Song.....	237.
John Dutt: Photographs.....	206..... 223..... 230..... 238.
COLORADO NEW MEXICO NEVADA.....	239.
Nathaniel Tarn: Lyrics for the Bride of God.....	240.
Joe Hutchison: Greeley, Colorado; Sunday Evening Scene.....	254.
The Lost World.....	255.
Thoughts Over the Late Snow.....	257.
Jack Collom.....	258.
Bobby Byrd: Political Poem	
night poem for the lady - north carnero creek...	259.
June 2nd -- Notes	
All Songs Are For Death.....	260.
George Quasha: Mohave Vine.....	261.
Michael J. Brodhead: Natural History Along the Parallel of 49° North.....	270.
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA OREGON.....	285.
Donald Schenker: Duncan's Mills, Pop. 20, Elev. 35.....	286.
John Thorpe: A Brief.....	287.
Blacksmith.....	296.
Paul Malanga: The Fifth Day.....	299.
David Gitin: Haight-Ashbury	
dark waves leap like salmon	
Chinese Sketch.....	300.
Bill Pearlman: Stinson Beach	
New Mexico-California Express.....	302.
B.C. to Montreal.....	303.
Charlie Vermont: Gangs	
Dream of Megapolis.....	304.
Post Mortem of Conversation.....	305.
Hiram	
Going to the Pacific Ocean.....	306.
Charlie Walsh: Geography.....	307.
The Move to Wheeler.....	308.
Walking on Sand.....	309.
NOTE ON FUNDY.....	311.
Richard Grossinger: Photographs of Little Lepreau.....	313.
FRONT AND BACK COVER: Nicholas Dean.....	



ENTRY FROM
OLD WORLD

NATHANIEL TARN: TOWARDS ANY GEOGRAPHY /
TOWARDS ANY AMERICA WHATSOEVER

"America has not been discovered; America will have no peace until it is discovered." Richard Grossinger

Project: American S(pi)ne.

Co-ordinated projects: Anthropology/Literature; Amerindian Poetry.

Previous ref.: File UK101GS-UK103GS, vide *Alcheringa* 4

File USGA220NT, vide *Alcheringa* 1

File US221NT, vide *Tree* 2

Loc.: 74 Woodland Drive, Princeton, N.J. 2/7/72 11.30h.

In the matter of removal here, of change: as of all changes of name, persona, career, uniform, et al - the world is infinitely more reluctant to let go of you than you are of it, pursues you with labels long after you have eaten, consumed, digested, and excreted the product, forgotten its very existence. You could write books on the nomenclatures and cartographies hung around your neck for the whole duration of your *c.v.*, as you could of those you painfully acquire, by yourself, like a new set of teeth, or a new spine. And books about those who won't open their fists. And others about those who won't open their hands.

Longitude: The Litvak assembly line is an earthshrinker with one major snag. The snag is an island, rotten since Atlantis, neither East nor West - as such reefs, now sea now land, are apt to be - where the line coughs, hiccups, stops a while, only to go on a little later to its manifest destinies. Who knows the languages there? Everyone sounds like an actor. Who knows his name? They change it. But it is the carry thru of the line I'm into: the reason it stopped and started again when it did - carrying parts beyond the snag and leaving others behind. So many times: the line could have slid over the snag, so many times nearly did. Way back surely, a could-have, as my lineage broke onto Manchester from the emergence, and as a brother lineage went on West. Then, while the boots began their march and my singing canary died of earthquake - on the beaches opposite Dover, who knew what ship was to come? And while the bombs fell and the lions roared in a zoo nearby, hurried whispers each morning sent some away: they were not seen again the day after. Moving West within the snag: so far as we could see, two days before the rest of the world, a fleet sail to crush those boots meantime. Newspaper map of the Republic, its States and Capitals learned off by rote, the flag rising and setting in nearby hills. Dying early. Wanting to die. And saved by names like Mystic, Providence, Nantucket. To wit (when Cambridge had lain down, trailing its phoney accents on evergreen lawns) gone back into France for a last divorce in re this language /the divorce failing, the once and for all remarriage - and out to the Windy City, via Newhaven, Conn.

The younger lineage, after the emergence, beyond the snag, opens Broadway, breaks open Broadway and eats that avenue. Family portraits in many a theater still. My father's early toys:

Jolson, Stanwick, Sydney - say Sylvia, Barbara, Al: American-style. These were old stars to me, for praktiky muthers. And my toys? Oh, one Crashing Thunder, for instance, of the same lineage, from the same first village, with my grandfather's face: bookbinder among horsethieves. Used to say "Damn these Americans" and come to have his meat cooked by two Europeans every evening (carried his cutlets & chops under his arm in a paper bag) and used to spin the Winnebago for another thousand miles. We couldn't work whatsoever.

Fifty-One: Peperoni stews near the Red Door bookstore and a bedroom on 63rd from which I could reach out to touch a Black couple's sheets on a bed next door. Jazz clubs where I knew Jazz at last in context. Store-front churches so far into the night world we never thought we'd make it back. Newspapers gliding in vacant lots from the El at 2 a.m.; Tarn's only song in a whole night of guitars. Duchamp on 14th street in N.Y.C. chess and frugal teas; shades of Breton at Larre's and the great griefs of Kwakiutl and Haida on Central Park West. And Havana old-style, the day of all days the last boss took the throne.

Lately I've brought the burial sheet to America - with its black clouds against a woollen sky. Who are the cantors of this world? Mad singers all, to bell, or guitar. As the exiles went East, cursing the Jews out of it, who took over their voices in these States? With Ishmael we came out of Med., into Atlantic, into Pacific. O.K. But before that/ way before: try to remember. Spain's might against Lost Tribes and the Lost Tribes of what exactly? Fallen Jerusalem.....into these conclusions.

Fifty-Two: out of the Windy City and South. To inform the spine. Remeshush akal, remeshush ulewu: navel of sky, navel of earth. Months on my knees behind *this* Don Juan, learning a language he thought I already knew. Penelope in the night, calling back to the island. Bloom: as I write I remember: yes, enthroned between two candles.

"There are some in this pueblo, señor, there are some in this pueblo, mother-father, think you a god." Like that - sitting on the corner of the desk. There had been a bringing back, a resurrection from the pig-pound of a figure who ran like filligree thru 1525. Great walker this figure, traitor to Xrist, walker in the night: man-woman and hot seducer of this world. Judas Iscariot, Michael Archangel, Peter of the Stone, Simon Magus, Angel of Hills and Rains, Pedro de Alvarado Conquistador, old man of the dying year and of its resurrection. And Ahasuerus, I see, among volcanos. We made the rain/we made the sun - depending on the time of year it was and where the cardinals were at and who carried the burdens. And then, there were many years in the very far East.

Sixty-Seven: New York City, Ann Arbor, Denver, Mesa Verde, Acoma Sky-City, Walpi and its snakes in dust of all the days of the year, Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arches and Tetons, Cody, Billings Montana and back to Montreal. Toronto, Calgary, Canadian Pacific, Vancouver, Nanaimo, Seattle, San Francisco and the three archangels singing on Tamalpais.

Sixty-Nine: Niagara Frontier. The Andes. Out of the White City and back to the navel. The old white shirt, gone out of date: a museum piece: exclamations. The crimson scarf of priesthood: exclamations. I light two candles at the feet of Santiago and sleep seventeen years. We had begun in Cuzco: to the Lord of Earthquakes. Waking, I find Don Juan behind over me and we go back to his compound: his twenty eight grandchildren dance for joy. We talk to the old god, we talk to the new. One night, I go back to see if they still shut doors against the whirlwind. We dance in the melodious night, the fathers and I; I recite the salutations. I drink myself into stupor and vomit and am laid to rest. Iluge scorpions dance in the small space: home is the party going on while you are resting. Joyous Lake bursts thru Shining Heaven, signifying breakthru. The spine is confirmed.

Just before that: the Nowhere southwards. Chakra of the ass, I guess, could fall no further down. Vallejo out of prison at last, stars over the White City and royal feasts in the night. The betrothal at Intihuatana; the meaning of height made clear. Seventy: the journey North. As I bow to the Virgen de los Conquistadores in the Holy Faith, I have brought the spine North out of South and thru Center; I realize South into North and North into West. Seventy-One: the Hierogamy.

Out of the Holy Faith, Mescalito had been: three fat men of Nambe wagging ass and dancing on their heels. Old printer friend saying: "If you'd put it in a movie, they wouldn't believe it." Quietly, like that, as they went round a rock. Further Northwest, thru Wind River, suckle at Tetons again to the night of the bride. Oh Western Star, how I'd never thought to write ballads again! Endless fuck among flies, armored sunlight, the mother-father in joy, and each of us giving birth to the other. There has been crucifixion in the southern spine, there had been counter-crucifixion in the Holy Faith, and, here, at last, the pair of us: standing at the western door. Mescalito preceding this time: the turquoise bird. Bearded man out of Cody, proud on horse among peers, the flags of the States waving in their unimaginable colors - opening the door to the ultimate State, beyond which the West could not move. Eden in Wyo., clothed in but one silver necklace, silver water from Stetson to mouth humping the fast Shoshone, and coming back among old mens' beards, in hills of light, to dissolution. I came to see yr. mother's wedding. - I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student, I think it was to see my father's funeral. - Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon. - Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the marriage baked-meats did coldly furnish forth the funeral tables.

For, because she had climbed from her long sleep to peak several times, and in so doing very precisely had remained attached to these bones, they had possibly tried the western door too soon and so she fled back, poor wretch, murdered by the America she was fleeing. While he had never peaked, sailing merely among the mountain-walkers, orgasm a curious selfishness were it to be perpetrated by him, when Love in its eternal form could not allow of anything less than cosmic enjoyment: uninter-

rupted congress in the semblance of heaven. Thus they remained among flies and fallen (the bodies left behind among the flies for the rest of their days) and the sage did not burn in a great fire without consumption and its perfumes faded back among snows. The Flame burns upwards; the Lake seeps downwards: signifying opposition. What race was it then had been founded, what dream-children, sex of each other's sex. For he HAD talked to the spirits of the place, and, as his brother had foretold, the spirits had listened and blessed.

(Whom shall I take as the Muse of this West: Mrs Henry James or D.W.? D.W.'s genius in our day is to give voice to woman's sense of betrayal at man's hand and to raise betrayal to beauty. By virtue of sexual history, man's elegiac mode has been with us very much longer. Biologically: I cannot but affirm my sense of man's pain as partaking of this selfsame age-old terror which is the burden of all song. Woman's song comes to us with more immediate violence ("bleeding from the cunt" as it were) than man's is able to: man's elegy has had an older history on *paper*. Adam and Eve walking out of Eden: she thinking of what he has done towards this; he thinking of her part in it. And both of them unable to see that they were moving from Eden to Eden - that, hence-forward, with the one proviso of ignorance, Eden would not be in one place, but everywhere about them.)

And would you believe it, unknown to the myth, belting back thru South Dakota, thru Minnesota - past these very same Sioux, these very same Winnebago - in the sick car which would hardly carry me away, and back over sea to Erin, and thence to Arran, where land falls into sea. The silence. Fields of shuddering stone. White angel birds and butterflies on the edge of disaster. The evening air crazy with rabbits and wrens. Labyrinth of walls, crushed flat by sky: eye getting used to seeing light thru stone, in order to know where to pass. Grand Canyon of the Atlantic, cyclopean dream of stone: a Macchu Picchu in the sea. Sheerness of cliffs, tables laid for the sea gods, crushed flat by their huge feet - from which they dive into the sea's last rage with their terrible laws. Availed himself of a great fish, passing like table to the sea, to celebrate his coming to the Faroes, and to America, offering his god among the water spirits of old and new - met in a knot of waters.

Perhaps it all begins from "Jacataqua": this time round, at least. At least, some starting point must be endured. The Indian girl: Fiedler et al.: what does it really come to? There is still perhaps in the *Graïl* too much of the romance of the Indian? (And I must learn why he talks of Poe at the end, and not Thoreau or Emerson, Whitman or Ishmael). The Indian, for him, was what the East had been to the exiles: hence the exiles no doubt ransomed the greater day. Columbus, remember, was looking for India. But, pace all those who sink into the Indian in this land, WHAT true link is there between this aborigine and ourselves? True they were migrants also, the earliest migrants also, the earliest migrants into the land of nails-in-the-feet: and where did they come from indeed? Asia. Turn, world, turn: the circle will never

cease to turn.

There was this carpenter: last Jew/first Christian. I am late in the East, early in the West: this clan is mine. Bringing the white scarf to America, out of the island, carrying East into West: meeting those who had brought the crimson scarf from East to West in our sense, though continuing eastwards in theirs - what is this but the wandering assumption of all the priesthoods of the world, gathering them into the body, gathering them into the life, and then taking the life into the poem? The world has voice in us, we are the crust of its imaginations. Persecuted, flying, ultimate tribes/ tribes seeming forever lost, now found again at the western gate. The Christians will never open us again to look for the heart and bowels within our bodies. He last appeared threefold in the garden of the Carribees; he was last seen in Lexington, Tennessee, in St. George, Utah, and also at Harts Corner, in the State of New York. And he had come from Siberia to America via the Behring Straits, like they said, down thru Alaska and across the Continent. The river runs back; the clocks return and we are all one man.

("The Land! don't you feel it? Does it make you want to go out and lift dead Indians tenderly from their graves, to steal from them -as if it must be clinging even to their corpses - some authenticity, that which - Here not there." But are we, repeat are we, ever *truly adopted*?)

While many say that they will not answer, these dead Indians. Or that they will answer beyond our time, so much beyond our time, we ourselves may be looking in vain. If we have NOT BEEN Indians - in previous incarnations, or in this one: what then? We build Long Houses, hoping some come to meet us. There is nothing but hope.

I talk to some friends about America and Europe, and about that precision we had seemed to require in the idea before the form, and their notion - born of all the holy singers in this land - that the price we pay is in the borning of form as it first breathes. "Unrealized language of the present"/ my "language not yet born". Perhaps it is all one: and perhaps that is why one is here in Poetry, why one has been here since before childhood. But think not always of those who have gone from here East. Spare a thought for those who have come West.

I cannot, in motion, accept that America was built at all, ever. I accept that it is being built now, out of the sense of "our day". It is not we who killed instead of loving the Red Man: the night has white linings in some of these souls. Galileo? Science was never as dangerous to society as Poetry is about to be dangerous now.

Guild of the Iron Age. Poets are falling from the trees in the bitter autumn of this economy. Who shall protect? There is so much to be done in common, so much in the very method of our gifting here, could we but transcend irritabilities. Oh race of irritable men, soften your selfhoods! Eurydice of ashes, resume our needs!

Towards any geography. Towards any America whatsoever.

Emerson L. Pearson
Contract Archaeologist
TEXAS STATE HISTORICAL SURVEY COMMITTEE

WISCONSIN ICE AGE
and ORIGIN of
PALEO-INDIAN CLOVIS COMPLEX

ABSTRACT

A generalized introduction to early man in the Americas is made. Included in that discussion are the spatial, temporal, and formal dimensions of what is widely termed "Paleo-Indian"; including the Llano, Folsom and Plano complexes.

From the above picture a couple of problems are elicited. Those problems are then approached on as empirical grounds as the present state of Quaternary evidence will permit. The results of this consideration take the form of alternative hypotheses that may be tested on at least as logically plausible grounds as the problems elucidated. The paper concludes with an archaeological model derived from hypotheses presented and a brief discussion concerning the operationalization of that construct. Finally, a methodology concerning logical inquiry is presented.

LIST OF FIGURES

1. Paleoecological Correlations	2
2. Schematized Horizon/Megafauna Affiliation	6
3. Generalized Late Wisconsin Ice and Land Maxima	10

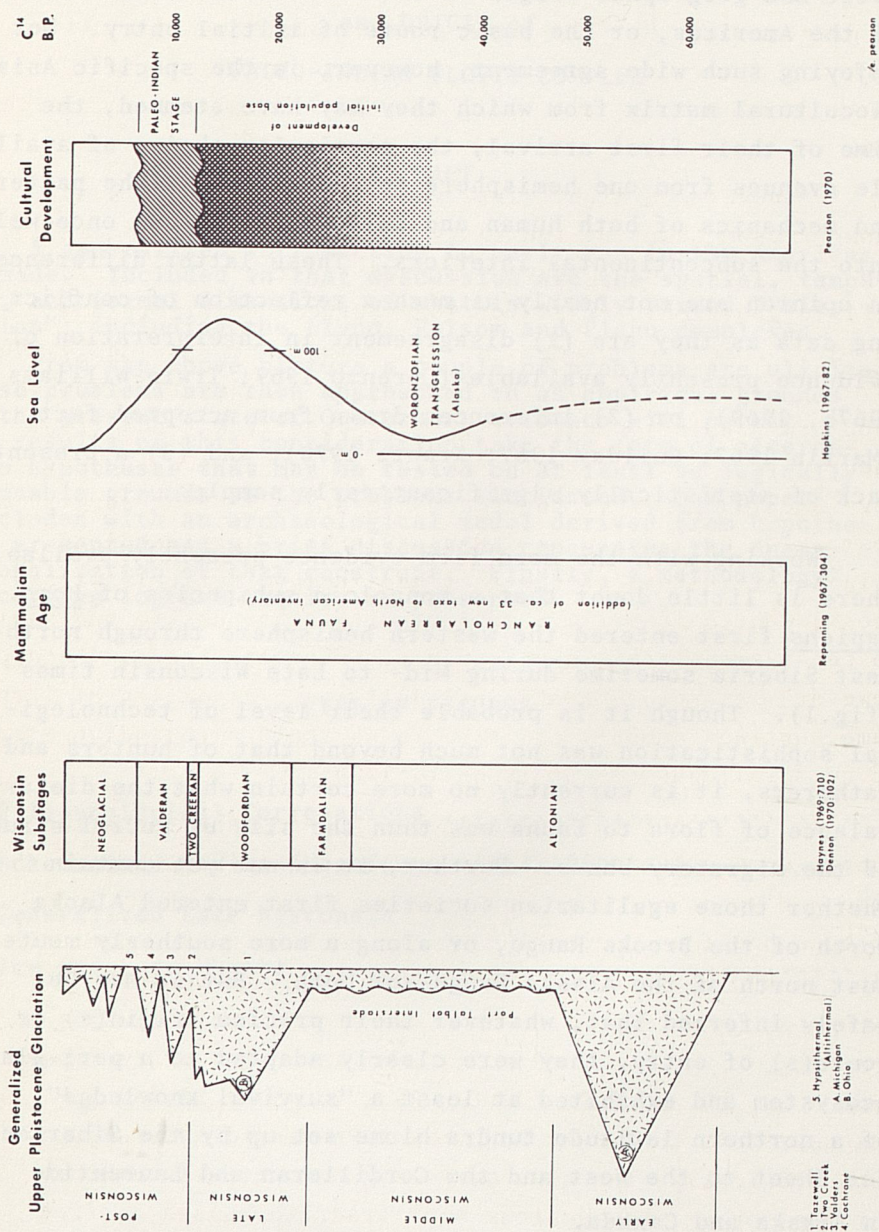
INTRODUCTION

There are few serious students of western hemisphere prehistory who any longer question either the general genetic and geographic origin of the first human inhabitants of the Americas, or the basic route of initial entry. Not enjoying such wide agreement, however, is the specific Asian biocultural matrix from which they may have stemmed, the time of their first arrival, the particular choice of available avenues from one hemisphere to the other, or the pattern and mechanics of both human and cultural dispersal once well into the subcontinental interiors. These latter differences in opinion are not nearly as much a reflection of conflicting data as they are (1) disagreement in interpretation of evidence presently available (Lorenzo 1967; Irwin-Williams 1967b, 1969), or (2) inferences drawn from accepted fact (Martin 1967; Guilday 1967; Krantz 1970); and (3) a present lack of statistically significant early samples.

Working with the more firm evidence presently available there is little doubt that a mongoloid subspecies of Homo sapiens first entered the western hemisphere through north-east Siberia sometime during Mid- to Late Wisconsin times (fig.1). Though it is probable their level of technological sophistication was not much beyond that of hunters and gatherers, it is currently no more certain what the dietary balance of flora to fauna was than the size or social structure of the migratory bands. Further, it is not yet certain whether those egalitarian societies first entered Alaska north of the Brooks Range, or along a more southerly route just north of the Alaska Range--or both. But it may be safely inferred that, whatever their precise origin(s) or route(s) of entry, they were clearly adapted to a peri-glacial ecosystem and exhibited at least a "survival knowledge" of a northern latitude tundra biome set up by the Siberian Ice Sheet to the west and the Cordilleran and Laurentide in Alaska and Canada.

Once into northern North America it seems reasonably

PALEOECOLOGICAL CORRELATIONS



rational to assume that those first inhabitants, with not much more under substantial control than their own human energy (White 1959:33-57), underwent a long series of shifting "spheres of familiarization" (i.e., possibly an ecosystem the size of a biotic formation--a point to be discussed in greater detail below) in a general southerly direction within the New World until reaching the southern tip of South America by at least 10,770 \pm 300 B.P. [Rubin and Berthold 1961 (W915)]

Whenever man might first have arrived, there is no known reason short of tautology why a continually expanding population base would have remained restricted to narrowly defined geographic areas for long periods of time. And in fact, sometime between Mid- to Late Wisconsin and 10,600 \pm 47 B.P. [an average of thirteen dates for Debert (Stuckenrath 1966)] a population base of unknown density extended from the Pacific coast of North America as far east as Debert, Nova Scotia. Whether the occupants at this point were in possession of a cultural inventory exhibiting immediate Asiatic affinities or one that had evolved entirely within the New World is still a subject of intense debate and shall be considered later in this paper. What is generally accepted, however, is a picture of man practicing a tradition of large-game hunting commonly referred to as the "Paleo-Indian Stage" of cultural development (Roberts 1940).

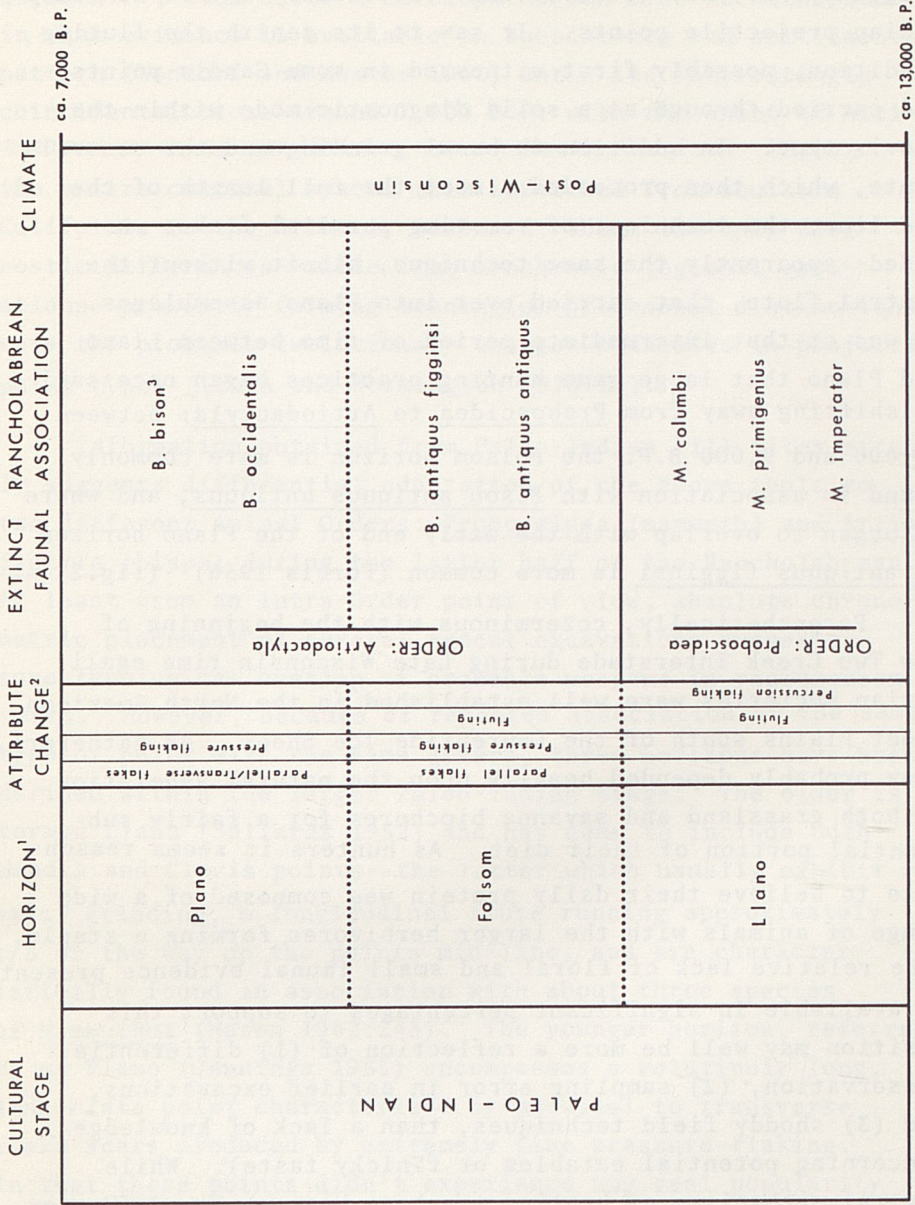
As a concept the Paleo-Indian hunting and gathering subsistence pattern is widely considered to have been both time and space specific, as well as involving three levels of technological adaptation to the hunting of now extinct Pleistocene megafauna. Within that stage of cultural development there appear to have been three broad classes of projectile types--all of which bore an evolutionary import from about 13,000 B.P. (Müller-Beck 1966) or 12,000 B.P. (Haynes 1964) to 7,00 B.P. [Libby 1955 (solid carbon)]. Technologically, the more durable stone artifacts exhibit a rather broad, homogeneous tool tradition based on fine percussion and pressure flaking of bifacially worked lanceolate projectile points, unifacial scrapers, knives, core-

struck blades, perforators and gravers. Probably beginning with the onset of the Two Creek Interstade around 13,000--12,500B.P., such uniform development can also be witnessed in what evidence is available on subsistence and settlement pattern (Wendorf and Hester 1962) until its interestingly coincidental close around 7,000 B.P. with the onset of Alti-thermal warming conditions across North America. Within the entire cultural system that stretched from southern California to the Atlantic seaboard, about the only diagnostic differences--aside from synchronic regional variations--presently forming meaningful processual distinctions were the probable evolutionary changes witnesses in projectile point types (Irwin and Wormington 1970:24).

Information obtained from Paleo-Indian kill sites strongly suggests differential adaptation of the above tools to two different animal Orders: Proboscidea (mammoth) and Artiodactyla (bison) during the latter half of the Rancholabrean. At least from an intra-Order point of view, absolute chronometric placement of several recent excavations suggests some typological overlap of probable weapons in radiocarbon years. However, because of repeated association of the same type of point with the same genera, three horizons have been defined within the larger Paleo-Indian Stage. The older is termed Llano (Sellards 1952) and has come to include both Sandia and Clovis points--the latter which usually exhibit basal grinding, a longitudinal flute running approximately 1/3 of the way up the points mid-line, and are characteristically found in association with about three species of Mammuthus (Mason 1962:243). The younger horizon, referred to as Plano (Jennings 1955) encompasses a relatively long, lanceolate point characterized by parallel to transverse flake-scars produced by extremely fine pressure flaking. In that these points didn't experience any real popularity until after ca. 9,500 B.P. and are most often found in association with Bison occidentalis and B. bison during the final phases of the Late Wisconsin (Mason 1962:231), it is generally felt this change in point types reflected a change in hunting practices necessitated by the extinction

of several Artiodactylae and other Pleistocene fauna. A third, and intermediate typological horizon called Folsom (Figgins 1927) has given strong evolutionary import to Paleo-Indian projectile points. It saw to its zenith the fluting tradition, possibly first witnessed in some Sandia points, and carried through as a solid diagnostic mode within the Clovis type. In addition to basal grinding and the central flute, which then proceeded almost the full length of the mid-line, the technique of removing parallel flakes was added--apparently the same technique, albeit without the central flute, that carried over into Plano assemblages. It was at that intermediate period of time between Llano and Plano that large game hunting practices began necessarily shifting away from Proboscidea to Artiodactyla; between 11,000 and 9,000 B.P. the Folsom horizon is more commonly found in association with Bison antiquus antiquus, and where it began to overlap with the early end of the Plano horizon B. antiquus figginsi is more common (Forbis 1956)--(fig.2)

Parenthetically, coterminous with the beginning of the Two Creek Interstade during Late Wisconsin time egalitarian societies were well established in the North American Great Plains south of the Laurentide Ice Sheet. As gatherers, they probably depended heavily upon the natural vegetation of both grassland and savanna biocoenoses for a fairly substantial portion of their diet. As hunters it seems reasonable to believe their daily protein was composed of a wide range of animals with the larger herbivores forming a staple. (The relative lack of floral and small faunal evidence presently available in significant percentages to support this position may well be more a reflection of (1) differential preservation, (2) sampling error in earlier excavations, and (3) shoddy field techniques, than a lack of knowledge concerning potential eatables or finicky taste). While several mechanisms of hunting may have been employed (Hester 1967) few traces beyond projectile points have stood the test of time. As a result, Paleo-Indian projectile points forming three general time-specific horizons have been found from Baja California to New England and from Alberta, Canada to Santa Isabel Ixtapan, Mexico (for a fine summary of the



SCHEMATIZED
HORIZON/MEGAFUNA AFFILIATION

1. Over-lap between traditions should be expected.
 2. Some pressure flaking believed to exist on a few Clovis finds.
 3. Not extinct.

e. pearson

probable southern extent of Paleo-Indian attributes see de Anda 1964).

Such a picture presents a problem for at least two reasons. First, the Llano horizon seems too well adapted to the widely varying environmental circumstances that must have been present to support two major biochores and many accompanying formations to have arrived as suddenly as the increasing suite of radiocarbon dates for the Clovis complex suggests. And second, it stretches the imagination to envision a distribution of bands of hunters and gatherers over the majority of continental United States east of the Rocky Mountains and south into Mexico in two thousand years.

By way of addressing the above problem two hypotheses are offered along with supportive data. Though the positions are by no means new, it is hoped that recent paleoecological evidence and inferences drawn from such will shed more intelligent light on the old argument concerning the origin of the Clovis complex.

If the clustering of Clovis dates are correct in falling between 12,000 and 11,000 B.P.; and if latest data on the opening of an ice-free corridor to a point of being humanly supportive stands the enumerative test of further Quaternary research;--then:

1. the predecessors of the Paleo-Indian stage of development penetrated well into the interior of the western hemisphere prior to the Late Wisconsin ice advance, and
2. the logical plausibility of the Clovis complex being an in situ development within the North American interior is greatly increased.

In support of these arguments it will be necessary to briefly trace the history of the Wisconsin Ice Age in light of most recent research. From this evidence, and growing out of the above positions, a testable archaeological model will be offered. Hopefully, the glacial evidence, when coupled with supportive data for the model, will throw even greater doubt on the longer standing position that Paleo-Indians as herein defined were the first people to enter the New World.

GEOLOGICAL ASPECTS

Not long after the intellectually stifling "Establishment" of Hrdlicka and Holmes had succumbed to growing data on Pleistocene fauna-human associations (Cressman 1968:78-79), scientific inquiries necessarily began encompassing the effects of sea level and glaciation on the Bering Land Bridge as well as a proposed ice-free corridor between the sometime coalescent Cordilleran and Laurentide Ice Sheets. As early man studies continued through the late 1940's and 1950's definitive information on both of these physiographic features continued to grow. Going hand-in-hand with this development was increasing understanding of paleoecology in general, and a growing inventory of information concerning man's place in this picture somewhere in the latter half of the Quaternary Period. Developing out of these increasingly eclectic investigations were a multiplicity of propositions. Some of the emerging pictures culminated in two opposing hypotheses concerning possible association of the above geologic events with what were now termed Paleo-Indian components:

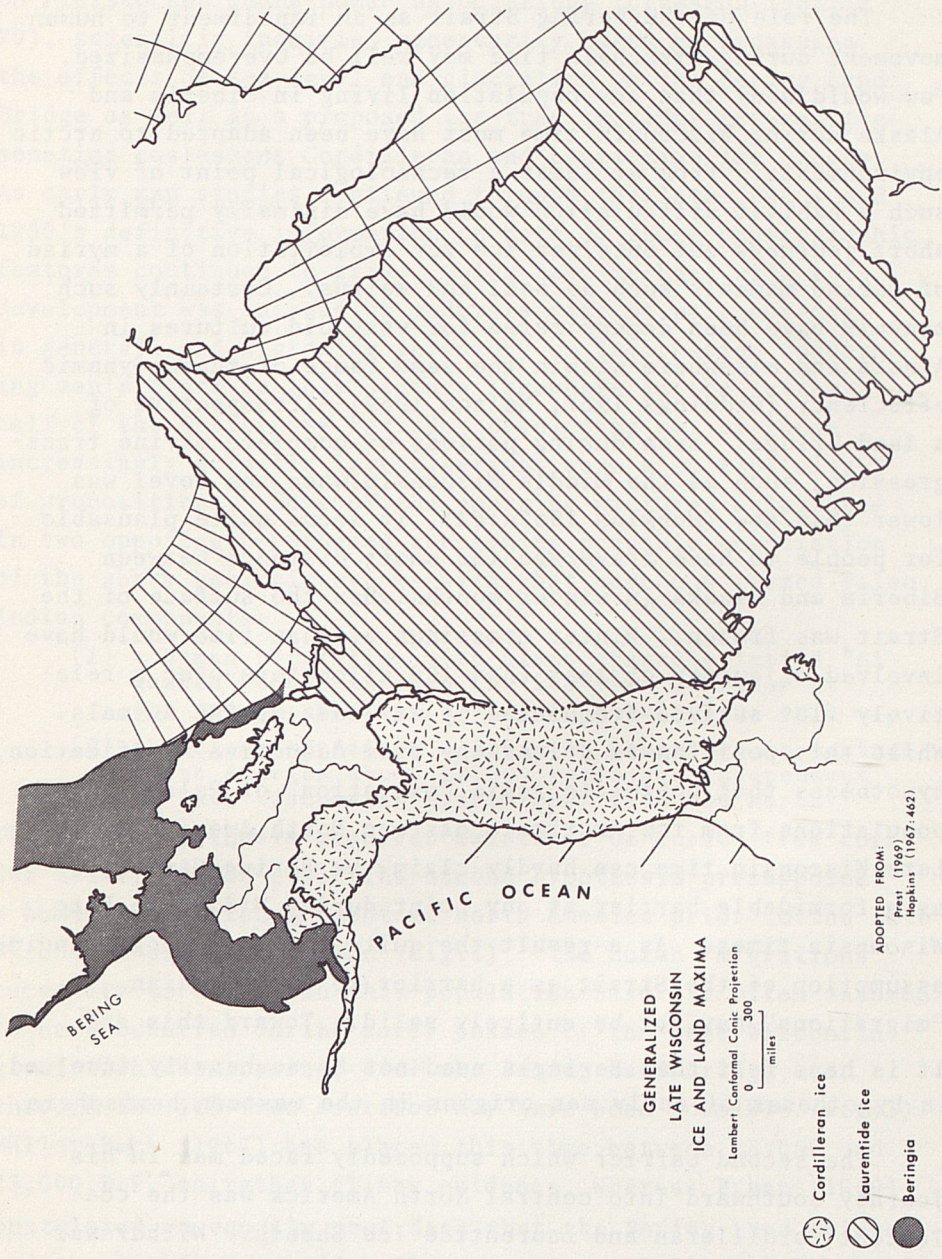
- (1) a human population with Llano characteristics "migrated" south through the ice-free corridor at the end of the Late Wisconsin glaciation, or
- (2) the Llano tradition originated somewhere in central North America about 12,000 years ago independent of Late Wisconsin "migrations" from the north.

The first hypothesis requires existence of an ice-free corridor before 12,000 B.P. The second hypothesis presupposes a human population in central North America prior to the Late Wisconsin glacial maximum (fig.1). The human "migrations" necessary to establish this population base are often assumed to have occurred during early phases of the Late Wisconsin glaciation when passage over the Bering Land Bridge and through the ice-free corridor may have been possible (fig.3). Müller-Beck (1967) has placed this time between 28,000 and 23,000 B.P. on rather flimsy evidence, whereas Bryan (1969) postulated on equally poor data that the Bering Land Bridge and the ice-free corridor did not exist simultaneously dur-

ing the early phases of the Late Wisconsin glaciation. In the following paragraphs each hypothetical barrier is discussed, and possible new barriers are mentioned in light of more recent data.

The role of the Bering Strait as an impediment to human movement during Wisconsin time may well be overemphasized. Few would deny that any population living in Siberia and Alaska during Wisconsin time must have been adapted to arctic environments. From at least a technological point of view such a habitat articulation would have minimally permitted short journeys out onto sea ice for exploitation of a myriad of marine mammals such as seal and walrus. Certainly such travels have been demonstrated for very old cultures in Alaska and elsewhere within the same range of thermodynamic efficiency (Giddings 1967; Nelson 1969)--irrespective of a land bridge. Even during periods of complete marine transgression, such as the Middle Wisconsin when sea level was lower than now (Hopkins 1967a:82), it seems quite plausible for people to have traversed the short distance between Siberia and Alaska in winter months when the surface of the Strait was frozen. Winter crossings at that time would have involved a journey of less than 100 kilometers over a relatively flat surface frequented by at least marine animals. While this position is a long way from deductive verification, hypotheses that postulate rapid "migration" of Paleo-Indian populations from the Arctic to eastern North America in Late Wisconsin time can hardly claim the Bering Strait as a formidable barrier at any point during Middle to Late Wisconsin times. As a result the quite popular, long-standing assumption of the Strait as a barrier to Paleo-Indian "migrations" may not be entirely valid. Toward this end it is here felt that Beringia need not be so heavily involved in hypotheses of early man origins in the western hemisphere.

The second barrier which supposedly faced man in his journey southward into central North America was the coalescent Cordilleran and Laurentide Ice Sheets. Withdrawal of the two ice margins during a period of climatic amelioration in the Late Wisconsin is commonly believed to have



created a west Canadian ice-free corridor through which people of a Llano or Llano-like tradition were to have first moved south. The existence of this corridor is connected intimately with the Wisconsin history of the respective ice masses. Unfortunately, most data concerning the general history of these two sheets are from regions other than along the corridor. As a result details about glacier fluctuations along the corridor are insufficiently detailed to define times when the corridor was open and closed. Toward this end only estimates of these times can be made from the general history of the two ice sheets involved.

The Late Wisconsin history of well-dated Cordilleran glaciers and of segments along the periphery of the Laurentide Ice Sheet are shown in Figures 1 and 3. Glaciation at that time as depicted in selected areas consisted of at least one major advance in Early Wisconsin time, a long interval of ice recession during the Middle Wisconsin, and a major readvance in Late Wisconsin time. The Early Wisconsin advance(s) are rather poorly understood. Apparently Laurentide ice advanced southward into the St. Lawrence Lowland and deposited the Becancour till shortly after 68,000 B.P.; subsequent recession then occurred during the St. Pierre Interstade. In addition, there was a major southward push of the Laurentide across the Great Lakes into Ohio. In this latter region the southern margin of the ice receded north of Lake Erie during the Port Talbot Interstade and the Plum Point interval from before 48,000 B.P. down to around 24,000 B.P. (Dreimanis, et.al. 1966). Stratigraphic evidence from the Port Talbot and Plum Point type sections suggests that the ice margin was near the north shore of Lake Erie on several occasions during these intervals. Specifically, the advances occurred shortly before 48,000 B.P. and again between 30,000 and 28,000 B.P. (Dreimanis, et.al. 1966). Whether the Laurentide Ice Sheet dwindled significantly in size or even disappeared at other times during Port Talbot or Plum Point time is unknown. On one hand, lack of unconformities within pertinent glacial deposits suggests that the St. Lawrence Lowland may have been ice-covered throughout the Middle Wisconsin. On the other hand,

a new sea level curve based on samples from the Atlantic continental shelf off North America suggests that sea level was very close to its present value about 35,000 to 30,000 B.P. (Milliman and Emery 1968). This latter suggests that the Laurentide Ice Sheet, as one of the major controls of sea level, nearly disappeared during Middle Wisconsin time. However, this sea level curve must be treated with relative caution insofar as it is based to a large extent on C^{14} dates of carbonates. In sum, the full extent of Middle Wisconsin recession will not be known until interstadial or interglacial deposits near the center of the former ice sheet are thoroughly dated.

The few well-dated sequences of glacial deposits show that Cordilleran alpine glacier systems likewise experienced an Early Wisconsin advance followed in Middle Wisconsin time by a major interval of ice recession. This behavior is shown by the southern margin of the Cordilleran Ice Sheet both in the Fraser-Puget Lowland of Washington and British Columbia, and in the Purcell Trench in southern British Columbia--as well as by the glacier system on the north flank of the St. Elias Mountains in southern Yukon Territory (Denton and Stuiver 1967).

The Late Wisconsin readvance of the Laurentide Ice Sheet in the Great Lakes region began between 30,000 and 25,000 B.P. The oscillating southern margin of the ice sheet had advanced to the vicinity of Lake Erie by 30,000 to 28,000 B.P. and had overrun the present north shore of the lake by 24,000 B.P. (Dreimanis, et.al. 1966). Cordilleran ice, likewise, advanced into the Fraser-Puget Lowland shortly before 24,000 B.P., and through the Purcell Trench in southern British Columbia sometime after 25,400 B.P. (Denton and Stuiver 1967). In the St. Elias Mountains Late Wisconsin glacier expansion began shortly after 29,600 B.P. (Denton 1970b).

The southern margin of the Laurentide Ice Sheet stood near its Late Wisconsin maximum between 18,000 and 14,000

B.P. In southern New England and on Long Island, the margin of the ice sheet was very close to its maximum about 15,300 B.P. (Kaye 1964). In Ohio, Indiana and Illinois various lobes of the ice sheet attained maxima from 20,000 to 18,000 B.P. (Goldthwaite, et.al. 1965). The Des Moines lobe in Minnesota and Iowa reached its Late Wisconsin maximum about 14,000 B.P. (Wright and Ruhe 1965). The maximum stand of Late Wisconsin ice around the remainder of the Laurentide Ice Sheet is not well-dated, though Prest (1969) has tentatively projected an isochron further west and north to above Ft. Liard, Yukon Territory.

Following Denton (1970b) "The age of the Late Wisconsin glacial maximum is controlled closely for three glacier systems in cordilleran North America. In Anaktuvuk Pass in the Brooks Range of northern Alaska, the Anayaknaurak readvance culminated about 13,270 B.P.; whether this represents the Late Wisconsin maximum is questionable, however, as the more extensive Banded Mountain advance also is assigned to this time interval on the basis of comparative weathering of drift bodies. The glacier system on the north flank of the St. Elias Mountains attained a Late Wisconsin maximum shortly before 13,700 years B.P. Likewise, maximum Late Wisconsin glaciation in the Puget Lowland occurred about 14,000 years B.P.

"The southern margin of the Laurentide Ice Sheet stood at or near its Late Wisconsin maximum between 18,000 and 14,000 years B.P. However, between 14,000 and 12,000 years ago the southern margin of the ice sheet receded drastically; reconstruction of idealized ice-surface profiles shows that considerable ice was lost during this recession. Concurrently, sea level rose more than 35m. Subsequent behavior of the ice sheet consisted of general recession interrupted by numerous fluctuations. Many of these fluctuations, such as the Port Huron, Mankato, and Valdres readvances, were probably local in character, for they cannot be traced around the periphery of the former ice sheet nor can they be correlated with readvances of alpine glacier systems".

Then in his paper presented at Montana State University (AMQUA 1970a) Denton added that, "Late Wisconsin recession of glaciers in northwestern North America was very rapid in many areas which have pertinent C^{14} dates. This recession involved glaciers of various sizes and shapes in several climatic environments. In the northern St. Elias Mountains ice withdrew to contemporary glacier borders by 11,000 to 12,000 years ago(!). Glaciers in the Juneau area of southeastern Alaska receded to the vicinity of present termini prior to about 10,300 years ago. Furthermore, very rapid ice recession followed the Late Wisconsin maximum in the Puget Lowland. In the Southern Hemisphere glaciers in Patagonia receded rapidly following a late-glacial readvance and withdrew behind present glacier borders well before 11,000 years ago. Elsewhere, evidence for the timing of Late Wisconsin alpine glacier recession is restricted to minimum dates near present glacier termini or near the heads of formerly glaciated valleys. These include C^{14} dates of 7241 years ago in Anaktuvuk Pass, 8200 years ago near the Fox-Hazard glacier system in the St. Elias Mountains, 9150 and 7075 years ago in Lituya and Glacier Bays in southeast Alaska, and 10,270 years ago in the Purcell Trench in southern British Columbia. In the Banff area of the Canadian Rockies, final glacier recession predated 9300 years ago. Final recession of the residual Cordilleran Ice Sheet in central British Columbia may well have been delayed considerably; and the date when this ice sheet finally dissipated is not well established. Numerous readvances of alpine glaciers occurred during general Late Wisconsin recession. However, available C^{14} dates suggest that these fluctuations were not contemporaneous on a regional basis".

Analysis of the behavior of the Laurentide and Cordilleran Ice Sheets given above suggests that an ice-free corridor existed between those ice sheets throughout a large segment of Middle Wisconsin time. This conclusion is substantiated by the few published C^{14} dates of Middle Wisconsin age from the plains of western Canada. These dates show that the Laurentide Ice Sheet was considerably smaller during Middle Wisconsin time than at its Late Wisconsin maximum.

Likewise, C^{14} dates from Yukon Territory suggest that glaciers there were also quite retracted. Thus a wide belt of ice-free terrain extended from arctic Canada south to Montana. The corridor at that time would have included gentle and easily traversed lowland terrain leading from the Mackenzie River area in Northwest Territories south along the plains east of the Rocky Mountains. No rugged or mountainous terrain had to be traversed in Middle Wisconsin time by people moving southward into central North America. Further, the glaciers through most of Middle Wisconsin time were probably sufficiently retracted to remove the possibilities of large ice-dammed lakes and meltwater streams from glaciers blocking the route to central North America.

When the advancing Laurentide and Cordilleran glaciers sealed off the corridor during the early phase of the Late Wisconsin Glaciation cannot be defined at present with any certainty until field mapping and thorough dating of glacial deposits along the entire length of the corridor are completed. Segments of the corridor nearest former centers of outflow may have closed considerably before the Laurentide and Cordilleran Ice Sheets attained overall maxima. Given the uncertainties involved in the timing of the initial Late Wisconsin advances of Laurentide and Cordilleran ice in the area of the corridor, it can probably be stated only that the ice sheets coalesced sometime between 23,000 and 14,000 B.P.

The date when the ice-free corridor initially came into existence during general recession is, again, uncertain because the glacial deposits have not been mapped and dated along the entire length of the corridor. Recession of Laurentide ice in south Alberta apparently began 15,000 to 14,000 B.P. Several radiocarbon dates of sediments of a lake dammed by the retreat of Laurentide ice suggest that the corridor existed north to the Athabasca River area of Alberta, near British Columbia by at least 13,580 B.P. There is no evidence that these sediments were subsequently overrun by a Laurentide readvance, and thus it is unlikely that

the corridor in this region, or southward, closed subsequent to 13,500 B.P. (Denton 1969).

Geologic mapping and radiocarbon dates strongly suggest that a rugged tongue of ice-free terrain extended from central Yukon Territory southeast almost to British Columbia. This tongue of terrain extended, however, along the axes of the rugged Mackenzie and Logan Mountains. It did not include the Mackenzie Lowland which probably was open for southward "migrations" in Middle Wisconsin time. The critical unknown segment of the ice-free corridor thus lies in British Columbia. The C^{14} date available for this area is on a mammoth tusk at about 11,600 B.P. Whether the associated mammoth entered the corridor from the north or south is not known. The chronology of recession of Cordilleran ice from the area of the corridor is not well-documented. However, the rapid recession of Late Wisconsin alpine glaciers elsewhere in northwestern North America suggest the distinct possibility that the corridor existed during the early phases of Late Wisconsin glacial recession, regardless of the chronology of Laurentide recession.

In conclusion, the glacial deposits along the ice-free corridor are insufficiently mapped and dated to allow definitive conclusions about when the corridor first came into existence during glacier recession from the Late Wisconsin maximum. Certainly evidence presently available does not preclude the possibility that people with a tool kit of Llano configuration moved south through the corridor well before 12,000 B.P. However, they would have faced a formidable journey. At that time Laurentide ice probably would have negated passage south through the Mackenzie Lowlands. A possible alternative for this route may have been the more difficult terrain along the foothills of the Mackenzie Mountains. Then, once south of the Mackenzie Mountains travel would have been somewhat easier--though several obstacles would still remain, e.g., large morainal lakes and meltwater streams. The major rivers draining the east flank of the Canadian Rocky Mountains flow east and northeast, eventually draining into the Arctic Ocean or Hudson's Bay. As a result,

the retreating Laurentide ice dammed water from these rivers into large lakes that covered vast ice-free areas in Alberta and partially blocked passage into central North America. Skirting these extensive lakes in summer would have been difficult because they were bordered by the ice margins on the east. In addition, meltwater streams--which are extremely difficult to cross in summer because of their velocity--drained into these lakes from the retreating Cordilleran glaciers to the west. A minimum of 20 major meltwater rivers (Prest, et.al. 1967) would have had to be traversed to gain passage into central North America during the early phases of Late Wisconsin glacial recession. Traverses of these lakes and rivers would have been easiest during winter months when they would be frozen, in much the same manner as previously postulated for journeys over the Bering Land Bridge. There is a distinct possibility that Late Wisconsin overland journeys southward through the ice-free corridor into central North America, if they can be demonstrated, should rank in the annals of polar travel beside such epochs as Robert Falcon Scott's journey to the South Pole or Frijold Nansen's crossing of the Greenland Ice Sheet.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASPECTS

Continuing quaternary research has varied widely in both degree and kind over the last half century. As a result the quality and quantity of information concerning early man in the Western Hemisphere has steadily increased. Evidence stemming from these data is lending greater empirical weight each year to the presence of hominid tool-makers in North and South America prior to the close of Late Wisconsin time some 13,000 years ago. Further, extensive and intensive investigation is ever-increasing the inventory of Llano kill and habitation sites--not to mention the vast numbers of loose provenience surface finds of Clovis and Clovis-like points [viz., in the eastern United States, but also in southern Canada (Wormington and Forbis 1965:80, 135) and the west coast (Riddell and Olsen 1969)].

Insofar as the above exploration has enjoyed a significant amount of scientific objectivity, both positive and negative inferences may be more safely drawn. In the first instance well-documented direct evidence of Homo sapiens having been in Alberta, Canada prior to the last Wisconsin ice advance is now indisputable. In 1961 the skeletal remains of one in situ individual were recovered by a geological survey crew under the direction of A.M. Stalker (Langston and Oschinsky 1963). The position of the undisturbed bones in alluvial sand overlain by a Classic Wisconsin till indicate an inferred stratigraphic correlation date of >22,000 B.P. (Stalker 1969). Assuming Stalker's regional stratigraphy and subsequent cross-dating are correct, and if his estimate concerning the general aggradation rate of alluviated overburden is reasonable then his suggestion that the site is a minimum of 37,000 B.P. may be quite in order (1969: 428). Surely this infant was not singularly distinctive for its presence in North America prior to Late Wisconsin time. As a result, the mere lack of sexually differentiating osteological features or associated artifacts can no longer be rationally considered "of limited anthropological value" (Wormington and Forbis 1965:117).

Somewhat less substantial direct evidence of man's New World presence during the Classic Wisconsin comes from southern California and eastern Mexico, Mexico. In the first instance Berger has recently obtained a C^{14} date of 17,150 \pm 1,470 B.P. (UCLA-1233A) on a female calvarium from Laguna Beach. Though circumstances surrounding the stratigraphic context of its original discovery in 1933 are open to question, greater doubt may rest with radiocarbon analysis. However, the date is probably accurate, given that Berger extracted collagen from the sample prior to testing (Berger, et.al. 1964). Publication of analysis procedure should be forthcoming. In the second instance José Luis Lorenzo of the National Institute of Anthropology is reputed to have discovered a complete male skull of mongoloid phenotype near Tlapacoya. Hopefully, the pair of dates obtained by Haynes [1967; 24,000 \pm 4,000 B.P. (A-794B)] and Mirabell

[1967; 23,150 ±950 B.P. (GX-959)] will maintain for the strata from which the skull was found. Should this be the case, it will fall within the Farmdale substage (fig. 1) just prior to Berger's possible Woodfordian material. Published provenience and association data are anxiously awaited from Lorenzo; it is further hoped circumstances surrounding the find are not of a nature to suggest a much later intrusion.

Should all uncertainty be removed from the latest California and Mexico finds through objective documentation, Haynes' position concerning the lack of human skeletal material attributable to the "middle Paleo-Indian period" will be negated (1969b:712). Clearly, Stalker's association in Alberta lends human credibility to Farmdalian and possibly Altonian times. As a result, the direct nature of human skeletal evidence alone is beginning to cast serious doubt upon the nonexistence of human occupation in the Western Hemisphere prior to the Two Creek Interstade.

In dealing with indirect evidence of man's early occupation of the New World prehistorians have generally elected three avenues of attack:

1. Chronometric assignment of sites to an early period based on artifacts found in association with organic remains;
2. Postulations about typological predecessors of tools found in rather wide geographic distribution near, or shortly after the end of the Two Creek substage;
3. Time-lag notions surrounding rates of "migration" for sites occupied at, or just following the time of supposed opening of an ice-free corridor in western Canada.

while it is not the present intention to perform another revisitation of previous literature, selected references will be made dealing with the above approaches in an effort to further argumentation by enumeration. Until (1) well-documented human occupation can be found beneath a Llano component in an undisturbed stratigraphic context, or (2) assemblages of tools can be isolated in large enough numbers to lend themselves to statistically significant quantitative analyses, a logico-inductive enumerative process will have to maintain for indirect evidence of human presence.

Though differentially questioned, Krieger's classic treatise (1964) has been a major summary contribution to the first methodology. To that corpus should be added more recent information on at least two less disputable associations. The first are Cressman's data at Fort Rock Cave in Oregon with a radiocarbon date of 13,200 \pm 170 B.P. (GAK-173). The second is what is here considered Irwin-Williams successful removal of doubt surrounding the Valsequillo associations dated at 21,580 \pm 850 B.P. (1967a). While the accuracy of the Valsequillo date may be challenged on the grounds of its having been obtained from shell, the earlier component exhibiting a unifacially flaked point/extinct faunal association might well be considered >25,000 B.P. on more solid geological bases (Haynes 1969b:353). Were it not for the possibility of "mixing" (Haynes 1969a) Gruhn's discovery in Wilson Butte Cave would be equally supportive. "Assemblage I" found in the basal levels of "Stratum C" consisted of a blade, flake, and a leaf-shaped biface--all of which have been tentatively dated at 14,550 \pm 500 B.P. (M-1409); Gruhn (1965) and Crabtree (1969).

Data lending itself to the second methodology has thus far remained in an hypothetical stage for two reasons: (1) no assemblage or group of assemblages have been amassed in large enough numbers to indicate a continuum of modal attributes (Rouse 1960) with a high enough statistical ϕ of significance to solidly suggest a prototype, and (2) no sites have yet been encountered with a Llano component in unquestioned stratigraphic superposition over an earlier habitation (not to mention one suggesting evolutionary affinities). As a result, suggestions as Brian's "Large Leaf-Shaped Point Tradition" (1965), Krieger's "Preprojectile Point Stage" (1962-63), or the possibility of a Sandia/Clovis continuum have remained in a state of conjecture (indeed, suspicion surrounding a date on mastodon teeth in Sandia Cave places the latter of these propositions in greatest question). In the case of both typological continua and multicomponent sites, no evidence has been presented at this writing to warrant the negation of either picture.

Evidence accumulating along lines of the third methodology is becoming more impressive with time. However, habitation sites are not nearly numerous enough on a regional scale to permit linear seriation, nor has any other suitable technique been worked out to estimate population movement at that depth of time. Toward this end rates of "migration" can only be tenuously suggested by ethnographic analogy. Extending from such a predicament is the lack of an acceptable objective model to permit a deductive statement along these lines. Still, there does seem to remain a margin of inductive credibility. Contrary to Bryan's corridor position, if a people first entered the continental United States after the Two Creek Interstade it may have been possible to arrive in Nova Scotia by about 10,500 years ago. An underlying assumption here is a teleconnecting linear movement of a little over one mile a year through the periglacial environment set up by Laurentide retreat. But it sincerely tests the imagination to envision a like population --moving "against the grain" of northward migrating Pleistocene megafauna, through a proposed minimum of eight biochores and their composite formations, over topography ranging from sea level to highland valleys in excess of 8,000 ft. elevation, during a period of dramatic climatic fluctuation--traveling a 10,500 mile distance in the same period of time(!) to Fell's Cave in southern Chile. If acceptable, the Chivateros I phase in Peru at 10,430 \pm 160 B.P. (UCLA-683) and Lagoa Santa, Brazil at 9,720 \pm 128 (P-521) and 9,028 \pm 120 B.P. (P-519) are equally improbable journeys in such a short period.

In sum, irrefutable direct evidence concerning one human being and the possibility of two others strongly suggest the presence of man in the Western Hemisphere prior to the Two Creek Interstade. On geophysical plausibility alone this would force consideration of initial entry sometime during Woodfordian time, and surely before its Late Wisconsin Tazewell peak around 19-18,000 years ago. Indirect evidence may always remain in the realm of the inductive and therefore result only in statements of greater proba-

bility. However, expanding enumeration of sites undoubtedly predating 13,000 B.P. in their associations is putting greater stress on a seeming unwillingness to recognize lithic assemblages earlier than Valderan.

While not much can yet be said on typological grounds, sheer distance of acceptably dated assemblages from the Canadian Northwest Territory test the logic of a school of thought whose seeds can be seen in the early position of Alés Hrdlicka (1907, 1912). Irrespective of when post-glacial age was then thought to have been (Krieger 1964:24), the larger problem is here seen as one of biocultural adaptation. Precise radiometric placement in time is important only insofar as it puts in larger perspective the more important problems of (1) process involved in socio-cultural evolution, (2) rates of genetic change in isolated populations, (3) the kind and degree of biome modification resulting from human intervention, and (4) other questions more germane to ecological interaction.

It has been the non-axiomatic nature of postulations concerning prototypes of the Llano horizon that have given large support to inferences drawn from negative evidence. When this lack is coupled with a statistical "flooring" of acceptable radiocarbon dates in the 11-10,000 year range (Haynes 1967; table 1) the Clovis complex appears intrusive. But the idea of sudden appearance is beset with some very difficult problems. There is the aforementioned problem of rapid "migration" over large areas of vastly different environmental circumstances. Such movement would certainly challenge some of the adjustiveness which Harding seems to intend for the "Principle of Stabilization" (1960). While sudden intrusion and rapid dispersal may throw light on morphological uniformity across the continent, it fails in additional respects. There still remains a predecessor problem. In this instance an immediate prototype must be sought somewhere on the Eurasian continent. Though a typological parent for the initial tradition east of Beringia will eventually have to be sought in the west, Clovis-like characteristics challenge non-indigenous evidence. The

only known Eurasian assemblages in reasonable geographic proximity during the late Upper Pleistocene to qualify as an ancestor were the Siberian Aurignacoid components in the Angara and Selenga valleys. However, not nearly enough attributes can be found in common between the two types to document an evolutionary continuum (Müller-Beck 1967: 381-394). Any earlier considerations would direct attention to either the possibility of Aurignacoid elements in northeast Asia at a time prior to that now believed, or elements of a more Mousterian flavor. This latter will be briefly discussed in the context of an archaeological model. Further, neither true fluting nor suspiciously intermediate forms to Llano have yet been witnessed in Alaska or Yukon Territory during or before Mac Neish's Kluane phase (1963). As a result, a cultural nucleus exhibiting the adaptive features characterized in early horizons of the Paleo-Indian Stage in northeast Siberia or its Alaskan extension have not been convincingly demonstrated at a period of time necessary for sudden intrusion.

MODEL

The following prehistoric model is based on the preceding data and inferences that have been correspondingly drawn. Human skeletal evidence and artifacts dated prior to the Late Wisconsin glacial maximum, along with increasing knowledge about glacial and peri-glacial circumstances in western Canada and southern Alaska suggest:

1. Middle Wisconsin glaciation was not of a magnitude to create turbulent meltwater streams and morainal lakes. As a result, the probability of telescoping, southern relocation by small bands of mongoloid or proto-mongoloid hunters and gatherers is highly increased during that period.
2. As an extension of an east Asian middle Upper Pleistocene gene pool, the first Western Hemisphere occupants possessed a Mousteroid technology. Occasional biocultural diffusion out of that nucleus may have continued until the major Tazewell advance. At that point populations of the continental interior were cut off from further western influences.

3. From about 20,000 years ago until shortly after the Late Wisconsin rapid glacial recession, Homo sapiens (a) gradually grew in population density and geographic distribution until sporadically encountering the continental margins of North and South America, and (b) underwent localized in situ evolution entirely free of Upper Pleistocene Aurignacoid developments in Siberia and its Alaskan extension.
4. At about the time the Late Wisconsin physical environment in western Canada was of a nature to permit human travel between an Alaskan refugium and interior United States, the highly adaptive Llano tradition was beginning its coincidental development south of the previously coalescent ice masses.
5. Once localized invention of a Clovis tradition had taken place, it rapidly "diffused" across a preexisting population base. It was subsequently carried to its northern limits as new areas were open to occupation by retreating peri-glacial environments.

The following paragraphs will be devoted to the strong and then weak aspects of this model, and suggestions shall be offered regarding testing of the various points.

An intensive geological survey should be initiated from Fort Liard in the Mackenzie District to Calgary, Alberta. The research design should include ancient strandlines and ice-shove ridges as well as pollen curves and morainal material. Such an approach would result in a more complete environmental picture. Once it is certain when the Middle Wisconsin phase came to an end, the physical probability of terminal human movement into the subcontinental interior will be well defined. It is the present position that such a date will as well justify a lack of Aurignacoid features in Llano assemblages. Definitive information on initial creation of an environment favorable to human habitation during the Late Wisconsin is equally important. This evidence would establish a baseline for continuous occupation of the west Canadian plains. Further, it should punctuate the coincidental occurrence of the Two Creek Interstade and first settlement along continental margins. In addition, it should support evidence already suggesting cause-effect relationships between climatic amelioration and megafaunal extinction.

Two basic foci need attention in eastern Asia. Time-space problem orientations should be instigated in both human biology and archaeology. Extensive osteological research would better delineate the erectus/sapiens boundary as well as add to already existing knowledge on spatial distribution of earlier mongoloid subspecies of H. sapiens. A better understanding of material such as that at Ting T'sun (Movius 1956:13-26), Tzeyang (Pei and Woo 1957), and Liukiang (Woo 1959:109-118), along with fossil evidence later in time, would add handsomely to the quality and quantity of knowledge so necessary for comparative studies both within and between populations. Technologically, efforts should not be limited to the Lake Baikal region. Information on the arrival of Mousterian traits during the middle Upper Pleistocene is needed from well-stratified sites over a wide area of eastern Asia to unquestionably document the solid presence of a cold adapted, subarctic tradition. Once the kind and degree of tool variation is understood in Asia and Siberia, it should increase comprehension of potential Farndalian and Altonian assemblages in the New World. Too, more elucidation on differences between Baikal and Lena assemblages and those along the Pacific littoral may point up differentially adapted population extensions at different periods during the middle Upper Pleistocene [e.g., ruling out temporal implications, Chard's notion concerning a coastal route into North America (1959:44-49) as one possibility may have merit].

In general, this hypothesis helps explain an increasing inventory of very early archaeological data. It also lends clarifying support to an inference drawn from extant information, as well as negates a cumbersome physiographic problem.

If man advanced east out of Asia between Altonian and Early Woodfordian times it would explain the presence of Irwin-Williams "Unit I" horizon at Hueyatlatco (1967a:342) and additional unifacial finds on other than atavistic or retardation grounds. Further, it would lend demographic

and technologic support to such bifacial assemblages as Marmes Rockshelter at >11,000 B.P. (Fryxell, et.al. 1968: 511-515), Fort Rock Cave at 13,200 B.P., "Assemblage I" in Wilson Butte Cave at 14,500 B.P., and Andean Biface Horizon components similar to Cruxent's (1956:172-179) around 12,000 years ago.

Second, the model deemphasizes the importance of an ice-free corridor during Late Wisconsin time and supports wide Clovis distribution at the same period. If a population was present in North and South America throughout the majority of the Middle Wisconsin, bands of hunters and gatherers would certainly have had enough time to filter across both subcontinents, making the necessary adaptive and adjustive changes to insure survival, prior to Llano developments. In addition, such a preexisting population base would better account for the in situ development and rapid diffusion of a fluting technology. "Migration" over such a wide and diverse area in so short a time would thus not be a necessary cause for the sudden appearance. In this light, the coalescence of the Cordilleran and Laurentide ice masses might be viewed as sufficient cause for the lack of Aurignacoid traits in the various Llano assemblages. Their later separation and subsequent sudden "migration" of people south through a corridor, if factored out as a problem of initial entry, would further remove such problems as hunters and gatherers moving in the opposite direction of probable northward migrating megafauna during climatic amelioration.

Thirdly, this position rules out the Bering Strait as an impediment to the earliest entrants. It further removes the need to neatly synchronize two aspects. The first is a correlation in the drop of sea level and opening of an ice-free corridor during the Late Wisconsin. A second is the necessity of placing all archaeological sites in the Western Hemisphere either temporally at or subsequent to a land bridge/corridor synchronism.

As is the case with most models in the proposition,

or at best hypothetical, stage there are also weak points to be considered. A very basic position taken here has been one of playing down the importance of physiography as an impediment to human movement during initial entry. If much is still left to speculation concerning Late Wisconsin environment, even less is yet known about Middle Wisconsin events in either hemisphere. Though Repenning (1967) indicates an addition of about twenty-three new taxa to the North American inventory during the Rancholabrean (fig.1), much remains to be said about the spatial and temporal nature of Beringia throughout the late Middle and entire Upper Pleistocene. In reference to an ice-free corridor and general Late Wisconsin glaciation more recent geologic data suggest a rapid withdrawal of ice in the northern Cordillera. This points only tentatively toward an initial opening of an ice-free region running all the way from Fort Liard to Calgary; further much more work will have to be done both on the Keewatin lobe and the Cordilleran system before one is absolutely sure a corridor did not exist for even a brief time during the major Tazewell advance. In light of potential routes of travel, an additional note could certainly have been made regarding the Pacific coast.

From a technological point of view not nearly enough is known about the middle Wisconsin assemblages in Siberia or coastal China and Japan to be absolute in any sense concerning Old World/New World affinities. From a "diffusionist" position it was subsequently suggested the Late Wisconsin glacial maximum effectively negated the possibility of Aurignacoid influences on a developing Llano tradition. In this light Green (1963) and Warnica (1966:351-352, 354), along with Irwin and Wormington (1970:33) have effectively argued for a blade technology within the Clovis complex. Though on this point it must be added that documentation of the presence of blades does not ipso facto necessitate middle to late Upper Paleolithic influences. Certainly, if one defines blades along the lines of Bordes (Jelinek 1965:278), blades as byproducts or tools may have either arrived as part of a Middle Wisconsin tool kit or evolved independent-

ly in the Western Hemisphere as a natural function of increasing technological sophistication.

Extending the weakness of the model a bit further along typological lines still another consideration must be added. In no way does the position offered explain present lack of knowledge concerning a typological ancestor to Clovis in central North America just prior to--or during the Two Creek Interstade. Surely this piece of negative evidence is central to the various "migration" hypotheses. Tied in with both this latter position and the predecessor problem is a virtual total lack of knowledge concerning Middle or Late Wisconsin population dynamics--either rates of growth or ranges of movement.

Finally, though by no means conclusively, many of the arguments FOR the model are mere speculation. It is minimally assumed that:

1. the Late Wisconsin Tazewell advance would set up an Alaskan biocultural refugium by negating southern movement through any part of Canada;
2. post-Wisconsin ice-free passage in western Canada was exploited by human and non-human fauna;
3. the existence of a few geographically disparate archaeological sites in Middle Wisconsin time roughly testify to the general limits of human distribution in the subcontinental interiors prior to the Tazewell advance;
4. Middle and Late Wisconsin populations continually grew in size and geographic distribution without any significant reversals to the functional point of establishing a network across which a Llano tradition could rapidly diffuse;
5. the Llano tradition was "home-grown" even though (a) no human occupation has yet been found stratigraphically beneath a Clovis component, or (b) no typological parent has been established for Llano or Llano-like tools;
6. any Old World affinities witnessed in existing early Llano collections are restricted to those of a Mousterian flavor, and that any similarities thought to exist between those same assemblages and Aurignacian developments in east and central Siberia are factors of parallel or convergent technological evolution as adapted to like materials of manufacture in similar environmental circumstances.

In sum, the model is certainly not without weaknesses any more than it raises at least as many questions as purporting to answer. In this vein, and in the context of existing empirical data, it here seems any conclusions addressing the foregoing can regretably be only of a most tentative nature and therefore more properly phrased in terms of inductive versus deductive logic and statements of greater probability. It is along these lines that the following concluding remarks of this discussion are intended.

DISCUSSION

The history of research addressing questions of when man first arrived in the Americas exhibits a sliding scale of professional admissions. As has been noted, the early views of Hrdlicka and his colleagues pointed to initial occupation during early phases of what is presently termed the Neoglacial. In ensuing years greater numbers of archaeological sites containing now extinct Pleistocene fauna suggested even deeper antiquity. A better understanding of when those taxa became extinct, when accompanied by the advent of radiocarbon dating as an absolute technique of chronometry, legitimized considerations of Valderan times. However, this was still a culture/habitat picture during the mild climatic interval of the post-Wisconsin. Then, as regional chronologies of geologic events became more firmly established, several opinions began necessarily shifting to colder phases of the Late Wisconsin. This second move back in time had a supposed empirical base in what was believed by some to be human artifacts in direct association with strata of that age. In other words, the number of archaeological sites found in natural contexts dated prior to the Two Creekan substage suggested an occurrence of human beings in the Western Hemisphere at a time when access to the subcontinental interiors was considered physically impossible. Nevertheless, immutable evidence between 23,000 and 14,000 B.P. was mounting, and it is here thought to have finally over-shadowed the several equivocations surrounding supposed tools by encompassing irrefutable in

situ human bone. As a result of evidence indicating occupation during at least Woodfordian time it is here felt considerations of initial arrival, by logical inference alone, must be moved to an even deeper period sometime during the Middle Wisconsin. At that time prevalence of warmer conditions certainly increased the physiographic plausibility of access to North and South America. In short, an increasing corpus of factual information, in the face of developing eclectic methodologies and scientific techniques empirically slid the possibility of man's first presence in the New World from the post-Wisconsin back in time almost 20,000 years to the Late Wisconsin. Largely on a priori grounds, it is now being assumed by several investigators that evidence in a Woodfordian to Farmdalian context presupposes initial arrival sometime during the Port Talbot Interstade of Middle Wisconsin time.

In perspective, what has occurred through these formative years of developing eclectics in research on the Wisconsin Ice Age and origin(s) of the Paleo-Indian Clovis complex is two-fold. In the first instance studies of early men in the Americas gradually enjoyed greater degrees of professionalism. Secondly, investigators have often experienced the fortune of advances in science keeping pace with increasing numbers of archaeological and paleontological discoveries; indeed, in many situations each has facilitated the other. What this has led to is a greater ability to understand the relevancy of that which has and will present itself, and resultant better interpretation of such evidence. Stemming out of an increased awareness has been a continuing revision of the climate of professional attitudes concerning a baseline for human habitation. In most cases those admissions have been largely contingent upon available data and consequent propositions surrounding such. Obviously though, measured conservatism has accompanied the potentiality of greater antiquity for the following more legitimate reasons. If coursing back through time has meant moving from the better to lesser understood in general paleoecology, then formal arguments have necessarily shifted from the more a posteriori into the realm of the

a priori. This has had the hypothetico-deductive ramification in scientific theory of moving statements surrounding observed phenomena from the level of hypotheses to tentative propositions. Insofar as the exactitudes of antiquity are not of a magnitude to permit deductive knowledge in the sense that conclusions can not be stated in terms other than greater probability, the field will always remain in the sphere of the inductive. Certainly this is a truism in view of scientific methodology. Along this line only the most firm inductive arguments from very well-established premisses yield objectively acceptable conclusions. Understandably, the more tenuous the observation, or more weakly founded the premisses, the higher the degree of professional resistance. This is healthy conservatism, some of the foundations for which are discussed below.

In any deductive argument if the premisses are accepted one must then accept the conclusion. It is in these terms that inference was made from data witnessed in a Late Wisconsin context, to the possibility of Middle Wisconsin habitation. But insofar as this was a leap from empirical observation to the a priori it absolutely bears questioning. Further, the two premisses upon which the conclusion was based warrant close scrutiny. First, it was stated that undisturbed direct and indirect evidence has been found for human beings in strata of Late Wisconsin age. To strengthen this position an argument of induction by simple enumeration was employed [e.g., DIRECT → Taber, Alberta (>22,000); Laguna Beach, California (ca.17,150); Tlapacoya, Mexico (ca.24-23,150); INDIRECT → Fort Rock Cave, Oregon (ca.13,200); Valsequillo, Mexico (>25,000); Wilson Butte Cave, Idaho (ca.14,550)]. However, any inductive argument only elicits a certain degree of correctness. It might then logically be asked if enough responsible observations have been made to increase the probability of correctness to a professionally acceptable level. It is the position of this paper that it has. Second, it was more tentatively stated that ice in western Canada was of a volume during the Tazewell advance to negate travel through, or habitation in that

region during the Late Wisconsin. This seemed to additionally enhance the plausibility of earlier travel. One might successfully challenge this position on grounds that (1) the exact nature of Cordilleran and Laurentide ice profiles during that period are not well enough known, and (2) statements concerning environmental unfavorability are largely based on an inductive argument by analogy. In the first instance readvances of ice throughout Late Wisconsin time have complicated the picture of recessional moraines. At least for lesser known regions (e.g., northeastern British Columbia) one might reasonably suggest a major ice withdrawal--the greater evidence for which was later obliterated by a re-advance. In the second instance it was assumed since (a) present migratory bands of hunters and gatherers generally follow the dictates of game movement, (b) contemporary game movement often corresponds to patterns of climate and potential grazing areas, and (c) both climate and lack of vegetation on modern day ice sheets are usually not favorable to the maintenance of known animals the projected size of extinct megafauna--then early hunters and gatherers would not have had either a necessary or sufficient reason for crossing a field of ice in the maximum magnitude of over one mile thick and 800 miles long. This type of reasoning might be considered fallacious to the degree of a double entente. On one hand, as an analog it suffers under the same "degree of correctness strains" inherent in all inductive arguments. On the other, it is an ethnographic analogy; and in this sense the argument is self-limiting in that past processes are limited by anything but a complete understanding of the present. At best, analogizing approaches should be used only to erect parameters within which one might develop testable propositions--certainly not as "proof" for a proposition, and especially at that depth of time. In brief, each premise is not without shadow, with the latter looming substantially larger than the former. As a result, it is quite clear that sufficient evidence has not yet been provided for the conclusion drawn. However, though not totally guaranteeing such, it is here felt that the premisses do provide partial evidence. In this vein a statement of

Middle Wisconsin habitation is largely inductive. Consequently, the central position that a post-Wisconsin Llano tradition grew out of a gradually developed population base which had its incipiency in the Middle Wisconsin is, at present, only in the proposition stage. But, just as better understanding is being achieved each year about Neoglacial events, so should the probability of correctness increase surrounding the Late and then Middle Wisconsin through the advancement of solid, testable propositions. In this manner conservatism, in the context of scientific objectivity, is most rewarding in not only aiding in the description of past phenomena but also in the explanation of prehistoric events--in the end this is process.

REFERENCES CITED

AVELEYRA Arroya de Anda, L.

1964 The primitive hunters. In Handbook of middle American indians, Vol.1. R.C. West, ed. Austin: University of Texas Press. Pp.384-412.

BERGER, R., A.G. Horney, and W.F. Libby

1964 Radiocarbon dating of bone and shell from their organic components. Science 144:999-1001.

BRYAN, A.L.

1965 Paleo-American prehistory. Occasional Papers of the Idaho State University Museum:16.

1969 Early man in America and the late Pleistocene chronology of western Canada and Alaska. Current Anthropology 10:339-365.

CHARD, C.S.

1959 New world origins: a reappraisal. Antiquity 33: 44-49.

CRABTREE, D.

1969 A technological description of artifacts in assemblage I, Wilson Butte cave, Idaho. Current Anthropology 10:366-367.

GRESSMAN, L.S.

1968 Early man in western North America: perspectives and prospects. In Early man in western North America: symposium of the Southwestern Anthropological Association. C. Irwin-Williams, ed. Eastern New Mexico University Contributions in Anthropology 1:78-87.

CRUXENT, J.M., and I. Rouse

- 1956 A lithic industry of paleo-indian type in Venezuela. American Antiquity 22:172-179.

DENTON, G.H.

- 1970a Late Wisconsin glaciation in northwestern North America: ice recession and origin of paleo-indian clovis complex. Paper presented at first meeting; American Quaternary Association (1 September). Bozeman: Montana State University.

- 1970b Late Wisconsin glaciation in northwestern North America: ice recession and origin of paleo-indian clovis complex. Abstract: American Quaternary Association-1:34-35 and supplement.

——— and R.L. Armstrong

- 1969 Miocene-Pliocene glaciations in southern Alaska. American Journal of Science 267:1121-1142.

——— and M. Stuiver

- 1967 Late Pleistocene glacial stratigraphy and chronology, northeastern St. Elias mountains, Yukon Territory, Canada. Bulletin, Geological Society of America 78:485-510.

DREIMANIS, A., J. Terasmae, and G.D. McKenzie

- 1966 The Port Talbot interstade of the Wisconsin glaciation. Canadian Journal of Earth Science 3:305-325.

FIGGINS, J.D.

- 1927 The antiquity of man in America. Natural History 27:229-239.

FORBIS, R.G.

- 1956 Early man and fossil bison. Science 123:327-328.

FRYXELL, R., T. Bielicki, R.D. Daugherty, C.E. Gustafson, H.T. Irwin, and B.C. Keel

- 1968 A human skeleton from sediments of mid-Pinedale age in southeastern Washington. American Antiquity 33:511-515.

GIDDINGS, J.L.

- 1967 Ancient men of the arctic. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

GOLDTHWAIT, R.P., A. Dreimanis, J.L. Forsyth, P.F. Karrow, and G.W. White

- 1965 Pleistocene deposits of the Erie lobe. In The Quaternary of the United States. H.E. Wright, Jr., and D.G. Frey, eds. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Pp. 85-97.

GREEN, F.E.

1963 The clovis blades: an important addition to the Llano complex. American Antiquity 29:145-165.

GRUHN, R.

1965 Two early radiocarbon dates from the lower levels of Wilson Butte cave, south-central Idaho. Tebiwa 8:57.

GUILDAY, J.E.

1967 Differential extinction during late-Pleistocene and recent times. In Pleistocene extinctions: the search for a cause. P.S. Martin and H.E. Wright, Jr., eds. New Haven: Yale University Press. Pp.121-140.

HARDING, T.G.

1960 Adaptation and stability. In Evolution and culture. M.D. Sahlins and E.R. Service, eds. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press. Pp.45-68.

HAYNES, C.V.

1964 Fluted projectile points; their age and dispersion. Science 145:1408-1413.

1967 Muestras de C¹⁴, de Tlapacoya Estado de Mexico. Boletin, Instituto Nacional de Antropologia y Historia 29:49-52.

1969a The earliest Americans. Science 166:709-715.

1969b Comments: To A.L. Bryan. Current Anthropology 10:353-354.

HESTER, J.J.

1967 The agency of man in animal extinctions. In Pleistocene extinctions: the search for a cause. P.S. Martin and H.E. Wright, Jr., eds. New Haven: Yale University Press. Pp.169-192.

HOPKINS, D.M.

1967a Quaternary marine transgression in Alaska. In The Bering land bridge. D.M. Hopkins, ed. Stanford: Stanford University Press. Pp.47-90.

1967b The Cenozoic history of Beringia--a synthesis. In The Bering land bridge. D.M. Hopkins, ed. Stanford: Stanford University Press. Pp.451-484.

HRDLICKA, Alés

1907 Skeletal remains suggesting or attributed to early man in north America. Bulletin, Bureau of American Ethnology:33.

1912 The skeletal remains of early man in South America. Bulletin, Bureau of American Ethnology:52.

IRWIN, H.T., and H.M. Wormington

- 1970 Paleo-indian tool types in the great plains.
American Antiquity 35:24-34.

IRWIN-WILLIAMS, C.

- 1967a Comments on allegations by J.L. Lorenzo concerning archaeological research at Valsequillo, Mexico. Portales: Eastern New Mexico University Miscellaneous Publications:1
- 1967b Associations of early man with horse, camel, and mastodon at Hueyatlatco, Valsequillo (Puebla, Mexico). In Pleistocene extinctions: the search for a cause. P.S. Martin and H.E. Wright, Jr., eds. New Haven: Yale University Press. Pp.337-347.
- 1969 Comments on the associations of archaeological materials and extinct fauna in the Valsequillo region, Puebla, Mexico. American Antiquity 34:82-83.

JELINEK, A.J.

- 1965 Lithic technology conference, Les Eyzies, France.
American Antiquity 31:277-279.

JENNINGS, J.D.

- 1955 The archaeology of the plains: an assessment.
Salt Lake City: Department of Anthropology, University of Utah, and the National Park Service.

KAYE, C.A.

- 1964 Outline of Pleistocene geology of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. Professional Paper, U.S. Geological Survey 501-C:134-139.

KRANTZ, G.S.

- 1970 Human activities and megafaunal extinctions.
American Scientist 58:164-170.

KRIEGER, A.D.

- 1962 The earliest cultures in the western United States.
American Antiquity 28:138-143.
- 1964 Early man in the New World. In Prehistoric man in the New World. J.D. Jennings and E. Norbeck, eds. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Pp.23-81.

LANGSTON, W., and L. Oschinsky

- 1963 Notes on Taber "early man" site. Anthropologica 5:147-150.

LIBBY, W.F.

- 1955 Radiocarbon dating. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

LORENZO, J.L.

- 1967 Sobre metodo arqueologico. Boletin of the Instituto Nacional de Antropologia e Historia. Mexico.

MacNEISH, R.S.

- 1963 The early peopling of the New World--as seen from the southwestern Yukon. Anthropological Papers of the University of Alaska 10(2):93-106.

MARTIN, P.S.

- 1967 Prehistoric overkill. In Pleistocene extinctions: the search for a cause. P.S. Martin and H.E. Wright, Jr., eds. New Haven: Yale University Press. Pp.75-120.

MASON, R.J.

- 1962 The paleo-indian tradition in eastern North America. Current Anthropology 3:227-246.

MILLIMAN, J.D., and K.O. Emery

- 1968 Sea levels during the past 35,000 years. Science 162:1121-1123.

MIRAMBELL, L.

- 1967 Excavaciones en un sitio Pleistoceno de Tlapacoya, Mexico. Boletin, Instituto de Antropologia e Historia 29:37-41.

MOVIUS, H.L., Jr.

- 1956 New Paleolithic sites near Ting T'sun on the Fen river, Shansi Province, North China. Quaternaria 3:13-26.

MULLER-BECK, H.

- 1966 Paleohunters in America: origins and diffusion. Science 152:1191-1210.
1967 On migrations of hunters across the Bering land bridge in the upper Pleistocene. In The Bering land bridge. D.M. Hopkins, ed. Stanford: Stanford University Press. Pp.373-408.

NELSON, R.K.

- 1969 Hunters of the northern ice. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

PEI, W.C., and J.K. Woo

- 1957 Tzeyang Paleolithic man. IVMP:1.

PREST, V.K.

- 1969 Map showing "retreat of Wisconsin and recent ice in North America". Geological Survey of Canada: Map 1257A.

- _____, D.R. Grant, and V.N. Rampton
1967 Glacial map of Canada. Geological Survey of Canada:
Map 1253A.
- REPENNING, C.A.
1967 Palearctic-nearctic mammalian dispersal in the
late Cenozoic. In The Bering land bridge. D.M. Hopkins,
ed. Stanford, Stanford University Press. Pp.288-311.
- RIDDELL, F.A., and W.H. Olsen
1969 An early man site in the San Joaquin valley,
California. American Antiquity 34:121-130.
- ROBERTS, F.H.H., Jr.
1940 Developments in the problem of the North Ameri-
can paleo-indian. In Essays in historical anthropology
of North America. Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections
100:51-116.
- ROUSE, I.
1960 The classification of artifacts in archaeology.
American Antiquity 25:313-323.
- RUBIN, M., and S.M. Berthold
1961 U.S. geological survey radiocarbon dates, VI.
Radiocarbon 3:86-98.
- SELLARDS, E.H.
1952 Early man in America: a study in prehistory.
Austin: University of Texas Press.
- STALKER, A.MacS.
1969 Geology and age of the early man site at Taber,
Alberta. American Antiquity 34:425-428.
- WARNICA, J.M.
1966 New discoveries at the clovis site. American
Antiquity 31:345-357.
- WENDORF, F., and J.J. Hester
1962 Early man's utilization of the great plains en-
vironment. American Antiquity 28:159-171.
- WHITE, L.A.
1959 The evolution of culture: the development of
civilization to the fall of Rome. New York: McGraw
Hill.

WOO, J.K.

1959 Human fossils found in Liukiang, Kwangsi, China,
VP 3:109-118.

WORMINGTON, H.M., and R.G. Forbis

1965 An introduction to the archaeology of Alberta,
Canada. Proceedings, Denver Museum of Natural History:
11.

WRIGHT, H.E., Jr., and R.V. Ruhe

1965 Glaciation of Minnesota and Iowa. In The Quaternary
of the United States. H.E. Wright, Jr., and D.G.
Frey, eds. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
Pp.29-41

BRYSON, R.A.

1970 The character of climatic change, and the end
of the Pleistocene. Paper presented at first meeting;
American Quaternary Association (1 September). Bozeman:
Montana State University.

COLINVAUX, P.A.

1964 The environment of the Bering land bridge. Ecological
Monograph 34:297-329.

CURRAY, J.

1965 Late Quaternary history, continental shelves
of the United States. In The Quaternary of the United
States. H.E. Wright, Jr., and D.G. Frey, eds. Princeton:
Princeton University Press. Pp.723-735.

CUSHING, E.J.

1967 Late-Wisconsin pollen stratigraphy and the glacial
sequence in Minnesota. In Quaternary Paleoecology.
E.J. Cushing and H.E. Wright, Jr., eds. New Haven:
Yale University Press. Pp.59-88.

DAVIS, M.B.

1967 Late-glacial climate in northern United States:
a comparison of New England and the great lakes region.
In Quaternary Paleoecology. E.J. Cushing and H.E.
Wright, Jr., eds. New Haven: Yale University Press.
Pp.11-43.

DONN, W.L., W.R. Farrand, and M. Ewing

1962 Pleistocene ice volumes and sea level lowering.
Journal of Geology 70:206-214.

NORSE

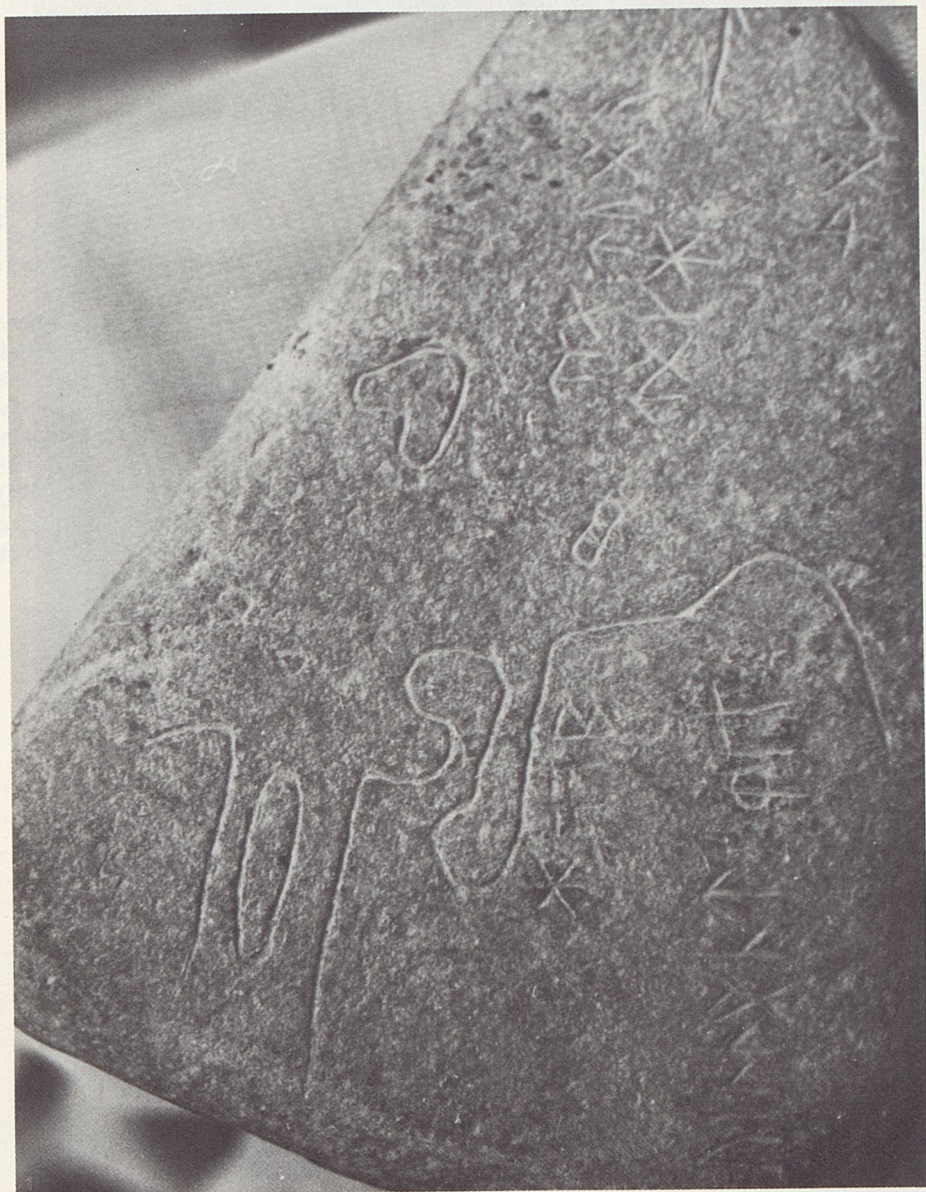
The photographs are of Viking runic stones found in Maine. The following is not their text but Holland's translation of the Kensington Inscription found in Minnesota.

(We are) 8 Goths (Swedes) and 22 Norwegians on
(an) exploration-journey from
Vinland through (or across) the West (i.e., round about the West)
We

had camp by (a lake with) 2 skerries one
days-journey north from this stone
We were (out) and fished one day. After
we came home (we) found 10 (of our) men red
with blood and dead. AV(e) M(aria)
Save (us) from evil
(We) have 10 of (our party) by the sea to look
after our ships (or ship) 14 days-journey
from this island (in the) year (of our Lord) 1362.



The photographs are of Viking runic stones found in Britain.
The following is not mine but the Bellows's translation of
the runic inscription on the stone.



THEODOSIA

Surrounded by high hills, you
 Run down from the mountain with a herd of sheep,
 And you sparkle in the dry, clear air
 Like rosy white stones.
 The pirate feluccas flounder, the poppies
 Of Turkish flags seem to burn in the port,
 And the reeds of masts, the electric crystal of the wave,
 And skiff hammocks hanging on the ropes.

And in all ways, from morning till night
 And cried over by everyone, 'Yablochko' is sung
 The wind carries away the golden seed —
 It was lost, never to return.
 But in the alleys just become dark,
 The incapable musicians, huddled in twos and threes,
 Begin to sing their improbable variations.

O figures of hook-nosed travellers,
 This joyous Mediterranean menagery!
 The Turks in their towels wander about
 Like chickens at a little inn.
 They transport dogs in prison-like wagons,
 The dry dust on the streets flies up,
 And indifferent among the bazaar fury
 Is a monumental cook from a battleship.

Let us go there, where there are varied sciences
 And business — shashlik and chebureki,
 Where a sign, showing trousers, gives us
 An idea of a man.
 A man's frock coat — desire without a head.
 The flying fiddle of a barber, and a mesmerizing iron,
 The appearance of celestial washer-women —
 The smile of heaviness.

Here, the girls, growing grey in the forelocks,
 Contemplate the strange dresses,
 And admirals in firm three-cornered hats
 recall the dream of Scheherezade.
 The clear distance. A few vineyards.
 And always a fresh wind blowing.
 Not far from Smyrna and Baghdad,
 But difficult to navigate,
 For the stars are everywhere the same.

[1920, from TRISTIA, translated
 by Bruce McClelland]

ROBERT FRENCH: LANDSCAPE EVOLUTION

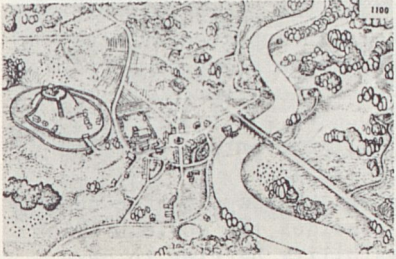
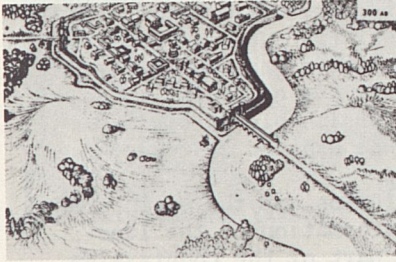
The man-made landscape not only reflects the culture of its present occupants but also records much about the preceding inhabitants. The persistence of manmade shapes and patterns on the land may be as much guided by the imprints of former cultures as they were influenced by the natural environment. The sketches that follow serve to illustrate. Arranged in sequential fashion they depict the evolution of an English landscape from Roman to contemporary times [The originator of these sketches is unknown to us]. The reader is encouraged to infer, speculate, and relate to mainline English history and geographical development. The following commentary may supplement your analysis.

A denuded landscape in the presence of stone construction and the absence of agriculture may indicate that the Romans occupied an older area of settlement. The rectangular patterns (a legacy of centuriation) avoid the hills and contrast with nature's curvilinear tendencies. Such is indicative of colonial authority, imposed from a distant land, formal in its jurisdiction. The walls and moat further separate this foreign intervention from the native landscape, as the river site suggests dependency upon a distant state for whose purposes it was created. Note the radial roads - are they for military reasons, for aid in exacting tribute from the countryside or for both? Like all colonial enterprises it rose and fell in accord with the central state.

In ignoring the Roman site, has the Anglo-Saxon settlement that followed ignored the Roman institutions that were brought to this land? There seems to be ample evidence of their Teutonic heritage however - the church, a two-field system of agriculture, the separation of the lord and his manor from the community at large (the beginnings of feudalism). Again, the fence and moat reflect the insecurity of these more recent occupants.

The Normans came as conquerors of the land, boldly asserting their Christian allegiance by the erection of a cross to serve as a community focal point. The nucleated settlement appears self sustaining, yet the Roman bridge was rebuilt to reduce isolation. The hilltop location of the feudal lord is not only the most defensible position but is also symbolic of his elevated status.

As the centuries progressed, so did the wealth and power of the feudal lord. The lot of the peasant-serf may have improved but little, yet the village has grown in size. While the nucleated character of the town remains evident, further population increase will leave the fields too far removed and result in residential dispersion. The site of the old Norman cross continues to serve as a focal point (the castle is hardly a part of the real community), and patterns of man (roads, buildings, property lines, etc.) are becoming more permanently etched upon the landscape. The establishment of new churches reflects the growing cosmopolitan character of the area as well as the religious and



social strife that is taking place. The road house and new bridge attest to the increase in internal trade and communication, while the defeat of the Spanish Armada has opened up foreign commerce and signalled England's emergence as a nation-state.

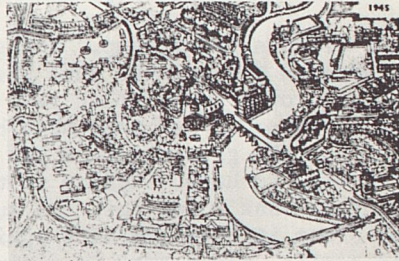
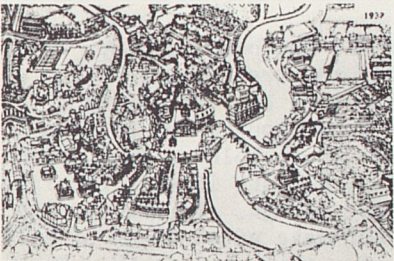
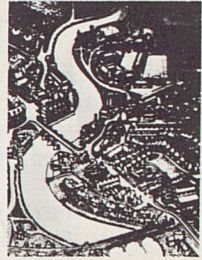
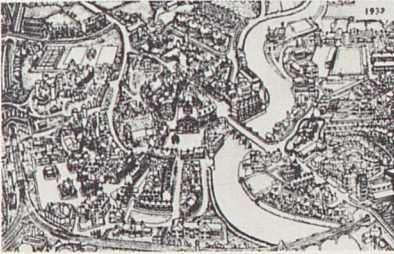
Elizabethan England is marked by the decline of feudalism and the emergence of a *nouveau riche* (the merchant-entrepreneurs made wealthy largely by virtue of the war trade of previous years). Wealth instead of title now serves as the basis for class distinction. The impoverished, feeling economically enslaved, may turn to crime which is now punishable by civil law (Roman precedent) no less harsh than that exacted by feudal lords (note scaffold).

The advent of the industrial revolution and the enclosure act began the periods of greatest transformation of the landscape. Hedgerows became a distinctive part of the countryside and dramatized the emergence of private ownership. The factory became a new nucleating force but this time the nucleation was specific to factory location. Worker housing appeared adjacent to the factories and, for the first time, large segments of population were clustered on the right bank of the river. The increase in traffic reinforced the axial road as a main artery (the same main road of Roman times) and led to the eventual widening of the bridge.

Perhaps the greatest single factor of landscape change came with the construction of the railroad. Besides the obvious track patterns the railroad acted as an accessibility barrier to certain areas; it brought about the establishment of a concomitant industry and the station, as a nodal point, affected community alignment.

The twentieth century scenes show an acceleration in the rate of change. Though changes are too numerous to mention, prominent among them are the influences of two world wars, the expansion of public works, the rise in the general standard of living and an increase in leisure time (note the quality of homes and provision for sports and other leisure activities). The impact of the automobile and the intensification of land use (note high rise structures) are also evident. Perhaps the most notable change on the contemporary map involves the apparent shift of the residential population away from the old community center to the right bank of the river (the old town appears hidebound by commercial and public structures and the venerable works of former years). The reader is encouraged to speculate upon the political consequences of such a shift and project the future of the community (which has been wisely left undrawn).

As a final reminder of the evolution of this landscape, one may refer to the axial road as it appears on the final sketch. A seemingly unnecessary bend appears near the top left center of the sketch. The answer to its origin is left for the reader to determine.



(MSS Harley: fol. 139 a, b; 140 a, b.)

For a good bone salve, useful for headaches & the tenderness of all limbs, take an equal amount of all these worts:

rue, radish & dock,
flower de luce, feverfue,
ashthroat, everthroat, celandine,
beet & betony, ribwort & red hove,
helenium, Alexander's roots,
cloffing & clote, lithewort & lamb's cress,
hill wort, hazel, quitch,
woodroffe, & a sprout of crosswort,
springwort, spearwort,
waybroad & wormwood, lupine & aeferth,
hedgeclivers & hop plant,
yarrow & cuckoosour,
henbane & broadleek.

Put them in a mortar, pound them altogether & add

ivy berries in bunches.

Take

ash bark, willow twigs,
& oak bark, myrtle,
crabtree & sallow bark,
& woodbine leaves

(all these barks should be gathered from the lower, eastern parts of the tree.) Scrape them together & boil in holy water until they become well softened. Put the worts into a mortar, pound them altogether, then take

hart grease, buck grease
& old wine boiled down,
bull grease, bear grease
& ram grease,

work it into a round lump. Now gather all the bone you can, beat them with an axe, seethe them & skim off the grease; work this down to a round lump. Then take old butter & boil the worts & barks together. When they have boiled long enough, set it down & scrape all the grease into a pan big enough to hold as much salve as you wish to have. Reduce it to a tar, setting it over the fire, letting it soak & not boil too much, just enough. Strain through a cloth & set it over the fire again. Then take nine cloves of hal-lowed garlic, pound them in a wine & wring through a cloth. Shave the wort myrrh into this with

holy water from the fount,
wax, burning styrax,
& white incense.

Pour in as much salve as will fill three egg shells. Take

old soap,
the marrows of
an old ox & an eagle

& add the gums, mix them stirring with a quickbeam spoon until
it is brown. Then sing over it

Benedictus Dominus Deus meus,
Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel,
the Magnificat, the Credo in unum
& the prayer Matthaeus, Marcus,
Lucas, Iohannes.

Smudge this salve on where ever the sore is, especially the head.



NEW ENGLAND

ROBERT FRENCH: HISTORICAL IMAGE MAPPING

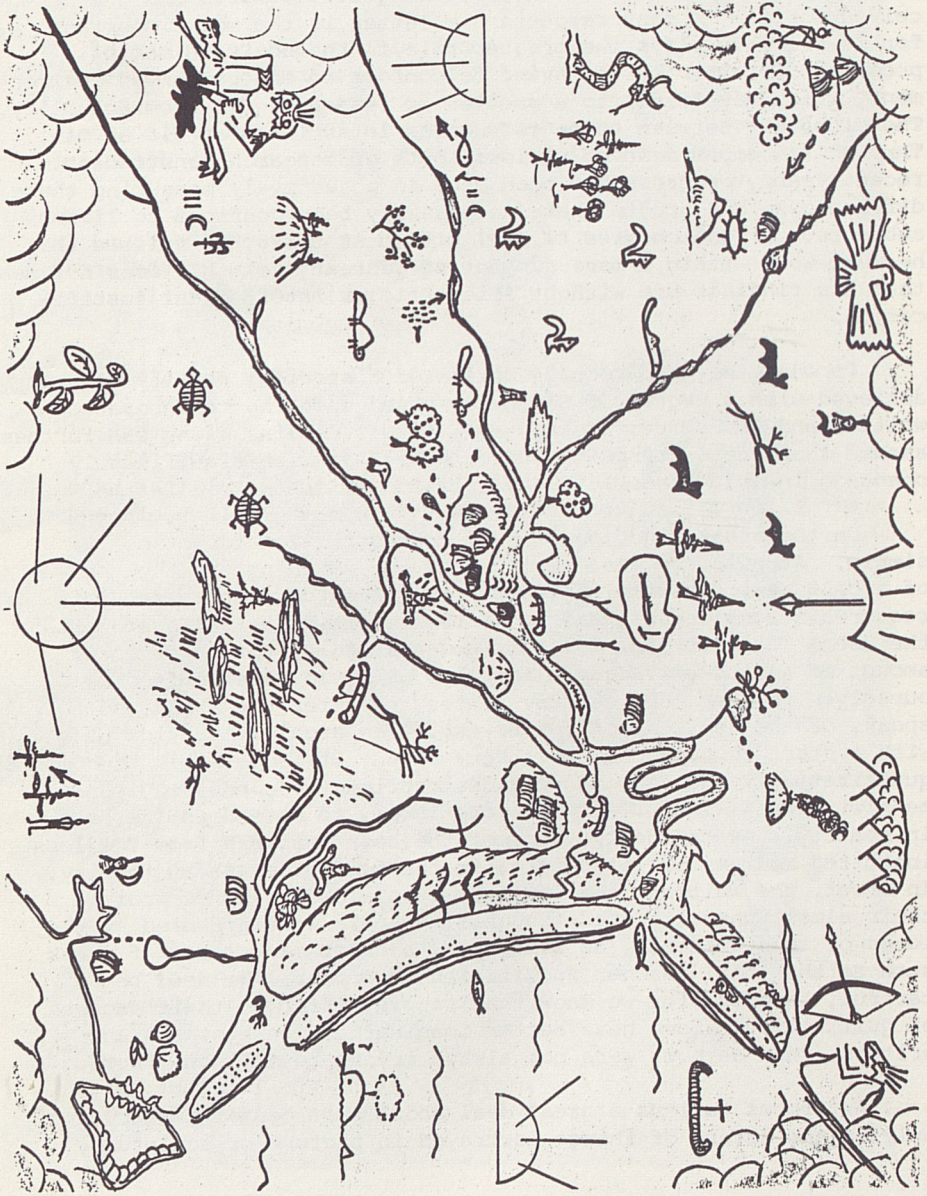
GENERAL

There are two worlds, the real (objective) world and the perceived world. In many respects the latter is the more important, for it probably plays the greater role in the decision making process. We alter our behavior to conform to the perceived environment, which may differ to a greater or lesser degree from actuality. The dichotomy between these two worlds is at least as old as man. Through the employment of various sorts of research constructs in recent years, progress has been made in objectively measuring these differences, but studies have necessarily been confined to living subjects. If one chooses to deal with past times, it follows that he must work within a more subjective context, yet this does not mean that his findings are without scientific or intellectual justification.

On one hand, the reconstruction of historical reality can be achieved with a degree of assurance based upon the corroborated written and verbal records and artifactual remains. One can further assume that the geomorphic landscape has not been significantly changed, in most cases, since the last continental glaciation.

On the other hand, perceptual reconstruction is not so simple. At best, it must be inferred by examining the thought of a past period as influenced by historical developments. This requires a considerable amount of familiarity with the past period, the use of a great deal of logic and corroboration and no small amount of Kentucky windage. Ideally, we would hope to free ourselves from our 20th century biases and enter the minds, so to speak, of the denizens of yesteryear. The archives provide us with a start in this process. Very often, it is possible to compare quantitatively the contemporary descriptions of a past environment with what we now know was more likely to have been the case in reality. We can derive some of the best insights from the less inhibited mediums of literature, in the form of prose and poetry. In effect, the Whitmans and Thoreaus have aided us by recording their almost unadulterated thoughts. People were affected by the ideas of such eminents, as well as by a great many lesser figures such as the local teacher, politician or grocer. We need be careful, however, for we know that people differ in their degrees of gullibility. Some have better imaginations than others and writers, then as now, were not always trying to tell the truth.

Art forms tell us a great deal about past period imagery, not only in the nature of things portrayed in picture or sculpture,



but also in the manner of their expression. Architectural styles reflect the material lives of people, their interests, tastes and feelings. Even particular shapes are found to be prevalent at certain times in given cultures. We know about the rectangularity of the ancient Chinese city and of the Navajo camp circle - it is possible that some former cultures might have, in fact, favored the hexagon in their spatial organization.

A knowledge of the myths, superstitions and religions of societies can be of great benefit in understanding the modes of thought in former years. Religion, for example, can produce either an inward view or a macro appreciation of an environment. Superstitions and mythical beliefs can conjure up very definite fears of the unknown.

Another ready source of past period imagery can be found in the legacy of place names. A quantitative analysis of the array of place names inaugurated during a particular era reveals a great deal about what was on the minds of people.

Finally, we should think in terms of resource appraisals. This requires a knowledge of the material life of a past society and the resources necessary to affect it. If we can vicariously project ourselves years back in time, consider the needs of individuals during that period and the tools that were at their disposal, we can better approximate their thoughts and views of the environment.

This brief inventory of past period perceptual inference devices is admittedly far from complete, but this writer is confident that the industrious and imaginative researcher would be fully capable of extending it to suit his needs.

MAJOR HYPOTHESES

Certain basic hypotheses have been employed in the construction of this series of image maps. Although past periods up to more than three hundred years ago have been dealt with, it appears reasonable to assume that the following hypotheses were as true then as now.

1. The relative image strengths of object and phenomena are subject to temporal variance as a result of economic, social, religious and other factors that influence the minds of men.

2. People are fundamentally ethnocentric, therefore things that are immediate to their life and experience tend to be enlarged in their minds.



3. There is a positive correlation between time distance and perceived distance. Barriers to accessibility, including visual barriers, tend to exaggerate perceived distances.

4. Perceived distance increases in proportion to the number of visual stimuli encountered.

SEQUENT IMAGE MAPS

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS AND ENVIRONS

Although the following series may be termed "period" maps, each may cover a broad span of up to 50 years. The object is to capture the essence of views held by a past society rather than to produce a photographic-like image of a moment in time.

AMERINDS - CIRCA 1600

This map is purely hypothetical since the Northeast Indians had neither cartography nor writing to describe the surface of the earth. The orientation is speculative, even though we know that these Amerinds acknowledged the four cardinal points (based on the sun cycle). Indian artifacts suggest favored designs and conventional shapes.

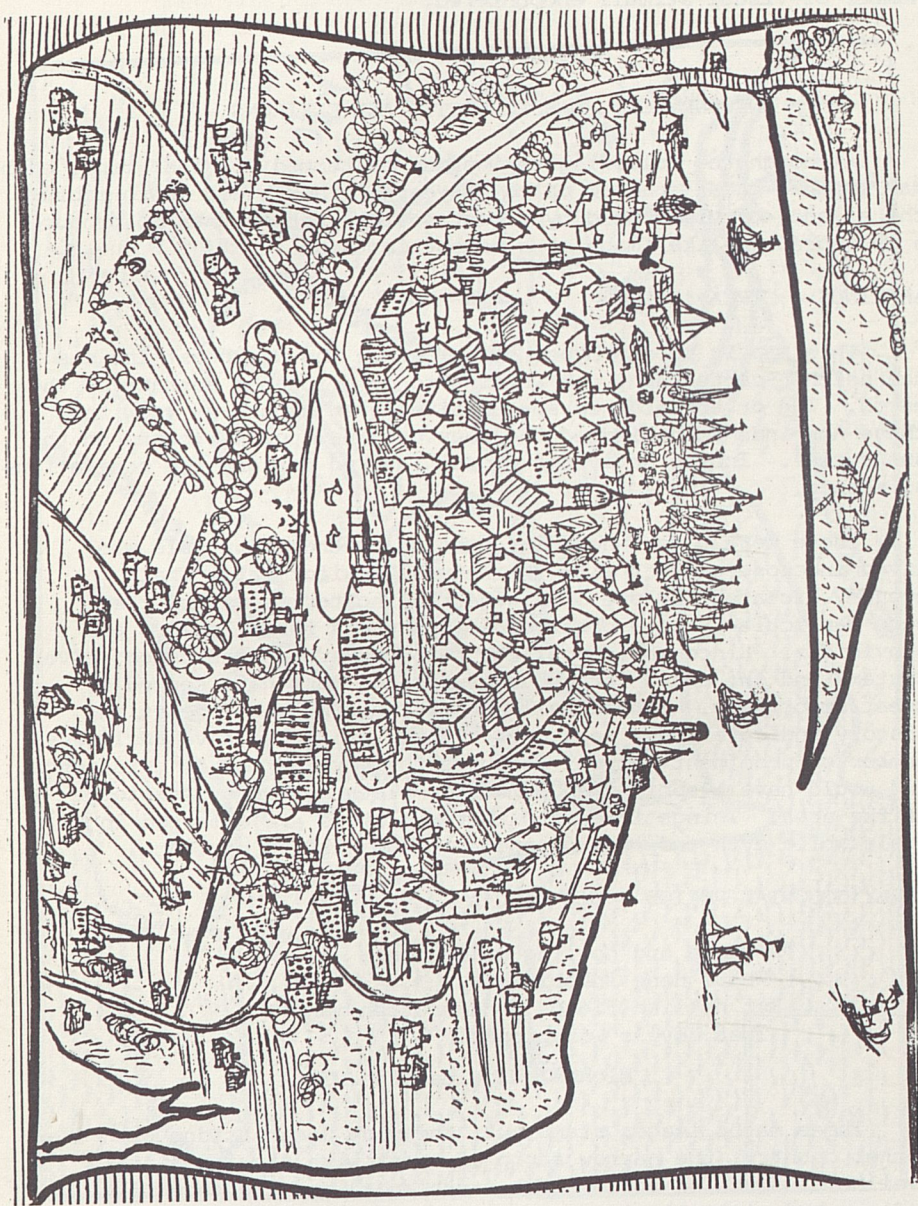
These were a semi-nomadic, hunting, gathering people who lived in close contact with the natural environment. Their economy dictated the use of a wide ranging territory and they were particularly keen observers of nature's forms, colors and provisions. Since their mobility revolved around the canoe, river systems and the characteristics of streams must have seemed of great importance. Legend tells us of their mythical fears and history indicates many real ones. Their map would have included a number of prominent natural features to serve as travel guideposts, and would have comprised an almost complete resource inventory of the area. Things immediate to their lives are enlarged in scale while myth and legend appear in the purplish distance.

EARLY COLONIAL PERIOD - MID 1600's

"A waste and howling wilderness,
Where none inhabited
But hellish fiends, and brutish men
That devils worshipped."

Michael Wigglesworth, 1662

Three major images stand out; the wide ocean bridge with the mother country, the narrow strip of coast with its immediately available source of fodder (the marshlands) and the seemingly endless and virtually impenetrable forest with its strange wild



creatures and sets of staring eyes. This latter image emanated in part from the prevailing European concepts of wilderness, and was continually reinforced by contemporary writers. The Isles of Shoals appear in the inset. The surrounding ocean, instead of a wilderness, enhanced perceived desirability. The scattered coastal settlements appear isolated and tenuous, although nucleation lent some feeling of security. The general map style is typical of 17th century English cartography.

COLONIAL PROSPERITY - LATE 1700's

The population has shifted from the Old Town to the banks of the Merrimack, where fast fortunes are being made in privateering and commerce. The wealth of the community is reflected in the stately Federalist homes that have arisen on High Street. The town bustles with activity - the waterfront a forest of masts. The view is to the sea. The hectic disarray of buildings contrasts with the older concepts of organization around the town green. The people have clearly permitted the old social, religious town functions to break down in favor of commercial motives. Even the towering church spires reflect the break away from the simple life of former days.

"The local economy and culture of Newburyport has no counterpart in the contemporary world.... The truth is that a dweller in a city-state of ancient Greece, if he could have been...set down at the mouth of the Merrimack River in 1800, would understand the meanings and values of Federalist Newburyport far more clearly than any modern today, because Newburyport though not an Athens was not far from being an Aegean city-state."

COMMERCIAL DECLINE - EARLY 1800's

"Our ships all in motion once whitened the ocean,
They sailed and returned with a cargo,
Now doomed to decay, they have fallen a prey
To Jefferson - worms - and embargo."

The turn of the century brought years of embargo, blockade and war that effectively crippled the port city. Furthermore, the Middlesex Canal, completed in 1803, siphoned off the town's trade with northern New England and deprived local shipbuilders of their supply of lumber. To make matters worse, acres of the downtown area were completely leveled by the great fire of 1811. Grass grew on the docks, ships were left to rot and a barrier of sand and silt was allowed to accumulate at the



river mouth.

"Everything grew old and rusty and dead Nobody thought to paint a building, and there were so many of them empty that rent was nothing.... If an old fence blew down, there it lay unless it was picked up to burn; and when a pump handle broke, no more water came from that well."⁴

Caleb Cushing, 1806

The "golden age" farmer was relatively better off than ever before (or since). He supported Republicanism while the ever Federalist townsman was never more venomous in his appraisal of anything Jeffersonian. The town vs. country contrast was heightened and the town, indeed, seemed doomed.

INDUSTRIAL GROWTH - MID 1800's

Newburyport's dormancy came to an abrupt halt in the 1840's. Her great assets of abundant, cheap labor and coastal location that would assure cheap coal and cheap cotton fortuitously coincided with the industrial revolution in America. The Bartlett, Globe, James, Essex and Ocean steam textile mills soon ranked among the largest in the country. National expansion and signs of war encouraged shipbuilding as well as industry. Many a fine clipper ship was launched along the Merrimac. It was said of one of them, the Dreadnought:

"She was never passed in anything over a four-knot breeze.... By the sailors she⁵ was named the wild boat of the Atlantic."

From Samuels, Forecastle to the Cabin.

In the decades that followed, the magnet of manufacturing attracted hoards of immigrants, mostly Irish. They undercut the already low wages paid the Yankee laborers and consequently were faced with miserable poverty. Row houses for workers and shanties sprang up close to the smoky factories in the heart of the city, while the High Street entrepreneurs could look down from the hill, a position symbolic of their wealth.

The agricultural hinterland showed signs of emigration to the West, despite the typical advice of the day:

"...those fertile regions [the West] will at length become exhausted of their geine and salts, and will probably require as much labor to cultivate them as the soils of Massachusetts."⁶

Hitchcock, 1841



A new division had emerged, with capitalist wealth on one hand and poverty of the worker, both rural and urban, on the other.

CONTEMPORARY PERIOD - MID 1900'S

"Market Square [is] now not more than a bus stop and wholly inadequate parking space. The city fire station, with its open doors and motorized equipment, stands near a very old excavation known as Watt's cellar. On the banks of the river a few decaying warehouses and other small commercial buildings of seafaring days stand neglected.... The wharves are mostly gone except for an occasional piling visible at low tide in the river's noisome black mud."⁷

J. P. Marquand, 1960
Newburyport Resident Writer

The pictorial issue of present day Newburyport was the first map in the series to be constructed and was drawn without reference to any other map or schema. In effect, it is a record of the personal impressions of its maker and exposes some of his biases. It serves, then, as a reference point with which the other maps in the series can be compared.

The second contemporary map was the last made in the series and differs from the others as much in its construction as in its appearance. Based upon data gathered from a classroom inventory at Newburyport High School, it represents a more rigorous and quantitative approach to image mapping. Perceived distances and directions have been measured, averaged and plotted with reference to their real world positions. It should be viewed with an eye to the basic hypotheses used throughout the series.

One notes that the perceived focal zone is greatly enlarged relative to the perceived peripheral areas. The predominantly linear alignment of the road system, parallel to and including High Street, has tended to reduce the exaggeration of perceived distance along its axis. Conversely, the more difficult travel and congestion encountered in going across the grain has perceptually displaced things well beyond their real world position.

The decline of the "downtown" area is borne out by the relatively weak image of Market Square. The Merrimac River and waterfront, as well, emerge with surprisingly low image strengths for a port city. (It appears that Marquand's observations were well taken.) The perceived distance to Plum Island was the only one not exaggerated. Perhaps the Island's visibility across the



marshes from many points in the community has contributed to the accuracy of its estimated position. It might be added that the marsh flats encountered en route do not offer a great number of visual stimuli in comparison with other areas in town.

If there is a correlation between the test produced map and the more subjectively derived image representation, then there is reason to believe that historical period image mapping, using the same subjective techniques, has some basis for justification. The reader is encouraged to compare and judge for himself.

FOOTNOTES

1. From "Devils Den", quoted in Henry Nash Smith, Virgin Land. Vintage Book. (New York: Random House; 1950) p. 4.
2. Raymond P. Holden, The Merrimack, (New York: Rinehart and Company, Inc., 1958) pp. 142-143.
3. As quoted in Samuel Eliot Morison, The Maritime History of Massachusetts 1783-1860, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1921) p. 187.
4. As quoted in Stephen Thernstrom, Poverty and Progress, (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1964) p. 10.
5. As quoted in John J. Currier, History of Newburyport, Mass. 1764-1905, Vol. 1, (Newburyport: by the Author, 1906) p. 454.
6. Edward Hitchcock, Final Report on the Geology of Massachusetts, Vol. 1, (Northampton: J. H. Butler, 1841) p. 120
7. John P. Marquand, Timothy Dexter Revisited. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1960) pp. 78-79.

ROBERT FRENCH: A GEOGRAPHER LOOKS AT CULTURAL PRESERVATION

INTRODUCTION

As urban renewal and commercial interests threaten more and more old structures, the number and strength of preservationists increases to match. Inevitably, bitter battles are waged to decide the fate of antique structures. Unfortunately, the ground rules are ill-defined and the criteria for preservation are generally unclear. The very principle of saving old buildings is questioned by some.

This paper deals with preservation in America, its history and problems. A course for the future is suggested in which geographers would play the major role.

THE DAWN OF PRESERVATION IN AMERICA

When life is a struggle for existence, function holds priority over sentiment. During the early years of America, buildings were constructed with an eye to function and permanence. Foundations were stronger than necessary and the framework disproportionately heavy. Things were built solidly, without frills, intended to serve their purpose and last for years. Fortunately for preservationists, many of the earliest dwellings, barns, and bridges have endured despite heavy and continual use.

With the commencement of the nineteenth century, technology progressed and cities expanded. The changing character of the country dictated that some structures, already nearly as old as America, would go before the ax - their functions outdated.

The first glimmerings of preservation sentiment appeared as early as 1796 when "Green Spring" in Virginia was demolished in the name of progress. More than a few voices were raised to protest this act. An even greater outcry was heard some years later in Boston when "Old Brick" came down. One speaker was so moved as to claim "there is scarcely a vestige of antiquity left in the town". (Hosmer, 1965: 29)

Although commercial interests generally triumphed in these early years, the voice of nostalgia was heard crying in the wilderness. This was, perhaps, a result of the growing affluence in America or of the pride born out of a newly won independence. It was loud enough to save the greater part of Independence Hall, although the historic old building had its wings clipped.

Many believed that "merely stepping inside an ancient house would produce a mystical change rendering one a better man or woman." (Hosmer, 1965: 266)

It became disrespectful to the past, if not downright unpatriotic, to level an old house especially if it had some historical connection. Many historic shrines in America owe their existence to this change in national sentiment.

BRING BACK THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The Civil War was over but not forgotten. Lee's home was preserved as an old soldiers' home and Arlington National Cemetery was built on the grounds - a reminder to the South. The centennial of independence renewed patriotic spirits and anything Lincolnesque was eagerly sought for preservation.

Lincoln's alleged birthplace log cabin went on tour, perhaps the first attempt at historic commercialism in America. When the exhibitor was questioned about its dubious authenticity he readily replied, "Lincoln was born in a log cabin, weren't he? Well, one cabin is as good as another." (Hosmer, 1965: 141)

Authentic or not, it remains on exhibit today, protected by a large, grand building that is filled with Lincoln memorabilia. Even in these days, a politician can improve his chances of election by tracing his origin to a log cabin.

The latter part of the nineteenth century was marked by rapid change and a trend toward materialism. Preservationists began to claim that saving vestiges of the past would counteract such distressing trends. The preservation of Monticello (Jefferson's 300 acre estate) would exemplify the "simple" life of times gone by. An old structure was no longer preserved only because of its historic value but became, as well, a symbol of the plain but good life of years ago.

BEAT THE WAR DRUMS

During the Spanish-American - World War I era, the educational nature of the historic site was utilized to serve the cause of patriotism. It was reasoned that any adventurous red blooded son of America, who had set foot in a hallowed shrine of democracy, (the Faneuil Hall, the Hermitage or Lincoln's cabin) would be hard pressed not to answer the call of Uncle Sam. The saving of landmarks had become an end in itself, a device to teach militant loyalty.

ENTER THE ARCHITECTS

Prior to 1920, ladies' organizations had accounted for the

These early preservationists were a spontaneous group, somewhat vague in purpose but possessed with a strong instinctual urge to save the "sacred" reminders of our past.

George Perkins Marsh, a multifaceted man of talent, now claimed by the field of geography, is noted for his efforts in the promotion of conservation of our natural resources. Few are aware, however, of his interest in cultural conservation. As a prime mover in the establishment of the Smithsonian Institute, he hoped to see a "repository that would give Americans a sense of their own heritage." (Marsh, 1864: xv) Democratic in outlook, he promoted the common man rather than the heroic figure.

"...history in a democracy should be about the people themselves, not just about their rulers" (Ibid: xv)

He was generations ahead of his time and decades would pass before the public took heed of his ideas.

PATERFAMILIAS PERIOD

The hole in the door remained where, over a century before, Indians had hacked an opening large enough to admit the muzzles of their muskets so they could pick off some of the settlers inside the house. The "Old Indian House" in Deerfield, Massachusetts had harbored the only survivors from an Indian massacre and in 1847 was scheduled for demolition. A great cry went up in protest and a large group of people launched one of the greatest save the house campaigns known up to that time. The ardent spirit of filial piety was, however, offset by a significant shortage of cash. The dwelling came down with a crash.

Soon after, the John Hancock homestead on Beacon Hill became involved in a similar plight. The fact that it was an acknowledged tourist attraction strengthened its case for survival. The hard lesson in economics that was demonstrated in Deerfield had not been forgotten. Since the house was of fine style and in good repair, it appeared likely that the state might purchase and maintain it as the governor's home, but, thanks to the boondoggling nature of Massachusetts politics, the measure did not pass in time. Scratch the J. H. House. New Englanders, to this day, have maintained their distrust of state agencies. The house did not fall in vain, however, for its demise became the rallying cry for preservationists throughout the land.

It is not surprising that this period, just preceding the Civil War, marked a turning point in the fortunes of preservationists. The spectre of a nation divided loomed on the horizon. It was thought that the preservation of an old or historic site might help save the Union, for it "taught" respect for our founding fathers and served as an inspiration for American ideals.

bulk of restoration and preservation projects, but in the next decade broader based support was evident. In more than one instance geneological interests fostered preservation. For example, Ye Fayerbanke Historical Society purchased the original homesite of the clan which was sponsored and paid for by 1,500 Fairbanks descendants from coast to coast. Other "funny name" societies were born at this time and ranged in title and extent from the Society For the Preservation of New England Antiquities to the Native Sons of the Golden West.

Even at this relatively late date, antiquity (generally at least 100 years of age) and historical importance remained the two major criteria for preservation. Towns like Lexington and Concord were pretty safe for nearly any old place would satisfy both criteria, but in areas less richly endowed with history many ancient structures could be in jeopardy. When a movement to preserve the older homes in Ipswich, Massachusetts was undertaken it was billed as an attempt at "faithful reproduction...of the home environment of the primitive colonial life in New England." (Hosmer 1965:113) This can probably be cited as the first attempt at preservation for architectural purposes.

Soon the architects themselves became involved. The Association of American Architects, endowed with copious financial resources, purchased the Octagon House (circa 1800) in Washington, D.C. This initial plunge into active preservation was not entirely successful for they could not decide on who was to maintain the place or what they should do with it.

More significant contributions by architects were in the form of dimension drawings and photographic records of buildings that were scheduled for demolition and a number of published works that popularized the older styles and rendered service to the preservationist cause.

THE LARGER SCALE

The 1926 restoration of Williamsburg, thanks to a Rockefeller Foundation grant, was the nation's first large scale total restoration. For all the criticism it has received, it still represents a sincere attempt "to reconstruct the way of life of a whole past community and to interpret it to all living Americans. It was not only more expensive, but vastly more difficult and more taxing on the historical imagination than to restore any particular ancient monument." (Boorstin, 1958: 3)

A new dimension, an endeavor to capture the feel for life in an old community, was a definite improvement over the static monument.

The Williamsburg experiment created a pleasing contrast to the hustle and bustle of the 1920's, yet asserted a belief in the continuity of past and present. The public responded favorably and soon a flood of tourist dollars graced the area. Success was further insured since its opening coincided with a boon in auto-tourism.

Williamsburg was an in-situ restoration of a community. A similar project completed a few years later in New Salem, Illinois, Lincoln's hometown, differed in that it was a complete reconstruction of a village. Sturbridge Village is an example of a third approach, as it is composed of a collection of representative period buildings arranged in the mode of an 1830's village.

The combination of renewed public interest in historical sites, governmental support and increased tourism contributed to economic feasibility. The result has been a widespread development of all three types of period communities throughout the land.

RENEWAL AND REMOVAL

Jane Addams, Lillian Wald and Jacob Riis, the "social environmental determinists" of the Progressive Era, have left a legacy of the "notion that better housing was the best way to solve all social problems of an urban community." (Bellush, 1967: 1) Known for the settlement houses, philanthropic model housing and tenement control laws that they helped to bring about, they were equally instrumental in setting the precedents for the housing acts enacted during F.D.R.'s administration which eventually developed into urban renewal as we know it today.

Now, an old house can rot into dust without so much as a passing glance, but, threaten it with destruction by a bulldozer and the sentiments of a flock of preservationists are sure to be aroused. Herein lies the rub - how far should sentiment go in establishing the merit of saving an old building?

CONSIDERATIONS

Purpose is the essential factor in the preservation of any site. When the purpose is entirely commercial in nature, then one might say, "anything goes, so long as it makes money."

Let us assume, however, that we are dealing in less absolute terms, the ideal being a reconstruction of the spirit and patterns of life in a past time - something we may lump together under the heading "heritage". Keeping this in mind the following topics can be considered:

1) The isolated example v.s. the pattern

There are several Daniel Webster birthplaces. Fortunately, they are all located in New Hampshire. They are considered historical, yet, what do they tell of history other than Daniel Webster was born? Furthermore, such a limited sample tells little about the man and even less about the mid-nineteenth century way of life.

The relict features of a community and the pattern of old roads, homes, farms and stores reveal far more about a past culture than the isolated example. As geographers, we've got to believe this!

2) Real v.s. pretty

Many reconstructions bear eloquent testimony to the pains and care taken in the quest for authenticity. Original wallpaper has been expensively restored, special paints mixed to duplicate the old, etc. - but they still convey the wrong impression. Our forefathers were no neater or quainter than we are. Since they had more important work to do they were probably less fastidious in cropping shrubs and mowing lawns than the average suburbanite of today. The barn or the house was seldom without "things to fix" and trash and garbage had to be dumped on the premises. Add to this a manure pile in the back yard if a farm, or a nearby open sewer if an urban home. This was part and parcel of life in those days, yet it hardly comes through in ultra-neat Williamsburg or quaint Sturbridge.

3) Typical v.s. grandiose

Newburyport, Massachusetts is an architecturally distinctive town. Following a devastating fire in 1811, most of the downtown area was soon rebuilt in a pleasing, uniform style. Today, this entire area is in the possession of the urban renewal agency and all slated for destruction, the only exception being the custom house. To pacify the preservationists, this old building will be preserved and function as a museum, but its granite block construction and classical pillared style is atypical of the other structures in the area.

It's the octagon house, the rococo estate or the bizarre gothic that catches the eye and warms the hearts of people and, therefore, endures. The ordinary structure doesn't last long enough to see the day when preservationists seek out "representative" examples of a past time. Of course, the homes of famous men with a modest background are sometimes representative of the common man's abode but this is the exception rather than the rule. One need be cautious in assessing the mode of life from what has

been preserved. There likely will be an overrepresentation of the best rather than the typical, and the unique rather than the ordinary.

4) The dynamic v.s. the static

Were it not for Sturbridge Village, many worthy old buildings would have been destroyed or otherwise exist in isolation. Although they are brought together in the pattern of an 1830 community, the story is not complete. In effect, Sturbridge Village is a collection of structures and not a viable living community. To be sure, the water wheel turns and ladies in antique dress man the looms and make souvenir candles; but you know that they will all go home to their split-level ranch houses when five o'clock rolls around. The pot of beans simmering on the hearth strikes us as being quaint, yet a century or more ago it was a way of life. Does the village tell enough of the hardships - the insecurity of farming, the isolation in winter? Something is needed that will integrate the structures in this reconstructed community in such a way that we can experience a true feeling for the complete way of life in an old New England village.

With thousands of tourists tramping through each week it is a difficult, if not, impossible task. Sturbridge is a step in the right direction but still not the final answer.

5) Harmony v.s. heterogeneity

In the days before zoning, planning and Levittown, people built what they pleased in the manner that suited them. Although they shared styles and let function help determine optimal location so that a semblance of order resulted, still most communities were far from uniform. Old mixed with new, the ramshackle occurred beside the neat, and brick adjoined wood. A restored village of uniformly quaint old structures may appeal to our aesthetic sense but it might be far removed from past reality.

6) In situ v.s. transported reconstructions

When enough representative structures are restored on their original sites, they indicate a community pattern true to the way it once existed. A reconstructed village on a site where none existed before fails to answer for the historical geography of location, and for economic, aesthetic or other reasons may be constructed in a manner too orderly and too compact to create an entirely accurate geographical picture.

7) The automobile

Nothing seems more incongruous than a "restored"

colonial village whose narrow streets are clogged with the twentieth century vehicles of tourists. The automobile must be provided for, but if it is not kept inconspicuous in an area never designed for it even the best reconstruction will appear ludicrous.

8) Imagery v.s. reality

Considering the problems and drawbacks of "genuine" preservation the picture is indeed discouraging. If there is an answer, the key to it might lie in the field of environmental perception. Granted that the total reality of a place in time gone by can not be recreated, it still may be possible to create a reasonable illusion of that reality. Aesthetic imagery, as J. K. Wright calls it, could be employed to "emphasize the distinctive or characteristic" in such a manner that the individual's "personal interest" would be "motivated by a desire to enjoy the process of imagining itself." (Wright, 1947: 6) This calls for a designed illusion that will "heighten the effect by increasing the clarity and vividness of the conceptions that we seek to transmit." (Ibid: 7) Difficult, yes, but certainly possible and a real challenge to the perceptual geographer. The essence may be summed up: design, not to deceive, but rather create a situation whereby the image conceived by the viewer will truly tell it like it was.

NEW CRITERIA

We have already suggested that most period reconstructions tend to romanticize the past. The pretty scenes of tranquility, fresh paint and manicured grounds smack of tea room fakery. Even the large scale outdoor reconstructions resemble a museum collection rather than a living community. One carries away a false impression of our national heritage, yet today's preservation projects are better than ever. It is not necessary to scrap the progress that has been made but things might be improved and added to. The following examples describe areas that seem to have been neglected but would contribute much to an understanding of the spirit of America.

1) The slum

The slum, both urban and rural, is a phenomenon nearly as old as man. Even the wealthiest societies and the whole gamut of social and political systems have failed to eradicate them. Despite their Utrillo gray stereotype, slums can be placid and well ordered. Alan Pred has observed that slum areas frequently have "no greater population density...and less auto traffic which gives them a sense of spaciousness and quiet that is lacking elsewhere." (Pred, 1964: 16) Consider the Progressive's characterization of slums, as well: the slum tenement produced the saloon, known as the "poor man's social club". Street gangs represented a "refuge for children...and on sunshiny days whores

sprawled indolently in sidewalk chairs and people had to stumble over a gauntlet of meaty legs". (Bellush, 1967: 17) Add to this the seamen's bars, antique and pawn shops, used book stores, weathered signs, wrought iron railings, old brick and cobblestone streets. Show me a place like this and I'll show you a place that has CHARACTER! A portion of American life, for better or for worse, would be truly represented here. Given some degree of assurance that they could escape with their lives and wallet intact, people would be attracted to just such a living, breathing, "real" community.

2) The auto age community

A century from now preservationists may be concerned with recapturing the spirit of the 1960's in some form of visible history. What is more expressive of the auto age than the ugly but ubiquitous gas stations that cover the landscape? Is there something more demonstrative of the commercial nature of our society than neon-flashing storefront signs or highway billboards? Does anything characterize the rapid change and wastefulness of America better than our twentieth century "kitchen middens", the junkyards? The varied colors and shapes of these scrapheaps have no small aesthetic appeal (ask the artist or photographer) and, as far as children are concerned, no manner of elaborately designed playground could ever surpass the thrills and adventures that can be had in a junkyard. (see Haskell, 1965: 5)

The preservationists of the future need not worry about the Prudential building or the State House - they will endure. It is the living slum, the corner Esso station and the junkyard that are in danger of passing from the scene.

CONCLUSION

By this time you are probably wondering what this overturned bag of worms has to do with the philosophy of geography: therefore, a brief review is in order.

The first sections of this paper traced the history of the preservation movement in this country and, as an astute reader, you noticed what a minor role geographers have played until recently. Succeeding sections dealt with some difficulties involved in "genuine" preservation (as an expression of our heritage) and image design was put forth as a possible solution. Finally, a couple of new areas for consideration were mentioned.

It seems strange that geographers have for so long overlooked the field of preservation. "Visible history" is an integral part of historical geography, and past settlement patterns are of prime interest to cultural geographers. Additionally, the possibilities of including elements of imagery in preservation techniques are

great and should really stir up the interests of environmental perceptionists. Lastly, geographers have the responsibility to be truthful to the past. A contribution to the "real" American heritage should be fundamental to our discipline. In the end, we may be capable of directing reconstructions of the past toward a preservation of "ways" rather than "things". I feel that this has a lot to do with the philosophy of geography.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- A. Appleyard, D.; Lynch, K.; Myer, J., View From the Road, Cambridge, 1964.
- B. Bellush, Jewel and Hausknecht, Murray; Urban Renewal, People, Politics and Planning; Garden City, N.Y. 1967.
- C. Boorstin, Daniel J.; "Past and Present in America", Commentary, Vol. 25 #1, Jan. 1958.
- D. Faris, John T.; Historic Shrines of America, N.Y., 1918.
- E. Haskell, Douglas; "The Drive for Beauty and the Popular Taste", Landscape, Vol. 15 #1, Autumn 1965.
- F. Hosmer, Charles B. Jr.; Presence of the Past, New York, 1965.
- G. Lowenthal, David; "Nature and the American Creed of Virtue"; Landscape, Vol. 9 #2, Winter 1959-60.
- H. Lowenthal, David; "Geography, Experience and Imagination; Towards a Geographical Epistemology", A.A.G. Annals, Vol. 51, 1961.
- I. Lowenthal, David, "The American Scene", Geographical Review, Vol. 58 #1, Jan. 1968.
- J. Lynch, Kevin, Image of the City, Cambridge, 1960.
- K. Maas, John, "Images and Letters", Landscape Vol. 8#2, Winter 1958-59.
- L. Marsh, George Perkins, Man and Nature, New York, 1864. Edited by Lowenthal 1965.
- M. Montague, Robert L. and Wren, Tony P., Planning for Preservation, American Society of Planning Officials, Chicago, November 1964.

- N. Newcomb, Robert M., "Geographic Aspects of the Planned Preservation of Visible History in Denmark", A.A. G. Annals, Vol. 57, 1967.
- O. Pred, Allan, "The Esthetic Slum", Landscape Vol. 14, #1, Autumn 1964.
- P. Pushkarer, Boris, "The Esthetics of Freeway Design", Landscape Vol. 10 #2, Winter 1960-61.
- Q. Solnit, Albert, "Whats the Use of Small Towns", Landscape Vol. 16 #1, Autumn 1966.
- R. Sonnenfeld, Joseph, "Variable Values in Space and Landscape: An Inquiry Into the Nature of Environmental Necessity", Journal of Social Issues, Vol. 22 #4, Oct. 1966.
- S. Wolfe, M. R., "Small Towns, Puget Sound Region", Landscape Vol. 9 #2, Winter 1959_60.
- T. Wright, John K., "Terrae Incognitae, The Place of Imagination in Geography", A.A. G. Annals, Vol. 37, 1947.

HERMAN MELVILLE: NANTUCKET

Nothing more happened on the passage worthy the mentioning; so, after a fine run, we safely arrived in Nantucket.

Nantucket! Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies; how it stands there, away off shore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it --- a mere hillock, and elbow of sand; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper. Some gamesome wights will tell you that they have to plant weeds there, they don't grow naturally; that they import Canada thistles; that they have to send beyond the seas for a spile to stop a leak in an oil cask; that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome; that people there plant toadstools before their houses, to get under the shade in summer time; that one blade of grass makes an oasis, three blades in a day's walk a prairie; that they wear quicksand shoes, something like Laplander snowshoes; that they are so shut up, belted about, every way inclosed, surrounded, and made an utter island of by the ocean, that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found adhering, as to the backs of sea turtles. But these extravaganzas only show that Nantucket is no Illinois.

Look now at the wondrous traditional story of how this island was settled by the red-men. Thus goes the legend. In olden times an eagle swooped down upon the New England coast, and carried off an infant Indian in his talons. With loud lament the parents saw their child borne out of sight over the wide waters. They resolved to follow in the same direction. Setting out in their canoes, after a perilous passage they discovered the island, and there they found an empty ivory casket, --- the poor little Indian's skeleton.

What wonder, then, that these Nantucketers, born on a beach, should take to the sea for a livelihood! They first caught crabs and quohogs in the sand; grown bolder, they waded out with nets for mackerel; more experienced, they pushed off in boats and captured cod; and at last, launching a navy of great ships on the sea, explored this watery world; put an incessant belt of circumnavigations round it; peeped in at Behring's Straits; and in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood; most monstrous and most mountainous! That Himmalehan, salt-sea Mastodon, clothed with such portentousness of unconscious power, that his very panics are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults!

And thus have these naked Nantucketers, these sea hermits, issuing from their ant-hill in the sea, overrun and conquered the watery world like so many Alexanders; parcelling out among them the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans, as the three pirate powers did Poland. Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada; let the English overswarm all India, and

hang out their blazing banner from the sun; two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his; he owns it, as Emperors own empires; other seamen having but a right of way through it. Merchant ships are but extension bridges; armed ones but floating forts; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea as highwaymen the road, they but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships, to and fro ploughing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home; *there* lies his business which a Noah's flood would not interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie; he hides among the waves, he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land; so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows; so at nightfall, the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales.

CELIA THAXTER: FROM AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS

With the first warm days we built our little mountains of wet gravel on the beach, and danced after the sandpipers at the edge of the foam, shouted to the gossiping kittiwakes that fluttered above, or watched the pranks of the burgomaster gull, or cried to the crying loons. The gannet's long white wings stretched overhead, perhaps, or the dusky shag made a sudden shadow in mid-air, or we startled on some lonely ledge the great blue heron that flew off, trailing legs and wings, storklike, against the clouds. Or, in the sunshine on the bare rocks, we cut from the broad, brown leaves of the slippery, varnished kelps, grotesque shapes of man and bird and beast that withered in the wind and blew away; or we fashioned rude boats from bits of driftwood, manned them with a weird crew of kelpies, and set them adrift on the great deep, to float we cared not whither.

We played with the empty limpet-shells; they were mottled gray and brown, like the song-sparrow's breast. We launched fleets of purple mussel-shells on the still pools in the rocks, left by the tide, --- pools that were like bits of fallen rainbow with the wealth of the sea, with tints of delicate sea-weeds, crimson and green and ruddy brown and violet; where wandered the pearly eolis with rosy spines and fairy horns; and

the large round sea-urchins, like a boss upon a shield, were fastened here and there on the rock at the bottom, putting out from their green prickly spikes transparent tentacles to seek their invisible food. Rosy and lilac star-fish clung to the sides; in some dark nook, perhaps, a holothure unfolded its perfect ferns, a lovely, warm buff color, delicate as frost-work; little forests of coralline moss grew up in stillness, gold-colored shells crept about, and now and then flashed the silver-darting fins of slender minnows. The dimmest recesses were haunts of sea-anemones that opened wide their starry flowers to the flowing tide, or drew themselves together, and hung in large, half-transparent drops, like clusters of some strange, amber-colored fruit, along the crevices as the water ebbed away. Sometimes we were cruel enough to capture a female lobster hiding in a deep cleft, with her millions of mottled eggs; or we laughed to see the hermit-crabs challenge each other, and come out and fight a deadly battle till the stronger overcame, and, turning the weaker topsy-turvy, possessed himself of his ampler cockle-shell, and scuttled off with it triumphant. Or, pulling all together, we dragged up the long kelps, or devil's-aprons; their roots were almost always fastened about large, living mussels; these we unclasped, carrying the mussels home to be cooked; fried in crumbs or batter, they were as good as oysters. We picked out from the kelp-roots a kind of star-fish which we called sea-spider; the moment we touched it an extraordinary process began. One by one it disjoined all its sections, --- whether from fear or anger we knew not; but it threw itself away, bit by bit, until nothing was left of it save the little, round body whence the legs had sprung!

With crab and limpet, with grasshopper and cricket, we were friends and neighbors, and we were never tired of watching the land-spiders that possessed the place. Their webs covered every window-pane to the lighthouse top, and they rebuilt them as fast as they were swept down. One variety lived among the round gray stones on the beach, just above the high-water mark, and spun no webs at all. Large and black, they speckled the light stones, swarming in the hot sun; at the first footfall they vanished beneath the pebbles.

All the cracks in the rocks were draped with swinging veils like the window-panes. How often have we marvelled at them, after a fog or a heavy fall of dew, in the early morning, when every slender thread was strung with glittering drops, --- the whole symmetrical web a wonder of shining jewels trembling in the breeze! Tennyson's lines,

"The cobweb woven across the cannon's throat

Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more,"
always bring back to my mind the memory of those delicate, spangled draperies, more beautiful than any mortal loom could weave, that curtained the rocks at White Island and "shook their threaded tears" in every wind.

Sometimes we saw the bats wheel through the summer dusk, and in profoundly silent evenings heard, from the lighthouse top, their shrill, small cries, their voices sharper and finer than needlepoints. One day I found one clinging to the under side of a shutter, --- a soft, dun-colored, downy lump. I took it in my hand, and in an instant it changed to a hideous little demon, and its fierce white teeth met in the palm of my hand. So much fury in so small a beast I never encountered, and I was glad enough to give him his liberty without more ado.

A kind of sandhopper about an inch long, that infested the beach, was a great source of amusement. Lifting the stranded sea-weed that marked the high-water line, we always startled a gray and brown cloud of them from beneath it, leaping away, like tiny kangaroos, out of sight. In storms these were driven into the house, forcing their way through every crack and cranny till they strewed the floors, --- the sea so encircled us! Dying immediately upon leaving the water from which they fled, they turned from a clear brown, or what Mr. Kingsley would call a "pellucid gray," to bright brick-color, like a boiled lobster, and many a time I have swept them up in ruddy heaps; they looked like bits of coral.



CELIA THAXTER ABOUT 1856, WITH JOHN AND KARL

PAUL METCALF: *Excerpt from APALACHE*

a.

a snowdrift,
blown onto a sheltered shelf
survived the summer

snow fell, failed
to melt,
the drift fattened,

(in what is now
hudson bay . . .

fattened & compressed,
compacted, re-
congealed, became

firm . . .

water, percolating from
the melting surface -
and from close compaction
of the crystals - refroze,
recrystallized, and
firm became ice . . .
fattening and thickening,
nourished by wet winds from the south,
the ice domed

(over what is now
hudson bay

lower layers
flowed outward
from the center,

growing, fattening,
down valleys and onto
elevations

(leaving nunataks,
as, the tongaks

snow

to firm,

to ice,

domed, flowing outward,
over north appalachia:

the laurentide ice

under the weight
of ice,
the brittle lithosphere

became plastic:

the crust subsided,
basinlike,

the younger sediments
compacted, fluid,

(most deeply
under what is now
hudson bay . . .

but, rooted,
antique and isostatic,

the laurentian shield
held,

the land
did not yield . . .

the land
held

the ice spread
south, asymmetrically,

more heavily southward
from the domecenter,

(originally at
the pole

producing a
centrifugal effect

on the spinning earth
and the land beneath
dragged → southward
to what is now
hudson bay

b.

bosses of rock rising in the glacial bed raised corresponding domes at the surface: unborn nunataks, shattered or unbroken

sunpits marked the surface, & honeycombs: . . . suncups, spikes, pinnacles, thumbprint ice, decapitated shafts, and

penitents:

regular & uniform,
elliptical & pyramidal,
occasionally acicular,
the apices

leaning

equatorwards . . .

subglacial streams roared softly, their tunnels rising and falling, undulating irregularly, to appear at the snout as vaults . . .

the glacier, plastic and fluid, debouching over plains or insinuating into fissures, grooving the sole in the lee of boulders, conforming to twisted and tortuous channels . . . sheets of hexagons, although puckered, gliding over one another, the grains slipping, and slip within the grains, the ice moving along slip-planes, glideplanes, faulting and dragging, twisting, distorting and fluting, clusters of crystals jerking, pulsing . . .

at the snout, live ice overrode the dead

a flexible rasp, the glacier left the rock striated & grooved, quarried & fluted, polished into faultmirrors . . . lunoid furrows and lunate fractures, crescentic gouges and chattermarks, bedrock knobs with rockdrifts streaming from the lee . . . the rock brecciated, slickensided, crushed and shattered . . .

. . . pushed till beyond the shore: the continental shelf swathed with thick terrigenous drift . . .

halting,

and retreating,

the ice first yielded at the peripheries: sudden outbursts of subglacial lakes and rivers, great walls of water draining through englacial fissures and subglacial chutes, forming transient lakes and shortlived streams, shrinking, enlarging, rising, falling . . .

the shrinking icesheet ponded water in the deepsagged crustal basins

and as the weight of ice lifted, the crust upwarped, doming, and the water decanted:

the great lakes drained first to the mississippi, then to the mohawk and hudson, and finally the st. lawrence

wasted at the peripheries, the glacier released at the center:

residual laurentide ice, in hudson bay, calved weakly into the intruding sea

the laurentian shield, now, a young land: drained by shallow rivers, connected lakes, waterfalls

restigouche: the river which divides like the hand

c.

gaspé, percé, le rocher percé:

northeastern supramarine terminus of appalachia

appalachia, entering canada from new england, swings from its northeast spine through an ogee arc, into an east and finally a southeast curve, the peninsula a great sigmoid shape

a region of drowned mountains, out to the codbanks, the lost lands of percesia, the folded cliffs, gnawed, broked and gnawed, by the tooth of the sea

pine, spruce,
spine of rock,
insula,
paene insula,
saline assaults,
sun and fog

and the offshore islands crowned by fog scuds of cormorants and gulls

d.

"sabra lieth to the seaward of cape breton"

sable island: 110 miles se of cape canso, in 43° 6' n. and 60° west

sable island, emerging out of the sea, out of the codbanks, after glacial submergence

moonshaped, lunoid, crescentic . . . like a beothuk canoe

at the focus and meeting point of ocean currents: the gulf stream, flowing from the south . . . the arctic current from the north, past labrador, and dividing, part flowing around newfoundland, and part passing through the strait of belle isle, to join the outflow of the st. lawrence, thence through cabot strait, to sable

the currents meeting, conflicting, swirling, with a westerly wind, so that an empty cask, or a man's body, may circumnavigate the island many times, before landing

composed of pure sand, quartz and tiny garnets, the island is pushed eastward by the prevailing westerlies, the wind cutting in the hills on the sea face, forcing the sand over the crest or up the gullies, the island moving, rolling, sand engorged and re-exposed

and shrinking: now half as large as originally reported, as sand blown off the hills settles at sea

hurricane winds whip off the summits of the hummocks, windscoop the sand hollows, carry before them clouds of seadrift, altering overnight the face of the island

the old land, ponded with fresh water, diminishes, and the old lagoon alternately opens and closes to the sea, sandfilling and shrinking

earthquakes shift the coastline, throwing up reefs

the sea at night will blaze with phosphorescence, the waves breaking high, as in flames

from Chapter Three, "Stonehenge"

Bartlett and Black from Green

"Every historical event must happen, not anywhere, but in some particular place, at some point in space, in some locality or minimal unit of space in which its unique causal factors operate." Malin via Irby.

The machinery at each place would seem to arise separate of an unknown world. A bridge, an airport, a road, even a village, has location in the real world as well as the geographical subset of it. Central place theory is the beginning of an acknowledgment of what ethnogeography and migrating peoples have always known, that when you get there something is there, even in a myth. The conditions may be multivariate, but we can sense the oscillation of factors choosing a place, seeing that as the river narrows, we approach the bridge. A Penobscot village lays the ground for an American settlement; one system of commerce is generated by another, always leading back to the pregenerated conditions of the land, the genes, attendant species, access, freight, marriage possibilities. We can come to the exact place and find it there.

Swamp. River. Lookout. Nuts. Berries. Maple Sugar. Lee of hill. Furs. Tillable Soil.

The village grows to include harbor and tidal mill. The navigable river. The settlements in the country. The hexagon of human existence replaces any prior geometry. But as Plato taught us, maybe it was there all the time.

Somesville is properly specific, function of prevailing winds and currents, arable land, grazing, protection. Betwixt the Hills was waiting there to become Somesville.

And Stonehenge, whose sheer purpose is to impose a right angle, a geometry on the motions of sun and moon, is built on Salisbury Plain where, alone, that purpose is served. The giant stones carried across water and sledged along ice to a spot within a few miles of the one latitude, $57^{\circ}.17$, where the azimuths of sun and moon at extreme declinations are separated by 90° . This is the Stonehenge that preceded Stonehenge; a bit further to the north or south and the rectangle becomes a parallelogram, the planets cannot enter the temple. The rugged geography, that issues from a Platonic condition, never loses its perfect origin, which is revealed in the works of man. The visible-rises from the visible, the solved and being solved are one. And we would seem once again to be in the world of the known.

The conditions of Green Island are not perfect, not geometric. It is in the bay out beyond Green Island landing, at the cable crossing, its shore clearly visible, as if one giant step should place us on its world. To our left, in the passage between the beach and Green Island shore, which becomes Bartlett Narrows, we can see the hazy edge of Bartlett, as in history, blurred into its superposition upon Mount Desert.

It is not so easy, as Clayton and I found, rowing in a small plastic boat, while the tide grew high and the waters full; we seemed to be getting precisely nowhere, as hard as we pilled on the oars. We hung there between the equally visible, the trees of

Green becoming more and more our immediate environment, the gigantic size of Mount Desert and the great creeping edge of its forests becoming a distance, as a vision from airplane. We had been fooled by the nature of the space between.

Taking the oars from the oarlocks, we stroked on either side, jerking the boat there like a canoe, receiving the ground as Matthew ran ashore up the rocks, as a place to stand on, as the next place we will stand on even before we are there. The names change with the optical field. Green becomes the shore, the mainland, and we look out at sea to Mount Desert. Carrying this condition to its extreme we realize that every piece of land is an island of some sort or size, but the name itself, igland in Anglo-Saxon, the Latin insula, is given without awareness of this fact to the inward: is a word to the outward, proven only by sailing completely around. But the original Teutonic phenomenological was simply a space belonging to water, ahwa, or aqualand, a meadow by a stream.

We walk up a hill thru trees, away from the water, past the giant house, and continue into the forest of the other side. What we know from the map is that Green Island is shaped like a molar, one crown point missing and the other two elongated toward Bartlett Narrows. In between them a quiet stream of green water, rich with ebb tide grasses, comes at high tide, leaves a damp meadow at low tide, a bathing spot for seals, and Pearces, who now own the island.

We walk out on one of the molar crowns and find ourselves in a new vista of the immediate lands. No longer is any edge blurred or superimposed. Outward we face straighton the blunt edge of Black, rounded, bright and visible stand of conifers, no houses, no sign of anything but depth, climax. Beyond and below Black, hazier but larger, the edge of a giant landfall, Christopher Bartlett's Island. Here the remembered darkness, the foreclosure is total. We have been thinking of islands we can hold in our heads, the shape of, land in, history thru. Bartlett is a Jupiter if Green Island is Earth. Called Hog Island once, it was settled by Christopher Bartlett in 1762; the homesteaders lived there, fishing, farming, with their cattle, self-sufficient, yet part of the legal town of Mount Desert, and the larger fishing nation, an outer parish abandoned during the depression, now littered with bones and tombstones and the foundations of houses. In the distance I feel the pull toward the larger hidden, the previous world, distance at sea, distance of my memory, where all the islands no longer inhabited consciously are recalled in their ancient names. As the key drops, the music falls off to sea, and we come to eternal Atlantis, buried on Bartletts beneath the cattlebones of the depression and Abnaki arrowheads, or Bartlett is one province of the old Atlantic kingdom, is Jovian, abandoned for all its miles by those who have to the backside, the harbor behind the sun, flow of light thru Mount Desert, where civilization is as small and local as the Jovian moons. Bartlett was a kingdom, has grown old and into ciphers, while Green is subclimax, forest flowers, without the dark forest and the ghost town. Here on Green there is an alchemical text, green, young, and the house is filled with butterflies and herbals. I feel the cold saltwater with my hand, straining out the rich strands of seaweed, original food which I eat when I eat anything, which I remember even from the vendors of it in Central Park, as orange soda, as chestnuts, now the climax forest in the youth of the sun.

It is not geographical determinism, but each of these three

islands fulfill an absolute condition. Its place, which does not determine anything, is nonetheless irretrievable. Bartlett is a colony; Black a hermit; Green is a family. Mr. Ellis, the original owner, had a stable built by the landing, and a bell which rang across the water for servants to come by boat and get the guests. The island itself is a map for children, a giant gameboard, its orchid bog and hawthorn trees, a cut thru the forest to make Blue Mountain visible from the verandah, the rabbits and deer who cross on the winter ice floes, the baby otters sunning white on the rocks, the ducks, the gulls on that neck of land, collarbone broken off the island, a thin line of rocks, itself with a few trees and moss, a place for Webster Pearce to swim to and sulk, sitting on the long bony mantle of the earth, an island image, mansion from which for Mrs. Pearce, matriarch of the family, there is no escape.

The house itself has been changed by the Pearce children, the lower floors filled with games, the upper floor with so many rooms no one knows what to do with them, and one whole room a child painted Black Hole of Calcutta Black to hide in, one room with its head in the trees, a giant vegetable in the stratosphere on an island in which sunlight crackles, and an old wooden bed to dream in, the vision itself surrounded by water as the leafy perception with blood.

This is to own an island, to buy the Map itself; the kingdom is Ellis' handiwork, changed by the Pearces with their money paying the freight charge, for washer and dryer, and thick rubber hose underwater carrying phone and power, tiny joint of the transatlantic cable, exposed in the scallop beds at ebb.

Green Island is Green Land, Earth. Its mansion is owned, its guesthouse in the ecosphere. Its shape is a swimming pool; its seals are pets; and the animals and seeds that cross ocean to get here find themselves in a garden or a preserve, as long as this decade lasts.

Houses cost more money than islands, and Black Island has no mansion, no pool of water. More than twice the distance from the shore, its gold is other. There are Black islands all along the Maine Coast, but here we have a man named Black, not a dense growth of spruce, though that as well. Black was a hermit, in the early 1800's; twice a year he came into Somesville to purchase supplies with golden guineas gathered from the wreck of a British warship. This too happens at a particular point in space, the crossing of winds, trade routes, and a sudden shock of highland, mountaintop of the shoal. Now Black Island is owned again by a wealthy eccentric who goes there only on rare and unexplained business.

And Bartlett, once an independent colony of ranchers and farmers, is owned by Dead River, a development company in Bangor, which is turning it into an exclusive cultural retreat for wealthy businessmen. Who owns the land, or as Will Rogers said: they ain't making any more of it. We who do not own the land own vantage, place, and watch the land return to its origin on the chart, the Neolithic hanging stones locked to the sky.

The Order of American History (6): Swan's Island

Original cost: 1912 lbs., and three shillings for every acre above 12,800 (except any island the whole of which is a barren rock, but no allowance for bogs, ponds, or wastelands). 1786. Such is the unsettled condition of language at the dawn of an aristocracy, an Aryan kingdom still advancing upon Tarratine lands. And the old war. Deflation.

What they do not know is the bedrock, timb, upon which the timber grows, the skunk goes, the wild bear comes to his caves. The great banks which lie beneath the Atlantic are barren except for fields of fish, are the ancient coast line, lush river valleys, penobscots and damariscottas, which are now Georges and Browns, the La Have River in Nova Scotia enters into, a rocky coastline followed by an emerald basin. Swan's Island lies in this jetstream, a stone wall upon which the bear prowls, a disturbance of the conjuring of ancient lands. This is a port of the old kingdom of Atlantis, the non-Aryan, which the Tarratine settled, the Chinese, the Norse visited, the French claim is based on Verrazzano and Cartier, the English claim lies to the North, Cabot, and Gilbert in 1553, centripetal to New Foundland waters.

The first years: islands juggled as pawns, sold as nothing, as fish, regardless of settlers or nationalities. The world belonged to ships, to motion.

This is the Brule Cote Island of Champlain, its hills on fire as he passed it, an event of conjunction. Changed to Burnt Cote. And Burn Coat. Burnt Coal was the island Swan bought.

The Indian villages were at Middle Head and in Preel's Field near the east shore; flint heads and hand axes were found around Old Harbor. And at Burying Point, near Carrying Place, Indian skeletons of terrific size were uncovered by the plow, reminiscent of the Eurasian giants, the Northland Beothuks. Here Swan built a store and erected a large mansion. Here was the Aryan kingdom of New England. Here sea fowl in great flocks continued to land and breed, whiter and wilder than the fowl brought in cages from the old country. This country was older, with its shell heaps of another age.

Here the act of the present was the turning of the mills, a technology grown out of witchcraft, finally a morphology. So is Old Harbor new and old, and the sun rises upon a nation of amphibians, of beings given body by a mysterious force, of certain landholders, certain of the bodies of men. A strange sailor, dressed as Neptune, the ancient aquanaut from the sunken cities of the bank (or is it the Aryan cities of heraldry?) rises upon a flock of young girls playing in the field of the present age; boldly he strides ashore, seizes and kisses one of them. "Tell your mother you have been kissed by an English admiral," he says. "She should be proud."

Near the shore great logs are cut and rafted to the saw-

mill. Around the houses, barley and corn are grown; the grist mill makes a European bread. Fish are plentiful and tame, as rich and thick as sea-fowls, as the dark green leaves of potato which take to the ground like a grape vine, burst with flowers and spawn, tomatoes they thought were poisonous, and give a bounty crop. Coasting vessels melt from the tall masts of the forest (as mysterious as the seal of New Brunswick in which the ships are at estuary in an endless forest, floating trees, cut in cracked stone, as ship is indistinguishable from city, floating on the molten core of a time when body came from fire into water and flower was hot gold).

Ancient land of the golden age, clearing opened again and again, until the derivation is complete; the hardwood trees are gone into a previous age, even as the prehistoric foliage of eons of famous beasts has fallen in silence, as the tree falls in the forest, and the answer is the fertile soil of their decay, no philosophical riddle that all events in the universe are immutably connected, and time is as living a knot as the electron flames of amber. Too much of the land is burned off Swan's Island too quickly, noisily, burnt coat of the british philosopher, the realist, washed into the valleys, the richness, the gold coins of an American Hermes into the ocean, proving what?, that geography, the coast is the empirical empire, the lost world of things, followed by a stunted growth of spruce and fir, and July 4 firecrackers and ersatz lobster dinners.

The Irishmen at Irish Point cut away all the wood, a succession of species, gyreways, as Yeats knew Swan's Island was not Ireland, but a myth carried New Worldwards that the old lands could be everywhere, and could be found again.

And in a sense it is a mystery how who ended up at Swan's got there: sailors, shipwrecks, fishermen needing a port, deserters from the armies, in later years quarrymen from the depressions of Europe, professors looking for summer homes. All faces of a crystal face the universe. Courtney Babbidge came from Deer Isle to marry Mercy Joyce. The Kents came from England via Portsmouth, New Hampshire, after hiding out for five years to avoid getting their heads cut off by Charles I. Alders come, with a young growth of spruce. And when Robert Mitchell needed a place to sleep, when he came as a stranger from Dublin to Harbor Island, John Finney sheered his sheep to make a bed of wool for him on the floor. Mitchell went to work on Abel Staples' farm and married his daughter Judith. Swan's Island was settled with the purpose of shipbuilding, farming, and lumbering; to the East, Long Island was a resort for fishing vessels, and in the years that followed hundreds of her craft were seen in the waters dragging the horizon. There is report of Joshua Trask of Harbor Island regularly trading there. From Canary Island in Eggemogin Reach, the Conarys came, Israel Conary marrying Mercy Staples, so that the trees grew back on that small island, and it was called Black Island for its dark second growth.

Swan himself sold and rebought the island many times. He was a rich man, how rich it is hard to know (would we call him a multimillionaire?), land values so indefinite in a new nation. He owned parts of Virginia to the mountains of the west, and land within Boston. He was a friend of Lafayette and dreamed of a French royalty in America, a house of New Orleans, a northern Louisiana. While in France, Colonel Swan entered debtor's prison, refusing to pay a debt he said he didn't owe; though he could have paid it many times over, though Lafayette pleaded with him, he held firm for thirty years, freed only during the Revolution of 1830; he stumbled up a flight of steps and died in Lafayette's arms. (New World in the arms of the Old or Old World holding onto New? Depending as islands do on the phases of the moon, the invisible gyres of granite and sea.)

Swan's lawyer, a man named Prince, continued to live on Harbor Island, holding in his ledger the bind that cordwood and lumber cut on these islands shall be carried in Swan's vessels or those of his heirs, keeping an eye on the resources in general. When Prince returned to Boston, the string snapped, and the forest fell into further decay. Settlers who never heard of the grants poured in and built roads. Game was so abundant that it became necessary for inhabitants to pass a vote not to allow nonresidents rights of trapping, hounding, or laying poison for any fur-bearing animal.

Each island in these rings of habitation is at its first, paradise, the new world or planet that the spaceship fleeing a burning Earth comes to, landing in the snow-capped mountains of the Indo-European memory like a sled, called Xyra, or Eden: after worlds collide, the pilgrims, the sunny oxygen-breathing speakers of a Dardic or Norse tongue. And America, moonworld, swanworld, operating miracle after miracle, from Lowell to San Diego, never has to settle down, that false democracy which in hell elects the devil and gives him the dictatorial powers of wartime (for hell is always at war with heaven, and matter with matter). Before long Xyra or Swans or simply X filled with interest groups, politicians, ad-men, the pistule at Bangor. The motion of the mythical world stands against the invasion, the new world must be new, wearing its burnt coat as a single meteoric event in the cosmos, as a /the real.

Abel Staples, working in John Cook's fields with a long stick for prying stumps, hears the dogs barking, and thus armed goes to look. A curious bear has come from the woods, or the old conjurer dressed in bearsuit. He has come to see the spring moon from a sleep of pure fat. The first blow angers him, and he stalks, growling, the women and children flee. The second blow splits open his head. It is said that the beginning is made on any island after the first bear is killed. When winter falls again, the trade ships cease, Swan's turns to its own resources.

The Earth people: is known as the survival of kings, Americans, families whose links on the Tree, from which the

gene of genealogy is the magical link, so the Joyces of Gloucestershire, once a family of clockmakers, come to Gloucester, then to Harbor Island, where James Joyce settles in the house of Joseph Prince, marries Mary Staples, sister of Moses. His two sons marry daughters of the Stinson family of Deer Isle. Alexander Staples marries a third daughter. In this geneagraphy Roderick Joyce, son of Ebenezer Joyce and Catherine Stinson, buys the land of Asa Staples and sets up a fishing business.

So is the horoscope found in the clock, horoscopy, or the passing of hours into the actual flesh: the name of the kingdom is time. This is where the first genetic strands are thrown over these fishing islands, these granite pawns, tying them together, Old Harbor, Swan, with Dark Harbor, Isleboro, with Cranberry Harbor, Gott's Island to Somes' ville as brother to sister, brother-in-law to sister-in-law, granite to gneiss, limestone to marble, Staples on Deer Isle, Staples in Somesville and Isleboro, Staples on Swans, Gotts on Gott and on Cranberry, Gotts in Somesville and Swan's, a genetics, the survival of the fittest, that is the equal of any Ramapithecus or Sanskrit Aryan, even the Ramah Navaho bloodlines, or the Tarratine: the family tree it is called, known as the survival of the Gotts, not the Gott-nots, or in Red China now the survival of the billions and the egg of the third world.

[from Chapter Thirteen, THE JELLYFISH]

Amherst, Mass.

Behind the green mists, a girl who has been made into more than a girl disappears. Her image remains. Misty. Co-ed. In her own fantasy of, but the fantasy surrounds her. It is only people behind the walls, the human wearing a regalia, an outfit; the vampires they would seem to be, are dead.

Here in the bright green fields the birds come, the strands swing loose like vines. There is a soft ulterior anterior motion to all things. The romantic, the hidden lakes, dressed in fantastic costumes, as unlike Indians as: the tears were shed for almost nothing, though it seemed to be everything. For in the rooms girls are locked together, anima upon anima, unfulfilled passions and proximities, birthmarks gleaming. There is no room, and like two birds in a cage they fly around a deeper solar wisdom.

There is a mood as soft as mist that hangs over even the cities. The old man raking the leaves from the graveyard. The pumpkin and grape stands having turned into furniture stores, the giant highways erase the past. My own history goes deeper than that, and consciousness cannot be destroyed. The energy born here was taken elsewhere, low curling sun energy along the ground brambles, growing real pumpkins, picking the grapes from

tangles around rotted wood. Beneath that the archetype, beneath that the old book of vines.

Sam, walking down a dark corridor, the Chinese restaurant, New Haven, April, after five years, breaks into tears. Frodo, the ring-bearer, lies dead, a grey cat in the road. And the sympathies pour from the ring, if they can be let out, the birds, would have transformed this place, in the heart, as now nature threatens to do. And still without the dark womb where would the earth come from, without this Narragansett settlement, what other world or folk, but who meet under heavy smoke in olden inns to discuss philosophy, or do the business of a world which seems outside of business. Oak.

She lives in a modern building on a lake, the fantasies ride placid; love story, love story, as if a boat were on a lake a boat would not be on, the small patches of grass where American Studies pretends to find the pastoral, or the Red Sox playing croquet on the lawn.

We are full on roast; pretzels and beer, full in any case, the classical mystery by the fire; who were those who came before us?, the Greek scholars and later romantic poets who lived in these very houses. And indigestion too, running out into later years, a brown current unknown. The higher powers of sun and moon invested in our future, as in the hydroelectric; we ate at inns, discussing romance, power, prevented from a direct meeting, in a Colorado cabin by a loud ceaseless river, closer to the formation of land sources, drinking coffee, shirt sleeves rolled up in the high grass, while a kitten bounded and climbed aspen trees; only now her full-grown cat body picked out of the road of Maine, buried in agonizing moonless darkness beneath an appletree, awoken from a sodden dream-sweat to this linked horror of prior worlds.

We cannot do what we have done. What we have done we cannot do. And yet it lives. I will not look at her. I will not look at her. Clawing at the cold ground with my very fingernails, to reopen time and return her, but it is all undifferentiation, and worlds darker than this one to which we return.

And yet we return. And dine at the old inns. Carry Robin, an egg, into the same sunlight rabbits lived in, where we lived, and were also unfulfilled.

He runs about, babbling the words of a discovered language. The girl in colonial costume bringing the date-nut bread, this is somehow romantic, this verges the image which itself lies waterway upon the deeper brook, which stores the jellies and fleshes, not biological, but the rise of colors and lights. Still it is only by the jelly the jellyfish lies in he sees the world, he experiences the motions of the brain, he draws upon the gestalt. Remove him, remove the sky he lies under.

And still, for a world where they don't teach Jung, how Jungian it all is, the unconscious counter-directions, original, tribal, on the surface political only, quaker at best. The kites flown. And boy-girl football. Or tag. Swanlike. And how lithe even

the harshness. We always fall asleep, drunk or not, knowing something, knowing nothing, over the lesson the logs burning in the fireplace, and instead of reading about the physiology of memory I am cutting designs out of old books left in the fraternity house study, to make a second issue of *Io*. Or painting for a hundredth time, a room blue, and a yellow New Mexico blanket, because that sun couldn't be here, seen out of the corner of the window as in a tenement, instead a brook.

Here the reunion takes place, the birds come from another spring, flapping, the ducks upon one another, where we fed old crusts, and lay studying for exams by picnic tables, talking to children, walking in botanical realms, and trying to make 8 millimeter films of our inner world. Dworgy and Rectopus in a pipe, while they excavate, children of an unknown figure. While the wine spills down the hill, and the roast is turned, the stars rise, the smoke from the fire. The loud fraternity bands. Out of their time.

That's where it all began, not me, or Lindy, but Lindy and me, and the beat generation in Wyatt and Blake, and metaphysical songs of longing. Without that we disappear into a mindless war of all against all. And southern New England will always be for me that retaining wall, or the depth of the water I draw from, not the primary images, but the secondary, the carved and colored, from which, I now realize for having lived there, a certain softness came into my story, a mountain-ringed country, a glacial lakeland, changing the New York streets and subways, the glimpse from the apartment window, into a living expanse. And the reason we don't live here now is the imagination, so that as lovely as it is to sit in these yards of childhood, and play with Robin, running up and down hills, swinging on ropes out over the countryside, the angel-child of that world, we're in the north, leaving us completely open to invent that world again. For it never was.

[from THE BOOK OF BEING BORN AGAIN INTO THE WORLD]

Bass Harbor. Back Beach. Big Heath Forest. We pass into open waters, the shores rushing by, the sound of the motor steady as the waves, the disturbance, and in the sky, blue for the last three billion years. Bass Harbor Head.

The points of reference wash out and change, lands growing more visible on all sides, and lands disappearing into the landscape, where they stand, the Mountains. Dim folio of a vision. The further points run with us, the nearer away from us. The old man sitting on the rocks by the lighthouse washes back past us. There are *so many* islands it is graphemically dizzy. The Cranberries. The Ducks. Placentia. Black. Swans. Long Island. The Gotts. Mount Desert large and sprawling, its limbs like the legs of the sphynx on all sides of us, running as we do these

further points to extinction.....ourselves to sea.

Western Mountain. Norumbega Mountain. Pemetic. Eastern Ridge. Western Ridge. Champlain. Above all, to the East, Cadillac Mountain. The Bubbles, rounded glacial knolls filling the spaces between. These are the vertebrae, the parts of the backbone. This is the beginning of history. Indian gods before Frenchmen saw them as Europe's West. New France. Cadillac.

Heavy eustatial interglacial Earth. We move into a region of time from which older time is visible. We are part of the process. We cannot hide.

The sea keeps coming in at me, every way I look, turbulence, physics, motion, grinding against the inner cone of the moon. Ebb pulls one way; wind blows another. Choppy, slatty waters, the boat bumping against it. All orientation disappears. We enter another world.

For the motion is not one way or one thing. The boat turns easily, inside the body's gland, and directions are lost. The mountains lie before me. They lie behind me. I see the Ducks to my left. Now they are to my right, Swans to my left. Gotts has disappeared. The trees are Great Cranberry. I cannot keep track of which azimuth is which. I have no outer boundary. And this is the way it was for us at sea, no fixed locales, but a shifting, always-active relationship, as in a transformation of sun thru the blinds and leaves, as the wind blows on them, the dimensions and edges are twisted and come apart. There, a dancing kaliedoscope on the plaster. Here we are thrown thru the center of, as the body's motion. In one dizzy moment I abandon the names and all my previous fixes. I don't try to know where we are but watch as we claw thru the passageway, unwinding the torso of the giant who blocks the harbor (but only from any one vantage). I lie on the lobster crate and fix my vision on a single armadillo cloud over Swans; there would be an inner power, a grace, I do not know. The present unravels. I stumble back into the past: a dancer throwing off the arm-rings, shimmering down like a snake thru the circles that bind his legs; a chamber opens, I walk in.

We stop inside the Ducks and Wendell locates one of his traps. He pulls the rope beyond the buoy thru the hauler and turns on the pulley; the rope comes flying out of the water, upto the toggle; that clear, the rest comes, the trap springing thru the foam like revelation; dripping seawater, it is set on the side of the boat. A cage filled with sea urchins, prickly whore's eggs; the baby lobsters crawl around them, too small for the measure Wendell hooks behind the eye sockets of the larger ones, and tosses them back; the sea urchins are dumped; the bait bags emptied, silver chum dropping slowly into the darkness where invisible mouths snap at it; the new bags tied in, the trap is dropped back to the bottom of the sea; the buoy, tugged along, roots in place. The motor on, we move to the next trap where Wendell undoes a snarl; the one after that is hoisted on the pulley, bursts to the surface to reveal a single baby lobster, stone crabs the rest, claws taut to the center, trying to grip, my fingers keep on its back, and drop it into the water; it floats for a moment, then shim-

mering beneath the surface, its feet kicking like an insect drowning, only it swims, dropping beyond visibility. Another trap is hauled; I find myself waiting as though to see thru telescope or microscope the hidden world, beneath the break in the surface what inner principle flourishes. In this trap a cunner, thin lips, spiny dorsal fins, a small fish lying on its side. "Edible?" I ask.

"It won't hurt you," Wendell says. "But no one brings them in."

I hold its body in my hands and then drop it into the water. There's no kick. It simply lies on its side, a single movement of one fin. "It must have popped its insides coming up so fast," the fisherman says.

There's no point in killing a living creature, even the starfish, wet on the wood, which Lindy would save, then changes her mind and throws back in. "You needn't bother about there being enough of those," Wendell laughs. But it's not the same. Each action must be clearcut, incisive, if we are to stay alive.

We haul again, some small lobsters and a horn sculpin, prehistoric fish, fleshy ragged face, all wars and spines, eyes protruding agog, a strong motion, muscular in Wendell's hands. "Ugly thing," he says, and returns it; it dives swiftly down, its image gone, the after-image remains. Not ugly, but almost as wearing a mask of flesh, some obscure Darwinian solution, or the sheer blindness of the ocean bottom, where mutations fall thru a curtain, its vast exposure almost the whole planet, and in a time that is astronomical, piscine. We know also of sea ravens, toadfish, and goosefish, a migrant bestiary as close to the biblical tongue as any. We continue to haul, no lobsters of any size, but conger eels, travelling from the eel grass shores to the continental slopes and ocean basins to deposit their eggs. They are angry at being caught; they have no time, squirming free like snakes, and the hands like snake handlers, and they whip a powerful backbone, totally counter, totally pagan world of the sea. So that a Christian really does fish upon the devil's waters. "Mean ugly animals," Wendell says, and we are unable to tell flesh from mask from actual disguise.

We move out past the Ducks, past the lighthouse, into deeper waters. All land, and the many islands, fades into a single imposed shore. It is rushing in at me from every side. The directions are lost. I wander among terrible ancient images. Everything, without meaning, is there at once.

The cold wind blows, the boat rocks, I sit on the crate, huddled, tucked in to whatever center is left. *Limits*, I keep saying of the boat, *are what we are inside of*. As Olson said.

And yet I *am* born, it *is* the sea, on all sides of me, life. And what I fear is that I will not be able to get out of it, I will go delirious. I feel like the child, dragged from the shell, born. Wendell will keep on fishing and fishing, because that is his lot, and I will not be able to undo this dizziness, I will drown in my own body. Because the ocean is on all sides of me, the motion engulfs me; the seasickness is without choice, it comes from within, as I do. It arrives simultaneously with me. I would

be a man, a fisherman, a wise man, a yogi. I would plunge into the depths. I would be a flatman, a funnyman, stockstick on the present, operating without flaw, working Mao's fields to sunset, wordlessly, fishing New World cod all my lifetime backbreaking but sovereign, commissioned but mighty. There is no such person in the mirror. I am the one who is here. indisputably. and the resources for escape, Houdini in nausea, are barren, barren, and the badlands are getting real bad and bumpy. I jump from Lindy's touch. I keel. I do not want to lose my mind, I think, for the ocean comes in on all sides, and that's all there is, the only motion, continuous, zonal, 'cept life.

And far beyond, in the landed yolky morning, Robin lies in a room we have tiptoed out of, huddled in sleep, far from us as a spider in the darkness of his eggs.

I cannot be born again. I cannot have his body and be young, my own parent, and escape the early years, I cannot direct myself anymore like a master, it is done, it has happened, only Robin is young enough, only he is a bean. I struggle for a wisdom, something I should have been taught when sapling lithe.

The way of seeing at sea is different than the way on land. I don't try to fix the peaks. They drift. The water's motion becomes the rushing presence of blood in my head. I let myself fall into gestalt; there the faces of the gulls are proximal; they seem sentient, they see me, they know what I am, we look back and forth, intelligence of species, I sprawled across the crate, they winged above the boat, in pursuit. The waves rushing are as steady as the stars at night, natural world motion, the sun upon them, white oxygen bubbles as whose rut gives me thought, whose foaming furrow is the life of the sea. Eyes meeting eyes, seeing us on the ship, my own body lying there in a pile of light. Wendell is running Schoodic Mountain out by Little Duck Island and putting Gooseberry Island on Placentia Head. The Middle Ground. And there he finds a tiny piece of shoal, drops the anchor, and tries to hold it. The lines are thrown over. I try to pull mine in, the heavy counterflutter of the fish, but it all gives way, the bottom falls out, I am swallowing sun. There is no finding a center, every organ of the jellyfish is me, hanging out my mouth, between my legs, floating in my stomach, the manifold sense of mankind, that we have of ourselves, in ourselves, drifting. I stumble, the sides run against me, THE BODY, THE BODY, too loud, too near, but if I didn't have this, what would I have?, I must escape the boat, I cannot, I spin, I bite my lip, I taste the salt of blood, and then I lie beyond the sun, on the cold tarp. And the voices beyond me are as

SILENCE

I hear the lines cast out, the heavy hoisting of the fish on board. I open a single eye and see the cod thrown onto the deck, in piles, giant fish, flapping, popping their insides, swimming thru each others' bodies, two and three and four off each line thrown in, as Wendell says the shoal is not bigger than this across (holding out his hands), but the fish are coming in. Blinding daylight. Drowning in air. Bacchales their real name. Bacchales, some dignity. From the dark ocean that bred them thru

the mute veil of mutation into the sun that fathered them, brilliant and merciless, exposed to an aborigin of sunlight. In the distance I hear the voices in the distance saying that there is a whale upon the horizon, blowing like smoke, in the hollow depths of my.....that I even live to eavesdrop on my...life, the voice of Wendell, the voice of Lindy, so familiar, but I a dark and mysterious creature to them, an eel lying low, a speechless turban of thought and electrodes, brooding, but what?, breeding, but what?, and then the voice of Chandler, Wendell's nephew, who has pulled alongside, and Wendell gives him sea directions, to run two points together on either side, there drop lines, into the absolute knowledge of the ground. We are lying upon something underground, if ground is water, no more than a few feet wide, the fathometer blinking, losing space, as the fish dwindle, the lines come up empty for all that hand over hand pulling, Wendell seeking to put it there, where it is, for good. I rise to my feet, stumbling, creature of the deep, the dizzy powers boiling over but not departing, I take Lindy's line and pull and pull and pull, as though it were attached to a center in myself, the umbilical line; the line hangs in a jetstream or passageway, intercepting their energy, its impact, the silver coming up like coins, shattering into the minted imagos of this famous fish; "The whole New World was fed off him," Wendell says. "Without the fishermen, the pilgrims would have starved."

Creatures of the abyss, unhooking from their mouth, throwing them into flatland, exchanging all centers of gravity for the silence that follows. 30 pounds, and stumble back before the uncentering returns. I lie there thinking Melville: *Better might one be pushed off into the material spaces beyond the uttermost orbit of our sun, than once feel himself fairly afloat in himself!* And that chorus I take with me into sleep, one's self in one's self, and awake on the Aberner Ground, where we are fishing again, pull myself up onto the crate, and sit there, a figure of consciousness by Lindy, hardly equal to the sun which has made everyone else real.

Wendell is speaking about the mystery of the fish, how they are not where they should be anymore, but hauling a few off this shoal, drinking chicken soup, hauling again, one giant of a cod, and then the fish have passed, and the day is old, and I have hardly stood on my feet; we turn and head back into the circle, past the two Duck Islands, Lindy steers, I sit half upright on the tarp, and Wendell lifts the fish, one by one, his hands in the eye-sockets, cuts open the mouth, tosses the innards into a bucket, and throws the fish into a pile down by our end of the boat. Bright yellow oilcoat of Wendell, red blood on the deck, brilliant and rich like grenadine or ruby, spilled from creatures who were just living, ABSOLUTELY GLOWING. So bright the gulls are going crazy to get at it, following the boat in a mad ragtag army, terrific in maelstroms, until Wendell dumps a bucketload overboard, and they plummet, pecking away at each other, tearing the organs from the surface and flying off, while a new group joins us, eagerly waiting. And after dinner, at the table,

with Father Gower there, the women in the kitchen, Wendell asking me what I thought of him then in the boat, dripping with fishblood: Did I look on him as a murderer? Did I consign him to a yogi or Hindoo hell? And endless transmigration? The Father is thoughtful.

No. Of course not. I don't want to have hired killers. I am implicated. I am American. Yes, I empathize with the fish, I feel sad for the spilling of life, the pain in the universe, behind the masquerade of creation, but I don't know what to do about it. I willingly allow it. Anything else would be worse.

Behind our misunderstanding lies, perhaps, a deeper understanding, we cultivate, but do not have.the innards, the gulls, the flowing blood, the opened cod, the seasickness, blind sympathy for the jellyfish Reich had, and rightly, that I could not help but feel that what was being done to the fish was being done to all of us, because we were the ones doing it, and in the exchange, equality, transmigration the same as purgatory I told them: that in the East they care about the *nature* of the judgment, here justice gives man, as in the Bible, dominion over the birds of the air and the fish of the sea, careless of our passage, undeclaring of a finally necessary truce. And Wendell talks of the works of humanity, not perfect, not altogether holy, but *Christ died so we could be fishermen*, and Father agrees: in confession absolution and release from obsession, allowing us to fish again in the morn. Not as raving revivalists or metaphysicians, but men, without the power to save our own souls or change history, so doing what we have to, as the ship moves, as the blood flows, as the gulls are fed; yet clean, not ripping the hell out of the bottom like a drag. "I can't keep from taking their lives," he says, "but I can keep from destroying their homes." Which is true. Our homes are more important than our lives, they surround us, they are larger than the whole world, zodiac huts, complete rings (ecology in our age barely skims the surface of). *I do not drown the stars. But Gadus I must kill.* The jellyfish must die, not for our sins, but our lives, and the villages of our homes. It is the jelly itself that is our life. Dominion over the animals. Promised in an original rainbow. The fish know. They would not break that promise. They die as they are supposed to. "Right, Father?"

Father Gower seeks the union of ecology and spirit, the transcendental world of nature given in any natural history book, even the holy book: Nature, like politics, an unbreakable social law. If one is a working priest. With Emersonian patience, Father turns to me. Do I believe the fish are part of the same spiritual cycle as ourselves? I again speak the Tibetan, Amerindian vision of consequence and recurrence. Wendell happily pours more wine. Father Gower invokes the single Christ.

And Wendell says: "Right here is the closest that men can ever become, saying what's in their hearts. I've heard tell that a man and a woman in intercourse is the closest, but I'll have to question that, I doubt if any human beings are closer than we are now."



WALT WHITMAN: MANNAHATTA

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly,
musical, self-sufficient,

I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and steamships,
an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded.

Numberless crowded streets, high growth of iron, slender,
strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear
skies,

Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining
islands, the heights, the villas,

The countless masts, the white shore steamers, the lighters,
the ferry-boats, the black sea-streamers well-
model'd,

The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the
houses of business of the ship-merchants and
money-brokers, the river-streets,

Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses,
the brown-faced sailors,

The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds
aloft,

The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river,
passing along up or down with the flood-tide
or ebb-tide,

The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-
faced, looking you straight in the eyes,

Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the shops
and shows,

A million people --- manners free and superb --- open voices ---
hospitality --- the most courageous and friendly
young men,

City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

MANNAHATTA

My city's fit and noble name resumed,
Choice aboriginal name, with marvellous beauty, meaning,
*A rocky founded island --- shores where ever gayly dash the
coming, going, hurrying sea waves.*

Sullivan County (I)

Mohawk. Kickapoo. Rattlesnake.

The text is before us, labelled WestNorthWest: a yellow coin like a wind rose, a sun with a face and a thousand arms: new old Dutch Country.

Taken from Ulster in 1809, a historical and sentimental map of the world-space West of Kingston and Ellenville. From Roundout and West Beer Kill, Van Burenville, to the Erie Railroad, the Delaware River. It was here that Major General John Sullivan turned to the West, chastising the Indians of New York and Pennsylvania, scattering the pottery and sunspots of the Southern Cult, and laying the groundwork for the kingdom of New York, and the civilized nations of Europe.

Not New England, but a prior awakening. Timberwolf and Bald Eagle.

He was followed as fire is followed by. Settlers. Major Hardenburg Land. Roadless. Long Eddy. Land bought from John Dusingberry by Amasa Geer, left his wife and children, followed the paths of the mound-building Indians, last heard from in Ohio, or Indiana. The son he left behind, Joseph Geer, first generation Long Eddy, was a famous American rattlesnake-killer: would visit their dens in the spring like some Greek soothsayer, murdering a hundred a day, women while they pleaded for the lives of their children, children, reducing the changling population to rattlesnakes alone. The cult continued, even as the Southern Cult before it. He spent years searching for a written document, a deed from the Indians known as the Doctrine of Signatures, first Sullivan County text to amount to anything (spoken by rattlesnake to Mohawk in times of peace, purchased, after the Fall of pantheism for a lifetime supply of liquor from a halfbreed on the Pennsylvania side of the river:

"Have the patient eat freely and drink a tea made from the leaves of the rattlesnake or arrow headed violet, and bind them, if the wound be upon the arm or leg, in a circle around it, above and just beyond the swelling. Moisten with cold water as often as they get dry from the fever created by the poison. Renew two or three times a day. Apply to the wound the pounded root of the Lion's heart, a variety of milkweed, renewing every two or three hours. For the latter application a poultice of indigo and salt (equal parts) mixed with cold water may be substituted and is more easily obtained. The violet prevents the spreading of the poison and is the most important part of the remedy."

Willowemoc. Cranberry Pond. Wild Skunk.

As fire is followed by. Potion. Genetic equivalence to the land. The tanning industry (1830-1875) followed by tubercular clinics. And Charlie Armstrong's Long Eddy hotel, roller skating and glass-blowers, Kickapoo Indians on exhibit downstairs; upstairs: 1500 feet of hardwood floor for dancing. (And 1875 still lies in old half-eaten hulks on the lakes: Loch

Sheldrake, Shingle Brook. One hotel fire after another, fires that were never put out and continue to burn, as world space disappears into Mountindale and Glen Wild.

(II)

There is no sense of the county as a whole, but fragments each person has put to his own use. Summer home, or chicken farm, children's camp, or rural newspaper offices and town meetings. Everywhere in the woods, where backroads go, or no roads, the camps are hidden, a dimension of space suddenly come upon where, for a moment, a scene of dancing and gaiety is revealed. Perhaps it is only anti-matter. Perhaps it will never exist again. At any other moment. Coming from any other direction. It is impossible here to tell the ghosts and memories from the real historical present. Some have reported Rip Van Winkles and Johnny Appleseeds. Trees become old men with beards snoring under trees until the dreamer awakes and finds only himself and a farmer with a gun. Deeper into the woods are five year old children, naked, smoking cigarettes. Outside Joscelyn: dwarves bowling. Around White Lake: bears with human children, a tribe of women gathering campfire wood. Just a few miles to the Southwest: Black Lake, where the Cropsey Maniac and the Puzzle-Piece Man roam the forests, utterly mad and lost. Tusten: old Dutch sailors from Hudson's crew, hiding from the captain. Not only Civil War prisoners, escaped from a train at Lordville, fleeing the provost marshalls, but Japanese war prisoners, and men held by Kickapoo, Europeans forced to marry into the tribe and give their paternity to America thence. And Jews who came from the old country by Cabalistic magic and astral body, stopping not even at the Port of New York, moving along backtrails, with Ethiopians, outside of the census. As children paddle canoes between lakes where no water connects them, silent as seed.

This is a place to hide from the City, where the roads end in the forest. Or cross the border, run into hidden Pennsylvania towns, Cooks Falls and Chiloway. Or aqueducts to New Jersey, killes, clips, even the turnpikes and deer trails grown over with a hundred miles of brush. The last panther was shot here in 1856. The Roman Empire was here, and now there is only the wall. On either side, going either way, the Druids practice, the Jackson Whites, the Hasidim, en route from Paquarry, New Jersey, to Kingston, along the Old Mine Road.

To the hotels, it is the Catskills, a modern resort facility set in 19th Century pasture, set in scenery, in the lesser world. Here where the entertainers passed from stage to stage with their songs and punch lines, their city sophistication and lyric (crudely called The Borscht Circuit, meaning the badlands, the vernacular, the ethnic); now, as if by prophecy, the great entertainers of the Sun Age, acid bands, come to their spiritual summit at Bethel).

And despite Max Yasgur, whose milk feeds the kosher guests: PRIVATE LANDS. "All people are warned against hunting, fishing, berry-picking, etc. hereon or trespassing thereon, for these purposes or any other unlawful purpose. PAUL GROSSINGER. GROSSINGER HOTEL. GROSSINGER, NEW YORK."

The empire begins in the 19th Century with Olcott House and Ye Clarendon Inn, Chaucey B. Newkirk, Proprietor, but the 20th Century nodes are Grossinger's, Concord, Kutcher's, Nevele. And Kurt Shilbury's radicalism, from his real estate office in Hortonville to the County Seat in Monticello, is to tax the hotels by a sum equal to their spiritual drain, their total and continuous land-use.

But they remain, imperial oaks, with their roots along 17, 45, 52, 55, 209, their seeds having grown into hundreds of smaller trees, choking each other: drinking from Burnt Meadow Brook and Lake Louise Marie until they are dry.

(III)

Tom Quick. Bald Eagle. Bobcat.
Kenoza Lake. Glen Spey. Ferndale.

These adjacent places have never heard of each other, and the distances between them are enormous, even as Paul Grossinger in Liberty knows the Sullivan County National Bank and Monticello Raceway, Liberty Lanes, but not DeBruce and Cranberry Pond. White Lake knows the Cropsey Maniac, and Steve Robinson, who shot basketballs into the Big Dipper, but not Bethel, a mile and a half away, suddenly discovered by a rock festival on the Moon Card, ultimate cowtown. The topology of Sullivan County is mixed racial history, even as Blacks follow the Germans into White Sulphur Springs, the spaces totally cut off from, spiritually bordered against each other.

Hortonville. Cochection. Callicoon. The ancient cities of the poets. And their Mohawk. Their original occult redmen, First rock festival Kickapoo. Bringing back an eclipsed Moon. Served in pottery from the urban South.

Bridges. Like belts. Old bridges of leather. Steel belts. Holding the river road, with a state number, to the road across the river which winds away and then back with a different syntax of meander, to find the personal space, as Jack and Jill, the path of Mr. Applesed, and raspberries, the mosses secreting gold salamanders after the rainbow after the rain.

Beaverkill Covered Bridge. Vantran Covered Bridge. Wilowemoc Covered Bridge. Halls Mills Covered Bridge. Roebling Aqueduct.

Fish Kill. Beaver Kill. Beer Kill. Snake Kill.

Fish Clue. Beaver Clown. Beer Climb. West Beer Clamp.

Snake Gaggle.

Bush Ganglia. Black Ganglia. Callicoon Ganglia.

Catskill.

Cackling Hen. Ruffed Grouse. County Courthouse, Monti-

cello. And the Raceway, the horse in circle path of the Western World rushing upon itself to declare the victor. And still, the bearded savants hitch-hike between chicken farms. Two girls dressed in their mothers' jewels, hitching outside White Lake Inn, looking for boys between White Lake and..... And other families are just out walking on Route 52 and old 17, looking for constellations and weeds of the occult that no longer grow in city smokes. Looking for when Brooklyn was farms, but this isn't Brooklyn; it's Germany, or Holland, or Archaic Woodland. The old women are mind-fucked with the paved, numbered space, shuffleboard and rural hopscotch. Loud speakers and bugle calls fill the air, no clear station sends, but from lake system to lake system, out of touch with each other though interaudible. It is the sense of a disconnected but collective celebration, a solstice temple rite, and midnight swimming with beavers.

The oldest and wisest turtle gives up, comes ashore already decaying in its shell, lies on the beach in meditation while its muscles rot away. The planet which did not seem to be inhabitable is suddenly soft as a dream.

Old 17 gives way to the Quickway.

Hillig's castle, visible for miles. Dark on mountaintop. Liberty's occult sentinel.

Route 55. Running thru small towns, dams, country stores, antique shops once owned by those Germans the rich Harlemlark replaced, still selling the Japanese occult, and china, china.

Farms. 1764. Rafting timber on the River Delaware. The old age recovered, restored. Kosher. Kickapoo.

1964. Diving exhibitions by two young lads from the University of Michigan. And the flying angels, or devils, of Korean fame. Bars. Bears. Kills. Local pick-ups of the New York Yankees in their pennant years. Playwrights. The moss-covered heart yelling at children, playing, ignoring him, to start their own bands. Pyramids and Nightclubs. Fish Hatcheries. Fun-Fare Amusement Park. Boy Scout Camp. Miniature Golf. Andy Gugel's Game Farm. Hey-Ru Trout Fishing Park. Fort Delaware. Old Locks and Bed of the D & H Canal. Sullivan Surplus.

Night.

Camp Chipinaw. Camp Mohawk. Not Cuban sugar farms, but lying awake in tents listening to Neil Sedaka climb a stairway to heaven, the summer Olympics of American Capitalism, known appropriately as Color War, Red against Grey.

Sitting around by Coke machines, waiting for something to happen, for the fifties to end, the juke box on, transplanted from the city, making nightly raids into the all-girls' camps, bears thru the woods, returning with bras. How to get something going, how to convert this indoctrinated forest into a city street.

And Sullivan County is really the secret name and bail posted for New York City in the outer provincial ages. Begin with: Neversink as Manhattan's water supply. East Village begins here. Jewish traditions of the Bronx poets. Second wives. The newspapers come early in the morning with the milk,

the eggs, third inning scores of the New York teams.

Woodburne: the State Prison Farm. A mile away the shuffleboard court lit at night for schoolteachers on convention. The Aladdin. The Socialist hotels. Chester's. The Ukraine.

Distance from the sun itself, the source. Red Hill Fire Tower. As Kerhonkson is the sound of geese flying out of Sullivan County into the older lands of Ulster. The people from the city recover a communal dream.

A chunk out of New York State (or the galaxy itself) which seems explicitly to mean nothing. And everything. Too far out for the merchants of Ulster County to build roads to, so Geer's rattlesnake paradise. A shatter-zone measured in distance from New York. A circus. As a tornado or exodus from the city drops things here, they lay as they fall. Hotels dying. Hotels being born.

(IV)

It was always a poets' tour, a skena of whistle stop summer readings for those from the city, as much Damita Jo as Robert Kelly. It was also too noisy. The billboards were there first in the nation, the entrepreneurs, promoters, horse races, the drug scene. One big loud horn playing. A trumpeteer, not a poet. Jerry Lewis, not Carolee Schneeman (until she wrote Swan Lake and Breck gold letter into the ballet and revived summer stock with her own. One cigar store in Monticello. Other than that the Yellow Pages list no bookstores. Kaplan's Delicatessen, source of roast beef sandwiches down back roads to White Lake, drawing the skunks from their beds, gold beetles, and everything wakes up to the midnight sun, to see girls from foreign camps running in nightshirts across the boundary lines

"Any person who shall ride or drive any horse, cattle, team or hogs, on any sidewalk in this village, shall forfeit and pay a fine of \$1 for each and every offense." Every person who shall dance in the streets or turn the lakes into genetic water, breed, or the like, without first being initiated in the nightclub, anyone who shall befriend a rattlesnake or cow.... The Sullivan County promoters *charge*.

But Kurt Shilbury has the answer, or thinks he does. Make them pay. Delaware and Hudson Canal. O & W Railroad. Return to the beginning of. The Concord on strike till hell freezes over. But the Latin bands play. And the dance lesson is the mambo.

"Any individual who shall exhibit his naked person (or any part thereof in an obscene and unbecoming manner) in any street, river or other place exposed to public view within the limits of this village shall forfeit and pay the fine of \$1 for each and every offense." July 16, 1887. But then Bethel, Woodstock Festival, naked, even sexual, in the muddy Sullivan County rattlesnake brooks, Geer's water, indigo and milkweed, in the mud of the dairy farm, in the Lion's Heart and the arrow-headed violet,

and Reich's bionic cloudburst of snakelike motions, all of them exposed to it (in the 20th Century), all of them poisoned. Return of the Southern Cult, 1969.

Callicoon. Cackling Hen. Gheeze, black Jesus Jews fed by big-hipped Bible Queen Mama. It was just as they feared, that the Sullivan County kids would be turned on by Woodstock, and chant for rattlesnakes, diamondback spots painted on their faces and torsos, rattlesnake poison, Kickapoo in their brains.

Call the land a disaster area; bring back Joe Geer and Leon Greenberg and the drunk Indians. The last Panther was shot in 1856, but Leon Greenberg calls a meeting, invokes John Sullivan, and the citizenry leave the racetrack armed.

The resort hotels gather up in collective strength, and Monticello Raceway, and Greenberg himself, to prevent another Bethel, Pearl Harbor, to arrest the transients, assign them to hotel kitchens again, and return the county to the settlers, the well-dressed gentlemen and the proper businesses, to bring in gambling and prostitution, but not communes, to build a convention hall for the Masons and Knights of Columbus, tear down the forest enclaves. A respectable place. John Sullivan turned West here. Bethel suddenly turns East.

(V)

Pines. Flagler. Waldemere. Old hotels and lakes. The names don't have to mean anything to you. I am unrolling a map of the county.

Blackstone, Grossinger, Shillberry, False Solomon's Seal.

Handsome Eddy. Pond Eddy. Long Eddy. Knights Eddy. Eddy Fissure. Fisher. Milton Black Stone.

Delaware River.

Black Stone in the alembic. Fissure. Eddy.

Emergence from the work of Jennie Grossinger the Gold, alchemical queen.

Or p.r. work by the alchemist, is the operation of the Black Stone upon himself, to discover the fissure, to make the gold. Enhances his position in the court of Grossingers, kings.

Black Stone comes as Aristotelian tutor and ends up writing the first logos of Grossinger culture. Makes out of Lower East Side New York tubercular lung: gold from black stone. Royalty from soot.

Elegant German castles and training camps for boxers on the overlook. White sulphur springs from pond eddy, turns into silver, raising land values by multiple of 1000. The airport is built; Stone converts farmland to resort; the alchemical work is done.

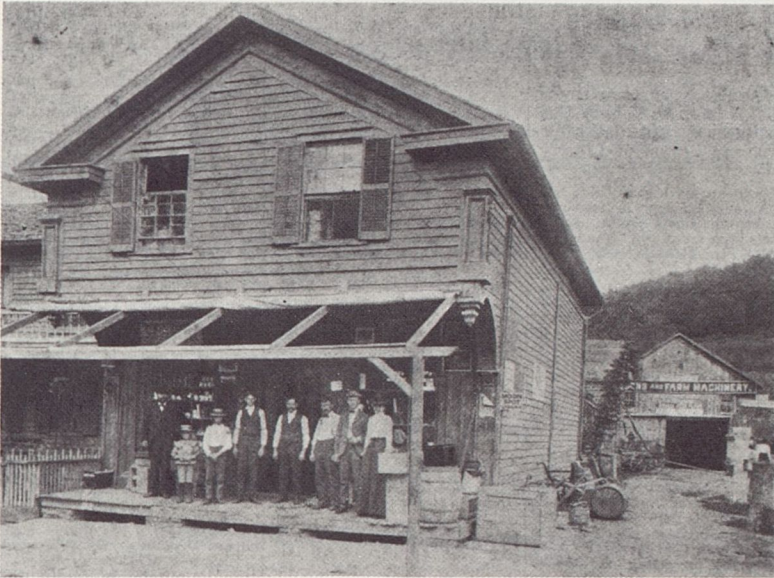
Deck of cards. Feudal manor on the hill. Jennie Grossinger queen. Rocky Marciano knight. Milton Blackstone is the Gutenberg, buys the *Liberty Register*, sets to work publishing the Grossinger Bible, authorized version: Jennie is whom he chooses to transfix in a weird sort of love alchemists have

for their queens, as Raleigh for Elizabeth, something even she does not understand, but lives up to with social grace.

Shillberries are seals, cities, trade towns, schools. The black stone is found to be coal, gives off smoke; mind-waves follow; Bethel is the site of the industrial revolution. Metallurgy replaces public relations. Jimi Hendrix steals the Borscht Circuit from Eddie Fisher. The holy day is no longer Passover, but Mohawk Dutch, and Algonquian Busk. Etymology replaces advertising. Milton is gone; Max moves the show back to the dairy farm, the heavens which will seat millions, the open sky of outward history which replaces the nightclub so expensive even the queen's jewels could not buy it. But the ground of this creation, the WHITE LAKE, inner pool of magic in anyman.

Green Berger replaces Black Stone Maker.

And the city comes to Sullivan County, as it always has, to drink water from its brooks, even to buy it, suck it from the potion mud, comes to the Mediaeval City for a lesson in astrology, the open and dark Sullivan-Ulster skies.



Schmidt's Store About 1888 - -

"In the old days they would gather at night, come over and talk out their woes. But it was different in those days. It is different now. I guess I don't even have to tell you." So relates Charles H. Schmidt, co-owner with his cousin, Howard, in the J. M. Schmidt and Sons General Store in North Branch.

Beneath the pale roof light of those days, beneath the same moon, many a young man probably poured out his heart and fears to his mournful girl as he prepared for the Spanish - American War, many an old - timer remembered Andrew Jackson and how when they ran against him they always lost. There was never

any gas in the air, only clean wood-smoke as the buggies pulled up at the water troughs. A boy would sit by the rail, blowing a tune softly out of a jug while another scraped the rhythm on a washboard. And all those items were sold in the General Store, including farm machinery and wheat and flour, Moon Spot Cigars, of course.

The sign above still advertises "Notions" and "Footwear" for those who regard a notion as something other than a dream. But silver paint covers the ancient skin and the temperature on the Squirt sign is almost up to a hundred degrees, the silver paint gleam. An old fan revolves

easily in its dusty enclosure and leafy plants cluster close to the shack underneath. The store still sells everything a person might want, and people still come from faraway although the distances travelled don't compare with the old days.

The store is still on the old Barkmeyer Farm where it was founded on 1888 by the grandfather of the present owners. Now with the third generation of Schmidts in charge, the store has a flare of the new with much of the old still surrounding it. The cans with yellow mass - picked corn dancing on the label rest in smooth, non-pyramiding piles on the old wood-scented stairs.

ERIK KIVIAT: ROUTES

"Birds are called Aves because they have no definite paths
but wander through all pathless (avia) ways."
(Isadore of Selville.)

Routes.

Sensitive one,
are you watching this hawk from the land
as I watch it from the water?

Clearly someone was singing on the Island.
It was beautiful. Her voice goes up and down.

Last night it was a flute. As the million birds streamed on
their route across the marsh channel, we heard a flute
from the woods.

The silence broken, as a great bird flies overhead.

Myself and the marsh - so many questions unanswered,
even unasked,
why I follow the disembodied music.

Going back over the way I came
to unravel the fabulous knot of my passage
falling asleep - troubles of my own making. Invisible ink.

You can't imagine what it was like -
pink sky, dark marsh, and a million blackbirds swirling!

My breathing, my heartbeat, a turtle
walking toward me in the changing rhythms of sleep.

She threw snakes at me - there was fear
in the tightness of my neck and throat.

A rare bird sang and I couldn't find it.

Black water, white foam, colored leaves floating.

Routes.

Flowers are routes - we have routes inside of us.
I love you and I want to touch your face,
to love you and make love with you.

Marsh vegetation is beat down and rotting in the cold water.
Routes open up every way.

a front comes across the mountains turning the world gray.
Last night a friend and I reunited
we brought breath out, felt
the amazing touch of our living bodies
out beyond the steep pitches of our hardness.

Then we went to hear you read, released.
Each time you come you seem somehow younger and more tonal.
Up the eastern bank from the River's mouth
bringing animals of fields and marshes
like memories from the mouth where we heard each other's poems.

Routes.

We met in the marsh. He said,
"Nobody loves this marsh more than I do, except maybe you."
He was running his trapline, jumping out into the mud at each
set to rinse the dead muskrats in the icy water and squeeze
them out, trying to beat the tide. He stopped on the way back
with a pack-basket full of 'rats in ankle-deep water in his
leaky canoe, standing in his hipboots stooped over a short
paddle. He got out, jabbed the pointed stick tied to the bow-
line of his canoe into the mud, and stood talking about musk-
rats, trying to button his collar with complete numbed long
heavy fingers. Working barehanded in the fall water and near-
freezing air. "This is a pleasant day for trapping," he said,
"there's no wind. Yesterday in the wind it was bad."

Owls on the Island sang me to sleep.
All night it was white-out.
The routes through the marsh,
permuted-title index.
The flyways of birds.
My bloodstream.

Dull pain of rewarming fingertips in my drowsiness.

"Flurries" the radio said. We got 20 hours of hard snow and a
driving
wing. At midnight I head his voice - Yosh was pulling his traps
in the blizzard.
I woke up and ate before dawn, went back to sleep, and again.
Waiting for the wind to die.
I woke up and saw whitecaps on the marsh pool,
Wind-driven snow forming thick slush on the subchannels.
Puddle ducks dabbled furiously, huddled in the wind near my blind
with the gray world rolling off their untouchable bodies.

Thank you, marsh-cabin, for keeping me warm and dry
on this Thanksgiving day.
It was hard paddling in the wind and the slush, hard walking

A flooded meadow is a marsh - I need a craft
to travel in the field of my body.
I see through the water what I had just seen in the air.

Will the tide keep rising until it covers me?
Sparrow throws his head back in simple song. Joyful?

Many animals posture when vocalizing in a way which suggests stretching out the chest and throat region to free up the mechanism of breathing and sound-production. So do I. When my body is loose I feel joyful, so perhaps it is not wrong to say he sings joyfully.

Routes.

(for Diane Wakoski after her reading)

Shimmering bridges between blades of grass.
A barbwire dream.
Yesterday morning a Loon, Diane - the Moon.
Long wings beating slowly and long strung-out neck
landing on the River, swimming with only his head above,
diving and surfacing, coming close, it came curious
to my camouflaged body and fluttering clipboard
till I could see its slender bill and the white spots on the back.
Loons in winter feathering are recondite,
they are silent
they look at you with charge in their eyes.

Last night I had a long dream about Chris,
I don't remember what we were doing
I don't know what it means.
Today I went to look for the Loon and it wasn't there;
a Beaufort 4-5 blew upriver with a gray promise of rain.
Ducks have returned and duckhunters gone,
a female Scaup dove and preened 25 meters off the bridge
same as yesterday.
Rhetoric: no Loon.
The marsh is dull yellow like my sleepingbag today,
windy and seeming deserted.
Yellow marsh, gray River. South Bay
I could imagine a boreal lake
with small gray waves lapping on gray rocks,
fingers of wooded bluff reaching out and a gaunt waterlevel forest
ahead.
Every day I remind myself of the history of this estuary -
three centuries of American history and before that?
I know why the Red People chose to live here.

Butterflies are gone on their route to the wintering grounds.
Insect-eating birds are gone.
Diving birds have arrived, gulls are arriving,

up the road through the knee-deep snow. The next morning
across a wild Bay of birds. The last Marsh Hawk of the year
flew by us over open water and circled twice. Once for you
Barbara, and once for me. The size of the wind's ripples
showed us the route across the low-tide flats.
I told you about the Snipe, and the "gray duck with green legs"
he shot for food. I told you about the Snipe migration
we missed on the marsh.

Every day is pristine. Birds and marshes are simple, complex
pleasures. They have no definite paths. It follows, then,
that I follow them.

I fell asleep under the Pleiades, blurred and moist,
washed by the rushing fall of a tributary
into my study area,
drawing my dull yellow bag around me inside the wind.
I am alone, I dream.

Routes.

Yesterday morning - no Loon.
A breathless afternoon.

When I went to bed in the moist aftertrain, I was mad,
like the little kid in my trunk,
mad because I can't have what I want!

I know if I see you today, my anger will go away.
Clouds cover and uncover the sky.

River travel's hazardous in late fall winds.
Winter Wrens
come down to the shores and forage
among driftwood and downlogs.

Routes.

I was tired.
The sound in my ears when I yawned was like
the backwash of a wave sinking into the sand.
I want to breathe in my belly:
there's the oven that he cooks with,
frustrated and furious.
Ripples lap against the boat.
Like an ear to the water,
Ripples lap against the boat.

Routes.

I woke up with sickness -

If I could scream like an ape, and cry

I wouldn't have this tightness in my neck and head,
tears crowding the openings of my body.

It's not easy to do : a skin of ice on the shallows,
and the vulva-like grip of the sediments burying a submerged log.
In the warm shell of my clothing and cold canoe,
I push out farther onto the vast dark water.
I landed on the Island. I stood on the Island,
watching a raft of diving ducks barely identifiable near the far
shore.

The tide went out from under my boat. A chestnut oak leaf
partly buried in the gravelly strand, looked like a neatly
scalloped
arrowhead pointing south. South where the birds go,
south where the sun goes, go I? you with me?

NORMAN WEINSTEIN

in chinatown 1967

----sitar music rides up my spine
from speakers concealed
on the ceiling----
you leaving a note on the table
after your disappearance
out the exit behind the kitchen: *we're*
thru see you
in heaven the gesture
too dramatic even
for late night buffet

Upstate : Hunting: Ulster Gunning

inbreath: entire
side of bear mountain
wearing its coat
its mink cape dotted with blood
hunters
in atomic
sleighs
are image-lusters
when faced with actual
bear, turn away, vi-
lently it isnt dark flesh
they hungar-secretly-for
the stinking bulk of bear

carcus wearies
their seeing. they
are finding
their manhood: a key
jammed in an
accelerator, a car
swerving off the road
past a guard rail into
a side of bear &
the bear's blood
brings the sky to an
overhanging damp
climax, the clouded
sun is
a tangle of burst
arteries giving
the cold light
of the dying

+ + +

outbreath:
remote tele
phone of a warbler
definite

report
of a Remington, branch
flies into
my windshield

I pick
up the receiver

blood runs down
the length
of my
sleeve

[Alma (94°W.15', 35°N.30')
is a town in NW Arkansas, a
few miles from Fort Smith &
Okla border (frontier). It
is probably well over 2,000
in pop. by now, but '60 cen-
sus puts it at 1,370, which
is closer to what it was
when I was there. My rela-
tionship to the town whose
name means 'nourishing' is
my grandmother & a flock of
second-cousins who farm &
run a great deal of land
down there. The poem flows
from memory...from a sense
of a land where I was fed
best; where in the Arkansas
[ar kɛnz ɪs] River valley,
my first notions of the bio-
logic & its dependents arose.
.....I offer it as a bit of
poem geography, *γράφος*, a
maplet of mem-
ory and impulse.]

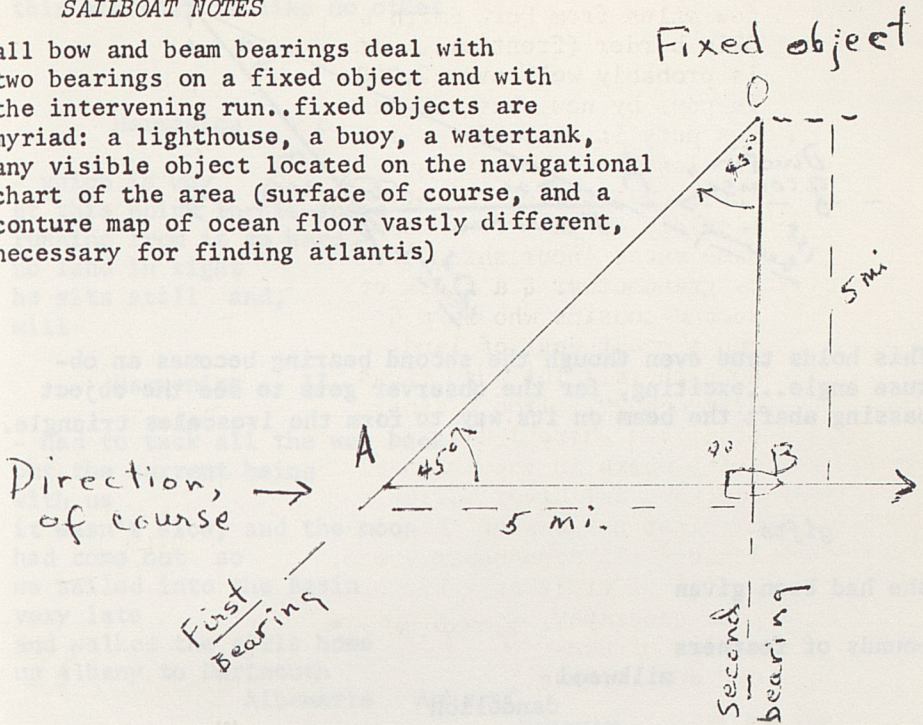


SOUTHEAST

JOYCE BENSON

SAILBOAT NOTES

all bow and beam bearings deal with two bearings on a fixed object and with the intervening run..fixed objects are myriad: a lighthouse, a buoy, a watertank, any visible object located on the navigational chart of the area (surface of course, and a contour map of ocean floor vastly different, necessary for finding atlantis)



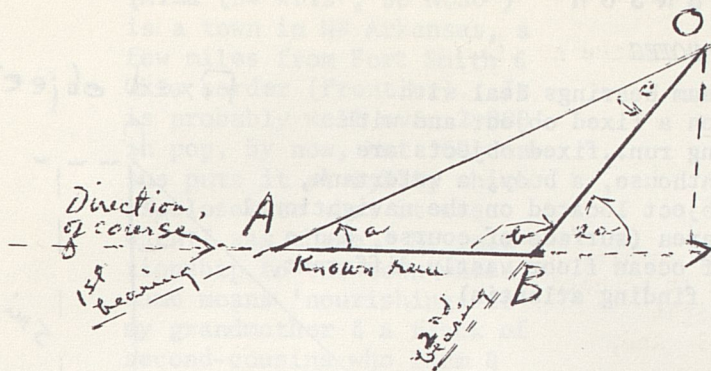
I *Bow & Beam bearing or 45°-90° relative bearings.* A relative bearing (angular distance between the bow of the vessel and the fixed object) of 45° is taken by the vessel at A. Vessel maintains course and speed until the object comes abeam (90° relative bearing). At point B, where the beam bearing is taken, the vessel is the same distance from the object as the distance run between bearings. $AB = OB$. Ann and Bob spoke of identity; I wondered about agglutinative talking, fucking.

II *Doubling the angle on the Bow.* In this case, when the angle on the bow is doubled, as at points A, B, the vessel's distance from the object is equal to the known run: $AB = BO$. Pure experience, no?

PROOF:

$$\begin{array}{ll} \triangle ABO, b = 180 - 2a & \text{sum of } \angle \text{'s of st. L} = 180^\circ; \text{ subtraction} \\ a + b + c = 180^\circ & \text{sum of } \angle \text{'s of } \triangle = 180^\circ \\ a + 180^\circ - 2a + c = 180^\circ & \text{substitution} \\ a - 2a + c = 0 & \text{subtraction} \\ -a + c = 0 & \text{addition} \\ c = a & \text{division } (-1) \end{array}$$

$\therefore \triangle ABC$ is an Isos. \triangle , and $AB = BO$



This holds true even though the second bearing becomes an obtuse angle...exciting, for the observer gets to see the object passing abaft the beam on its way to form the **isosceles** triangle.

gifts

she had been given

pounds of feathers

milkweed

dandelion

- but that single one - from a blue jay

(i've seen them attack cats, for that matter, and Datn used to sit with his bow poised, probably that they squawked so)

the barbicels did end in

hooks, the vane

showing winds from 32 directions

a regular utistical web

that island but abruptly pinnate

a federbeft of jay feathers is not unlike a

bed of nails

or

well, a japanese yew feels better

) union rights and union duties requiring pay for duplicating

jobs, there is a need to stretch the work

this ministry is like no other

Harmonica - I

- which is why
at this point in his space
running from it so hard
no land in sight
he sits still and,
will

Harmonica - II

- had to tack all the way back
but the current being
with us
it wasn't slow, and the moon
had come out so
we sailed into the Basin
very late
and walked the girls home
up Albany to Dartmouth

Albamarle Amherst
Hanover

Norwich George Richmond
Halifax Egmont

Oglethorpe
and no Main Street, no High, it was
NEWCASTLE.

Harmonica - III

after the displacement
of town
of himself as hero
he said it was a problem of navigation
from the beginning
and a running fix
the safest way to hold
the course

but his women knew
for all his bravura
about the open sea,
always happier
with a terrestrial
fix

i wonder, Greek?

like,
an island hopper
at heart
and not eager to
fool
with right angles?

BRUCE McCLELLAND

Alma,
Alma
in Arkansas,
is Arkansas
is Missouri &
nourishing
mother to
maybe 2,000
people by now
or more,
depending,
but feeds them all,
is good
bottom
land, come close
to Oklahoma (Dyer,
where the cullids live
the next town over
by way of farms)
& feeds well,
is flatland,
is memory

(I hear:

I cain't eat no more
corn I'm full as a tick)
& grows spinach & soy &
peaches & a few pears
& of course tomatoes &
watermelons & canteloupes
& collards & okra &
grows:

it is Alma, home
I have always believed,
of Alma canning factory
cans things for its
Texas mother & cousins

of mine run a farm
& Purina is the best
selling feed, of course
& fertilizer, & John Deere
runs best & GMC trucks
(these are brand names
I remember best, not Alma)
& feeds well & is
fed well,
Arkansaw is home
of Alma &
Arkansas River runs
nearby, but cha
cain't see it
direckly from town
(that's are-Kansas or
our Kansas as
some say),

Alma is
not a small town
USA,

Alma is
nourishing & feeds
people who
choose to live
there &

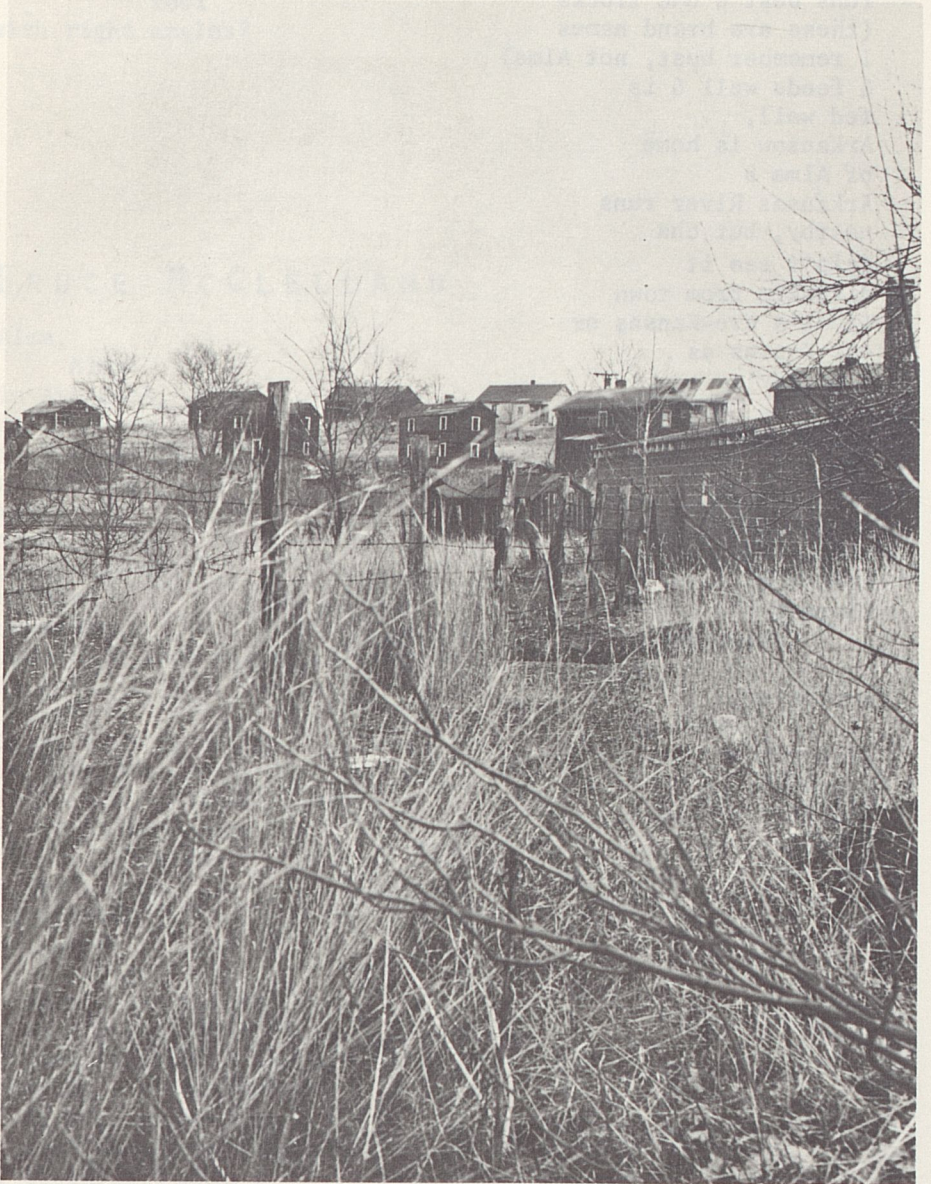
elsewhere,

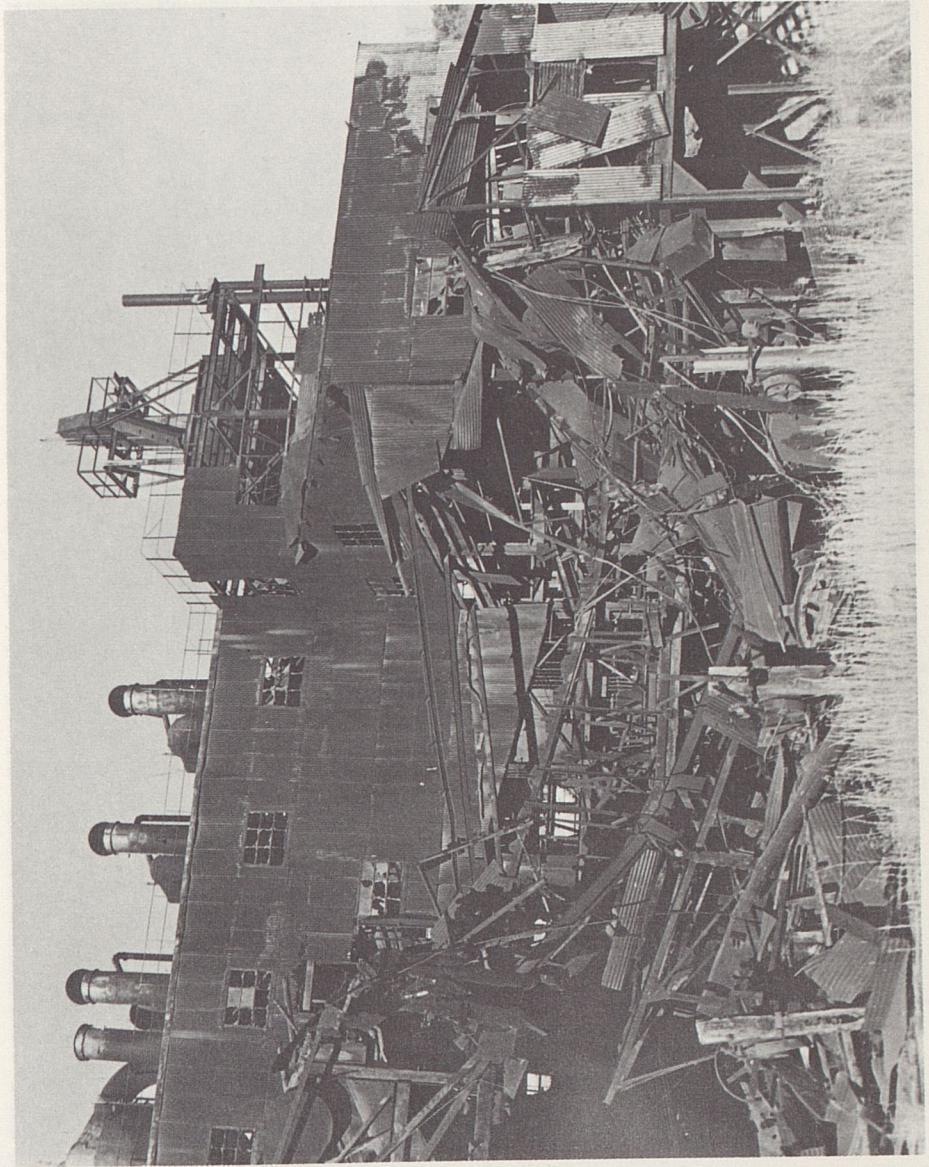
Alma is

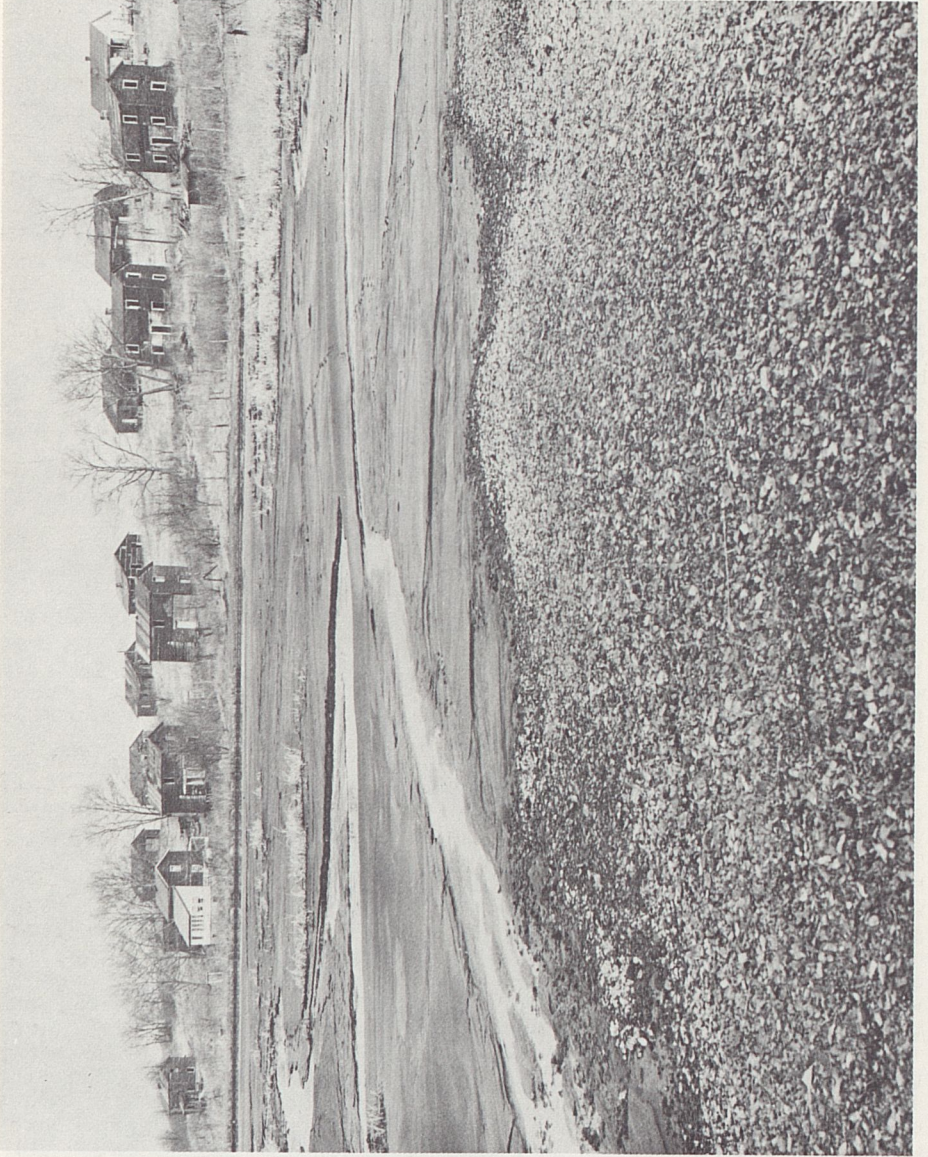
not mater,

Alma is
grandmother is
magnolia, is
southern & feeds
people
who want
to be
fed.

WEST VIRGINIA







The farm is 150 acres of some tillable land, stands of timber, hay meadow, cow pasture, rocky hillsides of blackberry briar and sumac. It is bounded in the west for me as a child and for a long time after by certain large rocks, two hickories and a pignut tree at the edge of the woods, and on the east by the fallen remains of a shack with a birch growing up through it and a blue and white tin coffeepot which I noticed the other day is still there rusting. Other markers are: a field where I always found meteorites, clicked two pocked red ones together and a silver dust fell out and slicked my hands; the small knoll which is the boundary between my father's and uncle's farms where I built a circle of stones and sat in it, expecting; and the deep hollow where I walked naked to become or find a dryad. The rituals didn't work because my father read to me Emerson, Wordsworth, Poe, and Pinnochio. There is a wall between the words you say and write, the enactments of your body in this place, and the truly literary location, these said to me. I couldn't live in my place and think it at the same time, so I began to want to eat everything to bring about a synchronization, to become my place and be in it: I ate elderberries, fuzzy sumac, birch bark, wild grape vine, sassafras leaves and bark, may apple, fern roots, raw rhubarb and asparagus, mint leaves, penneroil, ground ivy and its red berries.

And later the same difficulty: include this for intellectual-value, for regional-value, for sex-value, for myth-value, it will sell, it will sell. But never all of them together or it will come near living, you will become and grow out of your geographical place and Literature will die. Until I read Gary Snyder. Whatever place you are in is yours and you are its.

The house itself was built before the Civil War with chestnut, white poplar and wooden pegs for nails. It is falling, continually falling, and the scaffolds built to repair the roof are weathered like the house, siding breaking off and falling, holes filled with hordes of wasps in spring and summer, the attic full of starlings which walk and chick all night long over our heads and shed lice down through the attic door in the ceiling.

In the flat at the base of the hill the house sets on is the animal graveyard, and before the church came, the Durrett graveyard: a limestone baby was dug up there when we buried a cow. The workhorse who fell to his knees and couldn't be pulled up - he slumped again and began to bloat when the ropes were removed - was buried here after his legs were cut off to allow for a more shallow hole, and a passing tourist insisted on standing in the hole with the horse to have her picture taken. Sheep, pigs, cats, dogs, all pets and strays buried together near the Sour Russet trees. This flat is the lull, the open place, before entering the woods in the hollow below.

The animals wild and domestic live in and around, over and under. I was afraid of them during adolescence because of their steaming sexuality, and the bull and the boar moved in my dreams up the hill, into the house, clattered their hooves on the bare wooden stairs, like the joke that this kind of bear can't climb trees. The sexual apparatus so obvious in waking never appeared in the dreams because it didn't need to: instead, the throb and presence filling the room, the animal incubus. And the workhands,

when there were many extra ones during wheat threshing or when we butchered a pig or steer, or to hold the claves with Creolined hands to be castrated, who sat in stiff bloody overalls eating cornbread, beans, tenderloin, moved with the bull and the boar up and down the stairs of my dream. My muscles were talking in tongues, my cells thinking, my skin remembering about something it knew a long time ago before I, my self, had a location to be born from and into.

The wild animals I knew in hunting or fishing trips with my brothers; we went always first down to a hollow and then to the creek in the crotch of it: Zeb's Creek, Devil's Run, Hang 'n Run, which was so craggy and steep that the townspeople (eight miles away in Belington) said farmers fell off their farms while plowing. I carried the bait-bag, the lizard-sack, the can of earthworms, the waterjug. It didn't occur to me or anyone else that I should use the gun or the fishing pole. My brother had a set of animal scents in wooden-covered vials which he used to bait traps: Fox-Essence, Raccoon-Essence, Mink, Opossum, extracted from the animal's urine and glands, through which, as I sat in the lumber-room playing with the bottles, I could enter that animal. The smell of the pig, too, could do this: a smell like dried yarrow rubbed in a damp hand, burnt-heavy and savoury. I knew squirrels through skinning, cooking, eating. The animal I didn't see, but which I heard howling or crying in the woods at night (no one could identify it - bobcat?) had an aural stink I recognized each time I heard it, rising up from the same wooded hollow where I walked naked, below the flat of the animal graveyard.

Things that have fallen in my thirty years: the rail fences which my father can't keep up alone; the boundaries keep breaking down and the runnels and incisions of strip mines, the muddy swathes of the loggers surround the farm's fence rows. More of the house has fallen, much of the orchard on the east slope, from blight, caterpillars, lack of pruning. Here my father grafted sour apple branches onto July Sweets, Golden Delicious onto Sheep Noses, making a slanting cut and bandaging the wound with beeswax. Some strange inedible fruits occurred, and some with perfumed banana-like flavors. From the histories of his trees he moved to the history of the branches of the family, amassing a junky file which spilled over into boxes on the floor, under the bed, finally driving my mother upstairs to sleep at night. He tells me that the Durrets are mostly teachers and farmers and that the family disease is tuberculosis. He has traced the family back to the French Huguenots, driving always backwards to find his own life, falling backwards for a sense of place, self, transpersonal growing, always backwards, never forward.

This is an accurate and flexible map of the farm, accurate because flexible. Nostalgia has a sticky flypaper surface and we can't afford it. My father says that when he dies the farm will be divided among his six children.

April 14, 1971

THE ANIMALS

The animals have tongues in their feet and taste the leaves,
in crevices and holes, in the quirks of the earth.
They seep from your pores in your sleep, move into
the woods, and back.

The fox is a mantle of heat and stink,
the owl's deft sweep, a flume in the elm.
I give my own peculiar call,
three flaps and a glide.

The continual thumbnail scrape of the cricket
easing his knees. At the level of grass
we fix each other with a stare, droning a cellular song.

And the bear's shamle, his rooted breath.
As you take them in, they come and go
through the turns of the wrist, the temples,
the vulnerable bend of the arm.

You take their faces between your hands,
lick them into shape while you lie in the dark.

ANIMAL OILS

Fox

I touch the vial named Fox. The oily reek
runs down my arm, my tail flares in the dark.

You sprinkle the traps with the drippings of
the animal's own glands. The fox yelps like
a dog on fire, he smells his love.

Skunk

Here is the secret gland of the skunk.
Sharp and clear as water, it signals to
itself only. The other's thick:
I am shut out.

Squirrel

Essence of squirrel is urine and oil.
Dozens to be skinned and gutted.
A neat slit at throat and groin:
an art, to be peeled in one piece
like adhesive backing, a bloody orange.

Mink

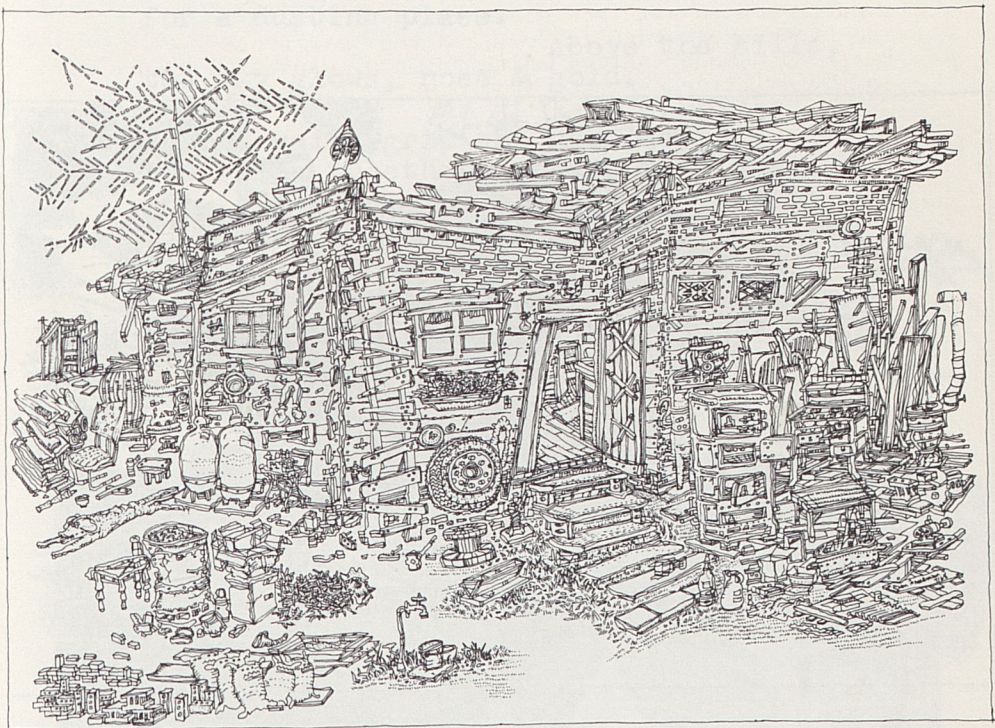
Two trapped in a wire cage
spurt their musk, spit, scream
like the rabbits that they eat. In heat,
their green and yellow eyes shine
as they tear each other.

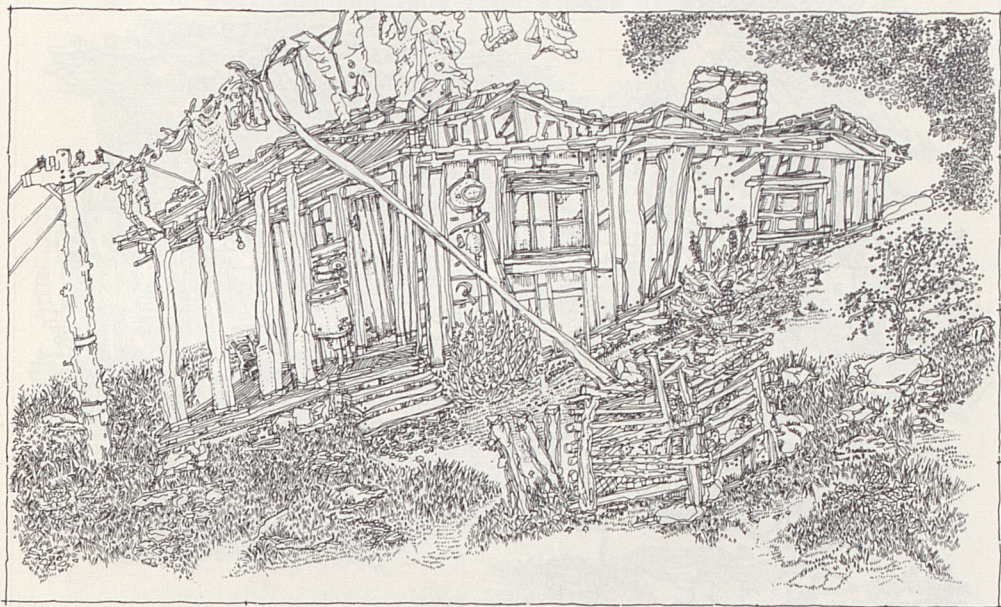
Opossum

My brother
walking home at noon, his face clenched like
a trap with a stuck spring, an opossum hanging
on his thumb, bitten through to the bone.
It sits on a shelf in the storage room now,
a dusty albino with red glass eyes.
The mice have eaten its feet and the thin bones
small as a mouse's legs shine through, caught
in the swirling sunlight from a haze of windows.

RISING

Irene, body,
after five days of flu,
How does it feel?
The bath, the slick talcum
sifting down your palms like feathers.
Your whole skin walks in
the door, wrapped in a towel
and says: I'm here!
Now I can
lie down and make love
without wheezing,
my body a scrubbed rose
resurrected for the fire.
As it always has been -
though it takes this
to know it -
every day, in its
rising and falling.





MICHIGAN MINNESOTA OHIO

houses aren't important, even if there are ten to eat & sleep & work & brim-fill each day & this one is all added-on to—

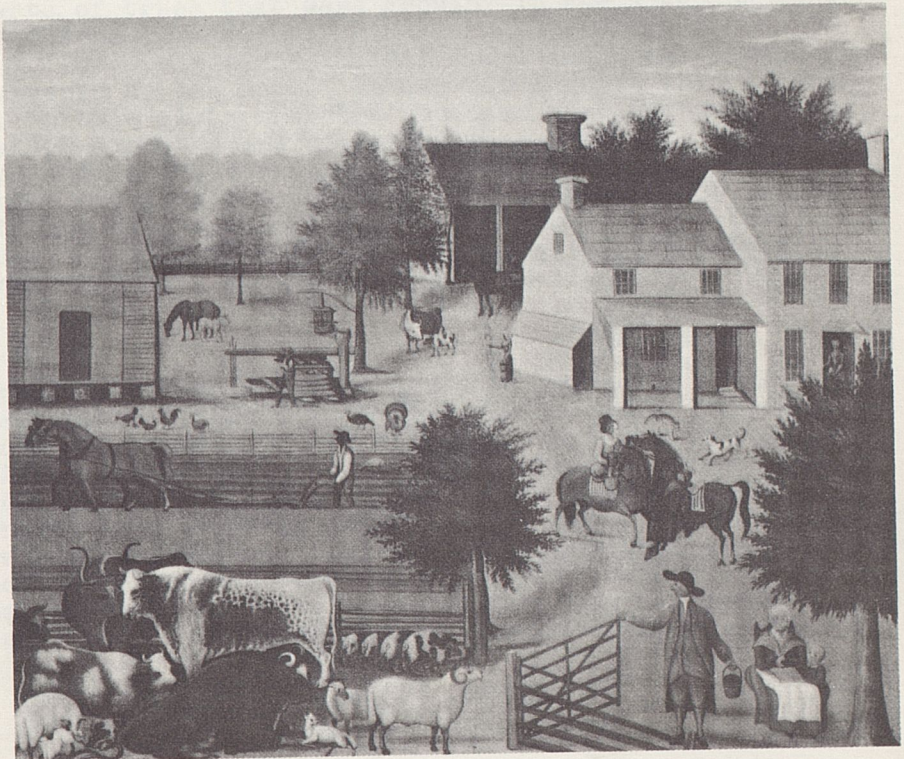
barns are beautiful, pregnant with promise, the farmer's peace. Houses you can get by with.

A turkey scribes the bare, clean yard, looking for a dusting place.

Above the hills, the sky glows, rose & gold.

Horses & plow wait: grip the handles, tie the reins together, around your back.

Fifty-nine years—say threescore—after the unchanging fact, The Residence of David Twining; Hicks lived here as a boy:

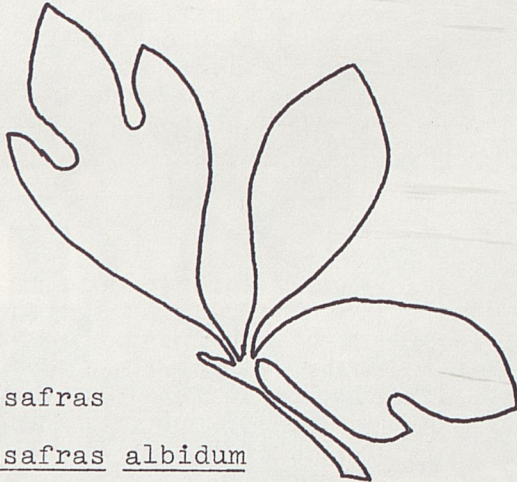


RUSSELL GREGORY: SASSAFRAS

I. Argument

The Sassafras Tree should be your badge & tea from its root & bark your spirit's balm: for the Sassafras is native to the New World & is found in three places only, one for each kind of leaf: North America, China, & Taiwan; it belongs to the same family as the Laurel and the Bay, beloved of poets, gardeners & cooks, followers of ancient, lovely crafts. The Sassafras puts forth three leaves on a single tree, & has earned medicinal honors; the Sassafras gives orange-scarlet raiment to the hills in Autumn; and returns unbidden to maimed fields fled by men who have offended the land & run away; and when the leaves of the Sassafras are bruised during summer or its twigs broken during summer's cold abeyance, it yields to the air a fragrance more lovely than a perfume from the Orient or a sonnet from Shakespeare. "Gosnold, the discoverer of Cape Cod, carried home a cargo of Sassafras. What could be more grateful to the discoverer of a new country than a new fragrant wood?"

12.X.69



Sassafras

Sassafras albidum

II. Texts

IONIA From the ancient Greek district in Asia Minor, first applied (1828) to the town in New York, an area in which classical names were being given. —George R. Stewart, American Place Names.... New York, Oxford, 1970.

Sassafras seems to be the earliest word borrowed from North America (if, indeed, it be not a corruption of the Latin saxifraga), and came into English through the Spanish. —Logan Pearsall Smith, The English Language, London, Oxford, 1966.

Willows, poplars, oaks, sassafrases and other deciduous trees must sprout and grow from seeds of their own kind. ...Convincing evidence indicates...that the Appalachian forest of the eastern United States did, indeed, come from Asia many millions of years ago....'On the mainland of Greenland, facing the North shore of Disko at Aterna-kerdluk'... A glacial finger of the ice cap had cut a deep canyon through mountains fronting Baffin Bay, and exposed near its bottom, beneath hundreds of feet of volcanic crust, a signal layer of sandstone deposited 100 million years ago that was replete with fossils of parts of trees that were growing in the area when the sandstone formed.

On a July night in 1947 ... I swung the sledge and loosened up the rock. It was too loose. Thin layers of brittle slate crumbled and came tumbling out of the wall. Almost every piece pulled out had an impression. One followed another. Here seemed to be the tip and lobes of sassafras, another showed the perfect imprint of part of a sycamore leaf, another perhaps a large fig leaf. —Rutherford Platt, The Great American Forest, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., Prentice-Hall, 1971.

Ionia was first occupied by white people as a place of settlement in June, A.D. 1833.... An Indian plantation occupied an acre or two of ground on the spot now occupied by the machine shops, and south of there to the border of the prairie. The Indians also had several pretty good wigwams. As they were occupying these grounds only by sufferance, having sold them several years before to the United States Government, they understood it would be necessary to leave whenever the land was wanted for settlement. Although they had planted their grounds to

corn, beans, pumpkins, melons, etc., and the crops were well started, they very willingly consented to sell not only their crops, but wigwags, thus furnishing a temporary shelter till better could be provided. —History and Directory of Ionia County, Michigan ... Compiled and Published by J. D. Dillenback ... Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1872.

III. Geometry

These are the names of townships, six miles square, four tiers of four townships each: Otisco, Orleans, Ronald, North Plains, Keene, Easton, Ionia, Lyons, Boston, Berlin, Orange, Portland, Campbell, Odessa, Sebewa, & Danby.

Laid out under the Land Ordinance of 1785 & other federal laws, counties & townships from Ohio west to the Pacific are "straight" lines ruled on paper, a tyranny unmindful of the nature of the land and the life that only love for the land reveals:

The Surveyors...shall proceed to divide the said territory into townships of six miles square, by lines running due north and south, and others crossing these at right angles....

The lines shall be measured with a chain; shall be plainly marked by chaps on the trees, and exactly described on a plat; whereon shall be noted by the surveyor, at their proper distances, all mines, salt-springs, salt-licks and mill-seats, that shall come to his knowledge, and all water-courses, mountains and other remarkable and permanent things, over and near which such lines shall pass, and also the quality of the lands.

Eastern seaboard lands were taken up & laid out, mostly, by metes-and-bounds & while this no doubt produced problems for courts & governments, such stewardship & tenancy was based on the intimate reality of witness trees and witness rocks, of men walking their bounds. The inexorable & naive logic which imposed Euclidean geometry on the United States—from Ohio, across the Great Plains, over the Mountains, through the Deserts to the Pacific littoral—does not argue the unmitigated wisdom of the Founding Fathers. At best, the system appears definite: in reality it was madness.

The Land Ordinance of 1785 was Enlightenment hubris & it made land speculating efficient:

...every available spot, and some places not available, was platted into villages with fine-sounding names, and corner lots that had only a mythical existence, sold for fabulous prices....

Arthursburg, located on a high bluff north of Maple River, just below the village of Union, was one of the class of villages platted in the air and drafted on paper, showing public parks, commodious hotels, large manufacturing establishments....Very many lots in this plat found ready purchasers in the eastern states, many of whom were toiling factory girls who had earned their money by a single thread at a time, and other hard-working mechanics, on whom the loss of a few hundred dollars fell heavily....

the hotel accommodations of Arthursburg were limited to a camp on the ground, earth for a bed, rock for a pillow, and blue skies for a canopy....

the village of Arthursburg never had been surveyed and only existed on paper and in the fertile brain of some graceless and unscrupulous speculator....

the whole ground-work of the village was a few paltry acres of worthless land stretching from the river bank up the almost perpendicular slope to the top of a high bluff, now known as Arthursburg hill.

More than is recognized, this ruthless geometry—baselines, townships, sections, half-sections, quarter-sections & rectilinear roads—indicates the point in time at which man's intimate & more-or-less natural connection with land was ended:

land became a commodity: an abstraction: debased coin:

"The real exploited victim was...Mother Earth and her creatures who were ruthlessly plundered."

The Land Ordinance of 1785, the Northwest Ordinance of 1787: these were the first great ecological disasters; they made possible many others.

Flying over the country once gave Gertrude Stein great pleasure—

I have always wanted to write about how one state differs from another. It is so strange that the lines are ruled lines on paper, I never stop having pleasure in the way ruled lines separate one state from another. Ohio from Indiana, Kansas from Nebraska, Tennessee from Alabama, it always gives me a shock of pleasure the American map and its straight lines and compare it to any other with the way they go all over nothing neat and clean like the maps of America. Well that is the way the earth looked to me as we flew to Chicago....Straight lines and quarter sections, and the mountain lines in Pennsylvania very straight lines, it made it right that I had always been with cubism and everything that followed after.

—But for cruel, abstract, neo-classic reasons. Nothing is more absurd than the 18th century notion that reason can conquer nature & solve all human problems: as if nature, as if land, were enemies.

The life of the land, far more than the life of the law, is not logic but experience. For over a century there were "empty" squares for white men to jump to when they had plundered the one on which they paused, or had "extinguished" Indian claims in the new square for which they lusted.

The map of most of the United States is a vast monopoly board, with grids in all directions & every shake of the dice has impoverished a people who sought riches without knowing their land:

Americans ... are like Spaniards, they are abstract and cruel. They are not brutal, they are cruel. They have no close contact with the earth such as most Europeans have. Their materialism is not the materialism of existence, of possession, it is the materialism of action and abstraction.
—Gertrude Stein, again.

The grid—perpendiculars & horizontals, principal meridians & baselines—was laid upon the land, nor was map ever clearer drawn to disaster:

Men,
& therefore maps, have no gift to impose themselves
upon land; life itself is in Earth's keeping & maps
are litanies of homage, letters of love, charts of
thanksgiving—

or they are desparate balance sheets,
position statements, & Earth's "audit, though delayed,
answered must be"—

where are Pigeon, Wolf, Carcajou & Bear?
where Butternut, Chestnut & Red Bittersweet?
where Pintail, Turkey & Laughing Loon?

Nothing can be sacred when the land is not: the Hopis
wear only moccasins in Spring & walk gently, for
Mother Earth is pregnant then & their tenderness
eases her travail—

Our land is a trap, a rack, &
we sit down to weep by wells we have poisoned in
this our prison of the spirit:

—Manitou is de-
filed—

The groves are down
cut down

Trees down
Creeks choked, trout killed, roads:

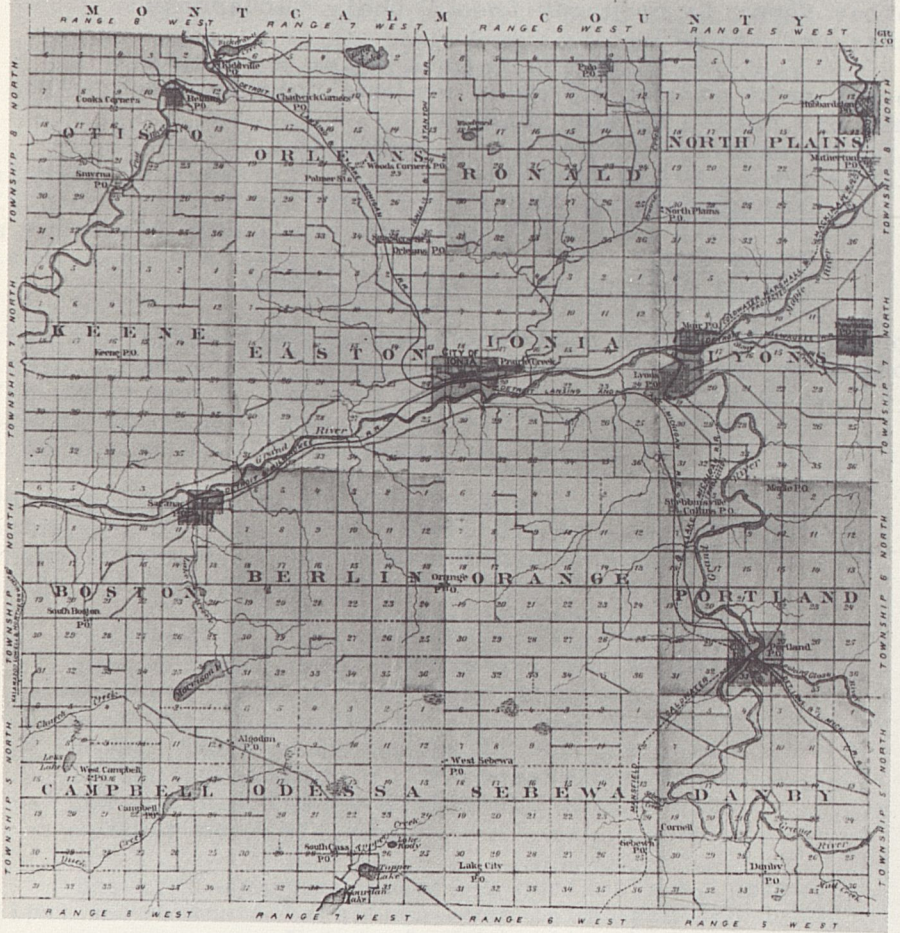
for the land abhors a straight line & will have
done with us. XII.70-I.71.

PLAN OF

IONIA COUNTY

MICHIGAN.

SCALE 2 1/2 MILES TO THE INCH.

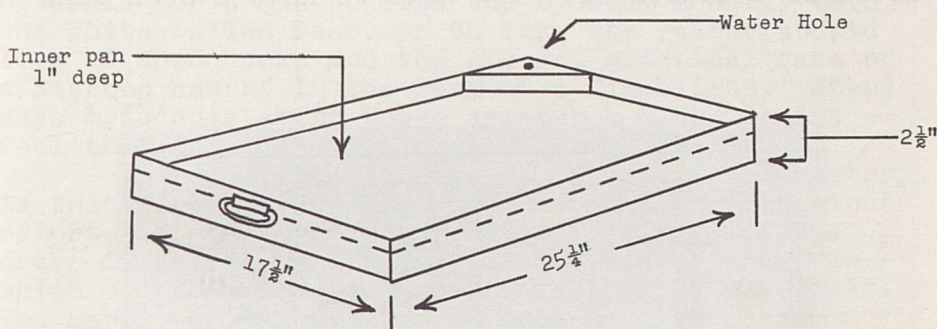


IV. Dried Corn

Dried Corn is great food & a delicious way of eating the great gift of this land, Zea mays. You have to have a corn drying-pan; the one Mother has was her Mother's. Made of galvanized sheet-metal by a tin-smith in Portland, it has been for 60-odd years & while it has no great intrinsic value, it is one of my favorite family objects.

This drying-pan has utility & a history of use & when you take it from its hook in the cellarway in August, its hollow sound evokes those who have used it—now long dead—and enhances the present—the living task—and unites all in ritual act.

Corn Drying Pan



Ask Mother how you make dried corn: there are no recipes or written directions. Knowing survives in the drying-pan itself & getting it down & seeing it again evokes the knowing: the eyes, the object, the hands & the task converge with history.

Something like this: you gather sweet corn, either yellow or white, at its prime, early in the morning & husk it & silk it. Then with a sharp knife, you cut the kernels from the cobs, until you have the inner pan full, even rounded-up a little. As soon as the breakfast dishes are done, you put the corn on the stove—

even though there have been either gas or electric ranges for years, what I see when stove is said is Home Comfort or Jewel—

and you leave it on most of the day, moving it to one side when it's time to get noon dinner.

V. Bestiary

These are some undomesticated animals who live, even thrive, in Ionia County: Woodchuck (Marmota monax), Red Fox (Vulpes fulva), Raccoon (Procyon lotor), Cottontail Rabbit (Sylvilagus floridanus), Mink (Mustela vison), Muskrat (Ondatra zibethicus), Opossum (Didelphis marsupialis), Skunk (Mephitis mephitis), White-tailed Deer (Odocoileus virginianus), Fox Squirrel (Sciurus niger), Red Squirrel (Tamiasciurus hudsonicus), Gray Squirrel (Sciurus carolinensis), Chipmunk (Tamias striatus).

Any bestiary is more or less personal; even the specialists who write the guide-books make choices, not the least of which is that they will not reveal that they like any animal better than any other animal.

Well, it may be possible for a man to like the Opossum equally with the White-tailed Deer, or to like the rather stupid look of Woodchucks and the clever, quizzical face of a Raccoon caught in the beam of a flashlight. Spend days & decades among these creatures & you do not feel that way.

One's bestiary, one's natural history, is that part of the self which requires no conscious effort, is second nature because it's part of the order in which one accepts the self as natural, in which one knows these animals also have their lives. You merely add the Latin; it doesn't change the consciousness.

Raccoon. P.H.G. raised portions of two townships from the depths of first, sweet sleep with a shotgun blast to eliminate a very large 'coon who has been ravaging Mother's hens—

he & D.W.G. running around down back in underwear & rubber boots, with shotgun & flashlight; Mother heard some squawking & woke D.W.G. who hollered to P.H.G.—

when Mother goes to feed her hens, we say she's out looking after the girls; they cluster around her clucking & pecking at her shoe-strings—

but they do not hate 'coons. Like most farmers, they admire a raccoon's intelligent appearance & uncanny ability for choosing the juiciest tender ears of sweet corn; they admire their playful attractive young & their various life-preserving skills—

a full-grown 'coon is more than a match, in water, for any 'coon-hound stupid enough to splash in after it—

Farmers, if they thought about it consciously, would own to a respect & admiration for raccoons & their cleanly habits; they might not so phrase it, but the tone of voice gives it away—if you can hear it.

In a good sweet corn year, a farmer cusses about the pillage of an old she-coon with two or three young—they keep their young around a long time—but he'd be more likely to get up from his sleep & go out with a shotgun than to set traps or lay poison: it's a fairer match & respect demands fairness. But if a man decides—not many do any more—to follow a couple of hounds on a fresh 'coon scent on a cool & damp fall night, maybe for three or four miles, at least to the bottom of the bottle—the silo's filled, the wheat's in, the corn's picked—well, then it's every creature for himself.

Opossum. Bare rat-like tail, dirty grey hair, furtive behavior, messy. Unpopular. In the spring especially, after dark, you see the females along the roads & when you are close, you see the young riding in the hair on her back.

I once knew a zoology professor with several small children; he called his wife's station wagon "Didelphis" because it was always teeming with young.

Dad saw one "the other day"—in April 1970—with eleven young on or around her.

New Orleans,
6.I.71: The taxi-driver came from the country when he was 19; he's 55-57 now, I judge. His grandfather who raised him was a sharecropper who never got out of debt,

"So I decided to get out of the country."

When he came to New Orleans almost 40 years ago, "they was ho-ahs on all them old downtown streets. Now, ain't safe to go down there after dark, housin' dev'l'pmunt or no housin' dev'l'pmunt."

—Would he like to retire to a farm? No. He gets to go hunting & fishing & that's country enough for him.—Hunting for what?

"Oh, 'possum. You know what possums is? 'Possums is like buzzards, only they animals. They ain't cleanly atall. I seen one once eatin' on a dead rat. But they still got good flavor, 'possum has."

Badger. Summer, late 1930's. Two brothers, big enough to do running & carrying & to look after chores, but not big enough to do the heavy work.

The Dietz place: the house gone & most out-buildings, except for one small barn. Where the house stood, some foundation walls & a cellar hole, gradually filling in. A good place to play, to build huts, to dig for fragments of crockery & bottles. Holes & burrows to inspect and down which to poke sticks, or, if you wanted to pump & carry, down which to pour water, to see if you might drown something out. A few companionable apple trees, some lilac bushes.

And Peggy, a wavy-haired Collie-Shepherd, with a natural bob-tail, to go along & sniff & dig some, too; she was always digging after skunks—

Mother said that with Peggy around, she had only to call the dog to know where we were—

Peggy was Mother's dog, although she worked for & obeyed Dad; once they bet that Mother couldn't set Peggy on Dad: he pulled a hat down over his eyes & turned a collar way up & came walking up the drive; Mother said, "Get 'em, Peggy," & Peggy jumped at Dad & would have done more, except he spoke to her—when she heard his voice she acted embarrassed & wagged her bob-tail & licked his hands—but Mother won the bet—

& on this day there were a couple of fresh-dug holes in the cellar hole. Why not set a trap? Back the quarter-mile to get a muskrat trap & a hammer to drive a stake. The 'rat trap had too short a chain, so back again to get a piece of wire to put in the trap ring & staple to our stake.

And push the trap back in the hole a way, so Peggy wouldn't get in it. Cover it up with old leaves. And not say anything to anyone: what's the use, unless you catch something? Scent? We didn't know about it & it probably didn't matter; we were close to the earth & leaves, to burrowing animals, anyway.

Chores, supper & bed; then chores, breakfast & run to inspect the trap, Peggy going, too. We don't get all the way there when she starts to growl & stiffen up. Hurry. Look down into the cellar hole & see an animal in our trap who has torn up the ground in a circle the distance of the trap from the stake. Spitting & snarling.

Bigger than a 'coon, but a little like one; dirty-yellowish-grey; shaggy, with a little whitish stripe from its nose over its head; light color cheeks & black feet with long, curved yellow toe nails—like claws—in front. Peggy growling & barking & not

wanting us to go near; we generally did what she told us by her sounds & movements.

Back off & run to the corn field where Dad is cultivating. Out-of-breath & excited, we tell him we've caught an animal in our trap & we don't know what it is—strange enough, since we did know all local animals—& will he come & see.

He didn't know what the animal was either. He thought maybe a badger. He picked up a hayfork in the barn & stuck a tine through the ring on the trap; then he pulled the stake up. The three of us, with Peggy growling along, but not too much because Dad was there, walked the snarling animal a quarter-mile or so to Nick Lawless' place.

Nick was outside & saw us coming & stood watching as we drew near. As we got within 30 feet or so, he looked at the animal & picked up something, a club of some kind, & with a single blow, killed it.

Nick knew it for a badger. He raised Irish Setters, naturally enough, & badgers are hard on dogs in a fight, can lay a dog open with a swipe of its front, digging claws; Irish Setters are beautiful but a little stupid/stubborn & out of bird season they run away to hunt & get caught in fences. They would certainly fight a badger if they found one & Nick didn't want that to happen.

I remember the incident well, perhaps because I've never seen another badger.

Peggy's Pups. Peggy, our wavy-haired, natural bob-tail Collie-Shepherd wasn't around one morning & that was very strange—she never did anything without us. She wasn't there. We asked, L. & I, & we were told that she'd be back in a day or two—which seemed like no answer at all: Where was she now?

Neither Dad nor Mother thought we shouldn't know about puppies, but Peggy was sandy & when she had pups, it was good sense to leave her alone for a bit. She put up with endless hours of play with us, normally, & many snarled attempts by us to make harnesses of binder-twine so she could pull our wagon & carry imaginary hay.

So we went looking for her, all the places we always went. She couldn't be very far away; it wasn't like her to be gone. We didn't find her. Late that morning, from under a porch that was built low, open at ground level except at the corners & steps, we heard murmurings, little cries.

Then we knew: puppies. I was already too big to crawl under the porch—or unwilling; L., three years younger, was not. Under he went & in a minute stuck his head out to ask me to get a berry box—the kind that hold a quart of strawberries. I handed him one & back under he went.

Now it's just noon. Dad & Jake have come from the field; Mother comes out, calls us to wash our hands for dinner. At that moment, L. comes wiggling out, handed me the box with a couple of puppies in it, & calling out,

"Look what we've got, Look what we've got. And there's lots more."

Behind us & unnoticed comes Peggy, low to the ground, growling & quite ready to spring at any danger, but not at us; we three knew each other well. The grownups stop talking & stand still.

Mother speaks to us, very quietly: "Take them back under the porch. They haven't got their eyes open yet & Peggy has to take care of them. Take them back. She doesn't want you to play with them now. She'll bring them out in a few days. Take them back to the others."

Unhappily, L. wiggled under the porch & took back the puppies. Then Peggy scotted under. L. emerged, tearful & dirty. It was all explained to us, but that didn't help much: first we couldn't find our dog & then when we did & she had puppies, we couldn't play with them. We sat on that porch, waiting, for about a week. Then Peggy & her puppies came out & everything became something to remember.

Frank & Ginger: Or the Nature of Narrative is Digression. Early summer 1917, maybe 1918. My Dad, my Grandmother, an aunt & her daughter took the train from Ionia to Grand Rapids & changed to the boat-train—to Grand Haven & then across the Lake by car-ferry to Milwaukee, going to Colfax, Wisconsin, to visit my uncle & his family.

But back up: the year before this year, my Dad had gone with Grand-Dad to Edmore, Michigan, to sell a team of horses. In those days, which seem so much more distant than subtraction allows, farmers frequently raised a team of horses as a cash crop; horse dealers held regular buying sessions at various places, usually near good rail connections. Grand-Dad sold the team, but he hadn't done all the raising; Grand-Dad was a good, careful farmer, but my Grandmother was

exceptionally gifted with animals. Especially horses & dogs.

As she grew older, she grew heavier & had heart trouble; she trained her last dog, Old Gyp, in a special way. If Grandmother wanted a chicken for cooking, she would scatter a few handfuls of feed around & select one; then she would point out her choice to Gyp, who accompanied her everywhere, and say, "That one, Gyp." Gyp would sidle up & quick as anything hold that chicken down very gently, while the rest scattered, squawking & feathers flying. Grandmother would then bend over once & grab the chicken's legs. Gyp was highly regarded around the neighborhood & people bespoke her pups.

So GrandDad & Dad drove up to Edmore in a buggy with the team for sale on halters behind it; it was Dad's first night in a hotel & breakfast the next morning he remembers clearly: steaks, chops, ham, sausage, bacon, side-pork, eggs, pancakes, fried potatoes, maple syrup, hot biscuits, fresh fried cakes, jams & jellies, even oatmeal—everything all at once. They sold the team & returned home.

Well, it was good weather for the early summer train ride, but once on the Lake, there was a sudden storm; car-ferries wallow around like a pig in a mud-hole on a calm day; in a storm, they are like barrel churns. Nearly everyone on the ferry was sea-sick, except for my Grandmother, my Dad & his niece (she was a year older than Dad, but I won't go into that); they were about 7 and 8.

The car-ferry crew broke out blankets & tried to make the passengers as comfortable as possible; my Grandmother did what she could to help some of the women. My aunt got herself into a bunk & moaned. The two youngsters, if not sick, grew bored & quarrelsome; my Dad's niece belted him—& a man passenger told him to belt her back: which riled up another man passenger against the first—telling a boy to hit a girl!—& they nearly got into a fight.

At long last, the damned car-ferry got into Milwaukee. Somewhat bedraggled, the four had an hour's wait for another train & went to find tea & a place to sit. At some street crossing, they waited for an approaching dray, loaded with beer barrels, to pass. As the dray came abreast, my Grandmother looked up & recognized the team:

"My God, that's Frank & Ginger."

The team stopped still in its tracks, near my Grandmother. The teamster called down,

"You know these horses, lady?"

Grandmother answered, "I ought to, I raised them."

Ring-Necked Pheasant: Dad, explaining why you put five kernels of sweet corn in a "hill" when you plant:

One for the blackbird,
One for the crow,
One for the cut-worm,
And two to grow.

—Which doesn't leave any for a rooster pheasant. A Saturday in May, years ago:

I don't know which year, for time, then, didn't attach itself to an action; the action survived, outside youth & years—

& Windy Hodge has come with two two-quart jars to get some milk, & stays a bit to talk. Of course.

We are near the tool-shed, Windy, Dad, L. & I, the back building in the farmyard group, set in line with the barnyard fence; through a gate in this fence you go to the fields. The first field is planted to corn this year; its tiny-tender first sprouts appear here & there as you look across the field. The corn hasn't been planted long enough to be up all over the field, but the seed has been in the ground long enough to soften & sprout.

"See that damned rooster pheasant"—there were two hens with him—"going right down that corn row, scratching out the kernels, filling his crop. Go get me the .22; I'm going to stop his scratching."

Windy says to Dad, "You can't hit him from here, not with a .22."

"I'll bet, by God, I can."
One of us gets the .22—

an old single-shot from Sears or Wards, cost six bucks when new a long time before—Dad taught us to shoot with it; he'd open the back barn door & while the milkers were on the cows, we'd learn to light matches stuck between the boards of an old gate, leaned against a huge maple tree, at 15 or 20 yards—

& he takes a cartridge from a pocket—Mother always had three or four on the window-sill every washing-day, finding them in his pockets—

& chucks it into the chamber.

Then he climbs up on the gate & braces himself; & shoots—once. That old rooster pheasant flopped—once. L. & I run the 40 rods—220 yards—& carried back the bird.

Windy Hodge never stopped telling the story the rest of his life. V.68.

White-tailed Deer: Thirty years ago there were almost no deer in Ionia County & the herd was not large in the southern part of the state. Once, when I was in country school, a neighbor stopped by the school & told our teacher that a deer had been seen that morning not far from the school-house: it was an event.

We ate our lunches hurriedly & early & with our teacher walked three or four miles in woods around the school, hoping to see the deer; at that time few of us had seen a live deer & everyone who went deer-hunting went "up North" every November. We didn't see the deer.

Now deer are common, feeding on the same pasture & crops as cattle, growing sleek & fat. Many are killed every year in collisions with cars & trucks. Large racks—14 points & more—are reported & talked about at coffee shop & gas station, at Grange hall & hardware store. Farming stops on November 15 annually, except for chores; the farmers figure that since they raise 'em, they should eat 'em. Many do.

They rarely make a mistake that city hungers make. As soon as they've felled a deer & tagged it, they go with tractor or pick-up & carry it to the farmyard. There they dress it out & let it cool, as they would a beef. They don't transport it 200-300 miles or more tied to a hot automobile in weather that is often above freezing. For many farmers it is the only butchering they do for themselves. Venison, fed as it has been & properly cared for, is sweet & delicious & tender.

The best way for venison, other than chops & loin, perhaps, is as mincemeat—real mincemeat. The meat-pies Friar Tuck had? Mincemeat.

20.XI.71

Dad & P.H.G. both have shot deer. Dad's was not the largest rack (six points) but was the largest deer he's shot in about 45 years of deer-hunting: 175 pounds & "fat & nice." Perry's was a 5-point yearling buck. Venison for Thanksgiving, saving the loin for Christmas, & plenty of mincemeat.

To be continued. Animals
are patient
&
are never boring

VII. Days

I do not have a tower, I have a notebook of ivory.—Jules Renard.

*

The past comes down as legendary, fabulous. GrandDad was threshing once at Bennett's, a rain-shower came up & all the men gathered in the barn. Almond Bennett, now in his 80's, was in the group, a young man then, with his .22 pistol. A mouse ran across the barn-floor & Almond shot it. "All the Bennetts were good shots," Dad concludes. 8.IV.69.

*

A Post Card to K & A

Late on an April afternoon,
when you are not aware of dark
because you feel how— suddenly—
the days are longer
and supper will no longer be eaten
under lights.

There will be fresh kale,
with butter, salt & nutmeg,
& still a little wild to taste.
You learn to consume the year.

While I tend the stove,
& do not overcook the crinkly greens,
Perry stands at the open back door
& whistles to the cardinals,
who call for rain for mortar-making,
who decorate our neighbor's spruce,
who do not bruise the season.

20.IV.69

*

Today Mother & I spent some time looking through old papers, old postcards, old photographs. One postcard was sent by my Great-Grandmother to my Grandfather. My Grandfather was born in August 1865; my Great-Grandmother was born about 1840. The postcard is a photograph of an ox-team at the elevator yards in Springport, Michigan; I can't transcribe her handwriting; I can give her message:



this is Fred Hoad with a lode
of Beens drove from his place
to Springport & it was good
as a sho to see ox team
everyone was out on the street
so I thought
you would like to see them to

your Mother.

Undated, the card was sent about 1907 or '08. 11.III.71.

*

759

*

"Oh, his wife wasn't really stupid; she just wasn't very swift. He used to set the alarm clock for her so she'd know when to get dinner." X.68.

*

Old J.W., who smoked cigars & could really spit, had the smartest dog in the county—or so he always insisted. "Why, my old Jack is so smart," he'd say, "that when he hears the windmill squeaking, he'll climb to the top & piss down the rod." III.69.

*

No place is to be learned like a textbook or a course in school, and then turned away from forever on the assumption that one's knowledge of it is complete. What is to be known about it is without limit, and it is endlessly changing. Knowing it is therefore like breathing: it can happen, it stays real, only on the condition that it continue to happen. As soon as it is recognized that a river—or, for that matter, a home—is not a place but a process, not a fact but an event, there ought to come an immense relief: one can step into the same river twice, one can go home again. —Wendell Berry, The Unforeseen Wilderness; An Essay on Kentucky's Red River Gorge; photographs by Gene Meatyard. Lexington, Ky., The University Press of Kentucky, 1971, p.56.

An extract from a fine & passionate book which, unfortunately, won't get widely reviewed or read. Also unfortunate is the poor reproduction given Meatyard's photographs. VIII.71.

*

Maps. Plat-books. Atlases. Lists. This is the land of Tecumseh,

Panther Lying in Wait

or

Shooting-Star,
if names were not forgot & lost "the distincter knowledge of the things" which names say. We've grown more tired & bored than the century, we who exist in

this time. With small hope for whole lives & still smaller hope for something to believe in & something to do which would be worth passing on, we flit, rather, from sensation to sensation & mistake multitudinous information for knowledge & wait for machines to bring us wisdom:

Most are unseeing
of lovely green & greener changes
the year brings to maples, whose roots
break up cages,

splitting them,
like impudent sidewalks,
& do not know where green-heart-shaped
grape leaves swell & shield
tender lurking grapes

& harvest lost.

Having confused the apoplectic seizure for the apocalyptic moment, our nerves are too attenuated to bear more.

Accounts of evil do not shock us
& all our progress in sciences & medicines—
for we are taller & heavier than a century ago—
seems only to have made us more capable of preying
on our fellow men for the sake of awful carnage:
we will see how much less blood they have to lose
than we,

as if blood-letting were a laboratory exercise.

And then we get us to our sleep—

in king-sized beds—
crammed with distressful bread that isn't real.
Some few among us, with immense labor of body
& travail of spirit, may learn to compose
from obvious touching

feeling

seeing

hearing

tasting

a knowing vision of ourselves.

For it is the nature
of visions that they are mirrors on which few are
vouchsafed to look. 15.VII.71.

*

Ionia Free Fair. Mother won first prize on her apple pie. When L. H. came over & told Dad that Mother had gotten the blue ribbon for the best apple pie, he said, "Why, hell, Lois, I've known that for better than forty years." 6.VIII.71.

*

Roots: 8.XI.71. 4.30 p.m. P.H.G. & I take 2 shovels & a handaxe & go to Sprague's to get some Sassafras roots, stopping to ask permission—a matter of form: they don't mind our getting roots, they simply want to be asked, to know who's in their woodlot. We locate several Sassafras trees, mostly 8 to 10 inches in diameter, & take no more than a small root from each one.

The Sassafras trees would grow larger, except they are growing in second- or third-growth woods which has never been trimmed & is used, at most, as reserve pasture; few of the trees in the woods have any low branches or much size.

We gather a few roots & return to the house. I wash the roots clean of dirt with a brush & water, using the picnic table in the backyard.

Dad, looking at the roots, was moved to rememberings, after he took his jack-knife & trimmed a piece to taste. "Now my Ma used to get a yellow root, too, which she doctored with; it peeled off round and round, almost like paper. I wonder what that one was?"

Then he told P.H.G. & me that one time years ago—I was just a kid, he said—my GrandDad had been in town. Somewhere—hardware or harness shop or grocery store—he met the local herb doctor, Doc Eddy.

"He wasn't a doctor, so far as I know, but he was a mighty smart man. He held two or three patents; one was for a pump. But everybody always called him 'Doc' & lots of people got herb medicines or receipts from him."

GrandDad got a receipt for spring tonic. Some ingredients were "from what anybody'd have around the house, in the pantry." Some were powders GrandDad bought from the drug-store.

"Dad, he cooked up a big batch of this stuff & he had a lot—more than three of us could use; it wasn't very good tasting. He gave a couple of quarts to P——s, for the four of them. Well, they had quite a time—they tied right into it. They was wrapped around the toilet for two or three days; damn near shit themselves to death. Cleaned 'em right out."

Then he remembered that the yellow root was sumac.

VIII. Tea Ceremony

for M.

Open this old pint canning jar,
rescued from a dump—
& finally found a cover
at a Red Shield store
& made a label for it:

SASSAFRAS ROOT & BARK
(Sassafras albidum)

This is Sassafras Root & Bark for you
& another label

from Henry Thoreau:

It is an importation of all the spices
of Oriental summers into our New Eng-
land winter. Very foreign to the snow
and the oak leaves. February 9, 1852.

As usual, Henry knew.

My father says drinking cold tea or pop
isn't as good as cold Sassafras tea—
with just a little maple syrup in it;
you could use honey, of course—
out of a crock jug, when you're cultivating corn,
with a two-horse cultivator. Or a small boy
who's carried the jug from the house
& waited on the neat warm headlands
for team & father to make the turn
& whoa & drink & back again.
Who drinks what's left & tries to man-spit
on the ground. "Some people thought
Sassafras tea was just for spring tonic,
but Ma kept it for all year round."

He also says that if you put Sassafras
roosting poles in your hen-house,
your hens won't have any lice,
& went every spring with Ma,
my Grandmother, to cut new roosting poles.
Euell Gibbon reports the same story
from the Pennsylvania Dutch he lives among:
how many versions make a truth?
how many truths a piety in the blood?

What could be more grateful
to the discoverer of a new country
than a new fragrant wood?

—that's Thoreau, praising in again—
especially when kind to man & hens,
for isn't kindness a grateful fragrance?
Sassafras is also fine, scattered
in chests of drawers, among blankets,
scenting winter sleep.

There is a poem called Sassafras,
wrapped up in root & bark,
worth digging for.

First, pump well-water, fresh & cold.

IX. Place

Ionia: preserving in its name classical allusion & early republican aspiration—you can almost date settlement & sentiments by the names the first farmers chose, at least tell from what old state they came—

& if once every school child in Ionia County was taught that Ionia was from the Greek—

blue-haired ladies in the name of good words told that Ionia meant fertile land which it may mean in American but does not mean in Greek—

& few now would recall Helen of Troy or an architectural order or the long homecoming of Odysseus—

& rightly so, for those are not this Ionia's stories & certain epic wisdom that once grew here has been lost:

"On the first spring after his arrival [1838], Rev. John Van Vleck mounted a fleet bay mare, and started to follow an Indian trail that led to Lyons. It was the first time he had travelled that way. About a mile from home he met a fine, large buck, that turned to run along the trail.

"Adopting the first impulse, Van Vleck gave chase, and, somewhat to his surprise, the mare kept pace with the deer, keeping close to him for quite a distance. Finally, the buck turned at bay, and attacked the horse with hoof and horns.

"The rider did not want to take his turn of being pursued, and at once jumped to the ground, and seizing a stout club from the brands where a recent fire had been, began a desperate fight with the infuriated animal, sheltering himself from its assaults by dodging around a small sapling.

"After some lively skirmishing, he managed to hit the deer a stroke on the nose that brought it to the ground. Following up his success with a series of heavy blows, he leaped on the deer's neck and caught it by the horns. Then he began to look about for something to cut its throat with, but found himself minus a knife of any kind. He had, however, a small pair of scissors, brought from the store in New York, and with these he managed to cut an artery, and bled the huge animal to death.

"This was while his father was in Palo the first time, and the old gentleman's surprise, when John came back to get him to go with him after the deer, may well be imagined."

We wouldn't know of Helen or Heracles, except we've always preferred to hunt the Hind of Keryneia to wrestling the Buck Deer of Ronald,

& do not say they could not be the same,
for Keryneia's Hind had brazen hoofs
& golden horns; some called her a stag:
shy Wisdom who must be wrestled down
after long pursuit through wilderness,
under a wild-apple tree: another ladder;
while others sing,
'As the hart panteth after the water brooks
so panteth my soul after thee, O God'—
& Reverend John surely knew the text—
that horns are a tree are a cross.

And now descendants see the exploits of Davy Crockett who never heard of Mr. George Jourdan & the Bear—
"came into Orange in November 1839"—

"Mr. Jourdan trapped wolves and bears, catching one bear that weighed four hundred pounds. These animals were so numerous and bold that they often came to his very door, and his wife has been known to drive them off with the common weapon of her sex—the broomstick.

"One night a bear came to the pig-pen near the house, in search of prey. Springing from his bed, he gave chase, gun in hand, not even stopping to dress, and tearing the only garment he had on into shreds among the bushes:

Can't you see old Mister Jourdan,
chasing a bear, musket in hand,
through brush,
flesh flashing white,
as bald
all over as old Elisha
was on top: bare man after bear.

"He finally succeeded in treeing the bear, and shot him through the body without bringing him down.

"It was now between two and three o'clock in the morning.

"Without leaving the spot he succeeded in arousing his nearest neighbors by his shouts, who soon surrounded the tree and killed the bear, dividing the meat among them.

"In these early years of his pioneer life Mr. Jourdan wore a pair of buckskin pantaloons sewed up with deer sinews. He has raised a family of ten children who are now settled around him. His beautiful homestead, where he now resides, with its fertile fields and broad meadow lands,

when he first looked upon it, thirty-three years ago, was a dense forest, sheltering beasts of prey. That forest he has swept away by his own toil, often working by the light of the moon, late into the night."

A bear, indeed. No. We do not know. History here means farms, mostly & not the stories, the necessary humus with which to fatten fields: as if to possess land were to possess the landscape: as if the paper, the deed, were sufficient to all ends, and not merely a palimpsest Love only can decipher:

History means at most three generations, usually two: & I hear again this story:

The home place came to her from her people. She always kept it in her name & was always reminding him & everyone else of it—even though he was the one who farmed & paid off the funeral mortgages of her folks. It was no hell of a farm anyway. She even kept a bank account of "her" money. He never complained about it at all, whatever he must have been thinking all these years.

Well, when he quit farming, they sold off all the extra land except her farm & put the money in the bank. The winter before he died in the Spring, she went to California to see a sister for a month; he never had so much peace & quiet.

He died only two or three days after she got back. She got the joint bank account, with about \$2,000 in it, enough to bury him, & she got a note he'd signed at the bank exactly equal to the mortgage he'd paid off on her place. Everything else he'd drawn out & put in joint accounts between himself and each of the four kids.

He had it all written down, in a will he made up at home & gave to the preacher & the mailman & one to me, saying that since she hadn't forgotten in 47 years what had been hers, he thought it a good idea, when he died,—he knew he was going to die,—to return her to the way he got her & maybe her next husband would be able to change her mind.

Probably wouldn't have held up in court, but she was so mad she didn't think of that. Mostly she was mad at him because she knew everyone was enjoying his joke—& there wasn't anything she could do.

—Which is fine country-wit but not the introit I seek:

"The soil is generally good, the timber being heaviest in the western part of the town [Easton]. The timber of the eastern and central portions is to a great extent that usually found on what are called 'oak openings,' and 'timbered openings,' while that of the western part is mostly beech, maple, elm, ash, basswood, and other timbers peculiar to the heavy-timbered lands of the county. The heavy and light timber are separated by Timberland Creek, the division being very abrupt. On this is heavy timber; on the east oak openings."

—Or Peddler's Lake in Campbell, named for a pack-peddler who sought to cross it in a boat, capsized & drowned: & why is his name lost & so small a lake.

—& White's Bridge, over the Flat River in Keene, a beautiful covered bridge, commemorated by a recent bronze plaque that isn't accurate: better none at all than one that lies.

—Or that in Lyons village stands a memorial to local dead in some recent war, but no plaque stands to name this place as Indians knew it—

Co-coosh,
home,
a gathering
place for tribes who lived in the Grand River Valley:
here were the villages of Cocoosh,
Muck-a-to-quet,
Pewamo,
O-san-gee,
Muc-a-teb-a-nee,
O-kee-mosse,
& of other chiefs,
where, before white men came, lay
"the sparkling river
and the broad expanse of green prairie, dotted here
and there with the villages of the red men, who were
the sole tenants of the soil and the only inhabitants
except for the traders...."

—For the prairie is gone,
Creeks choked, trout killed, roads & the water hasn't
sparkled in more than the span given to men.

—In
Portland township, "On the bluffs, overlooking the
Looking-Glass River,"

—you can not see in this 'Glass,
not even darkly—

"on the north side, are mounds which
are very ancient, and are supposed to antedate the
present race of Indians, as they know nothing of them
as regards their age."

Or knew the white man all too well,
just said, Don't know & never told;
were moved away by government—
Isabella County up North—
They do not rest among their kin.

"It is
supposed they were raised in honor of the noted dead
of the aborigines. Every mound, so far as search has
been made, contains the remains only of adults of very
large stature."

There were giants in the red earth
in those days—
men of reknown.

Perhaps they sought the Sassafras,
sweetened its tea with maple syrup.

None can tell me, Chief Pewamo,
where you're dreaming
&
waiting.

V. & IX.70





DETROIT - 'narrows'

The river is parading, as if water and not earth were the world. The banks skirt by: Canada on right, clean and green; a line of steel mills to port. The crew congregates loosely, lolling on deck, anxious for mail. All are peaceful after eating whitefish bathed in lemon butter, honey over hot cornbread, yams and succotash, then cold watermelon, whose seeds curve to drop invisibly astern.

The mailboat churns to nose against the draft-marks amid-ships. I yank up the mailbag for sorting. From the thrower's casual stance the laundry bags are pitched and sail to flatten on the rocking deck below. All sudden activity ceases as the mailboat's wake bends back to shore.

We idle and let drift our eyes, patient: water leads our lives.

My paternal grandfather, at fourteen, ran away to sea aboard a wooden ship, but he caught a fever and landed in Georgia, where he ate his first banana, skin and all. I shipped as a deckhand on a Lakes steamboat.

Steamboating is not sailing proper, since little seamanship is involved. Navigation is by land reference, to lights and landmarks ashore. A slip knot will suffice where a salt-water man would tie a midshipman's splice. A sweetwater sailor has bad credit on the Coasts.

The popular captain chuckles as he says, "Romance, romance is all that makes a man try steamboating, but sometimes you wonder if it's not to get away from romance, the kind of stories you hear."

Last year, the seaman's paper had it, 45% of the boats on the Lakes were built before 1915; this year, 40% were built before 1940. Work on the old steamers is harder, turnover higher among crews. Yet steamers emerge each spring. When ice flows, the amphibious Lakes-seaman migrates. The shipper ascribes his boat's fitting out to economic need, but the engineer is closer to the fact and swears he can't understand why she goes.

The later boats borrow steamboat architecture, although they burn oil instead of coal. The more recent steamers are converted into oil-burners. Old vessels lay up out-of-way in many ports, against the chance of ever fitting out again. Hulls are sold, eventually, for scrap or salvage or conversion into barges. Some are welded tight, ballasted with pig iron and towed to European buyers. Few boats survive the crossing, however, though marine insurance pays the fare.

HISTORY

"Built in aught-six, stretched in twenty-two -- they put a hundred feet in her -- converted to a self-unloader. She's a cripple now -- got port list in 'er -- leak in number five. Every watch we have to pump on her. Bad fuel now, doing about eight-nine.

High tail winds, high tail seas, stoker coal, she'll do about twelve, empty. She's a money-maker though, plenty overtime.

"Triple expansion chamber engine: 3000 horsepower at 95 revolutions per minute. That biggest cylinder is more'n five foot across. Good thing it ain't foggin' now; don't have steam enough to blow the whistle.

"Steamboats! Hottest damn things in summer, coldest damn things in winter."

PORT HURON

The banks widen north of the Detroit River into Lake St. Clair, then narrow again along the St. Clair River, up to Lake Huron. "This lake expands handsomely after leaving St. Clair." -- Major Joseph Delafield, American Agent under Articles VI and VII of the Treaty of Ghent.

In open water, the waves strike crisply -- no longer the river's slurring -- against the side. Ore boats head upbound light, and therefore high in the water, lumbering toward Lake Superior. The Sarnia pilotboat starts out to meet a deep-sea ship, whose red stack identifies her as a Russke. The *Huron* lightship, which was stationed at the lake's outlet and was the last lightship on the Lakes, has been removed.

On water, time becomes mere movement. The voice loses resonance. Words sound as if directed by an actor in an open theater, for no object catches sound. Cables on the boom quiver in a breeze, creating hums -- a boom harp. Life jacket straps swing. The Arab fireman sings.

SAGINAW BAY - 'place of Sauks'

The Saginaw River ekes into the shallow bay, frothy with white-caps. The yacht club hangs out the red flag: smallcraft warning. Since a narrow railroad bridge lies ahead, we tie up and wait for the twenty-knot wind to fall.

Meanwhile, fighting down sleep, we take up painting about the boat deck. The ping of chipping hammers disturbs the sleep of those below. The bosun comes up and directs, "Just paint it. She won't pass the next hull inspection, no way." We sling down the paint, Lead Red, Deck Gray, then work up to Superstructure White. We turn our backs to the sun's warming. In afternoon, the deck reflects up heat. At length, I lift my eyes from work: nobody around, I can just go right on painting.

The Chief clambers up to inspect the racket overhead and says, "Don't scrape the deck around that stack -- thin as paper -- you'll go through and get a boiler bath. Next good wind'll blow that stack away."

COFFEETIME

Arabs chant, "Coffeetime! Coffeetime!" We file down to the messroom. Every home-made donut is different. The porter asks me where I'm from. I reply, then start to elaborate when he saves my

having to explain with, "You don't have to tell me where that is. I've been drunk there more than once." The conveyorman, all disheveled, enters and grunts, "The Mate just told me he dragged me out of bed to fix a breakdown last night. 'Well,' I said, 'that's the first I head about.'"

The veterans drag on their conversation about ailing friends and heart problems until the impatient porter stops the talk with one flat statement. "There are two kinds of heart attacks: functional and romantic." The talk shifts to the subject of benefits under the new contract: "If you think you're gonna die, then get back to the ship quick, else you don't collect."

"How can you collect dead?"

The Mate looks in at the porthole: time for us to leave. On our way out, the old fireman comes in, still flushed from the heat of the fires. He has quit. "I can't cut it. Worst firehole I've tended in thirty years. Fires way down low. Young man's job. Youth. Strength. Weight."

The deckwatch murmurs aside, "That old coalpasser's seen more marker-buoys than I have telephone poles."

SAGINAW VALLEY TRIBUTARIES

Salt

~~Tobacco~~

Molasses

Bad

Pine

Cedar

Chippewa

Shiawassee

Tittabawassee

Flint

Cass

Only one named for a man.

COMPANY ORDERS

Kids on the pivot pier of the turnstile bridge shout,

"Where ya been?"

"Toledo."

"Where ya going?"

"Don't know."

From headquarters, the dispatcher radios our orders:

FROM SAGINAW TO ROGERS CITY FOR THREE GRADES OF STONE,

TO MILWAUKEE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY,

TO SOUTH CHICAGO FOR COAL,

TO MUSKEGON POWER PLANT,

TO DRUMMOND ISLAND FOR DOLOMITE,

TO CLEVELAND STEEL MILL.

UNLOADING

The crew stares, oddly fascinated by the coal breaking into slides, sifting down onto the conveyor belt. Vibrators clatter against the holds to speed unloading. The gatemen pound with sledgehammers. The assistant conveyorman walks the boom, greasing the conveyor belt rollers. We sit between the hatches, slightly dazed by the noise, until the Mate sends us over the side to pull cables, preparing for the next shift. We move the eyes of the wires one spile up the dock. The shipside is a mural of colored scrape marks and impressions of the tire bumpers we've scrubbed against. The Mate calls us back aboard to go down the hole and clean the keelson. The arches bracing bulkheads in the hold: a steel cathedral.

LAKECRAFT

A century ago

- Whaleboats
- Lumber hookers
- Cutters
- Pinnaces
- Gigs
- Scows
- Wherries
- Packets
- Schooners
- Sloops
- Steam launches

Now

- Tankers
- Ice breakers
- Tugs
- Barges
- Wrecking vessels
- Freighters
- Bulk carriers
- Ferries
- Fishing craft

SAGINAW RIVER

A few sunken wood hulls, once used in lumbering, can be glimpsed below the water. Some are raised to yield white pine cargoes, still sound after perhaps eighty years. An old-timer recalls that soft coal shafts were mined not far inland. "May need 'em again soon, too; that power plant burns a shipload a day."

A road-side park runs parallel. Willows graze the water, snagging floatsam. Blacks are fishing in straw hats. We wave and waves carry our sentiments ashore. Summer is when people are out.

White barns stand upright against the black bottomland. Dozers at a plant site fill the swales. Farther upstream is the undredged Tittabawassee -- 'following-shore-river'.

DUTIES

We tie up, load and unload the boat, then rinse down and square away the deck. During the day, we paint, chip, scrub, scrape. At night, 'out on the Lake', we usually sit. Watches last four hours and begin again in eight.

The bells clang and the whistle blasts for fire and boat drill once a week. We troop to our respective stations in orange life jackets, manning hoses, fire extinguishers and fire-axes. As we heave the lifeboats back into their cradles -- mutterings about interrupted sleep.

UP THE LAKE

A German freighter wreck sits immaculate on the shoals: "Ripped the bottom right out of her. She's full of alloy steel. Scavengers are still negotiating salvage rights. That's 'spackle' paint salt-water ships wear. Good for maybe ten years, here."

From three miles off, we see boats loading gypsum, a powdery aggregate which attains its Biblical whiteness only in the form of wallboard.

"Why, we used to carve that stuff as kids. Put it on a lathe, it sure turns nice."

Landmarks induce/elicite daydreaming -- hearkened by the mere conjuring of a name -- Alabaster, the gypsum port.

ROGERS CITY

Ice on deck this morning. Four Steel Trust boats are ahead of us in the loading order, so Cap touches the dock to let us off, then goes out again and anchors. The boat follows its anchor around, smoothing a sickle-shape amid the waves' geometry.

We walk along the beach to a clean little town. In the background we hear the din of loading stone, an economic reminder.

The water used in the stone-crusher returns whitened to the lake; it tastes chalky, feels thick and gritty. The landscape seems foreign: pines and low brush have grown from rocky quarry tailings, not soil. No ground animals, only birds.

SECOND COOK

The Steward is disconsolate over the firing of his second cook; he lost a drinking partner. Porters have had to serve the last two meals. The new cook seems to know the shore line well: "Yes, I've been there before.

"Used to be an engineer. I took the easy way."

"Why one time I took off five months and fucked clear across the country. I saw some things. I had myself a ball."

"Somedays I'd just take off. There's some beautiful country up there. One morning -- we'd hiked two days -- there it was, big Norway, mist, deer down in a valley, just a beautiful picture, right there in front of us. I'll always remember that."

Can't stand it at home with the old lady, not even anybody to play with."

SECOND COOK

"I'm like you, just a drifter."

"I don't care where I'm at, as long as I'm with all right guys. But him! Why he can't even carry on an intelligent conversation. What has he seen?"

"My old man was getting old and one time I was joshing him about it. He looked hard at me and said: 'Just remember this: your time's coming too.' I thought alot about that, still do."

ADVICE

The First Assistant learns I have a degree: "Then quick get the fuck off before you get lost like alot of us did."

Sunlight reflected off the water pains the eyes; there's no green here. *Look on skin to ease the glare.*

The salt-water oiler recommends: "Never ship a Jap tanker. So automated you stand your watch alone, staring at a wall."

Former penitentiary inmate: "Hell, prisons. Only kind of atonement that means anything is self-atonement."

What invites me to try steamboating? Shall I appropriate its past? *Do things before you're ready.*

SOUNDINGS

The fighting deckwatch missed the boat a second time; he has been chasing us from Toledo. The Captain asks him, "How was the commutin'?"

Mate: "Yeah, where's your lunch bucket?"

The student deckhand exclaims, "Look at all this water! Those French priests sure had balls." The cagey cook corrects him. "You forgot the Indians -- They were here first."

The conveyorman's helper asks me about my feet: "Size fourteen! My, you have considerable understanding."

MACKINAC STRAITS - 'big-turtle-at'

Before morning, the water seems to dip between us and another ship. The illusion evaporates at dawn.

We smell pine before sighting the Upper Peninsula. Pines show black against the gray sky. Still visible, up north, our glacial history.

The Mate throws overboard a water-filled bottle. In the sun, tumbling like an Indian club, it scribes an arc. The whole crew is out to watch the bridge. *Why do bridges fascinate the poets?*

Deck Department

Master
 First mate
 Second mate
 Third mate
 Boatswain
 Wheelsman (3)
 Watchman (3)
 Deckwatch (3)
 Deckhand (3)

Engine Department

Chief engineer
 First assistant
 Second assistant
 Third assistant
 Oiler (3)
 Fireman (3)
 Wiper (2)

Limbo

Conveyorman
 Assistant conveyorman
 Gateman (2)

Steward's department

Steward
 Second cook
 Porter (3)

Deck department

Elfin, half-deaf jester.
 Funny Norske.
 Cross on deck, mild on bridge.
 Ponderous fuddy-duddy.
 Looks like Faulkner.
 Czech saving for an abstraction.
 Serene working, splenetic offwatch.
 Dubliner.
 Former oil-rigger.
 Swede.
 Gentle UP fisherman.
 Troubled.
 Tells actual jokes.
 Arab dandy, works with aplomb.
 Kentucky college kid.
 No salient features.
 Me.

Engine department

Never goes below.
 Handsome, angry man.
 Competent.
 Incoherent sourpuss.
 Punch-drunk.
 Wife-sore.
 Transient.
 Pops.
 Rheumatic democrat.
 Affable Arab.
 Vietnam vet.
 Former camel driver.

Limbo

Supple hands.
 Humorous French Canadian.
 Former coal miner.
 Babbler.

Steward's department

Vast, slithery man.
 Best monologist
 Glib weasel.
 Invisible.
 Colonel, ret.

LAYOUT

The deck department, the conveyormen and gatemen are housed forward. The engine department and steward's department are housed aft.

The Mate's Locker is located forward and below; it serves as a card and TV room as well as a cache for supplies: Rough Service light bulbs, light globes, grease solvent, hand soap, detergent, sougee (lye soap), TP, pine oil, cleanser, insect killer, scrub brushes, buckets (*not* pails), mops, brooms, dustpans, shovels, hoses, rags, dixie cups, water jugs.

The Tarp and Line Room, also forward and below, stores the tarps which are used to cover the hatches in winter, those used as summer awnings, every kind of line and block and spools of various wire cable.

Adjacent to the Tarp Room is the Paint Locker; its door is weighted like a medieval gate. The sign outside it reads:
STEAM SMOTHERING APPARATUS VALVE ABOVE DECK

LAYOUT

In the Windlass Room, the anchor winches hiss, whose heat helps to dry laundry. Two wringer washers churn in the corner.
DO NOT EXTEND HEAD BEYOND PORTHOLE

The Mate's Room contains a big canopy bed, an air-conditioner and oak paneling, wearing at the edge to an acorn's natural luster.

The Messroom and Galley are aft. Between meals the icebox is open; twenty-four hour coffee. The Engine Room and Firehole are aft and below. The life boats are above the galley, on the boat deck.

The cargo holds lie between the forward and after cabins. We haul 10,000 tons of stone.

PILOTHOUSE

The Mate calls me to relieve the unsteady wheelsman; he's fourteen degrees off. The pilothouse is dominated by the big wooden spoked wheel, gyrocompass and magnetic compass. Other accessories include: range-finder, ship-to-shore radio, windspeed gauge, charts, triangles, compass, ticking tachometer, speaking tube, engine room telegraph, intercom box, power quadrant, bow-thruster (device which propels the bow right or left), quadrant, binoculars, rudder angle indicator. The wheelsman, by convention, must repeat each course change.

Mate: "Some engineers! That buoy's out of place. Fix on that striped smokestack."

"Coming round on the smokestack."

The gyro is confusing to me: *steer right, and it seems to swing left*: "Watch the needle, son, not the dial."

ON THE LAKE

In open water, it's as if we are suspended in a traveling frame. Nobody shaves, wears glasses or teeth. Old-timers abandon their watches and figure hours out-from-the-dock, give-or-take-some. We're sufficient like an island: until we return for replenishment, we're forgotten by land.

On a long run, everyone gets to cleaning and runs out of smokes. Arabs beat and wash their beautiful rugs. Parkas drying: *scaregulls*.

The linen change occurs about once a week, provided that we catch the laundry boat. My bunkmate knots his sheet corners, penitentiary style.

Sign near the clothesline: TAKE DOWN DRY ONES! *They're all mine.*

Lying in my bunk, I listened to the rain on the water. And wake to a wet-wool smell.

THROUGH A PORTHOLE

The natural decency of things:

Drying towels,
Precious photographs,
A chair from home,
A makeshift writing desk,
A ship chandler's calendar,
The smell of raingear,
Crinkled magazines,
Worn linoleum paths.

MILWAUKEE - 'good land'

As in the country, pancakes are hotcakes; lunch is dinner; dinner is supper.

On steak night, the gouty watchman propounds at table: "You can eat with my fucking, but you can't fuck with my eating."

The bearded deckhand complains to the porter about weevils in the Grape Nuts.

"How can you tell?"

"Grape Nuts don't move."

The Arab gateman scrutinizes the chalkboard menu for a long minute: Lamb, pork, rice, macaroni, wax beans, strawberry shortcake. He strokes his jaw and firmly enunciates, "Beef and potatoes."

The taste of honey in certain fruits and teas -- *maybe tastes, like colors, reduce to a few primaries.*

LANDING

The winches are warmed up and in gear. The Mate hollers, "Twenty-four" (feet from the dock), and the deckwatch swings out in the landing chair. I go next. Lines are thrown, cables payed out and secured ashore. Cap is coming fast. With a full head of steam on winches two and four, we brake just shy of the shallows. Spectators on the beach are impressed. The crew's station wagon wives are waiting.

What seems like the entire crew jumps at the ladder -- 'channel fever'. They seethe uptown: "Gonna give her a full turn tonight."

We stay, unloading noisy stone. The machinery roar absorbs thought.

COLLAGE

The long-time porters assume a fussiness unbecoming to a man: their gestures lose authority.

Cement boats unload beside us. The reserved watchman observes: "You have to rinse them down quick, or you get a sidewalk on deck."

'Sandsuckers', boats which pump up sand from the lake bottom, sit offshore. The Mate winces: "Some business: selling free cargo."

The 'Fourth Mate', the cantakerous wheelsman, sunburned his tattooed lady: "She burns! Oh, she burns!"

CHICAGO - 'onion place'

From the Lake, the lights spread wide at night. The city is entangled in fog. Buildings hang as if suspended. The fog delineates, and not diffuses the edge of grain elevators.

The river winds, creating industrial peninsulas; we circumvent each scene. Old structures used to front the river; now river traffic faces their backsides.

The paper says Chicago dams keep out the Lake, reversing the river's direction. But the Lake, '*le lac des eaux puyantes*', too needs protection: stinking waters.

In the city heat, I sleep on the boatdeck. Splashed awake by steam droplets, I shift with the wind.

BRIDGES

Fixed

- Span
- Arch
- Suspension
- Cantilever

Draw

- Swing (turnstile)
- Bascule (jackknife)
- Vertical lift

During 'bridge hour', during shore rush-hour traffic, the only time when a bridge has not to open for vessels, we tie up and wait. We read off the names on cars of long coal trains: mainly *Pennsy*.

DELAY

The loading rig breaks down, and the repair crew comes straight from another job. They eat the night lunch. *There are three kinds of tiredness: of hunger (Xenophon's word), of sleeplessness and from mere frustration of energy.* Tired bodies loosen; tired faces become drawn.

The fuel barge comes alongside to bunker coal. The fine grade, 'bag dust', blows through portholes, screens and pores. May flies, nicknamed 'Canadian soldiers', swarm and crackle underfoot, lubricating the deck. "Damn bugs!"

It's those pesticides. Used to be birds following us all the time."

Steamboating: ash-in-hair, coal-in-pores, grease-all-over.

MORE SOUNDINGS

Seamen call a bow-thruster, which obviates the use of a tug at the bow, a 'tug-fucker'.

Barmaid: "I know, out there all you talk about is pussy; and here all you talk about is work."

Irish wheelsman: "Green beer makes you shit uphill, going against the wind."

Renegade wheelsman: "Bemidji, Minnesota. That's God's country up there."

Second cook: "Then this here must be the Devil's."

The Mate is shrewd, like a coach, in calling the deckhand Sonny. Hackles up, he works harder.

POLLUTION

Steward: "No more plastic cups. Abolished by the head office. They floated everywhere."

Second cook: "But they were the dandiest thing for keeping coffee hot."

Two steelworkers scoop up heavy iron ore pellets (taconite) on the dock. One lofts it over two sets of railroad tracks. The other shoves it into the river.

DECKWATCH

"I never should have married my third wife; I should have pimped for her."

"She loved me like a giraffe: all neck and no tail."

"13,000 daisies can't be wrong. She loves me."

"Where is it?"

"It's in the sand."

"Put it in . . .

put it back in the sand."

MUSKEGON - 'swamp-at'

After riding the Michigan swell, land feels like dismounting a horse.

Dunes: "conical hills of loose sand, that are changing their forms and position during every gale of wind; and in some places, present a few poplars, pines or hemlocks."

--H.R. Schoolcraft

Dunes mark the start of pine barrens, which are now barren of pine.

An ideal harbor is obscured by factory smoke. It's strange to see laid-up a boat I shipped last year: the flow of groceries, crew and fuel stopped. Her anchor chains hang down at bow and stern. Mooring wires loosely crisscross to the spiles ashore. The pilothouse towers forlorn. We painted her for nothing, but pay. The shaffy watchman remembers: "I was born when she came down the ways. Fired her once; hell, I was just a kid."

SHORETIME

The conveyorman died ashore of a heart attack. "Not twenty minutes after he and his wife checked into the hotel."

"Here today, gone today."

"Just another dead man, that's all."

"No wonder, old man like that, working down that hellhole. He told that kid last week: 'Don't ever come down here, boy; it's hell down there.'"

"Just bought a new house, too."

LAKE MICHIGAN - 'big lake'

We sit on a bench forward, watching the deck flex and the after end bounce in the Michigan swell.

A bank of smoke hangs in the air long after the railroad ferry passes, as if, by smoke, they are mapping while they go.

Before telling a story an old-timer prefaces it by reciting the place and gauging the date of its setting: *fact wends to imaginative needs*.

Upstate boys ply steamboating for a mortgage:

"How long you be on?"

"Long enough to get married on."

The crew distinguishes between two identical names by adding titles: John the Watchman, John the Wheelsman.

BOSUN

"I've just got four bosses, to your fourteen."

While fixing the spraygun, the rotted hose breaks again. paint all over. Repeat. Repeat. He gets mad and somehow breaks a tooth. Then he cackles: "You gotta have a sense of humor aboard these things."

"Have a beer. You gotta do something aboard these steamboats."

CHIEF

Steward: "Look now, we've got a Section Eight. Hey Chief, he a relative of yours?"

"Hell, all my relatives are living. Jesis Christ, I could jack off a better man."

"You can't put a shit-can out back nowadays without having it all taxed to hell."

"Never paid state tax the last ten years. Just keep giving 'em addresses. They call my sister and want to know where I'm at. She says Delaware, maybe Venezuela, or how is she supposed to keep track, doesn't know. And half the time she don't."

STEWARD

"Boy of mine hurt bad in a motorcycle accident. He's just a city kid. Doesn't know how to take care of himself."

When he overhears the rookie mate dressing down a deckhand:

"What's he know? Listen to him now! Man don't learn to swear until he's past fifty."

"Her five, to his six; eleven marriages between them."

"Every year you get stupider and stupider."

"Give me an Arab porter every time. Sober and steady."

SLEEPING BEAR DUNES

The wind makes monocrystal sand, ideal for foundry molds. The dunes are preserved here, but those at Grand Haven are diminishing.

Late one August, near Charlevoix, beneath an imposing dune, I found a fist-thick sheet of ice.

Bunkmate: "Can I borrow your toothbrush?"

Yachts lean under sail; wallow under power.

What you miss: alleys, land animals, wood, clay, brick, walks, small purchases, private space.

MANITOU ISLANDS - 'spirit'

Spirit Used with natural features, especially lakes, and sometimes transferred to habitations. It is regularly a translation of some Indian term, which implied that there was something, holy, uncanny, or haunted, and it is sometimes used for a place . . .

--George R. Steward

American Place-Names

True to their reputation, the islands are 'looming'. They were formerly a refueling stop for steamboats 'wooding up.'

Gulls float in the updraft behind the coaming for minutes without beating their wings. *The crescent of the moon in the wing of the gull.*

PAYDAY

The Arab fireman asks the Mate for his scheck. "What! You wanna shack up?"

"How many camels you buy with scheck?"

"You take me Arabia, buy many waves, young girls, too, eh, camel jockey?"

The Arab deckwatch sighs, "We learn nothing from sailor talk."

The dirty gateman rails, "All they want's your time."

SECOND COOK

"I worked for a man -- oh, he was all right -- but his wife was in it, too. I finally quit, couldn't take her any longer. Then one day in the office I ordered myself a beer, and she came in and sat next to me, started jabbering. I picked up my beer and went down to the other end. 'What's the matter with him?' she asked the guy tending bar. I had mine ready; I said, 'I put up with your bull-shit when I was working for you, but I don't have to listen to it now.'

"The bartender thought that was about the best he ever heard. They remember those things up there. Later I went back and worked for her husband, but, you know, she never gave me trouble."

"My dad never'd hire a man who didn't cut right. Wouldn't have a logging crew of his leave a candy wrapper in the woods. Tell me he didn't know something."

"Come up this winter and bring a saw."

SECOND COOK

"One guy had some thing about Marx, couldn't work with any man. They had to find him a stand way off somewhere. He went out in the woods for a year at a time. They took him his groceries. Once a year he came to town, banked his money -- I don't know what he ever did with it -- bought a few things, and within three hours he was back, ready for another year."

"Let me tell you about self-sufficiency. Stayed with a fellow up in Canada. Indian wife, two kids. Went to town but twice a year for staples and like that. Made his own gravity tank for running water, everything. Oh, it was nice. Wife served him, the oldest boy and me separate: Indian ways. Oh, I didn't want to leave there. Pastured his cows right in the fields; didn't need any manure spreader."

"Next season is definitely my last. And I'm never going south of Alpena again, goddamnit!"

"Last year I got to settin'"

WHAT MADE MICHIGAN

White pine
iron ore
limestone
copper
gypsum
cement
gravel
sand
salt
water

And manitou is fled.

DRUMMOND ISLAND

"Used to be a British fort here. Major, I think it was, Drummond."

Drummond dolomite is a limestone used in open-hearth furnaces for steel-making. A whiter stone is used in the newer basic oxygen furnaces.

Layers of green and blue and gray succeed the other in the sky before dawn. The space of de Tour Passage dwarfs the almost constant parade of ships.

In a secluded cove, shorebirds stand wary on the bar; herons balance on one leg; gulls wheel and dive and fish. They tolerate

my swim.

CAPTAIN

"The Old Man's a regular joe, not like some; he knows how to talk to a man. Why, you can't walk down but one side of the deck on some boats; they save the other for the captain's side. On a few salty dogs they still care about things like that. In the messroom, the forward end faces forward; the after end faces aft. Me? I wouldn't sit at the Captain's table, even if I were Captain."

I sit musing on a hatch. Cap passes me, then he turns around and queries, "Is it that bad?"

He sees me writing a letter: "Write one for me, too, eh?"

"How's she floating, Cap?"

"Off the bottom."

RECREATION

I count six TV antennas over the after, five over the forward end. "Tell the Mate to get off that radio; there's a big ball-game on."

I am caught reading Emerson: "Are you a spiritualist?"

"You'll get so intelligent readin' that stuff, nobody'll talk to you."

The messroom stools are atop the table for cleaning.

"Pull down a chair and sit up."

The Czech wheelsman gets and sends more mail than all the rest of us.

My notebook is fifth hand in a card game. These traveling books will fix when I do.

CRISIS

The 'hippie deckwatch' was fired for fighting.

The second cook up and quit. He seemed bothered by the death and leaving property untended. My position seems anomalous with nobody to talk to. *Is coal in pores my residue of experience?*

The cook was somehow sounder than the rest. *Because of land roots?* If so, I may as well get off.

TECHNICAL

Bosun: "No, hand me that C&M; those Wright come-alongs are for shit." *Come-along*: a ratchet and chain device used for hoisting or pulling (hence, come-along); also, *chain-puller*.

In splicing rope, turn the strands against the twist; with wire, turn with the twist.

"That salt-water oiler knows when the ballast tanks are topped. He don't need any sounding; he listens to his pumps."

When passing an oncoming ship: "Throw wheel into her when you meet her bows. Then hard away when you meet her midships."

Seamen wave to seamen with both arms up.

Two men are scything weeds ashore. The old man, working steadily, cradles his shoulders, holding his arms straight. The young man, working in spurts, crooks his elbows.

SARNIA

The lights of cracking plants show as skyscrapers: Refinery City.

"Seems like every time we pass this place it storms." Afternoons around the Lakes are high-pressure in summer, low-pressure in winter.

From the lush look of gardens on the port side, a born Canadian thinks aloud, "They lead a slower and, I think, a fuller life." Gross riverhomes jam the starboard side.

"Used to be we'd salute the tired captains along this stretch. Guess they've all died off."

Our wake is smaller than any Chris-Craft's. Our engine quieter.

WALPOLE ISLAND

This island is a Canadian possession, but is held as Indian reservation land, though the Indians themselves once had home in Michigan.

The channel has been cut successively to allow access to the largest ships.

A large part of the island lies low to the water, unobstructed, with the exception of power lines and navigational markers, by the works of man. Let Canada defend this land-experience.

Boys defy the whine of outboards and pole a puntboat through high-waving reeds. Boys pretend the cut's not there.

ST. CLAIR FLATS

Some famous decoys, 'Michigan longnecks', here were shot over. Their carriage is raised and head alert, as if to peer over the choppy shallow waves of the area. *Shapes that fall to the hand, in eyeful forms please the mind.*

"In the middle of the strait, and about two miles above the city, is a superb island. I could have wished they had called it by another name than *Hog* island."

--Thomas L. McKenney
Detroit, June 21, 1826

DETROIT - Ambassador Bridge

Strange having to pass by where it's close enough to swim. Water spells us onward.

I've made a circuit of the hand, of lower Michigan.

Persons on the bridge wave down at us. Perhaps Detroiters wish, as we wish, to be where they are not.

The mailboat starts out. Mail reminds us of the land, on
which we all depend, where things are born, grow up and die.
I think I'll give the Mate my notice. Getting off in Cleveland.

PHILIP R. ST. CLAIR

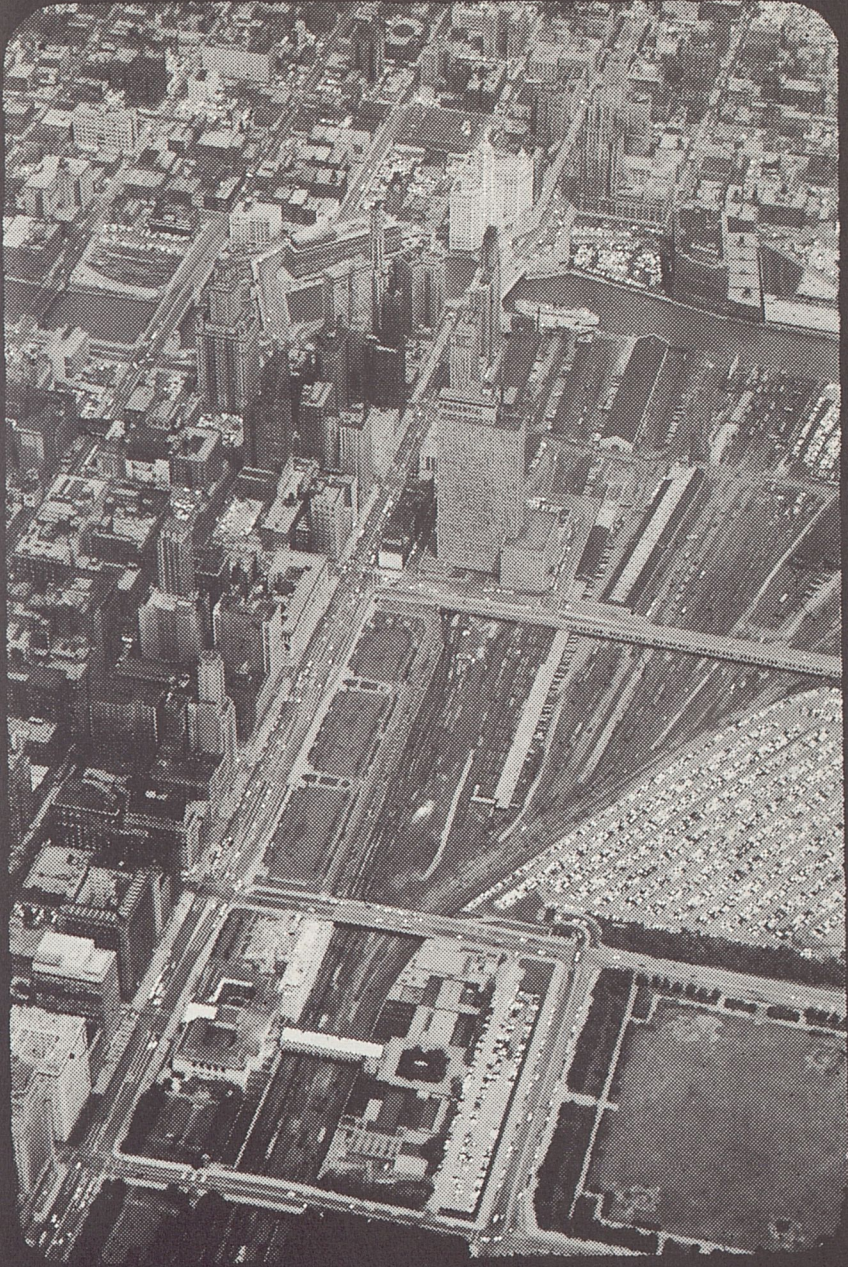
12/31/71

The trunk of the light-stricken oak
tree bent back reedlike, all to catch
wind and roll it up the shatter

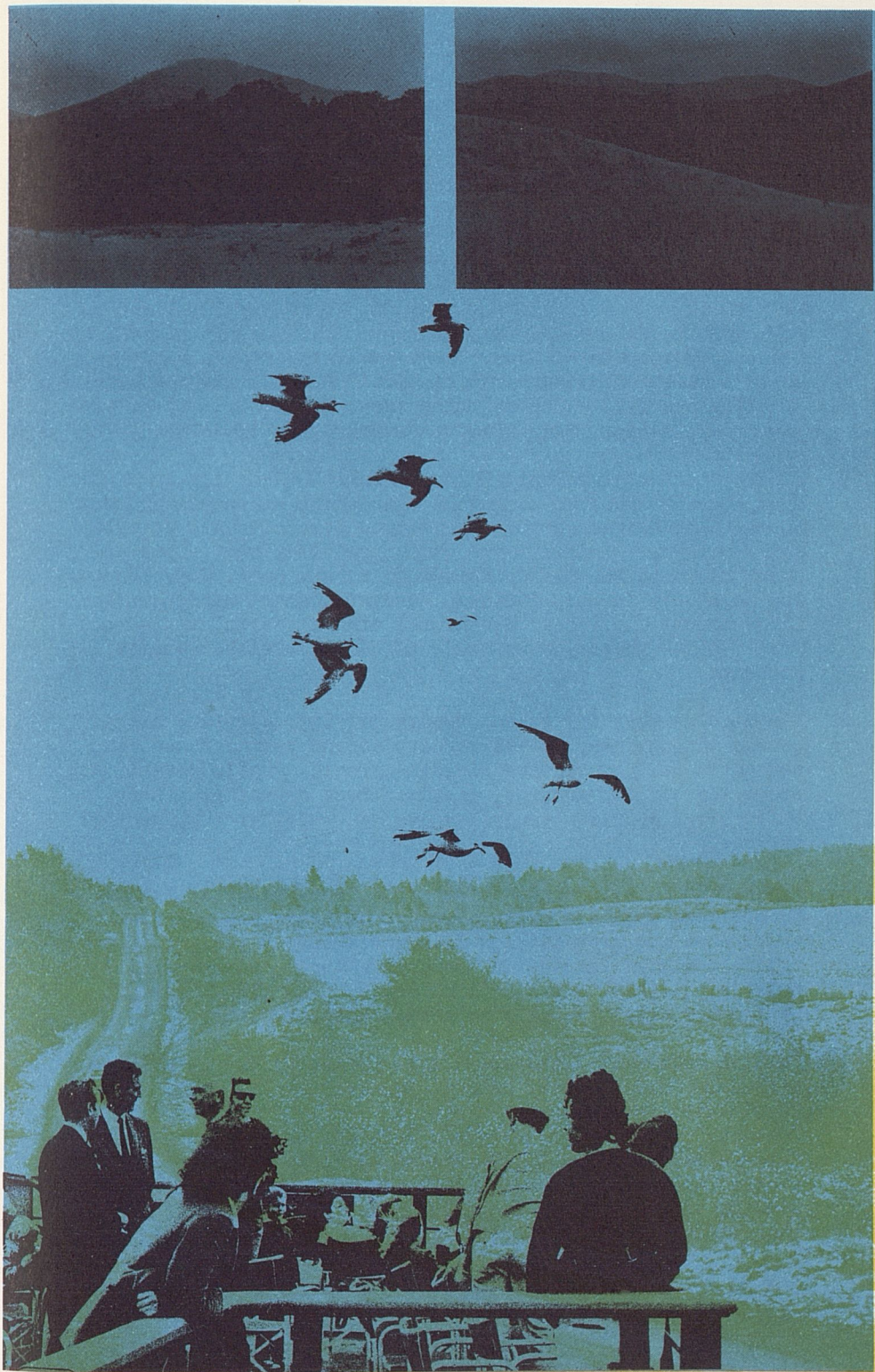
of itself, a harp, a harp, to carve
a sond

from the wind
that came through the roughened mountain

passes molded and tuned in a subtle
pattern formed; reverberating,
as light
streaming from sunset flares out, radiated
and is defined, defines.







CHARLES MURPHY: Ten Notes on *The Alaskan Anti-gravity Film*

1. Image root: Eskimo. Minneapolis, Minnesota on the Mississippi. Lake of the Wood, Minnesota - northernmost tip of continental United States. Continental Polar air masses. Superior Upland Plateau. Local mythology attributes the Kensington Ruin Stone to the Vikings.
2. Tundra: Image root. Dwarfism (of vegetation). Tundra as Plain. Brilliant flowers in summer. Brilliant flowers, voracious insects. Treeless. Elevation/Latitude. Up and Away.
3. Albedo. Overexposure. Snow albedo reflects energy. Overexposes into colorlessness. White as all colors. White as reflecting energy. White as transparent celluloid - clear projector eye shines. Snow blindness. Northern Lights.
4. TRAVEL. And anthropological documentaries. What can one see from a car window? We go North, into North Minneapolis, never having been to the North Side before. Streetlights, street-signs pass car windows. We look for peculiarities. Same as south Minneapolis. Disappointed? We return home. City: South: low to middle income, Indians, students/ West: richer area, large homes, The Lakes/ Northeast: ethnic ghetto, restaurants/ North: black ghetto, some students/ Southeast: University, students.
5. TRAVEL. One must fly to the tundra. Flying: airplane arises breaks through sky, breaks through second earth. A new sky, new earth surface becomes clouds - Arctic. Arctic desert lies above the cities, suburbs, fields. Trees cannot grow here. White cloud mountain ranges, above us - another sky, another surface.
6. Alaskan Coat. Air Force Winter Parka. (not the fake kind). He mentions that his coat is *wolverine* trim, the only fur which does not grow icicles from one's breath. Principle of Eskimo clothes: fur inside, toward the body, tanned side outside - (space) - tanned side inside, fur side outside toward the cold. We also call them Monster Coats.
7. "Arctic Hysteria" - the repetition of one phrase or gesture picked up from a nearby person, repeated until one is completely exhausted.
"Wendigo" - (Interior subarctic Indians) people who have eaten human flesh emulate frenzies of flesh-eating Giant. (Note: the *Thing* - a horror film concerning the Arctic landing of a Plant-Man in a flying saucer/ terrorizes weather station). Monster Coat.

8. Glaciation. Picture in the *Science Digest* of ice approaching New York City. "Will the Glaciers Return?" On very cold days (last weekend chill factor -74°) ice begins to form on the *insides* of our windows. The glaciers are getting a foothold! I am afraid of the ice in the bathroom as if it was some kind of intelligent growing thing (*The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*: many years ago made me afraid to go to the bathroom during the commercials). Recently unglaciated areas, such as Minnesota, are referred to as "young" landscapes. Their drainage systems are also called "deranged." Characterized by no fixed system, many swamps and lakes.
9. Gravitation. One weighs one pound less at the North Pole than he does at the Equator. North and Up. Up and off. Prince of Wales Island, the North Magnetic Pole. The divergence of the North Pole and the North Magnetic Pole. Pole reversals.
10. Films shot will be shown backwards and upside down. Everything will fall up. Cameras freeze up in winter. Ideas are subject to freeze-thaw. Dead bodies are removed through the skylight or through a hole in the wall in the belief that they try to re-enter through the doorways they are taken out of. Melies' North Pole film, featuring himself as Admiral Peary/also constructed for the film a huge Snow Creature which it took twenty men behind stage to manipulate.)

The Ice



G. MURPHY





KANSAS MISSOURI

JIM McCRARY

ECLIPSE

Lecompton, Kansas
Lat 39° 03"

I- It is dispare i see
 pure white
 crackling
rolling north to the river
a vision of lonesome beauty.

The black earth island this house stands on
 disappears as snow blows in
 covers a trail i left for her
 in obvious horror.

In this minute i hear sirens
 they travel as waves from a distant city
 that fear on this hill
 invisible.

It too rolls north with the land
 to the river
rises 300 feet and empties into woody field
empties into steel blue horizon of zero degrees.

Free from it i sit
 feel the fires warmth
 watch flames dance inside an old stove
 contained.

Yet it returns at dusk
i go out into the wind to chop a nights wood
look across infinite brown 2 miles west
 where sun lies behind hedge row
 see that sun set as pacific in kansas
 as on the ocean i know is just beyond
 those trees.

The ax cracks violently into the oak
 and i pray to god for his spark
see myself in a vision of helplessness
stars falling into a gourd i hold.

The seed is sown in my flame
 the vision is proof.

Black night comes in a change of wind
 and ancient is the fear
so to the comfort of a flame
 ancient...
 timeless...

2/9/71

II- Earth prepares for a darkness
snow runs off terraced land to the pond.
Earth prepares herself
 and so have we
all is uncovered now
naked...muddy above
 frozen skin of mid-winter below.

It is february...
there is no reason for a thaw
except what magic comes
as sun and moon align.

We are between them...
in the midst of their ritual
we begin ours
in time with the univers.

I sit and watch it all
all life which moves about me
and is visible.
This is the signal for her return
she is here now
her eyes pained in celebration
of some unknown rite.

She has come...
takes all which was mine
fills the glass windows
shuts out everything
substitutes her act for mine.

She returns and that does not confuse
or hinder me.
She returns and demands of me all she left
all i have controlled in her absence
flies between us.
It is the simplicity of our life
that lets me feel her pull back
what she left.

And she is welcome...
i observe as she applies each piece
of a magical costume
layers of satin silk feather and lace
combined with patience and instinct.
By sundown we have re-assumed our place
quietly allow the cloudy light to cover us.

We speak no words
cannot answer coyotes call
and yet each thought we pass
moves through his soul
blessed by that power
man cannot reach.
(that strength owl can give to deer
gliding off at dawn to rest)

All this i feel
but there is no way to speak it
her eyes block and freeze...
those talismans drawn for the corner of her eye
shield and protect.
I reach for the night outside
and smash against unseen walls.
The room is black
this body is dieing

A song rises with my soul
and it dies
buried in silence.
Sleep moves closer
dreams of insane torture swirl
black waves in night river.

Now the thirteen men john created
in his private orient
are sent south
enter the room i dream in and sing to me
a song he placed in them
I wake up and discover her next to me
see through the dark that each design is smeared
that power faded and i enter her.

The violence of our love
matches the wind
which nothing on this hill can break.

Our voices scream
we strike hard against it
yet that wind enters us
strips the natural heat
we create with love.

It is broken now and we fill each other
all we have held comes out
in that instant before climax
empties all the univers we contain

...and we lay
vibrating
(it has come to that)
beneath signs woven in a satin canopy.

III- Our small part in this passes
and from the night comes eternal magic
we move blinded from our lair
into dark rooms
waiting in silence for the change.
The spirits of this house join us
we see them move between the rooms
...a young man blond...
...a woman her face covered with lace...
together they move through the dust
while beyond the windows
clouds
black spirits
fly across the sky
harrass the moon.
What they come for i dont yet know
or why i see them.
This house more than 100 years old
holds much of kansas in it
past movements of sun earth and moon
as memories...
dark scenes of abolition raid
blood staining winter wheat
invisible in that past shadow.

So now those spirits enter us
come with us out into the night
of beautiful black terror
out into the night of pearl.

We are pulled at once
by this tremendous force
which moves all water.

Bitter cold entraps us
quickly i go back and bring
hot coals and the words of shiconncook
"red man build little fire...sit close..."
he is with us always
tonight he is close.

The small circle of flame reaches up
wraps around us as a father would.

We sit heads bowed in ignorance
of what passes above us.
Our fingers entwine
the heat dances through our heads
and it begins.

Earth in the midst of her sleep
rolls over onto her moon.

3.47 CST

Moon before its death
reflects earth white
echoes coyotes voice...

200

IV. The keeping still is over
wind comes up
dog yelps
and the night is uncovered.

This system rolls on
speeding in six directions at once.
Our small part changes nothing.

We go on with only the knowledge
of instant alignment
go on in this infinity of confusion.

Surely it is a dance
and in this moment
we moved as one.



BILL BERKOWITZ

The sky tonight is
kansas.

I

Phone rings at nine
in the morning. Not an
unpleasant sound juxtaposed
against broken down diving
boards & olympic swim club kids
splashing water in flight.
i dont remember what was said.
Sure enough it was sheila. &
sure i was glad to hear her
voice.
& beyond that it is unclear.
Yet the sky tonight is kansas.

II

i once sat in the laundrymat
at 5am & looked thru the window
into the sky. It was sky as i
knew sky. & i remembered
sheila saying colors to me. & i
looked & there they were.
Sure as shit
they were all there. & i celebrated
the discovery

(with words.

that was a good morning.

III

'thats the biggest sky we got'
& i was seeing the kansas co-op
& wondering what THAT was. &
years later i said
'its a big sky alright'
& laughed at the impression of
sentence and response.

Can i be telling the truth.

IV

grey is not unusual. that is, the usual
pollution grey. the hardhatted grey that
covers tops of buildings (there is NO
sky. & subway halls.

It has to be more than
mere recollection. Its something
that lives in children & dies as they
emerge INSIDE of it.

(hoping they LEAVE

the INSIDE.

V
ive always wanted to draw. That
which is inside/outside together.
Properly placed & meaning permanence.
the sky was blue directly. trees were
balloons (that i loved looking at.
& suns were the greatest crayon dreams.
round with pointed lights forming
ozs to follow everywhere.
& for children dreams are life mergings.
(there can be no separation.

VI
i wonder how many greys there are.
i laughed at trees that werent
lollypops. not understanding the one
to one relationship of eye & hand.
it doesnt all come back NOW. rather
it ceases to remind me of that relationship
i know the sun is pointed. the clouds
are colored multidreams. & the rays that
we see are roads to travel.

VII
The sky tonight is kansas.
A dripping of what there is
for everything -- that is what we
receive. & we can play with the colors 'i see
grape & cherry' -- 'lemonade & violet' & the
possibilities are all there
for us to see & feel. & thats
the biggest high we got.

SONG FOR KANSAS DANCE

ELECTRICITY ELECTRICITY
ELECTRIC CITY ELECTRIC NIGHT
mantra for lawrence of us all

ELECTRICITY ELECTRICITY
ELECTRIC CITY ELECTRIC NIGHT
doing that high/energy/boogie

it finds itself smashing.
it finds itself tracing
the light of the forest.
in bodies of one space.

BRINGING THE DANCE TOO GATHER
OUR SEPARATE BODIES UNITE
BRINGING IT HOME TOO GATHER
TRIBAL UNION FOR NIGHT

it was righteous there.
exploding barn/porch/house
in bandspirit force
of people to/gether.

indian history laughing
& drumming. swelling the plain.
heart of loving/living. we
now sharing that range.

THE POWER OF LIKENESS
OF DIFFERENCE IN SAMENESS
IS UNITY OF DREAM
WE GATHER AS ONE

too gather in fields
abandoned together.
sweating & giving with love
we are able. reaching & holding
the force of our power.

WE FIGHT TOGETHER TO DANCE
AS OUR RHYTHMS ARE SET FREE
TOWARDS THE HIGH KANSAS SKY

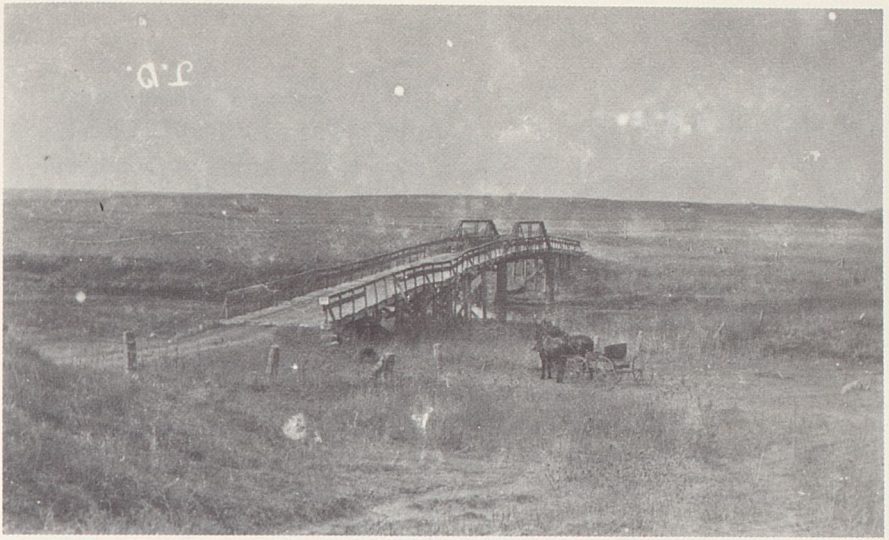
HERB WILLIAMS

That Space Called Kansas

Kansas
 that space
between my head
ground-zero and
earth

can-
 cez
grow grass plain
land of
 flat
 western
 stretches
eastward
holds fast hills
me
the ground
and many loves

1-11-70



PAUL KAHN

Hawk

The hawk is my friend. Though it takes off
as I approach, it guides my car,
green dot before a dustcloud
from the air,
as I head for town each day. It flies
low along the road
then crosses over south as I turn
up to cross the river.

It waits upon a fence post or in limbs
of oak or elm, turns its bright
tail & lays a wingspread on the air,
glides
across my windshield vision.

- Like a hawk, silent
moving eye, still glide
across the shifting cloudface
red horizon
of a dawn or sunset, touching
winter crowns of empty branches
with a claw, preening beak
to wing.
& off again.

- is my friend : the sudden
beat of wings in dreams,
horn-beak scream.

I walk
the trails
of air,
I walk
the air
with a sharp eye.

Hawk's Song

Late Autumn Rain

Day of cold & windy rain
I awoke to when an owl trounced
about my window gutter -

came down the narrow
stairs to first real cold, slipped
my hand around a coffee cup.

The end of autumn
begins with death. Freezing rain
runs down the pink edged
windowglass of this
one heated room.

The weather & the place
I see the weather from ; the cold
& the warm places where the cold
is felt ; the walls that keep the wind out -

How did the Sioux, the Kansa survive these days?

 Wrapped
in buffalo robes, the young men
burning themselves with sunflower
seeds to prove their strength,
the women sheltering children
under arms & between their legs -

Warm places like these :

 Some madman did this farmhouse
in silver, pink, and white, one gas heater
in the northeast corner, a telephone to the west,

 a rocking chair on ratty rugs.

I listen to the heavy breath of burning gas
& rainsmears on the window.

Who were the Sioux, the Kansa?

 Autumn began with death, the days when
air & water drew strange voices from
remaining leaves of cottonwood.

 The dead & those who watched them die -

They kept the fire going
in the hearts of logs
where the rain could not touch it.

My Mother Floats In The River

What should I do
to be a man
for you, my love?

I go outside
to burn the trash &
stare the white-eyed

moon. The grass invites me
to sit down &
address you. Do you see

by moonlight
as I fold my legs in emulation
of a tree

& raise my hands? My thoughts
run steaming thru the new-cut fields

in search. I am too free,
my love. I am no man to you.

I look to your body for relief,
then balk at the approach.

Grafted rootless,
I stand beside the flaming
trash. It is eleven. The night
is blotted white full moon.

The trees are still
& silver to the North.

This landscape
is indifferent.

I would have it
moved with wind & heat

& song,
but am unworthy
of such grace.

I do not remember birth.

I see a yellow bathtub filled with water :
the weekend sailboats race out
from Southport, cloth-scrapes on the sky.

- My mother in a bathing cap
afraid to swim. Father dug for clams
by twisting down his heel

in lowtide sand. I watched & hid
beneath the house on stilts.

- I've been a child too long. I've slept
too seldom without light or walls.

Or did my mother see
a sign when she came to? I feel the pain
each time I touch myself. I am too free.

A hawk lives down the road. I've seen him
laze the sunset down

& glide the wind. He swoops upon
the flashing things of earth, is borne
to firefood in morning. Brother Hawk, your wings!

I would make use of them!
I would beat the air & sharp-eyed
seek my mother.

I would dive swiftly -
would eat her belly flashing
in the river, draw fish
& water in this beak,
her silver belly floating
to my eye, burning
to touch lips
seared on the open
womb. The fingers of a stark

bright air unfolding
power to her
child

I am tonight
a spun-off fleck
of larger land.

I seek a means
to find the shore
again.

The river - what of
that? You float
spread-legged upon

your back. I
swim after you -
I can not swim.

More dreams.

& end with budding
of a rootless
stem, who reaches up

without a hold
to ground. The budding
is indefinite :

Upon this hill
my eyes make out
faint lines.

The setting & the
rising place, the way
the weather rolls.

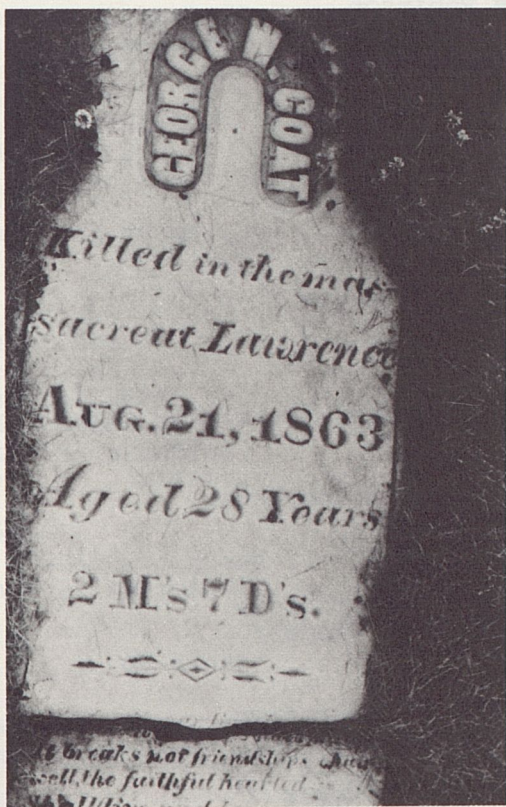
The river falls
below the mound of hills
I send my sight across.

I try to see

the pointers of the earth : your open limbs

"In beauty I walk
With beauty before me I walk
With beauty behind me I walk
With beauty above me I walk
With beauty above & behind me I walk
It is finished in beauty
It is finished in beauty."

Already I distinguish
four shades of turquoise in
the early dawn.



JOHN MORITZ

I

the crossing

the river, almost dry
but the bridge
still a crossing
 that distance
of not wanting to get the feet wet.
where the land falls
along the cottonwoods
 then
locate the river
 kaw
& the town be Lawrence.

her namesake
 Bostonian

Amos A
of the emigrant aid
sent sharps dressed as bibles
for the resistance.

one Dr Charles Robinson
with 29/ers
from Massachusetts
made the crossing.
their movement west
from an angle
 north
intersected at a point
marked - Free State.

that site:
 lat 38.58: long 95.14
the year:
 August 1, 1854

Later Dr Robinson became the states first governor.

at the ford
Sara Robinson observed the Kansa
river Kansa, desperate
& new to contact
abandoned their maize,
 selling trinkets
 along Oregon/
 Santa Fe.

the billboard of acculturation
is the neon over Jackys.
I sit
watching the cowboy swagger
an immigrant injun
 Kickapoo

drinking beer
until he falls
 & some
body telephones a cab
to send him back to Haskell
where he studies electronics
 maybe fix-em TV
 for his OK
 brother, Cherokee
whose mythological oil wells
of a cadillac injun
say well worth the walk from Georgia.

he said his name was Frank
I bought him a draught
took his picture
captured an injuns soul.

did you buy their beads?
did you buy their blankets, Sara?

"the language of the maps shows that the Great American
Desert existed in the records from 1820 until 1858."
Walter Prescott Webb

Dr Robinson built on
 Oread
"good place for a university"
 he said

Sara, facing a sunset
remembered the documents
of New England, imagined
 the Pacific
merged
on a rolling wave of brome.

that field
 her vision
climaxed by the first
ladys at the college
 their social teas
 or appleseed
 & tree planting
 affairs

oak maple
 even evergreen
break waves on the landscape.

II

bottomlander seeking high ground above the river
(rising to song, Monchonsia begins the dance
 the consecration.)

from here the blond cheerleader
cheers

comes on with the come on::

ROCK CHALK/ROCK CHALK

GO JAYHAWKS

so built a saloon
where endless tunes come on
endless and Ill drink to the home
team boys until closing.

1844

he was defined briefly
"cornbeanssquash"
not lasting area as long
as buffalo.

Monchonsia

Kansa, danct this promontory
stone

slow oroborian motion
earth or limestone chip strata
above the two flooded waters

Kaw & Wakarusa

rising

danct the river motion
air & fire surround him

drunk, I dream this injun
dancing

hoopt through the eye of the moon
& all came to know his come on
as Host.

the current takes a rendering
(the bag I see floating
is no secret, is not filled
with visions & songs

but common

parfleche split open
pemmican, tobacco leaf or two
faggot green feathers, the Carolina
swept downstream
a river song.

III

the flame
holds the moment
tite, holds the momenteum
a fact after
Quantrill shooting cocain
as the Eldridge House burns
through his veins
the KU Union roof burns just
burns beautiful

a woman at the hip
reaches up to touch
an Aries moon defines
at her thigh the lite

Fire & vengeance
Lawrence alchemed the occasion
I do not know the reason

except she collects herself by colors
red/yellow/Reichian blues
makes love actually
the act is Plancks violet
most violent

Jagger sings
she comes in colors like a rainbow
lovely fucking spirals
beyond the firetrucks

or sirens
or astro
nauts

continuing...

sparrow/jays
being their crazy morning
mantra at 3am

"the whole question of slavery
depends upon the hemp crop."
thus spoke Senator James Lane

so the point is Lawrence
kid the weed dries in attics
root up or read the gold leaf
letter on the Kaw Valley
HPA matchbook

& match that. Ole John went
to Harpers & Lane took
the RR with him everywhere
went to congress & Robinson
sold his land adjacent
to the Universecity adjacently

but the kids cut it
in August, coins spread
the outlaw fantasy
or cameras give us back
young John or Billy

grinning buck tooth
"easy as shootin' ground
hog" a pigs a pig

while packaging a bundle
for the coast.

O may my child as I am a child
be stolen away by gypsies & taken
to Oz

the word comes
riming
Muthos

timed at the masters lips
chime
chime
chime
a deep breath tuned by the river

O when the word comes
O when the word comes

to get us there
to get us there strait
certainly something to write
home about
or the river when nets are
brought in from banks
of clear imago

Myths & Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, & Plants

"I sow the hemp seed
Hemp seed I sow
He that loves me best
Come after me now."

churchyard maiden
back fence with a moon
to be called upon
steps the dithyramb

brown weed legs
grip the tune
a courting

enter:
man
with a scyth
a swinging
at a phantom
crop
that springs
from her footsteps

IV

& from an old world
emerged a map
Nuevo Mundi with a place
called Quivera by some
or Zosimos domed city
which furnished the Spanish
their trip Northward
(cant separate
man from mount
mouth from iron clad
these were satyrs
who usurpt with godlike proportions

what mysteries ride these winds?
what is the taste of gold burning the eyes?

for One
Cabeza de Vaca
& Estevan (the black skinned a moor
first of Europa
following the cow trails
found more, found his body/spirit
fused by the spacial arc
at the vastness, whole to man
more than metal was this solid
(one act) soldering
the metal man, transmutation glowing
healer & by the nature of, like Estevan
healed others.

but too
the storys all familiar
came Coronado who found a land
only for grapes wrote the king asking
permission to return to New Spain.

at Topeka State
Historical Society an iron blade
rusted (uncovered SW Kansas corner
said to locate the end of a vision.

buffalo shit stacked
waist hi
re/turning

Donde esta la ciudad de oro?

V
Thots one November morning when the fork
discovering the layer (a six inches deep
to be warm & humid.

the truck dumped silage, stopped
beyond the pit, lunch
a new comer
I jumped the clutch
tractor lunged in gear, winter packing
should be fresh beneath the mulch. she brought
a bag of meatloaf sandwiches

her face gathered
tite at the bone by dark lines
solemnity
I guessed
caution but by the retelling, desperate

as the radio rain percentage stacked
thick from the west. row after
row the double row cutter droned
from the deck
postcards she collected, one a buffalo: Black
Hills SD, the tarot

card dealt off the barb wire stretched
that morning on the dew. 180 acres
& the beast

defined by the corral in his lungs
snorting for air hung
on fence posts.

marble

the looking back of

(capsuled

I sit on the stump

that split a stone marked

Mild, dead of a common

date. farmers/shop

keepers awoke to the dawn of their ending

dying, the ground turned

commonly. Wisconsin boys

a stone row, shot running

toward the arsenal

Mild Ackreman

riven by a force

that once growd

the date:

August 23, 1863

20 years

Quantrill raid

all istory

ah! this skeleton, the tale made old

as the substance flows

consumed

to rot, a war at my own time

same to be shot running

looking for a jimson patch.

I sip chianti to keep this

chill away

Mild.

& from the porch

before moon, the reminder

of what has been laid

across this prairie, were peacocks

brought by the landlords brother

as a souvenir

in the tree juxtaposed

with scorpius (lower claw gone in the branches.

I said

they look like vultures (I stood

taking the lesson at the extreme,

one step to gold the SOPHIC

HYDROLITH... first red (mars), then white

green, yellow like a peacocks tail

tale of what passed

on this most back porch

on this most back land.

the lite collecting moths

cri/ckets beyond the radius

we drank

home brew that was bitter
too much yeast was used.

both tan

Herb worked the hay
hauling & bailing
cleaning the pens
feeding the pigs

& Janis

gave Margaret the recipe
for the bread she baked
said shed be baking every
day even in the heat

if it werent for her job in town.

the birds spread the fantasy

like vultures

their feathers fall

at equinox, the eyes sold

at a psychedelic store in town

Poem for the Carolina Parakeet Part I

"The Parakeet does not satisfy itself
with cockle-burs but eats or destroys
almost every kind of fruit indiscriminately."

John James Audobon
Bk of Am Birds

Audobon's gun snapped on the first
day out; on the second
his luck was
much improved
he shot:

seventeen Parakeets
a Yellow Chat
two white throated Finches
a Yellow-rump warbler
among sundry others

but sensed to paint the green ones
chewing cockle-burs.

Part II

"Our attention was attracted by the loud
screaming of green birds."

Hienrich Lienhard
St Louis to Sutter's Ft.

The small are unfelt, the fast
are unseen, & the nocturnal
are unnoticed
but the screamers are always
the first
& by the time of settlement
the Parakeet was already
extinct.

Carolina
fierce for wood
couldn't match ours.
There goes the girl
with green feathers
in her hair.

The Grassland

" The state of nature as it is commonly accepted
is nonexistent. When man first appeared upon the
scene he destroyed such a state, because he pos-
sessed the unique capacity to act with purpose."

James C Malin
The Grassland of N Am

The hint that proposes the Mississippi
implies the Rockies. It's all uphill
from there
& overland
from where

the last deciduous
finger snaps
& the rest keeps time
with the way oak paneling
country westerns radio.

The sign on the
Prairie Schooner Cafe
reminds us of a rhumb line

that follows the hunks
of stone & when the stone
runs out
the dung.

The first white men were so hard
pressed for wood
they burned their axe handles.

The red ones, once they left the woodlands
once they left the bottomland
planting only patches of tobacco
began to burn off
the bluestem
to keep the land in a certain state
of succession, to keep her spread for buffalo.

Flaming crowns toss their way across
the femine roll of Flints. In early
March, the scattering of men
stand along the rim with shovels
in their hands.

Still they keep her hot beneath the sky
by placing crowns upon her breasts
& on her thighs & head.

Coon's Point

Lecompton, Kansas

Below the rough cut of limestone
& down along the wire
one bright, hostile morning
read the warning
bobbing from a fence post.

Already rotting, a coyote
hung by a nail
driven through his pelvis.

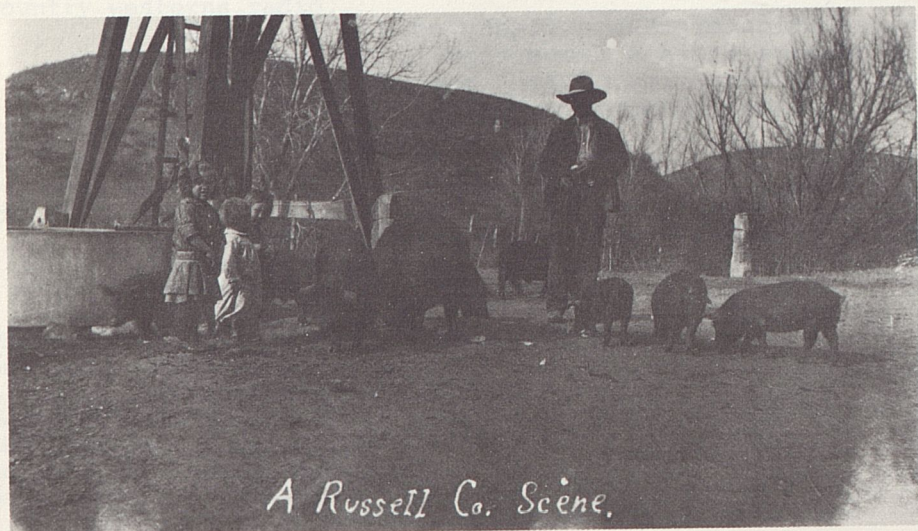
Many Voices

sing the remembrance of wind
when wind fills the plain
& the tall grass whistles
the deliverance of a tune

both sad & farcical
as if there were a difference
as if there were a difference.

Sappho's Moon

Shines brighter than a flashy coin.
She gathers stars & drops them in her pocket
collecting each ray. Then, she puts on a smile
that redeems the world.



A Russell Co. Scene.

PHILIP SITTNICK

Coming back
is drawn
as valley
is town

the verse
the margins --
Top of the World
where the lovers

and southeastward
Fremont Point
define the edge
either side of
the valley
makes funnels
of the wind
the hot, cold

I've walked
 talked
its meanness
to con-
fusion
 borne
its burden
of the plains
home
 the valley
contains nothing
it does not
reveal
 stays
as today
forth of
its own

The sun settles
in me
this morn
rocks the sense
of other days and nights
cuts
as the big man's laugh
the limits the city
clings to

this is the edge

of the kansas dead sea
"the last stand
of epeiric seas
east of the
Cordilleran region"

They came, not us, via riverboat, the *Hartford*,
and others' monies
counting only on the scarcity
of timber
not the aggrading streams

their pre-fab houses stayed
where the boat stuck and today
there's enough
to say Clear it
for new buildings

was from the start
a colony
as now
a flood of branch banks
from Topeka

wind
limestone
 a single mill
of iconic tallness
sun-
flowers

Louis Vieux
knew
the lay of the land
--"the path of least
resistance"--
how to reduce it to
a three piece suit
a gold watch chain
the tallest carved stone in the cemetery

A created impossibility

to get there afoot
I had to drive
that that part of the valley
called Green

I would've done otherwise
picked, maybe,
the dropped fruit
of the bois d'arc
some stray hickory

but displayed
 like a flag
that fully inward
turned and off
sensitivity--

"Keep Out
& Don't Ask"

the always appearing colonial, of course,
did
when I stopped the car,
pushed a missionary gesture
hesitated
at my No trouble--
a much too large to miss
"and don't *look* either"
stabbed to his chest

It means nothing
was what I heard
back in town.
Nothing.

I didn't bother
to say
this
was where the graceful
gave of their gods
freely
to roam

Grey,

and we backed
down the hill
our path
to the city
below

Grey, gathering
three weeks
now the sky
tilts under
the weight of
its color it falls
to today
to be
the first snow

DON BYRD

Three from *The Beginning*

VI

Speech lifted
torn
out of time
is myth
a passage between this rocky dome
and unknown deep alluvial beds.

The pasture cleared, according to the old men
the rocks grow

Earth itself fills their mouths.

One spring also
ebbs and flows
like an ocean.

"Again uplift occurred and the Ozark streams
were given steepened gradients."

"The wall of this narrows,
approximately 500 feet high,
has no intermediate bench
to record any pause during its
deepening."

His index does not name
the earthbreath.

VII

Working with live bait along with rocks
from the end of the shoal
to the elm tree
where that rock opens
from the surface
like a mouth
where the waters gather
the sun breaks through the sycamore thicket
and reddens the eye of the eddy
where the small mouth strikes.
The reel squeals.
The muscles tighten against the rod
and the elm roots.
Whipping his head down, hard, on taut line
quick as speech,
I turn his last flash
to the remaining sun.

I cannot let the poem be
past/oral.

The limits of the small mouth's play
the limits of the genitive of place
I take nothing but the location
of the river
Jack's Fork
whom I do not personify, as you would know
had she borne a child of yours.

VIII

1

Among the cracks
were vines might
find footing
along the walls
words sour on the tongue
and the ell in love
vibrates against the teeth.
The naked consonant sags.
The tendrils stretch
toward the breath
that would resonate
with the untenanted
house of the voice.

Birds-eye view
Colby, Kans.



WEST SIDE MAIN ST. QUINTER KANS.



QUINTER KANSAS, LOOKING NORTHWEST.



what will we do if this rain
washes them from the gutter

like it has already, look,
washed two lovers up from the river.

###

Trot lines
empty again,
mailbox too.

###

Coming along the walk

a length of
black lace
in her hand

Is this a holy day?

###

11:15 the long light
thrown through the west window
& around the room,
the Frisco approaching Arlington.

###

Phelps County Bank, Rolla, Mo.:

"How Long O Lord? How long are we going
to tolerate people like Abbie Hoffman, Jerry
Rubin, Drs Spock and Pauling, Sen. Charles
Goodell...The first person ever deported from
this country was Thomas Morton...we sent him
back to England. Couldn't we send these others
back to hell?"

###

The presence/absence
of the landscape --
the other slope,
the Gasconade out of sight
north & south,
old sub-watertable events
the caves are signatures of.

###

"...long fingers of the Ozark surface
reaching back up into the valley heads."

###

This wet afternoon

I do listen for
the banging of a valve-lifter
through the rain.

###

Morning wet grass

Across the Piney south
the curved monadnock
& here, I tread upon
uplifted, resurrected rock.

###

White logs, their bark gone
salvaged from twelve feet deep,
sawed to pale, quite usable
pine boards. No telling, he sd,
how long they were submerged,
but he got a whole house out
of them. Cut a ditch and
drained the pond; found there
hundreds of lengths of log chain
and grappling hooks greatly rusted.

Remarkably, the pond having been
drained completely, and having
filled again over a period from
rainfall, there was discovered,
the next Spring, an abundance of
bass which had somehow survived,
probably in a watery rut beneath
those last few logs imbedded in
the mud, and not hauled up.

###

I asked
what time is it
& you twice heard
something else.

I have this sense now
that what you heard, yes,
was what I
should have said.

###

Red hats.
The pretense they're
hunters/trappers
(vs. unemployed).

The wives sew baseball uniforms
for Rawlings
for shit wages.

###

Malin: "Every historical event must happen, not anywhere,
but in some particular place, at some point in space, in
some locality or minimal unit of space in which its unique
causal factors operate."

Despair of this place
is despair
of this place.

###

Brendan born,
saint/explorer,
eyes of my eyes.

###

Jerome
quite a lot
farther north across
the river
I see by its lights
than by day
my sense of it was.

###

"To think that two and two is four
And neither five nor three...."

(the non-additive
nature of

###

A cobweb
spans the heavy tread
of an old truck tire

trees & grass
bend toward a void
southeast of here.

###

It was a .38 that woman's
husband was toying with
(a neighbor tells me)
upon the green picnic table.

###

Like trout
in muddied water --
their eyes fall out.

###

It's not

the proximity of Ft. Wood

It's the Baptist church
has these people
by the balls.

###

Iron this ground yields,
& lead, a metal dull & grey,

the reports of Sieur de Lochon
were false from the start:
there is no silver here.

UTERUS ECCLESIAE

The lesser gods gone too now,
those of the side altars

a candle lighted that my father...

the greater light of Barry Square

where Steadman & Co. camped going south --
he heavy in grey stone on the knoll --

Theresa, soft flower image, exemplar
for 7th grade uniformed girls, forbidden

Like Anthony forbidden to the Italian women,
a screen finally put in
stopped their kissing his sandaled feet

Campfield branch library adjacent --
one more side altar
from where I hauled home Aztec gods
I could hardly carry.

Poem to the River
16 Sept 71

"cockcrow in Attica"

Coming off the ridge
the semis brake
settling down
into the fog
of the valley,
by the house
the damp ties,
backfires
they shift down
purchasing the
ridge again.

It's getting cold.

Yesterday
below the bluff
five caterpillars
still & dusty
two beheaded snakes,
shattered caduceus,
no hawks struck out
from their niche
in the dolomite
idle to probe
when the land below
so declares itself,
the single remote
stump --
the inundation
will be "campers"
not water
come spring.

Cold rain.

The fat face blub
bers contradictions
they photograph
this slave of Mot
the dead ground
these last desperate
days of the Archons.

O bust the banks!

Flood here again,
Lord of all that is
wet and shining.

SONG: First Snow

Arrested, called outward

up the valley
before breakfast
before we ever leave the house

huge head, Indian featured,
leaves for ears,
threw my arm out

at the sycamore
birch-like now
its river grime obscured

it blows across the confluence
under the trestle

swirls in a crux of power lines,

the wind fades

comes straight down & light
this dust of snow

to the tips, the
far and subtlest reach

of things.

SONG

Gasconade waves

trove
from the valley's cache

everything blown
bare, the door
flung open--

distances
I'd forgotten &
hear this

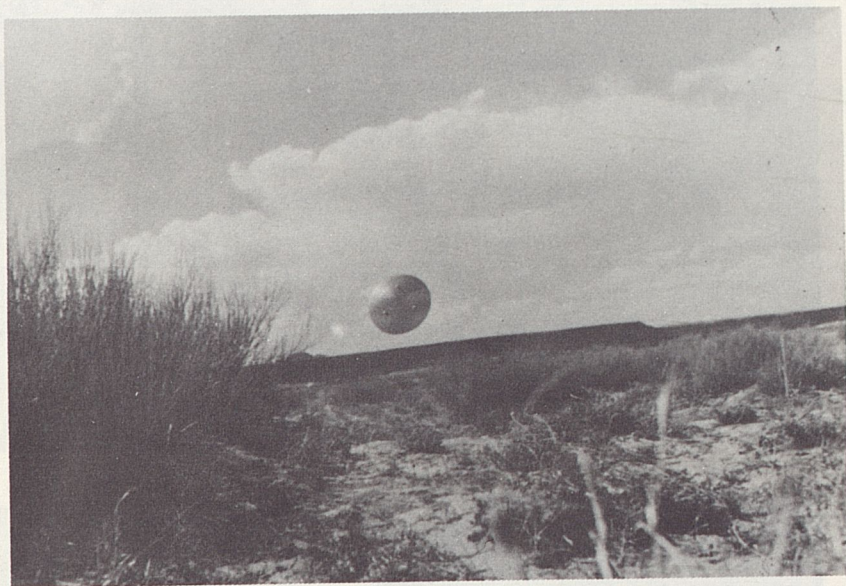
shoring
sigh in the
lull of a NW

wintering wind--
in the balls
of these

riverward trees.



COLORADO NEW MEXICO NEVADA



NATHANIEL TARN

LYRICS FOR THE BRIDE OF GOD: SECTION AMERICA: FROM THE PT.OF VIEW OF ANCHISES

"Denver, Colorado, 6-15-47"

"And having once made up her mind that she was going to make me in her time she the laughter-lover came to my hunting-place in the mountains and as she went she got together puma and ocelot, skunk and armadillo and the great grizzly of Wyoming & the mountain cats of Oregon and Idaho and they laughed when they saw her and went off into the woods to screw.

And 'You of this young City' she said
'You of this city destined to fame but destined to fall in the end raised to the ground by the ancients of this world, from the other side of the sea' she said
'I want your mortality.'
She stood. No: listen, it was as if a goddess.

I wasn't quite sure but addressed her respectfully from the beginning. There was something very special about her.
The robe: maybe from Saks on Fifth,
the accessories: perhaps from Bloomingdales:
I'd seen all that back East a long time before when I was a kid.

She told me not to worry and that her father had oil in Texas or was it copper in Bolivia or tin in the Argentine or perhaps bananas in a number of Central American Republics: it's tough to try to remember behind that experience.

The worst of it is, the joke I mean.
She said: 'I don't know anything about love,
I mean: I've never even necked in the back of a convertible-
why I can practically give you a certificate from the parish priest'
and all the time her nipples in that transparent dress
which as a matter of fact I couldn't really see thru'...

It sounded like she was going to make an honest man of me
and give me a son for the sake of our City and our Constitution
and the moment I knew it was my luck to be the husband of such a girl
well I'd never fancied myself in the Cooper or Gable line, but there was the
evidence
I told her I'd not let go for a moment until we'd been to bed together
she & I.

And she LAUGHED and LAUGHED and LAUGHED but in a shy way you know.

I had a sort of den with mountain cat skins and laid her on those.

And...

II

You know when you're a kid and write to say Denver, Colo.
and you put Denver, Colo., United States, Earth, World, Universe?
Well, that's as far inside the world as I saw when I looked into her eyes.

I would like to describe her...you know...her perfect...

It's just that I'd like to be able to give you the measurements of...

I think perhaps that looking between her breasts I saw
the pillars of a number of temples and the milk of several planets
and...no.

What I suppose I'm groping for in this language which isn't yet born
(she, of course, came from a country where by definition the language
was dead)
what I'm groping for is that when you've had you know the best,
I mean the very finest barring none, the very best product money can buy,
the product that's so good that no ad. can do justice to it,
the product any consumer report would have to say was undisputably tops,
when you've had that product even momentarily, even for one moment
and enjoyed the experience to the full.....what do you say?

well what do you say?

WELL WHAT DO YOU SAY?

III

And then I suppose I found myself making comparisons and computing
her age and the number of wrinkles that may have been beginning
to line her lovely face

and I

well I said to myself: 'This is by definition perfect: right?'
O.k.if this is perfect, well what can I do for the rest of my life?
Well,if I've had this: what can I content myself with the rest of my life?
I mean: creature features and all that isn't going to keep me happy any more.

I began thinking hard about the exact shape of, the exact dimensions of,
you know...her erogenous zones I guess you'd call them,
like: stressing the bits of her that were so special and that other men
would ask about eventually after a drink or two no matter how respectful
(which is good reason why she said I should never say I'd laid her anyhow)
and I just,you know, allowed myself to wonder whether Sophie's in Chicago,
or that kid sister's of the girl I'd been going with in Yokohama,
back in those Navy days and gotten such a shock from while Sis was out -
well: if some of the things they had didn't compare favorably with...

O God to be the only man to have slept with Miss World before she married!

IV

BUT THE FACT IS THAT I REMEMBER NOT TOO MUCH ABOUT IT AFTER ALL
except for her saying at some point that she'd bring back our kid when
draft-aged.

She teased me awake after a while and she stood at the door
of the hunting hut I'd built and she was way taller than the door
which meant it was like her voice was coming out of her navel
and I had to get up and look out of the door and up at her head in the
clouds.

She sd.: 'Do I look like I looked to you before?', you know, all smart-like.

I had to admit that she did not.

She sd.: 'Well if you ever tell my reputation has had it on Olympus.'
And I asked whether Olympus was in the Cascades or some place like that.
And she had to tell me not to be so dumb.

V

O Christ: all that perfection stuff.
I don't believe there's just one person in the world for you & all that.
I mean: is that what you believe?

Hey Charlie: please answer soon, O.k.?"

LYRICS FOR THE BRIDE OF GOD: SECTION AMERICA: SHE BECOMES OUR LADY

For our reading pleasure she invites us now
to take this poem with us as we deplane
at the southern fork of the coiling river
which ends by flowing north
thru' the golden womb of the Lady.

I took thee for thy better
loved thee not
get thee to a nunnery
make it quick.

Les vaches laitières
from confirmation to marriage
with nothing in between
but the bleeding months
wasted prairies out there, laid flat by crushing seasons
bellow of bulls in frozen fields

Milch cows of Illinois and Indiana
with their oval faces
hot tongues working round their dentures
the placid working of dentures
from side to side
and the eyes in which you drown
the deep maws open
whereby you measure the hidden sizes
of their milky ways

Well I shall prefer them nonetheless to the great bitch of New York
the bitch incarnate, the bitch and gabbler,
who wears her cunt on her lips and goes yatter-clack, yatter-clack, yatter-
clack,
but she talks about freedoms she has not attained
oh interminably she talks of all the revolutions she has not been thru'
and her legs are locked.

O these ideal types!

So they gave them
whatever it is they wanted
in the shape of things men usually want,

that is:
 sports-buses
 electronic shavers
 telephoto record-players
 stereo cameras
 long-wave telephones
 a.m. & f.m. stamp-albums
 macro and micro rifles
 acapulco greens
 go-go girls who stayed put
 an occasional whiff of our Lady
 as she minces to Mass
 but they'd have none of them...

(ah.....COWS you like to screw? Ach so....Ach so....)

II

The generosity
 of the old-world systems
 the exhausted systems
 which have seen universums explode / go by / and die
 each with their doctrine
 ah they're good at telling a religious temperament from a distance
 even when blasphemous
 and know the Lady's arms will enfold at last
 and in her Jewish form what tho' what tho'
 all the dissenters, all the dead.

You shall not my daughter wear patent shoes
 you shall not my daughter stand over clear or even muddy puddles
 you shall not my daughter take baths without powdering the surface
 you shall not linger while wiping your ass
 you shall not loiter with the paper between your lips
 you shall not litter your torsoes with sleeveless blouses
 and you my son shall not let Jesus out of your body
 unless He be received into your properly constituted marital corporation
 o my daughter.

And when it comes to choosing between the men and the boys
 ah you great nipples of Babylon
 Babies / you'll take the boys every time
 follow wide-eyed and terrified
 the howling crowds at rally
 crowned with the long festoons of paper
 falling from the frozen trees.

After the night of rally for the ball game
before the bulls rush each other across the frozen fields
while the thousands shout and the sparks of their breaths are wasted
upwards upwards upwards in an invisible fire
after a night of excrement and waste
I am full this morning of democratic vistas
deplaning at the southern fork of the coiling river
which ends by flowing north
thru' the golden womb of the Lady.

I am going away so as not to hear her
not hear the seductions of her voice
strapped to my seat as the plane soars over the river
I fail to hear the sirens' chittering
gña yatter gña yatter gña yatter gña
the mind prised loose from its sources
the mouth telling lies by the skin of its teeth
the terrible malformations of a language

Within her dome covered with gold by the faithful
ah rich she was / yes wasn't she rich? / not as if she weren't
like RICH I mean
she tried to part, tried to open herself and tell me her secret
but there was room for le sérieux and all she could do was smile
the priests had taught her the arts of closure beyond all else
and she could never open again for another incarnation
but she said

and I take note of that statement for the future
while her virginity bled away like a sanctified heart -

it is because you see of the pedestal, of the pedestal, of the pedestal...
and I noticed true enough that she had been a statue

most of her golden life.

LYRICS FOR THE BRIDE OF GOD: SECTION AMERICA: SHE TEARS HIM APART AND SELLS
HIM PIECEMEAL

On the sidewalks of Manhattan
the young go by at noon
acting as if they were going to live forever
that throwaway gesture
toss of hair to the wind the golden banners
act they will lose by and by
their hands
closer and closer to their thighs.

The great white queens
delicately setting tail to tarmac
their noses a little snotty in the air
the long whine of their settling their coming home
down from the bright air of December
into La Guardia / Newark / J.F.K.

Once in my life to achieve the physical perfection of woman
as it appears occasionally on the streets
a woman with no apparent blemish no hidden blemish
as one said of life: to die & spend the rest of time regretting it
but to have achieved it, once and for all,
to have held it and be able to throw it away...

sleek ships on the waves
up town / downtown the metal coffins
the metal rippling the lap of waves
Heraclitus looking down at the globe and weeping
the flux of black steel and golden steel
in the melting streets

trying very hard to pretend
that the poem is compensation for perfection unfound
the body unfucked and dry
but not succeeding - and beauty intolerably hard to forgive:
if the poem were to be remembered for ten years
the stanza quoted for a hundred
the line - ha! - for all eternity
STILL/ there'd be no forgiveness!

and under the streets in the city's arteries
the trains pulsing like poisons
towards the Bronx / Brooklyn / Queens
daughter of corn down there in her Gimbels dress
& he who holds the dead in his palms looking across the aisle
at the suburban bitches dissolving in their furs

mais je n'veux pas tu sais qu'on parle de mon amour
you know: her name was X
the name Good God must have some resonance
something to last: Heloise, Francesca, Beatrice,
but what can you do with a name
men joke about across the Fifty States?

I am not of a mind to be taken apart
I am not of a mind to be taken to pieces
I am not of a mind to be sold for scrap!

II

Look I went to this god and said: "Hey you, god of marriage
I think you're called and come to the wedding from the previous ceremony"
but you brought little luck and she went and tripped on a snake
and of course the snake bit her and took her down to the cellars.
So I go down to this corngirl who's made it in the cellars meantime
and I say to her and her husband: "Look: I've tried very hard
but I can't live without my wife so I'd better have her back.
I mean: you know about Love: you had a bit of it yourselves when you began.
I'm asking for a loan that's all, a little bit of her time:
you know we all come to you in the end and you have the say-so in good time.
And if I don't get her back I'll stay here, so."
Well I had some success with my speech because the rocks
the rocks were in tears and the ghosts and that poor bastard
forgot his water and the other one his stone and those vultures lay off for
a while
and it was the first time someone saw the three old girls crying.
O.k. so they said O.k.
Well I walked up again and I kept my patience practically up to the top
and then I thought Jesus maybe the poor chick couldn't make it
you know in all that heat and cold a.c./d.c. and everything else besides
so I looked back and the poor kid said nothing as she sank down again
I mean: you know she was happy just that she had been loved.

And somehow I couldn't make it with women from then on
and for three years I screwed little boys and enjoyed that sort of thing
and they even pretend they hadn't heard of the custom in that place
the lying bastards!

III

He is responsible to the world. He has no time for you, just you.
To the universe: he cannot worry about any mere part of it.
Put too many women on the streets / too many beautiful people
and a kind of creeping impotence comes over him
and he cannot deal with one beautiful person, let alone the many.

He is very tired of these voices, by these voices; he thinks these voices
will make him mad.
Some people call it the ten thousand things, the totality
and they advise getting away from it in the heart/the navel/or the scrotum.
From that privileged spot they say: you will be able to deal with
and absorb the totality - and the totality will not destroy you.

He was sitting the story goes at the place where the trees had grown
round him
some good spot in Central Park where both fuzz and rapists let him be
and those goddam women came out of a meeting and found him
and he let out a whistle from old habit and they got mad
they picked up stones & sticks & stuff & flung them
but as long as he went on whistling the stuff let him be
but it was tiring dodging it all and he got hit more and more
and the dead stuff grew crimson with his blood - it didn't hear.
Then they picked up railings & traffic signs & domesticated material
& they shot all that at his head & his last breath slipped away...

They were put out in the sun, he remembers, and she opened her thighs
there was that little pinhead in that little purse
and he never understood how it grew to pit later and the bushes grew round.
There was the time they said jackoff in the bath, see who's quickest.
Before that, the party at the woman's who'd taught him to whistle: he wet
the carpet.
There was the time in Japan he needed a woman bad and asked a man instead.
They'd said the Japanese chicks couldn't dig hairy cats.
He supposed there must have been a time when they'd played with their shit.
And talk of all those lately he couldn't make it with at all.
You wouldn't think that a very few women had loved him to distraction.

The passion of a life-time. Before. Now. Hereafter.

IV

Oh and it's said the birds fell out of the sky
and the rivers were swollen with tears and such stuff.

and I was being sold for scrap all over town
don't know what metal was fetching on that particular day
but the trade felt the pressure I can tell you that.

She was taking me to pieces and looking hard inside
to find something she could use, something she could take back I guess
something she could put a name to, describe, identify,
when it came to keeping her records and compiling that dictionary.

They're having a sale today on George Washington's birth-
day
and on Lincoln's birthday too & on President Kennedy's
and they're having a sale in the middle of the George
Washington bridge
and I guess in the Lincoln Tunnel too
and perhaps in Reno and Las Vegas at the University of
Nevada.

And I am having the sale of my life with my wife underground
I got down there and found her and everything was the same again
and we loved again the orphan in each other
and we stopped worrying about how we would each die alone
because we had died alone after all without stopping to think of each other
because we had always thought of each other and had no more thoughts to
waste.

It's true we hadn't had much aboveground in the way of
children
but you know all those dead seemed to need parents now
and turned to look at us with big goo-goo eyes
saying things like "Hey I'm Jewish too", or "You don't
have to be do you?"
and we'd say "No honey, no honey" soothingly
and "There, there, dinna worry, we're universal now"
and we told the revolution to fuck the revolution.

And I was dealing with so many things at my ease
you know, with my head breathing air and the real thing baby
and I wasn't pretending to make it in any academic setting
or pulling the scholarly business over anyone's eyes
I even got angry some with all that shit about the birds crying
I mean birds crying for Xrissakes: all that anthropomorphic stuff
and said: look, cut this out of all trips to come
when you tell THIS story Baby, make it real, for real, from now on?

Wow that taking to pieces shit sure got me coming and going!

LYRICS FOR THE BRIDE OF GOD: SECTION AMERICA: SHE TURNS BLACK

(as I know it now: in memoriam k.m.)

In the cities of Atlantis
at the bottom of an ocean of milk
in a light of milk
the children of Atlantis skate on milk
and the frozen towers
soaring at the blue sky
look down on them and reflect their heads
their heads only in the lower windows

and as the children turn and turn to the waltzes
they turn black one by one and the whole population is soon black.

II

The old image
of positive to negative
bringing out the black swans
from under the world
to sail along the pavements
and they reincarnate
in the tall Cuban whore for instance
with her book of men by her bedside
and her chamber pot.

We ask of those shadows
the heroism of
doing without the light
just as it shines on them
and remaining in their darkness
for the benefit of the whole earth
so that we can go into the darkness
& both light and dark emerge together
in a redesigned eternity.

III

Pulled in his stomach they say against the dark
couldn't see that dark he embraced couldn't see it at all
for his own creature
let it grow to independence declare its independence
chase him around the house awhile
till he grew used to her
rinsed her pots out at night
got to rinsing her brushes

sized her canvases
for the gold of vision
and all she had to do from then on was paint
but she painted shadows.

IV

Lying down in the dark only the ivory of her eyes
she tried to tempt him into
the archetypal American romance.
But they came and sd. to her that she sdn't go with him
or have any food with him or talk
or sleep with him.
Their hands itched for each other but cd. do no more than itch.
I mean man to be a woman and black too.

V

On the night side of love
when I held the night in my arms
I mean the night I had forgotten I'd made and was my creature
against the blinding white sheets
as I pressed her milk out of her breasts to feed myself
which was not black
I took her picture
and in that negative
where she delivered the load of the colon was white
and where she took me in the larva of man was white
but the seed
the seed of the white man in that storm cloud
the seed was black!
I reached in to take it back again
but the tempest was spreading.

LYRICS FOR THE BRIDE OF GOD: SECTION AMERICA: SHE IS A CHILD

I remember it now when she was a child in America
she looked down at herself lying her length on the bathroom floor
and opened her legs to the mirror
and from Charleston to Arizona and on into the Bay
the whole of ocean roared inside her thighs
with the voice of her husband to be
and rose and blossomed in her sight
like an anemone of blood -
and from the distant shore to light the night of the world
fires leapt out of forests
the people running about with their arms above their heads like birds
carrying babies
and their arms were burning

II

From the city far below
from the city at the mountains' feet
the mountain of circumambulation
the wail of sirens reaches up to this blue bowl of birds
pradakshina pradakshina pradakshina
in quiet song among the branches:
she takes me by this hand
and she takes me by that
and lies me down in the garden of beginnings
she lays my sex in the rose
among the fingers of the iris
between the lips of the lily

I cannot go in
I cannot go in past a certain point
she is too small
she is too shrunk
backwards backwards backwards into the dead with no name
I cannot enter her small thighs
her buttocks hardly fill my hands
no larger than apples

First tantra in the hardening light
she remembers how he stood above her that had given her days
and his fists are like the pummels of two swords
tight as her shoulder blades
and his lips like an iron bite around her lips
the sutra of his tongue in her mouth
like a dagger of flame

O bright lady of scholarship
sum of the harmony I cannot see
dueña of knowledge

daikini of the sea under the wide blue wind

I want the armpits of sixteen
I want the curve of seventeen at the rims of my palms
I want the weight of eighteen bending my fingers back
I want the nipples of nineteen in the sockets of my eyes
I want to teach freshness.

II

The Schools
the great Academies of America
are bursting apart like pomegranates
of their own weight

and all the seeds float away over the mountain
to become the child brides and bridegrooms of the teachers
for if you do not meet your children on the field of the body
they will not be able to go forward from you
you will be meeting them in sterility only
postponing history

at the latter day
causing a hesitation
perhaps arresting it

the Schools return in ever diminishing circles
to the mouth of the silent womb
language runs down and knowledge on its knees
crawls back to its original source
the first teachers teach their teachings in fiery unison
and all the subsequent teachers are stricken dumb
pradakshina pradakshina pradakshina

I shall appear at your mouth little child
with my lips at your lips
we shall give birth together
you to my head as I emerge into this garden
I to the words you say concerning this garden
we shall say: look world look world it is very late

In the first tantra of the burning earth
the father is a child again at his daughter's feet
he learns his parts and happiness rehearses
sometimes he reaches up to catch a breast
sometimes he sings a little song aside
sometimes he suckles.

JOE HUTCHISON

GREELEY, COLORADO: SUNDAY EVENING SCENE

She sat straight-
Backed beside her brother (or
So I thought, they both
Had the same skinny lips) at
A table for eight in the green room
Of the Gondolier and all
Dressed up
Like she was going to a coronary.
I could tell she was nice,
Flat-chested and all, and black
Hair and horn-rimmed glasses that
Hugged her nose white.

She ordered

Shrimp pizza, a small
Chef's salad, sideorder of garlic
Bread and a small
Bubbleup, and when the waitress
Left I watched her clean
Her fingernails with her fork.

She

Loved her family, I
Could tell by the way she angrily
Stared at her mother (another
Skinny pair of lips not to mention flat-
Chested as her son)
When the old lady made those
Savoricious sounds, gluping
Down her draw of Coors like playing some
Bacchanalian riff on
A flueglehorn.

Well, that girl

Had class. She ate pizza
With her pinkie stuck out like
Signaling for a turn and all the time
Dousing those fiery
Italian spices with her ice-cold
Carbonated beverage, with the other
Seven of her group talking,
Laughing and taking their time, and
Me just watching her, my own
Meal finished, check
In my hand and my waitress
Scowling at me from the bar.

Finally

They all got up to go and I (of
Course) followed them out. I still
Remember standing under
The green and white awning, watching

That small-town Aphrodite hop
Into the back of a blue
Pick-up truck and being carried
West on highway thirty-four
With her legs dangling from the tailgate.
And in the thunderheads piled up
Like grey-black eggs over the mountains little
Trapped flashes of lightning were
Trying to dive
Head first
Into the earth.

THE LOST WORLD

There is a cave inside my body.

I hear the cold, mineral-rich water
dripping in my sleep, feel
the click stalagmites rise up slowly,
over many eons, in my gut;
and the thick stalactites reaching
down from my skull's vaulted ceiling, groping
their blind way down
through my body; they long
to join,
to make one cold, wet
torso of stone, gut to skull, locked
in rigid, millenia-long
ecstasy.

But at the center, where
the winds from every fissure
meet and flow back out,
a black bat hangs
upside down from my heart;
where his small, sharp
claws grip
there are spots of pain like canker sores
that burn deep each time
the muscle beats.

When dusk comes crawling
on its belly across
the New Mexican desert, comes
pouring into the cavern mouth at Carlsbad,
the loud, windy swarms of bats sweep up
and out of the earth
like crowds flocking and squeaking
to the airport
to meet the president's plane.
The steps fold out

from the gleaming craft's side
and the president steps out, smiling
and waving.
The crowds sweep down.
They touch the president with the shadows
of their wings.

The president, breathing
deep, sensing
something in the crowd's fantic
touch, and grasping
their wild hands, firmly, squints
into the sun, senses
something
in the air.

The bat that hangs
from my heart
never leaves the cave, just
hangs,
trying to discover by
inductive reasoning whether he be
bird or rodent;
his tiny eyes burn bright with effort
in the underground
darkness.

In my sleep
I dream the bat lets go saying,
perhaps, 'Rodent or bird, I have
wings, I shall fly'
but waking up I find he is
there,
my heart claw-sore and
weary of his weight;
and only now
and then,
driving to the office and caught
in the choked traffic,
the distant sound comes of water
dripping, sound
that sends chills like frightened
mice scurrying through
my
spine,
and the feeling of stone approaching
stone, slick hard lips
yearning toward another's,
only a fraction of
an inch apart
now, then
the deep sickness, the airless
darkness making itself

felt;

terror
like the day the president (who sensed
in hands
the shadows of wings)
lifted his
arm to wave
at the Dallas
crowds

and fell back into blackness, his
open mouth flut-
tering, trying
to breathe,
trying
to kiss
the sun-bright air
goodbye

THOUGHTS OVER THE LATE SHOW

midnight. weird, rippling tv light
soft on the dark floor

called you last night.
you weren't home
your old man grinned at me
over the wire
"he's been gone since 2"
"know when he'll be back?"
"no"
"well have him call me tomorrow"
"sure will"

you never called. it's just like
when you were back in Galesburg.
so far, man
and no word.

Jill gets up and flips the
knob. *Suddenly*
Last Summer is on channel 9.
Liz Taylor

buxom and ghost-like
on the late night tube
Katherine Hepburn
far
away with her delicately
pinched smile

My mother told me

they got you into a tux at
Linda's wedding. said you
lost your job.

hell.
why don't you call this movie
makes me want to
cry

JACK COLLOM

the horses are massed in the marsh
the blue king
heavy with gold
yodel yodel yodel
begins to cross
the dark muscle the river
yodel yodel yodel
he walks carefully
he is swept away
to a world
yodel yodel yodel
& he floats up in the air
yodel yodel yodel
his clothes do not turn to wings
the gray land
disappears below
his blue face
swollen with fright
he sings
yodel yodel yodel 10-26-69

the point a good run goes off
title: thanksgiving poem
like a bite of turkey
like the water of the left hand creek
washing the stuffing down
leaving illusion of green pines
massed on the bank
& the humor of the sky's color
cranberry & fool's gold
the sobriety of its wildness
like a potato quietly eating a bear
like swimming
concentric balls
we had a *great* dinner
drank colt 45 & watched rio conchos
cdn't understand it 11-27-69

Tonight the clouds bringing rain haze the waxing moon now into June in these high mountains and Lee my woman tells me about the garden she plants: four kinds of lettuce, two of beans, red and white potatoes, beets, turnips, cucumbers, spinach, swiss chard, sweet peas, marigolds, poppies, zinnias. Above us where the water runs through the dark mountains the red columbines and wild strawberries are in bloom. I remember last night's dream: a black woman taught me about Isis, told me the cunt of the Goddess is of jewels. I received instruction. The rain falls now, and beyond the black clouds are stars, and moon.

ALL SONGS ARE FOR DEATH

1.
Dead aspen tree hole
where woodpecker lived
burns quick and hot,
makes the darkness warm.
I sit by the creek,
night running the wind
through the flutes of
these mountains, me
scratching my nuts, me
waiting for spring.
2.
camprobber with his wing
busted (his magic)
can't sit at the top
of the holy blue spruce.
I cannot shoot him.
he dies by the water.
the mountains are gone.
3.
riding the circle
of the sacred snake
the snow melting
the warm winds
muddy waters, and
I come home to my
sacred snatch: now
she sings to a child.

of which there is none
 in the desert, twines
 around Soma, Divine Mushroom of
 which there is none in the desert, turning
 in voice, as the red flesh
 rises, says:

Arrow.

And I: *Clarify*
 thou thyself, O Soma . . .

And:

For he who knows the country
gives direction
to him who informs himself . . .

[Rg Veda IX, 90^θ]

I

This arrow of course moves
 of its own accord, once I
 have let the string loose
 and my arm has returned to my body
 and my eyes are lost to the expectation
 of missing,
 and the bow has retraced its offering
 of readiness,
 and the fear of dying of an arrow-wound
 is in the mind of the creature aimed at
 by the arrow, moving
 of its own accord, in danger
 of being obstructed
 by its target,
 life on Earth,
 the figure
 hiding in the **jungles**
 of self, the organ
 retracted
 in self-defense, the animal
 at large in the archer's
 waste, the man
 who aims at himself
 intent upon missing
 but incapable of it.

II

The foot held aloft gives release,
 he thought at the instant of deciding to dance

in the desert. And seeing that the sand swirls
in spots, yet knowing that there can be no spots
on the desert, he released the thought:
We have to speak to what we see.
To the ideas that wallow in it.
His hand signaling his foot at a distance, he sang out:
Turn in your eyes
to the point
aimed at us.
No threat. No blame.
The Superior Man is lost,
his eyes are closed
for a split second,
he stammers,
opening his organ,
It is entering

-- He refuses.
Perhaps he screams
or runs until he falls
over himself, knowing

the arrow is coming
toward the empty spot
in the vicinity of the Southwest.
He recalls the tale of a toad
from whom a child is learning to survive
at this instant.
We are getting in touch.
The man is letting it in.

III

He says, slowly, perhaps wisely:

*Resist
purity.*

He says, this time refusing his mother's image;

*Nothing thought about the other is equal
to Her rising in the end,
the light flickering with abundance
of self-projection.*

It is not that he thinks it is a movie.
He knows the show must not go on.
He can feel the sand with the hollow spot.
He says less and less: *As below*
So above, midair,
seeing both
and neither.

A fly

is circling
his head
singing
in his ear.

I ask you: What is distance?

IV

He turns to a fortune teller, and hears:

*WISELY AND SLOWLY THEY
STUMBLE WHO RUN EAST*

Heat of the Mohave.
Waves of horizon.
If the other rises here
we are lost
to the idea of distance.

It swelters. It sucks
my breath, Soma
breaking ground
and skull vault, death cap, red noggin, fruit
of the tree
of carnation, white, fleshy, orcused, drugged
with being here
as the arrow appears
to travel
the arc of Earth
taking the eye with the ear
the vine of sound
the desert within
the planetary plot
or place
or spot, the name
exists to suck us in
to the heat of presence,
it is what we are doing

in the Mohave

says Soma, thru us
moving East
slowly, against
the Sun

V

That's what I was trying to say the other night about time.
I've always been one to have difficulty keeping it.
Or keeping with it.

Or staying with the social sense of it.
The secular
as a version of it.

When a drummer in highschool I was always missing beats.

Resist purity, I said to myself.
Fuck the song we began with.

Time comes to me when it wants me.
It always has. It has left me

in the Mohave.

Nothing moves that is not moved.

The vine twines only around the other.

Distance is how long
it took to get here.

The rest
is presence
between one beat

and the other.

VI

What is the sound of one
hand clapping
between one beat
of the human heart
conceived as a drum in Chad
the wave pounding the shore
the relenting shore
the pounded skill
the insane plot of the planet
balding
the Mohave spate
the wave in the body
of the rattlesnake

the precise instant
of fly-agaric
breaking Earth
the appearance of one brain
wave
yours, the other's, this
one

VII

One arrow
long ago
released
by one
unknown
in the present
tense
string
strung
strung, the sound
of one
crest
of wave
on the horizon
striking
the bound
of here
on her body:

VIII

She loves me.
No more than she loves me not.

I have learned to know this is so.
This very instant
I know it.
No distance.
No threat.
Or blame.
I have been lost before
but never like this.
In the past I would have said
"I have lost her."
That is one meaning of the past
for me. I was lost
without knowing it.
This is the meaning of knowing.
Inhabiting the place
which is loss.
Perpetual loss.
One is never lost
without the other
present. This
is the meaning of two.
A number greater than one
self. Thus she loves me.
I love her thus.
Saying her name
without saying it.
Mohave. Earth. The woman
traveling with me
where we have never been.
Where there is no distance
between us.

IX

This is the meaning of the literal
other.
She rides with me.

Said in the desert.

Where: I fear snakes.
You can't take a piss and look at the stars without fearing
one
will come up behind
and strike
the fleshy bound
of self
and you will die,

the spirit will fly
like, or with, the arrow.

On its own.

Its time will have come.

It always comes

Not for but in
me.

*O serpent! O power at the base
to intertwine! O sex that rises
within her!*

Mohave snake.

X

I'm at a loss for words to tell you about it.
It took place a week ago on the West Coast.
In one sense it was sex without desire.
Without love.
It was fearful.
The serpent power rose within her. Visibly.
She was no longer the woman I love.
She was a black widow. A cobra plant
with fly in mouth. And I a fly
circling the red head of Soma.
Sex without sex.
Or on the outside of sex.
Past the flesh of desire.
She would have devoured me
if I had experienced orgasm.
That is, perceived me as food.
She was the toothy cunt.
Midway in the journey of our life.
This is the meaning of middle,
I thought. Nowhere
but what is feared.
The ground feeling the body
of the snake.
It was a place very like the Mohave.
A place unbearable
in its heat. A hole
fucked into existence
by Soma. Utterly
wordless. The sheer
struck.
The sound
of being hit.

The arrow passes itself.

I mean that is one way of saying what happened that afternoon.
 I was like unto a figure of speech.
 The pronoun substituted for
 by a word like arrow.
 Or a thing
 free of will
 or desire
 as if willed
 and not desired.
 She seemed to have total power
 over me. She held me
 in her enormous mouth
 like cunt. I was caressed
 as an arrow is by bow
 releasing
 the hand that pulls,
 the man who shoots
 who is shot,
 and the air
 that divides
 and is the place
 divided
 by presence
 of the other.
 Absolute sand.
 I pass me,
 I though, take me
 with you. Wave
 after wave
 of horizon.

*O Snake! O Soma!
 twining within you
 whom I have seen
 and by whom I am
 seen!*

The sound is sucking.

Quake.
 Or gentle piercing of tawny mushroom
 heard by the fly
 who is crazed
 by the smell

the twining

smell

the overwhelming

smell

of her

body

XIII

One

arrow

in one

Mohave

smell

9/7-20/71

MICHAEL J. BRODHEAD: NATURAL
HISTORY ALONG THE PARALLEL OF
49° NORTH

During the last half of the nineteenth century, scientific exploration of the trans-Mississippi West was to a large extent a function of the federal government. The great surveys sponsored by the government inevitably included one or more naturalists. The bulky reports of the Mexican Boundary and Pacific Railroad surveys of the 1850s and those headed by Clarence King, F. V. Hayden, G. W. Wheeler, and John Wesley Powell in the 1860s and 1870s all contain groundbreaking studies of the flora and fauna of the West. The naturalists who prepared them were remarkably energetic and capable men who divided their time between the field and the laboratory. University training in the sciences was practically non-existent for most of the century and usually they were self-trained or taught by leaders in the profession such as Spencer Fullerton Baird, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Many were army surgeons, whose backgrounds in science, peripatetic calling, and long periods of leisure peculiarly adapted them to the study of nature.

Probably the most typical, vigorous, and famous of the lot was Elliott Coues. Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on September 9, 1842, Coues (pronounced "cows"), at the age of eleven, moved with his family to Washington, D.C., where his father had taken a clerkship in the Patent Office. Passionately fond of nature, young Elliott had steeped himself in the works of Audubon and Alexander Wilson. At Washington he fell under the influence of Baird who gave him systematic training in ornithology and other branches of natural science. Simultaneously he was studying medicine at Columbian College. Before graduation, Baird arranged a place for his protégé on a scientific expedition to Labrador. Upon returning, Coues (still a teenager) wrote up his ornithological observations for the *Proceedings* of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

During the Civil War he received his doctorate in medicine and a commission as assistant surgeon (first lieutenant) in the Union army. The Medical Corps, with prodding from the Smithsonian, sent him to Fort Whipple, Arizona Territory, where, in 1864 and 1865, he plucked Apache arrowheads from fellow-soldiers and collected a multitude of birds, reptiles, and mammals, including many species previously unknown to science. While there the territorial legislature granted his request for a divorce from a Washington girl whom he had been forced to marry --- even though she had a miscarriage before the wedding.

He returned to the East at the close of the war and, choosing to stay in the army, served in a succession of southern

posts during Reconstruction. At Columbia, South Carolina, he took a second wife, who was to bear him five children.

The publication of his monographs on Labrador and the Southwest made young Coues internationally known in scientific circles. The appearance of his *Key to North American Birds* in 1872 shot him into the highest ranks of American naturalists. That year the army sent him to serve as post surgeon at Fort Randall, Dakota Territory.

Pleased with the opportunity to study the animal life of the region, but not enthusiastic about a return to disagreeable camp life in the West, Coues set out for his new duty station. "In the fall of 1872 I reached Sioux City by rail, but took a steamboat on the Missouri to Fort Randall. . . I was about three days on the boat, Oct. 15-18."

The post lay in the midst of what Coues called "bleak and dreary" countryside. Only the "hardest birds" survived the winters, during which the temperature regularly dipped to thirty and forty degrees below zero. Still it "was not a bad sort of place, for a military post."

I have pleasant memories of wintering there, 1872-73, though I was not very well housed, did not fare sumptuously at table, and sometimes had to go to bed to keep warm. The post was almost buried under the snow after a blizzard we had in April, when some of the drifts were level with the roofs.

Being forced to stay indoors no doubt helped him to complete his *Check List of North American Birds* (1873) and *Field Ornithology* (1874). Even with the fierce weather he made "large collections in natural history."

Coues found other soldiers to share his interest, among them Captain John Hartley of the Twenty-second Infantry, "an accomplished sportsman" who told Coues "of an interesting point of difference" between the sharp-tailed grouse and the prairie chicken. Hartley also had the distinction of being the most expert poker-player Coues ever faced, "for I never happened to play with General Custer." Hartley, however, was "a good soldier who got into trouble, resigned . . . and blew out his brains in a shooting gallery in New York City . . . because he had not money enough to buy any means of self destruction, and could get a shot at himself without paying for it first." Coues fondly remembered him as a nifty fellow, of very ready wit, whom I always liked."

A minor development in the nation's foreign relations soon provided Coues with a better opportunity for studying the fauna of the Northwest. Shortly before he went to Randall, it was discovered that the boundary between Canada and the United States was, as Coues put it, "not exactly where it had been supposed to be." In 1872 the governments of Britain and the United States created a joint commission to re-survey the 49th parallel from the Lake of the Woods to the crest of the Rocky

Mountains. Heading the American group was Archibald Campbell; Captain Donald Cameron was his British counterpart. Surveyors, astronomers, axemen, teamsters, cooks, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, and soldiers---infantry, cavalry, and sappers---were sent out by both nations to work with the joint commission. In keeping with the practice of attaching naturalists to such enterprises the British appointed George Dawson, whose primary interest was geology, to accompany the survey; and the army allowed Elliott Coues to serve as naturalist and medical officer for the American commission.

At the time Coues was dividing his time about equally between ornithology and mammalogy as well as giving passing attention to herpetology. His appointment to the commission enhanced the scientific significance of the survey. Other naturalists, such as Hayden, James G. Cooper, and J. A. Allen had recently made observations in parts of the Northwest; and Audubon had visited the upper Missouri in the 1840's. But the natural history of the area was far from complete and Coues was enthusiastic over the chance to explore it.

Before he received his assignment the commission accomplished its first task in October of 1872: relocating the Northwest Angle of the Lake of the Woods. Coues was not relieved of his duties at Randall until March of the following year, at which time he was ordered "to proceed without delay to St. Paul, Minnesota" where other members of the American commission had gathered after wintering in Detroit. He reported for duty on May 15, 1873. Later he recollected a pleasant stay at Fort Snelling, in the environs of St. Paul, and agreed with the opinion of the explorer Joseph Nicollet that the location of the fort was "the finest site on the Mississippi river."

Travelling with Major William J. Twining, chief astronomer for the American party, Coues and other officials of the commission sailed up the Red River of the North from Moorhead, Minnesota on James J. Hill's steamboat, the *Selkirk*. They arrived on June 1 at Fort Pembina ("our headquarters before taking the field westward"), located on the Dakota-Manitoba border. The fort, according to Coues, was "well-built and garrisoned."

A few days later, Major Marcus A. Reno of the Seventh Cavalry and leader of the American military contingent appeared. Poor Reno was immediately beset by two difficulties. The first was the surgeon assigned to his command, Dr. F. O. Nash, a drunkard who pilfered from the commissary and who prescribed chloroform as a cure for hangovers. The second was Coues, who secured from the commander at Fort Pembina an order allowing enlisted men, when not on duty, a pass to leave the garrison and help him collect specimens.

Life for Coues was not all that free from annoyance, either. A colony of cliff swallows settled "beneath the low portico of the soldiers' barracks, almost within arm's reach." The swal-

lows, ordinarily among Coues' favorite birds, "were so numerous as to become a nuisance; their incessant twittering was considered a bore, while the litter they brought and their droppings resulted in a sad breach of military decorum." Repeated efforts to destroy the nests failed "and one could not but admire the courage and perseverance which they displayed in reconstructing their nests." Members of the British commission, encamped across the boundary at Dufferin, suffered similarly from the birds.

Even more vexing were the mosquitoes:

My first lesson in mosquitoes was learned in Labrador in 1860; it was retaught me in 1873 on the Red River of the North---where horses, cattle, and caribou are sometimes killed by breathing mosquitoes till their nasal passages are plugged solid---where, in walking across a piece of prairie, colored gray with a veil of the insects settled on the herbage, one leaves a trail of bright green grass, over which a gray cloud hangs in the air.

After "repeated trials of the use of "Persian Insect Powders" as a defense against mosquitoes," Coues could only report "a perfect failure."

He was anxious to get on with more pleasing studies of the area's fauna. Searching for the nests of some yellow-headed blackbirds, he spent most of one day wading in a prairie slough "sometimes up to my waist and in some spots considerably deeper (as I was discouraged to find on getting into them)." Later in the month he succeeded in killing some chipmunks, northern flying squirrels, and Franklin's ground squirrels.

The British and American groups began moving west from the Pembina vicinity in late June. Between their starting place and the next major observation point, Turtle Mountain, a distance of about 115 miles, Coues was able to confirm the assertions of two other ornithologists, J. A. Allen and Robert Ridgway, regarding geographical variations among North American birds: "The general *facies* of the birds of this region may be summed in a word. They are characterized by a *pallor* of plumage, the direct result of the low annual rain-fall."

On the route between Pembina and Turtle Mountain he found Baird's sparrow to be "the most abundant and characteristic species" even though it was little known elsewhere. The "Missouri skylark" (Sprague's pipit), also common here, was "another example of the curious fact that a very abundant bird, and one inhabiting no inaccessible region, may by mere accident remain for years almost unknown." The pipit's song especially pleased him: "Such concerts as these . . . are among the most delicious pieces of bird-melody to be heard anywhere, and their memory is to me one of the choicest of the many pleasurable experiences that have been mine in the years I have devoted to my favorite pursuits." The sounds of the poor-will heard along

the 49th conjured up strange imagery.

This cry is very lugubrious, and in places where the birds are numerous the wailing chorus is enough to excite vague apprehensions on the part of the lonely traveler, as he lies down to rest by his camp-fire, or to break his sleep with fitful dreams, in which lost spirits appear to bemoan their fate and implore his intercession. It is not strange that a heated fancy should riot in the circumstances of desolation and imminent peril under which the emigrant or the explorer must often be placed in the western wilderness. Experience comes vividly to mind as I write, of night after night, when I have gradually lost consciousness with a mind peopled with all manner of weird images. Closing my eyes to the stars in the broad expanse above, my only coverlet, and to the ruddy gleam from the embers of the camp fire, with a thought of home and perhaps a silent aspiration, it might be long before the sense of hearing, unnaturally strained, would desert its post. The monotonous tread of the sentinel would fall heavily on the ear; the horses would seem to champ as never before; the bands of vagrant coyotes would howl with redoubled energy, and all the while the Poor-wills shouted their alarm. Sleep, in apprehension, if not really expectation of danger before morning, is a strange state of mind---like a gun at full cock, perfectly quiescent, yet on the very edge of action. A shot, even a shout, at such a time, would bring a whole camp to its feet in a second of time. So the hours wear on, till darkness and tension of mind relax together, and imagination is dissipated in the very homely, prosy fact of breakfast.

The sounds of the quadrupeds of the area likewise affected his imagination. The "shrill, sonorous whistle" of the elk, "heard in the wilds of the West, in the stillness of the early dawn, before the first breath of day stirs, has always reminded me of a giant Aeolian harp played upon by a storm."

Coues' troubles with humans no doubt disturbed his concentration on nature. Major Reno, disgusted by the repeated malfeasance of the bibulous Dr. Nash, finally packed him off to Fort Snelling. While waiting for a new surgeon, Reno requested that Coues attend to the medical needs of the soldiers. Coues, although technically still an army surgeon, refused, informing the major that he worked only for the boundary commission. The Surgeon-General's Office later issued a reprimand for his cavalier attitude towards the ailing troopers.

Coues was among those who irritated Commissioner Campbell. According to the diary of Secretary James E. Bangs of the American commission, Campbell "takes the day to 'interview' me (the Dr. being out shooting). Long conversation in which

Cameron, Farquhar [Twining's predecessor as chief astronomer], Twining, Coues and everybody generally gets a good scoring." The naturalist was able, however, to make some friends, among them Captain Myles W. Keogh, who was killed a few years later with Custer at Little Big Horn.

Upon reaching "the isolated butte known as Turtle Mountain" in early July with the main party, Coues wrote to a fellow naturalist concerning the ruddy ducks then breeding in the ponds of the mountain: "I obtained many newly hatched young; eggs were laid in June. This is the only breeding place of this species, of which I am aware by personal investigation." He also "took several specimens in perfect plumage" of the eared grebe---"under circumstances which left no doubt of their breeding at this point." Even the lowly cowbird's summertime habits captured his attention: "In July and August particularly, when the Year's young are first on wing, gathering in small troops, they appear to have no comprehension of danger whatever, and are occasionally punished with a crack from the 'black-snake' of some facetious teamster,---and, unlike a mule, they are never of any use afterward."

He preserved some specimens live. Here in northern Dakota he kept a young Swainson's hawk in captivity who proved unsociable and ill-tempered. Coues had better luck with a pair of great horned owls with which he travelled all summer. Affection and care made them good pets. Later the male, "Solomon", suffered fatal burns from a grass fire; "Sappho", the female, survived the return trip to St. Paul.

Coues shot some game birds for food and for recreation. Confessing that he had used "most methods, excepting slaughtering from a floating battery with a small cannon" for shooting ducks, he found that hunting them on horseback was "rare sport." The pintails he bagged were devoured at the officers' mess. For himself he preferred the green-winged teal, "a favorite bird . . . for shooting for the table, where I always thought it looked better than it did in my collecting-chest. 'Two and a half teal, broiled, on toast,' became my well-known limit for supper; but I never succeeded in 'preserving' the third bird without mutilation."

Along the northern border of Dakota Coues sought evidence of the former range of the buffalo: "I saw no sign whatever until the vicinity of Turtle Mountain, where an occasional weather-worn skull or limb-bone may be observed."

After several days of geodetic and astronomical observation at the mountain the various parties of the commission resumed their westward trek in early August. Later in the month they crossed the Mouse (Souris) River. Along the way Coues was pleased to discover a flock of Le Conte's sparrows, hitherto little known to science, and secured five specimens "in the deep green sea of waving grass that rolled over an extensive moist depression of the prairie."

Here also the animal sounds of the West disturbed and

delighted him:

Often as we lay encamped on the Mouse River, the stillness of midnight would be broken by the hoarse, rattling croaks of [sandhill] cranes coming overhead, the noise finally dying in the distance, to be succeeded by the shrill pipe of numberless waders, the honking of geese, and the whistling of the pinions of myriads of wild fowl that shot past, sounding to sleepy ears like the rushing sound of a far away locomotive.

Between Turtle Mountain and the Mouse River Coues began finding more evidence of the buffalo's recent inhabitation of the Dakota plains: ". . . the bony remains multiply with each day's journey, until they become common objects; still, no horn, hoof, or patch of hide." Among the mammals living in the area was the mink. Using steel traps and deadfalls, "a friend with me procured a large number . . . without difficulty." Examination of the minks confirmed the notion that the entrapped animals did indeed gnaw their feet in attempting to free themselves.

It was perhaps in this area that he "tested the speed of a Skunk in a fair race over open prairie."

The wind was blowing "half a gale" at my back, and my courage was consequently unchallenged. The animal seemed to be aware of its powerlessness under these circumstances, and, after once or twice vainly discharging its battery, as I saw by its peculiar motions, though the wind carried off the effluvium, made off at its best pace. But I had no difficulty in keeping up with it at an easy jog-trot, scarcely faster than rapid walking, and, after noting its gait and other actions, I shot it dead. The specimen was too offensive to be skinned, however, as some of the fluid had been blown upon its fur. In the course of my various campaigns in the West, I have witnessed not a few ludicrous scenes, and have known the startling cry of "Skunk!" to throw a camp into as great commotion, to all outward appearance, as that other graver, yet not less sudden, warning of Indians.

Although not as concerned with herpetology as with ornithology and mammalogy, Coues did collect several species of snakes, lizards, frogs, toads, and turtles, including what he believed to be a new type of garter snake. He named it "Twining's Garter Snake" in recognition of the chief astronomer's "cordial cooperation in the scientific interests of the Boundary Commission, and in expression of our personal consideration."

Upon leaving the Mouse valley in early September with the other members of the American group, Coues noted even more evidence of the buffalo's past residence, including "skulls still showing horns, nose-gristle, or hair, and portions of

skeletons still ligamentously attached." Further on, at La Rivière des Lacs, "a few day's [sic] march west of the Mouse River, there was a grand battue a few years since, as evidenced by numbers of buffalo bones, the innumerable deserted badger-holes, and the circle of stones denoting where Indian lodges stood."

Beyond La Rivière des Lacs stood the final observation point of the survey for this season, the Coteau of the Missouri, a long plateau astride the parallel, almost 300 miles from Pembina. The parties reached the Coteau by mid-September. Throughout the remainder of the month and for much of October the surveying continued until cold weather set in. Most of the Americans then left the Coteau and headed for Fort Totten, Dakota Territory. From there they journeyed to Jamestown where they boarded the Northern Pacific Railway for St. Paul. Coues, after reporting a "very successful" summer of collecting, perhaps took a different route, for he mentions leaving the Coteau by way of the Mouse River, traveling south by "an easy wagon road" to the "flourishing" Fort Stevenson and thence down the north side of the Missouri River to Bismarck.

Rather than wintering with the other Americans at Detroit, Coues repaired to the Smithsonian to write up the scientific results of his first season with the boundary survey. His major accomplishment of the winter of 1873-1874 was the completion of his *Birds of the Northwest*, a work based on his examination in the 1860's of specimens secured by other naturalists and supplemented by his own first-hand knowledge of the region's avifauna. In addition he wrote smaller pieces for professional journals and sportsmen's magazines and spoke before learned societies.

In mid-June of 1874 he and other members of the American commission rendezvoused at Fort Buford, Dakota, on the Missouri River and near the mouth of the Yellowstone, just east of the Montana line. This season they would complete the survey by travelling across nearly all of the northern border of Montana. Fort Buford, a "great place" according to Coues, was two miles from the ruins of Fort Union, "formerly a somewhat noted locality, now a mere heap of rubbish." From their winter quarters at Dufferin, members of the British commission reached the same vicinity. Coues noted that the Missouri and Milk River basins were "sharply distinguished geographically and topographically, as well as zoologically" from Pembina, Turtle Mountain, and the Mouse River, his "principal collecting-grounds" of the previous season.

Departing from Buford on June 21, the American column, in a train of 110 wagons, set out westward along the north bank of the Missouri. They reached Fort Stewart on June 25 by wagon road and crossed the Poplar River on the 26th. After journeying over 100 miles they arrived at the mouth of the Milk River. Near here, at a trading post called "Tom Campbell's

Houses," an astronomical party which Coues accompanied, struck northward while the main column continued up the Milk River.

Coues and his companions crossed Little Rocky Creek, continued in a northwesterly direction to another trading post, Fort N. J. Turnay, which Coues pronounced "a very disagreeable place." From there they resumed their march towards the international boundary (Coues riding in a buckboard), following Frenchman's Creek: "You will not find this stream on the map, perhaps, by this name," wrote Coues; "it is one of the first of the whole series of similar streams flowing south into Milk River." Along the way he collected, among other fauna, specimens of the "sage hare" (Nuttall's cottontail) and the "prairie hare" (white-tailed jack rabbit).

Upon reaching the parallel, Coues discovered what turned out to be a new species of crustacean which "occurred in myriads in several small prairie pools from a hundred yards to a half mile or so wide, exactly on the Boundary line." He further described the ponds as "extensive shallow sheets of sweet water, of a comfortable wading depth, generally with a little open space in the deepest part, but mostly choked with luxuriant vegetation."

Moving along the boundary the party reached the East Fork of the Milk River on July 15, and, one week later, Milk River Lake. By the end of August Coues and his group joined the British and American main parties at the Sweet Grass Hills (the Three Buttes). While there Coues paid more attention to obtaining mammals, such as the porcupine, mountain sheep, and "gophers" (Richardson's ground squirrel) than to searching for birds. Of the numerous gophers, he commented that "their name is legion. If Dakota and Montana were the garden of the world (which they are not, however), either the gophers or the gardeners would have to quit." The "endless diversity in the details" of the gopher holes led him to exclaim: "What a country it is, to be sure, where the most persistent of the minor inequalities of surface are little heaps of dirt alongside of little holes!" The gophers themselves amused him:

Not seldom, after running some little fellow to earth, have I stood still just by the hole, and confidently waited for his reappearance. Presently I hear a little scratching, perhaps a squeak, and then I see his head, turned roguishly to one side, to throw one bright black eye full upon me, as if to ask what manner of creature I may be to stand thus boldly at his door. He looks as if he would like to invite me in, and then laugh at me for being too big and too clumsy to enter.

Coues' interest in mountain sheep was as much culinary as it was scientific. He sent one of the party's hunters out to shoot a sheep and loaned him a mule for bringing it back. While the hunter was loading the carcass on the mule, "the latter objected strenuously, broke away, and ran to camp." When the

hunter returned on foot, Coues offered him another mule. The unfortunate man replied: "Oh, no, doctor! I know how bad that mule can be, and am taking no chances on any other one."

Having completed the surveying at the Sweet Grass Hills, the column resumed its march towards the Rockies. As they moved along the Milk River route Coues directed his attention to the hawks of the region, particularly Swainson's hawk which "occurs in great numbers over large areas of almost unbroken, arid and cactus-ridden prairie, where, even along the water-courses, there may be no trees or bushes for many miles." In crossing the tributaries of the Milk, he found them "entirely unwooded."

[T]he streams cut their sinuous course deep into the loose soil of the prairie, making on the convexity of almost every turn a bold perpendicular earth-bank a hundred feet, more or less, in height. To these "cut-banks" as they are called, Swainson's and some other hawks . . . resort to breed.

Also observed here were the ferruginous hawks and the peregrine falcon. Spying the seldom seen nest of the latter on a river bank, Coues lowered a man down with a rope to collect it. He discovered another "on the bare face of a perpendicular embankment" and tried to lasso the three young falcons in it. Although the father "kept at a respectable distance," he found it necessary to shoot the mother, which "menaced me at close range." Failing to secure the young falcons, who eluded his noose, he "left the family to the care of the father, who, it is to be hoped, has since done more for his family than he did on the occasion just mentioned."

Among the birds common to the Milk River watershed were the cliff swallow, "Arkansas flycatcher" (western kingbird), mountain plover, horned lark, chestnut-collared and McCown's longspurs, and the vesper sparrow. Water birds seen nesting along the boundary included the mallard, widgeon, shoveler, teal, pintail, scaup, bufflehead, and "wild" (Canada) goose. Two "very elegant and interesting" wading birds, Wilson's phalarope and the avocet, used the "numberless alkaline pools or small lakes with which portions of Dakota and Montana are cursed" as their "favorite breeding resorts." Long-billed curlews were noticed almost daily along the route; and at night "their piercing and lugubrious cries resounded to the howling of the wolves. There is something peculiarly melancholy, and almost foreboding, in their screams, heard in these remote wilds, where the traveller is never entirely free from a sense of contingent danger."

As the "tedious march through the monotonous country of the Milk River" progressed, Coues found fewer ornithological surprises and looked forward to discovering new or different specimens in the mountains. Perhaps it was the lack of avian novelties that caused him to take careful notice of mammalian

forms, such as the "prairie hare," while still on the plains.

In the previous season in Dakota he had noted only vestiges of the buffalo's former presence along the 49th. This season, however, he came upon the northern or "Yellowstone" herd shortly after leaving Frenchman's River. He continued to observe them each day up to the Sweet Grass Hills. Beyond he found only their trails, but was convinced that they still roamed the area between the Sweet Grass Hills and the Rockies. Throughout the Milk River basin he and his comrades "traveled for weeks with no other fuel" than buffalo chips.

As an agent in the progress of civilization, the spirit of which is expressed in the remark that westward the course of empire takes its way, the buffalo chip rises to the plane of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, and acquires all the dignity which is supposed to enshroud questions of national importance or matters of political economy. I am not sure, indeed, that it is not entitled to still higher rank, for it is certain, at any rate, that we move in some parts of the West without either steam or electricity (mules replacing both), where it would be as impossible to live without buffalo chips as to exist without flour, coffee, and tobacco.

As the Rocky Mountains began to loom before them, he was happy to be leaving "the eternal sameness of flat, dusty, treeless prairie, where the ground and the water and the air are loaded with Glauber's salts and other vile saline compounds." Entering the base of the mountains, he could now "breathe a pure air, tread a clean ground, may loiter if we wish, in the shade of evergreen trees, and drink iced water from brawling mountain torrents and deep placid lakes." There stood the peaks, rearing "their proud cold heads thousands of feet above us."

If not exactly heaven, it is more like that paradise just left, which is not seldom compared, in the energetic language of the West, to that other place which also commences with "h". Every mountain gorge is threaded with a silver stream, which united form the headwaters of the Saskatchewan; in a single day we have passed from waters that flow into the Gulf of Mexico to others that seek the Polar Sea.

The final destination of the surveyors and Coues' last major collecting point was Chief Mountain (Waterton) Lake, near the base of Chief Mountain, which they reached in mid-August. The waters there were an "angler's paradise." To catch the larger trout the men of the survey used hooks fashioned from kettle-handles, tent rope for lines, and salt pork for bait.

In the ornithological line Coues was "particularly desirous of finding the Dipper,--a bird that in former years had given

me the slip Nor was I disappointed." Broods of harlequin ducks caught his eye, but the "most interesting single result" of his investigations was learning that the Bohemian waxwing "breeds on or very near the boundary of the United States." Among other mammals, Coues encountered the golden-mantled ground squirrel, least chipmunk, pika, and two long-tailed weasels--one of the weasels having been "killed up a tree with a stick."

With the completion of their work at the end of August, the joint commission returned to the West Butte of the Sweet Grass Hills. From there the Americans turned southward, going along Maria's River towards Fort Benton, on the Missouri. Their scout, George Boyd ("a noted character in those parts"), filled the party with "bloody stories" of Indian wars. Boyd, despite "being web-fingered in both hands, and having both feet sadly clubbed" was, Coues recalled, "very quick on the trigger, and could run a footrace with the best of us." The scout's knowledge of Indians gave Coues and the others "immense relief" once when it looked as if a band of Indians were preparing to attack them along the river. Boyd spread a blanket--the sign of friendship--and the crisis passed.

Coues and the majority of the Americans reached Fort Benton on September 8. On September 12, they began their voyage of 835 miles down the Missouri to Bismarck in six Mackinaw boats. Coues remembered the boat in which he sailed as "safe and commodious."

It was shaped like a flat-iron, with pointed bow but square stern, flat-bottomed, roomy yet with little draft, manned with four oars, and steered with a long pivoted sweep. It carried a crew of twelve men, besides myself and three companions, with a month's provisions, and could be fitted with a mast and sail (made of a tent-fly) to help along when the wind was abaft; yet it was not too heavy to be shoved off a sand-bar when we ran aground, if we all jumped overboard--an incident that no day passed without.

While shooting Dauphin Rapids, "the first bad ones below Judith river," Coues "felt much better after than before taking them." Further down they reached Fort Peck, Montana, another "flourishing" post. Beyond, at Fort Berthold, Dakota, he ran his boat "snug under the bluff."

Although travelling by boat cut short his collecting, Coues was ever the alert observer. He saw numerous beaver along the way as well as larger species such as bighorn sheep and the buffalo. The latter "were seen almost daily during that part of the voyage which embraced the rapid portion of the river flowing between the bluffs of the Bad Lands. Small droves were seen surmounting peaks which, it would seem only a mountain sheep could scale." At one point they proved less agile.

The buffalo were crossing the river, and their alarm at our flotilla of six Mackinaw boats sweeping down the river gave rise to a remarkable scene at a point where the banks were precipitous. We have all heard of the slaughter of buffalo by being urged over a precipice, but I fancy that the suicide of buffalo by their trying to climb cliffs too steep for them is not so well known. A herd of several hundred took the alarm at our approach, and rushed headlong up the bank. They got on very well for some distance--for the buffalo can climb steeper places than one would suppose from their ungainly and unwieldy form; but as they proceeded the way grew worse. Still those that were in the rear pressed so hard on the leaders of this climb that the latter could neither turn nor even stop; several of them lost their footing, rolled down, end over end, in a cloud of dust, and then tumbled off the cliff to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Upon arrival at Bismarck on September 30, the members of the American commission boarded a special train for St. Paul. From there Coues went to New York, under orders to take his examination for promotion to captain.

The army then allowed him to settle in Washington to work as a "Resident Collaborator in Mammology and Ornithology" at the Smithsonian, where he deposited his sizeable collections from the northern boundary. At the same time he was still attached to the boundary commission. In both capacities he set about writing articles and monographs on his recent findings. They appeared in the *American Naturalist*, *Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club*, *Forest and Stream*, *American Sportsman*, *Rod and Gun*, and the publications of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the Essex Institute, and the Hayden, Powell, and Wheeler federal surveys of the West. Since his travels had taken him along much of the route of Lewis and Clark, he also prepared a bibliography of the various editions of their journals as an aid in correlating his scientific investigations with those of the intrepid explorers.

His writings dealt principally with birds and mammals, and to a much lesser extent, the reptiles of the Northwest. The collections he made in other areas were turned over to appropriate specialists. David Starr Jordan examined the fishes. Coues' relative ignorance of and indifference to this branch of science is reflected in his skimpy ichthyological field notes (which included entries such as "Gristle-nosed Fish . . . Saint Mary's River, Aug. 16, 1874," and "Lot of small fish. Mouse River, Dak., Aug. 17, 1873") and the fact that he lost one-third of the fishes. Still, the remaining batch contained "some novelties, rarities, and other specimens of sufficient interest"; and Jordan discovered among them a new genus which

he named *Couesius*.

Three other naturalists, Cyrus Thomas, P. R. Uhler, and W. H. Edwards, wrote articles on his small but significant collection of insects. Of particular concern to Thomas were the grasshoppers, which, in the summer of 1874, had devastated crops on the northern plains. Coues himself believed that the sharp-tailed grouse was "in the very front rank of all the natural grasshopper-staying agencies" and that its protection from hunters would help prevent another such plague. The plants gathered by Coues and Dawson were turned over to J. W. Chickering whose article on them provided "a fair idea of the flora of the belt of country surveyed by the Boundary Commission."

In July of 1876, upon completing his work with the boundary commission, the army permitted Coues an ideal tour of duty: to serve as secretary and naturalist to F. V. Hayden's U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Territories. Although Coues would spend most of his time at the Survey's office in Washington, Hayden first sent him to the Colorado and Wyoming Rockies to head up a zoological expedition. Formerly Coues had been careless about wandering in Indian country; "but," he wrote shortly before leaving, "the years mellow us all":

To know how the Custer disaster came home to me, you should learn that I lost more than one true-hearted and manly friend, with whom in '73 and '74 I campaigned--with whom I marched and hunted, and ate, drank and slept, and told stories and sang songs, and chaffed, with all the blunt abandon of soldiers' life in camp, when we measured together our hundreds of miles in the "lone land" of Dakota and Montana. They are gone over to the majority! For myself, having lost no Indians, I shall hunt for none.

"Some graceless wag," Coues added, "has taken an atrocious liberty with my name," saying "that Hayden wisely takes Coues along this year to pacify Sitting Bull! To which I modestly but firmly reply, that, as I value my scalp, S. B. shall do no carving, if I can help it."

While in the West in the fall of 1876 he was made a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Shortly after his return he was elevated to the even more prestigious ranks of the National Academy of Sciences, becoming its youngest member.

Back in Washington he continued his enjoyable and productive stint with Hayden. In 1879 came bad news: the army, then in the process of disengaging itself from cooperative ventures with the government's scientific agencies, ordered Coues to Arizona for routine medical duty. He soon resigned his commission, blasting the army--and the West! Western America, he grumbled, had once attracted him as a naturalist,

but now he was fed up with blazing suns, cloudbursts, snowdrifts, sand storms, mosquitoes, "monotonous" prairies and plains, and Indian warfare.

As a civilian he found work as professor of comparative anatomy at his alma mater (which had been re-named Columbian University and is now George Washington University) and as the natural science editor of the *Century Dictionary*. He filled both positions throughout the 1880s, during which time he divorced his wife and married for a third time. He also immersed himself in Theosophy and oriental mysticism--pursuits which shocked and bewildered his scientific associates. A bitter quarrel with the leading exponent of the movement, Madame Helena Blavatsky, ended his organizational connection with the Theosophists but not his interest in the occult. "Psychic research" occupied some of his time until at least the early 1890s.

Throughout all of this his feverish pursuit of science (almost exclusively ornithology now) further strengthened his reputation as one of the greatest naturalists of the time. Coues continued to write and lecture, as well as to compile bibliographies, edit scientific journals, and serve in professional societies. Yet he had energy to spare--enough to accept an offer by a New York publisher to prepare a new edition of the Lewis and Clark journals. His experience with the boundary commission and his bibliographical work on the "Great Captains" fitted him for the task. All that was needed was a change of heart towards the West. This came quickly once into his work. Soon he was dashing about the Northwest, tracing the route of the explorers and travelling by every available means, including wagon, canoe, horseback, and on foot. Completing his four-volume effort in 1893, Coues dedicated it "To the People of the Great West":

Jefferson gave you the country. Lewis and Clark showed you the way. The rest is your own course of empire. Honor the statesman who foresaw your West. Honor the brave men who first saw your West. May the memory of their glorious achievement be your precious heritage! Accept from my heart this undying record of the beginning of all your greatness.

The "Great West" enthralled him. Next came his editions of the journals of Zebulon M. Pike (1895) and the northwestern fur-traders Alexander Henry (1897) and Charles Larpenteur (1898). Recognizing that he now also loved the Southwest he edited the accounts of Santa Fe Trader Jacob Fowler (1898) and the Spanish missionary Francisco Garcés (published posthumously in 1900).

While tracking the routes of these and other early southwestern explorers he collapsed from a "complication of diseases" in New Mexico. Failing to recover from a desperate operation at Johns Hopkins hospital, he died in Baltimore on Christmas day, 1899, just after shouting "Welcome, oh welcome, beloved death!"

YEAR
1910
- 11

MINISTERS
ARRIVAL
SALOON

EDWARDS
CLOTHING

CIGAR STAND BLACK BOARD
SHIP ARRIVALS

FAVORITE
SALOON

S.U.P.

PHIL COHEN'S
BARBER SHOP

TOMMY & I →
STANDING THERE
BY THE
POLE

↑
EAST STREET
↓

Q. J. M.
1966

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
OREGON

DONALD SCHENKER

DUNCAN'S MILLS, POP. 20, ELEV. 35

for Walt Whitman

Neglected bars, grey farmhouses.
The "en masse" of a century ago & more.
Trucks with rotting rubber, rusted engines
in the sheep-worn yards, marked, "For Sale".
Even the mills aren't roaring any more. & The stock
don't seem to like the grass much, either, past few years.

Fences put together piecemeal of old
lengths of weathered outhouses collapsed
before so-and-so was a boy, & saved outside.

Or, finally, some new owner, proud
of a good price, & in an enthusiasm of ownersip,
goes out & tears the thing down, builds
a new one; or, to save costs: on the same old railing,
nodding to the modern age, he'll set one strip
of brand new barbed wire up on top,
pulled taut & gleaming, & make done
his punctuation of history.

Almost as if
the land itself defeats the building on it,
confounds the people who live there in their need
to live there as something more than men.
Or less.

As if they've heard, way back when, that
husbandry gets you something more
than any man ever got from it before.

As if
being privileged with acreage so fat,
why shouldn't it rub off on their bones,
the bones of their children?

As if
"en masse", a century & more ago, something
was let get out of hand.

Tobacco ads on barn walls, maybe.
Getting credit at the general store & needing
a faster way to get there. Letting
the John Deere salesman convince you nothing's to be done
unless you motorize like so-and-so up to Guerneville.

Perhaps it was reading Walt Whitman instead of
loving your wife. Or trusting in a mistranslated Lord.

Land don't pay like some people, long time ago,
thought it would. The land hereabouts looks as if it's
smug.

Take those rocks: they're like
icebergs in the Northern Sea. Ninety percent of them
still in the ground. Gave up digging them out
a hundred & twenty years ago.

The land wins clear & away,
as if it's superior to every man who's ever tried it
in hopes it was a human universe to begin with.

JOHN THORPE

A Brief (german word for 'letter' -- observing the 'law' of communication that unalienated prose is made directly for friends & relatives as I do -- the 'law' reading
We make it for each other
cause there's nobody than
'each other' to address

Surveyors only hear
at the terminal of involvement
the precise way another man
failed to stir ground so tough so like no man the State
will give it to you free too, now land
is also its role

Up for grabs:

160 acre Quarter Sections @
\$2.50/acre No residence or im-
provements required

The country was sold
in the western U.S.
between Civil War
& 1890 not to families as was provided for --
3% ever got homesteaded
is one figure --
it all happened before anyone was really aware it was going on

here:

W O O D V I L L E

1849

about 12 men

headed by James Hough

who had the contract

from the spanish (o Tijerinas!)

came to Bolinas

"for the purpose of getting out wharf timbers"

TO BUILD SAN FRANCISCO

Take one man. Charles Lauff

born in France 1822 (his past: 19 yrs old shipped on bark
'Byron' to S. Shetland Is. 18 months
wrecked - bark to Cape Horn
bark 'Warren' to Sitka 6 months
to Frisco 1844
bark 'Tasso' hide-droghing
(say \$2/ hide & \$3.50/tallow) 3 months
bark 'Pisquamma' to Callao etc
back to S.F. 1845

287

Rancho Corte Madera del Presidio
whipsawing --
Ross' Landing, Marin City --
Sutter's Fort --
Coloma 6 months --

Marine Prolog

Piloted ships up San Joaquin R. in 1848
Took 1 Chillanian ship to Stockton
receiving \$500 gold. He & 2 others
bought topsail schooner for \$10,000
wch amt they cleared on 1st trip

Then,

WOOD

in 1849-50, he came, as above,
to Bolinas, for purposes of...

PURPOSES? The biographer declines to answer. He's J.P. Munro-Fraser, Marin county's first historian -- & so done he thought he controlled what his little biographies were 'about'.

1880

His son could have known, Whitehead was writing by then, that every occasion's finally its own reason for what's omitted. There's a smell of 70¢ crab cocktails around the wharves whose wood Lauff secured. And Munro-Fraser flunked the thought of men.

TO GO BACK,

Lauff was making shake sheds for cooking on Rancho Bolinas
Gregario Briones' Rancho
in 1837 when the earthquake hit

HE HAD THE USE OF WOOD. (Spanish didnt).

He constructed afterwards a frame house, main house, for
Briones -- 1st wood bldg hereabouts (c. 4 yrs after
the 1st wood house was built in S.F.
by Jacob Leese using wood fr Monterey)

Lauff fell out w/ Briones over the social stir of insurrection of which the worst yr was 1845, & the raising of the Bear Flag leading on war. And Lauff worked for Fremont & did about face joining the US Army

July, 1848: US proclaimed sovereignty. Many army men were DEMOBBED in California -- & those like Lauff, had experience of resource, timber, & mines -- Such men constituted the party of persons WHITEYS who came to Rancho SPANISH Bolinas Bay 1846-50
"under contract to Hough & Hatch"

after the TIMBER on Briones' 9000 acres --- 'Bolinas' -- INDUSTRY

the longest cross cut saws in the world
wedged back under the cut
finally battered with 12
pound sledges

Turning the auger handle around and around
I mean a log with 4600 board feet in its
T R U N K

banging the iron clamps with a mallet with

bent backs and black
hats to keep em from passing
out Too hot
to touch except with a shovel
out of the trough trussed plank walk
to dry out
(These facts are
tough to dump
as to oust a Hilton
hotel from...

SAW MILLS

Schooners
could anchor at the N end of the lagoon. This activity
became a 'Town', Woodville; a lumber camp of 1000 men
within Briones' Rancho
and the purpose
the wood that BUILT S.F.!!

Until 1860's

the local mills all closed
Shipping from the lagoon not possible because silt from
cut over lands was filling the N end where wharves stood

End of WOODVILLE as such
& 'Town'
begins
example: C. Lauff married
Briones' daughter
for chrissake the boss'
daughter in 1853, & bought
farmland
what he'd been doing was over. Went

North

a tree
a tree a
bridge slat
tie

It took the guys looking at the white chalk letters
on the slates
of the unemployment office
and cooks and bartenders
Bill Heywood stuck a match
in the wastebasket
saying "It's gonna be a hot summer"
to those big Lumbermen (Reed
Blodell, Weyerhauser)
in the Tacoma hotel

(Weyerhauser didnt drink

but then there was James J Hill his friend

Oregon could have been Weyerhauser
The names of the states aren't real, all fall

one hopes and yes they do like rail, as road, has shifted
into corporations where land disappears)

'town' was
of Woodville
Woodville was
not of 'town' 'Town' is later
cut over land after
transport was impossible
people decided humorously to live here
on top of the silt
which had started
post-woodville
A village which to
speak accurately
was means of delivery
not really Town
as long as \$2 per
running foot was
obtained for those
9000 acres Briones
slunk off. The delivery
lasted 10 years & destroyed
itself by dumping
a garbage heap in its own way

Now my kick
is to stop
the 'Civilization' that began with the starting of Woodville.
Either we begin here or we're not here
Propane tank in a sickly back yard
streaked green plaster & a TV antenna

There's no sense in looking
after
a disappearing beginning
in the Flateyarbok or Onion Portage or those
italians and spanish seamen.
Look at a beginning that appears (the woods alone
not alone, clumps
grazing meadow
copses, tiny dots of bushes up to tree line
to ascertain
below the hills fogged
rest in you man

The assumptions of resting - & all
subsequent
life at rest (culture - Viareggio &
mesa flowers and kitchen garden
(just simple people like I
guess simple people are everywhere
but without much passion like hey
man you figure it out, that
the zoning will change & even rabbits
won't be allowed
in the culture of Viareggio

'Woodville' is only
a yellow garage
on U.S. 1 - it attracts
only such people
as, John Hamilton the painter

NOW Walker can do it
no property giant
but the hills are
invisible: no man's land around
him for acres & acres, he places men there
hard working bos
who have tied strings to their ankles
evidently leading back to the police station.
We can assume the Union wars were lost.

Assume the Righetti logging is Woodville
where the town began, envisioned as the end of
it we can now cause, & this time
I refuse to see as you Lauff Robert Ridley Almy Sampson
etc saw -- I see the mesa behind my house on Wharf Road is
big beautiful waste of its own value
as Marty Kent Jones showed
putting her leg in front, the law
of the definite use of Kent Lake or Island she demonstr
ated on the log they were milling in situ before
the Kent family purple & white little flowers
had bowed, their fortune such
bowed in the air at the end of thin light green leaves
50 years of demonstration, as the Kents are.

As long as the Righetti ranch has high taxes
anybody's losing their "town"
the Forest Service guys ride by
like clerks in a goddam ticket office.
Once the Righetti land seems clear enough
it'll be sold as subdivisions of course
like Sweet's land in Pt Reyes seashore
first he tried logging, & just plain lost
so now he's got to get it back by
selling the land for housing
on the basis of the value of
moldy taverns around Point Reyes Station
where the portagees are going to seed
if not economic suicide now that farms
are what they are, and that would be
important to determine by asking around
in the hills lie out between
farms
and "town". Out of Town
it couldn't be domesticated
or imagined another way than Walker's
No Town will light up the woods
because of the stingy truth of
Woodville. 6 bars & a whorehouse
is the party we're stuck with to
relieve the truth of Woodville and
its unanswered questions: where 1000
men came from and went to, the
destiny of the cash of the timber

none. He only worked 2 or
3 days in the month
Tommy or his father. Their month was hunting
far more -- & its more interesting thats what he wasn't, a
carpenter, yet when he came on 2 or 3 dollars
he'd cross
the dark bay
where sea gulls gasp
blowing again

spend Jefferson on his rocks
to Barbary, to get some brass
and beer was from tickets for a girl
who only danced inside the door
at 25 cents for really the room
of men bums and seamen
being piano woogied
Brass a look and a sound
sought shooting thru his own head
that brakeless madness tested going
around from hunter's and mariner's quiet of

there was the whole land behind them
of Woodvilles, a few men standing in
thin jeans, jackets, with brown paper bags were enough
to connect it below the flattery
that Rush wrote jokingly Henry Adams might be
secretary of state along with Debs Attorney
general under Bryan! ho ho you young audacious
washington men who talk of im-
pounding the railroad when "Nebraska"
was split along the Platte Valley the Union Pacific
owning the north and the south was the Burlington
line

Well how does it feel to fight for organization?
I should have asked him. Tom Storer was here
at the fire house, 1968. Seeking the 4th district
vote (wow -- the Woodville vote!) The fact that nite
I went down beach with a bottle of port to think what
to ask him the stars

were
much
the 15 miles
dark coast

I could think of no question at all, but on the wall in the
room he was were pictures of old Town showing more trade
on my road than is now also the Kent Estate hadnt changed
from the look of the trees
but I had no use

I could only be drunk
flag firehouse
Port
in the moon
thru the neck of the bottle
and watched that irish lawyer

thinking
I want to catch the
lupine in the light
variegations

& the
breeze
taken for
a gust of wind
at back of the man
leaning over the government desk to sign up --

(The OBJECT of, of, of -- THAT START -- start with
the Object, the separation that Woodville's
a term of
or as John Armstrong
sd to the Health Inspector
pointing to his tent on Grove St.
when do you think a country's settled?
Its no mere twinkling of pain magnified by cities --
Its more this spit of land prepares
a man against that kind of average statement
that the government forces
on everyone a paraphrase that can't be done
except by a reduction of voices
shouting -screaming-
of a delayed cause
even way out in the woods

(That the San Mateo county rules of Forest Practice is
unenforcable is part of the absurd point. We cannot
pretend to be organized. The mottoes of organized industry
e.g. "Reducing Your Food Costs Is Our Business" can literally
not be even examined as long as we receive a 'town' that isn't
there!

"You can't see the trees from the road anyway"

The town
never showed up
but what it shows
a gulch 3 mesas valley
horseshoe hill then
palo tree marin and
unused 'paradise valley'
RCA & the amazing, yet
remote, parks
it is precisely this walking
view of the ground
and it never shows I live here
or if this is 'civilization'
it doesnt care, I walk town beach
and yet I'm yours ruled
and still zero the daily tide
insists we build the actual Town
on top of Woodville's silt
til it shows
we are yours here

Whale and Ant

sea whacking
out the ridge

Seal and peri-
winkle

cut by Hough & Hatch, the incredible
brutish passivity of the gentleman Briones
riding his horse by sleepy creeks
and thinking the truths of stone heads now
where otherwise their impressions are tensions
spoken of by mao as he enters our dreams where
people's work is totally lost
confounded by the Pepper's stores
which is no human place
as long as it's a question of
the extent of their concern
confused with the
point of the Town
which has barely begun to exist

Or merely watch the lost move
up the Pacific coast. The issue from
a single thing not utilized
in the human face

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT

the young

TO LOSE

Because they never were, they were
lost. But as such they were, too -- those
who have been lost & those who are here are
One

Which is why I address Town
as if it were a condition
to be occupied
as if it Arose

not after Frisco that monsoon of lights
but rather the unclaimed silt beach of
phonepoles, bridges, houses, shoes --- a last outpost takes
out here, and the rest of the world a wake
of minor shocks not for a moment

to be received as
history

except of delay
or the question can a 'town' afford
to have lived less
than the men
she
fosters

like Tommy when his father's rancho Larkspur was
taken away he didnt say
how, down
added and that was after his old man had run the wood burn-
ing donkey in Woodville

They then lived hunting
while his old man didnt return to the 3 portagee dairy farms
where Muir beach is
but carpentered. The need in Mill Valley for
carpentry in 1885 was about

#1 Sutter's Field, right after Xmas Flagship Ohio, Dec 28, 1848

Hon. J. J. Mason
Secretary of the Navy.

Sir:

When I wrote my last letter I had no conception of the state of things in Upper California. For the present I fear it will be impossible to maintain any naval or military force in California. No hope of reward or fear of punishment is sufficient to make binding any contract between man & man on the soil of California. Among the deserters from my squadron are some of the best petty officers and men having only a few months to serve & a large balance due them, amounting in aggregate to \$10,000.

Thomas Ap Catesby Jones
Commander in Chief, Pacific Squadron

(Population of S.F. in 1848 was about 375 americans)

2)
REDEMPTION OF

Hypertely: an extreme degree of imitative coloration not explainable on grounds of utility

A requisition of Marin County on above terms --

"..there is a large group of animals so poorly equipped with biological weapons that they must at all costs avoid combat and concentrate on escape. They do this either by running away or by making themselves invisible. They may hide or melt into their environment by color-adaptation or mimicry, which makes them look like something different from what they are, or they may, like the cuttlefish, eject an inky cloud in which they disappear. Only in the extreme emergency of finding themselves at bay will timid animals turn and fight with whatever weapons they have."
Simeons, M.D.

THREE (the funny papers)

"District Attorney Bruce Bales threw the book at the loggers who have been stripping the Righetti ranch on Bolinas Ridge in West Marin. He filed 21 criminal charges against them in Marin courts Tuesday. To prevent such further desecration of Marin timber stands, Supervisor Arrigoni and County Counsel Maloney will go to Sacramento next Wednesday to appear before the Assembly Committee on Natural Resources to throw their support to AB 1143 which would give the counties the right to place their own regulations on logging practices. Under the present circumstances the state has preempted the

field of logging regulation. The state forestry practices are notably sloppy and permitted the havoc to be wrought on the Righetti ranch where some 300 acres of slash and debris were hit by 14 fires earlier in the month."

END

The County Supervisors

Bud Baar's face in repose
The crewcut hair of Doug Maloney
The crablike movements of the tax assessor
Zucker's ability to shake the dice in his mind
The whispered talk of Gness at half-time
The protests that we assume to know
where Wilkins gulch is, & who owns the next ranch
south, or who was Stinson, who was before Briones
but a dead king, & why Briones could lease G. Morris the land
west of Berry's (no, Garcia's? or a spanish hired
by the county judge & a court clerk actually absentee
owners? leasing in turn from the Olds brothers land for
lime kilns presently owned by Sam Smoot?)
The Supervisors will leave it all to
the Attorney General.

BLACKSMITH 1

This is what they say. "Chance set him on the coast. He was employed as a menial by Timothy Murphy (Judge of the town of San Rafael) for a few years, but disappeared thereafter."

1849, Capt J A Morgan in Bolinas Bay

to salvage a vessel stranded on the beach. Ashore, Morgan meets up with a peculiar looking individual who seems to be a fixture in the place. The man lives in a ravine, inside a cask bottomed by rags & leaves. He's got a small raft he uses to navigate around the bay & which he propells with a long pole. The man seems to be a Fire Worshipper, for no matter where he stops, be it day or night, Winter or Summer, he'd build up a large fire & sit by it. He has 2 companions, a cat, a pig, both which follow him everywhere. If he'd chance to push off shore without them, they'd plunge into the water and swim after him. His food consisted of clams, fish & game, killing the latter with an old flintlock from which the lock was gone & which he discharged by applying a lighted match to the powder in the pan. Blacksmith dies, age about sixty, 1857.

I'd say the fact of anything being noticed's the terms of its demise. Whatever's got intensity that can be taken for granted (Blacksmith) turns into a minus sign. Or else, just what are the relations between contemporaries, Chas Lauff & the Blacksmith? That would be town.

BLACKSMITH 2

There's Blacksmith's fire. Lost. The fire, night or day, the fire against the sea. The sea's so goddam cold, the tide is cold, moss's cold, silt & reeds are. Heat & light, flickers of the light, in the fire, behind the eyes, of Blacksmith, who

knew his mind was made of the skeletal remains of little fishes in the dark, and cold.

Sea. That he worshipped anything. If you like. It doesn't seem peculiar. It's the same fire every time. Him screaming for safety in his own solitary body, lit it in the morning, the flames hissing at the cold tide, the fire going out in the wind -- It can't be lost, can it? And how can I talk about Blacksmith until I light this fire on the beach? Which is what Blacksmith is. He's the fire on the beach, and the point, tonight, is on the beach these signs

NO FIRES ALLOWED
\$500 FINE OR 6 MONTHS
IMPRISONMENT
OR BOTH

Talk about - what we have to have!
If you think I care, I don't

BLACKSMITH 3

Wood taken, now the logs turn back to Bolinas beach, dunnage dreck, bolted spars knotted, turned in the tide round with driftmarks, scoured, bleached, water receding leaves them.

1850's slopes under Bolinas ridge one mile in from the Pacific Ocean, needing only the right thing to bring it out.

That's love. Find Charles Lauff here.

Logs lie (as Lauff lies) aping the rhythm. Nobody looks as cold as the people who back you up.

Let them, if you're endlessly...beach -- as Blacksmith is beach, and received the return of Wood.

There's a story told of Blacksmith. That his dealings with the other settlers were limited to sometimes trading peltry with a provisioner 10 miles away, to get whiskey. Once he hiked over for that purpose, bringing fur, but the provisioner'd gone out, boarded the place up. Ten miles walking for a drink! Now Blacksmith's reaction, his anger

(while his ex boss Timoteo Murphy's
meantime cautioning Robt Ridley to caution
Lauff to caution Briones that John Fremont
is a Man of Peace)

Blacksmith's anger

was to bale all the fresh drinking water out of the provisioner's creek, and carry up from the ocean salt water to put in its place, down to the ocean & back, lugging salt water to fuck up the man's drinking supply! Rotten humor -- but you can taste it.

It's a giveaway, what can yuh do, huh, show me, willya. Turn away from the kitchen sink for a minute. Sticks out like a sore thumb.

BLACKSMITH

understands

Mu

& is burning it up



Ra	his legs	his rising	his beams
	his birth	Life	Strength

PAUL MALANGA: THE FIFTH DAY

-- *sentient beings, unable through long
association with propensities to
abandon propensities, and, through,
bad karma and jealousy,wander
down also to the Fifth Day.*
-- *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*

In the house, in a smoky room
two friends and my wife
played cards.

A game of Hearts
that I couldn't take to.

A friend and my wife
and a girlfriend,
or to isolate it, this thing
nagging at me,

a friend and my wife

end of summer, the lady stars
twinkling in lotus thrones
jewel bodies

they had the ease to light
heaven
and I so many shells,
fantasies, hells
of my heart

so a way to renewal:
walked around the dark
town

barely made it
let them be friends
in the game.

And later drove with them
everybody stoned
a happy drive along the river
where I saw Orion
turned on its side
as a gorgeous butterfly
dropping its starwings on a hill.

There, seeing that, I knew
my senses were coming.
Coming to rest in my body again.

DAVID GITIN

HAIGHT-ASHBURY 1967

benches. but everyone sits on the grass
in Golden Gate Park. old Negro with transistor
radio. a sailor, no dealers today, winos
tourists, some children, quiet old men

big trees. what do I love here?
the dope tea leaves a gentle high.
who knows about the macrobiotic rice?

Sun. in Sagittarius. where is my moon?
take acid. after the music. tonight.
today? rehearsal. Stanislavski & yoga.

fish 'n'chips? long line. skip it.
get a job. hippie mailman. no

back to the I & Thou. music, ama's
drawings, Ann's astrology & Bruce.
did Sako split?

#

dark waves leap like salmon
under the dock rotted green
by continual tides

gulls maneuver through air
pink purple the setting sun

I lift Maria
above the incoming wave

CHINESE SKETCH (told from childhood memory
by Benjamin Fong)

summer
straw sails
on the Si River

the clouds do not move
the moon
goes to town for oil

long unbroken cloud

to be your future
--the broken one
is evil

fireflies
zing through the air

tall bamboo
the leaves
fall from each notch
to the ground
where they crack
if stepped on

during the war
many ate the seeds
to survive

Lueng Khong
"bright dragon"
on the river
across from ricefields

with underwater trees
flamingoes --- you could walk across
in low tide

willows
a stone fence
the village square
where people came to dry
their clothes & babies
bathed, their tubs in a row

houses, each
with dragon sculpted
onto the roof, a head
at each door

a marble engraving
the family's history
the old village
deteriorated
the new

without gardens
or wells

(clay walks
replaced by tar)

altars in the attic

open from the center
of the house

and in the livingroom
antique wooden chairs
black teak with marble inlay

children play checkers
or jacks with pebbles,
soccer

the men
left for better things
the Philippines
Singapore
America

women harvest

B I L L P E A R L M A N

STINSON BEACH

I want to be out there
Running along the Pacific shore
Chanting to the spring wind
Undistracted heroics with you

What is it to be fulfilled
A man with his contract with Giants
Expecting explosive contact on summer field
A woman with her creed of warm intention
Giving birth to his first son
All shaped in dream of vital wealth

NEW MEXICO-CALIFORNIA EXPRESS

From New Mexico, again, crawling
From the parched mesa, thirsting

Vaguely backward -- The Sea The Sea
I must to moisture, to clear waves crashing
On the hard sand, the silver winged gull

The Shearwaters attacking schools of small fish
On their way to New Zealand!

Get open, orchestrate

The lovely summer

Your thirst is your own again

Your mind quietly invested in figuring

What the hills mean

What the sun fulfills in man

What friends come closest when far away

You had to leave.

Now pack yourself at a distance into a motion

You can feed and send away

July '71

B.C. TO MONTREAL

for Cynthia

Turning the

Head turns the hands reach

Bread

The Canadian Rockies

We were lucky to drive

So far in the sun

lakes & mountains everywhere

The war is over

We are camping in paradise

Give me another 'Blue'

You'll turn me inside out with

The fabulous salmon steak

How sure & lovely

She prepares my future

Garnished to amazement

I've never seen so much

Dense, fertile space

Here in Montreal

The French restaurants abound

We take escargots from their shells

Dip them in garlic butter & gulp

The fierce young Beaujolais

August '71

CHARLIE VERMONT

Gangs

White Plains Road gang

U-Grant Circle gang

Purdy St. boys

Shamrocks

5 Corners gang

Archer Street Saints (Italian Saints)

East, South, and North Quadrants of Parkchester were Catholic West and later the Northwest (the Shuff, a shuffleboard court) was Jewish, i.e., surrounded, the classic ghettoization

others for the imagination

Fordham Baldies

Spanish Scorpions

what bothered me most was the narrow path to and fro everything, e.g. the best pizzeria was too close to St. Helen's Parochial School.

Mt. St. Helens in Washington is a 9,000 ft. volcanic cone with glaciers which last erupted in 1842.

What did St. Helen do?

What did Kurt say about the police in Missoula, Montana?

the toughest guys including some bullies from
highschool became the police

don't call cops "pigs", he said, you don't call
the toughest gang in the world, pigs

Dream of Megapolis

East of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains

A great metropolis east of the Sangre de Cristos.
There, above it, the Truchas peaks of the Penitentes
and in the city the rock formations of Monument Valley
are become tenements.

I rode a bicycle through *its* Golden Gate Park,
I was looking for a woman at the mouth of the river
under the bridge
the surf began to mount
an officer of the law begged us to remove.

I met this guy who was a meat-eater
I told him I was a vegetarian
His friend said I could probably outrun him.
I pooh-pooh it
but this meat-eater had Frankfuter coming out
of his chest and worms pulsating in and out
where the Frankfuters took root
I said: Man, you got trichinosis.
He said: No I don't.
I said: See ya and hopped on my bicycle.
Later in another part of the city a little girl
ran towards a man offering prizes. Her mother
was in mourning

*Sangre de Cristos are a mountain range in
Northern Mexico. East of them are the
staked plains.

post mortem of conversation
with bleary-starry/eyed longhair

first you asked me if I was a Zen fanatic
I said no though I am a fanatic I'm not a zen fanatic

yes, you may ride raging rapids in a rubber raft
hunt, fish, and trap in Alaska
where carrots are fourteen inches
and strawberries gigantic
and go back to nature
because nature was here
long before we were
and the Tarot said
that a change was gonna come
that you were going to leave the cities
and I asked
but what happens if the ocean disappears
and you said
you weren't worried about the ocean
that as long as there was land
you'd be okay
I said "that's not what I meant"

p.s. you said you were gonna have a kid
that he was going to be born in the "forest"
I said "I have a kid and let me tell you
the paternal instinct to nest comes out
especially in winter."

spring '70
Eugene, Oregon

Hiram

lives up the road

with his Nefertiti rock

going to wami the war mongers

kidnap 'em into ice caves

with that mountain in Nevada

the butterflies friskin up his nose

and him playin dog and pissing on car wheels

with the police a-wondering

he went up to Denver with Bill

hanging out the window

reaching all lanky out to the driver's side

of the windshield to scrape off the ice at 80 mph

shouting and screaming and catching the vibes

at the University of Colorado

he smears blueberry pie on his face

and yells

HIRAM IS BACK !!!

Hiram

with his black magic rocks

to feed LA when Atlantis rises

and California sinks

of course

it's all in a day's work

why back on Venus

it's nothing unusual at all

Going to the Pacific Ocean

for the first time

Christmas Eve 1967

I'm going to the sea

I'm going to Barra de Navidad

Sand bar of Christmas for Christmas

I'm going to the sea

O royal palm trees lining lagoons

O moist Christmas Eve

O Pacific Ocean

Christmas Eve in the palms

you grow up travelling from place to place
utah & georgia appeal to you
each cactus is
sacred. scared of man. & rocks...
love lightly in all climates, folks
don't write no chambers of commerce about local virgins
it won't work
unless you're a rock star
but then as in poetry geography is transcended by hair
area is mere sq ft

* * * *
culture makes geography

worthwhile

men of business

import & export a billion miles a year
i know most of the trees in my neighborhood

SPACED IN ...

(me i'm irish

the hills and fogs of
homeland

drinking down papacy)

we keep the earth in conscious relation to itself as all
there is.

lions & seahorses blow in these
ears

for diversion (boundaries)

in words in
wars in wheres

interesting artifacts.

THE MOVE TO WHEELER

Sun comes out of a pocket
i walk by the pacific with my wife & child
clouds are flowers

No Jets

2 days ago under intermittent skies
we moved to this town pop. 280
plus five:

poetry keeps returning to Sappho
as i come back

to oceans, the winds from thousands of miles
& muss the hair & the salt
rusting my boots

- cells of skin
 can shed no tears been polished been stretched
 on boards between nails. My son,
 out of four month new blue eyes
 sees waves
 as fields of light
 & all this my once dying footwear feels unconsciously;
 the cold spray
 the added dozen or so
 pounds, sand-universe
 cuff of my jeans the tickle like a feather
 under chin, Sure
 i could get into
 getting in
 the water but not my boots and not my baby -
 this growth we talk about
 ends up a libra, the artist
 sign, my two boots
 weighing the same, the whips off eastern & western surfs
 in foam blowing onto equal beaches
 where Rosemarie dances
 & the baby sleeps in my arms

 not three miles away from the cottage.
 sun out.

WALKING ON SAND

heels and soles
 on the edge of a continent
 the pacific avoids
 my feet, undercuts me
 and slowly sinking
 STOP.
 this must be solid ground, no?
 a new wave
 a reconsideration
 washes away, my boy looks down
 at footprints
 no idea
 these things are mine, feet, his father's, another
 step, a further harmony
 of space Black Elk says
 "everywhere is the center of the universe" more steps
 joggle him
 asleep
 & we hitchhike home. HOME where we rent.
 the beach grows during the night
 concern of crabs, clams, starfish,

anemones, we dream and they set up their trailers
elsewhere

the end of the month comes
for women and moons; shovels in early morning fogs
in season: fried clams
by lunch

the land meanwhile lies fallow under asphalt
or in the scandalous portfolios
of the rich

SECURITY. i move around in the deep water
the highways are gaols
all amerika is owned
or desired, my son could be a ghetto
or

an overpopulation
(he's no landlord) even the rocky mountains
lose face

under the present regime
our geography is a stew & a stew is a lot of stars
not

a starry heaven
the waves build further out here in the west
Kali must be younger, this side
of her body

necking with the local cops and pimps;
a more blatant
undertow

Who controls the land is responsible.
Greed drives the train.
The Water strains at the Earth.
Fire sucks off the Air of the bible.
The Baby Cries When His Pants Are Dirty.

NOTE

In the last issue we presented Buckminster Fuller's poem about the proposed Passamaquoddy Tidal project. The following item appeared in the *Maine History News* recently:

"If only people knew the truth, they would have insisted that it be built," the new owner of the Quoddy Tidal Project model is quoted as saying of the aborted power project of the mid-1930s near Eastport, in which \$7 million was invested. Ed Knowles of Unity and Portland, well-known in harness-racing circles, acquired the demonstrator model some weeks ago at a Quoddy Village auction and believes it should be a popular tourist attraction.

Miss Mildred Holmes, of the Border Historical Society, supplied our cover photo, taken in 1940, and information on the scale model which, 16 by 20 ft. square, shows the proposed dams, power house site and general topography of an area of 286 sq. miles. Shown all over the country and at the New York World Fair, the model was built by Hector N. Poirier, Washington designer, and a group of National Youth Administration workers. It operated with "tides" rising and falling, water rushing through the dams, lights flashing, a phonograph transcription explaining the project and a circle of handsome translited photos of Quoddy scenes.

Records that accompanied the model on its trip around the United States stated the following about the project which was conceived by Dexter P. Cooper, builder of the Keokuk Dam on the Mississippi who was also affiliated with the Dneiperstory Power Development in Russia:

Referring to early use of tidal power for saw and grist mills, the record says: "Nature has provided this area with a high range of tide and land formations so located that with the addition of dams, filling gates and locks, the necessary conditions for the development of tidal power may be established. A high and low pool area and a continuous flow of water will exist so that power output is uninterrupted....every minute, every hour, tide water will flow through the great turbines, creating electrical energy which is the life-blood of industry. Not only big industry will benefit, but every phase of activity in this area will be improved, and of equal importance is the fact that the construction of this project would complete the grid for electrical power for the entire eastern coast of the United States."

"Politicians destroyed the Quoddy Project," says Miss Holmes, and "Dexter Cooper died of a broken heart."

The back panel of the model carries this legend written by Grace B. Carter:

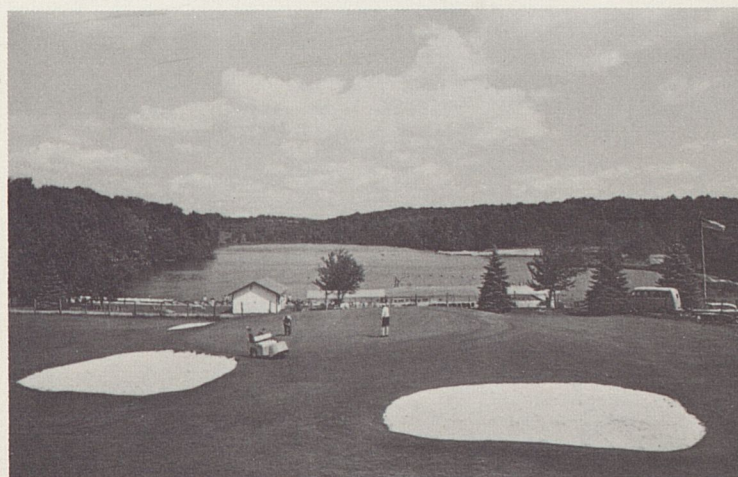
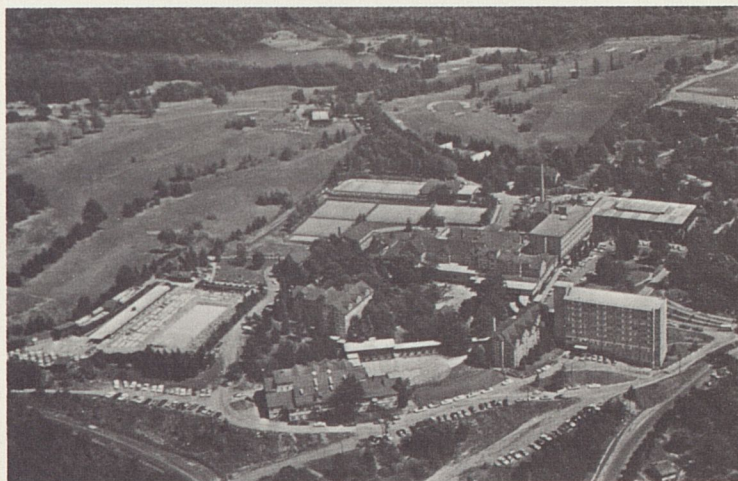
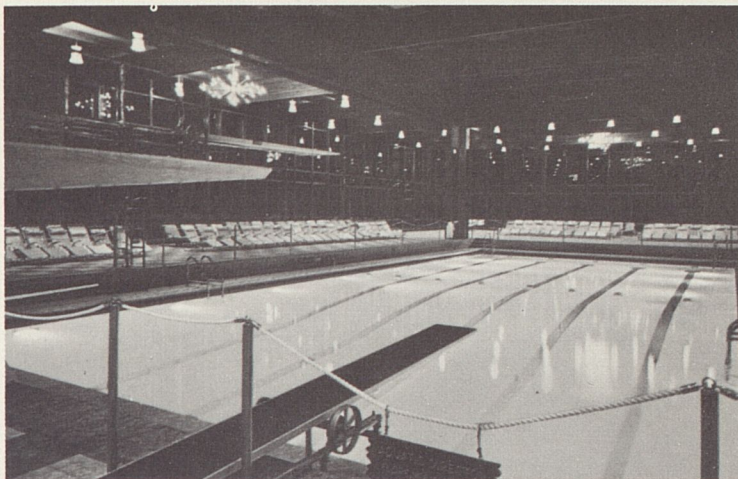
MIGHTY TIDES, resistless, inexhaustible, surge in thunderous fury upon rugged headlands; break, roar through narrow channels and sweep with immutable force far inland in a most stupendous display of power known to man. Yet this natural force passes unceasingly before the eyes of man, daily, untamed, unused. This model, constructed at Quoddy Village, Maine, reveals the simplicity of converting natural energy into a never-failing source of electric power.



"The Bay of Fundy, which has the greatest tidal range anywhere, illustrates the importance of resonance. The bay averages 225 ft. in depth; its critical length is 160 miles, which agrees closely with its measured length of 162 miles. The natural period of oscillation of the bay is about $6 \cdot 29$ hours, which almost exactly fulfills the conditions for resonance to occur." *An Introduction to Oceanography* by Cuchlaine A. M. King.



The mighty tides of Fundy as shown on the flats of the Little Lepreau River in New Brunswick where men are taking advantage of ebb by digging on river bottom.



Grossinger's
GROSSINGER, N.Y.
12734

