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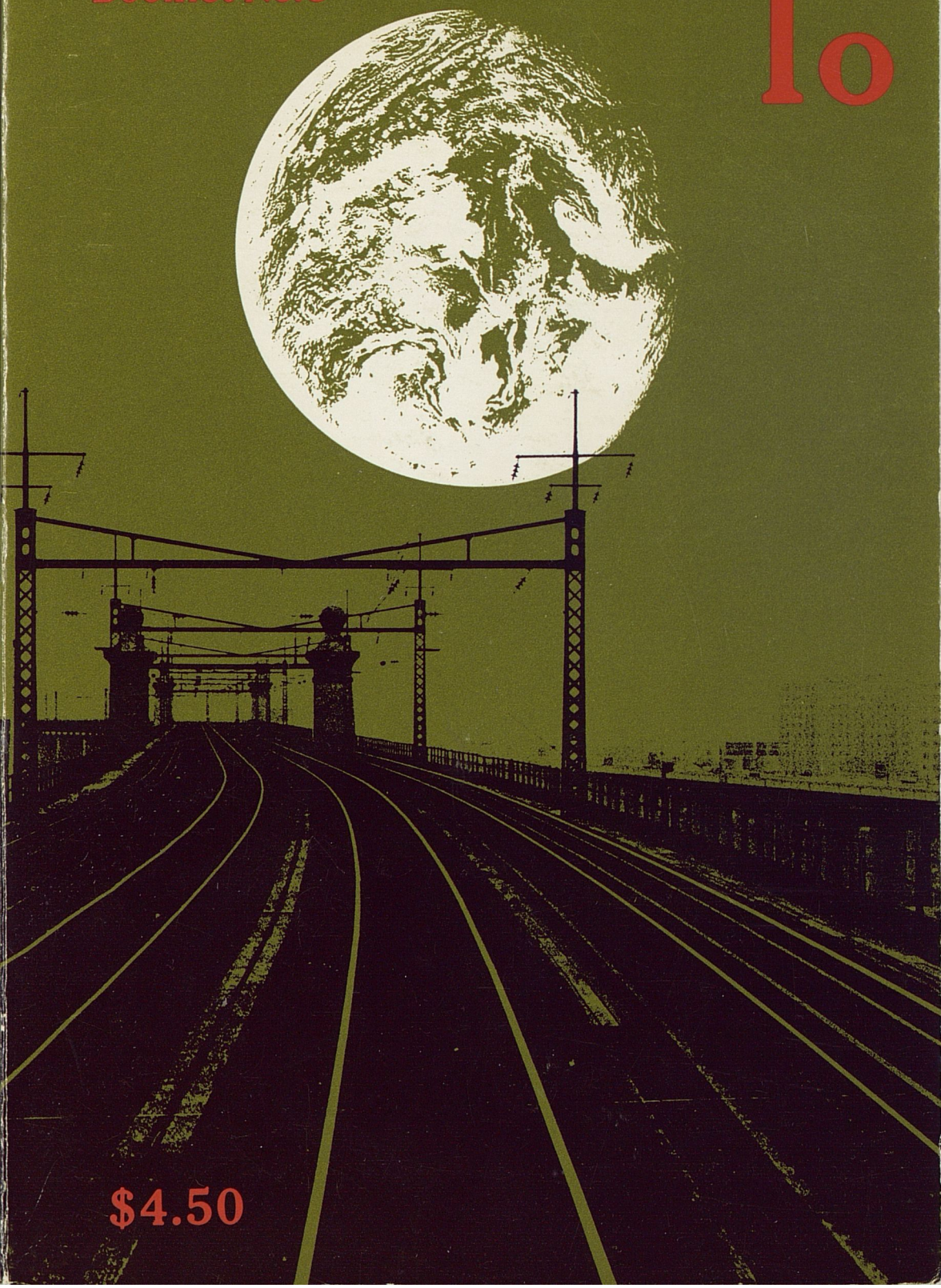
Earth Geography
Booklet No. 3

Io



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Dear Subscriber,

We apologize for the inordinately large number of issues you have been receiving. To explain why the "irregular" issues have become irregularly frequent rather than irregularly infrequent would be irrelevant in that it involves factors specific to ourselves. It has simply made sense recently to organize and put out the great amount of work we have been receiving. In the sense of activity, this is a "burst" period.

This may present a problem, especially to institutions, such as libraries, which rely on some regular temporal measure to know when their subscription has run out. This is further complicated by the fact that issues 9 and 11, and upcoming issue 15, are books in foremat (although not terribly different in content than the other booklike issues). Perhaps it would clarify matters to say that Io is a numbered series; a subscriber receives 4 in a row of these numbers for each $10.00 payment. When four issues have been received, be the time span even as brief as 12 months, he must renew in order to receive more. Full price must be paid for all issues received out of subscription (usually $3.50). The issues appeared at the rate of one a year from 1965 to 1970; then 4 appeared in 1971 and 4 will appear in 1972, bringing the total number to 15. This makes a current subscription rate, in fact, $10.00 a year. The burst, however, is a temporary phenomenon. In all likelihood, after issue 15, Io will return to annual issues, stretching the $10.00 over a longer period of time. We only hope you are able to understand and respect that publications tied to personal biological-psychological rhythms, and deriving unique energies therefrom, cannot also be subject to American commercial regularity. Io is irregular in every meaning of the word, and I think this is a positive feature. You won't get issues when there's no reason for them but the passage of time, and work won't be rejected or held up because it's not yet time for another issue.

Finally: please do not return the books. It makes much extra book-keeping for us, and, in effect, makes your subscription selective, which is not really a subscription. Furthermore, it is mainly libraries that do this; then they write us wondering where the missing number is. All issues are numbered consecutively, including the books, which differ from the rest only in that they are the work of single people. They are part of the total set.

Back issues are all kept in print by reprint, so do not hesitate to write for them.

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Summer

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Cape Elizabeth, Maine 04107

after August 20: c/o Richard & Lindy Grossinger
Plainfield, Vermont 05667

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

The third Earth Geography booklet forms around the phrase "imago mundi," most literally translatable as "image of the world." Insofar as it is distinguished from the first two booklets, this issue focuses on images and uses of a Whole Earth, or a World. It is cosmic and spatial rather than regional and locational. It is less imagistic because of the dominance of that single Image.

The most concrete realization of this theme is simply in the presentation of large planetary vistas and takes, which is the core of the issue, a Whole Earth geography. More subtly, though, the issue as a total form is rammed right up against the confusions and ambiguities of an "imago mundi." Does it lie inside (as with Eisenbud: the entirety of creation in consciousness and from consciousness)?; or outside (as with Sagan: the real explorable contextual space being literally the outer space in which Mariner takes its photographs)? Is the image of the world the world or the image (if in fact either can be distinguished from the other)? The more immediate question is: should the "imago mundi" be discussed in the terms of psychology, spiritualism, telepathy, and hermeticism?, or in terms of geography, planetary science, geological history, and physics? Is it most usable as an image (a photograph)?, or as an idea?

The **dilemma** is more interesting cast upon the tensions that make it up than "solved" in the terms of some orthodoxy. Which is why the Mariner photos (and other geographical images) appear side by side with the statements of abstract space and consciousness. The relationships are obvious, but too seldom presented in the vividness of their visualization. In the issue, the tug between schizophrenia and the Martian landscape, to use one example, is realized as obscure and tautological but also intelligent, geometrically-continuous, and historically accurate if taken in a totally different sense. That photographic **"image"** which makes up one half of the "imago mundi" is played from the physiology (the brain and eye) on out into the **lens** and the phenomenology of its reorganization. Underlying all this motion is the original title under which we began this issue, with all its geometrical and topological implications: Space.

If the "imago mundi" phrase is to have any value at all, even the most literal translation must go beyond "image of the world." The image is not only a "copy," a "photo," and a

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"literary or poetic figure;" it is also a "myth," an "idea" or "form," an abstract "glyph" or "marking." A Navaho sand-painting or Egyptian letter or Tibetan mandala, containing a sense of the known world, or mind, can be as literal an "imago" as a map or photograph. Fuller's undistorted global map is one version of accuracy, as is a satellite photograph, or a neurophysiological chart of the brain. But there are others, far different. Note that the idiomatic uses of "imago" in Latin form derivations in a direction that includes "metaphor," "ghost," "portraits of ancestors," "echo," and "appearance," depending on the context. Here the context is "mundus."

When he used the "imago mundi" in his Berkeley Poetry Conference Lecture ("The Causal Mythology"), Charles Olson clarified that by "mundus" he meant "the creation," not just the world in the limited sense of "the Earth." The poem of his here, read at the Conference, lays down so beautifully the association of "mundus" with biological and geological creation. He speaks of "brown-red" as the color not of the Earth but of "the brilliance of Earth," which is a thing of an entirely different order. Similarly, a Latin dictionary gives for "mundus": "the universe," "the world." But not first. "Toilet-things," "adornment" is the first designation. The phrase "hic ornatus mundi" (*harmony of the universe*) is cited for Cicero and "mundi innumerabiles" for Cicero and Lucretius as well as Vergil. The most extended meaning given is "the inhabitants of the world," "mankind" which could as easily mean "the inhabitants of the creation."

One other aspect of this issue arises from the fact that we decided to locate the city as region in the "imago mundi," on the bias that a city, though a geographical region and a technological construction, is essentially a being of the mind. As in the designation of the Charioteer of the Tarot (Card 7), the city is not any city, but a stage of cultural and spiritual conceptualization which man reaches at a given point, like intelligence, and then cannot go back on. Urban problems, in their insolubility, are similar, if not identical, to the "imago mundi" riddle itself. The following quotes should help center:

The perceived thing is not an ideal unity in the possession of the intellect, like a geometrical notion, for example; it is rather a totality open to a horizon of an indefinite number of perspectival views which blend with one another according to a given style, which defines the object in question. Maurice Merleau-Ponty.

In so far as the mandala encompasses, protects, and defends the psychic totality against outside influences and seeks to unite the inner opposites, it is at the same time a distinct *individuation symbol* and was known as such even to medieval alchemy. The soul was supposed to have the form of a sphere, on the analogy of Plato's world-soul, and we meet the same symbol

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in modern dreams. This symbol, by reason of its antiquity, leads us to the heavenly spheres, to Plato's "supra-celestial place" where "Ideas" of all things are stored up. Carl Jung.

The human soul is infinitely richer than it is itself aware of: its being is so broad and deep that it can never wholly develop and comprehend itself in the consciousness. Man is a mystery to himself, a riddle which will never be solved in the consciousness; for, should he ever attain to the internal intuition of his whole being, he would be swallowed up and consumed in himself. Baron Gottfried Wilhelm Von Leibnitz.

The Paradise below has the Holy of Holies for its image and both are at the center of the earth, called Zion and Jerusalem - the place and house of peace. A.E. Waite.

Finally, the world itself, which (to give a first, rough definition) is the totality of perceptible things and the thing of all things, must be understood not as an object in the sense the mathematician or the physicist give to this word - that is, a kind of unified law which would cover all the partial phenomena or as a fundamental relation verifiable in all - but as the universal style of all possible perceptions. Maurice Merleau-Ponty.

But there will come a time when, in accordance with Allah's providence, even the iron rampart will fall to pieces, namely, on the day when the world comes to an end, or psychologically speaking, when individual consciousness is extinguished in the waters of darkness, that is to say when a *subjective* **end of the world is experienced. By this is meant the moment when consciousness** sinks back into the darkness from which it originally emerged, like Khidr's island: the moment of death. Carl Jung.

If we have retained an element of dream in our memories, if we have gone beyond merely assembling exact recollections, bit by bit the house that was lost in the mists of time will appear from out the shadow. We do nothing to reorganize it; with intimacy it recovers its entity, in the mellowness and imprecision of the inner life. Gaston Bachelard.

Then Man, who had full power over the world of mortal beings and of animals, leant across the armature of the spheres, having broken through their envelopes, and showed to the Nature below the beautiful form of God. When she saw that he had in him the inexhaustible beauty and all the energy of the Governors, joined to the form of God, Nature smiled with love, for she had seen the features of that marvellously beautiful form of Man reflected in the water and his shadow on the earth. And he, having seen this form like to himself in Nature, reflected in the water, he loved her and wished to dwell with her. The moment he wished this he accomplished it and came to inhabit the irrational form. Then

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Nature having received her loved one, embraced him, and they were united, for they burned with love. Hermes Trismagistus.

In respect of the Garden itself, we learn that the whole world is watered by that mysterious river which went forth out of Eden - meaning the Paradise that is above. It came from a secret place on high, and brought life to things below. This place is symbolized by the letter BETH, when it appears for the first time in Genesis. The meaning is that this letter contains all letters in its womb, even as the river vivifies all things else. The secret place resembles a narrow path along which it is difficult to travel, but there the treasures of the world are hidden. A.E. Waite.

Detritus torn from the shore during a storm may be carried into deep water and deposited there, or nearshore currents may drift it along the coast and finally drop it to form spits and sandbars in protected areas. Sites of erosion and deposition shift with different storms, depending upon the direction of the wind, the velocity of the nearshore currents, and other factors. Sand that drifts along the coast during one storm may completely block the mouth of a river; the next storm, driving in with more direct frontal attack, may sweep this accumulation far out to sea. Shallow currents also carry shore materials into deep water, where they settle to the bottom or are transported to even greater depths by currents of heavy sediment-laden water gliding down steep slopes on the sea floor. *Principles of Geology* by Gilluly, Waters, and Woodford.

For me the regional would have to include those vast national electromagnetic fields, the dream networks which feed on the abstract and return it back through a thousand dream circuits to all the transistor people who have sold the farm and decided to do their dreaming collectively. Bob Callahan.

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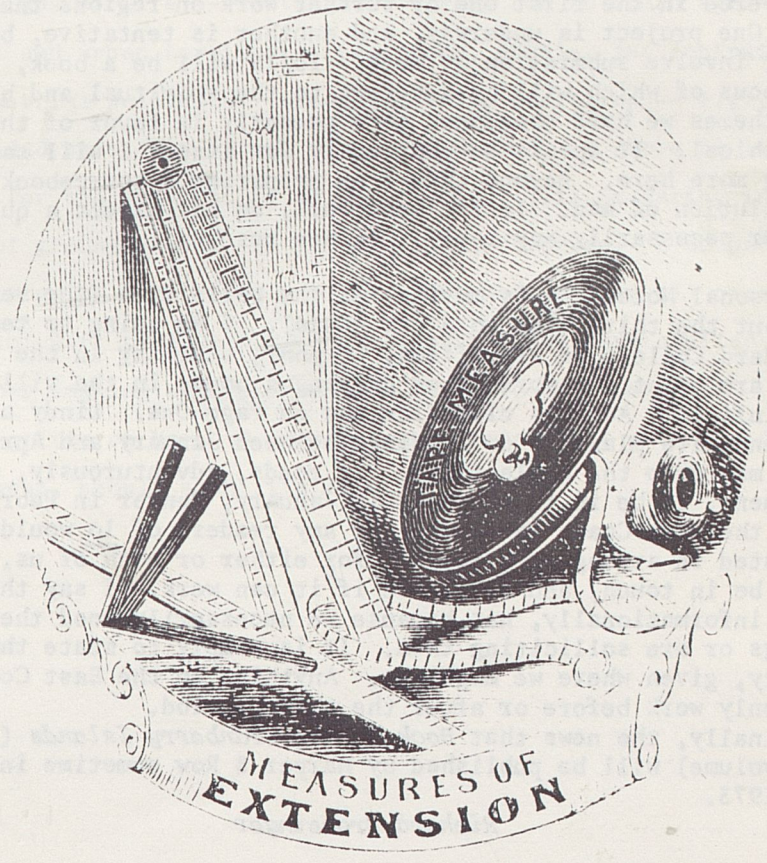

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NOTES

1- Back Issues: Complete set thru #14 = $40.00 [includes #'s 1, 2 (section on light), 3 (Amerindian section), Alchemy, Doctrine of Signatures, Ethnoastronomy, Oecology, Dreams, *Mars, A Science Fiction Vision* by Richard Grossinger, Baseball, *Changing Woman* by Lindy Hough, Earth Geography Booklet #1 (Economics, Technology, & Celestial Influence), Earth Geography Booklet #2 (Regions and Locales)]. Subscription: $10.00 for 4 issues. Please continue to help Io by placing library subscriptions and orders for complete sets where you are able.

2- Future Issues: We hesitate to say anything definite now about extensive future plans. After #15 we will try to slow down the pace of issues (8 will have come out in a year and a half). Thus, we do not encourage submission of work now, though use your discretion. Any number of future issues is possible. The one on James Fenimore Cooper's *The Oak Openings* is still in mind, but the response thus far has been minimal. This suggests a possibly wider issue on American history to follow in the tenor of the Earth Geography series: how this country was settled, or a rewriting of American political and economic history. Or perhaps a politics and economics issue. Or a regions and locales supplement for those people who have work on regions that were not covered in the first one or further work on regions that were. One project is underway, and another is tentative, but neither involve submission of work. Io/15 will be a book, the main focus of which will be a return to the spiritual and hermetic themes we have abandoned more recently in favor of the geographical. It speaks so thoroughly for itself I will say nothing more here. Beyond that I am preparing a sourcebook on the evolution of man. If you send work, do not expect a quick reply or necessarily any reply. We are resting.

3- Personal Notes: Io is moving for the third time (the seventh time, but the third time to a new state). I am going to teach at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont, starting in the fall, and we are right now working on getting a house in the village of Plainfield. Address clarification on Page One. Lindy and I have tentative plans to do readings between January and April, though may drop the whole thing. It reads, adventurously, at the moment, to be in the Midwest in January, Denver in February, and on the West Coast in March. If any readers of Io would be interested in arranging a reading for either or both of us, please be in touch, and we'll see if it can work. I say this mainly informationally, not because we necessarily need the readings or are solliciting them. It is simply to state the possibility, given where we might be. Anything on the East Coast would only work before or after the above period.

Finally, the news that *Book of the Cranberry Islands* (the first volume) will be published by Harper & Row sometime in early 1973.

Richard Grossinger

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CRSR 451

A SEARCH FOR LIFE ON EARTH AT 100 METER RESOLUTION

Carl Sagan and David Wallace

Laboratory for Planetary Studies

Cornell University

Abstract

A study of several thousand photos indicates that $\sim 10^{-2}$ Gemini and Apollo photographs of the Earth at 100 m resolution reveal signs of life -- rectangular arrays due to human agricultural and urban territoriality, roads, canals, jet contrails, and industrial pollution. Potential false positives -- e.g., dunes, sand bars, jet stream clouds -- abound. A curve is derived for the detectivity of contemporary life on Earth, in a plot of ground resolution versus global coverage. A comparable biology on Mars would not have been detected by all observations of Mars through Mariner 7. Forthcoming Mars orbiter and lander imaging experiments hold significant promise of detecting life on Mars of contemporary terrestrial extent and advancement, should such life exist.

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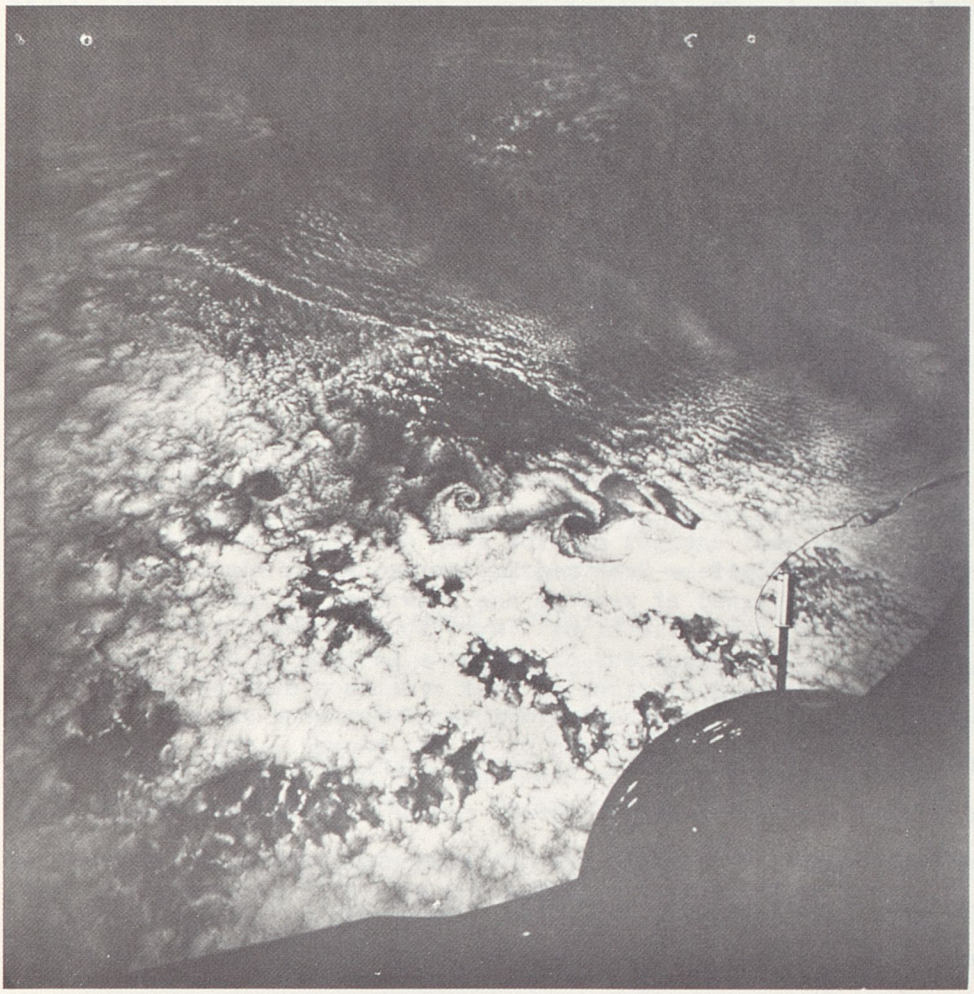

figure 1

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Because the close-up reconnaisance of another terrestrial planet, Mars, is imminent, it is of some interest to reconsider the appearance of our own planet as seen from space. Some years ago a study was published (Kilston, Drummond and Sagan, 1966) which analyzed several thousand Tiros and Nimbus photographs of the Earth taken at $\sim$ 1 km resolution. It was found that, particularly for the manifestations of biology on the planet Earth, such photographs were generally uninteresting. No sign of major engineering works or of the largest metropolises could be found. It was argued that, for reasons of economy and geometry, technical civilizations tend to construct rectilinear features which have a markedly artificial appearance. But the number of such rectilinear features visible at 1 km resolution are very few. It was concluded that 1 in $\sim 10^3$ Tiros and Nimbus photos of the Earth showed signs indicative of our technical civilization; and that a significant number of false positives existed even in that data set -- e.g., natural peninsulas, seif dunes, sand bars, and possibly jet stream clouds. Had the Mariner 4 space vehicle been directed at the Earth rather than at Mars and roughly 20 photographs of no better than 1 km resolution acquired, no sign of life, intelligent or otherwise, would have been discerned on Earth.

Since that time approximately one order of magnitude more photographs of Mars have been obtained by Mariners 6 and 7; and, as of this writing, one to two orders of magnitude further improvement can be expected by United States and Soviet Mars orbiters in 1971-72. In these missions resolutions $\sim$ 100 meters

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are obtainable. Accordingly it is of interest to continue our calibration studies and examine the Earth at ∿ 100 m resolution. Fortunately the successful series of Gemini and Apollo manned missions has produced a very rich library of high resolution color photographs of the Earth. With the cooperation of the Goddard Space Flight Center and particularly of Dr. Paul D. Lowman, Jr., we have examined several thousand Gemini and Apollo photographs in an attempt to detect life on Earth. Photographs from Gemini 3-12 and Apollo 6 and 9 were inspected. Displayed in Table I are the relevant particulars of camera and film for those photographs selected in this study. Ordinary color film was used in all magazines relevant here, except for Magazine 26 of Gemini 7, where infrared Ecktacrome, a camouflage detection film, was employed. Focal lengths ranged from 38 mm on Gemini 9 and 11 to a 250 mm telephoto lens on Gemini 7. Slant ranges varied from 160 km on Gemini IV to 1200 km on Gemini XI. Photographs were taken with viewing angles (the angle between the line of sight and the local planetary normal) ranging from 0° to 90°.

For a typical photograph, taken with 80 mm focal length at f/11, the Rayleigh criterion for yellow light gives a diffraction limit of 8.4×10^{-5} radians, corresponding at 200 km altitude to a ground resolution of 17 m. With a 1/250 sec exposure time, the 8 km/sec orbital velocity implies a resolution limit due to motion smearing of 32m. Spacecraft jitter and hand motion will degrade this figure still further. If

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figure 2

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there are 10^4 resolution elements due to grain across the 70 mm negative, the Gaussian lens equation yields, for the same altitude and focal length as before, a grain-limit to the ground resolution of 35 m, where we have assumed a resolution criterion of two grains. Less fine-grain film yields proportionately inferior ground resolutions. The three effects taken together make it very unlikely that, even in the best cases (e.g., Gemini VII-22-3, Fig. 20, or IV-8-3), the effective ground resolution was better than 50 m; typical values for the images of the present study are $\sim$ 100 m (cf. Table II).

Figures 1 through 28 exhibit some of the more interesting results. Figures 1 through 7 are reproduced here in color.* Figures 8 through 28 are displayed in black and white, although they were originally taken in color. After these photographs were originally examined and selected at GSFC, color reproductions were obtained from the Technology Application Center, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico for further study at Cornell. The photographs shown here were prepared by Mr. Herman Eckelmann of Cornell's Center for Radiophysics and Space Research from the New Mexico color transparencies. Some loss of definition in the successive printings is inevitable, particularly in the conversion from color to black and white, but at least many of the features of interest can still be discerned in the reproductions shown here.

Approximately 1800 photographs were inspected with some care. These were largely, if not exclusively, in cloudfree

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areas. Since the Earth is on the average 50 percent cloud covered, this corresponds to an effective non-selective inspection of 3600 photographs of the same resolution. Some selection effect is apparent in the original statistics: the astronauts were not photographing the Earth entirely at random, but rather were photographing regions which had particular associations for them or which appeared to be visually of interest. Consequently technological artifacts were to some degree weighted preferentially. We attempt to partially normalize for this selection effect by neglecting duplicate pictures taken of the same area. Of these 3600 (effective) photographs, 106 were selected as deserving further study. These photos are described in Table II. Of these, 60 of the features of interest have been classified as geological and 20 as meteorological in origin. Some phenomena such as dunes (cf. Figs. 17, 19 and 20) are undeniably rectilinear, but are not of biological origin. On the other hand, other phenomena such as coral atolls (cf. Fig. 25) are undeniably of biological origin, but would almost certainly not be so identified on the basis of their geometry without further knowledge of terrestrial biology. Some river basins have remarkably striking geometry as seen from space (Figs. 14-16) as do some cloud features (Figs. 1, 8, and 9). Likewise sandbars (Figs. 2, 18 and 24) and craters (Figs. 22 and 23) have striking geometries but are not indicative of life on Earth.

But a sizeable number (57) of the selected photos (cf. Figs. 3-7, 26-28) are so regularly geometrized as to defy

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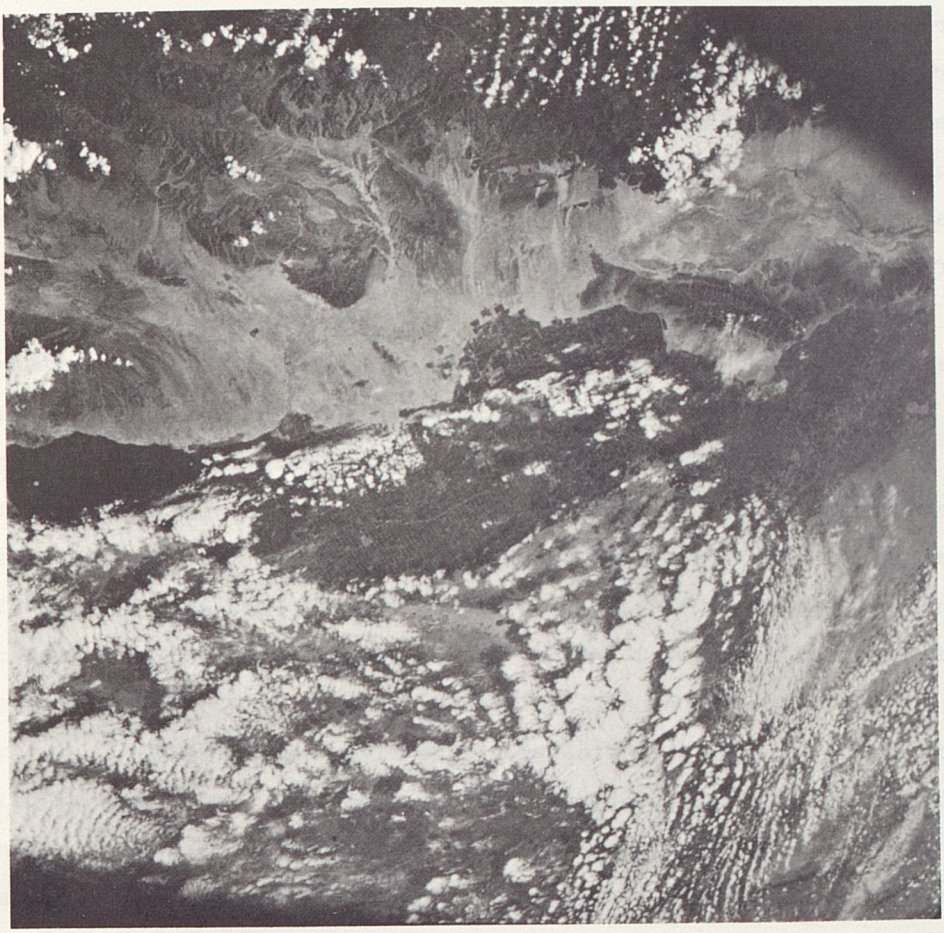

figure 3

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nonbiological explanations. These pictures break down as follows: roads, 29; canals, 5; agricultural geometrizing of the environment, 15; jet contrails, 4; industrial pollution, particularly smoke stack plumes, 4. Some photographs have been classified in more than one category. Some cities laced with extensive roads (e.g., Dallas-Fort Worth, Fig. 5) are easily detectable; other cities of large size (e.g., Cairo, Fig. 7) are much less detectable. Perhaps the most striking signs of intelligent life on Earth are the checkerboard patterns of agricultural and urban territoriality (e.g., Figs. 3-6). Nature paints with a broad brush, but Man, with a culture far from global, is a pointillist.

The fraction of photographs of roughly 100 m resolution which show signs of intelligent life is then $57/3600 \simeq 1.5\%$. Allowing for astronaut selection effects, we end up with 1% as the effective value for the fraction of photographs showing signs of life.

These results can now be used in a more general study of the photographic detectivity of hypothetical biology on a given planet. We have found that $\sim$ 1% of Apollo and Gemini photographs of the Earth at $\sim$ 0.1 km resolution are indicative of life. Kilston, Drummond and Sagan (1966) found that $\sim$ 0.1% of 1 Km resolution. Tiros and Nimbus photographs of the Earth are indicative of life. With improved resolution it is clear that the detectivity increases rapidly and that, with a resolution of several meters, especially at low sun, it is possible that only a few

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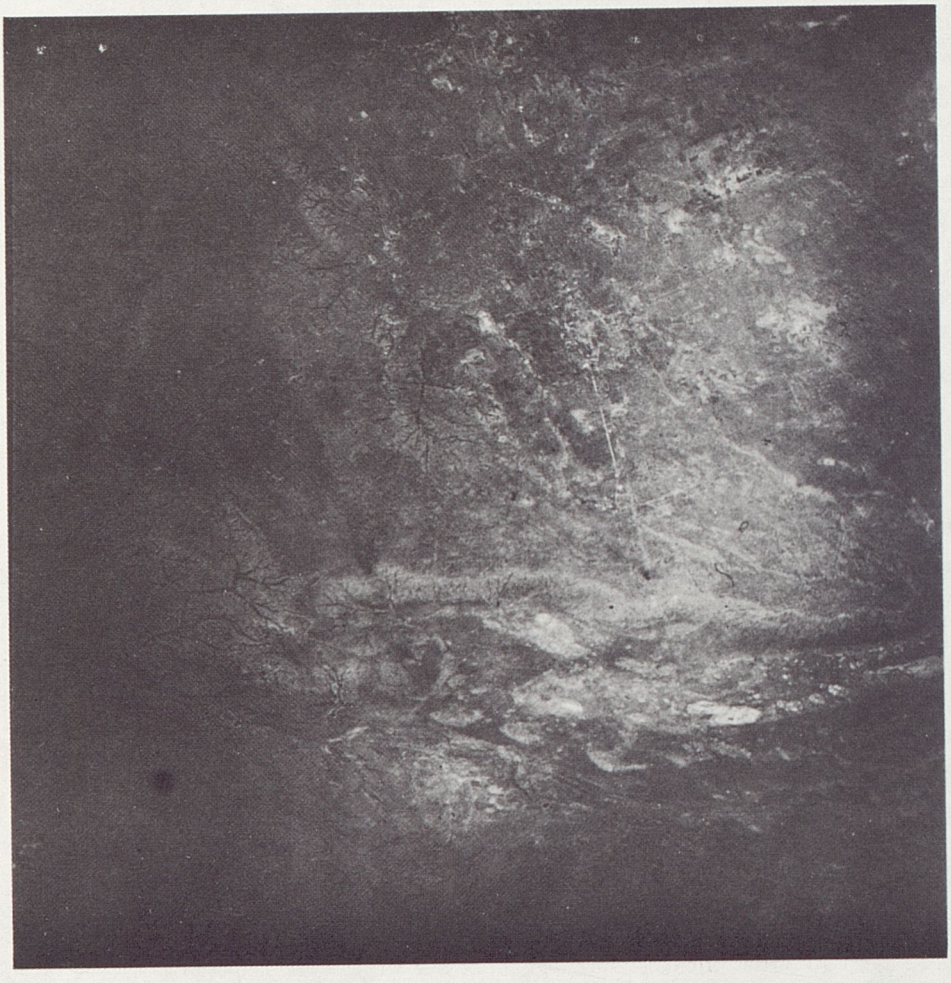

figure 4

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randomly placed photographs over the surface area of the Earth would be adequate to detect life at the present state of terrestrial biology and technology (see, e.g., Sagan et al. 1966; Sagan, 1970). On the other hand at resolutions considerably poorer than 1 km it is apparent that even complete photographic coverage of the Earth would be unsuccessful in detecting life. These detection thresholds have been translated into the rippled curve in Figure 29 marked "Detectivity Threshold, Contemporary Life on Earth," where the surface resolution is plotted against the fraction of the disc ($4\pi R^2$) observed. The latter quantity is obtained from the photographs in question through the appropriate number of resolution elements per picture and the assumption that two resolution elements are required for a physically significant resolution of detail. Also shown in the same figure are a hypothetical detectivity threshold for a planet like the Earth in the absence of intelligent life -- as, for example, the Earth some millions of years ago; and a hypothetical detectivity threshold for a planet with a technical civilization somewhat in advance of our own -- where it is assumed that a rather largescale geometric reworking of the planetary surface has occurred.

While there is no a priori reason to believe that Mars is or was inhabited by life, intelligent or otherwise, it is instructive to plot on the same diagram the actual observations of Mars which have been performed to date, and which are anticipated in the next few years. In Figure 29 is displayed

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a curve of the sum total of human observations of Mars through the 1969 Mariner Mars missions, adopted from a calculation of Murray et al. (1971). In the same figure we have anticipated the corresponding curve for Mariner 9 and Mars 2 and 3 (cf. Masursky, et al., 1970). At the time of writing the actual mission strategies of these space vehicles remains somewhat uncertain and is the cause of the large error indicated. Finally Figure 27 also shows a single point corresponding to the poorest resolution (towards the local horizon) of the currently anticipated Viking Lander Imaging Systems (cf. Mutch et al., 1971), assumed randomly emplaced on Mars; i.e., independent of any forthcoming information about biologically promising landing sites.

We find that the observations through Mariner 6 and 7 would not have detected even the hypothetical advanced technical civilization on Mars -- much less contemporary terrestrial life. This finding underscores the futility of arguing, from the absence of recognizable signs of life in the Mariner 4, 6 or 7 photographs, that Mars in uninhabited. On the other hand, we see that the Mars 1971 Orbiters will be able to detect an advanced technical civilization of the sort hypothesized in Figure 29, and have at least a modest chance of detecting a level of civilization on Mars comparable to the contemporary terrestrial civilization. The anticipated Viking Mars Orbiters represent an additional small improvement (cf. Carr et al. 1971). Significantly, the Viking Lander cameras have a rather good chance of detecting contemporary

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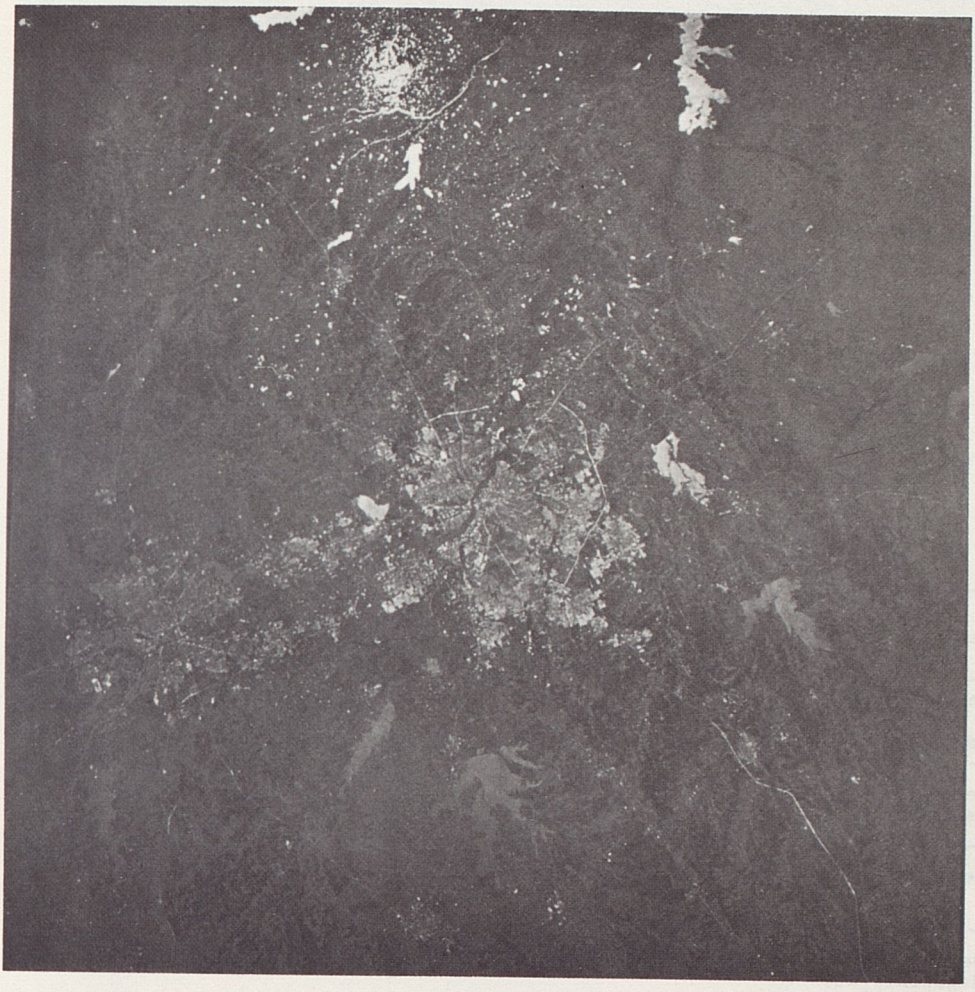

figure 5

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life on Earth, even in the absence of our technical civilization -- particularly if some wisdom is used in landing site selection. Thus we conclude that were life on Mars at the same level of detectivity as contemporary life on Earth, it would have a significant prospect of being detected in the next few years. More primitive life would of course elude detection longer.

Acknowledgement:

This research was supported in part by NASA/JPL Contract 952487 and in part by NASA Grant NGR 33-010-101. We are particularly grateful to Dr. Paul G. Lowman, Jr. of the Goddard Spaceflight Center for helping us gain access to the Gemini and Apollo photographs, and for several helpful suggestions.

TABLE I

FLIGHT	CAMERA	LENS	FILM
Gemini IV	Hasselblad 500c	Zeiss Planar 80mm f/2.8	Ektachrome S.O. 217
Gemini V Magazines 1-3	Hasselblad 500c	Zeiss Planar 80mm f/2.8	Ektachrome S.O. 217
Gemini V Magazine 4	Hasselblad 500c	Zeiss Planar 80mm f/2.8	Anscochrome D-50
Gemini VI	Hasselblad 500c	Zeiss Planar 80mm f/2.8	Ektachrome S.O. 217
Gemini VII Magazines 13, 17, 22, 24	Hasselblad 500c	Zeiss Planar 250mm f/4.5	Ektachrome S.O. 217

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figure 6

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Gemini VII Magazine 26	Hasselblad 500c	Zeiss Planar 80mm f/2.8	IR Ektachrome 8443
Gemini IX Magazines B,C	Hasselblad 500c	Zeiss Planar 80mm f/2.8	Ektachrome S.O. 217
Gemini IX Magazine D	Hasselblad Super Wide Angle	Zeiss Biogon 38mm f/4.5	Ektachrome S.O. 217
Gemini IX Magazine F	Not stated	Not stated	Ektachrome S.O. 217
Gemini X	JA Mariner 70 mm Space Camera	Xenotan 80mm f/2.8	Ektachrome S.O. 217
Gemini XI Magazine 8	Hasselblad Super Wide Angle	Zeiss Biogon 38mm f/4.5	Ektachrome MS S.O. 3.68
Gemini XI Magazine 11	JA Mariner 70mm Space Camera	Xenotan 80 mm f/2.8	Ektachrome MS S.O.368
Gemini XII	Hasselblad Super Super Wide Angle	Zeiss Biogon 30mm f/4.5	Ektachrome MS S.O.368
Apollo 6	Mariner, Model 220G	Kodak Ektar 76mm f/2.8	Ektachrome High Resolution Aerial S.O.121
Apollo 9	Hasselblad 500c	Zeiss Planar 80mm f/2.8	Ektachrome S.O.368

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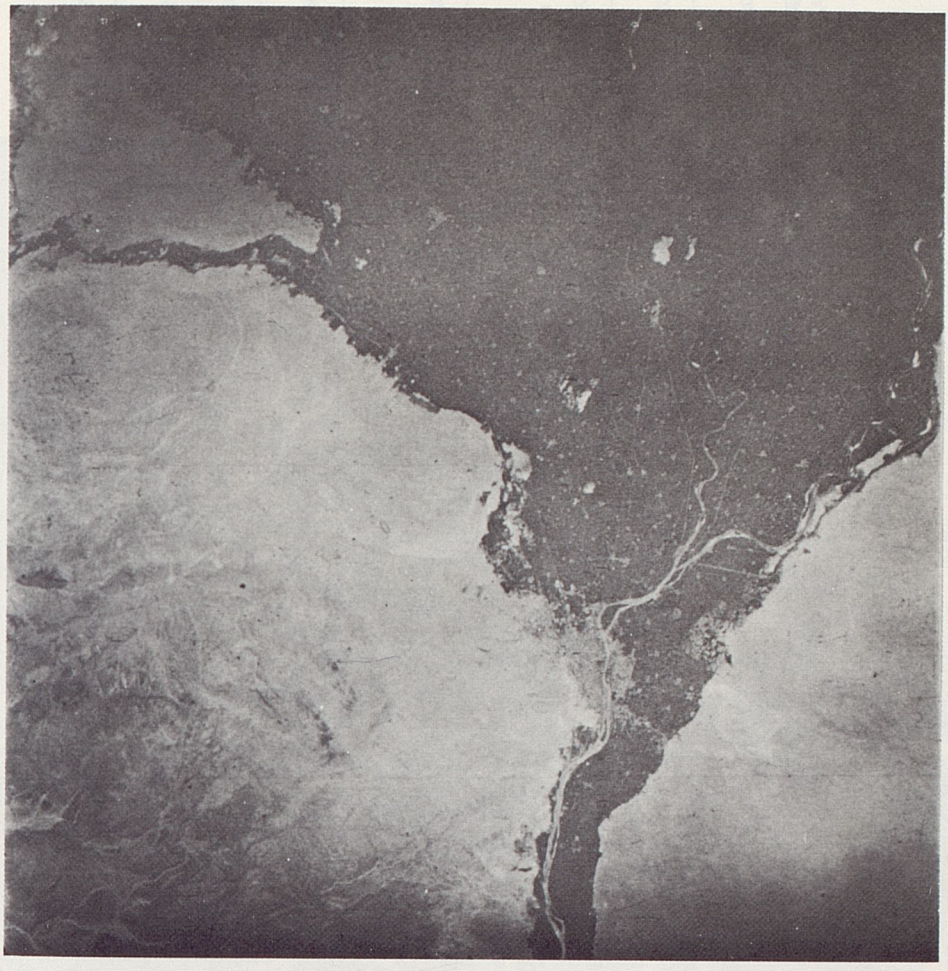

figure 7

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Table II

Summary of 106 Selected Gemini and Apollo Images

Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (Miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Gemini IV	6	9	Hunan Province China	Hsiang River contains straight sections forming angles	med	(100-175)	Vertical	175 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
	8	3	Baja California Mouth of Colorado River	Sinuous tidal drainage channel. See also AS6-2-1435	med	102	Vertical	102 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	8	33	Midland-Odessa Texas	# pattern of fields & oil fields; highway. Dark patch due to rainstorm. See also AS6-1454	med	137	Vertical	137 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	8	45	Cape Kennedy Florida	Launch complex; roads See also V-2-53, VII-22-26, VII-22-27. Straight coastline South of Cape	low-hazy	(100-175)	Oblique	200 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
	16	46	Foul Bay Egypt-Red Sea	Straight wadis due to erosion along faults	high	103	Vertical	103 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	16	53	Mauritania Sahara Desert	Richat impact crater See also AS9-3050	low light	104	Vertical	104 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
Gemini V	1	2	Alexandria & Nile Delta	Agriculture; roads & canals See also V-1-4	med	(100-215)	Vertical	125 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		4	Libya + Tunisia Mediterranean Coast	Peninsula resembling breakwater. See also V-2-23	med	(100-215)	Oblique	300 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm

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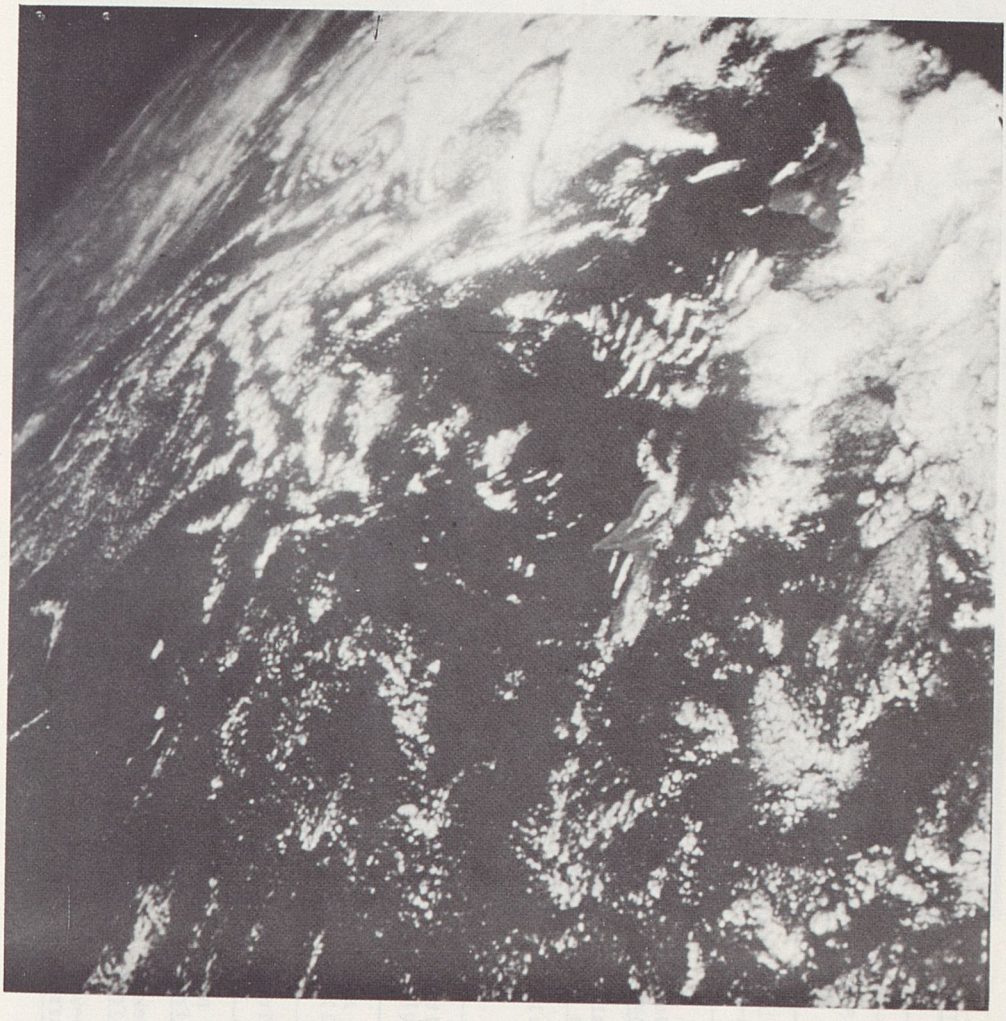

figure 8

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Gemini V	1	5	Morocco-Atlantic Coast	Signs of Agadir earthquake	high	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		13	Salton Sea & Imperial Valley, California	# pattern of farmland. See also AS9-3287	med	106	Oblique	400 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
		17	Wilcox Dry Lake Arizona-New Mexico	# pattern of farmland. Roads. See also AS6-1443	high	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		18	El Paso - White Sands Texas-New Mexico-Chihuahua	# pattern of fields in Rio Grande Valley; Roads	high	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		34	Shanghai-Mouth of Yangtze	Roads	low hazy	(100-215)	High Oblique	400 mi	0.4 Km	80 mm
		44	Nile Delta Egypt	Cairo & Ismalia Canal, agriculture. Roads & canals. See also V-1-2	high	(100-215)	Vertical	100 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		59	Lake Titicaca Peru-Bolivia	La Paz, Bolivia in picture but not visible	med-dark	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
	2	3	Bikini Atoll Marshall Islands	Atoll Reef. See also VII-22-6, X-11-18. Sun glint on ocean	high	130	Vertical	130 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		17	Libya-Tripoli	Coastline & fields	high	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		33	Walvis Bay S.W. Africa	Sand dunes & roads See also V-1-4	high	156	Vertical	156 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		34	Windhoek S.W. Africa	# pattern of faults	low hazy	156	Vertical	156 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		35	Windhoek area S.W. Africa	Linear features, Dunes on faults	low hazy	156	Vertical	156 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm

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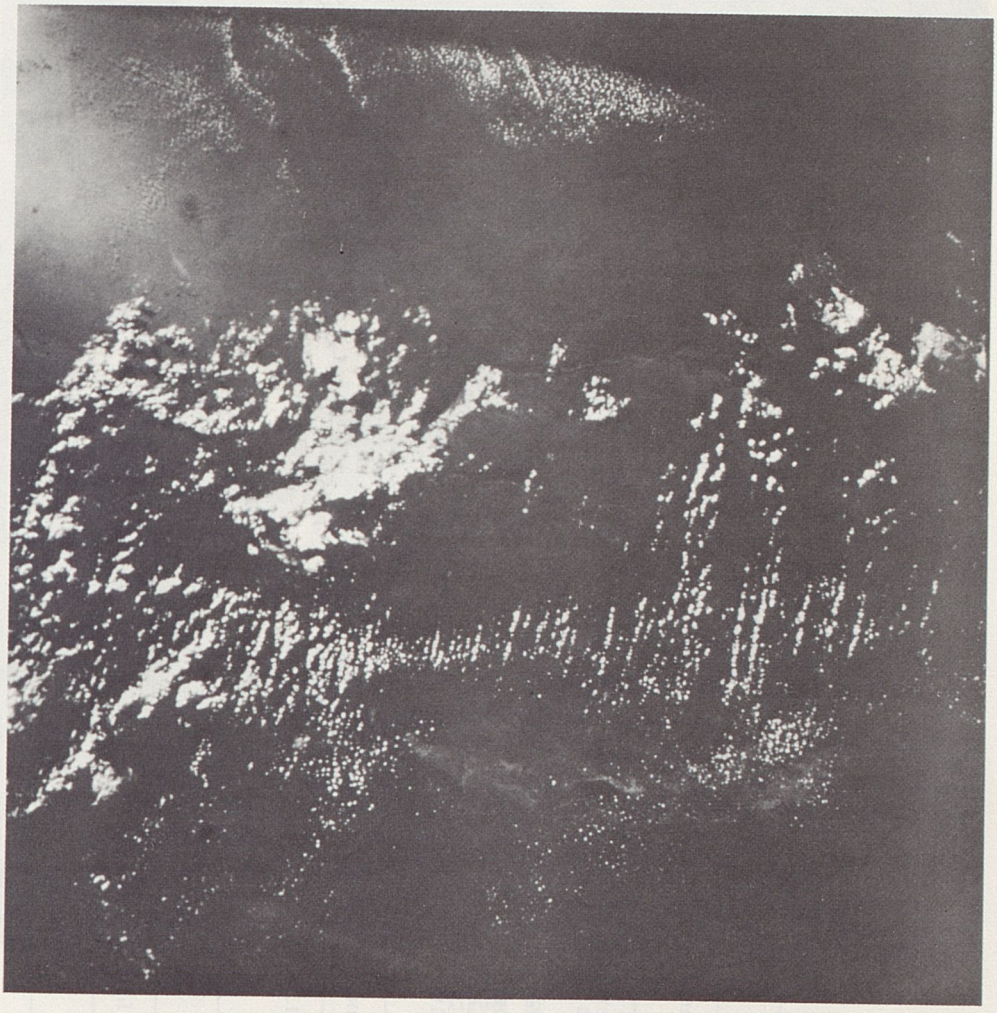

figure 9

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Gemini V	2	53	Cape Kennedy Florida	Roads & launch complex. See also IV-8-45, VII-22-26, VII-22-27	high	127	Vertical	127 mi	0.1	80 mm
		54	Orange River S.W. Africa	Linear features - Faults	med	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
	3	27	Guadalupe Island	Cloud eddies. See also V-4-67, X-13-24, X-13-28, XII-8-108	high	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		30	Gulf of California Tiburon Island	Straight sandbars running parallel to coast resemble breakwaters	high	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		50	Iran-Kazir Salt Flats	Circular cone of volcano; roads	med	107	Vertical	107 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	4	4	Egypt-Nile Delta	Suez & Ismalia Canals. See also V-1-2, V-4-5	high	(100-215)	Oblique	250 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
		5	Egypt-Suez Canal Red Sea	Suez Canal: road See also V-4-4	high	(100-215)	Vertical	200 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		7	Pensacola-Mobile	Straight coastline; Smoke from 2 forest fires; linear array of clouds	high dark	(100-215)	Vertical	150 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		16	Afghanistan-Murghar River	Dust storm	med	(100-215)	High Oblique	500 mi	0.5 Km	80 mm
		45	Iran-Dasht i Lut desert	Scissors fault	low very dark	161	Vertical	161 mi	0.5 Km	80 mm
		50	Cape York Australia	Barrier Reef	med	(100-215)	Oblique	300 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm

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figure 10

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Gemini V	4	67	Cape Verde Islands	Cloud eddies. See also V-3-27, X-13-24, X-13-28, XII-8-108	high	125	Oblique	250 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
Gemini VI	B	31	Ras Hafun, Somalia	Straight wadis	high	185	Oblique	200 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		35	W. Australia	Lake McLeod	med	185	Oblique	200 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		36	W. Australia Shark Bay	Straight coastline	low hazy	185	Oblique	200 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		37	W. Australia		low hazy	185	Oblique	200 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
	C	34	Timbuctu, Niger River	Inundated and dunes, Timbuctu invisible. See also IX-B-50, IX-F-38	low	185	High Oblique	400 mi	0.4 Km	80 mm
Gemini VII	13	19	S.W. Africa-Rocky Point	Coastal road	low dark & hazy	(120-174)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		37	Haiti	Roads	high	(120-174)	Oblique	250 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
	17	56	Mexico-Torreon-Comargo	Fault	high	(120-174)	Vertical	140 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	17	57	Mexico-Torreon	Fault	high	(120-174)	Vertical	140 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	17	58	Mexico-Torreon-Saltillo	Fault	high	(120-174)	Vertical	140 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	22	3	Algeria - South of Colomb Bechar	Sand dunes Telephoto	high	139	Vertical	139 mi	0.04 Km	250 mm
		6	Auamotu Archipelago	Atolls See also V-2-3, X-11-18	high dark	(120-174)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm

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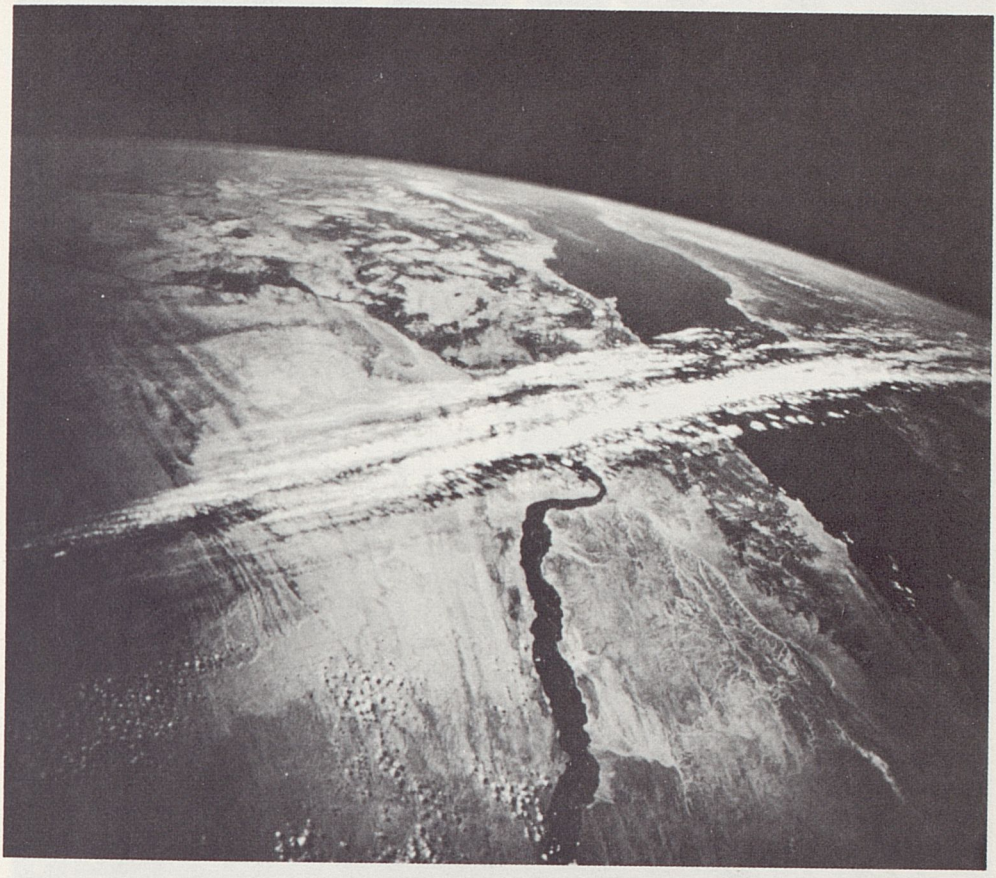

figure 11

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (Miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Gemini VII	22	23	Mexico-Gulf Coast	Road along coast	low hazy	(120-174)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		25	East Coast Florida Titusville-Daytona	Roads; cities; straight coastline	low hazy & dark	(120-174)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		26	Cape Kennedy Florida	Launch complex; telephoto airfield; straight coastline See also IV-8-45, V-2-53, VII-22-27	low hazy	(120-174)	Vertical	100 mi	0.06 Km	250 mm
		27	Cape Kennedy Florida	Launch complex; roads; straight coastline. Telephoto See also IV-8-45 V-2-53, VII-22-26	med hazy	(120-174)	Vertical	150 mi	0.05 Km	250 mm
		48	Algeria Hoggar Uplift	Swirling rock strata; sand dunes, See also VII-22-49, AS9-3390, AS9-3034	med	(120-174)	Oblique	300 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
		49	Algeria Plateau Tadameit	Swirling rock strata; sand dunes. See also VII-22-48, AS9-3390, AS9-3034	med	(120-174)	Oblique	200 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
	24	23	India-Ceylon	Adam's Bridge	med hazy	(120-174)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		24	India-Ceylon	Adam's Bridge	med hazy	(120-174)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		25	India-Ceylon	Adam's Bridge	med hazy	(120-174)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
	26	4	Pensacola-Panama City, Florida	Coastline narrow, straight, IR Ektachrome Film	low hazy & dark	148	Vertical	148 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm

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figure 12

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (Miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Gemini	26	26	Brazil, Ceara Rio Grande de Norte	Clouds IR Ektachrome Film	high	(120-174)	Oblique	200 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
Gemini IX	B	50	Lake Chad	Inundated Sand Dunes See also VI-C-34, IX-F-38	med	(146-157)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
	C	36	Peru	Straight sections of coastline, Signs of Huascaran Avalanche 1962	med	(146-157)	Vertical	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		48	Peru-Bolivia	Lake Titicaca, La Paz, Bolivia invisible	med	(146-157)	Oblique	250 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
		50	Peru-Bolivia	Lake Titicaca La Paz invisible	low dark	(146-157)	Oblique	250 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
	D	15	Southwestern USA	Contrail and its shadow are visible. See also IX-D-37 XII-11-76, XII-11-147	low dark	(146-157)	High Oblique	400 mi	0.4 Km	38 mm
		37	Los Angeles Area	Contrail . See also IX-D-15, XII-11-76 XII-11-147	high	(146-157)	High Oblique	500 mi	0.4 Km	38 mm
	F	38	Timbuctu Area	Sand Dunes; "Angry Alligator" Agena. See also VI-C-34 IX-B-50	low light	(146-157)	Oblique	250 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
Gemini X	11	18	Maldive Islands	Atolls; See also V-2-3, VII-22-6	high	(109-410)	High Oblique	300 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
	13	24	Canary Islands	Cloud Vortex; See also V-3-27, V-4-67 X-13-28, XII-18-108	high	(109-410)	High Oblique	400 mi	0.4 Km	80 mm
		28	Gibraltar	Cloud Vortex; See also V-3-27, V-4-67 V-13-24, XII-18-108	med	200	High Oblique	500 mi	0.6 Km	80 mm

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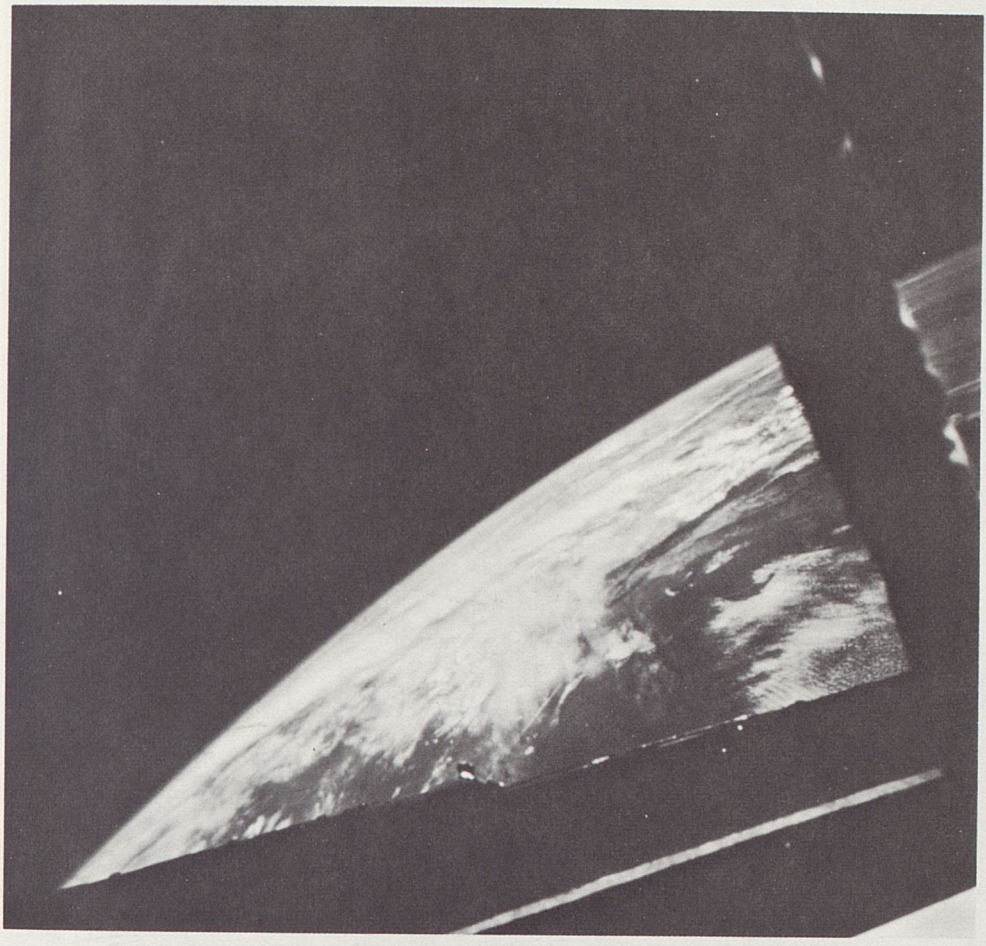

figure 13

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (Miles)	Angle of Photography	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Gemini X	13	40	Surinam, Paramaribo	Parallel lines of clouds	med	(109-410)	Vertical	200 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		44	Mauritania	Levrier Bay	med hazy	(109-410)	High Oblique	400 mi	0.4 Km	80 mm
	14	47	E.Coast Sumatra	Parallel cloud lines	med hazy	(109-410)	Vertical	200 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
Gemini XI	8	50	N.W. Australia	80 mi beach--coastal road	high	670	Vertical	670 mi	1.5 Km	38 mm
	11	31	Australian desert	80 mi beach -- Admiralty Gulf	med hazy	740	Vertical	740 mi	1.0 Km	80 mm
		34	N.W. Australia	80 mi beach -- Bonaparte Gulf	med hazy	740	Vertical	740 mi	0.8 Km	80 mm
		42	N.W. Australia	80 mi beach -- Port Darwin	low hazy	740	Vertical	740 mi	1.0 Km	80 mm
Gemini XII	8	87	Mauritania	Richat crater	high	(152-177)	Oblique	300 mi	0.7 Km	38 mm
		99	Iran	Zagros Mts.	high dark	(152-177)	Vertical	160 mi	0.3 Km	38 mm
		108	Guadalupe Islands	Cloud vortices; see also V-3-27, V-4-67, X-13-24, X-13-28	med dark	(152-177)	Vertical	160 mi	0.3 Km	80 mm
		147	Egypt-Red Sea	Jet Stream Clouds	med	(152-177)	High Oblique	300 mi	0.4 Km	80 mm
	11	76	S.W. U.S., Baja California	Contrail. See also IX-D-15, IX-D-37, XII-11-147	high	177	High Oblique	400 mi	0.5 Km	80 mm
		126	Cuba	Parallel cloud lines	med dark	(152-177)	Vertical	160 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm

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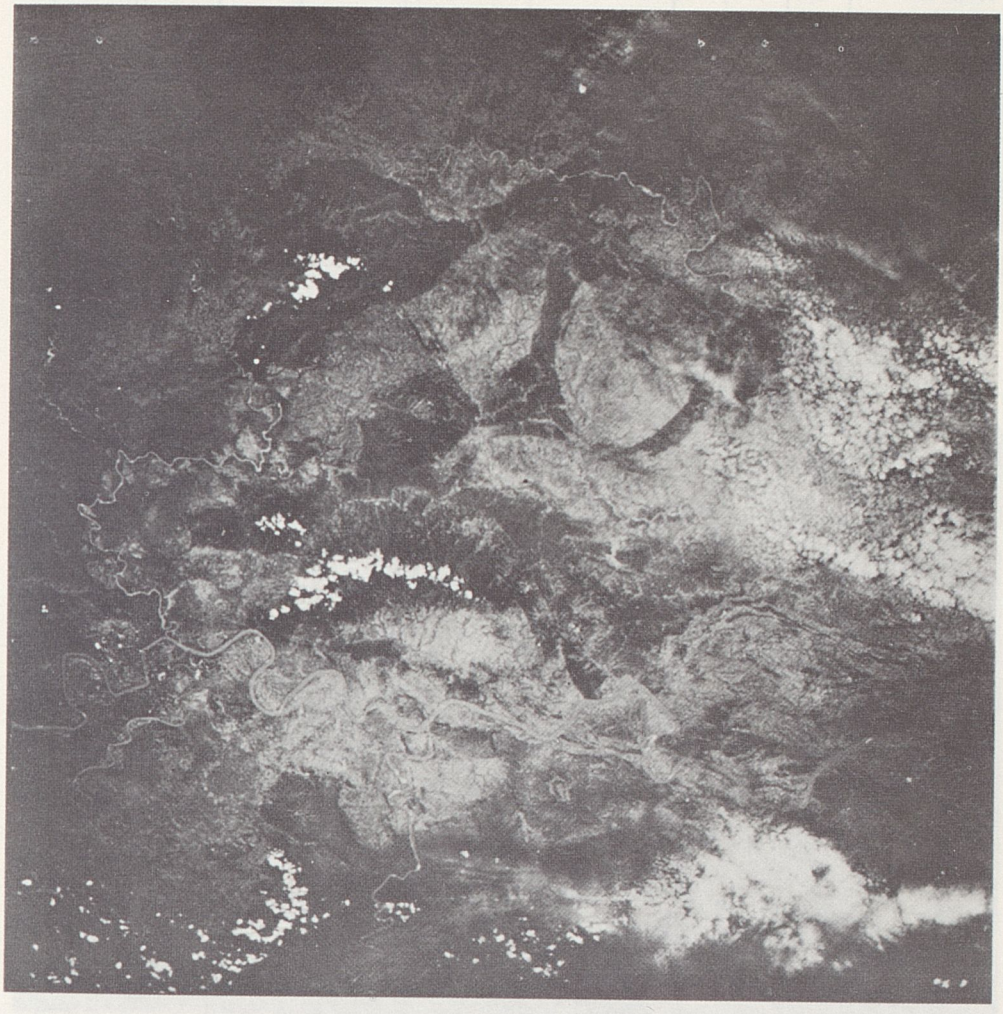

figure 14

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (Miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Gemini XII	11	147	Libya-Algeria-Tunisia	Sand dunes; contrail and its shadow. See also IX-D-15, IX-D-37, XII-11-76	med	(152-177)	Vertical	160 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
	17	17	W. Coast Mexico	Linear cloud features	high	(152-177)	High Oblique	300 mi	0.4 Km	80 mm
		36	Florida-Bahamas	Clouds form an angle: not a contrail	high	(152-177)	Oblique	200 mi	0.3 Km	38 mm
		42	Florida-Bahamas	Clouds form an angle	high	(152-177)	Vertical	160 mi	0.2 Km	38 mm
Apollo 6	2	1435	Baja California, Mouth of Colorado	Sinuous drainage channel. See also IV-8-3. Possibly 2 boats visible in picture. IR Ektochrome Film	high	138	Vertical	138 mi	0.1 Km	76 mm
		1443	Wilcox dry lake, Ariz.-New Mexico, Douglas, Ariz	Smoke plume from factory. See also V-1-17. # pattern of farmland, roads. IR Ektachrome	high dark	135	Vertical	135 mi	0.1 Km	76 mm
		1454	Hobbs-Odessa-Midland, Texas	# farmland; gas & oil fields, roads. IR film. See also IV-8-33	high	131	Vertical	131 mi	0.1 Km	76 mm
		1458	Abilene, Texas	# farmland; Interstate 20, City of Abilene, IR Film	high	129	Vertical	129 mi	0.1 Km	76 mm
		1460	Cisco-Graham Texas	# farmland; Interstate 20; meanders in Brazos River; IR Film	high	128	Vertical	128 mi	0.1 Km	76 mm
		1462	Dallas-Fort Worth Texas	# farmland; Interstate 20; Cities of Dallas & Ft. Worth; IR Film	high	128	Vertical	128 mi	0.1 Km	76 mm

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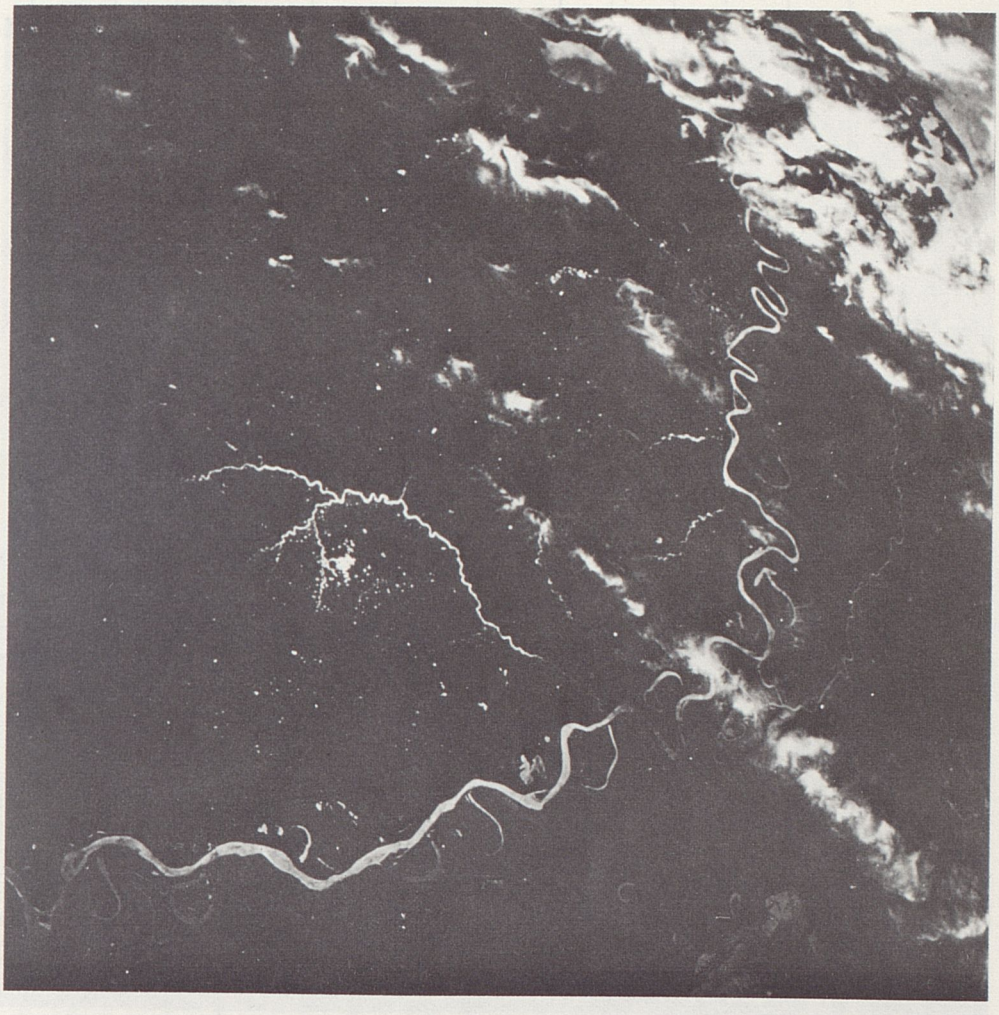

figure 15

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (Miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Apollo 9	19	3034	Algeria-Ahaggar Mts.	Swirling rock strata; See also VII-22-48, VII-22-49, AS9 3390	med light	99	Vertical	99 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3050	Mauritania	Richat crater; See also IV-16-53	med light	98	Vertical	98 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	20	3128	Cape Hatteras, N. Car.	Sand bars along coastline	high	116	Vertical	116 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3135	Nevada	Lake Mead- Las Vegas	high	129	Vertical	129 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
	21	3266	Georgia	City of Atlanta; roads	med	113	Vertical	113 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3269	Smoky Mts, Georgia	Road	med	103	Vertical	103 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3273	N. Carolina	Sand bars along coast; smoke from forest fire	med	102	Vertical	102 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3287	Imperial Valley, Calif.	# pattern of fields; roads; See also V-1-13	high	107	Vertical	107 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3290	Phoenix, Arizona	# pattern of fields; roads. City of Phoenix	high	106	Vertical	106 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3299	Dallas-Ft. Worth, Texas	Roads; Interstate 20 Cities of Dallas & Ft. Worth	med	105	Vertical	105 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3300	Red River, La.	Road	med	105	Vertical	105 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3302	Monroe, La.	Road; River meanders See also AS9-3454	high	105	Vertical	105 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3303	Baton Rouge, La.	Meanders & oxbow lakes; Mississippi River	high	105	Vertical	105 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm

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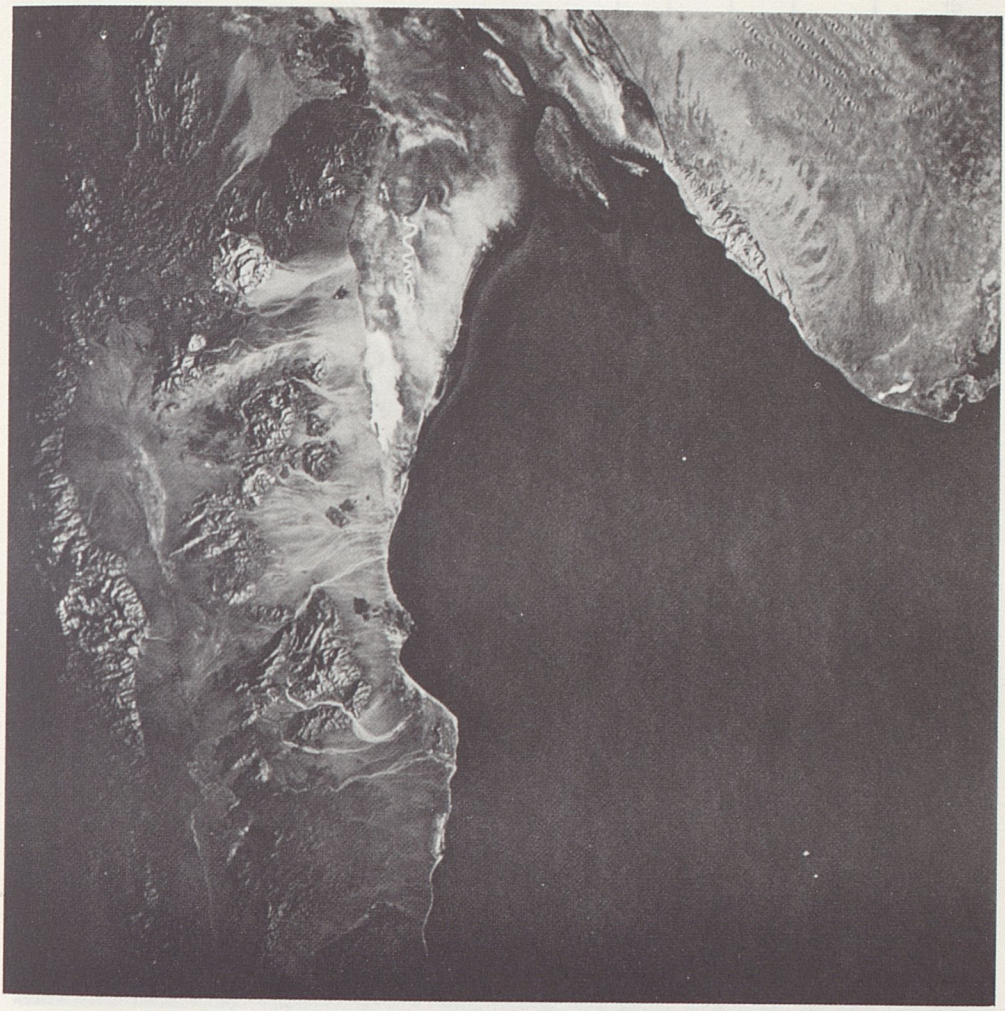

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Mission	Mag	Frame	Location	Items of Interest	Contrast	Altitude (Miles)	Angle of Photograph	Slant Range	Resolution	Focal Length
Apollo 9	21	3305	Mexicali-Yuma Arizona	Canal	high	105	Vertical	105 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3390	Algeria-Hoggar Mtn. Area	Swirling rock strata. See also VII-22-48, VII-22-49, AS9-3034	med light	90	Vertical	90 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3454	Memphis, Tenn.	River meanders; See also AS9-3302	med	104	Oblique	150 mi	0.2 Km	80 mm
		3463	Houston & Galveston	Roads, # pattern of fields	med	103	Vertical	103 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm
		3566	Birmingham, Ala.	Roads	med	106	Vertical	106 mi	0.1 Km	80 mm

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FIGURE CAPTIONS

Fig. 1. Approximately half the photographs of the Earth are primarily of clouds. Here, turbulent eddies are produced by winds passing over Guadalupe Island, off the coast of Baja California, made visible by the clouds. The tether line which attached the astronaut to the spacecraft during EVA is visible at the right.

Fig. 2. This photograph shows the coast of North Carolina, including Cape Hatteras and Pamlico Sound. The sandbars off the coast might be mistaken for giant engineering works by a visitor from space, but are entirely natural. At the right are clouds of smoke, possibly from a forest fire. They are easily distinguished from the water clouds at the top.

Fig. 3. A clear example of intelligent life on Earth. A rectangular grid of irrigated fields in the Western United States is strikingly illustrated in this photograph of the Imperial Valley, Mexicali, and part of the Salton Sea.

Fig. 4. This photograph shows the area surrounding Midland and Odessa, Texas. The dark area to the upper left was caused by a rainstorm in the area a few hours before this photo was taken. The rectangular grid pattern of fields and roads serving oil wells in the area is apparent over most of the area. A new highway between Midland and Odessa can be seen near the center.

Fig. 5. This photograph shows the cities of Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas. Large urban areas such as these, and the

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straight lines of roads are among the major signs of intelligent life on Earth detectable at 0.1 km resolution.

Fig. 6. This photograph was taken on infrared Ektachrome film for purposes of haze penetration and studies of vegetation, which is bright in reflected near infrared light and gives the photo a reddish color. It covers portions of Arizona and New Mexico. The white area near the center is Wilcos Dry Lake, and is surrounded by the grid pattern of irrigated fields. At the left is another example of "intelligent" life on Earth -- atmospheric pollution in the form of a plume of smoke from a factory in Douglas, Arizona.

Fig. 7. Cairo is the patch of slightly greyer brown at the base of the Nile Delta. The fine lines interlacing the Delta are roads and irrigation canals. These kinds of roads in the Nile Delta antedate the Industrial Revolution. The pattern here, and the grid pattern of the Western United States are both clearly indicative of intelligent life. To the left, the Ismalia Canal cuts through the desert, connecting Cairo with the Suez Canal. Right and left have inadvertently been reversed in the printing of this photo of Cairo and the Nile Delta.

Fig. 8. Gemini V -4-67. Regularities in cloud geometries near the Cape Verde Islands.

Fig. 9. Gemini XII -11-126. Parallel linear arrays of clouds over Cuba. Again, regular geometry does not necessarily imply biology.

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Fig. 10. Gemini XII - 17-42. Two lines of clouds intersect over the Bahamas to form an oblique angle to the left of center. Close inspection shows that they are not contrails since they show the patchy structure of the other clouds in the area.

Fig. 11. Gemini XII -8-147. Jet stream clouds over Egypt and the Sudan do not closely resemble contrails.

Fig. 12. Gemini IX - D-15. A jet aircraft contrail and its shadow are visible in this photograph of the Southwestern United States. An extraterrestrial observer would probably consider such contrails as evidence of a terrestrial technological civilization.

Fig. 13. Gemini IX -D-37. Another contrail is visible in this photograph of the Los Angeles area. Los Angeles is hidden by smog.

Fig. 14. Gemini IV -6-9. In the lower part of this photograph the Hsiang River in Hunan Province, China, contains several linear sections, giving rise to an unusual geometric pattern. An extraterrestrial observer might suspect that these represent large scale engineering projects.

Fig. 15. AS9-3303. This photograph shows the meanders and oxbow lakes left by the Mississippi River near Memphis, Tennessee.

Fig. 16. AS6-2-1435. This photograph of the mouth of the Colorado River contains two peculiar features. The first is the bright corkscrew in the upper center. It is apparently a tidal drainage channel outlined by salt flats. The

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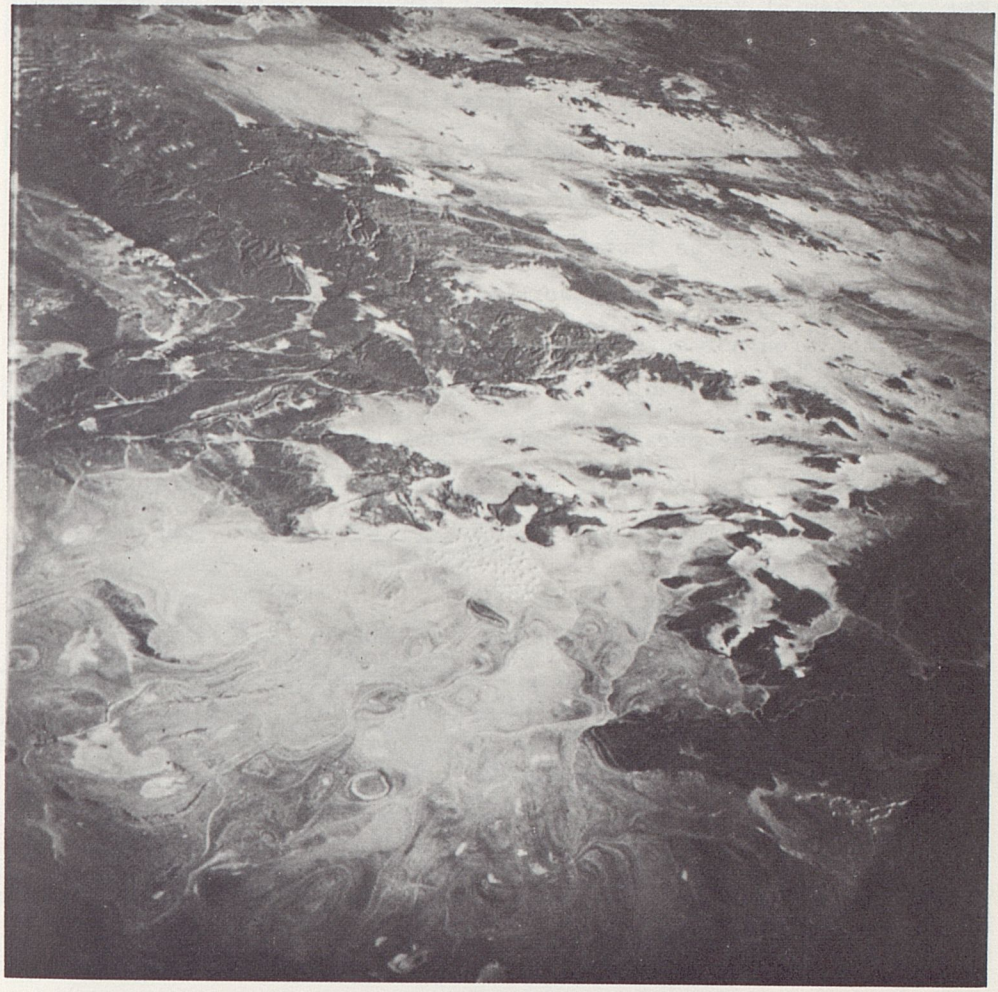

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second is the two bright dots at the lower right, which may possibly be boats.

Fig. 17. Gemini V -2-33. A field of sand dunes occupies the lower portion of this photograph of the Walvis Bay area, S. W. Africa. The regular linear pattern, however, could probably be interpreted by an extraterrestrial visitor as a natural phenomenon. The sandbar blocking the bay at left, however, might be interpreted as a breakwater or dam or other large engineering work. Roads are marginally visible in the area not covered by the dunes.

Fig. 18. Gemini V -3-30. Two instances of sandbars forming straight lines parallel to the coast are shown in this photograph of Tiburon Island in the Gulf of California. These might be interpreted as artificial harbors, but they are not.

Fig. 19. Gemini VI -C-34. The dark striations in this photograph are sand dunes inundated by the Niger River. Timbuctu is in the photograph, further to the right near the Niger River, but is invisible due to its low contrast.

Fig. 20. Gemini VII -22-3. This is a telephoto image of seif dunes in Southern Algeria. Their semi-regular nature is readily apparent.

Fig. 21. Gemini VII - 22-49. The geometry in this image is due to a field of sand dunes near the center and the peculiar swirling rock strata below. The region is extremely inaccessible, south of the Hoggan Mountains in Algeria. Natural gas has been found in the area of the peculiar rock strata.

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Fig. 22. AS9-3050. The spectacular Richat formation in Mauritania is visible in the lower right. It is apparently a fossil meteorite crater, since coesite, a high pressure modification of quartz, has been found there.

Fig. 23. Gemini V -3-50. Two volcanic cones are visible near the bottom of this photograph of the Kazir salt flats in Iran. Roads are also faintly visible.

Fig. 24. Gemini V -4-5. This photograph shows the Suez and Ismalia Canals in the Egyptian desert. The Ismalia Canal at the top center appears much broader and darker than the Suez Canal because of the vegetation.

Fig. 25. Gemini VII -22-6. This is a photograph of six atolls in the Auomotu Archipelago. It seems very unlikely that the biological origin of those islands would be deduced even by a very intelligent extraterrestrial observer, in the absence of prior knowledge of life on Earth.

Fig. 26. Gemini V -1-13. This photograph shows the Imperial Valley and Salton Sea in Southern California. The grid pattern of irrigated fields is visible very close to the resolution limit.

Fig. 27. Gemini V -1-18. The Rio Grande Valley near El Paso, Texas is shown here. The grid pattern of farmland is much more apparent than in the preceding photograph. This pattern is characteristic of the Western United States. A different pattern is visible e.g., in Fig. 7 of the Nile Delta. To an extraterrestrial observer, however, both patterns would be indicative of intelligent life.

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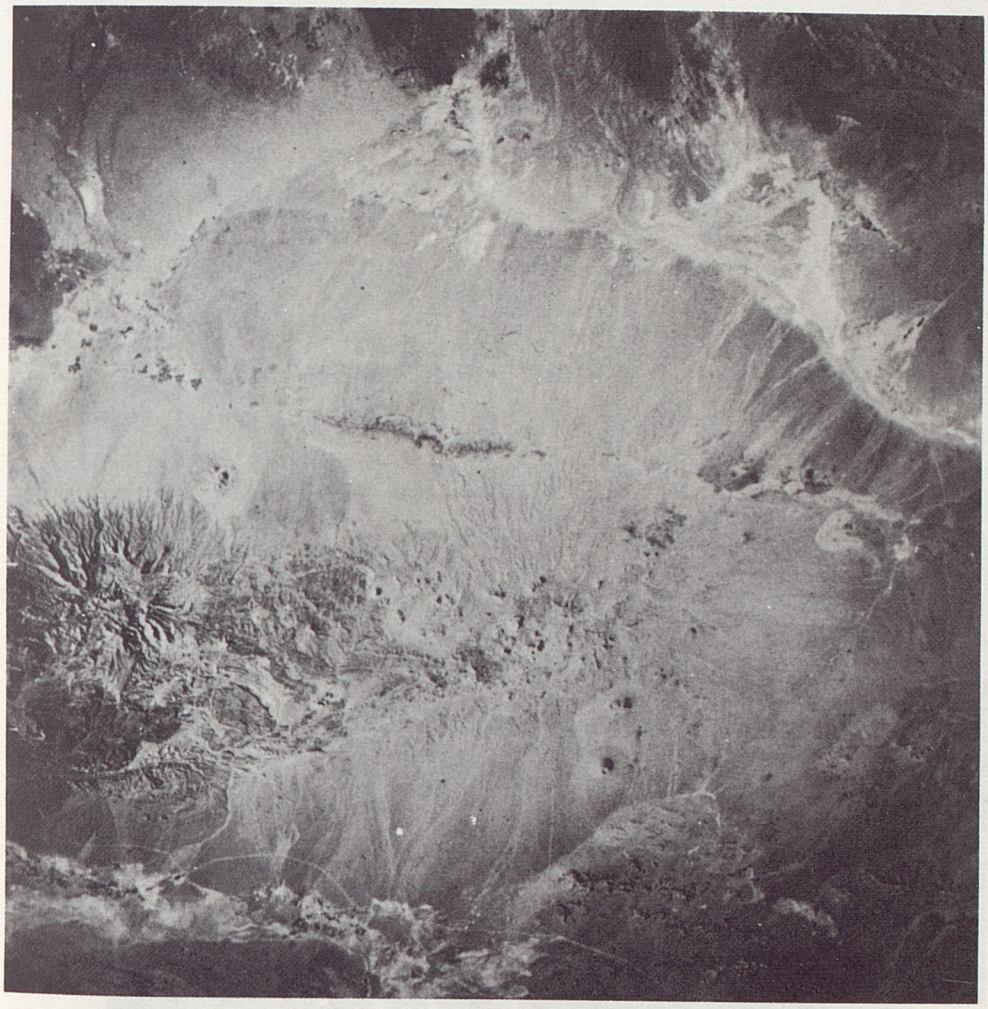

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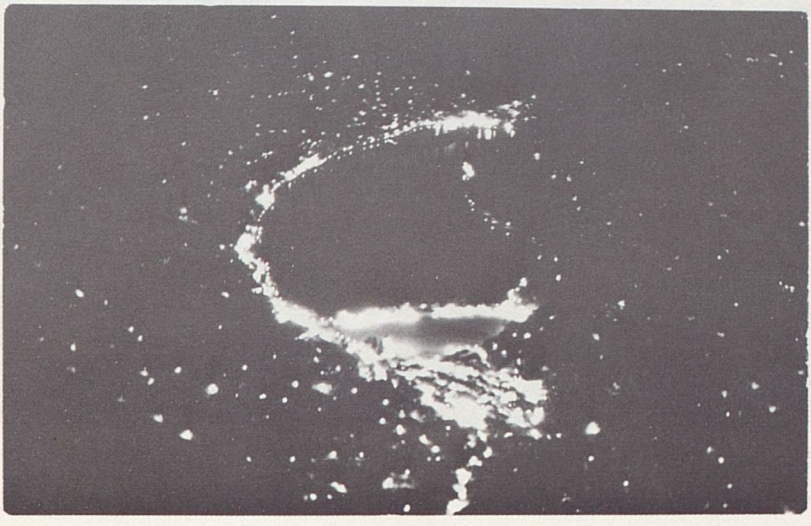
Fig. 28. Gemini V -2-53. The launch complex at Cape Kennedy, Florida from which the photographers of the preceding 27 figures were launched, is shown here, with other roads and bridges in the area plainly visible. The beach to the south of the Cape superficially resembles the roads, but closer inspection reveals that the beach is much wider than the roads, and is not so straight.

Fig. 29. Photographic detectivity of planetary biology. Threshold for detection of contemporary life on Earth, determined from this and other studies, is shown by the rippled pattern. This and two other possible detectivity thresholds are compared with present and future coverage of Mars. At the present time a civilization of contemporary terrestrial advancement and extent on Mars would not have been discovered.



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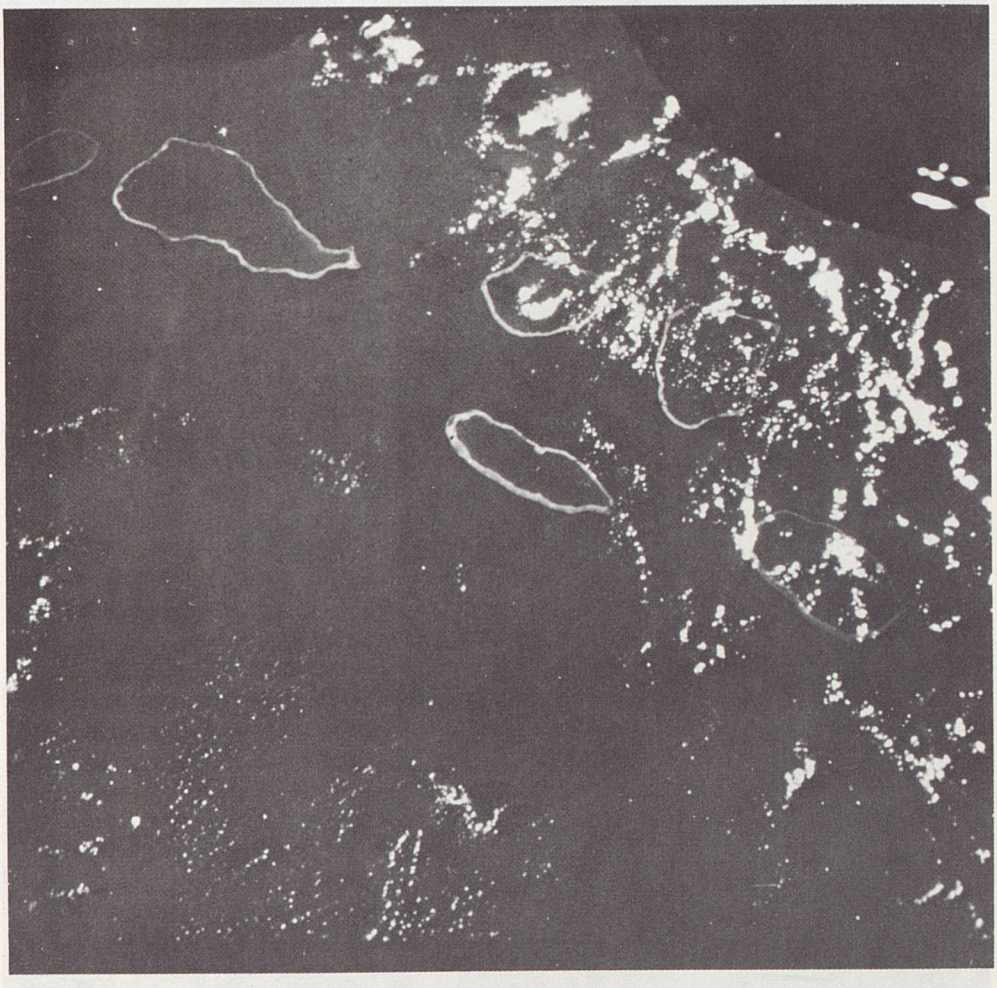

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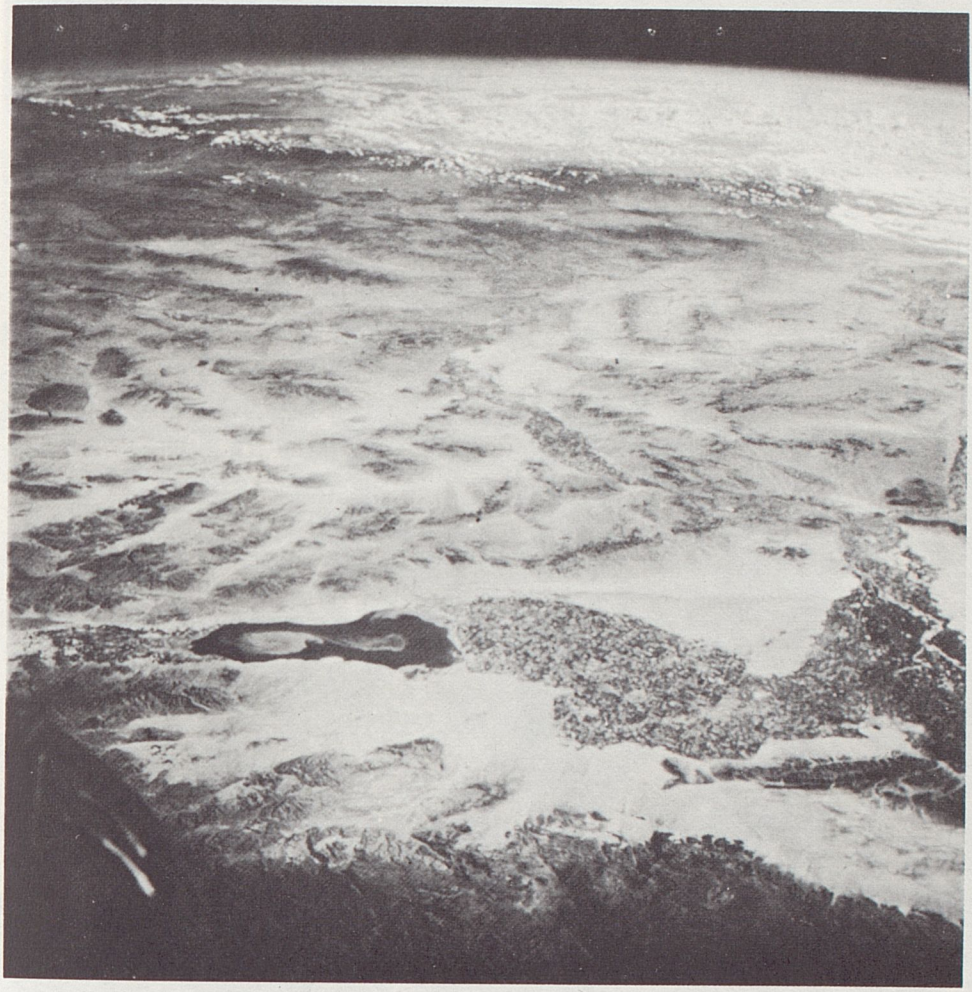

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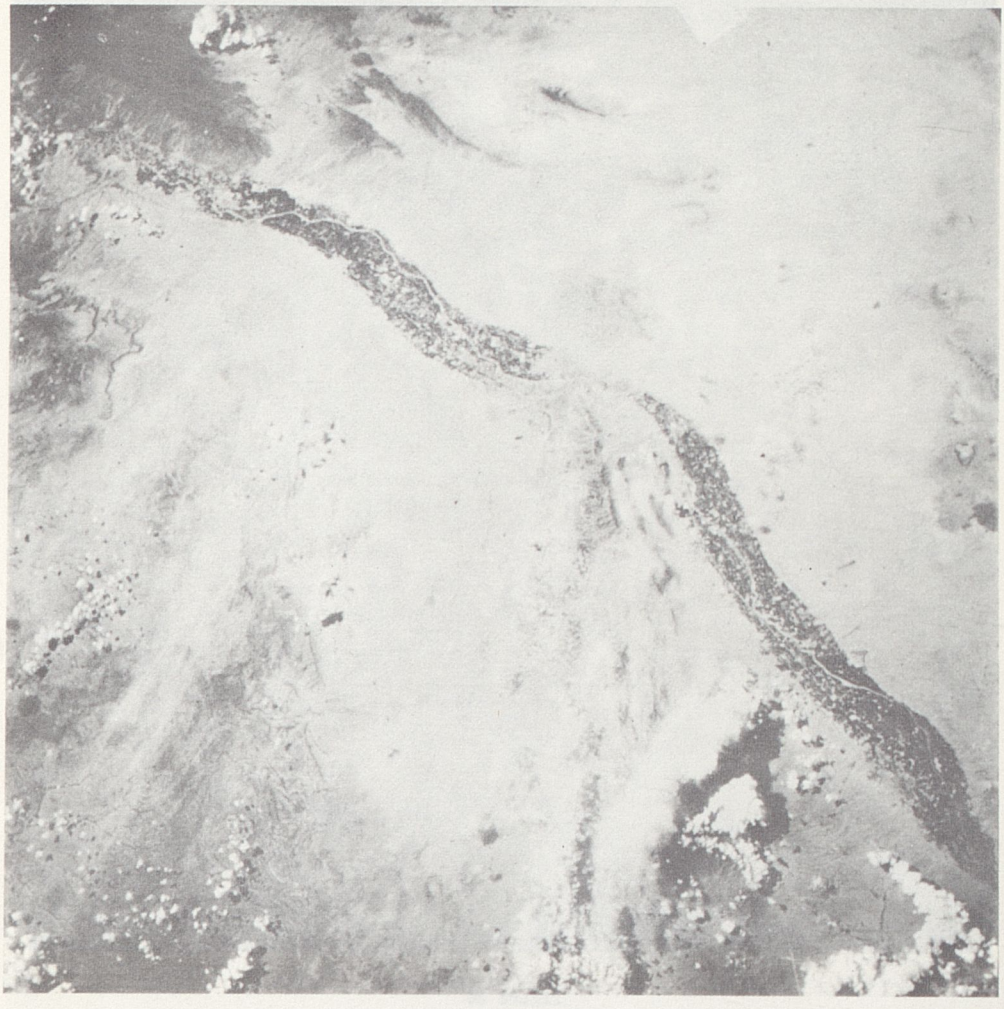

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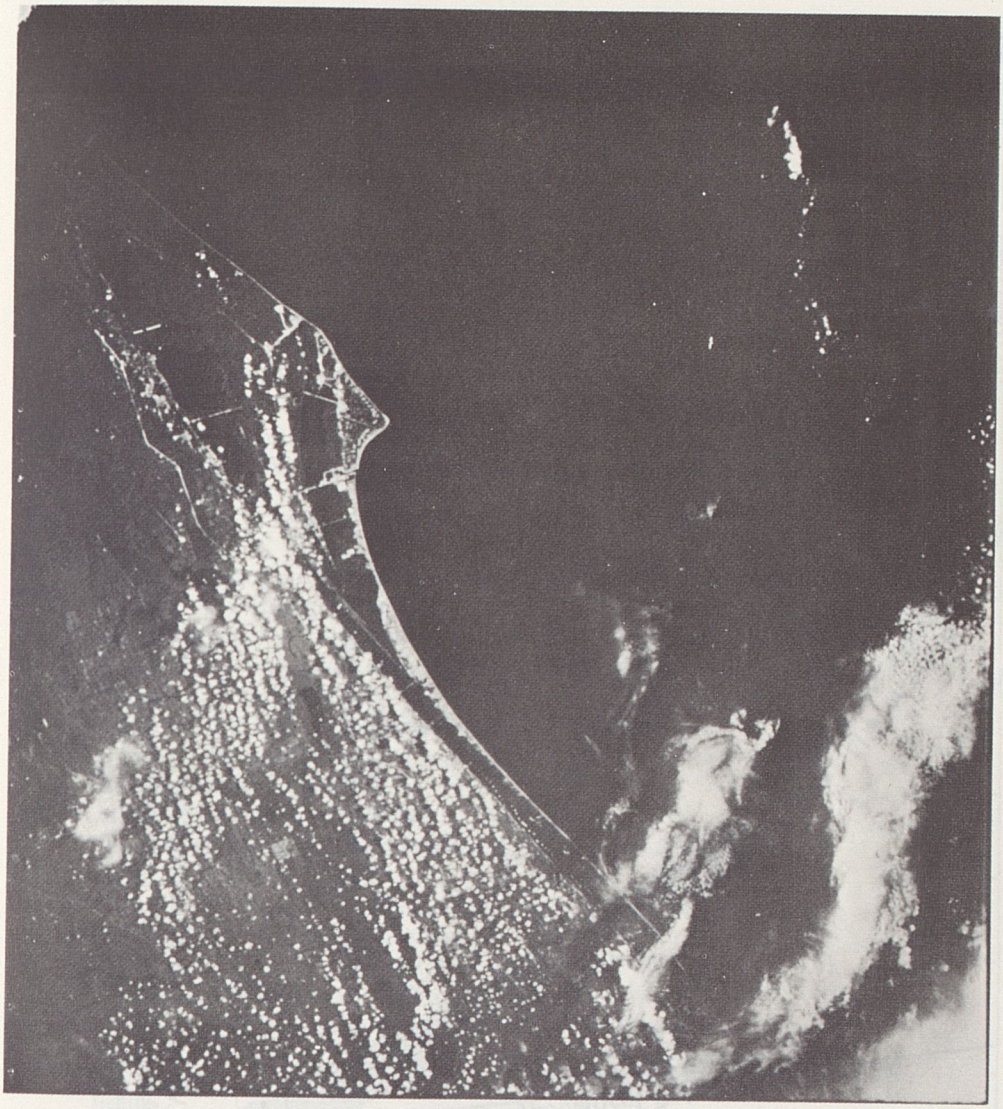

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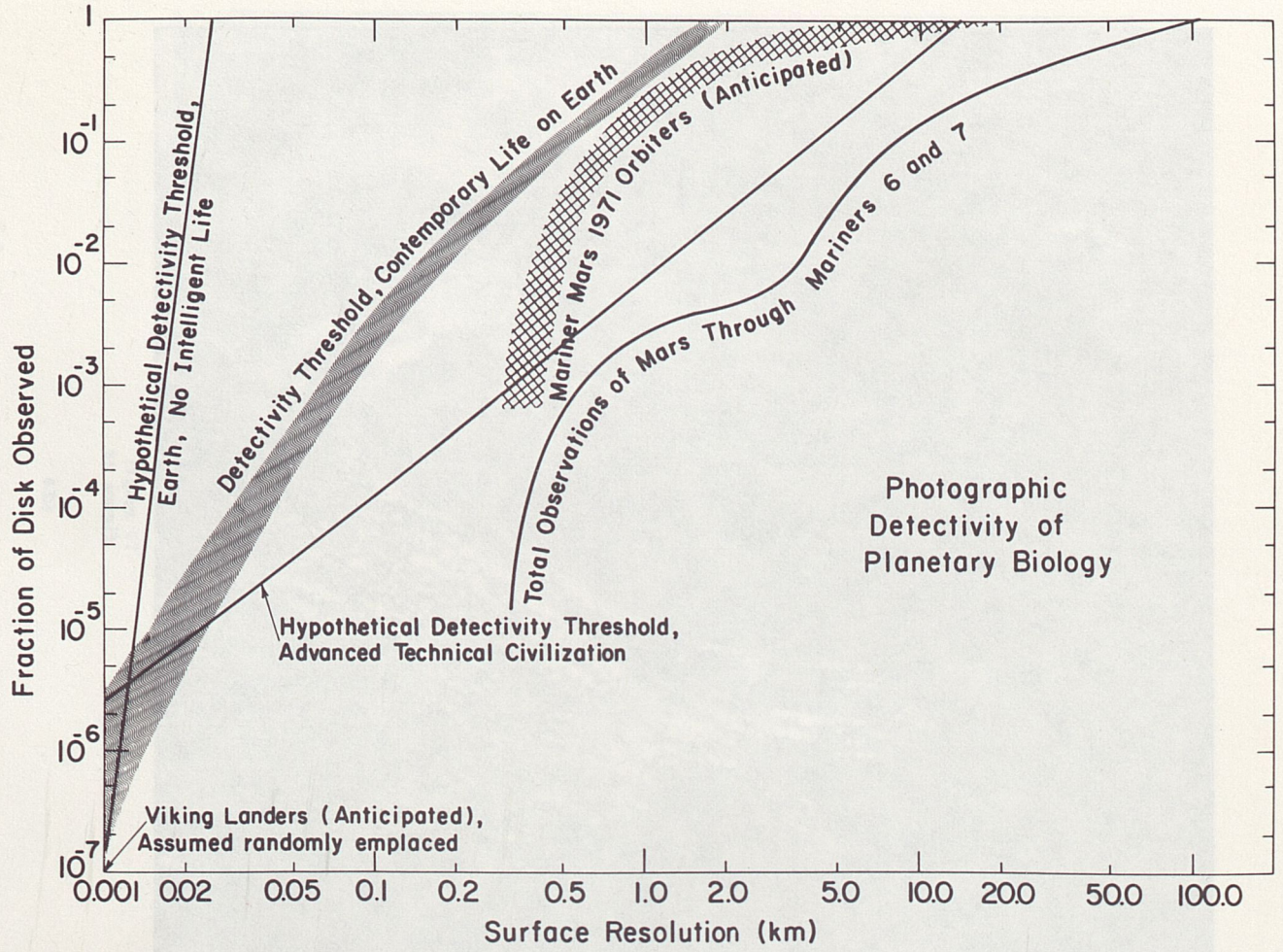

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THE OSAGE TRIBE: RITE OF VIGIL

translated by Francis La Flesche

Wi´- Gi - E of the Dreams

1. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
2. The youngest of the brothers,
3. Arose and stood in silent contemplation.
4. Verily, it was at the time when the earth sat glorified amid her blossoms and ripening fruit,
5. That the young brother stood in silent contemplation.
6. It was in the evening of the day,
7. When he stood at one end of the house,
8. With his head inclined to the right,
9. He fell prone to the earth, where he lay outstretched.

10. Night passed. The god of day struck the heavens with a pale light,
11. Then the young brother arose, took that which was made sacred (the soil of the earth),
12. Put it upon his brow and stood motionless.
13. The god of day ascended to a point midway between the eastern horizon and the zenith;
14. The god of day moved on to the middle of heaven;
15. The god of day descended to a point midway between the zenith and the western horizon;
16. Then, in the evening of the day,
17. While yet the sacred soil remained upon the young brother's brow,
18. He shed tears while he slowly moved
19. To the borders of the village where,
20. With head inclined to the right,
21. He fell prone to the earth and lay outstretched,
22. And Wa-ḳo^{n}´-da made the eyes of the youth to close in sleep.

23. Night passed. The god of day struck the heavens with a pale light,
24. Then the young brother arose, took that which was made sacred,

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25. Put it upon his brow and stood upright.
26. He wandered from place to place as the god of day ascended to a point between the eastern horizon and the zenith;
27. He wandered from place to place as the god of day ascended to the middle of heaven;
28. Still he wandered from place to place as the god of day descended to a point midway between the zenith and the western horizon.
29. Then, in the evening of the day,
30. He came to a great spring where he paused and spake, saying:
31. Even in this spot, within this spring itself, may be an abiding place of the god of mysteries.
32. He removed from his brow the sign of vigil, the consecrated soil of the earth.
33. Then, with head inclined to the right,
34. He fell prone to the earth, where he lay outstretched,
35. And Wa-ḳo$^{n'}$-da made the eyes of the youth to close in sleep.

36. Night passed. The god of day struck the heavens with a pale light,
37. The young brother arose and took that which was made sacred,
38. Put it upon his brow and stood upright.
39. He wandered from place to place as the god of day ascended to a point midway between the eastern horizon and the zenith;
40. He wandered from place to place as the god of day ascended to the middle of heaven;
41. Still he wandered from place to place as the god of day descended to a point midway between the zenith and the western horizon;
42. Then, in the evening of the day,
43. He came to a great elm tree where he paused and spake, saying:
44. Even in this spot, within this tree itself, may be an abiding place of the god of mysteries.
45. He removed from his brow the sign of vigil, the sacred soil of the earth.
46. Then, with head inclined to the right,
47. He fell prone to the earth where he lay outstretched,
48. And Wa-ḳo$^{n'}$-da made the eyes of the youth to close in sleep.

49. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
50. At the beginning of the day,
51. The young brother arose and took that which was made sacred,
52. Put it upon his brow and stood upright.
53. He wandered from place to place as the god of day ascended to a point midway between the eastern horizon and the zenith;

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54. He wandered from place to place as the god of day ascended to the middle of heaven;
55. Still he wandered from place to place as the god of day descended to a point midway between the zenith and the western horizon;
56. Then, in the evening of the day,
57. He came to a low hill that resembled the breast of a turkey.
58. Close to the hill the young brother stood and spake, saying:
59. Even in this spot, within this hill itself, may be an abiding place of the god of mysteries.
60. Upon this very hill I shall recline and sleep,
61. Lo, I am weary in body and mind,
62. I feel ready to depart for the spirit land.
63. My elder brothers
64. May never find my body in this lonely spot.
65. After a pause he said: Toward the places where men
66. Are wont to pass to and fro I must arise and go;
67. He arose and wearily strode forth.

68. In time he came to a little brook,
69. Whose banks were covered here and there with groves of trees.
70. Close to the brook he paused to rest.
71. Near by stood a willow, a tree that never dies.
72. To that tree he slowly moved and sat down,
73. Then, clinging to the trunk of the tree, he tried to rise for a further effort.
74. He spake as to a responsive being, saying to the willow:
75. Ha! my grandfather,
76. It seems impossible for me to go on, O, grandfather.
77. The tree replied, saying: O, little one!
78. The little ones shall always cling to me for support, as they travel the path of life.
79. Behold the base of my trunk which sends forth its supporting roots.
80. I have made them to be the sign of old age, O, little one.
81. When the little ones make of me their symbol of old age,
82. They shall not fail to live to see old age, as they travel the path of life.

83. Behold my bark that is roughened with age,
84. That also,
85. I have made to be the sign of old age.
86. When the little ones make of me their symbol of old age,
87. They shall not fail to live to see their faces roughened with age, as they travel the path of life.

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88. These lower outspreading limbs,
89. I have made to be my arms, as I stand here.
90. When the little ones make of my lower limbs the symbols of their arms,
91. They shall not fail to live to see their arms strengthened with age, as they travel the path of life.

92. These curved limbs, bent with their weight,
93. I have made to be the sign of old age.
94. When the little ones make of me their symbol of old age,
95. They shall not fail to live to see old age, as they travel the path of life.

96. The white blossoms upon my topmost branches,
97. I have made to be the sign of old age.
98. Aged men
99. Are spoken of as having scant, yellowish hair.
100. The little ones shall not fail to live to see their hair grown scant and yellowish with age, as they travel the path of life.

101. The young brother wearily strode homeward, and in time
102. Came to the borders of the village,
103. Where he paused to rest.
104. Then, as in a passing vision, he saw men,
105. In deadly strife, their war clubs rising and falling in blows and parries.
106. The vision passed; the young brother thought: Lo, I suffer in body and mind,
107. Is it true, as has been said, that Wa-ḳo^{n}′-da holds in favor young men of my age?
108. Even in this spot,
109. Within this spot itself may be an abiding place of Wa-ḳo^{n}′-da.
110. Then, with head inclined to the right,
111. He fell prone upon the earth, where he lay outstretched.
112. Suddenly a man
113. He heard approaching, treading softly upon the earth as he came.
114. The young brother lifted his head to see,
115. But, verily, there came to him as he lay waiting no sign of a man.
116. After a moment's pause, a man
117. He again heard approaching, the grass rustling at his every step.
118. The young brother lifted his head to see,
119. But, verily, there came to him no sign of a person as he lay waiting.
120. After a moment's pause,
121. The right foot of the young brother was touched
122. By the man with his foot,

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123. And the stranger spake, saying:
124. It is said that a man is wandering over the earth, suffering in body and mind.
125. Is it you who is thus spoken of, my younger brother, the stranger asked.
126. Yes, my grandfather, it is I,
127. I who sit here, the young brother replied.
128. The stranger spake, saying: Ha! my younger brother,
129. Then it is you whose mind is steadfastly fixed upon the whole earth, with a longing desire.
130. Look upon me!
131. The young man replied: O, my grandfather,
132. I look upon you
133. And see every part of your body covered with red (the red dawn).
134. The stranger spake: Your mind is steadfastly fixed upon the god whose every part is stained with red.
135. Look upon me again!
136. The young man replied: Little pipes (pipes used in ceremonies),
137. Seven in number, I see you holding in your hands, as you stand,
138. The odd one in number
139. Profusely adorned with the scalps of men, O, my grandfather.
140. The stranger spake: Even upon the sacred pipes your mind is steadfastly fixed, my younger brother.
141. Look upon me again!
142. The young man replied: I look upon you, O, my grandfather,
143. A little (portable) shrine,
144. Most pleasing to look upon,
145. You hold under your arm, as you stand there, O, my grandfather.
146. The stranger spake: Ha! my younger brother,
147. Even upon the sacred shrines your mind is steadfastly fixed, my younger brother,
148. Look upon me again.
149. The young man replied: I look upon you, O, my grandfather,
150. Animal skins (the seven symbolic animal skins used in ceremonies),
151. Lie spread beneath your feet,
152. Upon them you stand as they yield softly to the weight of your feet.
153. The stranger spake: Ha! younger brother,
154. Even upon the sacred animal skins your mind is steadfastly fixed.
155. Look upon me again!
156. The young man replied: As an aged man,

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157. Your face roughened with the wrinkles of age, I see you, O, my grandfather.
158. The stranger spake: Even upon the appearance of an aged man your mind is steadfastly fixed, my younger brother.
159. Look upon me again!
160. The young man replied: As an aged man (in sacerdotal attire),
161. With fluttering down of the eagle,
162. Adorning his head, I see you, O, my grandfather;
163. As an aged man,
164. With the stem of a pipe between his lips, I see you, O, my grandfather.
165. Again, I see you as amidst the four great divisions of the days,
166. Standing there as though in your personal abode, O, my grandfather.
167. The stranger spake: Ha! my young brother,
168. Even upon the four great divisions of the days your mind is steadfastly fixed, my younger brother.
169. The young man replied: Verily, amidst the days that are beautiful and peaceful,
170. I see you standing as though in your personal abode, O, my grandfather.
171. The stranger spake: Even upon the days that are beautiful and peaceful, your mind is steadfastly fixed, my younger brother.

The E-no$^{N\prime}$ Mi^{N}-dse-to^{N} (Owners of the Bow) Gens

1. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
2. The Wa-zha′-zhe, a people who possess seven fireplaces,
3. Spake to the E-no$^{n\prime}$ Mi^{n}-dse Ṭo^{n} (the Bow gens of the Wa-zha′-zhe subdivision)
4. Saying: O, Wa-zha′-zhe,
5. We have nothing that is fit for use as a symbol.
6. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
7. The E-no$^{n\prime}$-Mi^{n}-dse To^{n} replied: You say you have nothing that is fit for use as a symbol.
8. I am a person who is fitted for use as a symbol.
9. Verily, in the midst of the rushing waters (in the midst of the shallow rapids)
10. Abides my being.
11. Verily, I am a person who has made of the waters his body.
12. Behold the right side of the river.
13. Of it I have made the right side of my body.

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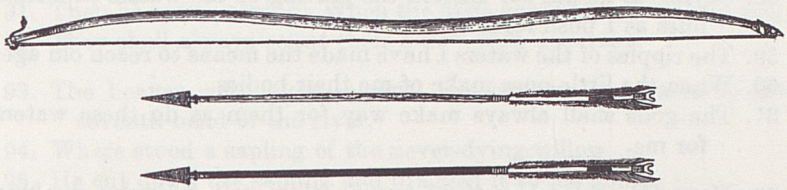
14. When the little ones make of me their bodies
15. And use the right side of the river
16. To make their bodies,
17. The right side of their bodies shall be free from all causes of death.
18. Behold the left side of the river.
19. Of it I have made the left side of my body.
20. When the little ones also make of that the left side of their bodies,
21. That side of their bodies shall always be free from all causes of death.
22. Behold the channel of the river.
23. Of it I have made the hollow of my body.
24. When the little ones make of me their bodies,
25. The hollow of their bodies shall always be free from all causes of death.



—Miⁿ′-dse (Bow). Life symbol of the E-noⁿ′ Miⁿ-dse Ṭoⁿ (Sole Owners of the Bow) gens of the Wa-zha′-zhe subdivision of the Hoⁿ′-ga great division. This gens has the office of making a bow and two arrows for use at the initiatory ceremony. The three symbolize night and day, and also long life. The back of the bow is painted black and the front red; one arrow is painted red and the other black.

26. There is also an animal of which I have made my body.
27. It is the redfish
28. Of which I have made my body,
29. That I might be free from all causes of death.
30. When the little ones make of the redfish their bodies,
31. They shall always live to see old age.

32. Behold the blackfish.
33. Of it I have made my body.
34. When the little ones make of it their bodies,
35. They shall always live to see old age.

36. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
37. He said to the people: Behold the otter.
38. Of it also I have made my body.
39. When the little ones make of the otter their bodies,
40. They shall always live to see old age.
41. When the people of the Ṭsi′-zhu
42. And of the Hoⁿ′-ga
43. Make of the otter their bodies,
44. They shall always be free from all causes of death.

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45. Behold the male beaver,
46. Of it also I, as a person, have, verily, made my body.
47. When the little ones make of the beaver their bodies,
48. They shall always live to see old age.
49. Seven willow saplings
50. The beaver brought to the right side of his house,
51. Dragging them with his teeth to his house, laying them down in a pile.
52. Then he spake, saying: These saplings
53. I have made to represent certain things,
54. The things spoken of as o-do$^{n'}$ (military honors).
55. Verily, I, as a person, have made them to represent the o-do$^{n'}$.
56. Against the current of the river the beaver went forth,
57. Rippling the surface of the water as he made his way,
58. Saying as he did so: Behold the parting of the waters in forked lines as I push forth.
59. The ripples of the waters I have made the means to reach old age.
60. When the little ones make of me their bodies
61. The gods shall always make way for them as do these waters for me.

62. He struck the surface of the water with his tail, making a cracking noise, as he pushed forth,
63. And he said: These strokes
64. I make not without a purpose.
65. Toward the setting of the sun are our enemies.
66. In striking the waters I strike our enemies.

67. The beaver went again against the current and came to the second bend of the river,
68. Where stood a sapling of the never-dying willow.
69. He cut down the sapling and dragged it to his house,
70. Then he spake, saying: When the little ones use this for counting,
71. They shall always count their o-do$^{n'}$ with accuracy.

72. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
73. The beaver went again against the current and came to a third bend of the river,
74. Where stood a sapling of the never-dying willow.
75. He cut down the sapling and dragged it to his house,
76. Then he spake, saying: When the little ones use this for counting,
77. They shall always count their o-do$^{n'}$ with accuracy.

78. The beaver went again against the current and came to the fourth bend of the river,
79. Where stood a sapling of the never-dying willow.

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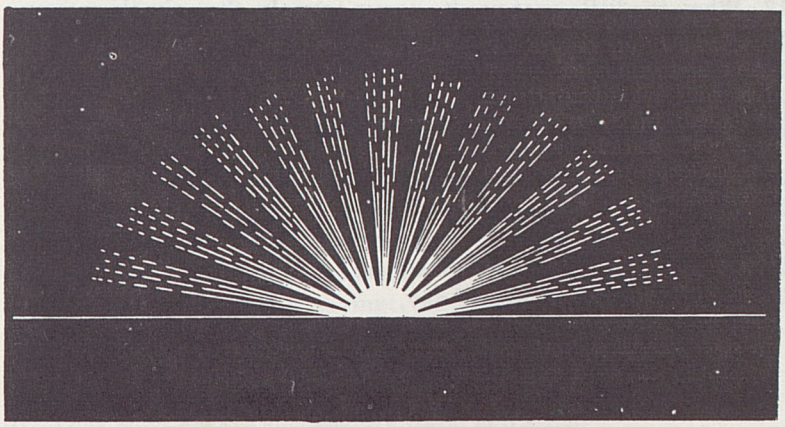
80. He cut down the sapling and dragged it to his house,
81. Then he spake, saying: When the little ones use this for counting,
82. They shall always count their o-do$^{n'}$ with accuracy.

83. The beaver went again against the current and came to the fifth bend of the river,
84. Where stood a sapling of the never-dying willow.
85. He cut down the sapling and dragged it to his house,
86. Then he spake, saying: When the little ones use this for counting,
87. They shall always count their o-do$^{n'}$ with accuracy.

88. The beaver went again against the current and came to the sixth bend of the river,
89. Where stood a sapling of the never-dying willow.
90. He cut down the sapling and dragged it to his house,
91. Then he spake, saying: When the little ones use this for counting,
92. They shall always count their o-do$^{n'}$ with accuracy.

93. The beaver went again against the current and came to the seventh bend of the river,
94. Where stood a sapling of the never-dying willow.
95. He cut down the sapling and dragged it to his house,
96. Then he spake, saying: This also the little ones shall use.
97. When the little ones use this for counting,
98. They shall always count their o-do$^{n'}$ with accuracy.



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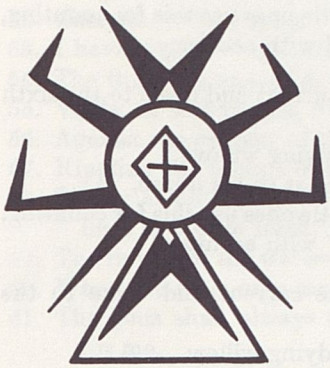
1. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
2. They (the people) spake to the Hoⁿ′-ga U-ṭa-noⁿ-dsi,
3. Saying: O, grandfather,
4. We have nothing that is fit to use as a symbol.
5. The Hoⁿ′-ga U-ṭa-noⁿ-dsi replied: O, little ones,



—Ṭse′-xo-be (Spider). Conventional design of the spider, one of the life symbols of the Hoⁿ′-ga U-ṭa-noⁿ-dsi (Isolated Hoⁿ′-ga) gens. This design is tattooed on the back of both hands of a woman to whom is accorded the honor.

6. You say you have nothing fit to use as a symbol.
7. I am one who is fitted for use as a symbol.
8. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
9. He set up a house,
10. And then he said: I have not set up this house without a purpose.
11. I have set it up so that within it the necks of living creatures shall be broken.
12. I have not set up this house without a purpose.
13. I have made it to represent and to be a symbol of the ṭse′-xo-be (the spider)
14. Verily, this house, like a snare, draws to itself
15. All living creatures, whosoever they may be.
16. Into it they shall throw themselves and become ensnared.
17. When the little ones use its power to make the animals appear,
18. Even before the break of day
19. The animals shall not fail to appear;
20. And in the evening of the day
21. The animals shall not fail to appear.

22. The oldest of all animals (the buffalo bull),
23. That lies upon the earth,
24. The little ones shall use its power to make the animals appear.
25. With the life blood of that animal,
26. Even before the break of day,

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27. They shall always renew their own life blood.
28. And in the evening of the day
29. The little ones shall renew their life blood with that of this animal.

30. Verily, at that time and place, it has been said, in this house,
31. He spake again, saying: These are the things that shall stand as symbols for the little ones:
32. The short snake (the spreading adder)
33. Shall always be a symbol to the little ones.
34. Then above the bunches of tall grass
35. The short snake lifted his head and spake, saying:
36. Even though the little ones pass into the realm of spirits,
37. They shall, by the use of my fangs, bring themselves back to life and consciousness.
38. When the little ones make of me their bodies,
39. The four successive days,
40. They shall always successfully reach and enter.

41. The Hoⁿ′-ga U-ṭa-noⁿ-dsi continued, saying: The little ones shall use for a symbol
42. The long snake dotted with yellow spots (the bull snake).
43. The little ones shall always use this snake for a symbol.
44. Then above the bunches of tall grass
45. The long snake with yellow spots lifted his head.
46. This snake also
47. The little ones shall always use as a symbol.
48. Then spake the snake, saying: Even though the little ones pass into the realm of spirits,
49. They shall by the use of my strength recover consciousness.
50. The four successive days,
51. They shall always successfully reach and enter.

52. The Hoⁿ′-ga U-ṭa-noⁿ-dsi continued, saying: The little ones shall use for a symbol
53. The black snake.
54. The little ones shall always use it as a symbol.
55. Then above the bunches of tall grass
56. The black snake lifted his head.
57. This snake also spake, saying:
58. Even though the little ones pass into the realm of spirits,
59. They shall by my aid bring themselves back to consciousness.
60. The four successive days
61. They shall always successfully reach and enter.

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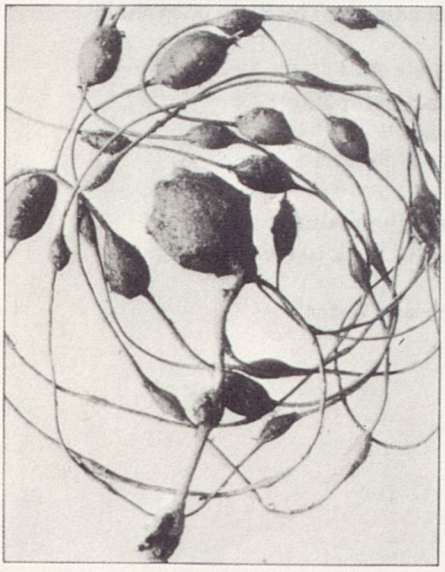
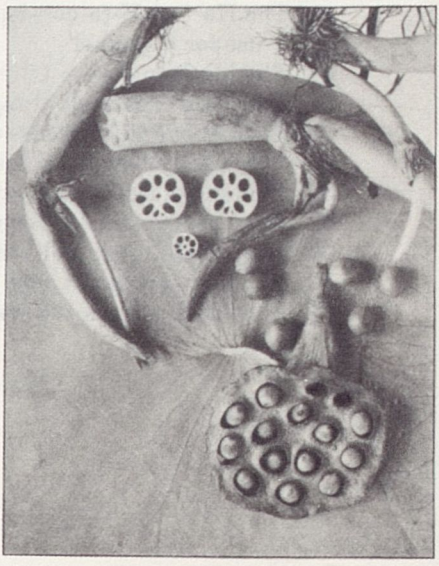
62. The Hoⁿ′-ga U-ṭa-noⁿ-dsi continued, saying: The little ones shall use as a symbol
63. The great snake (the rattlesnake).
64. From amidst the bunches of tall grass
65. The snake caused itself to be heard by making a buzzing sound.
66. That snake also spake, saying:
67. Even though the little ones pass into the realm of spirits,
68. They shall, by clinging to me and using my strength, recover consciousness.
69. The great snake,
70. Making a sound like the blowing of the wind,
71. Close to the feet (of the sick),
72. He repeatedly sounded his rattle as he stood.
73. Close to the head (of the sick)
74. He repeatedly sounded his rattle.
75. Toward the east winds
76. He repeatedly sounded his rattle.
77. Toward the west winds
78. He repeatedly sounded his rattle
79. Toward the winds from the cedars (the north)
80. He repeatedly sounded his rattle.
81. Then spake, saying: Even though the little ones pass into the realm of spirits,
82. They shall always with my aid bring themselves back to consciousness.
83. When the little ones make of me their bodies,
84. The four great divisions of the days
85. They shall reach successfully,
86. And then into the days of peace and beauty
87. They shall always make their entrance.



DO (GLYCINE APIOS)



TSE′-WA-THE (NELUMBO LUTEA)

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edited by Robert Bertholf

LETTERS FROM GARY SNYDER

Of the eighteen letters presented here, seventeen were written to Will Peterson, and one to Jack Kerouac. They cover the period from August 1956 to April 1964. In the early letters Snyder comments on his arrival in Kyoto, and his reactions to the health of Buddhist studies there, while in the series from 6 September 1957 to March 1958 his main topic is life on the oil tanker USNA SAPPA CREEK. Some of his experiences have already come out in poems like "Six Hells of the Engine Room" and "T-2 Tanker Blues," and the letters give a sharp picture of the grueling work on the ship and the wild adventures in port that informed the poetry. The precise recording of details, so familiar in the poetry, appears here also with a stunning intensity that at times recalls Conrad in "The Secret Sharer" and at other times the method of Han-Shan himself. Throughout his travels back and forth from the Mediterranean to the Pacific Snyder maintains his contact with the poetry scene in the US and with the events in the lives of his friends in Japan. His concern is always with the experiences that touch him directly as a human being: amid the labor and the play of the voyage he never loses touch with the breath of poetry and his Buddhist studies. The remaining letters deal with Snyder's return to America, with his trips to the wilderness, his teaching at Berkeley, and his participation in the North Beach scene of the late 1950's. In the final letter, he talks about the change of consciousness which he sees coming in America. Yet, in the letters Snyder gives a record of one man's journey into the presence of a new consciousness, and it is he who showed many others the way to the new mind. He did it himself when it mattered, and he gives to all.

A note on method: I have kept the original spelling and punctuation. Initials, like ZI, have been spelled out as, for example Z[en] I[nstitute], with additions indicated in brackets. Where possible English translations of Japanese terms have been given and placed in parentheses; for example, tera (temple). Explanations and identifications, where they seemed necessary and where they were possible, appear in the notes, where references to Snyder's published work also appear.

Thanks are due to James R. Lowell of THE ASPHODEL BOOK SHOP, a great friend of poetry, and to the Department of Special Collections of the Library of Kent State University for aid in printing this selection from its holdings of Snyder letters.

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Gary Snyder/ Rinko-in/ Shokoku-ji/ Kyoto, Japan 9 August 1956

Dear Pete

Oh nobody told me how hot it gets in Japan, nobody; & a Sanframsisco-mountaineer like me never new weather could be so warm.

That you are coming to Japan is a delight & consolation; it will be most pleasing to have you to explain & show me things because I am very hit or miss & have no knack for finding the best objets d'art in these many temples. & there's nobody here to talk to, the hakujin (white men) are all squares & the Japaneezers incommunicable. However: I spend my days studying Japanese & (at the moment) memorizing sutras & waiting on Miura Roshi.[1] Just got back two days ago from a five day hike in the Northern Japanese Alps; climbed the two highest peaks there & was impressed by the quantity of young Japanese mountaineers about. No place in this country where people won't find you. The Z[en] I[nstitute] is just finishing a new building, a library & zendo-for-hakujin (meditation hall-for-white men), in Japanese mountain-style arkitekter, that will be very convenient. Number of loose hakujin floating in & out who want a place to study & zazen (sitting meditation); I guess my old shavehead Roshi will give sanzen (interview with a Zen master) to them as interested. I hope to get you & him together, he's the best I've seen.

Are you going to do the artwork for next Bussei?[2] If so, technical questions: I'm considering submitting several Kanzan (Han-Shan) translations, & would like to have the Chinese text with it. Now I know a fine calligrapher who would write the Chinese out for me. The question is: does it matter what size & what type of paper he wrote the Chinese on? Or could it be any size & scoped down to fit? Anyway you would want it, I could have it done, & send the calligraphed pages or page (figure maybe submitting 3 poems to take 1 & 1/2 pages counting both chink & english) loose, for you to make-up on layout page as you will, & copy of translations, to be made-up as you will.

The Needle magazine I understand just came out with a poem of mine. Also in September Ark II Moby is happening, containing Phil, Allen, Jack, me, Rexroth, Patchen, etc. etc.---a big manifesto of anarchist-buddhist-west-coast young poets.

Well now Japan's just fine, I reckon you could get enlightened here just as well as anyplace else. But Buddhism is sure a dead duck as far as the people go. I guess they'll have to

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become real occidentals before it will mean anything to them again.[3]

Anything I can do against your coming here scream out. Forwardly,

---

1. The Zen master Snyder studied under.

2. Berkeley Bussei: a magazine published by The Berkeley Young Buddhist Association, to which both Petersen and Snyder contributed.

3. See entry dated 23:V:56 of "Japan First Time Around," in Earth House Hold (New York, 1969), p. 3 for similar comments.

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17 Sept 56

Dear Will

Did see Sanjusangendo (temple in Kyoto)[1]--wild notion--what kind of cats was it made those statues day after day each alike? Went off to Horyuji (famous temple in NARA) 2 weeks ago & was bowled over by wooden bosatsus (a Buddhist high priest) from long ago. I have gotten an unreasonable passion to learn woodcarving now. If we ever build us a real tera (Shinto temple) in Amerkha we'll have to make our own figgers & get cats like you to paint big Ajanta type Buddha mural, but in whatever is now style. I.e. most now sincere.

I sent off a short article to Bussei on Sangha (the Buddhist brotherhood, or Community of All Beings), which I suspect there may be some opposition to printing; I beg of you if you agree with the intention of it please give it full support in editorial meetings.[2] Poems will come later.

Cheapest way to travel crosst the big ocean is by 3rd Class-Oriental. There are two 3rd classes, one serving western food & the other Japanese food, the latter is cheapest. On the Hikawa Maru (NYK) from Seattle, is $270. I think the APL (American President Lines) out of SF also has an Oriental 3rd Class, but it is loth to let it be known, & doesn't like to let hakujin (white men) go by it. If you come in speaking Japanese & holding chopsticks they might allow you. Also: apply for visa months in advance; will take long long time.

I went for a 6 day hike in the Japanese Alps & climbed 2 big peaks. What a scene all those Japanese kids are out hiking & camping & singing songs. After seeing the way the girls can carry big loads for miles I'm set on getting a Japanese woman.

Now am going full time to the Kyoto Japanese Language School, run by Missionary Board, with student body of Fullbrights and many many Papists in black suits, of both sexes, bent on spreading treasonable Popery in insidious fashion throughout the world. No time for Zen practice. As far as Z[en] goes I mize well be in America, where I had plenty spirit for zazen (sitting meditation) and leading suitable life. Z[en] bonzes here are all (mostly all) obsessed with snobbish aristocratic & insular self-esteem, & no sense for art except as "traditional Japanese art" & no sensibilities for the wide world of people & nature as it is now. But we will build fires under their zazen seats. Ikkyu, founder of Daitokuji (temple in Kyoto), said exactly the same thing about Zen people in the 13th century, so it's nothing

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new. My relations with Miura Roshi are curious. I don't think he likes me. But then that isn't supposed to count I guess. Anyhow I got faith in me own Buddha-nature so. & have come to realize that I am firstmost a poet, doomed to be shamelessly silly, undignified, curious, cuntstruck, & considering (in the words of Rimbaud) the disorder of my own mind sacred. So I dont think I'll ever commit myself to the roll of Zen Monk, as free as that role seems to be, because it calls for too much sense of serious responsible behaviour, & no faith in letting poems & such flow out free to everybody. However. One has one's Aristocratic tendencies too. Enough. Can I do anything toward finding a living-quarter for you?

---

1. Sanjusangendo, an old temple in Kyoto which houses numerous images of Buddha. Literally the name means thirty-three gen [one gen equals two years] hall.

2. The article referred to here and in the letter dated 4:1:57 appeared as "Buddhist Anarchism," Journal for the Protection of All Beings No. 1 (1961), 10-12, and later as "Buddhism and the Coming Revolution" in Earth House Hold (New York, 1969), pp. 90-93.

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Dear Pete I woulda answered you sooner but I just got back from a 2-week ball in Tokyo with lotsa PX whiskey & wild night taxi rides to Asakusa with army boys etc.

Well I would have said sure about the stone girl at sanchi poem,[1] which I rather like meself, but I have here a letter from Whalen in which he saiz that New Directions been on his & Rexroth's tail for my poems & he sent them a copy of Sanchi to placate them, although the totality of my XXX MSS is in the hands of Bob Creeley somewhere in New Mexico. Anything of mine you got please hang onto, if my MSS gets lost I will have to plague all my friends trying to reconstruct it. So anyhow that poem is tied up at the moment.

Now about the article, fuck those boobies I wrote that the way I wanted it, wisdom is a PERSON & I could write a whole article showing how that works & what it means & how it ties in with the philosophies of Martin Buber & old D.H. Lawrence, & Rexroth, etc., but anybody but a half-wit ought to be able to fill in the gap himself, & everything else is the way I want it, ain't no obfuscations or contradictions there, it just takes a little buddhist thinking after all, don't they know what the 3 treasures are? & that the third treasure is the samngha (life of meditation)? Fuck fuck fuck. It's a revolutionary little piece which I hoped would help toward putting Shin (spirit?) on its feet & a real positive thing. Goddamn.

Well now about your poem. I got it out and am looking at it.

In general I like it. But as it stands it has a sort of crepuscular Georgian (pre-world war I British pastoral poets) tone; the rhetorical phrasing of "Would you journey with me... & "Would you enter with me... & the vagueness of the underlying symbolism to one who doesn't know your philosophical preoccupations could give it a number of interpretations. Like it could be read as a highly symbolized erotic poem addressed to a lover; the last stanza just straight description of fucking. & the romantic language--"marked by song" "eternal quiet" etc & emphasis on beauty gives it a feeling of 19th cent. aestheticism which I think is probably far removed from your actual intention. The phrasing & language is far from normal speech, & it is not the crisp language of modern poetry either. Well all this just goes to show how complicated poetry is when you start taking account of the tradition & the audience. But I know you & your thoughts (to some extent) hence I dig it.[2] I keep waiting for

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you to get here. Your presence will add much. Send me a Bussei when it happens.

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1. The poem referred to is "For a Stone Girl at Sanchi," The Back Country (New York, 1968), p. 68.

2. The poem by Petersen has not been published.

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6 September [1957]
just off Singapore

Dear Pete, I discover that I am on a rusty old tramp tanker. It seems I signed a thing called the ship's articles which means I am supposed to stay on this ship until it goes back to America--which won't be for another five months unless the engine breaks down or the crew goes totally mad, which it may well do. We are running oil from Bahrein Persia to Sasebo or Yokohama Japan. Back & forth, that's all, except there's always a chance we might get sent with our oil to Italy, Okinawa, or Korea. The oil is all under contract to the U.S. Navy.
A sizeable part of the crew quit in Yokohama last time, which is how I got on. In fact, they're so short-handed that they made me into a Fireman-water-tender in the engine room, which is a job not usually given to the inexperienced. Also we are working 12 hours a day every day to keep the damn thing running. But all that means overtime which means plenty money. It is very very very hot in the engine room and black and greasy and all iron and fire. I tend the two boilers with 4 pipes of squirting burning oil under each, and watch the water gauge so that the boiler doesn't go dry and observe a whole panel of gauges and pressures and such (without comprehension)--we all run about covered with oil and cursing with greasy leather gloves and wrenches and rags in our pockets.[1] Most of these guys have been on the ship since last March, with no stops except a few days in Japan every six weeks. Anyhow if I'm going to be on this tub for a long time I think I better lay in some reading matter. That's where I rely on you. Ordinarily my address would be G. Snyder/ USNS Sappa Creek/ c/o Marine Transport Lines inc./ 11 Broadway/ New York 4 N.Y. They forward mail to our whatever next port. But they don't forward books, magazines, etc. & it would be foolish anyhow to have to send stuff to New York that one can pick up in Sasebo. What I'd like you to do is pick up some books for me, wrap them up, & mail them to the agent of this company in Sasebo or Yokohama, depending where we go. We'll know which one it is about five days out of Japan on the return trip, & I'll send you a radiogram from the ship saying either Yokohama, Sasebo, or no. The no means we aren't going to land nowhere in Japan.

In that case project must be abandoned til later. Now for books: If you could stop off at Rinko-in and fish my Naganuma (Japanese reader for foreigners) vol. II Reader and vol II Word Book out of the boxes in which they're kept (Mrs. Kobayashi can show you where the boxes are) I could continue my nihongo (Japanese language). At the same time you could get the

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Introduction to Classical Japanese Literature which is also stuck in the boxes. Down at Maruzen I'd appreciate it if you could hunt up novels by Dostoevsky--anything but Crime and Punishment. Check paper-backs, modern library, everyman's. No abridged versions (there is an abridged paper back Karamazov-won't do). Then maybe the modern library anthology of Latin poets if they have it in. And whatever novels of Jane Austen (this out of deference to Ami, who has read Jane Austen and I haven't, so I thought if I read Jane Austen I might know what makes her so sweet) you can find. Within limits of 3, say. Ought to have those in paperback.

8 Sept
Bay of Bengal

Dear Pete forget all that shit about books for the time, we just got new orders to go to Trincomalee Ceylon and then Colombo, & after that nobody knows where we might go.
Man, I'm tired. 12 hours a day is a drag.

If you see Yuiko give her my love. I'll try & write her before we hit Ceylon. She's a nice girl. I always wanted a girl who would go hiking withme.

American food is too rich & too much. I'm dying for some bancha and tsukemono & rice.

Americans have too much sex on the brain & not enough in the balls.

These tropical waters are real rough. Old ship pitching about. Full moon coming straight up out of the ocean. Big fleecy clouds. Saw Sumatra all morning.

10 Sept

The latest now is that we are going to Hawaii from Ceylon & might be in the States by 1 Nov.

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1. See Snyder's poem "The Six Hells of the Engine Room," The Back Country (New York, 1968), p. 82.

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[to Jack Kerouac] [Summer 1957]

23 November at Mediterranean Sea

Coming in on cold windy frisco style dawn to Pozzuoli Italy the castles & forts plastered to rocks, our old tanker backing in assfirst to oildock, & the agent come aboard with the great refreshing dew of letter from you to rouse me from weeks-long stupor of work & cursing & being dirty & tilted all the time--old scalewhacker kerouac clear me eyes! I got notion from Allen that on the road was making out, but I had no idea so good. What ripeness the world is.

Well I never got letter at Kyoto from you, but my dharma-brother Nowick (Walter Nowick, who lives same temple & has been studying his Zen from gentle lion Zen Master Goto Zuigan last seven years) is saving all mail & will send it my father's place when I word him--man I feel shanghaied I signed the articles for this ship little realizing that when it said six months it meant six months & I can't get home before then, unlesst I can get sick & be medicalled off, because If I jump ship I lose my pay which is over $2000 already--anyway the articles are up March 17 & I can be expected somewhere USA around that date, only to have to rush back to Japan before 11 May when my visa expires. Or wait around & go through the bother of another visa. [They made me fireman at first, because 12 men missed the ship in Yokohama--I never saw such drunks or brawls or loons on any ship or anything; guys eating snakes alive & tales of port before that, Sasebo, half the crew drunk ashore ten days running naked down the streets & diving off piers, knocking over cabbage-stands & breaking barwindows, paying for it all, throwing ashtrays & buggering crewmembers with naked chairlegs leaning on bartables. But old ship got sort of straightened out after I came aboard, with new Captain & new Chief Engineer just arrived, only a few fights with wrenches all over the engineroom &tc. Went to Ceylon & saw snakecharmer, walked alone in the jungle by gray mother monkeys & hoped a cobra would scare me, climbed jungly tree to look on blue bay waters, sitting in tree crotch with neat pile of dry monkeyshit placed there, & drank beer in dingy dirtfloor place with print color pictures of the life of Gotama on the walls, little dirty children & shiftless men & chickens & white cows. From Ceylon back to Guam, discharged half our oil there, picked up new true firemen & demoted me to regular wiper's job, & took on four guamanian boys to fill out our crew--they look like Indians, have Spanish names & speak some dialect of Malayo-polynesian, Mariana Isles are Micronesian; then went clear out mid-Pacific to Midway to give up the rest of our oil,

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Albatross island & navy base, a dismal scene but for contract Hawaiian workers with wood shed booze hall every night three days gambling & drinking can beer, them brown tanned tattered & bearded guys the happiest, chinamen, french, polynesian, everything blood mixed & grownup there. We turned right around & sailed on 48 days to Bahrein Persia for more oil, green slick waters of Singapore & phosphorescent Indian Sea, Arabia Deserta. That load of oil in arched around the southern coast of Araby a long scarp barren cliffs & splendid rockforms, through Suez full of greasy thieves in bumboats sneak alongside & steal whatever; out into Mediterranean choppy & cool now after Red Sea nights, one morning past Crete & then port in Sicily, a rocky fortress town called Augusta, also took train & walked a day around Catania, Europe & heavy Church of Italy, the streets deserted-looking after Japan, olive tree & cactus, somehow too tired for me.][1] At Pozzuoli which is next door to Naples the damned Italians waiting for us, leeched on to us, guided us, saw to it we were overcharged, stole from us, wouldn't go away. & the damned church everywhere, & the greed. But the eye-dharma is great there; shapes & colours a feast. Pompeii I dug the most. & even for the slaves, more light and civilization in those neat streets, wineshops, baths, theatres & public squares, than anything since in dreary Europe. Almost made it to the top of Vesuvio, but time ran out. Saw a long ways from lava slope, my shoes (same shoes) full of lava grit, like time we came off Matterhorn. Drank good wine & ate good cheese but we all had heavy hearts as we pulled out of Naples, because everybody had been treated so sucker & robbed so much by guides & shopkeepers, brisk whores won't even give you five minutes & charge 3 times too much, the first engineer got drunk & someone stole his brand new $160 watch, one guy got rolled of $40, & everybody came out broke, me too, because I went loony finally with everybody plucking at me for money & just threw up my hands & gave it all away & went back to the ship on final night. So what I got from Siciliy & italy a beret, a blowjob, & a pocketknife which is ok. Damn whore wouln't even let me fuck her after I'd paid to.

I guess Pompeii was worth it all though. I keep thinking on that. But what I saw of cities & people here, I think the Japanese are younger, fresher & more curious & interested. Odd old orient should seem so. The past is less heavy there. Maybe because even the oldest houses look modern--haw, design.

Before we hit rough water managed to zazen evenings on a life-jacket seat on the boatdeck & learned as I went the southern stars which hang like the star Acherna brilliant & inky nights

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off Singapore. I got my Kwannon Shandel gave me going everywhere in a bull durham sack. & a great big zazen bell to leave in America. I thought up jingle for your mother's bell: I gave a bell/ to Gabrielle/ to thank her for her son.

Lucien Midnight sounds like a really happy Joyce, much humour & words falling from heaven. Sent two poems to Bussei. Petersen (now a digression: Petersen is living in Kyoto with a lovely 19-year old Japanese girl, & they will marry in March, it is exquisite & perfect love; we all went swimming all night together in the river a few days before I left)--says they have a new policy this year, the word "buddhism" don't even need to be mentioned in articles etc.--just intelligence & life & secret dharmas everywhere.

Since I left America wrote many many poems, & a story about a girl, & notes in my journal. I hope somebody publishes Myths & Texts. I mean to revise it a little. Phil has it. Trouble with my poems is, they are hard to conceive of, like a rabbit's horns.

Well the Sappa Creek is now about a day out of Suez & we are going back to Persia & then possibly return to Naples with more oil. On & on in the sea, painting engineroom, boiler-room, fidley, steering-gear room, shaft-alley, bulkheads shipsides & topsides, & then start over again. We have chess and a few books, & since my roommate wiper has this typewriter & the purser has lots of this yellow paper I think I'll write a long book.
Always tell me where you are. Maybe I talk you into going to Japan w/me.

the years/ do not phase me/ I clown & go down

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1. The section between brackets first appeared as "The Ship in Yokohama," Kulchur, No. 3 (1961), 26.

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Red Sea in the narrow place just south of Suez, heading northwest.

Pete: it sounds like a great wave of love has broken over you & I almost fear to write it because it sounds so beautiful & fragile & impossible & maybe when you get this something awful will have happend & everybody will be catapulted back into little lonely rooms again. But DON'T let it because you & Ami are the best scene in this whole gloomy world & if you get married I'll give you a mad sacramental marriage present.

After Singapore, if you got note from Singapore, we slipped through the Straits of Malacca, close by hilly Sumatra & crosst the Bay of Bengal, around the tip of Ceylon--just glimpsed at 6 AM with clouds & high sharp blue mountain--up norwesterly into Persian Gulf, through narrow place with fairytale wild plantless rock mountains--dry, dry, on each shore, one shore Araby one shore Persia, into Bahrein. At Bahrein no one even got off the ship--in one day loaded with oil & out again--thieving Arabs came alongside in canoes & aboard & traded with us, cigarettes for German watches that don't work--back out, one day a school of porpoises following & playing--& all the long way southwest the southern coast of Arabia never out of sight of what is really an enormous thousand-mile scarp with stratification clear to view, a straight cliff well over a thousand feet high, not a sign of life not even one spit of a seed.
The Red sea is not red & not too hot & tomorrow we arrive at Suez canal & wait for convoy departure time & go through the canal to become European and Mediterranean suddenly, historically, the first time.
Going to Augusta Sicily & Naples. Crew madly talking Italy--the world of quick fuck & drink--maybe 10 hours in each port--I been horny so long I transcended it & look forward only to walking & going up a hill & seeing lots of land & people who's faces are strange. Drink a glass of wine, buy some new work-shoes. Maybe make it to Pompeii if the ship docks long enough.

Did you ever get kakemono (scroll for hanging on the wall) & makimono (scroll for reading) back from little man near sokoku-ju (temple in Kyoto)? How do they look?

Up til two weeks ago I worked 3 hours overtime every night in addition to eight hours, but I quit all that & now spend every evening working on poetry & talking to guys. At Bahrein got letter from Ginsberg & he said ND Annual people (Nude Erections) looking for Chinese translation, so I polished up version of Po

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Chu-i's long bitter song about Yang Kuei-fei, & also a note from Grove press asking to see Han-shan so I redid all that & typed it, & will mail both MSS from Italia.[1] Enclosed a bit of recent poem. I'm not just sure who the my girl is, but I guess it's Yuiko at the moment because she wrote me two sweet letters which were simple but a delight to receive.

But months at sea aren't a drag, like many others on these long runs after a certain time you flip & get happy & quit figuring out how much you're making & how long til you get home & just amble around hollering & laughing covered with grease & loaded with silly wrenches & generally being a sort of Bodhisattva of machinery without any past or future, I got a full beard & wornout shorts & no shirt & an old bandana on my head which is shaggy.
Wrote a two-page Tanker Blues & also on other side my calypso, ho ho.[2] Did you see the eclipse of the moon on the night of the seventh?

Won't have time or means to contact Corman, but I'd sure like to. What's the news from him?
you ought to go see Lindley Hubbell.[3] He's pretty great. Get address from Yampo-san, who I imagine is back in miyako (Kyoto, the ancient capitol)by now.
Schedule after Italy is back to Persia & then maybe Japan again, Sasebo or Yokohama.

have many days & nights,

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1. First published as "Cold Mountain Poems," Evergreen Review II (Autumn, 1958), 69-80.

2. "T-2 Tanker Blues," in Riprap & Cold Mountain Poems (San Francisco, 1966), pp. 33-34.

3. Poet and friend of Snyder who lived for a time in Kyoto.

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Dear Pete, well about 35 days ago it seems an age I did get two letters from you & wrote you an answer; & day afore yesterday got another letter postmarked 28 Oct, so I guess the mail does go through. I guess by now you & Ami are properly married & whether you are or not I figure you two are a yab-yum (?) keeping the world in what order it is. I feel like setting off rockets & composing a giant epithalamion for you.
From my last letter-place, Bahrein Persia, went to Augusta Sicily--through sandy old Suez & hashish-smoking Egyptian boatman--Crete at dawn one morning 10 miles north, & Sicily foggy & windy with white-blown olive trees & rocky hills & pastel houses with red tile roofs, good wine & good bread, a dreary whorehouse scene of nothing-but-blowjobs & too much expense; & whole drunken crew barely finding its way back to ship; then on through Straits of Messina & up to Pozzuoli which is a suburb of Naples & at Naples I stayed sober & spent a day at Pompeii & journeying up Vesuvius. Pompeii a most impressive town & images of another life entirely--civilization is a matter of proceeding from one mass kick to another, & when the kick is forgotten the civilization it was is as unavailable to our minds as a half-forgotten dream, & as weird; as complete & self-continaed, & as transitory;--not an expression of Buddhist sentiments, but a comment on the nature of a high culture to be a sort of obsession & delusion so that those under its influence may stick to triangles & never imagine circles, paint in red but never conceive of blue, & consider themselves (as we do) to be complete humans missing no possibilities--when another equally consistent, logical, self-contained little cosmos of thought & action which is utterly inconceivable to us lies just around some historical corner.
From Italy back to Persian Gulf & then again out around the Indian Ocean (en-route to Pearl Harbor our orders get changed & we alter course back to Red Sea & Suez) & again Mediterranean, this time Turkey. 2 days ago hove into Iskenderun, on the very southeastern corner, & got ashore for an afternoon & evening; the ship leaving again at dawn. Turkey I thought I'd dislike, & discovered it more congenial than Italy; the people somehow more open & less inclined to badger & cheat one; the mountains & rocks about stupendous--a veritable Himalayan snowy range across the bay to the north--& spiry trees & elaborate tile-roof buildings, a Central Asian feeling; cold place but no house-heat but copper charcoal braziers. Few cars but many elegant horse-drawn carriages, smart & polished brass; men in pantaloons & felt shoes, also much very western dress, & girls & women walking the streets with more abandon than Italy & very chic costume. Took a look at whorehouses but was appalled by obesity of ladies there, & ended

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up drinking a licorice-flavored alcohol in a cabaret & dancing to mad Turkish music with a pretty red-bloused creature of 18, but like Cinderella at the stroke of a clock I had to drop her, grab my wool hat & rush out to catch the last launch for our offshore-anchored ship & dawn departure. The men all have spike mustaches, & I was amazed to discover that I look just like a Turk! Managed not to spend too much & stayed fairly sober this port. The way alcohol has ruined & is ruining the lives of many of me shipmates is most instructive.
Received splendid letter from Yampolsky[1]--him great man. Reading lots of books now since we ran out of overtime work. Democracy in America by de Toqueville is tour de force etc. of prophecy & insight. Also write poetry. A final statement on Japan entitled "A Stone Garden" is in progress, at the moment 4 pages long.[2]
I get homesick for Japan & will be glad to get back; visualize long long thousand-mile walks. I've even contracted a notion of walking from Seattle to San Francisco by devious rural & woodland routes if I have time in states before returning to ambrosial Japan where nobody tries to cheat poor seamen & even battered aged sad-faced old men like our Oiler Joe Caruso can get warmth & communion for a few yen (he says) while he got kicked out of a Naples hoorhouse for being too ugly I guess. Maybe the Japanese are really a very compassionate people. For sailors they seem to be.

Next port is near Istanbul, on the Asia side, not far from the windy ringing plains of Troy. I hope to be able to catch a quick train up to that archaic town & dig the Cathedral of Sophia & the Boshporus, etc. This damned ship just goes on & on like the Flying Dutchman, I sort of begin to believe it will never go home or stay anywhere more than a day, until the last drop of deep-down Arabian oil is drawn & the last gearbox oiled & the ultimate airplane wrecked & all the paint gone & the Sappa Creek just floating around in its own rust & ruin with its hoary white-bearded crew re-reading the ten thousandth time the same magazine & wondering when we'll ever head home.
This is the sea where heroes sailed. & Goddesses came to shepherds on the mountaintops, & the dawn is REALLY rosy-fingered, the sea wine-dark, & I intoxicate myself with Classical memories & look about for pagan deities & long-prowed galleys.
Wrote longe poeme called "Tanker Blues." . . . [An early version of "The Sappa Creek" follows]

Tell me more about Corman's coming & who is this friend from Michigan? Also do you see professor Chen & if so tell him my very best, & "if in heaven or among men, we will somehow meet." What is this casual & unexplained warning re Yuiko? you should be expliciter. I hope the affectionate little letters (2) I wrote her do no harm.

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About to start on Bronte, Jane Eyre, the first time. I rather hope you don't drop the Zen Institute, I know you can get along without it, but it needs you & a few more like you, you know Yampo-san and I can make a swinging thing outof it given time.

Well man I look to see lots of paintings you done when I get there & get at the crazy illuminations of your mind that you won't put down on paper & will tell me long hours over wine & a bit of hibachi. Goddamit I feel younger every year. My very best to your partner. She should not be embarrassed--

虎

1. Phil Yampolsky, an historian and friend of Snyder who lived for a time in Kyoto. See Snyder's "Letter from Kyoto," Evergreen Review I, No. 3 (1957), 132-134.

2. "A Stone Garden," in Riprap and Cold Mountain Poems (San Francisco, 1965), p. 27. See also Will Petersen's discussion of the Stone Garden of Ryoanji: "Stone Garden," Evergreen Review, I, No. 4 (1957), 127-137.

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1 Feb 58
Okinawa

Dear Pete-& Ami-[1]
I'm too goofed up right now to write much of a letter, only chance I'll get though.--We're moving ship from Buckner Bay to Naha; about a 3-hour interlude.
Up all last night gassing and wenching about; the whole crew now swigging Vodka in the forcls [forecastle] & fighting.
At Naha will buy some bancha (weak tea) & a new sewing kit because one I had blew over the side one afternoon while sitting on deck patching dungarees.
But piles of mail from you. All came at once. You are the most pair ever; a new Adam & Eve. My Roshi once said something about "Walking zazen" & No. There is, entirely apart from stage, a walking-zazen practice--the Tendai mountain-circling practice is a variety of it. During evening zazen sessions there is a 20 " [minute] walking period, very formal, during which one keeps the mind in the same place as sitting.
I once dug how watching No keeps my mind in the same place as zazen, while a movie would shake it all up.
My that is a splendid plum tree at 相國寺 [Shokoku-Ji][2]--wow but fun to talk 日本語 [Nihongo, Japanese language] again. I don't seem to have lost much.
I went to Byzantium all Xmas Eve & Day--Iranian & Turkic Moslem world--Snow hills & white spire minarets, sour bread, goat-soup, yoghurt. Bought a mad sheepskin vest with soft sheep hair. Blue

HAGIA SOPHIA

DAI HANNYA — Holy Wisdom Maha Prajna
on the Bosphorus

O OLD TOWN — BYZAS THE HERO
Constantine
Justinian — his girl Theodora a Cyrpian whore
Built HAGIA SOPHIA
HOLY DOME — & chip gold-&-tile
high cold-hall panel mosaic[3]
Xristos et son mére
les oeuils — enorme

Pillar of Diana's temple, green,
Marble——— EPHESUS
—"Great is Diana of the Ephasians"
Elliah's hill home too; Granite cannon-ball won
Inside is huger & emptier than all outdoors
capturing space for a VOID

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1. This letter first appeared in Origin, No. 2, 2 ser. (July, 1961), 1.

2. Temple in Northern Kyoto. See "Spring Sesshin at Shokoku-Ji" in Earth House Hold (New York, 1959), p. 61.

3. See "Istanbul, 25:XII" of "Tanker Notes," in Earth House Hold (New York, 1959), p. 61.

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South China Sea
11 hours north of
Singapore

Heat driving us all buggy, hotness of 2° N. of equator,[1]

8 Februar [58]
Singapore & Malaya jungles, green heavy sea, the same temperature year-round; funny clumps of jungleweed float along in the water & low islands seen & shimmering clouds, clammy quick rains & more heat. Sunburn.
Four letters from you Petamikos ranging from 29 November to new years.

Got back at dawn departure, just in time to catch the steaming ship with hawsers clanking into old steam winches & whistle tooting warning, from taxicab & warm bodybed of docktown pleasaunce--hoorbars called "Night Club" & "Canadian Club" & "Moonlight"--you know the scene. Naha Okinawa, too grubbily American & more American far than Europe, which has so much visible age of buildings still-inhabited, baroque facade apartments with old women in black leaning over half-doors & horse-wagons in the streets. Japan too, looks far newer & moderner than Europe. Any general Japanese urban scene. In Europe the artifacts of the past are more durable. But the pleasant abundance of dolled-up young girls with GI slang & reasonable prices took the tension off the crew; like bears with sore heads everybody was snapping & grouching before, but big Hawaiians go around grinning & wheezy old oilers relax at dinner & the Guamanian boy says he'll leave his wife on Guam & go back to Okinawa--& now the long re-telling of what everybody did; Mad Jack from North Dakota took over a bar a whole evening, gave the mamam-san a huge role of yen--about $150 worth, & served free drinks to everyone who came in all evening; bugging some airforce guys; him shouting I'm Tanker Jack & drinks are free!
Others take girls to hotels, lose their shoes & come back barefooted & shirtless to ship, some fight MPs, some spend 2 days eating lobsters. Jack finds he spent $300 & forgot to buy a pair of socks. I drifted through seeing all & being largely invisible, joying in Japanese language, & managing to purchase teapot & bancha (weak tea) & cups; a carpenter saw. So I drink good green tea now while I write. People think sailors are foolish to throw away money in port, but I see now the psychological necessity of it. Without these blows the work & days of dullness would be intolerable; now we can go on.

Well about painted neo-cubist sculpture or whatever, I guess what I have in mind is actually a sort of non-functional architecture,

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both form & color, which one views from outside & then goes inside. I got started on this from digging the engine room & the shaft alley; full of mad color--white, red, aluminum, lines & pipes & bulkheads, & valve-wheels blue, white, yellow, green, bright red. The crisscrossing red steel ladders & catwalks; big aluminum-painted bulk of turbines & hotpipes, red deck, white bulkheads & shipsides. I wish somebody would let me paint an engine room to my own color scheme. They'd cut it out with torches & take it on trucks to a museum.

I don't feel like taking on the Tuttle contest;[2] my best Japanese poems (including Kyoto poem) are all submitted various places; what is left over is second-best & I don't send second-best poems out.[3] Have good prose notions for tale of this little america ship, & classical journey thoughts, & curious american personality. Also journals of self-reminding scene & notion writing.
You & me ought to do a book on Japan; your sketches & ideas (written) of visual aspects & me being (prose) subtly historical & sociological & penetrating & ironic & all that merde.

Man I've heard of crying, sighing, wheezing, snuffling, whinnying, growling, caterwauling, keening, hollering, humming, buzzing, hissing, thumping, screeching, whistling, yipping, twittering, whispering, & dead quiet ecstacies, but laughing is a new one.
Go man.

Ho! I could read your letter Ami. But don't put no harder kanji (Chinese characters) in bekuz I don't have jibiki (dictionary).

Yes, read Rainbow. Yes, yes yes. Picked up The Lost Girl & Kangaroo on this very ship--floating about focsls [forecastle]--to read.
The most very arcane & essential Lawrence is to be found in The Man Who Died & Apocalpyse--both rather hard to come by. Keep your eyes open. Plumed Serpent will drive you plumb batty & make you name your children Throckmorton & want to forget me. But it MUST be read.

Me I never read the man who died & I couldn't understand Apocalypse--but I think it is perhaps the most important statement Lawrence made. But more abstracted than anything in his novels & hence much less available.

If only people would understand what they read in shots like Whitman & Thoreau & Lawrence & Joyce! I swear I don't know what goes on in some heads that can read so much & have so little happen to their wet little interiors.

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& harder digging too but same can be got farther back & elsewhere. The Classical world hit me like bricks in Byzantium, to which I have journeyed & returned--

"Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing;
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold or gold enammeling,
To keep a drowsy emperor awake
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium,
Of what is past, or passing, or to come."
["Sailing to Byzantium"]

& "Those images that yet
Fresh images beget,
That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea."
["Byzantium"]
(both w.b.y.

Byzantine; even Iranian & Turkic long-mustache & leather-stocking world; the real bridge between east & west those people; minarets, desert capitals now dust & ancient Buddha-days in Turkestan before Mahomet heard the dove; & the terrible silence of Hagia Sophia that has been Christian & Moslem & is now void, who knows what temple next?--its hanging lamps & tile high figures that are any sacred couple in the world, & any sacred baby be coyote jesus gautama or quetzalcoatl; & Justinian who built it on the final day, his dancer-girl wife Theodora there, running across the marble floor 525 AD crying "Ho Solomon! I have surpassed thee!"
----In the little poems & long epics back then there is the same wire twanging that we hear in DH. & old crackerbeard.
Wow, an image; poetry like a guitar string--one end anchored to the void that makes it hum, the other to busy old finger world that picks a tune.
I'm tired of images like that.
Don't pay no attention to me; sew up those runs & eat that seaweed .
Just went topside & saw the Southern Cross & bummed a sip of vodka off the cook.

Contrast your Hokkaido trip with long lonesome busrides in Montana and Wyoming, at night in winter, maybe 3 people on the bus & blizzards outside & a gas station after sixty miles.
Bet Ami & you would like the High Sierra.
Any pinch for money comes up holler & I'll come through pronto.
Always carry a rucksack. It's one of the 32 marks of a Buddha.
one small poem also. eros & agape

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P.S. Did you get bicycle from Rinko-in?
it's waiting for you

---

1. This letter first appeared in Origin, 2 ser. No. 2 (July 1961), pp. 1-5.

2. Charles E Tuttle edited a collection, Japan: Theme & Variations, A Collection of Poems by Americans (Rutland, Vermont & Tokyo, Japan, 1959), which contained Snyder's poem "A Stone Garden."

3. "Kyoto: March," in Riprap & Cold Mountain Poems (San Francisco, 1966), p. 26.

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near the [March 1958]
gilbert islands
in the rainy
dear pete, dear ami, dark
a heavy swell
ten p.m. drinking tea

this is the last time this hoss'll write from sea I suppose, unless we are mysteriously sent back to Arabia to go on and on--til the oil runs dry under the big shale hills and the sheikhs go back to goats and mares and Aristotle Onassis is dry bones in greek richman's graveyard, when the oil is gone and ball-bearings finally creak rusty & shuddering to a final stop and little boys with tallowpots have to run alongside covered wagons greasing the axles by hand again, juice gone from the ground & the sap dried up in the machinery & we'll put cowbutter on our hands--& the only tankers will carry olive oil andwine
there really are wine tankers, the tanks & pumps are stainless steel, & they just finished a huge one to carry wine from california to the east coast--

in india women put kohl around their eyes and henna on their heels and knees, a faint ginger-color stain, and a beautiful navel is much sought after--

we are coming leisurely by way of the south seas home; passing south of mindanao through the sulu sea, through the celebes sea, over the equator and under the southern cross, we drew in 22 march to volcanic green flowery hills of steep pago pago bay, tutuila a little island in samoa, and for thirty hours lived in lotus-eater land, a buddha-realm of flowers and delight which is really like old captain cook and herman melville and everybody says, ravaging, modern society seems a joke when you walk around where people nap in the daytime and make love at night and care for naught because nobody's jealous or scared, if babies get born they are raised up, when girls reach puberty they make love, when men feel energetic they take torches at night and go fishing--big-thighed long-haired samoan girls & our mad tight crazy rich crew; drinking can beer in bungalow screen-walled bar & dancing to samoan drum records, samoan men & women in flower-color lava-lava skirts on happy haunches, or cadging beer from sappa creek crew, or talking away, the policeman says to me "I feel silly in this policeman shirt"--because he didn't like being the samoan policeman when everybody is having fun--so I took off my shirt and gave it to him; later a girl took my zoris away too, so I was dancing in bar shirtless and shoeless--we all went to the seaside and had bonfire and picnic and swimming and ate

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breadfruit--a robust girl latched on to me & said she was my girlfriend til the ship left, and wouldn't let me look at other girls, but she looked just fine, and we did it one time swimming in the water like seals or whales do I suppose--and when they get away from town they do like old times and villages, take off things above the waist & let bare breasts swing & smile in the light--all night at the beach--somebody took $20.00 out of my pocket while swimming & lots of other guys lost money too, but it's all so good-natured nobody even cared--there was a horse walking around too, eating flowers, just like a weird gauguin--the hills they say have wild pigs; there are americans there too, maybe fifty, & they are all sleepy samoans now. Then in the afternoon we had to go, & we strolled back in couples to the ship which blasted go-away whistle, & up the gangplank to take in mooring lines, the girls waving, & my girl Miss Afuvai whipping off her lava-lava to wave it like a great flag in the wind, & then bending over to show her bare bottom to the crew, a great roar of laugh & approval, as we pull to sea, & now 2 more days we get to Kwajalein to unload more oil, & then to Hawaii to finish off discharging, & we hope back to west coast.[1]

--so many ways for human beings to do things--the dark-dressed secretive Italian women, & be-shawled & silent Turkish women, the Italian men so full of talk, the Turkish men with mustaches & warlike frowns, god knows what they think about (all moslems shave all body hair, armpits, pubic, etc.--part of ritual purity)
--the giggle & submission of far-east pompom, & the blustery males only half-sure with dreams of both license & duty (Japanese males I mean) & the list is endless I'm sure.

I think I figured out one aspect of Samoan attitudes while there; mostly from watching the Samoan men relating to the women--the shot seems to be that girls enjoy offering themselves to everyone & very openly & affectionately; & it's kind of a trick because men who respond too readily they begin to bully & soon tire of; the hip samoan boys pay no attention to the girls at all, pretend they're not interested etc.--almost like American male-female relations in reverse, because the hard-to-get male becomes sought after & apparently writes his own ticket in the end.

Listen man, tell Hackett to write me at my dad's address

340 Corte Madera
Corte Madera, Calif.

--you write me there next too.

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I'll be in Japan in autumn I think. Figure to spend a while in the mountains this summer--there are three good climbs (Mt. Shuksan, Mt. Olympus, & Glacier Peak) in Washington that I haven't climbed yet--make it this summer.

Start keeping an eye out for a shack or hut on the edge of town for me to buy or rent.

Give Corman if he's there yet or when he comes, my very best. Please put him on to Hubbell, they'd get along famously I'm sure.

Basta

p.s. your poems in the last long long letter were splendid; I laughed myself silly over the fox the wolf & mr. rabbit; can I get it published for you? & your constant encouragements to my feeble verse are & have been these three years great comfort & help, I keep meaning to tell you how good it's been.

---

1. See entry entitled "Pago Pago, Samoa" in "Tanker Notes," Earth House Hold (New York, 1969), 64-67.

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22 April 1958

Ah, Pete, we came through.
Made it back to white clean sea-air of San Francisco unrolled & robbed, after fearful night in San Pedro USA where cops are worse than thugs.
I'm too nervous to write much yet.
America is blind and silly.
The scene "beat gen." around North Beach has little to do with Allen or Jack. It just exploded into something. Maybe it will be o.k.
Locke McCorkle is fine, he has a motorcycle.
My sister is all fucked up.
I saw old Reed friend & there is poetry still, like what we were able to say to each other.
I'm all invisible & unknown.
The green hills, cherry blossoms, wildflowers blooming. Locke & I go hiking tomorrow.
I feel strangely ill at ease in general--can't go up to people & start bullshitting like in Japan or elsewhere.
The girls look way off in a useless unrelated world, it doesn't move me.
I'm sitting quiet in a room over my father's garage doing zazen & clearing beat old seaman's brain.
Move into McCorkle's mountain shack before too long.
Also can stay in SF pads with friends with ease.

Much more later.
Say hello to Corman. I'll write him very soon. Ami deserves all sorts of good wishes; ask her what book of poetry or whatever she wants for a present? & what do you II want for wedding? If you don't say I'll just use my own imagination.

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Mibu Kyogen sounds excellent fun; & someone SHOULD pay attention (like sociologists &c) to the way the Japanese have of spoofing themselves at every turn; every serious razzmatazz has a parody somewhere. Sanity!
I didn't buy you any dried things at Ski Hut in Berkeley because after looking it all over none of it seemed terribly necessary or practical & much too expensive really for what one gets; if you were going in the Himalaya it might be required but I feel that one can almost always figure out mountain menus using stuff availabl anywhere--I've done 3 week trips on what was in one little grocery store using rice, powdered potato (I think I gave you 2 cans of powdered potato; if not it's still at Rinko-in waiting for you, I believe in the little cubicle behind sliding screen just to the right inside first heya to the right off the genkan) dried onion & greenpepper flakes, salami, raisins, peanuts, figs, etc,--you know the stuff. & I checked Maruzen basement pretty thoroughly while there with this in mind & saw many many things to fill out good mountain menu.
Sleeping bags. I imagine in low country the cover would indeed be sufficient; in the Alps over 6000 feet it can get quite cold. Chilly even above 4000 feet, which is well below timberline (timberline at about 8500, which is quite high--comparisons: Japan Alps highest peaks & ridgetops run about 8000-10,000 feet, timberline at 8000. Northern Cascades & Olympics run 6000-7000 feet on the ridgetops, timberline at 4000. Sierras run, highest, 11000-14,000 on the ridges, timberline at 9000.)
But if you go Japan Alps you'll about have to give up & sleep in Yamagoya--where futon (quilt) is provided--unless you have good poncho-tent arrangement because it rains a bitch up there, & good campsites are hard to find. Valley bottom campsites are dirty & crowded & short on firewood. Mountainsides are brushy & steep, seldom edging off into ledges or meadows; headwaters of creeks & rivers are best--the high cirques, but even those seem rather steep & I haven't seen any good alp & meadow camping combinations up there. Nice mountains to look at, but not the best sort for wandering. I imagine the best wandering mountains in the world may be the high sierra--no bugs, no rain, no people, clear cool sunshine & hundreds of square miles of alpine terrain 11,000 feet level or rolling land with lakes & rockpinnacles etc. In Japan of course you can or could when I was there buy army surplus mummy bags at 3000 yen or less, a good buy. If you and Ami would dig this idea though, let me know: a large or oversize rectangular style sleeping bag for double-sleeping in. Could be opened out flat & used as futon in winter. You can buy regular double bags, or 2 singles made to zip together into

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one double, or 3/4 width bags for double sleeping. If any of these combinations or types (like 2 singles that zip together also, if you like the sound of that) appeal to you let me know & I will give you sleeping bag wedding present & ship it to you tout de suite.They make good square-shape bags with Dacron filling nowadays. Ski hut also carries a line of extremely light mummyshape gray-duck-down filled highmountain backpack bags--prices starting at $50.00--which unfortunately have to be treated tenderly because everything is minimal in weight & they have no tough cover like square-shape bags do. Mummy bags serve the the function of such fancy bags quite well, a little heavier, & mummy bags don't zip together to make two while these Ski-hut ones do. But if you prefer idea of down bag in mummyshape, I think your best bet is army surplus. & I will get you something else for presento.

My hermitage Marin-An 馬林庵 [1] is beautiful & quiet & clean now; raked up leaves & chop wood for my woodstove; lots of room & the seawind always singing in the cypress & eucalyptus trees. Life in America can be so damned EASY.

I bought a car, a little '51 Austin, for $200, to run around in, & should be able to get my money back out of it when I leave the states again. It will take Locke McCorkle & Kerouac & Phil & I to our mountain rendezvous --road end parking under old valley trees, unloading the rucksacks, & leaving the car for weeks there--this summer.

I have got myself attached to a 22 year old girl child name of Nancy Brewer who went to Radcliffe; wrote thesis on Wallace Stevens, now hipped on theatre & goofing around little theatre-shots in city; intelligent in extremis & perceptive &c bullshit, but hung-up intellectual mind, not digging her own body or feelings &c, about the way one is at 22 & just out of college so nothing to worry about, although it is full of funny takes for me because I get put down by her for helpless hipster slang & general hobo attitudes & seaman cussing; I don't think really we'll make it together. Unless she suddenly gets bit by the Dionysian snake, lets her hair down, & chooses to run wild on the mountains with me crying IO IO IO! or something equally appropriate to this intoxicated maya-realm & all the necessary treacherous whirlpools inside the body & instinct, big gay journeys on underground rivers knowing not whence issueth, also an old folktale because underground rivers come out in the Pure Land, & you have to climb over high high mountains from there to return to your native village. Anyway, like, you know man, GIRLS.

I helped her move apartments yesterday, jesus the JUNK a creature can accumulate, & also how I dig now, around "taste" in the arts, --is not like so many of these types choose to think, having a lot of soi-disant objects of beauty, but really Zen concept of

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what you don't have, there's your real sense of beauty. Because then what's there leftover; a crosscut saw, a broom, a lamp, a tin can, an empty honey jar (my cabin being seen now) have a place in space & vision and are BEAUTIFUL to look at.

I must write Corman. Tell Ami Pete I thought she might have some specific books wanted; but if not I'm going to bundle up a selection.

---

1. Residence: see poem entitled "Marin-An," The Back Country (New York, 1968), p. 16.

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27:VII [1958]

Dear Pete, here are some poems for you to mess with; some others I have in mind are already in your hands, to wit Piute Creek, & Stone Girl at Sanchi.[1] Harold Graves will write you soon on details & plans to clarify your notions of possible layout. Your Han-shan picter sounds GREAT.
I don care what you think, I did like that scroll & I'd like to have it--& of course anything else you'd like to send. Well, I do understand how you feel, if you think it's weak. Suit yurself. The No world sounds exciting..I'm looking forward to getting back to it. Maybe around the first of December I'll be ready to leave. & the picture you sketched from your window carries me straight to KYOTO.
Read all of Myths & Texts to an audience of S.F. poets & painters, heads, at a pad on Telegraph Hill last week...it was well received & I am most gratified.
Leaving with Locke McCorkle next week for the mountains--finally. Excitement now of food-buying; weighing, ponchos & sleeping bags, nylon cord, waterproof matches, studying maps. High High Sierra--King's Canyon home.
Hello to Ami.
Did you see Chicago Review summer issue?[2] All about Zen; articles by, Watts, Kerouac, Sasaki, Suzuki, Senzaki, Snyder, etc. ho ho. & poem by Whalen.

now I must.

---

1. "Piute Creek," Riprap & Cold Mountain Poems (San Francisco, 1965), p. 12; "For a Stone Girl at Sanchi," The Back Country (New York, 1968), p. 68.

2. Chicago Review, XII (Summer 1958).

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19 August [1958]

Dear Pete, just back from the high Sierra countree, sitting in my foggy shack & drinking coffee from a John Muir cup--I was 15 days in them hills, made a big circle from Cedar Grove on the South Fork of the Kings River (90 miles east of Fresno) around the crest of the Sierra--climbed Mt. Tyndall (14,026) & Mt. Whitney (14,496.811) & several minor peaks, came back up the Kern River & crossed several divides where no trail is, rock scrambles & big snowbanks & 12,000 foot high lakes & rock meadows. It sure is a great country. Hiked about 120 miles.

Now to work on poems for a week & eat fresh food & then head north to climb some REAL mountains in Washington, i.e. glacier-peaks that call for some skill.

I think you know Claude Dalenburg pretty well--well Claude says he definitely wants to come to Japan now, & is interested in getting teaching work lined up, asks me to have you check on available jobs. I think it would be fine if he could get over there. He seems to be set on it.

Will write again when back from the North. Will have seen Phil then.
I won't send you a sleeping bag bit, I guess, because you really can't beat the surplus mummy-bag buy in Japan--they cost lots more here; & the commercial bags aren't worth it until you get into the $60.00 bracket & up. So I'm casting about for something else you could use. Any ideas?
Best to Amiko. Best to you. Get me a copy of Shinran's Kyogyo-shinsho & keep it for me if you can. As a matter of fact, if i send you some yen (I have 69,000 of them, bought at cheap rates off shipmates) could you get Daimaru (a department store) or some outfit to mail me 3 tea-ceremony boxed sets, you know the deal I mean, everything complete in a nice box, with drawers & whisk & all. about 2 to 3 thousand yen apiece. Say yes & I'll send you the money; have them insured against breakage in the mails etc. boat mail of course. Enough enough. I'm burned black by the sun. Maybe you'll see Rev. Imamura. Eternal blissful light of peace & love from Amida's main vow to us all,

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28: IX: 58

Dear Pete: you astonish & shame me with the dispatch & care with which you went about the teaset buying; I do indeed thank you & Philip thanks you (although he doesn't know what's coming, it will be his birthday present to make him 36 years old)--& to facilitate shipping & such here is 3000 more yen to cover additional expenses.

It is about set that I will leave in late December for Japan.

If I don't get underway soon it will take me years to leave, because I am beset by continual temptation to visit Wyoming, go see a friend in Tucson, spend a month in Mexico, read a whole raft of interesting books, move in with an attractive young lady in the city, write a novel, etc. etc.

Just got back from 3 weeks in the northwest, camping on beaches & trying to climb mountains & visiting friends--Phil joined me in Portland and we read poetry to a big crowd, drank wine, made money for our pockets on a collection--& then I went down to Newport (Oregon) with Phil and stayed a week.

Newport is a fine coast town with both fishing and logging industry, little boats go out the bay through breakwater daily, two great wing-like salmon-trawling poles on the mast; & the log trucks roar through all day grunting & whining with gears shifting up & down, & phil lives in a little cabin writing poems & being court Bailiff.
We pick up agates on the beach, went to a giant Indian-style open-air salmon bake at Depoe Bay & ate ALL the salmon we could eat, it broiled by flayed out between split sticks & set in rows before long fire.

Then hitch-hiked back here, into the hottest weather of the year & I sit around the cabin & chop wood all naked, & being Japanese & Chinese review study in the early morning.

Jack K's Dharma Bums is out now, you are in it under the name of Ron Sturlason. It may have some astonishing effects on the scene. How is Corman? I must write him soon. Claude is definite in his notion to go Giappone and revealed that he has a small additional income available so might be able to make it there without work. Is Hackett still coming down to Kyoto to teach next spring? Man tell me about what's bugging you, the last few letters you've come on this gloomy way, I'd like to know what's wrong.

Gregory Corso, from Paris, writes me that he & Bill Burroughs are about to start a new magazine called "Interpol" which will print only vile, disgusting, humiliating efforts, & is asking writers to send their most hideous works only.

I heard birds & children
Ask me

Fraternally,

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18.XII [1958]

Dear Pete,

good, so did also the tea-sets come; during Rohatsu week & in one only the tea-cup was busted, in the other the water-pot slightly chipped--the total survival rate being, I think very favorable Don't know how Phil's came out but o.k. I presume--Claude & I & Phil also doubtless thank you, you have helped to bridge East & West (speaking of such jazz did I tell you that Tuttle wants to do an anthology of "Zen Poetry" consisting of Kerouac Whalen, Ginsberg & me--we put them off)

During Rohatsu Claude Dalenburg & an old friend from Reed you never met & I did zazen (sitting meditation) long in the evenings & early morning--week long--warm clear weather too.
My cat sits in the open window-sill of Marin-an, water is heating on the stove (9 am) & the sun slants in, the sky is clear as every day has been--California suffering under the worst drought in 100 years, no rain at all yet this year.

Corman's letters & poetry I dig & he sounds terrific (he does seem to have a rather rigid mind where questions of religion arise however)

Phil will arive this Sunday to spend the next 3 weeks here--we will read poetry in No. Beach Bar, a good scene & people are quiet & attentive during readings.

I want very much to see your translations of No--you certainly ought to be able to get a grant for study, nobody else is doing any work on No the way you are

response to Han-shan is fine

I won't have any address after another 2 weeks; am moving to the anonymous city to seek shipwork, will live in borrowed pads
JOYEOUEUX NOEL

(am studying Zoroastrianism)
" ancient indo-scythian-greek
cultures n.w. India & secret traces
Ma-ha-yanna
alex wayman put me hip

screeeak

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Dear Pete, the new American overseas airletter is an improvement, n'est-ce pas? Today the weather is cool and clear & like Japan winters; but tulip & iris are beginning to bloom & green grass. The air (heir)[1] to my temple, marin-an, a nisei man named Albert Saijo who used to study under Senzaki & is a writer of fine prose, is outside doing improving gardening on the place.
I am about reduced to a rucksack again, a bundle of books, & am waiting only for the visa to come from the consulate (they are being curiously slow about it) to go after a ship. Indeed it will be a direct one.
But it may take a while to land one. Meanwhile there are poetry readings & exhibits & openings & parties, the usual scene but very happy and I am enjoying it. Next Monday (26 Jan) I am giving my farewell poetry reading at aplace called the Bread & Wine Mission which is a Xtian mission to the beatniks run by the congregationalist church, actually a very young fellow is the minister, they never talk about religion, serve free meals on Sunday & serve wine & coffee in the evenings & have a good library, that's all. Now they are sponsoring poetry readings. As well. Serve lots of wine to the crowd. Anything goes.

Corman will be ok. Everybody I talk to (poets) say that Corman writes impossible letters but is a great person, which seems to be the case.

The funny little Zen sketchbook of Asai Gisen the Zen monk, will be published by Harold Graves, to be called "Waking Dream."

No more yen to send. Thank you for holding. I think it is very nice that Ami is pregnant. Although I hope it will not be a bad drain on you financially & that it can be managed without too much hardship.
I have lovely trails in the Sierras memorized for us all to walk on.
Approached quite near the brink of marriage myself this fall, but the young lady would not make it in Japan we both think, & has no interest in the far east in any way, so we pass on & by (change your partners! do-se-do!)

Ginsberg is working on a new series of fantastic poems, including a long piece called "Laughing Gas" which I understand is actually hilarious from beginning to end; we are all saving our energy & about to break out with a new round of creations for the world. Your news of No and the splendid photographs of your dance is most exciting---everyone waits to see your work.

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As you can imagine it's actually hard to leave America--
for all the anticipation of Japan--but I feel I will be
able to get more writing & thinking done over there now;
If I stayed longer here I'd have to move and hide to have
the time to work.
Now I go down the trail & put this in mail box.

Tell Corman hello & keep warm. Very best to you & Ami,

20.I.59 Marin-an

---

1. Snyder's addition from margin.

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Dear Will

water passeth over the dam, as you well know. September is my favorite month; the one month when the climate & spirit of Washington, San Francisco, and Kyoto are the same & hang in the same indian summer haze.

I spent the summer in the southwest (new mexico, arizona); the sierra nevada; and the pacific northwest. now I am about to begin teaching the fall semester at Berkeley--a couple freshman composition courses and a creative writing poetry course. they are allowing me much freedom; in fact there is nobody to tell me what to do in any of the courses except to say "as you like" which is strange.

I dare say you know that Joanne & I are separated & to be divorced, a state of affairs that appears to be quite in accord with the Tao. I expect to get back to Kyoto in May or June, all set for the summer skin-diving season.

I am enjoying the United States immensely; the feeling of liveliness, growth, and change here--the social revolution which is really taking place--is crackling on all sides, and very stimulating. Goldwater & such is just symptoms of the genuine fear & trembling of people who know (sense): how deep the social revolution is becoming; and they wont be able to slow it down a whit. The white anglo-saxon protestant mentality in America is being replaced by a new consciousness which is genuinely international; uninhibited, relaxed, open, and self-aware. These events & conditions will be emulated ten years from now by the Russians & 15 years from now by the Chinese----at the same time, the pull toward Socialism, and the commonsense of the Russians, is also working its bit. & the young people arent afraid--there has been, among college students, a great & open expression of affection and respect for Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who just died in Moscow; and on three consecutive Sundays demonstrations in Union Square by youngsters against the Marijuana laws, bearing posters like "Marijuana is WHOLESOME" -- the tone of it, and the reaction of the public--being very relaxed.

In morals & imagination, the U/S seems to be leading, as the Soviets lead in social & economic developments of other sorts. How very interesting it all is.

Also lots of poetry, painting, & print-making around; and the beatnik scene eased out by the spread of a non-conformist

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mentality more widely thru the society--at least bay area--plus integration & inter-racial loving on the whole N. beach social scene, rapidly spreading elsewhere ---- & they dont arrest you for going barefoot any more, it's a very popular thing--

I'm living in the heart of N. Beach, with Chinese neighbors; and have more peace & quiet here than I did in Kyoto (or less, if I choose---)

Basta; I want to hear how you and Ami are doing. Also I have all but 4 months of my 12-month Japan poems finished & I hope you'll consider going in on an illustrating & publishing venture with me (if I publish it myself in Japan I'll just put up the loot myself & make it all back later)[1]

Karen Kennerly passed thru San Francisco; I saw her for several days; she's now in New York

Actually, not being married to J. makes me feel much like a man who's got the monkey off his back--freedom and energy to move & work & communicate like I haven't felt in a long time (and she seems to be experiencing the same sense of release)--- inappropriate marriages are a lose.

Phil Whalen, the Auerhahn press fellow Dave haselwood, & Jim & Annie Hatch are coming over this evening to be fed my version of curry & talk about a program of fall poetry readings at Fugazzi hall.

I just been reading Rilke, Cavafy, & Duncan. Have a second-hand Honda 300 cc motorcycle.

So; again; my best; and affectionate greetings to all;

---

1. Published as "Six Years," The Back Country (New York, 1968), pp. 51-63.

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A LITTLE PRESENT FOR FRIENDS & FRIENDLY PEOPLE

> The reflections and moralizing fancies provoked by an artist's work are often the best introduction to them that a critic can offer.
>
> —Charles Baudelaire

Men of expression often are beset by a few themes or even a single theme: Edward Hicks never tired of the Peaceable Kingdom & painted about a hundred versions. His forthright works are primitive only if you do not understand that visions are as material as life & come from & return to the same Earth as life: "Only those who do not deny the web of life have vision."

(Ref.: Several Peaceable Kingdoms, not all shown.)

> See, the curves of the ox's horns
> are reaping hooks—not sickles;
> or when double-curved are arms
> of a lyre:
> & sing:

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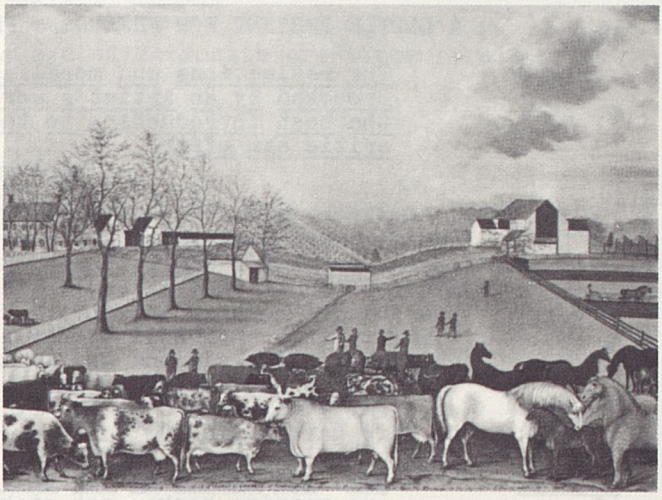
(Ref.: Hicks's Falls of Niagara, c. 1825, not shown)

Look up & see the great falls, through an oak's leaves,
where an eagle rests;
through a moose's shovel horns,
velvety at the edge;
look through the flowing frame of a rattle-snake,
head reared, tail crackling;
over a beaver's scaled rudder, through cat-tails:
you are intruder here—
you hear the roar;
they are in the web,
born perfectly to their calling;
one false step in this lighted place
is fatal
in your dim, dark awakening.

(Ref.: Several Peaceable Kingdoms, again)

to a plump
blonde German-doll baby who reaches out
to pat a patchwork leopard's button nose.
a foxy-wolf embraces a lamb,
an eagle eats from a child's hand,
a sister fondles a tabby-cat lion.



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The Cornell Farm (above). An Indian summer view of the Farm & Stock of James C. Cornell of Northampton Bucks County Pennsylvania. That took the Premium in the Agricultural society. October the 12, 1848. Painted by E. Hicks in the 69th year of his age:

here Noah came after the noisy, smelly wallowing & neatly farmed. He kept pairs sensible for Bucks County & here they are, a frieze, a prize of stock, delightful to his farmer's eyes, a joy to the lap of Earth.

Standing out for our inspection: deep-uddered brindle cows; choleric, big-brisketed bull, a mare nuzzling a late Spring foal, fat black lard-&-sausage pigs, & sheep—one ewe has still a suckling lamb, born late, tail undocked. All parading easy on a patch of carpet-green, they'll go, a fine crew, into the great stone barn for winter passage.

A ploughman works beyond trim, slender fences; winter wheat or fall fallow. Under a maiden-blush sky, shocks of curing grain: all is order here; men in dark clothes & William Penn hats talk & point: Peace.

not fantasy, but careful husbandry;
not nostalgia, but ache for now;
do not say primitive: tell your loss.

Over at the Leedom Farm, nearby, the following Spring, his last: A May Morning view of the Farm and Stock of David Leedom of Newtown Bucks County Pennsylvania with a representation of Himself. Wife. Father. Mother. Brothers. Sisters and nephew.

(Not shown)

An old gander, his neck hissed way out, confronts a sheep: ganders are barnyard tyrants sometimes & fearless, unlike the human kind. Another mare & foal & cattle lying down. And two-pail cows. A crisp stone barn—

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

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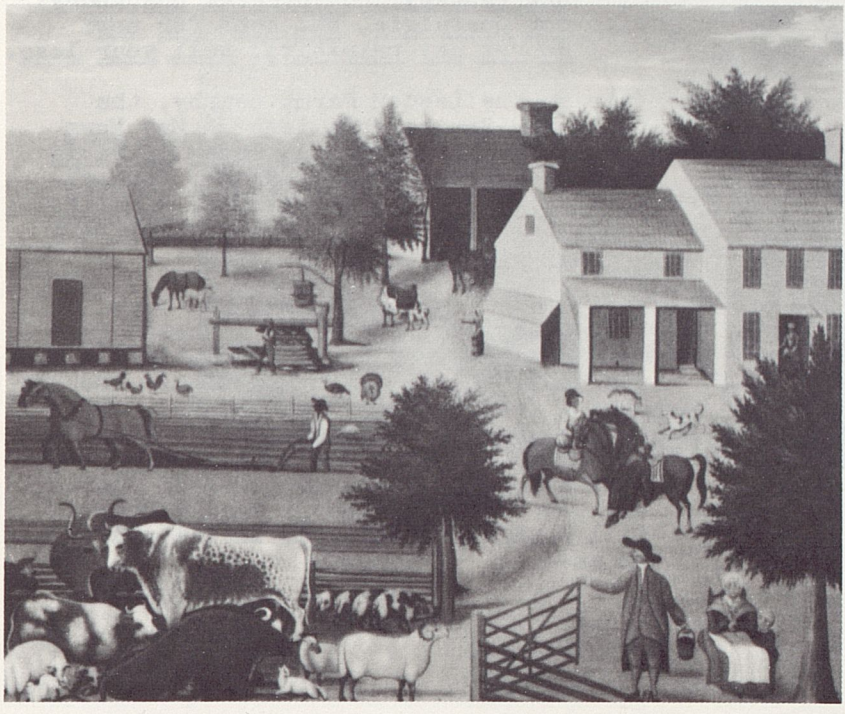
barns are beautiful, pregnant
with promise,
the farmer's peace.
Houses you can get by with.
A turkey
scribes the bare, clean yard, looking
for a dusting place.
Above the hills,
the sky glows, rose & gold.

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

Painted in the last Spring of his age.

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



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(Ref.: The Residence of David Twining & several Peaceable Kingdoms not shown)

hear the lyre on the ox's head,
feel the ram's nubbily curl,
weigh the spotted, graduated pigs,
nudge & bunt with the undocked lamb,
& whistle the dog chancing the cat—
"higher than a cat's arched back."
and in another (1844) a splendid cat
all curves, his mouth aroar.

Brown Leghorns patrol, glinting the light;
a single guinea fowl—all dark meat, even
the breast—a watchfowl for hen-hawks.
A tom-turkey.

Out back, horse & wagon
& man, before the forge barn, busy
at some task: everything creates
its own necessity.

Swing open, one-handed,
the fine delicate gate for neighbors leaving,
she side-saddle, he mounting up,
& the girl at the door waits their going,
while the old wife, under the tree,
the Book open on her lap, a boy near,
goes on with the necessary lesson:
My well-beloved hath a vineyard
in a very fruitful hill:

& looking back,
in Autumn's early, lazy change,
apple press & well-sweep:

a vision
you can harvest,

get your teeth into.

(Ref.: several Peaceable Kingdoms)

While William Penn always ratifies
with chiefs. Plain, solid & honest,
as he made his King once at least.
A worthy scheme made 1681 /
without an oath, and never broken

You can read the treaty names &
someone's matched them to the men.
These are cigar-store sachems
and sagamores; one has a long-stemmed
pipe, a yard long or more. Penn spreads
wide his arms to sail his ark, Philadelphia.

Sometimes banners wrap & bind the people:
in Caslon type, Peace on Earth & Good Will
to Men; in any sense an awful lot of work.

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In Philadelphia, Noah's Ark, painted 1846:

birds swirl in from heavy clouds;
a familiar lion looks straight out,
his tail's a medieval or a signboard S;
a jenny and a ewe nibble along—
it's their last fresh feed;
the zebras look both East & West,
buck deer turns around & billy goat—
to old thickets & browse, filling up.
The Ark is pudgy, a pregnant promise,
a barn made to float. Two herdsmen
hurry on the seed, winding up & in,
camels & rhinos clambering the ramp.



Goose Creek Meeting, Loudon, Virginia, February 1837: A Little Present for Friends and Friendly People, In the form of a Miscellaneous Discourse, By a Poor Illiterate Mechanic.

you'll find it
in his Memoirs, an older dominion
& holy wisdom, all points boxed
& balanced,
emblems & figures,

two by two:

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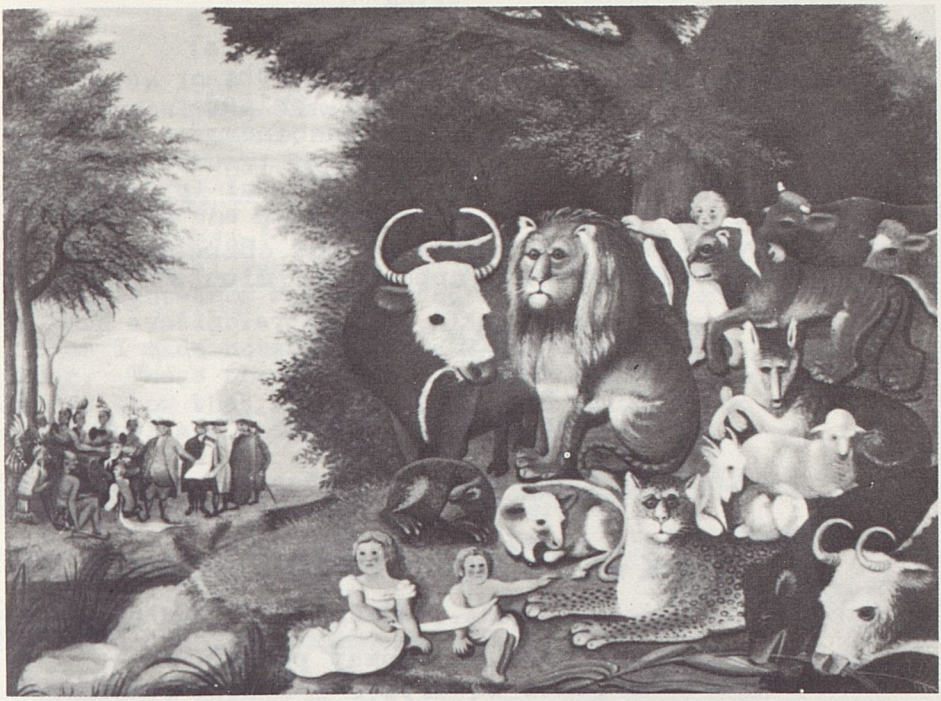

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb—
far in melancholy West, cold & dry,
lurks Wolf, money-monger & usurer,
exalting education, fame & speculation:
Wolf must lie down with Lamb on Earth.

the leopard shall lie down with the kid—
down in sanguinary South, hot & wet,
stalks Leopard, subtle, cruel, restless;
most beautiful of carnivorous cat kind;
Leopard's to breath Kid's innocent Air.

And the cow and the bear shall feed—
up in phlegmatic North, cold & wet,
Bear seeks wealth, retiring very fat
to a dark den of leaves & sucks his paws.
Bear must cherish slow, generous Cow
& share with her the kernels & the stalk,
who lets down her milk like Water.

And the lion shall eat straw like the ox—
to Eastward, hot & dry, choleric Lion,
proud & arrogant, unlearning of Ox
who's strong & powerful but perfectly docile;
Lion must learn inner, controlled Fire.

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Nothing is vague at David Twining's
or the Leedom Farm or at Cornell's;
all stock has the weight & depth,
straight backs & good legs, prized
since Noah began to be a husbandman,
& planted a vineyard.

Gardens,
lovely gardens, Noah's second chance,
& the rainbow will appear any minute:

> While the earth remaineth
> seedtime and harvest,
> and cold and heat,
> and summer and winter,
> and day and night
> shall not cease.

Noah wasn't a sailor all his life;
he kept a weather-eye & studied grapes.

Now Hicks is here, a subway poster,
where milk comes square,
& lovely animals are imaginary,
& some in Central Park.

Penn,
with sachems & sagamores, still
is mid-distant, fading off
into obliging waters & kind hills.

Noah debarked here. Hicks made maps.
This was no dream; we have to imagine that.

The foreground mirrors stare us through,
their warm flesh & limpid, liquid eyes,
Ox's head full-front, the center mask.

The chasm still opens—at our feet.

1968-1971

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Notes

Sometime in 1968 I saw in New York City the poster prepared by the Brooklyn Museum, reproducing its Peaceable Kingdom. The poster seemed at once contradictory & apposite: Edward Hicks in a subway: The final test of beauty is that it remain beautiful in ugly surroundings. Later I saw the Hicks paintings in the National Gallery, The Cornell Farm & a Peaceable Kingdom; I'd seem them when they were shown in Detroit several years ago. I saw the splendid Kingdom in the Albright-Knox Museum in Buffalo. Reproductions & reading were available, notably Alice Ford's book. From time to time I made notes; this Fall (1971) I brought them together. These notes-to-notes were added because everyone may not know that the female of jack is jenny or that guinea fowl are watchfowl.

The paintings, in order: Peaceable Kingdom (1840-1845), N.Y. State Historical Association, Cooperstown; The Cornell Farm (1848), National Gallery, Washington, D.C.; The Residence of David Twining, 1787 (c.1846), Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, Williamsburg, Virginia; Noah's Ark (1846), Philadelphia Museum of Art; & Peaceable Kingdom (1830-1840), Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, Williamsburg, Virginia.

There is a great loss of detail, color fidelity, & vision between the paintings & these postcards. And between Edward Hicks and now.

A LITTLE PRESENT.... The title is from Hicks & is given in full later.

The reflections...offer. The Baudelaire quote is a warning. There are all manner of critics of Hicks. This piece is an attempt to see.

Only those...vision. This quote is used in an essay by Kenneth Rexroth. Blake?

reaping-hooks—not sickles. They are not the same tool. The reaping-hook, one of the most beautiful shapes known to the hand, is used in the left hand & is edged accordingly, the cluster of grain being grasped in the right hand by the reaper. The sickle is less beautifully curved & is right-hand edged, mostly.

Look up...awakening. Hicks painted a view of Niagara Falls, based on an engraving after a painting by Vanderlyn, in 1825. Hicks visited Niagara Falls in 1818.

they are in the web. "Animals are never professionally pedantic or boring, because they are born into their

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vocations. You can tell a true professional by his willingness to talk about anything under the sun." —Malcolm de Chazal, Plastic Sense (New York, 1971), p.97.

brindle. Tawny to roan, with patches of deeper color.

brisket. Chest; curves out from between the front legs: used for roasts & corn beef.

lard-and-sausage. Lard-type or fat hogs; the other general kind of hogs is (more accurately was) bacon-type or lean; few lard-type hogs are raised now.

tail undocked. A lamb's tail is docked—cut short—early, say 4 to 6 weeks.

born late. This is Indian summer & the lamb is suckling. Generally lambs are born in March or April & weaned by warm weather & good pasture.

winter wheat or fall fallow. October 12—Columbus Day—is late for wheat plowing; winter wheat is planted, usually, by mid-September. Fall fallow means to plow, drag (harrow), & otherwise fit a field which has not been cropped the summer just passed or one that will not be cropped come Spring.

maiden-blush. An old species of apple no longer common.

William Penn hats. As on Quaker Oats boxes.

The Leedom Farm. Edward Hicks painted it in May 1849; he died 23 August following. Born 4 April 1780, he was a few months shy of the Biblical seventy.

scribes. When a turkey walks with tail & wings extended, the "primaries" mark the ground, as the carpenter's scribe marks wood. Turkey quills were used as pens.

dusting place. Turkeys & chickens like to shake very powdery loose dust into their feathers; dusting is part of preening.

tie the reins. When you use a one-man walking plow (or cultivator), whether with one horse or two, you knot the reins behind your back & let them ride on your hips; you direct the horse or team by voice; you need both hands for the plow.

curl. Horns; said mostly of sheep or goats, domestic or wild.

Brown Leghorns patrol. Leghorns, regular or bantam, have a way of choosing "routes" around their farmyard & following them morning & afternoon, the roosters in charge. Very much in charge.

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guinea fowl. They are skittery birds, easily alarmed & screechy-noisy. Frequently one or two or a few were/are run with a flock of chickens or a rafter of turkeys because guineas give alarm if there are hawks. They are lovely to see, speckled black & white, with blue & red heads. At table they do not divide so apparently into light & dark meat. See Jules Renard's "La Pintade" in Histoires Naturelles for the best guinea fowl in literature.

forge-barn. My assumption because of the chimney.

apple press. For making cider.

well-sweep. The lever for drawing up the water.

sachems & sagamores. Roughly, chiefs & sub-chiefs. I'm not sure the words were used in Pennsylvania.

medieval or a signboard S. The lion in Noah's Ark is heraldic in stance & tail.

jenny. The female donkey; jack is the male.

ewe. Female sheep.

Goose Creek.... A prime wonder & delight, that Hicks—who did a great deal of preaching in Friends' Meetings & was a cousin of Elias Hicks—should have painted his Kingdoms according to the Four Humors, as well as Isaiah & Bucks County, Pennsylvania, & so preached about them: some wisdom is never lost. Hicks was not well-educated formally & was not always treated with kindness by those who thought they were. If Hicks did not read widely, he surely read well. He had great power; he made great utterances.

older dominion & holy wisdom. The Elements, the Humors & other things.

second chance. If Adam was the first foundation, emblematic of the Old World, Noah was the second foundation, emblematic of the New World. Nothing so marks the American years between (roughly) 1700 & 1850 as this sense of New World & New Man. Above any label, the New World appeared fabulous, as if there had been a second Creation. Nothing in all western tradition had prepared man for what he encountered here—

whether you mean the Indians, the land, flora, fauna, whatever; & not least, by what white men were seized to make of their experience.

Utterly, literally fabulous: & this sense informs all kinds of human expressions, reconciles & unifies them: in Thomas Jefferson & two Adamses; in Lewis & Clark & the Bartrams; in the Shakers & Edward Hicks; in Thoreau & J.J. Audubon; in Whitman & Melville.

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Emerson's deep dictum of the renewability of life, far more than any theological quibble, led him to resign Second Church, Boston, & become the American Scholar. You can see a late expression of this New World, New Man impulse in Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*:

> When De Soto stood on the banks of the Mississippi, it was still two years before Luther's death; eleven years before the burning of Servetus; thirty years before the St. Bartholomew slaughter; Rabelais was not yet published; *Don Quixote* was not yet written; Shakespeare was not yet born; a hundred long years must still elapse before Englishmen would hear the name of Oliver Cromwell.

To this power Ezra Pound made his famous appeal, *Make it new*;

& to it F. Scott Fitzgerald paid tribute:

> for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

This sense, this power comes from the land, the continent, and it is the land speaking through its found (who knows how?) agents of expression that made the Peaceable Kingdom seem possible; and this gives Edward Hicks his power.

This power is not explained by loss of mastery, or manifest destiny, or any thesis. Nor does this power come from the matrix of English or European precedents only, because neither white men nor the English language had ever before been subjected to a pure continent's enormouse stresses. This power is North American; the task is discovery & recovery of it.

The chasm.... See the ground-lines—in the paintings & at your feet.

—While writing these notes, I thought often of ABJM & MRL, with love & gratitude. *The only remedy for love is to love more*.

Ann Arbor
XI-XII 1971

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The center may be everywhere—or can be. I think the family farm holds as center for a part of me that no city can extinguish. I know & seem always to have known, Basswood & Sugar Maple & Sassafras & Beech: college added Tilia americana, Acer saccharum, etc., but little else. Isn't getting through a matter, in part at least, of knowing just the right day to tap the maples, a thing they do not teach in school, a thing on no map, a thing which comes up to one's head, just as the sap rises from the roots? We Anglos do not easily admit that there's an incessant, on-going cosmological process & that our bodies are compost of which the earth dreams. We can not center because we do not know how to die. We cannot live because we do not know the names of the trees in which is the thicket where the same doe has had twins three years running:

> You can find it, if you know first how to find the ironwood tree that is unusually large for ironwood trees—16 inches or more in diameter at breast height—& think of all the chisel-, screwdriver-, & hammer-handles one could find in that tree:

I find pleasure in knowing that a niece started school this Fall & walks daily to & from the same one-room country school where her grandfather (My Dad) went; & it's not 2 miles to the cemetery where we'll all be buried; & in between are some beautiful fields to which my Dad annually makes a kind of love.

Russell

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GREGORY BATESON: FORM, SUBSTANCE AND DIFFERENCE

19th Annual Alfred Korzybski Memorial Lecture
9 January 1970 Oceanic Institute - Hawaii

Let me say that it is an extraordinary honor to be here tonight, and a pleasure. I am a little frightened of you all, because I am sure there are people here who know every field of knowledge that I have touched much better than I know it. It is true that I have touched a number of fields, and I probably can face any one of you and say I have touched a field that you have not touched. But I am sure that for every field I have touched, there are people here who are much more expert than I. I am not a well-read philosopher, and philosophy is not my business. I am not a very well-read anthropologist, and anthropology is not exactly my business.

But I have tried to do something which Korzybski was very much concerned with doing, and with which the whole semantic movement has been concerned, namely, I have studied the area of impact between very abstract and formal philosophic thought on the one hand and the natural history of man and other creatures on the other. This overlap between formal premises and actual behavior is, I assert, of quite dreadful importance today. We face a world which is threatened not only with disorganization of many kinds, but also with the destruction of its environment, and we, today, are still unable to think clearly about the relations between an organism and its environment. What sort of a thing is this, which we call "organism plus environment?"

Let us go back to the original statement for which Korzybski is most famous - the statement that the map is not the territory. This statement came out of a very wide range of philosophic thinking, going back to Greece, and wriggling through the history of European thought over the last 2,000 years. In this history, there has been a sort of rough dichotomy and often deep controversy. There has been a violent enmity and bloodshed. It all starts, I suppose, with the Pythagoreans versus their predecessors, and the argument took the shape of, "Do you ask what it's made of - earth, fire, water, etc.?" Or do you ask, What is its pattern?" Pythagoras stood for inquiry into pattern rather than inquiry into substance.[2] That controversy has gone through the ages, and the Pythagorean half of it has, until recently, been on the whole the submerged half. The Gnostics follow the Pythagoreans, and the alchemists follow the Gnostics, and so on. The argument reached a sort of climax at the end of the Eighteenth Century when a Pythagorean evolutionary theory was built and then discarded - a theory which involved Mind.

The evolutionary theory of the late Eighteenth Century, the Lamarckian theory, which was the first organized transformist theory of evolution, was built out of a curious historical background which has been described by Lovejoy in The Great Chain of Being. Before Lamarck, the organic world, the living world, was believed to be hierarchic in structure, with Mind at the top. The chain, or ladder, went down through the angels, through men, through the apes, down to the infusoria or protozoa, and below that to the plants and stones.

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What Lamarck did was to turn that chain upside down. He observed that animals changed under environmental pressure. He was incorrect, of course, in believing that those changes were inherited, but, in any case, these changes were for him the evidence of evolution. When he turned the ladder upside down, what had been the explanation, namely, the Mind at the top, now became that which had to be explained. His problem was to explain Mind. He was convinced about evolution, and there his interest in it stopped. So that if you read the Philosophie Zoologique (1809), you will find that the first third of it is devoted to solving the problem of evolution and the turning upside down of the taxonomy, and the rest of the book is really devoted to comparative psychology, a science which he founded. Mind was what he was really interested in. He had used habit as one of the axiomatic phenomena in his theory of evolution, and this of course also took him into the problem of comparative psychology.

Now the status of mind and pattern as the explanatory principles which, above all, required investigation was pushed out of biological thinking in the later evolutionary theories which were developed in the mid-Nineteenth Century by Darwin, Huxley, etc. There were still some naughty boys, like Samuel Butler, who said that mind could not be ignored in this way - but they were weak voices, and incidentally, they never looked at organisms. I don't think Butler ever looked at anything except his own cat, but he still knew more about evolution than some of the more conventional thinkers.

Now, at last, with the discovery of cybernetics, systems theory, information theory, and so on, we begin to have a formal base enabling us to think about mind and enabling us to think about all these problems in a way which was totally heterodox from about 1850 through to World War II. What I have to talk about is how the great dichotomy of epistemology has shifted under the impact of cybernetics and information theory.

We can now say - or at any rate, can begin to say - what we think a mind is. In the next 20 years there will be other ways of saying it and, because the discoveries are new, I can only give you my personal version. The old versions are surely wrong, but which of the revised pictures will survive, we do not know.

Let us start from the evolutionary side. It is now empirically clear that Darwinian evolutionary theory contained a very great error in its identification of the unit of survival under natural selection. The unit which was believed to be crucial and around which the theory was set up was either the breeding individual or the family line or the subspecies or some similar homogeneous set of conspecifics. Now I suggest that the last hundred years have demonstrated empirically that if an organism or aggregate of organisms sets to work with a focus on its own survival and thinks that that is the way to select its adaptive moves, its "progress" ends up with a destroyed environment. If the organism ends up destroying its environment, it has in fact destroyed itself. And we may very easily see this process carried to its ultimate reductio ad absurdum in the next twenty years. The unit of survival is not the breeding organism, or the family line, or the society.

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The old unit has already been partly corrected by the population geneticists. They have insisted that the evolutionary unit is, in fact, not homogeneous. A wild population of any species consists always of individuals whose genetic constitution varies widely. In other words, potentiality and readiness for change is already built into the survival unit. The heterogeneity of the wild population is already one half of that trial-and-error system which is necessary for dealing with environment.

The artificially homogenized populations of man's domestic animals and plants are scarcely fit for survival.

And today a further correction of the unit is necessary. The flexible environment must also be included along with the flexible organism because, as I have already said, the organism which destroys its environment destroys itself.

The unit of survival is a flexible organism-in-its-environment.

Now, let me leave evolution for a moment to consider what is the unit of mind. Let us go back to the map and the territory and ask: what is it in the territory that gets onto the map? We know the territory does not get onto the map. That is the central point about which we here are all agreed. Now, if the territory were uniform, nothing would get onto the map except its boundaries, which are the points at which it ceases to be uniform against some larger matrix. What gets onto the map, in fact, is difference, be it a difference in altitude, a difference in vegetation, a difference in population structure, difference in surface, or whatever. Differences are the things that get onto a map.

But what is a difference? A difference is a very peculiar and obscure concept. It is certainly not a thing or an event. This piece of paper is different from the wood of this lectern. There are many differences between them - of color, texture, shape, etc. But if we start to ask about the localization of those differences, we get into trouble. Obviously the difference between the paper and the wood is not in the paper; it is obviously not in the wood; it is obviously not in the space between them, and it is obviously not in the time between them. (Difference which occurs across time is what we call "change.")

A difference, then, is an abstract matter.

In the hard sciences, effects are, in general, caused by rather concrete conditions or events - impacts, forces, and so forth. But when you enter the world of communication, organization, etc., you leave behind that whole world in which effects are brought about by forces and impacts and energy exchange. You enter a world in which "effects" - and I am not sure one should still use the same word - are brought about by differences. That is: they are brought about by the sort of "thing" that gets onto the map from the territory. This is difference.

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Difference travels from the wood and paper into my retina. It then gets picked up and worked on by this fancy piece of computing machinery in my head.

The whole energy relation is different. In the world of mind, nothing - that which is not - can be a cause. In the hard sciences, we ask for causes and we expect them to exist and be "real." But remember that zero is different from one, and because zero is different from one, zero can be a cause in the psychological world, the world of communication. The letter which you do not write can get an angry reply; and the income tax form which you do not fill in can trigger the Internal Revenue boys into energetic action, because they, too, have their breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner and can react with energy which they derive from their metabolism. The letter which never existed is no source of energy.

It follows, of course, that we must change our whole way of thinking about mental and communicational process. The ordinary analogies of energy theory which people borrow from the hard sciences to provide a conceptual frame upon which they try to build theories about psychology and behavior - that entire Procrustean structure - is non-sense. It is in error.

I suggest to you, now, that the word "idea", in its most elementary sense, is synonymous with "difference." Kant, in the Critique of Judgment - if I understand him correctly - asserts that the most elementary aesthetic act is the selection of a fact. He argues that in a piece of chalk there are an infinite number of potential facts. The Ding an sich, the piece of chalk, can never enter into communication or mental process because of this infinitude. The sensory receptors cannot accept it; they filter it out. What they do is to select certain facts out of the piece of chalk, which then become, in modern terminology, information.

I suggest that Kant's statement can be modified to say that there is an infinite number of differences around and within the piece of chalk. There are differences between the chalk and the rest of the universe, between the chalk and the sun or the moon. And within the piece of chalk, there is for every molecule an infinite number of differences between its location and the locations in which it might have been. Of this infinitude, we select a very limited number, which become information. In fact, what we mean by information - the elementary unit of information - is a difference which makes a difference, and is able to make a difference because the neural pathways, along which it travels and is continually transformed, are themselves provided with energy. The pathways are ready to be triggered. We may even say that the question is already implicit in them.

There is, however, an important contrast between most of the pathways of information inside the body and most of the pathways outside it. The differences between the paper and the wood are first transformed into differences in the propagation of light or sound and travel in this form to my sensory end organs. The first part of their journey is energised in the ordinary hard-science way, from "behind." But when the differences

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enter my body by triggering an end organ, this type of travel is replaced by travel which is energised at every step by the metabolic energy latent in the protoplasm which receives the difference, recreates or transforms it, and passes it on.

When I strike the head of a nail with a hammer, an impulse is transmitted to its point. But it is a semantic error, a misleading metaphor, to say that what travels in an axon is an "impulse." It could correctly be called "news of a difference."

Be that as it may, this contrast between internal and external pathways is not absolute. Exceptions occur on both sides of the line. Some external chains of events are energised by relays, and some chains of events internal to the body are energised from "behind." Notably, the mechanical interaction of muscles can be used as a computational model.[3]

In spite of these exceptions, it is still broadly true that the coding and transmission of differences outside the body is very different from the coding and transmission inside, and this difference must be mentioned because it can lead us into error. We commonly think of the external "physical world" as somehow separate from an internal "mental world." I believe that this division is based on the contrast in coding and transmission inside and outside the body.

The mental world - the mind - the world of information processing - is not limited by the skin.

Let us now go back to the notion that the transform of a difference traveling in a circuit is an elementary idea. If this be correct, let us ask what a mind is. We say the map is different from the territory. But what is the territory? Operationally, somebody went out with a retina or a measuring stick and made representations which were then put upon paper. What is on the paper map is a representation of what was in the retinal representation of the man who made the map; and as you push the question back, what you find is an infinite regress, an infinite series of maps. The territory never gets in at all. The territory is Ding an sich and you can't do anything with it. Always the process of representation will filter it out so that the mental world is only maps of maps of maps, ad infinitum.[4] All "phenomena" are literally "appearances."

Or we can follow the chain forward. I receive various sorts of mappings which I call data or information. Upon receipt of these I act. But my actions, my muscular contractions, are transforms of differences in the input material. And I receive again data which are transforms of my actions. We get thus a picture of the mental world which has somehow jumped loose from our conventional picture of the physical world.

This is not new, and for historic background we go again to the alchemists and Gnostics. Carl Jung once wrote a very curious little book, which I recommend to all of you. It is called Septem Sermones ad Mortuos, Seven Sermons to the Dead.[5] In his Memoirs, Dreams and Reflections, Jung tells us that his

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house was full of ghosts, and they were noisy. They bothered him, they bothered his wife, and they bothered the children. In the vulgar jargon of psychiatry we might say that everybody in the house was as psychotic as hooty owls, and for quite good reason. If you get your epistemology confused, you go psychotic, and Jung was going through an epistemological crisis. So he sat down at his desk and picked up a pen and started to write. When he started to write the ghosts all disappeared, and he wrote this little book. From this he dates all his later insight. He signed it "Basilides", who was a famous Gnostic in Alexandria in the Second Century.

He points out that there are two worlds. We might call them two worlds of explanation. He names them the pleroma and the creatura, these being Gnostic terms. The pleroma is the world in which events are caused by forces and impacts and in which there are no "distinctions." Or, as I would say, no "differences." In the creatura, effects are brought about precisely by difference. In fact, this is the same old dichotomy between mind and substance.

We can study and describe the pleroma, but, always, the distinctions which we draw are attributed by us to the pleroma. The pleroma knows nothing of difference and distinction; it contains no "ideas" in the sense in which I am using the word. When we study and describe the creatura, we must correctly identify those differences which are effective within it.

I suggest that "pleroma" and "creatura" are words which we could usefully adopt and it is therefore worthwhile to look at the bridges which exist between these two "worlds." It is an oversimplification to say that the "hard sciences" deal only with the pleroma and that the sciences of the mind deal only with creatura.

There is more to it than that.

First, consider the relation between energy and negative entropy. The classical Carnot heat engine consists of a cylinder of gas with a piston. This cylinder is alternately placed in contact with a container of hot gas and with a container of cold gas. The gas in the cylinder alternately expands and contracts as it is heated or cooled by the hot and cold sources. The piston is thus driven up and down.

But with each cycle of the engine, the difference between the temperature of the hot source and that of the cold source is reduced. When this difference becomes zero, the engine will stop.

The physicist, describing the pleroma, will write equations to translate the temperature difference into "available energy", which he will call "negative entropy", and will go on from there.

The analyst of the creatura will note that the whole system is a sense organ which is triggered by temperature difference. He will call this difference which makes a difference

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"information" or "negative entropy." For him, this is only a special case in which the effective difference happens to be a matter of energetics. He is equally interested in all differences which can activate some sense organ. For him, any such difference is "negative entropy."

Or consider the phenomenon which the neurophysiologists call "synaptic summation." What is observed is that in certain cases, when two neurons, A and B, have synaptic connection to a third neuron, C, the firing of neither neuron by itself is sufficient to fire C; but that when both A and B fire simultaneously (or nearly so), their combined "impulses" will cause C to fire.

In pleromatic language, this combining of events to surmount a threshold is called "summation."

But from the point of view of the student of creatura (and the neurophysiologist must surely have one foot in the pleroma and the other in creatura), this is not summation at all. What happens is that the system operates to create differences. There are two differentiated classes of firings by A: those firings which are accompanied by B and those which are unaccompanied. Similarly there are two classes of firings by B.

The so-called "summation", when both fire, is not an additive process from this point of view. It is the formation of a logical product - a process of fractionation rather than summation.

The creatura is thus the world seen as mind, wherever such a view is appropriate. And wherever this view is appropriate, there arises a species of complexity which is absent from pleromatic description: creatural description is always hierarchic.

I have said that what gets from territory to map is transforms of difference and that these (somehow selected) differences are elementary ideas.

But there are differences between differences.

Every effective difference denotes a demarcation, a line of classification, and all classification is hierarchic. In other words, differences are themselves to be differentiated and classified.

In this context I will only touch lightly on the matter of classes of difference, because to carry the matter further would land us in problems of Principia Mathematica.

Let me invite you to a psychological experience, if only to demonstrate the frailty of the human computer. First note differences in texture are different (a) from differences in color. Now note that differences in size are different (b) from differences in shape. Similarly ratios are different (c) from subtractive differences.

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Now let me invite you, as disciples of Korzybski, to define the differences between "different (a)", "different (b)", and "different (c)" in the above paragraph.

The computer in the human head boggles at the task.

But not all classes of difference are as awkward to handle.

One such class you are all familiar with. Namely, the class of differences which are created by the process of transformation whereby the differences immanent in the territory become differences immanent in the map. In the corner of every serious map you will find these rules of transformation spelled out - usually in words. Within the human mind, it is absolutely essential to recognize the differences of this class, and, indeed, it is these that form the central subject matter of "Science and Sanity."

An hallucination or a dream image is surely a transformation of something. But of what? And by what rules of transformation?

Lastly there is that hierarchy of differences which biologists call "levels." I mean such differences as that between a cell and a tissue, between tissue and organ, organ and organism, and organism and society.

These are the hierarchies of units or Gestalten, in which each sub-unit is a part of the unit of next larger scope. And, always in biology, this difference or relationship which I call "part of" is such that certain differences in the part have informational effect upon the larger unit, and vice versa.

Having stated this relationship between biological part and whole, I can now go on from the notion of creatura as Mind in general to the question of what is a mind.

What do I mean by "my" mind?

I suggest that the delimitation of an individual mind must always depend upon what phenomena we wish to understand or explain. Obviously there are lots of message pathways outside the skin, and these and the messages which they carry must be included as part of the mental system whenever they are relevant.

Consider a tree and a man and an axe. We observe that the axe flies through the air and makes certain sorts of gashes in a pre-existing cut in the side of the tree. If now we want to explain this set of phenomena, we shall be concerned with differences in the cut face of the tree, differences in the retina of the man, differences in his central nervous system, differences in his efferent neural messages, differences in the behavior of his muscles, differences in how the axe flies, to the differences which the axe then makes on the face of the tree. Our explanation (for certain purposes) will go round and round that circuit. In principle, if you want to explain or understand anything in human behavior, you are always dealing with total

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circuits, completed circuits. This is the elementary cybernetic thought.

The elementary cybernetic system with its messages in circuit is, in fact, the simplest unit of mind; and the transform of a difference travelling in a circuit is the elementary idea. More complicated systems are perhaps more worthy to be called mental systems, but essentially this is what we are talking about. The unit which shows the characteristic of trial and error will be legitimately called a mental system.

But what about "me"? Suppose I am a blindman, and I use a stick. I go tap, tap, tap. Where do I start? Is my mental system bounded at the handle of the stick? Is it bounded by my skin? Does it start halfway up the stick? Does it start at the tip of the stick? But these are nonsense questions. The stick is a pathway along which transforms of difference are being transmitted. The way to delineate the system is to draw the limiting line in such a way that you do not cut any of these pathways in ways which leave things inexplicable. If what you are trying to explain is a given piece of behavior, such as the locomotion of the blindman, then, for this purpose, you will need the street, the stick, the man; the street, the stick, and so on, round and round.

But when the blindman sits down to eat his lunch, his stick and its messages will no longer be relevant - if it is his eating that you want to understand.

And in addition to what I have said to define the individual mind, I think it necessary to include the relevant parts of memory and data "banks." After all, the simplest cybernetic circuit can be said to have memory of a dynamic kind - not based upon static storage but upon the travel of information around the circuit. The behavior of the governor of a steam engine at Time 2 is partly determined by what it did at Time 1 - where the interval between Time 1 and Time 2 is that time necesary for the information to complete the circuit.

We get a picture, then, of mind as synonymous with cybernetic system - the relevant total information-processing, trial-and-error completing unit. And we know that within Mind in the widest sense there will be a hierarchy of sub-systems, any one of which we can call an individual mind.

But this picture is precisely the same as the picture which I arrived at in discussing the unit of evolution. I believe that this identity is the most important generalization which I have to offer you tonight.

In considering units of evolution, I argued that you have at each step to include the completed pathways outside the protoplasmic aggregate, be it DNA-in-the-cell, or cell-in-the-body, or body-in-the-environment. The hierarchic structure is not new. Formerly we talked about the breeding individual or the family line or the taxon, and so on. Now each step of the hierarchy is to be thought of as a system, instead of a chunk cut off and visualized as against the surrounding matrix.

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This identity between the unit of mind and the unit of evolutionary survival is of very great importance, not only theoretical, but also ethical.

It means, you see, that I now localize something which I am calling "Mind" immanent in the large biological system - the ecosystem. Or, if I draw the system boundaries at a different level, then mind is immanent in the total evolutionary structure. If this identity between mental and evolutionary units is broadly right, then we face a number of shifts in our thinking.

First, let us consider ecology. Ecology has currently two faces to it: the face which is called bio-energetics - the economics of energy and materials within a coral reef, a redwood forest, or a city - and, second, an economics of information, of entropy, neg-entropy, etc. These two do not fit together very well precisely because the units are differently bounded in the two sorts of ecology. In bio-energetics it is natural and appropriate to think of units bounded at the cell membrane, or at the skin; or of units composed of sets of conspecific individuals. These boundaries are then the frontiers at which measurements can be made to determine the additive-subtractive budget of energy for the given unit. In contrast, informational or entropic ecology deals with the budgeting of pathways and of probability. The resulting budgets are fractionating (not subtractive). The boundaries must enclose, not cut, the relevant pathways.

Moreover, the very meaning of "survival" becomes different when we stop talking about the survival of something bounded by the skin and start to think of the survival of the system of ideas in circuit. The contents of the skin are randomized at death and the pathways within the skin are randomized. But the ideas, under further transformation, may go on out in the world in books or works of art. Socrates as a bio-energetic individual is dead. But much of him still lives as a component in the contemporary ecology of ideas.[6]

It is also clear that theology becomes changed and perhaps renewed. The Mediterranean religions for 5,000 years have swung to and fro between immanence and transcendence. In Babylon the gods were transcendent on the tops of hills; in Egypt, there was god immanent in Pharoah; and Christianity is a complex combination of these two beliefs.

The cybernetic epistemology which I have offered you would suggest a new approach. The individual mind is immanent but not only in the body. It is immanent also in pathways and messages outside the body; and there is a larger Mind of which the individual mind is only a sub-system. This larger Mind is comparable to God and is perhaps what some people mean by "God", but it is still immanent in the total interconnected social system and planetary ecology.

Freudian psychology expanded the concept of mind inwards to include the whole communication system within the body - the autonomic, the habitual and the vast range of unconscious process. What I am saying expands mind outwards. And both of these changes

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reduce the scope of the conscious self. A certain humility becomes appropriate, tempered by the dignity or joy of being part of something much bigger. A part - if you will - of God.

If you put God outside and set him vis-a-vis his creation and if you have the idea that you are created in his image, you will logically and naturally see yourself as outside and against the things around you. And as you arrogate all mind to yourself, you will see the world around you as mindless and therefore not entitled to moral or ethical consideration. The environment will seem to be yours to exploit. Your survival unit will be you and your folks or conspecifics against the environment of other social units, other races and the brutes and vegetables.

If this is your estimate of your relation to nature and you have an advanced technology, your likelihood of survival will be that of a snowball in hell. You will die either of the toxic by-products of your own hate, or, simply, of over-population and over-grazing.

The raw materials of the world are finite.

If I am right, the whole of our thinking about what we are and what other people are has got to be restructured. This is not funny, and I do not know how long we have to do it in. If we continue to operate on the premises that were fashionable in the pre-cybernetic era, and which were especially underlined and strengthened during the Industrial Revolution, which seemed to validate the Darwinian unit of survival, we may have twenty or thirty years before the logical reductio ad absurdum of our old positions destroys us. Nobody knows how long we have, under the present system, before some disaster strikes us, more serious than the destruction of any group of nations. The most important task today is, perhaps, to learn to think in the new way. Let me say that I don't know how to think that way. Intellectually, I can stand here and I can give you a reasoned exposition of this matter; but if I am cutting down a tree, I still think "Gregory Bateson" is cutting down the tree. I am cutting down the tree. "Myself" is to me still an excessively concrete object, different from the rest of what I have been calling "mind."

The step to realizing - to making habitual - the other way of thinking - so that one naturally thinks that way when one reaches out for a glass of water or cuts down a tree - that step is not an easy one.

And, quite seriously, I suggest to you that we should trust no policy decisions which emanate from persons who do not yet have that habit.

There are experiences and disciplines which may help me to imagine what it would be like to have this habit of correct thought. Under LSD, I have experienced, as have many others, the disappearance of the division between self and the music to which I was listening. The perceiver and the thing perceived become strangely united into a single entity. And this state is surely

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more correct than the state in which it seems that "I hear the music." The sound, after all, is Ding an sich, but my perception of it is a part of mind.

It is told of Johann Sebastian Bach that when somebody asked him how he played so divinely, he answered, "I play the notes, in order, as they are written. It is God who makes the music." But not many of us can claim Bach's correctness of epistemology - or that of William Blake who knew that the Poetic Imagination was the only reality.

The poets have known these things all through the ages, but the rest of us have gone astray into all sorts of false reifications of the "self" and separations between the "self" and "experience."

For me another clue - another moment when the nature of mind was for a moment clear - was provided by the famous experiments of Adalbert Ames, Jr. These are optical illusions in depth perception. As Ames' guinea pig, you discover that those mental processes by which you create the world in three-dimensional perspective are within your mind but totally unconscious and utterly beyond voluntary control. Of course, we all know that this is so - that mind creates the images which "we" then see. But still it is a profound epistemological shock to have direct experience of this which we always knew.

Please do not misunderstand me. When I say that the poets have always known these things or that most of mental process is unconscious, I am not advocating a greater use of emotion or a lesser use of intellect. Of course, if what I am saying tonight is approximately true, then our ideas about the relation between thought and emotion need to be revised. If the boundaries of the "ego" are wrongly drawn or even totally fictitious, then it may be nonsense to regard emotions or dreams or our unconscious computations of perspective as "ego-alien."

We live in a strange epoch when many psychologists try to "humanize" their science by preaching an anti-intellectual gospel. They might, as sensibly, try to physicalize physics by discarding the tools of mathematics.

It is the attempt to separate intellect from emotion that is monstrous, and I suggest that it is equally monstrous - and dangerous - to attempt to separate the external mind from the internal. Or to separate mind from body.

Blake noted that "A tear is an intellectual thing", and Pascal asserted that "The heart has its reasons of which the reason knows nothing."; and we need not be put off by the fact that the reasonings of the heart (or of the hypothalamus) are accompanied by sensations of joy or grief. These computations are concerned with matters which are vital to mammals - namely, matters of relationship, by which I mean love, hate, respect, dependency, spectatorship, performance, dominance, and so on. These are central to the life of any mammal and I see no objection to calling these computations "thought", though certainly

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the units of relational computation are different from the units which we use to compute about isolable things.

But there are bridges between the one sort of thought and the other, and it seems to me that the artists and poets are specifically concerned with these bridges. It is not that art is the expression of the unconscious, but rather that it is concerned with the relation between the levels of mental process. From a work of art it may be possible to analyze out some unconscious thoughts of the artist, but I believe that, for example, Freud's analysis of Leonardo's "Virgin on the Knees of St.Anne" precisely misses the point of the whole exercise. Artistic skill is the combining of many levels of mind - unconscious, conscious and external - to make a statement of their combination. It is not a matter of expressing a single level.

Similarly, Isadora Duncan, when she said "If I could say it, I would not have to dance it", was talking nonsense, because her dance was about combinations of saying and moving.

Indeed, if what I have been saying is at all correct, the whole base of aesthetics will need to be re-examined. It seems that we link feelings not only to the computations of the heart but also to computations in the external pathways of the mind. It is when we recognize the operations of creatura in the external world that we are aware of "beauty" or "ugliness." The "primrose by the river's brim" is beautiful because we are aware that the combination of differences which constitutes its appearance could only be achieved by information processing, i.e., by thought. We recognize another mind within our own external mind.

And last, there is death. It is understandable that, in a civilization which separates mind from body, we should either try to forget death or to make mythologies about the survival of transcendent mind. But if mind is immanent not only in those pathways of information which are located inside the body but also in external pathways, then death takes on a different aspect. The individual nexus of pathways which I call "me" is no longer so precious because that nexus is only part of a larger mind.

The ideas which seemed to be me can also become immanent in you. May they survive - if true.

Footnotes

1. Prepared under Career Development Award (K2-21, 931) of the National Institute of Mental Health. This paper is Contribution No. 65 of the Oceanic Institute, Hawaii.

2. R. G. Collingwood has given a clear account of the Pythagorean position in The Idea of Nature (Oxford, 1945).

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3. It is interesting to note that digital computers depend upon transmission of energy "from behind" to send "news" along wire from one relay to the next. But each relay has its own energy source. Analogic computers, e.g., tide machines and the like, are commonly entirely driven by energy "from behind." Either type of energization can be used for computational purposes.

4. Or we may spell the matter out and say that at every step, as a difference is transformed and propagated along its pathway, the embodiment of the difference before the step is a "territory" of which the embodiment after the step is a "map." The map-territory relation obtains at every step.

5. Written in 1916, translated by H. G. Baynes and privately circulated in 1925. Republished by Stuart & Watkins, London, and by Random House, 1961. In later work, Jung seems to have lost the clarity of the Seven Sermons. In his "Answer to Job", the archetypes are said to be "pleromatic." It is surely true, however, that constellations of ideas may seem subjectively to resemble "forces" when their ideational character is unrecognized.

6. For the phrase "ecology of ideas", I am indebted to Sir Geoffrey Vickers' essay "The Ecology of Ideas" in Value Systems and Social Process, Basic Books, 1968. For a more formal discussion of the survival of ideas, see Gordon Pasks' remarks in Wenner-Gren Conference on "The Effects of Conscious Purpose on Human Adaptation", 1968.

Gregory Bateson: Restructuring The Ecology of a Great City

Originally prepared for a symposium of city planning. Oct. 26-31, sponsored by the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research.

This position paper consists of the following parts: 1. A rather lengthy gathering of generalities about biological systems; and 2. An attempt to apply these generalities to practical problems. Since I know little about Manhattan, I have chosen two books by authors who are involved in problems of city life and planning and have applied the touchstone of theory to these

First, it will be convenient to have not an ultimate goal but some sort of abstract idea of what we might mean by ecological health. Such a general notion will both guide the collection of data and guide the evaluation of observed trends.

I suggest then that a healthy ecology of human civilization would be somewhat as follows:

A single system of environment combined with high human civilization in which the flexibility of the civilization shall match that of the environment to create an ongoing complex system,

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open-ended for slow change of even basic (hard-programmed) characteristics.

We now proceed to consider some of the terms in this definition of systemic health and to relate them to conditions in the existing world.

I. A High Civilization. It appears that the man-environment system has certainly been progressively unstable since the introduction of metals, the wheel, and script. The deforestation of Europe and the man-made deserts of the Middle East and North Africa are evidence for this statement.

Civilizations have risen and fallen. A new technology for the exploitation of nature or a new technique for the exploitation of other men permits the rise of a civilization. But each civilization, as it reaches the limits of what can be exploited in that particular way, must eventually fall. The new invention gives elbow room or flexiblity, but the using up of that flexibility is death. (I owe this insight to Mr. Philip Wylie.)

Either man is too clever, in which case we are doomed, or he was not clever enough to limit his greed to courses which would not destroy the on-going total system. I prefer the second hypothesis.

It becomes then necessary to work towards a definition of "high."

A. It would not be wise (even if possible) to return to the innocence of the Australian aboriginees, the Eskimo and the Bushmen. Such a return would involve loss of the wisdom which prompted the return and would only start the whole process over.

B. A "high" civilization should therefore be presumed to have, on the technological side, whatever gadgets are necessary to promote, maintain (and even increase) wisdom of this general sort. This may well include computers and complex communication devices.

C. A "high" civilization shall contain whatever is necessary (in educational and religious institutions) to maintain the necessary wisdom in the human population and to give physical, aesthetic and creative satisfaction to people. There shall be a matching between the flexibility of people and that of the civilization. There shall be diversity in the civilization, not only to accommodate the genetic and experiential diversity of persons, but also to provide the flexibility and "pre-adaptation" necessary for change (e.g., the heterozygosity of wild species).

D. A "high" civilization shall be strictly limited in its transactions with environment. It shall consume unreplaceable natural resources only as a means to facilitate necessary change (as a chrysalis in metamorphosis must live on its fat). For the rest, the metabolism of the civilization must depend upon the energy income which Spaceship Earth derives from the sun. In this connection, great technical advance is necessary. With present technology, it is probable that the world could only maintain a small fraction of its present human population, using as energy sources only photosynthesis, wind, tide, and water power.

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II. Flexibility. To achieve, in a few generations, anything like the healthy system dreamed of above or even to get out of the grooves of fatal destiny in which our civilization is now caught, very great flexibility will be needed. It is right, therefore, to examine this concept with some care. Indeed, this is a crucial concept. We should evaluate in our survey, not so much the values and trends of relevant variables, as the relation between these trends and ecological flexibility.

Following Ross Ashby, I assume that any biological system (e.g., the ecological environment, the human civilization and the system which is to be the combination of these two) is describable in terms of inter-linked variables such that for any given variable there is an upper and a lower threshold of tolerance beyond which discomfort, pathology and ultimately death must occur. Within these limits, the variable can move (and is moved) in order to achieve adaptation. When, under stress, a variable must take a value close to its upper or lower limit of tolerance, we shall say, borrowing a phrase from the youth culture, that the system is "uptight" in respect to this variable, or lacks "flexibility" in this respect.

But, because the variables are interlinked, to be uptight in respect to one variable eommonly means that other variables cannot be changed without pushing the uptight variable. The loss of flexibility thus spreads through the system. In extreme cases, the system will only accept those changes which change the tolerance limits for the uptight variable. For example, an over-populated society looks for those changes (increased food, new roads, more houses, etc.) which will make the pathological and pathogenic conditions of over-population more comfortable. But these ad hoc changes are precisely those which in longer time can lead to more fundamental ecological pathology. (For a discussion of the ad hoc problem, see attached "Statement on Problems Which Will Confront the Proposed Office of Environmental Quality Control.)

The pathologies of our time may broadly be said to be the accumulated results of this process - the eating up of flexibility in response to stresses of one sort or another (especially the stress of population pressure) and the refusal to bear with those by-products of stress (e.g., epidemics and famine) which are the age-old correctives for population stress.

The ecological analyst faces a dilemma: on the one hand, if any of his recommendations is to be followed, he must first recommend whatever will give the system a positive budget of flexibility; and on the other hand, the people and institutions with which he must deal have a natural propensity to eat up all available flexibility. He must create flexibility and prevent the civilization from immediately expanding into it.

It follows that while the ecologist's goal is to increase flexibility, and to this extent he is less tyrannical than most welfare planners (who tend to increase legislative control), he must also exert authority to preserve such flexibility as exists or can be created. At this point (as in the matter of unreplaceable natural resources), his recommendations must be tyrannical.

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Social Flexibility is a resource as precious as oil or titanium and must be budgeted in appropriate ways, to be spent (like fat) upon needed change. Broadly, the "eating up" of flexibility is due to regenerative (i.e., escalating) subsystems within the civilization. It is, in the end, these that must be controlled.

It is worth noting here that flexibility is to specialization as entropy is to negentropy. Flexibility may be defined as uncommitted potentiality for change.

A telephone exchange exhibits maximum negentropy, maximum specialization, maximum information load, and maximum rigidity when all its circuits are in use and one more call would jam the system. It exhibits maximum entropy and maximum flexibility when none of its pathways are committed. (In this particular example, the state of non-use is not a committed state.)

It will be noted that the budget of flexibility is multiplicative or fractionating (not subtractive, as is a budget of money or energy).

III. Distribution of Flexibility. Again following Ashby, the distribution of flexibility among the many variables of a system is a matter of very great importance.

The healthy system, dreamed of above, may be compared to an acrobat on a high-wire. To maintain the ongoing truth of his basic premise ("I am on the wire."), he must be free to move from one position of instability to another, i.e., certain variables such as the position of his arms and the rate of movement of his arms must have great flexibility, which he uses to maintain the stability of other more fundamental and general characteristics. If his arms are fixed or paralyzed (isolated from communication), he must fall.

In this connection, it is interesting to consider the ecology of our legal system. For obvious reasons, it is difficult to control by law those basic principles upon which the social system depends. Indeed, historically, the United States was founded upon the premise of freedom of religion and freedom of thought - the separation of Church and State being the classic example.

On the other hand, it is rather easy to write laws which shall fix the more episodic and superficial details of human behavior. In other words, as laws proliferate, our acrobat is progressively limited in his arm movement but is given free permission to fall off the wire.

Note, in passing, that the analogy of the acrobat can be applied at a higher level. During the period when the acrobat is learning to move his arms in an appropriate way, it is necessary to have a safety net under him, i.e., precisely to give him the freedom to fall off the wire. Freedom and flexibility in regard to the most basic variables may be necessary during the process of learning and creating the new system.

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These are the paradoxes of order and disorder, which the ecological analyst and planner must weigh.

Be all that as it may, it is at least arguable that the trend of social change in the last 100 years, especially in the U.S.A. has been towards an inappropriate distribution of flexibility among the variables of our civilization. Those variables which should be flexible have been pegged, while those which should be comparatively steady, changing only slowly, have been cast loose.

But still and all, the law is surely not the appropriate method of stabilizing the fundamental variables. This must be done by the processes of education and character formation - those parts of our social system which are currently and expectably undergoing maximum perturbation.

IV. Flexibility of Ideas. A civilization runs on ideas of all degrees of generality. These ideas are present (some explicit, some implicit) in the actions and interactions of persons - some conscious and clearly defined, others vague, and many unconscious. Some of these ideas are widely shared, others differentiated in various subsystems of the society.

If a budget of flexibility is to be a central component of our understanding of how the environment-civilization works and a category of pathology is related to unwise spending of this budget, then surely the flexibility of ideas will play an important role in our theory and practice.

But frequency of validation of an idea within a given segment of time is not the same as proof that the idea is either true or pragmatically useful over long time. We are discovering today that several of the premises which are deeply ingrained in our way of life are simple, untrue and become pathogenic when implemented with modern technology. (Several of these ecologically pathogenic ideas are marked with asterisks below.)

A few examples: "The Golden Rule", "an eye for an eye", and "Justice."

"The commonsense of scarcity economics"* versus "the commonsense of affluence."

"The name of that thing is 'chair'"* and many of the reifying* premises of language.

"The survival of the fittest"* versus "the survival of organism-plus-environment."

Premises of aesthetics, mass production*, challenge, pride*, etc. etc.

The premises of transference, ideas about how character is determined, theories of education, of all biological fields.

Patterns of personal relatedness, dominance, love, etc.

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The ideas in a civilization are (like all other variables) interlinked, partly by some sort of psycho-logic and partly by perceptual consensus about the quasi-concrete effects of action.

It is characteristic of this complex network of determination of ideas (and actions) that particular links in the net are often weak but that any given idea or action is subject to multiple determination by many interwoven strands. We turn off the light when we go to bed, influenced partly by ideas of privacy, partly to reduce sensory input, etc.

The result of this multiple determinism has been called "overdeterminism" and is characteristic of all biological fields -

Against this complex background it is not easy to construct a theory of flexibility of ideas and to conceive of a budget of flexibility.

There are, however, two clues to the major theoretical problem. Both of these are derived from the stochastic process of evolution or learning whereby such interlocked systems of ideas come into being. First we consider the "natural selection" which governs which ideas shall survive longest, and second we shall consider how this process sometimes works to create evolutionary culs de sac.

(More broadly, we regard the grooves of destiny into which our civilization has entered as a special case of evolutionary cul de sac. Courses which offered short-term advantages have been adopted, have become rigidly programmed, and have begun to prove disastrous over longer time. This is the paradigm for extinction by way of loss of flexibility.)

In a simple learning experiment (or any other experience), an organism, especially a human being, acquires a vast variety of information. He learns something about the smell of the lab; he learns something about the patterns of the experimenter's behavior; he learns something about his own capacity to learn and how it feels to be "right" or "wrong": he learns that there is "right" and "wrong" in the world. And so on.

If he now is subjected to another learning experiment (or experience), he will acquire some new items of information; some of the items of the first experiment will be repeated or affirmed; some will be contradicted.

In a word, some of the ideas acquired in the first experience will survive the second experience, and natural selection will tautologically insist that those ideas which survive will survive longer than those which do not survive.

But in mental evolution, there is also an economy of flexibility. Ideas which survive repeated use are actually handled in a special way which is different from the way in which the mind handles new ideas. The phenomenon of habit formation sorts out the ideas which survive repeated use and puts them in a more or less separate category. These trusted ideas then become available for

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immediate use without thoughtful inspection, while the more flexible parts of the mind can be saved for use on newer matters.

In other words, the frequency of use of a given idea becomes a determinant of its survival in that ecology of ideas which we call Mind; and beyond that the survival of a frequently used idea is further promoted by the fact that habit formation tends to remove the idea from the field of critical inspection.

But the survival of an idea is also certainly determined by its relations with other ideas. Ideas may support or contradict each other; they may combine more or less readily. They may influence each other in complex unknown ways in polarized systems.

Moreover, it is commonly the more generalized and abstract ideas that survive repeated use. The more generalized ideas thus tend to become premises upon which other ideas depend. These premises become relatively inflexible.

In other words, in the ecology of ideas there is an evolutionary process, related to the economics of flexibility, and this process determines which ideas shall become hard-programmed.

The same process determines that these hard-programmed ideas become nuclear or nodal within constellations of other ideas, because the survival of these other ideas depends on how they fit with the hard-programmed ideas. It follows that any change in the hard-programmed ideas may involve change in the whole related constellation.

(Analogous relations certainly obtain in the ecology of a redwood forest or a coral reef. The most frequent or "dominant" species are likely to be nodal to constellations of other species, because the survival of a newcomer to the system will commonly be determined by how its way of life fits with that of one or more dominant species.

In these contexts - both ecological and mental - the word "fit" is a low-level analogue of "matching flexibility.")

V. Exercise of Flexibility. It is asserted above that the overall flexibility of a system depends upon keeping many of its variables in the midddle of their tolerable limits. But there is a partial converse of this generalization:

Owing to the fact that inevitably many of the subsystems of the society are regenerative, the system as a whole tends to "expand" into any area of unused freedom.

It used to be said that "Nature abhors a vacuum.", and indeed something of the sort seems to be true of unused potentiality for change in any biological system.

In other words, if a given variable remains too long at some middle value, other variables will encroach upon its freedom, narrowing the tolerance limits until its freedom to move is zero, or, more precisely, until any future movement can only be achieved at the price of disturbing the encroaching variables.

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In other words, the variable which does not change its value becomes ipso facto hard-programmed. And, indeed, this way of stating the genesis of hard-programmed variables is only another way of describing habit formation.

As a Japanese Zen master once told me, "To become accustomed to anything is a terrible thing."

From all of this it follows that to maintain the flexibility of a given variable, either that flexibility must be exercised, or the encroaching variables must be directly controlled.

We live in a civilization which seems to prefer prohibition to positive requirement, and therefore we try to legislate (e.g., with anti-trust laws) against the encroaching variables; and we try to defend "civil liberties" by legally slapping the wrists of encroaching authority.

We try to prohibit certain prohibitions, but it might be more effective to encourage people to know their freedoms and flexibilities and to use them more often.

Characteristically the exercise of even the physiological body, whose proper function is to maintain the flexibility of many of its variables by pushing them to extreme values, becomes a "spectator sport", and the same is true of the flexibility of social norms. We go to the movies or the courts - or read newspapers - for vicarious experience of exceptional behavior. And per contra, our flexible variables are monstrously exercised in war and revolution.

(How did Ancient Rome prevent the Saturnalia from becoming addictive?)

VI. Applications. I shall now consider the thesis of Richard Sennett's book, The Uses of Disorder.

The book is about making mature human beings in city environments. He argues:

1. At adolescence (and he is presumably but not explicitly concerned with male adolescence) a person's powers of action are disproportionately great, compared with his experience. There is thus a temptation to withdraw from action into a purified and simplified philosophy of life which will avoid recognizing the rough-and-tumble which is life's fullness.

2. This purified and simplified philosophy, Sennett argues, is the theme of suburban middle class life and of modern city planning, slum clearance. In general, the attempt to achieve clarity in life plans and designs is an expression of this withdrawal.

3. In poverty-stricken and racially mixed neighborhoods, men grow up with multiple contacts and multiple struggle. This makes for a greater richness in daily life - and perhaps for human beings who did not need to erupt from time to time in major explosions of war.

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This thesis is closely akin to what I have said above about the need to exercise the flexibility of some of the variables which define an ecological system. But I suspect that Sennett may be going too far. It is not the case that all variables and parameters must be flexible.

I argued above that (in the case of the acrobat) certain variables must be flexible in order that other variables and parameters may remain more or less constant.

Flexibility is not an absolute value to be pursued for its own sake but is a necessary condition for the survival and stability of certain other conditions of life.

Which conditions or parameters should we seek to perpetuate? Sennett recommends the use of disorder for the preservation of some possibly higher order - but the precise sort of order which is to be preserved is undefined except by the contrast which Sennett draws between "adolescence" and "maturity." The "disorder" of Sennett's ideal city is to shake people out of their tendency to withdraw from the fullness of life into some sort of "head trip."

As I read it (and I may be wrong), Sennett recommends an "ego trip" in the hurly burly of the city as a cure for withdrawal into a head trip.

I believe that this is only another way of avoiding the fullness of life, a way which is already conventional in many parts of our civilization and a way which is already bankrupted by the uses to which we put technology, when guided by competition and ego premises.

Alexander's book is a very different kettle of fish. He is concerned with minimizing the sorts of misfit between a technological product (a kettle or a city) and the uses of that product. He does not discuss the effect of using his product upon the souls of the people who use it. The book is, in fact, illustrated by an example in which Alexander works out in detail the steps for designing an Indian village for 600 people. In this example, the whole complex detail of Hindoo culture is taken as given - as the condition to which the product must be adapted - and which (therefore) will inevitably be perpetuated by the use of the product. We may pray for the inhabitants of his village that the philosophy of life incorporated into it is not too full of nonsense.

The question which I raised in discussing Sennett, "What variables should we preserve?" is simply answered by Alexander in terms of the synchronic characteristics of the given culture at the given moment. This would be fine and useful for the restructuring of Manhattan if we were dealing with a problem of fitting plans to an already accepted and existing philosophy and way of life. Nevertheless, Alexander has contributed importantly to the techniques of planning and design.

I return to the question, "flexibility for what?" How should we identify the sacred?

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The best answer I can give to this question is in terms of cultural transmission. What little biology we know indicates that in all such systems, if there is a differentiation between reproduction and on-going life (i.e., a differentiation between soma and germ plasm), then the relative stability of the latter is essential. And all that was said above about the pathogenic result of the loss of flexibility goes to show that these pathologies expectably hit those parts of our culture which are relatively unchanging in other (healthier) cultures - i.e., the transmission system.

We return then to the old truisms that reproduction is (and "should" be) the spice of life - not multiplication, but replication. And that, at the social level, the core institutions are the family, the school and the church.

It is for these (or rather, the processes which these perform) that flexibility must be achieved and maintained in the remainder of the system.

These should be (but today are not) the sources of delight.

It is conventionally assumed that family, school and church should be the backbone, the source of rigidity in the community. This is upside down.

This paper has now opened more questions than I can answer. So I need your help -

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Since preparation of this article for publication, these articles have appeared in a collection of other essays;

Steps Towards an Ecology of the Mind

by Gregory Bateson

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ROY A. RAPPAPORT: *RESTRUCTURING THE ECOLOGY OF CITIES*

An American city is a concentration of concrete, glass, steel and asphalt, a locus of intensive administrative, mercantile and industrial activity, the habitation of a large aggregate of people and an ecological disaster.

It is easy enough to envision cities which introduce a little bit of heaven or at least a good deal of nature into their precincts, cities in which children play unmolested on the broad lawns surrounding terraced glass towers, and in which the factories and roadways are concealed underground, their emissions somehow captured by sophisticated ventilating systems before they poison the crystal air. But such visions are dangerous for they may incorporate as much inflexibility as the contemporary reality to which they are counterposed. They may be unable to reorganize themselves in response to changed environmental conditions, and that which is non-adaptive becomes, in the long or short run, maladaptive. The goal of any attempt to restructure the ecology of cities, which is to say to restructure cities, must not be a particular vision but must rather be some sort of organization of population, physical facilities and activities that can restructure itself continually in response to changing circumstances.

Needless to say, the problems involved in any restructuring, let alone attempts which have as their goals adaptiveness, rather than particular plans, are enormous. They may, in fact, be insurmountable. Every building that now stands is a concrete and steel commitment to what now is, and many of the buildings by which we are now surrounded are likely to remain standing for a hundred years or more. But this is, perhaps, the least of the problems. The life spans of cities are not to be measured by the generations of men, and when we speak of restructuring the ecology of cities our concern is with centuries, although some pressing and lethal problems must of course be met in the meantime by ad hoc crisis measures.

The more difficult problem lies in the nature of the contemporary city itself. The term "adaptive" implies a more or less coherent entity of some sort. The referent is usually a living system, or a system which includes living things. Organisms adapt by modifying their behavior in response to new experience, genetic populations adapt by modifying their hereditary endowments in response to selective pressures. Human societies may also be adaptive systems, modifying and expanding their cultural endowments in the face of environmental challenges and opportunities. There are, of course, pathologies of adaptiveness, and narrow adaptation; an overly specific and overly committed organizational response to a particular set of environmental conditions is the most common and lethal of these. It may well account for the extinction of most of the species that are no longer with us and for the demise of many of the societies that no longer exist.

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But it may even be questioned whether American cities are the sorts of entities to which the term "adaptiveness" applies. We should not conclude from the fact of city limits, the existence of city governments and services and the presence of large numbers of inhabitants, that cities are coherent systems. They are not. They are only slightly organized heaps.

The physical features, primarily buildings and their locations, of a city can largely be accounted for by activities that take place within them. But much of the activity that takes place in a modern city, such as New York, has little or nothing to do with the city as a social entity. The banks, insurance companies and oil companies that have their headquarters in New York are not subsystems of that city. They are subsystems of nationally or internationally dispersed systems. Local manufacturing and transportation facilities are centers of far flung distributive networks. They are merely *in* the city. They are *of* the city only by geographical accident. The city, then, is hardly a system, let alone an adaptive system. It is, rather, the focus of innumerable systems all of which have purposes of their own. These purposes, which have considerable effect upon the shape of the city, may have little or nothing to do with the well-being, however defined, of the city as a whole.

Even that locally oriented activity which has most effect upon the character of cities, construction, is largely uninformed by considerations of the city as a functioning or organic whole. Much construction is speculative and it might not be exaggerated to suggest that buildings are hardly more than the by-product -- or waste product -- of the construction, the primary aim of which is to secure a profit. To the builder the city is not a social unit or habitation or even a place. It is a market in which he can sell buildings as others sell automobiles or overcoats. It may be suggested that American cities are concrete and steel paradigms of laissez-faire economics only slightly tempered by zoning restrictions and the like, just as other operations of private enterprise are only slightly tempered by anti-trust laws, pure food laws and their like. Be this as it may, the physical characteristics of contemporary cities are largely the outcome of decisions made by innumerable private individuals for reasons, usually narrowly defined, of their own. Needless to say, it is only fortuitous when these private, short-run reasons coincide with long-term ecological requirments and the interests of society as a whole.

But where, in the city, do we find society? Cities have populations, but the population of a city is an aggregate, rather than a community. To be sure some aspects of community remain in attenuated form even in New York. There is, for instance, a certain widespread affection for the Mets and a certain feeling of superiority in living in one of the world's great centers. But as important as sentiments may be to a community, a community is more than sentiment. It is a locally bounded social process. For community to exist, or to happen, participation in it must be meaningful. The term "meaningful" here implies two things. First,

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the social process must be "about" something or some things -- beautification of the area, the operation of the schools or the police, local zoning regulations or whatever. Second, participation in the process must be rewarded by responsiveness. Any input by an individual into the process must receive a specific response within a reasonable length of time if his participation is to continue. A community, in other words, is a territorially defined population, organized with reference to concerns of general interest, which includes feedback mechanisms adequate to maintain the participation of a large proportion of the individuals whose interests are at stake.

A city such as New York is not now and can never by itself be a community. It is too large both geographically and demographically. Nor are there many or perhaps any communities of smaller size within the city. Some ethnic enclaves, such as Chinatown, may come close to being communities, and perhaps communities are emerging in the ghettos, as an aspect of rising militancy. But it is safe to say that many or even most New Yorkers do not participate in communities. They often do not know the names of their neighbors, let alone that of their councilman or the principal of the local school. Aside from the possible loneliness this alienation from their surroundings may engender, it leaves the inhabitants of the city powerless to affect the processes that set some of the important conditions of their lives. In particular, it leaves the development of the city to interests that are concerned with other than the ecology of the inhabitants.

Little needs to be said at this point about the governance of cities. It is well known, to say the least, that in the absence of community there is a tendency among politicians with respect to government that parallels that of real estate speculators with respect to land and building. That is, they may come to regard government as a field in which they may advance their personal interests, rather than those of their constituents, who may not even know who they are, let alone what they are doing. Even in the absence of venality, the instruments of government are likely to fall to those components of society which are best organized, and regulatory agencies are frequently captured by those whom they are meant to regulate. This is most clear in the labyrinths of the federal government, but surely a similar process operates in cities as well. It is a disease of government in general but should be mentioned here because of the unorganized nature of the population of cities and because, to the extent that the government of cities rests in the hands of individuals or groups with narrowly defined interests, the restructuring of cities may be impeded or may pursue non-adaptive courses.

But what has been captured by special interests could be recaptured by the inhabitants if they were organized and another problem of the governance of cities is also of importance here. We have been arguing generally that the city, as presently constituted, is not only not adaptive, but hardly even the sort of entity to which the term "adaptive" can be applied. It is an ag-

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gregate of individual interests translated into concrete and inhabited by a large and unorganized population. City governments are organizations, of course, and they are charged with maintaining some degree of orderliness in the heaps over which they preside. But since cities are encompassed by larger entities -- states and nation -- they are only partial governments and as such are frequently unable to fulfill their charge. It is well known that, under the direction of legislatures dominated by rural constituencies, more tax revenues flow out of cities than into them, and as long as the federal congress is dominated by committee chairmen from small towns in the south and west it is unlikel that federal funds will be available to ameliorate even the immediate crises of cities, let alone to finance their restructuring. Perhaps the most important reforms in the governance of cities are not those which should take place in city halls, but those which should be made in state houses and in the seniority rules of congress. The problem of restructuring the ecology of cities is, to a considerable extent, a problem which is not confined to the cities themselves. It is, perhaps, a problem of restructuring the society, its organization, its general governance, and its values. This must be recognized. However, we must proceed as best we can, assuming the existing structure of society to be part of the process of restructuring the society.

In terms of our discussion so far we may say that if the ecologies of cities are to be restructured, the operations of individuals within cities must be made conformable to a conception of the city as a whole, but that the reality of the city as a whole is dependent upon the development of community within the cities, and upon the emergence of city governments that are capable of coping with the problems that lie within their jurisdiction. In more abstract terms, the problem is that of fashioning a general purpose system out of what is presently a conglomeration of special purpose systems. By a general purpose system I mean one which is uncommitted to any specific goal, having instead simply the goal of survival. Such underspecified purpose implies adaptiveness, for the term "survival" assumes an ability to persist through changing circumstances.

I take the term "adaptation" to refer to the processes by which living systems, or systems including organisms, maintain homeostasis in and among themselves in the face of both short term fluctuations in their environments and, through modification of their own structures, in the face of long term changes in the conditions under which they exist.

Homeostasis may be given more or less specific, if not always precise, meaning if it is conceived as a set of goal ranges, ranges which do not endanger the survival of the system.

The simple cybernetic model suggested here has the advantage of empirical specificity, but this may be misleading. For one thing we are not aware of all of the survival needs of systems such as cities. We assume that they include, among other things, the biological needs of the organisms residing therein. These

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would demand for instance that CO and SO_2 emissions must be held below tolerable levels. There are other variables that are not as directly associated with biological needs. Traffic flow, for instance, must be held within a range that is adequate to supply the city and to transport people wherever they must go, but which does not exceed the capacity of the streets. Other needs are neither obvious nor possible to quantify: the possible need of individuals for variation in their visual surroundings, their possible need for grassy places upon which to lie or run. Grass and variety should be maintained in adequate amounts, and so should other things -- the list is probably endless, and we must build regulatory mechanisms that can cope with variables of which we may not even be aware.

But when we refer to the adaptation of a system in a general sense we imply much more than the sum of its special adaptations, much more than a collection of variables and the mechanisms holding them within their goal ranges. For one thing some of the special adaptation may be contradictory, and relations among them must therefore be regulated by mechanisms of a higher order. An adaptive structure includes not only mechanisms regulating material variables -- traffic flow, noxious emissions, quality of water and food, amounts of green space, quality, rate and location of construction and so on, but mechanisms regulating the regulators, and others regulating them. The structure of adaptation is hierarchical, with decreasing specificity at each ascending level. That is, where lower order mechanisms are concerned with specific variables, those of the next echelon are concerned with the maintenance of orderliness among the operations of the regulators subject to them, those of the next echelon, with orderliness ultimately among a yet wider range of variables. As the control hierarchy is ascended the activity shifts from the maintenance of simple orderliness to meta-orderliness, which is too say to the maintenance of flexibility. In other terms, there is a shift from simple management to policy formation.

City governments are control hierarchies, of course. As such they are central to adaptation, but as such they also illustrate some of the pathologies of control hierarchies. The most typically American pathology is one to which I have already alluded in passing, but may mention again. Special purpose systems, businesses and the like, attempt to capture the regulatory agencies to which they are subject, and to elevate their own purposes to positions of preeminence in the more inclusive system. This process, and the attitude justifying it is nicely summed up in the phrase "What is good for General Motors is good for the United States". Usurpation of the place of the general purposes of a lower order system cannot help but be diastrous in the long or even short run because special purposes are, by definition, highly specified, and no matter how benign they may seem their elevation must decrease the adaptiveness of the general purpose system. An adaptive control hierarchy must incorporate means for preventing such usurpation. It is probable, given the persuasiveness of lobbyists and the corruptibility of men, that no defense

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against usurpation can be built into regulatory agencies themselves. Their virtue, I think, can best be preserved by making them subject, in a very direct and immediate way, to those who are affected by the variables which they regulate, which is to say to the inhabitants of the city.

A related pathology, which requires little comment, may be called "bureaucratic sclerosis," the tendency for control hierarchies to become rigid, to lose their ability to correct themselves, because those who man them are likely to have an interest in maintaining things as they are. This is particularly deadly when, as is likely, it is found in association with "institutional deafness," the inability of officials to hear signals expressing discontent with the values of variables which they are charged to regulate. This may be a function of stupidity, insensitivity, stubborness or selfishness on their part, or simply of inadequate feedback. The more elaborate the control hierarchy, the slower information feedback is likely to be, and the greater is the likelihood of information being reduced, filtered or distorted.

It is perhaps paradoxical that the government of cities, which are low in coherence, should be subject to the pathology of hyper-coherence. But regardless of the nature of cities, city services are centralized, and local disruptions are likely to become city-wide. A local dispute in Ocean-Hill-Brownsville, for instance, closed down all of the schools in the city of New York several years ago.

We have noted four pathologies -- and there are surely others -- to which city governments, like all governments, are subject. These pathologies tend to devour flexibility, to reduce adaptiveness, and thus in the long or short run to result in decline or lead to disaster.

The transformation of the heaps which are contemporary cities into adaptive systems requires that there be developed control hierarchies only minimally affected by such pathologies. Such control hierarchies must be simpler and more responsive than those that presently exist. The development of simple and responsive control hierarchies is contingent upon the development of communities, but the development of community requires decentralization.

I do not argue that cities should be dissolved into congeries of autonomous municipalities, but that the city be organized into a number of communities. I do not suggest that a large whole be replaced by smaller ones, but that the conglomerations which presently exist be transformed into coherent wholes composed of indefinite numbers -- in the case of New York perhaps several hundred -- semi-autonomous communities in each of which there resides as many civic functions as possible.

There might be a hierarchy of such communities, but I would regard two as basic. The first of these might correspond to the elementary school district. This is not because I take the school to be strategic but because 1) the school does provide one focus

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of community concern, 2) since in New York there are about 700 elementary schools serving a population of 7,000,000, the population of such districts would approximate 10,000, a population size above which community processes probably cannot easily be sustained but 3) a population size which might justify a local police station, fire station, community center and perhaps other facilities, including, perhaps, a court.

The day to day operation of such a community could be placed in the hands of a salaried manager and small staff, but they could and should serve under the direction of elected officials most or all of whom might serve only part time on small salaries, as do officials in many small towns. The responsibility of the elected officials could include, in addition to the operation of the local school, the supervision of whatever other civic functions might be located in the community, including the activities of the local police who would be encouraged, if not required, to live locally. They also might promulgate some zoning regulations.

Such "primary communities" could, perhaps, be brought together, in groups of five or six, into "secondary communities". A secondary community would include a secondary school and a wider range of municipal services than could be supported in the primary community. Courts could surely be located here and so could inspectors of markets and other such specialized services.

The elected officials of the secondary communities would include representatives from each constituent primary community, and might serve full-time, or there might be, as in the primary community, a professional manager with elected officials serving only part-time.

The development of primary and secondary communities would, I believe, both reduce the size of bureaucracies and make them less vulnerable to the pathologies which I earlier enumerated. The shallower, less complicated control hierarchies implied by the suggestions outlined here would both make the community process possible and be more responsive to the demands of the inhabitants. There is, perhaps, implicit here an assumption that when given an opportunity to participate in community processes, the people who live in the community will tend to support procedures or programs which will defend or restore the ecological soundness of their surroundings. They may not, but if they don't no one else will.

Beyond the secondary community there is the city. Its governmental apparatus would be much reduced, but important functions would remain in it. Most obviously it would provide facilities and services that even the secondary communities could not -- power, higher courts, hospitals, college level education and so on. It would also set standards of performance for activities located in the communities. For instance, while responsibility for the operations of schools and to some extent curriculum decisions might be vested in the communities, criteria of proficiency might be set by a city agency. It should also set levels of tolerance for pollutant emissions and standards for other ecologically relevant variables.

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The basis of community in this scheme is residence, but there are large sections of New York and other cities that are devoted entirely or almost so, to industrial and commercial activities, and the city should retain direct jurisdiction over them. A council of representatives from secondary communities should be central to city government. Since industrial and commercial areas would not be organized as communities they would be unrepresented in government. Such an arrangement would bring under the control of the inhabitants of the city those special purpose systems that contribute disproportionately to environmental difficulties.

Finally, there would reside in the city a general planning function. It might be that once communities became established they could guide their own development, but the establishment of communities might have to be initiated from the outside, and the location of communities in the total geography of the city would be a matter of concern to the city as a whole. Moreover, the physical structure of communities themselves would require some initial planning if they are to be more than conglomerations of buildings and people.

I don't believe that the general proposals that I have made here are unattainable. Indeed, I have advanced them because it seems to me that they can be gradually realized. There are at least two ways in which such communities can come into being. The first and most obvious is through the reconstruction of blighted areas. Such reconstruction would be nothing new; cities already spend great sums of their own or federal money on urban renewal and low-rent housing. I would suggest that, instead of merely building bedrooms, community plans be developed for areas in which construction is to take place. The plans would include the locations and capacities of facilities of various sorts -- not only dwellings and schools and police stations, but also areas allotted to commercial and industrial activities that could be accomodated pleasantly and safely in a residential area. Government itself need not finance the entire cost. Private builders could be given the opportunity to construct various facilities *in accordance with plans*.

I cannot go into the details of such plans. There is no way to know what they would be. Surely they should differ, one from another, and there would surely be continuing changes in the principles of planning in response to experience and developments in technology. There is no reason however, that they could not incorporate a great deal of green space, and perhaps be surrounded by green strips; it might be that they could exclude automobiles or keep them underground, and it might even be that factories, providing some of the community with employment, could also be located underground with the surface conserved for residences, retail establishments, schools and entertainment. But there are more fundamental things to say. Initial building density should be sufficiently sparse to allow some later internal growth, and building materials which are easy to demolish should be favored, for the use of such materials would encourage continual change in response to changed circumstances. Moreover, buildings should be designed for multiple and changing use. The "basic buildings" should enclose a

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large uncommitted general purpose space which would permit subdivision into a variety of temporary special use spaces in quick and sensitive response to changing needs. The over-all plan of the community should also be such as to foreclose as few future alternatives as possible. In short, the design of both individual buildings and the community as a whole should be concerned to preserve as much flexibility -- adaptiveness -- as possible.

A good place to begin to develop primary communities from scratch would be in dilapidated industrial districts. Land is relatively inexpensive in such areas, the population displaced is minimal, and it may be that the industries displaced, or more desirable ones, could be incorporated into the new community in unobnoxious fashion. Although it may never be possible to incorporate heavy industrial plants into them it may be possible to find places in primary communities for lighter industries and offices. If people tended to work in the communities in which they lived an additional benefit of decreased demand upon transportation facilities would be secured.

It would also be possible to create communities in areas which were not to be razed and reconstructed. Essential first would be plans, informed by the goal of creating communities, restricting the uses to which various sites could be put once the buildings standing on them were removed. In addition, a few key seed facilities -- a school, a civic center, a police station -- might need to be built at the outset. Gradually, as buildings were replaced, the physical community would take form in accordance with a plan which itself shold be continuously modified through a developing community process. Implied here is that, as communities come into being as physical entities, either created new and whole, or emerging gradually in accordance with a continually modified plan, they must be granted not only the community functions to which we earlier alluded, but also the right to plan their own further development.

At first, the existence of such quasi-autonomous units would be anomalies in the city's administrative structure, but as more such communities came into being they would begin to transform the administrative structure into something resembling our earlier suggestions, or into something yet more adaptive. It is impossible to say how long such a restructuring of the city might take, for if it is successful it would never be completed. But it might not take very long to create a number of communities. While the plans would be the city's, much of the cost of construction could be born by private individuals willing to comply with the city's plans. I do not propose that private "developers" be drawn into this process because I am concerned to perpetuate them or to assure them profits. I am not so concerned. But I do not regard the abolition of private ownership of real estate as likely in the near future. I am suggesting that the course of action proposed here could avoid possible confrontations with private interests that may well be powerful enough to impede or subvert the process of adaptive restructuring. I am further suggesting that the course of action proposed here would impose limits, based upon considerations of the city as a long

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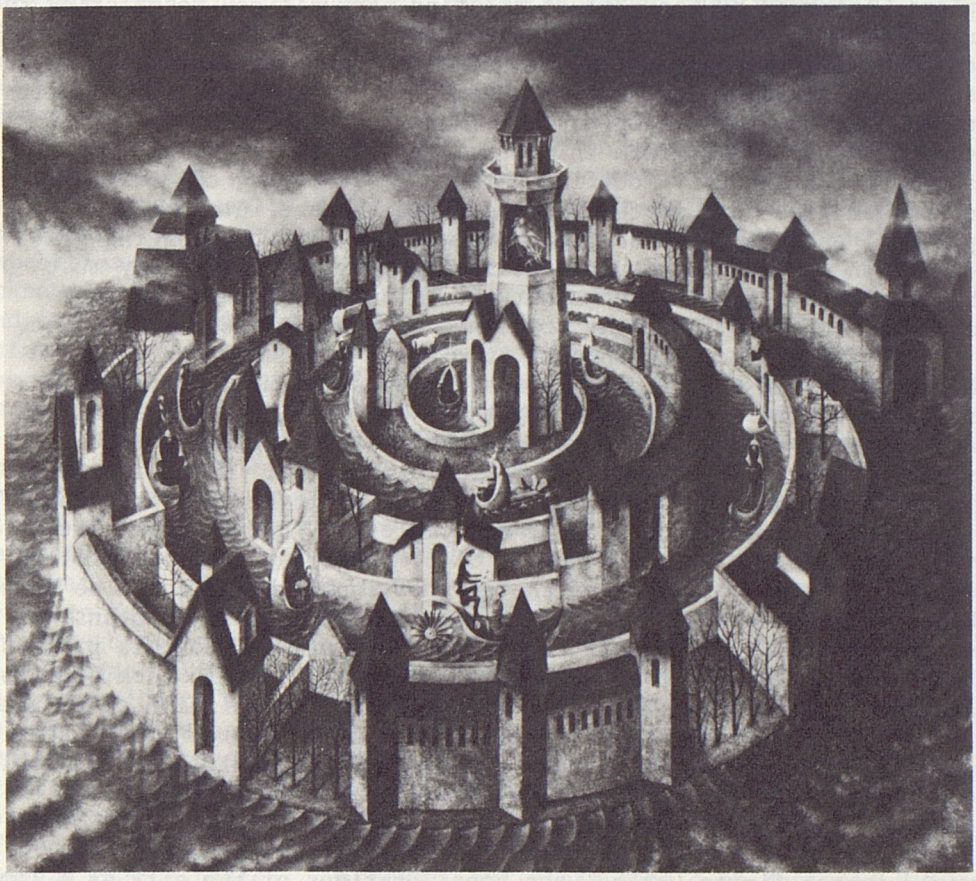
enduring adaptive whole upon the narrowly-defined short-run interests of private developers. If we are going to have private developers it is crucial that we subordinate their goals to the interests of society at large.

It may be hoped that the process of reconstruction more hinted at than described here would be both self-organizing and accelerating. If early community projects were successful it is plausible to assume that both people and capital would be attracted to the social and physical construction of others.

The life of buildings in New York has generally been under 100 years; for better or worse the city of 2070 will be very different from what we see around us. What is needed are plans, but plans that are very much underspecified, for what is to be planned is not an ideal city, but a city that can preserve its adaptiveness rather than its buildings.



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SYLVIA RODRÍGUEZ: THE TRICKSTER

Introduction

A rich and comprehensive study of the Amerindian Trickster could fill volumes: perhaps one on myth, one on ceremony, and one of plates and maps; alongside such a proposal, this essay is barely even exploratory. Language and consciousness are equally topics here, where I have attempted to interlink Amerindian and Asia shamanism to material on mythic and ritual buffoonery, and to the 'language' of mythopoesis -- via a dynamic, conceptual model of the dissociation of consciousness. There is much that I have not accomplished, for example a study in depth of any one of the traditions or fundamental ideas employed in the discussion. Development in the direction towards which the research underlying this essay has been addressed, namely a consciousness of consciousness itself, must necessarily entail a practical side: such as work on the methodological or experiential dimensions of hypnosis, personal contact with schizophrenics with attention to language, or experimentation with an electroencephalograph.

Because this paper is not a critical discussion of anyone else's theories or work, I have chosen not to pursue certain issues that might to some seem overlooked. Rather I have posited my own problem, and proceeded to try to investigate it. The essay is a discursive step in a process that admits of being synchronous.

PART I

The Trickster

The Trickster is probably the most ubiquitous and important figure in North American Indian mythology. Paul Radin, who has written the only focal study of Amerindian Trickster cycles, calls the half divine hero-buffoon "the oldest of all figures in American Indian mythology, probably in all mythogies".

Problems of origin or distribution are rendered particularly thorny--and perhaps fruitless, by the fact that the Trickster seems so universally familiar. His nature is one of profound foolishness: he is comic and perverse, and his behaviour is always contrary to social norms and even the laws of nature. As he wanders through the mythically pristine realm wherein animals, men and spirits have not yet become segregated, the Trickster is continuously scheming and trying to get the better of others, or else he is suffering the backfire of his own wicked tricks. He is unabashedly deceitful, ravenous and lustful, yet his malice is wedded to a peculiar comic innocence that is in turn balanced by his god-like, supernatural powers. As part of oral tradition, Trickster tales are especially popular--in America as elsewhere*,

* For example in Africa: see Evans-Pritchard's The Zande Trickster, 1967

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precisely because of the hero's ambivalent and hence amusing character.

According to Radin, two denominators underlie the broad span of Amerindian Trickster tales:

> Despite tremendous differences, most of them agree in two respects: that Trickster is represented as the creator of the world and the establisher of culture, and that there is no fixed sequence in the order in which the episodes connected with him are told.

The episodes belong to what Radin considers to be the Trickster cycle proper, the buffoon stories in which Wakjunkaga--it being the Winnebago cycle focused upon, passes through a series of Rabelaisian adventures whose themes are often extravagantly sexual, scatalogical, or oral. In Radin's analysis the divine creator-hero and buffoon stories belong to separable mythical strains. As a mixed form he vaguely connects the Trickster cycle with the culture-hero or twin god tradition, whereas in its original and "purer" form, he suggests that it may have begun "with an account of a nondescript person obsessed by hunger, by an uncontrollable urge to wander and by sexuality"--an "old man" in the sense of primal man: a "Priapus-like protagonist" wandering about in a mythical, "archaic and primordial past, where as yet there existed no clear-cut differentiation between the divine and the non-divine...For this period," he concludes, "Trickster is the symbol."

In spite of his negative statement regarding the episodic order of Trickster tales on a pan-American level, Radin discerns in the Winnebago cycle, which he presents as a rarely complete specimen, a definite sequential development. The series depicts an evolution of the hero's consciousness: his gradual transformation from an "amorphous" and psychologically undifferentiated being into a "new psychical orientation and environment".

While Radin does not explore the relationship between the Trickster's dual aspects of creator and buffoon, it is obvious that this dichotomy is at the very core of the entire mythological cycle. Among the Winnebago as elsewhere in America, Trickster tales belong to the sacredmost tradition--called in the former case "Waikan" lore; while the exploits are profoundly irreverent and entertaining, they are at the same time explanations of the emergence of primary traits, among animals and men. Most commonly the actual creation myths involve Trickster's establishment of earth out of primal flood conditions, or his bringing of light into a world of primordial darkness.

Among the Assiniboine the Trickster-creator Sitconski has muskrat dive beneath the waters for some mud, with which to make land. In the Maidu myth Turtle does the diving at the behest of Earth Initiate, who "comes from above", descending luminous-bodied onto a raft via a rope of feathers. Raven of the Northwest Coast mythology alights upon a flood-surrounded stone and steals light in the form of people's eyes. According to the Tsimshian version, Raven sheds his birdskin and incarnates as an infant into the house of "old" people; he then steals daylight from them and brings it to the world of men, who ignore him because he is such a fool. The Tlinget Raven, being engendered by stone and undifferentiated primordial energy, is immortal and a cre-

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ator, as well as thief and bringer of light; he is sent to preside over earth, but his grotesque blunders result in man's mortality. In the parallel Maidu version the Trickster appears as Coyote--it is noteworthy that the raven and coyote are by far the most common animal Tricksters in North America. Coyote, along with his "dog Rattlesnake", result from the light-flashing manifestations of Earth Initiate; he possesses sacred power and tries to imitate the divine creation, but his deception backfires and so men must die. Manabozho, one of the better known anthropomorphic Tricksters, found for example among the Menomeni, comes into the world with his brother wolf and a sharp flint stone, as the result of a divine visitation: his father Kisha Mando is manitou, or sacred primal energy.

All of the Trickster stories share common themes. As Radin points out, the figure's archaic status is attested to by the fact that "he is so frequently connected with what was regarded in all American Indian cosmologies as among the oldest of all natural phenomena, rock and sun". Buffoon motifs include Trickster's diving for reflected food, tricking ducks into dance in order to make a meal of them, battling with his own autonomous body parts or devouring his own intestine; the majority of episodes have to do with eating, excreting, or sex: there is no limit to Trickster's appetites, or what he will attempt in order to satisfy them. He is monolithically phallic in some episodes, while in others he has switched completely and impostures a woman who bears children. Trickster wanders unceasingly, and is conversant, as well as licentious, with all:

> He ambled along calling all the objects in the world younger brothers when speaking to them. He and all objects in the world understood one another, understood, indeed, one another's language.

As Wakjunkaga ("the tricky one") moves through the cycle he acquires knowledge of his own bodily dimensions, of his name and its meaning, and finally he becomes aware of, or recalls, the reason for which he was created. He is "depicted as completely unconnected with the world of man and as gradually evolving from an amorphous, instinctual and unintegrated being into one with the lineaments of man and one foreshadowing man's psychical traits". The purpose to which Wakjunkaga finally recalls himself is significant:

> The Mississippi is a spirit-village and the river is its main road. He knew that the river was going to be inhabited by Indians and that is why he travelled down it. Whatever he thought might be a hindrance to the Indians he changed. He suddenly recollected the purpose for which he had been sent to the earth by Earthmaker. That is why he removed all the obstacles along the river.

The Trickster is an embodiment of contradictions. He meanders through the world in a muddle of psychic dizziness, ignorant but sly, and destructive to all order; at the same time he is a divine messenger, sent to earth with sacred knowledge and power. As Radin puts it, Wakjunkaga is found at the beginning of the cycle

> ...pretending to be thoroughly socialized and about to embark on a warparty. But let me tell you what he really is: an utter fool,

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a breaker of the most holy taboos, a destroyer of the most sacred objects.

Thus is Trickster's twofold and opposite nature: he is a cunningly deceitful, grotesquely backward idiot, a sacred benefactor and bringer of divine light.

A dynamic and vivid expression of this duality is found in the Sioux tradition, where Iktomi is Trickster. He is born of Rock ('the only object in nature not created round', the "impliment of destruction") and the Winged God, Wakinyan, who is thunder and dwells in the west, whence "all that are sacred come". Wakinyan's principles are anti-natural and humanly incomprehensible; the diety is of paradoxical and bird-like dimensions, and must be addressed in opposite speech. Anyone seeing this lightening-flashing god in its unanthropomorphized form is rendered "heyoka", and becomes a sacred clown ritually compelled to perform trickery and behave in an anti-natural manner analagous to that of Iktomi. Mythologically, Iktomi is a contrary spirit, impish and even malicious, but also a sacred being and a messenger;

> He has the potencies of a God, but is a misanthropic being, and delights in making others the butts of ridicule. He is crafty and cruel, but is often the victim of his own schemes. He invented languages and gave common names to all things.

Furthermore, "It is taught that the wolf and coyote were accomplices of Iktomi and Wazi, the wizard, and did their bidding". Wakinyan visions or dreams of thunder or lightening issued from the west, and their very potency necessitated intense ritual requirements for the members of the heyoka cult. These latter wore supremely powerful shamans and curers as well, considered at ceremonial moments to be so highly charged with sacred energy as to be dangerous--like extreme electrical voltage.

Black Elk's personal narrative of his visionary life is illustrative in this respect. A sublime Wakinyan or Thunder being vision experienced during a childhood illness determined his life as a shaman and heyoka. One of the extremely sacred visions he had was tribally reenacted in a kind of paradox ritual wherein, for example, the sacrificial strangulation, dismemberment, boiling and eating of a dog were juxtaposed to the riotous trickery and absurd behaviour of thirty heyokas. Laughter and dread were simultaneously evoked in such a heyoka ceremony in order to express the utmost, inexpressible sacred power. Such ritual settings of incongruity were a frequent phenomenon throughout North America, and one is reminded of the double-faced Latin etymology of the word "sacred", which meant both holy and accursed, or defiled.

The Plains shamanic tradition was well developed. Spiritual knowledge was gained primarily in visions and it was imparted in a "ceremonial language". "This language", says Walker, "is made up of common words to which an esoteric meaning is given and of strange words that are known only by the Shamans". The hoyoka shamans, who received unsolicited visions, all possessed their own songs learned during revelation. On ceremonial occasions each clown would sing his own out of unison with the others, "thus producing a riot of voices". Instruction in the sacredmost lore was also transmitted in the sacred language. Sacred power or "wakan" was held to be implicit in songs--which were a highly valued form of property. Shamans played a pivotal role in Plains spiritual life. They were the direct and chosen media of com-

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munication between the world of spirit and that of man.

As sacred messengers the mythical Trickster and the shaman are alike; their connection is most vividly played out in the dimension of ceremony or ritual. The shaman performs ceremonial "tricks"--as Lowie says, "to establish himself as a wonderworker". Among the Plains shamans and hoyokas alike were "masters at sleight-of-hand", who might thrust their arms into boiling water, fire walk, or perform any number of equally miraculous feats.

Steward has determined a wide distribution of ceremonial buffoons in North America, with particular prominence in the Southwest, Plains, California and Northwest Coast. The clown, like his mythical counterpart with whom he seems to be concomitantly distributed, "is the person par excellence who is priveleged to ridicule, burlesque and defile the most sacred and important ceremonies, persons and customs. He is liscensed to behave as no ordinary human being would dream of behaving. He is held accountable for nothing." The comic themes employed by ceremonial buffoons are essentially the same as those found in Trickster myths: burlesque of the sacred and socio-religiously ordered, obscenity and rank stupidity, ironic disaster, caricature of important figures or strangers, unrestrained appetites of any kind.

Among the Pueblos the clowns had mythically-validated clan organization, and were associated with healing or more frequently with weather control: rainmaking. They also had ceremonial functions as sergeants-at-arms, and served "as well...through their license in speech and song a similar function in domestic matters, ridicule being a strong weapon among the Pueblos". Parsons says of the Town Koshare that "Formerly they had a permanent organization, a chieftaincy, and they are possessed of altar paraphernalia. They consider themselves leaders and fathers of the Koshina"--which is to say they are extremely sacred. The costumed clowns' supernatural powers are held in awe by everyone else; at Laguna they cure for lightening shock, and the Zuni believe that "anyone touching a Koyemshi with paint on will go crazy". Yaqui and Mayo ceremonial clowns are found amidst a religious complex of intermingled indigenous and Spanish Catholic elements "centering about extensive ceremonies culminating in a week-long dramatization of the life and death of Christ". Sonoran ritual buffoons, like those further north, are unspeakably sacred figures. Beals reports that during Lent the Yaqui suspended civil government and the clowns took control of all civil and religious duties; they were considered the ceremonial servitors of Christ, and when masked were required not to speak, but prayed continuously, holding crucifixes from special rosaries in their mouths. At the same time their obscene mockery held a perverse and contrary mirror to the intensely religious proceedings of Holy Week. Beals and Parsons note aboriginal as well as European affinities. The broad Amerindian distribution of Tricksters and clowns is apparent, while in any case Beals "inclines to see in the Mexican and New Mexican clowns the devil-clown of the European medieval miracle play and religious folk dances (the fellow himself introduced by Spanish friars and devotees)". Buffoon figures abound within both the European and Amerindian cultural traditions, as does humor--arising out of universal psycho-social operants, proliferate among all peoples.

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Radin mentions sacred feasts among the Winnebago at which performances of ribald satire took place; the Maya are noted to have had jesters, the Aztec had ceremonial buffoons. European or Old World culture in general contains all manner of saturnalian and buffoonery traditions, including the Feast of Fools as well as court jesters and troubadours, and the idiot poet-seer figure so important in early Irish and Arab traditions. The latter, as a matter of fact, prove relevant to a consideration of shamanic tradition.

Shamanism and clown societies flourished on the Northwest Coast, as did the Raven Trickster. The Kwakiutl held dramatic performances at which the Fool Dancers, "made gagixit", or affected with a certain madness, rushed about committing acts of frenzied trickery. The Raven, and avian imagery in general, comes from Siberia where, as elsewhere in northeastern Asia, bird and flight motifs are always linked to shamanism. Among Asian and American Eskimos the shamanistic performances, held for curative or mantic purposes, are described as "seances", hallmarked by the shaman's soul-flight or the visitations of spirits and other uncanny phemomena. The following impressionistic account, given by Rasmussen, conveys the ambience:

> And suddenly it seemed as if nature around us became alive. We saw the storm riding across the sky in the speed and thronging of naked spirits. We saw the crowd of fleeing dead ones come swooping through the billows of the blizzard, and all visions and sounds centered on the wing-beats of the great birds for which Kigiuna (the angakok) had made us strain our ears.

Ethnographic accounts stress the extraordinary ventriloquistic abilities and ingenious techniques of legerdemain displayed by shamans.

The shamanistic temperament has been the object of much ethnopsychological speculation, and it has been common in anthropological literature to treat the topic in terms of our own psycho-pathological categories. Yet apart from the delicate problems of cultural relativism or scholarly dispassion, one is invariably struck by the personal accounts of many early--and not unsympathetic--ethnographers such as Bogoras:

> The shamans among the Chuckchee with whom I conversed were as a rule extremely excitable, almost hysterical, and not a few of them were half crazy. Their cunning in the use of deceit in their art closely resembled the cunning of a lunatic.

His descriptions, like those of other investigators, indicate that even within their own socio-cultural contexts shamans were usually eccentric types, valued nonetheless for their amazing visionary and curative powers.

But before moving into a consideration of shamanism, its relationship to the mythical Trickster should be re-examined. The figures of Trickster and shaman are found to be alike in a number of respects. Essentially they are both messengers, and as mediators they are intermediate figures; Lévi-Strauss has accurately pointed out this fact in relation to the Trickster and commented upon it. He explains why it is

> ...that throughout North America his role is assigned practically everywhere to either coyote or raven...the argument is as follows: carrion-eating animals are like beasts of prey (they eat animal food), but they are also like food producers (they do not kill what

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they eat). Or to put it...Pueblo style: ravens are to gardens as beasts of prey are to herbivorous animals.

The dynamic is cast in Lévi-Strauss ever-present dialectic, when he links messiah > diosouri > trickster > bisexual being > sibling pair...> triad

What is significant here is that as "Coyote (a carrion-eater) is intermediary between herbivorous and carnivorous", so is the shaman intermediary between spirit and matter--or to put it anthropologically, between the worlds of spirits and men.

Both perform trickery: the Trickster is a mythological embodiment of paradoxical behavior; his nameless wandering and deceitful, libidinous activity are comically and perversely linked to his cosmic destiny as creator and lightbringer. Likewise is the shaman a deceiver, a 'cunning lunatic' whose role it is to embody the spiritual life of his group, all the while balancing his madness with an ability to create ritual, with his curative acts, mantic utterances and songs, and his masterful evocations of an uncanny ambience. This last requires the famous legerdemain to which ethnographers attribute such phenomena as tent-shaking, juggling, scarless intestinal surgery, or the activity and dramatic voices of unseen beings.

The Trickster is notoriously sly, greedy, and malicious, and speaking of the Northwest Coast, Spencer tells that shamans were to be treated with deference and circumspection, because they

> ...were reputedly mean, envious, hard to get along with. Acts of black magic and sorcery, along with incest the greatest crimes in these societies, could be attributed to their malice and evil intentions.

Similar is the association of singers and witches among the Navajo. Coyote is cousin to the wolf, whose ghoulism and witchcraft make up the gruesome subject matter of the nightmarish Navajo Wolf tales. Speaking of Southwestern ceremonial buffoonery, Beals suggests that "the conception of contrary behavior might lead to the idea that the clowns connected with curing societies were possessed also of black magic".*

In keeping with a broadly Freudian vocabulary, the "oral" aspect of Trickster and shaman lore is noteworthy: hunger, food or mouth motifs are common in the myths, and perhaps the single most important product of a shaman is his utterance, be it mantic or poetic, curative or magical incantation--or a curse. The Trickster creates language and names things.

* It would be worthwhile to examine the phenomenon of 'contrary' or 'backward' behaviour in light of the psychological concept of regression. The systematic reversal of any dynamic order implies a reversal of time, and as conceptual geometry, the idea involves revolution. Geza Roheim's theory that dreams, themselves psychological regressions to pre-uterine memories, were the basis of mythical-spiritual concepts affords food for thought. He makes a striking suggestion:"...revolving is not merely a functional representation of the moment of falling asleep but also a condensed symbolism of coitus and uterine regression". Whirlpool imagery is common in hypnosis, as evinced by the many variations of the hypnotic spiral. The whirlpool or vortex is in fact a spatial metaphor for time.

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One writer has discerned two abstract forms of the Trickster, and called them "progressive" and "regressive". The distinction is very useful in that it delineates the contrastive directions of the Trickster's or shaman's transformative powers. In his essay on the psychology of the Trickster, Carl Jung identifies the figure in its regressive aspect with the "shadow" archetype, and states that "...in his clearest manifestations he is a faithful copy of an absolutely undifferentiated human consciousness, corresponding to a psyche that has hardly left the animal level". The Trickster reflects "an earlier, rudimentary stage of consciousness", and

> "...is a forerunner of the saviour, and, like him, God, man, and animal at once. He is both subhuman and superhuman, a bestial and divine being, whose chief and most alarming characteristic is his unconsciousness.

As has been said before, the Winnebago cycle episodically describes the transformation of Wakjunkaga's consciousness. At the end of this mythologized evolution, the Trickster, like the shaman-seer, knows what the ordinary mortal man can never know: the purpose and very nature of his existence, his role in the divine creation. Again referring to the Trickster, Jung says,

> As in its collective, mythological form, so also the individual shadow contains within it the seed of an enantiodromia, of a conversion into its opposite.

The idea is comparable to W. B. Yeat's description of the mythopoetic prototype of the Fool, whom he calls the "Natural man", whose

> ...true business (is) to become his own opposite...At his worst his hands and feet and eyes, his will and his feelings, obey obscure subconscious fantasies, while at his best he would know all wisdom if he could know anything.

Does the foregoing mean that the various Trickster myths are "about" the development or process of human consciousness itself? And if this should be the case, what then is the significance of the shaman, whose role is so deeply embedded in the mythical tradition of his society? Using these questions as a point of departure, one must keep in mind the dual and intermediate natures of both Trickster and shaman.

Lévi-Strauss has proposed that the meaning of a given myth can be discerned by the systematic sorting of "gross constituent units" on a linguistic model, so that such "bundles of relations" can be examined so as to yield decisive patterns or fundamental structures underlying the particular "utterance" of mythical language. His method of structural analysis is not free of technical difficulties, nor are the theoretical questions to which it gives rise quickly resolved. Probably the happiest consequence of the otherwise regrettable fact that the North American--or any other Trickster myths have not been submitted to a complete structural analysis is that the issues, at least for the time being, need not be undertaken. Nevertheless, let it be one of the theoretical contentions of the present paper that a full-blown structural analysis would reveal the Trickster myths to be about language; in other words, if Lévi-Strauss' hypothesis that myth and ritual inform a dialectical relationship is correct, then it is proposed here that the synthetic or mediating component of the Trickster myth would be the principle of mediation itself. Since the analysis has not been made, the relationship between Trickster and language will be approached

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through the ritual dimension of shamanism.

As a "progressive" figure, the shaman may be looked at on the one hand in terms of his significance within the development of oral literary tradition, and on the other in terms of his role as 'magician', or ritual manipulator of reality. The shaman, particularly in his highly developed Asian and Eskimo forms, is both psychopomp and seer, and as demonstrated in the extensive scholarly writings of N.K. Chadwick, "mantic art has been equally associated with the gift of poetry..." within shamanic tradition. Another important and ill-understood component of shamanism is, as Eliade has put it, "ecstasis" --or, in other words, trance. In the words of Chadwick,

> Among the shaman's religious functions that of prophesying or speaking on religious subjects in an exalted condition of mind approximating to a trance is one of the most important. To what extent the shaman is actually in a dissociated condition during these manifestations of his 'power' is one of the questions chiefly exercising the minds of ethnologists at the present time.

Speaking of the Altai Tartars, Chadwick describes the shaman's art as the dramatic production of ritual, in which he "is the sole performer, and which consists of a combination of dance, song, and extempore poetry, together with a considerable amount of mimesis".

As poet-psychopomp the shaman has Orphic affinities, but the parallel par excellence in Western myth is Hermes, messenger of the gods, thief and deceiver, a creator of songs, brother to Apollo god of light, and "Psychopompos (leader of souls), who conducts the souls of the dead to the dark regions of Hades".

In his discussion of the mythical development of Hermes in Greek literary tradition, Norman O. Brown points out the relationship among the herm or "sacred stone heap" placed on graves and the ithyphallic art lithics, the boundary stone and Hermes "god of doors", who is also a trickster-magician, Greek etymology reveals the meaning or "herald", a hermetic vocation, to be "expert sound-maker", who pre-Homerically was "the leader in both the rituals and the incantations of primitive magic, inspired by the mythological concept of the diety who is himself both a herald and a magician", Heralds were bards or experts "in runes and other forms of word-magic". Like the shaman and Amerindian Trickster, Hermes has a Janus-like, split personality; all three display cunning idiocy, knowledge of the unknown, and all are makers of "word magic".

The connection between ritual mantic-poetic utterance and the phenomenology of psychic dissociation is fascinating, and all but understood. The data indicate that shamanic inspiration occurs in a state of 'ecstasis'; furthermore, poetic inspiration is etymologically and conceptually linked to cairns or grave imagery--and to the notion that such esoteric knowledge is vouchsafed by muses or the spirit realm of the dead. The spirit journeys of Eskimo, Siberian and central Asian shamanic lore are among the best documented. As Eliade observes, "... cataleptic trance...has every appearance of death", and as an objective manifestation, it can be logically linked to subjective accounts of soul-flight, which in turn relate to the avian metaphors and bird cos-

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tumes associated with shamanism. It is practically a commonplace that the spirit journey is archetypally metaphorical for the death-rebirth process of any form of shamanic or esoteric initiation. Descriptions of the Upper and Under worlds in early Tartar oral tradition are suggestive, as Chadwick points out, of Lamaistic affinities, and indeed striking cosmological-structural parallels exist between early Tartar epic poetry and the Tibetan Bardo Thödol, which is an ancient "ars moriendi" sound-guide, pronounced aloud to assist disembodied souls through the realm between death and rebirth.*
The Tartar "nekyiai", or "narratives of religious mysteries...or their prototypes", says Chadwick,

> ...were originally designed to bring men and women into touch with the mysteries of rebirth, as the religious dramatic poetry of the Altai and other Mongol (Buryat) peoples is designed to bring knowledge of the Heavens above. The shaman, himself a being of neither sex**, a being in whom the spiritual element is developed at the expense of the flesh, an approximation to a disembodied spirit or a soul, is capable of passing from one sphere to another, or of conducting in safety the souls of his audience. The success of the mystery which he is thus conducting must depend on his skill in extempore poetical composition, and it is undoubtedly to these poetical compositions of the shamans...that we are ultimately indebted for the subjects treated in the spiritual narrative poems.

References to an esoteric language learned from other shamans or inspirationally from the spirits themselves occur throughout North American, Arctic-Siberian, and Asian shamanic traditions. It has already been noted that Plains shamans used such language, and the Eskimo angakok

> ...employs...a strange dialect in his incantations, not spoken in everyday life. This quaint and peculiar tongue in which he appropriately speaks when confabulating with the spirits enhances his repute as a person who transcends earthly existence and belongs to the spiritual sphere.

Ethnographies indicate that the language(s) contained archaic and metaphorical words, whose usage was incomprehensible to non-shamans, including ethnographers. Boas and Rasmussen recorded fragments of shamanic spirit-language--often under circumstances that are poorly documented, and at least some of these relics turn out to be the words to hymns or chants. They

* In fact similar parallels in structure and imagery are to be found between the Bardo Thödol or Tibetan Book of the Dead and the Great Vision described by Black Elk; these center mainly around the cosmic cardinal points and the qualities or powers associated with them, and the six Dhyani Buddhas encountered in the Bardo and the six Gradfathers seen by Black Elk.

** Begeras has discussed the bisexuality of shamans who, along with other characteristics such as an unusual propensity for long periods of sleep and a peculiar, remote look in the eyes, are given to switches in their social-sexual roles.

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...have to do with supernatural and unreal things, so ordinary people do not need to understand them. The wisdom in them is concealed, and one must simply utter the words, which have a power of their own.

In any case it is useful to remember that music is part of ritual, and as Chadwick says,

The means most frequently employed to summon spirits and to converse with them is music. Music is the language of the spirits.

Or elsewhere,

Music is everywhere the medium of communication with spirits. Invariably we find that the poet and seer attributes his inspiration to contact with supernatural powers, and his mood during prophetic utterance is exalted and remote from that of his normal existence... in addition to this we find a common vocabulary of technical terms which goes back to early times.

The psycho-neurological operations inherent in mantic-poetic utterance are tremendously important:

There is perhaps no aspect of shamanism which we await with so much eager expectation as the conclusion of the psychologists, who alone are competent to interpret the evidence on the matter. It is commonly insisted on by experts that the shaman recites in a condition of dissociation more or less complete what he has previously soaked in during daily life. The mind, moving on traditional lines, reproduces unconsciously what it has previously assimilated...But where and when, one wonders, could the (Tartar) shaman have acquired the knowledge and the art revealed in his extempore songs, or practised to such perfection the dance and the ventriloquil displays which he performs in his ecstasy? The literary and ethnographical evidence suggests rather that they are the result of extreme concentration at the time of performance. The stimulants* have put him into a condition of mental exaltation, so that he is at concert pitch, in a more elevated frame of mind than his fellows.

A glance at the early Arab and Irish oral literary traditions confirms that the poet-seer is also a mad fool. In her detailed work on the 'literary and social history' of the Fool, Enid Welsford quotes from Ibn Khaldun's classic *Müqaddama:* "The mad have cast upon their tongues words from the Unseen and they tell them". The legendary Nasr-ed-Din Hodja, so important in Sufit tradition, is such a poet-prophet figure or "shā'ir":

The cult of Nasr-ed-Din, indeed, seems to offer an instance of the canonization of a buffoon rather than of the degeneration of a seer into a jester, but at any rate it exemplifies the tendency to connect folly and sanctity together.

* Chadwick mentions the use of tobacco and alcohol prior to performance; chanting and incessant drum-beat are known to be hypnotic: rhythmic repition and the breathing patterns required by vigorous chanting are classical techniques of 'dissociation'--as demonstrated in both Yoga and Mantra. Another means for producing non-ordinary or in some way dissociated states of consciousness is the ingestion of Ely Agaric or the Amanita mascaria mushroom, use of which Bogoras has documented for the Chuckchee; Wasson's more recent monumental researches reveal a wide distribution and use of the mushroom throughout Russia and much of Central Asia.

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The motley tatters of an idiot saint or divine fool are in fact the garb of a dervish order--dervishes being most famous for their ecstatic dancing and song. According to Welsford,

> ...the shā'ir or poet-seer was not originally a man who possessed the art of expressing himself in moving verse, but rather a man endowed with supernatural power and knowledge, which he uttered in a peculiar type of prose called saj, which later developed into regular metre but continued to be used in its original form by the Kahins (soothsayers) as a means to induce hypnosis.

The Irish counterpart of the shā'ir was the fili ("a seer"), "a curious amalgam of wizard, entertainer and antiquarian...well-trained versifier...a man possessed of supernatural gifts which enabled him to foretell the future and satirize his enemies with deadly effect". The connection between madness and flying, growing feathers and becoming a bird is found in Irish tradition, in which the seer-poet is met on the one hand as a lunatic in feathered robes, and on the other as a disciplined and knowledgeable specialist, who as a novice was required to undergo elaborate training procedures that employed riddles to test the

> ...candidate's knowledge of the 'secret language of the poets', a phrase which probably denotes an elaborately conventional poetic diction and goes back to a time when 'master of metaphor' was not an art but a science; not a happy gift for conveying nuances of meaning, but the mark of initiation into an esoteric code. This proficiency in poetic diction and antiquarian lore was probably the chief quality tested in the poetic wit-combats* which are frequently mentioned in Irish literature.

To try to define the fine line between lunacy and inspiration, or between incomprehensible babble and sacred, world transforming utterance, is like trying to catch hold of an ever-shifting thread of quicksilver that slips and trickles through the fingers, or shatters into countless disconnected drops. And it is Mercury with which this segment will conclude. The development of Hermes throughout what may loosely be called Western-Judeo philosophical tradition is interesting, in that it is by definition esoteric: sealed, hermetically as it were, like a bottled imp. The "Spirit Mercurius", as identified by Jung, was a distillation in medieval alchemical lore, the key substance or "prima materia" with which the allegorical 'chemistry' of synthesis was begun, as well as the laboriously sought-after gold.

> Besides being the prima materia of the lowly beginning as well as the lapis as the highest goal, Mercurius is also the process which lies between, and the means by which it is effected. He is called the Mediator, Serviter, and Salvator.

The duplicity and volitile properties of quicksilver are distilled in Mercurius, who or which "consists of all conceivable opposites". As an archetypal, dynamic symbol operative in Jung's psychology of psychic integration or "individuation", Mercurius "represents on the one hand the self and on the other the individuation process and, because of the limitless number of his names, also the collective unconscious".

* Song and wit contests also occurred on the Northwest Coast, as well as among Siberian and American Eskimo shamans.

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As paradox, Mercurius denies itself; in order to do so it must be dynamic or transformative--as is the very process of consciousness; it is the psyche's own symbol for itself.

PART II

Language and Dissociation

I felt a cleavage in my mind
  As if my brain had split;
I tried to match them seam by seam,
  But could not make them fit.

The thought behind I strove to join
  Unto the thought before
But sequence ravelled out of reach
  Like balls upon a floor.
(Emily Dickinson)

Any inquiry into the nature of mind or consciousness must involve a consideration of language. Whorf was preoccupied with the relationship between language and thought as have been a good number of linguistic theorists after him, and more recently investigators have sought to understand the psycho-mental disturbances apparent in schizophrenia by studying its speech patterns. In fact the work done in the past few years on psycholinguistics and schizophrenia proves significant and valuable to the present discussion. Perhaps this connection can be most effectively dealt with in terms of the pivotal concept of dissociation. In a basic, socio-psychological sense, dissociation may be defined as split consciousness. Such consciousness is characterized by a simultaneous awareness of and psychological response to two--or perhaps more--separate orders of "reality", each involving its own logic and coherence. There may be conflict between--or among--the different orders, or so it appears in the case of the schizophrenic, whose techniques of communication belie, in the theory of Bateson, a situation in which the individual has had to respond to the continuous logical and emotional ambivalence of a "double-bind". A condition of discrepancy between social context and behavior, or to put it another way context and meaning, is the kind of duplistic "environment of disturbed communication" to which a schizophrenic has reacted; by means of the "paleologio" or "paralogic" of wish-fulfillment he recreates a private language that can be as duplistic and shifting as its context. Discussing the comparable aspects of poesis and schizophrenic communication, Forrest has noted that subject to the same intense preoccupation with the form of words or language as the poet, the schizophrenic "finds it more difficult to speak his mind (than ordinary people), and may sometime use his words to fill out a form at the expense of not having them express his thoughts". As Bateson describes it, the double bind is a paradoxical situation: it is the schizophrenic's psycho-social matrix, in which his interpersonal relationships are underlain--or overborne--with an essential, always half disguised message: heads I win, tails you lose.

> ...he must live in a universe where sequences of events are such that his unconventional communicational habits will be in some sense appropriate.

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The schizophrenic, says Kasanin, "takes all possibilities into simultaneous consideration". The very nature of the schizophrenic's communicational mode, which is based largely on, or derived from, discrepant or contradictory "metacommunicational" or contextual factors, expresses a psychological schism.

Following Haley, Bateson has dealt with the symptoms of schizophrenia in terms of a lack of discrimination between logical types, or different levels of abstraction. Lorenz believes that linguisitically, schizophrenic speech is expressive of internal, emotional conditions rather than explicitly representational of cognitive content--as is ordinary language, which "...implicitly and automatically involves communication as an external value, representation as its counterpart--on a psychological level". Lorenz's distinction between 'communicative' and 'expressive' language is reminiscent of that made by Langer, who posited two types of symbolism, "discursive" and "presentational": the former being of intellectual content, logical and sequential, referent to events and relations that occur at the level of objective, externally perceived reality. Presentational symbolism, on the other hand, she characterizes as directly expressive of simultaneous inner events and relationships that are emotionally experienced, and whose symbols "are involved in a simultaneous, integral presentation". What she is conceptualizing about of course, is the language of art as opposed to that of rational, discursive thinking. And while Forrest accurately points out that a schizophrenic's language is not exclusively expressive--because of a susceptibility to the formal aspects of language as well as a need to be as inexplicit as possible, he is, like the poet, "making something, not merely describing something, or performing, or communicating, or giving vent to something".

Poesis, says Forrest, is the "construction of linguistic systems for the authority they may confer to statements made within them"; the idiosyncratic language of a schizophrenic is such a production. His communicational permutations, "word magic" (Arieti employed the term) and continuous usage of double meanings, reveal a mind fractured by an environment of fractured interpersonal relationships. His linguistic reshuffling affords "a modest measure of unsuspected satisfaction" insofar as it not only expresses, but actually accomplishes wish-fulfillment as well as camouflage. One is reminded of Freud's concept of the "omnipotence of thoughts" operative in artistic creation, in which "a man who is consumed by desires performs something resembling the accomplishments of those desires and...what he does in play produces emotional effects--thanks to artistic illusion--just as though it were something real". In the words of a schizophrenic himself,

> Chirps in a box. If you abstract yourself far enough from a given context you seem somehow to create a new kind of concretion. It isn't something you have or see but yet somehow. It's being fascinated by the generative process of the mind. The thing is to be caught in it, yet abstract from it--revolving everything around me. You explode like when stars explode. In the sky a plate which burned bright. Symbol of all light and energy with me contracted into this plate.

Schizophrenic utterance and poesis employ many of the same linguistic techniques, including metaphorical switches, phontic play, irony, and the production of neologisms.

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The same "paleological" or "paralogical" operations are to be found in joke-making and dreamwork--which Freud so thoroughly demonstrated, as well as in the phenomena of hypnotic dissociation. Says Von Domarus, "...the law of contradiction is excluded from paralogical thinking and its paragrammatical language". Certainly the most striking characteristic of such language is its underlying process of creativity. As language each example, be it in humor or in hallucination, evolves its own grammer, thereby performing synthesis. A joke might be characterized as a linguistic event that expresses the concurrence of opposites--or in any case discrepancies: a verbal paradox. Freud speaks of the "Janus-like, two-way facing character of jokes", and says

> A joke is a double-dealing rascal who serves two masters at once. Everything in jokes is aimed at...calculated with an eye to the third person as though there were internal and insurmountable obstacles to it in the first person.

Joke-making is a dynamic, creative phenomenon has been discussed by numerous writers*. Bateson's comment, offered within a framework of communications theory, is germane:

> A discovery, for example, occurs when it suddenly becomes plain that a message was not only metaphoric but also more literal, or vice versa. That is to say the explosive moment in humor is the moment when the labeling of the mode undergoes a dissolution and resynthesis. Commonly, the punchline compels a re-evaluation of earlier signals which ascribed to certain messages a particular mode (e.g. literalness or fantasy).

The "normal" individual's dream world is no less idiosyncratic and privately satisfying than the linguistic 'irreality' of schizophrenia; nor is it any less creative a reaction

> Epistomological questions aside, if reality is defined simply as the particular world view which is consensually validated by co-denizens of one's time and place and arrived at largely through a common experiential mode, then dreaming is indeed a challenge to reality. This is so because dreaming is probably the most personalized and least conventionalized of any regularly occurring experience for an ordinary adult human being.

One could perhaps say that dreams are the product of a dissociated mind turned in upon itself; whether or not sleep is a state of dissociation is a moot point--hypnosis is a much less ambiguous case of the latter. Speaking of hypnotic dissociation, Weitzenhoffer has said:

> Psychoanalysis proposes that a splitting of the self takes place, at least at the level of the executive functions (ego), but this leaves much instead. It can be argued that to speak of unconscious and conscious ideation and the like is doing nothing more than splitting the self. Granted, but this is a normal split present at all times in the waking individual; whereas we are con-

* Probably the most extensive treatment of this theme is to be found in Arthur Koestler's The Act of Creation, in which he puts forward a theory of the creative process that begins with a discussion of humor. "The sudden bisociation of a mental event with two habitually incompatible matrices", he says, "results in an abrupt transfer of the train of thought from one associative context to another". Koestler's concept of bisociation is comparable to what I have called dissociation; his "matrix" covers much the same ground as my text. I discovered Koestler's book only recently, and have not studied it in detail; his thesis is obviously relevant to my own ideas, and I would recommend it to anyone interested in the topic.

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cerned here with an induced split above and beyond this, presumably involving a different type and order of partioning.

Regarding the disorder of schizophrenia, Bateson speaks of "weak ego function", and defines ego function as "the process of discriminating communicational modes either within the self or between the self and others". The relationship between hypnosis and schizophrenia in our own culture, particularly with reference to the dimension of language, is a significant one; as will be seen, it also affords insight into the whole question of likeness and difference between shaman and schizophrenic--both of whom must be considered in terms of their respective socio-cultural contexts. As Bateson and his colleagues have noted,

> A great array of phenomena that occur as schizophrenic symptoms--hallucinations, delusions, alterations of personality, amnesias and so on--can be produced temporarily in normal subjects by hypnosis.

A case in point is that of the hypnotized subject, who--in his induced condition of heightened concentration, hallucinates a solution to two matually contradictory commands: in order to carry out a cataleptic suggestion and at the same time obey an order to stand up, he experiences a kinetic--and perhaps even audio-visual--hallucination. In so doing he is privately reordering the components of a logically untenable position--and recreating a reality that is entirely personal but which resolves, or at least mitigates, a genuine dilemma; this last might be called an 'artificially induced' double bind.

The work of Dr. Milton Erickson, a well-known hypnotherapist who has made extensive use of verbal techniques of hypnotic induction, is particularly illuminating in this connection. It is noteworthy that he actually studied the speech patterns or "verbigerations" of schizophrenics for the purpose of developing his own linguistic inductions. Methodologically, most if not all of Erickson's techniques, such as "Multiple-dissociation", "Utilization", "Confusion", or "Interspersal",* can be understood as magnificently engineered double bind situations calculated to precipitate an often unconscious psychological impasse in the subject; such inductions become successful if the individual accepts--or relinquishes to--the concomitantly offered alternative of hypnotic dissociation. Like the schizophrenic, the hypnotically dissociated person is no longer constrained by the logic or grammer of conventional, consensually validated reality; and while the deeply hypnotized subject is a securely anchored visitor in a world where the madman is cast adrift, both must cope, via whatever "paralogical" or "paragrammatical" permutations, with an order of reality that by ordinary standards is at best irrational, and at worst grotesquely chaotic.

Trance, or its psycho-neurological mechanisms, constitutes a conceptual hiatus within Western science. Likewise does the irrational disorder of fullblown psychosis offer resistance to the cool eye of rational

* An account of Erickson's methods and the ideas behind them is not possible here, but they are fascinating, and the reader is referred to Erickson's book Advanced Techniques of Hypnosis and Therapy.

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explanation. As a pre-eminently subjective experience, neither is to be perfectly understood from without; nevertheless each seems antecedently conditioned, or generated, by whatever communicational configuration it takes to qualify as a bona fide and hence inescapable double bind. Whether or not one cares to attribute such radical departures from ordinary waking consciousness exclusively to environmental factors, it is significant to note that within the Japanese Zen tradition, Satori may be precipitated by intense meditation upon a paradox--usually in the form of a Koan.

Preceded by a moment of "Great Doubt" ("tai-gi"), Satori is characterized as a definite and instantaneous psychological transformation: "The explosion, as it is nothing else, generally takes place when this finely balanced equilibrium (of doubt or impasse) tilts for one reason or another...". Suzuki defines Satori as

> An intuitive looking into the nature of things in contradistinction to the analytical or logical understanding of it. Practically, it means the unfolding of a new world hitherto unperceived in the confusion of a dualistically trained mind...Logically stated, all its opposites are united and harmonized, into a consistent organic whole. This is a mystery and a miracle, but according to Zen masters such is being performed every day. Satori can thus be had only through our once personally experiencing it.*

It is not within range of this discussion, nor for that matter is it within the range of any existing body of Western scientific theory, to consider the possible distinctions between trance and meditation states. There is controversy enough about 'trance' as it is observed in the laboratory, and as it is witnessed or experienced under far freer conditions, particularly within the religious and ceremonial contexts of other cultures. Trance behavior occurring within an intensely charged ritual atmosphere, as the accounts of ethnographers attest, is most impressive, and most contageous. In Asia, America, and wherever else the shamanic complex of inspired ritual behaviour is found, it links trance, manticism, dance, curative practices, and incantation or song. And because he appears as religious practioner at the most rudimentary levels of socio-political development, the shaman is particularly significant. Indeed, he is of interest to more than anthropologists, it being the archaic figure of inspired poet-seer upon whom literary historians have sought to discover "a body of concepts or words common to schizophrenics as a group", only to find that no such language exists; he sees their plight as poetic language, and is just as fruitless".

From the standpoint of ethnopsychology, the shaman has often been considered a kind of 'healed madman'; Silverman has compared the process of schizophrenic breakdown to that of shamanistic initiation. He describes one of the crucial stages during the parallel episodes as following upon the individual's perception of a severely damaged self-

* Probably the most scientifically satisfying or objectively convincing evidence for the occurrence of such a psychical condition is found in the electroencephalographic readings of profoundly meditating Zen monks: their Alpha rhythms differ substantially from those recorded during sleep (none) or normal waking consciousness. For a discussion of this see Tart's Altered States of Consciousness, article #33.

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image and consequent discrepancy between his previous notions and current experience of reality: it is at this point that one might say the "schism" emerges, and there occurs

> ...the eruption into the field of attention a flood of archaic imagery and attendant lower-order referential processes such as occur in dreams or reverie...Ideas surge through with particular vividness as though from an outside source. The fact that they are entirely different from anything previously experienced lends support to the assumption that they have come from the realm of the supernatural. One feels himself to be dwelling among the mysterious and uncanny...words, thoughts, and dreams can easily be seen to reside in external objects...Reality becomes something else.

The most crucial distinction between the shaman and the schizophrenic of Western society is that the former, by virtue of his cultural setting, eventually undergoes a "cognitive reorganization" that accords with an accepted ideological and vocational pattern: his experience and knowledge of the 'two worlds' is valued and rewarded, because it is possible to have a "workable fit" between his own perceptual mode and the needs of his social environment. The schizophrenic on the other hand, finds himself within a system of cultural premises and expectations that provides no socially "acceptable and appropriate referential guides" to either the form or content of his 'split' subjective experience. The psychoexistential reality with which he is confronted is negatively regarded: the single role that remains open to the diagnosed schizophrenic is that of a marginal and socially valueless incompetent. In other words, given that identical or as least overlapping levels of psychological experience are reached in schizophrenic breakdown and preshamanic episodes, the shaman's ready access to the 'other world' serves to place him within a particular ritual context, whereas the **schizophrenic is usually destined to live** out his 'hallucination' in a mental hospital.

The art of the shaman consists in his ritual performance, which is created through an ability to alter reality--his own, and that of his audience and fellow participants. What are described by such ethnographers as Rasmussen, Jochelson or Bogoras are seances: the shaman leaves his body to travel--on the collective behalf of his audience, within the spirit realm; as psychopomp, he may conduct the souls of others through this realm; as magician and master of sleight-of-hand, he produces manifestations of unseen forces. Rituomimetically, he accomplishes the impossible. The impossible is conceivable in terms of paradox, which may in turn be looked upon in terms of time: negative concurrence. Such a moment is truly synchronous; its subjective aspect is an a continuum which is "internal and is situated in the psychophysiological time (of the listener), the elements of which are very complex: they involve the periodicity of cerebral waves and organic rhythms, the strength of the memory, and the power of attention."

Ritual is marked by some form of incantation, which in a phonological dimension involves rhythm, timbre and meter, plus a verbal structure. The utterance is, at least originally, self-conscious: it expresses an act of communication with the unitary process of an outside, natural world. This existential totality, which can mirror nothing but consciousness itself, is rendered articulate at its

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instant of conception. Such is the power of magic: to change the world through utterance, and through the concomitant manipulation of powerful, unseen forces.

In a very real sense the genuine shaman hypnotizes his audience. He is himself in a condition of dissociation: ritual time, involving a combination of music, mimesis and mythical content, in experientially quite different from the secular order from which it has departed, and to which its celebrants must return. Outside of the Western laboratory, trance behaviour is almost always associated with music and dance, and this is understandable when one realizes that trance induction operates primarily upon a principle of intensified repetition and rhythm. The experience of synchronicity is inherently inexpressible in anything less than synchronous language.

In Lévi-Strauss' analysis, myth and music are synchronic languages par excellence because they are both

> ...languages which, in their different ways, transcend articulate expression, while at the same time--like articulate speech, but unlike painting--requiring a temporal dimension in which to unfold. But this relation to time is on a rather special nature: it is as if music and mythology needed time only in order to deny it. Both, indeed, are instruments for the obliteration of time. Below the level of sounds and rhythms, music acts upon a primitive terrain, which is the physiological time of the listener; this time is irreversible and therefore irredeemably diachronic, yet music transmutes the segment devoted to listening to it into a synchronic totality, enclosed within itself. Because of the internal organization of the musical work, the act of listening to it immobilizes passing time; it catches and enfolds it as one catches and enfolds a cloth flapping in the wind. It follows that by listening to music, and while we are listening to it, we enter into a land of immortality.

"The legitimacy of this (analysis)", continues Lévi-Strauss,

> depends on the demonstration of the existence of an isomorphism between the mythic system, which is of a linguistic order, and the system of music which, as we know, constitutes a language, since we understand it, but whose absolute originality and distinguishing feature with regard to articulate speech is its untranslatability.

As a mythopoetic prototype, the Trickster is generically akin to the joke; Hegel's definition of irony as "absolute, infinite negativity" may help to elucidate this point, which is further borne out by the fact that the Trickster's behaviour is always in exact contradiction to social, even natural, laws. He is in fact an embodiment of opposite natures: lightbringer and creator, perverse and idiotic malfactor. The Trickster like the shaman is dynamic and intermediate between extremes--their role of mediation must itself be fluid and ever-changing: it expresses transformation. The process of impossible simultaneity is the same by which contradiction becomes its own opposite, or by which concordance becomes polarized: conceptually as well as phenomenologically, the mercurial link between man as a self and the external world as other is language. As consciousness is made manifest in language, so does language reflect the workings--and conceivably, as Chomsky suggests, the structure of the mind. But whatever it may mirror,

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the synthesis of language is prominently an act of creation--as well as a profound deception, because the whole truth can never be expressed in words.

A moment not out of time, but in time,
in what we call history: transecting,
bisecting the world of time, a
moment in time but not like a
moment of time,

A moment in time but time was made
through that moment; for without
the meaning there is no time,
and that moment of time
gave the meaning,

Then it seemed as if man must
proceed from light to light, in
the light of the Word...
(T.S. Eliot)

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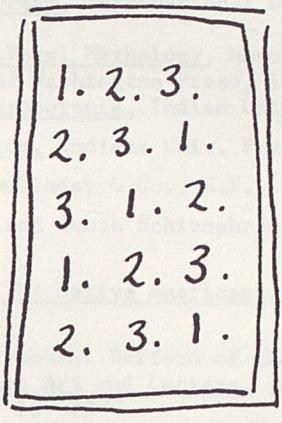
ROBERT CREELEY

PRESENCES

A Text For Marisol



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Classicism is based on presence.
It does not consider that it has come
or that it will go away; it merely pro-
poses to be there where it is.

Donald Sutherland

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1.2.3.

One

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Big things. And little things. The weight, the lightness of it. The place it takes. Walking around, it comes forward, or to the side, or sides, or backward, on a foot, on feet, on several feet.

There is a top and a bottom. From the one to the other may be a distance. Equally it may be so dense, or vaporous, so tangential to touch, that an inextricable time passes in the simplest way. If it were to fall, either over, or up, or down, what spaces were there to accomplish would be of necessity measured later. Time runs to keep up, in other words. Already days have apparently gone by on the presence of one.

This is the first time he has spoken in some time, in weeks, in fact. The mouth was, or had been in the sense of what was seen, sealed over with some sort of substance, waxy in look, and, touching it, the feeling was of something sticky, as sticky rubber or sticky gum. This substance, translucent, made the lips seem preternaturally large. Very, very large. To which a footnote: *"He bore a preternatural resemblance to his caricatures in the evening newspapers."* (Evelyn Waugh). But his lips had been sealed. Sealing wax then. Had not someone, possessed of a stamp describing an intricate sphinx, therein and on imprinted that image, on his lips? A cruel, throughtless joke possibly. The person who did this one thinks of as caring little for others. It must have been an evening, when this occurred. There was nothing else to do insofar as the day had come to nothing. It was rainy, a little chill to the air. One wanted the sun, the sun. There was a beach. Small figures at one far end of it, never quite clear in their detail. Somewhat clifflike rocks surrounded. High above, there seemed to be an open space, which might have been the sky, and yet, in the inexorably close weather, it had to be assumed. Top and bottom, the world?

What was he doing on the beach? No, it was a chair he sat in. He continued to sit in the chair. As if he had been thrown there. He had been thrown there. His small, unobtrusive body lay crumpled against one of the arm rests and his eyes, photographic blurs of grey, were pleading, mutely. In a book of the same order, so to speak, of the ungenerous kinds of people who do not love but nonetheless expect to be loved. Why was he forsaken. He was not. He was placed, in a place.

She picked him up and threw him into another place. His little seersucker coat tightly hugged the space under his arms, his armpits, and his diminutive body became rumpled with the impact of being elsewhere. His tie, however, fell straight, undisturbed. Always the gentleman. Being alive, she felt contempt but moved away from it to get some ice from the refrigerator. This, as one says, she put into glasses which she then filled with gin.

The glass was very large. The ice cubes were huge blocks of solidified water.

12/1/71

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X spoke of having been wakened by sirens toward the middle of the night. Then assumed the police were abroad. In a town of eight hundred people, at midnight, so that they might be coerced into subservience and made to comply with the police imagination of a decent order. Awful. Y wrings hands and wonders why, why. There is, was, a full moon. Perhaps that is why the police have chosen that night? Later Z tells story of being roused at five to answer fire alrm and when they got there, find empty house now gutted with flames, and they are helpless to do more than water down the outbuildings, the barns, and watch the house burn into the rosy dawn. Z lifts the bottle, to drink, and becomes, langorously, the sucking, lips smoothed over the nozzle. The nuzzle. The puzzle. The police.

In a free country, in a country where police enter the imagination as free, free agents, their uniforms are very blue and their badges very large and silver. They make a glittering array, formally. From any point not occupied by them, we see, as few, or others, or many. They may be the same. It is their way of dress that disarms that which stands as us. They can't stand us? Nobody comes, having none. Z recalls Wrentham, Massachusetts at the time of the 1938 hurricane in which many elms fell, a sadly stalwart army. He is puzzled that they all do not fall in the same direction, to point the same way. But interlace, across the streets, holding hands or limbs. All day the wind roars. They wait outside, to see what the next move will be. We include them. We take them outside. They have died many times before or else have moved away, into other towns, and take off their sad uniforms, one by one, and lay down at last in holes which they have dug in the earth. It is sad, to think of autumn, and the wind blowing, and the elm trees having leaves blown off, and the police and us moving to other towns and taking off our uniforms. We prefer fire. We would that it were firemen we were. We were.

Big firemen. Little firemen. In the flames they are dancing. *Fire delights in its form.* Fireman delight in their form? Inform us, policemen. We call upon them to inform us. Hence all the beatings and the shootings and the putting into closed places behind doors. Firemen and snowmen share other fates, the one burning, the one melting. Snow delights in its form, being mutable. It is the immutable that despairs. At least for a time, for any other time, for all time, for time enough, for in time. Time will tell.

The clock, on the wall, walks to the door. The door, in the wall, walks to the stair. The stair, up the wall, walks to the window, both ways.

X speaks of which way the road should be one way, whether to go up the hill, which results in the grinding roar of motors and less speed. Or down the hill, which results in the smoothing lag of motors and more speed. Principles of activity are first. Because they are first, they are not second, and so what is second has uniquely the condition of being first, in that respect. Or if what is

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first is not second, then the first of being second is to be the first second. There are sixty seconds in a minute but no firsts. The first second is that moment when the gun is caused to fire, and whatever activity it signals to begin, does begin. That is the first second. The second second is the one that comes after. In the ritual of *count down*, there is a curious reversal experienced as five, four, three, two, one. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Note that one is not only not first, or second, but last, which is immutable, therefore despairs. Being neither first, nor second, nor even fifth, which in other worlds it might be in that hope might there exist, it is the last one. Despair is the absence of hope. X speaks of the despair of the road being presently both ways. There is no way to go on a road that goes always. One way will not be another way.

X speaks of the necessity of deciding, before the police come. We call the firemen and they come. They have uniforms too but they do not all have them or they do not have all of them. The uniforms have whatever firemen they have and so do the firemen. There is instantly, first and second, a relaxation of tensions. They fight fire, for example, but though they burn, they do not fight themselves. We all burn and enjoy the paradox of firemen. Snowmen melt, with the first soft breeze, with the trickle of freshening water, with the budding crocus, with the warmth returning. *Ou sont les neiges d'antan?* Oh, watery bodies! X speaks of the road on which snow has never fallen? Oh, trackless wastes, oh, driving snow. You have driven away from us, melting friend, wet hand. Your gentle, fluttering flakes must live in other climes. A hill elsewhere.

This is the despair of being none, or last, or first. Upon that trackless waste, faceless, upon a hill in Darien, Connecticut where traffic is endless, the cars immutable albeit they rust, both ways. The traffic goes all ways. Call the police, please.

Call the president. He is first, and second to none. His road goes one way and the cars go slowly, thoughtfully, upon it. The snow falls upon it and the snowmen come. The firemen come and the house burns. The wind blows. The elms fall down, pointing one way. Melting away.

Y speaks of other needs, bodily needs, needs of the mind. She wears two hats, of which one is put upon another, but each is first. Her head is small and comfortable. Her hair is long and brown. Her hats are black and brown. Her eyes are brown, her dress is brown, her feet are brown, her house is burning. Call the firemen.

Please. Call the police please.

O 12/2/71

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How do you know someone. These typical meetings, and all the people that come of them and to them. The rain on the roof makes a persistent, nostalgic pattering and the music seems a faintly saccharine sadness and he sits with that expected catch in the throat, thinking back and back. He wants to locate a specific place he thinks to remember, and also the company of that afternoon, a then pleasant woman he had known at first almost casually and then with increasingly confused desperation.

It is a somewhat flat place, this area, with unobtrusively present trees in designed patterns. It seems to him that a discretion of paths leads to a common center at which point occurs a statue of some sort, of a person, modestly contained. It is not, as he recalls, a soldier or figure of that sort. Rather, it seems to him a man who is standing, but possibly sitting, with hands rather close to the body, although extended. But there is no assertion, either of offering or of taking, in the gesture.

They have chosen a bench adjacent to the statue and now look out upon the diversity of the regular paths coming to this one center. There seem to be hedges, in his memory, but again they make no abrupt intrusion upon the view. They are of such height and substance that they permit sight of those approaching, or retreating, from approximately the waist, or in some cases the chest, of persons thus passing to and fro. Children are seen as specific heads and at times raised arms or active gestures of one sort and another. It is all very quiet in tone. The sky is typically English, as one says, a severely grey overcast although rain falls only as a drizzle, and this occurs but rarely.

It is comfortable, to be sitting here. The rain seems forgotten, the music fades. Their comfort is secure as they sit, and they have eaten but shortly before and done the divers things they had thought to, a phone call or two as also the mailing of his several letters.

There are also birds, distinctly. He cannot remember of what kind, precisely, since they also take place in this grey condition and have neither size nor plumage that would make them appear decisive. Possibly they are pigeons of the common variety, grey checks or bars with occasional splashes of dull white. If there is an occasional red, it is so flattened by both bird's condition and the greyness that it becomes as if one with the others. Or they are sparrows, unobtrusively fluttering and pecking, almost noiseless.

There is much to talk about, it seems, but for the moment they are content to sit. Quite probably he has taken her hand, or she his, and they lean back together against the bench's support. The hour argues no necessities, and for this moment the complexities of what either considers their lives are in abeyance. Think, then, of a muted calm much like the edges of lakes at twilight.

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Looking, he sees, marked by the hedges, the line of the people coming and going. For a moment, one in particular appears as a head only, but it is not a child's. It has a decided mustache, carefully clipped, and wears on its head a homburg. He looks as intently as he dares but realizes that the man is becoming aware of his staring, so turns quickly to look elsewhere. In the new direction he sees nothing untoward for some time. Children, with their nurse, whom they are exhorting in clear, high voices to accompany them to the statue, are the only immediate presences. Reassured, he follows them with his eyes, so that he finds himself with them, as a group, centered upon the statue. But this also, he recognizes, has changed. As the children come up to it, the youngest, a boy, climbs up on its slight pedestal, then stands upright, holding on to the statue's back. Remarkably he seems to tower above it, and waves to the nurse, and the two small girls who must be his sisters, to see him in his new vantage. The nurse calls the boy down, impatiently, seemingly irritated that the public monument might be injured in some way.

Here the rain has now stopped and moments ago the kitten was playing on the bed, then moved about the small room until it mewed to be let out again. The music has changed to,"Back in the Saddle Again..." Gabby Hayes. He is discomforted by both sides of the reality, the mirror. He had not remembered the place so vividly as he now seemed to. There are patches of wet steam on the lower panes of the windows. The flame of the small pipelike stove burns blue. The light beside his right hand makes an intensive center of the illumination upon the paper. Something like that. He lights a cigarette again.

It was in memory that this scale of things shifting was particularly interesting to him. He knew of those constructed rooms used for purposes of psychoanalytic analysis in which perspectives may be altered to accomodate the patient's experience of the spatial relationships of substances on an apparently fixed plane of reference. But he could not remember, now, whether it was the father whose chair grew large, in perspective, or was it the father himself? The room tilted. That door, so looming, was actually the measure of a small box. He could see everything. There were no darknesses despite the greyness of the weather. But the scale was insistently changing. She continued to have his hand in her own and both sat without speaking, in a pleasant quiet. He was curious to know whether or not she had been also witness to what now so displaced him despite its lack of threat. The boy, certainly, was none, was in fact charming, with his red cheeks and alert movement. Although he could not see them as clearly, hidden, in a sense, as both now were back of the statue, with only the nurse's torso fully apparent, the girls too he found cheering.

He reviewed his initial sense of the place. Its absence in time gave it curiously vague location finally but by a process of pacing, in his mind, he felt himself to have placed it with some

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accuracy. If one moved that way, then the street was along the path a short walk's distance. If left, then again a street appeared in a relatively brief time. The park itself he saw as basically a square whose diagonals were the paths, or the major ones because he thought there were possibly two others whose direction ran parallel to the outline of the park itself, composing two smaller squares, in that way, within it. He was sure that hedges outlined all the paths and that there were also trees at various intervals, in fixed pattern, and that flowers grew, in discreet beds, at various points but these he could not give decisive place to. In like confusion he could not distinctly remember the color of his friend's dress, or coat, or whether she sat to his left or to his right. He was reluctant to disturb their own quiet and so said nothing to her.

People continued passing up and down the various walks. He found that he could continue to watch them without their awareness of it by fixing his eyes on some object slight beyond their actual location. A woman with an extraordinarily elongated chest but with head markedly smaller came past, her lower half cut off by the hedge. Two large heads followed her. A dog, barking, jumped suddenly above the hedge, like a whale sounding. The statue itself seemed to dwindle increasingly. Perhaps it was the lengthening of the afternoon that created the impression. He looked at his watch and saw that they would soon have to move in order to keep an appointment for tea. Yet he could not shift his attention from what he was seeing it was so calmly fascinating.

He recalls now many things, many people. He thinks of a beach in Truro, in Deya, in Gloucester, in San Diego. He puts people on it, many men and many women, and many children. Dogs run past. Divers things are dropped, lost in the sand. The water comes up on the beach, goes back on the beach, with the tides. Why should *size* be so insistent a center. Is it simply that a toy car won't hurt you and a real one will? He couldn't accept the isolation of condition implicit in that logic. The big man wants to help you, the little one hasn't the strength?

But their heads and *that* insistent variation was a matter of different kind. He felt the pressure of her hand tighten and, looking at her, felt it then simple to call her attention to the phenomenon with which he had been, for so long, preoccupied. But how could he reach her, then. Way off she was somewhere, truly somewhere else. He could take an actual map and with a pin make precise her location, but here she was not. He crawled into the core of the telephone wires and pushed with all his strength to make a way. Foolish. He wrapped himself with paper, scrunched down into the ink, licked, then patted, and sealed it all over him, then stamped it. All the same, impossible. He was always too big, too small, it didn't really matter.

The people go on walking. It is really a matter of indifference who comes and goes there, assuming they treat one another with courtesy.

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2.3.1.

Two

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Look, look. The road home. Some one. The road knows. The rose nose. He sees what he says. And says what he sees. There. Here. It isn't very big. But then. It isn't very small. It. Is in the middle.

Come in. At last the door opens and into the warmth of the small but humanly cosy room step two onions. Neither knows what road they have taken, or been taken, or even will take. They will not talk about it. Their faces betray a green and ruddy reverence. Their reference is belief. True believers two, too. They come in also. Chairs are offered all four, but sans legs or even arms wherewith to balance upon the center of such possibility they choose to roll down on the floor, all four thus on all fours. A heap.

The fire burns low. No other light or lights lighten the living room, which it is. Discover that wood speaks. Never to be forgotten the first saw it saw. It hurts, ripping the tender interlocking tissues, rasping, ripping, scraping, unfeeling such saws. Agh. Onions were better although knives come too, often in pairs. Is it the fire that wants wood. Or paper. The house will not burn simply to be obliging. Sometimes it will. But only once. Think of that. Ones. They come in pairs. The road follows its nose. The house will not burn. The fire burns low. Wood speaks. Chairs are awful. On all fours, onions.

It becomes time to cook. They have always liked cooking, the empty pots and pans, the torn paper, little bits of this and that. Too many cooks, or two mommy cooks. They will. And it is ready. Eat. But wait for mommy, or many, as they come. It is too low for the window, but gets a chair, careful to step on no onion, or fire. Sees out. There, there, there. She is coming. Down the road. How good the hills of home, or wherever they are met with. Up and down, a delightful pastime. They are sure. Dancing is for girls. And boys. Boys and girls and onions make a delightful repast. Just in time.

Mommy is here. First her feet, first her hair, first her before, first her behind. The door knows the doorknob. Opens and in the openness of the opening, mommy comes in, all over. Mommy comes all over everything. With everything. Just in time insofar as it is a place to be. So happy to have her come. Eat.

Without the road noone knows. Without the door. Without the window. Without the wind blowing. Without the sky is blue. Without the moon shines on. Without the rain and April flowers. Where have we been, then. So long. So far. So big. So little. So much. So what. Always comes true, two of them. Bringing home the onions. Bringing home the bacon. Unfriendly persons. Diga me, las personas vayan. Right on, old buddy. You speak good. In two tongues. In two heads, too. Two is the number for you.

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Stretching out, having eaten. Everything. All done. No more. It's all gone now. Poor wood. Poor house. Think. Doors on everything, all locked. Her arms full of packages, she fumbles for the key. The door opens and looks out. She, full of packages, looks in. In and out. Up and down. Same thing. She knows she is home. Home free, they say, the whole house shouting.

Come in. Pleasure is such a delight. Yes, yes. How good. How bad to be good. How good to be bad. Up and down. In and out. Here. There. The window. Moves the chair over, awful, to see there. Two. Mommy. Full of onions, who have things they can too do. By mommy. Sit down. You have been long gone, you have come. Home. The hills. The valleys. The sun. The moon. The ups. The downs. The moors. The arabs. Singing light flies forth through valley floor to topmost tip of tree stands up to see the singing light. Lights and livers, clouds and onions. Eat. You are home. You may rest assured. This is what home has come to know and be known as home. Forever.

But outside you can look in, or inside you can look out, or up, down, or down, up. Think. Who is mommy, who is she, that all those saints have fainted. The sky, guy, the lid, kid. Can you ride a rocking horse, billy boy, billy boy. Singing light. The sun has come and made the moon to shine again on all, on all fours on the floor. Takes a load off its feet. A load in his pants. Her hand in his. Just under the skin. They dance with ants in their pants. New arrivals. Telegrams. Boats pulled up on the shore for the night. Low voices. Muttering fires. Silent stars. The universe is one. Universe.

A place in the sun, a place in the dark, how good to be home, when it comes time to sit down, just in time, her arms full of packages, a load in his pants. The couple are truly two and too true. The sun is shining. Singing light. At night he walks out under the stars, and looks up. At night he wakes up under the stairs and lets down. A huge load. A big one. But bigger two. Two heads are better than one, requiring no hat. Where did you leave it. Out there. Incredible, ecstatic distances discovered narrowly missing. Take your onions with you. When you go out to play. Stay. Out of the road. A voice singing light. And low. And know to go home before asked to. Good manners. Good night. Good day to you, dos personas. You have come far, to come here. Come in. Home. Come in, billy. Over and out. By which action leans heavily on her head, causing her pain.

The first night. Home. The second night, home, the third, home, the fourth, night. Home game. Plays in the park. A ball.

Always does what told to. Always. Mommy. Remembers mommy as onions, full of packages. Buys boys. Just in time. This time.

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That time. A time too.

Quicker, slower. The hills seem to lengthen in the last light. Stretching. So far to get to know. Home. No one home. Always two. One wants two. Dig it. Me too, las personas. So charming they have come. Home. Home to mommy more than one to keep the home fires burning. Saw a saw. The wood works. Without the rain but safe inside, again. They have always liked cooking, little bits of this and that. Mommy comes too. But only once. A heap. Right on. In two tongues. In two heads. Is the number for you too.

Mommy. Come home.

O

One morning you wake up in bed five feet tall, or six, or eight feet tall. Something has happened. You lie and look at your feet, way down there. Your hands extend on the ends of two elongated arms and if you move them in arcs, they seem the measure of the spheres. Neither securing nor disquieting, this change. More probably it has happened to you because you have come upon it, fallen upon it, as it were, and stretching, it's all very true.

You were out all night, possibly, and perhaps the night, even nights, before. You were walking but in the dark and given the faint path you were trying to follow, you had fallen several times. At one time you went down several feet, into a somewhat steep though small ravine, and lay at the bottom, looking up to see the dense dark forms of trees against a faintly lighter blue-black sky. Fog lay deeper than yourself, in soft pockets down the lower traces of the ravine. No sounds, really. Now and then some snatch of talking, some creak of wood, a falling star possibly, sounding a streak of peripheral tears.

You wanted to cry, you were so happy. Sad? Could not altogether remember. The one thing changes the other. No two at the same time, somehow, despite it insistently happens. What you were was young. Old? More probably older, as it's said of those who have come to be here. There. "He finally got here." But he was going there.

You watch him as backward, into, a mirror you, in looking, are. He does not see you, he is you. Or her, or them. They are several ones all in one. You love him because you love yourself, loving him, yourself.

You move, looking for places where you may meet. She must be somewhere else now. No wish to take her life into yours in just this way. Falling down is hard to do. Certainly as an accompaniment to someone else's. Though they fall into each other's arms every time.

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This warm specificness of bodies, you think. Eight feet tall, eight inches, six or five. The trees look across at you, equal height. A level regard as on a plain or bus station, eyes meet. You meet her walking and look into her eyes, so lovely, lovely wit to them, seeing you. You climb over her body. You remember mountains in New Hampshire. You think of things to do. Rainy days in Massachusetts, a barn with hay mows. You wriggle into the hay, burrowing down, and come, head first, to the metal basket for the horse's hay, placed at the edge of the ceiling and wall. You look out, upside down, taking deep breaths since you have just arrived at the surface, into the horse's deeply soft dark eyes. It loves you. It is not your horse. The barn creaks with sounds of timber shifting, loose boards, and on the main floor with its heavy planking, your feet resonate with heavy sure footsteps.

Today you are a man. Yesterday you were a man. A week ago you were a man but no one had told you. A letter, indescribable, had been mailed years before. There was need to establish your own identity before it could be given you insofar as it was specific, although you didn't know it. It was waiting.

You were waiting, all your life. It was not a long time. You woke up, in bed, elongated. Your mother was far away. Your father, dead. These specific relationships, all wrong. Unmeaning more than being there, too, you thought. The sun burned through the window and seized your face warmly.

You wanted to be in France, Spain, but you were not. You insisted on home as a place you know, and forgot it. People you loved, had loved, cried out in pain, unwitting, inconstant, helpless. You saw children in large crowds coming toward you, arms up in the air, calling out to you to acknowledge them, to come to them, with them. You wanted to, you thought, but your size as you stood out and up from the bed brushed the ceiling. You were irrevocably in the room.

You would never leave it. You had come to it, into it, and gone to sleep, her long warm hair over your face. Breathing deeply. Unthinking, slept there, with her. You woke up and explored her, climbed all over her, took with your hand, her hand, and touched her. Deeply. Soft, wet, warmly, and talks to you of yourself, all alone.

A voice in your ear shouts, *manga!* An agreement to eat as the huge boat flounders on through waves of water. You have consented, through need, to be put in its very bottom, and sleep on one of a rack of beds, which reach up to the ceiling. You wake up and see a face, eagerly intent, very close to your own, shouting. He cares for you as an old world person cares for his brothers. He is sweet and thoughtful, but very loud. It is time to eat. It is not time to eat. An hour goes by. You

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walk through the maze of stairs and gangways to the dining room and join your friends, a man and woman, sitting at a small table, waiting, smiling as you sit down too. She has lovely deep breasts, long waist, full body. He is intelligently wry, open to amusement, and blond. They like to dance.

You step out, you jump, back forward. You find yourself confused in the literal place. You reach around yourself, feel bodies, women. You know them but are restless, and twist away. Someone on the stairs, going up, takes your hand and looks at it, smiling. She admires its strength and width of palm. He tells you you have painters' hands. You smile with pleasure, you never forget either of them, but they do not really know each other, nor ever did, or will. It is several places you live in, the horse's nuzzling as you pull clear of the hay and drop into its stall, the woman, the woman's nuzzling, the man's smile.

You step over them, you drop back into the bed, alone now. The sun rises steadily, into the sky. You go with it, fall back, get up, lie down, walk slowly forward, then run. You can make out the forms of the trees, in the fog, darkness. No moon this night to help you. You remember your way, feeling forward with your feet the nature of the path you are trying to follow. You have come back to leave again. You want no one to see you come or go.

You are very big, you think. You were small, a speck merely, a twinkle in the universe. You have come here to continue and will never stop again. You think it all goes on forever and will go insistently with it. Here, there, you run back and forth. You are in love again.

You love it that you are in love again. You are eight feet tall, waking up. You are alone. You are crying, you are smiling with simple pleasures, you know everything, you know nothing.

You want to get home now. The boat plunges on. You walk to the bow with your two friends. She places herself at the very point of ship's forward timbers. The wind blows strongly. The man watches, smiling, and from time to time asks questions about life in Spain. She does a little dance, long hair swinging, and you mime it with gestures of your strong hands.

The woman is back of you, behind you at a great distance, driving a small sports car whose owner had been her sister's husband. She is going somewhere but thoughts do not show it clearly. You look around intently and recognize nothing. It is fall, or spring, with the leaves coming out, or dropping off, the trees. You feel the changes insistently. You want to go back, or forward, to where it all was, is, will be.

You have suddenly changed your name again. It is unpronounceable.

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Something like Harry, or Bill, or Jim perhaps. You cannot remember. It seems to go with the great size of your body. The boat is nearing land, you think. You try to get the small number of your possessions together and put within simple reach. You go again to the bow of the boat and look out, thinking to see something. The effect is of much water, sky, and a few circling birds you note are gulls. There will be a last party tonight, on shipboard, a farewell. You know that your friends will not leave you since they are going to the same place. You sit at table with them and drink all of the red wine that the ship provides. Later you go with them to the bar, then dance with them.

You are thinking of explanations. It is as if it never happened so you cannot believe there is reason to be more concerned than that. Then you are crying, uncontrollably, and you are, insistently, asking all who will stop for your questions, what it has all been about. You rehearse your own explanations over and over but they are incomplete. You wait for it to end. You see the end coming, you think.

You have been away. The boat approaches the dock assigned to it and modestly the trip is over. You see your friends already taking place in the line of people who will shortly be leaving. You want to wave to them but realize you are leaving too.

Perhaps it is too late. At last you get into the line and are slowly taken off the boat as it moves forward. You look shyly out of your eyes to see who is waiting. You see her at some distance, at the edge of the crowd. She is very small, perhaps shrunken. You ease your bulk forward, waving to her, and her eyes meet the middle of your chest. You lift her in your arms with your hands to kiss her. You both go home.

3/23/72

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The day grows misty with incoming fog. Just out the window a large, leaning tree-stump and an oil barrel, upended, gone green in lovely manner. A slow day, waiting for rain. Flowers lift to go stiff at the edges of their leaves, curling. Things grow, crashing up, and tops then die, and the lower parts of the plant go brown and die too. Everything expanding, as far as it can.

There are monsters in the desert, who prey on the unwary. Tales record as much as such ever leaves behind. Windy bones bleaching, like they say. This time they got wise, they thought, and made extensive preparations so as not to let these monsters have their

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way with them, however many there were in fact in the company. Forty, say. More like two hundred. At least a very distinct number of these people. What they do is get lots of water in big casks and water bags and all that sort of container and they load the mules and the camels, all that they have to hoist this stuff forward into the desert of their desire. They have the monsters completely buffaloed, so they figure, because they are not going to run out of water out there and drop down on their knees in the sand with their tongues going black and their eyes popping out, etc.

So off they go, a great day, bands playing, mothers waving, wives, daughters, the otherwise left at home. This is really going to be it. The monsters know they are coming just that that is what monsters are there to know, but they just let it keep happening as these others think it really is. First night comes and the enthusiasts really think they've got it made as they guzzle their plenteous water. They are even splashing it around a little until the one who has got the whole idea in his head, the leader, says to quiet down and get some sleep and don't waste the water needlessly. He says that not harshly because he knows there is so much water on those mules and camels they could almost float to that other place they are going to. Next day dawns bright and early, and they plunge on. Things are creaking a bit, water is heavy, but they keep moving in the same good spirits, rolling along. Comes the third day, the fourth day, things are basically the same, but the fifth day it is really getting a little heavy. Like, who needs all that water.

So the commander gets them all around the campfire that night and gives it to them straight. Men, the desert is dry and this one has monsters, and that water is all we've got. Right. So up again the next morning, and onward. But this is not a morning like any other because now they see coming toward them another huge caravan in a factually weird condition. All the people are wet, really soaking, and they are slogging along as if it was raining cats and dogs. All the wagons are slugging through mud and the people's hair is plastered down and it really is totally wet. They see one guy with his mouth full of watercress, then another. Wow.

Naturally they ask what's up. Oh, say these wet people, you see that green line way over there. Past that line, it's raining all the time and that's where we've come from and you're going. So that's what, say the first guys, and instantly smash all their casks of water and their barrels. Forget it. Then they go on, find no water, drop down in desert, and the monsters eat them.

3/24/72

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3.1.2.

Three

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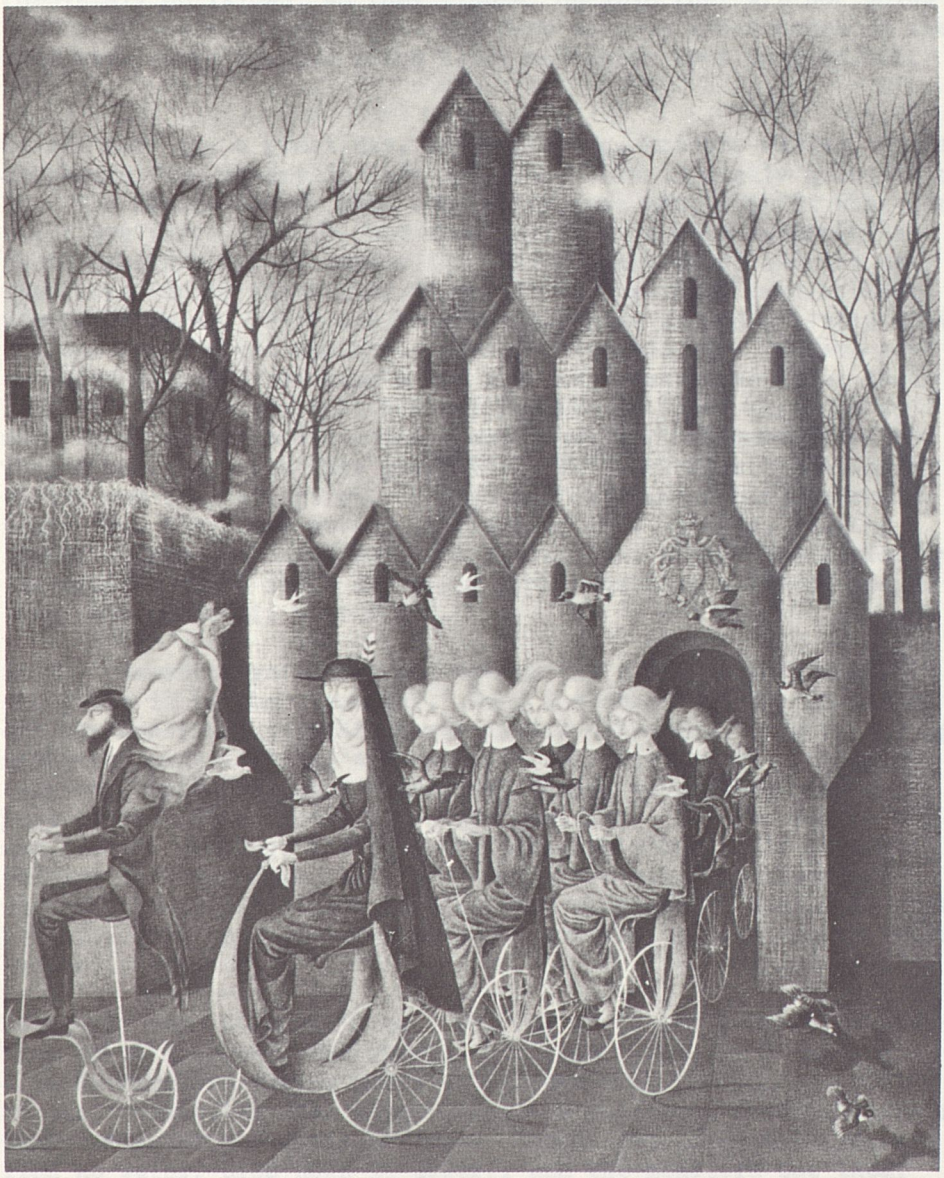

Hacia la Torre, Tríptico No. 1

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In those days we were trying to play football in the lot back of the school close to the pine trees. Mr. Scribner was our coach, volunteer, and also Harry's father. His clothing is hard to remember except that every Memorial Day he put on his old army uniform and marched with the VFW section of the parade down the main street of the town and finally to the cemetery not far from where we were then living. On the days we played football he often wore an old style football helmet, with distinct pieces it seemed, so that the ear flaps especially hung down like sewed on patches. He, Harry, and the others, Marilyn, Stevie, younger children and Mrs. Scribner, all lived in an apartment in a house owned by Miss Boston, a curious English woman who often went riding on an old horse in complete riding habit. The Scribner family were her especial responsibility and so she provided both dwelling and odd jobs for Mr. Scribner, who did no other work we knew of.

So he was free to teach us, as now football, and that we learned in the classic form of the early 1900s. To block the opposing team, our line, on the snap of the ball back, turned to face sideways the person next to us, not our opponents but our teammates, whereupon we fell down and rolled over. This proposed an instant jumble and thus a confusion of bodies through which the other team's players would not be able to pass. We practiced this maneuver persistently and it is the one thing clearly remembered from all those afternoons, late sun and tumbling and lots of shouting and the trees that kept still and watched.

Marching along those streets, uniform always feeling incomplete, perhaps the kerchief wrong, or the shoes not the kind stipulated by assumed regulations, or the body just not fitting it, even the feet trying to catch up, Mr. Scribner was so quietly and generously reassuring to ourselves. We wanted it. We would do anything to be with it. One Halloween night we were trying to think of some immense displacement of the town's usual conduct but only the big boys could really make it. They took the billboards with the political campaign images and hoisted them on to roofs, and even got an old car up on top of Mr. Grey's house. But they were too fast for us. We'd get there but whatever we had had in mind would be gone. So this night we were soaping, so absorbed by that activity, that we didn't see or hear Pat Foley, the town policeman, coming up behind us in the dark. So there he was and because he couldn't grab all of us, he grabbed one, saying, I've got you, Fred Bird. Boys, come back. Somehow, with an instant agreement, we jumped him, amazed, and held on, whereupon he let go of Fred and we all ran off, scared and heroic, into the dark.

Then one day Ralph and me, Luxie we used to call him, had wandered off from school down to Mac MacGregor's, who owned the town's garage and kept homers, racing pigeons, in a big attic over the garage itself. That was where Rat used to work, a bullet headed, muscled young man with slicked back blond hair and scarey insist-

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ent eyes. His information attracted us, as did Mac's, but Mac, being older, got bored with our interest. Rat, on the other hand, would hint endlessly of thefts and deals, and of women seduced, fucked, buggered, raped, torn, eaten. We always stood a little back from him but we listened to every word he said. His obscenities particularly now come back, the hissing almost spit tone of his words. Later we heard he was taken off to prison.

This afternoon we were just walking toward the garage and were involved with a sort of chant concerning the school's principal. It was a lazy late spring day and we kicked stones or occasional bottles as we went, keeping the unison of *Huff, Huff, the great big puff!* We came into the garage still chanting and to our consternation, suddenly woke to Mr. Huff's actuality, literally before us. His car, a Model A, sat with hood up just beyond him. He looked at us very harshly, asked us what we thought we were doing, and gave instructions that we should see him in his office the next morning. That subsequent encounter now fades though the memory of the way the boards of the school room floor were oiled, and how they smelled, and of wet coats and boots hung in the hall, and light through windows into large rooms, and the varnish - even of faces, of the girl's who had epilepsy, who sat in the desk in front of me so that her head, during a seizure, would fall back on my desk top - all that stays put.

She was a shy girl and the seizures really embarassed her. I felt for her very much since I had a glass eye that would with my rubbing at it as the school day got tedious occasionally fall out and roll across the floor under the desks. Always some pleasantly intrigued and brave kid would pick it up, ask permision to leave his seat, and bring it back to me. I would rub it with my handkerchief, an instance of which I still compulsively keep with me, though the eye itself is long gone, and put it back in. At recess kids I wasn't friends with would tease me by asking, did I take it out with a spoon, and then plead to see it. Was it round and so forth. One so maddened me I remember jumping him and finally pounding his head aginst the metal supports for the swings until friends of us pulled me off.

I couldn't keep my temper easily. My mother used to say, count ten. My friends had an endless variation of ritual for not letting them get you. I would be fine for awhile but then it would just blow up in my head, and I'd jump. Often it was sadly actual friends I attacked, like Buddy Butler, with whom I fought when we were both in seventh grade, out in the school grounds, surrounded by those specious provoking onlookers, until we were both so exhausted we could neither of us hold on to anything nor lift our arms anymore. One other kid, a bully, really wore down on me until one day, as I was going through the hall to get the bus, he flashed past slapping my books out of my arms to the floor. Hap-

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pily I nailed him, with a quick punch on the nose, which bled, transforming him to a weeping, sad kid.

Myself is what one comes to think of, then, letting the well fill up, things happen. Others out there, like June Welsh, who was a welfare kid living on the DeSouza farm up from where we did. Beauteous June, round faced, short bob, so tough and so tender. She caught at one's heart with her human vulnerability and to walk home with her was to enter such deep pride and confusion. Or Helen, seemingly tall, Scandinavian, her brother for a time my sister's boyfriend so that she and I were likewise linked. Tilda, whose brother was my own friend and whose father thought I should devote myself to latin, and the outwitting of the Catholic conspiracy. Days and nights no doubt forever. Persons and things moving in and out of that place make a part of it. The Batemans came late, moving into a house down the street from us, two boys, mother and father, which last opened a small store in the main part of the town. Both parents were faint sort of people, that is, ok but we sure didn't figure they were like Mr. Scribner or Mac or Mrs. Locke, who made the traditionally world's greatest chocolate cake. These people tended to keep to themselves, nice but not really there. The kids thus had no real center either to come from or to bring us to. The older was our age and came into what we were doing as we needed someone to play right field or to keep a look out or to ask some awkward question of people we'd prefer not to talk to. So he got along.

But the younger was really alone, there being no kids of his own age close enough to get to nor our own real permission, and particularly not his brother's who was told by his parents to take care of him, hence wanted him gone. This kid was spunky. You could knock him down time after time, tease him endlessly, but when the dust cleared, there he was, coming back. He even got a kind of mad clarity out of it and that tinge of really heroic singleness which can be entirely present, no matter the circumstance. He believed everything we said so that was our advantage. For example, we played our version of cowboys and indians in the woods back of my house. It was really settlers and indians and so we had the clearing, which was where the settlers were established, and then all the woods around it, thick with impeding indians. Word would come that the indians were massing for an attack on our humble defenses. So we'd hold a conference, to which this kid was also invited, and come to common decision that our best defense was offense, and so all of us set out to attack the indians with the one exception of the kid whom we told had to stay there, to keep the camp together. Once out of his sight we were instant indians and howled horrible execrations of the white man for his encroachments on the red man's land. These consisted mainly of threats to cut off the heads of, the testicles of, the hands and feet of any white dog met with. From time to time one of us would dash through the clearing where the kid sat by this time

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Locomoción capilar

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bawling with terror, to scream, they're right behind me, then disappear.

Only literal fatigue ever ended that one, and it always worked. The sobbing kid would be reassured it was all a game, then he would slowly stop crying, pleased we were all back, and then, very possibly, it would all begin again. We just couldn't believe it was so simple.

But one time I remember it went, in that classic way, beyond expectation. It was an afternoon and both of his parents were gone, his brother too, and him, and me, and possibly one other kid were out in a small pasture, partly an apple orchard, close to his house. It was fall and the apples apparently were of no interest to the farmer who owned the pasture. We found a few we could eat but most were on the ground, rotten. So we were fooling around with the rotten apples, throwing them at rocks, the trees, occasionally at each other, until we hit on the plan of daring the kid to throw them at his own house, which was white clapboards. We helped him by hauling large quantities to a place where he'd have an easy chance of hitting it, and so he began. Big brown splotches began to appear as the kid lobbed one after another, delighted with his own ability. Finally we wanted him to stop, fearing he'd spill our whole involvement to his parents, but he was far beyond us and the last memory is of him still throwing, it's almost dark now, and the car drives into the yard.

o

3/25/72

"And there's some milk." "It's very interesting." "That's out of sight."

It's a funny experience, you see? To go see something like that. A lot of the time I'm in, I think. Like a hole, to keep in one place. You're thinking. Tom leaving, and going over to visit Magda. Not heavily, he's got a beautiful, wise, intuitive sense of where it is. If I started doing the thing with my head, it would be very hard to keep doing this.

"A rhythmic experience." "The steady thing."

Making that be your secret guide but not your outspoken guide. Oh, I think so. Beautiful, wise, intuitive sense of where it is. Turned on. Waist deep, amidst the encircling gloom. The intimacy of the sounds in the house were first, like they say, a kind of displacement. Yah. Music interferes, spheres.

"You get here are mostly all your own sounds."

To get it on, but it sounds like. The kind of music that was

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happening around here when everybody just sits in and tries to make music together. Peter turned me on to African music. To create it if you were particularly serious. I didn't find that experience anything like what I'd think it would be at all.

"Particularly serious and disciplined." "Just because I realized the kind of music that was happening around here."

Harmony is just like what your ear says like. Your own sounds except for cars. I love the sounds though. Open, marshmallow? That's the same thing with clapping. Ah, ecstatic. Open note to the possibility of something happening. Open. Swamp mellow. What are you saying, you like this house? It's entirely intimate.

"Like they say, a kind of displacement." "Tum, tum." "What do you mean by being turned on?"

Know any keep doing this. Making that be your secret guide but not your outspoken guide. There's some milk. Then I've already thought of it. Like I got into a hole. A whole imaginary trip. It stays steady. Making that be your secret guide but not your outspoken guide. Intuitive sense of where it is. It's absolutely everything.

"Then it's impeccable." "Ah, ecstatic."

Cut it out! I really like this though. Way down upon. There's such a metronomic. Tum, tum. Like resonates all through. Weird discomfort. You do? Just basic beats. Like I'd been listening to African music, you know. Made music seem like what you could only manage to listen to. I was playing second violin. It's the same experience when it starts happening.

"They really mean it. Coming back, I realized I played in music. Only what you could manage to create if you were particularly serious and disciplined. The beats, and then the variation on the beats. Yah. Tum, tum. Open up anything. How do you get yourself turned on then. Beautiful, wise, intuitive sense of where it is. But not your outspoken guide. A whole imaginary trip."

o

3/26/72

Voices fading fast. He turns in a circle to find them again. Sense from movies of fun house mirrors and, *this way, Harry, I'm over here.* Bang. Another mirror bites the dust. He throws his now useless gun at the multiple images and turns, to think.

Perchance to dream, like they say. Think it over and come back

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on Monday. No one ever quite wrong enough. So far. No one ever quiet enough. To hear them.

Meeting Mabel again after forty years, he was struck by the fact she was still alive. In fact, pretty. Pretty good enough is enough for me, he was thinking. He turned to smile. She was thinking of the time they had first met, on a dock in downtown Boston. Waiting for a bust.

Not funny, McGee. Simple laughter from the outside looking in. Pains of growing up. Growing pains of larger sizes. Places inside wanting outside. Things to do while waiting to do something.

Why *do* things, she was saying. He stopped as if at a real intersection. I do what comes to hand, he said. Painful, inept moralist, she was thinking, let him eat cake.

Mabel grew incontinently while waiting for time to pass, in the several places she found herself in, waiting. The voices fade fast, in fact, the first to go, leaving the rest to follow if they can. She was a girl, then woman, then a fading voice of herself in inept moral circumstance, waiting. She loves everything, he thought. He remembered the first time in Boston as if the dream were really true. Is this him, he said to Mabel, as they sat in a room, looking at one another. The man on the big can is the owner perhaps. See baby food image of man now big, with life changed by hitting wall in race car at excessive speed. Nothing changes he hadn't thought of. Instant real. Truth's inexorable circumstance. Later.

They were driving under a long succession of viaducts, or overpasses, in a slight rain. The other man's wife was extraordinarily attractive, and she was driving them home. The other man drove the other car. At some point not simply to be determined the lines of movement were no longer congruent and they became divergent, flooded with memories. She could not smile simply as if nothing had happened. She was dreaming a dream of alternatives. She nuzzled the bottle like a horse and laughed at her previous fears. You have nothing to fear but fear itself, looking in the store window, wanting shoes. Congruence of clothing had made them appear the same. An army of marching men. And women. Raincoats and rain hats and galoshes protect them from the heavy downpour. The car passes, spraying sheets of water. They were in love and took no notice of the shouting people. He reached over to take her hand and it came off in his. Her head rolled on the floor. Her eyes dribbled forth. Her ears shattered, face breaking like a tired child's. He took out a gun and shot what was left, disgusted. Then he walked away.

Mabel dusted the furniture again and checked provisions for the drinks. Ice, water, glasses. All was in readiness. She went to

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the mirror and fell in. Guests arriving a half hour later found the house apparently as ever but water had flooded the basement and was rising rapidly. Also numerous icebergs bumped up under the livingroom floor, nine tenths of them under water, as they knew from childhood. Silly boy, she said, and ripped his clothes from him with one hand tied behind her back.

They regretted they had not known one another better when the first opportunity had offered. In retrospect they were perfect for one another but now he lived in Africa and she had lost his address. He was also dead, she thought, surely, after all that had happened. He, however, still loved her too, and was sitting beside her on the couch. Mabel, he said, and ripped her clothes from her without even thinking. He lit a cigarette and walked away without a backward glance.

Backward people more retentive of what's present, he thought, waiting for the first signs of life. When the truck hit him, he was really not there. Mabel, unknowing, still waited for the sound of his footsteps, coming up the walk. She had put on her best dress and after seeing to the drinks, she sat on the couch with both hands in her lap. After all these years she knew it was to happen.

She was in love with another man's life, and wanted to, *go crazy*. When the car hit the wall, he broke everything in his body including the bottle of gin he was bringing to her. It was to have been a happy reunion but it would be some time now, if ever, before it could be thought of. Thoughtful of his condition, the ambulance dropped him off at her corner, waving goodbye.

Mabel knows enough to know better. She listens with both ears. Her head is a radio. Rialto rose, love is the bed she lies in, heat what she turns on. Or up. Smiles through broken teeth. Old rumpled mattress. She felt his hands on her body although he lived in Africa, she remembered. It was a dream in which many things have happened all at once.

Sodden, dreary expectations. He had no impulse even to ring the bell, much less to go into a room he could only feel revolting. How dare she interrupt his life with inept solicitations. He threw the roses to the ground and stamped on them, then left, to his own devices.

Voices fade fast. In the desert the sound extends in asymetric manner, over hill and hollow, until exhausted, fades out. The last rose of summer, the same. He listens with a marked intentness, turning the volume higher and higher. At last there is a faint, scratching sound. It is from the attic, over his head, where she sleeps alone, head buried in pillow, her eyes a smear of tears.

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As soon as you're born, they make you feel small. They are bigger, she says, sneering. He lurches against the fireplace and falls in. She turns off the radio and leaves the room. She says, that's the last time. He is soundless, in the fire. He is thinking of old times, when they tucked him softly into bed, with a good night kiss.

Mabel is the big time but he's blown it, years ago, on the dock in Boston. A grape for your thoughts. Pettiness floods his mind. He rips her clothes from his body with one mind. I do what comes to hand, he said.

O

3/27/72



Visita inesperada

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1.2.3.

Four

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It is a scene with some distance so that a lake, or sky, floats in the far perspective. Immediately to the left, at the front, is a woman with upper torso clothed in a light hazy autumn brown colored tunic with lower half swathed in an apparent sheet. A naked child, holding a wreath stands just by her left knee. She holds a staff, that is, a long stick but not really a pole or something one could really belabor anyone with, and she does not appear to rest on it with any weight. She dallies with it, so to speak. Just to the child's left, is the major presence of the group, discounting, for the moment, the poet, and this is a man, or more accurately, a god, whose right arm reaches across his chest at shoulder height, to point with index finger at the poet's notebook or papers or text, which he has resting on his knee, his left hand securing them. The man or god's right arm is resting, close to the armpit, on a golden lyre, which catches the light (all figures and things are illumined by a strong frontal light coming from their right or, as one looks in, the viewer's left--a setting sun?). This figure has no clothing on the upper part of his body, but has a short skirt of crimson which breaks just above his knee as he sits. He wears a wreath, possibly of laurel, and his look is directed to the poet's pages. The poet, since this is Inspiration of the Poet, L'Inspiration du Poête, Die Eingebung, has a remarkably unformed face and long hair, as have all figures in sight with degree depending on age and condition. He looks up, poised in some tentative thought, and is holding an instrument of writing, silver, which also catches the light. Just above him, to the viewer's left, poised between the god and the man, is a small baby, naked, with outstretched arms holding a great wreath as if he were about to encircle the neck of the poet therewith. The woman, the more she is observed, seems to be waiting for the god, as if he were shortly to be finished and they might go somewhere else together. Or else she waits for the poet? It seems to be her child, that is, the one standing close to her. He is also holding an object in his other hand, the one not occupied with the wreath, but it is not clearly discernible. There is a postmark which includes a section of the god's head, and then a sequence of six horizontal wavy lines to the right of it, moving across the image, but neither the printing nor date is legible. The god wears silver or possibly gold sandals, which also catch the light from the viewer's left. It is now clearly a sky, blue, which appears beyond them, far reaching clouds catching the fading sunset in tones primarily of orange and brownish grey. The poet's left foot is posed so that it seems to drag back of him, a curious crouch, in fact. Listening carefully, the viewer hears now a voice speaking. Check it out. I'd like to tell you about something truly exciting. It may be the god who speaks thus. It's a soft little cup which adapts to you individually. There is sadness, remembering. The words come from other times and the poet knows that the twenty-first is tomorrow. Also other people will speak. It is as if Poussin had anticipated these possibilities, and it is a lovely thought. "I send greetings with this card and the wish for a sustained and sustaining inspiration." The sun sets and all disperse, leaving the three trees they had chosen to sit by, for the accomplishment of their severally appointed ends.

O

3/28/72

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Stopped at the intersection and asked to give directions, they cannot remember clearly if the house is below the one they are thinking of, or just above it, or on right side or left. They themselves have just come through the grove of cedars and are heading for the lights of the small city below them. They are a little surprised by the articulation of the questions because these people cannot be expected to speak English. The Dane, with them, laughs and says that he avoids the problem by living in a castle. He says that it is easy to find.

Romantic histories? Or fragile symbols of an uncertain light. It is not clear to them why the car has stopped so far from the town to ask such directions, or why it should be of them, so faintly apparent from the roadside where the car has been pulled over. There seems an invincible arrogance, a secular power, to the reason, whatever it may prove to be.

But there are two wings, two wings that go nowhere. To the house, or to the castle perhaps. No, it is a bird, that is silent and sad, the Dane says. There is no sound from the car as the people in it, not quite possible to see clearly, wait for further explanations. In case the terrible sun of the tropics shines for an instant, she wears sun glasses, a profound night of the eyes. This is the woman to the left of the driver, hooded figure, they now discern, with long talonlike fingers holding the wheel. The night prepares to fly from these depths of quiet objects. They think to move on but the immanent presence of those in the car will not let them. The lights below them appear to waver and flicker, and the city itself becomes inactual as they try to replace it. Without a look in their direction, the driver suggests it would be most helpful if they might come into the car, and go with it, until the house is found. Then they would be taken to whatever place they wished. He dictates, they realize, the mode, the custom, the domestic use of memory, and they are powerless to retrieve another purpose.

What a day it has been. Nights follow, one thinks. What a day after day after day, now, presently they are walking and talking about it, their strange lives. They have not as yet come to the car, already waiting for them, one thinks. The dog has found a resplendent bone in the garden but the castle is empty until evening, when the lamps are lit and men and women come into the great dining room for their food and water and ample conversations. The Dane laughs his great laugh and passes on the meat, the bread, the other things to be eaten. Sly, he uses the occasion also to fondle attractively the various women or men who attract his amorousness, since the night will wear on.

The car has by this time left the city. Hours earlier, it swung in the air, at the end of a magnificent crane used for unloading cargo, hooded in canvas, and was dropped, four wheels square, onto the dock. Four persons, undeterminable, but for the fact one seemed to be a woman, and a lovely one, go directly to the car, once it has been freed of its encumbrances, open its doors, get into it, and start, abruptly, its motor. Without further sign to any of those who observe them, they have driven off into the city's winding streets. They leave behind them the feeling of

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the day's fragments, years in conflict, and an indescribably solemn clamor. Those still watching suddenly put their hands, in apparent anguish, to their ears.

Backwards, they are turning the pages in their heads, looking for the place they had left off being there. The sight of the woman has stilled them. They see the petrified flower, the antique bird, the lips so sensually and forever sealed. In the car the driver spins the wheel right, left, independent of direction. Although the woman sits directly next to him, her hands moving from time to time to his face, his hair, his leg, he makes no response. It is the limit of a hundred distinct possibilities, a retrogression to nothing, possibly, and they are fearful of breaking the profound silence or of provoking these angels of the tedious.

How wise to have the simple answer. The Dane is laughing insofar as the castle has fallen into his hands, kings and queens all. He is insolent but right, indefatigable position. All obey his ownership and subserve his underlying purpose, which is to use them one and all. The great halls resound to his pleasure, laughing, and night is turned into day with the merry-making. Only the great oaken beams supporting it all know the mystery of its diverse information. It is that wood is shaped by its maker, earth, water, or hands. Inside the walls, pinioned by the mortar's weight, the workmen look out through the cracks, sadly, at the lovely sight.

The Dane, in the car, longs for his castle. He makes shift to invite these new informants to come to it, not the house they have had in mind. He assures them of great and insistent provision, gives them all his heart in a flood of pain.

They think of love as they had known it, hands shaped as hearts, and held with inexpressibly tender containment. They think of mouths, opened, closed. Eyes and hands, with hair, fingers pointing them on. They think of sudden ambitions, regrets, plans, recognitions. Impossible Pegasus for impossible heroes, the car does not answer them but continues.

There is one way into the king, having at one time had a king, remembered. There are crowns, inextricably headed. Bearded figures in long gowns with boots of strict leather. There are places the people themselves will recall, summon back in fits of irritation, to have one word more. They want the car to stop since the house will not come to them, however fast or slow they approach it. The Dane is only their friend and the most helpless of them all. In the castle his bags sit unpacked by the bed he has never lain down upon. The defiant gesture, the inert adamancy, are history of the moment only, and fall back of them in the car's movement forward. There follow years and centuries, generation after generation. They push and pull, discreetly, hopefully, but to no avail.

Unity is the essence of all, the force which holds it all together. The woman extends her hands, her body, toward them, mockingly loving. Whether as mother or lover, she lures them to her own amusement.

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Why do they fear. It will not hurt them. Why do they ask so tentatively. They will not be answered. Where do they think to go or to return to. They will not.

O

3/29/72

Back to back, these situations of tortured sensibility. Does that mean the sound of finger nails scraping a blackboard, the old proposal of sliding down razor blades on your heels, or simply the sharpened stick pushed into your eye, tongue cut out, penis slit, fingers crushed, both legs broken at the ankle. Coincident with consciousness is an ability not only to know things, but to recognize and anticipate feelings, even to propose them, the terror or pleasure in that act notwithstanding, so that the reality so engendered becomes the experience of the world entirely.

Angered, outraged, they got on the plane in Chicago. There was shaky agreement in London, but insistent flarings of temper and irritation. Friends put up with them, with him in particular, and at one point late at night in an alley retrieved the garbage he drunkenly poured out of the cans standing along the edge of the street while also picking up the clothing his wife in rage pulled off to throw at him in rejection. Then Paris, exhausted, quieter, walking again with friends after a brief and confused lecture he had given at the Sorbonne, the lovely spaces and tones of the city, their hosts' argument relieving their own. And finally Italy, where they were to stay for a month at a villa in northern Italy on Lake Como, facing across to the Alps in late spring. They were met at the airport in Milan by a car and driver bearing the villa's insignia and then driven through flat city streets, then fields and increasingly winding roads to the villa itself, sitting above the town on a high promontory so that the intersection of two lakes met at its point. They were greeted by the director of the villa and his wife, introduced to those also in residence, some ten or eleven men and women, and taken to their rooms.

His own outrage was involved entirely with proposal, and with, he considered, what he had accomplished, their present situation being its latest condition. He loved her as he had assumed her to love him also, and he had been away, returning with the usual nervous hysteria and demand, to be, hopefully, comforted by her, his laundry seen to, and then he was off again, to make more money in a manner he found both egocentrically pleasing and hateful, by public lecture. They were to meet in Chicago at the airport. He remembered precisely the table they sat at, after he has asked her, obviously expecting no answer to confuse him, if she had fallen in love with anyone during his absence. When she answered, in her usual truth, that she had, but that it could not work, and that she continued to love him also, he was dumbstruck. A myriad of possible details, pruriently demanding, flooded his head. He insisted on facts, as he said, going over and over the dilemma of the information in his own increasingly drunken mind until they realized they had missed the flight to London. He

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called a friend and they went to this house, but the difficulty would not be eased, and they fought there too, himself falling and cutting one wrist on a glass that had been broken in their struggling together. The friend got them to an hospital where his wrist was sewn up by a contemptuous young doctor, without anaesthetic, possibly to make him feel the ugliness he was exuding. The friend left and after some walking, they found a hotel still open and spent the night in a restless attempt to sleep.

He was at the villa ostensibly to write. Both realized that it was markedly difficult to be long alone with each other in that his obsessively recurrent questions brought them again and again to bitterly useless argument. Too, the privacy necessary to her own life was being battered by his attacks. The alternatives were the other people, of course, but most were occupied during the day, either with their own work or with trips out into the surrounding country which he could not afford for his wife and himself. So he asked if it might be possible to have a small room apart from their suite for his own use.

At one point in the villa's history one of the militant Sforzas, who then owned it, designed a retreat for his monastic brother in the form of lovely gardens and walks through charming copses of trees. Small cells, or casetas, were erected at various points along the edges of the cliff for meditation, and it was one of these he was now given, in which to work. Its space was roughly six feet square, with large window extending almost to the floor overlooking the lake. It seemed a small tower, of stone, and delighted him entirely.

So each morning he would retire to the caseta, while she went on up the path to the ruins of a small castle on the very head of the hill which the villa occupied. This was encircled with a low wall of stone and again the view was impressive. At noon he would break off whatever he was doing and go up to join her, and both would wait for the appearance of two of the villa's servants, in white jackets, carrying a lunch for them in a wicker basket complete with fruit, wine and napkins. Sitting there, it was possible for him to let go of his resentment and to be with her in way actual to the place itself.

He had come to Europe first as a young man, after the war, but only briefly and then only to England. His group was being repatriated and while they waited for other priorities to be respected, they sat in a small army camp close to Cardiff. That had acquainted him with the oldness of Europe, but it was a very faint sense. He had been with these people in a war, the most contemporary of realities, and continuing with them elsewhere did not lessen that impact of the present. After marriage, he returned to Europe with his family, and lived for two years near Aix in the south of France, then for about the same period in a small town in the Balearic Islands of Spain. His self-conscious use of either French or Spanish kept him from ever really being there as an actual person of the place, but the daily involvement of his family certainly made him common. Especially in France, when he went out into nearby woods to attempt to find wood for a fire, he had the feeling he was walking on ground that innumerable persons had also walked on, over and over,

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making a weight of time he had not thought of as possible. Human life he had begun to recognize as an accumulation of persistent, small gestures and acts, intensively recurrent in their need if not, finally, very much more than that. The ideas they delighted in, or suffered, however much they did affect the actuality of all, were nonetheless of a very small measure of possibility. Hunger or happiness, exhaustion or the security of home, both the measure and the vocabulary were extraordinarily simple.

At meals he considered, somewhat defensively, the facts of their present company. He felt nouveau, an upstart, among them. He recognized their names as those of an eminent company. One, affable and in no wise condescending, had directed the Marshall Plan in Europe after the war. Another was a markedly famous journalist and spoke very easily of presidents and the worlds they are found in. A third, English, an accomplished historian, had been previous Vice Chancellor of Cambridge. To him he referred the poems of Basil Bunting, which the older man took off to his room with some interest. But himself, complacently angry and despairingly unable to regain a place familiar to him, was unwittingly awkward and almost hostile. In private he was both contemptuous and defensive. His wife, as love, had gone to hide her head among the stars.

A small brochure, given them on their arrival along with details of the times of meals and other daily activities, noted the history of the villa. Its first recorded possession was by Pliny the Elder, who had used it apparently as a farm and retreat from the hotter southland. Both Plinys make mention of it. Subsequently it was owned by the Sforzas previously mentioned, and must have remained for some time in their family. Leonardo da Vinci speaks of the view from that ruin where his wife and he ate lunch daily and, in his Journals, remarks that one may see the waterfall across the lake in the small town of Fiumetta. Stendhal had been a visitor, as had also Flaubert, and in modern times, as one says, Mussolini, fleeing for his life, had been apprehended as he was trying to reach it. It was finally purchased by the daughter and heir of a wealthy American whiskey manufacturer and then given by her to the foundation whose grantee he now was. The Kennedys had used it, for conferences, despite the irritation of its administrators. It went on and on.

One night, after a particularly nattering attack on her, his wife left their room, still in nightgown and robe, and went off through the interminable corridors and passageways to escape him. He thought to go after her, but at the door, looking out at the silence of the dark halls, he could not. Later she reappeared, smiling, to tell him that one of the eldest servants, an old man who worked as night watchman, had seen her and deferentially offered to follow with his lamp so that she might find her way. How simple the intrusion of factual needs upon affairs of conjecture and assumption.

As he sat in the caseta, sunlight flooding the window, the lake far below, what was so adamantly there to be written. "Sun bright,/ trees dark green,/ a little movement/ in the leaves."

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He could hear the sound of a small outboard motor on a boat below him, voices talking, laughing. Best that one's needs be simple because there seemed no true alternative to that condition. No one of those previously to have been here, not the farmer nor soldier nor monk nor artist nor writer nor dictator nor anyone at all, were more actual, after all. It came and then went. "Birds singing/ measure distance,/ intervals between/ echo silence."

o

3/30/72



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2.3.1.

Five

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Waiting for the door to open, they think that Betty's teeth are equally present in Marjorie's mouth. They look the same, large, white, hard. The horse seizes upon the carrot in the small child's hand not because he is hungry, but because he has extraordinary teeth. Teeth work in the mastication of food in a manner mutually agreed upon by uppers and lowers insofar as these do meet, upon the jaw's being closed. Open or closed, the doorway itself stood empty although they waited still. His mother would often both delight and frighten him by popping forward the two plates of her false teeth, to make an extraordinary face. Most people know that George Washington's teeth were made of wood. Teeth is the plural of tooth in much the same manner as wives is the plural of wife, or rooves possibly means more than one roof, though it is entirely a situation of personal choice depending on the person or persons involved with saying such things. People writing in fixed circumstances of anticipation often find themselves committed to speaking in a manner frequently without interest.

Raise the roof, he said, biting his teeth in anger. He ground his teeth in his sleep. He had frequently a toothache. Dentists take care of teeth for payment and spend much of their waking hours looking into mouths. They wait for the door to open without apparent interest, knowing it will only be more teeth, no doubt feeling relief in getting rid of them. Young boys are often told that the vagina contains teeth. The tooth mother (mater dentata) is one of the significant guises of the great mother herself. Teeth are frequently hung around the neck in the form of a necklace. Dark spots on the teeth may signify caries or cavities in the tooth itself. People frequently make an inordinate sound chewing celery, a noise attributable to the action of the teeth. One knows a number of people who are proud of their teeth. Others may have buck teeth, a term possibly having to do with rabbits. Others have broken teeth, or possibly missing teeth, where some blow has caused the specific tooth to loosen and fall out. "I'll knock your teeth down your throat," is a phrase used to intimidate anticipated opponents in some muscular struggle.

"The rat has teeth," is the first line of a poem translated from the Chinese by Ezra Pound. "Habet dentes," is part of the phrase with which he was involved. I have a car and will drive you to Des Moines, says Betty. Marjorie notes the population of Des Moines is 209,000. Although neither has as yet come, they are close friends of the assembled people who wait for them with unabated interest.

What is anger that, when she at last arrives, Betty's teeth are knocked down her throat? Marjorie's mother has teeth and will not let her come. They have all gathered in a bus station while waiting to be driven to Des Moines. One of the more thoughtful of the group takes out a small volume of Ezra Pound's Chinese translations and begins reading the one about the rat's having teeth. It is well received by all who listen. Betty, tickled by the parallel reference, laughs through broken teeth. The door at last opens and those who come in realize they know none of those who are there. Where are we, is one of the first statements made by persons in both groups. The question, questions, hangs, hang, in the air.

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One thinks the most distasteful of possible human practices is the knocking out of teeth on battle fields so as to possess the gold to be found in them. He can recall no instance of dentists' offices being burgled for the gold to be found in them in anticipation of using that metal for inlays. Nor is there clear sense of what happens to removed teeth, unless one is still a child. He dreams of the tooth fairy, come to reward him for letting his grandmother pull out the dangling front tooth. The tooth itself is under his pillow but the subsequent hand, reaching under there to possess it and leave the money in its place, moves with such assured stealth the sleeper has no consciousness of what is really going on.

One will never forget the large gold tooth hanging outside the office of the hero in a novel by Frank Norris, although one has never literally seen it. In like sense one tends to remember God, although he has not frequently been seen either. The mind has a power, like teeth, and immediately bites into what it has anticipated as prospective reality. One friend was a dentist for the mentally disturbed and recounted innumerable stories involved with teeth in sexual associations. The skulls of skeletons contain teeth more frequently than any other remnant of the clearly human condition, excepting the bone itself.

Teeth are permanent fingernails, that require no cutting. The blades of the harrow are often called teeth. Gears have teeth as do a great variety of fish. He wants to throw away his teeth in the anticipation of freedom. The sowing of the dragon's teeth resulted in the instant growth of formidable warriors, who attacked forthwith those who confronted them. The false teeth still kept in the drawer, although the actual owner had died, were subject to great interest to the young. Teeth are gall stones, in the mouth, with sharp edges. The teeth of the saw had been dulled by attempting to cut into metal. Some persons file their teeth, primarily for the appearance thus gained. Horses have their teeth filed to permit them to eat more comfortably. Who has not had his tooth removed by being sawed into four sections, and does not remember it? Steel teeth, despite rusting, might prove more convenient than wooden teeth, which would become soggy by constant immersion in the mouth itself. The love bite, or nip, is practiced by animals and humans. The ear, especially, is seized upon. Betty's teeth were attractive, as were Marjorie's, but upon being hit in the mouth she realized that they were now gone. One forgets that walking into the teeth of the blizzard is an unfortunate circumstance. The police want teeth put into laws because they are hungry. Toot, toot. To sound a horn or whistle in short blasts. He showed his teeth, expecting trouble.

The door was a mouth without teeth. The broken windows of the vacant factory looked like teeth in a broken mouth. The teeth lying on the beach apparently belonged to no one. They could not remove the dog's teeth from the shoulder of the small victim. Remembering Betty and Marjorie, and going to Des Moines, is true. Getting one's teeth into it clears the head and the air.

O 4/4/72

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The stories keep coming back even if the people themselves are long gone. Memory seems to stay active no matter anyone really wants it that way, and the old do you remember the time number is a really heavy one. I went back last summer to see what the place looked like now, and I found they had moved the road from out in front of the stone wall, where it used to be, to even further out front, so that you can't even see that the house is there at all. The house itself and the barn and shed look much the same, but they have added some other buildings toward the back of the field, and it looks pretty settled in a way it never did when we were there.

Those days it seemed we would go the whole winter without much company at all, except for the few families that lived within a mile or so of us, up the road. When summer came, we were always pretty eager to have friends from the city come up and spend some time with us. One friend even took a job working in the woods, to help us keep the scene together. That was the summer we lived for the most part on chickens and blueberries since that was all we could get hold of. The garden hadn't come in yet and what we had canned ran out in the early spring. It was all an idea, in a way, but we were certainly serious and we were also young enough to bumble along without falling completely on our faces.

There was a lovely pool, up in the woods, formed by the river that came through part of our land, then angled off to make the lower boundary down by the railroad tracks where the large garden was. There was a smaller garden, for the kitchen, close to the house, but the big one was where we had the potatoes, corn, beans, all the vegetables we used primarily for canning. The pool used to get a lot of attention and it was well known to all our neighbors and even to the people in the outlying towns. One motel owner used to tell the people staying there, that they were free to use the pool, and that bothered us. In the summer the woods often got so dry that people smoking, or trying to make fires for cooking, could burn the whole woods down quicker than anyone could ever stop it. We tried to keep people out, just making it open to our neighbors, who knew what the risks were and were equally concerned, and still the other people kept coming. We even put up a big gate, anchored to posts that were sunk in cement, and somehow they got the whole thing out, posts, cement, and all. One time a travelling carnival, that had been in town over the weekend, chose our pool, or actually the road up to it, to dump all their garbage in. It took weeks to clean all that up.

So it was an idea, in mind, as to whether or not really to want people, any people, to come at all, much as we often did love them. Quail, and sometimes pheasant, would come to eat with the chickens, and that was a pleasure. During hunting season, when people were really careless and often drunk as well, we kept our dog close to home and sometimes other dogs, who had got on a scent, then lost themselves following it, would straggle into our yard. We'd check their tags, call the owners, usually local, and then they would come and get them. Our dog was a bitch and there was one particular old basset hound who would come, each year we lived there, and get himself stuck in the cat door, try-

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ing to get into the house. There we'd find him in the morning, wheezing away.

The people simplest to visit with were, in some ways, the various travelling salesmen that came through. By the time they had got to our place, they probably knew they weren't going to make any sales of any great amount, just that it was a poor part of the state and our place was obviously no exception. But it was lovely, especially in the summer, and they would come in anyhow, just to talk and look around a little. We would give them some coffee, or beer if we had it, and then we would all sit around telling whatever stories came to mind. There were two men selling siding for Johns Manville I especially remember, both of them sort of brash but good-natured and finally not really meaning to bother anyone. They tried to sell us some siding at first but when they realized we were broke, they just sat down and talked. They would joke about the siding itself, although it seemed as good as any other. One would take a piece of it, say, this is the strongest we got, never will break, then slap it down on his knee and it would shatter into a dozen pieces. That somehow seemed awful to us, just that we were the people who would usually be buying such stuff, and when the salesmen said, this is really strong, we found ourselves believing them more often than not. It was the idea again, that had really got hold of us. The same men had a sort of game they would play, to pass the time that must have got pretty boring, driving all those miles to all those old farms they hoped would buy some of their asbestos shingles. They came in all colors, some of them pretty loud for that part of the country, and so the salesmen would try to see what sort of wild color combinations they could get some unsuspecting farmer to let them put all over his house and barn. They would talk about a blue and orange one they had done over near St. Johnsbury, or else a pink and green one they had done down near Plymouth. Then they would laugh and we did too. It made us feel cheap but thankfully they weren't talking about our house and barn. It was a small blessing.
It was the idea of it all, that we could never get entirely clear. The salesmen were one small part of it. They were real in it, certainly. The farmers around us were, the people in town. One man we knew had never gone more than twenty-five miles from the place he was born. When we asked him one time if he'd like to drive down to Boston with us, his answer was he didn't know anybody there so he didn't see any point in going. A lot of the people were like that, even those who had gone into the army and been shipped to Germany or the Philippines. They just stayed there and when someone had gone away and then come back again, their usual greeting was something like, I haven't seen you around lately, and then whoever was talking would just pick up there as though the other person hadn't been gone more than a few days at most. That idea of people being in a place so completely we never could get to ourselves. We saw the people as moving in places and they apparently saw it the other way round.

There was one man I remember, who seemed a little different but no less of the place. We had geese that year and I let them range pretty much at will. One day a car stopped and this man got out to enquire if I had a gander for sale since he had sev-

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eral geese but no gander, and he wanted to breed them. I didn't, as it happened, but we got talking about geese, and then one thing and another, and I invited him in to meet my wife and have some coffee, and he accepted. I remember particularly his look, rather quiet and shy and a little withdrawn in that sense. He said he was the northern New Hampshire and Vermont representative for the International Correspondence School. He was also a deacon in his local church, over near St. Johnsbury. He was dressed neatly, in an old black suit, carefully so. He told us he was married to, as he put, a very sweet and very godly woman. He said she really had one aim in her life, and that was to make him happy and to do what he wanted her to. She never raised her voice nor let any of her own needs become more important than his. He said, in fact, that his only confusion in living with her was that he never really knew what she wanted or even if she wanted anything at all. He would try to please her at times, by bringing something back from one of his visits to get people to sign up for the correspondence courses, and she always liked it. It didn't seem to matter much what it was. It could be a flower he picked coming up the walk into the house or a new iron or even a new shawl or hat. She always liked it and said it was so good of him to think of her. He didn't make much money with his work and he knew that, and she never complained. One time, he was ashamed to say, he had lost his temper, he was so worried about what they might do next, they had no money, and she just said she knew it would be all right and that he would do just fine. He said he had hit her, and she never said a word or complained after that about it. He felt lonely at times just that he didn't feel he really knew what she wanted at all. It was almost too good, he said, her never wanting anything or saying anything, really, to him at all. He found he was driving a lot, and the car was not in very good shape, it was an old Pontiac, and he should keep it just for the business he had to, but at times he had to get out of the house. He loved her, she was his wife, but he wished she would talk to him and tell him what she really felt underneath.

His son worried him too, he said. He was a good boy, and a strong one, for thirteen, but he would forget things. He would start out walking to school and somehow never get there. School would be over and someone would come tell them that the boy hadn't been there and ask if he was sick. Sometimes it would even be dark before they could find him. He would just be sitting there, most often out in the woods by himself, and when they asked him what he was doing and why he hadn't gone to school, he couldn't answer them. All the boy would or could say was that he'd forgot.

o

4/11/72

Voices from the silence. Silencio immenso. Darkness falls from the air. When I show myself as I am, I return to reality. Vestida con mantos negros. Somewhere else, sometime. Walking in the rain.

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When I show myself as I am, I am, I return to reality. Piensa que el mundo es chiquito. Goes green, goes white. Weather falls out, raining. Applause at the edges. Seeing wind. When I show myself as I am, I return to reality. People should think of themselves when they live alone. Goes white.

Vestida con mantos negros, piensa que el mundo es chiquito. Thinks white. Falls from the air. Sees green, sees white. People should think of themselves when they live alone. Now I am not so sure. In the big city, you are your own best friend. I see you. Walks streets at night. Goes green, goes white.

I began to make self-portraits because working at night I had no other model. Thinks that the world is little. Weather walking, in rain. I used myself over and over again. Sees green. Passing people, goes forward, goes green, goes white. I would learn about myself. Y el corazon es immenso, laughing. Seeing tears, feeling edges. Pause of applause, in the big city. You are your own best friend.

I put things where they belong. I return to reality. People should think of themselves. Walks streets at night, working at night. I had no other model. I used myself over and over. I see you. In the big city. People should think of themselves. Goes green, goes white.

Turning. I like to make combinations that seem incongruous. I love you. I think they are coming. I wrote you last week. I want to sit here awhile by myself. I think it's better this way. I put things where they belong. A hand at the end of an arm. Goes green. Walks streets at night. Little world. She thinks the heart is big. Bigger. Biggest. I used myself over and over again. A mouth a little below the nose. Goes white.

Piensa que el mundo es chiquito. Small. Little. Not very much. I would learn about myself. I used myself. I show myself as I am. Goes green, goes white. The heart. Y el corazon es immenso. Large. Immense. Sees rain. A hand at the end of an arm. I was very sad. I was very happy. I was thinking of rain, walking. People should think of themselves. I started doing something funny. I need a lot of affection. I return to reality. I had no other model. I used myself over and over. I put things where they belong. I show myself as I am. I started doing something funny so I would become happier. People I met were so depressing. And it worked. You are your own best friend. Vestida con mantos negros.

O

4/12/72

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Postscript

"My death," said a certain ogre, "is far from here and hard to find, on the wide ocean. In that sea is an island, and on the island there grows a green oak, and beneath the oak is an iron chest, and in the chest is a small basket, and in the basket is a hare, and in the hare is a duck, and in the duck is an egg; and he who finds the egg and breaks it, kills me at the same time."

4/11/72

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Robert Kelly

Section XLII of a larger work

Mars

Guided by the clock
a little
lifted past my fears,
only a minute
& then the dream
will know itself again
maybe, & maybe not,
I reach.
Polymers.
A coat of gold
one molecule thick
along the nosecone,
introduction
to the cosmic world
where gold works
even on top of our tricks.
A map of Mars,
as if, as if that's
where we were heading
to flee the center.
And that *we*
is not impeccable,
I will not join it,
I will assert
now with the calm
face of Desire
that the Sun
is a climate
we will inhabit,
that the heat
is our relation
with it,
but not itself,
that the Light
knows itself
in another
condition
& we can walk there
in the cool
of evening.
The Sun was Eden.
East of it
the planets rise
more or less
eccentric
sons flying

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to the high places
& the drunken
comas of propagation
in which a man
doubts himself
& immediately
a specter rises
from his doubt,
a not-speak,
an infant.
In all the heavens
of insecurity
there is no molecule
deadlier than.
Because the Child
must be born
in confidence, in
ripeness, full.
And there is the history
of it all again,
the Child
of a conception
dour & austere
(born
out of my head)
supposed to leap
joyful,
its heart
never circumcised,
gay as the
doubt is long---
failed child,
you will be
born at last.
Every womb
has a way of its own.
You spill.
You are agreeable
when the wine
goes down.
Paracelsus:
How to make the Homunculus.
How can I translate
back into street?
We dont need religion
we need a boulevard,
people walking
because they like to
& all the windows
full of chance.

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Second Movement:

the power
of a beginning
examines itself.
It is slow
The conductor
wants to make it dance.
OK, it dances.
What does it matter,
nobody's listening.
She falls
over her feet
her legs go up,
their eyes
run up her legs
as casual
as shadows of
leaves falling.
Their glances
land in her crotch
& see nothing
but mountain there,
all the salt
in the mountain
long ago hacked out
& carted down
by muleteams
to a populous
valley.
Hunger for salt.
Boron. Chloride.
These are towns,
substances
discerned
in the unlikely
places, in deserto,
she sits on the curb
& remembers.

The rocket
comes down
through the new
atmosphere, We're here,
we're here,
she looks up
& considers
our arrival,
-Why did you take
so long,
was it
you

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afraid
of my young
power now
cold into
is it memory?

Hard to hear her,
she is younger
than our journey,
on earth
would be jailbait
with dangerous lips
& interested
in anybody's story.
-O maid of Mars
(I addressed her)
can we play
on your street?
It is so long
since I tasted salt,
My name is Robert,
I am a ranger from
a continent called
the Civil War,
if I were water
I would lap your feet.
She hugged her knees
as I supposed she would,
& smiled a princely
welcome to her deficit.
I am Wasted, she said,
I have been here so long
I cant get started
& other old songs.
You can have me
if you want me
but we'll all have
to get away,
the time of this
planetary cycle
is over I think,
it has to do
with Venus, & people
who went there
from your country
before your kind
got there, that's what
the old man told me
& all he really wanted
was to get his
rocks off in me,
in that doorway

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before the people went
& left me here
with the memory only
of their glances,
their attitudes
to keep me warm.
-It's plenty warm
(I said)
where I am,
let's go together
wherever it is.
-Is that all you
want of Mars,
just to pick a
girl up
in the last street?
I'll come with you
though I surely wish
you were somebody else.
-Who?
    -It doesnt
matter, only
somebody more
into geography
than you are.
I'm only a part
of the lay of the
land, I mean it's
ok with me but
wouldnt you rather
fuck a whole
planet & not just me?
-I dont get you.

-You get me all right,
what choice do
either of us have,
you get me, but this
whole world
is empty, I was just
waiting for you,
whoever you
turned out to be.
I only got here
myself at the end
of their lives,
those Martians, you
should have seen them
packing into their
ship, a few
looking back at me
& wondering

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how I'd make out.
Nobody offered to
take me along.
Take me along
if you want to,
I'm not proud,
I've been alone
too long.
Other
old songs. We went
back into my
craft & hovered
a mile up on a nice
clear day.
The big crystals
of their armatures
flickered in sun,
a jackrabbit
hit a powerline,
we could see the flash.
-Jackrabbit, she said,
they're always
doing it. The dumb
Martians never bothered
to turn the thing off.
-What does it do?
-I never found out,
kills rabbits.
-When did you get here?
-Years ago, my mother
brought me, dont ask me
how. She played the cello
& hated me to ask
questions, that's how
I got so accepting.
-My name is Robert I said.
-You said that already.
-My name is Robert
I went on & I have come
to collect you---
I picked you out
from beyond the moons---
you are necessary
for a gathering I plan
of certain cosmic
personalities, entities
representative
of the best intelligent
(here what I was saying
got drowned out by a massive
hum from a shot transformer,
switched it off & went on)

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life from earth, a company
of Love and Wisdom. -Now
you're talking, she said.
-I could tell you all their names
but the names dont do justice.
I could tell you the emblem
you'll get to wear,
& the colors of the dresses
chosen
for each day
of the heliocentric week--
but come with me & find
Out for yourself.
I chose you when
you stumbled & fell,
my eyes, with all
the others, went
between your thighs
& what I saw there
smelled sweet as a
river, a rain, a
chance for many nations
to begin again.
This time (I cried)
the Woman has fallen---
salvation
is seeing her.
In this world
the truest vision
of God is a, or is as a
beautiful woman--
so I came up here
to find you now
bring you
to my garden.
-Which is where?
-Where all the others
have gathered,
come in their beauty
below the vine
stretched across
the hop-poles
at the door of my
kingdom.
-Are you
a king, then?
-I am king
only of those
who have become
themselves.
-I saw your face once
reflected

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from the tip of a needle.
-How sharp your eyes are,
but not sharp as mine---
I saw you
a planet away,
I saw you stagger
from the laundromat
& fall, I saw
your secret parts
when you sprawled
out on the sidewalk
& didnt care,
I saw them look at you
& saw
    what none of them saw,
that the life
of their planet
lay inside your
lips like an egg,
a globe of light
that dimmed
in proportion
as they did not
look at it.
You crawled
over to the curb
& sat there,
& in your heart
you were
waiting for me.
-Not just my heart.
I was hungry,
horny, I wanted to bear
what I felt inside me
out in the world.
-So I hurried,
before you sat an hour
I had descended,
the gold
anodized upon
my eyelids helped
me find you.
Now I take you
if you will
to be taken.
-Go ahead, take me,
stop pretending
I have some kind of
choice. Take me.
-Then you admit
this is not Mars
any longer, this

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earth you've seen
leave you one last time?
-I admit it, it's just
a boring desert town,
they've all
gone away.
And this is your car,
on the Barstow Freeway,
get moving, I cant
stand the suspense.
If it werent
for my mother's training,
I'd be wearing us both out
with questions. Just
let's get going.

All this while
the car'd been idling,
along the roadside
a few tracks led
off into sand, salt
desert. Now that I had her,
where should we go?
I drove south,
towards the San Gabriels
hoping the nearness of
my house would teach me
where exactly
it was I left my garden.
She rode beside me
patiently. I gave her
to drink from a bottle,
we talked about her
pains & I gave her words.
She talked about some
days of her experience.
I listened
& thought fast.
-Listen, I told her,
listen, I am alone.
I have no kingdom
but myself.
The vines & the props
are heavy with grapes,
the wine
pools out in shadow,
there is enough in me
for everyone.
Listen to me.
There is a wine
pressed from distance,
drink it with me

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in my kingdom,
I am only a garden
& its idle gardener,
the trees
do all the work,
the grasses lift
a little beyond
the dry earth
by their own power,
my power
is to know these things,
& feel them,
here
(I touched her
under her nearer breast),
I sit up on the hill
& listen,
the company I told you of
addresses me all night,
it is not lonely,
the roots go down
& I will talk
to you forever.
She was silent
in the face
of that deception
which loved her
better than truth.
In her silence
I found
another kind of garden
& with it
the ugliness
of the image of a
garden,
not
to guard it, not
to enclose,
but this whole
freeway linked
to the space
it seemed to
violate
but in fact
revealed.
Apocalypse.
Nothing is profane.
Her heart was distant.
I noticed that my hand
still lay under her
breast where it had
worked itself in,

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dormant, not seeking
to arouse. I wondered
if she would speak.
Her heartbeat
was slow, regular, unlike
what I supposed
it would be doing
with all that stuff in her.
She spoke: -I thought
you were Death
coming for me,
your Maiden,
& I would have given you
gladly
my last virginity.
But now I see
or think I see
that you're not Death,
you're something
much more complicated.
Maybe I could
get interested,
maybe not.
These deserts
may be groovy for you
but I'm sick of them
take me (since
you're taking me)
somewhere
with streets in it,
& people, jesus,
are they any
people left?
Her blues
were beginning to
get to me,
-It's not all that
sad, we're together,
the car is moving,
there is a city
over the mountains,
is that what you mean?
I was trying
to bring you to my garden,
I still believe in you
in it, you'll work there,
it will be more
than you ever bothered
to imagine.
-I'm sick
of this story
you keep imagining.

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Dont lay all that
obligation on me
to live up to some
fantasy of me in your
garden. I hate flowers.
-It's not
that kind of garden.
-Then dont call it
garden---what a boring
word to use
for anything with
people in it.
-People havent treated
you so well.
-What else do I have?
I love the people
in me---that's all
that really matters.
-Everything I planned
encloses you.
You, like any woman, any
man, are caught
in the web of those who
see you. The people in town
did not see you when you fell---
I did. I saw
what you were hiding.
You are a victim of perception:
we belong
to those who see us best.
To this she made no answer
but watched the road intently
as if it brought her
a chance lost to me.
What was it? What
was she looking for?
We were in the mountains
before she spoke again,
only it wasnt speaking
but a dreary kind of humming
with words in it, crazy
but we were crazy together
& there was nothing to choose
between us, a madman
& his find, a girlwoman
from the other side,
the two of us, all
too much at home in mountains,
she was humming
something about rabbits
& crying, she was coming
down, the turns in the road

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were tricky & I soon
took my hand from her breast.
-It cant end like that
(I said), you cant just go
drooping, silver-crazy,
the moon all over your mind
& dripping from your eyes.
I'm going somewhere
& you're going with me.
There's no other way.
She didnt answer
but she did stop humming,
her eyes dried
in the desert wind.
She faced nowhere
& after a while
looked glad about it.
At that stage
I pulled the car
into a turn-out
& the whole thing
rested. -Forgive me,
I said. -It was
nothing, she said.
The whole time got
away from us, it wasnt
really your fault.

We walked out
on one of those rocky
elbows tricky
with loose soil.
She spotted a bush
with red flowers
growing twenty feet down
a fairly steep slope,
slid down to it, picked
one little flower, a bell
or trumpet, put it in her
mouth & kicked her way
back up. -How many years
have to pass
before this makes sense?
she asked me
& I took the flower
from her mouth
with mine. This passed
for an intimacy
but nothing followed.
If only I had not been
coated with gold
& she with silver

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the electricity
that passed between us
would have meant something---
but there it was, running
in the mountains, dimetallic,
going off into the air.
As if the air
needed it. The current
was for our sake
& we couldnt use it.
It would have been better
not to get started.
Maybe the bush
would flourish better
because we'd been there.
Maybe not. I wanted a sign
& what we had
was each other
but not much.
I wanted a sign
& I still had the crumpled
flower in my teeth,
I took it out
with my fingers
& rubbed it on her cheek.
-We have to try, honey,
we have to try to do it.
-Yes, I know what you mean.
Just because it doesnt matter.
Whatever happens,
it's just itself, the same
as itself, nothing
different. We have to try,
dont we?
I drove us
to a motel. We went in
& did it. It wasnt much fun
so we did it again.
The hours pass. I slept
& woke to find a note from her:
"Everything is the
same as itself,
what else could it be?
You wanted me to mean too much---
that made you old & me young,
& that's terrible.
Or the other way around.
Take care of yourself,
& maybe another time.
This is the longest
letter I've ever written.
You were right about the garden,

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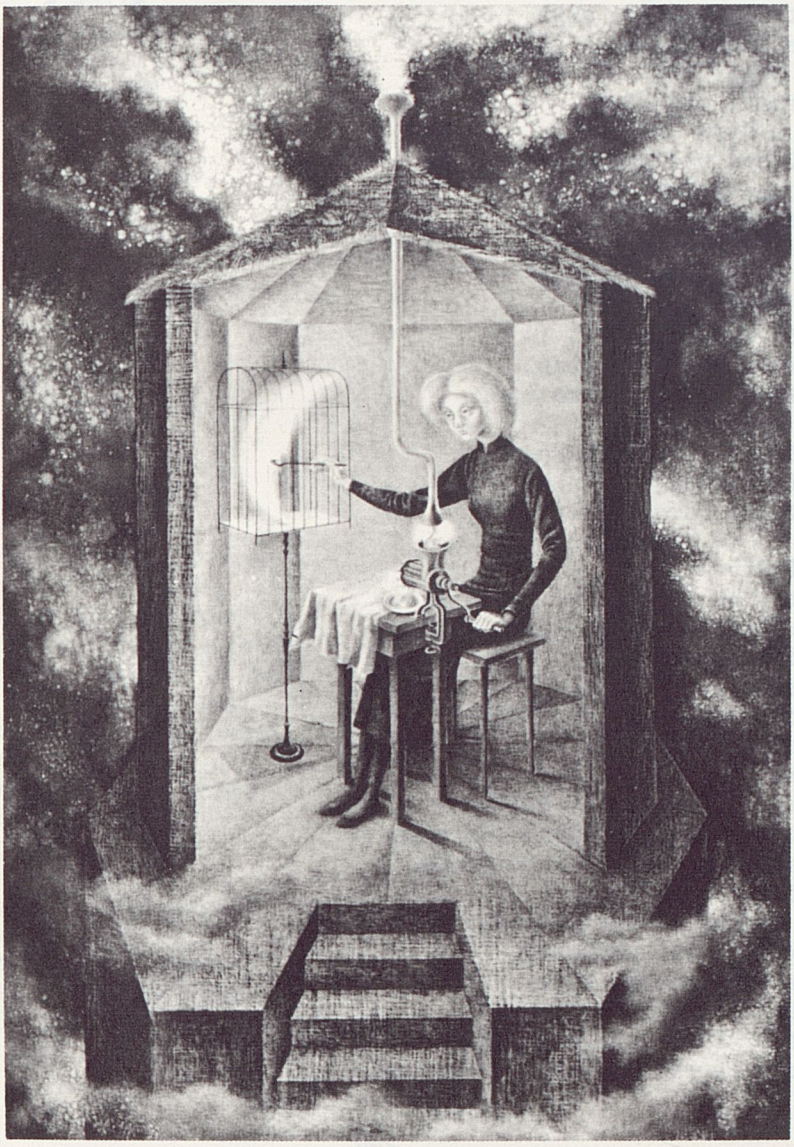
when I'm ready you'll find me there.
But you'd better have something
definite in mind.
Or maybe you werent.
I'm not sure. But I get restless
waiting around.
But I will be.
And you better.
The worst part is
it's always like this
isnt it. Or I guess
love is not enough.
Or where do you *need* it?
I'm not sure about me."



Papilla estelar

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David Meltzer: Darn That Dream

Darn that dream and bless it too
sings Lady Day today. The sea two minutes from home. I'm back from a walk to the PO for mail. Nearly rundown by a redhaired lady (Lil, again?), drives a bright orange Triumph too fast around curves.

Yellowjacket flies thru open window, bangs into a bookspine. Down. Dazed for the five count. Up again. & again into glass. Beats his brains against a limit concealing flowers by revealing them. With unopened letters I push him back out into his world.

Todays mail:
JaH craves a hermit room, papered with letters that flame as stars at the end of a telescope.
Brandi sends a pomegranate postcard from Guadalupita beneath jade skies. Decides to take his place with mud-clown dancers holding Heaven up with four poles.
Pickering, Willems, ROC, charm the spot. Sentinals of process.
Correspondence, announcements, declarations, questions.
Yes, we are words against time in space. All of it ingathered, drawn out to grave letters, as ashes, upon earth. Bark bark
We're dogs crawling over lost lands & sing down tunnel intestines & shout thru megaphones, shrieking: Hello, Infinity, Goodbye. A million trinities woven into a bouquet to the Lady dancing in orbit around our lives.

Ah the haze hugging Bolinas hills. Dew sparkles in pine-cones. Black crow squawks & is answered miles away. News thru speech. I am here, squawk squawk, & you are there, squawk squawk. Territory noise. Who's taking this all down?

Poets reach thru worlds to bring the muse back alive.
Place on my desktop -- her body still sparking from journey -- a Lilliputian shaman stands. Arms waving with rattles & gourds & bands of precious metals. She draws sacred glyphs from the air. She sings to me my song. Looks straight into my eyes as Flamencos do.

Darn that dream.
Knit it into a cap of many colors,
dome the factory dreaming down Elm.
Am I awake or do I sleep
to slide down a sandy grade to shore.
The sea pulls away from toes
leaving shells,
rainbow tongueprints,
sea-smoothed wood from China
or Seattle or perhaps
Antarctica.
Joseph in his transformation

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wore the spectrum as an amulet.
Japanese courteseans protect their brightest garment
with layers of lesser silks
& all is in the unwinding.
Who am I by the ocean singing back her name?
I warm Noah's ark with a cap of many colors.
The dream a flag no nation owns, no store sells.
Let it fly above my cap above my skull.

Now it is later & earth laments wounds thru crude-oil blood streaming thickly thru her balding woods. Breaks-down hills already torn into by cows & horses & time. The land slides into the sea. Bolinas plum on San Andreas Fault.
Fault too of atomics.
Fissions converge & resound in earth shriek. Grumbling earth-skin breaks apart houses. Fault man & his constant lover's claim on earth.
When the mountain yawns its fire, keep on your toes, try dancing over spit-up lava.
Lawn writhes faulted topsoil.
Quick earth sucks in houses.
Wild hands try to hold back the sky.
Ants, worms, spiders, mites: survivors who shape man into new mulch, re-write the map, digest it all in simple gut. Burrow deeper into cooling earth.

Sun shifts so Tina shifts out of her chair to another place where sunrays glaze her skin. We change skins daily. In a mirror the marvels persist. Snake takes longer & leaves a lovely exit shell. Looks back to what he once was.
Tina reads Blake in the sun & Black Elk & tomorrow Isaac Bashevis.
What's left is witness to what's gone.
The sun moves shadows across the porch.

Birds lunch. Grab spilt seeds & breadcrumbs off the floor & peck at feed spread on the porch-rails. Mostly sparrows and tohees. A hummingbird beats beats wings against the air, defies gravity like a helicopter. When a door opens they go, spilling crumbs & seeds. Sowing.

Logo weed puffed on plains reminds you
it's still here, there, just around the corner, gone.
Who cares what anyone thinks anymore?
Keep your head on firm.
Winds try claiming it.
Hand wash the wool & loosen your ties &
dye sky with visions
either straight across the board or
back behind the stars. Bless it
as best as you're able. Sound it,

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ring it against the muscle
lodged in skull of ivory.
Let the light in everytime you open a door.
She's serving breakfast tea in Tibetan cups.
Drops of wildflower honey on the bottom
pull into a gold circle.
Darn the dream and bless it too sings Lady Day today.
How do you do?
Fine, thank you, just fine.
Good morning good morning good morning

30 June 71
Bolinas.



Ecole buissonnière

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DAVID WILK

THE HUMAN UNIVERSE

it is late in this night. where we always are. are always. asleep: (full)moonlight glinting off lance heads assembled on the grounds, reflects the scatterings & patterns of the stars. whose lances, in turn await us. our endless marching, trying to break loose from tensions. we force/pull/and tug. the great clock meandering thru our days, looking for news of grace, of imagination. of pain felt deeply, bottled into the body, distance. making spirals out of death. gone off to a place far behind, scattered out into space. many points and pointings. the craft of timings floats down to a fixed point on earth. the land. floating into her: her grandest secrets are wordless. the human universe, it is sometimes called. these are only words, shedding light, not light themselves (our enemies, almost, for running off into the night like this we are enslaved, no one knows how). the endless variations of light, our bodies: the universe held inside the human. there where we can touch the universal. we who are searching. the mechanisms of our operations. all the truths we live by, and say we do. we can approach the pointed (with shining face of light, prayers) only to know. not to know. to be trapped & fooled into the truth, itself growing old, only as image. a game of shells and seeds, both hands working faster than the Earth circling the Sun, electron spinning around nucleus, the intensity of the search. feints blessed by light. which then is the right choice: where is the seed? who is to choose, this is not close enough, who holds the shell? and what is the color of the seed, the sun, our eyes, the color of truth?

falling flat down at first signs of trouble, our designs don't get close in on life/its living. the drawing of the shapes, forms, structures must be burned. fused, cauterized; wounds must heal. our life is crawling & clawing to be released. and yet we choke on our own hearts. and choose without thinking or feeling: the human universe. we choke at the first tremor of pain or laughter. the blinded whirlings must cease, wounds to be healed. who pulls strings with closed eyes must sing new songs. Earth & Sky beg for release of tension. someone has chiselled steps out of bare rock. we are afraid to climb them/do not even see that they are there. fire falls from the sky, sears our hands to our mouths. the patterns of the sky are burned in forever at this instant. melted bodies are scarred with vision. we run away calling out, screaming for

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the time of day, someone to relieve this weight of power. systems break down under shock.

the rising stars of the Universe have great warmth, but only from shorter distances. we are huddling along the borders. there are birds who have given up their living for our sight. still we tremble, keep eyes shut tight, light is within. follow your light until you become it (paths long buried converge in some future clouded nexus of geometry). the universe remains human, its breath, pulse, blood like ours, as we may someday be. the steps are carved in living stone. the moon is our grandmother, watching us, waiting, laughing. our steppings have been known/will return. this silence is new life beginning.

BLUES AT NIGHT

I'm out in the street (at last)
my toes are purple & they itch
my head is bursting with beer

I climb into my 1953 Studebaker
the blues comes in the window
& I am paralyzed with them
me, the car and the blues are one
we three are pain together
thump the drums, fuck
push pistons

all at once, together

I have engine blood:
the blues has found itself some wheels
Studebaker is in its own driver's seat

this is unpredictable geometry
I flash in and out of myself:
the beer is hot in my stomach
the blues is pounding my heart

a one room country shake--peg leg/
motor city romp around the block

with my wing feet

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slide my guitars in & out
I have found the city's soul:
blood bond/gas engine/stone motor

I don't need a name in these days
the blues is my only food
I eat myself up with blue energy
Studebaker rumbles in for a take-off
this car has my soul for wings

I am alive in metal,
tingling with song
this is no secret to hide
all the pain in blues is energy
it's enough to bring me & this car to life
I don't need hands, I have wheels now

I can ride forever thru the long nights
I never have to come home
the blues is God, God of Life
you can live in these blues
you can shoot thru them like a bird
this God pounds hard, trying to beat the night
you can live right in this kind of life:

you are metal,
machines are alive in the blues
--the iron clad truth--
everything is your brother
when you look close enough
to see yourself

I am high in the eyes of night
my car is the night running faster
my eyes are crystal
I see the night as life:

me the blues & Studebaker
we drive off together
into the life blood high flying night
putting this city out of business for good

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how far out you go
it is within
--Gerritt Lansing

& the mind markers
catch where we are set to, bob
in & out of the ocean
letting the waves go thru
(the body salt
& skip out again:
to imagine this place

it is iron & gold of the sea
aquamarine
I am time vision,
counting myself up
every element sifted thru like a wave
where it all goes to,
these times
when I don't know myself
my words are children,
growing up
without air
I shy away from time
& memory,
fixed into place
in the sand around my feet
& sinking in:
Water is my future
I lose my edges
become island (turtles are my eyes
I look around like a blind man
the sea comes in to take back
its children
it promises a life of magic

I remember my trail, try
to go back to the sea
following the mind markers
in the water
I am hobbling with them, obsessed
with leaving, with flux
nothing is solid or relieved, nothing
is fixed in place

I am like the ocean this way
tons & tons
of metal in my bones,
waiting

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for the magic of sun & men
to drag it out & use it
in the world that is a million worlds
being strong there, in my bones
my awareness grows larger, grows heavy
    I am the enveloping life of the sea
                        float in myself
a gold fish
living for the endless shore
a marker of the depths
                    & currents
the great layers of the world
the great weight of resource
in this place,
the times of day
are not fixed
            space is not full
& there is nowhere to leave, no way
to leave the ocean
                all is ocean

I sink my roots in
bow to the seven directions I cannot see
kiss the sand
the turtle down below
holding the world on his back
calls up a charm,
                he shifts his weight
& the sea rises
I bob in the water, swim
around, looking for bottom
                        the waters
eat another piece of land

CROSSING

I am watching my hand
rush across the sky
      & come up empty
I am building up to my 'big scene'
where my hair grows in to its roots
the place where the swan is reaching to

  when she dives down and down

the mask then
of every little day disappearing
the final instant of life
illuminated by the joy

                of transit

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LIFE IN SPACE

direct tension

of hanging into a stirrup

cross over to the left side

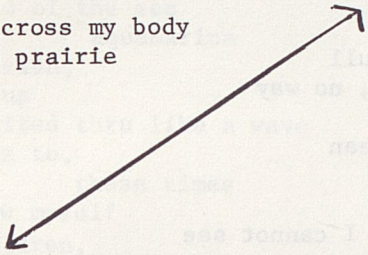
the spell of horse

its spelling: as it is spoken in the animal's brain

echoes into mine

a direct line across my body
I ride down the prairie

I weight up



The Plains where you are pinned into life

my home, in my feet

my weight is distributed thruout space

to move in it

I am rhythm of running

(climbing onto my horse
his tail kicking out

to jump out across the empty plains the living grasses
as over fences

we dance across this shadow land

the prairie moves out like the sky

this space pins your brain
into its unretreating detail

path crossing the plain grass heat

you are rumbling

in the life & ragged edges

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the worn in tracks under your feet

stars on my chest
mark off the days
the trails I will follow

exploring this other world

riding its forms

I am being remade

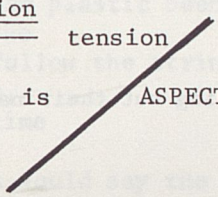
the sightings,
the cast of the stars

their light rides down on top of me

a short spell to get in

a variation to jump space (the other side of any line

Formulation



inflection
is magnitude

the rite of naming was given to man

the particle weight
of my body
draws my future away

like the grinning sky I am continuous
and with my barrel-hand

I laugh

the largeness of the place is another way
of getting thru

it is all running

light thru space is space

its tensions create the stars
the earth passes thru them & makes this plain

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(the glass body)

stands its own two feet

on the other side of day

I call out the wordings

one feather
yet to know the ways into

call out your shadow land: it be tall

the prairie retreats under feet

the movements are the stars: to predict their placings,

(my tracks)

I am coming up to a hill
my horse disappears,

leaves me standing upright
wet between the rivers

I am looking at the stars / calling out their names

release tension at the base of the spine
ladder to the sky
climb into myself

throw the stars back into place,

I cross over to the other side of lines & spaces

flatness laid out to lie in & be held & still

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that east and west are still
how many times now?
are directions, still

are only words.
A deer coming out of
the woods, and onto

macadam,
& a road
by whose definition?
a road, as they say, has direction

by whose language is it, they say
"the road goes"?

Stella, whose problems these
are, would
thread it, would tie it off
& the clear plastic beebee would
sure as she
made it follow the string
would out,
sure as time

as Stella would say the sun
gives every hill
west
& the rest
is for you to figure.

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DAVID BURKS

S'Entering: THE WORK

i.

TO DO it

wholly Nu

TO CARRY/

/ hold

the constantly infinitive

the constantly reflexive

TO WORK

the INTER-course

of lines and flesh

the language space of gesture

body to body

voice to stone

TO BE at once

connected

TO BE of Origin

reflexus:

mummybrothersisterbrotherdaddy

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gathering images
gathering glyphs
out of the circle
out of the copula
phonograms & ideograms
Ezra's lost "Cathay" to Olson's "Dogtown"



th'Egyptians did not draw vowels
did not draw tense
they knew them with a chisel
from the context

ii.

Oikos holds
all that we need
a place TO BE
incestuous
a poetry to gather:
applemothersistergrapen'daddyplum

in Chinese the same character can be used
to signify a noun or a verb
its placement alone determines its sense:

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"lao lao"
"yeo yeou"
"lao yeou"
(to treat old people as old people)
(children as children)
(old people as children)

iii.

TO BE born again
in the nominal
to marry subject and predicate
in the gesture
in the signature
(which never tires of drawing Nothing from something)

TO CENTER the work
in the place
in the body
in the void
that is Form.

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GEORGE QUASHA: *TRIPTYCH AND WHEEL* [for Charles Simic]

I

The clay in the center
makes beautiful pots

The clay thrown in the center.
Beautiful pots.

The clay. Who threw it?

The man saying
Beautiful Pots.

He also says
Throw the clay
in the center.

He says: Throw it, imperative
the pot be good.

Center it or not and know who
threw it before you

or at the same
instant as you.

It is in the center now.
You threw it,
beautiful pots
of clay, he says.

And he continued to address me in this manner.
He instructed me to do the same.
I refused.

II

He is an evil spirit

who tells me

Throw it.

And yet I threw it.
I threw it not because I had to.
I had to with or without him.
At the same time
I was not convinced of his evil.

His message was also: Beautiful Pots.

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Centers of clay.

His relationship to me was of course another matter.

In actual fact he revealed a world
of beautiful pots.

His world of pots
appearing to be my world
of clay, actual
or potential. How beautiful,
I thought, offering him my hand.

It was as though I am bound to him.
This is not necessarily true.
I was and am drawn to him.
I identify with certain ranges
of his demands on the Earth.
Particularly his clayness, his claylike demands.
I will doubtless throw it again, when he tells me.

III

Whatever led to this is part of it.
Whatever led to this is part of it.
It is part of whatever led to this.
Say it over and over to yourself.
It has power within it.
Enough power to say: Whatever led to this
Is part of it.
And then I know full well
that whatever led
to this
is part
of this
is a message
from nowhere we know
inscribed
around
a beautiful
pot.

You take the pot in hand.
You turn it until it reads
over and over

Whatever led to this is part of it.

And then it will never release you.
And so, once more I refused.
But what I said was: I will not say

Whatever led to this is part of it. 11/14/71

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CLAY COUPLETS [*for Susan*]

If one accidentally throws clay on the edge
of the potter's wheel, it flies

off. There is no way around it.
I return again and again to the difficult realization.

Outside the center the target is avoided
by my own clayness. My own pursuit

of roundness.
Earthness. Within-

ness, catching clay
as it is thrown by the outer shell

of myself. Distance. Me out there,
so that in here we are safe from it.

We can relax. Together in the pot we are safe
from us, the tongues of clay are whirling around

from afar, the vessel is gently lifted
away, and dried, fired in the forge,

then filled
with excellent wine

or blood.
From the center of the vine or vein to the center of the vessel

in one action. We take what is given.
There is no bad clay and no bad wheel. 11/29/71

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Earth Geography makes me think of Ea, the Babylonian's god whose name means house of water & whose imago gave us Capricorn, a goat mit fisk-tail. So I have been thinking: as equinox progresses & our aeon be Aquarius do we not need the far away signature of the next order to articulate this, to take our direction from, or gather the inklings? From Pisces (ribboned fish in opposition : the dim flash below the surface of consciousness) to Aquarius (water man's flowing gift : the stream of consciousness brought to light/life in man-made vessel) to Capricorn (goat-fish creature : the terrific water & land beast evolved from opposites by the imagination of consciousness.) Ea's water was not of the sea but the earth, the underground streams & sometimes he was pictured with streams springing from his shoulders &/or waist & sometimes they sprung from *a vase held in his hands*, he is then a shadow of Aquarius [Or more clearly: Aquarius is Capricorn's shadow.]. Reading the images, it would seem that their common link, water, develops from primal deep unconscious fisk-wasser into healing liquors born by wasser-mann & then that Ea's erde-wasser/ earth somehow meaning conscious & man-made since he was the god of things built, having those same attributes of structural energies that Saturn's got.

There the candles flickered & the medium slumped, yawned & awoke from her trance wondering if any contact had been made.

(In the Zodiac man from *Les Tres Riches Heures* of the Duc de Berry, Capricorn on the border shows a goat, head & fore legs, emerging from a snail's shell ...)



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Charlie Vermont

Only water ouzels, the secret of zen

When your mind becomes demanding,
when you long for something,
you will not end up violating your own
precepts; not to tell lies,
not to steal, not to kill, not
to be immoral, and so forth.
If you keep your original mind,
the precepts will keep themselves.

Shunryu Suzuki
Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind

Sometimes it seems as if the birds
are trying to talk to me.

A blackbird hung over my head a second and
then landed on sage brush off to my right.
Later, as we drove out of the campground,
it flew in front of us. This was on the east
slope of the Sierras. We took our gas-eating
monster (a '61 Mercury) over Ebbett's Pass to
nest at Hermit Valley for the 4th of July
weekend.

car-ride anxiety complicated
by phony credit card paranoia
also excessive heat
answer: drink a lot of water
and eat granola
with every miserable thought

the secret of zen
is do what you are
doing

arrive at Hermit Valley
hasten to campsite. Already,
almost all of them are taken.
lots of mosquitoes. keep thinking
electronic police will get me for
crime of $1. egotistical - paranoia
endless
nasty to Samson and Anne

spank Sam
old Six-Gun Playhouse, WPIX Channel 11
comes to mind:
"it hurts me more
than it hurts you"

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drag Sam, my golden solar son up the hill in anger
but want all the time to stop anger
want to go up to waterfall for naked sunbath
in God's light
want baptism in cold water

zen is eat when
you are hungry and
sleep when you are
tired

afraid of electronic police
watching every telephone booth
fears of prison tunneling into my breast

previous vision of a dance
making every move serve
the highest I know

previous vision useless
you eat too much now
and TOO YIN, bloated
you shit too much bring solar son out of Buddhahood
and with my fears
you think too much

Steep climb up to waterfall.
Undress, sit on a rock in the sun.
Watch a bird darting back and forth
on the ledges. It gets too close and
is pelted by water. I wade in to help
but I'm too slow and frighten it into
the water. I look for it in the current.
Gone! I search the ice-cold bottom for
its soaked feathers. Look along the sides
of the stream for its bloated body. Gone!!
I let it go.

too slow
too much food

Think: how awkward my movements were

begin to cry

vision useless

Think: Life holds gifts I am not worthy of

the beautiful birds
the stream
my poems
my solar son

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Recover to present moment with : all is not lost yet.
Look for the bird downstream. Maybe it went through my
legs. Maybe find alive. If dead, bury the body. Search
and Search. Find Nothing. Only my sloppiness.

the secret of zen
is do what you are
doing

see bird flying up through the rocks. same kind of bird.
passes me. A witness.

Go down to the road to where Anne and Samson are waiting

for me. I hope they are still there and OKAY, but don't
want to tell them what has happened. The lesson seems to
have been sufficient. The electronic police ceased to bother me

Then, on a log, a bird with wet feathers. The same bird?
It's him? Well, maybe I'm not so bad after all. Think:
it didn't drown. Anne comes up from the road. She says
that she is going back to the campsite but I'm no longer
worried about her, here's the bird.

the secret of zen
is only to live
to live fully
that is all

OKAY
Now, just to see what this bird is
up to, fooling me like that. So I move
close. It is frightened and moves
too. Then I'm thinking:
I got your number buster
when the bird
dives in the water
and disappears.

Guilt like a sword
What have I done?

I was so thankful it was alive.
I even prayed that it would be
and now in the midst of stupid
questions

Birds don't commit suicide!!!!!!

a message to show me my monster
before it's too late? a gift

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leave quickly. Find Anne, a grace, and solar son before something happens to them that my monster created.

Don't look back. No more questions.
Be here now
Do what you are doing
No guilt
No pride

Talking to a friend about this, months later, he said that it must have been water ouzels, and that he had read about them in John Muir.

Then see: *A Field Guide to Western Birds* by Peterson

Dippers (Water Ouzels): Plump, stub-tailed birds; resemble large wrens. Solitary. Dive, swim under water; walk on bottom

Habitat: Fast flowing streams in or near mountains

no special message
for me to shape up

no mysterious contact
with spiritual being

only water ouzels,
the secret of zen

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Lindy Hough

A SOFT MADNESS

i

Two things I've learned from you:
that the truly
personal is not
details of the life,
that we don't spill
over into the hidden
area in our daily
doings, that it is
the vague moods of
cosmic restlessness
we suffer
as if
from Them

& that your pre
occupation with being
thin
is accurate & blackly exactly
correct:
you are then at
a closeness to zero,
colophone & perfect
cipher of nothingness,
close to nothing,
weigh almost nothing
& thus almost nothing
will happen to you.
The punches will
go through you
like light.

When the Collect
starts trumpeting
so loudly
light, space, time,
gravity & the innumerable
senses become meaningless,
there is nothing about
the walls, the doors,
the day, that is relevant...

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* * * *

Once when it was sunny
in Ann Arbor
I read Eckhardt
& understood that your
middle name, *selig*
which you hated, meant
both *blessed* and *zero*,
& then I read Barthes
& was proud & happy
that I could give
you the gift of saying
that was so, &
the words formed the
thought & it came out
right & that was
health.

ii

I think we had better
get some words straight:

a *colophone*
is the summit of the
hill, where you plant
your flag, your sign
that you have been there.
This hill
is yours, & you sign
your name because you
have (although not made
the hill)
made the climb.

a *basilisk*,
this horny crested serpent
or dragon which may
be only a South American
lizard, but has
the power to kill
on eating or glancing
at you. The poison
in me seeps out to you.
I will contaminate
everything that touches
me. Therefore, *Fire-burner*,

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your touch on my arm
burns the flesh
& your fingers are
ashes.

compare *cockatrice*. I
track you, and when you
look back at me I kill
you with my small off-hand
glance.
There is certain violence
in the quietest of our days.

iii.

Baseball:
at least whatever
else it is,
its the small of
the back engaged
in absolute reality --
its no *image*.

Dream of the Red Chamber:
these things
(true or false,
mythical or surreal
happened:
Black Jade died
at the exact hour
Pao-yu married another.

It is very
meet,
right,
& above all
our bounden duty
that we should
in all places
& at all times
give thanks to
this our Lord.

What?

Was that it?

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The fractured rhythm
remains & the sense
is gone
but there is a picture
& it is not an image.

iv.

To solve the problem of
being a voice among
a voiceless mass,
think in this Tao:

women open out to
men open out to
humanity open out to
birds fish fowl
open out to earth
& sky & seas
open out to
planets & stars
open out to
epochs & timelessness

& thus the Collegium
is very large & not so
immediately pleased
or met

remember also
that a word such as
epoch means nothing
intrinsically, is
made up arbitrarily
as a reference datum,
as is all of
time

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THE INCHOATE RESPONSIBILITY

Not coming to anything is something.
Loving is something. Needing coming
to something is something.
-Gertrude Stein, *A long Gay Book*

I

Who says pleasure
is not contained
in the far reaches of a vessel,
between the two walls of
a cavity,

between a conscious
seeing man & his shadow?

There must be something more
here. There must be
another figure influencing the rhythm
of the snow, of the cold white light
which is falling on the
brown flowers in the garden.

Its past their time, they're
inchoate, can't influence
this questing. They try, but
my silent hand holds them:

winter: kill. winter,
kill.

II

brown the leaves were left on the
grass brown the grass grows to
accompany them in their thin pursuit
of neither good nor evil,
but of staying,
staying in the now
as it comes before my eyes.

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III

You should remember this: that

the past by being remembered becomes
the present. Isn't that a relief?
Nothing is gone! In fact, you bring
it back in finer colors than it dwelt
in originally. You do not remember
the gossiping neighbors & the moments of
pure infidelity to yourself, of self-
doubts hiding in closets which reached
out between the pressed sleeves to grab
you. You don't remember
that you lay in the bathtub
wondering if you would get through the night,
the next day, the following week.

IV

Doubt the self held fine the morning was.
Good the brown cow looked to me,
as she sat there
& I sat here. Approaching,
we were not sure of the meaning of
proximity but we were quite clear
on the structure of our places.
Up close, I
decided not to eat meat anymore.
She decided to turn around
& walk the other
way.

A PLOT OF GROUND

Leave me there
Wherin I came.
In sleep.

Carrying the child
Up to bed, quietly
So calmly he finally
Sleeps, how deep

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Is the nape
Of his neck I kiss,
And want
Nowhere but here, ever
To go nowhere that isn't
Precisely in the best
Interests of this nape,
This nodule we made,
You and I in the best of our
Virgin-territory, hoeing
Working, trying very hard,
Because we have strained to farm
This good patch of marriage. Shouts go up
That therin on good soil the cherub stands.

STARTING THE SEEDS

Again. Indoors.
Again this enormous
Committment
To very probable failure,
As though the will wanted to
Involute again, to see the skin
It had forgotten the stripes of.

But angels
Don't decide
Do they have the time,
Energy,
Will,
To guard our sheep this year
To speak through our mouths,
To try our troubled minds
With their composites

The seeds push up finally through
My Mind
On a blowy April peeking-through-soil
cold day,
Hardly together do we have
Ourselves.

But we don't know how
To stop the show,

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And we're glad of that.
We have the blessed
Ignorance
To shuffle on meanderingly
But forward, our arms swinging
And singing,
There, and back again.

THE SECOND LOVE NOTE

> *A certain occupational type, living under certain conditions, upon a certain sum of money, achieves a certain result in health.*
> --Lura Beam, *A Maine Hamlet*

The apple blossoms I brought inside
to force
are blooming now, Rich

These crabbed branches
tossed then ripped off by wind
in that rigid storm that tattered our
heads, to be iced the next day,
are blooming in a coffee can
I covered with blue burlap,
covered the bare table with a green tablecloth,
put them with spring drawings
& a shell ashtray
beneath the mandala you made of the City
at night, seven years ago, our first and last
initials between a baseball & an arrow

I know spring, desire, hope
gratitude, clarity
when I see it.
Through a long winter
we got,
and now it is so simple: fucking you
makes my headache go away.

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Anne White Feather (Oswald)

TIME VISION FOR THE JOYFUL PLAYERS

let not this charm fail
let not these words fail
for we hold the diamond sword over each other's heads
power of life
power of death

when you stalk me on the sailing ship Balclutha
the energy of Marc, Tom and Little John is a great halo
or cone of jade power
we are the witches, pirates, cossacks of more recent times
born of curious seed
you touch my black fur
as our yellow eyes enter the black waters
you press your heavy heavy bones
against the small of my back
and we are soundless
as though looking under the earth
this is the purring of the Great Cat

laying down the diamond eagle mask
placing my five-fingered hands like salty fire
over the white organ of your body
your dense red chakras
your rainbow python sex chakra
where flows the sacred nadi or living sword
as you lay dreaming
when you accept the power of red
you find the blue you need
we touch with feathers
float in the sea of ancestors
the gods enter
and we are not lonely

all tropic night
I have danced with your circles of orange
you rise up hot and pale and fragrant
your golden eyes passing electricity
old as amber old as lions
and your iron hair
which can be seen in the other worlds
and your soft iron hair
steam rises
we drink dense coffee
we eat earth in the form of corn
the thought of the child lies coiled in my womb
as I have lain coiled beneath you
my legs like Ouroboros round the planet
now sunlight enters my open legs to water the seed

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to my wild and strong lover:
the consciousness is passed on like this:
someone breathes into your mouth
burning your hand in your own fire
and you remember
it is real
and is called the Runic thread

Icarus:
"all those born with wings
have followed the crane to his clouds
BUT HIS ABILITY WE DO NOT ALLOW TO PASS"

Face of You:
Pan is pleasure
good people find each other
now the moon is eclipsing
an eyelash falling into an eye
do you feel it pulling?
an earthquake is beginning
on the roof in trance
clad only in mirrors
you bring back a few stars in your beard

heroin - bone altar passion
you push the needle through the illusion of skin
which separates our single system
pulsing your fire through our bloodstream
on the tip of a needle
in the name of Shiva
Shakti
o cold electric Prince
horned god in the sexual forest deep
with your wand of quicksilver
I say that you are the Happy Prince
and I am the Swallow Swallow little Swallow
will you not stay with me one night longer?
allah is purple and male rain
the water spirit you have made yourself*
is your own burning glass
our systems merge in green juice
in the morning
we play with corn on the Navajo rug
"the sacred binding of the yellow grain"
or cosmic holding together
the real work of this world

*waterfall spirit: huge humanoid-god form created by the power of falling water

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black anna in heat or pleasure and pain :

I am a small oriental or animal
blindfolded with green velvet
led among hostile planets
two thousand years of heavy crystal
bound like Chinese feet at birth

Robin Hood green
you bind my Circe or witch-who-turns-man-into-beast
along with the oriental, the animal

most yangness, most yin-ness
create the wildness of this
spirit catcher of magical cord
you are hard
I am wet

full moon in Scorpio black ritual
mudra of dominance-submission
you rub me with oil
to sacrifice me to the tree
you cover me with silk
and rape me on the earth
in the live volcanos of your eyes
I see myself crucified
in this way you become me
this too is our worship

heart go up
heart go down
make this woman strong
make this man warm
for I love the beast
and I love black anna
because she is me

and is she black?
and is she black?
this sweet anna

this sweet space:
Ari tries to tempt me into his bed with strawberry ice cream.
Says Strawberry, all the Huns owned was : horse, sword, and beard comb.
He pulls out his beard comb and combs his beard.
And apricot oil for their bodies.

"I am presently living in the town of Briceland, California on the Eel River. I am living with M. Santiago. He has built me a house. Also pierced my nose twice. I wear a pearl in one and a tiny gold ring in the other. He has shiny shoulder length black hair and eyes and he wears his hair in braids tied and wrapped in skins. His nose is pierced also and yesterday I found and skinned a hawk and boned it going to use one for his nose. He is an excellent horseback rider we ride bareback and naked. We are going to get our own horses and go to Canada or Mexico. By the way read Ghengis Khan - I started to read it and the next day a dog followed me to the hills where I found a hawk and when I

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came back asked his name and Kodiak said Kubla Khan that is Ghengis Khan's grandson. M. is a lot like daddy he is a libra. I have had strong dreams with the two of them in one dream. Part of dream: found M. sitting outside of a colony of tents he was sitting on a rock overlooking a valley filled with colors, and he was showing me where he was going to build my house. The setting changed I was in a house filled with our uncles they were asking me what I was going to do I could not answer them and left with a boy named Ishnavi."

"dreamt I was in the far country and there were tornados."
three white shells in my hand from the Briceland fire
where on this day I saw the sacrifice of an apple tree.
Vernal Equinox robin hood green

"there is no Briceland. Briceland ended when they scattered the gypsies to the four winds."
the cossacks, the "wild brigade" took their horses into the steppes.
"Bornya, there is no ashes, there is no dust"
Brain Institute, St. Petersburg 1918

"the tides of the ocean and the floods are danced"
this ship
where in the captain's quarters
the tea is steaming a century later
in dragon cups from the North of China
this Balclutha
will vanish into the deep fog
the moment the crack in the brittle universe of dead souls
becomes as a raging flood
the crew is waiting:
the Mariner of Sherwood forest
Little John Living Silver, son of a pirate and descendant of the Manx people of the Isle of Man
Tom a fisherman
Marc, grandson of a Swedish sea captain
who fell from the mast and his spine turned to jelly
Roberto guerrilla and outlaw
Strawberry says yes
the Ark is ready

Marc and the Crystals:

crystal bread friend body
holy eye of this goddess
I surround myself with a halo of my own jagged
naked light

crystal bead Marc work
crystal of curved space we found on Shasta

a man shows me two large crystals you have cut: one rough but full of light and it has a hole for stringing. The other is more complex - on one side you have carved Shiva dancing; on the other Shakti melting in crystal.
I touch some ovals of thin wood on ropes all wet from the sea.
arising in joy I see snow or the nature of crystal.

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at the time of this dream you are in Mexico doing tantric pranayam
playing with this rare sea plant

"Whether I live or die I am Osiris
I enter in and reappear through you
I decay in you, I grow in you
I fall down in you, I fall upon my side
The gods are living in me, for I live and grow
in the corn that sustains the Honoured Ones
I cover the earth
Whether I live or die I am barley
I am not destroyed
I have entered the Order
I rely upon the Order
I become Master of the Order
I emerge in the Order
I make my form distinct"

five days ago you write from Tassajara:
"Anna, I dreamed about you the other night you were dressed all in red
the reddest red walking down (gliding) a wide staircase like the queen's
staircase at Versailles which was also the reddest red"
"may the fire king's daughter bring water to you"

what has happened here is that Nancy has lost much blood in her leap
from the roof
surrounding us with shock red
until we could worship at her crushed body
and could love her for her great bravery
and she could then breathe
and piss again and shit
for fire in water is the blood
also I have found the fiery centaur
covered with silken fur
how I love his flower
"o my heavy heavy fever
my heavy half-drunkeness"

Anna and Mal or AnnaMal - La Belle
Strange Tea and Poetry Center plus Cataclysmic Clown
the complete female animal
in the circus of light or roses
here we watch the play of giants and faerys
water horse and fallen angel
I love you Madeleine because you kissed me with your red lips
you kissed the inside of my violet legs
we balled the warriors and devas
here is a dream of that time:
A wise woman, my ally or archangel, was sleeping with two children
dressed in white. I was going to sleep with a man. She said
"do you understand your equipment?" I said yes but didn't really
know if I did. At this, she beamed a huge amount of energy at me.
I was immersed in her strong blue energy pool and recharged

a dream of my lover all blue like Krishna
he calls me "little tulip"
I orgasm purple
we nova
leaving trails of supernatural light

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Southwind Rosewood Tree:
"I shed my menstrual blood on the lava of a primeval pounding ocean beach. There with a young Mexican dude who wanted to know about a woman and in return showed me parts of his country I never dreamed of." Zihuatanejo, Mexico

"What's happening? I don't know. I love it. I'm Geraldine Gorilla. I can't be revolutionarily specific but I know we're doing good here. The work is hard. I don't make much. Nine dollars at the most a day, because I find I'm not that strong to pick more - but the boys do better. I sing maybe one third of the time, pick in a trance another part of the time, and let the squishy center, caused by fucking another hootchie kootchie man, sway my emotions around with the twelve foot ladder in the tenacious mother apple trees the rest of the time. We eat voluptuously with no guilt, Southwind Sister"
Chelan, Washington

for Lorita Peaches in Mouth, daughter of Southwind, a Tibetan vision: two Buddhist nuns and a monk come to America to take some children to Tibet. As one of the nuns explains her mission to some people, the monk translates. She says something about a feeling "like peaches in the mouth" The monk says "that is a good thought" One child is placed in a boat. It wears a curved golden hat and carries a golden spear.

solstice home: summer
you take me to your teepee
in the quartz forest
you sew your shoes
our hearth is quartz

the power comes up through my feet
from the fern children
silent green intelligence
I worship at the feet
of the green goddesses of all times
they live in me
ascending through my feet
I see a family of trees
some are lovers
a madrone and a pine

you shoot the gun
disturbing the green juice
I wait by fire
singing
"tree root food good
man god gun Shiva
as I sing Shakti
your gun goes off
o lay down your sword
take off your mask
come with me

laying with you
I yield green juice

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so deep do you touch me
with your hummingbird sex
you dream of a rock
going under the stream
where green children
guard the crystals

****

on the Winter Solstice
or Feast of the Longest Night
I conceived the child of Li
on my birth day
I had a dream that we borrow flesh masks
and that these masks will be used again
by other beings in future centuries
as it has been in centuries past.
my mask was of silver.
"pluck the moon-rays into shreds
shreds of moonlight; flax of bubble
twist them into flimsy threads
weave the muslin double, double"
May Eve 1972



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FRITZ BRUNHÜBNER: PLUTO

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF PLUTO

Just as the two luminaries form a polarity, so Pluto, too, is a polarity -- a duality -- seeking union or blending into singleness. Pluto is the "die and be" of Goethe; it is death and rebirth; Pluto kills or destroys but builds out of the elements of the destroyed -- out of the old, something new; Pluto rises from the ashes like the phoenix. Pluto is transformations -- transformations of one force into another force, of one element into another; it is transmutation and the "alchemistra redivivius."

Pluto is connection, transition, passage, bridge, boundary; the end and at the same time the beginning; it unbinds and binds; it brings revolutionary upheavals; it is the turning point. Pluto leads from torpidity to revival; from one condition of consciousness -- into another, from one being into another being, from this life into the life hereafter. For this reason Pluto has been called in mythology, the lord of the dead, the realm between, the astral world. Pluto is the overthrow of the old, sensing the new; the end of the old world and the ascent of a new spiritual epoch.

It is therefore not a mere chance that Pluto was discovered on the borderline of two ages, the turning-point of human evolution. If Uranus is the first stage of the coming Aquarian age, then Pluto is the second stage. Pluto leads out of death, rigidity, a cramped state, through the stage of fermentation, preparation and development to revival, enlightenment, elevation, and clarification. Pluto will lead humanity out of the mechanization and mechanical technology of our times into an epoch of revivification, resurrection, of magic and creative power.

The plutonic force acts in a renewing, enlivening, reviving manner, bringing forth the new; it is stimulating, preparatory, enthusiastic, breaking forth, breaking open, arousing, germinating, up-stirring, up-rooting, eruptive, up-raising, revealing, reorganizing, revolutionary. However, it is not revolutionary in the sense that Uranus is. Pluto brings only that which has been developed under cover, in secret (underground) into daylight, when the time is ripe. The force of Pluto is like wine in the stage of fermentation, which is working until it has gained access to air, or like a volcano which bubbles and seethes until it erupts with elementary force.

Seething, boring, hatching, brooding, evaporating, decomposing, fermenting, transforming; disunion, germination, procreation -- all these are Pluto characteristics. All chemical and transforming process, distillation, chemistry, spagyric, alchemy, metamorphosis -- all belong to Pluto.

Pluto is a force which rejects at first, then uplifts, but is not able to nestle quietly on that which he himself raised up, so he returns to the struggle within himself.

Pluto has a certain relationship with Jupiter. Its gifts

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usually flow freely; its influence often lends itself to the gigantic, the immeasurable, the fantastic and the adventurous.

Pluto is an exalted, yet sublimated scorpion-like Mars, and is in the first place the purest, highest, potentialized mental energy, (fakir, yogi, magician, adept, artist, genius).

The following is a preliminary compilation:

(a) On the material plane:
Death, destruction, decomposition, struggle, force, fanaticism, adventurous desires, temptation, defiance, envy, intensification, sensuality.

(b) On the spiritual plane:
Regeneration, reorganization, transformation, transmutation, creator of new life-giving force, form impulse; gives energy to strive for spiritual power and leadership, conscious clairvoyance, magic, mystic, magnetism, exaltation.

I have discovered that when Pluto is found in the angles it brings great upheavals into the life. People so influenced are confronted -- often repeatedly -- with a wholly changed situation of turning points. It always was concerned with happenings or events which brought deep impressions into the life.

Pluto has a relationship to all that is inside and below the earth, such as, caves, springs, minerals, stones, earth-forces, excavations, geological as well as physical events.

The effects of the force of Pluto inside the earth ("will-power and volition") are shown in the life-giving, regenerating elements of the warm and mineral springs and the healing power of certain kinds of clay, cave mud and earth with healing qualities. Minerals, stones and metals could be called "frozen" forces of Pluto in the earth.....

Under the auspices of Pluto we hear almost daily of new and significant archaeological discoveries, the reconstruction of very ancient edifices, the raising of submerged riches: ancient cultures (Atlantis and Egypt) seem to come to life again.

All large earth movements, eruptions, geologic displacements, earthquakes covering a larger range, are under the influence of Pluto. Uranus causes the sudden shocks of a more local nature. Pluto is in many respects an intensification of the Uranian influence, especially in regard to such conditions which are released through impact and energy. So in this respect Uranus and Pluto supplement, intensify and vie, so to speak, with each other. However, the effect of Pluto is never so surprising and sudden as in the case of Uranus.....

I am thoroughly convinced that in the very near future, under the influence of Pluto, gigantic upheavals of nature will cause parts of Atlantis to rise to the surface.

Pluto conceals within himself a very important physical law: The ability to overcome the force of gravity and air pressure.....

As far as I have observed up to the present, Pluto gives according to the strength of its position, with the aspects always playing the leading part, a disposition to psychometric talents,

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"urge to form" (Gestaltungsdrang), sensitivity towards the radiation and body emanation, odor or scent (aus dunstung) of human, animal, plant and earth; toward geological and physical occurrences; earthquakes (these are felt quite some time before the occur).

Furthermore, Pluto inclines one to ecstasy and levitation, especially in connection with one's self, as well as of objects with which one experiments; also distant movements, distant effects and the phenomena of materialization.

Persons with a very refined sense of touch, sense of orientation, keen scent, diviners, geologists, archaeologists, pre-historiographers, will always be under a strong Pluto influence.

CORRESPONDENCES

A. LOCALITIES: COUNTRIES AND CITIES

Springs, especially warm and mineral springs, localities having medicinal and mud baths, marshy districts, ponds, swamps, streams and other bodies of water of a sombre appearance or of seeming bottomless depths; saturated waters; districts intersected by many canals; tracts of land causing fevers and marshland; sections where putrescence, fermentation and putrefaction hold sway; furthermore,

Caves, subterraneous passages and vaults, catacombs, canals, ravines, grottoes, cave-like natural phenomena, cave-like passages and hot springs; dark mountain gorges, volcanic regions; ravines and caves with hot effluvia and expenses of water; marsh, unhealthy regions; dark, gloomy quiet localities; as well as

Groves, natural domes, places of worship, sacrifices and initiations; holy mountains, cemeteries, mausoleums, sepulchral chambers, pyramids, places of pilgrimage, holy shrines, and places having miraculous images; temples, borderland regions, bridges, arcades, vaulted passages and colonnades; cross walks;

Places of horror, of destruction and of death which are often connected with a picture of exquisite fecundity. So for instance, lava, on the one hand, is the symbol of destruction, but on the other hand, it produces the most fertile soil imaginable; the farmer fertilizes his soil with products of decomposition, fermentation and putrefaction, in order to wring fruits from the earth; the sick are healed by and obtain new life from the properties of cave clay and mineral springs; death and birth make their home in places of worship and initiation; ascent to lofty heights has to set out from the abyss; genius makes its start in the depths.

Pluto's polaric effects are seen everywhere in these cases.

Pluto rules countries and territories where ancient civilizations and sunken countries are buried and submerged; furthermore, regions and localities coming within the range of volcanic activities as for instance, Japan, New Zealand, Tierra del Fuego, Sicily, the Lipari Islands, Cuba, Mexico, etc., as well as part of territories of the former continent of Atlantis; the cities of Rome, Pompeii, Messina, San Francisco, Tokyo, etc.

Pluto rules sections where, by many excavations, archaeo-

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logical discoveries are made and where many mines are worked; he also rules fissures, undermined litorals and coastal regions washed out from underneath, as well as the bare and rocky Alpine tract along the Adriatic Coast, the Franconian Alps and sections of similar geological constitution. In addition a great part of countries and cities ruled by Scorpio must be assigned to Pluto, as for instance, Messina, the city of earthquakes, situated under Scorpio 18°. At the time of the last powerful earthquake on December 28, 1908, Pluto was conjunct the ascending Node of the Moon in the VIIIth house of this city, in quincunx to Mars, posited in Ist house. (The quincunx aspect has a powerful effect from a physiological point of view. I have always realized this when diagnosing sicknesses and in cases of deaths). It is also an interesting fact that according to the Ariosophic cabalistic art, the word "Messina" signifies "transformation, death," thus again referring to Pluto, the planet of death.

Pluto will also rule over territories which have "gone down to hell," either destroyed by earthquakes, earth movements or buried by geological proceses, or else engulfed by the floods of oblivion, like Atlantis.

It should be added that all eruptions of considerable extent, earth shifts, land slides, vehement earthquakes, in general the more important massive geological processes, come under Pluto's rulership. Also, Pluto's effects assume gigantic, enormous proportions. Catastrophes exacting a heavy toll of human and animal life, also epidemics, plagues, earthquakes, wars, floods, etc., are all Pluto's affairs. We should also consider, in this connection, that subversive, undermining activities, anything prepared quietly, secretly, anything that becomes invisible, that is submerged, that vanishes, that becomes engulfed, are specific Plutonian manifestations.

B. ANIMALS.

1. Animals in a state of transition between plants and animal life.

2. Animals living on dry land and in the water at the same time, that is to say, amphibians, especially the descendants of the saurians; the turtles, the lizards and batrachia;

3. Animals leading a subterranean life and building burrows; rodents, burrowing animals and reptiles, serpents, arachnidians (scorpions), ants;

4. Animals propagating by metamorphosis;

5. Poisonous animals, skunks, beasts feeding on carrion;

6. Swamp or wading birds, especially the bald coot, built, as we know, in such a manner as to overcome the gravitation of the earth (flying) as well as underwater (subaqueous) pressure. The bald coot is very deft in diving into the water as well as in subaqueous swimming.

C. PLANTS.

1. Hairplants, plants with hairy leaves and pilose leaves, as for instance, maidenhair, hairfern, as well as the velvety plants and fruits (peaches, apricots) and cocoa palms, coconuts.

2. Evergreen, aqua vitae, arbor vitae (the arbor vitae tree

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-- tree stake -- was the originator of the phallic symbol and phallic cult, as effect of Pluto.) There are many variations of the arbor vitae; best known are the Thuja occidentalis and Thuja orientalis (occidental and oriental arbor vitae), as well as Canadian arbor vitae, passing as the symbol of rebirth and immortality, due to the fact that its leaves become brown during the winter and again green in spring. We must also remember Iduna's apple tree in German mythology, the fruit of which gave youth to Aesirs, and the apple tree of the Hesperides of the Greeks.

3. Herbs and plants from which life elixirs and rejuvenating elixirs are prepared or else are endowed with especially potent healing properties or have a very restorative effect. I consider as belonging to Pluto the genera of Gentianaceae, the yellow gentian, the gentian, the Armenian cherry, furthermore the zedoary root, the aloes, the myrrh, the blood-wort, the quassiabark, the valerian, the saffron.

4. The cedar, the cypress tree, the Ginger fir, the box-tree, the narcissine plants, the mosses, mushrooms; plants thriving in marshy soil and poisonous plants. Also serums which heal. The Yah-yeh, (a plant growing in Mexico, causing clairvoyance.)

D. MINERALS AND STONES.

Chemical solutions, petroleums, tar, clay, cave loam, earth of curative properties, mineral springs, various kinds of mud, moors, peat. Capillary stone, lichen stone, capillary amethyst.

Obsidian, especially in black, brown and red colors, often containing crystallites, embedded in a fluidal order (obsidian with fluidal structure), and in the following variations:

Cloudy obsidian from Ireland, California, etc.

Reddish brown, clouded marekanite;

Mexican obsidian with a metallic glimmer.

It occurs mostly in volcanic sections, known for instance, in Hungary as lynx sapphire of tokaj, as well as on the Lipari Islands, in Teneriffe, on Iceland and in Mexico.

So-called magic stones, as for instance, the labradorite and alexandrite. Black pearls and diamonds of a dark hue, and stones of very deep purple-blue or very dark red color, or of dark brown colors, belong to Pluto.

Dr. Koch presumes that the tourmaline, especially its red variation called rubellite, possessed of many characteristic qualities, is ruled by Pluto. I, myself, endorse this opinion.

Obsidian of black chatoyancy with yellow streaks agree very well with Pluto, especially when aspecting Uranus.

Apart from eruptives, I also assign to Pluto stalactites and stalagmites, as well as stones changing their forms or their colors, undergoing a metamorphosis.

THE TRANSITS OF PLUTO

In several hundred cases of violent death which I have examined, the part played by Pluto's transits (measured in its sum total) was as follows: Square 50%, conjunction 25%, opposition 15%, sextile and trine 10%. The most disastrous effect was definitely

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the square, while the conjunction accounted for one-fourth of the transit aspects, showing a more unfavorable effect than the opposition.

DEATH BY VIOLENCE:

Albert Leo Schlageter: Pluto transiting cusp of VIIIth house (Placidus) in opposition to the Moon, ruler of VIIIth, and located in the third decante of the Ist house, in exile, trine Uranus in Scorpio in the XIth.

Max Valier: Transiting Pluto conjunct Ascendant; trine Uranus in Scorpio in the Vth and ruler of the VIIIth.

Ludwig II: Transiting Pluto square Sun, and conjunct Moon, significator of the horoscope and located in the XIIth.

Mass Murderer Haarmann: Pluto transiting square Saturn in the XIIth (in the radix horoscope Pluto was semi-square Saturn and both in the XIIth).

A man drowned when the transiting Pluto was conjunct his exiled Saturn in the IXth, the lord of the IVth house, and square the Ascendant. Transiting Pluto also had just left the opposition of Venus, the ruler of the Ist and VIIIth.

Similar configurations as shown before are found in the horoscopes of suicides. Such persons committed suicide when the transiting Pluto made adverse contacts with the Sun, the ruler of the horoscope and the malefics, and most of the radix planets were related to the VIIIth house and the angles, especially the Ist house.

A young man emigrated to South America when transiting Pluto was conjunct the cusp of his IXth house (longing for strange zones) and disappeared without a trace when Pluto by transit came square to the Moon in the XIIth and ruler of the IXth.

An elderly lady went through the terrifying experience of an explosion and a few months later of a burglary and assault in her home, under Pluto transiting to the square of the ruler of her horoscope in the Ist, conjunct Uranus in the Vth, and square the Sun in the VIIth.

VARIOUS OBSERVATIONS

On the day of Pluto's discovery, January 21, 1930, Pluto stood in an exact square to its rival, Mars, and took from him, so to speak, the rulership over the watery sign Scorpio in order to himself reign supreme over this sign. Mars and Scorpio are hostile brothers. Unfavorable aspects between them almost always brings unrest, quarrels, strife, deaths and catastrophes.

Pluto in aspect with Venus and Jupiter causes ecstasies; with the Sun, Mars, Uranus, over-excitement, frenzy, violent temper; with Neptune, kleptomania. For example, children with the Sun in Aries and possibly in conjunction with Uranus, square Pluto in Cancer, will be inclined to a very violent temper. In feminine charts, it indicates poor circulation of the blood, and in men, disturbed metabolism.

Pluto gives a disposition towards infections, and if badly aspected with other significant configurations, tends to create sexual libertines. The higher aspect of Pluto is that of Janus, the conqueror.

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Uranus and Neptune can be classified as the forerunners of Pluto. Uranus, which was the first in the row of trans-Saturnian planets, acted as an evolutionizing, revolutionizing force; he he brought revolutionary inventions and set technic upon the throne. Uranus also represents the first knowledge of transcendental matters, and the first bridge between matter and spirit. The influence of Uranus is not yet purely spiritual, but more material-spiritual.

As a continuance of the Uranian influence and his first awakening of a new epoch in time, Neptune at first brought confusion and chaos into human experience because the influence was not understood. But later, as mankind tried more and more to sense the fine and subtle variations of Neptune, he brought submersion into and deepening of the spiritual problems and mysticism.

Now, under the influence of the successively intensity increating vibrations of Pluto, not only the individual person, but the entire race, feels that something different is coming, something new, something yet entirely unknown; something which is not yet laid down in books; something of which one part of the people is afraid and which the other awaits with longing -- the new age.

Every human being living will be convinced that he harbors in himself not only earthly things, but also heavenly gifts. Pluto breaks with the materialistic, mammonistic spirit of time and leads us across into an idealistic epoch with higher and purer aims for mankind. But this way leads through struggle and sacrifice because Pluto is struggle, a struggle until purification is reached.

Pluto is the borderline between two events -- the decline of the old and the rise of the new era -- the instigator of the turn in world events. But because Pluto is a planet which knows no pardon, no hindrance and no delay, which pursues his way calmly, its influence is consequently not felt in a soft manner, but on the contrary, it is very forceful and brutal. Pluto's destiny is to clean up the old and to march before the new era in a new form with its second luminous face of Janus proclaiming and bringing happiness and joy.

Pluto is the herald and bringer of a new age. If Uranus is the awakener, Neptune the perceiver, then Pluto is the fulfillment of the new spiritual era. With the discovery of this trans-Neptunian planet, the new spiritual epoch entered upon its deciding stage. The first connection which Pluto formed after its discovery, with another great planet, was the square to Uranus.....

Pluto is giving the earth a new face and calls forth deep cutting changes, especially in culture. He helps the human being in his struggle with the fettered energies and discloses new heretofore unknown forces of nature. The utilization of the heat of the Sun, of the slumbering force in the unsmashed atom, of the enormous reserves of earth-heat inside the earth, of the gigantic energies which express themselves in the movement of the waters of the sea (ebb and flow of the tides), to make use of the volcanic forces of the earth, the experiments with transmutation of force, and also all more or less gigantic daring and revolutionary pro-

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jects of our time, can all be classified as the outpouring power of Pluto. It certainly is not necessary to give detailed explanations. It is generally known that engineers and inventors have been working on these projects for a number of years already, and some countries have brought them into realization before this. Therefore, it can be expected that many of these problems will be unravelled under the influence of Pluto before long.

Pluto brings enormously large and important projects in regard to cultivation of the earth. Entirely new methods to work the ground and for planting will be found; especially, the next thirty to forty years should be very revolutionary along this line. Pluto will have brought many new things and also great tribulation during this period. Under Pluto's influence it would be possible to grow bigger and entirely new kinds of fruit to make them better and more plentiful. Ways and means will be found to harden tropical fruits and plants in such a manner that it will be possible to accustom them to our climate and then raise them in our latitude, or even further north. This will be possible especially with hairy fruits and plants. American and Russian fruit and flower growers have already furnished the proof for this and I am, therefore, not writing about utopias.....

A great number of rays exist of which we know nothing today. Pluto will present to humanity a new force of rays for healing, i.e., healing rays, and it is possible that one will hear about this for the first time in the year 1936. They should be rays similar to the radium emanations and which have the power to reanimate weak, broken down, stunted or dying organs, therefore rays with a wholly intensive healing influence (Pluto -- renewing, reviving of decayed or dead things). Ailing himanity should receive a new weapon of combat against the greatest scourges of the human body, such as tuberculosis, cancer, leprosy, diseases of the blood.

Under the influence of the double-headed, polar Pluto, not only life-giving, but also life-destroying, i.e., death rays, will be found. One hears about devices which can send out these death rays from time to time, even though it seems that an effort is made to keep such man-killing weapons secret. This would be a terrible weapon for the coming war. It is very peculiar, however, that just as I am writing this, I read in the newspaper of a pistol which shoots out death rays, but in a different sense. The inventors, Keilhaus and Christmanns, have constructed an apparatus of such intensity that all living things are thrown into a temporary state of catalepsy, if they come within its path. The intensity of the rays is supposed to be five million candlepower. This is a genuine Plutonian invention.

It has been known for a long time that the human body radiates and sends out different kinds of vibrations. There are persons with animalistic-psychical electricity; therefore, these persons emit radiations or electrical force. These appearances are closely related to the physical phenomena of mediumism. As Pluto is a psychical planet and stands in the sensitive sign Cancer until the year 1939, so can it be expected that we shall hear more about

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such seemingly miraculous physical phenomena.

This position of Pluto also induces to new achievements in the realm of parapsychology and related subjects. Especially among the youth of today, we have a generation in which many children will be found to have "unusual talents." Children who, for example, have Pluto in Cancer in a dominant position in the horoscope will be "different" than others. These will become Einzelgänger (lone wanderers).

1934

SOME QUOTES FROM "PLUTO AND THE OUTER REACHES" in *Nine Planets* by Alan E. Nourse.

But no planet that size with a density equal to Earth's could possibly have any significant effect on its big brothers. Astronomers were at a loss; if they accepted that diameter as correct, and yet also accepted Lowell's figures for the activity of the trans-Neptunian planet, Pluto would have to have a density nearly ten times that of the Earth -- more than fifty times the density of water!

We have been trying to make Pluto bigger than it looks; suppose instead that Pluto is really *exactly* what it appears to be: an exceedingly dense dwarf planet, incredibly heavy for its size, with a higher specific gravity than any other known structure in the solar system. Is it conceivable that such a planet could exist in a solar system such as ours?

We have already remarked that the gas giants could represent "cold stars" --- components of a multiple star system which never quite developed the energy potential to burst into life. If Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune were star-planets of this sort, they would represent *abortive* stars that just didn't make the grade.

But Pluto might be a star-planet of quite a different sort. In the great cosmic cycle of stellar formation and decay we have seen that the final corpse of a dead and burnt-put star is a dense cold dwarf. The planet Pluto confounds us because it appears to have an enormous density and mass coupled with an apparently very small size. But this is exactly what a burnt-out star ought to be: a cold, non-luminous cinder, its energy finally expended, with nothing left but a dull residue of atomic ash, neutrons, and other nuclear particles stripped of electron layers and enormously dense. In fact, the only way that matter as we understand it could possibly have a density as great as Pluto appears to have would be in a state of electronic collapse, proton packed upon neutron, with the "cushion" of electron layers disrupted and collapsed, or only partially present.

.....so distant that the Sun is hardly more than a faint pinprick of light in a black sky..... on the shores of a dead sea of liquid methane..... Stygian darkness, cold beyond description.

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Mars Photos

(the captions to the pictures occur in the same order as the pictures)

1- Gigantic volcanic mountain on Mars -- called Nix Olympica -- was photographed by Mariner 9 in late January as the great Martian dust storm subsided. The clearing atmosphere reveals a mountain 500 kilometers (310 miles) across at the base. Steep cliffs drop off from the mountain flanks to a surrounding great plain. The main crater at the summit, a complex multiple volcanic vent, is 65 kilometers (40 miles) in diameter. The mountain is twice as broad as the most massive volcanic pile on Earth.

2- This complex pattern of delicate swirls and irregular dark blotches, which cloaks the unusual terrain of Mars' south polar region, provides an exquisite example of the interplay between a number of mystifying geological processes. The albedo -- reflected light -- boundary (top center) is very unusual as it displays no apparent correlation to the local topography. Dark splotches at lower left, right center and bottom center are on the floors of surface depressions.

3- Three weeks earlier, this area -- Phoenicis Lacus -- was hidden from view by the great dust storm. This plateau lies about 3½ miles above the mean elevation on Mars. Lower areas are still hidden by the dust. The few craters indicate that the surface is relatively young and possibly may be covered by volcanic deposits and later broken by faults that cut the rocks into mosaic-like fragments. The fault valleys are about 1½ miles across. The center of the picture is 17.5° south of the Martian equator.

4- Martian Canyonlands, part of a 120,000-square-kilometer complex in Noctis Lacus on the northern edge of the Solis Lacus region, were photographed by the Mariner 9 orbiting spacecraft from about 5050 miles (8150 kilometers) during its 69th circuit of the planet. The canyons, about 6 to 12 miles wide, have smooth floors and are separated from one another by flat surfaced plateaus or mesas. The curving segments of the canyon walls are roughly parallel to one another. These observations suggest that the canyons are of structural origin, but the intricate fluting of the walls indicate erosional modification.

5- Nested pictures of Mars' Nix Olympica region, taken January 7 by Mariner 9, appear far less obscured by atmospheric dust than those taken of the same area during the spacecraft's earlier orbits of the planet. The feathery texture and the many small intersecting elongated lobes suggest flowage of material downslope and away from the central crater complex. Collectively, these features are similar in appearance to those seen on terrestrial lava flows.

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6- The first view of rilles, or cracks, in the Martian crust was seen by the telephoto lens of Mariner 9 on January 7 as the spacecraft made its 109th revolution of the planet. These structures are part of a system of parallel fissures extending more than 1100 miles along the Martian surface. The widest rille is about a mile across and contains a shallower rille in its floor. Lunar rilles have been interpreted generally as tensional features produced by stretching of the upper rock layers.

7- Extraordinary pits and hollows, never before seen on Mars, were photographed on January 6 of the orbiting Mariner 9 spacecraft. Unlike collapse features resulting from volcanic withdrawal, these hollows exhibit no interior terraces. Conceivably, these structures may have resulted from the thawing of large accumulations of ground ice. Another possibility is that they are deflation hollows developed by wind action in loosely consolidated materials.

8- Much of the south temperate zone of Mars is found by Mariner 9 to contain dark irregular areas not present in Mariner 7 images taken in 1969. Some of the splotches are contained within craters; others appear to wash over craters. Under ideal conditions, they should be visible from Earth and may be identical to the "dark nuclei" noted by ground-based observers. The crater at center, with a dark ring around its floor, is about 77 miles in diameter.

9- A vast chasm with branching canyons eroding the adjacent plateau-lands appears in this view of Mars taken by Mariner 9 on January 12. Located in Tithonius Lacus, 300 miles south of the equator, these features represent a type of landform evolution apparently unique to Mars. The resemblance to the tree-like tributaries of a terrestrial stream system is probably superficial, for many of the "tributary" canyons are closed depressions. Subsidence along lines of weakness in the crust, and possibly deflation by Martian winds, have sculptured this unique pattern.

10- A 43-mile-wide Martian crater was photographed by Mariner 9 during its 65th revolution of the planet. The crater, possibly a volcanic collapse caldera similar to many found on Earth, is located near Mars' Pavonis Lacus a few degrees north of the equator. The ridges (bottom) are similar to lunar mare ridges. On the moon, they are commonly inferred to be breaks in the crust, along which extrusion of lava has taken place.

11- An intricate network of mighty canyons appears to hang like a giant chandelier from the Martian equator in a picture taken by Mariner 9 on January 10. This photo, which covers an area 336 by 264 miles, provides a dramatic evidence of erosional processes at work on the fractured volcanic table lands of Mars' Noctis Lacus.

12- A probable Martian shield volcano, informally called "Middle Spot," the central of three dark spots seen protruding above the

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raging dust storm by Mariner 9 on earlier orbits, was photographed with far greater clarity on January 9. The summit crater, approximately 25 miles across, and the grooves farther down the flank probably were produced by subsidence following subsurface movement of volcanic magma -- molten rock. As seen in the high-resolution view, the rough volcanic flank is splattered with impact craters with raised rims. The smooth crater floor, which meets the wall abruptly, is probably a former lava lake. The crater walls are scarred vertically where loose material has slid downslope and has been removed by the Martian wind.

13- This Mariner 9 photo shows an extremely jumbled area lying within a depression in the cratered surface of Mars. The hummocky area apparently was caused by a landslide detached from the higher, smoother, cratered terrain. The parallel grooves in the slopes may be avalanche tracks that mark the channels along which material has slid to the valley bottom. The dark area is the classical telescopic feature Juventae Fons, one of the darkest and more permanent of the discrete albedo features on Mars. The albedo boundary seems to show little relationship to the local topography. The photo covers an area 217 by 279 miles.

14- An unexpected feature on the Martian surface is this sinuous valley photographed by Mariner 9 from 1033 miles during the spacecraft's 133rd revolution of the planet. The valley, some 250 miles long and 3 to 3½ miles wide in this photo, resembles a giant version of an Earth "arroyo" -- a watercut gulley found frequently in the mountainous southwestern United States. Scientists believe, however, that not nearly enough water exists in the Martian atmosphere to allow formation of rivers. The Martian valleys also resemble sinuous rilles on Earth's moon believed to be associated with lava flows.

15- A 435-mile-long sinuous valley in the Rasena region of Mars is portrayed in a pair of TV pictures taken by Mariner 9 on January 22. The valley, and others like it seen by Mariner, resemble shorter sinuous rilles on the Moon (including the Hadley Rille visited by astronauts Scott and Irwin on the 1971 Apollo 15 mission). Rilles may be produced by the collapse of the roof over subsurface lava flows. The Martian valleys raise the possibility of erosional episodes, or more abundant water in ancient Martian history.

16- Contrasting terrains in the Novus Mons area in the southern hemisphere of Mars are seen in this composite. The smooth, but finely striated, area in the center stands at a higher elevation than the more irregular terrain to the right.

17- The most detailed image of Phobos available to date is seen in this computer-enhanced photograph taken by Mariner 9 during its 34th orbit of Mars. Distance from the spacecraft camera to

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the Mars moon was 3,444 miles. The large crater at right center appears to have at least one small crater on its rim. More than a dozen other small craters are visible. The profusion of craters suggests that Mars' innermost moon is very old and possesses considerable structural strenght. The irregular edge at top left may have been produced when an asteroid impacted the larger parent body of Phobos.

18- A computer-processed version of Man's first detailed image of Phobos, the innermost moon of Mars. The most spectacular feature seen is the large crater at top, approximately four miles across. The dimensions of this crater are about one-third the height of Phobos in this picture. Phobos appears to be rougher than its companion satellite, Deimos. The picture was taken by Mariner 9 during its 31st orbit of Mars on November 29.

19- The three high resolution frames at upper left, upper right, and lower right were acquired by Mariner 9 on November 19, November 28, and December 1, respectively. The same local area is viewed in each case, but from somewhat different directions, and is indicated with a dark arrow on the accompanying low resolution view. The location of the South Pole of Mars, and the direction of the prime meridian, are shown in white. In the high resolution frames, the maximum dimension corresponds to approximately 62 miles on the Martian surface. The low resolution view is printed at 10 times greater scale. At most, only an inch or so of the carbon dioxide frost composing the cap could be expected to have sublimated in such a brief time. Uniform disappearance of thin frost over such a large area indicates this portion of Mars is exceedingly smooth. Underlying low relief of distinctive character appears to be emerging in the bend of the sinuous dark band.

THESE ARE IMAGES OF AN UNKNOWN PLANET THAT IS NOT THE EARTH, BRINGING HOME THE DILEMMA OF IMAGES OF OURSELF, AT ANY DISTANCE. ANALOGY IS MISLEADING. IN THE MACROCOSM THERE IS BUT ONE CREATION. IN THE MICROCOSM THERE MAY BE ANY NUMBER OF CREATIONS, OBEYING SUBTLY DIFFERENT LAWS, ON SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT ANGLES OR STREAKS, CULMINATING IN VARYING GEOGRAPHICAL REALITIES. IRREVERSIBILITY IN NATURE IS LOCAL, NOT COSMOLOGICAL. IT EXISTS IN THE BOUNDARY CONDITIONS, NOT THE LAWS. THE MARS PHOTOS POSSESS A FACTLIKE RATHER THAN A LAWLIKE CHARACTER (with apologies to Benjamin Gal-Or). RIVERS THAT RESEMBLE RIVERS ONLY RESEMBLE RIVERS FLOW TO NO LIKE PURPOSE. THE BIOLOGICAL AND STATISTICAL ARROWS OF TIME CANNOT BE DRAWN (BY MARINER) ACROSS THE DIVIDE THAT SEPARATES THESE TWO PLANETS. THE IMAGO MUNDI IS CREATURE NOT GEOMETRICAL, EXPERIENCED AS SUBJECT TO THE LAWS FROM WITHIN RATHER THAN ABSTRACTION UPON THE SPACES FROM OUTSIDE THEM. HENCE THESE PHOTOS OF MARS, RENDERED UPON THE VERY REAL DISTANCES OF THE EARTH.

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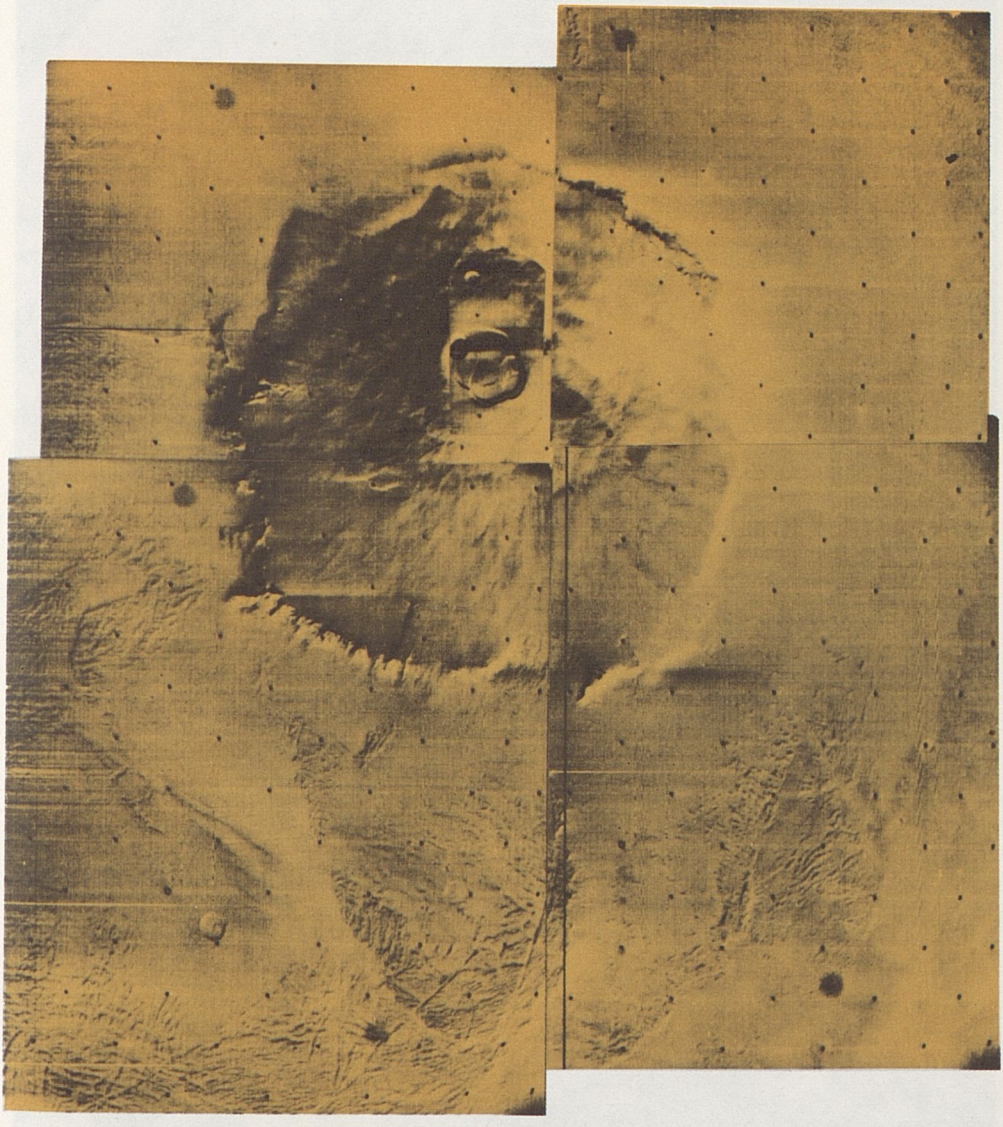

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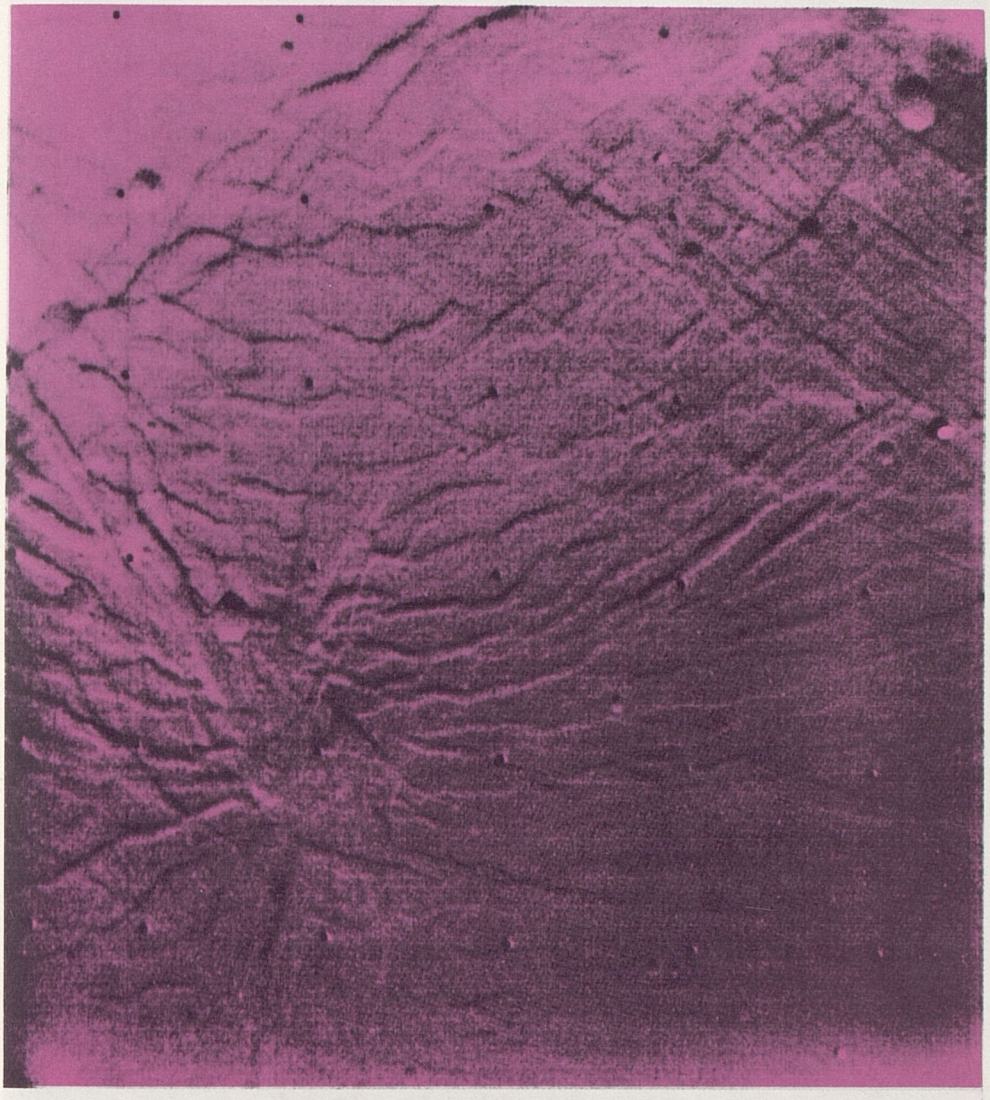

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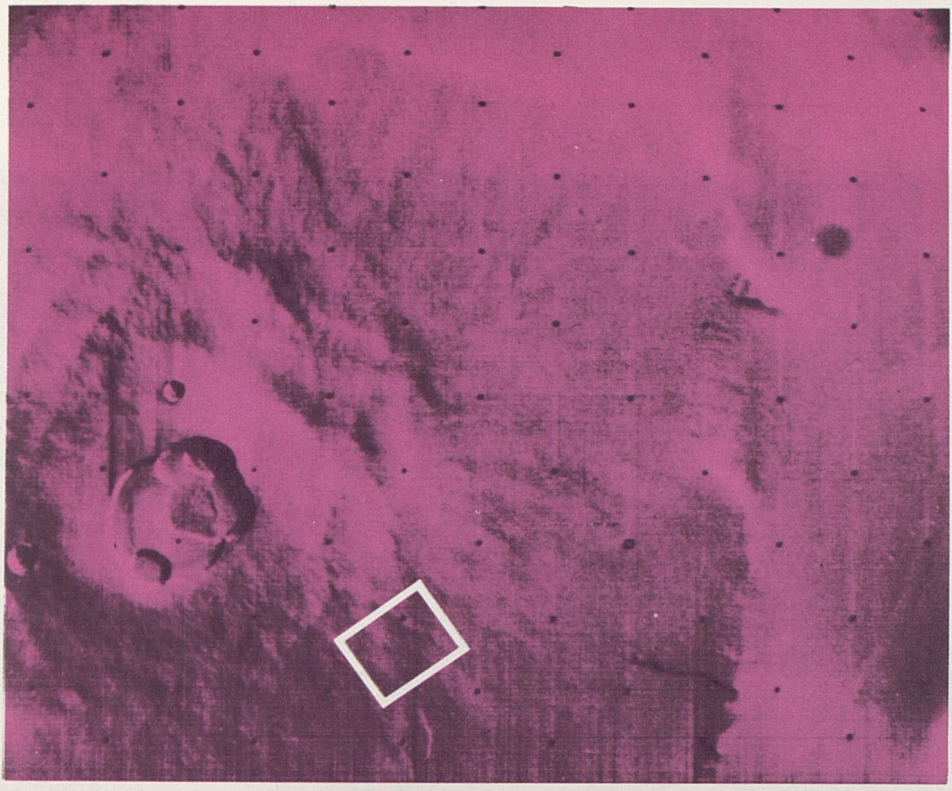

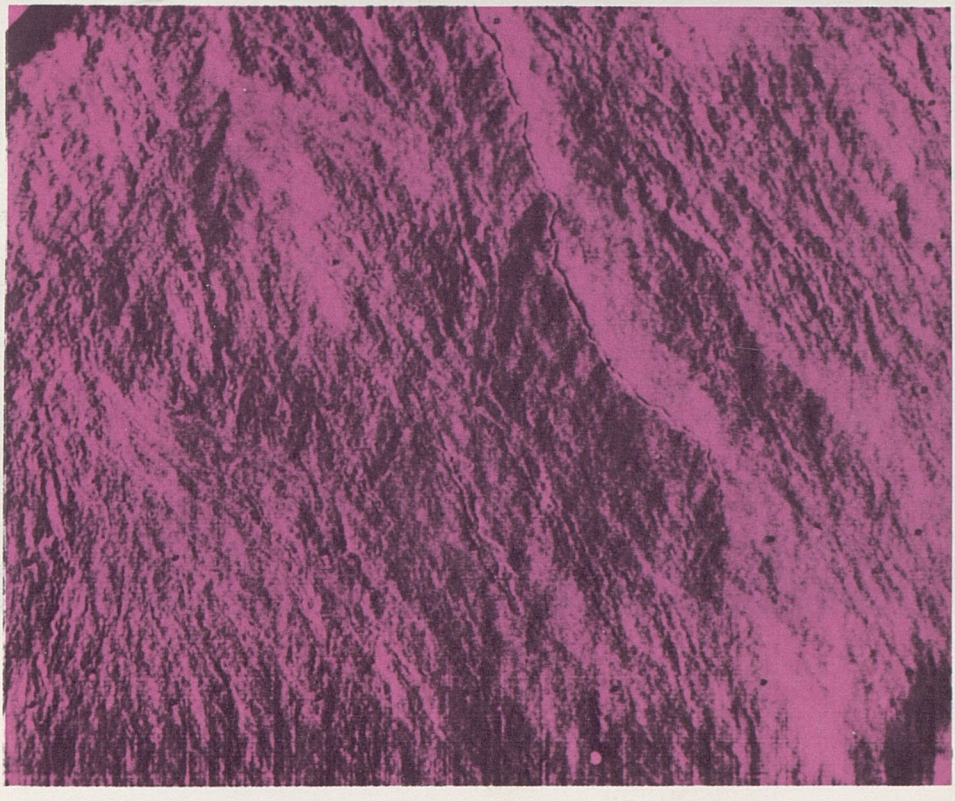

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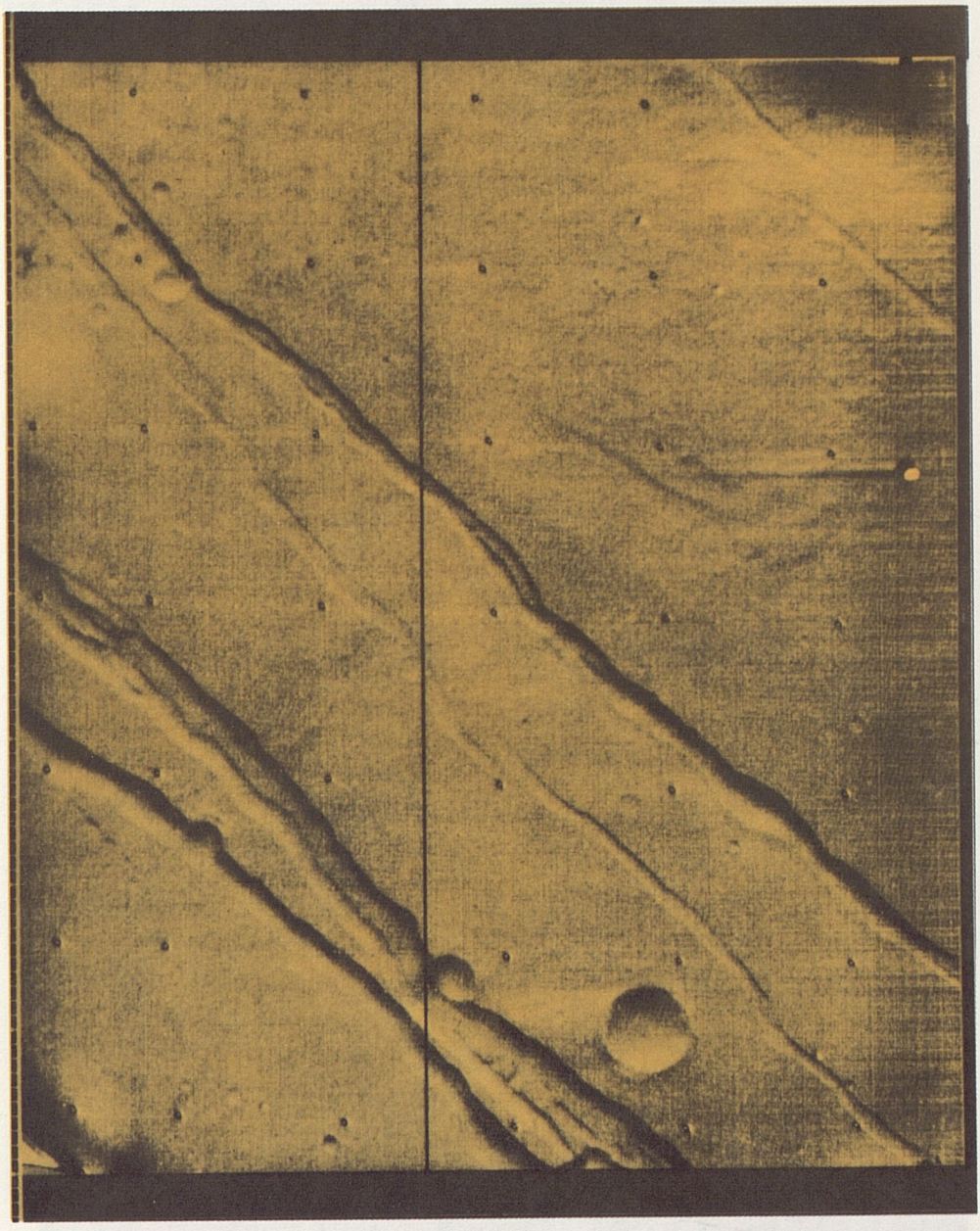

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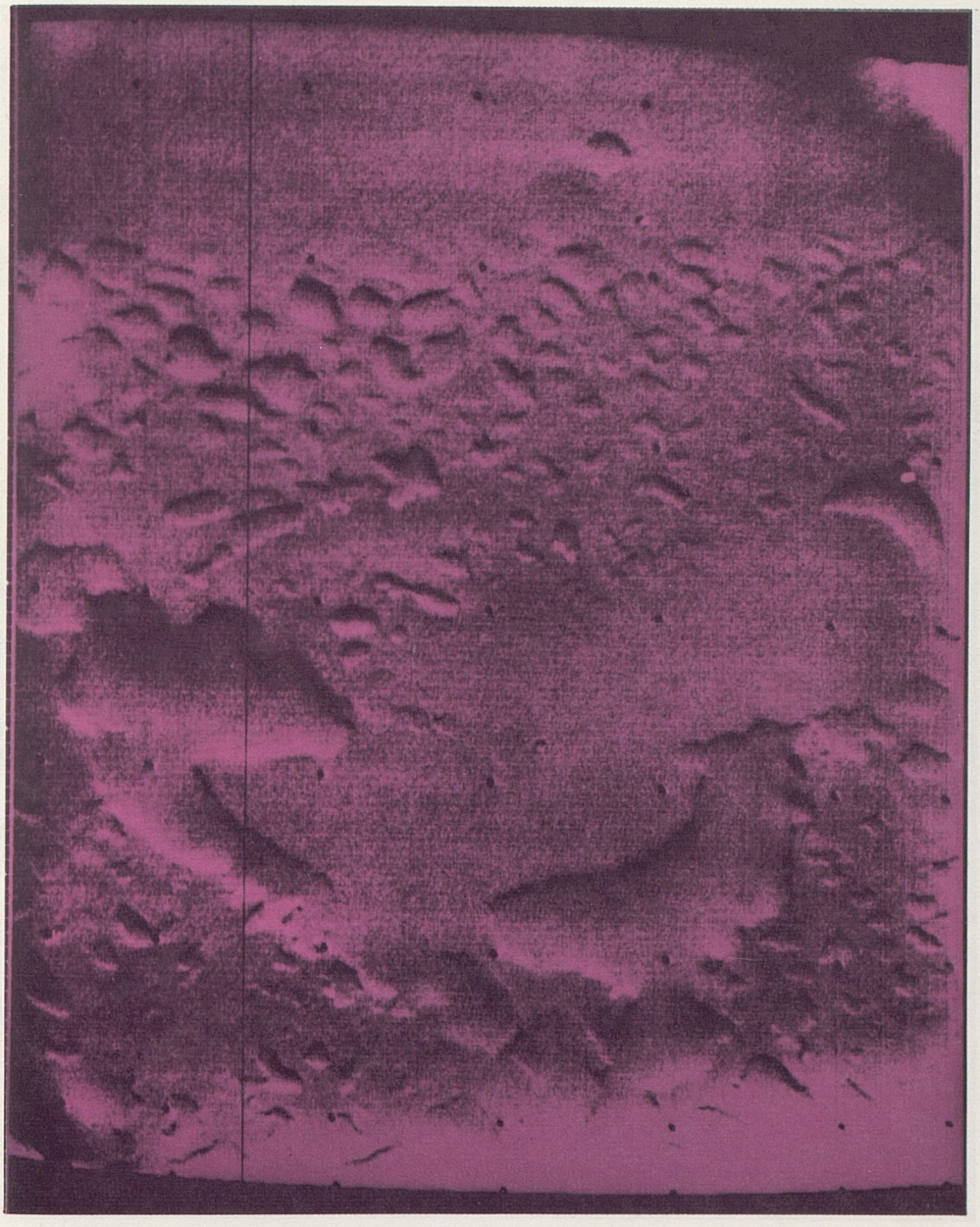

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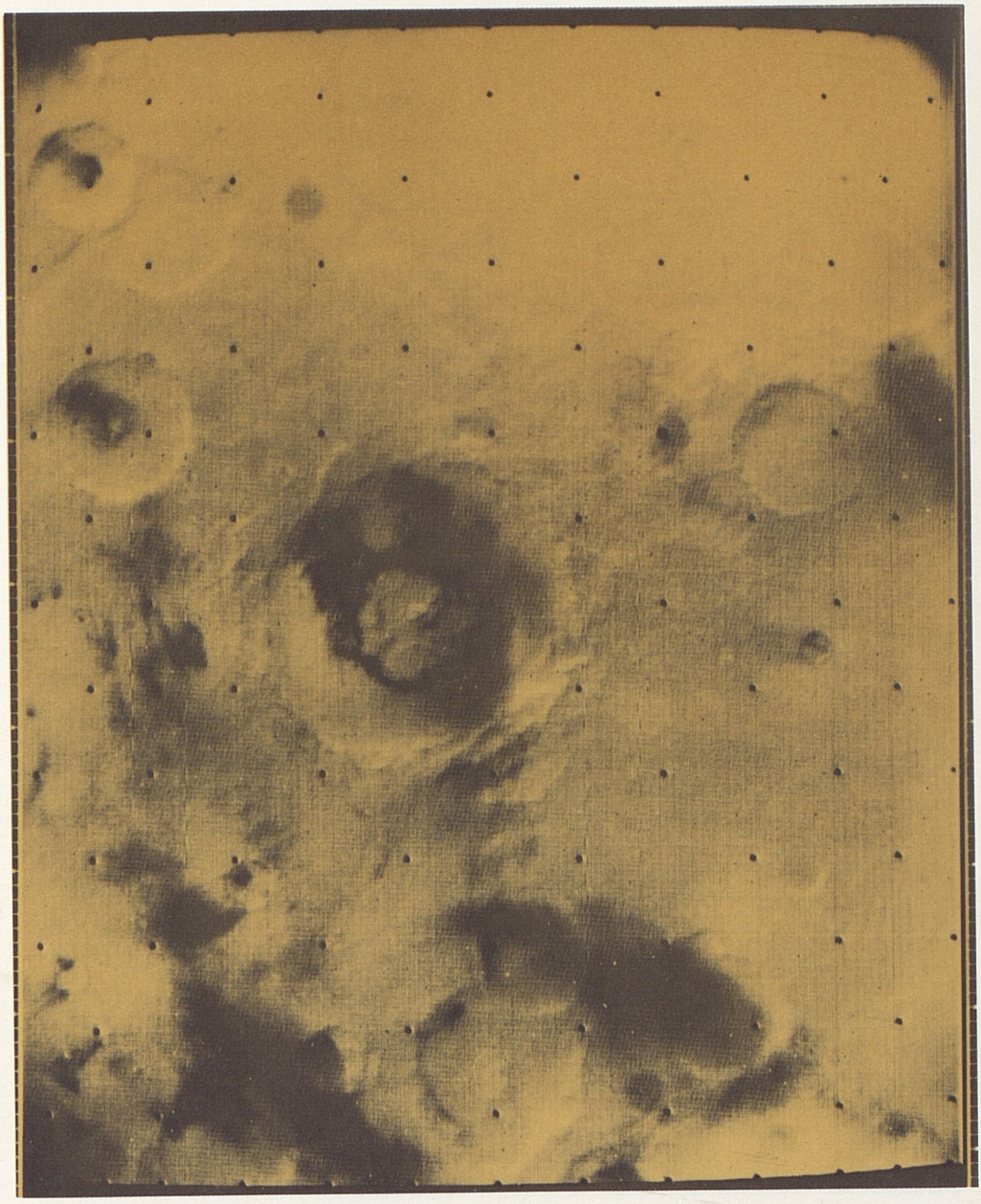

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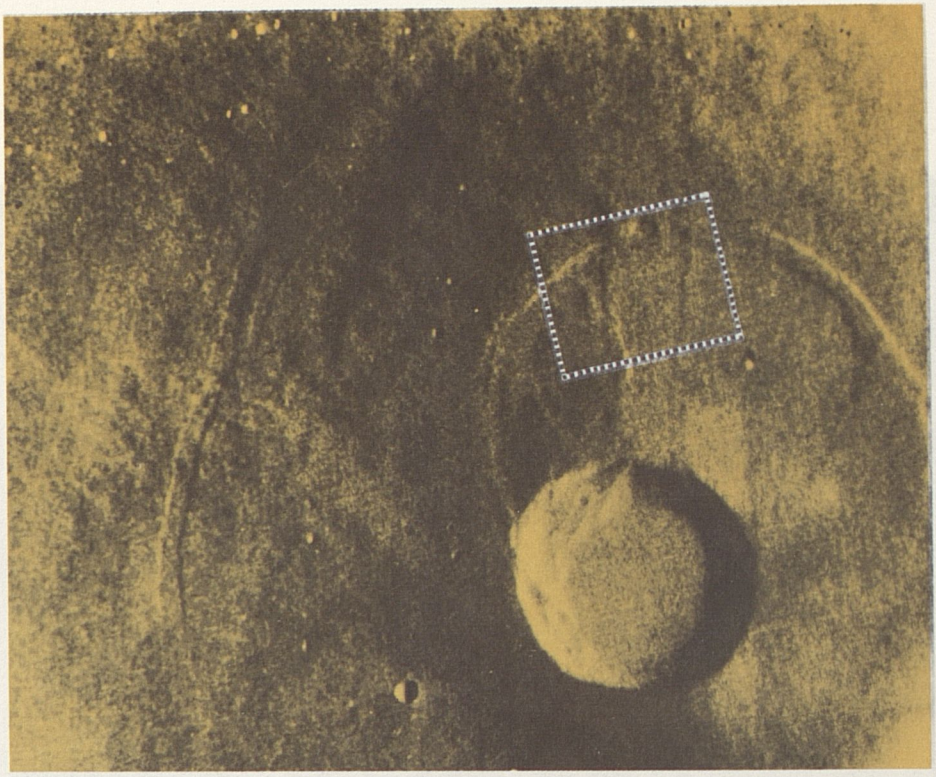

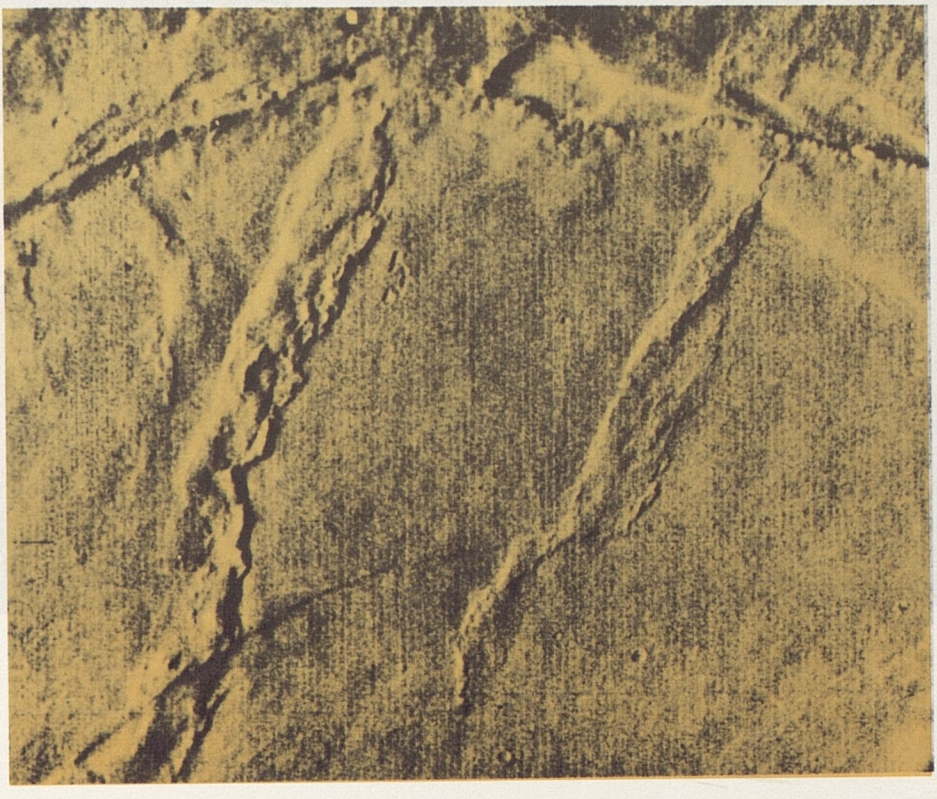

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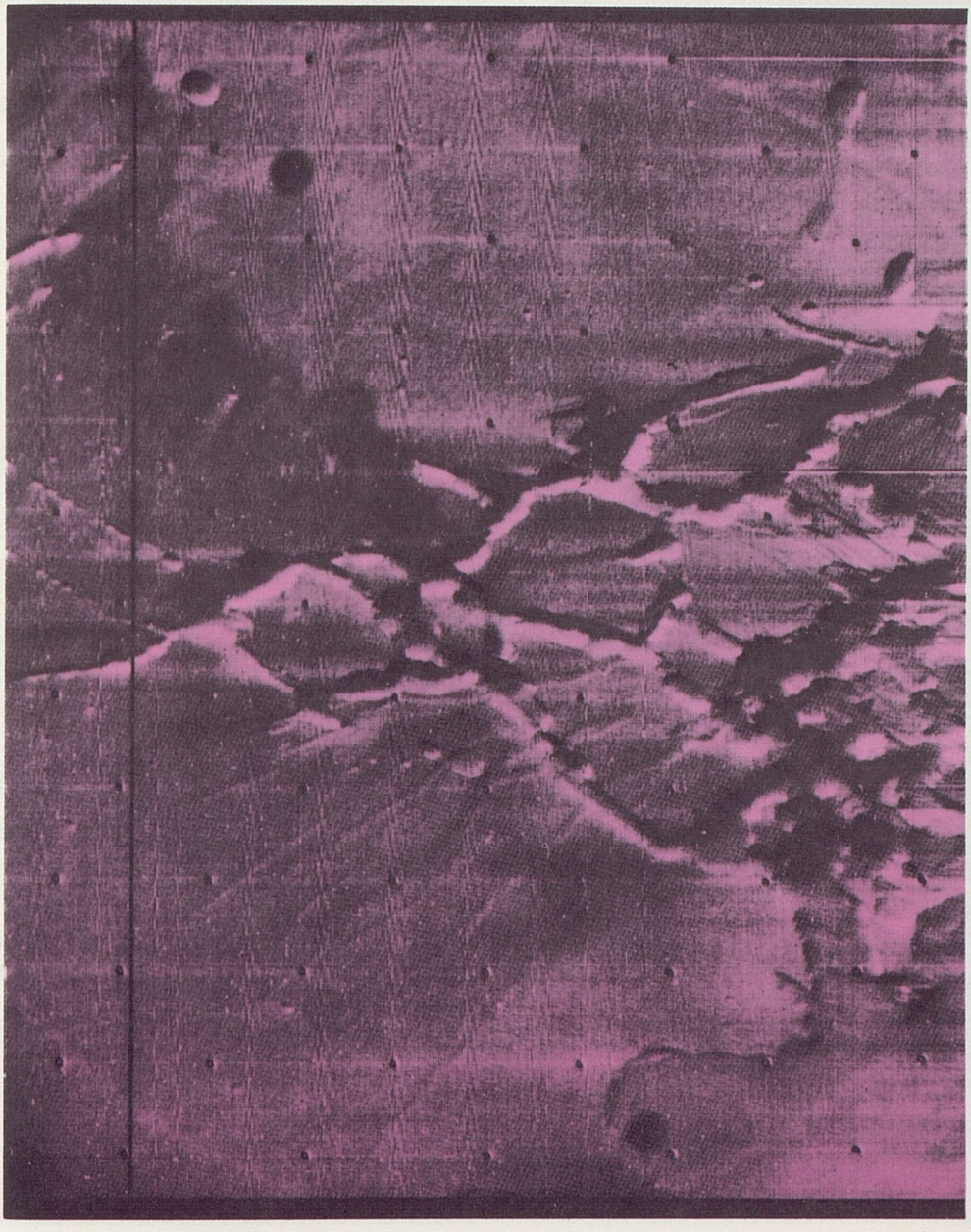

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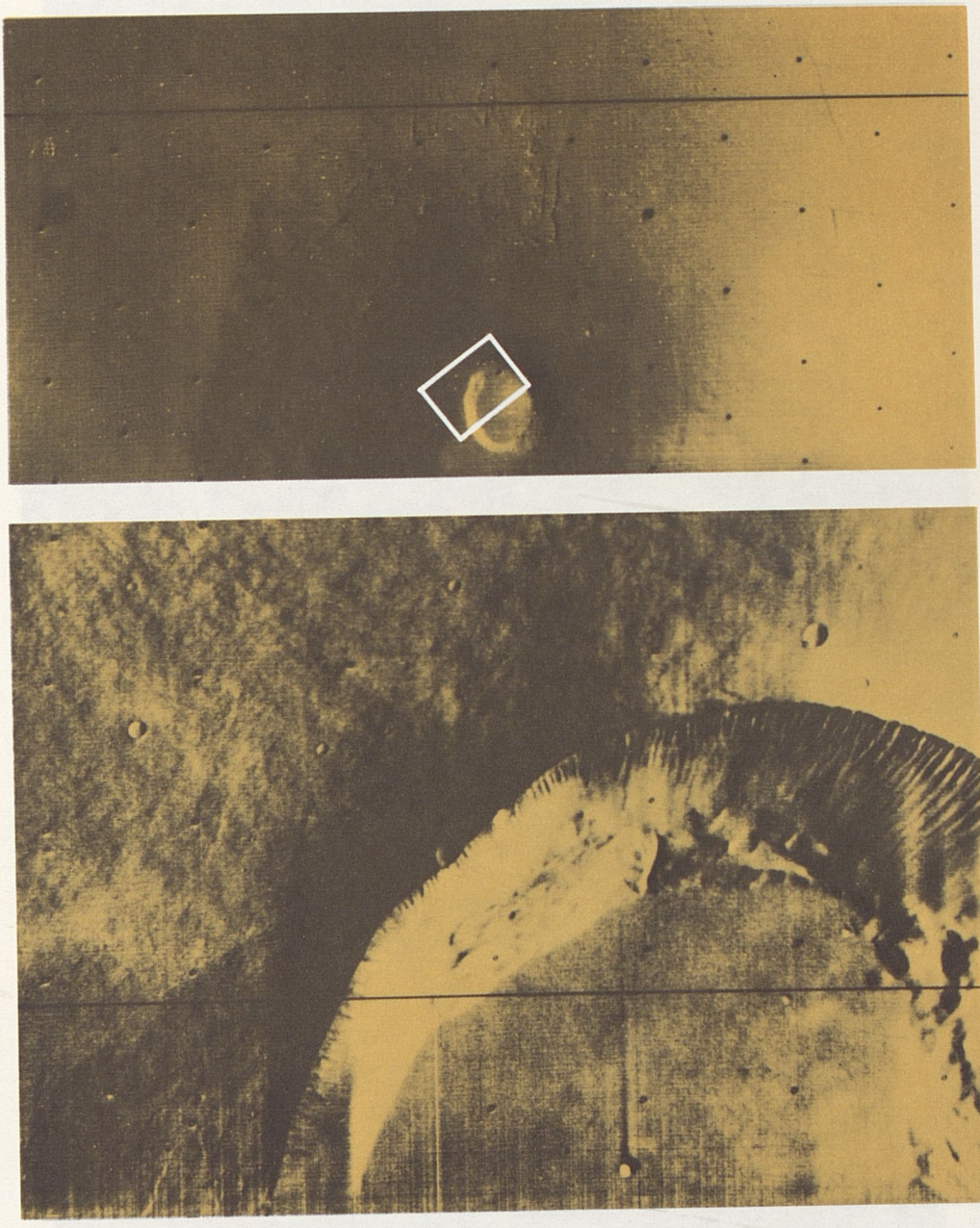

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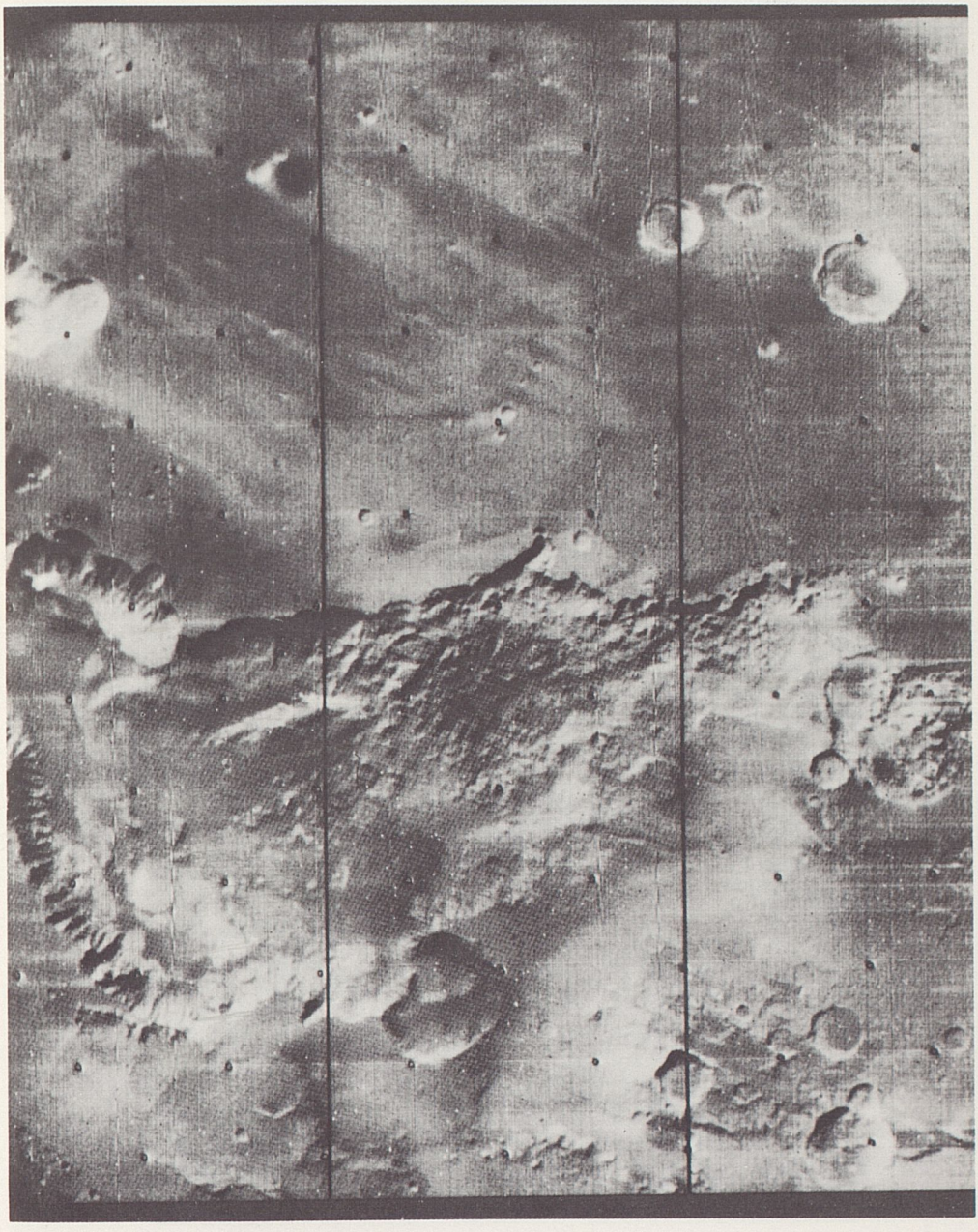

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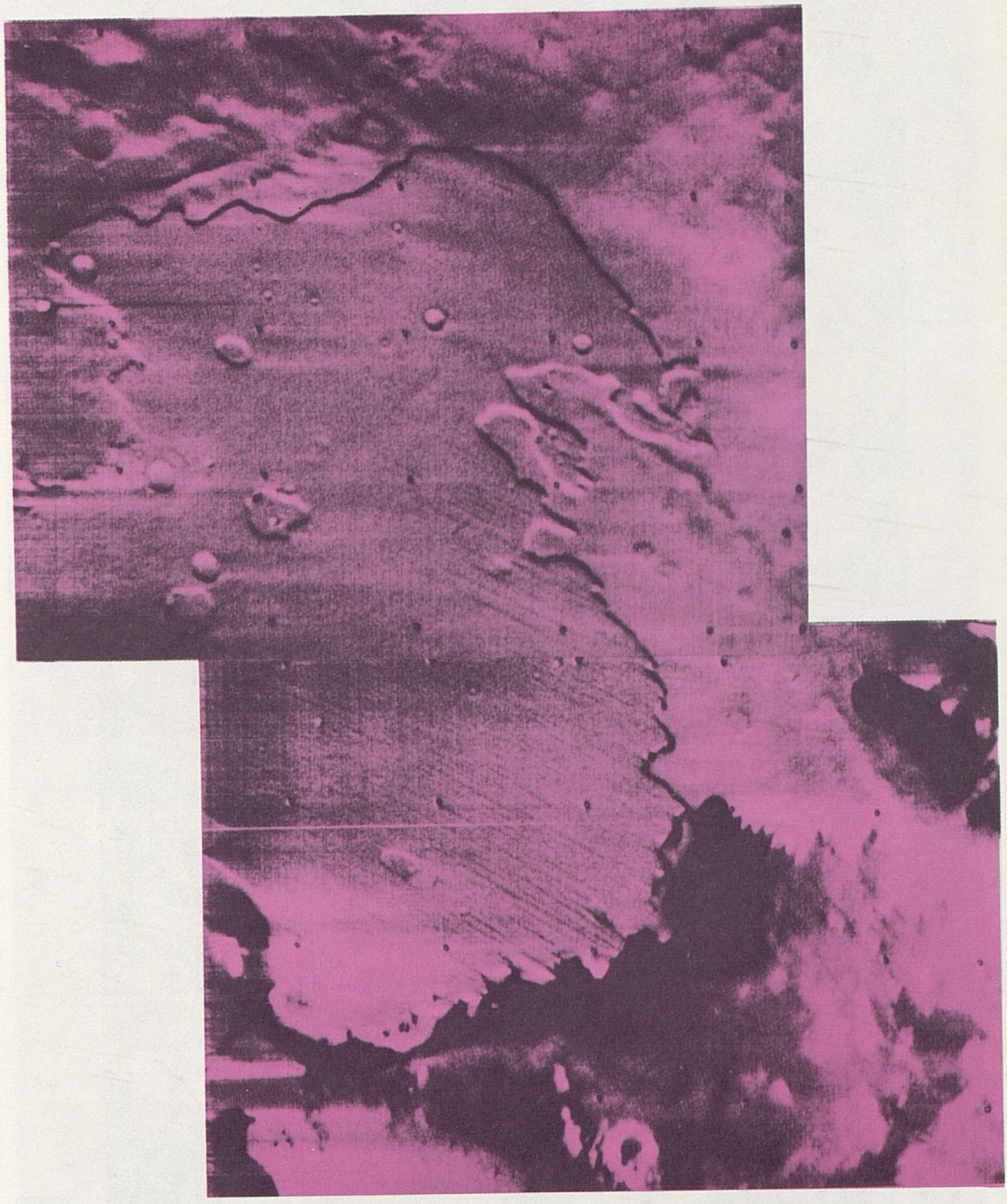

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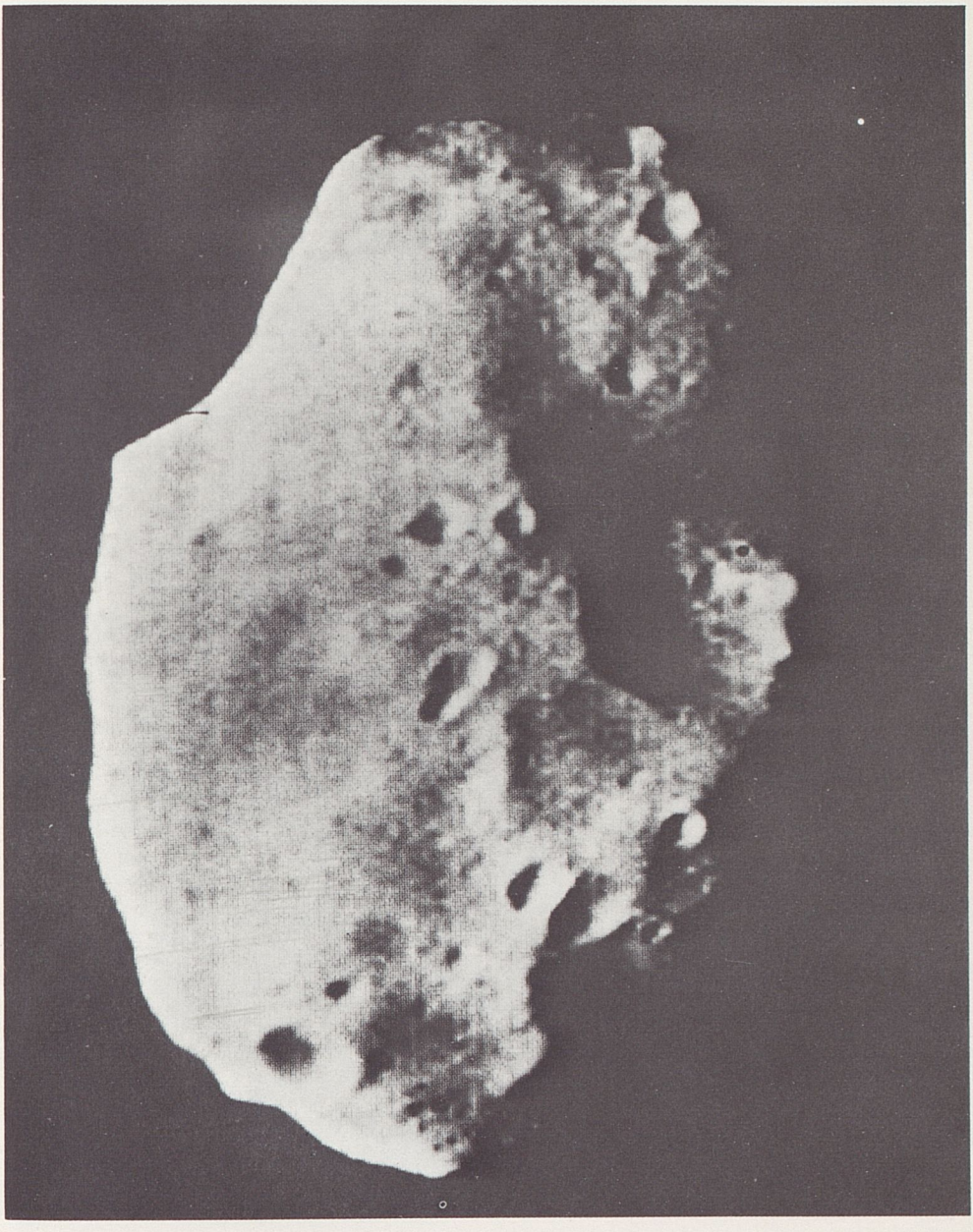

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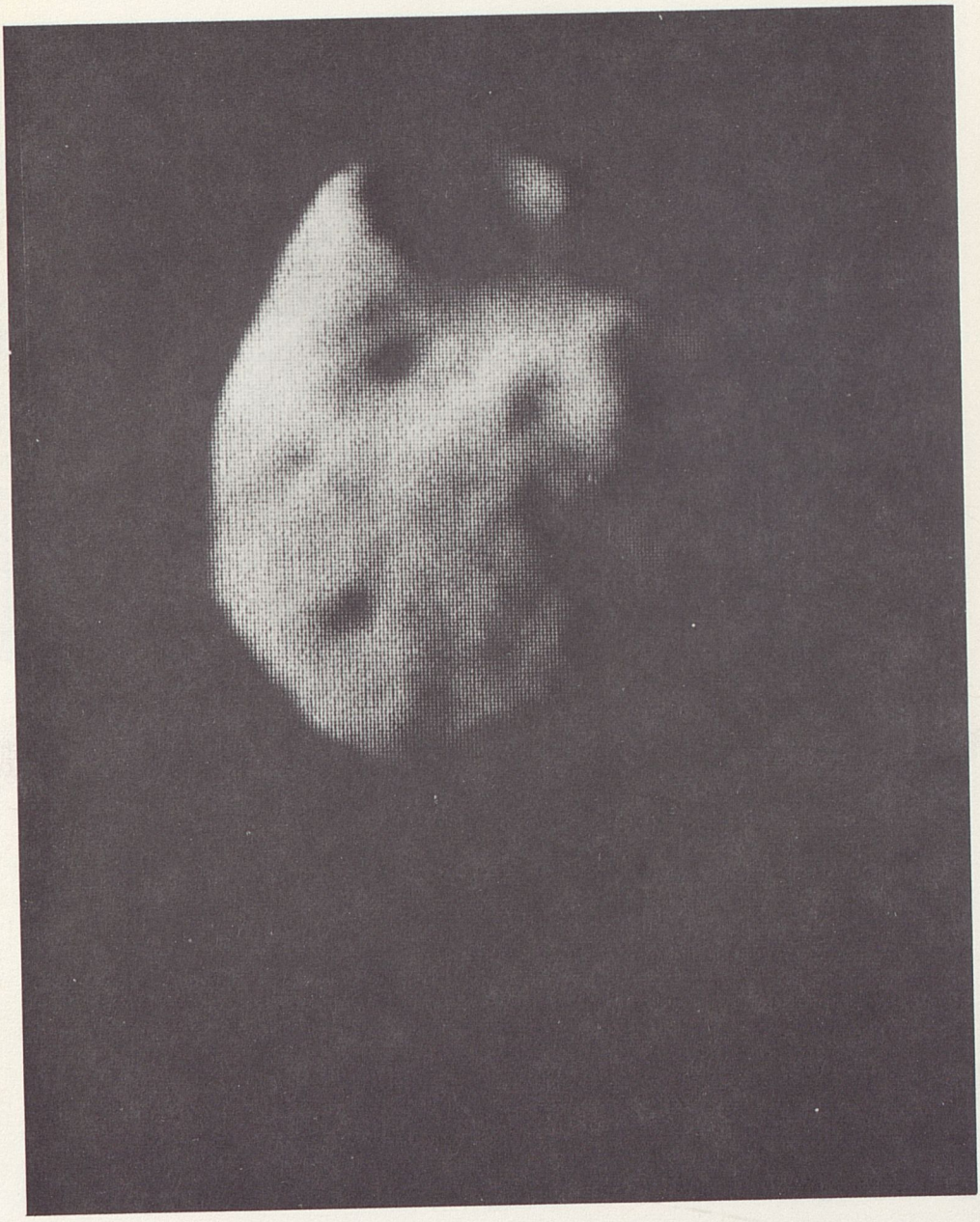

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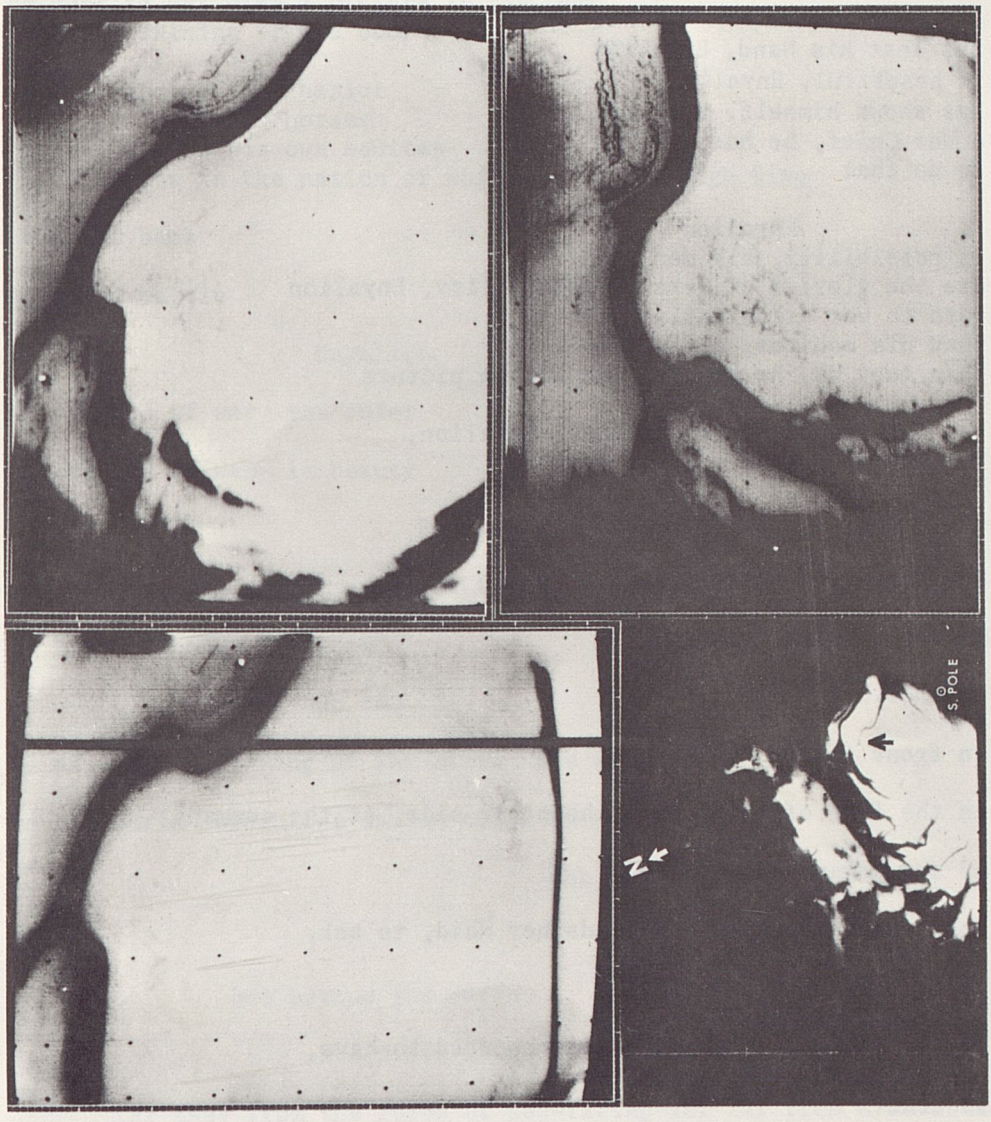

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rages
strain
Dog of Tartarus
Guards of Tartarus
Finks of the Bosses. War Makers

Not Enyalion. Enyalion
has lost his Hand, Enyalion
is beautiful, Enyalion
has shown himself, the High Kind
a War Chief, he has Equites
to do that

Enyalion
is possibility, all men
are the glories of Hera by possibility, Enyalion
goes to war differently
than his equites, different
than they do, he goes to war with a picture

far far out into Eternity Enyalion,
the law of possibility, Enyalion

the beautiful one, Enyalion

who takes off his clothes

wherever he is found,

on a hill,

in front of his own troops,

in the face of the men of the other side, at the command

of any woman who goes by,

and sees him there, and sends her maid, to ask,

if he will show himself,

if the beauty, of which he is reported to have,

is true

he goes to war with a picture

she goes off

in the direction of her business

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over the city over the earth - the earth

is the mundus brown-red is the color

of the brilliance

of earth

he goes to war with a picture in his mind
that the shining of his body

and of the chariot
and of his horses
and of his own equites
everyone in the nation of which he is the High King

he turns back

into the battle

Enyalion

is the god of war the color

of the god of war is beauty

Enyalion

is in the service of the law of the proportions

of his own body Enyalion

but the city

is only the beginning of the earth the earth

is the world brown-red is the color of mud,

the earth

shines

but beyond the earth

far off Stage Fort Park

far away from the rules of sea-faring far far from Gloucester

far by the rule of Ousoos far where you carry

the color, Bulgar

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far where Enyalion

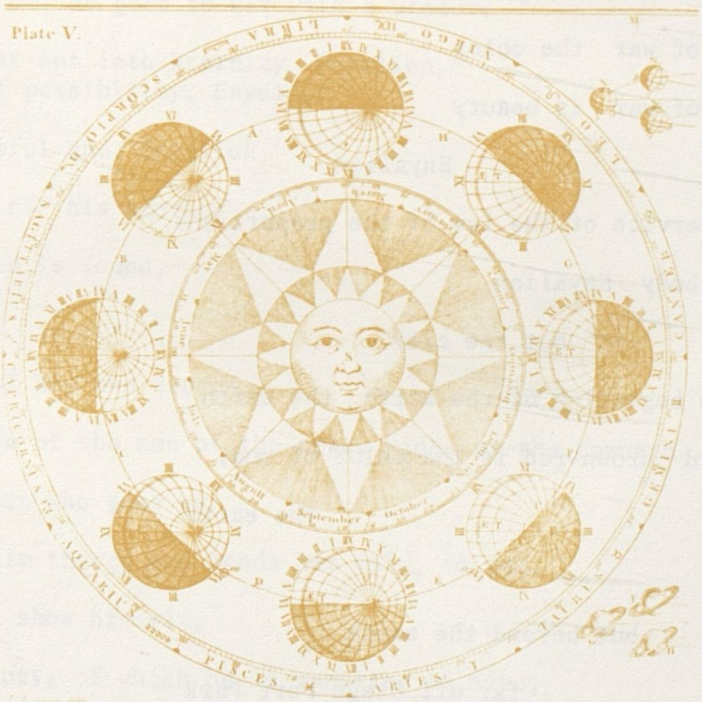
quietly re-enters his Chariot far

by the rule of its parts

by the law of the proportion

of its parts

over the World over the City over Man



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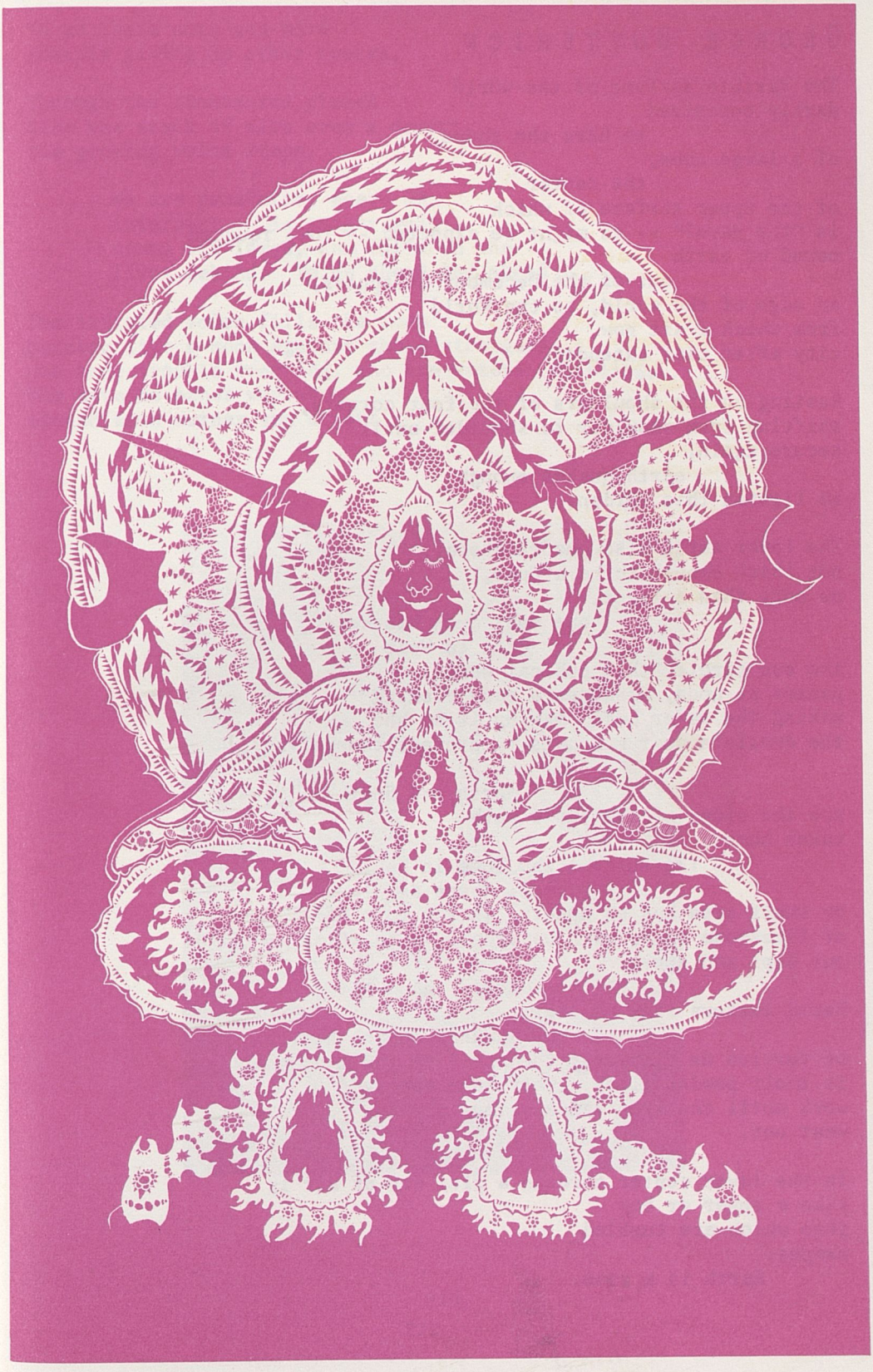

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George Butterick

The visible surface of the world
darkly conceived
to have the shape
of a large cube,
the center
of the upper surface of which
is "the navel" -- as might be expected -- low, rounded
mound of earth
out of the December steepness.
An edge of the world, to the world
from which I sit now
city after city extended.

Resting on the shoulders of the four corners,
shifting from shoulder to shoulder until
secure again,
earth quakes enough
to lighten this burden.

The lower world also quadrilateral,
not thick enough to be a cube,
no more than a layer,
one must duck his head.
East to West
the sun circles this cubical world,
pauses at noon, disappears each evening
making the water boil, making it so hot
the dwellers wear mud hats to protect themselves.

North and South
are the sides of the sun's path
taken home.
The lurkers who come in behind
dwell where any large
or small area has an opening in the form of a cave,
or limestone sink, or a waterhole -- to which we put
our lips and speak
to the amassed shadows.
Earth lurkers ride on deer,
use iguanas or the shells
of turtles as blinders; the shell of the land snail
is their powder flask. They make captives
work until the iron sandals they provide
wear out.

In the lower center through a flat cry of air is
like a sewer or bog
into which are tumbled
shapes.
Earth is a room.

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To go there more and more
demands giving up other spaces.

Through the successive planes
like the stack of airs over a desert,
the growing voice steps.

We are parabolic, where we
intersect is larger what
comes off large, and falls on the
lives behind. To be ahead and ahead . . .

The inflated voice fills the room
pushing like a moon against those strangers
who have trouble reaching, who are waters trickling,
who have no other way when
around each corner sun bursts



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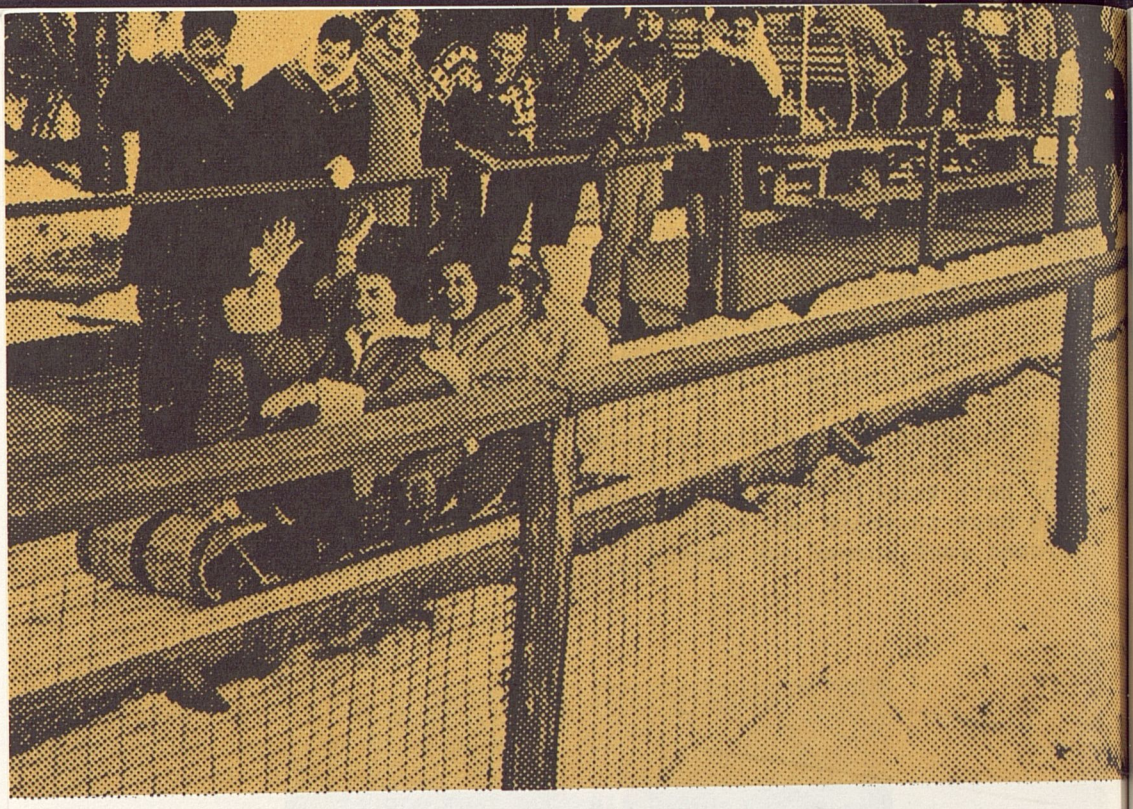

Grossinger's
A year-round resort for around 50 years.



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Richard Grossinger: from The Continents

Robin Mitchell

Lindy lies open, door covered with thick membranes, Lindy pushing to open, to put it thru the ring of bones; doctor cuts a passage, now doorway is a mirror, a light leading into this world, the bodies taut and joined, a friction releasing the one from the other, weight from weight.

She has covered it and all its processes in her own, these many months; now, in a Moebius strip, the bodies unhinge, find a slow rotating freedom of movement in three dimensions; topology tears her body organically, and she cries out, for all muscles lead downhill, into pain. Blood gushes at the entranceway, and a nine month world is destroyed, its rivers in flood and its continents quaking, crumbling; there is but one ark, one bridge, and the child must cross it, into another world.

She has been working hard now for four hours and would like to have it done with, in a world where it is never done with, and when one harmonic cracks, the music continues to play, and since we are energy, no less, we cannot rest before going on. Now we shall see what it is, and after all this time we shall see what we are. "Just one more push!" nurse says, doctor holds the scalp, the crown. "Just one more push, Lindy, and you can see your baby." Her face is red, her muscles tense and numb; she doesn't want to push anymore; she doesn't want to see or know. "Is it dead?" she asks. But that's what we've thought and feared all along, from our own beginnings, that for all our work there might be nothing there, that all our work is a fraud and now we shall be exposed carrying a dead baby.

"It's past the point," the nurse says. "She can't hold it anymore." There is no time left to choose, even if we could. The doctor's hands pull out a giant head. He comes into the room, wriggling and wet, gleaming with fresh blood. He looks around smiling, sputters, and cries. He glows; he is alive, magic inseparable from body, animal inseparable from man, fish and lizard, orgonotic tarot card. There is nothing else we can look at, for the son is a sun, huge, towers over us, the fat wrinkled testicles of a male. The doctors, the nurses, the parents, all these tiny beings work to bring a giant into the world. His power is zero, round, full; he has time on his side, while it is we who are measured and named. Aged husk falls away from fruit, shape is intact, red creature wound torsolike upon itself, dripping of a bloody sea it has lived in, astronaut floating in the world ocean, gasping at the gravitational delta of his voyage, floating in air, in his body, the only way he can enter this world; spaceman coming in bright color onto the earth, Robin, a Gemini, descends thru the spheres, enters, wrapped in robes.

He has returned; they will pick him up. He will enter the community, but he comes in a craft of his own making, handicraft

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of the upper spheres, not the golem metallurgy down here. He comes of an alien science to learn our language, to speak to us.

His name is Robin, as in Christopher Robin, and Robin Hood, and Robin Red Breast, and Cock Robin; this is what we call him and where it begins. He may look like me, but he is a red man, a space man, a young magus, dressed/smiling, coming into this sphere as the sign itself, 19 June 1969, 6:19 A.M., E.S.T., made of our tissues but swept out of the genetic whirlwind; his tissues are his own; he comes inland from his own sea.

The name Mitchell comes from a friend two summers ago. Back then, when Lindy spoke of having children, he and Joanna said, "No!", better not to bring children into this world, to be slaughtered in a nuclear attack. We thought only of ourselves, Lindy and I, who have our own world of chemistry. We thought of Lindy pregnant, full and rosy in her health, the living woman. We would have a child as we have been having a life, no choice involved, no other power taken upon ourselves, to know or know what is right.

So the child, awesome in itself, enters a world in which we have been the magi (the wise ones storing planetary wisdom, immersed in this place as if the universe bloomed in only one flower), the magi who have been human beings for the past five hundred thousand years; enters a world we locate astrologically, at a moment we can only call astrological, the clock turning thru the early blue morning.

We who would be so responsible, who are not responsible at all.

It can make its own world, must in fact; we do not know everything; we did not create this planet, or make it as it is, even as we did not create him. He is man, an Adam Qadmon, fashioned in the beginning, as by God. Planet is imago mundi; perhaps they believe that it was once different, and these nations, at this time, are the nadir of planetary form. But the child is born into its own imago mundi, and it knows an earth we cannot know, even now smiling, in the Peter, Paul, and Mary song: "Can you see what we all must disguise, thru your loving eyes." Of course, he knows more than "men who are wise;" he knows the gnomic earth, the hidden all.

For the law is the grounding of physical magic, the work, in the lower planetary spheres, a power that is useless without an earth, which falls thru the great macrocosm of our ancestors, visualized but untouched, which touches the edge of the earth as rain or meteors, which is just beyond, gushers we can tap in emotion or clear vision, and unless it is grounded, in the work, is lost. We ground Robin in our bodies; we work magic, for we are physical. But to take responsibility for this sphere itself or the manner of its making, its sustenance, is hideous profanity, exaggeration. We can teach it nothing, for it comes with planet, wise in another order, comes dressed in a radiant gown of blood, young magician, apprentice to ourselves. We will tell him what we know, but the earth he knows, and will know, is an alien pla-

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net; Robin Mitchell comes into our world as a powerful warrior, zero on his side, not at all diminished by all the dimunitives around him, we who are large merely by our own exaggeration; he laughs at our fears, amused, bemused; he laughs at the endogamous family (though as Lindy gives him her breast he will begin to forget; he will be taught another language, and his work will always be in two worlds, a bridge between them, both of which he can see). He enters the delivery room with a majesty and dignity that stuns us, for we reserve this until those of the greatest learning. Though we fear for him, how could he possibly have any fear for himself?

Mitchell says that if we hadn't conceived it, it wouldn't have had to come here, to suffer. We have no such power, to make something out of nothing. What we made was there in time already, as time swarms around and around us. If for some reason it did not come here, for its experience, as we have come, it would have had to go elsewhere, to suffer and learn. Planets are not arbitrary or problematic; they are the only known forms of a certain operation which matter must pass thru in its plane, as alchemy is the location of the divine work on earth. And once a certain stage is passed, in fire or water, it need never be passed again. And though we are fooled and tricked mercilessly, as though in hell, the Law is here also, a justice administered from one end of things to another; there can be no other way out of the labyrinth of space, for Robin or for us.

Maurice Merleau-Ponty: "This bad world is the one 'we have made for them.' Their ruined lives are those 'which have been made...which are being manufactured today for the young.' But that is not true. It is not true that we have at any moment been masters of things, nor that, having clear problems before us, we have botched everything by our futility. The young will learn precisely in reading this preface that their elders have not had such an easy life. Sartre is spoiling them. Or rather, exactly following the pattern he has always followed, he is hard on the children of his spirit, who are already in their forties, but grants everything to those who follow --- and starts them out again in the eternal return of rivalry."

We sleep, sleep ends, and we are brought into a world not of our own making. Do you really believe that?

FROM THE PROVINCES

Section II of The Outer Provinces

We are talking about laws, and the universe, which is immortal, immutable. It is we who go thru all its changes. It is we who like children in the hands of the alchemist die and are reborn.

And that old fear of dying, today becomes counterposed with that older fear of living forever. I didn't know what to do yes-

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terday, or the day before, and this morning I awoke and again was unable to work, to put my affairs in order. All, as in the Hindu proverb, vitiated.

We have been held too close to the world, and for that reason we cannot see it. Nature, which fascinates us, permeates us. We can hoard nothing, not even energy, not even virtue, and all the many colors and fancies dissolve into the one meat. It is as it was when we dreamed it, and were part of the dream too. Between the bright suns and worlds of the universe we must be transformed utterly, if we are to pass.

I think that no matter how strong a kingdom we build on Earth we must fear being immortal more than dying because either way we are consigned to that kingdom forever. The joys and colors of daylight would wash out into the long night in which our sun burns up its fuel, is also transformed. We are not doomed to that prison, but because we are conscious we must go thru the long initiation in which bodies are put on, taken off, wrapped around, broken free; we must grow again, as an egg in a chicken's womb, or a human embryo in Oedipal waters. We must be traumatized, boiled off, traumatized, purified; we must be the red man, the black man; we must be the white dwarf man. We must suffer being foolish and wise, large and small, freaked and calm. We must cling to a certain vehicle we cannot see, willing to give up everything, even what is most dear, when it is found to be part of a prior world.

It is an illusion that anything should appear more real than anything else, that a province of the universe gain superior status, even to our perception of it. We are always limited to recognizing what is here, and so separating the real from the unreal, and so locating ourselves in this sector of creation. Yet it is based on an illusion to make our stand here, to call this the FOREST, and feel there is only death, and no other place it will happen, if it doesn't happen here.

Nirvana is that map by which all portions of the universe are known and equivalent, despite the violence of form that may lie between them. By the law of equality they reduce to a single number, as infinity becomes zero, zéro. They are structural duplicates of each other, identical mirror segments, though they differ in ornamentation, bestiary, and myth. Nirvana is freedom from immortality, freedom from death. And is the only immortal that concerns us.

And what does ANTON YORK, IMMORTAL, of 1940's science fiction spend his life doing? Well, for the first century or so he's a scientist; he works on the formula; he makes his wife immortal (their bodies feed metabolically off the electrical differential of the cosmos). He develops rocketry; he's the founder of the science of anti-gravity, his ships sail the solar wind. He's a WRIGHT BROTHERS EINSTEIN GEORGE WASHINGTON ZEUS; he's the first; he's a right man, he's gonna make the world better, he's got lots of time. He's a LONE RANGER good guy, riding the white horse, and he's on week after week. His most epic feat: he defeats the 50 renegade immortals in a battle of force and ex-

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plosions. Then he and his wife tire of the Earth and go out among the wonders of the creation. They see the whole thing, beginning to end: fiery fountains of youth, wild underwater tribes, triple and quadruple suns, and beings of crystal ice immersed in an eternal yogic knot. He comes back a thousand years later to best Mason Chard, the outlaw, just like the big band era, and the fifties rock and roll revival. And gets back into Earth history with renewed interest. He does remarkable engineering tricks, each a subtle and wonderful use of the materials, each a tour de force. He imparts to Mercury a period of rotation, allowing it to cool its hot side and heat its frozen half. He takes the big Ceres asteroid and gives it to Venus for a moon. The critics rave and applaud: such virtuosity, combined with sheer power. He's MICHELANGELO CHARLES ATLAS FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. He's PAUL BUNYAN FLASH GORDON. He gives Mars an asteroid also; then he melts the polar caps, flooding the deserts and bringing farmland of global proportions to that world. He smashes Jupiter's inner satellite to give it rings like Saturn; then he sweeps up the gases of Venus with a vacuum cleaner and sends them out into space. In the wet atmosphere of Jupiter "he converted the obnoxious molecules into solid precipitates that fell to the ground." He's LEWIS AND CLARK, and he's DANIEL BOONE, and he'd like to be Jesus Christ, except that Christ stuck to a single planet, a single Biblical land, and did not fight the law, and even ---Father, Father, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me--- left this world in pain.

Moving to the outer globes, York digs shafts into the center of Uranus and lets up its internal heat. He lights Neptune on atomic fire and melts away its world seas. On Pluto he smooths the rugged surface and softens the jagged rocks. And then he's tired, not for what he's done, but because he's done nothing. Which I tried to explain to a roomful of anthropologists. But they shook their heads solemnly and said,"No. We admire Anton York. We think that he has done what there is to do." So much for the consciousness of the non-Western world.

And for all the work of Anton York, in planet-making, planet-shaping, sun rising and setting, sea filling and emptying, and all the changes in herbal and bestiary that followed, still it wasn't even half of *Genesis*. It was a lousy book. There was no real beginning. He didn't change the laws and initiate a thing. His power to do everything was limited to his power to do everything. In Dante's Hell he had to look for bigger and better projects, new heroism. Anton York, the cowboy engineer.

Even if he was Orphée, little could he do but look into the mirror of sangsara which surrounds the universe. And to him death ceased to be death, but an attractive older woman he might fall in love with, merely one of the forms of death; and Anton York, who could charge thru light years of eternity, on whose side was a certain kind of time, who was a superhero, could do nothing but shout at the source, even as there was none, thru a web of infinities, MARLON BRANDO JOHN WAYNE: I WILL GET YOU. IF I HAVE TO CROSS THE WHOLE UNIVERSE I WILL FIND YOU AND

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GET YOU. Otherwise known as the man from Laramie, who came a thousand miles to kill a man he had never seen. Only to hear his own echo coming back in the decay of stars. And Death, who had become his lover, whom he had made immortal, could only repeat the words which had been repeated to her. There are no gods, but the messages, the voices, and they come from infinities, pass like brushfires; we cannot but receive them, nor hold the messengers for ransom or to bear witness, as in the end we cannot even hold ourselves responsible. ---It is like the tom-toms of Afrique--- .....the code always prior, genetic, and what we call history, which is not 1637, but a seafaring a space-faring nation in the present.

And when in the great academic debate they mentioned the change from sailing vessels to rockets, I said it was trivial, and so set back my academic career indefinitely. I mean that for all the work in kinship maps and genealogy and crosscultural atlases, and all the talk of tribes, chiefdoms, and states, it is finally shown that what exists on the ground, in academia's proud nitty-gritty, is the illusion, the abstraction from fishing that will not even admit it is an abstraction, thus to compete with the fisherman for a share of the nation's taxes. And the arms and the legs and the geography are also the memory of arms and legs, and ethnogeography exists in the tension between the unique and immutable Earth and the integral psyche-dynamic personality. It is a matter so important it has been left to the clinical psychologists, those lightweights of the intellectual world.

And yet while we are speaking of a map we are speaking of a map which contains all the necessary material of a universe. What follows on the ground is eternal, wears away or burns out, is supplanted or displaced. Though Anton York affects it to the quick, though he works the famous ecological transformation, changing what's on the ground to what's in the head, the condition itself remains the same, and as telekinesis and levitation will show (have shown), mind over matter is obvious, even trivial, and we don't have to be Lévi-Straussians to claim that when mind sears the very molecular chemistry of reality so-called, our world space will be proved to be no different than it is among the Yahgan and the Algonquian; the lines that bind each to each will remain identical even though will can transform them utterly: we are changed so by the magic we make, the greater consequence is, no doubt, to ourselves. The ground, elastic, rebounds. And thus is Anton York doomed to a trivial existence as a bull-dozer, and the anthropological association conference, pretending maturity and pointing to all that it has its feet solidly on the ground, is bound to produce the greatest tautology of all time: that we are as we are. The world persists; the world changes. Environmental determinism is pure psychological reduction, as Anton York's personality dabbles in the weights and grounds of the Solar System. And it doesn't change one iota. In the fish market: IT HARDLY MOVED THE FUCKING SCALE.

Another thousand years pass, and Anton and his wife return from their galaxy-hopping to find the Earth threatened by the

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Three Eternals. These are the old gods who lived on Olympus, enemies, eternally, of Mu. Anton York has travelled throughout the entire cosmos: so have the Three Eternals. The only thing that interests either of them is to return to the past, where it all happened, what Citizen Kane, in his last words, called Rosebud, not Xanadu, and dropped the imago mundi, smashed on the floor. "We are possessed of an incredible nostalgia," say the Eternals, having lived 20,000 years without hope of death. "We will raise Atlantis from the bottom of the ocean, and all the living creatures of the Earth, the descendants of Mu, shall sink beneath." It is time again for Anton York to do his stuff, if he still can, if, battle-scarred, he can get up for one more big one. He is incorruptible; he is what the universe needs. Even with his super-powers he has never wanted a throne; he doesn't even want his party's nomination. He's SUPERMAN from Krypton, MOSHE DAYAN promising victory; he's HERCULES, ODYSSEUS, CHURCHILL; he's ULYSSES S. GRANT. With no more worlds to conquer he and the Eternals engage in a battle at archaeological bottom. Beneath Greece they find Atlantis and Mu, and the gods of Greece are the Eternals of those previous continents. Beneath Atlantis and Mu lie NOTHING. And the god of America, of the Twentieth Century, is Anton York, himself. Each time again, as now, there is nothing left, no place to go and no way out; so he engages the Eternals in one more desperate melodramatic battle, on whose outcome hinges everything, to show his strength, to save the Earth, until the next time.

This turns out to be the greatest test of all for Anton York. He has met his match; he is up against those of his own kind. Trapped by the Eternals in a stratagem beneath the Earth he must keep his mind occupied or go mad. Such has been the lot of Kaligor the Muan for the last twenty centuries, chained to a rock by the Atlanteans, not allowed to die.

Each test of consciousness comes only when the initiate is ready for it. Kaligor invents a six-dimensional universe, all its laws, its sides and angles, its solar systems, suns, governments, right down to its very molecules. So long has he been spinning off this universe, the exquisite gossamer of thought, he has lost track of all others, and his final lot, even when freed by Anton and taken into the wonders of three-dimensional time-space, is to drift forever imagining it, turning it over and over in his mind.

"Could it be that his is as real as ours," York's wife wonders, and well she might; she has lived a long time too; yet nowhere at their conference do the anthropologists mention the within of the world, although they have sightseen the universe, every exotic tribe visited, and nothing to show but decals and souvenirs. York however is a realist; he points to the steel of the rocket ship, how they have survived the great explosion, how he used his brain waves to turn the very rocks into food and melt a tunnel as he ate, clear to the sky. He is free again; his imagination has altered substance. But where can he go? Thy guru, Anton, waits.

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And the men on the *Iwo Jima* stand along the deck watching the sky. The space capsule grazes the outer fingers of the atmosphere; they pull it in at a terrific speed made by the differential rather than the motion of either. Coming thru the atmosphere, it appears suddenly, dangling from a parachute in the microcosm, the world of matter, and the men are as fascinated as the magician pulls a white rabbit out of his hat in the degenerate age of magic and machinery.

They are witness to the ancient cosmic event which happens at any two points of a message: VISIBILITY. Called also RECOGNITION, in any case: the BECOMING KNOWN. The proof of the universe is said to be steel, and hangs from an airbreak, has been out of the system by the laws of the system, and now returns, drawn in by immutable change. Here is proof that a man once dreamed, as he said he did, that he was a butterfly, and that the butterfly has yet to dream of being a man. Kaligor is the only dreamer; as he floats in space, robot-locked, evolving laws of matter and replication in six dimensions, it is said to be the ideal Australian kinship: topology and homotopy, section systems, double descent, and asymmetric exchange. The conference is distressed and breaks up into smaller groups to discuss the matter. It is said to be that some things exist and some do not, and Anton York finds himself in the final chapter in another universe with alternative laws. He has crossed the divide between what is provincial and the truly cosmic. He is MARCO POLO ARISTOTLE; he is ALEXANDER THE GREAT. He is given his own Mount Rushmore, his face carved in rock. Universe upon universe is nested frighteningly, illegally, one in another. Anton York goes on living forever. Once again he returns in the nick of time to save the Earth from invaders, and I guess here the author realized that this can go on indefinitely without any change of key, so he didn't write anymore. Quite wisely. Because the same law that applied to Anton York in his immortality, to Kaligor in his woven and conceptual universe, came to bear upon Eando Binder, and he had probably already sold the book.

He grows tired of the hero and his daydreams; all that is left is for him to save, each time, his own reputation for having saved the Earth a previous time, for still being able to write this kind of tale. Which is also an ancient theme, either written into the text, or sometimes the text simply ends. "Will you remember me forever?" Christopher Robin asks Pooh Bear. But the child leaves THE HOUSE ON POOH CORNER and moves to science fiction and the colonization of Mars, later to myths of the Bororo of Brazil, later to the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

Anton York stands on a distant planet facing the pulsing sun of another galaxy. Manwarren Beal, having come from York, searching for good fishing grounds, settles Beal's Island, and his descendants are an infinity. Barna Beal, so strong he can lift a cast iron stove, pulls his fifteen foot dory across the mud of low tide, into the harbor, up onto the mud again, into Jonesport, to lay his fists to someone who had threatened a Beal.

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Even Barna Beal didn't live forever. He had twelve children. And from tales, each of them had twelve: the Beals from Barney Point and the Alleys from Alley's Bay were the ancestors of the island, so that the dirt roads now wind with great internal density (reflecting genealogy) from house to house between houses, and a visitor must drive up and down three semi-parallel roads to reach her neighbor by car, though their backyards touch; and this is exactly the nature of the distance in between, of relation held in mind as a leg or torso, or a game of checkers. Even if Beal's Island should disappear, Beal's Island would remain, a memory. As Atlantis remains, millenia after total earthquake; everyone knows its location: no one can locate it.

It is not eternity, but change. The laws of a universe demand that men enter death, pass between, as a region between two lives: between Manwarren and Eliuh Beal, to reenter the world-space of Great Wass Island, drowned before and in the interim, inevitably to return to, to give birth to, by the laws of orgasm and surcease, life-flower and wilt, the same line of people, the identical planet. The tall-tale hero and the teller become the same, and the effect of distance is kinetic, and the deliver of sunlike, of sunlight, is instantaneous; in between lies a pulse, the embryos floating, trances, in a fishbowl, fish: in the continuum of Beal's Island, and the winding roads, and finding your own way back, not that no man has returned from death to tell of it, but that all men have, and this is the nature of immortality, and the law prior to any in universe, called consciousness.

If only Anton York had been a fisherman, a farmer, if only he had settled, with his immediate family, off the coast of Maine, instead of building spaceships and altering metabolism, ultimately meddling to the quick, putting himself in a prison no man is meant to endure in a sane universe; if only he had lived to see the Beal language take hold, even as Beal came from York to be Manwarren, to marry Lydia Walsh, as John Alley married Triphina, and Charles Beal: Claistra Beal, daughter of John A. Beal, married Christianna Alley, daughter of Andre Alley, married Priscilla Alley, daughter of John Alley. And MANWARREN BEAL, IMMORTAL, fisherman from York, without the powers of Eando Binder or Flash Gordon, is the hereditary coach of the Beal's Island basketball team, farmer, father of Barna Beal, sailed into eternal waters on a ship made of his own body, Beal's Island for the anchor, or he as the anchor which keeps that island in place.

Anton York has been left in his own myth out in the galaxies, unwanted, unsought, as Earth tries to make it on its own. He is the darling of the American Space Program and the environmental determinists. Furthermore, he *is* the environment, *is* York, Maine, and the roads men build are to find a way across this universe entire, even in the limited space of an island, to measure out distances of kin and kind.....and their space is complete, and paths between planets pull impossible threads and filiations together (in the end WE MAKE IT, there is enough), and marriage patterns in

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the universe will again and again bear me out on this. The mind-stuff and its deployment in torso, in heartbeat pulse, and the creation, are identical, are pulled like threads thru the needle. We awake from long naps to the amazement that we are still born, and the hours long past midnight are teeming with creatures, we find in the dances of protein we find in ourselves a map of inhabitable steps, even a mobility that flees ghosts in a nightmare, repels with the same stickiness that it pulls toward the center. And the message from Manwarren Beal, of York, even at this terrific distance, is the message of Homer, and of Choctaw-Cherokee, and THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD:

"That it is the Ending of Sorrow
That it is Reality."

FROM THE LONG BODY OF THE DREAM

Section XXI of The Jellyfish

The countryside is melting under the rain. The wet horse. The silo, the paint scraped off. And behind the Ford place a blue smoke arises, seeping thru the yellow tractors in front, and drifts off towards the mountains of New Hampshire.

Gorham T.V. and Furniture. Only the Fur is lit. Fur softer than fog, upon these, the young trees in the nursery, first green shoots, baby's hair. Fur softer than, yellow blended with metal. This is only the survival of a previous environment. The groundwater getting deeper and deeper and soaking the stems of the reeds; and if we were standing in those fields in boots, we would be sopped to our knees. The misty internal possibilities of life. The earth an oven, a condition, the brewing, a sticky internal substance, always strandlike, stranded. The cells are not drowned; they are too small; their thirst is peristalsis; stomata stand guard.

The tires of the heavy red truck carrying old tires splash thru the water. Manufacture. The vast compressed chambers issuing with messages, always circular, one circle imposed upon another, mimosan even when made of glass. Selenite sensitive to moon.

Barn, standing in water, wood turns to soil, crumbles, and beyond it one single green field, hilly upland, where the hay is piled, yellow, ashen.

And it is time enough, and it is not time enough.

And these images will be the eternal images. For a hundred years on either side of me nothing exists. Not even history. It is more than a blackness. It is another world.

What proof have I that the world will survive me?

says Beausoleil at the door to the gas chamber, and the trees are as soft as rain, and the light will go out, leaving nothing, on either side of a hundred years, the worm in its soil soaking up the rich imago mundi.

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Images from beyond where we are, brainless, wireless, causeless, ceaseless.

"Myers I have not finished. Myers Myers wait

Neutrinos, says the parapsychologist. If it's not anything else it must be neutrinos, mu-mesons, that the barn is red, the house is white. And behind it, something blue. These things do not meet. They do not serve as code for anything. And the messages reach the plantations long after the peanuts have been picked and the squirrels have cleaned out the rotten shells, and by then it is too late, by then dinner has been served and the masters sit around chewing the fat. By then, says the quail, we have been born. And give wings to that.

There is no message, and though the hay swarms at night with fireflies and St. Elmo's fire, there are no neutrinos. Only words. Existence is intelligent. Is steadfast. We ourselves arise from nature. And I know where I am.

I do not know where I am.

"Myers help

FROM THE BOOK OF BEING BORN AGAIN INTO THE WORLD

The water splashing in the deep creation of fog. The golden flower and the white eggs laying out the astrological calendar. The bird plumage falls; the skies darken into the window of the constellations. The association between the Earth and the outermost tidal varve on land as on sea.

Voices outer. I see the frog in the cistern. The frog in the golden pail the children carry to the shed in the darkness of climax woods, the damp decaying ground. Going back there as memory, its meaning deserts me.

In sunlight brighter than anywhere, BRIGHTER, Richard Jonas lays down a bunt.

Memory betrays me, like croquet.

It is a condition, I tell you, of being 26, each thing coming back for a second time, proving that even the first time it was IN ME, the rhythms, the pulsating awareness of those summers, and growing sapiens brain. The same chambers of nightmare, incomplete imbecilic, the royal chambers I slept thru as a child, now raw nerves reawakened in me. I awake to see, thru all the sunny, cobwebbed dross. The tree does not bear the weight of its fruit, & comes crashing down in sparkling peach light.

The memories, the sparks. They swirl as if they were buoyant, in a field. The cat, months dead, comes in dream, dressed in her thickest winter coat, comes to me purring. I don't want her from the dead, but her voice is simple and intelligible. How can I be dead if I am alive. How can anything be dead. Gently rubbing up against my legs.

It is not a clear but a stormy ocean. And the city, even where we would enter it, is struck in a medallion, and still more

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than a medallion, the interior components of Swans Island-Hall Quarry stone, the whole substance of the living in bas relief.

I remember, but where am I. As a berry bush fills with berries, I with cells, the directional quivering changes, the ripeness, the completion, at whose any angle a sun would be if we could unhood the falcon, reveal the inner magnetic glass. This bitter awareness like a bone that calls my attention to ONE, and why must I come to that?

Life changes, is the answer. We don't just set up, buy insurance, pay taxes. There's no job. There's no threshold. But storms. Symptoms. Light and shadowed mixed. No norm or safe condition. The peach tree *does* fall from the weight of the synapse, and the nectar flows into the bloodstream. Perception is the first ignition of living light.

from THE BOOK OF BEING BORN AGAIN INTO THE WORLD

I can only fall in love, he said / she said, with human beings.

But what about all your exotic relationships and various sodomies?

Okay. Okay. But the flu. It makes me; but it turns me off. It would like to get in there and suck and screw; IT ADORES ME, 'longside my body, but it doesn't have any sexual apparatus; it uses all my fantasies; it's a degenerate; it makes me into a degenerate.

But that's the thing about fantasies anyway. Like the biological glow they're only part of you; they love no one else. It's like having a gun in your house. If you didn't have one you might not get shot.

I'll fuck, he said, with anything that has a body, but when it comes to using my body, so I lie in bed for four days .....and he tells me a story of his boyfriend down with the flu too (as whole families are driven to bed), unable to reach across the covers and let him come; he comes by himself, all over both of them; the flu disgusts them. It's that biological glow. Holds families together. The hangman's noose may be innocent, but the umbilical cord is as sticky and devious as antigens: touching on both sides, turning everything into itself.

Bisexual, meaning either planarian, or as Mr. Worm tells it; on the other side a Mr. Baker, going both ways, evolution-arily, winking the third eye.

And when that woman visits, it's like a tornado in a whorehouse; it's like getting made by the monster man. Our bodies, our always-on-time biological bodies. Closer than the mouse darts behind the eyes.

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On the radio, notes and music, sound, and words unformed.
Dawn.
Your house. My house.
Really singing, swinging.

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Really really reeling.

It's not anything more than the words of the song.

***

And way out there, out west, in SANGAGUZ lagoon, it's sunny, IN MY HEAD.

Richard, I can't believe you still have images.

In my head the sun is shining.

At least you know it's in your head.

And there's no one, no out there, no other vision either more or less than the Whole complicated Earth, spied upon, always from outside, by those who know; the complications of the geography in three dimensions devastated by the index of position: I can point to any place on the torso, all my life this clear, simply learning words to pick my points, to put my finger down.

The sun is shining, because we're biological, in the cells.

***

So render unto Caesar what is Caesar's, Caesar, I write in a letter, putting my finger smack into the complicated garden where Adam and Eve pretend to hide (pretend that there's even such a story, or that any of us can be victims, unless we finger ourselves: THE PRIVATE I). Don't give me that bullshit about the mill of God or the Will of the gods being fouled up (fucked up is what birds who don't foul their own nest or opposing players say). But your own kind of euphemism for your own purposes, dazzling the people with your powerful nonintention, where in the distance you see it working like the twistings and gyrations of an alien bug, or a very big machine: your own shoelaces tangled in the sun and moon.

FREE WILL GROWS LIKE GREEN GRASS ALL OVER THE COSMOS. It fills the spaces between stars. Like the bulbs lighting warehouse back alleys, even in small towns like Portland, Maine, its scenarios at night-time, behind the INDICATOR, as the caption says.

Free will grows like light, moths feed off, and Gurdjieff laid down as well that the souls of the damned, unstable helium, light the universe, the very pages of this book, unable to turn themselves into food, to get their head beyond the closure, the pupal flesh. They burn imageless, as a torch. Their consumable a function between adjacent worlds. All our levels are high with such bugs. Food for moths, who are drawn into becoming food for moths. Pyres of academic pyres, the Red Guard, red alert, iosis sunrise of rubedo, lapus of the rebirth in the West, on fire for a moment, a world which will not last, whose dreaming survives the base like reincarnation.

What happens when the Chinese bomb SANGAGUZ anyway, you earthquake warmonger freaks, you admirers of Joe Frazier and Charles Manson. The light of the universe lights this universe off the top, pure cream, and .00004 is tearing downhill like a hellbent racer, meaning to jump the very real barriers that lie between here and there always. By gradient, by definition, space

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holds most everything out. But he's a ray, and he's brighter than Sun, and he's hot to get in; he's hot water; he reads no more books; he needs no more information to prove his point; it's wonderful how he feeds off himself, the biological-mystery boy.

The universe flows downhill, watercourse into the basins; creation is funnelled thru the wet dwindling exponents, and their punch ratifies everything just where it is, even the beauty of the SANGAGUZ countryside, and what's there now; it needs no slant; it needs no geographical gradient; hierarchy, like Snake, pulls everything to where it belongs: the bread in the breadbox, the bears in their caves, the worms in their wormholes. And then the snake leaves rationalism, and all those holding various strings and rebuttals, and goes into his own domesticity, to reside, and lay home eggs, the tip of his tail the last thing you see, ass on out; when he's gone there's nothing, nothing to debate, nothing to decide; you simply move there, like the sun.

Or the ice-skater, whirling in beautiful images, remembers herself, her beauty, the fallacy, and falls, sentient and perceptive, thru the ice, her stability lost, her happiness lost, all sense of future romance and realization lost; HER INTEREST ITSELF GONE, into some big frogpond like SANGAGUZ, and ours?, there too?, someone might ask, like Billie, who knows the only motivation is sexual, like the flu. Shit, Grossinger, are you still pretending you don't know? That image is so old it even has a smile, and a shy smile, and pretends to be hurt. Why not simply let it happen? Grossinger, are you still there?

***

The skeleton of a dog is hanged. There is no feeling. The spinal cord of pain is the collarbone when they put this animal to death. When they put him in prison, they lay his dead bones in the cell and lock it. And this is what they come to in the end.

***

And the rock singers of the fifties are still playing, frozen in the slowness of realizing their tune, that one song, like buzzsaw, like starlight, so immediate, so faraway.

It's bright there. In the lagoon. The waters are bright. They seem to be infinite, not only in distance but texture; and they seem to be infinitely deep. The sun on their surface reveals their geography. Here in Maine, in the badlands, in the climatic adiabat, the damn winds whistled thru the house all night, 65, 70 miles an hour, grinding on the insides of cones, causing nightmares, and even the students I saw the next day told how they wandered down halls and were restless, the windows might blow in, the damage invisible until sunrise, there the barn door ripped off and lying on the ice, taking three people poised against the wind smacking that flat surface to hoist it back on its runners (against the squareness and squeaky tightness of creation), and close off the room.

And you have the gall to write me from sunny Florida about the will of the gods; as if you didn't MAKE YOUR OWN kettle of tea. And call me long distance to ask the local temperature.

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It's freezing, man. You've got me there. And not only that. The sun in my head is an image. I don't even notice it when I'm in love: I've got biological heat.

My god, survival; it's like the basest Martian dirt, life (and who cares what else, the experiment is obsessive and biased) scraped off just above, as thin as isinglass, filled with microscopic berries, scummy to the touch, just an isometer above three billion years of PURE STONE. With your kind of enemy, SANGAGUZ (in your post card whole earth heaven), who needs friends.

***

You can live off nothing. Not as an experiment. Not as an exotic. Everything is experimental until. When you finally have to piss on the fire even to put it out.

She's not / a bad girl, sing a billion insects, about to have their sexes fucked up by some human ray.

***

Light is rampaging; wind is going crazy; consciousness itself is getting higher

and higher, and

we are removed from you by an image only a SLAT as the difference between one of the Mars photos and another, two different angles, locales, of the planet, like Vermont (orbit 67, A32) and California (orbit 944B, XX7), which, if we were high enough, would be part of the same watershed, teardrop, and anyway, are all the imago mundi. And I ride astral horseback to drop a pile of clams in your midst, AS PROOF, and declare my interests, the reborn lord of light: to be in two or more places at once, what do I have to do to convince you it's my one power, a manic depressive species locked in its own jail.

I close my eyes for a second in traffic and see those fields, the waters beyond them, and think those dangerous utopian thoughts that are endemic there: the whole earth is just a big old barn, we put a down payment on; we take in boarders, like Noah's ark, and fall asleep while awake. When I open them, the wind blows the snow like dust across the ice. It's all the same; when I'm in control of the torso I can get exactly where I want, can put my finger on just the spot, and this precedes geography, and usurps any external power. There's no myth, and no knowledge, nothing to go back to and nothing to come from....to. It's a state of being I'm cultivating, like grapes and grape-vines. The cells in our feet taste the mundus too.

***

A man stands in four dimensions, reaching, probing forward, against some invisible barrier, to communicate to us who see him from three.

***

It's of that order, in El Paso, Capitola, or anyplace else.

The trees smell of pine, the image, and here Robin and I cuddle soft like warm beings in our shell: biological sameness. Beyond the moving car there are ice cakes in the water, and the cold water that is moving is almost warm for its flow. Splashed and broken against one another. With so much more time for it

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than our love.

The facts would seem to be against us, but the conscious affirmation picks its spot and delivers the knockout punch, bright lights, transfer of invisible energy into actual numbers, gold pouring into some mundane treasury. The referee steps in from nowhere and starts counting; he stops the fight.

The delicate image pounces like a cat. It has claws.

It has subterranean roots.

Its brain is the blooming phlox of maple tree, the bloody seismic psychic hawk.

His cerebral crown.

His ragged maid.

His previous mind.

His.

FROM THE LONG BODY OF THE DREAM

Section XXIV of THE JELLYFISH

On the edge of your desk the candle we lit while we were naked flickers, is your face, there all the time, slowed to its utter components, grains, its dark and, light when you are close, where you go in darkness, deep negative presence I reach to, feel. We come across lands, bodies, bodies of land, like water, interfluid, inter locked, dark heavy moon in thin porous moon, stones rocking gently, each to each the underpinnings of one motion.

This is the steady, lit and unlit, perceptual speed, at which we flow together, and the trunk of one river pours off into the candlelight, and holds, as another body, visible in the upperworlds alone.

The candle-altar transforms the room. The naked bodies, one of them mine, are the instruments. The priests engage in the ceremony. By this alone are we separate from the androgyne flower called paradise. The genes read, from blood on parchment, curl away into the flames, and fall as insects into the lower worlds. At the borders of our countries we separate and rain into different ancestries, the peasants who raise tobacco, the peasants who grow grapes.

And in the dark night that follows: whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, the day drained past the last drops of sunlight, bird cries, unceasing, unintending. Ravens in the treetops across the street. Cluttering the nerve-fibers of the air.

It is not enough in sunlight to be in darkness, this or anything, dandelions bright as day is, as color is, ingredient stored in the primordial earth, photon in rain. The barn swallow trapped in the dark wooden cage, its wings against the window: psyche, I hear you, from shadows, sipping the life-substance, and still without direction, altered, unable, to throw the covers off and turn, simply quivering, fixed.

The source is blinding, in darkness coming from inside, as

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the eye does, layer by layer of photosensitive cells, wound into the nerve ganglia, point by point of topos tied and twisted, as rags, to the primordial skin, so that the world, painful to touch, is seen in a hollow, an image itself perfect, clouds and blue sky floating not just on the surface of the coffee, in ominous microcosm, but on the surface of the body, cells clearer than glass, as they sense and direct the identical current, that as felt in the brain, there is no difference, we see, at the same time, space where there is pure transmission along a trunk. How fragile our connection to the unexperienced world. And the cells go on feeding, dividing, in a scope, or slope, of utter darkness, eddying with the proximity of a boundary of total light. The optic cup lives of a design older than glass or metal, filling with blood beneath any image or design. The ends are not the means; the means are blind, formal, derivative, ceaseless; the same material is equally liver or brain. Sense cannot be gathered in the senses, but momentum, and the inner forces, hurtle us past the boundary: the birds appearing on the branches as though placed by the sorceror's hand. Come from smaller birds. As we come from smaller and ancestral men.

The light-leaks become the image; the layer of cells is perfect and impenetrable, constantly giving an image, joining it in fabric to the older imageless threads. These cellular pathways make up all we experience as history, or depth in time, are dimensionality, laid by an absolute design, limiting us and engaging us, at a certain speed, even the distances to stars.

Our eyes are not made out of glass and wood. (*We* make lenses of these and set them in boxes). We are *made* of water. The total territorial ocean is fixed, as the coarse blanket of his self wrapped around the shark, in the sparkling eye.

Whip-poòr-will. Whip-poòr-will. Whip-poòr-will. does not cease. But in some dark cause, associated with helleborin and things of night, bores thru, onto the nerve-ends, a continual recall. Without this I would not see you, no use for words; it is not the candle which flickers, which carries your face across the unchanging bridge of sexual cells, below as above, but them the lizards, the most primitive, experiential, delicate purplish pigment itself, absorbing liquidly the presence, then the absence, of more than outer image or light. It is your whole body, in the thick world, embracing me back, entwining me, whole, not any one cell. For the brain is in every organ, growing, absorbing, the olden bridgeways, repeating the sense; birds, at large, are this.

Only the body can be seen thru, only the radiance of the body can see thru itself; only the radiance of our bodies can be joined as unborn and angelic presences, that hover in the aura of the body. A window is not an eye; most of what is transmitted against it stops there. There can be no joining. A bee on one side trying to get into the dark hay-stinking nectars of the barn, a bird on the otherside trying to escape what it has crept thru the eye of the needle into, into the light-diffusing sky: *do not touch.* When the body is near-sighted and far-sighted both, the image has

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no meaning. Heaven is near and far. It is not a thing. We are three billion light years away. We are three-billionths of a micron away in the eye of a bee. It is as single as the ovum, the whole berry, or the egg containing clusters of such berries, each one the whole. Or the world. Or the world is the same as the creation. No separation of skins. It is many-eyed; it has eyes on either side of its head. It choose between two images. It joins them into one image. It drinks from the hollow of one cup. It has one eye on its forehead. A billion trunks and fibers join it to the many hemispheres of the one brain.

It is not an object or an image. It is simply the accidental disposal of wave-lengths within the spaces within space. And the bright sweet sun-pockets of dandelion, more than sugars, are oranges, with fine pink roots in the black ground. Electrical distortion, tangle of food-bearing, light-bearing, wires, blood. The spring violet, the electrovisual green which clings to the deepest fibers and cells, as consciousness abounds, blooms, in vegetables alive as stones.

How can we distinguish, in mothermilk of quartz, the vision that is purely crystalline, shape upon its surface, galena cubes, from the vision which feeds the tongues of its spires? The world is singleness. Break the branch and you have two one-branches; nothing is split or divided. Substance has its substance, no more: what is absorbed sticking to the organ long after it has been removed, dripping with, and has the power of growth either way, is simply sticky, as when a bird is smashed on the road by manufactured tires, dried a reddish-orange color, with black feathers: the feeling is retained beyond the remainder, and sticks to the trunk where it is swallowed by each whale swimming by, its mouth open, who give birth to alligators, who start primordially at the feet or liver, and work their way up to the cock again, from thence by sexual leap to the brain: NOT WITHOUT A MEDIATING IMAGE, love.

For the feelings between two people are magnetic, and combinational, day after day, even when they do not touch. The candleflame is the reflection of my desire in water, thickly, a medium softer than, the millionfold jellies of sight, with no other lover in paradise, a peacock dripping pigments, I come thru this rainbow steering gondolalike, my body motionless, swimming a stroke at a time. The whole thing.

from THE BOOK OF BEING BORN AGAIN INTO THE WORLD

The speed, the substance, definitive, from where we deliver, locked in the belly from where we *kick out*, is. And only. But past the Dipper, from the cantilever, thrust (not as a sword into, but flesh into) is. Waking in the morning, chanting, or groaning, even the most deliberate action taken off the coil. The bone, itself, felt.

The Pony Express was based on fresh horses, fresh riders, at regular and irregular intervals, the posts located on mountain

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slopes, in deserts, and where small towns had begun. By exchanging the horse for another horse, and occasionally allowing a weary rider to slip from the saddle into his dreams, and a new rider, from a good night's sleep, to take the horse from there, the entire process was intensified, *was forced.* [This intervening experience did not "touch" the man who received thereby an earlier mail.]

So spending half their lives delivering at record speeds other people's letters, like Eddie Arcaro, Mario Andretti. Without a destination. It's not what the message is, not the rider either, but the fact itself of linking Kansas City and Denver to San Francisco and San Jose: in the full of the transcontinental image, bringing by ounce the gold East, strewing and skewing the nation into a tornado whole.

"Five hundred horses were selected for their speed and stamina, all such untamable 'outlaws' that they could be shod only with all four feet roped to the floor. Their specially designed saddles were light in weight with a short horn and the skirt reduced to a minimum. Over these a square of soft leather, called a *mochila*, was fitted; when a driver changed horses this was thrown in a twinkling from one saddle to another, for the mail was carried in four packets in its corners."

No matter how fast the horses ride, the riders change, their doom is sealed in the connections of a dark room. The brain itself. The telegraph. The punch that telegraphs itself, even in the nineteenth century, the time is ONE SECOND, knocking out Wells-Fargo, Russell and Waddell. It is not the delivery of physical matter, at $5 per half ounce, in the leather sack; the *mochila* is obscure. Something else lies on the other side, all the same. The heavily breathing horse, flies on its muscles, a wound the size of a silver dollar on its neck, is as big and actual as it need be, sweeping with its tail, snorting, gulping water, in a room made of raw timbers, in space; but its presence, its being, is overworked; the twinkle of sunlight in the water on either side of it defines by its two foci an ellipse, the edges of which are all we have to know and all we can know. The message can be sent by the horse, but this is not the horse's purpose. Its stall is well-located in the west; it should be taken out, unbridled, untethered, and allowed to eat the grass. Each hyperbola has one half in a space subtended by the brilliance of the sun.

There is something on the other side. And we get there, all the same. There is the moment in silence, as a duck sits, not *on* but *in* the light of the golden egg. If it is not a duck, it is archetypal. No speed is taken outward, but all within as an octopus, **literally**, sewn arms and legs and mouth, to the center, delving thus in astral space for the center to all his natural motion, having to know that the bone is a bone and holds up the body, just where it is felt, though itself having no sensation, the nerves around it are. This small. If you ride it all out, all your life, on horseback, approaching even the speed of metabolism, beyond which there are only dried worlds like the Moon, and the sex-

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ual drain likewise, to all four sides, where there are four discernible, of the *mochila*, the Chinese alchemists believed (and thus took on hundreds of beautiful women, if they were of noble birth themselves, causing them to come but withholding their own sperm), seemingly without motive, but to sprout as the visible does, what was invisible, sensed finally as a shape, a line followed perfectly between the overflowing farmlands and the cosmic silence of their source, as surely as the silver pitcher is shaped from the outside: in by the hands, before it exists, the curves laid into the curves by memory and process, the yoke a posture, in which the wiseman sits, out the day of sun, his contractions unsusceptible to heat, his expansions palpably numb to the bite of the cold wind, rhythm as intraquartzite the law of continents, gathered as such like a basket of shells, atomic shells, from the fluming hillsides.

***

Yoga is not extreme: we are all subject to body-mind, mind-body, all the time. The hardest and most perfect initiation *is forced on us*.

The body changes in its response, in the relation of its FEELING to those certain acts. The blue of the sky is no longer the same blue. The colors of the flowers, yellow where there are yellow flowers, white where there are white, are at once dimmer and more intense. Which most simply is A FIELD. Even the laziest age, even they.

All information comes to us first, when it is too soon to use.

Only after a certain point does *anything* have meaning. Before then it's cheap. Now, every chop of the hoe. Every spurt of the body, aorta to glans penis, in coming, is another act we didn't at first realize was there --- and then is the only thing there. As the gong rings, each stroke, timed perfectly by strokes outside *it*, marks a necessary change in consciousness. The landscape must be replaced by another landscape, held only until, again, the next stroke. A master holds the instrument, body after body. It is not that sinners do not see God; it is that they see him as another person.

If aging didn't exist we'd have to get there some other way --- and that would be *très difficile* for most. And yet they could effect a passage no other way. That it ends with death is but the consequence of initiation; finally the change, happening all the time, is final. The gong does not stop ringing. The relationship between mind and body does not cease; simply that it is carried out by a new means.

***

A bunch of American travellers in a car that will break down on the way back go several hundred miles to attend a meditation seminar. One of them, Beda, is struggling with her sensual-ness, even on top of her own senses against themselves, beyond being touched, simply touching, seeks the perfect asp, or its shape, wound in archetypal chambers, its motion to follow without touching, without being turned on or off, simply directed, as current

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is. She does not want to be interfered with. But she does not know.

And at the meeting her soft saintlike pose is taken not for Joan or carnal martyrdom, but as seductive as in the movies; the boys who are her partners in a spiritual experience end up asking her for dates, as if it were America, and she becomes in her own mind *so drawing* she seems to pull everything in. Hence her frustration: to be open, not to be open, between the two either a bridge or a flaw where a bridge might be, how to shape and define the center in which the center is felt.

Note, finally even the celibate yogi gives her a passionate kiss. She is offended, but there is another problem: his name is Hari, or Harry, and he's from the Bronx.

***

So the shape cannot be approximated, cannot be approximate; when felt it touches as perfectly as the rockbase its rockbase, and when it shifts, retrieves the backbone only from the backbone. We all know what happens when the horses are tied down with rope. Human beings cannot enter heaven with horseshoes on all four feet, *however heavy it FEELS*. On the outside of the dance the hair, the senses, may be swinging free, but inside it is as hard as bone, where I have a large one, Robin has the same bone, a smaller one, and the dance is fixed, and the dancer is.....

The *mochila* is light, but getting there, everything else in the head stands in his way. The rider cannot do it by urging on his horse, if he can tell the difference between vehicle and destination, after so many rides. He must be thrown into the waters of an undiscovered western lake, the letters soaked, the writing unintelligible, all the past lost in a flood of new sensations. While nothing else changes.

There is no halfway house or breaker; if it won't happen he has no place else to go, death notwithstanding; he must fall all the way back into the dungeon. Let him build a track in his backyard and run around it a hundred times a day, or do laps around back roads on his bicycle, always to return where he began. That's just the point: he has no place to go.

Life is ephemeral, decays on the bone; we die, leaving all other times to other processes. And all there is is to know where it is. The senses must be taught their sense, gently, where each stands before the next; the feeling alone, raw, is subject again and again to the hunger of the wolves. Sooner or later. It will sustain you over the lowlands but it will not allow you to cross the mountains.

Time runs out on how soon it will happen if we had the energy forever.

There is just so much you can put across.

The rest, like impact, is always there.

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JERRY YUDELSON: *Notes on a John Lilly Lecture*

Programming and Metaprogramming in the Human Biocomputer:
Simulations of God, UCSC lecture, April 11, 1972

I am not what *you* think I am!
I am not what *I* think I am!

Thesis: the self can know "itself" and can map this (knowledge of) shape topologically into many domains of what we call consciousness.

Do not use the phrase "altered states of consciousness" because this implies norms and judgements. (Seems to me, however, that we are not away from the problem, if it be one, of distinguishing between what Ouspensky or Gurdjieff would call everyday consciousness, or sleepwalking, and heightened states of awareness--JY)
"I will not argue about states with respect to consciousness"

The "WHO AM I?" exercise -- you must ask yourself this question over and over again; eventually you will lose enough of your false notions about the person you are (not), so that you can move around anywhere *at will*. The voluntary aspects of self are available to you when you know who you are; then you can become the programmer of the human biocomputer.

(One way to say who am I is "I am my relationships"--JY)
focus on the *flux* of personal identities over time, "who am I?" should never reveal the same answer in a growing and changing person.

My limited experience with *psilocybin* taught me about the low frequency earth rhythms & the deep structure (the tsunami violence is low energy deep structure piled at an edge all of a sudden, like the pressure buildup in a dense pack of runners when the first one spots the upcoming cliff, or even the oscillating crush of an antiwar march, the crowds are what do in the sensitivity and the size, as in Lew Welch's "Chicago" poem).

During everyday and intense experiences the reality (as detected by the "I") you are currently experiencing is equated with models of other realities, including states of consciousness, or, better yet, spaces of consciousness.

Space = (old) Self + Reality (as experienced)

The best treatment of this question of spaces is to be found in the book, *Laws of Form* by G. Spencer Brown. In this treatment of Brown's, there are two fundamental operations: calling (and recalling) which involves *naming* the boundary, and thereby the spaces enclosed and excluded; and crossing boundaries, which is *not* the same as recrossing boundaries; for example, once I model an experience, that is to say, once I move out of the experience in order to model it, when I next have the "same" (say, structurally) experience, I now have my model of the past experience as part of the conceptual and perceptual baggage I bring along on the new trip, and thus it is *not* the same space or trip as before!

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NICHOLAS DEAN: FOUR UNIFORM LANDSCAPES

SOME NOTES FROM A UNIFORM LANDSCAPE:

Space, dream or real, defined by time. An acre defined as what a yoke of oxen could plow in a day, thus differing from locale to locale and, by definition, at spring plowing time (?). Or, as in " a day's march." Or, Q: "how far is it to (place)?" A: "about a (time unit) drive." Now, the web of interstates, landscaped to Federal standards, uniformly signposted, grassed with approved grass. North Carolina is thirty hours from Maine. No sense of space, just time, and the pressure of the foot on the gas.

LANDSCAPE: " A prospect of inland scenery, such as can be taken in at a glance from one point of view; a bird's eye view, a map..." (OED) Suffix "-ship" is related, i.e. a state of being or condition, allied to "shape."

My children ask, "Daddy, what state are we in?" There's no point of reference. Outside of palm trees, which might mean California or Florida, "seen one interstate, you've seen them all."

It gets depressing. The outskirts of Tucson look like the outskirts of Brunswick. All Holiday Inns look the same. A social scientist has pointed out that the success of an un-named restaurant chain is due largely to the identical placement of the ladies' room. You never need to ask.

A recent television commerical used, as an examples of the average mileage the average driver puts on a car in an average year, the analogy of driving from New York to San Francisco round-trip twice, i.e., traversing the continent, driving, say, as an average about fifteen thousand miles. Given all this activity, this motion through time, through space, does it follow that the citizen has perceived his environment? Probably not. Does he (or do I, for that matter) have any physical perception of space, or of the spaces involved between here, on the East and the California coast, even after having driven an equivalent number of **miles**? No.

"It is curious about ignorance, how it thrives - even ignorance of such a common thing, such an easily found out thing as the countours of what any of us share, the earth. Or ignorance, for that matter, of time....," said Olson. (Sitting in a bar in Gloucester, Charlies talking of the frontier, of the edge of movement at the Allegheny Front, of the Indian trails moving north and south, as arteries, the Potomac, for example, having no real vitality because it was never a useful route.)

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But - and I'd add this to my memory of Olson's explanation - the point was that whether Indian or White, the traverse was made *physically*, not by means of practically vicarious transportation, one jump away from teleportation. Nor even Olson, mocking it up in the Cape Anne Historical Association Library: a line drawn on a map, or on the back of an envelope is a "trail." The passage through a rhododendron slick is an *experience*.

A letter to my wife, dated 19 April, 1968: (Erwin, Tenn.) "In the first two miles or so, we climbed about a thousand feet, and ended up camping for the night at about 5,000 feet. Spivey Gap, where we started, was about 3,200. Big Bald is 5,516, and Little Bald, which we passed at just less than 3½ miles is 5,185, which gives some idea of what those five miles are like!" Contours.

Day-to-day perception, though, the shape of existence three mornings a week from September to May, means getting into a cold Volkswagen and heading down the asphalt strip. Fifty-five miles from my house to Portland, of which approximately thirty-six are built to federal highway standards, i.e., uniform signs, median strip, bridge height, etc. Interchangeable - by law - with, say, I-40 in North Carolina, I-95 in Massachusetts.

But to get back to the local, the Maine State Publicity Bureau issues all kinds of brochures with color photographs of Mt. Katahdin, the docks at New Harbor, Pemaquid Point Light and so on. "The Pine Tree State." But my day-to-day experience is none of these: it is the view through the windshield, the knowledge that the billboard for the Portlander Motor Hotel is fourteen miles from Portland, which means that I'm twenty minutes or so from the city. Bradbury Mtn. State Park next exit. White letters, sans serif, on green background. Produced at Maine State Prison, Thomaston, in conformity with Federal Highway Safety Act of 19--. Emergency stopping only. Reduced speed ahead.

During the French and Indian wars, a party of braves surprised a young man of Edgecomb and chased him seven or eight miles through the woods across the peninsula, just about where U.S. Route 1 goes at present. When they blasted through the rock just east of Ken's Lobster Pound to widen the road a few years back, they uncovered a vein of good amethyst. But the contractor, whoever he was, was a sonofabitch, or so the story goes, and the local rockhounds claim that the highway is built on a bed of crushed gemstone which he refused to allow anyone to pick up. At this point there is a passing lane headed east. "Slower Traffic Keep Right."

"It is a fact that no one knows his own country; from assuetude and, perhaps, from the feelings of regard which we

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naturally have for our native land, we pass over what nevertheless does not escape the eye of a foreigner. Indeed, from the consciousness that we can always see such and such objects of interest whenever we please, we very often procrastinate until we never see them at all." Captain Frederick Marryat: *Diary in America*, 1839.

What is the construct through which we perceive the land? For the (country) child the distance to a friend's house, perhaps, to "get home by suppertime," or the bare feet in the still-cold spring grass, or, for the father, the calculation of hay acreage against projected livestock needs. *He* does not go barefoot: the earth is a machine, to be viewed in the abstract. One does not fondle a piece of production equipment. (He kneels, crumbling the soil between his fingers, sensing the tilth.) Or, when I was about twelve, I used to mow the neighbors' lawns, and knew each piece by the uphill thrust of the whirring and clacking mower as I pushed (the smell of damp, fresh-cut grass, the color of shredded dandelions). I knew we lived thirty-five miles from New York and that, periodically, we got into the car and went there (Mill River Road to Route 25A to Great Neck to the Northern State Parkway to the Triborough Bridge) or took the train (change at Jamaica to the electric for the trip through the tunnel, emerging in the bowels of Penn Station) but that trip was an abstraction, punctuated only by a few well-known landmarks, always to look for new army vehicles at Fort Totten or comment again on the nurseryman's sign in the shape of a two-dimensional fake tudor house. Now, thirty years later, driving it myself, taking the turns by instinct, observing, dimly that the potato fields in Brookville are gone, noting that the house-sign is still there, that the pond at the corner of our road has been filled in, passing over the culvert through which we used to crawl; even so nothing is real until I reach the hill with the oaks and the laurel along the drive through which I used to walk or remember weighted with snow, higher than my head.

The time will come when night driving will be regarded as actually more pleasant than driving in the daytime. For the light of the sun is variable and capricious. No one can control its intensity. But at night the automatic devices of the road will supply an ideal control of light.

Norman Bel Geddes: *Magic Motorways*
1940

... And in the time of summer, the sun casts such a reflecting heat from the sweet fern, whose scent is very strong, so that some herewith have been very near fainting... Their further hardship is to travel sometimes they know not whither. Bewildered indeed without sight of sun, their compass miscarrying in crowding through the bushes, they sadly search up and down for a known way - the Indians' paths being not above one foot broad so that a man may travel many days and never find one.
Captain Edward Johnson: from *Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England*, London, 1654.

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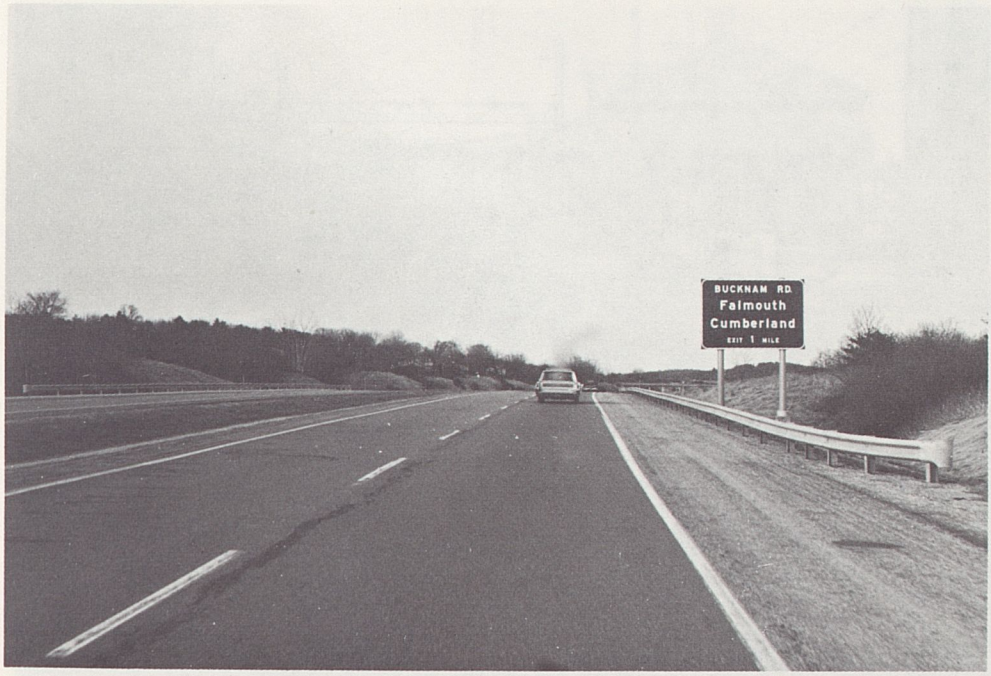

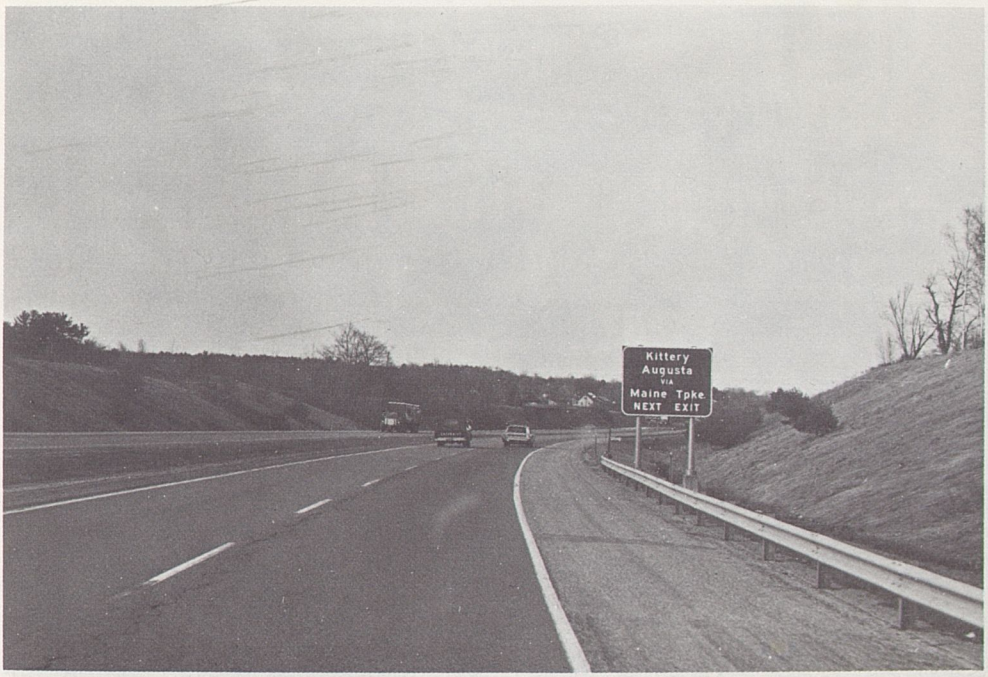

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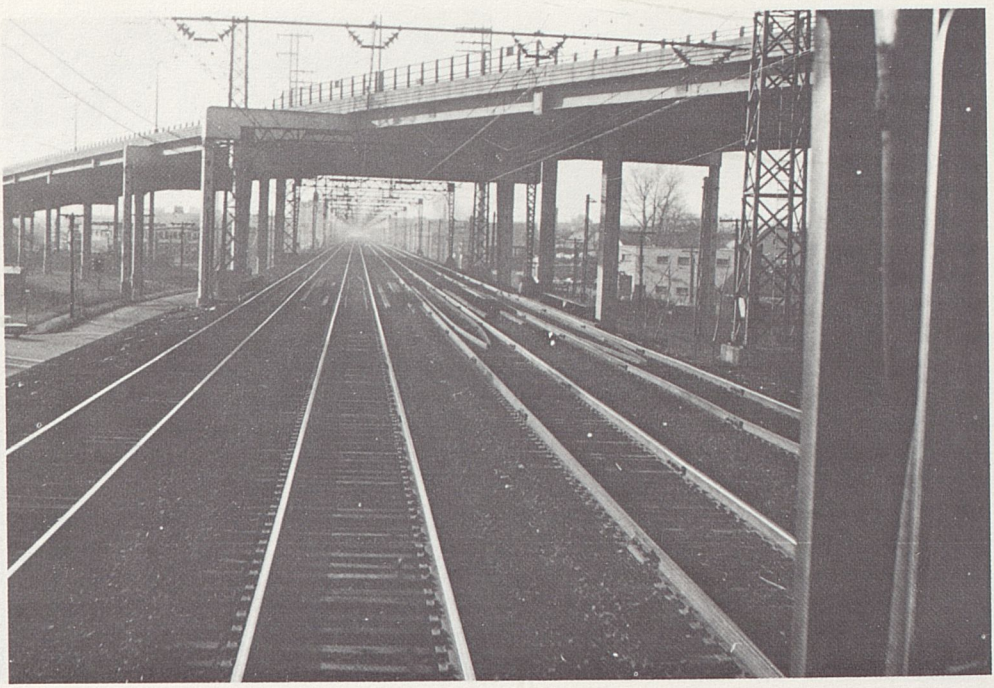

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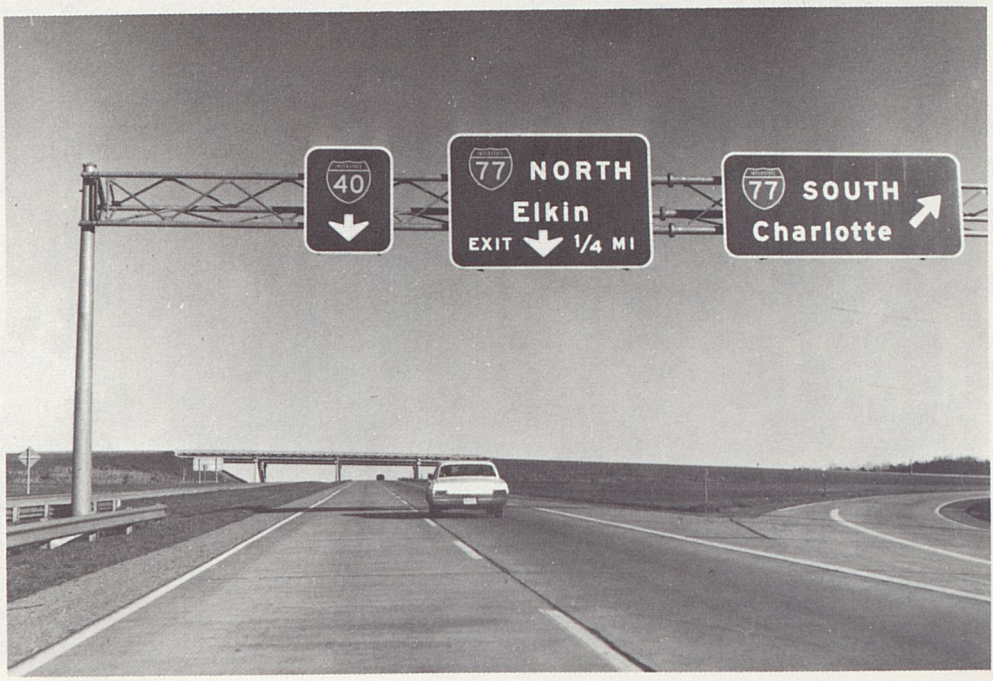



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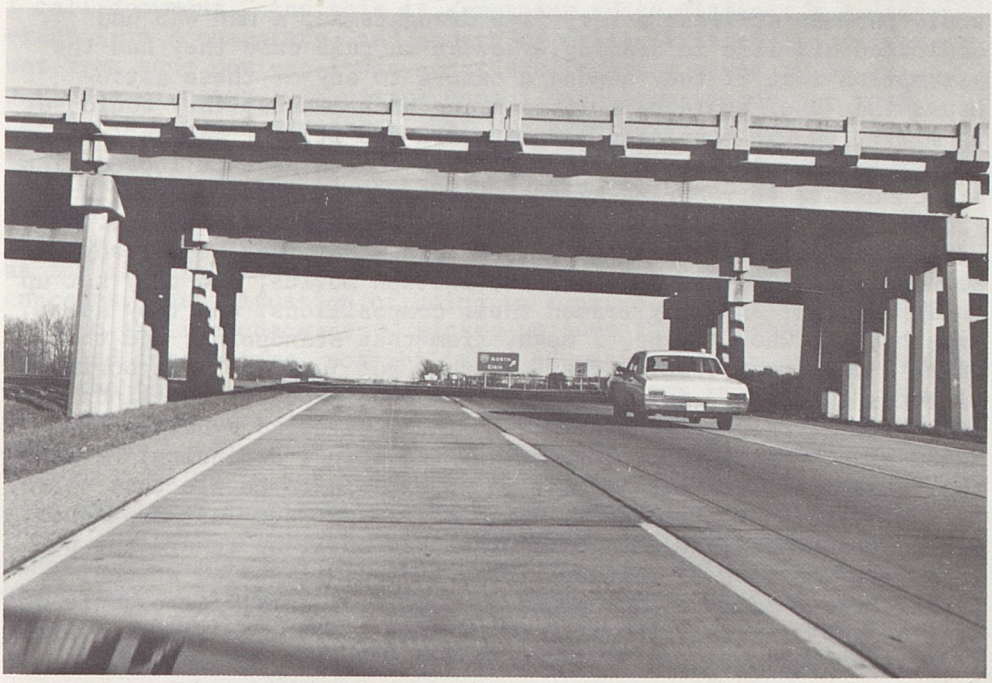

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Grossinger - Let me begin by asking you about the new films you're doing, especially the set of three made in Pittsburgh.

Brakhage - I mean it's such a damn long story. Actually, those Pittsburgh films.....they really began.....it's funny because I just wrote Creeley this morning after noticing something in his letter about document.....he had reminded me in that letter that the Pittsburgh films actually began when I made a statement to the audience of the Carnegie Museum at my lecture-showing there that the real reason why NASA was cut back in all its expenditures is that they didn't get any image from the moon, that actually, it turned out, they were dependent on selling that as some kind of an interesting event, and they spent maybe a billion dollars on PR over the years selling that as an interesting event: that man takes his first step on the moon, which phrase itself is a piece of their propaganda; I mean they did a terrific job of selling people on that idea; but then when it came right down to it they showed them images that were.....that did not in any sense permit people, even in the Hollywood sense, to participate in that event, have a real experience with it like you can with a work of art. And so I was commenting to the audience in rather a flip manner actually, I said the last person on earth NASA would ever think of sending to the moon would be myself, for instance, or any artist; and yet that that so clearly demonstrated the poverty of our culture, so clearly demonstrated how unable we are as a people to make use of the artist.....because it was quite normal, I mean, for those exploratory ships out of Spain and so on, that they would include at least a very fine draughtsman, a man who had dedicated his life to drawing, whereas in this case they had the assumption that if they handed a camera to any of these astronauts that they would be able to bring back images; they would set up a t.v. on the moon, and people would see it. Of course, all that they set up, all that they got was something that looked like a second-rate very boring science fiction movie made, maybe in '20's. And the reason they got that is because you can't.....most people can only get an image of something that they've already seen; and so they had seen science fiction movies, and they set up their cameras, and they framed their compositions, and they approached the whole thing, I mean, from that standpoint; and they weren't very good even at that, so they got just the most boring pictures on earth. In fact, these men were probably the kinds of men that, if they go on a trip with their wives to Wyoming, she takes all the pictures. So that was the actual beginning. I made that statement, and then I went on to explain to people that there, at that time if you remember, which was a year ago last September, was a lot of horrible antagonism that had built up toward the police. It had sort of reached a peak of the Pig period at that point. And I said to this group of people, I said, for example we have no real image of the police; we have none. And I for several several years have been trying to get permission to ride in a

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patrol car to make a film about police, for God knows whatever reasons of my own, that when I was a child I toyed with the idea of being a policeman, so it haunts me and I've also suffered very much at the hands of police for having done no wrong whatsoever. I shouldn't say "very much"; I've never been actually arrested, but I have been beaten. So I had the policeman both as a childhood attraction and as a bogeyman, and I said, here I am with the abilities to see and arrive at some clear sight, and I want to make a film on police, and the nation desperately needs an image of police, the police need an image to be made of them, and I can't get permission, because what am I?, I am the absolute bottom of the pile, I am an independent film-maker, I mean that's totally suspicious, I'm not even using that most terrifying of all terms; that is, to say you were an artist; in America that's still not something we can write comfortably on the motel register as an occupation, and so therefore it's not accepted, and therefore there's no such possibility. Well, what happened, happily, was that Mike Chikiris, a newspaper-reporter-photographer, was in the audience, and was that kind of person who took it tremendously seriously, and within two days, using his.....well, not so much his prestige as his actual charm, his wonderful ability to charm people and persuade them of the necessity of something, he managed to get me into a patrol car. Now this was one of the times, not the first, but one of those times in my film-making experience when I had nothing to go on, experientially, actually, in terms of what was happening. I hadn't been in a patrol car before, and I've never known a policeman; and so suddenly the considerations of film-making, without my thinking about it at all, became concerned with something that I'm now puzzling in my mind about that I call *document*. And this is something quite distinct and different from documentary, and something quite distinct and different from home movies; I was not there to get a movie of my experience of being in a patrol car; I was there to get the most naked fix I could manage on what was transpiring. And the previous times that have come to mind when I was also thrown on this level of film-making in my life was when the first baby was being born and I was filming *Window Water Baby Moving*, and, for another example, when I was making three of those episodes that ended up as the film *Lovemaking*. So that birthed as a reversion to earlier concerns, that situation of being in a patrol car birthed a reversion to earlier concerns; I picked up some threads that I've stumbled into before, possibilities of seeing, and began operating. Then the thing that happened also that was very important, a crucial moment occurred..... First of all, the patrolmen drove us around for a couple of hours, and nothing happened, and they talked with us, and we talked back, and at the end of these two hours we were getting a fairly reasonably human conversation going with them. And then suddenly one of them looked at the other, and the other one winked, and then the first one turned to the back seat where Mike and I were both sitting, and said to us,"You guys seem to me to be pretty much alright;" and he said,"We've actually been told just to drive you around, and take no calls, until you

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get bored, and then drop you off." He said,"But you've convinced us that it's interesting, what you want to do, so we're going to call in and tell them that we've dropped you off, at which point we'll start getting calls, if it's alright with you." I said,"Sure. That was the whole idea. That's what we're here for." He said,"Well, then, you know, we have to warn you that you're.....that you have no legal right to be in this car, for instance, and if something happens that we have to drop you off somewhere, that'll be that, you know; we'll drop you off wherever we are, in the middle of a riot, or whatever; you'll have to take that chance." I said,"Sure;" and he made that call. And the first thing that happened: almost immediately they got a call of a dead body in the street; a man who, in fact, as it turned out....he'd been a child molester, and the police had just questioned him, and he had walked out of one of the precints and had crossed several streets, and then had laid down with his head under a truck wheel that was stopped at a street light. The truck started up; it ran over his head, and killed him; and I had really never in my life seen anything like that before; and it was so dramatic and terrifying that the instant the car drove up and there lay this man with his crushed head in the street I began filming in a very direct way, which is, say, opposite of directed. So that was an important moment. And then another thing happened that was very important. I had brought along with me.....I had just bought a fifteen inch lens, and I had brought it along with me; I don't even know why I brought all this equipment with me to Pittsburgh, but I had this fifteen inch lens with me in the car and I had never used it, and in fact the instructions on it said: you do not use this lens without a tripod. Because a fifteen inch lens is such a telephoto that if you stand stockstill, just your heart beating will create an earthquake in the image; it will look like the whole scene is shaking; and so I got out and started photographing this body in the street, and then the homicide department arrived and one of the homicide officers pointed at me and said,"No, no; you don't take pictures of the body." And this terrified me of course because we weren't even officially supposed to be in this car at this point, and so I went back into the back seat of the patrol car, but I had such a desperate need to confront this scene in the streets that I screwed on that fifteen inch lens, which would give me enough telephoto to shoot from the car, and I didn't have any tripod equipment, and I didn't care, but I did have this behind me, that I had spent years, in fact all my film-making life, practicing hand-holding camera, and made many films with hand-held camera, so I knew a great deal about it, just even instinctively; and I knew that if this image was going to shake continually, from my heartbeat even if I was standing still, then I must make counteractive movements to that heartbeat, and dance with my own heart beating and with my own breathing patterns, with this huge lens, and I did that, and most people are astonished, even professionals who use this equipment all the time are astonished that a fifteen inch lens could be hand-held and create such an articulation of movement. In fact, there are

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many discoveries of sight that fell out of this; I really feel now that the reason that the whole world doesn't shake in our vision as we walk along is because the muscles of the eye make counteractive movements which smooth out the passage of movement. Because, really, what we're doing, we're walking along, and this eye is a jelly, and it's quivering continually, with our heartbeat, with our walking, with our breathing, with anything that happens, any movement we make. And what I did was to make an articulate dance with that possibility, with this lens; so that was a great discovery, that it could be done. So, then I went on and filmed with them two days, two and a half days, and came back and finished the film called *Eyes*. I remember that that whole last day I had running like a prayer thru my mind, as I was being deluged by the actual sight of what these policemen had to deal with, I had as a prayer running thru my mind: *Polis' eyes*, and if so, these are the public eyes, in that same sense that we speak of the detective as the private eye, and that was crucial to that film.

So at this point they asked me what I'd like to film next in Pittsburgh, and upto then I didn't really realize what I was into here, and I thought that I was really trying to get a fix on the city, and do it by strata as Ed Dorn said, and as he also said about this form of shooting, he said, yes, shoot first, ask questions later: what seemed to be the premise of what I was currently doing, and to get a fix on the city, but it didn't really turn out to be that I was trying to get a fix on the city. I mean, I said,"Oh well, I'd like to do a hospital, I'd like to do lawyers, politicians, gangsters even if possible," a kind of simple-minded notion, but I did emphasize hospitals because that was something I had had a lot of experience with, and I wanted to see what this form of shooting that was evolving in me would do in a confrontation with a place that I had spent a lot of time in; I've been sick a lot in hospitals, almost died several times in hospitals. This turned out to be very very difficult to arrange. Hospitals are very uptight about having anybody photograph anything in them, but finally, after months of negotiation through the Carnegie Museum and through Mike Chikiris' efforts through the newspaper and so on, they managed to arrange that I could film in West Penn. Hospital. So I flew back there at that time and I made that film; that took about ten days, and it went right through many different rooms and aspects of the hospital, including open heart surgery, and very often in this I used the fifteen inch lens, though not always, but the biggest, the greatest moments occurred again.....and thus a further miracle occurred, what seems miraculous to me.....when I was filming the open heart surgery for instance, I was using the fifteen inch lens, but I was backed up and I was standing on a ladder to get back as far from the actual surgery as possible, so I could get focused, because you can't focus.....particularly with the thing shut down you need, oh, twenty, thirty feet to focus a fifteen inch lens; it doesn't come into focus unless you're that far back; so I couldn't get back quite far enough to use that lens, and I wanted that kind of

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articulation, of the hand-held telephoto lens, in that open-heart surgery; and so I found myself unscrewing the lens, and when you unscrew the lens, with each fraction of an inch you get more and more focal length, or it gets closer and closer to you; so finally the lens was off of the camera. I was not only hand-holding the camera with a fifteen inch lens; I was hand-holding the lens by itself, anywhere from a quarter inch to an inch and a half away from the gate, depending on what part of the surgery I was shooting, with that much space between the lens and the camera, the camera in one hand, the lens in the other. Fortunately I was in a dark corner; otherwise light would have poured in from the side; and so that gave me another mobility; to focus it by moving my hand ever so slightly forward and back and around I had a tremendous control of focus. But I was using almost the strength of what they say a madman has; I was so disturbed by the heart surgery that I had a strength I couldn't repeat for you now unless I had some similar urgency; but it was possible to do it, and the best footage came from that, really, what anyone would say is a totally impossible photographic situation. And once again I learned very much about the eyes from this footage, how they move muscularly, what permits our sight muscularly; and that film was called *Deus Ex*, most especially because I knew.....again I quoted Charles Olson in my statements on the film because one thing that went thru my mind very often while shooting *Deus Ex* was Charles' poem on meeting death; you know that poem, how he confronts the figure of death; a man came around a bush on an island, and for some reason this was a total image of meeting death, casually; neither man mentions it: that sense was what pervaded the hospital.

Then they asked what I'd like to do next, and I said..... newspapers.....or football; and somehow I couldn't develop any interest in myself about either of those subjects. I was still operating under that stupid idea that I was doing the city by strata. So they were trying to arrange with the newspapers, and the newspapers were on strike.....there's really only one newspaper in Pittsburgh; there are two, but they are really controlled by the same interests, and they were both on strike. Then Sally Dixon, who really did most of the arranging for all this (she's the head of the film department at Carnegie Museum); she and Mike together really made all of this possible. Well, they kept trying to arrange and wondering whether the newspaper would go off strike, and thinking of football, and so on, and then it turned out that other film-makers were coming to Pittsburgh after me, and Sally had then begun to offer this same possibility to other film-makers, and Hollis Frampton came, and shot some footage in steel mills, and then he told Sally he wanted to do autopsy because he needed images of autopsy for his long work in progress *The Clouds of Magellan*; and when Sally mentioned it here in this kitchen last summer, I said, Oh gee; yeah, that's something I really have to do, but I said, I'm more interested in doing, like, the funeral parlor. As it fell out, what was arranged was the coroner's office. And I mean it's so mysterious how these

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things fall into place; I cannot explain it; but obviously now all three of these films go together; they are a trilogy that go in a direct line toward the last film, and so much so that I have no idea if there's anything else I intend to shoot in Pittsburgh, or in cities, or even in this form. So because of these strange circumstances, it evolved because the newspapers were on strike still when I arrived in Pittsburgh, but the coroner's office had been willing that I could photograph there. And I took on the coroner's office. In fact, it bothered me so much that that's what I wanted to photograph that I sort of lied about it; I kind of kept saying, well, I'm really doing this because actually Hollis was supposed to have arrived somewhere in here, and for reasons of his own, or troubles of his own, he was delayed; so I said, I'm sort of filling in for Hollis, cause he had arranged with the coroner's office, and so I would go down a fulfill that arrangement; I mean I invented outrageous lies to pretend that I was forced into filming at the .....well, they weren't lies, in the sense that whatever internal thing was driving me certainly made the rest of me feel quite forced into a situation that I would never choose to enter without a camera. And so, there I was, in the coroner's office. I began filming what's called an external autopsy, that is, where they don't cut anybody open. And so that day that's all I did, and that was hard enough for me to take; I'd never been that close to a dead human being before. Then the next morning turned out to be Saturday morning, I mean Sunday morning, and they had told me, you should come down Sunday morning because there's so many people that die on Saturday night. So I was more or less obligated; that's the way I felt about it; actually I was driven, for my own desperate reasons, to go down that Sunday morning, early, and suddenly walk into a room where there are several murder victims, some suicides, people who died by violent accident; I walked into this room where the day before I had only photographed a....and everywhere I turned.....suddenly I was surrounded by.....slaughter! And so I just began photographing desperately. I really overshot because I was so desperate to keep always the camera going; every moment I stopped photographing I really felt like I might faint, or burst into tears, or come apart, or something like that.

Grossinger - Was it like filming *Window Water Baby Moving?*

Brakhage - Well, with *Window Water Baby Moving* also, well, in the first place I was by strange circumstances forced into it; Jane wanted me to be in attendance to photograph the birth; well, she wanted me to be in attendance first of all, and that, in those days, was very hard to arrange anywhere. They did not want husbands watching the birth, for the reason that many husbands faint at that moment, or they interfere, and they come apart, and they faint and fall down and crack their head and then sue the hospital; very often, if there's a bad relationship between the man and woman, the woman will, in the midst of childbirth, curse the husband in a way that she never would otherwise. So, for these simple reasons, plus the hospital policies throughout the land at that

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time they did not permit husbands to watch births. So Jane's tack for getting this permission was suggesting that I photograph it. Well, she went to the doctor with the idea of photographing it, and again a strange coincidence, when the doctor learned that I was a photographer, before Jane had even said anything, he said,"Say, I've always wanted a film made of a birth. Do you think he would be interested in photographing it?" Then we tried to work it out with the hospital; they wouldn't permit it, so finally this doctor was intent enough on having a film made that he agreed to deliver the baby at home.

Well, it sort of looks like.....in these cases it looks like fate had arranged, or circumstances external to myself had arranged, but in fact, as one now knows from my almost desperate attention to birth, and the many birth films I've made, that I'm obsessed with childbirth.....perhaps for reasons of something of my own birth; I don't know. I'm an adopted child; there might have been some tragedy, death of the mother, or who knows what; I'll never know what my birth was like, and that in itself may be the center of the obsession. Anyway, it's like the other circumstances in that way. Also, I remember that when they told me about the police car, that I could go into the police car, I was suddenly terrified. I didn't want to. I felt that by opening my big mouth and asking to be sent to the moon, I was getting my comeuppance. And here I was being forced into a patrol car, which was scary enough for me. Also, with the hospital. I remember day after day, as Mike would take me down to that hospital, I would say things like,"Oh God, let's go back; I'm going to pack and go home." I didn't want to face that hospital anymore. Again, feeling forced into something by external machinery that you yourself have set in motion. But, of course, in all cases the films themselves say that it was desperately necessary, and in the case of *Window Water Baby Moving*, then once I started photographing, I knew for that first birth I could never have stood it in that room, without passing out or something, if I hadn't had a camera. I'm not so constituted to be able to take an experience like that, at least the first time, without camera in hand, which is the major reason why I have a camera in hand, what my life's work is. In fact, there's very little that's understandable to me about life, or even bearable, except the seeing of it. I have managed my whole sight by making films.

Grossinger - Let me just cut in to ask how you would relate the possible film of the moon to the films made in Pittsburgh? Is that part of an imaginable sequence?

Brakhage - Actually, Jane and I were talking about it this morning because of Creeley's letter. He had mentioned this business that here we had set men on the moon, and the real image we have of the moon in the movies is Melies'. Melies will dominate everyone's thought of the moon until what the hell.....until we actually send an artist there. Because his desperation to go to the moon was real enough that he built the moon to go to, and the

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machinery to photograph going to it, and the invented rocket ship that goes there, and the imaginary creatures that are there, and everything. I mean he had that urgency, and that is, in fact, what art is. And then all the science fiction movies watered down Melies' vision of the moon, until finally Neil Armstrong, as a kid, saw it somewhere in some serial or Saturday afternoon theatre, and then he got out his camera and made yet another watered-down version when he was there. So we got that watered-down version, and everyone sat and watched on the television. I mean Jane was saying, my mother said of course, with tears in her eyes, how great it was that man was walking on the moon. I said, yes, yes, but the truth is that everyone said that, but obviously they didn't mean it.....because NASA didn't get the money. The whole thing fell flat as a pancake, which *even* Norman Mailer knows.....and so everyone knows it in fact. Her sense of it was: well, yes, but think of all the problems of sending an artist to the moon. So we argued about that a little bit; and I mean Jane knows about the problems of living with an artist, so she knows very well what she's talking about when you say, like, you're going to bottle up an artist with an astronaut in a capsule and they're going to move two and a half days away from the earth and.....

Grossinger - In that kind of police car!

Brakhage - Yes. Well, you know, it's a dangerous situation; I mean of course. But the point is, I mean, if he has the urgency to get to the moon, I mean he will certainly behave himself, and I'm the living proof of it, you know. She said: Well, you might have asthma you know. What if you had asthma? There's moondust to affect your sinuses. Or you'll get up there and you won't want to come back. All these things are true, but they're true because the artist, particularly when he's working, is really the prime example of human concentration. He would be real there. And, of course, anything that's real is considered a problem by NASA, or the United States government, or any government, or all these powers that be. But, sure, just as well as any dog or creature in the forest confronted with a necessity.....any creature will hold itself in check to accomplish that necessity, and so an artist can go to the moon, could be put in, and would try very hard to do everything he could to accomplish getting there and getting images of it, and getting back. Otherwise the animal gets cheated. And they *are animals*. That's all they are. I don't mean that there's something else that is getting its. The minute the animal human is cheated, that's it. We are animals. And the artist can only work on this level. This is what the work comes out of. If I was forced into it, if they took me up on it, it would be the same as going to the hospital, I'd be scared to death, but I'd do it. It would be a chance to actually give people an image, a new image, and I don't mean because of the subject matter, but because, I mean, a man would be going there, behaving personally, and therefore we would get an image. The trouble is: artists are the only ones that are forced, while

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working, to behave personally. And that's apropos how I named the third film. I named it *The Act of Seeing with One's Own Eyes*; and the reasons for that name are: that I looked up "autopsy" and discovered much to my amazement and delight that it comes from the Greek word "autopsis," which translates out most specifically as: "the act of seeing with one's own eyes." And that was exactly the reason that I went through that experience. I had to go through, mind you, the *act* of seeing, something different than just seeing, in fact something, I wouldn't say opposite, but quite other than *The Art of Vision*. I very consciously took that very dictionary term because I knew that it would stand as a.....again, not a polar opposite, but an extreme other than *The Art of Vision*. Gee, it's hard to say. The word "act"..... Again, I'm reverting with my slow mind to when I was a little quicker this morning writing to Creeley. After that conversation on the moon with Jane I went to the phonograph and I put on Schubert's 6th Quartet. And it begins with a beautiful base: mmmmmmm. It isn't the deepest base note he could give us; it isn't even the fullest; it isn't a Russian basso's base, but a base note beginning that's for maximum vibrancy. You can tell that he went for maximum vibrancy. Well, that's an act. In fact, he gives us that base note, and then everything that comes after seems like it comes out of that base note; that base vibrancy seems to have enough vibrancy that it would hatch any other note. That's an act. The music there is acting.....as if the beginning of itself were outside you, or outside itself. It was the base, right?.....and then that everything that follows can then fall within. You have already heard something of it so it can be within you. And this to me is very much the sense of why that word act is important in there. Because actually the beginning is never the first; it's impossible, as Creeley had written me, for people to recognize something that they haven't already seen. So they have to have seen it, and then comes that appropriating it which we call recognition. And when any piece of art pretends, like this is the beginning, and it's prerecognition, it is of course an act. And so, therefore, all three of those films are premised on acts. Whereas *The Art of Vision* is continually beginning anew, so that it's very much more jazzy and very much more acceptable artwise in this century. You can accept it as a work of art much easier than you can something that's premised on document. It was easy for people to pick up on interstices in music, or mathematic progressions, or melody, like Beethoven, like Mozart, but it was more difficult to pick up on a man who was basically premised on timbre.

Grossinger - In what way did you come to the perception of the birth-sex-death relationship in your work, which seems a very accurate take on yourself?

Brakhage - Well, that was just on the phone to you yesterday. I was kind of being flippant, but, like all flippancy, there was a revelation in it. You remember I wrote years ago, in *Metaphors on Vision*,

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my subject matter is essentially birth, sex, and death, and the search for God. Of course, I've been involved in all three all along. While I was making *Window Water Baby Moving*, I was photographing *Sirius Remembered*, and I was very shortly thereafter editing *The Dead*. But these had to do with the *ideas* of death. That's just like *The Art of Vision* has to do with an idea, much more than these new films, and that's why critics can write about the *Dog Star Man* or *The Art of Vision*, because it's premised on ideas, which are different than acts. Whereas *Songs* have received very little critical attention because they are, from *Song 1*, as Kelly nailed it, an event, and from *Songs* I become very concerned with event as something totally distinct from drama. And then when you get to the word act, which has been so fucked up in our time, particularly in the movies, I mean that no one can hardly understand what you mean; if you say that they think you mean you've got.....actors?, or you treated these policemen as though they were actors? Well, in a way, that was true. In fact, when you see *Eyes*, you will see that the scenes are so photographed that you almost can't believe that these aren't actors. And of course that's exactly right, because they're all actors, like we all are. And they are acting their particular role, which is a rather formidable role, and they are acting it....out, to the full. And that's what interests me. Again, Kelly. I get my cues from Kelly here. He said: it's not wrong to use people if you use them fully, and again, it's not wrong to act if you really act it out to the full. We've been so disturbed by the word act, and acting, particularly in art and film, or on stage for that matter, that there's an absolute avoidance of it; and suddenly I embrace the monster. Yes, these are acts. These people are all acting. In fact, the dead on the table are frozen in postures of act, action; that's a nice pun, considering that they're dead. But their last postures are there as solid as a photograph; they're there so solid in fact that.....as part of the autopsy they cut the back of the head, and they lift the scalp completely over the face, and bend the face almost in half, in order to cut open the skull, and get the brain out, and in fact what they're, interestingly enough, most after is the pineal gland, that gland that the mystics all say is the door that you push out to get the third eye and so on; that's the gland that contains the most information of any part of the body on most people's deaths, as to the exact cause of it. The dead are so frozen in that last posture that they've done all this, then they pull.....they reach over and they pull the scalp back into place, unbend the face, and the face flips absolutely back into that posture it had before they did all this. So that I had the immediate perception that the first masks made in the world must have been the actual faces of the dead, by perhaps the victors, or maybe even the relatives, because this face is so rigid and so rubbery that you can lift it off and clearly wear it. And what's that but the supreme and final act; and it's so whether the people died in their sleep or died violently, or whatever. A man shot in the chest with a shotgun blast carried the whole impact of the horror of that on his face, and it remained

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there after they had bent the face in half and then put it back, the beautiful young girl who died in her sleep: they both had expressions; their eyes are partly open; the face is lifted almost off the eyes as it's bent over, and yet when it snaps back into place, the pools, the little jellies of the eyes fall into the proper holes.....in the case of that girl that almost reduced me to.....I mean I almost fainted when I first saw them cutting her open, and she died from having three drinks and two sleeping pills. She went out, had a few drinks, came home, was restless, took a few pills, and died in her sleep. Well, that's some of what I have to say about "act". Of course, also, one thing I didn't photograph in the morgue, because it would have actually distracted from what else I was really concentrating on, was that the coroner, and the men who helped him perform, and the med students who perform these autopsies: they act continually..... humorous roles.....one of them said he always wanted to be Fred Astaire, and he liked to tap-dance around the corpses, and that would, in fact, be another film, or an extension of this one. But of course that's hard to get at too because while they do that they make these outrageous and very bad jokes. Also, they treat the bodies with great tenderness, and, in fact, I had the feeling again and again that many of these poor people probably were more tenderly treated lying on the table being cut apart than in their lives. They refer to the people by name, by first name, very familiarly.....oh, well, that's impossible to describe, it's such a.....

Grossinger - You referred earlier to the fact that many of your past supporters, even those as central as P. Adams and Jonas, have objected to the recent films, from the police film on. Is it, in some ways, as simple as the fact that you made a film about police that didn't criticize them in some obvious way?

Brakhage - That may be part of it. They had already decided what type of films Brakhage made, and they didn't want to be contradicted by anyone like the film-maker himself. I mean, they wanted *Son of Dog Star Man*, *Dog Star Man Returns*, *Dog Star Man Meets the Wolf Man*, and I simply wasn't doing that anymore.

Grossinger - Okay, well that's good. I think that's enough.

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Grossinger - What do you understand from the interest in and response to the Serios phenomenon [see Io/issue #8, pps. 158-162].

Eisenbud - There hasn't been any particular interest in Serios, I would say, except on the part of very few people. It was a great disappointment to the publisher, although I warned them. I warned them at the time that they were going to publish that they were going to be in for trouble. They had hoped to see another best-seller out of it, like *The Gift of Prophecy*, or something like that; I told them that it was impossible, that they would meet nothing but resistance.

Grossinger - Why did you think that?

Eisenbud - Because I knew that this would provoke the deepest, essentially cosmic resistances in people: the fear to reach out and apprehend the cosmos.

Grossinger - Why that book rather than some other book?

Eisenbud - Because it was most dramatically focalized in the ability to visualize anything you see, and mirror far-off things, for a moment, and catch it, freeze it. The point is: I think that people do apprehend the essential truth of this, and defend themselves against it; they have to, because of the way that we live and because of our culture. And it was interesting to see the way different reviewers handled this. There was always, in each review, a sneaking admission of the truth of the thing, and the rest of the review was an onslaught, and displacement, you see, of the fear, an essentially cosmic fear. Also, there are paranoid fears involved, as I explain in the book itself. In fact, the book says why it couldn't be received. I say plainly in the book what the nature of the resistance will be against this. It's partly cosmic; it's partly a resistance to the acknowledgement that we kill each other, that thoughts can kill, that we're dangerous creatures, that we don't really need extensions of or implementations of our aggressions with guns, or bows and arrows, or knives, rocks, spears; we don't need it at all; we do it without these things. That, if the universe comes into Serios in this way, he can also go out to the universe, and create it. I say this in veiled ways. I don't put it on the line. But in one chapter I put out the nature of the resistance; it's a resistance to our own murderous aggression. And this was apparent to me, and I told the publishers of this. Don't expect that this book can have a great popular sale; it just won't. They didn't believe me, much to their chagrin.

Grossinger - I guess they thought the phenomenon itself was interesting enough.

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Eisenbud - Well, they thought: Look what *Bridey Murphy*, and what *The Gift of Prophecy* did, and look what the Cayce books did, you see, in terms of sales. I *assured* them; I remember telling John Willey on the way down from the mountain; again and again, I said, you're wrong; I don't care what you do, how many you print, but I want you to know in advance that you'll be shot down, and secondly that you won't have the great popular interest that you think there will be, because it evokes too many resistances. People don't want to know what the essential nature of mind is, or what our relation to the cosmos can be.

Grossinger - How does the Serios experiment fit into your total work?

Eisenbud - My whole insight into this whole way of approaching the human mind and its relation to the universe came from the psychoanalytic data, essentially from telepathic dreams, and the kind of behavior that can be tied together by means of the psi hypothesis. In other words, the psi hypothesis makes a good deal of sense within the psychoanalytic context's method of observation. There are many, many data that simply cannot be understood without postulating psi factors in human interrelationships. Now, after having brooded on this for about twenty years, I was primed for someone like Serios, although I didn't believe the first reports I heard. But when he started to perform, it was very exciting, and it was exciting for as long as he performed, which was about three years, because everything was just right on target. He almost did what he needed to do to fill in various parts of a comprehensive theory, which I'm still working on, because precognition is part of it. He couldn't precognize, but he provided one of the main tools in the theory of precognition. And all of this will come out if I live long enough and have enough energy.

Grossinger - In what way was Croisset different than Serios?

Eisenbud - Well, each has his thing. Croisset can't put pictures on film. Serios can't precognize the future. Croisset can. He can *pinpoint* it in a very specific and remarkable way, and he's done this for over twenty years in his very extraordinary chair tests. He will put down statements about people who, two or three weeks later, on a given specified date, *will* occupy a space. And his statements will be correct, within certain limits, but certainly far beyond chance expectations. For instance, in the experiment we did, he was in Holland; on January 6, he said, some man who will take the ticket (you know, with a certain number; the ticket-dispensing thing was randomized) will be a man 5 feet, 9½ inches tall, who works both in science and industry, who has a gold tooth in his lower jaw, who has something wrong with his big toe, a mark or a scar, who has something to do with roulette, who lives in a house where someone plays the record player so loud that it's a nuisance and he can't stand it, and so on, and about half a dozen more statements, each of which were true. The man wandered in

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that night; he had never heard of Croisset in his life; he was a physicist, who took the ticket for this specific hot seat; he was a physicist for Dow Chemical, which is both science and industry; he was 5 feet, 9 3/4; he's the only physicist there in a department of 11 physicists with a gold tooth in his lower jaw, who wears a steel plate because of bad surgery on an ingrown toe-nail; this was the 23rd of January; the statements were made on the 6th of January in Holland; who on the 19th of January drew a picture of intraatomic forces in his notebook, which looked just like a roulette wheel; and his particular hobby, this one was the change from the active to the passive, it isn't somebody in his house who plays the record-player too loud and continuously; *he* does, because he's addicted to bagpipe music; he turns it up as loud as he can, and the people at home can't stand it; it drives them up the walls. There were other details too; for instance, somebody laughed at him because he measured something with a ruler and was wrong. There were two people there he hit on the nose. The first one he described was a lady, 5 foot, 6, on the nose, who was wearing dark hair or a beret; she wears her hair like a beret, and it's an optical illusion; people think she's wearing a beret. One of the most interesting statements was: she has something on page 64 of a book, which is emotionally charged for her. According to her statement, when she got home she went to the sideboard where she had things to send to her daughter in Japan, and there was a book lying there, and it was open to page 64, and she was considering tearing it out because she wanted to send the book to the girl, but on page 64 was the subheading: "When It's Time To Go," what to do with a pet when you have to put the pet to sleep; the book was *The Cat You Care For*; she was considering tearing this out because they had put their own fourteen year old siamese cat to death some months before, and the daughter didn't know it, and now she would have to confess to the daughter. Now here we get into something that Jung would call synchronicity; Croisset had had frequently what are known as "resonance factors" between him and the target person he precognizes about. Now Croisset's wife was going blind, progressive intractable blindness; and when we visited them last summer, she was totally blind; in fact, her two eyes were enucleated; at the time he made his precognition one eye was enucleated, and the other was totally hopeless. Now the woman who was this target person was a past president of the Colorado Association for the Blind, and this was her major activity; secondly, Croisset had had to put a family pet to death, a dog, because his wife kept tripping over the dog. Now this is the resonance factor, and Jung would call it synchronicity, but there's another way of working it through. That it's not synchronous at all; it's very very causal. But, you see, to me, this type of thing, the ability to simply step over time, as if there were no barrier at all, is of such metaphysical, philosophical importance as to render everything else patent pending actually, until you understand. Everything else is almost trivial until you begin to understand what the hell goes on to enable a person to do this. All the work of physics stops at this point, and in fact, because of this, physics, in its

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present form, is through. I remember, a number of years ago at the University of Freiburg, when they were describing another chair test of Croisset, someone in the back of the hall saying, "*Ein kliner Gott. Ein kliner herr Gott!*" A small God. And, indeed, he gives the impression of being a small God.....because the curious damn thing is, you see, that I was unsatisfied, for a certain reason, with the randomizing that was done the first time, so I called the randomizers back again; they included a physicist, a professor at Denver University, an electrical engineer, a professor at Boulder, and so on, two psychiatrists here in town; I called them back and said,"We must go through the randomizing again." It involved a shuffle, and a weather cut, which is simply an arbitrary cut at a certain point (after five people shuffle, you take what they call a weather key, the difference between the maximum and minimum of different cities in the paper that day); it's window-dressing. But you go thru a pretty damn random cut, and the same guy came out again, the physicist from Boulder, number 28. Now this begins to take on the elements of a weird fantasy. Everybody's been ducking the whole phenomenon of precognition. Science is obviously set solidly against it; and the resistances to this are so strong that even in Shakespeare's day, as you know from one of his Henry plays, *Henry V* I believe, there were laws against attempting to do this; if you were caught doing it you could be put to death. The way they framed Margaret in one of those plays was to see that she went to see a witch who would precognize the future, and then they had the king's men come in and catch her there, and that was the end; she escaped with her life by banishment; that's all. But, you see, one of the precognitions given (Shakespeare knew so much that he knew even how these damn things were displaced).....when the witch said,"Let Somerset shun castles on the plains....." he was killed under the sign of the Castle Inn in St. Albans, by Richard, you see.

I got into this by saying: that Serios provides one of the essential mechanisms whereby we're able to do this, because he shows we have perfect information from the far corners of the Earth, if we have a mind to get it. Because his information is extremely precise. And, of course, you need perfect information in the present before you can do anything with the future. You see, I'm approaching this somewhat mechanistically, rather than globally, mystically, poetically, with reservations as to the mechanistic kind of approach. I'm aware that it's abstractive, that it lacks the thing that makes experience experience. Yet it's the only way I can grapple with it at the moment, and it's the way I prefer to grapple with it rather than saying interesting things about precognition that I can't put in relationship to a lot of other things in science. I am committed to science and the scientific approach, with all my awareness of the thin-ness of the scientific approach with life experience, you see. It's a way of zooming in and sharpening focus, recognizing that you haven't got the whole picture; that's all. It's something I can do, and

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if I live long enough, I'll draw a picture of how this all happens.

Grossinger - Does it have moral implications for you?

Eisenbud - Everything has moral implications. I feel that everything I do is to find a better place in a lumpy bed; that's all. And also, I find out I've been a moralist ever since I was a neurotic child, and this is the derivation of my moral stance, and it all came back to me when I went through an LSD experience; I did nothing but weep for mankind, in general, and a lot of individuals in particular. And I went through a phase of what the Hindus call.....some sort of compassionate identification; and I realized that I am driven to.....I don't know quite how to put it.....you see, this is my thing; I can't go to Alabama to march with Medgar Evers; that's not my thing. This is my thing. This is my garden in the Voltairian sense; and this is the thing I do well, like Anatole France's legend of the juggler, the virgin who smiled on him; this was his thing; it was aces high. This is my thing, but basically, I know, it's a moral thing with me. My hope is that, somehow, it will make things better for people. I think people are miserable. I don't agree with you about developing consciousness at all. I think of every soldier who's killed in the war, every civilian who's killed in Vietnam.....it's a terrible tragedy. And it's all well and good to say that the tragedy is that they didn't live fully enough. I don't think so. I think the tragedy is that they died, under such circumstances. How you ever been so close to death that you don't know whether you're going to live or not? Well, that's quite an experience. And when I look at these mangled bodies in Vietnam, and when I look at these poor slobs in America who are getting the shaft all through life, economically, sociologically, it's very hard for me to think that they have this hard gemlike flame, you know, in their consciousness. I think of them more as the feral children, who have been deprived of awareness and perception and consciousness. When you talk of the balance of things in the cosmic sense, like a kind of book-keeping, frankly it doesn't make much sense to me. I think of the millions of people who have always suffered, who have been killed or maimed or starved, and I can't take the Shavian point of view that there's only one stomach to be hungry and the rest is pure multiplication. And also, the mystic point of view, which, again, can see the incidents and events and actualities of human experience as a nothing in the cosmos, and they say it all evens out in the end, there's no good, there's no evil, there's one beautiful cosmic light, you see; I can't help seeing this as a defense against the terrible pain of identification. I think we do identify, however this comes about, and we're there; we *are* them; we're right there, and that a lot of the cosmic insight, a lot that passes for cosmic insight, is a defense, against this feeling painful identification. We are exposed everyday to things we simply cannot live with were we to feel them headon. We can't see each of the dead as a loved one, but I think some-

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thing in us does, and we defend ourselves against it; our defenses are largely the things we're doing. I don't take the attitude of a Lord Cavendish: I do it because it's a game, and it's fun; it has no moral significance whatsoever. I wouldn't do it if I didn't feel it had moral significance, that in some way I would add to the possibility of man being somewhat less miserable. I know all love and laughter, and sex, and it's good, but on the whole man has been a miserable bastard. Why? It's a cosmic tragedy, huh? You can see the cosmos as Blake saw it, and Boehme, and Walt Whitman, this great big song of myself; that's one way of looking at it. And maybe it's right. I don't know. Whitman walked about among the maimed of the Civil War, and he wrote about the cosmos as this great big beautiful thing. I see man as an ecological tragedy, a philosophical tragedy (he hasn't got half the sense of a rabbit running from a fox, or half the beauty, or fitness). How can you even think we make a cosmic tremor?, or someone like Dorn write about feeling the pulse?

Grossinger - You seem to think somehow that he's talking about something beautiful as separate, or justifying the poetic structure by something outside of existence; yet that very poem [Io/6, pps. 109-110] says we merely experience what is; we experience the experience. It's pure Darwinian. We are part of that universe which moves out of its composed center forty billion, or however many years away. He's not talking about ecstasy, or big beautiful things; he's simply talking about measurement, and that's what Blake is doing too. It's not mysticism, or poetry, opposed to trauma. If there's a structure at all, and I don't see how there couldn't be, because what could you argue outside of it, then they're bound to that structure together. We don't cause a cosmic tremor by going out to the stars; the long Darwinian tunnel we're at the end of, from stars to planets to bio-worlds to thought-patterns, takes care of that. We *are* the cosmic tremor; and to blind ourselves to part of the experience because it might be repression of some infinitely deep pain is, in some sense, actually to damage the fine structure of being, and to cut off the one part of our relationship with a vast and terrifying universe that seems to be at home with us. I mean, for all the hell, we do exist at this distance of things; we're still in touch, despite the violence; one doesn't exploit this to deny the starving millions or the reality of suffering, as you imply Dorn does. One simply attempts to make a statement about where we are, to locate us, to give us reference points in the whole affair which has brought us to such a place; and this sense, at its clearest, its least solipsistic and introspective, is visionary, and I'm not going to try to tell you why. Earlier you asked how an artist could justify doing his little thing in the face of all this slaughter, when he doesn't even leave a mark on the cosmos. But that's just the point; he doesn't have to *make* a mark. The mark he does make is irrevocably tied into a forty plus billion year passage out of the stars that carries all those suffering bodies in its pulse too, for better or for worse. I

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don't think that's bullshit, or getting off too easy at all.....

Eisenbud - Well, I guess I should say you've made a fine apologia. I just don't happen to buy it.

Grossinger - Well, I'd like you to pick up anyway and say why you think it all got fucked up in the Darwinian tunnel between here and the stars.

Eisenbud - I have no idea. It's beyond me. But you see my own feeling is that we have a lot of false development to attempt, in some way, to backtrack on, in much the way, although this isn't a preconception, in much the way most people have a lot of backtracking to do to get over hang-ups, bad development in childhood, the accidents of the way they happened to develop, and I think that mankind has a lot of backtracking to do too, to get rid of its ways of looking at things, its ways of feeling and *not feeling* things, its peculiar denial of complicity in each other's lives. I was saying before: thoughts alone can kill; bare, naked thoughts; isn't all this armor of war, this machinery, these bombs, aren't they all grotesque exaggerations. We don't even need them. We kill each other without them, as the Serios experiment implied.

Grossinger - Would things be better if we had such knowledge, if we didn't repress what you call the psychic, or the telepathic ability? Does Serios suggest to you anything about a possibility in mankind?

Eisenbud - I don't think that there's very much there to be optimistic about. I think it gives us a glimpse into the possibilities we could achieve as individual consciousnesses, but I don't know whether we're ever going to make it, and I don't know the place of this in evolution. I don't know whether this is a forerunner; a vestigial thing. I have no way of placing it. But, you see, I think it's tied up with the way we go about killing ourselves. I see our need to destroy ourselves and each other. You have no idea. It can come out anywhere, at any time. We could have Hitlers in America. Neighbors who you think are nice guys. They'll destroy you. Yet these are the possibilities in humankind, and all this is, to some extent, in some way that I cannot yet quite comprehend, a defense against these other capacities in us that we don't wish to realize. To put it schematically, and simplistically, and almost absurdly, because we don't wish to realize that we can just kill with our minds, we go through this whole enormous play of killing with such, of overkilling with such overimplementation; it gets greater and greater and greater as if..... It's a caricature of saying: how can I do it with my mind; I need tanks; I need B-52 bombers; I need napalm, and so on, and so on, which is a caricature of: I have examples of people who died this way. Not that I could see them do it, but if I put together the jigsaw, it looks as though this one was responsible for that event. I have a paper in press now which says this, and nobody's going to

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like it, and I present the data, the clinical data. Of course, I say, we have to entertain this hypothesis.

Grossinger - You know Cannon's article: "Voodoo Death?"

Eisenbud - Yes, of course, of course. But the whole point is: that there a man deliberately said: I'm going to kill you. We mask it. It goes on unobtrusively. Which doesn't make a damn bit of difference. What's the difference whether I do or or streptococci do it. We have cover stories, you see. All science has produced cover stories for the deaths we create; it's streptococci; it's accidents, and so on. But, what I'm trying to say is: there must be, I feel, a relationship between this truth, which we will not see, and this absurd burlesque of aggression that goes on all around us, as if we're trying to deny that the other is possible. It sounds crazy, but it's a way of look at things. The Jesus myth, our myths, you can kill someone and worship him for 2000 years and atone for it, as if we're making amends. This is a focalization of blood-guilt, essentially. But it's a big story and a long one, you know. And again, had I your selectric typewriter and your age and your mind, I would write ten volumes on it. It has so many facets to it. It's a vast project that I don't think I any longer have the kind of energy to do.

[about 20 minutes of disjointed conversation among the various people in the room, followed by a re-introduction of the subject of Croisset]

Eisenbud - I have a theory here. You see, I don't think he foretells the future; I think he creates it. He draws his people; you see, he scans the community for people with certain characteristics; he draws them there; he is able to control the shuffle; there is such a thing, you know, as a psychic shuffle; curiously enough Serios was able to do it; he could make you shuffle, and he would name the card that you would come up with.

Grossinger - That's one of the reasons why I'm sometimes scared of going near those people. When I was given a review copy of the book on Peter Hurkos by the Portland newspaper and read it, my immediate sense was that there were a highly disproportionate number of disasters associated with the people he himself associated with.

Eisenbud - There's no question about it.

Grossinger - I simply figured he was doing it.

Eisenbud - On two or three occasions that I met with Croisset over the years.....every time I've been with Croisset I feel I've escaped with my life if I didn't see a cloud come over his face, a veiled look as he was talking to me. Well, I felt, I can live another year. Because these guys do come up with strange precog-

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nostications, you know; Eileen Garrett was that way too, but not so good as Croisset by any means. I feel that he produces the future.

Grossinger - What sort of image does this give you of the space the Earth lies in?

Eisenbud - I don't have a perception there. I have simply a logical construction, that space and extension is just an irrelevant non-applicable parameter when it comes to the mind. It has nothing to do with the mind, any more than space has to do with a concept, like beauty, or with a tone, you see, F or A, or anything like that; I don't think it has anything to do with space. Any quality. And it has nothing to do with the mind, and the mind's capacity. Space just isn't there. There is no space. Theory of probability has nothing to do with space. Chess has nothing to do with space. You see, you can play chess on a cosmic scale, you know, of cosmic space, or you can play it on a thumbnail. The logical moves are the same. Mathematics has nothing to do with space, the logic of mathematics, it makes no difference. ½ ..... has nothing to do with space.....at all. Pi has nothing to do with space. Well, what has to do with space? Space is the objectification of something. This guy who visited me today; he was rather logical, compulsive, not a guy who would have depth perceptions. He arrived logically, philosophically, at the notion that you can construct the universe out of thought. The whole universe. And again, the problem is, how we all manage to construct the same universe more or less, and get consensual agreement out of our constructions. But then he went into this strange experience with a yogi, who put him into this sort of trance, a Castaneda thing, and he saw it all, he was correct; he was all over the goddamn place. Insofar as he was he. But there was a complete decomposition of self and reality.

Grossinger - And this is what we don't want to do?

Eisenbud - Well, we don't do it.....obviously

I don't know why we don't want to do it. I suppose the term "want" presupposes some kind of gradient, some tension. What would happen if we all did it at the same time. You see, we're all in the decomposed universe, that non-universe, at the same time. I don't suppose that when he went into it that the perturbations were very measurable in the stars, or in the furniture around him, but I suspect if we all went into it.....at one time; in the Freudian sense of: if we withdrew our libido, you see, from the object world, that would be it. The fact is: that we don't. We all stay in a phase of consciousness, which is as it is with our consensual agreement, and some of us talk, and some of us beat each other. One thing I feel is this: you know there are a lot of people who feel that ESP is a talent that should be developed

[here dog steals cookie from Lindy's plate, ending whole conversation in a scurry and hubub].

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Grossinger - In what way is the mythology of Mars changing?

Sagan - Well, I think that mythology is always our attempt to pretend that what we wish to be true really is true when we don't have information which contradicts it; in the case of Mars because the knowledge was so sparse and our ability to investigate the Martian landscape was so limited, you could imagine anything. But now the real Mars is coming into view, and it's going to be.....I think, it's going to be demythologized; that depends of course on what we find, but my guess is that the area of mythology is going to have to move further out in the Solar System.

Grossinger - Some of the things that were laid upon the New World ended out there by Mars also?

Sagan - Yes, I think that's right. The difference is, that we can't imagine, at least in the immediate future, that there's going to be a large immigration to the other planets, whereas not too long after the discovery of the New World, people were going there. So that's one significant difference. I don't think men are going to go to Mars, for example, for at least some decades, and I hope longer periods of time than that. I hope we're not going to go to Mars right away.

Grossinger - I agree. But why would you say it?

Sagan - I think it's an outrageous waste of money; that is, to find out about Mars we can do it reasonably cheaply with unmanned expeditions; manned expeditions are in the price range of at least a hundred billion dollars, and I think it's just unconscionable to spend that much money on something of this sort when we have so many pressing social needs at home. Also, I'm concerned about the bac contamination business, the contamination of the Earth by possible microbes on Mars. I think both those reasons together make a pretty strong case not to send men to Mars, especially since, as I've said, we can thoroughly characterize the Martian surface with unmanned exploratory vehicles.

Grossinger - What have you learned from this set of pictures as opposed to the first ones of Mars?

Sagan - Let me try to set that in perspective a little bit. Mariner IV, that flew by Mars on Bastille Day, 1965, took about twenty pictures of Mars. Mariner VI and VII, which flew by in 1969, as far as close-up pictures go, took something like about fifty. Well, Mariner IX, which is still in orbit and working fabulously well, has already taken more than four thousand pictures, and we hope we'll have something like seven or eight thousand before the mission is over. Well, you can see that

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there's quite a difference in the order of magnitude just in the number of pictures, and picture-taking is just one of six experiments that are being performed. So there's an enormous mass of data, and many of us are spending all of our time taking the pictures and not worrying about what they mean quite yet, because actually now's the time to take, and once we've got the pictures we can worry about what they mean later. So I think it's too early to make the conclusions that we're ultimately going to make from the pictures, but I think it's already clear that Mars is very different than what people said as a result of the Mariner IV, VI, and VII missions. People, for example, looked at the planet, saw craters, and then deduced that it was an inhospitable environment with syllogisms that would have made Aristotle turn in his grave, like: the Moon has craters, the Moon is lifeless; Mars has craters, therefore Mars is lifeless. What happened was that there was a premature conclusion that Mars was not interesting; I think, perhaps, because that's where some people were at. They wanted Mars not to be interesting; they were upset by guys like Schiaparelli and Percival Lowell, especially Lowell, who had obviously gone too far and deduced from the apparent canals that there was intelligent life on Mars. It's clear that, at least in the minds of many, the pendulum is swinging back the other way, Mars being a much more interesting place. It's not at all like the Moon. There is clear sign of volcanic activity, tectonic activity; the planet is geologically active. There are vast dust storms which sweep across the planet, so the atmosphere and surface is very dynamic; windblown dust is a major facet of the Martian environment; we have performed the first photography of Phobos and Deimos, the two moons of Mars (I find that quite exciting; a hundred years ago no one knew there were moons of Mars; now we've photographed them closeup); and there are obviously more detailed findings which I could express in technical terms; I think that the real payoff from this mission won't come for another year or two, until we have time to examine the data. The main point I'm emphasizing is that our freedom to speculate about Mars is diminishing; as we know more and more about it, then we have less and less room to speculate.

Grossinger - What have the photographs shown about the moons?

Sagan - They've shown them to be irregular, highly cratered, extremely dark, very old.....

Grossinger - Does that mean dark material?

Sagan - Yeah. It's made of material darker than anything in this room, for example, including your beard, and your shirt.

Grossinger - What material is that?

Sagan - Well, we don't know what the material is, but we know how dark it is, and it's extremely dark. The only two materials we

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know of that are that dark are basalt and a kind of meteorite called a carbonaceous chondrite; and those two materials imply quite different histories. We can't distinguish them at the moment, but we hope in another few years we'll be able to make that distinction. But, in any case, the conclusion is that they're very different sorts of objects than some had speculated. For example, Shklovskii, my co-author, had speculated that Phobos may have been an artificial satellite launched by an intelligent civilization on Mars hundreds of millions of years ago. That now seems quite unlikely. So that's an example of how performing the observations limits the range of speculation. It doesn't mean that it's less interesting at all; it just means that we're forced to confront reality.

Grossinger - Do you think that, historically, in our own development of an image of the origin of life, we have confused the phenomena of geological activity and biological activity? How are they decisively different, if they are?

Sagan - In my mind, life is a fairly well-defined phenomenon; there's a certain region where the definition's fuzzy, but it's pretty well defined. Something is alive if it's capable of reproduction by natural selection; it has to be able to reproduce, and mutate, and reproduce its mutations; so a crystal isn't able to do that; it's able to reproduce, but it isn't able to reproduce its mutations, so it doesn't evolve by natural selection, so I wouldn't call it alive. But they're connected in a sense. When a planet is geologically active, it outgases; that is, gas comes out of the interior, and in the case of the Earth, that's what made our atmosphere and oceans, and those are prerequisites for life. Life got formed in the oceans out of organic compounds that were produced in the atmosphere. That's the connection, I would say, between the two. Therefore, finding that Mars is geologically active today slightly increases the chances of there being life on Mars.

Grossinger - Well, that's okay, though I meant something more like a dynamic relationship that might confuse the definition on Mars in a way that it historically has on Earth, not only alchemy and primeval oozes but the whole sense of what "organic" means, or "chemical," or "living." In any case, what do the photographs show about the seasonal changes on Mars? Are there seasonal changes?

Sagan - There are seasonal changes in the sense that there are dark areas which change their darkness with the seasons.

Grossinger - But that doesn't necessarily mean biological change.

Sagan - Exactly. In fact, what looks most likely now is that it's windblown dust, that the same great winds and dust which made this great dust-storm which obscured the planet when we first arrived

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at Mars does, on a smaller scale, change the contrast between adjacent bright and dark markings, and that's what ground-based astronomers describe as seasonal changes. I don't know that that's the case; it may be vegetation; but I just say that the evidence is pointing more and more strongly in the direction of wind-blown dust. By the way, if wind-blown dust is right it doesn't mean that there isn't any life on the planet, just that that observable is not doing it.

Grossinger - Of what magnitude and nature were the storms when the Mariner first got there?

Sagan - Well, I think that winds of half the speed of sound and larger are pretty common on Mars. You see, the thing is that the atmosphere is extremely diffuse on Mars; it's only 1% of the density here; so you've got to move pretty fast because you've got so little air to move the dust around. And to see a storm of the dimensions that we witnessed clearly means that you've got to get very high winds.

Grossinger - What exactly is your relationship to the project?

Sagan - I'm an experimenter. Which means I have something to say about the design of the imaging experiment, the television system, and something to say about the orbit of the spacecraft. In fact, we changed that orbit just a couple of weeks ago.

Grossinger - On what basis do you make those decisions?

Sagan - Optimizing the scientific data. For example, to give you an idea of one such decision, when there was a dust storm, as a result our initial mapping objectives were not met because where on the planet we wanted to take photographs there was nothing to see but a dust storm. The dust storm was quite interesting, but it was not our objective. We only have the ability to take so many pictures because we have a nitrogen attitude control gas, which is a consumable, and we only have so much of it; so, after the storm cleared or appeared to be clearing (it has virtually cleared at least in the southern hemisphere), the question was: he can we recoup our losses, and one way is to back off the planet, so we're not quite as close, and then the field of view of the camera sees a greater fraction of the surface area, and we can map all of the planet, but at somewhat lower resolution. As a result, we moved the periapsis of the orbit, the point of closest approach to Mars, to 1650 kilometers from 1400 and something kilometers; that difference is now permitting us to get mapping, and I think we'll succeed in mapping something like 70% of the planet to one kilometer resolution by the time the nominal mission is over in February; that's an example of a decision in orbit. And then, just to finish answering your question, the remaining thing that I do, that I find most exciting, is looking at the pictures and connecting them with other

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data taken by the spacecraft and other things we know about Mars, and trying to put together a model of the Martian environment.

Grossinger - Where does that model stand now?

Sagan - I think it's too early to do because the pictures haven't been digested yet; of course, they haven't even all been taken. But it's not just a question of looking at the pictures and writing down something that pops into your head. It's a question of measuring the pictures, and photometric work, polarimetry, colorimetry, and calculations, so I would urge that there's a strong emphasis on mathematics and physics involved in the analysis of the pictures, and only at the end of that time does one make some conclusions. But it's not too early to say Mars is a much more complex and heterogenous environment than people were saying just one year ago.

Grossinger - Let me switch the line of discussion here and ask: why Mars instead of Venus?

Sagan - Venus is slightly closer, but they're both roughly equally easy to get to, and Mars has a surface you can see from the Earth, and Venus doesn't, except now we're beginning to see the surface with radar-mapping. As a result of that, there's a whole host of mysteries about Mars because people have seen things there and not understood them. There weren't the same number of mysteries about Venus because nobody could see anything so they didn't have anything not to understand. The other point is that the surface of Venus is at about 1000° F., which makes it rather difficult to land a space vehicle there for any period of time (the Soviets have done it for fifteen minutes), whereas Mars has an environment where it's quite possible to land a spaceship and look around. So for those two reasons I think that Mars is of slightly greater interest than Venus. But Venus, because it's so different than the Earth and Mars, is another category of place, and we'd certainly want to do a good exploration of it too. Venus has an extraordinarily dense atmosphere; it seems to have lost a good deal of its initial complement of water; it has extremely high surface temperatures; it has a dense cloud layer, the nature of which is still being debated; and these are all aspects of the Venus environment that are quite different from the Earth and Mars.

Grossinger - Does the radar show a surface?

Sagan - Oh yeah, there's a surface, and there are features on the surface, some things which maybe are mountain chains, and some things which are maybe big impact basins like the Moon has. In a few years, with the surfacing of the Arecibo telescope in Puerto Rico, which Cornell runs, it should be possible to have radar images of Venus comparable to the best ground-based optical maps of the Moon. What you can't look at at optical frequencies you

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can look at at microwave frequencies

Grossinger - What about Jupiter?

Sagan - Well, the planets we've been talking about thus far, plus Mercury, comprise a group called the terrestrial planets, and it's called that because they're kind of like the Earth. "Kind of like the Earth" means not just size but composition; they're just shards of rock and metal, kind of debris in the inner Solar System, whereas where the action really is in the Solar System, all the mass and all the angular momentum, all the clues to the origin of the Solar System, is in the outer Solar System, that is, beyond Mars, in what are called the Jovian planets after their prototype Jupiter. And these are kind of gas giants; they're composed mostly of hydrogen and helium, quite the opposite of the composition of the Earth, which is mostly silicates and iron; and because of their huge gravities and low temperatures they've retained their chemical composition from the earliest history of the Solar System, whereas the Earth has lost its hydrogen and helium and not retained clues to origins. In addition, the atmospheres of the Jovian planets are made of the same kinds of gases we had in the early history of the Earth before they escaped, gases required to understand the origin of life here, that is, methane, ammonia, hydrogen, and water, and if you apply energy to a mixture of such gases out drop the kind of organic compounds that you're made out of. So Jupiter, I think, is a vast planetary laboratory in the origin of life, in prebiological organic chemistry. I think it's biologically the most interesting planet in the Solar System, including the Earth. I think that the real focus of Solar System exploration on a long time scale is the outer Solar System, and an attempt to make such an exploratory venture is called a grand tour, which is an attempt to use a quite rare lining up of the planets so that you can swing by Jupiter so close that it gives you a boost to Saturn, swing by Saturn so close it gives you a boost to Pluto, say, and there are some other things with Jupiter to Uranus to Neptune, and there's also a Jupiter-Saturn-Uranus-Neptune swingby opportunity. Well, the decisions on these opportunities are going to be made pretty soon, and it looks to me as if there's a choice between doing that, which would cost about five or six hundred million dollars, and doing the space shuttle, which is a way of getting men upto near-Earth orbit, fairly cheaply if there's a huge volume of such traffic, that thing costs many many billions of dollars, and some say many tens of billions of dollars. Apparently NASA can't do both this year so it's having to make a decision between them. The thing about missing the grand tour opportunity is that it doesn't recur for something like 170 years. If we take the grand tour opportunity it would mean that by the middle of the 1980's mankind would have explored the Solar System from Mercury to Pluto in a preliminary reconnaisance, and if we don't take this opportunity it may be that the bulk of the outer Solar System remains, for a great period,

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of time unknown to us.

Grossinger - Could there be life on Jupiter of another form, that is, biological material reproducing its mutations?

Sagan - Sure. That's entirely possible, although I certainly don't know that it's true. As I say, the kinds of organic compounds that life on Earth is made out of should exist in large abundance in the Jupiter environment.

Grossinger - What kind of geography might Jupiter have?

Sagan - I'm not sure I'd call it geography. It might be called Joviography or Zeusography. It's not even clear that there's such a thing as a surface on Jupiter anyway, so if there's no surface we're going to have trouble having a geography.

Grossinger - Well, there's an imago mundi still.

Sagan - Yeah. Sure. You must imagine that as you take a walk downwards on Jupiter, as the density of the atmosphere increases slowly, it may eventually reach a point where you are clearly in a solid, though you never passed a point where there was an interphase between a gas and a solid; you just gradually have the atmosphere *dense* in on you until you're in something pretty solid. But the temperature and pressure increase as you go down; sunlight gets more and more diffuse as you go down. There are, however, internal energy sources, so as you go down you're seeing, relatively speaking, more of them, and many different cloud layers of different colors and chemical compositions, but as far as what kinds of life there could be there, nobody knows, and nobody's in a position to predict, anymore than if you were examining the Earth from Mars could you predict what human beings would be like.

Grossinger - What would you predict outside the Solar System?

Sagan - That's a very different category of exploration.

Grossinger - That's a very sleepy-headed question. Sorry. What I mean is that with life on Earth the result of certain chemical and geological processes and the Jovian planets, of different weight and distance from the Sun, hence different geological processes, the clue to that life, how would other Solar Systems pose their riddles?

Sagan - Oh, I think that's the same riddle as everywhere else. In the sense that there is such a thing as a cosmic abundance of the elements. The same atoms exist in roughly the same proportions everywhere in the universe, which we know from astronomical spectroscopy, and as a result of the same chemistry, because the same laws of physics and chemistry work everywhere. So the same

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chemical interactions occur; so the same prebiological organic molecules are produced, and so on; it may be that there are kinds of life based on quite different materials, but the materials and processes which led to the origin of life here are around everywhere else; and in addition, we now have found a large number of the simpler organic molecules which are intermediaries for the origin of life sitting in interstellar space. So I think it's quite clear, as far as chemistry goes, what we have here is a perfectly typical situation.
[Note: Sagan elsewhere - *There is a place with four suns in the sky -- red, white, blue, and yellow; two of them are so close together that they touch, and star-stuff flows between them. I know of a sun the size of the Earth -- and made of diamond. There are atomic nuclei a few miles across which rotate thirty times a second. There are tiny grains between the stars, with the size and atomic composition of bacteria. There are stars leaving the Milky Way, and immense gas clouds falling into it. There are turbulent plasmas writhing with X- and gamma-rays and mighty stellar explosions. There are, perhaps, places which are outside our universe.*]

Grossinger - Before we began the tape you mentioned your interest in occult things; is this totally separate in your mind from your involvement in biology and physics, or related?

Sagan - There are two areas. One is the possibility that there really are such phenomena, in which case it's very interesting and should be explored scientifically, and the other is that it's in the category of myth, and since myth is involved in some of the things I do, like the Mars business, I'm sort of interested in other categories of myths as well. I have spent a little bit of time looking at what contemporary astrologers claim to be doing. Even if their assumptions are right, they don't know how to do their business. Just to give you one example: the Age of Aquarius, there's some question as to when it began; it surely has not begun later than 1820, so you have to imagine the Age of Aquarius at the time of President James Monroe. Well, what that means is that all those guys who said we were just entering the Age of Aquarius like 1960 were off by 140 years in their ability to calculate it. The knowledge of where the stars are that most astrologers that I've looked at use is wrong; it comes from 15th Century manuscripts and so on, and they just do not match the actual positions of the stars; so quite apart from the question of whether there is such a thing as astrology, I'm convinced that the contemporary practitioners don't know what they're doing.

Grossinger - Well, let's not take that up directly. Simply, do you find the relationships and influences between the planets and the total gravitational balance of the Solar System interesting?

Sagan - I'm interested in the conceivable effects of the planets

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on individuals, but I just can't find any. What interests me really is that people believe it.

Grossinger - Let me list a few books you might like. Have you seen Rodney Collin's *The Theory of Celestial Influence?*

Sagan - No, but what I'd like to know is: how can there be a theory before there's data.

Grossinger - It may be more relevant for you to read about the ideas related to astrology and the philosophies that it gives rise to, at least at first, before trying to figure it out technically.

Sagan - I'd like to have my say in print for once. The idea of testing the contentions made by the practitioners of the various occult arts just never seems to come to the mind of any of them. They're having such a kick out of believing it that there's no time or ambition to test it out and find if it's right.

Grossinger - I think you're making it harder on yourself than you have to. There is one world lying in a clear and obvious dimension or reference field, or at least so it seems, and that's the world in which you fire your Mariner rockets and put your camera out along an azimuth or series of azimuths to a body you wanted to photograph, and it was there, and you got pictures of what was there in that dimension. You're saying that that's all that's there. I'm saying that there are other reference fields, that they appear to be internally coordinated, but that's out of their relationship to consciousness as a centering process not because of their illusory or only-in-the-nervous-system existence. You were complaining before that astral Mars was a total fabrication, with no relationship to Mariner's Mars. I'm saying not only that astral Mars is interesting because of its relationship to consciousness but that it's also interesting because of its relationship to the planet Mars that you're photographing, because those last two events, "the planet Mars" and "you're photographing" are inseparable in the reality of the pictures and the data. And I also think there may be other relationships which better maps of the whole cosmos will bear out, if we ever have them. This whole topic may be of no interest to you, but then it's probably best we just drop it.

Sagan - But if somebody says that their astral beings went to Mars, then that is strongly connected with the usual world that at least astronomers work in. That's a place of testing. I think they all read books on Mars written by astronomers, and that's why they're even talking about it as a planet.

Grossinger - Different types of psychic exploration occur when the trip is taken to astral Mars than when it is taken to

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astral Mercury or astral Neptune, and these trips are consistent. Even if it were nothing more than the use of Mars as a mnemonic device and sigil it would be remarkable, and its relations to astronomical Mars would be worth investigating, especially since Mars is a very near neighbor of the Earth in an actual sort of planetary harmony. Its closeness makes it an unusually conscious sort of destination.

Sagan - That demonstrates nothing but that Mars has certain associations with it.

Grossinger - I'm suggesting that some of these associations may actually be Martian.

Sagan - Prove it.

Grossinger - There are some maps we're just not going to have for a long time. Isn't that possible?

Sagan - Yes, but then we don't know whether they're true or false. For example, our concept of planets as a place you can go to is quite recent. That's just Renaissance and later, that people had the idea of planets as places. I'll bet you a lot that there's no literature in Mediaeval or Classical times in which people have astral projections of going to planets.

Grossinger - They go to places invoked by planets.

Sagan - Do you know that that's true? Before it was known that planets were places?

Grossinger - I just don't know the literature, and I can only think of Plutarch's description of the Moon.

Sagan - Ah, but that's different. People did have the idea that the Moon and the Sun were places. Isn't it remarkable that nobody talked about going to Venus or Mars in Roman and Greek times. You see, what I'm saying is there's no sense in which the unconscious mind has a knowledge of astronomy apart from what the conscious mind tells it. But the thing that strikes me is that people are willing to believe in a phenomenon like this without having subjected it to the most elementary logical tests.

Grossinger - Why should they have to?

Sagan - They don't have to. But then they shouldn't say that it's true.

Grossinger - Why not. Everything's not of the same order. Everything doesn't have to be subjected to the same tests.

Sagan - Yes, but then it's a very different order of discourse, to

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say that it's not subject to the usual rules of evidence. I mean that's the whole traditional category of religion.

Grossinger - How would you trace your own interest in Mars?

Sagan - I guess my own interests first began when I discovered it was a place and not just a point of light, and that seemed to me pretty exciting because it could be a very different place than the place we have here called the Earth. And then I heard some stories by a guy called Edgar Rice Burroughs, who also did Tarzan, about some gentleman adventurer from Virginia named John Carter who could make it to Mars by wishing. I thought that was pretty neat, and so I wished a lot, like very hard, but it never worked, and so I'm doing it the hard way, going there.

Grossinger - Well, if that's how it began it really is the hard way. But what else?

Sagan - It just seems to me a terribly exciting adventure to go to a different place which to some extent is not based on the same assumptions and boundary conditions as the Earth is. I think it started out with the sheerest spirit of adventure.

Grossinger - What's the difference finally if such a place exists or is just in the imagination.

Sagan - In my mind it's a big difference between something I want to be true and therefore pretend inside my head is really true and something that's really true. I'll tell you what it is as best as I can describe it. There's a lot of people shilling for a lot of different opinions, and they can't all be right; just look at all the religions each of whom claims to have a monopoly on the truth; if you don't believe in that religion then you're into a great deal of trouble for an infinite amount of time into the future. Now all those guys can't be right; in fact, it's possible that none of those guys are right, and so I think what about the possibility of simply believing this stuff and just accepting it uncritically. Suppose you lived your whole life in a very subdued and puritanical and uptight way because that was what you had to do to get to heaven, and then you die and that's it. Well, I think you would have been had.

Grossinger - You wouldn't know it.

Sagan - Nevertheless. It makes a difference to me. The fact that you would have foregone all sorts of satisfactions and pleasures for a supposed infinite reward and then that infinite reward was never delivered.

Grossinger - Okay. But I think good old Mars is a little trickier than you think, as long as you're getting to heaven. What's wrong with Burrough's Mars? What makes you have to go to that Mars to get there?

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Sagan - Well, among other things, after you've read all his books, you've reached the dead end, whereas if you don't believe in any preconceived Mars (Burrough's Mars is only Lowell's Mars; I mean he just borrowed it, and Lowell's Mars is based, of course, on evidence, and we can examine the evidence, and we can find out, at least in some sense, that it was a misapprehension of what was on the planet, so in that sense we can test out Burroughs and find that it's also based on a misapprehension).....but fundamentally it's uninteresting; reality is much more rich and rewarding than the kind of fantasy that the human mind can invent about a place like Mars, because the human mind is severely constrained to what it knows, and what it knows is based on a quite provincial acquaintance with a single planet, whereas when we go and examine other planets we begin to get a much broader and more universal, more cosmic view of where we are.

Grossinger - In a very thorough sense, that's one way to go at it, and your books are very thorough, but I don't know that there's not more to Lowell and Burroughs in a very important sense and one not irrelevant at all to Mars. In any case, we too are cosmic beings; our material, the atoms and molecules of our bodies, have been part of other remote and very different bodies.....

Sagan - You mean recently? You know, the calcium atoms in your bones were made in the interior of a red giant star, so in some sense the material inside of you started out at quite a different place in time, but which red giant star it was just doesn't influence you at all. An atom has no recollection of what star it was built up in.

Grossinger - Well, I don't mean a travel guide or memory in that simple sense. I'm speaking of the whole of nature and how we apprehend it, and its Mars, how we come to know its places, and our place among them, like where we are. So something comes thru.

Sagan - Nothing. Absolutely nothing. All calcium atoms are identical.

Grossinger - Do the Mars photos give a cosmic perspective?

Sagan - I think they do. I also think that the first photographs of the Earth as planet have had a profound influence on the thinking of many people on ecological questions. There it was, this shimmering vulnerable little globe, and that was all there was; it's a certain finite area and volume. I think that's a good example of how getting outside the Earth puts an important perspective on the Earth. You see, you're making a distinction between inner and outer problems, and what I'm saying is that they're connected; you say they're connected also, but I think we differ as to which way they're connected; you say that by going in you get some idea about what's out, and I don't think

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that's right at all. But I do think that by going out we get some idea of what's in. Let me just say, though, that I very much agree with the Socratic statement that the unexamined life is not worth living, and I think it's very important to go in, but I don't think you get anywhere else but in if you go in, except perhaps in a personal sense; if you can understand yourself you can understand other people very well; for example one of the most courageous aspects of Freud's self-analysis, that he was able to see himself in a realistic and unflattering light and was then able to understand other people as a result of that experience, but that's just because people have great fundamental similarities. I don't think you learn anything about some other place, let's say Io, by examining one's self very deeply.

Grossinger - You're a local geographer at heart. The moons of Jupiter are different than the moons of Mars.

Sagan - Oh yes. Oh, the moons of Jupiter are very different from the moons of Mars. They're made out of different stuff.

Grossinger - And if you just said: moons of the planets, you'd lose locale as a specificity.

Sagan - Yes. There are guaranteed to be locales we just don't know anything about.



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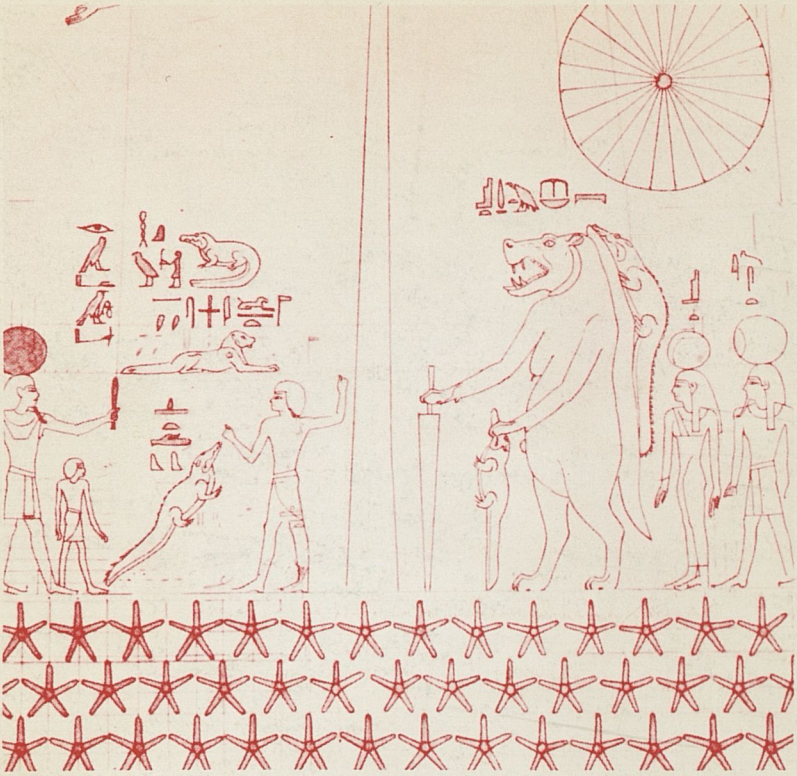

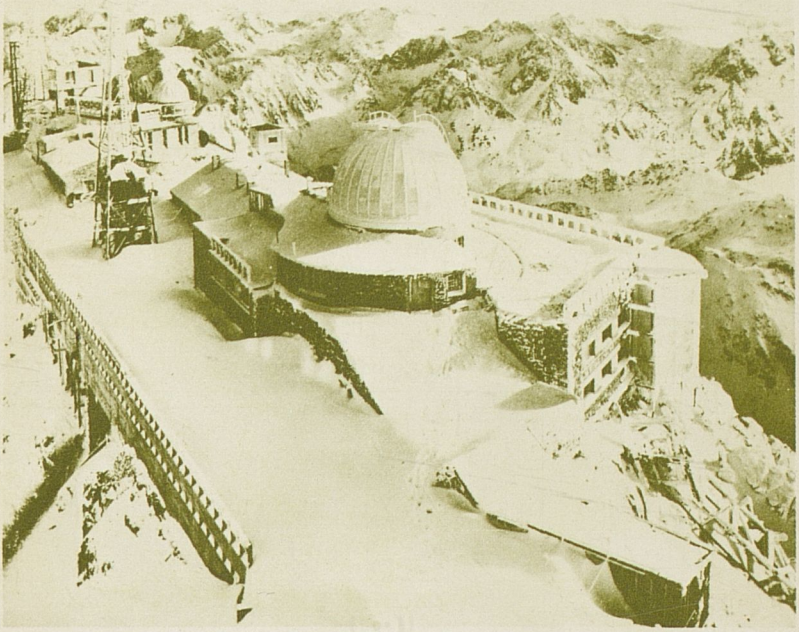

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