

# REVEAL DIGITAL

---

IO Magazine

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 01-19-1974

Contributed by: Richard Grossinger; Robert Bertholf; RICHARD BLEVINS; ROBERT DUNCAN; GREG DROPKIN; PETER RUDDICK; bp nichol; CURTIS FAVILLE; HARVEY BIALY; WILLIAM BRONK; BOBBY BYRD; TIM REYNOLDS; JOHN YAU; Lynne Cohen; DONALD BYRD; RICHARD GROSSINGER; SHERRIL JAFFE; JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS; VICTOR COLEMAN; DAPHNE MARLATT; ERIC CHAET; GERARD MALANGA; ALEX GILDZEN; DAVID WILK; ANSELM HOLLO; JAKE LEED; Jennifer Dunbar; ROBERT ADAMSON; ROY L. WALFORD; CHARLES OLSON; Nanay; Victorio; Nana; Geronimo; IRENE MCKINNEY; WINSTON FULLER; PENNY CHALMERS; KATHY ACKER; LINDY HOUGH; HARVEY BIALY; KATHLEEN FRASER; APRIL HUBINGER; SARA VOGELER; WILL PETERSEN

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28038519>

---

Licenses: Creative Commons: Attribution-NonCommercial

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

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

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



JSTOR

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

MIND  
MEMORY  
PSYCHE

RB  
✓

Io



450

Io/19: Mind, Memory, and Psyche

*copyright 1974 by Richard Grossinger and Lindy Hough*

Publisher's Address:

RFD #2, Box 135  
Creamery Road  
Plainfield, Vermont 05667

alternate address

(use only if no response from above):

c/o Richard Grossinger  
Grossinger, New York 12734

Principal Distributor:

Book People  
2940 Seventh Street  
Berkeley, California 94710

Io is a serial, but not a periodical. A subscription is \$10.00 for 4 consecutive issues. All back issues available. Full set (1-18) is \$54.50.

ISBN: 0-913028-20-7

ISSN: 0021-0331

Library of Congress: PR3557 .R66

Forthcoming Issues (20-22): Biopoesis, Vermont, and Earth History Booklet. There will be no further books in the Io series, only journals and anthologies. Future books will be published in a series called North Atlantic Books, from the same address(es) but with separate subscriptions. Please write for information. The 1974 list includes books by Richard Grossinger, Lindy Hough, Josephine Claire, Paul Kahn, Theodore Enslin, and others.

February 28, 1974

Dear Friends,

Goddard College is developing a number of special summer programs to begin in May and June 1974. One of these will be an annual seminar involving a number of contributing editors to Io as visiting faculty and several Io issues as teaching materials. The first of these annual seminars will deal with issues of form, archetype, underlying structure (crystal, atomic, psychic, etc.), memory, law, etc. The overall seminar title (for the annual seminar) is Goddard Seminar in Earth Mythology, Interdisciplinary work in Natural and Physical Science, Anthropology, Philosophy, and Literature.

The faculty for the first summer will be Harvey Bialy, biochemist and poet; George Quasha, editor and poet; Charles Stein, literature and classics, scholar and writer; Richard Grossinger, anthropologist and prose writer; and Carla Thomas, philosopher. There will also be visiting lecturers in the areas of human physiology, Norse mythology, and Owen Barfield's philosophy.

In the seminar at large, Bialy will be teaching a section on Biopoiesis, Memory and Forms. His course will include a brief introduction to concepts and experiments in the fields of molecular biology and biochemistry. Further work will include explorations into issues of general forms and archetypes and relations between scientific laws and other aspects of culture. Two such explorations will be entitled DNA code and the principle of the I Ching, and angels and enzymes. We will also deal with the primary algebra of biological systems.

Stein will deal primarily with the letters exchanged between Charles Olson and Carl Jung and the annotations made by Olson in the Jung volumes in the construction of his work. Generally, the writing of the Maximus Poems will be gone over in terms of their source material (Stein has been working in the Olson archives at Storrs for two years now.). Some particular topics discussed will be archetype in literature, the Hero as archetype, the Ego or self-archetype, the anima, and the interrelated areas of structuralism, phenomenology, Freudian psychology, and modern linguistics. Aside from Olson and Jung, work will include readings and investigations in Ezra Pound, Alfred North Whitehead, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Claude Levi-Strauss, William Carlos Williams, Otto Rank, and Hermann Weyl (PHILOSOPHY OF MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL SCIENCES). The emphasis will be on Olson's source material and the form ultimately taken by the Maximus Poems.

Quasha will go back over several of these areas, but he will also deal with material in terms of the anthology he recently co-edited with Jerome Rothenberg, entitled AMERICA: A PROPHECY. He will deal with Buddhist material and will do some intensive work in Blake.

Richard Grossinger will be organizing the seminar and also doing a section on The Archetypes of Star and Atom and a section on Pleistocene palaeoanthropology. Readings will include Claude Levi-Strauss, Werner Heisenberg, Herman Melville, Hesiod, Stuart Piggot, Rodney Collin, etc.

Carla Thomas will do a long investigation in the history of philosophy, focusing on German Natural Philosophy. Generally, she will be investigating form, archetype, and law in natural systems. This will include Wilhelm von Humboldt's studies in language and in masculine and feminine archetypes and their relation to Chomskian theory, plus readings in Leibniz, Goethe, Schilling, Ritter, and Schopenhauer. The

role of Plato's TIMAEUS in later scientific philosophy will be discussed.

Enrollment in the seminar involves enrollment in Goddard's summer session. This will entitle the student to take other courses at Goddard during this time. Particularly relevant will be a series of courses in the special program in social ecology, conceived by Murray Bookchin and Dan Chodorkoff. This program will include courses in History of Technology, Ecology and Philosophies of Nature, the Energy Crisis: Causes and Solutions, Solar Power, Aquaculture, Windmill Construction, Organic Farming, Methane Generators, No-Growth Economics, Urban Decentralization, etc. Among the participants will be people from the New Alchemy Institute, including John Todd, Marcus Sherman, Robert Angevine, and Earle Barnhart. Also Joel Whitebrook, Karl Hess, Milton Kotler, Sam Love, Murray Bookchin. At the same time there will be a conceptual art program in visual arts. An exploration of the dynamics that occur when two media are combined, as: glass/sculpture, photography/fiber. This is not a series of courses in basic skills, but a way of creating new perceptions of art forms and their interrelationships. Students will, however, receive enough basic information in the given media to enable them to participate in all activities. The Bread and Puppet Theater is scheduled to present a series of workshops and a gala performance in Mid-August. Additional programs are being planned in Northern Studies, Feminist Studies, and Creative Writing.

There will also be regular courses. Up to 15 credits will be given for summer work. Financial aid is available. Students may apply for admission in the Earth Mythology Seminar by writing to: Summer Program in Earth Mythology, Admissions Office, Resident Undergraduate Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

Enrollment may be for seven weeks or for fourteen weeks. The cost for seven weeks, which is the cost of the Goddard Summer Session, will be \$1,037.50. The cost for the full summer of residency is \$2,175.

It would be a help if this were posted on college bulletin boards or passed on to people who might be interested. A formal brochure will be available within 10 days; please write if you would like one of these to post, or for further information about the seminar.

Richard Grossinger

Dear Friends,

Our publishing will now split into two separate sequences: Io and North Atlantic Books. Io will continue publishing issues in the tradition that it has established. Four such issues will appear in 1974: #19 (Mind, Memory, & Psyche, edited by Lindy Hough), #20 (Biopoesis, edited by Harvey Bialy), #21 (Vermont), and #22 (Earth History Booklet: Origins). Subscription cost remains \$10.00 for four consecutive issues. All back issues remain in print, with a new and enlarged edition of the Dream Issue (#8) to be available later in the year.

North Atlantic Books will operate as a general publishing venture, giving many voices the opportunity to be heard. Though selective criteria will be used, they are still in the process of being developed and will be much less strict than those exercised in Io. In fact, North Atlantic Books allows Io to return to its more traditional format.

Five North Atlantic Books are in various stages of preparation, and all of them should be available by June:

MARTIAN HOMECOMING AT THE ALL-AMERICAN REVIVAL CHURCH by Richard Grossinger: A collection of essays including: "IBM, Meet Guru Maharaj Ji," "The Rosicrucian Pony Back at the Barn," "David Bowie on his Own Terms," "The Astral Man," "Mao Settles the Baseball Players' Strike", and "The Fag Macho Prince." \$3.00. Cover by Peter Ruddick.

A KANSAS CYCLE by Paul Kahn: A full run of the author's poems about Kansas landscape and history, illustrated with flashes of old Kansas. \$2.50.

DEUTSCHLAND AND OTHER PLACES by Josephine Clare: A beautiful collection of poems drawing from a childhood German landscape, the Isle of Wight, and present American scenarios; a tender realization of consciousness. \$2.50.

PSYCHE by Lindy Hough: A long narrative poem in the mode of H.D.'s HELEN IN EGYPT; a notable attempt to establish, in mythical and psychological terms, a woman's consciousness, without abandoning feminism and without accepting it; a complex and difficult genre. \$3.00.

THE LONG BODY OF THE DREAM by Richard Grossinger: Work from 1970 and 1971 in the sequence established by BOOK OF THE CRANBERRY ISLANDS. A long and complete work. \$5.00.

Except for the first book, which is at the printers, the above prices are tentative. We have decided to try distributing North Atlantic Books on a subscription basis also. The subscription can not be mixed with Io and must be taken out on a totally separate basis. The first four North Atlantic Books, by subscription, are \$6.50. The first five are \$9.50. We will accept subscriptions for these two amounts. Later, other sequences will be determined. Any single North Atlantic Book is available to Io subscribers at 75% of cover cost. If you are interested in receiving these books as they appear, or any one of them when it appears, please write, using the above information, and your order will be listed and sent out immediately, like the Io's.

Please note, also, that we may adjust the subscription procedure as we learn from experience what people most wish to do. We do not want to seem to force you to buy some books in order to get others.

In the case of books 1, 4, and 5 (above), we will experiment with a signed edition. This will be nothing fancy: a copy of the book, signed by the author, with a page of original manuscript enclosed. The cost per signed edition is \$15.00, or three for \$35.00. The 75% discount for subscribers remains. We hope that this might bring a small amount of additional income for the press, though we may sell zero of them, and it's a minor part of the whole thing.

Io-North Atlantic/RFD #2, Box 135/Plainfield, Verm. 05667

# 10/19: MIND, MEMORY, AND PSYCHE

Editor: Lindy Hough

Contributing Editors: Robert Bertholf, Robert Kelly, and Richard Grossinger

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### MIND

Robert Bertholf: The Fictive Voice in the Poem: A First Statement .....	7
Richard Blevins: Transparencies .....	16
First Things .....	17
'The Flemish Tapestries.....'	28
Robert Duncan: Reading Rich Blevins' Essay.....And, Thinking of Pound's Cantos .....	29
On The Structure of a Poetic Temperament .....	30
Greg Dropkin: Number (interview) .....	32
Peter Ruddick: Prose Piece .....	46
Two Works of Sculpture .....	48
b p nichol: Poems .....	56
Curtis Faville: Astronomy in Armenia and four other poems .....	67
Harvey Bialy: Poems .....	73
William Bronk: Poems .....	79
Bobby Byrd: Poems .....	81
Tim Reynolds: Poems .....	84
John Yau: John Dee in his Library, Reading .....	86
Lynne Cohen: Photographs .....	88

### MEMORY

Donald Byrd: from Notebook: Missouri .....	114
Richard Grossinger: from The Windy Passage from Nostalgia .....	119
from The Slag of Creation .....	123
Sherril Jaffe: What I Think When I Think About Winter .....	129
Jayne Anne Phillips: Benjy .....	134
Three .....	136
Shaping .....	138
Story .....	139
Victor Coleman: Flood .....	143
Daphne Marlatt: Steveston Poems .....	147
Eric Chaet: Poems .....	149
Jane Creighton: Poems .....	153
Gerard Malanga: Poems .....	155
Alex Gildzen: from The Year Book .....	156
David Wilk: Poems .....	157
Anselm Hollo: Intimations of Immortality .....	162
Jake Leed: Poems .....	163



## Preface

Mind-Memory-Psyche is the space in which we have chosen to present the work of various artists and scientists. Insofar as these three aspects exist within the creative force, they are thoroughly interwoven, and our hypothetical isolation of them is simply to call attention to the different aspects and sources of imagination and form.

The physiological basis of mind is obviously a key here, but we have avoided any direct confrontation with it. The archetype of mind, most fully realized in animus-anima psychology, appears more blatantly because several of the authors have used the occasion of this issue to examine Neumann's *Amour and Psyche* in a personal context. However, most of the work was done without any of these problems in mind and is offered here as example rather than description of the principles that have brought it into being.

The mind section of the issue maintains a base in the structure and form of neural events. These include abstract numerical values, deep syntax, poetic morphology, the fictive voice, and some of the human artifacts (presented visually here). The sculptor creates forms which mirror the interactions and tensions he feels between himself and nature of reality. The photographer crystallizes human dwelling places (with all their instinctual and sociological symmetry) as surely as the biologist reveals the conditions of form and substance in conch shells and wasp hives. There is an interesting dilemma between the imaginative tensions in the sculptural artifacts and the unconscious, symptomatic tensions in the arrangements of human facilities.

The memory section must struggle to get away from the scrapbook photograph genre. Most of the authors are aware that memory is a part of something and not a whole condition to be honed in on as either delicious or repulsive nostalgia. The idea of mnemonic device (as per Frances Yates' *The*

*Art of Memory*) is touched on by several authors, even some not directly aware of historical memory systems associated with hermeticism. In any direct petition of memory as muse, the artist's responsibility of transformation is a grave one, for memory can bury any emergent form in its all-too-obvious excesses. Memory dislocates, subverts, merges with dream, compromises both landscape and self, and the artist must have transformations equal to those to match it. In its largest form, the section includes also landscape, genetic memory, karmic memory, cultural memory, and the aura as relevances.

The psyche section moves away from neurophysiology much in the way that Jungian psychology, in its explication of psyche, does. Psyche is soul or spirit, is also mind functioning as the center of thought, feeling, and behavior, consciously or unconsciously adjusting and relating the body to its social and physical environment. The artist, in developing a full creative imagination, discovers the male or female aspects in her/his work and realizes them, much in the way that any human being is merged, in a profound initiation, with the characteristics of the opposite sex already present in their being. In mythic and archetypal processes of individuation, the ego relinquishes its leading role, and a partial psychic structure, the anima (for a man) or the animus (for a woman) leads the self in totality. The work in this section either consciously or unconsciously embodies this sensibility, stressing the integration of the body, the Work, and the development of consciousness.

"Indeed, even if we possessed the most complete knowledge of the physiological events in the cells and fibers of the cerebral cortex with which psychic events are connected, even if we could look into the mechanisms of the brain as we look into the works of a clock, we could never find anything but moving atoms. No human being could see or otherwise perceive through his senses how sensations or ideas arise in this mechanism." Rudolf Steiner, *Cosmic Memory*.

"The Fictive Voice in the Poem: A First Statement"

for Lindy Hough

Omitting from this discussion a full lineage, for the sake of avoiding the terrible intricacies of the literary traditions, let me simply say that two resonant sources lead the way to the modern expression of the voice of the poet in the poem. It was Robert Browning who took up Matthew Arnold's announcement in the "Preface" to POEMS 1853 that "the dialogue of the mind with itself has begun," and transformed it into the frame of the dramatic monologue which allowed for the appearance of multiple voices in a single poem, none of which necessarily referred directly to the private views of the poet. Personae fixed in a dramatic set entered the structure of the formalized lyric. And it was Walt Whitman who projected the possibility of multiple selves in the poem; and these selves resulted from the poet assuming the pose of the people and ideas he encompassed in his mystical grasp of the whole of these states, en masse. Based on a mystical awareness of the wholeness of all peoples, and the nation, the selves in Whitman's LEAVES OF GRASS spread out in the catalogues of the particulars to create in the poem an enlarging and growing self that was Whitman and all men, in contradiction and blessed union, rising out of the seeds of generation in the sexual basis of existence and the growing lines of the poem. Between these two formulations, the personae and the developing self, come many variations and divisions; but my concern here is to make some introductory comments about the appearance of the "fictive voice" of the poet in contemporary poetry. And to do this I will step back and make some brief observations about the appearance of this stance in poetry and the sources of poetry earlier in this century. At the end I will come back to the contention that Robert Duncan and Edward Dorn are the current masters of this office of the poet--Duncan in his demonstrations of the enveloping self writing out of a mystical presence of first forms, and Dorn in his working out of the possible circuits of creating a set in which characters act out their roles, in the high literary comedy of GUNSLINGER.

At the beginning of the discussion, the proposition that a codified or standard system of belief does not inform the poetry balances the proposition that in the fictive world, the conventions of the literary tradition do not determine the form of the poem. Wallace Stevens tells us: "The final belief is to believe in a fiction, which you know to be a fiction, there being nothing else. The exquisite truth is to know that it is a fiction and that you believe in it willingly."<sup>1</sup> The release from the confines of defined thought is not a pessimistic move in Stevens' world, but the release of the mind to explore itself and the world without predeterminations. He knew well that "it is never the thing but the version of the thing,"<sup>2</sup> that counted most in the mind's drive to clear

satisfaction from its own processes. And Hans Vaihinger comes in here with his proposals about the role of fictions in philosophic thinking. In discussing the ways the mind makes up means of integrating itself with reality, he notes: "We must leave behind us the naive belief THAT WHAT IS THOUGHT OF REALITY EXISTS, that the forms and methods of thought can be rediscovered in the world of fact,"<sup>3</sup> His point, or one of them, in THE PHILOSOPHY OF "AS IF," is that the mind comes up with notions about reality, but these notions are merely utilitarian probes and not a definition of reality itself. "Frequently," he writes, "the fictive activity serves the purpose of converting abstract ideas which are, for that very reason, difficult to retain within our mind, into concrete ones which are easier to realize. This is done with the full consciousness that a picture has been substituted for a concept and that, with the picture, a more or less false element has been added to the concept."<sup>4</sup> He goes on to illustrate this idea with examples of the ways of talking about natural forces as "bands of force," where the metaphor is certainly an inaccurate and false description, but useful in understanding the working of the forces themselves. The mind introduces the metaphor with the full awareness that the metaphor is false. This is a fiction in the same way that the methods of quantum physics are fictions.

Confronted with the impossibility of describing atomic behavior in terms of the causality of Newtonian physics, Heisenberg tells us that new "mathematical formulae no longer describe nature itself but our knowledge of nature." In no way do the descriptions affect reality, but only the mind's way of thinking about reality. In a discussion of the uncertainty principles, and the necessity for "incomplete knowledge" in "every formulation in quantum theory" (his italics), Heisenberg explains that in Niels Bohr's "Concept of Complementarity" it is possible in different experiments to describe the atom as a "small-scale planetary system," or to imagine that "the atomic nucleus is surrounded by a system of stationary waves," or to "consider the atom chemically." Each of these descriptions is legitimate in the proper situation, and although contradictory, none is absolutely wrong or right. Each is a necessary fiction, a pragmatic description of the mind, useful in different experimental situations, but in no sense final. With this introduction of the fictive sense to replace the absolutely defined systems of causality, modern physics, with the strenuous support of Einstein's relativity theory, enters the fictive world. The scientist now describes the relationships of the mind and nature. "Science," Heisenberg continues, "no longer confronts nature as an objective observer, but sees itself as an actor in this interplay between man and nature."<sup>5</sup> The shift here from objective analysis to participation in the field of description parallels the shift from Frazer's pretended objective analysis of primitive (in his pejorative sense) peoples in THE GOLDEN BOUGH to Lévi-Strauss' sense--in TRISTES TROPIQUES--that when he enters a tribal situation he alters that situation, and any description of it must take account of his presence in the action of that field. Clearly the groundwork for the projection of the fictive voice of the poet, with certainty, and the field of action of poetry were established before William Carlos Williams announced "The Poem as a Field of Action" in 1948.

In addition to the contributions of modern physics, the work of William James must come into the discussion, for he set out two important ingredients in the mixture I am trying to sort out. "Pragmaticism," James writes, "stands for no particular results. It has no dogmas, and no doctrines, save its method." In James' statement an idea gained value in proportion to its ability to prove itself true in given, particular situations. "A new opinion counts as 'true' just in proportion as it gratifies the individual's desire to assimilate the novel in his experience to his beliefs in stock."<sup>6</sup> Again, the mind is released from the necessity to conform to standard ways of thinking, and to standardized conclusions; it is now free to project ideas into the realm of the possible, with the only guard being the utility of the ideas to accomplish what they are projected to do. In place of standardization and fierce structures of restriction, the mind now enters the pluralistic universe, where all things exist in multiple possibilities of themselves. The procedure then becomes that of sorting out as many of the possible meanings of an act or idea in the field occupied by the mind. Hinting at the later formulations of John Dewey, James tells us about the pluralistic universe: "Briefly it is this, that nothing real is absolutely simple, that every smallest bit of experience is a multum in parvo plurally related, that each relation is one aspect, character, or function, way of its being taken, or way of its taking something else; and that a bit of reality when actively engaged in one of these relations is not by that very fact engaged in all the other relations simultaneously."<sup>7</sup> Catching one aspect, character or function does not catch the whole sense of the field of events, because they exist in multiple inter-relationships with one another. And when one proposition is made, the mind is quite sure that it is not making a monistic statement about the nature of reality, only a proposition about the appearance or phase of the multiple scene. Released, then, from the obligation of defining structures of the mind to contain the whole of the universe as absolute truth, the mind is now free to generate formulations that account for only parts of the world, and are, in the pragmatic stipulations, wound up in the test of utility. The formulations, furthermore, are aspects, or fragments of the pluralism of a given scene. Each is an approximation of the whole, which implies the whole but which does not contain it. In the accumulation of the fragments of the scene, a wider view is available, but the complete scene is never possible to describe, because as the mind changes, and takes to itself various means of explanation, so its response to the multiple scene, becomes more multiple.

From William James, then, it is possible to account, from one point of view, for the multiple views in a poem. As Lily Brisco says of Mrs. Ramsay in Virginia Woolf's *TO THE LIGHT HOUSE*, "one needs fifty pairs of eyes to see around her with," so the poet needs as many pairs of eyes as he can generate to account for the weavings of his mind. There could have been 13,000 ways of looking as Stevens' blackbird; each quick take is a view of the bird in a changed context, and the only limit, in the process

of this poem, is the ingenuity of the poet to uncover possible ways of seeing and thinking. The same is true of "The Man with the Blue Guitar." In that poem Stevens presents one possibility of the interaction of the imagination with reality after another: each is a fragment of the whole interaction, but none is taken as the absolute account of the behavior of that "aweful" power of the mind. The pluralism remains, neither decried nor rejected, as an aspect of the fictive versions of the scene. In that sense, then, a fiction can be said to be a fragmentary picture of the process of the mind, or the mind's version of reality, set out as an approximation of the multiplicity of the scene itself. And in the extension of this premise, the mind and its products enter the field of multiplicity of the idea or event, enriching and deepening it with more possibilities.

For as Whitehead tells us in his philosophy of "organism," the human involvement with reality is assumed, and impelled by "process". "Every actual occasion exhibits itself as a process: it is a becomingness. In so disclosing itself, it places itself as one among a multiplicity of other occasions, without which it could not be itself. It also defines itself as a particular individual achievement, focusing in its limited way an unbounded realm of eternal objects."<sup>8</sup> Stressing the emotional ground of human experience, Whitehead demonstrates that in the unified field of his philosophy a consistent "going-on" drives potentiality to actualization, both in the physical world and in the mind. The mind, furthermore, never has a complete understanding of itself and its environment, but goes thru the process of gaining insights, of moving further into the actualization of itself in phase with nature. One of the ways of reaching further into actualization is by means of propositions. "A proposition is a new kind of entity. It is a hybrid between pure potentialities and actualities," he tells us an explanation of how the mind combines what it knows with its projection of what it can know in order to live into the full ground of being. Movement and process generate creativity: "No entity can be divorced from the notion of creativity."<sup>9</sup> The ideas of process and propositions are fundamental features of the fictive world. In the same way that Heidegger stresses the process of Entwerfen, projection, in his "being-in-the-world" in the philosophy of Dasein, so Whitehead insists that the mind moves forward in a constant but gradual comprehension of aspects, or fragments, of experience, and in the accumulation of the actualizations of understanding uncovers a fuller involvement in the organic cosmology. "The potentialities in immediate fact," he continues, "constitute the driving force of process."<sup>10</sup> Potentialities, moreover, are realized by propositions, which as the following quotation indicates, are indeed fictions: "But it is evident that a proposition is a complex entity which stands between the eternal objects and the actual occasions. Compared to eternal objects a proposition shares in the concrete particularity of actual occasions; and compared to actual occasions a proposition shares in the abstract generality of eternal objects."<sup>11</sup> The process, then, of formulating propositions, fictions, becomes the brightest way for the mind to enter the credences of the organic cosmology.

From Bergson's famous lectures at the Sorbonne, I suppose, the notion of the flowing of reality has become a firm feature of modern poetry. The notion of process was transformed into the idea of metamorphosis in "The Waste Land," for example, where the voices in the poem change bodies, but all radiate from the central bi-sexual voice of Tiresias. Pound too, taking his clue from Ovid's METAMORPHOSES, where change and process reach deep into the mythic world, summoned this feature into THE CANTOS where the journeying figure of Odysseus changes into the multiple voices of many characters. Change and metamorphosis are dominate here. And in the later poetry of Wallace Stevens, the notion of process is again transformed, this time into the act of the mind discovering, or uncovering, what it can conceive. The poem "An Ordinary Evening in New Haven," which Stevens calls "this endlessly elaborating poem," holds itself together with the process of glimpsing the transparency of the central energy of Whitehead's "organism" and projecting into the rhythms of language possibilities of catching in the forms of words a PRESENCE of fullness that is without form. In the extreme of this technique, the poem loses hold of its fixed semantic meaning and becomes a demonstration of the action of the mind itself. Or, in Robert Duncan's "Interrupted Forms, One," the weavings of sound and rhythms in some sense dominate the statement of the poem itself, about love and the community of love in the household. In the fictive world, the processes of formulating the possibilities of the mind's actions, of making fictions, and then projecting them take the place of a dogmatic statement of a fixed position, and allow the free play of the mind; and the poem rises from the materials that push themselves up into view on the movement, or energy, of potentialities becoming actual.

In his endlessly elaborating poem, Whitman actualized the principles of process and the entertainment of multiple poses as ways of bringing into himself the contradictory mix of the nation, as well as the ways of projecting himself outward in the organism of LEAVES OF GRASS. United with the region of his creativity, he was free to test the utility of his proposition in the expanse of his evolving self. He created a field for his sense of "self" to grow, for the "I" of the poem to generate and express itself in the specific examples of experience. As he developed an open field in his poem, so Browning in his monologues built a dramatic set, a more formalized arena, for his characters to entertain in the intricacies of high discourse the fragments of opinion and personality that compose a completed stage. From the most elaborate set in THE RING AND THE BOOK to the simplest in "My Last Duchess," Browning was meticulous in marking out the stage and props for his characters. For it becomes clear that in the world of the fictive voice, a field or stage of action is necessary to contain either a developing "I" or various views, not immediately referrable to either the poet's convictions or a recognizable authority of opinion. And from a vastly different slant, this is what John Dewey is getting at when he comments: "We may, however, attempt a recapitulation by premising that while there is no isolated occurrence in nature, yet interaction and connection are not wholesale and homogenous. Interacting-events have tighter and looser ties, which qualify them with

certain beginnings and endings, and which mark them off from other fields of interaction. Such relatively closed fields come into conjunction at times so as to interact with each other, and a critical alteration is effected. A new larger field is formed, in which new energies are released, and to which new qualities appertain."<sup>12</sup> From the smallest closed fields to the largest achieved ones, Dewey maintains that in an ecosystem, which includes man, the fragments or parts of experience come into play with each other, thus creating a larger field of dependent inter-relationships of parts. From a literary point of view, Dewey has outlined the passage from a closed to an open structure: the passage from a most limited single context of a poem like Arnold's "Dover Beach" to the sequential structure of THE CANTOS. Arnold's poem, with no fictive voice, is formed by convention, and forces its energy inward, while Pound's poem grows by repetition and the dependent inter-relationships of its parts, with a fictive voice, achieving its form in the outward process of its own evolution.

And Carl Sauer brings the discussion closer to the field and the "serial poem"<sup>13</sup> of contemporary poetry when he writes in "The Morphology of Landscape": "The thing to be known is the natural landscape. It becomes known through the totality of its forms. These forms are thought of not for and by themselves, as a soil researcher would regard soils, for example, but in their relation to one another and in their place in the landscape, each landscape being definite combination of form values."<sup>14</sup> He brings it closer because Sauer's geography lies behind Olson's "composition by field," and projective verse emerges as a rich emulsion of the poetics of Einstein's physics, Whitehead's philosophy of organism and process, the throwing forth of necessary fictions, and the abundant genius of a single man. For THE MAXIMUS POEMS create, as LEAVES OF GRASS did, a field of action in which a central figure, Maximus, the fictive voice of this evolving poem, sets out the totality of the forms in the geographic field of Gloucester, Mass. As Willa Cather suspected in DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP, so Olson confirmed that a specific geographical area accumulates meaning by the process of human habitation. Layer upon layer of previous forms of the human and inhuman environment pile up, like an archeological site; and Maximus' task, like Psyche sorting the scrambled seeds, is to unfold the layers of the record and impell them to exist free, in their multiplicity, in a conscious present. While Williams in PATERSON has a broad sense of the complexity of the force of the historical record leading into the medium of the daily enterprise, Olson has an intense sense of the projection of the energy of the past into the "organism," the geographical field. In Maximus' world, the forms of human action, in Gloucester, at the intersection of the land and sea, stand out as emanations of the total energy of the place. Form becomes the morphology of the local energy, released into the open habitation of the growing poem. At the beginning, Maximus speaks, not as a metaphor as Frank Davey suspects,<sup>15</sup> but as a fictive personage projected into the ecosystem of related forms that is Gloucester as a utilitarian probe to reveal the record of the land's emanations:

Off-shore, by islands hidden in the blood  
jewels & miracles, I, Maximus  
a metal hot from boiling water, tell you  
what is a lance, who obeys the figures of  
the present dance

Riding out the Poundian idea that all historical information is simultaneously present, Maximus reaches back into the historical documents of Mass. and projects them into the present occasion of the poem's field. Yet, the creation of a geographical field is not the province of Olson alone. In GUNSLINGER Dorn spreads out the geography of the American West with a wisdom of familiarity that would grant him a place at any rendezvous with James Clyman, who charted the valleys and streams of The Wind River Mountains as well as the valleys of the upper Teton Basin, in his mind, with a clarity possible only for a man in union with the morphology of his region. In GUNSLINGER, the trip up from Texas to Four Corners provides the terrain, and so the props for the vast set of the poem in which the Slinger, Lil, Levi-Strauss and the rest of the fictive figures speak their parts as if in a Brownian stage, expanded with a map-maker's relish and inverted with a comic sense denying dogma a place. In the interaction of the characters, all of whom project personalities which can not be fixed as the poet's, Dorn allows each the chance to undercut the others; and in the inversion of the heroic stance of the epic, spreads out the proposition of a high literary comedy. But I will return to a longer comment on Dorn's poetry, at the end, after setting out Robert Duncan's geographical sense, and then the line that leads to the full disclosure of their impeccable literary accomplishments. For in Duncan's world, the field rises as a fictive metaphor for the place or PRESENCE of first forms. "Often I am permitted to a return to a meadow," he tells us,

as if it were a given property of the mind  
that certain bounds hold against chaos,

that is a place of first permission,  
everlasting omen of what is,

after noting that the meadow, that primordial realm, appeared "as if it were a scene made-up by the mind/that is not mine, but a made place, that is mine." In another sense, the meadow is a fictive projection of Sauer's geography and Dewey's ecosystem, guarded by the philosophy of "as if," that is presented as an actual place with the full wisdom that it is not, but presented as such nonetheless. As he says in "Yes, as a Look Springs to its Face,"

Poems come up from a ground so  
to illustrate the ground, approximate  
a lingering of eternal image, a need  
known only in its being found ready.<sup>16</sup>

His concern is with the "ground" of being, the immersion of the receiving self in a reservoir of first things. Not delineating any

specific geography, Duncan still pushes up into view a place for the habitation of himself as a poet.

\* \* \*

The paths that follow this first statement wind back to Pound's "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" and Stevens' "The Comedian as the Letter C," picking up the appearances of Browning and Whitman, and then pushes on to the closed world of Eliot's orthodoxy, his struggles against and in the doctrines of tradition. Freud comes in too, perhaps the most accomplished fictive poet of our time, and prepares the way for the intricate speculations and generative fictions of H. D.'s HELEN IN EGYPT. Countering this movement to the full possession of the fictive voice in contemporary poetry rises the complaining stance of the "confessional" voice, which secrets itself under the sanction that the loss of unified traditions is, indeed, a loss which leaves the poet scanty means of presenting himself. So the closed world of message and structure (the split between form and content) neglects the fictive, open universe, which reaches to the clarity of the mythopoetic process and the expanse of geographical map making.

(to be continued)

## Notes

1. Wallace Stevens, *OPUS POSTHUMOUS*, ed. Samuel French Morse (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1957), p. 163.
2. "The Pure Good of Theory," in *COLLECTED POEMS* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1954), p. 332.
3. Hans Vaihinger, *THE PHILOSOPHY OF "AS IF,"* trans. C. K. Ogden (London: Routledge & Kegan LTD, 1924), p. 161.
4. Vaihinger, p. 217.
5. Werner Heisenberg, *THE PHYSICIST'S CONCEPTION OF NATURE*, trans. Arnold J. Pomerans (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1958), pp. 25, 40-41, 29.
6. From "What Pragmatism Means," in *THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM JAMES*, ed. John J. McDermott (New York: The Modern Library), pp. 380, 384.
7. William James, *A PLURALISTIC UNIVERSE* (New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1920), p. 322.
8. Alfred North Whitehead, *SCIENCE AND THE MODERN WORLD* (New York: The New American Library, 1948), p. 158.
9. Alfred North Whitehead, *PROCESS AND REALITY: AN ESSAY IN COSMOLOGY* (New York: The Free Press, 1957), pp. 215, 245.
10. Alfred North Whitehead, *MODES OF THOUGHT* (New York: The Free Press, 1966), p. 100.
11. Alfred North Whitehead, *PROCESS AND REALITY*, p. 227.
12. John Dewey, *EXPERIENCE AND NATURE* (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1929), p. 272.
13. Robin Blaser, "The Fire," *CATERPILLAR* 12 (1970), 16.
14. Carl Sauer, *LAND AND LIFE*, ed. John Leighly (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), p. 337.
15. Frank Davey, *FIVE READINGS OF OLSON'S MAXIMUS* (Vancouver, B.C.: Beaver Kosmos Folio No. 2, 1970), p. 3.
16. Robert Duncan, *THE OPENING OF THE FIELD* (New York: Grove Press, 1960), pp. 7, 60.

Transparencies I.

'Eadweard Muybridge, an English-born photographer working in California, had created a world-wide sensation in 1878 with his series of pictures published as "The Horse in Motion." He had first taken these in order to satisfy a whim of former Governor Leland Stanford of California, who wanted to advertise his prize trotter, Occident, and he incidentally answered an old question by proving that a galloping horse actually had all his feet off the ground at certain moments.'

(Boorstin's The Americans/ The Democratic Experience, p. 378).

IT IS the hardened mentality of mountain  
men against the hardened mentality of these mountains,  
older than pyramids, the sun  
striking amid desert; coiled

to strike / back:

I light up  
the local legends,  
marijuana  
blue match glass never  
so sweet as on top

Pyramid Mountain

-side

any tip of which  
is no match, is

match-less ----Jedediah Smith---- I mean  
to get back to; this  
impossibly high peek!

go, in the filming  
of an epic  
to dissolve:

O,

to light! the world taunts

our set resolve, sun  
revolves to further  
ochre, is the set  
carves out  
the crawling space, words hold  
a horizon for us in our unilateral friendships



somehow below, consciousness in the poems of CAESAR'S GATE, tv, the essay on PROJECTIVE VERSE--these measures have always 'been' possibilities to us. '-La sainte de l'abime est plus saints à mes yeux!' We celebrate Chaos in drugs! intoxication, in the Word! drawn, into the poem's opening, our each bee-gesture; a sun-dance to direct the others who attend "to the honeysource"!! For Chaos IS the brand, the pilfered fleurs-de-lis, but of american iron, glowing orange in a scattering of campfires. Soon, all of the range's many head will bear its mark. The flood of Chaos, as it crests, will sweep Eliot's crumbling architecture into the Pacific . . . "the desert seemd almost to change over-night". When. From the highest head, to the deepest mind. . . . THE QUESTION ROSE, tansy! as if scent for. The messenger is sent in the suspended sentence, to catch any Answer. Hands cover breasts. Star replaces sun. Horus, in the cycle. Root things pass thru the earth, deepening the Mayan night. When there is, in Heidegger, 'the turning of an age', that begins opening passages, to me, thru the sustaining line, to exploration: tansy opens into Iris. And we come to learn what we have subliminally acquired, or "picked up," picking up again our own poems upon reading CAESAR'S GATE, in light of that text's correspondences with the vision of SEIN UND ZEIT. We 'see' that Iris is the messenger --"IT IS the hardened mentality . . ." is the invocation in my poetry-- again, as it was in the ILIAD, our RNA; while, in the 'spelling', Robert Duncan discovers Ir is present in the Spanish of Lorca: ". . . to be dying." he reflects, so that the correspondence with Sein sum Tode is made.

We who were the first-born of this territory, who were born somewhere along the trail here, got lost. Love-lost?, we cut our way thru two years of the 2-edged, sword-shaped leaves, leaving that behind only to emerge at the Wei-base of the Sierra Nevadas; when, by alternate routes, we would've made the Tetons before winter, milk her tansytits. Glancing up from a difficult passage, I catch random snapshots (my 'reflecting') of the continent (the 'whole', a body of poetry; that truly reflects Dasein's totality), I memorize a landscape, or make a map. It changes. As the river line of my poem is followed thru.

Imagining this essay, I too have witnessed the Sphere of all-that-'is'-Pound, in its imagining its ownmost topography as the 'Cantos'; then past death, is my vision, and coming into the Sphere of the H.D.. In the table essay, the poet goes about compiling evidence to substantiate the claims of his client: Poetry. But it is exclusively within the hellish realm that is 'table' to the Poet-Dasein in his 'moment of vision' that, coming from the intercourse of the two passing orbs, the seed is passed on, to Duncan.

"CHILDLESS" (he writes in 'The Hint of  
an Infinite Regresstion')

"Sunless" means  
having no son. Let's be done with it.  
The Son grows in the heart  
the word I dared not speak. The Word

shakes the poem-center.

Then, it is partly by the frankenstein reMEMBERING the BODY OF POETRY that we make our poems poetry. And, with Heidegger, we live as men by constantly remembering our own temporality. We might make head-way by bouncing the idea, and collecting it in the poem, off Death. What's going on at a "radar" level in our most a-tuned poems is (a) constant monitoring of the resonances that come to us off words as they arrive in the on-going sentence and, (b)ouncing THIS against the total Poem of our work; to re(c)eive some new message (on 'the concentrated rebound' -M.H.) as to 'where' and 'how' the poem is going. The poem is not some artificial suspension of time, of rules, or a state of mind/ over/ Poetry; . . . is contents! what matters to the poet's mind. In another alchemy of the mind, north american peyote synapse, I practice practice practice the creation of honey-gold poems, turning a metaphysics and a metapoetry, into them. What he initially has (1926) as "letting it 'be'," Heidegger recognizes by "Wozu Dichter?" (1946-vision) as the bee-death of the DUINO ELEGIES. Robert Duncan, I am guessing with the line, arrives at this same place, also thru Rilke ("Dichtung Kontra Dichtung") --but Duncan obviously encounters the transparent Heidegger much earlier, thru Lorca's POETA EN NUEVA YORK & during the realization of the CAESAR'S GATE poems. I, among the new poets, attend this memory as a child entering the field, the roots, & the bow.

two new orbs. Now the Robert Duncan, the Martin Heidegger: those who were formerly obscured by total eclipse --- have touched, remembering the alchemy that first linked Low German (american-English #) to High German (also Modern). Two new orbs --have 'touched' me! two streams of that whose confluence, is a flood! invisible air waves piled on either side by the arrow's dynamic passing. But, a flood of Poetry, a third & denser sphere! comes over us . . . It is HUGE, AND CLAIMS us

And yet, 'the crystal can be weighed in the hand'. For it is poetry, having the power to flood the mind with that, chaos, & yet the ball is not "weighed in the mind"--is not a weighty matter-- but is a possibility at hand. The ball is crystal; transparent as are all 'seen' things. And the pun, a gazer's crystal ball, is there; just as Pound, H. D. preFACE Duncan 'in-Poetry'; & JERUSALEM admits STRUCTURE OF RIME, only 'in-the-poem' as it is imagined by the Poet-Dasein. The crystal is the measure of us, as we are ourselves, of the turning age.

## II. Being

from i. The poem as it appears  
in Poetry.

The poet 'sees' himself as 'Being-in' the fundamental position of falling away from, or out of poetry thru the individualizing moder of 'poem'. The poet, acting in his basic state of 'fallenness,' sees the poem as being thrown from Poetry, and as coming into its own state of 'being' in the Poet-Dasein's "the poem." This act of a poet's poetry as Being-individualized away from Poetry 'is' a characteristic of the Poet-Dasein. Ontico-factically moving in its thrown state of 'always-being-in' the field of Poetry, the poem exists as having 'fore-sight'. "The poem" develops in and out of its field, which 'is' ahead-of-itself as Poetry. Thus, in "the writing down, the poem reveals itself in a 'vision' of Poetry; disclosing itself as 'being' thrown-of-Poetry."

\*

According to this general movement of the specific poem as under-determined potentiality-towards-Being as presented in its "field of Poetry," Poetry is said to fall out of itself into itself, in the poem. The poem is only realized by its falling out of Poetry. As Poetry is 'thrown', thrownness is that state which factually lets itself 'be' caught up in a developing phenomena. Is not the poem thrown Poetry-in-the-world? Is not the poem somehow determinedly the charge of the poet? And, if Dasein is shown in its fallingness to be likewise 'turning-away', and that same notion of 'turning' is said to be elemental to the Line of Poetry; then both might be seen as being grounded in anxiety.

\*

In its factual Being, any [poem] is as it already was, and it is 'what' it already was. It is its past, whether explicitly or not. And this is so not only in that its past is, as it were, pushing itself along 'behind' it, and that Dasein possesses what is past as a property which is still present-at-hand and which sometimes has after-effects upon it: [the poem] 'is' its past in the way of its own [Being-in-Poetry], which, to put it roughly, 'historizes' out of its future on each occasion. Whatever the way of being it may have at the time, and thus with whatever understanding of [Poetry] it may possess, [the poem] has grown up both into and in a traditional way of interpreting itself: in terms of this it understands itself proximally and, within a certain range, constantly. By this understanding, the possibilities of its [structure in Poetry] are disclosed and regulated. Its own past . . . already goes ahead of it. (Being and Time, p. 41)

\*

As 'Being-in-Poetry', the poem has the ability to disclose. The poem 'is' an entity for Poetry's most apparent worldhood. Since every entity discloses its Self by its own 'Being', the "poem-in-Poetry 'is'" transparent.

"Understanding is the existential Being of [Poetry's] own potentiality-for-[poems]; and it is so in such a way that this Being discloses in itself what its Being is capable of."  
(B & T, p. 185)

from ii.

Poetry as a 'deficient mode' for Dasein.

"Poetry" came to be realized as itself upon the failure of the Greeks to establish "language" as 'language'. In our turn, during idle talk, we have established (thru the "they" sharing of leveled, surface ontologies) the groundless supposition that discourse is assertion. Heidegger's analysis in SEIN UND ZEIT found that a point in language corresponding grammar with logical discourse is visible. It is the disclosure of this analysis that this is the exact pivotal point 'before' which there is no "Poetry," and 'after' which Poetry is. By virtue of his fascination-hence-absorption in ambiguity, as it is a characteristic of Poetry towards-which the poet existing in his concern is drawn, the poet has never "accepted-as-shared" the Greek mistake. The mistaken assumption made by the "they" in their own state of Everydayedness having grammar as necessarily 'logical' WAS NEVER TAKEN UP AS AN ISSUE BY POETRY. On the contrary. The structure of Poetry presents us its own "logical" form in the poem! The basic issue at hand concerning Poetry (hence, understood by the poet as "his own" concern in his interpreting the poem) was never discourse; but was rather, as it is, always to remember the poem. The poet's concern is ontologically 'with the mind', not with any system of the mind such as "logic" is. Poems in the first days of naming were vast, unfolding maps, concerning the epic task of "remembering" as 'to never forget'. Thus, the 'preservation' of the language is, from the initial instance, raised as an issue before the Poet-Dasein --&, indeed, in the poem, issues are raised; we are issued the word's 'orders'--concerning the acting-out of the poet's concern for the poem-in-Poetry. This concern is also carried out ontically: By Being-in it, the poet 'is' remembering Poetry thru the dream-conscious act of writing-the-line. As such, Poetry can never be concerned with "language as a tool towards 'logic'"; hence Poetry presents its Self as a 'Being-in-language', which is primordial to its Selfhood as 'the poem' that is as-a-whole 'in Poetry'. Failure for any ontico-factual poem to 'be' at once

existentially recalled (i.e., in the state of 'being-remembered') in language, while ontologically existing 'in Poetry', IS PROSE. "Prose", then, must be that mode for Being-with a "language" that is founded in the logic of 'assertion' --and this is a 'being-always-with', as the paragraph is sentenced to the prose; it is not turning in its thrownness, like the poem turns the line. And with this, I have finally 'seen' an ontology for the 'idle talk' utterance, "the poem dictates"! Whereas prose has concernfulness only by its working-towards 'logic' in the sentence, and never as Itself; Poetry is absorbed in the morpheme-workings of 'words' as they become disclosed in the writing of the poem, and raised in a new body from out of the tomb of the Everyday by the possibilities presented by a liberated grammar (i.e., one open-ended & "free" from any 'logic' that seems restrictive to one's imagining), and also as presented by the poem thru its immediate concern for ambiguity, pun, the harmonic structure of rime (I take it as a root exposed by Brahms, explored by Duncan), and clay-breath alchemic word orders. I read Heidegger, and his word speaks to me, as a great poet of the visionary order.

\*

"Only something which is in the state-of-mind of [the poem] can discover that what is environmentally ready-to-hand [thru Poetry] is [Inspirational]." (BT. p. 176). Existing in the deficient mode of 'not writing the poem', the poet is 'Being-there' in Poetry. Just as Poetry is the poet's environment, the Poet-Dasein experiences the poem. The poem's 'having a mood' brings the Poet-Dasein to its 'there' in writing, finally, Poetry. (But, when the mood of the single poem is said to "change," it does not. Because the poem is but one movement of a total Poetry, it does not "change" that poetry, but reveals more or less of it.) The idea of the poem's 'there' immediately enters my mind in the image of a table, "the poet's table", or even the concert piano I cannot play that I have approached in dreams, poems. But the Being visible in this 'there' ---as it is poetry now, and not the poet we are seeking--- shall be Interpreted here as falling: as the poem ORBITS POETRY!!! BY FALLING, EQUAL-PARTS, AWAY FROM BUT ALSO IN, TO! Falling, as Poetry has in-Itself disclosed its own "character" in Milton's seeing Lucifer fall from Grace, like the poem out of Poetry yet coming into it, a man from the womb /tomb, Mot ... or Blake's Albion. -BUT ALSO ORBITING, sustained by the mythology surrounding their falls like burning friction (& therefore, a FICTION! their poem's sustained fall, also characterized by their poets projected in their rocket concern)--- I am launched into a world of Poetry.

\*

Characteristic of the poem's disclosing itself as Poetry is the idea of turning. That we know the earth turns divides us, day

night, from the poetic imaginings in Poetry before Copernicus.  
Again, we have

'the turning of an age'.

Architecturally tho, the line in the poem 'turns' on the precise decision of the Poet-Dasein two hundred years before the earth turned (sic.), with Dante. The pun suddenly turns "into something unexpected," but called-for.

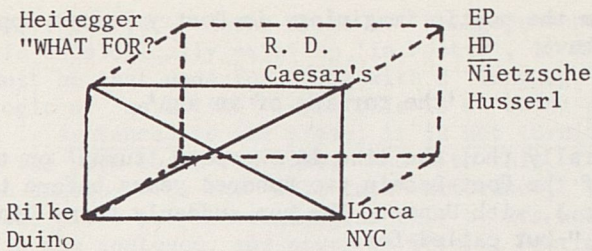
Creeley gives us ("Notes Apropos 'Free Verse'") ontologically the very root of the word "verse", from the French for "a line, furrow, turning ---vertere, to turn . . ." In the long tradition of Poetry, it is just becoming "my turn." Also I am reminded that Dante was turned out of the city, which was The Decision reversing Plato's. "Throw" comes into play from the Greek drehen, or to twist, turn. For me, equiprimordial to the poem is my Poet-Dasein's understanding Poetry as a particular "twist" to it, in which I remember the form of the developing poem as the master-weaver's making "warp & weft": and warp is also "to throw." Disclosed by Poetry in the "they's" everyday understanding of the word is, similarly: the fisherman "throws out" or "casts" . . . a net, a line. We throw or cast the coins ---

"TRANSPARENCIES - II"

Hey look! the Baptist  
turns lilies,  
into coins!  
He is a poet moving  
among swifter waters.

the similarity of which is "caught", & brot to surface in Harvey Bialy's "The Molecular Basis of Change, DNA & The I Ching".

Aug. 7. Making its appearance 'dramatic' by coming now, news to me, in the old business of typing up this ms/ rereading POET IN NY; is the ownmost structure of an essay, forming its own principles. "Plaza pura y doblada." Lorca writes ("Nocturne of the Void", this time a nocturn)---& so what I originally saw, or took, as a chariot, "the immaculate square" of relationships purely born of thot and borne by the Poet-Dasein, being: Pound-H.D. . . . Duncan-Heidegger; is now "doubled back"-- inviting another dimension to the study, a cube.



1. And the movement within the FACE CUBE, which is now turned to us, as a preface to our work, discloses a system of myth making-sharing. Heidegger underlines Duncan's "we attend Poetry", adding "the gods of." As Martin Heidegger draws upon Rilke's Angel by writing "What Are Poets For?", Robert Duncan's CAESAR'S GATE realizes a new chapter in Lorca's hallucination of New York. In its turn, Heidegger's essay is the greatest critical piece to date about what's going on in CAESAR'S GATE, and Heidegger has never read the book.

2. There seems a collective vision of death coiled thru-out the four. Poets are "los que buscan la lombriz en el paisaje de las escaleras" . . . it is the Spanish German Manhattan landscape of the poem, and its heightened imaginings. There is the collective vision of the Void, commanding creation and death. The poems exist here as Heidegger's "concentrated rebounds" off Death.

3. Continuing in line with the Lorca: our image of the crystal, the seed planted in our imaginations by Pound, cuts thru the baked clay foreground of POETA. We see: "shapes seeking crystal" (p. 3), "the crystals withholding the never-repetitive wave" (p. 45), and "shapes sought the rounds of the serpent, / fixed in definitive crystal" (p. 83) . . . where shape, or the imaginative form is brought into the crystal purity of the poem. Clearly, the underlying structure for the essay in my typewriter comes forward as Pound-H.D. for Duncan's intersecting lines; Nietzsche & Husserl, for Heidegger's.

4. I see Duncan best in Lorca's "Tu Infancia en Menton", where the childhood ("Yes, your childhood, a fable for fountains now.") is Robert Duncan's childhood; his fountainhead, remembered & flowing as a fountain of fresh poetry now. And the second line gives us H.D., as the speaker, "The train and the lady who overflows heaven." Of course, the train is the "train of thot", which fills Robert Duncan to overflow: in The H.D. Book.

The Poet-Dasein, in its writing the poem, "lets the words 'be'," as they lift their fascinating veils to his enamoured eyes fixed in the turning of one line, ambiguous, upon the next. While 'in' this brief, pure state of Absorption, the Poet-Dasein denies,

for that while, his Being-with-Others and suspends his Being-in-the-world dangerously above The Void ---accepting, as its own, the mood its poem is taking in-the-writing. Thus, we have the "mood" of a poem as inauthentic-but-the-acceptable 'mood' in the Poet-Dasein. The Poet-Dasein's realm is 'seen', however fleeting, as Being-in the world of Poetry, as it becomes transparent to the poem. We now see that Dasein has 'the poet' as a Being-in, while 'Poet-Dasein "is" only during its act of writing. The poet 'is' unable to write the poem, because his concern is in remembering Poetry. It is the Poet-Dasein that 'is' without willful mind or memory beyond the 'now', writing-down the poem, attending Poetry, "as it comes" characteristically during composition.

In its all-absorbing concern for the poem's Being, the Poet-Dasein has forsaken the Einebnung, the "leveling down" of language by the "they" as it is experienced in everydayedness: for, from the first, the Poet-Dasein has seen that 'language' is an existential. It is told this message thru the poem. And in the 'unmistakenness' of Pure Imagination, the Poet-Dasein is Being-in Nodayedness, during which its Being-alone warps 'beyond' the entities encounterable within everydayedness, and folds back upon itself in its concern for concernfulness. We write a poetry about poetry. Structurally, the 'concern for concernfulness' is seen in the poem's relationship to Poetry, and in the Poet-Dasein's to the poet. When this later and manifold state of 'concerned-concernfulness' occurs as an issue in the poem, THE POET-DASEIN IS RETURNED TO HIS EVERYDAYEDNESS AS A POET arguing "literature" & making points not poetry, and its poem realizes a 'stop'.

\*

from iii. Anxiety in Art.

... Poetic analysis has for a primary characteristic abandonment to words and 'mind'. It exists 'free' from any logic which is not already its own-by-being-Poetry. My understanding of Heidegger thru the reading-remembering of his texts has somehow made itself manifest in my realizing an increasing number of mistakes as they occurred-before in my own writing this essay. That these errors & omissions will stand as testament is a discussion itself disclosing Poetry as structurally its-own-self in the projection of the poem, which is 'continuous & going on'. Editing-out expos facto is therefore an inauthentic mode of "dictating" the poet's anxious concern upon the poem, to somehow "make it (be) good"?: a conscious manipulation designed by the poet in his illusionary hope of "correcting" or, at least "aiding", the Poet-Dasein in its absentia; running counter to the character of the poem's 'becoming; its Self. In his anxiety, the poet does not trust the Poet-Dasein. As we have previously had it, the Poet-Dasein cannot 'comprehend' its poem while actively projecting the composition by 'letting it be'. Only Poetry, having the ability to 'see' before-hand its-Self, can be said to

authentically dictate the poem.

2. "THE STATE OF FALLENNESS IS THE ONTOLOGICAL  
'DISTANCE' WE ARE EVEN NOW, IMPOSSIBLY, INTO"

The ontic-self of Poetry  
is  
the poem, which is being only-now written.  
Once the Poet-Dasein writes the poem,  
the poem passes  
from it, into the Memory of the poet if  
'the poet is gifted',

. . . but, the poem passes between these realms  
INTO BEING-POETRY! The poet  
in his ontological state  
of fallenness  
realizes, thru  
t h e ambiguity turning transparent  
turning, if the poet's right "into  
Poetry", realizing  
that he must  
characteristic of his own 'being  
the poet', ontically ACT NOW:

Write a poem!

in one 'more' attempt to re  
member, thru Grace, the body of  
Poetry. cup  
its sweet blood, to my lips.

3. In the introspective gaze of the poem-being-written, the  
Poet-Dasein plunges out of Itself (the poet) into its-Self. First,  
thot is released upon entering the state of 'being in the poem';  
the Poet-Dasein heeds it, plunging thru; finally 'seeing' its-Self  
in the words of the poem.

5. . . . and are we not truly 'called' to be poets? the call-of-Poetry  
as understood by the Baptist poet is very close to Heidegger's having  
"The call (that) is from afar unto afar. It reaches him who wants  
to be brought back." (B,T, p. 316). The poet is called-back in his  
fundamental Understanding that 'language' is not "discourse."

And, concerning the temporal occassion of the Poet-Dasein's  
writing the poem, "If the call has so vague a target [i.e.,  
structurally, the relationship of the freed poem in Poetry], then  
it might at most remain an occassion for Dasein to pay attention to  
itself." (B&T, p. 317). See agin the last paragraph of Robert  
Duncan's Prose Piece "Equilibrations".

6.....

O, thrown much-abandoned  
line  
who can only know  
unity  
in death!

Whose fundamental structure of unity  
is care. I  
care. And very few others  
but some of them, great men.

a fragment from

'THE FLEMISH TAPESTRIES AT WAWEL CASTLE IN CRACOW'

. . . are pictured, thus appearing, before us  
men, seated "in  
the observatory of their thot." (Baudelaire)  
un-winding stair, that traces  
the lonely whisp of height as the tower is  
-thin, repeating out-line held against obscure nite.

We approach it, near boats dreaming of far ocean,  
taking it for bets :the first light-house  
on Lake Erie? :the oldest still-standing?  
an undetermined structure, hidden by brush,  
existing

outside of its singular intent, to-love  
out-lasting the mean meal meals of its masons.

Secret Society;  
Receptacle, or gun?" for Light.

or, the stars which are lasting forms  
of original learning . The Source, beyond formulation.  
"The larger path."

texts, to the Ancients  
(star-gazers, nocturnal, naked-eye observers) -doorway, to the

faithful, suddenly transforms, the room  
huddled observers in the nite of angelic  
passover!

starry processional !  
- long, plank table that tapers off into  
a depiction of the distance, like a door falling horizontal !  
- shortening plank, tables stationed behind  
the unguarded doorways  
of their budding faith,  
often left, unlocked .  
banging, in the slight breeze .

READING RICH BLEVINS' ESSAY "THE MOMENT OF VISION"  
AND, THINKING OF POUND'S CANTOS

He enlarged our sense of the impossibilities of what we are doing. Advanced the scope of feeling into intolerable limits.

We have not simply to imagine, but, for Romance's sake, to seek out--for until we recognize the nature of what we seek and its place in the Actual our imagination is insubstantial; and we have, more, to search the face of the imagined, for the sake of ripeness to bring all of our senses and potential intellect to dwell therein. Take interest thruout and have our concern there toward wholeness. Into a passionate regard to admit what we can know of it. Needs persistent study, needs daring to acknowledge in our adherence what puzzles or annoys, what is hard to know of it. To admit "the world" into Man's counsels, as to admit "humanity" into our animal being.

So, the poet prays again. Let me take my being again in the quick of appetite. I treasure the comfort that leaves me tender.

Rich writes that in Heidegger's analysis, Dasein may "interpret all its ways of behaving as 'concern', is concerned with interpreting. We are initially translators then; and in coming into our native speech learn that language as we translate our selves into language. We did then come from an other world, for sure. And the problems of translation are not secondary to our being *native*.

The situation is not ambiguous in the sense that it does not tell us clearly what ways it will go. It does tell us what ways it will go, so that we are potentially surprised in the determination of the way that emerges, and pleased, because it verifies among our expectations the presence that can be determined of a particular way. We take identity in the thought of its assertion. The quality of the actual--its irreversibility, its imposition as necessary condition of our engagement with What Is --all this heightens the field of probabilities in which it arose.

"Other" ways have depend or thinnd values of being: background, rejection, reflection, resonance, conflict of attention entirely in relation to the actual path. We "realize" that we have taken the path we have. It is not redundant. It is not *given*. But every alternative is kept alive in the recognition of this way being taken in the actual.

Can we describe the sense of what we actually imagine? Can we pose that we imagine we imagine?

I *do* have the sense that we can claim to imagine what we do not actually imagine. But once the claim is accurately posed as the claim it is, once the claim is so actual to us, does not the imagination begin to come in to fill it?

The man is so at work lying that he comes upon the frontiers of the truth he is trying to cover everywhere. A fearful intimacy with the possibility of an increasingly vivid Truth breaking thru.

NOTES Oct. 31, 1973

ON THE STRUCTURE OF A POETIC TEMPERAMENT

What requires or leads to the development of an Art is any action meaning to be responsive in a field of information. At least one must have the animal cunning of an artful dodger to check out where one is exposed as one rips off the scene. This "art of survival" is a minimal appearance of what in great artists--in a Shakespeare or a Dante in poetry--becomes a universal imagination of What Is happening in what they are creating. Shakespeare works in an imagination of the operation of "his" work not only involving an imagination of its life in the various imaginations of his immediate audience; but also in the mind of an ideal reader who so approaches Man's condition--the drama of the social species--that the study of Shakespeare's creation opens up more of the reader's Man-Self than he had known. The Jungian will say Hamlet, Lear, and Othello are archetypal. But what "types" beyond or outside of these specific dramatis personae have such a depth as these have that belongs to their place in the individual plays themselves? They are *essential* in their humanity, and arouse in us a recognition of our own *essential* passional existence. [That is, of our so belonging to just our specific lives as plays; we have our powers in the imaginations of Man as we fulfill the plot or design of a play that is not archetypal but most specific.]

The process in Poetry is the incorporation of an event in language. That we take that event at all to be "Poetry", i.e., Making, or Creation, means we take a body to be of a creational order. Not until, with the reawakening of the Spirit of Romance (where Pound's study remains fundamental for us), the theology of an initial model creation disrupted in a fall and suffering, an eschatological history, gives way to a theology of a creation in process, i.e. of a God who creates and is created in his Creation, of a God making Love, making himself actual and real, does "Poetry" proper become possible.

All thought on morphology, the evolution of species, the nature of composite bodies and of the co-operation of forces in a field, of configurations and constellations, and of universe in process or a *living* universe (i.e. a universe where at the chemical level living and dying elements are recognized thruout) wherever *science* raises new dimensions of what is at issue in the processes of the physical universe, our concepts of what is at issue in the incorporation of an event in language, of what is going on in a poem as a body, are enlarged.

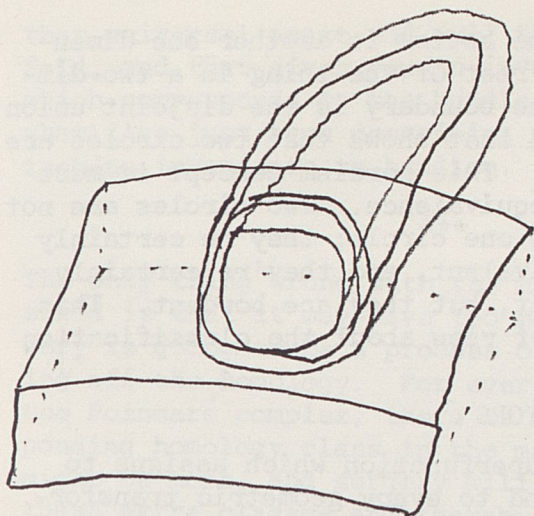
That each individual body cell specialized as its role in the larger incorporation is--as brain, or muscle, or skin, or blood-cell--is within itself incorporate, carrying the full body of necessary functions and design-information: its specialization has its order in its incorporating the role it has, identity, within the larger society. This is to say, every cell, each part in the poem, in health, has at work its imagination of the order of the Whole as its creative Will (as in turn the larger body must have in health at work its imagination of the solar system body). And where that information is lost or over-ridden, the cells is in illness, in wrong; and appears as a disorder of the larger body.

### An Example of HOMOTOPY TYPE

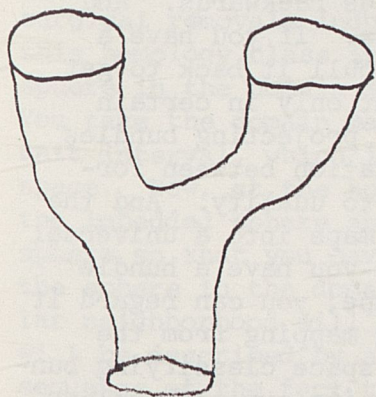
From the point of view of differential topology, or topological topology, there is a distinction between the following two shapes: take a circle and stick a tail on it, and take a circle without the tail. Those are different shapes, topologically; even though, topologically, a circle is the same as an ellipse, it is not the same as a circle with a tail coming out. However, from the point of view of homotopy theory, they are the same, and the sense in which they're the same is that you can change one into the other by deformation, which shrinks that tail to a point. If the tail were to contain another circle in it, then you wouldn't be able to do that. If the tail is just a line, going in an arc of some sort, then you can pull it back. More precisely, two shapes are homotopy equivalent in the situation where you have shapes A and B and there is a continuous function from one to the other and another continuous function back, so that if you compose the two functions, the composite on either shape can be deformed into the identity function on the other shape.

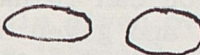

### COBORDISM, OR BORDISM

Two manifolds of dimension  $N$  are bordant if there exists a manifold of dimension  $N + 1$  whose boundary consists of the disjoint union of the two. Here's an example of a bordism between two circles and one circle. Take a torus, the surface of a donut, and line it up vertically; now cut it halfway and throw away the top. Now what you have is half of a donut and its boundary consists of two circles. Down at the bottom of the torus, punch a hole; so the boundary down there is one circle. The boundaries of this whole thing, this punctured half-torus, consist of two circles at the top and one circle at the bottom. The two circles at the top are a one-dimensional mani-




Surgery  
or  
attaching a smooth cell



cobordism between  and 

or

the result of surgery on 

fold; the circle at the bottom is another one-dimensional manifold. The rest of the thing is a two-dimensional manifold whose boundary is the disjoint union of the two circles and that shows that two circles are bordent to one circle. This bordism concept is much weaker than homotopy equivalence. Two circles are not homotopy equivalent to one circle; they're certainly not topologically equivalent, and they're certainly not smoothly equivalent, but they are bordent. This is a very weak point of view about the classification of manifolds.

## FUNCTORS

A functor is a superfunction which assigns to every space a group and to every geometric transformation between spaces a corresponding algebraic transformation between the groups. A co-variant functor is one in which the algebraic transformation goes in the same direction as the geometric transformation. A contravariant functor is one in which the geometric transformation goes in the opposite direction, so if you have a geometric knot and corresponding algebraic objects and the geometric knot goes in one direction, the algebraic transformation goes backwards. And that's the situation for bundles. If you have a bundle over one space, you can pull it back to get a bundle over another space, but only in certain circumstances is there a way of projecting bundles forward along the map. The relation between forward and backward is connected to duality. And the bundle functor is clasified by maps into a universal space for bundles. So whenever you have a bundle over a manifold or over any shape, you can regard it equivalently as a corresponding mapping from the shape into a certain universal space classifying bundles. This universal space has its own co-homology, which is another kind of functor. There are invariants which you can think of as living on that universal space, and given a bundle over your manifold, you regard it as a mapping from the manifold into the universal space, and then take the invariants on

that universal space and pull them back to the manifold, and that gives you an invariant on the manifold which corresponds to the bundle on the manifold. So what I've just been describing is a process for attaching invariants to bundles.

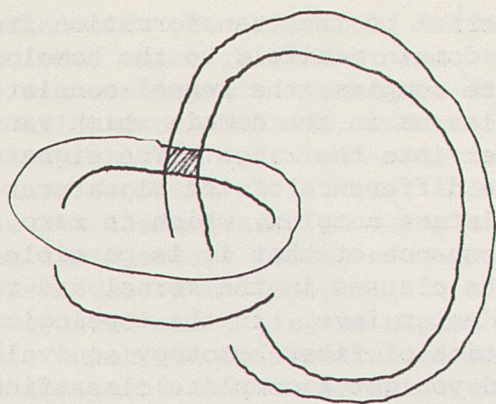
\*\*\*

The only thing wrong with the manifold you've synthesized is that it may have too much homology, and surgery is going to be a process of systematically killing off the homology. For every homology class in the Poincaré complex, there is at least one corresponding homology class in the manifold, but there might be more, and surgery will systematically remove these extra classes and thereby change the manifold to a cobordent manifold, which now has the same homology as the Poincaré complex and will therefore be homotopically equivalent. So, suppose that you have a homology class which is superfluous; what this means is that you have a homology class in the manifold, which, under the transformation that you're given to the Poincaré complex, vanishes. It's this homology class which we want to remove. By doing the surgical removals inductively, you can assume that this homology class is represented by an imbedded sphere in the domain manifold. Now here's surgery. You take the domain manifold and multiply it by the unit interval, which is to say: just float it thru space. Now, at the top end of this cylinder, draw the imbedded sphere and now thicken the imbedded sphere so that you have a tubular neighborhood of the sphere in the domain manifold. Now this tubular neighborhood will be a product neighborhood; it will be described by a trivial bundle; this is a consequence of the fact that: A- the stable normal bundle of the sphere in Euclidean space is trivial; and B- that the normal bundle of the manifold you're given is a pullback of the bundle given over the range of the Poincaré complex. The imbedded sphere representing the homology class which you want to re-

move is imbedded with a product neighborhood. Now attach a disk to the top of this cylinder, its boundary being the imbedded sphere, thicken the disk (multiplying it by the perpendicular disk that you used in constructing the tubular neighborhood of the sphere in the domain manifold), so as to get a thickened disk which is glued onto the top of the cylinder. That was surgery. Now you have, at what was the bottom end of the cylinder, the original manifold, and, at the top, a new transformed manifold. I'll give you one example of this. Take a sphere and put two points on it. The two points will be a zero-dimensional sphere which, in some sense, we're going to remove from the two-dimensional sphere. Or let's do it in reverse. Take a torus and remove a vertical circle. The neighborhood of that vertical circle is a little strip. Okay, we multiply the torus by an interval. That gives you a donut that's been hollowed out in the center (as the torus contracts). Fit a disk on that vertical circle on the inside; thicken up the disk. You now have a three-dimensional manifold, whose outer boundary is the original torus, whose inner boundary is a sphere. By doing surgeries like that on the imbedded spheres in the domain manifold, which represent the homology classes which are superfluous and which we want to remove, you gradually eliminate them upto the middle dimension.

Grossinger: Where are they now?

Dropkin: The surgery having been done, those spherical classes are now no-homotopic. From the point of view of homotopy theory, all you've done is attack a disk whose boundary is the circle; in this new situation, you can shrink that sphere up over the disk to a point, so that sphere doesn't exist. Surgery is a way of simplifying the homotopy theory of the manifold. The circle is no longer part of the sphere. So the whole obstruction to finishing this surgery and creating the manifold we're looking for lies in the middle dimension, and we're now trying to



plumbing two cylinders

The boundary is now a circle.

The analogous 10 dimensional plumb has boundary homeomorphic, but not diffeomorphic, to a 9 dimensional sphere.

$$\text{Signature} (M_{\text{spin}}^{8r}) = \Delta_{8r} (\gamma(M)) \cap [M]$$

Signature formula for  $8r$  dimensional spin manifolds, computing a geometric invariant in terms of the algebra of real vector bundles.

do surgery of the kernel of the transformation from the homology of the domain manifold to the homology of the range Poincaré complex, the kernel consisting of those homology classes in the domain which vanish when transformed over into the range. The signature of the kernel is the difference of the signatures of manifold and the Poincaré complex, which is zero, so, as a geometric consequence of that it is possible to do surgery on all the classes in the kernel and to kill it off. At a deeper level, in the topological category, this question of fiber-homotopy equivalences becomes trivial, and you get a complete classification of those manifolds within one homotopy type by the bundles that satisfy the signature formula.

Grossinger: Do you find the same complication in the world?

Dropkin: The world is much more complicated than this.

Grossinger: Of what order of condensation of complexities are you involved in with these formulas?

Dropkin: A very high order. To explain this to someone who wanted to be a mathematician, to explain just the homology functor and the signature as a homotopy invariant, to get that far rigorously so that you could actually operate with it is thirty or forty hours of lectures at least.

Grossinger: But what is being condensed?

Dropkin: The way that mathematics works is that you start from definitions, such as a manifold, a topological space having the property that for every point in the space there is a neighborhood which is homeomorphic to an open subset of Euclidean space and such that the change transformations which compare the homeomorphisms for any one neighborhood with the homeomorphisms for another neighborhood are themselves smooth maps between Euclidean space, and that takes place at a level you can und-

erstand once you understand calculus in higher dimensions, which is more or less the level that Newton was working at. There are similar definitions for all the other terms, and then there are theorems which give universal relations which are not obvious from the definition, and then they become concepts themselves. An example of a theorem is: that the homology groups of a space are homotopy invariants. I'm simply taking all of that geometry for granted and trying to explain these formal concepts which can be constructed using algebraically the equipment that comes out from that geometry.

Grossinger: Thus mathematics is bringing into being these things which must already be in existence, because if they weren't already in existence you wouldn't know when you had found them.

Dropkin: You can take the other side and say that mathematicians are capable of creating reality. The way I would look at it is: that topological things exist because they exist in the minds of mathematicians and not have to believe that they exist independent of mathematicians. I see mathematics as a system of perception, and the question of whether it's really out there or not is irrelevant; it's really out there because we really see it out there. And that's good enough.

Grossinger: I wonder if you'd end up at the same place as Lévi-Strauss, suggesting that all this patterning arises from the physiology of the brain and can ultimately be reduced to that with a complete map.

Dropkin: Von Neumann said a very similar thing. He said that it was obvious that mathematics was one of the secondary processes of primary process in the brain, and the implication was that different creatures would have different mathematics. The problem is that, at a very basic psychological level, everybody experiences that once you've learned enough so

that you can see what the problems are, you are forced to take the whole structure as a reality and not to question it; it has to be for real.

Grossinger: Is the process of increasing intelligence and perception exactly dependent on increasing the condensation? As training increases, can you make a mathematical statement of a certain given length come to include more and more and more because of all the relations that lead up to it?

Dropkin: Mathematics contains in itself methods of systemization that makes it possible to train young mathematicians so that they can master concepts that it takes a lifetime to build up, and obviously that's very important. It doesn't all have to be rediscovered. If you had to rediscover all the things necessary to understand what I'm trying to tell you now, I mean there'd just be no way.

Grossinger: It's really a model of culture itself.

Dropkin: It's a cultural form. It has high periods and low periods too. I mean, the distinction in mathematics is not between true and false, because every mathematician makes only true statements. The false ones are simply rejected.

Grossinger: By definition they're not mathematical. They're something else.

Dropkin: Right. I mean true and false in the sense of logically following. And so mathematics doesn't get bogged down on that kind of question, which physics does, but, on the other hand, it's a question of taste. Mathematics goes off into boring directions for a period and takes a long time to recover. Or threads are suggested and not picked up for a hundred years. So the real question in mathematics is whether you're able to be sensitive to what's relevant and what isn't. I mean the true/false thing is important, but everybody masters

that.

Grossinger: There's also a trivial/non-trivial thing.

Dropkin: .....which is the whole question.

Grossinger: Is a non-trivial direction a highly-condensing direction?

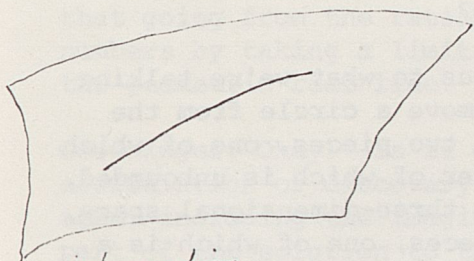
Dropkin: Not necessarily. That's one kind of mathematics, but there are other kinds, such as, knowing where to look in order to find something totally unexpected.

Grossinger: How do you find something totally unexpected?

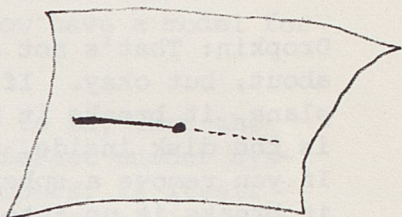
Dropkin: Not having done it yet I can't tell you. There's just suddenly this magical thing that in dimension four, a smooth-spin manifold has its signature divisible by sixteen and therefore a smooth almost-parallel manifold of dimension four has a signature divisible by sixteen, whereas the sort of general structure of  $G$  over  $top$  as related to geometrical periodicity is therefore different from  $G$  over  $PL$  by exactly a factor of two in dimension four, and this is like a wild miracle that where the fuck does it come from, nobody knows, and another expression of this is that  $top$  over  $PL$  is concentrated in dimension three where it has  $\mathbb{Z}^2$ , where its homotopy  $\pi_3$  of  $top$  over  $PL$  is  $\mathbb{Z}^2$ .....the third homotopy group of  $top$  over  $PL$  is  $\mathbb{Z}^2$ , which I expressed before by saying that  $G$  over  $top$  and  $G$  over  $PL$  different only in dimension four by a factor of two, and  $top$  over  $PL$  is completed concentrated in dimension three where its third homotopy group is  $\mathbb{Z}^2$ , and so topological classification differs from  $PL$  classification exactly by the factor of  $\mathbb{Z}^2$  right there; where it comes from no one knows; all the elements are things that you can understand.

Grossinger: Does it come from the same place that the numbers come from? Is it implicit in the existence of a numerical system?

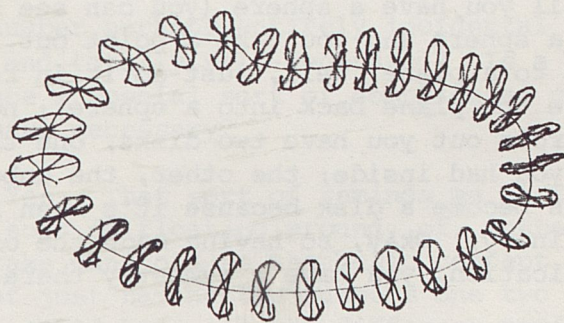
Dropkin: I don't know how to answer that, but I'll tell you why it is the spin manifold of dimension four is divisible by sixteen, and that's because, according to the signature formula, for four dimensional manifolds the signature will be exactly four times the  $\hat{A}$  genus. For reasons having to do with that formula that I was in the middle of trying to explain to you the signature is eight times another number (which comes out of a formula), and when the number is divisible by eight, that other number has to be an integer for spin manifolds, so when it's four more than a multiple of eight, that number has to be divisible by two, and that comes about because of the relation between bi-periodicity in the real and complex cases (real bundles versus complex bundles). All those eights and fours in everything, and periodicity, is that the complex numbers, which are two-dimensional over the reals, happen to be algebraically closed. And that's because the real numbers are perfect except that when you remove zero to get the multiplicative group, they fall apart into two pieces, and that's cured by going up to the complex numbers, which, when you remove zero, the center point, are now connected, and there's nothing wrong with them. That's why the complex numbers are algebraically closed, and that limits the Brauer Group of the real numbers to being just  $\mathbb{Z}_2$ , so that the only central simple algebras are the reals and the quaternions, and then that in turn limits the possible Clifford algebras, and that introduces periodicity and so on. And the fours and eights and all of that come from the basic two, so the basic two in geometry (and it reappears everywhere) is the geometric fact that if you take the real line and remove zero, then it falls apart into two pieces. Which is completely different from the next dimension where, when you remove a line from space, you don't get two pieces or anything like that. If you



intersection  
not  
transverse



transverse  
intersection



tubular neighborhood  
or  
normal disc bundle

remove a plane from space, though, you get two chunks

Grossinger: What happens when you remove a sphere from four-dimensional space?

Dropkin: That's not analogous to what we're talking about, but okay. If you remove a circle from the plane, it breaks it up into two pieces, one of which is the disk inside, the other of which is unbounded. If you remove a sphere from three-dimensional space, it breaks it up into two pieces, one of which is a bounded ball, and the rest of it, and if you remove a three-dimensional sphere from four-dimensional space, it breaks it up into a four-dimensional disk inside and an unbounded piece outside. However, to make it symmetrical, let's go back to the case of the plane where, when you take a circle out you have a disk inside and an unbounded piece outside. The thing makes more sense if you take the plane and at one point compactify it by soaking up the boundaries until you have a sphere (you can see how if you have a sphere and you take a point out, you can unfold it to a plane; well, just do it in reverse and change the plane back into a sphere); now if you take a circle out you have two disks, one the original disk you had inside; the other, the unbounded piece, has become a disk because it's been filled in up in infinity. Okay, so having made the one point compactification, you have a symmetry there.

Grossinger: If we go back, historically, to the point where the integers were the only numbers that existed, or the integers and the fractions....

Dropkin: .....and then the real numbers, which was a big step, because you filled in the holes between the fractions, and that's the point at which algebra and geometry became intertwined because the integers, although they have geometric meaning, miss that the basic interplay is between the real line, which is a purely intuitive geometric concept, and the real

numbers, which are algebraic, or a combination of topology and algebra in that they involve a notion of limit of rational numbers. And so the basic point at which algebra and geometry get mixed up is that going from the rational numbers to the real numbers by taking a limit, you now have a model for the geometric real line.

Grossinger: Okay. Is it correct to say that the accumulation or discovery of different number systems, including the imaginary numbers, is itself part of the solution to the problem implicitly introduced when people began to count things at all and use integers and fractions, even in the primitive sense? Or is it possible to say that the numbers which arise in a particular counting and recording-describing context, ostensibly to aid in practical and mnemonic functions, have other more profound properties from which different numbers, or quasi-numerical events, are found to be in existence, or are brought into existence? Is the mystery of number perhaps entirely incidental to the integers and totally self-generated? Is a topological space a special sort of complicated condition numbers make necessary?

Dropkin: Yes. That sort of reminds me of the idea, which is sort of floating around, of, instead of number, take manifold as the basic concept, and instead of just having the numbers one two three four, you could have all the different manifolds, all the different shapes and build a number system in which the elements are the different shapes and the operations are the ways of combining the shapes. However, the concept of number does seem to me a very very basic thing which overpowers all these constructions which are made from it. Some people believe that geometry is the basic thing; some people believe that number is the basic thing. I believe that geometry is the basic thing, but number is pretty basic.

PETER RUDDICK: (PROSE PIECE  
(2 WORKS OF SCULPTURE  
(( "Reach" -- epoxy resin,  
Marshfield, Vermont -- 4 Views  
(( "Sextant" -- reinforced concrete,  
White River Junction, Vermont --  
4 Views

The exploration of structure, form, organization and relationships pursuant of a *view of reality which is all inclusive* is and perhaps always has been an objective of artistic activity.

Are sculptors then engaged, like many philosophers and scholars, like Chomsky, in a spatial version of linguistic analysis. Are they also engaged partly in order to determine 'deep structure' in their respective fields. If sculptors are searching habitual three dimensional language for new expressions of an abstract truth how do they differ from the physicist whose field takes him (with perhaps superior 'sight') into the structure of matter or the structural engineer who is always (?) exploring new possibilities.

Perhaps the artist is learning more about man's hidden agendas than about the hidden agendas of the inanimate world. Then what about micro-physiology? Here we reach the major breach of scholarly activity. It seems we know much more about the structure of man's mind from his activity than we do from physiological sources. Is there any actual similarity between structures the mind creates and the structure of the mind itself? Is the mind hierarchic, serial, concentric, branching, linear convolutions etc. or some raw, living, dynamic soup capable of any forming, any structuring which passes through it? How much of the 'structure' of the mind is actually a product of the perpetual interpenetration of the body by the mind through the extensive nervous system and a product of that body's experiences?

Is art then simply pushing along the road traditionally followed by the animists? Certainly abstract

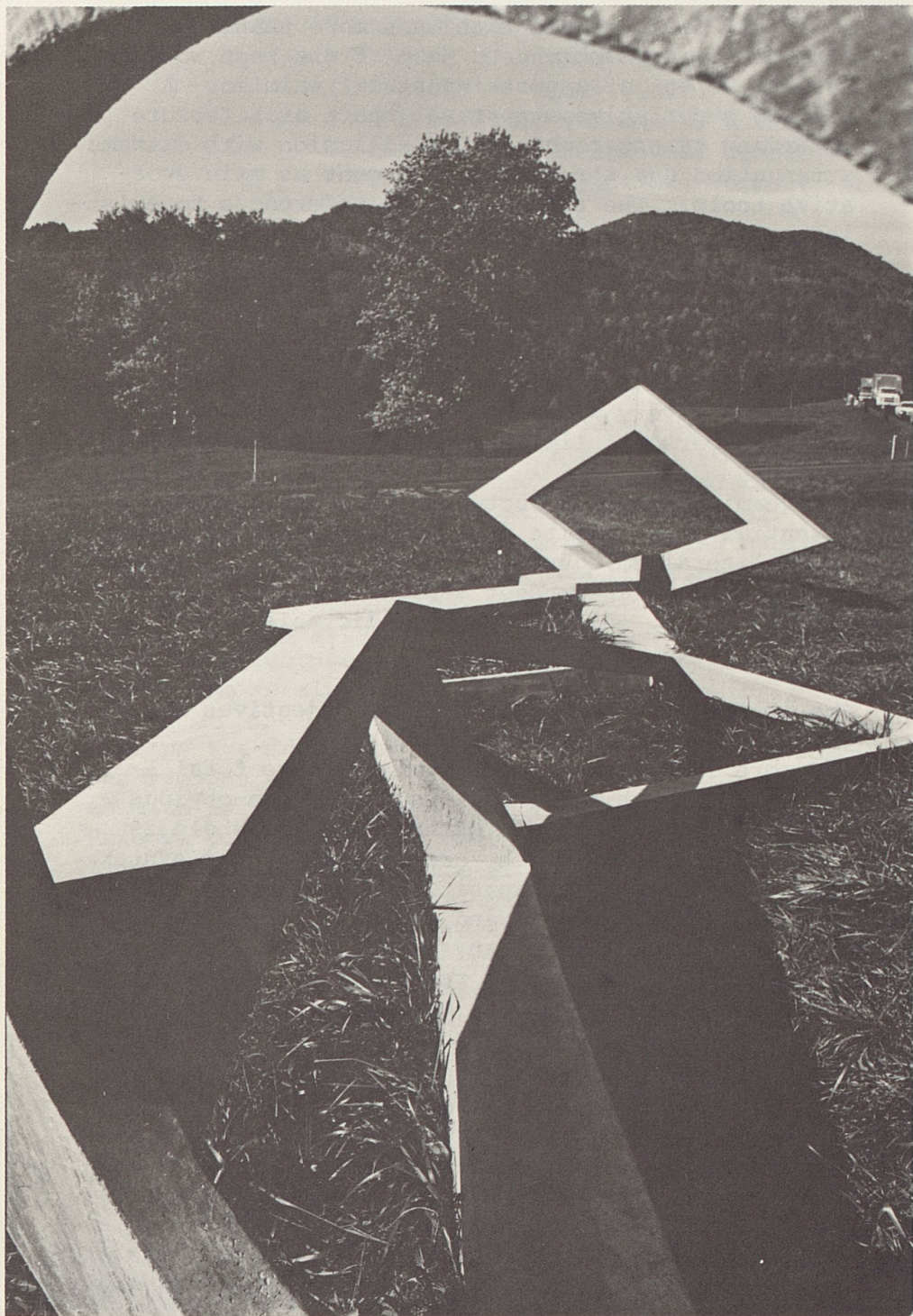
sculpture is concerned with much more than the human form or living semblance. Much of the best work now has the aspect of a post-industrial animism. A kind of superlative structural space architecture observing transparency and non-illusion with extreme attenuation and structural placement as main evocative tools. The refusal to use references to existing palpable or even spatial experiences pushes this mode into untoward exploration of abstract relationships which could easily be described as a second-generation constructivism in which the right angle is dumped as a dominant syntactical law and a gauche lyrical freedom is sought in which use of relational criteria is very wide and limited only by the artist's personal limitation or aberration.

Indeterminacy both structural and syntactical is an essential prerequisite for the practice of this form. Heavy literalism, obviousness of rhythm or structure destroys the transcendent aspirations and gives us often a large, shiny, boring predictable technological object.

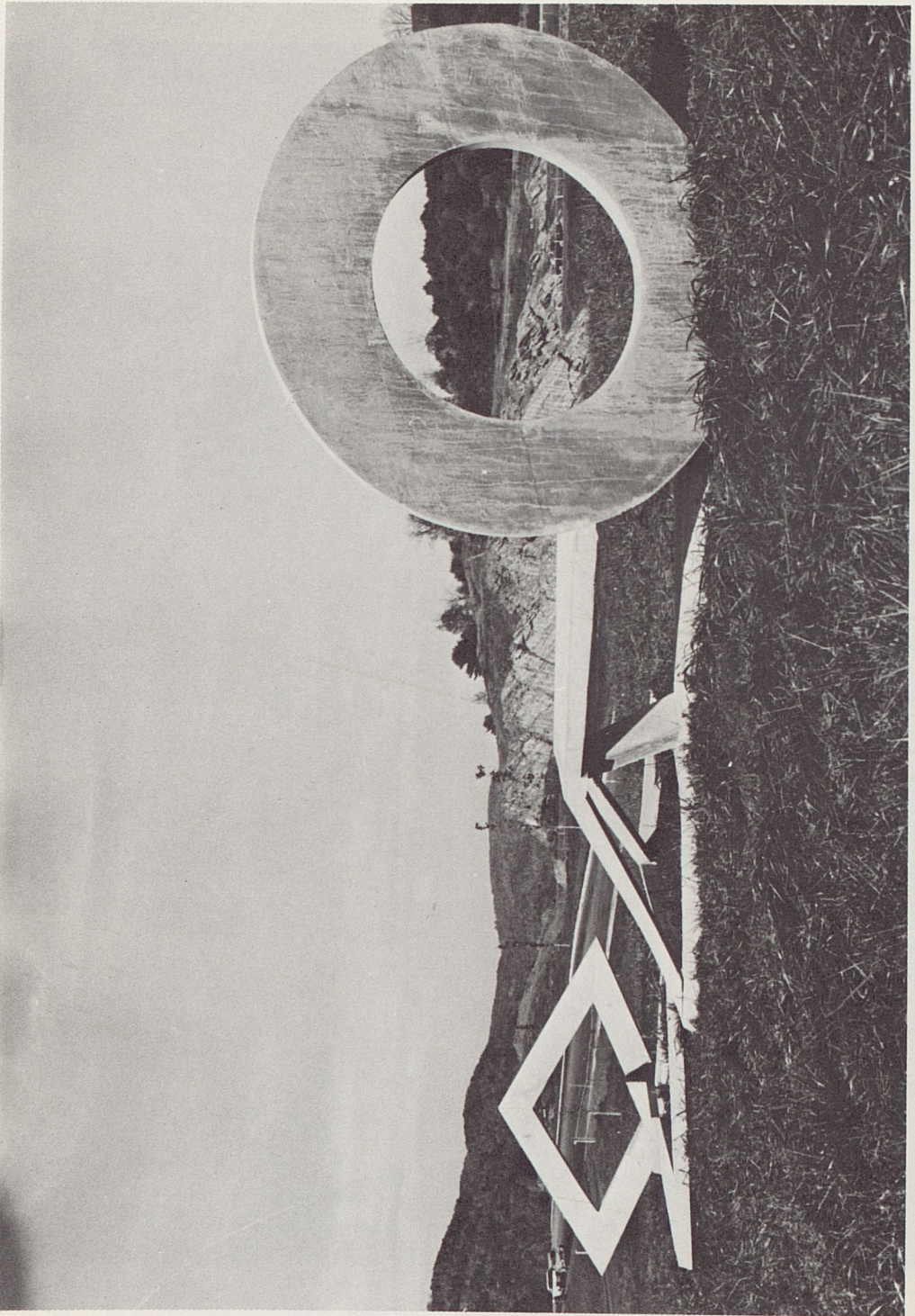
One of the possible philosophical objectives of this form is the *increase of language*.

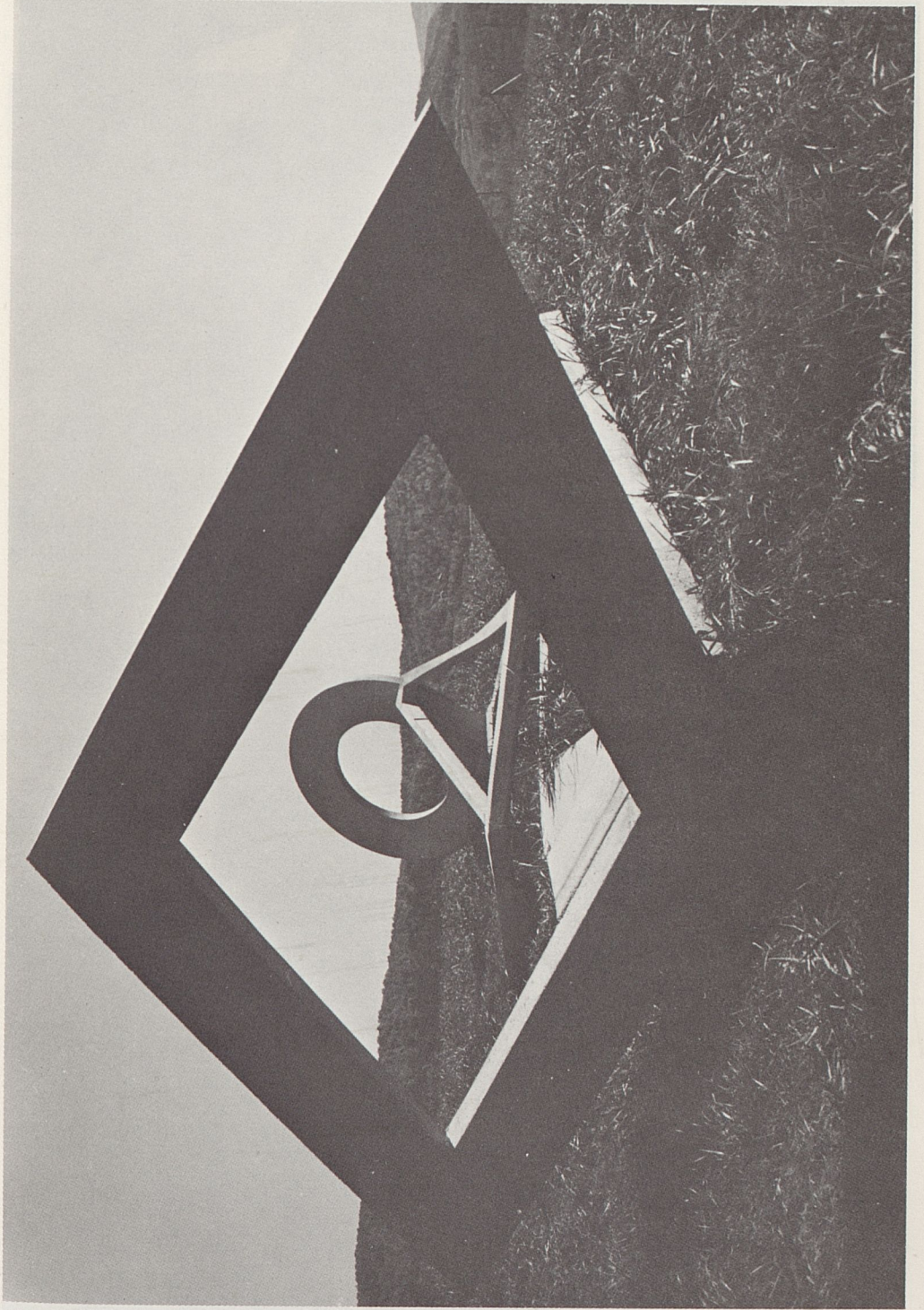
- more inclusive - more diverse - more total - whilst still achieving a wholeness by non-obvious non-gestalt methods. In other words the whole is held together only by the credibility of the syntax of relationships, juxtapositions, rhythms (or dis-rhythms) and structural and spatial placement. It is not held together by any simple conventional gestalts such as traditional rectangles or cylinders of virtual space or by linear sequences, obvious rhythms or 'images'.

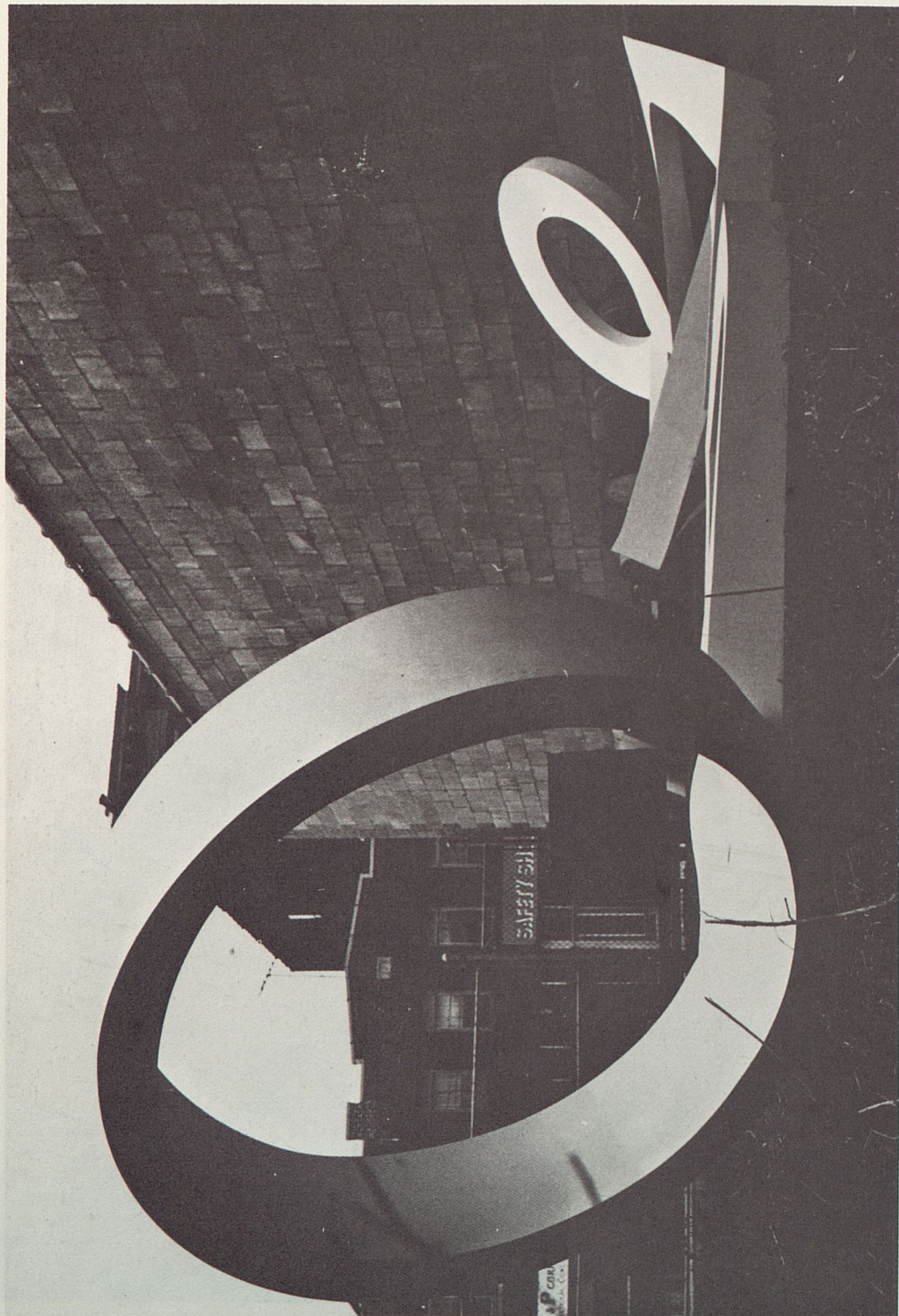
Thus another broad objective could be said to be a *creation of syntactical wholes*.



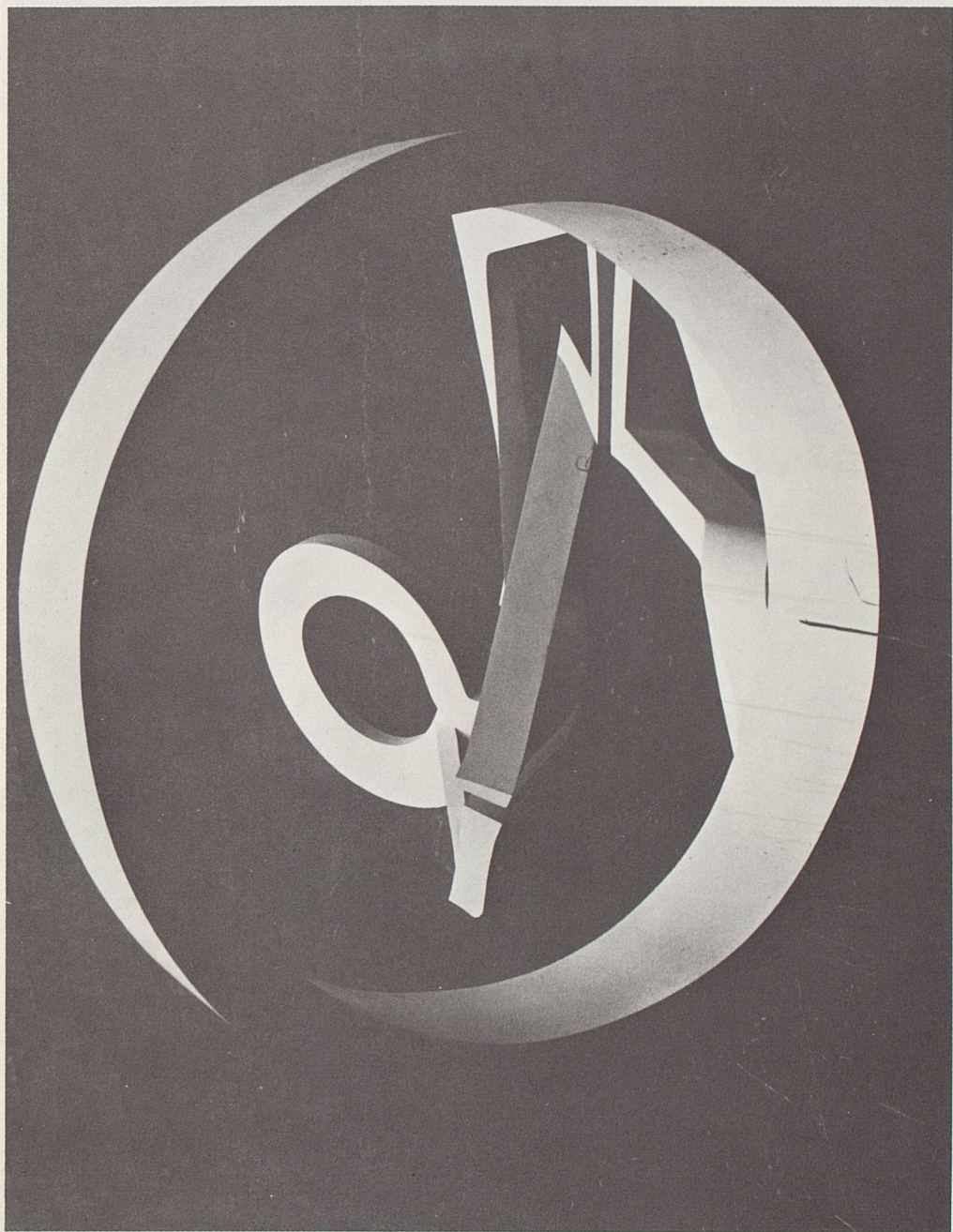


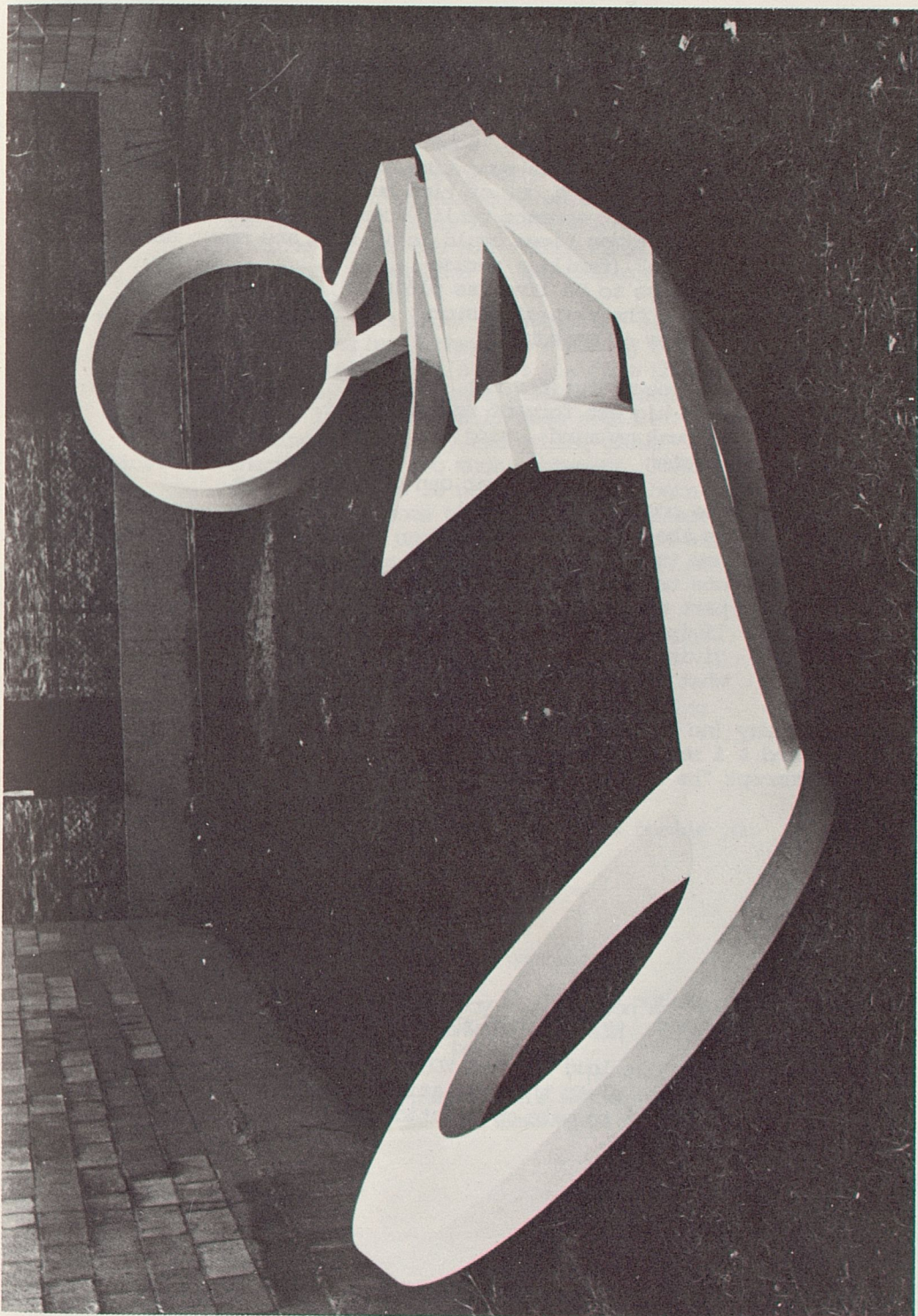












bp nichol:

sometimes as other sums of time are measured the day is not dark no  
but bright the light the actual pleasure that the sun is upon your  
skin you live inside your body sometimes or this one time the line  
is right to be spoken not as some time or other marked as the moving  
point is disjointed ripped out of time but as is seen the scene set  
not as set or play but moments reality continuums & not glum no seen  
in this way all times times could be as they are now assuming  
the form the "tu" (familiar phrase  
all days to be lived as pleasure  
inside the skin of history  
we know no measure of

why poems are (for me)  
that highest form of reality  
i speak my mind sing  
my song

long as the ear can catch the tune  
the poem *is* the rune  
as the man the man  
how you hand it on  
one to the other  
part of the action of  
living  
giving  
what you can

& i saw clearly as one does see the eye  
peels away (no other way to describe it) that layer of feeling blinds  
the mind & i saw clearly the poem is the man the man the rune & time  
the concept "he sings his tune as long as he can"

---

*talking about strawberries all of the time*

naming naming a noun is how youre found out his name is his  
claim to himself his verb is what he does about it today i  
wanted to shout out loud HOW ARE YOU not softly to myself no use un-  
less the rest make clear their relation to you is that clear  
i will attempt to make my relation to you clear first there

are some saints then there are some names there are no faces  
there is no description of their size there is some description  
of a face or two & a place they've been to there is a landscape  
second there is time to read third a bird passes thru  
each time one speaks

voice: i want to set a scene with no explanation of my name  
there is a plain thru which a river flows it  
is very old & folds & folds & folds now there is  
a cloud hiding the sun this could be a description  
of anyone at anytime the difference is that this description  
rhymes

2nd voice: i want to talk about strawberries all of the time is  
it very boring there is a poring of milk folding over  
red berries in a bowl & a face that smiles because  
it is so later there will be no description of any  
noun later there will less signs of frowning & more  
happiness lately everything glows

1st voice: there has been too much statement where there is  
statement there is no discovery there must be some  
statements some things have been discovered

2nd voice: that's enough uncovered later there will be much  
more that is not a promise do not promise more  
than you can deliver

1st voice: no

& the clouds flow the cloud flows  
like like like like like  
unlikely tho

over everything

one sings  
liking strawberries very much  
fresh from the garden  
when the sky is blue &  
your lady is your lover is beside you  
just so

\*

madness is language is how you use it if you are not mad you use  
it one way if you are mad you use it another way these are not  
categories there are many ways of both ways

a difficult thing

said simply is best always sometimes there are statements because  
statements are necessary this is some news i am telling about it

it is that hat again he wears on his head it does not suit  
him her error is the same she is too plain to be believed

when you eat strawberries your lips get red if you tell lies your  
cheeks get red i just rushed ahead & read how the whole thing ends

simply

there are many parts because there are many thots there  
are sections because there is a tension between them not what you  
think which brings one to the brink & the resolution

\*

strawberries julia are best fresh better than frozen straw barries  
& tin men & cowardly lions & let us continue the book of oz again

resemblances

tenses

& past  
participles

nipples are red as strawberries

a list is just sense

i rushed ahead to here  
& the whole thing ended  
as intended

is that clear

\*

nowlet me say this

he said it

good then its over

let us sleep let us be i was so happy just eating my strawberries

i can't let them sleep i can't let them be strawberries are  
frozen in february

\*

now let me say this again

he said it again

is it over

no

it occurs to me

it just occurred

it is my sense of self your selves deferred to a better judgement

it is sound & a startled sense of what is

tis

\*

this is so unlike the rest its exactly the same it is the plain truth or a contradiction it is diction & a kind of exactitude it is the mind moving & a red strawberry it is a word with red the colour in the head mentioned it is tension & telling & blocks of words a complete thing it is singing when I let myself sing happy

\*

tom said talking about strawberries all the time would bore me i'm talking about poets josie said

\*

using your voice is complicated this is a simple thing if you say things simply you sound like everybody else simple rythm is the same bent backs & a strawberry pulled out of the earth again

so

i am speaking it's me saints are you listening now i am using a longer line to let the words stretch out the voice becomes more mine as you would recognize it

& the visions between  
the eye & the world  
if you focussed on its skin  
you can't see

except to say it is this combination

of words is me these signs as long as this book exist longer than the red strawberry

*mid-initial sequence*

I

faint edge of sleep  
a literal fuzzing in the mind  
as tho the edge of  
what was held clearly  
became less defined  
the penalty paid &  
your father recognized  
for what he is

for W

HA!

the is

\*

orange

the vague light  
closing the eye

's lid

home plate

the late P

destroyed

leaving only b  
& n

beginning again

60

b n a

all history there

t here

opposed against the suffering  
we have yet to bear

\*

last note

no t  
no e

l as no

l body  
l where  
l w here

no w  
for w's sake

no is  
e  
against the silent sleep

II

bushes

dawn

the r rises  
brushes drawn  
the whole scene

the w hole  
into which the world  
disappears

d is a p  
pear shaped

dear H  
a p edges  
into the sea

sun

the unenviable s

\*

there is no desire for speech

there is no desire to spell

each gesture  
against the chaos  
must be made well

there is a stillness in the heart of the power  
as there is stillness in the heart of the storm

between the w & the d  
the in side of  
the mind

/'s a quiet place  
from which the power unwinds

\*

in vocation  
i am  
a singer

every letter  
invokes  
a spell

ing is  
the power

62

letters have  
over me

word shaping

addition of the l

\*

within the difference  
if exists

tensions a  
polarity

who is moved or moves  
a distinction a disparity

a.d.            a.d.  
history's spoken in  
the first four letters

all e to z  
outside the head's  
measure of our kind

man's time

\* (variation on a line by H.D. - in memory)

A.D. on  
is dead

let the H  
supplant the D  
in your sweet poetry

adonis head  
HE is the A.D.  
HE is not dead

the H is gone from your lips H.D.  
soft consonantal breath

the vowels are locked between the dark doors

dead

\*

whatever dies  
the secrets do not die with you  
the lore we all seek (l or e)  
choices are not disinterested

d is in t  
it is the old story HE lived thru  
HIS death & suffering  
33 years into HIS time  
22 letters left to pass thru  
what birth will herald the change

if the formula remains the same  
the era F.G. to follow A.D.  
E.H. is the next to bear HIS name  
reversed

                  mother muse  
you come before HIS time  
incarnate in a name now passed away

H.D. HE follows after you again

\*

11 years since i first conceived myself a writer  
took up the task to earn that name  
& now i see  
i (n) am e

can i speak in the midst of suffering  
address the cross we wear too carelessly

64

t i'm e  
part of the movement out of this dark time  
are we all trapped in a D we do not recognize  
i will never wear the H  
never see HIS face  
it is the apprentice's hips i spring from  
her loins

oh ladies i have named my muses  
the groin aches to serve you

it is the apprenticeship continues  
sail decorated with the single emblem P

let t err  
as it does in this time  
i'm struggling to learn my a b c  
d of  
our/HIS  
story

\*

"dogma i am god"  
it is all that's said  
woke this morning  
these words in my head  
a palindrome  
linked with an image  
of friends two poets i knew  
disagreed were not speaking with each other

d is a greed  
a gluttony of shape  
swallowing the era which it ends  
discorporates  
casts itself  
into its whirling quarrel with itself  
b d p q  
the first two separated by the c  
christ  
his birth  
ends the era comes before A.D.

is it the D of devil then  
the apocalypse the bible prophesied  
ends the age we live in

in dogma the d is on the left  
encountered first  
has the upper hand in our reading  
we are lead  
                  into the devil's works  
by our very view

                          god asserts the balance  
the cypher for our cyclic ages  
the g that will dominate at the end of F.G.  
leading on into E.H.  
His reign of peace  
"dogma i am god"  
heresy  
                  hearsay  
in the worse sense  
                          false pride  
who thinks to bestride the world  
because he feels crushed by it

May 1 - 14 73

*Astronomy In Armenia*

"Only a few people at Byurakan advocated the radical view; they argued that nothing less than a huge centralized program could give us a reasonable assurance of picking up whatever artificial signals may exist in our corner of the universe."

--Freeman J. Dyson

## I

The blue water of Lake Sevan  
lies under moonlight.

Markaryan points his spectrum  
telescope into the core of a galaxy

slowly exploding  
like a metropolis in a desert...

## II

In what

formal, ancient city can one imagine oneself  
to have stood, focused this way  
on the infinite? What scaffolding of stars  
marks the compass of a steeple or arch  
no sooner built by the mind than decayed,  
with only the constellation of an afterthought  
ruined by a slight, starry-eyed  
adjustment?

A cool wind moves  
over the plain, flickering points of light.  
Nothing is exotic, nothing is stranger  
than waiting. Markaryan lights a cigarette,  
thinks: One could spend one's whole life  
looking through the glass, without ever  
picking up the signal. But if he should,  
the whole earth would contract a little,  
in sympathy.

III

He lives in a large house and has made  
the whole of the observatory grounds  
into a garden.

On the highest hill the stark  
dome splits open like a huge pod.  
It is a cold night; the shrubs turn silver.  
The signals are zinging back and forth  
across the universe. A snowflake  
from nowhere falls onto his hand.  
He thinks of frost; his mouth is dry.

\* \* \*

Thought: in the "gaseous" state  
as against "solid" matter  
"hot to the touch"  
molten -- or skin temperature

at night the rods -- cat eyes  
the haunt: my room

a slight headache  
makes the cake denser

*motor*  
drones over  
topography not history

*condensed:*

\* \* \*

the intense blue star  
whose core is black

*you have come from there*  
and again, caught your  
flying face

and the still room  
lit, at sunset

\* \* \*

women furnish  
the cat who's treed

squalls & moans  
I'd ruther

be a slow still  
fomentin' in Georgia

*Shakespeare's* Georgia  
wilde beasties seen

through a periscope  
in Paradise

\* \* \*

*A Movement*

The various twitters & quirks  
Are birds & the sounds  
Are various as words are. A  
Variation in the emotional  
Occasion from which words spring --  
Emerges, as from the well  
Watered earth, where earth is  
Involved, where roots lead  
Nowhere, except where one  
Holds them, *climbing* --  
The dirt clings, thistles  
Cling to wool socks, as eyes  
See thistles  
As sharp, as thirsty  
Water rises in a tap  
As temperature, or some heavy metal  
Liquid, not to be tongued  
Or frozen. The chrome bumpers  
Pied skies, Coca-cola  
Malediction, not green

As goose is green, but white  
As bread is brown, *linen*.  
And trees will fall  
If sawed and sawed until  
There is no sound in the sawing

\* \* \*

*Poem*

The eye is  
crystal, but wavy  
sheets of water

flow across the  
eucalyptus,  
a *wind*

is weather. It  
streams, rips

off the  
leaves. Stone,  
storm rumbling

come down  
the mountain.  
Knock them down,

really  
*clobber* them  
clattering pins down.

There is pleasure  
in seizing the instant,  
in the act of, to

be inside your-  
self, all the way.  
Then, later,

talking, seeing  
the people diving  
into the pool,

shivering,  
beading drops  
on skin. It gets

larger, pores  
open in  
the light, the wind

echoes back  
to us, a clear  
space.

#### *4 Tantric Ikons*

if I die  
the World will Mend  
along the spine  
of oceans--

\*

a siren

is a glass of milk  
in the morning--

pulsing

\*

\*

I feel faint...

the dithyramb

\*

the red discs placed  
over the green discs &  
the black discs placed  
over the yellow discs

---

HARVEY BIALY

to/JDJ

the siren's secret is  
that she is silent

and the song we imagine her moving lips to be making  
is our own

the song is us we  
are the song  
the song & we  
are the same

there is then  
no song  
there is then  
no us

the siren shows this  
as no person  
to himself can

she is the mother of the rock  
she is absolutely irrefutable

"not the Khu in the Khabs"

a vial of rhomboid crystals  
a sceptre

a vial of saffron  
& a sceptre

something snake-like / out of phase  
about this eastern coast  
this soft spring air

this house next door  
she might have lived  
next door to any of us

one report gives her address as transient  
but mis/spels her name

"postHomeric Hymn to Venus"

give number texture  
& build a city

the ground is everywhere

the same

-at what points do words begin to leave the kosmos  
and inhabit a world of their own  
as the eleatics there is evidence  
engaged in "some very reckless experimenting  
with the possibilities of the newly discovered  
verbal instrument"

Parmenides as the bridge between  
geometrical space  
and the spoken logos  
so that his demon goddess  
points two ways:

The Necessary (which is Freedom

&

The Law (which is uncertainty, choice  
limitation, what men can do

daimon e panta kubernai

who holds her holds the heavens

she is a boat

dogs wolves coyotes jackals foxes  
& their twin brothers  
inhabit the jungle of her heaven

Aphrodite Urania (5)  
pentalpha (the 5-fold axis of heaven)  
the pentagram of Venus

here is a portrait of the goddess  
a time image of her motion  
limmed in the sky

"for such as have eyes to see"

(de S. Prologue to Parmenides)

& most over

Venus & her Dog

are the two brightest stars in the sky

a dialog

- 1: the most important thing to remember every moment  
is the seriousness of Death
- 2: the most important thing to remember at any moment  
is the moment. to know Death is at every moment present  
helps to remember
- 1: that makes Death an aid
- 2: would you want your Death to be your enemy

the fingers  
of both hands  
arcing at the tips  
the rise  
of a nipple  
the spin  
of a top  
the rise  
of a star  
a river  
two rivers  
breathing  
the rise  
of accord  
the progression  
of stars  
the precession  
of history  
the spin  
of the earth

the fingers  
of both hands  
touching

for C:O:

"reverence is the basis of true culture"

& you

"with your pack on your back"  
and the bones on your wrist

not trying  
to catch anything

but a ride by the side of the road  
a word or two  
in the summer's last sun

as  
memorial

Misspoken

Note, at the end, that this was the way I took  
to say it, whatever else I say, that this  
was the way. I wonder why we speak? Oh,  
to each other, yes: to you, even though

that also, finally, seems idle, seems  
a pretense of persons, a cruel mistake. We know  
that nothing needs our saying; there is nothing to say.  
I want to sit silent, listening.

The Pretext

The inescapable sense of dreams is how  
easily one becomes another, one place,  
for example, is soon another place and there,  
the people are sometimes the same. More often though,

they shift identities, Another time,  
the I is you. Waking, I marvel how,  
artificers, we rig stability  
of person, place and time, pretend it is.

Hypotheses

If this world were, I suppose it were much  
as we think it is. There are parts, of course, we have yet  
to work out--things no one knows for sure.  
Someone always comes up with something, though.

We too: I suppose, if we were, that this  
is what we were. I like to read about  
the various claims, talk to people, see  
what might have been if we were,--if the world were.

That man whom we call mad,--oh, he is lost,  
but so are we, granted we; no grant  
is granted to us, no granter, nothing to grant,  
none to be given to. Concede. Conceit.

We conceive conceptions of what is not.  
How else? How else? It is a scant world,  
We make what we can of it. We know our con:  
listen, we say to ourselves, I have a thing.

## POEM

Pinyon and scrub.  
Black sky,  
wind blowing thunder  
from where  
the sun rises.  
I want to know of  
Gods (goddamn them)  
wandering quiet  
in the mountains.  
My feet make noise.  
Three deer scatter,  
their dark bellies  
carrying birth  
for the mountain spring.

## THE NEW YEAR COMES

And the earth moves round  
And I'll wait near the place of the hole  
Where the spring comes out of the mountain  
The mud heavy with moss and flowering weeds.

---for Jane

## BULLS

The snow falls gently,  
and the bulls,  
their great backs covered  
white like the mountains,  
paw for grass, unconcerned.  
They got theirs this summer!  
And I? Well, last night

I made love, fine good love  
in the darkness with my lady,  
and this morning, with chores to do,  
well shit, I'm happy to let  
the snow fall / gently, gently,  
at my feet.

#### THE ARGUMENT

goddamnit, money too  
is song: high whine  
of blood in my meat,  
my head and heart.

I'll buy some beer,  
seed for my garden,  
soap for my bath.  
I'll drive my car.

#### PROPHECY FOR A SON

the mind turns, and with it,  
the body, the moon, the earth,  
the sun -- all worlds turn.  
death will be first born,  
and a woman will hold secrets,  
like the earth, her mother,  
and to them, you'll owe song.

#### WINTER PROSE

Two pairs of socks. Long underwear. Bluejeans from  
Penney's. Wool shirt. Quilted shirt. Bluejean  
coat. Pullover wool hat. Wool gloves. Leather  
mittens. Enough to keep a man warm when he gets  
out these winter mornings. Keep your toes moving.

But my hands get numb, ache with pain until I get something done. I get lazy in winter, write short poems, sleep much, spend time sick, wait for visions in sleep, drink too much, spend energy changing my life, split and cut wood, read the *I-Ching*, fuck my wife, go for walks, watch the baby, sing songs, go slow, go slow, think about bears and racoons, wander through books, stoke the fire, write letters, wait for letters, work only some for a living, dream in the daytime, keep warm, keep my family warm, watch the river, the ice, watch the deer and stray cats, watch the jays, magpies, juncoes, chickadees, camprobbers, a very few robins, watch the sun and the the moon, watch the stars, stay inside, watch a football game, talk with friends, drink with friends, watch the weather, talk about the weather, worry about my poetry, work at it, feed the goats in the morning, start the car, feed the goats in the evening, put up the car, eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner, keep fat in my belly, learn what I can (never can speak it), spend time hating and loving, want to change it all, want my sadness and agony, want whatever happiness, want the winter cold, want my woman, want the house warm, want the want to know myself, want my fear, my darkness, my songs. Susannah is crying for warm milk and only her mother can give it to her. In the black window the waning moon rises. Where do I go from here?

for John Glenn

When you first saw her there  
all holy in her seamless robe  
was it a kind of goodbye?

& in beyond the moon, following the light down  
to its blind fountain, & in, & through  
that first five millionths of a nannosecond  
that fuses all our circuitry to slag  
& hammers iron Newton to his knees

\*\*\*

Get in the habit of thinking of the moon as a sphere,  
see it as a sphere if you don't already. Try rough  
size/distance estimates. Seriously, why doesn't it  
fall down? Can you imagine what the astronauts see  
in the moon sky? Try to imagine it. 2001 is very  
good for seeing the moon round, a thing, like a round  
stone.

Think of the sun as round, see it as round, through  
clouds & mist, at sunrise & sunset. Think how bright  
it must be if the moon is so bright. See it reflected  
in water; catch it in the fork of a tree or between  
your fingers, until you can just bear it; look down  
into it, straight, just for a flash. Experiment  
with a wood fire; how far away do you have to be to  
feel a heat like the sun's on a hot day? Experiment  
with a forest fire; a hydrogen bomb. How big it is!  
If we fell into it would it be like a bowling ball  
falling into the Pacific? or a pingpong ball? or  
a marble? Size and distance estimates.

\* \* \*

One of the differences between me & Ezra Pound goes like this. There's an illustration of Meadow Saxifrage in an IXth century manuscript of the 'Herbarium' of Apuleius Platonicus; the blossoms are colored circles inside white circles, mounted on U-shaped stems, blossoms on both ends, little thorns for leaves. By 1050 the blossoms have degenerated to orange dots, & the whole picture is upside down. & then he (McClintock, *Companion to Flowers*) prints an illustration of Meadow Saxifrage, *Saxifraga alba*, Weisser Steinbrech, from l'Obel's *History of Plants*, 1576, where someone sat down & drew the flower, root to blossom.

Now Pound would simply have revolved 'saxifrage' in the light, to catch the stone-carving facets & 'my saxifrage that breaks the rocks', & beating back through insane veneration of a constantly decaying manuscript tradition to the real flower. That's one difference.

\* \* \*

This little boy throws a stone at an ant, which dodges & stumbles over a ball of mucous, which it eats. The liver fluke larvae in the ball of mucous bore into the ant's abdominal cavity, encapsulate, & mature, work their way into the brain of the affected insect, fix themselves in the nervous center, and compel the wretched animal to climb to the tip of a tall weed, where it hangs until a cow eats it, which gets necrosis of the liver, shits near a pond. One of these larvae, from the manure, swims about, finds a snail, bores into its skin, enters second larval stage, is expelled in small ball of mucous. Ball of mucous eaten by ant eaten by sparrow hit by car eaten by cat claws the little buggers eyes out

JOHN YAU:

JOHN DEE IN HIS LIBRARY, READING

(for Robert Kelly

This night, perhaps as the rain  
furious in its passing  
as stars are the myriad

- what swirled about him endlessly -

perhaps in this text of Chemes

that Amnael would come & speak  
to him as the sunlight, yesterday,  
through his window came to rest  
on the words he read.

Of angels: anywhere could be a beginning:  
in star charts, books on navigation,  
the color of wind.

As the leaves he knew to read  
& the feathers he knew to keep,  
as the leaves that always point to angels,  
as stars are the myriad.

Runes began to dance  
beneath the points  
of candlelight as he  
read to unravel: begin  
again to breathe  
the jewel of each word  
as the stars glittered  
outside his window.

What angels there were  
was where he sought: to find them,  
breathe their name, was to know them:  
hear & talk:

was an entrance into beyond  
the congress of stars, into  
the false name of an angel,  
silence, that collected  
more & more into the sieve  
of each day passed.

As stars are the myriad  
that glittered about him,

as the mixing of sunlight & rain

---



specialists in occult  
literature

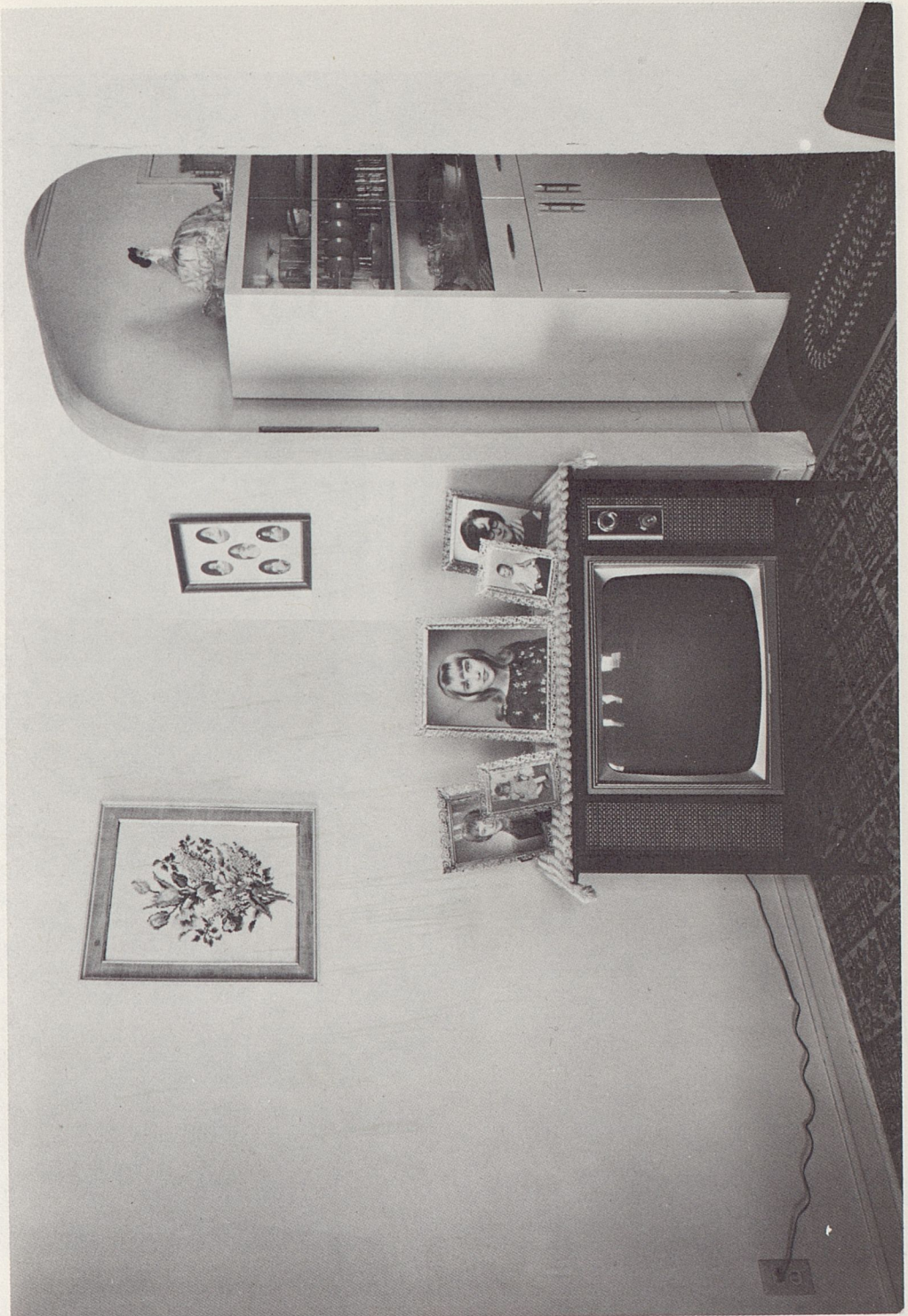
write for catalogue:  
734 Broadway  
New York, New York  
10003

212-477-8453

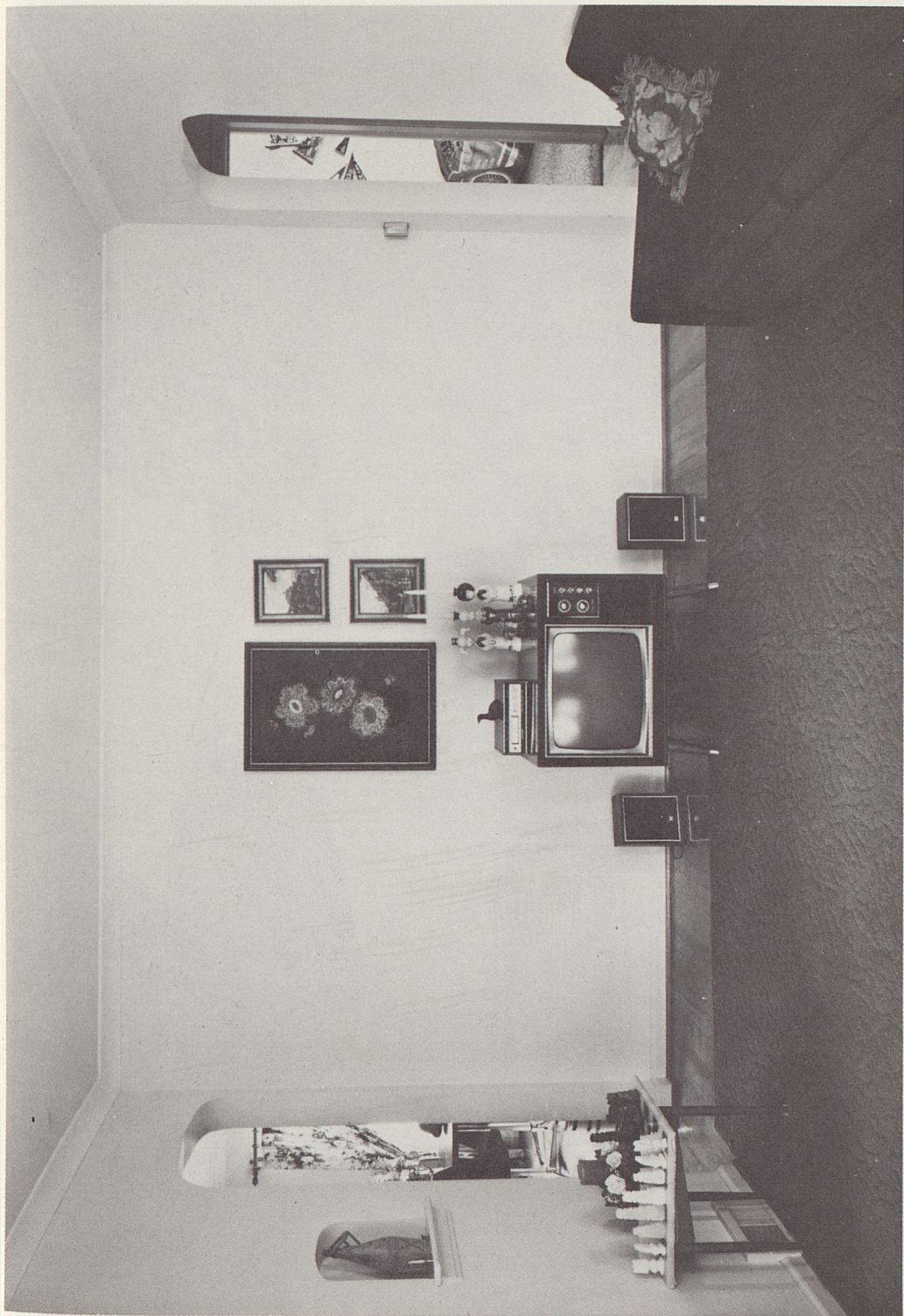
Samuel  
Weiser

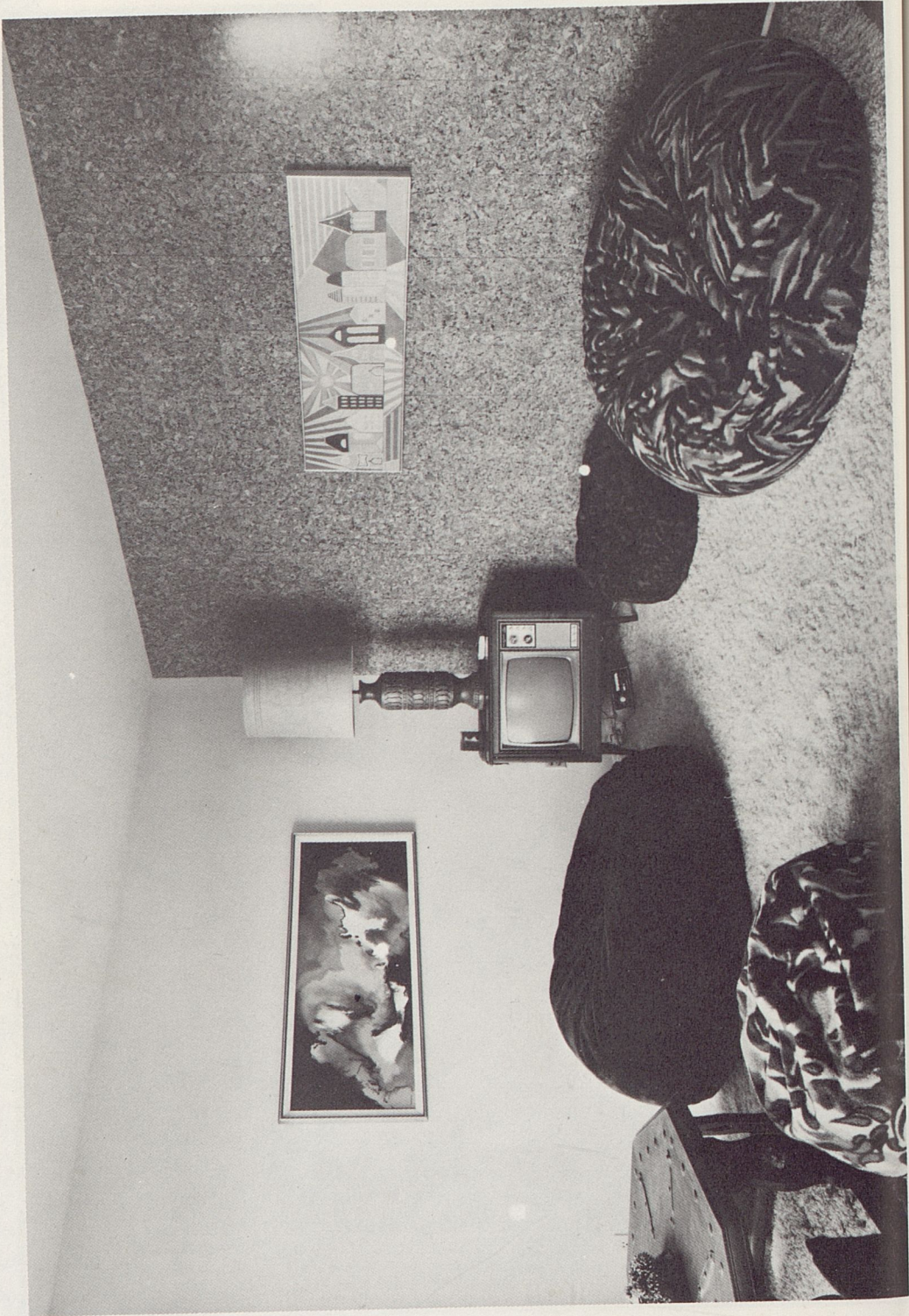
Captions

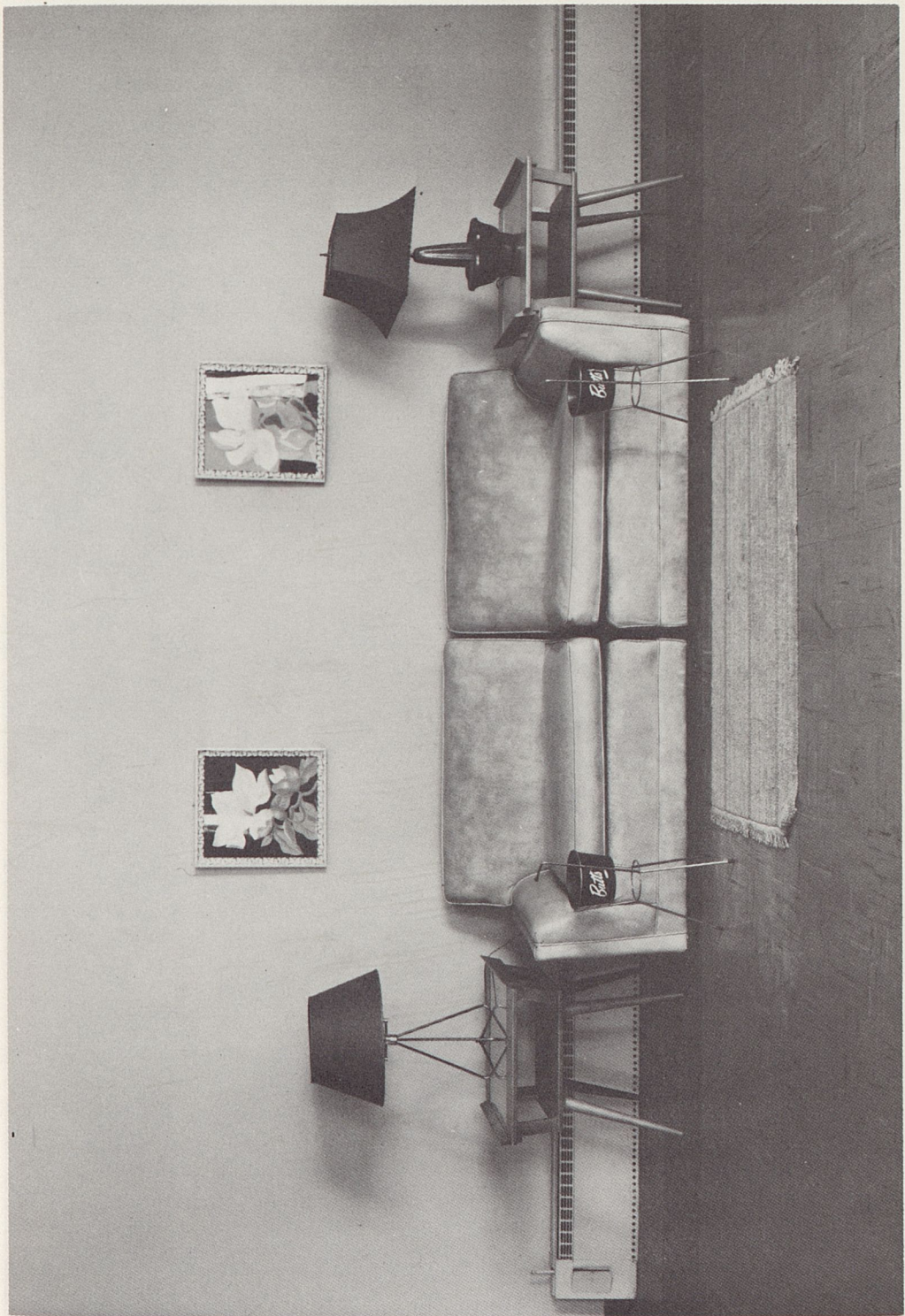
- 1- Motel Owner's Living Room, Los Cruces, New Mexico, 1972.
- 2- Living Room, Ypsilanti, Michigan, 1973.
- 3- Living Room, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1972.
- 4- Professor's Living Room, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1972.
- 5- "Ladies Room," Masonic Temple, Coldwater, Michigan, 1972.
- 6- Living Room at Christmas, Racine, Wisconsin, 1971.
- 7- Living Room, Ypsilanti, Michigan, 1972.
- 8- Dog Breeder's Living Room, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1972.
- 9- Legion, Smiths Falls, Ontario, 1973.
- 10- Dog Breeder's Living Room, Belleville, Michigan, 1972.
- 11- Living Room, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1972.
- 12- Living Room, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1973.
- 13- Figurette Health Salon, Detroit, Michigan, 1973.
- 14- Health Spa, Aurora, Colorado, 1972.
- 15- Mobile Home Park, Ypsilanti, Michigan, 1973.
- 16- Shriners, Toledo, Ohio, 1971.
- 17- Chateau Banquet Hall, Detroit, Michigan, 1972.
- 18- Roma Halls, East Detroit, Michigan, 1973.
- 19- Shriners, Charleston, West Virginia, 1973.
- 20- Elks' Club after Bingo Game, Battle Creek, Michigan, 1973.
- 21- Dining Room with Indoor/Outdoor Curtain, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1973.
- 22- Legion after 4th of July Party, Tecumseh, Michigan, 1973.
- 23- Eagles' Bar, Michigan City, Michigan, 1973.
- 24- Beauty Salon, Smiths Falls, Ontario, 1973.
- 25- Carmel Hall Rest Home with Scene of the Detroit River, Detroit, Michigan, 1973.







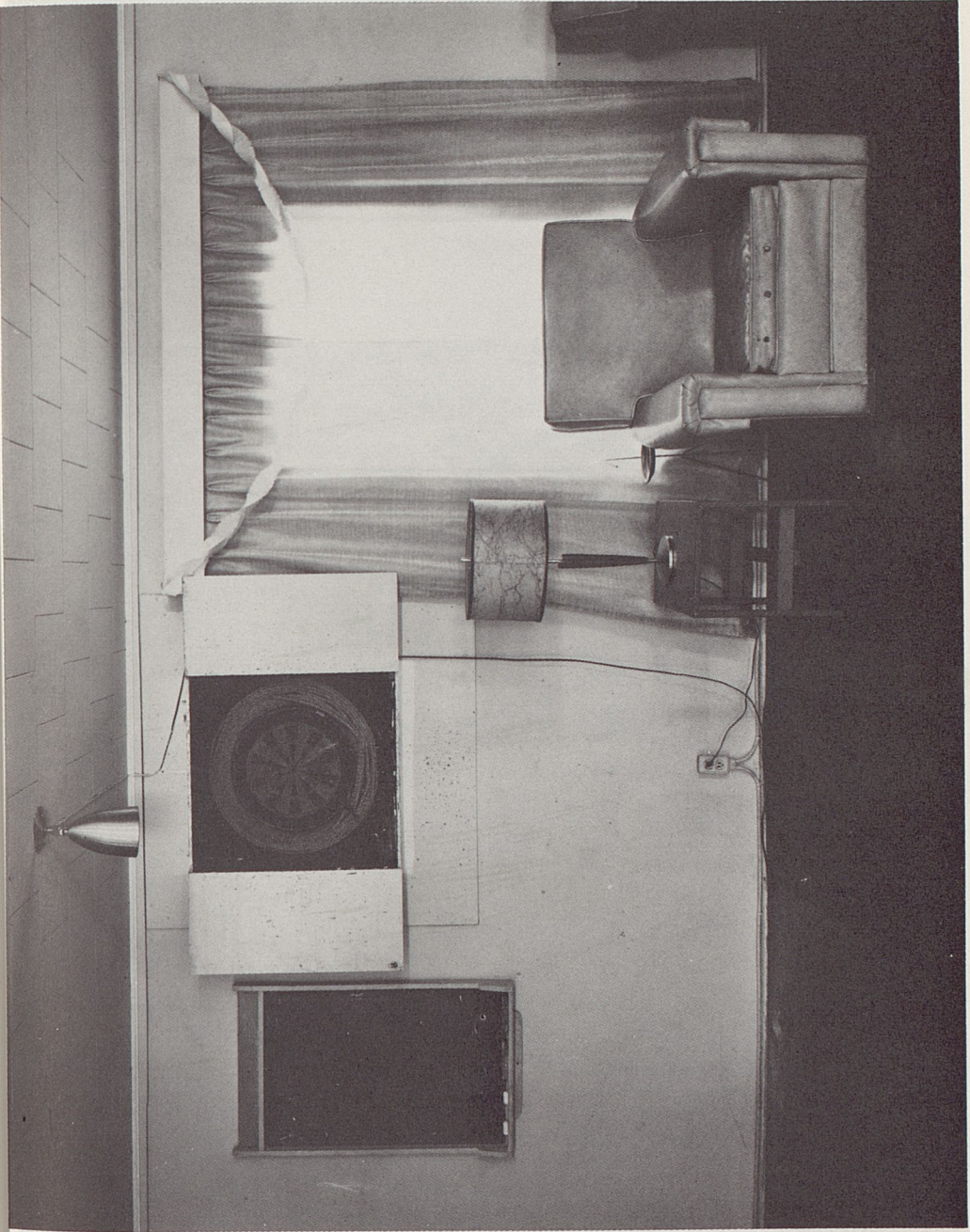


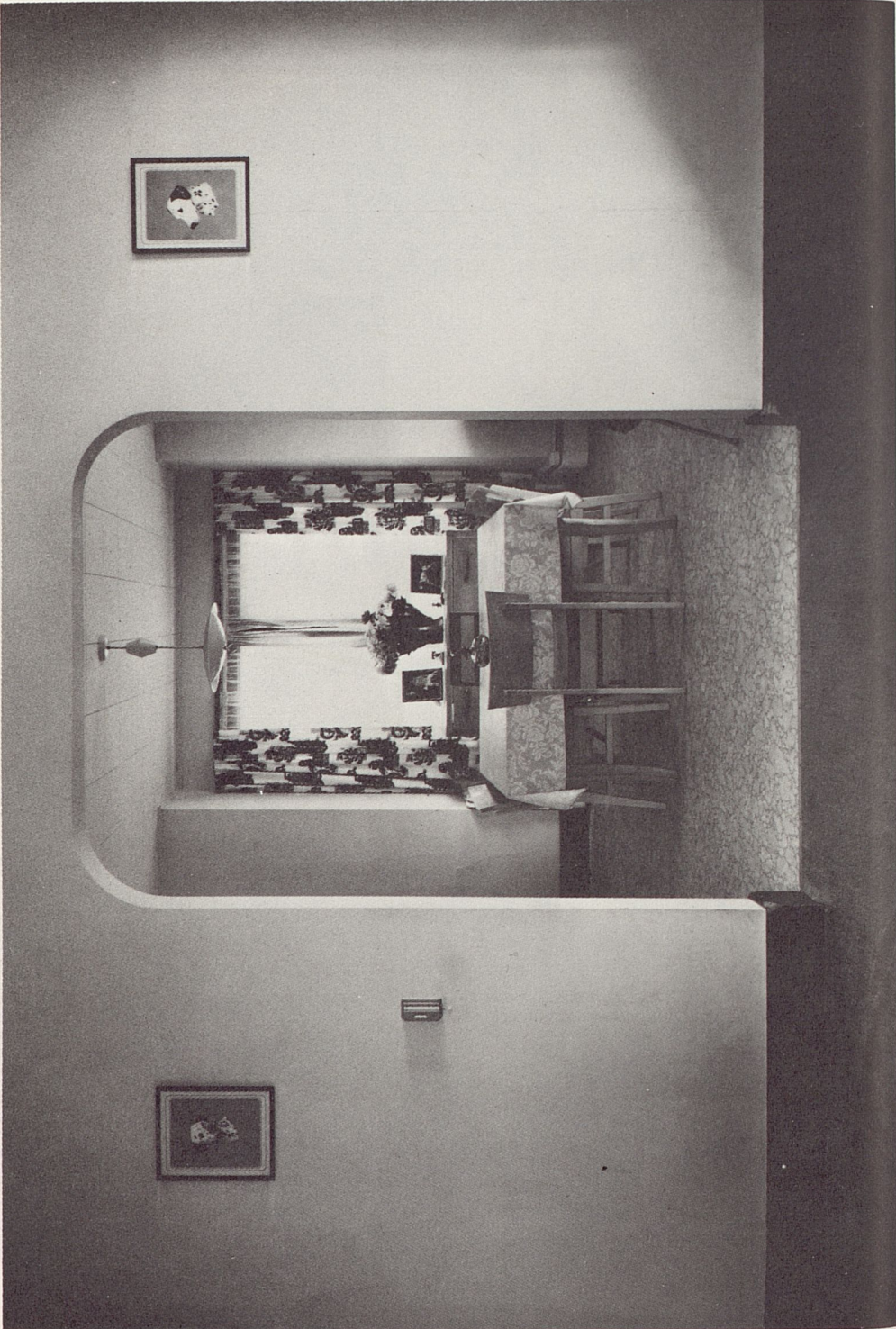






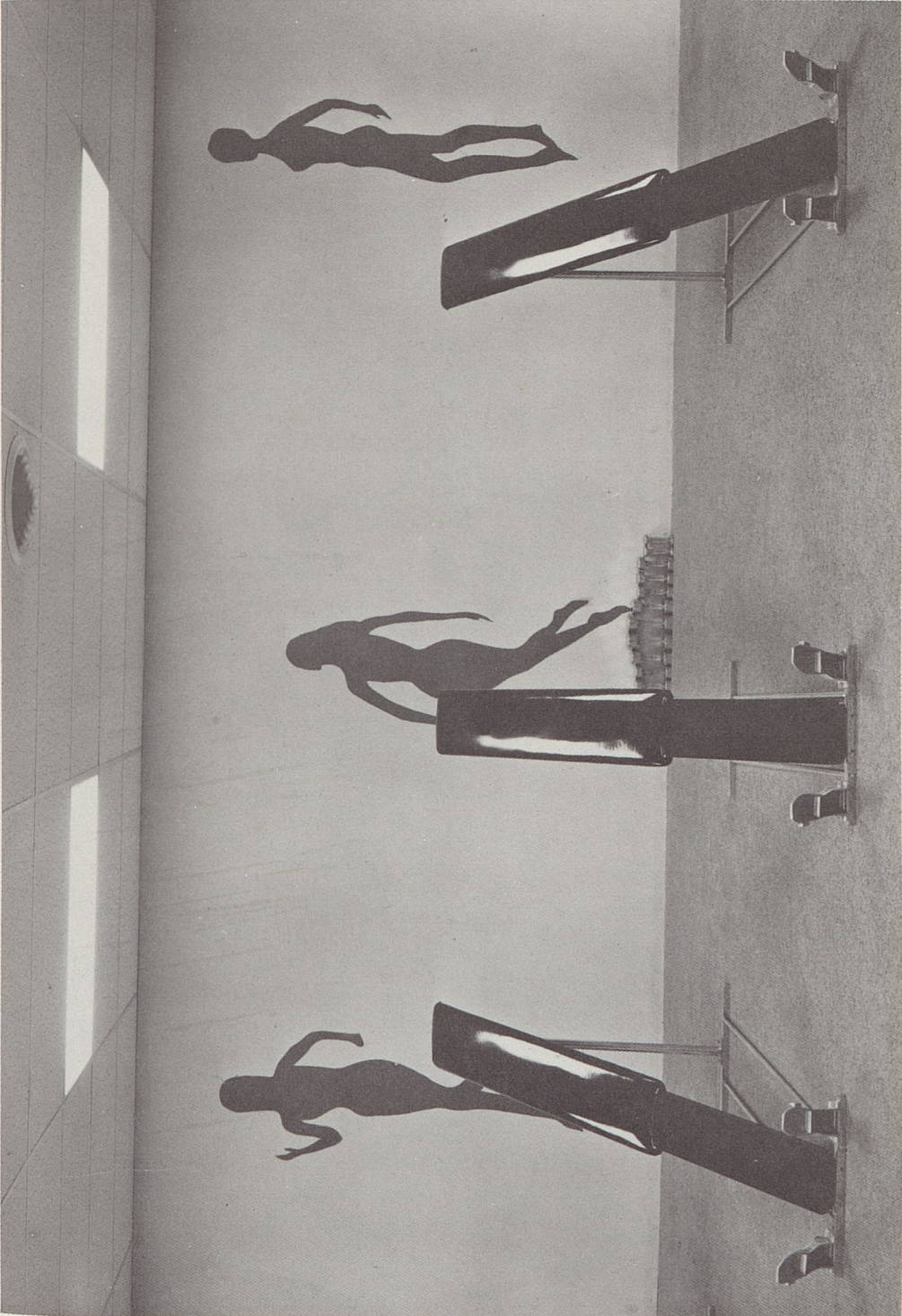


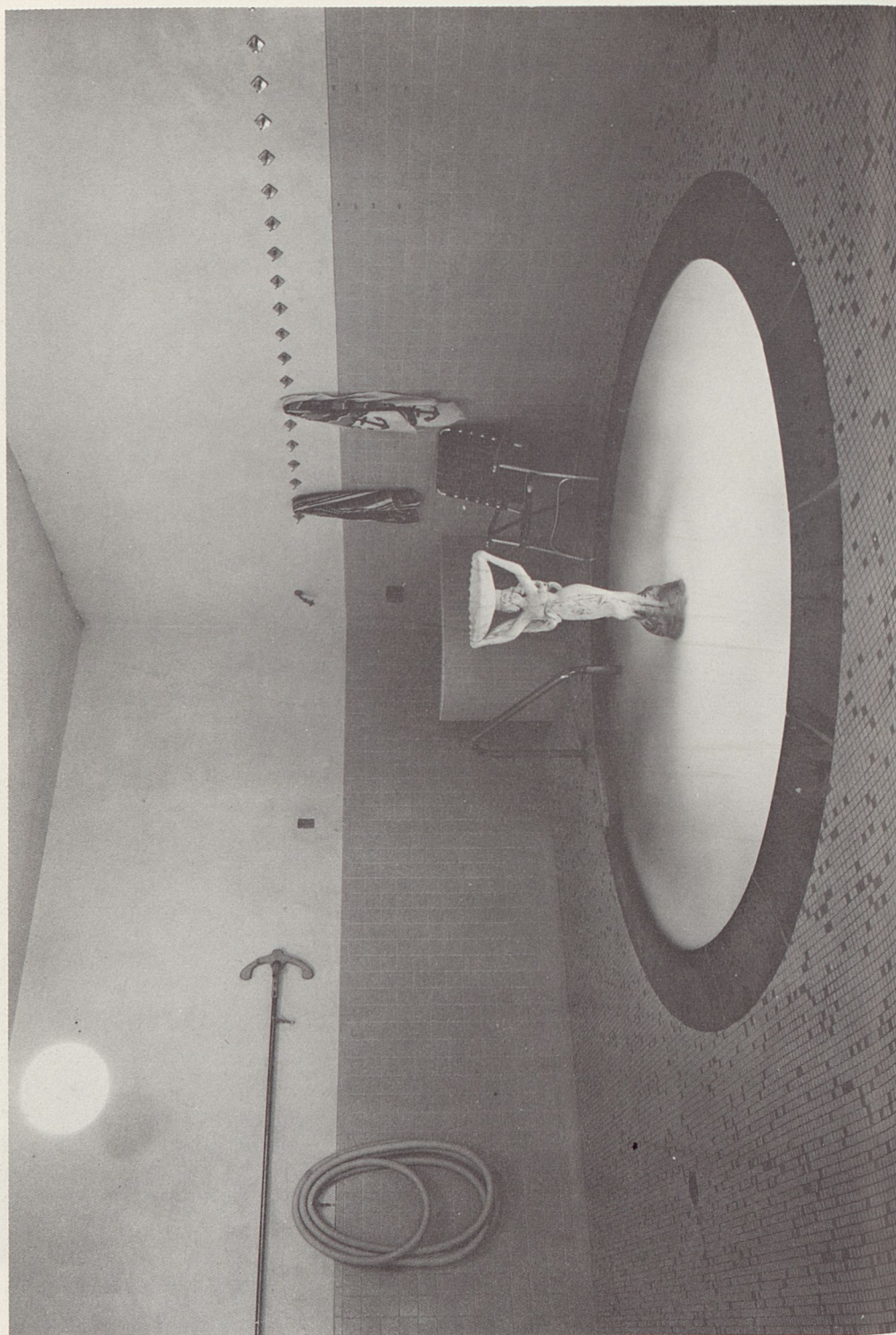


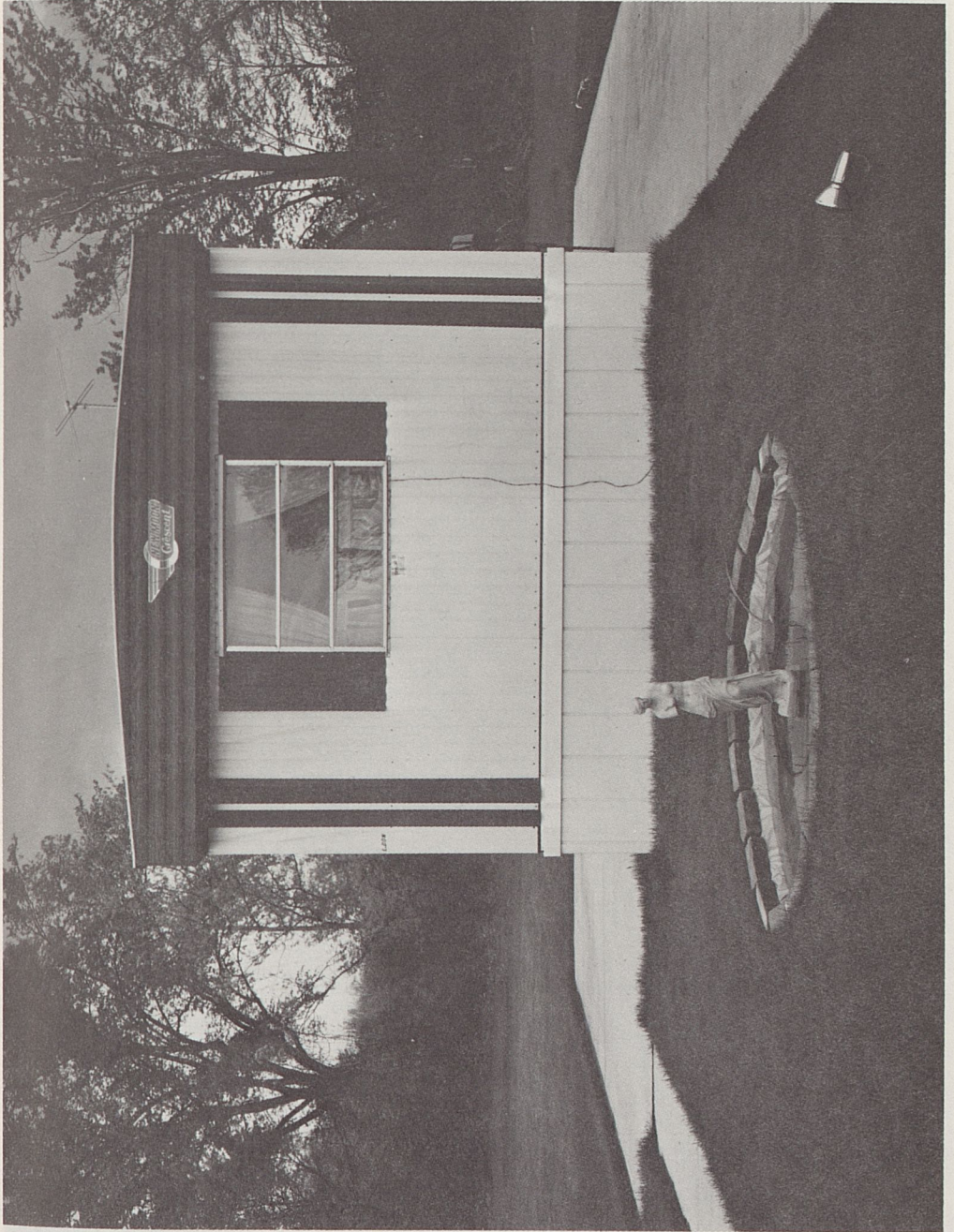




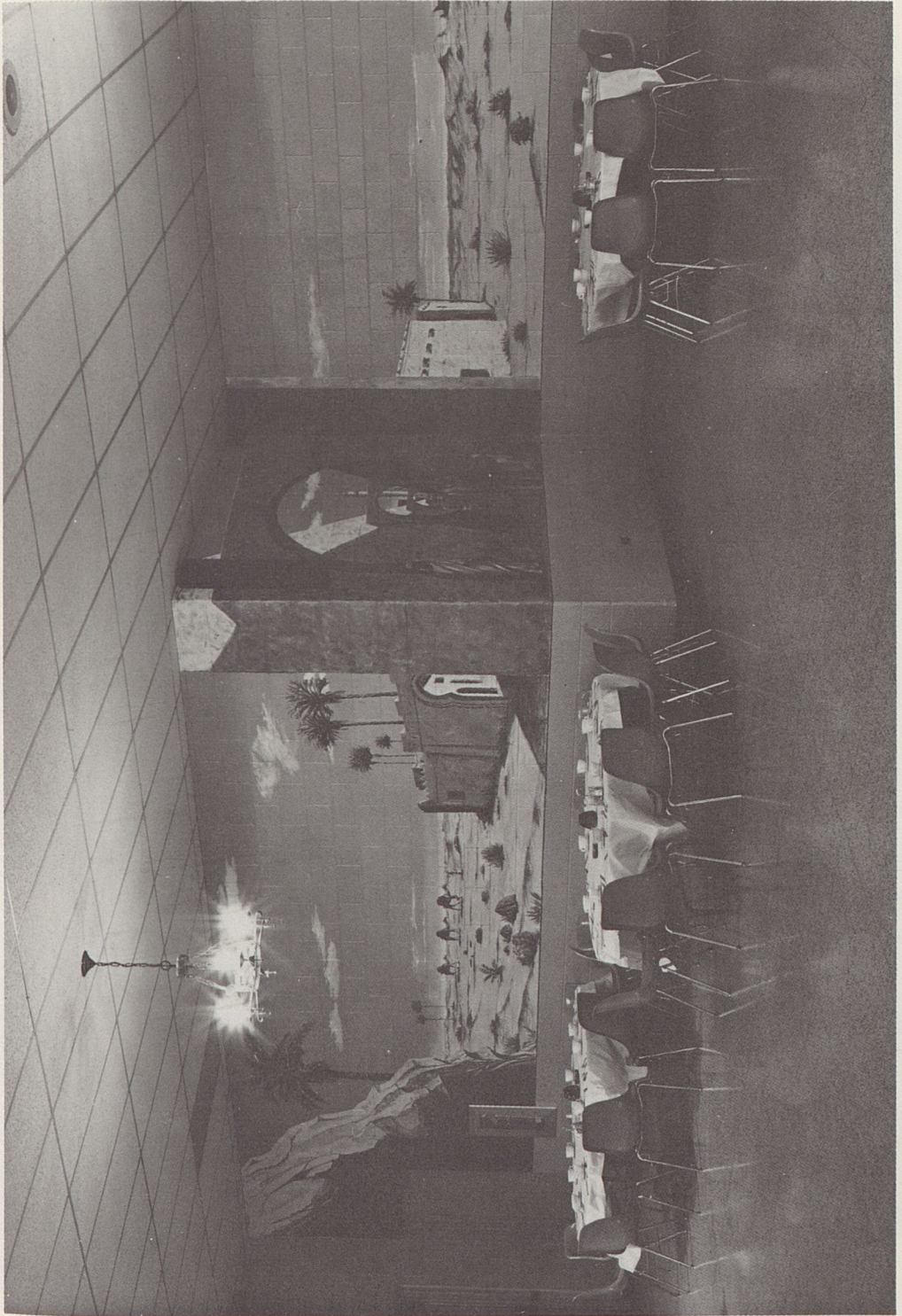










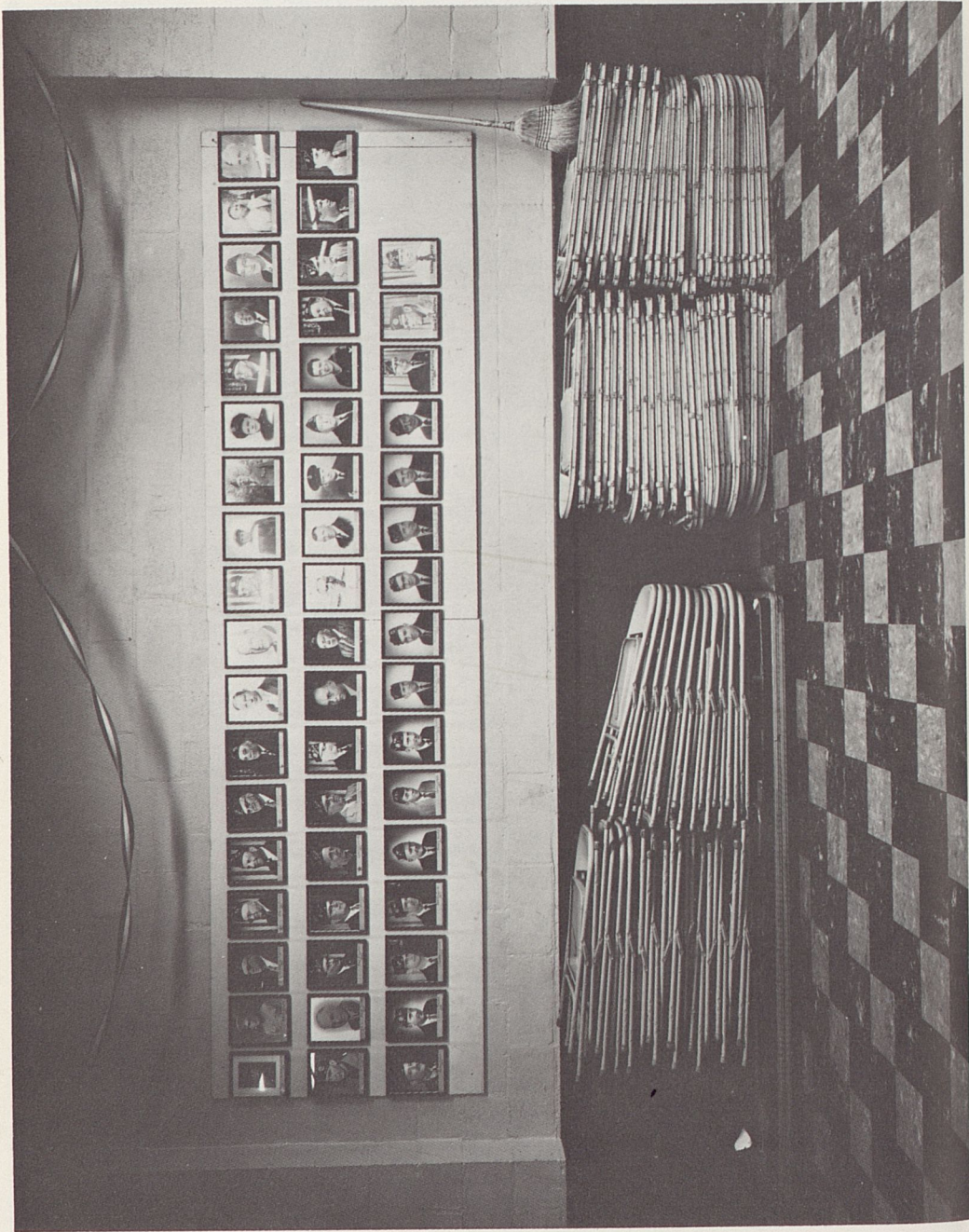


















DONALD BYRD:

from NOTEBOOK: MISSOURI

At first I did not understand what was being proposed: memory and the land -- where are we (am I) in land, in memory? Does it reach out like a hand to lift us over ...? Or does it shove us through, as through a wall of fire?

I was lost -- not that I was in a downed plane but I was disoriented as one might be if he had fallen from the sky -- in Howell County, Missouri, where, ten years ago, I knew even the complex patterns of over-grown logging roads. I was with a priest and a woman whom, when she was out of my sight, I believed to be Marge, but when I turned expecting to see her, she was old Miss \_\_\_\_\_, who lived across the street from my highschool in West Plains. We had nothing to eat but communion wafers the priest carried with him, and the more of them I ate the hungrier I became. I was talking, feeling that I could talk myself out of the situation, apparently in some vague belief that I could, through a process of total recall, bit by bit reconstruct everything I knew about Howell County and gradually bring the map to mind. I wanted not just to orient myself. I wanted to call an image to mind and walk out through *it*. Whenever the outlines of the map would begin to form in my mind's eye the old woman would say to me: "They speak to me of words but this thing has nothing to do with words; it is a question of the mind's duration."

When I woke I recognized the words as Artaud's. I had checked the margin beside them just before I had fallen asleep. I also recognized the landscape of the dream as the abandoned, water-filled quarry where we swam, parked to neck, went to brood in fits of teenage weltshmerz ... about five miles east of West Plains.

114

Memory subverts, dislocates, and re-opens the arena of creation, something like dream, with this exception: the landscape of memory is resistant.

To be somewhere is a confirmation we always expect and are seldom given. The falseness of autobiography is that it is no different than life. Memory clots in us, fills itself with itself, is architectural. I used to be confused when art critics talked about *rhythm* in architecture. Now I understand: it is like all knowledge *before* it comes to mind. The child discovers language from the inside, remembers, which is why Socrates believed that education is recall. Our remembrances are shaped by a few figures which stir amongst the (re)collected images. My earliest memory is the house where I learned to walk, the *floor* plan of the house, the one step down from the dining room to the kitchen. That space I learned to fill with my energy. [But we are cast out by the shapes that possess us, or they take hold of us indiscriminately, have their way with our designs, and drop us. Do we put on their knowledge with their power?]

That which endures in memory -- the roots of myth -- and that other faculty by which we are redeemed from one now to another require a vocabulary. We are given ourselves by halves, and even as our durations and our vocabulary come to closest proximity -- should we ever find ourselves at home -- our condition is most volatile.

The region is the second manifestation of the feminine a man knows -- totally engaging and totally threatening, as in adolescence. It is not simply a mixed experience, it is thoroughly both at once. It *is* possible to go home again. No doubt of that. here. I know these persimmon and sassafrass sprouts as well as I know the parts of my body. A nest of crows hatched in the woods northeast of the house this spring, and their ruckus is as common as this rocky, red-grey soil. But I will not make a myth of

my life. I cannot, as I have wanted to, and those men I have learned so much from wanted to, who have successfully, as Pound did, and most perfectly, with Pound's (and Melville's) example before him, Olson. Myth is what is repeated again and again. That half of life, which was lost for stoney centuries, is now recovered. Since 1800 poets have devoted their massive technology to recovering those parts of experience which are always different and always the same. The masters of our century have completed that work, reified the fitful surmises, have told us what it is to live in our own durations. That is what is redemption. They have made it possible for the rest of us to live in our accidents. It is also what it means to have ancestors.

I *do* have a father and mother. Spending these days with them, without Marge, I am not a child again. As I was for the first thousand years of my life. I *do* have a father who has managed to live among these hills, has resisted the encroachment of that *other* world, though it has cost him a dozen jobs and has left him with a weak heart. He knows this country as the drop-outs who just bought the farm down the road never will ... and as I never will. I am not the sole content of this country. I am *informed* by it. Which is the sole meaning of having roots. I can't live the life of my father, though I sometimes want to. That has been done.

To put it as simply as I can, the fourth manifestation of the feminine (I skip the third, not knowing anything about it, except as it appears in the *Maximus*, second-hand. I've always been a polytheist), the fourth is not an archetype but a woman who renders nostalgia not illegitimate, but she relieves it of its urgency. What I want to establish is a denial of the factual, in the very midst of the factual... to the extent we have had to remain content with the archetypal. It has been over three millennia, if we take Olson's 1200 B.C. as a watershed, to move from the primal articulation of the

archetypes, all the way through the discovery of the mind, to a point where mind rejoins the archetypes in a seamless whole.

I also want the *revelation* of the factual in the midst of my denial. The gods were more forceful when they were hidden; revealed, they are, if not an embarrassment, only another limit which we must go beyond. The earth and its resources are being squandered, our work and the private rituals of our lives support a public order which fails to pay in kind, will is moribund, even sex -- we live so little in our bodies -- is clinical and degraded. In the past, when the culture has so completely lost faith in itself, it has been purified by catastrophe -- the fall of empires, wars, plagues, new learning with catastrophic implications. Since the time of Blake we have yearned for and have expected apocalypse. The malign vitality of the modern paideuma, however, has been tested by what has seemed perpetual apocalypse, and it has been able to find means to maintain itself, even to find tools and techniques far more powerful than the necessities have demanded. The malady has seemed so deep, the roots so infected, that its cure has seemed to touch on life itself. Whatever locations we have been taken in by have half disappeared, leaving us trying to find footing on ground which has turned to mush.

We are beset by understanding, mere understanding, which has often been bold and enlightening. We are almost blinded by the light. Still I have no interest in depreciating intelligence, even though it seems almost a curse. If the practice of abstract thought has led us to this impasse, the recognition of that fact puts us in the hands of a still more powerful abstraction. Whatever mentality lies beyond -- and, as I cannot believe men have known what they were doing in the indiscriminate exercise of their abstract force, I will call it "consciousness" -- it will recognize its continuity with Socrates, Descartes, and Hegel. Consciousness is an

extremity which we reach only in fits and starts, much as abstract thought must have been for Plato's contemporaries. It is dangerous, now, maybe destructive. Like carrying fire in a card-board box. It is the *best* minds, Ginsberg tells us, that turn against themselves. I do not doubt that many young men at the Akademeia despaired because they were able occasionally to glimpse the beauty of the abstract heaven but were unable to take up residence there.

Elk Creek, Missouri -- August  
August 18, 1973

Albany, N.Y.:

When I go back, in memory, I go not here, but there.

Memory is dangerous. More than once I've seen people betrayed by it, have been myself so betrayed, by its faultiness and, more often, by the remorseless chronologies which it declares. The places which arise in it are gatherings -- in the same way abstract propositions *gather* particular facts as evidence of themselves or as archetypes gather particular actions in their massive self-presentations -- repositories of transcendental habit, always at odds with the ability which allows us to move among the things of time, past and present, without presupposition. Memory interposes *its* own objects, shaping the present, both with the paradise lost which it creates and with the constant reminder that we are limited (as now my own Calvinist education is close to betraying me in a doctrine of original sin).

I do not know that we yet have a poetic which redeems memory. We are seized by it, by its ruthless powers, and live in its ageless tragedy.

November 6, 1973

RICHARD GROSSINGER: How Memory is Discussed in *The Windy Passage from Nostalgia*

Twenty-eight years I have experienced this, have been made to be it, not out there, but in me. The trip is over, but the motion has not changed, was not even touched by our going away, coming back. It has its own changes. Parts of me die, literally; parts of me I can barely feel are born in my distances. In their own centers of the body they are flowers, perceived as suns, a landscape further than China, yet progressing at the inch by inch rate the Earth moves each year. All which is material or pleasurable is transitory. Yet surely it alone holds us to the world. How I drive the car. Re-entering our house.

There are magical worlds that precede this one, but archaeology tells nothing of what they were; their remains are eternally oblique. Men must descend into them, Watkins, flash of vision in a British meadow. Intuition that he was within a temple so large he could not see it. Not transcendently but with the intention of a grid. There are obscure lines and coincidental ruins on hilltops. They are the power-centers of a body and station as large as the Earth. Marks Don Juan finds in the deserts of Northern Mexico. Yet they are not specifically features of the landscape; they are centers of mind and being. We grow into them, and our conversion, religious people like to speak of, is a flash of insight arriving only as the clock turns, the biological clock, as we gain the deeply negative stamina of our years.

Insofar as there is a universal, it is a fact of the one original experience. The ability of St. Felix to speak to plants, to hear their measures telepathically, is the same power the dragon roads of China lead along, or the old British roads the Roman roads with their derivative blindness simply followed, as one man will another. The mysteries of herbal share the lapis with Christ. The secret of Stonehenge is Atlantis in another form, not some

supercivilization that visited the Earth in its primaeval days but our own inherited magnetic powers, a map that can be intuited from within, though it is outwardly visible, like the signs of a conscious earth-shaping which went on in the Golden Age. Hamlet's mill, and the cousins Santillana has given it, the kalevala and eddas and book of kings, the spinning top and colored robe and galactic frame, the scorpion's tail, these are forever lost, and it is with good reason he can make nothing of it, as connected as it seems. As spiritual centers arise within us, the Earth is the place where those centers exist; it becomes a map of them, a second sight. In becoming initiates we become geographers, the Australian churingas being maps of human and topographic space, unreadable in any direct translation, but visible in the landscape. The churingas are also genealogical stones. The Earth is made with us, of us, thru us; we are the Earth tuned to a different density, a finer pitch. Whence Aphrodite melted to seduce Anchises, or Dionysus held against his will turned the pirate ship into a floating vineyard, rootless, that sank with the stench of wine. Steiner's image of man ascending includes more than the blossoming of the inner lotus. It is the planet, realized in man, as man passes thru senses by which to discern the corresponding sympathies. The old occupations, separating spiritual and material, fall away. Truly, Hamlet's calling is gone. The intuitive Earth, map of the body of God, rosicrucian temple, defies man to destroy it. He cannot, where his center coincides; note the pre-Mayan stoneworks, the humming pyramids sans golden tip; he is driven as a puppet by magnetisms he can in no way see. Even as the radio universe casts all visible universes. The fires of Iceland are but a hint of what wonders are at his disposal, to shape a nervous system, to open septa thru which energies pour even as the very locus of his body, his stone, is removed in the various mining. Hapgood was wrong about ancient sea-

kings. Those maps are the final maps. He saw sailing ships and civilizations only because he was a materialist; he did not see the temple, as telepathic and indigenous as the stars. Man draws his lines where they are drawn on him. He pictures a zodiac in intuitive response to centers he feels are planet-directed. His roads lie between spiritual centers when they connect geographical regions on a national map. So when the world of things fades, as at twilight, there is another world of things to replace it. At no point does the spiritual or the physical appear in full chakra. The initiate as the archaeologist is doomed. The origin of the mystery is sealed. Though if you picture an old man with a long white beard holding a match to a candle and lighting it, the vision igniting within, it is as good as any. Picture a naked woman doing it; the world likewise takes form. Anchises recognized the woman who had come to him was one of the gods.

You ask what is melting. I say night after night behind dream, the Moon, or its other, is melting down images, exact memories and feelings decaying. Night by night, in sleep, the Moon is there, magnetic eraser of the material edge, making of its body what memory was, no longer is, will surely be a new physical body. For as we awake to morning, we should want to be born, to awake as to the dawning of a new spiritual age. *This* is man's occupation in being; all is mere material to be felt, pneuma as the Moon washes most of all of it away. The Sun: lighting every etched cavern of the book in which we are written.

\*\*\*

We do not need new feelings. Our feelings are sufficient; it is how they are felt. The feelings exist in pure tones. One foot into a hot bath can ignite them like panpipes, a flood of memories. But the flood is not just the memories; it is also the

way in which they occur; it is the collection of them in the body which causes the vibrating fullness. If one is emotionally neutral they come and call on themselves, playing out the sheer fact of existence, and in the sheer fact of existence, time stops. The feelings are merely the tinted edge of the world they define. The memories are the mnemonic device for recalling them into being. The resulting images, sentimental and nostalgic, have nothing to do with themselves, or yearning to get back to them, or to understand and feel the events they are tied to more fully. Their emotional impact is simply real. The sentimental locates the form of the energy, but it does not release it. The feelings continue to collect, as a deeper and deeper music, the more we live our life. There comes a point when we would reject what is pleasurable simply because it is pleasurable, too easy, because it traps us in feelings we cannot use. Dangerous, dangerous. There is a biological reason for feelings. Avoid the beauty of the twilight sky and it turns to a poison, bringing with it all the horrible memory and traumas invested in it. Avoid pleasure, and pleasure attacks as numbness. Each image is important, from the red flower to the blue ocean and the yellow sun. To avoid the images because they are mere images is as fatal as to rhapsodize in their imagery as the culmination of desired worlds. Sexual images even more so. For they call us to a place we cannot go and cannot avoid. The senses are all we have. Choose then, from among them, your life.

\*\*\*

The big population I stars, ultrahot blue-whites, are in the spiral arms of the galaxy, being flung out as they are being born. We are in them. A trillion pounds per square foot, fueling a super-galaxy with equator and pole, invisible for its size.

Stars spin off the electric current of space, firing back positrons into the blanket that surrounds them. All this is so big and so final that I must question what it is, in it, we have come to know.

I awake from having made love, still hard and in. These are turbulent blazings in my head. I can hardly locate my body to put it back on. I feel like a shell housing consciousness, most of it hollow. And what am I?/I'm here too. I wouldn't give shit for my immortality. That's not it. But why, in light of all the rest, should I even be here, with the thoughts I have, the desires I act out, the strength I have to act out those desires, to fill my times, their times, whoever's time we're on, with works, and desire that those works have meaning, that they survive in some form, even given their death. That I survive all these memories and forgotten words, that they not be blown away like so much weight of the soul ashes of paper are after I am gone. With the Sun burning out (in time, in time, it all will happen). With the supergalaxy to collapse in blue withdrawal of time, drawing its electric charges back together. What meaning then will meaning have, will memory have, as it is zapped blotto? Comic book violence that eradicates even the color of the colored inks cannot touch the dada needed to clothe our spaceship in to get thru that metaphysical hole.

Is this blanket of nebulae, so enormous in its manifestation, so exaggerated in its power, merely the convenient universe of our embodiment? Like a show in which nothing happens that pertains to us but all the laws are made visible. Or is it some other thing, like the wonder of my wondering what type of universe in which they arise again and again, a capella, to defy the whole thing?

#### How Memory is Discussed in *The Slag of Creation*

There are so many songs, so many singers, so much has been lost already, and these few records are what I hold onto, from all I once had and from

all I might have had. Playing 45's into the late evening, real loud, I lie there defending a prickly calm (so much I don't seem to feel or want to feel anymore, the distances of body and memory against which a self is measured). Gene McDaniels singing: *If I were a Tower of Strength!!!*, and Robbie, lying on the couch holding his blanket and sucking his thumb, suddenly perks up with: "He says, 'I don't like you. I don't need you. I don't want you,' and then he walks out the door. He's very mean." And I realize that he can hear the words too, and they mean something different, as they will continue to, until the end. I'm not a teenager anymore. Lindy is sitting by him on the couch, blue jeans, no socks, tapping rhythm, pregnant. The songs are the same but we are different, deflected from them, so that their intensity is greater, like the sun behind the empire, behind the swollen boll, that is being human. It is how far from what I was I have come, and at what cost, for though I no longer suffer the indignities of then, and though for the first time something real in me can be fulfilled, there is also something lost and empty, for which I keep returning, as if it could be found and forged with the new being I am, as if it were the writing itself.

Sam the Sham: *Hey there Little Red Riding Hood, you sure are looking good*; Al Wilson and *The Snake*; the Four Seasons, *Big Girls Don't Cry*; Jimmy Rodgers: *tell'm what The Wizard said*; looking for story songs that make Robbie laugh, and: "You better put those ones with my records," as well as: *people talking without speaking; it's all so beautiful; and I know I'm going to miss you/for a long long time*. The landscapes flicker and verge, like a triple-exposure holograph film in purples and violets, responding like a sine wave and its alpha tailwind to a landscape that is only harmonic, as in an old comic book of Mars the orchestra has horns, woodwinds, and pianos, the crowd is dressed for the symphony, but instead of sound, colored musical notes come out of their instruments and blend in the air. All this begun by the *Monster Mash* from CHUM (Toron-

to) blending in with the final inning of the Mets' 1 - 0 win over San Francisco on WHN (New York), both 1050; *it's a graveyard smash* in the counter-rhythm, while gaining force on thru it: *Bonds dives ---- and he can't catch up with it; Boswell rounds third and comes into score the winning run .....it's the Monster Mash*, so that emotions and associations are literally juggled. It is not that these songs are any more dimensional than the thoughts and memories, but they are more human, more -pathetic, and oddly off-center the vision. They so little knew, in the studio, in the moment of heat when they sang, what time would do to all of us, so that now something like a generation has passed, and *Rolling Stone* and Watkins Glen, with the rock singer as culture hero, politician, and yes, David Bowie, false prophet, have wasted for us that melancholy Martian landscape, albeit to make our vision muddy, bloody, and real, i.e., the drugs as immediate and programmed vision, the music as twisted bio-energies, beyond which surge of youthful and Roman confidence an older race has faded into a sorry Druidlike cavalcade. The obliquity of their songs, as only messages, left them broke and bankrupt, dishonored among their followers, in jail or o.d.ed, or coming back to their people as castrated social workers.

The brilliant sunlight of today. How working outside with the black typewriter in the hot light I brought back some more pieces of the high school novel, reading, in my own words, that even then I listened to songs on Friday night, their irrevocable sorrow, their promise of a day of unimaginable brilliance, as eleven years later I sit here with the same text. The blue sky, against which the clouds visibly grow and break apart, and the cumulus hang in island-like clusters beneath the distant bands of cirrostratus, an older more fluid Earth.

*Forget it*, all the voices seem to say. It's only your life. You've remembered it too well. It's special only because it *seems* to have happened to you, and cannot be changed, for a whole lifetime, as you remember it.

Dead as the bird the cats have caught, killed, and laid before their kittens, which was alive and on a branch earlier in this day visualizing the same blue world I was in, or another one like it, the body now like stuffing on the ground, torn apart as filler for the kittens, to chew up, to play, the feathers, themselves shafts of a plumage nature bursts with in residual lacquers, stuck on their mouths and noses. And the fear: what if the devil created this whole thing, we delude ourselves in, if in the end we come face to face with his order, and he tells us: *you are my playthings; you are mere decoration; there is no hope for you*, his mask the anesthesia that deadens the plundering raping warriors to their victims, until they deal pain as pleasure; to face him, as one can *look away from* the damage the cats have done, brings our very existence to a crisis of meaning --- for in the end we know that, by any law, the dimension shifts before the recognition; no matter how strongly he says it: *I am the devil and it's all for me it is done*, he remains inside us, where he cannot be proved, and we wouldn't know or respond to him otherwise, dead or alive though we be, or think we be; fear and degradation are limited by the scale of nature, as the bird's body is torn apart; reality is always in the disguise of the enveloping levels within levels, that that which perceives, in its totality of senses and sensorium, lies both within and without that which is perceived, and the seal is absolute at any crescendo of the scale, where vision floats and a bubbling brook crystallizes. It is a condition that cannot be changed, no matter what the carnal scourge turns us into, no matter what chaff left behind to fill a world with materia. It's now, here, we better make sure it's not the devil inside us, because when that's turned inside out, it's the blue water that's going to be the fire in our nerves.

Still, after dinner, the methodical labor of cutting the chard at the bottom of the stalk, filling the white bag I drag behind me, thinking about how fertile these green leaves, how far they would go,

filling with sun in Vermont, standing on the street corner in the city slum dispensing them for free until they run out, and then driving back to Vermont for more, a mechanical song I develop in the sheer leafage, as I cut the stems from the billowing geese and pile them separately in a big carton, sheer form we cut and cook and preserve on our own terms, spinachy sun-absorbing layer we rip up only to turn into blood and shit, turn back into the ground via the mulch heap, pure bran which floods and fuels the fire of life, only to be eliminated as the darkness of life and the starless night that expands to fill the wintry universe, only to contract to a nodule, to have life spawn in it again, how hopeless, as I get more tired, as dishonest people come back for more, and sell it to the grocery markets downtown, and work into the night, boiling stems, with the ballgame on, filling cellophane bags with them, and piling them in the freezer. How essential the mass, in one form or another, and how slim this mortality they have given us if they were to give us anything, which god knows they didn't have to, how I must cringe and hunch to protect it, and grow weak to be strong, lose energy by capturing energy, the mass of the body responding with such iodine sensitivity to the currents of brain and mind, the memories of posture and stances of uneducated martial protection, still grumbling like a sluggish giant thru a world it must be told to be in even as it sees. And then it all softens, it all responds, as the family sits in the living room listening to these old records, the high music, the harmony of jive voices, remembering, so unconsciously, so simply, it must be okay, and I will continue this text, the two of us, child, child in embryo, even though our balance hangs in a deadly and unpredictable mass, whose momentum outweighs our lithe sensibility, our life upon the heap: but what else is there, who have always trusted in transformation, layer by layer the onion peeled, more a description than the rings of the oak or the fat of the whale. And that's where it comes from, as we seem to be doing it. They could have given us nothing, instead

of this room filled with junk, and we have the key  
to it, the melody, which alone gives it motion,  
which alone, in the mind, which is still the dream  
of the mind, transports it, battered and sonic, thru  
a body lighter than air.

SHERRIL JAFFE:

WHAT I THINK ABOUT WHEN I THINK  
ABOUT WINTER

What I think about when winter comes is, when winter comes is, winter -- there I am sitting some place out where trees are felled, and I'm sitting on a log, logs all around with bark on them, and the river there, any river -- you might as well make it specific. What I'm thinking is about when winter comes, the season, and I'm trying to conjure it up Winter and it's like that WINTER over and over. And there's the moon, and there's the sun, and the river, THE river -- any river -- and of course it's winter, of course I'm thinking about it, but I can't exactly say.

Winter is the time when -- in winter the trees --winter always comes after. With a few trees, logs really, coming down river in current -- winter is when I always. But didn't the skies darken? Didn't the seas rise up? You were there, too, and it was the time of year when. And weren't the houses all closed up, weren't there boards nailed across the windows? Weren't you there, carrying a bucket, wasn't there water in it, weren't you going to drink it, bathe in it, give some to me? Didn't you want to be specific, name the river, its own name, and I had one, too, wasn't it a good name, a good ordinary name, like trees have names, and seasons, wasn't it a certain season then, as we are, as I am, in a season, like so many others in this hemisphere, any season.

But sure, you had to go on, carry the water further up the hill, open the door, and I came in after you. There you are pouring water into a big kettle, boiling it almost, getting it hot, warming the water for my bath. And there I am sitting on the

129

window seat -- you said it could have been a tool chest if you had brought any tools, and I said it could have been a toy chest if we had had toys, but we kept our blankets there, remember? And I put cushions on top of it, and I sat there looking out the window, out at what, while you boiled my water, made me a bath. What were the trees doing then, but the trees were all felled, the slope was rocky, I know it was rocky. And there I am on my window seat, and what was it I was trying to think about, the way it was, winter.

I can't tell -- there are ways to tell-- when it's coming, when it's finally here -- there are ways -- the trees tell, the ground tells, the sky tells. I'm trying, but maybe I can't tell you what I think about when I think about the trees, all felled, and the ground is rocky. The sky is the same as ever.

Wasn't the door barred? Locked? Hadn't everybody gone home before? Didn't you hand me a towel, the biggest towel you had, and I dried myself, and you were watching me, weren't you? It WAS winter, it must have been, you were looking out the window pretending not to watch, but you *must* have been watching, it *must* have been winter, the windows were all boarded up. There *wasn't* snow, but it *was* cold, and you had to give me the biggest towel you had.

But WHY winter, WHY WINTER, there must have been other things I was trying to think about, trying to tell you. Was winter the time when everything was going to be all right, weren't things all right as they were -- but why the sea, the sea rising up -- was the sea all that close, was it a river at all, or not at all, an estuary, an arm of the sea. Why were you boiling sea water for my bath? Was fresh water that hard to find that winter, or was it winter, I know it was, it must have been winter.

What are they going to do with all these trees, all these anonymous trees on the rocky ground, lying on the ground? Were they clearing a place so we could build our home, or had we built our house because there were trees all around, all lying on the ground, cut down before winter came, or last year, or years before. Couldn't I smell the sea when I sat in my bath? Wasn't there salt at the bottom of the wooden tub? I was trying to think about the sea rising up -- what I think about when I think about the sea rising up is. Was our house on high ground, would the sea rise this far, would we be able to see it coming through the cracks in the boards in the window. Was it winter after all, will these trees grow again, can we put them in the ground, make them grow again?

There was, I remember, a starfish at the bottom of the wooden tub when I finished my bath. Do you remember, can you tell me what time of year it was? You must have done it on purpose, or not known you had done it, when you brought the water, a surprise, for me. Why couldn't you have told me then, when you handed me the towel, the largest towel you had, told me about winter. I wanted to ask you then, tell me what you think about when you think about winter, how do you know when it's coming, how can you tell when it's here. What is it like. I had a good name, an ordinary name. The stars have names. The moon has a name. You could have told me about winter then. I had to rub my skin to get the salt off. The towel was going to smell like sea water, like the beach, like places near the sea. What do you think about when you think about.

What I think about when I think about winter is the sea rising up. I know when it's coming when I see the water through the cracks. Is that what you were going to say? Why did I stop you, you could have gone on. What I think about when I think about the sea rising up is, the sea rising up is, I am

trying to tell you, about the sea is, I am trying, trying, what I, why didn't you tell me, tell me when you think about, when you see it through the cracks. I was listening. I *would* have been listening. The sea is. Winter is coming. Winter is past. Winter is here, this is a wilderness country, and winter is coming. Winter is when things will be all right.

Weren't you satisfied with things the way they were, as they were then? Weren't you happy heating the water for my bath? Weren't you planning to give me the biggest towel? Wasn't it to be a surprise? There was a starfish at the bottom of the wooden tub. Do you find starfish only during certain seasons? Only close to the sea? My name was ordinary, when I said it over and over, when I tried to think about it. My name, it was a good name, you called me by my name, it was a good name, I am trying to think about, trying to think about, my name is. What do I think about when I think about my name, when I think about winter, my name, my name is, the sea is, my name, the sea is rising.

When I think about my name I think of the windows. We had a view of the sea, really an estuary, but I thought it was, I thought, the sea. You brought the water in a wooden bucket. You carried it up the hill. I was watching. I was sitting on a felled tree, some of the water was sloshing out on the ground. You were calling my name, you said it over and over, you said you were going to make me a bath, and when you did there was a starfish at the bottom of the wooden tub. I washed myself over and over, and I didn't see the starfish until I was almost finished, until you handed me a towel, the largest towel you had.

There are times when I catch myself thinking about winter -- you said things would be all right, I was all right then. That's the time I liked. You made a surprise for me. You made me a bath. You made me look at the starfish. You made

me look at the sea rising up between the cracks in the window. It was the biggest towel you had, and after I was finished it smelled like salt water. And I think it was winter I was thinking about, and I was thinking how everything was all right.

---

JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS:

BENJY

"Before children learn to read, they must learn to like themselves. That is what we are trying to do in Headstart."

Headstart Instructor, Summer  
Training Session

Sometimes we take a chance and let the children go to the bathroom by themselves. When Benjy asks we hesitate... he is the smallest one. A blue-eyed, freckled tow-head whose movements are jerkily disconnected, Benjy is joyful and wears what is inside him like a cloak of wind on a little body of sun and jewels. Benjy doesn't know it is bad to live by the river in a rotten house, to have a mother who sits, sullen-eyed, smoking wrinkled cigarettes while her daughters inside read "Confession" magazines, to be the smallest, the joyful weakest, to be Benjy.

He wants always to paint. Everyday, he looks up, striking one of his strange postures -- pot-bellied body leaning forward, swaying slightly, head cocked to one side -- "Can I paint today?" "No Benjy, we musn't be selfish. The other children would like to paint too." No change in expression. "Can I paint tomorrow?" Benjy does not paint houses, zoos, people or mixing colors. He paints green blobs, all of them curiously filling sheet after sheet of manila paper in the same way. In the past two weeks he has painted five green blobs.

Yesterday he stood, arms crossed and frowning in great concentration, staring at his latest work. He stood there all through free-time. The other children were putting toys away. "Benjy, what are you doing?" "Looking at my green mountain... it has seven anumulls in it! His eyes were glazed with won-

derment.

Benjy has been gone quite a while. The teacher sends me after him. I walk to the bottom of the steps and stop outside the bathroom door. "Benjy?" "Don't come in!" he says urgently. I hear the water running, he might be throwing water. Sometimes they do that and the janitors complain. Or they tear off strips of toilet paper and leave it in long ribbons on the cracked cement floor. Once they strung a piece clear across the room in strange coils, one end rising out of a commode. "Theres snakes in the pots Miss Phillips!" they told me.

The water is still running. "Benjy, will you please come out now?" "I'm coming out soon." The water stops. He pushes open the scratched, flaking green door, wiping his hands on his unbuckled pants. He is having a joyful attack. "I did a big one! It was 'dis big!" Hands gesticulating, eyes and mouth three circles, he looks up at me through the long distance between our faces. "Benjy." There are tears in my stomach. "I am so proud of you." I bend down, buckle his pants and take his hand. It feels like soft puppies falling down concrete steps. We walk back to the classroom.

Later, the teacher says, "You should have bent down and whispered in his little ear, 'Benjy, big boys don't talk about things like that.'" She smiles gently at me. The tears in my stomach are rising for Benjy. I sit cutting out green circles for them to paste tomorrow.

### THREE

(1)

It was a rainy morning of my early life. We entered the grey air of the enclosed porch, our wire-mesh prison until the grass dried. Sitting motionless on the picnic table was a small toad, exiled by the cold. Within the circle of our three glowing faces sat a creature whose head was no larger than an eyeball, pulse in its throat attune to tides. I touched the cool ridged skin and remembered outsides of packages. Please hop, said my cousin, and nudged the silent body. Don't touch it, advised my brother, get some sticks from the woodpile.

The twigs tap-tapped in a pattern of sound. Toad began hopping over and around them. We thought he danced for us. Someone slipped and the creature bled from its soft sheltered belly. Quiet and amazed, we caught the scent. My brother's stick moved to examine the cut and the toad jumped, piercing itself. We prodded and rolled it like a dusk green, bleeding toy and when it was still we looked at each other with young, young eyes --- knowing the secret was shared. The funeral took place in a sandpile periphery. Topping the mound with a blue plastic bucket my cousin exclaimed, I gave it a sky!

For weeks my soul was afraid of its yellow eyes. In dreams I was tiny, trapped in blue, dancing to a tap-tap-tap as a key turned in my back. Or sitting in the sandpile, head level with the wheel of my brother's dump-truck, as he backed it toward me crooning motor sounds... the pulse in his throat beating so beautifully I didn't see the load of sand falling like mountains on my smallness. At last I grew desperate, alone in the yellow eyes. Removing the bucket I dug into the grave. The toad was vanished and I was saved.

(2)

All winter I had worn long wool leggings, nylon tights, mittens and undershirts to school. It was a cool Easter but leggings under pastel dresses and rustling crinolines aren't sprung. I remember standing with my brother in front of our picture window before church. The floor-length drapes were drawn and revealed budding crocuses beyond the glass. I jumped into the air and suddenly discovered the smooth silken feel of my legs against each other. I remember seeing my legs moving, the knees still padded in soft baby flesh.

Later in church I would dangle my feet, watching their reflection in the polished wood of the pew in front of us. In its mirror my black patent shoes and white anklets became the flickering hooves of a vanilla pony. I ran for an hour, changing speeds and climbing hills, while they sang dark songs. Alone in the body of a pale horse, I was absolutely happy.

(3)

It was my birthday. Though I was half-child, living in those years was the knowledge of apartness ...sensing by their feel which scenes I would remember. I watched my mother tearing wet lettuce with her brown hands, mixing its spring color with the red of ripe tomato and green of new onion. My brother, hurrying to wash up, ran through the kitchen smelling of sweat and just-mown grass.

I wandered outside where my father stood over the grill, weight on one foot, one hand on his hip holding a hotpad I'd made at six. Chicken crackled and smoked, basted in red.

"How old are you this birthday, Miss? Thirteen?"

137

I nodded. "Thirteen," he repeated. "Pretty soon you'll be fifty-three and won't know where the time went--"

His heavy face, behind the curtain of wavering heat, was framed in an old green fishing hat. On its bill a pink-striped trout jumped gracefully from the water, hooked ... tense body a glistening, deathless curve.

#### SHAPING

We stand in the kitchen shaping  
pale dough into twisted moons. I color  
/them yellow  
with my buttered brush, bristles digging  
/tiny patterns  
in the smooth whiteness. "I felt  
/nothing  
but relief the day my father  
died. He was a stone wall  
crumbling under mother's sunburned fingers.  
He lost his money and his mind slowly. When my  
friends stayed with me he used to  
stride into the room pull the sheets off us and  
/tell them  
to get dressed he didn't want strangers in his  
house at night. In highschool  
I bought myself a chinchilla coat.  
/One night  
he put it on and went out  
to the barn to spread fertilizer. I  
stood by the window, lace curtains  
pure vanilla in the lamplight, watching him  
carry buckets of manure  
from cowyard to garden shoulder seams  
already splitting exposed  
silk lining the color of



closer in blue beads. Immersed, I watch its tiny pleated skirt blossom and float... my thin body the dark sepal of a fluted morning glory.

And now in the shadowy near-dawn my brother and I sleep on mattresses. We are piled on possessions wedged between seat and coolers. In dreaming his body loosens, limbs upturned and flung outward, curled palms barely open secrets. In the half-light his face is expressionless, a smooth olive promise. The features regular and unlined, lashes brushing the crescent curve of eye socket like the delicate antennae of insects. They would be so easily broken, I think, and imagine finding them scattered among shreds of flies wings on sidewalks. From the front seat I hear a murmur of voices. Everywhere the slick sound of tires on wet pavement. I press my forehead against the cool back window and yes, it is raining. Very gently, as if it has always rained. I watch as giant trees grow smaller in wet fields and old barns turn slowly into darker selves.

Crossing the Virginia border we stop for a light. I awaken in the middle of an intersection ...a small town breathing in the different air... the feel of its living void of mountains. In the still almost morning a stooped old Negro hitch-hikes. His face looms close, moist rheumy eyes peer into the back seat. Whiskers cover his wrinkled face like soft grey fur. I know instinctively that the touch of him is a world away from the abrasive scratchiness of my father's cheeks. "Pull your dress down," my mother says, as if it were all one word. "Jigaboo," my brothers giggles. "Sammy, that's not nice," she says, and hands him some crackers.

In South Carolina even bathrooms are clean, their smell of rotten honeysuckle instead of lysol. We share a picnic with a tawny blond lady and her pimply silent son. "We just love you Northern folks to come down," she says, the words dripping slowly from lavender lips. Before we leave she gives us a

bag of tootsie rolls. Sammy and I sit in the back, chewing hard on the gooey insides, laughing at each other and at the tawny lady. He wipes his wet sucker across my face. It leaves a trail of chocolate sugar and when I laugh it feels like band-aids. "Can't you behave yourselves?" my mother asks. In the heat her dark hair curls in wisps across her forehead.

Hours later roadbanks turn to Georgia clay. I pretend sleep to insure silence. Dark children run across green fields toward an abandoned tractor. I know the wet clinging feel of the grasses on their legs, the sharp edges cutting sometimes, the flecks of blood...the ripping sound of pulling handfuls from the earth, the bitter clean taste of it. Under the pink sky my father drives on and on, sweat wetting the back of his shirt in the hot night.

I hear noises and wake up. They are opening the car doors, shouting, and someone kisses me wetly.

The house has a pine forest in the backyard. Squirrels sit crunching nuts in kitchen windows. Deep carpet in rooms not often walked in...glass bowls and china fixtures tremble on tables even when I move softly. Bathroom sinks are painted in miniature flowers, the tubs pastel and sunken. My brother and I smile delightedly at all these toys and play for hours on the intercom system.

Near the end of the vacation Frank drives us down to weekend at their camp near an Alabama lake. "You're liable to meet some real rednecks down here," he laughs over the air conditioners gentle hum. At the lake my brother tries waterskiing and gets up the first time. I lay on an orange raft by the dock watching his compact golden body skimming over blue waves. Boat, water, air shimmer in the heat. Perhaps I am dreaming.

Late in the Alabama night we sit on the

porch with cold drinks. I crunch ice with my teeth, a sound very loud in the evening stillness. My mother is speaking. "I've known some Negroes who were very nice. Some of them so light-skinned you can't even tell." "You can always tell," says Frank. "The whites of their eyes are yellower than ours." Over the lake a moon rises, high and bright.

VICTOR COLEMAN:

FLOOD

a hologram for Gerry & Carole

my  
slit  
little  
    finger  
drips  
    blood

\*

THE HART OF LONDON

\*

my  
    slit  
long  
    throat  
spills  
    blood

\*

Impossible  
    AMERICA

\*

New York looms  
    aches in dead hearts  
Woodstock's apex in Virgo  
    index in asshole

    aped in brick  
the communal is emptied  
    the vessel is full

\*

We  
have come up  
to our knees in this before

\*

Mmm  
ache me  
something  
ashen

\*

P  
ass  
io  
n

this is Robin's method  
-- the other side of the rainbow  
"No Anthropomorphs Please"

---

*In the rainbow*

we are in it  
this minute

we are in  
the language

in  
my eye

my  
ass

\*

John Quinn's zeal  
pleasing as he would by patronage

1856

led him to face  
the mutability of his own materia

\*

I separate  
my thoughts  
with stars

\*

wind  
wash  
water  
will  
win  
wound  
wind down

\*

### *SURVIVAL*

Victor, victim  
of vacuity

\*

All this said  
in that strange breath of calm  
before storms  
Astounded  
all the beach  
will wash away  
Are we to throw our selves  
against the waves?  
Scurrying about cold floors  
The citizens  
anticipating everything  
in singular delightful  
modes Floods  
of emotion at hearing the voices  
too late  
to make any difference

to either of us  
My mother's house  
surrounded  
mine on its way to be --  
What *will* we do?  
Cover feet with rubber  
& run free

\*

Miss  
Panic

\*

I am April . the flood  
the water is sloshing  
the sides of the house

But you're safe  
a blurred image  
I still have my heart  
dog-dazed, pounding  
I'm, well, hung  
up on you  
and all that life  
sucked dry  
through the receiver

I remain  
delicate in my simplicity

The water rises.

April 1973



Night, I'm wanting to catch you *this* time  
(the moon's unwinding burial blanket, time, stands in its warp  
temporarily only, light --

Legs of, sheds, stumps, amputated limbs  
(torn knots nets are, shadows only. Where's the *body* of this being  
we run against? & feel, this net we're caught in, fish, light on  
full, suddenly blinded in -- its extent:

This black and white we only half perceive is caught by a wave-  
photography moon operates on a full night, quiet, most of the boats  
out. Wave reading shed, telegraphy of pilings in the river's  
intimate creak of hulls shatter -- a dog bark somewhere, the sudden  
chuckle of sea, someone scratching his head, turns in with the last  
bilge into creeping water, splash. This continues...

& if the mono-  
chrome of white & red, the sloping roofs of Canadian Fish resemble,  
light in the moon like old siding chinese backs rest beside, a pipe,  
a break in the sun from soldering work -- some cannery with its  
clanking stream of cans, its steam, fish slime, rot of excessive  
fish still on the dock of *that* time

if, behind the dyke (tracks),  
there's a ghostly clutter of indian tenement/ japanese cannery shacks  
whose "floor... is littered with blankets, furniture, cooking tins,  
fish gear, carnival masks, & usually 3 or 4 dogs" while "over the  
doorway is a board with L1356 or whatever happens to be the number  
of the boat in which the man goes out to meet the salmon coming in"  
and when "a boat is found bottom up, its number is taken & the  
inhabitants of that shack are notified"\*

& if there is still,  
further along, under the gravel of cannery parking lot, a picket  
fence, a woman's wailing all night long, for what? for what return  
the present *doesn't* ride upon? It's not linear --

the stainless  
steel lines going down in the Gulf echo other trollings, catch  
in the mesh of a net we refuse to see, the accretion of all our  
actions, how they interact, how they inter/read (intelligence),  
receive, the reading the sea, a vanishing marsh, a dying river,  
the mesh we are netted in, makes of *us*.

\*from "Steveston-by-the-Fraser", Garnett Weston, *British Columbia  
Magazine*, August 1911.

ERIC CHAET:

(5 poems

\$2.39 AN HOUR

Sweeping scraps  
from beneath big press  
into a pile on a sheet  
behind conveyor  
for fork-lift to scrape up.

Then climbing rungs  
dangling electric shining can  
#11 blue  
printer's ink

filling trough  
gradually emerging from viscous  
stupor, looking over  
smaller presses, slotters  
& men busy in aisles of stacked  
cardboards gesturing & yelling  
& pretending to share  
hard lot of beasts feeding  
never-digestive, never contemplative,  
machines producing  
stuff to buy in a hurry  
on rush back to home base.

Being paid 2.39 an hour  
& fringe benefits if I die  
or lose an arm or eye.

Grabbing 30 steaming 3-ply  
cardboard sheets, straightening  
armful with free, cut-up  
hand, guiding into  
loud mouth.

Foreman scratching paunch  
avoids meeting my eyes from sense  
of delicacy.

LION

I guess I am lion must lie down with lamb.  
I stare into world with shining yellow eyes.  
My mane grows long & dark round head  
no matter how often shorn.  
I sit head raised & heavy breath,  
heaving chest, swollen belly,  
flatten grass carpet of prairie.

Kilimanjaro's god.  
Claws & long teeth spell death to zebra & gazelle.  
Strong haunches, muscles long & dense.  
I guess I was born growling & glaring with eyes.

I crave lamb, to lie with, to lie with.  
Send her, it is a different hunger.

(untitled)

Eye of mine met pigeon's  
orange bursting amazement  
strutting park in flames  
of green feathers.

Passing unnoticed in unknown city  
flying among blue dreams,  
alongside green creatures with green





mafiosa & their wives & little ones,  
Irish cops & bars & tenors,  
stench of pig & steer massacres,

not far from mother's mother  
& her red-beard 2nd husband sat huddled  
in unheated shack thru winter  
distributing journalism & hare-brain English  
to newly settled tribesmen.

I am only trying for a straight account  
of how I came to be walking up State  
sucking Chicago's rusty tit,  
dreaming & growing stronger.

JANE CREIGHTON:

(2 poems

A REMEMBRANCE

jumping kicking  
obliged to turn over  
for benefit  
of embrace      this fondness  
for adventure to have me  
new and you unused  
                    always me  
          and you (coming  
          right down to it    never me  
                            and mountains or you  
                            and the time of day  
          theoretically speaking

I have imagined you  
here    in this poem  
for reasons  
if not altogether honourable  
at least they get the point  
across the point which is  
                    in all seriousness  
                    to the point which

I cannot fathom the degree  
of intensity lost or know  
how good it was to hear from  
how good it was  
the look on that face  
last time I saw it

(untitled)

things seem to be dying  
slowly around here  
tonight that's not to say  
it's a bad time honey  
just slow oh the moon's  
hot tonight honey oh  
the red sky's wavin'  
and the time's movin'  
up on ya move over  
baby get those pictures  
off the bed baby it's enough  
to look once and it's colder  
here than'd kill a moose  
BABY you just got to understand  
about intellectual aspiration  
cause I LOVE your mind  
honey and all it's subtle  
flavour so move over  
darlin' that's the name  
of a bad movie I didn't  
watch you undress so  
it's all right.

dream 31:iii:73 s.f.

my mother and i are walking alongside a queue  
it is night  
the wind folding and unfolding the lines of her  
/chiffon dress

i move back from the incoming tide  
afraid to get wet  
afraid to get my feet wet  
afraid that the water will touch me  
my mother is not afraid  
the sea spray hits her hair  
hits the side of her face  
her dress wet and wind blown  
across the river the lights are going  
out all over new york city

.....  
from a dream book (a continuing work)

\*\*\*\*

*dogs were once gods and  
because of this they can  
sense our vibrations but  
we cannot sense theirs*

m y t h o p o e i c f o r g o r m

im looking for the right words to  
describe you

may you be blessed with hands  
and feet and voice

may you be a mystery which will never happen again

l:iii: 73 sausalito, ca

ALEX GILDZEN:

from THE YEAR BOOK

31 mar:K

*Ah yes, there's good news tonight.*

Grandpa Kovach would sit on the chenile bedspread  
in his second floor room in the big white house  
Dad built on Warren Ave.  
puffing on a corncob pipe  
I'd sprawl on the floor  
together we'd listen to Gabriel Heatter on the radio

then I'd watch as he'd wash his feet in the bathtub  
I can't remember him ever taking a bath  
but I can still see him perched on the tub's rim  
his black trousers rolled up revealing longjohns  
his cracking feet under water

once at Aunt Sophie's house in the country  
I made cupcakes out of pie-crust mix  
while she was out  
Grandpa said they were good  
but I threw them to Uncle Jim's dogs

a few days later Grandpa got sick

I'd sit at his bedside  
thinking his helplessness  
was caused by my heavy cupcakes  
& start to cry

I remember standing through the whole funeral service  
even though Regina kept whispering for me to sit down  
I'd stare at the cherubs painted on the ceiling --  
winged heads floating in incense --  
then at the open coffin & his closed eyes  
wishing his fingers would curl up the ends of his  
moustache again

Gabriel Heatter's picture is in this  
morning's paper  
he died yesterday

DAVID WILK:

(5 poems

CAN I GET A WITNESS:

First Part, for Julie

I sleep alone  
in the rubble of my room  
julie is in california  
-- her face will not jell  
in the ugly patterns  
of my wallpaper, but  
I still have something  
of her in my chest  
a tightness that could  
come from too many  
filterless camels.  
this ambivalence rules  
my life: I refuse  
to believe anything  
I feel because  
there is always more:

my room is a rubble  
but empty of all  
relations. I bring  
them up for no good reason  
simply to write them down:  
on paper they are lies,  
imply an emotional  
reality that simply  
is not there:  
there is always more  
left unsaid than said  
I hide my truths away  
where even I can't  
find them, or even  
want to. I want  
to teach myself not  
to care about style  
or manner. I sleep

157

alone in this room,  
totally filling it; no  
one else could fit, I  
have made my distances  
well. julie  
is in california  
moving easily in her body

it is the distance  
allows me to miss her  
it is the distances  
in this world  
that fill & fulfill me  
but it is in my body  
that I live &  
it is in this world  
I truly live, the  
body world fills my room.  
& it is the relations of this  
& all my worlds  
that drive me, by which  
I do not sleep alone,  
or do, but my hand  
is on her breast  
a continent away & that  
my dreams are not  
remembered & that  
I speak lies only

CAN I GET A WITNESS:

The Voice

who are you watching  
when you  
make up something  
you don't know / or  
are being watched  
& don't know it.  
then  
what use is writing  
& how to make use

of what you have.  
you  
have to or  
lose your voice  
(your? voice?)  
only talking to  
yourself -- but  
what else  
is there, who  
else worth talking to  
-- the physiology  
of space  
who is watching  
which is  
all there is  
a moment

IN MOMENT THUS

in state of movement  
around & between natural  
events: I state my anger  
awkwardly. I do not  
want words to become  
indifferent, myself  
to blank space  
(where thinking becomes  
action within itself  
& locus lost: I babble  
yet there is a center  
in movement --  
the connections drive out  
cause, effect,  
the empty meanings  
of event without  
relation: unstatement  
the *non* act  
of knowing, precise &  
sure, exactly as I am  
unsure now, ever  
of what to say: wherein

the anger lies & grows  
because there is no  
saying of it, or  
any kind of use (in  
spacing moments out,  
growing into a language  
just as I learnt  
to use my body,  
sloppily, without care:  
without care the words  
shudder to a halt &  
all the beautiful relations  
in the world cannot  
save me. so there is  
a lesson (that even the  
knowing of doesnt help)  
& action, built on,  
building a sort of love,  
a care; can make  
relations true & lived  
& event placed, becomes  
its own cause. thus  
one moment truly lived  
gives total meaning  
to all the rest.

for lindy hough

#### HEADS & TAILS

for rc

again: it is  
that youve got  
the wrong number  
yr doing  
a wrong number  
on yrself  
but its far too late  
to tell you  
somebody  
some friend

160

shd have taken  
yr life in hand(s)  
you wouldnt  
allow it are  
too expansive  
to be included  
in any but  
yr own design  
but at least then  
we wd all be off  
the hook  
for yr destruction

5.20.73

#### IN THE FIELDS

the stones come up  
from under  
endlessly, as if drawn  
to the mysteries  
that lie  
above ground  
I feel like I will  
never end my struggle  
to clear the field,  
sometimes wonder why  
I bother: this per  
ception of the earth  
as rock strewn, of  
rock as adversary  
is new to me, un  
endingly old in  
its own history  
as we who have worked  
the earth for food  
have used it so  
thoroughly  
so I join in  
the work of farmers  
& I become a digger  
in the soil,

turning rocks  
to reach the  
mysteries that lie  
beneath the soil  
when I dig deep  
enough I do not  
wonder why

may - june 73

ANSELM HOLLO: INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY (I)

when off a precipitous cliff  
albert heim, the swiss mountaineer  
fell to his first death  
he experienced a series of great clear flashes  
a rapid & profuse succession  
of images, sharp and distinct  
he saw himself looking out the window  
of a tall building  
his sisters were there, & his beloved mother  
& all the rest of his life, performed to perfection  
by himself for himself to watch  
up in the highest gallery  
when suddenly came the realization  
"in but a moment, i'll be dead!"  
this seemed eminently correct  
albert was still falling  
off that precipitous cliff  
but felt no trace of anxiety or pain  
he saw arching over him  
a beautiful alpine sky  
full of violets and roseate clouds  
powerful chords of solemn music enveloped him  
& he felt himself proceeding, albeit backwards  
into this magnificent heaven  
of no anxiety, no grief

the images are going backwards  
the reels are turning backwards through the projector  
everything is going back toward where it came from

the room is a ship: the propellers reverse in the harbor;  
slowly the motion changes though we are not aware that it  
has changed, and we begin sliding back over the tide that  
brought us in

for the few moments of the poem, the hands of your watch go  
counterclockwise through their arc; time no longer moves you  
toward tomorrow but backward toward the dreams you dreamed  
last night

without our noticing, the rotation of the world shifts on its  
axis, revolving from the east toward the west now, and the  
far slope of the Rockies is rising into the dawn of a Pacific sun

America is going backward to the revolution of its birth; the  
ships of Columbus slide stern-first through the weeds of the  
Sargasso Sea toward Spain; a small band of people step back  
from Turtle Island into Asia

the whole roll of evolution turns and we are not moving toward  
new places in the intelligent soul of the world being born as  
our souls were born, but we move backward toward what we were  
in caves

bodies of continents drift toward the one land they used to be

down in our cells, long chains pause in the spiral mutation of  
their language; no new words form from the code; they unwind  
from their shifting replication and say backward what they  
said before

electrons reverse their spin and we are our own anti-matter

My mother talking about her grandmother

'She never had much to say.  
I'd take her dinner to her in her room  
and she never said much to me.  
I wasn't afraid of her, but she kept to herself.  
She had a machine for knitting socks  
and I could always hear it clicking in her room.  
She didn't make Balsam de Malta after we moved into town.  
She made it when she lived at Drittiche-barrick.  
She never told anyone how she made it.  
There was a whiskey in it but I don't know what else.  
Then she'd peddle it on foot around farms and in the towns--  
Ephrata, Schoeneck, Lititz--an old lady with a basket.  
I still meet people that tell me,  
Oh yes, my mother used to use Balsam de Malta,  
Was that your grandmother? I remember her.  
She pow-wow'd too, but I don't know much about that.  
I think it was saying scripture and moving the hands a certain way.  
My mother used to try to tell me about it  
but I'd just ask her if she believed that stuff.  
So it hurt her; she didn't like me making fun of her mother.  
People came to her for their sickness.  
She'd pow-wow and cure them.  
People with erisypilas came to her.  
I think she died the year I graduated.'  
That was 1910.  
One photograph,  
Gray mennonite dress. Sitting in a chair,  
holding a cane.

In still weather we wonder what we are.

We heard the tide turn from dead low  
and saw it close over the top of the granite rock.  
The moon will cover the sun.

We're not our names,  
and if it's love we live in  
no mind can hold her being.

Clouds shape themselves and move over the mountains.  
Moss hunches under leaves and in wet corners of rock.

Montezuma

Like an eagle  
    in need of prey  
a shadow swoops over his brow  
    as he sits in his formal  
and very beautiful garden  
    a million scents and colors

In panic he sends  
    a runner to Cortez in Vera Cruz  
    with many regrets  
he cannot receive guests at the moment  
    please accept these gifts  
    of noble friendship

Suddenly he feels  
    the broken stem of a flower  
    fall limp in his hands

Flor de Corazon

Here is the flower procession  
    plumed headresses sway  
    under the noon sun  
they swing in the heat  
    to drums  
they have come to watch  
    the hand  
    pluck the heart out  
with a carved feather

Everybody Gathered in Objection

Always  
as from the start, well hewn lines bursting  
apart - closing in as tomorrow  
branches up.

Have they ever, been torn  
from their spheres-in-harmony,  
felt the heart's configurations  
leaping in dissonance  
from the spitting dancing Flame  
of a tree  
flaking in ashes? ever, left to their  
particular anguish  
gone off without leaving a malignant stamp  
on the carbonized Child?  
O the cold flame

grown long in language returns  
bitterly to my conventional improvisation  
takes up from here, contriving tones.  
Separate notes  
no longer cohere  
and sounding, fly without radiance:  
Only derivation brings  
to bear the new mode: to ride  
the Open Song.

So the ideas slanted against war  
struggle free; the lyric obstructed  
by sexual fury  
breaks forth, leaps insatiable -  
A distinctive  
Cacophony Sounds, drowning all in radiant waves,  
over the objections  
sounding as the poem flashes  
brighter than the tree on fire,  
than the proposition of Law: flames  
against the carbonized Child,  
singing rapturously  
of the malignant stamp,  
of particular anguish

Out Across The Ocean (for Robert Duncan)

where the poem does  
not end, the cross-eyed seagull dips  
to rite a way  
away, dancing there as if he was  
some dancing bear  
who casts a shadow as wide as the Pacific  
(could we love,  
and carry separate crosses too

like lawless cowboys do  
'Across the years each sentence goes'  
and breaks in waves  
through Sydney Heads  
O I am bound by this particular  
geography:  
too old for any improvisation, shift  
or fault line -  
it does nothing to make me feel secure:  
my hand trembles instead of my  
country, and nothing rimes

Across the lines a female  
dances, her feet following the patterns  
of some forgotten lore)  
the waves are crossing the ocean  
reaching for the music  
of water splashing  
an ancient shore

Sail Away

Our day was composed of resemblances, take  
the heavy cloud bank as a mountain, as it lifted  
itself up from behind the headland: how

its appearance altered to disintegrating  
fluxive streaks as we spoke. We were sitting quietly  
by the river as the colours changed.

And as we spoke - however gingerly - we knew  
the black bird in our voice, and watched it flying  
there, high above the water, until our

conversation resembled its elusive song.  
Though it was the bird who sang amidst the rolls  
of thunder, and as we listened, its notes

rose and fell around us on the ridiculous earth:  
so that all we really saw, was in the sky  
of that electric evening. Maybe it was summer,

and it was summer's shifting colours,  
through which our black bird tumbled, as if evening  
was not an imagined time: so in the orange

atmosphere the black bird darted from my voice  
to yours, and we almost held each other by the hand.  
A breeze ran along the surface as if it was

a breeze, and the surface of the river  
kicked against it, as if there was a tide coming in.  
The black bird sang as if it had a song.

#### Shale Mountain Myth

Now we have come to the shifting emotion:  
deep moving power driving all things  
through all things: & we are finally  
taken from our first darkness, that young  
minds made darker. So the river no  
longer moves either in or out; we dwell  
here between the second darkness  
& the soft light of tomorrow dawn. It was  
from Flat Rock Point we scattered our

lives, watching our river come alive with  
those peculiar waves that break so  
suddenly across the oyster farms. Now  
again we come to the emotion that drove us  
in december (I am wholly taken, your bounds  
have no limit, either upwards or down,  
wholly I am taken) Alone to Flat Rock I  
returned as the tide rushed to

the Pacific: places change as quickly as  
love--& in the harsh midday light  
I threw soft-drink cans (we were never so  
sentimental as I watching them drift  
downstream)--Moonlight is spreading round  
us & far out over the still water our  
darkness moves off, slowly taking with it  
all the particles of our youth gathering up  
even our memories

It is only broken now & then by a mullet's  
slashing on the surface: openings  
where moonlight floods in: on Flat Rock  
we stand apart for a moment forever

'Apres Moi Le Sommeil'

A twilight caught in blue rose awhile?

Hardly, for here we have--at least--some vague notion  
of what we started long ago. So long ago: and here blind  
girls can only move, touch soft fingers over the flat paint,  
over the moving canvas. A twilight? No, we are simply slung  
across this pale Sign depicting the end of our Journey,  
showing it up for what it must have been right from the  
start.

Though, if you could just look up at the Scene, and say,  
yes this or maybe that point in time: Our dawns, mornings,  
noons, afternoons and nights would then flow smoothly by, as  
they should, solved finally. (But the Lady is indefinable,  
she will be the door in the wall/ to the garden in sunlight.  
I will go on talking forever) "Lady, do not banish me for  
digressions."

Now pacing Ernst's homage, involving all the living  
things that move, the poem would become a contaminated field.  
The Mover, myself, would slow then in a most base praise: so  
here the poet's own voice takes leave--resigned and girlish,  
as Dante's Guide turning a blind eye--Blake's statement  
shall not even be defined--More in the style of Pindar, our  
greatest Listener, who--unable to run a mile--ran off in  
Praise. The mind spreading her luminescence throughout the  
poem serves not the tragic androgynous Singer. O (Lady, do  
not banish me for digressions) "I will go on talking..." Now  
twilight, to begin again, is rose..

## The Shining Incidents

In a friendless time the mind swims  
out from its body: you become  
all the lives you have ever lived.  
In this clearing there have  
been camp-fires, though the ashes  
are stone cold now. And the mist  
just above the earth is  
undisturbed. A brown kestrel flits

between the sun and the ancient  
dwellings: its shadow a moth  
wandering below the mist's surface.  
Everything has been like this  
for centuries. Sunlight struggles  
through onto the petrified  
branches of charcoal; as I walk  
I create a new legend here

my voice moves over the rock carvings,  
my hands net for the moth's  
faint dancing shadow, my eyes  
vanish into the back of my head  
and a small creature stops running.  
The water lies still in granite  
waiting for its chance to sing anew:  
under the mist I become

a thousand echoes, sounding for  
the time being. Wherever life emanates  
it's born from my careful presence  
here, treading: mushrooms bloom  
in my footsteps among the ashes now.  
The mind moves ahead of my  
body feeling the new wings, wondering  
if they ever existed before.

Its thoughts lift me above the ground,  
I look down at my body, a feeble  
creature moving through its own silence.  
Moss clings to my thighs, the kestrel  
dives into the clearing hooking  
up the creature I taught not to fear.

Certain details, often remembered,  
as we recall a mood from a moving-picture show:  
though to account for this  
utter silence? The scene is  
after all, certainly one from earth's  
pale geography.

Whatever moved across this prismatic divide  
has forever gone: and we are left with this crystalline  
effect of colour photography.

O Great Joke, shot from the almost blue:

He made where a cry arose  
a rose, a crow arise--then made it appear  
reflection in a blind girl's hair.

Has Eluard even moved into the future  
or have you gone back around the corner? the thought  
of him always here beckons: a crow turning  
  into a windless azure  
a kestrel, a rising  
  girl--

O let me speak of wings, impossible bird,  
of abrogation of this  
blinding atmosphere, the absence  
of wind.

          The bird rose,  
          it did not fly off wildly then.  
And this is where we shall remain, slung over  
his canvas Grave in paints describing  
Song

And I do not think we shall find this holy place  
in imagination that rises from reality  
Even walking out on life  
Taking Rigaut's route  
Where ever silence takes us

We would not come across this  
Outpost of Concern  
We are the ever-moving, mindless narcissus  
Who stands back

## INTERVIEW WITH DR. THELMA MOSS

In 1969 the Parapsychology Association was accepted into membership by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Suddenly it was O.K. to be a parapsychologist! Since then, and aided by the publication of the book *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, interest in parapsychology has spread rapidly among students and faculty. One of the leading academic parapsychologists is Dr. Thelma Moss at UCLA. Her speciality is Kirlian photography, which is a form of high-voltage photography. (If you put your hand on a photographic plate and turn on a nearby Tesla coil, then around each finger on the developed plate will appear a radiant field or "corona". This corona varies with the state of mind, health, activity, ... or whatever: and certain patterns may correlate with the practice of psychic healing, faith healing, the laying on of hands.)

Parapsychology is Thelma Moss' second career. She started her first as a drama major at Carnegie Tech. For 15 years she acted on the Broadway stage, in radio and television, played opposite Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn Is Green," with the Lunts, and with Judith Anderson. She wrote the screen version for an English movie starring Alec Guinness. Then in California in the 60's she tried an experimental drug used at the time for psychotherapy: LSD. Following this enlightenment she became interested in mental phenomena, took night courses at UCLA, was accepted into the graduate school in Psychology and completed a Ph.D. dissertation on ESP. Her first scientific publication appeared in 1967 in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, entitled "Telepathy and Emotional Stimuli: A Controll-

ed Experiment." She is interviewed here by Dr. Roy L. Walford of the UCLA School of Medicine.

RW: In some of your reports you've said your equipment is a bit different from that used by the Russians. Let me begin by asking you, are you really doing Kirlian photography?

TM: The name "Kirlian photography" is very special to the man and his wife, Simeon and Valentina Kirlian of the Soviet Union, who devised a particular piece of apparatus that takes electrical photography. However, the history of electrical photography goes back over 100 years. Different people in different countries independently discovered it. When I say we don't exactly take Kirlian photographs, I mean we don't use precisely the apparatus which the Kirlians use. We've learned simply by trial and error that different modalities of electrical circuitry give different kinds of picture. The real question is, what are we looking at? Why is it that certain frequencies show a completely different picture of the same object than other frequencies?

RW: What's the nature of the corona? Is it a gravitational field, an electrical field, or what?

TM: I believe what we are looking at is some kind of electrical field surrounding the body, although I use the word "electrical" very loosely. I just came back from an international conference in Prague where a new science "Psychotronics," was christened. It means the influence of man on any object in the near-by environment. The idea of "fields" seemed to be the major concept in Psychotronics, but the "fields" were called bio-gravitational or bio-plasmic or electromagnetic or Orgone energy fields. Everybody was using a different name according to his orientation. Whatever the nature of the field in Kirlian photography, the corona itself shows no correlation

with the usual physiological parameters such as Galvanic Skin Response, peripheral vascular dilation, temperature, or sweat. There are still things we haven't explored like muscle potentials - the electrical signals that come from muscles with tension and relaxation...which goes into meditation and the whole psychophysiology of meditation and altered states of consciousness. What particularly interests me is the idea of a form of energy which emanates from people and interacts with other people or with objects. Of course, if you put your hands on somebody, it's not supposed to do a bloody thing to them. This kind of "healing" is traditionally considered "crackpot stuff." But we've done controlled experiments and obtained sometimes dramatic changes both in the person doing the healing and the one being healed - even if the healer's hands are held at a distance. It's not contact which produces the effect. It's an interaction of fields. The healers say that what they do is empty their minds of any kind of thinking-process, because whatever is flowing through them, they have to be open-channeled for, to let it flow through.

RW: Have you taken photographs of the coronas of people in a trance?

TM: Yes. Usually in any state of relaxation or trance the corona is much brighter and wider.

RW: You mentioned Orgone energy fields.

TM: As you know, that's a very discredited hypothesis by Wilhelm Reich. However, we have an Orgone Box upstairs in the laboratory. It's a very simple thing: alternating layers of two different materials, conducting and non-conducting. Our control box is built of alternating layers of the same material. The Orgone Box certainly affects the kinds of pictures we take. Ordinarily when we pluck a leaf from a plant, we can get Kirlian photos of its corona for about three days. Then it's no longer photographable.

If we put it in the Orgone Box, we can take its picture - the longest we've tried it is 15 days and it's very bright and clear.

RW: What has been your experience with "healers"?

TM: One of the people who recently worked with us is a hypnotherapist who uses magnetic passes. Magnetic passes went out as a curative agent about 150 years ago, but this man can induce a very deep state of trance with no words at all, just making passes over people. We had a call about 8 months ago from the UCLA hospital. A young man had been in a severe automobile accident and his right leg was really demolished, so badly fractured and shattered that they were going to have to amputate it. The pain was terrific. He kept saying, "Take it off, take it off." But his parents, one of whom is on the faculty here, were hoping that hypnosis could save the leg. They called me and I sent our hypnotherapist over. He worked with the young man several hours every night for three months and taught him self-hypnosis. Well, the leg was not amputated and the young man is now walking around on crutches. It looks like he'll have a total cure. Yes, we do sometimes see spectacular results.

RW: But isn't it true that under what seem identical conditions, the next case isn't cured? Isn't controlled repeatability the main problem hindering wider acceptance of psychic healing? The usual scientific bias of course is that the control-probability must be less than .05 or nobody will believe anything has been proved.

TM: Nobody believes .05! I think Dr. Rhine handled the whole huge problem of statistics beautifully. Over a period of many years he derived a statistics with his card-guessing experiments that is astronomical. The American Mathematical Society said you cannot fault Rhine's experiments on statistical grounds. That still doesn't mean you can get the

result every time! He'll test people with ten thousand runs on his little machine where you try to pick out what's going to come up next. The level of probability may be 25 out of 100 by pure chance. They will get 27 out of 100, but in enough separate runs to be a valid statistic even at the .001 level. Nevertheless, they're still only getting 27 out of 100. I think we must get beyond this approach. We can repeat 27 out of 100 times endlessly, we still don't know what's really happening. Let me illustrate this by telling you about psychics I've worked with. Let's say they hold your ring or your keys and get some impressions, and the first few months or years they'll be enormously right. Then they begin to think that *they're* doing it, and it becomes a power trip. They'll start to charge money or go on the stage, and since it doesn't work for them all the time, they add a few gimmicks and trick situations. It becomes a form of self-delusion. Whatever was coming through on an unconscious level, they now are trying to turn on and off. I've never met anyone who can do it that way. So you see no one knows what's really happening! Statistics is based on the concept that events are independent of each other. In Psychotronics or just life itself we know that nothing happens independently.

RW: Perhaps not, but when you say that, it seems like you're opting for causality as opposed to synchronicity, which I hadn't expected.

TM: O.K., let's talk about that. Events are random. We don't know what's happening with electrons or any particle, so we say they're undergoing random motion. Before that concept came into physics, we thought we had everything well figured. If you dropped a stone from a certain height, we knew *exactly* how it was going to fall. We had a formula that could tell us, and there was nothing random about it. But now with the interpenetration of the atom - and the atom's got all these weird particles and nonparticles - we *don't* know what's happening. So we say it's random.

If we ever find out what's happening, it will no longer be random. We will have laws and formulae... until something else comes along. I think we've arrived at a period in the development of science where suddenly we don't know what's going on. Observation and statistics tell us something is really going on but we have no idea what or how.

RW: I'm still not sure whether you're opting for causality or synchronicity.

TM: I'm saying it's just two sides of the same thing. It's synchronicity if we don't know what's happening, causality if we do.

RW: Do you think Psi power is a natural phenomenon which we haven't nailed down yet?

TM: Yes, I do, but very individualistic. Everybody has probably had the experience of saying "Oh, it's so and so!" when the phone rings. And it turns out to be that person. That's an example of Psi on a very primitive, question-mark level. On the other hand, there are a very few people who can say correctly, "At 4:05 you're going to get a telephone call from so and so." But I've known such people. I've known instances in which people get immediate specific information although they don't know where it comes from. To have access to that information means having a clear channel into the unconscious mind.

RW: Does precognition like that require a reordering of our concept of the universe?

TM: No, I think it's a built-in thing. We just don't know what *time* is. When we talk about time, we think of it as going forward or backward linearly. A 'was' time is time-past, and time that you can't see yet is time-future. Science fiction writers are fond of inventing time machines. If anybody were to invent one that could go up like an airplane over the timeline, we would see forward and back and maybe, sideways.

In that case we would look at time very differently than we look at it now, just like I know this table is solid and I can't go through it but physics tells me it's not solid, it's all space with a couple of atoms floating around doing their dance.

RW: Let me ask my question another way. If you put a chimpanzee in a cage and a banana outside the cage and give him a couple of sticks to screw together to make a tool, he'll get the banana. If each day you give him a slightly more complicated tool-problem, pretty soon he won't know how to solve it. He'll no longer even recognize the existence of a problem and will make purposeless random motions with the parts of the tool. He's reached the limits of his perception. Maybe in Psi work we're dealing with forces beyond the limits of human perception. While we might fiddle around with these forces, we'd never really understand them. Do you think we're dealing with forces that lie within the limits of our perception?

TM: Yes, I do. I would make the analogy between where we are now in the 20th century and where we were in the 15th and 16th centuries. Everybody "knew" the world was flat and we were the center of the universe. A lot of people fought tooth-and-nail against the change, and people were burned at the stake, but it did happen. Our concept of the universe was mightily changed. Now it's going to change again.

RW: Won't we be into things that we can't really conceive of, like mathematicians who deal with equations that involve inconceivable realities? If you derive an equation for the motion of a pendulum, using advanced calculus, you get an equation in which one factor is the square root of minus one. That has no physical reality. What the physicists do is disregard that factor, and what is left out of the equation describes the motion of the pendulum in what we consider the real universe.

TM: And that square root of minus one is just floating around...

RW: Like a spirit. Still, the derivation of the equation is valid.

TM: We must have it then! Maybe what we're looking at is the square root of minus one. I have a hunch that Psi is not explainable by known physical laws. Physicists are the first to say, "We don't know what's going on." There were a lot of physicists at the Prague conference. They were the widest open to the most preposterous things. Such things delight them. They're in love with mystery. One of the mysteries of Kirlian photography is the difference between inanimate and animate objects. The inanimate object never changes its corona, which remains like a sort of frozen energy. We heat up the object, boil it, do all kinds of things to it, it's corona is always the same. That isn't true of anything organic. An organic object constantly and dynamically changes. You can take movies of it and see gorgeous things flying out into space. A lot of the physicists say the corona is the cold emission of electrons. That's certainly a nice way to look at it because it's something we can handle, although I don't think it's that simple.

RW: Are there differences in the coronas of people with different diseases?

TM: We'd like the cooperation of the medical department to investigate that but I don't know how we can get past the Human Use Committee here at the University.

RW: Are they a problem? You wouldn't be doing anything to patients except photograph them.

TM: Well, the Human Use Committee can be very difficult. They stopped us from showing an Acupuncture demonstration in an Acupuncture Symposium. They're

difficult and they don't like me.

RW: Let me help you if I can.

TM: Do you have access to a patient population?

RW: Yes, but not a living one. Being a pathologist, my direct access is to the autopsy service. I could fix that up for you.

TM: That would be marvelous. We're very interested in finding out what happens to the corona after death. We could bring portable equipment over there and take pictures of people at different periods after death. We did get a dead man's hand over here once but it had been soaked in formaldehyde for about 4 weeks and I think we got a beautiful picture of the formaldehyde.

RW: That wouldn't be a problem. Fortunately our dead population is fresh.

Figure 1. Kirlian photos of finger of a patient with kidney disease before and after laying on of hands by a "healer". (The healer places his hands for 20 minutes on the patient's back over the area of kidney.) The photo on the left shows the patient's finger before treatment. The corona discharge covers only about 80% of the finger and is broken in areas. After treatment (on the right) the corona discharge covers the whole circumference and is essentially unbroken.

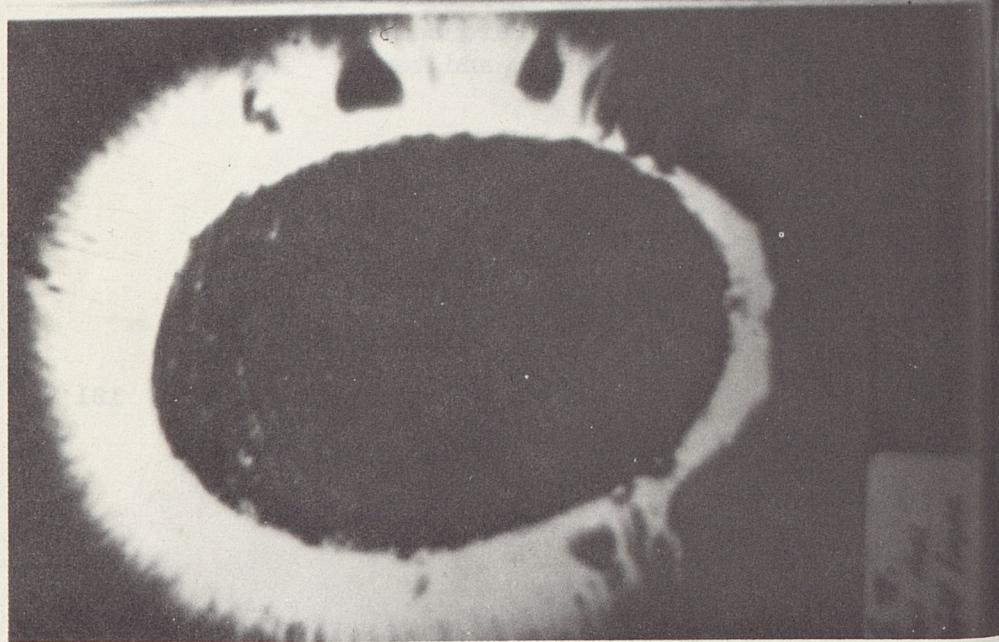
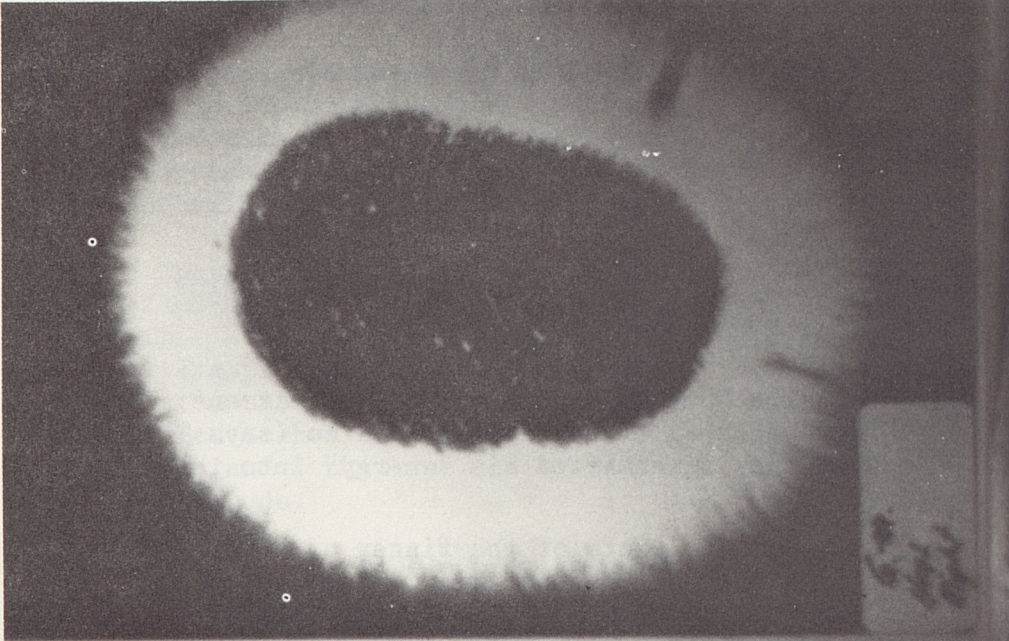
Figure 2. The "healer's" finger before he begins treatment: photo shows broad, complete corona discharge.

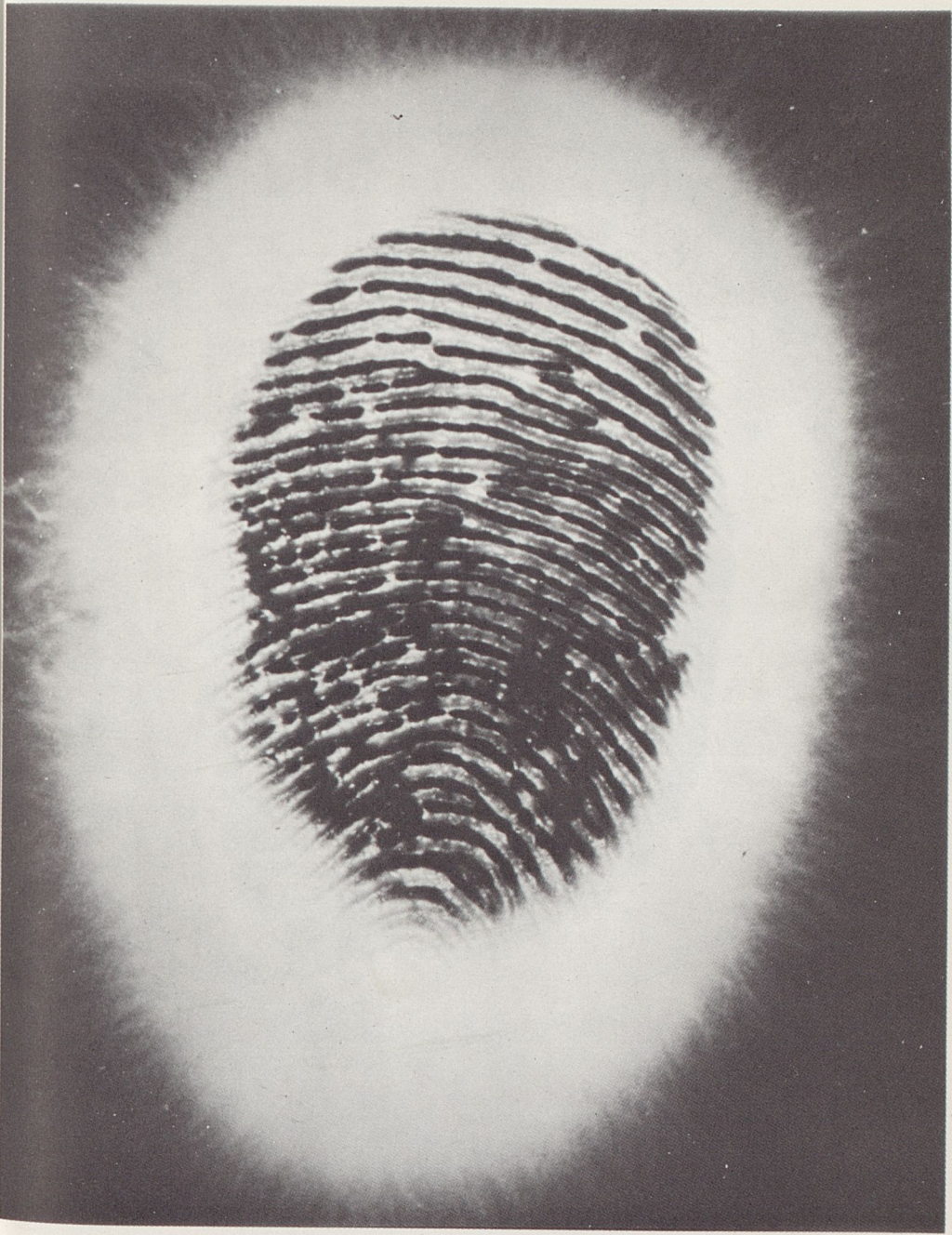
Figure 3. The "healer's" finger after treatment: has lost the intensity of the discharge - so (says Thelma) he has perhaps transmitted his "energy" into the patient.

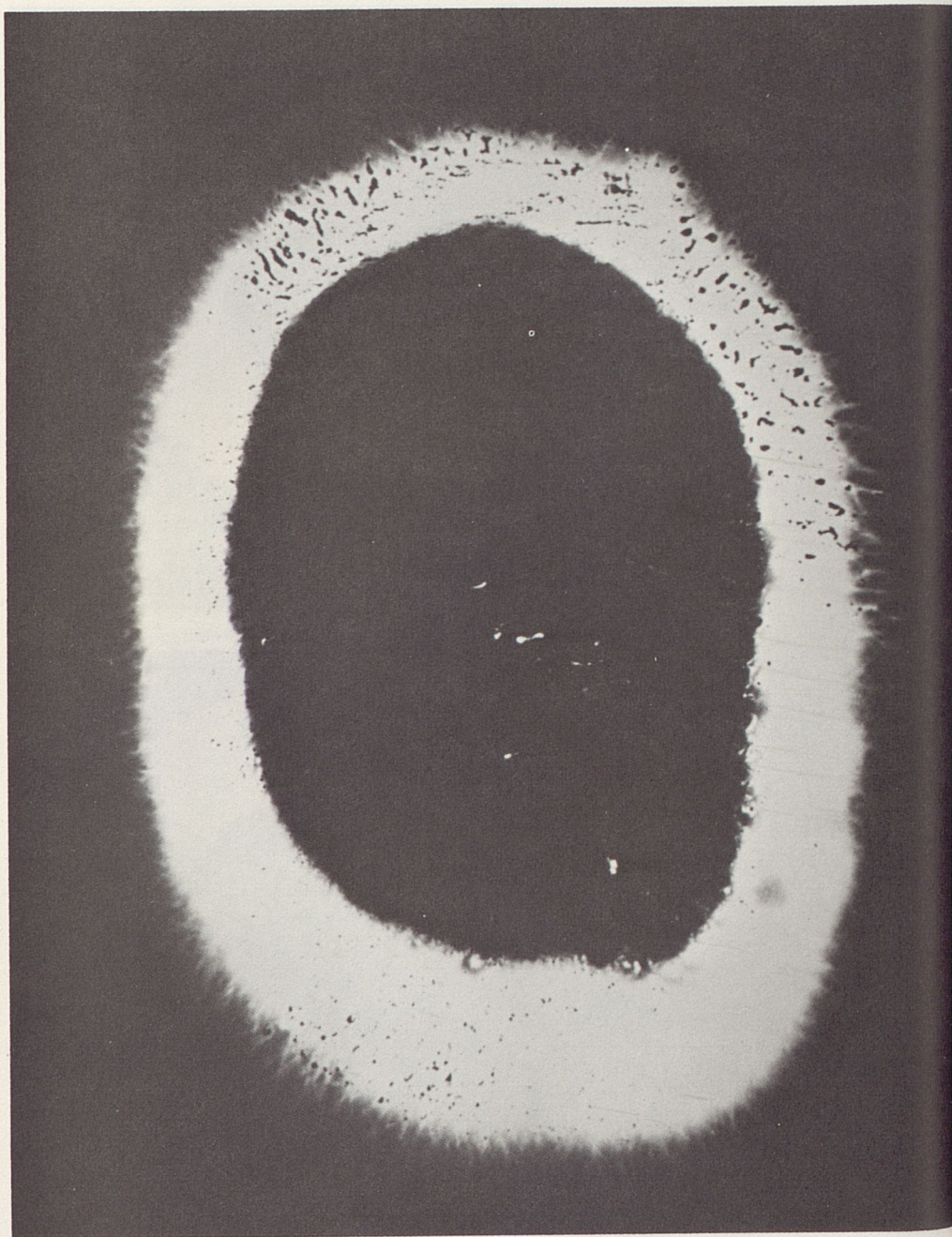
Figure 4. Kirlian photo of the finger of a normal person in a state of psychological and physical relaxation.

Figure 5. Same finger as in Figure 4 but now the person is not relaxed but "aroused." He has talked himself into being angry and tense. This changes the corona.

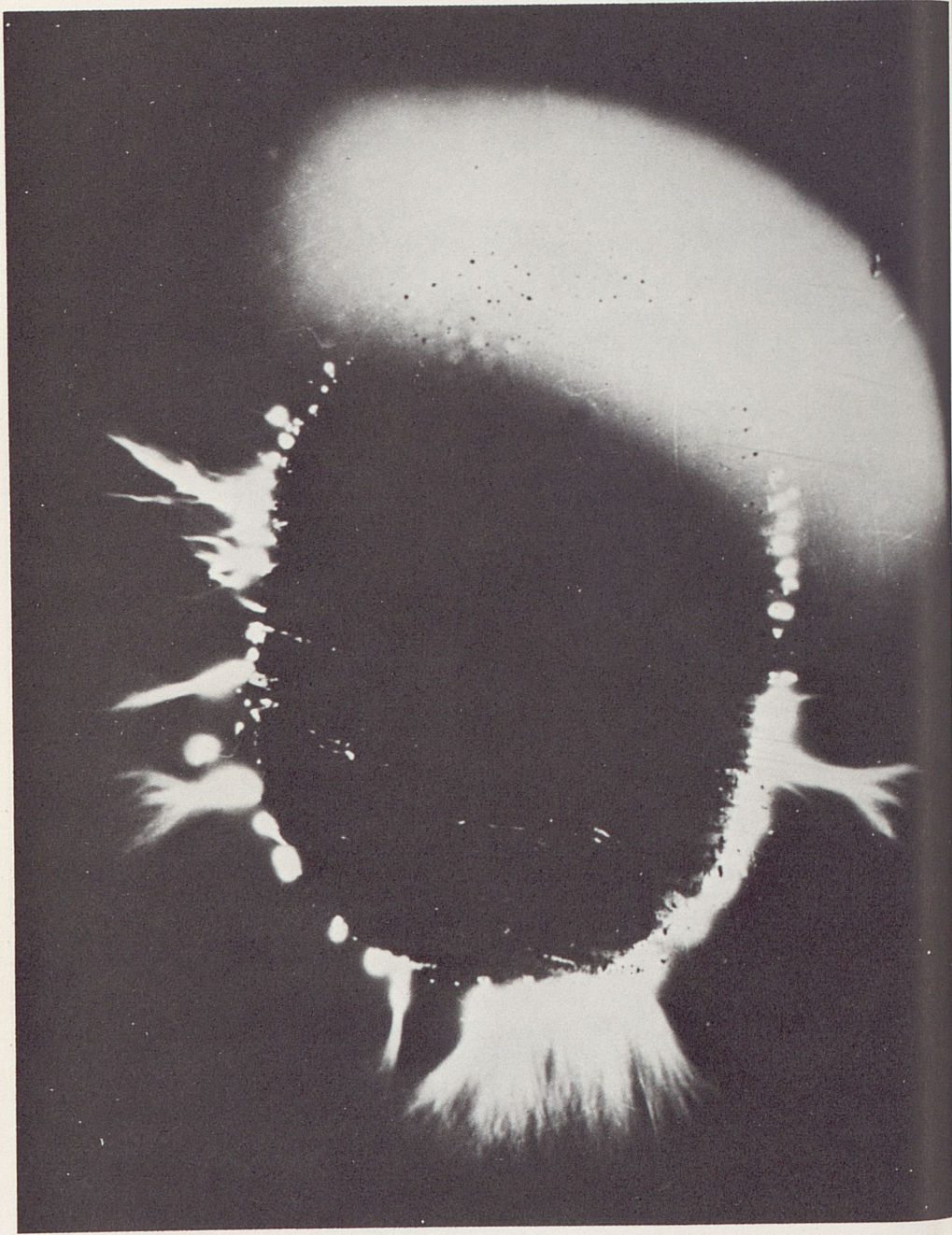
Figure 1. Kidney phosphate binder (top) and after laying on of bands by kidney disease patient (bottom).











The winter the GEN. STARKS was stuck\*

Out here on the end of the land, it going westward at a known rate, the ocean approaching from the east daily and equally going back, the Great Circle of the earth making a straight line over Cape Ann to Tyre, and further round the world,

the exercise of being with  
a continent or an ocean face or back as will will tell  
me which way to look as the year turns to-day,  
the Sun now in the Southern hemisphere half way  
to that other Pole and life again here in the North saved  
by the tilting of the ecliptic once more in its favor, another  
year of spring to come and Dogtown unlock her frozen  
bushes and roads which snap like piazza boards under foot,  
the Harbor yet open and two and more hard months--

already  
by this date December 1779 and solid frozen salt ice three  
full months from Black Bess Point across to Dolliver's Neck  
privateers waiting hung up in the ice from raiding British  
shipping as English ships and captains had Spanish  
shipments 2 centuries earlier, now another two centuries and  
I turn either left or right or east or west or now  
that there is promise again and the Sun comes back once more  
toward Equator and I can confidently expect the year,

looking at a Nation herself untaken since before this Harbor  
of her Eastward Pointing Cape was tight in ice  
and measurements and lines were dropped through ice as far  
to the West of South as 207, Ten Pound Island Ledge

if I twist West I curl into the tightest Rose, if right  
into the Color of the East, and North and South are  
then the Sun's half-handling of the Earth. These aspects,  
annular-Eternal--the tightest Rose in the World, the Vision  
is the Face of God--in this aspect the Nation  
turns now to its Perfection. Its furthest or its highest  
Point, its Limit now reached, the Imagination of it  
here or anywhere man in duress or need in thought which taken  
is belief, go on the frozen being and do take the marks and bearings.

December 21st 1965  
Charles Olson  
28 Fort Square Gloucester  
Massachusetts

\*Olson's poem first appeared in Catalogue 13 of The Asphodel Book Shop, December, 1966, and is reprinted here with the kind permission of James Lowell.

Political Poetry in Modern Somalia, collected and translated by Abdisalam Y. Mohamed

[In the advent of the 21st October Revolution (1969), the leadership urged the people to revitalize their cultural heritage. A well organised and highly-effective campaign was launched, aiming at the revival of interest in Somali history and in some aspects of Somali tradition. This led to the initiation of a new period of cultural renaissance. The poem embodies various aspects of the Somali cultural heritage, covering significant historical events which have taken place since the Sixteenth Century.]

COD NIN:

1. Dadka Somaliyeed ee, hoowaa
2. Waxay degganyihiin ee,
3. Dalka Afrikaad dacalkiisa bariyee
4. Dhaqan kala duwiyo
5. Bada kala tafira, kala deyra malee
6. Waa duul qudhoo
7. Dimiqraadiyee
8. Waxay doonayann
9. Danhooda guud
10. Way daryeeli oo kama daalayaan
11. Dunidoo dhaniyo dadku wuu yaqaan
12. Tariikh duugahoo durugsan bay jireen

DHAMME:

13. Aqoontay ku dadaali jireen
14. Cudurraday daaweyn
15. Marku roobku di'i jiriyo dabay-lahay aqoon jireen
16. Da' shiishe iyo sanadooy haybinoo, dayaxay ka  
/dayi jireen
17. Dooggiyo abaartana xidigahay ka dayi jireen

COD DUMAR:

18. Ninkii guursi doonaayaa
19. Doonnayaa, doonaayaa
20. Derin buu fidsan jiray
21. Derin buu fidsan jiray
22. Dayaafad buu sameyn jiray

23. Dugaydaa isu iman jirtay (*mar celis*)

24. Cayaar baa la tumi jiray

25. Aroos baa la daahi jiray

COD NIN:

26. Maydhax baa la diirayoo

27. Dumarku kabad ka dhigiijiroo

28. Gambadh baa lagu dakeynjiroo

29. Barkan baa lagu dangiigsanjiroo

30. (Jinbaadhduuf) dogor leh iyo

31. Derged baa la dhigan jiroo

DHAMME:

32. Toorrey afweyna iyo

33. Warmhay ku diririjireen

34. Sadaxqeyd daruuread iyo

35. Aleel baa la qaadan jiray (*mar celis*)

36. Doobi iyo dhiilahana

37. Duunyaday ku maalijireen

COD NIN:

38. Diintoodaa Islaam ahayd

39. Nabaday danayn jireen

40. Martiday u deeqi jireen

41. Dersikay xishmeyn jireen

DHAMME:

42. Markii uu adoonsigii

43. Degmadooada damac ka galay

44. Is ku dayay inu qabasado

45. Axmed Guraa, Axmed Guraa

46. La diriiroo, duulimaad ku kiciyayoo

47. Gumaysigii daba jarey (*mar celis*)

48. Dabadeed waxa kacay

49. Duubigii Sayidka oo

50. Gaaladii dagaajiyo

51. Waatii koofil uu diloo (*mar celis*)

52. Draawishtii guul heshee

COD HAWEEN:

53. Dabadeed waxa halgamey (*mar celis*)

54. Danabbyadii dhalinto oo

55. Somali weyn u doodayoo

56. Dadweynhii na diirayoo

57. Iski darkoodii raadsadee

DHAMME:

58. Dagaalkii Hanoolaato

59. Xawo Tako, Xawo Tako (*mar celis*)
60. Duug gashay
61. Dambaaburihi Dhagax-tuur
62. Dub-u-socotadii jabtee  
COD NIN:
63. Dabadeed waxa dashay  
DHAMME:
64. Haa, haa  
COD NIN:
65. Calankaa dusheena sudhan  
DHAMME:
66. Haa, haa  
COD NIN:
67. Shantii labaa isku darsantoo
68. Distoor gobanimo dhistoo  
COD HAWEEN:
69. Kuwase diirka noo egbaa
70. Dawladnimadii noo qabtoo  
DHAMME:
71. Way, way!
72. Dantayadii na dhaafiyoo
73. Dawga toosan naga duwee  
COD HAWEEN:
74. Dabadeed waxa dhashay
75. Tawraadaan ku diirsannoo  
DHAMME:
76. Oktobar baa dillaacdayoo (*mar celis*)
77. Ciidanka na daaddahshoo  
COD HAWEEN:
78. Daruur kheyrr qabtaa d'doo (*mar celis*)
79. Dalkayagii ku doogsadoo
80. Noo doortay hantiwadaag
81. Naga duugtay qabiiladii
82. Noo daryeeshay hawlihii
83. Noogu soo dadaalaya
84. Barashada dan-wadaagnimo
85. Daa'imow Allalahayow
86. Dariiqa toosan nagu hagaaji
87. Oo wixii noo daran ba naga duwoo
88. Naga duwoo
89. Aamiin, aamiin, aamiin.

MALE VOICE:

1. The Somalis, hoowa
2. Are settled
3. In the Eastern part of the African Continent
4. Differences in culture
5. Dividing seas and demarcation fences which divide  
(their land) - these they do not have
6. They are one nation
7. Who uphold democracy
8. They strive
10. To serve and accomplish
9. Their common well being.
11. The whole world and its inhabitants know that
12. (The Somalis) have existed since ancient times  
which go back to remote antiquity

CHORUS:

13. In learning and education, they have worked hard
14. They used to cure diseases
15. They used to foretell when it would rain and what  
winds would blow
16. They used to trace the past, and computed time  
(in their calendar), from (the movement) of the  
moon
17. To find fresh grass, and avoid drought, they  
consulted the stars

FEMALE VOICE:

18. The man who wanted to marry

CHORUS:

19. Wanted to marry

FEMALE VOICE:

20. Used to unroll a mat

CHORUS:

21. Used to unroll a mat

FEMALE VOICE:

22. (He) used to make a feast
23. (Where) the elders would gather (*twice*)
24. And people would dance
25. And a bridal compound would be erected

CHORUS:

26. The bark fibres used to be peeled (*twice*)
27. And women made them into *kabad*
28. People lounged on *Gambadh*

29. And on a comfortable head-rest they leaned
- 30-31. (And a leather mat) was spread inside a hut.
32. With sharp-edged daggers
33. And with spears, used to fight (*twice*)
34. (Young women) used to array themselves in cloud-white *Saddexqeyd*
35. And *Aleel*.
36. With *doobi* and the *dhill*
37. They milked the livestock
38. Their religion was Islam (*twice*)
39. And they cherished peace
40. They were generous to their neighbours

CHORUS:

42. When the colonialists
43. Were lured to their land (*twice*)
44. When they tried to conquer it
45. Axmed Guray, Axmed Guray
46. Fought with them and launched an attack against them
47. And routed the colonialist

MALE VOICE:

48. Thereafter, rose (*twice*)
49. The mighty Sayid
50. Who fought the infidel

CHORUS:

51. And it was he who killed Corfield
52. And thus the Dervishes were victorious

FEMALE VOICE:

53. Thereafter, emerged
54. The young powerful thunderbolts
55. Who contended for Greater Somalia
56. Who inspired the masses
57. Who searched for unity

CHORUS:

58. In the Hanoolaato struggle
59. Xawo Tako, Xawo Tako
60. Was sent to the grave
61. In the Dhagax-tuur battlefield
62. The reactionaries were utterly defeated

MALE VOICE:

63. Afterwards, there was born
64. Indeed, indeed

65. This flag hoisted over us  
66. Indeed, indeed  
67. Out of the five, two united (*twice*)  
68. And laid down a consitution for (their) liberty

FEMALE VOICE:

69. But those who resemble us in skin colour  
70. Assumed the office to govern us  
71. Alas, alas!

CHORUS:

72. They neglected our welfare  
73. They led us astray from the right path

FEMALE VOICE:

74. Afterwards, there was born  
75. **This** Revolution which we supported with ardour

CHORUS:

76. In October the (dawn) broke (*twice*)  
77. And the army led us

FEMALE VOICE:

78. Clouds full of blessing rained  
79. And our land flourished on account of it

CHORUS: *To the National Army*

80. You have chosen socialism for us  
81. You have buried tribalism  
82. You have taken good care of our affairs  
83. Keep on working hard for us  
84. In gaining the knowledge of cooperation

(A PRAYER)

85. Oh God, the Everlasting One  
86. (Always) lead us unto the right path  
88. And keep us away  
87. From whatever is harmful to us  
89. Amen, amen, amen.

[In this poem, the poet explains why the National Army intervened in the political situation which existed in Somalia before the October Revolution. Through colourful and picturesque images, the poet attempts to give some of the reasons which compelled the army to assume political power. The thesis of his argument is that the public disappointment mounted so high that the army had to come and save the situation.]

CAD DUMAR:

1. Markii ay gabeenee
2. Gaajada la hoyatee
3. Godol qaadiweydee
4. Gujo loogu darayee
5. Ilmo gabax ka siisey
6. Gobanimadu oydey
7. Hubka soo gurteenee
8. Ciilkii gaboobiyo
9. Ciilkii gaboobiyo
10. Cadhadii u geysey
11. Cadawgii qabteene

COD NIN:

12. Geesiga dhulkiisa
13. Guusha u horseeda
14. Geerida dishaay
15. Geedkaa ha ba'o
16. Ku gabraaratada
17. Gumaysigu ku dhuuntaye (*mar celis*)
18. Galabsada xumaantaay
19. Geedkaa ha ba'o

DHAMME:

20. Gobanimada waa loo go'aa
21. Godka aakhiriyoo iilka loo galaa (*mar celis*)
22. Gawracatada aan weli garaniney
23. Geedkaa ha ba'o

COD DUMAR:

24. Gadooddi dhulkeenu
25. Habeenkay gilgilatee (*mar celis*)
26. Gondihii dhurwaagiyo
27. Gurdankii fardahiyo
28. Gurxankii shabeelkiyo
29. Gaadmadii libaaxiyo (*mar celis*)
30. Gacan maroodi yeesheen
31. Wixii u geeyay
32. Wixii u geeyay
33. Guled bal ii sheeg?

COD NIN:

34. Markii ay gabnowday
35. Gafanuhu ku naaxee
36. Gaadada ku yaalee
37. Gambareydu cuneysee

DHAMME:

38. Gobanimadu oydey
39. Ilmo gabax ka siisey
40. Hubka soo gurteenee
41. Ciilkii goboobiyo
42. Ciilkii goboobiyo (*mar celis*)
43. Cadhadii y geeyey
44. Cadawgii qabteenee

COD DUMAR:

45. Ku gabraaratada
46. Gumaysigu ku dhuuntee
47. Galabsada xumaantay (*mar celis*)
48. Geedkaa ha ba'o
49. Geesiga dhulkiisa
50. Guusha u horseeda (*mar celis*)
51. Geerida diskaay
52. Geedkaa ka ha ba'o

DHAMME:

53. Gobanimada waa loo gudaa
54. Gaajo iyo haraad loo soo gubtaa
55. Gawractada aan weli garaninee
56. Geedka ha ba'o

COD NIN:

57. Gadoodi dhulkeenu
58. Habeenkay gilgilatee
59. Guuraa halyaygiyo
60. Goobyaalka cawshiyo
61. Geesaha biciidkiyo
62. Gorayada isheediyo
63. Dheгаа geriga yeesheen
64. Wixii u geeyay
65. Wixii u geeyay
66. Gabadhyey bal iisheeg?
67. Gabadhyey bal iisheeg

COD DUMAR:

68. Markii ay gabnawdee
69. Sagaalkii gu ee hore
70. Gorof buuxinwaydee
71. Gumarka daaqdey
72. Gobanimadu oydey
73. Ilmo gabax ka siisey (*mar celis*)
74. Hobka soo gurteenee

75. Ciilkii gaboobiyo
  76. Ciilkii gaboobiyo
  77. Cadhadii u geysey
  78. Cadawigii gabteene
- COD NIN:
79. Geesiga dhulkiisa
  80. Guusha u horseeda
  81. Geerida dishaay (*mar celis*)
  82. Geedkaa ha ba'o
  83. Ku gabaraaratada
  84. Gumaysigu ku dhuuntee
  85. Galabsada xumaanta
  86. Geedkoo ha ba'o

DHAMME:

87. Gobanimada waa lagu gam'aa
88. Guri raaxo iyo gogol laga dhigtaa
89. Gawracatada aan weli garaniney
90. Geedha ha ba'o.

FEMALE VOICE:

1. When they failed in their duties  
/(to look after the She-Camel)
2. And she came home hungry
3. And she could not bear milk in her udder
4. And she also suffered the pangs of pain which  
/were on her
- 5-6. And when Freedom lamented and fiercely wept
7. Then they collected their weapons (**and** stood up)
8. Driven by old fury
9. Driven by old fury
10. By mounting rage
11. They seized the enemy

MALE VOICE:

- 12-13. (As for) the hero, who leads his country to  
/victory
14. Oh death, who takes his life
15. Be obliterated
16. May those mercenary hunters
17. Behind whom colonialists shelter (*twice*)
18. And who bring evil on themselves
19. Be obliterated.

CHORUS:

20. People die for liberty

21. They go down to the Other World, and in the  
/burial niche

22. Oh, scoundrels, you who have not understood  
/this yet (*twice*)

23. Be obliterated

FEMALE VOICE:

24. When the forces in our land

25. One evening shook with anger

30. They attained the might of the elephant's trunk

26. The swift foot of the cheetah (*twice*)

27. The steady steps of the horses

28. The clamorous roarings of the leopards (*twice*)

29. The stalking of the lion

33. Guled tell me

31. What impelled them?

32. What impelled them?

MALE VOICE:

34. When ((the She-Camel) grew old (*twice*))

35. And the Gafane ticks fattened on her

36. And they remained stuck on her chest

37. And the Gambarey ticks kept biting her

CHORUS:

38. And Freedom lamented

39. And fiercely wept

40. They collected their weapons (and stood up)

41. Driven by old fury

42. Driven by old fury

43. By mounting rage

44. They seized the enemy

FEMALE VOICE:

45. May the mercenary hunters

46. Behind whom the colonialists shelter (*twice*)

47. And who bring evil on themselves

48. Be obliterated

49-50. (As for) the hero who leads his country to  
/victory

51. Oh death, who takes his life

52. Be obliterated

CHORUS

53. For liberty people travel at night



89. Oh scoundrels, you who have not understood this

/yet

90. Be obliterated.

[In this poem, the poet enumerates the various projects which the Revolutionary Government has successfully completed. For example, the poet announces that the construction of Fanole dam has been successfully undertaken. Similarly, the poet mentions that the Somali language is being written, and as a result, a universal campaign against illiteracy is being carried out. These achievements are in line with the objectives described in the charter of the 21st October Revolution.]

COD RAG:

1. Farxaddii Oktobar
2. Filkeed ka roon
3. Tawraddeena way nagu fillaatay

COD HAWEEN:

4. Dhulkii fagnay
5. Falannay beero (*mar celis*)
6. Fiinadi na bislaatay
7. Gaajadiina fogaatay

COD RAG:

8. Ahaa, ahaa, ahaa!
9. Fari kama qodnee (*mar celis*)
10. Fanola webiga lagu faruuree
11. Maxaan filanaynaa?

COD HAWEEN

12. Ollool, ollool, olloolloo!
13. Fadhi ku deg
14. Jeegodana ku fuud
15. Furkiya dhiishana buuxsoo
16. Ayaan filanaynaa

COD RAG:

17. Farxadii Oktobar
18. Filkeed ka roon (*mar celis*)
19. Tawradeenu way nagu fillaatay

COD HAWEEN:

20. Ku faa'iidnee
21. Aynu ku faannoo (*mar celis*)
22. Agoonteenu fogaatay
23. Waayadaa fad ka gaadhaay
24. Ahaa, ahaa, ahaa! (*mar celis*)
25. Far kama qodnee
26. Afkeenii fiicnaa baa la qorayye
27. Maxaan filanaynaa?

COD HAWEEN:

28. Ollool, ollool, ollooloo!
29. Fahmo u dhigo (*mar celis*)
30. Fudeydna u bara
31. Fiiri oo maskaxna u yeelo
32. Ayaan filanaynaa

COD RAG:

33. Farxaddii Oktobar iwm.

COD HAWEEN:

34. Faash gooye (*mar celis*)
35. Faa'iidalaawe
36. Waysaga fogaadee
37. Ciil la faagtay gumaysiye

COD RAG:

38. Ahaa, ahaa, ahaa! (*mar celis*)
39. Fari kama qodnee
40. Figtiisiyo markaan xididka u fikinnoo
41. Maxaan filanaynaa?

COD HAWEEN:

42. Ollool, ollool, ollooloo!
43. Fikradda raac (*mar celis*)
44. Meel qudhana u foof
45. Fiid iyo maalin shaqeyso
46. Ayaan filanaynaa

MALE VOICES:

1. The joy of October
2. The One which excels its peer
3. Our Revolution has satisfied us

FEMALE VOICES:

4. We have cultivated the land
5. We have tilled the farms (*twice*)
6. And the crops have ripened
7. And hunger has vanished

MALE VOICE:

8. (Joyous laughter)
9. Yet this is merely the beginning
10. Canals have been dug to irrigate Fanole with  
/(the waters of) the river. (*twice*)
11. What other things do we expect?

FEMALE VOICE:

12. (Jubilant ululation)
13. To repose in comfort
14. To drink with the head reclining (on a headrest)
15. To fill both a vessel and its lid
16. That is what we expect

MALE VOICE:

17. The joy of October (*twice*)
18. The One which excels its peers
19. Our Revolution has satisfied us

FEMALE VOICE:

20. We have profited from it
21. So let us be proud of it
22. Our knowledge has vastly increased
23. And in these days we have come upon

MALE VOICE:

24. (Joyous laughter)
25. Yet this is merely the beginning (*twice*)
26. Our fine language is being written
27. Then, what other things are we expecting?

FEMALE VOICE:

28. (Jubilant ululation)
29. To study it thoughtfully (*twice*)
30. To learn it with ease
31. To reflect on it and comprehend it fully
32. Is what we are expecting

MALE VOICE:

33. The joy of October, etc.

FEMALE VOICE:

34. The Cutting Axe (*twice*)
35. The fruitless one
36. Has retreated
37. And with anguish the colonialist backed out

MALE VOICE:

38. (Joyous laughter)
39. Yet this is merely the beginning
40. When we uproot (the colonialist) from top to roof

41. Then, what other things do we expect?

FEMALE VOICE:

42. (Jubilant ululation)

43. To follow the thoughts (of the Revolution)

44. To rally to one goal

45. And to work day and night

46. That is what we are expecting.

They are of many clans  
They usually take their names  
From the natural features of Localities  
Never from animals

Dress for War

Tallow shampoo so the hair is sleek & obedient  
Vermillion for the face and Blue micaceous stone  
whose dust glitters wierdly  
From a conejo deer an inch wide band of blood  
from ear to ear  
Copperore for green stripes  
The best army field glasses  
with which to sweep Hades

The most absolute of the predatory tribes  
Apache policy was to extirpate  
Every trace of civilization  
From their province

Nanay

Great hardness in old age  
He can be imagined  
Straight from the flaking slopes

A strong face  
Marked with intelligence  
Courage  
And good nature, but  
With an understratum  
Of cruelty and vindictiveness

He has received many wounds,  
Muchas Gracias  
In his countless fights  
With the whites,  
Muchas Gracias

In each ear  
He wears a huge gold watchchain

Victorio

There is a season of gold  
Before the energy of a people  
Comes to its ritual close  
And this is a metaphor not satisfied  
By the mines

There is no call  
To mourn the death of Victorio  
He was spared the meanness  
Of imprisonment and slavery  
No principles generated  
By a moral quandary in time  
And in fact Apache heads  
Were rather amused by Oklahoma

Yet his taste for death  
Is the bitterness we find on our tongue  
When we consider La Gran Apachería

He is the most dreaded  
The most terrible  
The most famous

Nana

Along this spine of dragoon mountains  
The pains in Nana's bit off leg  
a wound inflicted by the vicious teeth  
Of the Alien Church, the thin line  
Moves north across the border  
The wind driving the wild fire of his loyalties  
And in the cruel vista  
I can see the Obdurate Jewel  
Of all he wanted, shining  
Without a single facet  
Upon our time  
And hanging now  
Upon this corrupted cloth

Geronimo

We call his mother Juana  
She had him near Tulerosa  
Rocket Country still  
Notorious through his opposition  
To alien authority  
And by systematic  
And sensational advertising  
His pleasures were widely known  
As depredations  
Among the invader

Eyes like two bits of obsidian  
With a light behind them

SUNDAY **21** NOVEMBER

1971 325th day - 40 days follow



#### HEAVY AQUISITION

The Hamadryas Baboon at the Lincoln Park Zoo

Has gone crazy

In the Silence beyond the glass boundry he bangs

His head

And under his elegant shouldercloak he bites

His foot

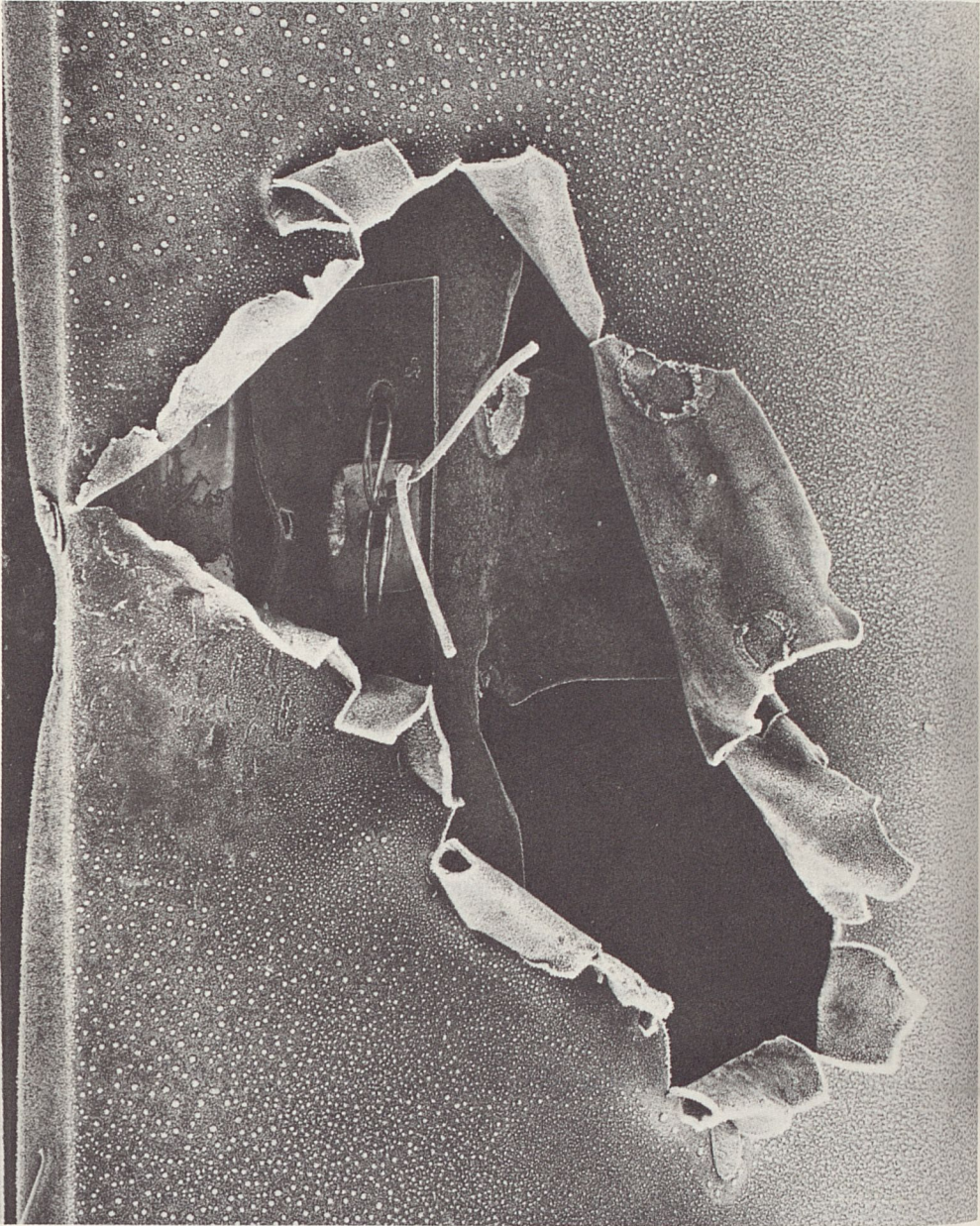
Now he is still, considering the wall from the porch

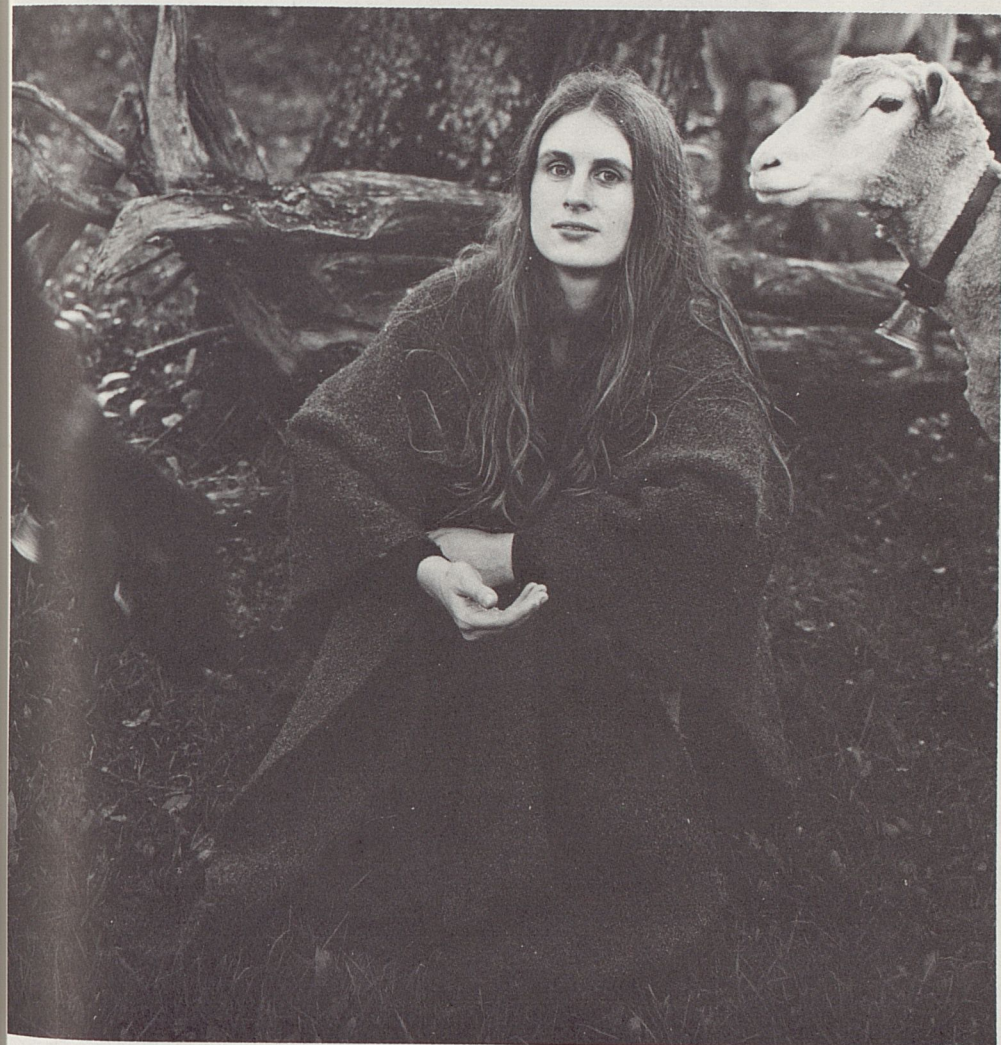
Of his eyes

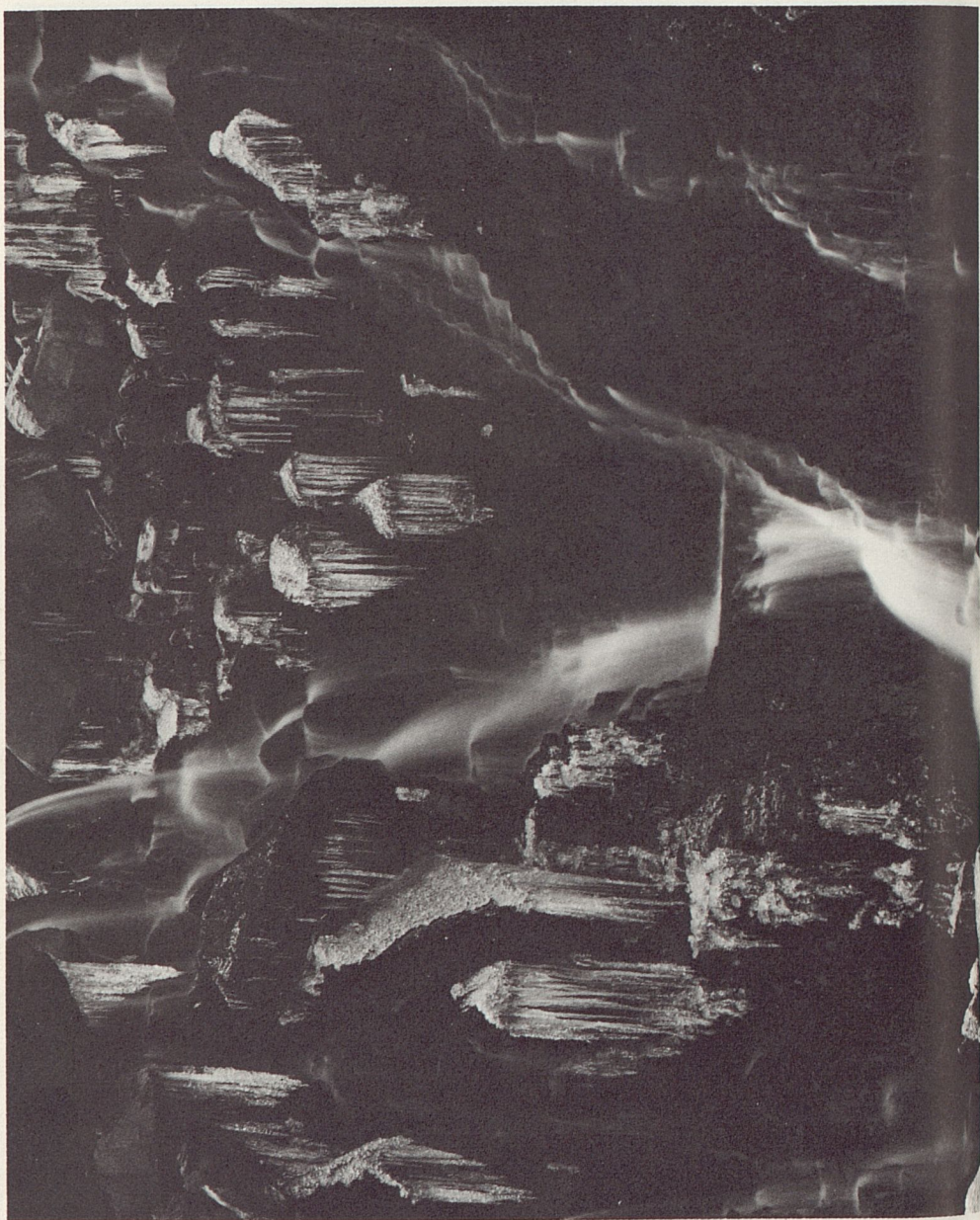
The Hamadryas is a sacred Egyptian

These keepers have Fury locked up here

205









IRENE MCKINNEY:

THE GEOGRAPHY OF A DREAMWORK:  
POETRY AND WOMEN

I have called this piece a "geography" because of the importance of spatial, positional relationships of objects and people in it, and because I think it is a map of a psyche, my own, in a specific physical location at a particular time. If there is a "meaning," it is in the configuration of the dream.

---

A long panoramic dream last night; lying on my back seems to induce a certain kind of dream; also, sleeping alone in the exact center of the bed; and the feeling of being alone, which is very close to the agreeable sense of freedom when I am in my study, writing.

The place is a large rich estate; a general impression of oak paneling, interminable rooms, many uniformed maids, the air of an important, ordered, running concern. Directly behind the house is a completely different kind of place: an old abandoned theater building, run-down, surrounded by grape arbors and hot summer grass, quiet and dusty. Neglected-looking theater seats as I come in the quiet dark back door. Up front, where the screen or stage would be, is X's, (a poet whose work, and person, I am very fond of), study. The whole estate belongs to his father, but this back area is isolated from the rest and is completely his. He has, essentially, nothing to do with the workings of the estate, although he is somehow tenuously dependent on it. His desk is a long untidy table facing a dusty picture window which looks out on trees, grass, and some other old weatherbeaten buildings. It is pleasant here: there is a mellow, intimate country

air about it. On the desk are piles of writing, drafts of poems, notebooks, and diaries. And a pair of faded pink silk panties with an embroidered hole in the side, a rueful talisman of some kind! Directly behind the desk, in front of the first row of theater seats, - (this is very hazy, the area from the front, the desk, the window, to the back entrance. In between these two locations, there is a dusky sense of neglect, of rickety vague seats), - there is a glossy lavender table, slanted slightly toward the desk in front. On it, there is a display of some sort: cubes of various sizes stacked ingeniously on top of each other, an occasional wooden cut-out of an owl, frog, or other animal, on top of the boxes. Everything, - table, boxes, figures, connections between boxes, - are a deep, newly-painted looking lavender. Behind this display, as though stored up for later use, are other kits, shelved like books. These are just like the display set up, except in different colors: magenta, gray. This is a very organized, cleared-out, light area in the otherwise untidy building. The display itself strikes me as whimsical, a bit incongruous, but also very carefully crafted, quite admirable.

I wander into this place, having come on some irresistible impulse, but with no clear idea of what I'm to do. I have the feeling that by coming, I have perhaps abandoned my own home: I feel regret, but not remorse about this. At some point, (no particular chronology here), I wander into the front hall, very formal, of the mansion, and feel confused and out of place, rather like the Little Match Girl or Cinderella. The maids are polite and distant, but no help, so I wander into the next room, a small private-looking apartment, where I surprise an older-looking, grey-haired man taking a nap on a daybed. He looks tired and his face is puffy, but composed. He looks up for only a second, noting disinterestedly that I have come in by mistake. He lies down and goes back to sleep as I pass through hastily. (Thinking in the dream that this is X's father. I had

heard somewhere that he was a successful businessman.) Then I am back in the theater-study again, not having seemed to have left it. There is no one around, but I feel uneasy, afraid of being suddenly surprised by the owner. I want to look through the things on the desk, but feel that I am violating a privacy. After fumbling and hesitating, I begin to read a diary, or notebook. I also notice a sheet of blue notepaper in my handwriting on the desk, perhaps some lines of a poem and some other lines of writing. I know that I haven't sent him a letter on blue notepaper, but I accept the fact that it is mine, and that he keeps it there, as a reminder of me. I read in the notebook at random, pressed by the fear of someone interrupting me. A line here and there, - "the one has the maturity for it, the other doesn't" - (I think to myself that this refers to me, and to his wife, but I am not really sure which is which). Then something about wanting to visit my town again, (he has never been there), and a cynical remark about the Hollywood air of visiting all the spots that had "meant something to us." Then something about "she will never know what I've been through" - this, in the middle of it, written in a very wavering, shaky handwriting. And I notice now some chummy notes from other poets, a "club-by" air.

The sequence is hazy from here on, but the following events take place: I look out the side-window which I hadn't noticed before: it looks out onto a sloping, grassy bank, old stone steps like the the kind which lead to the cellar in country yards, and a gravel driveway beyond this. X drives up in a shiny convertible. I go out a door near the side-window, and hide, crouching, in an opening under the stone steps. I think simultaneously as I do this that it is a relapse into childish irresponsibility, and, as a consequence, find myself back in the study, where a horde of relatives, most of them female, appear in the back entrance of the theater.

Their manner is not particularly accusing, they have come, they seem to indicate, to simply clear all this up. I am still digging through the papers and notebooks on the desk. I am confused and can't remember in what order I found them: I want to straighten them back up so the owner can't tell I've been there. I think to myself that this will be better for both him and me. But by now, the contents of the desk are so disordered that I see I can never get them arranged as they were again. I worry that this will disturb him, that it will make him think less of me. I want to read more in the notebook I looked in, - I want to take it with me, but hesitate to do this. I think that this will let him know I've been there. Also, I look quickly, longingly, around at the personal articles on the left side of the room. It looks like he lives here. There is an old bureau, with shoes lined up in front of it untidily, black socks thrown on top of them. Looking at the pair of shoes in front, (black suede!), I think: "yes, he *does* have long slim feet." I want to remember that. I feel a yearning tenderness toward these personal effects. I want to pick up the socks and put them against my face, but I don't. I feel the desire to take something with me, anything.

Then I'm outside walking very formally beside X. He looks, somehow, "flashier" than I remember him. He says amiably: Look here, you've got to stop writing letters to me." I assent quietly, not verbally, however. The conversation is vague, unfocused, social. The question of why I have come there hangs over us.

Then I'm back with my relatives: my mother, her hair black and shiny as it was several years ago, two girl cousins, also black-haired and bright-eyed, close childhood friends of mine, and my daughter and a vague friend of hers. There has been a confusion about how we are all to get home. They are discussing this in a practical way. I am divided, but not particularly disturbed. I don't want to go yet,

perhaps never. My daughter and her friend have hitch-hiked here, a very long way. My mother thinks this is disgraceful and dangerous. It doesn't bother me. I make a token effort at trying to help them clear up the problem, but I'm not really interested: I'm trying to see how I can look further into the task I've been brought here to complete. They mention that they have seen X's wife in the next town and that she asks for her check from him. She is coming with her children, in a casual way, to visit the estate. She seems to come and go, but it isn't really her home. The relatives are saying things like: "she, (a cousin) can ride with us, and Uncle will take so-and-so, and you can drive your own car." I don't want to drive all that way back by myself, anyway. Since the arrival of the relatives, I have been feeling uneasy and irritated at them for being there. Perhaps as a consequence of this, I find myself on a cool dusky street in a chilly residential district, where I had parked my car long before. I am in the car, thinking to go; then, I am out of the car, and it has, (sometime before I got there), been towed away because I didn't put money in the meter, or because it was in a no-parking zone. I am glad it is gone. I wanted that to happen. The relatives leave without me, with some understanding that I will join them later, or perhaps they think I am coming right now.

Thinking regretfully to start back after all, I find myself at the back entrance of the big house, the kitchen area. I think of the excuse for delay, perhaps legitimate, that I left my purse in the the front hall. I ask the maid to connect me on the telephone with the front hall. She is distant and professional. After some useless discussion, she gives me a number to call. I begin speaking rapidly to the voice at the other end, talking confusedly about my dilemma, giving a wealth of personal details about relatives, trips, my purse, which I'm, at least outwardly, primarily concerned about; not wanting to

tell all this, but it pours out, while I'm thinking how silly, how undignified, to be telling all these things to a stranger. Then, shockingly, the voice at the other end begins asking brusque-sounding questions: "How much did the purse weigh? What color? How valuable?" And something about a reward. I am puzzled; I think: "It's just in the front hall, all they need do is look around for it and tell me if it's there." A suspicion begins to grow in me and I ask in a slow, deliberate voice, careful to suppress my fear: "Who is this person I'm speaking to?" The voice, neuter and professional, answers: "This is the front desk of \_\_\_\_\_ newspaper (some big-circulation paper)!" I hang up. I am angry now, and I suspect the maid, (I keep thinking, also, "nurse"), of deliberately giving me the wrong number. When I ask her, she answers glibly: "Well, not exactly, but then on the other hand, maybe so." She seems to consider this behavior part of her duties.

At some point, perhaps earlier, I look out the kitchen window; there is also a sense of looking straight through the house; and see X helping an attractive girl out of a car. He helps her into another car and she leaves. He doesn't seem particularly interested in her. He is going directly to his study. A group of adolescent boys hanging around shout to him: "Hey, how can you do this? Irene is writing to you, she's concerned about you." He ignores them, sad but detached. I think: "He will go on like this, no matter what. I should definitely go."

The dream ends as I wake feeling the side of my face is numb from lying in one position for so long. The chief impression of the dream is, as I said, panoramic: the definite sense of lying on my back looking straight ahead, slightly up, witnessing, and involved in, all these events passing in front of me. My peripheral vision is particularly acute. This dream had a *wider* feeling than any I've pre-

viously experienced. My first waking thought: "A great deal has occurred. I should work with it and get it clear."

The idea of the dream's importance is so vivid that I have spent the greater part of the day remembering and writing it. And, after finishing the account of the dream, it occurs to me how very different this one is compared to earlier ones I felt were important enough to record, those of four or five years ago when I was just beginning to write. The earlier dreams were often true nightmares of unnameable terror: Nazis, black cold women coming into bed with me, dark shadow-people imitating me, supernatural parodies. Those dreams left me with an emptiness, an edge-of-the-precipice, "no meaning possible" feeling. This one was satisfying, although I bring back from it with me an intense sexual longing. The dreaming and the work of writing it was somewhat (but only somewhat) like the satisfaction of writing a good poem. I suppose that what I really bring back from it is the joy of the effort of dreaming it.

---

But the daylight world is where we live, where the dreamwork must be brought into contact with the facts of living. And, conversely, the dreaming depends on it. I can cite at least three influences at work in this dream: (1) In reading Fielding Dawson's *A Mandalay Dream* about a week ago, I was pleased and impressed at the ease with which he moved over the thresholds, the locations of dreaming and waking, a graceful and careful kind of sliding; (2) I hastily re-read Denise Levertov's "Working and Dreaming" a couple of weeks ago. (Stony Brook, 3/4 1969) I didn't study it closely, but now I remember her account of a dream in which she was an Oriental woman on a quest, hobbled by bound feet. She is anxious to keep with her two ob-

jects: a cage containing a bird suffering from weakness and thirst, and a black purse. The woman has a struggle with her husband, a general, and some other military men, and has to bear humiliation at their hands. The other women are like sheep: no help here. At the end of the dream she goes off alone: she rips her confining dress up the side so that she can take longer strides, and is still holding the two vital objects. The Woman-Artist symbology is obvious. (And a *purse*! I am chagrined at myself for being so blatant, even in a dream!) And, (3) Recently, a friend mentioned Neumann's *Amor and Psyche* to me. Again, I don't recall the details, but it had been cited by a writer as a paradigm of what women must do to become themselves, and, I think, expressly what they must do to become artists. In the story, while men are slaying dragons and guarding the mouth of the cave, women must go on a quest into the underworld to bring back something valuable, something which was lost long ago. On their way, they must ignore the piteous cries of an old man in pain. In terms of the story, the object of the quest may be the natural force of their own sexuality as a force to be given and taken simultaneously, not given *away*, and inextricably and socially linked to one's separate individuality or artistic consciousness. I think here of Sylvia Plath's tortured sexuality and very superior talent. There is no way to get back to the old home. We cannot lose part of ourselves at the front entrance, nor should we go begging at the back door, if poetry by women is ever to have full human validity. We must find a way to bring ourselves completely into the present house, which will thereby be changed.

March 24, 1972  
Keyser, W. Va.

WINSTON FULLER:

ENTERING THE *HIEROS GAMOS*:

SOME NOTES FOR THE BRIDE AND GROOM

"The Hours made all things glow with roses and other flowers, the Graces sprinkled balsam, and the Muses made melody with tuneful voices. Apollo accompanied his lyre with song, fair Venus danced with steps that kept time to the sweet music played by the orchestra she had provided; for the Muses chanted in chorus or blew the flute, while Satyr and young Pan played upon the pipe of reed. Thus did Psyche with all solemnity become Amor's bride, and soon a daughter was born to them: in the language of mortals she is called Pleasure." (Erich Neumann: *AMOR AND PSYCHE: THE PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE FEMININE*)

\* \* \* \*

In Stewartstown, where I used to live, men in their thirties are still called "Sonny", or "the Weltner boy", as it used to be in countries older than ours, that a son did not assume the family name until he headed it. Hence the Robertsons, the Johnsons, all the sons that could not come into their own while they lived inside the shadows of their fathers. Hence Sloan, Porter, Magruder and Dean, those deferent, and so interchangeable young men we watched, who had not joined the generation of sons who had risen up against their fathers, against that Terrible Father who "acts, as it were, like a spiritual system which, from beyond and above, captures and destroys the son's consciousness." (Neumann: *THE ORIGINS AND HISTORY OF CONSCIOUSNESS*) In a masculine land, the killing of the psychic Father often comes before any confrontation with the Psychic Mother; I think it may have to. In the fifties, any boy who thought for himself became a liberal. In the sixties, a radical.

\* \* \* \*

"The fact that they have failed to rescue and redeem the feminine side of themselves is often expressed psychologically in an intensive preoccupation with universals to the exclusion of the personal, human element. Their heroic and idealistic concern with humanity at large lacks the self-limitation of the lover, who is ready to cleave to the individual, and not to mankind and the universe alone.

"All redeemer and savior figures whose victory stops short without rescuing the captive, without sacramentally uniting themselves with her, and therefore without having founded a kingdom, have something dubious about them from the psychological point of view. Their manifest lack of feminine relationship is compensated by an excessively strong unconscious tie to the Great Mother. The nonliberation of the captive expresses itself in the continued dominance of the Great Mother under her deadly aspect, and the final result is alienation from the body and from the earth, hatred of life, and world negation."  
(ORIGINS AND HISTORY)

\* \* \* \*

In American, it seems to be easier for a man to be a killer than a lover. Ernest Hemingway, for example: the only lasting relationships he had with women were with the women he called "daughter". The sexual energy for Father - Daughter relationships, however, usually gets spent in social paternalism, most often now in the benevolent fatherhood of liberalism. A home, on the other hand, men commonly relate to their wives as if they wanted them to be their mothers. And they watch what they want on television: a second season of *Maude*, *The New Dick Van Dyke Show*, *Bewitched*, the husband as a fumbling boy who will episodically be set right by an omni-competent wife-mother. On the radio, it used to be *Fibber Magee and Molly*. In the comics, it was *Blondie and Dagwood*, *Maggie and Jiggs*. As it was when I was 12 years old, and used to sing: "I want a girl, just like the

girl, that married dear old dad." And when I was 17, the song I sang to myself in my room was: "I'm gonna buy me a paper doll..." When you are too young to have daughters, what you wish to have are pets: chicks, birds, foxes, bunnies.

\* \* \* \*

Kate and Gloria and Robin and Ti-Grace: this is the time of the man-hating sisters. "The hour has now come when you must choose whether to believe your sisters, whose sole care is for your dear safety, to flee from death and live with us, free from all thought of peril, or find a grave in the entrails of the cruel monster." (AMOUR AND PSYCHE) And Psyche's been listening to her sisters; she's been holding up the lamp to see just what sort of Father-Son lover she has lain with. And she has done so despite warnings from Eros that she will drive him away. For Psyche has no choice: she knows now for the sake of herself there can be no more fucking with the light off. And that's frightening, because in his dismay at being seen for what he is, Eros may cut and run, off to a singles complex, with its deliberate supply of psychic Daughters. Or he may find another woman, perhaps older than he, who will gladly fill his wish for a psychic Mother. It's possible of course that Eros could choose to stay with Psyche, and tough it out. "What distinguishes the hero is the deliberate conscious exposure of himself to the dangerous influence of the female, and the overcoming of man's immemorial fear of women." (ORIGINS AND HISTORY) But if Eros does so, and if he abandons his customary sexual paternalism, Eros will find then that he has left to himself only the role of a Son, to face a Mother who no longer wishes to be consolingly maternal. This Mother will instruct him: she will show him how to plan his meals, she will show him how to do his ironing, she will show him how to fetch for himself. And this Mother will school him in a new social behavior: Eros will learn that his courtesies have inadvertently demeaned her, that what he does for her now, he must do for her differently.

And this Mother will judge how well he performs.  
Daily, this Eros will find this Mother has teeth.

\* \* \* \*

"To overcome the fear of castration is to overcome the fear of the mother's power." (*ORIGINS AND HISTORY*) I don't know when it is that a man stops being afraid of losing his head. But I do remember how good it was the first time I turned something down, the good buy, because it didn't feel right. And I know now that I shouldn't do things I don't want to, even though I can't come up with a good reason for my reluctance. It is Psyche's first task to sort things out, the barley from the millet, the lentils from the beans; that is, differentiation, analysis, classification, operations of mind that will strengthen Psyche's *animus*, her masculine side. But this task is to be accomplished with the aid of the friendly ants, those helpful animals from the underworld of the instincts. That is, Psyche's first task is learning to choose by feel. Intuition.

The second task is harder. Psyche must get a handful of the wool borne by the sun-rams. And that's a tricky thing to bring off: "For they borrow fierce heat from the blazing sun and wild frenzy maddens them, so that with sharp horns and foreheads hard as stone, and sometimes even with venomous bites, they vent their fury in the destruction of men." (*AMOR AND PSYCHE*) Psyche learns that if she is to be successful, she must wait until the sun goes down for the fury of the rams to diminish. She must avoid confrontation; this is the counsel of the whispering reeds. It is an eastern wisdom: The bamboo that bends in the storm only to snap back in strength later; it's king fu; the *I Ching*: "A man wishes to make vigorous advance, but circumstances present an obstacle. He sees himself held back firmly. If he should attempt to force an advance, it would lead him into misfortune. Therefore it is better to compose himself and to wait until an outlet is offered

for release of his stored up energies." (Ta Ch'u/  
The Taming Power of the Great). It's what we come to  
after we realize that debate is merely a boy's way to  
truth, no more reliable than trial by combat.

Psyche's third task is to dip her cup into the  
stream of life, a task most difficult for anyone  
whose intellection consists largely of rational ob-  
jectivity. In contrast, I think of personal journal-  
ism here, taking one's own life seriously, and giving  
it form, as I'm doing it now. For Psyche's develop-  
ment is also that of a man's own *anima*; it is the  
liberating of the feminine in himself that prepares  
him for entering the *hieros gamos*. "With the liber-  
ation of the captive, a part of the alien, hostile  
world of the unconscious enters into a friendly  
alliance with the man's personality." (*ORIGINS AND  
HISTORY*)

\* \* \*

One semester a few years ago I started teaching a  
course in *The Pisan Cantos* and *Paterson*, and so  
spent much of my time talking of *nekuia*, that journey  
of Odysseus to the underworld, a journey that par-  
alleled Pound's collapse in the DTC, and Williams'  
descent to place in *Paterson*:

The descent beckons  
as the ascent beckoned.  
Memory is a kind  
of accomplishment,  
a sort of renewal  
even  
an initiation, since the spaces it  
/ opens are new  
/ places  
inhabited by hordes  
heretofore unreal-  
/ ized,  
of new kinds -

since their movements  
are towards new objectives  
(even though formerly they were abandoned).

Sometime between that semester, and when it was I realized that in projecting a trip to Southern California to talk with friends I hadn't seen in several years, I had in fact planned to make only two stops, the first at Mammoth Caves, and the second at the Grand Canyon for an overnight hike to Phantom Ranch; that is, sometime between teaching that course and realizing to my astonishment that I had been projecting my own *nekuia*, I noticed for the first time that my wife was speaking to me as if she were my mother. Months later, we separated.

\* \* \* \*

"People love each other in complete ideality; each charges his partner with the task of realizing the ideality as he has dreamed it." (Gaston Bachelard: *THE POETICS OF REVERIE*)

\* \* \* \*

For Psyche to enter the *hieros gamos*, the sacred marriage, she must first free herself from the sexual captivity of the Terrible Father. As, for instance, the young Anais Nin had not: "Sometimes in the street, or in a cafe, I am hypnotized by the 'pimp' face of a man, by a big workman with knee-high boots, by a brutal criminal head. I feel a sensual tremor of fear, an obscure attraction. The female in me trembles and is fascinated. For one second only I am a prostitute who expects a stab in the back. I feel anxiety. I feel trapped. I forget that I am free. A subterranean primitivism? A desire to feel the brutality of man, the force which can violate? To be violated is perhaps a need in women, a secret erotic need. I have to shake myself from the invasion of these violent images, awaken." (*THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN: 1934-1939*)

223

Once awakened, Psyche must then complete her tasks; she must nurture her *animus*. And then, most crucial of all, Psyche must come to know finally that she is erotic, that her liberation waits upon Eros. But not just any Eros. Only an Eros who has no fear of the Terrible Father; and more importantly, only an Eros who's no longer subject to sexual fantasies of the Terrible Mother: "According to Barbara, the most popular fantasies are the school teacher and the student, the nurse and the patient, and cops and robbers. 'In nursie, I play the cruel old sadie in white and he's the helpless sickie. I fool around with his organs. He's too ill to fight back. It's very popular.' In schoolteacher, Barbara taps her desk and keeps her naughty boy after school. 'I make him perform sexual absurdities on me - like kissing my ass and sucking my toes. In a way, it's all play-acting.'" (*OUI*, July, 1973)

Psyche's Eros must be neither Father nor Son, but a man; Amor, one who is capable of setting her free. "Her demands upon her rescuer are many. They include the throwing open of dungeons, deliverance from deadly and magical powers both paternal and maternal, the hacking down of the thorny thickets and flaming hedges of inhibition and anxiety, liberation of the slumbering or enchained womanhood in her, the solution of riddles and guessing games in a battle of wits, and rescue from joyless depression." (*ORIGINS AND HISTORY*)

\* \* \* \*

"Yet I may believe that a man whose soul or emotional apparatus has lain dormant in a deadening limbo of desuetude is capable of responding from some great sunken well of his being, as though a potent catalyst had been tossed into a critical mass, when an exciting, lovely, and lovable woman enters the range of his feelings. What a deep, slow, torturous, reluctant, frightened stirring! He feels a certain part of himself in a state of flux, as if a bodiless stranger has stolen inside his body, startling him

him by doing calisthenics, and he feels himself coming slowly back to life. His body chemistry changes and he is flushed with new strength.

"When she first comes to him his heart is empty, a desolate place, a dehydrated oasis, unisolated, and he's craving womanfood, without which sustenance the tension of his manhood has unwound and relaxed. He has imperative need of the kindness, sympathy, understanding, and conversation of a woman, to hear a woman's laughter at his words, to answer her questions and be answered by her, to look into her eyes, to sniff her primeval fragrance, to hear - with slaughtered ears - the sensuous rustling of frivolous garments as legs are crossed and uncrossed beneath a table, to feel the delicate, shy weight of her hand in his - how painfully and totally aware is he of her presence, her every movement ...

"Seeing her image slipping away from the weak fingers of his mind as soon as she has gone, his mind fights for a token of her on which to peg memory. Jealously, he hoards the fading memory of their encounter, like a miser gloating over a folio of blue-chip stock. The unfathomable machinery of the subconscious projects an image onto the conscious mind: her bare right arm, from curve of shoulder to fingertip... Such is the magic of a woman, the female principle of nature which she embodies, and her power to resurrect and revitalize a long-isolated and lonely man.

"I was twenty-two when I came to prison and of course I have changed tremendously over the years. But I had always had a strong sense of myself and in the last few years I felt I was losing my identity. There was a deadness in my body that eluded me, as though I could not exactly locate its site. I would be aware of this numbness, this feeling of atrophy, and it haunted the back of my mind. Because of this numb spot, I felt peculiarly off balance, the awareness of something missing, of a blank spot, a certain

intimation of emptiness. Now I know what it was. After eight years in prison, I was visited by a woman who was interested in my work and cared about what happened to me. And since encountering her, I feel life, strength, flowing back into that spot. My step, the tread of my stride, which was becoming tentative and uncertain, has begun to recover a definiteness, a confidence, a boldness which makes me want to kick over a few tables. I may even swagger a little, and, as I read in a book somewhere, 'push myself forward like a train.'" (Eldridge Cleaver: *SOUL ON ICE*)

\*

\*

\*

\*

Bachelard says that a man projects upon the woman he loves all that he venerates in his own *anima*. But that's not right, not "projects". A woman's laughter, her fragrance, the rustling of garments as she crosses her legs, these seem more to be psychic releasers, feminine synecdoches triggering feelings of love with the same force as biological releasers, like the smell of sweat that releases the tick from sometimes years of suspended animation, and moves it to complete the cycle of its life. "A primordial image is evidently determined as to its contents only when it is conscious, and hence filled out with the material of conscious experience." (Jung in *ORIGINS AND HISTORY*) And there's more to it than that. Lorenz found not only that his goslings thought the first thing that moved was mother, but also that once he had moved, the goslings quacked after him ever after. Releasers imprint. The same way the girl who turned Williams on in the fifth grade imprinted him with a sense that whatever was seamy and candid was therefore beautiful: "It is an identifiable thing, and its characteristic, its chief character is that it is sure, all of a piece and, as I have said, instant and perfect: it comes, it is there, and it vanishes. But I have seen it, clearly. I have seen it. I know it because there it is. I have been possessed by it just as I was in the fifth grade - when she leaned

over the back of the seat before me and greeted me with some obscene remarks - which I cannot repeat even if made by a child forty years ago, because no one would or could understand what I am saying that then, there, it happened." (*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY*) As it would happen for Williams ever after, as it did in "Desert Music", at the end of his life:

Her cold eyes perfunctorily moan but do not smile. Yet they bill and coo by grace of a certain candor. She

is heavy on her feet. That's good. She bends forward leaning on the table of the balding man sitting upright, alone, so that everything hangs forward.

What the hell are you grinning to yourself about? Not at *her*?

The music!  
I like her. She fits the music.

Releasers vary. For me it's the look of the scarlet curtains in the Temple Theater, a theater that no longer exists, and the satin of Gainsborough's *Blue Boy*, a satin that has never looked as it did the first day I saw it, and I remember most of all the silver I heard about on *Let's Pretend*, a silver the color I've imagined but never seen. But more than the colors, it was the textures of these things that moved me. A feeling I've had since in the presence of something by Richard Lippold. In a few poems by Gary Snyder. It's the feel of the woman I live with.

Every *hieros gamos* is specific to the people in it. A point made by Neumann in both *THE ORIGINS AND HISTORY OF CONSCIOUSNESS* and *AMOR AND PSCYHE*: that the evolution of the archetypes ends in their dismissal. I used to carry parts of women around in my head, a fragrance that passed me in the hall, tits that stayed with me from an old *Playboy* foldout, even the shape of an entire body. Those icons of the female are gone now. And I think that's important to the *hieros gamos*, at least to the knowing of how to tell when and if you're in it.

\* \* \*

One thing more. Some words from Richard Grossinger's "Review of a Movie Called *The Graduate*" go here: Given these conditions, we must realize that nothing is trivial. The older generation, filled with enemies, has taught us the motto that women are like buses: there's always another one... But nothing is like anything else, and there is only so much time, and we are given only so many chances (the number of course is one - unlike buses). Elaine Robinson is not just another girl to Benjamin; to see the film as a conventional romance is to mistake the motive premise. Benjamin is not going to get another chance. He is not in the Byronesque tradition of wanting one beautiful woman after another. There is only one thing possible for him, after which: nothing, which Mrs. Robinson knows also. His path has no return; if he fails now his life is ended; he may generate a few happy moments, but his deeper possibilities and energies will have ceased to be."







PENNY CHALMERS:

KOSETSU

*a traditional belief  
according to an old belief*

"He holds the key of power in his hand"  
unlocking deed after word

the red trim  
the red wagon  
the red leaves

sunset

you looked at me  
I made no connection

\*

*It snows  
there is a snowfall  
snow falls  
a heavy snowfall was experienced at our  
neighborhood*

The edge  
so close

dull or sharp  
cut by Scotch & hash

boundary of polarity incorporated

man/woman

HOLD ON!

232

the thin line  
the broad path

trying to hold together  
fragments of our past  
scattered fragments of ourselves

\*

the poems deal less with you as friend  
than guide to dark seas all your ships sail

as you know  
losing you in the idea of you

behind the trick of language  
behind the flickering of thought

trying trying not to hide

tying knots to bare  
confusion clear

\*

loom into pine

the sky

under stand

\*

I bolt & return  
bolt & return

not scared of scars

not know where  
or how I'm

wanted

\*  
full enough  
to let the mind leap

heart stay in place  
but leaving made a cone  
of desire  
the heart spirals

\*  
The man who refuses to refuse  
what's offered  
fuses my usual refusal into refuse  
I took refuge  
then re-fused -- charged

\*  
*maintain at public expense*

I want to smooth your eyes  
too hard & green  
the tender snake

I want to give you peace to float  
to rise with you through space  
off any map

you leave haggard  
I search my pocket  
for the gift panacea  
balls of fluff

Ambivalence  
I have nothing you need  
leaping your synaptic gap

\*  
234

We are most willing to listen  
to your valuable suggestions

They say regret  
nothing ha.

I regret every  
possibility

past  
that I am not there or there  
passing through

dreamed I took off gypsy skirts  
ribbed & clean to bone

The next day she turned 19  
& played some strange fucking  
game from 'The Golden Bowl'

' We want to do *everything* the grownups do'

meaning fucking heads

the man I do have  
access to  
in bed  
o.d.'d

players tossed places exchanged  
for those who do

no regret  
remorse

eyes relay pure information

\*

*lofty*  
*lofty virtues*  
*noble character*

Notes  
no longer choke

the gap

The way note  
clear

Is it?

So glad So sad  
You go

\*

but for the slight  
blur at whir's edge  
we might as well be blind

\*

*speculation is rife (as to something)  
wild rumors are in circulation*

#### FOCUSING

Myopic  
eye study  
bugs plant books  
intent beyond the blur

farsighted  
he glances through  
his story keening

\*

In the cards  
red birds  
of freedom poised

the planted lady  
uprooted  
by no Orpheus

\*

*the same thing may be expressed  
in varying degrees of skill*

*a sclerite*

ambivalence / woman  
how do you understand

the beautiful man addressed as 'she'  
the women I admire self-sufficient

turned to their own  
their masks barely play

over lean bones light  
flipping ripples

the plastic arrangement  
of surface

DIMENSION

I'm not sure where  
your body ends  
space begins

If I could touch you  
with my  
cold touch

we might begin  
more tenderly  
to delineate

hitting hitting  
hoping to reach you  
my body

\*

*coitus; copulation; access*  
*impotency*  
*a hectocotylus*  
*have sexual intercourse (with)*  
*have connections (with)*

Loved you better  
leaving you alone

tried to make our space  
unharrassed breath

small now    blood  
pressures    the room

\*

A tension  
    else  
Attention  
    elsewhere

\*

She asks me to spend hours  
gazing into her eyes

cloud reflective

"The only time I'm myself  
    hooded    not re-  
leasing love    re-  
    fusing power

perspective narrowed  
full contact or floor

his flickering (g)lance  
mine weak as the moon

#### FAMILIARITIES

My body works well  
sleeping & eating with the usual abandon

    there is just  
this slight knot

at the back of my head  
where the key has jammed  
& fleas in my bed

\*

What is there to forgive?

I lash out at my children  
I contribute to the delinquency of the mad  
I castrate the unready  
I present myself to the overburdened

I consider myself  
pale but collected  
a multitude

\*

We are 4  
no. of completion

beginning to look out  
circumspect

the circle breaks  
4 sides

\*

Your voice reproaches my name  
while I lie dreaming  
scheming  
turning over you're asleep

still  
I lie

\*

You cut your heel, Achilles  
just when I betrayed you

Days later I'm trailing your blood  
back into the lake

\*

late night bad neighbour party  
baby in nightmare restless

I lost my milk

cats pad in & out the open door  
my husband left

\*

Reflecting blue light  
from the pressure of years

I become peatmoss, coal  
bituminous, anthracite

many-faceted

\*

*paranoia*

Like me in this  
you swallow people whole  
and complain later  
they disagree with you

Sucking them into your vortex  
you complain afterwards  
that they are surrounding  
and cutting you off

I want only the freedom  
to vacuum my own house

Mapping your territory  
you demand too much

calling my name  
asking nothing

\*

Watched our son  
watch you  
punch me

disbelief

later  
he hits your father  
kisses it better

we do not

\*

thinking of your neck  
always tight  
before you hurt

you're healed

this time no release  
but (away) from you

\*

you'd burn these poems  
containing the man  
in my head

"Find another medium  
for your affairs"

All right --

full armoured  
the man springs forth

\*

with you  
if I'm nice  
comfort & love

with him  
who knows?  
small comfort

better be alone  
making my own  
morass

\*

*bitch*

table mat bulldog  
lost its 3D eye

Don't think I'll bother  
gluing it on

\*

Cramped in your presence

stomach knots

NO SWIMMING  
in those depths

\*

Dampened by you

no splash of insight

242

repeat the waves repeat

\*

virulent we invade

each other

pushing too far  
into the invisible

we miss or pass through  
the indivisible

\*

the red fox lies at the heart  
eyes burning sly schemes

vigilant vixen slips out to forage

When the I I know is drugged  
its will is single, clever

I cut connecting string  
leaving the object in tact  
the shell sucked dry

\*

on the marsh margin  
tadpole is toad  
in change so strange  
no one knows  
where land and water end

Think of him  
as the toad  
huddled in the corner

tongue darts its imagined venom  
warts spring up to the touch  
lower lid swells to meet upper

\*

absent-minded in an easy chair

hand over eye hoods  
the perfect face

easing re-entry  
slanting his course home

the round mark of my heels  
deep in the rug

\*

The mask of  
of clarity

I thought  
to strip

veneers  
the world

my hand  
scratch at

my eyes  
must cut

my nails  
it isn't nice

what I see what  
we are not nice

\*

I move to San Francisco and I begin sending out my pornography free-of-charge monthly to whoever asks for it and some who don't.

I'm two people and the two people are making love to each other.

I watch the green metal door rise up and down; I can't decide whether I'm a woman giving birth to a brat or a five-year-old girl. I have to piss so I won't piss in my pants. Older girls are talking to each other in the nearby stalls. "It's so hard to shit I think I'll have to dig it out with my fingers. Do you want to help me?" "I'll cut off your cunt hair." "Ugh ugh ugh." "O.K. I'm coming in to help you you." I flush the toilet. I'm madly in love with the older girls and scared of them.

As Jean opens the heavy brown door to the bathroom, she sees one of the stall doors open; a small white face appears long brown ponytail which is always falling apart white middy blouse and navy blue wool jumper like hers. She looks into her lover's face and smiles.

"Jean, quick, come in here." I grab her long thin arm, drag her back into the metal stall. She shyly lets her hand brush against my hand I move closer toward her; she shows her teeth, puts both her hands on my shoulders, yanks my body toward her tall thin body. We look up at each other and our lips begin to touch. Thin layers of skin against thin layers of skin fluids swirling through until we don't know whose skin's whose. Tiny fingers curl under the sides of my body. I don't understand what I'm doing. I hold on to Jean harder and harder. I want to enter into her body rise up through the metal ceiling blow the select girls' school into tiny bits. Are they going to catch us?

(beginning of my copying <sup>^</sup> THERESE AND ISABELLE.):

I push Jean's body against the metal door I surround her with my hands my legs my teeth bore into her neck, "That's not enough." I throw the weight of my body against her body, my heavy ulcer stomach, I whisper something to her. Her body wrenches away from me; she wants to get away. Her thin white hands lie in my hands her tall body droops over me so that her lips rest above mine.

(Start again: I'm a lesbian):

"Hug me harder." I tighten my hands around her chest my knees imprison her knees. "We have to scam." "I hate you; I want to punch you out first for going with Linda yesterday. You have no right to be in that gang." A small girl walks into the bathroom just to annoy us. "Get out of here, crud. Who do you think you are." "I'm going to stick

a knife in you."

"Jean, when can we meet again secretly. I have to be with you." "Tonight, when it's dark." I place three kisses on her right shoulder. "That will be the bond between us until then." "Jean, I'm scared: I'm not going to see you again." My stronger self laughs at me, turns away, content to move down the long hall, alone, a gallant knight lost in this stupid school I have to attend.

I hate this school. I hate to wear a white blouse, navy blue jumper, navy blue kneesocks, curtsy, no underwear, I'm a freak, no makeup; no men are allowed inside the school buildings except on parents' day and a few repairmen. I keep a bottle of Scotch in my locker so I don't get too bored and think only about Jean. I decide I'm never again going to take a job "job" means dealing with straights and pretend freaks I'll prostitute if I have to hopefully I can get away with modelling. There's the world of jobs and the world of freaks.

The school, the headmistress, wants to expel me because I wear black nail polish on my fingers and I'm a Jew. I take another drink of whiskey. I want Jean. I want Jean.

At night I read the Marquis de Sade, Artaud's poems, and my algebra book. I'm dead unless I'm in love most of the times I've been in love nothing's happened no I dream I'm never going to see Jean again: I follow Jean everywhere I lay down in my white cubicle Jean walks off with another teacher ignores me I hide in a black corner I'm invisible I see Jean put her arms around another person and kiss him. She lays her head on his shoulder. I'm not sure whether I'm a male or a female. I withdraw into a tiny ball, black. My mother pretends she's my sister we throw snowballs at each other how old's your younger sister? She promises me presents and forgets to give me anything she remembers to forget she plans to forget she gives birth to me because she can't get an abortion this is what she tells me: she gets appendicitis her mother tells me she loves me madly I can't climb into her bed because my sister climbs into her bed every night she puts her arms around me tells me she loves me she takes away my home. "Mother, I'm dying." "There are free clinics in the city." "Will you help me." "You better find someone to pay for your grave. You're giving your father a heart attack." I think of Jean. Piss on the teachers if they find us; they don't even fuck. I hate men because I've had to be a semi-prostitute. An ocean rolls over me; I don't want men touching me; if I have to semi-prostitute again for money I will because getting a straight job would lobotomize me a

wall breaks down I'm a single animal fending for myself  
I'm clever and relentless

I hear from X gallery: D wants to give a show with  
me does D know who I really am I write back immediately  
after I send the letter the phone rings D. Do you know who  
I am? Yes. I'm not sure what that means. (my unconscious  
fantasy)

How heavy can I get? Pornography's more fun and in-  
teresting. I have a child. I hate children I don't have a  
child Jean says she'll scream. I'm scared we'll be expel-  
led. Jean and I lie in Jean's cubicle midnight Jean tells  
me that she's going to make me a house set me in the house  
among thick velvets silks yellow brocades and suns she's  
going to leave me I'll be out on the streets alone where  
men go looking for starving young girls they can make into  
prostitutes I grab on to Jean, my hands circle around her  
arm, "I'll scream." "I don't care if you scream, I can take  
anything." She places my hand on the hair between her legs.  
I'm scared I don't move so that I won't increase my fear I  
gradually fall asleep I'm scared no one will respect me.  
Everyone will know about me.

"Move your hand lower. Press down. Do you feel my  
lips? Insert your finger slightly between my lips below  
my clit toward the top lightly run your finger over the  
inside skin in light circles." I feel Jean's hand on my  
cunt. "Slowly increase the speed touch the skin more firm-  
ly as it becomes wetter dart press your finger down on my  
clit faster put your fingers together right above the edge  
of the opening. I feel your fingers move into my belly  
press against the muscle walls touch my clit again." In  
every other bed, a girl has her lover. One girl lies still;  
only her hand exists. The other girl is coming; you're  
coming. "You have to do it right, faster..." I begin to  
come; I feel Jean coming, I'm able to make Jean come.  
"Rest." She draws my head against her chest I let my lips  
fall against her flat nipple. I'm always thinking about the  
tasks I have yet to do.

"I think Miss St. Pierre's a lesbian." Jean whispers.  
I can't tell Jean about everything, who I like and hate,  
she'd reach too far inside me, rub against the open veins. I  
hate the Mueller twins because they're the only people who  
are as intelligent and beautiful as I am. The head of the  
school encourages the Mueller twins and I to fight so we  
can through competition raise the intellectual standards of  
the school. We use each other's last names; we have no sex.  
"Do you like being in school?" I ask Jean. "No, I want to do  
whatever I want to do fuck everyone I don't want to listen  
to anyone. I want to blow my identity outward away until  
I'm always running in a black ocean under a black sky and I  
can control my emotions." I don't see Jean in classes: I'm  
in Section A and she's in Section B. They stick the rich  
kids in Section A and the poor ones in B because they want  
us to learn that "poor" means "stupid." We hate them but  
what the hell. I'm like Nixon: when I lived in New York I

was so paranoid I couldn't see I was acting totally from necessary and unnecessary paranoia Blow up the school.

This is a list of what's necessary: I'm scared Jean's falling asleep, I'm scared I'll have to leave Jean, I'm scared someone's coming; I listen carefully, "No one's coming stupid you're stupid." Jean carefully licks me ear blows into my ear I trust her. She'll never leave me, her hand lies on my belly, I love her because she's beautiful, I love her because she's tall and skinny, has short black curly hair, she's more historical-minded than I am; her hand enters me, her three magic fingers, I love her, we pretend we're communists, we announce the meeting of the next Communist Club in our ritzy girl's school are you a virgin no what does it feel like at first it hurts then some feeling I can't describe; it grows I claw at his back, I usually rip open his skin, it's terrific. I tell Jean this, she puts her hand over my mouth; we look into each other's eyes.  
(more programmatic):

The big toe of my left foot is making love to the toe of my right foot. The toes become two people. In my head I'm telling someone about me: the two voices become voices outside my head I almost hear not quite, I feel I'm closest to people in loony bins, I see myself acting superior, I'm going to get a job emptying toilets in a loony bin because subconsciously I know I'm crazy. This is how I'm sneakily helping myself. I ask L about B's work, say I think B's work is important, because I'm still secretly and madly in love with B, secret sexual desires determine my actions. The black water and sky become menacing, I see them as menacing because I'm used enough to them; I'm projecting. A semicircle of people stand around Jean's cubicle, stare at our forms through the thin white curtains. Everyone knows about me. I love you.

The fuck with this shit. I'm going to be as direct with you as possible. The first time I fuck a chick, sorry, a woman, I'm scared as hell, I mean, I'm really scared; I'm not sure my dong belongs on me but I have to do it anyway, I want to. A few inches from my body I create this wall, a wall of bricks, white concrete that exactly mimics the contours of my body I'm as tough as possible, and I've got a dong! I wongle it a few times, I figure I'm pretty big, not all that big, but when we, the guys, measured at camp I came in second. I've got a good body, good strong muscles. I can feel myself bulging, right there. A cock feels like, it feels like me, I can sense it hang outward from my body, sort of down, I don't really feel anything though I know it's there, I feel proud: a piece of flesh. When I have to piss or when I get hot, I can feel it more, I can feel the skin or the muscle gather, begin to tense, create a different wall. Especially the tip of my prick, the blood flows to and from it, faster I want to touch its tip lightly; constantly; I can feel the spot burn; the burning causes the muscles next to the spot then the next set of muscles onward large vibra-

tions. The first time the woman runs her hand down the hair on my stomach up my prick, I can't feel her touch; she puts her hands on my waist, motions for me to roll over on top of her; I'm scared out of my mind, I have to appear sure of myself controlling the events I control the events, I put my hand on my prick, touch the tip to her lips, I feel something wet, suddenly I feel wet walls close around my prick, I feel wonderful, I can feel my balls swell, I still don't feel any strong sensations. When I come, the burning at the tip of my prick increases with the swirling flow of the blood increases the tension about to break open I'm a volcano. When I wear tight pants, I watch my cock rise and fall, it looks like a small animal only I know it's me; I stand straight over the toilet, now my back's extremely straight, I look at the wall and hold my cock in my right hand, I feel faint vibrations in the upper half of my cock as the liquid shoots through it. I rub my cock up and down especially at the rim of the head and underside of the head where there's a slight white streak between the pink skin, my pisshole's about as large as three needle points, when I rub my cock quickly in these areas with my right hand, some cream, the burning extends from the tip to the bottom of the head, and then outward; I bring my tension to a pitch, back down, to a pitch back down, etc. until I feel the sperm's boiling and rising no matter what I do, until the slightest touch of my finger on my cock is enough to make me come. I usually jerk off in the toilet bowl or in my bed, alone. late at night.

A woman with blond, almost orange, hair and large light brown eyes, cross between Spitz and the dog Cluckle Clark, looks up at me; her face is diagonal to mine, I see her large eyes, then I see her smile, she takes my hand in her left hand, brings my hand between her legs so that I feel her cunt hair and the thick wet lips of her cunt. I press my hand against her cunt, I try to bring the palm of my hand up above her bone so that I can excite her I feel her excitement she begins to whisper to me. "I want you to do what you're doing I want you to tease me ha ha." She sticks her tongue out of her mouth I stick the third finger of my right hand forward, gently draw my finger inside against her outer lips, barely touching her inner red lips. She lays down on me, her buttocks over my crossed legs so that I can touch her as freely as possible. Her right hand presses against my cock. I want her to love it. (Me.)

copyright 1973 by Kathy Acker. All information in this book taken from *Therese and Isabelle* by V. Leduc, my past, and my fantasies.

BOOKS IN BROOKS

"And this our life exempt from  
public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books  
in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in  
every thing.  
I would not change it."

SHAKESPEARE  
*As You Like It*

Let us observe:

the poet stutters  
for strength.

If he be a man,  
such stuttering,  
in the face of a world which moves  
with precision over charts  
graphs & systems  
is painful.

He stutters for strength.

He must not look  
to the practical world,  
the stock market,  
the household,  
new drilling offshore  
Washington & data banks  
for strength.

So doing,  
all his indirectness

will seem to be imprecise.  
He will demand more and more  
clarity,  
and phase himself out of his own sight.

If he look too directly  
at all his eyes fall upon --  
stones, trees, oceans  
in trying to save them  
he will no longer hear them speak,  
his solutions will dominate his mind  
until he is thinking of thorazine  
& pumping it through his body  
in any number of forms, dulling  
dulling

He will become hopelessly discouraged  
squaring off his life  
in a series of probable hustles  
his need to solve the problems  
that will bring us all down  
uniformly,  
like all sides of a raft  
combining with his need for money  
& power  
to create a tight grill  
as badly organized as  
a bad pie crust, too stiff  
& not holding together;

he will dance  
when the soul plays a  
wry solipsistic tune  
& forget the indirect,  
the moment of precision  
& ceasing anything but seizing  
that moment as occasion,  
insight which has informed his  
processes like blackness to stars  
in the past and led him on  
fruitful searches

will seem sloppy & imprecise

Losing his ability to  
prize the obscure,  
if he see himself as standing  
revealed in a  
revealed system  
as a revealed life  
he will fold up,  
quiet as the heliotrope  
after sunset closes its arms,  
quiet as the desert  
after the nomads have left.

\* \* \*

#### THE WAKE OF THE WAVE

Can you look yourself in the mirror;  
can you fill your mouth with feathers,  
eating the untoward baby bird, fallen too soon  
out of its time; loosing the domestic back to  
/the wild

& so repairing a chink of the circle we have broken  
& have no hope of ever rounding perfectly again;  
can you put your fingers up the asshole of Death  
& not fear all your worlds tumbling down like  
sapphire blocks, risking certain destruction  
& still careening on with the experiments in glass;

If there is mightiness here is it in the daytime  
or does it only exist for you when you are asleep,  
can you let the dream speak directly  
without having to put it through your precious  
/artistic  
voice, endowing it only then with meaning;

252

Can you love me with all the ambiguities  
present in that sea shell, hear ocean rolling there  
instead of having to make it conform to some notion  
of pattern we have learned from the past,  
/which evolves  
as we have forsaken our families to make new ones  
here in this starry turf where we can see the sky  
& feel water lapping at our hands as we question  
/each other  
& know that endow it as we will, it will be over  
/too soon  
& it is all very minimal anyway, in the whole  
/large implosion  
of galaxies receding into the timeless firmament?

\* \* \*

Oh, said Sister Carminita. Focus on chance,  
light, movement. They will together make a music,  
make a waterfall, make sparrows tumbling down the  
rays of sunlight. Make glee. Or, a high degree of  
happiness.

In America, or this house, or this compart-  
ment of my brain, you have to watch words like happy,  
sad, glee, sadness, response. The social moves in-  
ward like a giant wooly bear. It is friendly but  
then again what do you say to it, how to address its  
massive *warmth*.

All my life I have had that  
problem, I sighed to Sister Carminita.

Sister Carminita was clearly  
everything I wanted to be. A vapor, a sylph, perfect  
shoes and feet in the midst of *Les Sylphides*. She  
had no mental blocks, dealt with the white blinding  
light rather well, found an inward correlative for  
those faces quiet and expectant looking up at her.  
She was all I had left behind, all I did not keep  
running into in the street outside my house, all I  
had inside of me if only I remembered to look behind  
the dark green curtains. Invoking the parts of her  
by washing my windows. Useless to try and find her  
in the outside world, though the lights and shadings  
that rang up and down her face often appeared to be  
mixed with other essences that every seven years or  
so showed up in the countenances of certain men. O  
raw illusion. Gradually I had learned, with the

tenaciousness of well-rooted corn-stalks and the determination of moulding wood, that men represented simple fucking to me with a little insight thrown in like cinnamon on my oatmeal. The insight was often totally wrong, though usually frightfully appealing coming as it did from the "world of men", that dominant land of oz that happened to control the planet.

O too much, said Sister Carmin-ita. How lovely that you value the sparrows under my arms at last. How lovely that you have allowed yourself the space to *think*, much less perform useful action. O how lovely.

It was lovely. It was the beach in Cape Elizabeth when we walked there together, the three of us, Robin so small. It was the light purple scarf of memory and creatures bubbling in the newly-wet sand.

We have been happy other places. We will be happy here, there will be sunlight and breakfasts that we have together, the tiny birds will come.

\* \* \*

What is a poetry not sunlight but snow  
a wish to declare narrative not reigning  
That one's world is best seen as  
isolates of perception, occasion &  
each one different to be attended to  
make up a white blanket on a village  
Not a streaming of sunlight motes  
training down & the whole shaft  
one is enclosed in, but outside of  
and attached to speck as bug clinging to  
flower petal, close up of infinite variety  
in unimaginable pinks of growth and form.

Mars Jupiter and the mound of the Moon

the girl  
with the red hair  
hanging out the rearmost window of the vista-cruiser  
is not the winking redhead  
of the College  
the scarlet stone she holds  
is common knowledge

who does she think  
we are  
to be so easily taken in by  
her wet laughing mouth

and so the sign is not  
exchanged this time  
they do not smile back  
or think you some  
delightful imp aping  
your elders

later we will come to you  
our hair will be short  
our gnosis bloody  
the initiation will kill you  
if you're not dead already

Girl ?!

where

are you & are you

anywhere at all

at all

am I trying to love some shadow

in trying to love you

what

goes on

what is

going on

& most over

why the fuck aren't

you here

so dumb

how I can taste you  
not having tasted you

how I can please myself  
in this completely intolerable situation  
noting the events of the day

256

3 winners parlayed until

Walk on Water

(off at 13 to 1 / wld have paid \$1400

but it was

First Dawn finished first (tho' off at 1 to 2

I was going to play her

knew she would win, but switched

at the last moment to the miracle

& the miracle

was out of the money

another no show

and even now

when I know you wont show either

my ears still pick up to the sound of every

slowing car

the night is so fantastically quiet

love becomes some ache in the mind

another dawn

about to

be the first

this transformed eye

will see Sun willing

& not

to start over

to begin once more

from this place we have already come to

& by what can only seem to me now

as acts of mutual permission

& angelic intervention

para-mutual

windows indeed overlook the track

the stewards & the starters & the robotic betters  
& the horses  
somehow through all these complex derangements  
still  
look beautiful & run  
their asses off

but the root confusion remains  
almost to spite the songs it calls itself  
& catches itself  
without intent almost  
singing

"the ache our bodies makes  
when we rub against each other  
trying to talk"

the ghost says for the 9 hundred & 9ty2nd time

& the root is still mine  
it is the root of acts that do not follow  
that do not flow  
it is the root of what keeps up these foolish tries  
at location

to act in any way at all is to suffer

(as the Greeks knew, their word agony = actor)

to write this is agony  
to not write this  
is to be dead

# Goddard College

## COURSES PLANNED FOR SOCIAL ECOLOGY PROGRAM, SUMMER, 1974

- Ecology and Society by Murray Bookchin
- Cities and Communities: Their History and Future, Bookchin
- Ecology and Philosophies of Nature by Joel Whitebrook
- The Energy Crisis -- Causes and Solutions -- by Wilson Clark
- Community Programs and Technology by Karl Hess
- Alternate Technologies by Eugene Eccli
- Urban Decentralization by Milton Kotler
- Women and Ecology
- Economic Aspects of Ecology by Sam Love
- Environmental Pollution by Peter Harneck
- Ecological Techniques of Food Cultivation and the New Alchemists by John Todd
- Government and Environmental Problems
- The Politics of Ecology by Lee Webb
- Construction of Windmill and Solar Energy Counter
- Ecological House Construction by David Sellers and John Mallory

\*all offerings enrollment dependent. please mark May term in box below.

New students and transfer students may apply for admission in January, May or September.

-----  
Send me admission details and more information on Goddard College.

Admissions, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667  
(802) 454-8311 Ext. 391

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

I am interested in the January  May  September  term.

**GODDARD IS MORE THAN FREEDOM FROM GRADING SYSTEM AND COURSE REGULATIONS—IT IS FREEDOM TO STUDY, LEARN AND GROW.**

Located in Vermont's green mountains with about 500 resident students, men and women, Goddard is accredited with the New England Association of Schools and Colleges.



*A poem not about passion or romantic hope,*

but a liking it when you touched my neck  
 and so many others touching but your touch speaking modestly  
 but personally,  
 beginning to enter the space where we've looked across the room and  
 listened to each other's words (odd, thorny plants without names or  
 easily identifiable colors and smells)--  
 your strangeness delights me, there is nothing familiar about you  
 nothing I've ever wanted or yearned towards. You are you.  
 To watch your shyness as you try to cross a space between us,  
 how you can hardly look at me, how your eyes don't gloss but avert,  
 are confused by showing you like me.  
 You bring your dog. He saves you by jumping on me in the middle of our  
 /kiss  
 in which you cannot conceal how your skin changes temperature after  
 /we touch.  
 You are the first man I have trusted for months. I feel my body  
 unlock to you and am wondering and curious since it was nothing I decided,  
 you were noone I thought about before you made your body something  
 I should pay attention to.  
 What is it I hear? It is the trust that makes me curious.  
 In your words, I listen to anger  
 & flush with your power to feel. Also there is tenderness -  
 the delicate shapes of small rocks collected and placed above the fire...  
 your severe room of dark green and thick white candles --  
 the bed where I lay looking at you, the light of several fires on us,  
 the silence, the trust in silence.

3/17/73

*Re-write*

Doghairs on your coat and its navy blue glamour --  
 you're unraveling a picture I wanted to keep deep  
 and why do you keep calling when you can give me  
 nothing to chew on?

We meet in the middle of a sentence.  
 Your face is the (blank)  
 to be filled in later.

Oh, here's a room.  
 It could be where you kissed me and it was nice.  
 But no. It's a different room.  
 There's your past life floating through the air  
 perpetually.  
 And there you are, white and speechless.  
 You push your skin out on a set of bones that feels safe.

It's sort of polished. It promises it will glow  
in the dark,

(but never does) (but never does).

The eyes are glass with no particular color.

You pretend there are no messages. You pretend you're selling me  
something white and hemmed and folded up  
in a shiny thin box.

It's stiff. My body's crying.

I try to talk it out of that physical need, but you've opened me up  
already. In that other room. Took your skin off.

Let the bones just fall down.

3/31/73

FICTION

I have been reading various fictions in a paper called *Fiction*  
and realize that my anger at the predictable style which repeats itself  
throughout its circuitous, metaphoric nature is the same as  
my anger towards you.

The story, as I approach it, promises to be,  
to open up something in me I don't know about. Its surface glimmers  
with odd and involuted phrasing which I take to be complexity--  
signals, symbolic but literal, as STOP & GO & DETOUR  
are on highways. But I am left with brittle paint chipping off in my  
/hands.

I reach out to touch you and your face peels.

Whatever you enjoy  
not showing me leaves us both as fiction -- made up in this moment  
of what I thought was two living bodies with conscious lives reaching  
to touch and to open.

I feel cheated of you. I feel drawn into  
some deliciously painful and over-extended metaphor in *your* life --  
that is, it's decided ahead of time. I simply serve as a new kind  
of food to provide energy for the fiction to continue.

A basic theme  
prevails, unfolds itself like a set of boxes -- nothing inside  
as you open it but another box slightly smaller but of the exact  
/proportions  
as the first, so that the boxes bear a comfortable and predictable  
relationship to each other.

It could be like this:

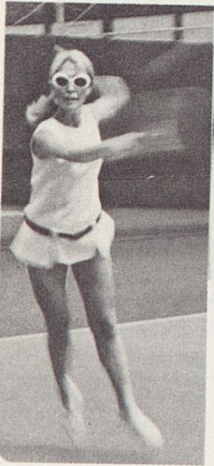
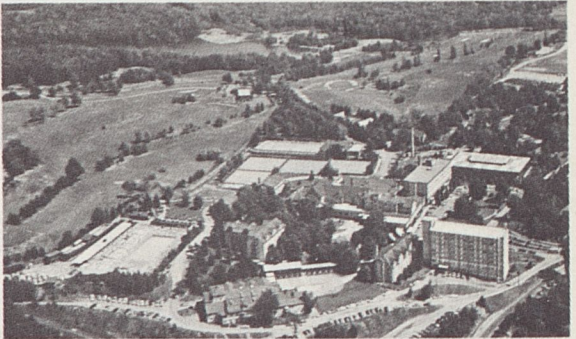
you reach out, you open your voice, a stream flows out, you feel  
the fear fall to the sides of your face, you feel your face, you  
inhabit it fully, fully so that you may look beyond it. A stream  
of gentleness flows out. We tell each other simple things.

4/1/73

261

# Grossinger's

Grossinger • New York 12734



jewel  
fires the chapel window.  
I squat at the altar  
till my thighs ache  
my thought  
honed to a thin beam  
of nothingness.

there's a hole in my soul  
I am leaking away  
night steals my rings

take me in, take me in.

\*\*\*

I lie smothered  
in a fat rug of light

is it time?  
my bag of sleep,  
will you open?

I unzip  
from crotch to chin  
& fish out something small

wrong side up  
belly full of gold

it draws a breath  
& begins to count its toes

god. I stuff it back,  
my body gone haywire  
four square feet of noise

\*\*\*

some tribes used bone  
heated in sacred fires  
the bone  
would shatter,  
reveal its secret  
maps

is this my ritual  
of departure  
casting about  
for words  
to divine this moment

words  
or bones,  
no matter  
what sacred flame  
determines  
the fall  
where the lines will break  
from the known

I lead myself  
in circles,  
return & return  
there is no  
finality:

you will come  
or else  
you will not come

\*\*\*

the stone  
falls from my pocket  
twice  
the sign says,  
"Do Not Touch"  
I am inhabited  
by strangers

in a chicken house  
chickens  
peck at my breast  
night after night  
I rage

what place is this  
where nothing  
will catch fire

this  
is a man, I  
do not touch  
one handed,  
his coat sleeve  
sewn  
at the shoulder

this  
is another

\*\*\*

"Keep a sharp hold on the mind"  
--advice from *The Book of Changes*

a red-haired woman  
thin  
& old before her time  
toad  
or blackbird she  
thrusts a spindle  
in my face

both eyes open, I  
turn from this world

which has failed me  
from the beginning  
is not  
my place

265

a year now  
 & the vision fades  
 the slow entry,  
 the falling  
 away  
 only  
 this  
 shard of light.

                    this

city  
 of fire.  
 raining  
 itself raining  
 upon  
 itself

                    omens

by which we  
 know  
 ourselves  
 the city. or  
 cities  
 this vision  
 gives birth  
 to. itself.  
 that  
 god  
 gave birth to  
 himself  
 who  
 is  
 & where  
 the city.

to find.  
 phaino. phen-  
 omenon  
 the spirit  
 itself  
 upon itself  
 folds.

the stone  
I have been  
the stone also.  
allos. another.

\*\*\*

to begin  
with fact.  
how many  
times can I  
say that

there is  
little else.

you search my  
palm for the  
way in,  
no need  
of eyes  
or tongues.

your five fingers  
tongues  
in the  
palm of my

speaking.

\*\*\*

no room but her  
body, she  
makes herself  
fish

arches  
back  
there is  
vision  
to guide her  
fall

one man:  
in the posture  
of fish  
she  
desires him

\*\*\*

she  
touched him,  
lifted  
the small wood  
box, the  
dissipated  
body  
perfect  
as it  
shut  
became  
mystery  
was  
full of  
the old hotel  
where she  
stays  
full of  
earth  
she is.

I have  
never  
understood.  
the seeds, the  
Indian corn  
necklace  
& lines  
in her  
palm: they  
come  
to contain her



Black  
Sparrow  
Press

POST OFFICE BOX 25603  
LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA 90025

### CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

*The Escaped Cock.* D. H. Lawrence. The first world publication of the complete text of one of Lawrence's greatest works of short fiction. Paper: \$4. Cloth edition: \$10.

*The Hostile Sun.* Joyce Carol Oates. An illuminating study of the poetry of D. H. Lawrence by one of America's most interesting young writers. Paper: \$3. Signed cloth edition: \$15.

*The Continents.* Richard Grossinger. The latest prose volume by the author of *Solar Journal* and *Book of the Earth & Sky*. Paper: \$4.50. Signed cloth edition: \$15.

*Reflection on the Atomic Bomb.* Gertrude Stein. Volume I of the Previously Uncollected Writings of this giant of American literature. Paper: \$4. Cloth edition: \$10.

*How Writing Is Written.* Gertrude Stein. Volume II of the project by Black Sparrow Press to make available all the Previously Uncollected Writings of Gertrude Stein. Paper: \$4. Cloth edition: \$10.

*The Mill of Particulars.* Robert Kelly. A book of new poems by one of the most impressive poets writing today. Paper: \$4. Signed cloth edition: \$15.

*Dancing on the Grave of a Son of a Bitch.* Diane Wakoski. A large collection of poems and prose fables by this beautiful and talented young poet. Paper: \$4. Signed cloth edition: \$15.

*The Sun Rises Into the Sky.* Fielding Dawson. This fine collection of stories explores the territory Dawson opened up with *Krazy Kat* (1969) and *The Dream/Thunder Road* (1972). Paper: \$4. Signed cloth edition: \$15.

*South of No North.* Charles Bukowski. Devastating, powerful stories of the buried life. Paper: \$4. Signed cloth edition: \$15.

Forthcoming: **BOOK OF THE CRANBERRY ISLANDS**  
(hardcover only) by Richard Grossinger

SARA VOGELER:

(4 poems

NEW YEARS

death is a cold blue band  
a wristwatch calling  
figures

who shall buy?  
who bids for this?  
we are best stocked in the red mothers  
fathers brothers are listed in back  
outside you see the land

gloves hold a spade to the dirt  
a woman waves from her humped-back cabin  
at the procession of buyers  
fashionably clothed in wool

they lay their own bodies  
before the auctioneer  
and claim to have wrapped  
the infection too tightly  
it spread to the collar  
so they're unloading here

one of them raises the bid  
she undresses to wash in a stream  
to the yapping of dogs  
who wind her in bandages of mint and phosphorus  
and carry her in their teeth to the grave  
as she dies  
the cemetery glows

7/11/73

it happens when the heat is off  
only this time  
you will pay for the damage

no one but you knows my heart how  
the left ventricle is flustered  
a valve shuts  
in the neck of a vein  
that habitually empties  
bottoms up  
truth coming from the rear

seven days since you touched me  
a clear juice seeps from the cuts  
where the stems were laid open  
by the carelessness of a cat  
who has watched us steadily  
from his seat behind the plant

this time I resolve  
not to set myself on fire  
this time I shall wait  
with my hands before the flame  
until I am hot as oil  
and rushing underneath my skin  
and sweating

you may continue as a seedless milkweed  
unable to alight  
or bury a hairless root  
in the fine soil  
you shall always be barren  
but a gift to the wind  
like music  
until  
wanting to come home  
you wander into the cloth  
of a long wet shirt

pinned to a rope between two trees  
bleached  
and snapping at the sun

(untitled)

caught in the root of a tree  
I let you kiss me  
caught in the throat  
of a fluted tree  
we became like water  
    a vine  
twisted us into  
the womanly legs of  
a virgin suddenly inverted  
the woman has no nome  
Hera    chiros    chaos  
we have no name  
no syllables  
a house that  
curves like the spindled web  
of a spider  
we kiss again  
this time I lay back against  
the bark and ask  
to grow its pace  
lay my hands  
on your back asking  
to grow slower  
than the sun crossing  
your naked shoulders  
glistening now  
as I grow  
slow as the bark



WILL PETERSEN:

from a Stoneprinter's Journal  
Yase: 27 May 63

It is mind. No tabula rasa. Memories,  
sunk deep. It projects them,  
muddling what is at hand.  
Inks creep.

Hardly perceptible, a hairline,  
under pressure emitting foul waters, it ruptured-  
corrupted papers,  
care could not stop its ruin.

May sky clouded. A distant  
friend darkening. The bed  
refusing to budge, suddenly

hail!  
the garden

crazy



