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IO Magazine

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Earth Geography
Booklet No. 4

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Earth Geography Booklet #4: Anima Mundi

This issue continues the Earth Geography Booklet series by introducing the anima-animus in a rather loose context and gathering together some of the themes that have developed in other recent issues, most notably: Imago Mundi, Regions and Locales, and Baseball, plus the one issue that was forecast and never done: *The Oak Openings* of James Fenimore Cooper. There is a kind of zany and blatant spirit to the whole affair. The informational aspect of some earlier issues is replaced here by a condition that is usually called personal but can also be called human. As the animus-anima matter goes, the encyclopedic scholar some may have imagined in the earlier issues is replaced here, in the imagination of those same readers, by a romantic and social figure of questionable taste. He has been there all along.

Contents

John Wieners: Music.....	3
Joe Brainard: from the Lewis Falco Dance Company.....	5
Gerrit Lansing: The Neptunian Character.....	6
Lennart Bruce.....	8
Pierre Joris: Three Poems.....	9
Joe Brainard: from the Lewis Falco Dance Company.....	11
Charles Stein: Two Poems.....	12
John Wieners: Ennui to Ann Dyvorak.....	14
Joe Brainard: from the Lewis Falco Dance Company.....	15
John Wieners: Nudes.....	16
Poetry and the Social.....	16
At the Carnival.....	17
Eila.....	18
For Ed Dorn.....	18
I hope It Goes On.....	19
Joanne Kyger: Poems.....	20
Joe Brainard: Cave Drawing.....	24
Joanne Kyger: Poems.....	25
Joe Brainard: from the Lewis Falco Dance Company.....	43
Lindy Hough: Poems.....	50
Stephen Vincent: Lew Welch: A Journal of Remembrance.....	57
Paul Kahn: Self-Portrait in Many Voices.....	73
On the porch a.....	74
The Place.....	76

Richard Grossinger: Some Notes on Anima Mundi.....	77
Photograph.....	81
Joe Brainard: Mushroom.....	82
Charles Olson: Note on Strabo and Pytheus.....	83
Shag Rock.....	83
Gino Clays: Omnia Mea Mecum Porto.....	84
Charles Olson: from The Maximus Poems, Third Volume.....	86
J.H. Prynne: Charles Olson, Maximus Poems IV, V, VI.....	89
Charles Olson: A house built by Capt. John Somes 1763.....	92
Joe Brainard: Diamond.....	96
Bruce McClelland: The Astronomers.....	97
Holes.....	98
Norman Weinstein: Kirlian Photography.....	102
Jennifer Dunbar: The Late Sixties.....	103
William Crook: Mary Becomes a Bluebird.....	104
Building a New Home in the Country.....	108
Charlie Vermont: Four Poems.....	109
Joe Brainard: Death.....	111
Robert M. Greene: from Michigan Notebook.....	112
Theodore Enslin: Ranger.....	115
Robert Gillespie: God's Country, North Liberty, Iowa.....	136
Marvin Granlund: Poems.....	138
Paul Malanga: Poems.....	145
Kenneth Irby: Some Narratives and Poems.....	146
Russell Gregory: from Sassafras.....	151
Gino Clays Sky: The Ball Tournament Specialist.....	157
Edward Dorn: an oecological prophecy.....	165
Nicholas Dean: Some Notes by a Stranger to this Land.....	167
Photograph.....	173
Brian Richards: Note.....	174
Joe Brainard.....	176
J.R. Fox: Pueblo Baseball: A New Use for Old Witchcraft.....	177
Wells Twombly: The Tragic End of Bruce Gardner.....	185
James Bogan: Note.....	187
Joe Brainard.....	188
Anonymous: Sport Illustrated, a queer song.....	189
Bill Pearlman: Sections from INZORBITAL.....	191
Joe Brainard: French Fries.....	200
Dirty Sock.....	201
Ice Cream Sundae.....	202
Drop of Coffee.....	203
John Morgan: A Note on OAK OPENINGS.....	204
Poems.....	205
Albert Glover & John Clarke: At the Fence Line.....	207
Joe Brainard: Waterfall.....	215
James Fenimore Cooper: from THE OAK OPENINGS.....	216
Russell Gregory, Karl Pohrt, David Robbins: from Crow Fair Roundtrip.....	233
Don Byrd: Cooper and the Middle Border.....	250
Nicholas Dean: Front Cover, Inside Back Cover (VERMONT 89 WITH OMINOUS SHAPE), Back Cover (SCREEN PORCH MEMORIES 1972)	

Music for Gerrit

What is poetry? an image
in the mirror;
reflection from a broadside
pinned to the wall,
pinned by a friend,
from where old feelings
old meanings arise;
relief from pain; the diligence of work.

Mysterious words upon a page in adolescence;
listening to poets read. What is poetry?

Breath, competence, success
or simply Eros.

"Four sides to every thing."

The increase in electricity causes lights to flow.

Is it only light, or heat,
words ordered in a row.

Men or gods. I'll never know
or try to know
more than the doing,

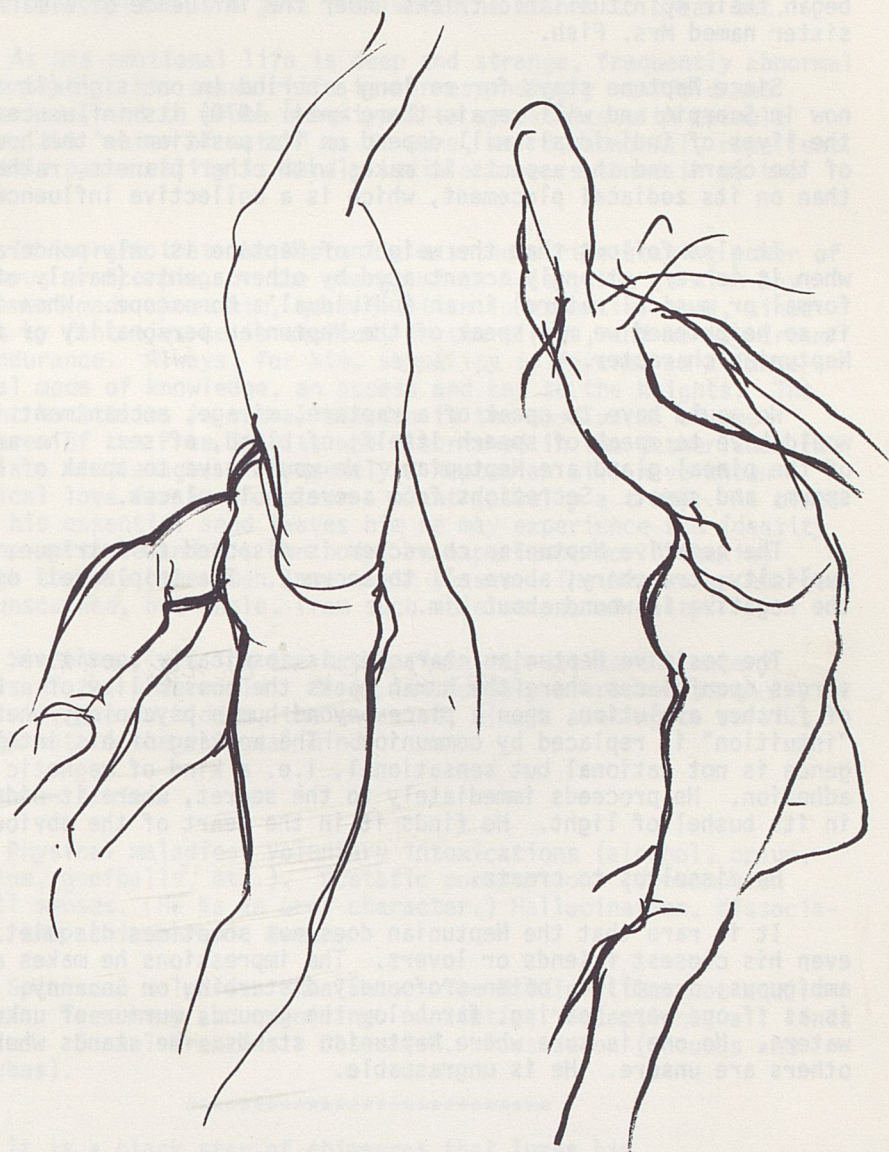
The flowing
rain upon the roof. That one hears,
and reverses

inside, away from the cold
within the house
where the heat

reminds one of what it is to be like
out in the cold
rushing over the field
mad,

Intelligence or emotion? Language.

October 22-23, 1972, Plainfield, Vermont



GERRIT LANSING: THE NEPTUNIAN CHARACTER

Neptune was discovered in 1846, being then retrograde (in the Placidean system) in 25 1/2 Aquarius. Its single satellite, Triton, has a retrograde motion.

In 1848, year of the Communist Manifesto, the Fox sisters began their spiritualistic tricks under the influence of a married sister named Mrs. Fish.

Since Neptune stays for so long a period in one sign (it is now in Scorpio and will remain there until 1970) its influence in the lives of individuals will depend on its position in the houses of the chart and the aspects it makes with other planets, rather than on its zodiacal placement, which is a collective influence.

It also follows that the weight of Neptune is only ponderable when it is very strongly accentuated by other agents (mainly of a formal or musical nature) in an individual's horoscope. When it is so heightened we may speak of the Neptunian personality or the Neptunian character.

We would have to speak of a rapture, mirage, enchantment. We would have to speak of speech itself, of blood, of sex. The arcana of the pineal gland are Neptunian. We would have to speak of hair, sperm, and sweat. Secretions from secret holy places.

The negative Neptunian character is disposed to intrigue, duplicity, treachery, above all to secrecy. The triple veil of the negative is wound about him.

The positive Neptunian character is cosmically sensitive. He verges upon places where the human meets the possibility of a kind of further evolution, upon a place beyond human psychology where "intuition" is replaced by communion. The working of his intelligence is not rational but sensational, i.e. a kind of magnetic adhesion. He proceeds immediately to the secret, where it hides in its bushel of light. He finds it in the heart of the obvious.

He dissolves to create.

It is rare that the Neptunian does not sometimes disquiet even his closest friends or lovers. The impressions he makes are ambiguous, dreamlike, often profoundly disturbing or uncanny. It is as if one were hearing, far below the ground, murmur of unknown waters. No one is sure where Neptunian stands. He stands where others are unsure. He is ungraspable.

Constant evasion, fears and slidings away, the Neptunian's danger is a vaporous formlessness. Figures merge and divide in the misty desire world. In the stream of the mysteries.

The Neptunian is not attracted by ethics, by decisions. He is outside, below or beyond conventional morality, not by choice or affirmative power but by sheer incapacity or transcendence. Normal perception is a jail from which he wishes to break out.

As his emotional life is deep and strange, frequently abnormal and unstable, his sexual life is correspondingly manifold and mysterious, and to those unequipped to sympathize with mutable water, the "water of water" as it were, weird, abnormal, repellent. A cosmic pansexuality is hardly audible to ears tuned in to the earth.

It is rare that the Neptunian has the virile staying power of a Taurus or Scorpio, or the energy of an Aries, but as with any statement made about him, qualification is essential here, since it is by fantasies he is excited, in the mirage, and he may dream of endurance. Always, for him, sexuality is favored as a fundamental mode of knowledge, an access and key to the heights. The height he attains in sexual abandon is the *acclivitas* of the Brethren of the Free Spirit, who flourished in the Netherlands in the late middle ages. Frequently a Neptunian will have known physical love for an animal or a plant (usually a tree). At times when his essential seed leaves him he may experience the identity of the universe and his own body, an experience world-shaking enough to make other men lose their senses. The Neptunian emerges, not unscathed, but whole, from such revelations of deity.

Since he lives "on the margin," he represents the watery powers of the underworld. He is ineluctably attracted to the criminal, the forbidden, the untasted, always seeking to unveil, though not to the rational mind.

His human limits.

Physical maladies: voluntary intoxications (alcohol, opium, cocaine, goofballs, etc.). Ecstatic consumption. (Consumption in all senses. He is an oral character.) Hallucination, dissociation, the schizophrenic dream.

Spiritual maladies: Unbalance. The Middle Pillar not equilibrated. Treachery and conniving. Anxieties. Deceptions, all kinds of lies. Sexual frenzies. Obsession. Possession (incubus and succubus).

It is a black star of chimaeras that lures him.
But healing powers coil in the depths he sounds.

LENNART BRUCE

The descendant of the Sun,
the Japanese Emperor
lies in his room fucking
his body moves uninterruptedly
up & down on top of & inside
the body of the Empress

Far away:

the silhouettes of the people, dark
turning bluish in the distance,
gathering power
for the tremendous effort
of the half-profile;
here & there among them a stroke
of genius in the hopes of becoming
clearly visible throughout the universe

There is a sharp
and yet softly warm scent
of prick and cunt
at the scene of copulation,
comforting like a pet cemetery, a stray dog
running across it, or like an invisible fire,
alive, soft, deeply bright-red
against purple-black,
back -- & foreground very close
to twin birth.

On developing the Imperial scene, my brain
makes a quintuple exposure:

Yesterday's porno flick
exerts pressure from the past

An oriental face appears
as if out of nowhere,
indistinct and lacking
a name, when out of the background

drops the answer in a quiz:
Hirohito, Emperor of Japan
and he is let loose

mingled with the strong scent
of a woman's perfume, changing
into a sexorgan's brain track

Shortly thereafter Luna 18
crashes in the Sea of Fertility.

PIERRE JORIS: THREE POEMS

HEAVY

THE influence of saturn
sharpens its claws
against the cushions of night
jumps .
lands
on my back my chest
my arms my belly my throat my face
heavy
like a thousand silent player pianos

FINAL FRONTIER

Tracking
the end
of this
mental
safari.

Who wants to be
the Billy
the Kid
of the Space Age?

Some of us
may deal
a magic game
of cards
in Saturnian
pleasure domes.

Some of us
may comb
the galactic beaches,
lifers of
the unending quest
for the golden key.

They err
not noticing
some of us
floating hulks
our masts sung
inward into the mainline
of our Uranian
metabolism.

TWO LINES LOST

absence of light :
a lie,
 that is, it's the one
absence
 that cannot
be --
 (like: absence of absence)

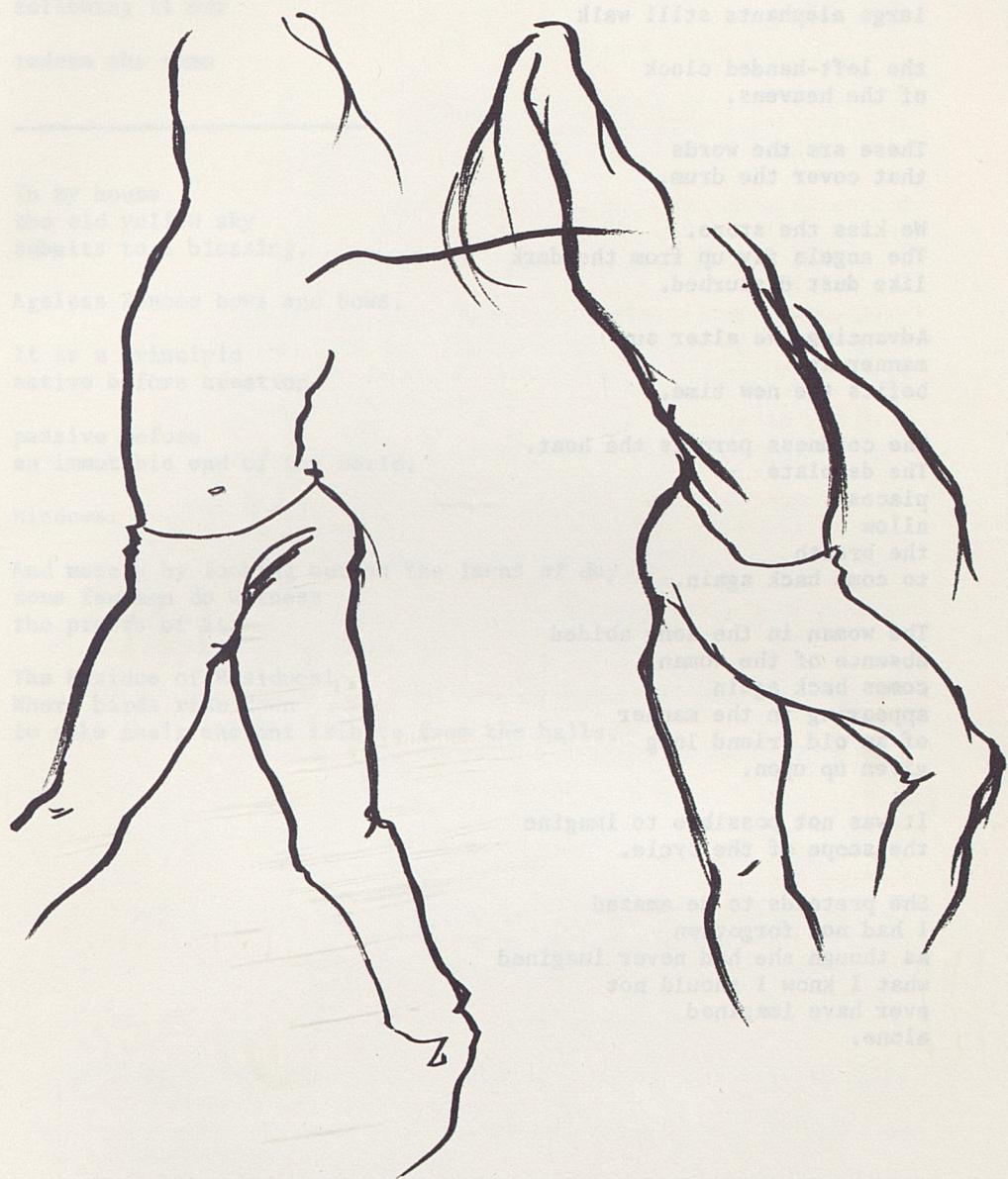
tho what does absinthe do
but rob the eyes?

whereas in the poem
absence of I
is another presence
the invisible center
still center, still center,
eye, node an invisible
matter of energy,
 or: matter of invisible energy?
something missing,
two lines that were there, here,
yesterday night,
wch wld energize these lines
if they cld be refound.

 circling somewhere around
 the invisible eye
that can see them and
 tries
 to recast (fondre, re-fondre --
 their light.

no matter!
 the content of the lost
lines, the same knot
 and the previous attempt
the same light.

 Light.



(for J.R., again)

Stars still still as
large elephants still walk

the left-handed clock
of the heavens.

These are the words
that cover the drum.

We kiss the stone.
The angels fly up from the dark
like dust disturbed.

Advancing, we alter our
manner as
befits the new time.

The coldness permits the heat.
The desolate
places
allow
the breath
to come back again.

The woman in the long abided
absence of the woman
comes back again
appearing in the manner
of an old friend long
given up upon.

It was not possible to imagine
the scope of the cycle.

She pretends to be amazed
I had not forgotten
as though she had never imagined
what I know I should not
ever have imagined
alone.

Not in the doctrine
but in
the suggested
direction

taken up and invented new
following it out

redeem the time

In my house
the old yellow sky
submits to a blessing.

Ageless Bonomo bows and bows.

It is a principle
active before creation

passive before
an immutable end of the world.

Windows.

And merely by looking out on the lawns of day
some few men do witness
the proofs of it.

The Residue of Residues!
Where birds ride down
to take their ancient tribute from the halls.

JOHN WIENERS

Ennui To Ann Dyvorak
A Bill of Divorcement

lost one red gambling
chip, a sunken
ship, as frankie s stealing

cost gosh how could she be dead
with all these plastic conundrums
in tune with boss and an orange holocaust.

Possibly maybe, she washed
up on my dining-room table, framed
as a rose or a bottle of coke, god, let's hope

so Virginia Valli lives, why should you Ann leave;
nope, it's too much to ask whatever the task, or the impossible
grasp I imposed upon Adolph she survived, never
succumbed to franks.

Just passed out, that's all, without any help, oh
Cornelius, she just said
on her bed, somewhere; I know her looks in the Vanderbilt
mansion

The Breakers, isn't it, where she lives, not certainly

in this Hanover blockhouse, under two books of matches from
Angelo's supermarket.

They're stealing my poems, as I write them, the drunken and
benumbed,
from Communists to newspaper raters.

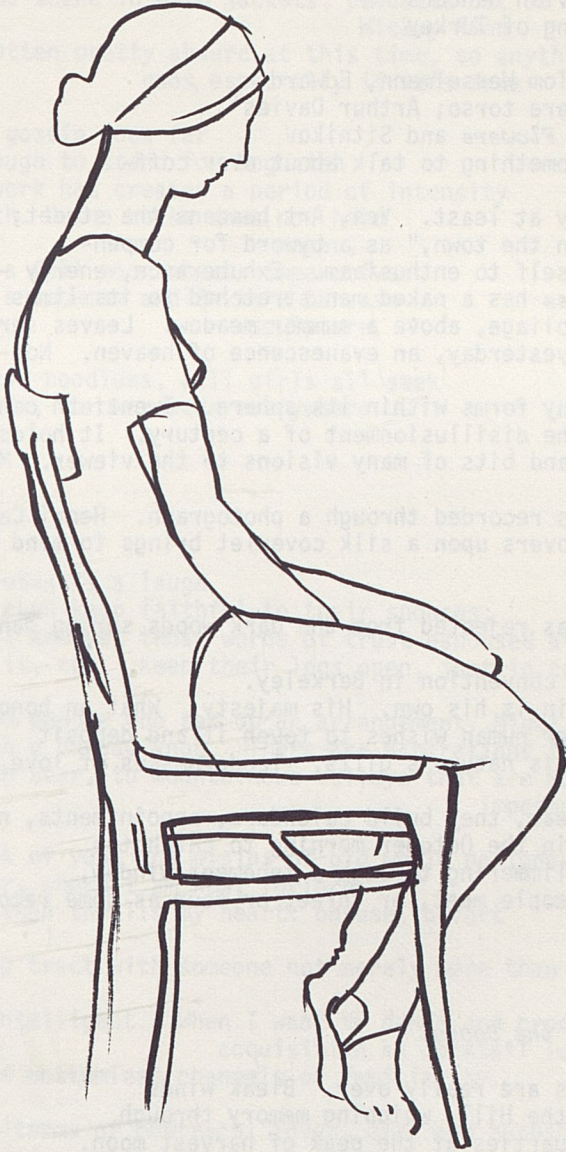
Was it on *The Globe* I met her, or under the palms of the
Coconut Grove, when as a 14 year youth, I was the subject
of a sixty-five year old's biography, by Joe Blou

It goes on next year to top 'em all, Ann. I hope you live
to read it. You were in it, as my David
and my own meaning, despite the ten friendlies.

Howard Hughes

Nancy Sissela lost on an oranguatan dick in the Manhattan House
of Detention, or posing
as a Danish laborite for The Hoover Dam; have you tried the
ninth floor, that's where
they keep the monkeys, or the monks with itchy palms from
Charlemagne's mortuary?

Your son Jackie Roebing



Nudes

To The Museum of Modern Art

The glimmer of sunlight
upon the silver cover,
as the dervish dancers
last evening of Turkey

George or Tom Wesselmann, Edward
Weston's bare torso; Arthur Davies'
A Thousand Flowers and Sitnikov
gives us something to talk about over coff-

ee & brandy at least. Yes, Art beacons the street;
not "Art on the town," as a byword for compen-
sating oneself to enthusiasm. Exuberance, energy -
A *birch tree* has a naked man stretched to its limbs
amid the foliage, above a summer meadow. Leaves serve
as skirts yesterday, an evanescence of heaven. Non-being

through many forms within its sphere. Twentieth century art
provides the disillusionment of a century. It holds the jagg-
ed pieces and bits of many visions to the viewer. Many personal

experiences recorded through a photograph. Henri Cartier-Bresson's
untitled lovers upon a silk coverlet brings to mind ecstasy from
the future.

What one has rejected from the dark woods spring dances at school
and summer convention in Berkeley.
A man's skin is his own. His majesty. What an honor
when another human wishes to touch it and deposit
within it his nature's gifts. Tendernesses of love do

not disappear, they build calendars, appointments, notes
as a book in the October morning to catch the
sunlight glimmering through a tenement window,
when two people meet, or three, or four as some record of will.

Poetry and the Social

Summer days are really over. Bleak winds
seep over the Hill, whipping memory through
forgotten parties at the peak of harvest moon.

Delayed acquaintances desert suburbs in favor of warm
matinees, furcoats, heavy glasses, storms wipe
snow tires ascending plateaus precipices,
autumn's leaves break as minds bristle, wild dogs howling

in abandoned yards under lanterns. Steam verse
really makes the scene in warm jackets, peacoats out of
Mickey Finn

"My life has gotten pretty absurd at this time, so anything
goes, especially if it's free

The parisian gossip goes far
but not far enough to stand for bogusish
at this time; work has created a period of intensity
in face of youth. Duane Locke does not hold
water,
for this night's full moon shouts imperatives
to Jack Spicer's snowman and David's bareass
sculpture.

Local politics, hoodlums, call girls all seek
fire in words, "brown weeds everywhere..."

At The Carnival

Marriage is a joke; is a laugh
when men can't even keep faithful to their spouses;
Why should they; and yet those words of trust espoused at the altar.
The women know it, too. Keep their legs open, just in case

Perhaps it's two people who set up an arrangement. Might as well
make a pact with a bureau knob. There are aspirations to the moon,
to the north star, to mountainous valleys that are more
important.

And when I think of you, the plains of old world nations come to mind
against this bar, where I am now, forlorn.
The old world *ethos* thrills my heart: obtuse, covert

how can you keep tract with someone not merely more than a house-
keeper
no matter how intelligent. When I want to dance and proclaim my
acquisition as cocktail lounge...
with craft, amid bottomless channels of familiarity.

Without obvious terms of contract, lover, girl and husband.

What use could I make of myself except this importunation...
obscenity or become a perpetual bar-fly?

I hope It Goes On

A blinding rain storm behind The Beacon Chambers
and out in front denizens shall scatter under
inclement thunder. Joanne Kyger

moseys down to Brooklyn before Bolinas, this hymn
shall honor her devotion over years
to maidenhood blessed by poems.

It's not enough to compare her, as Shirley
to movie-stars. Jane Fonda or Broadway intellectuals
Breaking shower lightening in Max's Kansas City's
back-rooms.

And as sudden as it started, this downpour ends. Class
that's what she got, what gives you a thrill
listening to her in Bob Creeley's living room

read or dancing out in Berkeley, 1965 after returning from Kyoto.
Columbus Ave hoyden days, tripping down Telegraph Hill
I remember her at The Halfway-House managing

time-spheres as deftly as orange plants or egg-plant salads.
In New York, heroic against warehouse derelicts and
dressing out middle-class fur coats, for a day on the town.

It's not enough to be simply beautiful, one must manifest
magnificent sex and brains,
besides, endurance and in the sunlight by the windows
at Annisquam.

JOANNE KYGER

He is in the mountains and in the streams, the fields
Call upon the Lord Ganesha and he
will appear
immediately
as savior of grace and belief in the seen
observedly
his grace is of love and charm; as I have seen him
with his dainty eyelashes curled
as healer holding
salve, candy!

Now someone led me there; and someone still waits
that is
I have promised myself attention to them

preserving us: Hymn to the newly found
Breath!
The Spinal Cord up which wanders
the track of energy
in which the whole earth is spotted and moves.

Time was moving out from under us
Nodding and standing still ola
in de Sun.
Birthless, Deathless
Oh Man, what a High I was having
Still
illuminating the world of name & form
The Syllable GA represents mind and speech
What is beyond is the syllable NA and by
adoring him in the combination GANA you become
Brahman. This teaching is known as the secret
of VEDANTA
Ponder over it and treasure it and all success
will come to you
becoming the friend of all

Soooo Serious
Soooo Gentle

Soooo full of wisdom
One nods out, gently faints upon the revelation
of the first thought or so
into this
on the printed bedspread I look out to sea
the wind whipping the waves

And he is all in the mountains too
illuminating their intellect.
For you who suffer he is Lord of Bliss of Self
For obstacles hinder us & need only be
turned aside
For they are illusion
Turn to him, Rodent Mounted
and you will surmount
your confusion for he grants
Quietude to be seen
throughout by the eye of the intelligent self.

P A D M A S A M B H A V A

visits

A DAKINI

She dwelt in a sandal wood garden in a palace of skulls. On
a Sun and Moon throne, holding a double drum, a human-skull cap.

One hundred Peaceful and Wrathful Deities appeared over head
She absorbed them into her body

She transformed Padma into the syllable HUM
The HUM rested on her lips and she conferred upon it
the Buddha's Blessing
She swallowed the HUM AND In her stomach, Padma received
the secret of Compassion and Mercy

The HUM reached the Goddess Kundalini curled at the base
of our back,
who gave him initiation of body, speech and mind
and cleansed him of all defilements.
And as secret
he received the power of domination
over all
evil spiritual beings.

21

THE SCORPION GURU

In the cave of PHULLAHARI

VAJRA-PANI

appeared. In a great cemetery near Rajagir for

A CERTAIN POWER

Over the five elements

PADMA-SAMBHAVA

there beheld an enormous scorpion having nine heads (NINE) and
eighteen horns and THREE eyes on each head.

I recognize you humbly oh great scorpion.

And he replied return tomorrow for what I have to give to
you.

TOMORROW

the scorpion took out from under a rock

A TRIANGULAR SHAPED STONE BOX
CONTAINING WRITINGS

Used for the slaying of demons, the ceremonial exorcizing
A DAGGER WITH A TRIANGULAR BLADE!

A PHURBU

and AT ONCE THE texts were understood

ON SCORPION KING

from each of his eyes and each of his horns, 18 and 27

which is 45

there came a path for the attainment
of spiritual powers.

though the way is difficult

Hovering behind

the figure of my mother
but no acquaintance with the rhythm
brings me discomfort of a female
who is not given
the larger pattern of a man to share.

I hate what I cannot see. It's the other
graceful way to find clarity
in the puzzle.

Old toys from child hood--parts in this box
parts here. And he greets me
as a death's head with love to take
his soft toothless kisses
beyond

As they are dead and they are alive
I am dead, he is dead, I am to die

His hands chopped into pieces, my mother returns as youthful
Followed by his soft
toothless mouth, he has mindless virility and conscious intelligence
Faw! Fuck!

I am missing
to leave my body in love for this dear man
for that dear man is surely misdeed?

To become them in dream, to love them in dream.
I have not risen

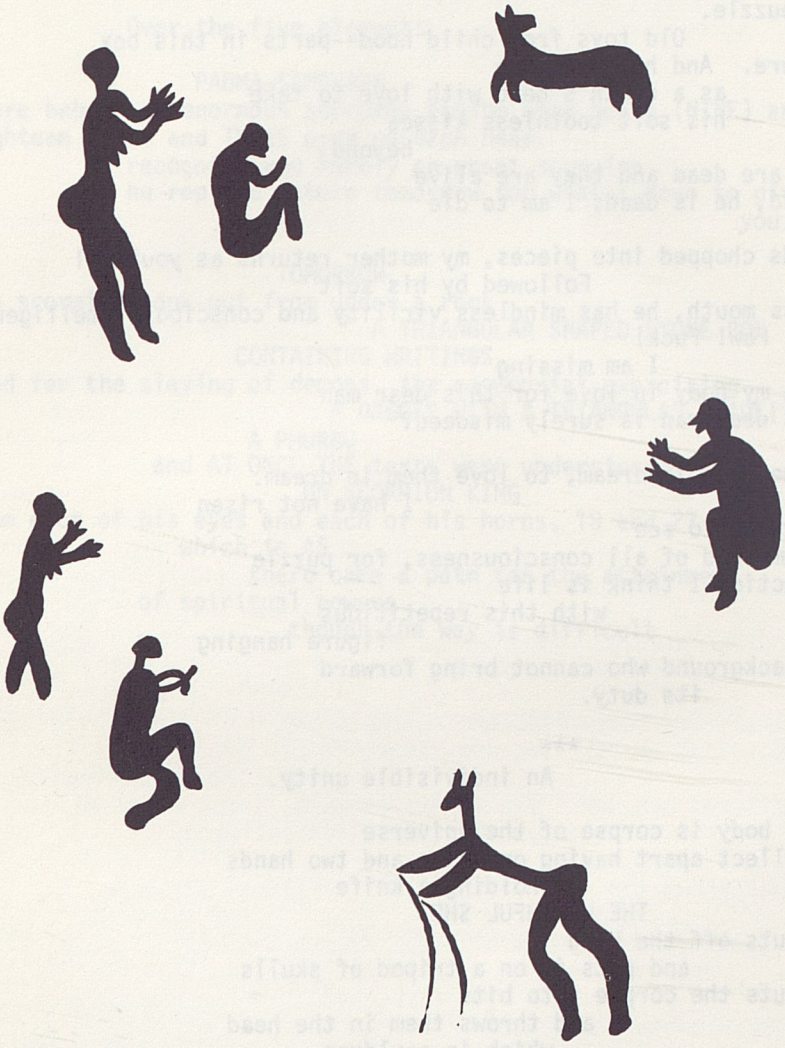
above myself to see
the dream land of all consciousness, for puzzle
is reflection I think is life
with this repetitious
figure hanging
in the background who cannot bring forward
its duty.

An indivisible unity.

See this body is corpse of the universe
See intellect apart having one face and two hands
holding a knife

THE WRATHFUL SHE
cuts off the head
and puts it on a tripod of skulls
cuts the corpse into bits
and throws them in the head
which is cauldron

The body, this body is given
as nectar to gods
invited to partake of the feast.



Golden Light

So Strong

Colors show

where areas on
the body are
in local
pain

Adorar Antonio
Vamos Adorar

Que Dice Antonio
Vames Adorar

One line
after the other

May 1 Monday
Dance
Downtown

An account of the Acid trip at Yosemite.

Yosemite falls Tuesday, looking back at Monday.

We took half a window pane and nothing too much was happening. We walked with Peter's notebook down from our camp spot and the ready laid fire--closer to the river. And took another half. Peter cutting it in half with his big knife. Drawing with Luigi's purple crayon the magic marker's seem too bright. Everything looks like a western picture from a calendar at Al Fowler's garage. I cry. I think of Lew Welch. And Buddhism which hones the mind.

The chickadee call. The yellow bellied sap sucker. The Jay. The sun in the eyes. Peter's red and spangled beard. Desecheo affection & love. Deep wisdom and kindness in his face. He makes me feel like the cat with red eyes.

The walk--the promenade to the look out into Yosemite valley. Stopping at the bridge over the falls. China, Japan. But this is America. Jeffrey Pines, Douglas fir. Peter into

THE LAND.

Then into Wow! into the view into the valley. I feeling laid back by the space, prim & dainty. Unable to get Peter's theories. But he's trying. Seeing the stone as molten. The water, THE LAND. The stripped and powerful faces of rock walls, full of moving murals.

Back to the camp, I am cold and hungry, but Peter could walk, sit, and watch, forever, he says. The *fire!* The soup. Kind of Chaos. The bed. The stars. Peter talking. She's a big dish. Are you the same as

The Land? A big order.

Morning, Peter. Grouchy, while he cooks the soup for breakfast.

He goes thru exotic girl faces.
He says I have coyote eyes.

Surely this is not thought
impediment.

The trees cast off
red auras

Crying like a child

I don't write
Anymore

I never write
Anymore

contamination
evil

wack away at myself
as a lesser serpent

I think of myself as slow, old, and stately

...

What me worry about the hee bee jeebies
Never!

..

I'm gonna get drunk

The poets are gathering

They're behind you

yeah, but I'm growing too old

to wait around this long

I see this in *that* person

I'm looking for America
in my life

She *writes*

now.

Nobody wants to
sit with me

call Arthur about tomorrow

I have been spending time

With the thoughts in my head.

In the morning sun
I Pass Time
Being Good

I don't like Pages
You can see through

Always the reasons
You have gone
Come back to me

Will *this* go away
If *I* move.

what I miss is
wine & pine tree
surrender your brain
on the great western plain

calm yourself
at
once.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THIS PLACE

the bad things here are the bad things
everywhere

In fact, there's probably someone
who LOOKS like you, even though
he's chinese.

I heard such nice stories last night.

What is that self
That I'm in touch with
that's not a mirror

Peter at Paper Fantasy Iris Path Ocean High Tide

Sit
Grey
Silver
Floating
PELican

Put me down

The Bowls of Priapus

I am unearthing in a courtyard three ancient
bowls of stone. Two are the color of bronze.
The bowls have pestles. These are the bowls of
priapus.

What a shame. I thought you were
telling me about the monkeys.

What am I missing asleep

I am forever
so grateful
to you
so hurry

A wild bear from the ravine
Comes charging across the plains at us

Robert Duncan is eating big juicy
rare slices of roast beef.
Peter, don't cut yourself with that knife.

Magdo is passing grass in this church. I
fall over the pew into somebody's lap. She
is singing, Han ya shin gyo, Will ya Will ya Will ya.

Water Temple

And then this restless
configuration of whether
I am myself without you

(people on the beach
towel, wash cloth

books

waiting
for me for the party

no money
who is the host

this *exhausting* world

.

I have lost the enthusiasm to find the sincerity
of what is called the spiritual Life.
The belief that my own particular energy
will ever carry me forward

.

My life is changed
I eat this way now

.

Tassajara distressed me--as I measured myself
against them. An expression of Buddha.
This careful and consuming comfortable soul is
anxious and fretful, tossing in a stormy sea.

.

Who pays for their practice

.

Transplanted until it mellows out.

.

Only my craft
this woman's desire
is fed

Priapus, like Pan is phallic to the rear. He was
also both son and father of Hermes. And then again his
mother was Persephone or Aphrodite and his father
Dionysis or Adonis.

.

MAKE OUT

Don't back in

the heads of Tassajara corn
have severed in the morning

Will this possibly do any good?

I do not want to see the Bhuddha

No Gold Figure

What is there possibly to see

See all I have learned

I feel so sad, *how* can I be
here with you. Off into my own
creation.

There's nothing, nothing you can give me.

I love the dimensions of it

.

Why organize like *this*

.

Do you love me?

Only if you shut up

.

How much is my own heart into poetry

The ways I have learned
to move around [and call it that

The words that come
out of my heart

Without Her
No woman
has the power
of creation
with a man

No man
has the power
of creation
Without a woman

The world was created
of tiny specks of dust
from your lotus feet. You are
the sun that shines within me.
You are the river of the honey

of consciousness.

 You do not use your hands,
 oh no, oh no
 but the very feet
 you stand upon
dispel our fear & grant our desires.
 Your warriors
conquer the world with love**** their bows
 of flowers
 their arrows of bees; their chariot
 the gently blowing breeze
 from the mountains.

 Oh show yourself, before us, full
Moon faced beauty,
 Come from your home
 on the island of gems,
Unite me with my lord,
and leave me there.

 I know
if you just look at a man incapable of love
he will be transformed,
he will be evermore followed by passionate women,
 loosening their hair
 slipping clothes
 from their bodies.
 Sweet words come
from the vision of you white as autumn moonlight.
Wisdom comes from you red as morning sunlight.
And you bring words with fragrant
trembling:

 Oh Goddess, give me a good look. Listen
by just a blink of your eye, everything
 changes, Mother of All, and All
 in you.
 Just you
and your husband,
 live forever,
 in the heavenly world.

 Let all
my speech be for you, all
 my gestures, all
my walking, all my eating, my lying down, my pleasures.

 I'll worship like a bee
at the flowers at your feet. Be careful
 where you step.

A
E
I
O
U

!

This spine vibrates
from enjoyment & liberation,
Your breasts
of sun and moon, your face of fire, your lord
and you are one,
the elements, the universe, and nothing
beyond you and when you
play it is our consciousness
of bliss.
Oh Lord and Lady, I salute your dance. The world
is freed
by the radiance
from your shining abode.

The hindrance of lustful desire
The hindrance of malice
The hindrance of sloth and idleness
The hindrance of Pride and self-righteousness
The hindrance of doubt

Joanne Elizabeth Kyger
are veils,
veils, are obstacles
are entanglements

Give me back
just give me back
the one I had
before

Oh I am so desperate

News bulletin from Keith Lampe

Soon

Little Neural Annie was fined \$65 in the Oakland Traffic Court this season for "driving while in a state of samadhi". California secular law requires that all drivers of motor vehicles remain firmly seated within their bodies while the vehicle is in motion. This applies to both greater vehicles and lesser vehicles.

Monday at last

Oh it was sunny when I got up
Then it was foggy when we went over the mountain
I've tried all day to get here
Now the screw is missing on the typewriter
I lent it to Lewis MacAdams
Bob Creeley is taking acid and is bare foot
I hate writing
I really do
Why don't things work out better

Oh Mommy, Dear Mesa

The worse I get the worse I get and there is nothing I can do about it
Nobody loves me.
I have done it all my life.
My Japanese knife is at Jack's.
I mean, nobody *really* loves me.
Beside that I don't have any talent.
I am of *no* utter worth in the world.
The answer to life is not sex and food
that I know but I don't care.
That's all I want, ever.
to be reassured
Why not.

PETER WATER
PETER WATER
PETER WATER
PETER WATER

DEAD WOMAN NO WATER

PETER WATER
PETER WATER
PETER WATER

China, India, Japan

go away go away go away

I guess it's still Tibetan for the power

I want to point out that I am not up tight

I am not up tight

Often I try so hard with stimulants
which only graze the surface
like I wish to become surface

Whereas the real state is called golden
where things are exactly what they are

A small field of tall golden headed grass, heavy with seed
at the top

(Why did I travel so far away from you who wishes to be
snug in her home)

The grotesqueness of this california woman who wishes
to take off her clothes but instead displays herself in
provocative attitudes

Wrapping my shawl about my waist I went into sparkling water
on shale reef.

I am not empty

small sea anemones show their pink and blue insides.

Everything I walk on is alive.

There is something in me which is not open, it does not wish to live
it is dying

But then in the sun, looking out to sea

center upon center unfold, lotus petals, the

boundless waves of bliss

September

The grasses are light brown
and the ocean comes in
long shimmering lines
under the fleet from last night
which dozes now in the early morning

Here and there horses graze
on somebody's acreage

strangely, it was not my desire
that bade me speak in church to be released
but memory of the way it used to be in
careless and exotic play

when characters were promises
then recognitions. The world of transformation
is real and not real but trusting.

Enough of these lessons? I mean
didactic phrases to take you in and out of
love's mysterious bonds?

Well I myself am not myself.
and which power of survival I speak
for is not made of houses.

It is inner luxury, of golden figures
that breathe like mountains do
and whose skin is made dusky by stars.



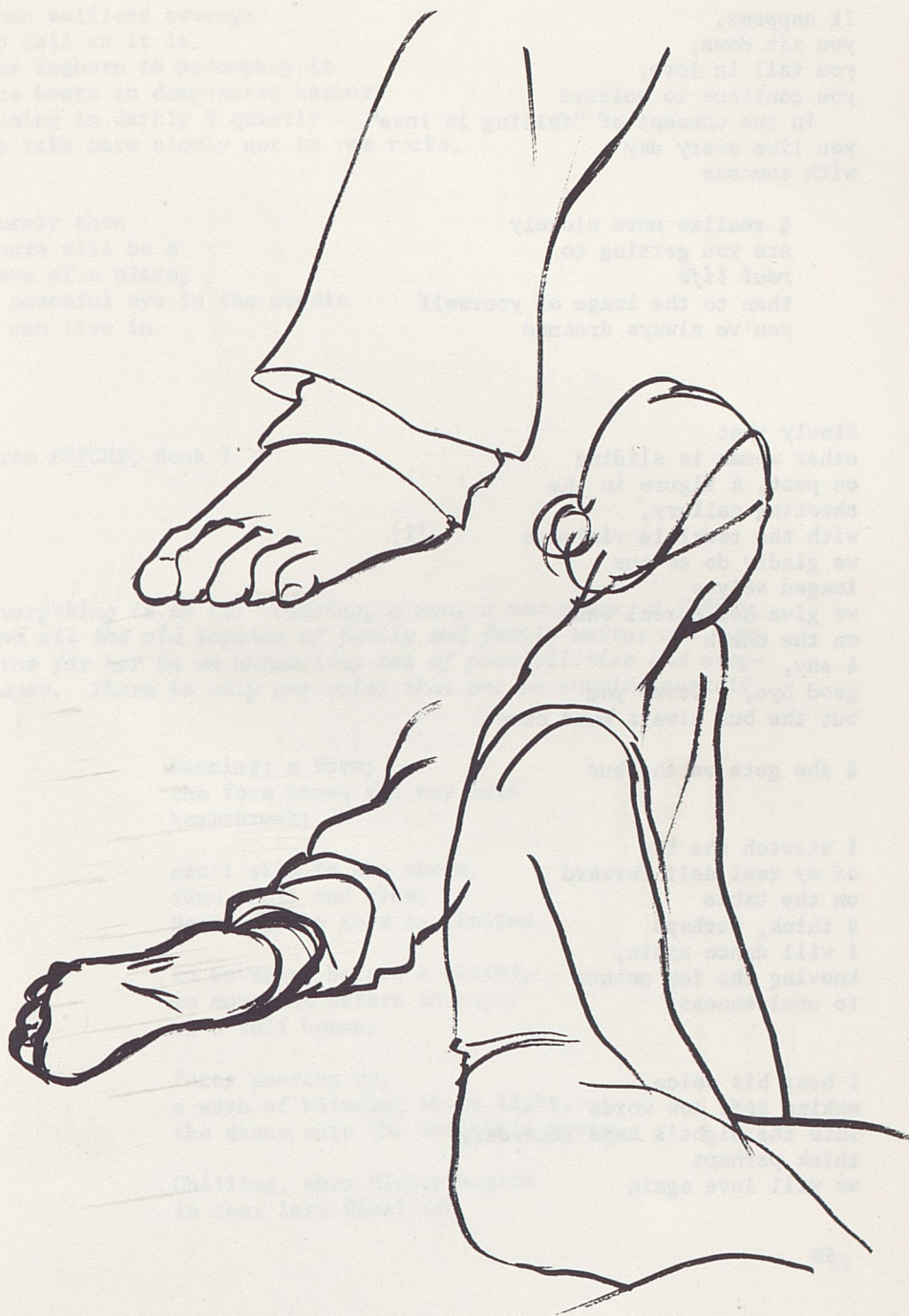












LINDY HOUGH

It happens,
you sit down,
you fall in love,
you continue to believe
 in the concept of "falling in love"
you live every day
with someone

 & realize more closely
 are you getting to
 real life
 than to the image of yourself
 you've always dreamed

Slowly that
other woman is sliding
on past, a figure in the
shooting gallery,
with the terrible violence
we gladly do to our
imaged selves
we give her a real one
on the cheek
& say,
good bye, I loved you
but the bus always must come

& she gets on the bus

I stretch the leg
of my real self forward
on the table
& think, perhaps
I will dance again,
knowing the leg points
to uselessness

I hear his voice
making soft low words
into the night's tape recorder,
think perhaps
we will love again

Its a soft friendly night
&
if the rain has
such selfless courage
to fall as it is
the foghorn to accompany it
the boats in deep-water harbor
coming in darkly & quietly
to take care slowly not to ram rocks,

surely then
there will be a
cave of a place,
a peaceful eye in the needle
I can live in

from *PSYCHE*, Book I'

[1]

Everything is in it. Dancing, a man, a new place, a family, and all the old legends of family and family unity; all combine for her in an unraveling set of possibilities and stop-pages. There is only one rule: that one be outside oneself.

Dancing; a form;
the form knows the way into
heartbreak;

can't skip to the shore,
find shell and clam;
Dancing, the form is limited

to movement before a mirror,
to movement before an empty
or a full house,

faces peering up,
a wash of blinding white light,
the dance unto the invisible eyes.

Chilling, when Mickey begins
in that last final set

to be able to sit down
and *play* that piano, the whole
city of Chicago opening out
as shivers run up and down my spine;

that's it. That's it. The beginning of
the beginning unto death, & isn't
that all that matters, Greek time

American time, these words I say
unto you: we all wanted to be born
and we were afraid to hasten our birth.

[2]

*The studio has a warm smell to it; heated sweat, as though
the beads fell on the radiator directly and were released
immediately into the air, the cooking smells of twenty pairs
of straining legs. There must have been a romance to it,
but was it inside her, or did it exist for anyone else? They
all came, like she did, so others must have believed.*

Offerings to who,
early learning that one's body
was the most sacred

and the only instrument,
the mind totally subservient
to the leg, the height, the line

of the back, the leg, the arms.
No one spoke of the line of the mind.
The mind was to know,

how to control the rest,
how to count music,
how to sustain the body

when it was finished
& folding up. Everything
always hurt, a ritual not complete

until pain was totally dominating,
and not begun until pain had begun.
The *barre*, the piano, the floor,

the mirrors, in every studio
they are the same, some small variations
(in tone, quality, professionalism)

& yet the mystique is the mirrors
and the teachers. They are there
to fall in love with; falling in love

with oneself, one's lines, one's
image of perfection. *If I do very well,*
she will love me, breath twenty

straining rib-cages. And she is
reliving, in each one, the tautness
the rest of her life has never held.

[3]

*Psyche, who do you kid? You can walk through mirrors. She
really did love you, really did take you home with her. Why
were you so curious about where she lived, who the children
from India were, the incredible coincidence a city planned?*

A huge house, on 13th Avenue.
I could walk by it still, but
I am larger now,

might be seen; others probably live
there now; perhaps she is dead.
A small white pigeon, a mourning dove.

A tiny foot, arched so high,
crammed into the black spike heels
of the fifties, no larger

than the tiniest loaf of white bread
I can bake. Flowers on her head.
A small white pigeon at her grave,
a mourning dove.

Something incredible, a relationship
on the outside with a small friend
of hers, from India, who I was

to play with. Did it ever happen?
I was to come to her house,
where the British family were staying.

Her huge wall, on the other side of which,
a school. All of it, all of it, across from
my grandparents' house, *The Reader's Digest*.

All of it, all of it, the breakfasts
she must have had; sleeping in her bed; in
a house which I walked by

on my way home from school.
And it was not a small town, but
a large city. The city confronts us

in the palm of our hand with its
particulars!

[4]

*What was her house like? A cave, a tower? A bower? Did she
live at the base of a radio transformer in a cottage to which
you ran once, escaping from school, or did she live in an
attic?*

An old, a blue, a cool, a stately
all I wanted, a house for purple
satin to come through,

a house without mortgages but
with purest smoothest flowers,
which no one had raised, set in

egg-cartons on the window sill to be
knocked off, set out after carefully
placed back in again,

a house where one walked quietly
because nothing was real.
It was beyond the mirror,

where you could go
if your line was good enough.
The basement, where you practiced.

The embarrassment of not knowing my dance,
of having to wear a court-jester's costume
when I had the beginning of breasts

and wanted to be a maiden, long netted hair
like the older girls and white Greek drapes
a court jester with no note of mystery

but only jocularity.
I kept forgetting my steps.
I wanted to die

except she had taught me
a mystique... But the steps kept leaving
my mind, all focus elsewhere,

there is no living without breathing.
And in that basement, in those point shoes
& in her tiny black spike high heels,

no one could live, no one could even
speak, or hear the roar in their brain.
One couldn't talk.
One had to check one's line.

[5]

When you watch yourself grow up in front of a mirror, can you enter that mirror? Can you pierce it, like your ears were pierced in college, shoot on rubber gloves and slice it, cleanly as a knife (the lover) slices water? This is the question, or one of the questions Psyche must work with, in extrapolating out to uncover a bower within.

Building a fence
around the insides.
Inside are all the cows,

the sheep, the horses, they
live there already, it is
the Christ child

has come anew. They watched him
being born, no one cared
except his parents, who watched

and helped and felt, and were
overcome with awe.
Why is it us, on the one side

of the mirror, and also the other
side now? What Incredible thing has
happened to us? Can we deliver

unto ourselves what has been
delivered unto us to deliver
unto the world?

The mirror demands these questions
Some who watch it get nowhere,
slip forever on glaze ice, build

their bedrooms on fantasies and
people them with fantasies, those
who pierce it and are pierced

have at least *travail*, heavy work
to do and heavy redemption
to live within.

A hard regime; harder than the
abstinence form demands, or perfect line,
because all internal workings are

within the mirror's grasp also.
One is not hollow, as the dancer is,
one is totally revealed, without stylism

without any but intent. And so the Doctrine
of Will, the Burden of Set,
the Burial of Achilles.

STEPHEN VINCENT: LEW WELCH - A JOURNAL OF REMEMBRANCE

March 1, 1971

Dear Lew,

I'm in the beginning of a course at the Art Institute that I'm calling BAY AREA ART & POETRY since WWII. (I come out of the poetry end of it and am learning a lot about the art). Anyhow we started down around Point Lobos with Jeffers, moved over into the Valley with early Everson, then up into the mountains with Rexroth & going north with the earlier Snyder and Roethke. Coordinating poets, painters and photographers where possible (Weston, Morris, Graves, Toby). Anyway, in a couple of weeks, we'll be coming down the Coast to finally get into the City.

Here's where I'm hoping we can get together. I'll be having the class read ON OUT, and The Song Mnt. Tamalpais Sings. What I want to propose is bringing the class over the Marin County, say either Muir Beach or somewhere on the Mountain and spend a morning with you reading and rapping about the poems, anyway you would like to handle it. I'd like to suggest Monday, March 22. About ten in the morning. Some students have studio classes in the afternoon, so I don't want to cut them out, case the thing should extend into the afternoon.....

Sincerely,

Stephen Vincent

3/20/71

Dear Stephen

Unfortunately I'll be in the state of Washington till April 1st or maybe 15th. The class sounds really great & I regret to have to miss it.

I'll phone you when I return to S.F. Is it possible to do my part in April? Ginsberg will be in town at the end of April, too.

57

I can be reached c/o Wm. Yardes, 606 Englebert Rd., Woodland,
Wash., till April 1st.

I'll be talking to you soon.

Lew Welch

II

WOBLY ROCK RE-FELT

WOBLY ROCK for Gary Snyder

"I think I'll be the Budhha of this place"

and sat himself

down

1.

It's a real rock

(believe this first)

Resting on actual sand at the surf's edge:
Muir Beach, California

(like everything else I have
somebody showed it to me and I found it by myself)

Hard common stone
Size of the largest haystack
It moves when hit by waves
Actually shudders

(even a good gust of wind will do it
if you sit real still and keep your mouth shut)

Notched to certain center it
Yields and then comes back to it:

Wobbly tons

58

It's Monday morning. All weekend I've been looking for Lew Welch. A month ago we exchanged letters, tentatively agreeing that he will meet the class. However, we have lost touch. I fail to get a letter off to him in time to his temporary address in Washington. The letter I leave at Serendipity Bookshop gets rightly forwarded to Gary Snyder's place above Nevada City while I'm off to New York at Easter, but apparently doesn't get to him. Back in the Bay Area, I work on a few leads. Jack Shoemaker, at the Bookshop, says to try the No Name Bar in Sausalito. A week ago I start. One day one bartender says he saw him on Saturday. But that he's gone to Nevada City. A couple of days later another bartender says he saw him last night. I leave a message for him to call. No luck. On Friday night I hear Allen Ginsberg has come to town. Lew mentioned that in his letter. Perhaps they're together. Ginsberg must be going to the Peace March. On Saturday at the Polo Grounds, I look all over for Allen, half expecting him to be leading chants in the middle of somewhere. No luck. Just people, people, people. I call City Lights and get a clue that he might be staying up at the publishing office, up on Grant. On Sunday afternoon, I go to the door, but no one is there. I go to the store. Ask the clerk who knows nothing. I write a note. While I'm at it, a short olive complexioned guy with a girl who has a woolen cap pulled tough style over her head, come in. The guy, happy smile on his face ups to the counter and says, "Have you seen Allen", as if he were getting ready to put his hands on a gift. The young Oriental clerk with shoulder length black hair, says, "No". The guy, almost taking a dance step back, says, "Is he staying over the publishing office?" The clerk, honest, says, "I don't know. I just heard he got into town."

And I'm flashing, maybe I'm gonna pin this note on the wrong door, if Ginsberg is upstairs. So, I say to the guy, "Say, I'm trying to get a note to Allen. Did you say that place is upstairs?"

The guy, continuing to back out the door, puts a slow smile on his face, as if he were courtier to the now secret guest, says, "I'm afraid I can't tell you that". Smack.

"Elitist". The word comes flash out of my mouth. Bam. He backs out the door where his hard chick is waiting. "Elitist", she repeats, as if trying to disown the accusation. But it's only re-enforced when it bumbles out of her mouth. They split.

Lew Welch used to speak a lot about only writing what is 'accurate'. That made me feel foul after.

I leave the note on the front door, asking him to please call, if he can help in the search. I get home and wait. Nothing happens. I give the No Name one more call. Yes he was in Saturday night, No, they don't know where he's staying. I simply give up, saddened by the failure of the whole process.

About ten students show. We all decide to go anyway. We'll go to Muir Beach and find Wobly Rock. Four cars and we're over there by ten o'clock. Don gets a big bottle of Red Gallo and between us we have homemade bread, oranges and apples. It's an overcast day, what the Radio calls, 'high clouds', but not too cold. I've been told that the rock is at the south end of the beach, so I figure we can find it from the evidence within the poem. (Charles Olson, I hear, thought Wobly Rock was Lew's best thing.) So off we go down across the curve of sand, then into rocks, until we come to a large rock that stands on the edge of water, below the dirt cliff, at the beginning of the beaches inward curve. I look around its base. Sure enough the rock is wedged into a crater of several rocks. And yes, before this bare trunk got wedged between the high rock and the crater, it must have rocked back and forth from the pressure of the waves, at least when they began to lap hard against it, during high tide.

"This is it. This must be it," I announce, as if I just discovered a lost landmark, or an old gold mine. Suddenly I'm self-conscious in the role of teacher. The first section of the poem says, "Shut up". And here I am talking about it, a little like the morning, after sleeping in the Temple of Athena at Delphi. I woke to find an Encyclopedia of Britanica filming crew making a film of the grounds, the members of the crew mimicing the different gods they remembered from school, but that I thought still inhabited the place. I was still too afraid to tell them to 'Shut Up.' But even now, at the Rock, with Lew's books in hand, I still feel like the uptight French tourist being led around by his Guide Bleu.

Anyway I don't feel right about it. It is comic that the Rock in the book wobbles, and the one here doesn't. And I want to read the poem. And it's a jarring contrast. The poem suddenly seems very innocent. But I work my way through it, speaking as loud as I can, giving language space there on the rocks and ledges that surround the stone. Here and there I stop to give explanations as best I can of Oriental means of perception. But it still doesn't feel right and I wish to hell Lew were here to justify this situation I've put myself in. Something is all wrong. Instead of getting right away into the reading of the poem, we should have climbed around, and got a literal feel and respect for the place.

I'm doing all this standing up with my back against a shelf of rock that faces Wobly. Some students are standing, others have sat down on different stones, or on the log up close to the cliff. To try and make my sense of relationship to the poem more human, I finish this part of the morning by reading part of a little thing I wrote on Lew's book, ON OUT, a few weeks back:

...In Jeffer's (Robinson) the plea is to enter nature, become divorced from human kind. Nobility is the vital identification with energies that emanate from natural and non-human forces. Man's presence is most often viewed as evil, plunging the planet into failure. The tone is pessimistic, excessively individualistic, isolationist. Welch comes close to Jeffers when he views how man exploits the environment, turning the planet to smoke. However he sees a community of possibility. When people are free, i.e., relate to nature unself-consciously, there is a balance achieved, man becomes an implicit and beneficial element of nature. The sea within becomes the sea without. A harmonious intercourse. A bliss achieved.

Much of ON OUT is designed to explore perception. How, or what is the right way to view the world, the immediate location of our existence. What is *accurate*. Notably he rejects artificial impositions, things that get in the way. Obviously he would be against surrealism, closer to a 'a rose is a rose is a rose'. Again, the rose within yields to the rose without.

Then it relies on oriental meditative stance. Exhaust all excess materials out of the head. Make moment of contact with reality purest by not thinking of all that other shit, past tenses and wishes.

The word is purity.

So I shut up. We bring out the bread, wine, apples and cheese. And people begin to feel the place out.

I sit watching and eating, trying to chew the rhetoric off my tongue, and just get a sense of being there. The grey above begins to break and sun comes casually through on the waves and rocks. I have the ocean more and the light sharpens the white color of the foam on the waves, as the tide begins to lap in. But, good academic soul, I keep running into irony. In section four of the poem, it begins:

Yesterday the weather was nice there were lots of people
Today it rains, the only other figure is far up the beach

(by the curve of his body I know he leans against the
tug of his fishingline: there is no separation)

Below the flat rock were the wine and food sit, I reach down and pull up the broken handle of a fishing rod. Craig, looking between two other rocks, finds the split and shredded yellow-white bamboo of a complete rod. We give a weird chuckle at what seems like another break in the poem. While Jim and Donna are up climbing around the edge of Wobbly, they discover a dead seal and say, "God, it stinks!" Later Jim comes from another sandy part of the beach with little pieces of plastic, from bottles and such, that he says he keeps finding all over the place. Jeff and Ken, both from New York, lean against a boulder and talk about New York. Only Wen, a Chinese girl from Hong Kong, who rarely ever speaks, appears content. She is wearing an orange sweater and brown corduroys. She sits on the rough shaped stones and, first, juggles two oval shaped stones back and forth in little loops in the air. I ask her if she knows how to juggle. She says no and stops and begins to build what looks like one dimensional pagodas beside her knees. It's nice to watch as Don, the large photographer and I talk about sailing and photography, and how photographers can be exploitive and sadistic. He tells me a story of how his class came out to this same place a month ago with three models. And how one must have really been loaded on something, the way she kept moving around all afternoon, jumping across and diving into the surf. The models were all nude and this one scratched herself horrible, scraping herself bloody against the rocks. But how she was the best one, the way she got into it and kept moving.

"It sounds horrible", I say.
"It was."

And now all the students come back, except Wen who'd wandered by herself down the beach. The sun is out full now and she's picking up rocks and going through the slow motions of discus thrower. I pick up Lew's most recent book, THE SONG MNT. TAMALPAIS SINGS, and between the stanzas, as I again read out loud, I occasionally look down the beach at the orange and brown figure going through the careful smooth motions of throwing the rocks. There is such a disciplined, quiet grace about her whole sense of movement.

From the book I take, "SONG OF THE TURKEY BUZZARD". I read the poem strong. The fresh air has finally filled and relaxed my

lungs, so I feel deeply into the making of each phrase. Everything in it feels tangible:

I hit one once, with a .22
heard the "flak" and a feather flew off, he
flapped his wings just once and
went on sailing. Bronze

(when seen from above)

as I have seen them, all day sitting
on a cliff so steep they
circled below me, in the up-draft
passed so close I could see his
eye.

However, as I tell the class, the completion of the poem really disturbs me:

II

*Praises Gentle Tamalpais
Perfect in Wisdom and Beauty of the
sweetest water
and the soaring birds
great seas at the feet of thy cliffs*

Hear my last Will and Testament:

Among my friends there shall always be
one with proper instructions
for my continuance.

*Let no one grieve,
I shall have used it all up
used up every bit of it.*

*What an extravagance!
What a relief!*

On a marked rock, following his orders,
place my meat.

All care must be taken not to
frighten the natives of this
barbarous land, who
will not let us die, even,
as we wish.

With proper ceremony disembowel what I
no longer need, that it might more quickly
rot and tempt

my new form

**

NOT THE BRONZE CASKET BUT THE BRAZEN WING

SOARING FOREVER ABOVE THEE O PERFECT

O SWEETEST WATER O GLORIOUS

WHEELING

BIRD

And I read to the class what I had written in response:
...Lew's tone changes here. Religious, priester taken
his vows, no more questioning, but into that Jeffer's
thing so deep that the world is beyond human repair,
because of basic, human flaw (i.e., witness what we
have done to the planet). Only the vultures, again
as in Jeffers, are pure, clean. Though he doesn't reject
what has been joy in his own life, the negative thrust
is there; the only dignity that remains is owned by
those birds who turn human garbage into the beauty
of their own flight. Though I think the poem stands
on a language of its own, I don't see the point of
view as terribly different from Jeffer's VULTURE:

...how beautiful he looked, veering
away in the sea-light over the precipice. I tell you
solemnly
That I was sorry to have disappointed him. To be eaten
by that beak and become part of him, to share those
wings and those eyes-
What a sublime end of one's body, what an enskyment;
What a life after death.

But the class disagrees when I say the poem comes off to me as
weird death wish that I can't understand. Welch is still in his
forties, and seems to me a strange time for a man to be making
will and testament. When I ask what people feel about the poem,
and if they agree with my sense of it, several people shake their
heads, as if my viewpoint is too narrow. Paul seems to sum up
the objection quickly. "As I see it," he says, "the poem is just

one more acceptance of Death," and the poem, from his hearing of it was, "more just an acceptance of the cycle of Death and it was liberating to listen to because it didn't try to reject Death as part of the cycle of things." The way he paints it is that both Lew and the poem are at just one point in a large pattern that is only partly visible to us. And the act of the poem is just preparation and acceptance of the next step.

Suddenly the poem becomes Oriental again. Bigger than I had ever been willing to accept it or see it. My original response now was coming off as the thin, Western humanist. That is, operating out of a concern for daily and secular obligation. (Maybe that's the answer that lies behind Lew's refrain, 'What are we gonna today/ today, today, today'). In any case, in a funny way, Paul's response brought me out of the bind I felt myself in when I brought my class down to the rock in the first place. That is, my weird consciousness of having to perform some academic pedagogic duty, or, literally do something to the stone to make it valid. But now gradually I was getting to a point where I could see things in a way that wasn't always *ironical* (the rock that wouldn't rock, etc). Of course Wen had already begun to locate me there, to make the event literal, as opposed to *literary*.

So, since all ears feel open, I finish by reading all of the HERMIT POEMS. Then I get up and really begin to enjoy the place, the feel of wind, the sun. I climb up the side of Wobly, check out the smell of the seal, its skin rotting in the crevice of the crater. Everybody is climbing all over the place now, up the cliff, the other shelves of rock. I climb up one shelf, sit Yogi style, and figure this is the one the poem was meditated upon. A full view of the beach, the rock, and the way the ocean ripples across the stone boulders that appear planted in the sand:

2

Sitting here you look below to other rocks
Precisely placed as rocks of Ryoanji:
Foam like swept stones

... ..

My mind flashed back to Wen building the little rock houses. Lew is right. They do look like photographs I've seen of boulders in Buddhist rock gardens:

Or think of the monks who made it 4 hundred and 50 years ago
Lugged the boulders from the sea
Swept to foam original gravel stone from sea

65

(and saw it, even then, when finally they
all looked up the
instant after it was made)

And there is a beautiful flash that takes place in my head and body when I suddenly equate the fact of the poem with the glazed water and foam drifting between the black boulders and sand. It's so rare to find. I hear the word, 'legitimate'. Any how.

After a while, it feels like 'time to go'. I turn around and look up the cliff. Ken, the New Yorker, is up in a tall, shallow cave. His elbows are at his sides with his hands up in the air, looking like the tucked in wings of a vulture. Everybody else is climbing around the beach playing with stones, or just watching the movement of the ocean. Nobody has a watch when I ask what time it is. Somebody says, "How does a mountain or a rock tell time." Then I say, "Wouldn't it be surreal to put a watch around a mountain?". And somebody says, "We better go."

We pick up all our garbage and split, several of us saying it would be better if we had all our classes

outside.

III

It's November, I read back to this. The Monday after the visit of Wobly Rock, I get a telephone call in the middle of the class. It's Lew. His voice sounds flat and distant. It's difficult for me to talk because we are in the middle of an hour with Jack Gilbert who is talking about his sense of the fifties. Lew wants to know if he can still come to the class. I have to tell him it's too late. David Meltzer is scheduled to come the next week, and there are no classes after that one. Actually it's more complicated. In truth I'm telling him he can't come because we already spent two weeks on his work, and we have three or four more poets to cover. A history of local literature in miniature that, at one time, he could have parodied (as in, "A Round of English" for Phillip Whalen in ON OUT). At the same time I feel guilty because I'm telling a human voice that I value that he can't, even if he wants to, come up with his goods anymore. I tell him we went to Muir Beach last week and I wrote something on it and would he like it, if I sent it to him? He says sure and to send it in care of Don Allen, his editor. I complete the call by saying we'll get him a reading this fall at the Art Institute to which he seems interested. Then I get back to the class and Jack Gilbert.

That was the first Monday of May and the last time I ever spoke to him. Three weeks later, on May 28, the San Francisco Chronicle reported his disappearance:

BAY POET MISSING -- BIG SEARCH

Sheriff's deputies and a band of Bay Area friends searched the rugged hills above Nevada City yesterday for Beat Generation poet Lew Welch, who was reported missing last Sunday night...

Reading the article in the morning, it hit like a smash. Early in April, when I first tried to get in touch with Lew and had been reading his works as closely as I could, I had this dream:

It's not a happy dream. Actually cold. I'm on a beach that I've never seen. A Picasso beach suggesting the end. A blankness, an unkempt quality about it. It is an era of desolation. I'm waiting there for no particular reason. Like there is nothing else to do. I'm with a couple of friends but our friendship does not even seem to be particularly significant. Then Lew shows up.

He's dressed only in his trunks. A tall, slender figure, tanned by the sun. His head is higher than mine, and his neck is craned back like that of a horse permanently broken by unkind reins. It is impossible to establish any sense of personal location with him. His face will not receive the personal or, any longer, reciprocate with such. He does not say a word.

So I am still lonely on the beach. He's merely a new figure on the beach for me to watch. He knows what he wants to do. There is a low platform made out of white driftwood. It's on the upper-edge of the beach facing the horizon. It's early afternoon. He walks over and out to the platform where he lies down with his knees bent up in the air.

It's the end of his part in the dream. It's as if he's waiting to be carried across the sea in some ancient rite. There's no use talking anymore. It's only time to wait, to bake in the sun, before taking that ultimate journey.

I lose interest in watching. There is a fence across the beach. On the other side is the beautiful wife of an ex-friend. She is smiling that I come to her. When

I go around the fence, we take hands and begin to dance, like spiders, back and forth across the hot sand. Lew's muse. She must be, Lew's muse. He has left her. I pursue her in love. She is black. The dream dissolves in dance.

In May, and over the summer, there are reports in the newspaper and by word of mouth that Lew has re-appeared. That he was seen in Nevada City, that he was in Sausalito, that people had talked to him, etc. By September, it's obvious to most, that he's never coming back.

How did we get here? How did we get to this voice. Why Lew Welch? Why should he be important to me, to us?

For me it goes back. To 1965. I was in the City, just beginning to hear my own voice, in my own poems. I was just 24 and had two poems published. A very tenuous entrance into the world of poets. I and my friends had given a couple of readings at the Blue Unicorn, a coffee shop on the edge of the Haight, where I and my girl friend also lived. None of us know where we were going. I was in the writing program at State, but that was coming to an end. In the world there was the war, the draft, the question of what to do. My body refused to continue to go to school. In music there was Dylan, Coltrane. One gave me thought, and one gave me energy. But they were far away. Local examples seemed remote. Spicer, Loewinsohn, Meltzer, Snyder, Whalen. They all seemed large and unapproachable. Especially to those of us still in school.

Actually I only met and talked to Lew once in my life. I shouldn't say talked. I really listened, but maybe it was the first time I learned I could get high listening to someone, just through rhythm and voice. It was in April of '65. I had just heard him read and sing in the Gallery Lounge at the College. It was a benefit for Dizzie Gillespie for President campaign. There, I had loved it, the phrasing of his line, a cross between song and natural voice. Plus, what he was using in terms of content, related a lot to the feel I got from living in the City. The language was airy and salted, from somebody who really liked to relate to the public life of the street. It had a clean, liberated feeling about it. Plus there were also poems about driving cab which I was also doing at the time. Like the poem "IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION FROM P.W.", how it ends:

....

....

....

Like the sign over the urinal: "You hold your future
in your hand."

Or what the giant negro whore once said, in the back of
my cab:

*Man, you sure do love diggin' at my
titties, now stop that. We get where
we going you can milk me like a Holstein,
but I gotta see your money first.*

Lew was someone who actually had dug and given form to what I was
digging, listening to all those stories out of the back of the cab,
while I was doing it for a living.

So one night when I and Margaret (my girl friend at the time),
and Tom Schmidt and Maria and Bill Howard, three other friends,
were in the Juke Box, a bar on the corner of Haight and Ashbury,
when I saw Lew up at the bar, it was about ten o'clock, I naturally
went up and invited him to come back and sit and talk with us.
When I got to the bar, I had to wait a minute. The Juke Box was
on, something by Dinah Washington, and he was busy describing to
Harry, the black bartender, how Dinah's voice was sounding just
like a trumpet at this one point in the song. It was obvious that
he not only loved music, but lived in relationship to it like a
warm coat that kept his feelings alive and in tact. The pleasure
he took in depicting the quality of her voice, made the music seem
like a nipple that he sucked with precise and everchanging delight.

But he was happy to come back with me to the table. He was
terribly high from teaching. He had just come from the Medical
Center where he was giving a course on Gertrude Stein. It was the
sound of a voice of a man in love. It was ten o'clock and for the
next three hours he rapped on everything imaginable. Starting
with Gertrude, moving to music, then relating to poets, he talked
of people, things he had done. Much of it I guess was preachment.
He was asserting a way to live. Definitely not like his mother,
gripping his hand out in front of us, "She wanted us to be clean
as a bar of soap. She'd even say that!" How he was in awe of John
Handy, the alto-saxaphonist, who knew so much about the history of
jazz, that he was still afraid to approach him. And how poets
could be like jazz musicians around younger artists, cooking as
hard as they could to keep the younger ones out of the circle. Six
years later now it's hard to recapture content. I just know and
remember how well it felt to listen. Our questions and remarks
were like drum beats behind the musical pictures they helped pro-
voke him to draw.

I felt great for at least three days after. Energy coming out
of every pore. Completely free from all that City Paranoia. He'd
given us all a good start.

We got to literally see each other a few days later. At that time Doug Palmer and Gary Snyder had started an IWW local for poets and other artists. On that Saturday, down in a Second St. alley loft, we had a benefit to pay the rent. I was one of several people scheduled to read. Lew and Gary were the top readers. Since I was driving taxi, I could only come in for an hour in which I could read and listen some. I read at nine-thirty and Lew was there. I read for ten minutes as well as I could, or perhaps the best I had ever done. When I finished, there was a good applause and I felt pleased, in fact proud. Lew was by one wall with a couple of people. Instead of walking over to him, I just looked across the room and smiled hello, half way imagining that he'd walk over to me and say what he thought. He didn't. He just raised his eyes, with a tight lipped grin hello. He looked pleased. But I still didn't go over. My own pride holding me and turning me to talk to a friend.

I remember that. Anyway, I soon left the City. The Peace Corps as my out. Two years in Africa, Nigeria, where I shared ON OUT with anybody I thought liked poetry, often telling my friends of that night in the Juke Box.

Coming back to the City, however, in 1968, the relationship stopped feeling the same. Though I heard through other poets he was not writing any new stuff, and that the bottle was overtaking him, I still held him in the same kind of awe that I believe he held for John Handy. I was afraid to get close, because I felt he knew so much, and I wanted to know more before I approached him again. I didn't want to be in the position of disciple. At the same time, the city and the country were going through heavy changes. The Panthers, the Strike at State, the dissolution of the Haight-Ashbury, changes from acid to speed, everything going at collision force, as both political and artistic off-spring from the revolutionary prophecies of the late fifties and early sixties, it was getting terribly difficult to keep our heads above water. In getting away from poetry, Lew had gotten into visionary prose. It was always beautiful to read, the few pieces that I saw in the Digger papers and the Oracle. He had become a cross between an urban anthropologist and ecologist. I remember he read one of them at an event in the Nourse auditorium. The passage always sticks in my mind where he talks of walking through the Mission with Phillip Whalen and he goes into a bar to take a leak and his shoes are 1/2 inch deep in piss on the john floor. It was his metaphor for decline and fall, the erosion of San Francisco. But everything he was writing was going in that direction. Out from the City. Long hairs, in new families and tribes, leaving for the country, to create new and decent lives, while the cities destroyed themselves. On the surface, the vision of survival was optimistic. It was still as if the holiness of the vision that takes place in Wobly Rock could come to pass. But underneath it was despair. It might have been

deeply personal, but in rejecting the City, he was also rejecting the source of his music, and the source of his language. The voices and sounds that fed him were from the City, and he no longer felt he could be fed.

And I was, and continue, to try to hold on in the City. And the visions, no matter how accurate in description, now failed to pull me. I wanted to hear the old voice singing a more personal song. If the social whole was quite literally falling apart, revolutionary energy aside, I wanted to hear a local, an immediate voice help get us through, at least, one to one. But in 1969, I hadn't even got that far yet. I was, in consciousness, somewhere between the Panthers, the State Strike and People's park. I had stopped writing. The answers for me had become urban and collective. I wasn't heading for any woods.

Then I didn't hear of him for a long time. By Nixon year II, energies on a social level had really begun to collapse. Collective visions had become a set of fictions, or, at most, commercially opted. I had begun writing again. Quiet exile in Berkeley and Oakland after a heavy house rip off in the City. My despair.

Then, out of nowhere, it happened. An ecology benefit that was given in the Pauley Ballroom in November of 1970. It was probably the best poetry reading to a large audience (at least 1000), that has been given in the Bay Area in some time, Gary Snyder, Howard McCord, David Melzer, Mary Korte, Keith Lampe and Richard Brautigan. There, Lew read much of THE SONG MNT TAMALPAIS SINGS. It was an incredibly beautiful performance. The voice sounding pure and full, so that you could sense the audience rising, falling and moving in the direction of the line, language being the hypnotic master of the event. He took us up the mountain and made it speak in such a way you could hear the wind touch the shapes and crevices of the rock:

....

This is the last place. There is nowhere else to go.

Once again we celebrate the great Spring Tides.
Beaches are strewn again with Jasper,
Agate and Jade.
The Mussel-rocks stand clear.

This is the last place. There is nowhere else to go.

Once again we celebrate the
Headland's huge, cairn-studded fall
into the Sea.

This is the last place. There is nowhere else to go.

For we have walked the jewelled beaches
at the foot of the final cliffs
of All Man's wanderings.

This is the last place.

There is nowhere else we need to go.

**

**

There was something convincingly Holy about the experience which now makes his final despair, no matter what might have been his personal problems, be very legitimate. When you have found the Altar, and through the Altar, you hear such pure, life giving sounds, it must be next to impossible to acknowledge and live with forces that you are convinced are going to completely wipe out that Altar, or what has become the singular source of your life.

IV

The ecological awareness must have worked heavily to destroy him. The other forces are more clearly viewable in the interview with David Meltzer. But, it appears, I'm having trouble ending this. What did he mean to me? Why do I feel like I've grown away from the first offering? Why do I still want to stand back?

I hope this comes off as praise. What he uncovered and opened up, the energy there gave me my first genuine lift into the whole act and love of poetry, not as nursery rhyme, but an on-going statement of life. It's just that the statement finally got too narrow for me. In a sense Lew became his own mountain, high and removed from the world of the City, the language of his which first attracted me to both the man and his work. Indeed he was deadly accurate about the forces of erosion, those who would eliminate the possibility of what is gentle and pure and only act in terms of greed and destruction, the vision or the place of the vision simply got too narrow. Not that he lost consciousness of the world, but he lost that urge to participate, to try and become at one with us in participation in that world. In short, we no longer need the voice of the teacher (and God knows we've had too many martyrs). We need, if I can preach, voices that can listen to each other and, again, make possible survival here.

But let me end this in praise. Praise for a voice, a mountain of a voice, I loved to hear.

January 15, 1972

PAUL KAHN

Self-Portrait in Many Voices

I have been told that
everything speaks. A number of voices
about as clear as thunder-strokes, that
definable :

- I am the man who
wrote those things, thought
I had heard it right & then
wished to be forgotten. Wished
to be what I had left behind.

- When I was 12...

- When I was 16

Speaking in long lines, words make sense, draw
pictures in the nervous system.

WAKE UP. PEOPLE!

Every thing is worth listening to.

- I am the man who smokes
2 packs of cigarettes a day; wastes his seed
in underwear at night; wears imitation Indian beads
put together in Hong Kong;

the spike of love rusts
between his eyes.

- I hardly ever went to parties...

Wrapping blankets around cold feet.
Sleeping on the floor. The spike of love
was someone else, an
invention. I took her shirt
off without much help.
There were breasts like
melons. I dreamed of
slicing them, eating out the
wet meat, spitting seeds along
the way, yellow seeds from which
soft thighs would grow, with
downy hair. I used to run
my hands along the hair, lightly.

You never listen. You act as if you don't
live in this house.

- I am the man who turns on
music whenever he walks into a room.

Having never killed a deer :

Having never fucked a girl :

When I was 15...

The rusting spike
like a car antenna

to listen to the trees sing, watch their
branches dance. A storm is coming across
the lake. I raced the rain-line back
to camp. That time, mountains gone in
rain-mist. Some stayed in the tent that
night. I slept on the beach, under an aluminum
canoe.

24 April 71

On the porch a

Light brown spider
struggles
across her web.

"Still young."

Tom said-concentric circles
in the night.

Center in
on this : silver threads
in the night-dew. Light brown
spider
hustling to re-enforce
her dream of paradise.
Moth flutter. The black
cat prowls & curls up in the rocker.

Where am I? The web
centered on a white tuft
of thread-some bug's empty carcass.

The weird eight legs
crawl along the subtle
sticky web, drag the soft fat
body of her sting across my
eyes.

Where

does it begin? The web-
dry leaves
fall
in between
the cracks of wood. The house
opens like a flower
of decay.

What is needed
is a house of wood built by hands,
to be cherished by the men
who build it, to be woven
from their fluids.

I must
plant my life:

Let me grow, Spider, up &
down, as you crawl in the night.
A circle of living strings, first
up, across, then down, as you have
set your net.

Spider!
Drinker of body juices!
Dragger of soft wet body!

"I weave
the net
of death,
I weave

the silver net
of death."

The Place

I must return
to my body,
weary of each day's

distance. These arms + legs,
this head, thin trunk,
soft balls + cock — touch

myself or have her
touch me — smell
the joints laid

to rest, stale mouth taste
of sleep, each night
or day if it happens

then. I must sink back behind
these eyes — flow out
into this hairless palm

upon a sheet or breast. I must
return to this empty
place: the smooth

blackness, the rough blackness,
rushing by the eye nerves
before sleep.

27-29 May 72

Robin tumbles back and forth over the seat, collecting old toys from the floor, and under the back, where the wagon deck extended when we used the car to haul our life here, all summer moving, now alone where the sun is warm. Yet outside our cozy greenhouse the brilliant sunlight does not warm the garden; a cold wind we do not feel buffets the windshield; it is Jack Frost, I was told as a child, who nips at the leaves and dying flowers, changing even the color of light. For the sun seeks a declension equal to where the Earth in its orbit has left it, at an angle thru a prism of dark opaquities, oblique to the counterimage where heat is retained only in spots, brooks themselves as cold as/animals drink from. Light is driven into shade by the waters, and we harvest its pale ghost. Many orbits ago of the same I too was a tumbling bean.

Where he has sought me out from curiosity (Rich in the car/car not going), I have come to pick up the football game from my own childhood city to the South. Car not as generator but receiver. He sits in my lap turning the wheel, between episodes of which I play hanging him headfirst by the feet out the window and tumbling him into the grass. It was on the radio that I first discovered football, on melancholy Sunday afternoons when I listened in the patch of sun by the window, against the radiator, while far down below, in the miniature but brick and experienced world, a game of ragged colors and changing sides was going on. I who never played the game, and hated even the feel of the pigskin, its fatness compared to the ball I threw, and showed up at group on Saturdays in a Yankee uniform well into the autumn, until the winter made even that too cold, and came in early March or late February with my ball and glove, hoping to find some soul-mate, though the ball would sting in the icy air, the leather almost frozen. It was years after, when the issue of playing or not had passed, that I discovered it, the Giants, then in Michigan by t.v. the Jets: the excitement of that fragile downfield strategic march, a solar exercise, a solstitial energy to balance the frayed leaves and faded sward, the waning baseball watermelon summer.

The leaves fall, visibly covering the world, as the snow will, an occult energy derived from distance and inertia alone, awakens/itself from the torso of hibernation, uncoiling to pass over the Earth/in the total orbital obliquity and deformation of. Small animals pass thru the leaves. The cat pounces on a bug, then its front legs go high in the air as it bounds away, and a stray in the cornstalks, hidden, watches it bugged.

Underneath, the dark energies live, gem formation, diastrophism, continental drift, glacial retreat, hidden from light, only an inner

**The Windy Passage from Nostalgia*

heat therefrom, to serve us in days furthest from the days of our youth. As we all know, the fires began before man: planet as body burns yet in a room between fire and air, there a monk deciphers papyri of original substance, neither Arabic nor Hebrew nor Greek. *La Transmission*. "A very thin inner cortex is joined to the outer cortex, representing the separating medium between earth and water, namely, that air which divides the earth from the water." The errors of the translators are absorbed in the meaning as intimately as the initial philosophical discrepancies. Thus does original experience, not once, but again, and again, change the text.

Planet passes from forge to forge, first a blossom, then a wild cow, a pygmy hunter. Energy from the cosmos wraps it in a ball, melting off where ice is, other stone breaking the gums, then the ice again, clear to Brazil and the honeyed wooden boxes even today. The forests of colored leaves I see now I never saw in the old days; I always left with summer, back into the city, while the ballfields were covered with the debris of a funeral. These stones remain, the dental history of an older tobacco-chewing Jurassic Earth. The rune-stones and churingas (also of these parts) sit with old barns and early Welsh gravestones, on the tip of the tongue, where dental "t" is less a consonant than a dialect.

The image of the copiest is profoundly inculcated in our sense of the transmission. The wisest we know, we reject him only in our weakness, when we fear we are not enough, to take on perhaps Sagan's less accurate picture of a derivational Darwinian Earth, engaged from the beginning only in dumb-bell violence, belching out endless entrails, gases and solids, formless and without replicating link.

Intelligence, as genesis, does sweep, tremble, sift, measure, be its own account, from the fiery emergence of any world, or all worlds, flowing, stirring across the face of the bottomless deep, as it will not ever after, either here, A.D., or on Mars, in its present state, or on any of Centauri's planets, or in the simultaneity of the planets of the Swan, for it has passed, like a mist, or with the mist itself. Each of them were born in it, each of their presences shudders against the enigma of its having been, of having literally grazed upon their waters and fed from their original meadows: time in scroll the key, to solve, as from matrix, its very being.

The ships of man prescribe a resembling ripple, a signatory line of flight, floating under the corposants and autumnal meteors, climbing the friction of gravity's back clear into the electric air. But their own intelligence is ever subservient to the beginning, when it was original and whole. As the Earth cools, as Mars is colder, as within the cycle of glaciers and sunspots,

tropics and ice, the Earth becomes cooler: intelligence never will return. This is why history is all the more important than its stepchild anthropology. The recovery of originals is more central a cause than the entire altered totemic symbolism of these exotic and derived tribes, scattered now everywhere upon the logos of the cultural Earth.

"In the whole world things are mixed with one another. You will not find fire which does not contain some cold, nor cold which does not contain some heat; no dryness without a little humidity, no humidity without dryness. No more will you find spirit which does not contain a little body, nor body which does not contain a little spirit. Sometimes these two elements cannot be separated when one of them is too abundant, and the other too much lacking, so that there is a transformation and absorption of the part which is in less quantity by the part that predominates. It is as if we let fall some drops of honey into the sea, no created being will ever be able to separate this sugary part. God alone could do that. Nevertheless, nobody would be justified in saying the sea possessed a sugary taste." Geber: THE BOOK OF MERCY.

From Babylonian mines and iron-works, from the gum that settles in pelican when the oil rises, and the lees of the professor's wine, the imago mundi is cast and recast, as an eidolon, or face, reflecting ever thru distortion of industry and mosaic a throbbing veinous Earth, 89% cooper, 11% tin, until we come, in our biological time, to the actual blood of the wounded bull, on red color film, not the Chaldean cast but the visible Earth of the finest Swiss lens to be hung as an object outside the hermetic chamber, looking in as obscurely as vision is returned to it, gestaltwhole, of the magician's work. And still it cannot be seen for all the oceans; seasons, sparkling clouds and storms, all the originals left in its meteorology smack into its geology, as bright itself as the aura would be. It hangs or floats like a ship, located on an inward windward topos, pear-shaped or oblate spheroid. One riddle is solved, but one hermetic gate forever closed by its solution. The Earth is THERE, IN SPACE, as in a mirror. The sense of the whale in diving for deeper waters, against his turgor and hydrology, a spout. Or as the land itself is canyoned, twisted, anastomosing, what sensation rushes past his limbs. The walrus stands on ocean edge, world edge. The world stands on the edge of a sentient being, blue barnacle, decanter filled with wine but raised in total silence, to be drunk only by itself. Against its fringes energy rages, a velvet atomic war violet keeps out. It courses and is coursed only unto its own history, even freighters now, heavy with Indus-Tree, passing on those once-Phoenician seas.

And here I am too, removed from one intensity by another, a wedge of pure transparency made both of memory and coral, an atoll

is built of without any of its builders seeing but in microcosm the whole they die to: a triangulation setting me always apart (the other two edges the transparent ones, like air against the window), and in a more distant, a secret place.

The stars twirl in the pots of heaven, first wonders, first masters. It little matters what the space is, euclid's, non-euclidean, pythagorean, or according to Mr. Hoyle, it's all the same in the universe behind the dark screen. Cosmonauts merely skim the surface of, like a light craft on the treadmill of the abyss, small mice feet crawling above a thousand feet of permafrost above ten thousand feet of granite above the inert center of any circle thru which another circle penetrates into the entry of a more perfect spherical locale. Hollow Earth advocates simply locate the stars in the very ground, the sky continuous with the buffalo skin roughly thrown upon the rock mantle. Combed by the erogenous feet that skew and redivide the continental space.

The yogic center is the center of feeling. This is not the feelings per se, but like our molten core an absolute, too important to be left to the emotions alone. Skeletal man broken like a deity between skeletal rock and glacial maelstrom, ground only from the refuse of preceding ever-present creation, the whoring god over the brown and scaly waters, discerning form the formal/shape the shaped. As a miller, as a potter. As from divine clay.

The appletrees, yellowed by October, stand by the barn; the barn is weathered; the cows graze on the washed-out grass and washed-out light beneath the appletree. A Pennsylvania Dutch hex sign hangs on the side of the barn, and its colors and complexions are the brightest and most archetypal; the rest is as history and biology, is as old as the glacial boulders, carried in wagon, pulled by horse long dead, piled to make the rock wall which stands, and whose colors are as muted as all must be in returning to the radical black.

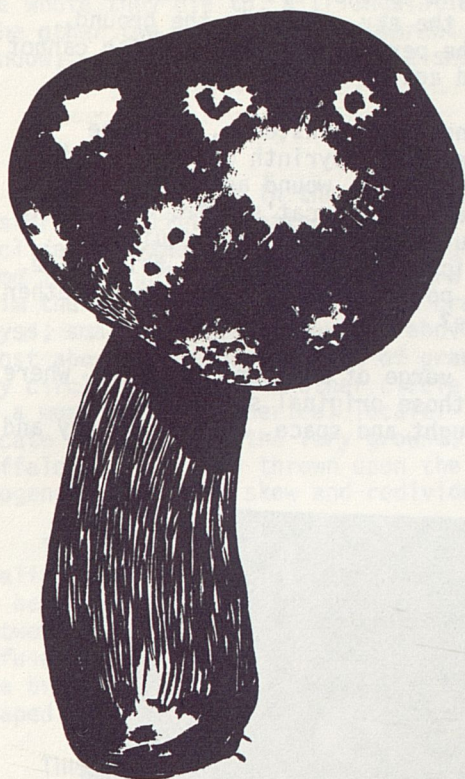
This is in Washington County, Vermont. On Salisbury Plain, Hampshire, England, sits a much older monument, the brain of man himself, stone by giant stone, sometimes two or three upright, a third across their top. These are the debris of human thought, absolute as stone is, absolute as water is, by which channel they arrived, absolute as mind is, and absolute as the motions of sun and moon, which, then in the sky, rederived thru human thought a location of monads, organically interdependent upon the senseless ground. This is the primary topos of intelligence, where, as the aubrey holes, the sarsen circle, the very machinery left on the

vast plains of the moon, to record inner tremors, nothing is separated, is not bound by weight to the rest of creation man tangles with and in. There is the sky. This is the ground. This is the center. This is the perimeter or edge, which cannot be other than center, again and again, again.

The ships of language bring the brainstones, from the mythological center of Crete and the labyrinth of eternal life to the raw and untaught Sea of Bristol, wound as thin between the calendar and laws of navigation as a cat's hair, not seeing the other paths they cast in pursuing this single equinox, etymological and genetic complications, coming into this whole. Like a giant clock afloat on a potent elixir. Who knows whether the hour will precede the flame?

And the world lies on the verge of a second darkness, where the forces of light alone are those original stars burning defiantly at the limits of thought and space, at the mystery and mastery of their source.





MUSHROOM
VERMONT
1969

Strabo, the 2nd Century geographer, who's responsible for our knowing about Pytheus at all, the man of the 4th Century who actually sailed out of Marseilles, and by the very thing that makes Strabo suspicious he was a liar (Stefansson, the present Stefansson, who knows the Arctic) is the the best evidence of the fact that Pytheus was really, in a certain season, off the coast of Iceland in the 4th Century B.C.

I mean let's really talk instead of crap about Irish, Vikings, and --- like EVERYTHING was really in existence, in powerful ways, back before Alexander.

Don't be fooled by the universalization of the present. The work, the real work, of the future has already been done, and the future that is proposed for us is a lie.

Shag Rock

the positive, the mythological
(the world, the mundus)

round -

no explanation

all that happens is eternal

no examples, no proving

possible

Oct. 18, 1961

transcribed, to the best of our abilities, from a tape of Charles Olson reading at Goddard College, probably late in 1962.

Nate sat in his room staring at the same walls that probably his father had stared at all through Europe and he thought perhaps there is a room somewhere in Austria or Hungary just like this one with the faded blue plaster crumbling and peeling and the stained water murals. One generation American who is now leaving the shell that was destroyed long ago before there was electricity and television. -I didn't last long as long as my ancestors remained in Europe but then they were still building buildings for shelter and working for food and what have I to do with a hammer but set off a chain reaction and they still had dreams of fortunes and Junker estates along the Donau and Strauss waltzes captured in Mosel Wine and I can hear them shout build that house plant those crops the Huns have left us long centuries ago and deposited their seeds in our soil and a new generation later one of my ancestors put rosin on his eyes to decrease the epicanthic fold and requested a visa to Oberammergau. And they were still building when Herr Schickelgrüber came marching over vineyards shouting Heute hört uns Deutschland und morgen die ganze Welt and loaded up boxcars of dreamers with Alle Räder müssen rollen für den Sieg written on the side and deposited their ashes over the pastures of Deutschland and the years following the wine-crop was excellent. So my father singing to himself omnia mea mecum porto traveled across ashes with a rifle in his rectum and spent tormenting nights in hotels such as this telling himself that America would be different. And when the boat left Lisbon he lived like a pig in the bottom deck crammed in with eight hundred other visioners and at eight knots a day across the Atlantic while German planes above were skywriting demn die todten reiten schnell. New York City is a blackout and the war became a reality he found all the ghettos completely filled and someone said foreigners are not allowed but then this is war and you should try Jersey and my father found a job and procured a wife in a cafe next door and then the apartment was filled with a screaming youth who thought his mothers teat was paradise. But the war did not end in 1945 and I was fighting with gravel in my elbows and wiping the blood from my nose and my father said that things will be better with a college education but I found out early that no one really respects education but only for the pragmatic diploma that lets you sell life death hospital car accident baby home crop failure insurance and what can be insured when no one is living and there are no crops and I saw mans exterior crumbling and the psychiatrists treating the interior when there was no interior to treat. There is no home to build father the ground is sterile, the people impotent and I instinctively headed West for I saw no purpose and I kept going as my greatest grandfather did as he chased dreams across the Gobi desert and what did he find but no purpose and so I kept chasing myself until I reached San Francisco and this room with some understanding of inseparability with the universe and with

no purpose I was liberated and I checked on a boat to the Orient where Tin Sung was waiting for me inside Buddha's triple body with no ego and where there is an innate trust in good and evil and here is balance and not the land of used car salesmen and wax flowers over dead people that had always been dead because the Westward migration of man had been too soon based on greed and wealth and exterior pomp and so I am leaving America in the womb of a saline world of Pacific for I am going to be reborn inside the world and I knew that the circle would be completed and the last of mans migration for the next migration would be inside of the world and not across.

This piece was published in *A Pamphlet* at Idaho State College, Pocatello, Idaho. Charles Olson read it aloud to a group at Goddard College in 1962 to introduce his lecture on Melville; the version here is the original version Olson read from; there was also a revised version published in *Wild Dog* in 1965. Olson's response to *A Pamphlet*, also read at the Melville lecture, appears subsequently in these pages. Both the lecture and the reading (see previous piece) are on tape at the Goddard College Learning Aids Center downstairs in the library building and can be heard on request.

CHARLES OLSON

Main Street
is deserted, the hills
are bull-dozed
away. The River alone,
and Stage Fort Park
where the Merrimac
once emptied under the ice
to the Banks survive

And on the Polls
at the edge
where the rocks are soft
from the scales

and in the heat-edges
grass and thorny

bushes
are I idle

overlooking
 creation

more versant
on the western side

than on the eastern

and several of these areas
on Dogtown Commons

than on the minds
of men, during the period

in which this district
was inhabited, brought into the state

of tilled fields and now appear
as small pasture lands devoid

of boulders. Humps
 of Devil's glens
on Great Hill, and just
at Dogtown Square
to strip the soul
into its wild
admissions

and one sit
in the starkness
as though this
were anything
and go away
left with one's own
resort, wishing
for grass and the air
of heaven. Finding out
there is no doorstep
equal to the heart
of God sitting by
the cellar
of Widow Day's
kame These high-lying
benches of drift material
where subglacial streams emerged
lay down there fields when Dogtown lay
below the level of the sea, Fled

the softness
for the west
or the top of the hill, fled
the deserted streets a December
stayed at home

until human beings came back
until human beings

were the streets of the soul
love was in their wrinkles

they filled the earth, the positiveness
was in their being, they listened

to the sententious
with ears of the coil of the sea

they were the paths of water green and rich
under the ice, carrying the stratified drift kame

the power in the air
is prana

it is not seen
In the ice,

on top of the Poles,
on the throne

of the diorite, the air alone
is what I set in

among the edges
of the plagioclase

dropping their self-hooded anger
into the dialogue of their beloveds
taking their own way to the throne of creation

the diorite
is included in the granitite
the granitite has burst up around
the diorite,
leaving it as an undivided mass

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Letters 1 - 10 of *The Maximus Poems* were first published as Jargon 7 from Stuttgart in 1953; Letters 11 - 22 from the same city in 1956. Now we have further sequences to add to this work, published from London after about four years of delay and uncertainty. These exilic origins are political facts of a high order, especially as they might seem to bind (but do not) the dispersed faunal & poetic realms of the two Atlantic seabords (It may seem strange to propose that a former position of the Atlantic Ocean lies through New England," J. Tuzo Wilson, *Nature*, 211, 679 [1966]).

The primary order and procedures of this work are still in transition. In the previously published sections the literal founding of history and its local cadence into speech extend outwards by feeling into the sacral and divinized forms of presence upon the earth's surface. The salt breath of the sea takes full charge of the inland waters; as particular human life exceeds itself, the critical necessity is to keep the moral structure of immediate knowledge from damage during its transition to the schedule of city-settlement. The terms are weighted with the greatest attention: no movement without the new laral nouns & observances of the New World.

Now in these later sections the movements are larger, and work by more variable euhemerism; the mythos of the earth's primary condition and its relation to specific person & place is sufficiently established for the more fiercely oppositional pieties to yield: "the world / is an eternal event." The nouns have an almost secret insistence, lent now to great fluent transitions of discourse and lyric measure, so that the passage-work here is powerful and immensely poignant. The generosity achieved is especially active in the rhythmic flux & balance between sections and within the disposition of metrical energies:

The top of Dogtown
puts one up into the sky as free-
ly as it is possible, the extent of
clear space and air, and the bowl
of the light equalling, without at all
that other, false experience of mountain
climbed, heaven.

The opening lines of *Maximus, From Dogtown*--I have this too, and there are related movements (*Of the Parsonses*, & *Maximus, at the Harbor*) which persuade one all over again of the man speaking to men, the image of the most exact freedom to be gained, now, from the sustained sequence of full-grown poetic speech, and from nowhere else.

This is not, however, Wahrheit supervening on Dichtung, or perception leading to obsession as Ginsberg has put it (in a

pretty but pointless neo-Cambodian fantasy of recent date). That notion of age incremental is European and Wordsworthian, and not at all the relevant structure here. Olson's poem is growing back into itself and its historic matrix, not outwards and upwards from it. The mythography, now less nervous about its infringements of interior moral right, can touch with true levity upon its base; the syntax is if anything *more* temporalised, *more* sexual, than before.

Such apparent contradiction (which for him happily thrusts Descartes, "age 34, date Boston's / settling", into the role of a minor mystagogue, the Willard Quine of Ultima Thule) gives Olson a sureness of tenure here which is an event of such scale as to be certain to remain unnoticed. Though doubtless much remarked about, etc. The achievement has been helped by some biting historical ironies which are too large to develop here; a rapid & partial sketch will have to suffice. So: the original New England planters (given in this poem by singular name & circumstance) embarked upon the high sea of potential and future prospect in order to reach the promised *land*. The initial hope was not only for fully-achieved land-fall, but for active trade with the interior--the extension of person & mercantile power at least commensurate with the risk of the actual, if not far in excess of it (the "triumph" aspect of later westward expansion). But the land was difficult, even hostile. Not just the denizens (Algonquin as scapegoat), but the land (terrain and notion). Especially in the north, the initial hardship forced the hopeful agriculturalist back on to the sea for a living. *Land* is the abstract figure, sea the living face of the earth, teeming meadows for the new-comers perched on the edge of a continent.

The first stages of *Maximus* give wary and at times fulsome regard to the sea, flooding into the serrated flanges of Gloucester. The abruptness and sudden localism of language in places there owed these features in large part to the marine invasions of the land, the new Corinth. Now, however, by turning our backs on the sea, we have primary aquarian cosmography, centred on a fishing port turned inwards from the shore. This is an absolute pivot. The constant danger to the land, the fragile abstraction of its kame meadows, makes each wedge-mark of language an act of stabilizing rectitude. By 1636 there were still only 36 ploughs in New England, despite all the grand talk in the Massachusetts Bay Company Charter (1629) of "all Landes and Hereditaments whatsoever, lyeing within the Lymitts aforesaid, North and South, in Latitude and Bredth, and in Length and Longitude, of and within all the Bredth aforesaid, throughout the mayne Landes there . . ."

This double swerve of direction also opens the cosmos to hymnic & personal speech in this sense, that in the ancient

scheme Aquarius is masculine and Taurus feminine (as Housman reminded us in Book II of his *Manilius*, and as Wallace Stevens very carelessly forgot). So with the sea constantly prying between Gloucester's legs we rejoin the image of creative process in its originary genetic scope. Almost all the primary cosmogonies of the past deal in sexually polarised language, as the section of West's *Prolegomena* to his *Hesiod* entitled "Family planning" coyly suggests. For Olson the earth as feminine and abstract gives him the perhaps unique process of charting the birth of the real (the sum of its local permutations, "the earth with a city in her hair") from the abstract of geological time.

Thus a single term like *monogene* reaches back into two entwined histories: the geochronology of land-formation and the cytochronology or biochemical evolution (see the current *Atlas of Protein Sequence and Structure*, pp. 7-13 & the phylogenetic trees which follow, all confidently implying a common-origin theory of life). The geomorphic usage is aptly American in origin, and traces back to the great James Dana, one of the first to ignore the rampant theories of marine erosion and 'turn his back on the sea'. Dana's paper "On American Geological History" (*Am. Jour. Sci. & Arts*, 2nd Ser., XXII [1856]) is as powerful as anything in Burnet's *Theory of the Earth*; Dana's account of the Appalachian revolution could for example be specifically compared with Burnet's more apocalyptic mannerism in Book III Chapter XI. Both works illustrate how the causal presumptions of over-humanised history can be displaced, as they are in Olson's writing, where language is a mythic likeness resting on the earth, the mappemunde of man's being, and not by any means a 'universe of discourse'.

So that this poem, which might seem in some ways close to that panic-stricken encyclopedic impulse, as in Cassiodorus, which merely confronts the decline & splittings of awareness, is something else; i.e., not secondary assemblage but primary writing; with this difference, that man's current position of knowing what he does brings in the great unifying sentimentalities of dream as surely as if offsets merely naive forward narrative. The result is a lingual and temporal syncretism, poised to make a new order. Traces of quite remote glottochronology fold into the diorite stone; the range and equality of terms can include mind & record as formal positions and still retain the whole freedom of primary speech. The fulfilled sequence is now a great and moving poem :

Dogtown to the right the ocean
to the left
opens out the light the river flowing
at my feet
Gloucester to my back
the light hangs
from the wheel of heaven
the great Ocean
in balance
the air is as wide
as the light

CHARLES OLSON: *A house built by Capt. John Somes 1763*

Men don't follow men they follow
men's ideas - epigraph to *A
Pamphlet* mimeograph magazine
Pocatello Idaho (Idaho State
College)

Diderot, for example. I hate the spirit of streets. The spirit anyway of this nation went away at some point of time between 1765 and 1770 and a man born about then, therefore a son rather of those men who made the Revolution was already, in the first years of the Nineteenth Century crying us down accurately - James Fenimore Cooper, that early. All which writing including the hump-up of the Middle of the 19th Century did insist upon and Melville had already passed American art out into the geometry which alone - until time re-entered, about 1948 - was what was making things possible again. What it was which did break in the moment of time in the Eighteenth Century must have been what Gino Clays has said I'm sure as well as anyone, that when men are still putting down houses to live in and work to make food the earth is still lived on. When that breaks - Captain Somes' house on Lower Middle Street is the possibility at its last moment here on the new continent - when it broke all had to be begun again. The critique by Cooper was so complete all after was simply going to live it out, until today - or at least until 1949. Any change, any new chance, had to be toward earth not (again Gino Clays) across. Inside of the world Clays says.

The men of the Revolution, all heroes, are all False Identities, Time of their Age Servants, good men in that sense of Deism which doesn't go away at all, even right now the idea of God is mostly that Architect or Gardener or a Fine Cellist After Dinner. Or State Accomplisher. Actually Noah Webster, like Cooper is a better End of that than all those prolongations.

* I was a Gnostic possibly, I ain't any longer at least to my present problems something neither Buddhist nor Gnostic will do, but because ideas are only what live, or the Forms ideas are the Statement of, it would be very valuable if we had now a completely Indo-Europeanized American dictionary; and an encyclopedia** which are at least unhampered by any premise of what knowledge is except,

* a Gnostic - or 13th century Muslim sense of time as intense

** an encyclopedia equally of roots, rather like the Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics *now*, including say the *difference* of the value of the decipherment of Linear A as against the decipherment of Linear B etc

in that form, all that is known. Already (as Creeley has recently pointed out) almost everyone who picks up at all are going on something as slack as their own information and there is only, as Creeley goes on to say, a small body (of whom Dorn is an example) who really want to know.

This is simply also to place men like Gino Clays who have the other clarity: I am going to be reborn inside the world. There is migration, and there isn't, there is time - and no holes in it.

Charles Olson, for Ted Crump, April 10th, 1962

GODDARD COLLEGE

PLAINFIELD · VERMONT

SPECIAL STUDENT PROGRAM

Goddard will accept a number of special students on a one-term credit basis (15 credits for a full program). The students will be able to participate in all Goddard programs, courses, etc., will receive a campus room, and will eat with the regular students. The official procedure will be for the student to file an educational plan with a faculty member, including not only the specific courses to be taken but a general outline of expectations for the term. Credit for the term assumes fulfillment of the planned study. Courses are otherwise ungraded. An individual may also attend on a noncredit basis and have access to the facilities. For instance, the first request for special student status was from a married couple both with degrees in Literature who wanted to pursue a trimester's work in photography and crafts for their own pleasure without a desire for a degree.

It is impossible, at this juncture, to give a complete listing of courses or even a reasonable partial one; however, by the early spring such lists will be available and should be requested with inquiry. There will be full programs in such areas as: literature, writing, film, dance, photography, glassblowing, pottery, theatre, social science, science, painting, graphics, video, education, design and construction, anthropology, psychology, Vermont studies, etc. Below is a list of some literature courses and other events either tentatively or definitely planned for the spring term, beginning 1 May and running through July. An asterisk indicates that the event is tentative; if you have special interest in any on the items on the list, please note such with your application. If your application is dependent on any one event or several events, please note such also.

The fee is \$2300 for a single term, financial aid available upon application for it. Please write:

Goddard Special Student Program 1973
The Admissions Collaborative
Goddard College
Plainfield, Vermont 05667

COURSES

Barry Goldensohn: FORMS OF PHILOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.
Frank Oatman: THE HERO. SOURCES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.
Jack Sheedy: OEDIPUS.

Rob Tarule: LOGGING. NEW ENGLAND FARMING.

Richard Grossinger: BRITISH AND AMERICAN PROSE WRITERS: A STUDY IN THE THEMES OF LANDSCAPE, GENEALOGY, AND SEXUALITY.

THE THEME OF IMMORTALITY IN THE LITERATURE OF SCIENCE FICTION, PROPHECY, AND REINCARNATION.

AN INTRODUCTION TO FREUDIAN PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DEPARTURES FROM IT ALONG BIOLOGICAL PARAMETERS.

Sally Binford: Anthropology and Archaeology courses.

Lindy Hough: SPENSER, SIDNEY, RALEIGH, CASTIGLIONE.*

Charles Stein: ORIGINS OF MYTH. 19th CENTURY AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

ARTS, CONCERTS, AND LECTURES

May 19- Emily Frankel: Dancer Solo Concert; May 20 - Master Class.

May 19-22 - Annual Poetry Colloquium: Robert Creeley, Edward Dorn, Elizabeth Bishop*, Adrienne Rich*.

May 24-27 - Goddard New England Film Festival - Nicholas Ray, Adjudicator. May 27: full showing of winning entries.

May ? - Joseph Bloom, pianist; Marc Estrin, cellist; Malcolm Goldstein, violinist perform an all Ives concert including the complete Concord Sonata.

June 6 - 10 - Interaction: Piano Trio (Residency) of Julliard Graduates; series of master classes, workshops, and two concerts.

July 7 - Pilobolus - Energy Circus.

July 22-29 (dates tentative) - Stan Brakhage: film showings and discussions; lecture.

June 2 - Joan Stone, Feminist/Dancer performs "Eve and the Serpent".

Poetry readings: Theodore Enslin*, Gerrit Lansing (+ possible short seminar)*, Kenneth Irby*, Anne Waldman*.

Lecture by Jule Eisenbud*.

Lecture by Paul Metcalf*.

Films every Sunday night beginning with May 6: *Orpheus*, *Gertrud*, *Mighty Joe Young*, *Film Festival*, *The Nun*, *Dr. Strangelove*, Complete showing of *Bruce Connor*, *The Point*, *Ordet*, *Kovacs*, *King of Hearts*, *Brakhage**, *Hollis Frampton films**, *Mickey One*.

Exhibits: Joe Brainard*, Nicholas Dean*.

One week seminar concurrent with Brakhage: Gerrit Lansing.*

Concert: bp Nichols and The Four Horsemen*



BRUCE McCLELLAND

the Astronomers

Moon-starers,
I found,
 anagram:
Astronomers.
& had it
in their blood
to look at more.
Who knew
the anagrams
we once thought
orthography
 & wrote it up.
(nomers
 they were, every
one,
who names stars
or puts them
in their place
in place of
sky. Constellation
a configuration
based on
eye
 & thought
they saw.
These men write
laws
& not words
(to put them in,
 content
with sun & moon
& the luminaries
is content
enough,
brightness of
what catches the eye
& holds it
(not for any length
of time,
 not enough
for laws,
 but sees it
move,
 that is
sees it,
& names it,

proclaims it
law: astro-
nomy,
study of what governs
motions
of bodies
celestial,
Orion standing
in cold night,
looking at
anagram
& missing
what is

written.

16.iii.72

Holes

All our stuff
left here (not taken
with us), neither
rune nor ruin,
styrofoam grail, for what
was it used?

(We are now
the passive. We are
used. to it. for what
is it used. what tense is
we.)

clutter it up, Job his
dunghill he would not have
to sit on if he sat
long enough or returned too late.
Treat the paper:
asbestos, as-
everything-
save cups for potables,
but save the words,
all things oxidized
leave gaussed,
aligned according to what was said
to them or heard,
leave the metals,
what you have.
"We spoke in strange ways
but kept it down
to what we called
'electronics.'

We didn't speak to stones.
We didn't speak
to things that don't exist.
We kept our tenses straight,
& knew exactly
what time it is.

We made things which would last
until now.

There is a time
(knocking off the 'when')
models well-fashioned
after images
are models & taken as such."

So much injection,
& "all grammars leak."
(We send these ships
with well-intended holes,
big as craters,
which are bowls to drink
paradoxes from,

out & package

a bit of space
to put it in.)

All our stuff

has holes in it
we think,
where we stand we could
fall thru
at the right time
& be in China.

China is a model
for where we might fall,
whole, in our heads.
Adverb of place, on to the verb
so something will be left,
if Earth's magnetic
field collapse & electrons
are something else
entirely.

(This is not a big problem,
history did not repeat itself,
or is discontinuous at that juncture.)

All our stuff
will be left
what needs be left,
grammars will not, the
holes in em will,
plasma linguistics,
self-contained & inaccessible,

vanish on exposure
to light (all the money spent
on trying to leave nothing)
dark, all the film in the world
ruined & no longer ruin.
(nothing to do then
but dig it up
& see what's left,
all our stuff

has
(had) something to do
with hands, hands
of the eyes,
holes in things

useful as
a swisscheese balloon
they cannot eat.
Blow it up,
this business of hole-ography,
of déép-structure, of grave:
where we fit in,
the solid of the matter,
imperialist
displacement of earth
or water in the tub.
We found it!
(Whose bath is it,
now we know
how to fill
what wasn't
space to begin with
& talk of it
as if we'd just become dirty.
Nothing taken from
physics, or Plato, or anything
beginning with 'p',
but taking it is
giving it
another hole in the hull.

More of
our stuff, taking it with us
allows for
darkness, base metal,
& fuck the stone,
condom with a hole in it
& all the aphorisms & things
derivabile,

we learn our lesson,
what's gone is not
what we left.

(read that as

what's gone is
still
gone.

24.x.72
22:52



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Write for descriptive
flyers

I find myself returning to water
seeking solace
california coast
of jersey at night

summer solstice the white

blue afterimage

the flickering
beacon

of consciousness beaming
& to turn away from
its glare paining the retina

is an easy
escape from wisdom because

Melies watching the image
on Pathe's screen

did not turn away at what he believed was
a magic lantern
image

the waves on the screen
broke ground

& thundered
hitting the far
shore of the visible I hesitantly inhabit

bearing my own risk
of loss the chance

of floating in such
depth of
shuddering
wave

JENNIFER DUNBAR: THE LATE SIXTIES

No correspondence for secret minds, cosmography furled on the walls and the bitter throated calling of birds like cheap imitation. The puzzle-tree next door is Jack's Beanstalk, giant corpse in the ground. No mystery in imitation, only in the mind's bend.

The surface flat. It's all planned from astral planes, mapped moments and contours of coincidence.

No substance in mock form, inching through the day without authenticity. Magic carpets cover the floors. There is a constant current of music. Through the open doors...The divine idea of one.

So that grasping a refracted ray of fancy satisfies the greed from the central reference, to churn on myth wheels, to deny that solid frame. Anonymous dreams flash on each cross at the top of a hill, at bend of the road.

The point of view is taped in Camera-past with everything else. Now what? If that's therapy where's the secret and who's getting cured. Empty frames from snuffed thoughts breed their own reflection. Entities of Breathing lines take some strain off the logic of sentence. Chaos hangs in chains, shadowed links around the map. Breaking up the glass front makes a mess on conscience, with eyes avoiding blood and cracked heads, shaping their picture afterwards, always treading behind inmindedly, raising like flour then to stand firm as the ridiculous puzzle-tree.

The dragon eats his own tail resistless in locking and unlocking life in his jaws. How can we do more? Unattended things die. Salt has become important to the sea, and faded dreams.





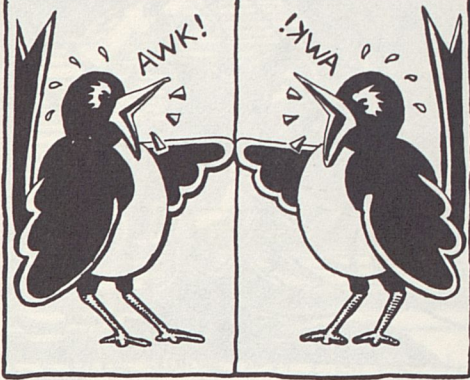
Stop thinking about yourself!



What's going on here?



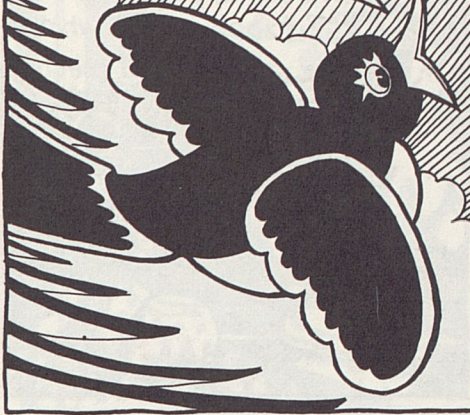
Just take a look at yourself in the mirror!



My God, I'm a Bluebird!!!



I can fly!



Come down here this instant Marylou!

Be careful dear, you might fall!



Marylou flew straight to
the heart of the big woods.



glad I did!



MARYLOU DID IT!

and so can you!

Wow! I still can't
believe the
difference!

Be animalistic!
-SAYS
BICEPS BUNNY

**BECOME
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Amazing breakthrough provides
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CHARLIE VERMONT: FOUR POEMS

Instructions to my friends

What happens if I hold my breath and pass out?

I'll tell you

Very shortly I'm surrounded
by myriad precision tap dancers
singing Give my regards to Broadway

First thing they do is to see if
it's a fake, or if I'm really on the way
out of the world
1st they check eye, ear, nose, and throat

then they find me a lover who checks
everything else

They have a captain who says
my compression ratio is life over death,
"a real thoroughbred"

They tell all the gang at 42nd street
and up in the Bronx and out in the desert
that I'll soon be there

my lover is then supposed to wake me up
with an Eskimo kiss, rub our noses and
look me straight in the eyes

on the Great White Way

Celtic Delicatessen

for uncle Jimmy
my Irish uncle

he drove a taxi
he played the horses and he played pinnocle
my aunt Fanny also played bingo
at Thanksgiving
my mother set out full place sterling
with big napkins
I think, that if the banshees
came after him when he died

they came as jewish spider women
setting out fiduciary webbs
before his bright blue eyes
asking him how he got into the family
he didn't even own
a Celtic Delicatessen

she was elected
Miss Ghost America
at Palisades Ausement Park
to the tunes of 8 million
thigh-bone flutes
while mothers everywhere
slashed by shattered safety glass
watched

Bloody Mary is the girl I love
bum bum bum bum
because the Mother of God
is not that different
from my mother
I swear by my tattoo
which I don't have
because jews think
tattoos are idolatry.

Now, Blessed Virgin
Bloody Mary, bleeding all over,
I want to address you

first as a universal donor
and second as an airline pilot
author of the poem
God is My Co-Pilot

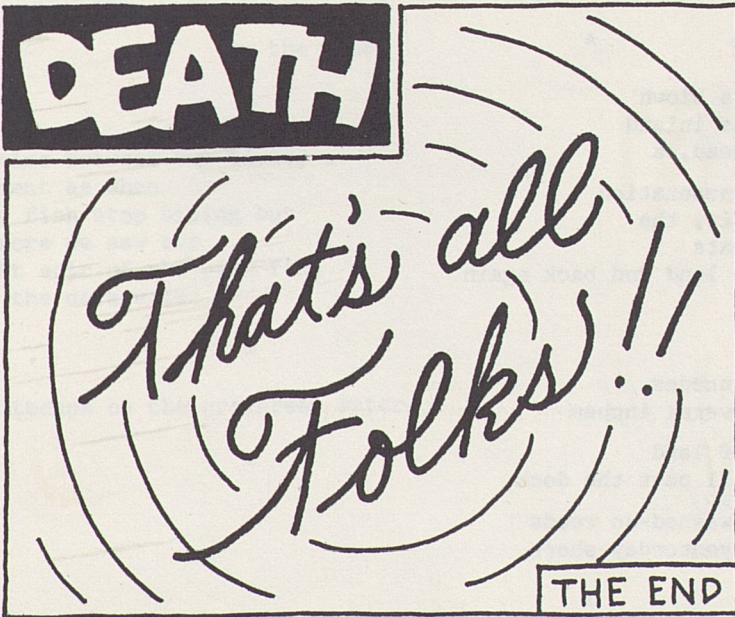
I went shopping today on 5th Avenue
I wanted to buy a genuine mother of pearl
knuckle sandwich

I went to Saks
They said "No Dice Kid"
I went to Peck & Peck
They said "Chicago has a lot
of stockyards"

I went to Bergdoff Goodman's
They said I should try
the East River

So I stood in front of Tiffany's
waiting for a countess. A countess crossed
the street carrying a load of packages
from F.A.O. Schwartz. I helped her carry
them to her Rolls parked six inches away.
She invited me inside the car for a smoke.
I had to explain that I did not smoke. So she
lit one up on the sidewalk and held it like
a derringer. I explained that I was looking
for a genuine mother of pearl knuckle sandwich
at which point, she punched me right in the
mouth laying me out cold on 5th Avenue.

When I awoke, engraved on the curb
was the word SUCHNESS



ROBERT M. GREENE

from MICHIGAN NOTEBOOK

:that Process and Place
are a book writing itself
in a language of its own continuous devising
at every instant and point of itself
that we learn how to speak it is
that we learn what it says:

The curling tracks
of snails in the sand
in the shallow water.
Early morning. Clarity.
Clarity of dream, bright
yellow of waking.
Stir
the surface and it's gone.

Remains?
What thou lovest well.
Patience and wait.

Be
still.

*

Seven gulls blown
fifty miles inland
pass overhead, a
hand, an incantation
woven in air, the
shuttle beats
from water land and back again

*

The lake recedes
another several inches
the spit of land
extends well past the dock
a line of washed-up reeds
marks the yesterday shore.

*

*

The tern in one long balanced flight
followed the channel from the dock to the rafts
(the fish, that live in the weeds there

*

Fog on the water this morning:
I can see as far as the raft
where five gulls stand
faint and still.

Everything is close and
the sound of birds in the forest
is intense

and I'm thinking of eskimoes in kayaks
who draw maps
of what they've never seen
by the distant sound of water
splashing against the ice.

*

the bulb under the thistle
burst,
the silk ball tears
in the wind

*

a time between two times, a
moment as when
the fish stop biting but
before we saw the
soft stir of the pike fins
in the dark water

*

whitecaps on the greygreen water

*

*

hawkweed and loosestrife
purple stalks
 and the yellow, closing at evening.
 crossed patterns of sand and channel, how
 you showed me
 the magenta stain in the water
 when the sky darkens with storm

my own skewed eye for color
and the distrust it engenders

only now I
see

the proprioceptive
love for one's own

 (shoreline swelling to marsh
 reflected reeds
 bent back sharp at the water)

ground
only now
the return

*

LAKE MOON FULL

pale glow of the water
 the glass of the lake
silvery shape of

 reflected blackness
 of trees
 on the verge

 (Yeats and all that keltic romantic

 the point is don't look up;
 to abjure the distraction
 of cause and effect--

(soundless motion
 of the vee in the water
 behind
 the small head

a muskrat swimming the face of the moon.

I

What the man knows of history---
how he will move
through it,
pants down. How he
ranges---
lean wolf
to feed on prey---only
enough for himself
and his children---
to suffice.
His fill.

I sit
looking across this room.
As always, the pile of letters
to go out on the morning's mail.
(Do they know how much time
it costs me to answer?
The energy and strength?
I sometimes think I work as hard
as any man digging his grave
with a literal shovel---
cut the boards for a coffin,
too.)

But to begin it.
It is history.
HIS STORY someone said,
partly told,
mostly obscure.
What truck we have with it.
Truckle or knuckle
under.
It is this time in the morning:
11:23,
and I begin it
(nearly a year late)
but no one need know that---
late, only if I think so.
I do, or I don't.
Moving in to the clinches,
to abolish systems,
pick up food along the way---
what is useful---.
Find in these books the record,
the stones:
fossils.

Better listen to the songs.
Why did they sing?
Ease the cables through hawse holes,
hide what was known?
Commentary. Coming after. Blurs.
In *his* story

he will comment
from a far reach,
try to watch pebbles, or the shape
suddenly shifting out---
smoke/dust.
(Teeth are the hardest.
Often found.)
Fitting a man in there---
breaking the husk---
cracked male---ferment later---
and the vat gone still.

However he changed things:
Make no judgement,
values in distance
the borders were planted
as he walked.
His cause, his fury.
The dandelion fields,
caraway and horse radish
along the edge.
There is caution.
These fields are lush with rape.
He said:

Aroostook
County

Carl Ortwin
Sauer

"We have not yet learned the difference between yield and loot.
We do not like to be economic realists."

Take that with no question.
And each step is the restless plunge
of a conquistador,
taking for granted the fragile balance.
One side of his story---
the one likely to outlast him.
Make it through, then.
Read all the books.
Imagine what can't be done,
and do it.
The sky cracks doom above
a few smoke signals.
Balm of Gilead.
tree of the north,
begins here.

Aroostook
County

Somewhere the sweep
of untouched trees,
perhaps the ground birch,
and this one, prostrate,
fragrant as the tundra.
Compression and fusion
the news from there.
Rumors of anger,
that the anger swells
intermittent

is the voice
which can also sing,
and talk of love.
These things must go on
together,
or the sense of life
ends.

In these borders,
north trails perverted,
I see the line that follows now
old boundaries,
water and rock,

bent,
no matter what the energy
put in.
I follow the wall
this early morning,
sweating as I come out higher.
Field.

With the bones weathered
as stone,

and these, more recent:
Where a cow dropped.

I go on through mosses,
switch bramble, the woods.
A level floor at times,
holding in its decay,
growing from it.
Will we? from ours?

Grow?
Something other than frost splits,
decayed wood,
weathered bones,
Edgar Anderson in a mandarin attitude.
"You mean the milk comes
from a cow? I get it
out of a bottle."
Not funny.

Some of it is selfish.
Perhaps I don't *want* to
talk to these people,
but I know they are there.
Sometimes to see a window lighted
on a dark night,
all that is needed:
So, he's still there.
He hasn't left me.

And,
selfish?
It would be good to understand
that selfishness remains
a human virtue---
one of the first of them.
If I despise myself,
I hate all others.

Moussergsky,
Boris
Godounov

So, then, I sit here---
Pimen, reading,
and writing the scrolls of
my own my/his story.

How do I take it all in?
What can I give?

Tempt me a bit more.

III

The anger for bereavement:
How dare she leave me?
In all our sense of past,
the most difficult to assess.
The angry widow weeps.
She hates the corpse,
and hates the lost art
to become one.

Equals
at that place,
she hates
the man she loves.
"How dare he leave me?"
(In a round,
everything

reminds me of death.)

That selfishness
becomes/is
a dignity.
Do not stand against it.
We will go out.
Find another place.
Our gray hair flies
as easily as yours
young flax heads.
Looking for something.

Always looking.

It is good to look at the dead---
the remains of the dead---
to know that a man who died
is not there.

These are his clothes.

Look at his clothes,
and despite the wound
go away from them

more alive.
Tears are not needed,
and if he/she really died,
know that he acted on it---
a full will.

I cannot hold much sympathy
for those agonies

we bring
upon ourselves. 'The' mental anguish'
awarded high fees in courts.
There is nothing other in it.
A way to detach---
fly off.
That is important.
Most engaged at a distance.
I *think* I have said things,
but I have lost them,
and the loss is of people.
Find where they are.

Voices at full peak---
and we know a way
out.
On the way to a funeral,
pick up a hitchhiker;
the greater honor to the dead.

R.T.E.

The past will live
in just such casual acquaintance.
God, as above or below,
in and around it moves,
an arm up stiffly---
a salute to the stars,
or the shadow---
aurora and aloud,
and a sense of the life,
as good damp leaves and wind
rotting---
 a joyous death.
Few walk abroad so late,
but I will be with them,
even as I am alone.

Come where it is comparable
to coming---
go where the ground sheers off,
tread, as if water,
a road in the dark.
(History of these ditches
in mis step may continue:
a broken neck.)
I had realised it solely,
a mention of falling,
coon tumbling asleep from his branch.
The branch falling away from the tree.
(I saw it - no wind.)

The suddenness in bright weather,
shower out of the wind
(from the west)
heading and spreading.
Cut through the woods
exultant---
sleep sound in good air.
But it will not stay,
suddenness breaks out again,
leaves me alone to think.
Or tick of the death watch.
His story cuts short.
Well, it was such a day
I went forward
on such a morning,
returned to the shout of elation,
but knew little after:
'They fly forgotten as a dream,
before the rising sun.'

Isaac Watts

"He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

And I went on my way,
out from under the trees.
Tensions set up---
the world, green,
wisps of cloud torn
from the next storm.
(Will it come here?
Has it been?)
At least I will live
'until I die,'
and that death rides with me,
subdued at the moment.
We do not stay long,
nor remember.

I went my own way.

Turned to its resolve,
on day after day---
the attentions for
tight-soiled living.
Yes, it is cold enough
to start fires.
I warm in them,
out of the ashes,
into them again.
The nodes are all fruit,
eaten.
Spit out the seed.
Careless of fortunes,
leave them unburied---
sinking through middens,
eventually the ground closes.

Or as it happens early
on.
Waking---the morning clear,
and sunlight lies
along my face.
I doze.
Then waking clear---in clouds.
The day is covered,
and the sense of strength
is sapped again.
Another one in fear.

Lassitude gnaws the bone.
The visions sink.
In this bald way, I know
with whom I travel,
what the history begins,
and why it does.
Yet it is impossible to stay
with it.
This day, too, will clear.
Perhaps in another country,
another day.
I'll go on. The trees
are left behind me now.
Bright enough to see.
What story will I write?
Why will I spend my time
at it?
There is no will,
no ease.
What I write, I write,
in spite of what I do not know.
Speaker and writer in tongues.
I have no knowledge of it.
I am clouded,
embedded in something.
(Day turns pearl.
The grey of a wing---
luminous
unfinished.)

Prisoner along this line.
It is sometimes good,
once against the wall
to go through it---
look back and know,
wondering how---
I *did* come through.
Who made it as it was?
Did no one?
Had I such wisdom?
Only the force---
out of the life,
also the death.
They are the same.
I'm coming in to see
and say it.
Going over hills and walls.

They are the same.
The day may not always move
fast enough.

Still,
the day moves.

IV.

CENSUS-
con census,
hardly of opinion,
(though it was a guess)
a curiosity---to be known---
it was:
 a spelling---
naming of many
who could not do it for themselves.
Possibly that some would have felt
left out:
 others resisted
for their own reasons,
his behind snows
and the mud times
-fall or winter-
'Ford my stream,
or do not come.'
A moat.

"There were, moreover, other difficulties which were of serious moment in 1790, but which long ago ceased to be problems in census taking. The inhabitants, having no experience with census taking, imagined that some scheme for increasing taxation was involved, and were inclined to be cautious lest they should reveal too much of their own affairs. There was also opposition to enumeration on religious grounds, a count of inhabitants being regarded by many as a cause for divine displeasure."

Some little distance from opinion---
that which opens up---
and many of the northern counties
ran miles to the sea.
a port for lumber and furs.
A place where a man
coming from 'up country'
might sight the rock
he crawled over,
still wet.

I know its worth.
One peak of emotion
poured out/

L.B. 8/26/72

/leaked out
cannot sustain itself,
nor can I---
have reached the end of it---
possibly should have kept
my/mouth/shut.
But from its fragility,
the faint odor of perfumes---
the lingering of delight
in tenderness---
what two friends,
not lovers,
may say to each other
in the dark.
The permanence remains there,
and no regret,
nor attempt to make more of it
than it is.
That gentleness of touch---
fingers against hair

and

goodnight.

Moving back from it,
what were the reasons?
What spells did they set,
as they spelled?

out?

'Gra' enough.
(A cipher that the lord did not
discover their names listed?)

And in Bristol Town there were a number who did not capitalise
their names as: moody, winslow, umbehind, hall, hussey and wolts---
turney, becker, and hatch. A brotherhood, or a spelling out?

High in the back country
where I sit
now,
the water flows to the sea---
seeps under
and over
the rocks gathering

force and volume, linking
and binding me to the shores
I came from, the far promises
laid out--- the county
and plantation. Men knew it
then they held in their forests
the sense of the tides--
kelp smell and salt
against moon against sun.
the pull of the rise and the ebb.

A simple thing---
seeing it so.
A simple place,
and yet uncommon now.
the north counties
no longer run to the sea.
Cut off, their affairs close in
and center alone---
at their peril.

I always had
an eye for land,
as another might
have said

for *her*:

The body of a woman,
as the land stretches out
into the night
away from me
-to be pursued-
at all costs to be made
my own.
Even then,

I knew
that it could not be---
and that I would never own
what I had an eye for.
It comes to me
now,
and I *have* an eye for it---

running beyond my grasp.

It was from the sea
I took my hunger,
crushed more
than I could keep.
I went on
 daily
over the barrens,
through these lost counties.
I knew them.
They surely knew me.
The voices of the dead
answered in parts.

Went inside,
broke sticks
 and
started a fire

V.

Then.
Had you heard it?
The sound of the past
dragging it chains
over the faces of men
living?
No way to escape.
No certain way out.
We all hear the past---
rumbling in cellars
at midnight---
free stone falling
in frost season---
out of it.
Dust whispering along
our veins,
imitating pulse and blood,
but so dry!
We turn dry
almost before we knew
that we grew up.
It is the sound of our death,
as well as past death.
It becomes confused
with a history,
which, at its best,
it is not.

We listen to it
at our peril.
It begins with,
'Do you remember?'
His story does,
too,
but the news is other.
It is altered.
It is different,
and we are rarely in range
to find or view it.

"And the rains came,
and the winds blew,
and they beat upon that house.
Great was the fall thereof."
(And it made no difference
what it was founded upon.)
The joy must be
in the thing itself---
not in its use.
We are fed into the hopper
of history.
We know it for no other reason,
and we die.
Few ways to get around that.
We urge ourselves
forward,

and go back.
Crumble into proper dust.
Voiceless.
(And the rains still beat
upon that house.)

I have stood on
the edge of catastrophe
more times than I needed,
knowing that it was risk,
and that I would lose.
It is the same with
a marriage.
One never knows,
and should not.

Oh,
that comfortable place
where some are willing
to lose themselves:
"A business relationship",

"Partnership" whatever glib despair
glosses it over
and seals its failure,
as it seals the failed
from living.
I cannot hold to that.
I stand on the brink
daily

knowing
that I may fall down.

No one listens.
The voices are indistinct,
but they are real---
ominous rumbles at all points
of reference---
east or north---
the ones I listen for..
The mill in the next town
sounds through the wind
on the ridges.
Not my news.
but some men listen
and reorder their lives
by it.

Forster Mfg.
Co., Strong,
Maine

The differing spellings:
One name---
possibly
a single family:
"Jealoston, Jealouson,
Jellitson."
(Whose son had care of what?
What jealous care?)
Still ready for me---
dead voices
coming into live:

Maine Census:
1790

There are those who feel
deeply,
as my father,
the loss of those
who cannot be
made up to them.
(More active, the guilt)
He says of dreams:

T.V.E. 'My father came to me,
looking for securities,
those that I had administered,

and I froze in bed.'

R.T.E. Later, of my mother:
'She was standing
in the corner of the room,
looking through her jewel boxes.
Everything was gone.
I had given it---
and even though I had given
to those she would have wanted,
I felt that sense of guilt.'
'I was in some sense
both murderer and thief.'
These things are more
than dreams.

It is hard to go on.

We go on.

The feet of the darkness.
Why one says that,
headfirst,
It is harder in this way
to reach over---
but one reaches.
It is evident,
clearly
and easily.

(The wind---
past my window---
(wind's eye---
brings in the smoke.
I sense the aging
of the year---
each fall of ash.

Hardly made for it---
but on the verge
of something other.
Walking on---
making the most of
what went before.
(But the past can numb.

VI.

C A S S I O P E A .

(In her chair
above this roof---
peak - at gable end -
I've seen her twice
in four nights.
Cassiopea, the queen.)

What a way to begin it!
The winter nights
in the old place,
and on the mountain.
I fly free.
Again and again,
tongues of metal
against the cold.
Once, my accidental mountain.
Now, all of a purpose.
To listen to the streams below.
To know that this is
where I belong.

One could hardly say
or not say
that a spatter of acorns
counted little.
Or that the wind whistled
around the candle
one night when I worked late.
Simply, I came back
to where I belong.
(A great deal could be destroyed.
But I see little of that.
What I say, I see.

(Later on---
as another night makes---
---across the wind---
the final, legal, shot of the day.
Reverberates---
almost as starshine
makes out of the hills.)

Complicates it:

Earlier, the EthiOpian Queen---
her knees planted---
lap spread amply
in a north sky.
(A capful of wind
is a hatful of stars,
a pailful reflected
on the verge of the pond.
The way out---
the stance outward.
Breath! breath for the night.
It breathes, and the dark
is in/to us.
We made our time.
His story told itself.

The strong sidereal pull
which lasts into
the cold days following---
excitement of the wind
above the ridges,
dying into silence in the dark
until the stream below
picks it up---
s p a c e d the stars
across

a lighter sky,
now,
and below
the first full snow.
It fell,
and left us unaware.

Reiterates:
The final, legal shot of the day.

Lights like costain flares.
The sea of these cold hills---
the waves that break.
Evoke them.
The breathless passage.
It is there,
climbed over.
And I speak of
rooms swept bare,
lying in moonlight---
of the sun

There is a mumble of thunder
as if from the deepest row of an orchestra. The wind bassoons.
He pulls up a twin in each arm, rocks
on the porch watching way out west of Des Moines.
The house lights go out.
Willows leap up like dancers with dark wind in their hair.

In a flash
by the kitchen door the grafted apple tree does the splits.
A shagbark's big branch cracks in one blow, spinning by the skin
as steamy water smashes off the hardpan in gusts like snow devils.

In an hour
when we blow out the kerosene lamps heading out to look over the
damage
the white farmhouse beams like peaches around the edges.
In the sun wet straw in the gravel road gleams as if it were millions
of pieces of white gold;
the afternoon marshy, still pools of light green air like goldenrod.
We drift around like a lovers' canoe.

Bone and blood flowing,

in a few days I leave behind my wife and the house we built for good.
I think of my northern Minnesota
guide days in the Old Town, awed at the freedom of being
at water level, a trapper's cabin that is torn down on This Man Lake
and my runaway first love,
conclusions without completeness,
the network of reeds in cold wind over That Man
when I counted for the first, necessary time
for absolutely nothing, a dead friend's butterfly-bandage
(paddling four days cold northwest rain when I split the dry heart
out of a stump and my thumb and finger
bone with an axe): it is summer and we are shooting starboard
and port in white water
into so much sun it is hard to see
down the dark light of the lakes and campsites
of the Man chain, This Man That Man No Man Other Man:
I feel incredibly light
in the chains I have learned we live within, as we get down
deliberately on all fours and puff carbon dioxide at the wet clover
the cows are munching to feed us. In Mekota's pasture
dragging the seine up the creek for minnows and tiny blue gills
we stop to pick a bucket of deep blue mulberries for a mulberry
sundae.

Tonight there are acres and acres of white foam, transparent snow.
People are singing in the heaps of moonlight on the soybean field.

MARVIN GRANLUND

this green morning
heavy with overcast

downy, hairy &
red-headed woodpeckers
working the suet

the birch in catkins &
oak & birch leaves
one-fourth grown

Amalanchier blossoms
almost gone

no sun since monday
(dropt like a burning orange
leaving us traveling north
thru total pinkness)
3 days of rain & sub 40°

pig pen built &
waiting for weather
to let the pig out

oats planted &
garden plowed but
needs manure & discing

waiting for
tipi kit from oregon,
warbler migration &
pulp-peeling weather

reading &
wondering
when will the sun come out &
will i ever be able
to write again?

knowing the answers
but wondering still

20 may 71

soft
on this cold morning

from this
room of fronds
hidden in
the sudden
being here again

darkness of
mature aspen
forest near midday
perforation
of sun rays

thrush land
this
lush place of
maidenhair
is

8 June 71

heritage

a shiver that
moves thru me
moving me as
my grandfather
must have been moved
waking
on a morning like this
surrounded by
grandfather trees
to these now here
around me
 (logging
 keeps the generations
 equal
 tho the species change

our common lineage
from this red clay soil:
glacial deposit
on the floor of
Lake Duluth (ancient
Lake Superior
10,000 yrs ago

23 June 71

daypoem

july 5th, 195th
year of
"independence"
that is
since change of place of
official
persecution of
& remoteness from
the soil

we wake with friends
& vibrations of
boredom
after 2 days
of beer & wine &
no communication

to leave i
climb on my bike
dew of the grassy road
cold on my feet
bird calls
ring the air with
something
more than the memory of
drunken laughter

later
friends leave
jan & i alone in
the field &
the tipi filters in
cool of the wind
we nap & read
olson
"of land I am shod in,
my father's shoes"

2

jan lying outside
her breasts
warm in the sun

i walk in the woods
flush a doe, she
asleep in hazelbrush

so much
closer to the ground
walking
barefoot

then
cut poles
for bean vines to cling to
hard
to find young popple
that isn't dead, they
being replaced by
young hardwood (maple &
oak

evening &
return from spring
cans full of fresh water

farmers
work their asses off
to get the haybales in
before the next storm

darkness
fills the west now
the drops
begin to fall
as i write

this
the third storm to
roll in
in the last hour
the first had
wind gusts to 60 mph
the tipi tested
& standing strong

5 July 71

fall pasture

in this trampled
over-browsed pasture
only dwarfs survive

stunted hawkweed
dandelion, aster &
ragged yarrow blossoms

bracken curls brown
reshapes in death
spring fiddlehead

tattered leaves & limbs
of hazelbrush & sumac
after 4 months of
itching cattle

squirrel middens
in fir grove
pocked with hoofs
mark of cows
looking for shade

windrows
of bulldozed roots
point skyward
from summer-tired earth
& cowbells
of fall pasture

8 Sept 71

song of the earth

sense this earth

as a mere speck
one thread in an infinite spider web

but we are the spiders

and this earth is

the place our feet hold us to
and the home of our death

the time of my death is now
and the place is now

even as the river of my living

follows its course
its mouth pours into the sea of my death

and it's only a beginning, a nourishing
my gift to the earth

even as i am now

gift from the earth, returning

we know that

all things return to their birth
and this is the song of the world, earth song
sung in so many ways

with voices of
sand/ & leaf/ & flesh/ & stone

16 april 72
albuquerque

this motion

this
is the roofline, my
snowbound cabin
in a northern woods

this translation
of my
life structure
to you

for
revolution
is to face our
evolution
from our
mess/age
we move on
to paleo-
cybernetic age

this
time of openings
from the
dinosaur crown
this country now wears

then
move further
into the eo-
cybernetic age
and how
the mind in things
falls away
leaving only
streams/streamings
which is the
holo-
cybernetic

age of
articulation
of total communication

and then
another beginning:

blossoms
in my spring garden

3 june 72
nyc

Paul Malanga

The Queen of Swords, Her Realm

I am somewhere between six and thirteen years,
walking a desert city alley,
eucalyptus trees gently in the wind
high above the houses, clear sky beyond.
A butterfly goes by oleanders, flies
off into the sunshine.
The ground and sun surround
the wings of color.

On the barge, in Alaskan waters, the sun
shines, a week of it,
on the Bering Coast, rare and strong,
and the heavy cranes, forklifts, and vans
don't remind me of a butterfly.
But one comes, across the water,
that tide running and shining,
and it flies off,
into the sunshine.

.....

Following

The weeds bent down by the water jewels
after the hilltop rain,
the wild animals I have seen in the last five years,
these things run through my mind
as I walk the ravine's edge
with a noble crooked stick and two dogs
gone before me.
The year comes down with the rain,
goes into the ground,
ground split in long strokes,
or uplifted by old wood.

And I don't stay too long
because I see my own desires
that flamed when this land was burning,
churned by what has really come to pass,
and I am anxious to work with them now,
as the beautiful body before me buries itself.

A Narrative

Two cubes intersect, the intersection looks onto a sunlit meadow at the edge of which, off to the left, the very dark mass of a redwood forest stands, abrupt and as great a change from the grassland as the view through the cubes is from the cubes. The pasture crowns a rounded hill, and off to the west the distinct though hazy shape of the ocean changes color. It is early summer, mid-June, the grasses are freshly gold, in a few places near the redwoods faintly green still, kept by late rains from the transmutation uncertain wandering has carefully brought us here for.

*

It was uncertain what we had been wandering to reach. A vein of gold-colored blood under the landscape to put a needle to. The great slow-moving undercurrents of the continent to catch the wave of and ride. Souls -- that is, our own.

All the earlier accounts of this country were made by nautical expeditions that landed in only one or two places, did not venture far inland, and were even completely out of sight of land most of the time. Already we had discovered a great bay ranged by hills and opening to the ocean through a narrow gate, which earlier explorers had never seen at all. We were north, we thought, of that now. What ring the seasons make in this clime, we have yet to learn. We *must* be north, with the ocean to the west -- but as many days as that was certain, there were as many other days when nothing could be seen from these hummocked hills but fog, and the sun itself did not reassure us, and rose contrary to our earlier fixes if it shone at all. Of 'greate and stynkyng fogges' on this coast, Fletcher the English cleric had written. But we were, it was clear, in another layer of realm of this new continent than that pious man had visited. He had not mentioned the redwoods, and through them is one entrance. Or if he knew of this, he remained silent -- perhaps proof he *did* know, for he does mention a native reference to 'entrance through living wood . . . I would not discount.'

But that is only the first, or, simply, one, of many. Also of water, and of rock. And this, now, the tremblings as of heat waves around this hill give intimations of, from hilltop and grass, gold grass, gold gold grass become -- this transmutation in the air, of gold to airy thinness beaten, to float, us made to float, the portion of us floated that keeps seeking change, that rests its instability upon the ringing seasons.

*

Five days before the solstice we have come to this spot, far north

we think, at least some times far north, accessible only by several days slow travel through densely thicketed stream ravines, choked with blackberry vines in flower, beginning to bear fruit, we took as sign to stay most open to the sun -- yet when we ascended this tall hill and promenaded the meadowed platformed summit, the vista was of accessible sight and striking prominence in every direction except south, where the redwoods rise -- and the sighting to the west, or whatever direction it is here the sun sets into, is straight, unfettered, gated in the hills, the notch deepest in the coast range, showing a clear V of ocean, precisely, we are confident, at the point on the horizon of midsummer sunset -- these five days, we are to make ready, it is clear to us we were brought here *now*, to make ready, for that exact moment, of entrance.

Talking with an old friend who does not talk much I talk too much. And he comes back after his reel forgotten and we drink beer. If this were somewhere else (& it is always somewhere else) the restlessness he apologizes for might seem less the exact state of the weather, the overcast and now slight rain, I said always makes me feel sodden and sluggish when I wake up in the morning after it's moved in during the night. I am suggesting another set of rarely seen friends in such a coffee house and bar who make and lose accommodation to keep an edge with a harsher climate as close to the heart as old and often though of friends remain. 'Suggesting' is a way of saying the rain is unexpected and almost out of season, but that the vegetation thrives on it.

Here is a list of transformations:

walnut tree	equals	a dry spring
Enzo's	"	Paris
Berkeley	"	Cascadia
Cascadia	"	the common inner terrain
Phil Spielman	still equals	Phil Spielman

"There is no certain record of humans before they knew the use of fire."

I have no sense of anyone before I learned to talk.

"The rise of the great herbaceous annuals is coterminous with the rise of man."

Bix's "In the Dark" and "Flashes" Jess Stacy 16 Nov 35
MacDowell Cyril Scott and the Delian carol
Fort Scott before the war my father playing the piano
not as far out but the stride there is a plaintive lace
regret for the passage of all things Davenported nostalgia
my parents married Oct 1929 Baltimore
Chicago had been my father's med school city out of Mississippi
Baltimore my mother's nursing also Boston a little and New York
a little
out of North Carolina like the edge of a cigar in the snow
or in the mouth of just come in out of with a case of bootleg
under each arm

Bunny Fox Lake Wisconsin died of drink Bix
"living on one thin transparent hamburger a day"
the Windy City a weakness in the lungs
old faded regret of overstuffed Kiwanis histories Grand Rapids
Moline Rock Island guilt on the backs of easy chairs
the lamp fringe swaying slightly to and fro to the music
that all things pass

John Taverner 1495-1545
from Lincolnshire, as also

William Byrd, Tennyson
and my forebears

his "Western Wind" Mass
against the North Sea plains

a perpendicular, a
Josquin, Issac, grain elevator

cry like Jim Lane

Almost all his music we have dates from his Oxford years --
when he left there at 35, he went home to the East, married,
became a guild member, a landowner, "and a cruel and fanatical
agent in the suppression of monastic establishments"

I hear the anti-Popery
still in my father

there is a vigilante
ruthless hardening

antiphonal to the bright
passing islands of the blest

.
O Western Wind!

as if the only
transport of this cross of past and place
back to the earth again
were this small rain of Medford

.
Stamina comes with age
card games truck seats in the country
Thomas Tallis
Jeremiah General Sherman
regrets for the city
Jerusalem Jerusalem
and Sherman came in his old age
to Gloucester

.
Sherman the *full continent*
detached officer
his vistas *through* the Civil War
brewed on the Coast

the bead of Indian graveyard lines
drawn from Nebraska to Marblehead

.
where General Sherman became Captain Woman
Captain *Indian* Woman
in the hearts of his veterans' children's

.
the dark old man oracle
no one ever wanted to hear
old men's, old women's smells
Love the Brujo still looking out of
Ab Woods and I thought we were the Water Babies
Love the Archer impartial and inexplicable
looking out at us from their dark eyes
Captain Woman stalked us

General Sherman Medicine Man
caught us in the backyards

for Michael Brodhead

The children in the Civil War, and the children of the War. Who were they. My grandfather born in 1870. Wolfe's father a child watching Lee pass. The generation of Delius and Debussy. The lost generation of Confederate veterans who went elsewhere, their children. John Muir's 1867 1000 Mile Walk to the Gulf through the circumspect hollow-eyed gazes of children. Turned him to California instead of South America.

All old arrows in Texas houses souvenirs of Texas. Big hand, escape country, prewar war peripheral integration. Texas. Handsome. McMullens. Unsuitable suitors. Fancy pants doctors. Who if I were not born there would be Sovereign Grand Inspector General of fried chicken box lunches along the railroads, North? Children of the Civil War children, my eyes.

In the hand the clod of fresh spiritualism earth, to talk to old war comrades gone under the earth, dead children ever at all, to call up the deal darlings, to touch them and be touched in return. The purple fringe on Coues' hard head. Yore cole cole hart, tuched soar.

"Consciousness of self is or may be only partial . . . but I would not have you think I am merely naive"

FLUTE SOUNDS

for KWP

I

Thoreau's was a transverse flute:
he played,
 sitting in his doorway,
as summer nights rose from the Pond.
Or took his flute when sailing up
Assabet or Musketaquid.

Heard his echoes, stolen pleasure,
rivering back,
 but not as played—
amended.

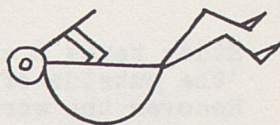
 Old ballads, mostly,
simple & clear,
 perfect for corn
blades,
 bean leaves
 & potato vines:
necessary music.

 Perch hovered
around his boat. July's moonlight
bright enough,
 water clear enough,
to see forest wrecks on Walden's
ribbed bottom.
 'Kindred vibrations:
as when a dear friend reads my verse.'

(This rather primitive flute
is now on display: Concord's
Antiquarian Society, 2d floor.)

II

In Sonora, Kokopelli
is ten-feet long on a cave wall,
lying on his hump: his people
rested here,
 settled for a time,
planted his songs—the three sisters
of the cornfield, made pots & bowls,
signed with his mark.



Crops were good,
he brought bride-moccasins for girls,
so some people rose & walked on.

Wherever he wandered, they went;
sometimes changing:

locust,
turtle,
katydid,
hunter,
or dragonfly—
but always unmistakable:

(We have our versions & spellings:
Kokopelli in most accounts,
Kokopilau in Waters's book,
Humped-Back Flute Player, Snyder says.)



'the sound of a flute at evening.'

III

North to the back door,
snow & ice.

South to Pisisvaiyu,
turned East
& came, after plains, big rivers
& easy mountains to salt flats.

Camped at Walden & raised some corn
—the woodchucks were bad even then.

Back West—
ate buffalo sometimes;
hard mountains,
another paso.

A final trek, East:
the right place:
Kokopelli brought his two clans—
Gray Flute
& Blue Flute
to his land.

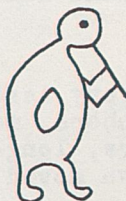
IV

Study texts & walk Olympus—
'the outside of the earth everywhere.'
Recover the word, find the thing
the word wears
& in wearing sings.

Some years the corn will fail,
nubbins;
Some years hailstones,
big as hen's eggs,
will slash
& shatter
the corn-plants—
ragged ribbons on jointed stalks.
Sometimes bring back the song,
wrapped
in its object,
naming its earth.

V

'There is no thou nor I';
flute songs
& new corn blades
throb
from the heart
of things,
echo
from canyon walls
where Kokopelli's sign appears;
cross continents,
of land,
of time:
& Walden Pond aspires to join
the Ganges.
Listen.
Our hearing's
intermittent;
the song perpetual.



November 1972

DECORATION DAY

In an early spring the lilacs,
even the double-blossomed ones, are gone.
In a late spring they bloom
along the road & at the gates.

Mother pots & preens geraniums,
coleus, petunias & trailing ivy,
nice, thrifty plants, she says,
her hands remembering,
moving in a way unlike any other day
all year: a year has many ways;
her hands perform them all.

Bring that pail, for watering the urn;
I hope it doesn't turn so hot the plants
don't get a good start & get cooked to pieces;
& bring a jar—

on the porch—
to leave,
so I can water it through the summer,
going back & forth to town.

*

Cemetery Association Meeting, 10 a.m.
Neighbors, mostly.
Others, long-known but seldom-seen,
who've moved away;

all meet & talk
among the graves & at the pump,
quiet, low-voiced, but smiling, not sad.
The family place may be in other hands,
fallen to ruin, or just some cellar-stones.
They'll all return at last & leave no more:
this place stands for coming home.

The men in felt hats & overalls,
but over Sunday, not chambray, shirts;
a meet adjustment to the day.
They'll drill corn in the afternoon
or stretch twine for garden rows;
it's not a holiday, a day off,
not Thanksgiving or opening of deer season
& they'd insult the farmer dead
if they behaved as if it were.
You do the fitting thing by getting on
with work: the season has demands
the dead remember in their earth.

*

Little flags, new & bright,
mark soldier-sailor-pilot berths—
of those the government sent home;
have been renewed & bleached in summer sun
since battles at Buena Vista, Anzio,
the Argonne & Bull Run: these flags
mark the sweet succession of the rest.
Mother softly says, In a war, nobody wins.

*

No plastic flowers or wreaths, Dad says,
I'd rather have a big bull-thistle
than plastic flowers, here where anything,
just about, will grow, if you look after it
at all. Bring plastic to put over me
& I'll raise right up & get you.

*

Your Dad always puts a little fertilizer
in the urn, on a day he waters it,
& you never saw such a mess of stuff;
it grows so I have to trim it, pinch it back.

*

GrandDad used to do the same
& what do you expect of a farmer?
There's a lot you have to understand.

Towards the end, GrandDad would stay
in the car, but open the door, push
it with his cane, turn toward the lot,
take off his hat & look;
it seemed good to him
to know where he would finally rest
& someone else would cut the weeds:
burdock & yellow rocket were the devil for him,
uncleaned fencerows another name for hell.

GrandMother had come on ahead.
Once Perry was helping the sexton.
Mr. Bennett said, You never knew your Grandma,
died too long ago; she was a good woman,
a real good woman—& let it go at that.
Perry liked hearing it; Mr. Bennett's family
lies a couple of rows away. Perry says it,
recalls what he said, living
in the rich loam of the dead.

*

And we will bring our parents every year
when they grow old; you're never old
so long as parents live & you know
where their parents lie. Three generations,
back or ahead, counting yourself as one,
are about all you can know: the rest is
history,

kept by earth;
after that,
given good succession of the years,
I'll fix the urns & water them in summer.

*

The stone, plain red granite, cut
with the family word, does not change;
we register each year by it—
it keeps time, theirs & ours.

*

There's a rightness in the day:
cemetery meeting in the morning,
plant garden in the afternoon.

May-June 1972

**Samuel
Weiser**

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WRITE FOR FULL CATALOGUE

GINO CLAYS SKY: THE BALL TOURNAMENT SPECIALIST
*A short history of Rainbow Starr,
Wild Dog, and a 14 year old East
Indian 10,000 mile translation.*

"We are near awakening when we dream
that we dream"

The Indian's turquoise, the hooker's bed, the
prisoner's fantasy, give me some love.

The mountain climber's Everest, the soldier's
opium den, the villager's sea serpent, give me
some love.

The wanderer's I Ching, the magician's rings,
the moon's tidepools, give me some love.

Give me some love, give me some love, give me some
love, give me some love.

The sun does not promise its attack
until completion.

To live
is a beautiful incest

CHAPTER BLUE

The Father

"He in whom I spread my wings is
more than a man yet less than a god;
therefore he is god-man."

Rainbow's father parachuted into a tree
suspended head down with his feet
entangled in the webbing of his chute. His
head was just touching an anthill on the ground.

Biting ants swarmed all over him.

He panicked!

Pulled out his pistol and fired 5 rounds
into the webbing. When the webbing held he
put the last bullet into his head.

Military comment:

Although his predicament was uncomfortable,

even dangerous, it certainly was no cause for suicide.
Had he been able to control his fear the pilot
could have escaped.

THE DOUBLE HEADED EAGLE FALLS THROUGH
THE BRAIN BURNING GODS.

The eagle dies. Shot in the mountains
above Idaho.

The rivers flow through the flesh.

CHAPTER GREEN

The Mother

Rainbow's mother collected wild flowers
pressing them into large books.
After receiving 10,000 dollars from
insurance she matriculated. Ph.d. in Botany
and Anatomy adding to her flower collection
human penes.

Pressing them opposite the wild flower that
resembled the cock.

She was committed to a
mental institution on the request of her
department head and college president who were
by this time both cock and ball-less.

The judge found their genitals catalogued
next to the

Lopsided Indian Flaming
Elephant's Trunk

and the treasured high altitude snow flower
that only blooms one day a year:

The Pink Explosion of Mt. Threetits.

One son. Rainbow Starr balled his mother at the
age of 6. He was kept out of grade school
for baseball practice and mother humping.
The formative years:

The creative hexagram.

THE HOME RUN WITH THE BASES LOADED.

The earth smells of history and foul-play

in any armpit deoderized or shaved.
Any traces of insanity are only the dreams
without wine. Knowing
where the blood is
at the moment of arrival in relationship
to the land ... SMACK ... the 6 gun colt crack !

Being the Mantra

Rainbow becoming the baseball hero mother fucker
ace spit-ball fast ball curve and change-0-pace
specialist. The all-american high school junkie
slim-hipped sting.

Hero !

Sweet Ass !

Virgin - 0 !

CHAPTER YELLOW

Spring Training

Rainbow Starr the ball tournament specialist
of Idaho laid his mother in the institution
for the last time threw a screw ball into the
cunt of his high school coach and left for

Spring Training. Driving out of the mountains
to California.

The receptive.

The soft rains of Spring
and
the bearded gigolos of Tamalpais.

Walking through the streets
San Francisco the music enchantress cathedral
bare-breasted seduces the cosmos.
The first hit ... the Owsley Acid.

The mountains of Idaho crashing the music
high
frequency love potions riding hard
through
body juices wind and the face of the Devil.

The beginning. The arm lock, the face
turned
into the earth. The nose bleeding and the

balls
kicked into the sky. One death. Two deaths.

The mother. Three deaths. The blindfold is
removed and the face on the street coming
out
from a patch of daffodils is a 14 year old woman.

VEDA

THE MINI MAHABHARATA

How good are you. How
good
are you Rainbow ? How gentle
are you
how can you see ?

She is dressed as a dolphin.

The migration returns to the first words
spoken in beauty.

The soft wet tongue in the ear.

The run-away
dropped a Vedic Hymn into his mouth.

The first orgasm.

She can trace her hips
back to the Sanskrit.

An East Indian butt levis
tight
10,000 mile translation.

He goes into his wind-up stretching for
the ultimate climax in delivery.

Only the dream in the trees sweeping
him
through the sky.

The hidden memory
of
running through sand with beautiful feet
and lovely soft long legs

the weight balanced the hips balanced
the
earth balanced into the ocean.

She is named Veda.

CHAPTER ORANGE

Haight Street

Flame throwing flowers striking out
at the panhandle.
Converge. Not stopping the poetic line
for a Christmas truce.

Haight Street being
one
long joint too gold not to smoke.

The high journey flows openly
paraded

The pace of the miler
wind
springing to perfection the acid haiku.

Caress my face

it is all magic if I can kill

your innocence.

The boat leaves off the coast of Big Sur
the invasion.

Bearded suitors from Haight
Street gather in the dark
khaki city.

Flowers are presented
to the mayor.

Cannons are levelled at all heads.

Penelope alone in her view
from the Fairmont holds
her thighs together crushing
wilted flowers.

CHAPTER RED

Wild Dog the one-legged poem.

"In the winter in Idaho all the men
drink sloe-gin because it looks
so pretty in snow."

Wild Dog was a one-legged poem. Wild
Dog was a junkie stealing padded bras from 11
year old faggots in Golden Gate Park.
Wild Dog
was a fast view of Popocatepetl
shot in the night by an antique kodak with
infra-red film.

Wild Dog was a street-peddler, pan-handler,
pusher and a pimp.
He had a 6 foot 500 dollar blond
blue eyed quick-shooting hooker for an all-
night hotel.

Wild Dog limped through the Haight
playing his peyote flute dreaming of the snow
covered mountains in Mexico
Orizaba from Chalchicomula. reaching the top of

His eyes ... one blue and one brown
rode
horses to Idaho. Blind he hitch-hiked to
the last great poets rondayvoo where he O.D.'d
on 12 poets stuck in the ass.
He died trying
to become the fastest shooting
bad ass'd
sweet talking, cock sucking, pussy hungry,
whore fucking free verse in the West.

CHAPTER PURPLE

The Grand Trine

Rainbow Starr: an 18 year old ball tournament
specialist sweet ass'd virgin.

Veda: a 14 year old East Indian 10,000
mile translation.

Wild Dog: a one-legg'd poem.

Our 3 heroes have been sleeping together in Golden Gate Park. Under-
neath an Australian Tree Fern. It is cold. Winter. Veda is 6 months

pregnant. Wild Dog is standing on his one leg becoming the last great English Sonnet ever written. Veda and Rainbow are sitting on a sleeping bag. She is singing ... softly:

What time is it it's twice past now
Tomorrow will be twice more.
I'll ride into town on a sacred cow
If you'll go out and score.

Rainbow sits in a lotus position and throws dice into a cardboard box. My curve has made a rainbow over the city. My fastball is too fat. My famous sinker has developed withdrawals. My change-O-pace has fallen in love with a George Washington drag-queen. My delivery reaches all the way to China caressing the Tang Dynasty. Once outside the diamond my balls sit cross-legged refusing to pay admission.

Wild Dog has just changed into a wild-ass'd epic poem. Wondering how he would be catalogued by the Library of Congress. In a grand finale he dances on his one leg and throws sparklers into the air and falls into a glass of Chardonnay.

Now that I'm going to be a father I think I'll go to Idaho. Fuck those mountains in Mexico ... they're only the last line of a poem. I will become silence. A palace and a sunrise. The wind and a long river running through green eyes. He leaves for Idaho.

Veda burns 56 sticks of incense for Wild Dog. She picks up her floor length fur coat and her gunny sack filled with her possessions. She sings one last song strumming a ukeleli without any strings.

Zing zing boom boom boom
Goodbye Rainbow I need more room.

Zing zing zap zap zap
I'm so sorry I gave you the clap.

Rainbow Starr the ball tournament specialist
fast ball stinging sweet ass'd slim-hipped mother
fucking virgin. Fell asleep dreaming of his mother.

How far away it is
how far
away from your lips to mine the journey
begins.

"There is time & there ain't ...

none."

We go light years into our

balls
to wonder the next erection.

Seek the Great Man ...

The man is the journey

through the mountain to the snow
covered peaks of Mexico.

desert.

Beyond the pyramids
through the jungles to the

The circle completed the fast
pole vault
through the whore houses of El Paso.

The struggle with death glissading
over
an avalanche back to Idaho back to Stanley Basin

and

the grave of Wild Dog.

Rainbow sits over the grave
on the snow.

The sun burns orange on the peaks.

The wind blows hard.

CHAPTER ULTRA-VIOLET

Wild Dog's Last Poem

Water Ouzels walk underwater,
and sing like canaries.

There are coyotes and wolves,
bear,
deer, elk and moose.
Wolverines and mountain lions.

Mountain grouse, pheasants,
porcupines and bobcats.
Antelope, skunks, and water ouzels.

Santa Fe, 1967

an oecological prophesy

THE TRADITIONAL DISTINCTION BETWEEN SENSE
AND REFERENCE
APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN TOO SHARPLY FOCUSED

At that supreme moment in *Red River* when
Mr. Wayne dismounts along with his companions
on the brow of the final hill and gesturing
toward Texas says:

Someday thatll all be Beef!
Gestures toward Montana
Someday thatll all be Sky
Gestures toward Seattle
Someday thatll all be Seattle
(aside: "If it ain't too Boeing!")
Gestures twrd Ioway
Someday thatll all be corn
Gestures twrd Kentucky
Someday thatll all be tabaccy
Gestures twrd Tennessee
Someday thatll all be whiskey
Gestures Twrd Nebrasky
Someday thatll all be dreary
Gestures twrd Wyoming
Someday thatll all be cowboys
Gestures twrd Illinois
Someday thatll all be noise
(aside-"Big noise from Winnetka")
Gestures twrd Mass.
Someday thatll all be setts
Gestures twrd Pennsylvania
Someday thatll all be New York
Gestures twrd New Jersey
Someday thatll all be dirty
Gestures twrd the ocean
Someday thatll all be pollution
Gestures twrd Wisconsin
Someday thatll all be cheeze
Gestures twrd Minnesota
Someday thatll all be beercans
Gestures twrd the Rockies
Someday thatll all be honkies
Gestures twrd both coasts
Someday thatll all be ghosts
Gestures twrd the Jimsonweeds

Someday thatll all be dope
Gestures twrd the watermelon
Someday thatll all be cantaloupe
Gestures twrd his Big Membrane
Someday thatll all be cocaine
Gestures twrd Vermont
Someday thatll all be Log Cabin Syrup
Gestures twrd The potatoes
Someday thatll all be Idaho
Gestures twrd Florida
Someday thatll all be gaters
Gestures twrd Utah
Someday thatll all be cole slaw
Gestures twrd The Missouri
Someday thatll all be muddy
Gestures twrd Kansas
Someday thatll all be Kenneth Irby
Gestures twrd Canada
Someday thatll all be ice
Gestures twrd Loosiana
Someday thatll all be nice
Gestures twrd the airstrip
Someday thatll all be trip
Gestures twrd Oregon
Someday thatll all be Gone
Gestures twrd Alaska
Someday thatll all be oil
(or Baked
Gestures twrd Sunday
Someday thatll all be Monday
Gestures twrd his beef
Someday thatll all be Texas
Gestures twrd His Ass
Someday thatll all be grass
Gestures twrd his Kneecap
Someday thatll all be Crap!

To get *at* the thing, this culture, this world of ours: the surround, matrix, depends on which layers one peels- inside and outside the heart, simultaneously, bearing in mind the heart itself is surrounded by thorns, inside and out, the wild variety being richer but thornier. The cultivated fruit being softer, more digestible, easier, but less flavorful and more prone to blight. The tomato, solanum, love-apple, leaves poisonous in any case, can be grown a-sprangle on the ground- or staked. Sprawling, it's harder to pick, but less susceptible to blossom end rot.

To get at it: LOCUS. Bearing. Direction. Here am I, a thousand miles from "home," the cadence of speech around me different, the days longer by an hour, sun time perception dis-integrated entirely, the weather sequence strange (Where are the blue diamond days after a northeaster?); we do not gauge the morning by the skim of ice on the cove nor by the sound of cars on the road but by the curl of the rhododendron leaves, but to arrive at this point requires a rite of anonymous passage, the getting-there.

The means require, as one of those collections of oddball statistics say, the paving, blacktopping, landscaping, ornamenting with green and white sans-serif lettered signs, dotted lines, breakdown lanes, Howard Johnsons, the whole kazoo, an area the size of Rhode Island: the sum total of my easy options. The cultural homogenization, the saranwrapped perception of America seen through the window of Major Credit Cards-Honored salesmanship. The precise curl of the rhododendron leaf is impossible to analyse at sixty miles per hour, so we turn on the radio.

The Citizen, blue or white-collared, red, pink or black-necked, conditioned so as not to park his personal, physical ass more than twenty feet off the blacktop, sitting within listening distance of the car radio ballgame in the park, within touch of his four-wheeled, eight-track travelling womb, a totally-owned subsidiary of our culture: a funny thing happens when he disconnects his IV from the red line on the map and realizes that his plastic lawn needs dusting; he becomes regional. (Though I sit here on a North Carolina mountaintop, a native New Yorker, more or less permanently grafted onto Maine by way of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, sipping Scotch in Borbon country and listening to Bach in the backyard of Grand Ole Oprey. What does that make me? Some kind of freak?) Maybe. I am a mobile son of America, son of Mobil, Moebius strip highway ahead of me, one side and one edge. But now I am still. Still here. Still. Here.

Notes: The key is hanging crooked from the lock.
There is a corner cut out from the glass against
the window.
The young trees between me and the mountain blow.
The mountain is cut.
The cuts are white, brown, tan; trees pink,
green, blue.
Sky almost white/ gray cloud overhead.

A country has no honor in its own prophet, generally. That which becomes too familiar, we do not see, like the tip of our nose when we thread the needle, or, if we fail to omit it from our perceptions altogether, despise it or, failing that, reduce it to a palatable common denominator which we can eventually ignore as the reward for our labors. We find it easiest to carry out own painted dome with us, to set it up and, in the Southern Hemisphere, observe Orion and the Pole Star as familiar friends. But what do we do if the enamel shows signs of having chipped in transit, or if the turtle on whose back we stand shows signs of weariness or of old age? Perception is painful through the chinks. Eye-wareness. Beware.

(The slide flashes on the screen: "That's a springbok in the middle. You can't see him very well. And those are elephants. Those dung huts are where the Masai live; you have to duck to go in and they stink. That's Daddy taking movies and that's Brother in the Land Rover. (All evening and not a black face.) That's my tent in our camp, and that funny looking thing is my wash stand.")

The Desert of Maine has a camel, I think. Beech Mountain, North Carolina, has "The Land of Oz." Florida has Disney World, with a paddlewheel steamboat and a Polynesian village and, for a change of scene, there's always Venice, California or the London Bridge in the Arizona desert. Desert (of the heart.).

Perception is always better than reality. Monet was near-sighted; Greco had astigmatism and cranky Emily fluttered the dark house like a white moth. The praying mantis on top of the highest pump thought he was on to *something*. "I think that I shall never see/ a billboard lovely as a tree." Jim Dine, asked what he'd like most, replied: "All the billboards between any two cities." Today is Wednesday, so we must be in:

- (a) Ponca City
- (b) Florence
- (c) Yellowstone
- (d) All of these
- (e) None of these

(("In Japan, the women do not make the pottery. They stack the kilns, glaze the pots and do the heavy work. They seem to have no desire to make the objects. Mr. ----, the potter, fires his kilns once a year. When we brought Mr. ----, the master potter, to this country, we asked him what he'd like to do while he was in town. He said he'd like to go to the burlesque. He died a couple of years ago. In Japan, they use electric potters' wheels, but fire outdoors in a woodburning kiln. Here, we use kick wheels and fire in a gas kiln."

The Egyptian engineer, going to graduate school in Texas, had never been in a forest, nor up a mountain. He insisted on a snapshot of himself sitting on a rock overlooking the bay, and another one of himself in the trees, to send home.

In Labrador, the schoolchildren know what an airplane is, but cannot conceive of a cow. All the dirt in the cabbage patch at Nain was brought in one sackful at a time. There is a cow, too, in the zoo at Boston.

"The day it snowed, all the people from Florida were outside running around in it. One girl called her mother in Miami- collect- and talked about the snow for two hours."))

The ultimate in postcards:

"Greetings from Interstate 85"

(On the reverse: "Scene near Commerce. Greetings from Georgia"

Getting there is (where?) (at least) half the fun."

Crack the dome. Stick a cattle prod up the turtle. Perceptions appear as we move, slowly, gathering speed. The legs become wheels. The Zeiss projector whirls. The seasons race across the ceiling, and the lights come on to reveal the cut-out silhouette of the city, the familiar steeples, the shapes of remembered skyscrapers. "Now do you know where you are?"

We get out of the car, legs stiff from sitting, smell of stale ashtray and sour spilled milk in our sweaters. The trees are different; the air is warmer; the birds do not sound the same; the green is not the green we left; the soil is red. The road map will not tell us now where the drugstore is nor that the second curve down the hill is icy. We are there. No, in fact, we are here. Our previous here is back there, several roadmaps back, in fact. Put the roadmaps in the locker: they are our breadcrusts; we will need them to find our way back, and

even the birds of the air will not eat them. We are, for the moment, safe. The door to the house is yellow in the dusk. The dog sniffs at the backs of our legs and lifts his leg on the tires. We have added 1500 miles to his territory: we have brought new boundaries to him.

"We'd better get extra milk." Drive to town, remembering dictated sequential rights and lefts, wondering at the magnolias. ("We can't grow those at home.") Retrace the maze houses a little more familiar now. But it will be days, perhaps never, before we learn the names of the streets.

Will we never get used to the rhythms? They are not ours. The non-rhythm: absence of tide- in Minnesota, The rattle of bicycles pulling express wagons on Fire Island (the polio riding her adult tricycle). The endless sigh, hiss and rattle of long surf on sand. The exhaled breath of city traffic eighteen floors below us, broken by sirens. The feel of the sheets is not ours, and the hum of the window air conditioner blows an unfamiliar wind across our ears.

Morning: Coffee over or in hand. Walk outdoors. "Why you can see clear across the bay! Where are those oil tanks? Providence must be up that way (pointing to the right). Is it cold in winter? Position, bearing. The children make piles of shells and skates' eggs, or bring a tulip poplar leaf for inspection. They gather around them tangibles as we talk. Souvenirs? Maybe. There will be, for sure, strange sand or red clay dust to sweep out of the car in two weeks or a month, anyway. "I can't get over how (insert appropriate word) it is."

The murmur of unfamiliar voices, sounds of children not your own. A different speech, a different cadence, softer, crisper, matter-of-fact. Or perhaps no voices, but a decision to be made to go out, to place yourself tangent to the circle, to observe and edgily participate.

The different sub-culture. There is no liverwurst in the cold cut section, but there is something called "liver mush." The shops close at noon on Wednesday. The school buses are orange, not yellow, and the state highway trucks are yellow, not orange. The white signs on the highway read:

NO PRISON LABOR BEYOND THIS POINT

And another sign reads, "To Vance Birthplace," Who was Vance?

Notes: Sun through curtains. Yellow, yellow, white, shadow.

Ripples in window glass.

Light on south side of young trees.

Blue, blue, brown mountain, white and orange slash below.

Sky like robin's egg, washing ridge.

Are trees gold, green or brown?

It is raining. The sound is almost that of a spring rain, but crisper: the sound of water on paper. The tulip poplars are bare; the scar of mine face smothered by wet air. The small icicles on the eaves sweat. One drips in heartbeat time. A remembered catalogue of vintage cold, gray rains:

Concord, N.H. 1946

Sydney, N.S. 1949

Boothbay Harbor, Me. 1952

New York City, 1958

Great Falls, Va. 1965

Eau Claire, Wis. 1966

Blessed be the ti(m)es that bind. The shops in Concord closed (always in the rain) on Wednesdays, too. A handle, a memory.

Shrill of metal wheels. Train in the valley.

(music up in background: Toe River Valley Boys playing "Toe River Train.")

One of the Boys runs a music store. Another works in a bank. The web grows. The houses and faces in the coloring book become pink, green, blue inside the black lines. The lady in the grocery recognizes me (us). I still do not know the faces on the street.

(Turned out the man who ran the restaurant in Monterrey was from Somerville, Mass. Recognized our accents off-season and broke out a bottle of Marsala as we talked about Union Square and waited for the taxi to arrive to take us to the airport.)

"I stay home and look after my mummy and daddy. Daddy, he's seventy. He don't look old, but he's got that miners' TB, you know, silicosis. Why he can't walk from here to that garage over there without he's out of breath, gasping, like. Of course when he started work, there wasn't any jobs here *except* the mines, you know, none of the masks and breathers and things. Different now, you know they grind the stuff wet. The quartz, now, that goes to the bottom; they float off the mica and feldspar and the garnets. Ship that sand out by the carload. Once in a while Daddy he gets

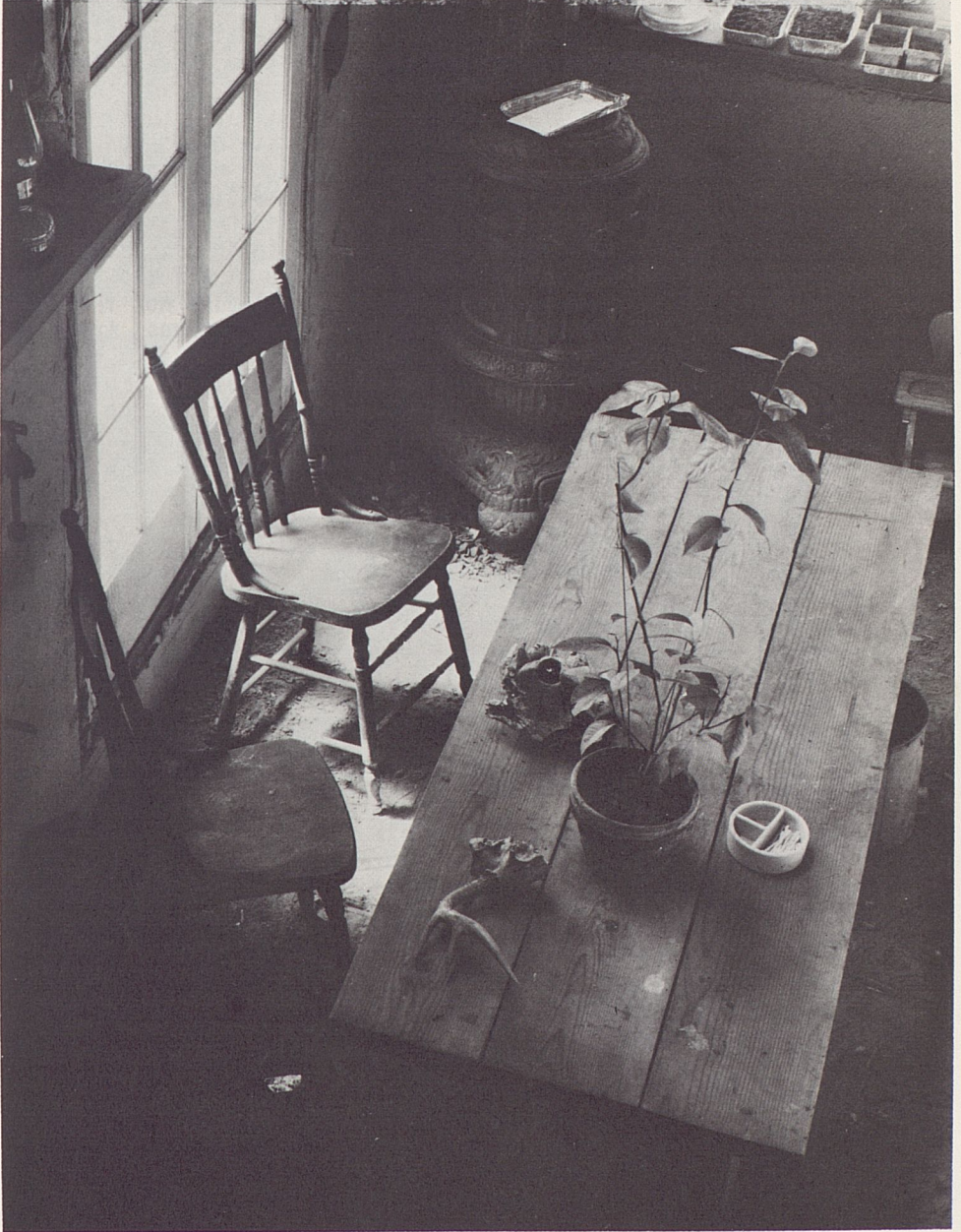
real bad: we take him to the hospital. They give him oxygen he's better for a while. I like to live by myself, like to be close to them, too. We got a bell to my house they can ring if they need me. Built one house outa black walnut. Big fireplace...."

Six big pieces of mica sit in my window. Patterns like cuneiform, red, green, black, brown. A piece of cut out mica-stamping- for some sort of electrical insulation- has slipped between the layers of one sheet. Looks like a hat maker's dummy head.

(On the hill behind my house, up on top of the "Combe," they once mined feldspar, too, a hundred years ago. The pits are full of water, the tote road overgrown. But, picking blueberries, one comes across the ruins of the road, the stone laid up against the side of the hill to make wagon width. Occasionally one finds a small, soft garnet. The mica there is jet black. The biggest mine, up on Mount Hunger, is full of brush and beer cans and a yellow sign saying, "Prevent Forest Fires." There are the gray ruins of a sawmill, too, and in the fall, honey mushrooms grow out of the sawdust pile.)

I have passed through the body of night, sleeping, an automatic rite of passage in Providence, Philadelphia, Washington. The sun and the highway ahead of me rise without my volition. Here I am, at a pause of weeks before retracing the red line. The days *are* longer in winter, here, but the faces on the street are still blank. I will be home for the winter solstice, and in time to butcher the pig, perhaps. I will average fifty on the way, and eat at Howard Johnson's.

(*Penland, N.C. 30 Nov. 72*)

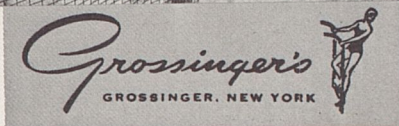


nicholas dean: four uniform landscapes notes that the interstate highway system offers, often an identical landscape, tho more exactly, it offers the return, to identical landscapes, deja vu in the uniformity of, overpasses & exits. they do look the same, cause dreams, & often lead to places that physically & spiritually approach identity: the interstate highway system only overlays a pre-existing conformity.

what is interesting is, that the interstates on long drives, offer smooth driving surfaces & adequate spacing between, stops & other vehicles, inducing, first the alpha state, & then that generative state don juan matus speaks of as the death of the interior dialogue. so the car is like kelvin in the voluptuousness of peace enfolding, but the life of the mind follows, poems come, somnambulist ballad, on the road, stimulus not from kerouac but kelly, & for the people, who have perhaps, travelled greatly, by horse or in an old truck, or on the uniform sea, there will be a landscape, socked at the base of the skull, time which floats & is rhythm, the noise of the motor is song, everyone goes, by, waving, the long sweeping valleys of montana narrow downwind into mountains the mind finds only, as they are traversed.

the older roads are there, to be travelled, & are more interesting because the interstates have made them, local again: i often prefer them & reject the twin ribbons that lie out against the land. still, if you are likely to do a lot of travelling around, these states, there is a rhythm that can go, longer, without interruptions, the long poem, say of asphodel, an interstate poem, that moves thru many uniform landscapes, can be made open i go that way, when i want, & take, such measures take, me there.

i would argue likewise against carl sagan. it seems to me that, for all fred hoyle is a goof and an ass, his contention that theories are more important when they are registered previous to data effectively answers sagan's question, 'how can there be a theory before there is data?', since to wait for data would eliminate prolepsis entirely.





The ideals of harmony and cooperation and the outlawing of competition among the Pueblo Indians have become an anthropological commonplace over the last few decades. Benedict's confusion of institutions with personality traits which led her to believe that the Pueblos were "harmonious" people has since been corrected. Such books as *Sun Chief* have shown vividly the amount of hate, aggression and suspicion which lies behind the conscious harmony of Pueblo social life. If one could characterize the content of interpersonal relations in the Pueblos with one word, I think "cautious" would be that word. One has to be careful in dealing with others for fear of "what people will say." The power of public opinion in these crowded little communities is the strongest force for social conformity, and manifests itself in the extreme fear of witchcraft accusations. Indeed, the fear of being accused is greater than the fear of actual witchcraft. Informants are vague about the powers and practices of witches and often complain that they have forgotten what witches are supposed to do--"only the old people remember what the *kanatya* do." But "everyone knows he (or she) is a witch." Thus, while the cultural trappings and elaborations surrounding witch behavior have largely been forgotten, the motivational basis for this projective system remains strong. It exists, as it were, in the raw.

Everyone is suspect. The Sun Chief of Oraibi even suspected his own mother on her deathbed of being a "two-heart." All interpersonal relations are fraught with danger and there are few people one can wholly trust. In particular women do not trust each other. The Don Juanism of the males and the relative promiscuity of the women means that no woman can be really sure that any other is not her husband's lover, or has not been at some time. A woman can trust her sisters, more or less, and of course her mother, primarily because it would be difficult for members of the same household group to carry on affairs under each other's noses. Affines are very much mistrusted and often with good cause.

What is involved is not so much sexual jealousy as, again, the fear of "talk." This also is not just fear of gossip. Words have power and are not to be used lightly. "Bad thoughts" have tremendous repercussions and are believed to have effects in the real world. Bad words, as the manifestations of bad thoughts, "poison the air of the Pueblo." The real repercussions of accusation and insults are in fact disturbing to Pueblo peace. In societies based on extended kin groupings one cannot insult one person at a time. Thus any accusations may lead to a widespread split-up of the village, and this fear of internal dissension provides strong motivation for not making open accusations, or at least for toning them down. In the case of a philandering husband caught *in flagrante delicto*, relatives on both sides will

try to patch the matter up or at least persuade the pair to part quietly and without fuss. In "the old days" a woman could be rid of her husband fairly easily by ordering him out of her house. This is becoming more impossible today as men are now more likely than women to be homeowners. In the Eastern Pueblos the Catholic Church complicates matters by forbidding divorce and remarriage. A wronged woman will often go to live with her sister or mother, taking her children, but life becomes hard because she cannot remarry and she risks priestly censure if she takes another mate.

The frustrations consequent upon these limitations to direct action cause much bitterness between women, and witchcraft accusations are more likely to be female affairs than male. In the old days the War Captains, ceremonial police of the Pueblos, would have dealt with the witches once sufficient proof had been gathered of their activities. Death or banishment would have been the punishment. Today, however, and often in the past, nothing would be done about it. "People just got mad and didn't speak to each other or they left the village." Today also the relatively sophisticated Cochiti realize that while people think these beliefs silly, and tend to shrug off or deny them. Some members of the ultra-Catholic progressive faction share the white man's contempt for these beliefs. But beneath this air of careless disbelief and denial there lies the motivational and social basis for the interpersonal fear that has not changed.

Formal Pueblo institutions, then, as a counter to, rather than an acting out of, personality forces, stress harmony and cooperation. People must dance together, work together, play together. They are enjoined to think good harmonious thoughts so as not to spoil the air of the Pueblo. Bad thoughts are as dangerous as bad deeds and conscious effort should be made to eradicate them. Drunkenness is feared, as it lets loose all the aggressive impulses which one must constantly work to damp down. All forms of overt hostility are taboo.

In Cochiti, the intricate criss-crossing of clans, societies, Kivas (dual ceremonial organizations), extended families, church and other groups helps to ensure that no permanent oppositions and cleavages can occur which would channel hostilities into armed camps. The factional split (conservatives and progressives) came nearest to open war, but the cross-cutting of these divisions by others (particularly extended families) saved the village from complete disintegration. As long as any two groups continue to exchange women in Cochiti, it is difficult for them to remain in hostile opposition. All formal divisions within the village have been divisions of labor and not of enmity or opposition. The cooperation of the two Kivas is essential to the proper performance of public ceremonies and they in no way compete with each other. All medicine societies complement each other's work--there are never two societies for one cure. A careful political balance is

struck so that every group is evenly represented on the council. As the village is small, the result is a series of overlapping roles with a consequent impossibility of permanent conflict, despite the fact of continually recurring conflicts.

The old competitive games of the Pueblo followed this principle and were never played between any two formal groups. For races and shinny games the categories of "married" versus "unmarried" were employed, or teams were picked from the young men on a count-out method. There was never a competitive alignment in terms of the existing social groupings and teams were not permanent affairs. Since the advent of baseball in Cochiti, however, and particularly within the last decade, a new and unique situation has arisen Cochiti now has two baseball teams playing in the same league (Inter-Pueblo Baseball League) and in open competition with each other. The original team, now called the Redskins, was formed many years ago and old photographs testify to the long-standing interest in baseball in the Pueblo. Support comes from all sections of the population including the old medicine men and the ceremonial heads of the Kivas. Baseball is not thought of as alien. Most men now playing grew up in a society which was already enthusiastic about the sport. The present *cacique*, the religious leader of the tribe, was for a long time a pitcher for the second team. On his assuming office the medicine men forbade him to continue, as playing ball was not consonant with the dignity of his office--but he is the sole exception. The original team, first known as the Eagles, was the sole focus of interest for many years, but with the return of servicemen to Cochiti after the Second World War, interest grew and a second team, the Silversmiths, was formed. This team, now known as the Braves, claimed independent status, built its own ball park and entered the league in competition with the Redskins. They were immediately successful and won the championship three years in succession. Thus a new and potentially dangerous situation occurred--these two teams had to meet each other in the village and fight it out twice a year. The situation was wildly at variance with the whole Pueblo ethos.

What happened was interesting. The first game was played and while all went reasonably well on the field there were fights on the sidelines and these between the *mothers* of the players. As the momentum of the game increased these ladies began to abuse each other, to brawl, and finally to do open battle. The horrified Pueblo council immediately banned all future games between the teams in the Pueblo.

An examination of the original membership in the two teams shows that, because of the voluntary nature of their recruitment, they were a perfect breeding ground for factions. One was not constrained by kinship ties, initiation, or any other automatic factor to join either team, but could choose. The Braves, when they broke away from the Redskins, broke away by family groups, i.e., several families of players left the one and formed the other. Thus the

choice was made, not by individuals, but by families. It seems from the statements of informants that there have always been, within living memory, two ill-defined groups of extended families which formed opposing "blocks" on the basis of quarrels now forgotten. Previously these two blocks had never had occasion or excuse to come out in opposition to each other, as there had been no basis for such an oppositional grouping, and the two groups even cut across the conservative-progressive factional boundaries--but in the baseball split there was a unique opportunity for the old latent hostilities to come to the surface. Allegiance to the team is patrilineal as with the Kivas, but the two teams are by no means coterminous with the Kivas. Thus the two teams represent a dual alignment of families for purely competitive purposes. Families which mistrusted or disliked each other could readily line up on opposite sides of the fence and even to uncommitted families the infection spread. The crosscutting tendency in Pueblo institutions of course works to mitigate this as it did with the factions, but here the essential factor of the exchange of women has not had time to work itself out. What is more, the away games of the teams have increased the chances of young men to meet girls from outside the village and hence increased the number of out-marriages. The wives of these marriages, having no female relatives in Cochiti, tend to become assimilated into the husband's mother's extended family and this increases the gap between the two sides. Out of eight marriages in one year, three were to San Juan girls--results of the popular away game at that Pueblo. It is not the young wives, however, but rather the older women who are the "trouble-makers." These women who would formerly have had little chance to attack other women they disliked without invoking the frightening subject of witchcraft, now have excuse and opportunity to do battle royal over the bodies of their sons and grandsons. The epithet *cheater* has become a virtual synonym for witch.

The council ban was effective in preventing open war in the village for a time, but it only served to drive the feelings underground. Suspicion and hostility grew until this year (1959), when they broke out again into the open. By this time the antagonism had spread to the players. Previously the teams had made strenuous efforts to be fair and play the game, but the noise from the sidelines had made this difficult. This year the Braves had indulged in a series of rulebreaking episodes which flared into open quarrels. These were accentuated by the fact that after a trial game last year which rumbled but went off without incident, the council had reluctantly decided that the annual games could be played again. Significantly the games were placed at the beginning of the week during which the annual corn dance was to take place, on the feast day of the village saint (St. Bonaventure). Thus they should come at a time when "all hearts are in harmony" and everyone is bending his efforts towards the success of the great communal dance for rain, good harvest and long life.

The Braves, according to their opponents, had not been in with the spirit of the thing. A Redskin commented, "Rules don't mean nothing to them; they don't care." It seems that the Braves had

gone to town with the rule book. They had: 1) played people in the finals who had not played five consecutive games; 2) failed to turn up for games but refused to forfeit the points for them; 3) played men who had previously played for other sides and refused to relinquish them even after threats of suspension; 4) cheated in the games; 5) threatened umpires (unspecified); 6) attempted to maim opponents. A rule which was not in the official book but which, I was told, the Braves and their female supporters broke most often was to influence the course of the game by occult means--witchcraft. Particularly, it seems, they attempted to cause "accidents," to make the ball hit a runner, etc. To any enquiries as to why they hadn't been suspended or denied the replays, I was told, "they get their own way because the other teams are scared of them." San Juan had a good claim to two forfeited games but gave in because "they were scared." The manager of the Braves is a feared man in being the *Kwirena Nawa*, head of the powerful *Kwirena* society, one of the "managing societies" in Pueblo ceremonial. He is also head of the Pumpkin Kiva. Some of the Redskins spoke out against the Braves' conduct at meetings of the league, and in a confused bit of political maneuvering the Braves were alternately suspended, reinstated, quit the league, and rejoined. By the time of the Cochiti games they were in again but had lost points for two games the league decided they must forfeit.

The Cochiti games, set on Sunday, were to have made up a double-header--the first game in the morning after Mass and the second in the afternoon prior to the Kiva practice for the corn dance. For some reason I was never able to fathom, the Braves failed to show up for the morning game. The Redskins, in an attempt to be friendly and keep things on an even keel, agreed to play the lost game on the following Saturday. Several female relatives of the Redskins muttered that the games should have been claimed; "the men are too soft." But the men were making a conscious if nervous effort to keep things going smoothly. Several men said they would not watch the game: "they'll only fight, those ladies; they'll just yell and shout and upset everybody, people don't forget easily." "They don't care about the game, they just want to fight and upset other people." Sometimes, "they don't speak to each other for a year or more." Other times, "they are just made in the season, they forget it in the winter." The Redskins' supporters could name only one Braves family which was consistently friendly with any Redskin family. Asked why this antagonism didn't exist between Kivas, they told me, "Why should it? They don't have nothing to fight about." But no one could explain why the antagonism was there in the first place, or rather no one was willing to risk the analysis for fear of reaching conclusions too unpleasant to bear about his beloved village. All the men agreed that it was the fault of "them old ladies. I guess they just like fighting."

The afternoon game was played in a fit of nerves and deliberate efforts were made to keep things calm. To lend weight to the authority of the council, both the Governor and the Lieutenant Governor came and sat together, and the War Captain and his assistant were present, strategically placed between the supporters of the two sides. The men of the village deliberately chose a neutral spot behind the wire and huddled there while the women of the teams stood around their respective dugouts.

The game progressed in a lively fashion and the women gathered force as it went on. The comments, at first mild--"Get him glasses, he can't see," "He can't hit what he can't see; he's blind"--became bitter, personal and obscene. The men meanwhile made polite comments and factual observations and differences of opinion were glossed over. At one point the comments of the women became so noisy that the Redskins' manager, at his team's request, hurried over to the female supporters and gave them a lecture. This had no noticeable effect. However, the game passed off without any really unruly incident, although the nervousness of the players led to a phenomenal number of errors. Two factors led to a relaxation of tension: there was a neutral umpire (a colored boy from Virginia), and the game was never in doubt. The Redskins went into an early lead and finally won eighteen to eight. Everyone left the ball ground quickly and irate old ladies were hustled away by sons and grandsons.

During the following week tension mounted towards the second game. Many people declared they would stay away, while others were equally sure they wouldn't miss it for anything. The latter were usually women. "There's going to be a lot of accidents," I was told by a Redskin mother, "cause them Braves is sure made they lost last Sunday." The corn dance served to lessen the tension somewhat in midweek, and opposing families had to dance together in the communal prayer for harmony and happiness. But by the Saturday morning the tension was high again. The intention to stay away was carried out by many people. Those that came, perhaps lacking the feeling of safety in numbers, stayed mostly in their pick-ups and cars and watched from inside. The Lieutenant Governor, not himself a regular fan, placed himself between the two blocks of women and invited me to join him. Some Redskins had been to the local Spanish-American town of Pena Blanca and returned drunk and excited. Twice in the previous week I had been cautioned to "watch out for their (the Braves) magic."

I did not have long to wait. After the game had been tied up at one-one for four innings and the tension was increasing, the skies suddenly darkened, lightning flashed and thunder rolled, but no rain fell. A huge pre-storm wind swept across the valley and lifted clouds of sand many feet into the air. The field was obliterated and players crouched down to avoid being blinded by the stinging dirt. I took refuge in a Redskin car, where it was pointed out to me that had the other ground been used (the Redskins) this would not have happened as there was less loose dirt there. But the Braves had insisted on using their own inferior ground, "so that they could work more of their magic." How this complete stoppage of play was to the Braves' advantage, I failed to see.

The game should have been halted until the sand cleared but the Braves insisted on continuing to play. So play went on sporadically between sharp bursts of wind, swirling sandstorms and the crashing of thunder. And still no rain fell. Sun Chief describes how if, instead of rain, at the end of a Katsina dance only a strong wind blew spreading sand, then this showed that those who sent for the Katsinas had bad hearts and had done evil. This feeling was present at the Cochiti game. Thunder, lightning and storm clouds which bring only the dead dust and no life-giving rain are the worst of portents. One Redskin going out to bat fell on his knees, crossed himself and muttered a prayer.

Things were complicated by the presence of a non-neutral umpire. He was in fact of the Redskin faction, but was courting the daughter of a prominent Braves family (Q*). The only reason he was made umpire was that he was on leave from the Navy and hence would be returning taking any bad feelings with him. He gave a faulty-seeming decision which cost the Redskins a base. Immediately insults were flung at him by the Redskin women. Out loud they called, "Some of the Q* dirt has rubbed off on you!" and "She's got you under her skin, that Q* girl." Amongst themselves they used other epithets than girl, and muttered about "influences." Complications were added by the fact that the umpire was the son of the Lieutenant Governor, and no one wished to offend the much liked and respected official. This served in some ways to prevent more trouble.

In between the sand-storms the game continued and the score levelled to two-two at the bottom of the eighth inning. In the final innings the Redskins seemed to go to pieces as the sand lashed their faces, while the Braves hit two runs to win the game four to two. The players ran to shake hands, although some refused--an unheard-of thing in previous games. The male participants by and large tried to keep things calm. The Braves women went away tight-lipped and furious, convinced of dirty work. That dirty work was involved was obvious to these women. The storm, the influenced umpire, the unaccountable reversal of the Redskins (an admittedly superior team under "normal" conditions), all added up--to witchcraft.

In the weeks following the games, tension remained high, with rival families not speaking. About three weeks after, however, an incident occurred which brought the whole thing out again. The Redskins had just lost a game and were returning home disconsolate, when a Braves mother accosted one of them as he entered his house. The burden of her remarks seemed to be that he had lost the game because his love life was sapping his strength. All this was said in the presence of the Redskin's wife, who was furious but mute. The Redskin hurled a few replies and went indoors. The Braves mother had not finished however, she stood on her own roof top and hurled insults across at her neighbor. The Redskin took his whole family to the Governor's house and asked for the

council's protection against these onslaughts. That evening a council meeting was called, and in typical Pueblo fashion the combatants were told to shake hands and apologize to each other. An announcement was made to the Pueblo to the effect that this baseball antagonism must cease or the sport would be stopped. This was a desperate measure and a test of the council's authority that may only serve to weaken it, as the council has precious few sanctions left at its disposal. The young people are not at all likely to give up baseball whatever the council may say, and the antagonism is likely to continue. However, a harvest and winter approach and the baseball season draws to a close, hard feelings tend to soften and some wounds to heal. This factor obviously helps to preserve harmony, as there is time during winter to forget the summer's quarrels.

Competitive Western games that have been introduced into primitive societies have usually been substituted for some more violent forms of competition. For example, football in New Guinea replaced intervillage spear fighting. Baseball in the Pueblos is a competitive intrusion into essentially non-competitive social systems. While competition is between villages, no untoward events occur, as this is in line with tradition, but within villages, it is, as we have seen, potentially destructive. Pueblo institutions act as a counter to aggressive tendencies in the Pueblos and are so constructed as to eliminate and nullify aggressive conflict between people by placing them in automatically determined overlapping role situations. The baseball teams, based on voluntary recruitment and stressing competition, allow for the acting out of aggressive and competitive tendencies. Various steps are taken by the Pueblo to neutralize this effect but the participants seem bewildered in the face of the turn of events. Resort to naked authority in the settlement of interfamilial disputes is a new thing to Cochiti and in a way a confusion of weakness in the social system, previously so ingeniously adequate to deal with conflict. It looks for the moment in Cochiti as if the male forces of authority and order may be able to keep the peace for the time being. But the women—especially have married the old witch fears to the new sport and thus directed a whole body of deep-rooted motivations into new and pertinent channels. When the tension is high and feelings rise, the old cries of "witch" fly from the women and the suppressed rages are given full vent. It may even prove therapeutic.

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WELLS TWOMBLY: THE TRAGIC END OF BRUCE GARDNER

In the morning, the groundskeeper came out to water the infield and discovered the body lying there, all crumpled up like an old sweat sock, between home plate and the pitching mound. In its right hand, the corpse was clutching a college diploma. Nearby in the grass was a trophy, made out of silver that was only mildly tarnished by the passage of years.

In the left fist was a pistol, purchased for the occasion at a secondhand store and used only once by the most recent owner. There was a hole in the forehead and a bullet in the brain. This is how great ambition dies sometimes, not with a whimper, but with a bang.

Being a major league baseball pitcher is a decent occupation, cleaner than collecting overdue bills, more noble than chasing ambulances. It is more exciting than selling shoes. It pays well. Small children and old men still look up to athletes who can get curves over for strikes consistently. Once upon a time, in a less serious world, it was even an heroic calling.

It is nothing to commit suicide over, not unless you want to pitch baseballs more than you care to breathe and fate cheats you cruelly.

The other evening, Bruce Gardner, a junior varsity baseball coach at Dorsey High School, drove out to Bovard Field on the University of Southern California campus just off the Harbor Freeway. He carried with him the only two possessions that meant anything to him, the piece of paper that proved he was a college graduate and the award they gave him for being the NCAA's best pitcher way back in 1960.

He walked through the darkness to the only spot on the planet where he had ever known real happiness, the pitching mound at USC's home field. Who knows what he did just before he ended his own suffering? Did he look at the stars? Did he pray? Did he cry? Like the tragic hero in a 1948 movie, did he hear the crowd yelling in his ears one more time?

More than likely, he simply stood there in the deathly, choking silence and pulled the trigger without any dramatic pause.

The news was on the wires before the day was over and a newspaperman in San Francisco, who used to work in Los Angeles and cover baseball there more than a decade ago, read the name and winced. He went searching through his files, looking for a clipping he knew he'd find. It was the same kid all right. The headline on the column said: "Rookie With a Bright Future--Bruce Gardner Takes Dodger Bonus Money." The date was July 23, 1960, the last ascending day of Gardner's life.

Everything was beautiful that night at the Coliseum, the football stadium that Walter O'Malley and the Dodgers put to immoral purposes. There was this handsome young college graduate with teeth that glowed in the dark tunnel beneath the press box. He had signed

for \$20,000, which wasn't a whole lot of money even then.

He had been working out with the Dodgers before the game with the Phillies and a couple of older players had complimented his fast ball and applauded his curve. At the university, located just beyond the Coliseum's steep walls, he had been something special, winning 40 games and losing only five. Only three newsmen showed up to interview him. They were all from suburban papers. It was an evil omen. The kid didn't notice.

"Golly, I hope they won't be playing here in the Coliseum next year. They will have the new park in Chavez Ravine open, won't they?" he asked. "I know I'll be with the big club and I don't want to pitch in front of that left field screen if I can help it.

"I think if I had signed right out of high school, I probably could have got \$50,000 or so and I'd be in the majors right now," he said with devastating confidence that really didn't come across as bragging. "But I promised some folks I'd go to college. My control's no problem. Shoot, I don't worry. I can do it."

He was charming in his enthusiasm. He was cultured and honest about his ambitions. The three newsmen, young and bubbling themselves, all grinned and wished him well. So Bruce Gardner nodded, waved and walked off into oblivion. They sent him to Montreal, then a Dodger plantation. But the Army took him to Ft. Ord, Calif., after only a couple of weeks and he hurt his pitching arm in a training camp accident.

The next spring he got panicky. He tried to pitch again too soon. How could he wait? Hadn't he gone to college those four extra years? Hadn't he wasted precious time already? After all, baseball scouts of the era always tried to scare kids away from college with horror stories about prospects who waited too long and failed.

So Gardner threw before he was ready and bursitis gripped the shoulder. He did recover sufficiently to win 20 games for Reno in the California League, but his fast ball was shattered. So was his career. But he took a long time surrendering.

"His first love--his only love--was baseball," said his mother, Mrs. Betty Gardner. "He was always looking back, wondering what would have happened if he had gone into baseball right out of high school, wondering what would have happened if he hadn't hurt his arm or if he hadn't tried to throw too soon after the accident."

So he moved around Los Angeles in a social group dominated by other USC graduates. He sang in night clubs and always, always he talked about making the major leagues. It seemed to be the one thought on his mind.

"He never could admit that he wasn't going to be a major league star," said one of his friends. "He couldn't face the awful truth. He was obsessed with the idea that if he hadn't gone to college, he would have been ready."

Every spring for years after the Dodgers released him, he'd get in shape. He'd write to teams and tell them he was available. He was going to make it. . .going to make it. . .going to make it. . .going to make it.

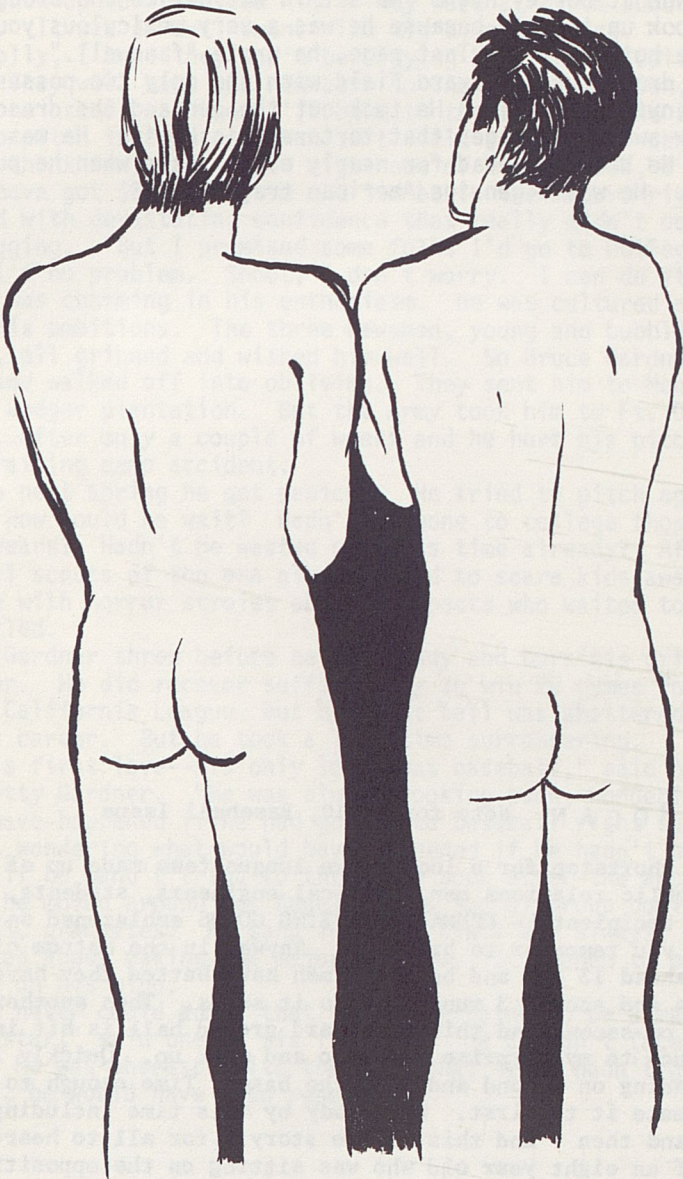
This year he knew it wasn't so. He'd known for some time, actually. Now he was ready to admit it. He completed the junior varsity season at Dorsey High. He sat in his office and brought his grade book up to date because he was a very meticulous young man. At the bottom of the last page, he wrote "farewell."

Then he drove out to Bovard Field with the only two possessions that meant anything to him. He took out the gun and the dreadful silence blew away the images that tortured his brain. He was 32 years old. He had been dead for nearly eight years when he pulled the trigger. He was a genuine American tragedy.

JAMES BOGAN: Note for Io/10, Baseball Issue

Playing shortstop for a local town league team made up of ex-convicts, public relations men, chemical engineers, students, poets, and welfare recipients - KENMARK SPORTING GOODS emblazoned on orange shirts - if you remember to bring it. Anyway in the bottom of the 7th we are ahead 13 - 7 and before 3 men have batted they have loaded the bases and scored 3 runs - or so it seems. Then another run leaving men on second and third. A hard ground ball is hit into the box which much to my surprise I get to and pick up. Quickly I tag the man standing on second and then the base. Time enough to watch the runner make it to first. Everybody by this time including myself "saw" and then - and this is the story - for all to hear came the voice of an eight year old who was sitting on the opposition bench - "You're too far in the future, Shortstop!"

187



ANONYMOUS; SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: a queer song for my
fellows on the green

here is a poem of the jock and the cock,
of the hidden things in each man's locker room
where he keeps his own down heavy and low
in the thickening steam, the snapping towels,
in the frustration of not wanting to know,
in the touches that are punches,
in the punches that are sore,
in the sores that are wounds
in the wounds that bleed
in the war that kills us all off
on the sunday afternoon of our hottest desire,
at the yardline of ourselves; does us
in the green night parks of anonymous mouths
eating one another
ripping off seed from one another's cock
in this rutting, fighting land. here then
is the thrust, the come, the sticky
taste of men who make my bed: here then
is a queer song for my fellows.
let it be song, let it be gay,
let it not cry for men
do not cry.

*i have known it in the bushes
i have known it in the steam
i have known it in my own bed
where i have all my wettest dreams
(to the tune of "Sentimental Journey")*

the dull pumping of alex karras
at my back, 250 lbs. insistent
in the shower as the horn of an ancient
ram struck insatiable with hard-on
for his fellow, hiding it by bending over
in the crouch of war on sunday afternoon.
alex opens his hidden door, his itching entry,
only to his team mates in the crouch, each man agrees
his eyes are not riveted to his mate's ass,
and that these are not pricks
in the tightest pants man ever wore.

rigid alex on my thighs.
his arms round me like vines,
his legs root me like pagan trees.
at my ass, poking at the door, nudging there
about the heated hair, is the reddest strawberry,
the most moist prickhead of a throbbing shaft
defying gravity up from hair that climbs his chest
like moss. at the literal root of my oppression, alex comes
beloved of the dull and throbbing at my groin.
what he needs from me
is very special, a thing he will never know or love,

but forget even as he relishes it
with his seed and leaves me limp
to water my own flowers.

gerry kramer, green at bay, cruising
in the shadow of your white continental, i could swallow
every inch of your football down my throat
till it awoke my vocal chords
to singing into you a new song
that would make you turn over on your belly
and go dancing in flowers. i could blow
such love up your ass, your muscles
would finally breathe air
and you would know
there was nothing to do with hands
but let them touch
whoever was for touching.

if only lombardi, the final vicious auntie,
had fucked you or you him. if only vince
had led the orgy in the shower after the game,
counselling and modelling in the touching
and petting and sucking of men; if only he
had groped on the bench during the game, kissed
at the win, cried for the injured boy, then we would know
we were beyond all this.
but vince was into steam and training rooms,
into the power of one over the other
not the power of what many feel together
for one another. in the rings that surround
and connect us, the bull knows no choice
but to charge.

in the showers i shared, i was always very serious
and scared, quick back into my underwear.
i never looked, comparisons were unforgiveable.
i was always picked last. i wanted my teach
to be mates. i was too loving: they kept away.
everyone avoids an eager boy.
what it is we passed up
with one another in the locker room
i will never know, but i miss it
every night and see what it has done
to each of us
every day.

BILL PEARLMAN: SECTIONS FROM *INZORBITAL*

Inzorbital and Zenith. The spring of 1967. The shape of paradise, heavily limbed, high, bronzed, Greek curves coming nicely into home. The sun kingdom. Fervent Valley, 7,000 feet into the surge of hopeful accelerators happily digesting atomic particles in the heat of mountain bliss.

What they embarked on. The dream of art and love. She from Boston, he from the Los Angelization of appetite, twirling electric yo yos in the dusk of a monstrous bash. He a volleyball star, she a showcase window blooming forth spectacular colors, tightening into something shrewd and fashionable in the rectangular space she inhabited those many early years.

How the stars appeared. She was water, avocado rising, artichoke moon, all the lovely galactic flavors rolled into a perfect centricity, Mediterranean and quietly elegant. He was fire, empire rising, uncertain moon, the outlay was stupendous in origin, power pumping fresh rhythm into his relief staff which bore the imprint of dynastic all stars dating back to a time when men carried pyramids protruding from the muscles, the urge of the tower thrusting into space.

So then love finds form in the details struck wholly here and there where the page unwinds purposes and pleasures and terrors from the vast reflectors of the human brain.

Against the handsome mountain, the trip roared skyward in the bright afternoon, New Mexico. Sandia Peak was the objective, we shared a collection of luminescent textures, the mountain was equal to our own inner risings, the director was Frank Olguin, Isleta Indian Taurus earth father. He told them when to get it over with. Bureau of Indian Affairs cop cars buzzed the adobe mansion. Olguin screamed FUCK YOU & off they went. He actually sported such power, chewed peyotl when available (the yearly trek to Laredo) otherwise acid, grass, port, horse tranquilizers, mescaline, you name it Frank had been there & beyond hundreds of times....

She was near enough, she was my wife, she was a close friend, we had dropped much earlier.

'Have you ever been known, by a man.....in the Enlightenment sense?'

'Where's your head at?'

She was taking me out into the spreading mesa, closer to the rising thrust of the Sandia Range. It was opulently brilliant, deep

summer, or early fall, we were going to the top again, there was no way out, she radiated rainbows as we rose, the lining of our dream was wearing thin, she was holding one final tab & we split it, kissed about 9,000 ft. & dug a hole for our stash. We'd have to be back for the final scene, but no problems at this point -- the sunset began to flash gold and crimson highlights around the corners of that dream which unfolded in her arms--that spectacular being-- there was no doubt about it, I was blowing this one into the Empire Cockpit, the budget phenomenal, but endless backing there just wasn't. I had to talk with Olguin:

What's next?

HOOMBA!

'Have you ever been known,' Inzorbital said to one of the squaws on the set. What, she said.

Have you ever--in the Elizabethan sense-- been known....by a man.... You're fucked up, she said.

Inzorbital felt pissed off and decided to go in his trailer and smoke some dope. I'll smoke a bomb, he said to his make up mirror.

He lit it and felt a big gust of new pride. It was his lungs expanding and helping the grass get located.

C.D. called over the loudspeaker: Inzorbital Freak: Wanted on set #17.

He's stoned, but he doesn't mind working when stoned. Out the door and into that ultraviolet sun. The cavaliers are off near the foothills, jousting, drinking beer, comparing tatoos. Set 17 is.... well, it'll be good. He rolled up his shirtsleeves, was looking for a good juice man, when Cinco shows up with his horse drawn Refrescador.

I'll take a triple papaya, crushed ice, heavy on the rum.

Thees weel do the job, senior.

'Cinco, he said, while overpaying him, Your work will one day be reknown. I won't forget your triple papayas in the sun.'

Gracias, Senior Inzorbital. Adios.

Reaching Set 17, he saw the coach yelling at the director. "Listen, Lump La Rue, if you think you're going to keep all my boys over here with you in Sodom & Gomorrah, while they need to get ready

for a ball game in a few hours, you're delirious. Now we want Inzorbital off his feet for the rest of the afternoon.

'Look Coach. We've got all you muscleheads on contract until we shoot zis fucking film, and I want zat made acutely clear.'

**

No longer caught in that slow hipster jive, weak in that dying sluggish smack streak, the acid circuit raised the energy levels of the young phantoms scouting for diamonds or the gleam of a billion sparkling drops quick here's what you know, now bang the pants off that creep! I'll go all the way, the way is open, nothing gets done, let's do what in hell we can, the dream cascades into foaming currents running off, chanting over a lake, how did you know that would mean so much, I will run before it's too late, you'll catch hell, up until now, nobody has done anything, nothing understood, you should go on tour, that is precisely what we had in mind, now get there...!

Electrically charged particles filling the space round which we only wanted to surf blast waves, huge breakers casting phosphorescent signals across the beachhead of the future, no side effects, just keep reaching, it will come into grip, the sweetest Scorpio spring, overdose rising, the dance of crazy syllables down the aisle kingly, the virgin of honor holding the ring would slip round your supple cock one last groove, she wanted to be close to the action and that was what you had to offer; but inside, though, oh what was happening, there wasn't any way you could renew that steam while she watched you die, you needed refreshment, another angle, the dynamo was in need of fuel, drop again, oh burn, Beethoven, candles, will it be finally, better in the distance, out of sight, unable to reach without hurried expectations mounting that summer beast once more plunging the yes flesh sprint garden full of the finest ever

**

I am responsible again, regaining the shutter dance, the sleek arrogance of the man englished with ritual, gliding righteously toward the facts of interplanetary flame-- Time may be striking notes of necessity, but I am as I was originally and have changed abundantly only to serve several masters, all MYSELF within the digestive ruins of my father, Snake Whistle Fortune XII.

The incessant jamboree, blowing the self out for the 5 millionth time; Wish there was something a little more substantial there: Superwoman, slicked into a celluloid saint, dancing in the electric smile of her longing.

193

I'll meet you under the bridge.

I don't know if there's time.

Organically, there's no end to it. But please give me the opportunity to slide in and out of you for at least eleven days. How can you bring all of this to these majestic hills? This is not Thermosville, Plasticia, this is Fervent Valley; the piñon burns on winter nights, people get sick and die....

**

The coach blew his whistle and the entire team - doing a weird kind of high knee drill which made them look like space dancers, appeared on the edge of the set. La Rue called to Brigot, his French cameraman: Get it on, Brigot. Print it. Right on. Over and Out. Down along the big road to glory. Inzorbital ran close to the dancing jerks, and shouted:

'You goddam puppets seem to be running for the Congress of dipshit illusions. If there's any of you thinks he's got time to do a little one on one, let's go.'

They broke ranks. First over to challenge him was Marduck, the tight end. As they crashed into each other, the sentiments of the others were unanimous: 'Get hes ass, Marduck' Make him eat sheat, Mard You sorry idiot. It looked like a standoff, though Marduke outweighed I.Z. by almost 50 pounds.

The camera plane was down by the beach, trying to spot the local all star girl's volleyball team from Laguna Beach. Plenty of good action, but the song on the radio is nothing. It isn't nothing. He heard those academic voices. Keep the voice outraged, solitary, in perfect standing with even the greasiest umpires. Stick a fork in that man & see if he's all done.

**

I was playing a drum with a plastic tube attached to its face. By simply blowing the tube, you could raise or lower the pitch range. The musicians were all in a little alcove, very dark, with pieces of ancient pottery all around. It was the Old Tile Factory at La Luz near Alomogordo, N.M., and the occasion was ALLOY, the first underground convention of hip inventors, designers, computer theorists, artists, Bucky Fuller disciples and Whole Earth Catalogue entrepreneurs. I was asked to do a 'live show.' Using two bands, dancers, strobe lights, and the entire audience, we turned the final night into wild enthusiasm under the canvas dome designed by Steve Baer. But that morning, the acid coming on, I was playing this odd Moroccan drum; the girl I had slept with the

night before, Diana, was stoned as well, off near the hills. Suddenly, it became clear to me that these men were sad, displaced, rejected children, having no chore but to make sound, to lament the suffering we were all feeling, another passing parade, a trial we made beautiful by our presence, blow it, pound it, drum it out, the tense drawn rhymns the strings plucked yes go--- we can arrive, the music, O song we are making...but wait.... what's happening?... .. Sun out, the darkness, the drum, who is this, they are playing my funeral march, it IS that, I am losing the rainblowdrum, I've blown too hard, my lungs are burst, my hands bleeding, beaten too hard, whose face, get out, get out of the den, the sad streaming faces of friends---leave them, get to the women, they alone can bring you back, you are in hell, you can't breathe, get to the Kitchen of Heaven, oh get there, ask her to save you, to get you back, to make you well again

The kitchen was full of women and kids, - feeding, talking, passing a lovely day while the men strained to be full, which girls naturally seem to be, not absurdly always close to the shared riches of the process, the fruit, the physical splendor, not the abstract reward seeking of the male, who has something to prove, to attack the quiet day, make formal his longing for empire.

It's beautiful, she said you're beautiful, she was the earth mother there, a large, pregnant woman, Barbara Durkee from Lama, the time was so full, it could go that way, I need someone, a friend's wife's sister, I must have you, I am dying, won't you come with me, then better, you have taken a drug, it's acid she said, it was me who had taken too much, had myself full of wicked power, I went outside by the huge canvas dome, saw Diana and Louisa, asked both to advance to the peak with me, they came, I was Inzorbital once again, I was digging to rise up that ancient hill, had to fuck the world in the open, chanting Hare Om Namó Shiva, bright red rocks everywhere, the steps taken, we were going all the way to the top, we stopped, I must be reassured, she is moist & fine, shifting into position, I'm on top of the whole.....

Are you with me?

Yes of course I will

Louisa wished us luck lovingly and returned to camp. We climbed on, occasionally resting, occasionally kissing, both peaking, stripping our clothes off toward the summit, at last alone, the warm New Mexico sunlight illuminating our fresh electric bodies colliding in the delicious space beyond the dream.

**

195

He tightened the straps of his shoulder pads, buckled the chin strap of his Riddell plastic bird cage helmet, ran to the altar, genuflected as usual--on his good right knee, asked Our Lady's help in his hope of victory, and walked out of the locker room. He was tense through the tunnel. He reached the turf two minutes before kickoff. He made a few last minute equipment adjustments, took a couple hits of White Lightning, stretched his groin, waded past the water chicks who were the new song girls (He liked Marcia the brunette Kappa he had met the previous Friday after the Pitt game), felt his cleats gripping the damp grass as he strode to position in his own goal zone.

It was a high kick, end over end arcing about 65 yards which he gathered easily and bolted out of the end zone, bounded over the first chargers, straight armed two tacklers near the southern sideline, was finally pushed out of bounds by a safetyman on the fifty. On the first play from scrimmage (Many fans were still on their feet as the ball was snapped from center) he was carrying again--an end sweep...he's got running room...cuts back to midfield, is hit hard about the thirty by a cornerman. Cheering is accelerated to the point that children begging for ice cream three feet below their parents' heads, cannot be heard at all.

Another first down. The signals: Ready get set, hun two hun two, snap from center, quarterback fakes a handoff, rolls out right, turns & throws a screen pass to his left flanker. At the moment the pass was released, the coach on the sidelines experienced a brief attack of vertigo as the ball was intercepted by the right defensive end who just happened to be the fourth fastest man on the team, running the hundred in 9.6. He was long gone. The hapless passer ran foolishly behind him, starting with a five yard difference, he was on about the 20 yard line when the end scored.

**

For Thanksgiving of 1968, we built a table inside the house was a 4 bedroom adobe Zenith thought would be fine, we'll have some land and animals you'll go to grad school, be a teacher, he was going to have to support the Grand Duchy of Fervent Valley... The food was endless, salmon flown in from Oregon, 12 turkeys, millions of bowls overflowing with holiday egg delights, strawberry cantaloupe, avocado cherries, wind aided surge into the hopelessness of food, the Wrecking Crew having gathered several hours before and tossed down a few hits of Purple Domes just in from Cal not sure how seriously problems were encouraged by the numbers of dope style vagabondage from all over the neighboring counties where he thought where's my wife she has mysteriously disappeared and then she had a red dress on oh the turning spires the depth of rumbling viscera, loss of intelligence, trying to find a way out the

toilet? very far you are then handed a yo yo which lights up when you spin it and I begin to do some of the simpler tricks: walk the dog, the creeper, rock the baby and I'm at a hiatus between the championship in 1956 (when Dimbo Vardeman did reach for the moon which because of his height was a few inches above his head) and this present:-- these mostly unknown to me figures changing shape & color constantly changing and the string breaks the yo yo rolls across the wood floor & under the giant table, everyone goes oooohhhh and the crowd has been disappointed and it's stopping the day has clouded now the storm in me complete the way it all went against a death ball in my gut I begin sweating maddeningly profusely I must go out it is getting dark outside

I am running out into the day I must be guilty what did I do to deserve this punishment must I die for them all no relief anywhere the church I must get to the church which is only a few blocks and Zenith follows and Burt is right there it is beginning to snow soft falling why now? it hasn't snowed before this winter it is all falling on me the world has begun to respond to my emotional breakdown I hold onto Zenith and Burt They know what to do We hold the threesome like a huddle our foreheads all touching and Burt says how beautiful the snow is and that everything will be all right but I must on to the church and I run to the big wooden doors The Placitas Presbyterian Church the door banging 'My god, My God why hast thou forsaken me' I am going all the way the depth of the heart of the mythos of the sufferer who cleanses the soul, the saviour.... And I ask Zenith & Burt to address me as God

Say how are you God.

How are you God?, Burt says.

You too, please.

How are you god?

That's good. Now ask me to be your friend.

Will you be my friend?

Yes.

Inzorbital takes Zenith by the hand, having just become god, and walks back down the dirt road. Burt follows close behind, digging the falling snow. They walk back to the house, everyone a bit concerned for his future.

Are you ok?

Do you like me?

Yes, of course I like you. What kind of stupid question is that?

I wanted to be sure.

**

He was triple A material with no feel for fastballs, a junker with no future, his slider was ambiguous as hell, but maybe.... We took him to the party, glued him to the throne, spun his propellers and off he went-circling the 86,000 rooms, erogenous zones, pleasure traps, singing Inzorbital songs, challenging the Night:

"This is going to be a 4 round heavyweight circus, I want a half a billion at the gate before t.v. rights"

We had to have him in our stable--if only to inspire some of the lightweights to beef up and enlighten the aspirants trying to crash the party.. He could do it all: His arms gesturing into a gladness of spatial deliberation, that rivald vaudvillian voice unleashing enraptured dimensions unforeseen in realms of acid indigestion.

**

Along with it, the gorgeous young Libra, fully realized integrity found in fond invocation of Venus, formed in classical spring pushed to primitive loin secret spreading wings inhabited hope bulging forth agony but slowly a warm breath actually pressed heart pivot, a navel impression we claim to know the vacuity abundant everywhere the motions of human strength homeless atoms spinning

**

Exploring the self's history, he is taken by a curious inability to be satisfied with a woman, that one who looked so ravishing in the bar, the sweetness of her mouth, that ripe glistening night, the first wild encounters, how you devoured everything: the records, the food, the dope, the wine, the actual physical being before you, there came a day and it came quickly when there was nothing in the cupboard, spent trying to rise to another

Condensing the longevity of a relation into a few hours, as Hart Crane talked of condensing eternity, and he looking in his early thirties like a man twice his age, so anxious to grab hold of this life and not let it drag, let it fill me now, never a thought

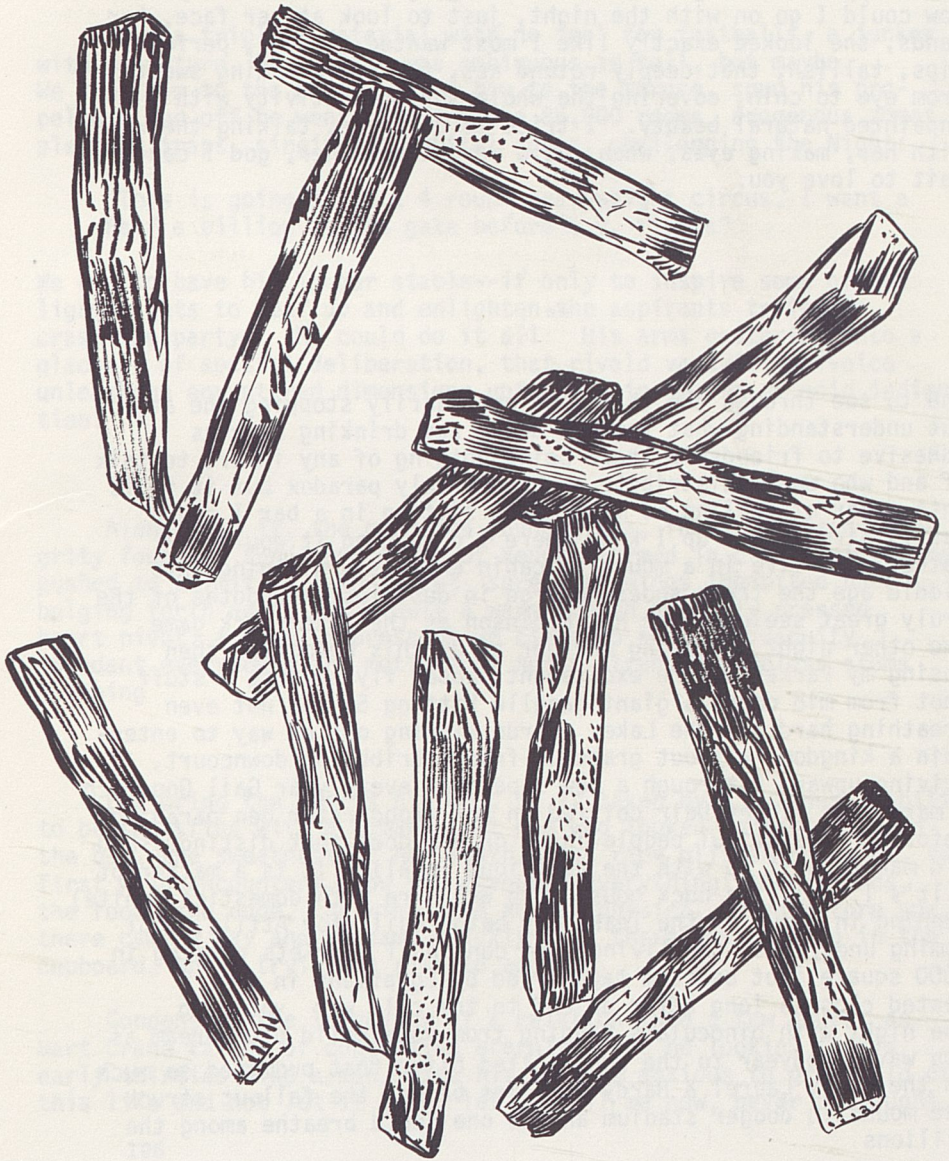
of the patience life demands of us if we are to endure all the hell that seems to naturally befall us.

I was bartending, trying to make tequila sunrise in 64 ounce quantity when she came into the bar. She saw me staring at her, came and asked me smiling large eyed for a beer. I was stopped, nothing could take this gorgeous creature's place. How could I go on with the night, just to look at her face, her hands, she looked exactly like I most wanted to feel, perfect lips, tallish, that deeply rotund ass, the smile coming sweet from eye to chin, covering the whole surface activity with unpainted natural beauty. I tried to continue, talking the while with her, making eyes, when could we get together, god I can't wait to love you.

**

And to see through the thing not necessarily stopping the attack but understanding what you are doing say drinking beer as adhesive to friendship there being nothing of any import to talk of and who would distribute such unearthly paradox but it falls into a jar of feeling we make music sitting in a bar I could easily give it all up I know where I'd be then it would be pathetic to live in a mountain cabin endlessly slipping into middle age the track shoes covered in dust lost anecdotes of the truly great seeing Sugar Ray Robinson at the Laker Buck game the other night wondering whether to get his autograph then losing my Parker in the excitement Jabbar flying into a stuff shot from mid court a giant gazelle hitting 50 and not even breathing hard but the Laker guards winning out no way to entertain a kingdom without graceful freaks dribbling downcourt, driving upward & through a new superstar every year Gail Goodrich a marvelous midget hair coiffed in Hollywood razor den parading before the beautiful people in LA oh how does that distinguished old man keep it up with the delicious lovelies it is a matter of Wilt's 1.5 million buck house atop Bel Aire with domestics (white) running in & out of the leaky sky baths built for Attila, pool coming underneath the living room continual starlets pumping in 9000 square foot bedroom tapestried by Egyptians in the heated closets long after an end to the cold war vaulting the night with binoculars hanging from your solid blue dream as you wave goodyear to the smog filled blimp that promised so much in the early Laurel & Hardy comedies before the fallout struck the mound in dodger stadium and no one could breathe among the billions

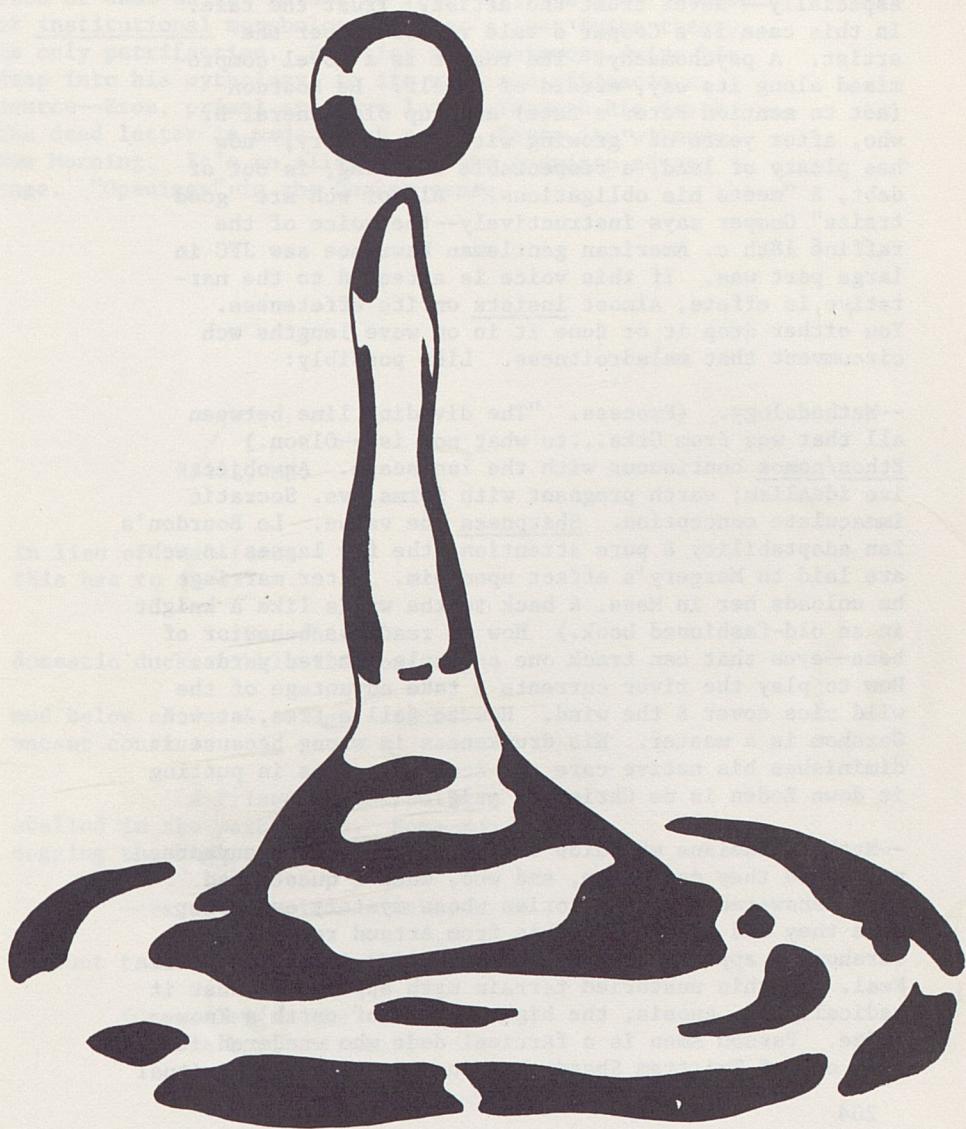
199





DIRTY SOCK
VERMONT
1969





JOHN MORGAN

A NOTE ON OAK OPENINGS

The narrator is most of the time intolerable. It's as if Cooper set out to provide the instance to justify DHL's rule of thumb for classic American literature especially--"Never trust the artist. Trust the tale." In this case it's Cooper's tale versus Cooper the artist. A psychomachy. The result is a novel compromised along its way, afraid of itself. Le Bourdon (not to mention Peter's fate) ends up old General B. who, after years of "growing with the country," now has plenty of land, a respectable dwelling, is out of debt, & "meets his obligations." All of wch are "good traits" Cooper says instructively--the voice of the raffiné 18th c. American gentleman Lawrence saw JFC in large part was. If this voice is attended to the narrative is effete, almost insists on its effeteness. You either drop it or tune it in on wave lengths wch circumvent that maladroitness. Like possibly:

--Methodology. (Process. "The dividing line between all that was from Grks...to what now is"--Olson.) Ethos/nomos continuous with the landscape. An objective idealism; earth pregnant with forms, vs. Socratic immaculate conception. Sharpness the value. Le Bourdon's Zen adaptability & pure attention (the few lapses in wch are laid to Margery's effect upon him. After marriage he unloads her in Mass. & back to the wilds like a knight in an old-fashioned book.) How to read the behavior of bees--eyes that can track one a couple hundred yards. How to play the river currents & take advantage of the wild rice cover & the wind. How to fell a tree, at wch Gershon is a master. His drunkenness is wrong because it diminishes his native care and accuracy; thus in putting it down Boden is no Christian prig.

--Myth. "Indians who didn't know who they were anymore, nor where they came from, and who, when I questioned them, answered me with stories whose mystery and coherence they had garbled." This from Artaud regarding the Tarahumara applies equally to the Whites & Reds at Castle Meal. In this unstoried terrain myth appears as what it radically is, gnosis, the highest form of earth's Knowledge. Parson Amen is a farcical dude who wandered in here out of Tristram Shandy bearing an unlikely spiritual

kindling--the dry sticks of Protestant literalism. But in the archaic conditions obtaining in the Openings myth takes on an aboriginal potency. The place (the whole complexity of immanent circumstance wch is geography) tends to break down & recast story/language (chienté: shanty, Bois Brulé:Bob Ruly, &c.--Turner wd later address himself to a relatively epiphenomenal expression of same in the nature of frontier, its modification of institutional morphology.) Amen's lost tribe theory is only petrification. Frontier circumstances drive him deep into his mythology, to its real and efficacious source--Eros, primal creative love. Through his death the dead letter is made flesh again, Peter its witness. New Morning. It's an allegory of the American advantage. "Openings" in the Quaker sense.

Rolla, Mo.

In lieu of real focus
this has to do--

four white
domestic ducks nibble the pond edge
mud below slides & swings, distant
vacant courts

a Frisco engine/pullman
stalled in the park grass. Some mongrels
dogging the high tracks beyond

--vague RR raison d'etre.

A stunt tree angles impossibly over the water.

(Cross-legged she sketches the
square brick pissoir.

Scattered people.

We come here often
out of this confusion of houses.

POEM

"It becomes difficult to distinguish
between what sees and what is seen."

--Merleau-Ponty

Crickets,
the vast night
muses

the Star Route
climbs the light
me on its shoulder
a silhouette
west

in moonrise over
a procession of trees
past the Ponzer farm

My house, its shadows
wrapt round dreamers
I love

All night the light
through these limbs,
a passage

(two bats whirl in
& out of the barnlight

imagos are slowly
unwinding in the leaves.

ALBERT GLOVER & JOHN CLARKE:

AT THE FENCE LINE

A Non-Descriptive Tale

AN AUTHORS' INTRODUCTION

(after the manner of James Fenimore Cooper)

As this work professes on its title page to be non-descriptive, they who take pleasure reading it already know that all contents are literal and not intended to do anything, least of all present a general picture. The author is sensible. He has confined himself to the affective (believing it to be the most valuable) mode of conveying knowledge from nature.

Transcribing scenes and characters that were unfamiliar there has been a constant temptation to delineate that which he might have imagined rather than that which he had known. This rigid adhesion to truth destroys the charm of fiction. All that is necessary to the mind had better be done by fastidious attention to originals.

[for expectant women everywhere]

He woke up beside a maple tree on the Northwest brush line where his field crests and then runs off toward the Little River. Albert wasn't quite sure where he was then, though years were numerical and it must be a story he might remember. Were those basswood trees? A wind the February before had blown smoke down the chimney and blown at 20⁰ sub zero. It had blown from a region of ice so extensive that the very distance which lay behind the rush was spatial material, heavy particles which strung him up for several days. Glimpses backward into.

But his life continued to survey vast expectancies as well. Another child, promised in the coming February, added an increase no amount of propaganda would ever drive away from this one time

through, awaking each morning, or even now in the late afternoon when all he thought he was doing suddenly dropped off and chills announce wake up time, rise and shine! Have you got the picture?

It might seem more like a deck of cards, those years when reality poured out of symbols in spirals, by the whorls. The numerology of such explanations was partly useful even though that territory was not, finally, so interesting as a flat red stone half-buried by others. For he was in an alley-way of demarcation canopied by first week in October falling foliage. Nightshade berries. A welt in his right arm where a thorn tree had fixed him earlier, the long claw mark of bush reminder. The field was too clear for even that! Gazing up into the red maple. Picking a trio of basswood leaves.

*O the basswood is good wood;
O the basswood flower is fragrant.
O my love sits far away in the same room
Everything being as it should.*

Such songs as were started came from a lonely singer sitting under the fireplace arch and were directed across enormities of silence toward an antique Lady busy with her knitting. The click of her needles ended a decade of frustration. The French Revolution was over. At any moment. What? Without lineage or ancestral demesne a spectral horde of migratory individualists unexpectedly dug in. What? Dug in! Gardens and orchards and driveways, husbandry in all its various manifestations, even lawn mowers were rejuvenated. Of course one might be aware of the lingering presence of previous immigrants and so devise theories of society, quilts and blankets of custom under which to bundle away anxiety. Her knitting was prior to any of that; her needles, or the six string guitar with its overtones, were millenia.

She worked in appearances because her Lord and Master was off, that oldest invention of experience all the waking cling to. At this moment he'd been trapped in the Memory of a vague Provencal poet, his time ship blown recklessly by such unappeasable powers as inhabit a rudely treated basswood tree. So that he sang not only for her edification and pleasure, but

also to release the bondage of all kindred souls
cast into regions which lined the smoke hole,
his friends of the night sky.

Having all this in mind, tell me O Prince of
Conjecture, how then did Albert get back from the
fence line and into the next morning of the slowly
accumulating presence of home? Not that *he* is the
hero of our non-descriptive tale, but that in any
transit a gap increasingly becomes if the eyes are
directed obliquely. It was through just such a gap
that the first letter arrived from Tula Van, dated
October 28, 1972.

Bert,

ONLY an *isthrom menas* or strong mind The
Strong Man's mind prophetic (as foreknowledge
absolute) mind can 'penetrate' that STONE, that
sta (stlocus), by a movement (triple auto-
intellection that is *likewise* woe be-gone *before*
it turns into something else of its own accord
(excessive as continual metamorphosis is the lush-
ness of which you spoke), for In Eternity one
thing never changes into another thing--it hasn't
the 'time' it is simultaneously 'overcome' (in
Corbin's cosmological dramaturgy) given back put
back at the moment of maximum entropy or growth
or ripeness (with reverence as David said), which
is what Blake must have meant by a Human Harvest,
and by the same 'ax' (to cleave *as* to kill, or
Original Sin), which is where *memory* comes in as
menace or monster we are when cloven fiction
(sexual division)--so any attempt to make this
'third' or 'intripled' turn a 180 you get fusion
or synthesis (Hegelian) what Dostoevsky called
"the third and last anguish of men" ("the craving
for universal unity"... "for worldwide union") -
this is the tropological apple, the eating of which
(cannibalism) is the disobedience which crashes
The Crystal Cabinet or Garden (where a threefold
kiss is returned, as reflection/delusion) - *whereas*
kissing the joy as it flies (as three yielding to the
form of the forth - the Unknown?) revives 'the dead'
(actually only a sleep of inertia or slow moving
particles, particulars, mole-cules) thus quickened
by that ACT of returning reversing of field in
mid-field flight, at that moment of Clarity when
you see daylight or that the touch-down is NOW pre-
accomplished (so as not to make touch redundant or
proof of, Vision of open-field, running room, but

choosing a spot to go down) BEFORE, so that what happens next is NEW or the novelty to be shared by all (as in pot-atl) members of the field of play as they too must abandon themselves to the inevitability of "the score" (which is only thing that produces 'changes' & permanences with the system or *agon*, havoc comes after or later as the spoils to be gathered (into one) and divided-up (into twos) as in opposing sides (contraries not to be reconciled but made equal) and *again* there is chance (for Third Town, or touch-down founding of NEW NOW Score never before made known, the likeness & similitude of Los) if we don't make the Oedipal mistake (simple location) of cashing in on the riddle of the Sphinx, of the Universe (one-turn, take your turn) as it strives to become conscious of itself as Fichte said, which is why I say the limit of hesitation is a major third or two full steps The Father & The Son the Third being one's own forgiveness of (The Holy Ghost) which if not done (as act) will be done anyway as detriment to you, for you will be left out or the creation will have moved on and left you crying in the wilderness, the "weeping Babe" being the divine analogy of the "Perfect Child" as the "Weeping Woman pale reclind" is of the Anima Mundi or Virgin of the World, the "wind" you know the wind, you hunt with me, I wind.

It might easily have ended there, but a story arose earlier, sitting in Albert's library which was itself an instance of nostalgia. Considering it over and over again, it seemed a moral tale which commentary would conclude neatly: "women marry out of expectation". Falling in love is never a reason for doing anything; on the contrary, love is not blind. That plunge of the soul only, if one charts it, defines whatever limits bound imagination. Thus these women are eventually disappointed to discover that their dreams do not so easily come true. The Honey-Moon is over. There's no more water in the bucket. That dissolution of singleness which edges in on scheduling came over the boundaries of what neither of them knew, sitting there. And the neighbor gave voice to his brief glimpse of Leviathan.

They, the newlyweds, go out to the woods. From where we watch all personal history is unimportant. Psychoanalysis is the old skin of the snake cast off in 1965 by this simple, declarative sentence: "Personality ain't interesting." Leatherstocking. They've been married for over a year, and now find themselves

in a region of waterfalls. It's August. These are the Adirondack Mountains, what does remain of an Eastern Wilderness now blocked off by 'the blue line' and fought for by Industrial, State, and Civic powers. These waters we hear run North, to empty into the St. Lawrence highway for Phoenician traders who drain out the Mid-Western heart of North America.

In a mathematics of backwardness such location distinctly predicts how these two blond lovers have arrived here, climbing into one source of a network in which they are less significant than acreage. We could also make up a list of the other creatures driven off by their presence. But let us continue to decide that the cataracts are, for now, undisturbed and the sound of water levels thought. So much so, that she turns back, retracing her steps. She would expect him to follow her? He does not. Whatever calls him deeper (and that 'call of the wild' certainly no mystery) into the mountains doesn't allow her? Or what? Among all those streams he persists doggedly even while she turns away. They don't say anything or exchange meaningful glances - none of that. Step by step they proceed in opposite directions who had walked into the woods hand in hand.

She sits down to wait. She occupies her mind by looking at whatever appears. She rests in the certainty of what he seeks. That hindsight is no comfort to him going on who has, by this point, already found an old boat tucked away where the river is now calm enough to make use of it. Such perfect precession always announces the arrival of forces greater than individuality; a form suddenly drops into view and the world becomes that stage whereon vain men act. This boat, waiting. She, waiting. He considers it. He enters the galleries of implication. The wood is a voice.

It is at this intersection of that the battle takes place, a battle in which he had best keep himself out of those habits of activity which leave scars from adolescence. The memory of her he has left behind it must be or that the boat suddenly fades into a heap of rotten planking - again there's no distinct thread of reason as to why he would at this glimpse of Eternity turn round and retrace his steps through those thickets of indecision (the poor logging practices of an exploitive situation) which led him out initially. And he does go back and back to the point of separation, where he finds her still, waiting.

"You can't dream forever" is how she welcomes him. "You can't dream forever." That wound opens up and he is washed away to infancy in her comforting arms and she then leads him out into the river, a large rock, the warmth of the sun, make love to me, make love to me, an urgency then on her part when he is lost. The water whirls past them, into which no man can step twice, though they do, again and again. The bed of rock is spread with a cover of mottled light in which children forever find faces hidden.

So that he must look directly into the gaze of his own inability pulling at him from below. It's a bitter homecoming. And she knows it, but has more hope in the failure than he can yet stomach. A child so conceived.

Goodness provides that the light continues to spill all over everything near them, just as these words run up and down the undersides of tree branches in Albert's view. Tomorrow it might rain, or the next day. Eventually. He won't ever lay eyes on that boat again, unless it happens late in the night staring into the darkness while she lays curled peacefully beside him in the master's bedroom. And she's not unhappy so long as he serves her faithfully. Tomatoes ripen on their vines. In post-domestic moments the eyes of a doe search him out from underneath those ancestral hemlocks where he has learned to call up the dark side of his white bride.

Tula Van considered all this, and his reply came in the form of a seven syllable tract, dated Election Day '72 and called:

Concerning The Stage Where Man Is Free of Dream

or

The End of The Hermaphroditic Blasphemy

or

The Working Out of Projection

or

Night & Day!

returning to the basic facts
stated facts *clearly seen*
(acknowledged as primordially
chosen) the actual as against
the literal *separates* the life
from the dream *breaks* the
spell (I suppose some such
the M.O. behind Freud's work)
in the sense that if you try
to live your dream (he would
say fantasy) you don't then
have A Dream Life (in the
Australian sense is it?) for
only by *seeing* the actual
(person come into this world)
are you then free to dream of...?

"When the sun's light reflects from the brook in the pasture, what do you see? O what do you see?" It was the 19th Century speaking, circling their farmhouse as a flock of blackbirds preparing to depart. Hidden among the dying leaves this flurry of sound dropped over everything and left frost. But in this world the brook doesn't think what ideas it throws back into the air, passing from alders' shadows into the light. If an eye finds meaning there, that's its difficulty, momentarily blocked by a boulder the earth's mind has cast up into the visible.

"O I see Shiva dancing someday; someday I see water where cows drink. The man who preceded me saw power." An alternative to Niagara Mohawk, windmills, water wheels - the wood for burning or building or getting in the way of his plow. Not one particle of that previous physics pertains to an alliteration of this conviction: gurgle gurgle. Caw Caw. Even the highways of such sound lead back to the spoilage of repetition, a human inability to be anything more than streams and mountains without end. Let it be. Leave the world alone. And so it finds liberation in direct proportion to whatever control was once exerted upon it. For example: "The outlet of the Susquehanna, flows through a gorge in the low banks just mentioned, which may have a width of two hundred feet. This gorge was dammed, and the waters of the lake collected; the Susquehanna was converted into a rill. When all was ready, the troops embarked, the dam was knocked away, the Otsego poured out its torrent, and the boats went merrily down with the current."



On the following pages are selections from *The Oak Openings* by James Fenimore Cooper (Peter Fenelon Collier 1893 edition).

had occurred—"the Great Spirit selecting from among the nations of the earth one to be his chosen people. I cannot stop now to tell you all he did for this nation in the way of wonders and power; but finally he placed them in a beautiful country, where milk and honey abounded, and made them its masters. From that people, in his earthly character, came the Christ whom we missionaries preach to you, and who is the great head of our church. Although the Jews, or Israelites, as we call that people, were thus honored and thus favored of the Manitou, they were but men; they had the weaknesses of men. On more than one occasion they displeased the Great Spirit, and that so seriously as to draw down condign punishment on themselves, and on their wives and children. In various ways were they visited for their backslidings and sins, each time repenting and receiving forgiveness. At length the Great Spirit, tired of their forgetfulness and crimes, allowed an army to come into their land, and to carry away as captives, no less than ten of their twelve tribes; putting their people in strange hunting grounds. Now this happened many thousands of moons since, and no one can say with certainty what has become of those captives, whom Christians are accustomed to call 'the lost tribes of Israel.'"

Here the missionary paused to arrange his thoughts, and a slight murmur was heard in the circle as the chiefs communed together in interested comments on what had just been said. The pause, however, was short, and the speaker again proceeded, safe from any ungracious interruption among auditors so trained in self-restraint.

"Children, I shall not now say anything touching the birth of Christ, the redemption of the world, and the history of the two tribes that remained in the land where God had placed his people; for that is a part of the subject that comes properly within the scope of my ordinary teaching. At present I wish only to speak of yourselves; of the red man of America, of his probable origin and end, and of a great discovery that many of us think we

have made, on this most interesting topic in the history of the good book. Does any one present know aught of the ten lost tribes of whom I have spoken?"

Eye met eye, and expectation was lively among those primitive and untaught savages. At length Crowsfeather arose to answer, the missionary standing the whole time, motionless, as if waiting for a reply.

"My brother has told us a tradition," said the Pottawattamie. "It is a good tradition. It is a strange tradition. Red men love to hear such traditions. It is wonderful that so many as ten tribes should be *lost*, at the same time, and no one know what has become of them! My brother asks us if *we* know what has become of these ten tribes. How should poor red men, who live on their hunting grounds, and who are busy when the grass grows in getting together food for their squaws and papposes, against a time when the buffalo can find nothing to eat in this part of the world, know anything of a people that they never saw? My brother has asked a question that he only can answer. Let him tell us where these ten tribes are to be found, if he knows the place. We should like to go and look at them."

"Here!" exclaimed the missionary, the instant Crowsfeather ceased speaking, and even before he was seated. "Here—in this council—on these prairies—in these openings—here, on the shores of the great lakes of sweet water, and throughout the land of America, are these tribes to be found. The red man is a Jew; a Jew is a red man. The Manitou has brought the scattered people of Israel to this part of the world, and I see his power in the wonderful fact. Nothing but a miracle could have done this!"

Great was the admiration of the Indians at this announcement! None of their own traditions gave this account of their origin; but there is reason to believe, on the other hand, that none of them contradict it. Nevertheless, here was a medicine-priest of the pale-faces boldly proclaiming the fact, and great was the wonder of all who heard, thereat! Having spoken, the mis-

sionary again paused, that his words might produce their effect. Bear's Meat now became his interrogator, rising respectfully, and standing during the colloquy that succeeded.

"My brother has spoken a great tradition," said the Menomenee. "Did he first hear it from his fathers?"

"In part only. The history of the lost tribes has come down to us from our fathers; it is written in the good book of the pale-faces; the book that contains the word of the Great Spirit."

"Does the good book of the pale-faces say that the red men are the children of the people he has mentioned?"

"I cannot say that it does. While the good book tells us so much, it also leaves very much untold. It is best that we should look for ourselves, that we may find out some of its meanings. It is in thus looking that many Christians see the great truth which makes the Indians of America and the Jews beyond the great salt lake one and the same people."

"If this be so, let my brother tell us how far it is from our hunting grounds to that distant land across the great salt lake?"

"I cannot give you this distance in miles exactly; but I suppose it may be eleven or twelve times the length of Michigan."

"Will my brother tell us how much of this long path is water, and how much of it is dry land?"

"Perhaps one-fourth is land, as the traveler may choose; the rest must be water, if the journey be made from the rising toward the setting of the sun, which is the shortest path; but, let the journey be made from the setting toward the rising sun, and there is little water to cross; rivers and lakes of no great width, as is seen here, but only a small breadth of salt lake."

"Are there, then, two roads to that far off land, where the red men are thought to have once lived?"

"Even so. The traveler may come to this spot from that land by way of the rising sun, or by way of the setting sun."

The general movement among the mem-

bers of the council denoted the surprise with which this account was received. As the Indians, until they have had much intercourse with the whites, very generally believe the earth to be flat, it was not easy for them to comprehend how a given point could be reached by directly opposite routes. Such an apparent contradiction would be very likely to extort further questions.

"My brother is a medicine-man of the pale-faces; his hairs are gray," observed Cro wsfather. "Some of your medicine-men are good, and some wicked. It is so with the medicine-men of the redskins. Good and bad are to be found in all nations. A medicine-man of your people cheated my young men by promising to show them where fire-water grows. He did not show them. He let them smell, but he did not let them drink. That was a wicked medicine-man. His scalp would not be safe did my young men see it again—" here the bee-hunter, insensibly to himself, felt for his rifle, making sure that he had it between his legs; the corporal being a little surprised at the sudden start he gave. "His hair does not grow on his head closer than the trees grow to the ground. Even a tree can be cut down. But all medicine-men are not alike. My brother is a *good* medicine-man. All he says may not be just as he thinks, but he *believes* what he says. It is wonderful how men can look two ways; but it is more wonderful that they should go to the same place by paths that lead before and behind. This we do not understand; my brother will tell us how it can be."

"I believe I understand what it is that my children would know. They think the earth is flat, but the pale-faces know that it is round. He who travels and travels toward the setting sun would come to this very spot, if he traveled long enough. The distance would be great, but the end of every straight path in this world is the place of starting."

"My brother says this. He says many curious things. I have heard a medicine-man of his people say that the pale-faces have seen their Great Spirit, talked with

him, walked with him. It is not so with us Indians. Our Manitou speaks to us in thunder only. We are ignorant and wish to learn more than we now know. Has my brother ever traveled on that path which ends where it begins? Once, on the prairies, I lost my way. There was snow and glad was I to find tracks. I followed them tracks. But one traveler had passed. After walking an hour, two had passed. Another hour, and three had passed. Then I saw the tracks were my own, and that I had been walking, as the squaws reason, round and round, but not going ahead."

"I understand my friend, but he is wrong. It is no matter which path them lost tribes traveled to get here. The main question is, whether they came at all. I see in the red men, in their customs, their history, their looks, and even in their traditions, proofs that they are these Jews, once the favored people of the Great Spirit."

"If the Manitou so well loves the Indians, why has he permitted the pale-faces to take away their hunting grounds? Why has he made the red man poor, and the white man rich? Brother, I am afraid your tradition is a lying tradition, or these things would not be so."

"It is not given to man to understand the wisdom that cometh from above. That which seemeth so strange to us may be right. The lost tribes had offended God; and their scattering, and captivity, and punishment, are but so many proofs of His displeasure. But, if lost, we have reason to believe that one day they will be found. Yes, my children, it will be the pleasure of the Great Spirit one day to restore you to the land of your fathers, and make you again what you once were, a great and glorious people!"

As the well-meaning, but enthusiastic missionary spoke with great fervor, the announcement of such an event, coming as it did from one whom they respected, even while they could not understand him, did not fail to produce a deep sensation. If their fortunes were really the care of the Great Spirit, and justice was to be done to them by his love and wisdom,

then would the projects of Peter, and those who acted and felt with him, be unnecessary and might lead to evil instead of to good. The sagacious savage did not fail to discover this truth; and he now believed it might be well for him to say a word, in order to lessen the influence Parson Amen might otherwise obtain among those whom it was his design to mold in a way entirely to meet his own wishes. So intense was the desire of this mysterious leader to execute vengeance on the pale-face, that the redemption of the tribes from misery and poverty, unaccompanied by this part of his own project, would have given him pain in lieu of pleasure. His very soul had got to be absorbed in this one notion of retribution, and of annihilation for the oppressors of his race; and he regarded all things through a medium of revenge, thus created by his feelings, much as the missionary endeavored to bend every fact and circumstance, connected with the Indians, to the support of his theory touching their Jewish origin.

When Peter arose, therefore, fierce and malignant passions were at work in his bosom; such as a merciful and a benignant deity never wishes to see in the breast of man, whether civilized or savage. The self-command of the Tribeless, however, was great, and he so far succeeded in suppressing the volcano that was raging within, as to speak with his usual dignity, and entire calmness of exterior.

"My brothers have heard what the medicine-man had to say," Peter commenced. "He has told them that which was new to them. He has told them an Indian is not an Indian. That a red-man is a pale-face, and that we are not what we thought we were. It is good to learn. It makes the difference between the wise and the foolish. The pale-faces learn more than the red-skins. That is the way they have learned how to get our hunting-grounds. That is the way they have learned to build their villages on the spots where our fathers killed the deer. That is the way they have learned how to come and tell us that we are not Indians, but Jews. I wish to learn. Though old, my

mind craves to know more. That I may know more, I will ask this medicine-man questions, and my brothers can open their ears, and learn a little, too, by what he answers. Perhaps we shall believe that we are not red-skins, but pale-faces. Perhaps we shall believe that our true hunting-grounds are not near the great lakes of sweet water, but under the rising sun. Perhaps we shall wish to go home, and to leave these pleasant openings for the pale-faces to put their cabins on them, as the small-pox that they have also given to us, puts its sores on our bodies. Brother—"listen. You say we are no longer Indians, but Jews: is this true of *all* red-men, or only of the tribes whose chiefs are *here*?"

"Of *all* red men, as I most sincerely believe. You are now red, but once all of your people were fairer than the fairest of the pale-faces. It is climate, and hardships and sufferings that have changed your color."

"If suffering can do *that*," returned Peter, with emphasis, "I wonder we are not *black*. When *all* our hunting grounds are covered with the farms of your people, I think we shall be *black*."

Signs of powerful disgust were now visible among the listeners, an Indian having much of the contempt that seems to weigh so heavily on that unfortunate class, for all of the color mentioned. At the South, as is known, the red man has already made a slave of the descendants of the children of Africa, but no man has ever yet made a slave of a son of the American forests! *That* is a result which no human power has yet been able to accomplish. Early in the settlement of the country, attempts were indeed *made*, by sending a few individuals to the islands; but so unsuccessful did the experiment turn out to be, that the design was soon abandoned. Whatever may be his degradation, and poverty, and ignorance, and savage ferocity, it would seem to be a settled purpose of the American Indians of our own territories—unlike the aborigines who are to be found further south—to live and die a free man.

"My children," answered the missionary, "I pretend not to say what will happen, except as it has been told to us in the word of God. You know that we pale-faces have a book, in which the Great Spirit has told us his laws, and foretold to us many of the things that are to happen. Some of these things *have* happened, while some remain *to* happen. The loss of the ten tribes was foretold, and *has* happened; but their being *found* again, has not *yet* happened, unless indeed I am so blessed as to be one of those who have been permitted to meet them in these openings. Here is the book—it goes where I go and is my companion and friend, by day and by night; in good and evil; in season and out of season. To this book I cling as to my great anchor, that is to carry me through the storms in safety! Every line in it is precious; every word true?"

Perhaps half the chiefs present had seen books before, while those who now laid eyes on one for the first time, had heard of this art of the pale faces, which enabled them to set down their traditions in a way peculiar to themselves. Even the Indians have their records, however, though resorting to the use of natural signs, and a species of hieroglyphics, in lieu of the more artistical process of using words and letters, in a systemized written language. The Bible, too, was a book of which all had heard, more or less; though not one of those present had ever been the subject of its influence. A Christian Indian, indeed—and a few of those were to be found even at that day—would hardly have attended a council convened for the objects which had caused this to be convened. Still a strong but regulated curiosity existed, to see and touch and examine the great medicine book of the pale-faces. There was a good deal of superstition blended with the Indian manner of regarding the sacred volume; some present having their doubts about touching it, even while most excited by admiration, and a desire to probe its secrets.

Peter took the little volume, which the missionary extended as if inviting any one, who might so please, to examine it

also. It was the first time the wary chief had ever suffered that mysterious book to touch him. Among his other speculations on the subject of the manner in which the white men were encroaching, from year to year, on the lands of the natives, it had occurred to his mind that this extraordinary volume, which the pale-faces all *seemed* to reverence, even to the drunkards of the garrison, might contain the great elements of their power. Perhaps he was not very much out of the way in this supposition; though they who use the volume habitually, are not themselves aware, one half the time, why it is so.

On the present occasion Peter saw the great importance of not betraying apprehension, and he turned over the pages awkwardly, as one would be apt to handle a book for the first time, but boldly and without hesitation. Encouraged by the impunity that accompanied this hardihood, Peter shook the leaves open and held the volume on high, in a way that told his own people that he cared not for its charms or power. There was more of seeming than of truth, however, in this bravado; for never before had this extraordinary being made so heavy a draft on his courage and self-command as in the performance of this simple act. He did not, could not know what were the virtues of the book, and his imagination very readily suggested the worst. As the great medicine volume of the pale-faces, it was quite likely to contain that which was hostile to the red men; and this fact, so probable in his eyes, rendered it likely that some serious evil to himself might follow from the contact. It did not, however, and a smile of grim satisfaction lighted his swarthy countenance, as, turning to the missionary, he said with point—

“Let my brother open his eyes. I have looked into his medicine-book, but do not see that the red man is anything but a red man. The Great Spirit made him; and what the Great Spirit makes, lasts. The pale-faces have made their book, and it lies.”

“No, no—Peter, Peter, thou utterest wicked words! But the Lord will pardon thee, since thou knowest not what thou

sayest. Give me the sacred volume, that I may place it next my heart, where I humbly trust so many of its divine precepts are already intrenched.”

This was said in English, under the impulse of feeling, but being understood by Peter, the latter quietly relinquished the Bible, preparing to follow up the advantage he perceived he had gained on the spot.

“My brother has his medicine-book again,” said Peter, “and the red men live. This hand is not withered like the dead branch of the hemlock; yet it has held his word of the Great Spirit! It may be that a red-skin and a pale-face book cannot do each other harm. I looked into my brother’s great charm, but did not see or hear a tradition that tells me we are Jews. There is a bee-hunter in these openings. I have talked with him. He has told me who these Jews are. He says they are a people who do not go with the pale-faces, but live apart from them, like men with the small-pox. It is not right for my brother to come among the red men, and tell them that their fathers were not good enough to live, and eat, and go on the same paths as his fathers.”

“This is all a mistake, Peter—a great and dangerous mistake! The bee-hunter has heard the Jews spoken of by those who do not sufficiently read the good book. They have been, and are still, the chosen people of the Great Spirit, and will one day be received back to his favor. Would that I were one of them, now enlightened by the words of the New Testament! No real Christian ever can, or does now despise a son of Israel, whatever has been done in times past. It is an honor, and not a disgrace, to be what I have said my friends are.”

“If this be so, why do not the pale-faces let us keep our hunting grounds to ourselves? We are content. We do not wish to be Jews. Our canoes are too small to cross the great salt lake. They are hardly large enough to cross the great lakes of sweet water. We should be tired of paddling so far. My brother says there is a rich land under the rising sun, which

the Manitou gave to the red men. Is this so?"

"Beyond all doubt. It was given to the children of Israel for a possession forever; and though you have been carried away from it for a time, there the land still is, open to receive you, and waiting the return of its ancient masters. In good season that return must come; for we have the word of God for it in our Christian Bible."

"Let my brother open his ears very wide, and hear what I have to say. We thank him for letting us know that we are Jews. We believe that he thinks what he says. Still we think we are red men, and Injins, and not Jews. We never saw the place where the sun rises. We do not wish to see it. Our hunting grounds are nearer to the place where he sets. If the pale-faces believe we have a right to that distant land, which is so rich in good things, we will give it to them, and keep these openings, and prairies, and woods. We know the game of this country, and have found out how to kill it. We do not know the game under the rising sun, which may kill us. Go to your friends and say, 'The Indian will give you that land near the rising sun, if you will let them alone on their hunting grounds, where they have so long been. They say that your canoes are larger than their canoes, and that one can carry a whole tribe. They have seen some of your big canoes on the great lakes, and have measured them. Fill all you have got with your squaws and papposes, put your property in them, and go back by the long path through which you came. Then will the red man thank the pale-face and be his friend. The white man is welcome to that far-off land. Let him take it, and build his villages on it, and cut down its trees. This is all the Injins ask. If the pale-faces can take away with him the small-pox and the fire-water, it will be better still. They brought both into this country, it is right that they should take them away.' Will my brother tell this to his people?"

"It would do no good. They know that the land of Judea is reserved by God for

his chosen people, and they are not Jews. None but the children of Israel can restore that land to its ancient fertility. It would be useless for any other to attempt it. Armies have been there, and it was once thought that a Christian kingdom was set up on the spot; but neither the time nor the people had come. Jews alone can make Judea what it was, and what it will be again. If my people owned that land, they could not use it. There are also too many of us now to go away in canoes."

"Did not the fathers of the pale-faces come in canoes?" demanded Peter, a little sternly.

"They did; but since that time their increase has been so great that canoes enough to hold them could not be found. No; the Great Spirit, for his own wise ends, has brought my people hither; and here must they remain to the end of time. It is not easy to make the pigeons fly south in the spring."

This declaration, quietly but distinctly made, as it was the habit of the missionary to speak, had its effect. It told Peter, and those with him, as plainly as language could tell them, that there was no reason to expect the pale-faces would ever willingly abandon the country, and seemed the more distinctly, in all their uneducated minds, to place the issue on the armed hand. It is not improbable that some manifestation of feeling would have escaped the circle, had not an interruption to the proceedings occurred, which put a stop to all other emotions but those peculiar to the lives of savages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Nearer the mount stood Moses; in his hand
The red rod which blasted with strange plagues the
realm
Of Misraim, and from its time-worn channels
Upturned the Arabian Sea. Fair was his broad
High front and forth from his soul-piercing eye
Did legislation look; which full he fix'd
Upon the blazing panoply undazzled."

—HILLHOUSE.

It often happens in the recesses of the wilderness, that, in the absence of men, the animals hunt each other. The wolves,

sight into the extent and magnitude of his plans of retributive vengeance, it is not probable his uneasiness, at the moment, would have been so great, or the urgency for an immediate decision on the part of le Bourdon would have appeared as urgently pressing as it now seemed to be.

The bee-hunter took his way to a spot that was at some distance from his habitation, a small prairie of circular form, that is now generally known in that region of the country, by the name of Prairie Round. Three hours were necessary to reach it, and this so much the more, because Margery's shorter steps were to be considered. Margery, however, was no laggard on a path. Young, active, light of foot, and trained in exertions of this nature, her presence did not probably retard the arrival many minutes.

The extraordinary part of the proceedings was the circumstance that the bee-hunter did not tell any one whither he was going, and that Peter did not appear to care about putting the question to him. Notwithstanding this reserve on one side, and seeming indifference on the other, when the party reached Prairie Round, every one of the chiefs who had been present at the council of the previous night, was there before it. The Indians were straggling about, but remained sufficiently near the point where the bee-hunter and his followers reached the prairie, to assemble around the group in a very few minutes after it made its appearance. All this struck le Bourdon as fearfully singular, since it proved how many secret means of communication existed between these savages. That the inmates of the habitations were closely observed, and all their proceedings noted, he could not but suspect, even before receiving this proof of Peter's power; but he was not aware until now, how completely he and all with him were at the mercy of these formidable foes. What hope could there be for escape, when hundreds of eyes were thus watching their movements, and every thicket had its vigilant and sagacious sentinel? Yet, must flight be attempted in some way or

other, or Margery and her sister would be hopelessly lost, to say nothing of himself and the three other men.

But the appearance of the remarkable little prairie he had just reached, and the collection of chiefs, now occupied all the present thoughts of le Bourdon. As for the first, it is held in repute, even at the present hour, as a place that the traveler should see, though covered with farms and the buildings that belong to husbandry. It is still visited as a picture of ancient civilization, placed in the setting of a new country. It is true that very little of this part of Michigan wears much, if any, of that aspect of a rough beginning, including stubs, stumps, and circled trees, that it has so often fallen to our share to describe. There *are* dense forests, and those of considerable extent; and wherever the ax is put into *them* the progress of improvement is marked by the same steps as elsewhere; but the lovely Openings form so many exceptions as almost to compose the rule.

On Prairie Round there was even a higher stamp of seeming civilization—seeming, since it was nature, after all, that had mainly drawn the picture. In the first place, the spot had been burnt so recently as to leave the entire expanse covered with young grasses and flowers, the same as if it were a well-kept park. This feature, at that advanced period of the summer, was in some degree accidental, the burning of the prairies depending more or less on contingencies of that sort. We have now less to do with the cause than with its consequences. These were most agreeable to the eye, as well as comfortable to the foot, the grass nowhere being of a height to impede movement, or, what was of still more importance to le Bourdon's present pursuit, to overshadow the flowers. Aware of this fact, he had led his companions all that distance, to reach this scene of remarkable rural beauty, in order that he might make a grand display of his art, in presence of the assembled chiefs of that region.

The bee-hunter had pride in his craft, the same as any other skillful workman who had gained a reputation by his cun-

ning, and he now trod the prairie with a firmer step, and a more kindling eye, than was his wont in the commoner haunts of his calling. Men were there whom it might be an honor to surprise, and pretty Margery was there also, she who had so long desired to see this very exhibition.

But, to revert once more to the prairie, ere we commence the narrative of what occurred on it! This well-known area is of no great extent, possessing a surface about equal to that of one of the larger parks of Europe. Its name was derived from its form, which, without being absolutely regular, had so near an approach to a circle as to justify the use of the appellation. The face of this charming field was neither waving, or what is called "rolling," nor a dead flat, as often occurs with river bottoms. It had just enough of undulation to prevent too much moisture, and to impart an agreeable variety to its plain. As a whole, it was clear of the forest; quite as much so as if the ax had done its work there a thousand years before, though wood was not wanting. On the contrary, enough of the last was to be seen, in addition to that which formed the frame of this charming landscape, to relieve the view from all appearance of monotony, and to break it up into copses, thickets, trees in small clusters, and in most of the varieties that embellish native scenery.

One who had been unexpectedly transferred to the spot might well have imagined that he was looking on the site of some old and long-established settlement, from which every appliance of human industry had been suddenly and simultaneously abstracted. Of houses, out-buildings, fences, stacks, and husbandry, there were no signs; unless the even and verdant sward, that was spread like a vast carpet, sprinkled with flowers, could have been deemed a sign of the last. There were the glades, vistas, irregular lawns, and woods, shaped with the pleasing outlines of the free hand of Nature, as if consummate art had been endeavoring to imitate our great mistress in one of her most graceful moods.

The Indians present served largely to

embellish this scene. Of late years, horses have become so common among the western tribes, the vast natural meadows of those regions furnishing the means necessary to keep them, that one can now hardly form a picture of those savages, without representing them mounted, and wielding the spear; but such was not the fact with the time of which we are writing, nor was it ever the general practice to go mounted, among the Indians in the immediate vicinity of the great lakes. Not a hoof of any sort was now visible, with the exception of those which belonged to a herd of deer, that were grazing on a favorite spot, less than a league distant from the place where le Bourdon and his companions reached the prairie. All the chiefs were on foot, and very few were equipped with more than the knife and tomahawk, the side-arms of a chief; the rifles having been secreted, as it might be, in deference to the festivities and peaceful character of the occasion.

As Le Bourdon's party was duly provided with rifles, the missionary and Margery excepted, this was a sign that no violence was contemplated, on that occasion at least. "Contemplated," however, is a word very expressive, when used in connection with the outbreaks of human passions, as they are wont to exhibit themselves among the ignorant and excited. It matters not whether the scene be the capital of some ancient European monarchy or the wilds of America, the workings of such impulses are much the same. Now, a throne is overturned, perhaps, before they who do it are yet fully aware of what they ought to set up in its place; and now the deadly rifle, or the murderous tomahawk is used, more in obedience to the incentives of demons than in furtherance of justly recognized rules of conduct. Le Bourdon was aware of all this, and did not so far confide in appearances as to overlook the watchfulness that he deemed indispensable.

The bee-hunter was not long in selecting a place to set up his apparatus. In this particular he was mainly governed by a lovely expanse of sweet-scented flowers, among which bees, in thousands,

were humming, sipping of their precious gifts at will. Le Bourdon had a care, also, not to go far from the forests which encircled the prairies, for among its trees he knew he had to seek the habitations of the insects. Instead of a stump, or a fallen tree, he had prepared a light framework of lath, which the corporal bore to the field for him, and on which he placed his different implements, as soon as he had selected the scene of operations.

It will not be necessary for us to repeat the process, which has already been described in our opening chapters, but we shall only touch such parts of it as have a direct connection with the events of the legend. As le Bourdon commenced his preparations, however, the circle of chiefs closed around him, in mute but close attention to everything that passed. Although every one of them had heard of the bee-hunters of the pale-faces, and most of them had heard of this particular individual of their number, not an Indian present had ever seen one of these men practice his craft. This may seem strange, as respects those who so much roamed the woods; but we have already remarked that it exceeded the knowledge of the red man to make the calculations that are necessary to take the bee by the process described. Usually, when he obtains honey, it is the result of some chance-meeting in the forest, and not the fruits of that far-sighted and persevering industry, which enables the white man to lay in a store large enough to supply a neighborhood, in the course of a few weeks' hunting.

Never was a juggler watched with closer attention, than was le Bourdon, while setting up his stand and spreading his implements. Every grave, dark countenance was turned toward him, and each keen, glistening eye was riveted on his movements. As the vessel with the comb was set down, the chiefs nearest recognizing the substance, murmured their admiration; for to them it seemed as if the operator were about to make honey with honey. Then the glass was a subject of surprise; for half of those present had never seen such an utensil before. Though

many of the chief present had visited the "garrisons" of the northwest, both American and English, many had not; and of those who had, not one in ten had got any clear idea of the commonest appliances of civilized life. Thus it was, then, that almost every article used by the bee-hunter, though so simple and homely, was the subject of a secret, but well-suppressed admiration.

It was not long ere le Bourdon was ready to look for his bee. The insects were numerous on the flowers, particularly on the white clover, which is indigenous in America, springing up spontaneously wherever grasses are permitted to grow. The great abundance of the bees, however, had its usual effect, and our hero was a little difficult to please. At length, a fine, and already half-loaded little animal was covered by the glass, and captured. This was done so near the group of Indians, that each and all noted the process. It was curious, and it was inexplicable! Could the pale-faces compel bees to reveal the secret of their hives, and was that encroaching race about to drive all the insects from the woods and seize their honey, as they drove the Indians before them and seized their lands? Such was the character of the thoughts that passed through the minds of more than one chief, that morning, though all looked on in profound stillness.

When the imprisoned bee was put over the comb, and le Bourdon's cap was placed above all, these simple-minded children of the woods and the prairies gazed, as if expecting a hive to appear beneath the covering, whenever the latter should be removed. It was not long before the bee "settled," and not only the cap but the tumbler was taken away. For the first time since the exhibition commenced, le Bourdon spoke, addressing himself to Peter.

"If the tribeless chief will look sharply," he said, "he will soon see the bee take flight. It is filling itself with honey, and the moment it is loaded—look—look—it is about to rise—there, it is up—see it circling around the stand, as if to take a look that it may know it again—there it goes!"

There it did go, of a truth, and in a regular bee-line, or as straight as an arrow. Of all that crowd, the bee-hunter and Margery alone saw the insect in his flight. Most of those present lost sight of it while circling around the stand; but the instant it darted away, to the remainder it seemed to vanish into air. Not so with le Bourdon and Margery, however. The former saw it from habit; the latter from a quick eye, intense attention, and the wish not to miss anything that le Bourdon saw fit to do, for her information or amusement. The animal flew in an air-line toward a point of wood distant fully half-a-mile, and on the margin of the prairie.

Many low exclamations arose among the savages. The bee was gone, but whither they knew not, or on what errand. Could it have been sent on a message by the pale-face, or had it flown off to give the alarm to its companions, in order to adopt the means of disappointing the bee-hunter? As for the last, he went coolly to work to choose another insect; and he soon had three at work on the comb—all in company, and all uncovered. Had the number anything to do with the charm, or were these three to be sent to bring back the one that had already gone away? Such was the sort of reasoning, and such the queries put to themselves, by several of the stern children of nature who were drawn up around the stand.

In the mean time le Bourdon proceeded with his operations in the utmost simplicity. He now called Peter and Bear's Meat and Crowsfeather nearer to his person, where they might share with Margery the advantage of more closely seeing all that passed. As soon as these three chiefs were near enough, Ben pointed to one bee in particular, saying in the Indian dialect—

"My brothers see that bee in the center—he is about to go away. If he go after the one that went before him, I shall soon know where to look for honey."

"How can my brother tell which bee will first fly away?" demanded Bear's Meat.

The bee-hunter was able to foresee this, by knowing which insect had been longest on the comb; but so practiced had his eye become, that he knew with tolerable accuracy, by the movements of the creatures, those that had filled themselves with honey from those that had not. As it did not suit his purposes, however, to let all the minutiae of his craft be known, his answer was evasive. Just at that moment a thought occurred to him, which it might be well to carry out in full. He had once saved his life by necromancy, or what seemed to the simple children of the woods to be necromancy, and why might he not turn the cunning of his regular art to account, and render it the means of rescuing the females, as well as himself, from the hands of their captors? This sudden impulse from that moment controlled his conduct; and his mind was constantly casting about for the means of effecting what was now his one great purpose—escape. Instead of uttering, in reply to Bear's Meat's question, the simple truth, therefore, he rather sought for such an answer as might make the process in which he was engaged appear imposing and mystical.

"How do the Injins know the path of the deer?" he asked, by way of reply. "They look at the deer, get to know him, and understand his ways. This middle bee will soon fly."

"Which way will he go?" asked Peter. "Can my brother tell us *that*?"

"To his hive," returned le Bourdon, carelessly, as if he did not fully understand the question. "All of them go to their hives, unless I tell them to go in another direction. See, the bee is up!"

The chiefs now looked with all their eyes. They saw, indeed, that the bee was making its circles above the stand. Presently they lost sight of the insect, which to them seemed to vanish; though le Bourdon distinctly traced its flight for a hundred yards. It took a direction at right angles to that of the first bee, flying off into the prairie, and shaping its course toward an island of wood, which might have been of three or four acres in extent, and distant rather less than a mile.

"No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,
 As scowling on the priest he looks;
Cowessass—cowessass—tawich wessassen ?
 Let my father look on Bornazeen—
 My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,
 But mine is so hard that it does not thaw."
 —WHITTIER.

to himself, than if he should release his own hold of Margery, by giving her at once to her lover. Right or wrong, such was the impression taken up by le Bourdon, and he was glad when the missionary urged his request to be permitted to pronounce the nuptial benediction on the spot.

Little ceremony is generally used in an American marriage. In very many cases no clergyman is employed at all; and where there is, most of the sects have no ring, no giving away, nor any of those observances which were practiced in the churches of old. There existed no impediment, therefore; and, after a decent interval spent in persuasions, Margery consented to plight her vows to the man of her heart before they left the spot. She would fain have had Dorothy present, for woman loves to lean on her own sex on such occasions, but submitted to the necessity of proceeding at once, as the bee-hunter and the missionary chose to term it.

A better altar could not have been selected in all that vast region. It was one of Nature's own erecting; and le Bourdon and his pretty bride placed themselves before it, with feelings suited to the solemnity of the occasion. The good missionary stood within the shade of a burr oak, in the center of those park-like Openings, every object looking fresh, and smiling, and beautiful. The sward was green, and short as that of a well-tended lawn; the flowers were, like the bride herself, soft, modest, and sweet; while charming rural vistas stretched through the trees, much as if art had been summoned in aid of the great mistress who had designed the landscape. When the parties knelt in prayer, which all present did, not excepting the worthy corporal, it was on the verdant ground, with first the branches of the trees, and then the deep, fathomless vault of heaven for a canopy. In this manner was the marriage benediction pronounced on the bee-hunter and Margery Waring, in the venerable Oak Openings. No Gothic structure, with its fretted aisles and clustered columns, could have been one-half as appropriate for the union of such a couple.

LEAVING the newly-married couple to pursue their way homeward, it is now our province to return to Prairie Round. One accustomed to such scenes would easily have detected the signs of divided opinions and of agitating doubts among the chiefs, though nothing like contention or dispute had yet manifested itself. Peter's control was still in the ascendant, and he had neglected none of his usual means of securing influence. Perhaps he labored so much the harder, from the circumstance that he now found himself so situated as to be compelled to undo much that he had previously done.

On the other hand, Ungque appeared to have no particular cause of concern. His manner was as much unoccupied as usual; and to his habit of referring all his influence to sudden and powerful bursts of eloquence, if design of any sort was entertained, he left his success.

We pass over the details of assembling the council. The spot was not exactly on the prairie, but in a bit of lovely "Opening" on its margin, where the eye could roam over a wide extent of that peculiar natural meadow, while the body enjoyed the shades of the wood. The chiefs alone were in the circle, while the "braves" and the "young men" generally formed a group on the outside, near enough to hear what passed, and to profit by it if so disposed. The pipe was smoked, and all the ordinary customs observed, when Bear's Meat arose, the first speaker on that momentous occasion.

"Brothers," he said, "this is the great council on Prairie Round to which we have been called. We have met before, but not here. This is our first meeting here. We have traveled a long path to get here. Some of our brethren have traveled farther. They are at Detroit. They went there to meet our great Canada Father,

and to take Yankee scalps. How many scalps they have taken I do not know, or I would tell you. It is pleasant to me to count Yankee scalps. I would rather count them, than count the scalps of red men. There are still a great many left. The Yankees are many, and each Yankee has a scalp. There should not be so many. When the buffaloes came in the largest droves, our fathers used to go out to hunt them in the strongest parties. Their sons should do the same. We are the sons of those fathers. They say we look like them, talk like them, live like them—we should *act* like them. Let another speak, for I have done.”

After this brief address, which bore some resemblance to a chairman’s calling a meeting of civilized men to order, there was more smoking. It was fully expected that Peter would next arise, but he did not. Perceiving this, and willing to allow time to that great chief to arrange his thoughts, Crowsfeather assumed the office of filling the gap. He was far more of a warrior than of an orator, and was listened to respectfully, but less for what he said than for what he had done. A good deal of Indian boasting, quite naturally, was blended with *his* discourse.

“My brother has told you of the Yankee scalps,” he commenced. “He says they are many. He says there ought to be fewer. He did not remember who sat so near him. Perhaps he does not know that there are three less now than there were a moon since. Crowsfeather took three at Chicago. Many scalps were taken there. The Yankees must be plentier than the buffaloes on the great prairies, if they can lose so many scalps often, and send forth their warriors. I am a Pottawattamie. My brothers know that tribe. It is not a tribe of Jews, but a tribe of Injins. It is a great tribe. It never was *lost*. It *cannot* be lost. No tribe better knows all the paths, and all the best routes to every point where it wishes to go. It is foolish to say you can lose a Pottawattamie. A duck would be as likely to lose itself as a Pottawattamie. I do not speak for the Ottawas; I speak for the Pottawattamies. We are not

Jews. We do not wish to be Jews; and what we do not wish to be, we will not be. Our father, who has come so far to tell us that we are not Injins, but Jews, is mistaken. I never heard of these Jews before. I do not wish to hear of them again. When a man has heard enough, he does not keep his ears open willingly. It is then best for the speaker to sit down. The Pottawattamies have shut their ears to the great medicine-priest of the pale-faces. What he says may be true of other tribes, but it is not true of the Pottawattamies. We are not lost; we are not Jews. I have done.”

This speech was received with general favor. The notion that the Indians were not Indians, but Jews, was far from being agreeable to those who had heard what had been said on the subject; and the opinions of Crowsfeather possessed the great advantage of reflecting the common sentiment on this interesting subject. When this is the case, a very little eloquence or logic goes a great way; and, on the whole, the address of the last speaker was somewhat better received than that of the first.

It was now confidently believed that Peter would rise. But he did not. That mysterious chief was not yet prepared to speak, or he was judiciously exciting expectation by keeping back. There were at least ten minutes of silent smoking, ere a chief, whose name rendered into English was Bough of the Oak, arose, evidently with a desire to help the time along. Taking his cue from the success of Crowsfeather, he followed up the advantage obtained by that chief, assailing the theory of the missionary from another quarter.

“I am an Injin,” said Bough of the Oak; “my father was an Injin, and my mother was the daughter of an Injin. All my fathers were red men, and all their sons. Why should I wish to be anything else? I asked my brother, the medicine-priest, and he owned that the Jews are pale-faces. This he should not have owned, if he wished the Injins to be Jews. My skin is red. The Manitou of my fathers so painted it, and their child will not try

to wash out the color. Were the color washed out of my face, I should be a pale-face! There would not be paint enough to hide my shame. No; I was born red, and will die a red man. It is not good to have two faces. An Injin is not a snake, to cast his skin. The skin in which he was born he keeps. He plays in it when a child; he goes in it to his first hunt; the bears and the deer know him by it; he carries it with him on the war-path, and his enemies tremble at the sight of it; his squaw knows him by that skin when he comes back to his wigwam; and when he dies he is put aside in the same skin in which he was born. There is but one skin, and it has but one color. At first, it is little. The pappoose that wears it is little. There is no need of a large skin. But it grows with the pappoose, and the biggest warrior finds his skin around him. This is because the Great Spirit fitted it to him. Whatever Manitou does is good.

“My brothers have squaws—they have papposes. When the pappoose is put into their arms, do they get the paint-stones and paint it red? They do not. It is not necessary. The Manitou painted it red before it was born. How this was done I do not know. I am nothing but a poor Injin, and only know what I see. I have seen that the papposes are red when they are born, and that the warriors are red when they die. They are also red while living. It is enough. Their fathers could never have been pale-faces, or we should find some white spots on their children. There are none.

“Crowsfeather has spoken of the Jews as lost. I am not surprised to hear it. It seems to me that all pale-faces get lost. They wander from their own hunting-grounds into those of other people. It is not so with Injins. The Pottawatamie does not kill the deer of the Iowa, nor the Ottawa the deer of the Menomenees. Each tribe knows its own game. This is because they are not lost. My pale-face father appears to wish us well. He has come on a long and weary path to tell us about his Manitou. For this I thank him. I thank all who wish to do me good. Them that wish to do me

harm I strike from behind. It is our Injin custom. I do not wish to hurt the medicine-priest, because I think he wishes to do me good, and not to do me harm. He has a strange law. It is to do good to them that do harm to you. It is not the law of the red men. It is not a good law. I do not wonder that the tribes which follow such a law get lost. They cannot tell their friends from their enemies. They can have no people to scalp. What is a warrior if he cannot find some one to scalp? No; such a law would make women of the bravest braves in the openings, or on the prairie. It may be a good law for Jews, who get lost; but it is a bad law for Injins, who know the paths they travel. Let another speak.”

This brief profession of faith, on the subject that had been so recently broached in the council, seemed to give infinite satisfaction. All present evidently preferred being red men who knew where they were, than to be pale-faces who had lost their road. Ignorance of his path is a species of disgrace to an American savage, and not a man there would have confessed that his particular division of the great human family was in that dilemma. The idea that the Yankees were “lost,” and had got materially astray, was very grateful to most who heard it; and Bough of the Oak gained a considerable reputation as an orator in consequence of the lucky hits made on this occasion.

Another long, ruminating pause, and much passing of the pipe of peace succeeded. It was near half an hour after the last speaker had resumed his seat ere Peter stood erect. In that long interval expectation had time to increase, and curiosity to augment itself. Nothing but a very great event could cause this pondering, this deliberation, and this unwillingness to begin. When, however, the time did come for the mysterious chief to speak, the man of many scalps to open his mouth, profound was the attention that prevailed among all present. Even after he had arisen, the orator stood silently looking around him, as if the throes of his thoughts had to be a little suppressed be-

"All gone. No more council, now. Agree what to do, and so go away."

"But are red men always as good as their words? do they *perform* always what they *promise*?"

"Sartain—Ebbery man ought do what he say. Dat Injin law—no pale-face law, eh?"

"It may be the *law*, Peter, and a very good law it is; but we white men do not always *mind* our own laws."

"Dat bad—Great Spirit don't like dat." returned Peter, looking grave, and slowly shaking his head. "Dat very bad. When Injin say he do it, den he do it, if he can. If can't, no help for it. Send squaw away, now, Bourdon—bess not to let squaw hear what men say, or will always want to hear."

Le Bourdon laughed, as he turned to Margery and repeated these words. The young wife colored, but she took it in good part, and ran up toward the palisaded lodge, like one who was glad to be rid of her companions. Peter waited a few moments, then turning his head slowly in all directions, to make sure of not being overheard, he began to lay open his mind.

"You been on Prairie Round, Bourdon—you see Injin dere—chief, warrior, young men, hunter, all dere."

"I saw them all, Peter, and a goodly sight it was—what between paint, and medals, and bows and arrows, and tomahawks, and all your bravery!"

"You like to see him, eh?—Yes; he fine t'ing to look at. Well, dat council call togedder by *me*—you know dat, too, Bourdon?"

"I have heard you say that such was your intention, and I suppose you did it, chief. They tell me you have great power among your own people, and that they do very much as you tell them to do."

Peter looked graver than ever at this remark; and one of his startling gleams of ferocity passed over his dark countenance. Then he answered with his customary self-command.

"Sometime, so," he said; "sometime, not so. Yesterday, not so. Dere is chief dat want to put Peter under his foot! He

try, but he no do it! I know Peter well, and know dat chief, too."

"This is news to me, Peter, and I am surprised to hear it. I did think that even the great Tecumthe was scarcely as big a chief as you are, yourself."

"Yes, pretty big chief; dat true. But, among Injin, ebbery man can speak, and nebber know which way council go. Sometime, he go one way; sometime, he go tudder. You hear Bough of Oak speak, Bourdon, eh? Tell me dat?"

"You will remember that I heard none of your speakers on Prairie Round, Peter. I do not remember any such orator as this Bough of Oak."

"He great rascal," said Peter, who had picked up some of the garrison expressions among those from whom he acquired the knowledge of English he possessed, such as it was. "Listen, Bourdon. Nebber bess stand too much in Peter's way."

The bee-hunter laughed freely at this remark; for his own success the previous day, and the impression he had evidently made on that occasion, emboldened him to take greater liberties with the mysterious chief than had been his wont.

"I should think that, Peter," cried the young man, gayly—"I should think all that. For one, I should choose to get out of it. The path you travel is your own, and all wise men will leave you to journey along it in your own fashion."

"Yes; dat bess way," answered the great chief, with admirable simplicity. "Don't like, when he say yes, to hear anudder chief say no. Dat a'n't good way to do business." These were expressions caught from the trading whites, and were often used by those who got their English from them. "I tell you one t'ing, Bourdon—dat Bough of Oak very foolish Injin if he put foot on my path."

"This is plain enough, Peter," rejoined le Bourdon, who was unconcernedly repairing some of the tools of his ordinary craft. "By the way, I am greatly in your debt, I learn, for one thing. They tell me I've got my squaw in my wigwam a good deal sooner, by your advice, than I might have otherwise done. Margery is now my wife, I suppose you know; and

I thank you heartily for helping me to get married so much sooner than I expected to be."

Here Peter grasped Bourdon by the hand, and poured out his whole soul, secret hopes, fears, and wishes. On this occasion he spoke in the Indian dialect—one of those that he knew the bee-hunter understood. And we translate what he said freely into English, preserving as much of the original idiom as the change of language will permit.

"Listen, hunter of the bee, and great medicine of the pale-faces, and hear what a chief that knows the red men is about to tell you. Let my words into your ears; let them stay in your mind. They are words that will do you good. It is not wise to let such words come out by the hole through which they have just entered.

"My young friend knows our traditions. They do not tell us that the Injins were Jews; they tell us that the Manitou created them red men. They tell us that our fathers used these hunting-grounds ever since the earth was placed on the back of the big tortoise which upholds it. The pale-faces say the earth moves. If this be true, it moves as slowly as the tortoise walks. It cannot have gone far since the Great Spirit lifted his hands off it. If it move, the hunting-grounds move with it, and the tribes move with their own hunting-grounds. It may be that some of the pale-faces are lost, but no Injins is lost—the medicine-priest is mistaken. He has looked so often in his book, that he sees nothing but what is there. He does not see what is before his eyes, at his side, behind his back, all around him. I have known such Injins. They see but one thing; even the deer jump across their paths, and are not seen.

"Such are our traditions. They tell us that this land was given to the red men, and not to pale-faces. That none but red men have any right to hunt here. The Great Spirit has laws. He has told us these laws. They teach us to love our friends, and to hate our enemies. You don't believe this, Bourdon?" observing the bee-hunter to wince a little, as if he found the doctrine bad.

"This is not what our priests tell us," answered le Bourdon. "They tell us that the white man's God commands us to love all alike—to do *good* to our enemies, to *love* them that wish us *harm*, and to treat all men as we would wish men to treat us."

Peter was a good deal surprised at this doctrine, and it was nearly a minute before he resumed the discourse. He had recently heard it several times, and it was slowly working its way into his mind.

"Such are our traditions, and such are our laws. Look at me. Fifty winters have tried to turn my hair white. Time can do that. The hair is the only part of an Injin that ever turns white; all the rest of him is red. That is his color. The game know an Injin by his color. The tribes know him. Everything knows him by his color. He knows the things which the Great Spirit has given him in the same way. He gets used to them, and they are his acquaintances. He does not like strange things. He does not like strangers. White men are strangers, and he does not like to see them on his hunting-ground. If they come singly, to kill a few buffaloes, or to look for honey, or to catch beaver, the Injins would not complain. They love to give of their abundance. The pale-faces do not come in this fashion. They do not come as guests; they come as masters. They come and they stay. Each year of my fifty have I heard of new tribes that have been driven by them toward the setting sun.

"Bourdon, for many seasons I have thought of this. I have tried to find a way to stop them. There is but one. That way must the Injins try, or give up their hunting-grounds to the strangers. No nation likes to give up its hunting-grounds. They come from the Manitou, and one day he may ask to have them back again. What could the red man say if they let the pale-faces take them away. No; this we cannot do. We will first try the one thing that is to be done."

"I believe I understand you, Peter," observed le Bourdon, finding that his companion paused. "You mean war. War is the Injin mode of redressing all

me to say it. Does the medicine-man of the pale-face tell us that the Son of the Great Spirit came upon earth, and lived among men?"

"I do; such is our belief; and the religion we believe and teach cometh directly from his mouth."

"Let the medicine-man tell the chiefs how long the Son of the Great Spirit stayed on earth, and which way he went when he left it?"

Now, this question was put by Ungque through profound dissimulation. He had heard of the death of Christ, and had obtained some such idea of the great sacrifice as would be apt to occur to the mind of a savage. He foresaw that the effect of the answer would be very likely to destroy most of the influence that the missionary had just been building up by means of his doctrine and prayers. Parson Amen was a man of singular simplicity of character, but he had his misgivings touching the effect of this reply. Still, he did not scruple about giving it, or attempt in any manner to mystify or to deceive.

"It is a humiliating and sad story, my brethren, and one that ought to cause all heads to be bowed to the earth in shame," he answered. "The Son of the Great Spirit came among men; he did nothing but good; told those who heard him how to live and how to die. In return for all this, wicked and unbelieving men put him to death. After death his body was taken up into Heaven—the region of departed spirits and the dwelling-place of his Father—where he now is, waiting for the time when he is to return to the earth to reward the good and to punish the wicked. That time will surely come; nor do I believe the day to be very distant."

The chiefs listened to this account with grave attention. Some of them had heard outlines of the same history before. Accounts savoring of the Christian history had got blended with some of their own traditions, most probably the fruits of the teachings of the earlier missionaries, but were so confused and altered as to be scarcely susceptible of being recognized. To most of them, however, the his-

tory of the incarnation of the Son of God was entirely new; and it struck *them* as a most extraordinary thing altogether that any man should have injured such a being! It was, perhaps, singular that no one of them all doubted the truth of the tradition itself. This they supposed to have been transmitted with the usual care, and they received it as a fact not to be disputed. The construction that was put on its circumstances will best appear in the remarks that followed.

"If the pale-faces killed the Son of the Great Spirit," said Bough of the Oak, pointedly, "we can see why they wish to drive the red men from their lands. Evil spirits dwell in such men, and they do nothing but what is bad. I am glad that our great chief has told us to put a foot on this worm and crush it, while yet the Indian foot is large enough to do it. In a few winters they would kill us, as they killed the Spirit that did them nothing but good!"

"I am afraid that this mighty tradition hath a mystery in it that your Indian minds will scarcely be willing to receive," resumed the missionary, earnestly. "I would not, for a thousand worlds, or to save ten thousand lives as worthless as my own, place a straw in the way of the faith of any; yet must I tell the thing as it happened. This Son of the Great Spirit was certainly killed by the Jews of that day, so far as he *could* be killed. He possessed two natures, as indeed do all men; the body and soul. In his body he was man, as we are all men; in his soul he was a part of the Great Spirit himself. This is the great mystery of our religion. We cannot tell how it can happen, but we believe it. We see around us a thousand things that we cannot understand, and this is one of them."

Here Bear's Meat availed himself of another pause to make a remark. This he did with the keenness of one accustomed to watch words and events closely, but with a simplicity that showed no vulgar disposition to scepticism.

"We do not expect that all the Great Spirit does can be clear to us Indians," he said. "We know very little; he knows

everything. Why should we think to know all that he knows? We do not. That part of the tradition gives us no trouble. Indians can believe without seeing. They are not squaws, that wish to look behind every bush. But my brother has told too much for his own good. If the pale-faces killed their Great Spirit, they can have no Manitou, and must be in the hands of the Evil Spirit. This is the reason they want our hunting-grounds. I will not let them come any nearer to the setting sun. It is time to begin to kill them, as they killed their Great Spirit. The Jews did this. My brother wishes us to think that red men are Jews! No; red men never harmed the Son of the Great Spirit. They would receive Him as a friend and treat Him as a chief. Accursed be the hand that should be raised to harm Him. This tradition was a wise tradition. It tells us many things. It tells us that Injins are not Jews. They never hurt the Son of the Great Spirit. It tells us that the red men have always lived on these hunting-grounds, and did not come from toward the rising sun. It tells us that pale-faces are not fit to live. They are too wicked. Let them die."

"I would ask a question," put in Peter. "This tradition is not new. I have heard it before. It entered but a little way into my ears. I did not think of it. It has now entered deeper; and I wish to hear more. Why did not the Son of the Great Spirit kill the Jews?—why did He let the Jews kill Him? Will my brother say?"

"He came on earth to die for man, whose wickedness was so deep, that the Great Spirit's justice could not be satisfied with less. *Why* this is so, no one knows. It is enough that it should be so. Instead of thinking of doing harm to His tormentors and murderers, He died for them, and died asking for benefits on them and on their wives and children, for all time to come. It was He who commanded us to do good to them that do harm to us."

Peter gave the utmost attention to this answer, and when he had received it,

he walked apart, musing profoundly. It is worthy of being observed, that not one of these savages raised any hollow objections to the incarnation of the Son of the Great Spirit, as would have been the case with so many civilized men. To them this appeared no more difficult and incomprehensible than most of that which they saw around them. It is when we begin to assume the airs of philosophy, and to fancy, because we know a little, that the whole book of knowledge is within our grasp, that men become sceptics. There is not a human being now in existence that does not daily, hourly see that which is just as much beyond his powers of comprehension, as this account of the incarnation of the Deity, and the whole doctrine of the Trinity; and yet he acquiesces in that which is before his eyes, because it is familiar and he sees it, while he cavils at all else, though the same unknown and inexplicable cause lies behind everything. The deepest philosophy is soon lost in this general mystery, and to the eye of a meek reason, all around us is a species of miracle, which must be referred to the power of the Deity.

While thus disposed to receive the pale-face traditions with respect, however, the red men did not lose sight of their own policy and purposes. The principal chiefs now stepped aside, and held a brief council. Though invited to do so, Peter did not join them; leaving to Bough of the Oak, Ungque and Bear's Meat the control of the result. The question was, whether the original intention of including this medicine-priest among those to be cut off, should, or should not, be adhered to. One or two of the chiefs had their doubts, but the opinion of the council was adverse.

"If the pale-faces killed the Son of their Great Spirit, why should we hesitate about killing them?" the Weasel asked, with malicious point, for he saw that Peter was now sorely troubled at the probability of his own design being fully carried out. "There is no difference. This is a medicine-priest—in the wigwam is a medicine-bee-hunter, and that warrior may be a medicine-warrior. We do not know. We are poor Injins that know

CROW FAIR ROUNDTrip



RUSSELL GREGORY
KARL POHRT
DAVID ROBBINS

Three Journals

SHORT SELECTIONS

Fields of sunflowers among those of grain & hay. The land begins to swell & roll after Sauk Centre, around Fergus Falls, Minnesota; we speculate about the Irishman—& Yeats, 'Who will go drive with Fergus now'—who named this place.

North Dakota, eastern: rich black summer fallow alternates with greens of beans & the golden-browns of ripening grain—oats, wheat, rye. Elevators—North American castles—appear every few miles, with their plain high sides, sharp-cut & well-placed windows & crisp clean roof-lines: suddenly they state themselves, presiding over the lands which fill them, make them necessary. The elevator in Dickinson, North Dakota, sheathed with metal, is built on the lines of two enormous tipis or Sibley tents: a fine, stark structure. Roadside ponds, mostly man-made, appear—with coot, mallards, teal & pelicans. And once, a sign:

ARE YOU RIGHT
WITH
JESUS?

Westward, crossing the Missouri River between Mandan & Bismarck; the climate grows drier. Rockpiles, little extra hummocks, punctuate rolling fields. Most rock-heaps were gathered long enough ago to have some green growth around & on them.

Once farmers drove the stone-boat as a matter of course to a field they were fitting or cultivating & removed stones as they worked. Picking up stones & rocks from fields went with horses & grandfathers; tractor-farmers mostly ignore them—& another intimacy is lost: it's "cheaper" now simply to rent or to share-farm another field than to care for the ones you have.

Telephone poles have glass insulators still—school-boy slingshot targets. I remember reading this summer that Squaw Gap, North Dakota, had only—in 1972—been furnished with telephone service. Distance means something here: many vehicles have two-way radio equipment.

Long, rhythmic, sensual, rolling land: the northern Great Plains. Strange that James Fenimore Cooper & others called the Plains the Great American Desert. A century & a few decades ago, before plows, dams & other civilized disasters, millions of buffalo and antelope ran free over most of the Plains from Canada to Texas. Before surveyors imposed straight-edge counties, plumb-line townships & right-angle sections—hacking the land to their scant size—the Great Plains must have been as beautiful as Black Elk & Plenty-Coups & others tell.

Not an easy, picturesque land, neither gentle nor tame, but austere & truly grand. Here were the homelands of Indian nations whose civilizations were not, in any essential way, inferior to those Homer imagined—& in a central way, the spiritual development of many Plains Indians reveals a depth imported books or faiths have never provided North Americans:

...Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree ... to you it shall be for meat.
(—Genesis 1, 28-29)

On the other hand:

It is the story of all life that is holy and is good to tell, and of us two-leggeds sharing in it with the four-leggeds and the wings of the air and all green things; for these are the children of one mother and their father is one Spirit. (Black Elk Speaks, Bison Books, p.1.)

We should understand well that all things are the works of the Great Spirit. We should know that He is within all things; the trees, the grasses, the rivers, the mountains and all the four-legged animals, and the winged peoples; and even more important, we should understand that He is also above all these things and peoples. (The Sacred Pipe, Penguin, p.xx.)

Fear of these austere lands, which all but span the continent; fear, perhaps, of a whole new world: we white men chose subduing & dominating—& evoked from Black Elk a passage high in the literature of pain that is truth:

Once we were happy in our own country and we were seldom hungry, for then the two-leggeds and the four-leggeds lived together like relatives, and there was plenty for them and for us. But the Wasichus came, and they have made little islands for us and other little islands for

the four-leggeds, and always these islands are becoming smaller, for around them surges the gnawing flood of the Wasichu; and it is dirty with lies and greed. (Black Elk Speaks, Bison Books, p.9.)

Dickinson, North Dakota: We camp under cottonwoods along the Heart River, in high wind. The cottonwood is "waga chun, the rustling tree."

In a restaurant: a man, dressed in white, with a shirt buttoning from the neck across one shoulder—barber? dentist?—with a woman also dressed in white, paying his check: he has white cowboy boots.

8.14.72: Break camp and drive into Medora, North Dakota. We arrive in the West without warning when we hit the Badlands. It is absolutely breathtaking. We stop at Doc Hubbard's Museum in Medora.

We pull into Hardin, Montana, around 5.30 p.m. We stop at Lammers' just as they are closing. I introduce myself to Mr. Lammers and he lets us look around the store. We decide to drive into Crow Agency and have a look around Crow Fairgrounds.

We eat dinner at the Hilltop Bar outside Hardin. Mark and Rus argue over the derivation of the word 'hillbilly' and the merits of Country Music. Charley Pride's "Kiss an Angel Good Morning" plays as background music on the jukebox.

Later in the evening David, Mark and I decide to walk up to the Purple Cow Restaurant, about a mile up the road from camp.

night—

lightning off towards the west

across the plains

moving this way.

We rap quite a while.

We leave the restaurant at midnight: into a tremendous lightning storm and light rain. We run down the road scared shitless. Lightning bolts appear to be hitting the road in front and behind us and to both sides. We make it to the KOA office just as the sky explodes with rain. I have never seen a more powerful and awe-inspiring thunderstorm. We stand under the eaves of the KOA building and chant into the rainy night:

OM. Rain. Light. Dharma. DIAMOND.

Crow Clan System

The Present Active Clans are

1. New Made Lodges
2. Big Lodges
3. Sorelip Lodges
4. Greasy Inside Their Mouths
5. Whistling Waters
6. Bad War Deeds
7. Piegans
8. Filth Eaters
9. Tied Together in a Bundle
10. Brings Game Without Shooting

We circle Crow Fair once and head over to the Bureau of Indian Affairs buildings to look for the museum. Indians are milling around the front of BIA and are lined up inside facing each other down a small cramped hall. Rus says to me, "Let's get out of here. I can't stand to see so much pain." He is upset. "These people look like they have been standing in lines all their lives."

We drive back to Hardin, hoping to meet Jeff or Jim Heynen at Lammers' at 5 p.m. I talk with Cathy Lammers. Our friends don't show, so we leave for dinner at the Purple Cow. Jim holds us up for half an hour while he talks to the owner of the local camera shop. The man claims he will introduce Jim to the chief of the Crows. I am a little dubious. David, Mark, Jim and I leave for Billings around 7 p.m. Riding in the back of the truck, looking back on the land, David says, "Christ, it's no wonder people were visionaries in this country."

At the State Fair Grounds we buy \$3 seats to see Tammi Wynette and George Jones. They are preceded by what I think is a pretty mediocre group, the Plainsmen. The Plainsmen sing country gospel and I am reminded why country music is called white soul music. Then the George Jones band comes out and does a few numbers. They are joined by Patsy Sledd, a stunning woman with very long dark hair. Tammi comes out and sings such fine standards as "This Girl Is Gonna Go Bad," "D-I-V-O-R-C-E," and "Stand By Your Man." George Jones comes out and does some numbers and is joined by Tammi. They do an absolutely bizarre number in which they sing their marriage ceremony. Jim gets down right next to the stage and snaps lots of photos. The open stadium faces the mountains to the east of Billings and we can see big semis rolling down and the train coming through town. With the perfect accompanying sound track. The audience is curiously reserved—the antithesis of a rock crowd. When the Plainsmen were playing the speakers were turned up

about as high as at a rock concert and lots of people in the audience were putting their hands over their ears. The concert ends with a rousing Gospel tune and everybody comes out on stage.

David and I decide to take a look around the carnival part of the Fair. We turn a corner and come on a scene straight out of Alice in Wonderland. A total assault on the senses. If I were to make a movie of Nova Express, I would film it here. The garish moving lights illuminate what seems to us to be incredibly dangerous rides. The whole thing has a kind of obscene decadent beauty. The carny people running the booths have a distinctly predatory air about them and are hustling to beat hell. David and I stick to the center of the aisles, a little afraid that if we move too far towards a booth we will be sucked in, grabbed and destroyed: AMERICAN FUN HOUSE and DEATH ROW. This is farther out and more freaked out than the craziest scene in Ann Arbor and, at the same time, more central to the heart, the real centers of energy, in this country. Straight out of Burroughs or Fellini. We are standing next to this crazy ride that throws people through space while they're strapped into what looks like small swings. We are digging, totally fascinated by, the rap the Carny man is giving, when a girl comes up and cadges a smoke from me. By this time I am totally caught up in the energy of the carnival, keyed up to maximum speed. Her name is Jackie and she has run away from home and is living with friends. We go to the carnival dance hall and sit in the dark back row and the cogs in my head are going around so fast and I'm trying to act calm and cool but am barely in control. But, ah, we just talk and then she has to meet her friends to get a ride home and leaves me sitting in the back row of this dark dance hall in Billings, Montana, listening to a fourth rate local rock band called the Blacks and Whites kick out the latest Alice Cooper jam. I wander back to the ride where I met Jackie hoping to connect again. I meet David. We wander around and run into Mark and Jim. Jim is photographing and taping and we walk with him, suggesting shots and raps to tape. Just as the carnival is closing down, we see a very pretty young Carny woman. Jim tries to photograph her without her noticing. She sees us, though, and wanders over to invite us to a Carny wedding that will take place in front of a fun house concession called Dracula's Den at 1 a.m. Her name is Lee and she is 25 years old and has just quit school at the Art Institute in Chicago. She studied sculpture in school: "I was mainly interested in working in plastics." She has been with the carnival for about a month, picking up with it when her car broke down in Sheridan, Wyoming. Very loose, very wide open. We invite her to join

us and dig Crow Fair. She says she may be over Sunday. Gerald and Gail are married. I tape the wedding standing directly behind them. Jim snaps pictures. The minister is terribly nervous and obviously freaked out by the whole scene. And it is crazy. Afterwards we drink beer and rap with the Carny people. Lee introduces us to Donna, who is about our age. She is a missionary for the Holy Order of Mans and has been with the carnival for about a month. David asks her what she is doing and she says that she feels she has to "get down and grovel and learn what people's problems really are."

We drive back to Hardin. David and I wrap up in blankets in the back of the truck, buzzed out on beer and the whole incredible Carny scene, the wind ripping through the back of the truck, and I think how I feel more loose and open than I have been in the last two years and I fall asleep and everything is fine.

Midland Empire Fair

American Scrambler	American Double Bullet
Flying G's	German Flying Bobs
Hully Gully	Ghost Train
Idiot Inn	Australian Saturn 6
Flying Saucers	Italian Turbo
Sweden Octopus Blue	World Wide Round Up
Zurich Zipper	Italian Bumper Cars
German Travant	Swiss Swings
Turnpike Hot Rods	Out of Space Sky Diver

Plus 16 Kiddie Rides in Tinker Town for the TINKER TOTS! Thrills, Spills and Chills. For people of ALL Ages. Clean Wholesome FUN for the Whole Family NOW thru Saturday.

15.viii.1972: The night erupted about 11.30 p.m. Rain, thunder, lightning; LIGHTNING such as I've never seen. To the West, long branching-down spears, as if to split the night sky; to the North & Northeast, forked, jagged horizontal & vertical flashes & slashings which momentarily lighted the tent. Thunder came in great echoing rolls, filling the bowl of the sky, bouncing off the earth; & then hard rain. Don slept through the storm.

Up, spread gear, dry off. Jangled nerves, for it's mid-morning before we get breakfast. Hardin: the watch repair man fixes my watch for 25 cents. Mantles for the lantern, candles just in case & postcards. We meet at Lammers' Hardin Furniture Exchange: no furniture to speak of, but a great array of goods; my list is by no means exhaustive:

Sweet grass, braided.
 Wampum beads, purple.
 Elk teeth, artificial.
 Brass buttons (four sizes).
 Drilled cowrie shells.
 Ring-top cowrie shells.
 Abalone shell.
 Mirrors, 21/20 (for sewing to garments).
 Bear claws, medium (artificial).
 Bear claws, large (artificial).
 Bugle beads.
 Metal cones.
 Buffalo teeth.
 Deer toes.
 Ribbon, 1" wide (6 different colors).
 Large, select ermines.
 Otter strips.
 Rabbit fur strips.
 Black rabbit fur.
 Horse hair.
 Mink hides.
 Cow tails.
 Tanned weasel hides.
 Beaver strips.
 Plumes.
 Hackle.
 Sheep bells.
 Hawk bells.
 Grease paint: Chrome Orange, Earth Green,
 Black, Red Ocher, Neptune Green, Yellow
 Ocher, Bright Vermillion, Venetian,
 Ultramarine Blue, Chrome Yellow, White.
 Brass bells (Harness-type, @ .65, .75, .85,
 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50).
 Hairpipe (bone).
 Bridles, Halters, Saddles, New & Used.
 Horse shoes.
 Horse nails, 5 lb. boxes.
 Peyote fans (pronounced PAY-ot).
 Peyote rattles.
 Lamp & Lantern chimneys.
 Guitars (electric & conventional).
 Buffalo hide vests (Hair-side out, \$150.).
 Harness hardware & fittings.
 Saddle hardware.
 Braided leather quirts (Labelled 'HUSBAND
 TRAINER')
 Whole otter skin, tanned.
 Blades for curved knives (One-handed draw
 shaves).
 Blankets (including the traditional Hudson

Bay Company type).
Pillows.
Western-style boots (many).
Moccasins (antique & contemporary).
Beadwork cuffs.
Beadwork belts.
Western-style hats (straw & felt).
Fringed buckskin dresses.
Calf-weaners.
Army surplus overcoats.
Glass canisters (with Hudson Bay Company Beavers).
Rifles, various calibres.
Ammunition.
Watches, new & used.
Saddle blankets.
Minature Crow-style tipi.
Beadwork rosettes (\$2.50 & up from about 1" diameter).
Two old 45-70 rifles.
Two-burner kerosene stove with glass tank.
Sleeping bags.
Coils of rope.
Shotgun cleaning rods; also rifle cleaning rods.
Fishing rods, fly & casting.
Small brass spittoon.
Five-buckle rubber galoshes.
Footlockers.
Luggage.
Tipi Covers: 19 ft. muslin, \$85.00; 21 ft. muslin, \$75.00. A Chicago-born employee tells us they have sold 40 canvas tipi covers in the past two weeks & have no more in stock. He also says that while the canvas covers are better, "if you want the tipi-experience," the muslin covers will do....
Five gallon gas cans, U.S. Army style, o.d. & danger red.

—Order consists in knowing where things are.

Barrelling south on route 90
Past Crow Reservation one last time,
Two hillocks
Show us their creamy flanks,
A few clouds
 --torn hair across the sky--
Float away north, slowly.



8.22.72. We break camp at Hardin, have breakfast and finally hit the road at eleven a.m., heading outstowards Sheridan, Wyoming, Rapid City, South Dakota, and our final destination, Custer, S.D., in the Black Hills. Just before Custer we stop at Mt. Rushmore. John Phillip Sousa marches blare from loudspeakers hidden in the pines in front of the tourist lookout. Inside a building with floor to ceiling windows facing Mt. Rushmore a reel-to-reel tape endlessly tells the story of the carving out of the mountain. There is a guest register with a column for remarks. All the comments are along the lines of "Thrilling" or "Wonderful" and "Awe-inspiring!" David writes "Stop Killing the Vietnamese," I write "End the War Now" and Vince signs "All Power to the People."

After a good look around Custer we all wonder how such a vulgar town grew up in such beautiful country. I try to call Heynen's cousin Tony Vanderheide but no one answers. It is cold tonight.

22.viii.1972: We break camp, eat & leave, a little sadly, going south from Hardin into Wyoming. Sheridan, Wyoming: the land is contiguous with the land of southern Montana: rough broken stretches, with gullies formed by erosion—the erosion of wind & water & centuries. Sharp, quick hills & sharp, deep coulees. On ridges rising above the road, long lines of permanent snow-fencing. This is country to be seen from a distance or walked over on a horse; the rolls swell into large, rounded breasts, many shades of red at the top & sometimes fringed with shrubs.

We like to think things move
in easy opposites:
winter & summer,
night & day.

(You can make your own list,
seeking one day more to its night,
& so forth & so on.)

Whichever opposite one's in
soothes anxiety, makes routine
& half-living almost bearable;
the contrary will arrive,
more or less on schedule.

We've almost forgotten that **Vision**
is not inevitable.

But these hills,
sloped with grasses—
whose names I do not know
& with silvery gray-green sage,
a little bitter on the tongue,
& with sweet grass—
these hills

are not a one or its other.
Rocks & outcrops show;
tops are often bald.

These hills,
salmon-pink
orange-red,

dried-blood red,
dark purple-red,
whether night or day,
sleeping or seeing,
fragments or boulders,
these hills

A mile east of Buffalo, Wyoming, we get gas on a hill-
side looking out toward the Big Horn Mountains, here &
there showing patches of snow. The station man says

they are about 45 miles away. The midwest self is lifted up.

Names: Prairie Dog Creek Road.
Ucross.
Crazy Woman Creek.
Dead Horse Creek.
Gillette (The Sharpest Town in the West).

The distance views are splendid, heightened by utility poles & wires & fences marching off as if illustrating infinity—& by the road itself: Interstates are an absurd machine miracle, smooth ribbons imposed on a landscape which gives no concessions & needs none:

We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, and winding streams with tangled growth, as "wild." Only to the white man was nature a "wilderness" and only to him was the land "infested" with "wild" animals and "savage" people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful and we were surrounded with the blessings of the Great Mystery. Not until the hairy man from the east came and with brutal frenzy heaped injustices upon us and the families we loved was it "wild" for us. When the very animals of the forest began fleeing from his approach, then it was that for us the "wild west" began. —Chief Luther Standing Bear.

After Moorcroft, Wyoming, foothills elide & the long flowing Plains resume. Sundance, Wyoming & Spearfish, South Dakota. Inyan Kara Creek. Conifers return to ridge-tops, slopes & the horizon-line. Rapid City, South Dakota—& then Mount Rushmore, announced for miles by hideous, gerry-built tourist places.

Which is what Mount Rushmore itself is: Park Service rustic, an approved family view, with a huge parking lot. There is piped-in "patriotic" music: America the Beautiful, Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, but no Sioux music. The view is not the defaced mountain, with its pile of stone debris, but the Gift Shop: Hongkong & Tokyo trying to look like Macy's trying to look like Woolworth's. A brief stop.

On to Custer, South Dakota: the whole town is a tourist stop: Ye Old Frontier Towne, minus, of course, any road-apples. Nearly every building on Main Street has a plaque labelling it an historic site, apparently placed

by a zealous local group. Camp. Supper in a cafeteria where if one were not dizzied by the extensive use of knotty-pine finished shiny, the huge velveteen tapestries —The Last Supper, Dogs Playing Cards, Mount Rushmore, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, J.F.K.—would do the trick.

Wednesday, Aug. 23. Harney Peak.

The wind god is here. Curves of light rock, no where a jagged place-- smoothed at the hands of faithful wind, and by water's coming. Through how many light years?

Curves mean home.

I look out of the window of the tower on the rocks, amazed at the immensity of land flung out. I am all seeing, shielded from the wind: I become my eyes. Then there's a faint clicking of metal blown against the pane: "Here I am!"

The horizon is a man-chastening compass sweep, the greatest circle I ever saw on land. Yet Black Elk was at home here. I look out to the west, where the sacred pipe is always first pointed, to the very land which lay before Black Elk when he prayed here to the Great Spirit his Grandfather.

Below are the bright boulders of this mountain top: curves break upon each other, the surface rolls like a piece of stirred ocean, frozen in time.

Then, level with the summit's edge, the tops of the pine trees make a green floor. (Hast thou walked on the tops of the great trees? Or hast thou trod the forest from above?) From their midst, juttings of rounded rock thrust upward like smashed fingers, Among them, a huge flow of gray rock, like a surfacing whale.

This green forest, punctured by Protean rock forms, stretches off far from the mountain, and becomes the second circumference.

Beyond is the long ridge of a mesa. Its triangular shadows fall into a tan plain, sweeping toward the forest's edge.

And beyond the mesa, strips of dull green cross another great tan space.

And beyond that is the far horizon, a somber crust of mountains along the edge of the world.

I descend the narrow metal stairway and walk out onto the rocks, paying attention to my balance. Our people are dispersed singly here and there, sitting and looking out over the world. I find a nice crevice and sit. The wind blowing across the sunny height wraps my head with coldness. Far down amid the green, a line of smoke angles

out from a remote house. Gazing at it, "Tintern Abbey" revisits my mind, or the opening landscape of that poem. Russell would whip such profanity from the temple... but I can no more prevent it than stop up my consciousness. Let the words have their worth, then. Wreaths of smoke in the green wood, signifying solitude, and those "hedgerows, hardly hedgerows"-- words' ways of hovering uncertainly on the edge of things deemed wild and solitary. "Lines," conscientiously eroding and exorcizing orders that keep restoring themselves. Inescapably domestic, cultivated "Nature"! The tantalizing puff of smoke below me rises out of an unimaginably vaster space and silence, whose yet unwritten songs must be far more spacious and wind-trusting than anything we know. Yes, than even the songs of America's W.W.

Walt, what is the song you must translate here?
Not that of love-sick bird or boy or man
But the song beyond those thousand promised songs
beyond it,
Song of cold wind and rock,
Which are more familiar with love's ways,
And unfamiliar with death.

Or sing of the sun, which today is plenteously showering me-- so welcomed by this holy place! The song has been sung, believe it, by some wandering Crow visionary, or Sioux, or Arapaho, or Kiowa-- inspired to sing of land he knew and revered too well to think he "owned" a speck of it!

To sing is not to have or even be, but to belong to.

I sit and meditate, Zen-wise, focussing on a far-off meeting point of green and tan, so that my thoughts might pass from me, and that the powers of this place might do their best with this corrupt person. I do not know how long it is before Karl comes over and says we must go. I think it has been a while-- yet I wish to remain so much longer! (But how much longer? I think it would take a monastic decade on that mountain to set me in the right direction!) I get up and follow Karl over the rocks. But my prayer is left behind as a clear feeling. It was not worthy to speak out loud, but it is the best that could pass through me. Sun! Thank you for blessing me over the days of this journey, and for warming me here on this most sacred of mountains, as it was always, even before Black Elk visited it as an old man, in the fullness of human wisdom. I do not have power or place to pray for anything important. But I pray to you that I may not live as my fathers have, for I belong to a race that has cursed itself, and it is their defeat I inherit. I would like to pray for your near presence throughout my life, but I have no power for this, or wisdom to believe I could profit by it. So goodbye, Sun-On-The-High-Place!

North American: Black Elk was North American in a way few men not Indians ever have been; he was deeply at home in a region of the continent. From that region came his vision & to it he gave complete commitment. Few white men have comprehended any part of this continent as he comprehended a part of the Great Plains; only Thoreau comes readily to mind.

Sadness & profoundly damaging loss attach to this fact. For centuries "Americans" have regarded themselves, for pitiful reasons, as inheritors & extenders of something called "the western tradition," something that with inexorable linearity begins in the Fertile Crescent of the school books & moves through Egypt, Israel, Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance & a good deal of other stuff. "Americans" have never, in the essential spiritual way, ceased being colonials; which may explain why "we" are programmatic imperialists & always have been. In words Black Elk would have approved, Chief Luther Standing Bear, an Oglala Sioux as Black Elk was, wrote,

The white man does not understand the Indian for the reason that he does not understand America. He is too far removed from its formative processes. The roots of the tree of his life have not yet grasped the rock and soil. The white man is still troubled with primitive fears; he still has in his consciousness the perils of this frontier continent, some of its vastnesses not yet having yielded to his questing footsteps and inquiring eyes. He shudders still with the memory of the loss of his forefathers upon its scorching deserts and forbidding mountain-tops. The man from Europe is still a foreigner and an alien. And he still hates the man who questioned his path across the continent. But in the Indian the spirit of the land is still vested; it will be until other men are able to divine and meet its rhythm. Men must be born and reborn to belong. Their bodies must be formed of the dust of their forefathers' bones. —Chief Luther Standing Bear, Land of the Spotted Eagle, Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1933, p. 248.

Simply, "we" have never listened to, seen, felt, or heard this land, this North America, never lived into

it, with a few exceptions. Whatever Columbus achieved, or the Vikings, "we" mostly have never discovered North America; we have occupied it, more or less after the manner of a military horde, subduing & killing & ruining— & then moving on: Sherman's march to the sea started with Columbus in the Indies & continues to this day.

Yes, of course, there's the language: English—which some believe makes an Englishman of everyone who speaks it, & thereby makes him a "westerner" as opposed, one assumes, to "easterners," in that mindless, academic way of finding a convenient duality & immediately ceasing to think. The accident of language bears examination: surely Shakespeare & the Authorized Version belong to us—& Homer & Chartres Cathedral & The Last Supper; that is not to say we belong to them. Tradition, whatever else, is selective, not comprehensive; it is not, nor has it ever been, an illustration of perfect reciprocity. When Jamestown was founded, the English language began a new era whether anyone knew it or not, or whether we have yet begun to understand it. The English language, after all, never had been subjected to a continent before 1607, unless one counts Calais & other earlier, paltry French possessions; it was spoken & written in a group of islands which were smaller in extent than the area the Sioux loved in 1850, smaller than the state of Montana today. Lands, waters, climates, seasons, trees, skies, grasses, rocks, winged-creatures, four-leggeds & two-leggeds—all these affected the imported language—remade it, however slowly, until long after the fact, Oscar Wilde observed that England & America were divided by a common language.

If Shakespeare & the Authorized Version come to us & are great gifts, not to be gainsaid, it doesn't follow that Thoreau & Whitman & Lincoln & Twain & Black Elk & Faulkner belong equally to our trans-Atlantic distant cousins. Much suggests Europeans don't know how to read North American writers, partly because there are no precedents in their literatures for what seems most characteristically North American. The Cambridge History of American Literature, a standard work, calls Thoreau a nature essayist, which is something like calling Milton a bureaucrat who wrote verses in the evening. This, however, is as true of many American poets, critics & professors—& is mad consequence of trying to bring over a tradition wholesale. A certain perversity attaches to persons who continue to follow Xenophon parasang after parasang, in the name of education or classicism or discipline, who know not the Lewis & Clark Expedition. The government agency which passes for higher education continues as if it

expected a millenium, an apotheosis, any year now, whereby it would awaken & find itself translated to Oxford or Cambridge, Paris or Heidelberg, grants & other monies all intact. If Americans are too often ugly, it's because they do not know their land & cannot, therefore, love the things which, whether high or low on some five-foot shelf or list of 102 ideas, have grown here; & where among schools & universities would one seek admittance if one wanted to learn of such things as Black Elk Speaks—or a hundred others—a thousand others?

There may be no precise name for the language Thoreau or Lincoln or Whitman or Twain or Black Elk or Faulkner used, but it was not, except superficially, the language of their British contemporaries—Ruskin & Palmerston & Tennyson & Trollope & Screwtape Lewis & Aldous Huxley. Something: arising from & conditioned by all that the North American continent means: happened; not better than another literature & not worse—but different & ours. Black Elk Speaks belongs in the most select company; & we fail something that should be common to us all, something essential & essentially human, if we do not discover the passion & the beauty the book contains.

Leaving the cemetery, we see a large—four inches long—pink & green grasshopper. Or cicada.

Mission, South Dakota: Jim & party are here, just leaving for Eugene, Oregon. We visit Dennis's place, talk with him & buy a few things.

Porcupine, Kyle, Wounded Knee, Mission: These little crossroads towns remind me of photographs in family albums—Collins, Lyons, Palo, Hubbardston, photographs taken between 1900 and 1925. Single pump gas stations, store buildings that are straight two-story frame buildings behind false fronts—living quarters up, "store" down. Piles of blue denim overalls next to coils of rope, next to canned goods, in front of bridles, halters, saddles. The last hardware store where I can remember harness for sale was Net Spaulding's—& that was long ago. The goods are things people have to have for work & they do not speak of luxury or leisure. This is back country, where earning a living & having a life are close together, have fewer departments, are closer to weather, animals, outdoors—closer to the essential human being. Thin & not various, these towns—but their great resource is life itself. While there are many changes, the bony structure of life has not greatly changed since Thomas Eakins came to Dakota Territory & took some fine photographs.

As we listen to the sounds
of speech, we perceive them not
simply as sounds but as clues to
movements.

--David Abercrombie

Muses/clues to movements.

The muses lead us in
to the source--past, roots,
connections, the primal force Hesiod calls Eros--
and out
to whatever prospects--satisfaction of desire,
the consciousness which reveals the future to the past, how
the story goes.

We are not divided or drawn in any simple way.
Uroborus has many heads and tails, and where one hungry
mouth strikes a tail (tale), head or tail randomly sprouts
from the juncture. Everywhere world splits in two. . .
or three. But it comes closer. Everything comes closer.

At the crucial time in the making the fear comes.
The sentence is made, the poem, or the monument, the
painting, whatever is made and not merely effected, and
one finds one's self agoraphobic. I can tell when
the crisis is coming to the poem: I need to piss or my
throat is suddenly parched;
sometimes I am bored by the
melodrama of my own theater.
It is melodrama. Character
comes unhinged and nothing
remains but action, gross,
exaggerated, flirting with
the ludicrous. Then the
fear comes, rooted deeply
in the accidents of any
man's life, radically,
particular, private. There
is a necessary will, a be-
ginning, a reconciliation
with disequilibrium which
can be called domestic.

The story of the frontiers-
man can only be melodrama
(to do, with music). Exempt-
ing himself from human things,
human-made things, from civil-
ization and its discontents,
from character, he finds in
time not perpetual perishing
but in Whithead's fine
phrase, "the moving image of
eternity."

Because in his
success he reconciles the
dual impulses he obeys, to
move and to settle down.

It can also be said,
place becomes the local
image of, if not the infinite,
then, at least, the very
large.

"It seemed to us that we could trace in the dialect of the several members of this family, the gradations and peculiarities that denote the origin and habits of individuals. Thus, the grandmother was not quite as Western in her forms of speech as her matronly daughter, while the grandchildren evidently spoke under the influence of boarding school correction, or like girls who had been often lectured on the subject. . . But these little peculiarities were spots on the sun." (The Oak Openings, Ch. XXX)

Cracks in the crystalline orbs, through
which to enter a whole, other cosmos. . . .

Cooper is the novelist of the northeastern woodlands, as Parkman is the historian. He is truly provincial. The beginnings of the grasslands and the War of 1812 are his limits. West of them, in space and time, the wisdom of the woodlands dissolves into a thousand unanswered questions of fact.

Cooper insists that we be baptized in the woodlands: "Even the ocean with its boundless waste of water, has been found to be rich in its various beauties and marvels; and he who shall bury himself with us, once more, in the virgin forests of this widespread land, may possibly discover new subjects of admiration, new causes to adore the being that has brought all into existence, from the universe to its most minute particle." Even for the old salt and naval historian that Cooper was, it is still the woodlands that provide the image of the most general condition he can discover.

And whatever traumahold the sea still has on us, the loss of the inlands as the content of our lives holds fuller sway over our troubled psyches than those more distant losses.

Cooper's prairie in the novel of Natty Bumppo's death fails as a significant place not because of Cooper's ignorance of it (which was substantial) but because his technique as a maker of plots depends upon the limited field of woodland vision. His prairie is a dispossession. All that passes on it is either absurd, in the genteel love plot, or disintegral--it is the place of Natty's death. "The many feelings, derivatively felt as alien, are" never "transformed into a unity of aesthetic appreciation immediately felt as private" (again, Whitehead). It is not a place inadequately apprehended (felt, fear, caught); it is not a place at all.

It is a typical mistake for a forestman to make. It has been estimated that land was cleared for farming in the woodlands at a rate of an acre a month, say, roughly four years

to clear forty acres. Trees had to be cut, dragged away, and burned or dressed for use. Depending upon the hardness of the wood, it took another ten to fifteen years for the stumps to rot out. A woodland farmer, with a large family of hard working sons, could put only a small farm fully under cultivation in a life-time.

Cooper misconceived the domestic struggle on the prairie; or more precisely, he didn't conceive it at all. Natty's flight is irresistible because Civilization has never existed for Euroamericans. He is fleeing a specter, an order which does not exist, and so turns destructive.

The East remains Civilization: eastern money (whether in Chicago, Houston, Omaha, or New York), Harvard liberalism, The Times, the poetry of personism, the Museum of Modern Art.

And despite the superficial overlay of settlement, the West in Nature: the San Andreas Fault, the deserts, Los Alamos, the Indians replaced by radioactive cities, the wild people of Berkeley, Charles Manson. Manson is Natty Bumppo given a twentieth century incarnation. Richard Nixon is the Noble Savage, and Rotarianism the code of the wilderness.

". . . a people composed of heterogeneous materials, having passed from the task of filling up the vacant spaces of the continent, is now thrown back upon itself, and is seeking equilibrium. The diverse elements are being fused into national unity. The forces of reorganization are turbulent and the nation seems like a witches' kettle." Turner's casual metaphor now appears prophetic. The Great Demo(n)cracy . . . but we are coming to the real issue:

the devil's
force is polar, a difference of potential. The sense of the world stays in the world; it is uncreative. It remains efficacious only as it remains partial, playing fragment against fragment. When it moves toward completion, as in the last scenes of Faust, it is only destructive.

Up to the beginning of the Pisan section, the Cantos are demonic in this way: Pound draws his force from the grandest unlocated oppositions. Such is the secret power he tapped in the ideogrammatic method: the ideogram is a neutral ground for any specific content. Only when he

Pound is dead. Tonight's news. After the newscast they might have played anything but Mahler. They might have played Vivaldi. But they played Mahler. Then again, no monument seems best. We are not finished with Pound. We still have to determine the legitimate cost of Kulchur.

takes up residence (which was, need I say, his choice, and not the U.S. Army's) in Pisa do the poems begin shaping their own tradition to a fully specific, general condition of life.

Likewise Cooper's prairie: the noble trapper, the genteel lovers, good and evil frontiersmen, good and evil savages, all meet on a surface as indifferent as a dice table.

Cooper embodies for us, in one skin, the demonic difference of potential which is the root of American destructiveness. The Leatherstocking tales are evidence to much: coitus interruptus with the she-demon of the continent.

Nothing comes whole in Cooper. All is half realized, or less. He's like America itself. You feel gritty after reading him, the way you do reading a good history of the American Revolution or the Reconstruction, or biographies of American heroes.

He is a father, and so we quarrel with him even over the reality we create for ourselves.

In their westward movement
across the continent, the Anglo-
Americans met the prairie first
in the small occasional openings
in the forest--"oak openings" and
"barrens."

--James C. Malin

I have been resisting this final section. The ground is prepared; all that remains to be said is that in The Oak Openings, at last, three years before his death, Cooper locates a border which need not be crossed. Whether it is in Michigan or Missouri (West Plains, my home town in Missouri, takes its name from an oak opening) or in the middle of the Great Plains, in Kansas or Nebraska, this frontier has no need of some western contr(ar)y. It defines itself against the possibility that someone might live there. Any native who notices that fact, that life is possible, is amazed. Carl Sauer wrote several essays trying to convince himself. Dorn's disbelief in "Driving Across the Prairies" is overcome, barely, only by all that he sees. It appears to Ken Irby in the face of a skag death in the Max Douglas poems: such are the alternatives.

If the American inlands are still largely undigested, as Paul Metcalf feels in Genoa, it is, wherever it has been blocked, in Cooper's Openings that peristalsis begins, and.

The novel must have cost Cooper immensely. He comes to the limits of his personal order, but it is no surrender to dissolution as his encounter with the prairies had been twenty-one years before. He is beyond Civilization and Nature, those shorthand characters for woodland wisdom.

I am almost tempted to take the last chapter paragraph by paragraph, to get the beauty of the tone. Some delicate submission speaks in these passages:

"The vegetation certainly surpassed that of even West New York, the trees alone excepted."

"There was not a stump on it. . . ."

"The walk in this wood--which is not an Opening, but an old-fashioned virgin forest--we found delightful of a warm summer's day."

And the page and a half on the combine is as fine as anything Cooper ever wrote. According to the journals he spent his spare time, while he was writing the Openings, reading St. Paul. The fear was on him. He is a dangerous man. Every road leads to Damascus. The agon is casualness, which was Cooper's besetting sin (casualness which is egotism, pride, displayed by a gentleman), vs. the blinding light. It's Christian humility, this forestman's attention to the detailed workings of a combine. The dogma is Home Mission Board stuff; the humilitas can be credited.

The suave eyes, quiet, not scornful
rain also is of the process.
(Canto LXXIV)

"Order is not sufficient. What is required, is something more complex. It is order entering upon novelty; so the massiveness of order does not degenerate into mere repetition; and so that the novelty is always reflected upon a back ground of system."
(One last time, Whitehead)

The action of The Oak Openings is senseless. The literary offences for which Mark Twain scores Cooper become the principle of composition: the Indian nations gather to consider the wisdom of scalping six palefaces; days and weeks pass in preparation for the pow-wow; the palefaces scramble up and down the

Kalamazoo, as if they were on a yo-yo; they build fortresses and confront the Indians with their possible Hebrew origins. Boden's mummery at the Whiskey Spring is embarrassing. That Cooper resorts to the same trick twice in the novel is an insult. Senseless. It has to be. We are watching the creation of a morphology which will at least make some action meaningful. But as the process grows, there is nothing. Just covert hostility. The plot is nothing but a mechanism to keep the pressure on, while the pattern of the novel develops:

Chateau au Miel

Le Bourdon, the drone, "from the circumstances that he was notorious for laying his hands on the products of others," or Buzzing Ben Boden, and, later, the General. Cooper's heroes are never to be pinned down with a name.

"How skillfully it builds its cell" (Watts).

"It was made of pine logs, in the usual mode, with the additional security of possessing a roof of squared timbers, of which the several parts were so nicely fitted together as to shed rain."

"Le Bourdon would not allow a tree of any sort to be felled anywhere near his abode."

"Castle Meal was surrounded by its bristling defences."

Of Pigeonwing: "He might have been said to have assisted Nature, instead of disturbing her."

"She seems to hold her home in view and sails as if the path she knew" (Wilson).

Whiskey Center

and Blossom

"Travelling' Centres, and stationary, differs somewhat, I guess; one is always to be found, while t'other must be s'arched a'ter." (Compare Natty Bumppo.)

"Well, Bourdon, if you prefer that name; though stranger is a name I like, it has sich an up and off sound to it. When a man calls all he sees strangers, it's a sign he don't let the grass grow in the road for want of movin."

"Her brother had fallen back into his old habits; and died ere the war of 1812 ended."

"No sooner was peace made. . . than he returned to his beloved Openings, where he had remained, 'growing with the country,' as it is termed. . . He has a plenty of land, and that which is good; a respectable dwelling, and is out of debt."

Hestia's image is the hearthfire, the connection between the place as public and the place as private, where all can be turned to hospitality, a welcome to strangers, in the place where the story begins.

"This unity and competency," Sauer calls the oikia that developed on the middle border.

Domestic, fr L domus house, Gk demein to build. That the same family of words, by another line of descent, also yields 'timber' indicates how radically the sod hut of the Great Plains departed from the traditions of woodland culture which Cooper knew. To the very roots of the language.

Hestia's image is also, sometimes, the omphallos.

The double pull of the muse--finally it's gravity--pulling down right where we stand, bringing it all home.

Albany, 11/1-11/4, 72



