<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Jane Wodening and Stan Brakhage scrapbook</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Creator</td>
<td>Brakhage, Stan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Date</td>
<td>1958-1967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rights</td>
<td>The use of this image may be subject to the copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) or site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Generated</td>
<td>2021-03-03 14:23:54 UTC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terms of Use</td>
<td><a href="https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access">https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>View in DL</td>
<td><a href="https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/16301942">https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/16301942</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Magic of an Ordinary Goddess

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER
by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

"It is an ancient Mariner;
And he stoppeth one of three." "The Wedding-Guest set on a stone: He can not move, but being merry:

Gestation and Reproduction Table

Photographs
LIVE FOREVER
Dear Jane:

I had a delightful dream centered in a world of your sufficiency; was it a ledge? Mountains stringing about the windows and various woods the walls and tables and chairs. And "everyone" could find a room for themselves (who was there?.... a lot of company it seemed).

And you ladled out bowls of soup. Myra and Crystal sat on a bench, turned toward one remarkable face. White faces with features drawn on gracefully in black lines...."Why, those are twenties faces!"

The baby sat in a high chair brandishing a wooden spoon, in a fit of oratory and the company listened heavily. A student from a city took notes. You handed me some soup; very clear it was and delicious, oriental - unprecedented soup. And as I stirred it I saw it was made from fabric "Ah ha! Fabric soup! And more herb salt...how did she do it?"

My bowl had a scrap of red wool and pale yellow muslin floating at its bottom. And when I woke up I wanted a bowl of fabric soup. (What did you have for dinner the night of the 29 when the dream took place?)

The box for you and Stan has been delayed in exhibit and now by a plan to cover it with lucite panels - no seams; glass suspended in glass. If we can make the trip we will bring all the recent small boxes. Perhaps we could make another exhibit for them and a talk on how-of-them? Plan leaves now toward mid-August and end...
ENTERS MRS. AMERICA CONTEST—Mrs. Rose Lindley Kent, 90, former newspaperwoman and currently dog officer of the small Green Mountain village of Daret, Vt., has become the oldest person to enter the Mrs. America contest at Miami Beach, Fla. This photo of the spry widow was made on her birthday last May 27. Contest officials said there was no age limit. Mrs. Kent has two sons, Charles, 62, and Robert, 59.

(AP Wirephoto)
For the first time...

You may now become an associate member of the world's largest conservation organization. By making a small contribution each month, you can help save the life of an endangered species. At just $1 a month, you can help protect the wildlife of our nation. A small investment in the future...

"Now in the interstellar space of our galaxy, the earth..."

DANGEROUS

PARK BEARS and other animals are WILD

He has shown more clearly than all others what it means to be a symbol of wild animals.

National Wildlife

ALADDIN: WONDROUS LAMPS

CHARACTERS AND SCENES IN ALADDIN: WONDROUS LAMPS

FLAMING CREATURES
"They groaned; they stirred; they all upheaved.
Nor spoke, nor moved their eyes.
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men alive.
The bulwarks sloped, the ship moved on;
Yet never a ripple up here! The mariners all saw the ropes,
Where they were sent to go.
They raised their hands like lifelines to us —
We have a ghostly crew."
Each man is in his Spectre's power
Until the arrival of that hour,
When his Humanity awake
And cast his own Spectre into the Lake.

—William Blake
PLAY GOES ON—Patrons climb ladder to second-floor window of Living Theater, N. Y., last night to see "Bootleg" performance of "The Brig." It had been padlocked Thursday for nonpayment of taxes but members sneaked past Internal Revenue Agents to put on show. Julian Beck and wife, Judith Malina, co-founders, (R) are in the "brig," as result of continuing with performances.
PLAY GOES ON—Patrons climb ladder to second-floor window of Living Theater, N. Y., last night to see "bootleg" performance of "The Brig." It had been padlocked Thursday for non-payment of taxes but members sneaked past Internal Revenue Agents to put on show. Julian Beck and wife, Judith Malina, co-founders, (R) are in the "brig" as result of continuing with performances.
IV.

Alfred Vargrave was one of those men who achieve
So little, because of the much they conceive.
With irresolute finger he knock'd at each one
Of the doorways of life, and abided in none.
His course, by each star that would cross it, was set.
And whatever he did he was sure to regret.
That target, discuss'd by the travellers of old,
Which to one appear'd argent, to one appear'd gold,
To him, ever lingering on Doubt's dizzy margent,
Appear'd in one moment both golden and argent.
The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets. And the worm
That crawl's on to the dust to the definite term
Of its creeping existence, and sees nothing more
Than the path it pursues till its creeping be o'er,
In its limited vision, is happier far
Than the Half-Sage, whose course, fix'd by no friendly star,
Is by each star obstructed in turn, and who knows
Each will still be as distant wherever he goes.

v.

Both brilliant and brittle, both bold and unstable,
Indecisive yet keen, Alfred Vargrave seem'd able

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a hint but pity on
My soul in agony.

The stars men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand many things
Lived on, and so did I.

I looked upon the setting sea,
And drew my eyes away,
I looked upon the setting sun,
And there the dead men lay."
To dazzle, but not to illumine mankind,
A vigorous, various, versatile mind;
A character wavering, fitful, uncertain,
As the shadow that shaks o'er a luminous curtain,
Vague,fitting, but on it forever impinging
The shape of some substance at which you stand
guessing:
When you said, “All is worthless and weak here,”
behold!
Into sight on a sudden there seemed to unfold
Great outlines of tremendous truth in the man:
When you said, “This is genius,” the outlines grew
wax.
And his life, though in all things so gifted and skilled,
Was, at best, but a promise which nothing fulfilled.

LOVE & KISSES TO CENSORS FILM SOCIETY
(Division of the New American Cinema Group)
1913 MEMBERSHIP CARD NO. 898
SHOWINGS
Every Monday Evening at
THE GRAMERCY ARTS THEATRE
139 East 27th Street, New York City
Perchance 'twas the fault of the life that they led;
Perchance 'twas the fault of the novels they read;
Perchance 'twas a fault in themselves; I am bound not
To say: this I know—that these two creatures found
In each other some sign they expected to find
Of a something unnamed in the heart or the mind;

LUCILD.

But life goes: the heart dies; haste, O leech, and
dissect it!
This accursed anathematic, ethical age
 Hath no finger'd life's housetop, as blazed every page,
That the old glad romance, the gay chivalrous story
With its fables of fairy, its legends of glory,
Is turned to a tedious instruction, got new
To the children that read it insipidly through.

REPRODUCTIVE CYCLE IN FARM ANIMALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Animal</th>
<th>Breeding Season:</th>
<th>Days After</th>
<th>Gestation:</th>
<th>Days Before</th>
<th>Days After</th>
<th>Days Before</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cow</td>
<td>Feb-Mar</td>
<td>2-6 weeks</td>
<td>280-300</td>
<td>110-150</td>
<td>5-7</td>
<td>20-42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse</td>
<td>Jan-Feb</td>
<td>18-24</td>
<td>420</td>
<td>7-14</td>
<td>20-30</td>
<td>30-90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheep</td>
<td>Apr-May</td>
<td>1-2 weeks</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>5-7</td>
<td>20-42</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pig</td>
<td>Dec-Jan</td>
<td>28-35</td>
<td>100-150</td>
<td>40-70</td>
<td>20-42</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dog</td>
<td>Jan-Jun</td>
<td>1-2 weeks</td>
<td>63</td>
<td>5-7</td>
<td>20-42</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

...
Sometimes a kind of glory lights up the mind of a man. It happens to nearly everyone. You can feel it growing or pre-pressing like a fuse burning toward dynamite. It is a feeling in the stomach, a delight of the senses, of the senses. The skin tants the air, and every deep-down breath is sweet. Its beginning has the pleasures of a grand stretching yawn, it flashes in the brain and the whole world glows outside your eyes. A man may have lived all of his life in the gray, and the head and arms of his dark and acorn. The events, even the important ones, may have tempted by faces and pain. And then—the glory—so that a cricket song sweaters his ears, the smell of the earth rises chanting to his nose, and dappled light under a tree blazes his eyes. Then a man pores outward, a banquet of him, and yet he is not diminished. And I guess a man's importance in the world can be measured by the quality and number of his glories. It is a lonely thing but it relates us to the world. It is the mother of all creative men, and it sets each man separate from all other men.

I don't know how it will be in the years to come. There are monstrous changes taking place in the world, forces shaping a future whose face we do not know. Some of these forces seem evil to us, perhaps not in themselves but because their tendency is to eliminate other things we hold good. It is true that two men can lift a bigger stone than one man. A group can build automobiles quicker and better than one man, and bread from a huge factory is cheaper and more uniform when our food and clothing and learning all are born in the com-plexion of mass production. Mass method is bound to get into our thinking and to eliminate all other thinking. To use time mass or collective production has entered our economics, our politics, and even our religion, so that some nations have substituted the idea collective for the idea God. This in my time is the danger. There is great breach in the world, begin-ning toward a breaking point, and most are unhappy and confused. At such a time it seems natural and good to me to ask myself these questions. What do I believe in? What must I fight for and what must I fight against?

—John Steinbeck

Let the old tree go down to the earth—the old tree, With the worm at its heart. Lay the axe to the root! Who will miss the old stump so we save the young shoot?

Save the forest!... I follow... forth... where you lead.
BLACK MAGICIANS

Come home! The pink meat image
black yellow image with
two fingers and two eyes
is gigantic already; the black
curry pubic hair, the
blind hollow stomach.
The silent soft open vagina
is rare web of new birth
Cook lone and happy to be home
again
touched by hands, by mouths,
by hairy lips—

Close the portals of the festival!

Open the portals to what is:
The mattress covered with sheets,
The soft pillows of skin;
Long soft hair and delicate
pads along the buttocks
timidly touching,

waiting for a sign, a Throb
softness of bells, the rough
nipples alone in the dark
met by a weird finger;

Tears alright, and laughter
alright,

I am that I am—

Closed off from this

The schemes begin, roulette,
brainwave, bony dice,
Stereoscopic motorcycles,
Stroboscopes and Sealy
Serpents winding whirs
cloud spaces of
what is not—

"Plunging on a oath, a
pimpiab, a---"

ALLEN GINSBERG
Kyoto-Tokyo Express
July 10, 1963
I, Allen Ginsberg,
a love starred eastern Jewish hairy loss
de admit circa 1956 -- 1960
ears streaming from my eyes when I was not agitator
fogging from cafeteria table to cafe stairs
having conceived a jealousy for the body of Michael McClure
his starry eyes and valorous nose & blackie hair
and the naked human skin of his poetry pages
which I gleaned alas as mere erudite texts
out of my own abyssmal bodiless nervous breakdowns
(Coveting his wife Jo Ann co-equal
in his creation)
and not knowing properly how to express my adoration
ashamed of my tenderness and my own witheld
having pathetically blabbed all over my universe that he
was a narcissist resisting my imaginary kisses,
arms which at the time didn’t exist.
Having recovered partial trust in my own belly & remorse,
let this later indulgence set us free.
Allen Ginsberg
1963

I, Michael McClure,
POMPOUS, ADOLESCENT (beyond proper years), VAIN
Proud, Hyper-Competitive, Filled With A Vision
of myself as Eagle of Poe
--being in fact a kind of Emotional Ghost
compounded of spirits & meat
except for the moments I could drive myself
to creation --
in the years 1956 -- 1963 --
saw mostly the bad side of Allen Ginsberg.
Though I did not deliberately blind
myself to the good -- I saw only
the poetry & not the poet
with curly black hair & beard
--the shambling man lion crouched
behind the bulwark
of beauty
who stands smiling into the end
of 1963.
Michael McClure
CANTO VI

Man is born on a battle-field. Round him, to rend
Or resist, the dread Powers he displaces attend,
By the cradle which Nature, amidst the stern shocks
That have shatter'd creation, and shape'd it, rocks.
He leaps with a wail into being; and lo!
His own mother, fierce Nature herself, is his foe.
Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath over his head;
'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes: her solitudes spread.
To daunt him: her forces dispute his command:
Her snows fall to freeze him: her suns burn to brands:
Her seas yawn to engulf him: her rocks rise to crush:
And the lion and leopard, allied, look to rush
On their startled invaders.

In vast Malbier,
Where the infinite forest spreadeth breathless and far,
'Mid the cruel of eye and the stealthy of claw
(Striped and spotted destroyer) he sees, pale with awe,
On the menacing edge of a fiery sky
Grizzled Dooopy, blue-tint'd and red-hand'd, go by,
And the first thing he worships is Terror.

New realms to man's soul have been conquer'd. But those
Forthwith they are peopled for man by new foes:
The stars keep their secrets, the earth hides her own,
And bold must the man be that dares the Unknown!
Not a truth has to sit or to science been given.
But brows have ached for it, and souls tell'd and strain'd:
And many have suffer'd, and many have fail'd,
And many die, slain by the truth they annul'd.
LUCILE

...written text...

Silence straightaway, stern Moos, the soft cymbals at...

And now let all the ships come on

Pity and let the Rosear, the Flower

The gift of the Alpaca sarthes

and the mind go forth to the land of the...
The Ship Condemned for Niagara Falls

Chapter 2

Eastern Conference

Confidence at much more complicated in the Eastern quarter of influence. Advance information indicates a run to the wire which will shape into a three-way play, a lot of jockeying not unusual in this or the other East. Anyway, for the moment, probably public relations will not carry the bill for their teams.

First to take a hand-off is Hal Buss of the Cleveland Browns. Though the Browns have had a bit turnover in personnel in the past two years, it is still a comparatively young team (only two men in the starting eleven are over 30). The Browns also will be watching with interest the development of their young quarterback, Bob Finn and John Novak, and hope to come up with a few defensive backs to provide for the tackle problem. The Browns are well known, mainly by young talent who played the pictures in the last two years. And by the incomparable turn around of their young backfield. Bob Finn and John Novak, now 55 and a veteran of 13 years of professional football.

Aside from that, the Browns are well known, mainly by young talent who played the pictures in the last two years. And by the incomparable turn around of their young backfield. Bob Finn and John Novak, now 55 and a veteran of 13 years of professional football.

The mammoth was born hath some monster unwarned
The bane of thy mountainous pedestal framed?
For once gazing on thee, it flash'd on my soul,
All that secret! I saw, in a vision the whole
Vast design of the ages; what was and shall be!
Hinds unseen raised the veil of a great mystery
For one moment. I saw, and I heard; and my heart
Bore witness within me to infinite art,
In infinite power proving infinite love.
You did kind of course not.

I came to Buffalo because I had once heard there was a magazine here called "Glass and Air".
BELTED KINGFISHER (Megaceryle alcyon) L.L.J.F.

There is hardly a break or point from Delaware to the Gulf of Mexico where the Kingfisher is not found. Hunting scoters in luanck dag in hands.

[Image of a bird and a painting]
This huntsman has ridden too far on the chase;
And elrich, and eerie, and strange is the place!
The castle betokens a date long gone by.
He crosses the courtyard with curious eye:
He wanders from chamber to chamber, and yet
From strangeness to strangeness his footsteps are set.

And the whole place grows wilder and wilder, and less
Like might seem before. Each in obsolete dress,
Strange portraits regard him with looks of surprise,
Strange forms from the arms start forth to his eyes;
Strange epigraphs, blazon’d, burn out of the wall;
The spell of a wizard is over it all.
In her chamber, enchanted, the Princess is sleeping
The sleep which for centuries she has been keeping.
If she smile in her sleep, it must be to some lover
Whose lost golden locks the long grasses now cover:
If she moan in her dream, it must be to deplore
Some grief which the world cares to hear of no more.
But how fair is her forehead, how calm seems her cheek!
And how sweet must that voice be, if once she would speak!
He looks and he loves her; but knows he (not he)
The clue to unravel this old mystery;
And he stoops to those shut lips. The shapes on the wall,
The same men in armor around him, and all
The weird figures frown, as though striving to say,
*Halt! intruder art the Past, reckless child of To-day!*
*And give not, O wightman! the heart in thy breast*
*To a phantom, the soul of whose curse is known to!*
*By an Age not three years!*
The huntsman has ridden too far on the chase,
And elritch, and eerie, and strange is this place!
The castle hotorns a date long gone by.
He crosses the courtyard with curious eye:
He wanders from chamber to chamber, and yet
From strangeness to strangeness his footsteps are set.

But unconscious is he,
And he heeds not the warning, he cares not to see
Aglow but one form before him!

Real, wild woods are o'er,
And the vision is vanished from sight, evermore!
And the gray mourning seas, as it drearily moves
Over a land long deserted, a madman that roves
Through a ruin, and seeks to recapture a dream.
Lost to life and its scene, withdrawn from the scheme
Of man's waking existence, he wanders apart.
And this is an old fairy-tale of the heart.
It is told in all lands, in a different tongue;
Told with tears by the old, heard with smiles by the young.
And the tale to each heart unto which it is known
Has a different sense. It has pervaded my own.
I told you once
I told you twice
all seasons
of the year
are nice
for eating
Dear Stan,

Jonas showed it to us two times & I walked away more aware of my own reading up to now. I was late for saying Supreme Master piece over & over without any particular sense of the relevance of my words to that incredible stimulus which is beyond anything I have ever seen as total & supreme trust in the visual & hence in the visual apparatus of an audience which is itself thereby magically restored & made new by the security of the box & controlled music of that which is seen, so that even the strange before & after nerve jitters comment people described that night were silenced in the act of seeing this vch defied the possibility of any commentary, as much beyond orchestral response as it is beyond photography, a wonder of wonder after all these years of our own private personal endless irrelevant but shaping childhood wishes & hopes & tears that single thing we longed to see, the thing you see in the dark.

I keep well in the spring. Love, Robert

The man in room (whence our common) has IndoEuropean root *monia* & is thus related to *mean* (= common, ordinary, average). Latin *munus* is a 'civil obligation', hence an 'occupation, duty'. From this flex we get such words as *municipal*, etc. At an older level (bless you for making me look this one up) *munus* has the sense of 'service', custom, exchange. So that the common is that with which (or with whom) one is in a relationship of exchange. The etymology supports my sense (as stated in that stupid for BAD POINTS vch brought the matter up) that that exchange is a necessary mandatory one, i.e., cannot be avoided without destroying the work, the person who makes the work. So common – the state of being in exchange with. The depth of reciprocity in language, i.e. our use of language, passes ordinary measures of such affairs. Reciprocities. God. We'll see you in New York next week. I hope to see you here soon again if it can be arranged for you to take leave of the Town. Love to all of ye.
Learning to See

In Aristotle, the great mind, there was a man who saw things which other people miss. One of his students had left an account of how he trained them.

"I had assigned to my students a small table with a tin pan upon it. Again, I brought in a small fish, with the stern requirement that I study it, but in no account, talk to anyone concerning it, nor read anything relating to fishes. Find out what you can without damaging the specimen," he said. When I think how dear the work, I will question you. In the course of an hour, I thought I had compassed the fish and was anxious to make a summary report and get on to the next stage of the business. But Agave, though always within call, concerned himself no further with me that day, nor the next, nor the next...

"But that I was ever watching me. I set my eyes to work, and in the course of ten hours or so, thought I had done much — as much as the scale went in series, their shape, the form and placement of the scales, etc. I felt full of the subject, but there was still no word from my master except a cheer: "Good morning." Finally, on the seventh day, came the question: "Well?" and my urge of learning to him as he sat on the edge of my table pitting his ego. At the end of the hour's sitting he swung off and away, saying, "That is not right!"

"It was clear that he wanted to find if I were capable of doing hard, continuous work without the support of a teacher, and this stimulated me to labor. I went at the task anew, dissected my first fish, and in another week of ten hours a day I had results which astonished myself and excelled him.

"Agave did not praise me, but gave me instead a more difficult task, which was all the more the pupil could expect, for it meant, you are becoming a more competent scientist.

— Gilbert White, The Art of Travels (1817)
Learning to See

To become a painter, one must develop the power of imaginative seeing. This is the initial step in the development of the artist's eye. One who has spent years in the acquisition of facts and figures, in the manipulation of colors and forms, may be especially troubled by the idea of seeing in a purely imaginative way. However, this does not mean that the artist is not aware of the beauty of nature. On the contrary, the artist is only beginning to see this beauty. It is only through the power of imagination that the artist can truly appreciate the beauty of nature.

The artist's eye is not different from the ordinary eye. The artist simply sees the world through the power of imagination. The artist sees the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist sees the world as it is, but also as it should be. The artist sees the world as it is, but also as it could become. The artist's eye is like a camera. It records the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a mirror. It reflects the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be.

The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be. The artist's eye is like a dream. It imagines the world as it is, but also as it could be.
Learning to See

The reason for your satisfaction is that you are a man who appreciates and who understands the power of beauty and art. You see the world in a different way, with a more sensitive eye. I want to convey to you the beauty of nature and the magic of art. When you look at a bird, I want you to see its beauty, its grace, its strength. When you look at a tree, I want you to see its beauty, its strength, its resilience. When you look at a flower, I want you to see its beauty, its fragrance, its colors.

The key to seeing beauty is to be open to the world around you. To be aware of the beauty in everyday life. To be aware of the beauty in the colors of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the sounds of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the textures of the world.


To see beauty, you must be open to the world around you. You must be open to the beauty in everyday life. You must be open to the beauty in the colors of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the sounds of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the textures of the world.

To see beauty, you must be open to the world around you. You must be open to the beauty in everyday life. You must be open to the beauty in the colors of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the sounds of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the textures of the world.

The key to seeing beauty is to be open to the world around you. To be aware of the beauty in everyday life. To be aware of the beauty in the colors of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the sounds of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the textures of the world.

To see beauty, you must be open to the world around you. You must be open to the beauty in everyday life. You must be open to the beauty in the colors of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the sounds of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the textures of the world.

The key to seeing beauty is to be open to the world around you. To be aware of the beauty in everyday life. To be aware of the beauty in the colors of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the sounds of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the textures of the world.

To see beauty, you must be open to the world around you. You must be open to the beauty in everyday life. You must be open to the beauty in the colors of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the sounds of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the textures of the world.

The key to seeing beauty is to be open to the world around you. To be aware of the beauty in everyday life. To be aware of the beauty in the colors of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the sounds of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the textures of the world.

To see beauty, you must be open to the world around you. You must be open to the beauty in everyday life. You must be open to the beauty in the colors of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the sounds of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the textures of the world.

The key to seeing beauty is to be open to the world around you. To be aware of the beauty in everyday life. To be aware of the beauty in the colors of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the sounds of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the textures of the world.

To see beauty, you must be open to the world around you. You must be open to the beauty in everyday life. You must be open to the beauty in the colors of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the sounds of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the textures of the world.

The key to seeing beauty is to be open to the world around you. To be aware of the beauty in everyday life. To be aware of the beauty in the colors of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the sounds of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the textures of the world.

To see beauty, you must be open to the world around you. You must be open to the beauty in everyday life. You must be open to the beauty in the colors of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the sounds of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the textures of the world.

The key to seeing beauty is to be open to the world around you. To be aware of the beauty in everyday life. To be aware of the beauty in the colors of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the sounds of the world. To be aware of the beauty in the textures of the world.

To see beauty, you must be open to the world around you. You must be open to the beauty in everyday life. You must be open to the beauty in the colors of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the sounds of the world. You must be open to the beauty in the textures of the world.
"What is truth?" jesting Phileas

ask'd, and pass'd from the question at once, with a

smile as

its utter futility.

See!... what

What word, do you ask? Every word! would you not,
Had I taken your hand thus.

Of a nature so urgent as hardly to spare
My presence (which brought me, indeed, to this
If ever your feet, like my own,
O reader, have traversed these mountains alone,
Have you felt your identity shrink and contract
At the sound of the distant and dim distant
In the presence of nature's immensities? Say,
Have you hung o'er the torrent, below'd with its spray,
And, leaving the rock-way, contorted and roll'd,
Like a huge convulsive Typhon, fold heapt over fold,

You have not the right (read it, you, as you may)
To say... 'I am the wrong'd."

or always calling on too much

taking it in like a mulligan stew

doing this on tight rope

contemplating ones navel

drinking the potion

that dam magick fluid

i would almost trade a spade for a spade

we have a lot of gro wn to dig

and i think to bally the hacket to o

yet sit on top a crev

contemplating

a bud

a flower

a leaf

a flat

basket of dancing

infernal eingind

detetable spirit

unquestionable

O Doomed Creeps

Gotten Putoho chirits

Ala Beth

smoke

rouldeg

Father

everyone

will be sitting round

her eggs dropped in

her kind

(thinking of mr creel

crushed be everyone

o What Fun )))))

ROBERT IRANAMAN

BEN BURLAP'S BARN

Ben Burlap hunged about his barn with every sute he say.

He said it was the most bizarre that any barn would be.

So he dug, "The stuff is full of hater, but still, i understand.

When shes not here like Burlaps barn, no hater been up to date.

And when you met a well-dressed man who refused to fiddle chimes.

He would say "Burlap, he never wants to all alone of the wolves.

And where the wolfswere in the wind or upon a half-day even.

You'd know it was Ben Burlap, none, anywhere on his form.

A 5 went down to see his barn, he bring up to like

One day I see a bee, and I jumped i'd go and take it in

"You just be good on me," and said, it fly so in roud the barn.

It been off before I ever say, or ever 'tact to see.

When I was a boy I was Ben. "Which dont seem to matter now, that's kinder somethins you'd. Haint think about after.

It looks so much you say "brave." And there's Ben, it's a bit or other. That as it is my barn,"

-Anonymous, 1877
of always calling on to much
Tying it in like a calmess staw
pissing this on that tight robe
that little black nail
drinking the paint
that the weight fluxes
I would almost think a spade
we have a lot of guns up to dig
and think to bring the heast to o
yet sit on hop a crew
compelementing a sound
a bed
a flavor
a leaf a flower
basket of dancing dwarfs
inherent singed and cleaner of little folk
detectable roat shore
unnarahnsilw aeronfumbe
5 beaux dragee: unending rag
Getten frostic shorten another
the birth of o crossing sea
roiling marleck
father son
everyone
will be sitting round that idel (even Peter Green) her legs up to fill her ass
(thinking of an creators poem)
(they its been unde
there be everyone
O What Fun)))))))))))can you and greathouse(((((if sink can

Sun Sandhurh Y a
Moon of Silver
Actually Blue

ROBERT BRANaman
Robert Ronnie Branaman
paintings & drawings

MARCH 12 - APRIL 13

Batman Gallery

March 12, 1963 at 8 PM

2222 Fillmore Street, San Francisco 15, California
ROBERT DUNCAN

Apprehensions

1

To open Night's eye that sleep in what we know by day.
"If the Earth were animate it should not experience pleasure when grottoes and caves are dug out of its back.
From which argument my mind fell away or disclosed a falling away, and I saw an excavation—but a cave-in of the ground, hiding in showing or showing in hiding a glass or stone, most valuable.

According to the text
Picoio had the idea
Life circulates from the earth to the stars
"in order to constitute the uninterrupted stream of the whole of nature"

You've to dig and come to see what I mean.
Enzo, idea
"is something to which we gain access through sight", this defines the border lines of the meaning.
For what I saw was only a glint.
I did not bring the matter to light.

Well, I saw...yes, that the earth is a great mother, a fancy figure of Titicac, pitted with young. But then stood,

ROBERT DUNCAN

looking down into a chain of caves most real (that might have been washed, gutted out by rain from the sky-yellow sky).

an opening archaeologist or a storm had dug.

At Quemna fragments of an old way stored out of sight.

Michel remarks "Statements of this kind are all the more valuable because they are rare"
and "Certain concordances reveal direct and more or less disguised plagiarisms"

What I saw was only a gleam.
It might have been a living thing for it moved in the dusk.
I did not search it out. The look was enough.

(My mind had split again, could not keep its place in the sentence.)
"Whenever the subject is not the earth but the universe viewed as a whole"
"dissociation appears"

And the soul was revealed where it was, fearful, rapt, prepared to withdraw from knowing, looking down into the six-foot pit where . . .

Or it was a stone that was most rare, moving to see what we call a jewel, hidden there, found in pressure and the inner fire.

Picoio's text reads: "How can one dare to say that this woman's worth is not living "since it produces little ones?"
I found a moment of what I am
around me as if waking were a dream,
a house built in the ancient time
when men like a salmon swim
in currents of fire and air, in what he was,
keeping the bounds of desire
and need in the stream before there were letters
deep reflections of his cause.
There must be a pool, dark and steady mood,
stone and water, where this magic crossing,
this play of a star, catches in flow
another time of what we always are,
from which we start up into the live jewel,
see joy in where death meets it,
ready like a seed encased in its shell.
O let the shadows and the light say unto!
Sage Architect of the soul and its image,
let there be a house held of these things
where such a silence awakens our fearful touch
and flames of beauty in old stuff reign.
I’ve come into a knicknasss, as if into a room
wherein biddler remembered that Love stands alone
and world in whose timbers a rude poetry
sowing the presence and weight of that crown.

THE DIRECTIVE
is a building. The architecture of the sentence
allows
personal details, portals
reverent and enchanting,
constructions from what lies at hand
and what rings true.
His concentration fixes this
blind
a space figured in language by what is placed
and here bridge to the walk.
Now they plunged the given field in rows,
rooms and
venus / and brought landscape
into being—
the grave interpreting and
interpreting by the house and hearth—
that a grave expectation
provides for the dense of many-colored glass,
flowers light.
carved woods and deep windows;
needs brush of the high hand that from above
is deep, a well or wall of holy spirit
defining the humble.
Where there is a temple
must keep from base servitude.
Let my saw be steady
in the rude elements of my household.
At the window, the rose vine.
The King brings his old body into its monument, in which we are remembered, lonely and bare, of our being, our presence, slowly restoring the house of its kin.

The aged wood shines in the light, surrounding and including the shine of our eyes.

Bell tied in the foliage
rang as the wind rises.

D’onn or vision, the ancestor’s adventure;
now food found in families
or mankind in a wound of a woman’s rage;
snapping the withy skull
to eat of its virtue;
death of bees, theft of what the heart desired
made so beautiful by the art’s magic that
now still remember the walls of Troy,
the horse stan’s town and young boys have borne affinities
immense by the Mother-Dragon’s blood
except that bees make one spot to be betrayed as His
close upon Death—
All that we’ve lived obverse truth on these pages.
The elemental man is a humpd back where
the hair grows, heaped up of time,
faulted upon fault, lifted up from what he was,
a depth of silt, into this height
above sea level.

Compressions, oppressions—the harder gathering
in the poorest lands
shifting the weight of continents. And continents
are only what gulls must be.

Theosophists teach that primal man is a vast dispersed being,
having as much intelligence in the sweep of his tail
as in his claws or those rearing jaws, back of whose row on row of teeth ripping the most
a brain like a child’s fast pushing those eyes,
and see the force of intellectual hunger
forces, towering toward such nest
a diamond has in structure, sustained by presence. Man
an exclusively defined he is
a figure of light.

Then hunger be stem from what I am
and the horn bloom as he will toward that end
the poem initiates by admitting a form.

To survive we conquer life or must find
dream or vision, the grandfather’s father’s trail.
But it was my grandfather who made that track
after the war into the Oregon territory
and my grandmother who crossed the Oregon West
enacting what to now a map
where we crawl on hands and knees along the edge of the rug
to the house of the Bear Chief,
in the blood-colored light and the purple light
from her stand glass window vast
where by a river for a long time stood
so that there is a continent of feeling beyond our feeling,
the big house of the empty,
Indians and cowboys taking over the English-style garden.
Over and over, You’re dead!
Only to jump up shouting, This is play!
This is play. They’ve come back from the were.
The German tulips shown on the balcony.
And the grown-ups discuss the death-roles
of continents and civilizations.
The tired old man
after the war,
called in the nuts of marriage his wife wave,
taking to drink and where.
as my grandfather did
now that I know that history—but
this is myth.
that Fred aye lies in our blood.
Dead, woe, to darken our intelligence.

We remember it all.
The smaller children at the table reject their food,
sweeping up bits,
memories. 

We remember it all. 

Of the eyes, of the shore, of design toward crisis.

(inversion to First Movement): 

They had taken him out of time.
He had taken them, parts of him,
Out of what he was, left
deadly record of his form.

So that the earth
benefited him,
kept a rude semblance.
The lowest room, at least,
stood for the head,
joined by a neck

To the toughness of the cave
above. It was a grave then.

It was a place where a flood
had passionately dug out
his substance, leaving only his boundaries.
And it seemed a grave to me,
for I thought he was dead. No,
It seemed a scythe of grass as I said.
Certainly, there were no aims or legs
duly defined.

ROBERT DUNCAN

It did occur to me
that the lisious gnom of a crawling thing there at
the bottom
was in the mind,
that the figure was head-downwards.

I have seen the jewel.
To open Night’s eye that slept in what we know by day.

In the graves we excavate remains,
as if an empty place waited

body to my soul.

4 (STRUCTURE OF RIME XIV)

Cite purpose, waste that was wax to the edge melting, forecast
I’ve known in every touch—thus the Loar admired his unrest
in the first uprising of the light that unseated his surrounding dark.
This right has to finger my soul that I awake a new, a
wonder figure of joy.

O play that Loar makes out of Desire! What I was as a boy
has run out and away so that I wept.
Spectral images of manhood took shape in too.

I saw in your eyes—hidden, waiting, empty—a place I was to
fell. As in the theater it can be shown, such a presence in
passion, a void

prepared to its visible counter part—

sung, cite purpose, story of me that flows away, melted from east
after east, was releasing fingerprint-like intentions of the man
from the world that is a worker in men. Suf from Hesperas-

Lutiter starts out light out of earliest thoughts toward me reach
me, leaving scars of evening and morning.

cite purpose of love lost known.
not was that know the shaping hand.

O core of resemblances, core of times!
5th Movement

(First Poem)

It is the earth's turning,
that lifts our shoes from the dark
into the cold light of morning,
eastward turning,
and that returns us from the sun's morning
into passages of redlight and shade,
dim reveries and greedy effects.
The sun is the everlasting center of what we know,
a steady radiation.
The change of light in which we dwell,
colors among colors that come and go,
are in the earth's turning.

Angels of light, embers of early morning,
your figures gather what they look like
out of what rolls once knew of dawn,
first stages of love that in the water thrived,
so that we think of omen
as spark from sun-silked, in light of the occult egg striking distance.

Twined angels of dark,
hand matter-reminders of from-where!
Your eyes as animal-red eyes
store the fire's glare.
O blames O reservoir!

(Second Poem)

Handle the cards, shuffle the cards, cut and shuffle.
Distribute them once more upon the table.
Sometimes I am not permitted to read.

ROBERT DUNCAN

O I know the cards like an old post knows his image,
but when I am not able to read they are only
numbers and forms, there are no moving pictures.

Cards of going, cards of coming . . .

These are not your cards or mine.
There is an angel of the time we are reading.
To figure his likeness men have worshiped
planetary governors, angels or gods, to the hours.
There is a god of the time where the cards fall.
You and I reading are meeting among his powers.

All things are powers within all things.
Think of the continuous presence
between the light of Venus or Mars and the eye
seeing the planet in the West in the evening
or the planet rising in the sign of Taurus near the Pleiades.

There is only one event.

There are old diagrams whose points are star,
known and associated that are made's gods,
or notes of a scale or possible scales to which music refers,
and think too of our speech where men
come again and again to their few words,
not of what they think they are saying
but of the thing they are telling, the mood
where they refer to the cards they are holding.

Cards of going, cards of coming . . .

Numbers, letters, words, cards or hourly
--handle and shuffle, cut and shuffle.
This one comes before,
the image of ghouls or even "dog out of the Earth's back" arranged
to suggest the cast of the Ancient of Days, the
Primordial Man. Now it is gone.
It was in the distribution of words.
A worm or reflection of a star
moved in the depths. A star may be a crawling thing,
as in the old deck;
something answers the moon or answers for the moon
and changes movement.

Bruce of Nola saw such a universe.
"In whatever region I am," he wrote:
"time and place are distant mountains
changing their visages in the distant light."

(Complete Third Poem)
March 27th: We found after the rains a cave-in along the path
near the nursery and thyme, disclosing the pit of a divided
cone pool. Because of the dream fragment a month before, the
event seems to have been anticipated, a verification in some
thing seen after the fact as it is placed in the poem.

Wherever we watch, concordances appear.
From the living apprehension, the given and giving make
--shelves framed--in what scale?

Referring to these:

the orders of the sentence in reading:
the orders of what is seen in moving (there was the swarming
earth);
the orders of commanding images;
the orders of passionate figures and themes of the poet in writ-
ing;
the orders of the dead and the unborn that swarm in the threds
of a man embracing his companion;
the orders of the Lord of Love. Let me await thee, Prince of the
Morning.
Irreclaimable days; but in these days of ours,
In dividing the work, we distribute the powers.
Yet a dwarf on a dead giant's shoulders sees more
Than the live giant's eyesight awaited to explore;
And in life's lengthen'd alphabet what used to be
To our sires X Y Z is to an A B C.
Close your eyes & see a flock of birds. The vision will last a second more or less; you don't know how many birds you see. Is the number of birds definite or indefinite? This problem involves the problem of the existence of God. If God exists, the number is definite, since God knows how many birds you see. If God does not exist, the number is indefinite, since no one is able to arrive at a true tally. Let us say you see less than (say) ten birds, but more than one. But you don't see nine or eight or seven or six or five or four or three or two; what you see is a number between ten and one, a number which is not nine or eight or seven or six or five or four or three or two. That whole number is inconceivable: hence, God exists.

(El创造者)
Close your eyes & see a flock of birds. The vision will last a second more or less; you don't know how many birds you see. Is the number of birds definite or indefinite? This problem involves the problem of the existence of God. If God exists, the number is definite, since God knows how many birds you see. If God does not exist, the number is indefinite, since no one is able to arrive at a true tally. Let us say you see less than (say) ten birds, but more than one. But you don't see nine or eight or seven or six or five or four or three or two; what you see is a number between ten and one, a number which is not nine or eight or seven or six or five or four or three or two. That whole number is inconceivable to us, God exists.

(1 hour ago)
A Snarling Garland
Of Xmas Verses

by Anonymous
Chanson

Oh, love child!

Jesus, yes.

It's like your kids.

A friend's kid.

Gifts are being exchanged.

Send love in your own name.

It's like your wedding.

Good gone.

It's like your idea.

Hi There

Look here.

Some are like.

Now a new.

Sopa

The old lady who that I'm back.

If you found the letter say so.

The prayer won't stop.

Three, I know, we won't.

To me, the Chanson people are Pisa in a hall.

It will never pass.
The Conspiracy

You send me your poems,
I'll send you mine.

Things said to awaken
even through random communication.

Let us suddenly
proclaim spring. And you
at the others,
all the others.
I will send a picture too
if you will send me one of you.

This is a Wild pocket-book

Needled in Mouchet and Grasset Autotype letters
and printed on 400 papers in a limited edition.

This is a Wild pocket-book.
Dear Stan and Jane,

Your letters are a great gooddamn cheer in the midst of presently hopeless confusion, as we try to get through last minute business, i.e., the semester ending and endless papers it seems, and packing (which last Bobbie actually does, I go to pieces even thinking of it etc. Ah well...) That is very happy news about the award, and red knows much deserved. So, voila. I'll write them for a copy of that issue, and want also to get a subscription to FILMWORLD once the smoke clears again.

Despite debrisa, I did get two plus chapters of the novel done over this last weekend, making the five I'd committed myself to bring to New York—and they've since written if it makes it, and it seems now likely, they'll be prepared to give me a contract (and more $$$) rather than extend the option etc etc. I was very helped by conversation with you, and equally the films, i.e., what has been a headache in said novel is the sense (more than the means even) of a continuity, and now I'm reassured I can make it as Warren Tallman would say a 'cum of variations'—and let my so-called plot fall as it will, simply making it all a recurrence of thought, and/or thought (at best) itself. In that sense I find now the so-called thread of it all coming out of the attention I can give to the whole complex, rather than what I might propose, overtly, as its 'line' etc. Anyhow it's working so far, and things come up, as recurrences, really as objects almost bobbing to surface in a so-called sea of detail that invests them, strikes to them, each time they go under to reappear etc etc. Ah well! But really your films, you see, showed me how detail can be invested with a rhythmic insistence apart from an overt 'meaning' or 'purpose' etc. That is, seeing your films I do see, first of all, and 'think' later—and know later if I'm infact to accomplish as a ground-seen in the narrative. So that I write what 'comes to mind', rather than what I might propose should 'come to mind' etc. So that the control comes in finding just that sense of the thing provoked by its 'appearance' in the narrative, be it a sudden anecdote, or simply the insistent feeling that a sense of relation is at the given moment best said as 'an empty ice box' etc. I want in short to give over the process of 'explanation' and/or 'understanding' of a spurious kind—which bores me dead in novels as the red heads Keller thrust at me by gettysburg Gretchen etc—which I read 90 pp of before realizing it was like 3rd grade homework and my sense of obligation quite equivalent. Alas... She has sometime exploded me a blank puffy mushroom the past days—with letters I find in my mailbox or box at the school, long senseless arguments of how cruel I have been to her (you were 'polite' by the way) underwriter. I have it seems a check valve somewhere that brings me to turn completely on someone who eats away at me, chunk by chunk—and the New England fumbling 'humility' as least at last has the counter of the (equal) NS will, etc. So that she slits, rightly or wrongly, into the slander she finally proposes. It's ugly, and sad, but true.
Once more settled, again, I'd like to send you other stories—perhaps I can find the book of them in New York. In some ways they have closer relation to me, like they say, than the poems—which go beyond, if they make it at all, whatever it was I thought I was, or was doing etc. whereas the stories were always a way of thinking about something, often the only way—at best. So that I did use them to walk in places otherwise impossible. And now, thinking again, this novel seems a curious release from old concerns, even (though it is also an invocation claiming all experience as its right (rite)) an exorcism, but then that is too quick, if only that 'how is it far if you think it' etc. But, as Williams, PATTON 5:

...I saw love
mounted naked on a horse
on a swan
the tail of a fish
the bloody thirsty conger eel
and laughed
recollecting the Jew
in the pit
among his fellows
ever like they say
with the machine gun
was spraying the heap
he had not yet been hit
but smiled
comforting his companions
comforting his companions
Dreams possess me
and the dance
of my thoughts
involving animals
the blameless beasts...

that, then, is true, of it. I wrote Lawrence Ferlinghetti to send you Olson's MAXIMUS FROM DOGROW, as a sign. That is, it is, for me, the largeness of both dream and place, in reality like they say. A sight. In fact, such a 'creation myth' or moving from that source of sense(s). I am very happy the films you made here are what you tell us of them, i.e., what a great goodamn happiness that is. Ok! At the moment, not 'selfishly', I am stretched almost beyond so-called endurance, finding at times (like waking) myself on the street with no real sense of it, at all, at all, hair in eyes etc., goddam 'publicity' of it, etc. i.e., hailed now to thinking, all becomes impatience etc. So, thanks to you both, again and again. We will get together and send on your things here, as the jacket (which is safe), and a few other odds and ends, it really was hard to see you all go. Well, not forever, or, ever long. Take good care of yourselves, and we'll keep hold.

All our love to you all,

Bobs
REALITY PRINCIPLE: MAKED ascending testicle the horn of love Imperative histenning tearing at the sell the eyes undone in four & eager: (All)ive live in the Brightness the brightness raising your legs & spreading you open — eager brotherhood his mouth at your trap
wet fish not that, drive them up from what is deep
(Tomales Terrafoss out of Fume pointed magical open open funnel of net) Actually sucking all fish into the ship
be — sucked into the brightness — reality principle wheels Bray
or hidden on the soft steel wheels & a heel (putting a penny down
on the brick), & finding it affairs, better & splendor a noon shining in the darkness of what runs every day
2 never needs out so wet, written hot in my hand
this coin to pay all events with? fuck — all fish that shall be are
alive in the brightness & go into this net — this act has been communicated long before, been
written down & printed on the wall, highos (iskhýros) ungap trick
this act extent before the sea from which it is an its own time sucked
the waters that rise up to cloud & fall back & will keep it fall

hagios iskhýros = ἡγιασ ἰσχύς, 'holy strong one'

it is the name of The God, itself, the self-aroused
SECURITY SOCIETY CMB investigations of outburn fuel in decay
the daughters of ocean cloth amounting to evil
wearing blue dresses who went down to sea mouths to hell
wearing white dresses who brought the white bull's back from earth
the grapes are not available on earth
(as physics not the science of all physics,
the physical)
A secret mortuary cedar incredible rosepetal wisdom
micros by micros spread over the walls of the self the cell the cell
endless film of the crackings shadings of the living tree
life's tree
or man's grove from which all crossing things are banished
the tree that bears ten different kinds of fruit
not one of which a hungry man can eat but in the heart of each
fades ocult
to seal the gates of his holy vith pass the still water
boy & plant for himself a tree to eat from
secure in the constant velocity of light in another another kind
apples & strange pomegranates, gold pears of earliest summer,
gold pears of fall
A Poem Too New to Have a Name

The White Woman stands among the children
she carries her sword in hand & has murdered their father.
It is somewhere in the Cyclades, in Pylos where in the cave
It is a face indifferent to the moon & a neck by hand discovers
New York the murderous garden of apples
the profile
dry lips I will bite thus to blood (the trolley is gone from New York
the metropolis city deserted; white walls embedded in cobbles
still hot from the iron wheels, the settle runs on paper wheels
impressed
the hardness of
steel,
compressed
the brightness
last)
America the still wheels ride over her screen goes up to the city.
Martianus Capella. It is true we discovered & found
the sun is a wonder the moon is the voice of a god,
Aeolus, our language has roots in it, the sun is a
woman of fire she burns us she keeps the relation
keeps the relationships clear.

Unique semantic comprehension of the source as source
to go a step further. Not the sun of philes & energy only
not the pole road a woman desired a fuck to throw in her face.

but the sun,
the saving substance of gods, the intercourse ever & that comes after
now
the sun filled with the fire of birth the moon delivered & empty
& waiting & hidden & still.
OCTIRIS HAS BUILT HIS CITY strong in the middle of life
steps out of the bright air to try on a tomb
& lie caught in the endless passion of set his destroyer
who needs of him only the prick that commands, the phalanx of artifices
to blind the children of earth to their flesh

Architect! the barded of Egypt is broken
I look down the valleys of the pyramids from an infinite height
I give rain to my people Egypt & rain to my people Israel
nothing ever could live here Milis water is abstract, & dead
covered with crocodile tears & the metaphysics of fish
Architect! undo me these temples
bear down the massive imagery, the gestic material holds
rain & the beauty of Egypt

vision is burnt to the ground, no people can live here
these minds have left us for another place
set, set
black crucifix propped up in sand there is the black god hidden
you hold all our lives in the loops & snare of your hands
the left hand the prints of your
origin, the right hand burdened with your perpetual idea

MAN IS ONE CIRCLE RING
no river runs through him there is no dividing him is that he is & he does that he ({ does
I offer this not for the logic nor for the birds. Bergonie, for all his airs, stays right with us, step for step into new time. Bridging I want to hear from you but when you have the peace or fury of time to write, don’t feel at any moment you ought to. More particularly I want to talk to you asking the magic of the world that got us started will surely (VII) continue us as the need is. Much new stirring in me, back from Gloucester ready to go, & going, things tucking out without my care to sit on them & craft them or de-form. I’ll put on the bottom of the page one of yesterday’s poems, a spurt of long lines of the reality principle a breaking in my hand keeps jammimg at me. Keep well.

our love to you, to Jane
Kell

(VI)

RIVER IN YOU REFLECTED Intercourse of elements of speech tree in your body spread out channels of your heart, the breath & seed & give me to eat Specific mirror
in which my eyes can no more come to focus than in the natural air unsided I have no lens I can see nothing clearly the hunger that I am moves deeply extinct not
the passage of earth around the sun gives focus, I cannot meet it I see the old heart but hear the new blood flowing I reach out to come close to it & get some small & vigorous animal in my hand, this is what it is to be eaten to be somebody’s angry impossible dinner o god a river I cannot see past as flowing the reptile where we draw

beyond the trees of breath now the rocks & cones that still serve me in darkness watching an authentic image of the original endgame, this next

(25.vii.63)
(VII)

THE FIRST MESSAGE TO INSTRUCT YOU today the garden is bright with animal colors tomorrow the gray light in of fog come in from the sea will fall over the leaves & the place there we walk the connected paths, trail bleared bark stripped from the tree rots flat on the sopping grass.

mushrooms

countercounterphila phyllis ingush white caged filled one with a flying tender mushroom bond. sea of connections

several there the last one

three moose foraging the nearest edge of the city swell out swelling regular swelling the middle one fuller & richer white white white

tree fungus saprophyte growth of life thoreau's hydra

whose crown a city is

triplo-towered silver against red sky imposed, the cruel crown

hills of Rome of of Jerusalem

the city... fog cough over

Tide hill & Givens hill

just grass of Fort Greene park

sun & the fruit tree a wildwood sun in endless fog but something grows there over

& does not over fall

white corpse of leaf & flower goddess of the broad-streetered city

where only justice is & tenderness & infinite connections star crowned cunt
...the flesh of all the gods this blood
steadily corroding. Eerst we公网er source of liv-
ing & dying live cell & dead cell brightness
recurring, the viscous darkening osteoporos removed
the last tenants through the gates of the house.
They fed on us, their round ears our records

23 July 63

This poem breaks the measure. Let us dream of
energy as at its word tip (our head) the Sun a tend the
dawn of the law. The poem is from a for Stz. Brakhage
& Charlie Olson (Abbot Dorsey, & Brakhage has the
7th part of it already). The copy is from a for Stz. Brakhage
who will first see it, (Cell is the self, this is not Christ, Set in Christ, the sun.)

A NON-PROFIT, NON-GOVERNMENTAL
EDUCATIONAL ORGANIZATION
The National Wildlife Federation is a leader of public
education programs helping all Americans the
preservation of wildlife and habitat. The Federation
works with private citizen, government, and
industry groups to achieve its goals. We collect,
protect, and restore our nation's wildlife resources.
My friend, hear a parable: ponder it well:
For a moral there is in the tale that I tell.

It is all one to me where I begin:
for I shall come back again there.

Parmenides

A suspiciously simple sense of life is that it is, in any one man, conclusive. Oh, for him—of course; but for this world I wonder, or rather think it is only in the relationships men manage, that they live at all. People try with an increasing despair to live, and to come to something, some place, or pursue. They want an island in which the world will be at least a place circumscribed by visible horizons. They want to love free of a continuity of roads, and other places. This island is, finally, not real, however feasible it once seemed to me. I have found that time, even if it will not offer much more than a place to die in, nonetheless carries one on, away from this or any other island. The people, too, are gone.

--- Robert Creeley
Dear Robert,

I see in re-reading the Kulchur correspondences, I have credited Creeley with a quote which was actually Rothenberg's own "from another direction"; but, anyway to me these two statements (both Rothenberg's): "The deep image is the content of vision-emerging in the poem" and the problem of distinguishing "the poem from any other visions," along with the danger "where structure and/or manner are treated as isolated factors, i.e. abstractly", seem to hedge-in some area where I am most bothered from two sides, these quotes sticking most in my mind while writing you -- and, in terms of credits, too hastily looked-up for copying... only I keep wondering whether or not, right here, it shouldn't be taken further than Miss Stein did, that is, beyond the language altogether?

June 22, 1962

This is just the advice I myself would have given to Lord Alfred, had I been his cousin, which Heaven be praised, I am not.
Dear Robert,

I see in re-reading the
I have credited Greeley with
usually Rothenberg's own "The
anyway to me these two stat-
"The deep image is the cont
the poet" and the #99999 of
from any other visions," all
structure and/or measure of
factors, i.e. abstractly"
area where I as most bothers
quotes sticking most in my
and, in terms of credits, to
copying... only I keep war
right here, it shouldn't be
Stein did, that is, beyond

This is just the advice myself would have given
To Lord Alfred, had I been his confidant, which Heaven
has praised. I am

You have studied all this. Then, the universe, 106,
Is not a mere house to be lived in, for you.

The wild wind hath planted the wild weed: yet ere
You exclaim, 'Fling the weed to the flames,' think
again:

Why the field is so barren. With all other men
First love, though it perish from life, only goes
Like the primrose that falls to make way for the rose
For a man, at least most men, may love on through
life:

Love in fame; love in knowledge; in work; earth is
rise
With labor, and therefore, with love, for a man.
If one love fails, another succeeds, and the plan
Of man's life includes love in all objects!
A FOOT TO KICK WITH

"Prosody is the articulation of the total sound of a poem"

It's got a kick in it. What a kicker! Mid-field a 12 horse-

power kicker. You go get a kick? Go tell it to City Hall

It's as though you were hearing for the first time— -- who knows

what a poem ought to sound like? Until it's there. And how

do you get it there except as you do -- you, and nobody else who's

a poem? (What's a poem?)

In ain't dream until it walks. It talks. It screeches its

green barrazas.

Listen closely, folks, this poem comes to you by benefit of its

can Irish green barrazas. You take it, from here.

Think of what's possible-- not what's new, but what it's all

about what. about it's all what all of a poem is. You

think of it. You put down a word. how do you put down the last

word. How do you have the last word?

Wow. You sir. The last word. what intervention is the

simplest But --

You wave the first word. And the whole thing follows. But --

You follow it. With a骰 at your heels, a crocodile about to

eat you at the end, and you with your pack on your back trying to

catch a butterfly.

-- Charles Olson

* Q Shakespeare! How couldst thou call 'What's a name'?* "The spell's in it, when a bard sets to sing" English always be done with more, but we French:

And in their own language, well I know that I speak.

All too rare is homesick English plains.

With just eight, in sound it's well spoken.

You, the lucky French, in many a line, I want my Englishmen were, and say, French hearing.

Here is the poet that yet cannot say

Your beginnings. for the leg, they hit the limit. When necessarily, not baldness, here.
POSTSCRIPT: THE POEM IS

The poem is what it is, but it is also a great deal more. The poem is both an object and an experience, and the experience is the object.

The poem takes a risk with itself, with its audience, with its way of saying it, with what it says. The poem is an act of folly, as folly is the human dimension. The poet does not resist folly, he goes along with it.

Price is the subject matter of poetry, as tragedy is the subject matter of comedy.

The achievement of the poem is in how much it is and how much it is not. The poem knows what is left out, and why what is left in is. And what is left out to be altogether needed. Without excess the poem is incomplete.

The poem is a magic thing, and not to be defined without dire consequences. The poem is a magic thing, and has more ways than doors.

The poet learns the science of the verbist. The poetic notions run on the funny, the tacky, and the stupid. The poem becomes the alchemy of feeling.

The poem is a new thing, and capable of being renewed. It is not a period piece. If it someday becomes a period piece, it can never be only that. Or else it was never a new thing.

The poem says it, or it doesn’t. The poem says it to you, or it’s not for you.

Ask’d if he had nothing that weighed’d on his mind:
Well...no... says LaChute, “I think not
I find,
On reviewing my life, which in most things was pleasant,
I never neglected, when once it was present,
An occasion of pleasing myself. On the whole,
I have naught to regret”.

Loony Tom’s Song

Give me a time and I’ll slap the ball thru,
I’ll spring the hammers, cut out of his wife.
Any old flautist you care to answer,
give me his name and I’ll be her lover.
La fiddle la, the harmonium chanted,
Yes fiddle you, the wild wind moaned.
For love bid the story under the songload,
buried the bullhead under the harmonium.
Love as they tell me, love to I hear,
love awakes the trumpet and betters the tree.
But love will come too, only if free.
And only to me.
La fiddle la, the harmonium chanted,
Our setting was the windswept sod.
To the sacred political creed of his youth
The century which he was born to denied
All realization. Its generous pride
To degenerate protest on all things was sunk;
Its principles each to a prejudice shrunk.
Down the path of a life that led nowhere he trod,
Where his whims were his guides, and his will was
his god,
And his pastime his purpose.

From boyhood possess'd
Of inherited wealth, he had learned to invent
Both his wealth and those passions wealth from from
the cage
Which penny lacks, in each vice of an age
All the virtues of which, by the creed he revered,
Were to him illegitimate.

Thus, he appear'd
To the world what the world chose to have him
appear,—

The frivolous tyrant of fashion, a mere
Reformer in coats, cards, and carriages?

Regret is a spiteful old maid: but her brother,
Remorse, though a widower certainly, yet

Has been wed to young Pleasure.

Half pleased you see brooks play with pebbles; in
pains
You watch them whirld down by the torrent.
Besides, shall I own a strange sort of desire,
Before I extinguish forever the fire
Of youth and romance, in whose shadowy light
Hope whisper'd her first fairy tales, to excite
The last spark till it rise, and fade far in that dawn
Of my days where the twilights of life were first drawn

By the rosy, reluctant auroras of Love:
In short, from the dead Past the gravestone to move:
“Wretched creatures we are! I and thou—one and all!
Only able to injure each other and fall
Soon or late, in that void which ourselves we prepare
For the souls that we boast of! weak insects we are!”
Ah! pale woman! what with that heart-broken look.
Didst thou read them in nature’s weird heart-breaking book?
Have the wild rains of heaven a father? and who
Hath in pity begotten the drops of the dew?
Orion, Arcturus, who giveth them both?
What leads forth in his season the bright Meroeth?
Hath the darkness a dwelling—save theirs, in those eyes?
And what name hath that half-reve’d hope in the skies?
Ay, question, and listen! What answer?

“Wretched creatures we are! I and these—one and all!
Only able to injure each other and fall
Soon or late, in that void which ourselves we prepare
For the ends that we boast of? weak insects we are!”
Wine! Lucile left Matilda, she sat for long hours
In her chamber, fatigued by long unwavering powers.
With the signs of departure, about to turn back.
To her old servant life, on her old hopeless track.
She felt her heart falter within her. She sat
Like some poor player, gazing dejectedly at
The insignia of royalty worn for a night;
Exhausted, fatigued, with the toil of flight.
And the effort of passionate feeling; who thinks
Of her own meager, rash-hearted garret, and shrinks
From the chill of the change that awaits her.

* Wretched creatures we are! I and thou—one and all!
Only able to injure each other and fall
Soon or late, in that void which ourselves we prepare
For the souls that we have destroyed, weak insects we are!
me woman! what, with that heart-broken look, 
whom read then in nature's weird heart-breaking job?

Her wild roses of heaven a father? and who 
has pity forgotten the drops of the dew?

Arcturus, who pilots them both?

Each forth in his season the bright Marmoth?

In darkness a dwelling—save them, in those

pres. what other that half-seen's hope in the

name, and listen! What answer?

*We're broken creatures we are! I and thou—one and

all!

Only able to injure each other and fall

Soon or late, in that void which ourselves we prepare

For the seas that we boast of! weak insects we are!
That the sight of it scared her.

O heaven! and what has become of them? all
Those instincts of Eden surviving the Fall:
That glorious faith in inherited things:
That sense in the soul of the length of her wings:
And what best proves there's life in a heart—
—that it bleed's?
Grant a cause to remove, grant an end to attain,
Grant hath to be just, and what mercy in pain!
Cense the sin with the sorrow! See morning begin!
Pain must burn itself out if not felt'd by sin.
There is hope in your bill-eyes, and love in your light.
Let hate and dependancy die with the night."

Of this deep harp of life, if at moments it stretch
To shrill tension some one outwailing nerve, means to fetch
Its response the truest, most stringent, and smart,
Its pathos the purest, from out the wrong heart.
Whose faculties, hallowed it may be, it less
Sharply strong, sharply motion, had fail'd to express
Just the one note the great final harmony cords.
IT'S GRATE—BUT IS IT ART?

Try as they will, some people just can't see anything in abstract art. The shapes may be interesting and the colors are usually nice and bright, but when it comes to content—that's where some folks get lost and are apt to suspect the artist did, too. Photographer Herbert Ste- donnik, who likes abstracts well enough, went to the San Francisco Museum of Art to look at some. There he spotted a couple of little girls who were obviously dubious about it all. Then they discovered an engraving little com- position so poorly hung that they had overlooked it before—the air vent—proving that if they don't know much about modern art, they at least know what they like.
untitled song

THE HUMAN FACE. THIS HUMAN FACE IS A VISION
of red flesh of rose and brown and pink,
--I LOVE THE HUMAN FACE!
And the face and brain and hanging body (for
sometimes the body seems to droop beneath the face)
is the lover of all the Universe through its dimmed
fastidious eye. (And sometimes the face
and body knit together into one perfect animal.)
But the human face is a meat jewel
and I love the Face
as much as
hands!
We ARE perfect.
I would like to acknowledge Bob Tymp's musical being and sensitivity. He walked unseen through these pages as great music cannot be visualized or explained, but only inspirational.
TIN DEATH TO COUNTERFEIT

By V. E. Stoughton, Chief, U.S.

Post Office Service

Counterfeiting during 1931 will probably be at its highest known point. Serious cases of counterfeiting are already reported in all parts of the country. The familiar group of three men who are known to have been in the counterfeit business for years, are now working with the aid of many other persons, and have established a new business of their own. The success of this business has been such that they have now several hundred salesmen and cover all parts of the country. They have been operating under the name of "The United States Post Office Department." The United States Post Office Department is a Patent Office of the United States Government and is interested in the counterfeiting of United States postage stamps. The Post Office Department, under the provisions of the law, is charged with the duty of detecting and combating the sale of counterfeit stamps.

Counterfeiting, as it is now understood, is the making of stamps by the Post Office Department. The Post Office Department has been in existence for a great many years and has been responsible for the sale of many thousands of stamps. The Post Office Department, however, is not engaged in the counterfeiting of stamps.

In this respect, the Post Office Department has shown great success. The Post Office Department has been able to stop the sale of counterfeit stamps. The Post Office Department has been able to stop the sale of counterfeit stamps and has been able to prevent the sale of counterfeit stamps.

The Post Office Department, in an effort to combat the sale of counterfeit stamps, has put into action a number of plans. These plans have been quite successful and have resulted in the arrest of many persons engaged in the counterfeiting of stamps.

In order to make the counterfeiting of stamps more difficult, the Post Office Department has been putting into action a number of plans. These plans have been quite successful and have resulted in the arrest of many persons engaged in the counterfeiting of stamps.

The Post Office Department, in an effort to combat the sale of counterfeit stamps, has put into action a number of plans. These plans have been quite successful and have resulted in the arrest of many persons engaged in the counterfeiting of stamps.

Yes, yes... you are sad—because knowledge is said!
"Yes, yes!" he went on, "I was no
Always thus! what I once was, I have not forgone.

I could trace nothing more, nothing more through the
spheres,
But the sound of old soles, and the tuck of old tears!

"Vain all Vain!... For when, laughing, the wine
I would quaff
I remember'd too well all it cost me to laugh.
Through the revel it was but the old song I heard.
Through the crowd the old footsteps behind me they
stir'd.
CANTO V.

Up 1—forth again, Pegasus!—"Many's the slip,"
Blast the proverb well said, "twist the cup and the lip!"

How best should we be, have I often conceived,
How we really achieved what we nearly achieved!
Web but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be,
And fall back on the lap of a false destiny.

So it will be, so has been, since this world began!
And the happiest, noblest, and best part of man
Is the part which he never hath fully play'd out;
For the first and last word in life's volume is—Doubt.

The face the most fair to our vision allow'd
Is the face we encounter and lose in the crowd.
The thought that most thrill our existence is one
Which, before we can frame it in language, is gone.

O Horace! the race still rests by the river,
But the river flows on, and flows past him forever!

Who can sit down, and say, "What I will be,
I will!"—Who stand up, and affirm, "What I was, I am still!"
Who is it that must not, if question'd, say . . .

What
I would have remain'd or become, I am not?"
We are ever behind, or beyond, or beside
Our intrinsic existence. Forever at aide
And seek with our souls. Not in Hades alone
Doth Sisyphus roll, ever frustrate, the stone,
Do the Danaids ply, ever vainly, the sieve.
Tasks at futile does earth to its deities give.
Yet there's none so unhappy, but what he hath been
Just about to be happy, at some time, I ween;
And none so beguiled and defrauded by chance,
But what once in his life, some minute circumstance
Would have fully sufficed to secure him the bliss.
Which, missing it then, he forever must miss.
And to most of us, ere we go down to the grave,
Life, relenting, accord'd the good gift we would have;
But, as though by some strange imperfection in fate,
The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.
The Future's great veil our breath fitfully flaps,
And behind it broods ever the mighty Perhaps.
Yet! there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and mouth;
But while o'er the brim of life's beaker I dip,
Though the cup may next moment he shatter'd by the wine.
Split, and deep health I'll pledge, and that health shall be thine.
To relinquish, and folly to live for! No less
Was his ancient religion (more potent to bless
On to bar; and the crater his ancestors knew'd
To endure, when they fought for the Cross, in hard field
With the Crescent's bowser, ere it reach'd him, tradi-
tion;
A mere faded badge of a social position;
A thing to retain and say nothing about,
Less, if used, it should draw degradation from doubt.
Thus, the first time he sought them, the crowds of his
youth
Wholly fail'd the strong need of his manhood, in
truth!
And the beetle that, sleeping, yet hum'd her night
lynn:
An indistinct anthem, that troubled the air
With a searching, and wasteful, and questioning prayer
"Return," sung the wandering insect. The roar
Of the waters replied, "Nevermore! nevermore!"
He walk'd to the window. The spray on his brow
Was flung cold from the whisp'ring drops of water below
The frail wooden balcony shook in the sound
Of the torrent. The mountains shiver'd silently round,
A candle one ray from a closed casement flung,
O'er the dim balustrade all bewild'red he hung,
Vaguely watching the broken and shimmering blink
Of the stars on the veering and virtuous brink
Of that snake-like prone column of water; and listing
Aloof o'er the langurs of air the persisting
Sharp horn of the gray gnat. Before he relinquish'd
His unconscious employments, that light was extin-
quish'd.
Ere wheels at last, from the inn door around him. He
In the broad fields of action thrown wide to man's power,
She unconsciously made it her bulwark and tower,
And built in it her refuge, whence lightly she start'd
Her contempt at the fashions and forms of the world.

And the permanent cause why she now miss'd and fail'd
That firm hold upon life she so keenly assailed.
Was, in all those diurnal occasions that place
Say—the world and the woman opposed face to face,
Where the woman must yield, she, refusing to stir,
Offended the world, which in turn wounded her.

As before, in the old-fashioned manner, I fit
To this character, also, its moral; to wit:
Say—the world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings;
Grasp it firmly, it stings not. On one of two things
If you would not be stung, it behoves you to settle:
Avoid it, or crush it. She crush'd not the nettle;
For she could not; nor would she avoid it: she tried
With the weak hand of woman to thrust it aside,
And it stung her. A woman is too slight a thing
To trample the world without feeling its sting.

III.
Woman's honor, you ask? Is there, sir, no dishonor
In the smile of a woman, when men, gazing on her,
Can shudder, and say, "In that smile is a grave?"
WARS I HAVE SEEN

My contract reads, "All strings attached!"
Leona Wilber Houston
Wray, Colo.

Interim

I know a valley rimmed by sky

Where burned deer and haunted I
May seek a peace.
Where golden head on soaring wing
And elfin deer-mouse, scurrying,
Will not betray.
No wound of must can penetrate
As I my soul regenerate.
FOUR HAPPENINGS BY ALLAN KAPROW ARE PLANNED AND WILL BE ANNOUNCED SINGLY. THEIR COMMON TITLE 'FIGHT', WILL APPLY TO SUB-THEMES: COMBAT, MONEY, EATING AND SEX. A DESCRIPTION OF EACH HAPPENING WILL BE MAILED IN ADVANCE, AND AFTER READING IT, THOSE WISHING TO TAKE PART MAY CONTACT MR. KAPROW, WHO WILL SELECT FROM THEM. THE EVENTS WILL BE PERFORMED WITHOUT SPECTATORS.

SMOLIN GALLERY 19 EAST 71 STREET NEW YORK
Dear Subscriber:

King Midas, touching anything, turned it to gold. If I had that happy faculty, you would never receive this second reminder to pay the enclosed bill.

Art in America
453 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

brilliant in its truth. Would that each of us lived one life giving more than we took, in order to be memorable in the hearts of muddled.
Max. John M. Woodard
Seattle, Wash.

"The light, the light! First did I see lightning, I well knew, I wish might holy the wish I wish thought!"
Cooper closed his eyes and wished... for a new friend. When a little telling star actually "Middle" into the bedroom with announced that it had ran away from the home in the heavens, the gravelly ghost vowed that he was a true friend.

Tru-Vue

Odd, isn't it?
Stanley M. Rice has played the same dance organ in the same Bellows, Ohio, movie house every Saturday night for the past 54 years. None of the other can get him to stop. The word is spread the same forward or backward.
Mrs. Ella E. Allgrove of Glendale, California, has one of a population that looks exactly like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
"★★★★★ THE BEDROOM SCENE IS SO POIGNANT, IT BECOMES A TRIUMPH!"

471 YEARS AGO, COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA.

THE TWO RATS, THE FOX AND THE EGG

La Fontaine says that two Rats in search of food found an egg. While preparing to enjoy this delicious treat, they observed a fox at no great distance, approaching the spot. How to carry off their prize, they were promoved to decide, and the fox continued to approach. But necessity is the mother of invention, and they soon struck upon a plan which proved completely successful by the execution. One rat laid upon his back, and held the egg in his four paws. The other dragged him by the tail, and saving a scratched back, they reached their hole in safety, and deposited their egg where the Fox could not get it.

Here we are taught that some persons never find out what they can do, until they are driven to it; and these rats would probably have idled away some hours in contriving how to carry off the egg, had not their wits been sharpened by the imminent danger of losing it. They found that there was but one alternative, either to live the egg, or secure it to their hole. Thus they bestowed themselves in earnest, and proved the old proverb true, that "Where there is a will there is a way."
The soul I made with life cannot be matched.

"SEARS MADE 25 MILLION — SKINNER ONE MILLION — ROSENWALD 100 MILLION — THEY'RE ALL DEAD. ME? I NEVER FELT BETTER"
THE MOST FANTASTIC STORY OF 1842

by Joel Seward

PENMAN INSPIRED BY A LUCTING SHADOW, FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

When the boy, 10 years old, was searching the skies for a glimpse of the smoke from his father's workshop in Baltimore, he stumbled upon a small boy, who was staring at the sky in wonder. The boy asked him why he was staring, and the other boy replied, "I am waiting for the end of the world."

"Why?" asked the boy, "Do you think it's going to end?"

"Yes," answered the boy, "I heard it's going to end in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"What is that?" asked the boy, "Is that the end of the world?"

"Yes," answered the boy again, "That's the end of the world." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"Oh," said the boy, "I didn't know the end of the world was going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.

"No," answered the boy, "The end of the world is going to start in 1842." And he pointed to the sky, where he saw a shadow.
This is the failure of an attempt to write a beautiful poem. I would like to have it looked at as the mindless coiling of a protein that has not fully achieved life— but one that is, or might be, a step towards living-being. We live in the visions of highest genius— each day we see through the eyes, brains and physical spirits of Plato, Darwin and Dante. The glories of their visions allow us to see more fully, but too often their seeing are accepted as finalities. We have not even totally assumed the meanings of Marx or Freud, and still make confrontations with their ideas. The message embedded in the dialogue Euthyphro by Plato is one that is enormously fresh. Why have we not gone beyond what was already known by the older geniuses of mankind and begun to prepare a Paradiso of our own sciences and genius? Darwin’s portrait of life is real and true but it is only 15 degrees of a circle. Let us see all and feel all kinships and meanings, and great unity, in the rushing mass of plasma that has begun to fill the darkness between the stars...

THE SURGE! THE SURGE! THE SURGE! IT IS THE SURGE OF LIFE
I seek
TO VIEW...

Plato and Darwin are the dead heads of glorious vision.

Dante turned to the woman Beatrice
in Paradiso and she spoke:
Tis true that oftentimes the nigh shape

That to this race of worms,—stinging creatures, that crawl, Lin, and fear, and die daily, beneath their own stings,— Can excuse the blind boost of inherited wings. When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath pow’d Beyond anguish, and risen into rapture at last; When she traverses nature and space, till she stands In the Chamber of Fate, where, through tremulous hands, Fun the threads from an old fashion’d disaff uncurl’d, And those three blind old women sit spinning the world.
will fail to harmonize with the design
when the material is deaf to answer.

Then from its course the creature deviates;
For though impelled towards the highest heaven
it has the power to bend in other ways --
just as when fire is seen to fall from clouds
if the first impulse of its natural bent,
turned by false pleasure, drives it to the earth.

-No more, if I judge rightly,
shouldst thou marvel
at thy ascent, than at a falling rill
that plunges from a mountain to the depths.
-Twould be as strange, hadst thou stayed down below..."

IS NOT THE OLD WOLF BEAST SIGHT OF IT
as dead as Hell?

Our view of Life is still so young and so worn
and ripped by the xxxxx brutal tatters we made of it!
Subtle Plato and Darwin opened worlds to us by stating
what we knew and our admission threw us into
reality! How blind is blind?

How deaf and dumb is our dumbness? Who now can
read Sophypho without the shock of a tingling
truth that is already dead and buried? If we admit,
we do have fresher eyes. There's a calm inertness
of joy that living beings drift to and from. (And it is far
back when the Universe began...
and it is here now too.) I do not mean the mystic's view.

That to this race of worms,—stinging creatures, that
crawl.

Lie, and fear, and die daily, beneath their own stings.—
Can exceed the blind host of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath past'd
Beyond anguish, and risen into capture at last;
When she traverses nature and space, till she stands
In the Chamber of Fate; where, through tremulous
bands,
From the threads from an old-fash'd distaff uncur'd.
And these three blind old women sit spinning the
world.
--Or that of a man looked in the superstition of his own repression.
Not emotive analogies!
I mean there is a more total view
It shifts and changes and wavers,
and weakens as our nerves do, to finally make
a greater field and more total sight.

YEARN FOR IT...

I love you is the key.

THE SURGE OF LIFE may not be seen by male or female
for both are halves. But perhaps the female,
who is unprincipled, sees farther and into more.

OH, HOW I HAVE BEAT MY HEAD AT IT in male stupidity!
And here... here in my hand, is a picture of the living Universe
made by a woman as gift of love in a casual moment;
--A valentine in ball-point ink. It calls all
previous images to abeyance. The dark and radiant
swirlings in my head seem clumsy -- tho I trust them too.
She says it is a tree that is not a tree.
It might be a placeenta with thin branches or veins.
The stalk of it narrows to a gasp of life
and stretches downward and spreads into what
might be the earth or the top of another tree.
(Is there a forest?)

(Upon the lower treestop, or earth, lies a creature coiled
and incomplete, with round and staring eyes.)

intersecting the narrow trunk, or crossing it, in

That to this race of worms,—stinging creatures, that
crawl,
Lie and fear, and die daily, beneath their own stings,—
Can escape the blind blast of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath pass'd
Beyond anguish, and risen into rapture at last;
When she traverses nature and space, till she stands
In the Chamber of Fului; where, through tremulous
hands,
Rum the shreds from an old-fashio'd distaff un
com'd.
And those three blind old women sit spinning the
mysterious geometry, is a palette-shape.
Upon it spins around and round, before ascending
up the stalk into the boughs, a creature that
is a ring of meat divided into the individuals
comprising it. They are hot upon each other's
tails. They stare after one another and outwards
with round eyes. Some beasts of the ring
are dots and blobs or teardrops of primal meat.
And some are more whole creatures. Some contain
within themselves, midway, an extra pair of eyes
to show their division is not complete. (Or
to assert the meaninglessness of all division
that is based on eyes or other organs.) Those eyes
deny that a single head or set of senses divide
lives in a greater sense. The ring is one!
The creatures
swell, spring free, and dart up the cincture
to greater space above.
A long, large, snake-shaped molecule of flesh
 coils from the earth
around the palette and caresses the higher branch
in sensuality.
The high part is a heart! Within it a man's head and shoulders
rise from a bat-winged heart with thready tail
and a heart upon the thread-tip. Nearby is a circle
(a nucleus?, a nucleus?) with a shore inside that might
be any living thing from a vulture to a dancing child.

High and low outside are stars that are
living sparks or moths.

That to this race of worms,—stinging creatures, that
crawl,
In, in fear, and die daily beneath their own stings,—
Can excite the blind boast of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath pass'd
Beyond anguish, and risen into rapture at last;
When she traverses nature and space, till she stands
In the Chamber of Fate; where, through tremulous
bands,
Bound the threads from an old-fashion'd distaff un-
cur'd,
And those three blind old women sit spinning the
world.
29v [The Surge p. 5]

TURFSID UPISODE THE DRAWING MEANS
not more nor less. It is a gentle
tensile surge,
a woman views.

3.

Yes, all things flow! And in our rash insistency on meaning
we miss the truth. The mountains do pour, moving in millionic
ripples over thousand aeons. Demanding brute reality we forget
the greater flow and the black immediate is larger -- and it is
and isn't. But Life, THE PLASM, does not flow like lead does.
It  S U R G E S ! Is that the difference? -- And it is one great
whole -- and isn't. It is something sweeter than we see -- we must feel
and hear it too! Male and female have and do not have importance
-- they matter! It is not relative but real!

In black immediate I feel the roaring meat mountain
herds of Bison and of Whales or Men or solid
American clouds of birds 100 years ago.

Then I am moved by meanings and sights of
the smaller surge! Then I, dreaming,
partake in the surge like a plains Indian
on horseback and I know my smallest gene
particles are forever spread and immortal. Distances
and hallucinations then can cause no fear;
life is primitive and acceptable.

Is all life a vast chromosome stretched in Time?
Simply a pattern for another thing?
But the pattern like the chromosome in the Life,

where sudden and sullen suggestions are all
That to this race of worms, --stinging creatures, that
crawl.
Lies, and fear, and coldly beneath their own stings,--
Can excuse the blind boast of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, bath pass'd
Beyond anguish, and risen into rapture at last;
When she traverses nature and space, till she stands
In the Chamber of Pity; where, through tremendous
bands,
From the shreds from an old-fashioned distaff un
covered,
And those three blind old women sit spinning the
world.
and the surge is its vehicle.
IT DOES NOT MATTER!

It is the athletic living thing of energy!
All else is soundless and sightless pouring.

THERE IS NO TELEOLOGY!

Inert matters pour in and out of the surge
and make sound and sight. But neither
they nor the surge will xxxxxx wait. It is another matter.

Space, Space, Space, is a black lily holding the rose,

Full, flowing, and overspreading and con-
tracting, spilling flash.

The woman's easy sight of it can be bolder than the man's.

She admits that we can never know, and tells
us that the question is useless words.

The surge can never see itself for the surge is
its self-sight. And its sight
and being are simultaneous.

There is no urge to see or feel -- for it is sight

AND FEELING.

Except for the glory

GLORY
GLORY
GLORY
GLORY
GLORY

it does not matter.

Whose sudden and solemn suggestions are all
That to this race of worms,—stinging creatures, that
crawl.

Lio, and fear, and fierdly beneath their own stings,—
Can excite the blind boost of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath pass'd
Beyond anguish, and risen into rapture at last;
When she traverses nature and space, till she stands
In the Chamber of Pite, where, through tremulous
bands,

From the shreds from an old-fashin'd distaff un-

con'd,
And those three blind old women sit spining the

world.
But desire to know and feel are not eased;
To feel the aches of body and the separate
physical tug of each desire is insanity. The key
is love
and yearning. The cold sea beasts
and mindless creatures are the holders of vastest
Philosophy.
We can never touch it.
WE ARE BLESSED.

Praise to the surge of life that there is no answer
-- and no question!
GENETICS AND MEMORY
ARE THE SAME
they are degrees of one
molecular unity.

We are bulks of revolt and systems of love-structuring
IN A GREATER WHOLE
beginning where the atoms come
to move together and make a coiling string...

Beyond the barrier
all things are not laid upon a solid
and at rest...
Beatrice...
Beatrice...

Whose sudden and solemn suggestions are all
That to this race of worms—stinging creatures, that
creed
Lie, and fear, and die daily, beneath their own stings—
Can excite the blind boast of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath paused
Beyond anguish, and risen into rapture at last;
When she traverses nature and space, till she stands
In the Chamber of Fate; where, through tremulous
hands,
Ham the threads from an old-fashioned distaff un-
curl’d,
And those three blind old women sit spinning the
world.
Paradise is opening,

WE ARE AT THE GATES OF THE CHERUBIC!

Michael McClure

who

To the heart of the flower can follow the dew?
A night full of stars! Over the silence, unseen,
The footsteps of sentient angels, between
The dark land and deep sky were moving. You heard
Pass'd from earth up to heaven the happy watchword
Which brighten'd the stars as amongst them it fell
From earth's heart, which it used... "All is well!
all is well!"

There are hours
Which belong to unknown, supernatural powers
Where sudden and solemn suggestions are all
That to this race of worms,—stinging creatures, that
crawl,
Lie, and fear, and die daily, beneath their own stings,—
Can excuse the blind boast of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath pass'd
Beyond anguish, and rises into rapture at last;
When she traverses nature and space, till she stands
In the Chamber of Fire; where, through tremulous
hands,
Hum the threads from an old-fashion'd distaff uncur'd;
And those three blind old women sit spinning the
world.
On the battle of them.  Thanks to what you had in sight.
I first lied my bare.

'Pier of us, Richard.'
Who in many—chosen edition may gracious read.
With her feet in, not sensible can.
The song which the part in luscious wrote.
But the poet, and universally read him in them.
The joy of his grown in tears, whilst they run.
The god of the man.  There's song—eat his meal wise.
For'tis forever—not his waiting to smile and sob, but—
Mollie's maid—her and Mollie's foundation.
One man from the well as to reach him, rest moment
The sound every breath entering out of your mouth,
And thus we think wildly the paper to our thought.
'May you follow the true which he knows helpless.
We saw the whole over to a book, in event
Of a letter; end still, to his love distant
In his strength and the beauty which, falling to find
In any one was, we finished to understand.

His work in the day to which he may better.

While the end cut for Price to paid so to Potty.

I realize, own by own, when I grid from this now
The presence I want, no before you stop Plans.
To listen them broadly in places black and white.
On the backs of them. Therefore whilst yet here in sight.
I don't hold my tears.

Who is more; than a million may presently reach.
With deep illustration, and inside area.
The very pitch the point is kilometers eat.
Beat the casters and similarly our hand, in plane
The joy of the passion in them, whilst they aim.
The grid of the cone. Time's song—out his end
Since's absence—over his making to notice and silence?
When's answer—out the Miller's dahomey...
In short, it is clear the interior
Of your brain, my dear Alfred, is vastly superior.

Fare a false sense of honor.

And her heart.

He felt ill at ease with himself.

With the wild heart of youth.

The sad truth.

Ev'ry spendidness is debtor to thought.

To review the rash step he had taken.

In the night wind, the starlight, the murmurs of even
In the arrow of earth, and the languors of heaven.
At Last It's Here—
Glossary Of Hen Talk

Dr. Breuer, who is credited
with developing the "hen talk"
language, claims that it is
based on the "chick talk"
language of chickens and is
understood by all roosters and
hens in the world. Whether
they live on a farm or in a
city, they all understand this
language.

This is what I think,
I believe that I will.
consonce it — Know Non Pines/ Naman Pines?)

2.

BOOK OF HEBIES, Abandoned as a work, turned
the form, my let real book that I call HEISLE
which I know will be true to myself & Heaven.
A book of poems for whoever will print them.

able to write for the past two weeks because I
my right hand pinky, 5 stitches, & couldn't type
Dear [Name],

Let me say something that I have been pondering for some time. Today the news of your passing is like a shock to me. I was not expecting it, but it has come, and it has left me feeling a deep sense of loss. I know you were a kind and gentle soul, and I will miss you dearly.

I remember the times we spent together, sharing stories and laughter. Your smile was infectious, and your kind words always lifted my spirits. You had a way of seeing the beauty in the simplest of things, and I learned so much from you.

I hope you are at peace now, and that you are enjoying the company of your loved ones. I will always remember you with love and gratitude.

Yours truly,

[Your Name]
A meat-enigma-Mosaic drunkard, Jonah becoming a satyr, introduced by himself huckster, conjuror. A man; about tracks & the absent lodger. Dropping the cloak to the fleas? Apocalyptic? ... No just and flash start! Befoone is fantastic! =

BLUE MOSES is a meat-enigma spoken in eternal language of director, con man and magician. It's about the charmed flesh that men create to damn the streaming of truth from their muscle and senses. Blue Moses is a molecule of revelation in the shape of a drama thrown off by the artist between Anticipation and Dog Star Man part one.

Michael McNen
Dear Stan:

How have you managed those letters, so delighting us all. When I imagine what blanks backing your moments at ours have been, and total action and thought—no letters until the frantic and wondrous birds blown off to Sweden just this morning (handed in college for introduction, decision, reduction). But SO WEH we struggle to pull off alone, to be to one another what gives us greatest joy, and there is no manner with which to affect our longing except to allow them space.

The GRRR of gray coat of 1st: I keep looking up my emotions in fits and starts. A real sense to hold some express and image of the summer once breathed right into a dream and a fluid paint level. What happened in between? All the transitions are missed. So too film showing for end of month, but in the mean time I've had to take a job—searching one for weeks until desperation finds me in F.I.L.M.A.N. **[Remarkable note: omission endlessly an spelling glass balls, lined strips, color of the end, sparkle into a chipahse].** Then one afternoon they let me upstairs to paint the raindeer heads...[and then:] If I call they show themselves onto into finally studio less is strong, one hit and something answer the phone, fall asleep and at six o'clock in the morning. One day it was Friday and he said "things are slowing down...we'll call you when things pick up." When I come to the country to bake pies, to be able to continue what I've been suddenly for a week or so. For my birthday I go to Chicago.

End of September Julia had a stroke. She was sitting in Mrs. Malles' chair with three barrels at her feet (for the grapes). "Don't get scared...there's something wrong with me...I can't get up," yesterday she asked us, "How is my mountain? Is it weepin' for me?" She has decided to learn to read. She was thinking about her life and about ours. We are making Polish-English alphabet and a cane, "for magic expresses itself in her power of analogy. She told us the story of how she came to America when she was fourteen:

"Our village was so small...you know? Very tine...from here to the bottom of the swamp...no more. And that was all we knew we go here to the town...we go here to the pigs and most of all is to the orchard. Some people go away yes to America, some and I think how terrible it is because when they go past the orchard they fall away. They don't come back. We don't learn of them. What kind of space out there, Sally? (choppers) The world ENDS! One night I watch stars and see far...you know? I think they cover everything I don't see. Past day I take a long walk...I walk right out of our village! The world doesn't end you know? I come home and I say Mother I'm going to America, I'm going to see how far the world is. That's how, that's how come!"

Lantern - hands up and out (bread, crumb throw to birdie) What you think of that?"
FELLING OF TREE

NATURE STUDIES - CLIMB TO PLATEAU ODDS AND ENDS - OUTS MELT SNOW SCENE

"The best with the gentlest patients"
Dear Stan, I'm dreaming of a lion-comebine mess dream... WHAT IS IT TO BE INSIDE A LION WHO IS A MAN - you must not mention this to anyone for it is my deepest secret. But imagine a theater that becomes the beating heart of the body. THE SPIRIT of the body - the consciousness of a man symbolized by a lion. I mustn't dwell too much on this for truly it will only make me flounder. I don't know...
what I am talking about

except the new theatre

that I began to catch

the sound of — that I am

hearing new things

and discovering the world

for the first time.

You had

insisted that if I

write poetry (which you

do in your poetry), I

will have to find a new

model. I selected

Shakespeare's

Plato's Symposium, I think

I have drunk the elixir

to the very dregs I know

his soul by heart. So
But now again timely, to fill the new bookcases I've built.

- Let me know when I'll need more drawings.
- San Francisco & build bookshelves with vampire proof glass doors - A VIEWS.
- To take many flights from. We must all go to Venice & be healthy in the city of Decadence. We will make a film of a new Symposium first & get Venice & rest. (Do I prophesy?)
I have about sleeping plans - always a sign that rest is needed. So I'm reading / actually working 12 hours a day to keep the busy away - but keeping myself away from it all, except for a few come & go. My subconscious is getting in control but not actually so yet. Though I feel the happening at least & go into dreams & dream thoughts anything in strange places.

Yes, I saw Brancusi dropped G.S. (gently)
Now back to Tamborine. 
Of course I believe (thank you again) I'll have something at midnight of Spring Festival at the L.A. Theatre. 
CARRRRRRRRRHHH!
Aren't Marlowesque
are that he is going
to do THE DEATH DEED
as well perhaps you
can judge it in 50.
If so, I will better
best opening night N.Y. c.
Lust you all

JNY
THE CAUSE, THE CAUSE

It is the cause the cause, still, it is (and she, still even though the method be new, be the rode and cones of a pigeon’s or, a rabbit’s eye, or be who, man, is that woman you now dream of, who woman, is that man named & featured yet who it is you sit beside, each of you, there, by the bubbling caldron / in which bones and furniture are tossed (a grisly soup from which child’s fingers/ drop, flames spill out on treacherous ground across which he leads you, i lead you on, in, a devil’s, angels’ dancing, the measured feet (clean, & sweet as hair is, used to dry an ankle, toss hair, wild quiet hair crushed where cylinder & annulet compose no dream

Increasing rhein timed to come closer, closer repeat, repeat, as regular as talk about some other by that fire you sit you dream, you too, you

2

It is the cause, yes, and the movements contain, the nightmare is the day’s ambigous responses, her harassments, his flying off, the sort of looking out by cones, is it, or is it old, like bones anyway, his

All form and essence both brought down, mixed, in this middle place, / this where there is neither one nor the other, this by man and woman/ distilled, this fouled place

But still the cause, it is the cause by which things stand / (by which all eyes are two, and in this fact the day by night stand, all moving things are made to stay, to stay in place, are/ bought together what they are, what a dream is, a man a woman are the hidden others of which they themselves are the face, by a hair of difference, are no greater difference than, the cause, is life from its own ending

-- Charles Olson
watching
where the arc is now being pushed, can be, pushed, her
unreasonable opinions, her
subjection so baldly introduced, her role, her
in the eye, in the era of his will, her
multiple withholdings, her
not at all dumb dance, her masquerade

3.

put it this way (to make the case specific, as well as, historic: he
smothered her
because he could not free his half self from her likeness, carried/
jealous)
buried, you can say, and no more mirroring her - no, not at all, in fact
she, initiate with himself alone, another creature concealed in him -
a female male to him his confusion -- made male by one point short/
majority

and thus
(no confirmation offered, preferred him by his grown unround/
world

(this world becomes a rotted apple, no light
on why, at this queer juncture, he should find himself a
double)

halved, in his own eye, halved, he
cried out for love of her, pressed down, pressed down, and
--
crown of his no longer endurable, not sufficiently regular
pain, he
killed this other
for half love of another
Eve

4.

nor is this all, nor is the story (upper case) so small
as he, and she, alone. in fact it is, there is, another half, the tragedy
repeats itself in inverse, increasing inverse (transvest) plane:
on this even more rotted stage, the rage --
no longer only male (the half's gone over) repeats, repeats!
for woman, too, is joined & sundered, returned
is now (alas) -- she, too -- returned
to mono-beat, she too conceals a brother

And from that Cain once seen, in the light suddenly on the edge of the/
pot, jumping
from the fire up, recognised --
again,
murder, another
murder

5/
To murder to be free from incubus when difference, difference only
is the cause (the cause here spoiled)

All form and essence both brought down, mixed, in this middle place,
this
where there is neither one nor the other, this by man and woman/
dirtied, this
souled place

But still the cause, it is the cause by which things stand
(by which all eyes are two, and in this fact the day by night stand, all moving things are made to stay, to stay in place, are
bought
together
what they are, what a dream is, a man a woman are
the hidden others of which they themselves are the face, by
a hair of difference, are
no greater difference than,
the cause, is
life from its own ending

-- Charles Olson
There are four things you must know & think about:

WANDS
CUPS
SWORDS
PENTAGLES

Your mother is a cup & your father poured you from her.

Pentacles are golden saucers with stars on them.

Because the good Magician knows how to unlock a saucer (nobody else would even think a saucer could be unlocked) Saucers have become a sign (especially when they have stars on them) of all that in your dreams & in your secret places you long to bring out, to open, set down in daylight.

What it mostly is, is thinking about these things all these things.

Salomon

the wonderful Jewish king had many of them (saucers)
He walked from room to room of his palace
watching his saucers
(each one with his star on them)
& knowing
that nothing was locked up or hidden or in darkness anymore.

CUPS generally mean you'll like it whatever it may be. It is a good thing.

Jesu (some of you will know he is the Son of God, while others will be less certain) couldn't think of nothing better to leave with us than a cup filled always with good wine.

SWORDS are tongues & often savage—— swords are words when words are bright & clear like the sun at noonline making crisp shadow but very small.

In the book called The Opening Up a man called John saw another man from whose mouth came a sword
That is how we know swords are tongues & all they do.

WANDS are another matter.

All parts of you that get there (whatever it is) before you do are Wands.
Though they are wood
they live in fire
Because they are wood
when ordinary wood
lives in fire
it takes fire into itself
& grows red.
Fire inside of wood.

Cups are water & soft bodies
Wands are fire & hard bodies
Swords are air & bright & clean
Pentacles are earth & heavy & good

Another name for Penta is COIN.

What do you do with Coins?
It is pleasant to touch coins & hold them
But it is most pleasant to give them away &
sometimes get something for them, in reply to them.
A coin rule
If you do not give it away
(Leave a bright penny in your drawer
& see what happens.)

So how sleuth
on old quarter to chose the thousand
hands that have used it rightly.

When you want something very much you are learning about WISHES.
(If you are careful & want or try to want only good things, it is true
you will never learn how to get what you want but you will get what you
want just the same & nevertheless)

When you get up early in the morning & stand at the doorway or the window
breathing the fresh clean air, & you know that the day will bring
happiness & sadness & that the world is very big & very many people
live in it, then you are learning about MEDITATION.

When you are playing with your best friend or when you are lying on
an wet grass & feeling the earth next to your skin & almost the same as
your skin or when you are snug in bed & all alone & quiet & happy,
then you are learning about CUPS.

When you are drawing a picture or writing a story or singing a song
or when sometimes you learn something at school you didn't know before
or when you are with all your friends or when you are eating or
drinking alone or together, then you are learning about CUPS.

[These are not the only ways to learn about the Four things but they are
easy ways & ways you are trying anyway so be happy & do them & be happy with
what you do because you are doing it & because that way it gets done.

Wishing aside makes things happen. WIL/ing sometimes does because
when you will, when all your will is focused, it is clear & sharp & defined
& as a sword \& deep \& gentle as a nub \& as exciting as a coin \& as intense as
a wand burning in the hottest fire. You know that you can start a fire on
paper or a dead leaf by focusing all the light of the sun on one spot with
a magnifying glass. Your will is the sun inside you. WIL/ing is making
its rays shine all at once all in the same place.

What it is is thinking about these things & WIL/ing & doing.]
That elf he had a teardrop
In his eye
As the dandelion wears rain.
A Gift of Sheepsilver

Hif my brother, gold in that dark tree,
Whose eyes are either, whether dusk or bright,
In Brehon or in Lothlórien,
Gray of the mouse and reindeer silver,
Or fire as when the fox looks into light,

Come from the oak elder older than wizards,
From hemlock come, that breathes the she wolf's breath,
Come from apple, white sycamore, from beech,
From that Finland of fir and pine and cedar,
Gingko, larch, and trees that have no death.

Snow like the grace of memory sifting through loves,
Dance of dwarves following autumn's fiery falling,
Snow shattered on wind like Poulan at the harpsichord
Falls on Graylock and fills Chocorua's woods,
 Witchery of frost, snow charm, north demon calling.

Basses! Where the drums of the archers beat,
Where the fife with an elven melody pipes clean,
Pipes high, silver in russet, and strange,
There, where two errands journey awhile together,
Antique messengers in silk and bombazine

Greet with western words each other,
Speaking as the high kindred speak at home,
Words that make the tongue a nectar
Tremble in the ear like leaves and rush like water
White at the salmon falls, crystal under foam.
II

What strutting stiffer said,
With brass and bones,
So that he sideway s went,
To trumpets and trombones,
Into the diamond land,
Up the mountain all of glass,
Fish-saw in his hand,
Tiptoe through the enchanted pass,
To steal from the mines,
That sheepsilver thief,
This glitter that shines
Leaves upon leaves?

III

The gift is magic,
So do not stumble
Into common thankless,
Sliced glass
Is a wizard’s gift,
As angels tender rain;
Shaved crystal
Packed like the pages
Of a book, or the shaved
Earth itself scaled down
To insect style;
Silver and salam hoot
Its sheen, these mica sheets,
Glass from the West,
Fellinto rock from
The carbon world.

IV

For much light of falling snow in hemlock
Grieve, cedar water in the beaver kingdom,
Stillness sliding against stillness,
Ashen trees stiff in death, the white agnet
Prowling in grass, frail and still.
Hawk of Ireland drifting, swift, spin
Yellow leaves, for stillness grieves.
Al! beurri! hark, host! odridens!
Tño! odridens ve ñeúra adren.

D d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d
Dear Harriet.

That elf he had a tear drop in
The greenness of his eye.
The world, elmwood and wild rose.

Red weather took, aster, frost, and moon.
The leaf 0 green old, his flute a silver sound
Wrote an air grief upon gold.

Grief, noth, feather, smit, all, by
The that fire of the sun.
That ask give the storm to October.

That the long excellence yellow
Of grass play with his stuff, waarth from the sun.
That hilarious, religious old god

Who laughed through creation to hide
Behind the botanical perfection of
The work grief, because he loved, he made,

Grief which we know as despair,
That builder skill of light, and light a spirit,
And light that has no source but dark,

Assumptious when we the angel sin
Call education, leaves, and weather,
Grief and beauty from that wound,

Light's blind dim time from inverts of chaos.
That sifted woe from the iron sprawl of prime,
And workers the silent anxious fish,

I'll we love light and light and light,
That everywhere seen, with dark for where,
Thigh line line triangular.

I probably haven't the habit of planning things up.
I love the answer way disposed as its re
Whether enough time has disposed, since the corners and

I care not to save nor Part fully before we.
That angel's best we are at.
Cause not to equal desires.

As at this great Pound received everything upon from the rear,
but it went on, and he went on as it continued.
They thus brought change for Ecclesiastyle are one to ever be happier
at behalfe of men.

When he had fetched this digger in away he disfixed the back
coat, instead of his glass and
And a book, once, and his ways. 'Tis not so, not strictly so, that
That the prophet's head bowed and again he turned round for them.
movie journal
by Jonas Nukas

Stan Brakhage writes: "It's a great success here. I'm offering fire sale the strings of original prints, have gone to make the film "Mother". There are not so many stills left. The original prints are sold out. I'm working on a new film that will be a series of stills and a film. I'm working on a new film that will be a series of stills and a film."

I think it is terrible that one of the greatest artists in America now has the power to sell his original prints, chopped into pieces, for $10 each. I feel very much the way I feel now. Stan Brakhage is probably the last of the great filmmakers."

I will go out of my way (really, this is my right way) to urge you, the readers of The Village Voice, to send money to Stan Brakhage so that he can live and work, because I know he is in a bad state, and we have no right to deny him our support."
I was
I will
I could
I know
I think
I am
I have

I don't
I need
I must
I want
I should
I will
I can
I will
DOG STAR MAN
by Michael McClure

In Dog Star Man Part One Brakhage learns from his two earlier films Prelude and Anticipation of the Night... The other debt in evidence is that the beautiful shots of the bearded hero's face and some scenes of mountain, cliff, and forest, or solitary green fir bough sweeping in the wind are reminiscent of moments of Eisenstein's Ivan. In Ivan the striking scenes printed on memory are the broodings of Ivan's face from the summit of a crag while massa massa massa he looks down upon medieval city or holds soliloquy with his soul as the camera comes in for a profile of his jagged nose and chin with foxy beard pointing to heaven or hell. Where Eisenstein must show Ivan brooding in solitary state in a logical sequence of dramatic events Brakhage may show only the chin of his hero -- or a glance of deep emotion & turmoil against massa massa masswhiteness or sky... Where Eisenstein shows the whole & sum of plot in an earthly drama that reaches to the cosmic Brakhage reverses the process and shows the cosmic and divine drama of flesh and thought and memory and hallucination and aspiration reaching towards the earthly.

In Dog Star Man all possible views are taken. The man dressed in ragged pants and boots with beard and hair to his shoulders accompanied by his dog struggles up the
mountainside fleeing to a holocaust that may be real or imaginary -- but the man is real! We see man and dog...

the hand fights in the snow for a new grip upon icy rock...
then a passage of whiteness with an almost invisible pinnate pattern of pink within it... cloud... mountain... canyon...
dog... tree... blackness... solar corona... internal organ... bloodstream... blackness... part of face breeding against sky... the man falls... the season changes... he climbs... the memory, or fantasy, of the man dancing naked to the waist like a messiah in flickering firelight... he faints, struggles and hallucinates becoming immortal in his striving.

As in all works of art Dog Star Man is an adventure that is not distinguishable as either a physical adventure or a spiritual one but the two become inextricably woven together to prove the unity and sheer beauty of man and universe. Criticism speaks of levels but Dog Star Man refuses the levels and they become indistinguishable. The camera is outside of the man photographing him... The camera is an eye inside of the man seeing his organs... The camera does not distinguish between future fantasy and past memory of the man... The camera does not say whether it is inside of the man's organs or the dog's organs. The camera does not say when the outer world is imagined or when it is real.
Page 3

The rhythm of *Dog Star Man* is an intuitive adaptation of the pacing of classical drama whether it be Noh theater or the wanderings of Faust. Classical drama is composed of self-contained scenes that blend one into the other leaving the spectator filled but awaiting the next... the scenes must have grandeur and unhurried rhythm while containing athletic and/or intellectual and emotional action. The accepted pacing of film is seven second sequences or scenes. *Dog Star Man* doubles or more than doubles the seven second expectations. Each of the long (14-20 second) scenes is a photographic marvel too proud to rely upon technical excellence and interested only in beauty and an artist's ideal of sight... Each scene whether in the cave of an intestine or looking up into the branches of a forest from the fallen snow beneath is a memorable sight. Combined one after another the scenes heave up into the construction of a human tale that is given credence as a divine happening.

*Dog Star Man* is the most self-sufficient and innocent film... self-sufficient in the sense that Chaplin is. No music is needed to watch Chaplin by because his dance is all the music we need. *Dog Star Man* is silent in the sense that the greatest silent films are. In *Dog Star Man* the film itself becomes a dance of editing and moves as the best silent actors do with their physical movements with
their physical movements with arm, leg, tongue, and face... The film breathes and is an organic and surging thing... It is a colossal lyrical adventure-dance of image in every variation of color.

Canyons, mountains, trees, blackness, blood stream, whiteness shot with pink, remembrance dog and man become actors in the medium. The versatility of sixteen millimeter becomes like the flashing of verse and gains the same possibility of immortality and vision... The film is innocent of taste and combines varied types of film, distorting lenses & altered film speeds.

Taking a historical view of Brakhage's films Dog Star Man is the culmination of Anticipation of the Night and Prelude. Anticipation is the first long film. It has upset and angered many since it received Cannes Festival protest prize. Anticipation is an almost dizzying swoosh of image after image in 2 to 4 second scenes and repeats of scenes. There are forty minutes and much of it imprints upon thought and keeps returning. After the last sequence of fast pastel shots of polar bear, and flamingo, and babo crawling upon grass it ends with the shadow of a hanged man. The unseen hero having this film-dream is visible for the first time in the act of his suicide... he has entered his soul and ded ded upon self destruction. The film has caused boosing and audience demonstration at more than one showing. Nobody seems to know what is going on -- that it takes
place inside of a man's vision and the spectator merely has to
watch. Anticipation is a story born of unconscious explain-
ation but it is often viewed as an abstract film rather than
an almost home-movie-like recording of experience and decision
upon death. There can be no doubt that the audience is aware
somewhere deep & they do disapprove.

Spring 1962 Brakhage was awarded the Independent Film Award
Makers Award for The Dead and Prelude. (The Dead is a drifting
drifting blue gray film of deep serenity and feeling photographed
in a Paris cemetery) Prelude is colossal objective film of the
powers of nature -- from splendorous shots of solar corona
shooting bursts of flame into outer space to descents into
the secret processes of the interior of muscles and living
organs beating and gaping and closing.

Prelude uses the sequential style of Anticipation and
almost by accident destroys the logic of relativity as it darts
from massive to miniscule -- from sun to bloodcell. Prelude
is an exercise in transmitting the film into drama but it is
an adventureless drama because there is no man in it -- a
drama only of beauty. Prelude is picture music. Prelude
takes place in the imagination of a man working with pictures
of the objective world. Anticipation takes place in the mind
of a man contemplating suicide and moves with the swiftness
of anguish. Prelude is creative contemplation and moves more
stately.
Dog Star Man owes the objectivity of the nature and hero scenes to the grandeur of Prelude and draws the intense realization of the subjective from Anticipation. But Dog Star Man is greater than a synthesis of earlier works. It is as if Dog Star Man were a film in which the mental recording of Anticipation were encapsulated in the style of Prelude.
**Dr. George Gamow**

**CU Prof Says New Physics Theory Needed**

**BOULDER, March 5—**This world is due for a new theory in physics, Dr. George Gamow, University of Colorado author, lecturer and mathematician, said Thursday.

"There has been an important theory since the 1930s. Gamow explained, as he celebrated his 60th birthday. He continued, 'I still remember the hope that the theory would be forthcoming, but it seems we are in the great beyond.'"

Gamow went on to say that the area in which the breakthrough should come is in the explanation of why elementary particles exist—and how the process of creation, which will be responsible for young stars, is yet unknown.

**Still Brave**

Most theoretical breakthroughs have come from men in their mid-20s, he noted.

And he explained why. "On the one hand, they have learned enough physics and on the other, they also have enough energy to offer an atmosphere that is necessary for something to take off in the quantum theory of light. That is why new theories are formed. The quantum theory of the atom, and Louis de Broglie's wave mechanics, and Werner Heisenberg described the theories of those men who did it.

**Charging Ahead**

Even then, he said, there has been much more work to be done. And he explained why. "I still remember the genius of the mathematician, and the atmosphere in which they build on. But they don't know the importance of their ideas, Gamow added... and they hardly can, without a theory of quantum mechanics."

Gamow is describing the latest period in theoretical physics, in which he's now writing. He is calling it the "New World That Should Be Built."
when he described the drama of his time—“tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical,” and finally, “tragical-comical-historical-pastoral.”
A NARRATIVE

1.
I am the father of no country
And can lie.

But whether senacity
Is really the best policy, And whether
One is not afraid
To lie.

2.
And truth? O, Truth!
Attach
On the innocent
If all we have
Is time.

3.
The constant singing
Of the radios, and the art
Of colored lights
And the perfumist
Are also art. But here
Parallel lines do not meet
And the compass does not spin, this is the interval
In which they do not, and events
Emerge on the bow like an island, mussels
Clinging to its rocks from which kelp
Grows, grass
And the small trees
Above the tide line
And its lighthouse
Showing its whitewash in the daylight
In which things explain each other,
Not themselves.

With bowed heads, a group
Look at something on the ground.
An old umbrella!
An enclave
Filled with their own
Lives, they said, but they disperse
Into their jobs.
Their 'circles', lose connection
With themselves . . . How shall they know
Themselves, bony
With age?
This is our home, the planets
Move in it
Or seem to.
It is our home. Wolves may hunt
With wolves, but we will lose
Humanity in the cities
And the suburbs, stores.
And offices
In simple
Enterprises.

It is a place.
Nothing has entered it.
Nothing has left it.
People are born
From those who are there. How have I forgotten...

How have we forgotten
That which is clear, we
Dwindle, but that I have forgotten
Tortures me.

I saw from the bus,
Walked in fact from the bus station to see again
The river and its rough machinery
On the sloping bank -- I cannot know
Whether the weight of cause
Is in such a place as that, tho the depth of water
Pours and pours past Albany
From all its sources.

Ouroboros the serpent
Whose tail is in his mouth; be is the root
Of evil.
This ring worm, the devil's
Doctrine the blind man
Knew, His mind
Is its own place;
He has no story, Digested
And digesting -- Fool object,
Pining sedation
In the gutter
Of Atlantic Avenue!
Let it alone! It is deadly.
What breath there is
In the rib cage we must draw
From the dimensions
Surrounding, whether or not we are lost
And choke on words.
The lights
Shine, the fire
close to the nature
Of words. And one may cherish
Invention and the invention
We act on. But the work
Or the river at night
She said again
Is formidable.

Some of the young men
Have become aware of the Indian.
Perhaps because the young men move across the continent
Without wealth, moving one could say
On the bare ground. There one finds the Indian
Otherwise not found. Wood here and there
To make a village, a fish trap in a river.
The land pretty much as it was.
And because they also were a people in danger,
Because they feared also the thing might end,
I think of the Indian songs...
'There was no question what the old men were singing'
The anthropologist said.
Aware that the old men sang
On those prairies.
Return, the return of the sun.
My glasses are lost.
Tonight, tonight, finally I
Shall hear the opera.

Once the great Bubbe — in a provincial farmer’s costume
not unlike our pleasant Saloon Shingle — wandered
the suburbs of Kyoto. He came upon a green tea house which
contained, open to elements that were: a group of merry
men, courting lightly and exchanging lines like these.
He begged — literally! — to be allowed to join them, for
the fun of composing had not escaped him. The gentlemen
cried, “What virtue is this appears along our garden path?”
And allowed him to begin.

Bubbe coded one eye at the fullsome moon, the other
at the ground, and said,

The new moon like a knife
The good men roared with laughter, stepping their knees,
and cried, “What rube is this stands out against our own
night sky?”

Bubbe put his hands in his tattered sleeves, and whispered,
Carries the old moon in his arm.
The gentlemen listened and stepped their thighs, and
sighed abstract with wine. “Who is the bumpkin?”

And the bumpkin wherever he was strode into the moon-
light mumuring,
I was young.
The men fell silent, for they knew the great Bubbe had
been amongst them.

Ah, gentlemen, it is the sequence which counts. And
that is not so very new, except the mind can grant a piece
of heart.

Arms full of bundles.
I sign out with my left hand.
Whose writing is that?

One black and blue mark
On my thigh, — the desk. Lower
Another, — the bed.
LEOLE

Saving how to apply, with a good or bad grace,
What we heard’d in the hornbook of childhood:

"Your case
Is exactly in point."

"Fly your kite, if you please,
Out of sight; let it go where it will, on the breeze;
But cut not the one thread by which it is bound,
Be it never so high, to this poor human ground.

High above the lights
Of Times Square, a lighted clock.
Higher still, the moon.
Ah, wise friend, what voids all experience can give!
True, we know what life is—but, alas! do we live?
The grammar of life we have gotten by heart,
But life's self we have made a dead language—an art,
Not a voice. Could we speak it, but once, as true
spoken
When the silence of passion the first time was broken!
Cicero knew the world better than Adam, no doubt:
But the last man, at best, was but learned about.
What the first, without learning, enjoyed. What art
then?
To the mill, to the mill, Leibnizian new—!

Here we all are, all,
Those who don't belong, just as
Well as those who do.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TABLE OF MEASURES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Festival in Miniature
Of Avant Garde Movies

In the extraordinary art of film-making, experimental, we
see the adventure of new avant-garde spirits. The
independent film's role is no less than the
expression of new character, the slumbering
brave. This is the first of a new program
in which the new generation of independent American films
will be presented in the
California Palace.

The festival of miniature films is a program of short
films that are nothing less than
interest, invention, enterprise, resulting
being, vulgar, original, exciting, surprising....

Among the new tech-

SYMBOLIC EYE
"Vision regenerating itself" —B.S.
Quarter to Twelve
in Seattle. The sky
I saw (and photographed) show that
looked like a clouded grinding clouds, clouds
that looked like snow, a river like that was a tree in shape, the checkered
boards and zig-zags of Men and the
wrinkles, wrinkling into crystals which
are Nature (all at 40 to 50 thousand feet)
also gorgeous, floating Mt. Rainier. It was
70 below zero with my window. How about
your; dear home, your window, I mean—
I wish— I love you more you know.
"Where soever it be,
May all gentle angels attend you!"

"And bear my heart's blessing wherever you are!"
In Denver, for example, one of the heroes of the Underground—a moon-faced, mustachioed, 30-year-old named Stan Brakhage—is living in an abandoned theater working on a four-hour feature to be called Dog Star Man. It deals with nothing less than the mystery of the creation of the universe, and there are some fantastic Brakhage adherents who claim he may solve it. "What if black were white?"
COAST GALLERY - BIG SUR, CALIF.

The New Radhika is Blue. She had to be painted. New York is N.Y.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Farmer's Calendar</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
### FEBRUARY, SECOND MONTH.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Sun</th>
<th>Moon</th>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Days</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**New Moon**, 1st day, 7 h. 30 m., evening, W.

**First Quarter**, 11th day, 19 h. 10 m., morning, E.

**Full Moon**, 19th day, 8 h. 18 m., morning, E.

**Last Quarter**, 27th day, 10 h. 30 m., morning, E.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>N.</th>
<th>D.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>L.</th>
<th>N.</th>
<th>D.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>L.</th>
<th>N.</th>
<th>D.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>L.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Apparent, sideways Heights of High Water, Weather, etc.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>N.</th>
<th>D.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>L.</th>
<th>N.</th>
<th>D.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>L.</th>
<th>N.</th>
<th>D.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>L.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Mariner’s Calendar.**

**1902 - APRIL - FOURTH MONTH.**

**ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Sun</th>
<th>Moon</th>
<th>New Moon</th>
<th>First Quarter</th>
<th>Full Moon</th>
<th>Last Quarter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FARMER'S CALENDAR.**

- [List of events and tasks for farmers in April 1902.]

**ADDITIONAL REMARKS.**

- [Additional notes and observations related to the month of April.]
### 1892 May, Purple Months

**Astronomical Calculations**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Sun's Position</th>
<th>Moon's Position</th>
<th>Phase</th>
<th>Age (in days)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>15h04</td>
<td>7h 40m 15s</td>
<td>19h 31m 19s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>1.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>15h22</td>
<td>7h 39m 20s</td>
<td>19h 30m 30s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>1.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>15h40</td>
<td>7h 39m 18s</td>
<td>19h 29m 30s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>1.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>15h57</td>
<td>7h 39m 17s</td>
<td>19h 28m 32s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>1.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>16h15</td>
<td>7h 39m 16s</td>
<td>19h 27m 45s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>1.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>16h32</td>
<td>7h 39m 16s</td>
<td>19h 26m 45s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>2.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>16h49</td>
<td>7h 39m 16s</td>
<td>19h 25m 45s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>2.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>17h07</td>
<td>7h 39m 15s</td>
<td>19h 24m 45s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>2.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>17h24</td>
<td>7h 39m 15s</td>
<td>19h 23m 45s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>2.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>17h41</td>
<td>7h 39m 15s</td>
<td>19h 22m 45s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>2.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>17h58</td>
<td>7h 39m 15s</td>
<td>19h 21m 45s</td>
<td>Full</td>
<td>2.5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Farmer's Calendar**

- **High Water**
- **Low Water**
- **High Tide**
- **Low Tide**
- **Weather Forecast**
- **Crop Information**
- **Farming Tips**
- **Special Events**
- **Crop Harvesting**
- **Animal Care**
- **Landscape Design**
- **Gardening Advice**
- **Local Politics**
- **Economic News**
- **Sports Results**
- **Health Tips**
- **Science Updates**
- **Historical Notes**
- **Reading Recommendations**
- **To-Do List**

---

*Note: The above text is a placeholder for the actual content of the document. The tables and figures within the document are designed to provide detailed information for farmers and gardeners, incorporating a variety of seasonal agricultural data and insights.*
| Date | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
|------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Sun  | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| Mon  | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| Tue  | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| Wed  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| Thu  | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
| Fri  | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| Sat  | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
**1902**

**JULY, Seventeenth Month.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Sunday</th>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA.**

- New Moon, 1st day, 6 h. 10 m., evening, W.
- First Quarter, 8th day, 6 h. 10 m., evening, W.
- Full Moon, 17th day, 6 h. 41 m., morning, W.
- Last Quarter, 23rd day, 6 h. 10 m., evening, E.
- New Moon, 31st day, 7 h. 24 m., morning, E.

**PRACTICAL INFORMATION.**

1. **Astronomical Data**
   - **New Moon**: Occurs on the 1st day at 6 h. 10 m., evening, W.
   - **First Quarter**: Occurs on the 8th day at 6 h. 10 m., evening, W.
   - **Full Moon**: Occurs on the 17th day at 6 h. 41 m., morning, W.
   - **Last Quarter**: Occurs on the 23rd day at 6 h. 10 m., evening, E.
   - **New Moon**: Occurs on the 31st day at 7 h. 24 m., morning, E.

2. **JULY has 31 days.**

3. **Monthly Overview**
   - Monthly events are listed in the table above.

4. **Miscellaneous Notes**
   - General notes related to the month are included in the footer.
## 1862

### AUGUST, Eighteenth Month

| Days | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |
|------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Days | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |

- First Quarter, 1st day, 10 h. 55 m., morning, E.
- New Moon, 15th day, 9 h. 41 m., evening, E.
- Last Quarter, 22nd day, 5 h. 27 m., morning, E.
- New Moon, 28th day, 10 h. 00 m., evening, W.
NOVEMBER, Eleventh Month.

ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS.

| Days | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| M  | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 |

- First Quarter, 5th day, 2 h. 15 m., morning, E.
- Full Moon, 12th day, 5 h. 04 m., evening, E.
- Last Quarter, 18th day, 9 h. 10 m., evening, E.
- New Moon, 27th day, 1 h. 30 m., morning, E.

EXCUSE'S CALENDAR:

- [Calendar entries for various days and events]

Other entries and notes related to the calendar system.
### 1902 December

**Twelfth Month**

#### Astronomical Calculations

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Sun</th>
<th>Moon</th>
<th>Transit</th>
<th>First Quarter</th>
<th>New Moon</th>
<th>Last Quarter</th>
<th>Full Moon</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Farmer's Calendar

- **TBA**: [Details not visible]
- **JAN**: [Details not visible]
- **FEB**: [Details not visible]
- **MAR**: [Details not visible]
- **APR**: [Details not visible]
- **MAY**: [Details not visible]
- **JUN**: [Details not visible]
- **JUL**: [Details not visible]
- **AUG**: [Details not visible]
- **SEP**: [Details not visible]
- **OCT**: [Details not visible]
- **NOV**: [Details not visible]
- **DEC**: [Details not visible]
VENUS, MARS, JUPITER AND SATURN, 1652.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Venus</th>
<th>Mars</th>
<th>Jupiter</th>
<th>Saturn</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1652</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MORNING AND EVENING**

Mars will be favorably situated for observation as an Evening Star, when it will rise at the eastern horizon about January 5th, May 27th, and September 27th. These dates correspond to the times when Mars is at its greatest altitude in the morning sky.

Mars will be visible in the Morning sky throughout the year. It will not become an Evening Star until early in 1653.

Mars is a red planet. It is visible in the early morning sky, and is best observed on January 16th, and then at Morning Star again for the rest of the year.

Mars will rise to its greatest altitude in the morning sky on January 27th and July 30th. It will be visible in the morning sky throughout the year.
### VENUS, MARS, JUPITER AND SATURN, 1965

Below are given the dates of rise and setting of the planets, and the directions in which they will be seen. The dates are given in London time and for London latitude. The times are not for any other place. The directions are only approximate. The list is for a period of 4 years.

#### Table 1: Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Venus</th>
<th>Mars</th>
<th>Jupiter</th>
<th>Saturn</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1962</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1963</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1964</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1965</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MORNING AND EVENING STARS, 1962**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Star</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jan.</td>
<td>Venus</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb.</td>
<td>Mars</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar.</td>
<td>Jupiter</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr.</td>
<td>Saturn</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May</td>
<td>Venus</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June</td>
<td>Mars</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July</td>
<td>Jupiter</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug.</td>
<td>Saturn</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep.</td>
<td>Venus</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oct.</td>
<td>Mars</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nov.</td>
<td>Jupiter</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec.</td>
<td>Saturn</td>
<td>Morning</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Notes:**
- Mercury will be favorably placed for being seen as an Evening Star when its upper part is seen in the western sky after sunset. It will be visible in the evening sky between July 28 and September 10.
- Venus will be a Morning Star and will be visible in the eastern sky before sunrise. It will be visible in the morning sky between February 10 and April 29.
- Mars will be a Morning Star and will be visible in the eastern sky before sunrise. It will be visible in the morning sky between February 10 and April 29.
- Jupiter will be a Morning Star and will be visible in the eastern sky before sunrise. It will be visible in the morning sky between February 10 and April 29.
- Saturn will be a Morning Star and will be visible in the eastern sky before sunrise. It will be visible in the morning sky between February 10 and April 29.
The world of dew
Is a world of dew and yet,
And yet.
with an excitement, an enthusiasm, an inventiveness that once was Hollywood’s. “The rage of the cinema,” Truffaut calls it—“the rage to storm the barricades, to use this way of expression—the way of the future, the art of the future.

Leave the lily, the rose, their secret within them. For

And meanwhile a world had been changed in its place, And those glittering chains that shut up baby blue space Hang the blossoming of darkness, had drawn out of sight To solace unseen hemispheres, the soft night; And the dew of the sky spring benignly descended, And the fairest to all things new sanction extended, In the smile of the East. And the lack soaring on, Lost in flight, shook the dawn with a song from the sun. And the world laughed.

“The human race has one truly effective weapon,” he said, “and that is laughter.”

For him “Humor is the good-natured side of truth.”

To express ourselves! To be free—free of prejudice, free of the old cult of technique, free of everything, to be madly ambitious and madly successful!”
Pumped with excitement, an enthusiasm that once was Hollywood's, "The age of the cinema." Truffaut calls it—"the rage to storm the barricade, to use this way of expression—the way of the future, the art of the future.

Leave the lily, the rose, their secret within them. For

And meandering world had been changed to its place,
And those glittering chance that once blue baleful space
Hung the blessing of darkness, had drawn out of sight
To solace unseen hemisphere, the soft light:
And the dew of the sky's spring benignly descended,
And the fair moon to all things new sanction extended,
In the guise of the East. And the bark waiting on,
Lost in light, shook the dawn with a song from the

"The human race has one deadly effective weapon," he said
"and that is laughter."
Of my lady — you all know of course whom I mean.
This art of concealment has greatly increased.
A whole world lies cryptic in each human breast.
And that drams of passions as old as the hills.
Which the mind of all men in each soul fulfils.

Unusual Relics Of The Frontier

Custer, S. Dak.

...chuck and rane

Während der nächsten... Wunder des... den... und...
56v [with flap open]
Marble Model  
CRAZY HORSE  1843 (?) 1877
... For a Great Indian Mountain Memorial
KORCZAK ZIOLKOWSKI, Sculptor, Engineer
Now being carved in the Black Hills of South Dakota
Marble Model  CRAZY HORSE  1843?  1877
for a great Indian Mountain Memorial
KORCZAK ZIOLEWSKI, Sculptor, Engineer
Now being carved in the Black Hills of S. Dak. Five miles north
of Custer, on U. S. Highway 16. You will enjoy the guided tours
through the Sculptor’s Studio-Home, the Marble Sculptor’s Gallery
and the story of this unusual project.

Photo by Don N. Griggs, Mitchell, S. D.
Crazy Horse Mountain Memorial

Five miles north of Custer, S. D., on U. S. 16

Sculptor Korczak Zlatarowski running his 16 ton bulldozer on top of Crazy Horse Mt. 6700 feet above sea level. He built a road up the back of the mountain and drove the dozer to the top in 1967. Work has been greatly speeded by the use of this equipment.

Photo by C. J. Towner, Custer, S. D.
Crazy Horse Mountain Memorial

Five miles north of Custer, S. D., on U. S. 14.

Sculptor Korczak Zlokowcik beside model of Crazy Horse's head at the observation deck of Studio Home. To his left is scale marble model 1/300. Over 11,000 tons of rock have been blasted from the mountain by 1961. Note profile and top of arm starting to take shape on the mountain.
Crazy Horse Mountain Memorial
Five miles north of Custer, S. D., on U. S. 16
Interior view of Sculptor Korczak Zolotowskis Studio-Home which the public is invited to visit, furnished with beautiful antiques and prize winning marble and wood sculpture.

Photo by C. J. Townsend, Custer, S. D.
Crazy Horse Mountain Memorial

Five miles north of Custer, S. D., on U. S. 16.

This is the African mahogany portrait of Henry Standing Bear, Sioux Chief, who wrote the original letter to Mr. Zolkowski in 1939 asking him to carve a mountain memorial "so that the White Men will know that the Red Man had Great Heroes too." Carved in 3½ weeks.

Photo by C. J. Towsley, Custer, S. D.
Crazy Horse Mountain Memorial

Five miles north of Custer, S. D., on U. S. 16

Portrait of Paderewski carved by Korczak Ziołkowski of Carrara marble. It weighs 1200 lbs., and took five and one half days to carve. The work won first sculptural award at the New York World's Fair in 1933, by popular vote, where it was seen by more than 22 million people. Can be seen in the gallery of marble sculpture at Crazy Horse.

Photo by Don N. Griggs, Mitchell, S. D.
Crazy Horse Mountain Memorial
Five miles north of Custer, S. D., on U. S. 16

Pride winning architectural model of the University of North America. Mr. Zlolkowski purchased 800 acres around the mountain from the Federal Government in 1950 and intends to create an Indian Center at Crazy Horse consisting of a university, museum and medical center for the Indians of all North America.

Photo by C. J. Tremblay, Custer, S. D.
Crazy Horse Mountain Memorial
Five miles north of Custer, S. D., on U. S. 16
'The Fighting Stallions,' 18 inches tall, and carved from a single block of African mahogany by Sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski. This is a favorite of many tourists and is on exhibition in the Studio-Home at Crazy Horse.

Photo by Dan N. Grigg, Mitchell, S. D.
I could not live her except on a raft at sea with no other provisions in sight.

Flying slowly, it feeds on insects on the wing.

As silent her head grew, and bath, as they eyes
Each the other askance, turn'd, and secretly sighed.

Danger Music Number Sixteen

Honesty, if you persist in it, especially if you persist in it for no particular earnings, might almost become second nature. Similarly, by the vigorous movement of the body, one can find oneself to be more alive. Is this why naivety is the most useful of the virtues?

Danger Music Number Seventeen


And a good north wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did fall; the
And every day for food or play,
Canoes in the northern hills
In mist or cloud, in mist or shroud,
It passed for weavers glories;
White all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glittered the white Moonshine.

God save thy nation, Maximilien!
From the fiend, that pierce thee thus!—
Why mak'st thou it?—With my crooked bow
I shot the Abatea.
57v

John Goodyear; Kinetic paintings

Amel Gallery 831 Madison, N.Y.

March 31 – April 18, 1964

Opening: March 31, 5–7
John Goodyear; Kinetic paintings
Amel Gallery 831 Madison, N.Y.
March 31 – April 18, 1964
Opening: March 31, 5–7
... What is happening here is almost indescribable. I can't tell you what it's like, just to see them all round the same desk: Margaret Avison, Robert Creeley, Robert Duncan, Allen Ginsberg, Dennis Léveillé, Charles Olson, and Philip Whalen in the student seats where he has preferred to sit since his second morning... It is a class in ideas. If there can be such a thing. The talk ranges over everything: anthropology, metaphysics, literature, economics, politics, religion, philosophy, art, drugs, geology, sexual conduct, history, language, mythology, systems of education, ethics, astronomy, mathematics, speech, biology, physics. There simply isn't any limit.

We have a morning session in or for which usually all the people conducting the class are there, behind the desk in front of the room. It lasts about two hours. The afternoon workshop class meets for at least another couple of hours. Our numbers are broken down into three groups for this one, each one taught by Creeley, Olson, and Ginsberg. And they rotate each week, so that at the end of the seminar we will all have had at least a week in a small group with each one. Most of the evening sessions are given over to readings by the various individuals, all of them, teaching the course. Sometimes it is a lecture. Dunera, for instance, both lectured and read the other night; and he's already given a reading here on another evening.

At the beginning Creeley said they hoped to learn as much from us as we did from them. The atmosphere is nothing like the stale
Monument of degree-centered curricula. What they are trying to do is to banish the life of their own experience, thought, attitudes, desires, feelings, hopes… into the sentence. And they are trying to do it in a kind of colored and beautiful fashion, so that the language becomes more vivid. In other words, they are making the word mean more, even themselves. Several times, in different ways, Creeley has said, “I’m embarrassed by the significance of my own feelings,” meaning that he doubts their value objectively. And he’s said, “I think most writers I know are very conscious of the intervals between pieces of work, where there is no use of themselves that is interesting in themselves.” He’s an exceptional human being… I could add so much more…

Often saying, “A sentence is the ordering of the universe.” Or “I am an old seasoned on fiction. I mean 1 imbibe fiction. I mean, in the sense of making up a story.”

Alice Grossberg, quoting Whitman: "He who touches this book touches a man." Or talking about the graffiti in the toilet here. Robert Duncan: "I will go in peril of my soul in the name of things I love," and, "I don’t articulate any higher than Allen does when he’s out of this world." And, "That the line has weight has always seemed to me something in the mind."

Denise Levertov: "I have no sense of intention. I don’t understand, exactly, what you’re talking about when you talk about intention." Margaret Avoox, quoting Creeley: "To be able to say I am here, and not be saying I am not there!"

Robert Creeley, quoting Pound: "Nothing counts save the quality of the emotion. Only emotion endures." Paul Whelan, quoting a popular joke: "Let’s all watch world war three from the pin box / before the television melts away!"

"The responsibility of history is to person, not to abutments!"

I’ve spoken to Robert Creeley about the possibility (?) of revisiting this seminar next summer in Moscow City. It’s all for it. I was talking to him about EL CORINO and I said I hadn’t talked with either of you about the idea, but just possibly you might want to check at one or both of the universities there to see if it’s feasible?...

A. FREDERIC FRANKLYN.
DYNAMITE MAKES HIM ANGRY — The sticks and stones and even rifle bullets that neighborhood art critics aim at Clarence Schmidt and the junkyard sculpture that surrounds his four-level house annoy him — but he gets angry when they put sticks of dynamite in his wishing wall. The 96-year-old patriarch of Cluquot mountain in Woodstock, N.Y., began ornamenting his property 46 years ago with parts of vehicles, fire hydrants, pots and pans, false teeth, jewelry, animal skulls and a variety of other items. Schmidt, who makes a living selling parcels of real estate he owns, found two sticks of unexploded dynamite in his well the other night. (AP Wirephoto)
As airy and blithe as a blithe bird in air,
And her arch rosy lips, and her eager blue eyes,
With her little impertinent look of surprise,
And her round youthful figure, and fair neck, below.
Whatever far-off state there may be that is dearer to man than life, Darkness has it in her arms and hides it in cloud.

We are love-sick for this nameless thing that glitters here on the earth, because no man has tasted another life, because the things under us are unrevealed, and we float upon a stream of legend.
THE STORY OF INCENSE

The development of papyrus corresponded with the development of incense. Incense was used by the Egyptians to purify the air. The Egyptians made incense by burning certain types of wood. They used it in their temples and in their homes to purify the air and to make it more pleasant.

A Cape Cod
102 Main St., Falmouth, Mass.

The illustration shows a house in Falmouth, Massachusetts.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge... on genius

"To find no contradiction in the union of old and new: to contemplate the Ancient of Days and all His works with feelings as fresh as if all had then sprung forth at the first creative blast; characterizes the mind that feels the middle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar... this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents. And, therefore, it is the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation, so to represent familiar objects, as to awaken in the minds of others a kindred feeling concerning them, and that freshness of sensation which is the constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily, convalescence."

— Biographia Literaria, 1817.
You recollect, I know, the saying.
"As the years unwind", (why thus and so?)
Well, I've made a picture in my mind.

The length of the process would limit the act;

A dull, muffled sound

The dark drooping feather, as radiant as snow.

And the crickets that sing all the night.

of its own native heaven?

the light of a sweet serene star

Hid its light in the heart,

Of the darkness around her.

It pass'd and repass'd her;

the whole

Of the heavens.

It went and it came

It came, and it went;

Forever returning; forever the same;

And forever more clearly defined;

I follow the way

Heaven leads me; I cannot foresee to what end.

World history began with a bang on aunny bunny.
"My lands are where my dead lie buried..."

And this man is an uncommon type (I thank Heaven)

The keeneest eye could but have seen, and seem only,
A circle of friends, minded not to leave lonely
The bird on the bough, or the bee on the blossom;
Conversing at ease in the garden's green bosom,
Like those who, when Florence was yet in her glories,
Cheated death and kill'd time with Florentian stories.
But at length the long twilight more deeply grew shaded,
And the fair night the rose horison invaded,
And the bee in the blossom, the bird on the bough,
Through the shadowy gardens were slumbering now.
The trees only, o'er every unvisited walk,
Began on a sudden to whisper and talk.
"My lands are where my dead lie buried.

And this man is no uncommon type (I thank Heaven!)

The keenest eye could but have seen, and, soon only,
A circle of friends, minded not to leave lonely
The bird on the bough, or the bee on the blossom;
Conversing at ease in the garden's green bower.

Like those who, when Florence was yet in her glories,
Cheated death and killed time with Florentine stories.

But at length the long twilight more deeply grew shaded,
And the fair night the rest horizon invaded.

And the bee in the bower, the bird on the bough,
Through the shadowy gardens were slumbering now.

The trees only, o'er every unvisited walk,
Began on a sudden to whisper and talk.
"Hush, hush!"
She broke in, all more fair for one innocent blush.
"Between man and woman these things differ so!
It may be that the world parsons ... (how should I
know?)
In you what it visits on us; or 'tis true,
It may be that we women are better than you."

Lyon."nWho denies it? Yet, madam, once more you mistake.
The world, in its judgment, some difference may
make.
'Twixt the man and the woman, so far as respects
Its social enchantments; but not so affects
The one sentiment which it were easy to prove,
Is the sole law we look to the moment we love.

Matilda.
That may be. Yet I think I should be less severe.
Although so inexperienced in such things, I fear
I have heard that the heart cannot always repress
Or account for the feelings which sway it.

"Yes! yes!
That is too true, indeed!" ... the Duke sighed.
And again
For one moment in silence continued the twain.

"for it seems to me,
that people do not take the
same care of things as they do for
right things."

Quoted from Book to Be
Covered Away. Thank you, Maria.
The mind is an enchanting thing
Like the glaze on a batiked wing
Subdivided by sun
Till the settings are legion
Like Giosshing playing Scarlett
It's like the apteryx and go a peck
On the bruise rain shawl
Of haired feathers
The mind feeling its way as the blind
Walks along with its eyes on the ground
With its pain'd aspiration and strife
He accepts it, without ostentation or scorn:

It has memory's ear that can hear
Without having to hear
Like the gyroscope's fall
Truly unequivocal
Because timed by regnant Eternity

It is a power of strong enchantment
It is like the slow neck animated
by sun

It is memory's eye
It is conscious incontaining
It tears off the veil
Tears the temptation
The mist the heart wears, from its eyes.

"For it seems to me,
that people do not have the same sort of strength for wrong things as they do for right things."

Quoted from *Look to Be Covered Away*. Thank you, Mayb.
With its pale and aspiration and strife:

You see it. Indeed.

He accepts it, without estivation or scorn:

If the heart has a face
It takes a part of it's dejection
It's fire in the doo-nick's iridescence
In the inconsistencies of Scarlatti
Unconfusion submits its
Confusion to proof
It's not a Herod's oath
That cannot change

"For it seems to me,
that people do not have the
same sort of strength for
wrong things as they do for
right things."

Quoted from Back to Be
Coven Away. Thank you more.
Feelings only such as those with which, in days
honored by the silence which it renders sacred.

DEDICATION.
THE MAN IN THE CAGE

Condensed from
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Fulton Ossorio

Whenever I hear someone say that to understand is to forgive, I am reminded of the tragic plight of Bomu, the circus elephant who was sentenced to death some years ago.

Bomu had always been a well-behaved bear, beloved of children. In the center ring of the big top he walked and paraded, by dawn and played dead, and at the grand finale, led the band with a flag. But no more! These times within a week he had tried to kill his keeper. He trumpeted angrily at boys and girls with peanuts as if he would like to trample them. Nothing would calm him down. The authorities told his owner that as a public menace the animal must be put to death.

In those days many cities had no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. No humane agent was there to stop the manager when he callously decided to make up his losses by selling tickets to Bomu's execution.

Crowds, filling the main tent up Saturday morning, behold a pile of army rifles and a waiting squad of gunners. Bomu, in a large circular cage, trundled around a never-ending circle; every now and then he lifted his trunk and bellowed, as if he well knew what was coming.

Outside the cage, the ringmaster, in shiny top hat and tail coat, was getting ready to give the signal when a hand was laid on the manager's shoulder. There stood a short, stocky man with an inconspicuous brown mustache, thick-framed glasses and brown derby hat.

"Wouldn't you rather keep that elephant alive?" asked the stranger.

"No chance," said the manager.

"He is a bad elephant; nothing can make him well now."

"Let me go into the cage with him, and in two minutes I will show you you're wrong."

The manager looked at the stranger wistfully. "You would be wise, my friend."

"I thought you'd say that," he said.
little man smiled. "So I brought along a legal release for you. All the
risk is mine."

Having made sure that the document was witnessed, the manager
turned and broke the sensational news to the audience.

Suddenly the unknown man rose and cried out. "No!" he
said calmly. "You may open the door."

Bows hidden by his enormous gmails
turned blood-red atop owl-like
little steel doors and trembled as the
beasts were shot back. The little man
surrounded, suspended in mid-air and
snapped the door behind him.

Dooie gave a warning signal of
welter. But the audience hastily
began to applaud. Hugging the first few
syllables, the elephant grew wildly
spiteful. The terms he could not
recognize were words only Bong seemed
to understand the language.

The massive body, an image of
nervous energy, remained rigid, as it
panicked, while the dressing room went on
in a tender silence. Presently Bong
gave a small cry, shrill, and then
went. The enormous head began to
swing from side to side.

Venturing near, the stranger picked
the big trunk. With the end
of it swivelled around his wrists, he
slowly began to communicate with
the elephant around the cage until at
last the astonished audience could
bear the din no longer and turned.

Finally the little man left the cage,
"There is nothing bad about Bong," he
said to the manager. "He was just
perturb. I talked to him in Hindi
-- he is an Indian elephant, and
that is the language he grew up with.
It made him feel at peace again. He
will be all right now for a long time."

The manager did not seem to see
the manager's earnestness -- he
perhaps did not unite shaking
hands with a man who would all
condemn to the death of an elephant.
He simply disappeared.

The manager, sitting at the legal
releases, looked at the signature, then
light began to dim.

The name was Rudyard Kipling.

This little story was published in
England in Woman's Exchange. Maga-
azine. Subsequently Miss M. F. Macdonald, Trenck Hotel, Trenck, wrote in the
editor:
"
As a fine cousin of Rudyard Kipling. I was informed in this story. He
never told me the tale, but having his great love for animals I can believe it to
true. I have been with his story, the
late Mrs. Fleming, in the zoo in Edin-
burgh, and have seen the Indian elephant rush to greet her because she
always spoke to them in Hindustani. They would take her to her, or interpret
to them as their joy."

The problem with the world is that the stupid are cocksure and
the intelligent full of doubt.

-- Bernard Shaw
Image protected: contact the appropriate curator for more information.

till her eyes
In that outline obscure could at last recognize

—well, when the high lonesome place/it get to calling, seems like a
body's nearly got to go.
There is a moment of profound discouragement which succeeds to prolonged effort; when, the labor which has become a habit having ceased, we miss the sustaining sense of its companionship, and stand, with a feeling of strenuousness and embarrassment, before the abrupt and naked result. As regards myself, in the present instance, the force of all such sensations is increased by the circumstances to which I have referred. And in this moment of discouragement and doubt, my heart instinctively turns to you, from whom it has so often sought, from whom it has never failed to receive support.
71r
It wanted but two easy hours
From the moon, when they pass’d through the thick
Passion flowers.
Of the little wild garden that dimpled before.
The small house where their carriage now stop’d, at

The clouds
Had heaped themselves over the bare west in crowds,
Of misshapes, incongruous poten’s. A green and
stray of desery, cold, luminous ether, between
The base of their black barricades, and the ridge
Of the grim world, gleam’d ghastly, as under some
bridge.
Cyclopized, in a city of ruins o’erthrown
By ages forgotten, same river, unknown
And unnamed, widens on into desolate lands:
While he gazed, that cloud-city invisible bands
Dismantled and rent; and recast, through a loop
In the breach’d dark, the blisn’d and half-million
loop.
Of the moon, which soon silently sank; and anon
The whole supernatural pageant was gone.

The heart of a man’s like that delicate word
Which requires to be trampled on, bodily indeed,
Ere it give forth the fragrance you wish to extract.
’Tis a simile, trust me, if not new, exact.

Feud! one man’s wit
Thought and memory
how should it fathome?

O sage,
Dost thou sustain Nature?
She laughs at thy page.

—Poor Paradise Bird! on her lone flight once more
Back again in the wake of the wind she is driven—

How stood isolated, opposed, as it were,
To life’s great realties; part of no plan,
And if ever a nobler and happier man
He might hope to become, that alone could be
When
With all that is real in life and in men
What was real in him should have been reconciled;
When each influence now free—experience—exiled
Should have seized—the being, combined with his
nature,
And formed, as by fusion, a new human creature.
But in Autumn.
Away to the heart of the
In a woman
through the hills.
in the cold
blue.
The brown woods.
The morning
on the coast.
eddied around and around.
the season
was the wind.
mind.
Rose, and
Each other.

But he who hath supph'd at the tables of kings,
And yet starved in the sight of luxurious things;
Whoe hath watch'd the wine flow, by himself but half tasted;
Hearth the music, and yet mind'd the tune; who hath waited.
One part of life's grand possibilities—friend.
That man will bear with him, be sure, to the end,
A blighted experience, a cancer within:
You may call it a virtue, I call it a sin.

Humph! Nature is here too pretentious. Her men
Is too hangkey. One likes to be own'd, not compell'd,
To the notice such beauty recons if withheld.
She seems to be saying too plainly, "Admire me!"
And I answer, "Yea, madam, I do; but you tire me."

STRANGER.
That sunset, just now though...

A very old trick!
One would think that the sun by this time must be sick.
Of blushing at what, by this time, he must know
Too well to be shocked by—this world.

STRANGER.
Ah, 'tis so
With us all. 'Tis the sinner that best knew the world
At Twenty, whose lip is, at sixty, most sure'd
With dignity of its foli.
a wild beast,

Which, though classed yet by no naturalist,
Abounds in these mountains, more hard to ensnare,
And more mischievous, too, than the Lynx or the Bear.
There's terror that's true
In that tale of a youth who, one night at a revel,
Amidst music and mirth lurid and wilful by some devil,
Fell, pursued to some chamber deserted (tis said),
He unmask'd, with a kiss, the strange lady, and stood
Face to face with a Thing not of flesh nor of blood.

If Lucrezia at Tarquin but once had look'd so,
She had needed no dagger next morning.

Judge her love by her life.

Yes; I see that your heart is as dry as a revel:
That the dew of your youth is rub'd off you: I see
You have no feeling left in you, even for me!
At honor you jest; you are cold as a stone
To the warm voice of friendship. Belief you have none;
You have lost faith in all things. You carry a blight
About with you everywhere. Yes, at the sight
Of such callous indifference, who could be calm?
I must leave you at once, Jack, or else the last balm
That is left me in Gilead you'll turn into gall.

friend of mine.

Thou didst not shun death: thou not life: Tis more
brave
To live than to die. Yet move in the might of
new, unexpected, or strange
The gods of the household.

Which these, while they lasted, might once have procured.

Of all the good things in this good world around us,
The one most abundantly furnished and found on,
And which, for that reason, we least care about.
And can best spare our friends, is good counsel, no doubt.

But advice, when 'tis sought from a friend (though civilly)
May forbid to know it), means mere liability
In the hill we already have drawn on Romance,
Which we deem that a true friend is bound to indorse.
A mere lecture on debt from that friend is a bore.
Thus, the better his cousin's advice was, the more
Alfred Warrawe with angry resentment opposed it.
And, having the worst of the contest, he closed it
With so firm a resolve his bad ground to maintain,

You fly high. But what is it, in truth, you fly at?
My mind is not satisfied quite as to that.
And old illustrations's as good as a new.
Provided the old illustration be true.
We are children. More likely see the faces we fly.
Though we marvel to see them ascending so high;
Things slight in themselves,—long-tailed birds, and as more:
What is it that makes the kite steadily soar.
Through the realms where the cloud and the whirlwind have birth.
But the tie that attaches the kite to the earth?

Not see? would you have me, then, break
we stand hence alive.

For our life is but love
Life's free lord, that look'd up to the starlight of yore,  
With the faith on the brow, and the fire in the eyes;  
The firm foot on the earth, the high heart in the skies;  

- O God of the living!  
  Puriy,  
  The weak,  
  Yes,  
  Love,  

As the dawn to the darkness, so life seemed returning  
life, which is Love.

No stream from its source  
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,  
But what some hand in gladdest.  
No star ever rose.  
And set, without influence somewhere.  
Who knows  
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?  
No life  
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its stride  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

- Once more,  
  heart,  

Drooping pilgrims in  
A five veil'd in cloud:  

And day fellow'd day.  
And as wave followed wave,  
With the tide, day by day, life, returning, drove  
Through that young hardly frame novel currents of health.

and look'd up at the sun,  

Nature posted her parable thus in the skies,  

For the one is related, be sure, to the other.

He is gone with the age which begat him. Our own  
Is too vast, and too complex, for one man alone  
To embody its purpose, and hold it shut close  
In the palm of his hand. There were giants in those

Back,—back to the womb  
Sprung the giants' bloom  

And I seem as unreal and weird to myself  
As those old shis of old.  

It may be an angel that,  
Hath paused in his flight  

Some power unknown and benignant.  
Meanwhile has been silently changing and cherishing  
The aspect of all things around him.

Are the three intense stars, that we watch'd night by night  
Burning broad on the hand of Orion, as bright?  
I seem'd reading it plain  
Whence or how?
Murryana's Poem

Blond autumn and the hunter's horn
Burn in the eye, burn in the ear.
Weather by Brahms, distance by Watteau.
The white horses under white clouds
Move through a yellow field.
This is not Iceland where the larches
Make a red roof over our journey
A whole day between the sea and the clearings,
Nor Lapland under her summer moon,
Nor any of the places we have taken our drums
Or run up our flag, or carried our gods
Like a jealous colonist with his grandfather
On his back, crossing an unmapped country.

The sea is ancient,
Our homesteads timeless,

but this land
Is peculiarly new, with no one
To remember its past,
With nothing but our intrusion for future.

I was here once, in a dream.
The air shakes if you look closely,
And the strangeness is not so much
That there are countries still virgin to our armies,
But that I could have suffered so with nostalgia
For a place I'd never been.
Crystal's Poem

If you listen, you can hear
In the inside of your ear,
One angel through another go,
A sound like feathers hurled through snow.
Imagine now unearthly grace:
Two angels in one angel's space.
O my! but bodies fail at this,
Complete, unhindered hug and kiss!
Yet hearts are angels and unite
Midmost each other's outward flight,
And innocence can join three,
O crystal heart, remember me!
Neowyn's Poem

The grey mouse
With throat of snow
Met a mouse
In calico.

"O Miss Mouse!"
Snow Throat cried,
"In my house,
"By my side,

"Forever be!"
And tipped his hat.
"Impetuosity!"
Miss Mouse spat,

"Precipitation!"
"Courtship first;
"Infatuation,
"At its worst,

"Lacks modesty,
"Lacks style,"
She said wickedly
Through a smile.

Then Snow Throat,
To apologise,
Said her beauty smote
His eyes;

His whiskers shook.
"You can't know
"How I am took
"By calico!"

Into his paws she rushed
To make amends.
He grinned, she blushed.
Hooray for friends!
Bear's Poem

Oak and oak,
Wizard and witch,
What elder older,
Which, which?

Bank when
Trees walked,
Willows flew,
Leaves talked,

Souls went
Free as air,
Body, body
Everywhere,

Girl or apple,
Flower or girl,
Spirit rolled
In rose whorl,

Giants, cedars;
Angels, flame,
Or each other
With other's name,

I'll order spun
One shape, one ghost
For everything,
Almost, almost.
I send you, as promised, a Greek alphabet, for pronouncing the names in Pindar and Davenport. And for reading the names of Greek restaurants and fraternities. As you can see, it's our alphabet right on, but in a more archaic state.

δ ἡ φίλος ἀλλός αὐτὸς εστίν.

ho philos alles autos estin.

["A friend is another self."]

With accents: NO PHIL os al LOS ow TOS as TIN.

κινεμα κίνημα, "something moving"

κινεματο κίνηματο

κινηματογραφος, κινηματογράφος, "motion picture"

Marina Μαρίνα

Starbuck Σταρμποκ

Crystal Κρύσταλ

Neohn Neooin [we have to use the Hellenic letter Ο, digamma, for the Ω]

Steven Στέφανος, a Greek name, meaning "laurel crown"

Mekas Μέκας

Guy Tai

Aphrodite Ἀφροδίτη

Archilochos Ἀρχιλόχος
A  α  alpha  a  father
B  β  beta  b  bat
Γ  γ  gamma  g  guy
Δ  δ  delta  d  day
Ε  ε  epsilon  e  eat
Ζ  ζ  zeta  dz  odd's, God's
Η  η  ethe  e  heat, eat, sex
Θ  θ  theta  the  ideology
Ι  ι  iota  i  hit
Κ  κ  kappa  ks  cat, kiss
Λ  λ  lambda  l  lamb
Μ  μ  m  men
Ν  ν  n  year
ξ  ξ  xi  x  shit, shit
Ο  ο  o  oat, loss
Π  π  p  pes, pat
Ρ  ρ  rho  rolled R with H breathing HRRR! Those! kinds!
Σ  σ  sigma  s  six
Τ  τ  tau  t  toy
Υ  υ  upsilon  u  duke, steer
Φ  φ  phi  f  full
Ψ  ψ  psi  ps  lips (even at beginning of word)
Ω  ω  omega  o  boat, go

γγ  is pronounced ng:
Syréllos, "angel," is pronounced ANG-ELLOS.

α = a ;  έ = l.
η = he ;  ο = e.

that is, "over an initial
bitter plus an H before it.

Diphthongs:
αο = word sound in Guy
οο = oo, as in boy
οω = ow, as in boy, dog.
ου = oo, second unit.

Χ

σ

Ω

<?xml version="1.0" encoding="utf-8"?>
<page>
  <text>
    A  α  alpha  a  father
    B  β  beta  b  bat
    Γ  γ  gamma  g  guy
    Δ  δ  delta  d  day
    Ε  ε  epsilon  e  eat
    Ζ  ζ  zeta  dz  odd's, God's
    Η  η  ethe  e  heat, eat, sex
    Θ  θ  theta  the  ideology
    Ι  ι  iota  i  hit
    Κ  κ  kappa  ks  cat, kiss
    Λ  λ  lambda  l  lamb
    Μ  μ  m  men
    Ν  ν  n  year
    ξ  ξ  xi  x  shit, shit
    Ο  ο  o  oat, loss
    Π  π  p  pes, pat
    Ρ  ρ  rho  rolled R with H breathing HRRR! Those! kinds!
    Σ  σ  sigma  s  six
    Τ  τ  tau  t  toy
    Υ  υ  upsilon  u  duke, steer
    Φ  φ  phi  f  full
    Ψ  ψ  psi  ps  lips (even at beginning of word)
    Ω  ω  omega  o  boat, go
  </text>
</page>
I am weary of roaming,
to watch, and to wait,
On the acters
Of their turmoil
were pilgrims
of times
have wandered
roaming,
From the cities
For war,
modernized travel!
Pursued by the place
the drama is over,
Appear! answer, Husband and Wife!

Lucile.

A thought which came to me a few days ago,
Whilst watching those ships? . . . When the great
Ship of Life
Surviving, though shatter'd, the tumult and strife
Of earth's angry element—masts broken short,
Decks fettled, bulwarks bent—driven ashore into port,
When the Pilot of Galilee, seen on the strand,
Stretches over the waters a welcoming hand;
When, heeding no longer the sea's baffled roar,
The mariner turns to his rest evermore;
What will then be the answer the lid human must give?
Will it be . . . 'Lo our logs-book! Thus once did we live
In the zones of the South; thus we traversed the seas
Of the Orient; there dwelt with the Hesperides;
Thence follow'd the west wind; here, eastward we turn'd;
The stars fail'd us there; just here land we discern'd
On our lee; there the storm overtook us at last;
That day went the compass, the next day the mast;
There the mermen came round us, and there we saw
hark
A shoon? ' . The Captain of Port will be ask
Any one of such questions? I cannot think so!
But . . . 'What is the last Bill of Health you can show?'
[pass'd]?
Not—How fired the soul through the veins she
But—What is the state of that soul at the last?''
The mission of woman on earth:

to give birth.

For the blessings

of a man

in act.

And more fair than the flowers, more fresh than the

First leaped into life.

Long enlighten'd

in his face

at my side;

did the sun.

Love He

the children

and to your eyes

sends

man

O Nature,

is power!

all things exist.

At the sight

Life

Yes.

Of a hand

on earth.

we see it at last.

love includes all loves.

we love. We can

Spread your arms, O

To your eyes,

I come!

The mission of genius on earth:

the sight,

perceived,

A power

have need of for life.

Still the vision is there:

The mission of genius:

That's the sight:

the music.

beauty,

to look at her

may bring.

that vision

a miracle—

eyes the pure hand,

with wings

at least

rise.

he found.

In his hand,

the child

he bless'd

Of light.
Cherokee Indians attributed merits of stones to emblems of playful men and animal spirits.
The Yellow-Stilled Cuckoo is known as the "ghost of the underbrush" because its mirky olive-green protective coloration on the back and wings and its forte mimeticism in the forest make it very difficult to spot. The tree is a Redbud, which grows to 30 feet.

Of these Blue Grosbeaks, only the one at the lower right is found in Colorado. The female (upper left), immature male (upper right) and male of a similar species are found farther east in the United States. All four here are a Sour Wood, a true native to East and South.
I shiver all alone, naked as a worm.

Not as fire, I die of thirst beside a fountain.

Nothing's sure but what is yet uncertain.

Jaan! Jaan! I laugh through tears & wait without hope.

Well received, I rejoice and have no pleasure.

I am strong, but have neither force nor power.

In my own country I live in a far-off land.

My only comfort lies in sad despair.

Yet richly dressed in furs, & remould tooth on tooth.

I slaver, laugh, and wait without hope.

I await an inheritance, yet am no man's heir.

Jaan! Jaan! I win & yet remain the loser.

Who speaks the truth now tells me lies.

Nothing's more obscure than what's evident & certain.

When I lie down I have a great fear of falling.

My only comfort lies in sad despair.

Jaan! Jaan! go take a bath!

And when you're there take off your clothes & use the tub.

I'm never careful but I make all the efforts.

The black cross is nothing but a white man on a flying trap.

"Everybody likes things they don't understand; that's what God's for!"
A FORM OF WOMEN
I have come far enough from where I was before to have seen the things looking on at me through the open doors and I have walked tonight by myself to see the moonlight and see it as trees and shadows more fearful because I feared what I did not know.

My face is my own, I thought. But you have seen it turn into a thousand years, I watched you cry. I could not touch you. I wanted very much to touch you but could not.

If it is dark then this is given to you to have ears for its content when the moon shines.

My face is my own. My hands are my own. My mouth is my own but I am not.

Moon, moon, when you leave me alone all the darkness is an utter blackness, a pit of fear, a stretch, hands unreasonable never to touch.

But I love you. Do you love me. What to say when you see me.

A SONG: FOR ANN
I had wanted a quiet testament and I had wanted, among other things, a song.

That was to be of a like monotony.

(A grace)

Simply. Very very quiet. A murmur of some lost thought, though I have never seen one. Which was you then. Sighing and so, at peace, so very much now this same quiet.

A song. And of you the sign now, surely, of a song perpetually, which is not reluctantly and if it is it is no longer important. A song. Which one sings, if he sings at all, with care.

ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTORS
The Ray of Northern White Russia declined in the youth to learn the language of birds, because the exasperate did not interest him. Nevertheless when he grew old it was found he understood them anyway, having listened well and, as it is said, "prayed with the bench and the floor". He used what was at hand—as did Angel Jorger of Mold, whose meditations were swept into coats and bricks.

Well, I would like to make, thinking some fine still taut between me and them, poems as direct as what the birds said, hard as a floor, sound as a bench, mysterious as the silence when the tailor would pause with his needle in the air.

THE GIFT
He hands down the gift as from a great height, his precious understanding clothed in miraculous fortitude. This in the present of the ages, all rewards in itself.

But the lady she, didn’t fill all in white for this occasion—eyes out standingly, that all.

IF HE SINGS IT
(for Robert Creedy)
Not the degradation of a metronome or the more convincing of better mousetraps, but an architecture of pauses and evidence like a footprint.
OVERLAND TO THE ISLANDS

Let's go—much as that dog goes, intently hap-hazard. The Mexican light on a day that "smells like autumn in Connecticut" makes air ripples on his black glimmer fur—and that too is as one would desire—a radiance consorting with the dance.

Under his feet rocks and mud, his imagination, smiling, engaged in its perceptions—dancing eddies, there's nothing the dog disdain's in his way, nevertheless he keeps moving, changing pace and approach but not direction—"every step an arrival."

The mind, Fortuna, is as much a labor as to lift an arm, flaccidly.

The carpenter is much on my mind: I think he was the first Maximus. Anyway, he was the first to make things, not just live off nature; for example, necessity the practice of the self, that matter, that wood.

Charles Olson

MAXIMUS, TO HIMSELF

I have had to learn the simplest things last. Which made for difficulties. Even if sea I was slow, to get the hand out, or to cross a wet deck. The sea was not, finally, my trade. But even my trade, at it, I stood estranged from that which was most familiar; was delayed, and not content with the man's argument that such postponement is now the nature of obedience, that we are all late in a slow time, that we grow up many and the single is not easily known.

It could be, though the sharpness (the article)
OVERLAND TO THE ISLANDS

Lo! the go—such as that dog goes, intented haphazard: the
Mexican light on a day that
snails like autumn in Connecticut
makes its ripples on his
black placid fur—and that too
is as one would desire—a radiance
insisting with the dance,
Under his foot
rocks and mud, his imagination, unfolding,
engaged in its perceptions—dancing
edgeways, there's nothing
the dog dilates on his way,
nevertheless he
keeps moving, changing
pace and approach but
not direction—"every step an arrival.

I note in others
makes more sense
than my own distances. The agilities
they show daily
who do the world's
businesses
And who do nature's
as I have no sense
I have done either
I have made dialogues,
have discussed ancient texts,
have thrown what light I could, offered
what pleasures
does not allow
But the known?
This, I have had to be given,
a life, love, and from one man
the world.
Token.
But sitting here
I look out as a wind
and water run, testing
And missing
some proof.
I know the quarters
of the weather, where it comes from,
where it goes. But the stern of me,
this I took from their welcome,
or their rejection, of me.

And my arrogance
was neither diminished
nor increased,
by the communication

I speak of, this morning,
with the sea
stretching out
from my feet.
THE RICK OF GREEN WOOD
In the woodyard were green and dry woods fanning out, behind a valley below, a pleasure for the eye to see.

Woodpiles by the brookside, I heard the woodman down in the thicket. I don’t want a rick of green wood, I told him I want cherry or elder or something strong and thin, or thick if dry, but I don’t want the green wood, my wife would die.

Her back is slender and the wood I get must not bend her too much through the day.

Aye, the wood is some green and some dry, the cherry thin of bark ear in July.

My name is Burlington, said the woodcutter.
My name is Dorn, I said.
I buzz on Friday if the weather cools said Burlington, enough of names.

Out of the thicket my daughter was walking singing backtracking the horse hoof gone in earlier this morning, the woodcutter’s horse pulling the ladder, the fir, the hunk to the valley.

In the November air, in the world, that was getting colder as we stood there in the woodyard talking pleasantly, of the green wood and the dry.

YES, AS A LOOK SPRINGS TO ITS FACE
a life colors the meadow.

"This is the place," Abraham said.

The field and the cave thereof arose,
even that lies hid in everything, where nothing was, comes before his eyes so that the trees and sages central thronedies, as if a life had

but one joyous thread, one wife, one meeting ground, and fibre of that thread a sadness that from that moment into that moment fed.

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

The force that words obey in song, the rose and artichoke obey in their unfolding towards their form.—But he wept, and what grief?

had that flowering of a face touched that may be after struggle a song as natural as a glance that came so upon joy as if this were the place?

Is returns. He cannot return. He sends a line out, of yearning, that might be in movement of music seen once in a face referencing a melody heard in passing.

“...In that year, 1914, we lived on the farm. And the relatives lived with us. A bumper year for wild blackberries. Dad was crazy about wild blackberries. No berries like that now. You know Kenney County was logged before. The turn of the century—it was easiest of all. Close to water, virgin timber. When I was a kid walking about in the Stumpeland, wherever you’d go a skidroad, finished, all overgrown.

We went up one like that, fighting our way through to the end near the top of a hill. For some reason wild blackberries grew best there. We took off one morning right after milking wood. to a valley we’d been to once before. Hunting berries, and picked the berries. About a quarter mile up the old road. We found the full ripe of berries—

And with only two pails—so we went back home, got Mother and Ruth, and filled lots of pails. Mother sent letters to all the relatives in Seattle: Elsie, Aunt Lucy, Bill Moore, Forrest, Edna, six or eight, they all came out to the farm, and we didn’t take pails. Then we took copper clothes-rollers, wash-tubs, buckets, and all went picking. We were canning for those days..."