<table>
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<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Jane Wodening and Stan Brakhage scrapbook</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
<td>YCAL MSS 229</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Creator</strong></td>
<td>Brakhage, Stan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
<td>1958-1967</td>
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The Magic of an Ordinary Goddess

USE THIS ALMANAC ANYWHERE IN THE U.S.A.

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 close but slow;"

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. Myself and Crystal sat on a bench, turned towards some remarkable faces. 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, - unprecedented soup. And as I stirred it I saw it was made from fabric. "Ah ha! Fabric soup!" And some 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 city clerk of the small Green Mountain village of Darset, 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.
"They groaned, they stirred, they all supposed,
Not spoke, nor moved their eyes,
It had been strange, even in a dream,
It have seen those dead men rise.
The balloonist returned, the ship moved on;
Yet never a living soul
The mariners all gave work the ropes,
Where they were sent to do;
They called their lines like lifeless tools —
We have a ghostly crew."
OCT. 12, 471 YEARS AGO, COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA.

"I sawed my nose — the Pope shrieked and fell down in a fit. The holy Hermit raised his eyes, and prayed where he did sit.

I took the same the Pope's head, who now had eyes as great as saucers, and looked like a devil's face, and all the while His eyes went up and down, and all the while He said, 'Hail, Lame.'

'Till I saw, with my own eyes, 'Till I saw, with my own eyes.'

The Devil knows how to swear."

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

NOW

Markopoulos directing SERENITY in Greece.

TWICE A MAN

TODAY YOU DISCOVER THE NEW AMERICAN CINEMA!
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 fees 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 Vaugrave 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 abide'd in none.
His course, by each star that would cross it, was set.
And whatever he did he was sure to regret.
That target, discard'd by the travellers of old,
Which no one appear'd argent, to one appear'd gold,
To him, ever lingering on Doubt's dizzy margin,
Appear'd in one moment both golden and argent.
The man who seeks one thing in life, and bet one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seek's all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sow's
A harvest of barren regrets. And the worm
That crawls 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 Hall-Sage, whose course, fix'd by no friendly star
Is by each star obstruct'd 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 Vaugrave seem'd able
To dazzle, but not to illumine mankind.
A vigorous, various, versatile mind;
A character wavering, fitful, uncertain,
As the shadow that shaketh over a luminous curtain,
Vague, fleeting, 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 stormous truth in the man:
When you said, "This is genius," the outlines grew
wan.
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)
1983 MEMBERSHIP CARD NO. 898
SHOWINGS
Every Monday Evening at
THE GRAMERCY ARTS THEATRE
129 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 unseen in the heart or the mind;

Lucile

But life goes: the heart dies: haste, O beech, and
Dissect it!

This accursed ethnical, ethical age
Hath no finger'd life's horoscope, no blame'd every page,
That the old glud 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 intrepidly through.

REPRODUCTIVE CYCLE IN FARM ANIMALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Animal</th>
<th>Insemination</th>
<th>Days</th>
<th>Reproductive Cycle Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cow</td>
<td>10-15 days</td>
<td>6-9</td>
<td>28-30 days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beef</td>
<td>16-18 weeks</td>
<td>20-24 weeks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Goat</td>
<td>18-20 days</td>
<td>6-8 months</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheep</td>
<td>28-30 days</td>
<td>4-5 months</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pig</td>
<td>8-10 weeks</td>
<td>6-8 months</td>
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</table>

Insemination: the act of introducing sperm into the uterus of a female animal.
Sometimes a kind of glory lights up the mind of a man. It happens to nearly everyone. You can feel it growing or prepping like a fuse burning toward dynamite. It is a feeling in the stomach, a delight of the nerves, of the forebrain. The skin tastes the air, and every deep-down breath is sweet. Its beginning has the pleasures of a great 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 tints and tones of his life dark and somber. But the events, even the most important ones, may have tempest by flashes of light. And then—the glory—so that a cricket song sweeter than ever, the smell of the earth, trees chewing to his nose, and dappling light under a tree blazes his eyes. Then a man pours outward, a blossom 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 raises us to the world. It is the mother of all creativeness, 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 are 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 housing all are born in the complication of mass production, mass method is bound to get into our thinking and to eliminate all other thinking. In one time mass or collective production has entered our economics, our politics, and even our religions, so that some nations have substituted the idea collective for the idea God. This is in any time the danger. There is great trouble in the world, tension toward a breaking point, and must any unhappy and civilized nation face such a crisis?

I ask each one of you to consider what I believe. What must I fight for and what must I fight against?

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

Save the forest!...
I follow... forth, forth, where you lead.

John Steinbeck
BLACK MAGICIANS

Come home: The pink meat image
black yellow image with
ten fingers and ten eyes
is gigantic already; the black
curly pubic hair, the
blind hallow 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 balls, the rough
nipples alone in the dark
not by a weird finger;

Tears alright, and laughter

I am that I am—

Closed off from this

The schemes begin, roulette,
brainsaw, bony dice,
Stereoscopic motorcycles,
Straboscopes and Sealy
Serpents winding whv
cloud spaces of
what is not—

"Flirting on a math, a
pimper, a---"

ALLEN GINSBERG

Koyo-Tokei Express
July 18, 1965
I, Allen Ginsberg,

a love starved eastern jewish hairy loss

do admit circa 1956 — 1960
tears streaming from my eyes when I was not agossip

hopping from cafeteria table to cafe stairs

having conceived a jealousy for the body of Michael McClure

his starry eyes and valorous face & blackie hair

and the naked human skin of his poetry pages

which I gleaned alas as were seraphic texts

out of my own abysmal bodiless nervous breakdowns

(Coveting his wife Jo Ann co-equal

in his creation)

and not knowing properly how to express my adoration

ashamed of his tenderness and my own withheld

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 & reverse,

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 Posey

—being in fact a kind of Emotional Ghost

compounded of vanity & 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 shattered creation, and shaped it, rocks.
He leaps with a will into being; and so
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 tobrand:
Her seas yawn to engulf him; her rocks rise to crush:
And the lion and leopard, allied, hunt to rush
On their startled invaders.

In lieu Mahabhar, Where the infinite forest spreads breathless and far,
'Mid the cruel of eye and the stealthy of claw
(Striped and averted destroyers) he sees, pale with awe,
On the menacing edge of a fiery sky.
Gein Doroops, blue limb'd and red-handed, 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 ari or to science been given.
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and strained;
And many have striven, and many have fail'd,
And many died, slain by the truth they asaid.
And now let all the ships come in
Pity and use the Rosary for prayers.
The gift of the Altar is nothing
And the mind go forth to the end of God.
For once going 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 to be.

Hands 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, pouring infinite love.

THE SHIP CONDEMNED FOR NIAGARA FALLS

On April 29, 1923, a ship named "The Niagara Falls," owned by the New York Central Railroad Company, was condemned for trying to pass through the falls. This occurred after a daring attempt to navigate through the falls, which resulted in the ship being condemned. The incident is a reminder of the power and unpredictability of nature, and serves as a cautionary tale for those who think they can defy the forces of nature.

Chapter 2

Eastern Conference

Confusion and much more complicated in the Eastern sphere of influence. Advance information indicates a race to win all.

For one moment, I saw, and I heard; and my heart
Bore witness within me to infinite art,
In infinite power, pouring infinite love.

Ere the mammoth was born hath some monster un
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!
Hands 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;

8v [with flap open]
You did kind of course that I came to Buffalo because I had once heard there was a magazine here called Glass and Air. Life.
HILTED KINFISHER (Megaceryle striata) L.L. 14.
There is hardly a lake or pond from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico where the Kingfisher is not known. Nesting occurs in brushy ditches in swamps.
This huntsman has ridden too far on the chase:
And elrith, and earle, 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 stranger scene to stranger scene his footsteps are set.

And the whole place grows wilder and wilder, and less
Like ne’er seen before. Each in obsolete dress,
Strange portraits regard him with looks of surprise,
Strange forms from the armoir 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 shafts’ light. The shapes on the wall,
The stout men in armor around him, and all
The weird figures brown, as though striving to say,
‘Halt! intruder of the Past, reckless child of To-day!
And give not, O wretch! the heart in thy breast
To a phantom, the soul of whose arose in yore’?

‘By an Age not three vast! ’
"But unconscious is he,
And he heeds not the warning, he cares not to see
A sight but one form before him!

"Real, wild woods are o'er,
And the vision is snatched from sight forever!
And the gray mourning seas, as it drearily moves
O'er a land long deserted, a madman that roves
Through a ruin, and seeks to recapture a dream.
Lost to life and its men, 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 pleased my own.
Dear Stan,

Mothlight Mothlight Mothlight Mothlight Jonas showed it to us two times & I walked away ren easy to my own reading section I was late for saying Supreme Master piece over & over without any particular sense of the rele

vance of my words to that incredible stimulus vch 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 secundity power & controlled music of that which it SEE SEE, so that even the strange before & after nervous jitters commenting people at 3:30 that night were atemporal 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 wonders 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 hot spring. Love, Robert

The man in costume (whence our common has Indo-European root 

Original, & is thus related to mean - common, ordinary, aver-
age). Latin manus is a 'civil obligation', hence an 'occupation, only'. From this flux we get such words as muniment, etc. At an older level (bless you for making us look this one up) manus has the sense of 'army', of society armies, he exchanges. 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 chapter for RAD POLICY) which brought the latter 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 lan-
guage, i.e. our use of language, passes ordinary measures of such affairs. Reciprocity. God! We'll see you in New York next week, & 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.

I told you I told you all seasons of the year are nice for eating
I told you
I told you all seasons of the year are nice for eating

Robert Kelly
Fordham University
Amsterdam-on-Hudson
New York

Stan Brakhage
75 Film Makers Co-op
412 Park Avenue South
New York 16, N.Y.

Robert Kelly
Fordham University
Amsterdam-on-Hudson
New York

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75 Film Makers Co-op
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Fordham University
Amsterdam-on-Hudson
New York

I told you
I told you all seasons of the year are nice for eating

AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL
Learning to See

Jennifer H. Phillips

A woman, for whom everything is a touchstone, a man who was always tinkle when people walked. One of the cornerstones of her piano was a musical

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Front cover: Photograph by Neil Jacobs

Back cover: Photograph by Neil Jacobs

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

This book is set in 12pt Minion.

Printed in the United States of America.
“What in truth?” jesting Phile.

And pass’d from the question at once, with a

smile at

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 intaract?
In the presence of nature's immunities? Say,
Have you hung o'er the torrent, bewild with its spray,
And, leaving the rock-way, contorted and roll'd,
Like a huge conchant Typhon, fold heaped o'er fold,
You have not the right (read it, you, as you may)
To say... 'I am the wrong'd.'...
of always calling on too much
troving through a mulGovern Stewart.
doing this on that tight rope
contemplating ones navel
drinking the poison
that damned magick flower
I would almost trade a spade for a spade
we have a lot of growed to dig
and I think to bally the hatchet to
yet sit on top a crog
contemplating
a bud a flower
a leaf a flower
a basket of dancing el
infane singind and
detestable spirit she
unquestionablelly sprey
O Doommin Creepes
Getten frato shelter
alp beth
smoke
forleg
father
or
everyone
will be sitting round
her gags dropped on
her hind leg
(thinking of me crea
ture? be everyone o' What Fun))))

ROBERT IRANIANAN

BEN BURLAP'S BARN

How Bartup fashioned his barn with every need a we.
He said it was the thirdest barn that any barn could be.
He be, "The wall is full of jars but isn't I oubliious.
When isn't not here like Bartup's barn, an' bunches were up to date'.
Al' who are was a well-rod man who oubliious middlin' shires.
An' warped a herring his ants across an all ename of the ename.
And switched his whiskers in the wind on a half-day race.
You'd know it by Ben Bartup, one, respectable on his farm.
As I went down he say his barn, he be lorryin' on a like vice.
One day I let me off under I winded I'd go out take it on.
"Very last on good on feet," he said, "in line to it could be.
It war off before I ever man, or even 'apart to see.
When I come out an' I to Ben, "What's that small building there.
That kinder stickly Jenkins' thing, third one down after
It looks so stately on work like the other, I see Ben, "It's a lot or other. That as kind in my heart.
}

R. WABE

A. F. WRO.
of always calling on to much

This is in like a million star
Going this on that tight robe
Sitting next saraband

That is out of flax

I would almost trade a smile for a spade

Just a bit of fro to dig

And I think to be the head to a

Yet sit on hop a crew

Contemplating a seed

A bed of flowers

A leaf of money

Basket of dancing clowns

Infernal stained and clamor of little folk

Detestable scab of shore

Unmentionable sores of snake

Of bombs and tricks and winding fog

Setten frosty shivering matters

Ine bake

Mood nor leek

Father son

Everyone

Will be sitting round that island
even Betty Grable

His leg is up to fill her ass

(thinking of so creeters poem

(On its been undone

of well

[...]

Sung by the May at the Spring with a cup of wine

Sun moon of Silver actually blazed

[...]

[More text and drawings on the page]
Robert Ronnie Branaman
paintings & drawings
Opening March 12, 1963 at 8 PM

Batman Gallery
Open 11:00-5:30 Tues. thru Sat. except Sunday & Monday
2222 Fillmore Street, San Francisco 15, California
ROBERT DUNCAN

Apprehensions

To open Night's eye that slumber in what we know by day,
"If the Earth were animate
it should not experience pleasure when groan and cove are
Dug out of its back."

From which argument my mind fell away
or dwindled a falling away,
and I saw an excavation—but a cave-in of the ground,
hiding in政府 or covering in hiding
a glass or stone, most valuable.

According to the text
Ficino had the idea
"Life circulates from the earth
to the stars,
in order to maintain the uninterrupted
silent of the whole of nature."

You've to dig and come to see what it means.

Error, 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 glass,
I did not bring it to light.

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

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 Quintin 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 coincidences reveal direct and more or less
dignified plagiarism."

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

(My mind had slip again, could not
keep its place in the sentence)
"Whenever the subject is not the earth
but the universe viewed as a whole"
"diveenflares appear"

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

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

Ficino's text reads: "How can one dare
"to say that this woman's writh is not living
"since it produces little ones?"
THE DIRECTIVE
is a building. The architecture of the sentence
allows
personal details, portals
variably and enduringly,
construction from what lies at hand
to stand
for what rings true.

His concentration fixes this
blank,
the times of language by where is placed
tower
and here bridge to the walk.

How they ploughed the given field in rows,
press and
verse / and brought landscape
into being—

the grave interpreting
interpreted by the house and hearth—

a grave expectation
provides for the dense of many-colored glass,
joyful light,
carved woods and deep windows;

needs burst of the high hall that from above
is deep, a wall or wall of holy spirit

defining the humble.

Where there is a temple
it needn’t keep from base serenade.

Let my ways be steady
in the rude elements of my household,

At the window, the rose vine.

ROBERT DUNCAN

Sage Architect, you who awaken
the proportions and scales in the soul’s wonder
of stars and water,

poem of color
that bathes the cosmos at the horizon, yet
direct

mournful light
defining the listless.

Bell tied in the foliage ring as the wind rises.

* * *

I found a monument of what I am
around me as if walking were a dream,
a house built in the ancient time
when men like a salmon swim
in currents of fire and sea, in what he was,
kept to the ledges of desire
and read in the streams before there were letters
deep reflections of his causes.

There must be a pool, dark and steady mood,
stone and water, where this magic weaving,
this ray of a star, catches in flow
another form of what we always are,
from which we start up into the live jewel,
see joy kid where death must be,
really like a soul ensnared 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 hall of these things
where such a silence awakens our fearful touch
and flames of beauty in old stuff rage.

I’ve come into a kindliness, as if into a room
whose buckle remembered that Love stands alone
and world in whose timbers a rude poetry
succeeding the presence and weight of that crown.
The King brings his old body into its monument, in which we are remembered, lonely and bare, of one being, one presence, slowly restoring the house of its kin.

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

Bell find in the foliage ring as the wind rises.

Dream or vision, the ancestor’s adventure, now heard in families or mankind in the sounds of a woman’s rage,

smogging the jointly skull to cut off its virtue, theft of fire, theft of what the heart desired

made so beautiful by the fire’s magic that men still remember the walls of Troy, the horse-studios’ town and young boys have heroic affinities

immortal by the Mother-Dragon’s blood except that Eros marks one spot to be betrayed as His close upon Death—

All that we’ve lived abounds truth on these pages.

The elemental man is a humpd back where

the hair grows, heaped up of time, faded upon field, lifted up from what he was, a depth of silt, into this height

above sea level.

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

Thraso’s plaited hat that praises 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 brute like a child’s fat pushing those eyes, and see the force of intellectual hunger,

forces, revering toward such root

a diamond has in structure, sustained by pressure. Man

as exclusively defined he is

a figure of light.

Then hunger be stem

from what I am

and the hero bloom as he will toward that end

the poem institutes by admitting a form.

To survive we conquer life or must find

dream or vision, the grandfather’s failures’ trail.

But it was my grandfather who made that trek

after the war into the Oregon territory

and my grandmother who tended the dragon West

enacting what is 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 standing glass window vast

where by a river for a long time stood

so that there is a continent of feeling beyond our feeling, a big house of the sky,

Indians and cowboys taking over the English-styled garden.

Over and over, You’re dead!

Only to jump up shouting, This is play!

This is play, They’ve come back from the war.

The German trenches shown on the balcony.

And the grown-ups discuss the death-flows

of continents and civilizations.

The tired old man

after the war,

captain in the suit of marriage his wife wore,
talking to drink and where
as my grandmother did
—now that I know that history—
but this is myth
that Freud says lies in our blood, Dreams—was,
to darken our intelligence.

We remember it all.
The smaller children at the table reject their food,
sweeping up bits,
member by member remember, part by part
the cost, a bit to the play,
of the eyes, of the stair, of design toward crisis.

(transcription of 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
benefit of him,
kept a crude resemblance.
The lowest room, at least,
stood for the head,
jointed by a neck
to the trunk of the cave
above. It was not 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 series of grays as I said.
Certainly, there were no aim or leg
clearly defined.

ecogreen review

robert duncan

It did occur to me
that the luminous gleam of a glowing 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 sleeps in what we know by day,
In the graveous excavation he remains,
as if an empty place waited
body to my soul.

4 (structure of rime xiv)

Citi perdere, waste that was wax to the edge melting, forecast
I've known in every touch—thus the Love adjoined his unrest
in the first uprising of the light that unseated his surrounding dark.
This sight has no fingered my soul that I awake a new, a
weird figure of joy.

A play that Love makes out of Desire! What I was as a boy
has run out and away so that I weep. Spectral images of manhood
took shape in me,

I saw in your eyes—shuddered, waiting, empty—a place I was to fill.

As in the theater it can be shown, such a presence in passion, a void

prepared to its viable counter part—

sung, citi perdere, song of me that flows away, melded from east
deserted, his methods, as the vision of it that is a worker in men.

Thus the ever-present light of earliest thoughts toward me reach me,
leaving scar of evening and morning.

Citi perdere of love first known,

lost was that know the shaping hand,

O scar of resemblances, care of times!
5th Movement

(First Poem)

It is the earth's turning,
that lifts our shores from the dark
into the cold light of morning,
outward turning;

and that returns us from the sun's burning
into passages of twilight and shade;
dim reveries and greedy effects.
The sun is the everlasting center of what we know,
a steady radius.

The change of light in which we dwell,
colors among colors that come and go,
are in the earth's turning.

Angels of light, images of early morning,
your figures gather what they lack like
out of what rolls once knew of dawn,
first stage of love that in the water thrived,
so that we think of men
in open fields, open-valued,
in light of the occult egg striking distance.

Twisted angles of dark,
hand under remnants of frowning-where?
Your eyes, or animals' eyes
store the fire's glare.
O banned O reservoir!

(Second Poem)

Hand the cards, shuffle the cards out 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 man knows his images,
but when I am not able to read they are only
numbers and faces, 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
saying 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 stars,
knotted and associated that are made's gods,
or notes of a scale or possible scale 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 mode
where they refer to the cards they are holding.
Cards of going, cards of coming . . .

Numbers, letters, words, cards or hours
--handle and shuffle, cut and shuffle.
This card comes before.

the image of gothcias or even "dig 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.

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

(Close, Third Poem)
March 27th: We found after the rains a cave-in along the path
toward the nursery and thyme, disclosing the pit of a divided
cress 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
something shared—in what scale?

Referring to these:
the orders of the sentence in reading;
the orders of what is seen in painting (there was the swarming
earth);
the orders of commanding images;
the orders of passionate forms and themes of the poet in writing;
the orders of the dead and the unborn that swarm in the fields
of a man embracing his companion;
the orders of the Lord of Love. Let me await thee, Prince of the
Morning.

the orders magnetic of the jewel that is secreted by the heads
and cells of the brain;
the orders of the Architect building in the likeness a triangle;
the orders of the day that include the actual appearance of the
pit in the garden;
the orders of stars and words . . .

In these most marvelous.
There is no life that does not rise
melodic from scales of the marvelous,
in which our grief refers.
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 availed 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.

Mark—
His Words

I have been complimented many times and they always embarrass me—
I always feel that they have not said enough.
He had the serene confidence which a Christian feels in four acts.
I’m sorry for any man who has not the imagination to spell a word two ways.
Civilization is a limitless multiplication of unnecessary necessities.

Paste-ups & assemblies by Jess
Dec. 12th - Jan. 7th

[Image of a bird and a fish]
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, or that 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 inexpressible gri, God exists.

(El hombre)
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: ergo, God exists.
A Snarling Garland

Of Xmas Verses

by Anonymous
A Snarling Garland

Chanson

Hi There!

Don't Sign Anything

Sopa
The Conspiracy

You need me your poem
I'll send you mine.

Things need to awaken
Even through random communication.

Let us suddenly
Proclaim spring. And new
At the others,
All the others.

I will send a picture too
If you will send me one of you.
Dear Stan and Jane,

Your letters are a great good and welcome cheer in the midst of present 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 Hobie actually does, I go to pieces even thinking of it etc. Ah well...)

That is very happy news about the award, and God knows much deserved. So, voila. I'll write them for a copy of that issue, and want also to get a subscription to FILMMAKING once the smoke clears again.

Despite the drudgery, I did get two plus chapters of the novel done over the 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 'play 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, sticks 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 have now an aim I'm so intent on accomplishing 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 specific kind—which bores me dead in novels as that goddamn Keller thrust at me by gettysburgan 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 somewhat exposed me to bleak puffery 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' at least at last has the counter of the equal as will, etc. So that she sinks, rightly or wrongly, into the muddle 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 least. 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 ‘did I,’ PATRICK 5:

...I saw love
mounted naked on a horse
on a swan
the tail of a fish
the bloody thirsty conger eel
and laughed
recalling 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
out 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 DOGtown, 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 goodam 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., hauled 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, even long. Take good care of yourselves, and we’ll keep hold.

All our love to you all,

[Signature]

[Handwritten notes and marks]
About the Federation
A NON-PROFIT, NON-GOVERNMENTAL, EDUCATIONAL ORGANIZATION

The Natural RESKIN Federation is a group of active citizens who work to protect and conserve our natural heritage. Your support helps us continue our mission. Together, we fight to preserve our natural resources and promote wildlife conservation.

Join the Federation.
For more information, please visit our website.

Thank you for your support.
Natural Resources Conservation
Federation, Inc.

[Image of a badger, a fish, a flower, and a panoramic landscape of a forest and mountain range]
REPLICITY PRINCIPLE. MAKE ascending testicles the hour of love
Imruwurter illustrious tearing at in the eye undine
in four & eager - (All I live in the Brightness the brightness
raising your legs & spreading you open - eager brotherhood
his mouth as your trap
wet fish not that draw them up from what is deep
(Tarantos Tarranahes out of Pense painted magical open
equal tunnel of net Actually sucking all fish into the ship
be - hooked into the brightness - reality principle wheels Bray
net slided on the soft steel wheels to a belt (putting a penny down
on the tracks & finding it eternally & forever.
spider on the rough 
the power in his power over the power in my hand
this coin to pay all debts with? suck - all fish that dwell in the
alive in the brightness & go into this net - this act
has been compounded long before, been
written down & printed on the wall, Naglos iskhyros: slided from
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 full

hasios iskhyros = Δυστιποπάς
holy strong one
It is the hour of The God, largely he self-arronded

* About The Institute
A NON-PROFIT, NON-GOVERNMENTAL, EDUCATION INSTITUTION
The National Wildlife Federation is a league of State groups and organizations acting as their advocate the
restoration and wise use of our natural resources. It is a nonprofit, non-governmental organization. Help us
make the US a place where our children and their children's children can enjoy clean air, fresh water, and
beautiful, healthy places. Subscribe for free and receive a free catalog for so much.
Visit us for further information on Wildlife and/or
Albania, Collection, Stationery and other items.
National Wildlife Federation, Washington, D.C.
A Poem Too New to Have a Name

(II)

SECRET SOCIETY OUR investigations of outborn fustians decay
the daughters of ocean dressed mounting to hell
wearing white dresses who went down the sea mouths to hell
wearing gold dresses who brought the white fustians back from earth
the graces are not available on earth
(as physics not the science of all Physiks,
the Physick)

A secret mortality cedar incredible agnus castus vision
mirrors by mirrors spread over the walls of the self she calls the self
endless film of the shakings & shudders of the living tree
life’s tree
or isn’t grove from which all growing things are sanctified
the tree that bears ten different kinds of fruit
not one of which a hungry man can eat but in the heart of each
finds souls
to seal the gates of his body with, pass the still water,
bay & plant for himself a tree to rest from
secure in the constant velocity of light in another another bend
apples & strange pomegranates, gold pears of earliest summer
gold pears of fall
A Poem Too New to Have a Name p. 3

(III)

The white woman stands among the children she carries her sword in hand & has murdered their father it is somewhere in the Cyclades it is Pylenos asleep in the cave it is a face indifferent to the moon & a neck by hand discovers America New York the murderous garden of apples the profile dry lips I will bite them to blood (the trolley is gone from New York the Negro city deserted; white tiles embedded in cobbles still hot from the iron wheels, the electric runs on paper wheels compressed the hardness of steel compressed the brightness lasto) America the still wheels ride over her screen goes up to the city.
MARTIANUS CAPPELLA. It is this we discovered & found:
the sun is a woman, she bears us we keep the relation
the sun is a woman of fire she burns us she keeps the relation
keeps the relationship clear.
Unique genetic comprehension of the source as source
to go a step further: Not the sun of phallic energy only
not the pole nor a woman desired a buck to throw in her face
but the fact, the saving substance of gene, the intercourse ever & that comes after
Now
the sun filled with the fire of birth the moon delivered & empty
& waiting & hidden & still.
(v)

OCTIRIS HAS BUILT HIS CITY strong in the middle of life
steps out of the bright air to try on a tosh
& is caught in the endless passion of set his destroyer
who needs of him only the prick that commands, the phalloi of artifice
to blind the children of earth to their flesh

Architect! the burden 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. Nile water is abstract & dead
pentomized with crocodile tears & the metaphysics of fish
Architect! undo as these temples
bear down the masculine imagery, the genetic 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 primped up in sand where in the black god hidden
you hold all our lives in the loops & vortices of your hands
the left hand the prints of your
origin, the right hand burdened with your perpetual idea

MAN IS ONE SINGLE BEING

no river runs through him there is no dividing him he is that he is & he does that he

does
I offer that not for the logic but for the birds. Barges, 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 or 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 still surely (VIII) continue us as the need is. Much new stirring in me, back from Gloucester ready to go, & going, things tumbling out without my care to sit on them & craft them or be for. I’ll put on the bottom of the page one of yesterday’s poems, a sort of long lines of the reality principle a breaking in my hand keeps jarring at me. Keep well.

Our love to you, to Jane

Kell

(VII)

RIVER IN YOU REFLECTED Intercourse of elements of speech 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 unmixed I have no lens I can see nothing clearly the hunger that I so 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 & vicious 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 he drowns Beyond the trees of breath now the roots & cones that still serve me in darkness watching an authentic image of the original exchange, this next

(23.vii.43)
(VII)

THE FIRST MESSAGE TO INTREAT YOU today the
garden is bright with animal colors tomorrow the
grey light in of fog came in from the sea will fall over the
leaves & the place there we walk the connected paths, trail
blazed bark stripped from the tree rots flat on the dopping grass
mushrooms

smoky earthworms yellowing inground white capped appled one
volva flying tender membranous bands . sea of connections

above there the dark was
three mounds forming the essential hills of the city swell out
swelling regular swelling the middle one fuller & richer
white white white

tree fungus epiphytic growth of life three-turreted Kybele
whose crown a city in
triple-towered silver against red sky imposed, the mural crown
hills of Rome or of Jerusalem
the city . . . fog caught over

Toit hill & Grynese hill
out grass of Fort Greene park
sun & the fruit topo a wildwood sun in endless fog but
something grows there
over
& does not over fall

white corpse of leaf & flower goddess of the broad-streeted city
where only justice is & tenderness & infinite connections star crowned cont
A Poem Too New to Have a Name

(Coda)

RED SUN: the flesh of all the gods; this blood
steadily coring, chromatic interchange at liv-
ing & dying; live cell & dead cell brightness
recurrent, the insidious darkening inescapably rampant
the burst through, through the gates of the known.
They feed on us, their round dents our records.

23 July 63

This poem breaks the measure electric as one dose of
energy, as at its axis tip (our hand) the Sun actuated the
sign of the lion. The poem is from A for St. Brakhage
& Charles Olson & Harri Davis & Brakhage & the
(1) part of it already. The copy for St. Brakhage is wrong.
Brakhage who is the first to see it!
('Cell is the self, Osiris is not Christ, Set in Christ, the Son.')
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 purpose. 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 tangible 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
June 22, 1962

Dear Robert,

I see in re-reading the Kulchur correspondences,

I have credited Creeley with a quote which was ac-
tually 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?

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.

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

If one love fails, another succeeds, and the plan
Of man's life includes love in all objects!
Dear Robert,
I see in re-reading that I have credited Greeley with fully Rothenberg's own "I'm anyway to me these two stanzas: "The deep image is the content of the poem" and the "From any other visions," all structure and/or measure a factor, i.e. abstractly", area where I am most bothered by quotes sticking most in my mind, in terms of credits, to copying... only I keep wor right here, it shouldn't be Stein did, that is, beyond the...
Yet rise,

My Milton, and answer, with those noble eyes
Which the glow of heaven hath blinded to earth!
Say—the life, in the living it, savors of worth;
That the deed, in the doing it, reaches its aim;
That the fact has a value apart from the fame;
That a deeper delight, in the mere labor, pays
Scorns of lesser delights, and laborious days.

And Shakespeare, though all Shakespeare’s writings
were lost,
And his genius, though never a trace of it crossed
Poesy’s path, not the less would have dwelt
In the isle with Miranda, with Hamlet have felt
All that Hamlet hath experienced, and haply where, pure
On its death-bed, wrong’d I love lay, have mean’d
with the Moor?

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 horsepower kicker. You 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 poet?)

What’s a poem?

It ain’t a dream until it walks. It talks. It surpasses its green barriers.

Listen closely, folks, this poem comes to you by benefit of its own Irish green barrier. You take it, from here.

Think of what's possible—not what's new, but what it's all about what it's all what all of a poem is. You think of it. You get 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 intervenes, is the simplest but—

You have the first word. And the whole thing follows. But—

You follow it. With a dog 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

* O Shakespeare! how could I thus call "What’s in a name?"
* Do the spell a bit, when a kind hat to forget
  English always the flower with men, but we English!
  And in their specifics of wise, will I learn that I knock
  All my tear out that harmless Wick (a little shine),
  With my eye it sends a walk as a glory. When
  We, the happy the voices, in every a free,
  I want my breakdown were and say (French having
  Britain, however as quickly wished the hell
  There is a word that yet cannot agree,
  Your fagom for the sky, there but friends.
  When necessary, not indefinite, terms."

The difference between the right word and the about-right word is the difference between galloping out the following here.
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 seeing it, with what it says. The poem is an act of folly, as folly is the human dimension. The poem 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 out is.

And what is left out is to be altogether needed. Without essence the poem is insensible.

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

The poet learns the science of the sorcerer.

The poet being wise on the jolly, the tacky, and the sublimely.

The poet becomes the alchemist of feeling.

The poem is a new thing, and capable of being renewed. It is not a period piece. If it 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 so you, or it’s not for you.

Ask’d if he had nothing that weighed’d on his mind:

“Well, oh no,” says Leopoldo, “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 ceased to regret”;

Loony Tom’s Song

Give me a tune and I’ll slap the half sire.

I’ll spring the hucksters out of his wife.

Any old flautist you care to answer,

give me his name and I’ll be his lover.

La diddle la, the hyphen charmed,

You kitty was, the wildquill wild.

For love bid the songbird, under the songbird,

bursied the burried under the lovebird.

Love as they tell me, love as I hear,

love aways the trumpet and butter the tree.

But love will soon bowling only if free.

And only to me.

La diddle la, the hyphen charmed,

Our kitty was the wildquill wild.
In truth
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 poverty 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, cars, 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 whir'd 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 aurora of Love:
In short, from the dead Past the gravestone to move;
"Wretched creatures we are! I and thee—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 gives them birth?
What leads forth in his season the bright Mizaroth? Hath the darkness a dwelling,—save them, in those eyes?
And what name hath that half-eaten'd hope in the skies?
Ay, question, and listen! What answer?

* 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 seeds that we boast of? weak insects we are!
WaxLucile left Mathilda, she sat for long hours
In her chamber, fatigued by long overwrought powers,
Miss the signs of departure, about to turn back.
To her old vacant life, her old hopeless track.
She felt her heart flutter within her. She sat
Like some poor player, gazing dejectedly at
The insignia of royalty worn for a night;
Exhausted, fatigued, with the toil and toil,
And the effort of passionate endeavor; whose thinks
Of her own menses, hushed, hidden, shut, and shrinks
From the chill of the clear sky that awaits her.

* Wrenched 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 bind of! weak insects we are!
wretched creatures we are! O and thou—one and all!
Only able to injure each other and fall
Soon or later, in that void which ourselves we prepare
For the Gods that we boast of! weak insects we are!
O heaven! and what has become of them? all
Those instincts of Eden surviving the Fall;
That glorious faith in inherited things;
That tense in the soul of the length of her wings:
That sight of it scared her.
And what best proves there's life in a heart!—that it
beats?
Grant a cause to remove, grant an end to attain.
Grant both to be just, and what mercy in pain!
Cease the sin with the sorrow! See morning begin!
Pain must burn itself out if not felt'd by sin.
There is hope in your hill-tops, and love in your light.
Let hate and despondency die with the night!"

Of this deep harp of life, if at moments it stretch
To swell tension some one wailing nerve, means to
fetch
Its response the truest, most stringent, and smart,
Its paths the purest, from out the wrong heart.
Whose faculties, fieced it may be, it lesa
Sharply strong, sharply emitted, had fain'd to express
Just the one note the great final harmony needs.
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 Slodowsky, 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 composition 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, THE HUMAN FACE IS A VISION
of real 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 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.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I would like to acknowledge Bob Tipp's whose musical being and sensitivity walk unseen through these pages as great music cannot be visualized or explained but only inspirational.
"Tis Death to Counterfeit"

By W. B. Scott, Jr., Chief, U.S. Secret Service

Counterfeiting during 1922 will probably be, by all odds, known as the most successful attempt to perpetrate fraud ever known. For the first time in the history of counterfeiting in America, a counterfeited check was successfully passed without detection. The criminal mastermind of the operation was none other than the famous American counterfeiter, William J. C. Jones. Jones has been continually arrested and imprisoned for many years, but on this occasion he was able to evade detection and escape.

The success of Jones in America began with the arrival of the first issue of the American Journal of Counterfeiting, which was published in New York in 1875. The journal was a great success and Jones quickly became known as a skilled counterfeiter. His success was due in part to his use of advanced techniques, including the use of special inks and dyes. Jones was also able to avoid detection by the authorities due to his ability to evade detection.

In order to perpetrate the fraud, Jones had to recruit a team of skilled artisans to help him create the counterfeit checks. These artisans were able to create checks that were nearly indistinguishable from the real thing. Jones was able to pass the checks through various financial institutions, including banks and businesses, without detection.

As the fraud continued, Jones and his team were able to create even more sophisticated checks. These checks were created using the latest in ink and dye technology, as well as advanced printing techniques. The success of the fraud was due in part to the fact that the authorities were not aware of the full extent of the operation.

In the end, Jones was able to pass over 100 counterfeit checks without detection. However, his success was short-lived. The authorities eventually caught wind of the operation and were able to arrest Jones and his team. The operation was brought to an end, but Jones had proven that counterfeiting was a viable means of perpetrating fraud.

Yes, yes... you are sad—because knowledge is sad!
"Yes, yes!" he went on, "I was... at
Always thus! what I once was, I have not forgot."

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

"Vain! all Vain!... For when, laughing, the wines
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.

L.

Up I—forth again. Pegasus!—“Many’s the slip.”

Hath the proverb well said, “twist the cap and the

lip!”

How best should we be, have I often conceived,

Had we really achieved what we nearly achieved!

We 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 must thrill our existence is one

Which, before we can frame it in language, is gone.

O Horace! the rattle 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?”
Lucile

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 hide
And seek with our souls. Not in Hades alone
Doth Sisyphus roll, ever frustrate, the stone,
Do the Dantes ply, ever vainly, the sieve.
Tanaka at futile does earth to its deities give.
Yet there's noise 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, accords 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 over the mighty. Perhaps
Yet! there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
But while o'er the brim of life's beaker I dip,
Though the cup may at last moment be shattered, with wine,
Split, one deep health I'll pledge, and that health shall be thine.
To relinquish, and folly to live for! Nor less
Was his ancient religion more potent to bless
Or to bar; and the crater his ancestors knew'd
To store, when they fought for the Cross, in hard field
With the Crescent's banner, 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
lyr'n;
An indistinct anthem, that troubled the air
With a searching, and winful, 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 whirlpools of water below
The frail wooden balcony shook in the sound
Of the torrent. The mountains shroud'd silently round
A candle one ray from a chasm casement flung.
O'er the dim balustrade all bewild'r'd he hung,
Vaguely watching the broken and shimmering blink
Of the stars on the veering and vitreous brink
Of that snake-like prone column of water; and list'n
A mood o'er the languors of air the persisting
Sharp horn of the gray goat. Before he relinquish'd
His unconscious employment, that light was extin-
guish'd.
When 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 burst'd
Her contempt at the fashions and forms of the world.

And the permanent cause why she now miss'd and fall'd
That firm hold upon life she so keenly assail'd,
Was, in all these 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-fashion'd 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 diablerie
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!"
Laura Wilber Houston
Wray, Colo.

Interim

I know a valley rimmed by sky

Where burned deer and haunted I
May seek a prize.

Where golden maid on soaring wing
And elfin deer mose, scurrying,

Will not betray.

No wound of man 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
630 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

truvue

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.

La Estrella

Ode, Isn’t It?

Stanley M. Rice has played the same dozen organs in the same Bowling, Ohio, movie house every Saturday night for the past 54 years. None of the patrons can get him to stop. The word used is spelled the same forward or backward.

Mrs. Ellis E. Allsby of Glendale, California, has one on a pad that looks exactly like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Sirs:

By pointing out how this mysterious quest for mental satisfaction through the literature and present day and power has been accomplished at the expense of other work's dignity and his own family's love and companionship. Last but brilliantly scored at a fine society and pictures who millions and humor school teachers have been trying to get across to us.

Connect 1. Zeller
Des Moines, Iowa

brilliant in its truth. Would that each of us lived our lives giving more than we took; in order to be immortal in the hearts of muddled.

Max James M. Woodard
Schenectady, N. Y.

"The hot, star bright: I wish I were there. I wish I were there."" These words will be heard by the world when the stars come down and announce that it has run away from the home in the heavens, the splendid ghost, declared that he was a true friend.
"THE BEDROOM SCENE IS SO POIGNANT, IT BECOMES A TRIUMPH!"

—Daily News

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 bountiful treat, they detected a fox at no great distance, approaching the spot. How to carry off their prize, they were prompted to devise, and the fox continued to approach. But necessity is the mother of invention, and they soon struck upon a plan which proved completely successful in the execution. One rat laid upon his back, and held the egg in his fore 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 wasted 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 lose the egg, or secure it in their hole. Thus they bestowed themselves in earnest, and proved the old proverb true, that "Where there is a will there is a way."
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 visions are accepted as finalities. We have not even totally assimilated 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 plasm 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

That to this race of worms,—stinging creatures, that crowd—
Lip, and fear, and die daily, beneath their own stings,—
Can scarce the blind beast 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,
Turn the threads from an old-fashion’d distaff unrav’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 stall
that plunges from a mountain to the depths.
Twould be as strange, hadst thou stayed down below..."

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

Our view of Life is still so young and so worn
and ripped by the xxxxxx 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 *Sutrophro* 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 exercise the blind boast of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath past'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,
From the threads from an old-fashioned distaff uncur'd.
And those three blind old women all 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 further 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 placenta with thin branches or veins.

The stalk of it narrows to a gase of life
and stretches downward and spreads into what
might be the earth or the top of another tree.

((Is there a forest?))

(Up on 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 excuse the blind hour of inherited wings.
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath passed
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 from the threads from an old-fashioned distaff un
com'd,
And those three blind old women sit spinning the
world.
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
lifes 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 vacuole?, a nucleus?) with a share 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.
TURFED UPSIDE DOWN THE DRAWING MEANS
not more nor less. It is a gentle
tensive surge,
a woman views.

3.

Yes, all things flow! And in our male 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 immeadite is lagre -- and it is
and isn't. But Life, THE FLAME, does not flow like lead does.
It SURGES! 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 immeadiate I feel the roaring mest 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, 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,
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 rosy,

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.
But desire to know and feel are not eased!
To feel the caves 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
ev'rything is 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
crawl, lie, and fear, and die daily, beneath their own stings—
Can exceed the blind boast of inherited wings?
When the soul, on the impulse of anguish, hath part'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,
Hums the threads from an old-fashion'd distaff uncur'd,
And those three blind old women sit spinning the world.
Paradise is opening.    
We are at the gates of the cherubim.

Michael McClure

Who
To the heart of the flower can follow the dew?
A sight full of stars!
Over the silence, unseen,
The footsteps of scintillated angels, between
The dark land and deep sky were moving. You heard
Past'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 eased... "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,
Lose, 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 Fate, where, through tremulous
Hands,
Humb the shred from an old-fashions'd distaff un-
curt'd;
And those three blind old women sit spinning the
world.
Bull was a revered medicine and leader of the Scous. He later reached all the infamous isolated Kiowat Massacre of 1876. This monument is located near Medicine Man Pass, 27 July 1890.
He's in the city to which he was born.

While the cat out for Peter in pain'd so to Duff.

On the battle of them. The thanks just yet he's in sight.
I first laid my bower.

Two little chickens:
Who in some choice eddies may gracious run.
With her istillation, and sensible wise.
The song which the poet to bitterness wrote.
First the poet, and nearly best how to those—
The joy of his pemk in tears, whilst they wise.
The god of the man. There's song—eat his rash wen.
First's brethren that his waking in smile and sudden
Misers' minds—last and Miser's blunder.
* In short, it is clear the interior
Of your brain, my dear Alfred, is vastly superior

Twere a false sense of honor

And her heart

He felt at ease with himself

With the wild heart of youth.

The sad truth.

Ev'ry spendidruit ta passion is debtor to thought.

To review the rash step he had taken.

The humility of it!

In the night-wind, the starlight, the murmurs of even
In the arks of earth, and the langours of heaven.
BROOK OF HERDS. Abandoned as a work, turned the form, my last real book that I call HERSELF 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],

Last, our dear daughter, Maggie. Today she reopened from her last illness. She was born on July 7th and was an extremely energetic little girl. Mainly, she had a very good appetite. Maggie has been very ill for a long time, but I heard she was greatly improved. She is now in very good health.

I do believe it is very good to hear from you to hear that your trip was so interesting. I hope you will be able to return soon and see how things are.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

Dear [Name],

This is a picture of the house I reflected in the water. It is a beautiful scene. The way the sun sets is something that I find very pleasing. I enjoy looking at it from my window. It gives me a sense of peace and tranquility.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

---

Dear [Name],

The last book I read was a novel called [Title]. I really enjoyed it. The characters were well-developed, and the plot was engaging. I found myself completely immersed in the story.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

---

Dear [Name],

I am writing to express my thoughts on [Topic]. It is a complex subject, but I believe that [My Opinion].

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
A meat- enigma-Mosaic drunken Jonah becoming a satyr introduced by himself, huckster, fornication. A hearse about tracks & the absent lady. Dropping the cloak. Do the flags? Apocalyptic?... No just and flash start! Barroom is fantastic! =

BLUE MOSES is a meat- enigma spoken in eternal language of director, con man and magician. It's about the sham 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 adjust between Anticipation and Dog Star Man part one.

Michael McClen
Dear Sumi,

How have you managed those letters, so delighting us yes. Will imagine whirlwinds bucking your moment at ours have been west. Time of action and thought — no letters until the frantic and wondrous bird blooms off to close just this morning (hedge in college for introduction, decision, reduction.) But SO MUCH we struggle to pull off alone, to be to another what gives us greatest joy and there is no manner with which to effect our longings except to allow them space.

On the 3rd of August, 1st I keep looking upon reactions in fits of anger. They are always to put some express ideas of the summer once reached right into another time and with fluidity space levels. What happened in between! All else are mixed, so too film showing for end of set up but in the mean time I've had to take a job — searching for ways until desperation finds me in England. **A remarkable thought on endlessly the shining glass balls, lined strips, electric lights, the old sparkle into a sublime**. Then one afternoon they let go spiritual to paint the ramified hands, **... and there.** Oh, then, my way had become its way onto into finally studio bells et cetera, out it and to something corner the phone, fall asleep and at six o'clock in the morning. It often down from the studio, down into the subway. One day it was Friday and Joe said "Things are slowing down...we'll call you when things pick up."

When I come the country to the bake pie, to be able to continue what I'm suddenly for a week or so. For my birthday I go to Obraza...

End of September Julia had a stroke. She was sitting in my mother's chair with three barrels at her feet (for the grapes). "Don't get scared. There's something with me,... I can't get up." Yesterday she asked us "How is my mountain? Is it weeping for me?" She was already to learn to read. She was thinking about her life and about ours. We are making Polish-English album and a can. "Art is magic expressed in her power of analogy. She told us the story of how she came to America. When she was fourteen:

"Our village was no small. You know every tree, every hedge from the bottom of the swamp... no more. And that was all we knew. We knew it to be. We go here and there. We go here is the pig and most of all is to the orchard. Some people go away yes to America, some and I think it terrible is because when they go past the orchard they fall away. They don't come back. We don't want of them. What kind of space out there. Only..." (shrugs) The world ends. One night I watch stars and see far... I know... I think they cover everything I don't see. Next day I take a long walk... I walk right out of our village! The world does not end, you know? I come home and I say Mother I'm going to America. It's time to see how far the world is. That's how, that's how come!"

Learning - stands up and out (the crash throw throw to bid) "What you think of that?"

The story is for her curiosity, her poetry we may have describing to you.
FELLING OF TREE

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

"The trick with the gender switcher"
Dear Stan, I'm dreaming of a lion, a creature more damned... WHAT IT IS 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 theatre that breaks the silence of the body THE SPIRIT definitely the consciousness of a man symbolized by lion. I must not dwell too much on lion for truly it will be only the new Romantic vision. Make Baker, I don't know.
what I am talking about. Except the New Theater that I begin to catch sound at there is something new things are going on here that work for the image of poetry. Yeah I realized that how against poetry. (like you in your mind) my new textbook should be The Modern & Great Shakespeare & Plato & mythology. I think I have drunk the bitter to the very last of knew his soul by heart. So
But we arrived timely
to fill the new bookcases
I've built.
Let me know where I'll
be looking at exchange,
San Francisco & build
bookshelves with
vampire proof glass
drawers - A SHINS.
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. It's got Venice &
rest. (Do I prophesy?)
I have about 3000 plans - always a sign that rest is needed. So I'm certain I've actually worked 12 hours a day to keep the baggage away - but keeping myself away from what I except for a few hours - this, my subconscious is getting in control but not actually so yet. Though I feel that happening at least it goes into dreams & I am thought working in strange places.

Yes, I saw Brancusi "dropped G" (gently)
New back to Tambourea
O.K. yes I believe
(thank you again) I'll
be nothing at midnight
of Spring Equinox on
Ages L.A. Theatre.
CAMROOCH!
Alan Marlowe wants
me that he is going
to do THE 18
as probe perhaps you
can judge it in 30.
If so, I will better
both opening night N.Y.C.
Love you all.

S.M.
42v

THE CAUSE, THE CAUSE

It is the cause the cause, still, it is (and she, still
even though the method be
not, be
the rose and comes 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 teased (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 devils', 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 two, you
2
It is the cause, yes, and the movements contain, the nightmare is
the day's anxious responses, her
harassments, his
flying off, the sort of looking out by cones, is it, or in it old/
like bones
anyway, his

All form and essence both brought down, mixed, in this middle place,
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/
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


where the arc is now being pushed, can be, pushed, her
unreasonable opinions, her
subjects so brazenly exposed, her role, her
in the arc, in the arc of his will, her
multiple withholdings, her
not at all Homo sexual, 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-bet, 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,
where there is neither one nor the other, this by man and woman/
dirtied, this

Soiled 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
The Child's Book of Ritual Magic

There are Four Things you must know & think about:

RITUALS
CUPS
SWORDS
PENTAGLES

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

Pentacles are golden
seascers with stars on them

Because the good Magician knows how to unlock a
seacser (a nobody else would even think a seacser
could be unlocked!) Seacseres have become a sign
(eespecially 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 thinking about these things
all these things.

Solomon
the wonderful Jewish king had many
of them (seacseres)
He walked from room to
room of his palace
watching his seacseres
(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.

Jesus (some of you will know
he is the Son of God, while
others will be lees certain)
could 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
words are tongues
& all they do.

WANDS are another matter.

All parts of you
that get there
(whenever it is)
before you do
are Wands
Though they are wood
they live in fire
Because they are wood
when ordinary wood
live in fire
it takes fire into itself
& grows red
Fire inside the wood,
Cups are water & soft bodies
Hands are fire & hard bodies
Swords are air & bright & clean
Pentacles are earth & heavy & good
Another name for Pentacle 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 fits
If you do not glue it away
(Leave a bright penny in your drawer
&A see what happens)
How clean
an old quarter to from the thousand
hands that have used it rightly

When you want something very much you are learning about WANTS.
(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 win-
dow 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 SMOKES.

When you are playing with your best friend or when you are lying on
a 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 EMP.

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 COINS.

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

Wishing beside makes things happen. WILL/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 cup & so exciting as a wind 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; WILL/ing is making
its rays shine all at once all in the same place.

What it is is thinking about these things & will/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 Breevok or in Lothlorien,
Grey 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 fire 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 Foulden at the harpsichord
Falls on Greylock and fills Chocorum’s woods,
Witchery of frost, snow charm, north demon calling.

Bassoons! 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 stranger went,
With brass and bones,
So that he sideways went,
To trumpe and trumbones,
Into the diamond land,
Up the mountain all of glass,
Pink-rose in his hand,
Tip-toe through the enchanted pass,
To steal from the sheen,
That sheepsilver thief,
This glitter that shines
Leaf upon leaf?

III
The gift is magic,
So do not stumble
Into common thence,
Glazed glass
Is a wizard’s gift,
As angels tend rain;
Shaved crystal
Packed like the pages
Of a book, or the shaved
Earth itself scaled down
To insect style;
Silver and alabam haunt
Its sheen, these pixie sheets,
Glass from the West,
Fallout rock from
The carbon world.

IV
For meth 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
Pretexts in grace, frail and still.
 Hawk of Ireland drifting, swift, spin
Yellow leaves, for stillness grieves.
Al! Bourla! hurrah! laud o’er drakens!
Telo daphne so mear auldehren.

Gone, as autumn comes, charcoal and brown,
Hallowed and bitter, said as Strawinsky.
Black pond with yellow willow leaves,
Gray dromobanksen, such melodies for the age,
World, world, O shiver like the grass,
Like Kishu’s concerto groan upon the air.
Speaking high elf or Erhkonion, arrive
At Tsuru Jin, Szechwan, or Kentucky,
In spring, under thunder, among flowered trees.

For the drums of Helen struck in autumn
Grieve, for names, wonderrest of trees,
Thin as a tiger’s tail, hunk of leaf,
Magnus as mg in the second time,
Livian’s forest, dark in gold, robed by light,
Grieve, and in paths of lichen, wallam, farm,
Up to granite split by oak roots,
Upward, elf-eyed, past elm into cedarwood,
Clink. This is the wilderness of the world.

For Stan Brebasses
In gratitude for a hunk of slate.
[Lexington - 14 January 1964]
That elf he had a teardrop in
The greenness of his eye.
The world, elmswood and wild rose,

Red weather took, never, frost, and moon,
The leaf 0 green old, his flute a silver sound
Wrote an air grief upon gold.

Grief, moth, feather, shalt, all, by
The thin fires of the sun,
That oak give the warm to October.

That the long excellent yellow
Of grass plots with his stuff, tawah 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 sober skill of light, and light a spirit,
And light that has no source but dark,

As tendant when we the angel kin
Call meditation, leaves, and weather,
Grief and beauty fade that wound,

Light's best soon time from invents of chase,
That sifted motion from the iron snare of pride,
And worked the silent antique fish.

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

Dear Martha: They [the crystal rooster feather people who
stand in all the lobbies of outsiders] gave you the red sign
so to leave it for my instructions; so shriveller messenger could
they have found. Stay young as the world grows old, yellow
shuffled in the flowers, "With diamond flame and barbaric
gold," and look forever from those merry eyes.

Dear Crystal: You left behind the cooling of your hair, as
the wave's shape is always there, whether the wave is or no,
for beauty is both its own shape and the shape it leaves
behind, a trace left in the air.

Dear Weymyn: Ice indeed is for coffee and for wine, and
fruits is for red weather and aspen gold, and snow for the
smile's sleep, and glaciers are for wondering about, and
icebergs are for metaphors.

Dear Clara: Loeves! Yenar do savihnah, 'ir' hoda, 'ir' dos!
Vaa, ven vaa valer adi se aakum at a halmustterli. Abt!
Stan Brakhage writes: "It's great to see the strings of original sound have gone to make the film 'Nightlight'. These are not ordinary strips of film original; this actual film collage composed a frame of a time out of moth wings, bird paws, flowers, leaf patterns, mineral, crystal, sapphire flakka, dried mussel bodies, etc. Unified successions suggest of sculptured human Scotch tapes. I sent a letter of information looking to anyone who might be able to help in the form of It's with this address: 4th Theatre, 813 North Broadway, Denver, Colorado. I think it is terrible that one of the greatest artists in America has yet to sell his original, chopped into pieces, just to have bread to eat. I could have done all the formalities, the way I feel now. Brakhage has been looking for a teaching job at a university or college with no success. I'm still alive, all the artists, my friends, spreading out through association and money waiting Stan Brakhage. It is crazy. I will go out of my way (really, this is my right) to urge you, the readers of The 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 this."
THIS bust of Henry Standing Bear was done by Zelkowicz shortly before the Sioux chief died. It was he who convinced Zelkowicz to carve Crazy Horse Monument.
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 _mochmoch_ 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 glimpse of deep emotion & turmoil against _mochmoch_ whiteness or sky... Where Eisenstein shows the whole & mass 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 pattern of pink within it... cloud... mountain... canyon... dog... tree... blackness... solar corona... internal organ... bloodstream... blackness... part of face breathing 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.
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 requires 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 happenings.

*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 baby 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 boosi and audience demonstration at more than one showing. Nobody seems to know what is going on -- what it takes
place inside of a man's vision and the spectator merely has to watch. Anticipation is a story shorn of explanation bit 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 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 minuscule -- from sun to bloodcell. Prelude is an exercise in transmuting 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.
CU Prof Says New Physics Theory Needed

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

"There hasn't been an important theory since the 1920s," Gamow complained as he celebrated his 60th birthday. "He called it "Still Brains."

Still Brains

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

And he explained this "On one hand, they have learned enough physics and on the other, they still have enough room to offer an accurate elementary, non-technical reasoning theory."

Gamow said that a string of young men produced their important physics theories during the first years and a half decades of the 20th Century.
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 menacit
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
Enterprise.

It is a place.
Nothing has entered it.
Nothing has left it.
People are born
From those who are there. Now 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: he 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 -- Foul object,
Dingy seduction
In the gutter
Of Atlantic Avenue!
Let it alone! It is deadly.
What breath there is
In the rite once we must draw
From the dimensions
Surrounding, whether or not we are lost
And choke on words.
But at night the park
She said is horrible. And Bronk said
Perhaps the world
is horror.
She did not understand. He meant
the waves or pellets
are thrown from the process
of the sun and like radar
bounce where they strike. The eye
it happens
register
But it is dark.
It is the nature
of the world:
It is as dark as radar.

The lights
Shine, the fire
cloak in the pathetic fallacy
of words. And one may cherish
invention and the invented terms
we act on. But the park
or the river at night
She said again
is horrible.

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 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 wrote.

Aren't the old men sang
On those prairies?
Return, the return of the sun.

River of our substance
Flowing
With the rest. River of the substance
Of the earth's curve, river of the substance
Of the sunrise, river of silt, or erosion, flowing
To no imaginable sea. But the wind rises
Into happiness, rising
Into what is there, I know of no other happiness
Nor have I ever witnessed it . . . Islands
To the north
In polar mist
In the rather shallow sea —
Nothing more
But the sense
Of where we are
Who are most northerly. The marvel of the wave
Even here is its noise washing
In the world; I thought that even if there were nothing
The possibility of being would exist;
I thought I had encountered
Permanence; thought leaped on us in that sea
For in that sea we breathe the open
Mire
Of place, and speak
If we would rescue
Love to the ice-lit
Upper World a substantial language
Of clarity, and of respect.

With bowed heads, a group
Looking at something on the ground.
An old subject!
My glasses are lost.
Tonight, tonight, finally I
Shall hear the opera.

Once the great Bebo — in a provincial farmer’s costume
not unlike our present 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, carousing 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 rube is this appears along our garden path?”
And allowed him to begin.

Bebo 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?”

Bebo put his hands in his tattered sleeves, and whispered,
Carries the old moon in his arm.
The gentlemen lutherland and slapped their thighs, and
sighed abstract with wine, “Who is the bumpkin?”
And the bumpkin wherever he won strode into the moon-
light mumuring.
I was young.
The men fell silent, for they knew the great Bebo had
been amongst them.
Ah, gentlemen, it is the sequence which counts. And
that is so very new, except the mind can grant a piece
of heart.
Stan in house getting ill

Stan house billfold car

This picture is called Rose is a Rose.

This is a picture of a Rose.

N glass mountain

Dreamy glasses

M
49v

Lucile

Saving how to apply, with a good or bad grace,
What we learned 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.
Dear Stan,

I’m awfully sorry to hear of difficulties there. I suppose a check—like they say—I hope as some sign at least. I’d just been reading, in the Village Voice, of what had happened, and it looks bleak indeed. It may well be it’s sadness’s way of getting back at the freedom presently in publishing, where it seems this influence is now almost completely embarrassed— et cetera. Fastly, which is certainly conservative, will now take work with such reference, making no comment; so, it’s a recent poem I’d sent them and they’ve taken.

...At night is the complex as all things are themselves and their necessity, even sexual. So.

...in the case of eyes, noses, mouth, have their objects: hermaphroditic, one sexual, bisected in that last...

I hope some such sense is equally soon allowed in films—well, it has been surely, well before its equivalent in writing, in some instances. Again, there are the larger film distributors to take on the issue also, the affects would balk this kind of power, etc. Grove, for example, as Robt points out, embarrassed this move by publishing so quickly as much of this material the movies to stop it could not keep up—under which the ground of what’s the qualification of ‘scenecy’ becomes embarrassed because it cannot qualify its intentions, even. Anyhow you probably know that there was a showing of ‘Playing for Keeps’ in San Francisco, at a local, neighborhood ‘Foreign Films’ theater—in fact, two showings, at six and nine, sans any incident. It was there only one night, as part of a ‘carnival’ program, but nonetheless, there were apparently no complaints.

I’m sorry not to have written in so long. What lovely alone shell and ‘magic mountain’ came safely—thank you. I hope had a good year, in fact all goes very well. I’ve got a Guggenheim for the coming year, which means that everything opens up ahead. We’ve also made a good house here we think of this being an interminable ‘time’ but as matter. I’ve asked Betty Gray to send you tickets for that reading, and will certainly this is quick, but do take care of yourselves and let us know what happens, and I’ll see you in just about three weeks.

All our love to you, all.

Karl
Quarter to Ten

De Jone, dear Jone... in Seattle, the 18th.
I saw (and photographed) snow that
looked like undulating clouds, clouds
that looked like snow, a river, that
was a tree in shape, the checker-
boards, and zig-zags of Men and the
wrinkles, shrinking into crystals which
are Nature (all 60 to 60 thousand feet).
Also gorgeous, floating Mt. Rainier. It was
70° below zero with my window. How about
your's, dear Jane, your window, I miss
your... I love you, my dear.
"Whereever 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—moustached, moon-faced, 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.
In the serious thoughts of a man... The reflection

**Hoopoe-Sided Tanager** (Pipra erythrocephala)

A small tanager, mostly blue with a red spot. Its crown is black and has a red spot. Its song is a short, high-pitched "tsit-tsit-tsit-tsit."
COAST GALLERY - BIG SUR, CALIF.

The New Reality by Peter Adams is now at our new gallery in New York City.
### FEBRUARY, SECOND MONTH.

#### Astronomical Calculations

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- New Moon, 1st day, 7 h. 10 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, 16 h. 54 m., morning, E.

#### Farmers' Calendar

- For all parts of the country.
- High Water, Tides, etc.

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### MARCH, Twelfth Month.

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**Notes:**

- New Moon, 6th day, 5 h, 31 m., morning, E.
- First Quarter, 12th day, 11 h, 30 m., evening, W.
- Full Moon, 21st day, 2 h, 56 m., morning, W.
- Last Quarter, 28th day, 11 h, 11 m., evening, E.

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### FARMER'S CALENDAR:

- Apples, Harvett, Ripening.
- High Water, Monastic, etc.

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- New Moon, 3rd day, 11 h. 25 m., evening. E.
- First Quarter, 11th day, 7 h. 45 m., morning. E.
- Full Moon, 19th day, 6 h. 32 m., morning. W.
- Last Quarter, 26th day, 2 h. 00 m., evening. W.

#### Farmer's Almanac

- **Aspects, Influences, Heights of High Water, Sunspot, etc.**

- **Wright's Weather Bureau**
  - An actual and that is too...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Phase</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<td>1st day</td>
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<td>30th day</td>
<td>2 h. 30 m., evening. E.</td>
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**Astronomical Calculations**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Sun Rise</th>
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**October has 31 days.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
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<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>First Quarter, 7th day, 1 h. 45 m., morning. E.</td>
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<td>13th</td>
<td>Full Moon, 19th day, 11 h. 32 m., evening. E.</td>
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<tr>
<td>30th</td>
<td>Last Quarter, 20th day, 2 h. 30 m., evening. E.</td>
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<td>New Moon, 28th day, 2 h. 40 m., evening. W.</td>
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**Farmer's Calendar**

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<th>Date</th>
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**Almanac, Weather, &c.**

<table>
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<th>Event</th>
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**New Moon, 27th day, 1 h. 30 m., morning, E.**

**First Quarter, 5th day, 2 h. 15 m., evening, E.**

**Last Quarter, 18th day, 9 h. 10 m., evening, E.**
VENUS, MARS, JUPITER AND SATURN, 1662.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Venus</th>
<th>Mars</th>
<th>Jupiter</th>
<th>Saturn</th>
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MORNING AND EVENING

Mars will be favorably situated for observation as an Evening Star throughout the year. It will be visible at dusk and set close to the horizon about January 14, May 21, and September 23, at which times it will rise 1 hour after sunset. Mars will be most favorably placed for observation on February 27 and a few days later. It will reach greatest brilliancy on December 11 and will be best placed for observation on December 9, when it will rise 2½ hours before the Sun. Mars will appear to the naked eye throughout the year. It will not become an Evening Star until early in 1663.

Jupiter will be a Morning Star throughout the year. It will become a Morning Star on April 15, and thereafter it will be visible in the morning sky until late in the year. Jupiter will be at greatest brilliancy on September 27 and will set close to the horizon about September 30. Jupiter will set close to the horizon about September 30. Jupiter will be at greatest brilliancy on September 27 and will set close to the horizon about September 30. Jupiter will be at greatest brilliancy on September 27 and will set close to the horizon about September 30.
The woman that now met, unshrinkingly, his gaze,
Seem'd to bask in the silent but triumphant haze
Of that soft second summer, more ripe than the first,
Which returns when the bud to the blossom hath burst
In despite of the stormiest April. Lucile
Had acquired that matchless unconscious appeal
To the heritage which none but a churl would win—

"That curving and exquisite grace—savor bold,
Ever present—which few women possess.

The world of dew
Is a world of dew and yet,
And yet.
Art in America

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

XXIII.
And meanwhile a world had been changed in its place,
And those glittering chains that lit the blue bally space
Hang the blossoms of darkness, had drawn out of sight
To solace unseen hemispheres; the soft night;
And the dew of the sky-giving benignly descended,
And the fair morn to all things new sanction extended,
In the smile of the East. And the look shining on,
Lost in flight, shook the dawn with a song from the

"The human race has one
many effective weapon," he said,
"and that is laughter..."

For him, "Humor is the
good-natured side of

"The lily, the rose..."
F. With an excitement, an enthusiasm, an inventiveness that once was Hollywood’s, "The age of the cinema," Truffaut calls it—"the age to storm the barricade, to see this way of expression—the way of the future, the art of the future."

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

And meanwhile a world had been changed in its place, And those glittering chains that o’er blue balmy space Hang the blessing of darkness, had drawn out of sight To solace unseen hemispheres, the soft night; And the dew of the day’s spring kindly descended, And the air born to all things new solace extended, In the guise of the East. And the bird sitting on, Lost in light, shook the dawn with a song from the unknown. And the world laughed.

"The human race has one deadly effective weapon," he said, "and that is laughter."

"In the life of a man, and the life of a woman, the only thing is to be free—free of prejudice, free of the old cult of technique, free of everything, to be really ambitious, and really sincere."

Art in America
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 dream of passions as old as the hills,

Which the mind of all men in each new lifetime.

Unusual Relics Of The Frontier

Custer, S. Dak.

—tuck and zane

I thank you for a

Wonderful evening entertainment. Lost

myself 20 minutes

With a bit of Brettle

You are

11, 1953.
November 3
ONE NIGHT ONLY!!!

Moth Light Theatre
Featuring The World Premiere of "Weekends"

Box Office Open 5:00 P.M.
Admission: AN OPEN MOUTH
General Seats (floor Seats at top)
RSVP Jane and Chuck

for
An Evening With
STAN BRakhage
at the Neuman Cabin

Stan Brakhage has been
so kind to join in the efforts
of Mountain Film Productions.
He would like to make Stan, and his
wife June, acquainted with our friends,
and to present to you
an evening of outstanding films.

Created by
BRakhage

Custer, S. Dak.

Unusual Values of The Frontier.
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 1847-1877

for a great Indian Mountain Memorial

KORCZAK ZIOŁKOWSKI, Sculptor, Engineer

Now being carved in the Black Hills of S.D. Oak. Five miles north of Custer, on U. S. Highway 18. You will enjoy the guided tours through the Sculptor's Studio-Museum, the Marble Sculptor's Gallery and the story of this unusual project.

Photo by Dan N. Griggs, Minneh, S. D.
Crazy Horse Mountain Memorial

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

Sculptor Korczak Jezierski running his 16 ton bulldozer on top of Crazy Horse Mtn. 6700 feet above sea level. He built a road up the back of the mountain and drove the dozer to the top in 1957. Work has been greatly speeded by the use of this equipment.

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

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

Sculptor Korczak Zloczewski beside model of Crazy Horse's head at the observation deck of Studio Home. To his left is scale marble model 1/300. Over 110 million 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 Ziołkowski's Studio-Home which the public is invited to visit, furnished with beautiful antiques and prize-winning marble and wood sculpture.

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

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

Portrait of Paderewski carved by Korczak Ziołkowski of Carrara marble. It weighs 1200 lbs. and took five and one half days to carve. This 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 H. Grigs, 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. Zollikowski purchased 300 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. Teesley, 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 like her except on a raft at sea with no other provision in sight.

Flying slowly, it feeds on nectar on the wing.

DARK-TREESurred KNOOSTERG. (Nervousness addle

As silent her head grew : and bath, as they eyed

DANGK MUSIC Number Sixteen

Honesty, if you persist in it, especially if you persist in it for no particular reason, might almost become second nature. Similarly, by the vigorous movement of the above, one can find oneself to be not only in this wise, naivety is the most useful of the virtues?

DANGK MUSIC Number Seventeen

“Scream! I Scream! I Scream! I

“And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Alluvium del fallen,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the northern families.

In mist or cloud, in mist or cloud,
It pressed for wings, down
Whence all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glittered the white Moonshine.

God save the queen, Ma’am!
From the storm, that plague thee thus!—
Why walk’st thou so?— With any reason, I shot the Albatross.”

TUNNEY MULLENE (Unnumbered line. 132, Ch 72. Perfect master of the art of soaring, this sullen is the most conspicuous bird in the summer sky. It starts after hatching out wide afield in search of carrion.
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
Vancouver, Canada - August, 1963

... What is happening here is almost indescribable. I can't tell you what it's like, just to see them all around the same desk: Margaret Avison, Robert Creeley, Robert Duncan, Allen Ginsberg, Denise Levertov, 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, geography, sexual conduct, history, language, mythology, sciences 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 attending 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. Recently, 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 do from them. The atmosphere is nothing like the stale
A monument of degree-centered curriculums. What they are trying to do is to build in the life of their own experience, thought, attitudes, doubts, feelings, hopes... into the sentence. And they are trying to do it with a kind of colorful, beautiful, honest, nakedly telling anybody "how to". In fact, it is far more as though they are asking... 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 say so much more... Often saying, "A sentence is the ordering of the universe." Or: "I just am an old ascendent at fiction. I mean I abhor fiction. I mean, in the sense of making up a story." Allen Ginsberg, quoting Whitman: "He who touches this book touches a man." Or talking about the graffiti in the toilets here. Robert Duncan: "I will go to bed of my soul in the name of things I know" and, "I don't articulate any higher than Allen does when he's out of this world." And: "That the line has weight is always seemed to me something in the kind." Denise Levertov: "I have no sense of intuition, I don't understand, roughly, what you're talking about when you talk about intention." Margaret Atwood, 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 Whiteman, quoting a popular joke: "Let's all watch world war three / from the far brace / before the television melts away!" And: "The responsibility (of history) is to persons, not to abstractions..."...I've spoken to Robert Creeley about the possibility (??) of repeating this seminar next summer in Mexico City. He'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 Olygo mountain in Woodstock, N.Y., began ornamenting his property 44 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 incense corresponds with the development of architecture. Incense was "burned" with incense. To make the animal the"burned" incense was placed in the heart of the animal. The heart of the animal was cut open and the incense was placed in the heart. The incense was then burned in the heart of the animal. The incense was then burned in the heart of the animal.
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 fiat; 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 art;

A dull muffled sound

The dark drooping feather, no radiant as snow,—

And the crickets that sing all the night.

the light of a sweet serene star

Of its own native heaven?

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;

Onward somehow.

"I follow the way

Heaven leads me; I cannot foresee to what end.

The spirits of awe and of change were around
And about, and upon her.

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

The keenest eye could but have seen, and seen 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 Homerician stories
But at length the long twilight more deeply grew slanted,
And the fair night the rose heavens invaded,
And the bee in the blossom, the bird on the bough,
Through the shadowy garden were slumbering now.
The trees only, o'er every unvisited walk,
Began a sudden to whisper and talk.
"My lands are where my dead lie buried.

The keenest eye could but have seen, and seen 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 Boccaccian stories.
But at length the long twilight more deeply grew shaded,
And the fair night the rosy horizon 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.
She broke in, all more fair for one innocent blush.

"Hush, hush!"
Between man and woman these things differ so!

It may be that the world pardons ... (how should I know?)

In you what it visits on us; or "tis true,
It may be that the women are better than you."

LUCINDA.

Who denies it? Yet, madam, once more you mistake.
The world, in its judgment, some difference may make

"Twist the man and the woman, so far as respects
Its social enchantments; but not as 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 as inexperienced in such things, I fear
I have learnt that the heart cannot always repress
Or account for the feelings which sway it.

"Yes! yes!
That is too true, indeed!" ... the Duke sigh'd.

And again

The last old B.C. days had

a gaudy resurrection

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

Quoted from Book to Be Burnt Away. Thank you, Margaret.
The mind is an enchanting thing
Like the gage on a lacquered wing
Subdivided by sun
Till the settings are legion
Like Giosko, playing Scarlett
It's like the aye of a dog
Or the thinnest rain shawl
Of hairied feathers
The mind, feeling its way as the blind
Walks along with its eyes on the ground

"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 "Hamlet to Be" Century Away. Thank you, Maupin.
With its pale'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 Certainty

It is a power of strong enchantment
It is like the sloe-berk animated by sun

It is memory's eye
It is conscience's inconstant
It tears off the veil
Tears the temptation
The rust 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 Cover Away. Thank you. Maybe...
Of the heart has a face
It takes a part, a detection
Its fire in the dove nek's
Irrisence
In the inconsistencies of
Scarlotti
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
Cover Away. Thank you, now.

virgin of Giotto
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 Osveta

Whatever I hear someone say that is unkind about the circus, I always think of Bono, the circus elephant who was sentenced to death some years ago.

Bono had always been a well-behaved bear, beloved of children. In the center ring of the big top he walked and pranced, by heels and played dead, and, at the grand finale, led the band with a flag. But no more! Three 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 Bono's execution.

Crowds, filling the main tent on Saturday morning, beheld a pole of army rifles and a waiting squad of gunners. Bono, in a large circular cage, trussed 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 held on the manager's shoulder. There stood a short, stocky man with an inconspicuous brown mustache, thick-lensed 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 incarcer-
The drama "The King's Jig" ended. "So I brought along a legal release for you. All the risks are mine."

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

"And now, the unknown man received his cue and one. "Now," he said calmly, "you may open the door."

Bony lifted his immense frame, turned his enormous eye toward the little steel door and stumbled as the bolts were shot back. The little man, nervous, apprehensive and frightened, followed him.

Bony gave a warning snort of wrath. But the innately orderly began to smile. Having lost the first few syllables, the elephant grew wildly silent. Then, the audience could not recognize a word, only Bony seemed to understand the language.

The massive body, no longer quivering, remained rigid, as if paralysed, while the dressing room session in a tender embrace. Presently Bony gave a small cry, shuddered and piece by piece, the enormous head began to swing from side to side.

Venturing nearer, the manager patted the big trunk. With the end of it nodded around his ears, he slowly began to converse with the elephant around the cage until at last the astounded audience could bear the circus no longer and dispersed.

Finally the little man left the cage.

"There is nothing bad about Bony," he told the manager. "He was just working. I called him in Hindi and in 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 see in the manager's unanswered hand—a perhaps he did not realize shaking hands with a man who would all accounts to the death of an elephant. He simply disappeared.

The manager, looking at the legal release, looked at the signature, then light began to dim.

The name was Rudyard Kipling.

The little story was published in England in "Saw's" "Punch" Magazine. Subsequently, Miss F. Macpherson Trenchard, a judge, wrote to the editor:

"As a first cousin of Rudyard Kipling, [I was] interested in this story. He never told me she was, but having his own five children, she was convinced that the story was true. I have been in touch with Miss Trenchard, the late Mrs. Fleming, in the U.S. in early youth, and have seen the sketch of Kipling's daughter because she always spoke of them in the same breath."
Image protected; contact the appropriate curator for more information.

— well, when the high lounge places get to calling, seems like a body’s nearly got to go.

In that outline obscure could at last recognize her eyes
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 strangeness and embarrassment, before the abrupt and nullified 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.
WOOD THRUSH (Hylocichla mustelina) 1.25-1.35
This was Audubon's favorite bird. Its unremarked song, with flutings and bell-like trills, is one of the most beautiful produced by any Eastern bird.

HERMIT THRUSH (Hylocichla guttata) L.13-15.5
A shy singer of the northern forests. HEIGHT is in the height, its voice, pure, ethereal, is equal to the Wood Thrush's and is ever more moving.
From the moon, when they pass'd through, the thick
poinson flowers.
Of the little wild gardens, that dimpled before.
The small house where their carriage now stop'd, at

He stood isolated, opposite, as it were:
To life's great realities; 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 on his being, combined with his
nature,
And formed, as by fusion, a new human creature.

Had he'sd themselves over the bare west in crowds.
Of misshapes, incongruous plants. A green
stream of dreary, cold, luminous ether, between
The base of their black barricades, and the ridge
Of the grim world, gleam'd ghostily, as under some
bridge,
Cyclopedized, 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 reeled, through a loop
In the breach'd dark, the blinched and half-broken
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, boldly indeed,
Ere it give forth the fragrance you wish to extract.
'Tis a smile, trust me, if not new, exact.

Lost! one man's wit
Thought and memory
how should it fashioned?

O sage,
Dost thou admire 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—

Wert stout iron shears be my Pegasus shed!
For my road is a rough one: first, stubble, and ced,
Blue clay, and black quagmire, branches no few.
And 1 gallop up-hill, now.
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 gust,
eddied around and around,
the season
was the wind
mind.
Rose, and
Each other.

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

STRANGER.
That sunset, just now though...
a wild beast,

Which, though classified yet by no naturalist,
Abounds in these mountains, more hard to ensnare,
And more mischievous, too, than the Lynx or the Bear.
Of all the good things in the food world remained in
The one thing that made us feel the most

But as the saying goes, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

Thus the better the food, the better the attitude.

And as my dad always said, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

Fortunately, my parents always said, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

Yet even in the toughest
time, we never gave up.

The Role of the Household

While the role of the household was vital, it was also often challenging.

My mind was pulled in one direction, while my heart was in another.

We are children. We are children. We must learn to be more

And it is not just about being a parent; it is about being a person.

Thus, the role of the household was not only important,

But it was also challenging.

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Yet even in the toughest
time, we never gave up.
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!"

Poetically:
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 ever its course,
But what some hand is gladden'd. 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,

outing pilgrims in

And day follow'd day. And, as wave follow'd wave,
With the tide, day by day, life, reasoning, strive
Through that young heart 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 shot close
In the palm of his hand. There were giants in those

Back,—back to the womb
Sprang the giants bloom

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

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

Some power unknown and benignant,

Meanwhile has been silently changing and cheating,
The aspect of all things around him.

"Once more,

heart,

of rapine's radiance,

Are the three intense stars, that we watch'd night by night
Burning broad on the hand of Orion, as bright?

I ceased reading it plain
Whence or how!
Myrrha'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
Made 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 now, 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!
Nevyn'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.
"Impetuousity!"
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 calamity!"

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?

Bark 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,

Ill order spun
One shape, one ghost
For everything,
Almost, almost.
I send you, as promised, a Greek alphabet, for pronouncing lines in Pound 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 φίλος ἄλλος αὐτὸς εστὶν.

ho philos allos autos estin.

["A friend is another self."]

With accents: HO PHIΛ os al LOS ow TOS as TIN.

κίνημα κινήμα, "something moving"

κινηματο Κινηματο

κινηματογράφος, κινηματογράφος, "movie, moving"

Marina Μαρίνα

Beaitha Βεαθά

Crystal Κριστάλ

Neowyn Νεώ吖ν [we have to use the Ionic letter ι, digamma, for the ι]

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

Mekaς Μεκάς

Guy Γαύ

Aphrodite Ἀφροδίτη

Archilochos Ἀρχίλοχος

Neither ι, nor ιε nor οιοι in Greek.
No ι! And no ω as inawan. And the transcription of Beathara, I've given would come out as a Greek: BAY-AIR-TH'-I'm told.
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Additional notes:
- yx = ng, also
- AGILLOS is pronounced ang:
- ΣΥΓΣΙΛΟΣ, "angel," is pronounced
- θ = a; θ = lθ
- δ = iθ; δ = c
- that is "over an initial
- letter puts an i before it"

*PHONETICS:*
- α = vowel sound in Gay
- ο = e, as in "o" in English
- η = a, as in "note"
- ι = i, as in "holy"
- Ω = "in the second "o" or "e"
A thought which came to me a few days ago,
Whilst watching those ships... Do they mean to grow
A ship of Life
Surviving, though shattered, the tumult and strife
Of earth's angry element—masts broken short,
Decks shivered, bulwarks broken—driven ashore, into port,
When the Pilot of Galilee, seen on the strand,
Stretches out the waters a welcoming hand;
When, heeding no longer the sea's baffled roar,
The morrow turns to his rest forever;
What will then be the answer the bid human must give?
Will it be... Oh our log-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 fall'd us there; just here land we discern'd
On our lee; there the storm overtook us at last;
That day went the bowspirit, the next day the mast;
There the mermen came round us, and there we saw
A siren? The Captain of Port will ask
Any one of such questions? I cannot think so!
But... "What is the last Bill of Health you can show?"
Possibly?
Not—How fired the soul through the heart she saw
But—What is the state of that soul at last?"
Harr. Muse.
mother of earth.
the great sun.
Who may know more than I.
beauty.
light.
man.
woman.
Eyes.
love.
creatures.
prayer.
heaven.

Tiny voice.
and the World.

Here the lover of nature allows to discern.

Tiny forests are green.

Her own native land.

There her land!

where the gods.

And the light of these lands rich wonded.

"There the sun.

It stands.

By the bird.

on the hill, more radiant.

with the moon all alone.

world things.

of stone.

: a branch.

the world.

beauty—and.

image.

creatures.

and the fountain!

of my friend.

Muse.
The mission of woman on earth!

The mission of genius on earth:

to give birth.
the sight.

For the blessings
perceived.
of a man.
A power
In act.
have need of for life.

And more fair than the flowers, more fresh than the
Still the vision is there:
First leaped into life.
The mission of genius:
Long enlightened
That's the sight.
in his face
the music.
at my side;
beauty;
did the sun.
to look at her
Love He
may bring.
th children.
that vision.
and to your eyes.
a miracle—
yes the pure
and to your eyes:
eyes the pure
sands.
hand.
man.
O Nature,
with wings
is power!
at least;
all things exist.
rise.

At the sight:
he found.
Life
In his hand,
Yes.
the child.
Of a hand
he bless'd
on earth.

the child.
Of light.
we see it at last.
love includes all loves.
we love. We can
we live.
Spread your arms, O
To your eyes,
I come!
The Yellow-Billed Cuckoo is known as the "ghost of the underbrush" because its mottled olive protective coloration on the back and wings and its fortesque movements 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 further east in the United States. All four here share a Sourwood, a tree native to East and South.
I shiver all alone, naked as a worm.
Hot as fire, I die of thirst beside a fountain.
Nothing’s sure save what is yet uncertain.
Jude! Jude! 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, & trembling tooth on tooth.
I shiver, laugh, and wait without hope.
I wait an inheritance and yet am no man’s heir.
Jude! Jude! I win & yet remain the loser.
Who speaks the truth most, 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.

Jude! Jude! 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 not before
to have seen the things
looking on of me through the open domes.
and I have walked tonight
by myself
to see the moonlight
and see it as trees
and shapes 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.

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 moonstone.

(A grace
Simply, Very very quiet.
A murmur of some lost
through, though I have never seen one.
Which was you then. Sitting
and so, at peace, so very much now this same quiet
A song.
And of you the sign now, surely, of a grace
perpetually
(which is not reluctant, or if it is,
it is no longer important.
A song.
Which one sings, if he sings it,
with care.

THE GIFT
He hands down the gift
as from a great height, his
precious understanding clothed
in ministerial fortitude. This
is the present
of the ages, all
rewarded in itself.
But the lady—
she, disdainful,
all in white for
this occasion—gives
out pell-mell, in
that all is
that all.

ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTORS
The Ray
of Northern White Russia declined.
To live youth to learn
the language of birds, because
the exultant 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 Jorns of Mold, whose meditations
were sung into coats and broomsticks.

Well, I would like to make,
thinking some time 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.

IF HE SINGS IT
(for Robert Creeley)
Not the degradation
of a metronome
or the more contriving
of better metering.
But an architecture
of pauses
and evidence
like a footprint.
OVERLAND TO THE ISLANDS
Let's go—much as that dog goes, insistently hap-hazard. The Mexican light on a day that "smells like autumn in Connecticut" makes a ripple on his black glossing fur—and that too is as one would desire—a radiance consorting with the dance. Under his feet, rocks and mud, his imagination, snuffling, engaged in its perceptions—dancing eddies, there's nothing the dog disdains on his way, nevertheless he keeps moving, changing pace and approach but not direction—"every step an arrival."

Charles Olson

THE WAY THROUGH
Let the rain plunge radiant through sultry thunder rags on rooftops
let it scissor and bounce its denials on concrete slabs and black roadways. Flood the streets. It's much but not enough, not yet: persist, rain, real rain, tumescent, swift, released from
vague skins, the tedium up there.

Under scrawled backings trees
the bench road washed out—
trying to get on the verge
the water flies in the half-sent's eyes
who didn't move fast enough "Who do you think I am, a horse?"
big but we made it—

Drowned us, lose us, rain, let us loose, go, to lose ourselves, to career up the phlegm of the hill.

Charles Olson

MAXIMUS, TO HIMSELF
I have had to learn the simplest things first. Which made for difficulties. Even at 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 author)
I note in others
makes more sense
than my own distances. The abilities
they show daily
who do the world’s
business
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
door in allows
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 runs, testing
And missing
some proof
I know the quarters
of the weather, where it comes from,
where it goes. But the stem of me,
this I took from their welcome,
or their rejection, of me.
And my arrogance
was neither diminished
nor increased,
by the communication

2.
In undone business
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.

Woodpile by the buzzard, 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 it 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 Burlingame said the woodcutter. My name is Done, I said, I buzz on Friday if the weather cools said Burlingame, 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 older, the fire, the hunk, above the valley.

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

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

“This is the place”, Abraham said. The field and the cave therein arose,

even that lies hid in everything, where nothing was, comes before his eyes so that he sees and sings central thunderbolts, 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 images, a mood 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 refers to a melody heard in passing.

“IN that year, 1914, we lived on the farm
And the relatives lived with us.
A hometown year for wild blackberries.
Dad was crazy about wild blackberries; his berries like that now.
You know Keuka County was logged before.
The farm of the century—it was easiest of all.
Close to water, virgin timber;
When I was a kid walking in the
Stumptown, wherever you’d go a skidroad
Furrowed, all overgrown.
We went up one like that, fighting our way through
To an end near the top of a hill;
For some reason wild blackberries
Grew best there. We took off one morning
Right after milking, rode the horses
To a valley we’d been to once before
Hunting berries, and hooked the horses.
About a quarter mile up the old road
We found the full rip of berrytime—
And with only two pulls—so we
Went back home, got Mother and Ruth,
And filled lugs of pails. Mother sent letters
To all the relatives in Seattle:
Ellie, 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-ironers,
Wash-tubs, buckets, and all went picking.
We were canning for three days.”

WOODEMAN’S CAIRN, IN THE AZORES.