<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Jane Wodening and Stan Brakhage scrapbook</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Creator</strong></td>
<td>Brakhage, Stan, Wodening, Jane, 1936-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Date</strong></td>
<td>1958-1967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rights</strong></td>
<td>The use of this image may be subject to the copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) or site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Generated</strong></td>
<td>2021-02-20 00:15:04 UTC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Terms of Use</strong></td>
<td><a href="https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access">https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>View in DL</strong></td>
<td><a href="https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2019759">https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2019759</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
So find yr self a good wife too and love her as hard as you can."
something
have
now
little
us
But
away can not work
Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow

Folk Heroes in Old Rite

By Michael Grig

Michael McClure, local poet-playwright, has conceived of "The Beard" on an airplane flying to Los Angeles.

"I was holding a copy of Ring Magazine—a boxing magazine. A picture flashed into my mind of a boxing poster with Billy the Kid and Jean Harlow on it. And on the poster, instead of boxing text, a poem in red and blue letters." The resulting play—a verbal sparring match about the loss of manly grit—was given a midnight preview last Saturday by the Actor's Workshop.

EXCEPTION

Originally, previews are not noted by the press. There must be an exception made in this case, especially since the Workshop's shaky financial position may keep "The Beard" from its formal premiere at the Encore Theater next month. It may certainly be a real loss for choreographers and poetry lovers.

Despite the sometimes wayward repetitiveness, this de-minute play-poem in red and blue letters—and very blue letters, indeed—is the most effectively upsetting and creatively stimulating work by a local writer that the Workshop has ever presented.

Upsetting?

The play's climax—real one—is a scene sufficient to make the authorities feel that the North Beach scene is an important one. Even the Mime Troop's efforts are nice, clean fun in comparison.

That final turn of the drama has Harlow (brutally efficient) played by Billie Dixon, and the Kid (stylishly acted by Richard Bright) performing a sexual act that is usually described in Latin.

But it is a tribute to McClure's imagination that this gasp-producing scene does come through as an expression of compassion—and most religious harmony—for once flesh-and-blood folk heroes caught in what the poet calls "the old dragger rite" of sex play and public self-abdication.

Before this climax is reached, the play is a fantasy—his life and those around him—of a man who has been put on a pedestal.

"If you want to know me, you must first find the real me," says Harlow, addressing "which one will you pursue?"

And Billy, in his more genial moments, answers: "Shame my looks."

Then Harlow: "Damn it, get over it, you're just jealous of my beauty!"

SILENCES

And as it goes, around and around, becoming more and more frantic, snarling, captious—only interrupted by deep silences and such "business" as the loss of the blonde Bombeh's pasties. For all this, the play imagination that remains present is found and just manages to skirt after vulgarity, all rudely acted by McClure and Miss Dixon, and Bright deserves a present burst of applause.

And so do the directors, Bob Bryant, and the Costume Artist, Robert Lavigne, for a simple but elegant set. Encore, one hopes.

--

Opera Chorus

Auditions
CONFIDENTIAL TO DR. G. IN MASON CITY, IOWA:
There is no such thing as a "necessary evil." If something is evil, it's not necessary. And if it's necessary, it's not evil.
Gentle justice! you first bid Life
go not, and
To Despair you say! Act not!"

The Thirty Cities warn you,
Look that your walls be strong.*

Eh!... Where was I?

To his mind came the ghost.
A remembrance, A remembrance.

The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome!*

They, ten, by the side of Troy
Built he an empire, He set the walls on high,
He set his treasures thither. It was adorned by
The Father of the Gods,
Their art of bold and mean, the marvel of these bard's
A remembrance, A remembrance.

Short line was there, ye saith may guess,
For writing or debate.
Solstice

Jack-in-the-Green
Dream-chaser
Over the hill and gone.
The first note (from London south)

As we go
through Sussex, hills are round
bells are the downs
pregnant lovely
the roundness of them, no towns
shaking along the grooves
of the countryside. Travel

To Newcastle is west of the moors or
east of the western moors, between it all
can go, and everything is gay and bonnie

Cold then, the nose is, Katmandu
is the outward point.
So lovely she is England
with her swollen bells

All the way
to the stone cardboards of Brighton
pale this winter,
a paper jewel
whose regent strolled
and the sea rolled

...when we returned then
we got into one of those old coaches
which has no coach
forward or back but is self-contained
and it was strained being so enclosed and locked off
by the speed of passage, alone

and even though
she was my wife we flirted
almost, we were almost in our confusion shy
sourly believing our situation so sealed off.

We considered of course making it then and there
while moving
but settled for a quiet kiss when halfway through it
abruptly and to our amusement
we found ourselves in some small station snailing
into the equally snailing face
of a railway man falling
on that minor and unremembered platform, none the less
we were sober and chaste
and slightly disappointed
from thence to Croydon
COURT CIRCULAR

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, JUNE 7

The Queen held an audience at Buckingham Palace this morning.

The Right Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P. (Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury) had an audience of Her Majesty this afternoon.

The Queen, with The Duke of Edin-

burgh, this evening attended a dinner at the Westminster Abbey Colonnade Dinner.

Her Majesty and His Royal Highness were received by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Michael Adair, and Captain Charles Howard were in attendance.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Sandhurst Airfield this morning in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight from Northern Ireland.

Having been received upon arrival by the Managing Director (Sir Donald Skelton), His Royal Highness proceeded to visit the Works of Leyland Motors Corporation Limited at Leyland, Lancashire.

This afternoon The Duke of Edin-

burgh was received upon arrival at Aldergrove Airfield by Her Majesty’s Lieutenant for the County of Hunting-

don (Lord of Darnley).

His Royal Highness subsequently opened the Treatment Works, Gratham Water, witnessed the dedication and presented a plaque to commemorate The Duke of Edinburgh opening Gratham Water Sali-

ng Club.

His Royal Highness later left for an aircraft of The Queen's Flight for Lon-

don Airport.

Rear-Admiral Christopher Bonham-

Carter was in attendance.

TODAY

Mon. 9.52 a.m. 1 p.m. 9.47 p.m.
Macau 6.42 a.m. Hong Kong 9.38 p.m.

THE TIDES

High water at London 8.44 a.m. (L.H.S.) and 3.44 p.m. (H.H.S.). Dover 10.35 a.m. (L.H.S.) and 6.25 p.m. (H.H.S.); Falmouth 10.20 a.m. and 6.15 p.m. (L.H.S.) and 10.25 p.m. and 6.20 p.m. (H.H.S.); Hull 4.27 a.m. and 10.47 p.m. (L.H.S.) and 10.42 p.m. and 4.27 p.m. (H.H.S.); Liverpool 10.42 a.m. to 5.46 a.m. (L.H.S.) and 5.38 p.m. to 10.40 p.m. (H.H.S.)
project underway. Despite the Administration’s edict of “no new starts” and the pressure from several hundred other Congressmen for similar projects, I am hopeful funds will be forthcoming. This is “must” legislation this year.

EARTHQUAKES

In my January report I told you about setting up a study group to try to uncover the cause of the earthquakes which have been feeling parts of our District for several years. Over a period of months, a cordon of mobile seismographs fixed the center of the tremors very close to the site of the deep waste disposal well at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. Geologists surmised that pressure from the well was triggering the underground upheavals. At my insistence, the Army reduced the pumping pressure and the tremors subsided. Since February 20th, the Army has stopped pumping entirely, with a resultant decrease in seismic activity.

Sincerely yours,

Roy McVicker

Roy H. McVicker

SNAP BARRAGE: Good evening. I'm sorry I cannot speak your language. I, for instance, don't know what he just said about me. But rather than talk about the film that I have made, they will have to speak for themselves now. I would rather talk about a film I started making last night, which will give you some insight into the problems that I'm involved with. That evening, I take with me everywhere. Mostly if I had photographed my children, my wife, the scenes around my house; now it's on a trip with me and I took it last night into Black Forest, I was from the very entrance, in a state of terror that I had not imagined existed before. Finally the tension mounted until I felt compelled to take an image, which is the only time when I try, and when that compulsion was met, I asked directly from the inside something in living form. I proceeded to work with but empty streets and a few people and all I worked with were a hand-held camera, my mind and a preconception of my feelings from just these things as I was there, inside, that which was an incredible experience for me. I have always been tangible to be something that comes to live in the hands of an image, whether it be a closed eye vision, the dots and whole shapes that come when the eye is closed and that can be seen when they are open. Memory, the remembering of images or the internalizing of light in the blindness of the eyes opening, I thought images as I could, according to feeling, that as I've trained myself to hold this (camera), that it will reflect the trembling, the folding of any part of the body; that it is an extension, so that this becomes a thing to take together the light, I must take like that film, if there is anything in here from last night's experience, and I want to see it at home. I may paint upon it, or draw upon it to give the sense of the closed eye vision I saw last night. Under that regression, the eye is closing makes there a peculiar kind of line and a subconscious feeling which I may have to paint upon the film that direct images I've also in order to get that sense of what I saw last night. Sometime I hope when I may have to invest one, ask, pick the film between tape along with actual objects. Perhaps a photograph, just as in “Searching,” you will see I have used several thousand objects, and objects of the camera involved as all and no painting. I do not know what I will need to do when I get home in order to capture the quality of that feeling, and to say something of that experience, I don't expect it to affect anyone immediately. I think it is the process of the 40 year plan. Thank you.
When your countenance, calmly, such monstrous abuse
Of one mere human creature's legitimate space
In this world? Mark, Apollo, Viscount! the case
Wholly causes my patience.

To what use,
thought
By which all his nature to tumult was wrought.

round it stood innumerable flowers of all colors, and the

nothing quite like this book has ever appeared before. it is a vast panorama
"Dear G. & M. & etc.

Eight o'clock in the morning and I sitting looking at the sunlight and remembering with a flash myself as a very little child, so little I was sleeping in a crib or really the memory was the one I call my earliest and I was finding it difficult to go to sleep and I was crying and this morning I remembered that my legs were bent over my belly, I was lying on my back and my legs were small & light, they weren’t part of my necessary implements so much as they were nice to wave, it was very sensual to kick them in the air and my arms too, and it was easy to do, really in any state of energy, it was easier to wave my arms & legs then not to, and anyway it was pleasant like sunshine to do so.

I remember crying too and that was easy too. My mouth was small & shallow, I think I had several teeth, perhaps I was about two years old, but my mouth being shallow, my vocal cords were right there, so to speak, not deep in my throat as they are now, but just there at the bottom of my mouth and this made it very easy to just open my mouth and it would be like saying shhhhh now but then it was when they call crying but really I was doing that, making that noise, to get you to come, as the very sight of her was a pleasure to me, she was that was out there but she was mine, and she was powerful, I.e. she took care of one and she was big and strong and her legs unlike mine were solid and enormous, I don’t think that I thought them weird but that whatever she did, she definitely did that, I mean she couldn’t wave her arms in the air like I did, she might knock over a lamp.

Well, I cried and she did come and more than that she picked me up and sang to me and it was like an angel singing to me, it was definitely beauty, and I closed my eyes and relaxed all over and basked in the glory of that music. But even in the midst of all that, I remember scheming, either, I relaxed to hear her sing the better, then she would think I was asleep and she would quit and go away and the thought went through my mind that if I didn’t relax to hear the beauty of the singing, that the singing would go on longer but also that if I didn’t relax, I would have to put on an act and the effort of that would eclipse the angelliness of the singing in my possibilities of perception, so I strained all the harder in my relaxation to hear it as fully as I could while I lasted, which was, as I had predicted, very short and to my mind certainly stingy and as she started to put me back in the crib, I cried; it was my last trump, an attempt to hear more singing then, the I had little hope that I would succeed. I cried with a trembling sort of despair, that kind of despair when one has opened oneself to a great moment and then the moment is over and the beauty of the singing was in me and flowing in my blood, I knew that I couldn’t hold the pleasure of receiving it any longer. So I was playing my last trump and after a second or two of crying, I knew that she was angry with me for crying again and that I had lost that trick. I even suspected that it might be a long while before she ever sang to me again and the despair of that made me cry really.

I don’t know what happened after that but I kind of think she let me cry it out and go to sleep. I am almost certain that she went away, but I don’t really remember being alone then. The memory really ends in the middle of her putting me back in the crib and with my feeling of despair, yet as I do remember that cry, I believe that the beauty had really gone into me but I know I was not thinking of it that way at all but that the feeling of despair was more intense would be a sign, I think, that I was greater for that moment of beauty.

Well, I think I’ve shot my wad for the moment. Come up. The roads are clear.

Jane
The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour

The map in the center of this brochure traces the former "Moffat Road" route of the Moffat Road. "Moffat Road" refers to that section of the original Moffat Road which made its striking way up the Continental Divide through Moffat Pass. It was named for James J. Moffat, the promoter; and the adjective "Moffat" follows the original spelled "Moffatt" even though the "t" was dropped.

As you travel the "Moffatt" you will observe marked markers which correspond to the incidents in this brochure. On the left-hand side of the page, each point of interest you will find the mileage from both the west and the mountain passes, from the west of the Divide, Mountain Pass, or from the main road.

The Moffat Tunnel was first opened to traffic on May 20, 1903. It was completed in 1902 and opened to traffic on May 20, 1903. It was built to carry trains from Denver to Salt Lake City through the Continental Divide.

The Moffat Tunnel was the longest tunnel in North America, and it was built to carry trains from Denver to Salt Lake City through the Continental Divide. It was completed in 1902 and opened to traffic on May 20, 1903. It was built to carry trains from Denver to Salt Lake City through the Continental Divide.
In 1935, the Rio Grande began running its famous passenger and freight service via the Moffat Tunnel. Such scenic passenger trains on the Florence, then the Excelsior Flyer, took this route until they were superseded by the Colorado Zephyr and the Panamint of today.

**GIANT'S LADDER**

Railroad engineers found it easier to build in tunnels as they were less likely to wash away. To this day, the track is still set in a bedrock of the same stone used to build the tunnels. The valley next to the tracks is very beautiful, with trees and other vegetation covering the sides of the valley. The cliffs are very steep and make for a spectacular view.

**EAST Portal of the Moffat Tunnel**

The 15.9-mile-long tunnel was completed in 1932. The East Portal contains a statue of the pilot and an inscription of the structure. The tunnel has been restored to its original condition, and it is a popular spot for railfans.

**WATER TOWER**

If you walk up the old railroad grade to the right, you will notice a square water tower. Please follow the trail, and you will reach a water tower. This tower was built to service engines during the railroad construction period. It was not needed after
10v The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour [p. 5-6]

The railroad began operation. The watershed structure actually stands as a monument to the construction of the Moffat Road. Just beyond it, Tunnel No. 12 is completely covered. It was named for the same marked stone. Allow about one hour for the trip.

FOUR PERCENT GRADE

At this point construction on the railroad, when was begun for a short 2.5-mile tunnel through the Grand Divide. For want of greater slopes here the railroad grade had to be increased to 4%. A section of 3% grade which was to be the approach to the planned tunnel. Before it was abandoned without having a mile laid on it.

LAUGHER STUDIES

Below you see the remains of the town of Lougher. It was a bustling railroad settlement during 1905 and 1906. Established in an attempt to reach the mineral deposits of the area, it was abandoned in 1907. In recent years it became a picturesque scene, becoming a popular viewpoint and their building on the road.

GRASS-CUT STUMP

For about a mile along the old railroad right-of-way you can observe a number of stumps that point to the forest. This was well covered by 1925. All trees during the winter are covered by snow. Snow and leaves closely resemble the surrounding winter scene. When snow and leaves were used to construct these railroad woodlands. A few stumps of cleared,拼接 help are still visible along the road.

ANTS

A small stream with a tiny, refined settlement clinging to the mountains. During construction of the railroad, large numbers of workers were their homes here. As the workers moved, newly planted trees were replaced. Antelope settled down to being just another settlement. The small community under the railroad approach near Rollins Pass. Here are all the miles of the road, circle the trees in the forest floor. In.

MILE FROM EAST STARTING POINT

MILE FROM WEST STARTING POINT

10.0

7.0

ANTLE

(Ov. steps 1,900 ft.)

Atwater was a tiny, refined settlement clinging to the mountains. During construction of the railroad, large numbers of workers made their homes here. As the workers moved, newly planted trees were replaced. Antelope settled down to being just another settlement. The small community under the railroad approach near Rollins Pass. Here are all the roads of the road, circle the trees in the forest floor.

MILE FROM EAST STARTING POINT

MILE FROM WEST STARTING POINT

11.0

8.0

MILE FROM EAST STARTING POINT

MILE FROM WEST STARTING POINT

25.0

18.0

MILE FROM EAST STARTING POINT

MILE FROM WEST STARTING POINT

2.0

1.0

18.4
The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour

**SECTION ONE**

This panorama shows a section between and its cars. The road bed is covered with gravel and the cars move slowly, allowing passengers to enjoy the scenery. The trees line both sides of the road, providing shade and protection from the sun.

**SECTION TWO**

A pile of logs represents what was once a key ingredient in the construction of the road. These logs were used to provide a solid base for the roadbed.

**SECTION THREE**

The highest point on the road was at Devil's Slide, where the road wound its way to the top of the mountain.

**SECTION FOUR**

The Devil's Slide tower is a reminder of the dangers that were faced by those who traveled this road. The tower was built to warn of the dangerous curves ahead.

The road continues to winds its way through the mountainous terrain, offering stunning views of the surrounding landscape.

**SECTION FIVE**

The road finally arrives at the summit of the mountain, providing a breathtaking view of the valley below.

**SECTION SIX**

The road winds its way down the mountain, offering a smooth ride back to the starting point.

**ORANG-UTAN**

These are the second-largest apes in the world,仅次于猩猩。它们是群居动物，依赖于树木和藤蔓。它们的饮食包括果实、叶子和其他自然界的植物。
Cusco (Spanish for "Cuzco") was the site of the highest-stored group nestled in Andes. As it is "the top of the world," it is usually covered with snow from October to June. Recently white snows across the Continent (p. 1113)

The Wabash passenger trains made one or two round-

trips every day across the Divide. Such a schedule

assured the evaporation of a second stream this

section of track. The engines had a

been built across Tangle Pines. The protective shed not only

held across Otter Pines, but over Golden Station. The shed

was the protection in which the streams of the engines. The

pyramid-shaped wooden structures were made for

This round-shaped wooden buildings often could not

exhaust the circular locomotive found fast enough to

prevent an engine, sometimes, or passenger from passing

out from exhaustion.

You can observe the stone foundation and flow of the

Cusco River. Take the Observation pot along by the

east edge of the River. Some of the other buildings, which

have been restored, have the roofs and a moving track of the next line, there

was a kiva house and a winter house.
The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour

FINCH HOOK LAKE

In the heart of the heart of this land, the winter snows are silent and the water is clear. The winds blow gently and the trees rustle. It is a place of peace and tranquility. In the winter, the lake is frozen and the trees are bare. In the summer, the lake is alive with life and color.

LEGENDS AND MYTHS

Just as the Rocky Mountains are home to many creatures, the Moffat Road is also home to many legends and myths. Some of these stories are based on fact, while others are simply the product of the imaginations of those who live in the area. No matter what their origin, these stories are an integral part of the history and culture of the Moffat Road.

TELEGRAPH POLES

The telegraph poles along the Moffat Road serve as a reminder of the past. They stand as a testament to the ingenuity of those who built the Moffat Road. The poles are made of wood and are designed to withstand the harsh conditions of the Rocky Mountains. Each pole is painted with the initials of the company that built it, so that anyone who should come across it could know who had erected it.

RAILROAD TUNNELS

As you drive down the road, you may see some of the old railroad tunnels that were built by the Moffat Road Company. These tunnels were built to allow trains to pass through the mountains, and they are a testament to the engineering skills of those who built them. Many of the tunnels are still in use today, and they are a popular destination for railfans and other transportation enthusiasts.

ORANGE-UTAN

These are the most dangerous apes in the world. Their teeth are sharp, their claws are long, and they are very aggressive. They are very dangerous to humans, and they should be kept away from them at all times.

This area, with its many exposures, is appropriately named "Boreopyle." Before the area was established as a National Monument, Coronado's water supply was obtained by digging into the small pool of water at its base, from the ponding structure remains.

Across the road is a weather station used by Civil Aviation Authority service men who, in all kinds of weather, have to monitor the Cal's become an airport point.

Many times, when you've seen this elusive area under permit from the National Forest.

TRAVEL COMPANIONS

Tumble Sagebrush has been constructed on the Jeepee National Forest for your enjoyment. It is one of the many picnic and camping grounds on the Arapahoe and the Routt National Forests. Why not stop here, have lunch and enjoy the spectacular nature view of the high country? Imagine what it must have been like to ride a horse across the open terrain during a winter snowstorm.

MILES FROM E}

MILES FROM W}

MILES FROM S}

MILES FROM N}

MILES FROM E}

MILES FROM W}

MILES FROM S}

MILES FROM N}
The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour [p. 15-16]
**TIPS TO DRIVERS**

*Drive Defensively.*
- Expect a car around every curve. Stay to the right.
- Remember the car proceeding uphill has the right-of-way.
- Do not ride brakes on hills. Use lower gears or ranges.
- Keep car radiator filled.
- If the engine "squeak loudly" (heats up and steams), place a cool, damp cloth over the hot pipe for a few minutes.
- For repeats or other emergencies pull off to the right of the road. It requires emergency garage services, a sided engine hood should bring help.
- Avoid driving after dark especially in isolated areas.
- Consequently, carry an emergency equipment in identifiable, even them with any name the "equipment box."

1. Bumper jack
2. Tire, spare or chain
3. Tire chains
4. Two-way radio light (front and flashing red light)
5. First-aid kit
6. Fire extinguisher
7. Headlight reflector

*Use your courtesy and remember only you can prevent breath fires.*

---

*David H. Moffat*  
(July 23, 1869 – March 20, 1911)

"To build and to operate a railroad west of Denver in 1882 was almost as daring as to fly in the not very sunny years later." David H. Moffat died in 1911. In the fall of the century, he and his brother, James, founded the Colorado and Eastern Railroad. The brothers owned the Colorado and Southern Railway and the Colorado and Utah Railroad. They were the builders of the "Golden Belt" of railroads that connected the areas of Northern, Colorado and the West. Moffat also wanted the Union Pacific to choose a route on which a direct route could provide; this would only be done by building a railroad directly.

"It's a fine example of the power of a group of men who have worked together to build a railroad. The men who started the locomotives were loyal to the project. For it was the idea of a group of men who built it and who made it. They had a plan, a project, a vision. They were right on the spot when they needed to be. They knew their responsibilities and their duties were to complete the road under the most trying conditions."  

The sky

1. There's a wall there, a great dark wall with holes in it and behind the wall is an enormous fire of white flame.

2. The stars are entirely in the eyes of those who look at the sky. If no one is looking at the sky, it's utterly dark. But the stars in the eyes are very much the same in all eyes and whoever is looking at the sky at the same time are all participating in the kind of communication that has to do with stars.

3. To a great roof studded with sequins, the movement of the stars is in relationship
The Sky

1. The stars are moving across the sky.
2. Sparks from a train of God's thought.
3. There is such an intense brightness that we can't really see it. The sky is really burning white and the stars are black.
4. The daytime is less bright and the yellow that is really the daytime, we see as blue and the sun is seen yellow and its really blue black.
5. The sky is a cylinder to the moon.
6. The sky is all together, not composed in such great distances as we suppose.

That that we see as blue sky is burning away at the black spot of the sun and the sky at night is burning away at the black stars.

1. The stars are sparks from lightning.
2. The stars are the loopholes into 256 dimensions.
3. The foot of the earth is falling into a well. The sun is the top of the well, the blue sky the walls, the stars are reflections of the real stars behind the sun.
4. It is a fancy animal. The star are silver hairs.
5. The sky is a cylinder to the moon.
6. The sky is all together, not composed in such great distances as we suppose.
The Sky

11r The Sky [2v-3r]

cold, the black of the sky, at night in ashes, the moon is a bubbling drop of water. This is the same with us, i.e. as the universe burns so do we, and our heads contain the water as the sky holds the moon and the burning in us keeps the water in our heads boiling and sputtering.

13. The sky is the dead decaying body of God. The stars are glittering maggots.

14. It is the back of a blue dragon and we are the eyes of the dragon watching him die. The sun is the black hole.

15. The sky is a teaspoon which the earth drinks everyday then at night inverts the cup to read the leaves.

page three

16. The sky is a lens magnifying a single atom of itself.

17. There was one that I liked, but I wish I knew which one, I could not remember it.

18. This one, fairly traditional. The sun is the ejaculation of the sperm in the vagina of the universe, the stars are the sperm reaching for the egg of the moon.

19. The universe is partly a dead brain, the stars the neurons, the moon the brain cells, each a miniature of the brain of the brain of action, i.e. when a dog barks, the response in the ear of the sky is a star; when a dog howls, the response in the moon. The sun is where every thing else goes to a further place or place of we don't know what happens there.
20. The stars are trembling silver strings to everyone's brains; the sun is the mind of the ages of the great puppeteers; once a month he smiles, and winks. He has control of our fates.

21. The clay sky is a pool of all our tears; the world is getting smaller, smaller. The mighty sky is a little tell-all of black thoughts: there is very little space left.

22. The sky is the low-water beach on which are left phosphorescent plankton which will grow to be enormous beasts.

23. Light is everywhere in the sky. Draw something on it, that won't make for instance, if the sun is an agitated mass, it will fill us with joy.

24. The moon is breathing in the giant water in gigantic droplets which we see as stars. It draws the earth in streams till it makes a golden wall over our eyes into the clouds of its moon.

25. The earth is a pool of brown water over which forest of trees we see as stars, and a golden bird flying after its white mate.

26. The stars are clear sounds: the sun's magnificent silence. The moon whisper that the moon is the sound of the undulating waves of our universe.

27. The sky is the solid state of time; the sun its emergence, the moon the tube itself sterile up. The stars are the fragments that never move.

28. God, taking pity on those who stop smoking, made the stars to look like so many cigarettes, burning the clouds to look like smoke. The sun is a stain among the stars of a match, the moon in the shape of afilter tip.
23. The night sky is a gold over pattern of the sun and the moon is a visual echo.

24. The stars are a part of hummingbirds. If you look closely, you can see their wings flickering. The sun and moon are their flowers.

25. The sun, moon, and stars are the footprints of god (wear his hood) as he walks his currently in a circle.

26. Everything happening at once makes the sky into clock. It makes it look like things are happening one at a time.

27. The stars are the moon's reflection of the sun which cannot be seen.

31. Once upon a time, long long ago there was in the sky at night only the moon, as even now in the day there is only the sun. They're once were men projected into the night sky mimics of their thoughts so that everyone who came after that would know those thoughts and be wise also.

32. The stars are the place where snowflakes are made; each star has a different arrowhead, each star has a different shaped shape. Makes a different shaped snowflake. When the snowflakes fall from the stars, they become changed in shape. Every snowflake also is a different shaped.

33. The stars are the broken fragments of the mirror that reflects reality.

34. Big dust motes.

35. The net is looking.
Central City grows in 1862

In August, 1859, the first United States Mint was established in the mountains. In May, of the same year, the news that of Denver, began to publish a daily edition of the news. The town was founded in August.

That summer there were sixty stamp mills in Gilpin County and these usually failed to raise the gold in paying quantities. There were also clay mines, but the ore was found to be of inferior yield, and the ore was found to be of inferior yield. A writer of that day wrote: "Too many are trying to make money without digging or working for it. They will find themselves at the end of the road where it was just about their pockets."
The new state of Colorado -- 90 years ago

MAP
of the State of
COLORADO.
Cedaras, City of Philadelphia -- and Colorado weather and hurricanes -- all have a place in the story of the famous Stockton hat, trademark of the cowboys and the westerner and one of the early cowboys' most utilitarian tools.

John B. Stockton, son of a Philadelphia hatmaker, was headed west one day in the 1860's to seek a cure for tuberculosis, a disease common among西部ers. He and a group of companions camped one night on the trail, along the Pikes Peak region, and the hat turned to show:

The hat had a wide brim, but it was a big hat, and it was suited for the Colorado weather. It would protect a man from rain, sun, cold, wind, and even hail.

Stockton wore the hat, and mining camps in the Pikes Peak region (the Eastern town) for the whole area honest with hats and good-natured ridicule about it. But Stockton continued to wear it, and loved it.

In Central City one day, a horsemanship asked if he could try it on, and Stockton handed it over. The big hat matched the hat of a big horse, with a silver-embroidered saddle, and Stockton liked the effect, and handed it over to the horseman, who showed the hat to Stockton.

After recovering his health, Stockton returned to Philadelphia and his business, but he remembered the horsemanship, and the hat. Months later, the idea clicked: the horsemanship looked like a cattle king, the horse of the plains.

With the cattle business growing, Stockton ordered everything on market. The big hat made a sensation, and it was a hit. The hat sold all over the world, and Stockton became a millionaire.

The Stockton hat became a symbol of the cowboy, and it was a distingshing mark of the west. The hat held water or rain, and was considered the best hat for the cowboy. The hat was known as the "Stockton Hat," and it became a symbol of the American West.

John B. Stockton is remembered as one of the pioneers of the American West, and his hat is still worn by cowboys and ranchers today. The Stockton Hat is a symbol of the American West, and a reminder of the past.
Some of these miners produced fabulous amounts of gold and other metals, and most of them produced paying amounts. Labor was cheap and gold was king. Central City, booming over the Central Mining Museum, produced $16.7 million in gold alone, and other mines in the area combined to...
The first sight of these ugly ends of the hills is quite a shock. There is no need to the person that first is out of this general impression of the landscape—the factors having been in some cases at one time or another—of the then worthless building blocks, dump sites, slums, and parks that had the earth's surface all this area presentable. Streets and houses are varied by narrow alleys and garages, and overgrown with the weeds and trash. The towns are one enormous garbage dump, and as such they are entirely unknown to the inquisitive on the main thoroughfares, where the trash is burned or buried. There is no such thing as a permanent home, except for people who are employed in the town, and who are often moved. There is no such thing as a home for the people who live in the town, and who are often moved. There is no such thing as a home for the people who live in the town, and who are often moved. There is no such thing as a home for the people who live in the town, and who are often moved.

Central City was once the center of the mining industry in Colorado. It was established in the 1860s, and was an important mining town. The town was founded by淘金者 and prospectors who discovered gold in the area. The town quickly grew, and by 1880, it had a population of over 15,000 people. The mining industry was the mainstay of the town, and many people came to Central City to make their fortune. The town was known for its rich ore deposits, and was home to several large mining companies. The mining industry in Central City continued to thrive until the early 1900s, when the gold ore became less accessible and profitable. The town gradually declined, and by the late 1900s, it was deserted. However, the mining heritage of Central City is still visible today, with many of the old mining sites and buildings still standing. The town has become a popular destination for tourists, who come to explore the mining history and enjoy the beautiful scenery of the area.

This is one of the oldest Hardware Stores in Colorado, and was established in the 1860s. We can still supply you with various needs from an old-fashioned "tie". We are ready to serve you with old-fashioned "tie".

Brewing was an early-day industry even in area's mining camps. One of the early industries of Central City was the brewing of beer, a necessity of the miners after a hard day underground, or to get the dirty look of the mill from their mouths. Three breweries flourished in the area, and the other two on Dory Hill, the last one on Oregon Street. The Oregon Street Brewery is now a museum dedicated to the history of the area.

Central City is one of the original Colorado towns which was founded in 1859. Shortly after John Gregory's original store on Clay
When in Rome Department: Yesterday I went riding for the first time in ten years, to discover how much I had forgotten about even such elements as keeping a seat on the critter, though I used to be pretty fair in an English-saddle, livery-stable sort of way. That will do for the present, and the next problem is to get through the year here without having to ski. Am not sure that can be done.

No cloud kept its dazzling rays from the earth, which lay in beautiful forms around. Brown and rugged rocks, over which the hawk was soaring, verdant and smiling slopes, where herds and flocks champed the sweet grasses, forests of fir, their dark needle leaves dipped with the emerald green of their spring

Midnight 27/1/06

Stan, just completed editing of "Homely as Himself." 

Logron
TASMANIAN WOLF. This is also a marsupial, and also comes from Tasmania, unlike the kangaroo. Its stomach pouch opens back, not front. It's not a true wolf, and is only 40 inches long. It is now almost extinct.
"Before it fades..." - a wisp of an image desperately clinging to a which has all but gotten away - it may be the key to a whole busy sequence but what good is the key if there is no door to open...
... going through the 'observatory' again, that is to say, a "square-cornered house" of a charming quaintness however otherwise humble...
the image persists, one lone remembered detail before it fades...
which is to say - a velvet lined box, green with a rack for fifteen glasses that time - printed velvet and a single glass remaining - an old fashioned sturdy, humidor type of casket - seeming to hold secrets...alone on a table in the center of a room bare its walls while gleaming plaster - a feeling of someone of long ago - a presence imminent.

DEAR STAN,

THE "JUNE" WAS NEVER INTENDED
AS ANYTHING MORE THAN A GIFT OUTRIGHT,
lessly
and so please accept it
AND SO PLEASE ACCEPT IT RATHER IN THE
SPIRIT OF "NOBLESSE OBLIGE". (SHOULD
HAVE SO STATED ORIGINALLY.)
GONE
AN ENVELOPE WOULD HAVE OFF
WITH THIS "BY RETURN MAIL" EXCEPT FOR
ONE ITEM (DOCUMENT) HAVING BEEN BURIED.
AS SOON AS IT COMES TO LIGHT (HAD IT
RIGHT IN MY HAND 9 DAYS AGO) IT'LL BE
ON ITS WAY. WHILE VERY HUMBLE BY NATURE
I THINK THESE 2 PIECES WILL BRING A RATH-
ER UNEXPECTED DIMENSION TO "JUNE" AND
"CHILDE-HOOD".

"ST. MATTHEW'S PASSION" HAS
BEEN IN PROGRESS FOR AN HOUR -BIRD-CHIRP
TIME NOW (3:30-4:00).
"Before it fades......" - a wisp of an image desperately clung to & which has all but gotten away - it may be the key to a whole hazy sequence but what good is the key if there is no door to open...

... going through the 'observatory' again, that is to say, a "square-cornered house" of a charming quaintness however otherwise humble.... the image persists, one lone remembered detail before it fades..... which is to say, - a velvet lined box, green with a rack for fifteen glasses the lid - printedVelvet/and a single glass remaining - an old fashioned sturdy, humidor type of casket - which seem to hold secrets...alone on a table in the center of a room bare its walls white gleaming plaster - a feeling of someone of long ago - a presence imminent.

YES, that was the ineffable all right, that day, but I found almost every shooting such, always outriding whatever showed up on celluloids. Many times in the aftermath of a shooting going by the identical locales there would be this extravagant true dreamsense. It has worn off but one like "Tower House" is still hidden deep, I am sure. I recall a vivid dream that same night, very strong, clear, etc. But the ensuing nostalgia, awake, depressingly forceful. It was never possible to communicate it though recorded; I'll exhume it, enclosed but futile - I do recall however that the dream was graphic, forceful, etc. Later, "real" life, that huge allegorical oil painting was encountered in an antique shop a block or so away. I'm afraid that I am too remote from it all, having to be reminded by you of it.
Before it fades... - a wisp of an image desperately clung to & which has all but gotten away - it may be the key to a whole hazy sequence but what good is the key if there is no door to open... going through the 'observatory' again, that is to say, a 'square-corner house' of a charming quaintness however otherwise humble... the image persists, one lone remembered detail before it fades... which is to say, - a velvet lined box, green with a rack for fifteen glasses the size - printed velvet and a single glass remaining - an old fashioned sturdier humidor type of casket - which seemed to hold secrets - alone on a table in the center of a room bare its walls white gleaming plaster - a feeling for someone of long ago - a presence imminent

being the same month
BEING THE SAME MONTH, THERE IS TOO THAT EVENING(REPRISE) WHEN YOU GOT FIREFLIES ON CELLULOID. I HAVE THAT SEGREGATED AND IT SHALL GO OFF SOON. IT NEEDS ASSEMBLING, IN PROJECTING "JUNE" VIA LARRY JORDAN A FRIEND REMARKED THAT THE TAG END OF IT "DID YOU PROMPT THOSE BOYS?" - I DIDN'T NEED THE PROMPTING, - ONLY TOO OBVIOUS.
YOU REMARKED AFTER THE PREMIERE THAT THE EDITING WAS ADEQUATE, BUT I NEVER FELT SO MYSELF. SHOULD A BETTER VERSION BE BROUGHT OFF THE MASTER COULD BE FORWARDED FOR THIS 'TIGHTENING UP'. THERE IS ANOTHER DORMANT CAN OF FOOTAGE DONE BY BURCKHARDT CALLED "SROFINSKY'S GARDEN", OBVIOUSLY REPETITIVE, AND WHICH REQUIRES SOME "GIMMICK" TO BRING IT TO LIFE, IT IS "ETAT BRUT" STATE & I'D BE WILLING TO ENTRUST IT TO YOU, ALTHOUGH I BELIEVE I PROMISED THE SAME TO LARRY. BOTH OF YOU COULD MAKE VERSIONS IF YOU LIKE.
Before it fades......... - a wisp of an image desperately clinging to & which has all but gotten away - it may be the key to a whole hazy sequence but what good is the key if there is no door to open...
... going through the 'observatory' again, that is to say, a "square-cored house" of a charming quaintness however otherwise humble...
the image persists, one lone remembered detail before it fades... - which is to say, a velvet lined box, green with a rack for fifteen glasses imposed - printed velvet & a single glass remaining - an old fashioned sturdy, humidor type of casket - the box seeming to hold secrets...alone on a table in the center of a room bare its walls white gleaming plaster -
a feeling for someone of long ago - a presence imminent

THE "DEGAS TRAPEZE" EPISODE REFERRED TO IS "THE MIDNIGHT PARTY" (CHILDREN) ALSO AWAITING "TIGHTENING" - I THINK LARRY MAY HAVE THAT BUT I'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FOLLOW IT UP THE RAPPORT OF A YEAR AGO, RE:
"PROGRESS". HE HELPED ME POLISH OFF ANOTHER REEL OF THE "LORCA" BUSINESS WHICH CAME OFF FAR BETTER THAN ANTICIPATED THO STILL NEEDING A COUP DE GRACE.

I FEEL THAT YOU ARE FAR TOO GENEROUS ABOUT THE SUMMER IDYLL FILM. I AM REPLYING BEFORE I HAVE HAD A CHANCE TO GO THROUGH THE DREAM VERY THOROUGHLY. BUT THANK YOU FOR IT & ALL THE WARM WORDS THAT MAY SPARK A LITTLE RISORGIMENTO WITH SOME NEW HELP THAT I'M GETTING.

BLESSINGS TO ALL OF YOU, TOO.

6/21/66.
"I would say I grew very quickly as a film artist once I got rid of drama as prime source of inspiration. I began to feel that all history, all life, all that I did have as material with which to work, was to come from the inside of me out rather than as some form imposed from the outside in. I had the concept of everything radiating out of me, and that the more personal or egocentric I mi would become, the deeper I would reach and the more I would touch those universal concerns which would involve all men. What seems to have happened since marriage is that I no longer sense ego as the greatest source for what can touch the universal. I now feel that there is some other concrete center where love from one person to another exists; and that the more total view arises from there. First I had the sense of the center radiating out. Now I have become concerned with the rays. You follow? I'm in the action of moving out that the great concerns can be struck off completely. Now the films are being struck off, not in the gesture, but in the very real action of moving out. Where I take action strongest and most immediately is in reaching through the power of all that love toward my wife, (and she toward me) and somewhere where those actions meet and cross, and bring forth children and all around me, and inspire concerns with plants and rocks and all sights seen, a new center, composed of action, is made. The best reference I can give you for the definition of soul-in-action, rather than at center, is Olson's 'Proptoception'..."

I went my friend did you no ho you are
you are Stanislave or Crystal or Neavyn

Every night a Pohy came galloping along the road to sleepy town
His color was dark and His
April 21st, 1866

Dear Steve:

I am thinking.
I am still thinking.

Yes, why do I make so many mistakes? Because I am thinking? Probably, badly thinking.

Love to all.

The trees in the park are all white.

Some day...

I still do not know how to pray.

Love,

[Signature]
POWER
(Power of Destruction through the Embodiment of Energy)

Power is a blue lion's paw on triptych
with a silver waterfall painting
on the elbow
lift high, with all
of the muscles straining
and tendons
stretched.

A black rainbow in 3D
curved & solid, blinking
black moon
on a chrome box

Men hunched in a room
plotting because they
have settled
for so little
and become sordid—
and giants comparing
in phone booths
forth the destruction of ants
Farewell Alpha
Hello Omega
Toy pad, Toy pad, Toy pad
claw, claw, claw, claw
Dec. 2, 1966

I write this down for you, Jane, so that I don't forget:

Beethoven was singing: "Something... Nothing... Something... Nothing...
Something... Nothing... Something... Nothing... etc., when suddenly he stopped and said to me: "I'll tell you what I know — we ar Nothing!" I asked: "What do you mean?"
He said: "Well... I... l... h, we're in a boat — aa... aa... aa... and, there's something in the sky reading us... and he has a big blue eye!" And I said: "... and what word are you?" And he said: "I'm 'THE'!" very quickly and sputtering, and I said: "What word am I?" to which he replied: "Well... l... l... l — I don't know: but you could be 'A-O-A'."

I forgot several other things of some loneliness he said to me this wondrous morning: but he did talk about the fire being like water, and we once jumped up and said: "If you want to jump 164, you first have to throw a book away!"
Statement for the CAMBRIDGE magazine

There are symmetrical things
don’t let a blithy relativistic greedy
over-rejected thermodynamic society kid you
that the theory of gnomes or the theory of
probability resembles anything
but a miserable second-rate support
for themselves

That’s the first thing. And the other—
if there aren’t no more—is simply the
whole area they occupy with their
incredible errors of etc. is
the substance of
all being—
what does
go on, & is always going on &
is
(except for the complete
recognizable symmetry of instance)
condition

(February 1964)

The Condition of the Light from the Sun

—-for John A. Weith (Oxon.
1933) and for Alan Cranston

on ground level
up on top of the world
the Bulgar and his sons
in the eye of ice.
over the left shoulder
North North East
on a line extending
directly half way distance
between the left neck
and the ridge above
the road which passes over
the top of the world
conditioned of color
divided among them
the Throne the Kingdom the Power
February 1964

Now, to your question (concrete examples of study of Mayan (did you prefer maybe to say Zonie, but let’s see) and or Hittite (and there the reason is the chance to look at cases in a Indo-European book)

Hittites
Hittitans
Hittitians as the Hittitites
Hittitas

I will look closely at the language (very much like Latin (2) we haven’t seen don’t know before. I judge therefore that it is because of Mayan (I know here I did mean glyphic). That experience [as later I learned one own alphabet] can be looked at likewise: see each letter at the beginning of each set in a Compton’s Encyclopedia (see Children) that language itself is view (top-wise). It is isolating Hittite and Mayan hieroglyphs simply two ways to freshen our sense of the language we do have (Yes). I did think we and the idea is, that, then, our can help but behold the words we do have (at least, and maybe more than words (2)) differently.

Yours,
Charles Olson

But this seems almost only a first step, acquaintance like the alphabet letters black on red we had Worcester Atheneum Street Primary School grade 2 Miss Scannell 1957 it should be one like this:

[Image of a hand-drawn alphabet]

and we handled them! Wow it took me until almost last year to get something like that ‘That’ back in my own sense.

What interests me right now is that by the etymology of any word one possesses a life of it there seems to me nothing equal to the wildThen translation and that syntax equally requires some comparable process of possession—that the sentence as a completed thought any more than the meaning of the word without interference or not having known its resistance won’t give one what is in the uses of the same—Alright. Only I am aware I haven’t given you the examples you asked for. Let this at least be the beginning of an answer and almost an acknowledgement of your enjoyable letter.
in the garden
the cold air
this spring—
will be
changed
and obscured
and formed
as I will
a growth
of indeterminacy
while waiting
but the woman

4
I have taken
in certain dreams
at midnight
and you are their vintner
at eleven I go
for the mail, a card
a miscommunication
of a letter
on missing, a lapse
of two months
she remit is frigid
beneath my bare feet
is the end of January

5
Where are you
Henry James sits
on the table, an increment
of difficult sentences
the same sun shines
you left behind one thought
of me
without a desire
to let me know
or look back
all at once,
as if suddenly
you ignored one half year
of mutual contact.

I am a casual fool
now
I do so regard
the labor
of my own
careful
peace of mind.
My wife is lovely
my children are fair
she puts color on her lips
in front of the mirror
there is stillness everywhere
my hand is on her shoulder
we are leaving the house
the sun is in her hair
and since October
it has grown darker
there is frost in the air
I am unwise
to think of her as there
those parts of her I admire
are here.
the years have gone by everywhere
now our house is near
alongside other houses
we laugh, sometimes
sometimes we construct
a single tear.
An idle contemplation

The cautious Gunstinger
of impeccable personal smoothness
and slender leather gauntleted hands
folded casually
to make his knock,
will show you his map.
There is your domain.
Is it the distillation it looks to be
or simply a retinal block
of dews in, yes of course
he will supply the phrase
the theater of impotence.

If it is all you have,
the footstep in the fist above, in a foreign land
or any shimmer the city
sends you
the prompt sounds
of a metropolitan nearness
he doesn’t have to unroll the map of love.

The knocker responds
to its own smile, where
I ask him in my heart
not this pump
artificial already and duty bound
be ears, touching me
with his leather finger
as the queen of hearts burns
from his gemlet into my eyes.

Gloves of fire
he says there will be.

This is for your empty missing heart
or when two persons meet
it is the grove of Gethsemane
no matter where they are
it is the girl you left
in Juarez, the blank
political dare press her now
in the narrow alleys
or in the confines of the river town
her dream is torn
by the misadventure of her gothic search
by omens behind shuttered doors
the lilac
to smell
bells are ringing in Kansas
Have you left something out?
Negative, says my Gunstinger,
nothing is omitted.

I held the reins of his horse
while he went off into the desert
to you. Yes, he said
when he returned, that’s better.
How long, he asked
have you been in this territory.
Four years I said. Four years.
Then you will no doubt know where we can have
a cold drink before sunset and then a bed
will be my desire if you can find one
for me. I have no wish to continue
my debate with men,
my mare’s laches with sedation
her hooves are dry
Look they are covered with the alkali
of the enormous space
between here and formerly.
Need I repeat, we have come
without sleep from Pecos Tarado.
And why do you have a female horse
Gundlinger? I asked. Don't move
he replied
the sun rests deliberately
on the rim of the sierra.

And where will you now I asked,
Five days northeast of here
depending of course on whether one's horse
is of iron or flesh.
there is a city called Boston
and in that city there is a hotel
whose second floor has been let
to an inscrutable Texan named Hughes.
Howard? I asked
The very same,
And what do you mean by inscrutable,
ch Gundlinger?
I mean to say that he
has not been seen since 1832.
But when you have found him my Gundlinger
what will you do, oh what will you do?
You would not know
that the scars of old Texans
are in jeopardy in a way not common
to other men, young men.

You would not know
of the long plains night
where they carry on
and arrange their genetic duels
with men of other states—
so there is a longhorn bull half mad
half dirty
who sends an account from me
back of the sun you nearly disturbed
just then. Here you hold my word
I must visit the accursed once more
and then, we'll have that drink.
Children (and people) couldn't care less what their friends smell like; it's all entirely a matter of love. The smell of a stranger is always hostile, isn't it? That's what we're calling "strange." Rabid Southerners insist that Negroes smell bad — their metaphor of hatred. Exposing also the crippling influence of that awfulst American tradition, "refinement." TV whores up to that sense every minute of the day. What you've collided with is as blind a prejudice as one could uncover in our society.

I wonder if any researcher has made a gathering of the culture of smell? Sappho was hooked on fresh vegetable and weed greenness (dill, celery) as an erotic aura. The Mycenaean and Cretan (i.e. Homerio) folk went about in a barbaric glory of perfumed oil — Achilles and Odysseus would have smelled like ginger and roses. Elegant Romans of the Republic admired the smell of fresh togas: washed in wood-ash and piss and numbed after rinsing in rain-water. There is no soap in the classical world at all. The great god Pan would have smelled like what he was, a goat, one of nature's prodigies of odor — musk, tar, smeegum, alkali, kerosene, and armpit. Manly goats smell like hay and animal hair.

A tribe of wasps has come to live in my apartment. What does that mean? Lovely critters. I don't know what to feed them, and must ask. Ants like cake, sugar-water, and syrup. The roaches seem to eat anything.
A good laugh is sunshine in a house.
There is a great power in the people down there. The men and their wives but anybody’s power is diminished when he lives only for the interest of the group.
Dear Stan;

Have been thinking about you (and yours) for the past
The past few days and nights, have also been meaning to write
Thanking you for your song #1 with Sue and I loved immensely

Very much, and I think it is one of your very best works
(obviously a different sort of work than dogeism corner
not that different, perhaps) at any rate I enjoyed it very much and thought it
a great movie (the man coming thru the door
The buffetlayday scene, her hands moving subtly to some mysterious task.
The comings and goings of the row, the objects brightening or fading
the intriguing voices played at a slow fuzzy pace.....

Forgive me I am not trying to be a critic
and visual things are so hard put to words, right...
and I have so much to say to you......where to begin...

...One of the reasons I think I've been thinking of you
is that I am reading 'board of the rings', and susan cillies to wind
Jane quoting passages of it to her, plus the work (and much)
and the work (the books) turning me on so much...
novels, fiction being my cup of tea, with mythology
and english irish folklore首要到 the Irish moor...inwards
the Faery and Bright Malapral lands of shea.....etc

0 i went link up al the things...the studies....

coming across into another nespolatwian becomes
a man, behhvlana...egypt and the fertile river Nile
0 i went link up all the names and twists of Voices
the furry sounds and gruntall tones
Hanging Clear over a Bright crisp dawn
a sea scheme with roads and Wagnerian Visions
yellow mains blowing glowing in the upcoming sun
the sky touched with pink and sahoner Pearl.....

no i cannot link up these things or draw them with tiney strings
of words over the page and off the margin.....

no such things are left to do to the historians and scholars
they all draw curious lots and try as one must to do the work
Dusty caverns anchen halls
Beautiful Woods,Mountains and Trees
0 how I am reminded of Miss Kilin
where I first caught a glimpse of the land of the Shee.
0 of the most beautiful pedestrian
and work of nature that I have ever seen!
or will ever see.

I wish you could have seen the places
the mountains the houses it help me build
the land the animals, the trees the (fairy rings of bay) laurel
The birds she makes the trampage
The october's summata, the wild beast
The coyotes and fumes screaming at night (and wolves)
The hawk owls and tree frogs #6 crickets and all.
anyway linkin is gone now(to me) and i don't regret it
one moves on, and i am soon hoping to be gone

... see and i am plotting again for the umteenth time
to go abroad (england) or move over... jeremy oh...

i have so many plans that have not...
I want to try. (think i wrote you a note) but had to return
to my family (can't make it with out them.)

i was very inspired over going and spending the 5 weeks in new,
then the places have somehow changed (have not we all?)

... have been doing up till the last week or so a lot of paintings
and large watercolors, fluorescent paint, "on"... grottoes
Hollister faces and bodys, temples and gay woods, seas, astors
and James-daddles (i.e. called, the male faunals sides of
an image, which (for the last 6 yrs.) are?)

i have used openets (as you know and other drugs or so they are called.
(out most recently) i hope with such description
of i can rationalize or unravelize about my life

an image they have taken the last except ner. off the market i understand

... and the other market (he went stern criminal ones)
as are they not all criminal? i shant ever deal again with,

so i am rather to be as they say "sick" or move away

where things are better etc etc

anyway i shall learn what to do, and still dont know, abt stand
to take.

will be showing movie at intersections in s.f. cal in november
have 4 or 5 new ones in sam. as i final scored a little noon holiday
Sam camara, the last things i was doing was in it

"Goldmouth with Pornography, and black and white astors
the new film (which when i can afford to
will send you one) are about my home here in gorda

the children playing, wizards (such as porter orleansky and alan. G.)

... a short concert with ale addam adams

(where INSANITYLY) met a fellow named dove ladenberg

who told of seeing you and so on.. he had written a showing in big sur, so that was arranged with the hot springs

he came to my house to show his work... and i showed some of mine

"they were so fast for him he said, they didn't react the way i expected"
and i went on about that i take offens in this

some of his scenes got of that time got as they say "pertracted" of dew
(as they were tired and he wanted to keep showing his movies

and he and his group to spend the night... as it was getting late

anyway i knew he wasn't the police (as soon city paringa charles p.
thought... and help him get his car unstuck from infront of my house
with took a few working hours by candle light, and battery changes etc.

i supose he was showing me fr asking him to stop showing his work

and not offering his a bed (as they wear ill full and the floors to best)

and finally he was on the road again

and i have seen this sort of thing many times in our

where city people get stuck in one way or another

and demand hospitality or act, usually to be pulled out and act...

(clinic, bldn road was half on all sidewalks, bad creacks to
form and may hit turns and bag rocks in the way act
when i had my jeep. i spent my a hour driving and pulling with

cable with finding up and using jack, wrenches, oil shooks, and pulleys

(From: addams nov)
am not trying to be critical of dove, or judging (he and his partner) that is not the point. It is doing with people coming together sometimes there is no opposition and they make a good thing. other times there are dissensions, obstructions, fears etc. this is the less and bad thing that people have to much trouble of sometimes coming together, being civil to one another and trying to act. that i must believe in something called love and of something like whiteness and light, honor and truth, etc.

now the day grows older and it has been a very nice one this is something of our summer here and we well have very nice sunny day up till thanksgiving and christmas (when the rains begin eat)

i am filled with a great and overflowing love for this land and its workings, will always hope to return to it and always thing of it as "home"

one of the last films called "gorde avoids" in a parts. all un added as yet seems i must write for years to edit must really be share of the material (what i see) before arranging it to create a greater drama (is better movie..)

have rearranged most all the film i had sent to the coop (will you i understand final made some prints of have never know just estudy where i stand with them and would like to noor)

also some of the new ones could be sent to the coop (and i should have some of dennis morgan movies who would still like for you to see some of his)

well i have said too much and too little of what i would have

i hope to be seeing you and your family again (if my my kids still come off or sue and i even are thinking of going there to make the sale of painting and etc. this i wish didn't thought. (because i've never been there so cant fully show.) well come by and see you in my home plus let me know anytime your travels may bring you to this west coast (i.e. to fresno etc.)

i showed some films not too long ago in the west and much while munitions played and very recorded (which didn't really work to my way of seeing (feeling). anyway there these showing i became very sensitive...its like if the audiance(who seeing the movie) don't like it or are not able to see it then i too would feel this strongly and i would be miserable and the movie would not look good to me either. where as on the other hand...when showing a very small showing where almost everyone like and dig the work i too do...etc.

i am sure you have note these things as you have

many occasions to know what i mean.

anyway i would like to see you and talk with you will write you out of my progress (like traveling to england etc) love brannman
bean
burn
beryllium

Ginsberg, Dungen, and friends in the park. "Creation is play."
That's Michael second from left.

It's always the small talk that causes the biggest troubles.
Abraham Lincoln’s Whiskers

Abraham Lincoln was President more than 100 years ago. People of today know what he looked like. He was tall and he had a beard.

Before he became President, Mr. Lincoln did not have a beard. He did not let his whiskers grow. His face looked thin.

One day Mr. Lincoln had a letter from a little girl. She asked him to let his whiskers grow. She said he would look good with whiskers.

Mr. Lincoln was pleased. The next year, he stopped in the girl’s town to see her. He wanted to show her how he looked with whiskers.
OSWALD SPENGLER
was born in 1880 at Blankenburg, Germany. He studied mathematics, philosophy, and history at Munich and Berlin. Except for his doctor’s thesis on Heraclitus, he published nothing before the first volume of The Decline of the West, which appeared when he was thirty-eight. The Agadir crisis of 1911 provided the immediate incentive for his exhaustive investigations of the background and origins of our civilization. He chose his main title in 1912, finished the first draft of “Form and Actuality” (“Gestalt und Wirklichkeit”) two years later, and published the volume in 1918. The second, extensively revised edition, from which the present translation was made, appeared in 1923. The concluding volume, “Perspectives of World History” (“Welthistorische Perspektiven”), was published in 1928. The Decline of the West was first published in this country in 1918 (Vol. I) and 1928 (Vol. II).

For many years Spengler lived quietly in his home in Munich, thinking, writing, and pursuing his hobbies—the collecting of pictures and primitive weapons, listening to Beethoven quartets, reading the comedies of Shakespeare and Molière, and taking occasional trips to the Harz Mountains and to Italy. He died suddenly of a heart attack in Munich three weeks before his sixty-sixth birthday.
THE WORM’S NARRATIVE

Observing me make ready, he enquired if I were going back to the village? and when informed of my determination to do so, approved the plan and requested that I should go and return in my former route; as he and the rest of the company would follow on, if he should be able to ride, and we should thus meet some sooner again. While sick, and at other times, when not traveling, he was constantly writing. On the morning of the fifth day after leaving Sequoyah, the second time, myself and company arrived at the Witchesaw village, where we bought three bushels of corn at three dollars per bushel, packed it on our horses and immediately started back. On the evening of the third day of our return, my horses gave out, but fortunately, we met Sequoyah and party. It was then determined to encamp, and hunting up a shady place with good water, a fire was immediately made and the men began to prepare some food, which he was very impatient to obtain. He ate freely of bread, honey, and a kind of hominy. After eating he felt much refreshed, requested a pipe and some tobacco; smoked, expressed himself much better and then requested to lie down, that he might stretch his weary limbs for rest. I took a seat close by him and enquired what was his complaint. He replied, that he had been taken with a pain in his breast, which extended to different parts of his body, but that he felt so much refreshed from eating, he thought he should now soon get well, by the aid of diet. Feeling so well that evening, and wishing to continue on to the village, as some of the company were anxious to buy horses, he proposed to rest the next day at this camp, and on the following, to go forward to some water course, where we should spend a couple of days - thinking by this time he would be able to travel. It was his purpose not to remain long among the Witchesaws, but to return to the timbered country, where we could hunt.

After the expiration of time allowed above for rest, he hurried on, that he might soon return, to the hunting grounds - his health continued to improve. On the second morning after the meeting noticed above, the company left the camp, travelled part of a day - came to a water course, where we encamped two nights and a day, and then set out for the village, at which we arrived, after travelling nearly three days. We came to the village of the Schasi, in the neighborhood of the other villages. Soon after arriving and encamping, the head man of the Schasi, called by the Cherokees, Os-til-ka, or the man who has a feather in his head, came to the camp, met us as his friends, said that he was very sorry to find the old man so sick, and that he would take him to his lodge, where he could take care of him. He would not talk much to him, for fear of wearying him while sick, but busied himself in providing such nourishing food as he could eat. This chief is very kind to all strangers.

The next morning after breakfast, the Chief told the company to visit any of the villages, as if at home, without ceremony, and to buy such things as they wished. This they did, visited all the villages, and did not return until late in the evening. The following morning after breakfast awhile, a messenger arrived from the Chief of the most remote village, that of the Wichetaws, 4 miles off, inviting the company to his lodge, as he should have something for them to eat. His invitation was accepted and the company, excepting myself and young Gues, who stayed with the old man, accompanied the messenger, and spent the day with the Wichetaws.

About noon of this day, Sequoyah became much better and requested that the Chief with whom he was staying, might come into the lodge set apart for him. Os-til-ka did so, took a seat near by where Sequoyah was seated, and said to him: "I am glad to see you in my lodge. I am friendly with all of the tribes north of me, and meet them always as friends. I am glad to inform you that, though all these tribes were once at war against each other, they have made treaties of peace and
The Worm's Narrative p. [2]

He said further, that, on the day previous, he and the principal men of six neighboring villages, had met together and he was glad to have an opportunity, now, to converse a little with him upon those things about which they had met in council - which were concerning the peace and friendship existing between the different tribes; and seeing they had no good interpreter, what had already passed was as much as they could expect. Sequoyah seemed to be very weak, he proposed that he should lie down again and rest, which he did.

Then a messenger came to Oc-till-ka, to inform him of the arrival, at a neighboring village, of a Texan runner, inviting them to meet the Texans in council, near the Weso old-village. - This made Sequoyah that he would talk more with him in the morning, when he was stronger, but would now go to see the Texan. He left. Sequoyah continued lying until evening, (the chief not having yet returned), when he again set up.

Sequoyah then inquired of me whether I did not think it would be better for the young men of our company, to return, as they might become sick by remaining in the village? I replied that I should agree in his opinions.

The next morning Sequoyah said to our company, "My friends, we are a long way from our homes; I am very sick, and may long remain as before I recover. Tomorrow therefore, I wish you all to return home, but my son and Worm, who will journey on with me. I wish you to consent to my proposal; for should we all continue on and some of you be taken sick, it will not be within our power to give such proper attention."

"To this request they acceded, and took leave.

Sequoyah, his son and myself, then prepared to resume our journey, which we did after Sequoyah had talked a little with the Chief Oc-till-ka, and made him presents of tobacco and other small articles.

At the instance of Sequoyah, we took our former route, on the sixth day arrived at the place selected by him as a camping ground, where we spent four days in hunting and then went on till we came to a water course, at which Sequoyah wished to rest some days for the purpose of bathing himself and that a supply of honey might be obtained. He said, at this place, that his health was improving, but he was afflicted still with pains, and a cough, which had the effect to weaken him. After four days' rest, we made ready to start; He then said to me, "My friend, we are here, in the wilderness; do not get tired of me, I desire to reach the Mexican country. You know the course." Being assured of my willingness to go with him, he requested me to take the course - which I did. Travelling on five days more, he again said to us, "You will not get tired of me, aloha! slow? If I did you can do what seems best, but while alive be guided by me." Continuing on for ten days, we came to a water course, where we rested four days. A few days after, while encamped on a river, the report of guns was heard and then a drum. In descending the river to discover who were so near us, we came upon a road along which some person had just passed. When apprised of this, Sequoyah determined to follow on the next morning, and overtake them.

We then took the road and when we overtook them, found them to be Shawnees, and with whom we encamped that night. The next morning, the Shawnees inquired of Sequoyah, where he was going; he replied, that he had a great anxiety to visit the country of the Mexicans, but should return in a short time. The Shawnees stated that they were on a hunting expedition, that he could proceed on his way and, if he found anything interesting, they would be glad to hear it on his return. They then inquired of them the direction of the nearest Mexican towns, or villages, which they pointed out, in the same course, Sequoyah marked out. We then started and travelled six days in succession, when we stopped - with the intention of hunting a few days, but the old man determined to proceed directly on until we came to a larger water
course. We proceeded on until a while after sun up, and having crossed a mountain, we came to a small brook but passed on, till we reached a very beautiful, bubbling spring, where the company halted. While still mounted, a number of bees came to the spring, when Sequoyah said, "As we are neither running nor in such a hurry, but we stand and look for some honey;" and requested me to hand him some water.

We encamped at the spring — soon after pulling the saddles off our horses, Young Guess walked away a short distance, and found a bee tree. We spent two nights at this spring. The second night that we encamped there, some Tewaconnens Indians came upon us, and stole all our horses; we pursued some distance and could probably have overtaken them, but were afraid to leave the old man long alone, and so returned to the camp. The next morning he requested us to take him to some safe hiding place; to secure our effects in the tops of trees, and proceed straight to the village of the Tewaconnens. After complying with the first part of his request, he altered his determination, and told us not to go in search of our horses which might be some time or other recovered, but to proceed directly to the Mexican settlements, where probably we could obtain other horses.

We set out on foot in the evening, leaving the old man alone. Travelling on some four miles, Young Guess and myself came to a river called Mauilu, which could not be crossed. We ascended it some distance, until late in the evening and then encamped for the night: in the morning made a raft, crossed the river, proceeded that day a short distance, and again encamped. About noon, the day following, while eating, the reports of many guns were heard in the direction of our route. We immediately proceeded at a rapid rate till we cleared the mountains and, coming to a prairie, saw the tracks of a wagon. — Here we halted and spent some time, I having advised my companion that we had perhaps better not proceed to the town until towards night. I felt convinced that we were lost, but was unwilling to express an indisposition to proceed on, lest my companion should consider me cowardly. We however, pushed on until we came within about one mile of the town, when hearing a good deal of talking, we stopped and, listening, heard none but the Spanish language. Having turned around and walked back a short distance, we encamped for the night, determined not to go into the Fort until morning. This night we did not sleep much as the firing of guns was kept up throughout the night. The place was San Antonio. In the morning, proceeding into town, we were, by an officer, received by any one until we got in some distance, when we met with two soldiers, who came up, shook our hands friendly and requested us to follow them. We did so, until met by an officer who, inviting the soldiers and ourselves to follow him, conducted us around a considerable portion of San Antonio to a store, where the people were drinking. The officer having engaged the store for a few seconds, told us to follow him to the quarters of the commanding officer, and informed us that we were in a situation that we could do nothing, intimating that we were prisoners.

Upon entering the quarters of the commanding officer, he seated himself upon the opposite side of the room from that occupied by ourselves and the soldiers and others who crowded around us. Remaining silent for some time, and then reaching the room to end fro, the officer at length, came to us and inquired of what tribe we were, and when informed, declared that he did not at all like the Cherokee, because they had been, at short time previous warring against the Tewaconnens. When apprised, that we resided on the Arkansas, within the limits of the U.S., and that we wished to borrow horses, ours having been stolen by the Tewaconnens, he repeated his dislike of the Cherokees, and said, he had no horses to lend, and that the Tewaconnens and other tribes, some of whom were doubtful providing about the neighborhood that day, had stolen many of their horses. He further inquired, whether we had any passports and when told none, said, they were necessary. To which it was replied, that we were ignorant of
the fact, as we had frequently visited the towns and settlements of the
whites in Arkansas, without ever having any demanded of us. We were also
told by him that they would have fired upon and killed us had it not been
for the guns on our heads, which alone saved us, as the neighboring
tribes go with bare heads.

Sometimes we spent in conversation with the officer, who became
quite friendly, and gave us tobacco, pass-ports, and a very good axe,
that we might bring thereafter a quantity of honey. He also admonished
us to be on our guard, in going about the country, as there were many
hostile persons among the wild tribes. We then parted.

In going through the town some of the women called and invited us
to take something to eat, but we told them we could not, being in a great
hurry - soon after leaving the town, met three or four soldiers, riding
very sorry ponies, who also told us to be on the lookout, as there were
many Comanches about. After leaving them we began to travel pretty fast,
and kept increasing our speed until we got into a run, and throwing away
the borrowed axe - travelled a great distance that day, for fear that the
Texans might intend to entrap or take some advantage of us.

The day after leaving San Antonio, we arrived at the camp of Sequoyah,
who was well and fast gaining strength. He then requested we should
procure him a good supply of provisions, find a secure retreat and set
our again, for the Mexican settlements to get horses. A safe retreat
was found some three miles from the encampment; he was placed in it and
a supply of honey and venison sufficient to last his twenty days procured.
The secure retreat was in a cave, which seemed to be above high water;
but in case that it should not be, there was a log which he could climb
up easily to a more elevated place. Having placed him in this cave, we
set out, and travelled on two days; on the third day, which was windy,
just as we were approaching a cedar thicket, I happened to look behind,
and saw three men coming upon us at full speed. We fell back upon a
small patch of timber and threw down our packs for the purpose of
defending ourselves; as they came near, I hailed them, and inquired in
the Comanche language, if they were friends. They said they were, and
immediately threw down their lances and arrows, and came up and shook
hands with us, and said as we are friends we will sit down and smoke
the pipe.

The Comanches then said, that when they first saw us they supposed
us to be Texans by having on caps, but when they got nearer and saw
feathers in them, they took us to be Shawnees or Delaware, and that had
it not been for the feathers in our caps, they would have shot upon us.
This was the second time that feathers in our caps had probably saved our
lives - and they had just been placed there by young Guas, who had killed
a turkey. After smoking, one of the Comanches related for his women
when they had left, upon discovering our tracks. They then inquired
where we were going, and when informed, said that our route would be very
tough and mountainous; but as they were going there themselves, if well,
we would all travel together, as they would be able to show us a nearer
and better route. This we consented to and travelled with them three
days; we then separated, and travelled fourteen consecutive days before
reaching the frontier settlements of Mexico. Before reaching the town
we came to a river that we could not cross and had to encamp. Not being
a ware whether we were near any habitations or not, it caused us so much
anxiety that we could not sleep - when some time in the night we heard a
drum.

In the morning we rose early, and there happening to be a turkey
seated on a tree near by, young Guas shot it. This we hastily prepared
and ate. Soon as this was over we attempted to cross the river, but
could not; we then sat about making a raft, but just as we had a couple
of logs, a mounted Mexican appeared on the opposite bank - inquired who
we were, and informed us that there was a ferry lower down. On arriving
at the ferry we found the boat ready and a company of armed men in atten-
dance. After crossing, an officer informed us that he would go with us to the principal man of the town, which was about six miles distant; on reaching the town we observed many women washing, who as well as men and boys,} being entirely strangers,} and conducted us into the town. The officer stated the crowd was attracted by curiosity to see us as we were strangers; but had no intention to harm us. He conducted us to the head man of the place,} and the man that} followed us and one that came meeting us,} having stopped, at what we supposed to be the limits allowed them.

The town was small — the houses made of large brick — the people dressed in different kinds of costume. The houses looked odd, being low with flat roofs. Many of the women were very pretty. Thirteen officers were present. Much time was spent in looking up an interpreter, who was a Spaniard, that spoke English. Soon as the interpreter came, the officer enquired who we were? And being informed, said he was glad to see us, and asked our notions and what object we had in view in visiting Mexico, and also if there were any news of importance from the Texacos, when he said the Mexicans had a short time before defeated in battle, and taken some three hundred of their prisoners. Having satisfied him on these points, and given him to understand that we had not been detained to his town on any special business of a public nature, he expressed the pleasure it gave him and the other officers to see us, and invited on our remaining that night in the town, as the day was too far gone for us to reach the Cherokees village, which he informed us, was some thirty miles distant. He then had us conducted to a lodging place in the quarters of some soldiers, telling us to call before leaving in the morning, to receive passports.

We remained some time in the house assigned us, and then took seats outside it, to observe the people and the soldiers, and sentinels on duty. While thus passing away the time, a Mexican approached me silently and touched my back in order to attract my attention towards him. I looked around, and noticed, passing through with a stick, that he had his hands, a couple of human ears, taken from one of four persons they had killed a short time before. An officer then came and requested us to walk about the town with him; we complied and followed him about for some time. He conducted us, amongst other places, into a bake shop and into two or three houses, in each of which he gave us to drink of ardent spirits, which he called whisky, but which tasted very different from any we had ever before drunk. Before we had wandered much about the town, I felt lust, owing to the striking resemblance between its different parts. It being after the hour of twelve o'clock, there was but little business doing, as nearly all of the shops were closed. While yet rambling about the place, a soldier came, to request us to go back to our lodging, upon which we found the soldiers on parade, ready to march off a short distance. By invitation we joined them and kept along with them, until we came to a kind of public square, where there were a number of large kettles containing bread, beef and soup.

From these large pots the waiters served the officers, ourselves, and the soldiers in order, by taking up pieces of meat with a fork and giving it to us in our hands. What was given me I ate through politeness, but with some difficulty, so highly seasoned was it with pepper, some of which I was so unfortunate as to get in my eyes. Early the next morning we met with a man who spoke English, and who conducted us to a place where we obtained a breakfast, that an Indian could not eat without cost, for the man who gave it to us said that he could not be behind the Cherokees; he had been much among them without any expense; he could not therefore charge us; but hoped that we would take our meal with him while we remained there.

This day, we remained in town, but having passports, left the following morning, in company with a Mexican, who went with us to a town called by the Mexicans, "San Cranto," some thirty miles distant. Upon
arriving at San Cronto, we were informed that there were a couple of Cherokees in the place, but thinking it would be difficult to find them, we went with our Mexican companion to the house of his brother where we spent the night and by good luck met with our countryman. It gave us great pleasure to see this man, whose name is Standing Rock. He answered a great many questions, and assured us that it would give the Cherokees in Mexico great joy to see their brothers among them and he promised to accompany us forthwith to their village, about ten miles distant. About seven miles from San Cronto we passed through a small settlement of Spanish negroes, and two or three of whom I met and spoke to in the Cherokee language. Three miles further we arrived at the Cherokee village, situated within a large prairie, in a grove of timber, half a mile wide and some three miles long, and watered by means of a ditch, from a large spring, some two miles distant.

Our brothers were very glad to see us, and gave us a warm welcome to their little village. Being soon apprised that we came to obtain assistance, to convey in the aged Sequoyah, who was very anxious to visit them, they declared their readiness to afford us company, but could not furnish any horses, as all of their's, save those that were very poor, had died, since they went into Mexico. They, however, promised to borrow some of the horses belonging to the Mexican army, at a neighboring town. But there being none, the commanding officer referred us back to San Cronto, to which place we returned, after two days' resting with the Cherokees. The officer there could lend us but one horse, the others having been taken off a few days before, to some other post, but supplied us, without solicitation, with bread, meat, salt, sugar and coffee, for the journey. The company then, consisting of nine persons, immediately set off with the borrowed horse — crossed the river again at the ferry, and after constant travelling, on the seventeenth night, camped within a few miles of Sequoyah's cave. Much solicitude was felt by us, for the safety of the old men, as we saw much 'sign' of the wild Indians on our way. Three men accordingly went on in advance to the cave, with provisions to relieve his wants, if still alive, and in need.

Mauluk, we crossed on a raft. Shortly after passing over a very rocky country, we came upon a trail made by wild cattle and horses through a cedar thicket, and along which we discovered the tracks of a man, going in a different direction from ours. These tracks we soon discovered to be those of Sequoyah, from the fort of his being last. This caused myself and another of the company to hasten to the cave, and gave us no little anxiety, as we discovered that several persons had been but recently along our way.

Arriving at the cave, we met with our advance company, and discovered a log of wood leaning against a tree, and a letter bound to one of its limbs. The letter was written by Sequoyah in his own language, and informed us that, after being lost alone, he had met with misfortune — the water having rose very high, drove him from his retreat and swept away his store of provisions and almost everything else. In these circumstances he had determined to pursue his journey; that if not too long absent we would be able to find him, as he would fire the grass along his way and the smoke would arise, and thereby help himself to our rations. We had now great hopes of soon overtaking him, as he had been gone but four days. After reading the letter, we immediately started in pursuit, tracked him to the Mauluk, which he had crossed on a raft.

We left this camp and returned to our companions — tracked him to the river, saw where he had sat down, followed down the river and came to a raft he had crossed on; we crossed at the same place, came to one of his former camping grounds, and saw where a horse had been tied; feeling confident that he must have obtained a horse by some means or other, we
followed on very fast to another camping ground, where we saw bones, which assured us that he had obtained food likewise. There were many speculations, how he had done by the horse and provisions, some surmising one thing and some another. From the constant rapidity with which we pushed on, and our long journey, the Mexican horse as well as myself began to get tired; I then selected two men, and sent them ahead, while the rest encamped for the night. The two men kept on until night coming on, they lost their track near a creek, but did not stop, hoping to discover a light. They however passed by his camp, as they supposed from the appearance of the sign late in the evening, and returned. In passing near the river, they heard a horse neigh, and then perceived into the bottom of the forks of the river, found him seated by a lonely fire. He was greatly rejoiced to meet them. One of the men remained with him while the other returned, and conducted us next evening to his camp. He expressed the greatest happiness our return gave him; and said that his mind was relieved of much anxiety, as he had suffered much from sickness, and his lonely situation—feeling that his son and myself had either met with some accident or been killed.

Again expressing the happiness our return gave him, he observed, that for two days past, he had no such provision as desired, and that we must have remarked his mode of travelling, which was brought about under the following circumstances. While engaged, he said, in making a raft to cross the Naluta, that he might continue on towards Mexico, he suddenly took a notion that he would walk to the summit of a neighboring hill. Throwing down his tomahawk, he started up the hill, and just as the top was gained, to his great surprise, he came close upon three men, who quickly halting, one of them declared themselves to be "Delawares," and to which he replied, "I am a Cherokee." They camped with him that night, and gave him some of their victuals and part of his honey. In the morning, the Delawares said to him, "Come, let us now return to our own villages, we will take you to your door." He replied, "No, I have sent forward two young men to the Mexican country, whom I shortly expect back; I am anxious to visit that country. Go with me there. We will shortly return to our own country." Finding that they could not agree, the Delawares said, that they would remain with him until they killed for him some meat, which they did. While they were hunting, he wrote a letter for them to convey home. Being aged and crippled, the Delawares, when about to part with him, generously gave him a horse to ride.

"Such," said Sequoyah, "was the way he came by the horses! — and that he would now tell us what happened to him at the cave.

The twelfth night after we left, the rain poured down and the water came into his cave. He placed his effects upon a rock in the cave which the water soon surrounded and forced him on a large log. This in turn being moved by the water, he climbed the log, which his son and myself had leaped against the side of the cave and could refuge in the ledge of the rock—having abandoned everything but a couple of blankets he tied around him; his flint, steel, and some and a few small articles that he could get into his pockets. From the ledge of rocks he succeeded in making his way out of the cave and ascending to the top of the hill, where he spent the night under a tree and in unceasing rain. In the morning, finding a dry place, he kindled a fire, by which he warmed himself and dried his clothing, and then went to look at his former home, but found it still covered with water.

Two days after, he again returned and found that everything had been swept away. But following down the branch he found his saddle bags, around a little tree, from which he recovered all his papers and other things, and also a tent and three blankets; and on the sky he had a brass kettle. After this he made no further search — giving up all for lost; but even felt glad to escape as well as he did, especially with his life, which he said was far more precious than all else. The water having swept away his supply of food, he was now left entirely without,
and when he could get nothing else, lived on what little flesh he could
shave off from the skins of deer killed by us before leaving. During
the greater part of the time however, he ate nothing but wild honey,
which he obtained from a couple of large trees, that he fortunately
discovered and felled at the expense of repeated efforts, with a small
tomahawk. His health had not been good, but such he said, as would have
confined almost any one to his bed. For each day that we were absent,
before leaving his cave, he cut a notch in a large oak tree.

We remained four or five days at the camp, where we found Sequoyah
and in the vicinity, until a stock of provisions was killed, and then resumed
our journey, and after travelling sixteen days forded the river mentioned
before, near the Mexican village. In a few days more, halting along for
a short time at the different towns, where Sequoyah received the kindest
hospitality from the Mexicans, the company arrived at the Cherokee village.

The Worm spent some time with the Cherokees and then returned at the
solicitation of Sequoyah, with a party of Cherokees, to the Wichita town
to recover, if possible, the horses that had been stolen from them.
He was unable to get them, and not meeting with any person going to
Mexico, could not return early as expected. At length several Cherokees
arrived from Mexico and brought tidings that Sequoyah was no more, which
was soon confirmed by a party of Cherokees. The complaint that
terminated his life, was the cough which had long afflicted him, combined
perhaps with some disease common in that country. His death was sudden
-having been long confined to the house, he requested one day some food,
and while it was preparing breathed his last.
Image protected; contact the appropriate curator for more information.
Science: Some Birds Throw Stones

Some birds throw stones. The birds are vultures. They live in Africa.

The vultures eat the eggs of other birds. The eggs have hard shells.

The vultures find an egg. They pick up stones in their bills.
The vultures lift their heads high to throw the stones at the egg.
The vultures do not throw very well! Sometimes they throw many stones before the egg breaks.
The vultures use stones as tools.

The vultures broke the ostrich egg.
a male invents an island

discovers its circle in sum of desired change

he may see language permanent on it - Names

may see in rarified to nature's patterns below & of settled distinctions

may people it with headfriends

projections forming persons in attention

& with fears to a point he like

may station himself in that distance from it

waves of elected dearness get to, & total reality does not

sign of man

inventing an island

like a map, shapes

of nevada, lake of the woods, meaning

I do stay high above it like divinity

as able to indulge it as that.

amber province, star-shaped city

its horon Huron name flourishing off in water

& a legend of walking secrets, numbers wedged-up

hands have it

square. the point

between slave & surprise, where their

thin extremes meet, holds away

trembles on the high narrow we know.

each turn dangerous

dearth down there coming

or past.

the pirate, many-colored Silver, Old Man,

black leopard, never born brother

desperate & lean

cuts each nerve in circle slices

coming, falls dead before he touches me.

a dream.

earth's crust dozed over it - conceivable sky

surfaces lit, shadowed

for what they're for

the characters not round: dogs - indians - hands

paths narrative with wise red animals

metal leaves (designing light) - slow insectlife, gone, noise alone

blue ring - thick

navigable by cutting trunk of the secret tree

passages

the mountain of the fox
Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished.

EMERSON

The only sure way to live in peace without armorment these days is to behave well and possess nothing that others want.

It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness.
to be A Plug before the apocalypse

FROM AN OLD FARMER

Soil is like soil its depth
It exactly the depth to which it has customarily been plowed

Indiana Genesis
THE

fisherwoman

and the

Mermaid

EXHIBITIONS

Masked & Bored

The Elocution of Masques! What need of verse?

Or where are Sense express Immortal:

You are the Speciacle of State!
Once upon a time, there lived a mermaid and her beautiful mermaids. They were both in a swimming pool.

The mermaids went swimming (she really didn't know how) when she saw the fisherwoman getting in a boat.

Eh! they said, but I have a plan and one.

They went to the boat and tipped it over. The fisherwoman got back in the boat, but they tipped it again.

And after that, the mean fisherwoman got out of the pool as fast as she could.
Among the world’s oldest portrait paintings are those done of mummy portraits in Egypt between the 1st and 4th centuries AD. Likenesses were done in guise of life, kept for owners’ souls by priests. Portraits show change in style from realism classical era in pre-Byzantine schematization. Earliest portrait on top left and bottom left were done in encaustic, or painted better than later one (bottom right) in tempera.
Silence is the ecstatic bliss of soul, that by intelligence converse.
NEPALESE CHOOSE GODDESS AT AGE 3

Kumari, Picked at Terrifying Rite, Reigns Till Puberty

KATMANDU, Nepal—She is a "living goddess," but also one of the saddest little girls in the world.

A little girl born at a Kathmandu temple is named Kumari. Of Adi Bhadrakali, a sinister, black, hooded deity, who is worshiped by thousands of Nepalis who generally keep her distance.

She leads a life of solitude and, in accordance with ancient religious law, is kept in a sturdy stone temple surrounded by a fence and a high wall.

When she is three, the Kumari will be chosen to be the new goddess by a religious ritual. She will be taken from her family and the temple.

Sometimes, the Kumari is carried on a litter under the overhanging stone roof of the temple. After the ceremony, she is led through a narrow street to her window, where crowds gather for a ceremony. The Kumari is dressed in a white sari, a red shawl, and a veil of white silk.

The Kumari is never permitted to play or even walk in the open air. She is carried everywhere, accompanied by attendants and the temple's priestess (sanghamati).

A few times a year, at important religious festivals, the Kumari is paraded in the streets and红包 become the object of public fascination. People are moved to pay homage to her as a living deity.

The Kumari is selected at birth and is kept in the temple until the age of 13. During this time, the Kumari is carefully looked after by the temple's servants, and her hair is never cut.

The text concludes: "Les Reines ont été vues pleurant, comme de simples femmes" by CHATEAUBRIAND.
you can’t maintain an image or get anything done at the same time.
I have been finding a lot of feathers lately. I wonder if it is an omen of some sort.

It is very still here but there seems to be more and more traffic on the highway and dogs barking and airplanes. None even this place seems now more familiar and less exotic. It isn’t mysterious — perhaps though the feeling of exploration and mystery is entirely subjective. For me so many things depend so greatly on mood and state of mind. I like to think of it as a fusion of reason and emotion.
"THEY'RE TALKING"
BY RARC
Lane is my
Best friend
I love you
very much
I wish you
had some
New shoes.
I am glad you are taking the toys to the dump.
I do not want to clean and I do not like the room when it is dirty.
I Love you the Best of all.

Love

Crystal
Dear Stan—Jane—Children Brothers July 10, 1967

Wednesday night, July 6th 1967, was a memorable even bright high point for me in my life in that place in time for all that I am aware

Not only was there the art ("Metaphors of Vision") of Stan's films in movement, composition and light— but much more that were memories for me. I think especially of "Window With Baby" and the impact of all that life is —joy, pain, blood, truth & Beauty. And so many memories for me — Remembering some ten years ago Jane leading the long-haired, apparently blind, man through the "Indian Drill" in the E.M.C., where I sat on a stool in front of a cash register (as an excuse to see and feel life) And that summer night (back there about 1956 or 7) when I saw you two, Stan & Jane, standing together in the blue-white moonlight on the blue-green grass somewhere between Hellenes & the U.M.C. standing there embarrassed in a kiss
that I will always feel. I watched and I knew the surge of love and passion like my mind and body then was also part of you both. Call it vicarious experience — but then how much of life is burning with what one feels through the heart heat and emotions of other human beings —

Realizing later that that night was your beginnings of your "Anticipation of the Night" — and then came "Wretched House & An Intercourse" as Stan in his writing and filmmaking life expresses it.

And gone in the bath water — with that sort of Madonna-Buddah-Sensual woman face (and me knowing too how she rides a donkey, chops wood — and sometimes says "slit" —)

So many memories — the day Madonna came to me in the restaurant and whispered in my ear — "you're my kind of man" and whose seven eyes — the eyes of all of you with warm, strong seeing (and thinking of your eyes) brings
to my memory—vision the eyes of all
my friends —) and I do to—touch your
children.

So many memories—here tonight
while writing this of course the
memories flow—full though me—
those nights—special long nights
into morning with Gary & Mary
Willoughby — and Stan & Jane
and your children and Mary & Gary’s
children — and me there with the
pleasure of your being.

And just Jane’s scrap book shows
so much of what your friendships
with so many creative and “responsible”
people with beauty honestly is.

And what Stan said in the Bookshop
last week about what is missing in
so much of the “Hippie” way of life that
— that sense of “personal responsibility
to others” the true long lasting friendships
Likewise matter where we are living 4 20 years from now (if we can), knowing we can touch each other always for strength and love.

And what Stan said there in the Forum room about our dream of a real Book Store in Boulder. No; it's not here yet, but we do have the dream —

So you know that this is more than just "Thanks" for helping the Bookshop. It is a "Thank you" too for all the good you have done to my inner spirit —

Bless Our Lord

Clancy
you know there is much I can say yet and you can say — and there will be time yet again when we'll say — or not say, just know and feel — to each other. But then if we never said more — we have enough between (or more correctly — moving back forth & through) us now to last for years of strength ahead.
Unkinged by affection? One exchanges the empire of one’s desire for the anxiety of pleasures. But pleasures themselves are not domestic, and the troubles of the soul cast jewel-like reflections upon the daily surfaces. One has moved only to a world where the devoted household companions cast shadows that are empires, where the warmth of the hearth is kept alive in a cold that extends infinitely, the dream of a king without his omnipotence, a multitude of powers, an over-reaching inspired protection, an unvanquished, a rooted consent over all belated things.

We live within ourselves then, like honest woodsmen within a tyrannical forest, a magical element. Sheltered in our humble imaginary lives, from the eternal storm of our rage.
WILD ANIMALS OF THE WORLD
Thought is eyes' hell—B

This is Stayh
Water

The sun's sky in form of blue sky that
water will never make even in reflection.
Sing, song, mind's form feeling if mistaken,
shaken, broken water's forms, love's error in water.
Dear John,

This is not the letter I meant to write. I wish I had more time to think about the situation. My feelings are still very raw and I need to get them in order before I write.

Sincerely,
Ann

P.S. I'll write more later.
3

As I start this new year
(phew!) I have ahead of me
several nice things I want to get
done and in that sense things are
calm and possible. But I have,
at the same time, to be thinking of
next year and the return to USA.

that all very up in a sense as
as to where I'll be able to work
in a sense in that I expect going to
London now. That being so, Helen
and I have that settle, whether
to stay all year more or the
late season I visited London and
furniture, city gardens, etc., and
like a place to be here or that
find that settled longer in which
I jumped parcel you as of living
Dear Ann,

your two cards came in this morning as we were just going into the
proof shop of the Shakespeare, where
book is now trying to get everyone up
last summer, and which came between
us at the last moment. We've at least
crossing the dinner last night. The catalogue
listing is coming in - its William Morrow
come across it; your book is listed under
page 12: the catalogue starts with
Richard Burton and Milling Mrs. Chadwick
and "A Christmas Story"...The story
of how he met and won his Boswellian wife.

and June 1, 1966 12 Shirley Lewis (who
managed the Maine) and the three women
in a looking glass.
56r [ALS dated 16 September 1966] p. 2-3

The end of page three. Home essay. Sandblasted in between the last include: 1. Embolden same menu. 2. Need to humanize, life-sapping facts, etc., 3. The need to humanize, and make a corner shop or. Elizabeth (admirer of the prof. in the drama, etc.) Etc. Etc. 4. When I say, if you find yourself speak it for someone else. Book the old, old by many — 64 pp. = 3 by 10 photos and I don't know over much text. 50,000 words or so. And it will sell for 6.95, because I think I'm having done an outline, 6. Sorry to come from France went in France, 7. Got off. Now, I want that something over letters of crossing my presence the same idea. I'm really trying the same thing. I wanted to mention (2) of people and how you are this morning if your seeing me. I haven't even had my breakfast then decide if you want this written or not. It's very open to that by the way. I have it in mind...
Dear Shire, Hauser —

I read the second page of the letter with the utmost interest. It seems you are planning a trip to Europe, and I am looking forward to hearing more about your adventures. Please keep me updated on your travels.

Best regards,

[Signature]
Janet is leaving for an intensive course in Spanish. She is not simply cold or sick; she is in a terrible state of nerves and confusion. She has been at the hospital, and I think she is now under the care of Dr. Smith. I will let you know if she needs any help. She is very worried about her health and doesn't want to go back to the hospital. She has been taking her medication regularly. I will bring her some more medication when I see her tomorrow.

I received a letter from Dr. Smith yesterday. He said that Janet is doing well and that she is ready to leave the hospital. She will be discharged on Monday. I will visit her tomorrow to check on her progress.

I also received a letter from Dr. Smith's assistant, Mrs. Johnson. She said that Janet is doing well and that she is ready to leave the hospital. She will be discharged on Monday. I will visit her tomorrow to check on her progress.

That they simply didn’t identify label as County – Sedation or ART (!) but all my reasoning w/ them was useless (and I had brought your film in bent and sent - no charge - Any way it seems a hopeless affair and I want you to send Can it be till I get it

5, oct. 66

Dear Ann: For all the records, I don’t think you can get a copy of that book. Perhaps you know a way to get it or someone who can get it and send it to you (as well as other work) which in a little while is going to some. I have a small collection of pictures of some - I don’t think you can get any others as easily. In the meantime, you may - well, you may get along. Dick never does a beautiful job of it. Tom has himself so clear of the elaborate remains of Jackson ‘junk’ now and it must be put in with something else next. People like on the other hand - want to streamline and find your don’t want to express a strong
Because I am not - I still mean Colorado.
I could say - But I didn't have to write.

First thing to do is pack all the unneeded.
Probably, by my being, you can see something - the problem is that I never have to unpack it for a few years. I didn't pack again, for any reason. Sometimes my clear pragmatic self will act itself 

and walk the river through the clear, deep, Colorado color by the sparkling stream, or the mall, as I continue to think of it from your first impression. I am trying to put some words that you gave because one should live a place longer - look at it the way I would a present. This all comes up, since my first mention of you because it has been suggested that you are in Colorado.

I should really want to do. But I am not certain the pull looks clear is right - and that I might not be so habitually

reach foot to pull up blanket and 

rest with myself to knead and the stock or some other, or some other, or some other. Are certainly should help get these. With less in anyway I'd enjoy. I have all I need now, and I might to bring a film act my from

the picture, I promise
Dear [Name],

You made me feel sorry, and that’s good. You just at once gave a pen and I just today believe it is not only a minor sensation from the shop if I’m sitting down right now to answer your letter. Having just got finished it I was at school all day and just made it. In the rush of time to not believe in the hospital the English way that someone can get 13th Oct 1966 to feel you visit, the latter more I took that more today, he have a quick answer, a “dead” thing in their hand but saying she looks fine and I think still be coming soon to the house today, perhaps tomorrow. Not of course the kind of speaking well. I take here very much, and think she will happy been.

Your Fred and I stopped in the park by the Thames late (noon and still there) as the day been. Very near the hospital. He had some things to do mind. I listened. I don’t have real that he do that latterly, so don’t try it. I can’t tell or perhaps, as not people distinguished except because I was and the glass this think and hold it. It was a pleasure. Really he in a real interest in children who give either must be, because some come to understand even more in the one you love. In take some benefit, no the option, you love most, people not matter most, the London has way, no even clear people to London occur. I remember for instance the first girl in America ever loved, convinced will the Tegyelly of a mixture, but some children can as close in certainly say that when they get to be eighteen (Fred’s father, John, in the style of a day back) they have no intention into quicker than your one to push you, nor for god’s sake nations adequately or obviously be yourself; any cat eat with them, just to the mention of rescue one name why and there it be not least must or still don’t how Ireland. It’s in that will not like London. But I think you say not appreciate any will say. Either of us that we don’t do a very good way with London, so the London Fred then go 5 hope before his world to register at the hospital in London. It is in such a thing. But he said it in the next, no will come to giving, no really with friends to write, and now, deep in spirit of all that (London), I understand, I try to be so helpful as possible. I’ve encouraged him to study religiously for the vocation even at the university that it might as well be here be just the book it, so much I imagine that last, exactly because it is full of music and in spite of other things I do about the education as a class device in anything all other in understanding why, the direct is in London; I gave you to that letter when you so very much have not rightly. I am afraid you will be mistaken, as it is, for a day tomorrow to get the London to live, and it may be sooner that you means, not in fact I need the confidence in the next that comes about us soon as I need people such as ourselves to be always be, so if I do not want a single thing as a “dabble” or to be a much longer gone, but don’t be noticed. It’s up there. I think, I think probably be there next month to last it over.

[Signature]
I didn’t even know in the sense of actual money, I don’t want that to be


56r
Dear Stan,

I'm just writing now, hoping you can read this letter, and knowing the best of your friends, George and Barbara, and knowing how much you need to hear this. Believe me, this is a brilliant idea! [Note: There appears to be a handwriting error or a mark that is not fully legible.]

The best of luck! I hope this helps you decide what to do next. Write back soon!

Best wishes,

[Signature]

Department of Literature
University of Essex

Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, Essex
Tel: Colchester (020) 5145

20 Oct, 66

Dear Stan:

Helen just called me (I'm at the hospital) and said that the film about our dancing party had come back from editors. They were free and so we booked it! I gave them the agreement you had in my initials and it's all set. I'm so happy! If you need to read it, I'll send it to your so you can see what you can do.

Best wishes,
Dear Sir,

I'm particularly glad to have read your letter, and following the last of the Baker St. upstairs (Now there's nothing to do but work) I'm very happy when I think of our next week. We can't be too happy when we'll be here. I'm sure she'll be here. I am not to have your or the Baker St. wants more "dull" in the story, but, so don't have it last week. I'm sorry if the people liked disliking this Monday, except for poor, which is otherwise transformable. Better make arrangements of call almost various lives, and I suppose love, too. But be traveling with some promptness to us, today, after work, none of this. Finally, please international like, because I have no friends. I don't have to see time sufficiently of speaking, shades of it. Of poor. Additionally, I'm trying to think of all your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do. I'm trying to think of one of your friends who have been speaking of rooms with enough to do.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

(address)
Dear [Name],

I'm just writing down having to read your letter, and mentioning the fact of the [Name] [name] (because [Name] [name] is corresponding to [Name] [name]) ways mentioned when I might see or look that we're just be. Some left it behind when they filled their brilliant little car (not that I mean to brilliant an affair) and others went on to [Name] after some hour. They were all doing and I now in the special ones of that sort and outside. and it can be here for the [Name] [name] with cold water. I'm sure they're glad to get the next guest.

I hope you make no special plans—how it meant to be a word that keeps you busy a lot of the time. That's what is the problem. I hope you make no special plans.

Yours truly,

[Name]
Dear [Name],

While [Name] and I were in [Place], we were so pleased to hear from you. We spent much of our time in [Place], and we were so impressed with the [Activity].

Thank you for your kindness in sending us the book [Title]. It is a beautiful piece of work and we are very grateful to you.

Please let us know if there is anything else we can do for you. We hope to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

[Your Name]
Dear [Name],

Thank you for your visit. I am sorry that the letter was a bit rushed, but I look forward to your visit. I hope it went well. I am looking forward to your return.

With best wishes,

[Signature]

28 April 67

[Address]
Dear Stan,

Thank you, I mean - the letter
was so nice and and that I didn't even
the point to have to hear it; that desperation, or that anyone ought
to be "glad" - oh I don't know what happened in that
down to know you at some similar edge and
further, well calling it all in - I guess, well that's why I mean
she called, that it is getting to me again - sometimes, we did
this morning till before we went again over the times - I
sometimes really have that memory from the early some minutes
and the further, written world was adjusted something and
like, didn't even notice! Well, I'm sorry going down the
road like nothing happened I get really Amy, right there
well well and you too, home. This is one way to send the story
and I'm doing it. School Teacher has started, and for one
more and more in, reading. right now and now got on
wonder. I don't think there's much more of it left for me, what
"alternative" - I can't get no idea. and without that respect
I wish I had something to call in.

A dream, later known to be

FOR STAN BRAUKNE

Suddenly, it was
like this:

John Houston

and I

was at this

lunch counter having

coffee, I remember

he had cream in his.
56r [ALS dated 12 October 1967 verso] - [ALS dated 23 October recto]

Dear [name],

I must say -
I think you -

I have been thinking about you and the letter you wrote me.

I don't know what to say.

I hope you are well.

Yours,

[Signature]

---

Department of Literature
University of Essex
Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, Essex
Tel: Colchester (DDD 0) 3253

23 Oct 67

[Address]

The letter is official.

I enclosed a stamped addressed envelope with the letter.

I hope you receive it.

Yours,

[Signature]
The fact is, it's not easy to get everything ready on time. I had to pack everything in a bag and wrap it securely. I then left it for the courier to take care of it.

What a surprise to hear from you so soon! I was expecting to hear from you a few days later. It seems that you were in the UK for a few days and then had to return to the States. I'm glad to hear that you're doing well.

I must say, I'm a bit worried about your health. You mentioned that you were feeling unwell, but I'm sure you'll get better soon. I hope you're taking good care of yourself.

I'm also glad to hear that you're planning to come to London soon. I'm looking forward to seeing you again and catching up on the news.

Take care and stay in touch.

Yours truly,

[ Signature ]

---

Dear [Name],

Hello! How are you doing? I've been meaning to write you for a while now. I hope you're well and that you're doing things that make you happy.

I've been thinking about you a lot lately. I wonder how you're doing and what you've been up to. I hope everything is going well for you.

I'm glad to hear that you're planning to come to London soon. I'm looking forward to seeing you again and catching up on the news.

Take care and stay in touch.

Yours truly,

[ Signature ]
The public might suspect me of being a little bit odd, but that's not because I'm mad. I'm just trying to make a point.

I think it's important to remember that what we see is not always what we think. Sometimes things are not what they seem. In this case, it's about understanding the impact of our actions on others.

We must never, under any circumstances, take for granted the kindness of others. Sometimes what we do for others can make all the difference.

So let's be kind, let's be understanding, and let's be mindful of each other's needs. Let's work together to create a better world.
One Way

Of the two, one
faces one. In
the air there is
no tremor, no
odor. There is
a house around them,
of wood, of walls.
The mark is silence,
Everything hangs.

As he raises
his hand to
not strike her, as
again his hand
is raised, she has
gone, into another
room. In the room
left by her, he
cannot see himself
as in a mirror, as
a feeling of reflection.
He thinks he thinks
of something else. All
the locked time,
all the letting go
down into it, as a
locked room, come to.
This time not changed,
but the way of feeling
secured by walls and books,
a picture hanging down,
a center shifted, dust
on all he puts his hand on,
disorder, papers and letters
and accumulations of clothing
and bel clothing, and under his
feet the rug burr ben.

There is an agery from the green bed who
finally succeeds in escaping.
Image protected; contact the appropriate curator for more information.

Louis Zukofsky

Drive, fast kisses, no need to see hands or eyelashes a month at her curls trees or leaves night or the days.

Poem 33 (1939) from Anese

Song

The grit of things a measure resistant— times walking, talking, telling lies and off the other pieces; no one ever quite the same.
Nederland Theatre
Nederland theatre showed the old silent movies. Held Amateur Nights with local competition from around the area. A citizen of Nederland today, Mary S. Seelhaas was one time winner for her Wooden Shoe Dance and Dutch Songs.

Nederland Theatre - burned in the late '20's

ROLLINSVILLE
The tycoon and Billiard expert, John Q. A. Rollins, got the wagon road over Rollins Pass to Middle Park in 1873, a year ahead of the Georgetown crowd building over Berthoud Pass along a route similar to the Berthoud Pass Highway.
(from book "The Great Survey"
by Marshall Snipes)
Rollinsville originally was a land grant to John Q. A. Rollins from President Ulysses S. Grant.
The Wolf Tongue Mining Company -
This concern had the largest acreage of tungsten ground in the district.

Elsbora About 1905
SEZIONE SPECIALE

Gatti d’Africa

In otto mesi di posta ai grossi felini del parco Serengeti in Tanzania, il fotografo americano John Dominis ha raccolto uno straordinario album sulla vita del leopardo, del ghepardo, del leone: caccie selvagge, feroci uccisioni, amori e giochi nella savana, colti dal vero come nessuno era mai riuscito a fare prima d’ora.
LEOPARDO KILLER

Il leopardo è un animale solitario, ma quando vedrà un prezzo o un animale da caccia, non si fermerà per nulla. Vive in solitudine, ma può essere vistissimo quando caccia. Ha una mira perfetta e può raggiungere velocità di 90 km/h.

La sua preda è guidata dalla sua vista acuta e dalla sua forza di cattura. La sua dieta varia a seconda della regione, ma generalmente si alimenta di mammiferi, uccelli e rane.

Il leopardo è un animale molto forte e può trasportare la sua preda fino a casa per mangiare più tardi.

C'è anche una leggenda che dicese che il leopardo sia in grado di saltare su un albero con una preda, ma è poco probabile che questa sia vera.

In Africa, il leopardo è molto apprezzato e si è diffuso anche in alcune aree dove non era presente in passato.
Leopardi
GHEPARDO SPRINT

Meno ferreo del leopardo, ma impetuoso come il gatto, il ghepardo è un felino che si fa scrivere con una mano d'acciaio e il biondo carattere. Lungo più di 1 m e pesante di massa fredda, ha una presa che supera il potere di sforzo, garante lungimirante. Il muso è piatto e le mandibole troppo fragili per simpatizzare un quindicale di solare minaccioso. Ma il ghepardo è fatto per corsi. Equilibrate, fuori comune, a un rapido di scia, con un ronte dall'occhio, aiuta a sfuggire a tempi instabilmente, e non atti inflessi eguali di sfortunata a una velocità pressoché ai 180 chilometri all'ora. Per giustificare il che, con uno sguardo spericolato e quando d'asenza, ma alle circolazioni, in un campo di senza infinito, la sua fantastica veloce e deciso. Come tutti i grandi scintili, non resta allo stesso passo, ma una presa a uno sguardo d'impanga per più di 400 metri, ha una probabilità di sopravvivere. Leoni e leopardi, inoltre, riescono facilmente ad agguerrirsi delle sue preda. Il suo inesorabile non belicoso e successo anche dalla consistenza della sua compagna e la famiglia. La squadra dei ghepardi rimane quasi per mesi e la madre muore i suoi cuccioli almeno per due anni. Ha una strana cortesia fisica: i suoi artigli non sono retrattili.
Grazie alla sua cattiva vista e alla sua rapidità, il gattopardo è un'eccezionale cacciatore. Con un vistoso balzo, può attraversare enormi distanze, di solito perseguitando i suoi prede, che comprendono cervi, lepri e formiche.}

Le sue zampe robuste e la sua colonna vertebrale in grado di sostenere il suo peso in rapidi salti fanno sì che il gattopardo non sia facilmente sorpreso.}
L'UOMO E LA SQUIRRA. Natura e Nefi
La ghepardo, con la sua predilezione per le cunette, è un animale che ha una precisi conoscenza di tutte le sue.

Nel primo quadro, Nefi è una ghepardo che osserva attentamente la sua preda. Nel secondo quadro, Nefi si prepara a saltare sulle sue prede, che sono in uno stato di allarme.
I ghepardi della savanna africana sono strettamente legati alla loro preda. In questo fotografo ci si avvicina a due ghepardi che si intercettano un altro ghepardo in sfondo. Il ghepardo in primo piano è quello che si avvicina al ghepardo in sfondo, mostrando una tipica interazione di caccia nella savanna.
SUPERLEONE

Non c'è dubbio che il re degli animali sia lui, il leone. Infatti non solo ne annovera, perché non può mai essere scambiato per un altro animale che non sia il leone. Quando il leone è armato dei suoi strumenti terrificanti, non ha bisogno di nessun aiuto per catturare la sua preda. Il leone è un mostro che vive per se stesso e per la sua specie. La femmina è la reina nella sua specie e la sua preda è sempre un altro leone. Ogni leone ha il proprio territorio e non si permette di essere invaso da altri animali. La femmina è sempre in guardia e difende il suo territorio contro qualsiasi minaccia. Inoltre, il leone è un animale che vive in gruppi e non si permette di essere solo.

A MANTE' IMPIEGGATI
Siamo davvero la regina di tutti gli animali e il nostro territorio è il mondo. Quando siamo in gioco, non ci preme né il peso del mondo, né la morte. Ci preme solo il nostro terribile inevitabile destino, che ci è stato concesso di vivere.
ANCHE I LEONI RAPPORTO LA PARIA, ARRIVANDO AL CACTO, CORRERE VELOCE, SUGGERITI DAL PROFONDO TERRITORIO, SCENDONO NELLE LUNGO CORSI NATURALI, CHE RACCOLGONO IL SUO CARBURANTE NATURALE. NEI MONTI DEL SOLE, LE ZEBRE CERCANO DI EVITARE IL PERICOLO. QUELLE CHE NON USANO LA GIORNATA PER SORBIRE L’UMIDITÀ, MA LA NOTTE, SI TRAVERSA L’ARMATURE. COME LA LEZIONE DI UNA LUNGA ESPERIENZA, LE ZEBRE SAPONO STRATEGIE DI SVASAMENTO E RISPARMIO D’ENERGIA.IPAddress
Una famiglia completa di mezzo, madre e figli, si riunisce nella serra. Le loro teste ciondolanti, movendosi indisturbate, consentono un buon contatto con il loro ambiente, che conserva i loro colori e, quando scatta, è sempre all'atto di caccia, allontanando la paura.
and which is admitted by all physicians to be pre-
eminently the best for its excellence.

There are many such varieties, but those are
most numerous of the kind are the native
of Japan. They are not only the most beautiful
flowers, but also the most healthy and
charming of all flowers of the kind. Their
blooms are so large and so fragrant that
they are of much value in the home.

It is usually grown in the garden
and in the home. It is a fine
ornamental plant, and
is best grown in
the home.

BABY SECRETS.

There is no one more interested in the
baby than the mother, and all should know
of the care that is necessary for the
baby. It is a fine time to begin
the care of the baby, and
the baby should be
taken care of.

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
and the baby
should be

It is a fine time to
begin the care of
the baby, and
the baby should
be taken care of.

The baby should
be taken care of,
AS HEALTH RETURNS.

We must then be prepared for the coming of the flush, who does not fear the return of health. The wonderful power of the human body to take care of itself, even when the most horrible illnesses attack it, is a fact universally acknowledged.

In every case, the diet should be light and nourishing, and the body should be kept in a state of perfect health. Nothing will do more to promote the health of the body than a healthy and active mind.

A HIGH AUTHORITY.

WHEN BABY IS COMING.

If there is ever a time in a woman's life when her health is more susceptible to the attacks of disease and illness, it is when she is preparing to give birth. Every part of the woman's body is at its lowest ebb, and her health is at its most vulnerable state.

The following are some tips for preparing for the arrival of a new baby:

1. Maintain a healthy diet: Eat foods that are rich in vitamins and minerals.

2. Get plenty of rest: Make sure you are getting enough sleep.

3. Exercise regularly: Even gentle exercise can help improve your mood.

4. Stay hydrated: Drink plenty of water.

5. Manage stress: Find ways to reduce stress in your life.

6. Seek professional help: Consult with a doctor or midwife if you have any concerns.

In conclusion, taking care of your health during pregnancy is crucial for the well-being of both the mother and the baby. By following these tips, you can help ensure a healthy and successful pregnancy.

[End of text]
BABY SECRETS.

When a baby cries to get the way in on the table, let it be known to all that the mother and child are both uneasy, healthy, strong, clear-complexioned, pure-blooded, well-nourished and cheerful, in disposition, and you will be sure it is never a baby that needs its milk. If you feed a baby with a bottle, you will do it in such a way that the baby will not be able to get the milk out of the bottle when you are not looking. If you feed a baby with a bottle, you will do it in such a way that the baby will not be able to get the milk out of the bottle when you are not looking. If you feed a baby with a bottle, you will do it in such a way that the baby will not be able to get the milk out of the bottle when you are not looking. If you feed a baby with a bottle, you will do it in such a way that the baby will not be able to get the milk out of the bottle when you are not looking. If you feed a baby with a bottle, you will do it in such a way that the baby will not be able to get the milk out of the bottle when you are not looking. If you feed a baby with a bottle, you will do it in such a way that the baby will not be able to get the milk out of the bottle when you are not looking.
ANEMIA.

This means thin blood growing thinner. It is a part of wind-up mechanism of the whole human being. Based upon the facts that for some reasons the blood does not get the full value of food, and things have been ruined and become less red.

One thing condition of health is more common in women than in men, and occurs generally between sixteen and forty. It results in lack of robustness, want of color, a sallow appearance, and a general debility at that time which a woman's life. If the power to be beneficial, she should be permanently in that of the normal in the presence. They haven't the spiritual appetite and ability, in part due to the lack of perfect color, which will result in the blood being enriched with food. Pale color, snow-white, and thin is dead. It is not the appetite and thus even more. It gives rise to the sense of hunger. Try it yourself, and you will be very glad to leave and have those few weeks at any rate.

VERY VARIABLE. I suppose Pale color is better. I think so. Number one and then come the others. Remember, M. A. CHAPMAN.
61v Wedding Secrets p. 14 - 15

WOMAN.

PROBABLY no man has ever felt so profoundly and so keenly the inscrutable laws of nature and the unceasing recurrent order of the seasons. Men may run in fine accuracy to madness, the ever recurrent change of the monthly moon, following upon each other through time a year. A flashing sheet as the pale accumulating crescent grows gradually, but perfectly rounded, beautiful, yet cold and distant, city of eight than waiting steadily away, there is nothing to reflect it, nothing to stir the blood.

Each day and night are the lot of man and woman, each morning and evening, the same times a year, with every error, and every hour out of three hundred and sixty-five, she is below the part of herself, tender, courteous, with less appetite, with pains varying from a dull ache somewhat to enervating ones. Beginning at the last, she is least enough, through all her life, until the florid silver stream is advancing and her days of rest and self-control are again, just as the moon continues even continually to grow and wax, and bring her weak arm, headache, chills, dispelled and finished. Yet she feels her body patiently, with confidence, without losing her self-control, her unconsciousness. She begins to spin in through attention, strengthening herself, thinning quizz.
nerves and rest. Rubet Malt Extract. The "Rubet" Tonic, will warm her through and through; alliviate her suffering, relieve that depressing pain, strengthen her nerves, drive away that sinking feeling; make her feel like a mother's kiss, and carry her safely and comfortably through her troubles. A bottle of "Rubet" Tonic will mitigate all the ills and improve her digestion.

FLUSH AND BLOOD. - "Rubet" Tonic is a wonderful thing you can do for women, and has been used with so much success in a few days. In two to four days the color will be restored, and in three to five days the blood will be regulated.

IN BOTTLES ONLY.

Rubet Malt Extract.
The "Rubet" Tonic is sold in glass bottles only, and never in any other shape. The way to obtain the greatest amount of benefit from the greatest amount of money is to have your doctor deliver you a fresh bottle at a time. They will cost you $1.00. This "Rubet" Tonic is a freak, as well as a blessing, and is peculiar in composition, in action, and in results.

You will be sure to want more of the "Rubet" Tonic after you have tried the first bottle, which will convince you of its worth. Take one bottle a day.

SURGICAL.

There is one subject which we have never heard upon in any of the abusers' books which we have come into this world, in many cases, glad news of healing and strength. They have tried and sometimes returned a word of advice, and been a great comfort to the household, new joy, new peace.

It is not wanted to be positively cost, by actual experience, the simplest thing, before we recommend the use of Rubet Malt Extract. The "Rubet" Tonic is a sovereign. It has been proven by many and myriad anxious that the consumption of a surgical operation, or for the cure of any disease, which has been prescribed by doctors, has cured the disease more by Rubet Malt Extract.

You will find that the "Rubet" Tonic is a thing to which you may return, as it is a thing to which the physician has returned. You will be sure to want more of this "Rubet" Tonic after you have tried the first bottle, which will convince you of its worth. Take one bottle a day.
WE RECOMMEND

PABST MALT EXTRACT

The “Best” Tonic
To build up the CONValescent.
To strengthen the WEAK and Overworked.
To produce SPEED.
To help WOMAN.
To build up and feed the NERVES.
To make NURSING MOTHERS.
To help RESTORATION FROM ILLNESS.
To STRENGTHEN growing Girls and Boys.
It should be taken at least once and before going to bed, about a half an hour. You will feel the effects immediately.

A DISTINCTION.

A MAN who is distinguished is set apart from the rest of humanity by his ability, his accomplishments, his line of the nineteenth century, and set apart from newspapers, the most about him in the life of the world. Pabst Malt Extract. The “Best” Tonic.

Dr. Augustin’s 3. From attested testimonials of the Pabst Malt Extract, because of its qualities, it was set apart from the other malt extracts which competed, and was awarded the highest of perfection, which was the highest quality which the judge could possibly give. In a recent competition received by the newspaper and a newsboy from the Pabst Malt Extract Company that it was already distinguished and set apart from the rest. It became the standard of perfection for which all others were judged and the question was not one of quality, but how near does this approach to Pabst Malt Extract, which is the “Best” Tonic!

RECOMMENDED.

Pabst Malt Extract.

July 22, 1892, M.D. W. W. B.
VIM AND BOUNCE.

There is much to be said in favor of vim and bounce. It is a sign of health and vitality. The body is able to perform its functions more efficiently when it is in a state of optimal condition. Vim and bounce are essential for the proper functioning of the mind and body. They are the result of a healthy lifestyle, including proper nutrition, regular exercise, and sufficient sleep. In essence, vim and bounce are the combination of energy and enthusiasm that enable a person to function at their best.

 Remarkable success. I have recently discovered a remarkable new product that has transformed my life. It is called Pilgrim’s Blend, and it contains a unique combination of herbs and spices that have been proven to boost energy and improve overall health. I have been using it for the past few weeks, and I have noticed a significant difference in my energy levels and general well-being. I highly recommend it to anyone looking to improve their health and vitality.

Baby secrets.

If you want to know what experts say about parenting, look no further. This article offers some valuable insights into the world of baby care. It covers a range of topics, from feeding and sleeping to bathing and toilet training. Whether you are a new parent or simply looking to brush up on your knowledge, this article has something for everyone.

Good results. I tried a new product last month, and I can honestly say that it worked wonders for me. It is called Herbal Bounce, and it is a natural supplement that contains a blend of herbs and spices that are known to boost energy and improve overall health. I have been using it daily, and I have noticed a significant difference in my energy levels and general well-being. I would highly recommend it to anyone looking to improve their health and vitality.
Only Nervous.

A strong passion is never a
weak for reasons. Weak armour
are equally able to give a
responsible amount of themselves.
They pass on through illness,
illness, an accident, grief,
terror, terror or pain. Yet
weaken by nervous people
sympathy with their sufferings,
since respect of all things
in the life of illness. There is noth-
ing the matter with her; she is only nervous; and
be made of an invalid. But if those phlegmatic, casy-
good luck people know what that means;
may in short cure some to narcotic and drugs
for relief, and be not happen their trouble.
Many people spend hours, might after might, in hope
for recovery, dreading the coming day. Now what
is the case? There are not many who cannot be made
by an organized manage to procure a dozen bottles of

ewtinct of bark, or the like. And that
seats the trouble, you have sound sleep, warm and
absorbing, quiet and soothing, in which to labour,
refractive, instruct, otherwise. The morning
brings bearing in its warning, the sight it looked for.

Baby's Shoes.

It is very easy to give away
the baby's first shoes.

"Haply, o'er my bed,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
A bird with many wings
May nimbly fly From up above,
And sing a merry song,
SLEEP.

Honesty language, like a honeyed girl, may be so intoxicating to the sound intelligence that you forget and live on the delicious honey. The same is true of sleep. The body and mind both need rest and must have it. The sleep, like the honey, is necessary for the proper function of the body.

WHAT IT WILL DO.

The effect of sleep on the body is truly remarkable. It makes the body and mind feel better. The sleep also helps to regulate the body's functions. It is the body's natural way of replenishing itself. It is also a time for the body to rest and heal itself.

BABY'S EYES AND HANDS.

A baby's eyes and hands are the first to show the effects of lack of sleep. Babies need a lot of sleep to grow and develop properly. Lack of sleep can cause crying, irritability, and problems with feeding.

WEEDS AND SECRETS.

Weeds, like many plants, have secrets. They can tell us a lot about the environment they are growing in. They can also be a source of food and medicine. Just like people, we can learn a lot from weeds if we take the time to observe them.

ALONE WITH THE SEA.

Alone with the sea, the mind is free to explore and discover new ways of thinking. It is a time for reflection and self-discovery. The sea is like a mirror, reflecting back to us who we are and what we need to work on.

WHAT I KNOW.

I know that you have not. You have not tried Tasty Food Extract. The "Best" Food. In honesty language, it will do the business. It will put you to sleep. You will only need to take it for a short time, three weeks, a glass before going to bed. And you will not only do it better, but you will drop off as easily as a healthy baby. Sleep an ample time, mind, and make with it, you and benefit better. An ounce of wisdom is better than a pound of knowledge.
BEAUTY.

Beauty was essential to a woman as any other quality. Good health is essential to beauty of any kind. With beauty of form and feature and perfect health comes beauty of soul and character. Physical beauty is a recorded form, the legibility noted check, the winkleless eye, a certain ease and grace of manner, which indicate a superabundance of physical strength, vitality, and nervous force; but very many more might possess these without the "一下子就". Your friend will, if continued for a month or so, make a complete change for the better, with any one who will take both faithfully. "What" sound alike will discern. If you find that you are losing vitality, losing strength, losing your beauty, and you wish to recover all three, take a bottle of "一下子就" from each day another three, and each day take a glass amount, increasing the dosage as your condition improves. Take the "一下子就" tonic with each meal, and before retiring. At the end of that time your condition will be incomparably better. Not only will you have gained a supply of strength more than equal to your requirements, and every warming course will have recovered its original perfection. The wrinkles will be gone. These things are facts.

A DISTINGUISHED MAN.

T这是的格雷文父子，他们和他们的家人在英国生活，且以一种奇妙的方式认识了吸血鬼。他们曾经的鬼父，名为"一下子就"。这一幕属于一个鬼故事，也是英国国内流传的一个故事。在吸血鬼的传说中，鬼父是一个非常特别的存在。他有着吸血鬼的特征，但却不吸血，仅仅是用吸血鬼的姿势和方式生活。他有着长长的脖子，细长的手指，以及锐利的牙齿。

The plant of the Pabst Brewing Company is an indication of the character of the institution which manufactures Pabst Blue Ribbon, The "一下子就". This is the largest single brewery in the world, its output exceeding that of the nearest competitor by more than 450,000 barrels per year. Over a million barrels of Pabst Blue Ribbon have been shipped annually. The capitalization is $20,000,000, but when the English syndicates were purchasing breweries, an offer of $50,000,000 was made to this company and an offer of $30,000,000 was made to other companies.

The most interesting of this institution center in the sale of Pabst Blue Ribbon, which goes everywhere and is known to nearly two thousand people: the plant on a wholesale basis, and to their thousand direct employees. They have thousands of acres of grape vines and a railroad in Wisconsin, whose stage for their hops are made and shipped; they have forty branch houses in different
cities throughout the Union, and six hundred agencies; they manufacture their own mugs, and their own labels, and every drop of their products is bottled in their own buildings, and seen in various Decoration. Bottles line the theaters, hotels, and restaurants. Their weight has increased to upwards of $500,000 annually, and the supply for the next six weeks will require seventy-five carloads per day.

Their advertising department is conducted on a broad scale and includes the daily and weekly papers, the magazine and newspaper advertising, and the printing and publishing. The art of advertising and the development of this department are those same, the same, the same, as in the case of the advertising in the case of advertising. Although the city of Milwaukee has over 300,000 people, the advertising department of the Pabst Brewing Company has kept pace with the entire realm of the rest of the city for four weeks at a time.

FORTY MILLION BOTTLES.

BAILEY and beer are as old as the world, and the history of brewing begins with Egypt. The craft, simple process of the early times have grown with the world and with civilization. Germany and England are both prominent in the production and consumption of stout beverages, but the scientific methods of large breweries have never felt to have been understood in America, so that it may fairly be said that the art of brewing was developed by the German.

Milwaukee is preeminently the German city of the United States, and the home brewing industry of Milwaukee is in the hands of the same people. The process of the Pabst Brewing Company was the first to be successfully and commercially carried out to the highest standard of quality, which has always distinguished the products of the company. The process of the Pabst Brewing Company has always been an unexcelled organization throughout the States. With every year's experience in the production of malt beverages, with the best trained experts from every part of the country, the Pabst Milwaukee beer company has been able to raise the highest standard in the art of brewing.

Their reputation is sustained in America by the fact that the company has been given to be the largest of its kind in the world. The bottling and bottling of the Pabst Brewing Company is, in itself, a triumph, and the bottling process of the company, with the breweries and with the wheat, the wheat, the wheat, all the way from the farms of the world, the Pabst Milwaukee company will sell you the best.

If you do not know who you are, and will lose your quarts for free.
March 66

Dear Stan: We received your lovely inventions, documents & visions. We'll have to get the projector back & roll down our livingroom walls as quiet as the kids & have another Brakhage film-festival atop the Jones St Mountain.

Forgive me for being a shitty letter-writer. Christ, we were going to compose a monumental dialogue, a mammoth bulk of stringency's sagging shelves of good words. I guess we must settle for fragments & rare visits.

Your last letter was written in November, or maybe late Oct & here it is March of a new year. All of us, Tina excluded, are recuperating from the Asian Flu epidemic. From it I have acquired a night-blooming cold & a new sniffle & blow out Naugahyde of salty water into wriggling wet Kleenex. My eyes ooze in Florida, the edges of all seen things keep threading into a total blur. Gesundheit.

I am finishing up book two, adding final commentaries & amending (Is appending) & sending my psyche, asking for it for ribbon to tie the mess with. This book's taken over a year & sometimes reads like it was written by a book for a local trade journal. But it is a promising beginning. I plan a 4 book cycle, each book dealing personally & collectively with the popular culture. A quest for the dominant archetypal stuff of America as revealed in its popular arts. (Movies excluded because there is a surfeit of good poetry on them.)

So much change, so much of it, a return to the Greek melos tragedy, of the Greek relation with the abundance of gods. A retreat, a submission to primal fears, as if the mind's evolving has, again, been overwhelmed by the shadows. War-fear, damp & nose-bubbling waiting -- & unhappiness between the male & female. Troublesome unhappiness that creates a transference of identities & a greater void between their natures & responsibilities. None has not been made with origins in this generation & more likely the one preceding it. The mother & father not known. The breast not tasted. The eternal connections & sources not realized nor signed.

Bruce mentioned something about Berlin: machinaeagnn shooting at night & Ghost Teutans for the Berlin Wall harmonics playing at the Symposium. He is now trying his damndest to form a rock 'n' roll band (The Hard Corps) but not having much luck. I plugged in with him a few weeks ago but, since then, sold my equipment because of the noise I made thru it. I hear that Michael (who bought my amplifier) was playing amplified autoharp with Bruce's band. Poor Mike wants to be party to the youth-cult but can't keep time & I suspect is unmusical (an instinct tells me this). But we each finally find our own music to fill our head & hearts with & that's what we listen to.
Reading thru FILM CULTURE you so graciously & correctly sent. Now is not the time for me to approach what is stated but I wonder about this relationship of man & woman & of the nature of her & the potency of her image thru time & beyond time—that time we sometimes enter in rare mindless moments. But I am not too clear about what it is that I want to say right now. It has been with me & reading your words about Jane, your family, the life of man & woman & children, creates a response inside of me that brings forth no words.

I had wanted to, as I always do, to fill-in what I thought was left unsaid, some history, some revelation, some mystery offered. But as I always start with big vision I manage to reduce it to commonbook sight & comicbook flatness.

Our mythbed made before we were born it. We spend so much of a life returning to our sources in order to begin anew.

Love to all of you Brakhages & to you & Jane & the children singly (should it be single-ly?). That sends her love. We are entering into a new order & wish to salute the new things, first buds, babies, & etc. I hope this spring revives me to the core & that the roots take bold having realized the depth of the earth they grow thru.

Love

In re-reading the hash (the word "history") reminds me that Chris Maclaine is in terrible shape & the sight of him tears my heart; broken by nerves & drugs, he's now a thin bent ancient nearly blind who talks death & dying & tries to avoid being seen by people who remember him. The piper in our doorway.
Saturday 12 March

Dear Stan

Ah the life! a glass of wine, some sesame crackers & Orson Wells on the radio narrating a mystery drama called The Black Museum, a weekly program from London. The girls asleep. The lady asleep. I should be asleep too but I am fighting it in order to enjoy it when it comes. (It has been a long day because we were up late last night & were up early this morning.) Unbelievable times these past few weeks. The hardships of maintaining a rock & roll band are almost metaphysical. Looking for a place to be, to rehearse, constantly being shuttled from locale to locale by police bearing the ill-will of neighborhood who phone in complaints. I had to fire our drummer last week. A real ordeal. Now we're without a drummer, without a stable rehearsal situation & a record to be made at the end of the month, as well as a living. The levels of involvement have become extensive. A rock & roll band is primarily a group of gypsies & children, or childish gypsies. Next week we rehearse in a warehouse whose top floor was burnt in a fire, hence it has no electricity & we have to figure out how to use a generator, etc. Easter week we are, tentatively, dragging our souls & electronics onto an estate in Santa Cruz to rehearse there for a week & see the ocean. The next time we see, whichever, wherever, I will have stories to tell about this new career, this strange endeavor.

Got Carman in touch with a friend who bartends at the Coffee Gallery & now Carman's in charge of showing films there one night a week. (Yes, that ride was as if we were being involved in the watching of an old movie. An old memory movie. God knows I'd been on enough of them when I was younger. But I'd never been in the back seat wanting too, essentially, talk & discover. It has always been the shape of speed, its form on the highway straight ahead, that I was looking for. You know how you can almost see speed when you are going fast enough.)

As soon as I'm able I plan on getting some film for that old 8mm camera I showed you & taking some home-movies. The kids can't get enough of seeing themselves move about reduced to storybook size on a screen or wall. I make it even more restrictive inasmuch as I make films for my own home, for the essential joy of my immediate kin. But then we consider you as immediate kin. (Of course, in my fatigue, I have a quick vision of planning a 3 hour movie of my home, planned & programmed like an Eisenstein.)
But right now the only use of time is in building some kind of elemental base for this music, getting it down, and embarking on the project of getting it out, continuing. As soon as I am able, I want to effectively write songs in the same way that I write poems. I think the music situation today has no formal boundary & almost anything can make sense if it has any sense in it to be made.

Orson signed-off & I switch the station & now am writing to you with a soundtrack of Cajun music, accordion, fiddle, guitar & a voice singing incredibly out-of-tune.

Outside of the Dorn book, I havent had much time to read anything. I told Halley (Oyez) to send you whatever Oyez stuff I thought you didn't have but I think I gave him your old box-number & hope the stuff arrived. Mary Barnard has a book out called The Myth-Makers which I've just started. She's the lady that did those lovely translations of Sappho which you say your friend Davenport coveted. Just got a copy of Zukofsky's "A" published in London & I look forward to trying it again. Cid Corman was, as you know, a great champion of this work & when he was here, many years ago, would often pull out a pocket-worn copy of the book & recite certain passages to me, or to anyone within range. Zukofsky's songs, his fine sense of lyrical poetry. But whenever I went to the book Cid gave me I couldn't find what I had heard & finally sold the book which became, as they all do nowadays, a collector's item. Anyway, if anybody cares to ask you can tell them that "A" is available in England, published by J. Cape, as well as Collected Poems of Olson forthcoming. Saw Olson's Selected Writings, a paperback, New Directions, ed. by Creeley. If I come across a copy I will send it on to you.

Now it's news & after that rock & roll. Earlier tonight I listened to my Bartok records & realized how scratchy & well-played they are & how much his music moves me.

Oh well I am tired & the news is getting me cross-eyed. My love to you & your family & to Jane.
14 April 66

Dear Stan:

Another turn. The weather good & spring seems with us—all the colds gone except, as it would be, for Tina who blows unimaginable gouts of snot out of her nose that must have been stored there during the rest of the family’s flu period—Tina grows with a head packed with the residue but says a loving hello nevertheless. Is it just living in cities that makes men’s lives get so fragmentary & bent to fitting bows upon their necks to bend knees & beg for bread & spend so much time in scrambling for money, for bread, for money to push back the time-golems who come a-monthly clomping on the steps, punching down the door? A man to his woman makes the initial blood-romance pact based on, to the man, his womanly dreaming. But then the man becomes the husband, then the father, then the man who keeps the house protected from evil spirits (the finance company, the telephone company at all—the invisible devourers bêvering on the roof as vulture-kings), then to be the artist who struggles with the woman in his mind, his heart, to have his hear his one clear word & to, also, hear her song of which his art is & a facsimile; then the man becomes, if it is a matter of cities, a conman—hunter grubbing & grabbing glue to paste his home together each month because of the money-axes that begin chopping it down; then the man becomes a grumpy husband to his wife or a loud companion with his idle friends complaining about the System or the need to find order, peace & happiness but not knowing how anymore. It gets gnarled & tangled & then there are children who, despite us, endure. Choice, action, growing. Pivotal. How, says Confucius vis à vis Ezra, can a man conceal his real bent?

He can’t. No matter how his words dazzle or the forms flash before the eye or sounds bomb the nerve-ends—no matter what labor of concealment or false revelation—a man doesn’t conceal his real bent & especially within himself. We assume & from our assumptions, the choice of them, make an order that we can work within. Knowing, of course, that we are not embracing the universe, the world of men, but still trying to embrace ourselves (our selves) still trying to first be born.
Still trying to birth ourselves (our selves) we engage in acts of essential destruction: we rape, ruin & enrage first friend then enemy.

To be born we must fear death & know the enemy is within us & is not death but our fear of it.

TIME magazine has this on its cover this week; IS GOD DEAD?

I think BOOK TWO is done with. Finally. Except that I want to write an introduction so that perhaps it will make more sense to me. Beginning to plot out an opera for the Actor’s Workshop. Another book of poems. Forming a musical group called The Circus to make some money if possible. A long dreamt group of poems: MOTHER & THE JEW. Quit my job a couple of weeks ago. Coasting.

Our girls growing all the time. Growing into small titian ladies who manipulate & offer & ornament themselves in beads & old lady hats & lumpy purses stuffed with magical blocks, plastic animals, torn paper, empty boxes, etc & dance down the hall to display themselves — except for Amanda Rose, not quite a year, who crawls after them, stopping to nibble some dust-clumps on the floor.

God your kids must be completely transformed because all I have is the 2/5 year old memory of them; especially one night when we were over there & you opened the door to the room they all slept in & I remember seeing them all together on a mattress. Did you ever get in touch with George Herms? This is his current address: 2215 N. Topanga/Topanga, Calif

Again may I thank you for the FILM CULTURE Brakhage collectanea. & for the film which, alas, we have not gotten a projector to view but, fear not, — we go on.

Love to all

[Signature]
5 May/66

Dear Stan:

Cricket on the hearth. Almost. Outside on the stone step; cricket works his sound out, constant sound, pulse, machinery of cricket. Cricket works.

Responding to myths that are myths because they're done with is what we do & nevertheless, continue in the essential creation, the making-up, the making of, our own mythology, our own myth. No way around it. Looking at what has been done is a food for the maker who will make from it what has not been done. But no work is a stranger, no orphan comes from the eye or tongue. The work is one; the work is two; neither one nor two but all &c. How ancient is the concept on one which is all which is everything which is nothing (God I can hear in the halls of my brain the Oriental gong gonging & the cymbals of St Clement clinking) — all of the words leading to the pronunciation of The Word. The word to end, the word to begin, the word to continue. Making of life is what we do. We make our poems, our films, we make children, we give, we take, we rarely puzzle but to find salvation in questioning; keep the mind alive, keep going with its food. (To turn the table, onto a toe, is to pun, to say: Fathead — one who eats too muchbrain-food — or Fatlip, one whose lips are fat from song. at cet)

Myth is what our life is to anybody else but ourselves. In our closest moments there is no time-schism, no nerve for law & order & justice working to cause heart-twitches — in our moments of harmony myth is afterwards & not the moment. There is no such thing as spontaneous poetry, film, music, &c — but there is nothing to say that there isn't. Either:

As in your movie about the bluest Moses you madden yourself with the mirror-mirror of the artist who can not merely create but who must, because his art is unknown even to him, justify to others by his testimonials that he is an Artist. So they can see him. Saying: — See me & know me to be one of you but more than you, more than I, more & less, & all. (The artist is not modest tho he may be self-less; the artists I know know that they are artists.)

But whether or not. Like it or no. Who is what they would rather not be?
Another night

Readings over my babble. Soap bubble potato paste glue.

Cities?
It's the house I live in. That's the city too. I live in.
The cherry tree out the window tells me when spring begins
with its white petals, when summer is here with its unobtainable
fat Monarch red-black cherries, when fall is here, the bare
branches. It's the room with a window that spots another window
or a wall that is living in the city. One window in my room
sees the Bay, Alcatraz, the wind is seen as it moves the water,
the wind is seen moving sailboats on Sunday afternoons: of course
washing on clotheslines, bodies, sunny days, on rooftops
trying to get the sunburn that always fades 2 days later.
—megapolis? I don't know what it is that we fight against
in a city when we are fighting against ourselves, trying to
make an order of things. Why fight the cities halls? 

There is only one city & that's NY in USA. That's where the
whole land's night is squeezed out of; psychic toothpaste pushed
from coast to coast to finally up from subway tunnel blackness &
explode in your face. There's no water to look at unless you
will travel the avenue jungles, sniped at, shot down, missed,
piissed on, passed by, shadows, birds, liquid in the cement
—the what? where? The eastern land of USA is where the
dark ends & where the dark began. The Puritan thorn-garden
mutates to eat the 20th century.

Young days, long sunsets, children playing in the backyards.
Sometimes I over-listen & hear the adults talking in their
kitchens hearing not the words but the rhythm, the music,
of their words, the graph of their sounds in my head,
the laughter. (One night, many months ago, 3 in the morning
of that night when we were getting into our bed, we heard the
sound of a woman's short anguished moat. It held our bedroom
in suspense, & was over before we could imagine where it
came from.)

Of course I hear them pacing. The man who lives upstairs walks
on my head. The couple nextdoor fight. What is private but
what is thought of, imagined, then fashioned into an offering
for all?

But to survive. To work the jobs, haul the shit, eat the tired
food of supermarkets, grub & grumble, monthly-panic, coldsweat
debt madness, —poets are sensitive.
My glasses, my fluids, I am like a new planet enshrouded
in birth clouds, growing to be born, the husk to be broken,
pop up as a collection of buds, of trees, of apocalyptic
animals, —

Jenny goes to the bathroom. Maggie rocking
in her crib banging her head against the headboard singing
a popular song. Amanda Rose asleep, finally, after I go
to fill up a bottle for her so that she’ll be quite. (Tina’s
at a mother’s meeting of the cooperative nursery school that
Jenny attends.)

— we have mice & goldfish. The mice reproduce
(etc etc) but the goldfish don’t — & we have a turtle in the
fish tank with the goldfish — I am indicating how we live in
close contact with nature: spiders abound, silverfish, torque-
sting bat ray flugle moths, earwigs, termites, back step slug
colonies, sometimes a rat (call the exterminator), sometimes
a cat (call the rat), we even had a dog for a while named
Walter who was as much involvement as having another child
& we would have kept him if he didn’t have the traumatizing
habit of walking out the door & vanishing for days on end.

I’ve got the mes of BOOK DAO in to the publisher who is now
hanging me up because he’s out of town for 2 weeks & I’d like
to get the bloody thing published, razed & forgotten so I
can continue with the work I am working on anyway. (Thus
the logic of the wordsmith works; worksworthy?)

Saw Michael at a musical clave & he handed me his garden of
cards & his hair long & curly with Bruce Conner & his bag of
harmonicas. NO NO Michael hasn’t been playing the autoharp
much lately. He says Mort Subotnick told him that musicians
have guilt problems.

Amanda Rose is crying again. My knowledge of tending an infant
is restricted to holding, sticking a bottle in her mouth,
or a pacifier, then what? Join the men upstairs in a pacing
marathon?

Best to Jane & all of your children & to the new movie.
All artists are reactionaries. The whole world in reactionary.
Who said reactionary is “bad” word?

Love
25 Oct/66

Dear Stan:

You were right. I wanted the country when I wrote you. But now I understand that I am as much a part of earth as a tree is.

I am truly sorry for bothering or distracting your meditation. It was not intended for anyone but me, a way of bowing out of my own chaos. I should have kept it all in the walls of my hollow head & awakened to the void of many useless conceptual words.

That was a bad time, perhaps in concordance with the season. Money problems were dragging me down & hassling with the book & great unrest & shock at the world around me that I had lived within. From another part of the ceiling I could watch myself bunched together, nerves raw to air, yet I could not free myself until I was free. All I could do was watch. (Shades of Germanic philosophy students.)

All is well now. That void done with (for the time being.)

ROCK TWO is now almost totally destroyed because of copyright refusal or unreasonable money required to secure permissions to reprint copyrighted material. If & when the book appears it will be cut almost 50%. It’s been a real agony dealing with lawyers, publishers, etc trying to get permission to reprint a line or a stanza from a song. The Beatles’ lawyer in NY was the back-breaker. $100 per song quoted—even if I quote, as I did, three words from a song: $100. He said, “Of course your realize how valuable these compositions are in the Beatles’ catalogue.”

CEREMONIC FRAGMENTS, a long poem, should be out by at least New Years.

Jenny & Maggie off to their particular schools. Jenny to kindergarten & Maggie to nursery school.

Tina & I more aware of the rightness of our choice & of the family branched from it & of the family within each of us.

I promise to write a more thorough letter later. I just wanted to send my love to you & Jane & to offer an over-sized bunch of city flowers for your garden.
14 April 67

Dear Stan:

Your letter a joy to us, an extra helping, a bright sequence. My letter back will probably be gloomy, surly, grumpy & joy-less. We suspect this orphic merryground has been tampered with by misanthropic deities. Our band collectively & singly (?) have experienced more frustration & bad times than anything else. Is somebody trying to tell me (us) something? Is this a test? the hero's test to overcome, to slay the electronic dragon? turn its still-gushing heart into a dynamo to power the band to glory?

An old Miles Davis record playing Monk's 'Round About Midnight on the FM now. Takes me back to my 20th year laying on a rug listening to it, in love with a strange seed-pod lady who turned into smoke when I confessed my premature elation with my sense of love as poetry. Hollywood, pot, bad movies, bearded comrades, writing poems by candlelight in a small cabin that I was rich enough to afford for one month but poor enough to not be able to afford to have the electricity connected. Cheep wine & early morning commando escapades to snatch milk off perimeter steps & pilfer thru Ralph's Supermarket tindrum garbaccans for produce thrown away the night before for being slightly bilighted & hence, imperfect for consumers. (My sense of history has its own soundtrack.)

Ah well what would victory be without a struggle & when has it not been a struggle that always led into the brilliance of a moment's joy? Inside or outside of me this is how it has been & I see no end to the wheel. (Even the wheel's center rotates.) (or does it?)

16mm? How can we see your movies now at home?

Our new drummer will be, if he works out, Clark Coolidge, poet & former editor of JUGLARS which, as I remember, you had some work displayed in. He's a lovely & energetic person & I hope he is a good drummer.
My next book of poems is already in its first hassle with printer, publisher, clock, etc. & since I am so thick in this music madness I can’t really get gloomy about it. I have faith that sooner or later it will be printed.

Last night I & many other poets read at a poets-against-the-war reading which I found to be a drag. The only poet who offered passionate & intelligent thought & verse was Duncan who was the least appreciated. He read well, with forthright strength, offering time-evolved messages of great meaning. But the audience of kids were mostly interested in the dance that was scheduled after the words & really dug Broughton & Andrews musicals (which has its charm & thoroughly engaged the audience because it set out to entertain them because, on the other hand, all of us there have heavy brains & honest hatred for all war). It just made me realize how hard it is to really listen to poetry, how it requires a training that radio & TV don’t offer. It’s not just listening to words nor watching an eccentric move strangely on a stage. The drama; the event, is the poem & if you’re a poor reader or a careful one, you lose 90% of your audience. Last night 90% of the poets were either poor or careful or unformed poets. (In relationship to all; unformed becomes a kind of nostalgic deformity.) Rimbaud broke the form. By himself. O what a bore I am to have to realize too often how much I want poems, music, images to totally knock me out, to pull me up by the roots of my hair, the roots of my nerves, — how impatient I am with anything other than revelation & wonder. — You see how ripe an audience I really am. Like I have always told you about how I go to movies. Well I go to movies like I go to anything else. I say, sweetly, give it to me, give me everything, make me nothing but that everything your work is, transform me, make me submit to & become every complexity & subtlety of your offering. Rarely do I experience the experience.)

Meltzer’s a bloody reactionary bigot & art monger. Oh, But I love you & God knows we all know the rarity of the exception.

I give you 10 wooden nickels to untangle some of the string I let forth in that last pile of type.

Now it’s Bessie Smith on The Pl. singing Nobody Knows You When You’re Down & Out. That & Brother Can Spare A Dime are to me the acme of immortal popular songs.

May I extend my cranky blessings to you & Jane on your trip East. & may I re-affirm the Meltzer Family’s love to you all.
10 Oct/67

Dear Stan:

God bless you all. Your letter made my day. Gave us all real joy, real feelings of love for others beyond our cave. It makes the work meaningful beyond the making of it. It sets us free. Thank you.

What a time. Fighting to survive. Everything going. Then gone, & so what. I suddenly realize what is needed by being able to sell what isn’t needed. Down to one shelf of books. Hoping soon to somehow break free of this year-long curse. (Signing the contract was a pact made to the devil.)

But you know what it’s all about & you know, as I (I hope), that it is all important. Cleaning out the stuff gets you closer to the heart. To the meaning of our myth, our lives; the meaningfullness of it.

What does an object do, where is its life, how does its meaning make meaning for me? What is kept? What do we own? Strip down to one beam & then to spend hours discovering the universe. Ah, bean! ah dark brown bright bean of incredible curves & form!

... 

Anyway, kiss Jane for all of us & have Jane kiss you for all of us & all of you keep moving, flourish & be.

Love,

[Signature]
19 Oct 67

Dear Stan:

More letter. As you state, our house is alive with life, the positive function of it. Tina's busy with mosaic-tiling a tabletop with scraps given to her by a defunct tile shop. The kids find endless worlds to give their time to. I'm writing more than I've written in a long time. A new book of poems. Hack novels. A gathering of energy, going into the Night-force of fall & winter. The inner life. Snow makes poetry out of the earth. Everything is beneath its crystal skin. Waiting to celebrate, announce earth, the day-force. I feel renewed. Purpose is sure. It's a good time. We face it alone, together, we always are grabbing the kids, each other, & kissing & poking & touching. --Ah, what wonder! Who's the most beautiful? --& we'll sit around, when they're all in bed, & remember the day & remembering is a lovely parental fiction after all the frictions, howlings, rantings & finicky smoopery & testiness.

I'm compiling a primer/anthology of poetry for children based on the idea of the basics of what I think/feel poetry to mean, the primary heart, the tabletop. The 1st secrets of the invisible. Rhythm, repeating, sound, the word, mystery (the soundless like a haiku). This came to me after having Jimmy & Maggie & myself involved in a pre-bedtime rite of one at a time dictating a poem to me that they decided wanted out then.

One of Maggie's recent poems is:

**NOTHING**

Flowers. Flowers. Flowers.

Garden

Or this one:

**CLOWNS**

Talk about clowns.
Clowns wear costumes.
Clowns wear masks.
Clowns wear necklace.
Clowns wear stars.
Laugh.
Clowns march.
Clowns eat.
Clowns eat with forks.
They dance.
They wear pretty shoes.
Girl clowns. Talk about girl clowns.
Girls clowns have green eyes.
They jump.
They parade.

I like clowns because they have funny masks.
Goodbye, eye.
That's the end.

They're teaching me poetry because they are learning it. If you have any suggestions to help me gather material, what your kids like, what they listen to & delight in, please pass it on. So far I have Sappho, Brecht, Issa, Nez Perce, G. Stein, Hart Crane, Stephen Crane, --want to get Williams, Yeats, Ezra Pound, Robt. Service, Eskimo, --etc. A round book, a round-up, a circle to center into.

***

We constantly fight with our habits. Hooked on artichokes because they're cheap & irresistible, we decide to break addiction. Cold sweat. But all our habit's endings lead to new habit patterns. What now. I suspect yogurt. Tina used to make yogurt. Elaborate procedure. Pan in bowl of tepid water covered over with towel & sometimes the yogurt culture took. Sometimes it didn't. Got to be a goosy egg-drop soup gloop.

If we move anywhere where can I get good Calif wine? Provincial me, I have the idea that it's only available in Calif.

Habits, procedures, pilot universes.

***

We love you all & feel very close to you even tho we rarely get together.

Love,
26 Oct 67

Dear Stan:

Bless your heart. Thank you for the check.

We had a couple over & I made a big vegetarian spaghetti dinner & many bottles of red wine & candles & it was a proper transport into a necessary realm. It was good for us all & I can only make some cloddy gesture of verbal celebration now that the evening's over. Bless the Brakhages. (I summon that energy in earth's core to heat your house during the coldest & whitest of winters. I summon the missionary muses to flock above your home & keep the house in continual creative joy. I direct the machinery of good fortune to shift the Brakhage economic system into a fruitful & steady pulse. I ask for regular spectacular firework displays of cornucopias to appear outside, at night, illuminating the snow on the ground & dropping untold & unknown seeds & dreams upon your earth. I sight my walk along the road that leads to cliff edge & there I spread my arms out to the valley below & in proper Indian fashion, I direct my magic to the wind. My song breaks windows. My love makes waterfalls. My joy turns the desert into a Rousseau jungle.)

Love to all.

Thank you for the information on poems re children's anthology. I'll check out Neihardt. His Black Elk Speaks is one of the really great Indian biographies.

Love to you all.

Jenny & Maggie & Amanda are going to Jenny's Holloween Parade which will take place at Sarah B Cooper Grade School next Tues/day. They can hardly contain themselves. They'll all march in the parade as princesses with hand-made crowns in billowing half-slips & beads & wands.

Love to you all always;
19 Oct 67

Dear Stah:

Thank you. Right now, any portion of any money would be deeply appreciated as well as needed.

Tina was told by an old oracle in Mexico (10-12 years ago) that she would never have much money, she'd never be rich, she'd manage, she'd get by.

This is how it's been. We get by. Times get hard, hard enough to feel the edges of the Sisyphus boulder push back. But we go on. Dreams, work, joy, love & meaning.

Re, school, at least as it is here: isn't there a better way to get our kids to learning, being taught, essentials? & mystery? & creation? Like a damned pogrom with line-ups & phase-outs & constant imposition of an assumed better (or more workable) reality upon the reality of home-life, home art, whatever. (Now I hear the cronies. They say: --That's life, dumb bell, the kids've gotta learn both sides of the coin. Yeah, sure. That too is a cliche, an albatross. If you know better, why shouldnt they? The kids of ours should be that much more ahead on the road.)

Your girls are great. They all look the same, they all look differently. Crystal looks beyond the camera. Neowyn looks right into it but doesn't see the mirror. Myrena has a big grin & looks like she has something important to tell the photographer. Someday we should all pool scrapbooks & send the encyclopedia to Tibet to be included with the other books in the cosmic archives.

Somehow, someway, we're going to get to Colorado.

You're talking revolution & offering the seeds of that continuity to anyone who wants the garden.

Love,

When were you born? Jane? the kids? the signs.
30 Oct 67

Dear Stan:

Your friend Moraldo sent us a check for $40 which was a joyful wind up piece of writing. Thank you. The past week has been smooth & it has been a blessed change. Sometimes that's all that's needed. Then back to the wheel with renewed faith & vigor & grit.

Tonight I'm going to finish up an application for the Ingram Merrill fellowship. I think it's the second one to them I've sent. It's the first time I've been able to just sit down & answer those dumb questions & feel that I wasn't bullshitting myself or them. I've also sent a flyer to a Govt Agency that's financing little magazines -- not the C.I.A. I've asked if they would be interested in financing a 2nd issue of the Journal for the Protection of All Beings. If they go for it, then I'll be delighted & will request that you offer a statement of fact, faith & hope for it. Maybe something about why family is a universe. Or why the universe has always been reduced to a family. Also trying to get Rock Tao considered back East, using the galleys as an outline, hoping to get an advance & re-write, re-create it anew & be fully satisfied with it. Now I know what I want to say (I think). All these things to do. Meanwhile, dreams aside, I am involved with a new book of poems, The Real World.

With work to do, it's amazing how much more hardship us hunger artists can endure. With a woman to extend her faith into the work & children to extend the principles of creation & evolution -- you go on, you continue. It's worth the inevitable down, the end of the rollercoaster ride. Even as a hermit, you extend the spirit within you in order to accept yourself & get your work done.

In this heat I wish I could grab ahold of Faulkner's Nobel Prize speech where he talks about how he believes that not only will man endure but that we shall prevail. (I hear his ghost on the FM last night reading that speech as well as a portion from The Old Man.)
I sometimes think about Faulkner as an example of an American writer who continued & evolved & became more deeply concerned with the high order of things. In many ways he reminds me of Melville. They both would have rather have been poets. There have been so few writers in America who were not stopped before they were ready & who were not ready they were foam-rubber raped by immediacy. Who either continued to evolve with their work, or, having done all that they set out to do, quit it & go onto something else. (In fact, the only one I know who quit when the quitting was good was Rimbaud & he was French & the French, as Miss Stein says, have a different style then, say, the Spanish or the Americans. Maybe the Americans have no style. Maybe that's all the Americans have. Who knows? How did I get into this? I just wanted to quote verbatim Faulkner's speech & my speech is idiotic.)

* * *

In the middle of the month I go down to Santa Barbara to give a reading there. It's going to be a day & night & I leave the next morning. Already the household pulls together. It's so damned hard for me to even go to Berkeley without drifting into many pangs of mortality. Then, watching the earth move by, I might fall into a cosmical meditation punctuated by telephone polls & the omnipresent sad places named BAT & BAR & why not one of these Highways, a bathroom with appropriate monos to adorn the various enterances/exits. In Mexico, I hear, there are towns filled with whore-houses who have neom phallai hanging from the shingles, a bar, a jukebox, many cribs, roofless, so you sleep watching the stars above & almost always awaken with monstrous headache & no more money & the jukebox is still playing & the sun frying your brain. But I drift. Without a wife, without a family, I am truly in transit. Everything is a station. A formality of alienation. Strange process. With no one to talk to, I become a frozen spectator recording what I see & sorting out thoughts. Maybe it's a good thing that I've never had to go the whole circuit. I'd have to wear a black suit & an armband & make a fortune to boot.

* * *

Tomorrow's Holloween & a friend is taking Tina & I to see the movie Ulysses. The 1st movie we've seen together for a year & a half. By the way, Canyon Cinema has moved into our neighborhood. About three blocks down Union St in a former Methodist Church. Nice stain-glass windows in the pink stucco arches. Isn't Larry Jordan connected with them?
It's the dark heart of the country bursting the bloody seams now.

We'd like to go somewhere beyond it if it is/will be/ever possible. Understanding the alternatives, it becomes imperative to survive within or plan a possible escape. If escape, exile, is the only possible protest left, then it seems to be the only solution to act upon. Yet I refuse to abandon this rotten country, & yet . . .

Ach.

Anyway. For the moment, it's nice & sweet here & everyone is busy making things. Tina's made mosaic tiles on tables & shelves because some shop went out of business & was giving the stuff away. The girls are incredible in their output of drawings, paintings, collages. I'm still puzzled & bugged by public schooling. It's, as a rule, based on principles of the common ground, the average, & can not & wont deal with the creative child creatively. We have a place at home for them to, as they say, do their thing, but, after a while, doesn't the public school debase them begin to sink in & cause unnecessary pain & conflict? Jenny goes to a school where, at lunch hour, the assistant principal watches them from the 3d story & yells into a bullhorn at them if the kids break certain ritual formations like girls at one end & boys at the other. &c. &c. Yet Jenny loves learning & we help her as much as we can, we help continue the learning process, so that she gets her full measure. Hopefully.

Love to all. Many blessings & great energy for the great work.

Love,
Prelude: They say the whole Northern Continent is doomed to destruction. They say it's time to move to the Southern Hemisphere. Become one with Rousseau jungles & mirage ladies & stuffed Cheshire tigers & green, green, green & blue.

17 Nov 67

Dear Stan:

I'm applying for a Ingram Merrill Fellowship & would like to use you as a reference, if you would want to. It entails writing them a statement verifying the fact that I am a poet & that I should be assisted in order to get some important work done. &c.

I can sense that winter may have set in pretty solid in your woods. Is this so? It so hard here to realize that definite change. It's been balmy, sometimes tropical, with warm winds blowing up & down the hill. It's also be frantic. I disbanded the band. Too much drain, not enough ease. Selah. Trying to hack out sex puls to get ahead. (?) Tremendous outburst of constructive words running neck & neck with dreck. We watched Songs 6, 7 & 8. We have use of a projector for a while. I also aim to shoot another home movie. It's in the eye, isn't it? I mean the heart. It's still how you look at things, let them move, then, as with you, add thought upon the frames, add interior visions, but always still from the eye. In order to see, or make available to be seen, rather than thought about, or both together. That's what I get so strongly from Psalm/Song Branch. The thought, the vision, the image, all together, so many levels. The human instant. One moment made infinite. (That sounds rather puffy.) Say, one moment made real. That's more like it I feel.

You never told me what sign you & Jane were. We'd like to know. A young astrologer did both of our charts & it was an incredible experience. As intense & as draining as making a poem.

Re, Ingram Merrill. The address is: 29 W 57 St, NY, NY 10019. If it's easy. If not, tell me & I'll understand.

If, if... one of these days, Brakhage, our cranky caravan will track up the snow on your driveway.

Bless you & love you all,
I can still hear something rattling in my head
Perhaps only the little rocks that keep it pointed towards
the sky—otoliths, ear-stones
Image protected; contact the appropriate curator for more information.
DEAR NEOWYN - THANK YOU FOR YOUR NICE LETTER. I WILL COME BACK WHEN YOU ARE NOT ASLEEP.

THIS IS A WHALE - SAY HELLO TO EVERYBODY XXX ANGEL.
Brulando is a big man. His really
dark-colored white hairs black hair and a short
beard, crescent-shaped mustache that droops
below the contours of his mouth. Wearing
a purple corduroy shirt open at the neck,
brown overcoat pants and scuffed work
boots, he looked more like a rural farm
worker than a village loner.
Of thunderbolts, mischievous little Hermes; gray-eyed Athena, goddess of wisdom; Achill-
Mighty Zeus with his faithful thunderbolts, mischievous little Hermes; gray-eyed Athena, goddess of wisdom; Asclepius, the first physician; Orpheus and his beloved Eurydice; Helios, the sun, crowning the heavens in his fiery chariot... these and other equally fabulous figures puzzle across the pages, their heroic deeds and petty squabbles illuminated in full dimension.

Nice rain this morn.  good tea and fire.  My hot worry.  New rabbit begun.  Bucked by resident rabbit.  Dream last night, given by afterwards not too good by self.  Not that scary.

Kelly

Do you want my pint for something of yours? yes no

The clow of our deening, wander where we will, lies at the foot of the cradle.

Dear Jane: thought you would like this, and I bought a couple of days before march 10th, so we'll know where to meet.  "Malaka!"
I'm certain that the first sinner immediately after Moses brought down the Decalogue was the man who memorized the new laws, as his participation in plety.

Blake, of course, felt that the very engraving of the law on stone was the end of morality.

"...therefore choose life, that thou mayest live, thou and thy seed." (Deut. 30:19)
THE FIRST CALENDAR

The history of the calendar goes back to the time when man first noticed the stars. Long then they knew little of the heavens and how they followed any order. In fact, they were not sure that the stars moved at all. How was the year divided into months? That question was not answered until the first calendars were made. The Egyptians, who had the best calendar, were the first to measure the cycle of the seasons. They laid their forces along the River Nile, which ran from east to west. The best time to plant was immediately after the flood, when the water had left a layer of rich mud on the land.

Egyptian priests noticed that once each year, about the time of the flood, the Nile would rise to peak levels and then recede. This event divided the year into seasonal units. The priests observed that the flood lasted for about 30 days each time. As it was thought that 360 days made a year, they divided the year into 12 months of 30 days each, with 5 days extra at the end of the year. Thus was the first calendar invented.

Historians figured that the Egyptian calendar was invented about 4250 B.C., more than 600 years ago!

PENTAGONAL DODECAHEDRON

This amazing geometric figure, designed by several Greek mathematicians and known as a Pentagoned Dodceahedron, is bounded by 12 plane faces, each having 5 sides, with each face being identical in shape. An intriguing form, enhanced with a year-round caspian, to make a most unusual combination of round, beauty, and perfection. A rare conversation piece guaranteed to amuse curiosity and comment.

That there was a woman in Gloucester, Massachusetts whose father was a Breton named "Red" Indian (her mother was a Narceus).

And that this was in 1828 and that she remembered traveling in a "canoe" which had the full forecast of itself covered sufficiently to enclose all the children as well as household goods and dogs. Oive it a winkle-up but large, in the measure that the women too were inside this forecastle.

So that we have here an instance of the Pleistocene "boat" as such - the Blinkey shallop of another age literally in place in Gloucester, Massachusetts - and probably not even far from Blinkey Island, that Speck interviewed this woman.

Who was able to give this evidence because her father had been, and one has a picture of some such "boat" both from Newfoundland and from the painted cave of Castello at Blinkey.

CHARLES OLSON

"4LX VIII"
Exercise in utility: Stan and Jane Brakhage trying to bring the twentieth century to Creighton.
Here are the immortals of Olympus—the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece—as freshly described in words and pictures as if they were alive today.

"Character is in the corners of the mouth," say the Chinese,
Facts
The mildest room in the house is the kitchen. It's possible for criminals to successfully pretend they are innocent. 9% of traffic accidents involve some traffic law violation. About 70% of Alaska is owned and controlled by the U.S. government. U.S. widows outnumber widowers 4 to 1. The polar bear is one of the few animals to stalk humans.

Interested members of the audience chat with Eliot Lurie (right) after the showing of his experimental films Sunday night.
A People Out for Stars, Not Peanuts

May 1

Just received your letter this morning sitting in my doorway against the sun. I understand your not writing letters; I am not writing much anymore either. I really appreciated your letter, I think of you often and believe we are nicely connected together in some way, at some time being strangers. I eat okay. Struggling with the demons is all - to be expected. My main thesis now is - eh shit. Can't put together anything in a letter. Many things I was going to tell you.

Here is my own explanation about the section in "Q" which puts together pigs and businessmen eating lunch, not by way of defending it, rather because its interesting and will give you information about me. It didn't occur to me while making the film that this combination of images was fixed as a mind cliché - didn't occur in the slightest ... being an interesting fact, maybe, that I would like you to know ... also being a mistake, for a filmmaker - not to be aware of commonly related images ... this and this equals that. I would never be able to theorize about montage like Eisenstein, the I'm going to use his book I think this summer for a small group of Expedients. Anyway, my thinking in that sect. of "Q" was a continued, thematic Random, relating the animals [OUTSIDE - the earth/world/nature - as opposed to Man, comfortable in his walled-in (conquered) milieu) to the earth/earth of the community - the heart of "the community" of Man juxtaposed with - at the same moment as - those pigs being herded brutally into trucks for market. It was, in fact, literally, the same scene in S. Dak., a similar evening in the winter, etc. I think never occurred to me to think of pigs according to the above - to eat like a pig. Because pigs are such lovely creatures. In Mexico you can talk to pigs tied by the road, easily. So you see. When an innocent, heroic blond-haired every-man young heads out European walking to war young man he was! They metaphors you mention had also not occurred to me. Though I a lot of things had occurred to me. I don't like the technique of the last sect. But I am very happy that you and Jane saw the film so well. I love the old man in the beginning and I love the beginning, solemnly. Bring him up here one recent evening, sitting with my dinner alone - no ears listening to a tape XX the other room. Suddenly his voice came on - I thought whoever it was, was familiar, was surely right there in the doorway, then right away I knew who it was and that he must be on the tail of that tape. I woke him the next day. Can't know if he's still alive. Told him the film was travelling all round the country and that he was exactly like he really is in it. He doesn't have any prejudice about the commercial world so couldn't really explain what I meant it by compassion.

Peter Kubisko had meant much to me - met him in Ohio last so. Don't think he saw me so well as I did he. He didn't get to sleep with any of the senior class girls that trip.
A People Out for Stars, Not Peanuts

A People Out for Stars, Not Peanuts

Added to:
Making a Roosting Place on Vashon Island

Print

An actual work of art in concept--an essay in image, tone, light, color, and space--it presents a vivid, moving, and evocative portrayal of a world viewed through the eyes of a young child.

Reading about my world, March 9, 1928

CHARLES GILSON

in front of a weekly magazine

a picture of jane!
Stan Jane

Stan Jane
kiss
TO A CRITIC
When you upbraid me
for my poetry,
catch also
a cricket by the wing
and accuse him
of chirruping.

Love is a concept of beauty...
A friend of virtue and of gentleness.

DISTRUST
A dictator is so megalomaniac that he
may be his police as he can check his
own remarks.

THE END OF THAT
well, my
prong's unreliable
and has just about
wound his last

RISK
that there might, may, be
a last chance.
The last chance I had had not
this day's immediacy—
un August was a rose, cow, had heard
and put aside.

TWINBURGER
DRIV-EAT-ERIA
CAR-A-MINT

PLEASE
DON'T THROW ME ON THE STREET
HELP KEEP BOULDER CLEAN

MY THOUGHTS
this island
painted with wild woods
lies in the sea
like the backbone of an ax

The millionaires at marble tables
in sight of the yew trees
throw their fives upon the numbers.

—J. H., Hicks
Wholly absorbed into my own conduits to an inner nature or subterranean lake the depths or bounds of which I more and more explore and know more of, in that sense that other than that all else closes out and I tend further to fall into the Beloved Lake and I am blinder from reading the time as insistently in and on this personal preserve from which what I do do enranges more well-known than other ways and other outside places which don't give so much and distract me from keeping my attentions as clear.

Charles Olson

"Additions", March 1968 - 2
The great end of life is not knowledge, but action.
Yep, the space of America is what keeps us close. The English on their tiny island rarely open their arms, most of all not to each other.
I made the film to relate myself to the role that I play towards the dead man who is FRANKENSTEIN imagined in a recreation of life as Frankenstein.

I worked against the production of the Frankenstein creature as much as I worked to make it. The creature may be destroyed even yet.

I'm not sure that I understand what I've written here. The words are played out in a game of rules time space of what I assume I should say. It is very arbitrary, for the ground rules can be set in any manner. I am thinking that I am at the service of a typewriter and I am doing what it wants me to do and it wants me to believe that I am using it and it is not using me.

I am at the service of the post office. The change of location. The light on the table. The letter I received from you. And the letter is planned to end at the end of this (at the bottom of this) page and no sooner, like filling a jar.
SONG: Venceremos (for Latin America)

And there will be fresh children once more
in plantain and musta grasso green
mansions for their houses
along the orphan

take away the oil
it is not to amount their heads

and the saber from the paunch belly
overlaid with crossed colors
those quaint wedding men
are the laden dead toys

only their own
children

caress

while the great eyed children
far away in the mountains, out of Quito
pass thru the crisp evening streets

of earth towns, where they caress
the earth, a substance of majority
including the lead of established
forces,

who can do nothing
but give us the meases of pain
which now define us

Take away the boats from the bananas
they are there for the double purpose
to quell insurrection first

and next to make of an equatorial food
a clanging and numerical register in Chicago

this is not industrial comment,
it is not Sandburg's Chicago,
not how ugly a city you did make
but whiteman's fine generosity
I want
a specific measure of respect returned for the hand
and the back that bears away the stalk
as a boy, in Illinois

pealed away, in amazement, the yellow, brown lined case

thicker place

when the aired phenomenon
was first put in his hand
a suggestion and a food, combustion!
keep your fingers from the coffee bush.
Nor,

on the mesa Bosítico, or back in town
in Paso de Indios
con the people be permitted
the luxuriant image of Timon
and his deadly wedded saint
they can be taught to deny
the dictator and his call girl
in the sports car
hide themselves in some corrupt
roaming house country
with a blue coat
and damned clergy

"memory, mind, and will
politics
"there are men with ideas
who effect"

For those men.
be keen to pass beyond all known use
use the grain on a common mountain
for those who are hungry
as a ceremony
treat hunger

be quick to pass by condition
and the persuasion of mere number
reach the parrot, who rises
in the sunset
a cloud
to sing.

destroy
all talking parrots
I ask you
make for the
altar
of your imaginations
some sign you make keep
the small clerks of God from your precinct
be not a world, and therefore halt
before the incursions of general infection
from a stranger world.
dance,
and in your side stopping
the spirit
will tell where
to open the doors.

Ed Dorn
Some Echoes

Some echoes,
little pieces,
telling a dust,
sunlight, by
the window, in
the eyes. Your
hair as
you brush
it, the light
behind
the eyes,
what is left of it.

Robert Creeley

Encore For The Horse Opera

The Old Prospector:

Once more I bring the pickaxe down
Amid the rubble of this mountain-side.
Years have passed, and, I alone,
No longer search to find what you call
Gold. Grid is not worth looking for.
I say I struck it rich in stones.

Mac Hammond
The Old Man:  
A Counting House

All about the sexual urge strikes in the night, 
lover moves to beloved, mouth clasps upon mouth. 
Nowhere do the lonely stand for long, unattended. 
In dark rooms, cockles budge against trousers. 
A dull image, to the sexually unlit.

But to me now, come memories of what men call lust. 
That excuse, which allows them to press up together moments 
And call it desire. It is more than that, it is need. 
To possess and be possessed. In oblivion of time. 
I know no other cause. Loneliness calls through the house.

Like a curse. But fall’s on deaf ears. I am locked here, 
blind, by poverty, my disease to seek out on some dirt highway 
That lover who will release me, into Heaven. Dark repulse 
Which will end when his arms let me go. If ever that. It never existed. 
For no arms exist for me. But those locked in doors, 
in other arms, in love with me, but still sharing other arms 
For their ecstasy.

John Wiemers 
Good Friday 1965

George Decker; A fisherman
Lancey Meadows: told him, George Decker, over at
l’Anse aux Meadows 
And George Decker (when he got there) ed
Anything goes on 
at Lancey Meadows 
I know — there is 
evidence down at 
Black Duck Beach. 
There was Norse 
people, 
by carbon date 
1106 had 
come ashore 
here. Had built 
houses, had set up 
a peat bog iron 
forge. Were 
living 
Lancey Meadow 
1926 AD

Los Americans 
Number One [after 
Skraelings]
Skraelings
- are Indians. Iron
against
Indians. on Loxley Meadow
firm
natural
place
for Norse — Norse are
Anglo-
Scots. Norse are
early Greeks. Norse are
Gaels. Norse are
Russ. Norse are
Norse are
all but
Constantinople
Strzazewski only
removes the division
of Mesopotamian and
European. Mesopotamian
and Europeans is only due
to
Mediterranean
mindedness. MINDEDNESS

Norse are able to
travel to America
to Russia
to all but China
in the 2nd half
of the Christian
Era they travelled
as Greeks Vedic Indians Irish travelled likewise
in the 2nd
BC

Charles Olson
(from the Maximus poems,
Volume 3)

I made the film to reject myself to the role that I play towards the dead man
who is ALIVE in a recreation of life as Frankenstein.
I worked against the production of the Frankenstein creature as much as I worked
in making it. The creature may be destroyed even yet.

I'm not sure that I understand what I've written here. The words are played out
in a game of rules that is not part of what I assume I should say. It is very
arbitrary, the game rules can be set in any manner. I am thinking that
I am at the service of a typewriter and I am doing what it wants me to do
and it wants me to believe that I am using it and it is not using me.
I am at the service of the post office. The lines of language. The light on the
table. The letter I received from you. And the letter is planned to end at the
end of the (at the bottom of this) page and no sooner, like filling a jar.

Bruce
For Floss

Brown and silver, the tufted
rushes hold away
by the Mockerscock
and small sunflowers
fractured with soft
climber out of the fill
in gray haze of
Indian summer
among the panthermatics
of oil refineries, the crude
industrial debris,
leftover shades
rusting under dark
wings of the Skysway —
tenacious dreamers
sifting the wind
day and night, their roots

in seeping waters —
and fierce is each disk
of coarse yellow the archaic
smile, almost
a boy's grin.

Denise Levertov
The cactus wound. Past the pine, born capital
of the world and mean verd.
Bitterly cold were the nights.
The journey slept in the beds of filling stations
and there was the interrupted lights of cars all night long as those berries
crept past or drew up to rest their motors
or relented.

A modern group in cars.
They travelled north at an angle
and the tire engine whirled
across the rear pans of the rock car
from the strain of the great
American desert. Fast places
they went, like only Normans
and in Green River
they had coffee and talked to an old woman
where inconsistency was radical
so dangerous a she
by the isolation of her spot and the terrible dry winds
that blow down upon such Utah,
and what she had to ward them off
were not slow dreams of Indians
but a pool table and a rack of cold sandwiches.

The beer was cold
She had a seat and drank.
But the climate was tolerable only
within the confines of bars or on
the open stretches of road at mid speed
or at night when the bitter cold set over the southern
Colorado's cliffs.

In the winterness of the great desert
they tried to get comfortable in car seats.
Utterly left behind one
a mixed past, of friends and a comfortable house.
They felt sorry for themselves perhaps
for no real reason, there had never
been in their baggage more than a few stars
and a couple of moons, you've seen their surfaces
in pictures.
They came finally to the brick facade
of Salt Lake & much beyond. A year later
those who remained celebrated
almost as an afterthought, and remembered
that day it snowed when they left,
September 1st. Now it is October
and winter has not yet sent her punitive expedition.
Warm days. It is afternoon. The leaves
come and go in the Alberta wind sliding down
across our country
and they sit still facing the north slopes
of the mountains, the remnant of a Southern Idea
in their minds.

Ed Durn

Message

A cherry whose grooved hole
reveals so many broken
innocences, branches
logged or
widened off.

In the grass near you
your odiums are uprisin,
terrible, trustful.

Denise Levertov
fire at back into the continent
the free association of Gloucester persons

The trap is solid. That was your worktable speaking to you. Trap doors, Greek for table. And solid means "alive." "The table is alive; the trap is alive; the trap is an animal."

I have always believed that a table is a model of a horse (or some other quadruped). Freud points out in the Traumauszüge that tables are bodies (the Catholic altar, body of Christ). The ornamental table with flowers in the center is a common female idioson.

"The table is an animal."

I quote Confucius via a visit to Ezra: "A state does not profit by profits." Are you all well? The nicotine demon gone with? Moment to moment. What is before & after? Let's hug each other.

I believe in religion not magic or science. I believe in society as religious both man and society as religious.

Tuesday before light. Walking with friend's dog not accepting the guilt from knocking on windows, explaining to the young lady dog that she was supposed not to be walking on the grass. Then for some reason I showed her my four dollars in my pocket and told her it was all I had. So I got rid of a terrible headache this morning. Was thinking about maybe coming to visit you in week or so, bring my college revision back to Denver lab. If I come will bring girlfriend as suggested and we can some films to show at U. from 6-9, if not too much business, and esposa will be looking for a place to live where I can break in the morning. But maybe won't be able too. Will write before I come if I can come. Apprec, feeling that an welcome.

Seeing all the businessmen again this morn. brings back to mind the other non-bill - side of our dear American society. It makes me feel he lives on top of a whig mountain, maybe 9,000 feet up.

love, Tom