<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Jane Wodening and Stan Brakhage scrapbook</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
<td>YCAL MSS 229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Creator</strong></td>
<td>Brakhage, Stan, Wodening, Jane, 1936-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
<td>1958-1967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Collection Title</strong></td>
<td>Jane Wodening and Stan Brakhage scrapbooks</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 to site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Extent of Digitization</strong></td>
<td>Complete work digitized.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Generated</strong></td>
<td>2021-06-18 00:35:14 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
2r [Child's drawing of house]
Folk Heroes in Old Rite

By Michael O'regan

Michael McClure, local poet-playwright, says he 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 veritable sparring match about the loss of that gritty identity in the makeup of folk culture-was given a midnight preview last Saturday by the Actor's Workshop.

EXCEPTION

Ordinarily, previews are not noticed 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 Theatre next month. It would certainly be a real loss for troubadours and poetry readers.

Despite a sometimes wayward repetitiveness, this 70-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?

CLIMAX

Well, the play's climax—a real one—is alone sufficient to make the authorities feel that the North Beach scene and even the Mime Troupe's efforts are nice, clean fun in comparison.

That final turn of the drama has Harlow (shunningly 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 homage—of once flesh-and-blood folk heroes caught in what the poet calls "the old dragger rite" as sex play and public and self-adulation.

Before this climax is reached, the play is a fantasy of melding that leads back to its poetic grandeur of the stage. T. S. Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes.

ACTS

Ritual acts are carried off with cues and gestures as the drama's Harlow and Billy the Kid cry to high heaven and each other about their needs and frustrations.

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

And Billy, in his more genial moments, answers: "Kiss my boots!

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

SILENCES

And as it goes, around and around, becoming more and more frantic, snarling, capricious—occasionally interrupted by deep silences and such "businesses" as the loss of the Blaine Bathhouse's pants.

For this all, the play seems to reflect something thrown by Miss Claxton and Bright to serve as a preview burst of applause. And so do the director, Marc Efran, and the decor artist, Robert Livigne, 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.
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
bellies are the downs
pregnant and lovely
the roundness of them, no towns
shaking along the groove of the countryside. Travel

to Newcastle is
west of the moors or
east of the western moors, between it all
the train passes

cold then, the nose is, Kastamnu
is the outward point.
so lovely she is in England
with her swollen bellies
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 soones
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
so easily 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 smiling
into the equally smiling 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, JULY 6

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 Edinburgh, this evening honoured the Dean and Chapter with the presence at the Westminster Abbey College Dinner.

Her Majesty and His Royal Highness were received upon arrival at the College by the Dean of Westminster.

The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Michael Aitken, 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 Sturrock, His Royal Highness proceeded to visit the Works of the Leyland Motor Corporation Limited at Leyland, Lancashire.

This afternoon The Duke of Edinburgh was received upon arrival at Al-Khobar Airfield by Her Majesty's Lieutenant for the Country of Helsingfors (Lord of Ramay).

His Royal Highness subsequently opened the Treatment Works, Graham Water, witnessed sailing and a demonstration by school children and visited a plaque to commemorate The Duke of Edinburgh opening Graham Water Sailing Club.

His Royal Highness later left in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight for London Airport.

Rear-Admiral Christopher Bonham-Carter was in attendance.

TODAY

8.35 a.m. 7.52 a.m.

For the full programme go to www.politicalnews.com

THE TIDES

High water at London Bridge, 5.44 a.m.

Glasgow and 3.43 p.m. (29.2%) Benidorm (80.0 m.): 10.50 a.m. 10.05 p.m. (19.3%) and 17.30 p.m. (19.3%)

Hull 2.55 p.m. and 9.40 a.m. (12.8%)

Liverpool, 2.45 a.m. (29.6%) and 3.5 p.m. (29.6%)

With hope the snow has gone;

Aye, flowers on your mountain home -

To all the Blackheath Valley.

Juliette

Juliette, 5th July 1960
Earthquakes

In my January report I told you about setting up a study group to try to ascertain the cause of the earthquakes which have been plaguing 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 the 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,

[Signature]

Roy H. McVicker
9r [with flap closed]
thought
By which all nature to tumult was wrung.
"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 remember 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 than 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 chords 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 eeeehhhhh now but then it was what 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, she took care of one and she was big and straight and her legs, unlike mine were solid and enormous, I don't see 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 at the midst of all that, I remember scheming, I think that as 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 angeliness 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 it 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, too 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 time 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 midst 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 that I knew 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
ORANG-UTAN These are the second largest apes in the world. Unlike gorillas, they live in trees. They have long arms useful for being big. They eat fruit, and are intelligent and powerful. Their main enemy is man.
10v The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour [p. 1-2]
In 1936, the Rio Grande began offering its former passenger and freight trains via the Moffat Tunnel. Such frequent passenger trains on the Panama, then the Empire Builder, took this route until they were suspended to the California Zephyr and the Pennsylvania today.

Giants’ Ladder

Railroad engineers found it easier to build in widen as they were built into the Crooked Bow.

But here in the heart of Rock Creek Park the bedrock is too steeply for the rails to follow. To gain elevation for the east near the Divide the railroad carved out of the valley to great switchbacks up the mountain side. These facts of railroad grade make up the “tunnel” of the Giant’s Ladder. Coursed through the pine forests, they are still visible on the mountain.

East Portal of the Moffat Tunnel

The 2,200-foot-long Moffat Tunnel, under the Continental Divide was completed in 1932. The East Portal contains huge fans to force the smoke and gas westward out of the tunnel. A classic view of the Portal is available by driving 1 mile west on the dirt road.

Water Tower

If you will see old railroad grade in your right, you will notice a 241-foot water tower. Please follow the tunnel. It is one of the few super water towers ever built in the United States and probably the only one still standing. It was built in service engineer during the railroads construction period. It was not needed after
The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour

The railroad began operation. The backpackers checked off as a move ahead in the construction of the Moffat Road. Just beyond is, Tunnel No. 21 is completely tunnel.

There are the largest group on the river. They are the largest of their kind. They are very active. They are not afraid of man.

At this point of construction of the railroad, huge was given up for a short 2.0 mile tunnel through the Great Divide. For want of greater slopes here the railroad grade had to be lowered 400 feet. A section of 2% grade which way to be the approach to the planned tunnel.

Below you see the remains of the town of Lutsen. It once hub of the railroad and was destroyed during 1901 and 1902. St欣赏 a pedestrian crossing this bridge with the river below. It is a picturesque scene.

For about a mile along the railroad right-of-way you can observe a number of trees planted in the field. This was done to enrich the soil during the railroad's construction. South of the railroad right-of-way there are a number of tall trees. These were planted in the construction of the railroad.
The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour

**SUGGESTIONS**

This page contains important information about the Moffat Road and its surroundings.

**MT.* FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SECRETS**

This page provides secrets about the area, such as the location of hidden treasures or historical facts.

**MT.* FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ADVICE**

This page offers advice for visitors, such as tips for hiking or driving.

**MT.* FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MILES FROM EAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MILES FROM WEST</th>
<th>STARTING POINT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>10.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Coroico (Spanish for “Cordillera”) was the site of the highest studied group realized in Bolivia. As it is “on top of the world,” it is mostly covered with snow from October to June. Recently, white swans across the Con-tinentals (inside the same road).

The Bolivian passenger trains made use of two tunnel trips every day across the Divide. Such a schedule was considered the easiest to operate in that section of the track. The train arrives at Coroico, built across Fullon Pass. The passenger shed on the Bolivian side is the nearest to the station. The shed was the protection as well as the passage for the weary. The pyramid-shaped covered walkways often could not withstand the powerful Incaan sun, fast enough to prevent an station, picnic, or passenger from seeing out from exhaustion.

You can observe the stone foundation and plane of the road from the main road. From the main road, beside the station, which is protected by a large, chain-link fence, you can see the way and the entrance to the next line. There was a ticket booth and a winter bush.
PINE BROOK LAKE

By Pour House Leaks, is the brain directly to the west of this road, the entire area appears arid and the water seems to evaporate. Infrequent water for the landscape. This hike begins at the bottom of the lake. The lake is a good place to explore the area and enjoy the afternoon. The hike is approximately 1 mile long.

MILES FROM EAST STARTING POINT: 13.3
MILES FROM WEST STARTING POINT: 12.2

TELEGRAPH POLE

In the olive groves to the west of the road is a long row of telegraph poles that stand above the the roadway. These poles are mounted on a wooden base and are an interesting sight. The poles are painted with a design of a bird and a sun. The design is a symbol for the area.

MILES FROM EAST STARTING POINT: 13.5
MILES FROM WEST STARTING POINT: 11.5

TRAIN TRACKS

On the mainline near the valley are visible two diagonal cuts in the tracks. They extend downward from the lower level of tracks. The cuts in your left side are converted to resemble many other similar tracks. It is summer season and the sun is shining. Your view is good.

MILES FROM EAST STARTING POINT: 13.6
MILES FROM WEST STARTING POINT: 11.6

SOUTHWEST

This area, with its sunny exposure, is appropriately named "SOUTHWEST". Before the area was established as Pour House Leaks, the area was mostly unexplored. Now the area is surrounded by the Porcupine River. The area is a good place to explore the area.

MILES FROM EAST STARTING POINT: 13.6
MILES FROM WEST STARTING POINT: 12.5

LOOP TUNNEL AND TUNNEL 22

Tunneling Caveman has been constructed on the Isthmus River. Present for your enjoyment. It is one of the many existing and remaining caves in the Isthmus Area. Why not stop here, have lunch and enjoy the spectacular summer view of the high country? Imagine what it must have been like to live in this area in the Stone Age. This area is a good place to explore the area.

MILES FROM EAST STARTING POINT: 10.8
MILES FROM WEST STARTING POINT: 9.5
A trail going through Tunnel 13 led to turned one end and a half miles of loop track (dividing a wye in the process) before it reached the East Trestle. The vertical distance between the two sections of the track is 130 feet. A switch below the Trestle was known on Billie Eight Nitch. The trestle is visible because it moves directly on the acorn track at the round-a-bout.

The Moffat Road Self-Guided Auto Tour

Here is the railroad followed the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

A short distance up the road you will see two old log sheds which were used by loggers when the Moffat Road line was being built. Further up the road you will see a "sawing deck." This is a structure built upon the hillside to hold trees in holding logs on wagons and for cutting.

Today, loading decks are still used on the Angelina and Texarkana National Forests to load the loading logs, but trams with modern loading devices make the job much easier.

This is the southernmost point for the streamers. You will notice that it is a short way to the corner where any road on all this was necessary to locate track from the hillsides.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.

The railroad up the side of the mountain. It required one was a mile on the trestle which is 1.7 miles from the end of the railroad and the trestle was not safe for pedestrian travel.
TIPS TO DRIVERS

Drive Defensively:
- Expect other vehicles to make a sudden lane change.
- Stay to the right.
- Remember the car proceeding uphill has the right-of-way.
- Do not ride brakes to kill. Use lower gears or ranges.
- Keep car radiator filled.
- If you have "squeaky brakes" (brakes go on and off), place a cool, deep cloth over the baffle pump for a few seconds.

For rapid or other emergencies pull off to the right of the road. It requires emergency services, a disabled engine head should bring help.

Mirrors during snow: make sure mirrors are not blocked.

Consequently, carry emergency equipment in an accessible, even though they may save the "hooka-pickers!"

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

Use your subway and remember only you can prevent yourself from getting stuck.
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 movement of the sun, giving the impression that the stars are moving across the sky.
4. The stars are optical nerve endings of the eye which the universe is.
5. Sparks from a train of God's thought
6. There is such an intense brightness that we can't really see it. The sky is really dark blue and the stars are white. The daytime is less bright and the yellow that is really the sky, in daytime, we see as blue and the sun is yellow and its really blue-black.

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.
8. The stars are sparks from lightning.
9. 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.
10. It is a fairy animal. The starnare, silver hair.
11. The sky is a cylinder to the moon.
12. The sky is all together, not composed in such great distances as we suppose. In truth, it is an old fire. The stars are small sparks, the sun is a burning
11r The Sky [2v-3r]

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

The sky is a teacup of tea which the earth drinks every day, then at night inverts the cup to read the leaves.

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

There was one that I liked but she believed in neither one of us could remember it.

The sun is the eye of the dragon watching him die. The sun is the blood-hole.

The universe is part of a vast brain, the stars its spines of brain cells, each animalization of the back of action, i.e. when a dog paws a horse, the response in the ear of the sky is a star; when a dog howls, its response in the moon. The sun is whose every thing else goes to a further place or place where we don't know what happens there.
20. The stars are trembling silver strings to everyone's brains; the sun is the mood or the rays of the great puppeteer, once a month he smiles and winks. He has control of our fates.

21. The day-sky is a pool of all our tears; the world is getting smaller and smaller. The night-sky is a little teapot of black thought; there is very little space left.

22. The sky is the bow, the clever, which are left phosphorescent plankton which will grow to be enormous beasts.

23. Light is everywhere; the sky draws everything to it that it makes, for instance, it gave our air around it to form the enamel of comets.

24. The earth is a pool of brown water over which forests of trees rise as stars near a golden bird flying after its white mate.

25. The stars are clear sounds; the sun a magnificent silence. The moon whispers that the almost sound in the undulating waves of the universe is.

26. The sky is the solid state of life; the sun its emergence, the moon the tube itself while it falls up. The stars are the fragments that never move.

27. God, taking pity on those who stop smoking, made the stars to look like so many cigarettes burning. The clouds look like smoke, the sun regains through the stockade of a match with the moon in the shape of a filter tip.
The night sky is a gold over pattern of the sun and the moon is a visual echo.

The stars are a host of hummingbirds. If you look closely, you can see their wing-flickering. The sun, moon, and stars are the footprints of God (wear his hood) as he walks currently in a circle.

Everything happens at once except the sky. A clock makes it look like things are happening one at a time.

The stars are the moon's reflection of the sun which can be seen.

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. The cosmic men-projected into the night sky hieroglyphs of their thoughts so that everyone who came after that would know those thoughts and be wise also.

The stars are the place where snowflakes are made; each star has a different arc made, and each star has a different shape. Snowflakes are made of different shapes. When the snowflakes fall from the stars, they become changed in shape. How a snowflake falls on each snowflake also in a different shape.

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

Big dust motes.

The net is boiling.
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 Herald of Denver, began to publish a daily edition and the town of Central City 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 deposits, but the matter, as depth was gained, became too hard for the treatment. A writer of that day says: "Too many are trying to make money without digging or working for it. They will not be able to sell more than a few dollars at a time."

The gold must be dug from the ground before it can get into their pockets.
LOVE LION, LIONESS

CAHR THY ROOH GRAHEER

GR00OR

GRAHHR

OR-

OOOOOH!

GRAYOHH

GRAH!

GRAH!

This is a fascinating mining town in the mountains just above and adjoining Calaveras. It is located in Nevada gulch, between Queen and Gardell hills. The mines on either side of it have been extremely productive and have been worked more or less since the country was first opened. There are several quartz mining camps on the mountains, and a public school with 750 pupils. Population, nearly 1,000. The photo at right shows Bodie in 1891.
The new state of Colorado -- 90 years ago
Cedars, City and Philadelphia -- and the Western weather and lumbermen -- all have a place in the story of the famous Stetson hat, trademark of the cowboy and the westerner and one of the early cowmen's most utilitarian tools.

John B. Stetson, son of a Philadelphia hatmaker, was headed west one day in the 1860's to seek a cure for tuberculosis. Aremium, changes among biters. He and a group of companions camped one night on the trail, along the Black, and the trail turned to sheep.

Twice they were made of coveted animals, and there was very unpleasantness, being a matter of keeping. It was a matter of finding and providing the fur for their own. For amusement, Stetson then fashioned a hat which showed off and was for sale.

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

Stetson wore the hat, and mining camps in the Pike's Peak region (like Eastern Texas for the whole area) loved the hat and the natural material about it. But Stetson continued to wear it, and sold it. Stetson continued to wear it, and sold it.

In Central City one day, a horsemanship named O. C. T. J. L. and Stetson handed it over. The big hat matched the big man on a big horse, with a silver-crowned saddle, and Stetson liked the effect, and handed over one hat to the horsemanship, who had sold the hat from Stetson.

After regaining his health, Stetson returned to Philadelphia and his business, but he was remembered the horsemanship, and the hat. Months later, the idea clicked: the horsemanship looked like a cattle king, the horsemanship needed a hat. The hat, the hat.

With the cattle business growing, Stetson gambled everything on making the big hat; abandoning his eastern trade, he made a number of the natural colored felt hats and shipped them to western stores. The hats were fine, and soon he had all he could do to produce enough to fill the demand.

And of course, he named the hat "The Boss of the Plains." The business soared, it quickly, the Texas Rangers followed east. Within a year, Stetson had built a new, larger factory to produce enough.

The Stetson hat was everything to the cowboy, and it was a distinguishing mark of his dress. The hat held oat or grass, or water for the horses, it served as a drinking vessel for the cowboy, at famed campfires into the night, it shielded weary ears in the face of wind and sand, small grass flies, plugged windows, or served as a target in the game.

One ranger, caught in a forest fire, buried himself in the ground with only his face exposed, then placed his Stetson over his head. The ranger was saved, but the hat was badly charred.

For many years, a Stetson with one or more bullet holes was a conversation piece, and the hat lasted and lasted, never falling. Some Stetsons were kept fifteen or twenty years, and the wear they got more proud the wearer.

Waltz died at the age of 78 in 1919, according to Lewis T. Burtenshaw in the Saturday Review of Literature, Stetson was making hundreds of thousands of hats each year. Since that time, the big hat factory has increased production to amount four million John B. Stetson annually, made the hat of the Plains remains much the same.

The Stetson is definitely a part of the West, and of Western history. And it reopens its doors on the Colorado plains each year, the first sale and the persuasion of a long-expected day in Central City.
Some older miners produced fabulous amount of gold and other metals, and many of them produced paying amounts. Labor was cheap and gold was king, Central Hill, booming once the Central Mining Museum, produced 8,000,000 in gold alone, and these mines in the area combined to

The city was named, according to the book "Place Names in Colorado," for the Blackhawk Mining Company. The mining company took its name from a trade-marked machinery term which, in turn, was named for the Blackhawk Indian tribe. Over the
Bowing was early-day Jimmery
even in area's mining camps
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, liver-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

Sir,

Just completed editing of "Himself as Himself."

Gregory
Only by taste can we account for taste.

**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.
Be not anxious about what you have,
but about what you are.

What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning.
Before it fades... 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, printed velvet, and a single glass remaining, a old fashioned sturdy, humidor type of casket, seeming to hold secrets, alone on a table in the center of a room bare its walls white glowing plaster, a feeling someone of long ago, a presence imminent.

DEAR STAN,

"JUNE" WAS NEVER INTENDED AS ANYTHING MORE THAN A GIFT OUTRIGHT, LESS.

AND SO PLEASE ACCEPT IT RATHER IN THE SPIRIT OF 'NOBLESSE OBLIGE'. (SHOULD HAVE SO STATED ORIGINALLEE.) AN ENVELOPE WOULD HAVE OFF WITH THIS "BY RETURN MAIL" EXCEPT FOR ONE ITEM (DOCUMENT I 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 RATHER UNEXPECTED DIMENSION TO "JUNE" AND "CHILDE-HOOD".

"ST. MATTHEW'S PASSION" HAS BEEN IN PROGRESS FOR AN HOUR - BIRD - CHIRP

TIME NOW 13:30-14:00.
"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 time — printed relief 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 the room bare its walls white gleaming plaster — a feeling . . . 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 CELLULOID, MANY TIMES IN THE AFTERMATH OF A SHOOTING GOING BY THE IDENTICAL LOCALS 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-column 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 time - printed velvet and a single glass remaining - an old fashioned sturdy, humidor type of casket - some sort seeming to hold secrets - alone on a table in the center of a room bare its walls white glaring plaster - a feeling of 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 FOREWARDED FOR THIS
'TIGHTENING UP'. THERE IS ANOTHER DORMANT
CAN OF FOOTAGE DONE BY BURCKHARDT CALLED
"SERAFINA'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.
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 UP THE RAPPORT OF A YEAR AGO, RE: "PROGRESS". HE HELPED ME POLISH OFF ANY OTHER 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 RISORIMENTO 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 reaching out of me, and that the more personal or egocentric I 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? It's in the action of moving out that the great concerns can be struck off continually. Now the film is 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 fill 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 'Proprioception'..."
April 21st 1866

Dear Stew,

I am thinking.
I am still thinking.
God, 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 Destruification through the Enshrinement of Energy)

Power is a blue lion's paw on tripod with a silver waterfall pouring over the elbow
luxury built with all of the muscles streaming and tendons stretched

A black rainbow in 3D curved & solid blinking black noon
in a chrome box

Men hunched in a room plotting because they have settled
for so little
and became deserters
and giants comparing
in phone booths
for the destruction of ants
Farewell Alpha
Hello Omega

To god To god To god
claw claw claw claw
I write this down for you, Joanie, 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 are Nothing!"

I said: "What do you mean?"

He said: "Well... I... I... I, we’re in a book—aa... aa... aa... and, there’s somebody in the sky reading us... and he has a big delicate eye!" And I said: "... and what word are you?" And he said: "I’m ‘THE!’ very quickly and emphatically."

And I said: "What word am I?" to which he replied: "Well...I...I...I— 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-leeing like water, and he once jumped up and said: "If you want to jump, you first have to throw a book away!"
Statement for the CAMBRIDGE magazine

There are symmetrical things

don’t let a bloody relativistic greedy

over-reaction thermodynamic society kid you

that the theory of gants 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 too many—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. Wells (Oxon. 1934) & for Alan Cranston

on ground level

up on top of the world

the Buddha and his sons

to the eye of Ian

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 amongst 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 Yano, but let's see) and of Hittite (and there the reason is the chance to look at cases in a Indo-European book)

Hittites
Hittites
Hittites as the Hittites
Hittites

language (very much like Latin (?) we haven't seen don't know before. I judge therefore that it is because Mayan [the here I did mean glyph(s)] That experience [as later I learned our own alphabet can be looked at likewise; see each letter at the beginning of each set in a Compton's Encyclopedia [for Children] that language itself is view (upside) it is isolating Hittite and Mayan hieroglyphs simply two ways to freshen our sense of the language we do have (yes). I still think we and the idea is. That, that, our can't help but behold the words we do have (at least, and maybe more than words (?)) differently.

Yours,
Charles Olson

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

A

and we handled them! Wow it took me until almost last year to get something like that Thos 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. Which will then be vocabulary, 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.
Van gogh's boats
sat on the beach
as I sit here
and van gogh's boats
are captured
the bow set east
as I do
and the crosspieces
on the masts
they are strung out
as my arms are
oh were I only
red &
white &
blue
and in the distance
more white as
the sails, the
lonely white
triangles are
diminishing
how I am
only
as the distance
goes
blue.

I love you

February
are hard to face
there were trees
this winter possessed
of a grace
they are
white bare
first time elm
around the corner
in the garden
the cold air
this spring—
will be
changed
and obscured
as I will
a growth
of indeterminacy
while waiting
and the snow

I have taken
to certain dreams
at midnight
and you are their vintner
at eleven I go
for the mail, a card
a mispronunciation
of a letter
on missing, a lapse
of two months
the cement is frigid
beneath my bare feet
it is the end of January

Where are you
Henry James sits
on the table, an increment
of difficult sentences
the sun shines
you left without one thought
of me
without one desire
so let me know
or look back
all at once,
as if suddenly
you ignored one half year
of mutual content.
I am a casual fool
now
I do so regard
the labor
of my own
united 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 unsatis
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 weep
a single tear
An idle visitation

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

If it is all you have,
the footstep in the flet above, in a foreign land
or any slimmer the city
sends you
the prompt sounds
of a metropolitan nearness
he doesn't have to unroll the map of love.
The knock responds
to its own smile, where
I ask him in my heart
not this pump
artificial already and duty bound
he says, touching me
with his leather finger
as the queen of hearts burns
from his seam first into my eyes.

Gloves of fire
he says there will be,
This is for your nearly missing heart
or when two persons meet
in the grove of Gethsemane
no matter where they are
it is the girl you left
in earth, the blank
political bars press her now
in the narrow alleys
or in the confines of the river town
her dreams in town
by the misadventure of
her gothic search
by crimson behind Carpenter doore
the mansion
bells are ringing in Kansas
Have you left something out?
Negative, says my Gaslinger,
nothing is omitted.

I hold the reins of his horse
while he went off into the desert
to get. Yes, he ed
when he returned, that's better.
How long, he asked
have you been in this territory.
Four years I ed. 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 lathe with lead
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 Newo Tarado.
And why do you have a female horse
Guninger? 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 Guninger?
I mean to say that he
has not been seen since 1832.
But when you have found him my Guninger
what will you do, oh what will you do?
You would not know
that the scalp of old Texas
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 deity
who sends an account from me
back of the sun you nearly disturbed
just then. Here you hold my hand
I must visit the ocular 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 awfulliest American tradition, "refinement." TV shores 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 Mycenaian and Cretan (i.e., Homeric) 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, sperm, alkali, kerosene, and armpit. Nanny 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 Diamond Mined in the Suburbs

There is a great power in the people down there, the men and their wives but somebody'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 # I, with Sue and I loved most.

Very much, and I think it is one of your very best works
(oh! how I wish you could have seen it, and how I wish
that it could have been published). I enjoyed it very much and thought it
was a great movie (the man coming thru the door
The beautiful landscape, the hand 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 fuse pace......

 Forgive me I am not trying to be a critic,
and visual things are so hard put to words, really...

and i have so much to say to you...where to begin...

...One of the reasons I think I have been thinking of you
is that I am reading 'Board of the rings', and Susan takes to mind
Jane gravers passage of it to her. Ritz in the world seems to me so much. (A young
and the work (the books) turning me on so much...
science fiction being my cup of tea, with mythology
and English Irish folklore (reading toward the Irish moor...) words
the Fairy and Bright Northern lands of the She... etc)

0 i went link up else the things... the studies...
coming nostalgia into an often natural way beacan
as seen, when, Nebhali... Egypt and the furtel river Nile
0 i went link up all the names and twists of Voices
the funny sounds and gruttelf tones
ranging clear over a bright crisp noon
a seascape with rocks and waveless Vokings
yellow mains blowing glowing in the upcoming sun
the sky touched with pink and white breeze Pearl......

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

no such things are left better to the historians and scholars
who all draw curved lots and tables as one must do the work!
Dusty caverns, anchen halles
Beautiful Woods, Mountains and Trees
0 how i am reminded of Lime Kiln
where i first sought a glimpse of the land of the She.
one of the most beautiful periods of my life
and with memories that will ever see...

i wish you could have seen the places
the mountains, the houses it helped me build
the land the animals, the trees (the fairy rings of boy) laurel,
the birds she makes the tranquility
the october, sunsets, the wild mood
the coyotes and pumas screaming at night (and wolves)
the beet and tree frogs @ crotons and etc.
anyway linetkin 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 are plotting again for the umteenth time
to go abroad ( England ) or move over... Jerrym on...

I have so many plans that have not...
I want to stay. ( think I wrote you a note) but had to return
to my family ( cannot make it with out them.)

I was very inspired over going and spending the 5 weeks in mom,
the places have somehow changed ( have not we all )
have been doing ( up intill the last week or so ) a lot of paintings
and large watercolors fluorescent paint, "oo" pastel colors
Wallable faces and boodyi, temples and gay wood, seas Sobras
and House-daddles ( I.e. ) males fessum sides of
a face missing. ( for the last 5 yrs ) as?
I have used openans ( as you know ) and other drugs or so they are called.
( but most notably ) I hope and with much despair
so I can rationalize or rationalize about my life
the I think any,
an way they have taken the last except nee. off the market ( understand )
and the other market ( the poor smart criminal once
( as are they not all criminals ) I shant ever deal again with )
so I am ather to be as they say "sick" or move away
where things are better 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 novem
have 4 or 5 new ones in cal, as I final scored a litli noon blogay
Sam came, the last things i was doing was in 28
"pinkmouth with ferinlegry, and black and white actres
the new film ( which when I can afford to
will send you one ) are about my home here in gorda
the children playing, yisters ( such as porter ordinsky and alan G.)
short coasert with adice adice adice
where, incidently meet a fellow named doa ledenberg
who sold me rey and act., he had written in big sur.
so that was arranged with the hot springs
he came to my houses to show his work... and I shoted some of nine
"they were to fast for him, he said, they didnotreat the eye" etc.
and I went on ( not that I take offence in this )
some of my houses went of that time got as they say spramagry of dew
( as they were tired and he wanted to keep showing his movies
and he and his partner to spend the night...as it was getting late
anyway I know he wasnt the police ( as poor city perniga charles P. thought... and help him get his car unstuck from infront of my house
with took a few working hours by sundal light, and battery changes act...
I supped he was showing me fr asking him to stop showing his work
and not offering him a bed ( as they were all 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 poeol get stuck in one way or another
and demand hospitality or act. ( usually to be pulled out and act )
"the line kin road was hall on all Villab, bad creeks to for and say hi turnes and log rocks in the way act... when I had my jeep, I spen a hour trucking and pulling with cabbel, driving up and using jacks, winches, comealogs, 6 pulleys
am not trying to be critical of dove, or judging,(he and his partner) that is not the point. It is to with people coming together sometimes there is no contest and they perhaps a good thing other times there are disarrangements, obstructions, fears etc neg ect. this is the less and bad thing that poeple have no such trouble and sometimes coming together, being civil to one another and trying to act that i must believe in something called love and of something like wisdom and light, honor and truth,ect.

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

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

one of the best films called "gorde adors" in 3 parts, all unedited as yet, seems i must write for years on this must really be some 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 cop (which you i understand final made more prints of(have new or know just estaly where i stand with them, and would like to know)

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

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

i hope to be seeing you and your family again (if my nj, fri still comes off or sue and i even are thinking of going there(to make the sales of painting and art, this jugh drie thinkt. i colours i've never been there so went fully know.) will come by and see you in my home plus let me know anytime your travels say bring you to this west coast (fr i.e. to frisco ect.)

i showed some films not too long ago in the city and much while muncie played and very recorded (which didn't really work to my way of thinking (as acting). anyway three these showing i became very sensitive it's like if the audiences (those seeing the movie), don't like it or aren't able to see it then i too would feel this strongly and i would be dissatisfied 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 likes and dig the work i too do...ect.

i am sure you have noted 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 of my progress (like traveling to england, ect.) love truman...
bean
burn
beryllium

Ginsberg, Irwin, and group in the park, "Creation is play.
Third Michael second from left

suonberd

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 Reality” (“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 1929. 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 fifty-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 do so 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 Wichita 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 soon begin to feel 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 Wichitas, but to return to the timbered country, where we could hunt.

After the expiration of the 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 Schas, in the neighborhood of the other villages. Soon after arriving and encamping, the head man of the Schas, called by the Cherokees, O-s-till-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 bussied 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 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 Wichitas, 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 Wichitas.

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. O-s-till-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
hold each other so firmly by the hand that nothing can separate them." He said further, that, on the day previous, he and the principal men of the 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; even though 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 Waco old-village. The Texan told Sequoyah that he would talk more with him in the morning, when he was stronger, but would now go to see the Texans. He left. Sequoyah continued laying until evening, (the chief not having yet returned), when he again sat 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 so 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! sick? If I die 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. He then inquired of them the direction of the nearest Mexican towns, or villages? which they pointed out in the same course, Sequoyah remarked, that I had been pointing. 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 wa-

The Worm's Narrative p. [2]
We proceeded on until a while after sun up, and having crossed a mountain, we came to a small branch 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, let us stop 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 Chief 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 Tewackees 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 execute our orders in the tops of trees, and proceed straight to the village of the Tewackees. 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 Chief and myself came to a river called Mauluke, 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 a 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 met by an officer who, rising up, spoke in a friendly manner, and requested us to follow him. We did so, until met by an officer who, thinking 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 entered 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 pacing the room to and 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 Cherokees, because they had been a short time previous warning against the Texans. When aspired, 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 Tewackees, he repeated his dislike of the Cherokees, and said, he had no horses to lend, and that the Tewackees and other tribes, some of whom were deserters, holding about the neighborhood that day, had stolen many of their horses. He further inquired, whether we had any pass-partals, 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 demand 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 were in conversation with the officer, who became quite friendly, and gave us tobacco, pass-ports, and a very good axe, that we might bring therefrom 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 us should procure him a good supply of provisions, find a secure retreat and set out 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 him 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 traveled on two days; on the third day, which was wet, 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 defending ourselves; as they came near, I hailed them, and enquired 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 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 Shaneses or Delaware, and that had it not been for the feathers in our caps, they would have fired 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 Guaia, who had killed a turkey. After smoking, one of the Comanches received for their 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 rough and mountainous; but as they were going 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 war 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 Guaia shot it. This we hastily prepared and ate. Soon as this was over we attempted to cross the river, but could not; we then set 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, insolently gazed at us, 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. We were led into the house of this man—the crowd that followed us and one that came meeting us, having stopped, at what we supposed to be the limits allowed.

The town was small—the houses made of large brick—people dressed in different kinds of costumes. The houses looked old, 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 Tecoma, 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 despatched 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 imitated on our remaining that night in the town, as the day was too far gone for us to reach the Cherokee 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 instantly perceived him with a stick, his face covered with 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 lost, 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 lodgings, upon which we found the soldiers on parade, ready to march off in 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 ate through politeness, but with some difficulty, so highly seasoned was it with pepper, none 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 what an Indian could 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 Creanto," 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 had good luck met with our countrymen. 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 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 numerous negroes, most of them of whom we spoke 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 apprized 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, 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 man, 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.

Kaulake, 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 foot 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 left 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; and, under 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 he trusted, although out of provisions, to be able to support life until overtaken by us, as he had cut off meat from the heads of some deer skins. He had no gun, although persuaded to take one when setting out, but relied upon our rifles. 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 Kaulake, 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 come 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 horses 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 was heard in 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 — fearing 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 as much 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 Nolatake, 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 tomsaw, 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 leant against the side of the cave and couched refuge in the ledge of the rock. — having abandoned everything but a couple of blankets he tied around him; his flint, steel, and spunk 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 unsinking 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 way he filled a brass kettle. After this he made 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 anything 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 provision 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 his 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 sea language permanent on it - names
may see in rarified to nature's patterns
below & of settled distinctions
may people it with headfries
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 inland
like a map, shapes
of nevéda, lake of the woods, meaning
I do stay high above it like divinity
as able to indulge it as that.
uber province, star-shaped city
its horoscun name flourishing off in water
& a legend of walking secrets, numbers wadded-up

hands have it
square, the point
between slave & surprise, where their
thin extremes meet, holds away
troubles on the high narrow we know.
each turn dangerous
death 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 domed 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
metally leaves (designing light) - slow insectlife, gone, noise alone
blue ring - thick

navigateable by cutting trunk of the secret tree
passages
the mountain of the fox
Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The only sure way to live in peace without armament 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

Soul is
like soil
its depth
Is exactly
the depth
to which
it has
customarily
been plowed

Indian Crenz
THE

fisherwoman

and the

Mermaid
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 said 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.

Sarah Jones
The world's oldest portrait paintings are those done on mummy cases in Egypt between the 1st and 4th centuries AD. Mummy cases were along the path of life, kept for owners' eternal survival. Portraits then changed in style from realism to a classical era to a pre-Byzantine schematization. Earliest at top and bottom left were done in encaustic, or painted better than later one (bottom right) in tempera.
Shoes is the ecstatic bliss of soul, that by intelligence converse.
Love Jane very much
than everyone
in this land

star
Jane

Biology • Evolution • Distribution Maps • Migration • Behavior •
NEPALESE CHOOSE GODDESS AT AGE 3

Kumari, Picked at Terrifying
Era, Reigns Till Puberty

KATHMANDU, Nepal (AP) — she is called "goddess," but she's also one of the least likely jobs in the world.

At age 3, a little girl is chosen as a Kumari, a living goddess. Kumari is chosen to reign over Nepal's ancient capital, a position that is often passed down from generation to generation. The Kumari are considered to be sacred and are believed to have the power to heal and bring good fortune.

The life of a Kumari is full of responsibilities and duties. She is expected to be reverent and respectful, and her every move is watched by thousands of people who believe she is the living embodiment of a goddess.

She is taught a life of solitude and is secluded from the world, living in a temple with only a few attendants to assist her. She is expected to perform rituals and ceremonies, and her every action is carefully planned and executed.

The Kumari's reign is a time of great honor and respect, but it is also a time of great responsibility. She is expected to be a role model for all girls in Nepal, and her every move is watched by thousands of people who believe she is the living embodiment of a goddess.

However, the Kumari's life is not without its challenges. She is expected to be a role model for all girls in Nepal, and her every move is watched by thousands of people who believe she is the living embodiment of a goddess.

"Les Reines ont été vues pleurant,
comme de simples femmes"

— Chateaubriand

A number of good men have discussed this already & have come to the conclusion which we have followed. It was, rather, a temporary solution. And we didn't want to delay any longer. Eventually, in a year or two, or three, both branches should become one again — who knows. Or we may split into one hundred different branches. I myself always prefer some confusion & nothing can be more confusing than two Coops in one — that's pretty confusing, you have to admit it.
you can't maintain an image - get anything done at the same time - s

Foolish is the wisdom of him who has no knowledge of himself.
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. More even this place seems now more familiar and less exotic. It isn’t mysterious — perhaps through 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 RARL
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 high point for me in my life, to that place in time for all that I am aware of.

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 U.H.C., while I sat on a stool in front of a cash register (as an excuse to see and feel life.) And that summer night (I think 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 Hellman's & the U.H.C.) - standing there and exchanging a kiss.
that I will always feel. I watched and knew— the surge of love & 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 "Wedlock House & An Intercourse" as Stan in his writing and film and life expresses it— and gone in the bath water— with that sort of Madonna—Buddha—Sensual wave woman face (and me knowing too how she rides a donkey, chops wood— and sometimes says "Shit"—).

So many memories— the day Madonna came to me in the Bootshop— and inspired in my head "you are my kind of man"— and whose blue eyes— the eyes of all of you— with warm, strong seeing (and thinking of your eyes brings..."
to my memory-visions the eyes of all my friends — and I long to touch your children.

So many memories... here tonight while writing this of course the memories flow full through me... those nights — special long nights into morning with Gary and Mary Willoughby — and Stan and Jane and your children and Mary and Gary's children — and me there with the pleasure of your being. And like Jane's scrap book shows... so much of what your friendship 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.
Liberal—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 Lords

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, but 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.
Unkempt by affection? One exchanges the
empire of one’s desire for the anarchy of
pleasures. But pleasures themselves are goods
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 devolved 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
ruledless in his omnipotence, a multitude
of powers, an over-reaching inspired projection,
an uncan sanction, a temporal control
over all beloved things.

We live within ourselves then, like honest
woodsman within a tyrannical forest, a
magical element. Sheltered by our humble
imaginary lives, from the eternal storm of our
rage.

Robert Duncan
Thought is eyes' hell — B

This is Stah
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.
13 Oct. 66

Dear Stan:

You make me feel awful. And that's good. You just sharpened a pen and I just today believe it or not got my typewriter back from the shop. So I'm sitting down right now to answer your letter having just now finished it. I was at school all day and just made it. In the nick of time to see Helen in the hospital, the English are that generous you get from 11:30 to 6:00 to visit. You didn't know I took her there Monday to have...
...and so the little...
Dear Tom,
your two cards came in this morning as we were just going into the proof sheet of the Shetland Song. It looks to me like trying to get somewhere last summer and which came between us at the last moment. Do at least cross your ducks’ back. The catalogue listing is funny (I) - it William Morris's 41C. "Bohemian (I)" and "Bohemian" (author's A Christmas Story). The story of how he met and won his Brennus wife and then on the way. I am having a rest this afternoon, but to go on - love and
The second theme HOME essay is
Sandwiched in between the rest. It includes
embodiments as James May, reader of
Humankind, talking to girls, etc.,
el N P S - Shappelle, and
the corner shop by Elizabeth (Adell, author
of the famous diaries etc., etc. Etc.
I'd say, if you think yourself mean
it for the book. The book the, added by
 glory (by 191 B) and I don't
know how much, it 30,000 words or
so. And it will sell for 6.25, because
I'd say I'm living alone and a concert
going to New York, concert in April 67-68.

Now - wasn't that something
over leaving everything? By pressing the
same idea - I mean the same thing that
I wanted to write is God’s health and love,
you are this morning off your wing. I
haven't seen him not like this, and unless
if you want child to sit on arm. I was very
open to talk by the way. I have it in mind

If I can arrange it, to make part
time away, 1 or about 2 courses
and try to make of the rest of
what book well named position -
I think I did do that. Now my
way, try it. And the call three
right for that - by the way the
Catholic part. I'd have been
no so very easy - could remember
I worked in a newcomers school in Idaho.
I mean no catholic was even begun
to get where that is.
So you can
imagine how happy we have made
by the mountain scene of your
Rockefeller grant. How a month is a
useful which is kept. It’s easy to
keep the door open, and don’t it's foreign?
Dear Shon, May 23rd, 1966

I've just come in, and I think I have the answer to your question, as I am writing this letter from the shops.

If I'm coming here, right now, to write you a letter, it might be because you got from Eddy

To be able to visit you, I must have a kind of thing, but I have some trouble in

and there have been so much talk about that coming or what you can do in 1 year. If you can do it in a year, like I've said before, then three years can put you out in the kitchen, because it happens.

This is to tell you about the next time, I hope you have the time to come here. I was always here, and I was doing some meeting together, but that was to consider your statement. The meeting itself was done, and I have to do some thinking about it.

I hope you like the idea, and I hope you get the chance.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
Because I am not—I still miss Colorado. I could say—But I didn’t have to write it. Since Mary is put off the Instead, possibly, of my being someone—Instead of writing the first line so I could write out of it for a few pages. I think I am, for many more, sometimes say—This pragmatic with just it—First leave your not the money. Shot through with colors colored by the sun this streams through the wind. As I continued to think of it from first impression. At the first I am trying to put more meaning that purpose because one claim to have a place before—And it will be like a purpose—This all comes up since my first mention of you, because it has been suggested I stay away. Sometime I don’t really want it. But I am not certain the wall looks right and that I might not be more habitually

reach foot to pull up skirts and remind myself to such another so I could write. You see I can write it understandably. But I will sum later again, I wrote some because I find it. OK.

I am not thrill and all of us are that those figures are in the mail, I wish I could arrange them certainly, that will get them on this. This is last moment and on this way, habitable time. We will—we in any case I’d pay to be there. You see they just want went to the being a film at my sources from photo. The picture I promise.
Dear [Name],

We made our first contact—yes, that’s right. We just purchased a pen and I just today believe it to not get or impression back from the shop. I’m sitting down right now to answer your letter. Having just seen finished it I was at school all day and just made it. In the rush of time to try something in the hospital, the chemical was passed on the next, we got [Name] to help us with it. We often have our last bus home today so we have a much earlier, a “clean” thing in their book but saying she looks good and I think will be coming soon to the house itself, perhaps. Not of course the sale of something one, also one very much, and wish she will happy love.

[Name] and I stopped in the pub by the Buchanan house (means not still there, on the way home. Very near the hospital. He had some things on the mind. I listened, I don’t know why. But do that lately, we don’t talk, or perhaps, at least, people aren’t interested. We eat and had the glass of beer and had it. It was a pleasant. Usually he is a real introductory of children, who gives you must be, because one needs to communicate even more on the one you have (in some lines), on the second, you lovely put the [Name] the people love another, the Buchanan had very, or even close people on their story. I remember for instance the first girl I [Name] ever loved, remember his possible or a picture, but canting children one as close to in another say that when they get to be eighteen (fringe, always, in the style of one day within) they have no intention almost before that your one to read you, not for god’s sake (reactions indirectly or already but not purpose), say not at all that there, but in the position of you are home, you have it and there is no least cost or it isn’t love. England. It’s I think totally unnecessary. And I think you say not expectations on your child’s way. Either do you then, we need it a very cool day with nothing, for instance. [Name] and I are 5 hope before his university register to the hospital in London. It is a good thing, but he said it on the next, as well as (major things, no matter how you want to write, and you, dear, so speak of all that English). Sometimes, I understand, I say to be as help as possible. I’ve encouraged him to study religiously for the examinations come or the theory that it might as well be here to feel the book is, as such I displace that last, merely because it is still. After all, I think there is a whole of other things I know about this education as a class device to waste nothing of that, in the sense that it doesn’t as well as being a love letter, that you gave me in last letter when you so very much this last right. You should have a fantastic relations of that in or right now and I apologize. But before I did, you say (worse)—in a way, we want to get to the fork to live, and it may be sooner that two years, not in fact I want the continuation to the next just to mean about as much as we need people such as ourselves to be alone to, not to do such a single being as a “clean” in a very longer time, and don’t be second. It’s up there. I think. I think probably be those next moment to last it over.
I didn't even know the name of natural money, I don't care about that.

I had never heard it in the first place but at least I understood what it meant. I was not in a hurry to put on a show of fronts. For me, it was enough to have a good job and a roof over my head. What's the point of having money if you can't even enjoy your life?

I don't want to be associated with just another way of living. I have to be connected to a certain lifestyle (which is hard to imitate). I need the support, comfort, and stability that it provides. I don't need to go through it, I'm not that stupid. Money, not the lifestyle, is what matters most to me. I love the concept. I can't see any harm in having a bit of a safety net. I avoid a capitalist lifestyle and believe it's a way to keep some kind of balance. I have to be careful not to be too dependent on money, to keep it at bay. I have to be mindful of the consequences of our actions, and I have to be careful not to allow money to control me. I don't want to be associated with just another way of living. I have to be connected to a certain lifestyle (which is hard to imitate). I need the support, comfort, and stability that it provides. I don't need to go through it, I'm not that stupid. Money, not the lifestyle, is what matters most to me. I love the concept. I can't see any harm in having a bit of a safety net. I avoid a capitalist lifestyle and believe it's a way to keep some kind of balance. I have to be careful not to be too dependent on money, to keep it at bay. I have to be mindful of the consequences of our actions, and I have to be careful not to allow money to control me.
Dear Stan,

I'm just sitting here, having a moment's leisure, and thinking of the past in the States. I've been looking at old photographs and remembering the happy times we had. I wish I could tell you more about those days, but I'm afraid I can't. I hope you're doing well and that everything is going smoothly.

Hi Stalin,

Department of Literature
University of Essex

20 Oct 66

P.S. Dear Stan, I hope you're doing well and that everything is going smoothly. Please stay in touch.

ALS dated 13 October 1966

ALS dated 20 October 1966 recto
Dear [Name],

I'm just sitting here, having to read your letter, and thinking about the last time I saw you. It was on a Sunday, back in the early summer, when we visited [place]. I remember you saying how much you enjoyed the sunshine and how much you missed it. I'm sorry to hear about your recent illness, and I hope you're doing better now.

I've been busy with some work, but I'm also trying to find some time to relax and enjoy the weather. I've been reading a lot lately, and I've discovered a new favorite author. I've been trying to write some letters to friends, but it's been hard to find the right words to express how I feel.

I'm also thinking about our future plans. I've been thinking about traveling to [place] next summer, and I'd love to hear your thoughts on it. I think it would be a great opportunity to explore a new place and meet new people.

I hope you're doing well and that you're taking good care of yourself. Please write back soon, and I'll be sure to send you some of my favorite books.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
Dear [Name],

I have just received your letter and I hasten to reply at your request. I am pleased to hear that you are well and that everything is going smoothly.

Regarding your question about the Shoshoneans, I must inform you that I am currently working on a new project related to the history of the American West. I have been gathering information and interviewing several experts in the field. I believe that the Shoshoneans played a crucial role in shaping the landscape of the region.

I have also been working on a book that I hope to publish soon. It is about the evolution of the American West and the challenges faced by the indigenous peoples during that time. I believe that this topic is of great interest to both historians and the general public.

Thank you for your interest in this matter. I look forward to hearing your thoughts and feedback on my work.

Sincerely,

Edward Dorn

Photographs by [Photographer Name]

In the summer of 1967, I was sent to cover the American West. During my stay, I had the opportunity to capture the essence of the region in all its glory. The landscapes, the people, and the culture were all unique and vibrant. I hope that my photographs will help you appreciate the beauty of this area.

Edward Dorn

The Shoshoneans
The People of the Dark Plume
Text by [Text Author]

In the summer of 1967, I was sent to cover the American West. During my stay, I had the opportunity to capture the essence of the region in all its glory. The landscapes, the people, and the culture were all unique and vibrant. I hope that my photographs will help you appreciate the beauty of this area.

Edward Dorn

Photographs by [Photographer Name]
Dear Charles, I am talking about a man who is about to do something big. I am thinking of意味着 for a few hours because of the dream I had the other night. The dream was of a man who was flying a kite in a circular manner. I was thinking that this might be a sign of something important to happen. But I don't know what it means.

Edward Dorn

12/31/66

Calendar, June 24

New Year's Day is so typical of my life. I think this is what I can hardly do anything than stand in front of myself before readers. The world is changing around me and as I stand in front of it, I am thinking of something that happened on my ownremen. The world is changing and I am thinking of something that happened on my ownremen.
13 oct/63

Dear friend,

Thank you for your note. In the little time we were in New York I was very happy to have had the opportunity to talk to you and find out more about your work and your plans. I enjoyed our conversation, and I hope we will have more of these occasions in the future.

I have been thinking about the possibility of collaborating with you on a project related to our shared interests. I believe that there is potential for a meaningful and productive partnership. Please let me know your thoughts on this matter.

Best regards,

23 April 67

Dear friend,

I'm glad that we could catch up. It's been too long since our last conversation. I hope we can continue this meaningful exchange of ideas. Your insights are valuable, and I look forward to further discussions on these topics.

Please let me know your availability for our next meeting. I am flexible with the dates and times, and I am open to any suggestions you might have.

Best regards,

I hope we can continue this meaningful exchange of ideas. Your insights are valuable, and I look forward to further discussions on these topics.
Dear Stan,

Thank you; I mean - the letter was so nice and not that I need, or that it’s even the point to have to have that desperation, or that anyone ought to be “glad” - oh, I don’t know - it must point back in that sense to know you are about on some similar edge and further, well calling it all in - these, these feelings I mean.

She seemed, like that, in getting to me again - sometimes, as I did this morning tell before as you were going over The Times - I sometimes really have that someone parameter, that someone else, that the further, further world was adjusted something, and like, when you, notice! When, I see them going down the road like nothing happened, I got nearly; stopped, right there, well hell! and you too. This is, one way, to start the story, and then doing it. School teacher, has started, and for one more and more is trying, in this I never got on the rope - I don’t think there’s much more of it left for me, what “alteration” - I and got me ideas, and which in that regard, I wrote I had something to tell in.

Among Newark’s blooded POW’s, poet Bob Jones (above) and an unidentified sister

back all my poems and just friends who sometimes, got turned up,
and some that I don’t want to write. Back I had the poems, just might, while I started telling, because the morning and then decided to write down for you. I’ll tell it -

a dream, later known to be
for stan brakhage

Suddenly, it was like this:

John Houston

and I was at his lunch counter having coffee, I remember

he had cream in his.
56r [ALS dated 12 October 1967 verso] - [ALS dated 23 October recto]
56r [ALS dated 23 October verso] - [TLS, dated "Later on the 23rd" recto]

the fact to official

I feel the well around as
tab to keep these moisture by
hend. wrapped about like
ted, like a cancer,
well, another factor!
And not somewhere! I mean
Can come be stopped? I presume
the answer has got to be
"negative." He! would you
believe here? So
how different "life" is here. The public might amount to six or seven
per day and then you better get used to the public transportation
as it is very good otherwise not cheap, shops and then take little
funny, second rate motion calls up by the tins like a string dog
and goes to sleep. It would be lovely if it realized it was a
very bad day, of course. But alas it still thinks its got like an
hangover to go with the hot and this puts you all sorts of
annoying and hangover rage. Oh, even that makes me smoke. But
it is a pleasant day, not so visible there in a posture goes as a plan.

The more time their fillings as you hardly notice the tins
goes, gone. It was too warm today. Then the cold house is still
clear from the north moderated by the earth, Atlantic, current
and then the temperature will be a form of sensation, never crossing
are it was in that to say, just a completely self-assured group
of matter which will keep your eyes opened upon. Nevertheless that
will cease. There is a small part of a jet across the sky or just
like where you are... well, there are we. Food is satisfactions
be got there all time and in fact did well. A thing they am still
in a hurry to be surprised at being downtown do it. Paul is as
tall as I am not still growing. One has an eagle-Eyed way
raised who draws a hundred out. In case you don’t have that in one
of them now short to get these weeks and you get into it from
the front, a sound of sadness raises... or call it the absence.

Some play on ground and a surviving observation we have developed
to this smile for things small. Bottom is fine but was almost your
floor as I do and in that sense I told these people here I will
be going open still and yesterday I return or not as they mentioned
me by that that I had got the year off, which I told them, with
as accurate I do, and that’s after I told the idea of Paris
and suffer rejection (back to the relief of it, was previously
declared she’s the house, but if I needed will have gone in for
her again if I had). Oh, and not in the mean I got an upgrade now
before in some varieties of our own output and began to promise
stillness, we will return at noon that we that I, the other
coming reasons. In that I am going to jump up a big bottle in spirit or is
it maybe, as in case, come back here end with that sunny time at all
there, and then I’ll see. Say the in Pennsylvania from here. It can’t
be sure that those 30 seconds by imagination jet. Oh. This is
so occasion, this sunny afternoon and if I don’t get it into the
really, it won’t, every jet, time.
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 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 bedclothes, and under his feet the rug bunches.

There is an apologetic green look to
finally succeeds in escaping.
Louis Zukofsky

Drive, fast kisses, no need to see hands or eyelashes a mouth at her cur 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 Night with local competition from around the area. A citizen of Nederland today, Miss Shellhass was one time winner for her Wooden Shoe Dance and Dutch Songs.

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 crew building over Berthoud Pass along a route similar to the Berthoud Pass Highway. (From book "The Great Stakes" by Marshall Spangenberg.) 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.

ELDORA ABOUT 1900

SHELLHASS BLACKSMITH SHOP, Nederland, Colo.
Illustration for Don Quixote done by Duaurier, the height of La Mancha and his faithful steed. Sancho Panza ride across the plain in quest of adventure.
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: cacce 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 astuto, solitario, crudele. Di piccola taglia, se confrontato al leone del Sudan supera i 40 chili di peso, e però sp按托tomamente dotato per la caccia. La sua acuta vista gli permette di bellezza re animali grigi e piscidi nel raggio di 400 metri; la sua potenza muscolare di superare quasi tutti in velocità e portanza di movimento. È, a posta abbandonata, se, con un solo attacco, si trascina che distrutta il suo prah 11 è da attaccare o da fuggire. Vive in soli u lissimo, si nasconde soltanto per brevi periodi, ignora completamente il sonno. Il suo habitat africano varia dalla savana alta foresta, dal deserto di notte, di giorno, solitario, silenzioso, mascherato in una pozzetto, nell'asola alta, sul campo di un albero forestale. Ma se gli passa vicino una preda, scatta agility e si lancia come un serpente, insieme come un cervo.
Leopardo
Leopardi
GHEPARDO SPRIENT

Meno feroci dei leoni, non impressionano come il leone, il ghepardo è un felino che si fa scrivere nel mestiere di caccia e il suo carattere lungo più di 1 metro e pesa di massa di 65 kg, ha una testa ovale e occhi grandi, gamba lunga e sottile. Il muso è piuttosto lungo e le mandibole troppo fragili per sostenere un quinto di masticare in modo determinato. Ma il ghepardo è fatto per correre. Espressamente, un rischio di piccola, con un corpo sottile e leggero, è usato a siti lecci e velocità, e non subirsi e capelli di monti a una velocità prossima ai 100 chilometri all'ora. Per girarci il coda, una sua breve giornata, girare e girare d'attualità, ma solo correr, spesso in fine, con la sua fantastica ve-
locità è decisiva. Con tutte le grandi monta-
sti, non veste alla forma, percorrendo su una probabilità di non superare 100 m, ha un'altissima velocità di sopravvivenza. Leoni e leopardi, infatti, riescono facilmente ad appropriarsi delle sue prede. Il suo tem-
poraneo con la lepre è pochissimo alla

108
Grazie ai dati acquisiti dalle riprese, è possibile ricostruire con precisione le attività quotidiane di questi felini. La gatta di savana, per esempio, è un predatore ovino che sfida i canguri nel loro habitat naturale. Questo predatore acrobata è capace di saltare ondeggiando la sua poderosa coda, ma non riesce a superare i canguri nella velocità di corsa. Tuttavia, la gatta di savana è un esempio di adattamento alle condizioni dell'ambiente, che rappresenta un'importante lezione per la sopravvivenza.
Ghepardi

L'UNIONE DA LÀ SINOI. Muto e Azi
di Africa, come un'immagine di se, ma
e la loro figura, con la sua testa alzata e gli
occhi che hanno l'aspetto di vivere. La
famiglia, il cuore che si muove, che si
muove, che si muove, che si muove.
Il gesto è un gesto vivente, ma con il
cuore che si muove, che si muove, che
si muove, che si muove, che si muove.
Ghepardo

I GHEPADRI, come le proie che li abbiano attratto, si allungano nel terreno, mentre gli altri, ove il terreno è erbaceo, catturano con gesti veloci e schiacciando rami, giovani e danneggiati. Il maschio, di solito, ha altamente per le spalle e addosso a queste aree. I ghepardi.
SUPERLEONE

Non c'è dubbio che il re degli animali sia lui, il leone. Infatti non tosto nasce, perché nasce un po' forte, nasce pronto a caccia. Se non fosse così, non sarebbe re e rimarrebbe il solo animale che non si attacca, ad eccezione dell'umano quando è armato di uno strumenti ferrilire. Il leone ha bisogno di nascondersi, o al passo immerso: nelle saune dell'Africa centrale e meridionale, dove vive, cerca un rifugio solo per stare più nascosto, e maggiore a pöia gialla. Le volte che ne ha visto, per divenire a raccogliere la fame, per spiavanzare l'ambiente, per diffondere la propria forza. È indomito, e per il che si basa molto sull'alle delle femmine. Per il nota, vive come l'apprendista padrona di una tribù che può raggiungere il numero di 20 componenti, tra maschi giovani, femmine e cattivi. Le femmine spesso camminano in gruppo, in perlustrati i campi, e spesso si leva un ruggito nel centro del leone, che non abbattuto, interviene ma- stero il leone che, con un passo di rampa, si fa largo a mangiare la sua parte. Questa vita odi consola spesso per la breve metà del leone, incontrollabile ma morto, padre affascinante e paziente, dotato di umanità, e vero e vero degli animali e solo quando il periodo minaccia da viscere la sua tribù.
ANCHE I LEONI RAMMOLGONO LA PAROLA, ADDENTRANNO IN SETTEN- DRATA, OGGI, PECCATI CHE NON VENGONO, LAVORANDO IL NOSTRO TERRITORIO. IL MATERIALE NELLA BIBLIA DI SAPIENZA E DONO DI DIOS A GENTE COLLEVA NELLA NATURA. C'è TUTTO NELLA PAROLA. L'UNA CHE NON VIENE, L'ALTRA CHE SI VA. L'UNA CHE VIENE, L'ALTRA CHE SI GA. L'UNA CHE NON VIENE, L'ALTRA CHE SI VA. L'UNA CHE VIENE, L'ALTRA CHE SI GA. L'UNA CHE NON VIENE, L'ALTRA CHE SI VA. L'UNA CHE VIENE, L'ALTRA CHE SI GA. L'UNA CHE NON VIENE, L'ALTRA CHE SI VA. L'UNA CHE VIENE, L'ALTRA CHE SI GA.
GATTI D'AFRICA p. 122 - p. 123
and which is admitted by all physicians to be practically the best food for mankind.

There are many new varieties, but these are only using those we consider the finest for the sake of Novel Market. The New York Market has been so successful that the market has been extended throughout the United States, and the rights to the exclusive use of these varieties have been granted to a number of mills. The additional variety of the best and equal is the result of these efforts.

At the World's Fair, the best grades of wood and birds are regularly in competition with every other premium class; all the judges are unanimous in declaring the best wood and the finest competition in the market.

If you have been very careful in every respect and in every corner throughout the Caution. The remainder explaining the particular uses of each article, and to give strength for the weight of any object, and to give firmness and prevent the wood from breaking, giving them the advantage of novelty, and in the future, for the present it looks the way to be perfected in the future, and in the present it looks the way to be perfected and in the future, and in the present it looks the way to be perfected
AS HEALTH RETURNS.

CAN anyone who has never been very sick imagine the delight when that disease returns, he may or may not say, "You are now cured, our work is over!" and your beloved one, with joy in her eyes, walks or your place and says, "I have just read an article in the paper about how the seasons be necessary for the health of the weather. It is spring to the body, it is spring to the soul. This blessed season of growth and renewal.

A HIGH AUTHORITY.

Dr. H. B. Green.

Principal of the National Indian School, Washington, D.C.

Address to the Indian School of North Dakota.

This is my address to the Indian School of North Dakota. It is an address to the Indian School of North Dakota. It is an address to the Indian School of North Dakota.

WHEN BABY IS COMING.

If there is ever a time to use a woman's name when she is capable of a great dream of beauty and glory, it is when she becomes a mother. Her body is prepared by nature to bear and nurture the life that is growing within her. The baby is growing, day by day, in the belly and mind. The baby is growing, day by day, in the mind and heart.
BABY SECRETS.

When a baby cries to get the tip in its mouth, you will know that he wants something to eat. When you put him to bed, he will be quiet and comfortable, and when you go to bed yourself, he will be quiet and comfortable also. If you put the baby to bed and he still cries, it means that he is hungry. If you put him to bed and he still cries, it means that he wants something else. If you put him to bed and he still cries, it means that he wants something else.

OVERSTRESSED.

When a person is overstressed, there are disorders in the stomach and their relief. When a person is overstressed, there are disorders in the stomach and their relief. When a person is overstressed, there are disorders in the stomach and their relief.
overstrained system can recover itself. Mentholation
and, peace department of purposes, can be obtained
by the use of Peat Milton. For "The" "Tents" which, noise from the fruit
good quality for strengthening
hills, containing the emollient, cooling, soothing
on the floors, which has an immediate
and lasting effect upon the
mind, destroying nervousness and bringing that
quiet peace which is necessary to its existence.

NEVER FAIL TO INSURE SLEEP.—It is well to
in a room of quietness and darkness.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Best in Fourteen Years.

Dressed in clothes that includes "Best:" Over the
head with the head. The body and the face, the
lips, the hands, the

31st, July 3, 1865.

The cloth is to be worn, and should be
"Best:"

"The" "Tents" which, noise from the fruit
good quality for strengthening
hills, containing the emollient, cooling, soothing
on the floors, which has an immediate
and lasting effect upon the
mind, destroying nervousness and bringing that
quiet peace which is necessary to its existence.

NEVER FAIL TO INSURE SLEEP.—It is well to
in a room of quietness and darkness.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Best in Fourteen Years.

Dressed in clothes that includes "Best:" Over the
head with the head. The body and the face, the
lips, the hands, the

31st, July 3, 1865.

The cloth is to be worn, and should be
"Best:"

"The" "Tents" which, noise from the fruit
good quality for strengthening
hills, containing the emollient, cooling, soothing
on the floors, which has an immediate
and lasting effect upon the
mind, destroying nervousness and bringing that
quiet peace which is necessary to its existence.

NEVER FAIL TO INSURE SLEEP.—It is well to
in a room of quietness and darkness.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Best in Fourteen Years.

Dressed in clothes that includes "Best:" Over the
head with the head. The body and the face, the
lips, the hands, the

31st, July 3, 1865.

The cloth is to be worn, and should be
"Best:"

"The" "Tents" which, noise from the fruit
good quality for strengthening
hills, containing the emollient, cooling, soothing
on the floors, which has an immediate
and lasting effect upon the
mind, destroying nervousness and bringing that
quiet peace which is necessary to its existence.

NEVER FAIL TO INSURE SLEEP.—It is well to
in a room of quietness and darkness.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Best in Fourteen Years.

Dressed in clothes that includes "Best:" Over the
head with the head. The body and the face, the
lips, the hands, the

31st, July 3, 1865.

The cloth is to be worn, and should be
"Best:"

"The" "Tents" which, noise from the fruit
good quality for strengthening
hills, containing the emollient, cooling, soothing
on the floors, which has an immediate
and lasting effect upon the
mind, destroying nervousness and bringing that
quiet peace which is necessary to its existence.

NEVER FAIL TO INSURE SLEEP.—It is well to
in a room of quietness and darkness.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Best in Fourteen Years.

Dressed in clothes that includes "Best:" Over the
head with the head. The body and the face, the
lips, the hands, the

31st, July 3, 1865.

The cloth is to be worn, and should be
"Best:"

"The" "Tents" which, noise from the fruit
good quality for strengthening
hills, containing the emollient, cooling, soothing
on the floors, which has an immediate
and lasting effect upon the
mind, destroying nervousness and bringing that
quiet peace which is necessary to its existence.
WOMAN.

PROBABLY no man has ever felt so completely and so keenly the inscrutable laws of nature and the unerring recurrent order of things. Women do. Men surely can raise a necessary woman, but the ever recurrent changes of the monthly moon, following upon each other through woman's life, as the pole-accomplishing current grows, grows also, but of the perfectly rounded, beautiful, yet cold and distant, city of night, more than wanting steadily away lose, till they reach an and whatever.

But days and misery are the lot of woman too, recurring invariability, seasonally, thousand times a year, with every moon, and for one hundred and twenty days out of three hundred and sixty-five. She is below the path of health, washer, constructiveness, with less appetite, with pain varying from a dull ache somewhere to the excruciating agony. Beginning at the time of her period, the woman often slowly, through all her life, until the forty-five silver streams produce alleviating and her days of rest and change come again, past as the moon continues evasively to grow and wax, and bring her weak, keen, faltering, skills, domestic and yet she bears her burden patiently, with rare humor, without losing her self-control, her confidence in the order of things. Her spirit is through alleviation, strengthening itself, bearing quiet...
nerves and rest. Rubber Mail Extract. The "Rubber" Tonic, will warm her through and through, allu- 
vate her suffering, relieve that depressing pain, strengthen her nerves, delay away that eating 
fever, and in a few days will make her as strong as a mother's kiss and carry her safely and comfor- 
tably through her troubles. A batch of such 
through the time of illness will mitigate all distresses 
and relieve her suffering.

FLESH AND BLOOD — Have you ever been 

a woman and her end to be a rock of blood deaths.

PRINCETON, N.J., Jan. 20th, 1892.

IN BOTTLES ONLY.

Rubber Mail Extract. The "Rubber" It is 
sold in pure bottles only, and never 
in any.

The way to obtain the greatest 
amount of benefit for the least 
amount of money is to have your 
druggist deliver you a dozen 
bottles at a time. They will cost you $5.

The "Rubber" Tonic is a feast, so well 
manufactured and so thoroughly 
perceived, and in a manner so 
nefarious as to have a highly 
unquestioned effect. But its 
future is uncertain to the 
secreted instrument the doctors have 
given it. We publish a few of their 
letters.

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

SURGERY.

THERE is one subject which we have 

breathed upon in one of the columns of these 

books which we have seen into the world, to carry 
their glad message of healing and strength. They 
have given (false million) names a word of 
salve and cheer, which has often been wasted, and now 
life has opened up within the household, new 
joy, new grace.

It is a wanted to be positively true, by actual 
experience, the thousand times, repeated, before we 
recommend the use of Rubber Mail Extract. The 
"Rubber" Tonic in Surgery, and it has been proven 
that the system of a surgeon, must be 
achieved by surgeons, must be 
the expectation of a surgeon.

The latter has 

work as speedily 

against the possibility 

of death, 

than by 

instituting and 

preparing the system 

to withstand the 

shocks of 

the accident is sudden.
61v Wedding Secrets p. 22 - 23

ONLY NERVOUS.

A strong passion is never at a loss for seasons. Weak nerves are equally able to give a reasonable account of themselves. They bear so through illness, death, an accident, grief, love, anxiety or pain. Yet few who are nervous people have as much sympathy with their sufferings as our friends who are not the life of illness. There is nothing the stronger with her, who is not nervous, and she will be said of an invalid. But if those who are nervous, carry their feelings more than those who are not, we shall not say so much for the nervous who are not the life of illness.

BABY'S SHOES.

It is very easy to give away the baby's first shoes when they close one hand on a half, and open another. The.CRITIC. To the young girl who is going to have a baby, you will do well to remember that shoes are easily made, and that you can have them made by the shoe man, who will make them for a very small price and will not ask too much for them. If your shoes are too small, you will have to make them larger, and if too large, you will have to pay for the manufacture of them. The shoe man will make them for a very small price, and will not ask too much for them. If your shoes are too small, you will have to make them larger, and if too large, you will have to pay for the manufacture of them. The shoe man will make them for a very small price, and will not ask too much for them. If your shoes are too small, you will have to make them larger, and if too large, you will have to pay for the manufacture of them. The shoe man will make them for a very small price, and will not ask too much for them.
SLEEP.

MERRYLY language, like a honeyed gift, may be so
promenaded by the tidings intelligence that you
forget the mental wishes. It was not the
benevolence, but the beauty, that ascending the
air, gladdens the spirits to the heart of the
child, and brings us up to the
world. And the love of it
—well, you know what
that means. It carries
with it a sort of
domestic and
sweetness, and
then we
smile, and turn, face
our
beings, and
for
battle with
the
world, while
may be, within our
years, the
ears
of
reception. You may think you've
read everything, but if you will
sleep we
know that you have not. You have not tried
Paisley
Kid Extract. The "Best" tonic. In honestly
handed, it will do the business. It will put you
to
sleep. You will only need to take it for a short
term or three weeks, a glass before going to
bed, and
you will not only be in better health, but you will
drop off asleep unstirred, and awake with
you
and
healthy, which

BABY'S EYES AND HANDS.

A baby loves the color of
its own

WHAT IT WILL DO.

Paisley Kid Extract. The "Best" tonic is
domestic, the whole

body

and

muscles

will

be

stirred, and

it

will

of

the

nerves

and

mind,

and

a

grace

and

strength

of

the

body.

Last

of

the

nerves
cities throughout the Union, and all hundred agencies that manufacture their own magazin
hired their own horses, made their
own furniture and employ their own
men. In the old days, they used their
own buildings, and spent in various
ways to maintain their stocks, either
throughout the year or in the busy
seasons of the year.

FORTY MILLION BOTTLES.

Bakeley and beer are as old as the world, and the
history of brewing begins with Egypt. The
early Stone Age peoples of the old times have
grown with the world, and with civilization, Ger-
many and England are both proud in the pro-
duction and consumption of malt beverages, but
the art itself has had a long and varied history in
Germany, so that it may

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
characterized as the highest of the
ancient and noble stock of German malt
beverages. The Nimfuses beer is

FORTY MILLION BOTTLES.

Bakeley and beer are as old as the world, and the
history of brewing begins with Egypt. The
early Stone Age peoples of the old times have
grown with the world, and with civilization, Ger-
many and England are both proud in the pro-
duction and consumption of malt beverages, but
the art itself has had a long and varied history in
Germany, so that it may

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
characterized as the highest of the
ancient and noble stock of German malt
beverages. The Nimfuses beer is

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
characterized as the highest of the
ancient and noble stock of German malt
beverages. The Nimfuses beer is

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
characterized as the highest of the
ancient and noble stock of German malt
beverages. The Nimfuses beer is

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
characterized as the highest of the
ancient and noble stock of German malt
beverages. The Nimfuses beer is

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
characterized as the highest of the
ancient and noble stock of German malt
beverages. The Nimfuses beer is

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
characterized as the highest of the
ancient and noble stock of German malt
beverages. The Nimfuses beer is

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
characterized as the highest of the
ancient and noble stock of German malt
beverages. The Nimfuses beer is

really be said that the art of brewing was developed
for the German.

Nimfuses is the German city of the
United States, and the home of the world's
top beer. Nimfuses beer is famous
and renowned for its quality,
Unimportant But Interesting.

It makes the following statement of facts which are recorded in the World's Columbian Exposition, the Pabst Brewing Company received the highest award on its best brew, the highest score on its bottled beer, the highest score on Pabst Hall Extract, the “Peel” Form. One of its products obtained the highest award on its highest award. This brewery, whose product is well known in our advertising, is contained by every man and woman by the means of any task in the case. Public appreciation, however, is the highest of all considerations, and this appreciation is affected by the fact that we have a "Pabst 6%" beer 41 per cent the moment of your approval and by "any similar instruction in the world. We have also received in the Munich Expositions the gold medal and diploma of the first class by the American beer in the very center of the art of brewing."
March 66

Dear Stan: We received your lovely inventions, documents & visions. We'll have to get the projector back & roll down our living room walls & quiet the kids & have another Bruges 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 for eternity'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 & now snuffle & blow out Magnes of salty water into wriggling salt crystals. Yet, I'm sure the edges of all seen things keep threading into a total blur.

I am finishing up Rock TAC, adding final commentaries & amending (appendage) & sending my poke, asking of it for ribbon to tie the box 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 surplus of good poetry on them.)

I am returning to the Greek comedy-tragedy, or Greek relation with the abscence of gods. A retreat, a submission to primal fear, as if the mind's evolving has, again, been overlaid by the shadow. War-fear, despair & home-brewing waiting -- the unhappiness between the male & female. Tenebrous unhappiness that creates a transference of identity & a greater void between their natures & responsibilities. None has not been made with origins in this generation. Most likely the one preceding it. The mother & father not known. The breast not tasted. The eternal connections & sources not realized nor aligned.

Bruce mentioned something about Berlin: machineneg shooting at night & Ghost Tunnels 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 astroharp with Bruce's bands. 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 huge vision & I #2 manage to reduce to commonbook sight & comicbook flatness.

Our myths we had before we were born it. We #2 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?). This sends her love. We are entering into a new order & wish to salute the new things, first buds, babies, & etc. I hope this spring renews me to the core & that the roots take hold having realized the depth of the earth they grow thru.

Love

In re-reading the hash (the word "history") reminds me that Chris MacLane 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.) Un-believable 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 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 &c. 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 new career, this strange endeavor.

Got Carman in touch with a friend whose 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 to, essentially, talk & discover. It was always 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 more home-movies. The kids cant get enough of seeing themselves move about reduced to storybook size on a screen or wall. I make it even more restrictive in some 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.)
But right now the only use of time is in building some kind of elemental base for this music, getting it down, making something new with it, 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 Hadley (Oyes) to send you whatever Oyes stuff I thought you didnt have but I think I gave him your old box-number & hope the stuff arrived. Mary Dernard 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 bettered. 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 gobs of snot out of her nose that must have been stored there during the rest of the family's flu period—Tina groans 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 boxes 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-goblets 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 howling on the roof as vulture-kings), then to be the artist who struggles with the woman in his mind, his heart, to have her 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 commando-hunter grabbing & 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 shell 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 a vis Ezra, can a man conceal his real bent?

He can. No matter how his words dazzle or the form 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, maim, & 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.

THE 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 I can use it later. 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 deserved group of poems: MOTHER & THE JEW. Quit my job a couple of weeks ago. Coast.

Our girls growing all the time. Growing into small dirties 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 2/3 year old memory of them; especially one night when we were ever so tired & 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 Herrms?
This is his current address: 2215 N. Topanga/Topanga, Calif

Again may I thank you for the FILM CULTURE Brakhage collection.
& 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 theyre 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 orphans come from the eye or tongue. The work is one; the work is two; neither one nor two but all. etc. 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 symbols of St Clement clinking) —all of the words leading to the pronouncement 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 much brain-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-schina, 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, etc — 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-order 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, killed,
pissed on, passed by, shadows, birds, liquids on 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 overhear 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 wail. 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 gasses, 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 quiet. (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 batray slugle moths, earwigs, termites, back-step slug
colonies, sometimes a rat (call the exterminator), sometimes
a cat (call the cat), 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 ms of ROCK 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: workworth?)

Saw Michael at a musical clave & he handed me his garden of
cards & his hair long & curly with Bruce Conner & his bag of
harmonicas. WOW 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 is 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 halls 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 bunchad 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)

Book two is now 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 30%. 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 & the Beatles' catalogue..."

CHROMOSOME 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-much due 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, sordid, grumpy & joyless. We suspect this ethereal 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. Cheap wine & early morning commandeered escapades to snatch milk off Dedicated steps & pilfer thru Ralph's Supermarket tindrum garbacciano 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 JOGLARS 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 musical (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 shall 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 nickles to untangle some of the string I let forth in that last pile of type.

Now it’s Bessie Smith on The Phi. 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 if 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 spend hours discovering the universe. Ah, beam! ah dark brown bright beam 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,
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 table tops 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 lst secrets of the invisible. Rhythm, repeating, sound, the word, mystery (the soundless like a haiku). This came to me after having Jim my & 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**

Clowns eat with forks.
They dance.
They wear pretty shoes.
Girl clowns. Talk about girl clowns.
Girl 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, --&tc. 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,

[Signature]
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 Halloween Parade which will take place at Sarah B Cooper Grade School next Thursday. They can hardly contain themselves. They'll all march in the parade as princesses with hand-made crowns in billowing half-slip & beads & wands.

Love to you all always.
19 Oct 67

Dear Steh:

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 shouldn't 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 xerox lens. Myrena has a big grim & 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 winged peice 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 2d 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 dammed 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 cosmic meditation punctuated by telephone polls & the omnipresent sad places named BAT & BAR & why not one of these Highways, a bathroom with appropriate means to adorn the various entrances/exits. In Mexico, I hear, there are towns filled with whore-houses who have neo phalloi hanging from the shingles, a bar, a jukebox, many cribs, roofless, so you sleep watching the stars above & almost always awoken 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 debasement begin to sink in & cause unnecessary pain & conflict? Jenny goes to a school where, at lunch hour, the assistant principal watches them from the 3rd story & yells into a bullhorn at them if the kids break certain ritual formations, like girls at one end & boys at the other. & etc. 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 pulps 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.
Techniques of Bird Watching - the Relationship of Bird and Man -

Image protected: contact the appropriate curator for more information.
in case, forthright wise.

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 XXXXXX ANGELO.
Nice rain this morn. Beethoven's 5th Symph. on tape; good tea and fire. My horse fat from wrong feed, slight worry. New rabbit beginning orientation disease, being bucked by resident rabbit, both males. Machinegun theatre dream last night, given by sheriffs etc. Considered afterwards not too good by critic/participants, incl. self. Not that scary.

Mighty Zeus with his fatal of thunderbolts; mischievous little Hermes; gray-eyed Athena, goddess of wisdom; Archirous, the first physician; Orpheus and his beloved Eurydice; Helios the sun, crossing the heavens in his fiery chariot... these and other equally fabulous figurers parade across the pages, their heroic deeds and petty squabbles illuminated in full dimension.

Dear Jane, thought you would like this, and I bought on Monday call me collect at this # (700-165) a couple of days before March 30th. so we'll know where to meet. *KESERT*

Kelly

my mother is mean
my horse is mean
Mrs. Hanson is mean

The che of our destiny, wander where we will, set at the root of the cradle.
Mighty Zeus with his fulsome
thunderbolts; mischievous
little Hermes; gray-eyed Athene,
goddess of wisdom; Asclepius,
the first physician; Orpheus
and his beloved Eurydice; He-
lcus the sun, cradling the heav-
en; in his fiery chariot... these
and other equally fabulous fig-
tures puzzle across the pages,
their heroic deeds and petty
squabbles illuminated in full
dimension.

Nice rain this morn.
good tea and fire. My heart
worry. Now rabbit begging
Bucked by resident rabbit
dream last night, given by
afterwards not too good by
self. Not that scary.

Do you want my pin
for something of you?
yes no

The claw of our destiny, wander where we will,
ilies at the foot of the cradle.

Dear Jane; though you would like this, and I bought on monday
call me collect at this $20 798-1653 a couple of days before
march 3oth, so we'll know where to meet. "Tell D."
I'm certain that the first sinner immediately after Moses brought down the decalogue was the man who memorised the new laws, as his participation in plasty.

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 men first domesticated their animals. Until then they knew little of the seasons and how they followed one another. In fact, they were not sure that after Winter there would be Spring.

Over 6000 years ago, the Egyptians were the first to measure time with any accuracy. They tied their looms along the River Nile which was their prime asset. The best time to plant was immediately after the flood, when the water had left a layer of rich mud on the field.

Egyptian priests predicted that once each year about the time of the flood, the star Sirius would rise just before the sun, thus indicating the start of the rainy season. When this event occurred, the priests would count and record the number of days that had passed before this occurred and record that there were 360 days each time. In that way, they knew how long a year was. They divided the year into 36 months of 10 days each with 5 days extra at the end of the year. This was the first calendar invented.

Historians figured that the Egyptian calendar was adopted about 5248 B.C., more than 6000 years ago!

That there was a woman in Gloucester, Massachusetts whose father was a Bretonuc "Red" Indian (her mother was a Micmac.

And that this was in 1828 and that she remembered traveling in a "canoe" which had the full forepart of itself covered sufficiently to enclose all the children as well as household goods and dogs.

Like a wick-up but larger, in the sense that the women too were inside this forecastle.

So that we have here an instance of the Pleistocene "boat" as such - the Bliscay shallop of another age literally on place in Gloucester, Massachusetts - and probably not even far from Bliske 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 Castillo at Bliscay.

CHARLES OLSON

D 408 VIII
THE FIRST CALENDAR

The history of the calendar goes back to the time when man first settled down as farmers. Then they knew little of the seasons and how they followed one another. In fact, they were not sure that after winter there would be any spring at all. About 4000 years ago, ancient Egyptians were the first to develop a calendar. They had their floods along the Nile River which occurred every year. The next time to plant was immediately after the flood, when the water had left a layer of rich soil on the land.

Egyptian priests noticed that every year, about the time of the flood, the Nile River would rise just before the time. The priests counted the days that passed before they returned and noticed that there were 365 days in each year. At last they knew how long the flood season lasted. They then divided the season into 30 months or “months” of 30 days each, with 5 days left at the end of the year. Thus was the first calendar invented.

Numbers figured the Egyptian calendar was started about 3100 B.C., or more than 4000 years ago!

That there was a woman in Gloucester, Massachusetts whose father was a Mohawk “Red” Indian and her mother was a Micmac.

And that this was in 1828 and that she remembered traveling in a “canoe” which had the full forefoot of itself covered sufficiently to enclose all the children as well as household goods and dogs. Oiler a wickiput but larger, in the sense that the women too were inside this forecastle.

So that we have here an instance of the Pleistocene “boat” as such – the Micmac shallops of another age literally on place in Gloucester, Massachusetts – and probably not even far from Resolute Island.

Spake interviewed this woman.

Who was able to give this evidence because her father had seen, and one has a picture of some such “boat” both from Newfoundland and from the painted cave of Castilla at Biscay.

PENTAGONAL DODECAHEDRON

This amazing geometric figure is designed by present great mathematicians and known as a Pentagonal Dodecahedron is bounded by 22 faces forms, each having 5 sides, with each face divided as shown.

As a living form it represents a year round calendar to make a most unusual composition of poetry, novelty, and usefulness. A real decorative piece guaranteed to evoke curiosity and comment.

He was out there, and he’s a moronic who believes in what he believes in, and he has an incredible beauty of meditation. I mean it’s like, if I should by some chance be able to stand for hours like he does and be silent and still, and look out.

And of course the big war is going this way and that way, and I mean, everything, and you know it when something happens that he feels is right, he says, I mean with a great lovely burning sound. Like when the sound comes up, he sings, oh, yeah, whatever.

If somebody arrives that he likes, it doesn’t really work. Otherwise, I mean, he has moderate, and appreciates himself. That’s his whole life essentially. Doesn’t make no sense. The
Exercise in futility: Stan and Jane Brakhage trying to bring the twentieth century to Creighton.
"Character is in the corners of the mouth," say the Chinese.

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.
If you tickle the earth with a hoe
she laughs with a harvest.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.

For the child, fascinated by priests and signs,
the universe and his hunger set of a size.

gesture: "But that isn't what counts, until
it never did. What matters is, white or
black, that whale ran more than 80 yards.
of all"
Gay Beaders are like that.

Excuses are clothes which, when asked unsawes.
food; Breeving to Naked Necessity spares.
You must have a whole wardrobe, no doubt.

A hundred men may make an encampment,
but it takes a woman to make a home.
Facts

The nicest room in the house is the kitchen. It's possible for criminals to successfully proceed without notice.

60% of traffic accidents involve one traffic law violation. About 80% 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 Elton Brokage (second from left) after the showing of his experimental film Sunday night.
A People Out for Stars, Not Peanuts

74r [TLS dated 1 May recto]

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. It's okay. Struggling with the dream is all — to be expected. My main thesis now is — oh 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 describing it, rather because its interesting and I will give you information about me. It hadn't occurred to me while making the film that this combination of images was fixed as a mind cliché — hadn't occurred 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, I'm going to use his book I think this summer for a small group of students. Anyway, my thinking in that sort of "Q" was a continued, thematic RAKX relating the animals [OUTSIDE - the earth/world/creator - as opposed to HUM, comfortable in his walled-in (conquered) milieu] to the father of the community — the heart of "the community" of Man juxtaposed with — at the same moment as — those pigs being herded cruelly into trucks for market. It was, in fact, literally, the same town in S. Dak., a similar eating in the winter, etc. It was never supposed to me to think of pigs according to the clichés — 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, what an innocent, heroic blond-haired easy-going young heads up European walking to war young man he was. The metaphors you mention had also not occurred to me. Though I don't have a lot of things that 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, frenetically. Instruct him up here one remote evening, sitting with my dinner alone — no fear — listening to a tape of the other room... Suddenly his voice came on — I thought whoever it was, so familiar, was surely right there in the doorway, then right away I knew who it was and then he must be on the tail of that tape... I wrote him the next day. I don'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 as I couldn't really explain what I meant by comparisons.

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

Added to making it worthwhile
in action or overtures
Print

An actual work of art to
consider, not just to
image, and image in
burning, and burning,
Covington area, brings me
to the good nothing is possible
without... it is where things fade, where
all the thought and all the feeling of
proposing it. Or thinking it out so living it
afraid of time.

Reading about my world,
March 26, 1945

CHARLES LIDGIN

a picture of Jane
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 dictation is so pernicious that he
takes his phonie as he can check his
own remark.

RISK
that there might, may, be
a last chance.
The last chance I had had not
this day’s immediacy
—an old rose I had forgotten
was a rose, was, had heart
and got aside.

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

MY THOUGHTS
this island
p planted with wild woods
lies in the sea
like the backbone of an ass.

TWINBURGER
DRIV-EAT-ERIA
CAR-A-MINIT
PULL PLEASE
DON’T THROW ME ON THE STREET
HELP KEEP BOULDER CLEAN

Jim Hicks
and set him on his two feet firm
and then again shake solid men
til they fall backward
into hard times
wandering hungry wild of mind

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
loses out and I tend further to fall into
the Beloved Lake and I am blinded from

spending time as insistently in and on
this personal preserve from which
what I do do emerges more well-known than
other ways and other outside places which
don't give us much and distract us 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 envisaged 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 are 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 image on the page. 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.
May 1st.

**SONG:**

*Venceremos (for latin america)*

And there will be fresh children once more
in plantain and mato grosso
green mansions for their houses
along the chivico.
Take away the oil
it is not to amount their heads
and the saber from the paunch belly
overload with crossed colors
those quaint wadding men
are the damned 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 head of established
forces,
who can do nothing
but give us the measures of pain
which now define us.

Take away the boots 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 whittman'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
peeled 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.

I made the film to relate myself to the rule that I play towards the dead man
who is executed in a recreation of life as Frankenstein.
I worked against the production of *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 that some of what I assume I should say. It is very
arduous, 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 well if it is not using me.
I am at the service of the post office. The line of Slonmowe. 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 book) page and no sooner, like filling a jar.

Bruce
Nor, on the meagre Basiliica, or back in town in Posa de indios con the people be permitted the luxurious image of Persien and his duty wedded saint they can be bought 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 porrot, who rises in the sunset a cloud he sing, destroy all talking porrots 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 hail 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

I make the film to relate myself to the role that I play towards the dead man who is XXONXXA 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 again 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 size of the package. 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 take) page and no sooner, like filling a jar.
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 stories.

Mac Hammond
The Old Man:
A Counting House

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

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 falls on deep ears. I am locked here,
bend, by poverty, my disease to seek out on some dim highway
That lover who will release me, into heaven. Dark respite
Which will end when his arms let me go. If even that. It never existed.
For no arms exist for me. But those locked in down,
in other arms, in love with me, but still sharing other arms
For their efficacy.

John Wieners
Good Friday 1965

George Decker : A fisherman
Lancey Meadows: l'Anse aux Meadows

And George Decker (when he got there) ad
Anything goes on
at Lancey Meadows
I know—there is
no evidence down at
Black Duck Beach.
There was. Norse
people,
by carbon date
1006 had
come ashore
here. Had built
houses, had set up
a peel bog iron
forge. Were
living
Lancey Meadow
1006
AD

Los Americans
Number One (after
Skraelings)
Skioslings
- are Indians. Iron
against
Indians, on Lancey Meadow
form
natural
place
for Norse — Norse are
Anglo-
Saxons. Norse are
early Greeks. Norse are
Kelts. Norse are
Gauls. Norse are
Rus (Russia).

Norse are
all but
Constantinople

Straszewski only
removes the division
of Mesopotamian and
European. Mesopotamian
and Europeans only due to
Mediterranean
mindedness. MINDEDNESS

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

Charles Olson
(from the Maximus poems,
Volume 3)

I wrote this film to relate myself to the role that I play towards the dead men
who are 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 in 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 size of word. 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 Mockerncock

and small sunflowers
fractured with spot
doomer out of the Fill

in grey haze of
Indian summer
among the pantomimics

of oil refineries, the crude
industrial debris,
leftover shades

rusting under dark
wings of the Skyway —

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 covering wound. Past the pinto bean capital of the world and mean verdure.
Bitterly cold were the nights.
The journeyman slept in the lots of filling stations and there were the interrupting lights of cars all night long as those barest crept past or drew up to rest their motors or refueled on.

A modern group in cars.
They traveled north at an angle and the tires hummed and whirred across the rear pillars of the road car from the strain of the great American desert. Past places they went, like only nomads and in Green River they had coffee and talked to an old woman where inconstancy was radical as domestic was she by the isolation of the spot and the terrible dry winds that blew down upon such Utah, and what she had to ward them off were not the slow dreams of indians but a pool table and a rack of cold sandwiches.

The beer was cold.
The fun was drunk.
But the climate was tolerable only within the confines of cars or on the open stretches of road at mid speed or at night when the bitter cold set over the southern Colorado cliffs.

In the bitterness of the great desert they tried to get comfortable in car seats.
Utterly left behind was 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 last...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 the country and they sit still facing the north slopes of the mountains, the remnant of a Southern Idea in their minds.

Ed Dorn

MESSAGE

Arbor vitae, whose grooved hole reveals so many broken intentions, branches logged or widened off

In the grass near you your sidions are uprizing, fertile, trustful.

Danilo Laverio
The trap is void! That was your worktable speaking to you. Traps, Greek for table. And void 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 Traumdeutung that tables are bodies (the Catholic altar, body of Christ). The ornamental table with flowers in the center is a common female elfinon.

"The table is an animal."

I quote Confucius via a via Ezra: "A state does not profit by profits." Are you all well? The nicotine demon done 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 men 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'll be some films to show at U. from so-py, if not too much business, and expect will be looking for a place to live and I can break in the morning. But maybe won't be able to. Will write before I come if I can come. Approx. feeling that an welcome.

Seeing all the businessmen again this morn. brings back to mind the other - non-billy - side of our dear American society. It makes one feel he lives on top of a-high mountain, maybe 5,000 feet up.

Love, Fm