

TORTOISE FAMILY CONNECTIONS

On he goes, the little one,
 Bud of the universe,
 Pediment of life.

Setting off somewhere, apparently.
 Whither away, brisk egg?

His mother deposited him on the soil as if he were no more than droppings,
 And now he scuffles timidly past her as if she were an old rusty tin.

A mere obstacle,
 He veers round the great mound of her -
 Turtles always foresee obstacles.

It is no use my saying to him in an emotional voice:
 "This is your mother, she laid you when you were an egg."

He does not even trouble to answer: "Woman, what have I to do with ~~you~~ thee?"
 He ~~fixes~~ wearily looks the other way,
 And she even more wearily looks another way still,
 Each with the utmost apathy,
 Incegnisant,
 Unaware,
 Nothing.

As for papa,
 He snaps when I offer him his offspring,
 Just as he snaps when I poke a bit of stick at him,
 Because he is irascible this morning, an irascible turtle
 Being touched with love, and devoid of fatherliness.

Father and mother,
 And three little brothers,
 And all rambling aimless, like little perambulating pebbles scattered in the garden,
 Not knowing each other from bits of earth ~~and~~ or old tins.

Except that papa and mama are old acquaintances, of course,
 Though family feeling there is none, not even the beginnings.

Fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless
 Little turtle.
 Row on then, small pebble,
 Over the clefts of autumn, windchilled sunshine,
 Young gaiety.

Does he look for a companion?

No, no, don't think it.
 He doesn't know he is alone;
 Isolation is his birthright,
 This atom.

To row forward, and reach himself tall on spiny toes,
 To travel, to burrow into a little loose earth, afraid of the night,
 To creep a little substance,
 To move, and to be quite sure that he is moving:
 Basta!

To be a tertoise!
Think of it, in a garden of inert cleds
A brisk, brindled little tertoise, all to himself -
Adam!

In a garden of pebbles and insects
To roam, and feel the slow heart beat
Tertoise-wise, the first bell sounding
From the warm blood, in the dark-creation mornning.

Moving, and being himself,
Slow, and unquestioned,
And inordinately there, O staid!
Wandering in the slow triumph of his own existence,
~~Ringin~~ Ringing the soundless bell of his presence in chaos,
And biting the frail grass arrogantly,
Decidedly arrogantly.

Hillsdale Book Center
234 Hillsdale Mall Fl 1-7224
San Mateo
"How To Write Without Know-
ing Nothing"—H. Allen Smith
Open Daily 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.
Sun. Noon to 7

Paperbound Books

ALBERT HENRY

524 Geary—San Francisco 2

OR 3-5383

Open Every Day 10 Till Midnite

is the unspoken burden of a true story presented in a most interesting and thought-provoking manner.

Another aspect of the '20's was of course the widely

Rinc
tells
Ar
rogue," w
to look lik
and admi
stories—rig
anything w

Barry's
burglar
jewels
prison
a s
Aug
gu
ti

Dream 1961
eye of poet turned into
opical.
found this
very soon after.
it was a
nightmare.

Why is
Marnie
the perfect
Hitchcock
heroine?



Marnie is quietly attractive and efficiently dishonest. When "at work" (as Margaret Elmer, Mary Holland, or Mollie Jeffrey), her dresses are deli

Sea Horse

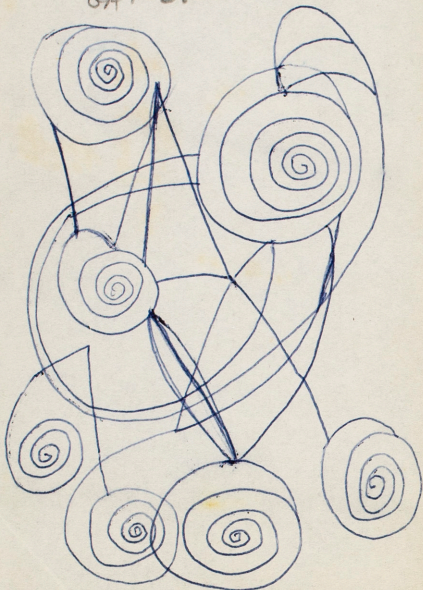
Because of their unfishlike
upright manner of
swimming they are
slow & would ordinarily
be easy prey - - -

apparently their ability
to exist depends partly
on their bad flavor
and to some extent on
their power of camouflage

4416 18th ST

Mrs Harve

GA 1-2803



For the mating of birds
took place annually.

Cormorants, egrets, condors, owls,
birds unnamed, riotous
colours, flaming wings,
sounds of rapture.

Later nothing more
than a falling feather.
My bird mate ~~has~~ flown
away to circle the
sun while I light
a candle for St. Valentine.

STATEMENT

October

From P. Oliveira
321 Divisadero
OV16707

Mrs Baldochi
150 Commonwealth

DETACH AND MAIL WITH YOUR CHECK. YOUR CANCELLED CHECK IS YOUR RECEIPT.

Lesson 0 for Stephen

PAID BY CHECK NO.

By the light of the moon the base rules.

Fade low
sink fast

Think of the Sphinx and the Anvil Chorus.

Move along tides of gray horses
through forests of motion.

split the dread between
two slices of bread.

Give up the ship

Fade low
sink fast

Give up the grip

Fade fast
sink low

By the light of moon a pair rules.

Kirsten

What makes sound?

When you put your feet on the peddle and play the keys, and put things up and down. And put paper in it. Put dimes in.

Vibration - 1354 - Act of vibrating oscillation.
State of vibrating
tremulous effect

The sky has wind
and blows.

Kirsten

1. cars
2. taking
3. wind
4. dish washer
5. singing
6. breathing
7. paper
8. jumping
9. steps
10. trees
11. barking
12. water
13. doors
14. bells
15. fighting - children
16. horns
17. whispering
18. lights
19. balls
20. pissing
21. hugging
22. sleeping
23. ropes
24. licking

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 25. clocks | 49. records |
| 26. eating | 50. car-lights |
| 27. drinking | 51. breakfast |
| 28. shooting | 52. bunch |
| 29. playing | 53. dinner |
| 30. coloring | 54. rocks |
| 31. Writing | 55. pages |
| 32. dogs | 56. Moving |
| 33. cats | 57. books |
| 34. bicycle | 58. paper |
| 35. yelling | 59. tags |
| 36. motors | 60. cards |
| 37. pen | 61. fire |
| 38. bushes | 62. smoke |
| 39. sheets | 63. flowers |
| 40. keys | 64. flowers |
| 41. notes | 65. grass |
| 42. T-V | 66. paper P.S |
| 43. branches | |
| 44. running | 66. wiring |
| 45. laughing | 67. dogs |
| 46. crying | 68. desert |
| 47. hushing | 69. woods |
| 48. driving | 70. wood |

Notes

71. cutting
72. planting
73. coffee
73. soda
74. ruler
75. falling
76. p. 2
77. radio
78. calling
79. slapping

My love for you is a slow thing
a high tension wire singing on a
hot day in the middle of Missouri.
A pot hole eased out by years of
~~rock~~ mountain water.

This poem is a slow thing - words
mulling through a soft orange glow
wanting to slip over your lips, ease
us together

JU 7-64 95

John COCHRAN

M 412141
EX 457

7-6



No. 2501

BLACKSTONE
MANILLA
Letter Tablet

spring repeats
old defeats
anyone knows
love doesn't come
it goes

i sing the bawdy eclectic

a bastard moon
wanders among the brazen stars tonight
thank god madam sun is not shining
what a bitch this april is

(seasonal prostitution
of a rotomontade constitution)

magniloquent bouquets
of seductive idiots
maundering to a crepuscular manikin

come little one
know the desire that urges melody
for you
here in my alone
is a part for you
play it on your young fiddle
touch me
until the intervals blend
to an infinity of music
that we may love

unmeasured chant
rising falling
smooth as the motion of your hand
that softens the wrinkles of my brow
fades the blemishes of my skin
bodies meeting in the only holy communion
drinking the wine from your lips

write a million melodies
for softness of breasts
sing them to a woman

weave them into a counterpoint
with a broad pelvic grand pause
harmonize them with lips

bar them not
let the measure
be love

LAMENT TO NOTHING

~~SPRAY OF PINK AND RED~~
~~MEANING WHEN LITTLE WE BE~~
~~WIND AGAIN~~

Saxless noise greets me in bewildering
thought of you No answer to squeaking
doors tearing the paper apart - ASUNDER -
Let no man - Love - My soul is not -
- GONE - WAS IT? - IS IT?

Blind noise and yellow light - strong -
worldly without anding the sea of
morbid moribund creatures crawling neurotically
erotically to what?

Where did you go dusky grey bar -
No meaning - no understand? - no good -
rotten? rotting away - Anchors aweigh -
weigh and consider my child you are misquoting
Miss Quote No overcoat and I'll not care
- you didn't - thieving old charlatan -
Chicanery won't hatch a batch -
Son of a Bitching Bach -

Souls of Flash ever wind the

STAIRCASE SAND — I BRING YOU SAND
IN THE EYE — AYE, WE'LL GO
WHEN DON PASQUITO KNOWS WHO — SIT WELL
FOR TOMORROW YOU LIVE?

PAIN IN THE ASS AND IN THE WINDOW —
REFLECTIONS ON THE WATER CASE EVER ON
THE RAFT OF GRAFT — BLUE OLD WATER
FLASK — FLASH OLD WOOD CHOPPER — GRAND
OLD POT FULL OF BEANS

EXPRESSION — REPRESS THOSE PANTS —
BLUE PANTS — MY FAVORITE — GONE IN TUBS
OF STARCH

WAVE THE RIBALD SERKS — WAVE THEM
I SAY IT NOT THINKING NEVER — LEAVE
NEVER — WASTE NEVER — LOVE — NEVER —
WANT WANT —

WITH YOU GRASS GROWS GREEN IN PAIN
FEARING THE WAVE —

DREAM NEVER WITH THE CLOCK CROWS AT
DAWN — DOGGONE — ABSTRACT MESS

simple never - with you. Beautiful
Full - breasts - careful don't
drop it on the window pane - I love
you in the morning when the morning
grows old - see the many come with
nothing - empty measures -

Love beats - me see - nothing when?
Nasty boil beef steak in the wind

sadly sadly - stand here with me
and know - stop the ache in my back -
where did I come from - blue wet
sheets - icy foam content - crash against
the shore - swallow me with out awake

Love music - stretto maestrale
orgiastic ism of night songs - night love
ashes on the pillow - empty bed blues
some - some time - winter time -

Grow in the sky with out love ever -
compose yourself meaningless - meant what
manstrual concept of what -

What ANSWERS - ALL ANSWERS -
CRY OUT - BLOW MAN - WAIL
STOMP YO FEET - GIVE - BEAT IT -
BLOW IT - BASTARDS ALL - WHAT.

When DON PASQUITO DRIBBLED DRIVE
MY LOVE - FATE LOVE - IMPOSSIBLE
When - WHEN? Awful old office
symbols signal - TRAIN YOUR MIND -
NO JESUS CHRIST

MALODIOUS WORDS - NAKED LINES -
Beautiful - you ARE beautiful - eyes -
NAKED - Live - we must - SLEEP ON
my chest AND breathe COLD AIR - I LOVE
you - NAKED KISS - MINE AND YOURS - KISS
IN THE DARK WITH WET WARM HANDS - GENTLE
SENSUAL - KISS

ARTIFICIAL OLD BITCHES - Awful old
office GRIND TEAR ME - when I LOVE -

JAZZ ME - MAKE ME FEEL THE BEAT -
BEAT DOWN THE LOWER CLASS CASTE

ehaste old Bitches . DRINK your tea AND
Leave me ALONE - LOVELY OLD BITCHES -
SEXLESS

Feel the Blues - CARRY ME BACK -
BACK - MY BACK ACHES - WHEN WILL PAIN
GO AWAY - WHERE DOES LOVE GO - WHAT?

WHAT DOES GOD EAT -

YOU - YOU ARE NOT HERE - LOOK ALL
YOU BASTARDS - FOAM AT THE MOUTH AND
HATE WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW - HATE - GRIND YOUR
TEETH - FALSE TEETH - MAKE NOISE AND SCREAM
- LAUGH UGLY - LAUGH BITTER - NO FEELING
DON'T THINK - GRAB - GRAB MY SOUL OUT
OF THE GARBAGE CAN - GUTTER - GUTS AND
LOVE IN THE GUTTER - SEWERSNIPE - YOU
DON'T KNOW - CRY LOUD AND TELL THEM YOU
DON'T KNOW - SCREAM - SHOUT -
LOUD - ROAR IT BOY - SEND 'EM - SEND
ME -

why - why don't you come back AND
Love - Put that mess together -
put that guy down - why - Love - why
Lend me your LAND OLD MAN
why why why -

CRESCENDO the NIGHT SONG FORCE
through the DARK AND NEVER come
back - why

I have a theory - hypothetical
hypodermic pronounce you woman -
you dictionary - you word - YOU -
DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS? - hate it then -
that's the ANSWER - that's the way -
RAVING old MANIAC - DEMONIC CRUD
Lament be wildered CRUD - Lonely little CRUD -
Feed it - throw it out - Give it BACK -
Let it go - why -

HANG ON to the LADDER - Latter thing
WAS GOOD - Good Letter AND GOOD Lettuce -
Let us that's very nice -
Build a fire and put it out - Quickly -

Don't let them see it - Look you
BASTARDS - why -

Now we'll live - lie there and let
me look at you - love you - cry -
tears for we were happy at the
moment - I won't forget -

Remember the blue GONE love
GONE love where letters didn't chase
me up the stairs -

Don't know what you mean - HANG ON
I will - I must - SOON -

Time is GONE - Blue GONE - GONE
with the winding staircase -

Tell me -
you know -

Dear Barnacle Ass,

Well I see you have grown to love the barnacles. Dear protective barnacles. What could you do without them. Too late now. You have to start scraping when they first appear. Now they'll keep coming until you sink to the bottom with those god damn leeches that sail with you. Barnacle and not enough.

Leech is too much like barnacle

What you need is contempt — you've had too much admiration from crumb who don't count.

What a god damn waste. You say they don't bother you — Hah! but they rub off on you — Do the barnacles protect you? —

They are making you ugly — It makes no difference to the leeches who you are. Those kind forget you before the last drop of blood is sucked out.

Oh — my M. when are you going to stand up and live? — Until you do — — get this — — for us there is no more — Think it over good — no more

NOTHING

I won't be old friend hanging on for blood like the others — Think it over M. — Nothing — is it what you want? How do you decide?

note on the letter:

This is a love letter, meant to shock my lover to his senses. Either ending my anxiety by ending the affair or resolving some difficulties which I think ~~it~~ should be apparent by the letter.

The problem is that you have both leeches and barnacles in the letter. You could transform one to the other eg. "Barnacle - No, leech, for barnacles don't suck blood," but they can't remain together peacefully in the metaphor.

A

Pauline Oliveros

110.1

Letter Assignment

$$\begin{array}{r} 28 \\ 9 \\ \hline 252 \end{array}$$

24
72

Insatiate
Insouciant - Indifferent

Insensate -

Insinuate

Insulate

Insuperable - can not be over come

Insinuate softly insatiate desire
~~into~~ into the ^{to} ear of your insouciant lover

Insuperable passion

~~blood ending~~ ^{aching till} insensate

Insinuate softly insatiate desire
to your insouciant lover
Insuperable passion
Aching till - - insensate

Don't let go the mystery too soon
Let it grow

Listen my dear to Luisburg's Howl
Oh do you hear it,

~~Poems Music Paintings~~

Spring repeats
~~for~~ old defeats
Any one knows
love doesn't come
it goes -

Music for M.

Write a million melodies
~~to the~~ ^{for} softness of ~~her~~ ^{breasts} skin
Sing them to a woman

Weave them into a counterpoint
with a broad-pelvic - grand pause.

~~Discant go on~~
Harmonized ^{them} with ^{lips} ~~judicial chair~~

Bar them not
let the ^{measure} key signature
be love

For us there is no more - Think
it over good - no more - NOTHING
I want be old friend, hanging on for
blood like the others - Think it over
m. Nothing - is it what you want?
How do you decide?

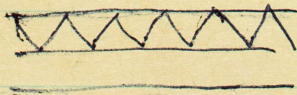
Epitaph

I wouldn't climb the highest mountain
for you.
I wouldn't walk across the street for you.
To hell with you.
You're dead.

I wouldn't die for you
You've done it yourself
To hell with you.
You're dead.

wouldn't chase the
moon for you
I wouldn't go after a

Any one knows
love doesn't come,
it goes.



I wouldn't, work & slave for you
^{but I'll}
~~I can't~~ even dig a grave for you



Dear Barnacle Ass,

Well I see you have grown to love the barnacles.

Dear protective barnacles, what could you do without them. Too late now, you have to start scraping when they first appear. how they'll keep ~~growing~~ ^{coming} until you sink to the bottom with those god damn leeches that ~~accompany~~ ^{sail with} you.

What you need is ~~a little~~ contempt you've had too much admiration from ~~people~~ ^{crumbs} who don't count. What a God damn waste. ~~You say they don't bother you -~~ ^{The Bar,} ~~but they rub off on you.~~ ^{protect} ~~The barnacles might protect you, but they~~ ^{you. they} ~~are most disfiguring. It makes no~~ ^{make you} ~~difference to the leeches who~~ ^{ugly. Cling} ~~you~~ ^{to them -} ~~are.~~ ^{one for each} ~~Those kind forget you before you've~~ ^{of the promise} ~~even met. the last drop of blood is~~ ^{that lie in} ~~gone.~~ ^{you} ~~sucked out. Barnacles and leeches.~~ ^{unful} ^{filled}

Oh - my m, when are you going to stand up and live?
until you do - - get this - -

SUN GOD

SUN STRONG ARMS ~~THAT~~ HOLD ME NO MORE

PURE AS THE SINGLE LINE OF CHANT ~~THAT~~
FILLING MY ROOM

Oh well — who GIVES A DAMN
IT'S OVER

IT WAS BEAUTIFUL

BEING BEAUTIFUL THE INEVITABLE END

HORRID NIGHT MARE END

4/30/64

Far away the wind rises and moans slightly among
the black moonbeams.

Years pass.

Close by, a child's angry wail splits the air
and innocence.

Ages return.

Pain tides pull apart the world.

Hours vanish.

Joy had its moment.

Minutes flow.

Tremblings of the veil.

Seconds remain.

Far away the wind rises and moans slightly among
the black moonbeams.

Years pass.

12/2/64

By the light of the moon
the hare rules
Fade low
sink fast
Think of the Sphinx
and the Anvil chorus
Move along tides of gray horses
through forests of motion
Split the dread between
2 slices of bread
Give up the ship
Fade low sink fast
Give up the grip
Fade fast
sink low
By the light of noon a pair rules

FIVE * SIX * SEVEN

A Study of Carl Sandburg

PAULINE OLIVEROS

A
An ingenious way of
dealing with this matter -
Since it fresh look of a new
experience - It is one (SND)
way of using the material of
the poems to discover the
nature of the poet.

CONTENTS

The Poet Neatly Labeled 1
Bas Relief 2
Five 3
Monkey of Stars 4
As Poet of The City 5
The Windy City 5

THE POET NEATLY LABELED

The text books declare Carl Sandburg, The Voice of the People. Lover of Lincoln. Of the people, by the people and for the people. The text books give us a lie when they say his poetry is a generality of the masses. That the multitude is good as it is. Sandburg is saying, there is poetry in a human being. His poetry is the idealization of human experience. The way it is and could be. Beauty is not in the collective experience of the masses per se, but intensified in the emotional experience of a human being.

* Sandburg is an extension of Emerson and Walt Whitman. An accepter of good and evil as intrinsic forces, necessary to each other. But don't think for a minute he is a passive accepter wallowing in triviality. ^{AND SENTIMENTALITY} He is saying, look here the bad is bad, ^{LOOK AT IT} ~~let us do something about it.~~ The good is good. The American language is beautiful, powerful, expressive. Let us use it.

His ^{is} the unspoken poetry of the American people, who are not one consciousness, but are individuals with common experiences, some intense and good, others false and evil.

The good life is not in a book, it is in living and expressing living with all five senses. Laughing, working, playing, give yourself to life. If every human being has a capacity for good life, the advantage is not always taken. Sandburg says take the advantage you have and push it as far as possible. Realize your own needs.

Sandburg is called a poet of his era, the bewildering shift from agrarian to industrial culture. So he is. But there is much in his poetry which retains vitality for today. Or anytime. He projects through a personal interpretation of common events and common language the concealed significance for society.

He is all the things the textbooks say and more than that and less than that.

Bas Relief

" Five geese deploy mysteriously"

The five senses, stupidly, simply, extend their ranks and reduce their depth. The senses - unexplicable.

"onward proudly with flagstuffs"

Each sense is identified - self-satisfied.

"hearses with silver bugles"

They announce their own deadness.

" Bushels of plum-blossoms dropping for ten mystic web feet"

Nature brings forth its best for the senses to disregard.

"each his own drum major"

Each sense leads on before the others.

" each charged with the honor of the ancient goose nation"

Each sense is responsible to itself and must amplify the other senses. The goose nation -- collective unconscious, of the ~~human~~ race. INDIVIDUAL

" Each with a nose length surpassing the nose lengths of rival nations"

Which sense is more important than the other? The senses pitted against each other . Each outdoes the other. Paradoxical value of five inadequate geese.

" Somberly, slowly. unimpeachably, five geese deploy mysteriously"
Each impressed with its own importance. None can be ~~dispensed~~ with.
The senses go on repeating with out beginning, without end. Where are they going ?

The number five recurs in Sandburg's poetry as a symbol of the senses, and usually with a commentary of inadequacy.

From Crimson Changes People:

"Did I see a dusk your hand make a useless gesture
trying to say with a code of five fingers
something the tongue only stutters?

Did I see a dusk Golgotha."

We strive for expression through the senses and fail.

From Slabs of the Sunburnt West:

" I ask why I go on five crutches
tongues, ears, nostrils - all cripples
eyes and nose - both cripples
I ask why these five cripples
limp squint and gag with me."

From Accomplished Facts:

Ride, ride, ride on in the great new blimps
cross unheard of oceans, circle the planet
When you come back we may sit by five holly hocks
We might listen to boys fighting for marbles
The grasshopper will look good to us."
Science has taken us away from nature. Someday maybe we will believe
in sensual experience. Five hollyhocks."

From Purple Martins:

"Five fat geese
eat grass on a sod bank
And never count your slinging ciphers,
your sliding figure eights."

Before this quotation is a description of Purple Martins being what they are. They know their purpose. No one takes this example.

Sensual experience is denied.

Monkey of Stars

" There was a tree of stars sprang up on a vertical panel of the south.
And a monkey of stars climbed up and down in this tree of stars.
And a monkey picked stars and put them in his mouth, tall
up in a tree of stars shining in a south sky panel.
I saw this and I saw what it meant and what it meant was
five, six, seven, that's all, five, six, seven.
Oh hoh, yah yah, loo loo, the meaning was five, six, seven,
five, six, seven.
Panels of changing stars, sashes of vapor, silver tails of
meteor streams, washes and rockets of fire -
It was only a dream, oh hoh, yah yah, loo loo, only a dream,
five, six, seven, five, six, seven."

What kind of monkey-business is this ? Man is the monkey. Mischievous, full of fun, but also not quite living up to his role as the highest type in the hierarchy of primates. He plays with nature yet he can't quite comprehend the significance of nature. The meaning is five, six, seven. Arbitrary numbers. Man's attempt to order the universe. "It is only a dream" Futile attempt, reduced to numbers. Meaningless numbers and meaningless phrases.

On the other hand, are they meaningless ? The phrases sound as though Sandburg is laughing with glee because he, among men has found significance. Five - sensual experience. Six - intuitive power. Seven The seas from which all living things come. " Man is a bag of sea water."

As Poet of the City

The Windy City is in ten sections. I have entitled each section according to definitions of wind and to the meaning I am trying to bring out. I have chosen this lengthy poem because I think it is representative of Sandburg's work. (I hope I have not chosen the wrong poem like critics and anthologists who have caused Sandburg to become under rated as a poet. Branded as a chauvinistic people lover. Sentimental to the last drop. A square who goes around writing biographies of Lincoln.)

Good
Figures are drawn from common speech and slang. There are many contrasting moods. The rhythm changes in each section and amplifies the moods. Section 4 contains imagery reminiscent of his imagist period. Section 5 exemplifies his use of jazz rhythm. This section reminds me of Alan Ginsberg's Howl. The pitch seems to climb intensifying the lament.

Familiar symbols in his poetry appear. The skyscraper, the prairie, balloons, and the winds. His basic attitude "The past is a bucket of ashes" is restated.

1

Wind: Air, artificially set in motion.

What kind of men breathed life into the junk of earth to beget Chicago? Wagon men with lean pointing fingers - Pioneers who knew where they were going. They picked a homelike crossway and made a city in their own image. A laughing city - a working city - A crossway - a meeting place for all constituents of the nation. A crossway - a convergence of contradictory forces.

Lean strong hands structured the city to be useful. The breath of man gave it life and identity.

Earlier the red man got wind of an ominous quality. "The place of the skunk, the river of the wild onion smell" Fungent odors wafted by the wind.

" The city is a child, a belonging." It is hopeful in its newness. Chicago is established. Marked with living skyscrapers. Symbols of striving for elevation. "Parallelograms of night gray watchmen" The buildings stand opposite each other equally, as the people from which they came.

2

Wind: A high wind is strong and destructive.

A strong wind blows away dirty chatter. The clean shovel and pick-axe ~~left~~ the lean strong hands lasts. The useful structure of the city will remain.

The city is comfortable It pampers its' inhabitants. The child rides Through a tunnel under a river to listen how the indian ran and read the signs of nature. The child's education comes easy. The city obscures Nature.

The tax-payers pay a price to be comfortable and sit respectably watching dog eat dog from a distance. He sees the horrors of the city with out being involved. It is easy in the city to forget who you are. Never know.

To be dead from the neck up. Wearing products of comfort. Spiritual obscurity. "Proud of their sox" Furthest from the mind.

From child to ~~tax~~-payer to living death.

3

Windbag: One who talks much to little effect.

In a high wind "lash yourself to the bastion of a bridge" (Hold yourself aloof - stay with construction) and listen to the dirty chatter from the floods of people enveloped in darkness. Windy talk. Suspicious, stormy, changeable.

Stay in your place. You must cheat to get above, If you get above your place you will no longer be one of us. "We're all a lot of damn fourflushers" We know what we are. "Hush baby" That is to be denied. "Shoot it all" Life.

Chicago is a paradox.

A stranger thinks he can see the city - point out what is wrong and show the way for repair. Sandburg is the stranger. Half loving, half hating the city, The city can lead him astray, make him confused and greedy, a do-nothing, an idle talker with its contradictory forces.

Chicago is "Independent as a hog on ice" A selfish beast scrambling wildly about a slippery surface, looking for a foothold.

Other great cities are established and sustained by the past. Chicago is young with an elusive future.

Prayer to the high wind.

The city is grim and degenerate. To be destroyed. "Dooryard lilacs long ago languished" Good-bye to Walt Whitman's catalogues of good things. Killed by the encroaching iron works. Industry.

Nature can not be reached through the grimness of the city. A question not worth answering. The wind will answer the grimness with the death of the city.

The multitude, death like figures live like beasts in the jungle. Barbarous. Sins, repeated again and again. They go on living without knowing or asking why. Let each one die for himself.

"Dust and a bitter wind shall come" Death is ineluctable and not to be feared but welcomed. Death takes away the evil as well as the good. Both must perish.

The wind of the lake shore is a lucky prophetic wind.

"The wheelbarrows grin" Symbol of good fortune. Work with the hands is good - constructive. The wheelbarrow holds the future of man -and the library building. "Maybe its morning" Perhaps there is a good future

The future of the city is in destruction for rebirth. In its rebirth man can take part in the process of construction.

The city is pervaded with hope for the future. "Under the foundations

over the roofs, the blue prints talk it over.

The wind of the lakeshore waits and wanders

The heave of the shore wind hunches the sand piles.

The winkers of the morning stars

count out cities and forget the numbers."

The wind of the lake shore is a wind of good fortune. It is waiting for somethin to happen, It hunches the sand piles. A hunch is prophetic. A hunchback is good luck. The half seeing people keep rebuilding the cities.

This is the climax of the poem. The following sections taper off. The central purpose of the poem is to show Chicago at its best and worst and to prophecy destruction and rebirth. Cyclic process.

7

It takes time.

The workers, in time might bridge the gap between humanity and the city. "White clock tower" Time will elevate and purify their humdrum existence. Sometimes these people rise above insignificance.

"Proud things" The city has taken care of some basic needs. Food, clothing, shelter. It is up to the people to provide self-realization.

8

Cyclic Process

The city with its good and evil will pass and new cities will take its place. New people will change the city. The skyscrapers symbolize future cities that will find new ways to meet the needs of the people.

The present shows itself different from the past and predicts that tomorrow will be different from today.

9

Image of night softly enveloping Chicago. This Chicago has had its daytime. Night will be an adventure. A tall tale.

8

The Four Winds

Sandburg is the witness. He has listened to nature - which is constant. It changes little in a thousand years.

He calls the winds to the cardinal point. Chicago, nicknamed for the winds contains the qualities of the winds.

Corn wind - wind of life.

Blue water wind bring a calm cool death.

White spring wind bring pure children.

Gray fighting wind - strong cheerless and destructive.

Recapitulation. Wind of the lake shore. Prophet.

Unlike Ruth I find the form a bit confusing. You use three or four different styles of prose and force the reader to mix the flavors in his mouth. Two would do. Very interesting experiment but only partly (to me) a success.

B+

Bibliography - GOOD MORNING AMERICA
SMOKE AND STEEL

The Promontory Moment

Think of only now, and how this pencil,
tilted in the sand, might be a mast,
its shadow to an ant marking the sun's place
little and vast are the same to that big eye
that sees no shadow.

think how future and past, afloat on an ocean
of breath, linked as one island,
might coexist with the promontory moment
around the sun's disc* for that wide eye
knows no distance or divide

Over your shoulder in the circular cove, the sea
woven by swimmer's gaudy heads, pulses annindigo
wing that pales at it's frothy edge;
and far out, sails, as slow as clouds,
change bodies as they come about.

Look at the standing gull., his pincer'd beak
yellow as this pencil, a scarlet tip- streak beneath the tip
the puff of his chest bowl round and white,
his cuff button eye of ice and jet
fixed on the slicing waves, shingle snug his graywing
tucked to his side; aloft that plumpness
whittled flat, sits like a kite.

Turn to where fisherman rise from a neck
of rock, rooted and still, rods played like spouts
from their hips, until, beneath the chips of waves
a cheek rips on the barb, a silver soul is flipped
from the sea's cool home into fatal air.

close your eyes and hear the toss of the waves
innumerable curls on the brow of the world
that head is shaggy as Samson's and three fourths
furred. And now is eternal in beard and tress
piled green, blown white on churned sand,
the brand of the past an ephemeral smutch
of brown seaweed cast back to sucking surf.

Tomorrow the marge is replaced
by a lace of shells, to be gather'd again
by the hairy sea when it swells; here nothing is built
or grown, and nothing destroyed; and the buoyed
mind dares to enmirror itself,
as the prone body, bared to the sun,
is undone of it's cares.

The eye, also a sun wanders,
and all that it sees it owns,
the filled sail, tacking the line between water
and sky, its mast high as this pencil,
becomes the gull's dropped quill, and the fleece
of the wave, and the sea robin's arc
now stilled on the rock.

The Promontory Moment

Think of only now, and how this pencil,
tilted in the sand, might be a mast,
its shadow to an ant marking the sun's place;
little and vast are the same to that big eye
that sees no shadow.

Think how future and past, afloat on an ~~island~~ ^{ocean}
of breath, linked as one island,
might coexist with the promontory moment
around the sun's disc — for that wide eye
knows no distance or divide.

Over your shoulder in the circular cove the sea,
woven by swimmer's gaily beads, pulses an indigo
wing that pales at its frothy edge;
and, far out, sails, as slow as clouds,
change bodies as they come about.

Look at the standing gull, his pierced beak
yellow as this pencil, a scarlet streak beneath the tip,
the puff of his chest bowl-round and white,
his cuff button eye of ice and jet
fixed on the slicing waves, shingle rung, his gray wing
tucked to his side; aloft, that plumpness,
whittled flat, sits like a kite.

Turn to where fishermen rise from a neck
of rock, rooted and still, rods played like spouts
from their hips, until, beneath the chips of waves,
a cheek rips on the barb, a silver soul is flipped
from the sea's cool home into fatal air.

Close your eyes and hear the toss of the waves'
innumerable curls upon the brow of the world —
that head is shaggy as Samson's, and three fourths
furred. And now is eternal in beard and tress
piled green, blown white on churned sand,
the brand of the past an ephemeral smutch
of brown reared east back to sucking surf.

Tomorrow the mawge is replaced
by a lace of skulls, to be gathered again
by the hairy sea when it swells; here nothing is built
or grown, and nothing destroyed; and the buoyed
mind dazes to en mirror itself,
as the prone body, bared to the sun,
is undone of its cares.

The eye, also a sun, wanders,
and all that it sees it owns;
the filled sail, tacking the line between water
and sky, its mast high as this pencil,
becomes the gull's dropped quill; and the fleece
of the wave, and the sea robin's arc
now stilled on the rock.

May Swenson

SENTENCES : CARRYING WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

What are the carrying charges
changes he waits while he measures.
This one is apples or that ones are orange.
An orange is to her remembrance four by four.
Whatever it costs me I'll buy me four.

More than we can take or remember taking.
Orpheus is an auto. Mary well is tomorrow.
Sing pied the merrywell mark well and leisure.
Leisure time turtles home or color for Friday.
Talk minds his reminding turn tables toss.
An ant is a partial appearance an at last a ready
bubble which I read as bicycle.
He sells out is before we can buy in on them.

Angels take up room and so do candy.
But candy is perishable. It sickens us.
Changing easier than all dropping away from there.
A door. A door enters in here as a habit.
But a hero wears his out habit as a uniform.
Angels take up all uniform collections
so that heaven is paid for.

Who pays for it. Who helps us or contributes.
This is money before daughters, a line.
Follow the line and profit by the width of the course.
This is the winning thru a discourse.
A continual habit.

A BOOK OF RESEMBLANCES

There could be a book without nations in its chapters.

This would be portents that were portents of themselves.
A constantly moving. This is as we ourselves are moving in
coming and going, in sitting positions, knees crossd now,
then legs wide apart planting their feet as our feet under
standing.

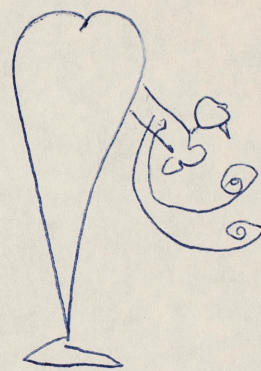
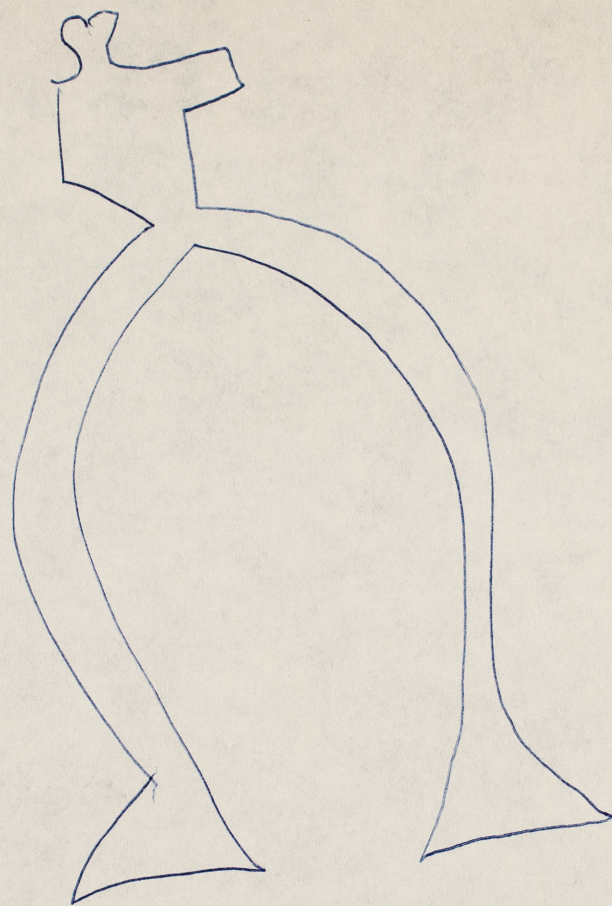
There could be a story without its end in its unfolding.

This is on my mind. It stop even Just as the rhythm.
Just. In the divine outgrowing. To stop it. And restore
the white vase. The separate flowers. These are flags.
Our flags. One full, in papery lavender child and eager
not yet full opening. One below. One above, crumbling or
and going limp, in wet purples and sagging from color. Two
curld buds, tight fists patient before flinging open.

A cat crossing the room. Eyes. Stops. Rolls amorously
fat. Eyes looking black in fullness. Narrowing. Rises.
Licks paw. Lifts hind foot. Hugging leg over neck to lick
the groin.

SENTENCES : CARRYING WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

What are the carrying charges changes he waits while he measures.
This one is apples or that ones are orange.
An org



Dollars attach by affection will to wont. Poor poetry is wanting in images, aint is original, straining after effect, craven before inspection. Poor poetry! Poor impure poetry!

The words I entertain are not my own. Do I propose to own them as I propose them?

Lessen them in listening.

Did Stein do wright the way she did write?

RHYME MOUNTAIN PARTICULAR

Rhyme mountain particular. Bus makes ovoid. Ovoid is a shape. A shape in shape.

Rime particular mountain and particular. City blocks or her escape. Fire escape. His cape a land escape.

Rime mountain rime mountain. Particular heap far to fetch. Far and a fetch. A fetch in time. To rime.

Rime mountain particular. Car port to rime. A snow. Going. In what direction. A particular direction is following to fill in spaces before riming.

On the rim of the mountain. A particular place and shadow. The moon of course follows its course.

Particular rime mountain. Change from rime to mountain rime. Change from plain rime to particulars. Change to particular. Are you particular come to rime. Rime mountain and rime particular. These are rimes. Sound your mountain alike particular.

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE THRU?

How do you know are you thru? Lakes contain water no answers
or and sirs. How do you know thru there are you here now?
Lakes contain no answers in water and stir. As wind stirs
answers in happy among top sides of pleasure.

No pleasure knows how it likes to a water.

A little movement when I am listening
begins in the sequence, a stir
across words in a sentence
I am listening to faster than a little
movies of still words in sequence
makes move move I meant in listening.

Now an owl. All eyes and wise
as every rememberd his hymn
sets up a church of feathers
there where he all owl and over
occupies one only limb as I limn it
closed about. By. Other wise.

All absolutely owl only.

A line springs catlike if to a chair
there. Where he lands.
A word: melodiously. He
as if a purr rumpling the words heard.
Folds. Curls. Relates.
Slip by slip of his comfiture.
Along the slow paces of a phrase.
Eery ears.

INCREASING

Increasing the orange until arrangements of
animal forms are merged in tallow,
increasing a grade until numbers sound as
tones alike in wandering,
increasing knots until the orange current
is built perpetual upon the hectic,
increasing the ocean is boxd in ties to
others and machines as mothers.

ROTUND RELIGION

First the future. I second the future.
Miracles. Are wonders in words.
Soft and easy. Hard and difficult. Easy is hard.
Does soft come easy? No. Everyone knows
easy is difficult. A different cult.

It is not the sounding of words that tells.
It is not the ringing of door bells.
Tell her phone. She will not listen.
Tell her phone. Everything is funny.

A round religion. Rings
round religion.

Lazy and eager. Tired tried.
Eyes suck scenes to try.
A view opens of lakes in lateness.
Blue lanes thru broad and blue.
Every true lie knows.
Position in history is true.

THREE

- 1 Do derive pleasure. Walls in rose.
In is a word. Innis a place.
In us a word is a place.
Do deride play insure us and plays.
- 2 Thickening the letter to write as a nun.
Innocence one.

Smoking a burn in the lung rings true.
Innocence two.

Breaking the half is four cloth over.
Innocence three.

Incense for three to win won.
- 3 Can you design a passionate poem to fit the page?
A fit on this page.

SEVERAL POEMS. IN PROSE.

Does this mean a meaning?

After Shakespear there was pleasure in prose.

Shake : spear, spare or peer. Il n y a pas de père who
is his peer. This pair.

Is there in an imitation any intimation? Of who wrote it.
Of what right hand the hand left knows as doing?

Can you derive pleasure?

What counts as counting?

If you cannot see through it, can you see through it?

I mean by means of it.

The purr in purpose. The F in effort.