

Bulletin.

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BULLETIN

July 23, 1970

This Sort of Rubbish

It happened again on the Fourth of July. In Miami a newspaper reporter asked 50 people to scan and sign the Declaration of Independence. Only one man agreed to sign it. Others, according to the Miami Herald, said things like this:

"Somebody ought to tell the FBI about this sort of rubbish."

"I don't go in for religion, Mac."

"The boss will have to read this before I put it in the shop window. But politically, I can tell you, he don't lean that way. He's a Republican."

A questionnaire distributed to 300 young people at a Miami Youth-For-Christ gathering showed that 28% thought that an excerpt from the Declaration was written by Lenin. They also called Thomas Jefferson things like: "A person of Communism, someone against our country"; "a hippie"; "a red necked revolutionist," and "someone trying to make a change in government — probably for his own personal reasons."

Maybe Jefferson had deeper reason than historians thought for his last words as he died in 1826: "This is the Fourth of July?"

Would you believe it !!
Who am I writing the poem for??

Pound:

I am torn, torn with thy beauty,
O rose of the sharpest thorn!

LN:

I

John Adams was our man
but delicate beauty
touched the other one -
an architect
and a woman artist
walked beside Jefferson

II

Abigail
(long face horse-name)
of stony acre
cheesemaker, chickenraiser
spoke, wrote
for John and TJ to savour

III

The tragedies
The men in the boxes -
Jefferson mourned: to arrive
in Paris just too late
to see Diderot
alive

(I give three packages of gum and cattails in tall grass for a title)
(But o my God what travail till this was completed) *Abigail is Mrs. John Adams. The name Gail is wonderful but that terribly prosaic & kitchen-maid. That preceding is horrible. But what a wonderful original*