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The faked discharge papers I used to get a job as a messboy on a freighter - in 1926. By that time I had changed my name to Callman Rawley

Form 719

№ 814798

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION
SHIPPING SERVICE

CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE

73850

Ship's name: Bulkley	Official number: 208987	Seaman's name: C. Rawley
Port of registry: New York	Net tons: 1160	
Description of voyage: Coastwise		
Seaman's birthplace: Wis.	Age: 24	
Character: V. G.	Ability: V. G.	Seamanship: V. G.
Capacity: Mess Waiter		
Date of entry: 2-24-26	Date of discharge: 4-2-26	
Place of discharge:		

I CERTIFY that the particulars herein stated are correct, and that the above-named seaman was discharged accordingly.

Dated at Mobile

this 2nd day of April, 1926

C. E. Simmons
Master.

Seaman.

Given to the above-named seaman in my presence,

this 2nd day of April, 1926

J. W. Strickland
U. S. Shipping Commissioner.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

11—529

Profound truth of Christ story, its universal appeal. In Christ man sees the suffering of his own experience and the goodness of his own nature. Even Jews find truth in this symbol (accounts for Pa's enthusiasm over Christ & his great respect for him — his great respect for all religions, since they all say that man is good & his fate tragic (he suffers) — This was right for Pa because he believed men good (black white, red — all the same) & the good part outweighed the suffering (for him, not for the rest of the world — maybe this was the only difference between him & the pure Christian — the latter is more masochistic — but Pa had a lovable stubbornness about it — That he had never been baptized, that he had no contact whatsoever with the church, was of no importance — What was important was that he believed in the goodness of man & in the teachings of Christ — that made him a better Christian than the priest, for the priest was tied down & limited by the institution (forms) of the church. And if he had known a Mohammedan "priest" he wd. have argued until the cows came home that he was a better Moslem than the holy man — Pa's point was that he cd. be a good Christian & a good Jew at the same time — In fact, he was a good Christian precisely by being a good Jew — that is, by adhering to what he was (a Jew) & trying to be the best Jew he cd. — Lovable, courageous Christian! — sticking to what one was, being that, was also being good & ∴ Christian

---

The mistake the Christian makes is in the Christ story also: man (Christ) suffers because he is good. This is primitive reasoning & in its consequences anti-human & deadening. And yet in another sense it is true. In his efforts to improve his lot, he does suffer (the pain of evolution)

12/8 — 5:25 AM

Re father

In funeral home: "Whose body is that?"

When trustees of temple file in from side & surround coffin & begin praying. Then first realize = dead, taken away from me & hot flush of tears —

Long funeral room & at end, flanked by 2 braziers, = so far away, pathetic, small coffin (gulp in throat) — interior of coffin, sides = white, soft, fluffy cushioned, also bottom & top (like baby in tenderest of cribs)

Keeping the wake — my sympathies, such a good man, etc.

The Rabbi — lost in thought, staring at coffin

Modory — sucks in breath, lips, face muscles twitch, tears: Poor Mr. R —, poor Mr R. (tenderly as of babe)

Political discussion: I think: just what he wd. enjoyed

The public nature of it = terrific strain

Cemetery scene: 2 shovels, 2 grave diggers rudely, crudely, unprofessionally

I think bitterly of Shakespeare —

Coffin let down by ropes into wooden home (house) — plop, plop, the fall of dirt on coffin top —

Funeral speech: I think what a clean, blithe, pagan, unmoral spirit — So much more considerate & humane & sociable than X.

Why is it still with me? What has been screened out & why?

Memory — on my death bed, what will come to me; that & what made the voyage + probably — Or what — X

Where is it headed for —

serves some purpose —

What then is the purpose? —

Riddle: what is it that you can neither feel nor taste nor smell, yet is inside can you feel it, taste it smell it? — no — not on outside Something on inside etc.

I need to have everything defined, made conscious, put on outside, controlled —

fuss, fuss, fuss

Slabs of memory —

why not let go?

I live with the unknown. what's so terrible about the unknown?

Is there a memory there? a terror to or is this just our nature, what makes us want i.e. what made it possible for him to be what he was not a jelly fish.

(1) The rope ladder
(2) The sacks of flour, sugar
(3) The rats
(4) The hiring hall —
The Seaman's Institute
(5) The rope ladder
(6) The steward — the chief mess boy
the other mess boy — why
(7) the chef — "the wolves will get you" —
the knife the jacket guys get thrown overboard
(8) A gross of condums — Kenneth — chortle — guffaws —
(9) Why & quit

X that's what sticks in my craw, the rest = window-dressing? ameliorate? —

do that why can't let go, therefore?

The purpose = related to that? — There were reasons for it — there were reasons — look at all the reasons (don't blame yourself, but since I do [repressed] expressed in the tone of memory like a low flame in the oven

no ready to keep on remembering & have been remembering and remembering.

All but No, & don't believe it, Too functional. There is more.

it's all

Some such impossible name to
Kenosha Cicciricci pronounce as:
Kickirick — (Kenosha) —
— icecream parlor
Cicciricci

ice cream parlor — small round metal tables, marbletop, & metal wrought iron chairs

good natured, fat (mine host) — with apron — always a friendly smile & greeting — Italian accent

After ~~drive~~ around the city wd. stop there for a occasionally a few miles out into the country (soda or sundae

I'd be embarrassed at being seen there with my parents (mama's boy) — & was there eg a non-self to please my fa — I knew (& felt sad pained) that's all he'd do for me — those were the (outer) bounds of his universe he felt he was ~~sh~~ doing something, showing me a good time & didn't have the heart to show him that & was bored (always the same itinerary) occasionally a different route

Also, this was his only pleasure,
no money for anything else

The power of a word to freeze a man in motion:
Kak Kemendele. (a little clapping Mendel)
(mother's "affectionate" term for me) diminutive my diminutive (fondness) — affectionate always with a smile
far better if said spoken in anger or hostility, etc.

Lester. He's will be the last one. Y.
Faces I am drawn to, like Dick Cavett's, small drawn & pointed
remind me of Lester —
Yet I could never do much with it in real life —

THE EXECUTION

poet opens a box:

empty!

Where is the god?

in syntax....

on linguistic wires....

out of sight!

And longing?

where's the god of that?

It has been Englished.

It bleeds no more.

Carl Rakosi

Notes

Dr Robt. Creeley's letter of May 26, 1969, the "small offering" he refers to is a copy of his poem, Hero with an accompanying Robert Indiana colored drawing — & suppose quite rare. The long poem of mine which he refers to is Americana 16, 1968 (or Ere-Voice). About a dozen poets read at this enormous peace rally at the U of Minn., including Bly, who organized these Resistance readings on campuses, Diane Wakoski, Galway Kinnell, etc. Creeley was to follow Creeley & I felt a bit jittery, flattery at the thought of speaking to such a vast audience, but that soon vanished as I > engrossed in what Creeley was reading. It was a minutely detailed prose piece about two men & a woman, how they met and how all three got into bed and were able to achieve the most extraordinary coitus. managed to work out. the physical rel. More & more involved & complex, As he built up the atmosphere but by the & suddenly found myself, to my astonishment conversation becoming more & more sexually aroused & glanced over quickly to my right at Diane Wakoski who was sitting next to me & was who was to go after me, but let face just looked tight & was tense & closed. I was on my own. This was my Lord, my God, & I'd be ruined just as I had before my big moment. walking up to the platform & facing an audience of 2000 people with a hard-on. My big moment wd. be blown. shot

At last — finally Bly finished his story & leaped up on the stage and introduced me with only 11 words. words: "Carl Rakosi one of the great Obj. Poets of the 1930's There was thunderous applause, not for me but for what someone from my generation, two years younger was in the movement with them. Everything from then on went as smooth as silk. & never told a — of this little drama. Nobody wd. believe it.

"the information of the long poem" in his P.S. refers

~~to~~ interpretative passages. ~~on the Ba [illegible] poem~~ Although this was a pease rally, only two of us read poems ~~that~~ had anything to do with the War.

In the letter of Sept. 1, 1971, Bill refers to Bill Berkson

marya zaturensky

The ~~background for~~ events leading up to this letter is as follows. I had known marya rather well when we were both students at the U — , & her future husband, H H, too, but not so well. Altho we had some common friends like K F, Margery Latimer, & Zona Gale, etc., & thought him rather stuffy & pseudo-ish, & we never really > friends. marya & I met again ~~at~~ last summer ago at Yaddo after not seeing each other for some 40 yrs. & again > friends. She told me of her ~~endless~~ unending ~~self~~ taking care of Horace, her ~~endless~~ tiresome labors when she herself was critically ill & often bed-ridden. Horace loved to get new books of poetry, & never ~~got out of bed~~ left his room so whereupon I offered to send him my Amulet & she was delighted. ~~I offered to~~ Sent it & received a curt note of acknowledgment from H H, devastatingly disparaging of Amulet whereupon I wrote back to point out that I had sent him Amulet as a favor to marya — only out of compassion for his physical disability & asked him to remember that, & had ~~wd not have done so otherwise~~ in any case, wd never have sought out his opinion of the book, & he never had that much respect for his work. This = the letter marya says she destroyed. & assume Horace never saw it.

This card as ~~from~~ Allen Ginsberg's ~~is reply to my asking~~ ~~response to~~ whether I could use him as a reference for a Guggenheim

He & Lori Bly had a Sunday brunch at my house after a reading he gave here some time ago and we had a rip-roaring dialogue all morning & part of the afternoon. The morning dialogue was taped by him (he takes his own tape recorder with him everywhere) and the afternoon dialogue by a local radio station. I have not, however, heard either tape. The man who ~~taped~~ recorded it for the radio station, Harrison (Keiller who ~~Keiller~~ Keiler) radio station tape was done by Harrison ~~Keiller~~ K—, who writes now for The New Yorker. He told me the sound was of too poor quality to be usable

At the end of his visit Allen left, we were good friends. By the time At the door, he asked whether he'd kiss me I had never kissed a man before & was stopped for a moment, but it went off all right. We ~~embraced and~~ gave each other a hearty French embrace embraced & bussed each other heartily on both cheeks in the French manner

This note is from Meridel Le Sueur, a sadly neglected middlewest short story writer of great short stories whose rhapsodic power ~~of story~~ have a rhapsodic, bardic power at the same time as pure middle Western, in the ~~same~~ vein that Sherwood Anderson was. We knew each other because we had a no. of close mutual friends — Zora Hale (a great deal about) the novelist and Margery Latimer, novelist also and wife of Jean Toomer, the first important negro writer, whom she mentions in the note — but our paths never crossed, even though we lived only a few blocks from each other in Nyack, but without knowing it. We met finally only a few months ago & then we fell into each other's arms, she exclaiming, "I never thought I'd live to see you."

Her letter was in response to my enthusiasm over her book, Corn Village, & my question asking her what else she had written, & was hungry for more, and what comment to my ~~letter~~ she deserved for more fatal visibility than her small publisher had given her. The brunch she refers to was at my house with Diane Wakoski & Michael Dennis Browne, & her reference question to me, "how do you now return to yr. poetry" refers to the 25 yrs. during which I stopped writing altogether.

Meridel made quite an impression on the others. She has a serene massive face with white hair and the big, yet light body of a Valkyrie (as described as having ~~was~~ said) surprised to hear her speak in the letter of her Indian childhood, & had never heard that there was any Indian in her, but at this time of her life she does look somewhat Indian, the face of a Mother strong, tolerant

This letter from Lorine Niedecker was written to me after receiving my book while I was Writer-in — at U of Wis. LZ in the letter is Louis Zukofsky. Al is her husband a very plain working man whom she married late in life.

I visited her sometime in march of that year, (1970) & believe. I had heard that she was a total recluse and that there might be something wrong with her because she had been working as proofreader for ordinary cleaning woman in a mental hospital, so I had some trepidation as we were driving up from Madison. But my fears were groundless. From the moment I walked in her door, she was outgoing, cheerful & very lively. We had a delightful time, she being particularly pleased that I was an underling husband + I seemed to have so much in common. Her house was on the water, only a few steps from the small lake (built by a small lake) It was the smallest li — I've ever seen. It was so small that if 3 of us had called on her instead of 2, it wd. have been impossible to stand up + turn around. And that's no exaggeration.

John Berryman (See printed announcement of 1957 Symposium)

The occasion for this letter is as follows.
At the time it was written, in 1957, & was Ex. Dir.
of the Jewish Family & Children's Service in Mpls. and had known
writing & using the name Carl Rakosi long before he stopped
Gallman Rawley
— R. — had brought B — in as one of 4 speakers
had arranged a symposium on the subject of mental health in this country.
B — was to deal with the subject from the p. of
v. of the creative arts, & was to deal with it from
the p. of v. of society & the other from the p. of v.
of religion & psychiatry. & soc. welfar At the rehearsal, Berryman
was stimulating but extremely & condemnatory
rudely argumentative about
psychiatry, a subject with which he was familiar
only from books,

didn't stop arguing with
the psych. Dr. Anderson about the errors of psychiatry,
but he gnawed away at psych-
like a dog on a bone. The issues he raised were interesting
but it was evident that all he knew about psych.
was from reading a couple of books by Freud which is to say
that he knew only enough not to know what
he didn't know.

I had the usual layman's misconceptions
& biases, yet his conceit about it was monumental
So all we cd. do, was to get our teeth & wait
patiently — until he got tired of spouting off — which
was something like 2 hours.

This shd. have warned us of what was to come.
The program was to be one hr. long. Each of us was
to take 15'. At the rehearsal he insisted that he
go on first. OK, we agreed, but remember, each of us
has only 15'. Well, at the program, he was interesting
but he took 45', While the other panelists sat in the wings,

The
again gnashing our teeth.
He & ~~He~~ had not discussed an honorarium. Apparently
B — was surprised to get one. I had not introduced
myself as C. Rakosi & he did not know ∴ with
whom he had been speaking.

P.S. Although we lived in the same city for over 25 yrs. this was the only time we met. After Amulet appeared, I wrote him a note as C Rakosi asking whether he'd like to get together. He never answered.× J. D. Reed and Don Gerber, when they visited me in 1971 were curious about this and brought up my name during their "gimmine" with Berryman. That is the context for the bit in Reed's letter of March 9, 1971: "We brought up your name quite casually: claims he's heard of you, objectivist or something."

Ironic that after his suicide, the U of Minn. invited me to take over his seminar on the Am. Character.

× He didn't, of course, know that he had already met me as C Rawley + I didn't tell him because I wanted him to wait to see me because I was Rakosi.

Announcement of Symposium at which John Berryman and I spoke in 1957, & as Callman Rawley (my legal name). Photos of how we looked then.

Reference to this Symposium is in Notes (Archives)

CR

THE GOALS
FOR THE
PERPLEXED . . .

Better Individual Adjustment

Better Child Development

Happier Family Relations

A REPORT OF 1956 ACTIVITIES

MEMBER: COMMUNITY CHEST
MEMBER: JEWISH FEDERATION

THE GUIDE
FOR THE
PERPLEXED . . .

JEWISH FAMILY & CHILDREN'S SERVICE

CITIZEN'S AID BUILDING

MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINNESOTA

THE STAFF

CALLMAN RAWLEY, Executive Director, M.A., M.S.W. (Master of Social Work)

B. ROBERT BERG, B.A., M.S.W.

EDWARD BERKOWITZ, B.A., M.S.W.

RAE BERMAN, B.A., M.S.W.

MRS. SHIRLEY BUTTRICK, B.A., M.S.W.

MRS. DONNA CARLSON, B.A., M.S.W.

IRVING NUDELL, B.A., M.A. (Psych.)

PAUL SLATER, B.A., M.A. (Psych.)

GEORGE SAMUELS, B.A., M.S.W.

JEWISH FAMILY & CHILDREN'S SERVICE

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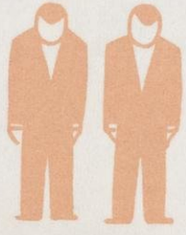
Louis Klugman
Mrs. Arthur Brin (honorary)

WHAT WE DID IN '56

Counseling in Individual and Marital Maladjustments	61 families
Parent Counseling and Treatment of Problem Children	205 families
★ Vocational Counseling	454 families
Services for the Aged, the Physically Handicapped, the Mentally Ill	65 families
Services for Families Seeking Children	30 families
Help with Living Arrangements, Management of Income, Homemaker Services, Guidance to Community Resources, Transients, Passover Aids, etc.	128 families
Child Care Services to Children in Foster Homes, in Oak Park Home, in Bellefaire, in Adoptive Homes	40 children
DP and Immigration Services	42 families
Mental Health Talks and Discussions	200 families



TOTAL
1225 families and children

★ AN INTIMATE LOOK AT VOCATIONAL SERVICE

WHO WERE SERVED	HOW MANY
I. Youth Planning their Careers	59 individuals
II. DPs	47 families
III. The Emotionally Disturbed	80 individuals
IV. The Occupationally Maladjusted	43 individuals
V. The Physically Handicapped	26 individuals
VI. Individuals who want to work for a Jewish employer and who assume that as a Jewish agency we will have a working relationship with Jewish employers and can therefore help them best	24 individuals
VII. The Aged	18 individuals
VIII. Students Needing After-School or Summer Work	65 individuals
IX. The Mentally Retarded	15 individuals
X. Individuals who have trouble finding suitable employment because of discrimination, middle-age, mental dullness, the special nature of their work experience, or their own high requirements	33 individuals
XI. Individuals who turn to us because we are a Jewish agency	29 individuals
XII. Adults in need of part-time work to supplement their income because of family responsibilities	5 individuals
XIII. Individuals under treatment in the Family Casework Department of the agency who are referred for vocational counseling because their vocational maladjustment is a disturbing factor in the family problem for which the individual is getting casework counseling. Solution of the individual's vocational problem helps him to work out his family problem and is sometimes indispensable to his working it out	10 individuals

WHAT KINDS OF VOCATIONAL SERVICES WERE GIVEN?	TO HOW MANY
I. Occupation and Vocational Information to Give Individuals a Realistic Understanding of Vocational Opportunities, Working Conditions, and Training Requirements	454 individuals
II. Testing to Discover an Individual's Interests, Aptitudes, Ability and Personality Characters	114 individuals
III. Determining the Kinds of Work Suitable and Realistic for an Individual	415 individuals
IV. Formulating a Vocational Plan	393 individuals
V. Implementing a Vocational Plan, such as locating job or training opportunities; making employer or school contacts; helping an individual get a job by helping him to make himself acceptable to an employer and by creating an attitude in the employer favorable to him	306 individuals
VI. Follow-up Steps with Clients, Employers, Schools, Training Facilities, and other social agencies to ensure a lasting vocational adjustment	213 individuals

1956 BALANCE STATEMENT

THE COST	$99,675
For Professional Counseling	60,629
For Child Care	18,266
For DP Relief	8,686
For Homemaker Services and Financial Assistance	824
For Administration	11,270

SOURCES OF INCOME	$99,675
Community Chest	62,990
Minneapolis Federation for Jewish Service	23,905
Counseling Fees, Payments from Parents for Child Care and Hennepin County Welfare Board Reimbursements for Child Care	12,780

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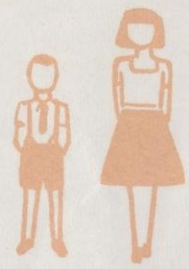

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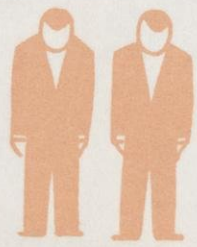


TOTAL
1225 families and children

47th ANNUAL MEETING

"THE ATTAINMENT OF HUMAN DIGNITY"

- WHAT IS IT
- HOW DESIRABLE IS IT
- WHAT FORCES THWART IT
- HOW TO ATTAIN IT

TEMPLE ISRAEL
24th and Emerson S.
SUNDAY, APRIL 7th

Program 8:00-9:30 P.M. Social Hour to Follow

NO ADMISSION
EVERYONE WELCOME

TO BE INFORMALLY DISCUSSED BY A DISTINGUISHED AND QUALIFIED PANEL OF SPEAKERS

Sidney Goldish, Moderator

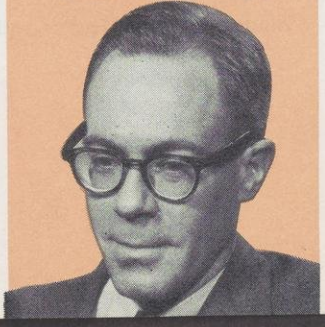
DR. RICHARD W. ANDERSON
Chief of Psychiatry Service
Minneapolis General Hosp.

CALLMAN RAWLEY
Executive Director Jewish
Family & Children's Service

RABBI LOUIS MILGROM
Director of Hillel House
University of Minnesota

SIDNEY GOLDISH
Director of Research
Mpls. Star & Tribune

JOHN BERRYMAN
Author & Lecturer
University of Minnesota



JEWISH FAMILY & CHILDREN'S SERVICE

CITIZEN'S AID BUILDING MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINNESOTA

We returned 11 days later (after asking for an appt.). Why? — Let us see what he says.

A boat? — Rocking? Alone? Strange that I had such images! Always the spectator. What am I? Isn't it me rocking too? — But no, a stubborn something in me makes me the spectator. I look on & feel like nothing because I'm not a part of it.

But I am. And this I have been denying. Whether I want to be or not, I am. It doesn't matter whether I go off on a boat, I'm part of it. Everything I do is part of it. Again, the brain tells me this is true & right, but my heart no.

The trouble is: I'm split up into pieces — I have no self, no one self, so how can I participate except in parts. — And this will kill me, one part of me cries.

What = proper way to address ~~to~~ the World: take me. No! Give ~~to~~ me! no!
How wd. I greet myself? I wd. not say either take me or give me. I wd. say live, exist, enjoy. But I do not address myself. I take myself for granted. I am myself. So why question my very existence unless I want to deny it.

For my Autobiography — from 1930s (written in 1930's?)

Chamberlain, Germany, world danger.

Where do I come in? What does it have to do with me?
Are you still fighting that battle at this late date?
Is it late? Does not this battle have to be fought always?
Are we ever through fighting it?

Let me be honest. Who admires me? And I must be admired
I must be honored + listened to. — I am not really interested
in others nor in objects — my head knows better but my heart does not. —
A curious basic, stubborn waywardness + will
The world = still unreal to me, for I still do
not know what I am, what I want — I am the
prisoner of myself — How can I get across to the
world. —

To know how this simple soldier died in Spain.
I pore examine books, I try to imagine how I wd. die.
It is really ridiculous

I am like a monkey

How everything is broken down one's courage } central idea
+ how it is gained —
Imagination can't do it — not enough —
Defeat in the world outside — one emancipates one's self for what?
for complete fascism, anti-Semitism —
Yourselves! —

Do it by voices, challenging, questioning —
(1) inner yearning self
(2) questioning, comic, satiric self
(3) the self identified with others (part of it? — superego)
(4) the obvious self as thinks he appears to others

The trouble is I can't proclaim myself.
I don't have what it takes.

(over)

Leah's reminiscence, a first sketch at top speed, of how we met, married etc. Never continued by her. Lost interest. Never wanted to do it in the first place. It had been my idea.

CR

Impressions ① (Research Paper)

In the Summer 1938 I was living on Grover St with Betty Foster - Betty was on a WPA project where she met Leon Shaskan I met - an Armenian poet. I came home after a date to find Leon there with another poet Carl Rakosi - Carl was there with a woman friend and I had just left my friend (There was Nothing personal in that first meeting - I told Carl I just read his poem ~~"Lies"~~ "Impressions" in the American Caravan - Impressions ~~and the name of the poem~~ and he had liked it. Carl looked surprised and said the only other person who liked the poem was his analyst

Betty and Leon were married that fall and I met Carl for the second time at their wedding party. He was alone and I was with my friend - an artist Art Dunn - When I asked C. where his friend was he said they had broken up. I thought had a fight with my friend was still angry with him and said "that's what we're going to do soon" and Carl said "when you do let me know".

About a month later we did break up and I told Betty to let Carl Rakosi know I was on the loose - he called me and we made a date. Our first date was not too successful Living in a small balcony (for a week) a date to me meant a meal ~~dinner~~ I didn't have to cook or buy for myself - Carl came after dinner.

We started seeing each other regularly in Dec 1938 - and for Christmas I invited Carl, Leon & Betty and a few other friends for dinner. I think I was trying to impress Carl because I got up at 6 o'clock to cook a big elaborate Christmas dinner. Turkey & dressing - the works

(We were married in May '39 - and the first meal I cooked after we were married Carl said 'I didn't know you coned cook" - "Didn't know I coned cook - what about that big Christmas dinner?" "Oh" he said. "I thought your room-mate cooked that" Anyway I knew that he didn't marry me for my cooking ability!)

[illegible]

In May '39 Betty and Leon found a large Railroad flat on West 4th St that they wanted to rent but couldn't afford and they asked as if we would share it with them. I was living on West 11th St and Carl on West 69th. We combined the few pieces of furniture we had - bought some more at auction sales on Avenue A and moved in. We had 3 rooms on one end of the flat - down a long hall was the bedroom - living room & kitchen and between both ends was the bathroom - By this time Betty was pregnant and the arrangement was that she was to do the cooking and we went to pay for the food. Betty to take care of the kit L.R. me to clean the bathroom and our quarters.

I mention this because one evening at the end of April I was scrubbing the B.R. & [illegible] when Carl came in to tell me that he was writing his mother to tell her he was going to visit her when he took his vacation in June. "How would you like to go to Kenosha and meet my mother?" How would she feel about your bringing a strange woman?

"She wouldn't mind if it was my wife" So with the
Great pair between us we made plans for a June
wedding and a honeymoon in Kenosha Wisc. Certainly not
the most romantic proposal ~~I've heard~~ not much poetry in it either
(a Wednesday)
Next Morning at work I got a phone call - "I've been
thinking about it" Carl said "Why should we wait until
June to get married, lets get married right away &
go to Kenosha in June" ~~We can take our vacations~~"

There was a ~~3~~ three day waiting period in Wyo after you
got a license - we had to have blood tests, Carl had to
meet my family. I had to buy a dress to be married in.
We got our license during our lunch hour - I called
my brother George told him I was getting married
and he said he would arrange a family dinner so they
could meet Carl (I'm sure they and all our friends thought
I was pregnant otherwise why the rush?)

I was to meet Carl at the doctor's office for our blood
tests and then we were go on to my brothers for the
family party. I had a run in my stocking and stopped
a a little shop to buy another pair. Because I was
late and rushing as I came out of the shop someone
bumped into me and I fell on my face and came up with
a big black and blue mark under my eye.

That's how I looked when I took Carl to meet my family.
None said anything but my sister and brothers kept
looking at my black eye and looking at little Carl
and wondering what this was all about. It wasn't
until years later, that anyone in my family asked about

that black eye. (4)

We were married May 6 1939 by a justice of peace at City Hall in NYC. Betty and Leon were our witnesses ~~and~~ When the ceremony was over Leon grabbed Carl before he had a chance to kiss me ~~I~~ He promptly kissed me - he writes Carl's first kiss me - he writes that Carl's first kiss me - he writes that Carl's first kiss me - he writes that

dears and lasting friendships in St Louis but we had no Contact with other creative people. And I think Carl missed the stimulation of talking to other writers. New directions published Carl's both that year in the "Poet of the North" series and for a while Carl continued to get up early to write but it was less and less often. Now I began to think of Carl as a social worker who wrote poetry.

I've never talked about this to Carl but I think he too was beginning to think of himself that way. He didn't want our friends to know he was a poet. (they did / I talk a lot) Our daughter Barbara Louise was born on Dec 1940 and he became a very involved father, very helpful with the Baby, taking over the early morning feeding as I Coned sleep late.

Many people have asked Carl why he stopped writing for so many years and I've been given many reasons and I suppose there were many factors but I think it was mostly because he became too much of a 1) social worker 2) husband 3) father to have time for everything else.

Life in St Louis followed a very pleasant ~~work~~ pattern, we had friends and a busy social life. we were involved in "Causes" It was easier being married to a social worker then a creative person. For one thing Carl was much more disciplined - rarely lost his temper (something I can't say for him now) and if he missed his former way I never knew it. Oh I knew that his first love was writing and that he would someday go back to it but it didn't seem a compelling desire

In June we went on our honeymoon - we took a boat to Charlestown, N.C. It was a lovely boat but it was before the days of Dramine and we were both seasick. From Charlestown we traveled by train to Ky. Tenn the beautiful Smoky mts. to - - Chicago and Kenosha. I met Carl's mother and his brother Lester.

Carl's mother asked me if I was Hungarian and when I said no she looked sad, sighed and said "at least you're Jewish." Carl's mother intimidated me a little I loved Lester but his mother she was a strong, domineering woman and I was always glad that we didn't live in the same city. I did learn to respect her and her independent spirit but never really felt close to her.

We moved to Cleveland and Carl was by then even more involved with S.W. and doing no writing. He didn't even want to talk about writing. I can't remember any friends we had in Cleve. that were in S.W. life and even our close friends weren't aware of Carl's "other life"

Our son George was born in Cleveland - and Carl became even more involved in fatherin

Carl Rakosi

126128 Irving Street, San Francisco, California 94122

This was my business card when I was executive director of Jewish Family + Children's Service. When my daughter Barbara was little, she cropped out the words, Executive Director and wrote her correction, "Is Our Daddy."

CR

MR. CALLMAN RAWLEY

[redacted]

IS OUR DADDY

JEWISH FAMILY AND
CHILDREN'S SERVICE

404 SOUTH EIGHTH ST.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Work sheets for poems
never completed.

CR

the cock feather is grey (black)

love imagined
imagined man as a ramrod
boiling in her mouth
love imagined man
slipping and boiling in her mouth

awareness is the sight
of opal pieces in glycerine floating
like
awareness is the floating
of opal pieces in glycerine

as
awareness (like the) floating
of opal pieces in glycerine

awareness as floating
of/opal/pieces in glycerine brilliantine

awareness as floating
of pieces in brilliantine brilliant fat
brilliant fat

awareness as floating
of fat
and piece

of piece and fat

one o'crock as the clock crows

Fair weather Sally

The early fishes
swam up

from the continental
fresh waters

into salt water
the rivel motion

gave birth
the vertebrate body
spindle-like body
and flexible

with side muscles

The early fishes
from the fresh waters

swam,

---

huxtering
black capitaros

the birth
spindle bodied
flexible

the vertebrate
rose
from the rivel motion
and the saltwater

Take it apart to see what makes it tick —
A dollar is a man's best friend —
money talks

The button pushers with their high-toned secretaries
who refer to you contemptuously in the press as Red.
remind me of rapacious birds

If small-eyed poets, long-necked, high-chested like the swans,
prefer to go downstream in a silvery mist,
let the indolent feathers & the tiny skull go.
Good riddance to their high-born air.

If small-eyed poets like the swans
prefer to go downstream in a silvery mist,
who wd. want to stop their indolent feathers & tiny skull.
Who (wd. knows whether) venture to say that it is not better
that the long neck & the high chest & the high-born air go?
who wd. want to say that the indolent feathers
& the tiny skull & ~~the long neck~~ shd. not go?
the long neck & the high chest & the high-born air.

But you without airs have no airs. You are the people.
& red is just as much yr. color as the sun's.
Yes

The people will say: Let us take things apart
take it apart. Let us see what makes them tick (Ending) *

Let the button-pushers with their high-toned secretaries
refer to you contemptuously in the jokes as Red

Let the long-necked, high-chested poets
be carried downstream in a silver mist,
with indolent feathers & tiny skull,
leaving behind them only

let the small-eyed poets
long-necked & high-chested blue
with indolent feathers & tiny skull
go downstream in a silver mist
leaving behind

The people = red
for life itself is
red

[Red is more than a wave length in the spectrum (title)
~~a perfectly respectable wave length of~~

you are the people
Red is yr. color.

yr. color is red.

you are leaving
streams
& you are leaving behind
more than an air.
not treading
not going down

Red is the color you see when you are angry,
when you know you have had enough of it
to a belly-full
as much as you are going to take
nonsense crow pushing

* Let us see what makes a man believe,
"A dollar is a man's best friend." — Use for title

~~A Dollar~~

When in my own land
I see the drunken gutter clown applauded
& the worker press defiled

jester and the flannelmouth

& every serious public word
honest laughed at
like something alien

all democratic
revolution
the prophet ridiculed
laughed at

everyone sets himself up a patriot

whoever speaks a bit too loud

The Legion

the serious public word hated
for it draws us to the people
& we do not wish to be drawn,
we are unaffectables, untouchables

When in my own land
I see the crowd surround
and applaud the drunken clown

serious discussion = improper

we can only approach something
in an amusement
back sided left handed way
we do not laugh because we are happy but because we are uncomfortable

& yearn to blow blow
the blow mouthpiece from the trumpet
in a piercing blast

Untouchables
Unaffectables

(jeering)
This is a specimen of the people
We the observers are also people
but we are cleaner,
we have more money & power
The others are amusing

labor leaders
labor despised by its leaders
(cutting) castrated gelded
strikers shot down
& children scabbing for a bank
boys organized into vigilantes
vigilantes drafted from
young the sons
in a hurry to be men
hurrying to test their manhood
deceived

young sons disgruntled, drafted into vigilanted law & order gangs

be above political passions
& keep one's head while others lose theirs

repose—
hold aloft a Grecian lamp

Pater in chlamys

ephebus in chlamys

Plucking & singing
a lute and madrigal
(in) a small room

a country dance

the common
commonplace
commonplace book

neanic
ephebic = fully adult
gerontic (of or pert. to decadence or old age — approaching extinction)

or gerontic research ~~and constructions~~ and museum collections from antiquity
~~and notes~~
for these you I was born too late

a longing & to stroll
among the olive trees

[or strolling out of

~~to~~
[& associate the olive tree with Greece

~~or Excavating~~
or laboring ~~any kind~~
~~to~~ excavate and restore Greece
~~to~~ restore my infancy

gerontic [labors] wealings

excavating
recalling everything
but what has happened
to them

gerontic (chambered) wealings
plucking & singing
a lute, a madrigal
in chamber (&) private
laboring

piercing blasting
poetry is not loud enough
and I pulse with ~~rapture~~ anger

I wish poetry
were a trumpet to blow
out their

I puke

But When Hirohito sends
When Lady Astor (Chamberlain)
to the world
in Westminster, ~~while her friends sell~~

writes, "Peaceful is
New Yrs Greetings
to prays for peace

museum pieces
research

The madrigal and small lute [in a small room] learned the excitement
~~the~~ plinking and singing excavations
in a small room, antiquities
~~chaste and simple~~,
chastity
the ~~white white~~ ~~quiet~~. antiquarian simplicity
loftiness
aloofness

for these I was born too late the clangs

Comfortable in the seat,
reconstructing manuscripts
and museum pieces

to find comfort
in the familiarity
of old manuscripts
and museum pieces

docile beasts
performing elephants

fantasy factory

or an apparition blown across our
for Pound's wonder

financier —
topical —

a purer carbon
real carbon IV

so docile & reliable

so reliably docile

sanctimonious buzzards

the people are not performing
elephants

performing elephants,
The people, it, are not docile beasts

back entrances
with the people I store —

nor apparitions
nor an apparition to be addressed for Pound as something
not the tragic apparition that Pound addressed unaccountably tragic & mysterious

Once before in the middle
of my life my writing failed me
and I was helpless
as a young man with a bad lung.
Now again ~~poetry~~ it fails me
before this thing.
When

Earnest solidarity

the common people stand
strong & patient
like a horse before the gelder's knife.
the common people are a spirited horse
but what are they waiting for?
The gelder's knife

Even the jackass does not laugh
before the gelder's knife —

idolatry of the hero
the historic hothead
who's given license to be a hothead —
a hothead on the grand scale
surrender to fascism —
a declaration by the President
reading excellent moral lessons to —

the fate of — is in the balance
~~There are no~~ guarantees of peace
The people are the only guarantors
The hr.=growing short
public declarations
will the people, please, stand up to be counted
& say what they want?
& wipe the slush off the boobs?
a bull's frizzle
noble declarations

the public good
I have seen such statesmanship
& good will
that I knew I was amongst a
great people

mill hands of Carolina
steel workers of
Birmingham —
share croppers of Arkansas
loggers of Washington
sailors of Cal.

~~Yesterday I dreamed all this~~ 9/20/38 On the Proposed Partition of Czechoslovakia

Black day — black traitor, not traitor, but deliberate
not treason but policy
black policy,

make this recurrent

gangling ninny
this ninny wears a laurel, it is he who wiped out the honor of Sterling wiped out Cze—

Yesterday you & I were of no importance
Today whole nations are of no importance, wiped out by negotiation
yesterday a man here or there knew injustice — now whole nations know no justice

Theme: 1. this can not be 1938, this is not my city, not my land
the very air is choking —
& I am like a drowned man bloated with water (bloated with feeling) — it has entered my mouth & puffed me out into a balloon of frustration —
choked up like a drowned man (to twice my size)
Around me whirls the
2nd Rev., the French Rev., the
Renaissance, etc. — All as if
had never been —
& I am back in the ghetto
with a yellow Jew sign on my back,
the streets have
the women watch the pots
and conceive children —
there is no thought that one
worker is related to another —
that he's a worker — he just happens
to be who he is working at what he's working

A limit to degradation —

Every honest word = Red
& every intense passion Jewish
Comrades, yr. curious tenacity = not so
curious after all — has something precious
strangely precious
the curious intensity of Communists
Strangely
& comply & sweat
their many tongues
gives me a feeling
of security
people's salute
raised fist —
the public speaking
the meeting tonight

There is no beauty in the world — & find no rest
& toss tormented,
& am deprived of manhood — how find it.

no, I will not go back to the ghetto
not to the middle Ages

HEROES BOUGHT AND SOLD

Poems never completed

Use in Autobiography

Let us voice our opinions in the peace
of respectability and labor without self-interest.

Let us admire the rich but cultivate no rapacity.
Let us be thankful for our virtues take comfort in
as they are for their possessions. as they do in their .....

but let us cultivate no rapacity.

Did I hear you say comfort?

Let us fulfill ourselves in the rich
Let us find self-fulfillment in the rich
and cultivate rapacity

Let us admire the rich and cultivate rapacity.
Let us seek self-fulfillment also
in our virtues as they do in their possessions.

Let us be whimsical and well-bred
as others are implacable.
This will add luster to our family.

Let us voice our opinions in the peace
of respectability and labor without self-interest.

the charm of
make-believe

the land of make-believe

Ask for it as one does for one's customary whisky
as one asks for one's favorite poison

behead the notion

alleged defalcations and peculations

public statements with an eye on the presidency

Look how backward they are
not fit to govern themselves — German destiny mission

The patience of the Reich = limited

Let us be condescending as others are condescending to us.

Let us stand aloof from popular crowds movements, let us be different

Let us be critical of positive conviction

Let us be as tentative as others are implacable

Let us be diffident + tender with the masses
but let us stand aloof (from crowds)

livestock

a menace to life and property

I left the ...and struck out
for the...

Others are deadly and implacable.
Let us be whimsical and well-bred
in the hope of being superior.

Let us be whimsical and well-bred
as others are implacable.
This will bring credit ~~to our persons~~
This will bring distinction to our family.
This will bring luster to our family
add and luster to our self-esteem

two words joined venally in the sppech
of our people: life and property
such and such is a menace to life and property.
two words with a false dignity
as if the one were second in importance only to life

Let us be thankful for our virtues
as others they are for their possessions.

Let us be diffident and tender with the masses
~~but secretly superior~~
but inwardly superior

Let us be diffident and tender with crowds,
but inwardly superior

Let us have poets write
about their long necks and their high-born air.

Let us be thankful for our aspirations
but/~~let us~~/observe a decent distance to them.

Life and property are joined alredy
in the language of the people
law

as life and property are joined
in the language of the law.

Heroes Bought & Sold — exonerations paid for on Delivery — For Sale

Let us voice our opinions in the peace of respectability,
Let us labor without self-interest
Let us admire the rich but cultivate no rapacity

Let us have hopes ~~+ wishes + you~~ but no possessions
Let us be thankful for our wishes; ~~but no possessions~~ but let us observe the wishes of the rich.
Let us ~~be~~ feel sorry for the rich who have the cares of goot.
& the endless worries of possession —
Let us have a double standard, one for Sunday, one for weekdays
one for us & one for you.
one for

Let us become the microscopic (robot) homunculus image of the rich
Let us not concern ourselves with goot.

Enough of this! ~~my right not for a malcontent!~~ Oh for an honest malcontent!
enough of this enough! & change the person to you malcontents.
& find my male self in yr. common touch, Oh honest malcontents,
yr. great intimate encounters. Let us find our male self again.
Let us be curious about
these kind patriots
who designate ——

Let us have ~~precious~~ poets
write about their longnecks & their high-born air.

Let us observe the wishes of the rich.
" " give thanks
Let us be treated (fairly) as commodities in the open market or not at all)
" " " an experiment for the rich God willing Keep the market open no matter what happens at all costs
" " " magnanimous & forgive our exploiters oppressors

Let us observe a decent distance to our ~~superiors~~ aspirations
Let us stumble a little or in the presence of our superiors
stammer & know not exquite what we do
& be impressed
Let us collaborate with capital Let us be friendly with the masses
but let us be different
Let us remember this stupor for the benefit
of us & (future generations)

accredited

purveyors ~~of the public,~~
~~us envy and~~

this enormous private prosperity

You must be wondering how they got there,
....men with high-toned secretaries
and the respectable peace of profit, voicing their opinion
so unlike a battlefield and yr. common touch/in the peace of respectability
your great .....

Let us voice our opinion in the peace
of respectability for these indignant patriots
in the refinement of rapacity
in the privacy of prosperity
Let us ~~express ourselves~~ in the refinements of rapacity
imbibe the refinements of rapacity
for the sake of peace,
long public peace.
Let us admire but not cultivate a refined ~~rapacity~~,
~~Let us labor for long alone~~ ~~to keep peace in the family~~
so that these men with high-toned sex
may
Let us labor without ~~be~~ self-interest
flourish

let us admire the great but cultivate no rapacity

~~we shall be happy~~
one a happy ~~fam~~ family

Enough.

I hope the big shots with their high-toned secretaries
have their facts straight in the press about you.
I hope you are as red as they say.

How curious you must be about these indignant patriots,
so unlike you with your common touch,
your great intimate encounters!
You must be wondering who they are & how they got there ... so
~~Who are they? How did they get there?~~
What are all these buttons they are pushing?
What are all the people running for?
Why is their appearance on the front page hushed up?
~~Who is investigating who and why?~~

Maybe the answer is in their connections.
Maybe you will find it in their fortunes
Maybe they reveal themselves only to their tailors.
Maybe they are understood best by the quickness
with which they recognize a sucker and an enemy.
If only you were as adroit, you malcontents'.
Maybe only one who does not let his feelings
mislead his eyes can understand them. ,
one who employs others to employ others.
by one who has never had to ask, "How's
business? How's the job?."

understood in their rapacity
their advantages, theirappetites, their ambitions,
their instructions, their way of life, their church, their paper,
about them
but the truth gets out to the people , who say,
Never give a sucker an even break. " But with them it's chicken talk.
They neither believe it nor do it.
All this is
So unlike you. Are you not made
curious about yourselves.

Not ~~everybody~~ can stand red, you know. [Not by a long shot.]
There are the small-eyed poets in grey,
stationary as swans in a mist.
~~You would not make them red.~~ Silver is more becoming
to a long neck, and a high-born air.

Before you may be the only perfect example(s)
of achievement without sentiment
and succe s without conscience

of success without sentiment
of success without achievement fortune

of/position without achievement

possession without right

ownership without brotherhood conviction
s regret
ownership without satiety

Before you may be the only perfect examples
of success without sentiment, position
without achievement, ownership without satiety.

How did they succeed in keeping conscience
separate from business.
I suppose one has to be in a different situation
to understand this.

I suppose you would have to be
in their situation to understand this.

confusing sentiment with practice —

buzzardry

A Dollar is a Man's Best Friend

Of the button-pushers with their high-toned secretaries
must refer to your contemptuously in the Press as Red ~~rapacity~~
~~that's their blood-red~~ ~~no reflection on anybody~~ / ~~that's~~ it's only a reflection of ~~their~~ ~~rapacity~~ or ignorance.
& (~~old~~) small-eyed poets, long-necked (+) high-chested like the swans,
with indolent feathers + ~~tiny~~ skulls,
prefer to go downstream in a silver mist,
~~leaving behind them only a high-born air~~
it's of no consequence, let them go. —
~~with their high~~
good riddance to their high-born air.
you are the people. Red belongs to you.
is your hue.
you have the airs.
as much as to the sun and the vitals organs
of yr. enemies

let the indolent feathers
+ the tiny skulls go,
good riddance to their high-born air
One's vital
Even the vital organs of
yr. enemies exploiters swimmers in red it

They make me think of small-eyed carnivorous birds / carnivores / flesh-eating
Rapaciously flying from the very nesthead of the state
with the vital organs of their victims hanging from their beaks
still dripping

We'll take these cats apart + see what makes them say
"A dollar is a man's best friend"
"money talks"
Of money talked I'd hate to hear what it had to say.
On second thought, I take the candor. no man can believe this
To acknowledge so much is to wish for something better. dig their own graves

understand the false face
with one's false face + wd. like to say that one is not satisfied
to have something better.

To Fa Coughlin

Use in Autobiography
The Depression

Daladier, Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini.....
once before ~~in the~~ my writing failed me
in the middle of my life, and I was helpless.
Now again it fails me before their names,
their villainy stinks so, much

and I puke with anger,
turning my mirror to the wall, the glass
in which I dreamed of greatness.
That trick will not work again.
I see no poet in the glass now but a small
distrustful boy who cannot execute his claims.
No one shows him where his place is.
All the front seats and the balcony are taken.
Only standing room is left, a loneliness
where he can be original as he likes
and no one minds it if he feels distinguished.

Yes, I recognize the place and boy
but wish to notify my friends
that I am no longer at that address,

for I have seen division among workers
turned to frightful consequence, in an election
galling

costly
cunning profitable
cold incredible — X
calculated
mass wholesale bitter

Here, here is the true glass for ~~a~~ poet.

And so I claim the body of the boy
to bury not to honor, for he fought for no cause
and he leaves behind no grieving relatives.
His corpse is ~~not~~ one I shd. not like to see in a public place.

That grieving?

You ~~l~~ —, you

We fought for you ~~lousy~~ Jews
in the war,
& you made money out of it

I'll kill every
lousy Jew
in this Neighborhood

When Hirohito writes on New Year's, "Peaceful
is morning in the shrine garden;"

When Mrs. Chamberlain in Westminster prays for peace
while Neville is in Berchtesgaden selling it;

when Mussolini observes, "One group of horsemen
gave me the impression of a budding rose
as the bombs fell in their midst."

when Hitler cries, "The shelling of Almeira
did more for peace than all the discussions in London.
We do not want war, but we can not stand by
and see the great defemceless German people
be delivered to thearrogance of the Communists
and the cunning of the Jews."

Almeria

flunkey —

war is the highest expression
of the human's first,
richer, deeper forces —
the leader:

the toughs = allowed to feel superior by being allowed to degrade the workers & the workers = allowed to feel superior by degrading to other peoples

contempt

THE OLD MEN

how they got there
You must be wondering who they are,
the old men with the high-toned secretaries,
who they are and how they got there,
in brilliant metal offices in blazing
with the peace of an accumulated profit

the brilliant air-cooled offices,
so deceptive and respectable,
so unlike a battlefield.

the brilliant air-colled profits,
so deceptive and respectalbe,
smelling of the battlefield

sitting in thevictory of profit,
so deceptive and respectable

You must be wondering how they got there,
the/old men with the/high-toned secretaries
sitting in the consumation of profit sitting in the peace
of profit

negotiable bonds

corporation chairs

the consummation of several lifetimes
a lifetime

You must be wondering how they got there,
old men with high-toned secretaries
sitting in the peace of profit
in brilliant air-colled offices
so unlike a battlefield.

cunning craft, deception, opportunity, ability, vitality
how did they get there? unscrupulousness

perception without warmth,
craft without light,
ambition without light growth without use,

craft without light, growth (accumulation) without utility,
perception without warmth

You must be wondering how they got there,
old men with high-toned secretaries,
sitting in the cool of profit,
so respectable, so unlike a battlefield

the successful with high-
in the detachment of profit

in the detached cold peace of profit

How curious you must be about these indignant patriots
who designate you in the press as Red,
and so unlike you with your common touch
your greta intimate encounters.

Important old men so

the respectable old peace of profit
so unlike a battlefield,
so unlike yr. common touch

respectable important men unlike you
with your common touch, your great intimate encounters.

they ride in an atmospher of envy,
they breathe into you rpacity
them
they bring with an old envy,
they breathe into you a cold rapacity

they bring with them envy

These wily
Gift-bearers

they bring you an old envy,
they breathe into you a subtle rapacity.

You must be wondering how they got there,
the successful with high-toned secretaries

Succ. men

purse-bearers

big shots with high-toned secretaries

magnates

profiteers
financiers

Heroes bought and sold
opinions paid for and delivered.
Envy free with the subtle perfume of rapacity.

Old traders among you with favorable quotations
and false gift-bearers

slaves among
hand bought + sold

Envy free with every purchase

apologies

exonerations

spot cash

opinions half-price,
christian principles half-
priced

with favorable quotations.

calculated to give no trace of
of self-interest

with persuasives,

food, lodging, clothing,
light, heat, transportation

with bearing

Old traders among you + their heirs

Old traders among you the sons of traders

once-removed

Old traders + sign-bearers among you and their sons

You must be wondering how they got there,
old men with high-toned secretaries,
sitting in the peace of xxxprofit,
(so unlike a battlefield,
the consummation of a lifetime
of craft without light,
perception without warmth

delaying in — so respectable,
the evening of their consummation
a consummation of respectability & craft

Perception without xxxxt

Here in the brilliant air-cooled offices,
the blazing metal high-toned xxxxxxx conference rooms

the high-toned blazing(metal) conference rooms

the heavy high-toned conf. rooms

who buy and sell

sit & breathe into you a rapacity | a respectability
they spread the rumor that
a dollar is a man's best friend

accredited with respectability

| everything is a commodity
to be bought & sold.

we buy & sell heroes & lawmakers | Heroes bought & sold, ~~lawmakers~~ opinions & delivered, paid for
Heroes & lawmakers, paid for & delivered

Everyday Book — also: piece on memory

SW 282 A

A GROUP EXPERIENCE

By- (Callman Rawley) Carl Rakosi

This experience which I am going to recount must have occurred when I was about 10 years old. I had learned to swim in the school swimming pool only a couple of months before, largely as a result of being pushed out over my head, by my brother, into the middle of the tank and told to swim. I swam.

That was quite an ordeal, but a worse one was to follow when I chose swimming as an elective subject. The boys in the pool were older, larger, and rougher than I, and had already mastered swimming — or at least seemed to have. It didn't seem possible to be able to catch up to them in swimming — but diving, which seemed to me to take more courage than skill, did seem possible. At this point I did not have a friend in the pool. The boys, being older, played their water games and pretty much ignored me.

I practiced diving off at one end as inconspicuously as I could, diving feet first off the shallow end; then head first; then off the diving board. My first dive off the board was terrifying — it did not seem possible to let one's self go from such a height. But I finally did. When I came up, I saw that no one was paying any particular attention to me, in spite of my intense self consciousness. That relaxed me and gave me courage to continue diving from the board.

It was at this point that the boys began to notice me and to include me in their games, and that I ventured to begin to assert myself with them. Our game consisted usually ~~from~~ of diving from more and more difficult heights. This was forbidden by the swimming coach but greatly relished by the boys. Finally the boldest climbed out on ~~the~~ a small plank

on the ceiling, four stories up, and dove. He was followed by a second boy. I was third. When I was half way up I realized I had made a terrible mistake: this was no longer just calling a dare; this could be death. But there was no turning back. The boys below were waiting. By the time I had climbed out on the ceiling plank, the pool below seemed no bigger than the opening of a drinking glass. It did not seem possible to avoid hitting the asphalt sides. I was sure I was going to hit it. Hence, the jump was a jump straight into death. My unwillingness and inability to show the boys that I was afraid was apparently stronger than death, for I jumped. The water felt as heavy as metal when I hit.

Then to prove to myself that my dive had not been just the result of desperation, I did it again. Then I relaxed, and never did another high dive in my life.

Maternal Document dated 1898 — marriage ~~certificate~~ certificate
Grandfather: Samuel (March) Steiner
Grandmother: Rozália Fischer

Paternal: Dad: Abraham Rozenberg (in Hungarian (Rozenberg Ábrahám))
Mom: Barbara Mayer

Paternal uncle: Jacob Rakosi Rakosi Jacob
maternal " " : Steiner, Karoly

279
279 Tö utca, Baja

Bonded ~~silence~~

Unter den Linden ~~boulevard~~

Nat'l Poetry Festival / 1973

Mother

M.o: Stevie Smith's aunt's attitude towards her juvenile poetry:

literal, (always) direct, four-square, practical woman
for whom everything had to pass the test of unnecessary
a practical test
as straightforward as a truck inflexible
yet how and unstoppable
but also loyal, dependable, responsible consciencious she was in
& in her way, caring all things —
If there was anything a mo should/was expected to do, she did. —
punctiliously. Sd feel top. When & Dan was down with the
flu & pneumonia there during the great influenza Epidemic
as honest as it was possible for such a practical woman to be
but knowing my fa's uncompromising honesty, it was his standard
she observed. Out of her loving identification with him
to this identification was part of her love for him
& the dr. prescribed too heavy a dosage of medications
& & lay there unresponsive, flaccid, acquiesced. Her face was. Her eyes
on the ceiling, / travelled to the background, &
it seemed to me she was speeding back to her fa -
was more upset
yes! how valiantly & conscientiously she tried to be my mo.
worked at it was
She deserved more from me. / She is long gone & I
weep now that I did not reciprocate all she deserved.
not that I did not recognize her virtues, but
all the day to day things that she was doing for me,
but I was incapable of showing her. To do this
just didn't master a feeling of love for her
her & wd. have had to ingest & love her literal, inflexible,
all practical nature, and that I simply didn't do.
All I cd. do was respond in a similarly literal + practical
way & repay her by being a good child
not making trouble for her

& knew ~~& was~~
~~I~~ I was punishing her for something she cd not help
but neither cd. I help what I cd. not feel. At least
I never denied her what she was trying to be, & never
thought of her as ~~anything~~ but mother
~~xxx~~ or, a step-mo; no, she was always my mo,
& in later yrs. when I was free of her, & could be a child
& developed a fondness for her, but still not enough
to visit her often or concern myself about her welfare
~~But~~ perhaps this was the best under the circumstances
it ~~must have been~~, I tell myself, the best I cd. do
but I do not forgive myself ~~that doesn't help me to forgive myself any~~
The few times that I showed affection, she responded
immediately with a full measure, more than I had shown,
so it was there all the time, waiting for me — Was she too
perhaps starved for it, at least starved for it from a child
~~xx~~ on legal documents where it was necessary to give
the name of my mo, I always put Rose Kulka, not
Flora Strauss, my biological mother.

She was a ~~be~~ full-bodied woman but seemed to have been
born without a need for feminine flattery or softness.
Her feet were fixed in cement
& I don't say she was froward. She didn't
Her stubbornness didn't come from any wish to be contrary
It's just that once she had formed an
opinion, her feet were fixed in cement. Only my
opinion had to prevail
& cd. make her budge
& she believed that we were only children —
because she was grown up
How else cd. it be?

Cleveland:
my first client a disabled negro
Mary Nagy – like Poe's Helen
"Helen, thy beauty is to me
like —
etc
(except lacked Mary's country freshness
& innocence) —
quote from a letter —
impossibility of my [redacted] fixing her serious intentions —
Did I leave her? — She was perfectly straightforward
& honest
the old d.: you're
a sturdy people, very sturdy
~~Hungarian retardation~~ come from a
(not the way
I felt)
truly chaste — innocent without the taint
of being naive — there
is a distance

yet felt
guilty, & glad
I misled her &
she deserved better

and he introduced him to my work. After graduation the student went to Baja to teach. Hopefully my work, among others? It's possible, isn't it? And thus I lie on the cushion of fantasy, that a part of me is still in Baja.

and thus I lie, cushioned, on the bed of fantasy

Schema

1. Chicago — conviviality but never light-hearted gaiety — our society may be too complex & tense to make that possible
2. Ispy — the parties — light-hearted & gay — I have not seen it in this country — except elaborate
   store — buying merchandise on credit
   Teddy — the steel mills —
   school — terror on the playground — advanced 2 yrs. — henceforth, always the youngest in my class
3. Kenosha —
   sports —
   Trotsky's bakery — The Catholic church — dark, mysterious — went about their own ways which we never saw —
   Oak St., Lincoln St., Orange St.

Step-Mo's friends in the sisterhood — her character

The Store —
Customers never just customers — people to visit with & talk to & eventually wind up.
No opportunity to get some relief from that cursed work bench, to develop something new & interesting in talk — to talk, talk, talk for a change — also (develop)
& also the customers saw that it was a chance for them to go to a place that was not just for business — where they cd. air their complaints & talk as long as they felt like it, no one ever hurried them, one threw themselves wholly into each conversation, no matter with whom. These were all working men, Polish & German, on way to Simmons. — used to see them early in morning & on way back (10 hr. day) at 5 p.m.
The clock in front of store for everyone to see: were they going to make it on time? etc.
(the very large metal)
chronometer in window — for more accurate time & to let them see what a fine timepiece really was & what they cd. set their watches by

THE Fourth DECADE

[redacted] IV

"And what were the poets
doing then?"

I have come to care
for only laborers
and poor people
and to feel ashamed
of poetry,
sitting like Chopin
on its exquisite ass.
I join you, unemployed,
against injustice
(with some embarrassment)
as you pass, dejected,
in the open doorway
of a red-hot freight
with the sound of ash cans
in the early morning.

Yet it may all be for the best.
We know the business men now
for what they are.
Let their sagging asses hang
to the ground for a change.
It should be good
for their material souls
and for once
set the scales straight.

Carl Rakosi

Fa. ~~Ma~~ a community inst. — In time didn't think of him as a Jew. If they continued to be aware of it, he was their Jew, they'd trust him & talk to him, he wasn't out to get their money, as they suspected other Jewish merchants were. —

Northside Advancement Ass.
etc.

Proxy of synagogue

Lester

Me: sports — played baseball, basketball, soccer, swam, roller skated, ice skated, only skiing & work at Simmons — clairvoyance didn't play

h. s. — Gladys Nelson
friends — Louis Cosentino — rock grip & select mouth
Joe Kessler — Austrian Catholic
saved his life —
we all worked summers at Electric Power Co.
stole doorplates road
Joe & I worked as partners, meter-readers in basement
saved pennies for mandolins —
~~Miss~~ teacher in Senior English class who discovered "me"
my great figlot —
The library —

U. of Chicago — lived with friends of ours
board — Jos. Kleinman
~~George~~ Schuyler + Japanese
Pittsburgh Courier
Severe, awesome, neo-Gothic bldgs.
didn't breathe there as an America — forced you into its psyche — not my world, which was Middle Western bldgs + one used to recognized as Kind

transfer to Madison —
The Madison piece

How got into social work
— Cleveland — ~~the~~ + S Family Service
Mary Vogt

N. Y. — JBD — + Sendian psych. — brilliant theoreticians + practitioners
my case load, older parolees clinicians

B. I. S.
boys worker

Had to get out – Wd. swallow me up –
So back to something different, ~~something~~ less absorbing
& demanding –
Back to Madison again – M.A. & wd. for Psych. / Ed. Psychol. 1926
1925-1926 – in fall of 1925 – changed my name –
1926-1927 ~~FH~~ job in Milwaukee Personnel Dept. – TMER&L
testing motorman – 1926-1927
too dull & limited – speed & accuracy of eye-hand coordination
Bloomingdale's – n.t. hired – my first exp. with gay man
1927-28 Sp back to social work again – Boston – SPCC – Judge
extraordinary mellowness & wisdom & restraint
nature of my cases – district in Cambridge –
The Portuguese – drink – some physical abuse
but mostly leaving ch. unfed
while they go off on alcoholic
or sexual binge, etc.

Fancy apt. on Commonwealth Ave. Entertaining

1928-29 – U of Texas, Austin – instructor, studied for Ph D
1929-1930 – Law School
– medical School
freight-train –
1930-1932 – San Jacinto to U.S. –
– Rusk Settlement House –
mexican charm & dignity
letter from Zukofsky
1932-1933 – Cook County Bureau of Public Welfare
social worker / Killed – studied at U of C School of Soc. Work
1933-1934 – Federal Transient Bureau – trip down on train
to women / race track
1934-1935 – Tulane U – field work supv. Continued studies in soc. work
1935-1940 – d. – Family Welfare Society / Bklyn –
completed my MSW at U of Pa
stopped writing – my attempt to get a Guggenheim
Communist party publication of Selected Poems
ND Directions
EZ
Fearing & his friends
Leon & Betty
marriage to Leah
1940-1943 – d. – Social Service Bureau / St. Louis
dog – birth of Barbara
friends
1943-1945 – Bellefaire – Cleveland
asst. Director & Case Consultant
birth of George
1945-1968 – Mpls.

Mpls.

~~[illegible]~~ 2 yr. with Berryman — Forum / at reading —
Evening with Berryman, Allen Tate, Saul Bellow
Berryman's ~~suicide~~, my taking over his seminar
in Humanities Dept.
Return to writing — letter from Andrew Crozier
Amulet
Eye-Voice
Ex Cranium, Night — began to write
J Laughlin
prose — axioms
memoirs

1969-1970 Return to Madison, Writer-in-Residence —
Anti-War Demonstrations / Shot in the shoulder
my students —
Meeting with Borges
interviews with the
Objs.
there, while I'm at
Yaddo get a phone call visiting
to come to Madison —
When I'm there, no one knows I'm
there
Attended faculty meetings — describe
dept.
Change in Madison /
house savaged by students /

1973 Until — Poetry ~~Conf.~~ Festival inc. at which I met Duncan, Enslin,
Rexroth, Oppen / Reznikoff
going on there —

After retirement / trips to Mexico — Schiero — Oaxaca — 5 winters
the Am. colony of permanent expatriates
others who / came yr. after yr. for the winter
El Rancho — plumbing —

1978 moved in 1978 — spent 2 winters there before
S.F. —
Duncan + Jess / dedicate / sunny — my Duncan piece —
Oppen —
most recent friends: ~~the~~ Fixels / George Evans /
August

THE Third DECADE

They learned first how to handle a rifle
and went into the woods
for squirrel and pheasant
and hooked bait
with the care of a paleontologist.

At night they sat with whisky
and said to a companion,
"Let's get drunk,"
and the answer came back,
"All right."

When they went to war and were afraid
and got shot up
and found a girl and had a family

or shot lion and climbed Kilimanjaro
and pursued the dark Iberian
gored
who sighted with his sword
the place of death
behind the bull's neck
and went in over the horns,
holding back nothing,
all they had to say was,
"It's good
when the fall rains come,"
and the answer was,
"Swell."

Will there be no more larks
or Cezanne apples?

Adieu then.

Carl Rakosi

Early life in Chicago - Pa's friends

Some of the stories must have been risqué because the way the women looked at each other & spoke & allowed a half-smile & men, this = what you have to expect of these men — the rituals — the rolling pin — the long table — the rolling pin — pull but careful not to tear pull but not tear, etc. until it was so thin it seemed impossible to pull any more — the noodles were cut off — then the filling; rolled up & cut, etc. How joyously she worked anticipating the friends lunging over seeds & dough

The stories were all about Budapest Hungary, how happy life had been there in their memory

without tearing but still we pulled, & again & again.

& stayed out of sight, often under the table to listen & watch & it was here that I formed the deep conviction that to be in Hungary was to be happy — indeed, I have never seen the like of it anywhere in this country — perhaps = possible only in a small country like Hungary & during these early days (at turn of century

Excited by this total abandonment to gayety & good spirits & knew then already that this was not in my nature — & I'd never be this way because & had never had these Hung. exps.

worrysome work So if they lived a double life, one of hard, serious & one of joyous Hung. friendship

This ended soon when my Pa, who had been saving up every spare penny conscientiously for exps. to go into business for himself, decided Jury, and was a booming city & we'd be a good but no Hung. there & put social life plus visited us place to settle — a store in a working class neighborhood not far from steel mills — used to see them trudging to work in early morning, big-silent men, [illegible] a award —

Teddy, our black & white mongrel puppy — a member of faculty until died —

School: (1) terrorized by big black boys who chased cute boys off the playground with spiked clubs

(2) Very progressive ideas about ed. - interested & placed according to [illegible] & competence in class — called in to principal's office & told & wd. be advanced a yr. — & acquiesced without attaching any significance to it / Work still seemed too easy

for me, so in middle of year, married into principal's office & moved ahead another yr. — still attached no meaning to it, except felt a little odd to have boys in my class who were two heads taller than I

Kenosha

I don't know why we moved next to Kenosha (why didn't I ask questions) — Altho Fa ed. always made a living repairing watches, apparently the store part didn't go as he had expected, or he thought Kenosha was more promising — that's where we moved — 617 N. Main St. & that's where both my parents lived until their death —

K = on S.E. S.W. tip of Lake Michigan, a city of about 50,000, 60 miles from Chicago used to be called Southport — K = Potawatomi Indian name — store was on N. side of town, the working class (Polish, German) half / separated from the other half (South side Catholic) by a creek & a bridge & mostly middle class Protestant business men & professional

Fa's friends were now Polish & Russian Jews — gayety was gone — as among strangers, but not for long — no male friends made quickly in Synagogue — Fa did not have much in common with these small business men: (1) no memories of Hungary; no Hungarian; didn't know Yiddish — Yiddish humor was strange to him — also put off by their loud coarse, aggressive manner, their occasional dishonesty & unreliability, their lack of idealism — he had a natural courtesy & good manners —

Didn't look Jewish: fair complexion, gray eyes, clear-cut, well-shaped features, nose straight & medium (not swelled) — hair not at all what one imagines Semitic in appearance — more like Swedish a small, well-proportioned civilized Swede —

It's this & known integrity that made congregation select him as proxy & he accepted, not only because he felt honored but because he knew he was needed — like wild animals, each man shouting & wanting to have his way — Was only one who could keep order & get business of synagogue done — because only one they trusted — only one who looked & acted like a gentleman & that's the kind of person they wanted representing them as proxy of the shul.

Lester (my brother)

He had stopped growing at 4'6" or 7
four foot six or seven.
His frame was twisted & might have
to one side because of his hump weighed more than 90 lbs
and his chest was puffed out out of all proportion to the rest
breastbone stomach was much too large for his body of his body
He often had to wear a brace
and He listed slightly to the one side when he walked
In his baby years when he was at home there was a
fierce look in his eyes — His clothes had to be made to
order for him & never looked
he was very proud & ready to do battle at the slightest affront
the unfitness in work house in Kenosha —
he tried to be like other boys & did everything they did —
the one thing he wanted most was to be a boy scout
but my fa had > impatient with his rebelliousness & obstinacy
& didn't understand how important it was to him. would have been important and
things were tight & the money cd. be used to better
purpose for something else —

I > aware of Lester as different for the first time in Kenosha. We'd walk
past a bunch of boys & the conversation wd. stop & they'd
stare — & stare after we passed at our backs. Oh that
stare! They were staring at me too of course. What connection
did I have to that hunchback? the stares wouldn't affect me.
I wd. walk on as if nothing had happened & but his face, if
I glanced at quickly to see how it was affecting him,
had what > characteristic for him, a teasing of the mouth
& a look of enduring. & at the same time the body tilted
long enduring, that's what I have to take, so it has to be, & I'm walking on
forward, walking on, all right coming through — I can
no response possible — because Lester was different —
nothing cd. be done about that — the pain was there
he cd. bear it, he was just walking on walking on looking
casting a swift glance at them
at them, kept on talking — etc. going through

My own feelings: slightly ashamed. Didn't want to
be connected to a hunchback, had nothing to do with me,
I shd. not have to be stared at because I was walking with a
hunchback & in their minds connected somehow to him —

At some time I knew his pain + suffered it with him
+ I was ashamed of my shame. We had slept in the same
bed, ate + played together, all our lives — we looked
somewhat alike and one cd see we came from the same family.
I was he in deep ways. No one cd change that.

He had a rare sensitive face fine-tuned by his situation

Introduced me to his friends as his kid brother; I had
achieved this or that, a suggestion to them that he
came of good stock from this other world of people who were
not losers.
cd tell. I think I lost him more than he loved me —
of late.

his friends loser women not quite hookers, slut women of the streets,
from bars + restaurants + cheap joints + burlesque girls —
He wanted nothing so much as to be like anyone else.
+ that he cd be not with other Jews who but with men
who were far below him in intelligence + sensitivity, men who were middle class
+ eccentrics + losers + women of the streets, etc. tended to be losers
who were coarse + promiscuous but basically generous
victims in their own way —

At his funeral: my grief —
"no, I'm not going to let you lower him
to yr. level, not here"
to let him go back to yr. world — he deserved better —
you take him

Another analogue to me in Kenosha library; El Greco's painting (1604-1609) of Fray Hortensio Felix Paravicino — a Trinitarian monk, a young scholar, poet — glamorous preacher at court of Philip III — an erudite professor at Salamanca at age of 21 — a disciple of Gongora — in Boston Museum of Fine Arts seated in armchair with straight back (heavy, 17 Cent.) — the eyes are large, dark, arrested for the portrait but the kind that is in constant thought (about int. philosophical or creative matters) — having to look ahead (at the painter) there is a moment of self-consciousness (as if he were thinking of the kind of person he is + what of himself he can hold up to the painter (like posing for a cameo) — whatever it is, it's not going to be ready — but he does want his active mind to be granted the portrait, interrupted (he's willing but not for long, he's got other things to do, + what they are, (is not the) what he was interrupted doing, were the two books he's holding —

— face has no interest in making himself ingratiating to the painter — a man self-possessed, self-sufficient, self-confident, pre-occupied with what he is about to go back to, those two books —

the right hand — held awkwardly limp as if didn't know what to do with it during his brief sitting but the left hand — still connected to his — books; has not left off doing what it was doing before / holding the place where he had been when he was interrupted by the sitting — in no way impressed by the idea of a portrait of him — if El Greco wants it, OK, but do it & get back to what I was doing before —

Paravicino — his own man, not El Greco's, not for a moment — of equal stature, perhaps even higher, as a poet, a pupil of Gongora's, a great preacher — never enters El Greco's spirit (spiritual adventure or vision), tho there was nothing to prevent

El Greco from making him another St. Luke. El Greco respected him too much for that, as a fellow artist too individual & strong-willed for that — the lips are pressed together tightly & just slightly protrude to show that he is holding on to his own vision in this new different situation of trying for a painting × — It's this quality that made me linger over the painting & try to understand it —

× This gives the mouth a slightly twisted look & makes it look slightly more hard & bitter than the one with the large, open, alert eye. — A special kind of intelligence, unique, unideological. I did not have the mystery & the subtlety of El Greco that has been painted into the Fray's cassock and into the dark pouch of the

one thing missing
Kenosha library — a light coming from one side, the rest dark (unless the light was turned on at said stacks & I wanted it that way).
Rembrandt (wonderful quiet & light & shade
have to borrow from
a Guardiagy — Expand / chiaroscuro
a sisterhood two sisters
clair-obscure

a book. But what a book. It rests partly on Paravicino's left Knee, held at an angle by P's active hand & the arm-rest By it's great mass, it's rich, glowing colors, painted lovingly What is important to the poet. El Greco shows transcendent gold & brown transcendently tender this is a while its beauty & its durability in the brush strokes.

That's what I was leading up to

P. 86, El Greco

New Orleans ~~Exp.~~ – 1933 (I was ~~then~~ 30, unmarried) Came from Chicago

(the man with the Jack Hudson smile – wicked but suggestion
tasty, man-like, ~~other~~
but inscrutable, but reliable

~~Exp.~~ started on the train – two women – fast – etc.
didn't take them home with us – & didn't have an apt. yet –
race track – vivacious sophisticated – artistic sense –
good-looking mature "just loving"
on the make
(my first introduction to N.O. – thereafter)

boyelick'l / boyzle

+ is thus pertinent to "tall,"

fiddleboy

"come, little boy," + the wd. be more + more + deeply

totally change from boyelick / tender quality

in Yiddish

On one hand he is a teacher + he sings a song to one of his little pupils

Jan Peerce: a trembling in his voice, one feels as if the sad cry of retrospect = about to

the little boy his charge — as for their joint venture, the fiddleboy's music,

x it is that particular nature which is its genius, + its eternal

its mystery

not some misbegotten, however clever

that has the genius of this medium

This is usual at its poorest (playing acceptably

academic grade). Poetry has a hard enough time being its own

natural self without being trans-defined as music +

dancing, which these days [illegible] its own problems, it

just being "clean & clear" poetry — and a poet doesn't understand why people

It is hard to explain the nature of poetry — and it is understandable that to explain,

but using another medium has such a distinct personality / character

because each medium / character that we are drawn to in the other medium

+ it is that

"Ours must be one of the great marriages of all time" — dedication

mandolin duets with Lester: The Anniversary Waltz by I. Ivanovici

Re Kenosha library: Yiddish song, In Cheider (Hebrew School) —

words + music by M. Milner: "come, little boy, come closer + look at the little words, wonderful words" (Snyder, Joyce)

sung by Jan Peerce

To add to section on the library

It has almost the character of a man.

What a rare character is a book. —
Each has a distinct objective pers. — as visible
its rag paper — looks like texture as its shape & design,
its type — like wood to the sculptor
its work can smell it — see it — feel it — hold it —
display it. are characters

calligraphy = art of fine handwriting

What a piece of character is a book
its type well cut and characters — dots. it is as visible as a man
the lovely texture of its rag paper has the feel & look happy
of fine wood to the sculptor in a piece of sculpture
it has a distinct objective pers., as its environs within
as well as a man. You can hold it (encompass it) in
one hand, smell it,
& feel it —

not just a medium channel of transmis
transmitting medium but as a book has
a character as distinct & objective as a man.

For Knoxlea reminiscenses

The Carnegie library — my English teacher in senior yr. of h. s. : — seductive smile & something quite physical & electric about her body & personality — She commented on a book (review) I had written & showed that she admired my grasp & depth & made me realize for the first time that there was something special in me — did the thought that I might be a writer cross my mind then? — She, of course, never knew the effect she had had on me — & this in our eyes there was something going on between us —

The principal: Mr. Tramper (from Kinlingan) — tall, slim, very erect bearing — trim moustache altogether proper but not severe. A gentleman, quiet never intrusive — one who, you knew, would never offend yr. dignity — a kind quiet quality. We were two of a kind. When he called me into the office, which was no more than once or twice a year, (never went with apprehension) it was always to give me recognition for something I had done. I felt he always knew who I was (seeing him in hall, do I went from class to class) he would smile as if he knew — but would not speak — & that we had a special, unspoken understanding between us which made us like each other — In other words, I was one of the quiet ones in school, but not a loner —

Louis Cozentino, the boy with an iron grip, iron & erect bearing, iron smile —

Joe Kessler —

Gladys Nelson — Since I never had the nerve to speak to her, she must have thought I was goofy

My first job: a barber shop — 1 man operation — Owner too old & arthritic to clean up the shop himself & could not afford to hire a man, but so help me he said how distasteful it was for me to pick up dirt & droppings from the floor, he indignant & pd. me off the same day —

On Reading a Review of Amulet

It is customary to rave about poetry.
Why don't you?

You tapped the champion
on the shoulder,
country boy,
and broke his ankle
when you wrote:
"Not that he lacks, but...."

Fortunately no one was around to see
my cowering mouse
(beat it, you crummy beast,
before we're caught!).

What's that you say?
I write like a friend?

I take it all back.
Give me your hand.
I want to thank you,
though you gave me
one hell of a fright,
for mistaking my Olympian
figure for a friend.

Carl Rakosi

Freight train incident in Arkansas

In actual situation, at final moment, the only thing that mattered to me was the only thing that was in my mind, that was the opinion of the bloodless splenoid (all unknown to me) — "This jerk!" — completely dominated by it.

& a horrible feeling that this was the way I was going to die, utterly disgraced; a feeling too of a loneliness far vaster than anything I had ever experienced so vast that it cd. be found only in fiction & then only as an adumbration of it could only be found in adumbration, a phantom of the real thing. —

Now in a dream, & wd. have been spellbound & shrieking in terror, but wd. not the terror have come from the fact this was happening to me like in a spell, & bound. So this is the origin of the shriek, the ancient horror of helplessness, of having (a sequence of events happening out of my control & direction) the direction & all from outside; & ∴ = paralyzed gut job of terror panic. (Develop this) — This tells us something of nature of fear, that were OK if we act against a danger ∴ — Tells us something about courage, too (about which many men have written in order to understand it: Merimée, Hemingway, Borges — they have all succumbed to rather stylized,

i.e. some men have it — a great deal everything about the men = described but not the nature of their courage ∴ the actual connection between the 2 is not revealed because = not understood. Courage may not actually exist as such. It may exist only for the opinion of a person who is observing a particular piece of behavior. What is thought

May 1st
1 9 6 8

Mr. Clark Blackburn, Director
Family Service Association of America
44 East 23rd Street
New York, New York 10010

Dear Clark:

This is in reply to your memo on the Proposed FSAA Information Processing Center.

The idea sounds great. Although we would not want to be a pilot agency participant, we certainly do want to participate at an early date when the service has been developed.

Best wishes.

Cordially,

Callman Rawley, ACSW
Executive Director

CR/rh

to be a trait in a man who has acted bravely may be quite other things: viz., shame (as in Arkansas had I been brave in not just dropping letting go of the hand step & given up & gone home by bus? I was too ashamed to be shown up & death seemed the only available option. Besides, it happened too quickly for the meaning of the death danger to have reached me. Which leads to this: the man of courage may simply be the man who does not anticipate he is going to his death. Yes, there is the danger of death all around him but not for him. He anticipates (as in Arkansas) that he is going to live & it will be others who die. (Except: the very aged or terminal ill who know they are going to die.) If he did not feel terror. Whether it would be the kind of terror experienced in dreams would depend on whether he was immobilized. But the terror would have to be there, (if he does not show it & keeps going despite it, then the observer decides the man is brave.)

Fiction writers, even very good ones, who do not understand this, conclude that the behavior is superhuman (as against inhuman) & therefore have to romanticize the theme. This accounts for the tall wooden 2-dimensional character of tales of courage (stylization = all they have to go on).

Most perverse and ignorant of distortions - the TV western fiction of the young man seeking out the most celebrated gunman in the territory to task he has to prove that he can outshoot him

This shows so little understanding or respect for human nature that it makes one puke.

Corroboration (Newsweek, 3/22/71: "What's a bullfighter's secret of success? It is not bravery, El Cordobes told N.Y. Times interviewer. It is believing in yourself & that nobody can teach you. You must prepare yr. body & yr. mind for the encounter.

What does this show about why we dream (& have nightmares)? - Develop this

---

There are then several types (also levels?) of exp.

(1) What happened in Arkansas

(2) Nightmare

(3) Reflecting on it: being ground up by the wheels, the ~~screaming~~ pain (the shrieking this time coming from the body itself — the crushing iron (battering)

not the eye & the mind reconstructs (reconstructs) would happen physically — Three didn't happen (i.e. & didn't happen in Arkansas at the time) go then these reflections

All are mental processes. Which = the true one? Which = the reality? — Usually we think of (3) as the reality. Hence, Borges (& Nabokov) can make entertaining tales & variations adventures out of this situation.

Develop this

calling on the hocus pocus & paraphernalia of learned allusions to the Kabalah, etc. X do [ostensibly] show that the real truth, the real reality [type] had been anticipated by these obscure ancient occult documents. [Even once I've got the truth & lost it, most romantic of notions] — or truth is to be found in books in deep study — (Borges, always in his fa's library) well no others were out of the way

X the long, painstaking, minute quotations & paraphrases from, the seemingly rigorous reasoning, all to prove that a fiction is real — what — not normally regarded as real has a profound influence on our lives (may be our destiny), and may be the real real?

Add to piece on courage — Arkansas exp.

I was ready to die for an idea (& maybe not ready to die, but turned around from my basic ~~human~~ ~~mortal~~ stance of biologic vigilance to stay alive at all cost) avoid death

— shame at not being able to climb up on that train — But why shd. I be surprised that an idea cd. do that? (even to so cautious a person as I)

Ideas have been the only things for which men have been willing to give up their vigilance. They are the true border. — The very thing (intellect) in us which makes us perceive ~~is~~ that human life = precious & has incomparable dignity (because of its mystery & power?) is also the thing which leads men to slaughter

idea of heroism — liberation —

Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander the Great — empire —

duty save the world for democracy

No, I have it wrong. The mind = not the maker of humanism. It is no accident that ~~feelings~~ the seat of love = not pictured as being in the brain but in the heart. & that self preservation is low man on the totem pole of morality —

It is men's natural impulse to love which has been exploited, used, cozened, cajoled, & tricked on for ends which are concealed because they wd. not be acceptable compromised in every possible way

exigencies of political office — national honor — the economy as a reason for giving up the impulse.

so men must be persuaded that they are carrying out the impulse to love when they are at war: it is the enemy who are the killers of life, the dangerous ones to be killed; that they must be freed from their oppressors so that they can return to the impulse to love. (men have been conditioned to this by the culture, the educational system) There is something higher than love

Overheard at ~~Lack~~ at the Cancer Detection Center

Re The Young

1. 14 yr. old son bought tie for $4.50, Fa, a lawyer, never spent more than $2 on a tie in his life — How does this 14 yr. old punk come off spending $4.50 on one? Most of his ties were all $, + not a bad Kid. Money has no value to him — The limits are off (+ the world that lies behind that — Saving for the future, the life = serious. One has to work hard, said — Keep one's nose to the grindstone — Develop — not because of = pampered — but because so easy for them to earn money (shoveling snow, mowing grass, delivering papers) — Parents feel = overpaid will never know what hard work is. working on Saturday = unknown now, the long hair (offensive) — "I don't think they did" be shaded to cut it. Story of Pa who marched his son in to the barber shop + ordered, cut it off. (Kid) cut before realized it was gone. (Men (all fathers) laughed at the way the man was telling it, the march to the barbershop, the Kid's dazed reaction, the triumph over rebellion — These men didn't do this because were not confronted by so much rebellion of that type among same age but afraid at sight of men who fears shaggy heads = only conceit

2. 13 — 14 yr. old girls pregnant —

Re Hunting — fishing —

Remembered wonderful hunting days — you'd walk to the end of a field + there they were at the end of field, you couldn't miss them. Pleasants. Partridge plentiful in — Quail at — Now pretty well shot out. If have one good h. day a month = lucky. my son, when he's of age, won't have anything to shoot at. It means to be an American — same sense — this is what perfect understanding among men

(who took matters into his own hands & acted)

The big mother no they caught + where —

30th.

Re: local ball teams — Albert Lea used to go up to Rochester + beat hell out of them

... Don't talk about women | Dr Hendricks still on Maple & Third ? ...

The proctoscopy: "I thought it was going to bring the top of my head off" "he went up so far, I thought I'd have to bite off the end of it"

Finally (end of day) — different illnesses of friends — gall bladder — hemorrhoids — (after the operation, feel as if passing cut glass & can't go

X: I know somebody who had it & said there was nothing to it

Y: " " " " had a terrible time.

Z: Depends on the person

3/13/71 Only did I put a date on this so as not to forget staring
when in my life this occurred. Like looking at a
photograph of oneself with others: "I was eighteen
when I looked like this." Anyhow, I had not wanted
to cut my hair before going to Snowmass (just lazy).
Didn't think it was too long. On the Denver airport,
I: "I see that woman got excited about my long
hair" and telling her husband to look quickly.
(Later, I was in had been a middle-aged woman; yes.
not friendly. I: what you know it's so young
people never stare at me. Sometimes they're surprised
but they're always pleased & friendly. The
girl in the seat behind us on the North Central plane,
her face lit up with surprise & pleasure when I
walked in as if she had discovered something delightful,
an old friend? It happened too quickly for me to respond with feeling & smile back (perhaps
it was the synonymous atmosphere of a plane (as in a plane) which
I was sensitive & which made me clam up. Or
did I feel in that moment that a smile would be misunderstood
by L.A. Anyhow the moment was lost, for when I
looked back later to smile when I caught her
eye, she was asleep)

Back to the Denver airport. I didn't see
or hear any of this, as I was hurrying with
my bag to check in at the NC counter, but I did
see the surprised look on the face of a porter,
not unfriendly, just surprised & as it turned out, amused,
my back a moment later, as I
hear a loud voice, "no generation
gap there." It was the porter talking to
another porter (there had been a group of them standing
together) Although I didn't turn around, I knew
he had a smile on his face and was amused, that's all.
Like running across something amusing in the paper - a subject for conversation

For some reason, I felt pleased & smiled too. not characteristic of me. Half & changed?

Switch back to Knoxville staring —

Polacks —

when I met this little this (when I was a boy) I wanted to ; I had? When I was staged at factory cliques: if he was my size, I smiled him only ? in the mind; if he was much bigger, I'd stop & stare back mouth (strange, that I wrote mind first) + say, what are you looking at? + wait for the next move/confrontation.

& to Cleveland staring — medieval walled fortress

territorial potatoes — (the way an animal looks when he suddenly finds a stranger in his territory

(Would they have stared if they had known the merciless hatred I felt? Sure! They had no human & was not another human being like them. I was an object of contempt. Their hatred I could have tolerated.

The Dial 1924

Review of Wms' The Great Am. Novel: "on $.20 a year" that bad poetry is made "of sugar + spice + everything nice" (i.e. Poetry magazine) and good poetry "of rats & snails & puppy-dog tails," Wms. = frequently a very good poet.

Books reviewed
Donald Ogden Stewart: Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind —

Stephen Vincent Benet —
Floyd Dell —
Frank Swinnerton

Marianne Moore's review of Harmonium: "Well mewed, lion." title say all

H. L. Mencken: there, debunking in all his gargantuan irreverence —

D. H. Lawrence (published; Thomas Seltzer)
Paris Letter - Paul Morand - inimitable wit, sophisticate
German Letter (from Thomas Mann in Munich)
Dublin Letter (John Eglinton)

E E Cummings (darling of The Dial)
Also Sherwood Anderson

Thomas Seltzer: published D. H. Lawrence, Cummings, John Cowper Powys
B. W. Huebsch: Jules Romain, The Death of a Nobody

A Passage to India
Romain Rolland
Elin Pelin: "The Eyes of St. Spiridon", tr. from the Bulgarian

The Dial's description of itself (1924) - Ad

"- the Dial emerges singly & with fastidious elegance lightly, serenely (from welter of standardized fiction & criticism) Perhaps at suspected the extreme left wing in literature of being a little barber, the extreme right wing a little. Its divining rod of judgment reaches through to those cool waters of eternal values which remain safely obscured

(over)

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
FRESNO, CA 93888

In reply refer to: 89405011
FEB. 14, 1986 LTR 0F
477-34-1002
00945

from the gusty winds of passing controversy. Its final test is a test of aesthetic excellance."

CALLMAN & LEAH RAWLEY
128 IRVING ST
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94122

Social Security Number: 477-34-1002
Form Number: 1040
Tax Period Ended: Dec. 31, 1984
Your correspondence dated: Sep. 05, 1985.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Rawley:

We received your inquiry of September 5, 1985. Our records show that you are not due an additional refund of $411.00 for 1981. We are enclosing a record of the account to explain. If you have any other questions, please write back.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

B. Lewis
Chief, Inquiry and Support Section

Enclosure:
Record of account

Written to Eric Mottram

A word about MY EXPERIENCES IN PARNASSUS. I wrote that one afternoon at Yaddo and laughed like hell all the time I was writing it. It came to me like a breeze. A couple of weeks later, I read it to the artists & writers there, about fifteen people. I started off with a straight face but a countryman of yours, John Haffenden from Sheffield, caught my wave length right away and began to chuckle. The others looked perplexed and were silent. Denise Levertov's face was clouded, angry. As I read on, there was an occasional, not quite certain, laugh from the listeners but I kept on trying to keep a solemn face until I reached the line, "Now that I am a major poet...." At that point that did it! They broke into uproarious laughter. I had to stop. I grinned, composed my face, and started again, but this time my own voice broke when I reached the word, "poet" and we all started to roar again. Again I waited until they subsided, and started ~~again~~, but again they collapsed when I reached the end of that phrase. They laughed so hard, tears sprang to their eyes. They weren't going to let me finish that sentence! The fourth time I tried, I got through and finished the piece, but for a couple of minutes it looked as if I'd never make it.

Sad to hear about Poetry Review and your editorship ending. In fact, what I read in the papers here about England's whole financial plight, including a dispatch this morning about another exodus of top scientists and doctors makes me feel as if my own blood were slowly being drained out of my body.

The check and the copies of Poetry Review arrived. Everything fine.

Cordially,

Carl Rakosi

XXVI

LETTING THE SPIRIT OUT

The reader before the inner

space in a poem:

"Ah, my element!

[redacted]

He takes a deep breath.

"If I forget again

I deserve to stew

in everlasting intellectual chores."

He forgot.

Carl Rakosi

for my Autobiography

God, how I hate dreams

The search for justice, social justice, is the romance of our time —
the # Leader: hero-worship is our romance
Human-rights — & Romance of the Future —

The stabbing on 14 St. — I get pap whole without thought —
Democracy — It can't happen here — It doesn't concern me —
these people are different — I think something ought to be done
but I'm not the one to do it — I can't do anything.

Freedom = not simple —

We are free to listen, etc., but we are not free to be happy,
something is lacking. Everything I touch is for some reason
dead.

Achieve courage through hate /
Reiss dead

PHONE 3451 ESTABLISHED 1915 5040 SIXTH AVENUE

L. RAKOSI

EXPERT WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, CHINAWARE AND OPTICAL GOODS

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY

KENOSHA, WIS.,

January 10-1938

Dear Carl;

Your letter and the ten Dollar Money order in it,was recived and thanks to you for that,we also recived your to postal cards,and was glad to her that you recived the Shirt and the tie and liked it,if the Tiedoes not go with the shirt it is easè to match up with other thinks,I did not head time to have your sleeve make shorter so you look for sameone ho will make them,but get one ho will anderstand to make a nice job as it is a very expensess shirt and would not like to see sameone should spoile it for you.

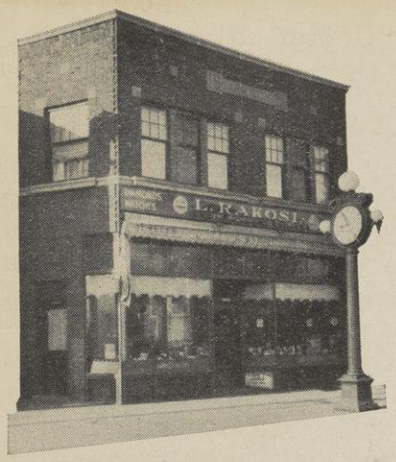
I suppose you was wondering or probely was a little unease abaut not hearing from home for a long time,but ther is several reason to accaunt for,and durring myn letter you will find it aut.

The first reason was that I was very bussie during the Holiday seosen to get prepaired for the main bussiness in all year in auer line,then with all the nerves strain and exitment I did not have the patient to sittdown and consentxxx rait an a letter.Forther moore I sah how exitet you was abaut your books I did not want to write untill I have them packed and shippet away.Thank the Lord they was shipped today from her with the North Shore Fraight,to Chicago and ther they will be transfared to the NewYork Central Station an will arive withe the same in New York,I think in abaut a week you will have them in perfect condition as they was wery gutt packet. I want to tell you that almost all your books went in the Trunk,but doos few wich you did not want to be send.You spocket abaut a Suit case in the cupboard in the Hall,ther was no suitcaseand so I was compeld to pack them in your trunk wich is wery strong and solid,and I head it creatted besides to make it sure gut,and you head no key for it so I head to created for that reason to.

I cald Bill express Man he created and shipped to the Railroad,and finished all work and charget $2.25 for hes work and expensess,and the shipping Charges you'l pay by reciving it.I hoppe evrething will be O.K. and you will be satisfyd,I hoppe you lett us no when you get it.Inclosed you find one copy from the Railroad shipping wich you shell keep for record in case any damage.

Any time you feel you want the rest of your books you write and I send them to you,this will not be such a big job anymoore and will be able to pack in boxess allredy.All you have home now is the Steamer Trunk in the closecloset in the back room.I think we finished for a wile the problem with the books and turn to a different subject.

We sure head a big suprise abaut the news you write us abaut Miss Rose Max, I hoppe and wish to se that you came to an understanding by thes time with her. We was realy happy to her that you found realy samebody wich wined your aproval, and hoppe that you will not have anydisapointment with her,what I mean she will not back aut,further moore by this time she aut to maid up her myn if she want to marry you and is redy for it or not.She is yust the wright age for you and I think in every way suitable to you,the only thing ,naturaly you could not xxx rush her to much,but if you ask her a few month ago,and shetold you she wants



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REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY

KENOSHA, WIS.,

to know you better,by thes time she aut to maid up her mynd and ansver your subject.I hoppe you can give use this gut news in your next letter,that only will make us realy happy.What did you give her for Christmas and how did she tucktet.We surely would like to see you happy,content and settled,I hoppe you are really underway with it.

I realy head to make you feel bad,now when you are probebly realy happy,but I must tell you that we have a very hard feeling tors you,thats the real reason for not writing sooner,I believed I will get it a little over and probebly pas it up altogether,but I am very hard an forgetting,and even if I would not write to you for six month I could not forget it.

You be so happy and exited over your psycho analysis stady,I did not have anithyng againts it neither,in fact in the beginning at made me proud,but when you wrote that at costet all your saving it realy hurted me,after all did you nothead anoff univer.adjucation,didnt you spend anoff money an that, when you are thityfour year old you still have to spend all your money for edju cation and such edjucation wich you aut to leorn from life it self,if you would not spend all your life in the books but get among people you would leorn psycho analysis with aut cost to you, and now you be so busie with you work and all other thing that you even forget you belong to sameone. Now when your parence camme in such age and condition that they would like to depend an you and would need your phisical and mooral assistent you are even to busie to write a letter to your Father veure is 64 year old and for 6 month sick and would at least if nothing else get a hearth to hearth letter from hes Son,insted you passing up probebly tou month with aut asking is he still sick or well or wath is with hem You never felt from youhearth for your Mother ho beard you,and cared you under her hearth ,I felt very very bad abaut it,becose I head to realise in myn self what could I espect from you as a stranger,but at heorth me immensely your fleg ma tors your Father ho realy sacrifysd planty for you. I remmember when you was in Texas and I wrote to you that we are abaut to loose auer home,you wrote to me I should not neglect to lett you no when we are in danger with it,for one year you helped as along with 15 dollars a month wich was wery nice of you and helped us alon wery nicely,we apritiated wery much,but you probebly that you did anoff and stopeed,For a while we did got along but with all the bad times we head to fall back,an top of this Pa got sick and hes sicknes costed us over one hunderd Dollars and head to go to a specialist to get curred.You also told to keep you posted abaut Pa's ailment,but you your self is so busie that you have no time to write almost for months.I hope you dont take myn words to heart dear Carl but I am so forbittert that at head to comme aut from me.

Pa is not what he yuse to be,abaut 5 years ago he ailed with hes eye almost for tou years and could not work,now he was sick for six month with blader and glence trouble,and could not work,and now when he start feeling a little better he start getting trouble with hes other eye,and Got only sould help we shell not have any trouble with it.In the mean time the Home Ovners Loan corporation is going so strong after use that we head to turn the house over to a real Esta te Man for selling and if we can not sell it in a seorten lengt of time will

will get a forthclosing and in 15 month we have to wekate the home,so you see all in all auer situation is not helf as rosie,and you can not blame me for being forbittert,and noing that with 4or 500 hunderd dollars we could safe auer home where we live 21 years allredy.

Besidess this I am having very bad news from myn own familie in Europa, myn poor Brother ho is 70 year old heas Diabedas in a very hay stages,and gut same x infaction an one of hes lage,and head to be amputed up to hes nicce last summer, and now is helples and can not take care of hem self anymoore,an top of this tree month ago he lost hes Son the Dr.Zoli,myn nephiu,so you see Carl myn nerves and hearth is sathered to piecesbrocken up and would sure need at least phisical assistent if nothing else.

And now dear Carl exuse me for spilling myn hearth to you and making you feel bad for a wile anyhow,but reed myn letter over and over and realise,that I dont try to make you feel bad unnecesserly,but this are the plain truet and fact

If I dont exxpress myn self probely correctly over look it and if you dont want to write to me but please du not neglect your Father,becosse he does not desserve it and you only gut one,and you can not tell how long you have hem.

Best regard and love from.

Pa and ma

From letter to reporter on Kwoska News

"For many years we lived in a flat above the store, & before that on Lemon St. – or was it Orange? and on Oak St., & believe, in the slaughter with the old Catholic church on the north side. Grotsky's Bakery was in the back & the Grotskys lived downstairs of us (Cf. Dorky's story (stories?) about life in bakery) –

& went to Reisdorff [an educator?] elementary school, & disliked it a very old structure even then. My first year there was turbulent, & was a stranger, & was small for my age & & was the only Jewish kid in the neighborhood. Please keep it (is hard to understand how a whole neighborhood could be anti-Semitic but these were ch — of German & Polish stock whose parents had brought over the most virulent form of Jew-hatred from the Old Country. & therefore, had to stand & fight it, and & did, time & after time. They were unpromising but it was a good exp. & learned that & had courage and that, to my great surprise, & ed. kick kids twice my size & weight simply by remaining cool & determined. Since & was fighting for my integrity (dignity?) it never occurred to me that & could lose. And & never did. (You lost only if you gave in & & knew & wd. never give in.) Eventually they got the message that & knew how to scrap & what to take guff from anyone & they left me alone. & even had the feeling that the older boys felt something warm toward me when we passed each other on the street, the way they looked at me, but did not acknowledge it. & wd. not have been proper in those days for an older boy to show that kind of interest in a younger one. (You showed you understood yr. superiority by ignoring the younger one.) — Compare to children [illegible]

From The Dial 1924 – Tartly critical –

Frank C Harris: Contemporary Portraits – found it too austere, almost classical in tone, maybe just Kentucky in tone

The Freeman (weekly of criticism + opinion – $1.50 for 13 weeks of politics, economics, sociology, the arts & science – "medium through which the changing trend of politics may be viewed intelligently" (Ed.)

John Dewey & Charles S. Peirce (

Paul Rosenfeld – Musical Chronicle
Musical Portraits

Boleo Popular Library, 85 cents
" " Standard " 2.25

Glenway Wescott – Bad Man – The Apple of the Eye
(biography)
T Mann – Death in Venice

Heywood Broun –
Edmund Wilson, a reviewer

~~The~~ Broom

Wm. Lyon Phelps –

Henry McBride: practical, witty, unpretentious
champion of Picasso: "there is the old power that used to make a piece of flat blue again in a composition forceful to the point of intoxication. Picasso indeed weights one down. Intellectually all the other painters of the day pale beside him. But a reformed Picasso? (referring to an exhibition of "back to - Ingres" looking paintings) Academicians, don't you believe it."

Paul Rosenfeld: the early Aaron Copland, Stravinsky, Bloch
" where I first learned about them + was excited –
" Petroushka + the Sacre have both demonstrated the perfectness with which, with a single unsupported instrumental voice, a snare-drum or two, Stravinsky can fill a space
& learned from them modern music from the inside, as a musician
sees it

discovery

A few years ago in a letter Cid Corman had remarked that he couldn't visualize Leah ~~and~~ or me without each other, and I, to confirm that there was a solid ~~reason~~ base for ~~his impression~~ image, wrote back that ours must be one of the great marriages of all time. When I told Leah what I had written, she looked at me in disbelief, ~~but said nothing~~. I was startled. Didn't she believe ~~that~~ the same ~~too~~ thing? Had I missed something? Was my understanding of her that bad? I ~~xxxxx~~ studied her face. She looked serious. I had a sense that more was coming. She wdn't ~~leave~~ look after that. As I was trying to figure out what that was, something told me that she was going to lower the boom on me, but not in the way expected. What was in that mischievous head of hers? I waited. It came:

"If you feel that way about it, why don't you bring me presents?"

We burst out laughing. She had scored again.

She has been with me all these yrs. and I wd. went her, in the woods ~~until~~ till there is nothing to be said in music."

Then something told me that the boom was going to be lowered on me. I waited. It came. "If you feel that way about it, why don't you bring me presents?"

A total surprise. We burst out laughing. She had scored again. Yet what did

Before I could figure out what that was, something told me that she was going to lower the boom on me, but not in the way I expected. What was in that mischievous head of hers? I waited. It came.

That should have ended it but it didn't.

But what really was going on? The fact was no one was more easily satisfied than she. A single rose, anything, would have done it. Of course, if she had brought her more presents she would be pleased, but she didn't expect it. But maybe she did, underneath, and was reproaching me slightly, under the guise of a joke. Despite the fact that she knew my family [illegible] had been [illegible] she knew I wasn't rich. I was not trying to say that the daily presents I got from [illegible] were my presents didn't exclude presents to her. New clothes for the holidays. Or maybe it wasn't that complicated at all. Maybe all it was was seizing on an opp

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X She has never said one single word to suggest that she expects more. Because of my exp.: the only presents I had ever received as a child were new clothes for Rosh ha-Shonah. My parents didn't exchange presents at all. Come to think of it, what did she think of our marriage? I have never asked this question. I was never bad enough to ask the question. Not after 47 yrs. I'm not going to ask it now. Let there be a playful mystique about it. You can see why I say that we have had such a good marriage.

X 9/84
39

Letter from my mother (step-mother) J. O was under working in Newyork.

CR

Felt no Emotion on leaving Baja - knew that
woman from across the ocean came to get us -
frightened by their tears & :. wept also. New mother
& I looked ~~strangely~~ fixedly at each other - No Emotion
- received her kindness as a matter of course (did, all
through my life) - had no consciousness of
the existence of my brother until very much later
- In Budapest went to elegant department store
to be measured for new suit, - awed by smell of wool
& wooden courtesy of clerks & size of interior -

Major Emotions of first boyhood = fear & apathy,
react as by springs without reflection - later,
if hatred, if forbidden the execution of desires

Boy fears to show hatred

Boy's hatred of his parents - impeded by home
life - parents burden children & with their
ideas & idealization of their children's character.
Boy is ashamed to feel & think originally.
Too polite to show his character is different than &
much superior to the one created by his parents
desires for self-expression or complaint
:. Parents & sons = strangers
"Why can't you be like the Gasul boy. You
don't see him doing that. Yes, were afflicted with our
children.

In moments of greatest tearfulness he wonders if he is not like Christ. Looks in mirror. Has some softness in features & eyes. Is he not a Shakespeare? So ashamed of his tenderness before others

Writes letters to friends when especially in lachrymose mood from depths of his soul. Greatly eased by mocking at his weakness

Boy irked to a pitch of fury when sent out to grocery or butcher shop — when father hollers & flies off the handle loudly — when interrupted from reading & reproached for not having the decency to stay in the store of his own free will without being told (tears & blind hatred — curses) feeling of being caged in, with no will of his own. Did not mind doing these things but hated the encroachment on his will.

With later independence, feeling of pity for parents, of tenderness for them as fellow human beings.

So terse and nervous and ridiculously short in his conversation: later reconstructs the conversation in his mind, into a complete composition, adding, selecting, rejecting.

Like a woman, he did not want to love so much as to be loved. — It pleased him to think he was bestowing happiness on another

MERCATOR'S PROJECTION

by Carl Rakosi

When I started writing poetry, after total immersion in the Romantic poets, it seemed to me that metaphor was the god in a poem, the body in which he showed his splendor and transcendence, the motivating force behind writing itself. This belief led me to write some dreadful poems, which in time led me to my re-education. But the feeling that there is an affinity between some deep part of my nature and the metaphor never left me, and I remained loyal to it at heart and continued to woo this invisible bearer of bountiful gifts, too rich at times for my stomach, who seemed to appear on call from some higher power in the imagination. In time I learned to choose only those metaphors that would stand behind their promises and be accountable for discretion and accuracy. Metaphors with a conscience, in other words.

"Metaphors with a conscience!" I hear someone screaming. "Are you out of your mind? How can a metaphor have a conscience? What are you trying to do, Judaize aesthetics?"

I can make my point by examining a stanza from a poem by Delmore Schwartz, THE MIND IS AN ANCIENT AND FAMOUS CAPITAL:

"The mind is a city like London,

Smoky and populous----------"

A grand opening! A grand view. Large meanings resonate, imminent. Yet the metaphor fits. The reader is content to be carried along at this great height wherever this Prospero has a mind to take him. Then follows:

"it is a capital

Like Rome, ruined and eternal,"

The field now is in danger of becoming overpopulated. Is it possible that the author did not realize what he had in the first metaphor? Or is this a case of pushing on in greed for still more effect, insensitive to the thickening of the atmosphere and the confusing side-effects? Whichever, the possibilities are still there but they are no longer charismatic. And the serpent whispers, "Art thou really Prospero?"

Nevertheless, the grand view continues in the second modifier, eternal. It goes with Rome and what we feel is true of its referent, the mind. But actual ruin stares the poem in the face and disbelief rushes in at the word, ruined. Why "ruined?" This term for the mind is no product of thought or soul-searching. It is the oldest and most hackneyed conceit in Romantic

Literature, greatness through suffering, at one time perhaps the honest expression of a young poet's anomie but somewhere along the way swallowed up by his ego. Now if you want a large Romantic effect, all you have to do is push that button. In metaphor like a very old dog whose brain has been dead for a hundred years but whose heart still beats, kept alive by the poet's craving to dramatize and magnify himself. It's not going to be easy for Prospero to get out of this one.

He continues (still about the mind):

"Marked by monuments which no one
Now remembers."

The mind now has become the "tragic hero" but reduced to self-pity, always distasteful. Still, not egregious in the context of a fiction, although if he breaks into tears next, he'll make himself an Emperor without clothes. But he doesn't do that. Instead, he writes:

"For the mind, like Rome, contains
Catacombs, aqueducts, amphitheaters, palaces,
Churches and equestrian statues, fallen, broken or soiled."

The ruin of a fine opening metaphor has now been completed. The referent is shouting above the rhetoric, "Schwartz doesn't know what he's talking about. If he ever had any serious interest in me, it was soon lost in his laboring to establish a mighty metaphor: might for the metaphor and grandeur for himself." And the reader is bellowing, "Oh, bull!" to it all.

Moral: don't play a pair of deuces as if you had a royal flush. This isn't poker.

[redacted]

With that, [redacted] I nominate to the Pantheon of Discredit:

Rascal no. 1: metaphor for the sake of metaphor. Example: EUPHUES. But I have to go easy here. If a metaphor is not for itself, what then is it for? This argument is a cunning rascal, dressed up to look as if the answer were self-evident: "Of course a metaphor has to be for itself. What else could it be for? The beauty, the clarity, the power, the precision, the mystery of a metaphor.....are these qualities not sufficient by themselves? Hence, are they not ends? We don't expect more of a flower than its beauty. What's wrong, therefore, with a metaphor for the sake of metaphor?"

The fellow has made me forget that the metaphor has a referent, subject matter, and that the best argument for the metaphor is that it endows the referent with these qualities. We expect more of a metaphor, therefore, than of a flower. As long as it has a referent, we must expect it to be for the referent.

But not entirely. Entirely would make it a dull fellow, [redacted] A certain amount must be allowed for an existence in language, an existence always there and never identical to subject matter. The question is, how much? And the answer comes from man's connection to earth: it doesn't matter how much so long as it doesn't detract from subject matter. For why should one be willing to give up one jot of that? I see no need to. One can have both.

But this now plunges us outside literary considerations, for the amount of subject matter that a poet is willing to sacrifice or compromise depends on his individual psychology. If he is turned primarily inward, there is nothing to restrain him from going all the way to EUPHUES. But if his feelings for the outer world are solid and grounded in character, he'll keep his head against the charisma of metaphor. He will not settle for charisma alone.

But isn't it grand that we can have both the earth and metaphor?

Next rascal is metaphor for the poet's own aggrandizement which turns attention away from the poem to beam in on his powers of imagination and language. One is entitled to as much self-aggrandizement as one can get away with in this fictional world but not at the expense of the poem. This is a form of integrity.

Then come metaphors which [redacted] and perpetuate writing for the sake of writing.....e.g., writing as an ego need, as against writing out of lyric impulse. Some ego need is allways in a person but if it is the driving force, it leads to poetry without an inherent reason for being, the ultimate contamination, and to a mindless overpopulation of writing in which no one's individuality can survive. A plague of locusts would be preferable.

Then there are metaphors in place of subject matter and thought, and metaphors in which the poet can escape from personality, and metaphors by which he can slip into a drugged state, and metaphors that take over and lead him by the nose, and so on.

But I have run ahead of myself. Looking back to my beginnings, I see now that there was only one kind of poetry which moved me then, the lyrical. With what condescension and disdain I expelled everything else! Out! Outside the pale! The memory is embarrassing.

Then one day I myself transgressed. It happened after reading Cumming's poem, Buffalo Bill, I think in The Dial. What delight! [redacted] It touched a nerve in me

that I didn't know I had, and a poem came to me as a counterpoint, a take-off on early Westerns. It was the opposite of lyrical, of romantic, of mystical, the opposite of everything I had done up to then; and it was without metaphor. I didn't have to "compose" it . The poem practically wrote itself. Form didn't seem to matter to it. It was fun writing, but I dismissed it as negligible.

Some time later, on another binge, I wrote THE EXPERIMENT WITH A RAT. This poem took more composing, more form, but again no metaphors, and the opposite of lyrical, etc. This poem I took more seriously. With the writing of my AMERICANA suite, mostly done without metaphor, it became apparent that a different part of my nature had broken out.....humor, satire, my bond to the everyday world. These poems had certain things in common: they all had a point to make, a realistic matter to reproduce, for which they needed no assistance from metaphor. It would have been extra baggage, a distraction, an enemy to the simple state in which all mental points have to be made.

Narrative poetry, too, spurns metaphor. Who wants to be stopped in the flow of a story by the ambiguities and inner richess of metaphor? Similarly, in poetry in which the action itself stands for a larger meaning, the metaphor only impedes the symbolism. But no matter, the metaphor still haunts me. I know that what I was at my beginnings.....romantic, lyrical, idealistic.... <u>had</u> to have metaphors. In addition, I was possessed by the <u>music</u> of poetry; by overpowering, inchoate feelings.....elegiac, rhapsodic, mystical; by a sense of supernatural presences close by who would move out of their shadowy limbo and make themselves known to me if I allowed myself to go to them and listen. I stood at the edge, waiting. Would you try to express these things in literal language? Would you even be willing to admit to them as non-metaphorical states?

In this duress, metaphor came to my aid.....as it comes to everybody's, for it is a primary tool invented early in our evolution to cope with imperfection at both ends of the communication process: with some defect or inadequacy in the cognitive faculty, in its capacity to know exactly and in full what we are experiencing from moment to moment and what is before us, and with imperfection in language, in its capacity to reproduce exactly and fully. Thus the metaphor is staple in everyday talk. The moment we are stuck for perception or words, we reach for an analogy, metaphor in its simplest functional form.

If we are meditating, the cognitive and lingual imperfections are far more complex. If, for example, I am looking at a tree, what am I experiencing?

There's no point in asking that question if no demands are made on me to reproduce the experience. In that case, experience is knowing. But if I have to reproduce it, neither my self-observation nor the language of direct statement is equal to the task.

If I further ask the question, what is before me?, I run into a maze just trying to understand my own question. And if I can get past that, I run into a wall, for the real tree is not penetrable to my inquiry. Of course, if I assume that the tree is what I see, there's no problem. I wind up with a physical description. But if I sense, as I do, that there's something more there, something sui generis that is not I, a character/presence/ambience in its own purpose and destiny that is not what the scientist knows of its structure or its composition and function, then I'm in trouble because I do not have access to these things. I must invent something to represent them. The chances are, I'll start with a metaphor.

And if I want to reproduce the tree's aesthetic effect on me, its particular beauty and grace, or my connection to it when I think of its durant heart, its destiny relative to man, the mystery of its great presence..... the enumeration, however true, is never complete and does not bring me any closer to the integral that is so moving about a tree;.that is on a different plane from its parts and attributes.....if, as I said, I want to reproduce all that, direct statement and descriptive words are of no use. If, in addition, I want to express my feelings about all this, for sure I need help and must invent the metaphorical tools for it. I see that, almost without thinking, I have already done some of this in the words I used.

It is possible that I have no more entree to a tree than a spider has to the wall on which it sits and spins, but does that matter? Metaphysical riddles never stopped anyone, not the solipsist himself, from following his natural bent and intuition.

Pierre Reverdy plays this theme to death. "Poetry," he writes, "Is not in the datum but in the observant mind." I see no basis for such a dichotomy except in Reverdy's own natural bent towards solipsism, for if it held, [redacted] it would follow that the only subject of poetry is the mind itself, the poet/solipsist himself. We know that heavy presence, that long, millenial dream from which one can not awake because outside stimulus has been removed. We know its working principle, that subject matter is not the important thing, only the art of expressing it; that poetry has no responsibility to anything outside the poet himself, the man of unending surrealist excess and

extravaganza. Unfortunately for him, nature, the nature of the reader, has the last word: whatever exercises in sollipsism may be to the poet, they are boring to others.

Leaving the metaphor for a moment for a larger field, I have to add that it is a fundamental problem in writing that the emotions and the intellect mix very poorly. In fact, they don't mix at all, not only because their tones clash and they exist on different planes, but no sooner does one feel something, then the mind butts in: it looks, describes, interprets, denatures, absorbs, controls, encapsulates. It imagines that it has made an even exchange because it does this with great wit, precision and eclat. The fact is that it has no choice. If it did not move in on the emotion, it would have nothing to do and no reason for being. The trouble is that when it's through, the emotion is no longer there, only its mental ectoplasm. Yet emotion without intellect is slob. Only the mind can give it form and make it look and act the way it should in a poem.

How to do this, then, with as little loss to the emotion as possible. By confining the intellect to suggestion, and by expressing the emotion in the medium in which it is most directly expressed, music; in a poem, the music of the lines. Or in a medium which uses the associations that go with certain images and configurations.. This excerpt from Denise Levertov's poem, ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTORS, is an example.

"Well, I would like to make
poems direct as what the birds said,
hard as a floor, sound as a bench,
mysterious as the silence when the tailor
would pause with his needle in the air."

The first three similes here need no comment; they are definitive. But who is this tailor in the 4th simile? Well, from the context,

"TheXRax Rav
of Northern White Russia declined
in his youth to learn the
language of birds because
the extraneous did not interest him; nevertheless
when he grew old it was found
he understood them anyway, having
listened well, and as it is said, 'prayed
with the bench and the floor.'"

he is that slightly mystical character out of Yiddish literature and folk-

lore, the ubiquitous Jewish tailor, lowly, obscure, philosophical, which God had made him for reasons known only to Him. He and the Rav evoke the shtetl atmosphere, as we know it from this literature, in Czarist Russia, from where Levertov's father came. As such, the poem is a figuration of nostalgia. This much is on a single plane. The words, mysterious and silence and "would pause with his needle in the air, however, transport us to another plane. This simile is so much richer than its referent, so much more profound and resonant, that it displaces it at once. One no longer remembers that the poet was saying that she wished her poems to be like that. The wish seems unimportant now.

This tailor is a far more hypnotic character, in a poetic sense, than the historical tailor or the tailor out of nostalgia. The simile has made him a figure of mystery wherein the author has a heraldic existence..... heraldic, at first glance, of a Jewish past unknown to her; on a deeper plane heraldic of the mystery of silence, of the mystery of our inward state where meditation sits timelessly on the question, What is Being?

In this heraldic universe, all know, the inhabitants are not subject to mortality. It is as if the mind had made a pact with language to that effect. Once its word, its metaphor, is on the page, it shall live in perpetuity, independent of its referent and its author. The conditions in this habitat, the standards, the associations, the voice, the thing that is matter there, were not set by referent or author. When they enter it, therefore, they have to undergo a transformation and abide by those conditions. Balzacian reality is taken in by them and ceases to exist as such. It becomes depersonalized. Its life space becomes aesthetic space. Above all, it becomes enhanced, a distortion not tolerable in the real world. In this enhancement lies the poet's field for expressing his deepest longings for transcendence..... is this not the very air of the soul?.....to go beyond the ordinary, and beyond the excellent too, beyond what his mind can know and his eyes can see and his hand can write, to settle for nothing less than magic in language, to have no limits, an impossibility broken when the word as symbol and metaphor transforms its referent into a heraldic thing and its author into a heraldic being.

Are these aspirations not romantic? As writing itself. And also lyrical? .....the romantic sings. Where else can one's lyrical impulses and rhapsodic feelings go but in this enhancement? Or all those vague, elegiac feelings and presentiments of the mystical that dog the poet. Or the grandiose impulses of his ego, and his need for immortality .....his double.

Enter this metaphor and you take off in a self-contained, timeless space capsule, where William James once sat when he wrote, "Immortality is one of the great spiritual needs of man:" and Lev Lunts when he wrote in the Serapion Manifesto, "Art is as real as life itself, and, like life, has no goal or meaning. It exists because it must."

From matter to trope, into imago.....the image as our way of knowing, of making matter conform to our mode of perception.....how well I know this divine transmutation! Yet I am pulled equally towards the other pole, and yearn to do what the stage designer, Nicolai Akimov, longed for. Writing during the early, sanguine period of Russian Communism, he said, "My fondest dream is to develop the expressiveness of <u>things</u> to a point where I need not be ashamed to put them on the stage beside the best of actors. As yet, this waits in Utopia, but if I should ever succeed in bringing upon the stage a chair, the sight of which would make the audience, to a man, sob, I would die in peace."

<u>Exactly</u> how I feel! So I stand by what I once wrote:

"Matter,
with this look
I wed thee
and become
thy very
attribute.
I shall
be thy faithful
spouse,
true
to thy nature,
for I love
thee
more than Durer
loved a seaweed."

On the Greatness of Psyche.

~~An Essay on Comedy~~

You are everywhere, O great Psychology. I found you even in ancient Babylon.

"Gilgamesh," you cried in your sure, tutorial voice, "Is a story of man's boundless potentialities but it was too early in history to dare to avow them, so the ~~authors made~~ a hero whom no one on earth could stand up to but not so mighty as to provoke the gods. Some things, in other words, were beyond his powers. ~~And in an unmistakable refrain they~~ let it be known that there was only one Gilgamesh in all mankind, that only he could have performed the epic deeds in the story, that the events happened long before memory and there were no survivors to hold responsible; that it was, after all, only a story. We're not going to be held accountable and punished every time our minds play at make-believe, are we? And they left certain things unclear, such as his origins, which were rumored to have been divine on one side, and the circumstances of his birth.

Then for good measure they slipped in a serpent. ~~A serpent always makes~~ a good scapegoat. Here was our hero celebrating the culminating event in his life, the possession of the plant of eternal youth. It was a shindig with people all around him, but he kept his eyes fixed unwaveringly on the plant. He wasn't going to let that precious thing out of his sight for a moment and risk losing it, not after all he had had to go through to get it. But an admirer came by and spoke to him and Gilgamesh looked up for just a fraction of a second to reply, probably to congratulate himself. When he came to, the plant was gone. The serpent had slipped in in that instant, unnoticed in the tumult, and had stolen it. Exactly the kind of human failing that would entertain the gods and put them at ease.

Thus, as far back as Babylon, Psychology was already pretending to pay its dues to the gods and disclaiming any intention but to entertain.

"Very astute," I thought to myself, "Psychology must be the prototype of the proverbial cat that always falls on its feet. But tell me, Puss, aren't there powers higher than Gilgamesh? And if there are, where does that leave your analyzing?"

"It doesn't matter," replied my devious Cat, "Behind Gilgamesh were sensible men who liked to tell earthy jokes. To do that safely they acted as if they were playing up to the gods; in effect, playing both sides of the street.

How else account for their making the gods themselves favor Gilgamesh, as if the very heavens had to admire such spunk in a human? And how else understand the behaviour of the goddess, Aruru, who in order to save the people, created a counter-being greater than Gilgamesh out of the raw stuff of animal as a counter-force to his unbridled power gone savage, and then left the creature with a knowing woman to whittle his power down to civilized standards proportions. That's a story that would go well in a tavern.

And when Gilgamesh, after much danger and travail, crossed the waters of death and came finally on Utnapishtim, who possessed the secret of eternal youth, and discovered to his amazement that this hero of heroes, this savior of mankind, was doing nothing in his everlasting existence but sitting quietly in the shade with his wife, the gods must have chuckled.... if they were ~~listx~~ listening.

Carl Rakosi

WRITTEN FOR GEORGE OPPEN'S 75th BIRTHDAY

I was not thinking of George when some time ago I wrote the aphorism, "What are old poets for? To keep young ones honest," but George proves my point. He is a lesson in how not to be pseudo. To read him is to find one's self in a situation in which one has to be honest and get down to essentials. With George the two are identical. And when this is so, the particular becomes clearer, secure against being blown away by the imagination, and the abstract becomes more particular, so that one can see that the two live in the same world, and a light glows from the most homely objects, and we are glad to be there.

As in the poem, CARPENTER'S BOAT

The new wood as old as carpentry

Rounding the far buoy, wild
steel fighting in the sea, capenter,

Capenter,
Carpenter and other things, the monstrous welded seams

Plunge and drip in the seas, carpenter.
Carpenter, how wild the planet is.

or the ninth poem from OF BEING NUMEROUS:

'Whether, as the intensity of seeing increases, one's distnance
from Them, the people, does not also increase'
I know, of course I know, I can enter no other place

Yet I am one of those who from nothing but man's way of thought
and one of his dialects and what has happened to me
Have made poetry

To dream of that beach/ For the sake of an instant in the eyes,
The absolute singular

The uneartly bonds/ of the singular
Which is the bright light of shipwreck.

For such favors, happy birthday, George, old friend,

Copy of notes to foreword to Americana (never used)

Ted Ames

The AMERICANA started as a lark...to capture the bird of stereotype (stereotype by more or less loved), sprinkle a little salt on its tail and look at it a moment, smiling....pure fun.....so effortless and occasional that seemed like a happenstance...I saw the bird flying & caught it & then it was gone, it was over/ had no reason or impulse to change it in any way. Easy as rolling off a log. I attached no importance to it and it seemed as if I had very little to do with it; it was all outside of me (& cdn't therefore really be important?) (the psychologist in me talking). It was a big surprise to me, therefore, when I started to include a few Americana's for laughts at readings that the audience regarded them as no less important than my other work. I continued to think only the serious is important (there was a time recently when only the apocalyptic was regarded as important, having stature, being numero uno; but the apocalyptic is not serious, it's phony; it's a whipped up mode not to be confused with life experience). I put this down to a perculiarity of young audiences, a generational gap, one of the consequences of poetry becoming oral but not when one is listening to the voice of poet holding up when one is reading a poem by oneself from a book

Do I believe this? I don't know. I'm confused about this.

The first inkling that it cdn't always be a lark came in my New Orleans N.O. poem... changed in the middle to tragic (cdn't treat a black man as a lark)....and the Depression & Vietnam AMERICANA certainly could not be a lark.Wd. have been indecedent to be that detached. These Americana therefore were not caught on the wing as stereotypes; in fact they didn't start out as Americana. They were very much on the level. I added them, despite the difference, because there were the other traits of the American, not quite as stereotypical but in their persistence and predictability and unrelatedness to reality, almost as much. The real difference: one could no longer laught at them.

First of the Am. poems, although not seen as such then, was THREE CHEERS FOR THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER. Impetus for this came from Cumming's Buffalo Bill poem....in the dept. of pranks and merrymaking...blame Cummings for this. Opened up a vein in me that I didn't know I had.

Ideas for a Preface to AMERICANA

1.Working on this preface makes me realize that all my adult life I have been in search of the Am. character without being aware of it. A restlessness in me. My hunger to live and work and exp. in cities all over the country" N.Y., Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, Cleveland, St. Louis, Houston, etc. It wd. not have occurred to anyone whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower to go in search of the Am. Character because it wd. never occur to him that he cd. be anything other than an Am. character.

2. Berryman....seminar on the Am. character....my exp. with that....no such thing after World War II.....Sherwood Anderson, Meridel LeSueur.

3. The writing of AMERICANA....simply came to me, usually after reading something in the news....with only a few exceptions, didn't have to work on it....came as a delight because = already something in the past, a delightful curiosity?....like found poems discovered in the news.....their tone usually slightly comic/ironic/tongue in cheek because = stereotypes..... happy realizations in stereotypes...found self-fulfilment....that's as close as we can get? ....never-ending: as long as there are news, there will be Americana; or: as long as Americans are vulnerable, there will be Americana, which means forever.

Marty has argued that AMERICANA is a long poem in what is now the modern Am. convention of the long poem. It wd. be more accurate to say that it's an unendable long poem in the modern Am. convention.

Work sheets for essay, Music and the Musical

CR

great ~~& self-sufficient~~ world of profound feeling ~~& art~~ be content with this. feel that this was the best of
You'd think composers would
all possible worlds. Likely do not. They are not quite satisfied.
Apparently they feel something is missing because they
(or are they just tired of what they have
too in time turn to words. Did not Beethoven
end the Ninth Symphony with Schiller's Ode to Joy?
a word of direct, powerful emotion free of the intellect
And there are many everyday examples.
And ~~many~~ others
And ~~Schubert~~ there is Goethe
Schubert set ~~many~~ poems to music
and later poets popular sentimental poets of his day
And Poulenc set Apollinaire & Max Jacob to music
Perhaps we shd not be surprised. After all composers
etc. etc.
too have minds as well as feelings and have been encoded with cognitive expectations
& sooner or later feel the need for words. The results,
unfortunately, when they combine ~~music~~ music & words
is
Unfortunately, ~~poetry~~ & music do not ~~usually~~ work
well together. If a poem = a fully satisfying melodic poem, it
has its own music and does not need a composer's.
It seems to me If it is less, the ~~comp~~ someone else's music isn't going to
help it
why bother?

constantly
drift towards assigning a titled verbal program
to ~~the~~ music that is quite
sufficient without it

XX in which the exp. of music is the most existential
in the arts because ~~but~~ feeling is closest to pure being
think they'd feel that this was the best of all
possible worlds

A good question but ~~too simple~~ for the reality, for the different Kinds

not specific enough.

What Kinds of poetry ≥ what Kinds of music ≥

music which principally is predominantly emotional or predominantly mental ≥

Poetry which aspires to be emotional or

And what Kind of music? religious cantatas

(1) predominantly emotional, as in string quartets & symphonies + chamber music or as in religious and certain Kinds of elevated orch. music ≥

(2) music which aspires to be entertaining – does not want to be taken that seriously

or predominantly so intended to be

(or both 1 + 2 as in Mozart?)

(3) music which = intended to be a show piece for a virtuoso performer – violin + piano concertoes of all Kinds –

not to be lost To be as simple as possible let's consider only the string quartet vis a vis lyric poetry

poetry = tempered + modified at once by the cognitive nature of language. There is no way that the poet can go directly do what the composer does, go directly to the heart of his listener.

In order not to get mixed in complications + exceptions, ~~from the beginning~~ are different

let's confine the question to

Not all Kinds of poetry + not all Kinds of music (There is, after all, music to excite & don't want to get mixed in music to entertain That wd be a swamp to battle music to show off a virtuoso performer get into all that, but + combinations thereof just get into music + poetry that have the same aim to excite em. In its purest form, this is lyric poetry or musical like poetry with a & chamber music.

Not all kinds of poetry & music. I'd never be able to get out of such a jungle. Just poetry & music that have the common aim of expressing & evoking emotion, lyric poetry (or other poetry that is musical, like Duncan's, with a strong musical line) and chamber music, both of which seems to me closest to the original poetic impulse (not to be confused with the impulse to write poetry, which everybody with an ego & a problem days seems to have & can be taught to simulate) and lyric poetry, & say, and chamber music, both of which aim for the heart. The glory of music is that it can do it without words or any other device, in fact, it's wrench the heart great power comes from that fact. It travels straight to the heart. The effect is immediate — not so, poetry.

Not all kinds of poetry & music .... I'd never be able to get out of such a jungle ... just lyric poetry (or more complicated poetry, like Duncan's, with a strong musical line) and chamber music

---

× which seems to me closest to the original poetic impulse (not to be confused with the impulse to write poetry, which everybody with an ego & a problem days seems to have & can be taught to simulate)

there is not much point anyhow in claiming that they are, [illegible] A better question to ask is what correspondences and connections are there between the intentions and effects of ~~lyrical~~ poetry and the intentions and effects of music, and how does the nature of their resources affect this. ~~Using lyrical poetry (or poetry with a musical line) and chamber music as the exemplars since they are the closest to each other.~~

The further certain kinds serious of orchestral & religious music is still within the field of comparison

language is cognitive

a musical line — lyric poetry, that is, of poetry with and the intentions — etc. and chamber music & serious

talking lyric — & religious orch. music

It seems to me that the ~~intentions & effects of~~ music in music intentions & in its purest state are seen this is seen most clearly in chamber music & in certain kinds of religious & serious orch. music because it is in its purest state there.

In music one perceives three intentions & they correspond to 3 different kinds (1) to evoke emotion — of music — chamber music with overtures

(2) ~~to~~ entertain —

(3) to serve as a impress ~~x~~ showpiece to show off a performer (viz., violin & piano concertoes of all kinds

X I became aware for the first time that the space between words and lines was not a null, as I had always assumed, that when I liberated it from its mold, it became expressive, and produced a subliminal effect not unlike the ~~xxxxxx~~ silences....etc.

a part of a poem's score, as it were,

and when I did not hurry on as usual to the words but ~~did~~ made myself ~~dwell~~ stay with it, I was aware of a subliminal effect —

~~that this is so~~ All one has to do is to imagine a score with identical silences between notes to see ~~that it~~ this is so.

& there is not much point in claiming that they are, but the question anyhow raises some other interesting connections & lots of relationships between the two arts

We ~~intentions~~ intentions & nature of the resources of music & poetry

It is more productive to ask

A better question to ask is what correspondences & connections are there between the intentions & effects of poetry & music and what between the nature of their resources & effects

of poetry & music how the nature of their resources affects this

& is produced by the tempo markings which indicate the length of time between notes instruct the performer of, he must allow

& I was aware for the first time that the space between words was not a void, so & had always assumed, but that when I liberated it from its mold, it became expressive and produced a subliminal effect

Are the space between words & lines and the silence between notes really equivalents? or merely (simply) that the poem moves through space & music moves through time

& am not able to carry this further without becoming too abstract and diffuse & can not, but there is a more general correspondence in this

A NOTE ON MUSIC AND THE MUSICAL

In the course of tracing the effect of certain forms on my poems, I stumbled on to an interesting connection to music. Needless to say, certain forms were more suitable to certain subject matter than others. The long line was obviously better suited to developing a large representation and the short line was better suited to making a point or an image. But apart from that, form, it seemed to me, had something of its own to express. A box shape, for example, gave a boxed-in feeling to a poem. And a poem shaped like a rectangle looked severe, the longer the rectangle the more up-tight, the very long looking constipated and puritanical. Breaking this mold and letting more space in between words and lines and changing their fixed positions, immediately made a poem look more airy and graceful....easier on the eye ....and seemed to liberate its spirit and restore it to its original impulse.

It was at this point that I perceived a connection to music, for when I extended the usual space between words, I became aware that I was registering them in the mind as individual entities and signalling that this was where, and now was when, the mind should meditate on them and summontheir associations. And when I extended the space between lines, enough to make the reader wonder why, and moved them to the right or left, I became aware of a subliminal effect not unlike the silences in a Beethoven quartet when the spirit has time to resonate to the emot ion being expressed. This resonance is anticipated in the score by the composer and is as much a part of the music as the notes, may, in fact, be the thing which gives the music its depth and fullness, for it is the listener filling the silence with what the notes evoke, not the composer.

There seems to be a correspondence of some sort here then. Space between words and lines in a poem is not a null; its nature is expressive and is part of a poem's score, whether intended or not. Ditto the silence between notes in music.

What is one to make of this correspondence?

For one thing, there is in both an effort to control & guide the reader's/listener's attention beyond the fact that both

~~to~~ its lyrical impulse ~~=~~ tempered & modified at the very start by the cognitive nature of language, ~~which places cognitive expectations on poetry.~~

To get to the heart of the reader, the lyrical impulse has to travel a devious and complex route, of word associations, timbres and ~~the subtle~~ a route so subtle as to be practically invisible. To the poet therefore, the man of words, it is no wonder not to believed that music can ~~more the~~ ~~too~~ achieve its effects without any words or other devices of any kind.
intermediation

Reflections on Music & the musical

It has ~~seemed~~ evident to me over the years that a great deal of contemp. poetry does not come from a lyrical impulse at all but is motivated & worked on for the mind as a construction made to look & simulate feeling. This can be done because (as it has been learned in creative writing workshops) it is possible to dispense with it altogether & for the mental or logical.

Whatever value this motivation may have for the poet — (self-therapy, or pleasure in writing & self-expression — & it can be considerable, — this motivation is not to be confused, (as it usually is), with the poetic impulse. When I say this, people look bewildered. What do I mean? But poetic impulse? If you have to ask, & reply, you've obviously never experienced it. It's something quite tangible — & it does not have any self-therapy or pleasure in writing in mind — & it is not any ego trip. Hence, in essence, the poetic impulse, as distinguished from the impulse to write, which of course the lyrical poet also has, the poetic impulse is, in essence, musical — that is, lyrical — but being poetry, i.e. language, the musical comes as part of a larger whole where it is inseperable from verbal & mental patterns.

From a poem's verbal & mental patterns/elements.

However, since music (non-programmatic music, that is, music without a program) is, by definition, its very nature, the musical (direction) has begun to move off into an other than - musical (direction) to the extent to which it is confined & shaped to its program,

since music, I say, gives me the feeling of the truly existential, (how wonderful that is) word, a word by word, it must be since this is necessary to it), & conclude that in poetry the lyrical is the existential component.

~~4 8 94~~ It was at this juncture point that I perceived a connection to music, for when I extended the usual space between ~~to be~~ words, & I aware that I was registering them in the mind as individual entities and signalling that this is where, and now is when, the mind shd. meditate on them & summon their associations. And when I extended the space between lines enough to make the reader wonder why, and moved them to the right or left, I aware of a subliminal effect not unlike the silences in a Beethoven quartet when the spirit has time to resonate to the emotion being expressed

silence between notes vs. space between words
the tempo - length of line - the long line ~~is~~ was to be read
- markings in music vs. line length in poetry
in a score correspond
serving similar function

control em - effect
the visual effect of space on a page corresponds to silence between notes

when a note shd. be played after a preceding
note corresponds to

Schubert vs. mediocre poetry – the poetry = made tolerable – the music adds to it.

Schubert vs. Goethe – does the music add to poetry? no.
Did Goethe's poems need the music? (to be complete, etc.) no.
They were self sufficient before. – have very much less without it —
Did S's music need the poetry? yes. It would have very much less without it —
Schubert was following a familiar, popular practice —
He was sensitive enough to the qualities of the poems not to corrupt them with his own musical ideas (the poems entered his psyche & came out as the musical equivalents to the poems. plus we get the bonus of hearing a beautiful voice expressing both the words & the musical equivalence
Schubert was inspired to make it a single entity (i.e. not musical accompaniment to a poem)

However, when you add music to poetry, what do you end up with? (have?) A travesty

You have the human voice holding on to the words
and you have the human voice singing the music
You have a diminished poem translated into the medium of music plus its translation
plus an entity that is a translation of the poem
straggling both universes, & trying to express both —
a beautiful human voice
a complex entity, not for amateurs —

No problem with inferior poems. – Here the music is the dominant force (& everybody benefits) & the chief interest.

~~Book of Job, tr. by Stephen Mitchell / north point — $12.50~~

Words aspire to music (< feeling that one's full feelings cannot be expressed by words alone — always something missing, an intuition that there is a fact that is inexpressible in words — there is a limit.

Similarly, music aspires to the tangibility of words (< comes from fact that we are more than our feelings, we have kinds that > restive if not in it in some way) — hence the pull towards program, an idea:

Scheherezade, etc. — a withdrawal from the absolute of feeling — composer tired, ~~after the effort required to~~ ~~find order~~ & lifeless & express the feeling easier to lean on a pre-existing structure can dash these off & these are immediately popular because = so accessible (obvious)

The final abdication = / composers who / to write music for well-known poems ~~that~~ abdicate all claim to the abstract (the non-verbal)

Viz., Poulenc — songs for voice to poems by Max Jacob & Apollinaire — & can't imagine a lyric poem that isn't wrecked by singing it to some one else's music — seems to me it wd. work only if the words are so uninteresting that they can be ignored & absorbed in the music, or if the poem = a narrative, in which case the music can act out the action, as in opera, & we have an aria

If poem needs music, it has failed —
If music needs (a poem) words, " " "

What happens with Schubert? the words can be ignored, they are so familiar — romantic, the music = so superior, etc.

& the exception (there's always an exception), (1) Schubert's lieder to Goethe's lyrics (look up on my records)
(2) Finnegan's Wake, both completely musical & completely verbal

there is not much point anyhow in claiming that they are. A better question to ask is what correspondences and connections are there between the intentions and effects of poetry and the intentions and effects of music, and how does the nature of their resources effect this. Not all kinds of poetry and music....I'd never be able to get out of such a jungle.... just lyric poetry, which seems to me closest to the original poetic impulse(not to be confused with the impulse to write poetry, which everybody with an ego and a problem these days seems to have, or can be taught to simulate), just lyric poetry, ~~I say~~, and chamber music. They both aim for the heart. Music travels straight to it and wrenches it. The effect is instant. Not so poetry. Its lyrical impulse is tempered and modified at the very start by the ~~cognitive~~ nature of language, which places cognitive expectations on itself ~~poetry~~. To get to the heart, the lyrical impulse has to ~~travel~~ a devious and complex route of word timbres and associations and cadence, a ~~route so subtle as to be practically invisible~~. Indirection is ~~so much a part~~ its very nature ~~of trying to mitigate them~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ Its effect, in fact, depends on it. A kind of game between impulse and language in which language allows impulse to ~~win on its condition~~ go its way, and takes on the burden of cognitive demands of language. but only in this way, ~~and~~ impulse ~~capitulates to~~ gives up part of itself

Is it any wonder, therefore, that to the poet, the man of words, it is an endless wonder not to believed that ~~xxxx~~ music can achieve its effects without ~~xxxxxxx~~ any words or ~~intermediation~~ devices of any kind; that its great power, in fact, comes from that fact.

You'd think ~~this would be~~ the best of all possible worlds. They do not. They yearn also for the world of words. They ~~also~~ have been encoded with cognitive expectations, like the poets, and yearn for the tangibility

composers would feel that this was are not quite satisfied

not quite complete

17

assign post facto program notes titles (programatic meaning
viz., ~~explanations to~~ music that is
pretend thereby pretending that what one is hearing
is cognitive.
perpetuating the fallacy that music
has a mental program equivalent to a
~~literary~~ musical mental program

I know there are other possible explanations ~~for~~ ~~fascinating~~
to the ~~cute~~ surface — but let me for the moment pursue this line —

2

You'd think composers would feel that this great world of profound feeling in which the experience of music is the most existential in the arts because it is closest to pure being, you'd think they'd feel this was the best of all possible worlds. They do not. They are not quite satisfied. × Apparently they ~~feel~~ sense something is missing because they too in time turn to words (or assign imaginary verbal programs to music that is in no way ideational. Did not Beethoven himself end the Ninth Symphony with Schiller's Ode to Joy? And there is Schubert setting various popular, sentimental poets of his day to music, and Poulenc setting Apollinaire and Max Jacob to music. Etc., etc. Perhaps we should not feel surprised. After all, composers have minds as well as feelings and will not be content with only a world of feeling. And they too have been encoded with cognitive expectations and sooner or later feel the need for words.

× (or are they just tired of what they have been doing and looking for something different?)

¶ To a poet, however, the coming together of music & poetry in song is a blessed event. But when that music and poem come together, it is not a blessed event. It is a union in which, both lose. The music suffers from not being allowed to develop to its fullest on its own, and the poetry is diminished by being deprived of its own musical subject matter by verbal meaning to music that is in no way ideational, realistic or verbal, pretending that music is equivalent to this particular reality.

× (or assign a program to music that is in no way ideational, realistic or verbal, pretending that what they had in mind was music equivalent to this particular reality.)

× Only in the case of poetry in which the poet is good enough to stand by himself is there a creative imagination of a different art, a different mind & voice in which one can enjoy the beauty of the music & the singer's voice per se.

When the words are not good enough to stand by themselves is there a case for one to disregard the words & enjoy the beauty of the music, the beauty of a great voice to enjoy.

I come back to the ~~silences~~ power of silence between notes + words,
and recall that I had long ago observed
as a common terrain between poet & composer
an ur-turf of both poet & composer
that I have already observed this
in a poem —

and feel there
may be an early existential pool from which all expression
drawn, & I can dip & come back to it again,
for I have already noted it in
Instructions to the Player
from which feeling and then utterance come.
~~impelled~~

And as for the power of
that mystical ur-turf
between music & poetry, here it is, & there it
& sensed it long ago in
Four-Part Invention

old country ballad

God,

"if I had known
I was going
to live to 97

I would have
took better
care of myself."

Old Word,
God.
Old ballad.

Country:
Ding! Dong!
Old God.

Old all.

[redacted]

[redacted]

Deleted from Dear, / The Old Poet's Tale

THE POET'S TALE

I Character

I myself have never written
about the anguish
of death, for I write

only from experience
and now that I
have Altzheimer's Disease

the only serious subject
as in a mortuaryis
is mortality.....

and I weep!

There was no mystery
about my character
or working prnciples.

Already into the
disease, I sáád
to a young poet,

"Because you write
does not mean
a poetic impulse.

That remains
to be proved."

The curious
pertinacity
of character!

II A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

One by one
the young poets,
cautioned by my wife,

approached me
for a pleasant word,
then retreated,

I standing by myself
my face clouded over
and I replied politely.

How they bustled and
chatted, the wives
setting the tables

laying out the cheeses
for a picnic
the men in a huddle

by themselves
drinking beer,
good Joe's.

How so light-hearted
as if carrying
a high note inside?

Care-free too?
Must be the outdoors
and the idea

of a picnic.
A case of summer
ungluing poets.

Bless the everyday.
"This is the weather
the cuckoo likes

and so do I."
And Breugel:
come out, peasants,

pick your beau
swing your partners
and doe-si-doe

never mind that
I'm tied to a post
like a dog waiting

for his mistress
to reappear
with the mustard

while the fiddles
tear up the air,
damn the Altzheimer,

hold on, Flo,
whirl to the right
and let 'er go.

III The Destination

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning

and the time had come
to take me to
The Home For The Aged.

I had never seen
my poor wife so downcast
and quiet, her eyes

set where I was not,
her jaws clenched,
unnatural the whole house.

Thus we set out,
she driving,
I strapped in.

On the way
a familiar figure
joined us,

greeting me
as if I were
an old acquaintance.

I knew the face,
the eyes in particular,
unaccountably attendant,

(fomm somewhere)
but not the name
nor why he was there.

I'll call him
Shade, trustworthy
Shade, my <u>he</u>.

As I approached
his identity, however,
I lost my way

while they chatted
about nothing
out of the ordinary

as if to show
they were ingenupus,
not to worry, etc.

but I had no stomach
for such words
and it was lost on me.

We were both aware now
of each other
without looking

when in that frame
I heard THE SCREAM
by Edvard Munch
but
but could not tell
from whose mouth
it was vomiting,

we were so close.

The next thing I knew
the talking had stopped.
We had reached

my destination,
The Home For The Aged
and a dead silence.

Reluctantly my poor wife
and the reliable Shade
carried my bags

into the vestibule,
I trailing behind
without a word.

We were now, I say,
in the milieu
of very aged women

in the final
stages of disease
and infirmity.

They were walking
slowly,
step by step,

uncertain, hesitant,
to and from
their rooms.

"Femme je suis,
pauvre et ancienne."

My wife of many years
just stood with Shade
and looked on,

not knowing what to say,
the physical sight
was so overpowering.

For the first time
I was alone
with my fate

and fell inward
to the center,
where it was stark

[redacted]

and utter, locked in,
my eyes distraught
and lost.

My body remained
through all this
tall and straight,

however, towering,
it seemed to me,
over the little

white-haired ladies
as if asserting
my eternal distinction.

At that moment
three very frail women,
better dressed

than the others,
appeared, limping
slowly towards me

from the dining room,
absorbed in talking.
I saw only the smaller

of the three. Goodness
like a philosopher's stone
irradiated the air

around her, her demeanor
kind and gentle,
what I imagine as Hebraic,

but in the exquisite
proportion of qualities,
the exquisite reserve,
she was a
she was a lady
from a far countree
(probably North)

with delicate white hair.

As she approached,
she looked up
and our eyes met

and I felt good
in her presence.
Walking over,

I greeted her
as a kindred spirit
and with a galant

but restrained gesture
I bent over
as if to help her.

Smiling softly
she acknowledged this
and walked on.

By God, I thought,
I'm going to make it.
But it was not so.

Coda no number
~~Postscript~~

Coda
~~FOUND AMONG MY PAPERS~~

"God,

if I had known
I was going
to live to 97
I would have
took better
care of myself."

No response

Where's Parakletos?
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
In a ballad.
The giber's crucified. himself.

Ambiguous reader,
~~have I obscured you with my integrity?~~ omit?

Should I have been
more devious?
more intellectual?

The compassionate
Shade stood ~~there~~ silent
in my ~~light~~ integrity

looking eternal.
"He is my adversary!"
"Adieu," he muttered

and dissolved.
What country ~~is this~~
is this?

"God, if I had
known I was
going to live ~~to~~

to 97, I would have
~~took better~~ care
of myself."

lc everywhere except God

lc Of old words
~~of alone~~
an old country

Country:
Ding! Dong!

lc Old heart
lc Old God

lc Steorfan

country:
ding! dong!

Of old words
~~Of alone~~
An old country

of old words
~~of alone~~
an old country

old heart
old God

steorfan

~~through~~ black neighborhoods,

lost! copied

How can I
explain my confusion?
Women had to bathe
and dress me now,
overworked grandmothers,
poor, black,

whom in former years
I would have hailed
compassionately,

but I was terrified
and raised my fist
when they approached.

"What's the matter?
Don't you trust us?"
the sure, steadying
voice of the head nurse.
I couldn't answer.
"Don't you trust me" ?
~~I trust you.~~" Nevertheless
they ~~became more~~ were terrifying
and struck back

said the head nurse,
in her sure voice / the voice sure, and steadying.

2 and had to be
3 strapped to my chair. God Knows
how much medication
I had to take
they poured into me / slipped into me
they gave me.
Then my kidneys failed
and I was rushed / to a hospital

God Knows what
my medications were.
God knows how much
medication ~~I had to take~~.
they gave me
I had to take.

the next morning, which
she did, and took me for
a drive in the park,

and we walked
in the spring flowers.

And the head nurse,
a bluff, good-natured
black woman came by

my room and introduced
herself by her first name.
I liked her at once

and gave her mine.
And after the paper
ran a story on me,

I danced with the dark-eyed
singer who came on Fridays,
and had a tender visit

with my brother,
as when we were boys.
But I could not hold on.

I ate well yet became
gaunt and agitated
and could no longer be trusted

in the dining room
and had to have
my meals brought to me.

I was rushed to a hospital
and had only a few days to live
but I survived.

The question now was,
How much longer?
The Home would not take

me back and I was
transferred, therefore,
to a locked facility

where I died in a coma
on a Saturday evening,
Spetember 9th, whether

from Altzheimer's or
another kidney failure
or because I had not

pissed in nine days,
I do not know,
but thus I ended,

who had upheld
the poetic impulse
and looked on with dismay

at its undoing by
innumerable theorists.

God, how restless I was!
I cd not escape by the front
and menaced.
I was afraid I wd. be stopped
and questioned if I tried to escape
through
by the front door
at the front door
if I tried to escape there
so I had to climb
I crept out the back when no one was looking
& climbed
& climbed over a wall
& wandered for hrs. through
For which they raised my tranquilizers
stopped
increased
dosed me
This made me delusional.

and menaced. I was afraid
I would be stopped and questioned
at the front door

if I tried to escape there
so I climbed over a wall
and wandered for hours through

poor black neighborhoods,
lost.
For which they raised my tranquilizer.
That made me delusional.

I had to escape
but I was afraid
I wd. be stopped and
questioned at the front door.
~~so during the siesta~~
at siesta time
I climbed over a wall

---

and menaced! I had to escape.
but I was afraid
I would be stopped and

questioned at the front door.
At siesta time, therefore,
I climbed over a wall

and wandered for hours

and menaced! I had to escape.
But I was afraid
I would be stopped

and questioned
at the front door.
At siesta time, therefore,

I climbed over a wall
and wandered for hours
through poor, black

through poor, black
neighborhoods, lost. For which
they raised my tranquilizer.

through ppor, black
neighborhoods, lost.
For which they upped
my dosage
raised my tranquilizer.

They upped
They increased my dosage.
doubled

How can I explain my confusion?
The overworked
Poor working women whom I used to
black
hail compassionately & idealize.
They now led to beds &
bathe me in the morning
& I was terrified
& threatened them when they approached
raised my fist when

× How can I explain

my confusion? Women now
led to bathe & dress me &
in the morning
poor black overworked grandmothers,
poor, black
ordinarily I would have hailed them compassionately
at other times and other circumstances
but I was terrified

through ~~poor,~~ black
neighborhoods, lost.
How can I explain my confusion?

Women had to bathe
and dress me now,
overworked grandmothers,

poor, black. Ordinarily
I would have hailed
them compassionately

but I was terrified
and raised my fist
when they approached.

They called the head nurse.
"What's the matter?" ~~the~~ her
mellow voice, ~~asked~~. sure, kidding
"Don't you trust?" no?
I couldn't answer.
"Don't you trust me?"

"I trust you."
They upped my dosage.

"What's the matter?
Don't you trust us?"
The sure, steadying voice of the head nurse.
~~"I trust you."~~ I don't answer.

through black neighborhoods,
lost. How can I
explain my confusion?

through black
neighborhoods.

lost.

How can I
explain my confusion?
Women had to bathe

through black neighborhoods,

lost!

How can I
explain my confusion?
Women had to bathe

and dress me now,
overworked grandmothers,
poor, black,

whom I used ~~to~~ hailed in former years
compassionately

Those Damned medications!
maybe it was the heavy dosage
nevertheless
But they > more terrifying
and I struck back!
& was strapped to my chair
had to be

My absent room-mate,
a small, harmless old man,
had come back,

but incontinent. I paid
no attention to him
except to his stench,

at which I raged
and shouted.
And I expostulated
with my wife:
"We've been together
fifty years.
Why do I have to be here?

Aren't we husband and wife?"

Then my memory got worse.
I was now no longer
able to read or write my name

but only my wife knew.

(3) "Aren't we husband & wife?
And I expostulated with my wife:
(2) Why do I have to be here?
(1) We've been together for
50 yrs.

My absent room-mate,
a small, harmless old man,
had come back,

but incontinent. I paid
no attention to him
except to his stench,

at which I raged and shouted.

with my wife: "We've been
together fifty years.
Why do I have to be here?

Aren't we husband and wife?"

I was now no longer
able to read or write

but only my wife knew.

Parting was not hard
for me that day since
my wife was coming back

the next morning, ~~and~~ which
she ~~came~~ died and took me
for a drive in the park,

and we walked
in the spring flowers.
And the head nurse,

a bluff, good-natured, black
~~black~~ woman, came by my room
amd introduced herself

by her first name,
and I liked her at once
and gave her mine.

And After the community paper
ran a story on me,
I danced with the ~~young~~ dark-eyed singer

who came on Fridays,
and had a tender visit
with my brother

~~whom I had not seen~~ ← as when we were boys
~~in fifteen years~~.
But I could not hold on.

~~I~~ ate
I ~~continued to eat~~ well
~~but~~ Yet became gaunt and ~~restless~~ agitated.
~~Because of my agitation~~

And the head nurse,
a bluff, good-natured
black woman came by

my room and introduced
herself by her first name,
~~and~~ which I liked her at once

and gave her mine.
And after the ~~community~~
paper ran a story on me,

I danced with the ~~young~~ dark-eyed
singer who came on Fridays,
and had a tender visit

with my brother,
as when we were boys.

I ~~could~~ and could no longer be trusted
in the dining room and had to have
my meals brought to me.

On the other dresser
a ~~framed~~ similar snapshot ~~too~~.
Of the absent room-mate.

In the picture he is
standing in the sun
in shirtsleeves,

[redacted]

an ordinary man,
middle-aged,
being photographed.

Next to him, also
in shirt sleeves,
~~is~~ David Ben Gurion,

the prime minister
equally plain.
No other sign of

the room-mate.
Being led down the hall
by a nurse, ~~I assume~~ no doubt.

V Who

Word now came,
my room was ready.
A nurse led us

down a long hallway.
and My wife and Shade,
the executioners,

followed with
~~carried~~ my bags
to a clean room
of exact arrangement:

two identical blond dressers,
two plain beds,
two identical armchairs,

slightly worn,
the scene blanched
of former occupants.

My wife busied herself.
~~She~~ hung my favorite
and ~~about~~
landscape over the bed

and set an old snapshot
(of us) on the mantle
to remind me who I was.

I could see a younger man
there and a woman, smiling
and in vigorous health

whose excess radiated
from?
around them in tiny pulses.
I could see but not remember. by itself.
?

Parting was not hard
for me that day,
since my wife was coming back
the next morning,
and she came
and took me out
for a drive in the park
and we walked
in the spring flowers.
And the head nurse, a ~~huffy~~ bluff,
~~bluff~~ natured black woman
came by ~~my room~~
and introduced herself & by her first name.
and I liked her at once ~~right away~~
and ~~gave~~ her mine
And after the community paper ~~ran~~
a ~~feature~~ story on me,
and I danced with the singer
during the music hour
who came on Fridays
~~packets more than~~ ~~pt~~ ~~those~~
+ had a teacher visit
my brother
with my brother, whom I had not seen in fifteen yrs.

But I ~~cd.~~ not hold on.
I continued to eat well
but became gaunt
and became more restless.
~~and agitated.~~
Because of my agitation
I could no longer be trusted
in the dining room and had
to have my meals brought to me.

← A framed snapshot too | On the other dresser ~~too~~. | of the absent room-mate. | No other sign of him.

Where was he?
Also being led down
the hall by a nurse?

In the picture | he is standing in the sun | in shirt sleeves, | an ordinary man | being photographed. | Next to him, | in shirt sleeves too, | is David Ben Gurion, | the ~~Prime Minister~~ prime minister | equally plain. No ~~other sign of him~~ in the

1 | On the other dresser
a framed snapshot too.
Of the absent room-mate.

2 | In the picture he is
standing in the sun
in shirt sleeves, an

ordinary man, middle-
aged, being photographed.
Next to him,

also in shirt sleeves,
David Ben Gurion,
the prime minister

equally plain.

No ~~other~~ sign

✓ | of the room-mate.
Being led down the hall
by a nurse, I ~~presume~~ assume.

In the picture he is standing
in the sun in shirt sleeves

3 | an ordinary man,
middle-aged,
being photographed.

4 | Next to him,
also in shirt sleeves,
is David Ben Gurion,

5 | the prime minister,
equally plain.
No other sign ~~of him~~ the room-mate

~~in the room~~. Where was he?
He too
Also being led ~~down~~
down the hall by a nurse?

Word now came
that my room was ready
(and the three of us
we trudged down the long hallway
after the nurse,
my wife and Shade
the executioners
carrying the bags.
& stood awkwardly
in the room,
which was clean & light,
but did not look.

& stood, awkwardly,
in the clean, light room
but did not look.
but then Shade
& saw two —

my wife busied herself:
she unpacked my
she hung my favorite landscape
by
near the door
then set a framed snapshop
of the two of us
in vigorous health,
beaming,

over the bed
on the mantle
to remind me who I was

My wife busied herself:
she hung my favorite
landscape over the bed

and set an old framed snapshot of us
on the mantle
to remind me who I was;
she and I in vigorous
health, beaming.

she and I
beaming with health.

radiating

smiling in the sun
young,
radiant with health
health radiating from us (me?)
like sun beams
because there was too much health
& energy

but in the exquisite
proportion of qualities,
the exquisite reserve,

with the delicate white hair,
she was a lady
from a far countree

(probably North).

As she approached,
she looked up
and our eyes met

and I felt good
in her presence.
Walking over,

I greeted her
as a kindred spirit
and with a galant

but restrained gesture
I bent over
as if to help her.

Smiling softly,
she acknowledged this
and walked on.

By God, I thought,
I'm ~~gonna~~ going to make it.
But it was not so.

a time when we had so much health + energy that it radiated from us like the sun brains in the after the excess
sounded around in tiny waves
vibrated gave off waves
radiant

& was younger

& cd. see younger man,
+ woman smiling, the excess
of health and energy
radiating around them like tiny pulses
in
& cd see but not remember.

& cd. see but not remember.

the excess of
in vigorous health, which
smiling their excess radiating
around them like tiny pulses
vibrations.
& saw but
& cd see but not remember

I could see a younger
man and woman, smiling,
and in vigorous health,

whose excess radiated around
them in tiny pulses.
I could see but not remember.

Word now came,
my room was ready.
A nurse led us,

my wife and Shade,
the executioners,
carrying my bags.

down a long hallway
to a clean light room
blanched of all
former occupants,
of exact arrangement:
two identical dressers,
two plain beds,
two identical armchairs,
slightly worn. How many women had to wash this room to blanch its former occupants out of it?

The scene was blanched
of all former occupants.

The former occupants
had been blanched
and ample light

How many women had to wash this room to blanch out its former occupants?

---

1 Word now came,
my room was ready.
A nurse led us.

2 My wife and Shade,
the executioners,
carried my bags

3 down a long hallway
to a clean room
of exact arrangement:

4 two identical blond dressers,
two plain beds,
two identical armchairs,

5 slightly worn, the scene
blanched of former occupants.

Word now came,
my room was ready.
The executioners,
~~We trudged down~~

the long hallway
after the nurse,
the executioners,

my wife and Shade, ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~
carrying the bags.
~~They examined the room.~~
A light and clean room
~~It was light and clean.~~
Two identical blond dressers,
slightly worn,

two identical plain beds,
two identical armchairs

(1) Word now came,
(2) my room was ready.
(6) The executioners,

(4) my wife and Shade,
(7) carried my bags.
(3) The nurse led us

(8) down the long hallway
(9) into a clean, light room
with two identical dressers,

two identical plain beds,
two identical armchairs,
slightly worn, and blanched

of all former occupants.

Word now came,
my room was ready.
The executioners,

my wife and Shade,
carried my bags,
down the long hallway

after the nurse,
into a clean, light room.
The nurse led us down the long hallway (and left)
~~with two identical~~

~~blond dressers, slightly worn,~~

Facing me were two identical
blond dressers, slightly worn,
two identical plain beds,

two identical armchairs

with two identical ~~blond~~ dressers,
two identical plain beds,
two identical armchairs,

slightly worn and blanched
of all former occupants,
~~and left.~~

spaced evenly
arranged exact
exact arrangement

Not like that other singer,
of majestic girth under
Calpurnia's headpiece,

a crow's nest, looking
straight ahead
into the space

as she pleaded with Caesar
not to go to the Senate
that day (never mind that

after the event,
she moved his money
and papers to Anthony's

house.....we have
Plutarch's word for it).
In any case

the style was the thing,
full-bosomed, heroic,
industrial age or no.

God, how she sang,
very erect under
her crow's nest,

leaning back slightly,
defying all modern modes,
and the small hairs

on my back tingled
and I felt cold
inside and faint.

Another time, another singer,
of majestic girth under
Calpurnia's headpiece,

a crow's nest, looking
straight ahead into the space
of Handel and opera

looking straight ahead
into the space
of Handel and opera

Wife, if music be
the conduit of death,
play on.

IV THE SONG

A circle of chairs.
Voices of aged ladies
and an Adam.

Outside the circle
a young woman, smiling,
with a guitar.

She greets each by name
as they approach slowly
from the dining room

and settle in their chairs.
In the biblical vapors
kindness, most modest and
gentle of the elements,

sweetest of the small notes in the world's ache

~~a glow~~ before history,
entered man and became
his daily connection,

let no man tell you
otherwise. The playing begins
on tremulous strings.

Heartily she sings and calls
on them with her eyes,
~~and if there be such a thing,~~ ?

her ~~whole~~ urgent being person,
to sing along, she
will ~~carry~~ sustain them, ~~on her~~

~~young spirit, undaunted~~.
A plea and pleads to stay old age,
~~to~~ it
to obliterate it,

Her young spirit, undaunted, pleads
to stay old age,
to disregard all odds
and obliterate it.

In the biblical vapors
kindness, sweetest of the small
notes in the world's ache,

most modest and gentle
of the elements,
entered man before history

and became his daily
connection, let no man
tell you otherwise.

THE POET'S TALE

I Character

I myself have never written
about the anguish
of death, for I write

only from experience
and now that I
have Altzheimer's Disease

the only serious subject
as in a mortuary
is mortality.....

and I weep!

There was no mystery
about my character
or working principles.

Already into the
disease, I said
to a young poet,

"Because you write
does not mean
a poetic impulse.

That remains
to be proved."

The curious
pertinacity
of character!

to disregard all odds
~~with the undeniable, x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x~~
the longing to help.

And faintly one voice
responds and a few heads
nod to the strong beat

but Adam's eyes are closed
and some have one eye open
and the other X-ed out

as in a cartoon.

How she longs,
woman to woman
to man to help

Again and
~~calling on~~ She calls on song
to help, ~~x x x~~ and ~~x~~ faintly
one voice responds

and a few heads nod
to the strong beat
but Adam's eyes are closed

and some have one eye open
and the other X-ed out
as in a cartoon.

And she, woman
to woman
calls on song
~~to express~~
how much she
longs to help,

When the song is over,
there are little smiles
here and there

and the faces are not
quite so cheerless.
Slowly then the ladies

stand up and disband,
lumbering by as before.
When he saw me, Adam

stopped a moment
with a friendly look
as if glad to find

a man to chat with,
but he's had a stroke
and is now forever

about to speak.

Listening to Handel (Julius Caesar)
majestic bearing singer —
— the large, heavy woman, the heroic,
almost defiant, very erect stance, the
facial expression, —

my back tingled,
& felt cold inside and faint —
I had forgotten what the real thing
did to you —

she was the ——, & she dared
anyone to doubt it — in fact, no one
would have doubted it —

all modern era ways/modes/ in defiance of

Calpurnia's headpiece
piled up like a bird's nest / a crow's nest
eagle's a stork's nest

"After the murder, she secretly moved his
money & papers to Anthony's house"
Britannica

we have Plutarch (+ Suetonius) to vouch for that
Plutarch's word for it
How she pleaded with ~~Julio Caesar~~ Caesar
not to go to the Senate that day —

P.O. Box 9131 Berkeley, CA 94709

Adam 5

Adam stopped a moment
with a friend look
when he saw Shade

as if glad to find ~~xxxxxxxx~~
another man
to chat with.

Shade returned his smile
and was about to speak
but Adam's expression

remained unchanged:
he can't speak,
he's had a stroke.

When he saw ~~Shade~~ me
Adam stopped a moment
with a friendly look

as if glad to find
a man to chat with,
but he's had a stroke

and is now forever
about to speak.

and is now
forever
about to speak.

When he saw Shade
Adam stopped~~x~~ a moment
with a friendly look

as if glad to find
a man to chat with
but he's had a stroke

but he's Adam's had a stroke
and is now a statue
forever about to speak.

Cops
and is now a statue
Forever About to Speak.

and is now forever
about to speak.

return

Carl Rakosi

And Sugano,
first
in audio,
carving
solid
briar root,
from where
the physical
properties
enter
the superlative
cartridge
soundlessly
as a mystique
in Orfeo's
perfect system.
After which
then a great
trembling
of air
into music
for a techno-
logical
passage
on a stylus
from the earth
to black art.

IV THE SONG

A circle of chairs.
Voices of aged ladies
and an Adam.

Outside the circle
a young woman, smiling,
with a guitar.

She greets each by name as they
approach slowly
from the dining room

and settle in their chairs.
The singing begins
On tremulous strings
her hand comes down

and singing she calls
on them with her eyes,
her whole person,

to sing along,
she will carry them
on her young undaunted spirit,

It is a plea to obliterate
old age, calling
on song to help her.
With her longing to live
What is pink is yours, take it
Faintly one voice responds,
and a few heads nod
to the strong beat

but Adam's eyes are closed
and some have one eye
open and the other

as in a cartoon X-ed out.

She greets each
by name as they

She greets each by name
as they approach slowly
from the dining room

Oh tremulous strings!
Help song!
She sings and calls on —
her eyes leading
her whole person

Again she smiles
and now singing, calls
all her longing
what she has to stay undaunted.
they have only to try —
she calls on song to help her

When the song is over
But when it is over
there are little smiles
here & there
and the faces are not quite so
cheerless
Then the ladies slowly stand up
& disband, lumbering by as before

find part that has been left out

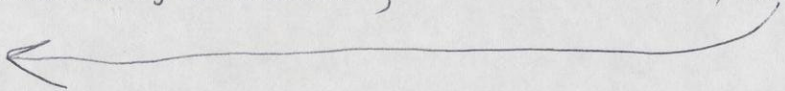
and how I can convince you
I can do it

into the vestibule,
I trailing

4 In the biblical vapors
kindness, most modest and
gentle of the elements,

5 a glow before history,
entered man and became
6 his daily connection,

let no man tell you otherwise.



IV THE SONG

A circle of chairs.
Voices of aged ladies
and an Adam.

Outside the circle
a young woman, smiling,
with a guitar.

She greets each by name
as they approach slowly
from the dining room

and settle in their chairs.
The playing begins
on tremulous strings.

Singing ~~strongly~~ heartily she calls
on them with her eyes,
her whole person,

to sing along, ~~despite all~~,
she will carry them on
her young spirit, undaunted.

~~It is a~~ plea to stay ▪▪▪ ▪▪▪
old age, to obliterate it
with her longing to help.

How can I enter into each
of you and convince you?
"What I have, you have.

Do it, I beg you." ▪▪ ▪▪▪

Heartily she sings & calls
but a whole person,
and if there be such a thing,

again
to obliterate it,
to "..." all odds,
~~expunge~~ ~~radicate~~ disregard

the undeniable, this undeniable
the longing to help

Adam stops a moment
with a friendly look
when he sees Shade
as if glad to find
another man to chat with.

and Shade
Shade returns his smile
& is about to speak
but Adam's expression

remains unchanged:
He can't speak.
he's He's had a stroke.

that singer
a woman of majestic girth
& operatic bearing
very erect looking straight ahead
into 3 centuries
through
at Handel —
as if facing
she was up to it,
the facial expression
By God,
she had put by the
fads
defiance of all
in defiance
modern modes

& feel cold inside
and faint
as

cold & faint
& feel
as when long ago
there stood before me
very erect

large girth

broad-beamed
a large heavy
bored woman
with a majestic bearing
her bearing majestic

set straight,

in an 18 cent. headpiece
wig
under a massive headpiece

under Calpurnia's
massive headpiece

x under Calpurnia's headpiece
built up like a crow's nest,

a wpman of majestic girth,
very erect, x looking into
the space of Handel.
By God,

straight
ahead into the space of Handel.

she had put by
the industrial age.
& was going to sing it
in defiance of
all modern modes

and opera. She & Handel
By God, she was going to
sing it as if she were
alone with the composer
in an industrial age or not,

How she had pleaded
with Caesar not to
go to the Senate that
day

she was going to play that
style for all it was worth
as if she alone knew that was
in it — (never mind that after the
murder she secretly moved
the style
carrying on the style
as if there had never been an
her money & papers to Anthony's
love nest for safe
keeping
industrial age

After "but it was not so"
then the tentative trembling
~~of guitar~~ of guitar strings
~~a~~ getting ready
It was the music loud
~~for the music loud~~ the weekly folksinger

is eyes are turned to
Slade was gone.
To The music loud
A circle of chairs.
~~To~~ a circle of chairs
~~and~~ aged ladies
towards which little
and one Adam plod.
from the dining room
The voices swell.

Voices, ~~and~~ aged ladies
~~and~~ one Adam ~~amble~~ plodding
out of the dining room

The voices ~~break~~ broke in.
~~Suddenly there are voices.~~
Slade's eyes turn to
~~a~~ circle of chairs
towards which the aged ~~ladies~~
~~and one Adam plod~~
ladies plodded
~~with~~ and one Adam.
The tentative trembling
~~of~~ guitar strings

And a guitar. ~~in~~ time
announcing ~~the weekly folksinger~~
for folk songs.

~~Here they were got~~
The player greeted each
by name
as
tremulous

Then voices broke in
and a guitar
announcing time

for folk songs.

Shade's eyes followed
the aged ladies
and one Adam

from the dining room
to a circle of chairs,
one for each,

it was time

for music.

as they plodded
from the dining room
to a circle of chairs

Wife, if music be
the food of death,
play on!

ending

conduit to

Wife, if music be
the conduit
of death, play on.

Wife, if music be
the conduit of death,
play on.

I knew the face, ~~consanguineous~~,
from somewhere, trustworthy ~~[illegible]~~
(the eyes in particular, ~~[illegible]~~

unaccountably attendant)
but not the name
nor why he was there.

As I approached
his identity, however,
I lost my way,

while
They chatted
about nothing
out of the ordinary

as if to show
they were ingenuous,
not to worry, etc.

~~It was~~ In the biblical vapors
~~that~~ Kindness ~~a light~~ appeared
and it was light as light
most modest ~~of the~~ elements
& gentle

1 In the biblical vapors
~~kindness apeared as light~~ as a glow

2 kindess, most modest
and gentle of the elements
appeared as a glow
before history

of man a glow before history entered man and became his daily connection.

In the biblical vapors
kindness, a glow
before history, most

modest and gentle
of the elements
of man,

modest and gentle of
the elements of man,
the daily connection.

my only daily connection now

let me not forget.

And Sugano,
first
in audio,
carving
solid
briar root,
from where
the physical
properties
enter
the superlative
cartridge
soundlessly
as a mystique
in Orfeo's
perfect system.
After which
a great trembling
of air
into music
for a techno-
logical
passage
on a stylus

a woman of majestic girth,
very erect under Calpurnia's
headpiece, a crow's nest,

Not like that other singer
~~woman~~, of majestic girth,
very erect under Calpurnia's
headpiece, a crow's nest,
looking straight ahead
into the space of Handel

and opera. "How she had pleaded"
she sang, "with Caesar
not to go to the Senate

that day" (never mind that
after the event
she moved his money

and papers to Anthony's house,
we have Plutarch's word for it)

The style was the thing,
full-bosomed, heroic,
industrial age, or no.

God, how she sang,
very erect
leaning back slightly,
~~Her face looked as if~~ defying all modern modes,

and the small hairs
on my back tingled
and I felt cold inside

and faint.

The style was the thing
(industrial age or no,
~~and she sang it~~, full bosomed
heroic,

God, how she sang ~~that~~
~~song~~ looking as if she were defying
all modern modes - leaning back (slightly
looked as if
~~looking~~ her face

and I felt cold inside
& faint & the small hairs
on my back tingled).

Not like that other singer,
of majestic girth under
Calpurnia's headpiece,

a crow's nest, looking straight
ahead into the space
of Handel and opera

straight ahead
she looked into the space
of Handel and opera

"How she had pleaded,"
she sang, "with Caesar
not to go to the Senate

that day" (never mind
(1) that) after the event
(2) she moved his money

(3) and papers to Anthony's
house.....we have Plutarch's
word for it).

as she pleaded with Caesar
not to go to the Senate
that day (never mind that

As she approached,
she looked up
and our eyes met

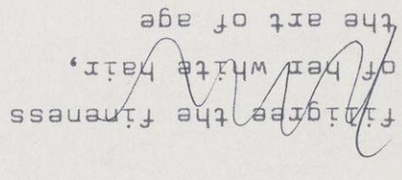
and I felt good
in her presence.
Walking over,

I greeted her
as a kindred spirit
and with a galant

but restrained gesture
I bent over
as if to help her.

Smiling sofltly,
she acknowledged this
and walked on.

By God, I thought,
I'm gonna make it.
But it was not so.



At that moment
three very frail women,
better dressed
~~than the other~~
than the others,
appeared, limping
slowly towards me

from the dining room,
absorbed in talking.
~~I saw only~~

the smaller of the three.
Goodness like a
philosopher's stone

irradiated the air
around her. Her demeaner
was kind and gentle,

what I imagine
as Hebraic,
but in the exquisite

proportion of qualities,
the exquisite reserve,
the delicate white hair,

a lady from a far countree
(proobably North)

I saw only the smaller

of the three, Goodness,
like a philosopher's stone
irradiated the air

around her. Her demeanor
was kind and gentle,
what I imagine as Hebraic,

but in the exquisite
proportion of qualities,
the exquisite reserve,

the delicate white hair,
she was a lady from a far countree
(probably North) →

At that moment
three very frail women,
dress

not knowing what to say,
the physical sight
was so overpowering.

For the first time
I was alone
with my fate

and fell inward
to the center,
~~locked in where all~~

~~was stark and utter,~~
my eyes distraught, lost.

My body remained
through all this,
tall and straight,

however, towering,
it seemed to me,
over the little

white-haired ladies
as if asserting
my eternal distinction.

where it was stark / + utter,
locked in,
my eyes distraught, lost

and fell inward
to the center,
where it was stark

and utter, locked in,
my eyes distraught,
and lost.

and ~~utter~~, my eyes
distraught and lost,
locked in.

Still II

The next thing I knew
the talking had stopped.
We had reached

our destination,
The Home For The Aged,
and a dead silence.

Reluctantly my poor wife
and the reliable Shade
carried my bags ~~in,~~

I trailing behind
without a word
into the vestibule.

We were now, I saw,
in the milieu
of very aged women

in the final
stages of disease
and infirmity.

They were walking
slowly,
step by step,

uncertain, hesitant,
to and from
their rooms.

"Femme je suis,
pauvre et ancienne" - of italics

My wife of many years
just stood with Shade
and looked on,

the talking had stopped.
We had reached
our destination
~~The Home~~
The Home
For The Aged
and a dead silence

the talking
had stopped.
We had reached

our destination,
The Home For The Aged
and a dead silence.

but I had no stomach
for such words ~~at such a time~~
and it was lost on me.

We were both aware now
of each other
without looking

when in that frame
I heard THE SCREAM
by Edvard Munch

but could not tell
from whose mouth
it was vomiting,

we were
so close ~~was~~
the ~~consanguinous~~ consanguine ~~he~~.
The next thing I knew

but I had no stomach
for such words
and it was lost on me.

We were both aware now
of each other without
looking when in that frame

but could not tell
from whose mouth
it was vomiting,
we were so close.

I'll call him Shade
~~a trustyworthy shade~~
my ~~Doppelganger~~
personal ~~shade~~
he.

Frost X

I'll call him Shade,
trustworthy Shade,
my ~~personal~~ he.

THE POET'S TALE

I, character

I myself have never written
about the anguish
of death, for I write

only from experience
and now that I
have Altzheimer's Disease

the only serious subject
as in a mortuary
is mortality.....

and I weep!

There was no mystery
about my character
or working principles.

Already into
the disease, I said
to a young poet,

"Because you write does not
mean a poetic impulse.
That remains to be proved."

Two 2-line stanzas

The curious pertinacity
of character!

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

One by one
the young poets,
cautioned by my wife,

approached me
for a pleasant word,
then retreated,

I standing by myself,
my face clouded over,
and I replied politely.

How they bustled and
chatted, the wives
setting the table,

laying out the cheeses
for a picnic,
the men in a huddle

by themselves
drinking beer ~~x x x x x x x x x x~~
good Joe's.

How so light-hearted
as if carrying
a high note inside?

Care-free too?
Must be the outdoors
and the idea

of a picnic.
A case of summer
ungluing poets.

Bless the everyday.
"This is the weather
the cuckoo likes,
~~and so do I~~"

Bless the everyday.
"This is the weather
the cuckoo likes

and so do I."
and Breugel:
Come out, peasants

III The Destination

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning

and the time had come
to take me to
The Home For The Aged.

I had never seen
my poor wife so downcast
and quiet, her eyes

set where I was not,
her jaws clenched, Unnatural
the whole house.

Thus we set out,
she driving,
I strapped in.

On the way
a familiar figure
joined us,

greeting me
as if I were
an old acquaintance.

and so do I..."
and Breugel:
come out peasants

pick your beau
swing your partners
and doe-si-doe

Never mind that
I'm tied to a post
like a dog waiting

for his mistress
to reappear
with the mustard

[illegible]
while the fiddles
tear up the air,
damn the Altzheimer,

hold on, Flo, [illegible]
whirl to the right
and let 'er go.

whirl ~~swing~~ me to the right, boys,
hold on, Flo
whirl to the left
and let 'er go

Never mind, ~~boys~~, that
I'm tied to a post
like a dog waiting

for his mistress
to reappear
with the mustard

~~damn the Altzheimer's~~
~~keep on whirling~~,
hold on, Flo
whirl to the right
and let 'er go

while the fiddles
tear up the air,
~~tear up the air, fiddles,~~

Damn the Altzheimer's
hold on, Flo
Whirl to the right
and let 'er go

A hand ~~at~~
at my elbow.
My wife.

Bless Altzheimer
who has tied me
to a post like a dog

waiting for his mistress
to reappear
with the mustard

Never mind Altzheimer
who has me tied
to a post like a dog

waiting for his mistress
to reappear
with the mustard

whirl (me) to the right, boys,
hold on, Flo,
whirl to the left ××××××××
and let 'er go

Never mind that I'm tied
to a post like a dog
waiting for his mistress

to reappear with the mustard

A hand
at my elbow.
My wife

A hand in my hand.
My wife.
She had forgotten

the mustard.
Has to go back.
A long moment.

Then She's gone.

A very
A moment, very long.

Never mind what
has me tied
to a post

like a dog waiting
for his mistress
to reappear

Never mind that
I'm tied to a post
like a dog waiting

for his mistress
to reappear
with the mustard

and so do I..."
and Breugel; or...
come out, peasants

pick your beau
swing your partners
and doe-si-doe

[redacted]

1 or 3 confetti?

not like my wife
touched my hand etc.
to reassure me

A hand at my elbow
my wife. ~~to tell me~~
she had forgotten the mustard.
~~Has to go back.~~
~~in the car~~
~~After a moment~~
~~I walked over~~
A long moment.
she's gone.
Can't bear that.
uneasy, I stand at the edge of the bluff
& stand on the bluff.
~~I was~~ my eyes follow
looking over the edge
~~my hearing~~ erect.
left tense, locked in

The land of ~~Cockaigne~~ Cockayne
Like the common fiddle ~~to~~ see belongs ~~to~~ silent history—
(Breugel)

Beat that drum

stamp yr. foot
Kick up yr. heels

warm up the fiddle,
~~hold on~~ bring me Flo,
~~whirl~~ kick to the right
~~lead~~ for the right
and let 'er go

warm up the fiddles
hold on, Flo, ←
whirl to the right
and let 'er go

~~Take my Flo~~
Bring me Flo

"This is the weather
the cuckoo likes
and so do I"
~~He~~ Hardy

dos-a-dos

not poets now

simply men,

~~not poets~~

simplified by so much

light-heated-ness into men

a case of summer

ungluing poets

"This is the weather —

etc.

high note, - sustained, —

to a slight dizziness

on the high note

of the light-heated, thoughtless

slightly dizzy!

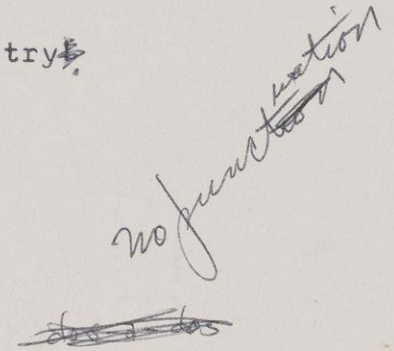
less the reckless

+ the ~~slightly dizzy~~ abandonment

the everyday

Ah, a day in the country!
Breugel,
Come out, peasants!

Pick your beau,
Sing your partner
and doe-si-doe



How they bustled and
chatted, the wives
setting the table,

laying out the cheeses
for a picnic,
the men in a huddle,
by themselves,
drinking beer,
good Joe's,

as if carrying
a high-note inside.

a case of summer
ungluing poets.
Bless the everyday.

"This is the weather
the cuckoo likes,
and so do I"

and Breugel

come out, peasants
pick your beau

swing your partners
and doe-si-doe

And Breugel.
Come out, peasants.
Pick yr. beau
swing yr. partner
and doe si-doe

Why so care-free?
How can they be
so light-hearted,
as if they had
carrying
they were carrying
a high-note inside?
Must be the outdoors
and the idea of a picnic.
Still care-free

Still How so light-hearted
How can they be
so light-hearted,
as if they were carrying

a high note inside?
yet not Care-free too?
Must be the outdoors
and the idea of a picnic.

A case of summer.....

+ talked among

How they bustled
and chatted, the wives
setting the table,

"~~the~~ the weather the cuckoo like
~~laying~~ out the cheeses
and so do I"
laying out the cheeses,
the men in ahuddle,
drinking beer

~~the~~

laying out the cheeses
for a picnic,
the men in a huddle,
~~x x x x x x x x x x x x~~
drinking beer

forgetting they were poets
outdoors,
must be the ~~summer~~ ~~then a~~ summer day
+ ~~must~~ be warm
+ the idea of a picnic
on a soft ~~summer~~ day
Yes, the summer ~~day~~.
soft

+ ~~the~~ like a day in the country,
Breugel, ~~Ollen~~.
Come out, peasants.

the influence of summer
~~Ollen~~ by ~~summer~~
~~remade~~ unglued by summer
+ at-hearted
thoughtlessly
like a high note inside held to extremes
infinity

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

One by one
the young poets,
cautioned by my wife,

approached me
for a pleasant word,
then retreated,

I standing by myself,
my face clouded over,
and I replied politely.

~~THE DOG~~
A Day in the Country

One by one
the young poets
approached me

for a pleasant word,
my face clouded over,
then retreated

and I replied politely.
They had been cautioned
by my wife ~~to leave me alone~~.

I standing ~~stood off~~ by myself,
my face clouded over,
One by one the young

poets approached me
for a pleasant word,
then retreated

~~to leave me alone~~.

One by one
the young poets, ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ cautioned by my wife
approached me

for a pleasant word,
I standing by myself,
my face clouded over,

then retreated,
and I replied politely.

They had been cautioned coached
by my wife.

On A summer day
My wife had warned
the young poets
that I was not up

to answering questions
& stood off ~~myself~~ And indeed my face
some distance from the others
They approached me
only briefly ~~to say~~ for
~~something~~ a pleasant word
& & replied politely

The Picnic

A picnic with young poets
my wife had warned ~~them~~ cautioned
~~not to ask me questions~~
question me

was
was clouded over

~~this it was a summer day~~

THE PICNIC A Day in the Country
My wife had warned
the young poets
that I was not up to

answering questions
and indeed my face
was clouded over
on that summer day.
I stood off
some distance from the others.
One by one
~~the young poets~~
they approached me
(briefly) for a pleasant word,
then retreated
and I replied politely.

The Dog

~~The young~~

the Summer day

had made them light hearted
faster on their feet
quick of limb

it was a summer day
it was a picnic
& ~~they~~ we'd quick of limb
and most unpoetically
like a highly noted bad, light-hearted
that stayed
no matter what ~~yesterday~~ (not in

They had been cautioned
not to say more
by my wife

my face clouded over,

THE DOG

One by one
the young poets
approached me,

for a pleasant word,
then retreated and (I)
replied politely.

They had been cautioned
by my wife.
~~not to say more~~.

As she ~~got close~~ approached,
she looked up
and our eyes met

and at once
my face lit up
and I felt good
in her presence
and walking over
I greeted her as a kindred spirit/ and with a galant/ but restrained gesture/
I bent over/ as if to help her/. Smiling softly,/ she acknowledged this/
and walked on.

'By God,' I thought,
'I'm gonna make it.
But it was not so.

As she approached,

At once my face lit up

with the kindly face
and fairy essence of white hair,
looked up

and our eyes met.
At once my face lit up
at encountering

a kindred spirit here,
and walking over,
I greeted her ~~and,~~
~~x x x

At that moment
three very frail women,
better dressed

than the others,
appeared, limping
slowly towards me

from the dining room,
absorbed in talking.
As they got close
she
I saw only
the smaller of the three,
her demeanor was kind
and gentle, what

I imagine as Hebraic,
but in the exquisite
proportion of qualities,

the exquisite reserve,
the ~~feminine~~ delicate white hair
a lady from a far countree,
(probably north)
filigree the fineness
of her white hair,
the art of age.

the fine white hair,
the art of age
the fineness
of age
in her white hair

The demeanor of the smaller of the three

exhaling goodness

goodness exhaling

touching the philosopher's stone

~~rays~~ irradiating
like the rays
of the philosopher's
stone

goodness irradiating
the air around her,
~~like~~ a philosopher's stone,

the fineness of white hair

and Goodness like a philosoper's
stone irradiated the air
around her

her white hair
so fine
that the serene of age ~~fairy~~
a filigree of age

of which
her kindliness of demeanor from the whole
radiated the ~~surrounding~~ reserve and ~~gentle~~ goodness gentle feminine
the gentle ~~the~~ feminine ~~somehow~~ illuminated Abbey
in exquisite proportion of qualities / the feminine
~~exquisite~~

the kindliness of her demeanor
radiated the air

all kindliness in
a gentle kindliness
pervading the air
permeating warm ~~like~~ from Sinai
but in her demeanor ~~from~~ the exquisite her ~~air~~ proud
a lady of the north country reserve,
~~today~~ / [poor a far country
(probably north)]

in the exquisite reserve
of her

The Poetry Center
at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago
Columbus Drive and Jackson Boulevard
Chicago, Illinois 60603

a gentle kindliness
suffusing the air around her
~~as~~ from Sinai
Semite

that I have seen
in the daughters
as from the bay of
songs

"with margery gentle
The flower of goodlihood :/
The lady ~~as~~ from Sinai

"Plainly, I cannot close
Ye eye, as I devise
The pretty primerose,
The goodly columbine."
Skelton

Villon Ballad
"Femme je suis pauvre
povrette et ancienne,
ne rien ne sçay ——"

I saw age in a filigree
of elements

the elements of age ~~into~~
the element of age
~~was~~ a fine filigree
& did not know age
could make such fine filigree
of white hair
age as an element in filigree

the filigree work of age
age with filigree with
white hair
the filigree of age
age in its ~~final~~ elemental
purified pure to its
Her white hair so fine
& saw age
in its
an elementary filigree

At that moment
three very frail women,
better dressed

than the others,
appeared, limping slowly
towards me

from the dining room,
talking.
As they got close
of the three,
the smaller, gentle one
looked up: a kindly face,
a fairy essence of white hair

absorbed in each other, talking.
absorbed in each other,
talking away.

I did not know white hair
could be so fine
or demeanor so gentle.
the smaller, most gentle
of the three
looked up and our eyes met.
I did not know white hair
could be so fine
or demeanor so gentle,

so fine her white hair / the filigree of age
her white hair
a filigree, the essence of age
I had not thought
nod. be so fine
the fine work of age / as her white hair
the filigree of age
not so fine as her white hair
age had / the fine
filigree of her white
hair
the white hair finer
than the filigree of age
so fine her white hair,
the filigree of age itself,
her white head / so fine,
it was the filigree of
age
her demeanor so kindly
it suffused the gentle
air around her
a gentle kindliness
suffusing the air around her
& recognized in my dealings with Jews

her demeanor gentle
and kindly. It suffused
the air around her.

her demeanor so gentle
and kindly, it suffused
the air around her.

Her demanor kind
and gentle, Hebraic?
suffusing the air
around her

what I imagine
To think of as Hebraic

unmistakably feminine

exhaled from her
a natural goodness
all in a glance
perceived like a tree
unquestionable
as a tree

a goodness, as natural
as a tree, perceived
at a glance
exhaled from her

as unmistakable
her whole nature
in a glance
such as goodness

the fine
white (3) the exquisite proportion
hair
an art
wrought by
from the
a lady from a far (7) her goodness exhaling
(probably Rostle) country
exhaling exhaled from her
transmuting
base metal to gold

transmutation of base metals / her glance
so whole it transmuted
and transmute transmuting
base metal into goodness

At that moment
three very frail women,
better dressed than ~~the others~~,

the others, appeared,
limping slowly towards me
from the dining room.

They were talking.
As they got close,
the smaller, gentle one,

Doppelgänger = ~~more~~ mysterious than ~~double~~
a ~~ghost~~ ghostly double of a living person, someone that haunts
Dop., & think, accompanies me only occasionally
& is not really my double — = only the shade
of a double, we are not alike
we are not that close
save the mystery an extra-presence

The morning my wife & an old man who looked familiar
drove me to S.F. to fetch me into

everyone looked so Kindly at me (which = not the same as being Kind)
Did they know something
& didn't know about myself?
Why is every one so obliging, so endearing, etc?
so compassionate, so understanding
always looking, looking, looking, as if they
were waiting for
~~were~~ something in me ~~was going to happen~~. Was it going
to be now? Now?
to happen but ~~that~~ concealed
from me that they were expecting the
as
& trying to act so
but had to conceal it from me.
look & yet not look

If I look their way,
they look at me kindly.
smile back too
Why? What does it mean?
Always kindly
& avoid their gaze
& must have fallen
that low.

slightly better dressed
than the others
who had given up

(long ago./
More class.
Most Assurance.

The smaller one
had gentle features
and the finest white hair.
A kindly face.
Anywhere else
I don't think

I would have noticed her
but as they approached me
she looked up

and our eyes met.
At once my face lit up
~~surprised~~ at encountering

a kindred spirit here,
and walking over,
I greeted her

and ~~with~~ a gallant
but restrained gesture
bent over, as if to help her.
She acknowledged this
with a soft smile
and walked on.

Oh why had the other given up?

and hair & fair
and a fairy essence of white hair
the ~~lady~~ of the kindly face
& gentle features
got close(r) to me,
As they approached me
the smaller one, gentle
she of the kindly face,
& gentle features
& a fairy essence
of white hair
looked up

As they got close,
the smaller, gentle one,
~~she of~~ with the kindly face
and a fairy essence
of white hair,
looked up, etc.

not knowing what to say,
the physical sight
was so overpowering.

For the first time
I was alone
with my fate

and fell inward
to the ~~very~~ center,
locked in where all

was stark
~~and utter,~~
~~but my body remained~~

my eyes distraught,
~~and~~ lost.
My body remained

through all this
tall and straight,
towering, it seemed

to me,
over the little
white-haired ladies

as if asserting
~~and~~ my eternal
distinction.

At that moment,
limping slowly towards me
from the dining room,

talking,
three very frail
women

dressed slightly better than the others,

dressed slightly better with more taste than the others,

At that moment
three very frail women appeared,
limping slowly towards me from the dining room.

They were talking.

~~but~~ my body remained—
(Where (it was).
through all this,
tall & straight,
towering it seemed to me
over the little
white-haired ladies
as if ~~(over)~~ asserting
(as) eternal distinction.

My eyes distraught
& lost
for this was ~~not the ending~~
I ~~was~~ not

slightly better dressed than the others, who had given up long ago
more class
and assurance
than the others
who had long ago
given up
Class.
Assurance.
who had given up
long ago.

three very frail
women ~~approached~~
with ~~no~~ class
~~and assurance~~
~~than the others, who~~
~~the~~ ~~seemed~~ slightly better dressed
than the others,
who long ago given up.
More class.
~~Assurance~~.

The smaller one had gentle features
and the finest white hair.
A kindly face,
& ~~could~~ don't think I would have noticed her
anywhere else / but as they approached me / and she looked up / and our
eyes met, / At once my face lit up / surprised at
encountering a kindred spirit there, / & walking over,
I greeted her / with a gallant / but restrained gesture /
bent over, as if to help her. / She acknowledged this /
with a soft smile / & walked on."

By God, I thought, / I've found a friend. / I'm gonna make it /
But it was not so.

End of II

II

I was now
no longer able
to read or write

but only my wife knew.

Carl Rakosi

Found Among My Papers

~~old country ballad~~

"God,

"if I had known
I was going
to live to 97

I would have
took better
care of myself."

where's Parakletos? No response

No response
Where's Parakletos?
~~(The heart's)~~ In a ballad.
~~T~~he giber's crucified.

Ambiguous reader,
should I have been
more devious?

more intellectual?
Have I obscured you
with integrity?

~~Doppelganger~~ stood there
in my light
looking eternal.

The compassionate Shade

He is my adversary!

"Adieu," he muttered
sadly and ~~left~~
and dissolved.
What country
is this?

"Adieu,"
he muttered sadly
and ~~left~~ dissolved

Of old words of alone
an old country

And this is an old country ballad
and an old ballad

(sans) Shade

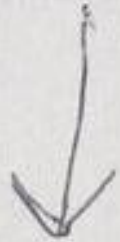
Country:
Ding! Dong!
~~It's ballad~~ the heart
in a ballad
Old heart
Old God
~~(All old~~ quiet?

The ballad
of the old country

The Country of the alone
The Alone.

Steorfan

My wife of many years
just stood with Shade
and looked on, not knowing



what to say,
the <u>physical</u> sight
was so overpowering.

For the first time
I was alone ~~with my fate~~
with my fate

I did not feel threatened
by them, of course
but the physical

For the first time
I was alone with my fate

My wife of many years
and ~~shade~~ with spade
just stood and looked on,
not knowing what to say,
~~the physical sight was so overbold~~ overpowering
Shade too.
But I was.

The physical sight of them
closed in and I possessed
and for the first time

and fell into a state
of utter starkness,
inward to the furthest bounds

and fell inward
to the very/~~utter~~ center, where I was locked in,
~~of stakness~~
utter, boundless, stark.
stark, utter,
boundless, but my body
remained where it was,

an utter starkness
at the very center

of inward

and all was stark & utter

1 OK

The Next thing I knew
the talking had stopped.
We had reached

our destination,
The Home For The Aged.
~~There was~~ and (?) a dead silence.

Reluctantly my poor wife
and the reliable Shade
trudged into the vestibule
~~with the baggage~~
with the baggage.
I went along
without a word.

2 OK

Reluctantly my poor wife
and the reliable Shade
carried my bags

into the vestibule,
I ~~trudging~~ trailing behind
without a word.

3 OK

We were now, I saw,
in the milieu
of very aged women

in the final
stages of disease
and infirmity.

They were walking
slowly,
step by step,

uncertain, hesitant,
to and from
their steps by step
uncertain, hesitant
to and from
their rooms
hesitating before
each step.

They were walking
slowly, uncertainly,
to and from

their rooms,
hesitant
at each step.

4 OK

They were walking
slowly,
step by step,

uncertain, hesitant,
to and from
their rooms.

No response

The heart's in a ballad
the giber's crucified

Ambiguous reader,
have I obscured you
with (my own) integrity?
Should I have been
more devious?
more intellectual?

Doppelganger ~~just~~ stood there,
looking, in my light, eternal.
He is my adversary!

(Doppelganger looked sad.)
"Adieu," he muttered sadly and left.

What country
is this?
Of old words

Country
Ding! Dong!
Old heart
Old God
All old
Steorfan

triad

~~mumured~~ ~~murmured~~

Refrain (The heart's in a ballad)

Old ballad
The words old
The heart's old

What country is this?
Of old words

Country
Ding! Dong!
Old God

Old all
Steorfan

Refrain

The heart's
in a ballad →
The words old
~~The heart~~ It's old

The heart's
in a ballad, →
I said again
an old ballad.
~~It's old.~~
~~The words old~~. an old ballad.

1 Old heart / old country
2 Old God
3 All old.
6 Steorfan

What country is this?
Of old words.
4 Country
5 Ding! Dong!
old heart
old God
All old
Steorfan

Old Word,

God.

Old ballad.

Country:

Ding! Dong!

Old God.

Old all.

Steorfan.

Carl Rakosi

old country ballad

God,

""

1 The next thing I knew
the talking had stopped.
3 There was a dead silence.

2 We had reached~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
our destination,
The Home For The Aged.

Reluctantly my poor wife
and the reliable Shade
carried (in) the baggage.

I went along
without a word.
There in the vestibule

we had to wait
while my room
was being prepared.

We were now

They were walking
slowly to and from
their rooms,
hesitantly
step by step

uncertain
hesitating
at each step

trudged into the vestibule
with the baggage

trudged in with the baggage
into the vestibule.

& followed went along
without a word.

I saw
we were now
in the milieu

We were now,
I saw,
in the milieu

of very aged women
in the final stages
of disease and infirmity

triad

this way & that,
with great difficulty
they walked

With great difficulty
they walked
~~this way & that~~, to and from
~~to~~ their rooms.

They were walking slowly,
to & from their rooms
~~with great~~ difficulty.
every step
step by step
each step

hesitantly
a problem
uncertain
hesitant,
uncertain

my wife of many years stood there ~~watching~~
and Shade just stood & looked on
not knowing what to say

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this was
like any other day:

see, not to worry,
they were ingenuous, etc.
But I was lost

in heavy thoughts
and could not speak.
He was watching

without
but not looking at me.
At that moment
I heard THE SCREAM
by Edvard Munch

but could not tell
from whose mouth
it had been forced.

but I had no stomach
for words
but it was lost on me.

falling
into dark/heavy/ into a dark
apprehensions
and had no stomach
for talk for words

We were both aware now
of each other
without looking

and at last moment
I heard
yet saw

when in that frame
I heard the Scream
by

but could not tell
from whose mouth
it was vomiting.

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this was
like any other day:

see, not to worry;
they were ingenuous, etc.

but I had no stomach
for words and it
was lost on me.

We were both aware now
of each other
without looking

when in that frame
I heard THE SCREAM
by Edvard Munch

so close
the consanguineous lie

As I approached
the identity, however,
of this attendant shade.....
(perhaps we had had
the same father)...
I lost my way

As I approached
his identity, however,
I lost my way

while they catted on,
saying nothing
~~as if this were~~
~~was/were~~ out of the ordinary:
~~an ordinary day~~
but implying:
see, not to worry,

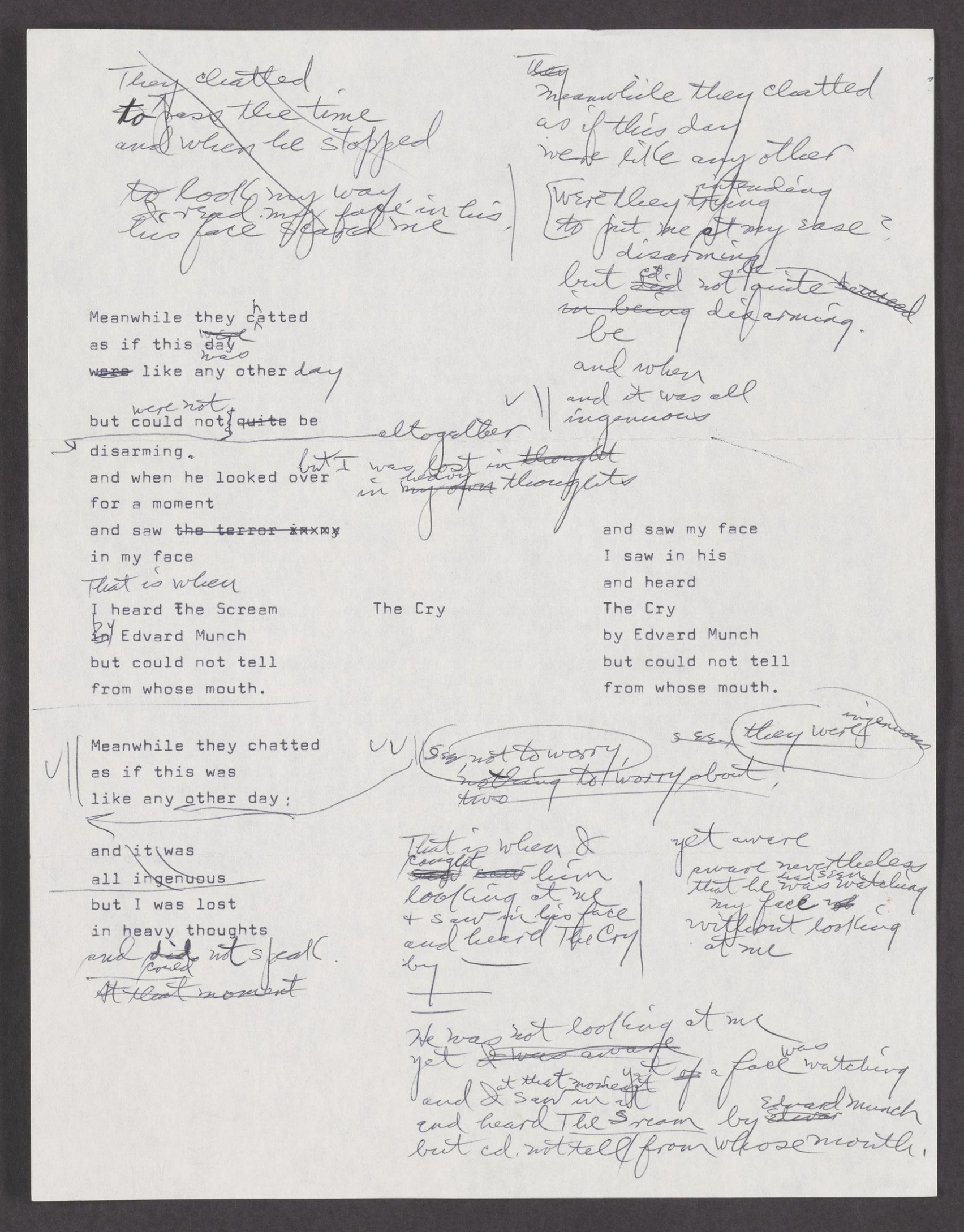
As I was about to
approach the identity
of this attendant

As I approached
the identity/ of that attendant sprit
I lost my way

I knew the face
but not the name
nor why he was there.

I knew the face
from somewhere,
(the eyes in particular,
consanguinous and
~~unaccountably con-~~
unaccountably
sanguinous, attendant)
but not the name

nor why he was there.



They chatted
to pass the time
and when he stopped
to look my way
I read my fear in his
his face reflected me

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this day
were like any other day

but could not quite be
disarming.
and when he looked over
for a moment
and saw the terror in my
in my face
that is when
I heard the Scream
by Edvard Munch
but could not tell
from whose mouth.

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this was
like any other day;

and it was
all ingenuous
but I was lost
in heavy thoughts
and did not speak
At that moment

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this day
were like any other day

but could not be
disarming.
and when he looked over
for a moment
and saw my face
in my face
I saw in his
that is when
I heard The Cry
by Edvard Munch
but could not tell
from whose mouth.

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this day
were like any other day

but could not be
disarming.
and when
and it was all
ingenuous
but I was lost
in heavy thoughts

and saw my face
I saw in his
and heard
The Cry
by Edvard Munch
but could not tell
from whose mouth.

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this was
like any other day;

and it was
all ingenuous
but I was lost
in heavy thoughts
and could not speak
At that moment

They chatted
to pass the time
and when he stopped
to look my way
I read my fear in his
his face reflected me

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this day
were like any other day

Were they trying
to put me at my ease?
disarming
but did not quite succeed
in being disarming.
be

and when
and it was all
ingenuous

but I was lost in thought
in heavy thoughts

and saw my face
I saw in his
and heard
The Cry
by Edvard Munch
but could not tell
from whose mouth.

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this was
like any other day;

and it was
all ingenuous
but I was lost
in heavy thoughts
and could not speak
At that moment

They chatted
as if this day
were like any other

Were they pretending
to put me at my ease?
disarming
but did not quite succeed
in being disarming.

and when
and it was all
ingenuous

but I was lost in thought
in heavy thoughts

and saw my face
I saw in his
and heard
The Cry
by Edvard Munch
but could not tell
from whose mouth.

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this was
like any other day;

and it was
all ingenuous
but I was lost
in heavy thoughts
and could not speak
At that moment

They chatted
as if this day
were like any other

Were they pretending
to put me at my ease?
disarming
but did not quite succeed
in being disarming.

and when
and it was all
ingenuous

but I was lost in thought
in heavy thoughts

and saw my face
I saw in his
and heard
The Cry
by Edvard Munch
but could not tell
from whose mouth.

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this was
like any other day;

and it was
all ingenuous
but I was lost
in heavy thoughts
and could not speak
At that moment

Meanwhile they chatted
as if this was
like any other day;

Say not to worry,
nothing to worry about,
two

they were ingenuous

and it was
all ingenuous
but I was lost
in heavy thoughts
and could not speak
At that moment

That is when I
caught him
looking at me
& saw in his face
and heard The Cry
by

yet aware
aware nevertheless
that he was watching
my face
without looking
at me

He was not looking at me
yet aware
and I saw in it
and heard The Scream
but cd. not tell from whose mouth.

a face watching
at that moment
yet
Edvard Munch

~~as of~~ as of an attendant spirit
Mediterranean / consanguineous
unaccountably sympathetic attendant
sympathetic,
from the house of Israel
thoughtful, sympathetic

the eyes in particular consanguineous
unaccountably ~~attendant~~
attendant, Mediterranean

---

to I was about
to approach the identity
of this attendant s ~~spirit~~ shade
I lost my way

---

spester 1017.1
shadows 4.3
payche 466.4

another shade / ~~this~~ shade of myself | ... perhaps we had had the same father ...

Edvard Munch / The Cry

I heard The cry,
~~Edvard~~ Munch
Edvard

+ did not know from whom it ~~issued~~ burst
and realized that if
my ~~shd~~ shade be too

+ ed. not tell why he uttered it

They chatted to pass the time and when he stopped for a moment looking at mine I looked over & saw his face and could not tell from whose mouth it had issued

+ perhaps to put me at ~~my~~ ease

+ did not know whether it was in my face or his

On the way
a familiar figure
joined us

& knew that & knew
the face
but not the name
nor why he was there

3 | He greeted me
as if & were
~~were~~ an old acquaintance
but why he was
but when & looked close
& was not sure

but who he was
and ~~what~~ why he was there
& did not know.

1 | On the way
a familiar figure
joined us

2 | but who he was
and why he was there
I did not know

but & could not place
locate him
~~was~~ identity
or why he was there / or remember
his name

but & lost my way —

I had never seen
my poor wife so downcast

How unnatural the house
had become.

Thus we set out,
she driving,
I strapped in.

I had never seen my poor wife
so downcast and quiet,
her eyes set on where I was not,

her jaw clenched.
I could not help her. —?
How unnatural the house had become.

Thus we set out,
she in the driver's seat,
I strapped in.

I had never seen my poor wife
so downcast and quiet,
her eyes set on where I was not,

her jaws clenched.
The whole house
had become unnatural.

Thus we set out,
she driving,
I strapped in.

I had never seen
my poor wife so downcast
and quiet, her eyes

set (~~on~~) where I was not,
her jaws clenched,
the whole house unnatural.

beat. version

~~set~~ where I was not,
her jaws clenched, un-
natural the whole house.

set where I was not,
her jaws clenched, unnatural
the whole house.

THE POET'S TALE

I

I myself have never written
about the anguish
of death, for I write

only from experience
and now that I ~~have Altzheimer's~~
have Altzheimer's Disease

the only serious subject
as in a mortuary
is mortality, and I weep!

There was no mystery
about my character
or working principles.

Already into the disease
I said to a young poet,
"I don't know if you have
~~anything~~
anything to say
but first let's find out
if you have a poetic impulse."

2

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning,

and the time had come
to take me to
The Home For The Aged.

Because you write

does not mean
~~you have~~ a poetic ipulse.
That remains to be proved.

Why assume

because you write
you have a poetic impulse?
That remains to be proved.

~~Why do you~~ Do not assume
because you write,
you have a poetic impulse?
That remains to be proved.
First let's find out

if you have a poetic impulse
then we'll know
whether you have anything to say.

Then we'll see
what you have to say.

Then the what
will become clear
appear

Already into the disease
I said to a young poet,
"Because you write

does not mean
a poetic impulse.
That remains

to be proved."

The curious
pertinacity
of character!

Already into the disease
I said to a young poet,
"Because you write does not
mean a poetic impulse.
That remains to be proved."
The curious pertinacity

of character!

to be proved."
The curious pertinacity
of character!

I knew the face, consanguinous,
from somewhere
(the eyes in particular,

~~consanguinous and~~
unaccountably attendant)
but not the name

nor why he was there.
As I approached
his identity, however,

I lost my way.
while they chatted,
nothing out of the ordinary

but implying

as if there were nothing
out of the ordinary

They chatted about nothing
out of the ordinary
as if ~~to imply~~, to show ~~me~~,
~~see~~, not to worry,
they were ingenuous, ~~etc~~

The morning my wife and the old man
who looked familiar drove me to The Home
~~to enter me for~~ for the Aged. ~~The other man~~
who seemed to know me, he explained that he was going along
just to keep me company & I sd. "That's nice"

The morning my wife drove me to The Home
for the Aged, to enter me & was surprised to find
an old man in the back seat.
He ~~stood up as if to greet me~~ smiled ~~to~~ seemed to know me
& was very quiet.
Was she afraid to be alone with me?
He looked familiar. & sd. nothing
but
& greeted him politely
He looked both strange & familiar.
obscure
familiar yet obscure
and at the same time,
How is that possible? disturbingly

~~The morning my~~
The two of them

They tried to act as if nothing unusual was going on
~~about this drive~~ by talking about this & that
They talked about this & that
as if nothing unusual was going on.
Obviously a ploy. But I saw through it
I knew but sd. nothing.

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning,

and the time had come
to take me
to The Home For The Aged.

My poor wife
was unuaually quiet and downcast

My poor wife was
unusually quiet
and downcast,

I could not help (her).
Her eyes were set
on where she was not,
her jaws clenched.

I was strapped in.
She drove.

My poor wife,
her eyes were set
on where she was not,

her jaws were clenched,
she was unusually quiet
and downcast.

I could not help
my poor wife.
She was unusually quiet
and

The time had passed
when I could help her

I don't know if you have anything
to say but first
let's find out if you have
a poetic impulse

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning.
My wife
was unually qiet
and downcast
and I saw in her face
that thetime had come
to take me to/ The Home For The Aged.
Her eyes were set
on where she was not,
her jaws clencobed.
I was strapped in.
She drove.

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning.

My wife was unusually quiet
and downcast, and could not help her,
~~and I saw that the time~~ I could give her
had come to take me no comfort
to The Home For The Aged. for the time had come
Her eyes were set
on where she was not,
her jaws clenched.
I was strapped in.
She drove.

The morning my wife
drove me to The Home
for the Aged
to enter me,
there was an old man
in the back seat.
I was surprised
but said nothing.
Was she afraid
to be alone with me?
I greeted him politely.
He looked familiar
in an obscure way.
Is that possible?

The morning my wife drove me
to enter me in The Home for the Aged
there was a man in the back seat
& think He had been associated with me in some way once / He looked familiar but & don't remember

There was a man
in the back seat
the morning my wife
drove to enter me
in The Home For The Aged.

to enter me
in The Home For The Aged

A familiar figure yet obscure.
They chatted about this & that

~~and I did tell~~ from my wife's face preparations
& I did tell the time had come.
~~my bags were to go into the trunk~~ my bags were locked into the trunk.
There was a man in the back seat.
She drove.

From my wife's face
I could tell
the time had come.
She drove.

for The Home for the Aged.
On the way an old friend
joined us, but who, & didn't know couldn't make out

I picked up an old friend but who & didn't know & can't remember say.
Is that possible?" Going along just to keep you company
he said.
slightly uneasy - trying to look casual

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning,

and the time had come
to take me
to The Home For The Aged.

My poor wife, her eyes
were set
on where she was not,
her jaws clenched.
Unusually quiet
and downcast.

I could not help her.
I was strapped in.
She drove.

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning,

and the time had come
to take me
to The Home For The Aged.

How unnaturally quiet the house had become.
and downcast my poor wife was.

Jaws clenched,
she was unusually quiet
and downcast.

How unnatural the house had become, my poor wife ~~speechless~~ quiet and downcast, ~~wordless~~ & help her? ~~downcast~~ eyes set on where she was not, jaws clenched

How unnatural the house
had become, My poor wife / the dance, & had never seen
~~speechless~~ ~~quiet and downcast~~ ~~my poor wife downcast~~
downcast, ~~speechless~~. & left it
and
How unnatural the house
had become! I had never seen
my poor wife so downcast

~~She was almost mute~~
and quiet,
Her eyes ~~were~~ set
on where I was not,
her jaw clenched.
& did not help her.

my poor wife ~~so~~ speechless
(or) so downcast.
& quiet.

& had never seen
my poor wife so downcast
almost mute

& left
and stopped myself
& was strapped in.

She drove.

Genesis / First there was biblical-like
In the biblical / vapors / darkness
light appeared / then light
and it was morning
and in the morning time
out I saw in my wife's face that the
had come to take me to The Home for the Aged - Her eyes
were set & was strapped in. She drove / on the way /
remotely her jaw clenched / into obscure somewhat
a familiar figure / joined us & greeted me
as if he knew me well, like an old friend
& were an old acquaintance
casually
an old figure
strangely evocative
squeezed at
This obscure
the casual air manner
by plan
concealed a plan
gained
did not deceive me

In the biblical vapors
light appeared
and it was morning
unusually quiet
My wife's face was downcast / sad
and
Excelsior in my wife's face
that my wife
was unusually quiet
I saw in that face
& saw that the time had come
downcast
to take me
to The Home for the Aged.
Her eyes were set, looking straight ahead
on where she was not
to where she was not,
her jaw clenched,
yet she was downcast.
& was strapped in.
She drove.

From my wife's face I could tell
the time had come (for) The Home For the Aged
~~I was buckled in.~~ and I went
She drove.
On the way
an old friend
joined us.
I knew the face
but not the name
nor why he was there.
Nevertheless, I
greeted him politely,
saying nothing.

From my wife's face
I could tell
the time had come
to go into
The Home For The Aged
and I went.
She drove.

From my wife's face
I could tell
the time had come
for The Home
For The Aged.
She drove. On the way
an old friend
joined us, but who
I couldn't say
but the face
was indistinct

Associated with me
somehow in the past
Smiled too much.

I knew the face
but not the name
nor the reason/for his smile.
nor why he was smiling
nor why the smile.
Nevertheless I
greeted him politely,
saying nothing.

Nor the reason
for his smile.
Nevertheless, I
greeted him politely,
saying nothing.

She drove.
On the way
an old friend
joined us.
but who,
I couldn't say.
To keep me
company, he said.

I knew the face
but not the name
or the connection.
(From his smile intending
(Careful to put me at my ease
his smile intending
to put me
at my ease

I greeted him politely
saying nothing.

THE POET'S TALE

I myself have never written
about the anguish of death,
for I write only from experience,
and now that I have Altzheimer's Disease,
the only serious subject
as in a mortuary is morality
and I weep.

There was never any mystery
about my character
or working principles.
Already far into the disease
I said to a young poet,
"I don't know if you
have anything to say
but first let's find out
if you really have
a poetic impulse."
The curious
pertinacity of character.

for I write
only from experience
and now that I
have Altzheimer's Dise
The only serious subject,
as in a mortuary, is mortality....
and I weep.

Already into the disease
I said to a young poet,
"I don't know if you have
anything to say
but first let's find out
if you have
a poetic impulse."
The curious
pertinacity of character!

THE POET'S TALE

I myself have never written about the anguish
of death, for I write only from experience,
and now that I have Altzheimer's Disease
the only serious subject, as in a mortuary,
is mortality. . .and I weep.

There was never any mystery
about my character or working principles.
Already far into the disease,
I said to a young poet, "I don't know
if you have anything to say
but first let's find out if you
really have a poetic impulse."
The curious pertinacity of character!

THE POET'S TALE

Try triads

I myself have never written
about the anguish of death
for I write
only from experience
and now that I
have Altzheimer's Disease
the only serious subject
as in a mortuary
is mortality,

has > mortality

And I weep!

There was ~~never~~ any mystery
about my character
or working principles.
Already into the disease
I said to a young poet,
"I don't know
if you have
anything to say
but first
let's find out
if you have
a poetic impulse."

"I don't know
if you have any-
thing to say
but first
let's find out
if you have
a poetic impulse."

The curious
pertinacity
of character!

The curious
pertinacity
of character!

The morning
my wife drove me
to THE HOME
FOR THE AGED
there was an old man
in the back seat.
(He) smiled
as if he knew me.

a close associate
a familiar/an attendant spirit
a familiar
a familiar yet obscure figure.
had been associated with me

& edit place from

& thought I'd go
along to keep
you company

What country is this?
Of old words.
(The old country.
Ding! Dong!!
Old God.

Old all.
Steorfan.

Refrain: The heart's in a ballad.
Old ballad.
The heart's old.
The words old.

Old ballad.
The words old.
The word's old.

Refrain: (the heart's in a ballad).

First Refrain (the heat's in a ballad)

Old ballad.
The words old. The heart's old.
~~The word's old.~~ omit

What country is this?
Of old words.
Country.
Ding! Dong!
Old God.

Old all.
Steorfan.

Carl Rakosi

Metaphor is as common as weeds in everyday talk. I notice that people reach for one the moment they are stuck for perception or words. Apparently an ancient invention enabling men to say what they mean when they don't know exactly what that is or how to say it.

But they are an enemy to the simple state in which all mental points have to be made. Hence, in realistic poems they are extra baggage and a distraction.

Might for the metaphor? Why not? But metaphor to swell a poet? That's a canker that no amount of talent will cure, for in doing that the poet himself reveals irreversibly a small spirit, and draws attention away from the poem to his ego needs and to the question of integrity.

The amount of subject matter that a poet is willing to sacrifice or compromise for metaphor depends on his individual psychology. If he is turned primarily inward, he will head towards Euphues. There is nothing to restrain him. If his character, on the other hand, is grounded in the outer world, he will keep his head against the charisma of metaphor and will not settle for charisma alone.

But isn't it grand that he can have both the earth and metaphor?

A new obstacle course faces the young poet today: a mindless proliferation of writing.

The reader's natural skepticism towards larger than life abstractions is easily washed out. All it takes is a bit of fame in a writer.

No response.
The heart's in a ballad,
the giber's crucified.

Ambiguous reader,
have I obscured you
with
by my own integrity?
Should I have been
more devious?
more intellectual?

Doppelganger just stood there,
looking, in my light, eternal.
He is my adversary!

Doppelganger looked sad.
"Adieu," he muttered and left.

Old country ballad.
Old words.

Refrain First Refrain

Country.
Ding! Dong!
Old God.

Old all.
Steorfan.

Had I been too honest? too lyrical? (no answer from Doppelganger.)
Doppelganger only looked sad.
Adieu, eternal adversary.
ambiguous reader
~~lost to~~ obscured my own integrity.

Eternal adversary, adieu
and you, ~~lost~~ obscured by my own integrity.
ambiguous reader

Sad. I have been more like you,

Ambiguous reader, have I obscured you
by my own integrity?

Had I been too honest? too lyrical?
Doppelganger only looked sad.
Adieu, eternal adversary.

And you, ambiguous reader,
have I obscured you
by my own integrity?

Had I been too honest? too lyrical?
"Adieu," muttered Doppelganger sadly,
and left. Eternal adversary!

Ambiguous reader,
have I obscured you
by my own integrity?
~~Have I been too lyrical?~~

sad. I have been more devious? more intellectual?

Doppelganger looked sad.
"Adieu," he muttered and left.

~~That~~ maybe you ~~expected more~~
Dop just stands there, ~~waiting~~
(and a suspicion crosses my mind
~~that~~) he is my ~~eternal~~ secret adversary,
the eternal Adversary.

happenings are not a commentary on the world. Given the ominous black figure Baskin started with, and the language in which Hughes followed suit, the language of Indian tribal poetry, the events develop the way they must, irreducible and total, as befits the language and an engraving, a form in which ferocity is not out of place.

If you allow Crow a non-graphic existence, you must take his brutal consciousness too, ostensibly man's archetype. I am not willing to take that, but when I see the bloody battering meted out in the poem, Crow no less savage and unyielding than Providence, and all locked in everlasting nullity, it is enough to touch my pineal gland.

There is an early poem, TO, by Williams about a boy and a ball, nothing else. Yet they are enduring and true, not only because the reality is already art.....all the poet had to do was recognize it.....but also because the boy is anonymous, and the scene, despite the bouncing ball, is stationary. We are in Williams' painterly eye which sees that there is always a boy and a ball.

What could "poetry" add to that? We are already in an enchanting world where simple is synonymous with universal.

How strange that even weak verbs and monotonous syntax can sometimes contribute to a poem's gravity. From which springs a new metaphor, as grave as the dull.

Distortion and ambiguity may be on the way to insight but if they don't get there, they only add to the pollution already obscuring the hardy prose timbre of the language.

Carl Rakosi

Old words. ~~old.~~

~~Old~~ Country ballad.

~~from the country:~~
Ding Dong!

Old Rod.
Old all.
Storfar.

The Ending

"And if I had known
I was going to live to 97?"
"I wd. have took better care of myself

on my headstone/

But I was prepared.
I had written on my headstone/ with the words written on my headstone

If

I took el this in my usual way.
"Lord, I sd, if I had known" / "If I had known,"
"that I was I sd.
I wd. —
Wit on the cross.

The jiber on the crucifix
the heart in a ballad

old wit.
On the cross,
when my heart
was in a ballad

The heat's in a ballad
while the jiber's on the crucifix.

The heart's in a ballad;
the jiber's crucified —
jiber's on the crucifix.
giber's
gibes

whom was I giving?

the gibes on my headstone

No response.
It was back to me,
Ok,

I was back on a crucifix

Carl Rakosi

[redacted]

"The clock strikes:
these are the steps of our departure."

This two-liner by Reznikoff flushes out the basic feel of the human condition, yet how few bother to notice a poem so short or perceive its sufficiency.

Is honor too much to expect for such quintessence? Must it always go to "epics" whose inscrutability dazzles critics? Well, if it must, then surely love is due, the natural cohabitant of quintessence, love from those who can still hear the lyrical impulse when it appears, brief and erratic, and want to be close to moments of experience, moments of sudden insight. That the very short poem is disregarded is, in fact, a symptom that we have lost touch with the intuitive life, from which the poetic impulse itself springs.

But the battle is not over!

Understatement is no more virtuous than overstatement. It should be left to the banker. He has to be conservative.

As soon as a book is published, the curtain goes up and a total stranger, the literary critic, acting like the master of ceremonies, strides out on the stage and announces, "All right, genius, step aside and let the intellectuals take over now." There seem to be no other stage directions.

The book now has passed into another phase. Men are busy making a place for it in the culture, writing history from it, mistaking the writer's style as a response to social forces or a stratagem for moving the art of writing ahead. The writer himself is merely a chess piece in this "justification."

Ambiguous reader,
have I obscured you
by my own integrity?
Should I have been
more devious?
more intellectual?

Doppelganger just ~~stands~~ stood there.
~~He~~ is my secret adversary!
~~eternally mine~~.

in this light looking eternal.
my eternal one
looking, in ~~this~~ my light, eternal.

Doppelganger looked sad.
"Adieu," he muttered and left.

~~XXXXXXXXXXX~~

No response.
The heart's in a ballad,
the giber's crucified.

Old words.
old Country ballad.

Country.
Ding! Dong!
Old God.

Old all.
Steorfan.

[redacted]

The approach to sex via the personality and retrospection: D.H.Lawrence's serpentine fixation.....Hemingway's sentimental evasion.....Erskine Caldwell's re-run of adolescence and the early libido.

But it won't do. That old mule, sex, won't be pulled into the mind.

We must credit Hemingway with reducing conversation to a line drawing and still have it measure a point, repeated until the underlying ground lies exposed. The moment understatement appears, however, it draws attention away from that to the making of a self-portrait with "balls", and to the smug face of artifact.

And all because in the old stereotype the strong man is a man of few words.

Good yarns have the same base as humor: the identification of language with manner of living; folk talk, physical in every sense. So palpable is this identification that I was twice stopped in my reading of Caldwell by the feeling that I had heard these yarns before in Texas.

The terms exacted by the metaphysical mode in poetry: your soul for an epigram!

The way to keep from going off the deep end with CROW is to keep in mind that the idea for it came from the black brain of Leonard Baskin, that demotic artist of birds of prey, and that Hughes' poem is the text to Baskin's engravings and not the other way around. In other words, its rapacious

Strofas

I myself
have ~~never~~ dealt
with the anguish
of death

I myself have never dealt ~~with~~
~~with~~ the anguish of death
for I ~~wrote~~ only from exp.
and now that it is here I weep
~~that~~ I cannot find my way to it.
I know that the only serious
subject is mortality
and weep
~~and weeps~~ that it ~~is so~~
there is no other way

I myself have never dealt
with the anguish of death
for I write only from experience
and now that it is here ← that I have Altzheimer's
I know that the only serious
subject is mortality
and I weep
that there is no other.

poetry must end

pain at
poetry
about which we
get Altzheimer's
end of poetry
that it ends poetry
poetry must end.

There was never any mystery
about my character or working
principles
Already far into Altzheimer's,
& sd. to a young poet, "I don't know
if you have anything to say
but if you have a poetic impulse.

old country ballad

God,

"if I had known
I was going
to live to 97

I would have
took better
care of myself."

Old word,
God.
Old ballad.

Country:
← Ding! Dong!
Old all.
God
Old ~~all~~.

and storefan (the root)

Old word,

God.

Old ballad.

Country,

Ding!

Dong!

Old all.

Country:

Ding! Dong!

Old all.

Old all.

~~God~~!

The Word.

God.!

Old all.

Country:

Ding! Dong!

Old all.

old country ballad

God,

"if I had known
I was going
to live to 97

I would have
took better
care of myself."

~~God,~~

The Word...
God,

Was...
Dong!

Beginning...

In the...

Ding!
Dong!

old
~~The~~ Word...
~~God,~~

Was...
~~Dong!~~

Beginning...

~~In~~ the...
~~God,~~

Ding!
Dong!

God.(?)

old word,
God.

Old ballad
country
old all,
Ding!
Dong!

Dong!

the Word...

Dong!

Was...

Dong!

Beginning...

~~Dong!~~

Dong!

in the..."

Ding!

Dong!

God,

The Word... ~~Dong!~~ God

The Word...

Was...

Dong!

Beginning..

(Dong! - Ding!) ?

In the...

Ding!

Dong!

"the Word."

Dong!

""Was"

old country ballad

"God,

if I had known
I was going
to live to 97

I would have
took better
care of myself."

Dong!
"the Word...
Dong!
"Was...
Dong!
"Beginning..
Dong!
"in the..."

Ding!
Dong!

Dong!
"the Word...
Dong!
"Was...
Dong!
"Beginning...
Dong!
"in the ..."

Ding!
Dong!

~~IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE~~ WORD

old country ballad

God,

if I had known
I was going
to live to 97

I would have
took better
care of myself."

Dong!...."the Word....
Ding!.... Beginning (was)...
Dong!.... in the"....Dong!

Dong!

Dong!
"the Word.....
beginning (~~was~~.....
Dong!
in the....."
~~Dong~~!
Dong!

Dong! Ding! Dong!

Dong!

Dong!
"the Word...
Dong!
"was.....
Dong!
"beginning..
Dong!
"in the..."

Ding!
Dong!

OLD COUNTRY (HELLCAT)

"In the beginning was The Word."

"Hell,

if I had known
I was going
to live to 97

I would have
(taken) better
care of myself."

In the begenning was the Word

God,

if I had known

Old Country Boy Hellcat ~~Old~~ Hellcat

THE FINAL WORD or simply THE WORD OLD COUNTRY BOY

OLD COUNTRY HELLCAT

"Hell,
if I had known
I was going
to live to 97

I would have
taken better care
of myself."

Hell,
if I had known
I was going
to live

to 97
Iwwould have ~~taken~~
taken better care
of myself.

~~XXXXXX~~ to 97, I
would have taken
better care
of myself.

THE WORD AT XX 97

"In the beginning was the Word."

Hell,
if
I
had
known
I
was
going
to
live
this
long
I
would
have
taken
better
care
of
myself.

Hell,
if
I had
known

Hell,
if
I
had
known
I
was
going
to
live
this
long

Hell, if I had known
I was going to live
this long,
I would have taken better care
of myself.
Hell, if I had known
I was going to live this long,
I would have taken
better care of myself.

Hell, if I had known
I was going
to live this long,
I would have
taken better care
of myself.

Hell,
if
I
had
known
I
was
going
to
live
this
long

Hell,
if
I
had
known
I
was
going
to
live
this
long

I
have would

"In the beginning was the Word"

Hell,
if I
had known
I
was going
to live
this long,
I would
have taken
better care
of myself.

Hell,
if I
had known
I
was going
to live
this long,
I would
have taken
better care
of myself.

Hell
if I

THE WORD AT 107

"In the beginning was the Word."

Hell,
if I
had known
I
was going
to live
this long
I would
have taken
better
care
of myself.

Hell,
if
I
had known
I
was going
to live

Hell,
if
I
had
known
I
was
going
to
live
this
long,
I
would
have
taken
better
care
of

THE WORD AT 108

MODULES

Watching
old frog.
Plophh!
There goes
old Basho
himself,
jumping,
balls
and all,
into
the pond again.

How dee.
Must be
Spring,

and great
to be
in a small
mode!

Stradivari
mixing
varnish
with
the beetle's
chitin.
To con-
solidate
and keep
the woodsound wood—
natural? sound natural?

And Sugano,
first
in audio,
carving

solid
briar root
from where
the physical
properties
enter
the superlative
cartridge,
soundlessly
as a mystique
in Orfeo's
perfect
system
as a great
trembling
of air
into music
for a techno-
logical
passage
on a stylus
from the earth
to black art.

solid
briar root
from
where the
physical
properties
enter
superlative
cartridge,
soundlessly
as a mystique
in Orfeo's
perfect
system

solid
briar root
from
where the
physical
properties
enter
the super-
lative
cartridge
sound-
lessly as
a mystique
in Orfeo's
perfect
system
as a great
trembling
of air
into music
for a techno-
logical
passage
on a stylus
from the
earth
to black art.

WATCHING OLD FROG

Plopkh!

old Basho,

Modules

From WATCHING OLD FROG

Images

Trembling of Air / Air Trembling

Ideals

Advances

Ideal for Music

Modes

Modules

put this into body of poem

Plophh!

There goes

old Basho, himself jumping,

balls

and all,

into

the pond again.

How dee.

Must be

Spring

and great

to be

in a small

mode!

Stradivari

varnish mixing

beetles

chitin

carapace

pronounced Keitin

chitinous

beetle's born / covering

the beetle's chitin

into

his varnish,

To consolidate + Keep the woodsound natural?

to make

the woodsound

steady?

And Sugano,

old gambler,

Just in audio

primary craftsman

carving

a mystique

out of a

(a solid)

briar root

ideal

carving solid the ideal

briar root into a mystique

whose physical properties are ideal

ideal for physical properties

whose physical properties enter Orfeo's ideal professional audio cartridge, technological electronic via audio cartridge from the earth passage to black art.

from where the physical properties enter Orfeo's audio cartridge in the tone arm subtly as a nuptiqué so soundlessly as a nuptiqué

ideal for music

providing transmitting electronic a prof. passage

technological

Orfeo's perfect system as soundlessly as a nuptiqué for a technological passage via on a stylus via the stylus of an audio cartridge

logical

trembling of music

cartridge animating the stylus

animate the cartridge

for a great trembling of air into music

ending for a techno- logical passage on a stylus from the earth to black art.

trembling of air with music

whose? from where the physical properties enter as a great trembling of air

soundlessly as a nuptiqué in Orfeo's perfect system for a techno- logical

inject inhabit enter the a superior cartridge

this superlative

(or) air trembling into music

WATCHING OLD FROG

Plophh!
There goes
old Basho,
jumping,
balls
and all,
into
the pond again.

How dee,
Must be
Spring.

~~How~~ and great to be ~~being~~
in a small
mode!

Stradivari
mixing
beetle
carapace
into
his varnish, Omit ¶. comma? for extra body
~~to make~~ steady? the woodsound
And Sugano,
old gambler,
carving
a mystique
out of
solid →
briar root

v ~~to keep~~ make steady the woodsound
to keep the ~~rich~~ woodsound steady from vibrating
to release the mid-range?
to sober its song the sound?
~~to steady~~ improve
to tighten the sound? (to the sound)

to be

Orfeo's

professional

cartridge,

electronic

passage

from the earth

to black art.

WATCHING OLD FROG

Plophh!
There goes
old Basho,
jumping,
balls
and all,
into
the pond
again.

How deep, P. C.
Must be
Spring.

How great,
being
in a small
mode!

Stradivari
mixing
beetle
carapace
into
his varnish,

And Sugano,
old gambler,
~~pro,~~
carving
a mystique
out of
solid
briar root
to be
Orfeo's
cartridge
professional

¶ (~~for an~~ electronic
passage
from the earth
to black art.

WATCHING OLD FROG

Plophh!
There goes
old Basho,
jumping,
balls
and all,
into
the pond
again.

How dee!
Must be
Spring,
~~again~~. already. afresh anew fever attack

How great,
being
in a small
mode.....

Stradivari
mixing
beetle
← carapace
into
his ~~violin~~ varnish
~~varnish~~

Sugano
Once a
professional
gambler,

And Sugano,
~~that~~ ~~a professional~~ old pro,
gambler,
carving
a mystique
out of
solid
briar root
to be
~~calliope's~~ ~~a phonof~~ Orfeo's
cartridge, electronic
~~for music~~

WATCHING OLD FROG

Plophh!
There goes
old Basho,
jumping,
balls
and all,
into
the pond
again.

How dee!
Must be
Spring again.

How great,
to be being
in a small ~~xxxx~~
mode.

like Stradivari
mixing
beetle carapace
into
~~his~~ violin
varnish

or Sugano, once a
a former
professional
gambler,
carving
a mystique
out of solid
briar root
to be
a phono-cartridge,
~~cuttin~~g
cutting
a passage—
way from the earth
to black art.

(~~cutting~~ 1 2)
for ? ~~a~~ electronic
~~medium~~? ~~conductor~~ passage
from the earth
to black art.

WATCHING OLD FROG

Plophh!
There goes
old Basho,
jumping,
balls and all,
into the pond
again.
How
do you do?

A small mode.

What d'ya expect?
Pring Spring?
Spring
itself?

balls
and all
into
the pond
again.

How
do
you
do?

How
feeling great
to be in a small mode

A daily
exercise
in a small
mode. de rigueur

forever
of a professional gambler
carving a mystique
out of old briar root
(black art)
in the shape
to be a pipe-cartridge
the final esoteric
How esoteric!
the esoteric ending
de rigueur finally

as the music from
a
(as) esoteric
carapace
in Stradivari's
violin varnish
life Stradivari
carapace
varnish

as the beetle
lit the music
mixing beetle
into his violin

WATCHING OLD FROG

Plop!
Old Basho's
jumped again.
Into the pond.

Old connection.

Into the pond
of old
connection.

WATCHING OLD FROG

Plop! lyb!
Old Basho's
jumped again.
balls & all
Into the pond
of old
bonds
connections

There goes old Basho
old Balls
spring exercises
in a small mode
earth — exotic cartridge
frosty
mental pond
mental spring —
feeling great
good
about Spring
Come again, Spring.

Plophhh!

There goes

old Basho, (balls + all)

through his spring exercises

in a small mode

always spring

old + frisky

frisky as hell,

making his morning competition

annual ~~round the~~

to earth

making an electrical

his daily

daily revival

pick-up

for his daily charge

from earth

how-do-you-do?

howdoyoudo?

Plophhh!

There goes

old Basho, jumping,

balls + all

into the pond

again!

~~how do~~ How

do you do? ~~you do~~?

A small mode

always spring

what do you expect?

d'you

spring itself?

Basho ism

An old pond

Basho jumps in

Plop!

an old frog

old Frog

old pond

old Basho

jumps in

Plop!

Plop!

jumped (in?)

Watching old Frog

jump

old Boy Connection

Plop!

old Basho's

jumped

into the old pond

again

Watching old frog

Plop!

old Basho's

jumped.

into the pond

again.

old

old connection.

old boy.

MODULES

Watching
old frog.
Plophh!
There goes
old Basho
himself,
~~xxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxxxx~~
jumping,
balls
and all,
into ~~xxx~~
the pond
again.

How dee.
Must be
Spring.

And great
to be
in a small
mode!

Stradivari
mixing
varnish
with
the beetle's
chitin.
To con-
solidate
and keep
the wood-
sound
natural?

And Sugano,
first
in audio,
carving
solid
briar root,
from where
the physical
properties
enter
the superlative
cartridge
soundlessly
as a mystique
in Orfeo's
perfect system.
After which
a great
trembling
of air
into music
for a techno-
logical
passage
on a stylus
from the earth
to black art.

A meditation poem

The Experience of it feels infinite.

Why should it cease?

Or time? or poetry?

Therein lies

Yet it ends.

a strange power.

Meditation

no larger than a drop of blood

Every The smallest instant

feels infinite

Therein lies yet it end

of poetry the strange power

me leaves me hanging

MEDITATION

What
sits self-
conscious
in the intellect
and longs
for greatness?

Nay, the soul wants
only a gentle planet.

What
sits self-
conscious in the intellect
and longs
for greatness?
Nay, the soul wants
only a gentle planet.

What
sits self-
conscious
in the intellect
and longs
to shine, as empyrean
cock?

Nay,
the soul wants
only a gentle planet.

and longs

4

~~to be acknowledged as empyrean~~
idol
in the empyrean.

to be | first cock
master cock
the empyrean | to be Zeus
~~to be the Zeus cock.~~

the empyrean cock
cock of the empyrean
and longs

empyrean to be
cock

and longs
cock? to shine as empyrean
as a super-

What
sits self-
conscious
as empyrean
cock
in the intellect?
and longs to shine?

and longs
to shine down
from the empyrean?
surpass
~~but is this all that remains?~~

and longs to shine
an empyrean?

If it be destiny that you sit, ego
Sit then, wherever you are, embarrassed/ number one
self-consciously in my intellect & stew for greatness
you will always sit
self-conscious
You'll never get out, leave the low profile
& protest that decency to maintain a & not embarrass
my soul wants only a gentle planet me
~~not to~~ moderately
to sigh more softly
for greatness

If you must sit, ego,
always in the dead center,
and fix hard
with your eye ~~fixed~~ on greatness, fix a hard, immovable
& pay a little attention eye on greatness

eyes fixed immovably
on greatness

Do not embarrass me, ego,

Meditation

Whatever my good fortune
the grave, as Jean Rouse
in the voyage
cried: If it were only this
it wd. not have been worthwhile.
But that the matter has in misfortune
(neither fortune nor misfortune
there is something
in my own nature
older than fortune
or misfortune
(in which I
and
comes forward)

Meditation

What is it, self-
conscious intellect,
~~not the soul~~, want and longs for greatness?
The soul wants
only a gentle planet,

Is that you
~~frozen~~ hiding in the intellect
afraid of its longing
immobilized
honored

armor
in a case of will

What sits
so high unapproachable,
in the intellect, behind a
self-conscious, it can not be fulfilled
unsatisfied? will " " satisfied

What sits
in the soul unsatisfied,
Encased
in will)

~~crap~~

Is that you ~~Encased in will~~
~~in case of will~~

slightly embarrassed at its greed
self-conscious

But is this all that remains?

AMERICANA 15

The Revolutionary farmer must have been like this,
as sparing with an adjective as a short-haired dog,
and married to his wife so long they both had
factual blue eyes
and an open freckled face
neither liberal nor conservative.

You'd think he couldn't paint the side of a barn,
but that was strictly Iowa,
sitting ~~with his cronies~~ in a country store, like
~~his legs up on the stove,~~
with cronies and an open bottle
or out on Sunday morning
on the playing field with George and Homer.
On the ground beside him
are his three favorite balls.
The sun is shining.
He picks one up and holds it for a moment
and looks out over the bowling green
and as he gets the bead and reaches back to throw,
a voice inside no larger
than a lizard's head asks,
Am I slipping?

A
And the circulating booze asks,
What about the Green Bay Packers?
What about the Green Bay Packers?

AMERICANA 15

If you listened to that folksy son of a gun,
you'd think he couldn't paint the side of a barn,
but that was strictly Iowa, like when he asked,
"It says here you're an Objectivist.
Is that supposed to be good or bad?"

The Revolutionary farmer must have been like this,
as sparing with an adjective as a short-haired dog,
and married to his wife so long they both had
factual blue eyes
and an open freckled face
neither liberal nor conservative.

You knew you could drop in on him any time,
and it didn't make one damn bit of difference
that he ran a man-sized organization
and could write as clean an English as a pro,
the only way you could imagine him
was sitting with his cronies in a country store,
his legs up on the stove,
an open bottle,
and all the time in the world,
she keeping up with him like an experienced jogger.

Or at professional conventions in hotel rooms
with colleagues as familiar as an old door.

"Are you having the same problems I am?"

And a voice inside no larger
than a lizard's head asks
"Am I slipping?"
and the circulating booze says no.

"And what about The Green Bay Packers?
What are they going to do this year?"

And how shall we go?
In a hotel room
like the Chairman of the Conference?

"It's Sunday morning.
I'm out as usual on the playing field
with George and Homer. On the ground
beside me are my three favorite balls.
The sun is shining.
I pick one up and hold it for a moment
and look out over the bowling green
and as I get the bead and reach back to throw
I fall gently on my side
down gently.
That's it!"

He was smiling from his hideaway.
We're speechless,
we're not smiling.

We thought he might go while playing poker.
He would reach down to get the bottle
of Old Crow on the floor
and just stay down
and we wouldn't know
whether it was because he had to go
into extended consultation
with himself to figure out his hand
or had passed out for good.

But I'm not writing any epitaphs for you
yet, friend,
there's too much honey there,
so fill the glass
and guard the speech.

Carl Rakosi

Early draft of my piece in Collected Prose !

MARGERY LATIMER

I met Margery Latimer sometime in [redacted] 1922 [redacted] at the University of Wisconsin. I was then 18 and had just transferred from the University of Chicago. She was a few years older. It was Leon Serabian (he took the surname Herald later) who brought us together, ~~I think~~. Leon was an Armenian whose parents had been killed in the Turkish massacres. He had been brought up by an uncle in Cairo and had come to the States on his own at the age of what he thought was 20. He could only guess [redacted] because the vital statistics about Armenians had been destroyed during the massacres. By the time I met him, he had learned to speak a faultless English.

~~Despite his early experiences, he had~~ with a sunny, open disposition, ~~and~~ was a gentle friend, ~~without guile~~ (~~but~~ not without peasant cunning), ~~with~~ black hair and dark, piercing eyes and the dark, earthy, weather-beaten face of a peasant who has worked all his life ~~outdoors~~ in the fields. He was self-educated. All he wanted out of life was to be able to write paeans of lovely, exotic metaphors to beautiful women. For this he was willing to live in a single room on vegetables, nuts and honey for the rest of his life if only he didn't have to waste precious time working at some deadening job to support himself, but his lack of formal education or manual skills was always forcing him into [redacted] dishwasher/busboy kinds of work. This was his other life. He was embarrassed by it and chafed at the waste of time but he was not really fazed. After all, the real he was writing poetry, which to him was the pinnacle of human achievement, a view not uncommon in the countries of the Middle East, ~~but hard even to imagine here~~. And something good was bound to come up, he felt, in this country of unpredictable opportunities. It never came, except for Madison, and we knew even then, Margery, Kenneth Fearing and I, that it would not. ~~His terribly bleak prospects and~~ the fact that he had no one in the world to depend on but himself, while we were still on allowances from our parents, weighed heavily on us and made us treat him with special tenderness and consideration, knowing that under the circumstances he would have to scurry around and keep a sharp eye ~~out~~ for ~~possible~~ patrons all his life.

By the time I got to Madison, Leon was already established there on a Zona Gale (Creative) Fellowship. How we found each other, I don't remember, but we formed an immediate bond, ~~as strong as if we had known each other all our lives~~. ~~One day he~~ told me about Margery, saying that I'd like her.

She was the other Zona Gale fellow on campus. The idea behind these fellowships was to give talented young writers the time and [redacted] intellectual stimulus to develop their potentialities. [redacted]. Since neither Margery nor Leon at that time had intellectual interests [redacted] outside literature, there was no class other than one in writing with William Ellery Leonard, a poet as well known then as Carl Sandburg, which they bothered with. The three of us formed a deep inner circle which was to last for many years. Kenneth joined the circle later, but on a somewhat more superficial level.

Before I turn to Margery I must describe Kenneth and myself, as I was then, so that you can see the kind of characters Margery was drawn to (and I can re-experience the nature of this circle). Kenneth, you might say, was the first hippie (type) in Madison, which was then a very clean, very respectable small town of one-family homes with well-kept lawns. The University had only 10,000 students [redacted], mostly from farms and small towns within the state, blond young Babbitts of North European stock, healthy athletic types, their hair cropped short, interested in football and the social life of sororities and fraternities. So far as we could see, they were devoid of an inner life or of any social idealism, perhaps because they had not yet become aware of problems in society. This gave them an appearance of [redacted] stone-wall smugness, hard to imagine these days (although Nancy Reagan comes pretty close to it), and maddening to have to live next to, [redacted] (we could never have [redacted] lived in it, even if we had wanted to: we were outsiders).

There was of course, a core of students wiht serious intellectual and [redacted] career interests, but they came mostly from big cities (like New York and Chicago) and they tended to be Jewish and hence something of an oddity, and there was not enough of them to set the tone on campus. Furthermore, they were not interested in literature either and did not, therefore, impinge on our circle.

Kenneth, unlike the three of us, was not disturbed by this atmosphere, partly because during his growing-up he had not let himself become involved enough in his environment to form a bond to it and was not, therefore, going through the feelings of outrage and alienation which go with trying to break out of one's living environment. So to our wonderment, he seldom gave it a thought, and when he did, he was just amused and went his own way, letting his hair grow long and his dirty laundry pile up to the ceiling in a corner of his room. He was already a heavy drinker and did his writing at night, with a bottle at his side, and slept all morning, skipping classes [redacted], a very bold [redacted] behavior in those days. His manner was as

independent, [redacted] self-assured, uninvolved and unflappable as a young lords (lots of things could have been said about Margery, Leon and me but never that we were "independent, self-assured, uninvolved and unflappable") and he had a delightful wit, sarcastic and cruel at times, all traits quite unusual for a young undergraduate then, and much admired, even by the fraternity Babbitts, who endowed him with the special distinction that went with their idea of a gifted eccentric.

To his friends Kenneth was loyal and generous. Under his sharp wit was something playful and quite warm and vulnerable which drew us to him. He was always the amused observer, chuckling at whatever came his way. I can hear his low, gravelly voice, like Humphrey Bogart's, and see again as I write, his thin, loose-jointed frame, the tiny, short-sighted eyes behind very thick glasses, and the familiar [redacted] quizzical, amused look on his face, the limp black hair falling low over his forehead, almost covering one eye. I, and I think Leon too, was slightly in awe of [redacted] his extraordinary ear and fluency in strong idiomatic prose. His relationship to women, however, was to [redacted] astonishing, almost inconceivable. He had very little interest in them but despite this (I think now it may have been partly because of it), women with artistic interests were very much interested in him and made obvious advances, which he ignored. The poetry he was writing then was highly romantic but it was evident [redacted] he was just following a literary model, for there was nothing even remotely resembling romantic aspirations in his nature.

As for me, in 1923 I [redacted] wrote this about myself to the editor of PALMS, an early "little magazine" published in Mexico: "I was born in Berlin, Germany, 1903. Lived in southern Hungary, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin. Had short jobs in factories, stores, farms, telephone and electric companies, etc. Studied at the University of Chicago (1920-1921), a puppy without company. Studied at the University of Wisconsin (1921-?) where even my few friends held me for an immoral, obscure boob. Associate editor of the Wisconsin Lite rary Magazine for one month! I am sure sex chose me for destruction; that my trop-semitic-savoir will defeat itself in the way a poetic technique, too conscious of its facture, defeats itself. Since 1920 I have tried to fend off oblivion, and the domination of trifles and quasi-poets by a life of exact ritual. Nothing can convince me that my passive attention will not sometimes surprise depth and novelty; nothing but a feeling of non-existence, a humour of calculation. Yet can these defining words frame anything but the words,

Carl Rakosi?"

The poem that best expresses what I was experiencing during this time of my life and what I ~~must~~ may have been like, ~~is an~~ early one entitled ORPHEAN LOST:

"The oakboughs of the cottagers
descend, my lover,
with the bestial evening.
The shadows of their swelled trunks
crush the frugal herb.
The heights lag
and perish in a blue vacuum.

And I, my lover,
skirt the cottages,
the eternal hearths and gloom
to animate the ideal
with internal passion."

Behind [redacted] this were overwhelming feelings of insecurity and alienation, an obsession about death [redacted]. I was sure I was not long for this world, that TB would do me in, [redacted] and a sense of boundless depths and longings [redacted] that simply could not be put into words, and had, in fact, very little resemblance to words about them. All of which touched a deep chord in Margery.

As you know, she came from Portage, Wisconsin, a small town of about 30,000, not far from Madison but as God-awful a place to her as Gopher Praire. Her family was of very old American stock, her father's line going back to [redacted] the great Bishop Hugh Latimer, to whom the Encyclopedia Brittanica devotes almost a page. She described her father as a more or less typical business man with a business man's sense of values. Although she had no use for those values, it was not her father that she rebelled against, it was her mother, who seems to have been a strong-minded, down-to-earth, sensible woman. A decade later, Louis Zukofsky, then a teaching assistant at the University, visited the family at my suggestion. He reported this conversation: Margery, staring glumly into her cup of coffee, in a complaining voice, "Mother, this coffee looks like mud." Mrs. Latimer, as if accustomed to this kind of complaining, stopped only for a moment to reply, "Well, stir the mud and drink it," and immediately went on to finish what she was saying. Margery didn't win that one and I suspect never did win one with her mother. Zukofsky was slightly amused by the exchange and rather impressed by the mother, who reminded him of a character out of Tolstoy, [redacted] she was that [redacted].

I mention this because this kind of thing impresses a minor point but it was no part of her ego.

formidable.

Margery was [redacted] by that time in her thirties and I was struck by her child-like petulance in the presence of her mother, for she had none of that in her relationship to us or to anyone else outside her home. It was as if in that one relationship she had gotten stuck and had not been able to move a step in her own mind from what she had been as a child. This of course left her deeply dissatisfied. It seemed to her that her mother's behavior had done something damaging but it was not clear what that was. There were no significant grievances, only little things, and Margery was never hostile or vindictive. She couldn't really put her finger on the problem. She didn't often talk about her mother but when she did, the animation would leave her and her face would cloud over and look troubled, as if this were a life experience [redacted] she couldn't understand or assimilate. I suspect that in her stories writing she tried to find the problem and put her finger on it.

Her father was not wealthy but comfortably fixed. Did he have a lumber yard, or something like that? I think so. From the fact that he did not appear in her conversations I would conclude that whatever he was, he was not a force thatstood in the way of her development, as her mother seemed to be doing, possibly because he was not as involved or paying as much attention, or maybe because in a household with three strong-minded women a man didn't have much of a chance. In any case, he seems to have supported Margery throughout most of her life (I doubt whether Jean Toomer [redacted] earned enough to support the two of them. Do you Know?) without making her feel bad about it, for the matter never came up in our intimate talks. In those days, of course, young women were not expected to support themselves. Some did but it was impossible to imagine Margery one of them: she was totally devoid of the necessary practical, aggressive drive or the self-discipline without [redacted] to force herself to do something so [redacted] alien to writing, which absorbed her whole life. This was so clear to everyone, her parents included, that it was simply impossible to imagine her working in an office from 9 to 5. No one thought she could be anything but what she was, a writer, and therefore someone who had to be supported.

Her sister had found life in [redacted] Portage congenial as one of the horse-riding, country club set. To Margery she was simply a lost soul. She didn't see how [redacted] her sister could do it but she could accept it because it didn't affect her personally. It was the mother who seems to have been the rock to/against which Margery kept butting, the not-so-secret adversary in her stories. If I had to sum up Margery's underlying dissatisfaction with her family, it was that she got no positive response from them

for her consuming need to be a writer. Since they didn't attack her for it either, it must have been a wait-and-see, non-committal kind of tolerance, not what she needed.

Not so clear was her relationship to Zona Gale. Zona had been born in Portage, graduated from the University of Wisconsin, had done newspaper work in Milwaukee and on the New York World, and at the age of 30 turned full time to the writing of serious fiction. She wrote in the style of the "new realism" of that period. In 1920 she won a Pulitzer for the play version of her novel, Miss Lulu Bett. I ~~think~~ seem to I remember Margery telling me that Zona's Friendship Village was a depiction of Portage. When I met her in the 1920's, she had become Wisconsin's most celebrated writer, in somewhat the same way ~~as~~ that Willa Cather became Nebraska's most celebrated writer a few years later. Zona did not have quite the literary substance or originality of Cather but she was equally well-known and respected, particularly after her successful play on Broadway. She was then about 48, had married the town banker in Portage rather late in life, and lived in the big mansion in town, all of which made her the town's most celebrated citizen. I imagine her husband put up the money for the writing fellowships at the University and that the University called them by her name to honor her. As I recall, she selected the fellows.

I met her, ~~as I said,~~ in the 1920's. She was still quite a pretty woman and, to my surprise, rather coy and (covertly) flirtatious, sendimg out mixed signals (at least to me): come but I'm giving you fair warning that underneath I'm elusive and unreachable. The combination was seductive. Had I been more sure of myself and bolder and a few years older, I would have tried to penetrate this seductive puzzle([redacted] by physical means): i.e., was she encouraging you to come on in the hope that your ardor and drive and interest in her [redacted] would break down all barriers and give her what she couldn't openly avow she wanted? or was she leading you on only to re-enact at the end some obscure need to remain elusive and inaccessible?or was it both? or didn't she herself know? This was essentially the puzzle she confronted [redacted] and mystified Margery with.

Hearing Margery talk about Zona, one could not doubt that their relationship had been most profound and intense, with a thick veil of some kind hanging over it. They met when Margery was still in high school (Zona was then around 40) and thereafter she became Zona's protege and spent every afternoon after school with her in the big mansion, just the two of

of them, [redacted] as the sun gradually set (a paraphrase of Margery's words) in long soul-searching talk and silence, Zona very much in control, Margery captivated, yet wary, she didn't know of what. There's no question that the most important things in the development of Margery's literary self were happening here. Apart from two writers needing each other in a place like Portage, my sense of Zona and my clinical intuition as a former psychotherapist suggests that Zona may have been attracted to Margery physically as well as in mental intimacy, and that Margery felt the seduction; hence her wariness whenever she talked about Zona.

I have not read Zona Gale's novels, so I don't know what is to be found there that would throw light on Margery and her work, but it might be considerable, [redacted] Margery in her stories, which she wrote rapidly and compulsively and with little revision, was always, as I remember, struggling to free herself from places like Portage or from people in some ways like Zona or her mother. I think Friendship Village and Miss Lulu Bett would be the novels to read.

Was it you that wrote me that Margery complained (perhaps to Jessie Gruner?) of being unattractive? She never said this to Leon or me or Kenneth but I do remember hearing about it (from someone else) and paying no attention to it because it was so manifestly untrue. What is true is that men did not relate to her as to a physically attractive woman because her other qualities were so rich and engrossing and because she gave not a single sign, not one, that she had any interest whatever in being viewed that way. Not that she disliked men.....her best relations were with men.....or that she was not altogether womanly, the epitome of a healthy woman, in fact; it was simply not in her nature to present herself to men any differently than to women, as anything but what she was, sans embellishments of any kind. [redacted] would have been false and demeaning to her and would have put her in the same class as her horse-riding sister. Women who dressed and acted in such a way as to make themselves attractive to men were of great interest to her as a novelist. She accepted them in perfectly good spirits as part of that outside world, so different from her, which it was her mission to observe and understand and report on accurately and objectively. However, her failure to give us close men friends in Madison any sign that she had a need to be viewed as physically attractive, as well as other things (we would have responded instantly) suggests some sexual confusion in her and/or a late blooming. Understandable considering that the experience that had made the deepest impression on [redacted] at a particularly susceptible time of her

life, had been with a woman, Zona, and that this experience could neither be consummated nor resolved because Zona was so elusive and seductive and herself sexually ambivalent.

What, then, was the physical Margery like? She was about 5'8", slightly large-boned but not heavy or fat, with a large head, a [redacted] broad, ample face and a wide, generous mouth and forehead. She wore no make-up, no lipstick, no high heels, no frills of any kind and only the most plain dresses. Her walk was unself-conscious, very straight and direct, without being masculine. What struck one immediately was her radiant presence. Blake would have described her as a cloud of gold. She had a great shock of golden hair falling free to her shoulders, a gold which had more life to it than auburn and more serenity than red, unforgettable, a joy. Equally so was her radiant smile, full, warm, wholly committed, innocent, innocent in the sense of [redacted] trusting, guileless, pure in motive, without guile. And that mellow, vibrant voice, coming as if from the deep, that hearty laugh with a musical lift to it, the most earthy part of her, those unusually large, observant eyes, always curious, these made an indelible impression, a presence that would have made Blake sing. ~~all. In a long life~~ I have not seen her like.

My wife Leah thinks I was in love with her. I don't know what word to use for what I felt, for I was not attracted to her physically (for what strikes me now as neurotic reasons), yet I loved her more deeply and purely than anyone else. When we were together, Eros was in Blake country. In fact, woman as Blake envisions her, but remaining earthy and hale, is something like what Margery was for me. Almost from the start, I was drawn into a deep relationship to her in which, to continue in Blake's line, our souls contemplated each other happily, sporting and embracing in each other's effusions. This was the way I felt then and this is the way I feel now. Does memory make me hyperbolic? I'm sure not. That's the way it was. This was because Margery accepted whatever you were or felt or imagined or aspired to be, delighted in it, loved it for its uniqueness, gave it a radiant affirmation. The Armenian in Leon, the strange, exotic imagery that came out of his imagination? The Jew, the Hungarian in Rakosi, and whatever particular that came out of that imagination? these excited her. It was as if there were a tropism in her towards this kind of thing, All of which made her relation to us unlike any other. Even people who knew her only slightly could recognize her qualities and made this distinction. When her name came up in conversation, they'd smile as if in recollection, and whatever was self-serving would leave their voice and a wholly sincere tone would enter. "Oh, Margery," they'd say, as if everyone knew she belonged in a different human category.

Not brilliant, no, but there was an overpowering depth — in her intuitions. It did not try to be brilliant.

And yet her conversation was not really exceptional, (in an) intellectual sense). It was intelligent but did not try to be brilliant. What was exceptional were the ~~surprising~~ depth and perspicacity ~~of~~ her intuitions and the ~~sur-~~ ~~prising~~ depth ~~of~~ one's own feelings and intuitions in her presence. I remember being with her one afternoon, not long after we met. The first thing I noticed, as I talked, was feeling extraordinarily free and that we were congenial souls. This went to my head. As I talked on and the afternoon light became dimmer, time itself seemed to slow up. Deeper and deeper I probed into myself for this congenial other-soul. Finally all my self-restraints were gone and time then stopped dead, for I found myself before (a ~~rather~~ the) aweful prospect of boundless potentialities on almost a universal scale. It seemed as if my understanding, deeply buried until then, could encompass anything in the world. On that scale it felt monstrous and I had to draw back. But our spirits had been in a deep union and I ~~felt a quasi-supernatural force in this vicinity.~~ had entered in the private preserve of a secret

Our contacts were not always so deep and intense, of course. That would have been too rich, ~~for anyone~~. But I knew that it was always there behind our more pedestrian meetings, and even there her great confidence in my work shone on me like the sun. As I write this, I realize with a shock that she must have given me much more than I gave her. It was not intentional. I simply went with the ~~her~~ relationship. In fact, looking back now, I'm not aware that I gave her anything; yet I ~~did give her~~ was always my deepest self with her.

When she felt affectionate, she called me Carlos, and there would be a happy lilt in her voice when she said it. No one else called me that, as if (this variant of endearment) had been reserved for her. And no one took such delight in my successes. In fact, she was indirectly responsible for my first important one. She had gone on before me to New York to scout publishers on her own behalf and while there, in the Village, (I had picked up a certain amount of literary news and gossip. One of (the things she) had learned) was that Jane Heap had taken over as (sole) editor of The Little Review, (the great literary magazine of that time) in which Joyce's ULYSSES was running serially plus Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Hemingway, Gertrude Stein et al, and that she was interested in finding new talent, by younger men. Margery told me about it but I couldn't believe that could mean me. ~~Me?~~ I was only 21. Except for a few poems in The Nation, nobody had ever heard of me. Join that illustrious company? (Preposterous.) Impossible. But Margery persisted. I ought to try. Finally one thing she said did open up (what might be) a possibility: (she said) Jane Heap liked to meet young, unknown writers and converse with them.....really. The really convinced me.

But how do you do this sort of thing? meet the editor? I didn't know anyone who knew her. Do you call in advance? No, ~~I didn't think~~ I was sure enough of my feelings or quick enough with words to do it that way. With an impish smile Margery kept reassuring me that all you had to do was walk in [redacted] on her, that other young poets like me had called on her, and that I was the kind of person Jane Heap had in mind. ~~I was~~ left no choice but to go, but what ~~would~~ I have ~~the wit~~ to say that would be interesting? Apprehensive, I climbed the circular staircase one afternoon to the Little Review office, which was then in the Village. It was dark in the hall. At one end was a small white name-card, THE LITTLE REVIEW, and a push button under it. I rang the bell, there was silence for a moment, then the door opened and a pudgy figure appeared in a red velvet smoking jacket, smoking a small cigar, the face very round, the hair bobbed to look mannish. For a moment there was an astonishing resemblance to Oscar Wilde. It was Jane Heap.

This ~~(for then)~~ startling appearance, for some reason, at once put me at ease. I simply gave her my name and she invited me in. It was Margaret Anderson's and her apartment, not a commercial office at all. She was pleasant, served tea and we talked, she as to a person of interest. I found myself stimulated and was not lacking for words. Our [redacted] ~~was~~ lively and straightforward. At the end, she said, "I suppose you brought something with you," and I said, "Yes." I had brought a group of poems. She read them closely, thought for a few moments, then said, "We'll take these."

That was it. I was in. I had made it into that illustrious company of writers. I got up and left right after that, while I could still hold in my exultation and preserve my calm. There was another reason I wanted to get out of there fast and that was to rush back to Margery and tell her what had happened. And that's what I did. She acted as if this merely confirmed what she had known was going to happen and listened with a happy smile, relishing every snatch of my experience as I re-enacted the whole scene, the anxious climb up the stairs, the dark hallway, the surprisingly small, neat name-card The Little Review on the wall, the sudden apparition of Oscar Wilde in the doorway, Jane Heap's simple courtesy, the quick way our conversation took off, as if I had been [redacted] saving things all this time to tell her.....the whole thing. [redacted]

"Oh, Carlos," she said at the end, Her voice dropping affectionately to

that low pulsating resonance so characteristic of her, as if no greater pleasure were possible to anyone. I told Leon and Kenneth about my experience too but only those things that I thought they would want to hear. That was the difference.

Going back now to our days in Madison, our main interest was in The Lit, the student literary magazine. It had faculty advisors who selected the editors but the editors ran it. When we came on the scene, it was being run by some upper classmen....Guy Talmadge and Paul V. Gangelin [redacted] names I remember...., hairdresser, or interior decorator types. Or maybe this was the stock from which professors of English came. They wrote poetry, of course, villanelles, ballades, ghazels, palinodes, rondeaus, [redacted] chansons, sonnets, streams of sonnets, all heavily perfumed like a courtesan, without the remotest connection to the real world or to anything that could possibly be happening to the authors, who added insult to injury by going about with a superior air. It was not to be borne. The four of us were united in scorn and couldn't wait to replace them. What we stood for, without putting it into words, was originality and sincerity. Margery was the first to be chosen to go on the [redacted] editorial [redacted] board, she then got Kenneth on, then me.....and maybe Leon, I no longer remember. He may not have had student status and been eligible. Anyhow, at that point we took over The Lit and our work appeared in it. Horace Gregory's did too. It was passable but not yet interesting.

Horace was a special case. He came from a wealthyAnglo-Irish family in Milwaukee, with social standing, it was said. He suffered from what looked like chorea and could walk only in great jerks and had similar trouble talking. Because of his condition he was an "outsider" too like [redacted] the four of us. He had a great admiration for Kenneth's wit and saucy life style, his fine sarcasm, and sought him out, and can be said to have been a follower of his. Kenneth was friendly. Later when the Big City full of lurid, unaccountably paranoid phantasmagoria became the subject of Kenneth's poetry, Horace's poetry followed suit closely, even to style and tone.

Margery, perhaps because of his chorea, was always sweet and patient with him and spoke of him with affection, although she did not care for his work. I have not read what Horace wrote about her in his Autobiography but from the fact that you became interested in her from what he had written, I assume it was an affectionate tribute. I was glad to learn that. Leon too was friendly but not involved with him. Only [redacted] he and I [redacted] got [redacted] off to a bad start. I sensed anti-Semitism in him and was put off by a rather high and mighty air coming from, of all things, his Anglo-Irish origin, which

he equated with the great Anglo-Irish writers. Besides, he was majoring in Latin. My God, how could an authentic poet in America select Latin to major in? It smelled of formalism and convention. [redacted] was enough to put him outside my consideration. In addition, I didn't find his conversation interesting, and simply kept my distance.

Marya Zaturensky (she later changed the spelling to Zaturenska) hung around our circle but was never really in it. She was not writing poetry then. She just wanted to be in the company of poets. There was a bit of mystery about who she was. She claimed to be Russian but we suspected she might be Jewish because when we wanted to know more about her Russian origin, she would become elusive and then just fade out, not before letting out a faint hint that there was aristocracy in her family. Of course it didn't matter to us but we were puzzled why she went through this game. She did later write poetry, somewhat in the style of Sarah Teasdale, as I recall, and won a Pulitzer for her Collected Poems. A number of years after she left the University, she married Horace, to our surprise, for she had paid no attention to him whatsoever on campus and we did not think Horace was in a condition to marry anybody.

[redacted] Marya was a scrawny little woman then, flat-chested, nervous, furtive. She scurried around desperately trying to get herself liked and to find a boy friend. She was physically very unattractive, however, and the struggle was hard, [redacted] her flatteries and ingratiation were not pleasant, and no one was taken in by them. One could not help wondering what scheming was going on behind that flattery. I was always a sucker, however, for the underdog and felt a certain amount of sympathy for the desperation of her struggle. I was unaware that her falseness was hurting anyone and was willing to be a friend, though not a close one. Leon and Kenneth felt pretty much the same way, I think. But Margery was not taken in, and would not make friends. "She can't be trusted," Margery reported one day with an unusually grave face. I gathered that she had caught Marya in some skullduggery calculated to affect friends' opinion of other friends and also Kenneth's opinion of Margery, at a time when [redacted] they were beginning to be attracted to each other physically. This conniving and malicious gossiping, the antipode of Margery's innocence, made her Margery's fundamental enemy, the serpent in our little Eden. I thought at the time that [redacted] Margery was exaggerating, that some of this was due to something I didn't quite understand between two women, but my own experience with Marya in later years confirmed Margery's evaluation of her.

M was most in the kind of rel. she had to her own body.

Margery was intensely curious about many things but none more so than her own body. She seemed to view it from a distance as if it were not altogether hers, something strange with a magnetic pull, dumb with unaccountably strong vibes and intimations of still-to-be discovered pleasures. It was obvious she had not been there yet inside this mystery, so, as I said, she was intensely curious about her body and always its spectator. It was not that she was inhibited; mind and body were simply not one. If I remember right, this came out in her stories too.

One day Leon and I noticed that she and Kenneth would drop out of sight for long stretches of time and then re-appear looking slightly more lighthearted and gay than usual. Something was obviously going on but they didn't share it with us. Knowing Margery, we weren't sure it [redacted] had reached the stage of sex, but in a few weeks it became official: they were having an affaire. Margery, of course, took this as seriously as marriage, and we had no doubt that they would marry later. I had roomed with Kenneth for a while and suspected what was going to happen, but maybe with someone like Margery it was [redacted] going to be different.

They had fun for a while. Kenneth didn't want to talk about it (nobody could pry anything really private out of him), but Margery did. Apparently they were having a light, playful liaison. The level of her part in it was shown when she came one day, chuckling and slightly baffled, not knowing whether she should complain or laugh at Kenneth's refusal to let her go to the bathroom with him to watch him pee. In time the inevitable happened. They gradually drifted apart, but without animus or reproach. The relationship became, as they say these days, too heavy for him, It demanded more involvement, more serious, deep involvement, than he was willing to give anyone, and he didn't want his privacy invaded by her everlasting curiosity. There was no question that Margery was genuinely fond of Kenneth's boyish nature and his gentle underside, and remained so after they parted. There was something gained, therefore, even though the relationship did not stir her deeply. And there was no question that for him she was somebody special, somebody of importance. She was the only person who escaped his merciless wit. Leon and I did not. He was careful not to make her feel rejected, and she ended the liaison, but not the [redacted] friendship, feeling slightly baffled, that was all.

Given Margery's distance from her body, it was not surprising, I suppose, that she was attracted to Gurdjieff, the Guru of body-closeness and body exercises, natural foods and inward thinking, a [redacted] of [redacted] peasant and

Indian mystic, a (possible) antidote to ~~the~~ Babbitry ~~of industrial life.~~ Nobody was sure where Gurdjieff had come from....some thought Bulgaria.... or what his life had been before he became a Guru, but one day he appeared in London and built up a doting following, chiefly among well-to-do women. Leon and I had a laugh over this, saying that he must have had a mighty powerful secret weapon to use with them. His biggest catch, however, was a man, A.R.Orage, the editor of The New Age, and considered one of the best minds in England. Orage's presence and later leadership in the movement made the skeptic in us pause and wonder momentarily if there might not be something to it after all, some intellectual underpinnings worth looking into.

Margery's participation in the movement is associated in my memory with Blanche Matthias. When I saw Blanche with her in New York, briefly, they were friends and Blanche had already spent some time in the Gurdjieff house in London and become a convert. Margery had plenty of questions about it, however. Blanche, by the way, was not just a wealthy, elegant woman married to a business man (in a way she never quite made clear, she was separated from him); she was a woman sincerely in search of deeper, much deeper,significance than her life had given her up to then, a [redacted] search to which Margery would have been altogether sympathetic and which made them friends. As I remember Blanche, she had class, she had style, she was physically very attractive, she was intelligent, she was interested in the things writers and artists are [redacted] interested in, and was also, I sensed, [redacted] inhibited, something which must have drawn her to the Gurdjieff program. She was just beginning, I sensed, to explore her potentialities.

I think I was in Texas when Margery met Jean Toomer. Was it in the Gurdjieff movement, of which I understand he became the American manager? I began to get letters from her praising him, and then all of a sudden, letters glowing with self-fulfilment, apparently the deep need in her no longer a mystery. She wrote of being supremely happy; (supremely was a very strong word for her to use, one which she had never used before). Apparently mind and body had come together at last.

When I heard that she was pregnant, I was overjoyed. A child of Margery's would have to be something really super. And Margery was getting a new, rich [redacted] experience, which she always wanted. On the other hand, I couldn't visualize her as a mother, changing diapers, doing the laundry, cleaning house, the long hours, a captive. She was too obsessed with writing for that. Still, the child was going to be her child, and also another human being, with an evolving character and personality all its own, another mystery to [redacted]

probe and watch intently and discover the secret of, and to that she would have responded with the full power of her intuition and curiosity and great talent for relating and bringing out the deepest potential in people and cherishing whatever that was. So if she had taken this route, she would have been not a good mother but a great one.

I have never been so shaken up by anything as by the news of Margery's death. When my father died, I grieved at the loss, for I loved him; but it was grief. When Margery died, it was agony, as if a whole huge section of ~~my body/self/life~~ me had fallen away, (leaving a hole where my heart had been emptiness there.) At the same time, I had a momentary mad feeling of annoyance with her, assuming that having the baby at home had been a Gurdjieff idea. It was the sort of thing he would have recommended. How could she have been so "dumb" as to risk her life that way? Her heart condition, of which no one had been aware, would have been immediately detected in a hospital and treated. Mothers just don't die in child birth these days. Oh, Margery!

She will not make it to the Pantheon of great writers but had she lived (and passed through the phase of trying) to work out her personal problems in her fictional characters, she could have become a writer of the calibre of Jane Austen. To those who knew her, she lives in a Pantheon of those (extraordinary people) who are great simply by virtue of what they are.

CARL RAKOSI

*She had Jane Austen's great eye for particulars

& wd. have gone very far if she had lived.

and who knows how far she wd. have gone if she had lived

This is not necessarily cause for regret

It is not necessarily to be regretted however

for she lives, to those who knew her in a Pantheon of those who are simply by virtue of what they are

as it is, she lives in her own distinguished Pantheon

different

so it is, she lives in an extraordinary Pantheon, just as her own rare distinguished

what she wd. have done with her great intuition of hers if she had lived

& who knows what her great intuitive power wd. have done with that? But no matter, to those who knew her, she lives in her own Pantheon, (the Pantheon) of those who are great simply by virtue of what they are

prodigious

with her prodigious intuition

++ & who knows what the combination of that wd. have been & made of her work

Eds draft

FOREWORD to my Collected Poems

As I looked over the whole of my work to date, two sets of poems that are unmistakably long poems appeared, THE POET and AMERICANA, and one that is a fragment of a long poem, HISTORY. Parts of them were published at different times in different volumes. The necessity to put these together (to make the long poems that they are) is obvious.

Then there are sets of poems that do not have the functional and integral inter-connectedness of a long poem but nevertheless belong together, somewhat like members of a family, who may act and think of themselves as individuals with only a loose, and to them perhaps not significant, connection to their family, and who may not want to be thought of in that way, but who nevertheless are that way and are inevitably perceived as such by the outsider. Arranging them by kinship...the tones of the set as well as the field of the subject matter expressing the characteristic nature of the family...enables the reader to experience the family as well as the individual members. THE HISTORY OF MAN clearly belongs in this category. I am not sure where others more loosely connected belong. Perhaps in a clan. Or a tribe. Whatever, the same logic applies.

(Put another way,) what I have done is to organize the poems as if I had written them now and was putting a book together for the first time. (Doing it this way) made it necessary to take into consideration many factors that were not a part of the situation when the poems were written. I chose this way because the usual chronological order seems to me sterile. And unnecessary, in any case, since the poems are already in more or less chronological order in my earlier books.

And so, with that, bon voyage. You'll need all the luck you can get.

~~A word probably meant [illegible] Poems [illegible]~~
~~[illegible] will be [illegible] [illegible] grouping.~~

enables the reader to appreciate the characteristic nature of such family as this = expressed by tone & field of subj. matter

~~Also necessity~~ but nevertheless ~~desirable to~~ wasn't

& have also put together poems that do not

Then there were poems ~~that~~ fell ~~naturally into~~ etc. belonged together somewhat like members of a family, who may etc. These & arranged by Kipling so as to reveal ~~the~~ a characteristic ~~nature as~~ this = expressed by tone & field of subject matter.

Foreword

As I look over the whole of my work to date, two sets of poems that are unmistakably long poems appear. The Poet + Americana. The necessity to print the parts of those, of which were published at different times in different volumes, often as individual poems, after they had come into being as parts of the whole poem, is obvious. Then there are sets of poems that do not have the integral functional and integrated inter-connectedness of a long poem but nevertheless belong together, somewhat like members of a family, who may act + think of themselves as individuals with only a loose connection to their family & to each other, but who never the less (immediately) are seen as such by the outsider. Arranging them by kinship nature + the tone of the poem (the kinship of the family) enables the reader to see the family as well as the ind. members

Sets like Meditations, Satyricon

integral: essential for completion

There may, however, be a fresh (& different) value in treating my work to-date as a single entity (wherever possible) which is how the general reader who = not familiar with it, approaches it anyway. When this is done, a no. of long poems emerge as entities, which before were visible only in parts in scattered volumes.

+ this seems to me more realistic to the nature of the work (+ serves its needs better) in that the parts = a whole but also that the whole can be seen as a whole irrespective of when the parts were composed, which = a matter extraneous to a consideration of the poems themselves not inherent in any poem

↳ of the poem as poem or a book as a book when the parts which may be of interest in construction or image of me in time but + to see me. that = not visible ave in different volumes

In any case, & have opted for these possibilities which seem to me most dynamic

Foreword

This collection is not a chronological one, in part because I have an aversion, amounting to a constitutional resistance, to being bound by chronological sequence, — I don't see why I, as the author of this, should be, however frustrating this may be to the scholarly reader —

in part, also, too, because I think that the presumption underlying that sequence, however orderly, is fallacious, that one can trace an author's lit. dev. in that will be found

as a wobbly one.

& leaves out too much —

too simplistic, educational, & serves the needs of the academic critic to have a text about which he can speculate or on which he can pin his speculations to search for about an author's lit. dev.

need for the academic critic & psych. in which he can search for an author's lit. dev. & dev. an interpretation & commentary but the author has no such need or interest.

that there is a progression, appeals to a sense of order

my work to date as a single entity, which is how the reader approaches it anyway

Besides, They are already in more or less chronological order in my previous earlier books separate volumes

& as there for anyone who is interested to look

& I see no reason to repeat that advantage value in repeating that order

& it seems to me unnecessary simply to repeat that order.

original version

FOREWORD

This book has not been put together with the poems in chronological sequence. That would have been useful to scholars interested in tracing my development as a poet, but I have no such interest, and even if I had, I did not have the time and the energy to research all the publication dates (I kept no dates of composition), although my perceptive and painstaking friend, Andrew Crozier, assures me that he has them for my early poems, along with the changes I made ~~xhxx~~ in them over the years from one published version to another. Had I had more inclination, I suspect that even with this in hand I might still have been reluctant because the presumption underlying chronological sequence is that a literary development and some kind of psychological progression or evolving take place in this way. They may or may not. To the extent that they do, they can only be partial because a poet in the course of his life makes repeated leaps ahead and unwanted reversions, the reasons for which can only be speculated on at great risk, even by him, since he does not make them on purpose or for a purpose (that he is aware of). In any case, a chronological variorum is still possible at another time and by another person.

I have, as I said, chosen a different course. It seemed to me more creative and interesting to organize the poems as if I were making up a book for the first time, with the parts before me, the individual poems. And I followed the logic of that. A gamble, I know, because they are not, after all, a book in the sense of a composition. On the other hand, neither are they just an aggregation. What I think they are, the larger and perhaps different meaning they have when viewed in this way, is to be found, when it is there, in the arrangement. What will not be found is the coherence of a composition, but coherence these days has larger parameters and tolerances, and perhaps the gamble will pay off. In other words the reader gets not a file of my previous volumes, AMULET plus ERE-VOICE plus EX CRANIUM, NIGHT plus HISTORY plus DROLES DE JOURNAL plus SPIRITUS, I,but an as-if book, with no obvious connection between ~~xxx~~the AMERICANA and the DROLES DE JOURNAL and the other parts. The reader who is bothered by this can view them as separate books. Even as such,they seem to me to ~~xxxx~~ be better integrated and more coherent than the original volumes. At least they are different.

Carl Rakosi

AMERICANA

Defaced Cover of the Republic
Battle Hymn of the Republic
" " " of the Turkeys

THE ENEMY WILL TAKE US OVER

Who are these bird-brains turkeys

running around in circles,

cackling,

"Eventually we'll have to fight them.
Better there than here;

better now than later." Let's get it over with

Ah, my countrymen, keep your eye

on the se bird-brains!"

from Drole de Journal

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC
The Natives Are Restless Tonight

= "Eventuallywe'll have to fight them."
= " Better now than later."
= " Let's get it over with." "
=

Carl Rakosi

Hey, turkey!
stop that cackling!

Fragment
The Natives Are Restless
Tonight

Carl Rakosi

MANHATTAN: ON THE WAY TO THE LAW COURTS

Angifone is

CALLMAN

PARALLEL LINES CROSSING in a Mystique

Now emerges
woman
from bitter
earth

and the small
head
of a sparrow

in a young
man's field,
a poem.

in a young
man's field,
a poem.

Mystique

in a young man's
field,
a poem.

A MAN OF UNWAVERING INTEGRITY

What are they going
to put on his headstone:
"He was inoffensive? He was
an American citizen?"?

This was not the point
he was going to make.
He had intended
to say something kindly.

This was not his point.
He had intended
to say
something kindly.

Out of respect
he had intended to say
something kindly

(This was not his point.)
~~He~~ had intended to ~~say~~ think
something out of respect.
something kindly.
How cd. I have been so unkind?

Dmp, I had intended
to think something.
Where did this limp
come from?

collect
collected
Dmp, you have collected
my honorable intentions

12/25/78
--at Brian's for our grandparents

In such a way
no one knowing
who he is or
what he
was

her
carriage
is the

Lord

within ?
a lamp & the curtains livid
fringed
fingering

above a streetlight sole demur
stars seen
fearless the woman who
made you
unh
the cry
reverberant
escapes the man unh voiced

within
that
time

remembrance
set him home
door wakening they all

to bed
to bed they went a certain
knowing they
said nothing
of the coming

child

THE MAN ON THE STREET

Dark, crossed daggers
in the eyes
of the old coot:
"I'd give them
48 hours
to come to the conference
table.
After that, hardware
would take over,
Über alles,
Age of Hardware."
Signed,
the muscular working
man
(in a hurry
to get back
to the Greenbay
Packers),
your smiling
grocer,
the old
man in black
on social security.

The Man on the Street

Dark, crossed daggers
in the eyes:
"I'd give them 48 hours
to come to
the conference table."
If they didn't come,
hardware would take over.
Uber alles,
Age of Hardware.

Carl Rakosi

THE MAN ON THE STREET

Dark, crossed daggers
in the eyes
of the old coot:
"I'd give them
48 hours
to come to the conference
table.
After that, hardware
would take over,
Über alles,
Age of Hardware."
~~Signed~~, Ditto,
the muscular working man
(in a hurry
to get back
to the Greenbay Packers),
your smiling
grocer,
the old
man in black
on social security.

MEN OF THE B-52

Diffident, reliable young men
with steel-trap minds,
the real pros,
the exquisite defenders
of their country,
already designated to deliver
the Big One,
if and when,
the most God of all.

Americana [redacted]
~~THE SEVENTH DECADE~~ 295 [redacted]
[redacted]

~~The~~ 14,000 Whore Houses in Saigon

~~SAIGON: 14,000 WHORE HOUSES~~ in Saigon - delete

They sit in a honky-tonk,
motionless,
the gods of the B 52,
diffident, reliable young men
with steel-trap minds,
our exquisite defenders.
From time to time
pick up a glass
from the table,
slow, mechanical,
and take a drink.
Observe the thirteen-year old
whore whose virginity was sold
for 15,000 piastres.
~~Their~~ this bright young faces
~~are~~ singularly handsome and untroubled.

Carl Rakosi

~~78~~

sit in a honky-tonk,

motionless.

From time to time

reach for a beer
~~pick up a glass~~

from the table,

slow, mechanical,

the bright young

faces singularly

handsome

and untroubled.

sit in a honky-tonk,

reach for a beer,,.

mechanical,.,slow,.

the bright young faces,

~~faces singularly~~

singularly handsome

and untroubled.

GODS OF THE B-52

Diffident, reliable young men
with steel-trap minds,
the real pros,
the exquisite defenders
of their country,
already designated
to deliver the Big One,
if and when,
the most God of all

2
already designated
to deliver
the Big One,
if an when,
the most God of all

1
Diffidnet, reliable
young men,
with steel-trap minds,
the real pros,
exquisite defenders
already designated
to deliver
the Big One,
if and when,
the most God of all

Carl Rakosi

GEORGE OPPEN, THE LAST DAYS

In a mortuary the only serious subject is mortality. And that may be true of poetry too, only we are diverted by earthly matters, or like Oppen get Altzheimer's Disease on the subject. Oppen himself has not dealt with the anguish of death, for he wrote only from experience. I have tried to find my way to it from a line of his, "in events/ the myriad lights/ have entered us," but from that it follows that in death a particular set of events conclude and their particular lights simply leave, and I weep that it is not that neat or easy.

There was never any mystery about Oppen's character or his working principles. Already far into Altzheimer's he said to his sister, June: "I don't know if you have anything to say but let's take out all the adjectives and we'll find out." The curious pertinacity of character!

The morning his wife Mary and I drove him to Oakland to enter him into THE HOME FOR JEWISH PARENTS, he was very quiet. I explained that I was going along just to keep them company and he said, "That's nice," and that's all he said. Mary and I tried to use up the time by talking but he was out of it and when I looked over for a moment to see what was going on, his body was rigid, his eyes fixed outwards into space, terrified. When we reached the HOME, he went along without a word as Mary and I carried in the baggage. There in the vestibule we had to wait while his room was being prepared.

We were now in the milieu of very aged women in the final stages of illness and infirmity, the average age being eighty six. They were walking slowly, with great difficulty, this way and that, mostly to their rooms. We couldn't think of anything to say that would sound right or have any interest for him at such a time, so Mary and I just stood and looked on. The atmosphere was not threatening but the physical sight confronted him with that fate from which there is no escape and closed in on him. For the first time he was alone with it and he fell into the starkest inward state, where no one could accompany him. But his body remained where it was: he stood very tall and straight, towering over the little white-haired ladies, as if he were asserting his eternal distinction from them. His eyes, however, were distraught and lost, for this was an ending he had not counted on or prepared for or was willing to go quietly into.

Carl Rakosi

It was at that moment that something unexpected happened. Limping slowly towards him from the dining-room and talking came three very frail women. They looked slightly better dressed and put together, had a bit more class and self-assurance, but only by comparison to the others, [redacted] who had long ago given up trying to look attractive. The smaller one had a kindly face with gentle features and the finest white hair. Anywhere else I don't think he would have noticed her, but here as they approached him and she looked up and their eyes met, at once his face lit up, like someone surprised at encountering a kindred spirit in such a dismal place, and walking over to her, he greeted her and with just the suggestion of a gallant gesture, he bent over as if to help her. She acknowledged this with a soft smile and walked on.

"By God," I thought, "he's found a friend. He's going to make it!" But it was not so.

He was no longer able to read or write, but I didn't know that. At his 75th birthday celebration he had been afraid that someone would ask him for his autograph and he would start to write his name and forget how to finish it. He spoke a little less and was more quiet...but he had always been a quiet, observant man...and when he did speak, there were droll glints as before. The perceptions, however, were no longer related to anything [redacted]. His civility remained unimpaired, and his body seemed to be in good shape, he went on walks with Mary and exercised at a gym and did pull-ups and exercises on his cross-bar at home and could stand on his head.

But there were cracks. On a radiant summer day, he and Mary and Leah and I had driven out to Fort Funston for a picnic with some young poets. When we got to the picnic area, everybody started doing something, setting the table, laying out the food, or just chattering and feeling good. Mary had warned the young men that George was not up to answering questions, and they refrained. He stood off by himself, some distance from the others, his face clouded over. They approached him only briefly to say something pleasant, then retreated, and he replied politely in a word or two.

When the table was set, Mary noticed that she had left something behind in the car and told George she was going back to get it. He nodded and just watched her. It was a long walk back, down a hill, then along a flat stretch and around a bend, and when she started the descent, he walked over to the edge and stood there, his bearing erect like a captain on the high bridge of his ship, but tense, locked in. His eyes followed every step she took, [redacted]

going down and then across a meadow along the meadow, her figure getting diminishing smaller and smaller, then the bend, and when she passed out of sight, his eyes were lost to everything else. I have seen a dog tied to a post look ~~in just such a way~~ and not move a muscle, peering into the exact space in the store where his mistress disappeared. It was not until Mary came into view again that ~~he~~ relaxed. ~~He~~ watched her for a few minutes, then walked back to where ~~he~~ had been standing before.

"~~Ah George,~~" ~~I sighed~~. I had not remembered ~~him~~ being that dependent on ~~Mary~~ before.

Since ~~he~~ could no longer read or write, ~~he~~ had become fidgety and had to get out of the house and walk, but ~~he~~ couldn't remember his address and would get lost, so Mary always had to go with him. One day, however, ~~he~~ stole the car keys and slipped out without her knowledge. ~~He~~ had been a meticulous driver but had not driven for two years because of ~~his~~ condition. She waited anxiously. Finally the phone rang. It was the police. ~~He~~ had been in an accident, the car demolished. The police had found ~~him~~ sitting bolt upright in ~~his~~ seat, unaware that the blood was gushing out of the back of ~~his~~ head. As ~~he~~ told Mary afterwards, ~~he~~ had had an irresistable impulse to drive on the open road and ~~he~~ sped wildly down the freeway, speeding weightless ~~in~~ into an unfamiliar ecstasy. Suddenly it ended. (~~He~~ was on the Bay Bridge). In front of ~~him~~ was a blank: ~~he~~ didn't know where ~~he~~ was. ~~He~~ slammed the brakes on and the car behind smashed into ~~him~~. ~~I have to put this into words for George because~~ all ~~he~~ could say to Mary was that ~~he~~ had never felt so great. He couldn't understand it.

I am (with George again) at The Home For Jewish Parents and ~~he~~ is standing in the vestibule waiting for his room to be readied. Off at the other end a circle of chairs (has been set) and voices (are heard) as aged ladies and one lone Adam amble out of the dining room on their way to the chairs. It will take them several minutes to plod the distance of about twenty feet, ~~each step measured and hesitant~~. It is folk-singing time. The folk singer, a smiling young woman with a guitar, greets them by name as they approach and settle in their chairs. She sings Latino and Israeli songs with a hearty beat, then stops and tries to teach them the words, [redacted] calling on them with her eyes, her head beckoning, her body beckoning, to sing along, she will carry them on her undaunted spirit. And one voice does respond, faintly, and a couple of heads nod to the beat, but Adam's eyes are closed and a few others have one eye open and the other, as in a cartoon, X-ed out.

It is not a performance. It is a plea to obliterate old age, and she has reached far out and called on song to help her, for youth and vitality and a smile, however radiant and true, are not enough. When it is over, there are little smiles here and there and faces are not quite so cheerless. Then the ladies slowly stand up and disband, lumbering by as before. When he sees me, Adam stops a moment with a friendly look, as if glad he had found another man to chat with, and I return his smile and am about to say something when I notice that his expression remains the same. He can't speak. He's had a stroke.

When the music started, I had looked over to see what effect it was having on George but he was out of range, shut in the same absorption. The beat and the sense of people and voices swarming nearby were so strong and insistent, however, that he leaned forward, craning his neck to see what was going on. At that moment his face looked as if he might walk over to investigate, but the next thing I knew, he was back in limbo.

While we were waiting, one of the clerical workers joined us, a dark-haired, vivacious young woman. Good-hearted Miriam out of the Bible. Considerately she stood back a little and tried to see without being conspicuous. I learned why. She loved poetry and read a good deal of it, and it was natural for her to be there, watching. She couldn't wait to read the book Mary had left in the office, his COLLECTED POEMS.

Word now came that the room was ready and the three of us trudged down the long hallway after the nurse, Mary and I, the executioners, carrying the bags. We examined the room. It was clean and light. There were two identical, slightly worn, blonde dressers, two identical plain beds and two identical armchairs, each piece blanched of the occupants. George stood awkwardly and did not look. Mary busied herself. She unpacked a watercolor by her that he liked and hung it near the door. Then she set a framed snapshot on the mantle to remind him who he was. It was Mary and George, beaming and in vigorous health.

There was a framed snapshot on the other mantle too. Of the absent room-mate. Where was he? Perhaps being led down the hall by a nurse? Middle-aged in the picture, standing in the sun in shirt sleeves, an ordinary man being photographed. Next to him, also in shirt sleeves, David Ben Gurion, the Prime Minister, equally plain. Apparently taken on a trip to Israel. Someone had left it there as a reminder. No other sign in the room.

Since Mary was coming back the next morning, parting was not hard for George that day. In fact, things looked good at first. She came almost every morning and took him out for a drive in the park, and they basked in the Spring flowers, and he was relaxed and agreeable. The head nurse, a large, bluff, good-natured black woman inspiring confidence, came by his room and introduced herself by her first name, and he, always responsive to the natural, liked her at once and introduced himself by his first name.

And the Jewish community newspaper ran a feature story on the HOME's first Pulitzer Prize poet-resident. And ~~xMx xoxx wxs gxxx xMxrx xnd Mx ax~~ he liked the food he was getting there and ate more than at home, and danced with one of the volunteers during the music period. And June became his younger sister again, as in childhood, and all the affection he had felt for her then came back, and their visits were tender.

Mary's visits ran a more poignant course. When she had been with him long enough and said she would have to go, he'd walk with her to the front door, as if he were going home, and she would have to explain that she was not well enough to care for him, and he with his customary courtesy would reply, "Of course," slightly apologetic at having forgotten. But he could not hold on to that thread, and the scenes at the door continued and became more difficult.

"Why do I have to be here?" he would expostulate. "We've been together for fifty years."

And "Aren't we husband and wife?"

Finally she stopped the explanations and would beckon to a nurse to take over.

Then his memory got still worse.
Leah, on a visit: "George, do you know who I am?"
G looks hard, tries, then sweetly: "No. You know, I have this sickness.
I can't remember."

L: "I'm Leah Rakosi."
G's face lights up: "Oh, of course, Leah and Carl Rakosi."

Had that light come into his face because he was having a pleasant memory of us or because he had succeeded in connecting her name with mine? It was doubtful at that time whether he recognized anyone but Mary and June.

He continued to eat a lot but looked gaunt and became more and more restless and agitated. He could no longer be trusted in the dining room and had to have his meals brought to him. His absent room-mate had come back,

a small, harmless old man who was incontinent and slept most of the day. They paid no attention to each other except when there was stench in the room. Then George would burst into rage and shout.

There was nothing to stop him from walking out the front door if he felt restless but in his Altzheimer's mind it seemed to him he was in a menacing situation from which he had to escape and when no one was looking, he slipped into the garden at the back and climbed over a wall to get away, wandering for hours through poor black neighborhoods, lost. The HOME simply stepped up his sedation.

About this time he became delusional about the nurse's aides who had to dress and bathe him in the morning, poor black overworked women whom under other circumstances he would have hailed compassionately and probably idealized. They had become sinister in his mind and fierce, meaning to destroy him, and he was terrified, and when they approached him, he threatened them back. They called the head nurse.

"What's the matter, George?" she asked reassuringly. "Don't you trust us?"

No answer.

"Don't you trust me?"

"I trust you."

But it had no effect on the delusion.

Finally in his mind they were beating him, and he struck back, and had to be strapped to his chair.

Then came a sudden kidney failure. He was rushed to a hospital and given only a few days to live. But he survived. The question now was, "How much longer?" The HOME would not have him back and the referring physician, therefore, transferred him to a small nursing home run by a psychiatrist, a locked facility, where he died in a coma on a Saturday evening July 7, 1984, whether from Atzheimer's Disease or another kidney failure or because no one had noticed that he had not pissed in nine days, or from all three, I don't know, but thus ended George Oppen, who had upheld the integrity of nouns and looked on with dismay at their undoing by adjectives, and such, that are no match for them.

"Adieu, gentle friend."

"Adieu, gentle reader."

Worksheets for

American Nymphs

Nymphs

From a minor branch of the Oceanids, notes to The Welfare Department:

"

A natural mistake under ~~**~~ the circumstances.

NYMPHS

From a minor branch → of the Oceanids, ¶ notes → to The Welfare Department:

"Gentlemen, in answer to your letter I have given birth to a ten pound boy.

I hope this is satis- ~~factory.~~"

NYMPHS

From a minor branch of the Oceanids, notes to The Welfare Department:

A natural mistake under the circumstances.

A natural mistake ~~under~~ the circumstances.

Carl Rakosi

NOTES TO THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT

from a minor
branch
of the oceanids.

I

"To whom
it may concern,
I have no
children yet
as my husband
is a truck driver
and works
day and night."

We understand!

II

"Gentlemen,
in answer
to your letter
I have given
birth
to a ten pound
boy.

I hope
this is
satis-
factory."

Zeus himself
couldn't have

done better!

III

"Dear Welfare,
this is
my eighth
child.

What are you
going to do
about it?"

You will hear
in due time
from Oceanus!

IV The Real Penelope

"Madam,
I am glad
to report
that my husband
who is missing
is dead!"

V Attention, Hymen

"As you requested,
I am forwarding
my marriage
certificate
and my three
children,
one of which
as you can see
is a mistake."

That was
to be →
expected!

VI (A) Dirge

"This is
to let
you know
that my husband
got his
project cut off
two weeks ago
and I
have not
had any
relief since."

VII (An Ode for Restitution)

"Dear Sirs,
you have
branded
my son
illiterate.
This is
a dirty lie
as I
was married
a week
before he
was born."

A natural
mistake
under the
circumstances.

VIII

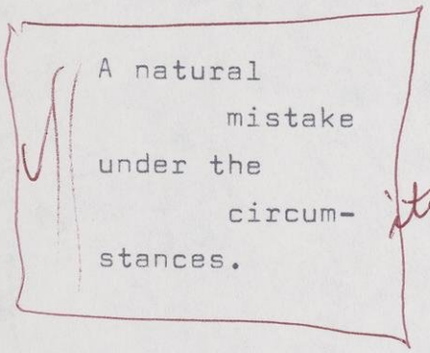
"To whom
it may
concern,
unless
I get
a check soon
I will be
forced
to lead
an immortal
life."

Threats
     will get you
nowhere!

Envoi

Ladies, forgive me.
This was the work
of the cock-eyed muse.

A natural
mistake
under
the
circum-
stances.



italicize

Letters instead of Roman numerals

a

b

a

b

c

NOTES TO THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT

from a minor
branch
of the oceanids.

I

"To whom
it may concern,
I have no
children yet
as my husband
is a truck driver
and works
day and night."

We understand!

II

"Gentlemen,
in answer
to your letter
I have given
birth
to a ten pound
boy.

I hope [redacted]
this is
satis-
factory."

Zeus himself
[redacted] couldn't have

done better!

III

"Dear Welfare,
this is
my eighth
child.

What are you
going to do
about it?"

You will hear
in due time
from Oceanus!

IV The Real Penelope

"Madam,
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is dead!"

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certificate
and my three
children,
one of which
as you can see
is a mistake."

That was
to be
expected!

VI A Dirge

"This is
to let
you know
that my husband
got his
project cut off
two weeks ago
and I
have not
had any
relief since."

VII An Ode for Restitution

"Dear Sirs,
you have
branded
my son
illiterate.
This is
a dirty lie
as I
was married
a week
before he
was born."

A natural
mistake
under the
circumstances.

VIII

"To whom
it may
concern,
unless
I get
a check soon
I will be
forced
to lead
an immortal
life."

Threats
     will get you
nowhere!

Envoi

Ladies, forgive me.
This was the work
of the cock-eyed muse.

NOTES TO THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT

from a minor branch → of the oceanids.

from a distant branch

Messages from the Oceanids

LETTERS TO THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT

Notes to the W.D. From —

(From Oceanid) I or A Penelope

"To whom
it may concern,
I have no
children yet
as my husband
is a truck driver
and works
day and night."

We understand!
A Penelope!

(Oceanid) II

"Gentlemen,
in answer
to your letter
I have given
birth
to a ten pound
boy.

I hope
this is
satisfactory."

Zeus himself
could not have
done better!

PASSAGES

From Letters to The Welfare Department

from letters to The Welfare Dept.

FROM LETTERS TO THE W.F.

c.f. The Welfare Department

Notes to the W — D —

from the pot-bellied branch of the oceanids

a distant branch
a forked
from a minor branch
of the oceanids

from a distant branch of the oceanids.

couldn't? Who could have done better?,

(Oceanid) III

"Dear Welfare,
this is
my eighth
child.

What are you
going to do
about it?"

You will hear
in due time
from Oceanus!

(Oceanid) IV The Real Penelope.

"Madam,
I am glad
to report
that my husband
who is missing
is dead!"

The real Penelope!

A Follow-up Ode
A Pot-Bellied ~~to Hymen~~

(Oceanid) V: Ode ~~to Niobe~~
Pregnant Fecund

"As you requested,
I am forwarding
my marriage certificate
and my three
children, one
of which, as
you can see,
is a mistake."

That was expected! To be

Attention Hymen
Attention, Hymen

"As you requested,
I am forwarding
my marriage
certificate
and my three
children,
one of which,
as you can see,
is a mistake."

Pot-bellied, no doubt. / No need all that the blob is people

Oceanid VI A Dirge

"This is
to let you know
that my husband
got his project
cut off
two weeks ago
and I haven't had
any relief since."

"This is
to let
you know
that my husband
got his
project cut off
two weeks ago
and I
have not had
any relief since."

(Oceanid) VII An Ode for Restitution

"Dear Sirs,
you have branded
my son
illiterate.
This is
a dirty lie
as I
was married
a week
before he
was born."

We assume you can prove that.

A natural mistake under the circumstances

(Oceanid) VIII

"To whom
it may concern,
unless
I get
a check soon
I will be
forced
to lead
an immortal
life."

an immortal life."

"To whom
it may
concern,
unless
I get
a check soon
I will be
forced
to lead
an immortal
life."

Threats will get you nowhere (nymph!)

Envoi

Ladies, forgive me.
This was the work
of the cock-eyed muse.

Lark

O SWEET MYSTERY OF HUMOR, O LARK, O POTATOHEAD ~~Not So Secret~~

2. (Secret) Excerpts from Letters
to The Welare Department

Oceanid I

The Oceanids of Welfare (By their own Words)

"To whom
it may concern,
I have no
children yet
as my husband
is a truck driver
and works
day and night."

Letter to the Welfare Dept

← A Penelope! →

Oceanid II

"Gentlemen,
in answer
to your letter
I have given
birth
to a ten
pound boy.

I hope
this is
satisfactory."

Yours himself | cd. not have cd. not have done better. | Who cd. ask for more?

An honest soul An honest soul An honest body { Fair enough! O honest soul

Oceanid III

"Dear Welfare,
this is
my eighth
child.

~~What are you going to~~

You will hear from Oceanus later.
What do you say, Oceanus.
Oceanus will bring in a verdict later.
Oceanus will take this under advisement.
We shall take this under advisement.

What are you
going to do
about it?"

You will hear from Oceanus!
later
We didn't know.
in due time

Anybody
have any ideas?

Oceanid IV

"Madam,
I am glad
to report
that my husband
who is missing
is dead!"

A level head!

Penelope, is that you? ~~see~~?
Another/ A modern Penelope.
(Ah,) The real Penelope!

Oceanid V Re Niobe
~~A Niobe~~

An ode for calm
to patience
to ~~a~~ Niobe

A postscript on Niobe
On Niobe
Re Niobe

"As you requested,
I am forwarding
my marriage certificate
and my three children,
one of which,
as you can see,
is a mistake."

An ode to Niobe.
A niobe! O niobe!
niobe's imp

Oceanid VI A Dirge.

"This is
to let you know
that my husband
got his project
cut off
two weeks ago

and I haven't had
any relief since."

Oceanid VIII

"~~Dear Miss Welfare~~ To whom it may concern,
~~Oliver,~~
unless
I get
a check soon
~~from my husband~~
I will be
forced to lead
an immortal
life."

Not before these words.
In comment x². The words for sure.
The words too.
The words first
Along with the words.
And the words too,
That's the last word.
More power to you!

Oceanid VII An ode ~~to the god of~~ for restitution

"Dear Sirs,
you
have branded
my son
illiterate.
This is
a dirty lie
as I
was married
a week
before
he was born."

Do there a god of restitution in the house?
There shd be a god of restitution
There is no god of restitution,
Restitution! Restitution!
Do there a god of restitution?

Envoi
Ladies, forgive me.
This was the work
of the cock-eyed muse.

I am a sucker for —

~~SHINDIGS IN THE REAL WORLD OF LETTERS~~

To ~~the~~ Welfare Department

~~OR~~ LETTERS TO THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT / ~~OR~~ Excerpts from—
EXCERPTS from

1

~~EXCERPT I~~

O Sweet Mystery of Humor,

To The Welfare:

I have no

children yet

as my husband

is a truck driver

and works

day and night.

& early quilt
o potato-face head

Excerpts from Letters
It is not all grim there.

O sweet mystery of Life,

~~O Flo~~

1. Excerpt I
Bandage

" To Whom it may Concern,

I have no

← children yet

as my husband

← is a truck

driver and works

day and night. "

✓

phoenix!
O hope!
innocent!

I am patient
We bolegge you!
The lowest one.

2

Dear Welfare

I am writing

to say

that my baby

was born

two years

old,

When do I

get my money?

omit
?

make this II
2,
Excerpt III

~~Thalia~~, The cool-eyed Muse
~~Muse of Comedy~~,

" Gentlemen,

Mission Accomplished

In answer

to your letter

✓ I have given

birth

to a ~~z~~ten

pound boy.

~~boy~~.

EXCERPT VII "Dear Sirs,
You have branded
my son
illiterate.
This is
a dirty lie
as I was married
a week
before he was born."

You shall have restitution
Congratulations!

O axis mundi!

EXCERPT VIII

"Dear Miss Oliver,
Unless I get
a check
from my husband
soon
I will be forced
to lead
an immortal life."

fenned

Anaxis mundi!

Next Conclusion
The ultimatum

L'Hayim! Bravo! No cause for alarm.
O Yggdrasil!

EXCERPT Dirge
~~Dear Gentlemen~~
Dear Miss ~~Brutus~~ Valentine

My husband
got his project
cut off
two weeks ago
and I haven't had
any relief since.

Lavender -

I'm in big trouble.

O obelisk! ~~Picture of A woman in big trouble~~

Bring flowers!
Myrtle

Meet me By a weeping-willow tree

O cock-eyed muse!
O muse of comedy!
Yes / OK — Proost
A loosy connection
much obliged.

I hope
this is
satisfactory."

EXCERPT ~~IV~~ 3 Tethys

"Dear Welfare:
This is
my eighth
child.
What are you
going to do
about it?"

Yes, what?
Cheers! — Proost — Santé

EXCERPT ~~V~~ 4 Hera

"Gentlemen/ Dear Ladies madams,
I am glad
to report
that my husband
who is missing
is dead!

Gentlemen:
I am glad
to report
that my husband
who is missing
is dead!

To Whom It May Concern
Dear Miss Bixby,

L'Hayim!

EXCERPT VI Thetis GENTLEMEN (?)

"As you requested,
I am forwarding
my marriage certificate
and my three children,
one of which
is a mistake
as you can see."

O dark!
A tear-key!
A break in the grey

Envoi

Ladies, forgive me
~~But the~~ cock-eyed muse ~~made me~~ sans merci
This is the work of
but I was attacked by the cock-eyed muse

This shall not be entered into any private history of the nymphs

Ladies, I was not reading from the ~~gossip~~ history of the nymphs
This did not come from my private.
but from the cock-eyed muse herself
seized by
whom there is no withstanding

nor does this shout what age does

Envoi

Ladies, forgive me.
This was the work
of the cock-eyed muse.

Oceanid 1 (sea) - one of the 3000 ocean nymphs, daughters of Oceanus & Tethys
Nereid 2 (sea) one of the 50 daughters of Nereus
Naiades 3 (springs, rivers & lakes)
Oreades 4 (mountains & grottoes)
Napaeae 5 (dell)
Alseides 6 (glens & groves)
Dryades 7 (forests & trees)
Hamadryades 8 (forests & trees)

Hilarity / The Comic Strain / Boners

Jetsam & Flotsam / (Quotations from the Real World)

Case Records From / Communications To The Welfare Dept.

SENTENCES TAKEN FROM ACTUAL LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT IN APPLICATION FOR STATE AID:

From the Welfare Records / Findings in the Real World of Letters

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and six children. I have had seven but one died which was baptized on a half sheet of paper.

(2) I am writing ~~the welfare department~~ to say that my baby was born two years old. When do I get my money?

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why Mrs. Jones hasn't had any clothes for a year and has been visited regularly by the clergy.

I am glad to report that my husband who is missing is dead!

To the Welfare Dept.

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

Please find for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with can't eat or do anything until he knows.

Gentlemen: I am very much annoyed to find that you have branded my son illiterate. This is a dirty lie, as I was married a week before he was born.

In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy ~~weighing~~ ten pound ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.

~~Enclosed for~~

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my three children, one of which is a mistake as you can see.

My husband got his project cut off two weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since.

Unless I get my husband's money ~~pretty~~ soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life. / a check from my husband soon

You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will this make any difference?

To the Welf. ~~Dept~~.

(1) I have no children as yet, as my husband is a truck driver and works day and night.

In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

Dear Welfare ~~Dept~~. I have to have money right away Please send me a check right away

I want money as quickly as I can get it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't do me any good. If things don't improve I will have to send for another doctor.

get better,

To the Welfare Griffith

Dear Miss ~~Sturdevant~~

To the Welfare Dept.

~~Anselm Hollow~~ reported.

hunchbacks & dwarfs bring luck

Symbols of bad luck — the cross-eyed
a crowing hen
cock-crow at night

Acacia ~~represents~~ life, immortality.

Aconite: the poison of words; coolness; sacred to Saturn

Aeglia, the beginning

Amaranth / a fabulous everlasting flower, symbolizing immortality / faith / constancy in love

---

Fulvia / the mistress of 2. Curius

Aedon, into nightingale

Hera = Juno

Tethys, wife of Oceanus / mo of the Oceanides

Rhea, wife of Cronos + mo of Hera

the nymph — Aegiope

Thalia, the muse of comedy —

Niobe

~~Thaos~~

~~Flora la belle Romaine~~

la belle Helene

D Lesbia, Catullus' mistress

~~Aeglia~~

Aegle — the name of several nymphs

Aegle 1

Aegle 2 etc.

Notes to the Merchant of Venice

Revised Version
10/7/66

1. Shylock

The play opens, showing the noble audience
that in Venice a Christian
may be both a merchant and a gentleman,
as witnessed by his enigmatic melancholy.

Antonio: "In sooth, I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn."

The gentleman is tired of his surfeit
and plays it on his existential cello.

If there are Jews in Venice,
let them lock their doors
when Gratiano struts out next, declaiming:
"Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come
and let my liver rather heat with wine
than my heart cool with mortifying groans."
This man will hate them
and be itching for a fight.
Prick ~~so much as~~ him in his little finger
and he becomes the very foreskin of an anti-Jew.

Scene Two shows the jurist Portia
who will bring the Jew to judgment,
dishabille in lassitude,
preparing for romantic love:
"By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this
great world."

Nerissa: "You would be (sweet madam) if your miseries were
in the same abundance as your good fortunes are."

Here's a gnat who'd make an outstanding critic.
She pricked that literary convention
before the bubble had a chance
to be launched.
If she were a man
and her mistress were Quixotic,
her name would be Sancho.

Then Shylock, Scene Three:
"You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
and spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
and all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help.
WhatKkxk should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
a cur can lend three thousand ducats?'"

Is it possible a man can be so real
in the conventions of a tale of love
he has the smell of boiled beef on his breath?

or that a gentleman should be so stuffed
with honor, so impervious!? Viz.,
"I am as like to call thee so again,"
replies Antonio,
"To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too."

"The Jew," says Gobbo, is the very devil
incarnation,"
and fun to taunt and defy.

Therefore after Shylock lost his child
and fortune, "all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats,"

for did not Shakespeare give the signal
of impending villainy himself
by calling Shylock sixty times the Jew?

What should one say? That the age
had not heard of the man of Sinai yet
who baked compassion into moral order?
Should one not say, this family man
had tenderness and ancient humor
built in like the glow-worm's light?
That it appears that Shylock is an afterbirth
left by the monk's dame that begat the Devil,
the one who wrote the special dossier on the Jew
which split the middle ages like a lightning
bolt with this syllogism:
Man was born in sin. Only Christ can save.
Christ is spurned by Jews. Therefore Jews
are sinister or perhaps not really men.

Therefore Ferdinand ordered the Jews
to leave his land forever and to leave behind
their goods and precious metals,
all 300,000 whose families had lived
in Castile, Aragon, Sardinia and Sicily
before the Christians.

In four months
the cities were reduced to monks.
Some Jews were allowed transit through Portugal
by John the Second at a charge
of 100 gold cruzados a head,
but epidemics broke out among them
and those who were unable to get a ship
were sold as slaves

and their children
sent to the newly discovered island
of St. Thomas for a Christian education.
There they died.

Manuel, his successor,
then expelled the native-born Jews
but he placed no ships at their disposal.
When their time had run out,
he proclaimed them slaves and sent
missionaries among them in prison
and dragged them to the baptismal font
by ropes tied to the head.

We stray. The Talmud says, "The angry man
forgets what he has learned
and becomes more stupid."

So when Antonio's bond was forfeited
and the gracious duke said
in his best melodious voice,
"We all expect a gentle answer, Jew!"
Shylock rode implacability to the end.

But so did Lear
and there were tears for Lear!

But we forget this is an early play,
a midsummer night's dream stabbed
by the long black caftan'd quiddity
of an earlier Italian villain,
another Barabas!
that England had not seen a real
unbaptized Jew in three hundred years,
having banished those proto-bankers
(not before reneging on the notes due).

Yet Shylock is a stronger brew than dreams
are made of, straightforward as his ducats,
yet not so real as flesh and blood.

Doggett, a famous low comedian of his day,
played him as a sharper.

"But suppose," as one apologist for Shylock wrote,
"that Shylock had subjected Antonio
to the same indignities, what would be thought?"

"Our sympathies are with him," ~~wrote~~ Hazzlitt wrote.
"He is honest in his vices"
and the only way to play him
is as Kean did with a "terrible energy"

or with scorn for Gratiano, as Sir Irving did,
hurling a thunderbolt of understatement
when the trial was over and he said,
"I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well,"
"and walked away
to die in silence and alone"

or like Mansfield on "I am not well"
to gut himself

or chuck it all
and outfit Shylock as a low comedian
in pants pouched like a kangaroo
with gravel voice and sad, repeated
pratfalls on enormous pancake shoes,
but keep the poetry in Venice
in a cubist blue and white stage.

2. Belmont

"The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
when the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
and they did make no noise"

we are in Belmont, a country of the mind
held subject by the harmony of friendship
and the perdurable vows of lovers
whose perpetual desires pump
systole and diastole.

The long note on this English horn plays on:

"In such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
and sighed his soul towardxthe Grecian tents
where Cressid lay that night...."

and chafing like a captive princess,
a fifteen year old suburban Jewess, Jessica,
fled with her father's jewels and a monkey
and eloped to Belmont with a neoplatonic youth,
a handsome nonentity,

and the crusader Godfrey of Bouillon
drove the Jews of Jerusalem into the Synagogue
and burned it down.

And Shylock said,
"Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter
my sober house."

"In such a night

did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew."

On such a night

Antonio Da Silva, a popular Jewish playwright,

burned at the stake in Lisbon while his comedy

played to a full house at the principal theatre.

"In such a night

Medea gathered the enchanted herbs

that did renew old Aeson"

and the Frankfort Ghetto was sacked.

The Christians smelled each other's breaths,

swarming, jostling, cursing.

The early birds tried to work their way out

with baskets full of linen and silver

but were unable to get through.

The others hoisted each other to the second story,

throwing bundles out of windows,

handing chests down to confederates,

and climbing out with rolled rugs under one arm.

In another part of the street

two men wrestled for a pot,

and a Jew lay

face up, a dog chewing on his hat.

"In such a night

stood Dido with a willow in her hand

upon the wild sea banks"

and Himmler fed his love birds tenderly.

And so the entertainment ends, the spell
is broken, all "vanish into thin air"
but the heavenly bodies which the ear
of Shakespeare heard in English,
the lovers buzzing in a hive of small acts
and the revellers materializing
into bone and gristle when they meet a Jew
who grounds their euphoric charge.

All their ploy is jell'd in clearest amber
by this "upstart crow" in witty feathers,
his heart wrapped in a player's hide.

The Jew remains in Gratiano's craw.

"What's that for?"

"To bait fish withal!"

Carl Rakosi

What's this I hear, Robt. Duncan calling himself derivative? Others

Poets don't usually go around telling people that they owe a lot to other poets, no, sir! The only man I know who does that is Robert Duncan, and he can afford to do it because he has a surpassing imagination and a very personal mystique. Well, he can afford to be honest, enough he has of his own.

"That he wore the god head and did not worship, he should have been the first to know," he writes, "deriving his self from joy and even suffering that was not his." The modern poet's anguish, in other words.

He knows, too, that the penalty for drawing his inspiration from the work of others is dissociation, And the penalty? Dissociation. but he is willing to pay it in return for being lifted to heights of enchantment as visionary as Blake's by the process of becoming inspired and making a poem. This was at one time the most familiar convention in poetry, falling in love with the muse, but Duncan carries it further, he makes a Faustian contract with it and becomes possessed by incantations, mysteries, and emblems pouring out of this mystique of role-playing. Thus, his work is an unequalled intensity and richness. example of Marshall McCluhan's thesis, that the medium is the message.

When he wrote "My Mother Would Be a Falconress", however, he was feeding elsewhere, on mandrake root, In this poem where the archaic and unreal nature of his Oedipal anguish has such a deep, inner correspondence to the archaic language and imagery of the medieval dream allegory that it sends bitter-sweet shivers of recognition down the spine.

X So what wd. there be to gain? At that time, speaking was not yet so important to him (because only later when American life constricted him too much & language actually was a handicap)

And besides: to him all work was equally noble!

The "case" must have been for non-payment of a bill (I did work & actually hung up clock of countess) & must have told judge: how treated. Told to go around servants' entrance.

He wdn't. You go tell yr. mistress off & did the work on his clock & if I'm not good enough to be let thru the front door, then my work isn't either. She won't get the clock. She can get it herself at the shop —

Yr. honor: I worked a whole day on this clock. Do you know what I had to do? — Recounted. — Do you know what it takes to be a watchmaker? — Recounts. You can't allow a workingman to be unpaid for his work. It was work! Work is something sacred. It is his belongs to him just like his arm or his eye. It's the one thing he has. If you let such a thing happen, —. It's unjust. Unjust! (as if merely calling out the crime is enough to make all men correct it, for what man wd. want to be unjust.)

(In a sense, he goes thru life crying It's unjust, unjust (as if all one had to do was to call it to men's attention)

His family, esp. W, were his Sancho Panza

His essential timidity.

" " " vanity (standing up his 20 girl friends on the sand corner)

The Perpetual Motion machine — Boundless wealth —

Characters

Laszlo — Roth —
Tisch Bela —
card games in Chicago —

The fanfare of the Hartmans — Hungarian culture —
the Pianist — granddaughter — she writes —
the Mp — the Dan (separated)
— the Son (unmarried)

P had known them in Budapest
Mama = a beauty of her time — Something scandalous
about her life at that time about which she only could tell
as nothing matters of columnist (famous) — Published her memoirs (set Budapest by ears)
The Bank — Rosy dreams of expansion — & was to learn banking
& go into business —

dirty underwear
goggle-eyed
Mama's boy

"Uncle" Lipot (You can call him
uncle — (groan)
have turned to hate —
P (or W?) sent for them — They lived on us for 2 mos. — (how we
loathed this
sudden familiarity)
Their pretensions — Aufgeblosen
Formed partnership — others put money into it —
Julius' books fishy (where was money?) — Made right
under threat of arrest.

Dread: they wd. think he was dishonest, as he had
vouched for Julius.

Mo washed shit off underwear —

Pan-Europe —

The great leader (idea): Wilson
Reads their speeches — Clemenceau, etc.

The elections — parties —

Any man who fought for human rights or loved other men was a great man to him. But he cd. not distinguish between those that seemed to fight & those that really did

The North Side ~~Dad~~ Advancement Society —
The Plumbing Supply Man — Jarrett
The Painting " " " — our former Lord
The Shoe Store — the Sudy —
" clothing Store — Madar
Property Owners on Lake Ave. — Trucking (big, good natured)
Mica (furniture) — Slovak — Man with fierce dog —
The Beach Owner —
Kukkiri (Venetian)
Israham (Greek) — restaurant
~~Butcher~~ (Slovak)
Garage men (remote to Pa) —
Martin (barber)
Pa's influence around the block: —
Had been card playing group (sociable only, with wives — draule beer) — no interest in "civic improvement." — That was P's idea & he carried them along — show how he did it

The Tannery — Efforts to sell — Pa's distrust
no real estate license — P's stationary —

(1) Building up ~~chapters~~ North Side ~~Improvement~~ Advancement Ass. —
Putting landscape + bridge

(2) Exp. with Hartmans —

I (3) How came to K —— Putting up the Bldg. (this might be the beginning)
the history of our family is really the history of this bldg.
dreams (sell out - rent out turn into bank) —
Property wd. ? valuable corner ? —— Bridge (city wd. buy)
Florida lots ——

(4) The Shul —— What stood for there: pay off debts — make members pay — Keep big boards out of disproportionate control (a new adm. & Modern Trustees cd. ? put younger more modern members into resp. positions, so that shul become more — Keep quiet — no ~~B~~ loiterers outside shul — Decent rights for teacher, shochet, janitor ——

(5) The Sons — college — watchmaking —

(6) Decline & death —

(7) Sons & W's reactions ——

I show her a published poem." So what good is it? Can you make a living at it? This doesn't mean a thing. Exasperating: Almost as if it didn't matter what it meant to me. Only what it meant to her, by her values, the values of the world. Almost as if she said: Will you be able to support me on this?:

(Unconscious. What every parent will dread to confess to self & fears to find in her heart & yet this unwelcome visitor has kept in shadow)

Trouble she has making me eat. I don't eat, I partake of food (like an unwanted guest with a guilty feeling)

the Sisterhood — Mrs. Zip
making money for Aunt (the best arranged parties
" " " cooking
she takes glory but she complains no
one helps her (except Gordon the martyr) &
the work = too killing

Pride in cooking. Rage when something burns. Out of sorts all day. "Didn't you smell it? Where are yr. noses? You were sitting right here." —

Milk always boils over.

(the Priest [tenderly] to Pa

Pa

maybe this cd. be the

When P is Knocking for admission at the gates of heaven & St. Peter asks him the usual prescribed questions, what will you say?

Question: Occupation?

A: Optimist

2: What?

A: optimist. & repaired watches, & brought two ch into the world & put up a bldg. on 61 N. Main St., & had a new bridge put up over our river, & ——, etc, etc.

& believed if I were P.reaident for just one wk, I'd have straightened everything out (land to the people, give factories to the people to run, laws: no man must keep over $1,000,000 dollars - what for? He can't use it. He doesn't take it with him? Well, you can laugh, but that's so. & cd. have straightened everything out

~~How do~~

P fascinates everyone by above ideas. They listened & nodded their heads, all listen & assent. For this was something they all believed was just & good. [the Ending]

One race, one people, one govt. - United States of Europe. Wipe out nat'l boundaries. — We're all born & we all die in the same way — We're all people, we're all the same — Christian, Jew, Mohammedan —

Why do a few people have so much money? Why? — This question endlessly repeated —

Modary & the Arab & the Priest (& his best friends) were not at the funeral. They were at home thinking about him (on Sunday morning)

Modary's teasing (the Magyars, the Jews) — humility of old country peasant, hat in hand (Hello, Mr. L—) tenderness — to me & Les (was it because I had loans — gone to U — & was a teacher?) loss of wife

The Priest: P tells him about teachings of Christ. Priest says; shaking his head: You did. have been a christian. It's too bad.

Then P tells him about offer, while a youth, of an ed. if he'd [christian], no money in the world wd. make him do that.

(old annoyer)

Modory's chats — Mo comes up from basement: "Dinner. It's getting cold"
"Just a minute" Where our Kitchen was

Modory: Go down, go down. Why do you stand around here chattering like an old woman when yr. dinner is waiting.
(mock anger) — you ought to know better. Ah I guess these Hungarians don't

Mo (laughing): I'll give you a box on the ear if you say anything against the Hungarians — (All laugh)

Modory lends money for bldg.

not in here you can't, go outside + say it.

Mo shoves him out

Modory (protesting): Women are always malicious trouble

P: Don't let yr. woman hear you say that.

Re my father

The little workbench stood in a corner of the store, looking out on the street. It had a lathe and a motor, and on a clean glass tray lay the parts of the watch. ~~The repaired watches hung~~ ~~along the front of the bench~~ ~~about 75 watches~~ ~~that were repaired~~ ~~were~~ on racks along the window on racks hung the repair work. ~~There were about 75 watches.~~ × They were displayed here to let the people know that this was a busy responsible establishment.

× Each ~~watch~~ carried a tag with a number and the name of the owner. When the watch was done, it was claimed by a stub with the corresponding stub. ~~When the owner had the stub with~~ the owner ~~the owner~~ were no, unless ~~he~~ an old customer. Then he did not read ~~to claim his watch~~). He was identified by his political views or his nationality or his place of emp.

This was the law. Only the "old" customers ed. break it. They were known by their ~~habits~~ They came in when they ~~wanted~~ had a half hr. or an hr. to kill ~~had a few moments to spare~~, ~~talked about~~ discussed current politics or working conditions & were given their watch "that's all right. But if the watch was done, they wd. say, "I didn't come in for that. I just came in to chat."

P. Quote Katayama (from Hungarian paper).

If I had a 1/1000 of a penny for every hair I had, I'd be all right. Eh? (~~satisfied~~ triumphant) — The other begins to think; examines one area as to no, & then says, "Well, how much wd. you have?" (the other has the better of him) — P examines too, thinks, I'd have a penny for this tiny square. "How many such squares do you think there are?" — A million. — Well, how much wd. you have? — $10,000. — So? — no, no, $10. — I take it back, Oh Lord, I take it back. I knew not where I ~~spake~~ $1,000,000 spake. (Can He take a joke?)

Mickey's story about the Jewish comedian & the Brat

Character

What he wd. do to show self honest & wary.

(1) A Jew must be honest

Endless repetitiousness — Wd. be saying the same thing to customer after customer (loudly?) — his family not enough? - A citizen of the world(!)

Counting his chickens before they were hatched (viz. nice little house in Daytona Beach - when were old. And you & yr. wife will visit us, etc. — Sons infuriated: maddening to see him build life on dreams; & he has our marriage all figured out, as he wants it. Maybe we don't want to marry & won't even want to visit them. Kills us with kindness. People laugh at him & annoyed, yet strangely enough, many of them come true.

Hero worship of man who can talk & move people. That's what & shd. be. A lawyer (idea: a man who fights for men's rights, their dignity) — He had wanted to be a lawyer — How had defended self in Budapest at (his lawyer (apparently disinterested - not big enough case) losing the case for him, & told him to shut up) — Afterwards his lawyer (it was a ridiculously small case & yet P talked as if all his human rights were at stake — he was only 19 then) — Lawyer later indulgent: where did you get such a mouthpiece. Wd. you like to be a lawyer. Will pay for yr. ed., etc. — P tells about this later (one of the key stones of his memory) but does not take him up on it. Why? — maybe suspected, he did not mean it. And was not ambitious. Was handsome, elegant, well-bred. Adored by women & mixed in with professional men anyway. ×

Work = sacred because it is man's [illegible] work & affects to his dignity. Work made all men equal.

VICTOR HERNANDEZ CRUZ · ROCHELLE OWENS · ROBERT DUNCAN

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