Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster and Connaught
p. 119 -- That was precisely what he attempted to do.

Watch!
1096 Murtagh O'Brien presents etc.
1103 War between etc.

recap method, Tho'm Wright, The Big Nail:
p. 121 -- Across Smith Sound lay the white outline of Cape Sabine, where Greely and his handful of starving men huddled through that grim winter night of 1883-84, dying one by one. Southward, beyond Whale Sound, was the frozen mass of Melville Bay; westward was the mass of islands...

exaggerated sequence, H.D. Davis, Honey in the Horn
p. 115 -- He couldn't simply state what had happened to him, exhibit the scars to prove it, and then start talking about something else. He had to start with the day the weather had looked when he woke up and what he had thought about it, what fuel he had started the fire with, which sock he had put on first, what he had had for breakfast and how it tasted...

offhand magnitude, Davis, p. 174 --
He had mentioned that there might be logs to chop out, and there were several hundred of them...

gradations, Davis, 207 --
At Flem Simmons' homestead in the high mountains it had been full winter; at old Savage's sawmill on Gate Creek, full autumn; but in the low hop-raising valleys it had not entirely stopped being summer.

repetition, David, p. 237
...they ate fish and fish and fish and fish and fish.

recap, Davis, p. 440
Such was the history of one four-thousand-acre wheat-ranch through one cycle of usefulness -- its origin, how it was acquired, what the acquirers paid for it, what good it did them.
lede: Let's say...
Robin saturnalia (birdsong, worm-hunting etc.)...
While the robinalia was going on, we...

Tom Stoppard, Arcadia, p. 55:
Bernard: Where was I?
Valentine: Pigeons.
Chloe: Sex.
Hannah: Literature.

pantoum (Am Heritage def'n): a verse form consisting of quatrains in which the 2nd and 4th lines are repeated as the 1st and 3rd lines of the following quatrains, and in which the final line of the poem repeats the opening line.
Linda Bierds' poem "DNA" in First Hand is a brilliant example, emulating the DNA structure.

Faulkner's Joe Christmas "street"scene is on pp. 165-7 in Light in August.

WSJ, Sept. 16-17 '06, John Gross review of The Shakespeare Wars by Ron Rosenbaum:
"In Cleopatra's lamentation for Antony after his death... she says that 'his rear'd arm/Crested the world': Mr. Rosenbaum has a fine passage in which he points out that the tiny pause created by the line-break after 'arm' produces a moment of 'tension and equipoise,' as though the arm were holding a spear just about to be released."

Richard Eder, NYT review of Last Last Chance by Fiona Maazel, March 31 '08: "Lucy Clark is a protagonist without an agon, the Greek term for the conflictive encounter that was the motor that drives drama and pretty much propels fiction."
Ursula Le Guin, *The Eye of the Heron*, p. 29:

"The rain drummed on the tile roof of the attic, where she had taken refuge that day three years ago when she got home at last, Cousin Lores puffing and squawking behind her all the way.

The rain drummed on the tile roof of the attic, where she had taken refuge today."

First of all, (as a lead)

Watching Bill Irwin work, in *Largely/New York*, Jan. '89:
in the stage bit where Irwin is soft-shoe dancing and tossing into it a few of the moves the classical soloist and the breakdancers have been doing in his encounters with them, his rather dreamy noodling is interrupted by his tiny TV monitor replica, rapping its white cane loudly twice on the inside edge of the TV monitor; Irwin goggles, then sheepishly does the missed step the tiny replica points out; it happens again, the replica again *raprap* raps twice; when it happens the third time, the replica raps *once*—and increasing impatience is conveyed.

in *Ghosts*, McBain has Carella show uneasiness at being invited to stay in woman's room longer by having him say:
"Well, okay, few minutes." (Not a few min.; the broken rhythm of Carella's sentence conveys his unease.)

Love *Is The Heart of Everything* (Mayakovsky-Brik letters):
--the many variations of affectionately signing off on letters throughout the book; as an example, M on p. 60, "I kiss you 32 million times a minute." And B. on p. 64, "Your, your, your Lilya."
--also M's many diminutives of affection for Lili at start of letters--Lilyonek, Lilyonochek, etc. [cop. p. 120]
(review my markings throughout book)
You have come thru with flying colors. Puce. Fuschia. Chartreuse, mauve. In fact, in signal flags spelling out...

P.D. James, Death of an Expert Witness-- p. 140: "Put like that, it sounds eccentric."
"Put like that, it sounds absurd."

-monger (of various kinds)

series of quoted sentences, different but meaning the same.

Jessamyn West, The Massacre at Fall Creek: p. 229--Hannah, with some ideam of being a nurse to a man who had suffered a setback, dampened his handkerchief in the branch and wiped his face. After that she kissed his closed eyes, ran her tongue along his eyelashes, made him a mustache out of her braid, undid his collar so that she could feel his Adam's apple, ran her tongue along the grooves of his ear like a worm in the tunnels of a half-eaten apple, and finally picked up his head and rocked it against her breasts like a nursing baby.

Saying, really:

Bruce Springsteen, lyric of "Born in the USA":
"I had a brother at Khe San. They're still there but he's all gone."
(beautiful balance of ə "el" sounds in still and all, and the repetition of they're, there; and the r ending of brother matched with the same of there)
Flannery O'Connor (The Habit of Being, p. 301)—

When using dialect, use it lightly. A dialect word here and there is enough. All you want to do is suggest. Never let it call attention to itself. Where people make the mistake is letting the dialect overshadow the character. You get a real person down there and his talking will take care of itself.

—p. 399: Robert Lowell wrote to her: "I have been thinking that we perhaps have something of the same problem—how to hold to one's true, though extreme vein without repetition; how to master conventional controls and content normal expectations without washing out all one has to say. This hurried way of saying it sounds cynical, but I think something like this happened to Shakespeare in moving from his mudd clotted, odd, inspired Troilus and Cressida to the madder but more conventional Lear."

Bryan's art teacher tells him that the disciplines of art are "concrete and specific." Mr. Storey's own work is highly concrete, highly specific; some of his descriptions are hyphen-spiked thickets of detail: "At the top of a flight of yellow-tiled steps three pairs of glass-panelled doors opened on to a red-walled foyer. . . . Above the steps several cream-coloured columns rose to an entablature within the blue-painted recesses of which were arranged a number of white-coloured figures." And so on with buildings, landscapes, people. This laborious specificity loses some credibility when the same woman's dress is "bottle-green" and "bright-green" within a couple of pages.

There are many needless repetitions, not only of key ideas but of factual details and descriptive phrases. Bryan's mother is "slim-featured"; the farmer's wife

Continued on Page 20
Flannery O'Connor, Mystery and Manners, pp. 69-70:

All the sentences in Madame Bovary could be examined with wonder, but there is one in particular that always stops me in admiration. Flaubert has just shown us Emma at the piano with Charles watching her. He says, "She struck the notes with aplomb and ran from top to bottom of the keyboard without a break. Thus shaken up, the old instrument, whose strings buzzed, could be heard at the other end of the village when the window was open, and often the bailiff's clerk, passing along the high-road, bareheaded and in list slippers, stopped to listen, his sheet of paper in his hand."

The more you look at a sentence like that, the more you can learn from it. At one end of it, we are with Emma and this very solid instrument "whose strings buzzed", and at the other end of it we are across the village with this very concrete clerk in his list slippers. With regard to what happens to Emma in the rest of the novel, we may think that it makes no difference that the instrument has buzzing strings or that the clerk wears list slippers and has a piece of paper in his hand, but Flaubert had to create a believable village to put Emma in. It's always necessary to remember that the fiction writer is much less immediately concerned with grand ideas and bristling emotions than he is with putting list slippers on clerks.
from T.H. White, "The Book of Merlyn", excerpt in Atlantic, sept. '77:

p. 56: "The powdery stars expanded and contracted in the serene, making a sight which would have jingled, if it had been a sound."

p. 56: "He began to love the land under him with a fierce longing, not because it was good or bad, but because it was: because of...because of (etc)

p. 57: "...young men who had gone out...to be killed on dirty battlefields...for other men's beliefs: but who had gone out voluntarily: but who had gone because they thought it was right: but who had gone although they hated it."

p. 57: "How few and pitifully few the ones would be who...

p. 55: The old gentleman folded his hands upon his stomach, toasted his feet at the fire, and, reflecting upon his own predicament in Time, began to recite from one of his favorite authors.

"I saw," he quoted, "the histories of mortal men of many different races being enacted before my eyes...kings and queens and emperors and republicans and patricians and plebeians swept in reverse order across my view...Time rushed backward in tremendous panoramas. Great men died before they won their fame. Kings were deposed before they were crowned. Nero and the Borgias and Cromwell and Asquith and the Jesuits enjoyed eternal infamy and then began to earn it. My motherland...melted into barbaric Britain; Byzantium melted into Rome; Venice into Venetian Altino; Hellas into innumerable migrations. Blows fell; and then were struck."

In the silence which succeeded this impressive picture, the goat returned to an earlier topic.
It goes without saying—the saying goes—

Writing: give it a few curly-cues, maybe an arabesque and an immelman turn.

Writing: you have to catch the fire, juggle it down through the typewriter onto the paper. Char—or light.

A year passes, two years, three.
There were ellipses, there were ellipses... there were ellipses, but were there ellipses?

Shirley Ann Grau, The Condor Passes, p. 4:
"Me? What am I? Nothing. The legs on which dinner comes to the table, the arms by which cocktails enter the living room, the hands that drive cars..."

John LeCarre, Call for the Dead, 91:
"...he stopped, looking at Mendel in surprise. Mendel had leapt to his feet."

Robert Newton Peck, A Day No Pigs Would Die, 130:
"With his free arm he raked the sleeve of his work shirt across his eyes. It was the first time I ever seen him do it. The only time."

Scene:

Questions:
TELEVISION

Nancy Banks-Smith

Spies

THE KEYS spelling "thrilling" are in pretty pristine shape on my typewriter. "Stale flat unprofitable," "land, bumpy, pedestrian," "Judiciously inadequate salary" — all these have to be replaced every other week but "thrilling" no. Holmes would have no difficulty in picking out a critic's typewriter by its characteristic wear and tear.

Philby, Burgess and Maclean, however, was a thrilling play in the genre which Granada has patented, marketed and wiped the opposition's eye with. The dramatised documentary dealing with matters such as torture and trials in the Communist block, so secret and inaccessible that no witness can be called.
Here is the plot:

I said:
Joseph J. Malone, PINE TREES AND POLITICS

29 -- If appointments of that age had been advertised, instead of merely arranged, and had there been a Times in which to advertise, something along the following lines could have appeared in November 1705:

Her Majesty's Oversea Civil Service. Applications are invited for the following post: Surveyor-General of the Woods, New England. Duties will include instruction in methods of destructive distillation for production of pitch and tar; supervision of hemp-growing undertakings; general enforcement of statutory provisions for protection of forests reserved to the Crown. Salary at the rate of £200 per annum with certain allowances. Generous home leave. Apply, giving brief particulars, to Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, Plantation Office, Scotland Yard.

"I am thirteen, walking, sometimes skipping, down the hill..." -- Myron Cope, SI, Aug. 20, &73, p. 29

James Morris, PAX BRITANNICA, p. 40:
"There were valuable islands, useless islands, heavenly islands, ghastly islands."

Morris, ditto, 209: "Those steamers!"

Morris, ditto, 403, describing Qn Victoria's diary style "with sundry underlinings and sudden capitals"

Morris, Heaven's Command, 190: "These were terrific people -- not all terrifically good, but terrifically forceful, commanding, convincing."
unused in Pac S piece:
Comes now the Republican adminstrn, the Civil War, and a new DA, in that order.

The first loggers must have seen -- well, I might illste with a story about my favorite cat (Kitty reacting to lst big firs she saw here after lifetime in small Texas trees)

To my hand this day has come ... (ornate start of lead, zagging to slangy conclusion)

While walking we saw (elk, bear or whatever; compare the animals seen over years and 100s of miles of hiking with explorer's journal of what was seen in single day)

which made him think of 00, which made him think of 00...

unused in Nehkahnie Mt. piece for Pac S:
Well, I started to quote (Don Berry's passages in Trask), but didn't have the heart. Suffice to say that what happens next shouldn't happen to anyone who isn't made of India rubber.

for Washington writing: give population figures for some year -- maybe statehood, 1889 -- then discuss personalities scattered around, such as Guy Waring, Joshua Green, U.E. Fries, utopias such as Home?

Sooner or later, in fact 00 words from now, you are going to find out this article is about earthworms.

We are talking here about...

Draw the picture first: (description)

"Darkling plain" and "00"; it would be easier to describe 00 if we still were permitted such phrases

the prose is scraggly, sagebrush technique against a mindscape barren of ideas
I am going to tell you ... and you are going to doubt it...

I have a story to tell you...

Unused from News book:
Now for the baseball scores. 10 to 6; 3 to 2; 2 to 0...

Tomb of the Unknown OO (Sojourner; Pedestrian)

The news story writes itself in my head:

In all the annals of clowndom, OO deserves a special red nose...

p.s. (as a lead)

I never give advice to would-be writers any more. But when I do, I say...

Dear Meriwether: (as lead)

-less as an adjective

afraid-unafraid

one more sun, another darkness.

and it went like that -- tree tree tree -- up over the rim of the horizon.

one last time ... one last time

OO, ruminant...
D.H. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover

quick reversal: p. 11 -- This country had a grim will of its own, and the people had guts. Connie wondered what else they had: certainly neither eyes nor minds.

Otto Friedrich, "The Birds of Berlin", Esquire, Feb. '72

p. 96 -- The Royal Palace burst into flames, the dome of the Reichstag collapsed in a shower of splintered steel, and when one salvo landed on a riding stable in the Tiergarten, a herd of screaming horses went stampeding down the Kurfürstendamm, their manes and tails aflame.

p. 97 -- ...to misquote the old saying, the more things remain the same, the more they change.

Richard G. Stern, "A Valentine for Chicago" (Harper's; clip in writing examples file)
mock definition: "new-yorkitis: provincialism, proud ignorance of the rest of the nation, and lofty condescension toward cities of lesser note."

repetition for emphasis: Cynthia Buchanan, Maiden, p. 2: "...she was looking for a man. She sure was looking for some man."
titles. Ernie DiGregorio, a tricky ball-handling genie whom somebody let out of a bottle of Soave Bolla, comes from North Providence where he is idolized by all those DeLorenzos, DiCarlos and DeSimones who seem to take up half the city’s telephone directory. After a slow start, the two have led their well-balanced team to a 14-2 record, to a position challenging Penn for supremacy in the East and, last Saturday night, to a ragged 77-67 victory over downstate rival Rhode Island.
tection. Donald Westlake, 37, is a more typical mystery writer in that he knows nothing about crime firsthand. He was asked to participate in a panel discussion on violence after the Kennedy assassination but refused, saying, "I don't have anything cogent or relevant to say about violence."

Though he has published some 65

Donald Westlake: Hilarious

books under his own name and at least two aliases (Richard Stark and Tucker Coe) since 1959, won an Edgar and covered most of the possibilities in the genre, Westlake is best known as the man who made crime funny. His hilarious recent burglary farce, "The Hot Rock," is about to be a movie. And Westlake is the young detective novelist most frequently praised by the older generation of crime writers—for his narrative abilities and his skilled prose.

He himself is very conscious of continuing the genre's literary excellence. "A friend of mine used to say," he relates, "that there's a difference between Mickey Spillane and violence used as art." Westlake quoted a line from Hammett: "I hit him with the door repeatedly..." and pointed out, "The word 'repeatedly' is art. In place of that one line, Mickey Spillane would have given a page-and-a-half of gore. I'm trying for 'I hit him with the door repeatedly'."
Life in Talcottville

By Bruce Cook

It is interesting, though perhaps a little unkind, to think how ruthlessly the younger Edmund Wilson would have dealt with the writer, now well into his eighth decade, who has given us Upstate. The book is a volume of diaries and reminiscences from his yearly summer sojourns at the family home in northern New York State, collected with a few essays on the region. Think of Wilson in the 1920s—intimidatingly intelligent, possessed of a formidable hunk of culture, exacting (even somewhat arch) in his judgments, just the man whom an artist such as F. Scott Fitzgerald might look upon in awe and dub his “intellectual conscience.”

That Edmund Wilson would have had little patience with this one, I think. While he would have respected the old man’s fund of knowledge and his obvious good taste, he would have thought him a bit lax in his opinions, not just on esthetic matters but on people and events as well. He might have accused him of ancestor worship and dismissed his feelings for the Adirondack region and its fast-fading way of life as at base mere sentimentality. Misplaced sentimentality, at that.

Upstate begins with a series of short essays intended to introduce the town of Talcottville and its rugged environs and to establish the place of Wilson’s family, the Kimball’s, in the area. This is a kind of writing that he does very well—not so much history as a summary of history written from contemporary accounts and personal records—and the quality of life that emerges may surprise some. Because of its comparative isolation in the dense, rough country in northern New York State, the region remained a kind of Nineteenth Century enclave where an almost frontier style of life was lived until well into this century.
From the Heart, Polished Stories
By a Craftsman

By Michele Murray

This posthumous collection of stories and miscellaneous short pieces by Carson McCullers, redolent of the special atmosphere of the late Depression and early World War II years, leads to several kinds of reflection. There is Mrs. McCullers herself, of course, and her short life, marked by constantly increasing invalidism. Her sister, Margarita G. Smith, editor of The Mortgaged Heart, does not go into detail about the strokes, beginning in her 20s, that completely paralyzed Mrs. McCullers' left side by the time she was 31. But the history of Mrs. McCullers' broken life, stormy marriages, crippling illnesses, and loyal friends has been reported elsewhere. At her death at 50 in 1967, she was totally incapacitated physically and had been unable to write with any regularity for many years.

In those days, young people of talent fled from small Southern or Midwestern towns to New York, craving experience and the opportunity to learn how to write. Living in bare rooms in low-rent districts on money from part-time jobs or family allowances, they went to classes, perhaps at the New School or New York University, wrote stories, accepted criticism, and wrote them again—and again. And reading these fine stories of Mrs. McCullers', some of them followed by the comments of her teacher at NYU, one grows nostalgic for that apparently 'useless' conception of an artistic career taking its sounding from the hard years of apprenticeship to a vision, then the steady accomplishment of difficult work.
H.L. Davis, *Honey in the Horn*

p. 149 -- "She's a river, boy," he said. "They may make better ones, but this one suits me. I wouldn't trade a bucketful of her for any damned stream on this earth."

Edmund Pearson, *Queer Books*

p. 4 -- T.S. Arthur wrote *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.*

p. 5 -- "...the author never reached such heights again. He had tried, earlier, with the feeble *Six Nights with the Washingtonians* (i.e., the Washington Temperance Society) and twenty years later, in 1872, he again essayed frantically, with *Three Years in a Man-Trap.*"

p. 73 (from his chapter on awful poetry)

*In Eight Michigan Cavalry*  
This boy he did enlist  
His life was almost despaired of  
On account of numerous fits.

p. 141 (from his chapter on early etiquette books; quote from *The Rules of Civility*, published in London in 1703)

In eating:--"If you happen to burn your Mouth, you must endure it if possible; if not, you must convey what you have in your Mouth privately upon your Plate, and give it away to the Footman: For tho' Civility obliges you to be neat, there is no necessity you should burn out your Guts."

p. 159 -- Collections have been made of Baboo English -- of the strange writings of the Hindoo with a European education which was still imperfect. The whole subject has been attractively presented, with little exaggeration, in Mr. Anstey's *Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee*, B.A.
77 -- ...to suggest that people who sign their three names cannot write well.

78 -- Her work was not yet art, but it was moving past craft, and as Gilbert Seldes said, "It was so good it touched the higher form."

150 -- In that profile, she also said that Hemingway "avoids New York, for he has the most valuable asset an artist can possess -- the fear of what he knows is bad for him."

259 -- ...as Smollett said, marriage is often the state of wholly matter-money.

262 -- New York theatrical people fear and hate the tryout towns, Philadelphia and Boston, because the audiences in those cities are serious and discriminating ones, not given to the uncritical applause of New York audiences which are largely composed of people come from the provinces to the big city, ready to think that whatever New York shows them must be good.
H.L. Davis, *Honey in the Horn*

p. 231 -- ...he couldn't recall a single night that hadn't been hard to get through, either because nothing happened or because too much did.

p. 276 -- It was much for them, in such a place, to strike neighbors with whom they felt intimate enough to talk freely without knowing quite well enough to quarrel.

p. 305 -- This was one of the great things that happened as often as the men who financed the country financed it too much and then, instead of admitting it, undertook to squeeze their money back out of the men who worked it.

p. 360 -- ...loneliness gave him plenty of time to figure things through to their fundamentals.

p. 381 -- ...set of sentiments...

p. 383 -- ...it was like his luck to have Tunis Evans get an attack of intelligence at the wrong moment.

p. 391 -- ...he had difficulty in getting it into his head that these were all final events in his life.

p. 394 -- He had been there eighteen years, and it was already easier to stand than it had been at first.

p. 395 -- No man who had not been there could be more than a visitor amongst them.

p. 399 -- It was more help than Clay felt comfortable with.

p. 414 -- It was along this line that a part of the western Confederate armies had gone to pieces...

p. 410 -- They were the Paiutes, the extreme northern raveling of the great Shoshonean race...

p. 424 -- A man who is making a go of anything doesn't bother to draft a table of maxims about it.
Ved Mehta, John Is Easy to Please
p. 8 -- You might say I started being born...

p. 11 -- The mysterious gibberish you hear is a pulp of German, Flemish, and French...

p. 76 -- Today, the Charing Cross business, housed in a clutter of five shabby buildings, almost outdoes Texas in the fervor of its self-congratulation.

p. 79 -- ...preens himself on certain archaic features of his bookshop.

p. 88 -- As he puts it, he learned to think of books as "quiet, beneficent things making a sheltering world within the world."

p. 136 -- For me, the magic of his unpretentious, almost unliterary novels was his astonishing marriage of opposite points of the compass.

138 -- ...the landscape of the place has not yet been manicured by industrial implements...

151 -- He was so inept with mechanical devices that he kept his finger firmly on the buzzer unlocking the front door until he saw me step out of the lift on his floor.

161 -- ...he started ringing the door buzzer again to call the lift up.

170 -- ...she thought the Alps were only one mountain thick...

John LeCarre, Call for the Dead
p. 12 -- He had never guessed it was possible to be frightened for so long.

Theon Wright, The Big Nail
p. 49 -- trash ice
Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster and Connaught

p. 70 -- ...the mixum-gatherum which tried to believe itself irksome a nation.

p. 72 -- Was it that he had forgotten -- or that he was afraid to remember?

p. 75 -- ...you could burn books, but you couldn't burn what went on in people's minds.

p. 87 -- ...the make-do-and-mend style of architecture...

p. 89 -- I fancy Leix people can't have yet got over the sheer wonder of having towns, for they certainly haven't reached the stage of looking after them...

p. 103 -- ...an age when it was difficult to spend money without making something beautiful...

p. 176 -- The town was full of marvellous characters -- Chekhov characters, Dostoevsky characters; as in the usual English conception of the Irish, you had only to record what they said and produce a masterpiece.

p. 196 -- There is not much to see except the scenery; the towns, with the exception of Tralee, are terrible.

p. 197 -- ...poets is a large word to use of any of those commemorated by it.

p. 266 -- ...one of those big houses whose names are still a terror to the country people.

p. 268 -- Donegal is a nakedly poor county...

p. 269 -- Living so close to the verge of extinction...

p. 270 -- the feeble flame of life to be nursed at any cost

p. 276 -- They have towns...of which I can honestly say I have no idea what they are doing in the world at all.
John Keats, You Might as Well Live

p. 146 -- (quoting Dorothy Parker's story "Big Blonde")

Mrs. Morse lay on her back, one flabby, white arm
flung up, the wrist against her forehead. Her stiff
hair hung untenderly along her face. The bed covers were
pushed down, exposing a deep square of soft neck and a
pink nightgown, its fabric worn uneven by many
laundrings; her great breasts, freed from their tight
confiner, sagged beneath her armpits. Now and then she
made knotted, snoring sounds, and from the corner of her
opened mouth to the blurred turn of her jaw ran a lane
of crusted spittle.
Twenty miles of Irishmen -- and their women and children, too -- touched with green and gaiety, strode boldly up Fifth Avenue ... (NY Times, Mar. 18, '51, Robt C. Doty)

In keening wind that tore at their banners, 80,000 men, women and children marched up Fifth Avenue yesterday ... (NYTimes, March 17, '47, Meyer Berger)

In this dead land, like a vast relief model, the only allegiance was to sun.
(Walter Van Tilburg Clark, The Indian Well)

Two Congos share the heart of Africa.
(CSM, Mar 17, '65, John K. Cooley)

Come with me to the strange and undeclared war that is raging along the borders between West and East Berlin.
(Chi Daily News, Oct. 28, '61, David M. Nichol)

They came here at dawn, 2,000 mounted men with shields and lances, their horses draped in armor.
(NY Times, June 30, 1963)

Name a major contemporary black photographer. Now name another besides Gordon Parks.
(VWwice, Oct. 2, '69, A.D. Coleman)

Once upon a time there lived a giant named Frank Hague.
(The Reporter, Aug. 13, '64, John J. Farmer)
Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster and Connaught
p. 17 -- Thomas Swift, a nasty bit of work if ever there was one...

p. 446 -- ...an uncle in the manner of Yeats' uncles, who quarrelled over an open grave as to which should inherit grandfather's musical-box...

H.L. Davis, Honey in the Horn
p. 7 -- ...old pioneers who had cockleburred themselves onto the country...

p. 12 -- he was full of tall principles...

p. 25 -- ...as if it had hit the line of conversation by accident.

p. 205 -- ...he felt bound to tog himself out uncomfortably by way of showing his pickers how much he appreciated their being there.

p. 232 -- ...a deep growth of dying bracken around the edge where the mower hadn't reached.

p. 324 -- They were both wet from the shoulders up from being dipped in the watering-trough...

p. 382 -- ...only the men's faces held the light...

p. 382 -- The open grass was silenter than any of the men were used to. They had lived in fir timber, where even on windless days there was always a faint rushing sound with the movement of upper air through the boughs.

T.E. Ripley, Green Timber
p. 31 -- (sawmill machinery) ... the "steam nigger"...
D.H. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover
p. 48 -- The day had greyed over...

T.E. Ripley, Green Timber
p. 37 -- Cupids, sea shells, and garlands rioted all over the thing...
Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster and Connaught
p. 269 -- The kindly spot, the friendly town, where everyone is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own.
I am afraid I have never appreciated that poem at its true worth; the very words "where everyone is known" send shudders down my spine...

William Golding, The Spire
p. 97 -- (view from cathedral spire) ...you could see that all those places which had been separate to feet and only joined by an act of reason were indeed part of a whole.

p. 99 -- In a flash of vision he saw how other feet would cut their track arrow-straight towards the City, understood how the tower was laying a hand on the whole landscape, altering it, dominating it, enforcing a pattern than reached wherever the tower could be seen, by sheer force of its being there.

p. 110 -- Then another thing happened to which no one could put a name. It happened slowly, like a drop in the temperature of the air. This was, perhaps, the consciousness that now they were where no men had ever been before. No one could positively detect a new law, a new menace; yet some new apprehension lay clannily on the skin. There was seldom measured speech in the cone now; silence, or muttered argument, or sudden spats of temper. Sometimes there were gusts of laughter. Now and then, there were tears.
John LeCarre, Call for the Dead
p. 42 -- He spoke with the front of his mouth while the back of it continued to deal with the bun.

Frank O'Connor, Leinster, Munster and Connaught
p. 58 -- ...his round sharp eye...

D.H. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover
p. 14 -- ...mechanical anarchy...

p. 68 -- Yet in some curious way it was a visionary experience: it had hit her in the middle of the body.

William Golding, The Spire
p. 4 -- ...fine dust gave these rods and trunks of light the importance of a dimension.

p. 49 -- He saw this was one encounter of many.

p. 161 -- The rain was not falling from any visible cloud. It came as if born from the very air -- as if the air were a sponge, spurting here and there with drops that fell oddly.

T.E. Ripley, Green Timber
p. 61 -- (quotes Ambrose Bierce paying mock homage to stupidity) -- Let us rise and uncover.
T.E. Ripley, Green Timber
p. 116 -- "Bring me first," he said, "a dozen clams -- and waiter, please mention my name to the chef."
Ike Striker, playing with his toothpicks at a neighboring table, looked up. "Waiter," he called, "bring me a dozen clams -- and waiter, please mention my name to every damned clam."

Robert V. Hine, California's Utopian Colonies
p. 178 -- An elderly woman, enthusiastic colonist of a religious utopia, was once explaining the four "neutral points" on the earth's surface from which the salvation of mankind might emerge. Palestine she named first and California second, after which she stopped and her listeners asked eagerly where were the other two. With a distant and transfigured expression, she answered, "No one knows."
William Golding, The Spire

p 3-4 -- The most seeming solid thing in the nave was not the barricade of wood and canvas... was not the two arcades of the nave, nor the chantries...
John Steinbeck, East of Eden

p. 5 -- if pure gold were liquid and could raise a cream, that golden cream might be like the color of the poppies.

They put a terror on the valley.

p. 6 -- ...the land would shout with grass.
John Steinbeck, East of Eden

p. 4 — The Salinas was only a part-time river...

You can boast about anything if it's all you have.
John Steinbeck, East of Eden

p. 3 -- They were beckoning mountains with a brown grass love. The Santa Lucias stood up against the sky to the west and kept the valley from the open sea ...

... little streams slipped out of the hill canyons...

The river tore the edges of the farm lands and washed whole acres down...
In the tranquillity of the zoo, there are cages for every variety of giant bird—huge hawks wheeling restlessly within the limits of their confinement; flamingos folding and unfolding themselves, and even some mournful marabouts, which stand in stoic silence and stare back at their visitors. Wandering loose in the zoo, ignoring the elephants and the rhinoceroses, there are dozens of mallards, always two by two, the green-headed male trailed by his speckled brown-and-white mate. Nor do they remain in the zoo. They float among the swans in the canals outside the Charlottenburg Palace. They roam among the chestnut trees in the Tiergarten. They nibble at weeds in the Havel River. “You don’t have ducks like that in American cities?” a Berliner asks in surprise. “Here they are everywhere.”
John le Carre, THE LOOKING GLASS WAR

13 -- Snow covered the airfield. It had come from the north, in the mist driven by the night wind, smelling of the sea.

13 -- The changing mist, like the smoke of war, would barg over it, swallow up now a hangar, now the radar hut, now the machines...

18 -- He suddenly realized that everything had gone silent.

28 -- ...he had tricks of movement crudely copied from some lost original, such as an irritating habit which soldiers have of arching his back suddenly...

29 -- The car hit him from behind, breaking his spine.

36 -- ...that intermediate class of contemporary Englishman which must reconcile an Arts degree with an uncertain provenance.

36 -- The building had that unmistakable air of controlled dilapidation which characterizes government hirings all over the world.

40 -- It was their practice in the Department: antique and understated.

43 -- He spoke without attention, paying out rope.

44 -- an iron bar of a smile, like an affliction.

71 -- ...he tried to sound apologetic, to make it a throwaway line...

90 -- they ascribed ... legendary qualities to one another.

90 -- ... they dared not think, for their own sakes, that the Department had room for fools.
92 -- ...he declared, as if it were the maxim of his house...

97 -- They could hear the sound of barges in the fog.

118 -- There is no terror so consistent, so elusive to describe, as that which haunts a spy in a strange country.

121 -- Their uniformity is the discipline of growing old, of dying without violence and living without success. They are houses which have got the better of their occupants; whom they change at will, and do not change themselves.

154 -- ...as if Leiser expected nothing from nature but stark collision.

218 -- Woodford, profoundly insulted, left.

235 -- It was the same wind. The wind that had tugged at Taylor's frozen body and drove the rain against the blackened walls of Blackfriars Road, the wind that flailed the grass of Port Meadow, now ran headlong against the shutters of the farmhouse.

241 -- He had the illusionist's gift ... of implying great familiarity with his subject.

243 -- Leclerc had a habit, when making a joke, of holding himself at attention and lifting his heels from the ground as if to launch his wit upon the higher air.

246 -- All of them in that room ... knew the fatal disproportion between the dream and reality, between motive and action.

250 -- They had relapsed into a state of somnolent fear, like men in a submarine.

253 -- ... the meaningless rubble of a workingman's pockets.
267 -- ...nothing ever bridged the gulf between the man who went and the man who stayed behind, between the living and the dying.

286 -- Almost with detachment he caught sight of the line of crystals on the blanket, untouched, still and ready, dressed by the left and numbered, flat on their backs like dead sentries.
The country is a huge dead beast, lion-colored. To ride here is to crawl the sides of the beast between the ridges of its ribs. The ribs are gashed as though by the teeth of an angry deity. The land is carrion land.

A series of immense plateaus from four to ten miles wide, from ten to thirty miles long, troughed by mountain ranges trending north and south, seem to chute off to the edges of the world and the plateaus are high, five to seven thousand feet, so that the sky is close and a man, pressed between plain and sky, is for once conscious of the shape, the roundness, of the earth.

It is a country without grace. A man wishes for a sound. It is a country of no answers.
I left the peak about two o'clock, drank the very cold shale-tasting water coming from under last winter's snow in the notch, went on down, and then south through the marshy meadow, already in shadow from the col, the grass yellowing and the sod stiffening from the fall nights, so that I could walk straight across and feel only the first solidity and then a slight give which didn't spring back. It was strange in the meadows, walking in the shadow, but with the sky still bright blue, as in the middle of the afternoon, and the sunlight, when I stopped to look back at the peak, just beginning to look late. It was chilly in the shadow too, but I didn't hurry. The peak was sacred to me, the climb was pilgrimage, and five years is a long time. I had been very happy all day, climbing with the sun on my neck and shoulders, and I was very lonely happy now. I took my time, and looked at everything, and remembered a lot, and would have yodeled sometimes, but the quiet was better.

I climbed over the big rock barrier, which a million winters had cracked into terraces, saw the dry, shriveled clumps of leaves and single dead stems in the cracks, and remembered times I had come up there in the summer, which is spring at that height, and seen it pouring with green, like cascades, and lighted by flowers. I remembered the dark girl who knew all the flowers and who, when I met her she wouldn't find more than thirty kinds, found more than fifty. I remembered how we had eaten our pocket lunch dry, in a niche on the east side of the peak, out of the strong wind we could hear among the rocks and more heavily in the notch below. We couldn't see it then, but the image was new in our minds of the big basin to the west, with its rolling dark green to pale blue, heavily timbered hills, and the wide, dark-blue flat of Tahoe, rough with wind and jointed exactly into all the bays and coves, and the little lakes at different heights around it, also fitted like single pieces into a relief puzzle.
In front of us, way down, squared with fields and pencilled by the straight roads, was the chain of ranching valleys, and then the lesser, burned mountains rolling to the east, and in the far northeast just a sky-colored sliver of Pyramid Lake showing through the last pass. I remembered that the clouds that day had gone all around the horizon in a narrow band, flat underneath, all at exactly the same level, with clear sky between them and the mountains, and with their tops standing up in little, firm bosses and domes, and not a single cloud in the field of sky above them, so that we sat high up in the center of a great circle of distant cloud. This seemed to mean something, and gave our thoughts, and the big arch of world we looked at, a different quality that made us uneasy but happy too, the way I was now.

I went on through the sparse trees and the rocks over two ridges, and could see from them, and from the little valley between, the rock castle at the end of the high col to the west, where I had eaten at noon another time when I was alone, and then stayed for two hours to watch a hawk using the wind over the hollow to the west of me, feeling myself lift magnificently when he swooped up toward me on the current up the col, and then balanced and turned above.
Jan De Hartog, THE DISTANT SHORE

17 -- The RAF boys, swarming out over Germany every night ...

22 -- My head felt as if my brains had got loose...

29 -- ...with a sound that I felt in my teeth.

37 -- The ship was in apple pie order. War didn't exist for Captain Van Dam, it stopped at his gunwales. I wouldn't have called her a model of sanity; she seemed to me a model of pernickety and futile tidiness.

42 -- Whatever the practical results of that bit of drill might be, it had established me in the eyes of my crew as a methodical man who knew what he was doing.

46 -- Then a cunning thought slid out of the jungle of my confusion, like a snake.

62 -- They were merciless toward everybody, including themselves.

71 -- ...with the enthusiasm the British display only about completely trivial things...

77 -- ...a tiny cube of light and warmth and cosiness floating in the great empty silence of a world at rest...

94 -- What had frightened me was not the periscope itself, but the fact that it had taken me so long to react to it.

109 -- Sparks said, "Sounds like it."
    "That's wonderful," I said etc.
    Sparks said, "Doesn't sound like it." He was a great talker, that boy.
38 -- Whenever men are banded together for a purpose, sharing the technicalities of a trade and with a daily background of danger, they create their own language. It is not merely the language of war -- as it was here at Portsmouth Point -- but of that particular war.

43 -- ...with all the cold fury to be expected of someone who was plainly responsible.

50 -- ... Hornblower was delighted to find himself in a frigate; more than that, in a crack frigate and more than that again, in a frigate commanded by Sir Edward Pellew.
Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, OR I'LL DRESS YOU IN MOURNING

9. . . . the road away from hunger for Andalusia's poor youth has led past the horns of a brave bull in the fading glare of a Spanish summer day.

24. . . . Her harsh, forbidding land stood higher, bore less water, and exacted, for each living thing it sustained, a greater toll of human sweat and toil than any other corner of Europe.

110. . . . "It is the public that gores, not the bulls," was an old bullfighter's maxim.

260. . . . time was on his side. With each pass, with each minute ticking by, he learned a little more, until finally, if too much time, or too many passes, went by, he learned it all. Then he, too, could kill.

266. . . . But if the man gives the bull too many passes, the animal will begin to understand: he will learn the difference between man and muleta.

266. . . . Yet, in that wildly howling mob, a sense of concern began to rise in a few seasoned minds.

276. . . . that most precious gift, the cold thrill of danger lived vicariously . . .

302. . . . the soft, sapping fingers of fear feeling their way along the edges of his being.

330. . . . But the vulgar breath that El Cordobes has brought to the sand of the bullring is just a zephyr of a wind blowing over all Spain.

330. . . . they applaud across his frail and defiant silhouette the harbinger of a new, a better life.

335. . . . slowly, very slowly, the pools of Andalusian poverty from which the Belmontes, the Manoletes and El Cordobes sprang are drying up.
10 -- Jem was only starting to drink, just an apprentice at it but very willing to learn, and was not as used to it as their father, who made it his second profession.

14 -- arrowhead rays of sunlight

17 -- sage and serious as any generals

23 -- several little eternities seemed to pass...

50 -- Father was in one of his midweek bad tempers on account of drought...

56 -- The houses stood like squat, disgruntled cocker spaniels ...

59 -- Anybody might easily have picked her up with one arm ...

64 -- "God, you'd look grand on a Christmas tree."

72 -- "...fishing out her hankie and blowing her nose in it, not bothering to remove her false teeth still wrapped in it.

86 -- ...grasping in both hands and putting under his arms the bottles of stout that came sweeping towards him...

90 -- clouds...like dark battalions of weirdly shaped horses...

98 -- mixed aroma of ancient smells

98 -- 'You'd drink piss if it was inside a bottle.'
Brown cont.

117 -- ...seeing on this broad summer's day death taking horrible dominance over all things...

128 -- ...a kind of instinctive order crept over everything.

137 -- the Moses basket.

142 -- 'Murder bedamned!' Essie spat out. 'A fucking service to the nation, that would've been...'

145 -- 'It's enough to make a man lose his bloody appetite,' he said with absolute disgust, shovelling another forkful of cabbage and potatoes into his mouth.

166 -- their lootened lives

"The moment at which the world changed forever is recorded as 7:55 A.M. on the Sunday of Dec. 7, 1941. Actually, it may have been a few seconds earlier or later; nobody can be quite positive. Men were fighting and dying at that moment and 7:55 A.M. is as close as historical precision can come."


"There are moments when an unexpected world event freezes a great leader for an instant in time, like a candid snapshot taken by flashbulb, and catches him unposed, staring startled into the camera of history. This is what the Soviet nuclear tests did to Jawaharlal Nehru, who at the age of 71 and after decades of prominence still manages to be one of the most important, loved, disliked, emphasized, harried and puzzling men of the twentieth century."
Stanley Eveling, The Scotsman, TV column Ap 14, '73: review of Star Trek: "...Bones, the medic, and Spock, all ready 'to boldly go' split infinitive and all, where no man has been before."

Mark Kram, Sports Ill'd, July 27, '70:
"Night moused across the northern hills of Georgia..."
"The huge glistening machinery of our society seemed to come apart like a Tinker Toy with every step he took."

Will Bradbury, Life, Oct. 30, '70:
"...a kind of torque that starts in the brain..."

Loudon Wainwright, Jan. 17, 1969, Life:
"If I was like that then and am this now, what can I be?"

Jack Tinker, Daily Mail, Jan. 17, '73, review of Beckett play "Not I" (clip in London theatre file):
"There may be those who can instantly identify Miss Whitelaw's lips in the dark. I rely entirely on the good faith of the management in passing on this information..."
From Elizabeth Bishop, when she gave Roethke Memorial Poetry Reading, May 23, '74:

- In poem titled Crusoe in England, volcanoes "with their heads blown off". Also the line, "pity should begin at home."

- From a poem about Brazilian gas station, the line "thoroughly dirty", and one to the effect that a growing plant there thrives so that somebody must water it, or maybe oils it.

She also told story of helping Roethke pack frantically to catch a train. He had "hundreds of shirts" to be crammed into suitcase, but she worked on clothing and he gathered his papers, and between them they got to Grand Central just as the final call for his train. He bid her an admiring goodbye: "You're a quick kid in a caper."

Peter Beagle, in undated Holiday piece titled "Goodbye to the Bronx":

...the new apartment buildings. God, I hate those things! They're so cow-colored, so uniform...

Herbert Gold, "Stories I Guess I Won't Write," Atlantic, Aug. '69:

Every writer has a lot of stories in him, more than enough for his lifetime, though never enough, either.

Something ordinary and true -- the death of a friend, war experience, falling in love -- can be made extraordinary by the gift of telling. The general is made particular, and blazes.

Clive James, TV column in The Observer, Apr. 15, '73:

"A feast for eye and ear, and any passing carnivorous birds."

"...the age of electronic memory..."

(column in writing examples file)
Joan Didion, Life, June 5, 1970 (in Think Pieces file):
I remember my real joy at discovering for the first time how language worked, at discovering, for example, that the central line of Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness was in parentheses.

Paul Theroux, review of V.S. Naipaul books, Sunday Times, Dec. 4, '72:
"Every major writer charts fresh bearings, changing the pictures and assumptions in our heads."

Stuart Hood, TV column in The Listener, Jan. 18, '73:
"...how used we have become to hearing lines spoken on television which are the most worn and shabby small change of speech."

Rebecca West, The Times, Dec. 21, '72, p. 12:
"Words were not meant to flow past us without means of delay."
this caging winter

I began leaving more than 00 years ago

how silly it looks on paper

in June, always in June

Writing this last sentence, a picture comes back to me

I wonder if I would be a different person if there had always been an 00 there

in lieu of life

Joan Didion in undated Life column: .. all the ignorant armies on some dark pathological plain.

a time warp

to circumnavigate the issue

a language I like and hear very little of these days

the movie a Rorschach of its audience

ideograms of the future

whose life is an obscure grudge against the world

a place so still and private that once seen it is forever in the mind

shots cracked out

that place, that thing, that idea, whatever it is

harsh rusts

the star map of sky

wind whining
this is the big league of 00

Wilfrid Sheed, *Life*, July 31, '70, "that" sequence:
the conversation that created the mood that left the
party that took the sleeping pills.

gimcrack

telling me, without ever saying a word

what warrant did we have to...

it is a small sickness to feel anonymous

Those who say patriotism is the last refuge of
scoundrels have not fully explored the possibilities
of reform. (Jack Newfield lead, *VV*, July 20, '72, p. 11)

Pain is a packet of chiseling tools. (Edward Hoagland
in *VV*, Oct. 17, 1968)

Roderick Nordell, *Christian Science Monitor*, 9-30-65:
"Why is he hitting the ball with his head?" asked Five.
"..."Daddy, did when you were in college did you play
football?" asked Three.

there is a smack of ...
Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle:
p. 155, on Yeats:
"There is something," he (Yeats) says, "of an old
wives' tale in fine literature. The makers of it are
like an old peasant telling stories of the great famine
or the hangings of (98 or from his own memories. He has
felt something in the depth of his mind and he wants to
make it as visible and powerful to our senses as possible.
He will use the most extravagant words or illustrations
if they will suit his purpose. Or he will invent a wild
parable, and the more his mind is on fire or the more
creative it is, the less will he look at the outer world
or value it for its own sake. It gives him metaphors and
elements, and that is all. He is even a little scornful
of it, for it seems to him while the fit is on that the
fire has gone out of it and left it but white ashes. I
cannot explain it, but I am certain that every high
thing was invented in this way, between sleeping and
waking, as it were, and that peering and peeping persons
are but hawkers of stolen goods. How else could their
noses have grown so ravenous or their eyes so sharp?"

46 -- Wilson:
The style of the seventeenth century, on the other hand
--the style of Walton's "Lives" or Dryden's prefaces --
was a much more personal thing: it fitted the author
like a suit of clothes and moulded itself to the natural
contours of his temperament and mind; one is always aware
that there is a man inside....

p. 61 -- notes that Yeats has spent 6 years as Irish
senator, "conscientiously sitting through the movies
which it is one of his official duties to censor."

Mark Schorer, SINCIAIR LEWIS:
p. 698: "In all this gratuitous welter (of Gideon Planish)
one is struck by what may well be the best single
sentence that Lewis ever wrote: 'Somewhere near by she
lay in the earth, alone.'"
Chapman repeatedly addressed Wallace, insisting in increasingly abusive language that the governor must visit Lincoln in person. Dudley, he wrote, was "a whiskey barrel in the morning and a barrel of whiskey at night ... his conduct has become a reproach to the military service of the country and an insult to every officer who tries to maintain the dignity of his position."

(photocopy in Lew Wallace article file. Source is "Exit Axtell: Enter Wallace," by Philip J. Rasch, New Mexico Historical Review, July '57; Rasch's source is exhibit from court of inquiry documents.)

Unused lead in Lew Wallace piece:

"...In the morning set your faces homeward; when arrived there, send word to those under you, and bid them be ready to assemble as I may direct. For myself and you, I will go see if the King be indeed at hand, and send you report. Let us, in the meantime, live in the pleasure of the promise."

--Ben-Hur, in Book Seven of Ben-Hur: A Tale of the

"%#@(*###/!"

-- Billy the Kid, on any quiet day of his 21 misspent years

Gideon Grupper
Grind1 Bunchcraft

recipe for tomato shapelunk: heat rocks in lightly greased griddle -- thundereggs are best -- tous heat to 400 degrees, then drop them into tomato soup -- SHPELUNK!
apt misspellings

circumstances beyond our control

bereavement

literature

alive and swell

trouble I had getting Lewis and Clark journal entries right for Pac S piece -- duplicating their errors faithfully, then avoiding my own. For ex, I went to type "no" and it came out a Clarkian "noe"

"dromp" for "drop"

"uttopia" for "utopia"

phonetic near-misses in memory as we try to think of a name. Trying to think of British historian Namier, I was stuck on Lanier. You always know it's not quite right, but it's hard to get off the near-miss.

sinspire
The writer, unburdened by such chores, goes on to peck learnedly about the 00 dollars spent annually on lip salve or the 00 hammocks currently swinging in the world's 00 backyards.

(smokejumpers:) The three dozen young men who file in each mealtime remind you of a football team -- but a team without huge men, a team where everyone looks like a halfback.

skulking out of the cave in search of a dinosaur cutlet.

The university actually is a medium-sized city -- the 10th largest in the state. It has its own police, traffic jams, theaters, arboretum, barbers, newsstands, oceanography fleet, railroad, newspaper, magazines, racial tensions, charities, printing presses, computers, investments, stadium, mountain retreats, hospital, television station, department store, restaurants, fire marshal, gardeners, ombudsman, and nuclear reactor.

jolted the last lap from the railhead

It makes a hearty legend to say that...

black-bearded well down his chest
a tape recorder looses the sound of bells

slum-pocked

songs the street gangs chant as the anthems of their turf

After a year, some disappointments, some triumphs, does Erickson still think...

Misery loves music. Down all the days of man's sorrows, he has set to melody the afflictions life visits upon him. Keening, quavering a ballad, sobbing the blues ... somehow there is solace in music, and the dark shadows of life shorten and soften in its presence.

a one-man think tank

out of Africa and the Caribbean by way of the slave-holding American South

...law also came west wearing a frock coat and a plug hat. Came west because ... Came west green, eager ...

population -- about the size of your Christmas card list.

the wind got a running start down from the cold peaks

sunlight fingered through the tall trees, bright but only wan in its warmth. The chuff of our footsteps in the pine needles was loud.

standing out like the richest panels of a quilt

very much in the American lifestyle which, as a friend of mine once put it for the ages, looks as if it fell out of the back of a truck.

great Victorian dowagers of houses

a dream which in time turned into a dirge.
In some swashing abyss, somewhere at the edge of our imagination

the murmuring hills of childhood

For the first time since a man stood before the sunset and felt his mind warmed by a flicker of awe ...

The waters of earth, mankind's highway and pantry through all the ages

there will be dead oceans

somewhere behind our foreheads

carcass world

a mystic so busy in worlds of his own that legends continually arise trying to explain him.

The man was a lodestone for calamity.

performed absolute miracles of bland denial.

an especially warm enemy of Smith

Each sought to gut the other's career

a quiltwork of 
neighborhoods

which smoked out of the typewriter

his every word came out wearing epaulets

at about half-past sobriety

ghosted back into my memory

When the rock pinnacles of the Pacific coastline dagged into the Gen. M.C. Meigs, the old troopship began to bleed oil onto one of the world's most ruggedly beautiful beaches.
the names of the best steelhead rivers will speak rough poetry to him: Skagit, Cowlitz, Green, Columbia, Puyallup, Skykomish, Ruptulips, Snohomish and Toutle.

The wind is fretting the storm warning flag as a giant would rub a little girl's kerchief between his fingers. 

...watch the faded red pennant snapping itself to tatters.

...a grudging ribbon of beach between storm surf on one side and tangles of beached driftwood on the other.

I looked around from whitecaps to dark channel islands to three mountain ranges, including the iceberg peaks of the Coast Mtns, far off in Canada.

Patrick, who negotiates with the world in sentences of one word or less, seems healthy enough at the moment. He is bartering with my wife, a car from his toy train for her camera. 

"It's the haboose, I think," Bobby explained for his brother, the businessman. 

"Caboose, Bobby, caboose," Jennifer instructs.

as clean as the inside of a chrome barrel

the giddy plans to web the US with telegraph lines from Maine to Texas

just plain dark-gray lonely

talking by telephone into that dark quiet

Nobody rides down the road any more to ask how the missus is feeling and whether he can help with the chores. Capsuled, we go our own ways.
enough slopes to assemble a respectable mtn range

in this part of the world, he celebrates the Fourth of
July by pasting a new "Think Snow!" sticker onto his
car bumper

in the high heart of Olympia Nat'l Park

One way to hike in Washington during winter is to go to
the mountains and put large splayed things on your feet.
This is called snowshoeing, and if you are over thirty
you cannot do it without pretending sometime during the
day that you are Sergeant Preston of the Yukon.

the crystalline rewards of winter landscape seen close
up and lingeringly.

He must respect the grand dukes of high-country winter,
which are the weather and the threat of avalanche.

the long edge of the Pacific

sandwiched between the world's largest Boy Scout troop
and the Retired Plumbers' League from Vermillion, S.D.

real estate developers have shantied much of the
coastline southward.

The steelhead fisherman is found in streams up to his
hipbones, amid rain pittering down by the hour. He has
more water around his body than anyone since
Captain Nemo.

steelheads navigate upstream towards the spring
spawning, breaking fishermen's lines and hearts as
they go.

a boat sloshing up and down, uuuuuup and dowwwwwwwnn

he knows neither peace nor stint until a large
chinook zings into his hook

river water up to his brisket
Any traveler worth the glue on his suitcase decals has a dream. It is spring in this dream, spring in the one place you have always hungered to visit, and you gigle as you walk to the waiting limousine because the red carpet is so plush it is tickling your ankles. The hotel suite glows with perfection: 47 stories up, and a bushel of fresh strawberries waiting on a little wheeled cart. The chauffeur and bellboy both refuse to accept tips. Later, when you descend to the restnt for a snack of filet mignon and lobster, the hatcheck girl mistakes you for Gregory Peck, the maitre d' thinks you are the proprietor's brother-in-law, and the waiter has a hunch you're Onassis.

For a time, you create a world. You are young, and on the stage the lights beam down onto you like small suns you have tamed. You are young, and there always will be tomorrow.

Unused in Ocean Grove article:

Such metropoli as NY and Tokyo recently have been trying to postpone the final strangle by banning cars from some midcity streets for a new unsmogged hours each week. But OG was there first, posterity.

The Auditorium is to evangelical religion what Radio City Music Hall is to G-rated movies. The cleanup slot. Beulah Lamb. The big apple.

Sound that carries the whole history of circuit-riding preachers and trim churches and scuffles with private devils.

OG is a place to sidle into the quiet years of life.

Benchloads of grayhairs chewing over old times.

A huddle of smalltown verities amid the large confusions of our era.
The thin screech you hear in the background isn't me. It's the ornery rosebush trying to come in through a window pane. This rosebush isn't much for looks. Each summer it huffs out about a dozen faded orangish blossoms, not much better than damp Kleenex but just enough to prove it still is a rosebush, then goes back to growing branches at crazy angles.

There have been times when I thought the rosebush and the holly bush a few years away would grapple into deadly embrace, and then they'd get cut back to a truce zone.

I like the screech bush because it's company. A writer doesn't have much audience. Occasionally a junco will land on the bush and peer sidewise through the window at me. Once one of the resident squirrels hopped onto the windowsill to see what all the typewriter noise was about, and he wasn't impressed either.

For days on end I would look out at the world through a clash of holly leaves and rose stickers, and what effect this had on my prose I don't know. Some of the branches are as thick as my thumb, and so scarred with time they are beginning to look petrified. The rose bush trying to get on top of the house....
Unused in lighthouse article:

The Conns sit around listening to the light overhead. Islands dark with trees dot the Strait. Southward...flight patterns of ducks and geese endlessly came, endlessly went again. Living beneath lighthouse is like living at bottom of socket.

Lighthouse beam, flashing 12 times/min (?), beams out: LIGHThouse, LIGHThouse...

I thought of Ray Bradbury's great story of the sea monster who came up to answer the lighthouse, and looked thoughtfully out to the Strait.

hand on his gun. "Stranger, that's the sheriff's ball..."

I made my selection. I began to bowl. Nobody said anything. Well. Maybe I have the kind of presence that keeps sharpies away. I knew I didn't have as much presence as a guy back home who once, after knocking down only two pins with two balls, slowly walked the length of the lane and kicked all the others over with his foot; but maybe there was something about the way I blended all those hard surfaces in one fluid interface climaxing in explosion, vum vum vum vum rml rml rml ESCHATOLOGY!, that earned the homespun respect of these people.

I start the tenth game. Pick up a couple of spares. Couple of strikes—great sounds in bowling, I'll give it that: vum vum rml rml rml rml DE-BACLE!

Sweating. Arm very tired. Came to the last frame. Hear one of the two guys call the other one "Vern." Never let a cowboy named Vern think you are having fun at his expense. Vern, I swear to you, I'm not. I am bowling blood.

Need a spare. Rommel rommel rommel rommel KRAKATOA!

One pin left.

Rmmmbl-l rmmmbl-l rmmmbl-l rmmmbl-l P...L...ONK!

Pick it up.

Last ball... all I..."
"Espionage Is No Fun," Joseph Haas
Chicago Daily News Panorama, Dec. 18, '65, p. 4

interview with David Cornwell (John LeCarre):

"I'm not a wide reader, actually. I like to reread books
that I have enjoyed, the way you take down a bottle of
a favorite old wine from a rack. I don't read much after
Balzac, and my favorite writers are of the 19th Century,
for they were marvelous storytellers. Writers such as Joseph
Conrad constantly remind one that there is really nothing,
in terms of ideas or morality, that cannot be achieved with
in the framework of the narrative. The old art is story-
telling. I have dipped into contemporary schools of writ-
ing, but I am not impressed with them. No 'Naked Lunch'
for me. I'll have my lunch fully dressed, thank you, with
full regard for the rigors of writing a novel and telling
a story. The 19th Century writers give you a real world,
the complete texture of it."

Presently, Cornwell and his wife, Ann, are search-
ing for a Georgian house in the English countryside. "I've
always loved homes of that period, the 18th and early 19th
centuries, and now we can afford one. After 'The Spy,' I
left my foreign office job, with no hard feelings, and now
I can afford to write as I want, too. I'm a lark, not an owl.
I start writing early in the mornings, and use the after-
noons to correct what I did the previous day. To complete
a 70,000-word book, I must write at least a quarter of a
million words, rewriting and editing as I go along. When
I get anything like a consecutively numbered draft, from
page 1 to page 300, say, I don't make many radical changes
for I've done most of that work along the way.

"For my knowledge of espionage procedures, I am in-
debted to the British Royal Commission reports on major
espionage cases and trials. For the technical matters, of
equipment and so on, I haunted surplus stores where they
have old World War II gear, and the Imperial War Mu-
seum in Britain and Copenhagen's Freedom Museum."

Of our times, Cornwell said, "I feel frustrated, as all
people do, by the paradoxes and hypocrisies of world pol-
itics. Can I see anything to be optimistic about today?
Well, as a writer, I should be allowed to put the questions
without having to answer them, but I will say to that, no,
not much. Especially not when I think of our times in
terms of my three young sons, and the future."
Ireland: Shadow Of the Gunman

by Pete Hamill

BELFAST, Northern Ireland—On the night the government fell, the Paisleyites lit bonfires on the Shankill Road. Women with glittery eyes, children twitching with excitement, tough young men with hard faces and rough workmen’s boots, all were there: the sort of crowd that used to attend lynchings in the American South. They seemed to seethe with their small victory, while the bonfires burned garishly against the night sky. Bigotry and stupidity had triumphed again over the 20th century.

Dublin: A Long Ballgame, But the Poets Are Winning

by Pete Hamill

DUBLIN, Ireland—Maybe it was the weather: this high bright sun, and the small-textured houses, and the clean facades of the Georgian streets, and the white fishing boats moving silently on the bay. Or maybe it was the sight of the Irish flag, blowing in the soft sea breeze, green, white, orange, and free. Or maybe it was just because you were out of Belfast, and its black implacable Northern hatreds. Whatever it was, the day was lovely.
Ireland: The Killing Would Be for Christ

by Pete Hamill

BELFAST, Northern Ireland—On a dark Tuesday afternoon, with a hard spring rain lashing the Crumlin Road, the Reverend Ian Paisley walked out of prison. The deal was made: a general amnesty, freeing Paisley and clearing the slate of all charges against his opponents in the civil rights movement. Paisley was now free again to resume the Great Crusade: to smash Popery, to destroy ecumenicism, to keep Ulster British, to maintain the Union Jack in the firm right hand of the Lord. Most of all, he was free to resume his two-a-day show at the Ulster Hall, where the faithful arrive each Sunday to be whipped into the true Christian condition of mindless ugliness and to be relieved of their money through that other great Christian tradition: the Silent Collection.
The

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

Instead of the white sands of Arabia, there was the gray slush of Wabash Ave.
Instead of a Crusader castle, there was the crumbling, yellow sandstone of the Coliseum's turreted front.
Instead of the pennoncelles of heraldry, plastic pennants—the kind they have when they open a new gas station—flew from the Coliseum's marquee.

"The nation of Islam," as they call themselves — "The Black Muslims," as they are called—were arriving to celebrate "Savior's Day."

THE DAY is named after a certain Wallace Fard who performed his strange ministry around Detroit about 35 years ago and then disappeared. Tales are told that this Black Muslim prophet was murdered but nobody knows.

All that is for certain is that the odor of violent death has never left the Muslims. At the Coliseum it was on the air like
THREE NOVELS, by James M. Cain.
Bantam. $1.75.

BY ARCHIE SATTERFIELD
P-I Staff

"They threw me off the hay truck about noon. I had swung on the night before, down at the border, and as soon as I got up there under the canvas, I went to sleep."

"I drove out to Glendale to put three new truck drivers on a brewery company bond, and then I remembered this renewal over in Hollywoodland. I decided to run over there. That was how I came to this House of Death, that you've been reading about in the papers."

"I was in the Tupinamba, having a bizcocho and coffee, when this girl came in. Everything about her said Indian, from the maroon rebozo to the black dress with purple flowers on it, to the swaying way she walked, that no woman ever got without carrying pots, bundles, and baskets on her head from the time she could crawl."

These excerpts are from opening paragraphs of Cain's novels, in order: "The Postman Always Rings Twice," "Double Indemnity," and "Serenade." Each is a classroom example of what the first sentence, and the first paragraph, to a piece of fiction should do: They establish the tone, setting, atmosphere and pace of the stories. Each element is there in direct simplicity, which makes excellent reading as well as a lesson for other writers to follow.

Each story is about murder and love. Usually violence is a part of that love: The woman in "Postman" tells the narrator to bite her; the first love scene in "Serenade" is a near rape in a church, and a woman plots her husband's murder while in bed with the narrator of "Double Indemnity."

Yet these are not typical murder mysteries or detective stories. They're
hard-boiled, but they are people falling in love under the wrong set of circumstances.

Of the three, "Serenade" probably stays longest in the memory. It is a full-fledged novel, and one of the most tragic love stories to emerge from American fiction. It is about a man and a woman totally dedicated to each other. The man is a washed-up opera singer on the beach and on the booze in Mexico; the woman, by the narrator's description, "a three-peso whore."

Cain never stooped to making her anything except what she was throughout the book, even though she came to love the singer. He, in turn, sacrificed his career for her. It wasn't written to make you cry a la "Love Story." It was written to tell you about two people from two cultures facing a society unwilling to accept such a couple, and their inability to cope with the situation their love affair created.

Cain was one of the few members of the hard-boiled school who could write unblushingly of love, yet use restraint in describing it.
"Professor Out of Step," Time, Jan. 1, '73, p. 39
(Sidney Hook retires)

When Hook's last class ended, there were champagne toasts and talk of the future. He plans to write five more books, on politics, education, philosophy, and the tragic sense of life—and on his own life, to be entitled, naturally, Out of Step. In addition, said Hook, "I will be chopping wood and carrying manure for my wife's garden." Beyond that? At one point during his lecture, he held out a clenched fist and asked his students: "If I had within my hand the date at which you would die, how many of you would like to know it? Only a foolish person would want to know, because he would die a thousand times in expectation of that date."
There are three things I really hate: good music, the outdoors and sports. I mean, my idea of some primeval torture would be to go to a football game in an open-air stadium with the Boston Symphony Orchestra practicing in the lot next door. Why? you may ask. You probably won’t, but I’ll tell you anyway: The reason I hate music is that I was force-fed the piano by my striving mother. The reason I hate the outdoors is that it’s never the right temperature. And the reason I hate sports is that I don’t understand them. I do not understand getting sweaty and uncomfortable on purpose; nor do I understand wanting a player or a team to win. The only person I care about winning is me, and a few others maybe, and not at games either. So, having decided it would be adorable to assign a female to a football story, ha ha ha, ho ho ho went the Look editors, and promptly shipped me, bound, gagged and tranquilized, to Long Beach, Calif., to get a load of the Los Angeles Rams.
The eye of the experienced beholder overlooks these blemishes. To such a one the turf is lush and green, as it is everywhere in the Southeast in the spring. There are some nice groves of mature, pruned, tree-doctored pines. Banks of azaleas, dogwood, wisteria, camellias and magnolias add splashes of off-white, pink and lavender. Here and there among the flower beds, figuratively thumping its leaves at ground crews, is some poison ivy, the plant that in the natural course of things would flourish in such an environment. There is a kind of sour botanical mind that after a time begins to look for the poison ivy and even to root for it, as one might root for the Thailand Open champ to wallop Arnold Palmer.

As in certain other famous landscapes of the South—Callaway Gardens and Mount Vernon come to mind—at Augusta there is a suggestion that the place was built to conform to a rich, white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant concept of what heaven would look like if God only had enough cheap labor.
There is something in the final round that makes it the best thing about the Masters or golf. Take, for example, the 16th green on Sunday last year. There were perhaps 3,000 people packed together there, a solid cusp of humanity, and scattered about were half a hundred cops. Above the crowd rose a manned television tower. Flanking the green was an enormous scoreboard that showed four men with a chance to win the tournament, being within a stroke of each other after 68 or 69 holes.

One of the four was Gary Player, and when he hit an iron over the water to within half a dozen feet of the hole at the par-3 16th, a wild, rolling volley of applause saluted the shot. Player was cheered with passion as he strode off the tee, but as he approached the green silence spread like a reverse yell.

But it also can be said that we are a remarkable species for precisely the illusions that shimmered around 16. The scene there truly strengthened the case of those who contend that sport is our oldest and most impressive art form. We put together arbitrary rules, meaningless effort, artificial rewards and penalties and call it a game. We end up creating a form of action that fiercely tests our manhood and, by testing it, we mysteriously illuminate our nature and potential.
a trophy, while the check for 20 grand
is handed over in private. Nobody talks
about money here, even if they have a
mouthful of it. Nothing official is said
about how much the tournament takes
in, how much it pays out, how many tick-
ets are sold or how many people at-
tend. You do not take those U.S. Open

A nomadic spectator, on the other
hand—one who follows his favorite for
a full round, or a series of favorites for
a few holes apiece—watches about 3%
of what is going on, i.e., all the shots of
two or three players. The walking gal-
leryite has, however, a distinction that
may partly compensate for his many frus-
trations. He knows he has had a work-
out. A fan who trudges 18 holes with
Arnie’s Army is perhaps the only spec-
tator in sport who gets more exercise
than the man playing the game. Palmer
is followed by a caddie lugging all his
gear and is able to walk unencumbered
down an open fairway, more or less in
a straight line between his shots. A loy-
al trooper must, because of ropes and
marshals, go the long way around, dodg-
ing thickets, low branches and knots of
sitting fans while lugging his folding
stool, field glasses and score sheets. There
is a well-staffed, well-equipped first-aid
station at the Masters. Late in the af-
ternoon it is busy, not treating athletes
but caring for sunburned, blistered, ex-
hausted spectators.
THEATRE: V. Vere
THE SOUND OF A DIFFERENT DRUM

A play by A. Bell, presented by
Steven Baker at Dramatis Personae,
14 West 14th Street. Directed by
Steven Baker. For reservations call
OR 5-9922.

Just prior to curtain time, one
of the performers involved in
this production said to me,
"We're drawing such huge
crowds that we're almost afraid
to have the critics in." These
fears are more than justified.
This monstrous abomination is the
worst play I have ever seen in
my life, bar none—so bad that I
can think of no way to express
its awfulness.

The attendant throng can proba-
ably be explained by the some-
what lurid ad for the produc-
tion which appears in the pages of
this paper ("the lusty and bawdy
lives of artists and their models
. . . NAKED . . . VIOLENT
. . . SHOCKING"). Having suc-
cessfully avoided the temptation
of applying the camp theory to
the author's vision of Bohemian
life, I can only conclude that he
seriously believes this collection
of spavined 75-year-old cliches to
be profound and revelatory. He
is wrong.

The most irritating part of the
entire fiasco is the director's pro-
longed, pointless, and boring use
of nudity. The sight of a nude
female body has never excited
me less, and even the voyeur
segment of the audience was
turned off by the manginess of
the script. There is no straw
whatsoever to clutch at; not even
one tolerable performance among
the whole cast.

You have been warned.

A. D. C.
THEATRE: DEATHWISH

Two plays by Philip Ashley Greene directed by George Winship. Presented by the Playwrights Workshop Club, Inc., at Bastiano's Cellar Studio.

Much of what is referred to nowadays as "off-off-Broadway" is really only what used to be called "amateur"; here is a case in point. "Mexican Standoff," the first of this ill-starred pair of short plays, is a fantasy about two men in cowboy outfits who argue interminably as to which of them has dreamed up the other. The second play, "Facing Mirrors," is a feeble comedy which turns untenably serious at the end; set in the future, it deals with a 16-year-old girl who proposes to throw herself off the Empire State Building as her contribution toward solving the population problem. As the suicidal heroine of the second play, Phyllis Ward brings what looks like genuine emotion to an impossible part; otherwise I fail to see how this production could be of interest to anyone except the friends and relatives of those involved.

—Julius Novick

LARGE LOFT WANTED

OPEN THE BROADWAY

CALL 555-1234
Perversion Spring: Another Week

by Arthur Sainer


Edwina eating, eating, clocking new record.


Plenty bencing. Ondine, Mary Woronov both play Bubi, emcee of loud, sinister nightclub, clientele anal, oral.

Edwina steady like a clock. Time munches on.


Why, why, why, John Vaccaro, will you leave New York? I can’t stand to lock things.

Two Dutch plays continue at La Mama this week. “CARNIVAL” by Albert Maurits, and “THE PHOTOGRAPHER” by Otto Dijik, both directed by Peter Van Den Hurk.

“The Photographer” is an impressive one-acter about the visit of a window cleaner to an old man in a wheelchair. The man lives in a spacious, six-apartment; the window cleaner, who has been scrubbing away the outside of the old windows some ten stories above the ground, is invited in by the old man, and what ensues is a grotesque confrontation that begins as reasonable but degenerates or transmutes into nightmarish unreason.

The window cleaner, impressed by the apartment, is offered work when he returns to his cramped quarters belligerent, at first the old man, later the radiator, comforted by the young window cleaner. The belligerent man is subtle, the window cleaner is determined to get his money. As the window cleaner works, the old man, infuriated, growls,intellectual, and makes a mad rush out the door.

As the window cleaner slams the door shut, the old man grabs a fire extinguisher and hurls it through the window, breaking the window. The window cleaner, angry and embittered, looks into the shattered window, the old man is gone, and he finds himself alone in the room with the broken window.
A Super Shopper’s Day: Miss America in Harlem

by Clark Whelton

"What do you think that's worth?" asked Bess Myerson Grant.

We were standing in front of a furniture store in Harlem. In the window was a living room set. A cheap living room set, garish and glowing with the phosphorescent aura of instant junk. Spill your coffee on the couch and you wouldn't have a stain, you'd have a hole. I guessed $150 and added $75 for greed.

"Let's find out," Bess Myerson Grant said. The Commissioner of Consumer Affairs opened the door and we walked inside. The store was small and crammed with a breathtaking display of bad taste. Along one wall was a row of desks where blank-faced people waited to prove that your credit was good after all.

"The living room set?" the owner said. "That's $399." Three hundred and ninety-nine dollars. Was he blushing? Was he lowering his eyes in embarrassment?

So does the Commissioner. In the year and a half she's been head of the Department of Consumer Affairs, the city of New York has developed the best consumer program in the country. She pushed for a tough Consumer Protection Act which became law last December and is helping to make it work by personally keeping in touch with what's happening in the streets.

Bess Myerson Grant is Super Shopper. Faster than a butcher's thumb, more powerful than an encyclopedia salesman, she moves from store to store on a magic carpet of press releases. She packs a summons book in her handbag and she's not afraid to use it. She knows about ambiguous price tags (which allow a salesman to adjust the price to what he thinks you can pay) and all the other vicious tricks that help you pay more for less. She is quick and smart, and ghetto merchants who have been routinely bilking and bleeding the poor for years are finding out she means business.
Caroline Seebohm, "Unclogging the Passages of Pop Psychology," Politicks, Nov. 22, '77

sons, while ostensibly seeking 'growth,' actually come to solve more or less severe personal problems which have little chance of being ameliorated in such a context. In short, human beings, as we know, have a remarkable capacity for deceiving themselves, for hiding problems from themselves and others, and for asserting that the problem is of a certain kind when it really is something very different."

Other evidence could without difficulty be adduced, since in this debatably scientific field there are as many opinions as there are experts—one reason it is so easy to give pop psychology the stamp of expertise. One is tempted to sympathize with Malcolm Muggeridge, who is said to have remarked that the use of statistics in our times is very much the same as the Roman practice of killing a chicken, throwing its innards on the ground, and reading the future from the patterns it formed.
Although it uses a technical device that may not please every reader, James Salter’s “Solo Faces” is on the whole a beautifully fashioned and satisfying novel. The story it tells is not so much about mountain climbing as of a man obsessed with the sport.

As a hero, and he is one, Vernon Rand is laconic, a realist, a loner, and bad news for the women who find him attractive. There are several such women, as well as some minor male characters in this short novel, and Mr. Salter has developed a resourcefully elliptical way of describing them. Here, for example, enters Susan, “a girl he first saw outside American Express. She was blonde, clean-faced and an heiress. . . . In spite of her life, she had a healthy appearance. She was tanned from being in Sicily. Her arms had a golden down. She was scrubbed, alert, casual.

‘Where are you staying?’ she asked. He was her friend, she’d made up her mind. ‘Can I trust you?’ She had gone to good schools, a brilliant student in fact. She’d been married to a man in Kenya. ‘He was fabulous but he was a drunk. . . . You want to go in here?’ she asked.”

Along with the elision of Rand’s replies, and the compression of time, Mr. Salter has moved us temporarily into Susan’s point of view. It is an arbitrary shift in point of view, a questionable technical device that some excellent writers use freely — Robert Stone, for example, in “Dog Soldiers.”

This technique is exactly the opposite of dramatic irony. When dramatic irony is used, the author shares a more complete understanding with the reader than with the point-of-view character. In its reverse, the reader is somewhat excluded from what the author and the character know because the point of view has been switched.
Handicapper's Dopesheet

Of a Mad Dash for Mayor

V. Vera June 70

by Nick Browne

Looking for Flaherty. To take a glass of whiskey. To tell some stories and rake up some old arguments. Walking across the green courtyard, flagstones and grass still wet from rainshower. In the pastel afternoon, the feeling of crossing the lawns of Trinity College, Dublin, the fun and excitement of the Irish intellectuals when they live up to their billing.

We are to talk about his new book, "Managing Maier," just published by Coward-McCann, five cents less expensive than an across-the-board bet on Silent Screen and infinitely more rewarding.

Joe Flaherty, who was campaign manager for Norman Maier and Jimmy Breslin's attempts to capture the Democratic primary for mayor and City Council president, so suddenly last spring has written a rare behind-the-scenes political book. Rare in that it actually goes behind the scenes and tells of the embarrassments, bluffs, short tempers, intrigues, and intellectual riches of that race. (If Maier or Breslin ever committed a crime of large dimensions, they might properly be sentenced to a majority race, thereby enlivening and improving New York life and adequately atoning for their sins.)
Crazies at Peace Forum

The New Purists: Water Gun Wrath

by Joe Flaherty

With the sounds of the falling cherry orchard echoing in their ears, the enemies of the people’s republic sat in St. Mark’s Church in the Bouwerie last Saturday discussing the sentimental, revisionist issue of peace.

Present was decadent David McReynolds of the War Resisters League, showing indications of gout from all those pheasant and champagne suppers that take place at 5 Beekman Street. Representing the nefarious Women Strike for Peace was Bella Abzug, babbling about such Louisa May Alcott tripe as the death of children in Vietnam. Also in attendance was Bob Sunderskov who is beyond redemption, since he worked for Gene McCarthy, the running dog, during the 1968 campaign. And there was yours truly, a staff member of The Village Voice.

Time-Life of the liberals. Missing, much to the chagrin of the Crazies who disrupted the meeting, was Pete Hamill, journalism’s Allen Dulles.

For the benefit of those without a scorecard, the Crazies are the new purists of the left. Their aim is to purge the old guard who are still sick enough to believe in electoral politics, pacifism, and peaceful demonstrations. One might assume the movement was started in Transylvania, since the catchword of the group is blood—or to be more precise, liberal blood. Come the revolution, according to various spokesmen for the group, the present left will be the first to go. Or as one young man stated: “Che wanted to come to the United States to kill the liberals.” One can’t recall such purity of spirit since St. Theresa was transformed into the “Little Flower.”

The arrival of the Crazies at the meeting was not unexpected. Early that morning, McReynolds had received a call from the underground UPI, informing him that the Crazies had called the press to tell them of their battle plans. This, of course, is straight out of the revolutionary handbook, since everyone knows Fidel and Che held a press conference up in the Sierra Maestra announcing they would come down to take over the towns.

Besides the general purge of the established left, the Crazies

Continued on page 24

Report from Cuba

A series of discussions with American activists recently returned from world trouble-spots will begin on Tuesday, April 8, with a report on Cuba by Maris Cakars, projects director of the War Resisters League. On Tuesday, April 15, photographer Diana Davies will speak on Biafra.

The forums, sponsored by the New York Workshop on Nonviolence, will be held at 8 p.m. at Washington Square Methodist Church, 135 West 4th Street. Admission is 75 cents.
Heywood Broun, It Seems to Me

191 -- Of all inconstant allies history is fickle beyond the rest. It follows the call of a silver trumpet which may sound suddenly at night, and on that instant the forces of destiny, the horsemen and the footmen, gray as cats and big beyond belief, change sides, with banners flying.

213 -- Some people say we are having a revolution, and others deny it with either bitterness or gratitude.

227 -- The jazz age was wicked and monstrous and silly. Unfortunately, I had a good time.

243 -- Mr. Sullivan is convinced that the revolution is not only here but almost consummated. And as I understand it, he has two major complaints. He maintains that the upheaval is being carried on secretly and that it is practically painless. When he shakes his head at night and finds that it doesn't roll on the floor you can bet that he is pretty sore about it.
There is an eagle in me and a mockingbird * * * and the eagle flies among the Rocky Mountains of my dreams and fights among the Sierra crags of what I want * * * and the mockingbird warbles in the early forenoon before the dew is gone, warbles in the underbrush of my Chattanoogas of hope, gushes over the blue Ozark foothills of my wishes—and I got the eagle and the mockingbird from the wilderness.

—CARL SANDBURG, “Wilderness.”
Conrad Richter -- THE WATERS OF KRONOS

- 4 -- Three ways there were to cross Shade Mountain...
- 5 -- It came from abandoned mine holes, too, from old workings deep and silent in the earth...
- 8 -- in his father's frame house where his mother long ago with her bare white hands had thrown a blazing oil lamp out of the window.
- 23 -- in their dim horses' minds...
- 36 -- the mildness of oil wicks sending their steady yellow beams among the trees.
- 84 -- Whatever his doubts about justice and right, about doctrine and orthodoxy, whatever shocking words or still more shocking conceptions he had heard, whatever his protests or questions, she had had them before him or had at least known about them.
- 155 -- When he could eat no more he would decline with a beaming "I've had an elegant sufficiency, any more would be a superabundance."
Every time a baby is born with
good hands, a sweet voice, clock-
time rhythm, a spectacular ear,
and a strange mind the world
should stop... picnics should
be held... people should kiss in
the streets. Laconic, brilliant,
mad Jimi Hendrix was born
black 27 years ago and fought
mediocre America until he found
a way to lay some loving on her.
Does it seem to anybody that the
people who buck the tide of race
war and insist on love are dying
off awfully fast? Jimi Hendrix
was too proud to throw his pearls
to pigs, but if you could dig it he
was teaching a billion frightened
worshippers to go ahead and call
what was beautiful beautiful...
(tell the foxey lady what she is)
... seize your life. For the
millions of us who saw him live
maybe a couple times and knew
him most intimately on the
record player or on the screen he
is not dead—he is off touring
another city. But that is only the
result of the creeping, real-
unreal interposed media life we
are becoming choked with.

A fuse in the new-world love
machine has gone out and cannot
be replaced. The communica-
tions industry has lost its main
man, but you know that they
don't know it.

—Carman Moore
CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND
Frank Waters, People of the Valley
p. 127-8 --

You see, Senor, this land is very old. It is not measured in acres. It is not parcelled in squares of meadow, of grazing land, of mountain slope. For then it would be unfair. It runs in the old way, in strips, "from the river to the mountain top" or "from mountain top to mountain top" across the valley. In this way, each man has a bit of meadow to plow for corn, a bit of pasture for his cows, a bit of forest for wood. Th ru vera is the measure, Senor.

The Devil!
The vera, Senor, is thirty-three inches.
The Devil, I say! What is this, a strip three varas wide? Are they crazy, to work land scarce nine feet wide?
Guy Murchie, Song of the Sky (excerpt in WORD STUDY, Feb., 1957)

Have you ever heard the wind names of the world, which are among the least known and most beautiful of words? They are truly the heritage of all men for they reflect the tongues of history from ancient Cathay to the slang of the United States Army. Consider the dry Khamsin of Egypt, reputed to blow sand unceasingly for fifty days; the westerly datoo of the Straits of Gibraltar; the misty waimea of Hawaii; the cool pontias from the Rhone gorges; the chinook of the dry American plains; the sudden violent williwaw of Alaska and Magellan’s Strait; the biting black buran of Russia; the great typhoon of the China Sea; the whispering matsukaze which shifts through Japanese pine groves; the mild shimal that descends the twin valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates; the warm brickfielder of southern Australia; the playful vento coado which whistles through crannies in the hillside hovels of Portugal; the snorting sonora which crosses Arizona from Mexico to California each summer; the dainty feh of Shanghai; the whirling tsumuji of Japan; the vindictive rok of Iceland; the refreshing imbat off the blue Mediterranean; the ruthless held wind of Cumberland which uproots turnips in the field.
The hills around the make-believe valley of Rancho La Costa, Calif. have been scraped slick and turned the color of shingles, making everything look as though a great civilization had once thrived in those parts until the killer ants, or the moneylenders, came along to prepare for the planting of that favorite California flower, the condominium. Down in the valley, near the golf course and the fake waterfall, ice plant and mustard blossoms flash pink and yellow, bouncing their colors off the deep suntans of mysterious millionaires and giggly, ripened ladies who like to dance to the old tunes.

This is La Costa Resort-Hotel, Spa and Country Club, all of it about 40 minutes from San Diego, the nearest liberty port, and a thousand light-years from reality. It is where golf comes every year to get a rubdown, and last week it was where Jack Nicklaus amazed himself by winning a championship he had not planned to play in on a tough course that buried everyone else in the rough—or the vodka and papaya juice. Nicklaus not only won the Tournament of Champions with ridiculous ease—his nine-under-par 279 gave him a smothering eight-stroke margin over the three pros who tied for second place—he won it with what he thought was sloppy, absentminded golf. And that says something about his dominance of the sport, or about the casual atmosphere this tournament evokes in a place far removed from the wonderful world of war, poverty, politics and small-business loans.
THIS WEEK marks the 16th anniversary of my career as a self-made auto expert. It was just a day or two before Christmas 1953 when I found myself with a 1948 Hillman Minx Convertible, a brand new teenage bride, no employment, Christmas errands to perform, a blown head gasket, and a box full of rusty borrowed Whitworth wrenches. That girl froze her bony ass off in 10 degree temperatures handing me greasy wrenches while I performed my first abortion on an automobile (I actually pulled it off the very first time), though the car, the marriage, and that dreadful holiday are long since buried, it's fascinating to consider the beginnings from time to time. So, wherever they may be, Merry Christmas to Ann Takal the bride, Willy's Overland for the Used Hillman, Schwartz the gas man for the tools, old man Hoffman of Jaguar Cars who fired me before the holiday, Joe's Friendly, (Esso) for the advice, and Charlie Washburn who let me tinker with his Hillman the next day for a very small beginning.

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Daniel Lit
The Brakes
V. Voice, Dec. 25, '70

...the archetypal exile, sentenced to trail about the earth until the Second Coming.

...Thomas Mann yesterday, today Theodrakis.

The expatriate writers of the Twenties and early Thirties, mainly located in Paris, mainly rather poor or at any rate struggling, were also mainly American.

...recollections of childhood are a literary food source and have been hoarded squirrel-wise, against the winter...

As though by their determination they could oblige the "as if" to come true.
Edmund Wilson, Memoirs of Hecate County --

28 -- But her magnificent agate-green eyes must at any age have been arresting: they seemed to concentrate the light of the intellect as a powerful lens does the sun....

34 -- She smiled at the conventional evasion, and I disliked having to talk so to Ellen.

39 -- We went again into the adjoining music room, where the cellos and violins, even the old dark cracked box of the clavichord, looked ripe in the September light, which made things inside seem the ruddier for the turn for the colder outside.
At Dulles International Airport in Washington, D. C., a complete lounge—chairs, people, ashtrays, *everything*—detaches itself from the central terminal building and lumbers off on huge wheels to deposit passengers aboard a jet parked across the field. It is one more example of the way air travel has gone beyond the fringe—beyond the furthest grope of mind or stretch of spirit.

The air passenger, that frail bundle of doubt, is now processed, packaged and sealed up in an aluminum tube like so much frozen rhubarb. His trip is an interval between seat belts fastened and unfastened, measured in old magazines read and asparagus salad consumed. The pilot, that clean-cut, confident young fellow you used to see up there in his shirt sleeves, steering, has become a disembodied middle-aged voice out of the upholstery telling you you’re 35,000 feet above Peoria. You have to take his word; it’s too far down to see what’s written on the roofs.

Things aren’t going to get any better in the supersonic age ahead—just faster and more efficient. All things considered, it’s easy to see why a small band of us were drawn to Los Angeles a few weeks ago when Trans World Airlines decided to reenact the first “all air” transcontinental passenger flight aboard a 1929 Ford trimotor, known in its day as the Tin Goose. T.W.A. planned to put a crew in vintage uniforms and haul as many as 13 terrified people across the United States. The Goose was to follow the same schedule as the first flight which left Los Angeles at dawn on October 25, 1930, and arrived in Newark, N. J., the next afternoon. T.W.A. said we would commemorate the 25th anniversary of the Civil Aeronautics Act and dramatize “the dynamic progress [of] U.S. air transportation.”
TOKYO HOTEL
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

The sky is full of lies. Many of the stars we see no longer exist; their light still travels toward earth but they have been burned out for cons. Astronomers call the ones with a faint rusty glow Red Giants. Their fires grew huge just before death. The stars that merely shrank and faded are given a less flattering label: White Dwarves. Yet an astronomer would be derelict in his duty to history if he did not record their extinction.

Tennessee Williams appears to be a White Dwarf. We are still receiving his messages, but it is now obvious that they come from a cinder. In The Bar of a Tokyo Hotel is 25 years from The Glass Menagerie and 15 years from Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, and six years from his persistent but interesting failure The Milk Train Doesn’t Stop Here Any More. But it is light years away from all of them.
Dorothy Day at 72: The Dailiness of Grace

by Vivian Gornick

It is always exciting and mysterious and penetrating to feel some essential piece of knowledge pushing its way to the surface of conscious life in one civilization after another, through one form of expression after another. For instance, take the simple and profound idea of personal salvation through meaningful work. It is a perception that has pierced the heart of primitive and civilized lives, Eastern and Western lives, modern and ancient lives; it has survived thousands of years examination, and has re-created itself repeatedly in the necessarily separate understandings of many, many centuries; it has been embodied by religion, political philosophy, economic theory, art, and psychology; it is at the very center of the soul of Socrates, the grace of Christ, the pragmatism of William James, the ego of Freud, the functionalism of Utopians. It is an idea which, when it molds a movement, is phenomenal in its force; when it shapes a life it is nothing short of awesome. Such a sense of awesomeness is to be felt in the life and person of Dorothy Day.

She is 72 years old, and for 37 years her life has at once dominated and been dominated by the Catholic Worker Movement, a radical organization which has been dedicated to a kind of religious, Jeffersonian anarchy, powered by the teachings of Jesus Christ, and tempered by the good works of a charitable institution. Together with Peter Maurin, a French peasant who rambled across Depression America, clarifying his fused social-religious perceptions about the meaning of poverty and hospitality, Dorothy Day founded this movement and its newspaper, the Catholic Worker, in 1932. They began in a tenement on East 15th Street, opening their first house of hospitality there, and since that time she has lived in one Lower East Side hovel after another, plodding slowly up through the