EDITOR'S NOTES. Several years ago I gave the name "New Wilderness" to Charlie Morrow's series of New York-based avant garde events exploring the relation of new/old elements in contemporary performance & art-making. Using it myself after separation (1978) from Alcheringa & founding of New Wilderness Letter, I felt the strong pull of contradictory meanings for "wilderness" (from awesome other-than-human wilderness of west coast earth to wilderness ruins of collapsed high industrial dwellings)--that coupled with the strange twist "newness" added to the concept(s). By last year (1978) we had settled into San Diego & at a meeting of new San Diego-based "advisory editors" (Antin, Kaprow, Harrisons, Montano, Oliveros, D. Rothenberg, A. Einzig) decided an exploration of the term was now in order. To this the current issue is dedicated with every indication of more discussion (Antin, Kaprow, for example) to continue in the future. As for the present, the three principal arenas of "wilderness" discussed herein are (1) the ecological, (2) the imaginal, & (3) the wilderness of language (or poesis itself as "wild language," i.e. a language of the omnipresent "savage mind"). Other concerns (technology, urbanization, ethnicity, etc.) come along the way, in the attempt to "rationalize" a central item of our languages & lives. Suggests Charles Stein, whose poem "The White Garage" was too long for inclusion in the current issue: "Wilderness is the counter-space to each new technological development," & George Quasha as refinement: "Wilderness is the counter-space to each new techno-

Jerome Rothenberg

NOTES FOR A NEW WILDERNESS

1

I have escaped--she told him--into the wilderness
But where is that?--he tried
to ask her--she was silent, never so silent as that day
she said: you could never track me there
--how bewildering--
It would be the last thought in his mind
I have--he said--my own road to walk
my own row to hoe
etc.
And the city sat above another city
which was its lost heart
its dark reflection
he thought: this is the wilderness
where she fled
& I can get there sooner, sooner or later
& he thought: no horizontal geographies will do it
the new geography is up & down
like burial: from air
to earth
She must have thought Tong about a new wilderness
It was she who named it
by living in it
& by reminding us
that everything is charted from the sky:
the grey forms move over our heads
& force us down
& down
To find our terror
under the earth:
the mind, a little like that, subtiler
Is there also
& lets us in
however sadly
to feel its pain--
he said that, then he said:
I cannot write a poem
--no longer--
only these notes

2

Preamble to a Flood

the world
waiting
to be washed away again
--the prophets tell us--
in the exhaustion of our language
the much empties
has emptied
too much writing ends it:
start of winter
on the road to Escondido
driving in the warm wind
the river—very sudden—opens to my eyes
almost in flood
a few dark orange trees
a white gate
houses on the far side
—developments—
the money gone into developments
a flood of paper
will change the landscape
--like the river--foreign now
direct the mind back to Allegany
more familiar ground
"a place almost like home"
but different: wilder
than beatings of the bear's heart
wildness we arouse
inside us
we are free to think about
to say: new savagery
translating from the French
who translate us
la nouvelle sauvagerie
& practice our wild system
--talk & song--
that makes us poets:
language is the ground
we grow from—wild—
who has to look outside
to find it?
in us is darker colder
not heat of words
—blaze of reality—but buried
dead
unless you let it rise
or go down to its earth
in terror
there the new children dance around
a tree, forget
Coyote who escapes by shunning
poison—those who suffer
by their will
gone mad:
new wilderness new death
new death new road to zion

(For Jean Pierre Faye)

Gary Snyder
FROM A LETTER (28.iii.79)

... A formal statement on "New Wilderness" requires a different headset, one which requires uncoupling the present headset, say, my work on China and nature, which is nothing but old dead-and-gone wilderness
or wistful leftover wilderness in Taoism and poetry, or is a clear desire to separate 'nature' and 'wilderness' like the men of Japan separate their wives and the semi-courtesans at the bars; one is "cultivated land" and the other "wild," the latter scary and exciting, and when you've had enough you head back home to your wife ("cultivated lands") with your tail between your legs—
unles you're one of those who spends their whole life with the wilderness.

wilderness is another name for "climax." As I've pointed out, climax is not a virgin
---
a virgin
Forest
is ancient; many-
Breasted,
Stable; at Climax.
thus: everything outside of human willed manipulation is what we commonly mean by "nature" and it blends in; grafting fruit trees or breeding hybrids is still (I think) "natural" but it pulls away, from the Chinese word for nature, tzu-jan, which means self-—thus, self-so. Wilderness is the totally self-so; at its fullest manifestation; thus "climax" as the completion of networks and webs of energy sharing. Within wilderness are arrested successions and boulder-cleared new phase slopes (slides, glacier retreats, fires, etc.) but still, our sense of the magic of wilderness is the music that rises from "climax" richness.
Poetry/Art/Insight is climax of consciousness. Song and Dance is climax of daily life; or fruit/flower/ of daily-life-climax.

New Wilderness? I wonder. Outside of old and new; that which is, like original mind, like the old ways. But new to folks today and a new way to see it—because we know it will never exactly go away, now. (Jim Bridger said: Where thar ain't no Indians, that's what you find them thickest.)

Our most civilized goal: to live intelligently and gracefully on a wild planet. I.e., to balance, resolve, the ends of wilderness and cultivation. That's new.
"The wilderness: The word originally designates not any specific locality, but rather quite generally 'wildness, something wild,'... and nothing should be understood not in the present, but rather in the glider, more comprehensive usage—that is, as 'confused, entangled, strange, ugly and impure.' One of the things that Grimm tells us is that historically, the wilderness had been in Western tradition not only a place apart, it has been a place unvisited, this unsuitability derives from the primary quality of the wilderness: its 'wildness.' A brief survey of the entries on "wild" in the OED tells us first that what is wild (either plant or animal) is that which grows simply in a state of nature. What this means in terms of the form of our attitude toward nature, however, is very instructive. Wild products have the characteristic quality of being inferior; 'wild' minerals or ores are inferior and impure; a wild region is uncultivated or uninhabited, hence (my emphasis) waste and desolate. Reflected in these entries is a dualism of man and nature that informs if not the exact letter of Judeo-Christian teachings then the law of exegetical writings for the better part of the past 2000 years. The best and most concise interpretation of this aspect of Judeo-Christian thought and its effects on the man-nature relationship remains Lynn White, Jr.'s "The Historical Roots of our Ecological Crisis," an insightful account of the anthropomorphic bases of Judeo-Christian tradition, of mechanized farming's early stages, and of the later growth of technology. As White states, "Viewed historically, modern science is an extrapolation of ancient mystical and... modern technology is at least partly to be explained as an Occidental, voluntarist realization of the Christian dogma of man's transcendence of, and rights mastery over, nature." But theology and its relationship to the growth of technology form only one element in the complicated history of our attitudes toward nature. The intense development of cities radically influenced attitudes toward nature, and these influences began much earlier than we might perhaps imagine. As Clarence Glacken notes, Wolfgang Helbig persuasively "argued that before the Hellenistic age nature was an ever-present good—and never far removed. The alienation of man from nature he attributed to the rise of the great Hellenistic cities." The contact is simply lost. In my home country (Southern California), coastal sage scrub most people would be harpooned to name five indigenous plants. They simply do not know the country on which they live, country just as "wild," containing just as many wild natural phenomena. I have heard these plant communities referred to all too often as not only aesthetically unappealing (scrub bush) but as fit only to be cleared. Not thirty miles from where this journal is edited a strip of land was set aside ten years ago as a "wilderness preserve;" that land now is the proposed site for a regional shopping center. I think part of what is happening in Escalada is that, coupled with ecological pressures, the earlier designation as "wild"—subtly helped in the movement to, finally, put that land to use and carry it over into the sphere of the town. In the case of "wilderness" territories the memories of unpleasantness reflected in Grimm's first entry and in the entries listed in the Oxford dictionary remain powerfully operative. The wilderness really lies beyond any general field of definition. And what one doesn't know is either denied or destroyed out of fear. One of the most important things this journal can do, in presenting work that seeks to step into and become immersed in wilderness areas, would be to stress actually getting out in it, getting to know your own country, learning plants, weather patterns, geology, watersheds, all these communities. That is absolutely essential. If we are to move beyond the fragmented piece of territory, then switching Snodgrass' give us is it. It is essential because it is a part of the practical work needed to knowledgeably counter the destruction of the richness and rightfulness of the place. And only by going out to those areas will our work really become what Simon Ortiz once called "a voice in between" that connects and that reflects the correspondences between the spheres of wild nature and the depths of inner psychological perception. Out there beyond; not-yet-known because held apart. Deep within and beyond; not-yet-conscious because never before thought or realized. I think the relationship between the spheres is fundamental.
Nature then at its farthest reach; still seeking, as Jerome Rothenberg emphasized in his statement of intention in the first issue of Alcheringa, "the relevance of tribal poetry to where we are today; thus, in Gary Snyder’s words, ‘to master the archaic and the primitive as models of basic nature-related cultures...’" Out on the way, along the path, we need poetries that are, in Neruda’s words, ‘in the sea, in the mountains, and approach every living thing.’

FOOTNOTES


5 Glacken, p. 25.

6 I am borrowing here from Ernst Bloch’s concept of a “Noch-Nicht-Bewusstes,” in his Glacken, p. 25.

CONVERSATION WITH A MAZATEC CURANDERO
--What is terrible, listen, is that the divine mushroom no longer belongs to us. Its sacred language has been profaned. The Language has been spoiled and it is indiscernible for us.
--What is this new language like?
--Now the mushrooms speak nounle (English)! Yes, it’s the tongue that the foreigners speak.
--What is this change of Language due to?
--The mushrooms have a divine spirit, they always had it for us, but the foreigner arrived and frightened it away.
--Where was this divine spirit frightened to?
--It vanished without direction in the atmosphere, it goes along in the clouds. And not only the divine spirit was profaned, but our own spirit, the spirit of the Mazatecs, as well.
--Quoted by Alvaro Estrada in the notes to Maria Sabina: Her Life & Chants, Ross-Erikson, forthcoming.

TWO MEDITATIONS, TWO COMMENTARIES AND EIGHT QUESTIONS ON THE GREAT LAKES OF NORTH AMERICA

A Discourse by Helen Mayer Harrison Newton Harrison

THE FIRST COMMENTARY

We were invited to the City of Milwaukee by an institution there to do a work on the Great Lakes. Our normal way to approach a work is to investigate. So we began by walking the halls of the institution and then the streets of the city, talking people who were strangers, native and foreign, and asking why we could not drink the water directly from the lake and the rivers?

We had the problem of informing ourselves, to find out what everybody knows who lives there knows. For example, the Great Lakes are a single system, formed by the last glaciation 10,000 years ago, whose water flow from Lakes Superior to Lake Michigan to Lake Huron to Lake Erie to Lake Ontario into the Atlantic. They have a total water surface of 81,800 square miles; a total watershed area—land and water—of 588,000 square miles.

It’s useful to know what everybody knows.

And rainfall averages 31” a year on Lake Superior, increasing to 34” by Lake Ontario, with slightly less on the lake than on the river.

It’s useful to know what everybody knows.

The water feels brown and muddy at the shore, turns blue after several hundred feet and looks gray in the distance, streaked with darker colors.

It’s useful to know what everybody knows.

But everybody doesn’t know—or doesn’t want to accept—that you can’t drink the water.

Without elaborate purification

and you can’t eat the fish

(without exceeding permissible toxic levels)

Lake Superior is the least polluted lake (except, of course, for the nine tailings). Lake Michigan and Erie are full of PCB’s, heavy metals and the like which don’t break down in a human life time.

From talking, and reading in the library and newspapers, we discovered that different people and different groups of people were disturbed about different things which turned out to be different objects of the same things.

People in Chicago got angry at the city of Milwaukee for dumping wastes into Lake Michigan and sued Milwaukee and won. Now Milwaukee is suing Chicago for polluting the air in Lake Michigan and people along the Mississippi are upset at Chicago for pouring their wastes into the lake.

Fishermen are angry that limitations on eating fish contaminated with PCB’s are imposed.

Steel has gone to court to stop the fines levied at it for dumping wastes into Lake Michigan and threatens price rises and job losses.

Farmers will take legal objection when pesticide and herbicide uses are further controlled, and threaten that the price of food will go up.

Most chemical industries are disturbed that they will have to pay for the disposal of their effluents. Also the paper producers and the same with the producers of pulp and paper.

They all seek legal means to continue the status quo. They all make scare talk about loss of profit and loss of jobs.

The PCB’s and other dangerous substances are agreed by the cost of new and more effective sewage treatment plants. Many of the most fells back into the lake due to the future of the rain pattern. This will bring on increased sewage control which will bring increased transportation costs.

The US and Canadian joint Commission on the Great Lakes appears helpless. It has no enforcement arm and very limited research funds. The research committee is divided into separate groups. It can only list problems, publish research and occasionally recommend solutions.

It can only list the currently accepted permissible toxic levels of many chemicals and heavy metals. The lists of permissible toxic levels assorted in the air, in the water, in the bottom mud—sound like a drag. (And how permissible are these limits?)

So we stayed there a month continuing the investigation and then returned home with the burden of this information upon us and began paying attention to our experiences.

THE SECOND COMMENTARY

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So we stayed there a month continuing the investigation and then returned home with the burden of this information upon us and began paying attention to our experiences.
UNITED STATES
ATTEND TO THE CONTINUITY OF THE WATER

UNITED STATES
ATTEND TO THE CONTIGUITY OF THE LAND

THE FIRST MEDITATION ON THE GREAT LAKES OF NORTH AMERICA

Paying attention:
- Paying attention to the flow of waters
- Paying attention: 
- Paying attention to the hydrologic cycle

Waiting for the information to sort
waiting to get past commentary
waiting for the maps to disappear
waiting with expectation

Expecting the metaphor to clarify
expecting new patterns to form

Thinking about what it means when you can't
drink the water and you can't eat the fish.
Thinking about what it would be like if all
the people in the watershed area of the Great
Lakes seceded from the United States and Canada respectively.

Thinking about the dictatorship of the ecology
thinking about the dictatorship of culture --
questioning the dictatorship of culture --

Thinking about what it would be like if people in
the watershed area of the Great Lakes seceded from
the United States and Canada respectively to start a
dictatorship of the ecology

Thinking about the dictates of the ecology
being disabled by the dictatorship of culture
feeling burdened by the dictates of culture.

EIGHT QUESTIONS

How will industry survive if we listen to the dictates of the ecology?
How will industry survive if we don't listen to the dictates of the ecology?
How will there be enough work if we listen to the dictates of the ecology?
How will there be enough work if we don't listen to the dictates of the ecology?
How will our present forms of government survive if we listen to the dictates of the ecology?
How will any forms of government survive if we don't listen to the dictates of the ecology?
How will our institutions survive if we listen to the dictates of ecology?
How will any of our people survive if we don't listen to the dictates of ecology?

REFRAIN

(said by each)

Whoever refuses responsibility for the continued well being of the
collective gene pool of the planet reduces the capability of the collective
survival of that gene pool.

(face each other)

How will industry survive if we listen to the dictates of the ecology?
How will industry survive if we don't listen to the dictates of the ecology?
How will there be enough work if we listen to the dictates of the ecology?
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REFRAIN

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Whoever refuses responsibility for the continued well being of the
collective gene pool of the planet reduces the capability of the collective
survival of that gene pool.
ATTEND TO THE INTEGRITY OF THE WATERSHED

THE SECOND COMMENTARY

HH Later we returned to Milwaukee and implored the citizens there to give up at least one bad habit. "What bad habit?" they asked.

NH The bad habit of obeying the lines on the map that divide the Great Lakes in half, we said--part to Canada, part to the United States. And still worse, we said, dividing the land into successively smaller bits--states, counties, municipalities.

HH Now everybody knows that these kinds of divisions are arbitrary and administrative and used for the purpose of maintaining a certain kind of social order...but...by dividing the land and water into so many pieces...controlled by so many different groups...with so many special interests involved...we maintain the social order while accelerating the disruption of the natural order.

THE SECOND MEDITATION ON THE GREAT LAKES OF NORTH AMERICA

NH Arbitrary dividing:

HH Attend to the continuity of water

NH Arbitrary dividing:

HH Attend to the contiguity of the land

NH Arbitrary dividing:

HH Attend to the integrity of the watershed

NH Arbitrary dividing is a bad habit

HH Begin again
Both terms are crucial, & both (as contrary aspects of a single dialectic) are best pursued by example.

The mental set of hunters permeates the first poetry of America: at its broadest a call to other beings to leave the deeper wilderness (domain beyond the human) & be present for the hunt:

You dear little orphan, 
creep out of the water, 
panting on this beautiful shore, 
O, please, like this, O, please, 
0 welcome gift 
in the shape of a seal! 
(Stoic)

Or to be present for the medicine rite & feast, often their gift as well:
the crows came in 

the crows sat down 
(Seneca)

--not only animals but other power forms (raw beings) also:
I am making 
a wind come here 
it's coming 
(Crow)

The care in observation & the empathy are visible:
The whale coming to shore is sick 
the sharks have eaten her bowels 
& the meat of her body.
She travels slowly--her bowels are gone.
She is dead on the shore 
& can travel no longer. 
(Seri)

Or the singer/poet moves past empathy to take on the voice, even the being, of the persons invoked:
I imitate the spirit of the animal or thing inside you. 
Let the one who imitates the wolf, dance squatting ... 
If he can, have him crack his knuckles & spurt blood. 
(Lummi)

& again, the terror starting to edge in beside the comic madness:

I thought I was a wolf 
but the owls are hooting 
& I'm afraid of the dark 
I am a wolf 
I go to many places 
I'm just tired of that one. 
(Sioux)

until the whole universe is alive: the rock in the Omahasweathousethe rital ("listen / rock / old man / unmoving / living") or the stars ("we are the stars who sing") of the Assiniboin & those that animate the Ojibwa hunter:

shining like a star-- 
the animal that looks up's 
dazzled by my light

or earth again & again evoked:
her hair became trees & grass 
her flesh the clay 
her bones the rocks 
her blood the springs of water 

(Thompson River)

into dizzying crescendos, voices of the thunder:
with your moccasins of dark cloud, come to us 
with your mind enveloped in dark cloud, come to us 
with the dark thunder above you, come to us 
with the shaped cloud at your feet, come to us 

(Thompson River)

& back to earth:
Earth when it was made 
Sky when it was made 
Earth to the end 
Sky to the end 

(Apache)

Earth's people foremost, they find her or emerge from her & come, inevitably, to a single fixed point, "home", as center of their universe. This is the world described by Alfonso Ortiz for the Tewas of San Juan Pueblo: circles & peaks, & at the furthest mountains of the sacred earth (Conjillon Peak, Tskom, Sandia Crest, & Truchas Peak, none more than 80 miles away) the lake-dwelling, pre-emergent gods ("Dry Food Who Never Did Become"). The stages between the village & the places of the furthest gods are orderly (dance plazas, middle shrines, hills, & mountains), steps towards a greater & greater otherness, a wildness at the limits of the possibly human. It was to the outskirts & past them that adventurers would go in hunt & vision quest, to contact allies in a search for "holiness," for "power," & for those ties that make a life "religious" (binding). In Black Elk's account, the quester went "crying for a vision" to a solitary mountain top, where the people of the wilderness ("winged" & "four-leggeds", "even one as small & as seemingly insignificant as a little ant") came to him, as to the Eskimo shaman, for whom "all true wisdom is only to be learned far from the dwellings of men, out in the great solitudes." If the vision brought light--"bright, brighter even than the day" (Black Elk)--& beauty--"hills & fields & flowers & everything beautiful" (Essie Parrish)--it also brought darkness & terror:

... the cries of the wind, the whisper of the trees, the voices of nature, animal sounds, the hooting of an owl. Suddenly I felt an overwhelming presence. Down there with me in my cramped hole was a big bird .... I could hear his cries, sometimes near and sometimes far, far away. I felt feathers or a wing touching my back and head. This feeling was so overwhelming that it was just too much for me. I trembled and my bones turned to ice. (Lamé Deer)

The unknown, then, that thing that lives in wilderness (Cree windiiing whose heart is ice), is also that which can destroy us.

Men seek these small deaths as if to arm themselves against the large one. In the Kwakiulits' Humata Ceremony, the initiates ventured beyond the boundaries of their coastal, river-hugging villages & engaged the beings of wilderness. They were devoured by the truly wild one--"Cannibal at the North End of the World"--"born again," took on the wild one's "nature" (or let it arise within them), until the others brought them back, tamned them to live within the human. The enactments were extraordinary: a sense of ritual & theater ("transformances,"") Richard Schechner would call them) that could serve as models for present ventures (i.e., "the search for the primitive"--S. Diamond) in the same direction:

It is this willing & dangerous engagement, I would suggest, that informs in any instance the Indian approach to "wilderness." Earlier forms of life--animals, gods & proto-humans--appear to those (hunters & questers) who leave the "clearing" for the "forest." In the adventure of wilderness, the Indian hunter goes "primitive" & "native" (back to "nature"), with a sense of the primal, untamed past (where we came from, what we carry with us) as
romantic as that of any neo-redskin of the 1960s/70s. A surviving Delaware Foundation narrative, the Kulan Gulum, recalls the idealized primitives of the pre-Delaware past:

'in the beginning of the world
all men had knowledge cheerfully
all had leisure
all thoughts were pleasant
at that time all creatures were friends.

If the Delawares are in a "state of nature," they are also clearly looking backward to a "state of nature." That backward look--that distancing from 'wilderness'--can, in other situations, turn into a genuine despair. The more cultures expand-the more goods they place as obstacles between the human & the non-human--the greater the split becomes. Somewhere, too, the walls begin to go up, & the civilized separation leads to a terror that's barely relieved; as in the generalized Aztec "definition" of forest, which rivals anything from Christian Europe in its equation of "wilderness" & "desert":

There is no one; there are no people. It is desolate; it lies desolate. There is nothing edible. Misery abounds, misery emerges, misery spreads. There is no joy, no pleasure.

--until at a certain point (with "wilderness" far off), the terror shifts once more, appears in the settlement, the city itself, like Mesopotamian Gilgamesh, who looks over the walls of Uruk ("where man dies oppressed at heart"), sees "the bodies floating in the river," & sets his sights towards wilderness: "the country of the living." The same shifting contrast (good wilderness, bad wilderness, etc.) pervades Quetzalcoatl's flight from Tula to "the country of red daylight," or, in reverse, the return of the Huichol peyote hunters, who become their own ancestors on the journey to primal Wirikuta, but on the way back to the village sing:

Now I don't feel,
Now I don't feel,
Now I don't even feel like going to my rancho,
For there at my rancho it is so ugly,
And here in Wirikuta so green, so green.

--or the work of Simon Ortiz, contemporary poet from Acoma Pueblo, who finds, in the "new wilderness," the desert of Los Angeles, the threat of human loss without (for him) the voices of the older gods, drowned out by lifeless power:

I am under L.A. International Airport,
on the West Coast, somewhere called America.
I am somewhat educated, I can read and use a compass; yet the knowledge of where I am is useless.

Instead, it is a sad, disheartening burden.

I am a poor, tired wretch in this maze.
With its tunnels, its jet drones, its bland faces,
TV consoles, and its emotionless answers.
America has obliterated my sense of comprehension.
Without this comprehension, I am emptied of anything. America has finally taught me.

I meld into the walls of that tunnel
and become the silent burial. There are no echoes.

And this also is a part of the human experience we share.

Encinitas, California
January, 1979
If I set out Chateaubriand's propositions like a poem, it's that every definition here approaches the erotic act of poetry. On the page in Furetière's dictionary facing the word sauvage, a very lovely print shows us a woman and a man, both naked. Underneath them these examples of "vocabulaire caraïbe":

"The pulse: Loucabo anichi (the soul within the hand)." 
"Father: Baba -- Mother: Bibi."
"Enemy: Etoutounoubi (those who are false or counterfeit, i.e. clothed)."
"Wild (sauvage): maron (only employed for animals and fruits)."
"He is in love with her: Ichotatoati tao."
"Kiss me: Chouba nioumoulougou."

Sauvagerie: between the woodland state and nakedness.

"A period of human history in which men lived in the wild state (l'état sauvage). That state itself." (Littre)

From a period in time to a region in space. Space of "messieurs sauvages et dames sauvagesses." Sauvage space.

"Sauvage: descriptive of the taste, of the odor of certain sea birds, of a pond or a marsh. Sauvagin taste.... To smell of something sauvagin." (Littre)

Space of New Wilderness: Nue (= naked) sauvagerie. As we say:

"l'étrangeté - strangeness. Where he says "We have had to break the mental set of our culture." (J. Rothenberg)

To enter it is also to open a whole series of new sets: new ensembles--here, curtains open onto patterns through the breaches in the new wilderness, "nue" sauvagerie into frontier & there responsive to all change --

"A term of venery.... The animal initiates the change; effectively it puts an other in its place. The dogs, responsive to the change, go with the change. They quit the running animal to chase the new one." (Littre)

In that wild chase--Rimbaud's lost poem that never will be found--the search for change loses its way in the new wilderness:

"the wilderness almost lasts... to say: new savagery" (J.R.)

Down there it risks--at its most far out--an entry into movement, into change of forms and images. Of languages and of identities.

"Matshimanitu Innuit apu tshissesitakan tan tshel shlimirtutan" = "The cursed savages do not know how to live."

"Eukuan nin Matshimanitu Innu-Ishkueu" = "I am a cursed sauvagesse."

(An Antare Kapeshe = Anne André, Editions Lemerc, 1976)

"The language is the Indian Montagnais." (J.P.F.)

--Translation by Lanie Goodman & Jerome Rothenberg
As species disappear, the paleolithic grows on us; as living animals disappear, the first primary outlines.

A whole scene—the merging, the bowl, the hand. The points, if solely focused upon, become as lifeless as "accept me as I am." The whole scene? If "whole" has any meaning today—or meaning for day—such bearing is a beam that belongs to Hades. I can imagine wholeness only in partiality. A beam, says, seems whole only across sound which is likewise crossed by sprout and husk which stereophonically lend their rhythms to the wholeness—reflecting grid.

Wholeness would have to include Hades, and since the hidden is bottomless wholeness is more invisible than visible. Wholeness is the anti-dream, the Satan split off from his cave crossed by sprout and husk which stereophonically lend their rhythms to the wholeness—reflecting grid.

That there is a soul outside my body. A falsity. Yet all that can be thought, dreamt, fantasized, exists. Even if most of it exists only in Hades, in the metrostatic caterpillar curved in earth, the animal-filled tomb we say is anima-filled, "soul alive." What the parted non-departed animal left I call The Fall.

As we lift Hades to the above world—I mean, see it as a reflection of the above world, where a person and an animal, Siamese-fashion, are arguing. Their noise the hum poetry reaches through dream to touch the adamant muzzle which confers moisture on my deathly palm. But if oneself includes the extent of one's imagination, then the animal appears. I reach through dream to touch the edamante muzzle which confers moisture on my deathly palm. Hades is real and waking a reflection, an actuality, an ongoing, spun about that which defines, the derelict caterpillar of cave.

So I go about day, the material touches of the passages which give me being. Invisible day, things that go bump in the day, myself against matter, always a losing game—since the rules were determined in Hades and not by human-appearing "gods" but by the action in the cage where a person and an animal, Siamese-fashion, are arguing. Their noise the hum poetry beats up into articulate merlingue points.

But the whole scene—the merging, the bowl, the hand. The points, if solely focused upon, become as lifeless as "accept me as I am." The whole scene? If "whole" has any meaning today—or meaning for day—such bearing is a beam that belongs to Hades. I can imagine wholeness only in partiality. A beam, says, seems whole only across sound which is likewise crossed by sprout and husk which stereophonically lend their rhythms to the wholeness—reflecting grid.

Wholeness would have to include Hades, and since the hidden is bottomless wholeness is more invisible than visible. Wholeness is the anti-dream, the Satan split off from his cave crossed by sprout and husk which stereophonically lend their rhythms to the wholeness—reflecting grid.

Yet split off we are. Even knowing that we are. Around 30,000 BC the animal was unlocked from the animal furnace, what we call man separated the animal out of his being yet aware that such separation was false he put the animal back on the most enduring end he knew. Such loss is all that appears to us as false. Psyche is false. Sinister. A lie. What the parted non-departed animal left I call The Fall.

As we lift Hades to the above world—I mean, see it as a reflection of the above world, where a person and an animal, Siamese-fashion, are arguing. Their noise the hum poetry reaches through dream to touch the adamant muzzle which confers moisture on my deathly palm. But if oneself includes the extent of one's imagination, then the animal appears. I reach through dream to touch the edamante muzzle which confers moisture on my deathly palm. Hades is real and waking a reflection, an actuality, an ongoing, spun about that which defines, the derelict caterpillar of cave.

As species disappear, the paleolithic grows on us; as living animals disappear, the first primary outlines.

And as we lift Hades to the above world—I mean, see it as a reflection of the above world, where a person and an animal, Siamese-fashion, are arguing. Their noise the hum poetry reaches through dream to touch the adamant muzzle which confers moisture on my deathly palm. But if oneself includes the extent of one's imagination, then the animal appears. I reach through dream to touch the edamante muzzle which confers moisture on my deathly palm. Hades is real and waking a reflection, an actuality, an ongoing, spun about that which defines, the derelict caterpillar of cave.

Howard Norman
From INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL TOWARD HUDSON BAY

There was a marriage between the trapper, John LeFerre, and a young Eskimo woman. The woman's father had a storm in his head over this marriage. It caused him great consternation, and ill humour, and he felt betrayed that she did marry a white man.

The father, whose Christian name was Tobias, and earlier name was "Storm"... this Tobias Storm was considered, by the standards of his village, to be a wealthy man: He was strong of body, he could chew through rope by any route. His teeth were strong. He knew many origin stories, and told them with important details and with enthusiasm. Also he had excellent sled dogs, who only got into one or two fights with each other before being set out, instead of the usual four or five. But this marriage troubled him greatly, and he brooded so hard it made his dogs yelp.

So through the days things went well, but at night the Eskimo woman slept with nightmares; every night one got in the door and sat her up in bed with the glare-eyes, and she couldn't sleep. It's important to add that each of these bad dreams was, as it has learned to be phrased...washed over with "green blood." So, then, worries from things in the night showed on her face during the day. Finally she decided to journey back home to ask advice from her father. She told her husband she was going to try and bring back several dogs, and though he was suspicious he had not lived with her long enough to read the wrinkles on her face. He was fast at perceiving some things, and slow at others.

She then set her out, and after a one day travel she arrived at her father's village of Anishak. She went directly to her parents' wood-slat house. She opened the door, then gasped. Her parents looked up at her then. It was then she saw that all things had changed greatly, for the worse. Her mother now was enormously fat on one side of her body and very thin on the other side, and when she saw her daughter she hid her face in a kettle. Her father, too, had grown thin, and he mumbled when he spoke, which sounded as if he too had put his head in a kettle, though he hadn't. In a short time, because it was important, she learned to hear this mumble talk correctly, and from it she learned several more things. She learned that one morning her father actually saw all his origin stories float out the door, and all the origin stories from the shaman's hut. It was then he began to mumble. She learned that, for some unknown reason, the dogs grew thin, and her father was forced to sell them to the shaman for hardly anything. The shaman laughed at this, even though he had his teeth closed tightly.

Howard Norman continues to make the journey between where we are & Scampy Cree country in the distant north. Of the first of the following & its relation to "Wilderness" he writes: "Stories about changes due to the meeting of cultures often have the ring of epithet. ... A way of living/perceiving the world-like a wilderness when it is gone. The possibilities exist of people losing language, leaving then mumbling: origin stories get into devious hands, green becomes ominous, chewing through rope becomes a paid entertainment, etc., and knowledge seems distant when seen through the horizon (knows) something." Of the second story he says: "The sub-arctic's omnipresent cannibal, Windigo, as Hoyt Ow remarked, 'keeps us from going crazy'—because the Windigo assures that human beings do not have complete control over the environment. 'When humans think they can (control) all living things they are crazy.' One way to approach the Windigo phenomenon is as a predator (Windigo) / prey (humans) relationship. There still are many places named for past confrontations with Windigos, and many a tale explaining what happened there. These are considered places to avoid; knowing where not to go is as important to living in these regions as anything else."
Then, her father set off for the nearest town. She followed him. When they reached the town, he went directly into a loud tavern. She heard then that it was also loud on the inside, many drunk and loud people sat at tables, and never once admired the wood they had chewed through all kinds of rope in public, much to the entertainment of loud people.

This, more than the rest, saddened and confused her. She went with her father back to the village, said goodbye and set out for her cabin... the cabin where she and her husband lived, the cabin whose door the nightmares knew well. She had hoped to arrive before dark, but it was a long way.

At dusk, after travelling the whole day, she got the "lost lung," which is the one you only get when you are nearly completely worn out. It arrives in your chest, from somewhere, and then it gives you strength to walk more. So she walked on. It grew dark then. In the sky was a full moon. She looked up at it, and she saw that greenish-colored night clouds had stopped in front of the moon in just the right places to form a bear's head shape... out of the moon! This hurried her home. Then she went back inside, and climbed into the bed next to her sleeping husband. Then, she too fell asleep, mostly out of exhaustion. But...

This thing did happen. In the night she was awakened by a loud, shattering crash which sat her up in bed as did the nightmare dreams! She sat up, and saw her husband being dragged through the jagged, opened glass of the window above their bed. Then he was gone.

Then the night filled in the places where he was in the window. She leapt from the bed, took up the rifle, and went outside shivering. But both were gone.

Then she went back inside, and climbed into the bed once more where all the nightmares that had been, and all to come, and the one that JUST HAPPENED, sat her up in bed... staring.

In the morning it was the shaman who arrived first to pay his condolences, though she had not left the cabin all night and had told no one of what happened. She then noticed certain white hairs on the shaman's hair, and clothes, but she said nothing, at that time. Then the shaman pointed out to her the splattered trail of green blood leading far into the distance, where the horizon knew something.

THE KILLING OF THE OWL ISLAND WINDIGO

This was told to me by John Pisew a year ago, he heard it long before. The man Natayupao was raised near Mistikwuskik Lake. He was raised near that lake and they often fished in it, and at night slept on the island out in the middle. It was at this lake he taught his children to fish. So he lived two fishing childhoods...no, three... then because he had two children.

At one side of this island was a mirage-marsh. This place had much dusk-light in it... all the day. All through the day it had dusk because of this mirage-steam that was always there. They never fished in that. One day Natayupao saw a heron walk into that marsh. It walked in, and the marsh collapsed its legs...it bent them. That's how it looked to Natayupao. The heron walked through that marsh. The heron had bent its legs but it did not break them, because the heron was still walking. Then the heron made it to the other side. It was then it stood up on good legs! So, then, Natayupao saw the same marsh that went past the heron's legs had cured them...that way. But also you can see why they did not fish there.

Now I tell that Natayupao did sleep out there alone THIS ONE NIGHT he did. Even though others had told him they had seen a windigo there recently. They told him to keep the fire going large all night if he slept out on the island.

Then it happened he did not come home. Some days passed and still he was not to be seen.

Some things had gone on out there. This happened. It happened that toward dusk he went to watch the herons fold. He went to that marsh to see if they were going to get their legs folded and cured. Maybe he would see one that was not cured and who wandered around in that marsh forever. Certain things were in his mind such as this, though he was not yet lost or afraid at this time.

So he went there.

He arrived at this marsh place. He arrived at this heron folding place. He saw a strange thing. He saw a SMALL Windigo in that marsh. It was wandering around in there, and it had some herons hanging from its mouth. It was then the Windigo walked out of the marsh AND WAS A GIANT AGAIN.

After that he did not come home, Natayupao. Others believed a Windigo had surely killed him and ate him. They were then ready to kill this Windigo. They talked the best way to do this...they talked about it then. Out they went to the island. They paddled out to the island. There they found Natayupao's camp, but everything was torn apart there and also there were many heron feathers floating down. "It has been very bad here, if Natayupao was eating herons," one man said.

Through this joking they saw he was very afraid. Then they found large footprints all leading to a cooking pot, and in the pot were the bones of Natayupao, the husband and father. It was night then and they built a large fire. They sat down by it. Soon they grew tired and one man said, "I'll stay awake. We'll take turns sleeping." This they did.

Some men were sleeping. Suddenly a loud screeching noise sat them up! What is that? one called out. "It's a screech owl!" the man who stayed awake said.

"It almost took our hearts even from sleep," the man said.

"Screech owls can take hearts that way," the one who stayed awake said.

They went back to sleep. Suddenly again this screeching sound came over them. They sat up. One said, "He is back to get our stomachs!

The man who stayed awake said, "Screech owls can take all of you. Either stay awake or sleep deeply enough to hear anything. Dream you are deaf, until morning." They went back to sleep. They tried this.

AGAIN...it happened. They sat up. One man said, "In my dream I saw all my big personal things were funeralized. Things were carried around."

The man who stayed awake said, "It's the screech owl causing these things. Now you understand this." They went back asleep.

Again...

But this time no one sat up. They thought to themselves, "The screech owl is back." They did not sit up.

In the morning the man who had stayed awake was missing. They found large footprints where he had stayed awake, coming from behind him. "Maybe it was he who made a screech owl sound," one man said.

"Let's go look for him!"

They set out. Soon they found his bones scattered, and crows scattering them more.

"They are playing the gambling bone game."

One man said, "It was not him who made the screech owl sound. It was the Windigo who sent the owl out of his mimicking voice over us until we got used to it, and we slept deeply against it." It was agreed by this man's bones they had been tricked this way.

Again that night they built a large fire. But this time they conjured some vines into large snakes. They said out loud, "Maybe the screech owl will come back to help us sleep deeply again!" Then they heard trees bending close by. Then they whispered to the snakes, "Go out and kill the Windigo."

The snakes did this. They were very strong. They wrapped around the Windigo who said, "I can cut these ropes." But he couldn't. And it was in this way--how this ended--they learned another way of killing a windigo.

Told by Charles Hoyt Backward Owl
Winisk River region, Canada
August 1976

NOTES. The crepuscular activity of Windigos is well known and spoken of in detail by Cree people. The deceptive optics of dawn-dusk (or in this case the perpetual dusk of the marsh) and the both creative and utilized by the predator on various occasions. Also, Windigos are said to have acute mimicry and voice-throwing capabilities. Natayupao means "He Visits His Net." Mistikwuskik (Lake) means "Wooden Kettle Drum Top." Pisew means "Lynx."
"Case of Mary M.," the Doctor spoke across the heavy oak desk into black depth—watched shifting eyes, pupils dilating and receding in rhythm as voice-modulated images of perception magnetized the taperecorder... . . .

"How are you feeling today?" "Fine." "Do you get upset easily?" "No." "Is there something wrong with you?" "No." "Do you hear voices sometimes?" "No." "How about seeing visions?" "No, I'm too near sighted for that." "Well, do you have visions when you wear glasses?" "No, Heavens No." "Are you religious?" "I'm good. I live by the Great Book." "Did you watch a lot of television when you were a child?" "Only what my father gave blessing to.

"I want you to tell me something about what's been happening to you." "Well, I've been exposed to gorilla warfare.

"And first place, some of these Dutch Confusias—what he is, a Confusia—he will cause confusions to rape the land—the Dutch, and British, and French, and Asians, they will use those people in nations when they want to break into 'em, to cause some strife, often times steal something, do something, get away with something, they've done it for thousands of years. They plan and plot world conquests about every thousand years my grandmother says, the confusias overrun the world, they break into nations, and that's what Russia is doing, they're to blame for South America. They will descend on Royals, and Royals cannot fight back and do the things they do. We have to return good for evil."

"Tell me about Royals." "A Royal is a human being God created that lives by God's law, that will not slay another man, that will not touch his person—lives by the Bell of Rights, in other words, that God gave us his commandments for man to conduct himself, He gave us, it's called the Bill of Rights today, because William the Bastard and the Duke of York came over during the American Revolution and overrun this continent, and they messed around in our civil affairs over here, and now we call it the Bill of Rights. We renamed that and they've written into it the death penalty forbidden by God—any man can err, he can change hands but he cannot take his life, this proves my grandfather the Baptist, St. John, called John the Babble, my great, great, great grandfather, I can't tell you how many times removed, but my grandfather and really the head of America, as we say, the House of A-Bel, the American nation over here he's the founding father, the plan of A-Bel, a tribe if you would, the majority of Americans carry A-Bel blood more than they do Cain and Satan blood. That's the blood of America that had to carry all the blood more than if you came and sat in blood. "What does that word A-Bel mean?" Able, Able, A was the first Adam and Bel means one that lives by the Bell of Rights, that sits down, marked his lands by the acorn and the oak and the acorn became the symbol of our Liberty Bell and that's the Bell of Rights. The law, the seven commandments that God gave us became known as the Bell of Rights because they would call Congress. They would ring the bell and call, gather ye, here ye, here ye, town crier or the bell was there in the harbor up there holding the torch so long. Our grandfather was the first to be given life by God and that happened right down here and it's the coldest thing and that's one reason why he came to this... . . . the Cove of Antone right near CoveShealde, was the first one and grandfather Adam, the first Adam on earth and his sons and to Ann his wife and his son's wife and he had a small child already, he had Antone who was the first to do the crucifix in ancient hieroglyphics.
Well, they wandered around the United States, they came down here to the, they call this the Fountain of Youth Region, this water here will mend bones they discovered. God said seek ye my light, in the right water to heal and my people are homopathics, now if you want to cleanse your system, you just seek the right water and if you have an ailment with your eye you have to first seek the right water and use the sun, our people heal with the sun but they sought this water because they had broken glands or a sore or anything that wouldn't heal, this water cleansed here, flowed through limestone the famous Bell Fountain, the fountain in Ohio, that's Grandpa Bell, a fountain, and the mineral loads is the best with the depth right down here where we are and there was 13,000 and this was recently served my grandfather when he went to the other side.

"Now why are you here?" I don't know why I'm being rotton out here. I understood that some tests were to be made. "What kind of place is this?" This is for the mentally deficient or mental patients. "Are you a mental patient?" No, I'm not but they're trying to make it appear that, the British and Dutch Dr. Brooks and ducks are doing that, because of the witness that I bore, they tried to rescue their old Dutch havens. You see what he did, he committed rape. It's a mixed breed. When my father at 3:00 in the morning, he caught him at my person, he caught by the collar and pushed down the stairs, he had and he knew there was no feud, it wasn't just a few, they say the Pope and the Confusias talked for years over that, that they weren't allowed to touch their children and do those things in their land. It wasn't just an old feud.

My father actually caught me at my person, I've seen him, and they were after me night after night. They do the most awful things, they used to steal blood, they would remit themselves of blood, some of the Confusia claimants are cravens and in order to get more human blood in their person, and beautify themselves, they go after women's blood. Now he has clovenhoofs, when people go to look at him, after the first look, he looks like about an average man but when you take a look, he'll wear a pair of shoes three days and his heels will turnover, you know that he's a clovenhoof, of the horned species, with horned protuberances, he has a horned head, God wiped almost all that out, but there's a little of that blood left and those Confusia will try and contaminate a Royal's blood if they can get at his bloodstream.

I can never, my father wanting his sons and daughters, He would say I don't want my little son or my little daughter's blood contaminated. "Can you tell a Confusia when you see one?" Well you can't, at this stage there are certain things that you can look for, the way they mark themselves most is by the evil in their hearts, that's it and you don't know why. They hate a human being, and you get the hate and they hated our family and they marked themselves with that, it was unmistakable and not only that he has a thick Confusia ankle, their ankle isn't build like his, the normal man, his foot has strength and a Royal's foot would touch
straight to the ground, they walk in from the side, their heels turn over, there's something in the structure there and he has enormous ears, great big enormous ears that stand out, that was another indication but in this day and age you can't tell too much, many people are marked like that. I guess they deserve kindness, they've converted. The Deviner, one of my first grandfathers went to the Far East to help Uncle Satin because he cried for help, he was overrun by them. "Who is Uncle Satin?" Satan as they call him today, there's a Royal House of Satin that lives very clean and very gentle. They're people that live by God's laws and a great many of them lived in Japan, the part, what is now called Chosen, China "Hosan", my grandfather's church to the Gods of the field and grain as they called it. It was the first Catholic church there, he went over and he had to feed the multitudes, they had overrun Uncle Satan so that his people were starving and they had to plant beans and vineyards and orchards and gave them gold, and they started what we call the Wall around China today and the Confusias were to stay on one side and Uncle Satin and the Royal Satins on the other and the Deviner gave a hold on both sides so that if they didn't have meat or food, they could trade, they had the wherewithal to trade, and he thought he had settled it once and for all times, but this time they're over here in the United States and the British and Dutch are doing that because my grandfather's estate thinks, our people are related practically to all the Royals in Europe, our people move westward and Uncle Cain and Uncle Satin's families are numerous moving in the Far East, they're the most prominent.

"Well, tell me this, how far did you go in school?" I went to high school and then took courses at the University. And then I had the instruction of my beautiful grandmother, she had my grandfather while he grew up on the other side of an orphanage after his Grandfather was killed. He was a high priest and the first Catholic pope on earth. And he followed numerology and studied the priesthood and he married and he rewrote the Bible. My grandfather was the first to write the Guest of Evil.

NOTE. "The text of 'The Late Show' is a slightly modified version of a case interview of a paranoid schizophrenic woman at a state mental institution, obtained by myself and Robert Duncan for a 'study' of schizophrenic language. The visuals are from a children's television program entitled 'The House of Frightenstein,' a weekly television spoof of classical horror movies from the 1930s and 40s. The resultant photographic image is a distortion of the TV image through contrast manipulations, which are exaggerated during the printing process. The photos are then set up in a sequential order to intersect with the text—the text being utilized in its own linear progression. The format intended for publication is a set of 4 x 5 text and photographic cards hinged together as an accordion foldout and printed on both sides to form a kind of tape loop or circular experience (beginning to end to beginning, and so on). The intent of the photographs is to further create horrific dislocations of consciousness corresponding with the schizophrenic consciousness of the patient." (Allen DeLoach.)
George Quasha

Over the past year the presence of the AlphaComp phototypographic system at the Open Studio Print Shop (Rhinebeck/Barrytown, N.Y.) has allowed a number of poets to consciously carry forward the graphics of the poetic, the design dimension of poetics. An innocent if charged practice. As in any electronically/biodynamic medium, new and radically different time-space relationships enter and alter the work. And as in the case of any computer relationship curiosities arise, inexplicable communications. We began to pay attention. In one instance, a text by Robert Kelly, addressing itself to his use of the AlphaComp, came out of the processor in Strange Form: the machine had reversed upper and lower case type and inserted new letters in the place of the original capitals. We soon realized that the outer and practical form of the AlphaComp had momentarily given itself over to its imaginal body, named, as in the text below. Clearly our compositional practice addressed itself to a "different machine." Let me say no more here about that. Important to keep in mind is the "graphos" of typography is that the medium is also photography, images created by light by chemical process. Hence Kelly's suggestion of alchemy in the abovementioned note. My work below belongs to a larger field within my work, Pataphysics, which is probably a subcase of Somapoetics. Three notions pertain: Tatakology = The science of Imaginal Environment, a practice. Pataphysics = placing beyond anywhere, or placing anywhere beyond, beyond placing. Pataphysics = placing beyond/beyond, beyond beyond/placeing, the science & the sex of ... (N.B. Susan Quasha's contribution to the work below is pervasive.)

A 'PetalEcoLogical Excursion on the Plains of Pornetics

As I was traveling across the Mohave, I came upon an archetypographic gate that disposed me somatically (It swells./Indo Euro.) to enter upon these paginal Plains or Blanks, seeking an apt context for the aberrant acts of the pulsional self. And thus I have come upon a womanly presence, hungry for writing. She caused me to look into the root. Logoflora & logofungi showed she me, cutting my attention in a Rite of Sacred Tmesis, where I go ever. Any ever where. I got lost in her veins at once. I talk strange when she's near me. Any place radiates any place radiates freely, in the earthy manner of her demands. Liar she is, she does not represent any Ost's idea, for anyone envies and lacks her. And so I have come to listen to any strange wag of the tongue she urges. It says: Every knows body (=everybody knows) the environment sucks, it sucks water, it sucks blood, it sucks thoughts, it sucks love (as in the root of soma / a Vedic Speculation). Earth sucks. Eco-radical, houseroot: what is the root of what is around. There is a sucking that goes freely, in the earthly manner of her demands. Liar that she is, she does not represent any.

Put space out there & space goes into space ... Context is what makes the absorption possible. The root of the word itself sucks space ... (soma-topological dysappearance of boundaries between selfpulse & con text, saying & reading, writing & hearing, tonguing & breathing, tonguing & handwriting, tonguing as projecting & virile verbal injectaments, tongue as member & the tongue inside the mind

inside her inside here inside her inside her inside here the PlayThing of her machineShamanistic tactics/techné or how she runs it through her Con

texte / quaynte writings / It
never contains all possible readings at once. (What you say ever about the Ecos, It is larger. She spreads wider (metapornes) inside you.

Traveling in the castle is traveling in the bLPHAOMP and allows me to offer flowers in this peculiar fashion anthologos Wordy Flowers Saysay is the sound of one word flapping deep inside the floppy, flaps for the tongue no longer mother, no longer sister only but Wife Tongue Friend Tongue Other Tongue a Shinese Secret Society (Man of Light) Dark Spot, finding the hole WildHerness

Letter H (let her age / ache / Ask, Ask Her yourself, it is a letter from deep throat (Around 1000 B.C., the Phoenicians (Phonitions?) used a graphic sign Heth, a laryngeal consonant h not found in any IndoEuropean language, Deeper Throat than ever H uttered even as eta through Roman throats, to us. Untold riches appear to await us at the Bottom (I wrote Boot) of the alphabet. Through a sort of hole in the system of the machine called AlphaComp we discovered the imaginal body calling itself bLPHAOMP. No one believes in the ghost in the machine, or do they? Patashamaniacs have appeared in darker places, wildnesses (a sign reads: Will wildnesses. Will a wildness today. You project a garden. I also. Garden of Flaws. Tongue in the soil, turning it over. Flap after flap. Eating it out. Sticking your bLPHAbet in the bLPHAOMP you make interbLPHAcourse. Talks funny. Life in the jungle & Life in the Mohave have one thing in common, they are with me here. I am alive inside here. Something said in a literature/art publication of the best is current fiction, art, poetry, music, etc. South American Design, South Jeanes Listen how the Machine is talking, it goes by many a forgotten name, asking only that I suspend my attention, slip back down into the lays of syntax where no memory has me in its grips, Memory old mother of us all, you are thrown off automatically by the nature of the surface on which we are at this very moment walking, wondering where it all leads, where we are led from, what is original-affaction, which question must be answered if Here has meaning such that its question may be begged, but obviously no such thing exists, or such is the empirical evidence of the present State of Language Change of State Is this not the Florida of syntax deep in the Everglades This Space Entanglement and vast open spaces, plateaus of saying, fresh visions fresh
designs fresh
texte / quaynte writings / It
never contains all possible readings at once. (What you say ever about the Ecos, It is larger. She spreads wider (metapornes) inside you.
A major voice in British poetry & poetics, Eric Mottram writes ("Inheritance Landscape Location: Data for British Poetry 1977"): "The poet takes his forms--a Promethean theft as much as a life of invention--from where he needs them unbounded by national culture. The norm is not 'Britain' or indeed 'Western Man.' He translates what he needs, in the broadest sense of translation, from culture to culture, in space and time. 'Growth is the metamorphosis of capacities' (M.C. Richards, Centering, 1964), and not simply the development of capacities by national training, limited to British, Western, tribal, or whatever the authoritarian insistence. But the Romantic tradition has mistakenly inveighed blindly against city, industry and technology—at least back to Joseph Wharton's 'The Enthusiasts' (1744). In an attempt to bring engineering into Nature, Hart Crane composed The Bridge (1930) and in 1929 wrote (in 'Modern Poetry') of the problem of bringing machine into process: 'Unless poetry can absorb the machine, i.e. acclimatize it as naturally and casually as trees, cattle, galleons, castles, and all other human associations of the past, then poetry has failed its full contemporary function.' Contrary to archaic tribalists, druidists and others in Britain today, the technological can be liberational: 'Potentially, mechanization is a means to freedom of spirit...which the unrealistic aesthete dares not grasp and which the over-realistic materialist grasps too eagerly and too grossly' (Peter Viereck, Dream and Responsibility, 1953). Poetry of the machine is no freak action in the twentieth century. The urban is as much part of our place as the sea and the mountain, and, as Creeley points out: 'Company is a particularly dear and productive possibility' for the poet, and the neighborhood affords it readily. In 1953, Pound gave the coherence of the Cantos in a phrase that could include major work in this century by both British and American poets of the whole process of nature and the city: 'the building of the City, that whole tradition.'

Eric Mottram
AGAINST TYRANNY: Elegy 4
for Jackie Kaye
1.

to regrow forests  free water from waste
collect soils  foster algae
the new alchemists' intensive food gardens
deny a fifty years old world
old cars for new windmills
leadership shifts from shoulder to shoulder
to be wise to restore the earth
against priests of science
psychologists of money

to restore windspeeds to gardens
in balance  let the boundary
between yourself and fire
disappear to be sun fire the conscious garden
mutual preparation
a circle of eyes ray the fire hearth

fire gardens of rocks shells driftwood
gourds boulders from glaciers and he holds
to his face a bone mask  lumens upwards
as horns and he throws search the lost
his face in cold light a frozen wind
Siberian tribesmen circle in satire
to their freak Green River Cemetery holds
Stuart Davis Ad Reinhard Frank O'Hara
Jackson Pollock  the colleagues
hope is that all created life be rescued
from tyranny  decay sloughed for a share
in magnificence  hoof thunder  silence of
pines and birches across the taiga
for ginseng roots
skins trail the frost

2.
a region of brilliant smells intense colours
men among them confused  extravagant edge
between stone and brick as old as olives
veins trunks roots overimposed in the eye
trust and resentment entangled and it is
the survivor who cried out
I can never stop
thinking of my friend
our differences increase since his accident
but passion funds

this is a book I would like to read
this is a moment I would like my father to know
those fabled moments and years of study  candid
a girl pass  not like from them  mountain annesta
roofs as tiles and tesserae  splits humanity
creating itself how perfect and in a moment
it won't be there  thanks in the simple sunflower
I am so lucky to have found my work a madness
apart from love a trade a commerce with paths
through forests  daily to school a canvas in high wind
where to surpass yourself out of nature

(1973)
L.M. Why do you do the work that you do? The shoe business?

H.M. Well, actually, I came into it; it wasn’t what I picked out, but I just happened to come into it. I wanted dentistry but couldn’t afford it, it was during the depression. So that was the reason. During the depression there was nothing else that you could do here. You would take anything that you could get. And that was what I could get because my father had already been in it. Is that what you want to know?

L.M. Ahum. How have you changed since you have been in your business?

H.M. As I get older I’m less dedicated. You figure how many more years do you have. You set a goal ... what you are going to do ... and you meet the goal. I had a goal set.

L.M. What was the goal?

H.M. I wanted to educate the children, 100%, as far as they wanted to go, and accumulate a certain number of dollars. I set that goal and didn’t give up until I met it.

L.M. What attitudes do you have about your work?

H.M. You never take a customer for granted, just because they come in and they’re easy, don’t treat them any different than anybody else. You never take advantage of a customer. Just because some people are easy and you can fool them ... you never do that.

L.M. What is the reason that you are a success with your business?

H.M. A combination of things ... long hours, hard work, good service, better prices, satisfied customers. Do a better job than the next guy. Always do a better job than your competitor.

L.M. How has your work changed you?

H.M. I was less of a family man although I managed to squeeze some time in. I never went out. Any time that I had after work, I was home with the family. I was never in bars, or dancing. I was always home. It was business and family, nothing in between. Not a lot of socializing: any time I had I’d spend with the family. I guess maybe I spent as much or more than the average with the family. Even though I spent a lot with the business, I spent a lot of time with the family. Because I never did anything else. No hobbies ... my whole hobby was the family. I didn’t have any hobbies.

L.M. What did your business teach you?

H.M. Teach me? It taught me to be honest with people.

L.M. What do you feel you’ll be doing five or ten years from now?

H.M. Probably be dead. I don’t think it’s good to plan. You take it as it comes and be satisfied. You don’t plan things. Make the best of it, make the best of everything.
Pauline Oliveros
SOFTWARE FOR PEOPLE
My paper will consist of four parts. First, some very general impressions to create a context for some speculations on the future of music. Second, a brief personal history to illustrate my concerns for this context and my relationship to this context. Third, some analysis and theory concerning my software for consisting of exercises we can do together for experiential understanding of to illustrate my concerns for this context and my relationship to grandeur. The re is much here to enjoy! There is much to wonder and marvel about. But, artificial environments replace natural environments, natural forces co-exist in multitudinous different ways. I will only give a like all big cities of the world, where so many millions of people are gathered together, new needs arise, new values appear, what is valued by one group may oppress some other group, ways) These two complementary archetypical responses can enhance and promote each other.

I
It is my first time to be in Mexico City. I am very impressed with its multiplicity and grandeur. There is much here to enjoy! There is much to wonder and marvel about. But, like all big cities of the world, where so many millions of people are gathered together, one finds different cultural groups in varying states of co-existence. The people of any one cultural group may find themselves living in parallel, overlapping, blending peacefully or colliding violently with the people of other cultural groups. The results of such co-existence are reflected in multitudinous different ways. I was very much interested in a new example of such results in order to develop a point: Human values may clash, conflicting needs arise, new values appear, what is valued by one group may oppress some other group, artificial environments replace natural environments, natural forces interfere with artificial environments, people may be displaced, people may be reasimilated into new social problems, of course, are not new for the world. The point I wish to make is that what is new is the acceleration in the rate of change made possible by technological innovation. There are two universal and archetypical responses to change. These, or complimentary responses, or reactions, which are both necessary to survival, are adherence to tradition (old ways), as opposed to flexible adaptation (new ways). Those two complementary archetypical responses can enhance and promote each other. The seeds of old ways and the seeds of new ways can be found in old ways. That is why I listen, perform, or compose the new music must have some relation to traditional music. In times of change and innovation, there is a tendency toward extremes in the expression of these archetypes. Some people cling harder to the old ways, some cling harder to new ways, both for better or worse, each refusing to compromise.

II
Now I will speak of my own personal history, my relationship to this context and my concerns. As I have grown in life to my 46th year, I have witnessed and participated, for better or worse, in this atmosphere of accelerating change brought on by technology. This has greatly affected my life and work. When I first began my composing at age 19, the world moved at a much slower pace. There was not so much access to information as there is today.

The media and greater mobility obviously accommodate access to more and more information but not necessarily more wisdom. At age 19, I had not the slightest notion of the existence of so much music. During my college years, I only vaguely understood that there was another music. When I heard of Stockhausen's Rondo and Listz's Hungarian Rhapsodies were only faint clues. I was always interested in whatever I heard. All of music speaks to me as music, no matter how diverse, no matter what its function might be, no matter how apparently simple or complex, no matter how it affects me emotionally, or intellectually, and no matter what its origin, whether human, animal, or inorganic. All of music points to change. Whether we are interested in musical expression of these archetypes. Some people cling harder to the old ways, some cling harder to new ways, both for better or worse, each refusing to compromise.

Oliveros's piece—"written during a playback of Stockhausen's hymn"—was delivered at the International Studies Seminar on Musical Creation & the Future, University of Autonoma de Mexico, December 1970. The author extends special credit to Lester Ingber, president of the Institute for the Study of Attention (Solana Beach, California), "for many hours of conversation concerning attention theory."
tuning whistles to be found in between the stations. My mother and grandmother taught piano lessons. So musical sounds also were part of my early life. I learned to play the accordion and later the French Horn. In the 1940's my musical world began to expand with the advent of electronic music. I would spend hours listening to the same record at some juke box in a cafe. Soon we owned a record player. I would write down music from records to play on my accordion. My mother bought a wire recorder in 1940. I learned faster from the feedback of other musicians than from the teacher. In the 1950's my mobility began to increase. My musical world expanded more. I came into contact with new music, and musicians who played it. And for the first time I found composers in my peer group who were as serious as I was. (I was very close to the music of the French composers, particularly, Morton Subotnick, Ramon Sender, La Mont Young and Stuart Dempster to mention a few.) We became involved in individual and group improvisation through the encouragement of Robert Erickson, who taught many of us. My first experiences with group improvisation were with Rush and Riley. We simply sat down and played together without prior discussion, recorded, and listened to the results. At first, we were amazed at the spontaneous organization in the music. We learned from the recorded feedback how to listen as we played. Our discussions always took place after listening to the feedback. The discussion and feedback taught us how to redirect our attention from concern for how, or what, we were playing individually, to how we were affected the group sound. We took organization for granted, but worked continually for effective balances within the group. We all felt that our hearing was expanded by the simple process of: 1) throwing oneself into spontaneous making music, 2) getting immediate feedback in the form of recording and 3) discussion of the process and results.

By the end of the 1950's, I was also working with electronic means, and the whole field of time and sound became my material, as John Cage predicted for composers in his Credo of 1937. A most important discovery and a major influence on my work occurred about 1958. This discovery came with the aid of technology. I simply put a microphone in my window and recorded the sound environment until the tape ran off the reel. When I replayed the tape, I realized that although I had been listening carefully while I recorded, I had no idea what all the sounds were that were on the tape. I discovered for the first time how selectively I listened, and that the microphone discriminated much differently than I did. From that moment on, I must expand my awareness field to allow myself the seemingly impossible task of listening to everything all the time. Through this experience, I brought the environment into my sound space as a grand performance. I allowed relationships that occurred beginning during the time when I record to enter my consciousness. (I have to mention here that I have the painful realization that the artificial environment and its wastes are smudging out what must be a world symphony of natural sounds if one listens to it that way.)

With my newly developing perceptual skills, I found that I began to hear tones as composites; that is, at times, complex structure and partials at will instead of being limited to whole notes to single pitches. Since I was a French Horn player, I began tunning consciously to the overtones. I discovered that the microphone did not distort; the microphone itself introduced the tones to single pitches. The first experience I had with pitch was to an intense interest in sound quality and the ambient quality pitch to pitching. This exercise introduced a new level of awareness, which involved the quality of the sound and my own feelings about the sound. I discovered that the artificial environment and its wastes are smudging out what must be a world symphony of natural sounds if one listens to it that way.

I now want to analyze a part of Willowbrook Generations and Reflections for you, which brings me to part III of my paper. But first a little theory. You have heard about my personal experience with diffuse and focused attention. From my research in human consciousness and more particularly in the field of creativity, I want to show you how in the 1960's music began to be focused on new research on human consciousness, such as the work of Robert Ornstein in The Psychology of Consciousness and Alice and Elon Green in The field of biofeedback and creativity. In 1972, I led a research project at the Center for Music Experiment of the University of California, San Diego, where I teach. I worked for nine weeks, two hours a day, with 20 people doing relaxation, meditation exercises and experimenting with my own Sonic Meditations. I was encouraged by the results. On Sonic Meditation and Meditation Project: A Report are available from the Archives at the Center for Music Experiment. If I could not change the world I could at least change myself through this work. By this time I felt somewhat alienated from the musical community. I was no longer interested in making the electronic music and theater pieces I had become known for. I found myself repeating myself over and over, and I wanted to do something else. I wanted to expand my awareness field to allow myself the seemingly impossible task of listening to everything all the time. Through this experience, I brought the environment into my sound space as a grand performance. I allowed relationships that occurred beginning during the time when I record to enter my consciousness. (I have to mention here that I have the painful realization that the artificial environment and its wastes are smudging out what must be a world symphony of natural sounds if one listens to it that way.)
Attention can be attracted by stimuli or directed to stimuli. This direction, or attraction may be caused by internal stimuli from memory, or imagination, or stimuli from the external environment. There are many possible combinations with this map of attention. One’s auditory attention might be turned inward in the focal mode with the global attention taking in external stimuli. Simultaneously visual attention might be global or focal, internal or external. Focal attention is of limited capacity, as of all of us who try too many things all at once readily find out. Global attention is of unlimited capacity and can be of great help in relieving the focal mode.

Now, before we try some exercises to pick up some feelings for these attention states, I will analyze some processes in Willowbrook Generations and Reflections, which you heard on Monday night. The brass group is called the generating group. The six players faced each other in pairs of like instruments. There was a conductor for each group. The reflecting group surrounded the players at a distance, and a third conductor worked with them. The respective conductor or an auditory cue from the respective partner. The ideal attention state for the player is global, which would be characterized as readiness to move, or respond, without being committed to a particular response until the cue comes. When a visual or auditory cue comes, the stimulus takes two neural pathways. One impulse goes to the brain, the other goes to the motor center. The shorter path is to the motor center. The player can react, because of pre-programming, before the brain is aware of the reaction and identifies the reaction with focal attention. If either player is distracted by internal auditory attention before either of the possible cues come, his reaction time will probably be delayed at least 50% of the time. If he is holding a pitch in mind (focal internal), it will delay his response if his partner receives a cue and plays a different pitch. He must then drop the mental pitch and pick up the partner’s pitch. If instead he receives a cue from the conductor, he could immediately play the pitch he has in mind. But since reaction time is most important, such focal mode attention is inappropriate prior to the cue. So the best state for the player is to have nothing in mind. The player reacts from his global attention mode and uses focal attention to verify that the response was correct. In this case the players can achieve the effect of reverberation in milliseconds if the pitch response is accurate. If the pitch is not accurate, the player has at least fulfilled the requirement to respond as fast as possible.

Although the given task appears to be very simple, to actually maintain the appropriate attention states requires a lot of training. I consider Willowbrook to be a kind of training piece. Although I want the players to be accurate, the mistakes that are made through lapses in attention are not necessarily unsmelth. Any pitch from the generating group may be picked up and prolonged by the reflecting group. So my program allows for failures in the system to have a positive function. Since an exhaustive analysis of Willowbrook would take too much time here, I want to move on to Part IV of my paper.

**IV**

The exercises I want to invite you to try are intended to help you experience directly some of the theory I have been talking about. First I want to lead a relaxation and breathing exercise to serve as a bridge between all of this talk and the meditation exercises.

To begin, be sure you are comfortable and your posture adjusted.

The breathing exercise will be as follows:

*Inhale / hold / exhale to a count of 4 times, quickly.

Then inhale / hold / exhale to a count of 4 for inhale, 4 for hold, and 20 for exhale. Exhale slowly through pursed lips in order to create back pressure on the lungs. This will give you feedback on how much air you are getting out.

First the short breaths on cue.

Next to the count:

*Inhale 2, 3, 4 Hold 2, 3, 4 Exhale 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

***************

Now continue 2 more times on your own count.

***************

Allow 15 seconds between each question.

*These questions are adapted from Lester G. Fehmi, Open Focus Training, Biofeedback Computers, Inc., Princeton, New Jersey, 1977.
Now continue to allow yourself to listen to all that can be heard in the external environment and within your own internal environment, including real and imaginary internal sounds. In a few minutes, on cue, without committing yourself before the cue, lock on to a sound you are hearing and sing it immediately. The most important thing is to react as instantaneously as possible. The cue will be a loud hand clap. Let the sound you sing last only for one breath.

The above exercise demonstrates, dramatically, the shift from global to focal attention. In order to respond correctly, one must remain open in order to hear receptively. Any prior commitment to a sound before the cue will narrow one's focus. The cue serves to focus one's attention instantaneously with a subsequent re-opening of focus as one becomes aware of the group sound being made.

Good attentional flexibility is essential for participation in music no matter what one's role is. Along with the traditional focus on what to listen for in music, listeners could be trained to greater awareness through exercises which expose their processes and also teach them how to listen. Performers and composers of course could benefit in similar ways, thus greatly affecting the future of music.

**************

A New Wilderness, should it be so termed, could be a striving for new placement, perhaps attention to the teleology of placement, attention to the scene of poesis, the place where making makes itself, a readjustment in topographies, a reshaping of the shapes that frame us. But to see the wilderness in this way as locale makes wilderness an aspect of a will(derness) to knowledge: to force into being a place as our scene, whereas my own interest is in displacements and the implications of dispersals. A Wilderness as a Dis-Wilderness--even Wilderness as a point of departure; the place as the place we pass through as through the temporary framings of intransitivities; a consciousness to borders, thresholds, the points which melt and show some things as being something only through their being something else.

The quest for knowledge. Or the movement through it. Nomadic consciousness would favor the latter. We attain a place for the immediate purpose of dispersing it again within the oscillating relata of memory & amnesia.

Foucault speaks this way: "The purpose of history, guided by genealogy, is not to discover the roots of our identity but to commit itself to its dissipation." History only rises as an issue here because of the inserted modifier "New". A New Wilderness. Our present is not rooted in a continuity, neither is it rooted in a discontinuity. It is rooted, rather, not at all, but may be brought into the frame of reference of either a continuous or discontinuous view. To be happy and willful in one's ignorance makes possible the multi-hatted inventiveness that promises now to cut across and into every discipline. The fissures of disciplines create the New Wilderness.

So New Wilderness, for me, is not a prospect of origins, or the linking to a strata seen as, somehow, more proximate to forgotten root(s). The Wilderness is not a place but rather the intransitivity of a verb, the action(s) of an inability to be controlled by synthesis, which facilitate (& problematize at the same time!) explorations into the contradictions, the energies, the atrophies, the problems, the solutions of a non-epistemology of difference.

The New Wilderness, in this respect, could become the vertical projection of our position: post-cognitive, polyvalent and excessive.

Foucault again: "Knowledge is not made for understanding; it is made for cutting."

The splice of life but a splicing that should preserve the singularity of times and events. The danger of any "rediscovery" of roots, of techniques, etc. is for the singularity within events to be leveled into a homogenous continuity. That was the danger of cognitive historicism to which the best antidote so far has been a Nietzschean genealogism. I am never sure of where to, only of the vaguest of pointers: somewhere else and that a New Wilderness should be both willed and wild: an acutely kinetic space in which the singularities of concepts, the unicities of texts might manifest themselves in a complex genealogy of fissures, breaks, polydirectional circulations and knots without an operative destiny in category.

A New Wilderness need not lead to the resolution of a problem, nor the provision of a fact to fill lacunae. It will serve a valid function if it serves to state the problems within clarity and in excess of themselves.

And this, I believe, might be described as the sacrificial. You see you cut the sphere and from the fissures passeth knowledge as that malicious seed expelled in the disturbing discovery of how parts might place themselves.

Fibrills.

Steve McCaffery

A NOTE ON CONCEPT

Federico Garcia Lorca

AIR
Asleep
Scar-covered.
Covered in
signs & spirals.
Track of a bird,
track of a shriek.
And in between
the words, the rhythms;
two notes, one
after another,
black & yellow.

* First English translation

Federico Garcia Lorca
(Tr. Kevin Power)
Charles Bernstein

FROM A LETTER: ON WILDERNESS & LANGUAGE

... Wilderness for me means diving back into the language, the density and unchartable courses that sweep us in there, in that, about as wild as you can get. But anyway this more about the social world, the attempt to build that "wilderness" back in: so a certain kind of skid and you don't know where you are, can begin to get bearings for the first time. Just the items piling up, the numerousness of them, the sorting them out. Everything, every item, image, fact is a wilderness--that would be, though, to reduce that concept to a status quo, not the ideology of it, but the sheer fact, experience, at every moment. If "space" has been a central fact to "American" literature, the fact of being able to move into parts unknown—an everexpanding frontier to the wilds & all that, well now that's got to go into, onto, itself—the next available space is as much a vertical movement as a horizontal one. Anyway, the thing is: "All spots are taken but we will let you have the next available place." Displacement. Next-to-us. Our own despair, the deconstruction of the social world, the labyrinthine irritation, wavy sensation—bands of intensity—that place us up against, to face ----. And the gravity that pulls us back, "centers" to the Imperial center as much as "self's center" whatever that might be.

"Don't you know that 'no' is the wildest word we consign to language?"

--Emily Dickinson, Letters, quoted by Charles Bernstein

Jackson Mac Low

THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING NEW

This is the beginning of something new
A what it will become I have no way of knowing
Now I have no way of knowing where the words will go
The words will form in my mind & on my lips
If the letters will move across the paper toward the right
This way an articulation will take place
If only of the words in the mind on the tongue of the paper
If only an articulation of the time it takes
For the words to form in the mind on the tongue on the paper
The words talk about themselves
But also of something besides themselves
When I say beginning
When I say something new
When I say I & know
The words turn the attention to things other than themselves
to a world & a person from whom the words proceed
This is the triple nature of the words
The word proceed means to move pass go forward or onward
It means to advance
The word proceed means to issue or come forth as from a source or origin
It means to come
It means to come from
The word proceed means to go on in an orderly or regulated manner
It means to prosecute a design
The word proceed means to begin & carry on a legal proceeding
The word proceed means about the same as the word spring & some others
The word stem means to come up or out of something into existence
The word spring specifically implies emergence
The words arise & rise imply a coming into existence or notice
but rise usually stresses an ascent
The word originate implies a definite source or starting point
The word derive implies a prior existence in another form
which serves as its source
The word flow implies an origin as in a spring or reservoir
The word issue implies emergence as if from a womb
The word emanate implies the coming of something immaterial
as from a source
The word proceed stresses the place of origin derivation or the like
The word stem implies an outgrowth as from a root or branch
The words proceed
The words move
The words move forward
The words move onward
The words pass
The words pass forward
The words pass onward
The words advance
The words proceed
The words issue
The words issue forth
The words issue forth as from a source
The words issue forth as from an origin
The words come
The words come forth
The words come forth as from a source
The words proceed as from an origin
The words go on in an orderly manner
The words go on in a regulated manner
The words proceed
The words prosecute a design
The words begin
The words begin a legal proceeding
The words carry on a legal proceeding
The words begin & carry on
The words begin & carry on a legal proceeding
The words stem from something
The words come
The words come up
The words come up out of something
The words come out of something into existence
The words come out of something into existence
The words come out of something into existence
The words stem from something
The words emerge
The words proceed from a place
The words proceed from a place of origin
The words proceed from a place of derivation
The words proceed from a place of origin or derivation
The words proceed from a place of origin or derivation or the like
The words stem
The words stem from something
The words stem from a root
The words stem from a branch
The words stem from a root or from a branch
The words originate from somewhere
The words originate from a definite source
The words originate from a definite starting point
The words originate from a source or starting point
The words originate from a starting point
The words originate from a source
The words derive from something
The words derive from other words
The words derive from other words or something else
The words derive from other words or things other than themselves
The words have a prior existence in another form
The words have as their source a prior existence in another form
The words have as their source a prior existence
The words have a prior existence
The words derive from a prior existence
The words derive from a prior existence in another form
The words derive from a prior existence in another form that serves

as their source
The words derive from a source
The words flow
The words have an origin
The words have an origin as in a spring
The words have an origin as in a reservoir
The words flow as from a spring
The words flow as from a reservoir
The words flow from a spring or reservoir
The words flow from a reservoir
The words flow from a spring
The words flow
The words issue
The words emerge as if from a womb
The words issue from a womb
The words issue as if from a womb
The words issue in that they emerge
The words issue in that they emerge from a womb
The words issue in that they emerge as if from a womb
The words emanate
The words are something immaterial
The words come as something immaterial
The coming of the words is the coming of something immaterial
The coming of the words is the coming of something immaterial as from a source
The words come as something immaterial
from a source
The words are something immaterial
from a source
The words proceed
The words proceed from a place
The words proceed from a place of origin
The words proceed from a place of derivation
The words proceed from a place of origin or derivation
The words proceed from a place of origin or derivation or the like
The words stem
The words stem from something
The words stem from a root
The words stem from a branch
The words stem from a root or from a branch
The words are outgrowths
The words are outgrowths from something
The words are outgrowths from a root
The words are outgrowths from a root or roots
The words are outgrowths from a branch or branches
The words are outgrowths from branches or roots
The words are outgrowths from a branch or roots
The words are outgrowths from a branch or branches or a root or roots
The words grow out
The words grow out from a root
The words grow out from a root or roots
The words grow out from a branch
The words grow out from a branch or branches
The words grow out from roots or branches
The words grow out from roots
The words grow out from branches
The words grow out from branches
The words form in the mind
The words form in the lips
The words form in the mind & on the lips
The words grow out from roots
The words form in the mind & on the lips
The words stop forming on the paper on the lips in the mind

New York: 16 September 1978

The Language belongs to the saint children. They speak and I have the power to translate. If I say that I am the little woman of the book, that means that a little-one-who-springs-forth is a woman and that she is the little woman of born.

--Maria Sabina (from Alvaro Estrada, Maria Sabina: Her Life & Chants, Ross-Erikson, forthcoming)

A basic text in Huichol poetics. When the peyote hunters move from settlement into wilderness / paradise (= Wirikuta, home of the gods) a new language is needed to express the condition. This is the creation of the shaman, here called mara'akame. (Source of the slightly condensed text that follows: Barbara Myerhoff, Peyote Hunt: The Sacred Journey of the Huichol Indians, Cornell University Press, 1974.)

Ramón Medina Silva

HOW THE NAMES ARE CHANGED ON THE PEYOTE JOURNEY

Well, let's see now. I shall speak about how we change the names of everything. Because all must be done as it was laid down in the beginning, when the mara'akame who is Tatewarl led all those great ones to Wirikuta. When they crossed over there, to the peyote country. Because that is a very sacred thing, it is the most sacred. It is our life, as one says. That is why nowadays one gives things other names. One changes everything. Only when they return home, then they call everything again what it is.... When everything is ready, when all the symbols which we take with us, the gourd bowls, the nearikas, the arrows, everything, has been made, when all have prayed in the tuki, when we set out, then we must change everything, all the meanings, for instance: an olla which is black and round, it is called a head. It is the mara'akame who directs everything. He is the one who listens in his dream, with his power and his knowledge.... Then he says to his companions, look, now we will change everything, all the meanings, because that is the way it must be. As it was in Ancient Times, so all can be united. "Look," the mara'akame says to them, "It is when you say, 'Good morning,' you mean 'Good evening.' Everything is backward. You say, 'good-bye, I am leaving you,' but you are really coming. You do not shake hands, you shake feet. You hold out your right foot to be shaken by the foot of your companion. You say, 'Good afternoon,' yet it is only morning." So the mara'akame tells them, as he has dreamed it. He dreams it differently each time. Every year they change the names of things differently because every year the mara'akame dreams new names. Even if it is the same mara'akame who leads the journey, he still changes the names each time differently....

The mara'akame says to a companion, "Look, why does that man over there watch us, why does he stare at us?" And then he says, "Look, what is it he has to stare at us with?" "His eyes," says his companion. "No," the mara'akame answers, "they are not his eyes, they are tomatoes."

When one makes cigarettes for the journey, one uses the dried husks of maize for the wrappings. And the ye, the tobacco, it is called the droppings of ants. Tortillas one calls bread. Masa one calls pozole. Beans one calls fruit from a tree. Melize is wheat. Water is tequila. Instead of saying, "Let us go and get water to drink," you say, "Ah, let us take tequila to eat." Nava is atole. And atole, that is brains. Sandals are cactus. Fingers are sticks. Hair, that is cactus fiber. The moon, that is a cold sun. On all the trails on which we travel to the peyote country, as we see different things we make this change. That is because the peyote is very sacred, very sacred. And the journey, when we cross over to hunt it, is very sacred. That is why it is reversed. Therefore, when we see a dog, it is a cat, or it is a coyote. Ordinarily, when we see a dog, it is just a dog, but when we walk for the peyote it is a cat or a coyote or even something else, as the mara'akame dreams it. When we see a burro, it is not a burro, it is a cow, or a horse. And when we see a horse, it is something else. When we see a dove or a small bird of some kind, is it a small bird? No, the mara'akame says, it is an eagle, it is a hawk. Or a piglet, it is not a piglet, it is an armadillo. When we hunt the deer, which is very sacred, it is not a deer, on this journey. It is a lamb, or a cat. And the nets for catching deer? They are called sewing thread. When we say come, it means go away. When we say, 'Sh, quiet,' it means to shout, and when we whistle or call to the front we are really calling to a person behind us. We speak in this direction here. That one over there turns because he already knows how
it is, how everything is reversed. To say, "Let us stay here," means to go, "Let us go," and when we say, "Sit down," we mean, "Stand up." It is also so when we have crossed over, when we are in the country of the peyote. Even the peyote is called by another name, as the mara'akame dreamed. Then the peyote is tutu or something else...

So all is changed. Our companion who is old, he is called the child. Our companion who is young, he is the old one. When we want to speak of the machete, we say "hook." When one speaks of wood, one really means fish. Begging your pardon, "I am going to urinate," means, "I am going to drink water." When speaking of blowing one's nose, one says, "Give me the honey." He is deaf" means "How well he hears." So everything is changed, everything is different or backward...

Women, you call tutu. For the women's skirts, you say "bush," and for her blouse you say "palm roots." And a man's clothing, that too is changed. His clothing, you call his fur. His hat, that is a mushroom. Or it is his sandal. Begging your pardon, but what we carry down here, the testicles, they are called avocados. And the penis, that is his nose. That is how it is.

When we come back with the peyote, they pe'yote which has been hunted, they make a ceremony and everything is changed back again. And those who are at home, when one returns they all want to know what they called things. One tells them, and there is laughter. That is how it is. Because it must be as it was said in the beginning, in Ancient Times.

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Cultural Survival, Inc. is a non-profit organization which formulates projects that will enable small, threatened groups to survive both physically and culturally the changes which contact with expanding industrial society brings.

We do not view survival as a static preservation, but as a continuing process of change and accommodation. The challenge is to assist threatened societies in ways that ensure that their own desires and values are not lost in the process of change.

Our quarterly newsletter can be sent upon request to anyone who would like further information about the plight of small indigenous and other ethnic groups in the face of development and what is being done to help them. We request a minimum membership fee/donation of $15.

Homero Ariadis
MOCTEZUMA IN THE HOUSE OF BLACKNESS, or THE AUGURIES

1
Deep night: white houses glow in Tenochtitlan.

From the heart of darkness a yellow figure rises. A resplendent flame. Approaches, is dancing to a single sound: sound of the fire starting to take flight.

Broad at the base, the figure tapers while it swells. Tense, arched, it touches half the sky.

For a moment only, then quickly spans the blackness end to end, lights up the city.

Until the sun that's setting close by the volcano slowly wipes it out.

2
In total darkness a red figure breaks away.

Soon it starts writhing like an inflamed stalk.

Next instant, four white figures, faces painted different colors, draw up with jars of water. Trying to douse the fire they only stir it up. Each splash of water & the figure burns with fresh intensity.

But while the figure (stalk) consumes itself, the colored faces melt like they were wax.

3
Night rain over Tenochtitlan.

Silhouettes of houses silvered by the water. Canals seeded with huge drops of rain. Wet streets. Drenched bridges.

In the distance, over the volcano, silent lightnings.

Slowly, as in a country beyond sound, a ray falls on a straw-roofed temple.

Slowly, through the temple's four doors, heavy as in a dream, the frightened figures exit: mouths thrown wide by panic are painted on their breasts.

They have lost direction, lost their sense of space & time. And still, like repetitions of themselves, they keep coming through the doors.

Again it's dark.

More rain.
Midday. Down a street with large white walls—no windows—come three figures clothed in stars. With luminous spots on their feet, their hands, their heads, they dance & sparkle. Not the right time for stars, the stars unite & break apart. Until, with a leap, one disappears into the sun, there on his right; another into the moon, there on his left; & the third into the jaws in a serpent's head, there in the center.

Water heaves. Huge waves, blue figures, rise up from the ground. Form white-caps, without any wind. Break into the white houses, disappear inside them, shake them from within.

Darkness in the sky.

Heave of water.

A voice cuts through the silent night, unlighted. Shouts: 0, my children, 0 already lost! 0, my children, 0 already lost!

In the house of blackness, a man whose hands alone are visible, thus hidden in the shadows, shows a brown bird like a kind of crane. In the black mirror—set there in the middle of his head—appear the starry sky & many men in armor who advance on horseback. Flanked by diviners, with mirrors of all colors & with magic instruments, Moctezuma questions with his hand, completely motionless, a man of stone. From his feather crown a fine rain falls, like gold dust.

In a puff of smoke, the brown bird vanishes.

In the house of blackness, two-headed bodies enter, dancing, whirling ropes, contorting. The walls are full of flashing mirrors. The bodies are painted vivid colors, & the heads seem to stir love & hate at once: in movements of attraction & repulsion. They are male & female, or a single sex. As they pull apart, they shade off into blackness. All this for Moctezuma, seated in the background, like a gloomy giant, distant, covered with a darkness merging with the night's.

The curtain falls, with large letters that read:
NOW COMES THE BLOODY FALL OF TENOCHTITLAN.

- Translation from Spanish by Jerome Rothenberg

Create in relation to each new technological development. Not preservation only but something we must continually create or re-create; thus: wilderness as process.

Of the contributors not discussed within, Scott McLean writes on Holderlin & nature, edits the forthcoming interviews of Gary Snyder, & broods on the environmental threats to native Escondido (CA) while exiled at Purdue in Indiana. Helen Mayer Harrison & Newton Harrison continue to work on their monumental Lagoon Cycle along with other ecological incitement pieces on the North American waterways. Edmond Jabes's latest book, if I manage to keep up with him, is Le Livre des Résemblances; & two of his translated works, The Book of Questions & The Book of Jukel's Return To The Book, are hopefully still available (in Rosmarie Waldrop translations) from Wesleyan University Press. After nine months in Europe, Clayton Eshleman has returned to the U.S. & a National Book Award for definitive translation of Cesar Vallejo. Allen DeLoach has been resident the last half year at the Hopis' Second Mesa. Linda Montano is a pioneering performance artist whose work is best known in San Francisco & environs. One of the Four Horsemen (Toronto-based performance artists), Steve McCaffery is, with fellow-Horseman b.p. Nichol, one half of the Toronto Research Group. Charles Bernstein co-edits (with Bruce Andrews) the influential & informative review, L-N-G-U-A-G-E, & is himself a prolific poet & writer. Barbara Einzig's second book, Disappearing Work, was recently published by The Figures in Berkeley. Jackson Mac Low's selected poems will—with the autobiography & selected chants of the Mazatec shamaness Maria Sabina—launch a new series of books on poetics & ethnopoetics to be edited by Jerome Rothenberg for Ross-Erikson Publishers in Santa Barbara. Homer Aridjis returns to the North American continent after several years of ambassadorships, etc. in Switzerland & Holland. Publication of the current issue of New Wilderness Letter has been assisted by grants from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, the National Endowment for the Arts, & the New York State Council on the Arts.

#736

a monkey wrench
kids go for sights
on the ball all over the lot
ahead
crossing
a light in a window
charred
what
fire
hot
they make, how
that roof
jumps up
died down
while beyond walls
the world's open

(Larry Eigner)

Cover based on a photograph by Phil Steinmetz ("Landscrapes I")
"My inventory is a wilderness."

--Larry Eigner (letter, 6/6/77, to J.R.)