# COMPOSITIONS

NAME Copybook #1

25 cents

sing in my shoddy shoes like the sea

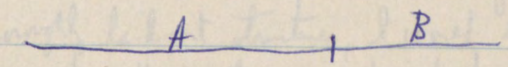
8/9/59

"Pi, the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, is the best known of all irrational numbers; that is, numbers with decimal expansions that are unending and nonrepeating."

Phi $\varphi$ — also an irrational number

Phi, comes from the first syllable of Phidias, the great Greek sculptor. Phi, represents the "golden ratio", the "divine proportion".

A is to B as A+B is to A.




The logarithmic spiral can be determined by "whirling squares" and "whirling triangles".

"... a logarithmic spiral that coils inward to infinity."
Total height as to naval height found to be 1.618 – phi.

from "Mathematical Games" by Martin Gardner
Scientific American August 1959

8/10/59

Velure – (also velours) – any of a number of textile fabrics having a pile like that of velvet.

(word velour from "Vani-puf" powder puff – "soft cushioned velour")

nervation – the arrangement ~~of~~ or system of veins, as in a leaf or the wing of an insect – called also <u>nervation</u>.

<u>Poetry</u> returned <u>Canto 1</u> today. Tho I'm hurt, in a way I'm also glad, as I've already planned more work on it. The cantos <u>must</u> be better, more suggestive – clear, but multi-dimensional; they must make conversational speech into poetry: I <u>must</u> take them one at a time and develop each fully; ~~and~~ I must not allow myself to get by with less than the most I can do. The thing to work on is the structure. With a thoroughly laid-out structure, I could be more patient with individual cantos. Have the perspective to know these words are meant to stay, to serve the years and outside the years.

Thy poets, Lord, who gave word to thy life.

you can talk about the Whole or the part:
~~and~~ if you talk about the Whole
~~there is one thing~~ you will have to make absolutely certain,
~~that is~~ that you have included everything
(left nothing out): this feat is insuperable.

if you talk about the part
you will have to make certain that the part
you are talking about is identical with every other part.

it is interesting to talk about above or below
as in or out:
the molecular level – what is true here will seem false if you
go either above or below – if you go below you will lose
the identities of familiar things – if you go above, you will find
a chair a new shape as compared with a word molecule.

(It's really tomorrow, being 12:35 of this night. Good night.)

8/11/59

I will throw a rock;
hear that sheet of ice
ring the lake peal
like a bell:
I exist:

in the day less brilliant because it asks:

the imminence of the shapes;

that hateful happiness

mode of perception
is the difference
between poetry & prose.

the importance of ~~not~~ seeing the god; ~~of~~ the priestess
mumbling her words indistinctly, so that they must be interpreted:
these invisibilities and shadowy immaterialities provide the
greatest accomodations of themselves to our specific wishes, to the
aims in the management of prose by priests — a raw, informed
background of divinity which can encompass, and not be
necessarily contradicted by, any human wish — the greatest
range of applicability — the potential of meeting any
human circumstance.

8/IV/59

there is a willingness in the wood to stir;
but it is a bound ~~willingness.~~

ideas are everything:
not idea as ideal; ideas are ~~stuff~~ human products, are
temporal and full of process;
but idea as perception of form, of outside form that
corresponds to inner form, of inner form that corresponds to outer form:

there is a chaos at the bottom of ~~the~~ mind, corresponding identical to the
chaos at the bottom of things; only ideas lift up from there; only
grouping, perception of similarity + difference, only clustering rises into
idea + intelligence, even into conscious mind — construct, itself, is an
ordering, and is possible only by overcoming great odds (and gods).

but there is a kind of knowing that is "knowing without words"

you say all ideas are ridiculous: you say, feel.
feel what? feel how? what ~~an~~ organization is necessary before a feeling can arise!

say that I am on the side of the existential idea.

the only thing I will ever know that can feel is myself; there is no way you can feel what I feel and no way I can feel what you feel; that is, there is no way we can show that our feelings are the same, the same quality, the same intensity!

but so what? even though I am everything to myself, what is this one, specific, separated self worth if it can never go beyond itself; what is the universe to a beta particle, a single self: the whole machinery of our necessity is to go beyond the self, important as it is (but finally, only to the self).

I have lived to my wife 10 years, but who is she? Only if she tells me her feelings can I approximate her. Telling needs ideas, is idea, is perceived as ideas.

Now you will say, is an idea more easily shared than a feeling, more properly shared, shared more as itself? In so far as the idea is lifted out of the specific into the general, it is shareable. Naturally, but there is less to share

when a single idea tries to account for the Whole, it disappears into the Whole; idea is a level, feeling is an operational level; the idea level is the only usable level where the number 2 is concerned.

So, ~~and~~ my philosophy is to show one difference; the difference between one and two.

I feel ideas; as forms of beauty: (I describe such a form as you describe the shape of a pear.)

the rational imagination

8/15/59

I have thought for years that you can apply the principles of Physics to the human soul, to morality — but I don't know yet how.

— intermission

So much talk that philosophy is not poetry. You could get the idea that philosophy is not important to great poetry — well, it is not essential, but when philosophy is concretized it can be poetry. I have never been able to see that what a man says is less important than how he says it. If I am not an artist, that is why. I will tell what I think is wise the best way I can. Let the world come and go!

Lambarte

8/16/59

"knowledgable poetry"

8/19/59

From Newsweek August 24, 1959

Werner Heisenberg

"... The Unified Field Theory — the goal that eluded Einstein .... this "basic equation of matter" will describe and explain all the physical laws governing the universe, from the great, wheeling galaxies of outer space to the tiny jumble of particles inside the atom".

Hosannah! Do we know all the laws? Can we trust the ones we know?

"The verdict now is that Einstein was 'premature'. He had no way of knowing that a third & a fourth universal force — known respectively as the nuclear force and the weak interaction force — would turn up when physicists began smashing atoms to bits."

Promise Mr. Heisenberg (and all others) that he (and all others) is also premature. Though, we ~~thanke~~ thank him (and all others).

"As order emerges from chaos and unity from diversity, physicists more & more sound like Plato, who sought the essential reality and symmetry behind mere appearance".

mere appearance! Ha!

"assumption of symmetry"

I'm a meaning-hound
and never have any
rest or meat

maximum definition of detail.

twirl

8/20/59

Diarrhea + weakness + at home the last two days. Kaopectate to the rescue today – demulcifier.

fructify

How poets suffer! When they have "faith" in their anguish – that is when they can regard it as somehow normal, part of having a poet's sensibility – they can be positive and meaningful. When they must "fear" their anguish – as I do – it is hard not to feel crippled. Still, tho I may be disturbed, is it necessarily true that what I can objectify is disordered – contradictory.?

8/21/59

The spider strung in the dark waits;
eight-legged he feels the pulse of his radiating web:

radiolarian

8/21/59 – Sumerian cuneiform – key to:
Scientific American October 1959 by S.N. Kramer

"Then came a development which was to be as important a key to discovery in Mesopotamia as the famous Rosetta Stone in Egypt. In western Persia, notably on the Rock of Behistun, European scholars found some cuneiform inscriptions in three languages. Old Persian, Elamite & language of the Assyrian tablets.

"... the buried Sumerian cities – Lagash, Nippur, Shuruppak, Kish, Ur, Erech, Asmar and so on."

Among the Sumerians' inventions "... were the ~~wage~~ wagon wheel, the plow and the sailboat."

dikes, weirs & reservoirs ...

City of Nippur radiating as a form of religious structure. Nippur was considered the property of Enlil, the god of the air. "Inside the temple were rooms for the priests and a central shrine with a niche for the statue of the god." Temple dominating, surrounded by a wall, which was in turn surrounded by "village & hamlets" – these surrounded by fields, irrigation networks, etc. Lead in from the outside and naked sand (uncreated matter, chaos) – through the approaches of order, and finally to the ultimate order, the niche of the god.

The Gathering
The Re Forging, Rearranging, transforming
The New Form

"Originally the cities were governed by the citizens themselves, presided over by a governor of their selection. On all important decisions the citizens met in an assembly divided into two chambers – the 'elders' and the 'men'. But for military reasons they gradually relinquished this democratic system. Each city acquired a ruler – at first elected, later hereditary – who organized its defense against the other cities and against foreign invaders. In the course of time the king rivaled the city's religious leaders in wealth and influence. The rulers of Sumer's dozen or so city-states also contended with one another for control of the whole country, and the history of Sumer is largely a record of bitter conflicts among its cities, which eventually led to its downfall."

8/23/59 The N.Y. Times Magazine Section p. 57

A saying of Buddha

"O you are like withered leaves, and when the Messenger of death draws near and you are about to depart, you have not even provisions for the journey" – Re: Provisional Cantos.

in spring, the leaves climbing the trees.

leaves never rise as leaves;
as leaves they only fall;
is this a preference in nature for the spectacle of melancholy?

the Jewish religion – the dispersion of the people, held together by the concept of Oneness of God. the maintenance of the tension between integration and disintegration.

N.Y. Times Mag – p. 58

"Throughout history the Buddhists have shown remarkable resilience. They adapt; they bend with the times; they permit all changes except the essential."

When you have hold of "the essential" you <u>can</u> adapt, bend, and permit change.

How do I write poetry? I hobey the hinstinct. Sich it can't be otherwise.

8/25/59

From a note made on gas ticket 8/2/59 at or near North East, Md.

~~"Eyes~~

"an egg in the
morning (it took the
mathematicians a while to
calculate that symmetry) is
perilous with beauty."

Yesterday's Wall Street Journal, which has unfortunately been thrown out, had an interesting article about Canadian currency — showing the differing effects between stabilizing the foreign exchange and allowing the currency to be traded freely in the world market. The U.S. currency is back by gold — $35 per ounce. Canada has found that freedom has "stabilized" its currency at $1.05 to $1.10 U.S. dollars. Previously, they assigned a $0.90 value to it, but that threatened inflation because of the international demand for the currency.

This was to illustrate my theme of inner + outer control or form. The outer control permits no adaptation & no "resilience" (to refer to the Buddha passage). But actually, resilience is the only enduring stability. These things excite my mind — and emotions. And I have not yet shown, explicitly, how much emotion these intellectual forms carry. They are the baskets, surrounding, holding. But what

they hold in emotion. It is not yet clear to me why an intelligent person cannot, by performing the creative act with the artist, reach a total emotional response to intellectual forms. The leaf, too, is a definite and intellectually perceived form — but the primary meaning, finally, is the motion, the semi-mystical change & interchange the mind perceives behind the leaf. ~~Thus spake Zarathustra.~~ And then I go on and say cantos, identifying subjective & objective, mine & ours, emotion & intellect — realizing I cannot see Wordsworth beauty as being whole as mine.

8/27/59

How convenient that "when there is no more west to find" we are able now to bend (the libido of man) exploration outward to space.

8/28/59

Wigglesworth's Scientific American article, February, 1959

"transformation from caterpillar to chrysalis to butterfly, or from grub to pupa to bee"

C.L. Stong The Amateur Scientist p. 143

"In dinosaur-bone country you can sometimes walk for days without seeing another human being, and you can enjoy not only the hunt for bones but also the grandeur of wilderness."

"The best hunting grounds for dinosaurs bones are the areas of soft sediments where erosion constantly brings specimens to the surface. Millions more are doubtless hidden within the rocks."

The Morrison formation of Western Colorado & Eastern Utah.

8/29/59

people are free electrons – carrying the charge

8/30/59

toxsin – an alarm bell, or any warning system.
(from toxax + senh)

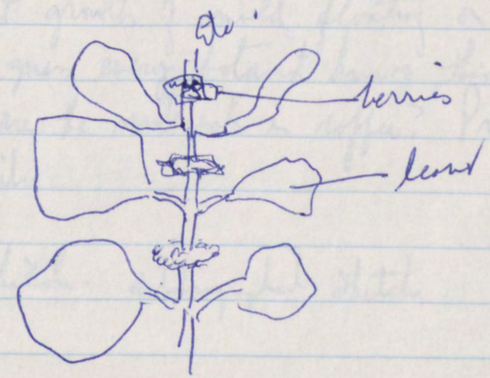
toxin

9/9

"it's all on how the ball bounces"
cock + ball
the ball bouncing expresses inviolable principle
but its course is accidental, chancy

got the miseries
the willies

I saw the wild mulberry, my father calls it, on this Labor Day trip to N.C. It grows at our old home place, by the road, but I didn't see it anywhere else. We used to eat the berries or after taking off the leaves, swing the branch so that the berries flew off, peppering everyone.




Also ate in Vicki's new backyard some blackgum berries. There used to be a tree in Aunt Lottie's old homeplace yard

and the taste summoned up a whole past. Sour, refreshing.

Black haws are the dried, raisin-like, berries that grow in the swamp behind Uncle Dool's place.

Willie ~~Elbert~~ Elbert, my little brother was born Oct 1928 + died May 1930, which meant he was 1½ yrs. old when he was born and 4 yrs. old when he died.

wound "weeps"

9/11/59 Coffee mold

When Phyllis left 10 days ago for Miami, she left a pot of coffee with the lid on it. Today, I washed the dishes she had left. I was already pouring out the coffee before I noticed the circular flat growth of mold floating on the surface. How amazing! I guess every botanist knows this, but what a surprise to me. What are the nutrients in coffee? Proteins from the beans? Caffeine? Oils.

Bog child. autobiographical sketches.

9/17/59

Make Proteus a helpless, stunning fellow, maybe. After Proteus, abandon the search (for truth, etc). Return to people.

9/19/59

Hudson rejected Canto 4, 5 + 6.

Was it Lawson, exploring N.C., who climbed trees to get a direction of where he was going?

It's the whole matter. ~~We~~ Struggling along with the brambles, briers, thorns, wounds, beating our ways through the woods ~~of life~~, we feel the need to climb a tall tree now and then so we can see how the general land lies — we may even modify our direction. This is rationalism vs empiricism.

You cannot get where you're going except through the brambles (the realism, knocks + blows of everyday life) — but still it is useful to have a view, an ~~an~~ over-arching principle, perspective, ideal.

Pragmatism, William James

" as the ultramontane type of priest is frozen out in protestant lands

"If you have his name, or the formula of incantation that binds him, you can control the spirit, genie, afrite, or whatever the power may be."

The philosophers became meaningful to me only after I had myself discovered the problems.

9/23/59

I am a stiff, dull, puritanical, goody-goody jerk.

From the beggars, peasants, sick, crippled, blind: come life's beauties. Why? Suffering brings one to knees + deepest humanity. Think of the affronts the beggar bends to; his flexibility is magical.

Yesterday in N.Y. I saw in the edge of central park where the horses + hansoms are. The driver of one coach gave a walled, down-clothed (but fully-dressed — up to the dirty, limp necktie) man a dollar to go get soda, sugar for the horse, etc. as well as a soda for himself. The man was off rapidly, crossing 5th Ave. Soon he returned and besides his soda got a quarter. The smile was illuminative, pure, simple, direct, immediate! The driver talked to him, curtly and condescendingly, but the poor man was ~~concerned~~ unaroused — he didn't flinch with injured pride — what pride?

On the other hand, the man my wife + I were taking to dinner, a man successful in business and in physical theory, was wide open to ~~the~~ any slight or impudence of waiter or doorman and was injured a hundred times probably. One who puts his ego up makes a target.

9/24/59

I feel like a warm egg — just laid.

9/28/59

Call it what you will
Still
I have sinned
and require
forgiveness:
require to ~~expel~~ ~~a~~ erupt my blackness
vomit my evil
into light,
the bleeding light
wind's dispersion
~~Oh~~ let the winds take my floating filth
out to the salt-cleansing sea:
I require
the gentle forgiveness of light
an immersion of light
drying out, filling
the inner vessels
emptied of retch

Childishly, fumbling, I have sinned:
Childishly, fumblingly

I have spoken against you,
I have said the words,
they have returned upon me:
I have injured us!

Oh let these new words live!
Let them go out on the field
and rock the mountains
and be victory of this march:
let them hunt out, guerilla-like,
the other words
and bring them here for the
sanctifying blood of my weeping: penitence

Oh my hate was genuine:
I have reconsidered now:
now my penitence is genuine:
I hope my penitence is genuine: it
should it not be
forgive me also for that: I will
re-form my ways
and hope to grow
more & more settled in my love for you:
steadied

10/3/59

Cry no words against me that I have sinned:
though journey down your patterns:
if I ~~flat~~ roam from here to there
vacillate
~~and~~ go round and round
Oh only you stay quiet resolved quiet
understanding and
as a ball bounces less & less
so I will come to rest
by you
and you will know my heart
quieted.
the silkly sensual silver of my love
grows only:

Oh I hate the words I cried out
against you.
forgive me: I will gain purity:
from the fury I will separate out  pick out
the elements of beauty
and ~~condense~~ build a hard core of love for you.  love's crystal core
a new speech

10/3/59

the "growth + properties of crystal whiskers"

time inversion

Metascientific Queries, by Mario Bunge. Charles C. Thomas $6.75. Essays on various problems in the philosophy of science: complementarity, etc.

scrying

10/4/59

"Nature moves in circles; Art in straight lines. The natural is rounded; the artificial is made up of angles." O. Henry Rolling Stones, Doubleday. Reprinted in N.Y. Times Book Review this date.

serein – the light rain from a clear sky after sunset.

the Zen doctrine – to be completely and simply human.
Corbin's doctrine – what is that? the human?

Oh, I see! A great poet is a great realist!

10/8/59

Today to north Jersey – to Bloomfield, Montclair, Glen Ridge, Livingston, Berkeley Heights. Tired. Bitch have a mosquito bit me at the dinner table. Don't know.

Faith is a willful concession
  a giving-over of control
a palliation offered to Fate
  so that it will be
prejudiced in our behalf
  and make things
"come out for the best."

A willful giving-up, relinquishment:

unlettered preachers
  at the fire-baptized Pentecostal
Holiness Church
  used to give up to prayer
and incoming the acceptance
  of faith: I could not
understand the word but know
  now those preachers
knew more than they could explain:

Imaginary letter to Mary Ovring Miller:

"I hope you have not ~~[illegible]~~ transferred the imperfectly of your position as an editor (absolute yes or no) to the imperfectly of your mind & judgment."

10/11/59
The New York Times Magazine

streamline

thunder tonight – we went to Warren Theatre to hear Marian Anderson but so many niggers were going in that I decided to come back – the storm about to strike, the moon still shining at the edge; the thunder seems to cut diagonally in sheets across the sky; there come the first drops of rain, shaken out by thunder.

My father says thunder turns everything green
shakes the ground loose
so things can grow. roots can take

now it's raining hard, windy, lightning, thunder.

O mind,
house all made
of scales and orbit,
I ~~[illegible]~~ sing through your glistening spelling rooms

10/13/59

You come into the climate of a man, & the cosmology of his bones,
and you learn not a ~~truth~~ conviving but a 'character', person.

10/24/59

There is but one speech, and one thing to tell.

Come along and I will show you the glistening houses in a row:
Theology, Nuclear Physics, Literary Criticism, Psychiatry:
Each house is of the same substance:
There is but one speech, and one thing to tell.

10/26/59 Blackmur "A Critic's Art of Work".

"All fall notwithstanding; for as knowledge itself is a fall from the paradise of undifferentiated sensation, so equally every formula of knowledge must fall the moment too much weight is laid upon it — the moment it becomes omnivorous & pretends to be omnipotent — the moment, in short, it is taken literally. Literal knowledge is dead knowledge; and the worst bewilderment — which is always only comparative — is better than death."

the fallacy of expressive form (Yvor Winters)

10-30-59

Mechanism + operation:

First Spirit over Body (Dante)
Then Spirit with Body (Whitman)
Now Body over Spirit. (Ammons)

The spirit can now be amazing only as a result of knowing the amazing body, its enzymic controls, its differentiations, its chemical + physical complications.

11-5-59

It is important
to be imperfect:
for you should earn death's wages
by living ~~so~~ freely
some ~~sinning~~ unavoidable sin:

think of the problem of the saint
who lives God's life, really, but
still must ~~to~~ ~~not~~ meet
~~with~~ the terrible injustice of death:

well, scrounge her or keep her bones in the air:
to rot, as death requires,
hide her away – the solvent of darkness:

the drunk who beats his wife
or abuses his children —
Oh how he deserves to be death
and his death is
so perfect a justice

11-8-59

Some notes:

lust shakes me like a shook coon

you may never be completely + simply human
but you can never be more

meanings

too explicit, not enough dumb divinity

fat, but corseted and sectional

Jesus, inscrutable Bird

~~the only time~~ you need hope ~~is~~ when there is
least reason for it

after the death
came the auction

the flat lake fields and surrounding tree embankments

the fallacy of excessive impressive expressive form

11-16-59
From William Ernest Hocking <u>Strength of Men and Nations</u> as reported in N.Y. Times.

"... It is the peculiar advantage of art, that surrendering the exactitudes of science and the fixities of theology for the elastic imagery of metaphor and myth, it is able through its localisms and its periods to <u>mean</u> the changeless and universal."

11-20-59 Car note
In view of the spiritual fragmentation of modern times, how do you regard the existentialist assertion of the fragment as the whole?

Under the half-emptied maple, a pool of leaves, a reflection

You led me into the valley of the ragged weed

I left the list prices,
discounts and delivery dates
+ went back to
Leaming Mills room today
as one returns to his mother's grave.

Vacancy blooms inside
like a parachute
and you dangle in the dome
dinging-dong
bell-clapper, disabled prick

---

When you ~~[illegible]~~ peek
me man, I want you to ~~[illegible]~~ move
slowly.

the interior of stars → absolute zero

11/21/59

"The wise man, then, must not only know what follows from the principles of knowledge, but also know the truth about those principles. Wisdom, therefore, will be the union of [intuitive] reason with [demonstrative] scientific knowledge, or scientific knowledge of the noblest objects with its crowning perfection, so to speak, added to it. For it would be absurd to suppose that the political faculty or prudence is the highest of our faculties, unless indeed man is the best of all things in the universe"

Aristotle, trans by F.H. Peters

"And on this account people call Anaxagoras and Thales and men of that sort wise, but not prudent, seeing them to be ignorant of their own advantage; and say that their knowledge is something out of the common, wonderful, hard of attainment, nay superhuman, but useless, since it is no human good that they seek."

Aristotle, trans. by F.H. Peters

"And on this account we ought to pay the same respect to the undemonstrated assertions and opinions of men of age and experience and prudence as to their demonstrations. For experience has given them a faculty of vision which enables them to see correctly."

Aristotle, trans. by F.H. Peters

11-22-59

EB Mushroom

"Within a genus the species differ from one another in more minor characters of the same sort, it being necessary in many cases to take note of microscopic points of dissimilarity."

I understand the New Critics say a work of art should be judged by itself alone. Now, that is a pretty saying, and I have no objection to its beauty. Limitation of criteria is not wrong, provided it's the right kind of limitation. There is only one management of criteria that is effective and realistic (after all why consider a work that arose out of something, or a work that rose out of anything?) and that is a value scale: no criterion is excluded from consideration: but a critic lists or rests his criteria by his idea of the order of importance: most of the critic's ambition & insight will be registered by the first two or three criteria, but other less valuable or useful criteria may be suddenly appended. It is only when the later criteria come into unbalanced opposition with the earlier criteria that grounds for exclusion (of the later criteria) apply. Thus the critic has a system. It works. He incorporates or explicates his opposition; his argument must be concern value & importance with other critics. So he is personal and can contribute,

differentiation into many:
followed by the survival of a few (the fittest)
ending in a unity
differentiating into many:

(the spangling pulse) (the universe?)
the dying back

How often (many times) must I curse you (long) before you see my love

You say I have not spoken for the histories
make no lords giants could walk in,
tell the coming of the peoples —

On these stilts the bitterness ~~by the~~ can bring
there that have been
might have been
there that will be.

Mr. Duncan's verse, succeeding in being what it is, succeeds in not being what it is not. And that's good and bad. Striking poetry, ~~strictly poetry, or otherwise~~, is usually strikingly different. But differentiation is a hardening and refinement, a limitation. Only the "Round People" - ~~Shakespeare~~ Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe — apparently can be all-inclusive and striking, the difference with them consisting in completeness of ~~power and range~~ command and encompassing range.

2/20/60

Dante leaves Beatrice in a totally unobtainable position. He cannot possibly have intercourse with her. My own sonnet will observe an opposite movement: getting out of heaven into bed.

I believe some have maintained that thought is impossible without language; or, that thought is language. I don't believe it. The substance of thought rises in the mind like a dumb, sensual impulse. We then attack this substance with our machinery of thought and language, hoping to capture as much of it into

language as possible. If a man in conversation says "No, that is not what I mean" he is saying that the real governor of substance is something besides the language he has been able to use. In other words, he is trying to create a language of thought that will approximate the pre-existant "thought" that has arisen by impulse.

There is more to be discovered and this is what discovers language, and the reverse.

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5-9-60

Thought is firing from an unfixed point ~~target in motion~~ unfixed point position at a moving target.

28 May 60

[Any method incorporates the disturbance of itself.] used in long poems

7 June 1960

When I visited W.C. Williams in May – with Logan + Bly – something was said about Williams having no way to get around. So this afternoon, around 4, I called him back said I had my car & wondered if he would like to take a ride. Mrs. Williams didn't want to go, explaining later that she wore a neck brace – I don't know why – last year and that car rides are uncomfortable for her.

Williams was bad, genial + spirited, as before; called Floss to fetch the screen door from the inside behind him and explained to me that they had been troubled by a peach-thief lately & had lost

nothing to get.

He wanted to go to Patterson Falls. But directed me via Garnet Pt. We stopped the car, both got out, and had a view of the town. Williams pointed out where the falls should be off to the left below, but he could see no water — neither could I — and apparently thought this strange, not the way it used to be.

He noticed lovers particularly. Those parked in cars ~~on~~ at the look-out point, those lying on the grass. He got in the words fuck and cock, saying he didn't have any cock anymore. Later he mentioned how with contraceptives it's so much safer for girls than it used to be and how they are more willing to take a chance.

We drove down — he knew all the little back roads and short-cuts — and parked behind a fenced area near the falls. He said Let's get out anyway and go in. A gate had been left open and we walked across the lot but were shut away from the falls by the ~~f~~ other side of the fence. He explored further, tho, and found another gate open, allowing us to approach to the edge of the chasm. There he took my arm, possibly fearing the height might make him dizzy. He said the falls used to be quite an attraction and that people would come out from N.Y. on Sundays to look at them. He said Alexander Hamilton had wanted Patterson to be the ~~site~~ site of the nation's capital because of the power available in the falls. He also remembered someone who died the 90 ~~foot~~ feet of the falls into the stream below.

He said Indian stories were his nightly prayers when he was a boy; that he used to hunt a lot but wasn't a very good shot.

He talked about how pleased he was to have been asked to write an introduction for a collection of photographs about Coltrane and how anxious he was to see the galleys. "They paid me to do it, and I was just tickled to death to be asked."

He mentioned Evergreen collection of the New Poetry — said most of it was shit, but mentioned Denise Levertov as possibly the best woman writer today, probably would take Marianne Moore's place in a couple of years.

We went back along the river, as he was anxious to see — "I don't even know my own town" — see the new foundation for bridge, overpass, etc.; many impressive changes. We went back via Passaic Ave.; he pointed out the house in which he spent most of his life and, further down, at 131 Passaic I believe showed me the house where he was born.

Back at his house, ~~[illegible]~~ we had tea with Mrs. Williams poured. "Thomie" he said, "we have a real poet here" — referring to me. I praised his Breughel poems that just came out & said he must have received a lot of good letters about them. No, he had received none.

He wore flaring blue pants, a heavy tweed jacket, red-spotted bow tie and comfortable informal everyday shoes. His speech contains no profanity. Today he had practically no tic — eyes when the words just wouldn't be said.