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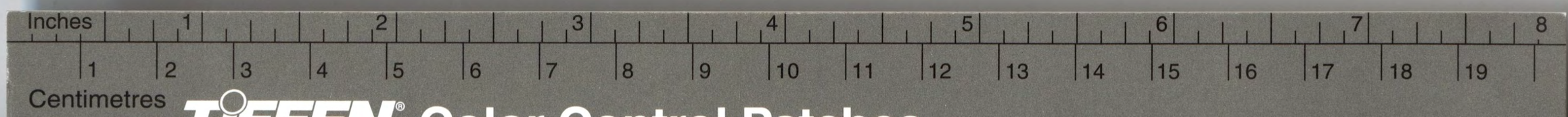

10/16/54 Fear of the complete, the finished, that which has an end and is done.

I mow the lawn ~~a foot~~ just before the job is finished am tempted to leave some little strip undone. Or I pull out the flower stalks after frost and am strongly moved to stop one head unpulled — as if suspecting that an unknown potential may exist in the unpulled bud which I would fail to know if all the stalks are uprooted.

Also ~~How is the fact that~~ the complete is an affront to Holy Will, you plant flowers for the intrigue lurking in the future? ~~It would~~ Completion would exhaust all possibilities ~~of alteration~~ in completion. It would be any impotence of the will — to bring something mercifully closed upon itself.

These are vague feelings that one experiences almost without nothing.

And finishing a book. It lies whole, complete, read — it can no longer hound a portion of the unknown and lies on the shelf with its terrible remnant of mysterious wealth. It is too finished to conquer.

Art in the sense of a finished thing tortured into unity out of reality hurts me.

Going along with the fear of the complete is the love of the incomplete. How wonderful the sketches for poems & Movements not yet. Everything unfinished, existing in isolated and Immediate perceptions of truth.

Perhaps it is in the dissonance of death — fear of the end, where what went before must be answered, failure admitted.

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6/2/54

A crippled angel mourned –

Sky land + sea are sewon (together)
like uranium purge, etc.
reading large pooling of words + stone
interchange
And it is there that transition works – change, the becoming

border depths

Technique is the instrument that stabilizes talent or artistic ability, the fire + mystery of the spirit. Technique transforms the indescribable spiritual state into dependable mechanism. The poet may wait + be "possessed" – he waits + he is submissive control to the harlequin + heart of his flight – the poem about writes itself. Technique makes one to work regularly and to call upon the reserves of fine little & little. The possessed poet must write quickly for he cannot know how long possession will last. The technician can relax and be confident – work + discipline.

Same is true of a batter. He has a natural ability + hit baseballs. But rather than go out on the field at degree & "have a fun" – that certain psychological phenomenon & what the better you do with your natural talent, practice day in + day out – trying to make complete the ability he has at moments of inspiration or good luck.

6/3/54 Technique of course is self-limiting. The writer of any poetry necessarily whether with virtue or the method demand of it be consistent, which makes it style and noticeable. Ideally, or in the greatest poets, clever techniques, or identifiable, classifiable mannerisms are not found. They are more neutral, but we find that they need no poetic device. Style should be condemned as F.L. Wright shows. Organic architecture vs ~~style~~ mere style.

Wordsworth is one of the best poems one will open to parody — but how can you parody Prelude? It is too big, natural, unspotted.

A beautiful physical image — might be called gradient of difference or line of difference, the degree of contrast value two diagonally things meet, such as sea and land, dramatic opposite. The activity is directly proportional to the gradient of difference. An easy transition may produce little activity, biological or otherwise, while the sudden meeting of two opposite may produce temporary chaos, violent reorganization, death or painful. Very beautiful. Dramatic contrasts.

6/4/54 Otto of Freising 12th Century The Two Cities.

"... man ought by no means to cleave to the things of time." There is the City of Heaven (eternal) and the City of Earth (temporal)

The Two Cities

time	eternity
earth	heaven
devil	Christ
Babylon	Jerusalem

Saying prayers for the things of time

The wheel & the square. The wheel circle, roundness is associated with change — Here more easily, speedily they are available. The square (rule) is stated, resistant to motion, resolved. I can't find the section that refers to this.

From William of Tyre 12th C. A History of Deeds Done Beyond the Sea.

"While he is trying to escape Charybdis, he usually falls into the clutches of Scylla..." By being utterly faithful to facts, one ~~is history~~, ingures history. By sacrificing the facts one injures history. Which shall it be, Charybdis or Scylla?

Experience is far more profound than thought, which is a refining process of experience. Experience comes in, rationality alone cannot extract. You may understand what experience has done for you, you 6/6/54 cannot remove it by thought or understanding, only by re-experiencing in another direction. Experience is like the verification of things learned in word to hold them together — it shapes and goes from — in the midst of infinite potentials of thought.

Thought derives from experience — a shot image — shapes to some other experience — but does not leave the abiding wounds and treasures of experience. Thought is a surface life on a deep dark and wide ocean of being.

6/7/54 I would rather keep trying to say what is too big for me than to descend to the precise + manageable.

6/20/54 Meeting the Pleiades in the telegram.
A weed breaks at a base joint
before giving up its root

6-24-54 On leaving for Mexico: La Nuit Antérieure.

I own 7500 sq. ft. of the planet Earth. Of this, a house covers 800 sq. feet, leaving 6700 sq. feet exposed to sunlight. Life crowds every foot, competition is keen and beside there is no water — except what I choose on. Goddess, when life must depend on a hostile environment! What will become of all this?

(A giant landlord, I own thousands of square feet.)

The plot on the rear, which I have kept well watered, groomed and supplied with Vigoro, dividing my lot and Mr. Cargill's (13) are just about to bloom, one purplish bud is showing, one floret almost in kept. The two patches of chrysanthemums, more robust, pretty yet ragged, lately just taken to the Vigoro — are splendid. The gladiole bulbs given to me by Mrs. Vogel opposite. neighbor have just sent up two slim, light green blades — overnight! Amazing how a couple of hot days and plenty of water can work miracles. The Phlox seed which I planted in my marigold-cosmos-petunia-zinnia seed beds have just come up, last night, in fact, or some yesterday. The geraniums set as a border in front of the house are in full bloom. Everything is ready to burst out — suddenly, in a day or so. Everything has grown in the condition of plentiful water. What now, everything set up the work is cut off, the worst kept to show what gardener cultivated, protected things of loveliness must always bear the burden of loneliness.

So we have a lesson — the inevitable, a lesson. The beautiful will be brought out solicited, cared for: it can depend on the tenderness of lovers. The ugly must, shall we say, root for itself — the scrawny ivy with the pathetic little vest hanging for flowers; but its self-sufficient & assured is great. Nature has given to each thing a greatness — often of one function, but that one adequate to insure its existence.

(So I have hesitated in pulling weeds — out of respect. It is better to let weed grow in otherwise barren places: it increases the "quantity of life" in every area; which whether surrounded a rose is a greater and a meadow — neither is pure + complete.)

(In some marriages, each person sets the other off, creating more than the addition of the two single beings. In others, each person is extinguished by the other.)

(I hope every part alive will at some time in the course of its career, in order to perpetuate Edith Sitwell in her admirable Pope, couple a couple & couplet off — then, as a peasant who dies by a roadside shrine, go in its way.)

Departure is difficult. What we see and love is being left behind. What is to come, waiting, leaving worthwhile, is not yet available. It is anguishing and that so many people remain from whatever they hope to be sturdy.

The Fourier Integration:

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Change : (gradients of difference — the good + bad aspects of change).

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Sumerian Mythology, page 13

The Destruction of Kur, corresponding to the Babylonian goddess Tiamat, the Hebrew Leviathan, and perhaps the Greek Typhon.

17
55
72

by the tears, "don't tell me you ain't come home to stay."

"I have, Pa. I've come home to stay."

The fire seemed brighter to Mr. Bowen. He leaned over, grunting with stiffness, and lifted the Lozzane coffee can and spat copiously. He cleared his throat, sniffed at the tears in his own eyes and said "Well, we'll have our house again." The Big House. "Ah... Ella, what's happened, child? Where's Paul?"

"He's in Massachusetts, I believe or somewhere up north. He got moved to another camp. I told him I wouldn't go up. And I ain't. There ain't no man in the world could drag me up there round them curious people, Northerners. I belong here, and I'm staying here, I told him. And I am, Pa."

"What about your farm up there in Clarkton?"

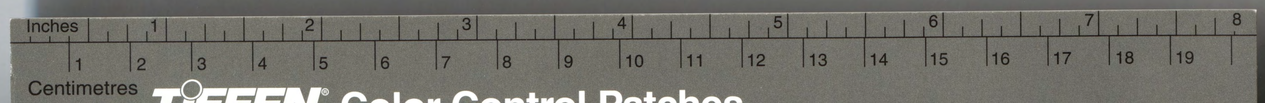
"I ain't got a farm. They didn't even make out a deed. I didn't know it. Reckon he thought they wouldn't no use in it. I never asked him if he had one or didn't. And the other day, old Judy Hamilton told me to get off the place, said she wasn't having no wife of Aaron's whoring around on her own property."

"You're married, ain't you, Ella."

"Shore, I'm married. It was all right, long as I didn't do nothing but work and tried my the glare. 'You're living in my house,' she says, 'Ella, whoever you are, and you don't welcome around here.' Well, I didn't have a deed, Pa. I was dumb."

"It was the Lord's will. To brighten my last days.

In the following month, Ella got complete charge of the farm. She told the four tenant families, not counting Florence, ~~to trim the hedgerows, clean and deepen the ditches~~ that there was no better ground in the county, thanks to the way her father had built it up than what they were standing on, and that if they ~~were~~ wanted to stay there, they'd better keep it that way. She told the men to trim the hedgerows and clean and deepen the ditches. She told them how much to plant and where and when to plant it. She ~~lectured~~ to her father ~~about nothing~~ Lizzie stop school. ~~The Bowens agreed to~~ Because of Florence's instruction, Lizzie was far ahead of her third-grade class, and Ella wanted Lizzie away from the rough boys and ~~playful girls~~ sexually playful girls. Florence could give her all the education she needed.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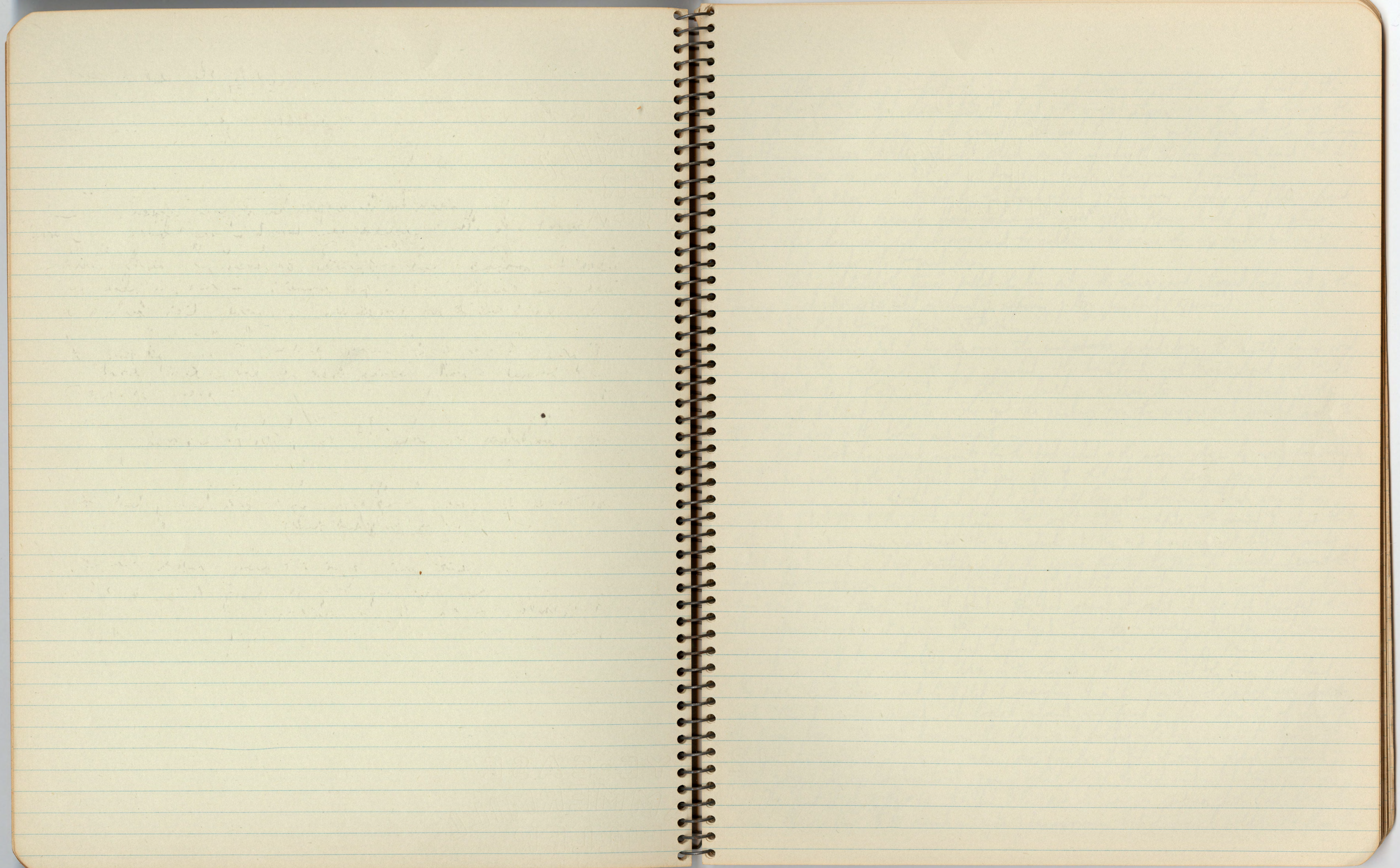

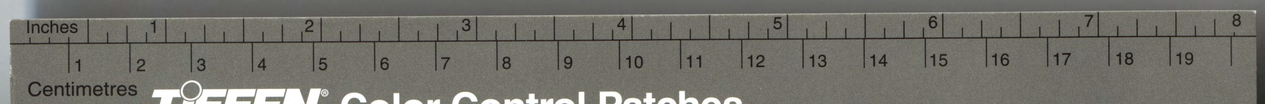
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Ella pulled up ~~in front of the~~ under the chinaberry tree that stood in front of the feed barn. She got down ~~by~~ the front of the wagon, stepping on the ~~axle~~ hub of the wheel and then jumping to the ground. She went up to the mule's head and then ~~to the barn door~~ looking straight ahead as if speaking to the barn door, she said, "I don't know who you are, or what you're doing here, mister, but you ain't welcome."

The soldier was standing by the back wheel of the wagon, looking at Ella's back as she spoke. The organdy ~~dress bothered~~ with yellow flowers looked out of place. But Ella's hair was ripe brown and the soldier could sense the size and roundness of Ella's body under the organdy dress.

Ella unhitched the traces, pulled the lines out of the hames, and stepped Kate out of the traces with the calculated movement of efficiency of long familiarity (repetition).

"I'm Paul Hansen, Major. Let me—."

Ella pretended not to hear the man. She ~~untied the~~ jerked loose the leather harness cord, unsnapped the collar at the top, pushed the backband and traces back on Kate's rump, and led Kate into the stable, built as a lean-to on the left side of the barn, and latched the gate. She got the package from the wagon and walked back to the back door of the house and went in.

Paul stood for several moments by the back wheel of the wagon. Then he saw the woodpile on the far side of the backyard. It was off to the side of a large pecan tree and a large number of pine blocks about a foot and a half long and 20 inches thick lay in a disorderly piled around the working place. The sight of the woodpile, the mound of chips that had risen over many years, and the axe stuck into the end of an upright block ~~made~~ filled Paul with a deep nostalgia for his young days in the Minnesota woods. ~~Wood had been Paul's religion~~ and made him think of cleanliness, beauty, and a sweet smell. Wood had been a pure, virgin thing to Paul. ~~She~~ He had sawed it, split it. He had breathed the thin, clean air where it grew. He remembered his father—a mighty, travelling man of the woods, from mill to mill, from post to post in the north country of Minnesota.

He walked over and put down on the handle of the axe and the base of his hand. The axe broke loose and he lifted it, weighing it in his hands. The edge was ~~dull~~ and blunt and scalloped. He looked around and found a file lying at the base of the pecan tree. He sat down on the block and folding the leg across his knee, studied it, looking at it from all sides, deciding how to file it ~~to~~ to a perfectly balanced ~~tool~~ edge. He worked cautiously, pausing often, as if he had unlimited time.

The first stroke of the axe startled Ella and she ran in confusion to the back door, the name Aaron flying at her mind in spite of her awareness that it was the soldier. She flung the

? Too hot?

(door) open and went out on the back porch, ready to order the man off her premises. Paul had taken his cap off and ~~his blond hair~~ the felt wore his blond hair ~~fell forward over his forehead~~ were flatly apart, as if the band had been in them, and were threatening to tumble down over his forehead. He was holding a slab of pine cut through the heart in his left hand and was chipping off the length of wood with the axe in his right hand. He was not hurried. He seemed engrossed in a kind of music.

Ella stood for several moments watching Paul. His body was slender, without being lean. His hips were narrow and his thighs were the same width as the back of his buttocks. From his waist ~~up~~, his back widened all the way up to his shoulders, which ~~were~~ seemed fuller than the rest of his body. "Aaron," Ella said under her breath and ran back into the house. She fell across the bed and cried for a long time and went to sleep.

Ella felt new when she woke up at four o'clock. ~~She was hungry and~~ ~~was so~~ She felt fresh and thought perhaps it had ~~rained~~ turned cool. She went into the kitchen and about half an hour later went out on the back porch.

"Oh," she said, gaining the man's attention; "Supper'll be ready after a while. There's water ~~here at the~~ and soap here at the pump," she said pointing to the wash bench on the back porch. Her heart filled up her whole body, and she could hardly breathe.

"Thanky, Ma'm." That was all the man said.

Ella had forgotten about the towel, but she got a fresh one hung on the hook beside the tiny mirror on the back porch and got back into the kitchen before she heard the man's heavy feet strike the doorstep.

"My ~~father died~~ Pa left the woods when I was ~~about~~ seventeen," Paul said, as they were having coffee, "~~so I joined the Army.~~" and went into wheat farming. So I joined the Army. I didn't like the flat fields, with no fast hawks; never saw a mother bear with her cubs, or streams, or anything. Mostly, I missed the still woods, so wide, and awful cold and white in the wintertime. I guess I should've gone off following some camp by myself, but it wouldn't've been the same without Pa and my brothers. And ma. So I joined the Army, ~~instead~~.

"I reckon you just about cut up all ma wood," Ella said.
"I left some for the next time."

"When Pa gave up lumbering," Paul said at supper, "and started ~~went into~~ wheat farming – said it was better for him, he was getting too old – I ~~ran away~~ joined the Army. I didn't like the flat fields, with no fast hawks; never saw a mother bear with her cubs, or streams, or anything. Mostly, I missed the still woods, so wide, and awful cold and white in the wintertime. I guess I should've gone off following some camp by myself, but it wouldn't've been the same without Pa and my brothers. And ma. So I joined the Army."

"How old were you, then?"

"Seventeen. Been in fifteen years."

"Well, I'd've said at least ~~you're~~ that – two. ~~I wanted to know.~~ How long ~~have~~ you been at Ft. Bragg?"

"Six years. In one place. Nothing but sand and sagebrush.

"Have some more ham. And butterbeans."

"This is fine."

"You might just as well have some more. I got plenty of 'em. I got some grape wine, I been keeping for ma fruitcakes. Let's have some ~~it~~. Maybe we better wait till after ~~we have some~~ supper, though."

"What do you do all the time."

"Work. Just work all the time."

"That's what the fellow said."

"What feller?"

"The one at the store."

~~"what did he tell you, anyhow"~~

"So you were talking ~~about~~ about me. What'd he say, anyhow?"

"He said you were a sad woman. And that you worked all the time. He said you must've loved your husband."

"I used to laugh. I've got the best farm around here and tend to it. As for my husband, he's dead."

"I was married once."

"Is she dead, too?"

"Hell, no. I was drunker than she was, that's all. She collected an allowance

"Did you see me." "Yeah, I did. What'd ya.