



how to live as a
single natural being
the dogmatic nature of
(order of)
experience

how many?
& how each
made known,
exercised,

==

Ismaeli muslimism

&, all together,
create
organism

organs &
function - activity
of the soul
or psyche or
Heaven or God

Alchemy - rather by plates

/as connected to dreams/
pictorialism

as in Earth, "View"

& perspective

/cf. Weyl on ocular
power

Vienna
+

Messages

technically, Analytic Psychology, as only technical study I
know of modern Western man & under enough mental
control

jazz playing

equally say Homer's art

dance as individual
body-power

Bach's belief

/cf. Novalis'
"subjects"

Egyptian hieroglyphs (gesture, speech
- drawing habits
mental condition

the Norse
& the Arabs

-locally, American
Indians

6

• EARTH •

EARTH

for Susan
~~Shue~~
Fred Wah

and on the Book
on yr 40th
Calgary

THE INSTITUTE OF FURTHER STUDIES

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This fascicle is dedicated to
Corrine Marie Erickson and Helen Deane

Mountains

Wait

Oh inward-flowing

winding hot canals and chasms of delight
undermoving light in the treetops

born on its own wind

synaptic beads and islands
stars or heart beat boulders strewn

boils at the touch.

The nutrient rock feeds

a lovely flower her blossoming
embrace.

Oh inward-moving beams

who whirl as the orb whirls.

It's a red globe not green whirling (let it whirl)
out of mind and sight. Eyes and a hand or foot
are required to measure the process between the
shoulder blades of this burden. This is a ravine-
like latitude on which rests a weight as solid as
a lake, conclave held there by foot-step and
rock-ripple. Arms recognize directions the fingers
hold to. The whirling motion is a thought similar
to a blue sky. The fluidity of the lake, frozen
or not, is a part of the size. Its all pretty
close to what's going on where mind, eye and
lake meet to provide name and home.

On the earth

namarupa

and In the world

arupa

among the trees among

the distant lights & stars

a song

one endless breath

each single soul of us

hearts legs eyes

flow & shine

eka

early one morning

someone sets forth

through all of it

himself, the mountains, creeks

& many other creatures

anywhere

CRUISE

...so I told myself I would go out wandering not over the world but in the world until I found instant upon instant of that minute contact with a piece of it, say a twig, or a woman but with no other intention than an afternoon walk or a job might be in getting some work done and that at any place along the way I could dwell there forever in a state of property or it might be a more lively endeavor in which things would be counted, three switchbacks, a washout, a city, five gods, etc., i.e. I would be out there in it with everything else collecting measurements with my senses in a timeless meandering through the wonder.

1.

Heavier than air
 on the traverse
 over
outward through October
movement rewired as crisp air again
 heavier
 oh so much caught
in the microscopic particulars of its weight
just as the padded paw-print, just so.

Now in San Francisco a poet returns
announced in two about ten-line poems on the front page of the Chronicle
something in one of them about this is where I have been
and now I am back I've been in the woods, in a creek in fact

Its morning
 fallen
 to the earth

the apples have had frost by now
pasture's full of em the cows'
cream becomes heavier
 all
 glitters
 picks up the shift and twist
 shift
 and switch
 again
 and again

there's music and dancing in the fields and visions in the tall couch grass
there's nothing new in all of the strangeness of even our dreams these nights
nor of the moon coming back into the play of a renewed illustration of the tracks
contained in taste the multi-million flavours of the presence placed

 simply placed
 in mouth

the particle
the hue

outside the room to left or right along the beams and over the door jambs
the six directions the four gods the seven arrows the nineteenth lunar mansion
the twenty-two and the twenty-eight the complete circle moebus strip and every feast
the whole fucking multitude coming through the door at once

each
just so, just
placed by its own weight
tells it

now I am here from where I have come crossed on over in the present body like this

2.

I was in the sky above Bonnington Falls

expansive
nearly a full moon
west from Copper Mountain to Sentinel
(he's a dog
leg of the river
or ridge

We said we'd meet somewhere along the river but no one else showed up.
There was a back road
light frost on the ditch-grass.

Alone in the night and mist moving
over the roads and rock outcrops
river shining up its banks through the treetops.

Someone's back yard

empty
the wind.
Drive around the back
from Krestova to Pass Creek from Goose Creek to Raspberry Village.

No one.

The ferry doesn't cross at this time of night.
Drive up river and over the dam.

Back in the sky

float up the Kootenay to the light
there's the moon again still crossing over the night between two peaks.

I step off the ride into our own yard

move some lumber out of the frost
putter around under the trees
cedar looming from the moon.

Body tired

pissed off
no one.

3.

In the timber Tiwaz crosses over on a spruce limb
as a boat over the ocean he flows over the windfalls
bark flies from his caulked boots and he cracks the dead larch boughs in his path
so that it thunders through the days and nights above him above his shoulders
up the valleys through the great cedar stands his crossing over becomes the mountain
across the river in the enormous distance of his cruise cumulus rolls
his weight he carries with him in front of himself he pushes out he gathers
the whole horizon his eyes sight by peaks the straightest intention of his direction
over which he disappears a gap an arc a glint of light.

In the afterwarmth

the mountains across the river shine as the mist thins

morning shows

morning shows

4.

"CHAIN"

The greatest Objects of Nature are, methinks, the most pleasing to behold; and next to the Great Concave of the Heavens, and those boundless Regions where the Stars inhabit, there is nothing that I look upon with more Pleasure than the wide sea and the Mountains of the Earth. There is something august and stately in the Air of these things, that inspires the Mind with great Thoughts and Passions; we do naturally, upon such Occasions, think of God and his Greatness: And whatsoever hath but the Shadow and Appearance of INFINITE, as all Things have that are too big for our Comprehension, they fill and overbear the Mind with their Excess, and cast it into a pleasing kind of Stupor and Admiration.

Thos. Burnet, *The Sacred Theory
of the Earth*

1.
The idea of it. Pictures form and the topography gets carried around in a head. Sometimes the feet find out what a trick the mind is. A necessary disguise for what the heart expects. But the Abney Rule and Compass are equivalently off. And so we move in on the new territory only to trip and fall over our imaginations, get lost.

2.
Snowed a few inches last night. Went up to the Giant's Kneecap - freezing wind snow and whiteout at the top. Skied down into Joker Creek a ways before we realized we were in the wrong valley.

3.
There are times moving through the bush so fast I fade into everything around me. Zigzag, switchback and sidehill force a fadeout between body and earth. Such a dance. Touch is some thing itself. A flash.

4.
Everything's out there larger elsewhere and then I add myself who's watching.

5.
Via the car journeying over the surface is when its flat. Maybe boats on still water too or skiing across the frozen lake. By plane its always there and back so more a line.

6.
Look out of the cave-mouth at an arched horizon,
cut-off sky and alabaster rock wall limits. We
see a night sky, the arch of stars, some heaven.

7.
The size of a river = its original ridges.

8.
We moved over the tables making our various tests
for identification - hardness, specific gravity,
streak, etc. Just as though we were about to cook
and eat it all talk shifts to a rumour of serpentine
on True Blood Mountain.

9.
Lyles Adopola. Sweet smelling orange mint.

10.
The Xthonic inhabitants of the sea, ridge-dwellers,
known as 'the steady ones'.

11.
One can imagine how difficult it might be to navigate
a course through some creeks, trails, and ravines
which are measured both in terms of a surface (the
map) and the underside of someone's idea of the
place (the story).

12.
The magical alchemical inversion of it is that it
is already.

13.

Duncan M. says he dearly loves his own back yard.
Now I do too. The only test we have for it is
the unavoidable picture.

14.

High in the mountains, high on a mountain, and spin.
To ride this horizon of a thousand peaks and sky
makes me dig my heels into the scree and ice and
lean back hard, just to hold on even.

15.

Silence leads - sinking into the viscera - gently -
head feels lighter and drained - a thin, fragile
wire open now - mind of all the air surrounds me -
arms and shoulders fall relaxed - carefully and
softly my body is lifted back up refreshed and
presented to the food - mouth holds to the first
taste which fills my head stretched out now over
the lake and the day.

16.

I get scared sometimes when I'm alone in the bush,
especially at dusk when the stumps and rocks become
grizzly bears. Never handled that aloneness, passage
to becoming all one over extended time in unknown
strange surroundings except to squint, peer, grope
and fumble.

17.

I was sick, very sick. And I hoped for deep sleep.
It seemed to me that the bed was in an east-west
axis and should be lying north-south. But true or
magnetic north I did not know. A cow elk appeared
to me, in a valley, so I checked my compass and
headed north.

severance spring water
wasp or hornet who cares
it was a toxic arrow full of information of Another World a stream of itself
immense ejaculation knockout zapping nerve box
synapse blackout another place so beautiful Pauline that's where I am
Pauline
No No Here uh yes Here I uh
slapped me back to bathroom pain and muscle struggle I was gone there
taken over
some chemical creek flowed through the dream in darkness
there was nothing to look at or any others taking part
she slapped and yelled at me
I didn't want to return
it was so beautiful this textured cool caress
the spring water I splashed on my eye
Sunday morning
Sun Trees
A Loss A Dream
Voices in the rooms outside me

He needs adrenalin

stretched out and holding on
Needles Shapes Stomach (the vulnerable
fix the spring get the tools
barbed wire
his foot at the nest

bango
a distance road cold fear dead weight
jaw
the viscous fluid flowing through all my body helpless now
that power the wasp informs me of
given
such a look
at the grid of action the bloodstream's also part
the sting
it signaled it was ready for and took
on the way to the hospital she said just keep breathing I hadn't even considered it.

*I point to my own absolute experience of
myself as a step towards which all
my being flows (into) & fills
and from that there a physical place
out of which the possible...*

*...just so's there's a steady flow of breath
of him who is the turbine of his own sources
and comes from the base of the neck
from a small hint of light far back of what is about
to happen.*

Here's how it works:
the vapours rise from the seas
oceans and lakes in clouds
of liquid love for earth
blow in over the land
and fall in pearls of rain
or snow thrown by the release
of its own weight downward
where the ground distils
hence rivers flow and creeks
gush out some total soul.

Each single soul of us named Earth
put our feet on the ground and spring up
trees and little children reach
water as the geogonous fungi a rock
granno-diorite black stone and animals
eat and love

the bough grass tail cone and root
sacred combination of its parts we are part of
and the sky out there to touch
all our eyes and the long arm
also of this breath-world

seeded

placed
piece after piece-

a black heifer browses through the snow pasture
or a trout up Koch Creek twenty miles north of here.

SO

rete

the inner joyous heat

which earths it through me

then

AM OSPREY
BEAK STUFFED WITH STICKS/FISH FLESH

HORIZON WING
AM LAKE

FEATHERS' COLOUR REDUPLICATE
SYMMETRY WATER BROWN AND GREY

CLAW CRIMP ON KOKONEE
OLD TAMARACK LIMB

NECK JERK WORLD LOOK SKY
SCREECH SHIT BIRD-SHIT NEST EDGE

EEE UHREE REE

SONG

My eyes strain against the hillside for a movement, a shape, a flash of white-ass fur. I'm on the top of the ridge below a grove of poplar. This is pretty good. Its clearer here. A view with distance and I can see more of the bush, alder gulleys and old burns. If anywhere, there should be some sign here or in the clump of trees above; fresh elk shit (steaming still), a warm bed, fresh tracks in the snow. I stop for a smoke here, wipe the sleet off my glasses and rifle scope, sit on a log.

It begins as my own breathing, a rhythm in the chest picked up by the blood (pulse), short puffs of white steam from my mouth. In this the words come (language engraved in the air of a middle silence):

Stand Up

Stand Still

Be With me

Here

I don't look. Just a blue-white blur of air in front of me as I listen hard. Within me, carried by the breath, the words speak. They and I warm up to it and move now with a song, move nowhere, just sit there, now somewhere.

Out of the salt
tears, grass and browse
I've never seen a bison
or a parallel flaked point
in all my life
to cut the taste
I couldn't believe it
no matter who we were
cry out salt lick
eat it up.

*

I eye a herb
and flower
garden pauline
says so

put your foot
on the shovel
for a fat
red tomato.

*

Sweet baby!
Sweet baby!

Chicadeedeede.

Walk out to the lip
 over the wet grass walk out
skin and blood eyes hands boots
 again and again
even the eyes move as always moving lines
 circles
 of the morning sun
 curriculum
 of soul

*

wait for
the sky to come up
on the peaks' horizon
aphorous line
cloud
the blue
stars
night
a spinning
earth
day
glacier
morning star

anxious
to be weather
rather
be too wet

*

rained light
and concoctible
limpid sweet
and grateful
to taste thin

then rises as a sea
to a heaven
called the air

*

on the b
on the bottom of the sea
but in the green and coral
pleasurably pleasurably

*

Eth means why any one returns
every one all over the place they are in
entwined into the confluence of the two rivers
into the edges of a genetic inscription
and our homes and loves now night
spreads out up the valleys
into the many-forgotten messages and arrangements
carried there the character sticks
hunger

Geoblast plumule
which in germination
rises from the ground
such as the peas blast forth
to the space above in time
a geochronical event to lean in
on the surrounding space
incline or cyclic revolution
spinning latent circling forces
of the earth
said to spring directly from the surface
of itself or skin the iso-
thermatic under-sperm or milky way
is language only after all
selenic moon

The reticular net or grid
we both are and see before us
in the world including heaven
as well as hell to right and left
the stages levels or lines
of force segmentative views
but no inferno flaming underground
just fixed in place before our eyes
the chance to be exposed to all the vectors
of this plan we carry everywhere
to move on and into the sensation
fear and joy or maybe apprehension
of the range of being where one is
enlarged by all three or dozen worlds
and illustrated only by the feeling
for it.

To think of it is big. Memory of having been anywhere on earth embellishes the particulars of those instants of specific step or touch and forms a living picture with all the referents of home, roots, heart, core. In earth I find an ever-luminescent atmosphere of primary sensation and life. There are forms there which reveal to me shapes of myself; pieces and names which provide aspects of an identity; tree, ocean or whatever signals as both participant and reflection. It all becomes picture, movement, body, texture and idea - images of real palaces encountered which permit the extended traverse and transport through landscape. I think earth is a condition of ourselves we all have access to.

matter

Phenomenological

Exhaustion and Attention
/ training in exhaustion &
- completion

A Plan for a Curriculum of the Soul

	(Intuition & Feeling	one's own
<u>the Mushroom</u>	<u>dream</u> <u>woman</u>	<u>mind</u> <u>language</u>

Earth as a
geology ^ comprehension like archeology
geography - equally, though here maps & experience of
human history ^ walking

in this connection, as habitat
inhabitation of, rather than as politics say
or national. Instead, physical, &
vertically incremental

man as animal / praxis of - as Earth as a ^{physical}
emotional mental experience

Poets as such, that is disciplined lives not
history or for any "art" reasons example,

Blake ^
the same, say, medicine men

& like theologians: example, Dante - Giotto

Charles Olson

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