

Harris

Advent

There's a bruise in the sunset
and the earth shrinks from her suitors.
What prophesy
brings us out into the darkness
over stiffening ground
with only the windows of strangers
to guide us?

What is waiting?

We cannot predict
even the weather: the air changes
from clear to damp to snow
and back again.
Now we see
our breath.
Now we don't.

Harris

Advent

There's a bruise in the sunset
and the earth shrinks from her suitors.
What prophesy
brings us out into the darkness
over stiffening ground
with only the windows of strangers
to guide us?

What is waiting?

We cannot predict
even the weather; the air changes
from clear to damp to ~~cold~~ SNOW
and back again.
Now we see
our breath.
Now we don't.

The atom
ceremonies

Quotes - Bible
Grandpa
old Mary Ann 11.

ADVENT

There's a bruise in the sunset
and the earth shrinks from her suitors.
What prophesy
brings us out into the darkness
over stiffening ground
with only the lit windows of strangers
to guide us?

What is waiting?

We cannot predict
even the weather; the air changes
from clear to damp to snow
and back again.
Now we see our breath.
Now we don't.

ADVENT

There's a bruise in the sunset
and the earth shrinks from her suitors.
What prophesy brings us out into the darkness
over stiffening ground
with only the lit windows of strangers
to guide us?

What is waiting?

We cannot predict
even the weather; the air changes
from clear to damp to snow
and back again.
Now we see our breath.
Now we don't.

AEROSOL ART

The graffiti art that appears here and there in Paris is so unique and skillful that it virtually leaps off the walls. One important fact, of course, is that it is almost the only graffiti. Unlike the U.S., where abuse of public spaces has become epidemic, ugly, even violent, Paris is all but devoid of the egomaniacal scribbles that deface almost all vertical surfaces in American cities.

The basic technique used by the Parisian graffiti artist is stencil and spray paint. In some cases the stencils are clearly hand-cut from heavy paper and are more simple and graphic, exhibiting varying degrees of skillfulness. In other instances, it seems likely that photo silkscreens have been used.

One might expect that an image capable of mechanical reproduction would appear in great profusion as an act of defiance against the rather strict French laws regarding the defacing of property. On the contrary, these "artistes de la nuit," as they were called by one bartender, exhibit extraordinary restraint. In the course of my extensive wanderings, there was only one image that I saw repeated anywhere, and that was Mr. Spock (and the bugs climbing the wall, but that was part of a design that occurred in one location only).

Because they are produced in an edition of one, we are obliged to see these as art rather than images of political or commercial intent. Some of them do have ironic messages as in the case of "Bananas have AIDS...I don't give a damn...I have my Durex"(a brand of condom). There is also the occasional incorporation of sophomoric existentialism to lend a flavor of art school competition to the entire phenomenon. The graffiti is on the whole anonymous, which is not surprising. Several are signed in code (JEF AEROSOL or LOULOU). I asked people I encountered--from a bartender in Montparnasse to a night porter to an expatriate poet-- what they knew about these quirky little images and the artists who made them. I could get no answers.

By contrast, I came upon two interesting but anomalous graffiti events. One was a swastika applied with the stencil technique to a wall near the Chateau Pommery in Reims (champagne was made without interruption during WWII). The other was the American-style graffiti

AEROSOL (Aer)?
~~LES ARTISTES PNEUMATIQUES~~

The graffiti art that appears everywhere in Paris is so unique and skillful that it virtually leaps off the walls. One important fact, of course, is that it is almost the only graffiti. Unlike the U.S., where abuse of public spaces has become epidemic, ugly, even violent, Paris is all but devoid of the egomaniacal scribblings that deface almost all vertical surfaces in American cities.

The basic technique used by the Parisian graffiti artist is stencil and spray paint. In some cases the stencils are clearly hand-cut from heavy paper and are more simple and graphic, exhibiting varying degrees of skillfulness. In other instances, it seems likely that photo silkscreens have been used.

One might expect that an image capable of mechanical reproduction would appear in great profusion as an act of defiance against the rather strict French laws regarding the defacing of property. On the contrary, these "artistes de la nuit," as they were called by one bartender, exhibit extraordinary restraint. In the course of my extensive wanderings, there was only one image that I saw repeated anywhere, and that was Mr. Spock (and the bugs climbing the wall, but that was part of a design that occurred in one location only).

Because they are produced in an edition of one, we are obliged to see these as art rather than images of political or commercial intent. Some of them do ^{have} ironic messages as in the case of "Bananas have AIDS... ~~Thank God for my Durex~~" (a brand of condom). There is also the occasional incorporation of sophomoric existentialism to lend a flavor of art school competition to the entire phenomenon. ^{I don't give a damn - I have} The graffiti is on the whole anonymous, which is not surprising. Several are signed in code (JEF AEROSOL or LOULOU). I asked people I encountered--from a bartender in Montparnasse to a night porter to an expatriate poet-- what they knew about these quirky little images and the artists who made them. I could get no answers.

By contrast, I came upon two interesting but anomalous graffiti events. One was a swastika applied with the stencil technique to a wall near the Chateau Pommery in Reims (champagne was made without interruption during WWII). The other was the American-style graffiti

^
by the Germans

sprayed, scratched, painted and scrawled everywhere on the graves surrounding the final resting place of The Doors' Jim Morrison--as well as on the bust of Morrison himself--in the otherwise staid and elegant Père Lachaise cemetery. The day I was there the cemetery crew had been sandblasting clean some of the adjacent gravestones.

New York and Los Angeles art critics notwithstanding, I'll take my graffiti with the French sense of style and humor.

→ Charter Weeks

PO Box 203

Barrington, NH 03825

603/664-7654

but they had not erased the
New York, L.A. Helter Skelter
Surreal American nightmare. "C'mon
baby light my fire"

After the
Story

It happened to be the day
after the stock market crash and
I pondered the symbolism of
so little self discipline, that
Frank & Stephanie from Chicago had
been there and couldn't resist
defiling it.

Isingloss Studio

Whether life imitates art
or vice versa I felt a whole
lot better with the likes of
Jeff Bezos and Lou Hou. After
all Paris has a six century
history of autonomous art this
is just a twentieth century
contribution.

~~LES ARTISTES PNEUMATIQUES~~

The grafitti art that appeared everywhere in Paris is so unique and skillful that it virtually leaps off the walls. One important fact, of course, is that it is almost the only grafitti. Unlike the US, where abuse of public spaces has become epidemic, ugly, even violent, Paris is all but devoid of the egomaniacal scribbles that deface all our vertical surfaces. *in American cities*

*clubs
gangs
people's initials*

The basic technique is stencil and spray paint. In some cases the stencils are clearly hand-cut from heavy paper and are more simple and graphic with varying degrees of skillfulness. In other cases, it seems likely that photo silkscreens *have been* are used.

One might expect that an image capable of mechanical reproduction would appear in great profusion as an act of defiance against the rather strict French laws regarding the defacing of property. On the contrary, these "artistes de la nuit," as they were called by one bartender, exhibit extraordinary restraint. In the course of my extensive wanderings, there was only one image that I saw repeated anywhere, and that was Mr. Spock (and the bugs climbing the wall, but that was part of a design that occurred in one location only).

Because they are produced in an edition of one, we are obliged to see these as art rather than images of political or commercial intent (though some of them contain messages of intent as in the case of "Bananas have AIDS...Thank God for my Durex"[a brand of condom]). There is also the occasional incorporation of soph^umoristic existentialism to lend a flavor of art school competition to the entire phenomenon. The grafitti is on the whole anonymous, which is not surprising, though several are signed in code (JEF AEROSOL or LOULOU).

I asked everyone I encountered--from a bartender in Montparnasse to a night porter to an expatriate poet-- what they knew about these quirky little images but could get no answers.

By contrast, there were two interesting but anomalous grafitti events that I came upon. One was a swastika applied with the stencil technique to a wall near the Chateau Pommery in Reims (champagne was

made without interruption during WWII). The other was the American-style grafitti sprayed, scratched, painted and scrawled everywhere on the graves surrounding the final resting place of The Doors' Jim Morrison, as well as on the bust of Morrison himself in the otherwise staid and elegant Pere Lachaise cemetery. The day I was there the cemetery crew had been sandblasting clean some of the adjacent gravestones. The surreal nightmare of bad dope and good rock portrayed in the artless scrawl seemed a poignant metaphor for the two distinctly different cultures. NY and LA art dealers notwithstanding, I'll take my grafitti with a bit of craft and a bit of intellect and a whole lot of class, thank you very much.

AEROSOL ART

The graffiti art that appears here and there in Paris is so unique and skillful that it virtually leaps off the walls. One important fact, of course, is that it is almost the only graffiti. Unlike the U.S., where abuse of public spaces has become epidemic, ugly, even violent, Paris is all but devoid of the egomaniacal scribbles that deface almost all vertical surfaces in American cities.

The basic technique used by the Parisian graffiti artist is stencil and spray paint. In some cases the stencils are clearly hand-cut from heavy paper and are more simple and graphic, exhibiting varying degrees of skillfulness. In other instances, it seems likely that photo silkscreens have been used.

One might expect that an image capable of mechanical reproduction would appear in great profusion as an act of defiance against the rather strict French laws regarding the defacing of property. On the contrary, these "artistes de la nuit," as they were called by one bartender, exhibit extraordinary restraint. In the course of my extensive wanderings, there was only one image that I saw repeated anywhere, and that was Mr. Spock (and the bugs climbing the wall, but that was part of a design that occurred in one location only).

Because they are produced in an edition of one, we are obliged to see these as art rather than images of political or commercial intent. Some of them do have ironic messages as in the case of "Bananas have AIDS...I don't give a damn...I have my Durex"(a brand of condom). There is also the occasional incorporation of sophomoric existentialism to lend a flavor of art school competition to the entire phenomenon. The graffiti is on the whole anonymous, which is not surprising. Several are signed in code (JEF AEROSOL or LOULOU). I asked people I encountered--from a bartender in Montparnasse to a night porter to an expatriate poet-- what they knew about these quirky little images and the artists who made them. I could get no answers.

By contrast, I came upon two interesting but anomalous graffiti events. One was a swastika applied with the stencil technique to a wall near the Château Pommery in Reims (champagne was made without interruption during WWII). The other was the American-style graffiti

sprayed, scratched, painted and scrawled everywhere on the graves surrounding the final resting place of The Doors' Jim Morrison--as well as on the bust of Morrison himself--in the otherwise staid and elegant Père Lachaise cemetery. The day I was there the cemetery crew had been sandblasting clean some of the adjacent gravestones, but they had not erased the New York LA Helter Skelter surreal American nightmare. "Come on baby light my fire." It happened to be the day after the stock market crash when I visited the cemetery, and I pondered the symbolism of so little self discipline...that Frank & Stephanie from Chicago had been there and couldn't resist leaving their mark.

Whether life imitates art or vice versa, I felt a whole lot better with the likes of Jeff Aerosol and Loulou. After all, Paris has a six century history of anonymous art... this is just a twentieth century contribution.

Charter Weeks
Isinglass Studio
PO Box 203
Barrington, NH 03825
603/664-7654

willing to alter article tone (point of view)

PO Box 203
Barrington, NH 03825
December 4, 1987

XXXXXX
XXXXXX
XXXXXX
XXXXXX

.. PRINTb:querypub.grf
" PAGE

Dear _____:

It's an ongoing debate. Is graffiti art or defacement? Is 'street art' a genre or is the very term an invention of the people who need new and trendy ways to describe an art 'scene'?

When I was last in Paris this October, I encountered what seemed to me a unique manifestation of the controversy: one-of-a-kind graffiti: carefully done, original, witty, clean, anonymous. Unlike the wall art of the Sixties, this work has almost no definable social or political content. Unlike the wall art of the Eighties, this work reveals almost nothing of its creator. So what is it? Where does it come from? Who's making it?

I have a series of photographs depicting unique examples of these "artistes de la nuit." I have enclosed some examples along with a brief accompanying text. If you would be interested in these or the whole series, please let me know.

I am a professional photographer and filmmaker. My photographic work has ~~appeared in~~ New York Magazine, Dell Books, Aqueduct Race Track billboards, and technical publications such as.....

Thank you in advance for your attention.

Sincerely,

Charter Weeks

^ dups
will prov.
originals

↓
variety

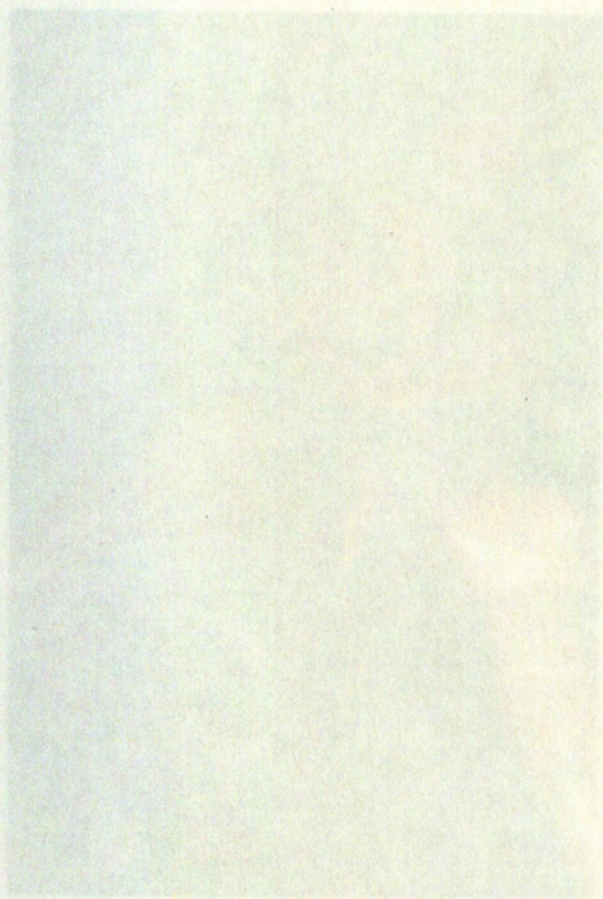
McCaun Enters. Inc.
Downtown Pub.

photos - 20 distinct images of graffiti
plus varying views of some = 30 different images

Please use STRE to return materials -

Would you like to see more? Mt. Laurel
regional subjects

been used by





AIRBORNE

In the racetrack parking lot, just a few spaces down from "The Tent; where brotherhood is more than just a word!" where Christian bikers (beautiful bellies, glowing tattoos, vest embroidered with "Riding for the Son") man a table of free apples, homemade chocolate chip cookies and hand-lettered pamphlets about Jesus, a group of clean-cut young men are filling helium balloons one by one to make a single enormous balloon which is being tied to the bound wrists of a naked inflated woman-doll with a hank of synthetic yellow on her head, legs spread at a cartoon angle and orifices that are painted a stunning pink. She seems to be saying "O!" in wonder and anticipation as the boys fill the last balloon and pull her into the open where the crowd in the stands, alerted, turns as one man, astounded into clapping & laughter while the inflated woman tugs at her tether, spins, rises above the hot, gleaming bikes, moves into cooler air, ascending faster now into a blue background. They cut the string! She banks over Turn #8 and heads out. Her heart is pounding so loudly that she can't hear the applause or the whistles or the screaming engines.

~~Marie Harris~~

ANDREA LEBLANC, DVM

"It's a fine profession ... if you don't weaken." Andrea LeBlanc is leaning against the X-ray table talking about the general practice of veterinary medicine while a colleague completes surgery on a cat. "Every day is different. Every day presents a new challenge. It's part medicine, part psychology, part business, part education. And," she laughs, "The majority of the vets I know certainly aren't in it for the money."

"By the time I was twelve, I had narrowed down my career plans to three choices: being a psychiatrist, a criminal lawyer, or a veterinarian. My decision to become a vet combined my interest in science and medicine with my love of animals." Not surprisingly, Andrea LeBlanc got no support from her parents or teachers. She was informed that 'it was no job for a woman', that she wouldn't be able to do it. Nevertheless, she entered the pre-vet program at the University of Illinois, and from there was accepted to the University's School of Veterinary Medicine. "It was a land grant college, and the tuition was about \$175 a semester. I worked my way through school. It's amazing to think that today vet school tuition can be as high as \$18,000 a year!" There were 13 women in LeBlanc's class. "That was a record year. Usually, there were no more than three to five women in any class."

In the adjoining operating room, surgery on the cat is half finished. Marilyn Tobey, a young veterinarian hired for the summer, is instructing Kim Perkins, a UNH pre-vet student. Periodically, LeBlanc interrupts herself to check on the progress of the work and offer a comment or suggestion. Since this is the morning's only surgery, the atmosphere is relaxed.

"Women were only just tolerated in vet school," LeBlanc continues. "It was generally considered that we were using up places better filled by men, since the expectation was that we would only graduate, get married, have children and abandon our careers. We, in turn, were grateful to be there. We didn't make waves." She smiles at Tobey whose eyes smile back over her surgical mask. "And even though things seem to be improving-- 50%, more or less, of today's vet students are women-- I think that women still feel a certain powerlessness in the situation."

By the time she had graduated, LeBlanc was married to a veterinarian. They practiced together in New Hampshire for three years. LeBlanc recalls the night before the birth of her first child.

"I spayed a 120 pound St. Bernard that night, in my bare feet because my feet were too swollen to wear shoes comfortably. Then, the next morning, I went to the clinic as usual and saw clients. By that time I knew I was in labor, but I never told anyone. I felt I had to finish the morning's work. Then I went and had the baby."

The operation is almost finished. Marilyn Tobey sutures the incision as Kim Perkins collects instruments. The cat, opened eyed under the lights ("It's a result of the type of anaesthetic. It takes a while to get used to operating on an animal with its eyes open!"), is ready to be transferred to the kennel.

"I think that one thing that happened from the vet school experience was that I was left with a compulsion to prove that I could do it: the career, motherhood, everything. It's still hard for me to back off a little, to relax."

Divorced at 27, with a three-year-old and a five month old baby, LeBlanc began job hunting. A Concord veterinarian, Dr. Fred Stevens, approached her at a meeting and offered her a position in his practice. "Looking back, it was a very courageous thing for Fred to have done," says LeBlanc. "Although he never made an issue of my being female, his colleagues would call him to find out 'how it was going'."

The howls of a spaniel in the kennels breaks her train of thought. She excuses herself and goes to have a few words with the dog. When she returns, she's laughing. "He was just sitting there, facing the back wall, with his nose in the air, baying."

"When Fred died, I continued at the clinic for a while. But by then I was remarried and living in Lee. Running an animal hospital 45 minutes from home just wasn't working out."

LeBlanc called a school friend who had just opened a practice in Massachusetts. "She had been in a multiple practice for eight years, and never in that time had her name appeared on the sign. She got fed up and went into business for herself. She went to 13 banks before she got her loan, but she finally succeeded. That gave me strength. I decided to begin a practice of my own."

LeBlanc and her husband researched possible sites in the area and settled on a house just south of the Lee Circle. With the help of a bank and local zoning variances, the Oyster River Veterinary Hospital opened early in 1976.

"It was an anxious time," recalls LeBlanc. "We had terrible problems getting a phone listing. We were renovating the building and adapting it to be a hospital while I was seeing clients. I was examining animals on a card table!"

LeBlanc's husband, Bob, is a Professor of Geography at the University of New Hampshire. "His help and support have been critical to me. The fact that he's been willing to share all this: running the house, taking care of the kids, understanding that my job often requires long hours and middle-of-the-night calls ... I simply could not do it without him."

Upstairs, the reception room is quiet. The afternoon's appointments have not begun. "Sometimes I think about the Boston newscaster who reported the Evening News, then went off and had her baby. At first I applauded her dedication. Then it occurred to me to wonder how long women will have to keep proving something. Why didn't she just take the afternoon off?" LeBlanc checks the appointment book. "Bob has helped me realize that everything is not all on my shoulders. And," she remarks, "He's been called into service at the hospital more than once. It's a long way from geography, but he's learning!"

"And I'm very fortunate to have the people who are working here. My veterinary technicians, Cheryl Smith and Bonnie Craig, are indispensable. I depend on both of them enormously to keep things going smoothly. They monitor animals, keep track of the scheduling, help run the business. We've worked together for five years and we share a common philosophy about medicine and people."

Along with Smith and Craig, and part-time technician Marlene Allard, there has been a steady stream of pre-vet and animal science students who have spent time at the clinic.

"We've spent a long time making this hospital into an efficient, friendly, comfortable place," says LeBlanc.

It shows. From the front yard planted with roses and shrubs (and a small sign which reads: PLEASE. NOT ON THE BUSHES.), to the airy, sunlit reception room. "Many waiting rooms and examining rooms are sterile and unpleasant. We made sure that the spaces people and their animals entered would be pleasant, reassuring. After all, it makes my work that much easier if my clients feel at ease. And if people feel trapped and threatened in cold, windowless rooms, imagine how animals react."

Thistle, LeBlanc's Border Terrier, comes through the swinging doors and trots down the hall, past the two examining rooms and an office. She has the run of the place. LeBlanc calls her over for a pat. "Animals serve an important function in people's lives," she remarks. "For some people, animals are their closest contact with the natural world. For others, especially older people, an animal might be their only friend, the thing that keeps them going on. I've seen young couples come in with their dog... concerned, sharing a common interest ... for them it's almost like a first child. And of course pets are a learning experience for kids. The only person I sometimes wonder about," she says, "Is the young mother. I think a pet can be seen as another one of her chores, her problems. Pets make people feel needed. Maybe the young mother is already needed enough."

Asked what she considers her role in relation to pet owners, LeBlanc responds, "I'm not just treating an animal, I'm trying to convey to its owner a sense of responsibility for its care and a level of attention to the animal in its environment. For instance, last year in New Hampshire, the SPCA's put down 55,000 "owned" pets. 55,000! And that's not counting animals put down by vets. People cannot allow their animals to breed unchecked just to have the offspring abandoned or killed. It comes back to the question

of responsibility."

The phone rings. LeBlanc speaks to a woman calling from Delaware who's asking if it's safe to travel with a dog that's experiencing a false pregnancy. LeBlanc suggests the woman bring the animal to a local vet for a decision. After the call, she remarks, "I wonder if people realize that a vet in general practice is at once a doctor, a psychologist, a lab technician ... But I'm very lucky. I enjoy every aspect of my work. I love it! How many people can say that?"

Disease. Porcupine quills. Accidents. There's no lack of work to be done. "Our kennels are often all full. That's why we don't board animals. We have enough on our hands caring for the sick ones."

The afternoon's first clients arrive. LeBlanc starts toward the examining room. "I love my work," she repeats, "~~and~~^{but} maybe this year, for the first time, I'll go on vacation without bringing along any medical journals."

AURORA

We have arrived in the middle of nowhere, but it is a nowhere whose geography is pleasing. The house we rent from Wells College is at the top of a hill overlooking Cayuga Lake. The land is hilly and forested. Geese pass overhead in squadrons twice a year. The trees are filled with birds whose names I don't know, and the fields are bright with anonymous wildflowers. Our little house feels like home. Two floors and a backyard, with the steep lawn of the college an extension of that yard. There's a study for Bill. My desk is still in the bedroom. I am having a quiet year. Little by little, nature is revealing itself in ways that are surprisingly satisfying. I have bought a bird book... my last trip to Florida was filled with a new sport that Non taught me: birdwatching. And a book of wildflowers which I take with me on my rambles with the boys. My new friends are Bruce and Jeanne Beesley. They're both painters, and Bruce is a nurseryman for a living. Finally, two real people! Not students, not graduate wives, not professors... just two ordinary people with an extraordinary range of imagination and humor. Bill doesn't much like them, but they're important to me. They've built their own house, use wood to heat it. No courses to take at Wells... nothing advanced or unusual enough. Bill seems to like teaching. The students are all women and sweet. Many of them treat Willy and Sebastian like their little brothers. They sled down the hill by the student union with us. They babysit. Bill hasn't said anything more about divorce... maybe we're getting along better. Am I in love with him? We've been together so long now that love is difficult to distinguish from habit. Sometimes I wonder what it would have been like had I stayed single, in school... would I have met someone who was less critical, less suspicious, more lighthearted? I joined the Aurora Volunteer Fire Department by mistake. Talked myself into a corner with the Chief until I had to volunteer. Now I put on oversized boots and other gear and speed out, usually in the middle of the night in the middle of winter, to fires. I may not be much help, but I've certainly broken new ground. Dino Reed is here... I knew her in Chapel Hill... her husband teaches English at Wells. She paints me a multicolored and bizarre creature on the rockingchair. I take the boys swimming and boating on the lake. They're both practically reading on their own now. And very independent. This town is so small and sleepy that they can wander at will without danger. And they do. From dawn till dusk. I am beginning to feel at home here. It's cozy. Maybe I'm not being too productive--I write less than I should--but at least I'm not constantly miserable and discontent. Yes, I could live here for a while. Bill has been offered a job at Cornell, 30 miles away. I am putting things in boxes again, taking apart the boys' double decker beds.....

AURORA

You stood on the front porch of your new house, looked across the street at the clusters of neighboring houses and asked, "Where are the friends?" as though they had been ordered for your arrival and hadn't materialized yet. But the friends were, in fact, there and you found them almost immediately. Chris. Bruce Arthur. Who were the others? It didn't seem to matter, there were so many. You spent your days sledding or swimming, exploring the neighborhood. And you had a new, rambunctious companion: Underdog! Your giant puppy. The dog that could knock you down with his tail. The dog that followed you everywhere. The dog that slept near or on your beds. The companion of both your childhoods and into your adult lives. Underdog. Underpants. Underachiever. Underfoot. You both learned to play chess, and beat me regularly. You constructed mammoth buildings out of blocks. You rode bikes with training wheels. You learned to swim. You learned to fight with each other. You used the Wells College Student Union as your personal playground, snack bar, hangout, and the students loved you. You got measles and chicken pox. You climbed trees and roofs. You helped me cook. A perfectly ordinary kid-year... no crises, no complaints.

1000

1000

1000

1000

At the Beach

I am convinced that the possibilities in the power field are revolutionary and almost unlimited. They go beyond those opened by the introduction of the steam engine, the dynamo, the gasoline motor, or the airplane.

~~This is true:~~ In the summer of 1955,
in a walk-in closet of a three story beach house,
I counted Mrs. ^{Henry} Ford's sandals.
There were rows of them, all identical.
Except for the colors.
I counted the sandals (for reasons apparant to children
who have had enough of a long summer)
until I lost track.

Mrs. Ford's sandals were made of real leather.
No strap at the heel. A leather floret to divide the painted toes.
Florets: green, pink, navy, beige, white, red, purple, black, etc.

Mrs. Ford's sandals were lined up
like sunbathers.

Do Mrs. Ford's sandals migrate
at the end of the season? Do they leave
on a Sunday evening to choke the roads?
Do they argue in the backseats of crowded cars,
arrive grouchy and disheveled
late at night
in a city?
Or do they ride in pairs
in a limosine with tinted windows?

If Mrs. Ford's sandals were trapped
in a traffic jam, wedged among cork heeled mules,
rubber flip-flops, sneakers, work boots, plastic slip-ons,
would they panic? Would their screams
sound the same as the others'?

Do Mrs. Ford's sandals
have a special place to go
in an evacuation?

At the Beach

I am convinced that the possibilities in the power field are revolutionary and almost unlimited. They go beyond those opened by the introduction of the steam engine, the dynamo, the gasoline motor, or the airplane.

This is true: in the summer of 1955, in a walk-in closet of a three story beach house, I counted Mrs. Ford's sandals. There were rows of them, all identical. Except for the colors. I counted the sandals (for reasons apparant to children who have had enough of a long summer) until I lost track.

Mrs. Ford's sandals were made of real leather. No strap at the heel. A leather floret to divide the painted toes. Florets: green, pink, navy, beige, white, red, purple, black, etc.

Mrs. Ford's sandals were lined up like sunbathers.

Do Mrs. Ford's sandals migrate at the end of the season? Do they leave on a Sunday evening to choke the roads? Do they argue in the backseats of crowded cars, arrive grouchy and disheveled late at night in a city? Or do they ride in pairs in a limosine with tinted windows?

If Mrs. Ford's sandals were trapped in a traffic jam, wedged among cork heeled mules, rubber flip-flops, sneakers, work boots, plastic slip-ons, would they panic? Would their screams sound the same as the others'?

Do Mrs. Ford's sandals have a special place to go in an evacuation?

First look
p. 26.

p. 23

At the Beach

Mrs. Ford's Sandles

I am convinced
that the possibilities
in the power field are
rev. & almost unlimited.
They go far beyond - - - "

(Autumn, near Seabrook, NH, 1983
Target date for Seabrook 1 Reactor: 1985)

[quote from Grandpa]

This is true: in the summer of 1955,
in a closet of a three story beach house,
I ^{counted} discovered Mrs. Ford's sandles.

There were rows and rows of them. All the same.
Except for the colors.

So I counted ^{the 50 pairs} them for reasons apparant
to children who have had enough of a long summer,
until I lost track.

Have you ever gone home
from the beach as
at the same time that everyone else
was going home?

Mrs. Ford's sandles were made of ^{real} leather.

~~Theo Ford's~~

painted

No strap at the heel. A leather floret to divide the toes.

Florets: green, pink, navy, beige, white, red, purple, black, etc.

Have you ever been
on a 'public' beach?

^{were} Mrs. Ford's sandles
lined up like sunbathers.

Do Mrs. Ford's sandles migrate
at the end of the season? Do they leave
on a Sunday evening to choke the roads?
Do they argue in the backseats of crowded cars,
arrive grouchy and disheveled
late at night
in a city?
Or do they ride in pairs
in a limosine with tinted windows?

If Mrs. Ford's sandles were trapped
in a traffic jam, (trapped wedged among
with rubber flip-flops, sneakers, work boots,
cork heeled mules with cork heels, plastic slip-ons,
would they panic? Would their screams
sound the same as the others'?

Do Mrs. Ford's sandles
have a special place to go
in an evacuation?

p. 29 "7(b) Day"

identical

Seabrook.

Mrs. Ford's ^{Sandles} ~~XXXXXX~~

(Seabrook, NH, nuclear power plant)

Too many birds
at the margin of the salt marsh.
Restless. The trees and wires
carry their anxious noise.
The eye cannot rest on the pale horizon
in the midst of this distraction.
Flimsy beach houses, their backs turned,
stare into the eastern ~~at~~ gray distance.

One summer afternoon
in a house on another beach
I crept into the closet
and discovered Mrs. Ford's sandles.
Acres of them. All the same. Except for the colors.
I counted~~x~~ them until I lost track.

Do Mrs. Ford's sandles migrate
at the end of the season? Do they leave
on Sunday evenings, to choke the roads,
argue with each other in crowded cars,
arrive grouchy and disheveled late at night
somewhere else?

Mrs. Ford's Shoes

The beach is deserted, desert.
The flimsy beach houses seem restless in the autumn
wind, left behind in ~~south~~ the wild migration south
to the cities. They sway on their concrete stilts
and stare endlessly into the gray eastern water/sky.
Hampton Beach.

(The beach at Southampton a generation ago.
Empty, even in the summer, of the run of ordinary folk.
Serene. Secure. The houses on that beach were built
on foundations. Not restless, in winter they slept
behind heavy drapes...tight.)

Gulls. Geese. Herons and cranes. Moving.

Autumn here is purple, brown, salty, flat.

In summer Hampton Beach is a throng. ~~of~~
Its colors are neon and polyester,
from the stripe on umbrella and maillot
to the sheen on the cotton candy
to the lustre of fast cars clustered in threes and fours
in every tiny driveway
and the ocean is _____ blue
and the sand salt ~~like~~ white.
The roads cannot contain the movement
nor the sky its kites and light planes
nor the sea its boats and buoys and swimmers and surfboards
nor the beach its sunbathers, its walkers, joggers, squealing children.
Friday to. Sunday fro.
In waves.

Here, in the purple, salty autumn,
the eye must focus
on the alien towers and rigging
of Seabrook 1 and Seabrook 2
rising like a city
over the flats, in an architecture
of terrible risk.

There are too many risks
too many people.
And too many of anything
needing to move somewhere else
at the same time
shatters the nerves.

The trees along the margin of the swamp
are alive with restless birds
preparing to move.
Too many. The noise is disturbing.
There is no ONE in this situation, only
the restless thousands. The noise.

Whether it's the poplar,--biscuit wood--
or ragged birch, or the oak that holds a fire
overnight, or the maple, the gnarled apple,
the smoky hickory... the wood
that warms our rooms has been handled
cradled, hauled, thrown, stacked, turned
eleven times ~~to this~~: I am carrying a bucket
of ashes to the outhouse:

Cut the tree down (deal with the brush)
Cut the tree in 4' lengths
Pick up the pieces and stack
Pick them off the stack and load into the truck
Pick them off the truck and stack
Pick them off the stack to saw
Pick up the 2' pieces (split some) and toss on a
pile
Pick up pieces from the pile and carry to shed.
Stack
Pick pieces from the stack and carry to the house
Pick pieces from woodbox for the stoves
Clean the ashes from the stoves for the bucket
:carry a bucket of ashes to the outhouse

Figured like this
one cord of wood (*halfway between wet & dry*)
weighs

44,000 lbs.
22 tons.

A wood fire keeps me mindful
of time away from home
of pipes and plants.

A wood fire includes the wheeze of a simmering kettle
and the settling hiss of dwindling logs
and the small explosion of contracting iron.

It's the labor and sweat and sound of the past.
It's in the fibres of my shirt and the lines in my hands.

Perhaps if I am mindful of wood. And candles and kerosene.
Perhaps if I move very slowly and with great respect
toward the electric light switch, the key in the car's ignition,
the button on the radio, the television,
perhaps if I carry them in my mind eleven times
and again eleven until I approach the idea
of the atom, perhaps then

At the Beach

In the summer of 1955,
in a walk-in closet of a three story beach house,
I counted Mrs. Henry Ford's sandals.
There were rows of them, all identical.
Except for the colors.
I counted the sandals (for reasons apparant to children
who have had enough of a long summer)
until I lost track.

Mrs. Ford's sandals were made of real leather.
No strap at the heel. A leather floret to divide painted toes.
Florets: green, pink, navy, beige, white, red, purple, black.

Mrs. Ford's sandals were lined up
like sunbathers.

Do Mrs. Ford's sandals migrate
at the end of the season? Do they leave
on a Sunday evening to choke the roads?
Do they argue in the backseats of crowded cars,
arrive grouchy and disheveled
late at night
in a city?
Or do they ride in pairs
in a limosine with tinted windows?

If Mrs. Ford's sandals were trapped
in a traffic jam, wedged among cork heeled mules,
rubber flip-flops, sneakers, work boots, plastic slip-ons,
would they panic? Would their screams
sound the same as the others'?

Do Mrs. Ford's sandals
have a special place to go
in an evacuation?

At The Taj

a flat roof
open on all sides,
Wooden poles in bleached sand holding ~~the roof~~
to keep off the Gulf sun, ~~open on all sides~~
the simplest of seats,
unpainted but inflamed
by a sky of sunset clouds reflected from
a sea of sunset waves--

sitting in this hospital room
glowing, flushing, streaming, flashing--
that is where I see us, as we were
once, on the one vacation, waiting before the unhurried
return to your parents' beachhouse, the turning to each other
growing nightly.

Surgey: what's left
is better. "You have a new life,"
my father yields his blessing at
last from his tenebrous tumescences,
"the same as I did after World War Two."

The Air Force officers who built the Taj,
like him, had probably seen it, seen
enough of it: of the Shah's 22,000 slaves
and 22 years of wars to pay for the tomb
of the woman who died bearing his 14th child
along on another war campaign, the black Taj unbuilt
only because his son kept him imprisoned
in the Red Fort, where, in my father's day, they still fed
sacred turtles common women's dead babies....

Healing here, I do not wish us there,
but at the simple sunstruck
silver beaches of Destin toward the end
of a long day all together: my father
has told your father his tales of that global inflammation
he, too, miraculously, survived, and yours
has told mine what it is like to have a tyrant
pituitary gland. Fifteen year

tumor. Male and female
counteraction, hidden
faithlessness. "I'm sick
of being Teresias," I told the family
practitioner, even before--

--and the three women, having and being,
like nurses, already forgiven, would listen
with one silence to men speaking their praises
on into the darkness, the farewells at last
separating.

Sitting here with the onrush of
the end of my life suffusing through
illuminated flesh with embryonic intent,
perhaps I could speak
for one and all, for once and all,
words which would heal: there is no such thing
as intelligence, electricity
is its own speed, pain but the redoubling
of laughter, all care free--

and if you were here,
as you will be,

I would tell you: I have seen
through the oxygen after operation, ways
as far beyond above us as sunset stars over
waves; have felt, at that undivision,
the megalithic lust of the pole in the sand--

and am waiting, this blessed late afternoon
of this perfected early spring day, for you.

March 2nd 1871

It pleases me to receive your first letter
opening in your service since like a ready
hand which will be your
to the satisfaction of my father

It pleases me to receive your first letter
and I am sure that you will
I am sure that you will
will be very glad to hear

Yours truly

AUBADE FOR LIZZIE

It pleases me to imagine first light
opening in your eastern window like a peony,
from palest white to rose
to the saturated yellows of day ~~light~~.

It pleases me to imagine your dawn blowing
its fragile petals westward;
a peony tint in my window
will bring you to mind.

Marie Harris

AUBADE FOR LIZZIE

It pleases me to imagine first light
opening in your eastern window like a peony,
from palest white to rose
to the saturated yellows of morning.

It pleases me to imagine dawn blowing
fragile petals eastward while ~~we~~ sleep;
~~to stir us awake~~

*a
same peony tint in the morning window
(and something at the foggy pane)
will bring you to mind.*

AUBADE FOR LIZZIE

It pleases me to imagine first light
opening in your eastern window like a peony,
from palest white to rose
to the saturated yellows of day light.

It pleases me to imagine your dawn blowing
its fragile petals westward;
a peony tint in my window
will bring you to mind.

Marie Harris

AUBADE FOR LIZZIE

(westy)

It pleases me to imagine first light
opening in your eastern window like a peony,
from palest white to rose
to the saturated yellows of day (light.)

It pleases me to imagine ^{your} dawn blowing
its fragile petals ~~westward~~ ^{westward} (~~while I sleep;~~)
a peony tint in my window
will bring you to mind.

AUBADE FOR LIZZIE

Morning light is born where you will awake.
From gray to rose to saturated yellow
it will open to you like a peony,
and its petals will blow on morning winds
into the jetstream
across an ocean and a continent
into our foggy windows
and we will be stirred awake
to think of you.

It will please me to imagine morning light

It pleases me to imagine morning light
born in your new window like a peony,
the palest white opening to rose
to sun saturated morning

It pleases me to imagine first light
born(opening) in your new window like a peony
from palest white to rose
to sun saturated morning

It pleases me to imagine first light
opening in your eastern window like a peony,
from palest white to rose ~~xxxxxxx~~
to sun saturated morning yellow.
It pleases me to imagine dawn blowing (your)
east while we sleep
~~and we will be stirred awake~~ to stir us
by foggy petals at our windows
to think of you.

A. Houghton 9 ym