

The background of the cover is a black and white photograph. In the foreground, a man is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark suit jacket and a light-colored shirt with a tie. He is looking upwards and to the right, singing into a vintage-style microphone. His mouth is open, and his expression is one of passion. In the background, slightly out of focus, is a woman with dark hair, looking towards the camera. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, creating a classic, artistic feel.

The
**AMERICAN
SONGBOOK**

Alfred Schwaid

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Somewhere There's Music – *Cottonwood*;

I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say – *Fiction International*;
and

How I Wonder What You Are – *Licking River Review*.

Norman Conquest designed the cover.

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"Watch Out for Obscure Publications"

Alfred Schwaid

**THE AMERICAN
SONGBOOK**

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SOMEWHERE THERE'S MUSIC

A saxophone hangs around your neck like a gorget. As far as I know there is no other musical instrument that can be described that way. Other gorgets are made of metal or porcupine quills. When my brother was young he used to sleep out on the fire escape on hot nights. One night he peed down onto someone's head.

A woman walked up to the bandstand, leveled a gun at his breast and fired twice. They were recording the date, and the shots got tagged onto his solo.

A poster in the subway explained that the last buffalo nickel was coined in 1938: it carried no other information.

He used to practice, too, on the fire escape when it was hot. One day a woman knocked on our door and my mother thought she had come to complain about his playing too loud. "Oh, no," the woman said, "tell him not to stop. He plays so pretty."

I used to take the subway to hear him play in places like Birdland, The Half Note and Village Vanguard. He had by that time become something other than my brother. The horn hanging from his neck like brass colored flesh. He was immobile until he touched it. At one time I saved buffalo nickels but it's been years since I've seen any.

He once introduced me to Topper Collins, his piano player at the time, who was blind, and after the set I heard Topper ask him, "Where's your brother?"

Free jazz was in the air but my brother had heard it long ago. It just took some time before the others caught up with him. "Funny . . . the horn sticks to my fingers. I can't shake it loose." I saw the movie and read the book but can't remember if Dorothy Baker wrote those lines in *Young Man With a Horn* or not.

Some of the early free jazz players were laughed off the

stand. I once saw a medal with Thomas Jefferson's image on it that was meant to be worn around the neck. I was not the first one to him when he fell. In those days, on the fire escape, he was still improvising on the changes of "Cherokee."

The story was that his horn got filled up with blood. He was eating a Chinese apple and spitting the pits down into the street. There was pandemonium after the shots. They laid him out on a long white table, the horn still around his neck. Reggie, his drummer, and I fell into each other's arms. The woman sat down on the floor and nobody dared go near her. That day I had been to the Museum of Natural History to see the Haida war canoe. I had been going there for years to see it.

Monk's principal contribution, he had told me, was to improvise on the melody: this broke you loose from the chords. In those days jazz and drugs were synonymous, and one night, while he was asleep, I saw my mother examine her arms. When I saw him on the stand, he reminded me of those figures in the canoe.

There is only one picture of us together, a posed studio picture taken on the day of my graduation from grammar school. On it, I was wearing a white carnation. No one knew where his talent came from. He had perfect pitch and time. No one else in our family, as far back as anyone could remember, had ever played a musical instrument.

There was a massive intentness about those figures, because they were not actually alive. I loved the music as much as he did but could never learn to play it. The woman murmured that she loved him. The tape was still going, and I can distinctly hear her say that.

Those canoemen are there yet but I always avoid them. Everyone has had the fantasy, I suppose, of being locked inside a museum at night and seeing things come alive. They gave me his horn and I still have it. Reggie, at first, suggested that it be buried with him, but Topper Collins said no, that you don't bury something like that, that I should have it. It was a Selmer Mark VI tenor. In my hands, of course, it was inert, but that didn't make it any less vital. I used to be fascinated by the bird skins in glass cases at the museum. You could see white cotton where

their eyes had been. My brother's eyes were always bloodshot from the night life.

She wrote my mother a letter that has never been opened. Her voice is the most incisive thing, after his playing, on the tape.

I used to enjoy the painted backdrops to the animal dioramas at the museum; only the glass kept you from touching and verifying that they were not real. The horn hung around his neck like an amulet. If he had thought in those terms he would have said it had a spirit.

She had not yet been born when he peed down from the fire escape. Jazz is the fullest working out yet of the art of digression. As many times as I have seen the Haida canoe I could not describe it to you in accurate detail. A digression of air. I have hundreds of pictures of him playing, all of which I took myself.

I rearrange them each time I look at them. You could arrange a tableau of musicians in a museum, a scene from Birdland, say. One of the Haida wore a headdress representing the raven. My mother snatched him from the fire escape in a hurry and pulled him inside. I wasn't born yet either.

The police came, and then they scrubbed up his blood with steaming water. She was moaning when they touched her. I had never seen her before. Topper Collins had no brother of his own. The canoe and everything in it are authentic; the men are not, but they are real in themselves. He hugged me when my brother brought me to him.

They never moved, although their progress was relentless. I remember when he first started to play the instrument. He began at an older age than he should have. He had never thought about music before and then all of the sudden it became urgent, as if something had descended upon him from out of nowhere. But once he began he became an icon.

The woman never knew who I was. There was once a man who bought up entire Native American villages, and everything he bought is now in a museum, although most of it is in storage and not on display. During his early forays into free jazz my brother could not understand why painters were lauded for producing innovative work while jazz musicians were rejected for it.

The serial number on his horn was 27666. His original horn

was a Conn that he brought home in a black case with purple lining that had something funereal about it to me. "Blow your horn," Reggie exhorted him sometimes during his solos. They were playing "How High the Moon."

The woman never heard a note. She didn't know I was there, didn't know I was his brother. I asked my mother if I could read her letter but she refused. The thought that I can read it when she's dead should seem odd to me but it doesn't. I have sometimes imagined its contents but that wouldn't be the same thing.

There were people in the smoky darkness, like motions rather than figures, that she brushed by while approaching the bandstand. She saw only him as immobile. I was intent on his fingers touching the mother-of-pearl keys. The tape reveals a clink when a bullet grazed the bell of his horn. She stepped out as if she had been in the wall, and fired.

No one ran. We all felt safe. She was finished. You can get as close to that Haida canoe as you want to. You can touch it. Unless you've seen a boat like that in the water you cannot imagine it is lost. I sent her some things in prison. In the hope that she would answer I wrote her a letter. I asked her who she was. In the meantime I played my brother's recordings over and over again.

I heard nothing from her. The recordings pinpointed his exact whereabouts at a particular time. That year he won the Downbeat poll for tenor saxophone, but he was already dead. She must have been startled at first to see his name on a letter. I began it by telling her I was his brother. I imagined the canoe gliding over the killer whale, and the raven flying before it.

I started going to the museum the year he began to study the saxophone. The canoe and everything in it were immured in silence. I never told him about it. The keys were like a string of moons that he touched. One of the things I sent her was the picture of the two of us together.

I told her how much I loved the music but was never able to play it, that my mother had her letter and that I had never seen it, that I remember him practicing the same note over and over again.

My parents resisted when he first told them he wanted to learn to play, but his course was inevitable and they relented. Later on my mother began to believe she could have stopped him, and if she had that he would be alive. She believed it even after I explained to her that there was no connection. The canoe was from the northwest coast. Whoever carved it could not have imagined that I would ever see it.

He was seventeen years old and had only been playing two years when he got his first job, with Jack Teagarden who was taking a band on the road. My mother was away and my father allowed him to go. By the time she came home he was halfway across the country.

I took Topper Collins to the museum because I wanted to show him the canoe even though he couldn't actually see it.

"Did you know this woman?" I once asked him.

"She was around sometimes."

"She says on the tape that she loved him."

"Well, she's in Sing Sing now, and he's gone. If she did or she didn't, doesn't matter."

He touched the canoe with his fingertips, then his palms, and I told him it was filled with people. They had been traveling since before any of us were born, I reasoned.

"The first time we played together it was How High the Moon, and he told me to forget the changes and improvise on the melody, and not necessarily in the same time as the drummer," Topper told me.

He could tell by touch that the canoe was a perfect instrument for movement even though it was standing still. I told him that the people in it were immobile and silent, and blind, too. They had no idea of our presence. They were engaged in a concerted effort to row a boat that would never move.

Once my brother started to study the tenor he had no eyes for anything else. That woman couldn't know, of course, and so she ended something whose beginning had eluded her, and immured herself.

There is a fall in the museum where birds are hung from the ceiling, as if in flight.

"Everyone says that New York ain't the same without him."

He had honed his sound to a dry purity, an incisiveness that bore into a tune as if it were a geode, cracked it and scattered crystals.

"He was sort of blind, too," Topper said. "He was too wrapped up in the music, to where he didn't always know he was with people."

Once a drummer who thought he was too exacting and domineering, and was drunk, pulled a gun on him during a rehearsal. "OK, play it your way then," he told him. It was the only time he ever wavered in his demands but the guy was satisfied and put the gun away. The woman, though, had come at him from a different level, from an area that had nothing to do with music, that he probably just about forgotten about.

Robert Burton in his *The Anatomy of Melancholy* teaches us many strange things but never why he thinks it strange that a man should believe himself dead.

I asked my mother why she didn't just destroy the letter if she didn't want to open it, and she said something to the effect that even though she would never read it, it contained the only justification of his death anyone would ever attempt. Once in a while when he played he would turn his back to the audience.

At his first record session he was so nervous he couldn't play. People who were his idols were there. You walked up to the canoe as if it were something that had to be gotten around, an obstruction in an unlikely place, something so out of place that you had to ignore it, until you realized it was there to be looked at.

He once came close to suggesting while talking to Topper that being blind would have allowed him to concentrate more on the music. He imagined, Topper told me, that he could become music. He did in a sense, all that was left of him were his recordings.

One of the things I wanted to ask the woman was, what she thought of his music. In its own place, where it belonged, that canoe would ride at us, its prow high out of the water, the paddles plunging in unison; Topper said he could hear them singing.

"Why don't you just play, yourself," he told me.

Robert Burton tells us that one cure for a woman who believed she had a snake in her stomach was to show her a snake in her chamber pot.

Today I picked up his horn and blew a few choruses of "How High the Moon." My breath flowed and my fingers touched the keys and everything moved.

I THOUGHT I HEARD BUDDY BOLDEN SAY

Where the fuck are we now? – Jack Sheldon

Posed. Archaistically staged. Unrealistically backlit. Purplish dense drapery revealing an artificially painted backdrop: unknown trees, a lake, canoe and the moon's reflection. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band, something jarring about their repose in this photograph. "Skeleton Jangle," one of the tunes they played. Recorded and you can hear it today. Before that imagine Buddy Bolden. As mad as Blake, maybe. Listening to ghosts' call and response in the Congo Square. Harmolodics, if you could hear. Bolden was a barber by day and held the razor gently to tense skin. Lulu White's Mahogany Hall at night. All shades of skin for display: sweethearts on parade. He rambled till the butcher cut him down. On instruments left over from Civil War army bands. Repose: clamor: and uncharacteristically equivalent silence. Chinese lanterns' reflections on Lake Pontchartrain. Where Leon Rappolo threw his clarinet; it's there yet. With the Carnival. Sidney Bechet later leaning against a car fender. Adolphe Sax tinkering between brass and woodwind to produce what has been called a bastard instrument. Described by some as sounding like a mooring cow. Barnyard was a blues. Moanin. Honky tonk train: the organ still in church. Bolden up and down the town. Play a dirge on the way into the cemetery, a stomp on the way out. Ask who plucked the robin.

There was no slipping and dodging. Faintly calling to the boys as they passed their cribs. Smokestack lightning was already there. Remember, that I was always alone, and that I was always trying to get away from others. I preferred the silver horn to the brass. Henry Red Allen Senior in the uniform of a bandsman; cap like a Pullman porter's, and gold braid over his

shoulder. I was always looking the other way. Riding this way and that. I was on my way to sippin at Bells. Hello Ariel; hello Caliban: I knocked their heads together. To be played at the highest interval of the chord. What you get is "Cherokee" and not "Cherokee." Bunk Johnson's business card read, "Stevedore." We repaired to the White Rose.

The silver tenor was a Pan American. When I met Henry Red Allen Junior he was just plain Henry Red Allen. It was in the Central Plaza, which along with Stuyvesant Casino passed from "Romania, Romania" to "When the Saints Go Marching In." There is a theory that is quite acceptable today, that everything is in fact held together by chaos. Ralph Ellison describes Lester Young arriving in Oklahoma City "Sometime in 1929 . . . with his heavy white sweater, blue stocking cap and up-an-out-thrust silver saxophone." I could not in a million years imagine Lester Young in a blue stocking cap.

Storyville below Canal Street on the outer part. Or Halley Richardson's shoeshine parlor. The Alvin Hotel was already there, but not yet ominous. Further back than I can remember, he thought, further and further back. You could blow funny little things on a comb and tissue paper. Make a guitar out of a cigar box. Those same trees, lake, canoe and the moon's reflection painted on a bass drum. Baby Dodds hitting wood blocks. Who had Buddy Bolden heard? Bechet's chops on "Summertime" or "The Streets of Antibes."

The scars are on the inside. So keep on draggin your red wagon along. Relaxing at Camarillo.

What's your story?

Jammin in a shine chair. 1929 in Oklahoma City. Or in Piney Brown's Sunset Club in Kansas City. Later on Bunk Johnson was resurrected, provided with new teeth and horn and brought to New York. But too early for me to hear him live. Hawkins on "Big Blond" on the Parlophone label in the Jazz Record Corner. The Knitting Factory not yet but I did get to Minton's. I don't know how many times I passed the Alvin Hotel. Pres looking out the window. He must have seen me carrying my horn. A Conn 3M tenor, just like his. Everything began with BAGFED. Lester Young played the silences.

But chaos in this theory has been redefined: if the theory is correct there must be another chaos, one that is unknown. Monk, too, played the silences. What makes your big head so hard? At the Philharmonic.

Advocates of Chaos Theory, and there are many, and more each day, do not understand either what they have done or what they must do. They must fill what used to be chaos with something. Jellyroll Morton's business card read, "The inventor of jazz." Ice-cream Konitz. Lester smooths one. Dexter's cuttin out. Jesse Drakes has disappeared.

In "Moten Swing" the end became the beginning. Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge believed Ornette Coleman to be jiving. He wasn't, of course, but his discoveries have become codified, murdered in their cradle.

On the Alamo. Bolden set the pace. Across the alley from the Alamo. Setting the pace. I stayed until I got close, then left.

First it was a mooing cow, now they say that the saxophone is the closest instrument to the human voice. On Green Dolphin Street with Otto Link. I followed Nicholas and Wendell, and scalped a ticket to the Charlie Parker memorial concert at Carnegie Recital Hall. Gigi Gryce played "Now's the Time." We all stood. That's my hands clappin on that record that they recorded down at Birdland. The purple grotto. Blue Serge. Stripes are really yellow. I can't see imitating anybody. I was lazy, you know. That's your red wagon.

Make a guitar out of a broom handle, broken glass and baling wire. Three miles from Dockery's, Nicholas held out a harmonica and said to me, "We call this a Mississippi saxophone." Bourbon laced with Louisiana hot sauce. Clouds behind the moon. The moon is ghastly white. Where were those clouds from? The flow of a river is determined by chaos. Somewhere there's music.

Who has heard the sorrow songs . . . who has not? What are the seven colors of the seven trances? Pray, master. Pharaoh Sanders insists that he does not play jazz.

Who plucked the red red robin? Years later I came to the Savoy Ballroom and found it a burned out hulk. Copenhagen, Dear Old Stockholm, and Chet Baker falling through the window in Amsterdam. Pee Wee Russell's the saddest face I ever saw.

But, interestingly enough, not the saddest eyes. There was a guy sitting on a chair in the street outside the Savoy and he asked me did I want to go inside. Chick Webb's cutting every band that came there. Roy Eldridge felt his neck tighten and heard himself scream.

There's a picture of Louis Armstrong with a slide trumpet, though it's well known he never played one. Dizzy Gillespie bent his trumpet so he could hear it better. Cecil Scott offered to teach me solfeggio. Rivers are important, rivers are always important; highways are second, you know.

I'm a saxophone player so I know what he's doing.

One night, Cecil Scott was falling-down drunk so Jimmy McPartland asked me to sit in on clarinet for him: I played with McPartland, Willie The Lion Smith, Pops Foster, Vic Dickinson and Sonny Greer. Scott walked with a limp that he got jumping out a window. Big T. Little T. To let the world know I'm really free. I'm giving you the keys to the kingdom.

Cow Cow Davenport and Davenport, Iowa, are both significant but there is no connection between them. Unless you argue a connection between "Cow Cow Boogie" and "In a Mist." Belie the day with musician's light. In a rowboat on the river far from De Soto's bones. Learning how to play by listening to the riverboat cornetists. There are different versions of Buddy Bolden's death.

Charley Patton either died of a heart attack or was stabbed to death. Come along with me. Myths, legends or a god's disdain. To tell the truth you must first run the changes. Frank Teschemacher falling from the car driven by Wild Bill Davison.

I've. Moonlit waters will sing. With the band that plays the blues. Hear? Gospel music is written in eighths.

Three brothers: Wendell on tenor, Nicholas on alto and me on baritone. Where is the fourth? It is possible, on saxophone, to take a note and play it in two different positions: Rahsaan Roland Kirk called that "squeeze saxophone." He credited Lester Young with originating it. Kirk played two saxophones simultaneously. Without chaos, it seems, there would be no snowflakes.

From any of the front windows in the Alvin Hotel it is possible to see Birdland. Which can no longer be seen. My hands

clappin. Come along. Don't cry. With me. For me. Four brothers. Without chaos there would be no ripples in a stream. No moonlight in Vermont. Breath formed to the shape of a tube.

Now all is gone. Without chaos there would be no you, no me. Since Parker's death there has been a search for his successor, similar to the search for the reincarnated Dalai Lama. I have heard him playing in the 34th Street subway station; a kid who has gone one step past Parker and two past Ornette Coleman. No one else hears him. A Love Supreme. Confirmation. Jazz Vespers. Chaos is, after all, order.

The original four brothers: Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Serge Chaloff and Herbie Stewart. I've forgotten the order of solos. I remember Zoot's last suit. Blues in the closet; no zoot suit. Zoot's east of the sun and west of the moon. What song did the sirens sing and what was whispered to Mal Waldron one night in the Five Spot?

Your soul can escape through your mouth.

Blues in three. One night I saw Nicholas/Wendell standing outside my window, two ghosts in one. "Lullaby of Birdland" closed each set. Our lips closed around a mouthpiece. Reeds cut from old Pan's pipes. In Jazzbo Collin's version of "The Three Little Pigs" one pig built himself a real purple-like shack out of clarinet reeds and scotch tape.

One is the dead and one the unborn. I waited for you. Miles away. To hear the birth of the cool.

Sonny Rollins practiced at night on the Williamsburg Bridge because a pregnant woman lived in his building and he feared the effect of his playing on her unborn child.

Repetition was only once. I'll play it now and tell you what it is later. Later. Like later. Later. Ain't got time to shake your hand. I held a reed in my mouth to wet it, then guided it onto the mouthpiece and tightened the ligature. Flow gently sweet Afton until I end my song.

Cutting contest: during one night that lasted twenty-four hours three gods—Bean, Pres and Frog—battled to be born. On an unbroken spinet. He heard telegraph wires harping in the wind. The reason is, that chaos either is order or it is nothing. He was interested in my remarks, particularly on Satie and Vivaldi, and

invited me to visit him later at Birdland to discuss them further but when I got there later that night he claimed not to know me. One by one, possibly in the order of their solos, the four brothers died. To let the world know I'm really free. At the plugged nickel.

Live. At the plugged nickel. Coleman Hawkins, his shirttail hanging out, driving his Packard all night from Kansas City to Detroit following a cutting contest with Ben Webster and Lester Young. Just as well could have been Kansa City, or Kanzas City, or Konzas City.

Chaos happens out of nowhere, and one butterfly's wings can change the weather. On his last recording date Bix Beiderbecke was heard talking to his horn; on his world's last day the janitor heard him scream; the woman he was to marry didn't know who he was. Lester does something like that. Hear?

The legend is that he heard a note that didn't exist and went mad trying to play it. Just you just me. Dizzy screamed salt peanuts remembering salt in the wounds. Bill Coss had it all wrong when he wrote that Bird was blowing Dizzy off his back for being a clown.

Henry Red Allen, foot up on the rail at the Copper Rail; Wendell's glass touched his and we drank. Meet me at Jim and Andy's. Andy was the cat. Remember also, that I was mute for longer than Rip Van Winkle's sleep. I'm just a guy who stopped to buy you something cool.

Clap hands. In those days I marched in the second line. The kazoo was my ax. On the other hand, chaos itself is incomprehensible. What's known as the sublime. Nicholas/Wendell was/were. I remember Clifford. Confirmation over and over again.

Mixed cornet chop suey with clarinet marmalade. Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch chain. I kicked up my heels and threw dust in Faust's eyes. Flying home. I had tenor madness. Flying tenormen on David Stone Martin's album cover. Perdido. The quills my ax too.

Without chaos stars would not fall on Alabama. Because the name of the song is Perdido. On an unbroken spinet or insalivated clarinet: Perdido . . . the name of the song is . . . Let me pull your coat to the name of the song.

Wardell, blue gray, broke his neck and couldn't play, southside. Doc Cheatham followed King Oliver down a street in New Orleans. Oliver turned and handed him a mute that Cheatham has used to this day, seventy years after. Fifty years after the Original Dixieland Jazz Band made the first ever jazz recording I heard one of its members, Tony Spargo, play the kazoo and drums at Central Plaza.

Here comes that little white kid with his horn. Brew Moore falling down the stairs. Every motion is regulated by chaos. Rest. Nicholas, Wendell and I on an empty stage at Massey Hall. With a medicine show or one of the Territory bands. I ran the changes on "Indiana" in Nicholas/Wendell's car one night. Put it in your pocket till I get back.

Back home again. Stan Getz on "Indian Summer," "Long Island Sound." There are two ladies in red; no one knows who they are. I used a bass clarinet reed on the tenor. I had the habit but I didn't have the makings. Nicholas, Wendell, a lady in black, the song is you.

"Well, James Moody, you can come in and blow now if you want to; we're through."

HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE

Twinkle twinkle little star, the child played that on the piano. He was beginning a repertoire of songs that would carry him through this world. His mother was already dead. He understood death perfectly. He had perfect pitch and had taught himself to play this song.

His mother hummed the tune in his ear. She sat on his shoulder. She had hanged herself not too long ago. His father grasped her legs and lifted her until the rope was relaxed and bowed but she was already dead. On that day he freed her parakeet, understanding as much as he did. The bird flew from the window to the branch of a bare apple tree and sat there like a large green bud, like something wrong grafted there.

His aunt had arrived to take care of him. She attempted to recapture the parakeet but had to content herself with sprinkling birdseed under the tree, so at least, she thought, it won't starve. It would die of frost one night, like any bud, but until then never left the vicinity of the tree. His fingers pressed the hard smooth keys unerringly. She encouraged him to play, even when at the beginning it prevented her from sleeping. His father slept like the dead.

The apple tree, in autumn, was enhanced for a while by that bird. Later it would become a canopy of blossoms. Years later he would learn "Smokestack Lightning" by picking it out by ear. She picked up the dead bird with a dustpan.

A little girl in the next house watched from her window while holding a kitten and licking a lollipop. She had come to expect the parakeet to be there and associated this woman with its absence. "How I wonder what you are." She knew the words to the song and sang them while he played. His mother had sung him to sleep with it.

Why they had the piano no one knew because no one played it before he did. It had sounded only when his mother dusted the keys. When he learned a new tune the little girl knew the words to that one too. Her face in the window as pale as one of the apple blossoms.

His father held her legs and imagined he was screaming but the sound rattled around his throat, more like a chortling; the child thought he was gargling. His mother's hair hung down over her face so that he thought he was seeing the back of her head and when her face appeared he shrieked, believing her head was on backwards. His father's voice broke free then and they screamed in unison.

Since then he experienced musical notes as colors. All other sounds became irrelevant to him; they all peeled off in shrieks. His aunt was alarmed but his father relieved, that he hardly spoke. The girl's voice resonated in silvery tones that would cause you to shiver. The parakeet, before it died, was confused by the birdsong around it.

A train whistle, that he had heard all his life, astonished him now. His mother used to awake in the middle of the night and wander through the house. During the days before her suicide she had given up sleep altogether. He used to listen to her footsteps at night, her opening and closing doors, opening and closing drawers, and wonder what she was searching for. Occasionally she would come into his room and stand and look at him while he pretended to be asleep. The little girl sat at the window and held a daisy beside her face.

When the parakeet died his aunt felt him watch her while she buried it. She wondered what connection he made between it and his mother. He felt his mother's lips touch his face one night when she thought he was sleeping. His father whispered to his aunt that several nights before her suicide he had seen her holding a knife and staring at it, as if it could speak or change its shape, and felt that he had missed his opportunity then to save her. The little girl knew that his mother was dead. She had put bread crumbs out on her windowsill for the parakeet but only the sparrows came for them.

His fingers became fluid and flowed into the piano keys. He felt time as securely as a clock and could split a note into microseconds or draw it out as long as the seasons. The little girl's voice wrapped around his tones or shuttled in and out of them. His father ignored it but his aunt wondered about their rapport. Her time and her ear were equal to his. The daisies were everywhere, like millions of pinwheels waiting for the wind, except in the spot where the parakeet was buried.

His aunt looked in on him at night. She knew that he had begun to walk around when he should have been asleep, but could never catch him at it. He looked across at the little girl's face in the window. She had plaited a tiara of daisies and placed it on her head where it seemed to him like wax in the moonlight. She would sing "The World is Waiting for The Sunrise," one day, slipping in and out of his accompaniment like water in a stream rollicking past the rocks. Her kitten crouched in wait for the sparrows, pawing at the glass between them. His aunt had tamped down the grave, level, so, she hoped, it would not remind him of his mother's.

He began to arrange his toy soldiers on the floor and pretend that they were an orchestra, and heard them while he played the piano. He conceived the fusion of sixteen instruments and a human voice arcing above it. His father had tried to coax a sound from his mother's throat and had blown into her mouth, but his own breath was swallowed in nothingness. The child had seen him do that and he wondered if he thought that that was all he tried to do. It was a relief to his aunt the following spring when grass returned to the parakeet's grave, so that even she forgot where it was.

For a long time after, the child refrained from crying. His aunt was concerned about that. She believed, as many do, that crying is a necessary outlet for grief that would otherwise be bottled up. His father continued to cry, though, long after it would have been considered appropriate. Years later the child would cry listening to Walden Blue, who was dying of cancer, play tenor for the last time.

The little girl would sing "Over the Rainbow" on a record date with Blue at that time, and while he played they would see

he was in pain. The child was playing now to be there on that day. His mother had seen time spiral behind her, form knots and loops that tangled inchoately. His aunt was concerned that his father would blame himself for her death.

It was not possible to understand why anyone would commit suicide. She used to wonder at the shape and color of the parakeet but the child knew that for some time before her death she neither heard nor saw it, and at the end had stopped feeding it. The cat leapt up and flicked at the glass, and as time went by was the only one who knew where the parakeet was buried.

His aunt understood that the child was a gifted musician. She was musical herself and concluded that his talent came from her side of the family. His father scarcely heard him playing. He had held open her mouth with his but everything inside her throat was silent. The piano sound came from behind that silence, probed for a way through it, like the kitten did at the window where the birds were outside.

The girl thought of her mother, and her presence was vivid to her while she sang. She attempted to but couldn't conceive of the absence of her mother. She would remember years later that though they shared a grief in the loss of Blue the child's was much less bewildered.

The father's grief was complete. He shared something with the dead mother he didn't dare recall. Somewhere in the time of their life together was the moment that made her death logical. I always wanted a piano, she had told him. It seemed pointless to him to own one if neither of them could play it. But he responded to her insistence, and assumed that once they had it she would begin to learn how to play. She never touched it except when dusting. He wondered if he should have encouraged her to learn; but why, she could if she wanted to, what was the need?

She had bought the parakeet on her own, and it was there when he came home one day. Imagine the size of its heart, she said when he asked her why she had bought it. The child was beginning to see the structure of the songs that he played to the point that he would soon be composing new ones. The little girl was already imagining the lyrics. He knew that his mother had repented of buying the parakeet because it had to be kept in a

cage.

The child discovered that a song did not have to be confined to one tempo, that he could switch time as he pleased. His father had discovered a similar truth in regard to his life and was beginning to follow the progression of his wife who was dead. If he listened to the child's playing at all he was able to imagine it was she. There was a sense in that. He had missed something that she had noticed and it was a question of time before he was aware of what that was.

His aunt knew the standard doctrine on suicide's effects and worried that his father was blaming himself. Guilt was in fact a decisive factor. Something had been overlooked. Had it not been all would have gone well. Even after the bird was gone he refused to allow her to remove the cage. It hung like a desiccated beehive. Empty, it had once held something secret. The child began to hate it. His father loved it for the secret he believed it still held. The little girl had never seen it. She had only known the parakeet during its brief time in the apple tree.

The parakeet's slender white bones were held in suspension under the ground. His mother's too. Blue's breath was on a record and so the child played "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" to reach it. Its feathers had fallen away, but they too were held compacted around nothing.

The girl sang sweetly and dust moved ever so slightly around her lips. Her breath showed on the windowpane, refracted light and faded. Her eyes were half distracted and half immersed in blossoms.

At first his father was startled by the sounding piano keys. The little girl imagined that she had been expecting it, and began to sing when she heard it. The child saw green and blue while he played and his mother watching the parakeet. Her body pulled down on the rope and locked her breath inside. Blue blew his out through a horn.

His mother had found a narrow space and forced it wider; he was holding it closed, until Blue nudged him aside. His touch went from percussive to melodic. His aunt became accustomed to his silence. He was already listening for Blue and the little girl and had learned all of the songs of their last recording. The parakeet's

body casketed a germinating seed whose root would soon burst it. She sang "The Nearness of You" intuitively with a baleful timbre that startled his aunt when she later heard it.

Time was a thinning membrane separating them. It held the upper end of the rope and his father knew it for what it was. His mother could never quite explain why she wanted the piano.

The day it came she felt confronted by it. It was strange and familiar, common and mysterious, like the appearance of a long missing relative. The child was not yet born, and any interest that she might have had in it was superseded by his eventual birth. She had no idea that anyone would ever play it.

The little girl heard it on the first day that "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" crystallized from the silence where it had been held in suspension.

He imagined many different ways to play the same song. A tone is the figure and silence the ground, and he knew they could be reversed. His aunt was puzzled but his father was soothed by what seemed like a mirror image of a song. The little girl heard it as a stencil, the notes excised out of the intervals. Something that Blue had been tending toward for some time, and that astonished them both when they met. His mother was an afterimage that he could see whenever he closed his eyes. She swayed like a heavy fruit bearing down on its stem. By following the absences his father tried to encounter a different time.

His aunt heard in what he played a landscape in which the sky is as massive as a mountain and the mountain as airy as the sky, and couldn't reconcile it with her notion of harmony. The little girl sang it easily.

"My mother committed suicide. My mother killed herself. My mother committed killed herself suicide." He spoke it to Blue in the form of a little lick that he had once heard him play. By that time everyone knew that Blue was dying and would not be here anymore. She sang between the faceted crystals of sound that his piano sheared off and the sinuous glide of Blue's tenor. The child reached for his father's shrieks and they flew around inside him like caged birds.

THE AMERICAN SONG BOOK

When you make the two into one, I have lived long enough to see neighborhoods change, drastically, so that each time I return I remember nothing though I know that something of myself remains in each of them. and when you make the outer and the outer like the inner, Shadow stripes of the El's crossties partition the street through which I walk incessantly from then to now to then. Washington Irving wrote of Philip of Pokanoket that he ". . . lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land . . ." and the upper like the lower, Who is there to mourn for Logan? – Not one. The Bhagavad Gita tells us that wise men do not mourn for the dead or for the living, and Moon River that we're after the same rainbow's end. When the Aesir did try to speak, weeping came first so that no one could tell the other his grief in words. Walking. Away from my death. His grief in words. We are children of the Wisdom of death – this is the little Wisdom. Each step cannot be seen the cave of the winds is here its fleece was white as snow there was no grass do you know anymore or not get out of here with that dum da dum and don't come back again. and the upper like the lower, I have seen numerous black squirrels in the Bronx, several in Manhattan, but only one in Queens. Snap crackle and pop. Shuffle me double trouble or hoe corn and dig potatoes. I chronicle the problem of Mother Goose, occasionally pausing to comment on Moon Dog whom I used to see in robe and sandals playing his music on the corner of 6th Avenue and West 50th Street midway between Radio City Music Hall and Joe Allard's saxophone studio. and when you make male and female into a single one, Time must have as many dimensions as space whose strings emit tones, subtones and overtones. In an illustration depicting the music of the spheres a gigantic hand issues from the clouds and tunes a violin. The silliest thing I ever

did is when I posed in my winding sheet. so that the male will not be male nor the female female, Scientists find the beginning of morality in primate behavior. Ask me now. Thomas Jefferson thought it probable that mammoths still existed in remote northern regions of North America. What could have prevented it? when you make eyes in place of an eye, Cotton Mather would show us the graves of our dead fathers. The wolf Fenrir swallowed the sun and the cow jumped over the moon. a hand in place of a hand, and give up the world for a dream. Canarsie in those days was almost rural. There were blocks of empty lots grazed by goats; people believed the goats ate tin cans: one of the more singular vagaries of human credulity. a foot in place of a foot, I know who you are; you are from the world of Barbelo. Whose goats they were no one knew. Some people raised rabbits in their backyards and pigeons on their roofs. We lived not far from one of the largest garbage dumps in the world. Hills of garbage like foothills, white as snow from a distance with the seagulls that covered them. An image in place of an image, then you will enter [the kingdom]. Balder was killed by the mistletoe, and because there are 12 months in the year there were people for whom 13 was a lucky number. In those days there were people in Canarsie near where Kennedy Airport now is who lived on the bay in shacks built over the water on posts; squatters, they lived off the land, in Brooklyn, crabbing, clamming and trapping muskrats. Which reminds me, there is actually, today, a beaver living in the Bronx River. From the instinctive thoughts of the human mind. I can be certain only of what I have forgotten. Present times will be soon past and folly and madness will always be with us. A time will come when the sun will give birth to a daughter, Sophia will burst forth from her chains and the universe will have a new creation. I am fulfilled with the expanse of my heart. Goin' downtown to meet a man . . . take my hand. My mother often took me to the Loews Pitkin, one of the then fabulous movie palaces. A common phrase in those days was, "This is where we came in." The dance of the infidels. A man may retrace his steps and return to his former state. Thomas Paine protests that he will not be damned because Adam and Eve ate an apple but neglects to tell us to what cause of damnation he would submit. Put all

your cares away. Once in Canarsie, at the base of the garbage hills I came upon a dead chimpanzee in a burlap sack. Every once in a while, when the world is too much with me, I wonder how that chimpanzee died and how it got to Canarsie. We passed the squatters' shacks on our way to Coney Island. The dish ran away with the spoon. Thomas Paine and all of his age of reason could not convince anyone that Moses could not have written the biblical books attributed to him because if he did he would have had to describe his own death. They'll cut up a piece of felt, or something, hang it from the ceiling or throw it on the floor and call it, "The Morning of the Night I Died." You can kill a pigeon by squeezing it underneath its wings. That's something, believe it or not, I learned from the Northwest School of Taxidermy. I have just now read that Andy Warhol and Jamie Wyeth shared an interest in taxidermy, but I'm getting way ahead of myself. Each step coalesces one with the other wonderful feeling wonderful day. During all the years I've lived in New York I have never seen a bluebird which is its state bird. I did see a Christmas tree once trimmed entirely with blue lights. Hand me that jug, boy. When Stan Getz was asked if he had learned anything playing with Jack Teagarden he answered that Jack taught him to bend his elbow. Teagarden was from Oklahoma, and part Cherokee Indian. He was probably the greatest blues/swing trombone player ever. Origen tells us that, "A fall does not therefore involve utter ruin, but a man may retrace his steps and return to his former state and once more set his mind on that which through negligence had slipped from his grasp." A sequence of facts. In Iceland Columbus saw the bodies of two "Asians" that had drifted there in a canoe and from that concluded that Cathay was not far to the west. Now, someone has written a book to "prove" that America was first discovered by a ship from China. Hart Crane saw Brooklyn Bridge, but that was not enough. Once in a while I waited for you by starlight. In my heart. It was no wonder to me that a tree grows in Brooklyn, I saw many there. From the east sails a ship. What may be the number or measure of these worlds? He's wearing the hitters on his watchchain. I confess I do not know. Hello, hello, hello sir, meet me at the grocer. Baa, baa black sheep have you any wool? Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full.

But I would willingly learn if any man can show me. Origen determined that although the world and all of its events were created over and over again they could never be created in precisely the same way twice. The world was not created by God, who is spirit, but by a lesser diety who is evil and foolish. I wonder if there were during the Aurignacian and Magdalenian periods critics who determined what form of art was proper to adorn the cave walls, leaving the majority of artists nowhere to show their work, which therefore remains unknown to us. Or is there somewhere undiscovered a cave of the refusés. Has anyone ever explained where the original matter of the universe came from? Aren't we stuck on the same problem of substance as the Greeks were? You have your gods, these are ours. It's a make-believe ballroom time. And later Al Jazzbo Collins in the purple grotto. The earliest preserved human footprints have been discovered. During the time it takes mud to turn to stone. After 1,600 years of existence it took the Gospel of Judas barely five years to practically disintegrate. Eating her curds and whey: euphonious food. To be sure, but I have always lacked the curiosity to find out exactly what that was. Didn't you say before that everyone will go on living forever in some world or other? I have been assured that the shackles must be removed one by one. It remains to inquire whether or not when Christ was a man he had a human soul and if he did and the soul is immortal where is that soul now and what is it doing. Everything is in a windless place and all beings awake. I stood on the street where I had lived those many years ago and tried to remember something that would tell me what direction to take; although the moment when that had been actually determined eluded me I knew that it must still be there. At Coney Island I placidly sat with pail and shovel digging in the sand. An interlocking world of simultaneous repetition. From beginning to end can be approached from anywhere. After all, Thomas Wolfe said that only the dead know Brooklyn. With my boy Sid in the city. Jumpin. President of the DJ committee. An old brick wall. There is no longer anything rough or unfinished. Only indifferent unreality. Which have no actual existence. So the terms rhythmic and unrhythmic are purely conventional. "You have far to go, and will meet with many

difficulties, but I wish you to go on." In all those old romantic places. The Savage 300 was a lever action rifle that I never held but longed for. It could bring down the largest big game in North America. My hand had somehow been formed for it. But I had handled nothing more lethal than a stickball bat whacking away at a Spaldeen. A lighter caliber rifle than the Savage was the Winchester 94 and one that I admired even more. Above, below, where'er the astonished eye turns to behold, a new opening wonders lie. The Cyclone, the Ferris Wheel, and the Parachute Jump like a denuded Tiffany lamp. The huge Joker face looming over Luna Park. Above ocean, beach and boardwalk. Like spiders on their strands descending "jumpers" dangling from the Parachute Jump. In 1840 the hotdog was invented in Coney Island. By the sea. Oh, you oughtta see my baby and me. Some forty years later, Gall, the purported killer of Custer, signed autographs at Coney Island. Dozens of condoms under the boardwalk, cool and damp. The cops who were there to protect him lifted Abe "Kid Twist" Reles and threw him out of the window of the Halfmoon Hotel. Whoever says that angels can become demons and demons can become angels let his name be anathema. Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates is the first book I remember reading. Borrowed from the Arlington Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library near Highland Park. Arlington National Cemetery was once a plantation belonging to George Washington. Washington's great granddaughter, Mary Custis, while married to Robert E. Lee lived there and painted a watercolor of a child slave and called her Topsy in honor of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and gave the painting to J.E.B. Stuart. Highland Park was a boundary between Brooklyn and Queens. Queens was to me at the time a mythical place. When I was eleven years old we moved there. An accumulation of old neighborhoods begins. Whoever says that the sun, moon and stars have souls, let him be anathema. A shadow and pattern of the heavenly things. The bitch, with the fattest aaass in the world. Break dancers in the West 34th Street subway station. Daffodils and pigeons in Horace Greeley Park, a light rain falling. Giorgi on my mind. Vincent van Gogh was a very strong willed person and a very manipulative person. It's time we stopped shedding crocodile tears for Vincent. That he sliced off

his ear is his own business; he was not driven to it by an ignorant uncaring society. Even his suicide was calculated, part of a scheme. He did understand, I'll say this for him, that the condition of life is defeat. Alfred Sisley is the artist we should mourn for. Logan's entire family was murdered. During that time Canarsie was a favorite dumping ground for Murder Incorporated. We frequently ate in those days in Ratner's or Rapoport's. Can anyone imagine a spiritual substance or an incorporeal body? None, I think. And yet very important decisions are made based on the fact that most people think that they can. Energy might be such a thing but I can't imagine it. No one has ever imagined they have seen it. Even a rainbow is corporeal. For instance, I go around loving you. Is it my eye that offends me? Can this be magic? Hello, I'm on the train, the Long Island Railroad – hello, hello, sir, meet me at the grocer . . . yes, sir, no, sir, three bags full – hello, hello, hello. I will compare van Gogh only to Socrates. There are lives that resonate like catgut and no one knows why a Stradivaris sounds better than other violins. There is energy in a rubberband. "Whamo" – the name of a slingshot that was considered a legitimate hunting weapon. My father bought me one. I walked until I came to what is incomplete. This, however, should be noted, that s substance never exists without quality. I see you're tappin your foot. In those days my idol was Billy Olsen: Shazam. There are people, we know, who feel no emotions; but consider that, there are others who can attribute no emotions to others, who live in a world of show window display mannequins. Which is better only God knows. A sequence of facts or looney tunes and merry melodies viewed on a moviola. If I offer you a rose you will not scorn *its* creator. The child-god rides on a goose. A dog will chase after a train as if with some great purpose in mind, only to, when the train stops, piss on it. Artie Shaw thought that that was the trouble with Cinderella. In all those old familiar places. Zydeco is the result of Carribean, African, Acadian and Italian influences on French dances. Add English, American, Spanish and Amerindian, and now you has jazz. If you don't tap your feet you're not really listening. A rose must remain. In Canarsie it was rumored there was quicksand in the Jamaica Bay marshes where I used to spend much of my

time, and my mother wouldn't have allowed me to go there. We'll play Dixieland any ol' how. Magnolias. Scent of. Sweet and fresh. In the flatlands, near Canarsie proper, Murder, Inc. used to burn their victims. That's how when I first heard Billie Holiday sing Strange Fruit I experienced rather than just heard her sing of the sudden smell of burning flesh. You don't know what love it. I was, during most of that time, busy catching grasshoppers. The Kodiak bear was the largest big game animal in America. If it weren't for the heaven that encloses the sphere of this world the wolf Fenrir's jaws would open even wider. The walls of my room were adorned with Mother Goose characters, including the old mother herself. Even at night when it was dark I could see them. I can still hear the cowbells of the junk man's horse-drawn wagon. I to this day, have a fear of the dark. But have always loved the night. "In gold lace veils of evening beautiful." Those who see only the literal and never the figurative or spiritual meaning will never learn the wisdom of these mysteries. Ancient Alexandria has been found, beneath the present city and under the water of its harbor. The morning is cold but not so cold as the waters of the Seine. I notice that my handwriting keeps changing, is never the same. Is there any such thing as a kaleidoscope anymore? I'll be seeing you. It don't mean a thing - what? - if it ain't got that swing. To be sung to the tune of The Red Rose and the Briar. Who was it gave birth to the cool? It was Bix and Tram on Singin the Blues. Carp, whitefish, pike and catfish. Actually Thomas Paine's attack on the veracity of the Bible, his common sense appeal to reason and critical analysis of the text was successfully countered 2000 years ago by the Jew Philo and the Christian, Origen. And Moses Maimonides wrote his Guide for the Perplexed a thousand years later to alleviate the consternation of Aristotlian Jews faced with an irrational Old Testament. From Moses to Moses there has been no one like Moses. That this heart of mine embraces. Using wire coat hangers, in Brooklyn, you could fish Spaldeens from the sewers. From Mother Goose to Hans Christian Anderson and the brothers Grimm was a logical step. Moses Maimonides made it possible to believe Aristotle and the Bible too; Aquinas went much further, he made it impossible to believe the Bible without Aristotle. It's more than likely that our lives have been chalk

drawings on a sidewalk rubbed out each day by rain and wind and footsteps and replaced each day by a maniac. I admit I don't know how the yodel got into American music. The hands of idols are still cut separately and soldered on. I think I have proved enough as to false and true diety. I proceed. Touch them and they are ashes. An advertising sign on a bus in Manhattan: Yoga in your mouth. Before I could register what they were selling the bus was gone. Life's distinctive, fulfilling, moments are lost because of a distracted thought (which are cumulative enough to form something substantive in itself). Thomas Wolfe was infatuated with faces seen in passing trains. Look, it's all very simple: there is a booth sixty feet six inches long at the end of which in its rear partition there is a hole. The clown puts his head through the hole and we are given the opportunity to throw baseballs at it. If we hit him we are given a teddy bear or Kewpie doll. What could be more appropriate? Courbet understood, and depicted the origin of the universe. I notice that the new favorite word of art is "recombinant." I know that you think it silly of me to mention that but give it some thought, please. How interesting that the proper use of this word is in genetics. How much of your life turns out to be just tailings. So we go back to the places where we used to live much like we gather the limbs of Osiris. There is a sentence that is supposed to go here but unfortunately, when I came to type it I could not read my handwriting and so it is lost. Nostalgia has been greatly disparaged but it takes second place only to solipsism in the formation of the world as we know it. We can also revisit lost love. Not to mention Romanticism. And history, no matter how horrifying, is pleasant, because we are not forced to make any choices. No one can any longer be responsible. Wrong choices ruined Eden forever. And how often did Adam and Eve look back on it with nostalgia, yearning to relive the past? Everything between the Fall and the New Jerusalem is unnecessary. I got a ticket to ride. The ontological argument is all we need to know. One of the neighborhoods I used to live in was destroyed to make way for the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, long before reclamation archeology was dreamed of. The supreme form of nostalgia is the longing for what you never experienced. "Facture" has long been a favorite

word of the art critic; it conveys a sense of what cannot be expressed. Time on my hands. I discovered a dum da dum right before my eyes. Someone has been murdered. A detective arrives. After many false leads, and meanderings some of them dangerous, the murderer is found. The case is solved. Thomas Paine insisted that he believed in God, but that the proof of His existence was in His works. I protest that that cannot be the religion of a philosopher. The lamb was sure to go. And may God hold you in the hollow of his hand. Larry Rivers wrote an unauthorized autobiography: if fortune favors me I will do as much. Thomas Mann wrote the story of a novel. In San Francisco Allen Ginsberg took my picture, looking in at a store window, behind Neal Cassady and two women. I had just come up from the San Joaquin Valley where I had been picking plums. My saxophone mouthpiece in my pocket. From there I went to Los Angeles where I rented a horn, then to Hermosa Beach where I sat in at the Lighthouse. The first tune called was Donna Lee. There was a fishing boat in Montauk, NY, named Donna Lee. I had a girl, Donna was her name. In an Italian bakery on Pitkin Avenue in East New York, Brooklyn, owned by the family of a friend of my brother's pizza was introduced to America. Aesop and Uncle Remus were both slaves and both created talking animals. Wise men fish here. The yogin of controlled thought. Harry Cotler's Shirts. When Times Square was the boulevard of broken movies. Even though it is in a windless place my lamp is flickering. Can somebody . . . please help me . . . get something to eat? He told me that he had in his pocket the pearl of great price but was permitted to show it only to one whose arrival was still expected. We were in the Kettle of Fish, which had Sonny Rollins' St. Thomas on the juke box and I asked him how he could be sure he had not already encountered that one. His face, I think, was revealed to me in a dream, he said. If he was right, I know, he could never die. Chicken shacks, cab stands and shine parlors were important places. Struttin with some barbeque. My grandparents lived in a basement apartment in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, next to the schul and I used to go out in the backyard and watch through dusty windows the old men wrapped in their prayer shawls, as tightly as Swift in his winding sheet or

Polyneices in his burning flesh, rocking back and forth, their lips moving like feeding fish, davening. What more does God want? One day I found a box tortoise in the yard. I cried for you. There is a difference between common and mysterious fire. Crepe paper. Crinkled curtains. Gypsy. In an old issue of *Boy's Life* there are instructions on how to make Ojibway moccasins. Somewhere along the way. In answer to a former question, I have just now learned that in 1839 Swiss singing group the Tyrolese Rainer Family toured the United States. Their Alpine harmonies and yodeling inspired the formation of like-minded singing groups in rural America. 1876: professional baseball, and the General he don't ride well anymore. Dark reflections on the street of mimosa tree yards. I have searched endlessly to replace the copy I once had of *Alaska's Animals and Fish* by Frank Dufresne. When the wind blows the cradle will fall. Endlessly. The yodeling brakeman, the singing cowboy and moonlight on the Ganges. There is today no baseball card more valuable than the Rogers Hornsby. Whoever says that painting does not consist of the solving of formal problems, let his name be anathema. Compare Grandma Moses, Norman Rockwell and Winslow Homer. It might appear to the casual reader that Frederick Remington and Charles Russell should have been included. The point being made is much more subtle than that. Nostalgia is the reverberation in the present of what was barely noticed in the past. What I mean by that is that resonance has more force than reality. Moonlight on Macdougall Street. That our national anthem is sing to the melody of a British song is clearly the key to understanding American music. Hide and seek. Driftwood is retrieved from the ocean in Winslow Homer's final painting. In those days I hung out mainly in the San Remo, sometimes in Minetta's or Kettle of Fish. I'll be looking at the moon. And so it's clear that the reign of Pope Clement Greenberg has ended. In Brooklyn, far away from North Dakota, I learned to draw by copying Frederick Remington's illustrations in *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*. I assume that there are only a handful of people today who know who Charles Rungius was. Sometimes I'm happy. I remember my first funeral, whiskey and cake on a car fender. In New Orleans the bird flees to the mountain. Real places never are. The lamb was sure to go.

According to John Dos Passos, Teddy Roosevelt shot a Cuban in the ass. Take me home. In the Catskill Mountains, where we went during the summer, I first saw the American woods, when I was three years old. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks. Tertullian believed that Socrates was rightfully condemned. Animals in the clouds and snow white hills. The Canada goose once a symbol of the wilderness is now a suburban pest. But to see them fly and hear them honk still wrenches from me the old longing that lies buried in my breast. The Northwest School of Taxidermy was a school by mail, each month they sent an instructional booklet, the first taught you how to stuff a robin, the last a bear (with everything else in between). The first booklet recommended a pigeon to those who could not find a dead robin and that you could most easily kill the pigeon by squeezing it under the wings. I got every booklet and became a mental expert on mounting (the word they preferred to stuffing) every animal in the world but never got started because I could not imagine squeezing a pigeon to death (What mute inglorious Milton?). When you wish. There is nothing more important to art criticism than art forgery. I learned to draw animals by copying the mounted ones in the American Museum of Natural History. When the red red robin. Zip de di do da. MFA programs in the visual arts teach students to be "deskilled," with the purpose of teaching them how to handle the career aspects of being artists. Tertullian would have you "Reflect what you were before you were *you*." In the crucible of time or the chamber pot if I read him correctly. According to my files. Can be read as a series of cantilevered contours. Somewhere over the rainbow white cliffs of Dover my heart has wings. Zing go the strings. There were in Jewish cemeteries in those days professional mourners, men who understood the value and use of tradition. Now how many hairs would have to be split to determine if they were elitists or ethnic subjectivists? Hitchhiking outside of Portola I was picked up by a guy who fell asleep at the wheel, I fell asleep as well, and the car went ass over teakettle. A week before that I fell asleep in an Iowa cornfield and dreamt of the Malverne Hills. A certain amount of immediacy is necessary. I have just, at this very moment, pulled a plug out of a socket by grasping the wire, something I

have told all my life not to do. Once in a while. Under the boardwalk. I think that some do there embrace. He sold his shoes for a bottle of booze. I did sell my shoes once, on Mission Street, in San Francisco, actually I traded them for a pair of beat up, broken down, old Acme cowboy boots. It is necessary to understand that the teddy bear is an American icon, as numinous as any santo. In vacant Bronx lots there are the remains of sacrificed chickens. Dream books will give you the winning numbers and swallows winter at the bottom of lakes. Gathered from a dead man's garden. "I got the blues and I don't know how to lose them," read without reference to the song's music that lyric becomes banal and forgettable. There are some who think that hand and facial gestures preceded speech. They point out that chimpanzees and bonobos use hand communicative gestures. This proof, involving a progressive evolution of skills, is really archaic and therefore suspect. The more I try to recapture the past the further from my grasp it recedes: I am not there anymore. I have only the plug I pulled from the socket. If I plug it back in, then what? A worrisome thing. It is true that people talking on the phone use facial and hand gestures as expressively as if they could be seen. Can something, then, that innate be useless? It is if it cannot be seen, but still it persists. Somewhere over the rainbow beneath a garden wall birds fly with a song in my heart. At night on my bedroom wall I could focus on the soft focus part dream figure part illustration of Jack Horner jumping over a candlestick. One other item comes to mind, a tablecloth illustrated with the story of the three little pigs used for special occasions. I cannot recall one single special occasion but the tablecloth comes vividly to mind. And the portraits in the Seven Pillars of Wisdom that I knew before I could read: dark bearded faces supple mouths and arresting eyes. The old woman who lived in a shoe was there on my wall. I once went back to the school I had attended from kindergarten to 6th grade. Standing in the schoolyard. I waited for myself to appear. If I spoke, what, though, could I say to myself? Are we not mourners without an actual corpse living in di Chirico stillness? In emblematic time. In interlocking stillness. Have I traveled with Gypsies in Romania? And what of the strange last voyage of Donald Crowhurst.

Sometimes I'm happy around the world in a plane. I'm sentimental so I walk in the everything happens to me. Rain. Clement of Alexandria thought that, ". . . there was of old implanted in man a certain fellowship with heaven . . ." Hitchhikers on the highways could see billboards that said, Next time Try the train Relax Southern Pacific. In Sacramento, which we used to call Sac, we called the Southern Pacific, the SP. Late night on a city street I look up to watch a flock of Canada geese fly across the moon, and I think of the wilderness, the lake, the birchbark canoe and the moose calling its mate. O amazing mystery. On the corner a neon light signs a bar. I have been there before and will go again. Shadowless night. I bear light in my eyes. Now we have to deal with other matters in due order. I stole into the bridal chamber. Completely air conditioned Television & radio in all rooms. We made covered wagons out of Breakstones cheese boxes using wire to frame the cover made of fabric from old shirts, pillow cases or sheets, and wheels from vacuum sealed jar covers. Look - in spite of what is being taught in visual arts MFA programs, there is nothing more important than autonomy. Originality has become suspect - What has God wrought? The little dog laughed. Where today is Clement of Alexandria who said, "You are not dead, for you live forever." The concept "moldy fig" has got to be extended if it's to remain meaningful. In extending it it must also be necessarily altered. Those of us who first used the term used it derisively of others, now, in its extended, altered form we want to embrace it as our own. Why must it remain meaningful? Because these days very little else is. (To say nothing else would be revealing too much.) I can't find what I started out for; I can't even tell you what it is. When is the last time an angel looked homeward? The Brill Building was Tin Pan Alley, the Alvin Hotel was on the same block and Birdland across the street. There was a Harry Cotler shirt store and a Tie City nearby. Harry Cotler's was important because that's where you bought shirts with Mr B collars. How many times had I seen the sign Last Exit to Brooklyn on the Grand Central Expressway before Selby used it for a title. Incidentally, I recently saw someone reading that book on the subway. How many years later is that? Sound upon the bugle horn. Rag. How about you. By

starlight. After time. Yes, I had a dog in those days, but it was not important to me. Not far from Romeo's Spaghetti. Time after. The past, of course, recedes, and there is nothing at all before us to which we expand. This has been illustrated but not, after all, explained with the analogy of a balloon. Time. I tell myself. There was nothing that brought my sunniest day. Movies in those days did have beginnings and middles and endings but the sequence in which you experienced them was irrelevant. And so they had users with flashlights to show you to your seat in the dark. Edward Hopper's painting is a fine example. As you walked through the row of seats seated people had to stand. Of the night. Who was more of a romantic than Thoreau who defined Emerson's woodlot as "the wilderness." It was said of him that he could find Indian arrowheads at will. And, I'll take the A train. Quien es? While looking at photographs I see that Arthur Rimbaud is the spitting image of Billy the Kid. Hats with narrow brims. And so we go from neuron to neuron. Red Ryder wore batwing chaps. Goin' to Montana to throw the houlihan. The glass key. Don't cry for me. Sorry that I can't take you. Brooklyn is the borough of churches; Queens the borough of cemeteries. His last words have been told before. A woman's laugh in the street, sudden, and then gone. A snowflake just before touching the rising wave, to disappear. A night of ghostly shadows. These foolish things. Gregory Peck is Johnny Ringo. The tinkling piano in the next apartment. Some day. Things. Splicing repetition together. Mr Miller puts you in the mood. In the mood. Remember Mel Ott who used to put his foot in the bucket. I had a sister and a brother. I remember you hadn't anyone till you. Picture me. Lonely rooms and me and my shadow. A good way to learn is jamming with records. I have great big eyes for Bix. In a mist. Nothing was ever written about movies in those days. For one thing, once a movie left your local theater it was gone for ever; no one ever lingered over a movie; ruminations upon it were not feasible. Academia took no notice of movies (nor of comic books for that matter). Look, what sort of structure could there possibly be in a work that everyone who experiences it comes in at a different time? Imagine thousands of people each beginning a novel at a different page, reading to the end and then going to

the beginning and reading up to the page they had started at. Find someone you like and jam with his records. In April you could fish for flounders from the Canarsie dock. I did, using a dropline, a spreader with two hooks and bloodworms. If my mother knew I was alone near the water she would have suffered imagined agonies as real as if I had already actually drowned so I couldn't bring home any fish. Since I don't believe in catch and release I would dump dead flounders in the swamp. On sultry nights in Flatlands the air was filled with gnats, mosquitoes, fireflies and the sudden smell of burning flesh. Pittsburg Phil got the chair. Just found joy. Trumbauer was my idol . . . he'd play the melody . . . then after that, he'd play around the melody. Lester made the way to tenors to blow a lot. "Cause he kept originating things." Where have you gone without me? I tell myself that I'm. God child. I stood again on the porch where I had stood those many years ago once upon a time on my hands after time nothing has changed tracked from synapse to synapse other nights than this. In Brooklyn the Gypsies repaired car fenders and holes in pots and pans. When my grandfather was sixty-three he died. And now we can think of the "Big Wow" when consciousness was created with the universe and somehow was separated out from matter to be distributed in each of us. Words that would have brought joy to Origen but maybe furrowed the brow of Eusebius. Hear. My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. The invisible world. The approach to everything he did in life was concerned with beauty. Goodnight sweetheart. And moonbeams. West Coast jazz has got to be insisted on. Picture me/you my/your knee in all those old familiar places who could ask for anything more? I was contented with very little, tops, marbles, coloring books and chalk to draw on the sidewalk. Peg pants with a reet pleat and high riser. Lester smooths one. I can't get started once in a while till the one I love cover the waterfront. Kaddish is not a prayer for the dead; it did have for me a beautiful rhythm. Like cuff links engraved with Egyptian hieroglyphics. Now just an attosecond. But it's the same way all over, you dig? It's fight for your life that's all. It's very likely that at this very moment at least one of the molecules from Caesar's last breath is flowing in your lungs. What we don't know about

time on the street of forgotten men. It's possible that my grandfather, after some forty years in America, had no concept of its history and culture. My father though was immersed in it but understood it only selectively. When romance passes by. My father as a boy and young man worked for the Cole Brothers' Circus, traveled the same route as the territorial bands: The New Orleans Strutters, King Oliver, Art Bronson's Bostonians, The Blue Devils, Bennie Moten, Fletcher Henderson and Count Basie. All of these bands had one thing in common, which was Lester Young and it's likely that my father heard him at one time or another. My father's best friend at the time was Clyde "Bring 'em Back Alive" Beatty. When you make the tree into one and the one into four. "Waybacks" were old friends. You can depend on yesterday's kisses are here on sequestered days on my hands. I'd go ding dong ding dong ding. Neither of us are ever likely to see a grayling but you do remember what I told you. Apelles painted cherries so perfect that the birds came down to eat them. It's the thing to do you'll find so dream dream dream dream. "I stay by myself. So how the fuck do you know anything about me?" Hey Rube! Minstrelsy. Four part harmony and you lack the perfect triad. I saw another black squirrel in Manhattan, in Washington Square Park. Sunnyside. Just direct your feet. A la Papa we had wine, cheese and bread hunkered down outside the arena. Give the men tobacco and don't talk to the women. We shared our bottle with whomever. My mother listening alone to the radio, Martin Bloch's "Make-believe Ballroom" put all your cares away listening to Artie Shaw what was once a fire remain an ember you know only too well what they mean. The clarinet while I slept begin the beguine noetically mine I played it years later my mother listening alone. It wasn't two weeks after my grandfather died that my grandmother followed him. Ain't got time to shake your hand. Hide and seek. Tap tap all and no one to home free me. Fleeting time thou hast left me old. Thinking today of my waybacks. Top and bottom, gin mixed with sherry wine. She's a whiskey drinkin woman, drinks whiskey all the time. Lullaby of Birdland/Broadway babies don't sleep tight I never knew for you under the sun. Alone together why doesn't my heart go dancing on the ceiling near my bed. Down n Adam up n Adam

let's jump. I cried. Look at the spider look at the spider look at the spider. Spring is here I hear. BAGFED. Spread wings. At the time (for a while) my favorite drink was Thunderbird whose wings would bring the rain. Twist, too. And Nighttrain. If I could be with you. Humpty Dumpty was there. Night after night I would see him fall only to find in the morning he was back on his wall. Sometimes I'd turn around in the movies to watch the Logos streaming light from the projection booth while everyone else saw shadows. My mother collected the dishes the theaters gave one at a time until she had a complete set, each dish a different movie. Eventually one by one they broke, were replaced, discarded. Eventually I hung bullfight posters on my bedroom walls. Belmonte, Joselito, Manolete, with dates that were more barren than nothingness. And time. I tell myself. Where are you. Bellywopping on a Flexible Flier. No eyes union dues blues. And Canarsie on my mind. There is light in James VanDerZee's Harlem Poolhall but it is impossible to paint light. Being and nothing time can be created from nothing on my hands. I stole a copy of Aristotle's Nichomachean Ethics from Strand Books. Later I sold them Pepys Diaries. Five bucks to spend in the Cedar. Central Plaza on Second Avenue where my mother went to dances and I went to jazz concerts is now an N.Y.U. arts program facility. I passed by just the other day and wondered at it. Wondered at the persistence of everything and nothingness and Caesar's final breath. I tell myself that I'm. The original Tin Pan Alley was on West 28th Street, later the Brill Building on Fifty-something Street became Tin Pan Alley. Where does somebody go when they're not with you. In the morning when I awoke I expected to find Humpty Dumpty's broken shell on my bedroom floor, near my bed and wondered that he was still on the wall. Are the stars out tonight? Robert Henri pronounced his name Henry. My father's name, incidentally, was Henry and for some reason he hated to be called Hank. He did later allow himself to be called Hiram. Which was a password to what was considered an esoteric realm. I only know what I know. Refresh your heart and be satisfied. Only Nikotheos knows it, and he is not to be found. Humpty Dumpty as an egg has within itself all that is necessary. That was the year of my high school prom, which I failed to attend. As a

freshman I played junior varsity basketball. My family was counting on me to get a basketball scholarship to college. No one in our family had ever gone to college. But I quit the team in my sophomore year to have more time to practice my saxophone. I wanted to be a tenorman. Which reminds me that the greatest jazz poem you'll ever read is Kerouac's "Tenorman." I remember, too, Stephen Vincent Benet's "Too Early Spring." And leopard frogs that I caught in the Catskills. Moonlight in Vermont over Miami becomes you. And Moonbeams. It goes with your hair. The first song I learned to play was "Embraceable You" but I had as yet embraced no one. I studied tenor saxophone, clarinet and solfeggio. There are those that have drank of the vessels with the god's limbs. Summer nights and fireflies polka dots and moonbeams and I hadn't anyone till you. Once in a while I still dream of Humpty Dumpty falling from my bedroom wall. It's a vision I can't share with anyone. The school next to where my grandparents lived is gone, demolished to make room for the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. The air we breathed there is dust. The egg white is the water and the yolk the firmament. And now someone comes along who wants to populate the Western plains with elephants to replace the mammoths that disappeared from there 13,000 years ago. The repopulation plan would include lions, cheetahs, sloths and camels (dromedaries are the closest to the extinct species that were there) too that once shared the plains with mammoths. During the severe western winters these animals would be brought indoors. I mention this because I know it. The movies I saw in those days are now called film noir and are closely studied. Which I find amusing. We saw them as if looking at the inside of a sock before turning it rightside out. In all those old familiar places a girl with moonlight in her hair how am I to know till you. I did go to college though, and played clarinet in the Queens College Orchestra. I had to study solfeggio to learn relative pitch because I lacked perfect pitch, but I was a gifted sight reader, even able to transpose at sight. Appalachian springtime in the Rockies. Maple leaf rag me blues. Ernest Thompson Seton, artist naturalist, was my next idol. From neuron to neuron to neuron to billions of neurons neurotransmitters travel through synapses. The brain is roughly spheroid, these

thoughts will reappear. The perfect sphere or monad. Beneath a garden wall seems to be happening again. My heart is sad and lonely – strange, very strange, to think of something like that and yet people have always done it. All alike and different – that, too, has been noted before. Why doesn't my heart go dancing? Like a nightingale without a song to sing. AABA – 32 bars. From the letter A over and over again from neuron to neuron to neuron. As you age your brain loses elasticity which is energy which is matter which is memory. This proved by the watches in Dali's Persistence of Memory. And look carefully at Tchelitchev's Hide and Seek. Don't think I've forgotten. We wonder what they mean. If we are wise enough we will be the result of everything that had gone before us. Zosimo's vision included. My favorite game was ring-a-lievo fleeing through twilight Brooklyn streets catch me if you can. Misterioso. Crepuscular for a girl named Nellie Bly. When you see me coming raise your window high. Our egg is cut into four with the sword, the sword is the sacrificer and the sacrificed. Before the Alaska Highway was anything more than a dirt road, before Alaska was a state, I planned to go there and become a fur trapper. How that dream was hatched in Brooklyn remains a mystery to me. Is there somewhere structured in the human mind the hunter's instinct, buried today in most, long past their remembrance, that found a passageway to my early desires? I was no more than nine or ten when I developed a passion for hunting and fishing and the wilderness. I began to avidly read Outdoor Life, Field and Stream, Outdoorsman, Sports Afield. Imagination is funny. When I was eleven we moved to Queens and the Mother Goose characters got lost in the transition. Soon I discovered Jack London and Robert W. Service. The Northwest Territory enthralled me. The face on the barroom floor came later. It makes a cloudy day sunny. The big band era was over. Martin Bloch was no more. William B. Williams came along and my mother listened to Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Peggy Lee, Tony Bennett and Ella Fitzgerald. Racing with the moon brought my sunniest day. I never knew. I was eventually to paint a portrait of Jenny. How about you. April in Paris and who could I turn to. But the Seine and all the rivers of Europe were drowned in the Mississippi. Up at Minton's in Harlem

a new sound was being born. Where was the world before it was here? Where have you gone without me? I only know what I know. The answer was blowin in the wind but not for me. So I walk in the rain. Tell me why though I try to forget. Nobody knows me. At home I would slink around like a ferret, sleep by day and go out at night. The sun was my bane, to avoid it I would crawl under a rock. Night made my world an enchanted garden and transformed me. Flip Phillips and Illinois Jacquet's Jazz at the Philharmonic saxophone duel on Perdido and How High the Moon pulled my coat and I had to learn to play tenor saxophone. There are not many people I suppose today who would know who David Stone Martin was. His work had what I have called a nervous line; exquisite drawing: tender, sinuous and erratically true, with the subtlest of washes, Tiffany-like but lighter, purer in intent. If Kandinsky wanted to demonstrate the spirit in art he could have done no better than to point it out in the work of David Stone Martin. But of course Kandinsky was already dead. Was I not connected by Gypsy blood to Django Rheinhardt? Jacquet was a Texas tenor, others were Herschel Evans, Arnette Cobb and King Curtis. But it wouldn't be make believe if you believe in me. There was a satin doll but no silk stockings because silk was needed for parachutes. There was a scarcity of chewing gum particularly bubble gum. Along with baseball cards there were cards depicting air and sea battles. Though I die, I go on teaching. Those men were arguing with God. I seek in myself what is in man. Each of us must do the same. There is, then, no triumphant moment and no one can be said to have died too soon, as Ezra Pound appears to have believed. I know that you listen unwillingly and none of my arguments affect you. I am going the way to myself. By the time I was sixteen I could make a Cape Ann dory and a catboat. I was to spend a week on the Bronx and Harlem Rivers. I had a Gilbert chemistry set. My cousin had a set of Lionel trains. We put tablets in the locomotive that came forth as smoke. I remember real Levi's. Why, sure. Nobody today even knows what I'm talking about. I was a weakly interacting massive particle. Poker chips and moonbeams. You, do you know what I'm talkin about? Your soul is the size of your thumb and resides in your heart. When you die it becomes a wanderer and a shadow. Shining through

the trees. When I first heard the song "Nature Boy" I was reminded of Moon Dog. He was the precursor of an era. Don't the moon look lonesome. Our light constitutes 94% of the universe and cannot be seen. It's why people became accustomed to wishing on a star. At Grant's on Time Square you could get a stein of beer for 10¢. All these things I have loved for their own sake. How about you. The secret of pitching is simple, and everyone knows it: change speeds, change locations. If a pitcher could achieve it he would attain to pure pitching and be unhittable. But he cannot, he can only approach it and that is why hitting is possible. If pitchers could accomplish pure pitching that would be the end of baseball, in the same sense as Hegel's end of history. Look at the placement of the pipe in Paul Cezanne's painting, Man with a Pipe. I played Body and Soul and watched the couples dance. Why doesn't my heart go dancing for the corner and end up in Spain a ghost of a chance with you. Spring came in with rustling glade. At night, in La Arena y Sangre, Tyrone Power climbed over the fence. Where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day I filled bottles with fireflies. The best way to gut a moose is with an ax. The 1893 census declared the end of the frontier but there were still homesteads available in Alaska. So why doesn't my heart go dancing. I wish I may I wish I might have the wish I wish tonight. What nature left imperfect, the art perfects. This is the exaltation of May, the untrodden, the untreadable regions. I leave this to you theoreticians to discuss. He solemnly (sadly) shook his head at me and said, "Fool, one moment is enough," and went on his way. Now I have tried to remember. I could have told you. The square and the circle must be compatible. In stoopball the player's intent is to strike the ball against the exact point of conjunction between the riser and the tread components of the step. The ball will soar: the parabola results from that interaction, the conjunction of the circle and the square. I could play all over my horn and carried moonbeams home in a jar. It is the place where you smell burning leaves in autumn . . . But it is also the place where city kids sunbathe on the roof in summer, and call it tar beach, where you sit on your stoop listening to a baseball game on a portable radio and wait for the Bungalow Bar truck, where the iceman splits cakes of ice

with his pick, lifts each piece with his tongs, places it on his burlap sack-covered shoulder and carries it up five flights of stairs while you take chips of ice from his wagon to suck on. Racing with the moon sailing over a cardboard sky. And brought a world completely new. But who knows where or when. If you're a clown even your death is funny, as had already been told by Gene Sheperd. It had to be you. I gotta go right on spinning, it's a sin but I'm a little red top. Over 90% of jazz compositions are variations on the chord changes of popular songs, known collectively as the American Songbook. In some strange intuitive way Jean-Paul Satre was close to understanding this. With a song in my I let a song go out of my heart. Through all of my tears. He got twenty years in jail just for kicking the gong around. I could tell you the difference between the largemouth and smallmouth bass without ever actually seen one. The tarpon, a large herring, is an inedible but beautiful fish. And said, I love you so. Artistry in Rhythm. What new world will be revealed to us when we finally can see dark matter? "Enough, I think, of words." – Clement of Alexandria, *Exhortation to the Greeks*, page 263, The Loeb Classical Library.

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One final word: I had a half a bottle of a half pint of Giorgi vodka on East 14th Street between 1st and 2nd Avenues. I sat on a street siamese sprinkler connection to drink it and the bottle fell out of the stupid plastic bag they give you nowadays, hit the concrete sidewalk and bounced – intact; at first I thought it was plastic, but, no, glass, and didn't break. Go figguh.

* * *

The squatters were gone. I don't know why I expected them to still be there. Starrett City is now where the Canarsie garbage dumps used to be, and I recently read that the Jamaica Bay wetlands would disappear in five years. I continued on to Coney Island, to the corner of Stillwell and Mermaid Avenues and stood outside the Terminal Hotel. It was named for the Stillwell Avenue

subway terminal where all the trains converged and ended, to begin again, but I had always put a different construction to its meaning. Except for a deli on part of the ground floor it was vacant; another store, vacant, was shuttered and all the building's windows were boarded-up. Looking past it to the beach I could see the Parachute Jump, long denuded of its parachutes, a wretched semblance of yesterdays I'm sentimental so I walk in the pennies from heaven rain. I start for the corner and end up everything happens to me rain. "Why try to change me now."

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