

POEMS WITH INTRODUCTION

by 45

R. WILLIAM HURRLE

B. A., University of Minnesota, 1963

---

A MASTER'S REPORT

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree

MASTER OF ARTS

Department of English

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY  
Manhattan, Kansas

1969

Approved by:

W. K. Hurd

---

Major Professor

LD  
2668  
R4  
1969  
H86

Copyright 1969 by R. William Hurrele

## Table of Contents

	Page
Introduction . . . . .	1
Poems . . . . .	19
Bibliography . . . . .	35

Poetry faces exactly what everything else does, change. We are in the midst of a massive one, not yet precisely defined, but involved with a new perspective, that of man who dominates nature.

The two great traditions which have served Western men for over 2500 years, the Judeo-Christian and the humanistic, are dead in the coffins of their definitions, morals, precepts, and terms. They have been the driving wheels in the now almost successful battle to control external nature, but as the mop up operations clean out the last pockets of resistance, the wheels are running out of space, losing their driving power, and suffering the failure of success.

When there was great need to resist a man bent on doing evil and rally people against him, Pope Pius XII could only mumble mild reproofs at Hitler and the Nazis. One of the greatest perils to our existence, the Bomb, is not thundered against in many pulpits and if it were, the AEC would not change its course. The world's three billion-plus people already are too many to care for and will soon double to six billion; yet the Catholic church proclaims against birth control. But then, nobody listens to what it says. Men may attend church with regularity, may contribute to its support, but very few organize their lives around a religious perspective. It isn't the Middle Ages, God is dead as a power in the organization of society, and we've killed Him. "Nothing is revealed."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Bob Dylan, "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest," John Wesley Harding (New York, 1968), Columbia recording CS9604.

Humanism is just as dead. Where religion found its base in revelation, humanism found its in reason. Man is the measure of all things, and he measures them with his reason. Reason's power has not created the good life from the victory over nature. Reason is a whore, a pig, a cult of madness when depended upon to set the tub aright or the ship's course. Freud and World War I booted what remained of the humanistic beliefs, and in the rest of the century they have not shown any tendency to come to life.

Reason has succeeded in creating a technological mastery over the necessities of life -- at least it has done so in the Western industrial nations and Japan. Equitable distribution of goods produced has yet to be solved, but we have the ability to manipulate the external nature of weather, plague, and famine that scourged mankind for millenia. Indeed our manipulative pressures on nature are creating problems she does not give us ordinarily, air and water pollution, for example. The final mark of our mastery of nature is significantly enough not creative, but destructive -- the Bomb. With it man can alter the whole pattern of life on the planet and probably manipulate himself right out of the picture.

We have not yet paid our dues for this flower of technological progress, but the physical, human dues paid during the Industrial Revolution and in the heyday of the factory system are well enough documented to be familiar. Men, women, and children slaved for subsistence and were kept in line by immense amounts of repression. Victorian sexual ethics were intimately connected with the system's need for people who would work to death at things which bore no relationship to their organic

needs which had to be squelched to keep the wheels of industry spinning.

Freud and Marx provided the two most important insights into 19th Century conditions. Marx saw the economic system producing madly, but for profit and not for human need. Freud, with his therapeutic eye closely fixed on the individual, explained conflicts between reality and repressed needs, usually sexual. The repressed needs he called the unconscious. Both developed systems to understand and to deal with what they saw.

Things have changed. Nature is no longer an awesome thing; man has her down and is toying with her. Tout pour le sport: jump out of airplanes, bounce over the desert on 120 m.p.h. motorcycles, sail around the world alone, hold races on January nights through the Canadian brush on snowmobiles (also with 120 m.p.h. capacities), sculpt the face of a mountain for skiing, build a sailplane in the basement, or place a bet on the race to the moon. Concrete, steel, and plastic enclose the action at Miami Beach, and it doesn't stop for darkness, heat, or hurricanes. There are still refinements to be made on the techniques -- there is need for a microbe that eats plastic, for example, though our technological ability to clothe, shelter, and feed the population of the U.S., had we the will, is unquestionable.

But we still pay dues despite our ability to carry the flu to the dark side of the moon. A large part of the trouble we are going through is caused by a failure to recognize what has been won. The manipulation of big chunks of matter and space into human-scale is done. What remains is the conquest of the minute, the submicroscopic, the internal, the human consciousness. The Bomb is built, but not the

ethical system to control it. There is plenty of food, but not the generosity to share it. The technological system floods men with property, but they can't impose limits on their consumption of the chrome and plastic goodies. Automation and cybernation have freed men from the physical and psychical enslavement of the factory system, but they seem unable to deal decently with their freed libidos.

Scientists, seemingly at the peak of their creativeness, have reached impasses beyond which they cannot go. Their point of view prevents it. "And what is matter? In atomic physics, matter is defined by its possible reactions to human experiments, and by the mathematical -- that is, intellectual -- laws it obeys. We are defining matter as a possible object of man's manipulation."<sup>2</sup> This shows science as no more than technology, as Marcuse points out.<sup>3</sup> The thought of Werner Heisenberg shows that man and what he observes are both in the same system, and thus that any observation man makes changes the system. Therefore the behavior of what is observed is partially due to the very act of observation. In contemporary popular sociology, for example, there is a good deal of speculation about the role of TV news coverage in encouraging riots. Things are defined in terms of what we can do with them, and in the very act of defining, measuring, we change them.

This means that the world picture, which in the Renaissance had man as the center of the universe with lines of perspective radiating

<sup>2</sup>C. F. von Weizsacker, The History of Nature (Chicago, 1949), p. 142. Quoted in One Dimensional Man, Herbert Marcuse (Boston, 1964), p. 155.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., pp. 155-156.

out from his gaze like so many paths to explore, is going to change drastically. People can't be expected to judge space and themselves the same way when they look up at the stars and see man-made hardware sailing past. Men can no longer keep the same sort of separation -- this is me, and this is other -- when they know there is no real other in a closed system where everything interacts with everything else. If man's order is merely the way he looks at things and not the order of things themselves, it has considerably less strength to starch up his opinion of himself than it did when his view was definitive. When things are really real, when they existed someplace outside the mind, when there was a West to conquer and settle, men saw themselves differently.

The astronauts, the heroes of 1968, really did nothing more than risk their lives, (not enough in itself to be considered heroic) as they took their cases of flu moonward. To make an heroic epic out of a bellyache (it was about the only human interest angle to the story), as the media had to, shows how far out of focus the old forms are. The venture was corporate in the extreme, and the labor so divided no one man could feel he had manipulated his way through the external world to the moon. The technological system was the hero of the event.

The change in sexual behavior, and in men's concepts of themselves, from Victorian prudery, to present-day swinging license in the playboy crowd, to a less genitally oriented and more totally erotic view present in the youth counter-culture is another sign of the shift away from an ego dominated culture. Just as it is difficult to get much ego gratification from the moon shot for a man who operates a screw machine for a corporation that has a subcontract with NASA, so it must be less



gratifying to the ego to swing in an anything-goes sex-party crowd. If everyone is a willing sex object and if every screw made in the last three months might have gone to NASA and might have ended up in space, there is not much in the activity for the ego. Repressions on sexual behavior have been lifted, the machines do the work; there is little need to put excessive penalties on the satisfaction of organic needs. The workers have ample spare time and energy to work and play. But constant play, sexual or not, like continual consumer greed, brings diminishing returns. How many cars can one family own and enjoy? The game is soon not worth the candle.

If conquering the wild West has been reduced to re-runs on TV or a bellyache on the way to the moon and satisfaction in doing it, even vicariously, diffused by corporate structures, what next? If the lid of repression is now off sexual behavior between consenting adults, and they are having at it with gusto, but finding it curiously unsatisfying even when the most advanced methods of genital manipulation and mental stimulation are employed -- how else explain the burgeoning pornographic publishing business, the relaxation of strict censorship laws, the nudie movie industry, and the brisk trade in sexual hardware like electric dildoes, what next? More is not better, but what is? If science is reduced to tinkering with technology by its own view of things, and has been so successful the field of operation is shrunk to a very small world encircled by our own space junk, what kind of a view of themselves is going to be promoted in men?

Since all of this is happening in a context of very rapid technological change and population growth to people who are increasingly without the

fast-fading value systems of Judeo-Christianity and humanism to help them organize events, it is difficult to say what direction their poets are headed in. It is less difficult to show approximately what the major tendencies are.

The poets are confused, angry, frustrated, whimsical, mystic, stoic, bitter, anxious, serene, and searching. If one word had to describe the spectrum, searching would be it. Pope ordered and described what was known; his search was more for correctness of expression, not for order in the ideas and experiences that needed expression. Milton's essential search was not for subject matter, for ideas to bind together his thinking, nor for a poetic form to express his material in. These were at hand to be picked up and shaped. Milton searched for, and found, an incredibly rich mode of expression. Chaucer hunted for forms, frames, and old pictures to copy from. He didn't have to provide an order for his world; the fabric of medieval society did that for him. Poets have traditionally looked for sources, models to follow in poetics, their own form of expression, elegance in language, and new wells of inspiration.

Now they are looking for a handle, a philosophic method to order experience, which is chaotic and ambiguous. They have been driven away from forms used before. Rhyme is not much used, well-made poetry seems false to the ill-ordered times, and none seem willing to follow a school.

The poetry of the break up is past. Pound, Eliot, Yeats, Auden, Lowell, and Ginsberg, among many, described it well. After their outbursts came poems of the stunned silence, exercises to make sure the hands still functioned, that the branch would not break no matter what weight bent it. There was much touching and groping about with the soft

moves blind people have when they feel for an object on a familiar table. Some turned to nature, what little they could find without a beer can lying on her breast. Others wrote about the beer can and the love they bore asphalt, and did so seriously, or with humor, or in mild wonder that they found such things worth so much examination.

There was a rip and tear after World War I; then poets moved about like shell shocked men -- slowly, apparently without much aim, occasionally with fits of anger, and periodically awake and mildly surprised to find themselves going over a familiar and unimportant object as though it were a new and wondrously made delight. These poets were generally the group, including Bly, Hamburger, Larkin, McGrath, Merwin, Nemerov, Wilbur, and Wright, anthologized in The New Poets of England and America, ed. Hall, Pack, and Simpson (New York, 1957).

Things have changed, and though these men are still writing, new ones with other ideas have come along. They are young, and since they have never known anything but war, disorder, ambiguity, and anxiety, they have developed ways of writing about it that are not hung up on the charms of a culture which passed away more than a generation before they were born. They are naive, open to fresh approaches, and actually accepting the world they inherited. Much like the blacks who first must recognize they are in bondage, are still second class citizens, these poets admit the evil of the times. They see its fragmentation, lack of direction, paucity of values, and glandular-minded leaders, and they accept it as the given material to work with.

The generation which preceeded them turned within because they could find no guiding values in society. It is not cut and dried, but

the new poets seem to turn inward with less confusion about their motives. They search for personal values, yes, but also for values that can be brought out and applied to the whole society. Very real social pressures other than ethical anarchy were at work on the older generation and are now pressing intensely on the new poets in a way that makes them qualitatively different.

The practical success of the technological culture has in many ways sealed off debate. With all the goods in sight and the only problem seemingly one of equitable distribution, a viable, physically different alternative is difficult to construct. What the chrome and plastic goods don't offer, however, is human decency; that must be searched out within. The success of the machine in turning out goods has freed many hitherto repressed drives. Finding a way to satisfy these needs in a natural, responsible, unsuperheated way has led to experiments with marriage relations, family groups, and small communities. These beginnings of new styles for human relationships did not find their inspiration in the playboy-swinger social model nor in the nuclear family, but within the minds of those dissatisfied with them -- another search within.

Science used to offer the possibility of escape. If the linear, one step-after-another discoveries could somehow just keep being made, it seemed the race would soon know what it needed to achieve peace and prosperity for all. But science has become a closed, circular universe too. It points within man's own nature as the only unexplored region left that might make a critical difference. As science surrounds the world in an envelope of man-made gear, as it shrinks the size of the globe and emphasizes its finite nature, men are beginning to recognize

how little difference the manipulation of external matter is going to make. Building another dozen Aswan Dams, constructing an anti-ballistic missile system, or discovering a cure for cancer is not going to make a significant difference in the quality of our lives. It must be found within.

The rate of technological change and the pressures of population growth make the hope of forming any sort of stable government other than the police state quite dim. If there is a solution other than force, it lies somewhere within men and not in the external world.

All of these forces were operating on the previous generation of poets, but not as strongly as they have on the latest. The success of the technological system in producing goods has only been demonstrated since World War II. The population pressures on the U.S. have become evident and acute since World War II. Exploration of life styles has been going on since man began, but only very recently with the hippies and diggers has there been significant defection from the bourgeois family structure. Science proved itself a closed system with Heisenberg in the 1930's, but it has only become evident to the layman since the development of the Bomb and "big science," the name for the government-university-foundation united funding front for massively expensive projects like the Brookhaven labs.

Poets are driven back into their own consciousness to find what order they can in a fragmented world. They find it impossible to make sense of experience; to attempt permanent statements, would be folly. Instead they do as their predecessors did in dry times. They concentrate on the small things of life, but with a difference. The new poets are

self consciously building a vocabulary of meaning about the phenomenological approach to experience. The vocabulary is for some, the concretists and pop poets, that of the medium itself. They turn inward to the material to find out what it is all about since the guides of the past offer not enough clues to make it sensible. This is different from turning to oneself to discover what that is because social definitions don't fit.

If things don't make sense in the connections, the structures, men make for them, they can make sense just as things themselves. There is not much content or structure to an art that merely displays an object, whether it is found art or a canvas painted white or the concretist's use of the word,<sup>4</sup> but then theories and explanations full of content and structure don't often give a very real sense of what things are.

Another new thing driving poets back upon the word is competition from the electronic medias. They have ruthlessly used words for their own ends. For example, the rich sonority of the King James Bible is now used to advertize politicians and statues of Jesus that glow in the dark, and done so with a thoroughness that leaves Biblical language drained of dignity. The competition from visual language is far more intense now than it was before photography and offset printing made images easy and inexpensive to reproduce. (One result of this has been the widespread realization that printed words are images too.)

<sup>4</sup>The concretists especially meant are the poetypographers and those who explore the interface between art and poetry, like Mathias Goeritz who has done a concrete poem, "eleco del oro," in iron, or Al Hansen who limits his vocabulary and forms to those on chocolate-and-silver Hershey bar wrappers.

The competition has been so strong that some concrete poets refuse to depend upon the written word. One of these is Jiri Kolar who interprets concrete as "all poetry that eschews the written word as the mainstay of creation and communication. The word. . .should remain within, instigating a monologue."<sup>5</sup> This puts the word back into its source, the mind. Others, like Jackson MacLow, wish to return silences to poetry, and think of the poem as the words or phones and the silent spaces between them.<sup>6</sup> All are trying to beat the competition by forcing the reader to bring more of himself forward to complete the poem. This has always been part of the artist's task, but the concretists try harder by introducing elements of game playing into the reading of poetry. Poems are elaborately scored, have built-in randoming devices, or are so stunningly visual the eye, mind, and tongue have to work together to pry meaning out. Some poets try to get the poem to do what it means. For example, this poem by Emmett Williams in his Anthology:

SENSE SOUND

SONSE SEUND

SOUSE SENND

SOUNE SENSD

SOUND SENSE

Poets are also fighting back at the other media by heading them off at the interface and mixing poems with movies, recording tapes which play with posterized poems, which are ordered selection from advertise-

<sup>5</sup>An Anthology of Concrete Poetry, ed. Emmett Williams (New York, 1967). The book is alphabetized and has no page numbers.

<sup>6</sup>Williams.



ments. As the cost of TV tape and its attendant technology decreases, poets will mix poetry with TV. Poster poems using various founts of type, freehand lettering, and lots of color compete well by doing away with one of the structural problems of print. It is grey and visually boring as printed on the pages of a book. It doesn't attract the eyes of people who are bombarded with hundreds of visual word images daily, and the eye should be attracted by poetry as well as the ear and mind.

The same tricks poets have always used to shape obdurate and obstinate existence -- ideas, words, ink, sitzfleisch, and the telephone -- into successful poetry are practised now. Attention to detail, craft and craftiness with ego and material, knowledge of poetic history, a wide ranging intelligence, and the blessing of the muse on whatever talent is present count for as much now as they always have. Critical standards for the concrete and pop poets will be set, as always, on how well they manage themselves and their material into a shape that pleases and stimulates the audience for poetry.

Poets are also using pictures with words in collages. A Chinese proverb says one picture is worth more than 10,000 words, and that may have been true in a society where pictures were scarce. But after seeing as many stock pictures of situations as the average Westerner, the picture is more of a cliché than 10,000 words are apt to be. Photos are so common they have developed a language of their own. In one category, the newsphoto, there are clichés of the auto wreck, beauty queen, pitcher's windup, dead soldier, touchdown run, etc., through the whole gallery. The poets do not select pictures to illustrate their text, with a caption added to point it out, but select pictures to be part of the writing's flow of meaning.



The picture is used in the same way the words are, and the words are used much like pictures. The spacing on the page gives it away; the words are treated the same way the pictures are, as part of the text. The words are set in founts and printed in colors which emphasize their image as pictures, and the pictures are cut to emphasize their word-like shape. Often the words will be done in color and photos in black and white to underscore the point.

Words were made in the mind to stand for things; they are the basic *metaphor of existence*. We use them to describe what our eyes see. If reality is becoming more internal, located less in external existence because there is less need for it to be there, then words are going to be able to compete successfully with the other medias. The reality of Freud was what his patients adjusted themselves to live with; the place they had to leave was their fantasy world. The two seem to be switching places.

Words can follow the switch; they can jump farthest the fastest. They can be bent and can bend the head quicker than any other medium. They can deal directly with the unreal by using symbols which interpose experience in ways that create new meanings. Metaphor works if there is metamorphosis. Symbol is where understanding is<sup>7</sup> and that's what

<sup>7</sup>"Whereas the scientist who speaks of the discovery of electricity thereby implies the existence of electricity before the discovery itself (which, anyway, means only the scientific awareness of electrical phenomenon), in the cultural field discovery is creation, consciousness is existence. The sole epistemological principle valid on the humanist level is the Cartesian cogito, ergo sum -- or better, est cogitatum, ergo est. Renato Poggioli, The Theory of the Avant-Garde (Cambridge, Mass., 1968), p. 14.

words are, symbols. The understanding can't be in the thing perceived, it has nothing of us; it can't be in our silent minds, for we have nothing of it. Understanding is in the word that jumps the gap, that makes the metaphor into a metamorphosis. With the subject of poetry, and of thought, turning to consciousness, words are going to stay important.

The return to the sources of consciousness, to where we came from, is the path of life. In the past, it has been taken unconsciously. The path remains the same, but this time we are searching out the sources of consciousness knowingly and will return to where we began with full knowledge of the source and the path.

The perception of all this implies a political position and many of my poems reflect the politics of peace and the New Left. It also implies a life style, which I share only in part; some poems reflect that. Others are experiments, more or less successful, with special typewriters, Xerox machines, breath control and poetry, and drug-induced states of consciousness. The categories are not mutually exclusive.

"Ye Gods" is polemic and political and was written against the war in Vietnam in a way that tied the war with the 19th-century evangelically colonizing spirit of the hawks who pursue it. "Introduction" is another antiwar poem, and an anti-logical polemic, too. It is concrete, and if I had tape recorder, neon tubing, and the proper equipment, I'd set it up in flashing red neon with a crowd chanting accompaniment via tape deck and speaker system. "Issued" attacks the exploitative and dehumanizing, but very rational, system we live in and uses military language of control and authority. They "issue" life to people -- the idea is

ludicrous -- but they can and do issue death. "A Day in the Life" is anti-American and anti-Manhattan, Kansas where the evils of the society are as apparent as anyplace else. "The wind in my country" despairs that there will ever be a change for the better in the Flint Hills.

The four poems done all or in part with an Underwood macroprint typewriter take advantage of its largeness to fill a 8 1/2 x 11 sheet of paper and present a poem in a way that has more aesthetic appeal than typing it with a pica or elite machine on the same size sheet would give. It also, since the words are physically much more substantial on the page, makes the eye dwell on each word longer rather than scanning a group of them and losing some of the meaning.

In "School" the macrotypewriter was used with its companion, a microtypewriter, and xerography to produce a pop-concrete poem. The normal method of selecting out one lean line from all the possible words and thoughts connected with it has often left me with a bad line. Only too often the fault was mine, but perhaps some thoughts are not best expressed in the line-by-line form of poetry much used heretofore? The macroprint was done first and the microprint afterward as a gloss, but the functions get mixed up because the reading of it is slow and difficult. There is no order that the small words are to be read in, and each person reading the poem will choose his own path and will get different combinations of meaning than someone else. There was a double screen over the microprint to prevent it from standing out too strongly. This happens because the pressure the small type puts on the ribbon is much larger per surface area of the character than that of the macrotype, and since xerography reads tone well and I didn't want the microtype standing out blacker

than the macrotype, the poem was typed on two sheets of paper and each sheet run through the Xerox machine twice. The register is not pin point, but it is quite close enough for this kind of work. The poem expresses my anger at an education run in an authoritative manner for the profit of the military-industrial-educational establishment and only incidentally for the student.

"English Lesson" is another anti-educational establishment poem which attempts to show the silliness of teaching rigid labels for concepts which are very complex. The form of the poem (it is meant to be chanted) is intended to reduce the whole business, over-simplicity and complexity, to idiocy by using constant repetitions until erasure of meaning is reached. If chanted in a loud voice until that happens, the reader will also have a breath-induced high, and he will not care about how silly it all is.

"Search for what has been hidden" is a breathing-induced consciousness poem that attempts to take some lessons of contemplative peering into the puzzles of self and consciousness and express them poetically. "om" is another poem out of the same state of consciousness with a little of the LSD induced knowledge of synesthesia added. It is Whitmanesque, but that is an accident.

"Wind Sun Sand" is a statement on the place where words disappear and everything becomes everything. The layout of the poem was only partially successful. "Nothing, now at the bottom, should dance all though the poem and the six words at the top should flicker like sunlight tossed about on wave tops. It could be done with a couple overhead projectors, some colored strobe lights, and a little machine

to move a belt, with "nothing" cut it in various places, across the face of one of the projectors.

"Paired stars in a circle," "Electric Chicken Fat," and "Electric cicadias" are short, conventionally done poems which are quite transparent.

## YE GODS

Christian America rich and righteous  
Decending pentacostal on the fractious  
Heretic with all-saving tongues of  
Napalm -- bless melting opposition  
And flesh for the service of higher  
Ideals.

Prideful blush of Columbia's manhood  
Selling the missionary M60s  
To lick the spirit of the  
Unenlightened with a snappy tracer  
Spit of holy see the light  
every fifth round of fire  
Might.

They will have the works of their  
Savior sweet speaking in love,  
bomb, bullet and hot luminous  
Made in America shrapnel arc  
of Truth.

And it will set them

Free.

## INTRODUCTION

STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP TH  
E WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP  
THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STO  
P THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. S  
TOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR  
. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE W  
AR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP TH  
E WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP  
THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR.

STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE W  
AR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP TH  
E WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP  
THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. ST  
OP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. S  
TOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WA  
R. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE  
WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR.

STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP TH  
E WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP  
THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. ST  
OP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR.  
STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR  
. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE  
WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP T  
HE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STO  
P THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR.  
STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WA  
R. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE  
WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THE WAR. STOP THIS FUCKING WAR  
.

## ISSUED

Life, one, short, yours only  
One each; live it  
(Strange the use of the neuter)  
Or when it gets old  
It isn't yours but theirs  
And becomes really neuter  
Like all things but  
Them -- the users of life.  
They have little love  
For people, for it  
They never do it  
They lead it  
They use it to produce  
They sell it for profit  
They control it with ideals  
They end it for ideals  
They buy it for pleasure  
They kill it for "need"  
It -- your life.  
(Strange the use of the neuter)



## A DAY IN THE LIFE

At night we cannot sleep  
The chatter of machineguns  
Keeps us awake.

We study in the day  
To hide our fears  
And bodies for a while,

But our flesh shudders  
Twitches when the planned  
sonic boom rattles windows.

Our sunsets are lingering  
And very beautifully colored,  
Bomber contrails are woven in them.

At night when we walk  
The streets seeking peace  
Police stop and question us.

We go home and draw the blinds  
To study, to shut out the sounds,  
We do not sleep, we dream and wait.

The wind in my country blows  
All day long, dies at sundown  
And comes up again at night.  
It is always a cold wind.

The time in my country is never  
Now, but always the future,  
Or the far distant, magic  
Past when the wind was still.

The trees in my country sit  
Small and bare on dun hills  
That roll away before me and  
Behind me into the horizon.

There are sometimes hawks high  
Above sometimes clouds blowing  
Away, though it never rains  
And the hawks never land.

My people tell many legends,  
Weave many prophecies good  
And frightening, but never act  
And they believe in nothing.

December is always the next month  
October was the last month,  
Now must be November, but  
No one will name the time.

The wind blows the brown grass  
And carries the hawk and  
Is always cold, and I  
Wait for now with others.

We will plan for the future. Money is the measure of all things. Democracy is a lie. State of development control the ions to create a better learning environment. be an engineer. Good education is good intimidation.

Poor Richard was queer. KID & we won't draft you for 4 years. Maybe at the end we'll make you an officer. Get to do some really nice killing then. Top pay top. KILL. Exercise ergo sum.

Promote communication. LEARN. Be trained. Slave. Hate. Fear. Mould. The ends definitely justify the means. become somebody. the forces of fear. knowledge factory. no joy. fit in. operant conditioning. learn to kill better. more scientific. Nah, your mind hasn't really been fucked.

"Channeling is the American way of doing what is done more directly in totalitarian countries." General Hershey (may he be hung by his nuts.) If you don't get educated you won't get ahead. resources allocation. Deafness & Domination. gobble goodies. get ahead.

SCHOOL. Nah, I don't dig school. education technology. cut your hair way to make the Americans keep their promises. We must find a way to make the Americans keep their promises.

Hey kid, e'm here. Tell you what--you know you gotta go kill for your old Uncle Sam, right. Now I gotta deal. You sign this here & we'll defer you (you got money enough for college, no?)...Q

I hauda teacher once wanted me to sit on a hard wooden chair all day. She couldn't understand why I wasn't happy. I was 10 then, it hasn't changed. only one game, kid, and we own it. Play ball or else....

is alive and swimming. temporary overload. promotes communication. the fix is always in. own a cleanly washed brain. Buy & Sell American BOOM!! Dow.

a name school! environment & behavior. Without a PhD you're a nobody. limit capacity. Mr. Charlie's kids to the beach. Education has become the last refuge for secondrels. We must spend \$6-8 billion a year for national defense.

The world is your oyster. take the wife and kids to the beach. Education has become the last refuge for secondrels. We must spend \$6-8 billion a year for national defense.

Supermarket U. life systems. sit still and be programmed. Organize. Support your local police. Limit. Fixate. Specialize. Classify. Measure. Efficiency. Charge. Quantitate.

The future is yours. systems analysis approaches. sex and materialism. repression. Must have rational budget process.

sift and winnow. expediency now! Support your local police. Limit. Fixate. Specialize. Classify. Measure. Efficiency. Charge. Quantitate.

Goodness. Eternal Truth. Love. Beauty. look at that nigger go! go nigger, go! our niggers are tougher than your niggers. America has more bombs and rockets than anyone else. America is the biggest killer of people anywhere.

Top 5% make 20% income. Bottom 20% make 5% income.

Teach, they put chains on the doors so we can't go in or out. become an apparatchiki.

Friends           reaching long nerves  
Electric through fields   of time  
    & space           to blossom  
-into a flower  
                    with a touch.

## Trotline

Rockets and lights wink on the bridge  
Passing through my mind in slotted  
Bands of light over the river  
Over the rocks.

Stabbed in thorn creek with no desire  
To be free, making it--no desire.

---

Just ease my mind

As the lights roll white  
and red bump, bump  
gone above my head  
the stars come out  
the river slides by  
going full dark on

To dominate,  
Our leaders have become deaf.  
Our choice is only to fight,  
To die.

## ENGLISH LESSON

(chant 500 times)

A noun is a word is a word is a word is a word is a word is a word is a word is a wo

A person is not a word not a word not a word not a word not a word not a word not a w

A place is not a word not a word not a word not a word not a word not a word not a wo

A thing is not a word not a word not a word not a word not a word not a word not a wo

A person is not a thing not a thing not a thing not a thing not a thing not a thing no

A person is impossible to circle in the code of words impossible impossibl

---

A place is many people many things many changes changes changes changes ch

A place is impossible to describe in the code of words impossible impossib

A thing is more than a word can be labeled by a word label label label lab

Thing No. 7431930132561199054723145098003454211467693159092314375817390160

Do not fold bend spindle or mutilate any person anyplace anything anytime  
 anyone anywhere anybody anyway anymore

OM

Search for what has been hidden -  
Logos vibrates to name a new day,  
giant stone in his belly rumbling,  
sense of falls many times over.

Mindful hide, now learn again to seek  
what is in water and clouds green roots  
light shifting in vibration grid of change  
blend, bend slowly to open  
light winged door of long new day  
come in to play out the endless roll.  
Old knowledge of cell games now out,  
Witnesses to paths opening  
in to carry out flowers,  
scent aspen leaf winds  
to spread the word,  
and it was  
and doing  
is done  
-- om



Om

I sit and listen for the bluegill

to roll his eye in the lake below

I reach for silt settling

in the dark of the lake bottom

The grass grows, rising into my body:

The dust in white clouds

tastes gritty and damp

like a mushroom

The earth breathes

I see nothing.

Wind

Sun

Sand

Blue

Waves

Sky

The land of no image

What needs to be imagined?

Everything is

Spirits need

Words for religion.

Nothing

Electric cicadias  
Purple grapes  
Running loose  
On the good green grass  
Eating plastic zombies  
Who love me  
For what they  
Can make of me --  
How nice to be loved.  
What joy there is  
In being loved  
By a plastic man  
In a promised land.  
Joy. Love. Revolution.

### Electric Chicken Fat

Great electric guts  
Feeding back information  
to make a world  
Wholly, totally free  
Ionized animals  
Crashing and Grunting  
as they Feed  
On each other's, meat,  
and Mine Too.

Paired stars in a circle

'round the full moon

at midnight

One big one small --

both bright

Some have premonitions

of ease

others of evil

He spoke once in 25 years

"Beware on March 17, 1968."

## List of Works Cited

Dylan, Bob. John Wesley Harding. New York, 1968.

Marcuse, Herbert. One Dimensional Man. Boston, 1964.

Poggioli, Renato. The Theory of the Avant-Garde. Cambridge, Mass., 1968.

Williams, Emmett, ed. An Anthology of Concrete Poetry. New York, 1967.

POEMS WITH INTRODUCTION

by

R. WILLIAM HURRELE

B. A., University of Minnesota, 1963

---

AN ABSTRACT OF A MASTER'S REPORT

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree

MASTER OF ARTS

Department of English

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY  
Manhattan, Kansas

1969

The 20th century is seeing the end of several ways men have long used to organize themselves. The Judeo-Christian and humanistic views of man are no longer effective, industrialization is through, and the conquest of Nature, the brute external facts of existence, is essentially finished. The Bomb -- cybernetically made, a giant which dwarfs Nature's destructive powers, and utterly without effective moral chains ("Christian" America defines it as a good) -- is the best all-around symbol of the century.

The renaissance view is gone. Man is no longer the conquering center of the universe whose lines of perspective and power radiate out from his top-dog position on the physical scale of the order of being. Preoccupation with grand things has changed to involvement with small ones, like the earth which is now an enclosed system. If Ortega Gasset's ideas on the progress of art -- it first represented things, then sensations, then ideas -- are plotted to the next point on the locus, art will be found to represent consciousness, which is the opposite of perspective.

Poetry has changed with science and the visual arts. The constants of craft and skill in shaping obdurate and obstinate existence still determine worth, but the forms and subject matter are different. The forms are organic. Order is that only of the poet's mind; set forms like the stanza or ordering devices like rhyme are not much used to control material. The idea of controlling material through devices seems strange; devices are part of the material, and control is only in how the mind sees both. Thus pictures are used with words not as illustrations but as integral parts of the flow of images or story line.



The subject matter of poetry has become existence, the consciousness of being, everything. In a way it has always been this, but not with the self consciousness of the state which is now in the air. The process is not yet far enough along to say what code poetry will take as its major metaphor to represent this self-conscious concentration on consciousness, but it will cease to be centrally concerned with the stuff of ego. The strong persona, the particular kink of vision, and dialogue and dialectical movement will play lesser roles.

The forms that poetry is taking, different from Frost or Eliot's, are concrete poetry, pop poetry, street poetry, and political baladeering. These forms and styles, along with those of Eastern religions like the mantra, seem to be becoming a major tack of contemporary poetry.