Supernatural Events Lead
Bard to Mountain Paradise

"Agooy over?"
Weeds Post

Dear Kirby,

This letter should be the telling of the whole story, which is more than a book. It is one I will write this winter; "A Place to Put the Typewriter". But here I can only tell you what I've found, at so long last, leaving out the years of being cursed by homelessness—that I very nearly gave up before coming here, that I cracked as you saw. And that the reason, the deep basis, has always been my vision of myself as the intruder, the sometime visitor, the poacher on another's estate, the Prince without land. I have had no place to stand, no footing to swing my ax from. I have never had a home, I have never had a place to put the typewriter. I have had to snatch time to sketch out little parts of what I see, scribbling on envelopes, typing on boxes, picnic tables, office typewriters, and though Lenore made a beautiful home for me out of nothing, that nothing, the little we needed and I couldn't give, drove me to stunned silence. All that I have to leave out.

I have a home. It is so beautiful I still weep every time I stop doing whatever and just look at it. It is mine by law for life, if I do the few small things I need to do to hold it. It was given to me by the ghost of an old widow, who built it—and the events that led me here are so strange I will have to remake my entire picture of the Universe to fit them in.
You cross the Salmon river at a rickety old bridge that leads nowhere. I'm told it was put there, by incomprehensible error, several years ago, when the forestry engineers missed the proper site by about 3 miles. You go a mile and a half on an old jeep road, then leave the road and drive across a field, (a "flat" in local lingo, so named out of contrast to these terrific steep gorges). Then you cross a large creek, by tight-roping it across some fallen alders, and you come to a steep switch-backing trail. The trail goes only up. There is no relief until the very top when you come to a mountain corner with an intermittent lake in it and a beautiful old Shake Cabin surrounded by virgin forest — the trees over 100 feet high, moss grown, and almost all the underbrush killed by shade.

A shake cabin is made by nailing big cedar shingles over a frame of poles made from 3 to 6 inch diameter pine trees. This one was made by a craftsman such as the world will probably never see again. The doors and window frames are made of oak planks apparently split, not sawn, from native oak. It has rained continuously for 5 days & not one drop has leaked in. The inside is all golden with the natural woods, and criss-crossed with delicate bracing. It is like living in a Vermeer.

The man who built it, Lawrence Meyer, never claimed it, located it, or registered it. I call him "Wrench" because of following half-sign he cut into a board (now part of shelving)

        MILE CABIN
        HISLERS ALLOWED
        WRENCE MEYER

He just squatted on it, a Wobbly who paid no taxes, would in no way recognize the government. They were chislers to him as they're links to us. He died, I am told, 5 or more years ago. From other signs I know he called the place 100 mile cabin, as it was, from Eureka, with no roads in until the 30's. Everything here was brought in by pack or built from the forest. He had a quartz mine somewhere, I haven't found it yet. But I know 2 people, both of whom Indians, who know where it is if it should escape me. I have to find the mind in order to hold this place (true type "mind" for "mine")

I just went to the privy to shit. The smoke from my fire drifts low, pushed down by rain, over the lake. The wind is making a strange sound — like angry bees. These trees are so high, no wind ever gets to the cabin.

As I said in the headline, supernatural events led me here. Every occurrence for more than 2 weeks has pointed me up here, many of them occurring before I, or the people involved, or the reasons involved, had any knowledge that this place even existed.

First, I was curious about that crazy bridge that leads nowhere. Here is this big steel bridge over the Salmon river and nothing is on the other side. Just this little jeep road & houses to be sure, but they had a tram on a cable, as many "other side" places around here do. Nosing around, I found a beautiful piece of land I intended to claim, with idea of future building site. However, there were surveyor stakes all over it & I gave up, believing it to be already claimed (as not every inch of this country is).

Then I got a job helping an old man build his cabin. I then helped him move his stuff from Yreka, and on the very day I returned I learned there was a big forest fire. 10 minutes after arriving at the old man's, the assistant ranger came by in a truck, I hailed him and got hired to fight the fire. "Take the next truck" he say
The next truck turned out to have 4 surveyors in it, the very ones who put the stakes up, and they had spent the previous winter in this cabin. The leader was a real bilke who got us all the soft duties & I ended up with 46 hours work -- the longest of any "pick up". I made $84.

(Altogether, after so much working for no pay in SF, I was here 3 weeks, worked 7 days, and made $120 and an almost new Coleman Lamp)

Before this, a party next to us, camping, gave me some fruit salad and during the conversation following my returning of the bowl they told me of a beautiful valley full of Yew trees. It turns out to be only ½ a mile or so from here on another approaching trail.

Then, while coming into the place with gear for the first time I foolishly tried to make a new trail (the Yew Valley trail) get lost, fell, and while trying to disentangle myself, let my pack roll down into a deep canyon. I lost it! I looked all day for it and couldn't find it, and returned, shaken, defeated, confused. By this time I could smell the smoke, and knew there must have been a reason.

The next day, returning to get my pack, I did everything I could to avoid the area some hunters might be in (seeing their car & not wanting to get shot at) and ran a pack into one on a very improbable trail. It was a Mr. Stemshorn, 80 year old, mostly Indian, hunting above lost-pack-gorge (with his wife incidently). He knew Meyer and filled me in on all the details. I'm sure he'll prove to be a very valuable source of information & a good friend. Found the pack immediately and came in.

Altogether then, I slowly circled in on this place, blind, led by every event (o yes, one more important one: had a nice cabin promised, definitely, and lost it by very spooky circumstances -- owner helpless and very sorry. It was at that moment I deliberately eased off, feeling sure I was being saved for something better as I told you in my last letter. By easing off I mean getting into that overdrive you use gambling or whenever in need of floating in on destiny etc. — of course the way to live always but who can?)

Finally, all this jelled the day of the big rains. I've been tooing up that horrible trail between showers, just got enough food and wood and bedding and cook pans in, and it has poured continuously for 5 days. Before this just camping, floating, without even a tent. Unless it happened exactly when it did, I was in pretty bad shape.

That, kiddies, is the end of the ghost story. Wrench and I are very happy it all worked out so sweetly. I shall save his house. The floor is rotten and in a few years it would have fallen down. And who around here has the love it needs? Or knows what a Wobbly is? Or cares about kiddly shit?

**BUDDHIST RAID TURNS**

**ATT-SLAYER**

"Kill, kill, kill"

Shrieks Ward-Smith

Horrible infestation of rats. Rats scurrying over face, crawling at old shoes, nervousy scuttling like and things. No sleep at all for 2 nights. I went and one night, leaped out of the sleeping bag and pounded the walls. My only light, a kerosene kerosene lantern, showed many little faces staring down at me from the rafters: not frightened, bemused at my antics. By this time I had dozens of litt 

shamaine clams filled with poison-pellets. "Eat! Eat!" I screamed, vowing traps, guns, unspeakable tortures. Then I went after one with a hammer and broke the handle.

Now all of them are dead, the last one trapped, all the rest poisoned. And I miss them! They were mountain pack rats, grey with snow-white bellies and white feet.

They collect everything. In the enormous nests I found after tearing out the ceiling I found shaving brushes, toothbrushes, .22 cartridges, pencils, and a small calendar I am now using.
The canvas ceiling is now spread neatly out over the side of the little k-noll the cabin sits on. The rain has washed it clean as the soil on a storm-battered slope. Last night something, perhaps a bear, muzzled it all up into a heap. I took this as a sign that it was time to turn it over and wash the other side. Did so. The rafters are so pretty I hate to put the ceiling up again, but I think I'll have to after it turns cold (now it's 50 to 60, about like SF). Will take pictures before I put it back up (I've asked that the family camera be mailed here, will take many shots, details of doors, rafters, cabin in setting of great trees, etc.)

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That's the news, Kirby, except for one very important thing, the thing that makes all into a grand coupé: within 2 years that road the boys were surveying will cut within 100 feet of my door. No one knew that! There I'll be, turning on my pc while armies of bulldozers push my road to my door! Meanwhile, that other bit of land is, it turns out, unclaimed. I intend to claim it and build a small shed as a supply depot during the 2 years I have to play Hale. Get yourself some good boots — ones that lace up, the hood boots will only get yo a turned ankle — and a sleeping bag. I have an extra cot, etc., etc., everything. October is mild here, usually, and after this rain the woods will be beautiful. Even now the dogwood is coming on with lavender leaves. If you can make it, please do. I could use a little help putting this ceiling back in & other 2 men jobs. I promise not to make you pack huge loads up this terrible trail. Without pack it's passable, but not bad. Plant stones. Stay at least a week. We can rest in Yreka. I really want you to see this place. NRA boxes! Many curious deer drinking by the lake.

Please see that Mike, Phil, the folks at Auerhahn, Joy Blaise, Albert, Lenore, the East-West House, the Greenfelders. . . . I see the list is impossible. What I want is that many people get this news and I can't see writing this long long letter over and over again. Why don't you just take from page 2 on (the first shall be private instruction) and leave it at Auerhahn Press. I'll tell everyone it's there.

What I really ought to do is mimeo it — I can think of 25 people who must know! Maybe I'll start a small mimeo newsletter: RAT FLAT VOICE. Do you think people would pay $1 a year? I'd send it 1st class so as to avoid all trouble like floaty bear had case I want to talk dirty.

I have legally named this place Rat Flat. Intend a small collection of poems: SONGS IN RAT FLAT.

So here I am in my new boots, 3½ miles, by trail only, and 5,000 feet above the road where the mailbox is, thinking of you (and since this may be read by you all . . . .

all my friends

Lew Welch
Struggle

the clouds were just below
the residential buildings
on the other side of the street
they were streaming out
the sun just below
houses shining
the clouds gaining and losing
the house
green leaves
just moving clouds
the blue seeming
to move with them

When

the clouds first bright then brown
When

are you

yellow flowers too on the street
also somewhat
moving
with the street

are you coming home
that's not what I wanted to ask

Beer

I stop
in a western bar
remember two friends
I stop
in a not often frequented
Jap restaurant
BEER
tendon
I friend closer
the other more recently departed
it's hard to remember either
I remember
missing the first

—Richard Baker
III  OF A GROWTH OF

down one angel
to another:

Hermes Trismegistus, that
angel
of poetry

it comes to
me that I haven’t
seen a flower
in days

each day being a flower (or
fruit

more or less bitter
to the taste, tho
the eye be easily
deceived

seeing the day
from a tolerable distance

(green jungle, a
forest (tropical) of
green foliage
growing across the room

colorless

pinks? yells? fantastic blues?

Oh lord
what a flower!

taking
my words fresh
from the page, yr

flesh cd be
that strip of raw garden
grew in my back-
yard the whole
25 miles north-east of
this place

my words becoming
flowers, the

first flower in days.  —Dale Landers
THE SKELETON

The element in which they live,
the shell going outward until
it can never end, formless,
seen on a clear night as stars,
the term of life given them
to come back to, down to,
and then to be in
themselves only, only skin.

—Robert Creeley

BALTIMORE ORIOLE

for m.r.

CONSIDER OUR EYES , THOSE BRIGHT GLOBES that stand out against
our faces like some unlikely stones , burning , against a soft soil .

the lines
in our faces talk for us . that I'd knit
the lights of our eyes to make a proper fabric
to roll you in . in fire expose the raw skin
under . as a bay the eyes provide .

will night in any sense be
bright to us ? anything living
is visible , can be held in our
fingers or tasted on our tongues .

& vernacular's become a vineless habit .

11/60

— A.B. Spallman
A HOME-BREW

the flesh of the apple, if it was, simply, a gnawing of the flesh of the apple, I would be talking to you from outside you, & the images would come in simply as voice, or hot breath blown into your ear.

but my voice must come as your own voice, as idea raging between your 2 ears, listening to themselves. nothing could be said there you wouldn't have said earlier, in a stricter voice, as, that fire would rage anywhere.

the stain in my face when I talk to you is the shadow of the woman you love, & have. she affects the skin, as you'd say from the core of the apple, & hold in your mouth to ferment.

for what other image is possible here? but a strong wine of a woman aging on the tongue?

I say it with your voice, my tongue drunk independent of my head. all force should move forward, like a knife in a quiet explosion.

-- A.B. Spellman

THANK YOURS

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Auerhahn Journals

The Auerhahn Press has made 40 blank page journals for sale at $5 each. This price just covers our cost of production, making it impossible to sell them through book dealers and stationers. Therefore, the journals will only be available on direct order from the Press, accompanied by remittance. Residents of California should add 20 cents per copy for sales tax. The specifications below show that these books are equally valuable to writers and artists. The texture of the paper allows the finest pen point. The quality of materials used insures that the journals will outlast all of us. Orders beyond the 40 on hand will require some time to be filled.

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