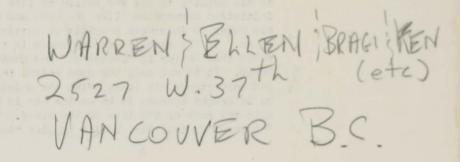
SCREE

5.0

South Slocan, B.C.

## RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



EDUCATIONAL MATERIAL

March 1971

raise your sights

## HAVOC NATION

How the earth.

dangles
eyeing over the geographical heap
now the nation smothers
lays onto the private magic nation
its own fake imagination.

Backoff

into my own feet and onto my own weight leap

and in her hair Love tangles in her eyes Havoc sleeps.

"Cry Havoc"
and slip out the dogs of war.
The first woman will always be
the first woman and that
is a revelation.

How do you tell everyone else where you live? Can you reveal it as real a place as anyone else always thinks you are?

In the mountains near here there is a woman who is also a crow. She is overjoyed with tears when she meets others who are likewise crows. Even if you knew this could you find her?

I also know a man who is a tree and he received a letter from a friend back east which ends "It must be a very real world where you are. Love, George"

That man is me as well a revelation.

Well dangle then
the revelation
revolution nation
let slip the dogs of war
out your back door
Trees and Crows
are the ones what knows
this Havoc old Hav Ok
will stuff it in your Cry
this magic leaping tree
will never be the apple
of anyone else's Eye.

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

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

physical

man as animal praxis of - as Earth as a emotional mental experience