

RECEIVED

DEC 7 1977

JOHN D. YOUNG LIBRARY
ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY
CANTON, N. Y. 13617

ROOTDRINKER / A SHIP OF SMALL WINDOWS



Vol. 1, No. 1 September 1975
© the Authors of the Works
Rootdrinker is published monthly
subscription rate is six dollars per year
50¢ per copy retail
send submissions and subscriptions to
Rootdrinker
P.O. Box 161
Canton, N.Y. 13617
SASE. All correspondence to contributors
will be forwarded.
Printed by Ryan Press, Inc., Ogdensburg, N.Y.

ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 5040 00603 4115

FALL: TREES

— Heaven blazing into the head:

the trees:
the sun seems poorer now
as they stand to the light.

the shade varies. most trees moulder
in their hues and fall away;
a few catch fire and run
through the woods tearing at their hair,
victims to the rich sleep of winter,
major instances of sleep.

presumptions amid the colors
get us into dreams, messages
against the night, fall nights
that go up in smoke. omens
of the air never quite expected
call surrender.
what's to be done?
we are not ready.

the roots crawl
deeper into clay — roots
of trees gone into a dream
aloft like Great Ladies in History.
no yearning will break
open the world.

the trees move,
thick and uncertain,
burn at intervals in the dark.

James Price

MOVING THE MICROCOSM A HAND-FULL AT A TIME

"This little canton, I mean this System of our Sun."
Locke

I leave the house lights on and walk down the wooden steps and across the front yard, pass the maple tree and its tire swing and out on to the asphalt of Post Road. The day's fading light is evenly filled with dancing electric sparks, which pleases me as I continue moving down past the deep shadows of overhanging trees to where a small bridge makes passage for Grannis Brook and I can leave the highway and enter into milkweed and tall summer grass.

Arriving here now sitting crosslegged on top of one of the concrete pillars that one of the town kids told me is all that's left of Cray's Mill. Don't know, don't believe it, but what are these large solid objects doing in this overgrown field? Clustering hums of crickets pass in sonic waves, on the wind, and through my wavering attention that for this moment focuses on a tree frog's deeper pitched call. Attention to specifics. There is another hum, through the power lines strung high overhead. Do you mean you can call anyplace in the world, just by picking up the phone?

Victims of their own weight, the pillars sink into the soft earth. The north corner is fallen towards the west. Ghosts attached to abandoned handiworks being worn away by indifferent time. All these substances are fluid and dissolve into one another and so seem to disappear. Let me come back on that. Our distinctions are arbitrary and function best when the barriers are perceived as expedient groupings not as final forms. This essay, now beginning, has been written with this in mind.

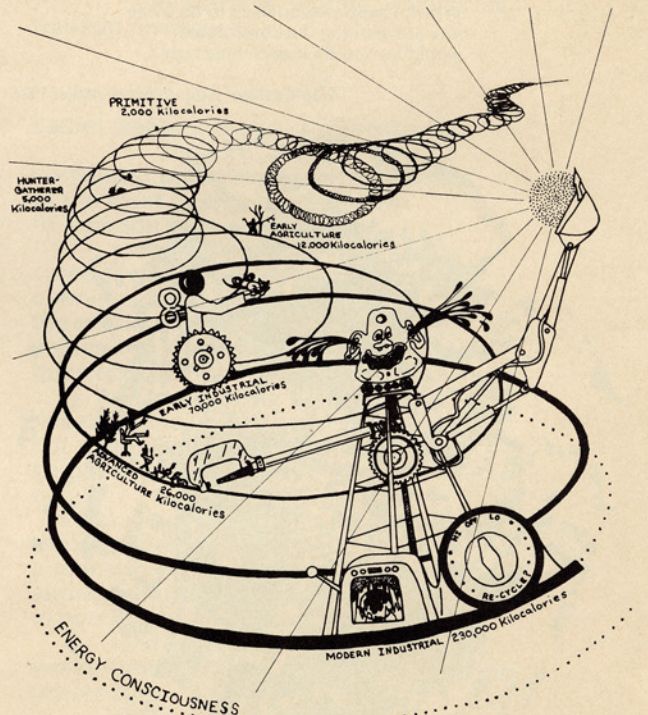
The suicide of the human race is a real possibility. We live in critical and dangerous times and yet I can't really say the problem is one of knowledge. Somewhere at sometime, I'm sure you've gotten the sense that the actions that are supporting our culture are at the same time destroying the balances of adjustment that our living planet has continually attempted to make in response to the large scale restructuring of its interrelated systems in service towards feeding, clothing, and appeasing mankind. Any conscious individual who realizes the consequences of the current man-world relationship and chooses to ignore the responsibility of seeking change, both within himself and within modern material culture, is in effect choosing the consciousness of cancerous growth over that of humankind.

My choice is for change. I don't eat right. I don't live right. I'm not spreading as much well-being and healing energy as I could be, as I should be. And I'm angry at self-confession as justification! Paying attention to the effects of your actions and lifestyle on the physical, social, and moral environment and working towards improving those relationships is a meaningful task. Artists lead disciplined lives.

"My life's the poem I would have writ,
If I could have both lived and uttered it."

-Thoreau

It is here that each revolutionary writer, each revolution, begins and ends: with what you and I do.



The daily per capita energy consumption at various stages of cultural evolution in Kilocalories per person per day modified after Cook 1971 — "The Flow of Energy in an Industrial Society" Scientific American, Sept. pp. 83-91.
Credit: Graphic by Brian Slopey.