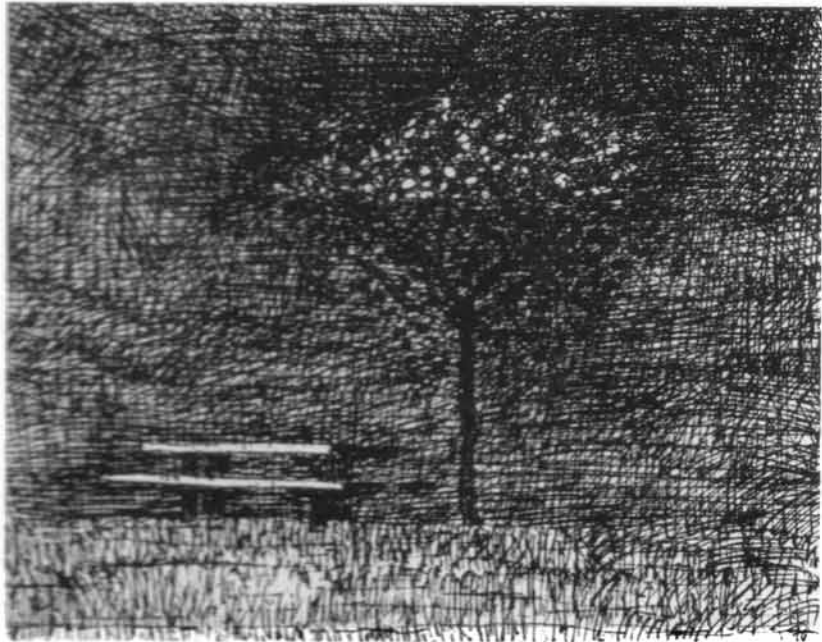


ADVENT  
1982



by W. H. H. Rees

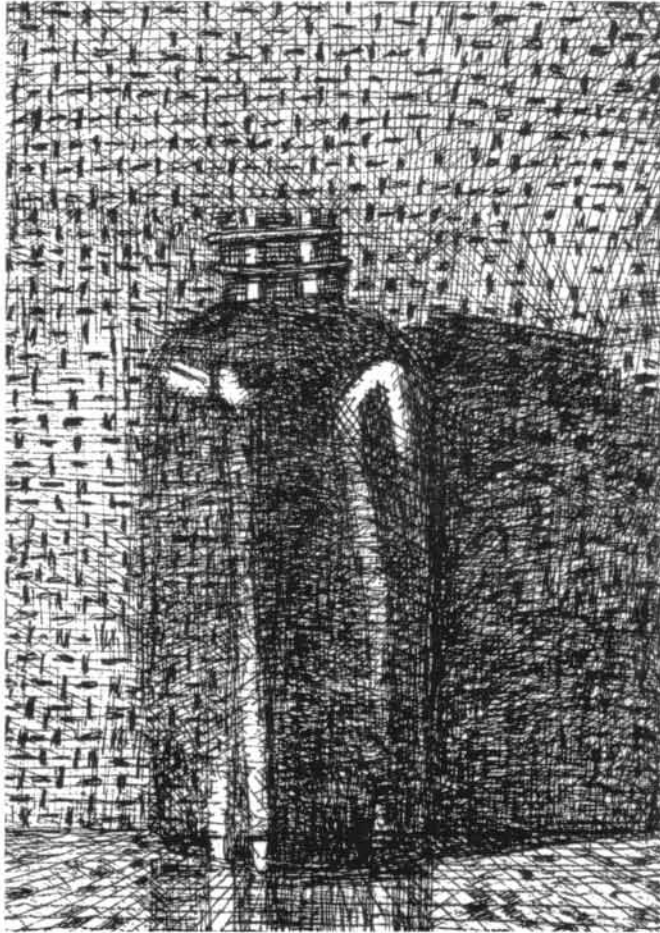
*"The Park"*

## **ADVENT 1982**

*Text by W. H. H. Rees*

*Drawings by Eduardo Carrillo*

- 11.28 in the belly of the Yale Whale a guess that there will be arrows; more than a guess, an intuition; more than an intuition
- 11.29 a slide in the morning mail of a woman walking her dog as birds hover, about to strike, and a letter from a friend announcing the breakup with his lady — in the evening the full moon lining up above the red ball of the Red Ball Express and again over the toll booth lights
- 11.30 thinking of the baby born to the lady and her husband who caught her in bed with the swimming coach who struck the husband in the jaw and broke it, the product of a reconciliation, and seeing at that exact moment a cortege approaching in the opposite direction on I 95, the first ever noticed on that highway — my wife in the Yale Infirmary with a slipped disc calls home as a purple cloud bisects a harvest moon
- 12.01 parked at a intersection, watching a dog cross from the upper left quadrant to the upper right and, then, to the lower right and, then, disappearing and, then, reappearing to cross to the lower left, when a one eyed car appears, and a siren is heard in the distance



*The Jar*

- 12.02 in my rear view mirror the headlights of the car and through its front and rear windows the headlights of another moving from side to side until one lightlight appears in the center to form a triangle with the two of the car immediately behind
- 12.03 a flock of ducks flying south over the Merritt Parkway in the formation of a nose and bottom of a schooner or perhaps a frying pan, when the radio announcer compares a successful artificial heart transplant earlier that morning with the touch-down on the moon when the car passes under a bridge and is overwhelmed by static

- 12.04 my daughter in the front seat saying that people don't think they can have an accident in a car but they can and do, and our car passes under a green girder on which is painted a patch of red — a car pulls up next to ours and the passenger in the front seat points to my lane and the car pulls into it in front with his trunk open and a large cardboard tongue is sticking out at those to the rear
- 12.05 at noon Mass, four men in the choir loft listening to the sermon on good and evil, the two on the right in white shirts and the two on the left in black coats, and, then, the two on each end turn and face the rear
- 12.06 driving past a golf course with parallel V shaped sand traps; two thin trees from the same patch of ground growing in opposite directions; a stone shaped face with grin as a V; bull horns strapped to the front of a pickup truck; the right front fender of a pickup truck stricks the left rear fender of a parked car forming a V; and the smile of my wife in bed with a slipped disk, her knees raised in an inverted V
- 12.07 at a stop light a wooden ladder with 13 rungs and, later, driving by a roadside sign with "XIII" painted on it and hearing at that moment Mahler's "Requiem for Dead Children" on the radio
- 12.08 two young women stop to swap a shoe and skip off in lock step as the light beige dusk descends and melts the street scape — my oldest son's grades arrive, the best he has ever achieved, and, later, a workman beside his truck with a ladder on the roof, stretches his arms to heaven, as if in thanksgiving
- 12.09 a billboard: "Windsor taste beats V.O. — Nationwide tests prove it."; and, directly in front, a small red sign: "Wrong Way"
- 12.10 a man with a white beard and a dark brown ponytail; a black man rummaging in a white street container; a man with white hair in a brown Cadillac; our family eats chocolate ice cream from white dishes; a black and white stray dog tied to the post



*Sleeping Woman*

in the garage, waiting for the pound warden; two of my children, invited to a pizza party of their religious class, one goes to it and the other to bed with an upset stomach; the report from the advisor of my middle son that there was a marked improvement from his previous poor school performance; my wife returns home from a bout with a slipped disc at the Yale infirmary, free of pain but not free to lead a normal, active life

- 12.11 a light snow, the first of the season, in patches on the earth — a man with a white briefcase walking up Hillhouse Avenue and another walking toward him with a black umbrella — two joggers running side by side, one with a white hat, the other with a black hat, past St. Mary's Church on one side and the Yale Mathematics Building on the other

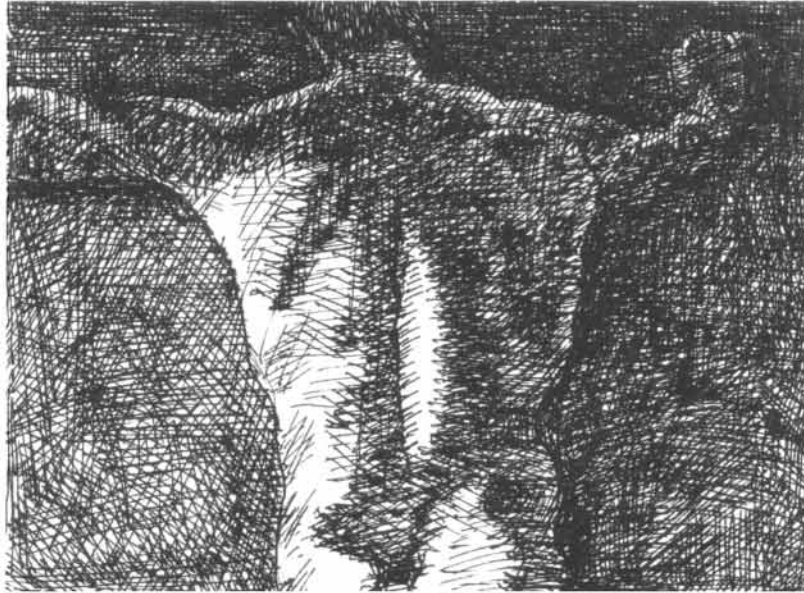
- 12.12 reading Charles Olson's letter to Bob Creeley of 10.25.50 multiples of 5, 1 plus 4, me and the four corners of the world, on free will and fate in East Haven Hockey Rink in front of the sign "T Birds are Hot" and the ideogram  $\pi$ , the amalgam of the last letter of East and the first letter of Haven; and in the lobby a photo of a couple of skaters in front of the ideogram, she with her right arm pointing up and her left pointing down, her partner completing the  $\pi$  with his right arm around her waist and his left arm pointing down



*Young Palm*

- 12.13 in the morning on Route 8, passing a billboard with "Heal" on the left on nothing on the right and in the evening with "ey" on the right, completing the name of a used car salesman, the painter having worked all day on it in subzero weather
- 12.14 in the lower eastside of Manhattan, a windowless building five stories tall painted two shades of tan, the darker shade on the left forming a large L; later, driving on Route 1 to Lawrenceville, past the Sunset Motel with a neon sign on "Mo l", listening to a reviewer on the radio explain that yesterday he stopped on the letter L, "So, today I will start with books beginning with L, which stands for love"
- 12.15 driving on Bruckner Boulevard under a bridge with man holding in his left arm a child and with his right arm raised, forming a Y; and, moments later passing a tree, cut in half, with two stubs of branches, echoing the Y; and, soon, thereafter a license plate with "CYCI"
- 12.16 among all the headlights and taillights in the darkness on the turnpike, two alternating flashing lights on top of the toll booth stand out; then, the flashing taillights of a parked cab on the shoulder; then, the break lights of a anxious driver who kept getting too close to the car in front — dreaming that night about friendship, about my youngest son and his friend who was staying overnight and about my daughter and her friend who had supper earlier with us
- 12.17 seeing a black man in the rear view mirror approach my parked car and reaching over to lock the doors and, after he passed by, for no apparent reason, watching him turn around and face me — red and blue lights flashing on and off in the attendant's booth across the street and overhead in the twilight sky red and blue lights flash on an airplane
- 12.18 passing two buildings under construction with two cranes on each, on the left the two pointing to heaven, on the other the two pointing horizontally; later, following a truck carrying two mattresses which fall out, one landing in the street, the other pinned on the rear bumper, pointing upward; and, still later, my youngest son bends at the waist to pick up clothes which he tosses over his shoulder, and which stack up vertically on his rump





*Man Knocking*

- 12.19 at noon Mass, a man in the choir in a white shirt joins his hands in front, forming a white V against his black vest — passing the Armstrong Rubber Company, the windows of which on one side were lit with candles and on another side were dark — listening to Stravinski's "Firebird Suite" on the radio, which the announcer explains is about the struggle of good and evil
- 12.20 angles at 45 degrees of bent trees, of roofs on houses, of the top of a Christmas card box dropped by chance against its bottom, forming a horn of cornucopia
- 12.21 passing three highway polls leaning together in a pyramid — a lady on the shoulder of the road with a full blue skirt wiping her windshield — the sun breaks through the dark solstice sky and turns a steeple to silver, with a cross on top

- 12.22 on East 54th Street in NYC a tall building under construction with an outside elevator stopped and another moving up slowly and stopping beside it, when a young man and woman, locked arm in arm, cross the street — two men carry a painting across the street
- 12.23 a shopper holding green wrapping paper pointing to heaven, then holding it on his hip parallel to the horizon, then, pointing it to the ground, then pointing it back to heaven — a explanation on the radio of the star of Bethlehem: the three possibilities: the ancient belief that it was a comet; but, then Herod and everyone would have seen it; the view of Kepler that it was the positioning of Jupiter and Venus, which contradicts the Bible version of a star, not stars; at which moment the sound went dead; for which the radio management issued an apology moments later when it the sound was restored, without mentioning the third explanation
- 12.24 wrapping one last present but without enough paper; tearing a piece of another kind to fill in the gap to find it has a heart surrounded by lace; the scrap also by chance torn in the shape of a heart; and, later, at my mother-in-law's house, she who rose at 5 AM to cook a Christmas meal, going downstairs to the cellar, noticing a red meter on a white wall in the shape of a heart; and, later, at midnight Mass, the Lector in a white dress stands before a red poinsetta tree, a blossom of which covers her heart — another poinsetta surrounded by white flowers around its base, as outside a penumbra surrounds the moon

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