

CHAPTER II

Impression II

America of Thee I Sing

This America - yours and the world's; America of the great past and the future.

Because,  
There was a man in America who said:  
We hold these truths to be self evident,  
That all men are created equal,  
That they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights,  
That among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of happiness,  
That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men,  
That they derive their just power from the consent of the governed.....

Because under the arm that held high the torch of liberty,  
These words were etched on the pages of history:  
Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,  
I lift my lamp beside the door.

Because there was a man who said,  
A country cannot live half free and half slave.

America of all generations, and for all generations,  
Of thee I sing.

Of thee, and the Father of his Country.

Of thee, and the other giants that made America. Of them I sing.  
Of those who are still to come. Of them I sing.  
And of those in whose name God blessed America.

America of the giants; and the strong, youthful and brilliant America spawned and nourished by those giants.

America the beautiful. The America of the vast forests and the vaster cornfields; of the great lakes and the shining seas, of the broad rapid rivers; the deep canyons; and the great mountains, shrouded and looking down through the mists from their lofty peaks. The fertile valleys, with the slant of the glimmering dimming light; the mist rising in the on-

coming dusk like a grey vapor from the steaming earth, to lose itself in the upper and broader and lighter atmosphere; the mysterious forest glades, temples of the angels, holy with prayer. The shimmering surf of the summer, with the shimmering spray blown to the breezes, with the shimmering legs and wet torso in the billowing sea. Strong, straight legs cut a straight line in the blue turbulence, propelling a compact taut trunk. Beautifully tapered legs, straight as rods, and the rounded well proportioned arms; the tightly drawn glistening smoothness over the young firm mounds. Such emanation of health and vigor from them! The America of sunshine and pilgrims. The new land, the old land, the young land!

And the Lord saw that it was good and He blessed America. And the seeds of plenty filled the furrows at harvest time, and the fields blossomed and covered the earth with their thick fragrance, and the meadows on the slopes were a vivid green of thick carpeting, and on the hills and in the orchards the trees bore their burdens, their heads bowed with the heaviness of them. In the late summer and early fall the sunrays reached down to them and kissed them crimson, gold and coppery. And the moon added melancholy sweetness and left them to their own dreams and cares and the nurturing of their precious fruit, and the vastness of the solemn moonlit night.

And the gold of the cornfield waved to the sun, and the sun smiled back and bathed its face in the great basin of shining yellow stuff.

And the tractor, the winnower, ~~the winnower~~, the ingatherer and the scythe are heard over the land, for it is harvest time.

The America of the preelection torch-parade, the harangue, the crank, the mob, the soap-box orator; the Salvation Sally, the merry tinkle of the tambourine, the jingle and clink of the coin; the America of Sousa's march; the maligner, the liar, the demagogue, the zealot, the hypocrite, the gangster; the Ku-Kluxer, the vigilante, the witch-hunter, the false-prophet! The America of the common sense, the good horse-sense; and even

nonsense.

America of the young heart, the great heart. The young strong heart that must have a lover, a hero to worship! America of the quick change of heart, the quick change of lovers, because it's so young and healthy. The America that will always love the Father -of-His-Country, the America that patterned itself after the Father of His Country.

America of the great Hegira! The flight from the smelting coppery summer heat of the city, where the sun scorches, simmers, scintillates and shimmers in the coppery walls and sidewalks of the city. The flight from the stifling nights, smoke, smog and stench, to the fresh cool-green of the countryside, to the long twilight and morning shadows; to the splashing spray and surf.

A world on wheels to the tune of the endless whining, winding ribbons of asphalt and cement.

America attuned to the motor chug-chug, the oil drip-drip, and the gasoline stench. The hot-driver, the mad-driver, and the road-hog. America of the hot sweat, and the dry stinging dust of the noonday sun; of the bleak, bald, parched hillside; of the fat<sup>i</sup>gued, faded, dust-gray-and-yellow midsummer afternoon: the hot-dog stand, the pop; the tent-monger, the side-show monger, the bellowers in shacks, cabins, huts and all manner of makeshift shelters - shouting their wares and wonders; the elephant on the hoof in the small town, decked out and bespangled and tinselled in its best finery, the mahout at its head twirling his short hooked stick; the jingling jangle of the varied and multitoned bells, and the welter and confusion of pipings and trumpeting, the steaming sound of the calliope, throaty and flat and scalding; the sweat and beat of the mob. The long, lonely echoing and stifled locomotive whistle in the lonely night, slicing your dream between the night and the oncoming dawn. The fog horn of the night steamer on its lonely way on the dark waters; the tremolo of

the automobile horn of the restive driver. The clank-clanking of metal on metal of the great heavy industries, whose monster bigness, and whose monster voice are over the land. The flare and flaming silhouette in the night of smelting steel. The hiss of steel hardening. The hiss and sound of steam; the hiss of millions of jets of foundries and makers and builders. The sound of hammer and anvil. The sound of the builder of America!

A great America, growing by leaps and bounds.

Between seasons and all seasons, it grows. Swarms!

A great America, with its saints and sinners - A great America!

The baby swarm in the carriage swarm in the cell swarm in the apartment house swarm! They marry and multiply at a fabulous rate (human trait), and they build those cells at a fabulous rate. In their swarms the babies are everywhere, crawling under you and around you, stinking of sour pewk and diaper mould and diaper urea, mawkish diarrhoeal stool.

They issue from the cells, from the issue in those cells, born in those selfsame cells, or any other cells and chambers - to their various designations, assignments, destinations, to issue more issue so there'll be more to occupy the cells, so there'll be more wenching and more lechery, more soldiers of war and fortune, more rapers and killers ~~and the~~ ~~more to hang around in taverns, to retch~~ and vomit their guts, and puddle in the public eye.

The concubines - they are all smugged up, <sup>r</sup>pefumed, rouged - in skidrow. The eyes are glossy and glazed. How did you spend the night, you, you, and you?

No telling, they all look the same.