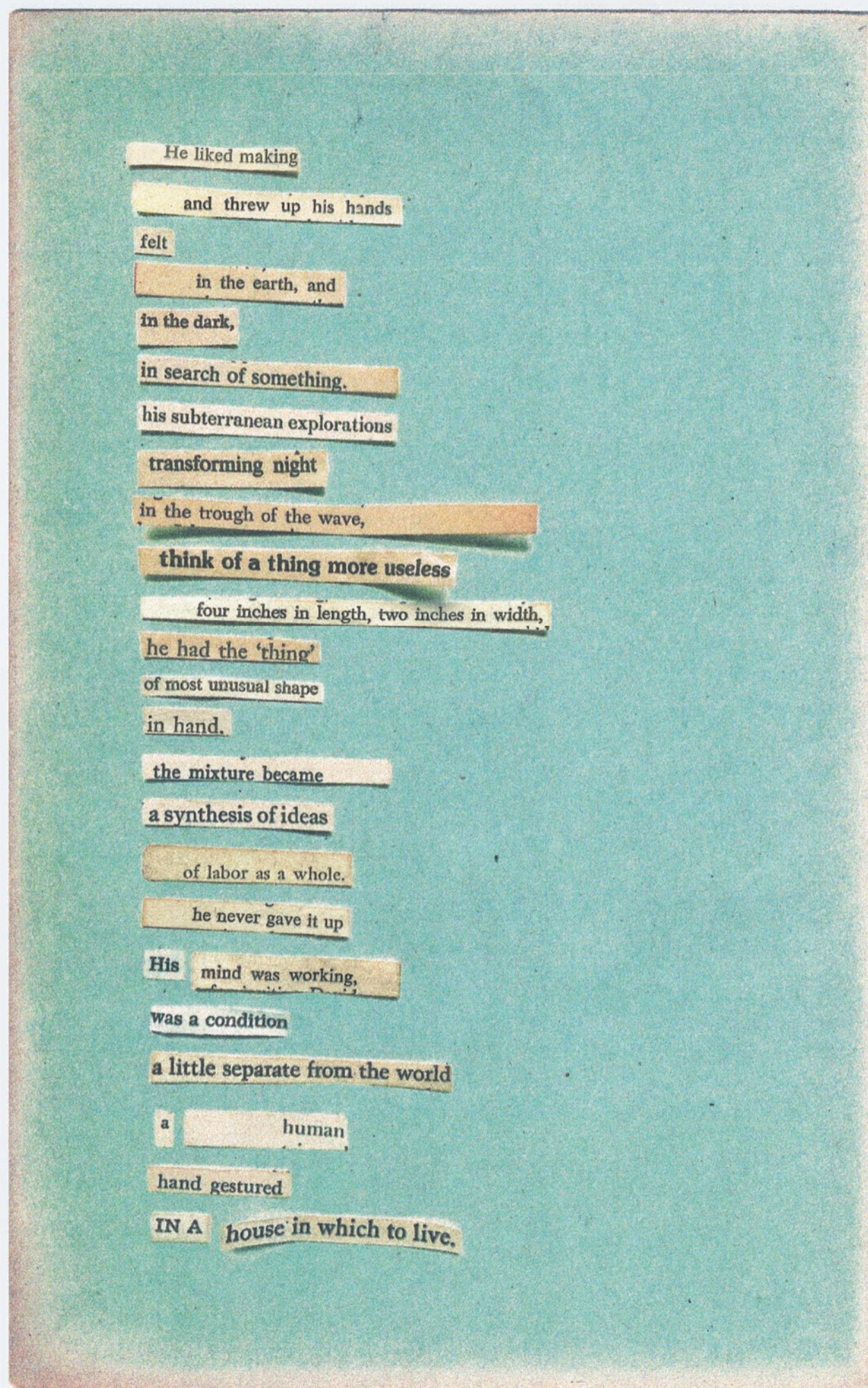


\$1.00



He liked making

and threw up his hands

felt

in the earth, and

in the dark,

in search of something.

his subterranean explorations

transforming night

in the trough of the wave,

think of a thing more useless

four inches in length, two inches in width,

he had the 'thing'

of most unusual shape

in hand.

the mixture became

a synthesis of ideas

of labor as a whole.

he never gave it up

His mind was working,

was a condition

a little separate from the world

a human

hand gestured

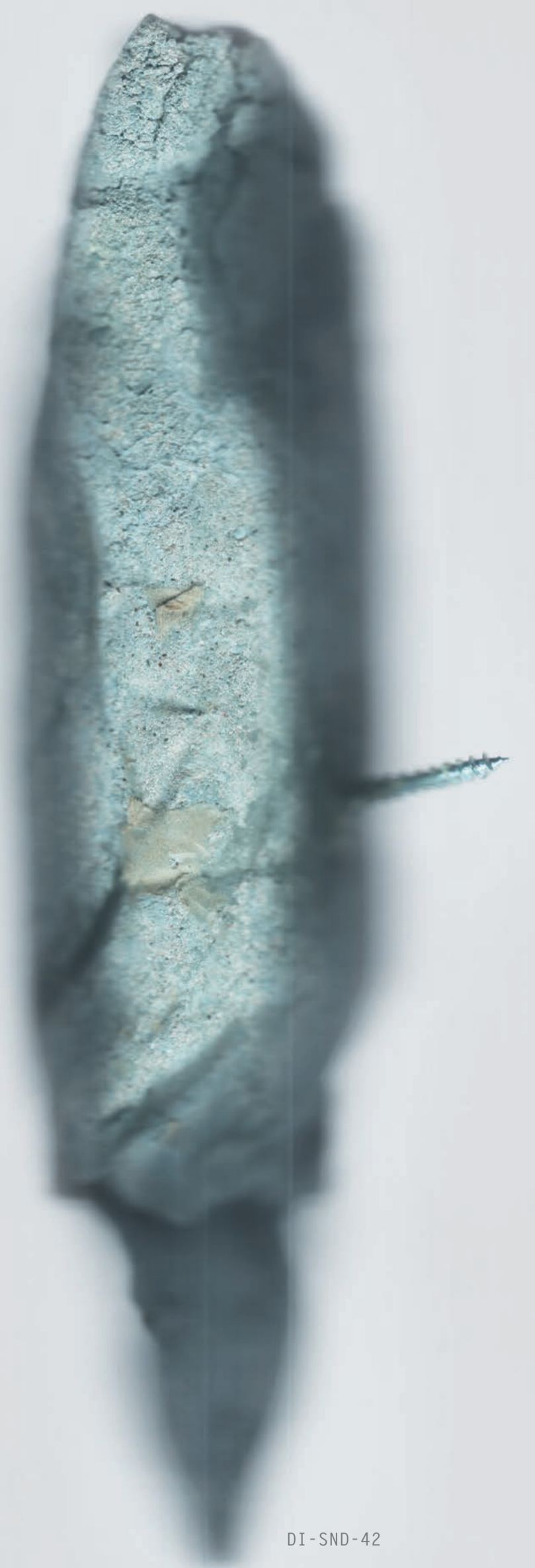
IN A house in which to live.



DI-SND-02



DI-SND-161



DI-SND-42



DI - SND - 02



DI - SND - 303



DI - SND - 41



DI -SND -298

DI -SND -41

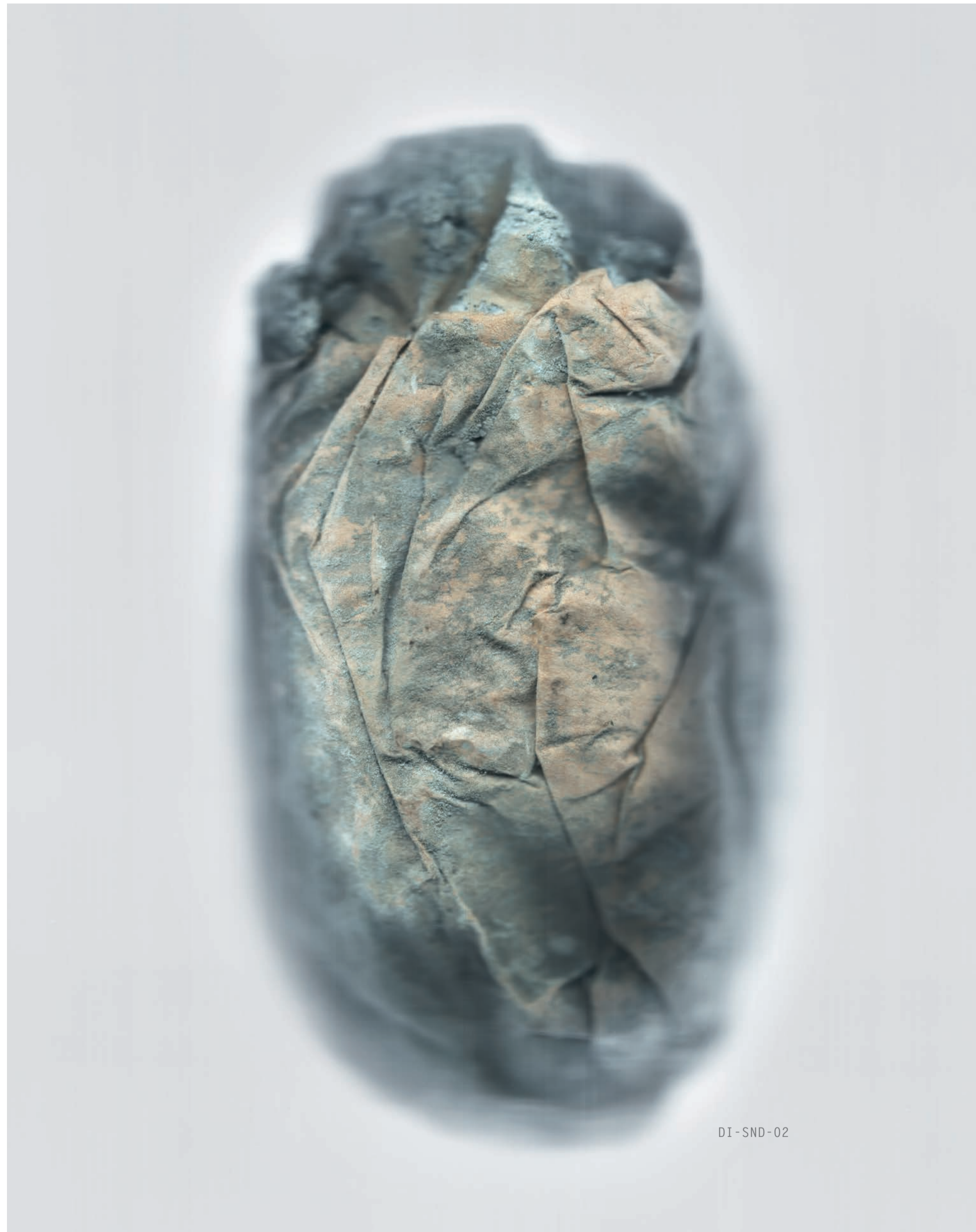


DI-SND-41

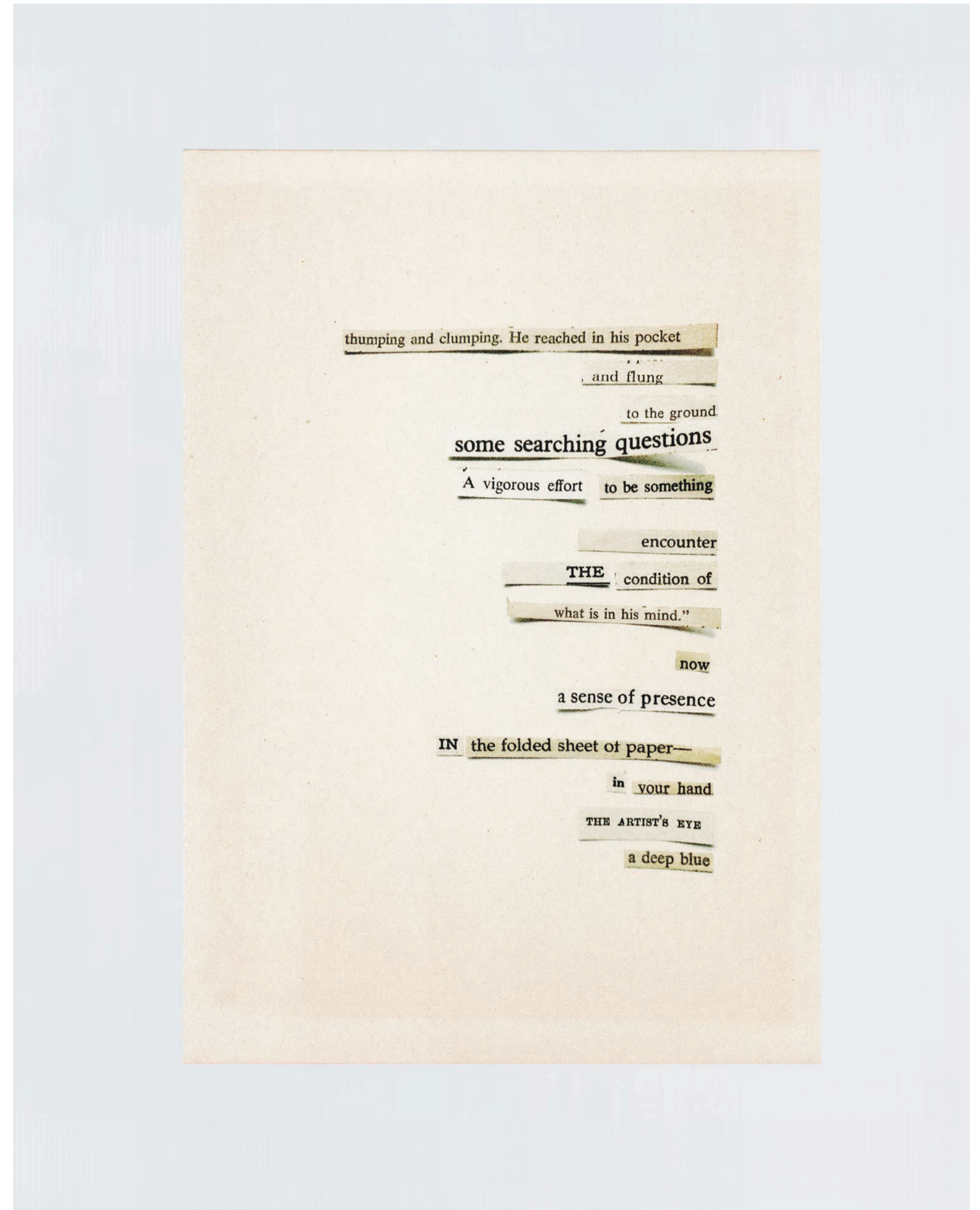
DI-SND-272

DI-SND-02

DI-SND-303



DI-SND-02



thumping and clumping. He reached in his pocket

and flung

to the ground

some searching questions

A vigorous effort to be something

encounter

THE condition of

what is in his mind."

now

a sense of presence

IN the folded sheet of paper—

in your hand

THE ARTIST'S EYE

a deep blue



DI-SND-99

DI-SND-197