

Richard Kostelanetz

UPDATE-II

Response to Gertrude Stein's

The Making of Americans [written 1906-08]

(whose paragraphs may be read backward, as well as forward)

In the summer it was good for generous sweating to help the men make the hay into bails for its preserving and it was well for ones growing to eat radishes pulled with the black earth sticking to them and to chew the mustard and find roots with all kinds of funny flavors in them, and to fill ones hat with fruit and sit on the dry ploughed ground and eat and think and sleep and read and dream and never hear them when they would all be calling; and then when the quail came it was fun to go shooting, and then when the wind and the rain and the ground were ready to help seeds in their growing, it was good fun to help plant them, and the wind would be so strong it would blow the leaves and branches of the trees down around them and you could shout and work and get wet and be all soaking and run out full into the strong wind and let it dry you, in between the gusts of rain that left you soaking.

In the summer it was good for generous sweating to help the men make the hay into bails for its preserving and it was well for one's growing to eat radishes pulled with the black earth sticking to them and to chew the mustard and find roots with all kinds of funny flavors in them, and to fill one's hat with fruit and sit on the dry ploughed ground and eat and think and sleep and read and dream and never hear them when they would all be calling; and then when the quail came it was fun to go shooting, and then when the wind and the rain and the ground were ready to help seeds in their growing, it was good fun to help plant them, and the wind would be so strong it would blow the leaves and branches of the trees down around them and you could shout and work and get wet and be all soaking and run out full into the strong wind and let it dry you, in between the gusts of rain that left you soaking.

In the summer it was good for generous sweating to help the men make the hay into bails for its preserving. It was well for one's growing to eat radishes pulled with the black earth sticking to them and to chew the mustard and find roots with all kinds of funny flavors in them. It was well to fill one's hat with fruit and sit on the dry ploughed ground and eat and think and sleep and read and dream and never hear them when they would all be calling. Then when the quail came, it was fun to go shooting. Then when the wind and the rain and the ground were ready to help seeds in their growing, it was good fun to help plant them. The wind would be so strong it would blow the leaves and branches of the trees down around them. You could shout and work and get wet and be all soaking and run out full into the strong wind and let it dry you, in between the gusts of rain that left

you soaking.

In the summer, helping the farm hands make the hay into bails worth preserving could make you sweat generously. It was well for one's growing to eat radishes pulled with the black earth sticking to them and to chew the mustard and find roots with all kinds of funny flavors in them. It was well to fill one's hat with fruit and sit on the dry ploughed ground and eat and think and sleep and read and dream and never hear them when they would all be calling. Then when the quail came, it was fun to go shooting. Then when the wind and the rain and the ground were ready to help seeds in their growing, it was good fun to help plant them. The wind would be so strong it would blow the leaves and branches of the trees down around them. You could shout and work and get wet and be all soaking and run out full into the strong wind and let it dry you, in between the gusts of rain that left you soaking.

In the summer, helping the farm hands make the hay into bails worth preserving could make you sweat generously. It was good for your growing to eat radishes that were pulled with the black earth sticking to them and to chew mustard; you enjoyed finding all kinds of funny flavored roots. It was well to fill one's hat with fruit and sit on the dry ploughed ground and eat and think and sleep and read and dream and never hear them when they would all be calling. Then when the quail came, it was fun to go shooting. Then when the wind and the rain and the ground were ready to help seeds in their growing, it was good fun to help plant them. The wind would be so strong it would blow the leaves and branches of the trees down around them. You could shout and work and get wet and be all soaking and run out full into the strong wind and let it dry you, in between the gusts of rain that left you soaking.

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wet and be all soaking and run out full into the strong wind and let it dry you, in between the gusts of rain that left you soaking.

In the summer, helping the farm hands make the hay into bails worth preserving could make you sweat generously. It was good for your growing to eat radishes that were pulled with the black earth sticking to them and to chew mustard; you enjoyed finding all kinds of funny flavored roots. It was well to fill your hat with fruit and then sit on the dry ploughed ground, eating, thinking, sleeping, reading, and dreaming, never hearing anyone who might be calling. Then when the quail carne, it was fun to go shooting. Then when such natural condition as the wind, rain, and ground were best positions to help growing seeds, you enjoyed helping to plant them. Yet the wind could be strong enough to blow down the leaves and branches of the trees. You could shout and work and get wet and be all soaking and run out full into the strong wind and let it dry you, in between the gusts of rain that left you soaking.

In the summer, helping the farm hands make the hay into bails worth preserving could make you sweat generously. It was good for your growing to eat radishes that were pulled with the black earth sticking to them and to chew mustard; you enjoyed finding all kinds of funny flavored roots. It was well to fill your hat with fruit and then sit on the dry ploughed ground, eating, thinking, sleeping, reading, and dreaming, never hearing anyone who might be calling. Then when the quail carne, it was fun to go shooting. Then when such natural condition as the wind, rain, and ground were best positions to help growing seeds, you enjoyed helping to plant them. Yet the wind could be strong enough to blow down the leaves and branches of the trees. By shouting and working you could also get so wet with sweat you'd want to run out full into the strong wind that would dry you, in between the bursts of rain that left you soaked again.

Richard Kostelanetz is a writer, critic, editor and composer whose work appears in *Contemporary Poets*, *Contemporary Novelists* and *Postmodern Fiction*, among other directories. Otherwise, he survives in New York, where he was born, unemployed and thus overworked. www.richardkostelanetz.com