I was aware from the shoot that it was Gertrude Stein’s THREE LIVES, but from everyone I asked, no one knew the exact passage that Larry read. For months I practiced a random search through the text without success.

Then to Larry's Berkeley Home of 30 years, in the place of his writing study, I captured Bob Grenier’s word on “being with Eigner”.

Returning to the Cloud that night, I opened the THREE LIVES by chance and found it immediately, being the Séance of the Good Anna:

"I see--I see--don’t crowd so on me,--I see--I see--
too many forms--don't crowd so on me--I see--I see--
you are thinking of something--you don't know whether
you want to do it now. I see--I see--don't crowd so on
me--I see--I see--you are not sure,--I see--I see--a
house with trees around it,--it is dark--it is evening--I
see--I see--you go in the house--I see--I see you come
out--it will be all right--you go and do it--do what you
are not certain about--it will come out all right--it is best
and you should do it now."


Kush  Cloud House
It was very bad to go to a woman who tells fortunes. Anna was of strong South German Catholic religion and the German priests in the churches always said that it was very bad to do things so. But what else now could the good Anna do? She was so mixed and bothered in her mind, and troubled with this life that was all wrong, though she did try so hard to do the best she knew. “All right, Mrs. Lehntman,” Anna said at last, “I think I go there now with you.”

This woman who told fortunes was a medium. She had a house in the lower quarter of the town. Mrs. Lehntman and the good Anna went to her.

The medium opened the door for them herself. She was a loose made, dusty, dowdy woman with a persuading, conscious and embracing manner and very greasy hair.

The woman let them come into the house.

The street door opened straight into the parlor, as is the way in the small houses of the south. The parlor had a thick and flowered carpet on the floor. The room was full of dirty things all made by hand. Some hung upon the wall, some were on the seats and over backs of chairs and some on tables and on those what-nots that poor people love. And everywhere were little things that break. Many of these little things were broken and the place was stuffy and not clean.

No medium uses her parlor for her work. It is always in her eating room that she has her trances.

The eating room in all these houses is the living room in winter. It has a round table in the centre covered with a decorated woolen cloth, that has soaked in the grease of many dinners, for though it should be always taken off, it is easier to spread the cloth upon it than change it for the blanket deadener that one owns. The upholstered chairs are dark and worn, and dirty. The carpet has grown dingy with the food that’s fallen from the table, the dirt that’s scraped from off the shoes, and the dust that settles with the ages. The sombre greenish colored paper on the walls has been smoked a dismal dirty grey, and all pervading is the smell of soup made out of onions and fat chunks of meat.

The medium brought Mrs. Lehntman and our Anna into his eating room, after she had found out what it was they wanted. They all three sat around the table and then the medium went into her trance.

The medium first closed her eyes and then they opened very wide and lifeless. She took a number of deep breaths, choked several times and swallowed very hard. She waved her hand back every now and then, and she began to speak in a monotonous slow, even tone.

“I see—I see—don’t crowd so on me,—I see—I see—you are thinking of something—you don’t know whether you want to do it now. I see—I see—don’t crowd so on me—I see—I see—you are not sure,—I see—I see—a house with trees around it,—it is dark—it is evening—I see—I see—you go in the house—I see—I see you come out—it will be all right—you go and do it—do what you are not certain about—it will come out all right—it is best and you should do it now.”